

SENIOR EDITION

THE SPECTRUM

SACRED HEART UNIVERSITY FAIRFIELD, CONN

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REPORTING CAMPUS NEWS SINCE 1983

SPECIAL EDITION

EDITORIALS

The Heroes of SCMA

TOMAS KOECK AND MAISY CARVALHO
Sacred Heart Senior and Editor In Chief



EDITORIALS

The Heroes of SCMA (cont.)

On the second floor of Martire down the west side hallway are the offices for the faculty and advisors of the School of Communication and Media Arts. The group of professionals sitting in these offices have created a program that allows students to become confident professionals. Outlined below are a handful of the professors that have made our four years at SHU well-worth it...

Kabak - The Editor (middle left)

“Professor Kabak taught us how to grow as writers. How to take edits and be better. How to always keep the reader engaged. And most importantly, how to format a quote in AP style. Some call it the basics, but I call it a foundation and I would not want to have be taught it by anyone else.” – Maisy

Alicastro - The Veteran (middle right)

Alicastro has created opportunities that allow students to feel comfortable and confident to enter the world of media. From his lessons in story mapping to effective storytelling and creative producing styles, he makes a great professor.

“I had no idea what I wanted to do or who I wanted to be, and he helped me find that. He let me follow my passions and tell stories that I wanted to tell.” – Maisy

Castonguay - The Visionary (top middle)

“Professor Castonguay’s lectures, meetings and enlightening discussions became an uplifting point of the week. Not only had I found another individual with an unhealthy fascination with the media world but I also found someone who was willing to give me a chance.” – Tomas

Barnes - The Filmmaker (top left)

“Barnes was integral in helping smooth out the bumps in the stories I would produce and I owe many of the great fires present in my projects to his spark that helped start the flame” – Tomas

Falco - The Photojournalist (not pictured)

“The only thing that could rival professor Falco’s talent in photojournalism is his love of teaching.” – Tomas

Keith - The Technician (bottom right)

“In other words, Keith helped me make my dreams come true by making previously unattainable resources accessible, he saw my love for the craft and created an avenue to help me reach for the stars.” – Tomas

Golda - The Artist (top right)

“Perhaps it was because it was so late into my college career, or maybe because it took me so much by surprise, but I can say that one of the most memorable classes in my undergrad was in a class taught by Greg Golda, namely for all of the right reasons.” – Tomas

Russo - The Coach (bottom left)

“Russo was more than a teacher though, he was a mentor and a coach that I could call at any time with any questions about the industry, I can only hope that more students can experience the amazing enthusiasm that Gary Russo brought to the table time and time again.” – Tomas

Priscilla - The Advocate (not pictured)

“A smiling face that is always there to help. Priscilla has a way of connecting with the students. Her infectious laugh always brightened my day and made the long days and nights in Martire that much more manageable.”

...these professors are just a part of the amazing group of educators in SCMA. It is to the credit of ALL the professors, administrators, and staff that have led to the success of the senior class. We are all beyond grateful for our past four years in Martire and can not wait to see the program continue to grow.

All photos on front page taken by Tomas Koeck.

Go to shuspectrum.com to read the full article online that includes short bios and full quotes from students.

The People I Met

MAISY CARVALHO

Editor In Chief

The people I met in college...

When sitting down to write this article...I wasn’t sure the direction I wanted to take. I have had so many incredible opportunities and it was overwhelming to think how I could comprise it into one article. So instead, I write about the people who I met. The people who have shaped me into who I am today.

The last people I met were the people who I bonded with on career choices and my final projects. The people who shared my love of story-telling and broadcast. Though I wish I met and became close with these people earlier, it has been such a pleasure to work with them. I will always look back and be grateful for the stressful nights and falls that made us into stronger professionals.

This year, I met and worked with a strong group of editors and journalists without whom this paper would not exist. My Sunday people would always spark some sort of inspiration in me. Though I tried not to run a Spectrum Meeting too long, these people were always open to brainstorming and story mapping with me and I am so proud to have been able to work on such a great project with them.

This year brought a new RSA staff, and with it, new friends. ResLife is a funny place but with it, you get to grow your circle and I’m very happy with how my circle grew.

Last summer, I stayed at school...so it counts. I grew close to someone who might have been just as involved as me. We made great suitemates that summer and she made a great running coach.

Also last summer, I got to work with and grow closer to someone who quickly became one of my favorite people at SHU. This person became a mentor, friend, recipe-sharer, and cheerleader to me and will be one of my hardest goodbyes. If you ever have the chance to stop into Student Life, be sure to say “Hi” to Bonnie for me.

My junior year was full of new friends...most of which I met over zoom. The people who turned their cameras on and spoke during horrendous zoom classes became a friend to me, making Zoom University a bit more tolerable.

In the few in-person classes I had junior year, I met a driven group of students who quickly became my role models. These people motivated me to be a better writer, story-teller and journalist. They also taught me not to take life too seriously. Cheers!

That year also brought me a new ResLife staff. This one was the second group at the Marriott. What many thought would be a quiet bunch...ended up being the most chaotic. These people held me together through the ups and downs of college during Covid. Though I don’t see these people every day, I know they are always here for me, and I them. When life gets tough...you need these people.

Sophomore year was time cut short, but through the traumatic events of entering a global pandemic, these people became some of my closest friends.

From Utah, Long Island and even across the pond, my first ResLife staff was wild. These people helped me find my path at Sacred Heart and supported me in all the crazy things I was involved in. When the pandemic started...before it was even classified as a pandemic, these people were right there with me, trying to

understand what the heck was going on in the world. Crazy memories that made life long friends.

This was also the year that my freshman year friends and I decided to grow our little circle. We scoped out some people who looked nice and a little weird and thought they would be great additions. Some ran away...some stuck around...I’m glad they did. We weren’t afraid to jump out of our comfort zone together and it paid off...and it all started with a pumpkin.

...and speaking of freshman year...

Some of the first people I met at SHU became influential mentors to me. I had an interview for a work-study position in Student Life and I truly had no idea how much that would shift my life. My time in Hawley Lounge that year was like no other, and I am so happy I scored that job. A wild group of people who I will never stop going to advice for.

To the people who told me “Your freshman year friends are not the friends that stay with you until the end”...sorry, you were wrong.

I’m not sure how it happened...but they stuck around (I tried to get rid of them!)

These best friends bring so much joy to my everyday...it’s going to be tough not having them around all the time. They are my people.

Included in that group is my freshman year roommate...again I know, I’m lucky that she still tolerates me. But she is truly one of the most influential people in my life. At a time where I felt so alone, away from home, on a college campus full of people who I thought could never relate to me...she understood me.

My bestest friends here are one of a kind. Sounds cliché, but I mean it. To be able to find genuine people who know you better than you know yourself is so rare. Thank you for sticking around.

The people I met freshman year met a very different version of me. But still, when I see them at Red’s or for a quick chat in the halls, it’s as if no time has passed. I am so grateful for all the people who welcomed me to SHU with open arms and stuck by me through the years. Even including that weird kid from orientation. Watching you all attend your first club meeting to then becoming the President of the organization...to late night studying for your first big exam and now celebrating your grad school admission...to the first President’s Gala, to buying our outfits for Senior week festivities...boy has it flew by. It has been such a pleasure and I can’t wait to see where we all go.

And that’s it! Just kidding. I could fill a newspaper describing all the people I met. Sure, the people I mentioned were impactful...but so was everyone I met here at SHU. This place is special and it’s so hard to say goodbye.



EDITORIALS

Learning to Preserve My Creativity

ASHLIN HALEY
Perspectives Editor



One thing that I have struggled with throughout college is the feeling that everyone around me has their life figured out. It's easy to put this pressure on yourself, especially senior year, that you have to have everything lined up at some point.

Going into my freshman year, I thought I knew exactly what I wanted to do. My ideal situation was going to a school in Los Angeles and getting accepted into their film program. Obviously, this is not how things turned out, but I couldn't be more thankful.

It's common for interests to fluctuate. Something that

I have realized throughout my four years here is that very few people know exactly what they want to do. Additionally, trying to decide what you want to do for the rest of your life at the age of 18 is a very tricky, unrealistic concept most times.

Something that has prolonged the process of figuring out exactly what I want to do after college has been the stigma surrounding creative majors. Sacred Heart is largely popular for its health science and business majors, and I think a culture has developed at many schools where these kinds of majors are more celebrated.

Being a creative person in today's monetary world is tough. I believe that's why I have felt a little behind in the process of figuring out my true interests.

I have always questioned if I'm doing the right thing or making the right decisions. Due to the stigmas surrounding the arts and creative paths, I wondered if there was more that I could be doing. I didn't feel like my interests were enough.

Many thoughts have circulated through my brain in the last years of my college experience. Should I go to law school? Should I go into the medical field? Should I be a psychologist?

Statements like, "You don't need to go to school for that" have been permanently ingrained in my mind when I think about my path. When others ask what I'm in school for, a sense of nervousness comes over me at times that they might be disappointed in my response.

It sometimes feels like there isn't a spot at the table for creative majors. On the other hand, what would the world be without creativity? The world needs our visions and our imagination. Without it, everything would be black and white.

The people who reign me in from questioning what I want to do are my parents and my brother. My mom has always told me that it would be a great disservice to myself to not follow a path where I could be creative. My family has always encouraged me to follow what is going to make me the happiest, and that is something that I am wholeheartedly grateful for. Making them proud and having them see me happy is one of my biggest motivations.

This year has been a time of self-discovery. I've realized that I shouldn't sacrifice my interests and my abilities just because of what careers are highly valued in our world today.

Everyone's work is meaningful and should be valued, as every career path takes grit and passion. I've learned that it is not the end of the world to not have everything figured out at a young age. We have the rest of our lives to solidify a purpose for ourselves, and it might even shift and alter throughout time, which is the beauty of it.

Not Included in the Syllabus

JULIA HALLISEY
Features Editor

If there's one thing that the pandemic has taught me, it's that educators are severely underappreciated. I'll be graduating in a mere two weeks and it wouldn't have been possible without those who have dedicated their lives to teaching.

I've been fortunate to have an amazing education, and with that comes amazing educators. However, some of the best lessons my educators have taught me have had nothing to do with textbooks at all.

My junior year of high school is when I really started to enjoy writing, something I never thought humanly possible.

I was experiencing my first heartbreak and was tasked by my English teacher to write a Macbeth response journal. It was my first piece that I was passionate about. I decided to write about my high school break-up, which in the moment seemed to be life-altering (spoiler alert: it wasn't).

I wrote about what happened, my insecurities and how I could never seem to let go of what other people thought of me; things that I normally wouldn't tell a teacher, but I knew I could tell Mrs. Kirsche.

When I received my response journal back, she had written me a note. It read, "Perhaps in the future you may surprise yourself and care less than you do now about what others think— In the meantime, know that I think you're an impressive young woman."

Mrs. Kirsche probably doesn't remember writing that note, but I do because it was exactly what I needed to hear at that moment. I felt validated and I felt proud of my work.

Mr. Healey was known for being one of the strictest teachers at my high school, and for good reason. He had no problem calling anyone out for breaking the rules.

The biggest rule he had was if you were going to be absent from his class you had to email him to let him know. It seems like a small rule, but he was very adamant about it.

Looking back, I think that's the biggest lesson I took from high school to college. It seems like common sense now, but I thank Mr. Healey for instilling that rule. I've skipped my fair share of college classes, but I've always emailed the professor to let them know. I think it's a little thing that they appreciate.

As a freshman, terrified of going over my allotted absences, I went to class sick (pre-Covid.) If my appearance wasn't a give away, my non-stop coughing definitely was. After class, Professor McGovern pulled me aside.

When he asked why I still came to class and I told him that I was out of absences, he had to stop himself from laughing in my face. He told me not

to worry, to go home and rest. Maybe drink some tea, and to not come to our next class meeting that Thursday.

It was such a small gesture, but it was so heartwarming in the moment.

Those three classes make Dr. Reid the professor I have had the most classes with at Sacred Heart— and I've thoroughly enjoyed all of them.

When I wrote that Macbeth response journal in high school, I didn't know that writing would play such a huge role in my life. I didn't know that until I took a class with Professor Kabak.

Professor Kabak teaches the News Writing & Reporting class, she also serves as the advisor for The Spectrum. She's strict and intimidating, but she's also kind, funny and an amazing educator.

It's because of her that I found my knack for journalism, my ability to lead as an editor and quite literally, the reason that I have the opportunity to write this editorial.

Professor Kabak knows talent when she sees it, and as a student, it's an amazing feeling to be recognized by her. When I started as a staff writer, I had no intention of joining the executive board. I knew I could write well, but I needed to be pushed out of my comfort zone, and Professor Kabak did that.

All of these instances were fleeting moments most likely long forgotten by the teachers and professors mentioned, but moments that I will likely never forget.

I will forever accredit a piece of myself to these educators. I hope they know that, at least by me, their kindness was never overlooked.



EDITORIALS

Map of Memories

THEO HAUBRICH

Public Relations Manager

My time at Sacred Heart has been bumpy, to say the least. From being on campus my freshman year to being in a hotel then getting sent home due to Covid-19 my sophomore year to being virtual my junior year to being on campus again my senior year, it's been a lot. Despite the sadness I feel when thinking about the lack of "traditional" college experience I've had, I'm grateful for the time I've spent as a SHU student. A lot of what has remained the same over the years, however, are the physical places on campus. There have been many additions since my freshman year, but a lot has stayed the same. As I walk around campus today, I've realized just how many beautiful memories I have associated with certain places on campus. The following are some of my favorite locations and their accompanied memories:

Martire – I recently had my last class in this building and it made me emotional; this is the place I will probably miss the most. My major was based out of here and I took so many classes and met many great friends with similar passions as mine. From getting an Einsteins Pepperoni Chicken sandwich and a blackberry lemonade to recording a podcast episode with two of my friends, Amber and Lizzie, to meeting with the Spectrum Editorial Board, a lot of great memories were made within these walls. I also love the memory of Big Little Reveal for fall 2021 in the Martire Forum where we added to my Kappa Alpha Theta fam line. Our fam consisted of my little, Alana, and my g-little, Cassie; we then added my gg-little, Victoria, to the fam.

Linda's – Some of my favorite memories from here include Victoria Mescall, former Spectrum Editor-in-Chief. I met her when I was a freshman and she was a senior; I ended up following in her footsteps in a lot of ways. Whether it was getting breakfast wraps from the burger station or hanging out at lunchtime, she was a constant friend that year and is someone I still keep in touch with.

Another favorite memory of mine from Linda's was when the burger station started asking for your name for your order. People accidentally taking your food was a thing of the past and boy was I ecstatic.

JP's Diner – This campus location has always been one of my favorites because of the delicious food and Jersey diner vibes it gives off. I have so many great memories from here, like falling in love with their Grilled Chicken Pesto Panini to watching the sunset right over the softball field to getting dinner so many times with my good friends Marcus and Allie.

Roncalli Hall – Before I was an RSA in this building, I took graphic design classes here on the second floor. These were some of my favorite I've taken at SHU and I have some amazing memories of learning all about the future career path I want to take, as well as connecting with other designers who love it just as much as me. I have also been an RSA in this building for my senior year and while it was definitely challenging at times, I am grateful for the experience and the people I've met. Some of my good friends came into my life through this, such as Amanda, Victoria, Casey and Emaly. I've made countless memories with them in Roncalli and will cherish their friendship for years to come.

Pio Village/The Steps – During my sophomore year, I stayed in a hotel. This was for the fall semester while SHU finished up construction on the first two buildings and the steps of what would eventually be known as Pio Village. In January 2020, I moved into Frassati Hall with three of my good friends, Maddie, Christina and Andrea. One of my favorite memories was move-in and how happy we all felt to be back on campus again. This was cut short, however, due to being sent home in March 2020. Fast forward to my senior year, I've made more amazing memories in this area of campus, like meeting Jackie, my Spectrum Assistant PR Manager, for the first time in person, as well as eating lunch with different friends on sunny days.

Overall, the past couple of years at Sacred Heart have been a wild ride but I have made the best of it, despite everything thrown my way. While I'm ready to move on to the next chapter of my life, I'm confident these memories and friends will always stay with me as I navigate my new normal away from SHU.



Homesick to Home

JENN HALLOWELL

Assistant Features Editor

The word 'bittersweet' seems to be a repetitive word in my vocabulary as I stumble upon my last weeks of my college career here at Sacred Heart University. Four years has flown by, yet when I sit here and reflect upon those four years it feels like my fall of 2018 self is drastically different than my spring 2022 self.

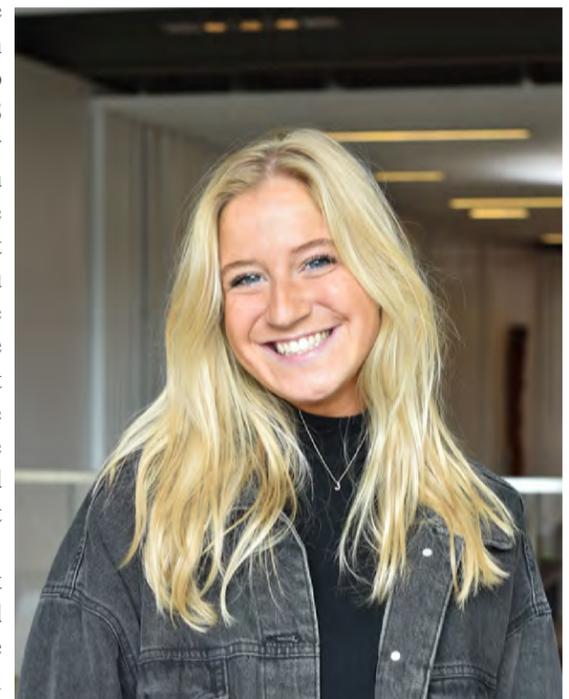
In 2018, the weeks leading up to my first ever college move-in day were exciting, it was the chatter of my hometown. Friends planning their room decor, fun talks with your soon to be roommate, excitement to start what everyone says will be the best 4 years of your life. What no one seems to discuss before that move-in day is the moment the moving in stops, and your family leaves and a feeling may set in. That feeling for me was homesickness. Immediate homesickness, that is. I never thought I would have caught that sickness, maybe just a common cold or at worst maybe the flu. When distractions would fade, tears would roll down my face. The thought of home made me cry, just my mom texting me made me cry! Yet I was confused because I loved Sacred Heart, nothing was wrong. I had a great group of friends. I was doing well with my academics. I joined a sorority I loved, I just couldn't shake the homesick feeling.

With all this sadness though, came determination. I made a deal with myself and my parents. That deal being if I still feel this way by the end of my freshman year, I will transfer and commute to college from my home in New Jersey, and let me just say, I am so happy I made that deal and stayed at Sacred Heart.

Now it is 2022, with the weeks leading up to my graduation day, my move out day. The same exciting chatter is happening yet with a different tone. My years at Sacred Heart have been the most rewarding in my life so far. I became a more confident version of myself, I got involved, I truly stepped out of my

comfort zone. I joined The Pulse, The Spectrum, I even lived away from home for two summers, which to my 2018 self would have been truly terrifying. Pushing through my homesickness at college allowed me to realize that home is definitely where you grew up, however, a home can be created when you place yourself in an environment with people who you love and encourage you to be the best version of yourself; and that for me was Sacred Heart University.

When I walk across that stage in a few weeks and officially say my last goodbye to college, I will not feel the feeling of homesickness knowing I will be leaving; it will simply be bittersweet.



EDITORIALS

30 Down...Forever to Go

SOPHIE CAMIZZI
News Editor

Last week, I was going through the Spectrum archives and it turns out that over the four semesters that I've been on staff, I've written a total of 29 articles, but it feels like only yesterday when my first article was published.

It was called "New Update, Who Dis," an article about the new Apple iOS 14 update that came out in 2020. I had zero interest in technology, I was stuck on Zoom due to the Covid-19 and I had a small group of friends to pool interviews from. I had no idea how I was supposed to get this article done.

Luckily for me, those initial feelings of panic eventually turned into confidence over the years and I was able to write somewhat complex articles with ease.

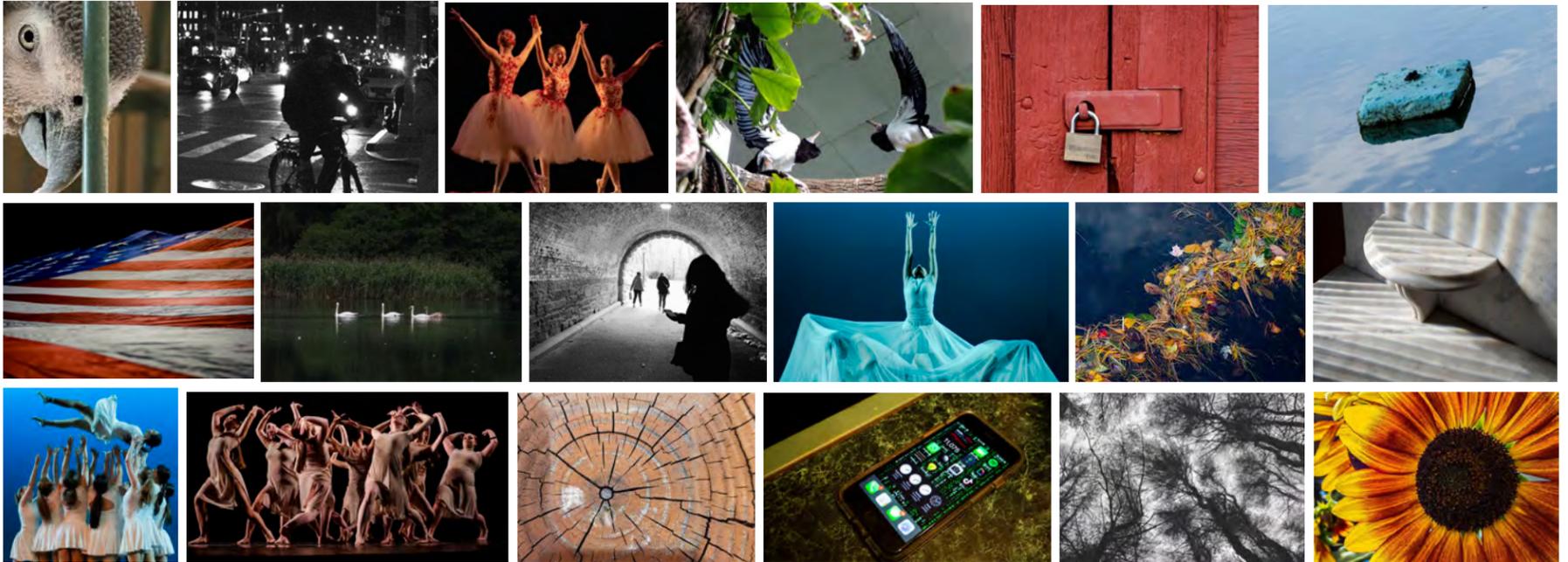
I think that kind of sentiment also reflects through my photography.

I began taking photography seriously in sophomore year of college. I already felt a little bit insecure about it since my sister was already an amazing photographer and picking up a camera kind of felt like I was following in her shadow rather than being my own person.

However, I've come to realize that no two photographs will ever be the same. Even if you're trying to replicate it, the intentions behind taking the photo will be completely different. In that way, I think that photography is my fingerprint of the world.

It's unique to me, even though everyone has the ability to take a photo. I think it's a beautiful sentiment to show others how I personally see and organize the world as we can never physically see from another person's perspective.

As I've evolved over the years of Sacred Heart so has my art, articles and more. I've learned a lot in the past four years thanks to all of the people around me including faculty, staff and students so I'd just like to say: "Thank you for helping me grow. I couldn't be where I am without you."



Sophie Camizzi, News Editor

All original photos taken by Sophie Camizzi from freshmen to senior year.

This Isn't the End...It's Just the Beginning

EMILEE CAMODEO
Assistant News Editor

This isn't a "goodbye," it's a "see you later."

As I reflect on the past three years here at Sacred Heart University, I wouldn't trade it for the world. I didn't expect to start all over again by transferring colleges, but words cannot express enough how grateful I am that I did. Coming from a small upstate school in New York to this was not easy. I didn't know what to expect. Everyone had their friend groups already.

Funny enough, the first friend I ever made at SHU is also part of the Spectrum Board. I was assigned randomly to live with a group of eight girls. Having to jump into a completely new experience at full throttle was nerve wracking at first. I remember the first thing I said to her was "I was really nervous to come out into the common room before I met you." Everything was moving so fast, I felt like I was speeding through life just waiting to get pulled over.



Luckily, I eventually learned how to take control of the wheel. Transferring to SHU was a new beginning for me, it was an opportunity to grow and flourish into the young adult that I wanted to become.

After transferring schools, I was an undecided major. I had almost absolutely no idea what I wanted to do with my life and future career. Shortly after settling into my first semester of sophomore year, I realized that I have always had a passion for writing. I knew I was somewhat talented, and that's not something I say a lot. I took the first step by declaring a communications major. Through this, I hoped to pursue writing and enhance my skills to become the best version of myself within the three years here.

Through the midst of late-night papers, covid antics and early morning classes, I started to feel like I had a purpose; that I belonged. I made some great friends along the way of each troubling obstacle, and I know that I wouldn't have been able to get through these past three years without them.

As I am now nearing the finish line towards graduation, it saddens me to know that just in a few weeks everything in my life is going to change. No more JP's, late night car rides, petty arguments with roommates, but most importantly, I won't be attending SHU anymore. I will forever cherish the memories I have made here over the course of the last three years.

Transferring to Sacred Heart was one of the greatest decisions I've ever made. If you are ever hesitant about a situation, take the risk, because you won't regret it.

I am proud to be a Pioneer; I am proud of the successes I have made, and I am looking forward to the next chapter of my life.

SHU, this isn't a "goodbye," it's a "see you later."

EDITORIALS

From Strangers to Friends

JACQUELINE CHAMPOUX

Assistant Public Relations Manager



Four years seems like such an insignificant amount of time in the grand scheme of things. But these four years have been the most formative years of my life. The strangers sleeping in bunk beds next to me have become my second family. My home.

Friendship affects growth drastically, especially those made in college. At this age, we are still trying to find ourselves and this so-called ‘purpose’ to our lives. Leaving high school at age 18, away from the people who you grew up with into a new, foreign atmosphere can be daunting to say the least. The friends you meet freshman year could quite possibly become your friends for

life. Or they could not.

I have been reflecting on how much I have grown since freshman year, reminding myself that everyone has a different definition of ‘friendship.’ The experiences made along the way have helped me appreciate the journey and be grateful for it.

There is a stereotypical college mindset of friend ‘groups’ and those being the only people you spend time with while also living together. But college is not the same experience for everyone. I have created bonds very different from traditional friendships like these. These people I have around me as a graduating senior are unique in the importance of my life.

I had expectations of finding a lot of friends when coming to college, as my friend group of eight girls from high school was very, very close. From freshman to sophomore year, these expectations started to fade away, as I wanted to live in the moment. I learned that cliques are never going to be escapable, no matter

what age.

What makes a friendship unique? What makes a lasting friendship? What is the difference between an acquaintance and a genuine friend? Questions like these cross my mind often.

My college experience with friends began through the eighth floor of Roncalli hall freshman year. My roommate/best friend and I have lived together all four years, and we have been through A LOT together. We stick together because we are now more resilient and empathetic than ever.

I know that I wanted to be involved coming to college. I have joined a variety of clubs through the years, making connections with so many people. Also, the SCMA has brought me closer to so many people through classes and overall camaraderie. I have always loved connecting with people genuinely. I have friends through my student government board, the Spectrum board, Chi Omega and my work-study at WSHU. The bonds I’ve made at SHU and the circles of friends I have will be a lasting memory I will hold dear to my heart forever.

There is something familial about my friendships and connections I want to make. My ‘work-mom’ at WSHU Public Radio (also named Jacqie) has become a person I am dreading to lose after graduation. She impacted my growth in so many ways. Having been a work study at the station all four years of college, we got to know each other on a deeper level.

Chi Omega brought me to the sister I have never had as my ‘little.’ We know that we will always be in each others’ lives, and we are there for each other through the hardest times.

You know that saying your mom always said growing up?: “Quality is better than quantity.” Well this actually proved itself to be true in my eyes most of the time.

Friends come and go, and friendships ebb and flow. Each person now holds significant meaning to me and affects how I think about the future.

I am a very sentimental person (if you can’t tell already), and leaving this place feeling fulfilled is something that I have been striving for. I can say confidently that I do feel fulfilled in every aspect of my college career. Everytime I think about walking across the stage I get flashes of the people who affected me so positively. I hope these flashes never disappear.

In Defense of Fashion and Frivolity

ELIZABETH COYNE

Arts & Entertainment Editor



For those of us with a propensity towards fashion, our interests and aspirations are often criticized for being unimportant in a world where dresses, shoes and runway models are not nearly as paramount as the arguments over universal healthcare, climate change, or the ever changing political landscape.

Normally, I push these judgments aside with a quick eye roll and a shake of my head. I know just the movie to recommend to them...

I make an incredibly generalized statement when I say that I’m sure most of us have viewed “The Devil Wears Prada.”

But for those who haven’t, there’s an iconic scene where Meryl Streep’s soul crushing-character, with hair styled in sharp edges and piercing eyes lined in black, completely obliterates the innocent and slightly snarky Andrea Sachs over the value of a particular shade of blue, causing her to embark on a bangs-producing transformation.

Aside from the sharp commentary on the trickle-down theory often used to describe the origin of fashion trends, the scene provides a great base for any fashion industry enthusiast, like myself, to use against attacks of intellectual snobbery from those “on the outside,” with a limited understanding of fashion’s importance to culture and society.

However, even after having used this argument and others constructed similarly on anyone who dared question the legitimacy of my dream job as a fashion editor, I found myself wondering from the always comforting floor of my childhood bedroom, “Am I wasting my time being passionate about something objectively frivolous?”

I am about to graduate from college with a degree in Fashion Marketing and Merchandising, a choice that wouldn’t have been possible without the calculated

approach I took to get approval from my parents, who lovingly paid for my years of thread-count and buyer enlightenment.

This is not the same film that we reviewed above. We have instead a different plot with a fresh cast of characters. No longer are we following a beautiful Hathaway spinning in an endless orbit around the empire running “devil” in designer shoes. Instead our focus falls on me, a freshly-turned twenty-one year-old spending her parents’ life savings for the opportunity to join an industry that while glamorous and shiny, looks small in comparison to the literal life-changing school of nursing where my college roommate chose to place her ambitions.

So, in an attempt to make myself feel a bit better before I finish my time in school, I thought I would try my hand at rebuking this notion that fashion is frivolous by deconstructing the idea of frivolity itself.

I would argue that this overused fashion-targeting ‘hot take’ is useless when taking into account that society as it exists today is nothing but frivolous and overflows with excess in every facet.

Take for example the car industry. The only usage for a car at the most basic level is as transportation from point A to point B, and yet we see driveways filled with cars intensely modified to be technologically indispensable with bluetooth capability and bright neon paint.

But despite being able to find that this is the case with most modern luxuries, the critiques continue to roll in. Fans of lavish cars are often mocked and scoffed at by those riding around in a scratched up Chevy pickup truck, obviously superior based on the way they remain untouched by the need for such opulence.

Can we not go around in circles all day arguing over the value of beauty, structure and status? If we cannot vouch for the validity of any medium for which the goal is to elicit emotion, like with art, entertainment, or music, what does it matter that fashion and all who engage with it at a professional level are nothing but frivolous?

Fashion, like art and the other things I so elegantly threw under the bus a few sentences ago, are necessary for a life of value. Without them, we are merely existing, looking for meaning through the process of surviving another day.

I fear I will never stop myself from this back-and-forth self-inflicted identity crisis in which I devalue the one industry I’ve been a slave to since I was eight, but I know there is a purpose to the artistry worn on our backs and thus a purpose to my precious soon-to-be college degree.

EDITORIALS

Four Words for an Unforgettable Four Years

DEANNA REINHARDT
Managing Editor for Business

Coming into college, we are often filled with endless expectations and hopes for what the next four years will entail. It is a combination of anxiety and optimism for what is to come. Your eyes are wide as you approach this entirely new chapter, your brain eager to absorb it all, while your heart yearns for social and creative fulfillment. To put it plainly, it's an all-encompassing, overwhelming feeling and one I came to know very well. As difficult a task as this is, I am going to attempt to recap the last four years in just four words.



Optimistic:

As were most freshmen, I was all-consumed by college life; that newfound independence, the 24/7 slumber party with your new best friends, the parties, the organizations/clubs, the excessive amounts of work and the endless opportunities. I wanted it all, and heck, I was determined to get it --the 'perfect' social life, the top GPA and absolutely everything and anything the perfect college experience could offer. As I said, I was optimistic.

Unexpected:

As sophomore year rolled around, those freshman year aspirations soon became a reality. I had just switched my major to a field that proved to be my perfect fit. I was beginning to make it happen. Suddenly, getting that 4.0 GPA that I was targeting became second nature, as my studies reflected my natural strengths. I became more involved and sought out leadership opportunities that made me excited for the future I now saw clearly. I started to lean into the friendships that genuinely clicked, and to weed out those relationships that were only meant to be placeholders for people who would become more permanent players in my life. I was coming into my own in ways I never expected.

Comfortable:

By the time junior year approached, the trajectory for the remainder of college had been set. I was soaring academically while involved in organizations all across campus and, for the first time, I was able to also say that all-too-corny phrase, 'I found my bridesmaids.' College life was finally checking off all of the boxes. I was more comfortable here than I had ever been and began to appreciate a true love for Sacred Heart University. It was at this moment in time that I finally realized how much I was going to miss this place when it was all over.

Home:

Cue senior year, the most anticipated year of college, yet also the most bittersweet. I'll never forget how I felt at the start of this year. One final move-in day, the last first day of classes, my final sorority recruitment, one last President's Gala, one last college halloweekend, one last homecoming and even this, my last Spectrum article...one last everything.

Sure, there were some firsts, too --the first time at Red's (yup, we made it), not having to 'stress-sweat' wondering if you'd be able to get into the local bars and the spontaneous happy hour trips celebrating those interviews you finally landed. It's been a whirlwind and one well-deserved.

Finally, everything that we all had worked so hard for and immersed ourselves in these last four years is culminating, yet it kind of seems like it's coming to a screeching halt. The 'lasts' are all that's left.

As this melancholy feeling sets in, alongside the reality of where I am on the college timeline, I can't help but reflect on all that Sacred Heart has given me.

Ironically, they say 'home is where the heart is' and quite honestly, I didn't realize all this time that my heart was here at 5151 Park Avenue, Fairfield, CT. The four years go by quickly, but the memories will truly last forever. I'll always call Sacred Heart my home.

Now as I close out this article, I too close out this chapter of my life --one that has meant more than I can ever express here in just four words. However, I think I'm ready to write this next chapter using all of the tools these last four years have provided.

And as for heading out into the real world, daunting as it may seem, thanks to Sacred Heart University, I know I am ready after all.

Through Black Button Eyes

AMBER MARTINEZ
Web Manager

I was stuck on a hook for days until I was saved. I couldn't do anything but watch crowds and crowds of people go by; laughing, eating funnel cake and simply just being free to move about. I watched as friends of mine on the hooks around me were given to random strangers and taken away. I didn't know if I would be next or if I was doomed to spend the rest of my life hanging by my sweatshirt. Then one day, a little girl came squealing up to the stall I was held captive in and wouldn't stop staring at me. While I normally have felt unsafe when one of these strangers would stare at me, I knew that she wouldn't hurt me.

My captor went up to her and told her if she popped three balloons she could pick any "toy" she wanted. He always called us toys and that was hurtful but I am over it now. The little girl gave her all into each throw of the dart towards the wall of balloons. She hit all three that she aimed at and when it came time to pick which one of us she wanted, she chose me. That day, she took me to her grandma's house and we have been best friends ever since.

Anywhere she went she brought me with her and that never changed because when she was due to set off to college, she brought me with her. I got to see her change for the better and find out who she wanted to be and do for the rest of her life.

The biggest change I got to witness was her major change halfway through her sophomore year from Criminal Justice to a double major in Media Arts: Film and Television, and Strategic Communications, Public Relations, and Advertising.

Ever since a young age, she was obsessed with serial killers and wanted to work in the FBI. It was pretty scary...I mean it...I love her but it was borderline psychotic. That job would have eaten her alive and turned her into something she is not. So when she changed majors, I was overjoyed. For as long as I can remember, she has loved to read. It started with Harry Potter and has progressed to a love of romance/contemporary novels. When she switched majors, she not only made a practical choice, but also chose something that I know will make

her happy. Her true dream, which is something I think she has known for a long time - to work in book publishing on the media side.

Even though she switched majors her sophomore year, she somehow managed to graduate a whole year early. I can tell she's scared, she does not think she's ready to enter the "real" world as I have heard her call it and maybe she is right but I am not worried. I have been there for it all, the good times and the really bad times. I have watched her grow, prosper and do things she never thought she would be doing. She has great friends, a great support system and her whole life ahead of her.

Fear can keep you from the best things in life and I know that once she jumps over that fear she will find her way. She just needs to take that leap and when she does, I'll be right there with her. Some may think I am just a bear wearing merch from the greatest band out there, One Direction for those lame-o's that do not know, but I am much more than that. I am a member of the family and on May 14th, I will be the proudest bear out there.



EDITORIALS

A Message from Professor Kabak

EDITOR IN CHIEF
MAISY CARVALHO
2022

MANAGING EDITOR – EDITORIAL
MIA SANSANELLI
2023

MANAGING EDITOR – BUSINESS
DEANNA REINHARDT
2022

COPY EDITORS
KAILEY BLOUNT
2023

KELLI WRINN
2023

EDIJE FRANGU
2023

NEWS EDITORS
SOPHIE CAMIZZI
2022

BRENDAN WILLIAMS
2024

ASST. NEWS EDITOR
EMILEE CAMODEO
2022

PERSPECTIVES EDITORS
DEANNA DRAKOPOULOS
2023

ASHLIN HALEY
2022

FEATURES EDITOR
JULIA HALLISEY
2022

ASST. FEATURES EDITOR
JENN HALLOWELL
2022

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT
EDITOR
ELIZABETH COYNE
2022

ASST. ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT
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SPORTS EDITORS
ROBERT FINIZIO
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ASST. SPORTS EDITOR
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2023

MANAGER OF AUDREY'S CORNER
JILL AMARI
2023

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ASST. PUBLIC RELATIONS
MANAGER
JACQUELINE CHAMPOUX
2022

WEB MANAGER
AMBER MARTINEZ
2022

ASST. WEB MANAGER
STEPHANIE PATELLA
2024

AD SALES MANAGER
NICHOLAS MEACHEN
2024

CIRCULATION MANAGER
BRENDAN WILLIAMS
2024

FACULTY ADVISOR
PROF. JOANNE KABAK

The final regular issue of Spectrum for 21-22 is out on the racks and online. The special senior edition is ready to be published. As they say in the movie business, "it's a wrap."

Except for one more step: to acknowledge the contributions of the graduating editors and to wish them well as they go on their way.

There is at least one thing the seniors can know once they've left campus. If they want to find an article they wrote or a topic they covered, they are sure to find it on the Spectrum website, thanks to Amber Martinez, the Spectrum web editor for the past three years. Before she came, the website was not in a good place, to put it gently. Amber stepped up to the job. Throughout the summer of 2019 she worked diligently with Prof. Keith Z. to redo the whole site professionally and make it great going forward.

Amber isn't the only "back office" editor to make a major difference. Even if you don't see their bylines in Spectrum, you do see Spectrum, thanks to PR manager Theo Haubrich and assistant Jackie Champoux. They have taken Spectrum's social media presence to new heights. Further, as soon as in-person table times were back, so was the PR staff handing out print editions in the HC hallway.

For many readers, it's the content that they think about first when they hear about Spectrum. The perspectives section is where you find out what students are really thinking about any type of issue. Editor Ashlin Haley made sure you heard the sentiment of Sacred Heart students on serious issues like gas prices and nursing burnout. She also covered campus topics like fun things to do in the spring and, a topic close to their hearts, how do you feel now that you're graduating.

Coming up and snagging the best topics isn't just a challenge for perspectives, but even more so for features. Who gets to cover Greek Week or developments in diversity and inclusion? Features often had to battle it out with other sections, and more often than not came up the winner, thanks to editor Julia Hallisey and assistant Jenn Hallowell.

While features usually put the spotlight on campus, the arts and entertainment section typically roamed all over the country. Editor Lizzy Coyne let Spectrum readers know who won the Oscars and what was happening at the Sundance Festival. Speaking of "country" if you didn't know what Dolly Parton has been up to, check out A & E. All of those topics are, of course, in addition to the many theatrical events on campus and at the new Community Theater. But what Lizzy is likely to be remembered for most is fashion. And more fashion. Her passion for the subject brought a new dimension to Spectrum reporting – and likely some new styles for its readers.

But when it comes to taking on the challenges of identifying topics and making sure that they are relevant and right, that job falls to the news editor Sophie Camizzi and assistant Emilee

Camodeo. They diligently pursued the news on Ukraine, the Supreme Court, the new provost and making daylight savings time permanent (maybe). Sophie was there in the 211 class every 11:30 a.m. on Tuesday to guide her staff to get up to speed on the important topics of the day and be ready to interview and write with awareness and clarity.

As happens almost every year, an editor or two graduates early. And this year it was Maria Cipriano. During her tenure as sports editor, she made many key decisions about what sports to cover at a university with a full schedule, and to make sure the sports writing staff knew just how to work with Athletic Communications to get the interviews they needed.

The stories are, of course, what Spectrum is about. But, like so much of media, it's also a business. As the managing editor for business, Deanna Reinhardt kept an eye on money – and on the ad sales, and the printing company, and anything else that came up that wasn't strictly copy. She was not only a numbers person, but also a creative force on the paper who brought up many imaginative ideas of how to make improvements.

All of this – the editorial sections, the on-time publication, the managing of the staff – was the job of the "boss." And no one could do it better than editor-in-chief Maisy Carvalho. Maisy seemed to be everywhere at once, maintaining multiple campus roles while making sure Spectrum got out each week with accuracy, authority and integrity. Maisy inspired everyone to work harder, be better and have fun along the way. And she answered emails quickly! Spectrum is very grateful to have had her wisdom and her character at the helm.

Some of the editors will be staying on campus in the graduate program. And, as in the past, they will often say as they leave Spectrum, "I'll be here so let me know if I can do anything." Sure. Maybe. Not really. Even if they are down the hall, those who've graduated have truly moved on – immersed in graduate studies, new jobs, traveling and finding new experiences and goals beyond Spectrum and their undergraduate years. And that's the way it should be, for this is the time for exploration of self and of the world, bolstered by the knowledge of the past four years.

Any time there is nostalgia, or curiosity, about something to do with Spectrum, there's an easy solution for that. Pick up that paper copy you stored in a bin back at home, check out that editorial you wrote online, and find out what's new in the latest edition of those who've taken over your roles. And go forth in confidence and joy, knowing that you have made a wonderful contribution during your time at Sacred Heart in that rarefied world of publishing the news.

Wishing you all the best,
Prof. Joanne Kabak
Spectrum Faculty Advisor



Top row (left to right): Julie Dunn, Amber Martinez, Jake Cardinale, Nicholas Meachen, Brendan Williams, Robert Finizio, Bryan Smith, Stephanie Patella, Mia Sansanelli, Maisy Carvalho. Bottom Row (left to right): Ashlin Haley, Deanna Drakopoulos, Emilee Camodeo, Julia Hallisey, Jenn Hallowell, Sophie Camizzi, Jacqueline Champoux, Theo Haubrich, Elizabeth Coyne. Right Column (top to bottom): Edije Frangu, Kailey Blount, Deanna Reinhardt, Kelli Wrinn, Jill Amari

Thank you to our amazing Editor In Chief for your commitment to the Spectrum and for inspiring everyone you worked with :) -With love, Mia

The editorial page is an open forum. Editorials are the opinions of the individual editors and do not represent the opinions of the whole editorial board. Letters to the editor are encouraged and are due by Sunday at noon for consideration for each Wednesday's issue. All submissions are subject to editing for spelling, punctuation, and length. Letters to the editor should not exceed 600 words and should be emailed to spectrum@sacredheart.edu. The Spectrum does not assume copyright for any published material. We are not responsible for the opinions of the writers voiced in this forum.