

Loose Canons

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Emory University English Department

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Teaching Illustrated: The Technological Adventures of Harry Rusche

By Carole Meyers, Ph.D. '97, Academic Technology Coordinator

Harry Rusche began what has become a rather formidable career in teaching with technology very simply, on a 1989 Macintosh SE, sans hard drive, booting and running applications from two floppy disks. So equipped, he created his first hypertext program on Milton's versification using what was then a state of the art program called Hypercard. Hypercard allowed Harry to bring together snippets of Milton with information on prosody with comparisons to other poets. In so doing, he provided a rich context for interpreting the seventeenth-century poet. And in a move that would anticipate his future endeavors, he included multimedia materials in the form of scanned black and white images including Milton's boyhood portrait, his statue at St. Giles Cripplegate, as well as David Levin's 1978 caricature.

Fueled by his success with Milton, Harry began work on another series of Hypercard databases detailing Shakespeare's plays and a general guide to versification. His work continued in this black and white world until 1994 when Mosaic, the first graphical browser for the World Wide Web was created, and introduced to Emory by ITD's Marie Matthews. Harry immediately saw the potential and started in on learning the web's language, HTML, with the bare bones tool of Simple Text. "What appealed to me about the Web," says Rusche, "was the ability to incorporate colored pictures as well as sound. I got the idea that I could put my research on the web and in doing so continually revise it. That's how Shakespeare Illustrated got started."

Shakespeare Illustrated is, of course, one of the preeminent Web sites in the world on Shakespeare, referenced by print and Web publications alike and earning Harry international attention. "I've gotten letters from all over as a result of Shakespeare Illustrated," Rusche says, "and I've made some friends that way too." Harry sees the Web as a medium particularly adaptable to the seemingly infinite versions and interpretations of the bard's work. "I'm always amazed by what people have put up on the Web," he explains. "There seem to be endless synergies between Shakespeare's material and the Web's ability to represent text, images, sound, and video."

Harry's computing activities have not been limited to database development. In 1990, 20 Macintosh computers were introduced into Humanities 204 as a result of a conversation he had with Jim Johnson, then vice provost for Information Technology. "We were on our way over to the faculty dining room," Rusche recalls, "and I said 'Jim, I could really use some computers to teach writing'." When Jim asked what he

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Harry Rusche with one of his many Macs

Consider writing . . .

. . . for *Loose Canons*. E-mail your story ideas or submissions to mdurret@emory.edu

ALUMNI NEWS

Karen Bloom is scheduled to present "Female Utopias and the Beautiful" on a panel entitled "Women Writers, Landscape, and the Sublime" at the Aphra Behn Society 2000 Conference in Denver in November. Additionally, "Institutions of the English Novel's Canon," her review of Homer Obed Brown's *Institutions of the English Novel*, will be appearing in the summer issue of *University of Toronto Quarterly*. She has also been awarded a \$5000 grant from Susquehanna University, where she is an assistant professor, to do research in England this summer.

Marshall Boswell's book, *John Updike's Rabbit Tetralogy: Mastered Irony in Motion*, has been accepted by University of Missouri Press and will be published in the fall. Also, he has a book review of *Southern Aberrations* by Richard Gray coming out in the May edition of the *Oxford American*.

Laura Callanan has accepted a visiting assistant professor position at Mount Holyoke College in Massachusetts for the fall.

Monica Chiu and **Brian Locke** joyfully announced the birth of Elizabeth Mai Locke on Feb. 20. Monica is an assistant professor at the University of New Hampshire.

Anna Engle, Karen Poremski, and Jessica Rabin have been appointed visiting assistant professors at Emory University for 2000-2001. Karen will also serve as the coordinator for the upcoming Reconciliation Symposium.

Randy Ingram and **Annie Merrill Ingram** have both been granted tenure and promoted to associate professor at Davidson College. Randy

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Loose Canons

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would do with them, Rusche replied, "Let me have them and I'll figure it out!"

Around this time, Alan Cattier entered the graduate program in English specializing in Renaissance literature and the two soon found another common ground: computers and teaching. Through English 791 and onwards, Harry and Alan plotted expansions and improvements to both of the English Department's computing classrooms. When asked what kindled their friendship, Cattier explains, "I think we both shared a sense of surprise that we liked computers. I never thought I was the kind of person who would like computers but I found them to be incredibly fun and so did Harry." "Kind of like Topsy," Harry notes, "it just grew. And the fact that we liked each other—that helped."

Harry and Alan were regulars at the workshops held by Steve Taylor, manager of the Faculty Information Technology Center, on various technological projects throughout the College. By 1996, it became apparent to all of them that there existed a need for more intensive teacher training than could be provided through periodic workshops, so the trio wrote a proposal for a grant to fund a summer training program. They were successful in their application to the Charles E. Culpeper Foundation and the resulting Culpeper Seminar in Teaching with Technology started in May of 1997 as a partnership between the Center for Teaching and Curriculum and ITD. Harry has acted as faculty advisor and liaison each year of the program, including this summer when it was renamed Emory College Online to recognize the completion of grant funding. Working with the Culpeper program has brought Harry's expertise into contact with faculty throughout the College, and he proudly acknowledges his role as father figure of online learning: "many people at Emory now have a Web site and a lot of them learned it through Culpeper."

What powers Harry's computing adventures today? Like any good geek, his home and office are littered with the remains of technology. He admits ownership of a Mac Classic (under the desk), a Quadra 660AV (on the floor), a PowerMac 7600 with a G3 upgrade card (on his desk at school), a Bondi Blue iMac (home desk), and a Powerbook G3 (everywhere he goes). Asked if he ever imagined that he would own five computers, Rusche answers, "Not in a million years! And what do I do with all these things — use them as boat anchors?" 🍀

For more information:

Shakespeare Illustrated: http://www.emory.edu/ENGLISH/classes/Shakespeare_Illustrated/Shakespeare.html

Shakespeare and the Players:
<http://shakespeare.cc.emory.edu/>

Poets of World War I:
<http://www.emory.edu/ENGLISH/LostPoets/index.html>

Brownley Honored with Winship Professorship

On the heels of her most recent and ambitious publication, *Deferrals of Domain: Contemporary Women Novelists and the State*, Martine Brownley, Goodrich C. White Professor of English, was the recipient of the Winship Distinguished Research Professorship, an honor designed to recognize those faculty who demonstrate singular accomplishments in research. The award acknowledges only one aspect of Tina's remarkable abilities. As a scholar, she has written extensively, energetically, and thoughtfully, her interests spanning a broad compass from 18th-century fiction and literary criticism to contemporary women novelists and politics. As an administrator, she ably directed the Institute for Women's Studies, 1992-1996. And as an instructor, she has earned and deserved the admiration and esteem of her students on both the graduate and undergraduate level. This most recent honor signals Emory University's continued appreciation for every dimension of her work. 🍀

FACULTY NEWS

Martine Brownley gave the Pierre Goodrich Lecture at Wabash College in late April, speaking on Samuel Johnson's Literary Criticism. Her *Deferrals of Domain: Contemporary Women Novelists and the State* was published in April by St. Martin's Press.

John Bugge was awarded a grant from the Center for Teaching and Curriculum to be used for the development of a new course entitled "Pre-Modern and Post-Modern Drama." He shares the grant with Lois Overbeck in Theater Studies and The Beckett Project and will team-teach this new course in the spring of 2001. He also played the role of Corin in Theater Emory's production of Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, the last play performed in the Black Rose Theater, February 18-March 4.

Patricia Cahill was an invited participant in the workshop, "Teaching Race in the Renaissance Classroom," at the annual meeting of the Shakespeare Association of America, April 6-8 in Montreal.

Frances Smith Foster participated in two panels discussions at the annual conference and pre-conference of the National Women's Studies Association held at Simmons College in Boston this June.

Jim Grimsley won a National Theatre Artist Residency from the Theatre Communications Group to write a new play and work with the artists associated with About Face Theatre in Chicago over the next two years. His novel *Comfort & Joy* was nominated for the Lambda Literary Award and for the American Library Association's Gay/Lesbian Prize in Literature. His new play *Free Market* was read at Working Theatre in New York in May. His short story, "New Jerusalem," an homage to Flannery O'Connor, appeared in Richmond's *64* magazine.

Xuefei Jin received the National Book Award and the PEN/Faulkner Award for his novel *Waiting*. He was also a finalist for the Pulitzer Prize. Recently he has published poems in *AGNI* and *The Carolina Quarterly* and stories in *Manoa* and *TriQuarterly*. In March he served as a juror for the Neustadt International Literature Prize. He was also given the Lila Wallace-Reader's Digest Fellowship.

John Johnston and Heidi Nordberg announce the birth of their son, Benjamin Shaun Johnston, on May 15.

Christopher Lane's essay "The Arnoldian Ideal, or Culture Studies and the Problem of Nothingness" has been accepted for publication in a collection of essays on Victorian Studies and the disciplines, forthcoming from Johns Hopkins University Press. Chris has also been commissioned to write an essay on Virginia Woolf and Pulitzer prize-winning novelist Michael Cunningham, forthcoming in the fall issue of *The Harvard Gay and Lesbian Review*.

James Morey was a visiting fellow at Yale's Beinecke Library for the month of May, where he worked on a Middle English abbreviated Psalter.

Kate Nickerson's *The Web of Iniquity: Early Detective Fiction by American Women* was nominated for a 2000 Edgar Allan Poe Award by the Mystery Writers of America.

Rick Rambuss's essay "Spenser and Milton at Mardi Gras: English Literature, American Cultural Capital and the Reformation of New Orleans Carnival" appears in the summer issue of the journal *Boundary 2*. He will also travel to England this summer to participate in Emory's British Studies Program at University College, Oxford, where he will be teaching a course on Shakespeare's comedies.

Ronald Schuchard gave an invited address on "The Yeats Legacy in Contemporary Irish Poetry" for "Finnegans Awake: A Festival of Irish Writers," held at Stanford University in May. For the next academic year he will be on leave in Ireland, where he will be a visiting research fellow at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Queen's University, Belfast.

Narrative Conference

By Reshmi Hebber

The Society for the Study of Narrative held its annual international conference this past April at the Sheraton Colony Square Hotel in midtown Atlanta. Emory University and Georgia Institute of Technology cosponsored the event under the leadership of Professors Deepika Bahri (Emory) and Carol Colatrella (Georgia Tech). Over 350 people from all over the globe, including England, Israel, and India, participated in the four-day event which featured world-renowned scholars Sander Gilman, Johannes Fabian, David Morris, and Deborah McDowell. The conference aspires to promote the various aspects and applications of narrative. Panels this year demonstrated this type of diversity and interdisciplinarity as topics ranged from narratology to AIDS narratives to video Holocaust testimony, and from virtue ethics to hypertext. During its business luncheon, the Society awarded prizes for highly-acclaimed new books such as Susan Stanford Friedman's *Mappings: Feminism and the Cultural Geographies of Encounter* published by Princeton University Press.

Emory faculty members and students from several disciplines participated in the conference which included a reception sponsored by the English Department. Four graduate students from Emory's English Department (Ann Campbell, Jason Jones, Aimee Pozorski, and Reshmi Shah) worked with four graduate students at Georgia Tech to assist the conference coordinators. The graduate-student conference assistants also enjoyed and benefited from the conference by attending the panels and meeting other conference participants.

Next year's Society for the Study of Narrative conference will be held at Rice University in Houston. For more information about the conference or the Society please see the conference website at www.emory.edu/ENGLISH/Bahri/Narrative.html. ☺

Reed Named Emory's Scholar/Teacher for 2000

Student word of mouth is perhaps the best gauge of a professor's achievement in the classroom, though that recognition, in some ways, only poorly reflects the breadth and depth of teachers' dedication, commitment, and energy in the practice of their craft. When Walt Reed received the University's highest honor for excellence in scholarship and teaching, that recognition was a fitting tribute to his abilities. The citation Walt received honored him, in part, as a "Literary Explicator and Priest of the Mysteries of the Curriculum"; the elaboration of that honorific, which describes a "wide-ranging intelligence" that "moves with curiosity, power, and grace" provides the most apt indication of his excellence as a teacher.

As director of the Center for Teaching and Curriculum, Walt's engagement with matters professorial and pedagogical is both active and persistent. As a teacher, thinker, scholar, and administrator, his faculties work in perpetual dialogue, "a feedback loop" with a profitable "natural synergy," as he described it in the *Emory Report*. His students, the beneficiaries of his dynamic, expansive mind-in-motion, often find it difficult to summarize succinctly the nature and the substance of his intellectual gifts. Many note simply that Walt is among the most accessible, easygoing professors they have encountered; others, perhaps more overwhelmed by their conversations with him, have acknowledged the presence of an "amazing mind."

Unsurprisingly, that mind is also possessed of that determined humility characteristic of effective, estimable teachers. His willingness to engage earnestly with what he calls Emory's campuswide "conversation on teaching" invigorates his work, and it also marks a commitment to the "dynamic and

continued on next page

From the Chair: Country Speech and German Drama

Bill Gruber

I visited the rural Northwest last month, and while I was there I was struck by the quaintness of country speech. Words seemed to come from speakers as if encased in amber, and I heard things that I had not heard since childhood. Sofas were davenports, "creek" rhymed with "sick," and signs in the aisles of supermarkets directed me to "pop," not to soda or soft drinks. My colleague Lee Pederson tells me this kind of preservation often occurs in rural areas, areas which even in the age of Instant Access to Everything seem resistant to linguistic change.

But the quaintness in language has its own kind of sophistication. The more you listen to country talk, the more you marvel at its accuracy and its liveliness; on the whole, it relies more on images than urban language. It is surprisingly vivid language, even though it is often alarmingly ungrammatical. One of the most obvious errors in usage I heard came when the local loggers talked about their work. They don't "fell" trees, they "fall" them.

I've been thinking a good deal since then about this expression. My first reaction was resentment. It is true that somebody who says he "falls" a tree is dumbing down English. To confuse the intransitive verb "fall" with its transitive cognate, "fell," restricts the massive vocabulary for which English is widely admired. But to call the loggers' expression an error in usage isn't the whole of the story. I looked up "fall" and "fell" in the *Oxford English Dictionary*, and there I discovered that people who make "fall" into a transitive verb are doing nothing more sinister than lopping a millennium or so off the history of English. They are guilty only of an archaism: in conflating "fell" and "fall," the loggers of north Idaho use that verb in a way that reaches back to the time before Anglo Saxon split off *fellan* (to cause to fall) from *feallan*, to fall down.

We teach spelling and grammar to our students as if these were universal goods, but it's prudent not to take these aspects of language too seriously. The more I learn about language the more its efficient functioning seems to me a mystery, beyond the rule of law. Lately I've been translating Thomas Bernhard's last play, *Heldenplatz*. Like all of Bernhard's work, it's funny, gloomy, and bitter. It's the story of a family who cannot outlive the horrors of World War II, and at one point, the protagonist, a university professor named Robert Schuster, complains about burial customs. In Vienna, he says, the dead often lie for weeks in the city's *Eiskästen* before they are finally interred.

Bernhard's sentence is frustrating in a way familiar to anyone who's ever tried to translate a work of literature. *Eiskasten* is a common compound noun (it means, literally, "ice box"), but the word has a number of different applications such as "refrigerator" and "cooler," and these meanings can shade almost imperceptibly into one another. In translating Bernhard into English, however, you are able to draw on the great vocabulary of English, and the choice you make walls off these various connotations from one another to a degree not possible in the original German. This makes the English version more precise, but the capacity for greater precision in turn makes the translation poorer, not richer. In Bernhard's text there's a slippage that is not translatable into English, and that slippage allows for an ambiguity of a distinctly literary sort.

German, unlike English, has no history of extensive borrowings from other languages, and as a result it lacks the huge vocabulary that in English can be called on to render a subject more or less formal, more or less poetic. For this reason, I thought for years that in relation to English, German was impoverished. Now I know I was mistaken. This is not to deny that there are benefits for writers who work in a language so huge as to permit them to choose from an array of synonyms. But there are benefits for literature also if one's vocabulary is pared down to a few words for all seasons. Like "falling" a tree, it's another instance where less in language is more: Bernhard's morbid art simply isn't possible in a language that has different words to refer to the places to keep hamburger and dead relatives.

Mark Sanders: On Literature and Democracy

By Jacquelyn Aly

Mark A. Sanders is an associate professor of English and the associate director of African American Studies at Emory University. In 1985 he graduated with a B.A. in English from Oberlin College and was then trained as an Americanist and an African Americanist at Brown University, receiving his Ph.D. in 1992.

“Literature really does matter, both in a very personal sense, in terms of understanding what it means psychically and emotionally, and in a larger sense if we’re all serious about this project -- and it very much is an experimental project -- of democracy and egalitarianism, the promise of culture, and the way in which ideas are shaped and new ideas are generated about the common space that we all occupy.”

Mark Sanders

Mark Sanders’s long-standing interest in the relationship between culture and politics and literature and politics drives his research, scholarship, and teaching. Intensely interested in what he refers to as the experimental project of democracy, Mark’s examination of literature seeks to comprehend issues of race, plurality and democracy within the context of culture and the history which shaped it.

The focus of Mark’s dissertation was on Sterling Brown and a new critical approach to Brown’s poetry. His first major publication, *Afro-Modernist Aesthetics and the Poetry of Sterling A. Brown* was an analysis of Brown’s work within a modernist context and as an intergenerational bridge between the New Negro poets and mid-century African American writers such as Richard Wright, Ralph Ellison, James Baldwin, and Gwendolyn Brooks. The expansion grounded Brown’s work in a broader cultural and political landscape which was largely interracial. This approach had not been as fully explored by African American literary critics or the larger mainstream criticism about modernism, although both factions agreed, essentially, that the New Negro movement and the Harlem Renaissance movement were independent of modernism.

Mark’s critical reading of Brown and the autobiographies, poetry, and fiction of Brown’s contemporaries refuted this idea and suggested instead a new model for modernism. Both Ann Douglas and George Hutchinson presented a “mongrel” theory of modernism based on interracial and interartistic exchange in Harlem in the 20’s and the dynamic interplay between black and white writers. These two scholars examined the political implications of a number of ethnic groups coming together, affirming plurality and affirming ethnic differences as fundamental to democratic egalitarianism. Notably, the dynamic process they describe was not exclusive to Harlem. There was, concurrently, a significant amount of interracial exchange across the country and throughout western Europe which also supported a new model for modernism. Mark’s book focused on Brown’s poetry within this “mongrel” interracial understanding of modernism and the larger projects of cultural pluralism and social realism.

Mark’s current project, begun last year, is developing the same fundamental ideas about modernism -- plurality, multiple ethnicities, and multiple identities -- into an understanding which incorporates theories of race. Examination of modernist American fiction through the work of an interracial group of authors and the way in which these writers wrestled with competing definitions, theories, and politics of race reveals the dichotomy between these elements and the ideal of equality that was fundamental to the founding principles of the United States .

During this time Americans felt acute anxiety about their collective identity and how that identity was changing in the wake of vast immigration of diverse populations into the United States.



Sanders

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Thanks to Aly, Greetings to Durrett

We owe a special debt of gratitude to Jackie Aly, English Department office manager, for having served as contributing editor of the two most recent editions of *Loose Canons*. With Jackie’s supervision and the copy editing and design assistance of Susan K. Maxwell, *Loose Canons* came out on schedule following the departure of Holly Bergstrom.

A new staff member, Mary Alma Durrett, has taken the helm as editor of *Loose Canons*. Mary Alma comes to the English Department from the Agnes Scott College Office of Publications where she served as manager of publications and as editor of *Agnes Scott College Alumnae Magazine* and *Main Events*, Agnes Scott’s alumnae newspaper. Prior to that, Mary Alma spent 12 years in commercial publishing in Mobile, Alabama, serving as assistant editor of *Business Alabama Monthly Magazine*, associate editor of *Alabama Magazine*, and special sections editor of *The Azalea City News and Review*. A native Alabamian, Mary Alma received a B.A. degree in Communication Arts from Spring Hill College in Mobile.

Feel free to contact her or forward submissions to her at mdurrett@emory.edu.

Thanks too. . .

. . . to Bill Wandless, Tom Lilly, Amaud Johnson, and Mary Alma Durrett for their expert assistance that helped facilitate the production of this issue.

Reed continued from previous page

reciprocal” roles of “teacher and learner,” roles which suggest that he, too, profits from intellectual exchange in the classroom. Though such a claim often comes across as trite or disingenuous, with Walt there is a difference: when he admits that “in a good class, the students are often teaching one another—and, in many cases, teaching the teacher,” one not only listens, but believes. 🧠

2000 Writing Award Winners

La Revedere

The encounter in that airport haunted
even then my slight frame. Nearly seven,

I left the fragrant myth my life had been
in downpour and darkness—only to

find now a lacuna—where a new
face grows in that abandoned place.

Childhood falls into phantom existence
as presence tangles with my past

visiting me in this heavy instant, this last
moment of my return—my departure—

Outlined in the window, a puncture
in dawn's light, she touches my furrowing

brow with weightless caresses wondering
—is *this* what time and distance wanted?

—Alina Opreanu

Poet Adrienne Rich Presents Top Writers With English Department and Creative Writing Awards

By Paula Vitaris, Program Coordinator, Creative Writing

It comes around but once a year, that special evening called Awards Night, when the English Department and the Creative Writing Program honor the best student writing with the presentation of awards in non-fiction, fiction, poetry, drama, and creative non-fiction. A number of internationally distinguished authors, including Czeslaw Milosz, Michael Ondaatje, David Henry Hwang, Robert Stone, and Grace Paley, have to come to Emory for Awards Night to hand out the prizes to the winning students and then give a reading from his or her work. Poet Adrienne Rich, author of many collections of poetry and four non-fiction books, and widely regarded as one of the finest poets of the second half of the 20th century, was the reader for this year's Awards Night celebration. Because of her status and popularity, for the first time Awards Night was moved from its usual venue, Cannon Chapel, to Glenn Memorial Auditorium. Rich drew the largest audience ever for an Awards Night; approximately 800 people filled Glenn. After the presentation of awards, Rich read selections from her poetry for nearly an hour, and then spent another hour signing books for a long line of fans.



Adrienne Rich

WINNERS OF ENGLISH DEPARTMENT AND CREATIVE WRITING AWARDS

Aimee L. Pozorski, Winner, Graduate Essay, "Mina Loy: Futurism x Feminism: The Circle Squared"

Reshmi Hebbar, Honorable Mention, Graduate Essay, "Model Citizens: Ethnicity and Propriety in Four Asian-American Texts"

Leah Wolfson, Undergraduate Essay, "The Claim Within: The Sacrifice and George Herbert's Poetics of Crucifixion"

Michael Friedman, Honorable Mention, Undergraduate Essay, "The Ennoblement of the Mock-Heroic: Passivity as a Reflection of Jewish Identity in Joyce's *Ulysses*"

Surbhi Sharma, Honorable Mention, Undergraduate Essay, "*The Prelude*: The Reflected Double of a Poet"

Jennefer Callaghan, Winner, Academy of American Poets Prize, "To Helen Radhakrishnan"

Tina Trent, Honorable Mention, Academy of American Poets Prize, "A Short War Poem"

Alina Opreanu, Winner, Artistine Mann Award in Poetry, "La Revedere"

Willie Bordwine, Honorable Mention, Artistine Mann Award in Poetry, "Passing"

Danielle Sered, Honorable Mention, Artistine Mann Award in Poetry, "The Scattering"

Anton DiSclafani, Winner, Artistine Mann Award in Fiction, "After All, You Only Have So Many"

Kristin Lazarus, Honorable Mention, Artistine Mann Award in Fiction, "Timekeepers"

Adam Roberts, Winner, Artistine Mann Award in Drama, "The Rope"

Brian Rogers, Honorable Mention, Artistine Mann Award in Drama, "Del's Eloqu. . ."

Katie Kilborn, Winner, Artistine Mann Award in Creative Non-Fiction, "1,001 Rites"

Erin Coyle, Honorable Mention, Artistine Mann Award in Creative Non-Fiction, "Existentialism: A Personal Lesson"

Excerpts from the winners' works appear in this edition of *Loose Canons*. 🌟

The Claim Within The Sacrifice: George Herbert's Poetics of Crucifixion

In the final lines of George Herbert's poem "The Altar," he closes with words that on first reading appear to relinquish his poetics to divine authorship. He writes: "O let thy blessed SACRIFICE be mine, / And sanctify this ALTAR to be thine" (15-16). Indeed, Herbert's lines do relinquish both "The Altar" as a poem and the figurative altar of poetry to the divine. At the same time, however, Herbert engages in a peculiar project for this supposedly "humble" poet: he not only claims his own poem to follow, he additionally claims Christ's sacrifice on the cross as his own. Herbert writes: "O let thy blessed SACRIFICE be mine." As an introduction to his poem "The Sacrifice," this line holds a particular duality. The poem has, in a sense, already been given to Christ; "The Sacrifice" figures as "thy [Christ's] blessed sacrifice." At the same time, however, Herbert reclaims the very words he just renounced; he asks that "The Sacrifice" be his. More boldly, Herbert wants to figure some part of Christ's sacrifice, and Christ's death and suffering on behalf of humanity, as the poet's very own. Within Herbert's poem, he will play out both a sacrifice of language to Christ and a claiming of his suffering. These projects will occur through the lens of a poet's understanding: through language. But what does it mean for Herbert as a religious poet to present these options simultaneously? What does it mean for Herbert to both claim and relinquish the crucifixion in particular, the most sacred and horrific point of the Christian G-d's story? And most of all, what does this ambivalent picture of proper religious expression say about Herbert's own problems with the very moment he attempts to narrate? Through the changing role of language in the story of the Passion, Herbert creates a poetics that both confronts and retreats from an understanding of the trauma of the crucifixion.

Finally, Herbert's poem expresses both his need and his impossibility of expressing the trauma of the crucifixion so central to Christianity. While on the one hand, Herbert commits the ultimate sacrifice of his own voice for that of Christ, at the same time, he makes a powerful claim to narrate the story of the Christian G-d. Yet even beyond his account in Christ's voice, Herbert seems to wish for another kind of sacrifice—one of the very possibility of poetic language in this story at all. Returning to the final lines of "The Altar," the reader finds a slightly different project than first imagined. Herbert asks of Christ: "O let thy blessed SACRIFICE be mine." Perhaps, in the final analysis, Herbert asks not to claim Christ's sacrifice, but rather to create his own through his use of language within the crucifixion story. Herbert's constant devaluing of language, his elevation of Christ's words, his final purpose of language as suffering, becomes a means to put his very poem on the altar of sacrifice. In this rereading, however, Herbert's words still cannot disappear—far from it. Indeed, it remains through Herbert's language that his sacrifice of poetics attempts to occur. With his linguistic difficulties, Herbert reveals his problems conceptualizing a traumatizing yet necessary scene. For Herbert to truly sacrifice for Christ, he must use the only medium he can: the very forum of poetry he constantly degrades in this and other works. In the end, then, Herbert's creation of this kind of poetics stands as the ultimate sacrifice he seeks to give.

--by Leah Wolfson

To Helen Radhakrishnan

who has ignored me for two years,
with the exception of your disapproving voice that once
I heard, stern and choppy through the earpiece
demanding where is my son?
He was several hours late
and I am white—things
that can't be helped, really,
things I won't apologize for.

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From "1,001 Rites"

My psychologist is using my therapy sessions as research for his new book. He told me so with glee one week as he marveled at what he termed my "fantastic maturity" as I face the world, moving through new rites of passage: those of "coming out" as a lesbian. I call them "new" rites of passage without forgetting those who came before me: I call them "new" to make a distinction that my therapist will soon market as his own observation. The rise of hate violence, of religious proscriptions, and of administrative hysteria in schools (an exponential growth in only the past five years), reflects the rising trend in teenagers "coming out," announcing their diverse sexualities as young people – younger, it seems, than ever before. The reactions to this phenomenon have changed the accompanying rites dramatically.

What follows are some autobiographical sketches of my experience of the rites of coming out. They are overwhelmingly positive, and in all this I cannot forget my peers whose stories are never heard, to dispose of the curtain of silence that shades the often horrific and tragic circumstances of these rites. ...I do not think that my experiences are unique; I offer them as one piece of the larger lens through which my generation views itself and the world – a lens with the potential to forever change the dominant view of my community for the better.

-- by Katie Kilborn

“The Rope”

Penelope: My big question is: what happened to the sick world? You know the world I mean. The magical world that existed when you were sick from school. When you would stay home in bed and wake up and watch “The Price is Right” on TV. There was nothing quite as joyous, quite as thrilling, quite as captivating as Bob Barker and his Barker beauties and that big wheel where you practically prayed that whoever was spinning would land on the \$1.00 and then if they did you would pray twice as hard that it would land on the \$1.00 again so they’d win \$10,000. And the fact that at any point when you were well enough to be back in school that someone might win that \$10,000 and you might not be home to see it was devastating. And that’s where our conception of the adult world came from. We thought about growing up and being able to watch “The Price is Right” every day. And then we did grow up, sort of, and we went to college, and we could arrange our schedule so that we could watch “The Price is Right” every day, but once we started watching it more than once a week it became nauseating; terribly commercial; and college taught us ways to analyze it—pageant of “capitalism” an allegorical representation of America’s greed. And in college when we were sick, we could stay home and rent you movies that she thinks you’ll like, like *The Godfather* or that one she likes, *Somewhere in Time*? Going to the school nurse was like going before a parole board but instead of insisting on your rehabilitation you insisted on your debilitation and the nurse would look at you with raised eyebrow and ask you your symptoms and there were sure fire ones that

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Mina Loy: “Futurism x Feminism: The Circle Squared”

Mina Loy’s first collection of poems entitled, *Futurism x Feminism: The Circle Squared (Poems 1914-1920)* points up the difficulty of combining two apparently opposing philosophies: feminism and Futurism. During a time when feminist discourse was trying to define “the New Woman” and to complicate an historically and politically enforced conception of motherhood in Italy, Futurism emerged to disregard the events of the past, to essentialize motherhood, and to suppress the feminist movement. However, Mina Loy was attracted to Filippo Tomasso Marinetti’s Futurist ideals of “courage, audacity, and revolt,” and sought to claim their energy for feminism. Loy’s controversial manifestos and unconventional poems about motherhood, particularly, her revisions of the elegiac tradition, dramatize the peril and potential of wedding Futurism and feminism.

In *Becoming Modern: The Life of Mina Loy* (1996), Carolyn Burke emphasizes the impact that the Italian Futurists had on Loy’s life and poetry. F. T. Marinetti, the well-known Futurist leader, was already influential by 1909, and from the beginning Loy was ambivalent about her involvement with him. On the one hand, Marinetti’s prescribed manipulation of language in poetry and his use of the manifesto excited Loy. On the other hand, Loy objected to Marinetti’s *disprezzo della donna*, or scorn for women. Further, Loy could not understand, given Marinetti’s well-known misogyny, why she was so drawn to him. All she could say of Marinetti’s allure was: “he had the right stuff to give” (164).

Throughout her career, however, Loy comes “full circle” from her first meeting with the Futurists, to the writing of her feminist manifesto, to the difficulty in her feminist poetics. While her early “Feminist Manifesto” (1914) struggles between Futurist and feminist philosophies in trying to describe the difficulties of motherhood, her later poetry is far more lucid. According to Loy’s poetry, mothering necessitates the privileging of child over self; it requires women to confront the potential death or failure of their children, which is experienced as the death of herself; and it is a “role” misrepresented through patriarchal language and institutions. This is where Loy must break with the Futurists. The product of feminism and Futurism, for Loy, is not the circle squared, but a circle and a square: not impossible, but radically dissimilar. For her, Futurism diverges from feminism in its misogyny, its unrealistic expectations for women, and its demand for “perfect” children. Yet, in Loy’s poetry, Futurism and feminism meet at the point of modernism—where both language and women have transformative, but imperfect, power.

--by Aimee L. Pozorski

Radhakrishnan continued from page 7

I simply repeated, I know he did not mean to upset you (which he didn’t, a dutiful son like a palimpsest in my love’s beautiful sorrowful brown eyes). It is hard for me to believe that we two have anything in common. Yet, I imagine you stationed up north in country daggered with Himalayan peaks, land greener and colder than you have ever known, murmuring kindly to the patients in *Konkoni*. The air so fresh it swells your lungs with freedom and standing on the rise of a hill you look up at the ancient stone guardians towering above and feel as if you are falling, falling far. There is a young doctor who nods in greeting when he passes you in the corridor, and the first time he smiles is when you say, my name is Helen De Sousa. Perhaps he smiles because it is an unusual name, a Catholic name,

the vestige of some long-ago Portuguese missionary, or perhaps because he sees his destiny in those syllables and he must smile in the face of it. The objections of his family rumble like water through a gradually narrowing pipe: a low grumble in the distance amplified into a bellowing rush of chaos. For eight years you two wait, unblessed, unmarried, until finally *Abba* Radhakrishnan slumps in his chair leaving his slack-jawed body behind. Had you wished for his death all along? Daydreaming while the *dal* simmered, and awaking suddenly, ashamed, tucking the image into the dark caves of your heart? It doesn’t matter. We women have always needed to be patient to survive. And when the gold circle slipped over your knuckle you were as happy as a woman eight years younger.

—Jennefer F. Callaghan

By John Mills

The distance between a bachelor's degree in English from Emory and a job in Emory's University Communications Department isn't as short as you might imagine. It's a strange path that just leads back where it begins, but it took ten years. All at once, it's been the path of least resistance, a case of history repeated, and a result of that gravitational force that tugs at you to come back home. I am executive producer for Emory's Web. It's my job to make sure you can find whatever you seek on Emory's Website. If the title sounds lofty, It really only means I am this university's front-line contact with thousands of people every month. I am the guy who puts the links on Emory's home page. I am the guy who panics when the Web server fails. It is my privilege to answer e-mail on such deep questions as, "How do people from India celebrate Thanksgiving?"

Well, I try.

I graduated in '89 with a degree in English, but I went straight to work doing something completely different. I started as a news photographer with Atlanta's weekly newspaper chain, the *Neighbor* newspapers. But it wasn't long before writing entered the picture.

Next to writing new road signs, journalism must be the simplest form of writing. It really doesn't take much creativity, and it's easy to decide where to break your paragraphs. Just start a new one every sentence. The real skill is getting the facts straight. Put the who-what-where-when and why at the top. Keep writing until you run out of column inches.

When they said they wanted *me*

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More 2000 Writing Award Winners

After All, You Only Have So Many

When I was seven, the night before my birthday, I walked in on my father and mother in the dining room. I was looking for my mother, wanting her to help me fall asleep. As a child I didn't sleep well. She wasn't in the living room, though, or the laundry room, or the kitchen, or her bed. My eyes began to warm when I saw her reflection in the glass cabinet facing the dining room. She was sitting on a chair, the chair my father always sat in, and he was sitting on the floor near her feet, his arm on her calf. She was looking down at him, glass of wine in hand, her lips moving. I didn't know what she was saying, but the way the ends of her auburn hair leaned towards him, the same color as the wine in her glass, the way neither of them sensed me—it's ironed on the inside of my head. I turned around and went back to bed. I didn't feel abandoned, or forgotten, though now I think maybe I should have. A normal seven-year old would have. My mother and father loved each other because her hair leaned towards him, because he held her calf instead of her hand.

My father is going back to work now, two weeks to the day after my mother and sister were killed. I went back to school a week ago, because I slept too much at home, and I wasn't tired. My father slept, too, but he needed it. He's started talking to me again and he tries to say things to me, looking over and asking questions, but all I see is his mouth moving, like he's trying to swallow something too big, so big he can't quite get his lips wrapped around it. I tell my father to drop me off at the street before the carpool center. He asks why and when I answer him, when I tell him that it will be too crowded at the normal place, he doesn't question me. He just stops the car, by a house that's slowly falling apart. I've watched this house for a long time. I remember when the boards started to splay, when the white paint began to flake and fade. Somebody left it years ago. He doesn't know what he's doing isn't allowed because it was always my mother who took me to school.

I spoke twice last week in class. Once a teacher asked me a question about complementary angles. She waved her pointer at me, and when I told her I didn't know the answer she flicked it away as if I'd been hit. She stopped me after class, pointer pointed at the window, at an angle as far from me as possible. After all, she was a geometry teacher. She should know about angles and their implications. She told me she was sorry for my loss, that she understood why I didn't know the answer. I thought of telling her that I understood about her pointer, and the way she pointed, but I didn't. The second time was in my philosophy class. We were discussing the trial of Socrates. A girl with sparkly glitter brushed on her cheeks said she didn't get why he hadn't been more serious during his trial. After all, she said, then they might not have killed him. I told her, without raising my hand or looking at her, that he could have left. What? He had a choice, he could have been exiled. It wouldn't have been that bad, I'm sure Plato would have trotted along after him. Oh, she said, and turned away so that all I could see was her sparkly cheek and the way the sun paid attention to each fleck of glitter.

--by Anton DiScalfani

ALUMNI NEWS

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won a \$4,000 National Endowment for the Humanities Summer Research Grant and will be working at the British Library in London for two months this summer. Meanwhile, Annie will co-lead a four-week service trip to the Amazon region of Brazil, visit Randy in London, and then attend an international conference on Sustainability and Spirituality in Assisi, Italy. Annie has recently been appointed secretary-treasurer of the Association for the Study of Literature and Environment.

Kate McPherson has accepted a tenure-track position as assistant professor of Renaissance literature at Utah Valley State College in Orem, Utah.

Jennifer P. Nesbitt has accepted a tenure-track position in 20th-century British literature and postcolonial studies at Wilkes University in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

Jessica Rabin will present a paper this June at the 2000 Willa Cather International Seminar, "Willa Cather's Environmental Imagination," to be held in Nebraska City, Nebraska. Her paper is entitled "Born Like That: Nature, Nurture, and Normalcy in *My Antonia*." ♦

STUDENT NEWS

Elizabeth Brewer and **Eduardo Paguaga** have been invited to attend the 41st Annual session of the W.B. Yeats Summer School in Sligo, Ireland.

Brian Cliff, **Scott Ellis**, **Margie Koehler**, **Connie Monson**, and **Peter West** have been awarded Dean's Teaching Fellowships for 2000-2001.

Lillian Craton and **Evan Horowitz** have both been awarded Woodruff Fellowships and will enter the doctoral program in English this fall.

Michele Crescenzo received a Brown Southern Studies Dissertation Fellowship for 2000-2001.

Tony Cuda attended Columbia University's "Dante 2000" conference, hosted by the

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Life After Tenure

Nicholas Williams, Ph.D. '91

Two years ago last April, as the buds opened and sinuses plugged throughout central Indiana, I received a letter from the Chancellor of Indiana University telling me that the trustees of the University had approved the recommendation of the College of Arts and Sciences that I be promoted to the rank of associate professor, to be granted tenure in the following year. In some ways, this news was completely anticlimactic, since the trustees' approval was merely the last, rather foregone, stage in a process that had included far more precarious decisions, by my Department's Advisory Committee, by the Department as a whole and by the Tenure and Promotions Committee of the College. Still, the trustees' decision signaled that I had run the full gauntlet of the University's tenure system, had pierced through the institution's successive layers of defense and now stood in full command of its holy-of-holies, life-long employment (barring economic disaster or moral turpitude). As if to deflate this heroic narrative, the letter told me that the Grail would be made over to me only after the passage of a year, but, nevertheless, my Quest was effectively over.

Chivalric daydreams aside, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to claim that this shift in my official status has made no difference in my intellectual or personal life. A major part of my coping strategy during the whole affair, after all, had been to assure myself that I drew my sense of self-worth from sources other than the University's various layers of surveillance and discipline. In order to direct my attention away from the University's decision and to take some control into my own hands, I had formed a number of alternative plans in case the result were negative. Most plausible and actually capable of producing an income was my idea for a doughnut shop, to be called "Plan B Doughnuts." I had long noticed the hole—the "doughnut hole," so to speak—in Bloomington's economy that my shop could profitably fill. More grandiose, and a potential source of fame and immense wealth, was my idea for "The Funeral Network," a 24-hour cable station devoted to death and its aftermath, with special focuses on celebrity funerals (this was in the wake of Diana hysteria) as well as a "Real Death" segment profiling quotidian demise. The plan I retained for the general public, however, perhaps as a caution to the University that their "no" vote would come at a price, was to become a burden to society, to transform myself into the laziest, most unwashed, Jerry-Springeriest individual I could possibly be, trailing crushed beer cans wherever I passed.

All of this, as well as testing the academic job market, was a way of insuring that the tenure decision did not become a climacteric in my life, a point of definition around which everything else would position itself as "before" or "after." In spite of these efforts, however, and in spite of the general continuities of academic life—such as the fact that it will always be impossible to convince most 19-year-olds that talking to Grecian Urns is anything short of ridiculous—I have to say that life after tenure is different from life before. And unlike many other changes, I have to say that the change which is tenure is almost wholly for the good, with few qualifications. Let me outline, under a few separate headings, some of the general shifts I've discovered as a tenured faculty member.

1) Department meetings. I'm not particularly proud to say that, before I had tenure, I never made a single comment during full Department meetings. I might only be letting myself off the hook, but I don't think this was entirely the result of abject fear (after all, I had the Plan B Doughnut Shop to fall back on). Rather, my silence came from a lack of any real stake in the debate and a profound lack of interest. Having said that, I can't claim that department meetings have now become interesting—as one of my colleagues puts it, department meetings have the paradoxical ability to be tense and tedious simultaneously—but I have begun to participate and have even begun to cultivate the joy of being the sole "no" vote to proposals that otherwise would have passed unanimously. Perhaps I realize that I'm going to have to live with whatever wacky

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policy is currently being proposed, so I have a real stake in stating my objections and suggestions.

2) Department and University service. On a related point (and maybe this is a qualification to the general goodness of being tenured), one finds oneself called on to do more of the administrative and bureaucratic work when tenured. Untenured faculty are often not called on to do this work, both for reasons of genuine benevolence (realizing that junior faculty have research profiles to establish) and probably also from a sense that they don't know the ropes yet. After tenure, the curtain which hides the mundane gears and levers of departmental operations is ripped aside to discover . . . a short balding man at eternal war with the Witch of the West? No, but rather a six-foot pile of departmental policies, along with directives from top administrators about how to maximize productivity, as measured by teacher-student ratios, all of which information is marinated in a thick broth of acronyms such as RCM (Responsibility-Centered Management) and CIP (College Incentive Plan). (n.b. These acronyms are designed to numb faculty for a long enough period of time to allow the Deans to authorize that new Olympic-sized pool for their exclusive use.) As the incoming Director of Graduate Studies for the next academic year, I'm already getting a sense of the dimensions of the paper pile and am gulping hard before assuming my new responsibilities.

3) Research. The new service demands of course direct some of one's attention away from research, but I think there are even more profound shifts in the attitude to research. Much as you try to keep your composure while doing pre-tenure research, there's the ever-present pressure of a Saturday Night Special pointed squarely at your temple. As the students in our required classes could testify, work that you have to do has an entirely different character from work that you choose to do. Tenure requirements at Indiana, as at many research universities, basically call for a book published at a "reputable press" (i.e., not one that uses a P.O. Box as a return address). Increasingly, they are even asking for "significant evidence" of a second book project, which has stimulated considerable activity in that great late 20th-century fictional genre, the "book prospectus." I produced such a document, with the usual authorial license permitted in such pieces. Now that I'm two years past the tenure decision, the questions I ask myself are much more private, but more honest also: What do I want to think about for the next 10 years? How ambitious am I to publish another book soon? Removing direct fear from the equation brings other motivations into play, some more admirable than fear, some less. At the very least, it seems to take some time to figure out why you do what you do and think about the things you think about.

4) Teaching. I told my first class of graduate students after the tenure decision that they shouldn't be surprised if the quality of instruction dropped off sharply, but I think the effects of tenure on teaching have generally been more benign than that. For me, teaching at its best requires a sense of ease and a willingness to let things go in the direction they seem to want to go. Asking real questions and listening closely to students' answers is really the only way I know how to teach, so, in many ways, not much has changed after tenure. I can say that I feel less a slave to the University's numerical student evaluation forms, which seek to weigh teaching as a measurable quantity. These forms have generally been kind to me, but being freed from absolute thralldom to them has also allowed me to redirect my attention to genuine education questions, such as thinking about why grown men talk to urns. For me, teaching will continue to be the most gratifying bit of the whole business, and I don't expect that to change.

5) General Attitude. This, finally, is the hardest aspect of the tenure shift to describe. Before tenure, I felt rather as if I were renting than really occupying my office, which probably explains why I couldn't bring myself to throw away the boxes that would be handy in another move. Now, as I walk to campus, I have a sense that I'm likely to be there for a good long time. The students suddenly seem to be the transients, as they cycle through their programs making way for others. I've begun to make my office more of a permanent burrow, bringing in a tea infuser and hot pot, putting knick-knacks on my computer. I follow the Indiana University basketball team avidly, actually caring whether or not Bobby Knight will be fired for the most recent incident of

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to write news stories, I thought constructing a sentence must be a rare skill.

But there's something about a first job that makes it seem grim. There was no prospect of advancement, and the pay was frankly pitiful. I decided to go to graduate school . . . in journalism.

The University of Georgia's journalism school is among the better ones, but its best asset isn't part of the school at all. *The Red and Black* is UGA's proudly independent daily newspaper. In my three years at UGA I worked there first as a copy editor, then as front page copy editor and Copy Desk chief, and last as opinions editor.

The experience there was enough to claim a job after graduation. It's true that those who don't learn from history are doomed to repeat it. So I repeated the pattern of graduating then going to work for a newspaper, this time at *The Augusta Chronicle* as a copy editor.

True, this time it was a "real" daily newspaper, but copy editors are second only to pressmen in having the worst shifts. I made a first bid for a reporter's beat and landed on the Business Desk, a nine-to-six job. I knew next to nothing about business, but I was willing to learn. Augusta's business community suffered with me for two years.

Then came the Web.

By 1996 the World Wide Web was enough of a phenomenon that even insight-challenged newspaper executives couldn't overlook its potential.

I had written my final graduate project on newspaper publishing on the Internet. The Web had been only a novelty two years earlier, and my project was already outdated. But it was enough. The newspaper asked for help launching their new Website, @ugusta. (The name seemed clever at the time.)

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Uncompromising continued from page 11

I bit.

So did the hours.

If experience is the best teacher, and if experience comes from poor judgement, then accepting a 4 p.m to 2 a.m shift and working weekend days was excellent experience, and it taught me that I should quit after six months.

I found a role back home in Atlanta at the Metro Atlanta Chamber of Commerce editing its newsletter, the *Chamber Report*. But the Chamber had a Website, too, and it wasn't a pretty one. For the second time I abandoned ink in favor of electrons.

Moving the Chamber of Commerce from an online brochure to an interactive Website broadened the depth of my experience with the Web, particularly the business part. Over the next three years we redesigned the site twice, took the first steps toward database-driven publishing, and laid the groundwork for the Web component of a major bid by the Chamber to recruit high-tech workers to Atlanta. We even made money selling banner ads.

If the Web was already my *raison d'être*, now it became the agent of change for me as well. Casually surfing for a job on the Emory Human Resources Job Opportunity site, my wife spotted the opportunity in University Communications. (John Goodson, claim your fee) The rest is history still in the making, but I hope it's finished repeating itself.

Emory had no journalism courses when I was here the first time around. I thank the unflinching attention to good writing shown to me by the professors of the English Department.

William Dillingham and the late Floyd Watkins left in me a

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The Writerly Perspective

Lynna Williams

Among the fiction writers in my graduate writing program, there were two absolutely-guaranteed-to-get-a laugh punch lines. The first was the tag to an ancient dirty joke, "First you must @#\$\$ him. Then you must give him a dollar." Its origin, not surprisingly, was a late night session at the Wagon Wheel Bar. The second was, "Oh, look. It's a teachable moment!" That line, of course, came from our "Teaching of Writing" class. Among the faculty who wandered in and out, it was simply a given that we would have these moments in our teaching lives. Epiphanies. Road-to-Damascus flashes of understanding. Lights coming on, flamenco dancers, ducks dropping from the ceiling: all of it. The only problem--and the reason we all thought the line was funny--was that every story we heard about a Teachable Moment seemed to involved a disaster of some kind in the classroom. Students who made out in the back row were a teachable moment, and students who thought grammar was a bourgeois plot were a teachable moment, and teachers who taught the hell out of Raymond Carver's "Fever" for 50 minutes--when the class had read Carver's "Feathers"--well, that was a teachable moment, too. After a while, none of us wanted to be anywhere near a T.M., unless we were also holding an airline ticket to Buenos Aires and the offer of a job from a Fortune 500 Company. What didn't occur to us at the time was the fundamental truth behind the stories: that, when things go terribly wrong, somebody might as well learn something.

Three months after I finished grad school, I was teaching my first (and ten years later, still my only) comp class at the university where I'm now an associate professor. Six weeks into the class, all was going well, I decided. Students who yawned covered their mouths, I got some points for being Southern in a classroom of kids from New York and New Jersey, and every now and then I made a point or two about writing. At least I thought I had. But then we hit mid-term and the research paper. We talked about thesis statements and organization and library visits. We talked some more. On the day when the draft thesis statements were due, I went back to my office to look over them. In the middle of the pile, neatly centered on the page, was this thesis statement: "Technology is destroying man."

Okay, I thought, don't panic. I looked at the name on the paper; it belonged to a sweet, fast-talking boy from upstate New York, who told the class the first day he wanted to be "my generation's Sylvester Stallone."

The next day, when I began conferencing with class members about their statements, Andy and I went into the corner to talk.

"It's an interesting premise," I said. "But do you think you could narrow it down a little?" I asked.

He asked me what I meant.

I told him. He asked me again. I told him. He asked me again. It was "Who's on first?" without the laughs, and I was getting a little desperate. I had already asked him to tell me what kind of technology was destroying man, without any luck, and I started throwing out possibilities.

"Computers?" I asked? "Crock pots? Safety razors? Lasers? The designated hitter? What? What technology is destroying man?"

He smiled -- this was a very sweet student -- and told me no, none of that was what he had in mind.

I smelled a Teachable Moment, and I went to find some other student to talk to.

The next class, when revisions of their thesis statements were due, Andy's said, "Technology is destroying man."

Another conversation (different corner) followed. At the time it didn't occur to me to try listening to Andy, to try finding out what about that line was so compelling to him. I wanted it narrowed, or I wanted it gone.

And so I kept pushing. Finally, after four weeks and four sheets of "Technology is destroying

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Some would contend that pseudoscience reached its zenith during this period and reinforced in fraudulent ways a racial hierarchy theory which attempted to prove empirically the superiority of whites and the intellectual or moral inferiority of blacks. This was a profound and fundamental contradiction to the democratic project based on equality in which Americans were simultaneously engaged and it helped to codify and justify Jim Crow politics and discrimination.

These theories based on scientific racism were challenged in the second decade of the 20th century by a historical or cultural approach to ethnic and racial difference. This approach proclaimed that any differences that exist are a product of history and culture rather than of genetics or biology. Black writers such as Zora Neale Hurston and Langston Hughes understood and portrayed the way in which race is a performance or an accumulation of cultural practices. Their literature introduced a fundamental shift from the biological construction of race to the cultural construction of race, with the latter reinforcing the original promise of equality.

The cornerstone of Mark's new book project is a review and examination of this body of literature written during the period in which these conflicting theories of race emerged. Mark theorizes that during this period, the contemporary debate about race began to form with a specific vocabulary becoming manifest in political writings as well as literature.

Mark describes his teaching as being highly informed by his undergraduate experience at Oberlin where he recalls a profound sense of mystery about his professors' abilities to project their dedication: "It was clear from the beginning that what we were doing in class was deeply personal to them and that there was nothing in the world they would rather be doing than that at exactly that moment. It was bigger than just the material on the printed page..."

He vividly recalls not only his fascination with his professors' investment in their vocation but his own growing conviction that "literature really does matter". And when he taught an "Upward Bound" session -- a summer program for public school students who were ill-prepared for college -- he realized that teaching was something he enjoyed, and later grew to love.

Rigorous examination drives Mark's scholarship and his teaching style. Just as he critically examines the literature in his research, Mark feels an inherent responsibility to teach his students to read critically, to approach life and literature with questions and awareness, and to search for clarification when conflicting theories arise. Mark hopes that his students will come to understand the significant role which literature can play: "Examining literature, particularly the way it works to shape larger cultural notions or narratives, helps us to examine ourselves and to be critical of the contemporary moment as well as the history which has gone into creating that moment."

Mark challenges his students to think critically and to be self aware from the day they enter class, encouraging them to develop their own sense of investment in their class and in their education. In his undergraduate courses, he begins class by asking students to examine and identify the reasons they are in his class, their reasons for being in college, and why they chose a liberal arts education. This model of questioning to raise awareness of the immediate moment as well as the greater picture is repeated throughout the course in relation to the literature that is being studied. Students learn to think about the material in their own terms as well as make an effort to understand the historical critical process. Mark's hope is that the heightened sense of awareness and the critical tools his students develop will carry over into their education as a whole -- and beyond. This combination will give them the potential, ultimately, to read their political environment, to recognize and fulfill their obligations as citizens in a democratic society, and to make decisions about the kind of community in which they wish to live.

Teaching at the college level provides Mark with what he considers the best opportunity to be in a community of thinkers who in turn, challenge him to think of ideas in a new way. He values interaction with his undergraduate and graduate students which stimulates and improves his own thinking, thus allowing him to "basically stay in school".

Deeply imbedded in Mark's family and his community, which he describes as a first generation of middle class blacks who acquired education that prepared them for professional careers, was a sense of obligation to use their privilege and education in the service of others. In

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Mark's words, "particularly in terms of race, it is not enough that you made it. There is something more that you are obligated to give." The years at Oberlin reinforced students' assumptions that they really could change the world and fostered a sense of obligation to try, further strengthening Mark's commitment.

Mark's enthusiastic engagement with teaching and mentoring, similar to that of his professors at Oberlin, is a means to fulfill his commitment to serve others. With his students, in turn, challenging his own thinking, both teacher and student become part of a dynamic symbiotic process that nourishes itself, not in an insular way, but in a manner which empowers, promotes continued challenge in critical thinking and self-awareness, and instills a sense of responsibility to the greater community. 🌟

Writerly Perspective from previous page
man," I decided that if my mother could use Tough Love to get me to quit running with what was called, in my West Texas high school, "That rough philosophy crowd," I could use some Tough English.

Narrow it down, or else, I told him. He smiled, and went away.

The very next day, Andy showed up at my office hours bearing a piece of paper on his open palm, like a treasure.

"I did it," he said. "I thought about what you said, and I did it."

He handed me the paper, and I looked down at this thesis statement. "Technology is destroying man in Ohio."

I did not laugh out loud, although it was close. I talked to him about Ohio, about the canals and the rivers that no longer carry men and goods to their destinations, about the communities that once thrived and have now disappeared, about the festivals that are held for tourists now, not for people who make their lives on the water.

It was my first Teachable Moment, and my favorite still. 🌟

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Dante Society of America and the Italian Academy for Advanced Studies in America, this past April.

He has been asked to translate a paper entitled "Quando Amor A Sentir de la Sua Pace" by Dr. Giuliana Carugati, for presentation in English to the Emory community.

Katherine Ellison has been invited to add a variation of her paper "The Hard Girdle of History: Birth Control, Eugenics, and Language in Faulkner's *As I Lay Dying*" to a special session planned for the December MLA meeting in Washington, D.C. The special session, to be entitled "Faulkner and Sexuality," will be sponsored by the William Faulkner Society. She has also been invited to present her research on the same topic at the American Literature Association meeting in Baltimore in May 2001.

Aimee Pozorski co-organized and hosted the Second Annual Conference of the Affiliated Psychoanalytic Workgroups this May, where she led a workshop on "Remembering, Repeating and Working-Through" by Sigmund Freud.

Bill Wandless has been invited to contribute an essay entitled "Didactic Dream Transformations in the English Novel of the Enlightenment" to *The Dream and the Enlightenment/Le Rêve et les Lumières*, the collected proceedings of a round table organized as part of the most recent International Society for Enlightenment Studies Congress (Dublin, July 99). The volume is scheduled to appear in the year 2001 as part of the new ESECS Series "International 18th Century Studies," edited by Jochen Schlobach. He will also contribute an essay entitled "Undead Letters: Research and Reason in *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*" to a companion CD-ROM and interactive encyclopedia which will accompany *Fighting the Forces: Essays on the Meaning of Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, a collection of critical essays edited by Rhonda Wilcox and David Lavery.

Peter West's article on Twain's "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg" appeared in the most recent issue of the *South Atlantic Review*. 🌟

After Such Knowledge . . .

By Aimee Pozorski and Bill Wandless

We know all about you. Assuming you've acquired a copy of *Loose Canons* lawfully, we can assume you belong to one of three parties: the wizened professoriat, the savvy post-doctoral literati, or the bright-eyed legion of bookish greenhorns (you might also be among the intrepid departmental secretariat, but in that case, the aforementioned parties technically belong to you). We also know that, were they to make a film about your life, it would star Anne Parillaud or Gerard Depardieu, would be judiciously cut to excerpt several years spent photocopying, and would feature brief appearances from figures like "Uncomprehending Sibling," "Saintly Interlibrary Loan Attendant," and "Barista #6."

We know, too, that you are seldom besieged by the *papparazzi*, that you are among the target demographic for Chanel's new *Eau du Papier Jaune*, and that, were you to appear on *Oprah*, the topic would probably be something like "Women Who Can't Stop Parsing Faulkner." Finally, we'd also be willing to lay odds that, when you started down the long, meandering path to academic fame and fortune, you probably thought you'd wind up an English teacher.



Brown

Adams

Though the market for freelance literary geni is allegedly on the upswing, the odds remain rather stacked against us. The sheer number of doctorates issued has dwindled and the pool of available jobs has swelled beyond Mr. Turtle dimensions, yet the receipt of 400 applications for a single academic position at a swank place like Emory is not uncommon. The prospect of protracted unemployment during the first few years of the job search is, despite the manifest shininess of our brains, frighteningly real, and it behooves us to explore alternative avenues of employment. Sadly, the single-mindedness that drives us to search out the genealogies of Joyce's trouser imagery or to find that place where Donne, Heidegger, and Limbaugh intersect often blinds us to occupational prospects beyond academe or the carnival sideshow. Our backgrounds may prepare us for dazzling literary scholarship, but they may not prepare us for the more banal eventualities of the Real World.

Thankfully, the shrewd folks at Emory—and here I (being Bill, lest ye unjustly accuse Aimee of self-congratulatory *hubris*) would like to give mad props to Scott Ellis, Eduardo Paguaga, Aimee Pozorski, Rosslyn Pratt, and Jennefer Callaghan, the Ghosts of Shrewdness Past, Present, and Future during the many moons I have passed and will pass here—provide the Brown Bag Lunch series to provide just the sort practical direction the classroom can't always provide. In addition to offering a forum for advanced graduate students to present and reality-test their doctoral work before an audience of fellow aspirants, the series also provides an introduction to the various skills and strategies needed for landing that coveted 1/1 teaching gig at Berkeley.

The most recent installment of the series, "Publishing Inside and Outside the Academy," featured Amy Brown and Allison Adams, two Emory alumnae who do not teach yet still use their super-powers for Good. Amy, a 1995 graduate of the doctoral program in English at Emory, and Allison, a 2000 graduate from Emory with an M. A., are both among the growing number of newly-degreed writers who work for the University but do not profess. Allison and Amy currently edit the *Academic Exchange*, an Emory publication that facilitates interdisciplinary discussion among the faculty. Through research, writing, and publishing—skills normally exploited by the forces of Evil to obscure truth, sling mud, and endorse Kevin Costner films—they help bridge the gaps between Emory's faculty and administration, between faculty in the quad and faculty across

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In Memoriam: Floyd C. Watkins, 1920-2000

By William B. Dillingham, Professor Emeritus

Floyd C. Watkins, Charles Howard Candler Professor of American Literature, Emeritus, died of a massive stroke on May 7, at the age of eighty. During his funeral service at the small Presbyterian church near Emory that he faithfully attended for so many years, my eyes became fixated on the American flag that draped the closed coffin in which his body lay. It seemed a little odd at first that the flag should be there, for even though he had long ago served in the armed forces, Floyd was never a tub thumping, flag waving, sort of patriot. However, as I listened to the voices of those who knew him and loved him, and as I continued to gaze at the banner covering him, I became gradually aware of its high appropriateness. He was not only a member of but a representative of that group that Tom Brokaw has eulogized as the “Greatest Generation.”

Born in the hill country about an hour’s drive north of Atlanta, Floyd grew up in a small town, played guard on his high school football team, and was awed by the wonders of life. During the Second World War, he was a sergeant stationed in the Aleutian Islands as part of a cryptography unit. In later years, he remembered the coldness there and the sense of isolation, but he spoke most of all about the constant dread of invasion. He and all those around him fully expected the Japanese to invade Alaska through the Aleutians. So they waited and coded and decoded and experienced the cold and the isolation and thought about the enemy.

As he made his way to academic stardom through brilliant and innovative teaching and vigorous, imaginative scholarship, Floyd never gave up being a soldier with a realistic sense of the enemy and a keen alertness to the threat of invasion. The enemy was different now—phoniness, bad writing, sloppy and shallow thinking, insincerity, and dishonesty—but the enemy, nevertheless. That flag that draped his coffin was an emblem of his idealism under which he sought to ward off the enemy, not just in his early days in the Aleutians but throughout his life.



Floyd C. Watkins

Knowing that the enemy could invade and conquer, Floyd confronted him in whatever form he appeared and fought him where he could, notably in the trenches of academe and in the dark valleys of his own life. He lost a few of the battles but he won his war, and now his

fine and big heart rests from the conflict.

Plain speech with plain folk,
And plain words for false things,
Plain faith in plain dealing
“Twixt neighbours or kings,
He used and he followed,
However it sped. . . .
Oh, our world is none more honest
Now Great-Heart is dead!

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Page 5, Sanders by University Photography
Page 6 & 14, Rich and Brown by Kay Hinton
Page 14, Adams by Ann Borden
Page 15, Watkins by University Photography

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bane of unfortunate colleagues who asked me to proofread.

I will never forget the editor who edited the first news story I ever wrote. He said it was probably the “cleanest copy” he’d seen from any reporter. Then he promptly massacred it. Professors Watkins and Dillingham would not have been so merciful. 🌧️

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could get you sent home like, diarrhea, which the nurse would be sympathetic to, but you didn’t realize that diarrhea was your best option until that time in middle school when you went to the nurse and complained about your stomach and she said, “What’s wrong?” and you said, “My stomach is killing me,” and she felt it and she asked you more questions, and then, in front of all the students gathered there, she said, “Son, you have gas. Don’t eat so much junk food.”

--from Adam Roberts’ play

Jasmine Samuels is a recent graduate of Cedar Grove Elementary's kindergarten, where she was named Scholar of the Month in November and received the Academic Achievement award for the year. Jasmine is the granddaughter of Gerri "Nanna" Moreland, Web manager and English Department secretary. She stopped by to share her impressions of the department, her pride in being a good student, and her desire to become a teacher in an interview with Jackie Aly.

Jackie: Your Nanna tells me that there are a number of things that you might want to do when you grow up, to be a teacher or a model or an actress. Is that right?

Jasmine: Um hum.

Jackie: What would make you want to be a teacher?

Jasmine: I like teaching people stuff.

Jackie: What kinds of things would you like to teach?

Jasmine: Math, and ABC's and numbers to 100, and teach them how to take away and add more, and read books.

Jackie: What would you do if somebody didn't behave?

Jasmine: I would send them to another class.

Jackie: You would? Like, just kick them out of your class?

Jasmine: No. Make a student take them to another class, or they can just stand in the corner until it's time to go to lunch or something.

Jackie: What would make you mad if you were a teacher?

Jasmine: All of the students hollering and fighting and stuff.

Jackie: And what would make you happy?

Jasmine: Like when they are good and do what the teacher says, do what they are supposed to do.

Jackie: You've come to see us five or six times or so, and I'd like to know what you think about the English Department.

Jasmine: I think about the classes and the teachers and the people that work here.

Jackie: Doesn't your Nanna write new words for you on the mirror? I thought so. What does she write with?

Jasmine: She writes it with her thing that she puts on her lips, to write on the mirror. Every time we have a spelling test she writes the words on there and I can not forget them.

Jackie: That's wonderful! Do you think that helps you a lot?

Jasmine: Yes. I always get my spelling tests right.

Jackie: Didn't you get the Scholar of the Month award?

Jasmine: Yes....and the Scholar of the Month means that [I] was real good in the classrooms and stuff.

Jackie: I think you have a lot to be proud of. What's interesting to you about being an actress or a model?

Jasmine: I like to put on dresses and model and I'd like to be an actress in the movies and stuff.

Jackie: Which would you like the best - teaching, acting or modeling?

Jasmine: I like the teaching.

Jackie: Is there anything else you'd like to say?

Jasmine: No. 🌟



Jasmine at the Podium

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Clifton, and between tenured faculty and their wide-, bleary-, bright-, or pie-eyed graduate students. Their presentation opened up several pairs of said eyes to the not-so-frightening, occasionally-lucrative world beyond the ivy-choked walls of the Academy.

Surprisingly, the Real World actually knows about us. The denizens thereof think of us not as scholars or teachers, but as "knowledge workers," folks who think big thoughts, often in Standard Edited English. In addition to the prospects of freelancing, technical writing, and alternative forms of teaching (options we may have considered as we contemplated taking a sixth *Incomplete*), Amy and Allison also directed our attention to the various opportunities available to us in fields of marketing, publishing, advertising, and public relations. They emphasized that, as a result of our specialized training in research, teaching, and learning, we often possess the capacity to be both apprentices and mentors, a desirable novelty in the workaday world. Though we may not get to jump on the Tenure-Track Expressway, we may still enjoy a scenic route to the professoriat that will permit us to work along the edges of our sundry sordid literary passions and that may allow us to make a student loan payment or two along the way. We might even learn that our true callings lie elsewhere, or that lucre, should we find it, isn't so filthy if we roll in it long enough. The opportunities are not endless, but they are out there nathelless.

The years in between may prove rather lean but, if we keep in mind that we are among the few who may ultimately enjoy the fruit of uniting our work with our passion, Allison's own declaration of what she knows all about us—"After all, none of us got in this for the money"—reminds us why we're here, what we do, and where we can go.

And if you did get in this for the money, please see us after class. 🌟

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Life After Tenure continued from page 11

throttling a student. I actually turned around when someone called out "Who's the Hoosier?" in a Maine diner, having seen the Indiana license plate outside. Frightening as some of the symptoms may be, the sense of belonging is a good thing. The only real downside is that there's still not a good doughnut to be found in town. 🌟
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