

The Inkwell Quarterly

Volume 9

Issue 2

Fall 2014



Photo courtesy of Jason Klus

In This Issue:

- Faculty & Manuscript Updates 2
- Houdini's Cultural Impact 3
- Poetry Workshop Reflection 4-5
- Senior Capstones & Author Updates 6
- Alumni Update 7
- Mockingjay* Film Review 8
- Mockingjay* Album Review 9
- Hamill's Hunches 10
- Kuhar's Korner 11
- More Hunches & Game 12

Now I Can Draw: The Illuminating Experiences of a Wilkes English Student at the Children's Services Center and Poetry Workshop at Heights-Murray Elementary

By Jordan Ramirez

"A few steps off-campus" was the location. I spun around a few times, wondering if I was in the right place. The building contained no signage except for two 8 x 11's — posted on two of two potential entrances on the S. Franklin St. wing — which read: "NOT RIGHT DOOR."

And everything was confusing. "Let's see," I said, "Two doors. Both not right." I rubbed my chin. I almost gave up. But something in the air prompted me to continue circling the perimeter.

Sure enough, the evasive *right* door was located, on the *right* side of the building. I jiggled the handle. It was locked. I tried again. Still. Locked.

I knocked a few times, peeked inside to witness an elegant, hardwood walkway, and dining room lighting, but no people. "What kind of joint are they running here?" I thought. "It said they were open. I just googled it, man, seriously. What the he --"

Just then, an echoed pair of high-heels on hardwood predicted the magical appearance of a well-dressed woman out of, seemingly, the sheetrock. I was so appalled I kept my nose on the glass for a second too long. She saw me pull away, leaving a little oily mark of my own to go with all the others. She made a face and opened the door.

She said nothing, and pointed directly to her right. Underneath a little, red, conspicuous looking button, a small sign read: "Press here for fingerprints."

"Well, *that's* what I'm here for," I thought. I pressed it with some immediate regret, realizing again that the signage on this building was increasingly misleading. I almost felt the welcome mat beneath my feet begin to give out. To my relief, a doorbell rang.

Continued on pages 4 & 5.

Faculty Updates

By Kendra Kuhar

Dr. Marcia Farrell has recently had a conference abstract accepted to the Society for the Study of the American Women Writer 2015. A paper titled "Why Must She Suffer?" is well-fitting for the panel "Lives Welded and Woven." The paper discusses how activities such as quilting, embroidering, and crocheting have gained mainstream attention, and establishes cultural significance. Dr. Farrell points out that over the past decade, publications with typically female protagonists and narrators have been unified around fiber arts, and these texts have been published in paperback, hardback and e-book formats. Trends witnessed in such texts, Dr. Farrell argues, "forge a connection between stitching and emotional catharsis as each of the narrators or protagonists suffer some type of loss either prior to the beginning of the text or shortly thereafter." Ultimately, Dr. Farrell's paper inspects the occurrence of trauma being relieved through stitching in order to assert that stitching "provides a modicum for control for the (often female) protagonist or narrator that other aspects of her life do not."

Dr. Chad Stanley is currently working on two conference papers. One paper focuses on British writer Thomas Gray's "Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat, Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes," and indications of class, gender, property and art in the text. The other paper is titled, "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Bear? Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* and the Cuban Missile Crisis." Additionally, Dr. Stanley is preparing to teach ENG 298: Visual Literacy. Dr. Stanley defines Visual Literacy as "in part, the ability to interpret, analyze, and perhaps even produce visual texts; furthermore it can incorporate the analysis of visual relationships and the very act of looking itself." The course relates closely to Digital Humanities, and will study various forms of visual texts, visual dynamics and visual politics, as well as literary texts in which visual images, artistry, and/or visual politics are of crucial significance.



Artwork by Dr. Chad Stanley

Manuscript Update

By Sarah Simonovich

While the deadline for fall submissions has passed, Manuscript will continue accepting submissions into the spring semester. Wilkes University students, faculty, staff, and alumni are welcome to submit both written and visual art. Individuals may submit up to five pages of text and five visual pieces. Send submissions and queries to: magazine@wilkes.edu.

Those interested in joining Manuscript may be eligible to receive one (1) English credit. Manuscript counts as ENG 190B (CRN 30834). Taking Manuscript for credit requires participation in meetings and events, which include, but are not limited to, weekly meetings during club hours, monthly readings, creative writing workshops, and submission reviews. Questions regarding taking Manuscript for credit may be directed to faculty advisors, **Dr. Mischelle Anthony** (Mischelle.Anthony@wilkes.edu) and **Dr. Sean Kelly** (sean.kelly@wilkes.edu). General questions may also be sent to Executive Editor **Sarah Simonovich** (sarah.simonovich@wilkes.edu).

From Biography to Miniseries: Harry Houdini Continues to Mystify Audiences

By Sara Pisak

Bernard C. Meyer, famed Manhattan psychiatrist and psychoanalyst, has spent years prior to his death analyzing renowned figures such as **Joseph Conrad** and **Harry Houdini**. This fall, Bernard C. Meyer's son **Nicholas Meyer** adapted his father 1976 biography *Houdini: A Mind in Chains, A Psychoanalytic Portrait* into a mini-series, which aired on The History Channel. Neither Meyer family member has escaped controversy. This controversy is appropriate considering much of Houdini's persona is surrounded in mystery.



Bernard C. Meyer's controversy stems from what critics deemed as a one sided use of psychoanalytic terms. Critics dismissed Bernard's biography as a means for the author to uncover psychological problems that Houdini did not possess. These contrived problems ranged from supposed claustrophobia to references to bondage in Houdini's escapes. Critics fired back at Bernard's text as containing too much "psychobabble." Opponents of the text found it to be inapplicable to the everyday reader who does not possess a doctorate level degree in psychology.

Nicholas Meyer's *Houdini*, a miniseries which stars **Adrien Brody**, is being bashed by critics for the opposite reason they slammed his father's text, from which the miniseries is adapted. Nicholas's miniseries is being criticized for being too liberal with the facts of Houdini's life. In The History Channel special, Houdini is portrayed as a CIA spy. Nicholas takes creative license with a chapter in his father's text where Bernard discusses Houdini's fascination with the relationship between a criminal and the law. Further, Houdini has never been confirmed as to have been working for the government. This is just one of the reasons critics dismissed the visual representation of Houdini's life as a work of fiction not containing enough psychology or factual material.

It seems that material written or visually centered on Houdini will always walk the line regarding criticism, as Houdini himself blurred the line of reality. Whether or not *Houdini: A Mind in Chains, A Psychoanalytic Portrait* creates problems, is too irrelevant, or *Houdini* the miniseries does not contain enough factual evidence, one thing is for sure: they both offer insight into a man whose life will always be enigmatic. It seems reasonable to conclude that when it comes to criticisms of works focusing on Houdini, no one can "escape" the critics.

The Inkwell Quarterly Staff

Interim Faculty Advisor: Dr. Larry Kuhar

Editor-in-Chief: Kendra Kuhar

Copy Editor: Tara Giarratano

Layout Editors: Jason Klus, Nicole Kutos

Staff Writers: Tara Giarratano, Jason Klus, Kendra Kuhar, Sara Pisak, Jordan Ramirez, Sarah Simonovich

Alumni Contributor: Gabby Zawacki

Faculty Contributors: Dr. Larry Kuhar, Dr. Thomas Hamill

Continued from page 1.
Article by Jordan Ramirez

"Not now!" She said. I tried not to laugh. Everything was very serious. And I am so painfully awkward. She said, somewhat futilely at this point, "You here for fingerprints?"

"Yeah." I said.

"Wilkes?"

"Yeah." I said.

"Follow me."

It turned out that the sheetrock from which this woman emerged was actually another hallway. There was nobody in this building; just her and I. We sat down opposite each other in front of this strange looking machine. I felt like James Bond. Or something.

After I'd been fingerprinted — of course, I'd struggled more than the average person at this task — she trusted me enough to make it back to the *right* door, *through* its way, down the street, and back to Wilkes campus without hurting myself or others. I *did*.

Things weren't so serious when I had the opportunity to put my newly received clearances to use. Dr. Hamill, of English Department fame, brought a few English students at Wilkes University with him to Heights-Murray Elementary School for some poetry workshops with young student writers.

Dr. Hamill divulged into a thorough explanation of why we were taking over the classroom. He'd perhaps averaged a few syllables, too many per word, when he'd finally decided to break us up into groups and begin the workshops. Two of my classmates took on large groups of rabid children. Dr. Hamill took his talents to two even larger groups. I found myself at a table of three boys.

This table of three was more than I could handle. My first lead-in and subsequent question was: "Hey fellas! How we doin'? Why do you like poetry?"

Instead, one of the boys asked: "Do you play video games?"

"Yeah, I play video games but —" *Huge* mistake.

"I've got Battlefield 3, Gears of War 3, Halo 2, Halo 3, Halo 4, Halo Wars, Super Mario Brothers 3, Destiny 3, Playstation 3, Xbox 3, Wii 3, Gameboy 3..."

"OK!" I said. He kept going. "But...OK! Can I see your poem?" I asked him. He finally stopped.

"Yeah..."

The poem was outstanding. Perhaps a little too outstanding for the age group. He was dealing with some pretty heavy themes. One of the boys wrote about Thanksgiving, the other drawing, and *this* boy, well, he wrote about the perpetual nature of darkness and the illuminating capabilities of love.

"Wow." I said. "Did you write this?"

"Yes."

"Wow."

"I'm entering a poetry contest," he said.

"Wow." I said. "Maybe you can —"

"I'll just draw a big black heart around it."

"OK." I said. He didn't think I could teach him anything. I was much more like his older brother — the kid to which all those aforementioned games, real or otherwise, belonged — than a teacher. Things like this happen. He kept trying to interject conversations about video games while I tried helping the other boys' poems. Teaching — and doing so fairly — is not easy.

When I a
"Write it
"Nah." F
"Oh, wel
He starte
he could eat in a
down.

"That's a
town!"

"Nah." H
I felt my s
was already havin
began and ended
Deviled Egg.

I briefly c
the boys had begu
one more, Juan, w
direction.

"Hey, Juan
"Yeah. I g
I *did* want.
crossed out. He w
He was or
honestly believed
try to reproduce it

*Sometimes I
So I draw in
But sometin.*

*So I think a
And now I*

I read his p
cessfully engaging
back to my group
more temporary ta
"Are tempo
He shuffled
"Will I ever
Once we'd
ently. *It all worked.*]

As I return
thought. Perhaps, li
leaving me, his bigg
what is right in fron
shops.

When I asked the second boy for his poem, he said: "I wrote it but...I don't have it."

"Write it again!" I said, smiling.

"Nah." He said.

"Oh, well," my smile faded, "let's write something else."

He started talking about his temporary tattoos...about how hungry he was...about how many deviled eggs he could eat in a single sitting, and how he would sprinkle salt upon their fluffy, yellow innards and scarf them down.

"That's a poem, right there!" I said. "Write a poem about how you can eat more deviled eggs than anyone in town!"

"Nah." He said. "I'll write about Thanksgiving."

I felt my soul frown. He had recited a *poem*. A *real* poem. It was fantastic. And just like that it was gone. I was already having trouble remembering his opening lines. He subsequently produced a poem in a few seconds that began and ended with "I like Thanksgiving." It was...*great...surely*. But I have to admit I wish he'd read aloud *The Deviled Egg*.

I briefly considered the functions of teachers. And my function, sitting there, like an idiot. Defeated. Two of the boys had begun to arm wrestle. I didn't stop them. These two boys were satisfied with my guidance. There was one more, Juan, who had been sitting with his chin on the heel of his hand, never taking so much as a glance in my direction.

"Hey, Juan, can I read what you've written?"

"Yeah. I guess. If you want." Sounds like me.

I *did* want. I read the whole poem. It was written sloppily and quickly, words misspelled and crossed out. He *writes* like me, too.

He was one of the few children in the class who had absolutely no interest in reading his poem aloud. He honestly believed nobody would care to listen. But I *loved* this poem. As a matter of fact, I will never forget it. I will try to reproduce it as best as I can:

Sometimes I never know what to write.

So I draw instead.

But sometimes I don't know what to draw.

So I think of the things that I saw.

And now I can draw.

I read his poem four or five times in a row. Smiling. I looked around the room. I saw my two classmates successfully engaging their students. I saw Dr. Hamill handling a group of 12 or so with ease. I admired them. I turned back to my group of three. One had seemingly vanished. In fact, he was just being punished for trying to put on more temporary tattoos while I wasn't looking. His teacher was scolding him.

"Are temporary tattoos on our list of things to do today?"

He shuffled around in his seat and looked at the list with squinted eyes. I laughed.

"Will I ever be able to do this?" I thought. "No chance."

Once we'd returned to campus I'd sat down and reimagined myself in the classroom. I did everything differently. *It all worked*. They *all* listened. I commanded the class like Dr. Hamill; like my classmates.

As I returned home late that night I realized I may have sold myself short too quickly. "I *can* do this," I thought. Perhaps, like Juan — who had jumped out of his seat for gym class faster than any other student in class, leaving me, his biggest fan, in a saddened state of neglect incapable of saying goodbye — I need only learn from what is right in front of me. While Juan will paint portraits one day, maybe I'll be conducting my own poetry workshops.

It is a big deal, education. One. Big. Deal. Go thank your teachers.

Senior Capstone Presentations

By Jason Klus

On Wednesday, December 10 at 2:00 PM in the Kirby Hall Salon, two graduating seniors, **Cierra Humphrey** and **Jordan Ramirez**, will present their senior capstone projects. All faculty and students are encouraged to attend these presentations. Light refreshments will follow.

Contemporary Author Updates

By Sara Pisak

Tate Publishing and Enterprises, LLC announces the release of the text, *Journey to Discover the Meaning of Life*. The text written by Wilkes Professor **Edward T. Bednarz III, PhD** follows the lives of several characters as they search for and find the answers to some of life's most difficult questions. Tate Publishing states, "Be prepared for a roller coaster thrill of a ride as characters encounter danger, bizarre coincidences that have no explanation, and deep loving experiences."

Family Furnishings: Selected Stories 1995-2014 by **Alice Munro** is Random House's newest release. Munro is a 2013 Nobel Prize winner in literature. *Family Furnishings: Selected Stories 1995-2014* is a follow up to Munro's first volume *Selected Stories: 1968-1994*. *Family Furnishings* contains twenty-four of Munro's stories, which present the greatest highs and lows of the human experience.

Al Michaels and L. Jon Wertheim, team-up to compose Al Michaels memoir, *You Can't Make This Up: Miracles, Memories, and the Perfect Marriage of Sports and Television*. Publisher Harper Collins boast of the memoir as follows: "One of television's most respected broadcasters interweaves the story of his life and career with lively firsthand tales of some of the most thrilling events and fascinating figures in modern sports." Michaels has experienced several events to regal for the audience such as the "Miracle on Ice" and the earthquake at the 1989 World Series.

Frozen Latitudes, a new Press 53 release, is book of poetry authored by **Therese Halscheid**. The poems are motivated by Halscheid's attempt to understand and cope with her father's brain damage as a result of complications he suffered during heart surgery. Her father, who survived for thirty years after the accident, is the inspiration for many of Halscheid's poems focusing on the fighting spirit. A finalist for the Patterson Poetry Book Prize, Halscheid has published four other works.

The Nobel Prize committee announced that French author, **Patrick Modiano** was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature. The committee stated, "The Nobel Prize in Literature 2014 was awarded to Patrick Modiano for the art of memory with which he has evoked the most ungraspable human destinies and uncovered the life-world of the occupation." Some of Patrick Modiano's works include, *Ring Roads*, *Night Rounds* and *The Search Warrant* among others.



Alumni

By Gabby

For
come a col
would appl
solve real w
going to cu

The
decided tha
to see what
a way to fit
Mine Recla
wrote small
internship,
do.

I no
perform fie
I've met a k
working on
our building
adelphia an
content writ
gotten to kr
and I now c

All c
grow a resu
I love.

I hav
bine my lov
thought I ha

My p
you want to
communicat
within the sc
limits.



Photo courtesy of Sarah Simonovich.

Alumni Update

By Gabby Zawacki

For most of my college career, I thought that my plan after graduation was to go to graduate school and become a college professor. At the beginning of my senior year, the time when I needed to begin considering where I would apply and all of the details that go into applying, I decided that it was not the right choice for me. I wanted to solve real world problems and use my writing skills to make positive changes; however, graduate school just wasn't going to cut it.

That decision led me to consider an option that I had often placed on the back-burner: grant writing. I decided that if I was going to dive into this world that I knew nothing about, I should get an internship and begin to see what my options were. I have always enjoyed environmental sciences and wanted to discover if I could find a way to fit my writing skills into that industry. I found an internship with the Eastern PA Coalition for Abandoned Mine Reclamation (EPCAMR), an environmental non-profit, for my last semester and through my time there I wrote small grants, wrote web stories, and did field work. There was no promise of a position with them after my internship, but the experience made me sure that being a part of the environmental industry was what I wanted to do.

I now work for EPCAMR as a Watershed Outreach Specialist. I do grant writing, execute grant projects, perform field work & water chemistry, and facilitate community outreach initiatives. Through my work with them, I've met a lot of different people that have led me to other opportunities. Some people from Philadelphia were working on a film about the Huber Breaker and often came to EPCAMR because the breaker was located behind our building. I joined them as a writer & producer. The Director for that film runs a production company in Philadelphia and hired me to be the Producer of his company, SightSense Productions, where I do grant writing, web content writing, social media outreach, and graphic design. In addition, through my work with EPCAMR, I have gotten to know members of Earth Conservancy, another environmental non-profit specializing in mine reclamation, and I now do grant writing for them as well.

All of these positions are part time, but all of these positions are work within my field that allow me to grow a resume and use my college degree. Most importantly, all of these positions involve me doing something that I love.

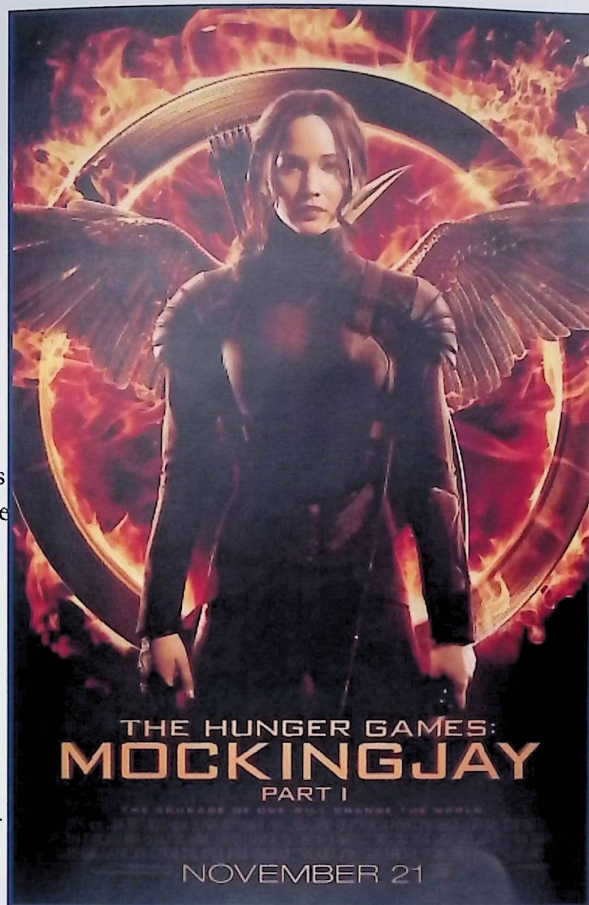
I have a passion for environmental sciences and the past coal mining industry in PA. I found a way to combine my love for these things with an English degree. For most of my time as an English major, the only option I thought I had was grad school or creative writing. I wasn't aware of this entire other world of writing opportunities.

My point is this: Put yourself out there. See new things. Be innovative. If you have something you love that you want to be a part of, find a way to make it work. Your English degree comes with many skills: critical thinking, communication, and clear writing. Use these skills. They are needed. They are wanted. There is a place for writing within the sciences, as well as every other industry. You can do what you love and use your degree. There are no limits.

Mockingjay Part 1 Review

By Tara Giarratano

Mockingjay Part 1, the third installment in the *Hunger Games* franchise based on the novels of the same name by **Suzanne Collins**, hit theaters on Friday, November 21st 2014. The film begins with protagonist Katniss Everdeen (**Jennifer Lawrence**) contemplating the bleak future of Panem from the nuclear-powered District 13 and introduces a power struggle between Katniss and another political figurehead, President Coin, the singular overseer of the newly discovered military district. The Collins-adapted screenplay continues its materialist critique of the cold-hearted Capitol which began in the series' first installment, but more deeply examines the dictatorial conditions of the militarized District 13, where weapons are abundant but food and oxygen are both rationed. An internal commentary on the artifice of propaganda unfolds from Katniss's starring role as the Mockingjay in President Coin's televised campaign against the Capitol. She participates only as a ploy to force a rescue of the captured and hijacked Peeta Mellark (**Josh Hutcherson**). The actor delivers his most tortured performance to date, as Peeta is severely disturbed by the Capitol's brutal brainwashing, and becomes dangerously violent. As Katniss's fury against the Capitol builds, her distaste also with District 13's regimented ways are latently communicated as subtle foreshadowing for the franchise's final plot twist, should the last film stay true to the book. Among the film's most emotively intense moments are scenes of nationwide protest, in which the paupers of the Districts bravely rally and riot against the inhumanly violent "Peacekeepers." Such scenes are an asset not present in the book, which is limited to Katniss's point of view only. With a wider lens through which to view the crisis building in Panem, *Mockingjay Part 1* delivers as a disaster narrative perhaps even more thrilling than the novel. The film also stars **Liam Hemsworth** as Gale Hawthorne, **Elizabeth Banks** as Effie Trinket, **Sam Claflin** as Finnick Odair and the late **Philip Seymour Hoffman** as double agent Plutarch Heavensbee.



In issue 9.1 of *The Inkwell Quarterly*, the first page incorrectly lists the publishing date of the issue as "Fall 2015." Our Layout Editors would like to apologize for this misprinting, which has been corrected in this issue; Issue 9.2 has not been published in the future as 9.1 inadvertently was.

1. Dr. Sean Kelly 2. Dr. Marcia Farrell 3. Dr. Thomas Hamill 4. Dr. Helen Davis 5. Dr. Mischelle Anthony

An Aud

By Jason Kl

I am r
ture nor the fi
to listen to the
the fuss is all a
cles the story
movie has been
and the Deathly
pop music fig
artists collabor
of *Mockingjay*.

Lorde's
contributions
are the two mo
with the heavy
portant theme
surprising per
add a unique c
though, despit
rather than a n
ing more comp
"Dead Air," a

It prob
there must be
film and what
two are what C
shows us the c
her innovative



Photo courtesy of Sarah Simonovich.

The Inkwell Quarterly Staff would like to extend wishes for a happy and relaxing winter break!

An Auditory Review of *Mockingjay*

By Jason Klus

I am not familiar with **Suzanne Collins's** *Hunger Games* media franchise in any capacity – neither the literature nor the films. However, with the latest film just having arrived in theaters on November 21st, I was compelled to listen to the soundtrack for *The Hunger Games: Mockingjay – Part 1* to try to form some sort of opinion about what the fuss is all about. The movie is an adaptation of Collins's 2010 dystopian novel of the same name which chronicles the story of Katniss Everdeen, played in the film by Academy Award-winning actress **Jennifer Lawrence**. The movie has been broken into two different pieces with Part 2 set for release sometime in 2015 (sort of in *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows* fashion). The album was curated by eighteen-year-old New Zealander **Lorde**, who has been a pop music figurehead since her 2013 debut *Pure Heroine*, and features a variety of contemporary pop and alternative artists collaborating to form a strange blend of pop-electronica-hip-hop that echoes the science fiction undertones of *Mockingjay*.

Lorde's contributions to the *Mockingjay – Part 1* album go far beyond a simple role as the "curator." Her contributions to the album, "Yellow Flicker Beat" and a cover of "Ladder Song" by the indie group Bright Eyes, are the two most fitting and interesting tracks on the soundtrack. Lorde's brooding, melancholy voice meshes well with the heavy electronic production of the tracks; both tracks act as a reminder of what I think must be an important theme of the film: overcoming hardship in a dehumanized society. These tracks are further accented by surprising performances by dance-genre icon **Grace Jones** and British/Pakistani singer **Bat for Lashes** that really add a unique depth to the soundtrack ("Original Beast" and "Plan the Escape" respectively). There are some misses, though, despite these highlights, and the album really does sound much more like a collection of "Top 40" tracks rather than a movie soundtrack at times. Pop artist **Ariana Grande** lends her voice to "All My Love," which is nothing more complex than a rehash of some of her other pop hits; Scottish group **CHVRCHES** add a track titled "Dead Air," a title which may refer to the lack of vocalization in a song with a heavy amount of synthesized music.

It probably isn't fair to judge *Mockingjay – Part 1* on its soundtrack alone, and especially in this case. I think there must be a rather large disconnect between what Lorde has put together as an auditory representation of the film and what the film's director, **Francis Lawrence**, had in mind. Of course, that's not to say that either of these two are what Collins wanted to impress upon her readers. It is fair to say that the *Mockingjay – Part 1* soundtrack shows us the continuing success of the *Hunger Games* media franchise and that Lorde is continuing to impress with her innovative music – but don't let the album's missteps stop you from seeing the film.



Hamill's Hunches

By Dr. Thomas Hamill

OK. First, I need to apologize and confess. So we will begin, it seems, sacramentally, with Reconciliation—a ritual that pre-inscribes a sort of presumptive forgiveness for which I must also say, “I’m sorry” or *Lo siento*, even as I (telegraphically) veil my gesture in the *apologia* (of sorts) that follows.

When last I wrote my Hunches back in Fall 2013 (before failing to submit in Spring and before the generous (Editorial) relief of a “Best of” reprint for the last issue) I offered what I promised would be a two-part Hunches arcing allegorically from the wonders of *The Berenstain Bears* (and the failed self-awarenesses of the frauds who decry their too-sweet saccharine sugary goodness and who are, well, frauds) to the unexpected (and brilliant) parallels among fallen language, John Milton, and episode number ??? of the PBS children’s series *Arthur*.

I originally planned to write this alleged two-part Hunch as one Hunch, but, as with the research essay on Shakespeare’s History Plays I wrote in a two-day stretch (i.e. an all-nighter) my first semester senior year back in the Fall of ‘95, I had great vision and motivated ideas but failed (inevitably) at the levels of scaling, planning, and, of course, proportionality. (In good and honest time(s) I hope to redress this historical sin by way of a course of my own; for now, though, in these failed days, I’ll simply bear the burden of guilt and stick to a Hunches-specific “redemption”.)

Where was I? Oh--that’s right. Sin and contrition and confession and penance and absolution. Or, as J. Roddy Walston & The Business so wonderfully put it, “You know that old Catholic tone... You know that old Catholic tone.... The heavy bells... The heavy bells... The heavy bells are tolling out at tune... The heavy bells... The heavy bells... Oh God I felt that metal move... You’re gonna wake up... You’re gonna wake up... You’re gonna wake up... Find the heavy bells toll their tune for you too....”

Sorry. What a great song that is. (Thanks, Joe, for keeping me plugged in.)

Any speaking of brilliant lyrics, I need to clarify:

*Somewhere deep in Bear Country
Lives the Berenstain Bear Family
They’re kinda furry around the torso
They’re a lot like people only more so*

My Their/They’re error-as-typo back in the Spring 2014 issue (8.3) did great violences to the genius of the very line (and insight) I was trying to point up as the apotheosis of lyrical and poetic achievement—and, sadly (and ironically) one of my fears and anxieties ever since has been that you, dear readers, have all along been thinking I was instead trying to send up some grammatical error in the lyric itself. Oh, no my friends; the lyric is what it is (Hi, Dr. Kuhar!), and it’s fripping brilliant. *They’re kinda furry around the torso / They’re a lot like people only more so*. Wow. I mean, really. (The frauds, of course, still don’t get it. How could they, right?)

[Enter the Editor, or what seemed to be some great authority: “There, there, now Dr. Hamill. It’s okay. No one noticed or cared. Can you get back to your Hunches now?”]

He stumbled in reply, “But, there’s no *Their* there! It’s *They’re!*”

“We know,” the voice assured him. “It’s okay. There, there, now. There, there. It’s okay. Hang in there. They’re going to forgive you. It’s in their nature. *They’re a lot like people only more so* too. They are. They’re there.”]

Continued on page 12.

Kuhar's

By Dr. Larry

When Words

Words
We know
they can work
language, we know
often about the
There
ture, we assume
construct new
texts. We know
We become
best examples—
when we thank
community.

With the
and staff that I
thankful for as
contributions to
program and u
tations, the Ha
program picnic
with students.

Our fa
activities and e
service learning
our local comm

Thank
of recommend
offer alumni.

Thank
achieve excellen
serving the mis

Thank
activities as wel

Simply
values that are
confirmation o
Thank you.

Kuhar's Korner

By Dr. Larry Kuhar

When Words Work: Thank you to Our English Program Team

Words can fall short. Words can work.

We know this. Words can fail at the most meaningful moments; they can work in the most trivial texts. As experts and forming-experts in language, we know about this because our work in the English program is often about *the gap between words and meanings*.

There are plenty of examples to show when and how words work and when they fail. When we read literature, we assume that these words will work. We empower words, we draw out fuller meanings from them, and we construct new texts. We know, too, that words can fail our efforts to draw out fuller meanings, to construct larger texts. We know this from reading writers such as Angela Carter, Thomas Pynchon, or Wallace Stevens.

We become aware sometimes, even as the words are communicated, that words may fall short. One of the best examples—of the tension between when words may fail and when they can succeed—is words communicated when we thank those around us for *who they are at work* and for *all they do* to serve our English program and the community.

With this in mind, I want to share my heartfelt, sincere thanks with the community of professors, adjuncts and staff that have made our English program so strong over the past year. We have a lot to be proud of and thankful for as a program and community. Thank you to our team of dedicated English faculty for their selfless contributions to our program over the past year. I appreciate and value the countless hours each of you spent at program and university events, such as Open House, VIP Day, Summer Freshman Orientation, Capstone presentations, the Halloween reading, Manuscript readings and Inkwell meetings, curriculum meetings, spring and fall program picnics, visiting writers events, program development and program assessment meetings, advising meetings with students, monthly team meetings . . . the list of program-focused events and activities goes on and on and on.

Our faculty also selflessly contribute their time, ideas, and leadership to many other important and impactful activities and events beyond the walls of Kirby Hall. Thank you to faculty who have spent endless hours providing service learning opportunities to our students in the community. We are leaders in this area across campus and in our local community.

Thank you to faculty who continue to work with and to serve our English program alumni, writing letters of recommendation, providing guidance and support, and serving as role models for the potential the career has to offer alumni.

Thank you to our adjunct faculty team who have worked diligently – under challenging circumstances – to achieve excellence in the classroom. Over the past year our adjunct team achieved excellence in the classroom while serving the mission and values of our program.

Thank you to our office staff who provided outstanding service and assistance on a long list of day-to-day activities as well as special events.

Simply put, our core faculty team and staff deliver on the promise of mentoring and of modelling the values that are at the core of the Wilkes mission. It is my hope that these words succeed in achieving the hoped-for confirmation of the value I have for and the respect I place on the work of English Department faculty and staff.

Thank you.



Do you hear that too? Yes? No? OK. I'll let it go. I feel a bit better now anyway. But what do we learn or fail to learn from failing language, I wonder? This is an older question than we might think, and I'd be late in a number of senses even if I were to situate this rumination in the Middle Ages, among Dante, Chaucer, Langland and their contemporaries, for whom language was often perceived as part of a declining post-lapsarian world—part of *The World Grown Old*, to quote the book title of another great mentor of mine, Dr. Jim Dean.

But I'm going to go a bit later still here—to “Paradise Lost.” Not *Paradise Lost* by John Milton, but “Paradise Lost,” episode ??? (I'll look it up eventually) of the PBS series *Arthur*. You see, the premise of that episode is that toddlers and dogs who (we know) don't talk actually do—and they can actually communicate (quite eloquently and incisively) with each other. It's only as the toddlers “grow up” (we learn) that the communicative / linguistic species fissure finally occurs.

[Enter, again, the Editor, or what seemed to be some great authority: “This sounds like it's going to take a long time, Dr. Hamill. Remember what happened with the paper on Shakespeare's histories?

“But. But...,” his words tumbled, toppling Babel. “I need to talk about Pal and Kate and the Dali Llama they visit and the ‘blah blah blahs’. And what about failed language? And fraud?”

“‘There will be time’, as someone once said,” the voice said calmly. “There's always Spring.”

“Really? Are you sure?” he Hunched, still toppling. “OK. Remind me also to include the link to Blake Mills. Do you see it already? The opening verse of the opening song off of *Heigh Ho*? ‘I've found a new meaning...for the oldest words in use.’ Do you see the connection? Pretty cool, huh? Shouldn't I just finish this out? I think that song can help me tie it all together”

“There, there, Dr. Hamill,” the voice again, patient and sure. “There, there. It's okay. We can see those words already, in the next *IQ* issue. There, there. They're there.]

There it was again. No? OK. Sorry. Back to my point. What's most striking about “Paradise Lost” as an episode is the radically new perspective it opens up on the idea that we might really be failing to understand...

UNFINISHED

Faculty “Shelfies” Game

by Tara Giarratano

The *IQ* Staff asked professors from our English Department to send us photos from their personal bookshelves. Identify the “shelfie” with the correct professor!



1



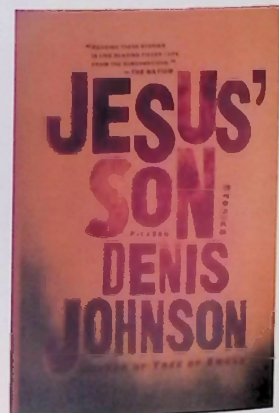
2



3



4



5

Answers on page 8