



THE INKWELL QUARTERLY

October's Influence on a Writer

By Briauna Robinson

Well, autumn has fallen upon us once more, and with it comes all of the creeps and ghouls out of their little hidey-holes: like the local costume shops that randomly pop up in abandoned store outlets, a chilling air giving hint to the dark winter season ahead, and of course, like the local theaters that roll the newest scary movies to feed the horror movie lovers their long awaited spooky fix. Though I personally indulge in horror of all types and spooky festivities all year round, October is full of inspiration for a horror writer like me. I absolutely love writing the most grotesque scenarios, like serial axe-killings, and things that make your skin crawl, like the mysterious noise you hear in your basement. When the fall season presents itself to the East Coast, I get to experience things that are not open all year round; like haunted houses, scary hay-rides, and pumpkin patches alike. I swear the essence of fright is even stained into the fall air, and with every breath I take, inspiration flows through my veins. When I get to go to these one-time-a-year events, my brain gets flooded with ideas for short stories, novels, and, surprisingly, poems. I mean, who is an artist without their muse? Who am I without my favorite season to spark

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some horrific ideas in between the frightful screams and corn maze walking?

October is the hallmark for terror. It is embedded within the American culture that this month is the beacon for the creepiest of monsters and famous Hollywood killers. So, of course creators would utilize the aesthetic of October to power their ability to create! The majority of creators make the most spine-chilling content during the fall compared to the rest of the year. I find that once October hits, I can walk outside with headphones popped in, and write down a dozen of uncanny story concepts that may never come about

to be anything other than short sentences and scattered ideas. Nonetheless, it does not lessen just how heavy the influence October is on the hundreds of fragmented sentences in my notebook. At a glance of said notebook, one would find a number of familiar words like, "vampire," "serial killer," "haunted," "ghostly," "monster," and so on and so forth. All due to the dead leaves that crunch under every step, the orange essence of those still clinging

Fate Is Not Just the Stuff of Fiction

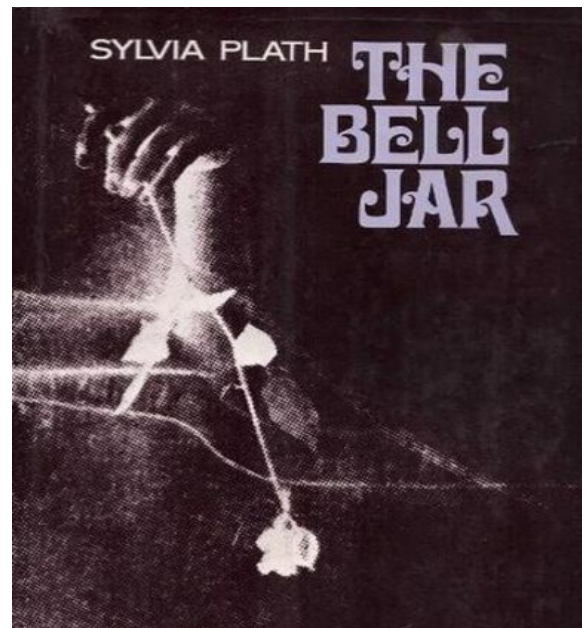
By Hannah Simerson

For an English major, I have a tough time reading classic novels for pleasure. I think that reading should be enjoyable and relaxing, and, typically, the classics stress me out. I would never read works like *Jane Eyre* or *1984* for fun. Half of the time, I do not even understand what is happening, and the whole point of reading is to turn my brain off and just absorb the story passively. My number one rule at the bookstore is to find where the classic literature section is and go in the opposite direction. I do have an exception to this rule, however. In my senior year of high school, my class read *The Bell Jar*, and I instantly connected with it. I have a love story with the novel that I eagerly share with anyone that listens. I believe a lot in fate and the “everything happens for a reason” mentality. At the time that we read *The Bell Jar*, I had lost my love for reading. As a kid, I plowed through at least 4 books a week, but I found myself without any motivation to even pick up a book in high school. Once we started to read and discuss *The Bell Jar*, my lost motivation was found. A new fire was ignited and, suddenly, I knew where my heart belonged. I owe *The Bell Jar* for my decision to become an English major and for every bit of confidence that being an English major has brought me. *The Bell Jar* came into my life exactly when I needed it to.

I recently re-read *The Bell Jar* after four years, and I finished it in one sitting. It resonated with me even more now than it did when I was seventeen. Anyone who has struggled with some mental illness can understand the tragic beauty that pervades the novel. The main character, Esther, has always reminded me of my childhood friend. She is intelligent, sometimes cynical, beautiful, but incredibly numb. She is an observer; instead of basking in the limelight she would much prefer to lurk in the shadows. Her reclusion into and entrapment in the bell jar tells a tale of mental illness in its most raw form. *The Bell Jar* does not just illustrate and hint at the suffocating cage. Instead, it plants the bell jar directly on top of the reader, encapsulating them inside of it along with Esther.

I think my favorite aspect of *The Bell Jar* is Sylvia Plath’s combined use of metaphors and gut-wrenching one-liners. She finds a way to suck the air right out from your lungs with just a few words. A few times throughout my most recent reading, I had to put my book down and digest what I had just read. Many have heard of the iconic, “I am, I am, I am” line, and, although I have a strong love for that quote, *The Bell Jar* houses another quote that I gravitate more towards. Near the end of the novel, Esther has a bit of an identity crisis. She pretends to be so many different people to find a fit for where she belongs. She begins to describe a fig tree and uses this image to describe this part of her life. She imagines each fig in this tree as a different possibility of who she can become and what kind of life she can live. She says, “I saw myself sitting in the crotch of this fig tree, starving to death, just because I couldn’t make up my mind which of the figs I would choose. I wanted every one of them, but choosing one meant losing all the rest, and, as I sat there, unable to decide, the figs began to wrinkle and go black, and, one by one, they plopped to the ground at my feet”. Every time I read this quote, I think there must be no possible way that I did not write it myself. This illustration of the fig tree resonates with me in such a way that I feel as if it were written just for my understanding. I feel just like Esther in this scene; I want so many different paths for my life that I simply cannot choose. I use this example of the fig tree often to remind myself of the purpose of choosing rather than just dreaming.

I think about Esther and *The Bell Jar* quite often in my daily life, and this speaks to the novel’s immortality. Mental illness will never cease to exist; there will always be people who struggle with it. The basis



Accessed from biblio.com

Fate Is Not Just the Stuff of Fiction

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of *The Bell Jar* is not founded in what Esther does, but what she thinks and feels. **Feelings are timeless.** The Bell Jar has made me think twice about passing up the classics. Had I initially judged it the way I do with other classics, I never would have found it. *The Bell Jar* has taught me not to judge a book by its relation to the canon. Generations from now, I believe people will still be using *The Bell Jar* as a tool to understand themselves. I have no doubt that it will withstand the test of time. It is nothing if not vulnerable, and this vulnerability offers an outlet for readers to connect and, in turn, heal with Esther. As I said before, I am a strong believer in fate. I think that *The Bell Jar* found me exactly when it needed to and, perhaps for some of you who may have just been introduced to the wonderful mind of Sylvia Plath, it has found you at exactly the right time, too.

We also meet Ferrovius, who once was a very violent man and then turned to Christianity. Throughout the play, Ferrovius struggles between keeping his faith and turning back to old violent patterns. Androcles helps calm Ferrovius in situations where he becomes too angry and could possibly become violent. Androcles also shows great patience with the guards and is willing to die for what he believes, all qualities that help construct the theme of the play.

By Act 2, we see the prisoners in the Coliseum and they are ready to sacrifice themselves for what they believe. Androcles decides to not fight the gladiators, but to sacrifice himself to the lion. Luckily for Androcles, this lion is the same lion he had helped in the Jungle. The lion remembers Androcles' good deed and spares his life.

The first thing I noticed when I walked into the theatre was the magnificent stage. It really took my breath

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onto branches, the chilled air, and an abundance of decorations that portray Halloween clichés.

While taking a drive the other night, the strikingly black night and the fact a traffic light in the middle of nowhere randomly turned red with no one else around, inspired me to write a short story about a couple who get murdered in their car while stopped at a traffic like that, too, was red for no particular reason. It was the weirdness of the light, and the eerie mysteries that lie within the darkness around my car that struck a flame of inspiration to create the goriest scene my imagination could muster up. Let's just say, I quickly rolled my windows up as the red light shone down into my car.

Androcles and The Lion Review

By Caitlyn Bly

This past October, the Wilkes University Theatre put on the play *Androcles and The Lion* written by George Bernard Shaw. The play was shown from October 7th through the 9th. I was fortunate enough to make the showing on the 9th and had a wonderful experience.

Androcles and The Lion takes place in ancient Rome during the persecution of Christians. The play starts off with Androcles and his wife, Maegeara, traveling on a jungle path, in an effort to escape from the Romans. They get into a fight and as the wife tries to leave she stumbles upon a lion. This particular lion has a thorn in his paw, and Androcles, having love and kindness for all animals, decides to help the lion and remove the thorn.

By Act 1 of the play, we see four Christian women being condemned to later die in the Coliseum at the jaws of a lion. New prisoners are then brought into the equation, one of which is Androcles.

L'Esprit: The Sordoni Art Gallery

By Rudy Urenovich

As October breezed in and the seasons began to change, another show came to a close at the Sordoni Art Gallery. On October 10th we bid farewell to *L'Esprit: Exploring Wit & Beauty in French Prints*. Now, as



Photo taken by Rudy Urenovich

I have worked at the Sordoni Gallery for a little over a year, of course I am partial and think all the shows are divine. That being said this show in particular was almost comforting in a sense; the soft pastel colors, delicate prints, and cozy atmosphere due to the arrangement of the gallery, provided a place of solitude, very much needed with the uncertain times we are living through. While the prints are aesthetically pleasing, they also offer commentary on societal and political issues in France throughout the 1800s and early 1900s. While making these bold statements, the artworks simultaneously depict humble images of everyday life of average French citizens of this era. The show included some iconic artists including Honore Daumier, Paul Cezanne, Camille Pissarro, and Pierre-Auguste Renoir.

The gallery had a display in the back, called a “maker’s space” that cleverly connected subjects like women’s rights, technological

advancements, colonialism, and politics to artists featured in the show, and outlined how these aspects evolved throughout the artist’s lifetime. Another feature that made the gallery even more inviting during the duration of the exhibit was the Book Nook, also located in the back. Here visitors could cosy up with a book that also corresponds to the subjects and artists in the show. Some visitors spent quite a while reading there!

Walking through the gallery, one picks up on how intense care and consideration goes into every detail. I had the pleasure of speaking to the gallery’s current student design fellow and my good friend Alyssa Roberts about how much thought goes into every aspect of an exhibition.



Photo taken by Rudy Urenovich

This was her first show as the fellow and she reflected on just how much of an intricate process it was to install *L'Esprit*. She said she was involved in every decision, from where to hang pieces, to the exact shade of paint the wall was colored. Every tangible material, digital asset, and feature in the gallery itself, is extremely well thought-out and has been proofed and reviewed upon by many of the gallery staff. It truly is a labor of love (**and boy do we love it**).

Another dynamic of the gallery that should be appreciated is the wide variety of different types of art. When many people think of an art gallery, there’s a good chance that they just think of paintings on the wall, but at the Sordoni, there are numerous mediums of work featured. In the past there have been interactive pieces, sculptures and hanging works, woodcuts and etchings. Multimedia works make the exhibitions all the more interesting. *L'Esprit* featured prints. What is a print you might ask? Well a print is a type of artwork that can be reproduced many times,



Photo taken by Rudy Urenovich

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away. The time and effort put into the stage props was inevitably noticeable. The stage looked like it was taken directly out of ancient Rome. The columns at each end of the stage really added that extra “Roman” touch. It seemed as if the painters incorporated every little detail they could to resemble ancient Rome. I really give them credit for all of the hard work that must have been done to make the stage look as gorgeous as it did. I was also impressed with the use of the lighting. The lighting crew did an amazing job of incorporating lights to not only highlight the characters but to add extra designs to the stage. They used lighting to their advantage to display almost a tile design on the middle of the stage floor. The purpose of this was to create a floor design that would relate to the time period of ancient Rome. It was very beautiful and helped capture the theme of ancient Rome. The play was written as a comedic epic pastiche, and the actors did a phenomenal job incorporating the many comedic elements to this play.



Olivia Schanabacher and Jack Flynn in a scene from *Androcles and the Lion*. Photo credit: Wilkes University Theatre and News@Wilkes.

In particular, Jack Flynn, who plays Androcles, Olivia Schanabacher, who plays the lion, and Olivia Scarborough, who plays Maegeara, all did amazing jobs with bringing comedic light to the play. The prologue of the play was far from serious. The interactions between Flynn and Scarborough were beyond comical. They both portrayed their parts

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L'Esprit: The Sordoni Art Gallery

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without being considered a duplicate or copy. A print allows for multiple “original” works to be produced. I must admit, before this show, I was not familiar with prints at all. Now I, and probably many other visitors to the gallery, feel like we are aware of the historical significance and logic behind printmaking, and are able to appreciate their beauty like any other medium in art.

Like art trends and famous artists, *L'Esprit* has come and gone. Another stunning, successful exhibition at the Sordoni Gallery. If you are having an art withdrawal while the gallery is dark, fear not, the next show, *Juan Logan: Creating and Collecting*, opens November 2! Like *L'Esprit*, and all previous shows for that matter, it is sure to be captivating!

Reflection on My First Semester of College

By Mya Corcoran

Last year at this time, I was an anxious high school senior wondering what my future would hold. There was so much pressure to decide what college I wanted to go to and what I wanted to major in, and I was scared I would make the wrong choice. After all, deciding the trajectory of your life as a teenager is a daunting task. I finally settled upon attending Wilkes University, a college not too far from home, and majoring in English, a subject that had always been my favorite in school. As I now reflect on my college experience so far, I can confidently say that I made all the right decisions.

One of the biggest differences I have found between high school and college is the amount of time spent in class and the types of classes offered. In high school, I spent six hours a day sitting in class, but college has proved to be totally different. Instead, I only have to attend two or three classes per day. Moreover, my class schedule changes depending on the day of the week. I have found that this keeps the days from becoming monotonous or repetitive. I am so surprised that we are already more than halfway through the first semester, and I feel like time has flown by. This is probably partly due to being able to take classes that I am actually interested in. The first time I met with my advisor, I was shocked by how much freedom I had in

deciding what classes I would take. In high school, my schedule was pretty much laid out for me and the only freedom I had was choosing the one or two elective classes I wanted to take. I have found that I much prefer the freedom and flexibility that my college class schedule offers.

The sense of freedom that college offers has made me into a much more independent person. I no longer have teachers reminding me when assignments are due or bells telling me I need to get to class. Instead, I have taken upon many new responsibilities. At first, I found it difficult to balance my workload with also having a social life. However, finding balance in these aspects has become easier and I have learned to utilize my free time more wisely. College has also given me a sense of freedom by challenging the way in which I think. Throughout high school, I mastered being able to follow the formulas and reiterate exactly what my teachers wanted to hear. However, I have found that college professors would much rather you think for yourself. They want you to think critically in order to form your own thoughts and opinions. In this way, college has given me freedom in not only how I spend my time, but also in the way I think. For example, Dr. Davis often encourages us to form our own ideas and opinions about what we read in her English 101 class. We are welcomed to express

whether we agree or disagree with the readings during class discussions. While my high school teachers mostly expected me to simply absorb the information I read, college professors have challenged me to form my own ideas and opinions based on the information presented to me.

The part of college that I was most nervous about at first was meeting new people and making new friends. I had gone to high school with many of the same kids I had known since kindergarten, so college was a totally new experience for me. Nevertheless, I have met so many new people and made so many friends over the few weeks I have spent on campus so far. I have found that the easiest way to make friends on campus is to get involved in clubs. I have joined the Dance Team where I have met other students who love to dance, as well as joining the Inkwell Quarterly staff. This has gotten me more involved in the English program and introduced me to other English majors who share the same passion for writing as me. I have become close friends with many of the people that were complete strangers to me at the beginning of the semester. I look forward to growing closer to my friends and forming new friendships throughout my time at Wilkes.

As I now reflect on my college experience thus far, I can confidently say that Wilkes was the right choice for me. I have

Reflection on My First Semester of College

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been challenged academically, become more independent, and have met so many new people. I look forward to spending the next four years at Wilkes where I will continue to grow and pursue my passions. I thank my high school self for making all the right decisions that put me on the path that lead me to exactly where I am today.

The Work of English in the Age of Instrumental Reason

By Dan Stish

I've undergone a bit of a journey this semester—from Kirby to Cohen and Stark—as I've stepped outside the English department and taken a full course load of science and mathematics. And, while the professors of these departments have all been courteous and effective teachers, I've still felt as though something was missing—namely myself. I was there in body, certainly, blearily trying to keep all the facts and equations of the morning from seeping out of my mind whilst I tried to clear sleep from my eyes. I was there in mind insofar as I had to be under the pitiless thumb of exam scores and GPAs. And yet I was not present. I had known this already of course. I started my college career here at Wilkes as a student of mechanical engineering, but I left when I was swept up by the excitement I felt for each English class, leading to my position here as an English major today. And yet, I felt compelled to go back. Like Odysseus being tied to the sail of his ship, I was drawn by the siren call of STEM, compelled into stepping foot once more into the halls of technics. Now, I must of course

clarify—in saying this, do I mean to suggest that engineers and scientists, or any of the departments and professors which deal in such things are monsters which lure humans to their deaths? Certainly not, and I hope those in such departments will forgive my literary indulgences. However, I do see a certain monster in the background, not the departments, the people, or the subjects, but rather the logic, the *weltanschauung*—if you'll allow the usage of such a word—which provides the language by which we speak of worth and value in this age.

By this, I mean to ask what exactly it was that drove me away from the subject I love and into the subject(s) I left. I suppose we may start with the outward grimace of this monster, the full throttle terror of the Bureau of Labor Statistics. And I must admit—though whether this says more about me than anything else, I leave up to you—that my description here is only slightly hyperbolic. There is something profoundly sobering about witnessing one's future be reduced into a series of statistics and percentiles on a government website. It is the same source of cosmic

insignificance which I believe Lovecraft tried to capture in his many works. One cannot help but feel the whole of their existence forced to justify itself in terms of economic regularity. It of course may be objected that this framing comes from a place of privilege on my part, that I have the time and money to worry about how I'll be walking through the rest of my life. This sort of objection would only seem to further emphasize the things I'm saying, no? Discontent should not be a function of privilege. And, while this example may perhaps strike some as too mundane to be of any significance, I should nevertheless like to proffer that such encounters with a purely mathematical order—one abstracted from the real humans this system is purported to serve—allow us glimpses at moments of fracture into which we can see the logic of our frameworks at play.

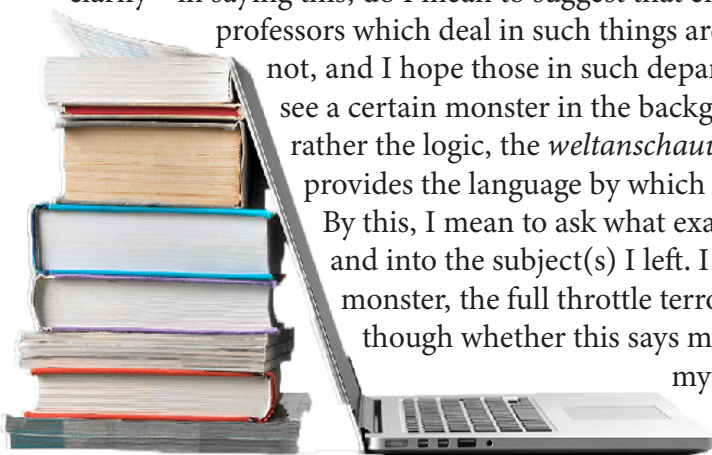


Photo retrieved from Artisteer

The Work of English in the Age of Instrumental Reason

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I shall rely on better thinkers to make this point for me, when I say that this glimpse, however brief, however shallow, allows us sight of what Heidegger called that *That* of technology in his work, "The Question Concerning Technology". *That* can perhaps best be summarized as the instrumental reason alluded to by the title of these rambling pages. This instrumental reason operates as the organizing principle of the technological human and the technological world. It tells us not what is, why is, or for whom is, but rather what "is" can be used for. A forest is no longer a place of adventure, of jaunty strolls through fictional woods, but rather a place of instrument—the timber of trees, the meat and leather of all the critters large and small which call the forest their home. It would seem, of course, that the same logic applies to our social forest, and the little critters we call "humans". As such, I must admit to feeling a kind of shame in studying English. Perhaps it feels selfish—an implicit understanding that I could be, *should* be, more useful? To whom I don't know. It would seem I imagine those numbers—rates of employment and underemployment, job security, resumé success, and whatever other contrivances—mocking me, jeering as, like an iron tarot, they try to predict my future. Everyone's first question when I tell them my major is almost always, however paraphrased, "**What can you do with that?**". Mostly they ask if I'm planning on being a teacher, some humor me with dreams of being a famous writer, others suggest office jobs I'm not entirely qualified for, and that I would certainly despise. Mostly, I can only tell them that I simply love the subject.

And why is it, then, that I must feel shame in pursuing passion? Of course instrumental reason is "necessary," but it is only so by degrees, whereas we have let it become totalizing.

And I suppose it is that totalizing zeitgeist of the machine-man which necessarily exerts a kind of psychic gravity upon those like me. One can never step outside of this worldview; it would not be totalizing if it were otherwise. Upon such a stage, one can only react—can only justify, in the face of this other. Stated differently, it is never enough to simply love, or cherish, or have passion for. Perhaps it used to be, perhaps not—the past is notorious for rosy-eyed reflection. Still, today, it stands that to study, to love, to be, without reason, but with whatever it is we may call honesty, is necessarily a kind of defiance to the logic of, the age of, instrumental reason.



Photo retrieved from iStock.com

My point, if I must have one in light of this stand against instrumental being, is this: we live in the age of totalizing reason, though to what end this reason plies itself, I cannot say beyond self-reinforcement. Perhaps this matters to you, perhaps not. As for my own opinion on the matter, I shall only note that freedom, whatever the word truly means, to me implies a decoupling of world-organizing knowledge. That is to say, the rigid hierarchies which govern truth, and the frames which control how and why the world interacts with us and our interaction back, must be exposed, in the manner of the Guerilla Ontology of Robert Anton Wilson. One cannot be free so long as one conforms to an other-imposed logic and organization, one which serves primarily to reinforce and reference itself like a selfish gene. It may be that such thoughts are fanciful, and yet I cannot help but wonder how many of my thoughts I truly own. How would you know if someone else did your thinking for you? What media, which celebrity, which expert, politician, preacher has made that thought come into being, planted seeds nourished by the psychic force of whatever it is we call a mind? Unfortunately, I must leave that thought hanging. To untangle the threads of the subconscious, and the reflections therein of the world and its organization is a task failed by thinkers far beyond my status. Regardless, I do not wish to proselytize, nor do I mean to suggest that I have answers. I must hope that questions are enough. After all, in the process of interpellation, the system asks for our response, and we answer—conforming to its logic and organization. *What*

A Glimpse at the English Department Social

Images taken by Emily Cherkauskas



Photo of Darren Martinez (English senior)



(left to right)Photo of McKenzie Rawling, Darren Martinez, Jay Guzewicz, Dr. Helen Davis, Fen Farnelli.



(left to right)Photo of McKenzie Rawling, Darren Martinez, Jay Guzewicz, Dr. Helen Davis, Fen Farnelli.



Photo of Darren Martinez (English senior)



(left to right)Photo of McKenzie Rawling, Jay Guzewicz, Darren Martinez, Dr. Helen Davis, Fen Farnelli.



Photo of Darren Martinez (English senior)

Androcles and The Lion Review

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perfectly. They brought the stage alive with their smart comments to each other, and especially their sarcasm. For example, when escaping the Romans, Scarborough's character kept insulting Flynn, her husband, and he kept agreeing with all her statements in a sarcastic manner by saying "Yes, dear" and "I know, dear". This display was not only sarcastic, but funny to watch. They gave emotion to every word they spoke, and ultimately made the play intriguing to watch.

I also give Schanbacher extreme amounts of credit for her portrayal of the lion. It is hard to portray an animal of any sort on stage, and Schanbacher achieved this. She brought comedy to the lions' part and her interactions with Flynn were perfect. When they both danced together at the beginning of the play and end of the play, comedy was certainly seen. They portrayed it with their body language and facial expressions. For example, they would use faces of disgust, anguish and happiness all within a short amount of time to convey the proper emotions that went along with the scene.

I really enjoyed this play. The whole play kept me intrigued. I really enjoy ancient Rome so this play definitely spiked my interest. The comedy brought to light a serious topic in an extremely effective way. It showed how important the Christians beliefs were to them. The comedy aspect of the play kept the audience intrigued and ultimately got the core message across, that gratitude can lead to noble souls. The gratitude the lion had for Androcles ended up saving his life. The play also showed how beliefs are important to people. So important, that they are willing to die for them.

First-Year Faces

By Briauna Robinson

Sydney Umstead

Q: Where are you from?

A: I'm from Effort, Pennsylvania

Q: Why did you choose Wilkes?

A: I chose Wilkes because of the smaller class sizes and because the first time I toured the campus, I was able to envision myself learning here. The architecture of the buildings really stuck out to me which made me feel at home.

Q: What made you decide to major in English?

A: I chose to major in English because I've always been fond of literature and writing. I hope to become a journalist, which leads to my decision for a major.

Q: What is your area of concentration?

A: I haven't picked a concentration yet, I'm sorry!

Q: What is your favorite book? Why?

A: I recently finished *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden* by Hannah Green and it currently takes the cake for my favorite book. The author details a story of a character's struggle with her mental health and her experience with that throughout the novel. It's beautifully written and I felt attached to the main character. However, there are so many good potentials for my favorite book, it's really an ever-changing decision.



First-Year Faces

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Q: What are you most excited about as you look ahead to being a part of the English program this year and over the next few years?

A: This year, I am incredibly excited about broadening my knowledge of English and growing as a writer. Currently, I am in Dr. Hamill's ENG 120 class, and I really enjoyed the discussions on poetry as well as the short stories. Over the next few years, I hope to continue to learn new things and be equipped for the future. Plus, I'm excited for the opportunity to meet new friends!

Mya Corcoran



Photo courtesy of Mya Corcoran

Q: Where are you from?

A: I am from Wilkes-Barre, PA.

Q: Why did you choose Wilkes?

A: I chose Wilkes because it fit everything I was looking for in a college: it had a great English program, it was not too big or too small of a school, it had a diverse range of clubs I could become involved in, and it just seemed like the right place for me.

Q: What made you decide to major in English?

A: I decided to major in English because I have always loved to read and write and English has always been my favorite subject in school.

Q: What is your area of concentration?

A: My area of concentration is writing.

Q: What is your favorite book? Why?

A: I have so many different books that I love, but if I had to pick one, I would say *To Kill a Mockingbird*. Even though I have had to read it a countless number of times for English class in high school, I never get tired of reading it.

Q: What are you most excited about as you look ahead to being a part of the English program this year and over the next few years?

A: I am excited to learn more and further develop my skills to become a better writer and more critical reader. I am also excited to become more involved in various clubs, such as *Inkwell*!

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MANUSCRIPT UPDATE

The *Manuscript* Society will be publishing one issue of *The Manuscript* this 2021-2022 Academic Year.

The submission period for the general issue will be open through the Fall semester and will reopen again at the start of the Spring term.

If you're interested, please submit your work to magazine@wilkes.edu with your Wilkes email.

If you would like to learn more about *The Manuscript* Society or about upcoming *Manuscript* events, please contact magazine@wilkes.edu. You can also stay connected to *Manuscript* by following our social media on Facebook (Mauscript @ Wilkes University), Twitter (@WilkesMag), and Instagram (@wilkes_manuscript_).

Writing Center Hours

The Writing Center, located in the Alden Learning Commons, is open and offering support to student writers across the Wilkes curriculum.

Throughout the Fall 2021 semester The Writing Center is hosting virtual drop-in hours from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., Monday through Friday, for any member of the Wilkes community who needs writing assistance.

To access the Zoom links, please go to the Student Services tab in the Wilkes Portal.

For more information, contact:
Dr. Chad Stanley
 email: chad.stanley@wilkes.edu

Spring 2022 Upper-Level Class Listings

Course Number/Name	Date/Time	Instructor
ENG 202: Technical Writing	MWF 11:00-11:50	Prof. Brown
ENG 234: Survey of English Lit. II /WGS/&H	TR 1:00-2:15	Dr. Davis
ENG 281: American Lit. / WGS	TR 9:30-10:45	Dr. Anthony
ENG 298: Adv. Wrkshp Creative NonF /WGS MW	4:30-5:45	Prof. Howey
ENG 324: History of English Lang. /DH	MWF 1:00-1:50	Dr. Hamill
ENG 334: Studies in 18thC. Life Writing	TR 2:30-3:45	Dr. Anthony
ENG 397: Sem. The Uncanny in Literature	MW 3:00-4:15	Dr. Kelly