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Student Strike Moves into Third Day

BRIDGEWATER, by Van Hayhow

The student strike entered the second day. Only an estimated average of 10 students attended each class though attendance was fluctuated with each professor. As some students did not strike completely.

An early morning march around campus to support Dunbar was attended by approximately 1000 students. The seminars led by Professors Democco, Maier, Jackson, England, Chellis and Cole were all well attended. An address led by Dr. Dunbar on the steps of Boydten Hall was attended by around 500 people.

At the SGA meeting held in the Science Lecture Hall, it was announced that a representative group of 10 faculty members was meeting with the President in hopes of coming up with a compromise.

It was also announced that the President had suggested that

The Comment, March 5, 1970. [BSC student newspaper], Archives & Special Collections, Bridgewater State University.
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Our Union, Our History, Our Struggle
Orson Kingsley and Lee Torda

In the spring of 1976 the simmer on campus finally turned to a boil. Faculty here at Bridgewater State were not yet unionized and were in year three of working without a pay raise or cost of living adjustments. The standard governance process of the time was ignored, and no faculty input was sought out and collected. One person on a whim made the decisions all faculty would have to live with.

Lee: My earliest memory of what it meant to be in a union was watching my father paint signs for the United Autoworkers Local 1250 in Brookpark, Ohio. Brookpark is a sprawling suburb abutting the city of Cleveland on its western edge and the home to not one but two Ford engine plants. I grew up in Parma, the other sprawling suburb of Cleveland, with the other west-side Italians, where the Parma Metal Plant has made metal dyes for General Motors since 1948. In Cleveland, even the wealthy are blue collar.

My father wasn’t in the UAW; he wasn’t in a union at all. An illustrator for the automobile manufacturer, he was painting signs for his brother-in-law, my Uncle Sonny. My Uncle worked the overnight shift at Ford in maintenance, a job he’d held pretty much since coming home from the Korean War and not that long after the plant itself opened in the early 1950s. He was a union steward for the UAW and in 1983 more than 120,000 workers went on strike for 205 days against the heavy machinery manufacturer, Caterpillar. It was the longest strike in UAW history. I don’t really understand who thought it was such a good idea for my father to paint some signs. I just don’t imagine that artistic flair was what was going to turn the tide with management, though I’m sure they were the nicest signs you could want to see on a picket line. I think it was, on my father’s part, just more a desire to stand together in support of my uncle.

I don’t remember much more than that really, except those signs and worried adults wondering how it would all work out. It felt like a fragile, frantic time.

My cousin Susan, Uncle Sonny’s oldest girl, is a shop steward for the Communications Workers of America. And my cousin Jude, Uncle Sonny’s youngest, is the secretary to the Valley View Teachers Association, like us, a local arm of the NEA. There’s my cousin Ronny, master welder, member of the Iron Workers, local 17 and my Uncle Eddie, Sheet Metals Workers, local 33. I could go on. So when I took the job at Bridgewater State, it would have never occurred to me not to join our union. Unions are imperfect organizations, of course, but the financial security and quality of life that the unions defended for the better part of a century was something I wanted to be a part of.
of the last century made possible, I am quite certain, my life as I know it today, even if indirectly.

**Orson:** Morale had become so low on campus in 1976 that students had been taking it upon themselves to protest repeatedly on campus and in Boston over the state’s threats of budget cuts to the state college system. It was faculty contract. The formidable Jean Stonehouse headed the fight. I was new and shiny then. I was happy to help. It felt like a family tradition.

I had forgotten that memory, until I sat down to say something about the state of things right now. Then I thought: man, I’ve been at this a while. And then: I think I’m tired.

I’ve been thinking about how I can help my students understand the cost of my labor when they don’t really even understand the cost of their own: they get what working for five hours at Dunkin’ Donuts gets them, but no idea what working for five hours on a paper I’ve assigned them will earn them. So I’ve been experimenting with contract and “spec” grading. It’s different than rubrics, which I find just as subjective as any other kind of grading. Contract grading, in particular, makes clear and then values the labor involved in a particular assignment. Students commit to a certain level of labor to earn a certain grade: the power to earn an “A” over a “B” resides with them—as it always has (or should have) and yet they haven’t always seen it as so. Students’ overwhelming reaction to this system is positive. “That’s super fair,” more than one student said. I’m asking for administration to make my work life fair and equitable; I’m committed to modeling what I’m asking for myself with students.

**Orson:** With no union or collective bargaining, the talk of a faculty strike increased. When skimming the *Campus Comments* from this era it becomes rather ironic, and sad, seeing the stark contrast in how students and administration viewed faculty. The students were at the center and no one needed to remind them of it. In today’s fancy lingo of “transformative learning” and “student centered” focus, it is still ultimately the students themselves who will suffer from the back-handed tactics used to destroy any trust that may remain among faculty, the administration, and the state.

I have faith in our union leadership. I believe in the work that I’m doing. I know the good work of my colleagues and the lives and livelihood of our students is worth a fight.

The students who realized that those responsible for preparing them for their futures could not do so at the capacity they expected and demanded if burdened by the stress of worrying whether they would receive their next paycheck and having to take on part-time jobs just to get by.

**Lee:** Of course my next union memory is seeing my first paycheck from Bridgewater. Union dues can be hard on the soul. But my other union memory, that first year, was learning that we had no contract. We wouldn’t get one for a good stretch, though I don’t remember feeling the rancor and disillusionment that I feel now. I am not sure I entirely understood what not having a contract meant, nor what getting a new contract would mean. I imagine some of my fellow faculty feel that way now. Despite that fact, I remember standing on the steps of Boydene passing out informational flyers to students about the state of the

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The Comment, April 4, 1977  [BSC student newspaper], Archives & Special Collections, Bridgewater State University.
Lee: Now I write to my Uncle about our union, about the experience of sitting at the bargaining table, of trying to rally my fellow faculty to keep on with what has come to feel an interminable fight. I think I half expected him to laugh off my simpering about my cushy indoor work. Growing up in Cleveland, you have an idea of what “union” looks like. I don’t think I thought I was it. But my Uncle doesn’t laugh, of course, because labor is labor and unions are unions. Shame on me for not realizing that.

Orson: With the creation of the MSCA in late 1977, faculty and librarians finally had a collective voice backed by the MTA… With this we became part of something larger, capable of getting support outside the confines of our individual campus.

Lee: The briefest history of our union shows that our current fight is not the first time such a one has been fought. That offers no comfort, I know. The labor unrest of the 70s and 80s in understand. How can the state that gave birth to Horace Mann care so little about public higher education? How is it that the governor and the Board of Higher Education can look at what we are doing at Bridgewater and not fall over grateful, giving us money hand over fist as we graduate class after class of educated citizens, a mighty, highly-skilled workforce? Our students stay — to work, to raise families, to vote — in this state; how is it that their worth can be so easily set aside? And why isn’t our campus leadership fighting harder to make our governor and our legislature see this? Why are they not our ally in this fight?

Orson: Now we are presented with similar dilemmas that led to the formation of our union in the first place. Morale is low and escalating to the breaking point just as it did in the 1970s. Miserableness begets only more miserableness, with the trickle down inevitably spilling onto the students.

Their voiced discontent is what will fuel change as it is ultimately their decision to remain enrolled and pay tuition that brings and keeps us here. If they stop paying their bills both faculty and administration may find themselves out of a job.

Lee: Union membership is down in the UAW—roughly a third the membership from the 1970s. The Ford Engine Plant No 1 closed in 2012 and the Ford Engine Plant No 2, it was announced in October of 2018, will close too. Janus brought us no good news. And we still have no contract. I want to end this piece in some hopeful place. I’ve written and erased just those words over and over: I want to end in a hopeful place. I have faith in our union leadership. I believe in the work that I’m doing. I know the good work of my colleagues and the lives and livelihood of our students is worth a fight. It comes to this, really: I am bound, by personal and professional obligation to keep on, and I urge my fellow faculty to do the same.
I couldn’t watch Dr. Christine Blasey Ford’s testimony at Brett Kavanaugh’s Senate Judiciary Committee hearing live because I was teaching my early African American Literature class on that day, September 27, 2018. Unexpected resonances between the texts I was teaching that day and the hearings reminded me of how literature teaches us even what we are not looking to learn, when we do not expect to learn it. Centuries-old texts can inform our present in surprising ways if we are willing to listen.

While Dr. Ford was facing the Senate Judiciary Committee, describing the incredibly painful experience of her alleged attempted rape at the hands of Kavanaugh and a friend, I was teaching poems by Phillis Wheatley, the first African American to publish a book (albeit in London). Wheatley was an enslaved teenager when she wrote Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral (1773), having only been in the not-yet-United States for about twelve years: she had been captured and enslaved in the Senegambia region of West Africa at around 8 years old and subjected to the Middle Passage. Wheatley lost her family, her native language, and even her given name, which she never mentioned in print. The name we know her by is a double declaration of her enslavement: “Phillis” was the name of the ship that carried her from Africa to Boston, and “Wheatley” was the name of the family who purchased her. Phillis was sickly and delicate, but the Wheatleys quickly realized her formidable intellectual capabilities, and their daughter Mary taught her to read and write. Writing anything at all was for a young enslaved person a daring act, and Phillis showed continued audacity in her efforts to have her work published. Many of Wheatley’s poems are elegies written for the dead children of white families in her master and mistress’s social circle. Some were written to Methodist and political figures, from George Whitefield to George Washington, who wrote her back a pleasant letter, saw to it that the poem she had written to him was published, and even invited her to come meet him at his headquarters in Cambridge.

Scholarly and popular attention to Wheatley often focuses on her most well-known poem, “On Being Brought from Africa to America.” As Henry Louis Gates explains in The Trials of Phillis Wheatley, the artists of the Black Arts Movement of the late 1960s and 1970s castigated Wheatley — unfairly, in Gates’s opinion — for calling her enslavement “a mercy” in that poem because it removed her from “[her] Pagan land” in West Africa and introduced her to Christianity. Others of her poems offer fleeting impressions of the suffering her enslavement caused, as in “To the Right Honorable William, Earl of Dartmouth,” in which she imagines the pain her kidnapping must have caused her parents and meditates on the cruelty that must reside in the soul of her enslavers.

But another of Wheatley’s poems, “To the University of Cambridge, in New England,” helps us to glimpse the workings of the privileges bestowed upon Ivy League-educated white men that are still very much in effect today, and which I argue were in evidence in Kavanaugh’s responses to the Senate Judiciary Committee. “To the University at Cambridge, in New England,” written in 1767, is addressed to the all-male and all-white students at Harvard (by all accounts, at least a “peer institution” of Kavanaugh’s own beloved Yale). From her own vantage point as an enslaved young woman in Boston, Wheatley knew that attendance at a great school did not make one immune to crimes of excess. Directly addressing the students in her usual mode of apostrophe, Wheatley cites the great blessings of the formal education she herself could not receive:
Knowing that some states had laws against literacy instruction for enslaved people, students are often surprised that Wheatley could write at all, especially in iambic pentameter — Shakespeare’s own favorite meter — replete with classical allusions they don’t themselves recognize.

Students, to you ’tis giv’n to scan the heights

Above, to traverse the ethereal space,

And mark the systems of revolving worlds.

As a keen-eyed student pointed out in a paper last semester, Wheatley pointedly uses the word “giv’n”: the students’ opportunity to learn about astronomy and everything else is unearned, all the more reason they ought to make use of it, which she immediately urges them to do. “Improve your privileges while they stay, / ye pupils,” she tells them, also subtly warning them that such privileges might be withdrawn, if only in the afterlife.

It is here that I think the relevance to Kavanaugh emerges. When Senator Susan Collins of Maine explained her decision to vote for Brett Kavanaugh’s confirmation to the Supreme Court, she said approvingly that he “forcefully denied” Dr. Ford’s allegations against him. Indeed, he was “forceful” in his demeanor, but I hardly think that exhibiting forcefulness signals that a person has not committed sexual assault. In fact, Kavanaugh’s belligerent disrespect — his “forcefulness” — especially towards but not limited to female senators, joined many other features of his testimony that seemed calculated to suggest his innocence but that, to my ear, only signaled his belief in his own entitlement. His vehemence indicated his fear that his privileges, including the privilege of being given the benefit of the doubt, might be withdrawn, and in response, he spent as much time reasserting the basis of those privileges as he did directly denying the allegations.

In the hearings before Dr. Ford’s testimony, Kavanaugh appeared calm, judicious, and knowledgeable, whereas after Ford’s testimony he was angry, frequently raising his voice and interrupting. In order to understand the dramatic shift in Kavanaugh’s temperament from his hearings before the accusation to that he exhibited on September 27, we need to look more carefully at the substance, at the content, of his testimony. Vox published a helpful comparison of the two witnesses’ testimony showing how often Kavanaugh “dodged” questions by providing “context” instead of an answer; that “context” is most often a list of his accomplishments. The text of these evasions reveals Kavanaugh as a man who is being challenged on ideas that he holds sacred, especially about his identity and the institutions that shaped it. Chief among these is the belief that accomplishments in academics and sports prove his essential worthiness and should inoculate him against challenges to his behavior. In short, they reveal his sense of entitlement, his belief that he deserves special privileges.

Consider the following exchange in which Senator Sheldon Whitehouse of Rhode Island pressed Kavanaugh about his high school yearbook, in which he is called “Beach Week Ralph Club’s Biggest Contributor.” Kavanaugh readily admitted that this reference was to vomiting, but when Sen. Whitehouse asked whether this “ralphing” had been “related to the consumption of alcohol,” Kavanaugh snapped back, “Senator, I was at the top of my class academically, busted my butt in school. Captain of the varsity basketball team. Got in Yale College. When I got into Yale College, got into Yale Law School. Worked my tail off.” And when Senator Mazie Hirono of Hawaii asked about drinking in college, again, the word “Yale” and the phrase “busting my butt” began popping up again: “I got into Yale Law School. That’s the number one law school in the country. I had no connections there. I got there by busting my tail in college.” When Senator Patrick Leahy of Vermont asked about the mentions of “drinking and sexual exploits,” Kavanaugh interrupted repeatedly, insisting that he be allowed to list his high school achievements: “[N]o, no, no, no, no… I’m going to talk about my high school record … I busted my butt in academics. I always tried to do the best I could. As I recall, I finished one in the class … I — I played sports. I was captain of the varsity basketball team. I was wide receiver and defensive back on the football team.”

It’s only natural that Kavanaugh would refer to the positive and provable portions of his record when...
Kavanaugh complained frequently about how he was going to be “destroyed” by these allegations that might prevent him from ascending to the Supreme Court or perhaps even from teaching again; of course, it is Dr. Ford who has not been able to return to her job as a professor at Palo Alto University and has had to move multiple times for her safety, while Kavanaugh sits on the court and is feted in Washington.

asked about these allegations, but he seems to believe that academic success and playing sports is actually incompatible with committing sexual assault. In a hearing that was not at all about sports, Kavanaugh referred to “workouts” eleven times, used the word “basketball” twelve times and “football” eleven times. Worse, perhaps Kavanaugh was suggesting that his athletic and academic achievements might even outweigh his negative behavior, which if Dr. Ford’s charge is true, was not only negative, but criminal.

During the hearing, Kavanaugh was belligerent and even bullying towards the Democratic senators on the committee, repeatedly asking them if they liked to drink or had ever blacked out. Of course, these senators opposed President Trump’s conservative nominee to the court and pressed Kavanaugh on his behavior accordingly. And yet, they too failed to call Kavanaugh out for the assumptions that undergirded his responses. When Kavanaugh said, “I got into Yale Law School. That’s the number one law school in the country,” Sen. Hirono should have said, “And why do you think that academic success precludes you from committing sexual assault?” or “Why do you keep citing your academic and athletic success as a way to insulate yourself from Dr. Ford’s very serious charges?” Instead, she trotted out her own academic credentials to engage in some good-natured ribbing, saying, “I feel insulted, as a Georgetown graduate.” Not having heard her initially, and perhaps assuming that he was being taken to task in earnest, Kavanaugh bristled: “Excuse me?” But when he understood that she was joining his in-group rhetoric, he relaxed and was able to continue the joke with a conciliatory quip: “I’m sorry. It’s ranked number one, that doesn’t mean it’s number one.” It was one of the only things he apologized for all day.

Of course, there is no evidence from social scientists that playing sports or being enrolled at an Ivy League school lessens a person’s propensity for heavy drinking or committing sexual assault. In fact, research over the course of the last 30 years has consistently found student-athletes to be more likely
to commit sexual assault than non-athletes. A recent essay by Todd W. Crosset in *The Crisis of Campus Sexual Violence: Critical Perspectives on Prevention and Response*, edited by Sara Carrigan Wooten and Roland W. Mitchell, explains that collegiate sport still often creates the conditions of a “rape-prone culture” that Peggy Sanday’s trailblazing research pointed out in the 1980s: “interpersonal violence, male dominance, and sex segregation.” Even in a report focused on how sport could potentially be helpful in addressing sexual violence, researchers note that “perpetration [is] more likely to be from athletes rather than non-athletes in the college setting” and that it “appears to be driven by sexual entitlement and reinforced by acceptance of rape myths” (“How Sport Can End Sexual Violence in One Generation,” Raliance Overview Report, 2017, page 16). In 2016, a study at one unnamed public university found 54% of athletes self-reporting committing a “sexually coercive act” versus 38% of nonathletes.

Part of the systemic problem with student-athletes committing sexual assault is the knowledge that they are less likely to be held accountable for their actions; student-athletes often do enjoy special privileges on campus and are in fact treated preferentially when accused of sexual assault. Student-athletes sometimes internalize the sense that they are more deserving than others. The NCAA’s own “Study of Student-Athlete Social Environments (2012-2016)” assesses “Measures of Entitlement” and revealed that 26% of male student-athletes responded “agree” or “strongly agree” with the following sentiment: “I am willing to admit that I feel I am due more in life than other people.” There is no clearer assertion of privilege than that.

Attending an Ivy League school also does not serve as a bulwark against sexual perpetration, despite Kavanaugh’s repeated mentions of his Yale education (by contrast, when Dr. Ford was reviewing her biography at the start of her testimony, she declined to detail her educational background). In 2015, a survey showed that Ivy League schools had higher incidences of students reporting “nonconsensual penetration or sexual touching involving physical force or incapacitation.” Yale’s 28.1% response rate was 5 points higher than the average. As I write this, a class action lawsuit was just introduced yesterday by three Yale students for Title IX violations resulting from Yale’s refusal to honor its own stated principles against “sexual misconduct.” One of the defendants is Kavanaugh’s own fraternity, Delta Kappa Epsilon. As Susan Marie writes in “Combating Sexual Violence in the Ivy League,” “the belief that the kind of people who rape do not find their way to, and succeed in, elite institutions must be studied, countered, and changed.”

None of this is to imply that being an athlete or attending an Ivy League school should be considered evidence that Kavanaugh is guilty of the allegations against him. But Kavanaugh’s insistence on being allowed repeatedly to list his athletic and academic accomplishments strikes me as an assertion of entitlement, a demand that he be given the benefit of the doubt bestowed upon him by gender, class, and racial privilege that he has been accustomed to receiving. In his testimony, Kavanaugh complained frequently about how he was going to be “destroyed” by these allegations that might prevent him from ascending to the Supreme Court or perhaps even from teaching again; of course, it is Dr. Ford who has not been able to return to her job as a professor at Palo Alto University and has had to move multiple times for her safety, while Kavanaugh sits on the court and is feted in Washington.

Unlike Brett Kavanaugh, Phillis Wheatley had no racial, class, or gender privilege to which to appeal. At the end of “To the University of Cambridge, in New England,”
Wheatley purposefully invokes the irony at the heart of her poem: an enslaved Black woman is daring to chastise the students at Harvard. Of course, Wheatley herself could not have been admitted to Harvard unless she had lived another 100–plus years (Alberta Virginia Scott was the first African American woman to graduate from Radcliffe in 1898). Wheatley concludes her poem with a sharp admonishment to the Harvard students to eschew sin, coupled with a reminder of her own subjugated social position:

Brooks discovered that at least one mother saw fit to tuck this poem into a letter to her son who was attending Dartmouth college. Despite the protestations of Brett Kavanaugh, Wheatley knew 250 years ago that going to a good school does not inoculate one from bad behavior.

Reading Wheatley’s poetry is often profoundly unsettling for students. First, they are often dismayed — and some feel downright betrayed — at her repeated assertions that her words may well have been intended to strike African American audiences quite differently, as when she explicitly mentions Harvard students’ privileges and calls on them to take advantage of them for good. In African American literary theory, this is called “double-voicing,” a term borrowed by Michael Awkward and Henry Louis Gates from Russian philosopher Mikhail Bakhtin.

Sometimes, an instructor decides to suspend her regularly scheduled lesson plan to devote class time to puzzling through current events, but in this case, I thought we would learn much more from listening closely to Wheatley than to Brett Kavanaugh.

Thanks to Jocelyn Frawley, Dr. Jamie Huff, and Christy Osborne for pointing me to helpful sources on sexual assault.

Let sin, that baneful evil to the soul,
By you be shunn’d, nor once remit your guard;
An Ethiop tells you ’tis your greatest foe;
Its transient sweetness turns to endless pain,
And in immense perdition sinks the soul.

Wheatley audaciously confronted college boys’ propensity to sin, and although we can’t know what kind of sin she was referring to, scholar Joanna enslavement was a form of rescue insofar as it brought her to her Christian faith. They long for her to take a more militant stand, to “tell her truth” in ways they expect to hear it. Further, Wheatley’s biography does not conform to Massachusetts–born students’ assumption that slavery was something that happened in the South on sprawling plantations, not in polite homes in Boston, where as you can see on the cover image, Wheatley was referred to euphemistically as a “servant.” Knowing that some states had laws against literacy instruction for enslaved people, students are often surprised that Wheatley could write at all,

especially in iambic pentameter — Shakespeare’s own favorite meter — replete with classical allusions they don’t themselves recognize.

This defamiliarization, the unmooring of our expectations, can be profoundly productive. In the case of Wheatley, it turns on end what we have been taught about slavery and about African American literacy. Wheatley also teaches us to listen harder for moments of resistance, for the times when she writes against what her white audience would want to hear, or on frequencies they might not even catch. Wheatley’s words may well have been intended to strike African American audiences quite differently, as when she explicitly mentions Harvard students’ privileges and calls on them to take advantage of them for good. In African American literary theory, this is called “double-voicing,” a term borrowed by Michael Awkward and Henry Louis Gates from Russian philosopher Mikhail Bakhtin.

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There was mounting outrage about America’s foreign and domestic troubles. The economy was strained, and an emerging ideological maelstrom sowed seeds of battle in the 1970s that are sustained in contemporary culture today. The major issues Kemeny faced paralleled those nationally facing other colleges and their presidents. These issues — free speech; freedom of the press; ideological political, cultural and social pressure points; an economic downturn that starkly contrasted with the boom of the 1950s and 1960s; questioning the value of the liberal arts; and student conduct and discipline — continue today throughout higher education. Kemeny’s Dartmouth presidency successfully addressed the difficult issues of those tumultuous times of the late 1960s and 70s. And in doing it all, he resolutely held fast to a signature commitment to the pursuit of knowledge, learning, human understanding, equity, and justice.

Kemeny’s story is captivating. He emigrated to the United States from Hungary at age fourteen in 1940, brought by parents fleeing the looming Nazi assault on their native land. He had to learn English, and then graduated at the top of his elite New York City high school class at age sixteen. He went to Princeton University, where as an undergraduate he served two years in the military working on the atom bomb project at Los Alamos, being introduced to the finest scientific minds of the time.

In an unfinished autobiography, Kemeny characterized his days as the “Curious Turns” of “An Interesting Life.” As president and even before as a professor, he exhibited the virtues and gravitas desired in any leader in any time: intellectual heft; the capacity to ponder, consider, and achieve the best conceivable actions; compassion, understanding and empathy; unflagging belief in the rising generation of college students; and courage in the face of challenging public issues, contentious and warring factions at seeming loggerheads in unbendable points of view.

Kemeny made enduring impacts inside and outside the gates into affairs of the public square. With so many accomplishments, what is his distinctive footprint? The highlights are many but a select few underscore his prominence as professor and college president.
As a young math professor, Kemeny spun exposure to computers from his Los Alamos days into founding college computing. This was in itself an enormous accomplishment. The less known story is how he and his partner, Tom Kurtz, did all the work that led to BASIC and the Dartmouth Time Sharing System, as well as the twists, turns, and inventiveness of their revolutionary thinking and creation. Kemeny was a teacher, a professor in all that he did. From the outset of his work with computers he involved students who wrote the programs, helped to solve problems and figure out bugs, and joined as absolute collaborators with Kemeny and Kurtz.

Highlighting the intimate involvement of students in this groundbreaking work, when the first test was conducted with DTSS on campus at 3:00 a.m. on May 1, 1962, Kemeny was at one computer terminal and a student on another elsewhere on campus, both going into the mainframe and running two different problems using different programs simultaneously for the first time. This was an “ah ha” moment order with Bell’s first telephone call, and Kemeny shared that moment with a Dartmouth undergraduate student, one of many before and after as partners with their professors.

Kemeny always held students in the highest regard. As president, he treated them in and out of the classroom with respect and dignity, even when their protests and points of views differed with his and his trustees. Kemeny’s modus operandi as a teacher carried into his leadership as president. Key administrative leaders as well as trustees and alumni, not to mention faculty colleagues, consistently applauded his ability to teach them. They remark repeatedly how Kemeny was able to explain things fully and clearly and to engage senior cabinet seminar-like discussions. This leadership was always exerted with the goal of reaching the best, wisest and most informed decisions, and carried out with the patience to listen in everything he did.

Dartmouth’s journey from an all-male college for its first two hundred years to the advent of coeducation is a most improbable tale. Long before becoming Kemeny concluded his presidency with striking, prescient counsel in a presidential valedictory at Commencement for the class of 1981. His message that day was prophetic. It reads as something that could have been delivered today, some forty years later in the second decade of the twenty-first century.
coeducation was essential to maintain and expand the college’s stature. Had Kemeny’s powers of persuasion not held sway his presidency would never have reached its two-year anniversary.

The tumult of the 1960s caused in large measure by protest about the Vietnam War and civil rights unrest continued to shape life in the 1970s. Kemeny had been in office days shy of two months when the enormity of the Kent State shootings became a leadership test of unprecedented proportion for him and all college presidents. The times were a crucible that put his character on full display. The Vietnam War, underway for a half-decade or more, was fast becoming an increasingly contentious reality. Protests over the war, increasing racial tensions and demonstrations, all against a backdrop of antagonisms spawned by social and economic inequities, roiled and gathered steam. Kemeny and his presidency had a front row seat, thrown into this maelstrom.

To grasp the winds of change and differing positions within the Dartmouth community, Kemeny conducted a daylong series of meetings on May 4th. In the middle of these dramatic discussions, news broke about the killing of four students at Kent State. Going into those sessions, Kemeny knew he “had to take a stand that evening.” In the series of meetings, “There was all kinds of advice, some of it very reasonable. But there was absolutely no consensus.” The meetings concluded around 8:00 in the evening. Leonard Rieser, his Provost, was the last man in the room. Kemeny asked him what he should do. All Rieser could do was to say Kemeny would figure it out and that he would have his support.

At the start of his presidency, Kemeny established a routine of speaking live on the airwaves of the campus radio station and responding to questions by student broadcasters on the first Monday of the month at 9:00 p.m. This day being a first Monday, Kemeny knew that it was a crucial moment to air his thoughts and indicate to the campus community what Dartmouth would do. Leaving his office just up the street from the station, Kemeny had an interlude of less than an hour to figure out what to say, what actions to take.

Recalling in his unpublished autobiography the on air unwritten and unhearsed remarks made that evening, Kemeny underscored that “personally I was opposed to the war. I was horrified by the Cambodian action, which would escalate the war, and by the tragedy at Kent State. I expressed sympathy for students who felt that protest was more important at that moment than their education. But I said that this must be an individual decision, and they must not interfere with the rights of those who wished to continue their education. I felt that we needed a period for intensive free discussion of the issues. Therefore, I cancelled classes for the rest of the week, asking that the time be spent in intense but peaceful discussion. And I called a special meeting of the Faculty for the next evening. I was later accused of having preempted the strike. I guess I had.”

Beginning with the events of spring 1970, Kemeny created a testimonial of a young president getting his feet into the job. Those days underscored the difficulties of what it would take to bring about stability, to challenge the prevailing thinking of dug-in positions, and to maintain the purposes of the college and the creed of the academy amid social strife and cultural controversies. Even as the events of May 1970 unfolded, Kemeny had to turn attention during the next year and a half to the heated debates marking the college’s discussions about coeducation. He succeeded and led a transition that, while not without controversy, went more smoothly than many imagined and feared.

Many challenges filled the decade of Kemeny’s tenure to its end in 1981.

The major issues Kemeny faced paralleled those nationally facing other colleges and their presidents. These issues — free speech; freedom of the press; ideological political, cultural and social pressure points; an economic downturn that starkly contrasted with the boom of the 1950s and 1960s; questioning the value of the liberal arts; and student conduct and discipline — continue today throughout higher education.
Decisive wisdom and a steady hand in facing those issues and choices distinguished his presidency. He navigated fiscally stable pathways through strenuous and strained economic downturns; confronted the ideological battles spawned by cascading controversies that led to the coining of the term “political correctness;” and unbendingly ensured the college’s commitments to diversity and equity. It was no longer the 1960s, but the spillover of cultural, political and social crises from that decade complicated the 1970s, along with the upheavals on the campus and in the nation that persisted and were new to the scene. And added to his duties as Dartmouth’s president, in 1979, President Carter tapped him to serve the nation as Chair of the Commission to investigate the catastrophic nuclear power accident at Three Mile Island.

Kemeny concluded his presidency with striking, prescient counsel in a presidential valedictory at Commencement for the class of 1981. His message that day was prophetic. It reads as something that could have been delivered today, some forty years later in the second decade of the twenty-first century. The closing words of this address capture Kemeny’s thoughts uttered that day:

During the years to come many voices will speak to you — voices that will clamor for your attention to tell you what it is that you should do with your life. Among these voices will be one — a voice heard in many guises throughout history — which is the most dangerous voice you will ever hear. It appeals to the basest instincts in all of us — it appeals to human prejudice. It tries to divide us by setting Whites and against Blacks, by setting Christians against Jews, by setting men against women. And if it succeeds in dividing us from our fellow human beings it will impose its evil will upon a fragmented society.

Do not listen to that voice. Listen instead to the voice that is within yourself — the voice that tells you that mankind can live in peace, that mankind can live in harmony, that mankind can live with respect for the rights and dignity of all human beings. And use your talents — your very, very considerable talents — to make this a better world, a more compassionate world, for all of us.

For, Men and Women of Dartmouth, all mankind is your brother, and you are your brother’s keeper.

Endnotes

1 Kemeny Autobiography Draft from computer files shared by Jenny Kemeny. Also available in the Rauner Archives, Dartmouth College. The continuing narrative of these events and the quotations are from the Kemeny Autobiography Draft, pp. 193-195.

2 Valedictory Address, June 14, 1981, Speeches and Lectures, MS 988 Papers of John G. Kemeny, 15:24, p. 3.
Koreans in Northeast China: Past and Present Challenges

Jonghyun Lee

Jonghyun Lee’s trip was supported by a generous grant provided by the Marion and Jasper Whiting Foundation Fellowship.

My plane landed at Yanji International Airport in China. It was a fine summer day with a gentle breeze under a blue sky. All of a sudden, I felt a surge of excitement from actually being in a place where I had longed to travel for a long time. The city of Yanji welcomed me with the beautiful sunlight and fresh air of Northeast China. Finally, I made it to this city where I would learn about the lives of Korean people in Manchukuo.

Manchukuo was a puppet state created by the Japanese colonial empire in 1932 in Northeast China. Many Koreans migrated to the region, fleeing from poverty and forced by the Japanese authorities that had occupied Korea since 1910. When arriving in Manchukuo, Koreans had to deal with not only the Japanese, the invading forces in the region, but also with the local Chinese people. In Manchukuo, as colonial subjects of Japanese imperialism and as migrants to an unfamiliar land, Koreans had to endure political marginalization and social exclusion.

Mini Korea Yanji

The City of Yanji is the capital of the Yanbian Korean Autonomous Prefecture, which was part of the former Manchukuo. There were Korean language signs all over the Yanji City. Even the airport signage was written in Korean. In fact, in Yanji City you can easily find people speaking in Korean. This may be why Yanji is often referred to as the “Third Korea” after South Korea and North Korea. “Mini-Korea” is another name given to Yanji. The hotel I stayed in Yanji, the Yanbian Baishan Hotel, also has large signage written in Korean on its roof. From the hotel, I enjoyed the glittering multi-colored neon lights that the city of Mini-Korea turned on every evening. It did not take long to be aware of the price of glittering neon lights in Yanji City and its economic prosperity. After the diplomatic relationship was formalized between South Korea and China in 1992, a large number of ethnic Koreans in China migrated to South Korea in search of higher paying jobs. Because of their fluency in both the Korean and Chinese languages, ethnic Koreans had an advantage in searching for employment opportunities in South Korea. Due to their shared cultures, these ethnic Koreans could have a much smoother acculturation experience than those of other migrants residing in South Korea.

Despite their advantages, however, these ethnic Koreans have to endure various forms of discrimination and prejudice, including wages and xenophobia while living in South Korea. Unfortunately, in South Korea, they are not often seen as Koreans but as poor foreign migrant workers engaged in dirty, dangerous, and difficult labor-intensive jobs. In addition, a long separation between couples has caused an increase in divorce rates among ethnic Korean migrant workers. In 2014, the divorce rate among ethnic Koreans in the Yanbian Korean Autonomous Prefecture area reached as high as forty percent. Moreover, because of the absence of their parents, many children
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suffer from various mental health and behavioral issues (Park, Choi, & Kim, 2012). Ethnic Koreans in contemporary China face multiple challenges caused by their experiences of migration.

North Korean Refugees

In Yanji City, I encountered migration issues relevant to people from North Korea. According to the New York Times report by Hyeonseo Lee published on May 13, 2016, there were as many as 200,000 North Koreans living in China. Although most of them had left North Korea in order to escape from oppression and poverty, the Chinese government considers them illegal immigrants rather than treating them as refugees. These North Koreans live under the fear of being sent back to North Korea where they would be detained in horrific prison camps, said to be rife with torture, sexual violence, forced labor, and other inhumane treatment. Because North Koreans have no rights or legal status in China, they cannot find jobs, which lead them to scrape by on the margins of Chinese society.

It is disheartening to learn that some people in China exploit North Korean refugees by taking advantage of their vulnerable circumstances. For instance, women comprise more than half of North Korean people living in China. Although some may find jobs as domestic workers and nannies, many of them fall prey to human trafficking including prostitution. Some may be fortunate to marry Chinese farmers, but they still have to live under the fear of deportation because of their immigration status. In China, marriage does not secure the legal immigration status of these North Korean women. There is much need to study the risk and resilience of North Korean people in China to find ways of ensuring their safety, rights, and well-being.

Changchun: A Capital City of Manchukuo between 1932 and 1945

Changchun is the capital of Jilin Province where Yanbian Korean Autonomous Prefecture is located.

...the agonies of the Korean people trying to make Manchukuo their new home left a deep impression on me. At the same time, I got to appreciate their resilience in cultivating the barren land of the Manchurian plain into fertile fields.
It is the center of the economy, politics, and education in Northeast China. The literal meaning of Changchun is “long spring.” Because of its long and harsh cold winter, the city was given a name that reflects its hope for a long spring.

Between 1932 and 1945, Changchun was the capital of the newly established government of Manchukuo by the Japanese colonial empire, which gave it the name Xinjing, meaning New Capital. Japanese colonialists redesigned the city following Western contemporary urban planning theories. Through Xinjing, the Japanese colonialists tried to demonstrate their vision, pursuit for modernity and, ultimately, colonial power.

In Changchun, I walked along Renmin Dajie, the main avenue in Changchun originally laid out by the Japanese colonialists. Visitors to Changchun can easily locate the grand neoclassical edifices still standing on both sides of Renmin Dajie. Facing the railway station, the glorious Yamato Hotel building stands on the left corner of Renmin Dajie. Owned by the South Manchuria Railway Company, Yamato hotels were established in all the major cities across Manchukuo (Liu & Wang, 2012). First founded in 1906 by the Japanese, the South Manchuria Railway Company was equivalent to the East India Company in China.

Starting from the Yamato Hotel all the way down to the end of Renmin Dajie, I was able to see various shapes and sizes of buildings including a library, a police station, a newspaper company, hotels, trading offices, and a post office built by the Japanese colonialists in the 1930s and early 1940s. Suddenly, I felt like I was walking down the crowded street of Xinjing in the 1930s filled with Chinese, Japanese, and Korean

I asked about the conditions in North Korea to the shop keepers and asked whether they had been to North Korea. But they all walked away from me as soon as I began asking questions. They seemed to be very reluctant to discuss anything related to North Korea.

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speaking people. I could see the attempt made by Japanese colonialists to impose their vision of the future modern world onto their colonial subjects.

**A Dragon Well, Longjing**

A taxi took me to Longjing City, which has many historical sites relating to the lives of Koreans during the Manchukuo period. In Longjing City, there was a well from which the city took its name. It was said that the well was found by a Korean sometime in the 1880s. The Longjing City is famous for the Korean poet Yun Dong-Ju, who was killed by Japanese police while studying at a college in Japan. Yun Dong-Ju was charged with “participation in the resistance movement” and sentenced to two years imprisonment. On February 16, 1945, about six months before the end of World War II, he died in a prison due to chemical experiments that the Japanese police were conducting on prisoners during that time.

Wishing not to have so much as a speck of shame toward heaven until the day I die, I suffered, even when the wind stirred the leaves.

With my heart singing to the stars, I shall love all things that are dying.

And I must walk the road that has been given to me.

Tonight, again, the stars are brushed by the wind.

Yun Dong-Ju wrote the above poem “Foreword” on November 20, 1941 when he was twenty-four (Richards & Richards, 2003). I often recited this poem during my adolescent years without having much knowledge about the poet, the historical circumstances of the time, or the geographical characteristics of his home in Manchukuo. Sadness, guilt, love, and all other kinds of complicated emotions simmering in the poem must have attracted my teenage sensitivities.

However, I have to say, it is only after I paid a visit to his hometown that I became aware of the origin of Yun’s sentiments inherent in his poems. He was singing the sorrow of Koreans living in Manchuria who were forced to leave their homes due to starvation or colonization. In an unfamiliar land,
they were harassed by the Japanese colonialists. Koreans were pushed to construct rice paddies as they struggled to survive and make ends meet. In Longjing, I could see the stars Yun Dong-Ju saw and feel the sharp wind that stirred his hair on a dark wintery night. I stood there for a while with my two feet standing against the ground of the Manchu plain just as Yun Dong-Ju did almost eighty years ago.

Tumen and North Korea

Tumen is a small border city located right across the Namyang Workers’ District of North Hamgyong Province in North Korea. The first site that I visited was the Tumen Border Bridge, which lies over the Tumen River. Originally built by the Japanese in

![Former Office of the Consulate General of Japan in Longjin where Korean Independence activists were arrested and tortured. (Author’s Photo)]

![Renmin Street in Changchun. (Author’s Photo)]

![A view from Ilsongjung in Longjing where Korean Independence activists used to gather. (Author’s Photo)]
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These North Koreans live under the fear of being sent back to North Korea where they would be detained in horrific prison camps, said to be rife with torture, sexual violence, forced labor, and other inhumane treatment. Because North Koreans have no rights or legal status in China, they cannot find jobs, which lead them to scrape by on the margins of Chinese society.

1941, the length of this bridge is 515 meters long and it connects to North Korea within a few minutes of walking.

It was strange to see the land of North Korea so close by. I remember all kinds of anti-communist education throughout my school age years and beyond while living in South Korea. I wondered if I would see any North Korean soldiers or civilians. There were a number of neat apartment buildings on the other side of the river but the whole area seemed to be deserted. I was not able to see anyone walking or standing along the river bank of the North Korean side.

I stopped at a shop next to the Tumen Border Bridge just to check out souvenirs that I might be interested in bringing back to the United States with me. The shop was filled with all kinds of

A market area in Yanji selling Korean food. (Author’s Photo)
items. What drew my attention, among others, were those that are from North Korea including the political badges, money, flags, household utensils, paintings, and antiques. However, there were almost no tourists in the shop.

I asked about the conditions in North Korea to the shop keepers and asked whether they had been to North Korea. But they all walked away from me as soon as I began asking questions. They seemed to be very reluctant to discuss anything related to North Korea. Later, I was informed that there are many government agents in the Yanbian Korean Autonomous Prefecture and its surrounding areas including those from North Korea, South Korea, China, Russia, and possibly from the United States. Some of these agents are even contract workers paid by one of the governments to collect information. The shopkeepers might have been suspicious of my identity as a person who spoke both Korean and English. They might have decided to not answer my questions for their own safety.

Before leaving Tumen, I went up to a Buddhist temple called Huayansi situated on the top of Riguang Mountain. I was told that the temple was built by the cooperative work between China and South Korea. The monks of the temple greeted me with warm smiles and told me that the colors of the temple buildings were done by Korean painters. Indeed, the colors and patterns used on each of the roof columns, roof tiles, and walls were the exact same ones that I used to see in South Korea. The late afternoon sun shone above the rooftop of a temple building while I was standing right in front of the main hall. What should I ask of the Buddha today here in Tumen right at the North Korean border? Should my prayers be for peace and harmony among us? The calm smile of the Buddha flowed into my imagination.

Leaving Yanji

On June 19, 2017, I departed from Yanji International Airport at 10:00 in the morning. My time in the Yanbian Korean Autonomous Prefecture and Changchun was filled with wonderful experiences to learn about the lives of ethnic Koreans both in the past and in contemporary China. In Yanji and its surrounding regions, the agonies...
of the Korean people trying to make Manchukuo their new home left a deep impression on me. At the same time, I got to appreciate their resilience in cultivating the barren land of the Manchurian plain into fertile fields. Moreover, my visit to the Yanbian area was an opportunity for me to develop new research agendas. In addition to Koreans in Manchukuo during the early twentieth century under Japanese occupation, I saw the newer challenges associated with the lives of ethnic Korean people in contemporary China.

References


Jonghyun Lee is Associate Professor in the School of Social Work.

Yanji City. (Author’s Photo)
Some people don’t believe in global warming. How do you stay calm in the face of an impending, unprecedented global apocalypse?

Drawing does it for me. Lots of concentration. Focused hand/eye coordination. Observing. Measuring. Almost a meditation of sorts. How to make a drawing beautiful and even real? My intention for “Global,” a public performance on the Rose Kennedy Greenway path with powdered chalk, was to lure passersby with my drawings. I had selected samples from the 80,000 plant and animal species that could be lost without a climate policy to reduce global temperature. I hoped to engage people in a conversation about climate disruption.

Ten years ago, I had done similar drawings as an indoor installation in the Mobius gallery on Harrison Avenue in the South End. Mobius, where I am a member, is a nonprofit, artist-run organization, whose mission is to generate, shape and test experimental art. At that reception, two scientists from the Union of Concerned Scientists spoke about climate change. They were optimistic as all the solutions were in their 2007 “A Report of the Northeast Climate Impacts Assessment.” In their chapter on “Coastal Impacts,” they predicted the flooding of New York City by hurricanes like Sandy. Their maps exactly described what actually did happen, seven years ahead of time. The forecasts for Boston were (and are) dire. Did anyone notice? Well, I naively thought we had more time. I was wrong. The impacts of climate disruption are now happening faster than scientists expected.

This time, I would draw on the Rose Kennedy Greenway in Boston. But this time, my thinking about my responsibilities had changed. When the Spectra/Enbridge gas corporation came to town (Weymouth), I connected the dots. We had to use less fossil fuels, not more. I became an activist protesting the Atlantic Bridge project of the largest fossil fuel corporation in North America. This multi-state pipeline project for the export of fracked methane runs from the fracking wells in Pennsylvania north to the Maritimes and through a proposed toxic gas compressor station to be built.

“Global” on the Rose Kennedy Greenway

Margaret Bellafiore

Photos from the author’s participation in Transactions 2, an artist exchange between Mobius artists in Boston and Bbeyond artists from Belfast, Northern Ireland. Bellafiore’s performance, “Global,” consisted of drawing along the Rose Kennedy Greenway path with powdered chalk. She selected animals vulnerable to increased temperature due to the heating up of the planet. When each drawing was complete, she attached the chalk bag to herself. (Photo Credit: Jordan Hutchings)
in the Fore River Basin. I became a founding member of the Fore River Residents Against the Compressor Station (FRRACS).1

I began my first image near the Greenway entrance at the corner of Purchase and Congress Streets. I poured white powdered chalk from a paper cup. I was reminded of the amazing engineering feat of the “Big Dig” as the Greenway is the land above the underground tunnel that now contains the former above ground Central Artery highway. Could an effort as large as that be applied to start confronting the enormity of climate change?

I was nervous drawing with people watching. Public performance art puts me in a weird space because what I am doing is not considered “normal.” When I am willing to tolerate this weirdness, I find I create a zone for myself to find answers and for viewers to see things in a different light. This was not a “guerrilla action.” We had permission from the Greenway Conservancy as part of an artist exchange with five Bbeyond artists of Northern Ireland and five Mobius (Boston) artists. Would my first drawing even look like the North Atlantic cod? A week before, I had practiced in my friend’s driveway.

Activist Bill McKibben’s mantra is “winning slowly on climate change is just another way of losing.” He urges that “we have to move fast, possibly faster than we know how.”

1 Please see www.nocompressor.com
(That night she had called to say the cod was glowing in the dark. How could that even happen?) I made long sweeps of powder forming the outline and gradually the cod materialized. A woman stopped and asked, “What are you doing?” She really meant to say, “overfishing but because the young cod larvae cannot find the crustaceans they eat to survive. The young starve to death because the crustaceans don’t reproduce when water temperatures go higher than 47º F. I did not mention that the Georges Bank this year reached 61.5º F. I only wanted to keep it as light conversation for the few minutes I had with her. After she had left, I finished the drawing, put the paper cup in a cloth bag and pinned this bag onto the front of my sweater. The bag had a

Turtles are also confused by the temperature increase in waters off Cape Cod. Do they go north to go south? Volunteers rescued hundreds of stranded turtles on Wellfleet beach in December 2018. They rode in the back seat of cars up Route 3 to the Aquarium hospital in Quincy with the windows wide open to stay cool.
North Atlantic cod drawn on it with a black marker.

I moved up the path lined with flowering shrubs maintained scrupulously by horticulturists at the Greenway Conservancy. I had been “vetted” in order to use calcium carbonate on the path. (I had received an emphatic “no” for my request to use colored sand.) The moose drawing was next. I made swirls of white powder establishing a moose on the pathway with huge antlers between its ears. I enjoyed pouring out arcs of chalk defining the fourteen-point structure rising out of its head. A family stopped to watch me draw, mesmerized as the image gradually appeared. I told them I was surprised to find out that the moose population was being infested with ticks. The increase in temperature has caused an increase in the tick population. Tens of thousands of ticks gather on a single moose feeding on its blood. The moose immune systems weaken. This often ends in death, especially for the calves. Who knew heat would do this? I asked someone to pin the moose bag on my back. (Later in the day, a child kicked apart the moose drawing. This only emphasized for me the fragility of these species.)

The golden frog was fun to draw. Was it the drought that killed them? Was it a fungus increased by hotter, drier temperatures? Scientists are not sure it was climate change alone. Anyway, those frogs are gone. They have not been seen since 1989. I attached another bag with the frog image for me to carry.

I had a long stretch of path to draw the beautiful Sierra Nevada blue butterfly. This is a displacement story as they live in the mountains of Spain. The snow cover is melting, forcing them to go to higher areas, which are not suitable for their survival. Going higher will lead to extinction. This feels like a cautionary tale for me, living on a peninsula, facing sea level rise and hurricane inundation. Go higher! Will I survive? The butterfly bag was also attached to my clothes.

I selected the orange spotted filefish to draw because it looks like no other fish. It eats a certain kind of coral, which is very sensitive to warm water. As the coral die off, the race begins. Can the filefish “learn” to eat a different coral? Can they change their diet fast enough to outrun global warming? Can anyone? I carried one more bag.

I drew a whole lot of sea turtles moving together along the path. Their nests are vulnerable if the sand gets...
too hot. The turtles are also confused by the temperature increase in waters off Cape Cod. Do they go north to go south? Volunteers rescued hundreds of stranded turtles on Wellfleet beach in December 2018. They rode in the back seat of cars up Route 3 to the Aquarium hospital in Quincy with the windows wide open to stay cool. I attached the sea turtle bag to my collection.

Drawing the snowshoe hare with white chalk was the perfect medium. Without the cold supporting snow, here is the race again. Can this white rabbit grow darker fur before they are killed by predators, easy targets on a snowless landscape? Another bag.

I drew the piping plover, the caribou, the salmon, the puffin, and the golden bower bird all racing to change habitat, diet, and reproduction (the salmon eggs won’t hatch in warm water) before it is too late. Extinction.

Activist Bill McKibben’s mantra is “winning slowly on climate change is just another way of losing.” He urges that “we have to move fast, possibly faster than we know how.”

I drew a large polar bear at the intersection of Pearl and Purchase Streets with the front paws hugging the red brick sidewalk. People crossing here are too busy to stop and chat with me, but they do look. The people here are not using the Greenway path but just cutting through it in a hurry. Everyone knows the polar bear situation—the “poster child” for climate change. What is it like to be stranded on an ice floe? Did the polar bears sense it was coming? Did they notice the quality of the ice changing as it was starting to melt? Could they do anything about it? Can we? Can I? I attached another bag for the Arctic polar bear.

The walrus is also facing the dangers of melting ice. Walruses need sea ice to travel over and as a place of rest. If they are in the water all the time, they use too much energy and then need more nourishment. Without the ice, they can’t hunt for additional food and eventually starve to death.

And the ringed seal. They make snow dens on ice to protect their pups. If they can’t, the pups die. I add two more bags.

My last drawing is at Oliver Street and it is a favorite for stuffed animal toys: the emperor penguin. Children love penguins. For thousands of years, there has been sea ice and now it is melting fast. Many penguins need sea ice to survive. They feed on krill that live under the ice sheets. Penguin eggs can’t survive in a puddle. I make this drawing as large as I can and as perfect as I can with large sweeps of white line on the black gravel path. It looks good.

The next day it rained. Bankers and lawyers from the financial district on their lunch breaks saw only ghostly images on the pathway where the drawings had been.
“Think Globally, Act Locally”: Successes and Improvements of the BSU Summer Teaching Program in Shanghai, China 2018

Jabbar Al-Obaidi & Chien Wen Yu

As the tenth largest university in Massachusetts, Bridgewater State University always strives to offer educational and cultural opportunities for students, faculty, and staff, while focusing its efforts on internationalizing the curriculum. From July 2 through August 2, 2018, eight faculty members from the Departments of Accounting, Art and Art History, Communication Studies, English, History, Management, Philosophy, and Psychology joined an international summer program offered by the College of Continuing Studies (CCS) in collaboration with Massachusetts Education International (MEI) and ONPS, a partner organization in China with MEI in Boston for summer 2017 and summer 2018.

According to ONPS’s On-Site Coordinator in Shanghai, “Students attending affiliated universities, they continue their degrees earning points/credits and return to their schools in September academically enhanced. This program was set up for the United States and Canada to great success.” The majority of the Chinese students who were enrolled in the program came from Canadian institutions. The idea of internationalizing the campus and providing global windows for BSU faculty to travel abroad to teach, conduct research, and explore other cultures and educational systems is not new. This program is actually one of the examples of overseas teaching and research collaboration among faculty from different departments and aimed at exploring the Chinese culture and educational systems.

This article discusses the academic and educational potentials for the international summer program offered by Bridgewater State University in Shanghai. Through our teaching experience and conversation with faculty participants and students, we were able to recommend practical ways to improve summer program course offerings in summer 2019 to the administration and management in Shanghai and to suggest how to enhance and expand its intercultural experiences. We think that Bridgewater State University’s Summer Program in Shanghai is a unique opportunity for BSU faculty to experience teaching courses abroad to Chinese students, utilizing American pedagogy, and instructional technology. Enrolled students obtained transferable credits to their institutions in China, Canada and the U.S. It’s a win-win situation for faculty and for students as well.

Both of us participated in the program and taught four courses in the areas of management and communication from July 2 through August 2, 2017. We were interested in knowing the level of the Chinese students’ engagement in the program and to collect their thoughts to improve the international program in summer 2019. Accordingly, we held many conversations with students about the program. In addition, we asked students basic questions to survey their reactions and encourage their evaluation of the program. The survey contained seven closed questions with multiple choices, and one open-ended question, which called for a brief comment. The survey was administered during the period of July 25-31.

About 50 students were enrolled in the program. Most students chose one answer for each of the open questions, while others chose more than one answer.
Table 1 — Reasons for Choosing ONPS-Bridgewater State University, Shanghai

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<td>Convenient Location</td>
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<td>Affordable tuition</td>
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<td>Wide range of course offerings</td>
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Table 2 — Number of Courses Chosen in July 2-August 2, 2018

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<td><strong>Total responses</strong></td>
<td><strong>53</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

27 students took two courses while 19 students took three courses. ONPS encourages students to take more courses and gives tuition breaks for two and three courses. Most of the students choose to take only two classes because of the workload, home assignments, and tests associated with each course. Only 7 students took one course. The reason may be that they live at home in Shanghai and do not have the pressure of paying for living expenses as students from other cities who pay both their transportation to come and hotel expenses to stay in Shanghai. The more courses students from other cities take, the more money they save for tuition and living expenses.

Table 3 — Suggested Number of Courses in the Future

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number of Courses</th>
<th>Percentage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>None</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>More</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total responses</strong></td>
<td><strong>52</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

As global educators and leaders, the substantial comments provided by students regarding the number of courses offered by BSU, and teaching pedagogy encouraged us to propose multidisciplinary courses to benefit students to use these courses for both required and elective courses.

Table 4 — Preferred Teaching Methodology and Style

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Teaching Style</th>
<th>Percentage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lecture</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Discussion</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lecture and discussion</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lecture, discussion and multimedia</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total responses</strong></td>
<td><strong>55</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

All Chinese students in the summer program had been studying at American and Canadian universities and were therefore familiar with Western learning and teaching styles. Unlike those Chinese students who had never studied abroad and preferred the lecture style, they were vocal and active in class participation. 17 students preferred lecture and discussion style whereas 23 students preferred lecture, discussion and multimedia style. They liked to see YouTube videos and multimedia tools as supplements to the lecture and discussion in the U.S. and Canadian classrooms. Google/YouTube is not legal or available in China. It makes it difficult for our professors to show American videos that they have prepared for their classes. Technology and internet in the Chinese classroom becomes a big challenge for the professors. Such technical and regulatory obstacles could be navigated in two ways: working with the information technology division to draw a plan for embedding teaching instructional technology prior to travel abroad; and to enable international enrolled students access without any difficulties. One of the most popular are virtual private networks, VPNs, which encrypt educational content, or any content for that matter, and makes it hard to block and monitor. It’s a big challenge for educators and students, however, yet, it’s a great opportunity for teaching and learning.

Table 5 — Types and Levels of Courses Offered in Shanghai Location 2018

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Types of Courses</th>
<th>Percentage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Science and business courses</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liberal arts courses</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lower-level courses</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Upper-level courses</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total responses</strong></td>
<td><strong>69</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Students were almost evenly divided in taking science, business as well as liberal arts courses. 25 students took science and business courses, and 20 students took liberal arts courses. The highest number of students enrolled in any one program was concentrated on two psychology courses. The next highest number of students enrolled was in a business class. Students were almost evenly divided in taking lower-level courses and upper-level courses. Professors found that students who took upper-level courses were not so
well prepared or trained in prerequisite lower-level classes at their home universities in the U.S. and Canada.

Table 6 — Preferred Courses in the Future

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>What courses would you like to take in the future?</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Science and business courses</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liberal arts courses</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lower-level courses</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Upper-level courses</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total responses</strong></td>
<td><strong>61</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

For future summer courses, students would like to take more science and business courses, and more upper-level courses. 24 students plan to take science and business courses. 23 students plan to take upper-level courses. Most of these students in the program are sophomores and juniors, and have already finished their basic and lower-level courses at their home institutions. However, it is difficult for BSU to offer equivalent upper-level courses to match those of student home institutions for transfer credits. It is also difficult to have a high enrollment number for each upper-level class. For summer classes, sophomores and juniors are main sources of student enrollment. To find a good combination of science and business courses with upper-level courses will be helpful to the future summer sessions. Taking these observations into consideration serve several purposes: increasing the number of enrollments in the courses; allowing more BSU faculty to participate and to teach a variety of courses; and it’s a reliable strategy for marketing BSU global education and programs.

Table 7 — Goals and Accomplishments

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>What do you want to accomplish by taking classes at ONPS-BSU, Shanghai?</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Taking class credits for transfer</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Making friends with classmates</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meeting faculty for career and graduate study advice and opportunities</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Studying and living in Shanghai</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total responses</strong></td>
<td><strong>80</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

44 students wanted to take class credits to transfer to their home universities and colleges in the U.S. and Canada. All of these students had long summer vacations of three or four months in China. It would be of great benefit for them to make use of the time visiting families and taking summer classes in China at the same time. When they can get the same kind of Western education and transfer credits back to their home universities, they feel that their summer vacation would be worthwhile in China. While taking summer classes, they would like to make friends with classmates and establish social networks. Meeting faculty and getting advice/recommendations for graduate school would also be important to them. Studying and living in Shanghai is exciting and like a vacation within a summer vacation for students. It is one of the reasons they attended the Bridgewater State University summer program in Shanghai.

Program Improvements

In the last open-ended question, the surveyed students offered valuable suggestions to improve the program. Students preferred to have more upper-level courses to augment their home school majors and programs. They voiced their opinions and recommended a change in the way classes were scheduled for both the morning and the afternoon slots. Participants compared the various programs offered by ONPS in collaboration with other American institutions, and concluded that classes at Bridgewater State University Shanghai are perceived as difficult and demanding; there are

![Professors learning to paint Chinese fans in an organized cultural class (Photo credit: ONPS)](image1)

![Dr. Laura McAlinden with her student (Photo credit: ONPS)](image2)
We think that Bridgewater State University’s Summer Program in Shanghai is a unique opportunity for BSU faculty to experience teaching courses abroad to Chinese students.

too many homework assignments; tests and exams are hard; test score averages are low in the 60s. To overcome these difficulties, students suggested that professors should offer a comprehensive session to review the materials included in the scheduled quizzes and major exams. Students indicated that class time of ninety minutes was rather long. Class time should be cut shorter. They expressed their fear either to fail the course or to get a below “C” grade. Grades lower than “C” or score of less than 70 will not be accepted as transfer credits by Canadian universities. Although, the “C” grade is not an issue for the Chinese students who came from the U.S. institutions, it is still a critical issue for those who are enrolled in the Canadian schools. Therefore, it should be addressed by the faculty of Bridgewater State University. This issue can be resolved by offering classes over the week from Mondays through Fridays and to use Summer Session I and Summer Session II as a teaching model.

As for other concerns, students stated that their time outside class and study is boring and routine. They asked for cultural and social activities so that they can interact with their colleagues and professors, and to have a fun time. Furthermore, students recommended that ONPS should find a better hotel as the hotel that they stayed in over the five weeks was far away from the city center and attractions.

The Bridgewater State University summer program in Shanghai seems attractive to students from different parts of China. Student home universities and colleges in the U.S. and Canada have no issue with recognizing, accepting, and transferring credits from other American institutions such as Bridgewater State University, and Canadian university summer programs. Although other university summer programs in China hire foreign professors to teach courses in English, they still provide only Chinese university transcripts to Chinese summer schools. Some U.S. and Canadian universities declined to accept transferring credits from any other summer program even if the teachers were from reputable U.S. and Canadian schools. For quality assurance and accountability, acceptable and transferable credits must come from the U.S. or Canadian colleges and universities. Despite the fact that surveyed students highlighted the level of difficulty or the rigorous academic demands by the faculty who taught BSU courses in summer, Shanghai 2018, they didn’t view it as an insurmountable challenge. Pedagogically speaking, students’ requests to allocate reasonable time to review the materials included in the scheduled exams or quizzes is legitimate and useful.

The Bridgewater State University prides itself as a teaching institution with a core responsibility to promote student success. The BSU summer program in China is open to designing better learning experiences for those who matter most: the students.

Dr. Chien Wen Yu with his students (Author’s collection)

Jabbar Al-Obaidi is Professor in the Department of Communication Studies.

Chien Wen Yu is Associate Professor in the Department of Management.
This does not mean we have to coddle them. What it does mean is that with all of the challenges we deal with on a day-to-day basis, it’s easy to forget that our prime directive is not teaching, but inspiration. All students can be inspired. I propose an increase in the use of profanity-laden dialogue and irreverent behavior in the classroom. Transgression. Want them to stop staring at their smart phones and texting in class? Pound your fist on the lectern to drive home the power of a Dickensian dash! Want to grab their attention — permanently? Consider adding some variety to the style of your presentation: drop an f-bomb, look ‘em square in their eye, and finish that point you were making on the utterly glorious decadence of George Eliot’s Middlemarch!

Vulgarity is explosive. It demolishes preconceived notions of who we are and what we do. Admittedly, this type of language and behavior involves risk, which I’ll discuss a bit later; but I know I’m doing something right when a student voices her concern about the uncertainty in her own ability to perform at the required level for an entire semester, on the very first day, in front of the entire class, not after or during an office hour; or when a student with a documented disability, one that prevents them from speaking in public spaces, becomes a main contributor to class discussion. In a (student) culture where silence, not chatter, is the norm, getting one student to contribute often means others will follow.

Swearing, political incorrectness, uncomfortable and irreverent situations, dissent: these are hallmarks of great literature. Shakespeare has innumerable references to bawdy behavior, tells dirty jokes, and even has Malvolio in Twelfth Night spell out a particularly offensive term for a woman’s private parts. Huck Finn gets banned for racism. Slaughterhouse-Five gets banned for the term “motherfucker.” Have you read Naked Lunch? The point is, the language students encounter from me as a professor in the classroom is no different than, even tame in comparison to, some of the language they will encounter.

University: where students come for edification, education, and enlightenment. That’s what we like to think; but the truth is that a growing number of American students attend university, first and foremost, to obtain well-paying jobs, not for the betterment of self or society. Faculty who instruct these learners must keep this in mind. In so doing, we must also be mindful of the fact that the majority of students attending BSU — working class, first generation — do not often view the landscape we inhabit through a lens of perspicacity. They see this space as overwhelmingly complicated and confusing, and often have difficulty navigating the terrain. Compounding the issue, many students lack confidence, doubt their own abilities, and actively question their sense of belonging. Thus, while a great portion of our responsibility at this institution involves meaningfully delivering content, an even greater portion must involve connecting with students in such a way that they cease their doubting, start believing in their abilities, and feel an improved sense of belonging.
encounter in their careers as English majors. Vulgarity, irreverence, challenges social norms and stereotypes: these are a band of brothers, not mutually exclusive foes.

Swearing is also the norm in our society. Demographically, working- and lower-middle-class students dominate BSU. As one of them, I feel justified in saying that the way I talk in the classroom more closely resembles the way they talk out of the classroom, generally, than more “polished” professors. Also, there is some research to back this up. Professor Timothy Jay, of the Massachusetts College of Liberal Arts, and author of “Why We Swear,” and “Cursing in America,” highlights the fact that working-class individuals swear more frequently than either their “elite” or middle-class counterparts. Part of the reasoning behind his argument goes something like this: the working class swear the most because they have the most to gain and view this as an equalizer; the elite swear because they can, they already have the power; and the middle class swear the least because they have the most to lose. You can taste the Marxism. But nearly everyone swears; it’s part of our everyday vocabularies. U.S. News and World Report informs its readers that the average person spends 0.5% of their vocabulary per day swearing. So, most people swear regularly. The aversion to swearing, then, derives not from the swearing itself, but from the fact that swearing, erroneously, tends not to be associated with the Academy.

Our job, as professors, is not simply to achieve course objectives/outcomes; our prime objective involves student engagement. In a 2016 article in The Atlantic, “Teaching: Just Like Performing Magic,” Jessica Lahey interviews Raymond Joseph Teller — of Penn and Teller — and argues that “Education, at its most engaging, is performance art. From the moment a teacher steps into the classroom, students look to him or her to set the tone and course of study for everyone, from the most enthusiastic to the most apathetic students.” Teller builds upon this, recalling his six-year tenure as a teacher of high school Latin: “The first job of a teacher is to make the student fall in love with the subject. That doesn’t have to be done by waving your arms and prancing around the classroom; there’s all sorts of ways to go at it, but no matter what, you are a symbol of the subject in the students’ minds.” Vulgarity performs wonders.

It’s not all about language, and language represents only one part of a performance. One of my most

...with all of the challenges we deal with on a day-to-day basis, it’s easy to forget that our prime directive is not teaching, but inspiration. All students can be inspired.
memorable English courses was taken with Professor Austere back when I was a student at BCC: freshly starched shirt, crisp tie, suit and briefcase, polished shoes, stern aspect, not a hair out of place, looking as if he recently purchased the latest model E-class Mercedes rather than the fifteen-year-old Nissan Sentra with 300,000 miles on it that was parked in the lot. (Professor Austere was an adjunct; he spent lots of time living paycheck to paycheck and driving between three different campuses to make ends meet.) While this may work for some — the high-powered attorney schtick — I choose a slightly different approach.

shoulder because this is how I tend to look when I’m not being a “professor.” My appearance tells them: Question. Everything. Their looks tell me, “This is not what professors look like. This is not how professors talk.” Then, I start teaching: direct engagement with the text; exploring ideas through writing and conversation; workshops; collaboration. Then they see that intelligence, sophistication and class — okay, maybe not the last two — have nothing to do with the way one speaks or looks. After the first day I revert to a presentable appearance the rest of the semester: black jeans and a button-down. But first impressions, yeah? What I give because students understand that if their professors willingly risk talking like that in the classroom, it’s okay for them to risk speaking up in class or reaching out for help when they otherwise may not. This morning I was finishing my final draft of this essay, I found this email, prophetically perhaps, in my inbox. Here’s part of what it said: “…Okay, I’m not sending you this to tell you how bad I am at writing, but you made me feel comfortable enough to express myself and also participate in your class, which I never would have done back when I was in high school. I’m looking forward to [sic] learning and becoming a better writer…” This is what inspiration looks like. This is winning.

“Education, at its most engaging, is performance art. From the moment a teacher steps into the classroom, students look to him or her to set the tone and course of study for everyone, from the most enthusiastic to the most apathetic students.”

At 5’10” and nearly 270 pounds — it’s not all fluff: hashtag ‘fluffyisthenewssexy’ — I don’t quietly slip into a classroom. I have tattoos on my forearms, biceps and shoulder, and one that goes from my neck all the way up my head to my temple, just at the hairline, an untrimmed beard. On the first day, I wear a black bandana tied widely around my head and pulled down to cover my eyebrows, and a cut-off T featuring Slayer, Motorhead, or Black Sabbath. I also wear black jeans, and walk with my backpack slung over my

them on the first day is a peak behind the curtain.

If we want students to connect with our respective fields of study, they must first connect with us. Vulgarity and irreverence facilitate that connection. But they are two tools among many. Such behavior, in such spaces, in roles of authority, involves risk. Some students find my language offensive; some will report me to the chair or dean. It has happened more than once. I take that risk willingly, knowing that the rewards far outweigh the risks,

James Norman is Instructor in the Department of English.
As I set about writing a review of The Emissary for which Tawada had won the award, it became clear that the same drive for inclusion that has produced broader programming, all-gender public restrooms, and the most racially diverse and most female group ever elected to the U.S. House of representatives, is also strong in parts of the English-language publishing world. Opposition to reactionary forces is also strong, as is the role of social media in rallying together that opposition. (Jennifer has suggested that the selection of the Polish novel she translated, Flights, for the U.K. based Man Booker International prize may have been part of pushback against the bullying which Polish immigrants experienced in the wake of Brexit.) The publishing world is now creating space, at the side of the biggest literary awards, for literature not originally written in English. In 2016 the most internationally recognized literature award for an individual work in English, the Man Booker Prize, established an award for literature in translation. The U.S.-based National Book Award followed suit in 2018.

The work of women writers is translated more and receiving greater attention. While literature written by women has typically comprised less than 30% of literature in translation,
at the many events and book readings that followed the announcement to an unprecedented degree. I am tempted to posit causality between women writers who are increasingly translated, and translators receiving more of the spotlight; wouldn’t the recognition of hitherto unrecognized labor and genius be a signature feminist move?

Tawada is exemplary of the changes afoot in the literary world; she is a border-crossing woman writer who publishes in both her adult-acquired German and her native Japanese, she has recently seen an uptake in the number of her novels being translated and she appreciates the role of the translator to such an extent that she prefers the word ‘transformation’ over ‘translation.’ Indeed, she has won two of the inaugural awards for literature in translation: in addition to the National Book Award, Tawada also won the first Warwick Prize for Women in Translation (2017) for her German-language Memoirs of a Polar Bear, translated by Susan Bernofsky.

The Emissary, translated from Japanese by Margaret Mitsutani, is a novel about a future Japan that has been irrevocably altered by too much radiation; older people can’t die and younger people are enfeebled. It is a clear response to the Fukushima nuclear power plant failure with echoes of the experience of hibakusha – victims of radiation sickness from the atomic bombs. Mumei (literally ‘no name’) is a young boy who is raised by his great-grandfather, Yoshiro. While Yoshiro is wearied by the prospect of his possible immortality, he is saddened by the short life span of his grandson who has little independent mobility and struggles to digest most food. Such a seemingly grim premise, written in Tawada’s unsentimental and slightly surrealist style, becomes simultaneously a cautionary apocalyptic tale and a fanciful exploration of unknowable consequences:

School bathrooms had turned into joyful places with colorful walls and lots of flowers and vegetation. The students heard that they used to be places you were supposed to get in and out of quickly. That was probably because of the germs. But the teachers assured them that “there were a lot more things more frightening in their environment now” (115).

When Yoshiro plans his 108th birthday party he reflects back on his last birthday dinner with regret: “you could tell the younger generation by their rounded backs, thinning hair, pale faces, and by how slowly their chopsticks moved. Realizing their descendants were in such a bad state because they’d been so feckless made the elderly feel guilty, dampening the festivities” (93). Surprisingly, however, the children have a fundamentally different emotional response to their situation because their generation is “equipped with natural defenses against despair” (128). It is as though Tawada casts the gloomy future by invoking our current understanding of what a contaminated world would look like, but recognizes that twenty-first-century humans aren’t so all-knowing as to be able to imagine the psychic developments that will ensue from that contamination. We might be powerful enough to mess things up, she seems to say, but it would be hubris to think we are powerful enough to see the future.

Should a reader be looking for hope, the ‘Emissary’ of the title provides some. An underground organization that has connections to the world outside of the now-isolated Japan searches for exceptional children – emissaries – to smuggle out of the country with the purpose of aiding international medical study and the possibility of extending their life span. Mumei comes under consideration for such a mission.

The publishing world is now creating space, at the side of the biggest literary awards, for literature not originally written in English.

Margaret Mitsutani’s translation allows a non-Japanese-reading audience to read a tale of environmental degradation by a writer from a culture with a historically unique experience of mass radiation. Translation, generally speaking, broadens the range of human experience and imagination to which we all have access. But translation also does something else; it can point us towards that which struggles to be translated. Tawada, who writes in multiple languages, has said that she doesn’t want to cross the gulf that exists between two languages, but that she “wants to live in the ditch that separates them.”

In terms of The Emissary, that ‘ditch’ is the wordplay that many Japanese readers found to be the focal delight of the story. The flexibility of written Japanese is strikingly different from that of a purely phonetic code. Chinese characters – kanji in Japanese – derived from China and therefore they typically possess a Chinese-affiliated reading and at least one, though usually more, Japanese readings. There is a linguistic convention that also allows writers to
attribute their own idiosyncratic use of a kanji as long as phonetic lettering is provided alongside for the reader. Tawada takes advantage of this convention when composing the Japanese title, pronounced ken-toe-she, and rendered with kanji that can also produce those sounds, but do not contain the meaning ‘emissary.’ Instead of the standard 遣唐使, she created 献灯使 for the title. Why does this matter? Because the former set of kanji specifically reference the imperial knowledge-gathering expeditions to T’ang China, while Tawada’s title drops that reference altogether and puts in its place ‘votive candles.’ Votive candles are the sole link that connects members of the underground organization in the story; every morning members get up while it is still dark and light a candle before they head out for their day. It is a quiet and private ritual. Instead of alluding to cultural borrowing from an august empire, the title references a quotidian mode of resistance. Or, rather, it does both at the same time.

Tawada’s homophonic neologisms often insert tension between grand public narratives and more base human realities. The new government declares a slew of national holidays to memorialize the past. One such holiday commemorates the internet, since Japan has lost its connection to the World Wide Web. The kanji that Tawada puts together to name that holiday - 御婦裸淫 - mean the ‘the honorable perversion of female nudity.’ The sounds that these kanji individually produce in Japanese, however, are o-fu-ra-een, approximating the English ‘offline.’ Readers, then, pronounce ‘offline’ at the same time that their attention is drawn to the extent to which the massive distribution of graphic and filmic pornography comprised one of the largest functions of the internet.

Translation itself does not illustrate the marvelous differences that exist between languages, but the existence of translations provides an opportunity to articulate the vast possibilities of language creation and mental processing. Tawada is interested in using a language with as much awareness of the language’s fabrication as possible. She does not try to inhabit a language as though it were ‘natural’ – hence her desire to write in a non-native tongue – and she rejects the confines of a ‘beautiful national Japanese language.’ Her work repeatedly unmasks selfhood from language and national identity. One of her narrators reminds readers that when they see her jean-clad figure traveling alone on a train they would be wrong in assuming that she has a kimono stored away at home somewhere. Another narrator, in the short story Persona, is so tired of being harassed as an Asian woman living in Berlin that she puts a Noh mask on and wanders the city, as though to make tangible the ‘Japanese’ mask that people already project onto her. A volume of Tawada’s vignettes is titled “Exophany: the adventures of travelling away from the mother tongue.” In an era of World-English such a drive to relieve oneself of the linguistic comfort of the center is remarkable.

And this brings me back full circle to the coincidence of both the subject of my dissertation and my classmate receiving major awards for translated works within the same year. The narrator of Flights ponders the qualities of a global language in a way that was entirely new to me:

There are countries out there where people speak English. But not like us – we have our own languages hidden in our carry-on luggage, in our cosmetic bags, only ever using English when we travel and then only in foreign countries, to foreign people…

How lost they must feel in the world when all instructions, all the lyrics of the stupidest songs, all the menus, all the excruciating pamphlets and brochures – even the buttons in the elevator – are in their private language. They may be understood by anyone at any moment, whenever they open their mouths…Wherever they are people have unlimited access to them – they are accessible to everyone and everything! (176)

Would this perspective on English-as-the-global-language be written by a monolingual English-language writer? Would Tawada’s nuanced, sometimes humorous take on post-radiation come from a writer whose parents hadn’t experienced daily life after nuclear devastation? I don’t think so, and I am very glad that the publishing world is creating greater access to translations of such insightful women writers.
BOOK REVIEWS


*Ann Brunjes*

I first encountered Anne LaMott when I was a graduate student. The book was *Bird by Bird* (1994), a funny and refreshingly useful exploration of the practice of writing. I immediately incorporated chapters of the book into my own writing pedagogy, and 20 years later, I still do. LaMott’s distinctive voice, by turns self-deprecating and self-assured, is like that of a bossy, successful big sister, acutely aware of her own inclination to dominate but trying to tone it down so she can actually help you. This is evidently a voice readers find appealing: Lamott has had seven novels and ten works of nonfiction published in the last 38 years. *Almost Everything: Notes on Hope* (Penguin, 2018) can be grouped with most of Lamott’s recent non-fiction work: vaguely spiritual and sort of self-help. The book seems intended as an emotional and spiritual pick-me-up for an audience challenged by life in the Trump-era United States.

I must confess up front: this book – the entire spiritually-tinged self-help genre – is not my cup of tea, though it is and always has been wildly popular with American readers. We Americans do love our self-help manuals. Whether we’re charting a course for the after-life with Jonathan Edwards’ 1740 “Personal Narrative” or shedding our soul-crushing stuff via Marie Kondo’s *Life Changing Magic of Tidying-Up*, Americans possess a touching hopefulness that if we just do it right, whether “it” be picking up after ourselves or finding Jesus, we can arrive at nirvana on this worldly plane. On the one hand, this is a lovely quality. It is optimistic; it is progressive; it is fundamental to some interpretations of what it means to be American. One might argue with equal vigor, however, that it is also deluded. Jefferson and the authors of the Declaration wanted to ensure the right to pursue happiness, not a right to be happy. But once you dangle happiness in front of most humans, we skip right over the journey and head straight for the thing itself: joy; fulfillment; contentment; lasting and rich internal peace, and hey how about a new Lexus, while we’re at it? The self-help genre taps this rich vein of desire. It offers answers, of the practical, emotional, and spiritual varieties, and who doesn’t want clarity and insight in this cultural moment of information overload and near-constant rage? But – and this is important – books like *Almost Everything* aren’t simply how-to manuals. Most have an overlay of the spiritual to exert serious oomph. Marie Kondo isn’t simply showing you how to fold a fitted sheet; with that proper folding comes access to joy. Joy! If we were being encouraged to tidy up simply because, by some aesthetic standards (not mine, but that’s another story), tidy is more beautiful than messy, we might dismiss the drive to tidy as shallow and insignificant. But isn’t it worth color-coding your shirts if it’s going to bring you joy? You bet it is.

In fairness, LaMott doesn’t promise her readers perfect contentment; she focuses more on the journey and less on the outcome. The book contains “everything I know about almost everything, that I think applies to almost everyone, that might help you someday” (6). What she claims to know is mostly...
modest and unobjectionable: pay attention to the natural world; accept the presence of a “higher power”; write and tell stories to make sense of the world; reject hatred; heal yourself; forgive your screwed-up family. In short: it’s ridiculous how hard life is. Denial and avoidance are unsuccessful strategies, but truth and awareness mend. Writing, creation, and stories are food. (98)

It’s ridiculous how hard life is. Denial and avoidance are unsuccessful strategies, but truth and awareness mend. Writing, creation, and stories are food. (98)

LaMott delivers her truths – her self-help method, as it were – in easily digested bits, with no scolding, usually through stories about friends and family members. One leaves the book feeling comforted and encouraged, though hardly enlightened.

The book’s limping is grounded in the intellectual flimsiness of the author’s philosophy. While LaMott isn’t shy about revealing her political leanings, her exploration of God is both dishonest and insulting. The heartbreaking story of her friend Kelly, an atheist who abandons AA because she couldn’t stomach “the God stuff,” is most problematic. Though Kelly – spoiler alert – finds friendship with a neighbor who is dying of cancer, the two of them commit suicide, together. A sad story, indeed, and one might read it as a parable about the wages of atheism. As LaMott writes, “Kelly did not have to have a clue about what a higher power was, but she refused to doubt her atheism. She was a fundamentalist” (132). While a reader might dislike Lamott’s judgment, we are presumably reading a book titled “Almost Everything” to learn what the author thinks, and it is unsurprising that Lamott, an avowed Christian, is dismayed by her friend’s rejection of a divine presence. But the story closes with a sleight-of-hand. Of Kelly’s death, she writes, “I was glad that Kelly was numb and not alone; that she was with a friend, the loving woman upstairs, which is another good name for God” (143). Kelly may not have known it, in other words, but she was in fact a believer. How insulting to Kelly, and how condescending to the reader. Should the reader conclude that we are all believers, even if we think we’re not? How convenient for the believers! And should we think suicide, as long as it’s done in the company of a good friend, is an affirmation of faith?

It is disappointing that Lamott is weakest when writing about faith, which has sustained her through many dark days. I would have preferred a bracing defense of Christian belief as a path to true happiness to the book’s sneaky ecumenism. A self-help book without the courage of its own convictions does fall rather flat. And yet, for its kind, Almost Everything isn’t a bad book. I can happily recommend Chapter Five, “Don’t Let Them Get You to Hate Them,” to anyone desperate to navigate in a hopeful way the poisonous noise that passes for our current political discourse. At her best, LaMott comes across as a good soul who wants to help. For the sincere searcher looking to grow, this book might provide a gentle nudge on the long road toward self-improvement.

Americans possess a touching hopefulness that if we just do it right, whether “it” be picking up after ourselves or finding Jesus, we can arrive at nirvana on this worldly plane.

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**Edward Deveney**

*Brief Answers to the Big Questions* is a compilation of the answers to the deep questions Hawking worked on and was often asked about as one of history’s foremost thinkers. As a celebrated scientist in cosmology, Hawking was able to weave quantum mechanics and general relativity “boldly where no man or woman had gone before.” His expertise in addressing these questions was not limited to physics; rather, his critical thinking, observational skills and humanity had no bounds. Here are the ten questions along with his answers that Hawking leads us through with his intellect, his smile and his all-consuming interest in the human condition (a theme that co-dominates Hawkins’ physical and intellectual lifetime efforts and achievements): Is there a God? How did it all begin? Is there other intelligent life in the universe?

Can we predict the future? What is inside a black hole? Is time travel possible? Will we survive on Earth? Should we colonize space? Will artificial intelligence outsmart us? How do we shape the future? Make no mistake, this book and the answers it offers the reader as a rare gift are the voice of Stephen Hawking exuding science with every word and argument. The world needed him and desperately misses him already. We would all do well to follow his thoughts and words.

While subject, as we all are, to Earth’s gravitational pull, Hawking was able to free himself to conquer gravity and physics at the cosmic scale with his travels to black holes. Hawking’s vehicle (theoretical physics — science, math and modern physics) and results both play integral roles in how he came to arrive at his answers, so a bit of perspective may perhaps lend credibility — namely, black holes are a prediction of the theory of General Relativity and not a whim. In our recent lifetime, the evidence for black holes at the center of all galaxies, including our own, has become overwhelming. Everything is lost in the General Relativity black hole singularity including information. Such a singular state violates our notions of conservations and more familiar laws of thermodynamics and entropy. In one of his most lauded achievements that potentially resolves this contradiction, Hawking, for the first time, mixed the oil of quantum with the vinegarish landscape of the General Relativity black hole to predict that black holes radiate and therefore have a temperature and subsequently spectrum. This is a spectacular achievement. Not only are symmetry and thermodynamics likely recovered, but the theory is also rife with predictions and new directions for all of theoretical physics awaiting experimental confirmation (or not) in the years to come with micro black holes in high-energy particle accelerators and through cosmological observations entering new eras and abilities of detection.

Hawking was more than an outside of the box thinker — he was a box redefiner (intellectually and academically a more difficult definition, I believe, of critical thinking for true knowledge, cultural and even economic advances). He stepped outside of the box only out of necessity, having exhausted all else that was ever known, ventured to where no one had ever gone before and then connected everything back to reality by predictions, mathematical consistency and experimental verification. This is science in practice. Hawking had the top-most credentials then to guide us to the answers to these scientific, cultural, philosophical and human questions — so his words and this book are well worth spending time to read and internalize.

In practice, I tend to read prose a bit laboriously, as my brain and eyes are trained to the flow and density of equations, not words. To my surprise, the 250 or so pages flew by. For most
people, this will be a train ride read. Even the typesetting is big. So too is it that a great short story or poem is, well, short, and may feel like a breeze to read, but the weight of the words and story may not necessarily hit you until much later. There may be cultural or experiential disconnects with the words, structure, and so many other intangibles that go into great writing, music, or art that can obscure, or delay meaning. I worry that both happen in places in a book and short answers like this without, in this case, math or the biggest ideas in physics over the last 100 years. Those ideas in physics are collectively defined as modern physics, encompassing relativity and quantum mechanics. Today, more than 100 years later, physics has moved well beyond this modern physics. None of this has been accepted into the mainstream of common knowledge or the standard education despite its impact on culture, medicine, and economy. It is like accepting that it is ok not to understand, say, history after 1900.

For example: It doesn’t take long for Hawking to bring us to the result that time ceases to exist in a black hole. After your train ride and read on the way home, you probably settled in to think wow; time ceases to exist inside a Black hole. I was feeling great about what I had read and my pasta dinner I uncovered an error in my thinking. I needed Einstein’s General Relativity (1916) for the extreme space-time curvature and here I generalized the invariant interval in terms of the metric, $g_{\mu\nu}$ which is ‘the’ solution to the Einstein Field equations that describe how energy in all its forms (so mass, too, as energy, $mc^2$) tells space-time what to do (looks like $g_{\mu\nu}x^\mu x^\nu$). At this point, I think that I am finally starting to get the feel for what it means for time to cease to exist by taking the trip to a black hole mathematically and specifically in terms of a four by four metric tensor from Einstein’s Field equation as did Hawking. Reading the book can be then, in places, like reading a travelogue — it’s interesting, even captivating, but it’s not the real thing — and thinking that by reading this book you can actually understand a black hole would be like thinking that you had tasted the café au lait of a Parisian breakfast when you had only read the Michelin guide. The math and physics implicit between each note might be required to fully absorb the meaning of what Hawking is telling us.

Hawking thought the equations were not necessary. You should side with him always. As for the quantum mechanics, that phenomenon of particle-antiparticle pairs popping out of the vacuum is the fundamental connection to how black holes radiate and have a temperature, and provides an additional space where language, culture, intuition and all human experience play little or no role or guide at all. Too many meatballs before bed.

So, maybe it is best then not to worry about the math and physics and take this book for its likely intended purpose which may follow something more like the lyrics from the Flaming Lips song “Sunship Balloons”: Now listen I don’t know the dimensions of outer space. But if our ability to feel love turns out to be just a cosmic accident I’d like to think this means that the universe is on our side.

Throughout each of the ten questions, Hawking democratically discards ideas that don’t work, whether in science or religion (in terms of scientific questions) — his only metric for ideas is whether they get things right or redefine things, more than outside of the box, he demanded box redefinition to find a better answer. If getting better at medical diagnostics and treatment, using a cell phone, or building an economy are all based on the constant box redefinition of science and you live by this science, you cannot pick and choose at will when not to believe in science. You have to take what it gives you at each new turn. There you go: as best we know, time does cease to exist in black holes, deal with it. Quantum entanglement (non-local and non-definite — sorry Einstein) is the way it is. Human causes of global warming are significant and have to be addressed right now. Hawking is blunt about this, and he is allowed to be blunt because he understands the universe — of which the earth is just a small part — in a way that the rest (most) of us cannot hope to be able.

Though the landscape of Hawking’s contributions and travels extended throughout the universe, he does not despair of humans and the human condition, but rather, hopes for a sustainable, hopeful future ahead. Implicitly and explicitly, he asks how we can be better for each other and do better for ourselves.

Edward Deveney is Professor in the Department of Physics.
The Cedar Waxwing

Carolyn Masshardt

It had not been in my nature to observe nature
At least of the familiar sort of trees and birds
And flowers and landscapes.
Yes, to sky and clouds and stars,
But that is looking up and not out.

My windows have been backdrop to humans these many years
People at all times of day and night, a city neighborhood
The pious and privileged and imperiled
Rushing, even hiding, a familiar rhythm of curse and comfort
Sirens interrupt the already noisy calm.

Here, my August day is too still
A campus in waiting for all that will come
A little sorrowful as only a city person might fathom
Too little of all that usually meets eye level.
There is no background noise to set a life alarm.
And then a human visitor comes to hammer out a project yet to be.
Welcomed as food or drink to the stranded in this August heat.
Soon, we see a Goldfinch, Cardinal, Tufted Titmice and a Chickadee
And the bleached, haggard, overgrown land becomes alive.

I had thought I was alone all that day,
the window open for only a breeze.
And then I see more; Blue Jays and Song Sparrows,
and looking out quietly and at eye level
A Cedar Waxwing may appear.

Carolyn Masshardt is Director of Field Education
for the School of Social Work.

Call for Submissions

Bridgewater Review invites submissions from full- and part-time faculty members and librarians, and others in the BSU community. Bridgewater Review is published twice yearly by the faculty and librarians of Bridgewater State University. It provides a forum for campus-wide conversations pertaining to research, teaching, and creative expression, as well as a showcase for faculty art. Articles in all disciplines and genres are welcome and encouraged, including scholarship about research interests and trends, scholarship about teaching and learning, creative writing, and short reviews of other publications.

Articles should be 1700-2200 words in length, though shorter articles will also be considered. Creative writing can be submitted at lengths briefer than 2200 words. Those wishing to submit are asked to consult the Bridgewater Review submission guidelines (available from the Editor). In keeping with the founding spirit of our faculty magazine, the editors are equally interested in unfinished pieces of writing that may need assistance with revision and in polished pieces that are publication-ready. All submissions will be reviewed, but there is no guarantee that submitted work will be published.

Bridgewater Review also welcomes Letters to the Editor with the hope that BR may become a locus for community discussion at Bridgewater State University.

Submissions should be sent electronically to:
Ellen Scheible
Editor, Bridgewater Review
bridgewater.review@bridgew.edu

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