ELLEN SCHEIBLE
on Irish novelist
Patrick McCabe and
the Bog Gothic

Also in this issue:
EMILY DOUGLAS on
Child Maltreatment Fatalities

MARGARET BELLAFORE
on Veterans on Campus

PRESTON SAUNDERS:
New Investigations in
Pottery Form

Creative Non-fiction by
LEE TORDA
The images of all but one of the faculty contributors in this issue were captured by the impressive photographic skills of Bridgewater Review editor emeritus Bill Levin. The photograph of Charles Angell (page 32) was taken by Miss Nina Colombotos.

Bridgewater Review issue renumbering
The printer’s devil has been at work in recent issues of Bridgewater Review. Specifically, the past two issues were misprinted as Volume 30, Number 1 and Volume 29, Number 2, respectively, each one an issue ahead of what it should have been. In short, we skipped an issue. This issue corrects the matter and appears as Volume 31, Number 1. For those of you scoring at home, that means that there is no (and will not be a) Bridgewater Review edition labeled Volume 30, Number 2.
Bridgewater Review

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Pottery by Preston Saunders, Art Department, Bridgewater State University. Photographs by Stewart Clements, Clements Photography & Design, Boston, MA.

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Editor’s Notebook

Andrew C. Holman

I recently read parts of Canadian writer Hugh Hood’s book *Around the Mountain*, a collection of short stories (love letters, of a sort) set in his adopted hometown, Montreal. Hood originally penned his work in 1967, Canada’s centenary and the year that the city welcomed the world to Expo ’67, a multi-million-dollar production designed to declare how modern the staid and stolid Dominion had become. In 12 monthly tales, Hood created an encyclopedic record of the city to “enshrine an historical moment like the proverbial fly in the amber … to give a kind of fossil-like existence to something that was in the process of being born and simultaneously passing away.” When his publisher decided to reprint the collection in 1994, Hood revisited his stories and was struck both by how much his subject had changed and by how much some things had “remained unmistakably in place.” *Plus ça change, plus c’est la même chose.*

In that way, Montreal is like a lot of modern cities, I suppose. So many of its bones have been rebuilt and expanded in the past half century, and, yet, its narrow, its spirit, remains much as it always has been. Last Fall, I had the chance to experience a reckoning of the sort that Hood describes in his book. Seeking a landing place for my sabbatical leave, I accepted a fellowship at the McGill Institute for the Study of Canada. And so my wife, Andrea Doty, and I moved our household to Montreal for four months. For me, it constituted a *retour* of sorts, though nothing like the famous *retours* of Napoleon’s ashes from Saint Helena, for example, or the renowned domestic imposture of French peasant Martin Guerre. Mine was wholly without fanfare (and historical importance). I returned to Montreal as a resident for the first time since I had finished my undergraduate studies there in 1986.

So much had changed; though, for us, much of that transformation probably had to do with perspective. We returned as middle-aged, expatriate, English-speaking tourists to a city that takes its cue from its vibrant youth and that seems to thrive on an edgy energy produced by linguistic duality and rivalry. Since 1977, Quebec has been (officially at least) a unilingual French province, but anglophone Montreal continues to defy that fact. More than ever, perhaps, language is code for two tribes who compete for resources within the city, the ground zero of the language debate in Canada. I didn’t understand that very clearly when I was a student at McGill (and yet it must have been all around me).

For me, so much was also still the same about Montreal (and McGill), both on the surface and below it – the *penchant* for lively chatter in its four daily newspapers and dozens of radio and TV channels, the beautiful profusion of church spires, the appalling “skills” displayed by city motorists, the dazzling array of world cuisine and music, the extraordinary attachment to fashion (even among the city’s most ordinary folk), the confident brilliance of students in a McGill seminar. Perhaps most heartening, though, was this: below the rancor of the public rhetoric about language rights, there remains a palpable desire among most Montrealers to get along, to make it work. This was my experience in the 1980s and again in 2011. Then and now, it was the predominant view in the grocery stores, commuter trains, libraries and archives, restaurants and hockey rinks that we haunted. Even as the Montreal press continues to relate its story—a-week about linguistic discord, our daily reality felt quite the opposite, and there was nowhere we felt unwelcome or strange.

My *retour* to Bridgewater State in Spring 2012 is marked by the great and good fortune of becoming the third holder of the office of Editor of *Bridgewater Review*. It is a tremendous honor and more than a little daunting, especially given the high standards that founding...
editor Mike Kryzanek and my predecessor, Bill Levin, set and maintained. In concert with current associate editors Lee Torda and Ellen Scheible, it is my aim to steer this ship along its established tack. So much about Bridgewater Review, our colorful, intellectual magazine that has served us so well for 30 years, will, like Hugh Hood’s Montreal, “remain unmistakably in place.”

And yet, some change is both ineluctable and appropriate. This issue features BR Book Review Editor Charlie Angell’s last contribution to our pages. I wish he wouldn’t retire from BSU, but he insists, and I suppose we all have to respect that, though we will miss his humor and intelligent common sense. As one familiar voice moves on, BR welcomes new voices to its pages and is committed to reflecting the rich variety of scholarly perspectives that now inhabit our campus. We have circulated a Call for Submissions; please consider it a direct and sincere invitation from us to you. Furthermore, we hope to have your opinions and arguments about what you read in Bridgewater Review and, to that end, we will develop a Readers Respond section in our printed magazine and, in future, online. With your help, we will make our modest little faculty magazine as vibrant and interactive as our campus itself. We look forward to hearing from you.

Andy Holman
Reanimating the Nation: Patrick McCabe, Neil Jordan, and the Bog Gothic

Ellen Scheible

In a rare moment of academic vacationing, I traveled to Princeton University in February 2011 for the opening of the “Cracked Looking Glass” exhibit, an extensive collection of Irish prose ranging from the nineteenth century to today. As part of the symposium for the exhibit, a number of contemporary Irish writers and Irish Studies critics were invited to attend a series of lectures and dinners celebrating the massive private donation that sponsored this rich collection. Those of us who contributed to the catalogue that accompanied the exhibit were asked to provide brief essays on either specific authors or specialized topics that could inform and loosely contextualize the history and significance of the collection. I provided the entry entitled “The Bog Gothic” and focused on a few contemporary Irish writers and filmmakers, particularly Patrick McCabe and Neil Jordan, who aestheticize the Irish cultural experience through a contemporary gothic lens.

Over the course of the weekend I had the opportunity to meet Patrick McCabe, and the encounter led me to reflect on the overlap of my scholarship and my pedagogy. McCabe yoked together the educator and the writer in me, making manifest one of the many reasons I remain invigorated by contemporary Irish Studies: a split or bifurcated identity can be a cultural and political survival tool rather than an alienating force.

When I first introduced myself to Patrick McCabe, I was unable to stop myself from telling him how much my students love his novels. He looked me in the eye and said, “Why do you think that’s the case?” Feeling surprised and slightly worried, I spat out, far too quickly and embarrassedly articulately for casual conversation: “Your novels personify the bifurcation of Irish cultural identity in a way that allows the students to identify with your characters on a personal level while maintaining in their minds a larger national and political critique. You have somehow captured the multi-tasking generation’s attention by legitimizing their constant oscillation between various forms of information and representation, both public and private.”

The last evening of the colloquium culminated in the final series of readings from writers who were featured in the Irish prose exhibit. McCabe was one of these writers and he was waiting until the last possible minute to select his reading for the evening because he needed time to decide what excerpt would have the strongest effect based on his perception of the audience. Unsure of what effect he was going for, I assumed we would be barraged by either comedic violence or overt sexual deviancy. Instead, he read a scene from a recent novel where a female character slyly visits a barbershop and suggestively converses with the barber. It was a discreetly provocative passage with foggy sexual undertones that were reinforced by the mundane, everyday personalities of the characters. I was seated to the side of the podium and what unfolded was strangely surprising, not only because the prose that was almost entirely dialogue toggled carefully between two characters who embodied strong stereotypes of their opposing genders, but also because McCabe physically acted out the parts behind the podium as he read! Most of the audience did not see this, but from the angle of my seat, I watched as he raised his leg at the knee and he shifted his weight to extend one hip out sideways, placing a hand on that same hip, each time his voice rose to emphasize a female octave. I then watched as he relaxed his posture, placed both feet on the floor, and stood back, one hand in his pocket, when he dropped his voice to read the male character’s parts. Although this was subtle, it was a tremendously informative. It helped me articulate what it is about McCabe’s work that eliminates some of the distance between reader and audience while simultaneously presenting absurd, over-the-top, sometimes even supernatural scenarios. His writing, even text that consists only of dialogue, uses language to express and often privilege physical experience, not by describing physical acts, but by emphasizing the body even when the prose is abstract or vague or about everyday small talk like the weather. One of his many talents is his ability to equally represent the body and the mind in his work, but not by collapsing them. Instead, he preserves their separation while unifying the dualism through narrative. Somehow, McCabe’s novels personify competing oppositional forces and use the body to unify them, while defending, sometimes to the point of hostility, their necessary separation.
Gothic fiction is a visceral genre. From the late eighteenth-century work of Ann Radcliffe to Bram Stoker’s 1897 masterpiece, *Dracula*, McCabe’s novels participate in an historical chain of narrative that is saturated with the dangers and pleasures of physical experience. Since I began teaching gothic fiction, I have found that the human body trumps all other symbols as the most consistent doppelganger for the prominent structures within the common gothic narrative: the aristocratic but decaying house that parallels the interiority of a character’s mental decline, the refined but diseased familial bloodline that surfaces in a sickly or incestuous body, or even the dividing religious interpretations of transubstantiation that become personified in the vampire’s physical existence. In McCabe’s case, the mind/body dualism is a metaphor for the inherent paradox underlying national identity: a unified nation depends on the erasure of personal identity, while individualism resists conformity, thereby evading the forward motion of cultural and national modernity. When McCabe performed his narrative in an instinctual and spontaneous way, I realized that this paradox translates as a physical experience. My students might connect to his texts because they understand what it means to physically experience many things at once, be they technological, visual, or verbal forms of stimulation. Some of these things represent modern progression and others emphasize individual thinking or perception, but they are coexisting forces that characterize both McCabe’s fiction and my students’ contemporary disintegrated mode of perception.

Although he does not employ the term “bog gothic” directly in his introduction to the *Cambridge Companion to Modern Irish Culture*, Joe Cleary identifies authors such as Patrick McCabe and filmmakers such as Neil Jordan as producing fiction where “the old naturalism has … acquired the high voltage of new technical innovations, some new Viagra of hectic experiment or extravagance, to resuscitate it into some new life or half-life.” Cleary’s gothic painting of experimental ‘resuscitation’ for a modern culture is one of many critical approaches to contemporary Irish writing that has birthed, in the fashion of Dr. Frankenstein, the critical attention paid to the gothic fiction of late twentieth-century Ireland. Technical innovation brings with it the ‘high voltage’ of experimentation and sews together the monstrous invention of a reanimated gothic identity. Just as Dr. Frankenstein gives birth to an undead being in a skewed creation narrative that imagines the disastrous effects of scientific power, Patrick McCabe, in *Breakfast on Pluto*, invents Patrick “Pussy” Braden, a transgendered character who is born just south of the border between Northern Ireland and the republic.

*Breakfast on Pluto* is not McCabe’s most popular novel, but it is the text that most explicitly engages partition as a central force in its otherwise overly personal, first-person adaptation of a transgendered *bildungsroman*. McCabe has written numerous texts that confront the dualistic components of Irish identity, but in *Breakfast on Pluto* McCabe joins, on the landscape of the transgendered body, the interiority of the self with the physical otherness that disallows that self from locating its point of origin. Pussy imagines the sexual interaction that led to her conception but cannot ever uncover the reality of her birth. Just as Pussy will never be traditionally male or south of the border between Northern Ireland and the republic.
female, partitioned Ireland must accept the coexistence of two nations on one geographical location. In Pussy’s imagined memoir, the parish priest, Father Bernard, Pussy’s unidentified biological father, rapes his young, extremely naïve, female housekeeper who consequently gives birth to Pussy and thus creates the unconfirmed story that comprises the majority of the novel:

A first, she really was one hundred per cent certain that it was a joke [...] Which made her go: ‘oh now, Father!’ and ‘Eek!’ and ‘Oops! That hurt!’ until all of a sudden she cried: ‘Ow! I’m being split in two!’ and there was so much squirmy stuff all down her she thought that maybe Father Ben was making more games—squidgies with the Fairy Liquid washing-up bottle that she’d often seen the kiddies doing. It was only when he fell back across the room with a Hallowe’en mask on him that she really became confused, thinking to herself: ‘But it’s not Hallowe’en!’ How long it was before she realized that it was in fact her Employer’s actual face she was looking at—and not a whey-coloured Egyptian mummy-type papier mache affair—is impossible to say but she eventually did, realizing too that the Fairy Liquid—it wasn’t Fairy Liquid at all! And that thing—that glaring red thing with its malevolent eye—what was that?

The housekeeper’s pronouncement that she is ‘being split in two’ becomes the metaphor for Pussy’s struggle throughout the narrative. Pussy is not conceived from a unifying sexual act and, thus, enters the world with a literal ‘split’ identity; her transgender status is presupposed and thus inevitable. The housekeeper’s difficulty in distinguishing the reality of her experience from the superficial illusions of game-playing and ‘Halloween’ further underscore the body’s detachment from the mind’s conceptions. Pussy’s origins are multi-faceted before she even emerges from the womb; partition in Ireland might be an unavoidable natural creation, but it is birthed from the ideologically hybridized relationship between sexual repression and religious power.

Neil Jordan has adapted into film Patrick McCabe’s The Butcher Boy and Breakfast on Pluto, but Jordan is best known for The Crying Game, a 1992 film. Similar to McCabe’s Breakfast on Pluto, Jordan’s film also tells the story of a transgendered character, “Dil,” whose life is threatened after her boyfriend, Jody, is killed by the IRA in Northern Ireland and one of the IRA members responsible for his death guiltily seeks her out in an act of penance. Fergus, or ‘Jimmy’ as he renames himself when he gets to England, tries to protect Dil but ends up falling in love with her and consequently trapping himself in an almost fatal confrontation with his former IRA compatriots. Dil and Fergus both survive, but their relationship remains sexually ambiguous. Similar to McCabe’s novels, Jordan’s films combine violence, disorientation, and humor to underscore both the anxiety and trauma that produce what literary critic Enda Duffy has called the “viral discourse” of the Bog Gothic. Duffy identifies mimeticism as one of the defining features of Bog Gothic fiction, where the strangeness of the texts develops a rhythm mirroring material reality. Although contemporary Irish criticism may never resolve either the discordant analyses of modernity in Ireland or the Irish literary interpretation of the Bog Gothic genre, Irish prose continues to transform and reanimate an undead, gothic tradition capable of articulating the simultaneity of the Irish condition.

There are two specific scenes in The Crying Game that emphasize the dualistic tension illustrated compellingly in McCabe’s novels and further emphasized in Jordan’s films. The first scene occurs in the first half of the film, when we see Fergus conversing with his prisoner, Jody, before Jody is killed while trying to escape. The ‘scorpion and the frog’ fable that comprises this scene emphasizes the dual but separate connection between natural instinct and social desire. Jody tries to convince Fergus that both good and evil are natural behaviors and some are just better at controlling their impulses. This theme is then physically enacted in a separate scene where Fergus must hold Jody’s penis, so that the shackled and hooded Jody can urinate. Like McCabe, Jordan unifies the film’s separated identities through a basic physical need. The second scene takes place much later in the film and, though short in length, expresses Jordan’s concern with identity that cannot exist as a partitioned whole, but rather must move from one extreme to the other. The main female character in The Crying Game, Jude, who passes for a traditional Irish woman who supports the IRA in the first half of the film, has been transformed to a gun-carrying, violent terrorist by the second half. However, her split identity is a forced illusion, not an organic separation, and Jordan emphasizes its unrealistic existence by reflecting multiple images of Jude in a prism-like mirror; nationalist-terrorist Jude is herself inescapably split.

And, of course, she does not survive the end of the film. In both McCabe’s novel and Jordan’s film, the characters who do survive are transgendered men who live as women. Seeing Patrick McCabe perform the bifurcated self in his reading at Princeton helped me understand more clearly the resonance that the Bog Gothic and the notion of split identities (national and sexual) has for my students at Bridgewater State.

Ellen Scheible is Associate Editor of Bridgewater Review and Assistant Professor in the English Department.
Child Maltreatment Fatalities: 
A Report from the 2010-11 Bridgewater Presidential Fellow

Emily Douglas

During the 2010-11 academic year, I served as the Bridgewater State University Presidential Fellow. This time away from my teaching and service responsibilities on campus afforded me the opportunity to be a Visiting Research Fellow at the Family Research Laboratory at the University of New Hampshire. In this capacity, I spent an academic year expanding my own knowledge of and conducting new research on fatal child maltreatment.

Every year, thousands of children die as a result of maltreatment on the part of their caregivers, and we know surprisingly little about this problem or how to rectify it. It goes without saying that a child’s death is a terrible event, but a child’s death that is the direct or indirect result of parents’ actions can inspire anger, hopelessness and gut-wrenching feelings of injustice. The fields of social work, medicine, law enforcement and public health count how many children die, make adjustments in how we count and throw time, money, and personnel at this problem with little measurable difference.

What Are Maltreatment Fatalities?

A child maltreatment fatality (CMF) is when a child dies as a result of abuse or neglect, or if abuse or neglect are contributing factors to a child’s death. Table 1 shows the possible ways that a child could die from abuse and/or neglect. The public seems to think that when children die from maltreatment they most often die from abuse. In fact, most children die from neglect. According to the U.S. Department of Health & Human Services, in 2010, 77% of CMF victims died from neglect; 45% died from physical abuse. (These numbers sum to more than 100% because children can die from multiple causes of death.) Figure 1 shows that while many forms of victimization have been declining, physical neglect remains steady, and CMFs have been on the increase. We don’t know if this is because of more accurate identification of CMFs or a true increase in numbers. Nevertheless, CMFs are still under-counted; in 2010 the number of CMFs were reported at 1,560, but professionals estimate that the true number is somewhere between 2,000 and 5,000 annually.

The Victims and Their Families

Children who die from maltreatment are very young. About 70% of victims are under four years old; about 50% are under the age of one. Boys die at a rate that is slightly higher than that for girls, and African Americans are over-represented compared to their presence in the general population. Parents who kill their children or who are responsible for their children’s deaths are usually young, under the age of 30. Mothers are most often responsible for their children’s deaths, presumably because they do more direct caregiving for children. It is also not unusual for these parents to have mental health concerns. Children are more likely to die in homes where families are especially mobile, where adults are unemployed, where non-family members are present, and where families have experienced a recent, major life event. We also know that 30-40% of children who die are already known to child protective services.

The nature of the parent-child relationship is also important in helping us to understand CMFs. Parents who take the lives of their children are more likely

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<th>TYPES OF ABUSE</th>
<th>TYPES OF NEGLECT</th>
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<td>Blunt force trauma</td>
<td>Accidental firearm discharge</td>
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<tr>
<td>Burns</td>
<td>Animal bites</td>
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<tr>
<td>Immersive drowning</td>
<td>Drowning</td>
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<tr>
<td>Munchausen Syndrome by Proxy</td>
<td>Drunk driving</td>
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<td>Poisoning</td>
<td>Falls</td>
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<tr>
<td>Shaking injury</td>
<td>Hit by car</td>
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<td>Stabbing or shooting</td>
<td>House fire</td>
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<td>Suffocation or strangulation</td>
<td>Ingestion or poisoning</td>
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<td>Malnutrition or starvation</td>
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<td>Unsanitary conditions</td>
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Table 1. Means by Which Children Could Die from Abuse or Neglect

June 2012
to see their children as “difficult” and often have inappropriate age expectations of their children, such as expecting an infant to be “respectful” of a parent’s work schedule or having a pre-school-aged child supervise an infant in a bathtub.

We know of many important factors that could lead to a child’s death, but we also have large gaps in our knowledge. We either have too little or conflicting information about a whole variety of child, parent, and household factors: presence of domestic violence, parental alcohol or drug use, social or geographic isolation, parental education level, and parental criminal behavior, to name just a few. All of these characteristics place a child at risk for non-fatal maltreatment, but we don’t know definitively at what point a constellation of factors makes a child more likely to die in his or her home. This is in large measure because CMFs don’t happen very often. When events don’t happen very often, they are more difficult to study. Further, states are not especially eager to turn over datasets containing information about fatalities to researchers, especially when much of that information is confidential. Perpetrators of CMFs are also unlikely to be forthcoming with researchers gathering facts. This leaves us with information gleaned primarily from obituary reports. So, while we have solid information about the demographic and household characteristics of CMF victims, we know little about their social characteristics and the nature of their parent–child relationships.

Maltreatment Fatalities and Child Welfare Professionals

About 75% of workers who I surveyed throughout the nation reported that they have received training in the risk factors regarding CMFs. Yet workers appear to have significant deficits in their knowledge about CMFs. They are more likely to think that children die from abuse than from neglect; they are also apt to think that a mother’s boyfriend is more likely to kill a child than the mother herself. Furthermore, training has no effect on a worker’s knowledge about CMFs – a finding that is deeply troubling.

Currently, my colleague, Dr. Melinda Gushwa from Rhode Island College, and I are assessing the content of child welfare training curricula throughout the nation to better understand the CMF-related content that is delivered to child welfare professionals before they begin working in the field. BSU Master of Social Work student, Patricia Serino, and I have completed a review of 24 social science textbooks on child abuse and neglect. We found that fewer than half of the books provide information about risk factors for CMFs and some of them provide inaccurate information.

It has been assumed that workers who experience a CMF in their caseloads are young and inexperienced and lack proper training and educational credentials to be working with high-risk families. My research finds this to be a myth. Child welfare professionals who experienced the death of a child in their caseload were, on average, in their mid-30s, had worked in child welfare for a median of six years and had a minimum of a bachelor’s degree. Most of them had a degree in social work, human services, or another social science. These workers also reported having closely monitored the families before the fatalities occurred, which included seeing the children, on average, one week before their deaths. The majority also stated that they had not been especially worried about the children before their deaths occurred and had not wanted to pursue different treatment plans. More than one-quarter of workers who experienced the deaths of clients viewed the deaths as unavoidable.

At the same time, my research shows that child welfare professionals are sincerely concerned about CMFs. The vast majority report assessing for risk factors for CMFs when they work with families and worry about the potential for children in their caseloads to die. One worker told me: “I am extremely stressed … and frequently worry that a child will die. I work weekends and sometimes until 8 or 9 p.m. to keep up with the work, but if one child dies, I will never feel that I did enough. We are fighting a losing battle… My entire academic experience as a professional social worker has prepared me for this job, and I am still overwhelmed by the massive responsibility.”

What emerges from my research is a picture of child welfare workers with substantive work experience and appropriate education who are concerned about their clients suffering a fatality. Still, they have serious gaps in their knowledge about the circumstances in which children die and about the caregivers who are responsible for the deaths of children. Workers reported feeling confident in handling the cases that led
to fatalities and more than a quarter believe, after-the-fact, that the deaths were unavoidable. This constellation of findings raises very important concerns about the training that child welfare workers receive and about their own beliefs about how child welfare workers can help to prevent child fatalities.

Professional Responses to Reduce Maltreatment Fatalities

One of the earliest organized responses to CMFs by professionals was the development of child fatality review teams, which are multidisciplinary workgroups that review child fatalities in given regions or states, identify factors that may contribute to CMFs and issue recommendations for change to professional associations, government agencies, and state legislatures. Almost every state in the nation has a review team. In my own work on review teams (with BSU alumnus Sean McCarthy and Jenifer Hohl) I found that most teams are focused on prevention and that the most frequent finding of review teams is the need for more public education to prevent CMFs. Nevertheless, there has been almost no research to determine if the presence of child fatality review teams results in fewer children dying.

Most states do have public education campaigns that are intended to prevent CMFs. These efforts highlight the dangers of leaving children unattended in vehicles, the necessity of supervising children in sources of water, and how to recognize and report child maltreatment. The leading prevention and education campaigns address shaken baby syndrome and have been highly effective. The effectiveness of other prevention campaigns in reducing CMFs is unknown.

Infant abandonment in trashcans, toilets and other places often results in fatality. As a result, states across the nation have passed “safe haven laws” which allow parents to safely abandon infants at designated locations, such as hospitals or police departments, where infants will receive necessary care and will be made available for adoption through the states’ child welfare agency. In return, parents are excused from criminal prosecution for abandonment. While there is speculation that these laws are not especially effective, no research exists to confirm this impression.

When a child dies from maltreatment, it is often difficult to prosecute the case for a variety of reasons. CMFs do not usually meet the legal standards for murder. There are often no witnesses to the crime, and family members protect one another from the law. Further, juries find it hard to believe that parents could hurt their children. As a result, many CMF convictions end up as manslaughter or endangering the welfare of a child. My own research shows that judges are often softer in delivering jail time in manslaughter convictions when the victim is a child. To address this, the majority of states in the U.S. have passed legislation that lengthens the sentence of an individual who kills a child of “tender years.” This legislation has never been examined, so we don’t know if it truly results in longer sentences.

U.S. Government and Maltreatment Fatalities

In summer 2011, the U.S. Government Accountability Office released a report entitled Child Fatalities from Maltreatment: National Data Could be Strengthened. The release of this report was coupled with a congressional hearing. It is clear that the issue of CMFs is gaining the attention it deserves. Furthermore, Senators John Kerry (Massachusetts) and Susan Collins (Maine) jointly sponsored legislation in December 2011 called the Protect Our Kids Act, which, if passed, would establish the Coalition to Eliminate Child Abuse and Neglect Fatalities. The non-profit organization, Every Child Matters, has also made CMFs one of its central policy issues. All of this has kept the topic in the media and, increasingly, on the policy table.

Tentative Conclusions

I’ve painted a pretty bleak picture in this article. Anything that focuses on children dying is bound to be bleak, but there are other reasons for concern as well. We don’t know with accuracy how many children die each year. Child welfare professionals—the main agents for preventing CMFs—are earnest, but don’t exhibit a high degree of knowledge about risk factors or the conditions under which children die. There has been tremendous response from professional groups that work with and respond to CMFs, but most of these efforts have gone unexamined and, in the meantime, the rate of CMFs appears to be increasing. The U.S. Congress has started to pay attention to CMFs and that is the main bright spot in this very dark set of circumstances.

It is important to remember that more children die from neglect than abuse and, therefore, we must address each of these tragedies as a maltreatment—as opposed to abuse—fatality. Furthermore, we cannot minimize the potential power of public education, which has successfully changed so many other harmful behaviors. Let’s use public education to remind parents that young children always need supervision, even in their homes. Further, we must demand better information about the effectiveness of our prevention strategies. With concentrated attention, funding, increased training and public education, professionals and the public can help to reduce the number of children who die from maltreatment.

Emily M. Douglas is Assistant Professor in the School of Social Work. For more on her work on CMFs, see http://webhost.bridgew.edu/edouglas/index_files/CMF.htm.
Protein synthesis in human cancer cells.

In Fall 2011, Dr. Marintcheva was awarded a CART Faculty and Librarian Research Grant to take the first steps in this ambitious project. To humility and determination, we might add patience: this Spring, Dr. Marintcheva took time to explain her research and teaching to this scientific layman.

“Cancer is a collection of many different diseases characterized by uncontrolled growth, such as we see in tumors and leukemia,” she explains. All cells are built from proteins. But these cells don’t follow the normal rules; they have a greater demand for proteins than normal cells and they divide non-stop. “Our line of thinking is this: if we can inhibit protein synthesis, cancer cells will be at a disadvantage.” This is similar in logic to the science on which radiation and chemotherapy is based, but those regimens are rooted in genetic information, not protein formation. Moreover, new cancer cells can be generated because of the damage caused by these routine treatments.

The novelty of Dr. Marintcheva’s work is that it targets protein behavior as it relates to synthesis of new proteins. More specifically, her work focuses on the unique properties of two proteins with “floppy tails” whose interactions are a weak link in protein synthesis. “If we can find a way to disrupt the bindings, then we can slow down the process of synthesis,” and, in turn, slow the growth of cancer cells in tumors. “It’s not a magic bullet,” she notes, “but it is a step on the road toward fighting the disease.”

Still, she admits, that’s a very long road. Scientific research applicable to abating cancer occupies scientists’ time and resources more than ever before, but their work is necessarily piecemeal and, often, disparate. “Everything is done in small steps,” Dr. Marintcheva notes, “and there is a lot of trial and error.” One running joke among scientists invokes etymology. “What we do is called re-search, because we have to search and search, again and again.”

Dr. Marintcheva’s project will begin in earnest this summer, when she undertakes her first task: to develop a framework or “assay” – a workable system, in her words – for testing chemical compounds to see if and how they interfere with protein synthesis. Her work will be done at the laboratories at Boston University, where her research collaborator (and husband), Dr. Assen Marintchev, works as a biologist at BU Medical School. Their collaboration is typical, in some ways, of the larger enterprise of scientific research. “No one researcher ever has all the equipment or expertise she needs,” she says. “We complement one another. That’s how the sciences work.” Their planned method is called fluorescence polarization: an approach that allows the researcher to monitor protein interaction by tagging protein tails, which makes visible and measurable their propensity to bind. “Once we know how nature behaves, we can move forward to the second step, which is performing the actual chemical screen.”

For Dr. Marintcheva, who has just completed her fourth year as a professor at BSU, the research presents a big...
Overall Design of the Proposed Assay

This three-phase experiment tests the interaction of human proteins and the propensity of protein tails to bind and disrupt binding. In Phase A, a purified human protein, (eIF5B, or eukaryotic initiation factor 5B) depicted by a blue circle, is mixed with the tail of a second human protein (eIF5) indicated by the black curvy line, that is attached to a green fluorescent label (depicted with a green oval). The result of this is seen in Phase B: the interaction of eIF5B and eIF5 tail creates a stable complex (blue circle with attached black line and green oval). In Phase C, when the tail of a third human protein (eIF1A) depicted in the red curvy line is added to complex, the eIF1A (red) tail outcompetes the attached eIF5 (black) tail, thus disrupting the initially formed complex. In the described scenario, the molecule depicted by red wavy line acts to inhibit the expected protein interaction in A and B. Any small molecule that can mimic the action of the eIF1A tail disrupting the interaction between eIF5B and eIF5 would make a great candidate for an anti-cancer drug since it would be able to disrupt protein synthesis, thus slowing down cancer growth.

Humility. Determination. Patience. These attributes have long been recognized as traits among good university teachers, but they are essential for scientific researchers, too. Bridgewater State’s Boriana Marintcheva is a case in point. “I never had the goal to do cancer research, per se. But the things that I had done before this project tell me that I can at least attempt it and hope for the best.”

Andrew C. Holman is Editor of Bridgewater Review.
Soldiers are returning from war to college. For several years I did not even notice them. That seems to be the way they like it. The 289 veterans, now students, on the Bridgewater State University campus are almost invisible. However, they are in my classes. I didn’t know anything about the military — I come from a family of school teachers — but I found myself wondering what it is like for a student to return from war. As an artist, I wanted to explore this reality with a piece about them.

In January 2010, the Office of Veterans Affairs at BSU sent a callout to all the veterans on campus to seek volunteers to participate in my project. Twelve students responded and indicated they were willing to be interviewed and recorded for a sound installation entitled *Combat to Campus, the Voices of Veterans*.

I did not reveal any of my past work to the students. I wondered what they would think of me. And I did care what that was.

I feel we are in a divided society over war and I feared I would be labeled as un-patriotic, un-supportive and even disrespectful.

I received permission from the Institutional Review Board to ask:

- What were your first days on campus like after returning from deployment?
- What do you know now that you wished you had known then?
- What strategies would you recommend to other students returning from Iraq and/or Afghanistan?
- What is the hardest part of being a college student?
- Do you participate in college activities? Why or why not?
- Are you still in the military? Why or why not?
- What do you miss most about the military?
- What are you studying?
- What are your plans for the future?

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Their responses were revealing.

“It definitely was an intense experience to go from, you know, being in a combat situation to being in a classroom, you know, you go from being surrounded by people in your platoon to people in a classroom, and I think the biggest thing that really hit me was being in a classroom is that it felt like nobody knew or acted as if there was a war going on. You know, there are so many things going on overseas and, you know, there are so many soldiers that are dying, becoming injured and there are more statistics with veterans with PTSD and suicide. And these things are going on every day. And being in a classroom, basically, it hit me that it felt like nobody knew there was a war going on.” – Mike A.

The sound installation was exhibited at Mobius, a gallery in Boston, and also at the Bridgewater State Campus Center. I used the same audio material for both installations but had very different presentations. For the Boston gallery space, I rented several high-tech “audio domes” where the audience would stand under a clear plastic umbrella-like structure atop an eight-foot pole and hear the voices of the veterans being broadcast within the circular space.

Student veterans met each other for the first time when they came to the receptions for both exhibitions. The exhibitions brought them together. I loved watching them greet fellow students with whom they shared so much but of whom they were unaware. They hadn’t even known they were on the same campus together. They were amazed when they listened to the recordings of others, for many of them answered the same questions in the very same way. For once, I think they felt less isolated on campus.

At BSU, I created listening posts in a campus lounge area using headsets next to comfortable seating. The wiring was hidden in lunch bags and school backpacks, purposely manipulating the space to look like an “ordinary” student environment.

“I miss the deployments. I was part of Second Scout Platoon, an infantry team of 24 … I developed closer relationships there than I have back home … These are the kind of people you can call any time of day or night and they will answer … I miss that a lot.” – Matthew C.

“About two months after I was here, the emergency sirens went off, the weather sirens. After being in Iraq and hearing those same ones, it took everything that I could possibly do, not to, number one, to fall on the ground or run into a building! Other than that, it was fine.” – Michele F.

“You hear people complaining about stupid things. You just want to say something but you don’t. You just keep your mouth shut just so you don’t get in trouble.” – Wilfred R.

Both exhibits displayed poster-sized color photos that I took of each student veteran who participated in the recorded interviews. These photos were evidence of their invisibility on campus: they don’t look like soldiers.

But, somehow, these stories from these student veterans did not seem political. Were they beyond political? Their experiences were so strong and so personal that I felt I did not have the right to comment. My internal conflict was a complex one. I decided to not include any of my
opinions after they spoke on the recording. I thought I was going to do extensive editing of the recordings. Surprisingly, I did not edit out one single word. Everything they said was important, and I wanted everyone to hear it.

“I served as a combat medic for 18 months and everything there was to throw at me, they threw at me. I came home and I expected to be better than I was and I was not. I lived on the bottom of a bottle. Taking shingles off a roof is a far cry from the glory of patching bullet wounds and taking care of all your men. I thrived with these guys. I slept next to them, I ate all my meals next to them. I lived and breathed this sort of thing … My wife stuck around for me being drunk all the time, losing my job, almost getting arrested, getting into fights with family, losing our apartment, moving in with her parents. And I couldn’t see straight and went through probably about a handle of alcohol a day. That is when she took my son and left! And said, if you want us in your life, you have got to get out of the military, you have to get yourself some help and you have to get this stuff over with. Not a real option there. My kids are everything.” David D.

"Make it known to your advisor that just because you are older as a freshman, like 25, 26, 30, 31, 35 even, that school is different. You are not automatically going to know what you need. You need just as much advising and advice as the younger students.” Wilfred R.

I learned to listen.

When it came time for me to finally present the sound installation on Veterans Day 2010, I did not add my own point of view. I wanted the voices of the veterans to stand alone.

These student veterans spoke to me from their hearts. They were willing to let me, someone they did not even know, record their personal experiences and go public with them. I respect that. But how can I approve and yet, at the same time, disapprove? A paradox. These students taught me something about commitment to doing a job as best they could. And under extremely difficult circumstances. Many of them did it again and again with multiple deployments. And with ideals of loyalty, honor and love of country as motivation.

Have I changed my views? Not to justifying war, no. There has been a change in my understanding of what it means to be in the military. But this understanding comes with a deep sadness from hearing of the loss and damage done to these students because of war.


Margaret Bellafiore is a Visiting Associate Professor in the Art Department.
This body of ceramic work is a departure from the diminutive, scaled pieces that I am accustomed to working with. Influenced by modern ceramic artists Lucie Rei and Hans Coper, I approached this work with the intent of creating forms that have a monumental presence.

Combining wheel-throwing techniques with hand manipulation, I pushed and pulled the clay body to its limits. I began each piece by throwing a large vessel form on the wheel. I then beat and sculpted the clay to emphasize the bulbous shape of the vessel’s body. The narrow bases that balance the vessels enhance their swollen forms. And their fragility is accentuated by their delicate thinness and rough-edged rim that shows its maker’s hand. Each vessel’s glaze is dictated by the form itself and shows sheen, textures and drips that cascade down the body.
Creative Non-fiction
How I Spent My Summer Vacation

Lee Torda

If you want to know how I spent my summer I’ll tell you. I read eleven books—a summer record for me unheard of since those heady days of childhood summers when Aunt Lee took me to the library, the only air-conditioned building you didn’t have to spend money to be in. I cleaned my house the way houses have been cleaned in my family for three generations. I watched the final season of Lost and all the seasons of Mad Men. I went home to Ohio. I went to the Cape for the first time ever. I memorized the Gettysburg Address. I ran Jamaica Pond every day.

June

While I was about the Pond, I listened to music sometimes or old episodes of This American Life, but I don’t like books on tape. A lot of the time I talked to my sister, who still lives in Ohio. We talked about all the sorts of things you’d imagine, but we spent a good portion of our time talking about our mother. She has Alzheimer’s.

One thing we sometimes talked about, morosely, is stuff we would have talked about with my mother, if she could still talk. Perhaps it’s not morose, perhaps it’s just a normal thing to do, but it strikes me as odd because I didn’t talk to my mother all that much until she got sick and not really about important things. We talked a lot about TV, as a matter of fact. But then, as her illness progressed, we were afraid to call her because she’d forget to hang up the phone. It was kind of funny until my sister had to drive forty minutes to her house to hang up.

Before that point though, in the twilight moments when my mother was more coherent than not, the television program Lost premiered. My mother started to watch the show out of a deep and abiding crush on the lead actor who played the doctor—I can’t remember his name on the show, but he used to play Charlie on the TV show Party of Five. That’s how I know any actor, never by the role I mean to reference but by a role they’ve played in the past. When I get Alzheimer’s I will no longer be able to tell you who any movie star is, and that will be a considerable loss to me because I love to talk about movies.

I did not watch Lost at the time, but I would ask my mother, in one of our phone calls, how it was going. We had this same conversation:

“I’m so excited.”

“Why?”

“Lost is on tonight.”

“I think it’s on on Wednesday, Ma.”

“Oh-huh.”

“Today’s Tuesday.”

“Well, whenever it’s on.” My mother was often exasperated by my need for precision that way.

A version of the Lost conversation has become a kind of shorthand for my sister and me. “I’m so excited,” one of us will say, “Lost is on tonight.” And the other of us will know that we are confused about something. It’s just general code for that floating sort of uncertainty that everyone feels sometimes and some know excruciatingly well.

When I watched the show this summer I wondered what my Mother and, more specifically, my mother’s ailing brain, made of it. She had no ability anymore to try to figure the way some bit of plot from two seasons ago made sense. I guess all she could do was plow forward with the plot left ahead of her.

The irony of a woman addled by Alzheimer’s enjoying Lost cannot possibly escape anyone. We made any number of inappropriate jokes about Jean (our mother) watching Lost because that is just the kind of people we are, though we try to avoid obvious jokes around people with lesser senses of humor and a greater penchant for tragedy. Sometimes, though, while I’d be running or walking around the pond, putting one foot in front of another, some joke would make me laugh out loud.
July

Sometimes when I am not talking about my mother to my sister, I am thinking about her while I run. I don’t think just about her. I think about teaching, bills, what I’m reading, what to wear. People who run know that that’s the sort of thing you do while running: whole miles will pass, and you won’t even realize it because you are thinking harder than you are running. The decision to memorize “The Gettysburg Address” happened that way.

One of the books I read this summer was The Killer Angels, a fictionalized account of the battle of Gettysburg. So I thought, while I ran, I would try to commit the whole of the address to memory and then recite it to my students come Presidents’ Day. Memorization is a very old and old-fashioned form of pedagogy that probably a great many modern experts on the subject have no use for, but I have an excellent memory, and I welcomed, when I was a student, assignments that required use of my talents—state capitals, the year of the Norman Invasion (1066—also very nearly my Aunt Phil’s mailing address), the lobes of the brain. I can still recite Frost’s “Stopping By the Woods on A Snowy Evening.”

There is some research that suggests that the more active you are with your brain the longer you can stave off a disease like Alzheimer’s (though less so with early onset, which is what my mother has). So we will see, long term, what memorizing Abe’s well-spoken 289 will do for me, but, come the day after Presidents’ Day next year, I’ve got an excellent class planned for my students. Other research says that people who make a living using their brains can hold off the disease for a long time, but when it hits, it hits hard. An individual spirals downward, away from herself and her memories, at great speed. I think that this straight and direct line to oblivion is the option for me.

Some days this summer I lost track of time and arrived too late at the pond. On those nights I tried to beat sunset. Most of the path is fairly bright and usually populated by other runners, dogs, their owners. But there is one stretch well canopied by trees. The cars race by high above you, the beams of headlights not even denting the foliage. I feel a pronounced disorientation in this section of the park.

An athlete friend of mine once told me I have no kinesthetic sense. This I take to mean that I never accurately assess where and how my body is moving.

Jamaica Pond at dusk, July 2011 (Photo by author).
through space—Alzheimer’s patients suffer from this too. So when I find myself in this space I am unsure of where the path is (I can’t swim or run in a straight line). I don’t know if uneven terrain will send me tumbling down the incline into the lake. It scares me when people or animals loom up out of the darkness. The path clears eventually as I near the well-lit spot where the boat house is and the path is closest to Jamaica Way. If I had to run like that, in the dark, all the time—and some people do, I see people running at night all the time—there’s no way I’d see it through.

It is at these times that I most often think of my mother. Because, with Alzheimer’s, I have no real way of knowing what it is actually like so I find myself imagining what it might be like. And I imagine this: not being able to comprehend how things are supposed to unfold. I think this is terrifying. It’s not the past I will regret losing. It’s a feeling for the present that I will mourn.

August

In addition to Lost, my mother and I used to talk about General Hospital. When I was a little girl, my mother would go with her sisters to clean my grandfather’s house, iron his shirts, and cook his meals. In summer, I would go too. This is how I learned how to do those things myself. None of my aunts, much older than my mother, could provide me with a single cousin to play with so I would watch General Hospital with my grandfather, who did not understand English. Then I would report to my mother and aunts about what was going on. I’ve watched it ever since. While I was home this summer, I sat with my mother and told her what was happening on GH (Brenda is back, Ma. You’d have liked her wedding dress). I did it to fill the room with the sound of something familiar.

I would have liked to have talked to my mother about Mad Men. One of the episodes had a story line that resulted in the office knowing the real age of the zaftig office administrator, Joan. It turns out that she is over thirty, and, the audience is to understand, a bit less desirable, a bit less powerful than she was when people didn’t know this. The character’s date of birth is given as 1931, just two years older than my mother. Like Joan, she was a secretary from the time she graduated high school until she married my father—when she was 35. No one thought my mother would marry, let alone have children.

In truth, I know so little about my mother. She was an intensely private person and anything I do know about her I know from stories other people, mostly her sisters, have told me. So, not to put too fine a point on it, I learned a great deal about my mother by watching this television show. Or I made up a great deal about her. But either way, it’s what I’ve got to work with. I would have liked to have checked my facts with her.
At the end of the summer, after I returned from visiting my sister and my mother, I visited the Cape for, really, the first time since moving to Massachusetts twelve years ago. I feel fairly certain that my mother would have hated the place where I stayed in Truro. It was musty and old and there was nothing clean enough about it, but she would have loved to eat out every night. She loved lobster, which is not often on the plates of Ohioans. When I lived in Maine she visited me and, I remember, ate lobster every day for a week. I couldn’t believe she didn’t get sick.

This house in Truro had exactly the number and kind of musty books I thought a house on the Cape should have. It had Emerson and a lot of Walt Whitman. There was also a set of *Time: The Year in Review*, annuals that collected bits and stuff printed the year before in the magazine. They were the worse for mold and inattention. I couldn’t resist pulling down issues—the year I was born, my sister, my father. In the year my mother was born, a man, described by newspaper reports as “anxious and intelligent-looking,” walked into a jail in Pasadena, California claiming he could remember nothing of who he was. He held his hands out to surrender to whoever was in charge, though he had committed no crime that he or anyone else knew of. He asked the men to lock him up until his memory returned. There the man sat until one night he saw a picture of himself in a newspaper. He yelled to the officers that he was the man in the picture. I could find no further stories on Mr. X, nothing that could tell me how life went on for him, if he ever recovered his memory or if he had always to rely on the facts that others delivered about his life in order to know it.

The last time I was home this summer, while I sat with my mother and told her about *General Hospital*, I noticed her rubbing the tips of her pointer and middle fingers together with her thumb. She never stopped unless I held her hand. The second I released it, she was back to rubbing. It was as if she were trying to tell me that someone had spent an inordinate amount of money on something or that she was searching for a word—the precise description, maybe, of a flavor in a dish. Whatever it was, it was on the tip of her tongue and there it will remain.

Lee Tonda is Associate Editor of Bridgewater Review and Assistant Professor in the English Department.
Faculty in Print

Balance Wheels: College Presidents in the Crucible of the 1960s and the Contests of Today
*Stephen J. Nelson*

No times are easy times for college presidents. The responsibilities and duty expected of those who mount the pulpit of the presidency create unending, seemingly infinite challenges. College presidents are supposed to lead in the grandest, most magnificent fashion. Their conduct is measured by superhuman standards. However, all times are not equal. Many eras have confronted presidents with greater, at times overwhelming trials. In such periods, roadblocks to even the most minimal, marginal successes are profoundly daunting, sometimes almost impossible to overcome.

Such was the decade of the 1960s and early 1970s. Many college presidents already in office found themselves thrust willy-nilly into the controversial and contentious public eye of the times. Events often wheeled out of control. Even when events were not fully out of control, what unfolded readily appeared and felt that way. No matter how much they wished otherwise, few presidential leaders had the ability or the luxury to find places to hide.

Many of the seminal issues born in the 1960s and 1970s have not only refused to go away but linger in more insidious guises. Grand aspirations that intransigent problems could be solved have not materialized. Not least, this has been the result because there is little or no unanimity about what the problems are. Issues and concerns bearing on principles essential to the well-being of the academy were either kicked down the road to presidents of the later twentieth- and early twenty-first centuries, or simply proved to be too large, much too engrained, to be readily “solved.”

We know the litany: equal opportunity and affirmative action (including what will eventually be its endgame) and what to do about socioeconomic factors that limit access, equity, and equality; the never-ending struggle of stewardship and funding of colleges and universities, difficult in even the best economic and financial times and simply tougher in times like the recession of the early 1970s, the post–September 11 recession, and the 2008 Great Recession of the decade just ended; ideological battles and critics demanding the curricula of their dreams, professors with the correct, politic pedigrees, and ethical and political positions, which, if in place, would run counter to the freedom of inquiry and research that must be the foundation of the university.

College presidents have always been protean figures. This stature was a terrifyingly needed quality in the 1960s and 70s. Presidents who survived and those who not only survived but actually thrived in those tumultuous times were the most versatile, the ones with the most moxie among their colleagues. In many cases presidential colleagues looked to the true pathfinders—Robben Fleming at Wisconsin (1964–68) and Michigan (1968–78), Father Theodore Hesburgh at Notre Dame (1952–87), John Kemeny at Dartmouth (1970–81), Richard Lyman at Stanford (1970–80), and Grayson Kirk at Columbia (1953–68)—to lead the way, to serve the greater good, even if unintentionally by providing cover and being the public targets that distracted attention and opinionated criticism away from others.

In any foreseeable future the men and women (the breaking of the gender barrier to college presidencies is a major breakthrough of the last fifty years) who ascend to the office of the presidency will have to be equally protean when compared to their 1960s predecessors, if not more so. Again, the more things change, the more they stay the same. This prospect is no different from that of Charles William Eliot’s classic characterization in 1909. Upon his retirement from forty years in office at Harvard, Eliot, comparing leaders in other professions to college presidents, concluded simply that there “is no equal in the world.”
The complexities of the college presidency and of the expectations that its multifaceted and competing constituencies bear are bottomless. This is as it ever has been. The presidents who got through the 1960s and 70s most successfully were those who managed to steer a middle course. These presidents were the ones able to moderate, to modulate, and to serve as interlocutors in the center of warring and protesting parties operating from polarized silos, their nativist cruxes well outside the mainstream of what the academy demands.

Presidents who honor most fully their esteemed office understand that the pathway of their individual institution, as well as the more important duty of stewardship for the future of the academy, is not about them. They recognize that while their leadership is critical, the presidency demands transcendent points of view. Presidents always stand on the shoulders of others. They must embrace a fundamental duty to the legacy of their institution, and foster the greater good of the academy. Presidents in the 1960s who fulfilled these duties did so by maintaining a compass for themselves and by convincing even the most disagreeable parties around them of the necessity of an unwavering commitment to the commonweal.

What is required of presidents is to embody what Richard Hofstadter characterized in 1968 as a university “best minister[ing] to society’s needs not alone through its mundane services but through the far more important office of becoming an intellectual and spiritual balance wheel.”

But herein lies a great paradox of the college presidency. We expect and desire leaders who will get out front, be courageous, and push worry about public approval and the predilections of the masses to the back burner. We don’t applaud leading in the middle. We fail to appreciate what it takes for leaders to locate and hold the center. We want our college and university presidents, more so than leaders in politics, the social and cultural arena, and the corporate and business world to be aggressive leaders, to be powerful amid competing interests and warring parties, and to stand on principles over parochial interests. But can we have it both ways?

Max Weber provides a label for the poles of the leadership conundrum college presidents confront. In “Politics as a Vocation” (1919), Weber concocts two countervailing ideals that leaders embrace: the ethic of responsibility and the ethic of ultimate ends. He distinguishes leaders, as well as citizens, who “act from a sense of practical consequence and those who act from higher conviction, regardless of consequences.” Even though these two are opposed, the “true calling of politics,” clearly including politics as played out by presidents and in college and university communities, “requires a union of the two.” The problem with either pole, absent a dose of the other, is that “on its own, the ethic of responsibility can become a devotion to technically correct procedure, while the ethic of ultimate ends can become fanaticism.” Neither side can be said to possess what Weber calls a “leader’s personality.” That is, “responsibility without conviction is weak, but it is sane. Conviction without responsibility” can in some cases become “raving mad.”

Presidents who were distinguished in the tumultuous times of the 1960s and 70s and their successors, who have successfully addressed the legacies left to them from that era, are those who merge an ethic of responsibility with
The eras of the university when the stakes have been most high are also the times when the risks and rewards, coupled with failures and successes, are greatest for presidents. The stage is grand, the klieg lights are on. But any pratfalls are there for all to see. The 1960s and early 70s were a profoundly difficult time for presidents, and colleges and universities. The convictions, the tactics designed to make the university a proxy in cultural and political wars, and the outsized rhetoric of university critics were at all-time highs. Presidents could not simply argue from the standpoint of responsibility. They could no longer effectively resort to traditional arguments based on simple authority urging constituents, supporters, and critics alike to be responsible in actions, be civil in protests, and be accountable as citizens of the community. Presidents had to show their beliefs, to lead the convictions of their office, and be utterly determined to establish their duty to the office and to the foundation of the university.

The 1960s and early 1970s was an era when fighting fire with fire was frequently the only and best possible presidential course of action. But even in such moments the best presidents did so with an august blend of responsibility and conviction that the opposition lacked. Viewed optimistically, the actions of these presidents—giants of their era—in those battles, firmly etched belief in critical matters under significant siege: liberal education, the place of democratic principles in the academy and the nation, and a university able to be the university even in the face of previously unimagined threats. That does not mean that all problems and all threats were permanently cast aside. It does mean that the realistic risk of erosion on all those fronts—liberal education and imagination, freedom in a democracy, and the core beliefs of the academy—was slowed if not halted.

Stephen J. Nelson is Associate Professor of Educational Leadership at Bridgewater State and Senior Scholar with the Leadership Alliance at Brown University. He is author of Leaders in the Crossroads: Success and Failure in the College Presidency (Rowman & Littlefield, 2009).
Voices on Campus
Tina Merdanian and the Red Cloud Indian School

In February and March 2012, Bridgewater State hosted a visit from Valentina (Tina) Merdanian and a delegation from the Red Cloud Indian School on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota. The visit reciprocated an earlier trip made by President Mohler-Faria and a group from our university to tour the reservation and begin to understand the depths of the challenges that face the Native Americans who live on Pine Ridge. The challenges are many. The unemployment rate on the reservation is higher than 80% and the average annual income among its residents is about $6,200. Pine Ridge, like many Indian reservations in the United States is, to borrow Ms. Merdanian’s phrase, an “island of poverty within a nation of progress.” Moreover, its residents carry a heavy historical burden. Pine Ridge is home to Wounded Knee, the site where an 1890 massacre of at least 150 Lakota by U.S. Cavalry marked the end of the country’s Indian Wars, as well as a famous 1972 American Indian Movement occupation that called to public attention the failure of U.S. governments to honor its treaties with Native peoples. To many, Pine Ridge is a symbol of American governmental perfidy. But today, as Ms. Merdanian and her colleagues Father George Winzenburg, Tashina Banks, Robert Brave Heart and Colleen McCarthy explained, it can also be a symbol of hope.

One of the brightest prospects for hope on Pine Ridge is undoubtedly the Red Cloud Indian School. Founded in 1888 as Drexel Mission by a Jesuit missionary (by 1898, it became Holy Rosary Mission), the school began with 100 students and bore the mentality and the main aim of Indian schools of that era: assimilation. Almost 125 years later, Red Cloud Indian School is one of the largest private Native American schools in the United States, encompassing two elementary schools, a high school and a heritage center. The 600 students at Red Cloud are educated virtually tuition-free and more than 90% of its operating funds come from private contributions. Today, Red Cloud’s school curriculum reflects a double target: to prepare students for success beyond the classroom and the reservation and to enrich their lives with a full understanding of their Lakota heritage. In addition to modern school curriculum, Red Cloud students are educated in both the Catholic tradition and in Lakota spirituality and language. In partnership with Indiana University, Red Cloud School has implemented the Lakota Language Project, making two years of instruction in Lakota mandatory for all of its students. Language is central to Lakota culture and spirituality. “That’s what it is,” noted Brave Heart.

On March 1, Red Cloud Indian School’s Director of Institutional Relations, Tina Merdanian addressed a sizeable audience in Bridgewater State University’s Horace Mann Auditorium as part of the President’s Distinguished Speaker Series. Her wide-ranging talk explained Lakota origins and worldview, and detailed the inspiring work and prospects of the Red Cloud Indian School. In the following excerpt, Ms. Merdanian recounts the watershed event of Wounded Knee and the meaning that she and others among the Lakota continue to draw from it and its legacy.

Wounded Knee was a repercussion of Greasy Grass, or Little Big Horn as you understand it within U.S. history. Big Foot and his band were coming down from the
North to meet with Red Cloud on the Pine Ridge Agency, regarding what was happening within the tribes, because at that time the Ghost Dances were going on. The Government viewed these gatherings as uprisings. The reality is that these Ghost Dances were asking in our prayers for our old way of life back, asking God, “why have you forsaken us?” And what we were asking was to really find that harmony in who we were then as a people, trying to understand all of the transitions that were going on. Because it was like a foreign government had come in, telling us who we are, what rules we have to abide by, what we could do, when we could do it. And not being able to practice the true fabric of who we were.

Big Foot was travelling in December and, you have to understand, in South Dakota, December is very cold. We have the wind that is constantly blowing and sometimes six-foot snow drifts, wind chills of 30 to 40 below zero. And he’s coming down with primarily women and children – about 300 of them. And they were met by the U.S. Cavalry. And they were stopped at an area called Wounded Knee Creek. And they were surrounded on three sides by the Cavalry, which was up on the ridge. The people were down in the valley. They had set up camp. The Cavalry was instructed to disarm our people of any weapons. For the most part, our people didn’t have any weapons. And with that, according to U.S. history, there was an older gentleman who was deaf, and he had a small weapon. One of the U.S. Cavalry approached him and tried to take away his weapon. The people were trying to explain to the cavalryman that the old man was deaf and couldn’t understand what he was saying.

A shot rang out. The U.S. military had the Gatling guns and they opened fire on these men, women and children. This is a very difficult part of our history.

When it was all over, there were some women and children who had made it to a gully and they were hiding out. The Cavalry called out one more time. “Come out, we will not harm you.” Some of them did, and they were moved down. Given the time of year, what the United States Cavalry did was dig a mass grave. And the bodies that lay frozen in the snow were collected and thrown in this mass grave.

Today, there’s a very simple, humble monument that stands close to the location of where this massacre happened. Our students drive by this monument every day on their way to and from school. They don’t see just a monument to a mass grave, they see their relatives, their ancestors, and what they gave so that we could be here today.

I typically don’t share this very often, but just to give you a sense of that history, I will. My father’s grandfather was a survivor of Wounded Knee. You have to understand the type of mentality back then. It was not often talked about because of the fear of repercussions.

He was a very young boy. He was wounded. He made it to the stronghold, into the Badlands. There, he was adopted by an older man, raised, grew up, had children, grandchildren. What he taught his children and his grandchildren was forgiveness.

When my father told me this story, I was puzzled. I mustered enough courage to ask my Dad, “why forgiveness?” He looked at me, and he said: “If we can forgive, then we can educate. If we can educate, we can assure that history does not repeat itself again.”

So now you understand what that really means to our people, today.


*Quiet* and *Rewired* examine contemporary social trends from certainly contrasting, if not opposing, perspectives. For Cain, Americans “live with a value system that [she calls] the Extrovert Ideal—the omnipresent belief that the ideal self is gregarious, alpha, and comfortable in the spotlight...prefer[ring] action to contemplation, risk-taking to heed-taking, certainty to doubt.” *Quiet* presents the case for that significant cohort of the population—perhaps as many as a third or more—that performs better in solitude and concentrated attention. For Rosen, “human beings are multitaskers...iGeners reign supreme in their belief that they can juggle more tasks than once thought humanly possible.

They believe that they cannot perform only a single task at a time without being bored to death.” *Rewired* advances a pedagogy that builds upon students' familiarity and ease with technology and argues that teachers must adapt to students’ new technology-driven learning styles. Rosen’s pedagogy implicitly accepts the ‘Extrovert Ideal.’ Cain offers a somewhat more nuanced critique of where this technology is leading us.

Early in *Quiet*, Cain observes that under the influence of such self-help guides as Dale Carnegie’s books on public speaking “America had shifted from...a Culture of Character to a Culture of Personality—and opened up a Pandora’s Box of personal anxieties from which we would never quite recover.” The “serious, disciplined, and honorable” self was replaced by the “bold and entertaining” self that functioned as a performer. The internal values of duty, work, reputation and integrity were superseded by more external qualities such as attractiveness, forcefulness and dominance. (I would note that today’s media-driven Culture of Celebrity has ramped up not just the desire to be fascinating and forceful but the attendant anxieties that bedevil these desires.) Concern with how one appears to others and the efficacy of one’s social performance inevitably drew many into insecurity and neuroses. But this is hardly new and was recognized, though perhaps not in the same terms, by Edith Wharton who in her *The Age of Innocence* depicts her Wall Street bankers and lawyers as men of character, who “in business matters...exact[ed] a limpid and impeccable honesty.” When the speculator Beaufort fails his associates are shocked—*schadenfreude* not withstanding—at his recklessness with clients’ money. Today he’d be deemed too big to fail and receive a government bailout. Wharton, nonetheless, foresaw the arrival of the Culture of Personality that disturbs Cain.

Cain points out that “if we assume that quiet and loud people have roughly the same number of good (and bad) ideas, then we should worry if the louder and more forceful people always carry the day” where “bad ideas prevail while good ones get squashed.” She goes on to note that “studies in group dynamics suggest that this is exactly what happens.” Recent studies have begun to show that organizing groups into “brainstorming sessions” where everyone must contribute ideas without encountering criticism (“all ideas are equal, but, let’s face it, some ideas are more equal than others”) don’t produce significant advances in innovation or...
productivity. In a January 30, 2012 New Yorker article “Groupthink,” John Lehrer summarizes the origins of brainstorming and the empirical research that tested its premises. While “brainstorming seems like an ideal technique, a feel-good way to boost productivity, … it doesn’t work.” Researchers consistently found that groups instructed to debate ideas “allow[ed] people to dig below the surface of the imagination and come up with collective ideas that [weren’t] predictable.” Cain, presenting a good deal of anecdotal evidence, reinforces the conclusion about the shortcomings of brainstorming.

I raise this topic because so much of current pedagogy encourages students to work in groups and brainstorm. Group work becomes an efficient (and cost-effective) means for involving a class in working together and discussing a subject. But, as any teacher who has employed class group work and brainstorming knows, the activity can quickly devolve into a social activity or a situation where one or two participants dominate while the others (the introverts) remain silent. Cain argues that good pedagogy must recognize and accommodate those students who are more comfortable and more productive working quietly by themselves. “The one exception to this,” Cain writes, “is online brainstorming” where “groups brainstroming electronically, when properly managed [my emphasis], do better than individuals” for the reason “that participating in an online working group is a form of solitude all its own.”

This brings us to the role of technology in pedagogy, which, as Rosen argues in Rewired, should be expanded. Early in his treatise, Rosen says that “although many schools have tried to integrate technology into the curriculum … they have gone about it the wrong way. These kids [the iGeneration] are so technologically advanced that simple adaptations to technology and media in the classroom and school is boring.” I’ll agree that kids are technologically advanced; recently, I noticed that quite a few BSU students possess tablet computers so, curious about what it offered, I purchased a tablet. I quickly figured out how to access my email but found myself flummoxed by all the apps.

B4YKI? However, on a recent visit, B4YKI, my almost six-year-old granddaughter mastered the tablet (with some help from her father) and with minimal EF4T was washing, cutting, styling and coloring online Barbie’s hair. Rosen has to be granted his point about the iGeneration’s immersion in new electronic technologies.

I must admit to having read both Quiet and Rewired on my Kindle. Struck by how frequently the forms of “boring” appeared in Rewired, I used the Kindle search function to learn that forms of the word occurred thirty times. Rosen considers contemporary students’ attitudes toward school as DDSOS. Surveying further, I found Rosen used forms of ‘fun’ and ‘exciting’ twenty-nine times each. ‘Stimulate’ appears eight times. The language used clearly offers an insight into Rosen’s pedagogy: technology is fun and exciting; traditional pedagogies and methods boring.

In a section he labels “iGener Like to Write … On the Web,” Rosen notes that “writing online does not take the traditional form of writing essays with the formal structure of a thesis paragraph, main body, and conclusion … These new texts are not limited to words; they are not limited by classic rules of grammar, and they are certainly not limited to standard page layouts.” ICBW, but this sounds like setting up the five-paragraph theme as a straw man (akin to arguing that graphic novels aren’t comic books) and then arguing that the freedom of ‘netspeak’ unleashes hitherto suppressed articulation among the “mute inglorious Miltons.” It’s important, however, to highlight Rosen’s focus on the educational goal. In 230 pages of text (excluding endnotes), Rosen uses the terms ‘social networks’ and ‘social networking’ 141 times. IOW, for Rosen the media has further transformed education into a social, not an academic, experience, a point that hardly needs making to anyone working in today’s classrooms. I’m

* Glossary
(with thanks to Gianna Papadopoulos, Text Messaging Lingo, Trafford 2010)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Abbreviation</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>B4YKI</td>
<td>before you know it</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BWDIK</td>
<td>but what do I know</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DDSOS</td>
<td>different day same old stuff</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EF4T</td>
<td>effort</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ICBW</td>
<td>I could be wrong</td>
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<tr>
<td>IOW</td>
<td>in other words</td>
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<tr>
<td>KWIM</td>
<td>know what I mean</td>
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<tr>
<td>LLL</td>
<td>LaLaLand</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OYO</td>
<td>on your own</td>
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<tr>
<td>RW</td>
<td>real world</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SLAP</td>
<td>sounds like a plan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WAWA</td>
<td>where are we at</td>
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no Luddite and have, as noted, culled the information presented in the last two paragraphs by using the Kindle ‘search this book’ function, but I sense that Rosen de-emphasizes the need for disciplined, formal writing in favor of a much looser and more social personal style.

Rewired also looks at student multitasking. Rosen says of iGeners that “they have mastered the art of multitasking allowing them to watch television, text message friends, listen to music, surf the web, chat on MySpace and Facebook, watch YouTube videos, and more, all at the same time.” While he admits the obvious, namely that young peoples’ multitasking takes the form of consuming entertainment, mostly in their bedrooms, Rosen tries to argue that this immersion in media “suggest[s] myriad options for new, technologically based educational models.” When he gets down to specifics later in the study, Rosen promotes an online 3-D virtual world called ‘Second Life’ which, among its many ‘virtual worlds,’ offers a tour of the Sistine Chapel’s art and architecture or a tour of Mayan ruins. The visitor selects an ‘alter-ego,’ an avatar, as a guide through the selected world, and by manipulating the guide can move through the world’s various rooms or galleries. SLAP Curious, I decided to check out Second Life and called up the site on my laptop. Asked first to create a password, I said OK, but then I was asked to enter my birthdate. At this point I knew I was OYO (or more precisely, OMO) in LLL since some virtual worlds offered adult content. Perhaps not the best way to integrate the classroom and the bedroom, KWIM?

Cain’s point is well-taken. In the RW not everything comes to us via a computer screen. Valuable as the new technology will certainly prove, it might well be well to recall Paul’s advice to the Thessalians: “Study to be quiet, and to do your own business.”

To Charlie Angell:

a recollection and a toast.

Lee Torda

When I came to Bridgewater to interview twelve years ago, I thought I had settled on taking a job in Pennsylvania. I had a good interview that day, but, still, I thought it was settled. Then Charlie and Leslie Angell took me to dinner. We drove to Plymouth because that was where Charlie’s favorite restaurant-of-the-moment was. Dinners during an academic job search are some of the most socially awkward experiences you can have. The matter of alcohol is troublesome. If you order wine and no one else does, what does that mean? Or if you don’t order wine and everyone else does, what does that mean? I didn’t have to worry about this with the Angells because Charlie ordered a nice bottle of red and a plate of mussels. He poured. We talked about Leslie’s and Charlie’s son, about my family, about Maine. I had lived there while I was in school; Charlie still had family there. A year later Charlie arranged for me to house sit for that family, mostly so I could have a vacation on the Maine coast. Charlie helped me shop for a car when my Honda died. I still use the topographical map he gave me. But all that was much later. On this night, it was just a perfectly nice dinner with people I liked. At one particularly contented lull in the meal, Charlie cocked his head to the side and said “I think a second bottle of wine is in order.” That’s when I knew that I would leave the college and the little town in Pennsylvania to the Amish, and I would take Charlie and Leslie Angell and Bridgewater State College. Charlie Angell has been to me colleague, mentor and watchdog. I will miss his booming voice and cinnamon bread, perfect for toasting, and his fine, lovely prose that fills this space. Here’s to Charlie in his retirement: a second bottle of wine is most certainly in order.
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Articles should be 1700-2200 words in length, though shorter articles will also be considered. Creative writing can be submitted at any length, however brief. 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.

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