

The Dean’s Musings

Transitions

Summer in CLAS is a deceptive time. Baccalaureate and Commencement have been completed. Our graduates disperse to new jobs, many faculty leave for summer research venues. Such annual diasporas disguise or deflect attention from summer changes that greatly affect CLAS operations during the subsequent academic year. These transitions from June through August include changes in academic leadership, arrival of new faculty, and an immigration of new students (graduate and undergraduate).

The College Office depends on the willingness of CLAS faculty to step forward as necessary to help run this complex operation. We acknowledge the loss of Associate Deans Patricia Miller and Jim Dufty, who will spend 1999-2000 on research leave after dedicating 4-5 years in this office making CLAS a better place. Replacing them are new Associate Deans Carol Murphy and Neil Sullivan, who will bring their own new ideas and high energy levels. Some days the latter is more important than the former. I hope many of you already know the new deans to some extent, and I’m sure they will want to give you every opportunity to become better acquainted. Our goal is always to be user-friendly in this office, something Neil and Carol will help us maintain.

Changing of the guard in departments and centers can be exciting or traumatic or both. New leadership offers renewed promise and hope for further progress, new academic directions, and a relative lack of baggage compared to that accumulated by outgoing chairs and directors during their tenure. Running our academic departments is a tough, demanding job, and there are few more important duties to be found. Faculty and deans expect so much of these leaders. Fortunately, they are able to satisfy most of us, most of the time, truly a tribute. The outgoing chairs and directors deserve our thanks for a job well done. The incoming replacements we look forward to testing on a regular basis.

CLAS has had a very active year in faculty recruitment, with approximately 26 new hires. Our graduates disperse to new jobs, many faculty leave for summer research venues. Such annual diasporas disguise or deflect attention from summer changes that greatly affect CLAS operations during the subsequent academic year. These transitions from June through August include changes in academic leadership, arrival of new faculty, and an immigration of new students (graduate and undergraduate).

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Time for “Recess!”

Pilot radio program just one of the projects-in-progress at the Center for the Study of Children’s Literature and Media

Pull one string and you might hear the gentle bleating of a lamb. Pull another and you could be serenaded by a cow. The newest interactive toy from Fisher Price? Hardly. Over 100 years old, this surprisingly well-preserved Victorian talking book is part of the University of Florida’s extensive Baldwin Collection of Historical Children’s Literature, which contains over 90,000 volumes including a 17th century edition of Aesop’s Fables, pop-up books from the 18th and 19th centuries, the first American edition of Alice in Wonderland, and complete runs of 20th century adventure series like Nancy Drew and the Hardy Boys.

The Baldwin’s impressive holdings have inspired a series of new initiatives, designed by the Center for the Study of Children’s Literature and Media to bring the breadth of UF’s children’s studies expertise and resources into the national spotlight.

The interdisciplinary Center, directed by children’s book author and UF professor of English John Cech, will premier its first new project on August 31: a pilot radio series called “Recess!” to be aired daily on Classic 89 WUFT and offered free of charge to all National Public Radio (NPR) affiliates across the country. Created for adults, the three-minute show will explore the rich mosaic of children’s literature and media, old and present.

“Along with a great deal of helpful information, the program will be full of surprises,” Cech promises. “We’ll offer regular reviews of the latest children’s books and recordings, as well as previews of current movies at the multiplexes and the best of the new cartoons and TV shows. We’ll also feature interviews with leading creators of works for children and with those making news or interesting contributions to the dynamic mix of elements that form children’s culture.”

The Center will emphasize children’s participation, with kids acting as “Recess!” consultants, offering their thoughts on the latest media, books or toys. “We’ll be in the field whenever possible,” notes Cech, “at the library one day or in a classroom or at a playground another, talking with kids about subjects close to them.”

And, of course, the Baldwin Library will play an integral part in Center programs. Baldwin Curator Rita Smith (the Center’s Assistant Director) will record segments for “Recess!” sharing information about the collection’s history and content, as well as reading her own essays on, among other subjects, the lively inscriptions and turn-of-the-century baseball cards she has found amongst the collection’s eclectic pages. Other “Recess!” segments will feature regular interviews with national public figures in which they discuss the children’s books that influenced their lives.

The College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, the Department of English and the College of Journalism and Communications have jointly funded the
DEPARTMENTS

English
Andrew Gordon has been interviewed about the *Star Wars* phenomenon by the *Chronicle of Higher Education*, the *Baltimore Sun*, the *LA Times*, the *Dallas Morning News*, the *Denver Post*, the *Miami Herald* and the *Lakeland Ledger* among many others. He has also been interviewed for several radio and television stations including Global TV (Toronto, Canada). WTBT-TV (Tampa) videotaped his class on *Star Wars*.

Stephanie A. Smith was an invited speaker at the Einstein Forum’s “Genetics and Genealogy” conference (http://www.einsteinforum.de/) in Potsdam, Germany, June 1-4, 1999.

Kevin McCarthy won the Patrick Smith Literary Prize from the Florida Historical Society Library in Melbourne, Florida, for his edited collection of stories: ‘*A River in Flood* and Other Florida Stories by Marjory Stoneman Douglas’. McCarthy is the first recipient of this new award, which seeks to recognize valuable contributions made by writers of Florida fiction in stimulating the promotion and study of the state’s history and heritage.

Geology
Ray G. Thomas served on the NSF- and NASA-supported organizing committee for the geoscience community “Portal to the Future: A Digital Library for Earth System Education.” The committee is discussing how the geoscience education community would use a digital library to enhance geoscience education at all levels (K-12, undergraduate, graduate, and informal education) and to create a plan for establishing a community-owned and -managed library facility.

Germanic and Slavic Studies
Keith Bullivant and Bernhard Spies (University of Mainz) have been awarded a grant of 50,000 Marks (approximately $28,000) over the next three years by the German-American Academic Council, a new body sponsoring joint research between German and American/Canadian scholars. The grant is in support of a project on “Experiences of Crisis in German Literature of the 20th Century.” A highlight of the project will be an international conference that will take place on the UF campus in April, 2000.

Physics
Pradeep Kumar was cited in one of last month’s *Physical Review Letter Focus* articles for his work on higher order phase transitions in superconductors. The *Focus* notes report on selected works of significance and major discoveries in the physics community.

Sociology
On April 15, Connie Shehan (Director, University Center for Excellence in Teaching) received an Award for Innovative Excellence in Teaching, Learning and Technology at the Tenth International Conference on College Teaching and Learning held in Jacksonville. Faculty representing 64 colleges and universities from throughout the world received awards.

Jay Gubrium presented a seminar on “Moral Environments and the Subject in Aging,” at the invitation of the Park Ridge Center for the Study of Health, Faith, and Ethics in Chicago.

Classics Team Wins National Championship

The Certamen team (the classics equivalent of ‘Brain Bowl’) of UF’s Epsilon Iota Chapter of Eta Sigma Phi, the national undergraduate classics honorary society, won the 1999 National Certamen Championship at their national convention in Athens, Georgia, the weekend of April 10-12. Over 30 teams from universities all over the nation vied for the prize. Competitors fielded brain-teasing questions about aspects of Greek and Roman civilization.

Also at the convention, UF student Jason Morgan was elected national secretary of Eta Sigma Phi. Fifteen members of the UF chapter attended, led by the group’s President, graduating senior classics major Vanessa Coloura.

The National Championship Certamen: pictured at the 1999 Eta Sigma Phi National Convention held in Athens, Georgia. (left to right) Vanessa Coloura, Jason Morgan, Jonathan Fehl and Mierka Drucker.
CLAS Bids Farewell to Deans Dufty and Miller

Pat Miller (Psychology), CLAS Associate Dean for Academic Affairs (with Dean Harrison, right), and Jim Dufty (Physics), CLAS Associate Dean for Research (left), ended their administrative terms this summer. At a farewell luncheon on May 20, Dean Harrison congratulated the two Associate Deans on years of good work and presented them with thank-you gifts. CLAS faculty and staff gathered at the luncheon to wish Miller and Dufty well.

Center for African Studies Annual Carter Lecture Series a Success

This year’s Carter Lecture Series (March 26-27th) brought together a group of international scholars for intellectual exchange on “Aquatic Conservation and Management in Africa.” The symposium, hosted and sponsored annually by the Center for African Studies, was co-sponsored by Division of Sponsored Research, the Center for Wetlands, and the Wildlife Conservation Society. Conference organizers Tom Crisman (Center for Wetlands, Environmental Engineering Sciences), Lauren Chapman, and Colin Chapman (both from Zoology) selected key topics to develop multidisciplinary perspectives on emerging management issues in African waters. The conference fostered international dialogue on the development of conservation and management strategies in response to the magnitude of disruptions facing aquatic systems on the continent.

Maples Endowment Awards First Scholarships

Margaret Kelley Maples, widow of renowned researcher and Pound Human Identification Lab Director Bill Maples recently added $1,200 to the growing endowment fund named for her late husband. The first William R. Maples Scholarships ($500) will be presented, fittingly, to Maple’s final four graduate students. From left: Maples Scholarship recipients Dendra Smith and Heather Walsh-Haney, Bill Goza (CLAS alumnus and long-time volunteer researcher at the Pound Lab), Margaret Kelley Maples, Pound Director Anthony Falsetti, and Maples Scholarship recipients Shuala Martin and Phoebe Stubblefield.

English Office Staff

The English Department, featured in this issue, is one of the largest departments in CLAS. The English office staff includes (back row, from left) Loretta Dampier, Fiscal Assistant; Carla Blount, Program Assistant; Sandy Plympton, Program Assistant; (front row from left) Kathy Williams, Program Assistant; Jeri White, Senior Secretary and Rosa Piedra, Office Manager.
The ecological framework not only organizes multiple risk factors into meaningful categories, it also identifies potential intervention points. Responses to youth violence can target multiple risk or protective factors along the prevention-treatment continuum. Prevention programs focus on the general population or at-risk individuals before serious violence has occurred, whereas treatment programs work with violent individuals to change negative behavior and reduce its effects. Recent meta-analyses of prevention and treatment programs have confirmed that effective strategies do exist, although incomplete implementation and cost-cutting measures hamper their success. Primary prevention programs such as parent training, conflict resolution, and school-based competency enhancement programs demonstrate reductions in youth violence. Effective treatment programs such as Multisystemic Therapy intervene at multiple ecological levels with violent youths and their families over an extended period of time to reduce recidivism substantially. Prevention programs are more cost-effective than criminal justice sanctions, but they remain a hard sell because success means nothing happened. Preventing violence is a “non-event” that doesn’t usually capture the headlines.

Those adolescents that do commit violent crime are increasingly processed through the punishment-oriented criminal justice system rather than the more rehabilitation-focused juvenile justice system. This trend raises a number of questions about the assumptions underlying an “old enough to do the crime, old enough to do the time” philosophy. First, due process is a fundamental notion in the criminal system but my own research indicates that most young adolescent offenders (ages 10 – 15) may not have developed the capacities for understanding, reasoning, and judgment that are critical for their effective participation as defendants. Older adolescents’ abilities to negotiate the legal system may be more a function of individual differences than age per se. Second, research on the recidivism rates for juveniles transferred to adult courts is somewhat mixed but suggests that this much-heralded policy reform is likely not a panacea. As with most social issues, juvenile violence is a multidimensional problem that presents both challenges and opportunities for researchers to develop theoretically-driven, empirically based contributions to the policy debate.
My comments require a bit of background.

I’ve been working for over nine years now on an edition of a relatively minor but still important work of Middle English prose dating from the 1380s, entitled The Testament of Love, written by Thomas Usk, a friend of Geoffrey Chaucer. For the past five years, I have been employing the World Wide Web in my work on this edition: in June, 1998, the edition appeared in print and on the WWW at the same time; and this June, I will finish the project by launching my translation of The Testament on the WWW. I would like to share with you some of the conclusions and realizations I’ve reached during this long period of work.

First and foremost, I believe the WWW is full of promise for the Humanities, especially the study of literature of the far past, access to which has always been problematic. A text on the Web is, above all, accessible. However merely obvious this may sound, it is nonetheless of inestimable importance. That text is accessible in, say, New Zealand, in Switzerland, in California, in Iceland, equally and at the same time. A print edition of this text might cost $150 and be as a result beyond the means of someone in one of these places, especially if s/he lives 50 miles from a research library; but if this text is on-line on the WWW, anyone can access it, no matter how impecunious s/he may be or how far from the library s/he may live.

The wonder of such accessibility, though great, is chastened when we realize that something happened to those $150—they did not get spent, and credit for producing that text does not, as a result, cycle through the normal (and normative?) channels. And yet, surely, someone paid for the text, and in more senses than one.

Here’s the rub. Who paid? Who gets the credit? Who controls the dissemination of this information? Behind these questions lie some others that are, perhaps, troubling in their implications. They are questions that have to do with the definition of academic institutions and with the ways in which such institutions distribute rewards and awards. Inevitably, I predict, they will be questions also involving such very fundamental notions as tenure and teaching. For what the WWW does is submit to interrogation the ownership of information.

If the series editor, the publisher, and I all agree to launch my edition of The Testament of Love in its entirety on the WWW, at the same time as we print it in a traditional bound volume, have we not violated an elementary business practice? Have we not effectively eliminated the demand for the print version of our product? You “own” our product simply by opening it in a WWW browser. And, as anyone who has researched, taught, or conversed on the WWW readily knows, the text on the WWW is preferable for most of your needs to the print version: it can be searched, copied, and otherwise manipulated for many critical purposes. The question, then, really boils down to this: who pays for your “ownership”?

At no other time in my career as a professor of English literature has any question emerged so starkly in its irrefutable relevance. For it is not, as we have seen, just one question but a host of questions. Would I get tenure for publishing the results of my labor on the WWW? Would I get promoted? Would I compete successfully for external grants? Would graduate students elect to work with me? Will, to turn to darker questions, my work be plagiarized? Or, to quip in a darkly humorous way, will people browsing the WWW at 3 AM mistake The Testament of Love for pornography?

We are on the cusp of the greatest technological revolution since the printing press—such a statement is now commonplace, of course. But, even so, scores of questions still need to be answered and perhaps just as many need to be asked that we haven’t formulated yet. As a teacher of Medieval literature, a field in which editions regularly do cost $150, I think I can safely say that if we do not address these questions—both those already asked and those not yet asked—we who profess the Humanities may find ourselves even more marginal than many now moan that we are. Literature takes many forms, comes in many styles, but without accessibility, literature is at risk. We must answer the question, who pays?, and answer it soon, or resign ourselves to a wide world of video games and bomb recipes—hardly humane creations, much less creations of the Humanities.
The Creative Writing Program

The Florida Writers’ Workshop was founded in 1949 by Andrew Lytle, the Southern fiction writer who later edited the Sewanee Review. Even earlier, in the thirties, Robert Frost came south during the winters to teach young poets at the university. Among the writers who have taught at UF are James Dickey, Stephen Spender, and especially Harry Crews and Donald Justice, whose association with the writers’ workshop lasted many years. It remains a small graduate program, admitting only a dozen students a year, and is ranked among the top twenty in the country—though writers care more for the weight and balance of words, the tangle of sentences.

--William Logan, Program Director


From Edisto Revisited, Chapter 18:

LOUISIANA WAS a tunnel of improbability. For starters, I could not stop drinking. This, I know, is statistically not improbable if you are bred for it, if you have in your soul the Mendelian, green, wrinkled pea for booze, and I indubitably do, but I had never felt the real pull of it before. Booze has been for me recreation, sideboard theater, camp, a headache. Occasionally, insupportable behavior. Occasionally, magical moments.

But crossing into Louisiana I got this haunted little rill of feeling—there was moss and mud everywhere and an inexplicable, hollow sensation that Louisiana is what would be left of the South after it has been nuked—that I and everything around me were irretrievably rotten. I was passing through this rotten-looking, rotten-sounding town called Slidell and I got some crayfish and ate them with mustard. Pygmy lobsters from the swamp and Zatarain’s mustard from the jar and some kind of sharp whiskey from the bottle, which had the effect of Cowper’s fluid on the crustaceans and mustard going down; I could swear the little things were snapping their tails in what felt like gasoline in my throat, and I felt so bad and out of it—no job, no friends, no Henry Miller—that I felt very, very, very good. I felt like boxing a few rounds with . . . with live oaks. I felt like driving. And that I did. Somewhere right at the beginning I stopped and asked someone, “Is this Slidell?” and before he could answer yelled, “I am Slidell,” and drove very slowly away, waving and smiling a huge exaggerated smile at him, or her, it may have been a dog.

I wanted to be black and named Slidell Washington. I had whiskey. I passed Mandeville, which I knew somehow was the premier state nuthouse, and stepped on it hard. I came to in a bar.

There, relatively calm, I realized Mandeville was maybe where they shanghaied Earl Long, but I was too near it yet and scared by being Slidell Washington to ask anyone. If I were black and asked about Mandeville and Earl Long they would just put me in Mandeville. I had a drink before me on the bar, and there was a very attractive lifer barmaid smoking down the way who had served me the drink, apparently. I went to the bathroom to see if I was black, and was not. I washed my face anyway, convinced I was. I didn’t mind that actually—the idea of being secretly black was agreeable. But I didn’t want anyone finding out, or finding out suddenly and scaring everyone and me, too. This is where a drink works like an oar on a boat in a moving current. You have one, you need another to row, to control, because shit is happening.

I went out to the bar, sat down to address my drink, and a very loud noise occurred. And apparently only I heard it. When I got up out of the crouch I was in beside my stool, the bartender was looking at me.

“You okay?” she said.

I knew immediately she had not heard the noise. She could not possibly have heard it and still be upright, smoking. But I had to say, anyway, “You didn’t hear that?”

“Hear what?”

“That, ah, explosion?”

She just looked at me. I had enough instinct still to know if I said one more word I’d not get one more drink from her.

“Sorry, ma’am. Flashback city.”

She was not reassured by this, because I do not look flashback qualified, unless we are talking drug flashback, but I averted crossing the cutoff line, and I drank the drink before me and got another as quickly as I could and tipped her well right then, with more money visible on the bar—that wordless, grave tipping you do by pushing the money solemnly at them, interrupting the retreat, even touching her hand if you’re really up to something other than ensuring service during your first serious drunk. I was swimming in ordure. I was having promiscuous thoughts—not ribald thoughts, but thoughts that were changing among themselves in a blurred and indiscriminate fashion. I was drunk and it felt good in a way I knew was not good. I had the wit to keep all this to myself and keep getting drinks and never figured out the huge noise. From matchbooks I figured out I was in Covington, probably. I had a scratch on my arm and didn’t know how I’d scratched it. The noise I’d heard seemed to be coming from it, a little at a time. I looked to the woman to see if she heard that. She mistook my glance for a ready sign and made me a drink. Whatever she was making me had changed color. My arm was now speaking.

It said, “Shut up.”

“Okay,” I said to it.

“You’re welcome,” the bartender said.

“Your mother,” my arm said.

I waited for more. “My mother what?”
there is a specificity to the way desire is figured. The French are much more interested in desire as l’amour fou—as passion, burning, intense, but temporary—and they are much more pessimistic about desire lasting overall.

Desire usually has a quite definite temporal structure, or the narratives of desire do. If they end with desire still alive, they end on the choice or the acquisition of the desired object, as if that were an goal in itself. In other words, once desire is channeled entirely into the ideal object, then the film ends: the happy ending. The couple is formed. Or conversely the object of desire is lost. These constitute very artificial but dramatically useful endings which narratives of desire seem to need. It’s far more difficult for films to imagine a desire that doesn’t have its terminal point. So, one of the questions I’m asking is how hard is it for narrative to tell a story in which desire is distinctly renewed, where it recurs or can be expected to recur.

Cn: You’ve started a new book project, Desire and its Ends. Tell us about that.
MT: Desire and its Ends grows out of the earlier projects—the Oshima book, my previous Flashbacks in Film: Memory and History and my very first book, Abstraction in Avant-Garde Film. I’m looking at differences in the figuration of desire. I’m limiting myself to relatively recent films, but examining them comparatively, exploring the traditions of different countries and cultures.

I start out with a chapter on the relationship of the depiction of desire in French film to French philosophy, French psychoanalysis and the literary and theatrical traditions in France. I’m suggesting...
Sidney Wade is the author of three collections of poetry, Empty Sleeves (1990), Green (1998) and From Istanbul, published last fall in Turkish and English. Wade was a Senior Lecturer on a Fulbright Fellowship at Istanbul University in 1989-90. She was awarded the Stanley P. Young Fellowship to the Bread Loaf Writers’ Conference in 1994. She returned to Istanbul in 1995 and again in 1998.

Debora Greger has published five books of poetry: Movable Islands (1980), And (1985), The 1002nd Night (1990), Off-Season at the Edge of the World (1994), and Desert Fathers, Uranium Daughters (1996). She has won the Grolier Prize and the Award in Literature from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, and she has received grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and the Guggenheim Foundation. Greger visited Istanbul in 1998.

BACK INTO LOVE
(with a line from Ted Berrigan)

I took my body out for a walk every morning at eight
on the way to the ferry dock
past the store where the man ground coffee into dust and sold
bitter cigarettes
this marriage can be a dreary business
I said to myself fairly often
however
there was Istanbul
“feminine marvelous and tough”
and as my feet reacquainted themselves
with the burbling ferry
my eyes hoped they might once again meet those of the man
in the green loden coat on the upper aft deck
in the soft morning light
leaning cool on the railing
and smoking a cigarette

He was tall dark and handsome of course
and I thought oh how well we can love ourselves
and then I thought
not too impossibly dreary besides
there is always the next generation to think of
and then there are too the blue promises
and all those roses
however dusty they may sometimes appear

Then the ferry disentangled itself from the shore
and pumped on down the capital stream
and I looked at the sky with its fabulous palaces
and I hugely stretched
and there I was
with my fist full of clouds
and I thought what a wonderful thing this could be on occasion
and I took myself down to the waterline
of the throbbing machine
and the deep blue sea
and I watched the great city astride its hills
and fell sadly
and for the thousandth time
back into love
with love.

FLYING TO BYZANTIUM

That is no country for women. In the streets
of Istanbul men strutted like pigeons.
Like saints surrounded by gold in the old mosaics,
they wanted to sell me something.

Boys swarmed the Blue Mosque like bees, touting rugs
in what they guessed my language was.
At the bus stop on the Bosphorus, the day’s fish
had been laid out to shine like souvenirs.

I wanted the big flatfish with the wandering eye.
He had the face of an angel over a tomb,
monument to his own magnificence.
In the church of St. Savior, the Sainted men
painted on the wall looked down on me.
What could I do but walk beneath their gaze,
I who’d paid to look, not to pray? Over their heads,
a girl was given away to priests in the Temple.

Even higher up, an angel brought her bread
since she would be needed later in the story,
being the young virgin Mary.
A paltry thing, a tattered coat upon a stick—
a girl at a traffic light at midnight
took the gray rag she was supposed to smear
our windshield with, and wound it instead
around a fence post in play. Into a doll
whose face could barely be seen for the veils.
Soul, though I no longer believe in you,
we were younger once. Don’t turn away when I would talk to you.
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**Center for the Study of Children’s Literature and Media**

**John Cech, Director**

Children’s books represent our first encounters with literature, in which we hear words used beautifully and tune ourselves to the rhythms of our language. One can’t overstate the value of children’s literature. Millions of people who will never read Tolstoy or Shakespeare will read Charlotte’s Web—and never forget the experience.

Cech joined the UF faculty in 1976. He has published three critical works, including the award-winning Angels and Wild Things: The Archetypal Poetics of Maurice Sendak (1995), as well as five children’s books and one novel.

Four-month pilot of “Recess!” and they’re optimistic that, like NPR regulars “StarDate” and “The Writers Almanac,” “Recess!” will get picked up by a significant number of stations during the sixteen-week promotional period (which ends December 31, 1999). If successful, “Recess!” may also attract vital support for future Center for the Study of Children’s Literature and Media efforts. “We hope the first radio segments will be a magnet for fund support from those sources interested in bringing literature and the arts into the lives of families,” Cech explains.

The Center has no shortage of innovative ideas on the drawing board. Once “Recess!” gets off the ground, they hope to produce a video documentary on the history of children’s manners books, drawing on the Baldwin’s array of material on the subject, which ranges from facsimiles of medieval courtesy books, to neatly bound moral treatises from the 17th and 18th centuries, to early 20th century offerings, in which lessons in conduct were mixed with humor, as in the rhyming, cartoon-illustrated manners book pictured below, left.

“The message to kids is essentially the same every century,” laughs Smith. “Don’t eat too fast, sit quietly at the table, that kind of thing. But the books of manners that are published today are much more visually appealing and amusing than those from previous centuries.”

“Using a variety of compelling illustrations from the Baldwin,” says Cech, “and interspersing these with readings and commentaries from experts, we hope to create an exciting, informative production that appeals to a wide audience. Now, if we could persuade Judith Martin [Miss Manners] to host the program, that would be the icing on the cake,” he adds. The Center is also in the early planning stages of another documentary that would commemorate the 100th birthday of L. Frank Baum’s classic The Wizard of Oz, originally published in 1900.

In the coming years, the Center also hopes to work with local museums, libraries and school systems to organize programs in art and literature and to sponsor lecture series and conferences on topics of children’s culture. “Eventually, we’d like to host an international conference on the role of the children’s book in the 21st Century,” says Cech. “As our world becomes increasingly wired, what’s going to happen to the traditional form of the book? How will it be transformed for our grandchildren? And how will these changes alter the whole experience of reading, thinking and imagining?”

“Recess!” will begin on August 31 and is scheduled to air on Classic 89, weekdays at 1:15 PM. Find out more about “Recess!” and other Center for the Study of Children’s Literature and Media initiatives at the Center’s upcoming Web site www.recess.ufl.edu (under construction).

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### Grants, continued from page 9

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<td>ZOO UFF</td>
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<td>Scicchitano, M.</td>
<td>POLISCI Multiple Sponsors</td>
<td>6,000 State applied research for surveys.</td>
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<td>Swanson, B.</td>
<td>POLISCI City Of High Springs</td>
<td>18,750 Research and advisory services for High Springs comprehensive plan.</td>
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**State.....................6,000**

**Miscellaneous ............18,750**
“I don’t know,” it said. I looked at the scratch closely. I wanted to see its lips move if I could. I put my head on my arm, level with the forest of hairs, the wild terrain of follicle and freckle and fleshly soil, waiting for this fresh fault in the land to speak. I bit myself, at first rather affectionately, then shook my arm like a bulldog a rag and made noises. “Your mother’s on the phone,” it said. I dropped my arm.

“What?”

The bartender was over us. “Your mother—she says—is on the phone.”

“My mother is on the phone?”

“That’s what she says. It’s a woman. You called her, I think. Before.”

That is as close to a summary position on the evils of drink as I can imagine: Don’t drink, because if you do and it gets off the road with you, you can be invited to speak to your mother in a bar you do not know the location of on a phone it is alleged, but you do not remember, you have used. It is like a call to armed combat when you are unaware you’re in the service. Flat feet understates the matter; 4-F will not at this hour suffice. You trudge, you limp, you lolligag to the phone, and, with a look and high sign for a drink to the bartender, who’s rather your commanding officer at the moment, you pick up the phone.

I sat back down and the bartender came over with a drink and swept the money out of the way and leaned over the bar with both arms—as if to straighten my tie, which I was not wearing—her hands coming in tenderly and slowly at my throat and sliding around my neck and lacing behind it, and she pulled me to her, hard, and kissed me, hard, full on the mouth, and tenderly and slowly at my throat and sliding around my tie, which I was not wearing—her hands coming in the back of the head. I had gotten him backseat and drive and hope the dog did not bite me buy some meat across the street and throw it in the dog pound guard dog, though, and I said I wanted it, and evidently I got it. I had got bad drunk and got a bad dog and called my bad mother and made a date to meet one of her bad lovers. I had torn a page, I believe the locution goes. All I could do now was buy some meat across the street and throw it in the backseat of the car I had a shock: I did have a dog. There was a robust, gnashing Dalmatian in my car. There was a glimmer of history about this dog, which I sought to mollify with some Easy, boy, which he was having none of. St. Tammany Parish Animal Control Center. Had stopped thereat. Why? Because had stopped at Tulane Primate Research Center. Why? To see monkeys with wires coming out of their heads. Was not allowed to. Why? Probably because they had monkeys with monkeys coming out of their heads, which is why primate research centers are in swamps. This had pissed me off, so I stopped at dog pound down road to see what abuse they were up to. Not an animal nut, but even the name Primate Research Center gives me willies. So whip in dog pound, and first dog run has Dalmatian nearly breaks through chain-link to get me. This I remember vividly, standing now at my car wondering how to get in it: this very dog hitting the fence with force enough to bulge it in rhomboids of fur and bounce back, squinting very meanly and sideways at me, growl almost inaudible, saliva on galvanized wire.

“That ain’t no fire-station dog out there,” I said inside the place with some old-boy gusto and sawmill conviction, and a fellow chuckled. No, it ain’t, it was the pound guard dog, though, and I said I wanted it, and evidently I got it. I had got bad drunk and got a bad dog and called my bad mother and made a date to meet one of her bad lovers. I had torn a page, I believe the locution goes. All I could do now was buy some meat across the street and throw it in the backseat and drive and hope the dog did not bite me in the back of the head. I had gotten him in the car; it looked marginally tenable he’d let me in it now.

He did and we drove off. I named him My Inner Life. At the first pee stop My Inner Life ran off down a logging canal on a bayou named, as near as I can tell, Tennessee Williams. If it was not Tennessee Williams it was Joe Bourgeois, my map was considerably out of register. Up this same canal down which My Inner Life had disappeared shortly came loping toward me a giant nutria, bounding part beaver, part rat, with yellow incisors visible like a nine ball in its mouth. I could not get Louisiana. Huey Long and open-skulled monkeys and logging canals and South American rodents gamboling the land, and that land a weird admixture of ordinary South—landscaped colonial brick Farmers & Merchants Banks at crossroads where there appears no need for a bank, or for a crossroads, or for roads, and no farms are about—and unordinary South. The unordinary obtained when you found a canal named for a man named Joe Bourgeois or Tennessee Williams, take your pick. This canal here, in this swamp we ruined pulling oil out of, and pulling logs out of it before that, let’s name it for John Doe—or, for that guy (queer, I think) who made that streetcar of ours, which no longer runs, I think, famous. Yes. Need him a canal. Somewhere out in the vast swamp before me could be an intersection of forgotten waterways called Dealy Plaza and Garrison Slough. I ran, a little ahead of the nutria, back to my car. There I found a receipt that indicated My Inner Life had had all his shots and was worm free and had cost forty-five dollars.
Musings continued from page 1

40 searches authorized. At this point, over 30 have been successful, others are still in progress, and a few have been deferred to next year. It is difficult to overestimate the impact of each entering “class” of CLAS faculty in terms of what they may accomplish for their departments and the morale that their arrival produces. If you could see, as I do each year, the credentials of the faculty our departments are able to attract to UF, you would be equally impressed with the outlook for our future. Outstanding faculty are the lifeblood of any university. Congratulations to the search committees.

And then there are the new students who replenish our ranks each summer and fall, including talented graduate students, who come from all over this country (and beyond) to study with our faculty. President Lombardi has asked that we grow at the graduate level, and CLAS is making every effort to comply, particularly in areas that offer solid reason for expansion. The reputation of CLAS programs is steadily building, which will be more and more helpful in the difficult competition for top-ranked graduate students.

Finally, the core of our programs, the undergraduate students, mostly from Florida, who have objective quality scores that show them to be among the best entering class of any public university. Because these students stream to UF each year, seemingly without any real effort on our part, there is the danger of overlooking their importance. We should all stop and be grateful that we live in a state with such demographics to produce an apparently unending supply of outstanding students. I assure you that my fellow deans in many other parts of the country envy our student reservoir. Again this year, the bright faces and terrific minds will descend on Gainesville, and aren’t we the lucky ones for it.

Transitions are an exciting part of working at a major university. Much changes from year to year. Overall, our perception of each year’s progress will vary, but only a true curmudgeon would find this life less than interesting. Thanks to all who keep things moving upward.

Will Harrison, Dean  [harrison@chem.ufl.edu]

**A Note From the Chair**

**What is an English Department?**

It used to be that an English Department combined faculties in English literature, American literature, and required composition. At UF, faculty continue to produce outstanding scholarship in these areas. Mel New is adding the third set of elaborately introduced and heavily annotated volumes, on *Sentimental Journey*, to his Florida Sterne edition. Richard Brantley is working on the Emily Dickinson installment in his series of intellectual and literary histories tracing the relations of Locke’s empiricism and Wesley’s evangelicalism through English and American writers. John Seelye’s *Memory’s Nation; the Place of Plymouth Rock* and Malini Schueler’s *U.S. Orientalisms: Race, Nation, and Gender in Literature, 1790-1890* offer both traditional topics and new materials, methods, and perspectives.

Our department, however, also extends these traditional English disciplines. We now have thirteen models that undergraduate majors can adapt, including the less familiar African American/African Diaspora; Cultural Studies; Feminisms, Genders and Sexualities; Film & Media Studies; and Theory. Many of our faculty reflect this diversity. Debra King recently published *Deep Talk: Reading African American Literary Names and Naming* and won Ford and Schomburg grants to begin study of “African Americans and the Culture of Pain.” Mark Reid is studying “Post-Negritude Visual Culture,” African diaspora imagery in films, videos, photos, and literature in France and America. Robert Ray is extending his criticism of mid-century movies in “Four Classic Hollywood Films.” And Greg Ulmer’s theory of media, rhetoric, and pedagogy is in progress. Popular culture and cultural studies range from Jim Twitchell’s argument that advertising is our culture to Susan Hegeman’s history of conceptions of “culture” among anthropologists, critics, and writers during the first half of the twentieth century. Twitchell’s *Lead Us Into Temptation: Advertising, Packaging, Branding, Fashion and the Triumph of American Materialism* and Hegeman’s *Patterns for America: Modernism and the Concept of Culture* are just out.

What unifies all these disparate disciplines is attention to analyzing and interpreting the ways texts or representations work and the ways we talk and write about them persuasively.

Increasingly, too, we produce the very kinds of texts we analyze. For twenty-five years we have been among the few English departments that include Creative Writing. And many of our faculty produce both “academic” and “creative” works. William Logan has won awards for both his reviews and his poems. This year sees the publication of Logan’s verse in *The Night Battle* as well as his reviews in *Reputations of the Tongue*. Stephanie Smith has won grants to work on both her fiction, including *Other Nature*, as well as on her forthcoming American scholarship, *Household Words: Composing Common Sense for a Democratic Culture*. Amitava Kumar fuses the creative and the scholarly in *Pure Chutney*, a prize-winning video about Indian diaspora in the Caribbean. He is creating a sequel now in South Africa. Kumar’s new scholarly book, *Passport Photos*, employs his own photojournalism, poetry, fiction, and translations as well as analyses to consider immigrant experience, movements, and nationalities.

So, if you ask a colleague to define or even characterize the profession of English, don’t be surprised if we fall silent, stammer, or, as here, offer a partial sketch of what we are doing. %

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**Ira Clark, Chair**
**Department of English**

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**CLASnotes is published monthly by the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences to inform faculty and staff of current research and events.**

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