Welcome to the third issue of the Carnegie Mellon Creative Writing Newsletter. This past year has been a busy one for our faculty and students. The Gladys Schmitt Creative Writing Center has quickly become the hub of all our activities. It serves as a library and writing studio for the students, and is also the location for the student reading series and the visiting writers receptions.

In addition, an alumni poetry workshop group holds a weekly meeting in the Center’s conference room. If you are interested in joining the Pittsburgh group, or in creating a similar group in your own area, please contact me.

We have also been very active in building up the creative writing website (http://english.cmu.edu/programs/ba/cw). It now includes a photo gallery of the Center, the catalog of books and journals in the Schmitt Center library, faculty writing samples, the most recent edition of the newsletter, the winners of the Martin Luther King, Jr. Day Writing Awards, and the collection of poems that resulted from a collaboration with writing students at the Pittsburgh High School for the Creative and Performing Arts.

We would also like to include a listing of alumni publications, so please send us information on any journal or book publications so we can celebrate your successes.

The Gladys Schmitt Student Enhancement Fund continues to grow—slowly but steadily. This spring we used the fund for a student trip to the Associated Writing Programs’ national convention in New Orleans, and to inaugurate an alumni speaker series with alumna Catherine Stroud Vodrey, who discussed her career as a food writer. In addition, we awarded the Gladys Schmitt Scholarship to Kevin Gonzales, a junior creative writing major.

As part of the 30th anniversary of the Creative Writing Program in 1997, we created our on-line Alumni Network to both help alumni keep in touch with friends and classmates and to assist current students in reviewing potential career options.

In a few short years, much of our alumni information has become out of date. As a result, we ask you to consider filling out the enclosed alumni survey form and sending it to us in the attached envelope. You do not have to have been a creative writing major to be listed in the network—we want to include anyone interested in being included.

Next time you are on campus, please come visit us in Baker Hall 260 or email me at jdr6@andrew.cmu.edu with any suggestions for articles, questions about our program, or just to say hi.

Jim Daniels
Program Director
FACULTY UPDATES

Jane Bernstein has moved to a new position at the University of California, Berkeley. She can be reached at jane.bernstein@berkeley.edu.

Anthony Butch has been promoted to the rank of Professor of English. He can be reached at anthony.butch@university.edu.

Gerald Gastro has retired from the university after 30 years of service. He can be reached at gerald.gastro@retiree.org.

Jim Daniels has received a prestigious grant from the National Science Foundation. He can be reached at jim.daniels@nsf.gov.

Sharon Dilworth is the new chair of the English department. She can be reached at sharon.dilworth@university.edu.

Teresa Hay is the winner of the 2023 Teaching Award. She can be reached at teresa.hay@university.edu.

Peter McCaffery has been selected for the prestigious MacArthur Fellowship. He can be reached at peter.mccaffery@macfellow.org.

Hilary Masters has received a book award for her latest novel. She can be reached at hilary.masters@awards.org.

Stephanie Dickey, David Perdue, and Mark McAffrey are working on a new project. They can be reached at stephanie.dickey@newproject.org.
Cherished advisor prepares to move on

Stephanie Dickey, a vital part of the English department staff for the last six years, may soon be moving on to bigger and better things. After six years with the department, most of them as the Coordinator of Academic Programs, she is ready to take another step toward fulfilling her lifelong dream of owning and operating a small business. Dickey began working toward a degree in accounting management from ICM School of Business this September, and expects to graduate in August 2003. Upon graduating, she intends to resign her current position and pursue a career in accounting.

“I’m at a point in my life where I’ve gone as far as I can go. I was at a standstill. That’s when I decided to go to school—I knew I had to have something under my belt.”

She attends class at the school’s downtown campus from eight to ten each weekday morning, with an additional four hours of class on Monday and Wednesday evenings. Balancing her duties at the department with a heavy course-load at ICM is often strenuous, and she credits Vickie Mackel, her friend and coworker, and the work-studies with helping lessen her workload. She states, “It gets kind of hectic sometimes, but I have a great support staff behind me. They make it so it’s not overwhelming.”

Dickey has formed close bonds with English and creative writing faculty and staff, especially fellow staffers Danny Josephs and Vickie Mackel. Dickey states, “It’s the students I’ll miss the most.” Creative writing professor Hilary Masters has been with the department long enough to have seen several academic programs coordinators come and go. According to Masters, Dickey has shown more interest in and dedication to the students than any of her predecessors.

“We’ve had some people [in the past] who were really incredibly inefficient and who took no interest in the students. But Stephanie is very efficient and I particularly like her interest in the students.”

And it is the students who will miss Dickey the most. She plays an integral role in helping students find focus and achieve their goals at CMU.

Creative writing major Patrick Misiti states, “She’s basically straightened out my entire college career. She’s definitely who I go to when I need any sort of information. She’s so nice.”

Sean Mintus, a junior creative writing major and work-study observes Dickey’s interactions with the students in the main office. He states, “No one will ever take care of you as well as Stephanie will. She’s very warm, and makes you feel welcome as soon as you walk into the office. She’ll always joke around with you.”

Junior technical writing major Katie Bouwkamp adds, “She’s one of the most helpful advisors on this campus.”

David Kaufer, head of the English Department, is also quick to offer unequivocal praise Dickey. “She’s one of the most important people in the department. She definitely makes life easier for everyone.”

How are faculty, staff and students reacting to Dickey’s decision to move on? “To tell you the truth,” she laughs, “I don’t think it’s really clicked in with people yet that I won’t be here forever. People know
I’m going to ICM, but they haven’t really put two and two together and realized that it’s for something not related to the job I’m doing now.”

A new job may entail new surroundings. A lifetime Pittsburgher who graduated from Brashear High, she says she won’t hesitate to relocate to another city if a worthwhile opportunity arises. There is a chance she could remain in Pittsburgh and even at CMU working in a different capacity, but she says it’s more probable that she’ll move to another city like Columbus, New York, or Washington. For Dickey, a position at an accounting firm is a short-term goal rather than a lifelong commitment.

Her ultimate goal is to “own some sort of a business,” although she hasn’t yet determined what kind. One thing that drives her is the desire to someday be her own boss. She thinks a moment and adds with a smile, “But I guess I come pretty close to that here.” Anyone who has had the fortune to know Stephanie should not have a hard time envisioning her as a successful entrepreneur, because she is, among other things, dedicated, hardworking, and gregarious. Furthermore, she is strong-willed when push comes to shove. She succinctly sums up her personality, “I don’t take no muss.”

— Adam Vahanian, class of 2002

WINNING THE WORKING WAR

Make at least four different copies of your resume so that you can apply for any job you think you might be halfway interested in. Always keep these versions updated, even if you love your current job and think you’ll never leave. Especially if you think you’ll never leave.

I sent out resumes every Sunday of my last semester senior year until I got enough interviews to justify a plane ticket to New York. It took three months and three interviews, to be exact. One of the interviews worked out, and although it wasn’t exactly the job I thought I would have when I graduated, it was a way into book publishing. Everyone I talked to told me that my new employers must really like me if they were willing to wait six weeks until I could come all the way from Pittsburgh to start photocopying and filing for them. I jumped on it. If you’re keeping score, that would be Me: 1, Working: 0.

I started as a subsidiary Rights Assistant for Macmillan General Reference in May 1999. It was a great first job — my first week there was the first week of Summer Hours, that glorious perk in the book publishing industry when employees get to leave every Friday at 1pm from Memorial Day to Labor Day. I recommend Summer Hours to everyone. I learned the ins and outs of entry-level publishing: how to clear the photocopier of any possible paper jam (including multiple paper jams), the importance of handling fax toner gently, and ordering enough of the sandwiches you like for the bosses’ meeting so that when it’s over you’re sure to have what you want for lunch. It was a glorious time, I tell you. But something in me told me I had to move on. If I knew what that something was now, I would sock it square in the mouth. But I’m getting ahead of myself.

I grew restless in April 2000, and even though everyone now talks about this fateful month as the month when the dotcoms crashed and burned, it was really only the beginning of the downturn that hasn’t yet found bottom. It was also when I was offered a new job as Business Development Lead Associate for the websites of NBC’s 13 Owned and Operated television stations. Basically, I got the job because I hit it off with my future boss. She thought I was incredibly smart and talented, and honestly, I think she
was just impressed that I brought a portfolio of my own work to my interview (Thank you, Karen Schnakenberg). I had never wanted to be in television and I had never really wanted to be working for a dotcom, so I guess I should have known that a combination of the two would probably not be my dream job. But at that point, all my friends were at their “new media jobs,” so of course I thought, “I can do that; what’s so hard about that?” But now with a little more perspective, I can’t imagine a worse position for me. The money was great and the perks were equally nice — a week in London on NBC’s tab to attend a conference, among other things — but I can’t even tell you what I did there. I spent much too much time trying to figure out what my job was that I started to think that acting like I knew what my job was must be my job. Chalk that up to Me: 1, Working: 3.

I had contemplated quitting after about three months, but decided I should try to stick it out. Not much later, I was laid off as part of a 20% company-wide staff reduction at NBC. I knew that I was going to be laid off for quite a while before it actually happened, but I didn’t want to leave on my own because I wanted my severance package. It was a terrible time — I couldn’t do any work because I knew I was going to be leaving anyway, and, if you’ll recall, I didn’t really know what work I should be doing in the first place. I turned in my NBC ID badge at the end of March 2001 and walked out with my severance. I was happy I didn’t have to go back. I was scared I didn’t have to go back.

During the next few months I sent out resumes for every job that contained even one responsibility I thought I could handle: typing, admin, personal assistant — jobs that never would have crossed my mind to apply for when I was just graduating. Job titles I never thought I would hold in my life. (This is where the four versions of your resume come in handy.) I didn’t want the majority of the positions I applied for, but I needed money and I won’t bother detailing what that feeling is like, because if you’ve been there you know and if you haven’t you don’t want to know. I started fantasizing about being a dog walker. I made up dog-walking company names: The Furry Fleet, Canine Crosstraining Club. After a few months, my portfolio felt like a lead weight as I slogged it from interview to interview. Sometimes a company would seem to like me, but then HR would stop returning my email after a few weeks and I would read somewhere that they went out of business or they were on a hiring freeze. Then I went through a phase where I was either grossly overexperienced or woefully underqualified for all the jobs I applied for. In probably the worst interview I have ever had, I actually had a guy ask me what my sign was. He wasn’t hitting on me, he just needed to know if we would be compatible coworkers. Hello? Me: -2, Working: 4.

One day I was doing my daily sweep of career boards and an ad titled jolted my entire body: Subsidiary Rights Associate, Simon & Schuster. I applied on-line, and the HR woman called me two hours later. I knew it was my next job. All that time I spent running away from the position I first started in, and there I was doing the dance of joy over the prospect of going back to book publishing. It made me reevaluate why I wanted to leave my first job at all. I couldn’t even remember. A few weeks later, on my 24th birthday, I got the offer. I jumped on it. And I can say now that it was the absolute right choice.

Coming back to book publishing has made me realize that my passion is for making books. I tried to convince myself that if I made more money I would be happier, but I wasn’t. And it might sound sappy, but I like all the people I work with and I love getting free books and pitching excerpts to magazines and yes, clearing the jams in the photocopier. It took me a few more years than I thought it would to figure out what I want to do, but my instincts were right all along. And honestly, I probably wouldn’t have appreciated my current job in the same way if I hadn’t taken a slight detour in getting here. So I’ve stopped keeping score in the working world, since it’s really all about exploring opportunities, good and bad, and following your gut. I do, however, still have four versions of my resume updated and ready to go out at a moment’s notice.

— Becky A. Cowser, class of 1999

Coming back to book publishing has made me realize that my passion is for making books.
After graduation in December, 1999, I waited one month in Pittsburgh for something big to happen. Most of my friends moved to other cities for work. A few couples got married. Some went to graduate school and a few took to the road and disappeared. I sat in my apartment, a polluted three-bedroom between campus and the Holiday Lounge, and smoked and drank and waited for inspiration.

I had a Bachelor's degree in English and creative writing and a book-length manuscript of original prose. I wasn't confident in my poetry or short stories or so I didn't submit to literary journals. Instead, I mailed dozens of resumes and the clips I had acquired while taking Advanced Journalism with Professor James Davidson to newspapers across the county. The Wall Street Journal interviewed and tested me, and called a week later to tell me to try again next year. The Union-Recorder, a small daily newspaper in a small town in Georgia, hired me as a reporter. I was the only applicant who had finished college.

The Union-Recorder paid less per year than Carnegie Mellon charges for one semester. Enthusiastic about leaving a privileged and mundane lifestyle, I packed and moved to Milledgeville less than two months after graduation. Flannery O'Connor lived most of her life in Milledgeville, Georgia's former state capital. I believed in her sinister and exotic South. For $400 per month, I rented the first floor of a dilapidated mansion that lay less than one minute walking north of Flannery's grave, and an equal distance south of her recently deceased mother's home. The property had been a shambles while the owner was living, then Milledgeville's historic society repaired crumbled columns, cut back insidious vines and repainted the mother's house as soon as she died.

The cockroaches in Milledgeville are more than two inches long and fly. These insects are so intimidating the Georgians have euphemistically named them Palmetto bugs. My dog, Marcus, would play with a Palmetto the way a cat taunts a mouse. His game would last for hours, until the bug died. Marcus, who I adopted from ARF, Milledgeville's Animal Rescue Foundation, was also good at catching grasshoppers, locusts and fleas.

After buying three mix-and-matchable professional-type outfits, I went to work. I was a 21-year-old, New York-bred Jewess in the middle of the southernmost state in the Deep South, and I was alone. The newspaper's editor-in-chief, Don Schanche, was a New York expatriate who had moved to Georgia after high school. Don was a large man, with a full auburn beard and mustache. An experienced reporter and scrupulous editor, he had no patience for mistakes. My early work was sloppy. I cursed my incompetence, and drank enough after work to forget my troubles until the next morning when my whole body hurt.

After a month of working 14-hour days, eating daily servings of fried meat and vegetables, and having nightmares about failure, I had gained five pounds and learned that I wasn't a good reporter, but also that I wanted to become one. Don, too, had learned that I wasn't a good reporter. He waited until my third month at The Union-Recorder to warn me that I needed to write more and better stories. I wanted to abandon my training wheels, letting momentum replace fear. In a town that hosts one of the world's largest forensic asylums, the kind of place where real-life Hannibal Lecter types live, I wrote my first good article about a gang of teenage kids living in poverty who decided to lay down their weapons and grudges, and pick up litter in their neighborhood. I interviewed the gang's leader and members, and photographed a six-year-old boy who worshipped the young men cleaning his neighborhood. When the kid said he wanted to be just like the older boys, his grandma handed him a garbage bag and he joined his heroes. After three months at The Union-Recorder, my story about the garbage pick-up was the first that Don didn't need to over-haul.

I also wrote poetry during the ten months I lived in Milledgeville. I wrote more than a dozen drafts of a poem titled “The Last Jew in Georgia.” My alien environment frightened but also excited me. Every day I met people who I had previously only imagined existed. I replaced O'Connor's sinister neighbors with real people who had real stories. The job forced me to mingle with neurotic police, corrupt officials, ardent activists, victims and perpetrators of crime, do-gooders, tireless firemen, and people living their lives as best they can, doing what they love, or what they don't love but circumstances have forced them to do.

My closest Milledgeville friend, a jazz musician who played the slide trombone, explained why the Wars of Northern Aggression are ongoing and keeps the South poor. Chris I ate catfish, drank beer and hoped the heat would abate in time for an evening walk through town. All the old houses, and most of the new, have open front porches. The porch roofs are supported by thick, round pillars painted white so many times they are soft in the afternoon sun. Rocking chairs and uncomfortable looking straight-back chairs wait empty until dusk for someone to take a seat and relax. When you walk by people enjoying themselves on their porch, you stop and say "hello" because that's why they built the porch.

I'd never lived in a society of friendly porch chats before. Living in an environment that forced me to examine myself improved my writing. That, and working many more
I didn't say goodbye to a lot of people around town. I regret not saying goodbye to Jennifer. I met her during my first month in Milledgeville, when I was staying at her mother's boyfriend's boarding house. Jennifer was 25, had three children and claimed she was going to be Lolo Rider's next covergirl. After work, we'd play video games in the boarding house basement, pet her 180-pound rottweiler and cackle like wicked little girls. She taught me how to pronounce Georgia: Joe-Ja, and ask after a friend's family: Houseyo-mama-nem?' When I told her I was moving to New York, she walked out of the bar where we'd been drinking vodka-sevens, refusing to let me drive her home. Just three months earlier I had written a four-page article about Jen because she had been a teenage mother. She didn't rat me out to my editor when I got a fact wrong about where one of her kids was living. None of Jen's kids lived with her at the boarding house.

The morning I left was hot. Marcus sat in the backseat of my Acura, a gift from my mother when I moved to Georgia, next to a plastic bag stuffed with squeaky doggy toys. Driving north on Interstate 95, away from Milledgeville, Marcus and I watched the farmland turn from bright red to maroon, then brown, finally brown-black. Marcus and I stopped in South Carolina at a fireworks wholesaler for water and a bathroom break, and I affixed the Georgia PRESS sticker Patricia had given me two months earlier onto the windshield.

I moved to New York, got a reporting job at a newspaper in the Bronx. Quitting after a month, I cited artistic differences with the editor. I mailed clips and resumes, got zero response. My grandmother set up an interview for me and now I'm writing press releases and promotional material for a seminary in Manhattan. My parents house and feed Marcus in one of New York City's suburbs.

I keep in touch with friends and ex-coworkers in Milledgeville via email and telephone. Soon after I left Georgia, a reporter at The Union-Recorder was fired because he made some discreet professional decisions, and thereby relieved me of being the biggest mistake the paper ever made. Three months ago, Patricia wrote a letter to recommend me for several graduate journalism programs. And I read via email that fewer than four weeks have passed since Chris's girlfriend gave birth to a healthy baby girl and named her America.

— Ruth Mantell, class of 1999
It's Wednesday night at eight o'clock, time for writing group. Here's the scene: I'm lying on my couch with my broken leg propped up on pillows, trying to assuage my hissing cat. He's been grouchy ever since I broke my leg, as if to protest the inconvenience of it all. Erika Gentry, who has arrived in her work clothes, is putting on a pair of battery-operated heated socks for comfort. Jen Bannan is in the kitchen tossing her salad and her trademark dressing, which no one really likes except her. And then there's Tova, Jen's seventeen-month-old daughter, who toddles around the living room showing off her newest animal noise, the tiger growl.

We act like a family: helping ourselves to drinks, taking turns pulling Tova away from the electrical outlets, swapping stories about work presentations and upcoming visits from relatives. A pizza is delivered, and we spend far too long figuring out how much we each owe. We were not math majors; we were creative writing majors, and after we eat and settle in, we will do what we came here to do: make fun of each other's writing.

It's true that we spend many hours laughing at our own foibles, quoting each other's prose in dramatic tones, pretending to be competitive about who has an MFA and who's been published. It's been this way since Jen and Lorraine Miller, (another Carnegie Mellon alum and a member of the group whenever she visits Pittsburgh), started the group five years ago. We are close friends who remind each other not to take ourselves too seriously. But we are also writers who have been dedicated to our craft for the ten or eleven years since our days at Carnegie Mellon, where we first learned the power a workshop can have on keeping a writer focused. Because of that common bond, we also take each other's writing quite seriously.

Tonight we're looking at a rewrite of Erika's short story. I've already dripped pizza sauce on my copy, and Tova has taken to Jen's copy with a pen. We make the usual remarks about funny grammatical errors or illogical statements, and then Jen and I both tell Erika that this story really needs to be a novel. It's gorgeous, it's layered, and it is bursting at the seams. And so is Erika when she starts to think about expanding the story. This might be the glue that holds our group together: we all love the process of writing. For five years we've been meeting to encourage each other to keep at it — in spite of the way life creeps in and crowds our time. We have other jobs, families, cats with behavioral problems — a million reasons to quit writing altogether. And yet once a week we make space for our stories or poems or essays. Somewhere along the way, we've come to believe that writing is more than craft; it is a way to understand our worlds and a way to speak with each other.

At about ten-thirty tonight we're all starting to yawn. We've given Erika some ideas for her project, we've discussed hair extensions, and we've polished off the pizza. Little Tova is starting to fade. "So what are we working on next week, ladies?" Erika asks, and we realize that nobody has anything ready to workshop. Which is okay — we'll meet regardless. We don't always have a piece to discuss, but we are always writers, and we always need to come together — our weekly sessions and the art we're making reassure us that we will continue to pick up the pen.

Local Alumni Form Workshop

A new workshop has formed on campus, one comprised of Carnegie Mellon alumni. Monday nights the group meets in the Gladys Schmitt Creative Writing Wing to exchange poems, catch up on who's reading what, and discuss the latest readings.

Initially formed back in November with alumni Megan Burke, Jill Khoury and Marshall Warfield, the group has grown to around eight members. But the members aren't all creative writing alumni. Gretchen Bigsby, class of 2000 CFA, works for Davis & Gannon Architecture. "I thought by being a part of a workshop I would be more obliged to write poetry for other people to actually read. As opposed to just jotting ideas down, I'd really have to produce something," said Bigsby. Member Matt McKeon graduated in 1998 from SCS. He works for MAYA Viz, Ltd. "It's helped me to solidify my portfolio, finding a series of themes (in subject, tone, and style) around which I can structure my poems. I think that's a pretty valuable step in maturing as a writer," said McKeon.

The alumni were all connected through Jim Daniels. "We want the Gladys Schmitt Center to be a home for both present students and alumni. As faculty, we don't consider our work done once students graduate. Many of us continue to keep in touch and work with former students long after they've left CMU. This is just a natural extension of that connection," said Daniels.

Daniels also offered the group his office. "It's a great space. Any work we need to reference is right there on the shelves," said Warfield. "Some other groups use bars or each other's homes, but we were afraid that if we continued down that route, we would lose focus or just end up socializing."

As for their work, the group discusses several poems a week. They close each workshop by handing out new poems for the following week. On April 10th they read their work in the Gladys Schmitt Creative Writing Center. The group is printing an anthology of the poems from the workshop.

"I think an essential part of improving one's work is learning to ask the right questions. I like the feeling that I'm being asked why I'm writing certain poems," said McGranaghan.

"The group is still new. Maybe we'll grow into a journal, or do some work with schools, but for now we're just a workshop. We'll share what we've been reading or how good a recent reading was," said Warfield. "For me, though, the workshop keeps me motivated about submitting to journals. Basically, it's just another way to keep poetry in my life."

— Marshall Warfield, class of 1999
WHERE THEY'VE GONE
CREATIVE WRITING GRADUATE SCHOOL PLACEMENT

University of Arizona
Michael Gutland (MA)
Andrew Naig (MA)

American University
Michael Lipton (MFA)

Kent State University
Joni Wakam (MA)

University of Arizona
University of Denver

University of Arizona
University of Illinois
John Hage (MFA)

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John Hage (MFA)
NEWS FROM ERICA VOGEL

When I packed for my year in Seoul, South Korea, I didn’t bother taking my wooden platform shoes or clubbing shirts, thinking I was going to arrive in a quaint cobblestone city laced with rice farms. Instead I found a huge metropolis with clubs and bars and much of what New York City could offer me except without the high prices and with the benefit of being able to ignore the crazy people every city has by not speaking the language.

I teach English to Korean Airline pilots, housewives, high school students and a few famous people at the Berlitz Language Institute in the center of Seoul. My favorite student is a man I named Dr. No, who is one of President Kim Dae Jung’s bodyguards. I taught him how to say, “Please step away from the President,” and, “Move back, people, the President is coming through.” Teaching English to Korean people is fairly easy because they all learn English beginning in middle school. I just have to remind them of certain grammar structures and correct things like the difference between the phrase, “I am intimate with all of my friends from elementary school,” and “I am close to all of my friends from elementary school.”

The only difficult part about the job is the hours. Before I graduated from CMU with a creative writing degree, I justified myself to the CS majors by pointing out that while they might make 50 thousand dollars a year fresh out of school, they would be working twelve hours a day for it. I thought, I would never work such crazy hours as that. I am now working fourteen hours a day in Seoul. The long hours are rewarded, however, by being able to go out on the weekends and spend incredible amounts of money.

I try to avoid entertainment areas like Itaewon, the Reno of Seoul, located right between the Yongsan American Army base and my apartment. It has flashing signs over clubs that read, “Foreigner Club.” After dark the streets are covered with American soldiers drunk and irate, sometimes singing the national anthem while reaching out beer-soaked hands to every girl who walks by. These men, on their one-day-a-week vacation from duty, are our ambassadors to the world. They are the reason why almost every other Western person I meet dislikes Americans.

“Americans are arrogant,” the South African teachers say.

“Arrogant?” I ask, smiling sweetly, offering them a piece of candy or a cigarette to show how much they are mistaken. “How are we arrogant?” I ask. And then without fail a drunken soldier wearing an American flag as a shirt will walk by and vomit on the sidewalk next to us, or something equivalent.

Otherwise, my experience in Seoul has been really valuable, and I am going to renew my contract for another year. Berlitz Korea is contactable through the internet at http://www.berlitz.com if you are interested in getting a job here. Also, CMU is a really famous university in Korea so everyone thinks I am amazingly smart before they even speak to me! Am I being arrogant?

— Erika Vogel, class of 2000
QUICK NEWS
RECENT PUBLICATIONS

STUDENTS
Kevin Gonzalez, Heat Controlled burn - Poetry
Eric Spaulding, Everybodys Rebel - Short Fiction
Eric Story, Clean Branch - Poetry

ALUMNI
Jennifer Butana, collection of short stories, Dreaming Water, to be published by the creative writing program later this year.
Stephen Cianfrone, pamphlet, The Never in Home, recently accepted by The Literature Project.

Dr. David Chomicki, Material Culture, to be published in the April 2001 issue of Indiana University Press. A collection of short fiction, the story was recently published by the Literary Project.


Kevin Brown, entitled Both A Literary Companion, to be published by the University of Texas Press in 2001.

Future Schott MacDermott won the 2001 Calhoun award for best first novel, in the Moon Rabbit Story Award, and will be published by The University Press.


Mike Myers, who won the 2001 Smith Prize, will be published in 2001 by the University Press.

CHECK IT OUT
David Kaufer, English Department Head, Jim Daniels, Creative Writing Program Director, and creative writing students Tyler Lewis and Kevin Gonzalez were included in a recent film about Carnegie Mellon. To view the film via the web, use the following link:
http://www.cmu.edu/video.