



Denny, H. (2014). Of Sticks and Stones, Words that Wound, and Actions Speaking Louder: When Academic Bullying Becomes Everyday Oppression. *Workplace*, 24, 1-8.

HARRY DENNY

**OF STICKS AND STONES, WORDS THAT WOUND,
AND ACTIONS SPEAKING LOUDER:
WHEN ACADEMIC BULLYING BECOMES EVERYDAY OPPRESSION¹**

The fall semester of 2010 started off usual enough for New York City. The sticky breezes of summer afternoons slipped toward chilled mornings and dozy evenings. Nervous excitement about new lives at college yielded to the grind of assignments, shuffling to classes, and the hum of teaching, tenure reviews, and everyday drama. The writing centers that I direct pulsed with new consultants shadowing veterans, class tours plodding through our spaces, and faculty seeking advice. The world beyond the local seemed like both a mirage and a welcome distraction. As the early September rush gave way to 9/11 commemorations and the build up to the Jewish holidays, our routines were pierced. One by one, local news channels began to tune into the story of Tyler Clementi. What started out as a short segment on NY1, the metro cable news channel, quickly became a lead on network affiliates and national news coverage. Suddenly, it seemed, everyone everywhere was talking about him and how the epidemic of bullying had extended from high schools to college campuses. Clementi, a first-year student at Rutgers University in the Jersey suburbs, discovered his peers had conspired to broadcast on the internet his sexual encounters with another young man. Two days later, Tyler jumped to his death from the George Washington Bridge.

As the days, weeks, months, and years tick by since Tyler's death, even more young people have ended their lives, some with more attention, others with barely a notice. These deaths represent final, powerful, punctuated responses to experiences with oppression that were extreme and vulgar, experiences that stand in stark contrast to the ordinary experience of oppression as it happens in everyday life. Most encounters with bullying don't culminate with suicide or murder; rather, they pile up, one after the other creating a voluminous reservoir of physical and emotional pain that's difficult to bridge or empty. The quotidian life with harassment doesn't happen as broadcast humiliation or public performances of hate speech and symbolic lynching. Quite the contrary, everyday oppression grinds on people's dignity and standing with the force and determination of any millstone and operates with a level discretion and subtlety that rarely draws attention or resistance.

In the wake of public flashpoints of bullying, most visibly those directed at queer youth, Dan Savage, a tabloid sex columnist and celebrity commentator, launched a YouTube public service campaign designed to fill the vacuum of inaction to what seemed like an epidemic of suicides and instances of harassment. In reality, the only uptick was the widespread attention and concern. Savage's "It Gets Better" video series

¹ The author wishes to thank the Faculty Writing Initiative at St. John's University, a series of writing retreats sponsored by the Center for Teaching & Learning and Writing Across the Curriculum Program and at which this article grew. In addition, he expresses his appreciation to Anne Ellen Geller, Phyllis Conn, and Michele Eodice for being allies as this project as it developed and for supporting anti-oppression activism here and elsewhere.

has sought to present role models who have overcome anti-queer bullying in adolescence and gone on to thrive as well-established, stable adults. Whether produced by celebrities or ordinary folks, the campaign has gone viral, raising awareness throughout popular culture and even extending to unexpected sectors like organized team sports, where professional athletes increasingly assure the wary, “It’s okay to play.” I don’t doubt that these PSAs have saved lives or prevented suicides among kids in small town America or in some forgotten corner of Brooklyn. There is no doubt that Rick Mercer’s passionate “It Gets Better” “rant” over inaction following the tragic suicide of Canadian student Jamie Hubley raised conscious and awareness. But the campaign feels misdirected and ill fitting for the lived reality of everyday oppression.

Back on my campus, in the writing center, I was struck by the silence, what seemed to be a lack of any response to Clementi and what had become the subject of fierce talk and action, even protests, at other colleges. At St. John’s, the quiet was unsettling because the institutional mission values advocacy around social justice. As a Catholic, I understood the theological reticence to address the sexuality dynamics at the heart of Clementi’s suicide (even if I couldn’t disagree more), yet I was drawn to the hypocrisy of an institution with a tradition of combating oppression appearing blind and silent to bullying, regardless of the identities and practices of those who are the objects of it. I also could look across my staff of seventy-some writing consultants, who represent a range of ages, races, cultures, and experiences. Some were queer. Others were on their own journeys of self-discovery, travels both similar to my own but surely just as unique and fraught. I knew still others had LGBTQ friends or were sympathetic to the cause of social justice around sexuality and gender. Regardless of identity, nascent or not, or allegiance to progressive politics, most of my students looked to futures where leadership would be a significant part of their personal lives and professional portfolios. What lessons were my institution or I teaching them, if we remained silent, if we made no space to talk about Clementi or the everyday experiences of dealing with and combating oppression, if we didn’t model an ethical or responsible form of leadership that held true to our common values?

I knew my own experiences as a gay man, a writing center director, and a pre-tenure faculty member at the time. It must have been during one of my hour-long commutes to campus that it all began to click for me, why I had a simmering rage about the silence on campus, the popular response to these suicides, and the inability to combat it. I realized I was, myself, immersed in a local culture of harassment whose roots were in homophobia and heteronormativity and also dovetailed with a repertoire of institutional and workplace bullying. The environment was so thick with the treatment that it was hegemonic, a natural term of existence in this space. My experience is a cautionary tale not just for queer people in academe, for junior faculty, or for those who find themselves in WPA positions. Most importantly, my experiences with a bullying workplace dovetail with the tensions inherent to Clementi’s suicide and the mantra “It Gets Better.” When our public rhetoric fails to match or address a moment and instead defers action to another time, such occasions inscribe crucial lessons about the shape oppression takes and its role in our society and culture, whether as abstractly or remotely experienced as a collective or a nation or as local as a community or profession. In my years of negotiating my place in a private, urban, religiously-affiliated university, I’d never named what was happening to me as harassment. I just always knew that this job, this context, was profoundly different from my prior workplaces because the resistance to my leadership had been so grudging and intractable. I figured I had to fumble and bumble to a new set of chops. But the combination of the college student suicides and the YouTube campaign spurred an epiphany: As our eyes and energies turn to the vulgar or grotesque instances of harassment, our gaze and action is blinded and blunted to oppression as it’s practiced in our own backyards. My story began early in my career at St. John’s University when the scope of my position expanded from the fledgling branch campus writing center to include faculty direction of the larger one with a longer history. The bigger writing center had been a much smaller space that my colleague and its former director has written about (Owens). Isolated and subversive, it had been a clubhouse with an identity deeply immersed in its home English department and a site where a collective of students and staff were deeply invested, even if not especially connected to a larger intellectual and academic community of practices around writing centers.

My directorship came on the heels of that writing center’s expansion into a marquee space at the heart of campus, a higher profile and an expanded mission to reach students throughout their college careers. The

writing center went from working with hundreds of students to thousands, from a handful of disciplines to most on campus, from little accountability to tremendous scrutiny. It no longer could be a clique, bonded by a contradictory combination of academic elitism and marginality. The actors in this highly visible writing center could no longer perform a collective identity that reveled in institutional subversion, because its new reality signified consummate privilege. The writing center was now venerated and a focal point of pride throughout the university. With its newfound visibility and cred, the writing center needed practices that matched its profile: It required a professional veneer steeped in the field's best practices and mechanisms to measure its efficacy and accountability. Since this culture shift was abstract and amorphous as much as it was palpable with pressure and pride, scapegoating became a natural response to changes that were inevitable, even if intractable and hard to resist. If, instead, frustration could be projected onto an individual – on me – then the collective resentment could have, at last, a tangible object and outlet on whom many could focus their energies.

This new writing center with its greater status, new values and different practices represented a rising tide against the still waters of an existing staff who drew inspiration from memories of the old, more intimate space they once inhabited. This old guard presented a critical mass that was wary of the corporatization of what the writing center had come to represent; it stood in stark contrast to the former iteration that was less formal, structured in looser ways, an outpost for poets, fiction writers, and other star students of the home English department's literary program. Suddenly, this writing center, along with its companion units for first-year writing and writing across the curriculum had a profile, infrastructure and resourcing that eclipsed, it seemed, the natural or hegemonic social and academic order and standing. This upstart writing center didn't know its place and needed to be brought into line. This story, the one of ongoing conflict within English departments around how they imagine themselves and how they stay relevant, along with the rest of the humanities, is the stuff of legends and clichés. In this instance, the narrative played out through multiple characters, scenes and actions, so the details are less relevant than the shared bond forged through suspicion, recrimination, and doubt.

Such stock experience with academic rivalry and petty jealousy didn't stop at coveting physical space and symbolic status, an on-going tango of who's more esteemed, how people are positioned vis-à-vis one another, who has which students, and what perks get parceled to whom. The particulars of the treatment in my context would only serve to identify the actors all of whom no doubt have their own equally valid versions of the conflict, no doubt interpreted as benign and far less consequential and damaging as my own. One way to tell the narrative might be to speak into how faculty competed over students, or how conflict was manipulated or escalated in ways that made student and faculty interactions fraught with tension in a dynamic where people couldn't manage or repair reputations. Drama begat drama, factions formed and subdivided, and divisions morphed from the innocuous to the ideological and interpersonal. The side a person took came to have tangible consequences for the learning, working, and social environment within the writing center and beyond, wherever the interests came into contact with one another. My own personal tipping point came when one person in the department dubbed me "the Fag." On hearing that, I joked that I doubted that I was *the* fag, but rather *a* fag because I knew that I wasn't the sole homosexual in the program. Turning to senior faculty in the department, I was waved off from pressing the issue of the environment, warned that someone on the cusp of tenure might not want to rock the boat too much. Besides, as I moved from one veteran colleague to another seeking counsel and support, the same refrain was intoned: It gets better.

By and large, society has a difficult time imagining oppression that happens on the everyday level, interaction that harms through passing words, averted eyes, whispered innuendos, and the general microphysics of formal and informal networks of mutual support mobilized to punish and ostracize. People aren't naturally inclined to see quotidian interactions and typical routines as sites and fodder for the mean boys and *Mean Girls* in our midst. Instead, we're ginned up to only respond to horrific instances (or not): Young boys being molested by men who ought to be their guardians, not their predators; a college man tied to a fence and beaten to death as a perverse lesson in gay panic for straight men; a black man dragged in chains by a pick-up truck; a congresswoman and others shot in cold blood for being ideologically different. The list goes on, and we gather, we march, we denounce, we debate, pass, and

implement laws, and then we move on until the next vulgar moment or incident. But the everyday practice of oppression is subtle, an art of coercion practiced with more finesse than gauche displays of individuals getting in one another's faces and business. It's proper, it's discreet, it's unrelenting in its ordinariness. Where Fred Phelps and his Westboro Baptist Church of Kansas or the Klan and Aryan/white power marches of yesteryear were obvious, messy, and unfiltered, the everyday practice of oppression has the crisp neutrality of middle-class America, where no-muss-no-fuss begets a political consciousness of the normative and hegemonic, even if the referents are mirages that dissipate with the slightest scrutiny. These practices aren't exercised through the public rhetoric of civics, but taught through a political correctness turned toward cohesion and exclusion. From the puff of a hushed comment in passing, or the slight touch to an arm, steering glance and raised brow, these lessons are spoken and performed as well as engrained through the ordinary old-boys networks reinvented for postmodern times.

Not too long ago, the use of the vulgar forms of oppression to exercise power and domination was part and parcel of everyday life and the routines that maintain social order and its attendant hierarchies. Those practices were, at their core, public performances, demonstrations of power that act as object lessons for "correct" behaviors and beliefs and for a host of privileged subject positions—the dominant, the sovereign, the leader. Once people were lynched or brutally beaten as an object lesson of power and the performance of oppression; today people still murder just as easily as they drive someone through harassment into suicide. Michel Foucault and Guy Debord might name these vulgar events as "spectacles," practices of power and domination that tie into the evolution of discipline as well as into the rise of contemporary media-saturated/initiated cultural obsessions. For Foucault, the spectacle emerged as a literal execution to demonstrate a sovereign's power, but today's society has dispersed the exercise of power through more subtle means of shaping and honing of bodies and minds as they pass through any number of institutions and everyday practices. That's not to say the pedagogical value of the spectacle has dissipated. Today, the spectacle still drives moral education. While we no longer gather at the town square to witness the beheading or quartering of someone, we still gather in front of televisions, computer screens, or wireless devices to virtually witness our spectacles.

In Tyler Clementi's case, the vulgar spectacle was initiated at the point his peers broadcast moments of sexual intimacy and exploration, but the performance was intensified and magnified on multiple fronts and levels, from the internet to the media coverage. An individual trauma was made collective, and oppression gained a pedagogical power and proxy through its dissemination. While the immediate moment represented a relatively closed circuit and population, it gave birth to Tyler's suicide and later a criminal investigation that became a salacious story that took on a life of its own in the media, inscribing and retelling the moral lessons embedded in the complex event – the violation, the death, and the prosecution. Just as the kids in the dorm room across from Tyler's couldn't resist looking, the media depends on the public's refusal to turn away, to switch off their screens. Tyler was being taught a lesson no less intense than the scrutiny that his tormenters were given, no more subtle than those of who watched, who tuned in day after day, long after that night in September, 2010. We were being inscribed as proxy witnesses, being taught lessons from that moment of outrage and scarred in ways that were supposed to approximate the horror that Tyler must have felt. Of course, we'll never know how he truly felt or whether our lessons are apt. But in those exercises, we gain teachable moments that are ironically illusive because they index experiences with harassment that are rarely duplicated.

Oppression on campuses and elsewhere doesn't often present itself as such searing displays of power that burn into collective experiences as shared rallying points. Campuses don't need to gird themselves for frequent outbreaks of rioting or gun-toting disaffected students. Instead, systemic harassment happens more frequently, tangibly, and with greater consequences on an everyday, hegemonic level. Research on bullying and that in the context of college campuses is relatively extensive. Darla J. Twale and Barbara M. De Luca have the most comprehensive overview of the phenomenon in higher education in the context of intra-faculty incivility. Their research echoes the findings of workplace incivility in a broader college context, whether students are targeting faculty, or vice versa (DeSouza). Peppered with sidebar narratives and reflections from individuals who have been harassed by colleagues, their overview suggests two major forms of pathological incivility in higher education: bullying is more individual, one-to-one in nature,

whereas mobbing presents itself as a group form of bullying, often involving a faction attacking an individual through various means. Jeanmarie Keim and J. Cynthia McDermott's work carries forward those definitions and cites literature that defines the variables that contribute to people being targeted like frequency, intensity, duration, and power disparities. Generally speaking, the victims of academic workplace bullying and mobbing among faculty are seen to have skills, ethics, and independence, or they signify themselves (or are signified) in ways that threaten bullies or the mobbing group (Keim and McDermott 168). Often the trigger for the treatment can be as simple as possessing a "viewpoint [that] is beyond the invisible line of what is an acceptable opinion within the department" (Keim and McDermott 169). The bullying and mobbing can become tangible through "[v]erbal abuse, threatening and intimidating conduct, constant criticism, undermining work performance, exclusion, marginalization, overloading of work, and taunting" (Lester 445). All the research indicates that gender, race, and ethnicity can be contributing factors, though I ran across little hard data on the incidence and frequency of sexuality as a predictor or variable (it might be very well collapsed with gender). Gary Olson writes in *The Chronicle of Higher Education*, "No injustice, however great; no personal affront, however offensive; no decision, however wrongheaded, can justify abusive discourse – be it in print, in person, or in public." Piper Fogg, also in the *Chronicle*, notes that bullying can be debilitating in academe, not just to the object's social standing in a department, but also culminating in lasting psychological damage, from anxiety and stress disorders to clinical depression.

The consequences are stark for objects of departmental or academic bullying and mobbing. A person is driven to frustration, anxiety, isolation, and, if circumstance permits or forces it, departure. While retention is usually a huge concern around students, the loss of faculty or the risk of legal jeopardy and financial liability can be major by-products of hostile academic landscapes. Taking flight from hostile classrooms or offices or filing harassment lawsuits are culminations of environments that can be (and should be) challenged. These cultures of bullying or mobbing represent struggles over everyday landscapes by individuals and collectives, or, as Michel de Certeau argues, people acting on and through institutions in sense-making sorts of ways. De Certeau believes people navigate their worlds through what he calls tactics, while institutions try to hem people in, determine their actions, steer them in the "correct" ways by policing their use and activity. Tactics are subversive moves that enable actors to reclaim or work contrary to the institutional, the preferred, the dominant. We tend to think of the subversive as innocuous – scrawling graffiti on walls, jaywalking, speaking against the grain, occupying a public park to protest governmental connivance with industry and commerce.

However, resistance also can be about people oppressing one another, whether out of some misguided notion of leveraging for power, a move to gain greater control over conditions not entirely within one's purview. Though often more formally educated than blue-collar laborers, academic workers are no less susceptible to acting against collective interest, in counter-productive pathological competition with one another, through practices that don't challenge institutional relations and reify collective false consciousness. When academics factionalize ourselves, when cliques confound common interest, we further remove ourselves from critical understanding of our place as workers divided against one another, instead of acting as a mobilized collective against institutional practices and systems that truly disempower and oppress in macro, global sorts of ways. In our jockeying with one another, in discovering new means to put one another down, actors are using tactics, to channel Pierre Bourdieu, to compete over dominant visions and practices of local social and cultural fields, ultimately over status and privilege, regardless of formalized structures and dynamics that may officially be in place.

Bullying and mobbing are tactics of symbolic violence used to position, reposition and dispossess individuals and groups for the benefit of others, all the while never contesting the official strategies that act on the dominant and marginal alike. In my case, as a pre-tenure faculty member, being an object of mobbing enabled my harassers to gain status and power in the short run – I was shut up, shunted, and ostracized – but my treatment didn't improve their chances for tenure, garner them greater perks beyond being more "popular," or transform anyone's institutional status (or any department's or unit's standing for that matter). It was a prolonged silly season, as our President termed his own taunting during his first national campaign. Rather than, for example, recognize the mechanisms that corporate higher education

uses to create the conditions for petty rivalries to metastasize into toxic relationships, academic workers fall prey to being divided against one another, creating instances and episodes that self-inflict and perpetuate the very subordination and dissent that institutions require to maintain their standing as benevolent paternal figures, who can ultimately own the mediation of troubles with their charges/children.

When I now look back, with the safety of tenure and the benefit of hindsight, I'm thankful that what I experienced wasn't a vulgar form of oppression. My harassment as a pre-tenure faculty member didn't involve someone spray painting "Die faggot!" on my office door. Nobody has ever physically abused any of my colleagues or me. Nobody has experienced the vulgar, like the night in Brooklyn when two Latino brothers, walking arm-in-arm, were brutally beaten, one to death, because a group of young men confused them for a gay couple. Instead, I now see the past few years as textbook mobbing, a form of bullying that was sustained through a variety of tactics, be it ostracizing, spreading false rumors, impugning a reputation, and mobilizing others to create a hostile environment – the silent treatment, exclusion, marginalization, forcing colleagues and students to ally (with or against). What drove my tormentors, subconsciously I'm sure, wasn't about homophobia or even me, perhaps; rather, it was about acting for power. By diminishing me, they were uplifted in their mental world. They came to control and exercise agency in a dynamic that temporarily benefited them, but never foundationally challenged or undermined that larger system at work. The damage was no less real and felt than broken bones, a bloodied body, or even the loss of life; rather, it was inherently psychological in its traumatizing nature, and no compensation can recover or repair that hurt. I now worry that the experience could have, may have, in fact, changed me fundamentally, moved me away from a core of who I was before as an administrator, a teacher, a scholar, and an activist.

To survive, I shifted away from my impulse to protest and fight and instead became conciliatory, fearful of conflict, watchful of every action to stave off another round of harassment. It reminded me of how my own family members and myself would react to the alcoholics and domestic abusers in our lives: the edge and tension always rife and charged; the alertness to count drinks and wave off tipping points for when someone would grow out of control; to manipulate conversations away from flashpoints for fights that could escalate into slaps, kicks and worse; to echo admonitions in our heads about not bringing conflict on ourselves. While I had long ago learned that it wasn't my fault or that I didn't cause my dad to hit me or my grandfather to drink or a former partner to overdose, I hadn't extended that lesson to my own workplace as a grown, hopefully mature man. That is, by virtue of being, I didn't deserve to be humiliated, taunted, and made to feel less than or unworthy. Yet there it was, whether I was still ashamed on some level to be homosexual, whether I was still uncomfortable in my own skin, or whether I still doubted my chops as a faculty administrator in a writing center, I still thought in the back of my mind, in my heart, that being bullied was all my fault, that I had brought it on myself, that I deserved to be treated badly. When I recognized that I had a right to be treated with dignity, that my learning and experience gave me expertise to do my teaching, scholarship and administration, I began to heal myself and to stop internalizing the oppression, the everyday, the unrelenting, and to begin to speak back and challenge. I discovered that I didn't need to wait for my academic life to get better; I needed to demand a different environment and turn a page. Yet even as I write these very words, I worry that the institutional and the system still wiggle free from contest, that any number of readers will focus only on the mob and the bullies. The lesson to me is that individuals and groups in tandem with abstract and intangible interests and structures (like institutions, disciplinarity, collegiality) demand scrutiny, challenge, and action.

When I now look back over the years, the refrain that "It gets better" echoes over and over in my mind. Clementi's tormentors have now inched through the criminal justice system and have paid their own debts through spectacle in their own right, and his parents have set up a foundation dedicated to building awareness of LGBTQ harassment. But, is anyone *better* on the far side of that moment, that sort of experience? More and more, these days I'm not sure getting better is the right frame. In my case, I'm now tenured and daily experience the autonomy that provides for me. This privileged position grants me the agency to speak without as much trepidation, yet the opportunity and willingness to do so is fleeting, even if the seductive potential of it all tickles the recesses of my imagination. Despite pulling my punches and holding back for another day to act on confrontations that have become the stuff of elaborate fantasies, the

exhaustion of what's come before, of what's transpired, leaves me empty. I now wonder what advice I'd have on my own "It Gets Better" video, what I'd say to another Clementi or to a younger academic version of myself.

My heart feels like it doesn't get better, that the tensions and minefields are inherent to the academic world in which I live, that they ebb and flow, that the targets or objects often shift over time, and that people just move on, physically, emotionally, or spiritually. My head thinks differently that it could get better, if the very nature of the everyday were to shift, if the dynamics that make possible and reward harassment, bullying and mobbing were to be contested. It could get better if activism were visible and local, not just remote PSAs and videos, but that learning and teaching extend beyond the conventional classroom to a whole host of fronts: institutional change; development for faculty, staff and students; and consciousness-raising about harassment and oppression in academic learning/teaching/working environments.

But, could it get better, really? I need to hope that it does, but the reality is sometimes it doesn't. Sometimes it's pretty awful. Sometimes it helps to hear students, colleagues, friends, and family just confirm and recognize, not attempt to dismiss or fix. It does no service to the young student, the novice administrator, or the junior colleague to hear the message that safety and security are states of mind and existence best deferred to another time. It can get better, it should get better, it will get better. We just can't go it alone. We need allies, not just in name, but in performance too. We need to create a world where "It gets better" is supplanted by a reality of mutual respect and regard for the inherent dignity and worth of every person.

Work Cited

- Bagley, Christopher, and Pierre Tremblay. "Elevated Rates of Suicidal Behavior in Gay, Lesbian, and Bisexual Youth." *Crisis: The Journal of Crisis Intervention and Suicide Prevention* 21.3 (2000): 111-17.
- Balester, Valerie M. "Revising the "Statement": On the Work of Writing Centers." *College Composition and Communication* 43.2 (1992): 167-71.
- Balester, Valerie M., and James McDonald. "A View of Status and Working Conditions: Relations between Writing Program and Writing Center Directors." *WPA: Writing Program Administration* 24.3 (2001): 59-82.
- Bourdieu, Pierre. *Distinction: A Social Critique of the Judgement of Taste*. Trans. Nice, Richard. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1984.
- . *Language and Symbolic Power*. Trans. Raymond, G. and M. Adamson. Ed. Thompson, J. B. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1991.
- . *Outline of a Theory of Practice*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1977. Print.
- Debord, Guy. *Society of the Spectacle*. Detroit: Black & Red, 2002.
- DeSouza, Eros R. "Frequency Rates and Correlates of Contrapower Harassment in Higher Education." *Journal of Interpersonal Violence* 26.1 (2011): 158-88.
- Eisenstein, Paul, and Ken Petri. "Working-through Professional Fantasy: Changing the Myths We Live By." *Journal of the Midwestern Modern Language Association* 31.3 (1998): 45-64.
- Ferruci, Stephen A. "Composition's Professionalism and the Writing Center Director: Rethinking the Director as a Teacher." *The Writing Instructor* (2001).
- Foucault, Michel. *Discipline & Punish: The Birth of the Prison*. New York: Vintage Books, 1977.

- Geller, Anne Ellen, and Harry Denny. "Of Lady Bugs, Low Status and Loving the Job: Writing Center Professionals Navigating Their Careers." *Writing Center Journal* (Under Review).
- Gillam, Alice. "The Call to Research: Early Representations of Writing Center Research." *Writing Center Research: Extending the Conversation*. Eds. Gillespie, Paula, et al. Rahway, NJ: L. Erlbaum Associates Publishers, 2002. 3-21.
- Gillespie, Paula, Bradley Hughes, Harvey Kail. "Nothing Marginal About This Writing Center Experience: Using Research About Peer Tutor Alumni to Educate Others." Eds. William J. Macauley, Jr. and Nicholas Mauriello. Cresskill, NJ: Hampton Press, 2007.
- Guillory, John. "Preprofessionalism: What Graduate Students Want." *ADE Bulletin* 113 (1996): 4-8.
- Haviland, Carol Peterson, and Deinise Stephenson. "Writing Centers, Writing Programs, and Wpas: Roles by Any Other Names?" *The Writing Program Administrator's Resource: A Guide to Reflective Institutional Practice*. Eds. Brown, Stuart C., Theresa Enos and Catherine Chaput. Mahway, NJ: Lawrence Erlbaum Associates, 2002. 377-92.
- Horner, Bruce. "Traditions and Professionalization: Reconceiving Work in Composition." *College Composition and Communication* 51.3 (2000): 366-98.
- Ianetta, Melissa, Linda Bergmann, Laurent Fitzgerald, Carol Peterson Haviland, Lisa Lebduska, and Mary Wislocki. "Polylog: Are Writing Center Directors Writing Program Administrators?" *Composition Studies* 34.2 (2006): 11-42.
- Keim, Jeanmarie, and J. Cynthia McDermott. "Mobbing: Workplace Violence in the Academy." *The Educational Forum* 74.2 (2010): 167-73.
- Lester, Jaime. "Not Your Child's Playground: Workplace Bullying among Community College Faculty." *Community College Journal of Research and Practice* 33.5 (2009): 444-62.
- Owens, Derek. "Hideaways and Hangouts, Public Squares and Performance Sites: New Metaphors for Writing Center Design." *Creative Approaches to Writing Center Work*. Eds. Bruce, Shanti and Kevin Dvorak. Cresskill, NJ: Hampton Press, 2008. 70-84. Print.
- Slevin, James F. "Depoliticizing and Politicizing Composition Studies." *The Politics of Writing Instruction: Postsecondary*. Eds. Bullock, Richard, John Trimbur and Charles Schuster. Portsmouth, NH: Boynton/Cook Publishers, 1991. 1-21.
- . *Introducing English: Essays in the Intellectual Work of Composition*. Pittsburgh Series in Composition, Literacy, and Culture. Pittsburgh, PA: University of Pittsburgh Press, 2001.
- . *The Next Generation: Preparing Graduate Students for the Professional Responsibilities of College Teachers*. Washington: Association of American College, 1992.
- Twale, Darla J., and Barbara M. De Luca. *Faculty Incivility: The Rise of the Academic Bully Culture and What to Do About It*. San Francisco: Jossey-Bass, 2008.

AFFILIATIONS

Harry Denny is Associate Professor of English and Director of the University Writing Center at St. John's University in New York. The University Writing Center, along with the Writing Across the Curriculum Program, was recently recognized as a CCCC 2014 Writing Program of Excellence. Harry is the author of *Facing the Center: Toward an Identity Politics of One-to-one Mentoring* (Utah State University Press). He is currently at work on projects related to writing center assessment, identity politics and writing centers, and civil rights in the context of marriage equality, voting rights, and affirmative action.