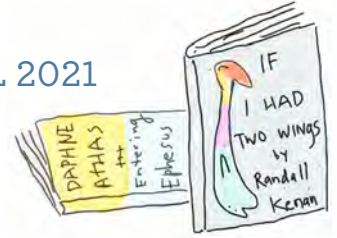


FALL 2021

Chapter & Verse

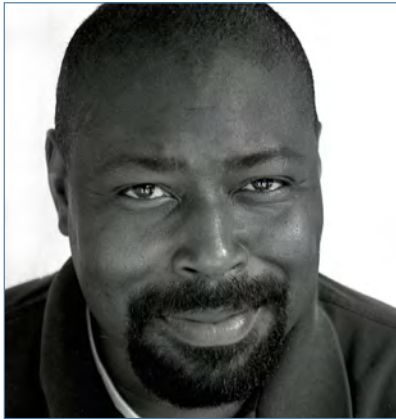


NEWSLETTER OF THE CREATIVE WRITING PROGRAM AT UNC CHAPEL HILL

RANDALL GARRETT KENAN

March 12, 1963–August 28, 2020

By Bland Simpson



Randall Kenan came to us from the old forest and the swamps of Duplin County, from the community of Chinquapin where the chinquapins do grow. He brought his beautiful spirit and his estimable imagination with him and shared them with us all his life, a life that will always be, owing to the legacies of his heart and mind, a great gift to humanity. He and I found out at once that we were both sons of

eastern Carolina; we talked swamp, and we were fast friends, in and out of the classroom, and exploring with him where that downhome and unbound imagination of his could lead was one of the true joys of my life. Ruel Tyson helped get Randall back to UNC to teach in 1995, after Randall had become a renowned New York editor and had published to much acclaim,

Continued on page 4

DAPHNE ATHAS

November 19, 1923–July 28, 2020

By Marianne Gingher

I had two mothers, a biological one and a literary one, who, born a few months apart, came of age during the Great Depression after both their fathers lost everything. My biological mother had read Daphne's *Entering Ephesus* in a whoosh, as had I, after meeting her around 1974 at a *Carolina Quarterly* party. She was the only English Department faculty member

who showed up. The party was for the writer Ishmael Reed, and all the graduate students in attendance were terrified to speak with him. He sat in an armchair looking as growly as a panther, but Daphne decided he was simply bored and dared me to go sit on one arm of the chair and cheer him up with small talk. It was the first of many

Continued on page 7



2020–2021

Faculty and Alumni News, Prize-Winning Authors, and More!

Chapter & Verse is published yearly by the Creative Writing Program.

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From the Director

Back in March 2020, in our last class before spring break, we talked about our plans for the brief vacation ahead. This was in Senior Honors, the yearlong class in which a select group of writers spends the entire year together writing stories, and by the end of it collect them into a short book—their thesis. One student was going to Copenhagen to see her boyfriend. Two were traveling to Greece to have the time of their lives. Another was lucky enough to be going on . . . a cruise. But even then, early on, we knew that a cruise was not the best idea; we laughed when she told us, and then we gasped. Later she decided not to go on the cruise at all and spent her spring break in Charlotte instead. Everyone returned home from spring break safely, but I never saw any of them again.

Not true. I saw them all twice a week for the rest of the school year and for office hours and sometimes just to chat—on a screen. Zooming. It was not the same (what is?), but it wasn't terrible, either. Ideas and creativity exist in a virtual environment almost as well as they do in a room with fluorescent lights and tiny windows. And there is something in the nature of writing itself that argues against groups: writers tend generally to be a group of one.

Still, each year in the Creative Writing Program at UNC-Chapel Hill, it happens that a greater life emerges

from what amounts to a cocreation of our very selves through the honest and friendly companionship of like-minded pilgrims. Had we not already been meeting for months, I really don't know how it would have gone; a layered depth of shared experience would have been lost, for sure, and there is something about simply taking the time to get dressed and show up somewhere that has an added value attached to it.

Other things: It's crucial to see what kind of shoes your students wear. See what falls out of their backpacks. Talking with a student before class begins—about next to nothing—may be one of the most important conversations you'll have with her. It's unnatural not to see someone, in their entirety, just as it's unnatural to cross the street when you see someone walking toward you without a mask on. These are things we have learned to do. Everything is in flux, but now at least I can see my students' shoes.

There have been other, more permanent changes, too. Randall Kenan died. Daphne Athas died. Loyd Little, who taught here in the '80s and was one of my first writing professors, died as well. There were also retirements. Long-time cornerstones of the Creative Writing Program Marianne Gingher and Alan Shapiro retired at the end of 2020–2021 school year, and Pam Durban the year before that. Anita Braxton, the trusted

program coordinator for many years, left the program in spring 2020.

That is what this issue of *Chapter & Verse* is about: acknowledging these departures. Our Program is going to celebrate its seventy-fifth year in 2022, and it's difficult to imagine doing that without these wonderful, brilliant writers and teachers around us. But we will. We have more students enrolled in our classes now than ever before, and the Creative Writing Program can claim more minors and concentrations than any other program in the English Department. We continue to be strong because of the contributions and dedication of everyone we've lost, and it's that strength that has allowed us to bring in new teachers, new writers: Gabe Bump, Karen Tucker, Tyree Daye, and our Kenan Writer, Julia Ridley Smith, as well as Bonnie Williams, our new program administrator. And this, this: the inimitable Ross White—poet, publisher, man of many hats—will be director of the Program beginning fall 2022, and that alone is cause for great celebration.

Thank you for your interest in and support of Creative Writing at Carolina. Our Program continues to flourish because of our students, our former students, and many others who see real value in committing ourselves to teaching the art of writing to all comers.

In fall 2020 **Michael Parker** received





the **Thomas Wolfe Prize**, and in spring **The Rev. Dr. William J. Barber II** and **Jaki Shelton Green**, North Carolina poet Laureate, were our **Frank B. Hanes Writers-in-Residence**, whose presence here would not have been possible without the support of **Nancy White** and **Robin Hanes**. Both events occurred remotely.

The Department of English, where we make our home, is always the place to be. I am certain there is no creative writing program in the country with a relationship better than the one we have with our department and its gracious leader, **Mary Floyd-Wilson**. She supports and sustains us; **Jennifer Washington**, business officer for the English Department, does the same. **Linda Horne**, **Robin Samuels**, **Bonnie Williams**, and **Cheryl Siler-Jones** all do their part to keep our program robust.

This is a note of thanks to all of you who attend our programs and shows, who support us financially, and who

read our books. But it's a thank you especially to our students. Thank you for continuing to have faith in us. I'm often asked if current students are not as engaged or literate as students of yore, before the digital world invaded the prairie-quiet, contemplative life of teenagers. The answer to that is no. They are just as good as they ever were. And we're glad they're here.

Of course, we owe a debt to our allies and counselors in **South Building**, particularly **Chancellor Kevin Guskiewicz**, **College of Arts & Sciences Dean Terry Rhodes**, **Senior Associate Dean for Fine Arts and Humanities Elizabeth Engelhardt**, and **Director of Communications Geneva Collins**.

I want to recognize specific private funds supporting Creative Writing activities, including the **Rankin Faculty Support Fund**, established by **Alex Rankin** (class of '77); the **Burrus Fund**, established by **Ann Williams Burrus** (class of '52); and our **Gift Fund**, which is supported

and supplemented by so many of our friends and associates. **The Walker Percy** (class of '37) **Fund**, an endowment to help underwrite our lecturers, was set in motion several years ago by **Frank Borden Hanes, Sr.** (class of '42). And the **Robert Ruark Award**, for student nonfiction writing about North Carolina's natural world, receives support from the **Ruark Society of Chapel Hill**.

Nancy White and **Robin Hanes** have been our staunch allies for many years, and for that we will be forever grateful. Immense gratitude also goes to **John Skipper** for his avid and unwavering support of the **Thomas Wolfe Lecture**.

With good wishes to all,
—Daniel Wallace, Director,
Fall 2011–Spring 2022.

Elizabeth Moose,
Randall and Daphne,
Below, right: Randall
with Doris Betts



RANDALL KENAN

Continued from page 1

and Tom Rankin got him to Duke's Center for Documentary Studies in 2002. And then our chair, James Thompson, gained approval for a new position in Creative Writing at Carolina and gave me, as director of the Program, the honor of making the call to invite Randall back home to UNC in 2003 as a colleague—as such, he was beloved by everyone, faculty and students alike. As he had when

he was a student, Randall would often stop by my office, appear at the door and say, “My Rabbi” (a nickname he gave me for reasons known but to him), and pause before going on to the topic of the day.

One time when he stopped, spoke, and paused, I said, “Randall, I’ve got something special for you!” and handed him a short tree branch.

“What is this?” he asked.

This, I said, is a piece of the old forest, a branch from an old persimmon tree that stood on Polk Place from before it was Polk Place, original and wonderfully out of line with the straight courses of planted oaks, till the old tree died and was removed. You, I said, who have written most originally of the persimmon, and of so much else, deserve this memento. As I spoke, Randall’s smile grew and grew, and he clutched the persimmon branch to his heart.

A new, young persimmon, replacing the old, now grows in that same spot on our campus, and that is where I will go to stop and speak with Randall as time goes on. For, like everyone who knew and loved him, I cannot bear to say goodbye. So, till we meet again, Randall, I will borrow from the Bard and only say, “Good night, sweet prince; and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.” Amen.

10/21/2020

...

In the months since he died, I’ve been having dreams with Randall in them. They aren’t dreams *about* him, really; he is just there. In one he’s sitting in a chair, occasionally laughing with someone. We make eye contact once in another, in passing, and smile. I had one dream where I see him on campus, and he waves at me and then turns his attention to a student. Then I had a dream I *thought* he was going to be in, but he never arrived. He may have been late, and by the time he got there, the dream was over, and I was awake. He probably sent a text to me in my dream-world telling me how he’d lost track of time and was sorry—he’d really meant to be in the dream. Next time.

So much of Randall’s life was lived like this, the way he appears in my dreams to me now. He was on the inside and the outside at the same time. He was here, but then he wasn’t. He could disappear for long periods of time and he was, more often than not, the last to arrive, the first to leave.



“If you’re consistently late,” he told me once, “it becomes an expectation. No one gets mad at you because it’s what they thought was going to happen anyway. Being late becomes just another way of being on time.”

Randall lived alone his entire adult life. Family and friends were vital to him; he loved them ferociously and actively and he never let them out of his sight for too long. He had a genuine love for his people, and he was genuinely loved. But he was also singularly alone. That front door he walked through at night separated his two worlds. He didn’t share his home with anybody.

There was a lot of who he was he didn’t share. Abandoned by his biological parents, growing up gay, growing up a genius, and then coming into a culture where he was, by his own admission, “the only negro in the room,” contributed to this character trait. Being an artist whose magnificent imagination was central to his process needed room as well.

I’ve never had a good friend who was more present and more absent than Randall was. But, like being late, it was just a part of who he was. I missed him at parties because he rarely came to parties. I missed him at dinners. It was

much easier to get him to come out one-on-one. He had a lot of friends I never met, and he meant to keep it that way.

Looking back at what I've written it does feel like I'm complaining, that I'm asking for a different Randall than the one we got. But I'm not. I loved him. He wouldn't have been Randall without the separateness he was born into and then cultivated, and without that, who knows, we might not even have his books.

People talk about suffering and its role in the creation of art, and I suppose it has its place. But how many books is loneliness worth? One? Two? How many stories? And had he been able to trade one of his books for love, for a man to come home to, which book would it have been? Without all the books we may not be remembering him now, of course, in our little essays, but then we wouldn't have to be remembering him at all: he would probably be here. He would be distant, quiet at times, late, sometimes lonely, and texting me long after I've gone to bed about Bruno Mars or *Moby Dick* or with the obituary of someone he loved, in his life or in their art.

I did have one dream Randall was in, one he seemed to be in just for me. The dream was in November 2020, three months after he died, and in the dream he's been dead for that same

length of time. Three months. It's a cold winter's day. I knock on the door of his family's house in Chinquapin, North Carolina. I'm there to see his cousin Nikki but Randall answers the door, not expecting me as much as I'm not expecting him because, of course, he's supposed to be dead. He looks like he may have just woken up. But then he laughs, shrugs his shoulders, and looks at me with an expression I have seen before, the one with the eyebrows raised, the bashful smile hoping for forgiveness, like *I guess I'm busted, but please don't tell anybody!* And I don't say anything to him but I'm shaking my head, thinking that after pretending to be dead all this time, you're actually alive? Jesus, Randall. I'm a little pissed, but I'm not surprised at all.

—Daniel Wallace

In honor of Randall Kenan's extraordinary legacy as an author and his passion for bringing fellow writers to Carolina, we have created the **Randall Kenan Memorial Fund** to carry his name forward as it enhances the mission of the Writer-in-Residence program by continuing visits of distinguished writers to our campus for years to come. To contribute to this fund, please click [this link](#). Thank you.





DAPHNE ATHAS

Continued from page 1

dares she dispensed over our long friendship, and because I never said no to a one of them, I am no longer a mouse.

For twenty years, until she stopped driving on interstates, Daphne drove from Carrboro to my house in Greensboro for Thanksgiving, toting homemade cranberry sauce in her little green bowl. Mother was there, too, and she and Daphne enjoyed animated conversations about their similar histories. My mother wasn't book smart in the way Daphne was, but she had humor and intuition and bright-eyed curiosity that Daphne doted on. Mother instructed my heart; Daphne, less guardian than goader, waved her bedazzling wand over my mind.

Ask any of us who loved her and were mesmerized by the nearly extraterrestrial pleasures of her cosmic company—ask former students Alane Mason, Lydia Millet, Michael Parker, Mark Meares, Randall Kenan (if only

we could ask him)—how she did it: her spell-binding trick of ravenous listening combined with marathon disquisitions that darted from the sublime to the ridiculous. She was a scholar of the world, disliked ignoramuses, delighted in enthusiasts, and had a soft spot for goofballs.

She left us July 28, 2020, exactly one month to the day before Randall. Ask anyone who knew and loved them both: Chapel Hill will never feel the same. We go on, of course, create new, less glamorous idols and myths, but something like the last leaf of innocence has left the tree of knowledge that the two of them planted and grew for us (and one another) to dance around, celebrating its everlasting radiance.

She called Randall “the Prince of Hillsborough.” She called me “Magnetessa” and sometime “Magnet” for short. She cared more about striving than triumph. She thought self-doubt, like shyness, was silly and self-indulgent in adults. There were far more inventive ways to be silly,

like writing nonsense poems, like pontificating on everything from voles to politicians (similar animals in her view), or bouncing on grammar rules to see how much like a trampoline the English language could be. How about bursting into song, anywhere, any time, and harmonizing? She loved collaborative glee. Often, in the middle of the crosswalk in front of the Jade Palace restaurant in Carrboro, she'd hoist her cane, do a little soft-shoe number, and belt forth a song. Of course I joined in, and we'd carry on as if we were in a musical—until some car came along. We crashed a big party once because I wanted to meet Eudora Welty and we hadn't been invited but Daphne knew the hostess. We traveled to Greece together and sat on the beach in Kamarea on the island of Sifnos eating lunch in the raggedy shade of cypress trees, our feet in the sand, drinking Mythos beer and philosophizing all afternoon before our evening swim. In Athens, she led me up what seemed to be Sisyphus's hill to the funicular at Mount Lycabettus from which you can

see all of Athens. Then, because there were no more taxis, back down the hill in the dark we trudged to our hotel—she was an inexhaustible eighty-three years old.

She hitchhiked across Egypt, spent summers in Greece (her father was an immigrant from Pylos), taught as a Fulbright in Tehran, was thrilled, after she smashed her bike in a traffic accident, that the EMT who scraped her off the sidewalk had read Tolstoy. They talked literature all the way to the hospital. There will only ever be the singular and distinctive *her* that makes one feel all the more lucky to have known her both as an elder oracle (she hated being called an oracle) and in her heyday, the 1970s and '80s, when

she and Doris Betts rocked Greenlaw with their conspiratorial cackling. They gave readings together, Doris wearing dramatic scarlet and Daphne in her regal purple tunic. Iconic-looking as they strode to the podium, it seemed as if statues of Liberty and Athena had come to life. With pluck, brains, ferocious confidence, and charm, they were in the vanguard of feminist awakenings at this university. Daphne, who was ninety-six when she died, taught at UNC from the late 1960s until 2009.

We who loved her have stashes of photos, piles of her loquacious letters, and the elegant, funny, playfully subversive books she wrote. Future students will meet her through the

course she invented as Glossolalia that we now call Gram-o-Rama, a legacy course that turns the grammar lesson into performance art and celebrates the goofball in us all. She lives on, the way Edward Lear, Lewis Carroll, Dickens, Aesop, Socrates, Aristotle, and Tolstoy live on. The way the ocean lives on, the moon and stars, riddles, music, hope, absurdity, sorrow, joy, and Mother Goose.

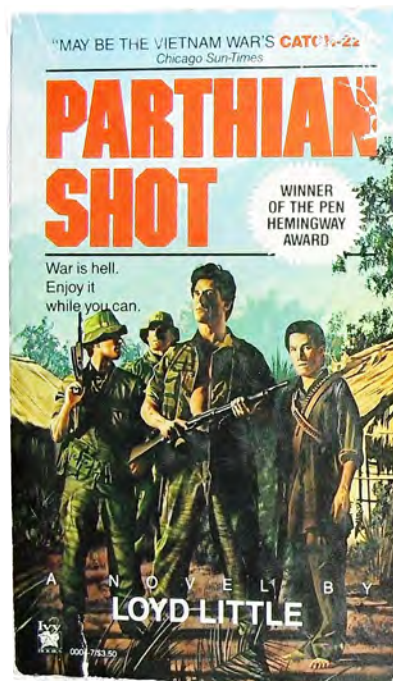
The **Daphne Athas Fund**

supports the teaching of Gram-o-Rama by hiring visiting drama coaches and a videographer to record performances. To contribute to this fund, please click [this link](#).

LOYD LITTLE

September 12, 1949 –
October 16, 2020

Loyd Little died on October 16, 2020. Loyd was the very first winner of the PEN/Hemingway Award for his novel *Parthian Shot* in 1976. Four years later, as a transfer to UNC, I took his Intro to Fiction class. I didn't know about the PEN Award, of course; he was not the kind of man to advertise for himself. He was a kind, generous, and meticulous reader of his students' work. He footnoted his own comments and added pages of supporting arguments typed out on unlined, yellow paper. No



professor before or since has read a story of mine more attentively or with more care. My first published story (for our own *Cellar Door*) was written in his class. I still have his notes on it, somewhere. His focused attention may have been a consequence of his name. The army, upon his enlistment, discovered that his birth records had dropped an *L* from his name, and came to understand that he was legally “Loyd” and not the “Lloyd” he’d always gone by. He realized that he’d have to go through a legal name change to set it all to right and simply decided not to go through the hassle, and lived a long, happy life without the other *L*.

Retiring

ANITA BRAXTON

From my first day as director of the Creative Writing Program in 2011, Anita Braxton was there to educate, guide, and encourage me. I needed all of that since I had no real idea how to do this job. She herself learned how to become a top-drawer program assistant from Michael McFee, who preceded me as director, and so I was lucky enough to inherit a program that was already running smoothly; my real job was just to not mess it up. And though I had many opportunities to do precisely that, Anita was there to save me from my ignorance.



Anita had been planning to retire at the end of the 2020 school year, and did. Coincidentally, that's when Covid hit; there was a hiring freeze, and so her desk and job remained empty. Not that we needed any more proof of how essential she was to the running of this program, but we certainly had it then.

We miss her. Anita and I, along with Beverly Taylor and Linda Horne, shared in the same family of rat terrier pups, some of whom have left us as well.

Friends and dogs—two of the best things there are in life, and here we found both, in Greenlaw. Thank you, Anita.

PAM DURBAN

When Pam came to campus during the Betts Chair job search, she pulled me aside after a few days and said, “What are you guys hiding? Where are the skeletons in your closet?” As a veteran of creative writing programs where the faculty did not get along particularly well, she was suspicious of the friendly climate at Carolina. “We’re not hiding anything,” I said. “There are no skeletons. I’m afraid you’ve fallen into the happy valley.”

What a joy to have Pam Durban join us in our sunny valley for several decades. She was the perfect heir to Doris Betts’s legacy and her second-floor office: a superb teacher, precise and tenacious and inspiring; a writer of the first order, so artful and thoughtful and inventive; and a colleague to be relied on, at any time, without question. How I loved stopping by to visit between classes, to talk seriously if needed but mostly to gossip about students, and chat about what we were reading or watching, and laugh for a few minutes before getting back to work. All of us—especially her lucky students—are deeply grateful that she came here, and served the literary community so well, and became part of our happy family.

—Michael McFee

MARIANNE GINGHER

Marianne Gingher has been my friend, teacher, colleague, drawing buddy, inspiration, and guiding light for decades. She retired in spring 2021 with none of the fanfare and recognition that retirement deserves. How many hundreds of students has Marianne taught? How many lives has she changed? How much of her heart has she shared with us? How much could she possibly have left? She has always reminded me of the woman being described in a poem by Theodore Roethke, “When small birds sighed, she would sigh back at them.” I turned to her for advice and direction and friendship and will continue to do that for as long as she will let me. See you down the road, Marianne.

...

When I was in Marianne’s Intro to Fiction class in fall 2010, she had to cancel class one day for a very unusual reason: the previous night, she said, she’d woken to what sounded like a Boeing 747 taking off inside her skull. As it turned out, a moth... had flown... into her ear... and gotten stuck there! With medical assistance it was safely extracted, and she arrived in class the next day with a tale as well honed as you’d expect from a storyteller of her caliber. I assume this ambitious insect had designs on taking up coveted residence in Marianne’s capacious, well-appointed brain, absent a direct

anatomical pathway into her equally capacious and generous heart.

Fortunately for me, I haven't had to resort to such extreme means to benefit from these gifts of Marianne's. That fall 2010 workshop is where she convinced me that writing fiction wasn't just a hobby but a legitimate life pursuit. Since then, she's been guiding me and so many lucky others in that pursuit with her patient instruction and vivacious friendship. I'm sad for the students who won't get to receive these gifts of hers after her retirement. Those of us who have will keep flocking to her like moths to the light.

—Katherine Proctor,
Honors Student in Creative Writing,
2010–2014

Call her the human superlative. The tallest and blondest, for starters. The bubbliest, the friendliest, the most effervescent and imaginative and generous. The laugh-till-you-burst funniest. The wisest and kindest. The most gracious. Without question, the spunkiest. She was the professor with the long line of students spilling out the door, vying to bask in her office's pink glow. The colleague who slid homemade valentines under your door. For more than forty years, Marianne Gingher ruled Greenlaw Hall as the mischievous queen of our signature classes. Gram-o-Rama. Flash Fiction. Writing for the Puppet Stage. Memoir. Every writer from NYT bestseller Sarah Dessen to PEN/



Pam Durban, Marianne Gingher, and Alan Shapiro

Hemingway winner Ben Fountain to three-time O. Henry Awardee Michael Parker flourished under her reign. Marianne also codirected the Thomas Wolfe Scholars Program, which sent her searching for “the best damn writer” in high schools across America and bringing them to Carolina, where she treated them to Sandwich Night in her treehouse on Rosemary Street. All of this, and she continuously published her own lauded work: two memoirs, two anthologies, a novel, a short story collection, and scores of essays. She even cofounded a puppet theater called Jabberbox, which plied its audiences with tomatoes sewn for tossing. Everywhere Marianne went, she left a trail of glitter. Today, it

stretches clear to Greensboro, where she has retired. All we can do in Greenlaw is keep marveling (and shimmering) at her legacy.

—Stephanie Elizondo Griest

ALAN SHAPIRO

Alan Shapiro retired from teaching at the end of the 2020–2021 school year. A lynchpin of the program for decades, and my good friend, he will be sorely missed. On learning of his retirement, this is what Jonathan Farmer, the poet and former student of Alan's, wrote about him:

“Alan would tell us that art was wakefulness. It was, he insisted, the opposite of sleep. And he said it with

conviction—present and alert in the sentences he repeated over and over, the same way he is, for example, in telling a joke, or reciting a poem from memory, that way in which repetition and discovery live together in the agility of Alan’s mind.

“Alan’s poems are—like his teaching, his essays, his translation, his fiction, himself—awake. Relentlessly awake, I might say, except that sounds grim—and they are (and he is) rarely that, no matter the sorrows and suffering they contend with, dramatize, and even insist on. The lesson of those disastrous years was both that disaster cannot be warded off, no matter how careful we are, and that consciousness—in part because it is so precarious; because it can be, *will* be, annihilated; because it can be turned into a source of suffering—is, or, at least, it can be, a gift.”

And I will quote from something his friend, the poet Tom Sleigh, said of him: “Alan has an intelligence that knows Henny Youngman and Rodney Dangerfield jokes as well as linguistics, neuroscience, astrophysics, and of course an encyclopedic knowledge of poetry and literature. He also loves dogs because they aren’t busy trying to tell us what we ought to think and feel, but instead, seem to take it for granted that our job is to be out and about, sniffing at the world, as opposed to sternly judging it.” Here is to a bright future of sniffing at the world.



SUSAN IRONS

Susan Irons never taught in the Creative Writing Program, but without her we would not have become the program we have. Susan has been the guiding light and director behind our two major yearly events, the Wolfe Prize and the Distinguished Visiting Writer program. She has been doing this for twenty years. Choreographing these visits, some of them for as long as a week, is, like juggling chainsaws, even more complicated than it looks. It takes a person who can see the forest *and* the trees, and Susan is one of those rare people. A few of the writers who have come here under her watchful eye: Terry Tempest Williams, Joan Didion, Tobias Wolff, Natasha Tretheway, Sandra Cisneros, Elizabeth Spencer. The list goes on, a procession of greatness her greatness made possible. Thank you, Susan, for making magic happen.

Faculty News

GABRIEL BUMP grew up in South Shore, Chicago. His debut novel, *Everywhere You Don't Belong*, was a *New York Times* Notable Book of 2020 and won the Ernest J. Gaines Award for Literary Excellence, the Great Lakes Colleges Association New Writers Award for Fiction, the Heartland Booksellers Award for Fiction, and the Black Caucus of the American Library Association's First Novelist Award.

GABRIELLE CALVOCORESSI's poems have been published or are forthcoming in numerous magazines and journals including *Baffler*, *New York Times*, *POETRY*, *Boston Review*, *Kenyon Review*, *Tin House*, and *New Yorker*. Calvocoressi is an editor at large at *Los Angeles Review of Books* and poetry editor at *Southern Cultures*.

MICHAEL CHITWOOD's most recent book, *Search & Rescue* (LSU Press, 2018), was named the L. E. Phillabaum Poetry Award winner and the winner of the 2019 Library of Virginia Literary Award in Poetry.

MARIANNE GINGHER, professor emerita, spent her last year of full-time teaching at UNC as the Doris Betts Term Professor and retired in July 2021 after more than forty years of teaching in the Creative Writing Program. Since retiring, she has been working on a book of personal narratives, revising a novel for the umpteenth time, and making thirty-

five whimsical dioramas as part of an ongoing art project. She published an ekphrastic story in *We Are the River*, an anthology put together by the North Carolina Museum of Art, and has work forthcoming in *South Writ Large*. In November 2021, she will teach a master class in nonfiction at the North Carolina Writers' Network fall conference.

STEPHANIE ELIZONDO GRIEST published the paperback of *All the Agents and Saints* with a new preface about life in the borderlands during the Trump administration as well as essays about Mexican culture for BBC Travel and *Travel + Leisure* magazine. She contributed short memoirs to *Nepantla Familias: A Mexican-American Anthology of Literature on Families in between Worlds* and to *Texas Journey* magazine. She spent the summer of 2021 as a writer-in-residence at the Helene Wurlitzer Foundation of New Mexico.

MICHAEL MCFEE became the Doris Betts Term Professor in July 2021. He has recently published poems in *Appalachian Journal*, *Birmingham Poetry Review*, *Tar River Poetry*, and the anthologies *Crossing the Rift: North Carolina Poets on 9/11 & Its Aftermath*, edited by Joseph Bathanti and David Potorti (Press 53, 2021), and *You Are the River: Literature Inspired by the North Carolina Museum of Art*, edited by Helena Federer (NCMA, 2021).



Gabriel Bump



Gabrielle Calvocoressi



Michael Chitwood



Marianne Ginger



Stephanie Griest



Michael McFee



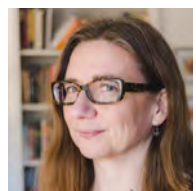
Matt Randal O'wain



Adam O'Fallon Price



Bland Simpson



Juila Ridley Smith



Karen Tucker



Daniel Wallace



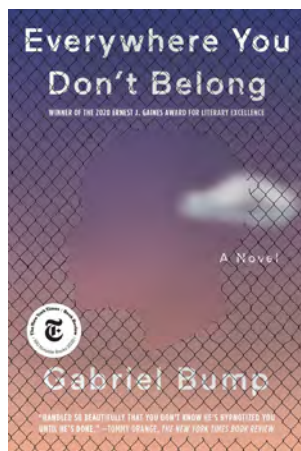
Ross White

MATT RANDAL O'WAIN is the author of *Meander Belt* (University of Nebraska, 2019) and *Hallelujah Station* (Autumn House, 2020). He recently finished a novel, *The Narrows*, a book about family mythology and the ways that landscape and intergenerational experience shape the narratives of children.

ADAM O'FALLON PRICE is the author of two novels, *The Grand Tour* (Doubleday, 2016) and *The Hotel Neversink* (Tin House, 2019), winner of the 2020 Edgar Award for Best Paperback Original. His short stories have appeared in *Harper's*, *Paris Review*, *Granta*, *VICE*, and many other places. His nonfiction and criticism appear regularly in venues such as *Electric Literature*, *Ploughshares*, *Paris Review Daily*, and *The Millions*, where he works as a staff writer.

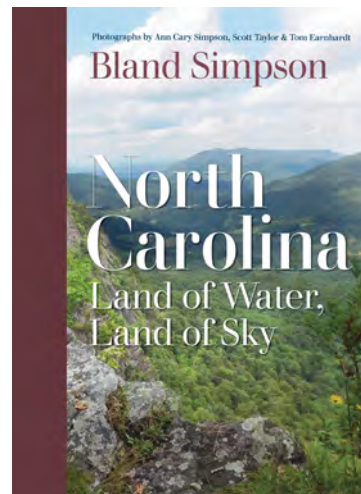
BLAND SIMPSON's most recent book is *North Carolina: Land of Water, Land of Sky*, with photography by Ann Cary Simpson, Scott Taylor, and Tom Earnhardt (UNC Press, 2021). He will be formally inducted into the North Carolina Literary Hall of Fame in October 2021.

JULIA RIDLEY SMITH is the 2021–2022 Kenan Visiting Writer at UNC Chapel Hill and the author of a memoir, *The Sum of Trifles* (University of Georgia Press, 2021). She has published fiction in *Alaska Quarterly Review*, *Electric Literature*, *Southern Review*, and elsewhere. Her nonfiction has appeared in *Ecotone*, *New England Review*, and *Southern Cultures*, and was recognized as notable in *The Best American Essays*.



KAREN TUCKER's debut novel *Bewilderness* came out June 1, 2021, from Catapult Books. Excerpts were published in *Missouri Review* and *LitHub*, and her accompanying reading list “10 Stories about Hunger and Hustle in the Restaurant Industry” appeared in *Electric Literature*.

DANIEL WALLACE has a memoir forthcoming from Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill in spring 2023, titled *This Isn't Going to End Well*. He will be inducted into the Alabama Literary Hall of Fame in 2022.



ROSS WHITE's newest chapbook is *Valley of Want* (Unicorn Press, 2021). He is the author of 2019 Sexton Prize winner *Charm Offensive* as well as two other chapbooks, *How We Came*

Upon the Colony and *The Polite Society*. Recent poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *American Poetry Review*, *Ploughshares*, *Poetry Daily*, *Barrow Street*, and *Zocalo Public Square*, among others. With Noah Stetzer, he now hosts *The Chapbook*, a podcast exploring the art, construction, editing, and marketing of chapbooks.

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