

FIERCE, KIND FRIEND: JOHN WILLIAM CORRINGTON

JO LECOEUR*

Intimacy with any profession throws a harsh light on its flaws, stoking dreams of a second career. Scratch a lawyer at mid-life, find a would-be writer scribbling to get out. But the only established writer I've ever known to take up law was John William Corrington. With three novels published during twelve years of university teaching, four books of poetry, a short story collection, and well-placed scholarship; with four screenplays (written with his wife Joyce) made into movies, and a fifth in the works, he entered law school at age thirty-nine. Behind him lay unrealized parental dreams—his father passed the Tennessee bar exam during the Great Depression but never practiced—and academic battles. Picture him at high noon in front of the university student center. Dressed in all white he debates the priest in black, both men quoting the saints at each other in the name of justice.

People who know what I left in New Orleans ask from time to time if I regret backing Corrington's attack on the Jesuits, their characterization of what happened at Loyola University verifying that it is the winner who shapes history . . . Except down South. We make legends of our losses. We start them back before the first shot has been fired.

Corrington was having serious fun the first time I saw him. Autumn in Baton Rouge all fragrant color, the main salon of *La Maison Francaise*, the old Renaissance-style Normandy chateau on Louisiana State University's campus, the place for a poetry reading. Fist-raised lines were sprinkled among erudite verse in fragments large enough to contain contradictions. Hilda had torn through in October 1964. Hurricane fury and the quiet of the eye replayed in the range of Corrington's voice. Outrageous! That was the campus buzz on this good-looking assistant professor sidling up to pool sharks at an off-campus dive to ask how good they were with pistols. Dignity personified—light from the chandelier falling in a ring on Corrington's head, widening into an image of him at the hub of a talented circle. His ideas shone because they mattered. He made us care—the audience. He had us and he knew it. His face and his voice gave it away.

"Arrogant and officious," said Dr. Donald E. Stanford, my major professor at LSU. Corrington characteristically used modest terms when backed into a self-descriptive corner, but anyone who knew him knew that modesty was not one of his virtues. His and Dr. Stanford's quarrel had roots in LSU's literary journal. *The Southern Review* had died during World War II after achieving international reputation in the

* Professor of English, University of the Incarnate Word, San Antonio, Texas.

1930's under literary lions Cleanth Brooks (*The Well-Wrought Urn*) and Robert Penn Warren (*All the King's Men*). Resurrection was underway in 1964 with Donald E. Stanford and Lewis P. Simpson as co-editors, both men scholars and full professors. Professor Stanford, a past-tense poet (two books in 1941), did not admit feeling threatened by Corrington and his officemate Miller Williams, both publishing poets, the former a novelist too. Stanford's complaint was that the two assistant professors had "intruded" on a meeting of the graduate dean with the senior faculty. The two "upstarts neither one a Ph.D." (Corrington at work on a D. Phil.) had pointed out that *The Southern Review* should feature fiction and poetry as well as literary scholarship. And the pair had volunteered their editorial services.

Disappointed at *The Southern Review's* preference for "hard-nosed" scholarly rank, and burdened by a twelve-hour, freshman-sophomore teaching load, Corrington wrote department chair Thomas Kirby in April 1966 requesting a research assistant and a reduction to nine hours. "Were we to promise him a professorship and a \$12,000 salary for next year, he would doubtless expect a Boyd professorship and \$20,000 the following year" (Kirby letter to Dean Berg).

That spring Loyola University in New Orleans was beginning its "campaign of excellence." Dr. Gerald Eberle retired as English chairman. Corrington was hired—his charge to build a distinguished department. A year later, he would tell me that "justice compromised is injustice," and that Stanford and Kirby could not be forgiven for their parts in his leaving Baton Rouge, a place infinitely superior to New Orleans for raising young children. In one of his characteristically modest self-descriptions, he added that the Jesuits valued him because they were paying him so well. Logically of course, it was the other way around. Loyola's Jesuits had hired a man whose credentials at age thirty-three were more than solid: six years on the faculty at LSU, M.A. from Rice, D. Phil. from Sussex, remarkable publications. "Lord knows I'm not a hard-nosed scholar," Corrington liked to say. But anyone following his career on paper would have judged him well entrenched in academia, and wondered when he slept.

That Corrington was high energy was one of the things I liked about him. Another was the ambitious vision he first described to me on a cold blue-sky day in late January 1967. The details of that day resurface clearly as a day of firsts. I did not own a car, had borrowed one for this, my first job interview ever (no interviews required for the blue collar jobs I'd been holding down). It was my first time driving in a city, first attempt at making sense of exit lanes and death-wish drivers. Somewhere in the old brick heart of New Orleans is the dead-end gravel road where I got lost that cold, bright day, city map spread on the car seat

beside me, my route running yellow through a maze of one-way streets laid out to follow the snaky contours of the Mississippi River.

LSU Professor Donald Stanford had warned me not to take the position at Loyola. He had characterized Corrington as a firebrand with a chip on his shoulder since his expulsion from St. John's, the Jesuit high school in Shreveport. Stanford had warned me that Corrington would be trouble, that he and Miller Williams together would be double trouble. Trouble was the word my father had used, warning me not to leave home at seventeen to work my way through college, but I listened to Professor Stanford about like I did to my daddy.

No one in the New Orleans road work crew on that dead-end gravel road knew where Loyola was. The foreman showed me on my map where the road would be when it was finished. But he laughed when I asked which way was South. (Directions had mattered, driving in rural Mississippi.) The foreman said South would just keep changing on me here. He said drive toward the river, that I could pretty much count on it staying put.

Arriving late and winded from running, I sat in Corrington's spacious, high-ceilinged office—Loyola's English department housed then in a three-story Victorian mansion overlooking the streetcar line on St. Charles Avenue. All smiles and graciousness, Corrington began talking, allowing me to catch my breath. I took in the working fireplace, hand carved molding, antique gas lamps on the wall; while he outlined a scheme to construct a "positively charged nucleus" of writers surrounded by an educated reading audience. His six years (1960-66) on the faculty at LSU had overlapped my three (1963-66) of graduate study. But I had been shy, had not known how to introduce myself, this was our first face-to-face. *He* was not the reason I had applied for an assistant professorship at Loyola. I was twenty-five, living in Baton Rouge, writing fast to finish the dissertation, my fellowship running out. And my husband of one month lived in New Orleans.

I had read Corrington, had seen him in action at LSU and thought, listening to him now, that he had the energy, the talent, and the contacts to pull it off—his "Vision for Loyola." But did he have the money? He strode around the room as if unable to sit on all that energy, describing the Jesuits' wealth, the Péré Marquette building downtown, top ranked WWL television station on Rampart Street, vast lakefront property holdings, airport expansion, shopping malls, and city growth along Lake Pontchartrain. He said he had *carte blanche* to spend the kind of money it would take to do three things and do them well. One, assemble a writing publishing faculty with student-appeal. Already gathering support personnel, he had brought two members of LSU's English department with him and had secured a position in the

journalism department for an old friend from Rice University. Part two was to invigorate the intellectual community—Tulane next door, Dominican up the street, Xavier (where his wife Joyce would teach) nearby—by bringing together internationally known writers, four or five at a time to interact, compete, put on a lively show. Writers in action inspire each other, he said, and would get people reading again the way they had before television, his statement ironic now in light of his future career developments. Part three of Corrington's plan was to found an energetic quarterly to display the talents of the writer/teachers he would bring to Loyola, and to leave LSU's quarterly *The Southern Review* creaking in a rocker in the front porch shade.

At this point Corrington stepped into the hallway and called into the office across the winding staircase. Today Miller Williams is known as the poet who wrote Inaugural verse for Bill Clinton in 1997, as the founding director of the University of Arkansas Press, and as the father of Los Angeles-based, country-rock-folk-blues singer Lucinda Williams. Back then, he was one of the two faculty members Corrington brought with him to Loyola. Before coming to LSU, he had held a Bread Loaf Poetry Fellowship in 1961, the year Corrington won the Charioteer Poetry Award carrying with it publication of his first book. Both men had run into a Northern bias against what was perceived as the culturally backward South. While at LSU they fought back against this snub, editing two anthologies of Southern writing and lecturing on "The Dominance of Southern Writers." Controversial as a refutation of the anti-intellectual Southern stereotype, their joint lecture was so popular the two took it on the road to area colleges.

That fight was not abandoned. It was extended. Williams and Corrington described to me an international cultural journal with eclectic taste and range, contributors to be paid decently, both men vehement in their resolve not to exploit the arts, the journal to serve as talent scout and showcase for writers without bias as to region or academic affiliation, northerners published alongside southerners (let the readers decide for themselves who can write), students next to internationally known writers, contributors' books reviewed and publicized. Artwork would be featured, essays not limited to literary criticism. Musicians, theologians, journalists, philosophers, artists, chemists, physicians and lawyers would be interviewed by an editor-at-large, layout designed by the journalism department headed by Corrington's old friend from Rice. Years later, Williams would write: "We believed that such a journal could enhance the reputation of Loyola throughout the English-speaking world and that it would be a good thing for New Orleans and the South as they were perceived throughout that world" (85).

Corrington walked me to my borrowed car after the interview and told me I had the job. He liked it that I had not taken the politically expedient route, that I had defended Stanford when he and Williams had been critical. He liked it that I had not apologized for being a Mississippian despite the political climate.

"Everybody's got a heritage but us," he laughed. Fourteen-year-old Emmett Till's body had floated up in the Tallahatchie River a hundred miles north of my home a month after I turned fourteen. I knew racists had stolen the "Southern heritage," but I was mute—silence the legacy of gender as I perceived it then. That perception would change. Corrington taught me to speak up, taught me techniques of argument. Later I would tell him, "We lost the right to fly the rebel flag when we allowed the Klan to use it." Low-bottom riff-raff had worn the bed sheets and done the dirty work, but the system could not have survived without many respectable people looking the other way.

Another reason he hired me, Corrington said, was that Tommy Blouin had put in a good word for me. Blouin was the other LSU faculty member that Corrington had brought with him to Loyola. A walking literary encyclopedia in a tweed jacket, Blouin was a natural in the classroom, a popular teacher often seen walking across campus (first LSU's, then Loyola's), a gaggle of students at his heels, headed for the student union where Blouin sat before, between, and after classes in one of those "over coffee talk-sessions" that are better than classes for the best students. I had met Blouin in 1965 at an open-air concert in the Greek amphitheater on LSU's campus. Approaching a writing deadline and unable to find the source for a quote, I had been assured by one of Blouin's student-disciples that Blouin would know, that he had read everything and had a photographic memory. Our formal introduction after the concert seemed to me the height of sophistication. Blouin identified Swinburne as the poet calling life "a vision/ Between a sleep and a sleep," then quoted a stanza from *Atalanta in Calydon*, his face animated, his voice torch-singer husky, visual and auditory confirmation that poetry was indeed a gift from God.

Blouin's teaching was crucial to the plan, Corrington told me after that job interview that lasted less than an hour and more than thirty years, my memory returning to it again and again. At that point I could not have imagined the key role Blouin would play in Corrington's decision five years later to enter law school to "re-arm" (his word) for another stab at justice in its running battle with compromise. But in 1967, Corrington's considerable energy was focused on Loyola as a world-class literary cultural center—heady stuff.

In July I turned twenty-six, got my Ph.D. in August, went on a belated honeymoon, and began teaching in September making a salary

undreamed of back in Mississippi vaccinating baby chicks, the job I had landed after being fired from the dry goods store for writing "Mrs." in the credit ledger beside a black woman's name. Despite the country's turmoil and what was going on in Vietnam in 1967, I was elated, learning how to teach, Blouin my example. I was surrounded by a circle of talented, supportive people—Corrington referred to me as the baby of the department. Miller Williams looked at something I had written and showed me how to turn it into a poem, later published in the *New Orleans Review*. My determination to have a career and a family was encouraged by the pioneering example of Joyce, the Corringtons' fourth child was born that year.

The Tet offensive in January 1968 continued into February with an assault on the U.S. embassy in Saigon that was devastating to U.S. morale. People I would come to love were getting hurt and hurt badly. But I was carrying a baby and so proud of myself. "You shine," Corrington told me before he left for California that spring to teach a semester at Berkeley. "You look like an Easter egg," said my officemate Walker Percy, his voice soft as down on a baby chick. Corrington had enticed the reclusive novelist (*The Moviegoer*) to venture out of his house in the pines across the lake and drive the causeway one afternoon a week to teach a seminar at Loyola. That spring Martin Luther King was assassinated, and the country's hopes for a quick victory in Vietnam were dying, but my dreams were coming true. I graded final exams and nursed my newborn son.

That fall 1968 the first issue of the *New Orleans Review* came out. Remarkable in range and quality, here was tangible proof of Corrington's "Vision for Loyola." Williams was editor, Corrington editor-at-large, and Tom Bell, Corrington's friend from Rice, managing editor. Advisory editors included Walker Percy, poet James Dickey (*Deliverance* not yet written) and noted English scholar David Daiches, the director of Corrington's dissertation. Chemistry, theology, and mass culture were topics in that first issue, and literary criticism by a Kent State professor (a friend of Blouin's). Fiction authors included a former editor of the *Chicago Review* and a staff member at Bread Loaf. There were poems by the poetry editor of *Saturday Review*, by Corrington, and by Loyola student Ralph Adamo (now editor of the *NOR*). The journal's art director, journalism professor Leonard White, produced a classic cover—a jazz funeral close-up of a musician in the Eureka Brass Band.

Corrington was elated at the journal's warm reception, his ebullience contagious, an easy camaraderie with the Jesuit administration evident at a celebratory party in the Corringtons' new house on the Tchefuncte River across Lake Pontchartrain. Gesturing with an after-dinner cigar, Reverend Thomas Clancy, S.J. told us that at the lavish

banquet for him after taking final vows, he had pushed back from the banquet table and said, "If this is poverty, bring on the chastity!"

Corrington's laugh managed somehow to be both intimate and impudent at the same time, his plan unfolding on schedule. The next step was bringing in big name writers four or five at a time. Harry Crews, who still has a cult following among young artists and musicians, drew a crowd from the multi-university community for his reading from *The Gospel Singer*. At the catered reception afterward, Crews jutted out his caveman jaw and swapped childhood stories of Uncle Daddy in Bacon County, Georgia with those of Miller Williams, a Methodist "preacher's kid" from Hoxie, Arkansas. Aptly named Frank Hercules, a karate brown belt with a British accent (he had studied law at the Middle Temple of the Inns of Court), came down from Harlem to read from his novel, *I Want A Black Doll*. Introduced to Xavier University by Joyce Corrington, Hercules was hired to teach there the following semester—the circle growing. Corrington and Williams always scheduled themselves into the program. And in my opinion, they were the best!

Corrington had an instinct for the audience. He did not play on his good looks, but was well aware of the crucial role of timing in his delivery. He understood the wisdom of scheduling writers' visits to coincide with their publication in the *New Orleans Review*. He capitalized on controversy, and I wonder now if some of the shows hosted by the department were staged. Beatnik-attired, Bread Loaf fellow Shane Stevens was on stage in spring 1970, his reading calling for armed rebellion against the white power structure for sending Puerto Ricans, blacks, and hippies to die in Vietnam. Mid-sentence, a six-foot, four-inch, two-hundred-fifty-pound expletive roared from the back of the room. Fringe flapping on the sleeves of his buckskin jacket and bowie knife hanging on his belt, James Dickey strode down front and wrestled the microphone away from the black-clad Bread Loaf fellow.

Deliverance was just out, already a best seller. Negotiations were still underway for the film, so Dickey had not yet been kicked off the movie set for intimidating Burt Reynolds, but that night he could have intimidated anyone. Students were lined up the next day switching their majors to English. And the house was full the following night for Dickey's poetry reading, the crowd loving it when, after a particularly effective line, Dickey would look up and say, "Isn't that good."

Corrington had none of the particulars, of course, during that interview back in January 1967, but he had conveyed that it would be good. And, as promised, the early *New Orleans Review* had a quality

that lasts.¹ The early *NOR* modeled social values, and Corrington's visits to my office were his missionary lectures. He conducted informal seminars on William Faulkner, James Joyce and Ernest Hemingway, spoiling me for conversation not controversial, eloquent and heart to heart. I tried to interest him in Sylvia Plath and Anne Sexton, feminist poets he hated. It is ironic that Anne Sexton had an inadvertent role in the beginning of the end of the Loyola dream. The *NOR*'s fourth issue, Summer 1969, contained a review of her *Love Poems*. Quoting Sexton, the reviewer used language and sexual imagery objectionable to the Jesuit administration. A board of priests, nuns and laymen was appointed to approve material before publication. Corrington shook his head that they did not see how the far-reaching damage of censorship outweighed a few sexy lines of poetry quoted in a book review.

If Anne Sexton ended the dream, Tommy Blouin's terminal contract began the Loyola nightmare. Corrington's face was ashen giving me the news, his voice angry and incredulous—Blouin's strengths so obvious, his charisma as a teacher central to the purpose of a university. The causes stated for termination were smoking in class and not keeping office hours. Women often hid the habit back then, but men smoked everywhere; several LSU professors had chain-smoked through every class. Only the hand-rolled ones raised eyebrows, and Blouin's smokes were store-bought. He spent long hours on campus in the student center surrounded by students male and female, old and young. I asked Corrington the real reason. He said a prominent Jesuit on campus had propositioned Blouin in the elevator and been turned down.

The Jesuit lost his post, disappeared from campus, not listed in subsequent faculty-staff directories until the fall of 1972, listed then simply as mathematics professor, name not preceded by "Reverend" nor followed by initials indicating religious order as with the names of the other priests. Sexual harassment existed, of course, in the early 1970s, but the idea of charging anyone with it did not. Blouin understandably shied away from an issue we would not even name in the Faculty Senate, referring to it as "that can of worms." I had not known that Blouin was gay when I met him. The truth is, having grown up in Morton, Mississippi (population 2000), I did not know what homosexuality was in 1965 when I met Tommy Blouin. My point is he was not flamboyant. Nor was he ever linked with a student.

¹ See Corrington's classic interview (Spring 1969) with Greenville, Mississippi newspaper editor, Hodding Carter, Jr., whose Pulitzer Prize-winning editorials in the 1940s had urged racial tolerance.

There was Faculty Grievance, but the committee was selected by the administration. Corrington rallied the Faculty Senate to seek redress and debated the university's vice president at high noon in front of the student union. Both men, products of a Jesuit education, invoked the name of God on high and hurled Latin insults at each other. As a child I had learned that the way to get through a bull's pasture is to walk as if I own it. Corrington habitually walked as if he owned the pasture. Threaten his sense of justice, and he snorted and pawed the ground.

Academicians will not be surprised at the lapse of several years while the fight for Blouin's career drug on. Corrington and I spoke less now of Cormac McCarthy and Denise Levertov, and more about war. Vietnam too close to talk about—our students being drafted—we reverted to our childhoods' central myth. It moved Corrington that so many had died for slavery, "owning no slaves," their cause obscuring their sacrifice. He laughed at my story of the Morton Pine Knots naming themselves for the hardest thing they could think of. He reminded me that the Ole Miss student body joined as a unit, fought as a unit, and died as a unit on Cemetery Ridge. Furious at a reviewer for calling his first novel a KKK tract, Corrington said, "The SOB didn't read the book." His great, great grandparents had suffered wartime enemy occupation, he said, but mentioning heritage got him labeled racist—"silence the legacy of surrender." Silence was also the price that Blouin understood for keeping his private life out of the news.

In January 1970, a redheaded fireball named Barbara Steinberg came to Loyola to fill the teaching position left vacant by Miller Williams' mid-year departure in response to the *NOR* censoring board. Steinberg had been Corrington's graduate assistant his semester at Berkeley, and she had run a California congressional campaign that spring of 1968. She came to Loyola, "expecting a peaceful teaching experience and a respite from five active political years, involving anti-war and political campaigns" (Steinberg). A representative from the American Association of University Professors (AAUP) called for the creation of a University Rank and Tenure Committee (URTC) with membership based on university-wide elections rather than administrative appointment. It fell to politically savvy Steinberg to work out a faculty slate of candidates to run against the administration's slate. When the faculty slate won, Corrington echoed Nathan Bedford Forrest, "We've got to keep up the scare."

While Corrington and Steinberg discussed who could best argue Blouin's case before the newly elected committee, Corrington and I argued heroes. Two of his sons were named for Robert E. Lee and Thomas Jonathan Jackson, the events surrounding Stonewall's death "mistakenly shot by his own men" beautiful on Corrington's lips. The

contrast between our hero-candidates is revealing—mine the only private on either side to make general, mine the trickster who bluffed outnumbering Union troops into surrender with the same two cannon (the only two he had) dug over the same distant hill again and again. Bedford Forrest gave chase once, his thumb plugging the bullet hole in his horse's neck to stop the gush of blood. Forrest killed thirty men during the war in hand-to-hand fight, had twenty-nine horses shot beneath him, and laughed at the end that he was "a horse ahead." Corrington listened with a smug face while I retold stories I'd heard as a child. Then he taught me his three-step debate method. One, isn't myth's power its ability to inflame the imagination? Yes. Two, isn't the flame cooled when at odds with our sense of justice? Yes. Three, doesn't Forrest's pre-war occupation (Memphis slave trader) disqualify him from hero status, thus narrowing the contest for hero to Jackson or Lee?

Corrington and Steinberg agreed that the Jesuit member of the English department should champion Blouin's case before the Rank and Tenure Committee, and that she was the ideal one to assist Father Forrest Ingram in preparation. During the several years that lapsed from Blouin's terminal contract through faculty grievance, AAUP appeal, its investigation and findings, new committee elections, and committee hearing preparation, Corrington remarked more than once "justice delayed." During this time, some English faculty had salaries frozen, and the new dean staged a vote by secret ballot on Corrington's position as department chair. Despite a unanimous vote for Corrington, he was removed and given an increased teaching load. He jokingly referred to himself thereafter as "the chairman-once-removed," reminding me in our shortcut language that he was still "a horse ahead." By actual count Corrington was several horses ahead, Loyola's president, vice president, and dean having also been removed during this time, their positions refilled, the dean's twice, once in a Christmas holiday (1969) rush job while the faculty was away.

After a lengthy and exhaustive hearing that lasted well over a year, the URTC ruled in 1972 that Blouin's termination was unjust. "I brought you wagons, General," Corrington quoted Jeb Stuart's too-little-too-late arrival at Gettysburg. The priest who had expelled Corrington from St. John's (Shreveport's Jesuit high school in 1950) was Loyola's new president in 1972. The new administration, Reverends Kennelly, Carter, and Tetlow, S.J., took no action to rectify an injustice attributed to former administrators, Reverends Jolley and Clancy, S.J. and Dr. Frank Crabtree, all gone now, and the former Jesuitical dean simply a layman teaching mathematics.

Justice denied.

Folk wisdom cautions against hitting a head if your fingers are between the teeth. I had spoken out for Blouin in the Faculty Senate and been issued a terminal contract citing a new "up or out" rule—promotion or dismissal (chicken plant workers got fired). The committee (URTC) promoted me in 1971 to associate professor, moving me "up." However, when Nixon announced an agreement to end the fighting in Vietnam in January 1973, I was fighting for my career in a glutted academic job market, my husband committed to New Orleans. The URTC had awarded me tenure in 1972, but the Jesuits "did not concur in that decision The past URTC accepted Dr. McManis's [my name then] petition to override the Dean's non-concurrence" (Dean Tetlow, S.J. letter to McManis), but six single-spaced pages later "up or out" was "up and out."

In my April 1973 meeting with the provost—the president unavailable—I was advised to stay home and raise my four-year-old. I was told that by now I should have had another baby.

I sued and settled out of court. I settled for injustice.

It hurt to see how hard Corrington took all our losses, especially Blouin's. A number of us grieved Blouin's loss, but Corrington's pain was a visible contrast to the invulnerable front he had kept up. He said he felt responsible, having brought Blouin to New Orleans from a secure position at LSU. Blouin hired a lawyer. The university offered to settle with him for \$10,000. Blouin was tougher than I was. He did not want \$10,000. Where was the justice in that? He wanted to teach. His talent did not have a price. His teaching had been pivotal to Corrington's vision for the university. So had Miller Williams' editorial integrity. The dream had seemed so tangible back when we were unaware we'd meet a changing set of players with a changing set of rules.

Could justice be found? Miller Williams went to the University of Arkansas. Tommy Blouin went to Glencoe, Illinois to work in Barbara Steinberg's mother's bookstore. Steinberg married ex-priest Forrest Ingram and both became lawyers. My husband and I divorced. Would I know justice if I saw it? I married a lawyer and left the deep South when Sr. Alacoque Power called to say the Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word had heard the Jesuits had blackballed me, and that I sounded like what they were looking for. Corrington studied law at Tulane, passed the bar, practiced law from 1975 to 1978, and kept writing scripts, novels, novellas, essays, and poems while making sporadic attempts during the last decade of his life to get back into teaching. In 1987 he and Joyce moved to California, continuing to write for television until his death in 1988 at age fifty-six. His last words, "It's all right" (echoing Stonewall Jackson as he lay dying) must carry individual significance

for each family member and for each friend. His words remind me that fierce kindness is ultimately right.

REFERENCES

- Clancy, Reverend Thomas, S.J. Group conversation. Dec. 1968.
- Corrington, John William. Personal conversations. 1967-1977. Correspondence 1977 - 1988.
- Dickey, James. Poetry reading, Loyola University. Spring 1970.
- Kirby, Thomas. Letter to Dean Berg. 25 May 1966. English Department personnel file, LSU Special Collections, University Archives.
- Percy, Walker. Personal conversations. Spring 1968.
- Stanford, Donald E. Personal conversations and correspondence. Sept. 1963 - Sept. 1996.
- Steinberg, Barbara. E-mail to Jo LeCoeur. 16 Dec. 2002.
- Swinburne, Charles Algernon. "Atalanta in Calydon." *Victorian Poetry*. Eds. E. K. Brown and J. O. Bailey. New York: Ronald, 1962. 629.
- Tetlow, Reverend Joseph, S.J. (Loyola Dean in 1973) Letter to Dr. Jo McManis. 16 Feb. 1973.
- Williams, Miller. "The Founding of the New Orleans Review." *Louisiana Literature* 23.1 (1996): 84-5.

CONSULTED

- Blouin, Thomas Michele. Personal conversations. 1965-1977.
- Carter, Hodding, Jr. "Hodding Carter Talks With *NOR's* Editor-at-Large." *New Orleans Review* 1.3 (1969): 235-9.
- Carter, Reverend James, S.J. (Loyola provost in 1973) Professional conversation. 4 April 1973.
- Corrington, Joyce. Telephone and correspondence. 1988-2003.
- Dickey, Christopher. *Summer of Deliverance: A Memoir of Father and Son*. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1998.

"The Dominance of Southern Writers." *LSU Alumni News*, September, 1965: 2-3.

LeCoeur, Jo. "No Cross, No Crown: The Poetry of John William Corrington." *Louisiana Literature* 23.1 (1996): 110-5.

Loyola New Orleans Directory 1972-73.

Power, Alacoque, CCVI. Telephone conversation. March 1977.

Stevens, Shane. "No Place To Blow But Up: New York's East Village." *New Orleans Review* 1.2 (1969): 165-8.

White, Leonard. Cover design and photograph. *New Orleans Review* 1.1 (1968).

Whitehead, James. "Poetry (review of Anne Sexton's *Love Poems*)." *New Orleans Review* 1.4 (1969): 390-1.

Copyright of Legal Studies Forum is the property of American Legal Studies Association and its content may not be copied or emailed to multiple sites or posted to a listserv without the copyright holder's express written permission. However, users may print, download, or email articles for individual use.