

Chapter 6. A Not-So-Great Migration to Big D, Dallas, Texas: New Frontiers, New University, New City, 1975–1979

Seen for the first time, Dallas together with the University of Texas at Dallas were a shock. Because I was interviewed at the Toronto airport and hired by telephone and mail, they were a new frontier to Vicki and me. They required radical adjustments that took years. That adaptation becomes another major set of experiences that documents the continuing intersections of the personal, political, academic, and place. In part, it led to a decades-long teaching, research, and public service project that culminated in the publication of my book *The Dallas Myth: The Making and Unmaking of an American City* (2008a).

Our physical move south and west was unpleasant. We rented an AMC Gremlin (a relatively new, early hatchback model) to test drive as a candidate for our first car purchase—a requirement for living in Dallas. We did not need a car in Evanston-Chicago or Toronto. When we reached Oklahoma and were required to pay a toll to drive on barely paved highways, I was ready to turn around and head back north. When we arrived in Dallas to learn that our possessions had been removed from their moving van at the border and delayed for up to two weeks, we both were ready to return to Toronto.

We persevered. With limited possessions, we moved into our two-story, townhouse apartment in a moderate-sized complex with requisite small swimming pools and laundry rooms, not far from the university, north of the city of Dallas boundary. On the west side road of North Central Expressway (US 75), The Timbers apartments sat across the highway from the major Texas Instruments plant. With our belongings delayed, we purchased air and foam mattresses, sheets, and towels to camp out in our bare abode and negotiated with the moving company and insurance agents. In time, our possessions arrived safely.

We purchased a new AMC Gremlin for cash from our savings from fellowships and Vicki's teaching job, a first and only experience. Not long afterward, we added our first dog, a brindle mix of Australian and cairn terrier puppy we named Morgan, after the leading character in a 1960s British alternative film. He was a wonderful member of the family, but he tragically died at seven months after swallowing a chicken bone he found near a garbage can. We had no better luck with cats in that townhouse. One pregnant stray we took in—black with white paws, named Soxy—died shortly after giving birth to two kittens, who also died. Two other cats succumbed to the heavy traffic leaving the highways.

Lacking Texas teacher certification, Vicki found employment in a nearby preschool. Not having driven since a teenage car accident, she took driving lessons

to regain her license. Her first attempts at driving with me instructing her were not healthy for our relationship.

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Both Dallas and the university were full of surprises. Their newness and their size—this was Big D and the University of Texas *near* Dallas—were major elements. So too was their underdeveloped, unfinished, and incomplete state. Both were physically, politically, socially, and culturally disorganized, disconnected, and immature (see my *The Dallas Myth*, 2008a).

The major theme of this chapter, the first phase—1975–1979—of our long relationships with Dallas and UT-Dallas (UTD), is radical adjustment to an often-alien environment. I soon learned, and relearned, that UTD weighed heavily on my psychological vulnerabilities. Universities do this (see my “Colleges Must Learn From Sports Figures About Mental Health,” 2021e, and “Academic Collegiality is a Contradictory, Self-Serving Myth,” 2022l). After almost five decades I can attest that my struggles—and the support I found at home, among colleagues, and eventually from three differently trained, excellent psychiatrists in three cities—made me a better teacher, graduate advisor, colleague, and person. If that’s contradictory, it is also fundamentally human.

Both Dallas and UT-Dallas were dominated by origin and alternative reality myths—as in the Dallas Myth and the Dallas Way—that I explicated formally and documented in my book on the subject and in my teaching. For Big D and UTD, bravado and ceaseless self-promotion are attempts to hide an abiding sense of insecurity and inferiority. This derived in part from their backward sense of origins and patterns of emergence. Dallas long loved to claim, absolutely falsely *and* profoundly ahistorically, that it has “no reason to exist,” because it was not a port city. It does sit on the banks of the Trinity River and an early cross-country horse and wagon trail.

UTD developed backwardly. It was first a Ph.D.-granting graduate institution in the sciences—following its foundation as Texas Instruments’ research department—gradually adding other graduate programs, juniors and seniors, and later first-year students and sophomores. For both UTD and Dallas, people were their greatest asset and their most unappreciated quality, institutional management and integrity, their least.

After several decades of observation, research, teaching about the city, supervising student local history research, an array of civic involvements, reflection, and time away in Chicago, San Antonio, and Columbus, I completed *The Dallas Myth: The Making and Unmaking of an American City* (2008a). To help set the stage, I quote from *The Dallas Myth*:

The ninth largest city in the United States, Dallas is exceptional among American cities for the claims of its elite and boosters that it is a “city with no limits” and a “city with no history.” . . .

Dallas looms disproportionately large in the American imagination. Yet it lacks an identity of its own.

I published the book with an out-of-state university press to general applause beyond the pens of representatives of Dallas institutions, many of whom did not open the book before condemning it. Many other Texas publications and academics praised it. Not only did I need mental, temporal, and physical distance from the city, I needed intellectual space. In between leaving Dallas and completing the book, I authored other books and articles on literacy, the history of growing up, and social science history. Multiple dimensions of distance are central to my journeys including my own uses of literacy.

Arriving in Dallas mid-August 1975, before the opening of the first school year for most of the overwhelmingly new university campus, knowing virtually no one except a distant cousin in a suburb, and with a brand-new car, we explored. Like much of the city, UTD was under construction. There was little to see on the substantially newly built, flat, and plain, almost treeless campus dominated by parking lots. My fellow faculty members were just arriving from around the United States and abroad. Outside the sciences, the entire “founding faculty” of about 130 was new.

As chance, job markets, different challenges, and developing opportunities had it, this was the first of the three public universities at which I taught from 1975 to 2017. The first two were new, branch campuses of a huge hierarchical, unequal, and disorganized state system, each located just beyond the city boundaries of two of the three largest cities in Texas.

The third was the huge, main campus of *The* Ohio State University in Columbus, the state capital and now the 14th largest city in the nation. Despite their many differences, they were all poorly managed public universities whose promise was never realized, in part because of inadequate leadership. In each, the administration led by sloganeering (see my “An Education in Sloganeering,” 2015b, “The Banality of University Slogans,” 2022f, “Slogans Are No Substitute for Concrete University Policies and Programmes,” 2022h, and “Sloganeering and the Limits of Leadership,” 2022i).

UTD emerged from its seeds as a research center established by the three founders (thus that ubiquitous campus word “Founders” and the names of the three new buildings—Johnson, Green, McDermott—of 1975–1976) of the huge Texas Instruments computer corporation, first to conduct industrial research and then to train technicians. The center developed in the 1940s but was formalized as the Graduate Research Center of the Southwest or Southwest Center for Advanced Science (SCAS) in the early 1960s, and construction of Founders Hall, the primary science building, began in 1962 as the center moved from its location on the Southern Methodist University (SMU) campus in the separately chartered, upper-class, overwhelmingly white University Park within north central Dallas (The University of Texas at Dallas, n.d.-d).

SCAS became UTD in the late 1960s to early 1970s. It was a graduate school and research center in the sciences with some distinction in computer science, geoscience, space science, math, and physics. Faculty came from top graduate programs and laboratories in the United States and abroad, and students from wide ranges. Among its claims to fame was its collection of moon rocks from early lunar explorations.

The words on the UTD website today reflect the Dallas Myth or the Dallas Way far more than UTD's or SCAS' history: "UT Dallas continues to build a future as bright as its beginnings, preparing graduates for leadership roles in science, engineering, business, research, the arts, government and the global community" (The University of Texas at Dallas, n.d.-b). It was founded as an R&D center for private industry.

Closer to reality is another statement on the university's website:

A Dynamic Past: In the 1960s, Eugene McDermott, Erik Jonsson [a future Dallas mayor] and Cecil Green saw promising young Texans leaving the state to pursue education while their company, Texas Instruments, recruited out-of-state talent to work at their Dallas-based headquarters. (The University of Texas at Dallas, n.d.-c)

The myth recycles:

Hoping to create better higher-education opportunities in North Texas, the trio established the Graduate Research Center of the Southwest—the foundation for what will become The University of Texas at Dallas. Rooted in an entrepreneurial spirit, UTD has grown into one of the nation's top public research universities. (The University of Texas at Dallas, n.d.-c)

And:

Created by bold visionaries and tech pioneers, UT Dallas has nurtured generations of innovators in its first 50 years. Our creativity and enterprising spirit has been—and will continue to be—UT Dallas' guiding light. (The University of Texas at Dallas, n.d.-a)

"The foundation for what will become." "Generations" in 50 years. "One of the nation's top public research universities." No, on all counts.

By the late 1960s and early 1970s, the new graduate center became complicated and expensive. The founders arranged to transfer it to the state of Texas and the University of Texas System as a branch campus with upper-division (juniors, seniors) and graduate students, with first-year students and sophomores coming later. The state assumed management and funding. Texas Instruments donated the land.

The pitch to the state was marketing and promotion in the Dallas Way. No ordinary university like the nearby University of Texas at Arlington and other branches of the system anchored in Austin, UT “near” Dallas was to be “interdisciplinary” and unique. This was a catchy notion of the time that was never defined nor put into practice. “Interdisciplinary” disappeared from the university’s rhetoric and organization—except for cost-cutting reasons of staffing and support—before long.

More than almost anything else, the slogan struggled to provide an identity, no matter how insubstantial or false. It cut costs by avoiding the budgeting of separate disciplinary departments and staff—that is, infrastructure—with unintegrated schools instead. It attracted students uncertain about their intentions and for the first decades both unprepared and confused about UTD rhetorics and realities. No less importantly if contradictorily, it lured a first-rate, overwhelmingly young faculty just out of graduate school. Another founding faculty member once said, “Aren’t we all someone famous’ best student?” About the junior faculty, he wasn’t wrong.

Scheduled to open as “a university” in fall semester 1975, a campus had to be built around the lonely plain Founders Building on the suburban prairie and a substantial founding faculty hired by a new, inexperienced, and unqualified administration. Additional buildings named for the three founders were constructed quickly to accommodate science, social science, education, human development (i.e., psychology), arts and humanities, business, the inadequate library, scant physical education, and the physically and intellectually distant administration. There was no on-campus housing nor were there competitive collegiate sports teams for decades.

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The UTD way is synonymous with, indeed derivative of, the Dallas Way. Both imitate without acknowledgment. “Reading” UTD was quick and easy. Dallas was a bit more complicated. In 1975, I was unfamiliar with the local lexicon of the contradictory, conflict-ridden “Dallas Way” and “Tales of Two Cities,” aspirational and real, new and old, developed and undeveloped, urban and suburban, rich and poor, White and Black, and also brown. Concluding my 25-year struggle to understand Dallas in multiple contexts, *The Dallas Myth* (2008a) presented a historical interpretation of the development and consequences of ideology, power, social and cultural relations, urban forms, and geographic location (for additional reading on this topic, see *The Dallas Myth*’s bibliography, Patricia Evridge Hill, 1996—Hill was my doctoral student, and Warren Leslie, 1964/1998; contrast these sources with ahistorical and misconceived Robert B. Fairbanks, 1998, and vanity-press, coffee-table, anti-historical Darwin Payne, 1994).

Even with an orientation, Dallas is a hard city to “read.” It is less difficult to navigate physically. We quickly learned our way around its freeways to its attractive, expensive, in-city residential areas University Park and Highland Park

surrounding Southern Methodist University (SMU); Lakewood with small waterways including White Rock Lake; sections of Old East Dallas, Oak Lawn, Turtle Creek, and Oak Cliff; and its uncontrolled, repetitive suburban sprawl. Downtown's West End and Deep Ellum long struggled to become entertainment districts. More established and appealing were the early, open-air shopping center Highland Park Village, Greenville Avenue in East Dallas, Oak Lawn, and parts of Oak Cliff.

Across the two phases of our life in Dallas, 1975–1979 and 1981–1998, we developed a number of favorite haunts. As explained in Chapter Eight, we renavigated, renegotiated, and readjusted by relocating to Old East Dallas just north of Downtown, far from the suburban university site.

Dallas was quite a good restaurant town. We had many favorites. Ranking high among them was the iconic Sonny Bryan's BBQ, where luxury limousines and beat-up pickups sat side-by-side until the daily smoked meat ran out, on weekends before noon. Other favorites included the many varieties of Mexican and Tex-Mex that we learned to eat and to love, led by seafood specialist Café Cancun. Among our haunts were The Grape, Dallas' first wine bar; a little Greek spot on Lower Greenville in East Dallas; the pricey, fine-dining French Room in the Adolphus Hotel and The Mansion; and the local coffee and French bakery chain La Madeleine. Dallas was short on high-quality Asian restaurants. Of course, there were also many excellent cooks among our friends and colleagues.

For films, we all but lived at the independent Inwood Theatre in Inwood Village in University Park. Downtown was a developers' domain but a design disaster. Each of the swelling number of skyscrapers underperformed its predecessor. Downtown housed the good but not world-class Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, modern Symphony Hall, and later the architecturally more attractive Nasher Sculpture Garden. Nearby Fair Park with a good natural historical museum and the Dallas Cowboys' original stadium (the Cotton Bowl) was appealing when neither the state fair nor football season was underway.

The fact that smaller, historical rival Fort Worth had a more attractive, interconnected, and livable urban center, with superior cultural institutions to Dallas, did not sit well on the eastern side of the Trinity River. That did not fit with the Dallas Myth or the Dallas Way. With its equally iconic Angelo's Barbecue and excellent St. Emilion for special occasions, Fort Worth did not need a myth. Its stockyards creatively redeveloped, it had no shame in being a former cow town with the world-class Kimball Art Museum. Dallas was not too far a drive to Austin, San Antonio, and the Hill Country, or to the charming, small towns of East Texas, or even Houston. We visited all of them.

Depending on one's perspective, Dallas' status as one of the most racially and ethnically segregated cities in the country with a long history of violence and prejudice is either central to the Dallas Myth or an aberration from it. I experienced more face-to-face incidents of antisemitism and encountered more personal or indirect racial and ethnic discrimination there than anywhere else I

have lived or visited. For a non-practicing Jewish sociocultural historian, I experienced another chapter in my continuing education. Some discrimination was superficial, even trivial, repetition of inherited cultural rhetoric. Some had career, indeed life-threatening consequences. It is critical but tricky to understand the similarities and differences.

Shop clerks casually referred to “being Jew-ed.” Students from rural Texas informed me that I was the first Jew they had ever met. One young woman was relieved to see that I “didn’t have horns,” and told me so. Realizing that her intentions were not cruel, I bit my tongue and nodded. She frightened me more when she began to drop to one knee in the front row of my lecture while I quoted Jonathan Edwards preaching during the 18th-century Great Awakening in colonial America.

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In early September 1975, UTD’s first semester, its founding faculty, the first generation of undergraduates, and a smattering of graduate students all arrived. An inspiring young faculty assembled. More than a few of them remain our friends 50 years later.

Unnecessarily opaque UTD was harder to negotiate than the metroplex itself. This was partly by promotional design but even more by poor physical design and administrative incompetence. My own location on the campus at the time was indicative. As a social science historian, hired by the School of Arts and Humanities as a history and humanities professor, because of my specialties, I was also cross appointed to the School of Social Sciences. For the first year, I was housed within the latter until the provost ordered me, for no reason beyond convenience, “back to where you are budgeted.” So much for even the thinnest veneer of interdisciplinarity in practice.

This “crossing” led one particularly ignorant but self-styled, interdisciplinary, tenured arts and humanities professor to ask me, “Do you speak in numbers?” She later voted against my early tenure because of her British antisemitism and her professional limitations. Her doctoral degree was in education, not history or American studies.

Two of her British antisemitic colleagues joined her on the School of Arts and Humanities faculty. The oldest had migrated to the US to take a faculty position in New England, the other two for graduate studies in education. Two had been denied tenure in their previous institutions; they were among the few “senior”—i.e., tenured associate and full—professors at UTD. Their small numbers in comparison to the numerical dominance of assistant professors magnified their power. They wielded it unfairly, unprofessionally, anti-intellectually, and inhumanely.

As with all my research and teaching across the humanities and social sciences, personal experiences deepened my multiple forms of understanding and responses. Similar to other prejudices that lead to bias, discrimination, and destructive actions, antisemitism derives from fear based on ignorance. I learned

this in studying nonliterate, and children and adolescents, as well as within universities: whatever contradictions arise. Almost 50 years later, I take pains to distinguish antisemitism from common allegations and distortions surrounding support for innocent Palestinian as well as Israeli lives. Support for innocent Palestinian lives is neither antisemitism nor anti-Israeli genocide.

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That was how the tenured faculty cookie crumbled in the formation of the UTD faculty hierarchy. Intolerant of difference in general, this intolerance included conflicting attitudes toward interdisciplinarity, the new university's founding self-promotion but not what it actually practiced. Not surprisingly, UTD was ill-prepared to open its new doors when the founding fall term began. Disorganization and lack of readiness reigned from the top down. This was all but debilitating to a young faculty, many of us in our first or second full-time positions with no more than a year or two of full-time teaching experience, and to a predominately older, nontraditional student body.

On average, the students were in their mid- to late-20s, older than I was. Many were military veterans and married women with older children resuming their interrupted schooling. Some were highly motivated, committed learners lacking in self-confidence and college skills. When the opportunity to get to know them outside the classroom arose, Vicki and I made friends.

I recall the challenge of preparing undergraduate lectures for the first time. My experience lay in seminars, especially at the graduate level. None of the faculty had any knowledge about students' ability levels or preparation. No one at the university thought to inquire about this or brief us.

My responsibilities included teaching introductory seminars; first courses for history majors; general U.S. history and social history; the history of children, women, and families; and later the history of literacy; the history of cities; and public history at both undergraduate and graduate levels. Over time, my circle of graduate students developed, adding a layer of commitment and pleasure. We socialized with many of them and remain in contact with quite a few.

Smaller classes were easier to manage, although an interactive seminar format was novel to almost all of them. The new library was unable to support instructional needs as well as the uncertainty and discomfort of students transferring from community colleges or returning to college after a lengthy hiatus. Unprepared for expected problems, life at UTD was one disorganized challenge after another.

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My University of Toronto formal dissertation defense briefly interrupted my first semester in early October. I flew back to Toronto, staying with the Katz family, ready for my oral presentation and questions. I was not prepared for what followed.

Ritual dominated the University of Toronto in many ways. Most dissertation defenses took place in a symbolic chamber (sometimes jokingly called “the Star Chamber”) in Massey Hall, the men’s graduate residential college overseen by Robertson Davies, a famous Canadian novelist. Large, high-backed chairs surrounded the room. My supervising committee and I gathered around a smaller, more informal, collegial table in the center. The formal rules are typically set aside. The chairperson is appointed from an outside department and had no relationship to the candidate. Their role is limited.

Unfortunately, my designated chair was a newly appointed professor of English who was attending his first U of T defense. Unfamiliar with the rules, he stopped repeatedly to reread them. He was unwilling to accept the words of more experienced colleagues or move the proceedings along less formally, as the others repeatedly urged. This created an atmosphere that none of us desired.

Matters worsened when the external examiner (Ken Lockridge from Michigan, my literacy colleague) led off the questioning. He began to read his written evaluation, planning to ask me to respond. The chair stopped him, stating that the rules did not explicitly authorize such a move. (Nor did they prohibit it.) General bickering ensued. This ended with Ken starting to ask a question orally but then shifting to his written statement.

When the chair was not obstructing the proceedings, all went well. The questions were responsible, relevant to my text, and constructively put. That is, until the chair’s turn arrived. Normally, I later learned, the appointed outside chair does not ask candidates questions. To ask questions is not considered appropriate.

Despite his obsession with the rules, the subject matter of literacy interested him as a 19th-century literature scholar. Having read only the dissertation abstract and not understanding that his views represented the very misconceptions I was refuting, he began to make ignorant and irrelevant remarks. Together my committee members cut him off. They excused me so the committee could make its final decision.

The worst was yet to come. Although there was unanimity about the quality of the dissertation and my successfully passing the oral examination, the chair retreated to the written rules. The committee wished to dispense with a formal, written vote, but the written guidelines did not explicitly address that. For a full half hour, I sat increasingly nervously in the hallway wondering what the hell was going on.

Eventually, Michael Katz joined me. He congratulated me heartily and then proceeded to condemn the chair in no uncertain terms. No one looked at the chair when Katz guided me back into the room for congratulations.

Treating me to lunch, Michael and I did our best to laugh about the experience, which was unique for him, too. The atmosphere brightened, particularly when Michael informed me that he and his wife Edda were hosting a “surprise” party for me that evening at his house with my friends, fellow students, and some of my professors. I remember that occasion well, during which I telephoned Vicki in Dallas to share the news.

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Returning to Dallas, my first semester (and UTD's) was intense. Neither the institution nor I nor many of the students were prepared for either the expected or unforeseen challenges. Many but not all could not be anticipated. Student uncertainty, often-weak skills, and background was one matter; my inexperience and that of many of my fellow first- or second-year full-time instructors was another. The inadequacy of the physical site, the library, the support services, and worst of all the near total lack of leadership were unexpected and impossible to correct.

The unexpected gap in ability between the majority young, untenured faculty and the much smaller number of associate and full professors—almost all of whom had been denied tenure in their former universities—was itself crippling to responsible faculty development, mentorship, and collegiality. That was inseparable from senior leadership at college and university levels. My major guides were slightly older, more experienced, fellow untenured colleagues (for my reflections, see “Academic Collegiality is a Contradictory, Self-Serving Myth,” 2022l, “Collegiality Needs a Reboot” 2022o, and “Ignore the Books,” 2022r).

Most helpful was my colleague and immediate friend, modern European cinema and psychohistorian Paul Monaco. He first assured me that I was not as poor a lecturer as I seemed to think and that I needed to give myself an opportunity to practice and learn. He also gave me basic suggestions from his longer experience. He had taught full-time for several years between his M.A. and Ph.D. studies.

Paul and I later obtained a grant from the Mathematics Social Sciences Board (MSSB) of the National Science Foundation to host a pioneering conference on quantitative history and psychohistory in 1977. We published the papers as *Quantification and Psychology: Toward a “New” History* (1980). Paul was one of our closest friends in Dallas before he moved to Montana State University. He remained a good friend until his death.

Steve Weissman, another older and more experienced colleague and friend, was a political scientist for whom UTD was his second job. He counseled me on teaching, and we had long conversations about our research. Those talks and sharing our writing go on today. Steve, his wife Nancy, their son Daniel, and their dog were among our closest social companions. I occasionally accompanied Steve in his role as assistant coach for Daniel's Little League baseball team. Daniel is now a professor of psychology at the University of Michigan.

We supported Nancy's efforts to expand her social work career into singing gigs. After Vicki accidentally injured her left hand in a collision with a glass door, she used her insurance settlement to purchase a guitar. She began to write songs. On “All I Need,” she collaborated with Nancy, with Vicki writing the lyrics and Nancy the music.

Vicki wrote scores of songs and poems on many themes. She also pursued guitar lessons on various instruments in Dallas and Chicago. In Toronto she had bought a kit and in Dallas started to build a dulcimer, but in five decades she

never completed it. In 2023, she published her 1979 feminist manifesto, “We Do These Things,” in the *Journal of Expressive Writing*.

My collegial support and friends group included political scientists Steve Weissman, Bob Bradley, Paul Peretz, Ric Hula, and Marvin Cohen; sociologist of gender Paula England; anthropologist of Caribbean immigrants Alex Stepick; linguist of indigenous peoples Leanne Hinton; and joining us a bit later German historian Jerry Soliday and art historian Deborah Stott. Jerry was my sole colleague in social history. All were social friends. Only Soliday and Stott completed their careers at UTD.

Bradley, Cohen, Hula, and I ended days in the office and classrooms with rounds of racquetball and occasionally tennis on UTD’s minimal sports facilities. These relationships captured the special qualities of the founding faculty. In general, political science is not among the disciplines I hold in high esteem, but these founding faculty members were special. As with others among the first cohort of professors, many did not remain at UTD, some by choice, others by termination—which was uncommonly frequent. My close friends straddled that line.

Because of the lack of structure, the largely empty, rhetorical promotion of cross- and interdisciplinarity, and my early involvement with faculty activists, my circle of colleagues and potential friends expanded to include people in human development and education, general studies, and the sciences. I, and then we, developed special friendships with geologists, physicists, chemists, and biologists. I learned from them. They expanded my life with literacy into new domains. We collaborated in limited faculty governance and occasional movements for reform.

More than a few became close, personal, and social friends. We watched some of their children grow up. This was partial compensation for the limited visions of my home bases in the Schools of Arts and Humanities and Social Sciences. I can now say that that limited vision applies to academia in general—full of contradicting, incessant, self-promoting rhetoric (this is the subject of my forthcoming book, *Reconstructing the “Uni-versity” from the Ashes of the “Mega- and Multi-versity”*).

My close collaborations included members of the School of General Studies. Dean Carolyn Galerstein and I quickly recognized our common interests in the status of women, one of the foci of her programs and of her extracurricular activities. Carolyn invited me to participate in public advocacy work in Dallas, speaking at the Women for Change, Inc., Dallas, seminar on education in fall 1975, for example. Together we organized a conference at UTD on women and public policy in 1976 and published its proceedings and a follow-up report: *Women and Public Policy* (Galerstein & Graff, 1978). A Texas Committee for the Humanities program and then a publication grant supported us. This was the first of many public history and humanities projects throughout my years in Dallas (for more on these public projects, see my “Lessons for Becoming a Public Scholar,” 2023h.)

With respect to women in Texas, my activities also included service with my colleague Paula England as university representatives to the workshop on women

in higher education at Texas A&M University in 1978. We learned that the issues for an urban, officially designated research university were vastly different than those at more rural and lower-level institutions. I also contributed as a consultant to “It Made a Difference”: Women in Texas History Project (1979–1982).

I worked closely with an instructor and staff member in the School of General Studies, Ruthe Winegarten. A longtime friend, Ruthe began studying for her Ph.D. in humanities, but I counseled her to drop out because scholarship was not her *métier*, and a graduate humanities degree was not a prerequisite for her intended career path. She moved to Austin and conducted groundbreaking oral histories and archival projects of Texas public women, especially pioneering Democratic woman governor Anne Richards.

Not only did I lunch frequently with these people, but Vicki and I also socialized with them, their partners, and families. I fondly remember taking disco dancing lessons with political scientist Bob Bradley and his wife, French literature scholar Carolyn Herrington, at the local community college. (She later became a professor and Dean of Education in Florida and Missouri.) I was probably the worst dancer among the four of us, but that did not limit our fun. We still laugh about that.

In our third year and thereafter, my circles expanded to include Southern Methodist University and later University of Texas at Arlington colleagues. Several became long-lasting friends, and in 1981 they also became founding members of the Dallas Social History Group that I built when I returned to UTD after two years on research leave in Chicago. Dan Orlovsky, SMU’s Russian historian who had been Jerry Soliday’s student at Harvard, has been a close friend and colleague since 1978.

With revealingly few exceptions, relationships with tenured faculty differed. A chip on the shoulder—combined with a sense of failure and sometimes inferiority—was a common badge. So was a sense of comparative insecurity and easy intellectual intimidation. Few of them had interest or ability in professionally assisting their younger colleagues in a setting where that was an imperative need. That should have been a prerequisite for tenure at a new, self-styled, nontraditional endeavor. But there was no visible or recognizable plan. Founding deans, provost, and president had no relevant experiences or sense of professional responsibility.

This was seen most dramatically in the high rate of turnover among the founding faculty. Some of it was by choice. Some secured other faculty posts. A few, like our friend political theorist Marvin Cohen, opted out of academia for a successful career in administering social philanthropies. Denied tenure from his unconscionable entry rank of untenured associate professor, Steve Weissman successfully combined a career in federal government and nonprofit sector research and writing. Both used the skills and knowledge learned in graduate school.

Some losses resulted directly from the actions of the tenured faculty. As should be expected from the foregoing, the founding faculty’s areas of expertise did not always align with student knowledge or interest. For example, too many musicologists and folklorists were hired. Not surprisingly, their courses did not attract enough students to move forward. In one way or another, they were either

“counseled out” or terminated before their third full year was completed. In most cases, they did not know that this form of firing was possible in the UT System.

Even more professionally irresponsible was the “third-year massacre.” In the University of Texas System and other universities, untenured faculty undergo their first formal review of “progress toward tenure”—that is progress made in research, teaching, service, and a nebulous category called “collegiality”—during their third (or elsewhere fourth) full year of service. In many universities, this is often an initiation rite, relatively perfunctory, resulting in a neutral recommendation, sometimes very positive, and occasionally offering specific recommendations or cautions.

During UTD’s third year, 1977–1978, several assistant professors were summarily terminated. External input was almost never sought in these early reviews. The rationale for negative recommendations was seldom stated explicitly. The effects on morale, including my own, cannot be exaggerated. What I did not know was how accurately these decisions foreshadowed my early tenure review the next year.

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My excitement at having a new job, many stimulating new colleagues and friends, and a newly minted Ph.D. degree turned to anxiety and depression as the interminable first semester rolled on. I considered leaving UTD temporarily and contemplated seeking alternative employment. I felt trapped between the perennial questions: Is it them? Or is it me?

In the new year, a friend (the wife of a new friend in geoscience) suggested that I contact a local psychiatrist she knew. I did and found the first excellent therapist that I ever encountered. Trained first as a pediatrician, Bobby Gene Black was a fine psychiatrist as well as a companionate and knowledgeable human being. In addition, he was a likeable “Texas Old Boy.” He treated me, and also Vicki a few times, for the better part of the next few years.

He also confirmed that UTD had immediately established itself as a source of business and concern among his professional community. (I later learned that my final university, Ohio State, had a similar reputation and impact on business in the local psychiatric community.) Among many other insights, Bobby Gene led me to understand the familial roots of my insecurities and depression and how schooling and then professional demands weighed heavily on them. This understanding had great value to me personally, my primary relationships, and my teaching and graduate supervision.

Therapy and greater self-understanding helped enormously—not only at work but also at home. As I grew in self- and other understanding psychologically, I was better able to deal with my problems, on the one hand, and to turn my attention more effectively across my new campus and city, on the other. With this rejuvenation, Vicki’s personal support, and the assistance of our circle of colleagues and friends, I renewed my commitment to teaching, research, and the public. Despite the stress of the environment and the demanding workload,

my teaching broadened. My research blossomed. I also secured external support in the form of fellowships and grants-in-aid, and my public history collaborations increased.

As a product of Michael Katz's Hamilton/Canadian Social History Project and finding the history of Dallas a wasteland, I initiated the Dallas Social History Project, which ran from 1975–1979, with support from the School of Arts and Humanities. I applied for a major grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities, but the proposal was not funded. This was the age of “social history projects” of which only a few led to substantial publications, but several developed databases and archives for teaching and interested citizens (see my “The ‘New’ Social History and the Southwest,” 1978e).

Working with two graduate humanities research assistants paid by UTD research grants, Alan R. Baron and Charles Barton, we compiled and published the first comprehensive bibliography on the city, *Dallas, Texas: A Bibliographical Guide to the Sources of its Social History to 1930* (1977, 1979). At the same time, 1976–1978, I collaborated with School of Social Science colleagues in a research group on school desegregation, White flight, and busing in Dallas

Working with the Dallas Historical Society and the Dallas Public Library, I taught the first regular, for-credit course on Dallas history in the city's history. With the support of my dean, the course included a bus tour of the city, led by one of the city of Dallas' urban planners. We had sessions at the Dallas Historical Society and in the Texas and Dallas collections of the Dallas Public Library. The overwhelmingly suburban students were surprised and attracted by the sights of the city. Several asked, “How much do houses cost in this neighborhood?”

The distinguished Texas political journalist Mollie Ivins—who dubbed George W. Bush “shrub” and who often commented on Dallas and refused to write for the conservative *Dallas Morning News* when the *Dallas Times Herald* went out of business—spoke to the class. Each student completed a primary-source research paper. It was an immense success.

The Dallas history course and the Dallas history project spanned the academic and the public spheres. A product of my interconnected political and academic values and experiences, Michael Katz's example, and my understanding of Dallas' and Texas' needs, my commitment to history in the public realm expanded. Later in the 1980s, I introduced a graduate seminar on public history, many of whose enrollees were full-time professionals seeking to reframe or change their roles and responsibilities.

In addition to my work on women's issues with Galerstein and Winegarten, I cooperated with the Texas Committee for the Humanities (TCH), the state-based affiliate of the National Endowment for the Humanities. I served first as UTD representative to its conference on humanistic perspectives on public policy in San Antonio, 1976, and then as a general consultant. I also served as consultant, humanist, and presenter for the following TCH-sponsored events, among others:

- Southern Resource Center, Dallas, project on the Community Development Act of 1974 and the East Dallas community (1976)
- Conference on quality education for Black students in Texas, Austin (1976)
- Fuerza de los Barrios, Fort Worth, Trinity River Project (1976)
- Texas Coalition for Juvenile Justice Reform, program on status offenders (1977)
- Collaborative approach to services for the elderly, University of Texas Council of Presidents (1977)

Some of my professional outreach activities were more explicitly historical than others. Beginning in 1976, I consulted with state, regional, and local historical societies and groups. I joined the Dallas Public Library's advisory board for the humanities resources information system project (sponsored by the NEH, National Science Foundation, and TCH); humanities involvement group (1977–1979); and later served as advisor to the Dallas and Texas history division (1984–1989). I contributed “Basic Education” (1978a) and “Youth” (1978g) to *Issues and Alternatives: A Guide for the Policy Maker*. As president of North Texas Phi Beta Kappa in the next decade, I inaugurated an annual lecture on “Culture in the City” in cooperation with the library.

With the Dallas Historical Society, I was consulting historian (1976–1989), member of the advisory board for “A Return to the Neighborhoods” Project (1977–1979), and historian and speaker for their seminar on community history (1982). With the city of Dallas, I served on the Historic Landmark and Preservation Committee's historic marker taskforce (1977–1981), publicity taskforce (1981–1985), and archives committee (1983–1988). As a published professional historian, who also wrote opinion essays for the *Dallas Morning News* and advised KERA, an NPR affiliate, I also wrote brochures for these historic landmarks from 1977 to 1985:

- Swiss Avenue Historic District
- Old Fair Park Fire Station
- Union Station
- Cedar Springs (Oak Lawn) Fire Station
- Federal Reserve Bank
- Trinity Methodist Church
- Miller Shingle Style House
- South Boulevard/Park Row
- Saint Paul United Methodist Church
- Ambassador Hotel
- Melrose Hotel
- Majestic Theatre
- Cedar Crest
- Magnolia Building
- Fair Park

Of these brochures, the one about Union Station remains widely available (see Graff, n.d.).

I also advised a Dallas-based, local public policy consulting group, Kaplan, Gans, and Kahn (1976–1978), and the Division of Humanities at Eastfield College of the Dallas County Community College District (1978). I did not know that this diverse work would culminate in writing and publishing *The Dallas Myth: The Making and Unmaking of an American City* (2008a). That took personal and historical time.

At the same time, responding to the same factors—the always-developing intersection of the personal, the political, the academic, and place—my scholarly relationships expanded as my career took firmer shape. No doubt I was responding to my advisors' examples and sponsorship, the intellectual and professional isolation of UTD, the expanding professional organizational opportunities of the mid- to late-1970s, and the social, cultural, and political currents of the times. All of these dynamically shaped me. Living as an intellectual in Dallas carried its own imperatives.

As I have reviewed my files, I find it difficult to grasp the range and depth of my commitments. At the time, I was learning to teach well, beginning what would eventually become the major history of Dallas, and completing the transformation of my dissertation into *The Literacy Myth* (1979c). Not only were my courses new preparations, but the history program, the school, and the university made substantial demands on new, untenured faculty. In retrospect, I now see how each element mutually (if not always consistently or consciously) shaped and reshaped the others. But during those years, I could not see the intersections of the personal, political, academic, and place.

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My first years at UTD included membership in the Schools of Arts and Humanities, Social Science, and General Studies/Interdisciplinary Studies and on the graduate faculty in Education. At the university level, I served on the Council on Teacher Education, Teacher Certification Review Team in History and English, and the Task Force on the Role and Scope of Teacher Education. I also contributed to various women's studies committees, the Association of Women Faculty, and several Dallas research groups. Those commitments flowed from my early upbringing, high school, and especially college and graduate school learning experiences.

In the School of Arts and Humanities, I was a member of the Committee on Teacher Education, the Faculty Agenda Committee and parliamentarian, and various search committees. This was a considerable workload for an untenured faculty member. Little credit for either salary increments or tenure accrued for service. The novelty and lack of leadership at UTD exacerbated both complications. Yet, it was a valuable if uncoordinated form of professional socialization and preparation.

Beyond the university, the city, and the state, I consulted for the new *Journal of Family History* bibliographic project (1977–1979) and reviewed, served on panels, and consulted for the National Endowment for the Humanities from 1977. I served on the Nominating Committee for the History of Education Society (1976 and 1979), as a coordinator for the Southwest Coordinating Committee on Women in the Historical Profession (1977–1979), and as a regional network coordinator for the new SSHA (1976–1984). From its inception, the SSHA became my regular intellectual and social home away from home. I was awarded a plaque for consecutive attendance through the first 43 meetings.

The inaugural annual meeting of the SSHA took place in November 1976. In time, it led to my 1999–2000 presidency for the 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary and 2000 presidential address, “The Shock of the “New” (Histories): Social Science Histories and Historical Literacies” (2001/2005). Many of my longtime colleagues, collaborations, and friendships began at SSHA meetings. Throughout my career, I organized sessions with my graduate students at SSHA, History of Education Society, History of Childhood Association, and Conference on Composition and Communication (CCCC). This is what Michael Katz and Jill Conway taught me.

Most of my scholarly activity in this period focused on literacy and its history. I delivered invited lectures at the University of Western Ontario, Southern Methodist University, and the University of Chicago. Internationally, I spoke at the Time, Space, and Man Interdisciplinary Symposium on Microdemography in Historical Perspective at the University of Umeå, Sweden, in 1977. I also chaired sessions at the History of Education Society in Cambridge, Massachusetts (1976), Toronto (1977), and Chicago (1978) and at the Southwestern Social Science Association in Houston (1978).

The presentation in Sweden in summer 1977 was one highlight of a spectacular visit to Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and The Netherlands made possible by a guest scholarship from the Swedish Institute and support as a guest scholar at Umeå University. This stemmed from my collaborations with Egil Johansson and his students and colleagues and with Ken Lockridge since graduate studies.

Vicki and I flew to Stockholm and then traveled to the historic university town of Uppsala, where Ken Lockridge and his Swedish girlfriend (later wife) loaned us her apartment. We toured the university with its magnificent gardens and library used by centuries of scholars. We made day trips to see the many sights of Stockholm.

From Uppsala we boarded a train to Umeå, home of the northernmost university and Egil Johansson. Egil was a pioneering historian of Swedish literacy who discovered remarkable educational and demographic parish registers. Egil was my friend and colleague since I was a graduate student. I presented lectures and seminars and met with faculty and graduate students at Umeå. We spent a night in Finland visiting one of the data input centers of Egil’s demographic database, whose support was part of the Swedish federal government’s welfare state. The Finnish hotel’s bar featured a local band singing Beatles’ songs in English whose words they clearly did not understand.

In Umeå we experienced the arrival of the northern summer in mid-June. Seemingly overnight, the sky transformed from ordinary darkness and light to almost constant daylight. The Swedes' behavior changed accordingly, often in the streets. Lightness, in all its dimensions, filled the sky and the atmosphere. It was a singular delight.

The international Time, Space, and Man Symposium focused on historical demography in Umeå came next. An array of the finest European and North American researchers made presentations. They included my advisors, models, and friends Roger Schofield, Chuck and Louise Tilly, Ken Lockridge, Tony Wrigley, Michael Anderson, and Egil Johansson. I met others from Sweden, Europe, and elsewhere, some whose work I knew and others whose work I would soon encounter. Egil, Ken, and I ensured that literacy's history took its proper place in the historical demographic matrix.

At the end of the conference, with a Eurail Pass, Vicki and I took trains around much of Sweden from the south to the west and north, crossing the Arctic circle to Narvick in Norway, and then down the majestic fjord coast for a few days in beautiful Oslo. We took an overnight train across southern Norway to lovely Bergen on the west coast, then back to Oslo. From there to delightful Copenhagen and an overnight train to Amsterdam for five striking days. Back to Dallas and the work that awaited each of us. Although we were not yet 30, it was the trip of a lifetime, to that point.

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Back home, I returned to preparing *The Literacy Myth* (1979c), my first monograph and what is known as the "tenure book." For the first two to three years after completing my dissertation, I was not ready to revise it into a publishable book. That transformation was still a mystery, and I was preoccupied with many substantial adjustments to Dallas, UTD, teaching undergraduates, and early work on the history of Dallas. I fretted anxiously about *not* writing the book.

At the same time, I was garnering the resources I needed, completing remaining research, acquiring funding, and, without realizing it, intellectually contemplating the revisions to come. In effect, I was preparing to turn my dissertation into a book. Much of that occurred during the summers of 1977 and especially 1978.

My aspirations and more concrete plans to be a productive scholar required both UTD and especially external research support. Untenured faculty had no paid time off, and UTD had no sabbatical or research leave until more than 15 years later. Our low salaries forced summer teaching.

I applied for and was awarded grants and fellowships from the National Endowment for the Humanities in 1976 and the American Council of Learned Societies in 1978. The funding for my Swedish visit in 1977 also advanced my scholarly knowledge of the history of literacy and gave me meaningful opportunities to present my ideas. Together, the research assistance and funding partly freed me from summer teaching during my pre-tenure period.

This support directly assisted me in publishing more articles about literacy. New studies included material that did not fit within the covers of my dissertation and some threads outside the scope of my intended book. Looking forward to future teaching, research, and writing, I began to write about the new social history more broadly. As my scholarly vision widened and matured, I wrote “The ‘New Math’: Quantification, the ‘New’ History, and the History of Education” (1977b).

I also made early contributions to the just-beginning study of the history of criminality with my publications “‘Pauperism, Misery, and Vice’: Illiteracy and Criminality in the Nineteenth Century” (1977c) and “The Reality Behind the Rhetoric: The Social and Economic Meanings of Literacy in the Mid-Nineteenth Century: The Example of Literacy and Criminality” (1978f). In the perspective of “the literacy myth,” I examined the accepted and the unexamined and the documentable relationships between literacy and criminality. I critiqued traditional, normative conceptions of direct, unmediated relationships and argued for new interpretations. “Crime and Punishment in the Nineteenth Century: A New Look at the Criminal” (1977a) broadened the lens.

Writing about literacy more generally, I strived to establish the lines of a larger context and conceptualization with “Literacy and History” (1978b) for the International Institute for Adult Literacy Methods in Tehran, “Literacy Past and Present: Critical Approaches in the Literacy/Society Relationship” (1978d), “Literacy: How Many Views?” (1978c), “Literacy, Education, and Fertility, Past and Present: A Critical Review” (1979b), and “Interpreting Historical Literacy: The Pattern of Literacy in Quebec—A Comment” (1979a). Without quickly recognizing it, I moved ever more closely toward *The Literacy Myth* (1979c).

A first foray combining my graduate studies in the “new urban history” that included Katz’s project, my teaching, and my new interest in the largely unexplored history of Dallas was “The ‘New’ Social History and the Southwest: The Dallas Social History Project,” (1978e). I did not complete that extremely long-term project until I published *The Dallas Myth* (2008a) 30 years later, a decade after leaving Dallas and several years after leaving Texas. There are lessons for younger (tenured) scholars in that necessary three-decade space of time.

After more than two years of fretting about not writing the “dissertation book,” key pieces fell into place. Among the most compelling was my conception of a “catchy” *and* memorable title to precede the mundane dissertation title. This was *The Literacy Myth* (1979c), which prefaced the subtitle *Literacy and Social Structure in the Nineteenth-Century City*.

In the summer of 1978, I was not aware that I would soon add a phrase to common usage of scholars and students of literacy and that the core of my reinterpretation would have a transformative impact on conversations about literacy past, present, and future. Based in interdisciplinary comparative social history, education, and social sciences, my relationships with other fields across the arts and humanities including writing and reading lay in the future. Major intersections accompanied, indeed were inseparable from, the emergence of the New

Literacy Studies in the 1980s and 1990s. Rhetoric, composition, and writing studies had to respond to the larger discoveries made by me and my colleagues (see the following for discussion and references).

A historical note to readers younger than 50 or 60 years old: I both drafted and prepared final copy on *typewriters* for all of my high school, undergraduate, and graduate writing and for my first single-authored books and edited books until the early 1990s. We purchased our first home computer—a not-quite-portable Osborne with a separate, viewable monitor sitting atop it—at that time. A file in the word processing system WordStar held a maximum of about 20 pages. UTD provided personal computers to its faculty a year or two later. Electronic processing, other than on typewriters with magnetic card readers, was not possible until the next decade. That transformed—in part—our lives with literacy.

I wrote almost all of the final draft of *The Literacy Myth* (1979c) relatively quickly during the summer months of 1978. After securing Michael Katz's comments, I sent the manuscript to Chuck Tilly to consider for his state-of-the-art series Studies in Social Discontinuity. Tilly approved the draft and asked for a few revisions, including "a sketch of daily life" for literates and illiterates in 19<sup>th</sup>-century cities.

He also asked why I had not replicated the basic quantitative analysis with more sophisticated multivariate methods. I referred him to my later "famous footnote" that explained that just as I set out to do that in 1977–1978, I learned that the UTD computer center lost the magnetic tape of my data and that the OISE/U of T center had relocated and had lost my backup tape in the shuffle. So much for historical certainty and digital permanence.

Tilly promptly recommended publication to Academic Press, the series publisher. My first book editor Eliot Werner took responsibility. He supervised final copy preparation, permissions, and copyediting. The press announced publication for September 1979. I recall the excitement and mixed pleasure of preparing final copy. *The Literacy Myth* (1979c) is the only one of my pre-retirement books that Vicki had the time to edit. She now edits often.

When the final page proofs arrived, we took turns reading them aloud to each other. We both lost our voices. In the pre-computer and pre-text-programs age, we laboriously prepared the index on 3" x 5" cards arranged on the living room floor. That was the one and only index I prepared myself. Vicki's memorable observation as her partner's first history book, full of numbers and tables as well as illustrations, went to press was "Wondering is better than knowing." There was never a doubt about who was the historian in the house.

During this time, the unit that my graduate school colleague Alison Prentice and I prepared in 1975, *Children and Schools in Nineteenth-Century Canada/L'école canadienne et l'enfant au dix-neuvième siècle*, for Canada's National Museum of Man's Canada's Visual History Series, which included a historical guide and slides for use in schools and universities, was published (1979, rev. ed. with CD-ROM, 1994). That was another line on my curriculum vitae and argument for tenure in 1979.

So were the award of a National Endowment for the Humanities full-year fellowship at Chicago's Newberry Library (1979–1980) and a Spencer Foundation Fellowship from the National Academy of Education (1979–1982). I proposed to draft a general history of literacy in the western world, published as *The Legacies of Literacy: Continuities and Contradictions in Western Culture and Society* (1987b). In 1978–1979, I saw these volumes as the culmination of almost one decade's research and writing. Those awards and the firm new research proposal solidified my case for early tenure in spring 1979 with the fellowship research year in Chicago upcoming.

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Once again, UTD defied expectations, reason and logic, and professional precedents. The faculty "ad hoc committee of my [tenured] peers" divided on my case. Ad hoc is an anachronistic academic distraction. As mentioned earlier, one of the members of the committee was a British antisemite, and another a biased observer of one class session. The first had been denied tenure at their earlier institution and the other newly tenured at UTD on a slim record. The only other social historian on the faculty, a tenured associate professor, was not appointed to the review committee despite his expertise and his desire to serve. He was most qualified to evaluate my research and teaching. The entire disreputable endeavor derived from antisemitism, dislike of challenging new scholarship and nontraditional approaches despite the self-promotion of the institution, and personal and professional jealousy.

The external member of the committee was dumbfounded by the unprofessional, biased, and personal opposition. The case against my promotion rested on "doubts about his collegiality" and questions about teaching based on one in-class observation. They ignored all other evidence, including my scholarship, teaching evaluations, and service.

The author of the unbalanced classroom report later commented to others, "Graff was saved by the Jewish mafia," referring to one female professor of literature and one female professor of Spanish. The comment was sexist as well as antisemitic. These members of the committee ignored my record and both internal and external recommendations. The reasons why remain too obvious to state. The case was unusually egregious but not unique.

The committee forwarded a confused, contradictory, and divided recommendation to the Dean of Arts and Humanities. The Dean was the third British antisemite on the faculty, also denied tenure in his earlier position. The university-wide faculty Committee on Qualifications (CQ) voted unanimously in favor of my tenure. The provost and president followed the Dean's muddled inaction with the president "not recommending tenure and promotion at this time," adding an unexplained comment that "there are doubts about your tenurability."

Along with the greatest number of my colleagues and friends at UTD and elsewhere, I was furious. As we packed for the year in Chicago, we resolved to

do our best never to return to a faculty position at UTD nor to live in Big D again.

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*The Literacy Myth* (1979c) was published shortly after Vicki and I moved to an apartment leased by and less than two blocks from the Newberry Library, across from a historic “Speaker’s Park” known for its radical, political, and pro-union speeches and rallies over more than a century.

It should have been an auspicious time for us, but it was muted. After my editor Eliot informed me that he had the first copy of my new book from the printers, I eagerly waited by my Newberry Library fellows’ mailbox. I had to wait a few days because it was the first book he had taken through the entire process from first submission to final printing. He took that copy home for the weekend! After it arrived the next week, my new colleagues joined in celebrating its publication.

*The Literacy Myth* (1979c) did quite well in the short and the longer term. It was named a *Society* magazine Book-of-the-Month, nominated for several professional book awards, and discussed at a session of the SSHA in 1981. It was excerpted in *Journal of Reading* (Jeanne Shay Schumm & Maruerite C. Radenich, 1984), Malcolm Kiniry and Mike Rose’s *Critical Strategies for Academic Thinking and Writing* (1990, 1993, 1997), and textbook anthologies. A plenary session marked its 30<sup>th</sup> anniversary at the Expanding Literacy Studies International Interdisciplinary Conference for Graduate Students at The Ohio State University in 2009. Its influence continues across disciplines and around the world. It brought the importance of the critical new history of literacy to the attention of many fields and subfields. A fourth edition with new materials was published in 2023 in the WAC Clearinghouse Landmark Publications in Writing Studies series (Graff, 1991/2023b).

That impact reverberates in the many opportunities I have had, and continue to have, to reflect on my interpretations, their importance and influence, and my revisions in a series of essays and lectures:

- “Literacy, Myths, and Legacies: Lessons from the Past/Reflections for the Future” (1993a)
- “Literacy, Myths, and Legacies: Lessons from the History of Literacy” (1994b)
- “Literacy, Myths, and Lessons: Keynote Address” (1991a, 1994c)
- “Assessing the History of Literacy in the 1990s: Themes and Questions” (1995/2009a)
- “Literacy, Myths, and Legacies: Lessons from the History of Literacy” (1995/2007c)
- “The Persisting Power and Costs of the Literacy Myth: A Comment on Literacy, Economy and Society: Results of the First International Adult Literacy Survey (IALS)” (1996/1997b)



- “Literacy’s Myths and Legacies: From Lessons from the History of Literacy, to the Question of Critical Literacy” (1993b, 2001c, 2001d)
- “Literacy Myths,” with John Duffy (2008)
- “The Literacy Myth at Thirty” (2010a)
- “The Literacy Myth: Literacy, Education and Demography” (2010b)
- “The Legacies of Literacy Studies” (2013)
- “Em busca do letramento: as origens sociais e intelectuais dos estudos sobre letramento [Searching for Literacy: The Social and Intellectual Origins of Literacy Studies]” (2016a)
- “Interview with H. J. Graff & B. Street” (Ana Maria de Oliveira Galvão et al., 2016)
- “The New Literacy Studies and the Resurgent Literacy Myth” (2022c)
- “Harvey J. Graff: A Tribute,” (Duffy et al., 2024)
- *Searching for Literacy: The Social and Intellectual Origins of Literacy Studies* (2022e)
- A new edition of *The Literacy Myth* published by the WAC Clearinghouse (1991/2023b)
- 45th anniversary marked at the May 2024 Expanding Literacy Studies/HJG Reunion at Ohio State University

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Along with psychologists Sylvia Scribner and Michael Cole’s *The Psychology of Literacy* (1981), anthropologist Shirley Brice Heath’s *Ways with Words: Language, Life, and Work in Communities and Classrooms* (1983), and anthropologist Brian Street’s *Literacy in Theory and Practice* (1984), *The Literacy Myth* (1979c) laid the foundation for the New Literacy Studies, a major revision of our understanding of literacy across disciplines among other boundaries.