Susan Ayres†

I teach legal writing. That says it all for about 80% of the faculty nothing more to ask.

So, they pretty much leave me alone. At best, pass pleasantries in the hall, at worst, make social engagements in my presence ignoring me. "Like to come by for wine after class?" "Nothing fancy, just some wine and crackers you know."

I smile at this play. The Emperor’s New Clothes I’m a shirt? Trousers? No—something really invisible a stained t-shirt worn under a crisp Oxford shirt yellow armpits that no one sees.

The Other. Their Dark Continent. "The philosophical constructs itself starting with the abasement of woman. Subordination of the feminine . . . for the functioning of the machine."¹

Students ask me to be faculty advisor for the Women’s Law Caucus. They perceive the school advances women’s issues

There is no feminist jurisprudence course There is no full-time advisor for their organization

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¹ Hélène Cixous, Sorties, in NEW FRENCH FEMINISMS: AN ANTHOLOGY 91, 92 (Elaine Marks & Isabelle de Courtivron eds., 1981).
There is no full professor who is a woman

A male professor starts to say something (derogatory?) about the Women’s Law Caucus. Interrupted, or kicked under the table he never finishes.

“If they believe, in order to muster up some self-importance, if they really need to believe that we’re dying of desire, that we are this hole fringed with desire . . .”

A tenured professor confides, “Grading all those papers, never again. I did that, too when I first started.”

Other (women) professors chat, ask concernedly, “You surviving?”

I’m learning: “We are in no way obliged to deposit our lives in their banks of lack.”

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3 Id. at 255.