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takes me to the theater at least once,” she says, smiling with pleasure at the thought.

Knapp’s first show, at age 11, was HMS Pinafore, staged by an Olympia youth-theater program called Kids at Play. Growing up, she also studied French horn, piano, and voice (her voice studies continue), and later choreographed and taught tap dance. At the Charles Wright Academy in Tacoma, Knapp played soccer but didn’t act, because her theatrical energies were channeled into community theater work, particularly the semiprofessional Harlequin Productions.

“That was where I was introduced to the deepest analysis and love of theater, rather than the production of ‘glitz,’” she recalls. “We’d have a week or two of roundtable work and textual analysis of a play. Theater became my life. I loved being on stage and performing, but I was as much in love with the process and the community that developed around it as with performance itself.” One high point was a production of Henry V in which eight actors played all the parts. “I was playing Katherine, the boy, Bedford, and several other roles,” she recalls. “It was the most exhausting and vibrant theater experience I’d had—an amazing example of ensemble work.”

For college, she considered both Harvard and the arts-focused Tisch School at New York University. “I decided I wasn’t ready to be done with my academic education—I didn’t feel like I knew what I wanted to know,” she says. A social-studies concentrator, Knapp wrote an honors thesis on the International Criminal Court.

“I had a crisis of conscience in the middle of college,” she says. “I wondered if theatrical production was really just a lot of frivolities. In theory, theater had a larger importance and relevance, but in practice, it became about these details. Maybe I wanted to pursue academia instead. I did that for awhile, and came to realize that academia had pitfalls of its own, and that theater was as relevant as you wanted it to be. You have to place yourself in a position where you are making the theater you want to make.”

She has done exactly that. McClelland notes Knapp’s “precision as an actress, how specific a character she draws on the stage. Not only physical precision, but precise internal choices, the way her character negotiates the landscape around her. Emily is also hyperspecific in how she chooses projects. She works really hard to figure out what a play is trying to achieve, and only takes on projects that she thinks will challenge and push her.”

Course work in drama has helped, too, though it has its limits. “There are ups and downs in applying the academic study of drama to actual practice,” she explains. “In acting, there is only a certain amount of abstraction that helps you, because the practice of acting is very material and mundane—and it’s not calculated, not rational. Acting is more about impulse than rationality.”

Directing is different, since it is “a lot about language games,” she says. Knapp directed an evening of one-act Harold Pinter plays at the Loeb Experimental Theater; directing, she says, involves “Throwing out a lot of words to an actor and learning which ones communicate the ideas you have in your head. Voice teachers have 20,000 metaphors for opening the throat, and directing is a bit like that. As an actor you can simply do, but as a director you need to verbalize everything.”

Well, theater people often need to do most everything, and Knapp’s colleagues praise her humility and willingness to help with tasks like building and painting sets. She will travel in Europe this summer and attend some theater festivals, and next year plans to study drama, either in London or the United States. She can imagine directing or writing someday, but for now, she says, “I find acting very fulfilling.”

“The amazing thing to me is that theater is created out of the will of the people who are making it,” Knapp declares, stating a kind of credo. “Not out of bricks and mortar—it’s created out of the force of its practitioners, and with that force you can move people. Afterwards you strike the set, you destroy it, and it’s all gone and you can never make it again. It’s the aliveness, that’s the thing.”

~Craig Lambert

THE UNDERGRADUATE

Finding Fuller

by Phoebe M. W. Kosman ’05

I’VE GOT A CRUSH on Hank Fuller—and who can blame me? Toby “Hank” Fuller Jr. worked his way up from the junior-varsity football team to play right end on the varsity squad. As a surprise last-minute addition to the hockey team, he scored the game-winning, sudden-death goal against Yale for the league championship. He’s so loyal and honorable that he shouldered the blame when the dean of the College summoned him to University Hall to account for the cream pie one of his friends launched at curmudgeonly Professor Sparks. He has never resorted to physical violence, even when Edwards, Hank’s rival from their days at Groton, used his connections at the Crimson to malign him on the newspaper’s editorial page.

Hank is both rich and generous: he lent the captain of the football team $2,500 toward his tuition bill and he secretly covered his roommate’s hospital expenses when a car accident confined him to Stillman Infirmary. He dresses well. He drives a nice car. He helped foil a pair of robbers holding up a post office. He’s got a wide circle of friends that includes both the blue bloods with whom he attended Groton, and the Cambridge townies with whom he plays pick-up games of ice hockey on the Charles. He’s so personable that, although he’d never met his roommate before they both arrived at Dunster B-14, the two are now inseparable. Oh, I know Hank has a few faults: he’s obsessed with winning his father’s approval and he

Illustrations by Bruce Adams from the 1935 edition of Robert Smith Playfair’s Fuller at Harvard
sometimes worries too much about football games. He’s gone on a couple of dates with a Wellesley student named Joan, but I don’t think it’s serious. Really, Hank’s only major flaw is that he’s fictional—the protagonist of Robert Smith Playfair’s 1939 novel Fuller at Harvard.

When I first became enamored of Hank Fuller, I was reminded of the summer before my freshman year. I was then working on a tourist railroad in my hometown. Most of the other employees were old men. One of them, Joe, had worked in the maintenance division of Harvard’s athletic department for years; another, Bud, was the son of a Harvard alumnus and had sold programs at Harvard football games as a boy. When I worked the train’s snack bar, they would serenade me with “Fair Harvard” and “Ten Thousand Men of Harvard,” and reminisce about the time they’d spent in Cambridge.

“Those kids would charter trains down to New Haven for the Harvard-Yale game,” Joe would tell me. “Boy, they was wild. Wild? There was so much drinking, I tell you....” He’d trail off, misty-eyed.

“You should have seen the men in those stands! The crowds—,” Bud would begin, during my entire high-school career, the fondness with which Joe and Bud recalled the exploits of the Crimson eleven and their many young fan base made me long to spend autumn afternoons in the colonnaded stadium, shouting along with the crowd to the brassy strains of “Ten Thousand Men of Harvard.” By the time I left home in the fall, I had almost convinced myself that I was departing for a Harvard where young men were exemplars of manly virtue and good clean fun, a Harvard from which special trains overflowing with Crimson fans snaked up and down the Eastern seaboard, a Harvard where everybody burst into impromptu choruses of “Soldiers Field” at the least provocation.

The actual Harvard—where the young men aren’t exemplars of anything in particular, from which only an unglamorous bus rattling with a handful of hardy Crimson supporters follows the football team to its away games, where memory lapse forces many fans to improvise all of the words that follow “Ten thousand men of Harvard” in the fight song—proved something of a disappointment. The young, fervent men whom Joe and Bud remembered were, I decided, a product of the nostalgia that can blur the memories of octogenarians. But when I discovered Fuller at Harvard in a secondhand bookstore over winter break, I was transported again to the College in its imagined, Bud- and Joe-inspired incarnation. Hank Fuller and his friends, who are known by nicknames like “Prof,” “Hoolie,” and “Madman,” engage in clean-cut high jinks like “getting nabbed by Colonel Apted’s college police for painting saddle-backed shoes on John Harvard’s statue in the Yard.” At Fuller’s Harvard, the administration casts a kind eye on students’ antics: “‘But heck,’ Madman had complained to the dean, when questioned, ‘nobody’s worn that kind of shoes for three hundred years. John must feel embarrassed. We thought....’ The dean thought differently, but let Madman get away with it, which allowed him to stay off probation and on the football team.”

The dean is similarly understanding when he speaks to Hank about the pie Madman has lobbed at Professor Sparks. Although he tries to smother his chuckles in a handkerchief, it’s pretty clear that the dean thinks that Professor Sparks, who “from other men who had come before him...had adopted the habit of knocking off with his cane the hat of any student he came across in Widener Library who had not uncovered his head in the hallowed presence of old books,” had the pie coming.

Sports are as central to the lives of Hank Fuller and his friends as they were to the lives of the young men whom Bud and Joe remembered. Fuller’s Harvard is
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the sort of place where Madman can say, when he and his roommate see Fuller moving into his Dunster suite, “It’s the son of old Toby Fuller—remember? The man who scored thirty points against Yale in 1911, or somewhere around then?” and have his roommate nod in recognition of Toby Fuller’s celebrity status. It is the sort of place where, during the Harvard-Yale game, which Playfair calls “the Alpha and Omega of sport,” “the event which makes railroads run specials and taxi-drivers rich,” the Yale stands erupt into pseudo-religious rituals.

Then, with the clock indicating less than two minutes to play, and the ball in possession of Yale, and with Joshua the magnificent back, a wordless song came from the Yale side of the field. Like the wind on open prairies it started and rose weirdly, till it resembled the same wind off a rocky coast in a sixty-mile gale. They were standing as one man, the Yale rooters, and chanting the rising and falling chant which carried a note of tragedy and inevitable defeat, of savage exultation in the certain fall of the enemy. It was the Undertaker’s Song, sung always when Yale was in the lead and sure to win. Such a song had the half-civilized followers of Beowulf sung when the great hero had killed in mortal combat the monster Grendel and had been borne, himself dying, homeward on their shoulders.

It is the sort of place where Hank Fuller comes of age when he realizes “he had it now—the will to win. The desire, irresistible, to wrench victory from the opponent despite the adverse yells of grandstand quarter-backs or arena balcony strategists.”

Hank’s college is Harvard as I had first imagined it, and Hank Fuller himself—who, in addition to being a dedicated athlete, is also a sensitive guy given to reflections like: “Joan! He thought of her in that moment as he had always thought of her—as the one girl who had brought meaning to his life”—is the Harvard man as I had imagined him.

READING Fuller at Harvard, I was reminded anew of present-day Harvard’s shortcomings.

None of my friends has ever defaced the John Harvard statue; nobody I know of thinks that Harvard sports are of vital importance; no Yale chant that I’ve ever heard bears even a passing resemblance to gale-force winds, let alone to anything found in Beowulf.

But perhaps the problem lay not with Harvard, but with my circle of friends. Humming “Soldiers Field,” I decided to go on a pilgrimage to what I had come to view as the nexus of the imagined Harvard: Hank’s suite, Dunster B-14. After wending my way through the Dunster basement, I emerged in B entryway. I asked the man entering B-11, who turned out to be a senior psychology concentrator named Adam Grant, if his Harvard experience bore any resemblance to Hank Fuller’s. Had he, for instance, ever painted saddle shoes on John Harvard or thrown a pie at a professor?

“Last year, several of my roommates and I succeeded in filling another roommate’s mailbox to the brim with cheese,” he said.

Well, this was the sort of prank in which Madman might engage. Remembering Hank’s comely love interest, Joan, I asked Adam if he’d ever dated a Wellesley student.

“I only know four Wellesley girls: two current students and two alumnae. I haven’t had romantic interests in any of them, especially not the one who happens to be my roommate’s mother.”

The real test of the fictional B-14’s influence, of course, was whether Adam played varsity sports.

“I was a springboard diver in high school, but I don’t play varsity sports here. I regularly lift weights, play Ultimate Frisbee, and Rollerblade”—none of them activities in which Fuller had engaged. I sighed. Adam continued: “I also perform magic tricks, mediate conflicts, and conduct psychology research. I also love teaching.”

I couldn’t imagine Hank Fuller performing magic tricks, mediating conflicts, or conducting psychology research. And as I walked back from Dunster, mourning the spirit of Hank Fuller, passing bulletin boards plastered with overlapping posters for dozens of student organizations, I realized I couldn’t imagine Hank doing much
else, either, other than squaring his chin manfully as he jogged out onto the gridiron or glided into the hockey rink. Although Fuller at Harvard was written in 1939, Hank doesn’t seem aware of the Depression, or of the war in Europe—or of anything outside the narrow universe of Harvard athletics. Even Joan’s main attraction for Hank is that, for a girl, she’s unusually interested in sports. My friends and I talk about the “Harvard bubble,” and I think we’ve inherited some of Hank’s solipsism. There is some truth to the much-circulated joke that it takes just one Harvard student to change a light-bulb, because he stands still and the world revolves around him. But looking at the collage of flyers stapled to the bulletin board, advertising a cappella performances and plays and peer counseling and guest speakers, I began to doubt that such bulletin boards lined the entryway leading to Hank’s mythical Dunster suite. We may be as deeply concerned with our own pursuits as Fuller was—and most Harvard students flourish their full day-planners like badges of honor—but unlike Hank’s, many of our pursuits are intended to serve other people.

Yes, Hank Fuller’s Harvard is more steeped in tradition and more deeply interested in the progress of the football team than the Harvard I know, but it’s also far more insular. And while I hope to be inspired by the spirit of Dunster B-14 every November, and while I’m glad Joe and Bud taught me all the words to “Soldiers Field,” I’m not sure that I want to find Hank Fuller after all. I have no idea what we’d talk about.

Berta Greenwald Ledecky Fellow Phoebe Kosman ’05, a history and literature concentrator in Winthrop House, plans to sing the “Undertaker’s Song” at next year’s Harvard-Yale game.

**SPORTS**

## Diamonds for Tiffany

Softball’s Tiffany Whitton is the nation’s best with women on base.

Late in the season last year—with the Ivy title up for grabs—Princeton’s softball squad came to Harvard for a doubleheader that filled the stands. Both teams were undefeated until Princeton won the first game, 4-3, on a disputed call. In the bottom of the seventh (and final) inning, with bases loaded, Harvard cleanup hitter Sarah Koppel ’02 was hit in the abdomen by a pitch—but in turning to dodge the incoming ball, her bat went around and the umpire ended the game by calling “Strike three.”

In the second game, Harvard, in a revengeful mood, nonetheless found itself once again trailing 4-3 in the bottom of the seventh. Then two hits, a walk, a ground-out, and a strikeout loaded the bases with two out. Unfortunately for Princeton, the next batter was Tiffany Whitton ‘03, one of the baserunners stranded by the questionable call. With one ripping left-handed swing, Whitton smashed a grand-slam home run over the left-field fence to end the game and silence throngs of avid Princeton rooters, who imagined they were one out away from a sweep. Sorry, Tigers: Harvard, 7-4.

That was one of three “walk-off” (game-ending) homers hit last year by Whitton, who is arguably the best clutch hitter in college softball: in 2002 she led the NCAA in runs batted in (RBI) per game, with a 1.22 average from 49 RBIs in 40 games. (Some colleges schedule many more games than others, making overall statistics less meaningful than per-game averages.) “I like pressure, clutch situations,” she explains. “For some reason I just relax and get the job done.”

Whitton also led the Ivies (and was sixth in the nation) with a .457 batting average, the third-best mark in Harvard history. Oh yes, she was Ivy League Player of the Year. And in the 2002 Eastern College Athletic Conference tournament, won by Harvard, Whitton played the championship game with her little finger broken; that didn’t stop her from going 5-for-5, including a