Summer 2000

Jefferson in Central Pennsylvania

Fred G. Leebron
Gettysburg College

Follow this and additional works at: https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/engfac

Part of the English Language and Literature Commons, and the Fiction Commons

Share feedback about the accessibility of this item.

Jefferson in Central Pennsylvania

**Keywords**
Short story, fiction

**Disciplines**
Creative Writing | English Language and Literature | Fiction

This creative writing is available at The Cupola: Scholarship at Gettysburg College: [https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/engfac/8](https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/engfac/8)
Jefferson in Central Pennsylvania

BY FRED G. LEEBRON

Jefferson was in his tenth week at the college when one of his students locked herself in her empty dorm room on a Saturday night, dished up the soundtrack to Les Miserables at high volume, and with a thick braided rope hung herself from a claw hook in the ceiling. The newspaper three days later called the cause of death self-strangulation, and Jefferson marveled at the opacity of the latinate, how it blurred the harshness of the act. He clipped the one-inch item and kept it in his desk, to show wayward students who insisted on giving credence to the rumor that she'd been murdered. On e-mail were instructions from the dean about how to handle this particular issue. Still, wasn't murder somehow better than suicide? In a detached way he tried to wonder at it, to turn it over in his mind like a shape of three dimensions whose actual essence could be determined by continual rotation.

Murder was someone's conclusion against another person; suicide was your own conclusion against yourself. The previous year the college had a student who was now being prosecuted for murdering her baby. Jefferson, who had two children of his own, had been screening potential sitters very carefully. Now the college had a student who had taken her own life. It was some kind of fucked-up school, he thought, glancing at the short column once again. But they'd bought a house and the academic job market was tough. They were staying.

In his briefcase was the dead student's last paper. She'd stayed up all night last Thursday to finish it, in class that Friday she rested her head on her folded arms, and Saturday night she completed her life. Was that a finer way to refer to it? On Sunday morning the dean had called her professors, Monday, Jefferson personally met with and canceled each of his classes, Tuesday was the funeral and the memorial and that newspaper article. Now it was Friday and he was behind in his grading. He'd never contemplated taking his own life, but at times he endured months and months of deep depression. Perhaps that was a contradiction. How could you be depressed and not want to kill yourself? He would say, because he loved life. He never wanted to die. He was surprised that anybody would, and in the last four or five years—he was now thirty-five—his love had taken on a tenacity that prevented him from flying in airplanes or driving through storms or visiting large cities, unless he had to. He loved hiking the Appalachian Trail as part of a weekend cleanup crew, he loved following the anachronistic rules and sitting through the arcane meetings at the stuffy college, he loved the smell of his children even when they were sick and he could tell by the sticky sweetness of their scent whether it was a cold or a fever. And he loved his wife, whom he still buoyantly referred to—at almost eight years of marriage—as his bride. He wasn't crazy about his father, but his father was dead. He adored his in-laws. He loved life.

Of course, he knew what her paper was about. He knew what they were all about; he coached them through the hunt for topics and the construction of outlines and the unpacking of thesis sentences. She had been one of his brightest students. At its most recent stage, her paper had been too broad and ambitious, trying to address the demonization of women in eighteenth-century New England in under fifteen hundred words. If he had to guess, after studying her cheerful columns in the weekly student newspaper and her bubbly home page on the college's intranet, he'd choose home life as the catalyst. On the hour-long trip to the funeral in the college's packed minivan, he'd found himself muscling up for the task at hand. He'd wanted to study the family. But at the funeral in the jammed chapel of her Catholic high school, he'd sat in the first row and cried so unceasingly that he could just barely attend to himself. He hadn't been able to manufacture even one tear at his own father's funeral.

The air in his office seemed to grow cold as he unlatched his briefcase and pulled out the Eighteenth Century file folder. It was more than two hundred pages thick and nearly slipped from his hands. He wasn't going to read her paper. Not yet, anyway. He felt it might somehow destroy him. He felt it might somehow destroy him. He felt it might somehow destroy him. He couldn't read her paper. Not yet, anyway. He felt it might somehow destroy him. He felt it might somehow destroy him. He felt it might somehow destroy him. He felt it might somehow destroy him.

With morbid curiosity (was there any other kind?) he traced the week's sad trajectory: the first e-mail from the dean on Sunday morning, the Sunday evening e-mail from the director of security confirming the cause of death. A clamoring message from her sorority sisters demanding tolerance for absences from classes and requesting that everyone wanting to offer them solace keep their distance unless solicited directly by a sister. How enraged that had made

FICTION
him feel when he'd first read it—the self-absorption, the survivorist tone. She'd probably hated her sorority sisters. The announcement by the president of a town meeting where "we might all comfort each other in this time of tragedy." Jefferson had skipped that particular event. The request for an interview by a writer at the student newspaper, which he had respectfully declined. She had been a good student. Instinctively he had liked her, the way you would like a student in a class of reluctant participants who helped you carry them through the hour. But he hadn't really known her. He only knew the hole she left in his class, a jagged silence and a descending altitude. Wednesday he had gotten through. He missed her.

Now Friday. The Faculty Social Hour had been canceled. Out the window across the frosted campus he sensed the collective hangover from what must have been the Town Meeting's emotional excesses. I recall her application, an admissions officer might have said. A sullen student would rise, baseball cap hoding his eyes. She had dinner with me once. Her favorite movie was ... Jefferson hoped her parent's, those huddled people whom he had barely glimpsed at the funeral, had not attended.

Her home page had not yet been deleted or annotated by the college. Her face, puffier, sallow, the indifferent brown hair combed back, was not as he remembered it. He could not quite remember it. He rose from his creaking desk chair, her page blazing at him in the college's colors of blue and purple, and put on his overcoat. He had a half hour until her class. From the back steps of his building he could see her dorm, a renovated red barn that hunched on the edge of campus. When he'd been a student, the rumor was that if your roommate committed suicide, you got a 4.0 for the semester. Now he wished that was true. He'd had enough. He wished he had barely glimpsed at the funeral, had not attended.

Her home page had not yet been deleted or annotated by the college. Her face, puffier, sallow, the indifferent brown hair combed back, was not as he remembered it. He could not quite remember it. He rose from his creaking desk chair, her page blazing at him in the college's colors of blue and purple, and put on his overcoat. He had a half hour until her class. From the back steps of his building he could see her dorm, a renovated red barn that hunched on the edge of campus. When he'd been a student, the rumor was that if your roommate committed suicide, you got a 4.0 for the semester. Now he wished that was true. He'd had enough. He wished he had barely glimpsed at the funeral, had not attended.

Outside, the air made him shiver. On nearly every building was a plaque. The town had been occupied in the Civil War. The administration building, a long tall white house, had been the infirmary. If you took the elevator to the basement at a certain time of day, you were supposed to see ghosts. He'd tried it several times and been disappointed.

Ruefully, he plowed across the lawn toward the Union. He could not get that Monday class out of his head. They'd all been there, expectant, miserably tinged, when he'd walked in, not even carrying his briefcase. "I guess you heard what happened," he said. They nodded. "We're not going to have class today," They nodded again. "But we can talk about it, if you want. Or you can leave." No one left. A love for all of them leaped from his heart—even for the lacrosse player who was always late and hadn't turned anything in yet, and for the stoner who made overmany sarcastic remarks—and he fought to restrain it. He sat on the desk.

"She killed herself," a girl said. "I just saw her Friday."
they neighbor had stopped over, a college alum in his seven-
ties who had returned almost salmonlike to this town to re-
tire. Now he was bereft. "We didn't have this when we were
their age," he said, his face mottled with sorrow. "This self-
confidence problem or whatever you call it." Self-esteem,
Jefferson's wife suggested. "Yeah, well, whatever. We didn't
kill ourselves back then." Jefferson's wife had stepped back
and looked at him calmly, the children out of earshot in a
pile of leaves. "People have always been killing themselves,"
she said. "Well, don't you two people go getting depressed or
anything," the neighbor said, his face rosaceous. "It's not
worth it."

"Every loss of this nature," the president had written in his
e-mail, "is a personal loss. It touches all of us."

As Jefferson opened the door from the Union, he swal-
lowed a gasp. Along the path toward him marched his col-
league, the dangerous one, the one who had threatened to
quit over his hire, the only other one in his particular field.
The others had tried to convince her that Jefferson was just
eager to please, but she believed him to be ambitious, and
that terrified her. She was seventeen years older than he, and
brittle and deceptively demure. He was certain that within
the word colleague was an element of the noose—the collar.
She was the only thing about the place that he hated. Every
time he saw her he tried to feel the complexity in her face
that would speak to him, that would tell him she was capa-
bable of empathy. She taught less than he did and she made
nearly twice as much money and all he could see behind the
clear-framed glasses and the dyed and curled hair was that
she was capable of empathizing with herself.

"Hello, Jefferson." She smiled quietly. "How are you hold-
ing up?"

"Fine, I think. And you?"

"You know." Again she smiled without teeth, her pointy
chin pointed down. "It's hard."

"Did you have her in any classes?" he asked gently.

"Oh no," she said, as if had the girl been under her in-
spection she would never have killed herself.

"She was in mine."

"I know." Her hand fluttered at her side. He was relieved
it did not touch him. Briefly they waited for the bell to ring. It
didn't.

"I have a class," he said anyway.

"I know." Now she patted him on the shoulder. He re-
coiled. She looked at him, still tightly smiling. "We missed
you at the town meeting. It was so cathartic." Again her chin
dipped toward the ground. "I read a poem."

This time the bell did ring. He could have kissed it. "I have
to run," he said.

"There were more than a thousand people there," she
called after him. "It was really something."

He hurried back to his building. He hadn't even known
that she wrote poetry. But that didn't matter. What mattered
was up the stairs in a classroom. What mattered was them.
What mattered was Truth and Art. What mattered was what-
ever he could figure out that mattered.

Was it that Christmas years before when his father had
stood in the kitchen, downing his eighth scotch, slamming
his empty glass on the counter? "I don't give a damn that
he's done so well," he'd roared at his wife, while pointing at
Jefferson. "I am not paying for his college." Jefferson's
mother had looked up placidly. "Oh yes we are." "How much
is it?" he bellowed. "Isn't it ten a year? I'm making what,
fifty? You're making nothing. We have nothing. He is noth-
ing." "Frank," his mother said. And Jefferson, a scrappy
high school senior, against his dad, who had played football,
reaching for him, his dad's long fingers knotting into fists,
the wall of his dad's chest heaving. And Jefferson thinking, I
can take him, I can take him. Pinning him to the fridge, the
fridge rocking. Breath whistling through his father's teeth.

It was up the stairs in a classroom. What mattered was them.
What mattered was Truth and Art. What mattered was what-
ever he could figure out that mattered.