than it already was. Bob lived every day fully, with a deep awareness of the importance of living in the present. We were reminded of this awareness when, in preparing to write this memorial, we read the words Bob wrote and published in *JAC* upon Ed Corbett’s death. In concluding his tribute, Bob wrote about Ed’s respect for others, his “abstention from warring cliques and dirty political hatreds, the social acceptance of difference, [and his] fullhearted appreciation of all good work.” This, Bob said, was Ed Corbett’s legacy to scholars and teachers of composition. “And to be worthy of that legacy is simple, really,” Bob added. “All we have to do is love life and love one another” (401).

And so we do. Though we, like many others, will miss Bob, we want to honor who and what he was—even as we mourn his loss.

*Stanford University*
*Stanford, California*

*Oregon State University*
*Corvallis, Oregon*

**Remembering Bob**

**Cheryl Glenn**

Bob would let me fiddle with just about any other part of our *St. Martin’s Guide to Teaching Writing*, but not the opening:

> There it is in black and white. You’ve been assigned to teach a college writing course: first-year composition. Sentences, paragraphs, essays. “Me—teach writing? I never took a writing course in my life, except freshman English, which I barely remember. What am I going to do?”

I never liked that opening—not when we used it in 1988 for our first edition, not when we used it in the fifth edition. But Bob did. He wouldn’t budge on it. He thought it was a “grand invitation” to the teaching of writing. Every time we’d begin the revisions for our next edition, and every time I’d bring up that opening, he’d tell me, “New TAs like that opening.”
Now that he’s gone, I wouldn’t dream of changing that opening. Besides, Bob was right.

Bob and I go far enough back that I, like so many JAC readers, feel that Bob was an old and trusted friend. When I was a graduate student at Ohio State University, we were studying Robert Connors’ 1982 Richard Braddock Award winner, “The Rise and Fall of the Modes of Discourse.” Until then, I had thought that rhetoric (that is, history) and composition (that is, practice) were separate fields. Bob showed us how very much rhetoric and composition need and interanimate each other. When “Robert” Connors came to campus that spring, he behaved in his inimitable self-deprecating way, bashfully brushing off the praise for “Modes” and moving ahead to important matters: shouldn’t we try to get a seat at his favorite gyro place just north of campus. Gyros—not praise—were what he was after that day, and the days that followed were much the same: he’d change the subject from himself to something he thought more entertaining—food, for instance, or fireworks, or clothes.

Last summer, Bob came to the Penn State Conference on Rhetoric and Composition—his first visit to our campus and to the conference. He was genuinely delighted—and honored, he told me—to be invited as a “featured speaker.” He wanted to attend a conference on “Rhetorical Education in America”; he wanted to hear practical, theoretical, and historical papers; he wanted to eat, talk, and walk with the other conferees. He was in his element. After Kathleen Hall Jamieson gave her Fourth of July keynote address, many conferees looked for a cold drink or returned to their rooms. Not Bob (even though he’d driven his Jaguar from New Hampshire that day). He wanted to see State College and the fireworks. He wanted to talk with folks. So Bob and Marie Secor invited him along to see the fireworks display.

The next morning, Bob rushed up to tell me how much he liked breakfast, the conference, and especially the fireworks! He was having a good time in Happy Valley.

As the conference wore on, I’d see Bob surrounded by scholars of all ages, talking about papers, ideas, articles. Bob was a natural magnet for conversation, with his kindly ways, his good humor and wit, and his strong opinions. But during one early confab, he broke away to ask me a sartorial question. He’d noticed that another conferee had been wearing a “cool Hawaiian shirt,” and Bob wanted to find one. I gave him directions to the three men’s clothing shops in town and sent him on his way. When he returned, after lunch, he was proudly sporting his new Tommy Bahama shirt.
Bob and I didn’t always agree—how could any collaborators who had worked on five editions of a book? We didn’t always agree about how our *Guide* should sound or look or change, how women could be—had been, in fact—written into the history of rhetoric, how graduate students might best be professionally prepared. There were times when I wanted to bean him—and I’m sure there were plenty of times he wanted to bean me, too. But our disagreements, agreements, and loyalty truly mark our enduring friendship, just as his commitment to Colleen and Aileen, his generosity to his friends, and his intellectual investment in the field of rhetoric and composition mark Bob as the fine man he truly was. We’ll all miss him.

When Bob accepted his Braddock Award, he thanked the folks who’d helped him, quoting Yeats, “Say my glory was I had such friends.” Indeed, Bob had many such friends. Our glory was having him as one. I’d give anything to catch a glimpse of our friend at the DenverCCCC convention heading out to find a cool western shirt.

*Pennsylvania State University*  
*University Park, Pennsylvania*

**Canonical Bob**

Lynn Z. Bloom

Canonical scholars are exciting. That their work is immediately recognized by the cognoscenti as cutting edge goes without saying. That their work is the product of passionate concern, deep understanding, and incalculable effort is not surprising. But it is remarkable that their ways of knowing and explaining their subjects, however arcane or esoteric—such as Balinese cockfights, the Panopticon, or the contact zone—kindle reciprocal passion in the otherwise cool-headed or indifferent, whether they be sophisticated scholars or newcomers to the field. The work of canonical scholars is transformative; it moves the marginal to the mainstream; it changes the flow of the course of knowledge. We take it to our minds, our hearts—even while the occasional radical who dares to disturb the universe (Galileo comes to mind) is being carted off to prison. Yet, because canonical work is foundational—with or without struggle—it becomes embedded in the newly-configured field. Its definitions, concepts, methodology—once dazzlingly new—are taken for granted,