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Searching for a New Faculty Member

A NOTE FROM OUR CHAIR, DAYLANNE ENGLISH

The English department has done a fair amount of hiring over the last several years, largely because of a wave of retirements in the late 1990s through the early 2000s. With our current search for a specialist in literary theory, we are nearing the end of our rebuilding phase. This search, like all searches for a new tenure-track faculty member, entails a long and painstaking process that begins well over a year before a hire is made.

First, we assess the areas of greatest need in the department, with a range of questions in mind: What effect have the retirements and other changes had

on the make-up of the department? What do students need and want in a new faculty member in English? What are particular areas of need in the curriculum? What sort of faculty member will help support other departments and programs at the college? How can we best contribute to diversity at the college? Once we've answered such questions to our satisfaction, we can move forward with the search process, including the submission to the college's allocations committee of a request to proceed with hiring a faculty member in the department. After approval is granted, the process follows an at once predictable

and exciting timeline divided into Fall semester, pre-MLA conference activities and Spring semester, post-MLA conference activities.

In the fall, the search officially begins with an early September advertisement in the MLA's Job Information List, the central source in English and Modern Languages for both job seekers and colleges seeking to hire. At this stage, we ask for a CV—that



Alum Lands Dream Publishing Job

by Alison Liss, '09

When I graduated last spring, I knew, unlike many of my friends, exactly what I wanted to do. Like many English majors, I knew that I wanted to do something with books, and I'd started exploring my options. In the fall semester of my senior year I took Literary Publishing with Jeff Shotts; in my spring semester I did an internship at Milkweed Editions. By the time graduation rolled around, I knew that I would move to New York and look for a way to get a toehold in the publishing industry.

I decided to focus my search on a

second internship at first, because internships were more readily available, and I suspected that knowing people in New York would help when I eventually looked for a job. I applied to several publishing houses in the city, and one of them was W. W. Norton. Norton is probably best known to English majors for the anthologies that they publish for the college market, but it also has a great list of trade books (books for general consumers). Importantly for me, it is also independent and, by New York standards, relatively small.

I'd made plans to move to the

city whether or not I landed any internships, but happily, two weeks before my move in August, Norton offered me an internship in the trade editorial department. I jumped at it.

Norton's offices are on the corner of 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue – a major intersection in the city, in between Grand Central Station and Times Square, and directly across the street from the New York Public Library. The address alone intimidated me. But when I started the internship, it wasn't that different from the friendly, laid back atmosphere at Milkweed. I suppose



“Campus visits are both thrilling and challenging for candidates and search committee alike.”

is, curriculum vitae, academia’s version of a resume—and a letter of application. In the current search, we received letters and CVs from well over 400 candidates (a fact that may help explain why some of your English professors have been less than encouraging to you about the possibility of pursuing graduate study in literature). With the help of an efficient on-line academic job search program, the search committee members read each candidate’s file with quality and promise of teaching and research as our primary criteria. We then narrow the candidate pool to about 20-25 candidates from whom we request a writing sample, evidence of teaching success (such as syllabi and course evaluations), and at least three letters of reference. Again, the search committee members read each candidate’s materials and then narrow the candidate pool to about 10-12 candidates whom we interview at the annual MLA conference, which took place this year in Philadelphia from December 27-30. After the MLA interviews, we narrow the pool to 3-4 candidates whom we invite to campus in the spring.

Campus visits are both thrilling and challenging for candidates and search committee alike. A candidate, once on campus, experiences a whirlwind of activities over a period of three days: a formal job talk and Q&A at a luncheon open to faculty and English majors and minors, interviews with the Provost and the department chair, meetings with other English faculty as well as faculty in other departments whose work relates to that of the candidate, lunch with English majors, a campus tour, a tour of the Twin Cities, and dinners with English faculty.

As intense as this process can be, each step is important for selecting a colleague and professor we hope will be a wonderful and valued member of our department and the college for a long time.

Our search committee this year is made up of the current tenured and tenure-track English faculty, along with a faculty member from another department, Andrew Billing of French and Francophone

Studies, and a faculty Affirmative Action representative, Leola Johnson of Humanities, Media, and Cultural Studies. Starting with the Spring semester, student members Kelsey Shanesy and Michael Ferut join the committee; Kelsey and Michael will meet with the candidates and collect feedback from other students about them. They will also participate in the candidate assessment and decision-making process along with the faculty members of the search committee. The search process starts to come to a close (if all goes smoothly, usually in late February), with a job offer made to our top candidate.

We strongly encourage all of you—the students and majors in the English department—to be an active part of this process. Please come and hear each candidate’s presentation and share your impressions with either Michael and Kelsey or any faculty member in the department. (See the back page for time and place of the talks).

For obvious reasons, the writer wishes to remain anonymous until admissions decisions have been made

Nail-Biting Time: an Alum Applies to Grad School

My first job out of college was at a fancy hotel restaurant downtown. They dressed me up in a brown shirt and a green polka-dotted tie and made me walk in circles around the empty, candle-lit dining room. The few people who came in were solo business-folk from the hotel downstairs, heavy-chinned men and women who tucked their napkins into their starched collars and ignored my wine recommendations. I quit a month later, mostly because it was an exercise in unmitigated boredom, but also because my friends wouldn’t quit butchering the long, pretentious name in order to substitute the word “douchebag.”

Since then I’ve worked at two coffee shops and one liquor store – unlike many of my peers, I have not even attempted to get a “real” job. Grown-ups and newspapers are full of advice to the recently-graduated, advice that basically boils down to: “Be afraid, be very afraid.” There are, as everyone is so keen on reiterating, very few paying jobs out there for literary hopefuls such as myself, and what used to be entry-level positions are now unpaid internships. I, for one, cannot afford to be unpaid.

However, I’m not scared. Ewok. There is no pressure on me to jump-start my professional life, because it’s common knowledge that there is

no place to jump to. I knew, upon graduating from Macalester, that this would be an in-between kind of year, and my plan has always been this: work hard, live uncomfortably, save money, and then blow it all this summer.

Unfortunately, my exciting summer plans are contingent upon me getting into grad school. I’ve spent the last three months in a frenetic haze of writing samples, personal statements and looming deadlines, and have spent over \$500 on the application fees, GRE score reports, and copies of my transcript. Thanks to the Macalester English Department’s Critchett Fund, I hope to defray

Dream Job, con't

book people are the same everywhere.

I started working full time at the internship for what amounted to my train fare to and from Manhattan each day. About two weeks in, the assistant to one of the editors decided to quit, and I was offered the chance to interview for the job. I did the interview that same day, and then a series of exercises for the editor – writing catalog copy, reading submissions and writing reader's reports. After an agonizing week of watching other candidates interview, I was offered the job.

I feel lucky because the editor I work for does many of the books at Norton that I'm most interested in. Often people just starting out in publishing have to work on books that they're not very excited about, but my editor does mainly fiction and poetry – just what I'm interested in – and she publishes some amazing writers. Her authors include legends, like Adrienne Rich, as well as lots of exciting young writers still at the beginning of their careers, like Nick Flynn and Maaza Mengiste, and I get to help work with them on their books. Knowing that I helped these authors bring their work into the world is the best part of my job.

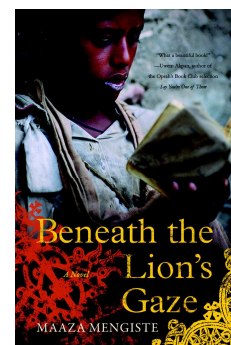
Because Norton is so small, my job encompasses lots of different aspects of the business. One of my main responsibilities is shepherding a manuscript through production. Once my editor has finished working with the author on a book and approves it to go into production, the manuscript goes through copyediting, and then several rounds of proofs. The author reviews the manuscript at each stage, and I coordinate with the author and the production department to make sure that everything stays on schedule. For all the books on my editor's list, I also write the jacket copy, catalog copy, and the letters that accompany bound galleys when we solicit other authors for quotes about the books. I put together tip sheets for the sales department so that they can plug our books to the buyers at bookstores without necessarily having read each one. I deal with the anxious authors and angry agents who call each day. And of course, I read submissions – usually a manuscript each night.

The books that I was working on after starting the job in September are just now beginning to be released.

This past week, I went to two events for a young debut novelist whose book has just been published. It's a wonderful novel, and both events drew big, enthusiastic crowds. It's incredibly heartening to see so many people so excited about a young novelist with everything to prove, especially since it's a book that I worked on. All of the talk these days is about how publishing is doomed and reading is dead. It's not a very optimistic time to be a young person going into the book business. But events like these past few ones make me think – or hope – that people will always embrace a brilliant new writer. Perhaps it's not such a bad time to get into publishing, after all.



“Knowing that I helped these authors bring their work into the world is the best part of my job.”



Recent books Alison has helped produce

Grad School, Con't.

some of these expenses, and if I get in somewhere it will, economically speaking, be well worth it. The most materialistic reason I have for seeking an MFA is that all the schools I'm applying to are fully-funded and also offer a stipend, which seems to mean that they will pay me to write stories. As I was planning on writing stories anyway, this seems like a pretty good deal.

But the monetary bonus is secondary to the deeper reasons I'm applying for graduate study. A lot of people wait more than one year, but I am ready now. I wasn't an English major during undergrad, and while I don't regret it in the slightest, I do long for a chance to focus strictly on writing. Writing keeps me sane, and it keeps me sensitive – fiction forces me by necessity

to don the emotions of others, and I don't want to lose this, not in my everyday life and not in my creative work. I also don't like writing into a void. I crave the kind of critical workshop environment that I found at Macalester, and while I am lucky enough to have a solid writing community outside of school, it cannot take the place of a steady workshop. I worry that I'm too undisciplined to carry on the momentum of writing if I'm the only one setting expectations for myself, and I worry that my skills as an editor will atrophy. Most MFA programs also offer the chance to teach undergraduate classes, and as I hope to teach someday, this prospect excites me.

Furthermore, for all the stress of grad applications, I wrote more fiction these past three months than in the eight months since I

graduated. In fact, most of what I submitted as a writing sample was written just weeks before the deadline, in a pressure-cooker of intent that was not unlike the jittery-eyed, sleepless nights I used to spend writing last-minute papers with my roommate. Maybe I have a masochistic streak, or maybe I just need outside structure until I learn once-and-for-all to internally impose my own.

I just turned in my last application this Friday, and I won't find out until at least late February if I've been accepted anywhere. The application process is a grueling one, and far more complicated and time-consuming than I would have thought, so at the moment I am mostly just relieved to be finished. I applied to nine Creative Writing MFA programs,

River Journal, Day 3

In September, students in Wang Ping's ENGL 194 went on a four-day canoe trip on the Minnesota River. This is the third day of the journal Leigh Bercaw '12, wrote during the trip. Please see the previous two issues for days 1 and 2.



9.13

So I really like listening to another language and not understanding anything. Something about Dakota is really pure and basic, and I'm not sure if that's my mind reacting to the message of the talk or the language itself. I wonder if he ever feels hopeless. What significance is Dakota to the world today? How do you determine what is significant and what is not "worth" saving? If you save everything then there will never be any progress. In anthropology we read a book explaining that mental illnesses can be explained culturally, and in a particular Native American culture in Canada it is normal, almost required, to be depressed. It's about realizing that there are no more "true Indians" and there will never be a "true Indian" again; it's about recognizing that you, even if you live your entire life as close as you can to the lives they lived, will never be able to live as you ancestors did, and since then your culture has steadily been dying.

And you, culture impostor that you are, are a decreasing population. Fewer and fewer people remember the stories, or even care about the stories. So in this Indian community 80% of the population was clinically diagnosed with depression. Everything is very subjective these days, and it's getting more and more so. As a culture we can no longer make decisions, concerned as we are with protecting and saving everything and making sure not to offend anyone. I feel like I am paralleling that--becoming more and more indecisive with my life. At this rate at the end of my life all I'll be able to say is I don't know. They'll ask me if I'm hungry, if I'm thirsty, if I remember who I love, and I'll only be able to look at them with those befuddled old woman eyes and tell them I can't say anymore. I have no idea what to say anymore.

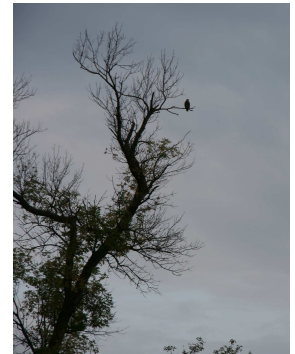
I like these cows. Sucks that they have to drink this water though. It sucks that they are both part of the the cause (destruction of forest) and the sufferer of the pollution.

Something about being in a canoe really makes talking to people easy. I think it's that nobody has to face anyone, nobody has to see anyone's face. We can all just put our words out there and let them rest where they land. And if they don't stick then just paddle past them.

Wait how is this river even fixable!

How can this ever possibly be turned around! Everything is too slow to ever have an effect in time to save it, and to save us.

What I don't understand is historical reclamation and justice. How can we ever make up for what we did to the Native Americans? And I'm not even comfortable saying we, because it's not like my ancestors were out there butchering Indians, they were still in Lithuania getting butchered by whoever controlled them at the time. How do you apologize for a genocide? What can you possibly do a hundred years later to make up for it? The only way to achieve true justice would be to give them back all of their land (most of it's ruined now) and their people (which is impossible. I'm not sure where exactly the guilt lies, and how that guilt has shifted over the years. Also, there were no eagles in the eagle tree.



There are no more "true Indians" and there will never be a "true Indian" again

Grad School, Con't.

and at each I will be one of more than seven hundred applicants vying for just four to eight spaces. My chances are slim, to put it mildly. The fear has definitely set in, though, and the time has come to start formulating my back-up plan.

My first and most viable back-up

plan is to cry for a week. Then I'll probably either move back home to Massachusetts and glower rent-free in my parents' houses for a few months, or I'll suck it up and spend my savings and take my sorry ass on a roadtrip anyway. I'm healthy, I'm hopeful, and for now I don't mind sleeping on floors and living off stale

tortillas. I do plan to re-apply for an MFA if I don't get in this round, though the idea of going through it all again is absolutely exhausting – not to mention the humiliation of asking my recommendation-writers to re-recommend me. (Shout out to my letter-writers, by the way – I send a hearty fist-pound to each of

you!) Apparently most admitted MFA applicants have applied at least once already, and I am prepared for this possibility.

I am superstitious, though, and I'm not too proud to beg: to anyone who is reading this, please, for the love of god, send your good vibes my way!



by Natalie Owens-Pike '11

In Madrid, I've spent the last four months in a program run by Hamilton College. I love living in this city and all that my program has to offer, but my host family lives pretty far from the building that houses my classes. In this metropolis, a morning commute like mine is common and the underground trains are packed. But for me, forty-five minutes on the underground metro is a huge departure from my Macalester habit of a ten-minutes-until-class-starts dash to Old Main. Jostled between Spanish strangers in a sweaty metal underground metro car may not sound enjoyable, but it will be high on my list of things I miss about Madrid when I'm home in Minneapolis in January. (Also high on the list will be Madrid's near-constant sunshine and blundering less and less in my second language.)

Spending so much time on public transit has brought a new form of reading into my life. It's common to see people reading paperbacks on the train, especially in the mornings. I love looking at other peoples' chosen books; *Crepúsculo*, the translation of *Twilight*, is very popular. There are also city-sponsored stickers bearing a poem or the first page of a Spanish classic affixed to the insides of many metro cars, a program I love called "Libros a la Calle" (Books to the Streets!). At first I fumbled through reading these excerpts and adjusted to my first mornings of Spanish immersion by borrowing all the English books I could from my American classmates. *Olive Kitteredge* by Elizabeth Sprout and *Empire Falls* by Richard Russo brought me into Pulitzer-Prize award winning descriptions of Maine in fall and winter as I sweated in the metal cars of a 90-

year-old underground metro system. I'll never be able to separate my memory of these books from the soothing rhythmic sway of a train on the tracks or the sultry fem-bot voice announcing the next stop and the Spanish version of "mind the gap." Later when my workload picked up I learned to skim Anthro readings due that afternoon, or study from flashcards about centuries of Spanish paintings, but at first I could not be prided from the elegant twists of the English language that filled a void left by Macalester English department classes I wasn't taking this semester.

A little while into my semester, I arose from my immersion in American authors and American fictions and realized I was in Spain! Sitting on the Spanish metro, surrounded by the Spanish language and people, and I was reading in English. I could read F. Scott Fitzgerald in Saint Paul anytime, but when would I next get the chance to read in my second language surrounded by fifty human dictionaries? Seeking higher language competency and having recently run out of English language literature, I turned to the most logical first step for anyone in my position: the Spanish translations of Harry Potter. A combination of the young adult reading level, the number of times I had read the books in English and the amount of words made up by J.K. Rowling, I got through the first one pretty quickly. But soon my workload demanded I make metro time more productive.

I picked up a book of short stories assigned by my class in contemporary Spanish women's literature (the title's a mouthful so my classmates and I call it *mujeres*, the women, for short). Although my program also offered a class that covered Don Quixote in its original language, I picked *mujeres*. This class has quickly become my favorite, taught by an intelligent professor with a soothing voice and a penchant for three-piece suits. This has made his 90-minute Spanish lectures explaining theories of Lacan and Freud quite enjoyable. The class has also really opened my eyes to the ways gender, nationality and politics effect

Reading in Madrid

the formation of self and character (many short stories we read were written by women during the era of Franco's dictatorship in Spain). And in my last days of class, as Madrid turns earnestly to a blustery winter, I'm realizing how much living in another language has taught me to value the words I know in my native tongue. I have little poetic vocabulary in Spanish. I read Pablo Neruda in the bi-lingual edition, learning words for adjectives I love. (Burgeoning, sonorous, and untamable become *incesante*, *rumorosa*, *indomitable*.) What I do have is envy for the little kids on the metro squealing away in Spanish; clad in their uniforms of Catholic plaid and loafers and using the notoriously difficult subjunctive tense with ease.

It is strange to think I'll be leaving Madrid so soon, that I won't be buying my monthly metro pass for January. I've looked forward to studying abroad since I used to beg my mom for stories of the year she spent living in Switzerland. As I prepared to leave for Madrid last August, she told me she could no longer remember the lecture topics or things she learned since she no longer speaks French regularly. I also worry that this inspiring class and these experiences will somehow prove untranslatable, lost among the quotidian phrases or lisping accented Spanish I've gained.

But until I return, I'm forcing myself out of the escapism of multi-tasking on the metro. Instead of being stuck underground, I am enjoying the last few weeks of my time here people-watching and riding the bus. Maybe it's because you get to experience way more of the city that way, or maybe it's because I'm simply out of things to read.

*Jostled
between
Spanish
strangers in a
sweaty metal
underground
metro car may
not sound
enjoyable, but
it will be high
on my list of
things I miss
about Madrid*



Macalester Interns: Matthew Thrasher '11

“How many times has your professor asked you to create a style sheet for *The Clown in the Gown Drives the Car with the Star?*”

I have held two editorial internships during my time at Mac: the first, during the spring of 2009, at Lerner Publishing Group; and the second, this last summer, at Rain Taxi Review of Books. The two were very different: Lerner publishes K-12 fiction and non-fiction, while Rain Taxi reviews contemporary works of poetry and prose; Lerner is an independently owned company with a five-story office in downtown Minneapolis, while Rain Taxi, staffed by three employees (two full-time, one part-time) operates out of the editor in chief's home in Uptown; and lastly, as far as my participation goes, my internship at Lerner was a paid twenty-hour a week job which I took for academic credit, while my internship with Rain Taxi was a more lax ten hours a week (five on site, five at home) and unpaid and non-credited. But, despite their differences, both internships afforded me a unique glance into the world of professional literature as well as an opportunity to develop a set of skills which are simply not taught in the hallowed halls of Old Main (e.g. how many times has your professor asked you to create an index and style sheet for *The Clown in the Gown Drives the Car with the Star?* – zero, I hope).

Yet, the value of such skills was not always self-evident, especially at a place like Lerner: for example, what could I possibly learn from a half-dozen index-

ings of a manuscript like *Everybody Poops?* or, to be a little more pointed, was there really a marketable skill involved in creating style sheets of manuscripts written for kids at a third grade reading level? In other words, I often found myself relegated to the consistent repetition of a series of simple tasks. However, the experience as a whole was not a wash: my time at Lerner was at its best when I was



asked to research market competition or to help plan future book series. I had a blast planning the “Top 10 of Space” line of books, and, having completed a lengthy survey of the contemporary literature, I certainly learned something about the ways in which educators teach elementary school children about global warming. I was even asked to do some writing myself, updating a manuscript on genetics for junior high students.

So, to make a long story short, I found Lerner most stimulating when I was asked to do things that were not strictly editorial, such as research. Conversely, the time I spent with the literature at Rain Taxi was probably the most beneficial. Or, whereas children’s non-fiction did not, on its own terms, sweep me off my feet, the small-press and local focus of Rain Taxi managed to hold my interest. Because

their operations are so limited, Rain Taxi offered me very little editorial work. Instead, I was asked to plan advertising for the Twin Cities Book Festival, improve their chapbook database (Rain Taxi is one of the few nationally distributed literary magazines that regularly includes chapbook reviews), and even write a couple reviews myself. Because their internships are all unpaid, Rain Taxi allows each of their interns to publish a review in their fall magazine – in my opinion, a great opportunity. But, like I said, Rain Taxi was most beneficial when I was dealing with reviews (either writing them myself) or their reviewable material (chapbooks, e.g.).

To wrap it up, there are certainly several questions which you should ask yourself before you accept an internship: should I work at a place where I can develop practicable skills, even though I may not care for their products (Lerner)? Or, should I work at a place where I can deal with the material that I love, but not in a way that might further the skills which I had initially sought to develop (Rain Taxi)? Or, if you are lucky, is this not even a problem? Either way, I was able to benefit greatly from both of my internships, not only professionally, but academically as well. That is, the time I spent with style guides and hard-nosed editors has had, I think, a positive effect not only on my resume, but on my work back at Mac as well.

REMEMBER TO REGISTER YOUR
INTERNSHIP FOR ACADEMIC CREDIT
BY THE ADD-DROP DEADLINE
FEBRUARY 5

Staying on the Ball: Tutoring at Rondo

By Celeste Prince '10

"What does this word say?"

"B...baah...ball!"

"Great! Now, read the whole thing."

"We...play...ball?"

Being a reading tutor requires more than a love for the written language. I quickly figured this out when I met six-year-old Shemmoud at the Rondo Community Outreach Library. I applied to be a tutor for the Saint Paul Public Library's Read With Me Program after seeing a flyer in the library over the summer. The Read With Me Program primarily focuses on helping children's reading skills, specifically for those in the first through third grade. It's shown in studies that after third grade, students who don't know how to read for content fall behind, especially when they take standardized tests. The point of Read With Me is to help potential "at-risk" students to build their reading skills before it's too late. The Rondo library's program differs from the others at Highland or Merriam Park because it serves the Rondo-Frogdowntown neighborhood, a community of primarily under-resourced families from immigrant and non-white backgrounds. I really wanted to do work with this community and learn more about the area, and being a reading tutor, I thought, would combine my curiosity with my English major.

After a three-hour training session with the Minnesota Literary Council, I naively thought I was prepared to swoop in and save any child from illiteracy and falling

behind in school. I showed up to the library early, checked in, and got ready for my first session with my student.

Pick an exciting book with pictures? Check. Have a healthy dose of humility and patience? Check. Be ready to have fun? Check.

But in order to tutor someone, the student needs to show up. Shemmoud and his mother didn't make it to the first scheduled meeting, which deflated my immediate optimism. I had to leave a message with Dan, the coordinator, and the next week, Shemmoud arrived, ready to learn. We picked three books to read, though we only got through one. I had forgotten about the attention span (or lack thereof) of first graders. Although he wiggled and sighed and whined to play a game, we read a whole book before he had to go home.

At the second meeting, he arrived with new glasses and the same attitude towards reading: it was hard, hard, hard—can we please play a game? But we read a book about basketball instead, with some help from his neighborhood friends in sounding out words. If I had realized, though, that this meeting would have been the last time I would see him, I probably would have tried a little harder to make a firmer connection with Shemmoud and his mother. Instead, we left on a sour note in which she berated me for allowing his friends to sit in on our reading session. I assured her that it wouldn't happen again.

But another "again" never happened. As it were, I had to cancel our next meeting because of a conflict. When I returned to the library the next week, however, Shemmoud never showed. This happened again and again for four weeks. I commuted to the library from Macalester each Wednesday, taking two buses and paying the rush hour fare only to sit alone, pretending to study for the GRE while surveying every passing child, hoping it was Shemmoud. I finally contacted Dan, who then contacted the family, but to no avail. We just kept missing each other, and finally Dan informed me that he dropped Shemmoud from the program, encouraging his family to reapply later. Unfortunately, Rondo's library supply of students outweighs the supply of available tutors, and if he receives a new tutor, it may be too late.

I plan to restart tutoring at Rondo this semester with a new student as well as start at Ramsey Junior High. While my time as a tutor lasted only briefly, I harbor no bad feelings towards the experience. I understand now that this is a reflection of anyone working in a new environment where people have different priorities and circumstances, whether they're economic, racial, or otherwise. When I meet my new student in a few weeks, I will have a more grounded idea of what to expect.

For more information on the tutoring program, contact Dan Struck at 651-266-7437.

THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT
CONGRATULATES
PROFESSOR MARLON JAMES
ON BEING NOMINATED FOR
THE 2010 NAACP IMAGE AWARDS
IN LITERATURE

ENGLISH

This issue of *The Waverley* was edited and produced by Dept. Coordinator Anna Brailovsky



- Candidates for the Critical and Literary Theory position will be giving talks in the Old Main 4th Floor Lounge from 11:30 to 1 on Thurs., 1/28; Thurs. 2/4; and Tues. 2/8. Lunch will be served and all are welcome.
- **PICTURE BOARD UNVEILING PARTY!** Come see all the great new pictures up on our majors board. Have some food. Dance in the halls. Vote for your favorite pictures and quotes. Win prizes. Kick the term off right! Wednesday, January 27, 5-7 pm in the Literary Lounge.
- Treat Day returns. There will be food, fun, and games in the Literary Lounge every Wednesday, from 5 to 7 pm, as long as class is in session.
- Visit www.macalester.edu/english/news for the latest announcements and back issues



“Cruise Director” Staff Changes

The English Department is sorry to lose Jens Tamang, who will be working full time in the library in the spring.



Anna Joranger '10

On the up side, we are thrilled to welcome back Anna Joranger, who returns to the office after a stint as a preceptor for Daylanne English this past fall.

We are also very happy to welcome to our office and newsletter staff English major Madiha Bataineh.



Madiha Bataineh '12