

## Facing conflict in the Amazon

By Emily Howland '09

I never would have thought that my first year out of college I'd be living in the Amazon rainforest. I live in Tena, Ecuador among tropical plants, tree frogs, hammocks and indigenous Kichwa people. The town is small but lively. The Tena River splits Tena in the middle; I live on the southern side of the footbridge. Along the river near the center of town there are a few good bars and restaurants and a couple of tourist agencies that cater to the gringos that role into town every weekend. River rafting and Amazon trekking are the popular activities in the Amazon, not to

mention a good night of dancing at the local "discotec." My house is about a twenty minute walk from the center of town on a dirt road in the neighborhood of San Jorge. There are no street signs, though the streets have names. Every evening, neighbors gather to play and watch the

popular game of Ecuavoly, an adapted version of volleyball with three people on each side. Participants (only men play) bet money on the games, while women sit on the sidelines and watch. My neighbors always greet me with one kiss on the right cheek. Though many of them speak in their native Kichwa language to each other, they greet me in Spanish. Around the corner from my house is a fruit stand, a couple of stores and a bar with a pool table where there are always a few guys drinking beer at ten in the morning. (con't on p. 5)



Emily Howland in Tena, Ecuador

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## Notes from Abroad: Reading Ireland

By Julia Brown '11

There is no way to fully understand a country's literature until one understands the country. For me, the only way to understand the country was to go there. And it's a good thing that I did, because there is no replacement for being in Ireland.

When thinking about life in Ireland, my mind returns to a few incidents and places that brought me face-to-face with the strange, hybrid, contradictory place that produced some of the greatest writing of the last century. Fiction, poetry, non-fiction and theater are inescapably rooted in

the history and cultural identities of the country, and there are images in my memory that embody that mixed-up spirit.

I lived in Galway, a mid-sized "college town" on the West coast.

The city is divided a number of times by the rambling Corrib River, and this is the river we walked along and crossed each day to get to class or to town. The river itself became a character for us, rushing over its bank in November when the whole West flooded, or



calmly carrying swans over piles of traffic cones, bicycles, trash bins and old umbrellas.

And then there's Dublin, or—as Euan, the Trinity College second-year calls it—"The Shitehole of the Western World." Where kids

(con't on p. 3)

## On the Road to Mac

By Daniel Vidal Soto '10

How I arrived at Macalester is a very interesting question, one I myself haven't considered. I suppose my voyage began senior year of high school, when there were too many college pamphlets going through my mailbox. Most of the schools that sent mail to my door seemed incomprehensibly far-reaching—schools I wouldn't think possible to attain.

Only one person on my block went to a university, and dropped out a year after. My front neighbors had three families living with them. The house to their right was abandoned, and the homeless often used it as shelter.

My neighborhood is known as the North Side of Fort Worth. Although it has seen many demographic changes, as most urban settings have, the most recent is that of Latin/South American migration. The area of the North Side in which I lived is known as "Little Mexico"—where the streets are often marked in Spanish, and even the corporations have assimilated their infrastructure to accommodate an emerging market.

In this neighborhood, there are no Starbucks, no salons with just-pressed tiles, no Christian specialty markets for the suburban mother; there are no parks younger than ten years old; the schools have no pool, old gyms, and recycled food. I remember government-paid textbooks three years older than me.

I was first placed in a special edu-

cation class when I went to school in River Oaks, Texas. When we moved to Fort Worth, I was placed in an all-Spanish class. In between, my mother fought for accurate placement.

Macalester was one of the schools that caused my mailbox to overflow; I threw most of their mail away. Simply, coldly, threw the letters into the trashcan until I saw an invitation to visit Mac during the fall. A free visit and time away from home seemed ideal, and I hadn't begun searching for colleges.

My father went to high school and graduated with honors. My mother dropped out of middle school. Both were

pushed into vocational studies—eventually my father became a mechanic and my mother a cosmetologist. They both speak Spanish; they both speak English.

My father doesn't speak of Mexico as a concrete nation or geography. He speaks of Mexico as a language, a stream of traditions. His state is Coahuila—"Tierra de la Amistad" (Land of the Friendship); his city is Ciudad Acuña—"City Crib," "Crib City," or "Crib." My father once told me being Mexican is no different from being a king, just like being a king is no different from being human; all the great ones pay.

(con't on p. 4)

*"My father doesn't speak of Mexico as a concrete nation or geography. He speaks of Mexico as a language, a stream of traditions."*



**Daniel Vidal Soto's grandparents on their wedding day. Daniel, an English/Creative Writing major, seeks to tell his family's story through his creative writing.**

## Notes from Abroad: Reading Ireland (cont.)

play on jungle gyms ringed in by concrete. Where the concrete is covered in bilingual graffiti that demands “Immigrants Out! Inimirceach Fágaimis!” Where a bunch of young poets decided to change the world and where you can still see bullet holes in the post office. Where the nice neighborhoods still aren’t places you want to walk alone at night, but you might meet the nicest people in the world. Outside of Euan’s apartment there were two cars with smashed windows. There were CDs and what looked like wallets sitting on the carseats, untouched, but both steering wheels were gone. When I asked Euan about it, he said “I dunno. Collectors?” I wasn’t in Kansas anymore.

But alongside all this surreal grunginess is the incredible green of the land and bright blue of the sky, the daily rain-showers mixed with sun, the rivers and the hills. There are songs that can break your heart and stories that can keep you up for days. There are heroes and cowards, a national language that everyone knows but few people speak, and a ridiculous amount of alcohol. And until you understand the country, you can’t understand the writing.



One night I stepped right into a story that Joyce could have written. Two flatmates and I were out on the town, meeting friends and strangers in pubs and on the street as is customary for a Thursday night. When we decided to head home, we turned on to Shop Street, Galway’s version of Main Street. I began to hear music, which is not at all out of the ordinary on Shop Street, even at two o’clock in the morning. But this was piano music, and I had not seen a piano for months. Emerging from an alley, we saw four boys gathered around a white upright piano that was covered in tea lights and slightly glowing in the light from beer signs. We ran to them and asked whose it was, but they

didn’t know. They’d just come across it, sitting in the middle of the street. And so they decided to play. And play. Half an hour later, when the crowd had grown to ten or fifteen, three older men in sweaters and dress shirts pushed through. “Gardaí!” we all shouted, “It’s the Garda!” (The Garda Síochána are the Irish police), but they just laughed. “A sing-song then?” one asked. “Let your man here play. He can do anything.” And for a full hour, he did. Beatles and R.E.M. to Oasis and the Killers, your man the non-Garda played everything. And the crowd grew to 30, then 35—college students, kids in pajamas, old folks and families, standing in the middle of Shop Street at three o’clock in the morning, singing. And then, all at once, everyone went home.

Retelling the story, it strikes me as odd that my “real Irish singsong” featured no Irish music and that the most “Irish” experience I had didn’t feature stone fences, sheep or the Irish language. But now I read Joyce and Yeats with completely different eyes, and that helps, I think. Only a very strange and specific set of circumstances—tectonic movements, migration, colonialism, famine, revolution—could produce an island like the Republic of Ireland. I don’t pretend to understand the country completely, but at least I know what it feels like. At least now, I can read it.

## Internship Debrief: *The Onion*

By Lara Avery ‘10

Ask any student of Creative Writing: there’s nothing like the challenge of a good cover letter. Then ask them if they got the job, and they will become sad. Which is why, when I began the “Dear Sir or Madam” for an editorial internship at *The Onion*, I gave myself a whole week. I thought it was going to be just another opportunity to relish how artfully I could weave my accomplishments, dreams, and office skills into one succinct anecdote. I drew a little *Onion* symbol on the envelope the day the application was due, sent it off, and immediately began to drink beer.

By some grace of the literary gods of the cosmos, I was also drinking beer when city editor Christopher Bahn called to schedule an interview. I was lying on a towel on Hidden Beach in Minneapolis, interchanging sips of warm Summit with overly ripe grapes. Did you see how I just put two local references in that sentence? That’s why they hired me.

The internship is not actually writing for *The Onion*. That’s just what I want everyone to think so I sound cool. It’s with The AV Club, the arts and entertainment section, and within that it is with The AV Club Twin Cities, which covers all things

musical, artistic, and super trendy about St. Paul/Minneapolis. I don’t get to satirize anything, but I do get to write snarky reviews for their website. I also get free stuff, like concert tickets, and I get to hang out at *The Onion* offices in the warehouse district. Most importantly, my name is printed in every issue. It is very small, but pulsating with vast potential on the lips of every human in the greater metro area—if they should happen to look in the back, in the far right corner, under “staff.”

## On the Road to Mac (cont.)

It wasn't until my third year at college that I found he had been deported. Sent away, only to walk back with his brothers. If he had stayed, I'd be asking for pesos, washing cars at stop lights. My family, even in México, is a humble one.

But why am I here, at Mac? And further in the English Department? Well, how else could I tell my father's story? Politically, I could say my father's just a statistic, like my mother. And I suppose if we were looking under a framework of American Studies, one could say I am only a fragment of diaspora.

I don't say I'm an English major; I say I study English. And it's true, that's all I've done; try to find ways to exist in words; keep the tradition of storytelling.

My mother often tells the story of

when she met my father. She is a candid woman and immediately refused him, on account that he looked too thin and malnourished. And my father knew this wasn't going to change. Though he persisted, my mother continued to date other men.

She found a man who fit her type; a rebellious, dirty drunk who had other girls calling him. But my mom was supposed to be his above-all. And she agreed to his offer, until she found him kissing another girl, right in front of her house. And from then on, she chose to be with my father.

My father, on the other hand, didn't have a reason to persist, except to persist. That's all he had done, raising his brothers, working part-time, high school grinding, and training as a mechanic. He had languages to learn, jobs to figure, a life both

invisible and real. My father's instinctual nature led him somehow to believe my mother could reciprocate what he felt.

So, after pondering my father's story and response to my question: What college do I choose? What do I study? He said, Choose your school like you choose your love. You'll be with it forever, and you'd feel damned if you don't.



## Macbeth's Violence, Re-imagined

By Marissa Bianco '12

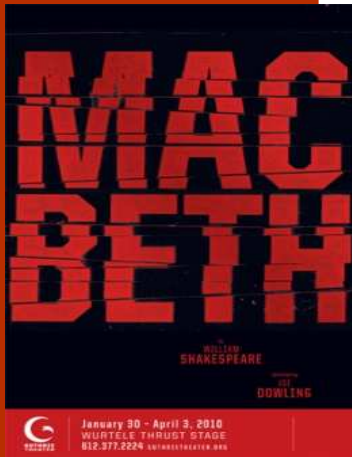
The Guthrie's production of Macbeth is still as gruesome and violent as ever, but in an unexpected setting. The set is gloomy and apocalyptic, with piles of indiscriminate rubble lining the edges of the stage. The first scene hits the audience with full force, guns are fired, and soldiers fall screaming into the shadows, making one feel as if they stumbled into a WWII flick

instead of into one of the Bard's most famous tragedies. This kind of displacement sets the tone for most of the play. Lady Macbeth

broods on a couch in her white leisure suit as Macbeth stomps around in his army fatigues. I was inclined to forget exactly what I was seeing until hearing Shakespeare's unmistakable Elizabethan diction. The exact temporal setting of the play was muddled by some inconsistencies in the costumes and props. The soldiers' uniforms were clearly from the 40's, but there was also an art deco couch and at one point Macbeth dons medieval chain mail.

Despite these discrepancies, the elements that make Macbeth so profoundly dark and disturbing were still there. The Weird Sisters

are compellingly creepy. Lady Macbeth is wonderfully contemptible and Macbeth is just down-right crazy. The most haunting scene in the play is when a series of child-ghosts appear to warn Macbeth of his future. Seeing the children splattered with blood and speaking in raspy adult voices, sent shivers down one's spine. Although there are inconsistencies, overall the integrity and spirit of the play was preserved. As always, it's not one for the faint of heart.



# Facing Conflict in the Amazon (cont.)

So, what am I doing here? Well, right now I am trying desperately not to itch the massively swollen bites I have all over my legs. At the same time, I'm working as a volunteer for Amazon Watch and researching and campaigning against a major Canadian oil company that is in the beginning phases of a 30-year oil exploration project. Amazon Watch is a U.S.-based non-profit that works to protect the Amazon rainforest and advance the rights of indigenous people of the Amazon.

The oil company, called Ivanhoe Energy, signed a contract with the government of Ecuador in October 2008 and began constructing its first well in January 2010. Ivanhoe's Pungarayacu project is the largest oil exploration project the region has ever seen. So far they have one oil well in the town of Nueva Esperanza, which is about 20 minutes north of Tena. In the first three years of the project, Ivanhoe will build four test wells to study the quality of the oil they find. After that, Ivanhoe's contract allows them to explore for oil in the 420-square-mile Pungarayacu oil field. The oil beneath the surface in this region of Ecuador is heavy oil, which means it's in solid rather than liquid form. The heavy nature of the oil makes it more difficult and costly to extract. The owner of Ivanhoe has been known to lack the capital to follow through with projects and at one point went bankrupt. Part of my research is on the financial risks of the project and finding out if Ivanhoe is in fact the good investment that they say they are.

Ivanhoe may not only be financially dubious, but the project is illegal for many reasons. Grynberg Petroleum Company based in Colorado previously surveyed the oil field, also known as Block 20, and decided not to do the project because they found that extracting heavy oil would be too costly. Grynberg was going to partner with Ivanhoe to use their new heavy-to-light technology, an extraction method that uses hot water

and sand to melt the heavy crude below the surface and turn it to light crude, or liquid. When Grynberg backed out of the project, Ivanhoe decided to go ahead and sign a contract with the Ecuadorian government, despite having illegally obtained the plans for Block 20 from Grynberg. And this is only one reason why Ivanhoe's presence here is illegal.

Ecuador is the only country whose constitution gives rights to nature. Article 14 of the constitution is titled the "Right to a clean environment," and declares that it is of public interest to preserve the environment, ecosystems, and biodiversity and to prevent harm to the environment. With brand-new oil drilling technology and a horrible history of contamination, Ivanhoe's chances of contaminating the rivers and soil are high. The region is at risk of losing its most prized resources. The rivers are integral to daily life and survival of communities, and they attract tourists. Communities depend on healthy soil to grow cacao and other products, which they sell for a living.

The Pungarayacu project is taking place in the middle of a UNESCO Biosphere Reserve called Sumaco National Park. Surely if U.N. representatives who designate biosphere reserves came to visit the oil well and saw the massive tractors and machinery and poisonous residue leaking into the soil, they would not approve. If Super America decided to start drilling for oil in the Boundary Waters, would the U.S. government let them?

In the month that I've been in Tena I have attended a workshop for local government authorities on environmental laws, I've been to a community meeting, I've interviewed neighbors, civil authorities, tour

guides and NGO workers and I've researched the financial and environmental risks of the Ivanhoe project. I've actually found that sometimes the quickest and arguably most reliable source of information is gossip. Yes, pure word of mouth gossip.

It's not hard to get inside information on Ivanhoe's actions when Tena is a small town where everyone is related in some way. This also means that most people know someone who either works for Ivanhoe, works in the government, or lives in a community where Ivanhoe is putting a well. To cite one source, I've been told on various occasions that Ivanhoe is negotiating directly with communities where they have well sites, trying to give out jobs and a new road in exchange for permission to put in an additional well. A new well would not be accounted for by the environmental impact report, and all negotiations must go through the state not directly to the communities, according to Ecuadorian law. The state manages Ivanhoe handouts, like money to build a school, to ensure that communities receive proper compensation and Ivanhoe doesn't manipulate them.

Gossip is far more reliable than most politicians I've talked to. Most say they are against Ivanhoe, but I find out later that some are having private negotiations with the company.

Last Friday I went out to Archidona, the town closest to the community where the first Ivanhoe well is located. While I was expecting to go to a community meeting about Ivanhoe, the meeting never actually happened (this is very typical). In the process of wondering around the Municipal building to find the meeting, I stumbled into the office of the Director of Sustainable Development for the town. I thought it was a little strange when his notebook had the Ivanhoe

***"Gossip is far more reliable than most politicians I've talked to."***

## Facing conflict in the Amazon (cont.)

logo on the cover, but I let it go. He and I talked for at least an hour about sustainable alternatives to oil drilling. He

told me he wanted to collaborate with me in doing a workshop for communities about the environmental consequences of oil drilling and the sustainable alternatives. Great! Couldn't be better! Let's do it! That is what I was thinking in my head. Well, in the back of my head I knew I shouldn't get too excited because

every other politician

I thought was on the right side of things turned out to be receiving money from Ivanhoe. Sure enough when I was waiting to speak to the mayor of Archidona some municipal workers and I were chatting about Ivanhoe. When I told them about my conversation with the Director of Sustainable Development they raised

their eyebrows: "He said he was against Ivanhoe?" they said, shaking their heads to confirm my suspicion that he was yet another corrupt politician. They explained to me that the more he speaks out against them, the more they pay him to keep his mouth shut. He takes the money gladly.

There seems to be a moral gap in the notion of opposing the company among politicians here. The only genuine opposition I've found is among people with no political power. But no one wants to take a stand because they are afraid of what the government, which supports Ivanhoe, will do. This leads me to think that 1) opposition for the Ivanhoe project needs to be a grassroots effort of people directly affected by the company. and 2) grassroots activism here must exist without political support or affiliation with any political person or groups.

The latest step we've made is

that community members of Nueva Esperanza, where Ivanhoe is currently extracting oil, have said they are against the project and they are being lied to by Ivanhoe. They want our help in putting on a workshop to educate the entire community about the environmental risks of the project. If people here begin to understand the gravity of the situation before the river is too contaminated to swim in, we can hopefully gather enough support to make a statement. You can follow my work in Tena on my blog site: [http://www.thechocolatelifelife.com/group/tenadiaries?xg\\_source=msg\\_wel\\_group](http://www.thechocolatelifelife.com/group/tenadiaries?xg_source=msg_wel_group)

If you, too, are concerned about saving the rainforest, you can donate to the cause at [www.amazonwatch.org](http://www.amazonwatch.org) or check out the site for news and press releases.



The river seen from a foot-bridge that joins the two sides of town on its shores. The island in the middle is an Amazonian park that protects native animals for tourists to see. Picture by Emily Howland '09.



**Author Julia Alvarez (*In the Time of the Butterflies, How the García Girls Lost Their Accents*)**

### March Babes

March 1, 1914- Ralph Ellison  
 March 2, 1904- Dr. Seuss  
 March 12, 1922- Jack Kerouack  
 March 24, 1919- Lawrence Ferlinghetti  
 March 25, 1939- Toni Cade Bambara  
 March 25, 1925- Flannery O'Connor  
 March 26, 1911- Tennessee Williams  
 March 26, 1874- Robert Frost  
 March 27, 1950- Julia Alvarez

## Poet's Corner

**Yucca Mountain, Wisconsin**, by Keith Armstrong '12

Celeste, how was it that we, once so naked and pure—even innocent—were now clinging to the treeline at two a.m. with six bearded anarchists, slinking away from the taillights of a parked cop car,

And was it through any fault of our own that the best place to swim during an El Niño summer was in the surf down by the nuclear power plant where the water that tempered the heat of the reaction was released into the lake?

You'd come from Ohio to Sheboygan to study art, turning plastic garbage bags into tapestries, finding beauty where nobody else was even looking, looking through clear eyes reflecting the lake reflecting the stars back into my eyes,

*“And I know  
that  
everything has  
a lifespan but  
nothing ever  
disappears”*

And here you were now with a ragged group of gypsies who marched in twos and threes down the street singing doo-wop harmonies, clutching cheap beers and cigarettes as you showed us a few of the better things your adopted hometown had to offer,

And perhaps it was inevitable that we'd be staring at the same horizon that I stared at from behind countless high school bonfires, though we're now a hundred miles north and the fire to our backs is atomic,

And maybe if we just closed our eyes and breathed for a few minutes, we'd feel that we were in isolation, the air off the lake mocking nuclear winter, after-images of mushroom clouds burning into our retinas,

But for now we have our skinny-dipping selves splashing in the waves, unconcerned with the undertow, like children in wartime setting off firecrackers from rooftops,

Then suddenly we spot a security guard on the floodlit catwalk above and can only laugh (what better way to go then with a bang?) as we pull together our clothing and hop back over the fence to sit on a breakwall and redress,

But even now this memory decays, denatured as it reaches its half-life, and your features blend back into the night sky reflected in the water,

And I know that everything has a lifespan but nothing ever disappears, and some day when my memory seeps away into the groundwater, I'll crawl deep into Yucca Mountain and come back out with this...

## We Like to Read...



Alice Anigacz '10

## Seven All-Time Top Picks

By Alice Anigacz '10

*Cloud Atlas*, David Mitchell  
This puzzle in a book is actually a series of six nested stories spanning multiple time periods and locations. It even goes into the future! Mitchell's genius shows not only in his ability to create such distinct character voices and rich settings, but in his ability to create rewarding but not suffocating connections between the characters' stories. This novel is an inspiration for all of my writing.

*The Brief Wondrous Life of Oscar Wao*, Junot Diaz  
The beauty! The beauty! Never before (and never again, I suspect) has a book so littered with political history and footnotes (which occasionally go on for pages at a time) actually brought me to tears. If you don't sympathize with Oscar's plight, then I put a fukú on you.

*All the King's Men*, Robert Penn Warren  
"Lois looked edible, and you know it was tender all the way through, a kind of mystic combination of filet mignon and a Georgia peach aching for the tongue and ready to bleed gold." Enough said.

*Dirty Snow*, Georges Simenon  
Definitely not a mood-lifter. As I followed Camus' journey from troubled youth to prisoner in Nazi-occupied France, I had to remind myself that simply because he was on a chaotic philosophical journey did not mean that his murders or sexual crimes were excused. This book is internal struggle.

*The Solitaire Mystery*, Jostein Gaarder  
*The Solitaire Mystery* is actually considered to be a young adult novel, and it tricks the reader into engaging in philosophical

thought without mentioning specific theories or philosophers. And it's not nearly as long as Gaarder's other novel: *Sophie's World*. It's a win, win.

*Gould's Book of Fish*, Richard Flanagan  
I have never seen this book in all its artistic glory; the original edition features reproduced sketches of fish and each section is printed in a different shade of ink. Still, the sheer bookishness and the art of the language shine through to make this a book that I can only describe as phantasmagorical.

*The Feast of Love*, Charles Baxter  
The essential love story/ies of our time. The prose and plot are simple and clean. The characters seem to set their own trajectories throughout the book. Baxter truly makes it seem effortless. And he's a Mac grad.



## FIVE STUDENTS REPRESENT MAC AT ACTC

On Friday, February 26, five students represented Macalester at the 2010 Associated Colleges of the Twin Cities (ACTC) English Majors' Conference. This annual conference brings together some of the best work by English majors from all five ACTC colleges (Augsburg College, Hamline University, Macalester College, St. Catherine University, and the University of St. Thomas). From left to right, James Jannicelli represented Macalester in American literature, Anna Waggener in world literature, Anna Joranger in creative writing, Abby Seeskin in British literature, and Steve Sedlak in film studies and literary theory.



VOLUME 1, ISSUE 5

# River Journal, Day 4

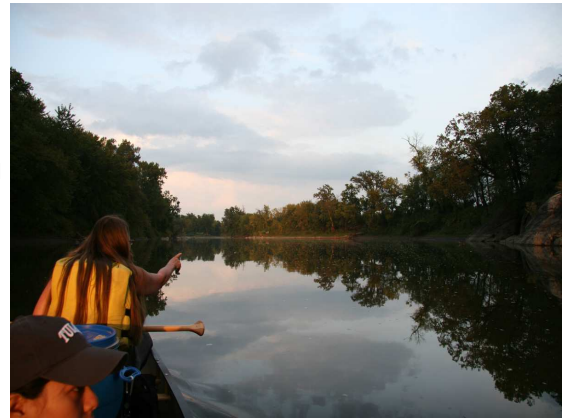
In September, students in Wang Ping's ENGL 194 class, "Rivers, Humans and Environmental Justice" went on a four-day canoe trip on the Minnesota River. This is the fourth day of the journal Leigh Bercaw '12, wrote during the trip. Please see the November, December, and February issues for the previous three days.

9.14

It feels strange to be back. I don't like this whole not canoeing thing. Everything here is rushed and dull, and I miss the sun. But no trip lasts forever, right? It's amazing

how quickly you can make friends. I feel really close to these people even though it's only been three days.

Whenever I'm confronted with environmental tragedy, I become hopeless. The more I study about how to fix things, the more I realize they're nearly impossible to fix, even if the solution's simple—because often it comes up against some kind of fundamental societal thing, or human nature. There's something desperate in environmental movements, a plea for people to try to understand or something, but it always feels very fragile and needy. Which is not necessarily a bad thing, but it



somehow makes it less practical. Ha-ha! That's kind of how I feel off the river—fragile and needy. Like a blown glass constellation, waiting to be shattered. It was a good trip.

## MACALESTER'S VERY OWN INTERNATIONAL ENGLISH HONORS SOCIETY CHAPTER!

Macalester is starting its own International English Honors Society chapter! Macalester's Chapter (Alpha Roh Theta) held its first meeting on February 18<sup>th</sup> and a variety of potential chapter activities were discussed, from on campus readings, Twin Cities Literary events and workshops with published authors to humanities related service projects. If you are interested in helping to start this exciting new organization at Mac contact Natalie Owens-Pike at [nowenspi@macalester.edu](mailto:nowenspi@macalester.edu) or Marissa Bianco at [mbianco@macalester.edu](mailto:mbianco@macalester.edu) for more information.

## Peter Bognanni

### Public Readings of "The House of Tomorrow"

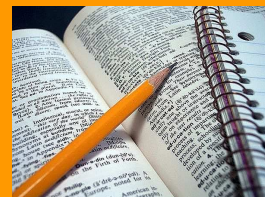
Thursday, March 4  
7:00pm - 9:00pm

Barnes & Noble at the Galleria  
3225 W. 69th St.  
Edina

Wednesday, March 10  
7:00pm - 8:00pm

Garden Room  
Normandale Community College  
9700 France Ave. South  
Bloomington  
(with John Jodzio)

**APPLYING TO GRAD SCHOOL?**  
Don't forget: the Critchett Fund will reimburse all of your application expenses, including testing fees, up to \$300. Please visit [www.macalester.edu/english/critchett](http://www.macalester.edu/english/critchett) for full details or ask the Department Coordinator, Anna Brailovsky.



# ENGLISH

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## HAPPENINGS:

Submit your creative writing & art to Chanter!  
Due March 5th: [chanterful@gmail.com](mailto:chanterful@gmail.com)

Friday, March 5th: Spring Reading with Carolyn Forché at Hamline University *Soren Hall Dining Rooms A & B*, 7:30 pm

Saturday, March 6th: “Mac versus U of M” poetry slam competition at : *suggested donation: \$5*. Open Mic: 7:30 PM; Slam starts at 8

Treatz: Come to the English Department Lounge every Wednesday from 5-7 pm for food and fun!

Visit [www.macalester.edu/english/news](http://www.macalester.edu/english/news) for the latest announcements and back issues

## Spring is Coming!



Hi, we're still your Cruise Directors. We've just grown in size! Do you have any questions that you would like to ask us? We will try our best to answer *everything* you throw at us. Although, we're not exactly sure when it will get warmer. It's coming! Don't be shy to come by the Department Lounge. We're waiting for *you*.

Contact us at:

[ajoranger@macalester.edu](mailto:ajoranger@macalester.edu), [mbataine@macalester.edu](mailto:mbataine@macalester.edu),  
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