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A Welcome Note from Daylanne English

With the help of wonderful search committee student members, Kelsey Shanesy and Michael Ferut, the Macalester English department had an immensely successful outcome to our 2009-2010 search for a faculty member specializing in Literary Theory. We are thrilled to be welcoming Nathan Hensley as our newest colleague and professor; Nathan will begin as an Assistant Professor in the English department Fall 2010.

Nathan has a BA in English from Vassar College, and an MA in English from Notre Dame University. He completed his PhD in 2009 at Duke University, where he is currently a Postdoctoral Fellow. He is also Assistant Editor of the scholarly journal *NOVEL: A Forum on Fiction*. His dissertation, *Forms of Empire: Law, Violence, and the Poetics of Victorian Power*, focused on literary form to demonstrate that a number of Victorian writers not nec-



essarily closely associated with political theorizing, such as Swinburne and Trollope, actually had a sustained theoretical and political engagement with the problem of violence that accompanied the processes of modern empire. He concludes that these authors' literary forms operate as literary and political theory.

Nathan's essay "Armada and the Logic of Liberalism" appeared in the Summer 2009 issue of the leading journal *Victorian Studies*, and he has presented a number of papers at scholarly confer-

ences, including the most prominent in his areas of expertise, such as the Modern Language Association and Modernist Studies conferences. He is also the recipient of a number of fellowships and awards, including Duke's competitive university-wide teaching fellowship and a Mellon/American Council of Learned Societies (ACLS) dissertation fellowship; he is, as well, a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

Nathan's research and teaching interests include literary theory, Victorian literature and political writing, Continental critical theory, aesthetics, and postcolonial theory. Next year, Nathan will be teaching two courses on literary and cultural theory (one in the fall and one in the spring) as well our introductory *Drama* course (Fall 2010) and *Victorian Literature* (Spring 2011). Please join us in welcoming Nathan warmly to Macalester and the English department.

An English Major's Thoughts on Graduation

By Grace Geiger '10

Everyone's asking —What are you doing after graduation? Do you have any big plans? Do you have a job? In all honesty, I have a few possible ideas, but none of them are very impressive. In today's economy, it takes a lot of patience. There is no one waiting

anxiously at your doorstep to you give you the perfect job, whether it be in publishing, blogging, journalism—you name it. With a shortage of clear-cut professions for those of us who love to write, it takes some hard work and optimism to get what you want. And even with both, it may take a while.

True, there is always grad school, but that is not a decision that I personally take lightly. School is expensive, and unless I see some immediate benefit, like a job, resulting from grad school, I don't want to be putting myself in further debt, only to be competing for the same number of

(con't on p. 5)

Hard Bargain: Studying Abroad in Italy



By Nathan Young '11

On my second night in Florence I decide to walk through the markets. The sun has just set and the street lamps are turning on. All the vendors have lit their lanterns, shining bright light over their cheap merchandise.

I join the herd of people mulling in the street. We're surrounded: the vendors take up entire streets, on both sides, with their carts gaping, cov-

ered with ties and scarves and mirrors and cheap jewelry, purses, wallets, knickknacks, and Carnivale masks. I don't want to buy anything, not this night. I just want to see the people and the cheap things for sale. Besides, I only have 20 euro.

Almost immediately I see a man standing alone between two carts. His arms are behind his back and his eyes twitch across the crowd. He sees me and I see him and he walks towards me and reveals his hand; he has maybe five or six watches in his fist with the straps hanging over like an octopus. He starts speaking Italian. Just for fun I ask, *quanto*.

—*Quale?* he asks.

I point to a big-faced classy one with a silver body, black straps, and an ocean blue face with gold numbers that just barely glint in the lamplight. I can't spot the brand, but it's a

beauty.

—*Ottantacinque*, he says.

I furrow my brow, squint my eyes and tilt my head.

—Eighty-five, he says. Eight, five. Eighty-five.

I shake my head and chuckle.

—No, I tell him.

—Okay, okay, you come here, he says with a bad English accent, leading me behind the carts onto the sidewalk. I see three other men huddled together, each with a white sheet hoisted together like a bag. Whatever is inside bulges through the cloth like tumors. They're looking anxiously around, they seem nervous.

This might be a bad scene, I realize. But not bad enough to leave, not yet, because it's a sexy watch and this guy is already lowering the price. I still don't have the money for

(con't on p. 9)

Internship Debrief

Headwaters Foundation for Justice

By Maggie Brunk '12

Headwaters Foundation for Justice has its offices on 21st Avenue, right off Lake Street. The building, an eco-friendly complex, houses a variety of environmental and social justice organizations. Several blocks from Headwaters, on the intersection of South 28th Avenue and East Lake Street, a public library with

large glass windows and a certain familiar elegance stands in stark contrast to the pawnshop across the street with its gaudy blue sign. Driving to Headwaters on a Friday morning several weeks ago, I saw fire trucks and police cars surrounding a building; the smoke was thick, but the flames were gone. The last fire I saw was in rural Wisconsin

when my neighbor's barn burned down. When I read the Star Tribune the next day, I learned that three children and three adults were killed in the fire.

I was in Minneapolis by chance over winter break when I was called for an interview with Headwaters for the writing

(con't on p. 8)

New Zealand: Come Visit Us Down Underer!

By Jeff Henebury '11

I should preface this letter with a confession: I missed my booked flight to New Zealand. I showed up at Boston's Logan Airport on a Wednesday, all cheerful and excited and ready for some meaningful worldly experience, only to be told that my flight had left on a Tuesday. A Tuesday that was a full twenty-four hours earlier. When the check-in counter lady informed me that the ticket would probably not be refundable, I learned my first important lesson about traveling: no one wants to see a 21-year old boy cry at the airport.

Thanks largely to my tears the airline relented and booked me a new flight for later in the day. But in many ways this incident is emblematic of my time here. I am not an adept study abroad-er. My progress towards achieving basic human competency in a foreign country has been slow. A ten-second attention span combined with a complete lack of common sense has gotten me lost down more dimly lit back alleys than you would think could exist on such a small island. I can now manage to drive on the left side of the road without hitting any curbs or old ladies, but I consistently stumble down sets of escalators—these move in the opposite direction, too. I also continue to hold doors open for people. This is apparently both uncommon and unwanted: by the unanimous looks of contempt I receive, Kiwis seem to rank unsolicited kindness somewhere alongside slugs and public indecency. New Zealand is a small Western country that is physically nowhere near the Western world: young people here watch and emulate American television, but they are too far away to visit and realize that American life is not as exciting as *Jerry Springer* and



Jersey Shore make it out to be. "How many guns do you have?" and "Have you named your abdominal muscles like 'The Situation'?" are viewed as legitimate questions to ask an American.

But the physical remoteness comes with a major perk. New Zealand is beautiful. Jaw-dropping-ly, silence inducing-ly, "How-the-hell-can-I-capture-this-on-my-camera" beautiful. There are rain forests and glaciers and mountains that have just the right amount of snow on top. Rainbows and waterfalls show up sporadically, seemingly out of nowhere, making already much too pretty scenery almost comically over the top gorgeous. It's almost as if nature is trying *too hard* here: after the twelfth rainbow or so, you start being reminded of the nerdy third grader who always shot for "A++" instead of boring old "A+". At a certain point, it's just showing off.

As for classes: they are quite different. New Zealand has developed what they call 'Tall Poppy Syndrome.' The 'tall poppies' are any individuals who try to express themselves differently or assert individual talent. In such a circumstance the rest of the population is kind enough to cut them down to regular size. It is homogeneousness gone mad-- American high schools

look tame by comparison. For young Kiwis this applies to sports, fashion, hobbies, and above all, school. A typical exchange in my American Fiction class:

Professor: 'The sixties were a very important time in American history. Can anyone tell me what happened in the 1960s in America? Anyone?'

Class of nearly 100 upperclassmen: ...

Professor: 'Anyone? Anything at all?'

Class: ...

Professor: '...Please?'

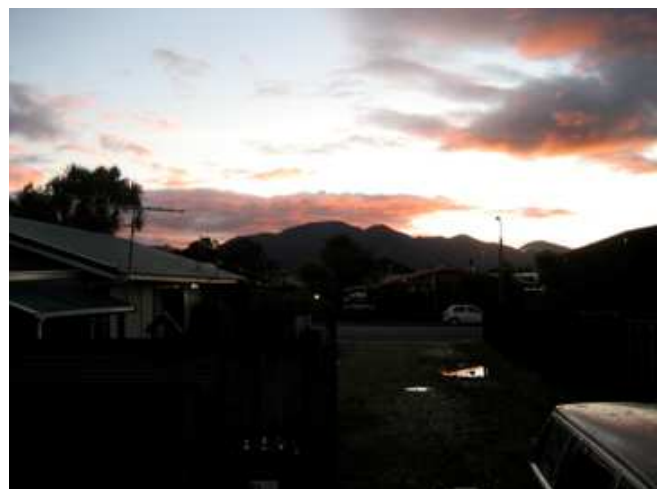
Me or some other American, raising a tentative hand: 'Hippies?'

Professor (nearly in tears of joy): 'Yes. That is exactly right. Hippies happened. Thank you. Thank you so much.'

So while extremely good for my self-esteem, the level of dialogue is a little below what I've grown to expect and appreciate at Mac. Equally interesting are the Creative Writing courses. The class consensus of my Playwriting course is that if time travel and murderous robots are not involved in a story, that story is kind of wasting everyone's time. I am trying to adapt to this

(con't on p. 4)

"One piece of advice for future study abroad-ers. A totally predictable but still unfortunate fact is that no matter how much fun you are having, you are occasionally going to feel homesick. And not just a little homesick, but a serious, sudden, sucker-punch-to-the-belly hurt at just how different everything is, even if everyone speaks English, even if you can still watch Oprah."



Library Daze: An Alum Discusses her Career

By Rachel Hall '05

Like many graduates of the English Department, I left Macalester with visions of my future as a hotshot Editorial Assistant in New York City. But after three years and several unpaid internships -- including the one spent working under a seventy-year-old megalomaniacal literary agent who wore his Fendi fur coat through the Vermont summers -- I decided librarianship was more up my alley. In 2008, I enrolled in the Master program at the University of Iowa School of Library and Information Science.

What I realized is this: librarians are awesome! Some of them tie their hair back in buns, some of them are pierced and tattooed, but they're all interested in provid-

ing you with access to information and protecting your intellectual freedom.

In mid-March, I was able to return to Macalester for the 4th Annual Library Technology Conference, which drew over 400 librarians from as far away as Alberta, Canada and Glasgow, Scotland. While librarianship initially attracted me because of its connection to books and reading, I've come to love the creative and innovative applications librarians are finding for information technologies. At the conference, fellow graduate student Angela Murillo and I presented a hands-on workshop called "Second Life and Twitter for Libraries: Virtual Tools for Building Local and Global Networks." Other conference sessions addressed Google

Apps, Open Source Software, Social Media and Wikipedia.

My current projects include working in teen services at the Iowa City Public Library, co-founding and editing "B Sides: the Journal of the University of Iowa School of Library and Information Science" (ir.uiowa.edu/bsides), and blogging at Librarian in a Banana Suit (bananasuitlibrarian.com). In May, I'll matriculate from the University of Iowa and start looking for that dream job making blogs, mashups and remixes with teenagers in a state-of-the-art public library computer lab.

Next time you stop by the DeWitt Wallace Library, tell them you heard they put on a killer conference!



New Zealand: Come Visit Us Down Under! (cont.)

new standard: I haven't gotten much past the title yet, but everyone in my class agrees that "Murderbots IV: FROM SPACE!!!" sounds much more interesting than any of my previous works.

One piece of advice for future study abroad-ers. A totally predictable but still unfortunate fact is that no matter how much fun you are having, you are occasionally going to feel homesick. And not just a little homesick, but a serious, sudden, sucker-punch-to-the-belly hurt at just how *different* everything is, even if everyone speaks English, even if you can still watch *Oprah*. Or sometimes it's just an unexpected

reminder of how alone you are. A fellow student from Texas had been in Dunedin (our city) for nearly three weeks and was dealing with everything just fine. She decided to celebrate her successful settling in by getting a public library card. But when the librarian asked her for the address of an alternate contact, and she realized that she couldn't name a single address besides her own in the whole country—scratch that, the whole *continent*—she had to excuse herself to go cry in the bathroom. She hasn't been back to the library since.

To avoid this, stay busy. Sign up for the University's free Yoga N' Medita-

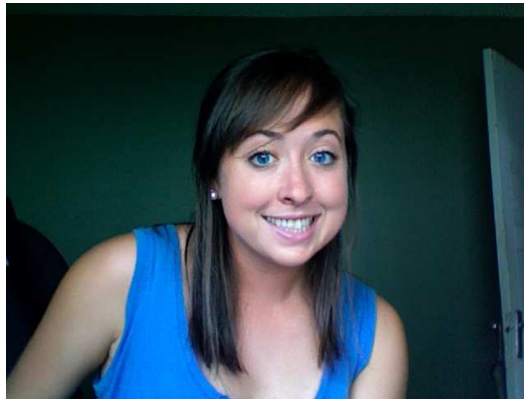
tion club. Take that flyer for Beginner's Salsa lessons, and then actually force yourself to go to the Beginner's Salsa lessons. If someone tells you that they're hitchhiking to an Exotic Cheese festival halfway across the country, ask them, "What time are we leaving?" Grab that monstrosity of a novel that you've always eyed but have always been way too busy or intimidated to start: David Foster Wallace's *Infinite Jest*, Roberto Bolaño's *2666*, Thomas Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow*. Perhaps all three if you're a *really* cool kid. And if all else fails, go ask nature to see a rainbow or three. You might be surprised by the response.

An English Major's Thoughts on Graduation (cont.)

limited jobs. Not to say grad school is a bad idea—for many people it is the right one, but for English majors I think it is important to think about what you might want to do with your masters or even PhD once you get it.

One of the biggest problems/benefits of Macalester is that you come out of it feeling like you're special, meant for greatness. The good news is that you truly are special in that you've been given a fantastic education and you've learned how to think critically. Bad news—a lot of us think we are too good for the jobs that are available, such as a receptionist job, or simply waiting tables. In today's economy, sometimes you've got to bite the bullet to pay the bills, but you should never give up your aspirations.

Sometimes it feels like everyone is in such a rush to die! Hurry, hurry, get a job, get married, get a car, have kids, quick quick quick! But what's the hurry? Life moves so fast, you have to enjoy the process, and that includes difficult transitions at times. Usually that is when you learn the most



“Sometimes it feels like everyone is in such a rush to die! Hurry, hurry, get a job, get married, get a car, have kids, quick quick quick! But what's the hurry? “

—Grace Geiger '10

about yourself anyway. Relax, enjoy your youth, and don't worry so much! (Is it just me that has panic attacks?) You can't predict the future anyway. Isn't it almost 2012? The Mayan apocalypse could be in a year for all you know.

I try not to think of temporary idleness post-graduation as a defeat, but rather as a chance for me to discover where I can best use my intellectual energy. It's good to take some time after school to sort out your brain and detach from academia. I feel confident in my abilities; I just have to

find the right place that works for me. Sometimes it's not just about a title, like “head editor.” It's about the cause or the organization you work for. For example, I am very passionate about healthy cooking, using local and organic ingredients. Maybe I could find a way to incorporate my writing skills into that movement. English majors have an advantage in that they are flexible. So, I say, don't be afraid, but check your pride at the door. There is a world of possibilities for English majors; it just takes patience, passion, and a little creativity.

Seniors Honored for their Outstanding Work

Congratulations are in order for some outstanding graduating seniors who will be receiving the following awards at the Academic Prizes and Awards Ceremony on May 14:

The Academy of American Poets College Poetry Prize:

Benjamin Voigt, first prize
Sara Graybeal, honorable mention

The Harry Sherman Writing Award:

Daniel Soto, poetry
Jeffrey Bennet, prose
Celeste Prince, prose
Abby Seeskin, literary essay

The Bennet Cerf Prize:

James Jannicelli

The Livingston-Patnode Prize:

Matthew Thrasher

The Wendy Parrish Poetry Award:

Ryan Dzelzkalns

The Lowell Thomas Prize:

Anna Joranger

The F. Earl Ward Prize:

Hannah Lamb
Steven Sedlak

Poet's Corner

In recognition of some of Macalester's talented writers, this month's poetry corner features poems by three award-winners from this year's poetry contests.

Northwood Chargers, by Sara Graybeal

Watch a boys' soccer game, lights igniting a green pitch, voices urgent and taut in the night and scream *go team*, go like any ordinary day, still tied at zero with our pride intact until facts begin trickling like tears on dirty cheeks about rob, suspended for an empty whiskey bottle and a knife tucked inside the dashboard; he'll be back to school but no more soccer for him and there goes college, we're all guessing, until someone gets the nerve to ask his mother. Say we're okay in the offense, p.j. can head the ball now he knows not to catch it and throw and we'll be almost back to normal when antonio's done burying his uncle, who died engulfed in flames under "mysterious conditions," curled in ashes of the trailer that he'd hoped to pay off, and nothing *mysterious* about that. Repeat the goalie's gotten better, nate and junior can hold the halfbacks and thank god luis is back, only missed the day they called his name over the intercom, sped him out to the new truck where they told him, father's hand trembling on the gear stick, about the funeral they'd miss in mexico, how his brother lay in flowers and someday they'd see his grave. Two years later luis will go – senior season complete, third in the state – and walk the streets and wonder who owns that pistol now, who was hired to slaughter the boy with the caramel eyes that he remembers in his brother. But his parents will stay in their little house putting the babies through school, and this field, encased in light, these hoarse boy shouts and the ball, solid in the back of the net, this is the closest they will ever come to home.

"he hears that the first novel is usually the most personal, the one the author is closest to, and he wonders what others will think of him for it and how it will end."

The Novel of Tree Branches, by Ben Voigt

Sometime after his sixteenth birthday, he is lying in the woods, looking up at tree branches (in winter, in fall, in summer, in spring) and thinking through the novel he wants to write or is writing in his head: he hears that the first novel is usually the most personal, the one the author is closest to, and he wonders what others will think of him for it and how it will end.

The Water Gardens, by Daniel Soto

I want to go back to the water gardens tonight
 Where I can climb down
 the falls and make
 Cold water warm
 And I hope my splash
 Says all the things I can't
 Cuz you make me fly around
 Words in my mind and
 My mouth just can't keep up

But it's a good thing, love
 Cuz I think too much
 But with you, I just want
 My fingers to learn
 Crust and follicles and bumps and lines
 Are all they need to know
 And all I want to study

I want to go back to the water gardens
 Where afterrain and
 Rice mix with pineapple skin
 And we walk on concrete slabs
 Forgetting bitter tobacco
 Seeing only shadows against froth

I want to go back to mi pueblo
 Where they call you mija
 At the table where we were un-hungry
 Where we saw your red blossom

In lit woods and missed winged
 Photography because it flew too fast
 And mothers drank with mom
 Chiming tin tops
 Til the rooster sang

Where we celebrated the crash of aluminum
 toys tumbling on almost crowded streets
 with 3 a.m. barbacoa and 5 a.m. thoughts

Where babes can never say their final good bye
 But only hasta luego and
 Let's talk boys next time

Where our palms
 Thread the roots of a garden
 Whose lilies bloom from trees

Where, where, where
 I grew
 too much
 To return
 Without you

The English Department wishes the best of luck to Jesse Fox, Sara Graybeal, Jeff Henebury, and Jeffrey Bennett, whose stories were selected to represent Macalester in the ACM Nick Adams Short Fiction Contest.

CONGRATULATIONS TO OUR GRADUATING SENIORS!

PLEASE DON'T FORGET TO GIVE YOUR PERMANENT EMAIL ADDRESS TO ANNA BRAILOVSKY BEFORE YOUR MAC ADDRESS EXPIRES!

YOU WILL FIND THE EMAIL SURVEY FORM IN YOUR IN-BOXES ON MONDAY MAY 3.

Internship Debrief:

Headwaters Foundation for Justice (cont.)

and marketing intern position. I accepted immediately, eager for a writing internship that would involve work with a non-profit. Headwaters Foundation for Justice is a philanthropic organization that gives grants to small grassroots organizations in the Twin Cities. As a human rights concentrator and an English major, an internship gave me access to the world of non-profits that seems so distant from everyday life at Macalester and an opportunity to write for a specific audience. On my first day, my supervisor told me to write a press release for the NCRP event. Back at my desk, I googled “NCRP” in a panic: “National Committee for Responsive Philanthropy.” Oh of course, I thought, defending my ignorance with sarcasm. It dawned on me that this internship would connect me to the Twin Cities and to

“My internship with Headwaters...has also acquainted me with parts of the Twin Cities that I would not otherwise have seen—an alternative high school in North Minneapolis, Rondo neighborhood in St. Paul, MayDay Café in Powderhorn Park.”

the outside world in general. Internships fill in the details of reality that college overlooks. Later in the week, I read Headwaters’ donor profiles, amazed at the number of small non-profit organizations in Minneapolis and St. Paul, some of which I recognized (the Ananya Dance Theatre, for example) and some of which were completely new to me (such as All Parks Alliance for Change, an organization defending residents of mobile home parks).

My internship with Headwaters has given me an opportunity to learn about the logistics of non-profit organizations and the structure of

grassroots community advocacy. It has also acquainted me with parts of the Twin Cities that I would not otherwise have seen—an alternative high school in North Minneapolis, Rondo neighborhood in St. Paul, MayDay Café in Powderhorn Park. While the press releases and grantee profiles I have written can be placed in a portfolio and experience with Windows Movie Maker and Constant Contact can be listed on a résumé, my personal discovery of the challenges facing communities in the Twin Cities and the non-profits working to help these communities has been equally valuable.

May Babes

May 7, 1812- Robert Browning

May 5, 1864- Nellie Bly

May 12, 1820- Florence Nightingale

May 22, 1859- Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

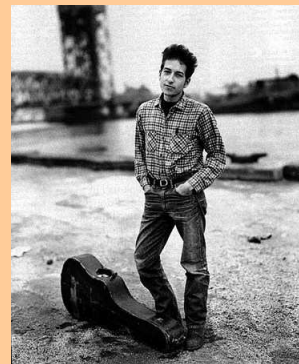
May 24th, 1941- Bob Dylan

May 25th, 1938 – Raymond Carver

May 25th, 1949- Jamaica Kincaid

May 29th, 1892- Alfonsina Storni

May 31st, 1819- Walt Whitman



**Bob Dylan, born
May 24, 1941**



Photos from
Nathan Young,
who is studying
abroad in
Florence.

Hard Bargain: Studying Abroad in Italy (cont.)

anything he's selling though. I decide it's time to leave.

—Seventy, he says.

I shake my head and tell him: *ho venti*.

He says seventy again and tells me it's a good deal because he's got a fist full of Rolexes and Gucci watches. I tell him I can't buy the watch, or any of the others. I don't have seventy euro, I have only 20.

—*Ho solo venti*.

His tongue clicks and he rubs his chin.

—No, no, no, no. Sixty.

—*Ho solo venti*, and I take a step back.

—Fifty, he says, and takes a step for-

ward.

—*Solo venti, scusa*. I shrug my shoulders, expecting him to leave. I don't have the money

—Forty, he says, clicking his tongue again.

—*Solo venti*. I put my hands up, thinking that'll be the end of it.

He paws at his chin with his free hand. He looks around and back to his friends with the bags and they nod, as if to say the price is still clear.

—*Ciao*, I tell him and turn the other way. He grabs my arm.

—Okay okay, Twenty. Gimme the twenty. It's been slow, bad night. You

first customer.

—Yeah? I ask.

—Twenty, *si*, only for you. You first customer. Slow night. Twenty.

He snatches the euro note out of my hand and brushes through his friends with the bulky sacks. He's in the street again, already eyeballing the next customer.

I wrap the watch around my wrist and it looks good. I thread through the thick crowd of tourists and Italians and I pass a big blue sign, about as tall as me. In Italian, French, German, and English it reads *It is illegal to buy and or sell counterfeit merchandise*. I guess I'm a Florentine criminal.

BON VOYAGE!

Micah Fowler and Lorin Leake have both been awarded the Ardis Hillman Wheeler Prize for International Study for fall 2010. Both students will be studying at King's College in London.

The Wheeler Prize is awarded to students on the basis of the educational goals essays submitted to the Study Away program and provides \$250 to help students with their travel expenses. If you are planning to study away next spring, please don't miss the opportunity to apply for the prize. Look out for an email from Anna about the prize in early December.

Congratulations to Emma Törzs '09!

In our February issue of the Waverley, we published a story called "Nail-Biting Time: An Alum Applies to Grad School" about a former student applying to MFA programs. At the time we kept the article anonymous because the writer hadn't yet heard back from programs. Now, however, we are pleased to announce that the writer was Emma Törzs '09, and she will be attending the University of Montana's MFA program this fall!

MacSlams Team Takes 3rd!

Congratulations to the MacSlams team for taking 3rd place (tied with the University of Minnesota!) in the 2010 National College Poetry Slam at Emerson College in Boston. Team members include Neil Hilborn (who won a “best persona piece” award for his slam poem “Carver”), Dylan Garity, Colin Welch, and Barbara Walkowiak.

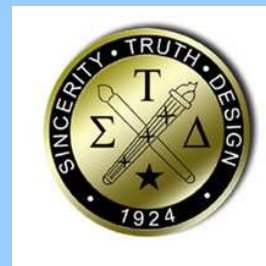


English Honors Society Growing Rapidly

Macalester’s chapter of the English Honors Society (Alpha Rho Theta) has grown significantly since its inception at the start of the semester. Members are still welcome! If you are eligible and have not yet submitted your dues, please contact Natalie Owens-Pike, Marissa Bianco or Anna Brailovsky before the semester is over.

Here’s a list of Alpha Rho Theta members:

- Kerry Alexander
- Keith Armstrong
- Marissa Bianco (chapter secretary)
- Margaret Brunk
- Grace Geiger
- Hannah Lamb
- Sarah Mintz
- Natalie Owens-Pike (chapter president)
- Gabriela Santiago



A Letter from the Editor

Dear readers,

I hope you have enjoyed the inaugural year of our department newsletter. Our fabulous editorial team and I have certainly enjoyed putting it together for you. But, of course, we could never have done it without your active participation, and so I would like to take this opportunity to shout out a great big thank you to all the extraordinary people who somehow—between saving the rainforest, teaching young children, and founding independent presses—still found the time and energy to share such beautiful, funny, touching, and informative pieces about their internships, their studies in far-away places, their jobs, and their anxieties about the future. To all of the students, alumni, and faculty who contributed articles to *The Waverley* this year: this has been largely your accomplishment and everyone in the English department is extremely proud of what you've done for our community spirit.



And speaking of community spirit, I want to add a very special thank you to the many wonderful students who have been so actively engaged in the life of the English department in various official and unofficial capacities. Throughout the year, we have called on majors to volunteer their precious time to represent the department at the Majors Fair; to meet with alumni during the Front Row advancement event; to share their experiences about internships and honors projects at info sessions; to play host and tour guide to visiting job candidates; and to take charge of our new honors society chapter, Alpha Rho Theta, among other things. I have been so impressed with how many of you were willing to step up to offer help. The students who deserve special thanks, in no particular order, are: Hannah Lamb, Jonathan Bernstein, Jeff Henebury, Wade Ekstrom, Anna Joranger, Matthew Thrasher, Grace Geiger, Daniel Soto, Celeste Prince, Katie Willingham, Neil Hilborn, Titus Levy, Tatiana Craine, Kelsey Shanese, Margaret Brunk, Michael Ferut, Ben Voigt, Marissa Bianco, and Natalie Owens-Pike. If I have left someone out, I'm terribly sorry. Please email me so I can add your name to the on-line version of this newsletter.

In addition, I would like to bestow the English Department Extraordinary Community Spirit award on Celeste Prince, for being part of the English Department in so many innumerable ways, bringing sunshine and good cheer to the 2nd floor hallway with her frequent visits, and actually lounging—on no special occasion—in the department lounge. Special spirit honors also go to Katie Willingham and Kaja Bergen for getting our first annual Literary Halloween Costume Party off to such a spectacular start (see November issue). I sincerely hope that their example will offer inspiration to everyone next October!

To those of you who are graduating, we will miss you. Please stay in touch and continue to share your stories with us here, and on our English Department Facebook page. To those who will be returning in the fall, I look forward to another year of getting to know you better.

Have a great summer everyone, and watch for the next issue of *The Waverley* in your email inbox in September.

Yours warmly,
Anna Brailovsky

To all the English Department student assistants—Anna Joranger, Marissa Bianco, Madi Bataineh, Katie Klos, Alyse Snyder, and Anastasia Boboshkina:

You're awesome. Thanks for all your hard work!

ENGLISH

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Ben Voigt
Nathan Young
Jeff Henebury
Maggie Brunk

Happenings:

Spring Majors Dinner, featuring readings by Kristin Naca and Brad Liening, Monday, May 3, 5:30-7:00 pm, in the Weyerhaeuser Board Room

Special Study Day treats: there will be food in the lounge all day long on Wednesday, May 5, for study day. Come and enjoy the sustenance and peace and quiet!

Seniors: make sure to bring your families to meet your favorite profs at the English Department commencement reception on Friday, May 14, at 5 pm in the Campus Center.

We're on Facebook! Fan us!

Hi, we're your Cruise Directors! Like you, we're ready for summer. But we'll still answer your questions! Please feel free to email us at: ajoranger@macalester.edu; mbataine@macalester.edu; mbianco@macalester.edu.

The English Department would like to give a fond farewell to top-notch editor Anna Joranger, who will be graduating in May, and a warm welcome to Jamie Luvarelli '13, Madeleine Disner '13, and Graham Sutherland '13, who will be joining the Waverley editorial team in the fall.

