

The Waverley

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Marlon James awarded International Honor

An enthusiastic congratulations to English Professor Marlon James for being awarded the Dayton Literary Peace Prize for his 2009 novel, *The Book of Night Women*.



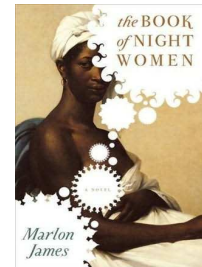
"Inspired by the 1995 Dayton Peace Accords that ended the war in Bosnia, The Dayton Literary Peace Prize is the only international literary peace prize awarded in the United States. The Prize celebrates the power of literature to promote peace and global understanding.

Winners receive a \$10,000 honorarium and runners-up receive

\$1,000. They will be honored at a ceremony hosted by award-winning journalist Nick Clooney on Sunday, November 7th at the Benjamin and Marian Schuster Performing Arts Center in Dayton, Ohio."

-Dayton Literary Peace Prize
Winners Press Release

"The Dayton Literary Peace Prize reminds us that the book is still our most eloquent tool to speak truth to power, and to bear witness to the good and not so good in human nature."
-Marlon James



Dylan and Neil on Slam Poetry Nationals



Dylan Garity '12 and Neil Hilborn '11 (pictured left) are veritable spoken word poet laureates at Macalester and since their performances at the College Union Slam Poetry Invitational (CUPSI) last April, both have been recognized nation-wide. For those unfamiliar with the spoken word

genre it can be loosely defined as a rhythmic style of poetry, almost always performed aloud. Although Neil and Dylan have made themselves known on the spoken word scene, once, like many of us English Majors, they were just brooding youngsters with no satisfying outlet for their angst. So, in 2008, his fresh-

man year at Macalester, Dylan founded the Macalester slam team. Neil became involved later, after bringing a poem to be workshopped at *Thistle* (a Macalester literary magazine that Dylan was and continues to be a part of). They have been prolific and inseparable ever since.

(cont. on page 5)

Snapshots from London and Florence

By Tatiana Craine '11



Days tend to blur together when they're steeped in Earl Grey and sprinkled with Wensleydale on crumpets, but I wouldn't have it any other way.

I spent my spring semester in 2010 abroad on the Associated Colleges of the Midwest program split between London and Florence. Aptly named "Arts in Context," the program immersed me in the thick of British and Italian culture while granting me the chance to pursue unforgettable opportunities with equally remarkable people.

Upon my return to the States, I've been barraged with questions about my days travelling. I have yet to find a cohesive and, albeit, good way to describe my experiences without sounding pretentious, overzealous or wistful. The dilemma seems to be a phenomenon that sweeps the homeward-bound masses after spending months traipsing around the world.

Without a doubt, my time in London and Florence became a truly formative experience. A million motives influenced my decision to choose the ACM program—including the incredible theatre and arts-related opportunities, the locales and the fact that I would be the only representative from Macalester. With no ties to anyone on the program and no family in Europe, it would be the first time I had truly embarked on my own—a nec-

essary and sometimes difficult journey.

London greeted me with cloudy skies and rain-slicked streets, and getting my bearings in the city took less than a day. I called Earls Court home, a place where Alfred Hitchcock, Freddie Mercury and Princess Diana also lived. The Tube became my favorite mode of transportation, the local barkeeps knew me by name, and before I knew it, I felt like a Londoner.

Now, what exactly constitutes a Londoner? I explored these kinds of ideas in a class I'd taken here at Macalester, but as close as that gets to immigration patterns and the traditional notions of belonging to a place, the London experience is inimitable. Truth be told, the city is full of lonely people. It's a place where the value of independence takes precedence. However, that's not to say Londoners don't like having a good chat. Literally wherever I went, I made new friends with the locals and other travelers. I even met a pair of notorious Scottish bank robbers in the pub I used to frequent—an altogether exhilarating and terrifying night.

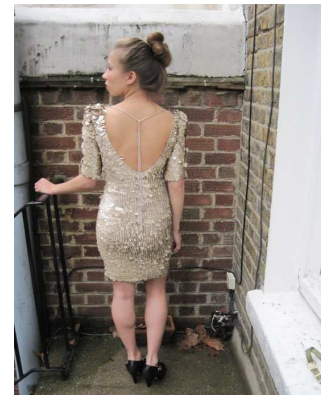
Through my connections in the city, I found endless ways to spend my afternoons on walks through Hyde Park, shopping on Oxford Street and Brick Lane, eating at Camden Market and venturing to the free museums at South Kensington. I had the immense luck to be on a program that emphasized the importance of London's theatre scene and attended shows twice a week. I saw everything

from quirky versions of Shakespeare to the edgiest experimental productions in the city. I even snagged coveted front-row tickets to *Waiting for Godot* and got to sit a foot away from Ian McKellan performing *Samuel Beckett*.

The best opportunity I had in London sprang up as a result of some very careful string pulling. I had recently begun writing for a digital fashion publication called *Cliché Magazine* based in Los Angeles, and my editor intimated that I might be able to get the amazing golden ticket into London Fashion Week. After a few weeks of proving my credentials to the right people, I secured myself a space to attend the world-renowned exhibition in the center of London at Somerset House.

The ladies at *French Connection* gave me an amazing dress not out in stores yet for my big foray into the fashion world: a strong-shouldered, backless dress covered in matte sequin medallions. The event itself was indescribable as I found myself awash in a sea of Technicolor madness rendered wearable haute couture by countless designers and fashion mavens. After

"Truth be told, the city is full of lonely people."



Snapshots from London and Florence (cont.)

talking the talk and walking the walk, it was quite clear that however films, blogs and articles depict similar events—there is nothing that can compare to the real thing.

My time there came to a close with an independent paper about prostitution as a visual text in historic and contemporary London. Despite all of London's amazing attractions, the one thing that I wanted to do on my last day was sit in Brompton Cemetery. Entering the gates of the unassuming, Victorian-era cemetery feels like stepping into another realm where secret gardens are real, unicorns just might jump out of the Forbidden Forest and Mr. Darcy will stop by for a visit.

London's true opposite, Florence welcomed me with sweltering air and steaming cobblestone paths. And an immediate "Ciao Bella" from a local boy. I was lucky enough to live in the center of the city, three steps away from Roberto Cavalli, Prada and Gucci. Ironically enough, American Apparel's lights shined into my living room window from just across the street, but I could never bring myself to step inside the little taste of the United States.

Learning Italian in the heart of Florence was only vaguely helpful, since the haughty stereotypes usually attributed to Parisians were actually true of the Florentines. Ac-

ording to my host family, Florence lets at least 10,000 drunk, obnoxious American exchange students invade every year, and the year-round residents have grown tired of vomit on their BMWs and kids paralyzing themselves by falling off roofs (no joke).

Understandably wary of Americans, the Italians stuck to their own circles, but that didn't deter me from experiencing the rest that the country had to offer. With daily trips to sundry churches, basilicas and cathedrals, I got my dose of Gothic architecture and Renaissance art. There's really nothing so breathtaking as stepping into the nave of a church where cherubs line the nebulous hallways and ceilings, where paintings and sculptures by the great masters stare down at you and where thousands of people have come to find some sort of balance in their lives.

Sure, my time in both London and Florence had shadier sides, but on the whole—the program turned into what students wanted it to be. Some people wanted a close-knit group of friends or a new worldview while I wanted to explore absolutely everything, even (and especially) when that meant going out on my own. I won't say it wasn't difficult (I stressfully smoked through a carton of cigarettes in my first few weeks), but it undoubtedly prepared me for future opportunities. I navigated my way through

new cities and cultures, wrote myself into London Fashion Week, managed my time and created the foundations for lifelong connections throughout Europe. Since then, doors have opened up for me like magic, but I have to remind myself that the experiences and lessons I learned overseas have in large part contributed to my success academically, socially and especially at The Mac Weekly, City Pages and Cliché.

I know a lot of people who go searching for themselves, their souls, their everything when they go abroad, as if plunging into another culture might trigger some internal mechanism telling them what paths to take to find their innermost being. It's really not like that. There's no magic button or ah-ha moment that says, "This is how you're meant to be." But there are a lot of little encounters that bring you closer to an understanding about people, another part of the world and inevitably yourself. And any semblance of understanding you can glean from this unbalanced and often-absurd world is worth its weight in gold—or in my case, tea.

"I know a lot of people who go searching for themselves, their souls, their everything when they go abroad... There's no magic button or ah-ha moment that says, 'This is how you're meant to be.'"

For more great pictures of Tatiana's trip, please visit the English Dept on Facebook



Upcoming class visitors

Interested students are generally welcome to attend special class sessions to hear visiting speakers. Please contact the department for more information.

- Macalester alum and notable author Charles Baxter will visit Jeff Shott's Intro to Creative Writing course on October 25.
- Sigrid Sutter, actor and founder of the Classical Actors Ensemble, will visit Nathan Hensley's Drama class and Theresa Krier's Shakespeare class. The classes will be attending the Ensemble's production of John Ford's great Jacobean tragedy *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* in November.
- Laura Flynn, author of *Swallow The Ocean*, a memoir about growing up with a schizophrenic mother, will visit Jon Lurie's creative writing class on October 6.

Creepy Cookies

Okay, not technically cookies, but we had to get your attention. Go back to the yesteryears of gingerbread houses and holiday excitement...now add some creepy cobwebs and spooky ghosts.

Wednesday October 20 will be a special decorating treat day. We invite everyone to come by the Literary Lounge and help deck it out in creepy style for the Halloween Party and build a gingerbread Haunted House. BOO!

We dare you to make yours look this good. Best gingerbread house gets bragging rights.



September Field Trips

Classes in the English Department take advantage of the dazzling array of cultural and natural resources in and around the Twin Cities. Generous funding for our field trips is provided by the Thomas Critchett Fund.

Students in Jeff Shots Intro to Creative Writing attended a reading by prize winning Norwegian author Per Petterson at the Guthrie Theatre.

In collaboration with faculty in the departments of History and Theatre and Dance, Nathan Hensley's Literary and Cultural Theory Course took two field trips to the Walker Art Center to see a rehearsal and a stunning performance of a new work by Twin-Cities based performance artist Ralph Lemon.

Students in Wang Ping's creative writing courses explored the historical and environmental heritage of the Mississippi River by spending a day canoeing down its waters. (co-sponsored by the Civic Engagement Center).

(see p. 7)

Madiha Bataineh '12

What I'm reading now:

The Lost City of Z, by David Grann



What are we reading?

Gabriela Santiago '11

TOP FIVE:

1. The Phantom Tollbooth
2. The 13 1/2 Lives of Captain Bluebear
3. Clockwork Orange
4. Thud!
5. Pretty Monsters



Dylan and Neil (cont.)



(from page 1)

The two have performed everywhere from dorm basements to packed auditoriums, from laid-back local slams to high stakes national competitions. But when I asked Dylan about which setting they preferred, I was surprised to hear that “it’s not a preference thing.” Each type of slam has its benefits. “Nationals exposed me to a broader range and inspired me to write a broader range of poetry,” said Neil of his experience at CUPSI. “It’s refreshing to hear a variety of styles...[the] St. Paul [team] definitely has preferred ones,” Dylan chimed in. But both seemed to think that local slams were just as essential to their growth as poets: “Local slams are

Dylan Garrity

fun, they’re more natural,” they agreed. “You develop a close community,” Neil elaborated, “some of the poets are my best friends now.” Their slam poet and “page” (more traditional, written verse) poet role models have also helped them fine tune their craft. “My favorite spoken word poet is probably Anis Mojgani. I’d watched his YouTube videos, and then I saw him at nationals. He manages to do incredible, moving, yet very quiet poems,” Dylan revealed. He says that although he absorbs more slam poetry than page poetry, he draws just as much inspiration from the latter.

Spoken word has been a huge part of Neil and Dylan’s college experience, yet they are at odds about the role it will play in their futures. Dylan, “definitely wants to keep slamming.” He says, laughing, “Unfortunately I know quite a few people who try to make a living that way.” Neil’s plan is a bit different; “I want to go to grad school and eventually become a professor. I’m kind

of worried about spoken word hurting my grad school and job prospects.” But Dylan reminds Neil that spoken word would certainly set him apart from the general applicant pool. The ultimate question is whether their disparate plans will separate them, but that’s something too rife with poetic potential to be discussed here.

“Nationals exposed me to a broader range and inspired me to write a broader range of poetry”
- Dylan



Neil Hilborn

Halloween is coming!



Come celebrate Halloween with your friends here at our annual Halloween Costume Party! On Tuesday October 26 from 7-10 pm there will be a par-tay in the literary lounge hosted by the English Department. So bring your English lovers, English haters, people who read, people who watch T.V., people who speak English but have horrible handwriting, all are welcome!

Don't forget to dress up! This is a costume party, don't be a party pooper. Prizes will be given to the most creative literary-themed costume.

See you there!

Last year's costume winners:

The Heroic Couplet

Katie Willingham '11 and Kaija Bergen '11



Poetry Corner

By Sarah Mintz '12

Origami

I remember you told me that love is merely a fluke of biology,
That attraction is only the rule of scents rolling off skin like raindrops,
Cells spitting out beads of sweat like volcanoes,
Rupturing our framework, rewiring our brain waves,
Exploding through our hormones-
You told me

Kissing is nothing but a genetic taste test,
Sex, just the instinct of evolution,
Romance, just poorly written science-
You told me

We are creatures of instinct,
We are volatile.

Well I don't know how to tell you
But sometimes I think when we kiss
Your breath spirals down my chest like a phone cord
Your oxygen recycles itself in my lungs, then comes out as my
own

I don't know how to tell you but sometimes I think
In the moments before you laugh, your eyelids crease into orchids
The corners of your mouth bend back like a fortuneteller
I read the secrets carved on the inside of your smile

I don't know how to tell you but sometimes I think
Our bodies are more than just particles
These feelings more than sparks on nerve endings
This friction more than a lab experiment,
You told me

You read truth in numbers and statistics
Find comfort in theories and test tubes
Prefer goggles to sunglasses, lab coats to windbreakers
Isotopes to ice cream

But I will light fire to all of your textbooks and studies
And every formula you give me I will fold back upon you
Our love is not made of chemicals or compounds
It is fragile like paper
And it will rip with the weight of us

Do you remember our first night together
How I folded into you like origami
Felt the diagonal symmetry of our kneecaps,
Skin creased over frail bones like newspaper,
Our limbs formed an angle,
Our bodies a sculpture.

We are not the subjects of theories or studies,
We are paper cranes.

October Babes

October 1st: Tim O'Brien 1946-
Macalester alum, author of "The Things They Carried"

October 7th: Sherman Alexie 1966-
Native American writer and comedian, screenwriter of "Smoke Signals"

October 9th: John Lennon 1940-1980
Most eccentric member of The Beatles

October 10th: Harold Pinter 1930-2008
Political playwright, screenwriter and actor. Winner of 2005 Nobel Prize in Literature

October 14th: e.e. cummings 1894-1962
Prolific American poet

October 15th: Virgil 70 B.C.E.
Italian poet, "The Aeneid"

October 16th: Eugene O'Neill 1888-1953
American playwright, 4-time Pulitzer Prize Winner

October 16th: Oscar Wilde 1854-1900
Humorous Irish playwright and novelist, "The Importance of Being Earnest"

October 17th: Arthur Miller 1915-2005
Playwright of "Death of a Salesman" and "The Crucible"

October 21st: Samuel Taylor Coleridge 1772-1834
Romantic poet, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner"

October 25th: Zadie Smith 1975-
British novelist, author of "White Teeth"

October 27th: Dylan Thomas 1914-1953
Welsh poet, "A Child's Christmas in Wales" and "Do Not Go Gentle into that Good Night"

October 27th: Sylvia Plath 1932-1963
Poet and novelist, author of "The Bell Jar"

October 31st: John Keats 1795-1821
English Romantic Poet



John Lennon
Oct. 9th 1940-1980

Sacred Waters

By Ryan Brownlow '14

When I walked outside on the morning of the canoe trip, everything was cold and wet. The sky was heavy with thick, gray storm clouds. I, as is intrinsically my nature, began to worry. What if it storms while we are on the river? What if it gets colder and I freeze to death? Everything was behind schedule, half of us didn't have anything for lunch, and the sky seemed to be growing darker. (Did I mention that I don't deal with stress well?) My head was pounding, we left for Ping's (first stopping by Whole Foods) five minutes past the time that we were expected to arrive.

The bike ride was intense. The air, full of moisture, burned my cheeks and eyes as it rushed around my body. Fast, fast, fast. We were already late. When we arrived at Ping's house, things immediately began to improve. There was some sort of cosmic shift, some almost-physical change in the atmosphere around our group. We stayed for a short time before heading off to the light rail.

By the time we made it to the river, the sun had proudly stepped out from behind his curtain. It was getting warmer and I had a restored sense of hope for the day. I cannot quite describe what happened in my body as our canoe launched off into the river. Some craving in me, a craving I was not even aware existed, was satisfied. It was like there was some natural connection between the water in my body, and the water flowing underneath my canoe. I felt at rest, at home.

We paddled down the Mississippi, traveling through three locks, past

waterfalls, and hundreds of trees caught in moments of vulnerability and beauty, barely keeping their frail grasps on crimson and orange leaves. We had a brief lunch break on a white sand beach. A barefoot potluck, filled with the sound of laughter and sanctified by radiant joy.

Back on the river, we traveled under the new I-35 bridge. We linked up, grasping adjacent canoes with our hands, making a single organism, a unified life force, and rested under the bridge. Jon spoke to our group about the history of Native Americans along the river, and about the sanctity they had for the water. He told us about the disruption of the river-life caused by the building of the locks. And finally he shared with us some of the ideas that Native Americans had about the collapse of the I-35 bridge, and its connection to the atrocities committed against the river. We took a few minutes for prayers and reflections, and then offered tobacco—a symbolic gesture to the past and present. A way of sort of saying, "Ancestors, please forgive us, and watch over us," and "Children, may this place remain beautiful for you."

Our final stop was further down the river. We parked our canoes on another shore, and set off for a hike up to Minnehaha Falls. The path we were traveling on was charged. I could feel a physical radiance of energy. We were on sacred ground. Upon emerging from the path, and seeing the falls, I was silenced. The falls were speaking, years of wisdom, a voice from the past. A mantra of love, of hope. We gathered at the top of the path, and spent several minutes with the falls. It was transformative.



The entire class with Lurie and Ping, "...on sacred ground."

"...hundreds of trees caught in moments of vulnerability and beauty..."



After getting back into the canoes, our group headed for Fort Snelling, where we loaded the canoes back onto Jon's trailer, and then hiked up to find our bikes. We had a short, relaxing ride back to Ping's. At Ping's we bonded, reflected, and perhaps most importantly, rested, as we listened to music and prepared dumplings. Ping made a dinner to die for. Love and trust filled our bodies and spirits, as did dozens of dumplings (each), rice, fish, mushrooms, tofu, and vegetables. We returned to Macalester full, changed, and inspired.

I learned on the trip that water is a multi-sensual experience. We have to hear, feel, smell and see the movement of the water to understand. And through our tasting of water, we connect with and become a part of the connected great body of water. Water is a metaphor for spirit. Water is spirit. And to write meaningfully, to write from the heart, we must connect with spirit. We must connect with the water.

"...as our canoe launched off into the river. Some craving in me, a craving I was not even aware existed, was satisfied...I felt at rest, at home."

ENGLISH

What's happening!

The new student reading room is now open! Come sit, read, use the shiny mac computer, sleep, take advantage of the new space.

Treat Days every Wednesday from 5-7 pm
(Don't forget the special treat day on the 20th! Gingerbread houses, yum)

Newsletter Staff

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Talk of the Stacks

The National Book Critics Circle Showcase
Wednesday, November 3 at 7 pm at the Minneapolis Central Library
Jeff Shotts, Poetry Editor at Graywolf Press and visiting creative writing professor at Macalester, will host a conversation with Professor Marlon James, Best Fiction finalist; former Mac English professor Stephen Burt, Best Literary Criticism finalist; and Eula Bliss, Best Literary Criticism winner.

**We're on Facebook: "like" our page
by visiting www.macalester.edu/english**

Oh hey, didn't see you there. We're your student editors. We know how intimidating we look, but we're not too cool to answer your questions. Email us anytime: Madeleine Disner <mdisner@macalester.edu>, Jamie Lucarelli <jlucarel@macalester.edu>, Graham Sutherland <gsutherl@macalester.edu>, Marissa Bianco <mbianco@macalester.edu>.



Graham Sutherland '13

Maddie Disner '12



Jamie Lucarelli '13

Marissa Bianco '12



WRITERS WANTED: Tell us about your internships, projects, study abroad, favorite reading, etc.

Contact Anna, x6783 or abrailov@macalester.edu to contribute a story to *The Waverley*