

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT NEWSLETTER

C O L O R A D O C O L L E G E

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Sea Changes

The English Department has been flourishing—and growing—during the past year. Our biggest news is that Laura Padilla has joined the department to teach Latina/o literature. This summer Laura successfully defended her dissertation, titled “Land of Enchantment, Land of Mi Chante: Four Arguments in 20th Century New Mexican Literature,” and received her Ph.D. from the University of Texas-Austin. Laura attended Reed College, despite Dean Nelson-Cisneros’ best efforts to bring her to Colorado College as an undergraduate. (At that point, Laura says, Colorado was too close to her New Mexico home—now the proximity is an asset.) Laura has been awarded a Riley Postdoctoral Scholarship from Colorado College which will allow her to pursue her research with a reduced teaching load during her first year. We are very excited to be able to expand our curriculum to include more Latina/o literature, and honored to have Laura join our faculty.

In the coming year we will undertake a search for a new assistant professor of 18th century/Romantic literature to replace Brenda Tooley, whose talents as Associate Dean of Colorado College led her to be named Dean of the College at Cornell College. This fall writer David Durham joins the faculty for a year as the MacLean Distinguished Professor to teach fiction writing courses. And our department has also grown since Adrienne Seward has returned to resume teaching her popular courses on Folklore and various literatures.

2005-06 was a year rich in visitors and speakers. Among block visitors, Clay Haskell and Dylan

Nelson brought their tremendous energy and skill to our Film Studies program in their screenwriting classes. Last winter, however, Dylan couldn’t come to CC because Hollywood needed her so badly: she stayed in Los Angeles to complete work on a project. We were also lucky enough to be able to bring Tania Modleski, author of the best Hitchcock book around (*The Women Who Knew Too Much*), as the MacLean Distinguished Professor to offer a class on American Film Melodrama. Demetria Martinez, the poet and activist who was once arrested and tried for her involvement with the Sanctuary movement, taught a special-topics creative writing course titled *The Poet as Witness to War*.

We have benefited from Barry Sarchett’s energy as the new National Endowment for the Humanities Professor, as he organized a year-long series on the work of Jacques Derrida, the French philosopher and literary critic (best known as the father of “deconstruction”) who died last year. George Butte notes his pleasure at hosting his mentor from graduate school, J. Hillis Miller, for four days last November. “Almost four decades melted away,” George observed, “and it seemed like the old days in Gilman Hall at Johns Hopkins.” George adds that “Miller’s talk was very well-attended, and stimulated student (yes, student) argument for about an hour afterwards. Equally impressive, Miller at 78 almost outpaced Barry in their ascent up the Cutler Trail.”

In 2005-06 the Visiting Writers Series, the forum David Mason created for bringing an amazing array of writers to campus each year, featured Pulitzer

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Chairs' Letter (continued from front page)

Prize-winner Philip Levine, MacArthur grant recipient David Foster Wallace, Jamaican poet Lorna Goodison, fiction writer Kevin McIlvoy, and many other fine writers, including our own fiction writer, Chris Bachelder. Chris's newest novel, *U.S.!*, describing the repeated assassination and resurrection of the prolific socialist writer Upton Sinclair, received great reviews in the *Los Angeles Times* and other places (keep an eye out for a review in *The New York Times*).

Our one piece of unhappy news (for us) is that Chris has been wooed away to teach in the University of Massachusetts-Amherst's M.F.A. program, one of the best M.F.A. programs in the country. News of his departure incited student protest in *The Catalyst*, as Chris's combination of understated humor and exacting standards has swelled the waiting lists for his fiction writing courses. We will miss Chris.

In looking at the richness of the department's life during the past year, we have to recognize the extraordinary number of highly successful, highly creative off-campus courses that English faculty have designed. For the second time, Genny Love took a troupe of students to perform at the Edinburgh fringe theater festival. With Genny's skillful editing and imaginative direction, the group staged an engaging (yes, truly!) version of Marlowe's *Edward II*.

Re Evitt traveled twice with groups to Italy this past year. A Summer Session course, *Dante's Exile*, used Florence as the base from which to trace Dante's steps in exile—with travels to Padua, Pisa, Orvieto, Verona—to understand the political and social circumstances surrounding Dante's writing of the *Commedia*. A spring course, *Art and Influence in the Renaissance*, provided students with an opportunity to travel with Re and art historian Rebecca Tucker to Florence, Orvieto, and Rome to explore the relationship between Michelangelo's and Dante's works.

Claire Garcia traveled with students three times during 2005-06. In Block One, she traveled with her *Willa Cather's West* class to Cather's home town, Red Cloud, Nebraska, for a four-day immersion into the world of Cather's plains novels. She ended the fall semester with a block in Paris for a course on

New Negro and Negritude Movements 1900-1960. In Paris, while reading the work of James Baldwin, Langston Hughes, and the Nardal sisters, Claire and her students met with expatriate artists and scholars. Gathered in Paris cafes, the students ended up in heated debates about race and racial identity. One student described in her journal "how this class is truly impacting me—I am in Paris to see the Parisian perspective on race issues: whether we are discussing the recent riots or hundreds of years of history with Africa, clearly Marcus Garvey is right in saying 'the race problem is a world problem.'" Last spring, she returned to New York once more for a second run of her successful *Harlem Renaissance* course.

Dave Mason was on the move during spring as well, taking students to Turkey and Greece for a "drama away" course, *Origins and Early Forms of Theatre: Izmir and Athens*, which he team-taught with Jim Malcolm from the Drama Department. Students read the *Oresteia* in Turkey, followed by the *Cyclops* play of Euripides, then Sophocles as they moved into Greece (*Antigone* and *Philoctetes*). Greece also provided further on-site opportunities to explore Euripides—*Alcestis* in Epidauros, *Bacchae* in Olympia, and *Lysistrata* in Delphi.

Barry Sarchett and Lisa Hughes topped off the year by sailing through the Mediterranean with a group of students who followed the path of the Greek hero Odysseus. In the Summer Session course *The World of Odysseus—History and Myth*, students explored the Bronze Age civilization of the Mediterranean while reading Homer's *Odyssey* as their "on location" guidebook.

We feel fortunate to be part of such a vibrant department, and especially grateful to the smart, creative, and engaged students who continue to grace our classes year after year. We look forward to the exciting year ahead.

—Jane Hilberry and George Butte,
Co-Chairs of the English Department
August 2006

Outside the Bubble, Inside the City

By Scott Ladley, '06

What we do in our four years as English majors includes amassing the power to deconstruct absolutely everything in our path. We leave equipped with the munitions store of *whys*, *wheres*, and *how comes*, the armory of our finely tuned critical eyes, and of course the WMD to answer the pressure loaded question of “now what...?” If we can look past the staggeringly clever people who write songs like “What to do with a B.A. in English” and dance around with puppets making careers of this absurdity (see the Broadway play *Avenue Q* and you’ll know what I mean), we may be able to take that step back and apply this potentially great gift of higher education to the job world.

I’m not packing for graduate school, I’m not signed up for NOLS and the Peace Corps probably shouldn’t be expecting an application from me in the near future. With but a senior seminar paper on my “to do” list, October 2005 found me five blocks from CC with an internship that was about to be a job. Was I deconstructing literature for a paycheck you ask? Was I making clever, smart-ass remarks for a marble-floored house and grand piano? Not quite. All through that internship of internet clicking, ad-rate searching, trend spotting and general strategic placement thought for this particular company, I could not get one image out of my head: Chuck Klosterman. Somewhere in New York City, this bowl-cut sporting, dark-rimmed spectacled nerd from South Dakota was living the English major dream. Living essentially the critically minded, romantic and somewhat 21st century cynic lifestyle, Klosterman has taken the sentence structure, the focus and the cohesiveness of an argument that we toiled away at with *Tom Jones* and *Moll Flanders*, and has applied them to subjects like *Saved by the Bell*, the female obsession with John Cusack and the propaganda of “fake love” spread by the popular British band, Coldplay. Intrigued you say? I say Klosterman must die because he is just too damn clever and has stolen the perfect career of English majors everywhere.

Now between dreaming of that corduroy jacket with the elbow patches and picking out just the right sling bag to make me look like the best possible English major on the planet, there were times during CC when I asked myself what I actually would do with said degree. October 2005 had me staring at a screen everyday, making small talk at the water

cooler, and forgetting that I was still wearing sunglasses as I navigated the florescent jungle. Did I want to continue that? Well, an internship at the Colorado Springs D.A.’s Office took law school out of the running, moving home was not an option, and so marketing was what I thought to be the natural progression for an aimless English major. I told myself I could think strategically and somewhere down the road incorporate the passion that I find in writing peoples’ stories. Don’t get me wrong, I made my share of copies, sealed enough envelopes to drain myself of saliva for decades and kept my mouth shut even when the hippy roots of sustainable CC insisted that the CEO should recycle. What I did learn through such office toil and busy work was that when I was given a job, I better do it well or else moving forward was not going to happen. You can’t write stories for the company website if you haven’t shown your proficiency in Excel (however evil that program and its “shortcuts” may be). You can’t go on a “business trip” to Cycling Camp in Central California if you haven’t grasped and communicated the strategy of every website in your competition (and that research may take weeks of clicking and emailing). Play the game and eventually your creative pull may actually have some muscle behind it.

Now having worked full time in this small company where revenue-minded thought, brainstorming on the wipe boards, and communicating savvy business practices are encouraged (even by the 22 year old recent grad), I see the values of our bubble becoming more and more apparent in my now career-minded life. I work six blocks from CC and the world that I once thought to be closed off, completely conservative and uninteresting has become my home. However beaten I may feel with a “case of the Mondays,” I must say that every time I remember the bubble and my existence while there, the possibilities for growth in the work world seem innumerable. The day I relax my thought at the office is the day I lose my niche (and most likely my sanity).

Water coolers, IT problems, copy machines, “who emptied the coffee?” and lunch breaks can be detrimental to the creative spirit, but the English major inside of me continues to ask *why*, *how come* and, from time to time, why can’t I come up with an essay like Klosterman?

The Mosquito Hunter

By Ken Scott, '04

Re Evitt and I recently had a conversation about graduate school applications in one of the booths at Wooglin's Deli. Students carried their numbered squares with them from the bar to wait for deli melts and black bean quesadillas as Re and I caught up with each other over coffee and shuffled papers. I had graduated almost two years previously. As our conversation wound down, Re suggested I write an article for this newsletter.

I read a few of the past editions, and thought about what I could say about my time since graduating. A scene from *A River Runs Through It* came to mind. The austere Presbyterian minister calls his elder son, Norman, into his office. Norman is reticent to discuss career plans and attempts to buy more time to become sure about his future. His father says, "You've had six years to become sure."

One and a half years after graduating from Colorado College, I found myself wading through cattail marshes in rubber hip boots, looking for mosquito larvae. My search could have been taking place in some exotic locale—in the Democratic Republic of the Congo, fighting yellow fever in the face of rebel violence, or in India, eradicating malarial mosquitoes near the Ganges and commiserating with Hindu ascetics.

These certainly sound like things a Colorado College graduate might do.

As it so happened, I was doing a great deal of traveling within Jefferson County, Colorado, where the foothills of the Front Range are fringed by suburban development and big box stores. The job was to eradicate mosquitoes as part of the county's West Nile Virus prevention program. I applied pesticide in the shadows of Circuit Cities as well as by a shiny new elementary school where a confused deer didn't know whether to flee the pocket of trees next to the playground or to ask for a Lunchable.

I occasionally wondered:

"What the hell am I doing here?"

Vector control (as we in the business refer to it) was not exactly a lifelong, childhood dream that I was using the freedom of my youth to pursue. It was, at the time, a job. It was a job that sounded better to me than the others I found in my various searches. It allowed me to be outside. It taught me some things I knew nothing about previously. It was a job (as those of you who have eradicated mosquitoes before know) with some time to think.

Eventually, memories of my senior seminar, "The Environmental Imagination," floated in over the cattails. As I tossed the bacteria-coated pesticide granules evenly across glossy pockets of water, authors like Aldo Leopold, Henry David Thoreau (who Dan Tynan referred to, with an exaggerated Bronx accent, as *Henry David*), Terry Tempest Williams, and Barry Lopez accompanied me, chastising me along the way. I was, after all, in my own small way, altering the fabled homeostasis of Nature. I realized that in addition to their literary value, some of these "environmental" works (Williams' *Refuge*, Carson's *Silent Spring*, even some of Edward Abbey's *Desert Solitaire*) also carry strong political overtones regarding how the degradation of the environment is closely associated with the health of the humans that inhabit it.

The county's health department, for whom I indirectly worked, was negotiating a balancing act between the health of its residents and the complex network of habitats that comprise Jefferson County. I thought about the way the environment and disease are each depicted by various media sources, and speculated on ways that the reports affect attempts to manage either one.

Then, the whispering cattails and barking dogs would bring me back to the fact that I was killing mosquitoes for money.

But, hey—a guy's got to make a living, right?

Some of my friends have wandered a little after graduating, too. Some have continued to pursue long-held dreams and interests. Occasionally, passion has coincided with "gainful" employment. Sometimes menial, and sometimes noteworthy, jobs immediately post-college seem to serve a variety of functions. Some are endured to pay for the early-to-mid-twenties, others fend off student loans, and some fund truer dreams. Stories of character-building experiences abound.

Interested in the methods of disease prevention, I continued working on public health research projects. One grant, conducted by Dr. Lisa Hardin Van Bramer ('96), is, developing new methods to track the medical care motor vehicle crash victims receive throughout their course of treatment. Another grant is investigating health hazards in the homes of recent immigrants and potential correlations with the health of their children. This fall, I am starting a program at the University of Washington's School of Public Health in which I will learn a great deal more about disease prevention, with the intention of earning a Master's degree in Public Health.

Stealthwalkers

By Katherine E. Standefer, '07

We once broke down just outside Rock Springs with a puff of smoke and a shudder. It was hot out. You sat in the sage chewing dry grass ends and I picked at a John Prine song on my father's smoke-stringed guitar. I am an old woman, you sang. You rubbed your hand over my wooden belly and I knew just what you meant.

Later, after the tow truck came, you dug up twelve crumpled bills and we filled our stomachs with Chinese food and MSG. The buffet was full of oil men and out of state boyscouts. The truckers wobbled in with their too-tight showy jeans and you whispered Just Socks until I had to spit out a mouthful of chicken, laughing. I kissed you hard and we giggled into each others' mouths.

There was a railroad running out on the edge of town and we walked there with mud heavy on our shoes. In the sky low clouds turned orange and broke for the Colorado border. Look, you said, this is called stealthwalking. This is the quietest way to go. You told me to stand on the middle ground, to walk the wood where it was flat, to not let go of your hand. Then you edged your toes up onto the rail and started stepping. The hills along the track were burnt and purple in shadow and we walked for a long time without saying anything at all, little pieces of mud starting to drop off your soles.

In Gypsum you told me you were leaving. It was the assignment you'd been asking for, you said, and I lay sweaty in bed pounding my fists against your chest. You want a story, I said, here's your story, and bit your arm hard. You just lay still, looking at the sky, and I think you were already gone. We were both covered in salt that night, stunned by the brightness of the moon through the window. You licked the light from my cheeks. You left a row of purple asters on the hood of my car the day you went.

Let me forget all the shitty TVs in Denver bars I flipped through looking for fuzzy images of men in the desert, men with their notepads tucked up under their shirts. Let me forget resting my forehead on cool porcelain toilets off the Interstate after radio reports of Helicopter Down. What I want to believe is you're just gone a few more days, just following the Pope across Europe like paparazzi. What I want to believe is you're just broken down in Rock Springs, and you'll be home soon.

This becomes my prayer: your right arm out wide, elegant palm holding sky like a tightrope walker. I want to know you're stealthwalking. I want to know you're hidden, folded away from battle, palms dry.

Faculty Profiles

Chris Bachelder: On August 25, 2005 my wife Jenn Habel gave birth to our daughter Alice. Alice was 7 pounds, 9.3 ounces, but I erroneously reported to the world that she was 9 pounds, 3 ounces. It's no doubt not the last time I will exaggerate her greatness. A few months later, Jenn's chapbook of poetry, *Good Night Bynum*, was published by the Colorado College Press. My novel, *U.S.!*, about the resurrection of Socialist muckraker Upton Sinclair, was published by Bloomsbury in February 2006. In Block 2, I taught a course on Kurt Vonnegut's fiction.

—**Editor's note:** Last spring Chris received a terrific offer to teach in the M.F.A. program at the University of Massachusetts-Amherst, which he accepted at year's end. We'll miss him terribly and wish him the very best.

George Butte: In 2005-06 I continued teaching my normal group of courses, adding in new works and ideas. In film studies I taught the brilliant recent movie *Monster*, about Aileen Wuornos, the Florida serial killer, in the award-winning performance by Charlize Theron and screenplay by Patty Jenkins that made audiences sympathize and recoil at the same time from this complex figure. What a great film! I taught *Crash* this past spring, an equally profound new film which many of you will have seen. It's great to see the Robert Altman tradition of multi-plotted stories with many characters so strong now—think of *Traffic* too and *Syriana*.

In my own work this was a good year, as I kept writing and working on this topic of “deep

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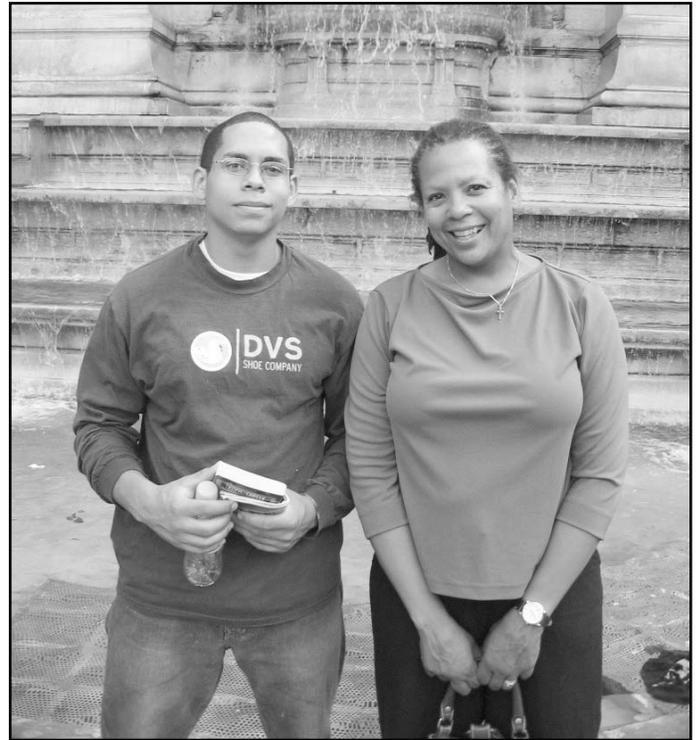
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intersubjectivity” in narrative. I wrote a piece for the scholarly journal *Narrative* called “I Know That I Know That I Know”—a reply to another article about autobiography. The writer I disagreed with wanted to see self-writing as fairly limited; in my view, self-writers often have complex layers of self-knowing about their own knowing about their writing. I bet that was perfectly clear!

In 2005-06, I was co-chair of the department, helping Jane Hilberry with our exciting search for a new department member with a special focus on Latino/a and/or Native American literature. The result was the arrival in August 2006 of our wonderful new department member, Laura Padilla, with freshly-minted Ph.D. from the University of Texas. This fall we will begin yet another search for a new assistant professor of 18th century/Romantic literature to replace Brenda Tooley.

Re Evitt: Great teaching, research, and travel opportunities this year. I spent a wonderful month in Florence during the summer of 2005 teaching *Dante’s Exile* with CC alum Meghan McMackin joining me as course paraprof. A return to Italy the following spring to teach *Dante and Michelangelo* with CC art historian Rebecca Tucker included a marvelous private showing for the class of the Sistine Chapel. This summer I headed to Canterbury, England to do a little sleuthing for the *Canterbury Tales/Canterbury Trails* course I’ve been working on. While in Canterbury, I gave a paper at the *Medieval Children’s Conference* on incest in Hrotsvit of Gandersheim’s tenth-century play, *Abraham*. My work on Hrotsvit was an extension of research I did for a comparative paper for the November 2005 meeting of SAMLMA in Atlanta on shared incest tropes in the medieval gender-cross-dressing romance *Silence* and Tahar Ben Jelloun’s postmodern novel *The Sand Child*. I’d recommend either of these, along with Jhumpa Lahiri’s *Interpreter of Maladies*, as fascinating reads.

Claire Garcia: I spent most of the summer in Paris, participating in a National Endowment for the Humanities seminar on Paris and modernism and doing research on two projects. The first focuses on Paris as a center and site of black internationalism for African American and Caribbean women writers.



Claire Garcia with son Teo in front of the fountain at Place Saint Michel, Paris, Summer 2006

I am looking at how the idea of France, with its multifaceted and contradictory cosmopolitan racial history, functions in the fiction of black women writers. I spent hours in the National Library of France, scouring their amazing holdings for evidence of presence of and contact between African American women writers and writers of the black diaspora. I found a couple of exciting treasures: a copy of the only novel I am aware of by a black non-American woman published during the twenties, as well as what seems to be Jessie Redmon Fauset’s first published story, which deals with issues of translation (cultural and linguistic) and black migration between France and the United States. My other research project involved expanding and deepening a paper I presented this spring as part of a “New Directions in Henry James” panel at the Society for the Study of Narrative Literature, on James’s Parisian women and their association with particular sites in the city which are contested ground between the “antique” and the modern.

In addition to all the hours in the library, I spent many long and luxurious hours at sidewalk cafes sharing lively conversations with other professors from all over the U.S. We explored Paris’s wonderful

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bookstores as well as the usual tourist sites—Monet’s house and garden at Giverny, Chartres, and the museums, including the new museum of non-European cultures, the Branley. My son Teo, who had never been to Paris before, joined me after he finished an internship in Ann Arbor, and we spent many delightful hours discovering Paris together. We returned home on the day the terror alert was raised to Red, so that was something of a surprise when we got off our Air France flight in Cincinnati and were told to get rid of all our liquids and pack our iPods. But other than that, it was a productive and inspiring summer—I just need to figure out how to get my writing done now that I’m back in the classroom.

Jane Hilberry: My book of poetry, titled *Body Painting*, was published last spring by Red Hen Press in Los Angeles and is currently a finalist for the Colorado Book Award in Poetry. I’ve had the chance to give readings from the book in Los Angeles, the Bay Area, Minneapolis, and Santa Fe, among other places. I’ve also continued to explore connections between creativity and leadership, teaching in the Banff Centre’s programs “The Art of the Executive Leader” and “Advancing the Practice of Leadership through Creative Writing.” Last fall I team-taught, with CC alum Diane Henn, an experimental interdisciplinary class on poetry and movement. It was a great pleasure to integrate these two arts, and to discover what a powerful and elegant tool movement is for writers to use in generating and revising work. For reading, I recommend James Salter—one of the writers in this year’s Visiting Writers Series—especially his brilliant collection of stories, *Last Night*.

Lisa Hughes, new Adjunct Professor of English and Comparative Literature, delivered a paper at an international conference on the *Femme Fatale* in the Cinema at the University of Exeter in the UK; her paper is entitled “Contextualizing Phyllis: Homeric Origins of the *Femme Fatale*.” She also delivered a paper in Coeur d’Alene, Idaho, “*Cherchez la Femme*: Penelope, Klytaimnestra, and Film Noir,” at the Rocky Mountain Modern Language Association’s annual meeting in October. In addition, her article “Gender, Sexuality, and Writing in Plato and Cather” was reprinted

on request in an issue of *Children’s Literature Review*. She also started a new student reading/discussion group, CERF (Classics English Reading Fraternity) for English and Classics majors. They are meeting twice a block. Last semester they read and discussed Thornton Wilder’s *Alcesteiad* and Shakespeare’s *Julius Caesar*. At one meeting retired CC English professor Joan Stone spoke on women poets on Sappho day. Finally, with Professor Barry Sarchett, Lisa taught a new course, “The World of Odysseus,” with sixteen CC students on sailboats in the Aegean and Ionian Seas in May and June. Many students—and professors—offered to be unpaid assistants for the course.

Genny Love: One of the highlights of 2005 for me was producing and performing in Christopher Marlowe’s *Edward II* at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival in August. I and three recent CC grads (Ben Solomon, Josh Higgason, and Abigail MacLaren) developed a four-actor version of the play that we performed each day in Scotland for almost three weeks—and even got several good reviews. I won’t be back in Edinburgh this summer since I’m traveling to a conference in Australia, but I plan to be back, perhaps with a group of students, in 2007. In more local news, Bill Davis and I have planned a class that we team-taught in Block 7 last spring: Blake reading Milton reading Blake. We started with *Paradise Lost*, moved through several of Blake’s works, and ended with his *Milton: A Poem* which neither of us has read before. I always look forward to the spontaneity of a new course; we had a great time.

David Mason: I’ve come off a sabbatical year in which I edited and published a new edition of *Western Wind*, the poetry textbook originally authored by John Frederick Nims, with McGraw-Hill. Poems have been published in *Harper’s*, the *Times Literary Supplement*, *The Nation*, *Poetry* and other magazines, and a slew of anthologies. I’ve reviewed too many books to mention for newspapers and journals, and generally made myself a pest around the house. Desperately trying to finish other projects that have been in the pipeline for years. Trying to keep my head clear for teaching and failing abysmally. What else is new?

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Barry Sarchett



Barry Sarchett at the helm in the Aegean Sea—*The World of Odysseus* (a.k.a. *The Yachtysssey*), Summer 2006

John Simons: 2005-06 was my year to enjoy a sabbatical with time to work on my book, tentatively titled *Peckinpah's Tragic Art*. "That 50s Class" senior thesis seminar, all about the era of my youth, will be back by popular demand during the 2006-07 academic and I've been revisiting those course materials: the Cold War, Hula Hoops, Swanson TV Dinners, Holden Caulfield, Mike Hammer, Marilyn Monroe, Marlon Brando (RIP), etc.

Frear is back in management at Reed-Elsevier, hirin' and firin', just like the old days. Daisy is still working as a Waldorf teacher in L.A. and has started singing and playing for a girl group—*Baroness B*. Jack has been working for Vista with Pueblo Indian kids in Albuquerque, NM. He's teaching soccer and proper diet (which has been quite a challenge). He organized the Soccer Division for the North American Indigenous Games, held in Boulder this summer over July 4th.

Dan Tynan: Even as Dan writes, he finds himself caught up once again with his old friend Ishmael under sway of that Grand Old Man Captain. A different kind of quest Dan made last year teaching "Spiritual Quests in Literature" with, for the first time, Father David Denny. A few titles to pass the time between sightings: the movies "The Awful Truth," "Tsotsi," and "Favela Rising"; the novels *The Namesake* by Jhumpa Lahiri and *The Amazing Adventures of Kavalier and Clay* by Michael Chabon.

Retired Professors

Ruth Barton: This year has been exciting. In January, I "taught" a class on Ethics and Journalism for alumni, parents of current students, and a few others who wanted to be there. The "taught" is in quotations because, in fact, the participants were so intelligent and well informed that they did most of the talking. I just arranged the schedule. Three journalists came to speak: Bruce Finley, international reporter for the *Denver Post*, talked about his many trips to Iraq; Alan Prendergast, who writes for *Westword*, talked about covering the Columbine disaster; Vincent Bzdek, news editor of the *Washington Post*, talked about leaks. I have concentrated my energy since then on going to the theater: I saw plays in Denver, Colorado Springs, and Stratford, Ontario. Now I am focusing on politics.

Tom Mauch says he continues to ruthlessly exploit his retirement from CC in a number of ways. He has been enjoying teaching Shakespeare, English poetry, and the history of the English language for a local adult education program. These older students make for a refreshing change: for one thing, they catch his jokes and allusions. In the meantime, he still reads literature, mostly fiction, in French, Spanish, or Italian most days, as well as in German, though a little more slowly. Last fall he spent two weeks traveling around Sicily, and this fall will spend three weeks in Germany, Austria, and the Czech Republic. His extravagant garden luxuriated in the warm, rainy summer.

Neale Reinitz: For those whom I haven't cornered at a social occasion to tell them about William Ellery Leonard (1876-1944), I am writing a book about this English Professor with a phobia that for many years kept him close to the campus of the University of Wisconsin. He was a colorful character in Madison, notable for opposing US entry into World War I and for defending the right of students to cohabit without marriage. More important, he was an influential teacher and produced four books (among a dozen) that are well-known: his autobiography, a sonnet sequence that went into thirteen printings, a translation of *Beowulf*, and a translation of the *De Rerum Natura* of Lucretius, which is still in print and on the internet. Outside of Leonard, I have been campaigning for real lime juice in Margaritas, and took my seventh trip to Russia as my skills in that country's language continued to slip away.