



# ENGLISH DEPARTMENT NEWSLETTER

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

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## Seven Years of Good Luck

By JOHN SIMONS, *chair*

AS READERS OF THIS CC English department 2004-05 newsletter will see from perusing the accounts of what our wonderfully talented group of people has been doing over the past year, it has been a banner year for English. Among our many accomplishments are the following: George Butte, with his new book of criticism on the nature of narrative and narratology, *I Know That You Know That I Know: Narrating Subjects from "Moll Flanders" to "Marnie"* (Ohio State UP); David Mason, artist extraordinaire, has published an outstanding new anthology of modern poetry, replete with secondary critical writings by the poets who grace the anthology; in addition Dave has published his third book of poems, *Arrivals* (Story Line Press); we are also delighted to announce that Jane Hilberry's first full-length book of poems, *Body Painting*, has been published this spring by Red Hen Press. In addition, our new fiction writer, Chris Bachelder, author of the mordant black comedy, *Bear v. Shark*, has finished his second novel and begun working on a third.

Other department members are doing important things. Claire Garcia taught her Harlem Renaissance class in—where else?—Harlem, last spring. Next fall she'll add a new study abroad course, team-taught with Ibrahima Wade, in Paris: *Africans, African Americans & the Negritude Movement*. Our new Renaissance and Shakespeare professor, Genny Love, has produced a superb staged version of Ben

Jonson's *Volpone*, took students to Scotland last summer to perform in Edinburgh's Fringe Festival as part of a course called *Edinburgh, Performing Renaissance Drama*, and continues work on her own scholarship in addition to becoming an editor of the influential journal, *Shakespeare Survey*.

But last year was also a bittersweet time as well for the department. Beloved emerita professor Ruth Barton, lost her wonderful daughter Belle to an automobile accident. And Adrienne Seward, for so long a flamboyant and dynamic force in the artistic and educational life of the English department and the college as a whole, decided to take early retirement and move back to the American South from which she came to us many years ago. Her enduring contribution to Colorado College will be cherished.

Lastly, and on a different, more positive plane, Barry Sarchett, for seven years a marvelously successful chair for the department, has decided to step back into "private life" and rejoin the English department as a regular member after a much-deserved sabbatical year off. At every level of departmental life—academic, intra-collegial, personal, hiring new faculty, keeping the department alive and aware of new developments in the profession—Barry has been an exceptional chair. We wish you could have been with us last May when we threw Barry and wife, Lisa, the "party of the century" in celebration of his seven scintillating years as chair.

— John Simons

# The Road Less Traveled . . . to Water Law

By KAREN HENDERSON

SINCE GRADUATION, the one thing that has held most true in my life is realizing how many cool opportunities there are, and the toughest decision has been deciding what to do next. It's pretty interesting to look back over the past two years and see how one decision or experience lead to another and opened doors to other opportunities.

After graduating in 2002, I did a program at NYU in publishing for both books and magazines. It was just an eight-week program, but it was jam-packed with information about the industry, taught by people in the publishing world. One of our projects, for example, was to brainstorm and develop an idea for a new magazine. We were to develop an idea, do a five-year business plan, write a few sample articles, design a few pages, and do an advertising and marketing plan. Our group developed the idea of a financial magazine for young professionals and/or students. It was to be called *Insufficient Funds* (if we hit a few bumps along the way because those in the industry didn't think such a magazine would sell. Our reasoning was based on the idea that Forbes and other financial magazines are targeted to people who already understand the financial world—we wanted a magazine that was both hip and informative about how to manage things when you were new to the financial world. The magazine would also present new ideas, inventions, and new jobs that creative young professionals were designing. Throughout the process we faced tough criticism that made us redefine our mission and really fight for our idea. This determination only made us a stronger group and gave us a more fully developed idea and presentation. In the end—after presenting the magazine to a panel of industry professionals—we were given the grand prize for best idea, product, and presentation. Those eight weeks taught me an enormous amount and gave me the tools to enter the publishing world confidently and with something to offer employees. But while setting up interviews with the big publishing companies and talking to other magazines, like *National Geographic Adventure*, I came to realize that there were too many other things I had yet to experience. I like to keep all my options open.

When I got a call to be a hiking counselor for the rest of the summer in the Rockies, I packed my bags and headed to the mountains. There was no rush to move frantically into the publishing world—I knew I could always go back. While in New York, I realized I also had a strong interest in graphic design and photojournalism, so I attended a masters program that was overseen by National Geographic photographers at Brooks Institute of Photography. I spent six months developing my photography skills, hand designing ads, and just trying my hand at different things. Again, I realized that something was missing. I was being creatively and visually stimulated, but I missed reading and writing.

Everything I was doing since graduation, in parts, made me happy and kept me challenged. However, I was living the block plan post graduation—dabbling around, trying new things, and trying to see if one of them stuck. I moved back to San Antonio to become a tennis pro and work for a studio shooting digital sports photography while trying to figure out where to go next. Law had always been one of those things of interest since it seemed like a literary profession outside academia. While helping my parents add an element of green building to their architectural firm, I realized that I had a strong interest in environmental and water issues. I combined that interest with my interest in law and analyzing language and sent in applications to law schools with strong environmental programs. Due to the timing of it all, I found myself with a year to play, so I went with NOLS to New Zealand for the spring. I found myself backpacking through the south Alps with an instructor well-versed in watersheds. Studying with him in the field just engrained the idea that this is what I wanted to do. I came back from New Zealand refreshed and excited to start in Vermont's joint law and masters in environmental law program. I guess I just realized over the two years after CC, that while nothing was ever blatantly wrong with my life, I kept looking around for other things to do. Now that I've settled into the idea of specializing in water law I feel settled, content, and happy. The only thing I miss now is the block plan—semesters take forever.

# Post-Graduate Education Redefined

By CRAIG A. CAMMANN

AFTER COLLEGE I FELT that despite the schooling that I had received at The Colorado College, there was something missing from my education: something that was not to be found in an office building, could not be taught in a post-graduate classroom, would not be learned in my home town, and was not to be found in books. I did not have a defined picture or concept of what it was that I was missing. I knew only that I needed something. I felt that it was something important, but I wasn't sure where it was to be found.

I moved to San Diego with my girl-friend, but that thing that I was looking for (whatever it was) was nowhere to be found. My girlfriend sensed my need for something more, and it tore us apart. I looked on alone. I went to Alaska, and the mountains held tranquility, but the answers that I was looking for remained elusive. I moved to Thailand and found a piece of it. I found the beginning of a broader understanding of human existence. I began to see the thread that ties us all together, despite our differences. I began to see that people of whatever race or socio-economic background, are simply people. This was of course a concept that I had understood previously on an intellectual level, but in Thailand, I found a deeper understanding. It was an awakening of my heart to the reality that I had always held myself a little apart. I had always thought of myself in different terms than I thought of the thronging masses on the streets of India, China, Africa, Cambodia. Living in Thailand and talking to the deformed beggars in the street, the prostitutes, the Tuk-tuk drivers<sup>1</sup>, as well as the store owners and businessmen, showed me in a new way, just how similar we all are.

Then my grandfather died. I returned to the USA for the funeral. I had not yet gained the answers that I was looking for. My grandmother was sick with Alzheimer's disease. I felt that it would be good for me to be in the house with her for a time to ensure that she was getting the kind of care that my family wanted for her. The loss and pain that she was going through in the moments that she realized that her mind was failing her or that her husband of sixty-five years had died and was no longer there to be a

comforting presence in her life were heart-breaking. Day by day, I watched her losing pieces of her life. I went with her to luncheons with her friends (people that had known her for 50-60 years). I learned about the traumas of growing old and heard wonderful tales of the glory days of younger years. I was forced on several occasions to make promises not to waste my youth.

So (once satisfied that my grandmother was in trusted nurses' capable hands), when I heard that my friend Quique was traveling around Latin America on a motorcycle, I didn't stop to worry that I didn't speak any Spanish. I didn't hesitate over the fact that I didn't know how to ride a motorcycle. I simply gathered together a few of the things that I thought that I would need and went down to visit him for fifteen days. Almost a year later, we are still going. I bought a motorcycle and joined the trip. My flight home returned without me. Right now, I am traveling northward through Nicaragua with two of my best friends (Quique and I met up with another of our college friends, Andrés, in Panama). We are combing the countries of Latin America for the same answers that I was looking for in Thailand. We may not hit all of the 'tourist sites' — we have not been to every monument and church — but we are getting to know these countries in a way that is impossible to do from a Hilton. We are seeing things that you can not buy a tour to see. We are staying with the people — in their houses, on their floors, in our tents in their back yards, in the barrios of the cities and in the country fields. They are our guides and teachers, our advisors and friends. Through our conversations with them we are gaining a deeper understanding of the peoples' struggles, both personal and political, throughout Latin America. We are taking from them the Post-Graduate education that we were unable to find elsewhere. We have found our path.

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## (Footnotes)

<sup>1</sup> Tuk-tuks are a type of three-wheeled taxi found in Thailand. Similar though differently named taxis can be found throughout South-east Asia and Latin America.

# Tribute—“To Adrienne, then: to joy”

By BARRY SARCHETT

THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT halls are more quiet and lonely this year. No loud, slightly lispy laughter echoing. No more bunches of bracelets clanging like wind chimes. And you won't smell faint hints of cigarette smoke any more either. None of those jarring and reassuring sounds and smells is to be had. No explosions of African fashion colors whooshing by, either. It's altogether more conventional now. Like most every English department because Adrienne Lanier Seward has retired.

For those of you who know her as either teacher or friend—or both—you understand when I say that Adrienne is one of those people who change the human chemistry of a room immediately upon entering it. She radiates energy and humor. And she moves. Pretty fast too, gliding along on one of a few hundred pair of glamorous shoes stacked in a very big closet, always gesticulating, laughing, commanding attention. Adrienne doesn't just converse with you, she engages you, eyes flashing, her wit always loaded for fire. Adrienne has strong opinions and commitments and you don't have to wait until you know what they are.

Here's the official line on Adrienne's career at CC—some of the most salient professional facts: Starting in 1981, Adrienne began to change the curriculum in the department and the College as much or more, I imagine, as anyone ever has. A folklorist, her long-waiting-list Folklore courses became themselves the stuff of student lore. But she also made a mainstay of other courses like “Blacks and the Cinema” and “Black Women Writers.” During the mid-80s she was executive producer of a film, “Upon This Woman Rock,” a documentary of Black women ministers. In 1989 she was the guest curator of the Whitney Museum's retrospective of the great African

American filmmaker, Spenser Williams. Adrienne, in fact, became a prominent public folklorist, and for a few years in the 90s she was the Folk Arts Coordinator for Atlanta's renowned Black Arts Festival. In 1991, Adrienne became the Director and, in fact, the founder of CC's very successful Ethnic Studies Program, now called American Cultural Studies. In 1994 she was named the first Packard Professor at CC. In the 98-99 year she taught at the University of Accra in Ghana as a Fulbright Scholar. In 2001 she organized Toni Morrison's celebrity-studded 70th birthday party

at the New York Public Library. The next year she was elected president of the Toni Morrison Society, and served with her usual brilliance and flair.

But that official story doesn't tell the really important stuff. I said above that Adrienne has strong beliefs and opinions, and she often disagreed with me and others. But she always disagreed in good faith and great humor. In this way, Adrienne was the ideal colleague and ideal academic. I often saw her challenge colleagues vociferously, but after the argument, all was affection and laughter. Like many others, I learned more from Adrienne than I can



possibly repay. We team-taught regularly, and those classes are among the most lively and memorable of my career. Looking back, however, it wasn't the topics, or even the students (to be frank), that made those courses special. It was just being with Adrienne in a classroom, watching her be Adrienne. If there is one word to sum up Adrienne Seward that I can muster up with the inadequacy that always accompanies words, I'd just offer this: joy. She brings it to every endeavor and she leaves it in her considerable wake wherever she goes. To Adrienne, then: to joy.

## Poets' Corner

### *Danish Train Station*

Dan Stone

Pressing her hand, he glances back  
At the idle train.  
Drizzle amends to bars of rain.  
He lifts his pack.

He boards and sets between them just  
A pane of glass,  
But soon whole countries—armies of grass,  
Legions of dust.

The whistle shrieks. He slides away.  
The girl shrinks small  
And wet, a smudge upon the wall  
Of the steel day.

The boy's goodbyes are lost to her,  
Reflection-sealed.  
*Some things are better unrevealed,*  
She thinks, and turns.

### *The Ultimate Chopper*

Ethan Stebbins

From his proscenium of polished kitchen props,  
Chef Tony, vested in inviolate white,  
is spreading the word of the Ultimate Chopper.  
Jennilee, blonde and bubbling with excitement,

simply can't contain herself—inquiring  
and ogling, she hands him vegetables, even nails,  
and with ease "the best kitchen tool since fire"  
smites them to salads and fine powder, unveiling

the miracle of German-manufactured  
stainless steel. It is so perfect, so ideal,  
so storable, so cleanable and practical,  
and at such a price, it is almost unreal.

But even more unreal, more miraculous,  
is Tyler, sleeping before the full volume  
of his decree, fully clothed, still crapulous  
and unconscious at three in the afternoon—

that somewhere inside, mixed, pureed, blended,  
utterly liquified with vodka and tonic  
as his mind may be, there is a voice, sending  
its good message of kitchen electronics,

of free cutlery-sets and absurd price-cuts—  
a dream, as it were, of ULTIMATE perfection,  
precision-cut blades slicing ice-burg lettuce  
and tropical fruits pricelessly, the melons

all diced to pieces and people dressed in white  
overflowing with sheer gratitude, pride  
and love for the presence of such a sight.  
O BUT TO HAVE IT, JUST TO OWN THE DIVINE.

### *We Gave Each Other Space*

Jon Mooallem

How vehemently we two first sucked face,  
as though it were our jobs. Our beating tongues  
fat halves of a single slug, we swallowed the space  
between us whole and held it in our lungs.  
Whose parts were whose? In bed we knew no buffer—  
your thighs/my lips turned earlobes, knees and knockers.  
But later—sworn to freedom, sunk in love—our  
minds defused our hearts. A deal was brokered,  
a line was drawn. We gave each other space.  
Now, pinned like moths deep-set in shadowboxes,  
we glare. Each drives at night past the other's place;  
each dives under the bed when the other one knocks.  
But isn't that what space can do, what space is?  
It turns the *therapist* into the *rapist*.

### *Watching it Go*

Joan Stone

It's like you wake one morning  
to see some shy animal  
disappearing with your body  
dragging it toward some rocky draw  
while you lie watching  
with what you meant to shout  
stopped just back of your tongue:

"Take it to the river and wash it clean.  
Let its full heart split and scatter  
Like seeds in an open field,  
And leave the bones there to be."

## New Department Members

### Chris Bachelder

By way of introduction:

I received my B.A. in English from a Southeastern state university with an enrollment of 28,000 students, an altitude of 2,100 feet above sea level, and a fifteen-week semester system.

I received an M.A. in English from a Southeastern state university with an enrollment of 23,000 students, an altitude of 800 feet above sea level, and a ten-week quarter system.

And I received an M.F.A. in fiction writing from a Southeastern state university with an enrollment of 47,000 students, an altitude of 100 feet above sea level, and a fifteen-week semester system.

All of which is to say: It's been a breathtaking first year at Colorado College.

I am here to tell you that it is more difficult to acclimate to the Block Plan than to the thin air, but I have been helped along by fine students and by English Department colleagues whose generosity has been both indispensable and, given the climate of most English departments, a little weird. Just who are these people who smile and laugh in the hallways, offering wisdom and cookies?

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## *new department members* (continued from page 5)

I know that I am adjusting. I know that I am becoming a full citizen of the Block Plan because I have begun to disregard the Gregorian calendar.

My Mother: "Will you be home for Christmas?"

Me: "I don't know. What block is that?"

I once had a professor on the quarter system who liked to say that the semester was a marathon and the quarter was a sprint. She said she had an image in her mind of all the faculty and students lining up on the president's lawn on the first morning of class and awaiting the starter's pistol.

But if the quarter system is a sprint, the Block Plan must be some kind of drag race. I have an image in my mind: Helmeted students and faculty lining up their environmentally friendly hot rods on Wood Avenue, outside of President Celeste's house. The light changes from red to yellow to green and we stomp the accelerators and tear off with smoking tires. Three and a half weeks later, we throw out those big colorful parachutes and try to stop.

I was hired to teach fiction writing on the Block Plan, which makes me feel a little like the fellow who runs the How-to-Build-a-Deck seminar on Saturday morning at your local home-improvement store. We've got to move quickly, folks. I hope you already know how to use a hammer.

There's not much time to talk about art and craft, to rummage through the toolbox of technique. We do what we can. We read a lot: William Trevor's stories are wonderful illustrations of the rules of the short story and Mary Robison's stories break every rule you just learned.

Of course we write a lot. Go home, I tell them, and write a story. And please don't forget what I told you about dialogue, conflict, point of view, setting, character, structure, plot, pacing, beginnings, and endings. Middles, of course, are really important. Your story should be surprising but not contrived. It should be dynamic, but not entirely plot-driven or epiphanic. It should be emotionally powerful but not melodramatic or sappy. Good luck.

In a block, I have eighteen class days in which to communicate—and perhaps instill—a sense of wonder about the potential of language. Donald Barthelme: "The combinatorial agility of words, the exponential generation of meaning once they're allowed to go to bed together, allows writers to surprise themselves, makes art possible, reveals how much of Being we haven't yet encountered." That's what I'm talking about. Good luck.

I act as editor and coach. I point out the errors that my teachers pointed out to me. Maybe I speed up my students' progress, but I don't make them into writers. That's out of my hands. As the poet Seamus Heaney tells his students, "I deal with your capabilities. You deal with your destinies."

Ultimately, what I try to pass on, as much as any lesson about point of view or pacing, is my excitement about the possibilities of sentences and stories, and my conviction

that fiction can matter. Yes, and my gratitude, as well: It's a Tuesday morning. I'm sitting around a small table with talented students peering inside a story to see if we can figure out just what makes it hurt us so wonderfully. And look, over there, it's Pikes Peak.

I am getting used to it.

### **Genny Love**

In my first two years at CC, I've been teaching a lot of different classes: Shakespeare's Histories, Shakespeare's Tragedies, Intro. to Shakespeare on Film (with John Simons), the FYE course Tradition and Change in Literature, Queer Theory, Gay & Lesbian Literature, and my favorite, non-Shakespearean Renaissance Drama (on which more below). This year, I taught Milton's *Paradise Lost*, a new course for me, about which I'm very excited.

I've also been working on developing two study-abroad courses. In my summer session course, *Performing Renaissance Drama*, a group of students and I traveled to Edinburgh, Scotland, last August to perform at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival, the world's largest arts festival. This course reflects my interest in involving students in the production of non-Shakespearean Renaissance drama: we performed Thomas Heywood's *Edward IV*; written in 1599, it probably hasn't been performed since the seventeenth century. I am also working on a course on literature of and about Vietnam: I will travel to Vietnam this coming year to plan the course and make contacts there; I hope to offer the course, which represents a step toward globalizing the curriculum in the English department, in the near future.

I am committed both in and out of the classroom to sharing with students my enthusiasm for non-Shakespearean Renaissance drama. In fall 2002, I produced and directed a staged reading of Thomas Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy*; in fall 2003, I produced a staged reading of Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, featuring performers I brought in, as part of the Visiting Writers Series. I hope to make these staged readings a yearly event: next year I plan to produce one with students again, during one of my non-teaching blocks.

In professional news, this year I was appointed to the editorial board of *Shakespeare Yearbook*, and was asked to serve as book review editor for *Shakespeare Bulletin*. *Shakespeare Yearbook* is an international annual of scholarship that gives particular prominence to comparative literary issues, interdisciplinary questions, and Shakespeare's reception in various countries and cultures. *Shakespeare Bulletin* focuses exclusively on Shakespeare in performance—it's the only journal in my field that does so. Since performance is one of my main scholarly interests, my sub-editorship on this journal is particularly fitting—it brings me in contact with other scholars working on theatrical practice. I have been

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## *new department members* (continued from page 6)

closely involved in determining a new and fresh direction for the journal: while maintaining the journal's emphasis on theatrical practice, we're working on bringing new voices to the journal, raising the level of academic discourse in it, and broadening its readership, especially among younger scholars.

Two articles of mine appeared during the past academic year: "'As from the waste of Sophonisba,' or, what's sexy about stage directions," appeared in *Renaissance Drama* 32 (2003); and "Book, body, voice:

the staged reading and non-Shakespearean Renaissance drama" will appear in the March issue of *Shakespeare Bulletin*, in a special issue we've developed on staged readings. The new work I'm doing is on woodcut illustrations in seventeenth-century dramatic quartos. I will have a chance to share my initial thoughts on this project at this spring's Shakespeare Association of America conference, where I'm participating in a workshop on "Editing for Performance."

## Faculty Profiles

**Chris Bachelder** writes: It has been a pleasure to join the English Department. I teach classes in fiction writing and contemporary American fiction, and I help organize and run the Visiting Writers Series, which in the last two years has featured Michael Chabon, Anne Carson, Terry Tempest Williams, Barry Lopez, and about twenty-five other writers. *U.S.!*, my novel about muckraker Upton Sinclair, will be published by Bloomsbury in March, and I have an e-novel, *Lessons in Virtual Tour Photography*, available free at [mcsweeneys.net](http://mcsweeneys.net). My stories and essays have recently been published in *McSweeney's*, *Harper's*, *The Believer*, and *The Cincinnati Review*. My wife Jenn and I are expecting a baby in August.

**George Butte:** The past two years were significant for everyone in George's corner of the woods. Kate entered kindergarten, and progressed on to the first grade, and wife Billie settled into a difficult but rewarding job as psychiatric social worker at Memorial Hospital's ER, and George had a sabbatical to do the final work on his book. The book, *I Know That You Know That I Know: Narrating Subjects from "Moll Flanders" to "Marnie,"* is finally out (January 2004), and you can find out all about it on Ohio State University Press's website [[www.ohiostatepress.org](http://www.ohiostatepress.org)]. George just wants to make one thing perfectly clear: he did not write the jacket blurbs (at least one widely-published CC author announces regularly to his classes that he writes his own blurbs).

Teaching and reading: George developed a new senior seminar in narratology (narratology means learning about topics like heterodiegetic and homodiegetic narrators, free indirect discourse, fabula and syuzhet, ideal narrative audience . . . : and you thought organic chemistry was arcane!). Of all the (re)reading in this year, the hands-down most intense and life-coloring: Henry James's *The Golden Bowl*. This book—so famous for being so difficult—is in fact just overwhelming and magnificent (of course also pretty sad).

**Re Evitt** writes: I've been enjoying my work as editor for *Le Cygne*, the journal of the *International Marie de France Society* (now published from Colorado College) and will be a respondent for one of the IMFS sessions at the International Congress on Medieval Studies this May. I've also been trying my hand at a completely new FYE course (new to me, not the College)—the venerable *Renaissance Culture*—and loving it. Team-teaching *Teachers as Scholars* with Rebecca Tucker from Art History was an extra-curricular treat. We did a mad 48-hour seminar-style dash with local elementary school, middle school, and high school teachers through Dante's *Inferno* and Michelangelo's appropriation of Dante in the Sistine Chapel. Both summer 2005 and spring 2006 will bring opportunities to teach Dante abroad in Florence and Rome. Not to worry—I haven't abandoned "my maistre Chaucer"; he's next on my overseas studies agenda, with a *Canterbury Trails/Canterbury Tales* course in the works. (Those of you who knew Nik when he was five probably can measure the span of time that's passed by the length of legs he has now at 11 for wandering ancient byways in Europe.)

**Claire Garcia** writes: I went to my first international conference during summer 2003. The Edith Wharton Society met at Southlands University. It was wonderful spending four intense days with people who know every single detail about an author's life and work and talk about Lily Bart as if she were a mutual acquaintance. The conference was small—about 40 scholars, all told. I loved being able to talk over dinner with people whose articles and books I've used in class. The highlights of the conference for me were moderating a panel on Edith Wharton and Politics and being able to argue with director Terence Davies about his treatment of the tableaux vivants scene in his film version of Wharton's *House of Mirth*. After the conference, my three children and I spent nearly three weeks exploring London and the surrounding area. To prepare myself, I re-read all

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## **Profiles** (continued from page 7)

of Henry James' London stories. This is a city rich in literary landmarks, and though we never found Diagon Alley, we had many wonderful experiences, including stumbling upon a tiny museum dedicated to Samuel Pepys and sampling a variety of vegetarian-friendly Asian restaurants. My college-age twins were able to drink in my presence for the first time because of the UK's lower drinking age. I resigned myself to the idea that pints in a pub are part of the British cultural experience, which we had after all crossed the Atlantic to imbibe. I'm still getting used to the twins being young adults! I must admit that college students seem younger to me these days. During the fall 2003, I took a sabbatical to prepare for teaching my Harlem Renaissance class in New York for the first time and work on two papers—one on a new author's revision of Toni Morrison's construction of black masculinity in *The Bluest Eye*, the other on "race" in Wharton's *The House of Mirth*. I'm still the Director of the growing American Cultural Studies program. We were lucky enough to get artist/activist Paul Robeson's granddaughter, Susan Robeson, to teach two courses for ACS—one on her grandfather's life and work and the other on socially engaged documentary film and video. Last spring I went off to Harlem with thirteen CC students on the first day of Block 7, full of high hopes and prepared for unforeseen adventures. The Harlem of 2004 is once again, as it was in the 20s, a mecca of black culture and political cross-currents, and all thirteen students—a combination of English, sociology, art history, and political science majors—were eager to immerse themselves simultaneously in the Renaissance and New Millennium eras.

**Jane Hilberry:** Jane Hilberry's book *Body Painting* has just been published by Red Hen Press in Los Angeles. She has readings upcoming in Los Angeles, Minneapolis and other cities. She continues to teach creativity workshops in the community and to facilitate in the Art of Executive Leadership program at Canada's Banff Centre. She's worked with two incredible groups of student writers this year—the students in this year's Beginning Poetry Writing class and our seven senior poets.

My for-fun reading this year included two novels which I should have read long ago: *Vanity Fair* and *Anna Karenina*. I absolutely loved them both. Also recommended: *The Go-Between* by L.P. Hartley, and *Desire Lines* (poems) by Lola Haskins.

**Genny Love** writes: This year I've continued to enjoy teaching Shakespeare and Lesbian & Gay Studies courses—team-teaching Shakespeare on Film with John Simons is always a highlight. New projects this year have included taking a class to perform at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival in Scotland, and teaching a new course on Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

**Dave Mason:** Dave Mason unloaded two elephants this year with the publication of *Twentieth Century American Poetry* and *Twentieth Century American Poetics: Poets on the art of poetry*. Both anthologies, co-edited with Dana Gioia and Meg Schoerke, are out from McGraw-Hill. His new book of poems, *Arrivals*, has arrived from Story Line Press. Dave is enjoying his full year's sabbatical in 2004-05.

**Tom Sanny:** Tom is enjoying the bohemian cachet of his new job title, "Film Studies Artist in Residence." He is currently working on designs for film-related facilities to be included in the Cornerstone Arts Center. The new CAC screening room, sound stage, and digital media lab will complement the existing Film and Video Lab in Taylor Hall. Tom's book recommendation is *Great Books*, by New Yorker film critic David Denby. It chronicles the intellectual adventure of returning to Columbia University for a year to take the same "Western Civ" courses he had taken thirty years earlier as an undergraduate. Passionate, inspiring, and very readable. As one reviewer put it, "An exalting reinforcement of the idea that literature and life are inseparable."

**Barry Sarchett** writes: I've been on sabbatical this year after seven years as chair, and so I've done lots of traveling: Mexico, Florida's Gulf Coast, Spring Training in Arizona and soon Greece and Bulgaria for a month. Usually, as you can see, I try to go where I'll find lots of sun, beaches and palm trees. I've also been writing, trying to finish some projects that have been on hold for a while. One article I've just finished, "The Politics of Pleasure and the Pleasure of Politics," I will deliver at Aristotle University (you can bet I'll get a sweatshirt from there!) in Thessaloniki, Greece at the International Conference on Politics and Aesthetics. The other article is a study of Henry Louis Gates, Jr., the brilliant and famous African American critic, theorist and public intellectual. I've also been reading more than I have since, well, my last sabbatical. Aside from catching up on recent aesthetic theory, I've been hooked on the novels of Jonathan Lethem (*Motherless Brooklyn*, *The Fortress of Solitude*, and more), and I've gone through at least a dozen mystery novels at the beach(es). For nonfiction, everyone interested in American culture should read Louis Menand's *The Metaphysical Club*. And quite by accident I discovered a book by Brian McCrea with the witty title of *Addison and Steele Are Dead*, and it turned out to be a brilliant analysis of what it means to be a literature professor at this particular juncture in history. Finally, a few months ago I was named the NEH Distinguished Teaching Professor, a title I'll hold for three years. As part of that job, I've organized a series of lectures at CC next year in tribute to Jacques Derrida titled "Derrida and the Disciplines."

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## Profiles (continued from page 8)

**John Simons** writes: I've been co-chairing the department during the past year with Dan Tynan. I taught a new course last year, "That 50s Class," all about the era of my youth. Thoroughly enjoyable re-visiting the Cold War, Hula Hoops, Swanson TV Dinners, Holden Caulfield, Mike Hammer, Marilyn Monroe, Marlon Brando (RIP), etc., etc. Took the class for three days to Mount Princeton Hot Springs where we experienced a delicious 50s repast in Buena Vista at K's Dairy Delite, a drive-in that plays "authentic 50s music," with burgers, fries and shakes to match! Frankie Avalon never sounded so good.

This past year I published articles in books on Sam Peckinpah's *Ride the High Country* and Kurt Vonnegut's *Cat's Cradle*, and briefer pieces in the new—and lavishly illustrated!—*Encyclopedia of the Great Plains*, on "Gary Cooper" and "Plains Western Movies." This summer I'll be (finally) teaching a course on one of my idols, Philip K. Dick, his fiction and fiction into film, and next half block I'll be teaching a course on "John Wayne: The Classic Westerns." As Cosmo Kramer would say, "Giddyap!" Am looking forward to a full year's sabbatical (other than the Duke) next year to finish some writing I've been working on for too long.

Daughter Daisy is a Waldorf teacher at a charter school in L.A., teaching the children of a former student of mine, Tim Sexton. Son Jack is a senior English/Film major at CC (that apple didn't fall too far from the tree!). Frear and I are now grandparents. Daisy's daughter, Lark Suzanne Miller, is two years old and a red-haired wild child in the manner of Kate Dannaher in John Ford's *The Quiet Man*. Some (unquiet) kid!

**Dan Tynan** writes: During my sabbatical last spring, I worked to revise and deepen my course on environmental literature—or nature writing, or ecoliterature—whatever you want to call it, no one seems to know for sure. Out of that reading, I would recommend TC Boyle, *Friend of the Earth*, Mark Spragg, *Where Rivers Change Direction*, and though I think I recommended it last year, Kent Haruf, *Plainsong*. During April, 2005, the department welcomed two renowned nature writers, Terry Tempest Williams and Barry Lopez, thanks to the DJ MacLean Fund for English Studies. What a great gift. I continue my interest in things Jungian—not very fashionable these days—but helpful in my teaching. John Simons and I are co-chairing the English department this year, and of course we all know how difficult John can be.

## Visiting Professors

**Rashna Singh** writes: I would like to thank all my colleagues for welcoming me to the department, especially Claire for introducing me, Paula for all her help and George for all the great conversations in the corridor. It has been wonderful to teach at Colorado College, an institution with which my family has had a long and close connection. The students here are delightful young people. This year I taught an FYE; the Literature of Empire; Postcolonial Literature; Anglophone Indian Writers; Race, Class & Gender (with Liz Feder) and what has come to be known as my "Congo course." Students have expressed their appreciation of the perspectives that such courses provoke. My second book, *Goodly is Our Heritage: Children's Literature, Empire, and the Certitude of Character* was published by Scarecrow Press in November of last year. I swore I would never write another book, but I'm already dreaming up new projects. On the home front, my husband (whose job brought us here) is working hard on his book on membrane separation technology to be published by Elsevier. Samir (CC '02) is getting ready to begin his dissertation research at Emory. Namrita (CC '05) is getting ready to graduate and planning to do an internship in an NGO for a year before applying to graduate school. While I do miss my hometown of Amherst, MA a great deal, I am happy to be among these magnificent mountains and on the CC campus and am also enjoying the meteorological if not the political climate of Colorado Springs. Next year I will teach two courses each for English, ACS and Asian Studies.

## Retired Professors

**Ruth Barton** writes: Teaching occasionally is still a satisfying part of my year. This year I taught Shakespeare, Children's Lit, and Science in Literature. In between, I returned to life as a political activist, working for verifiable voting (I was a delegate to the National League of Women Voters meeting), working for civil liberties, and working on local issues (saving Prospect Lake). I also led a fight against a development in our neighborhood (with mixed results). Of course there is traveling: Oregon coast in the fall with friends and family; the UCCS theatre tour to London in January; a soon-to-come trip to Brazil to visit classes taught by Joan Stone and Peter Blasenheim; then another drama trip, this time to Stratford, Ontario. In between, I will squeeze in two family reunions and one college reunion: University of Texas, 1955. That will be special because 50 years ago I went to Europe just after graduation with four women journalists who wrote for the student newspaper, *The Daily Texan*. We managed to get press passes to cover the Big Four Conference at Geneva, and found that only one other woman journalist was there.

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We were disappointed when more articles were written about us than we got published. We tried to interview President Eisenhower on the golf course, but didn't manage to evade the Swiss Guards.

**Tom Mauch:** During October 2003 Tom Mauch enjoyed going on an Elderhostel tour of old New England seaports; an added attraction was the sight of the foliage turning bright colors. For the last several years he has been assembling as much of his family history as he can gather from his relatives. Gardening in his backyard always provides a good deal of satisfaction and some pleasant surprises. Tom is currently enjoying reading *Chasing Hepburn*, a family memoir by the writer Gus Lee, who has taught creative writing at CC. He's also working his way through Elsa Morante's *History: A Novel* in the original Italian; it traces the life of a Jewish woman who lives in Rome during WWII. During Block Two last year Tom spent a day in a Shakespeare class teaching *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and thoroughly enjoyed the experience, though he says he isn't quite ready to resume the practice of grading four sets of students papers over a period of three-and-a-half weeks.

**Neale Reinitz writes:** During the past two years I have been tracking down the papers (manuscripts, letters, journals) of William Ellery Leonard, a poet, scholar, radical activist, and Professor of English at the University of Wisconsin from 1906 to 1944. After a number of adventures, I finally gained access to these papers, which were stored on the third floor of a row house in Greenwich Village. Leonard was a notable eccentric who was frightened by a steam engine when he was two years old, and developed what he called a "distance phobia." He was eventually confined to within four or five blocks of his apartment, where he taught his courses for many years. Despite this experience, which he described in an autobiography called *The Locomotive-God*, he found time to be a dynamic teacher, write a dozen books (including one best-selling volume of poetry), and be married four times. Aside from my pursuit of Leonard, I have been teaching an occasional block and have visited family and friends in such places as New York, Chicago, England and Russia.