



# THE 2nd LAIRD Miscellany

Volume 8, Issue 13

Friday, February 1, 2013

## SENIOR SPOTLIGHT: DAN PECK



**1) If you could take the place of a character in a novel, who would you be and why?**

The cat from Ulysses, if only to finally learn how to pronounce "Mkgnao."

**2) What is the single best English class you've taken at Carleton and why?**

Marlowe/Revenge Tragedy. It was just a lot of fun reading that transgressive, over-the-top stuff.

**3) Tell us something that most of the other English majors don't know about you.**

For a while, it was my dream to become a concert marimbist.

**4) Which book would you be okay never reading again?**

W;t.

**5) Six words describing your experience as a Carleton English major:**

It is no accident that [clause]

**6) What is your best memory of the Ireland program?**

Any memory that involves Phil Fonseca climbing things. Climbing ancient ruins, climbing walls, climbing mountains in his bare feet. God, could that boy climb.

*Dude, that's my sister!*



**Whose sibling is this?  
Email the name to lanec or**

## LITERARY TRIVIA

**THIS WEDNESDAY**

**2.6.13**

**3:30 PM LAIRD 212**

**PIZZA.PROFS.GLORY**

**THE MISCELLANY EDS WILL  
MAKE THE SDAS WISH THEY  
NEVER LEARNED TO READ**

## quote of the week

*"She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that 's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes"*

**STUDENTS! Call in to ext. 4322 with the author and work these last lines come from. The first person to correctly name the quotation will receive a package of cookies with a faculty signature.**

**Peter Balaam**  
"Their Lonely Betters" -- W.H. Auden

As I listened from a beach-chair in the shade  
To all the noises that my garden made,  
It seemed to me only proper that words  
Should be withheld from vegetables and birds.  
A robin with no Christian name ran through  
The Robin-Anthem which was all it knew,  
And rustling flowers for some third party waited  
To say which pairs, if any, should get mated.  
Not one of them was capable of lying,  
There was not one which knew that it was dying  
Or could have with a rhythm or a rhyme  
Assumed responsibility for time.  
Let them leave language to their lonely betters  
Who count some days and long for certain letters;  
We, too, make noises when we laugh or weep:  
Words are for those with promises to keep.

**Constance Walker**  
"Sailing to Byzantium" -- W.B. Yeats

That is no country for old men. The young  
In one another's arms, birds in the trees  
- Those dying generations - at their song,  
The salmon-falls, the mackerel-crowded seas,  
Fish, flesh, or fowl, commend all summer long  
Whatever is begotten, born, and dies.  
Caught in that sensual music all neglect  
Monuments of unaging intellect.

An aged man is but a paltry thing,  
A tattered coat upon a stick, unless  
Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing  
For every tatter in its mortal dress,  
Nor is there singing school but studying  
Monuments of its own magnificence;  
And therefore I have sailed the seas and come  
To the holy city of Byzantium.

O sages standing in God's holy fire  
As in the gold mosaic of a wall,  
Come from the holy fire, perne in a gyre,  
And be the singing-masters of my soul.  
Consume my heart away; sick with desire  
And fastened to a dying animal  
It knows not what it is; and gather me  
Into the artifice of eternity.

Once out of nature I shall never take  
My bodily form from any natural thing,  
But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make  
Of hammered gold and gold enamelling  
To keep a drowsy Emperor awake;  
Or set upon a golden bough to sing  
To lords and ladies of Byzantium  
Of what is past, or passing, or to come.

**Adriana Estill**  
"A Visit from St. Nicholas" -- Clement Clarke Moore

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds;  
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;  
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.  
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,  
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below,  
When what to my wondering eyes did appear,  
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny rein-deer,  
With a little old driver so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment he must be St. Nick.

To see the whole poem, go to:  
<http://www.poets.org/viewmedia.php/prmMID/19286>  
Adriana said it took her two weeks to memorize!

**This week, Arnab posted a link to a New Yorker article on the Carleton English Department Facebook (what, you haven't friended it, yet?). The article posits that memorizing poetry is a great brain exercise. Therefore, we took it upon ourselves to find out what poems professors have memorized. Hope this little list inspires you to make some room in your brain between your social security number and the 30 Rock finale for poetry.**

**Tim Raylor**  
"The Sigh that Heaves the Grasses"  
A. E. Housman

The sigh that heaves the grasses  
Whence thou wilt never rise  
Is of the air that passes  
And knows not if it sighs

The diamond tears adorning  
Thy low mound on the lea,  
Those are the tears of mourning  
That weeps, but not for thee.

**Greg Smith**  
"Sunday Morning" -- Wallace Stevens (first stanza)

She hears, upon that water without sound,  
A voice that cries, "The tomb in Palestine  
Is not the porch of spirits lingering.  
It is the grave of Jesus, where he lay."  
We live in an old chaos of the sun,  
Or old dependency of day and night,  
Or island solitude, unsponsored, free,  
Of that wide water, inescapable.  
Deer walk upon our mountains, and the quail  
Whistle about us their spontaneous cries;  
Sweet berries ripen in the wilderness;  
And, in the isolation of the sky,  
At evening, casual flocks of pigeons make  
Ambiguous undulations as they sink,  
Downward to darkness, on extended wings.

**Arnab Chakladar**  
"That Night When Joy Began"  
W. H. Auden

That night when joy began  
Our narrowest veins to flush,  
We waited for the flash  
Of morning's leveled gun.

But morning let us pass,  
And day by day relief  
Outgrows his nervous laugh,  
Grown credulous of peace,

As mile by mile is seen  
No trespasser's reproach,  
And love's best glasses reach  
No fields but are his own.