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.

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LITERARY TRIVIA

THIS WEDNESDAY
2.6.13
3:30 PM LAIRD 212
PIZZA.PROFS.GLORY

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”
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.

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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 unageing intellect.

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.