
ASE ALUMNI NEWS

March 2017



Dearest ASE Alums,

Welcome to the ASE Alumni News for 2016!

OK, OK, so it's a little late; but what's a few months and a single digit between friends? (And aren't there world events in 2016 that make you wish we had simply skipped to 2017 anyway?!)

The short wait, I promise you, will be worth it. Ahead are more than 30 pages of quality prose and pictures to transport you, during an hour or so of your precious US time, backwards in time and up, down and across these islands to a variety of your favourite English, Welsh and Irish haunts...

Just like the Programme itself, we'll start you off in Bath, with **Eleanor Frick's** account of returning to the city as a student and artist, having first 'attended' an ASE Summer School as a 12-year-old. If you miss your ASE house, you'll enjoy the meanderings and (a)musings of **Natalie Olivo** and **Manda Simmons**, who came back to visit theirs. Then we'll be off on *two* trips to Oxford, one in the company of **Emma Quinn**, who followed her dreams and returned to the University as a grad student; the other from a Student who's simultaneously an Oxford professor (read **Anna Camilleri's** piece to solve the riddle). We'll also hear from a couple of ASE's newest faculty members, **Joanne Parsons** and **Rebecca Stewart**, who talk about food, children and literature in fetching Bristolian and Aberdonian accents, respectively. There's an excursion to Cardiff with **Paul Soltis**, who now speaks fluent Welsh (the political culture if not the language). And what ASE experience would be complete without a Dublin Pub Quiz? **Moira Johnston** has all the answers. None of these accounts of travel and self-discovery would have been out of place (pun intended) on Skidmore professor **Melora Wolff's** summer course, *Memoir in Motion*, on which she reflects movingly here; and none, thankfully, say 'American Tourist' loudly enough to have made **Brooke Sager's** list of give-away antics.

We give you a glimpse into the glass cabinet of ASE merchandising now found at the base of the Nelson House stairwell (pictures of ASE Staff and ASE students in ASE Stuff are on page 10). The cabinet also displays an array of ASE faculty and staff publications, too, for which 2016 was something of a vintage year, not least for that irrepressible mortal **Kieron Winn**, the secret radical **Helena Kelly** and the eternally hopeful **Marie-Louise Jensen**.

There's an upstart donkey somewhere in the mix, too: watch out for him, and his mock-cockney dropped Hs.

A is for Advanced, as he should well know.

Happy travels!

Jonathan Hope, ASE Dean and Director

ASE's Alumni Reunions

Following the success of the twenty-fifth anniversary parties in late 2014, we decided that we would hold an annual Alumni Reunion in a major regional city every year, and on the fifth year we would come back to Bath for an anniversary celebration.



2015 saw us in Princeton, the Pope being in Philadelphia. This year we trialled a slightly different event, gathering for an afternoon cook-out at a woodland resort outside of Boston. In both cases, numbers have not been as high as we would have liked, but everyone had a great time and, as had happened in the anniversary parties, friendships were forged across the semesters.

So, where next and what are we thinking to do to make them more popular?



Well, the first thing is to advertise the events earlier, to give people more opportunities to plan and book. Secondly, we are going back to an early evening format of drinks and nibbles, on a Friday or Saturday. We are hoping that this will encourage you folks to make a weekend of it, perhaps having a get-together with your housemates or whole semester before or after the main event. If we start to get greater numbers, we might be able

to offer cultural and family events (museum visits or city tours or the like), making the reunion into a whole weekend extravaganza!

So, here are the **dates for your diary**:

- **Saturday September 23rd, 2017: ASE takes a bite of the Big Apple!**
2017 we will be in New York city.
- **September 2018: ASE having a capital time!**
2018 will see us coming to your nation's capital, Washington DC
- **Late June/early July 2019: it's ASE's Bath time again!**
Our 30th anniversary bash, celebrated in style, in the summer, and in Bath!

We hope to see you all there!

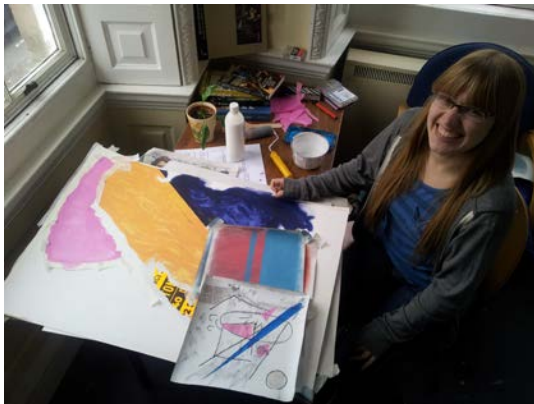
Bath and Back Again

Eleanor Frick (Au15, Franklin and Marshall), compares Bath seen through 12 and 20-year-old eyes

Ask any ASE alumna and he or she will tell you that Bath became a second home to them during their semester stay. For me, heading into my semester in Bath (Autumn 2015) felt more like coming home again. That's because, in a sense, I was. When I was 12, I was lucky enough to have a spectator seat to ASE's Summer School program, so I knew what I was getting into when I applied to go abroad eight years later. More specifically, I knew I was going to a program that cares both about giving students an academic experience to rival their home colleges and universities, but also takes great pride and pleasure in its students.



I could go on about my first summer in Bath, trips between the Baths and the Parade Gardens, diving into Jane Austen's world, and of course the Bath Sweet Shop was absolutely heaven for 12-year-old me—I won't lie to you, I still get happy stomach flutters just thinking about black currant Millions. When I returned, I proudly proclaimed



that I was going to live in Bath one day. But I believe that what was most important about my first trip to Bath was that it impressed on me the importance of really being a part of the world I lived in. I chose to return to ASE because I knew that here was a place that I would be welcome, and encouraged to interact with the community, existing roots or no. Happily, I was not mistaken, and it was rewarding to see my friends and classmates experiencing the same wonder that I did and

still continue to do.

However, there were things that I hadn't anticipated about returning. It's one thing to experience a place as a child, but quite another to return as a young adult. For example, now I can drink in pubs! In all seriousness, part of me was expecting to find Bath unchanged from my memories, which is of course, unrealistic. Life goes on, things change, and I found Bath a different city from that long-ago summer. In terms of logistics; now I am an adult and have to navigate rather than simply follow the lead of my parents. I had to grocery shop and keep budgets. And so, that fall, I got to know this "new" Bath, and see how my home-away-from-home had grown with me. This time



around I was also a student, and had to keep up with the nearly-one-novel-weekly course load that was *absolutely not* a part of my childhood experience of Bath. That being said, the academic rigor of the program has definitely served me well since my return!

As for my scholastic experiences within the program, I had the honor to participate in ASE’s inaugural semester offering a tutorial in Fine Art. This afforded me the opportunity to work within one of the most interesting institutions in Bath— 44AD

artspace. The artspace serves as both a gallery and studio space for nearly a dozen local artists and one of those artists, the cheerful and formidable Katie O’Brien, was my tutor. Katie was honestly one of the highlights of my semester. Working with her combined an atmosphere of comfortable familiarity with an expectation of artistic diligence that kept me challenged, but not emotionally buried. The tutorial culminated in a Christmas time exhibition—my first as a serious art student – and gave me a realistic opportunity to see what post-college life might be like for an artist. As an official ‘guinea pig’, I look forward to seeing how the tutorial grows as a result of my experience.

This past summer, I was actually fortunate enough to return to Bath once again. I had the opportunity to assist Katie in curating and putting up 44AD’s summer exhibition: the Eighth Wonder of the World. It was an incredible experience, getting to work more behind the scenes in an institution that I had gotten to know from a working perspective. I still seek to answer that all-too-common question that faces most art majors, “What are you going to do once you graduate?” but this past year has given some invaluable experience in how to both create cohesive work for an exhibition, and how to administer and organize one as well.



Bath has always had a special place in my heart as the first place outside the continental U.S. that I visited, as well as the backdrop for a few other firsts in my life. It is a familiar base, no matter where else I go—my other home, my family has joked. My memories from my first visit have taken on an almost idyllic quality; that summer lives on in my mind like a golden monument of my childhood. More recently, the experiences of my fall as a student have helped me cement my own role as an adult in my own mind. In a way, my various visits serve as milestones of my growth towards adulthood and true independence. Wherever I happen to be, Bath remains a place to which I can always return, and am always welcomed home.

HOW PEOPLE AROUND THE WORLD SPOT AMERICAN TOURISTS

Alumna Brooke Sager (Sp08, Skidmore) wrote this piece, originally published on Thrillist.com (<https://www.thrillist.com/travel/nation/how-to-dress-like-an-american-tourist-more-dead-giveaways-for-locals>)



"Where in America are you from?" the cashier asked me.

At the time, I had been studying abroad and living in Bath, England for five months, shopping at this same local grocery store multiple times a week. I considered Bath home in so many ways -- I wasn't a native, but I certainly felt that I was managing to blend in, at least. Yet the man ringing up my perishables and spotted dick (really, that's a British dessert) somehow knew I was *far* from a local.

"I'm from New York," I chortled. "Is my accent that obvious? I pronounce 'dog' and 'coffee' like a normal person, I swear."

"No, it's not your accent," he began. "My friends and I play this game called 'Spot the American,' and the biggest giveaway is anyone wearing trainers with baggy sweat clothes out in public. People from the UK wouldn't dream of running errands dressed like that. No offense, of course!"

Wait -- running errands in a sweatshirt four sizes too big was "American"? A hoodie was my Sunday uniform; I'd never thought twice about it. I considered defending myself, but quickly realized the obvious: I was American -- and stars and stripes were seeping through my pores without me even knowing it.

More so than other cultures, those hailing from the great US of A seem to unwittingly wear their American-ness on their (sweatshirt) sleeves -- especially when traveling. Wear your identity proudly, but if you must blend in, you might want to consider your giveaways. We asked a pool of people from around the globe to share the easiest and most blatant ways to spot an American tourist in their home countries.

Who, what, wear?



- "Americans love wearing shorts, even when it's not all that warm outside." -- *Nelly, Spain*
- "North Face fleeces." -- *Jacqui, Germany*
- "Ill-fitting T-shirts that showcase somewhere they've been or a feat accomplished, like 'Milwaukee Marathon' or 'Chicago Zoo' -- something embarrassing Europeans wouldn't dare be spotted in. Then on party night, American girls wear pounds of makeup." -- *Susan, Netherlands*

- "Americans are the ones wearing fanny packs -- though I think it's because they want to keep an eye on their wallets." -- *Elio, Venezuela*
- "[American women wear] *all* the accessories -- ALL of them!" -- *Madeleine, Israel*

Restaurant and bar etiquette (and lack thereof)

- "Americans are used to big portions in restaurants and cafés. So when I see someone walking around Europe with more than a half-liter of coffee, that person is likely American." -- *Matt, Spain*
- "[Coming from someone who works as a waiter] I can tell someone is American if he or she orders French fries. Like, just fries, and nothing else." -- *Steffen, Denmark*
- "Americans go out and get college-girl drunk -- it's a big cultural difference. In Greece, we care a lot about what people think, so we grow up trying to do everything in certain ways. Plus, there was never a drinking age here [until recently when they made it 18], so as teenagers, we never felt the need to get wasted because we easily could if we'd really wanted to." -- *Stavros, Greece*
- "Surprised faces when they are not immediately served a glass of ice water." -- *Cristina, Romania*
- "At a restaurant, you can often hear a group of Americans talking about how much they should tip. And they usually tip really well, since it's not common to leave a significant sum of gratuity in Europe." -- *Nelly, Spain*
- "They're the first to buy you a drink. As soon as I mention that I'm Canadian and used to good beer, an American will come along in an attempt to prove me wrong." -- *Karl, Canada*



Being tourists and meeting locals

- "I like the Americans who travel. They are very friendly, offering nice-to-meet-yous and are interested in learning about other cultures. I also love how all the Americans I've met [from the middle of America] apologize about Trump." -- *Susan, Netherlands*
- "Bahamians are a staid bunch, and since most of us are in service jobs, they see tourists every day. But Americans are congenial and friendly to a fault, insisting on talking to the locals until their formality breaks down. Also, it blows me away how affably American tourists spend money -- they're the main reason I was able to capitalize on my business of selling \$20 CDs of tourist photos. Europeans and Canadians bitch about prices, but Americans happily open their wallets time and time again." -- *Ken, Bahamas*
- "American tourists get the most excited when they meet other Americans abroad." -- *Maria, Spain*
- "At least in Asia, Americans are always taking pictures of the locals. And not in the *National Geographic* kind of way -- more like how I take photos of animals at the zoo on my iPhone." -- *Dan, Vietnam*

- "[As the Dean of a study abroad program for American students] I'm reluctant to imply that all Americans are alike -- it seems to me that it's precisely in its diversity that the USA is unique and strong. But generally (and humorously) speaking, Americans are astonished by the sheer age of things in the UK, and act surprised that most British women don't wear bonnets. They also get really excited when they see sheep." -- *Jonathan, UK*



Getting physical

- "I'm not saying that all Americans are overweight, but the overweight people I encounter here tend to be American." -- *Barbro, Sweden*
- "Their beautiful teeth!" -- *Jonathan, UK*
- "If there's a girl on the beach in a bikini with six-pack abs, my first thought is, 'she's American.' Spanish women don't aim for that look. It's custom here to eat reasonably healthy with the exception of having a beer with every meal, but since we walk everywhere, we don't really gain much weight. Americans, however, work out to get toned." -- *Beatrice, Spain*

Bags and bottles

- "Americans carry such huge bags! And the women fill those bags with so many curling and straightening irons." -- *Allie, Australia*
- "A bottle of rosé wine in hand for an afternoon on the beach, paired with burnt skin." -- *Gerald, France*
- "Anyone holding a camcorder and shouting in awe makes for the easiest game of 'Spot the American Tourist.'" -- *Kayleigh, UK*

Say what?

- "I generally find the stereotype about Americans being uncouth and ignorant a bit tired, but their behavior abroad often seems to confirm to it. One time, a voluble American couple was on the Metro, and the husband asked the wife each time they crawled into a station: 'Why is every station in this city called sortie?' He had to be politely told that 'sortie' means 'exit' in French." -- *Jean-Luc, France*
- "Anyone who says, 'sup?'" -- *Ting, China*
- "I've been asked by a couple of Americans separately on nights out whether I prefer the Beatles or the Stones. Earnest Europeans who are trying to seem cool, however, ask similar questions." -- *Joe, UK*
- "American students exhibit a quirky mix of the formal and informal. It can take me five or six classes to get them to address me by my first name, rather than 'professor' (an honorific which, in English terms, I certainly do not warrant), and yet they are far more willing to be sassy and, for want of a better word, more playful than many of the English students I've taught." -- *Rob, UK*
- "Americans are loud." -- *Everyone*



Byronic Woman

Dr Anna Camilleri, who has taught courses on Jane Austen and Romanticism for ASE in the recent past, brings us up to speed with life as a full-time professor / academic at the University of Oxford



I am currently a fixed-term Student at Christ Church, where all the Dons are known as “Students” with a capital “S” for reasons that remain opaque to me but have something to do with Canons and governance and possibly Henry VIII. Life at the House (the affectionate moniker derived from the College’s Latin name, *Ædes Christi*) is divided between two main duties: research and teaching.

My research is focused on Romantic poetry, primarily Byron. I am currently finishing my first book project, *Byron, Gender, and the Heroic*, which examines the gendering of heroism in Byron’s poetry. My teaching is rather less easy to summarise, covering as it does literature in English written between 1660 and 2016. If this sounds adventurous to the point of absurdity, I can assure you it is. Working on a poet who was mad, bad, and rather short-lived (his really good poems are all written in the eight years before his untimely death in 1824), it became very obvious very swiftly that I would have to broaden my range of expertise if I wanted to make any successful bid to remain in academia. The short story is that I got rather carried away. You may well be familiar with the seasoned drinker’s riposte, ‘if it’s wet, I’ll drink it?’ Well, in my case, if it’s printed I’ll read it. I’ve always been someone who would rather read the back of a shampoo bottle than have my eyes idle. For a bibliophile, teaching in Oxford is rather akin to being the proverbial kid in the candy store: Victorian detective novels, literature of the First Scientific Revolution, postmodern experiments in fiction, Augustan mock-epic – there was very little I couldn’t resist. Excepting *Sir Charles Grandison*. Of the latter, George Eliot wrote, ‘I should be sorry to be the heathen that did not like that book.’ Well, heathen I may be, but I far prefer Austen’s six-page parody than Richardson’s six volumes.

Like the majority of my peers, my path into academia has been forged through a combination of persistent door knocking, hard work, and good luck. I was elected to the Career Development Fellowship at Christ Church in 2013 after around seventy applications to every conceivable institution around the globe. Universities throughout the United Kingdom and the United States, at least one in the United Arab Emirates, and innumerable institutions in the major (and minor) countries of Europe – most memorably Groningen, whom I dutifully promised I would learn

Dutch – all received carefully crafted and ever more elaborate research proposals and statements of suitability that struck just the right note of self-confidence to cover undertones of amplifying self-doubt.

I was one of the fortunate ones: my only interview enabled me to take up a job I love in a place that continually astounds. In part it's the setting. It's difficult to work in Hogwarts and not to notice the architecture. As I write, I am sat in my office looking out over Peckwater Quad, the exquisite regularity of which wouldn't look out of place in Bath. Supposedly the façade was intended to ensure the college's aristocratic students didn't miss their country seats too much. (Byron, for one, was desperate to come to Christ Church, but there was no room at the House.) Rather aptly for a professor of literature, the building which houses my study was built out of proceeds from sales of Chaucer's *Works*. According to the antiquarian William Brome, 'Christ Church obliges all Gentlemen at their entrance to take a copy', which, priced at around £350 in today's money, was not an insubstantial additional expense.

The real joy of the post is, however, the people. I will confess to being nervous about migrating to snooty Christ Church from lefty luvvie Balliol. As is frequently the case, my preconceptions proved misconceptions. The intimidatingly grandiose quads that make up the material substance of the college belie the warmth and vivacity of the inhabitants. Academic life is never easy, but there are times – usually in the middle of dankest darkest Hilary term, with lectures to compose, tutorials to teach, an email inbox full to bursting, and the prospect of yet another weekend devoted to essay-marking and reference-writing – when I question my chosen career. But at those moments, cacophonous sound of my first-year students eagerly making their way up my staircase to discuss the finer points of Joyce's *Ulysses* is enough to remind me that there is nowhere I would rather be.



Anna with the Jane Austen in Bath students of Summer '13

Advanced Studies in England



Introducing **ASE STUFF!**

A range of ASE-Branded clothing and gifts for students, alums and the ASE family.

All items can be purchased through dedicated ASE online shops, **direct from the supplier.**

For clothing the supplier is the UK-based [Clothes2order.com](http://stores.clothes2order.com/advanced-studies-in-england-alum/) - <http://stores.clothes2order.com/advanced-studies-in-england-alum/> - supplying rugby shirts, tees, caps and hoodies in variety of colours and sizes.

US-based firm [Redbubble.com](https://www.redbubble.com/people/ASEBath/shop) - <https://www.redbubble.com/people/ASEBath/shop> - are supplying a wide variety of things, from stickers to tote bags, mugs to mobile phone covers.



Send us a photo of you with your stuff!

Living the Dream: A Year in the Life of an American at Oxford

Alumna Emma Quinn (Sp13, Bucknell University) tells us about her year as a Masters student at Oxford.

There's no denying it—Oxford is a dreamy city.



It's the cobblestone streets, it's the secluded gardens, it's the secret library passages—the city has a mystical quality to it, and it's not just because it's as close as you can get to Hogwarts. I'm not the only one who's noticed, either. Matthew Arnold was the first to write of Oxford's "dreaming spires", instilling a permanent sense of fantasy in the city's image.



This dreaminess first struck me on my ASE Oxford trip, during a walk around Christ Church Meadow. My friends and I took a break from frequenting the high street kebab vans (which would go on to play an integral part of my experience as an Oxford postgrad student) to walk around the grounds. There's a point where the path rounds a corner to reveal the most incredible view—Oxford playing the role of "castle", all sublime and magical and unattainable. It was the first time I felt the influence of the place, the first time I realized I really

wanted to study there, which seemed simultaneously exciting and completely impossible at the time.

Oxford never left my brain after that: it followed me back to Bath, and even back to the US. Trolling the graduate admissions page, pulling together an application, getting a letter in my mailbox months later—it never felt quite like real life (although admittedly, the struggle of moving a year's worth of luggage from suburban Connecticut to Oxford did feel very real).

You'd think it would become normal, actually living in Oxford. But it didn't. It's a strange feeling, walking around in a dream, and it demands moments of introspection: scoring a prime secluded spot in the Rad Cam, watching fairy lights dancing on wine glasses at Christ Church Christmas formal (yes, in *the* Great Hall), or deciding to scrap it all and settle into a pub at 3pm with a cup of mulled wine. It all demanded the same acknowledgement—"guys, what is our life?"

Here's the thing about dream world, though: it does require some preparation. I sat through four etiquette seminars in my first week at Oxford, as I was now responsible for understanding such information as the difference between afternoon and high tea, the relative lengths of undergrad, postgrad, and fellows' gowns, and when to sit, stand, and speak during formal dinners. My first formal was



especially daunting, as I ended up seated next to a distinguished-looking man in a long black gown, which made me relatively sure he was very important.

Now, my newly acquired etiquette told me to keep the drinking to a minimum, however in recent years I had learned to always take advantage of free alcohol. So I was faced with a dilemma. You can imagine my delight, then, when the man (who turned out to be a well-published economics professor) responded to the waiter's question of "red or white?" with, as if there were no other conceivable answer, "*both*, of course". I asked for the same. It turns out, differences in nationality, age, degree, and anything else don't matter whatsoever: Oxonians are united in that they *always* say yes to free alcohol, as much and as often as possible, which is perhaps the lesson I learned best while there.

The blissful academic Oxford-induced dream state was admittedly punctured with frustrations: centuries of tradition meant centuries' worth of administrative roadblocks; renowned tutors meant soul-crushing amounts of pressure; a focus on self-study meant a solitary work schedule that many of my peers found stifling. But when every roadblock is countered with the opportunity to handle rare materials, when every moment of insane stress is paid off with one that makes you say "aha", and when every, yes *every* long day at the library is followed by a long night at the pub, it's hard not to come out of the experience with a rosy outlook.

Now, I studied Victorian literature, so you know any dream of mine is going to involve a Yeats quote: "I wonder anybody does anything at Oxford but dream and remember, the place is so beautiful," he says. "One almost expects the people to sing instead of speaking. It is all like an opera." W.B. had it right—it can be hard to get anything done in one of the most awe-inspiring and therefore distracting places in the world. But what I figured out in a year at Oxford is that it's just as much about what surrounds the work as it is about the work itself. You fill in the gaps with everything Oxford offers: the culture and the social life and the operatic allure. The soft percussion of clinking wine glasses, the sing-song charm of foreign accents echoing in a tiny pub, the rhythm of a rowing club speeding past your spot on a grassy bank—this was the soundtrack that accompanied my Oxford experience, and it was just as integral as anything I read or heard in a lecture. It turns out, a dream is whatever you make it, and I couldn't imagine a city more worthy of centuries of dreamers than the city of dreaming spires.



Memoir in Motion

Melora Wolff, Professor of English and Theater Arts at Skidmore College, is moved to think back on a summer of teaching, travelling and writing



Each weekday, the eight nonfiction students enrolled in my ASE Summer creative writing course *Memoir in Motion* take their seats around the table in the small, abundant library of Nelson House. They are ready to sit, nearly motionless, for an hour and a half as we discuss the art of travel memoir. These students, from five different colleges, are all smart, attentive, terrific young writers who seem to have known one another always; their comments are candid and helpful, and their rapport with one another is deep. This bonding happened quickly as they shared the city of Bath. Our afternoon discussion of the works of Camus, Basho, Woolf; Solnit, Dyer and Herzog, have, for this teacher, the intoxicating atmosphere of youth's contained energies. These students travel the assigned pages carefully, astutely, and preparer to bolt, soon! through literature's open gate into their own full-fledged motion.

While they roam the sites after class, their notebooks and pens in hand, I venture out too, but I also wait eagerly for them to come back to our hushed library, to open their notebooks, and to invite me to see England through *their* eyes, as they read their essays aloud. For me, these manuscript readings become the real journey as the students reveal themselves through drafts, revisions, questions, flourishes of humor and perceptiveness. They show me, like experts, the way the complicated rhythms of Bath in morning and evening morph overnight into unexpected cadences of style; the way that the details of their wanderings by the weir or through the park, or their meditations in the Cathedral, or their browsing through Oxford bookshops, or their scrutiny of stone and light at Glastonbury, unfold as colorful prose passages winding through the fantastic realms of their vision.

On our Study Trip—a writers' retreat to Goodrich Castle, Haye-On-Wye, and to Tintern Abbey—the nonfiction students seem on the bus like little kids, shouting "Sheep! Sheep!", singing, joking, and calling out their questions about the countryside. But once arrived at Goodrich Castle, they become like monks, --quiet, dignified, alert to the history of warfare, defense, and

ruin. Their stillness is moving. Elizabeth is standing inside what remains of the chapel, gazing at a shaft of sunlight on the floor; Theresa and Brianna have tucked themselves into nooks in the castle's broken wall, and watch swallows dive in and out of crevices in stone; Claire O. has settled in the former great hall, and Claire R. has climbed to the top of The Keep where she looks solemnly toward the River Wye, her hair flying; Hannah has marched down the dungeon stairs; Ryan and Alec stride between gateway and barbican, and signal silently to each other as sentries. Tomorrow, these young pilgrims will all open their notebooks, and read their work aloud around our table, turning this day into indelible tales.

Now, so many months later, I think of my ASE students fondly. I remember their words as Goodrich swallows, darting out on the wings of adventure; finding their way home. Wherever they are, they are still moving.



Return of the Prior Parkies

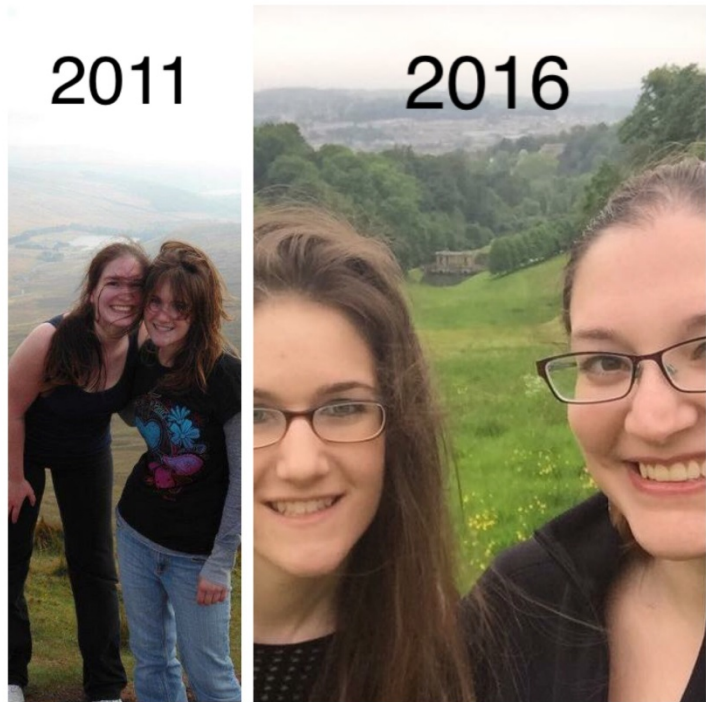
Former Prior Park residents Manda Simmons (Au11, UMW) and Natalie Olivo (Au11, Denison) revisit some familiar haunts... and houses

When you've been traveling for 36+ hours, your mind starts to get sluggish. The cramped airplane is stifling. The standing two-hour train ride is uncomfortable. You seriously contemplate tackling four people ahead of you to get to the loo first. But unlike our first trip to Bath, where we didn't know what to expect, this time around to step off the train at Bath Spa and emerge onto Pierrepont Street induces an immediate feeling: we're home.

We expected to feel borderline hysterical, or to start sobbing at the sight of the Abbey, but instead we were hit with a feeling of instant comfort. It wasn't mania, it was more like a solidified fact that we were back in our own territory. Like burrito-ing yourself in your blankets at the end of an arduous day. Even the sweet plastic-y miasma in Sainsbury's was comforting.

Streets were instantly recognized and inner peace restored. Five years away certainly hadn't dimmed our love for the city; the absence had only invigorated us. We felt like we'd never even left. The biggest emotional shock was seeing the Prior Park house again, which prompted elated hysteria and wanting to not-so-stealthily break in through the front door and reclaim the house via squatter's rights.

Unlike our memories, the city hadn't remained untouched. First and foremost, familiar haunts like Vodka Revolution (affectionately known as VRevs) and The Huntsman have undergone serious facelifts since 2011. Gone are the hedonistic dancefloors and the clusters of college kids scrambling for a spot at the bar. Those have been replaced with fancy décor and working professionals mulling over glasses of Chardonnay. Second Bridge is closed during the summer (wha!) and we felt like the oldest people at the Moroccan underground club, Po Na Na; however, we did complete our eternal quest for the perfect tequila shot (spoiler alert: it was at a small local bar with an Irish reggae band tearing up the stage). We also finally made the trek



to Prior Park itself! In the four months we lived there, we never actually clambered up the hill to see it. Absolutely worth a look, if only to play on the tree swings and fantasize we were living an idyllic English childhood.

Experiencing Bath as full-fledged working adults and not students was also a bit of a shock when it came to eating at restaurants. As great as it was to wine and dine in one of the most beautiful cities in the world, it made us feel more like tourists in our own “home.” Not doing dishes was great, but there’s nothing like experiencing Bath through the quirks of an eighteenth-century kitchen.



Being back in the city re-instilled a sense of wanderlust; we made an impromptu day trip to Cardiff, Wales. We went to the train station bright and early, chose a random destination on the departures board, and off we went. We had the good fortune to see a velociraptor show at the castle (never thought you’d see that sentence, huh?) and explore some eerie WWII bunkers.

We mutually agree, and have heard this often from other Americans, that a lingering feeling whenever we’re abroad is the very humbling experience of standing in castles older than our Constitution.

We are always grateful to ASE for letting us drop by Nelson House for a cuppa and a chat!

Experiencing Bath again as adults and not students certainly reinforced the fact that we were incredibly fortunate to be able to return to the city for vacation, and make day trips to London and Wales. But for all the wealth of opportunity afforded to us on our “grown up” vacation, we missed the camaraderie of student life. Obviously, Bath is incredible for anybody on vacation, but we wouldn’t trade our weekly Prior Park family dinners for the nicest steakhouse in Bath.

Not Just Dead White Blokes

Jo Parsons, new tutor for Irish Literature, Nineteenth Century Women Writers and Romantic Poetry gives an account of her first few semesters at ASE



I began teaching at ASE in Fall 2015 when I stepped in to run the *Irish Literature* class and I've not looked back since. While I've taught a range of courses at ASE and other institutions (Bath Spa University and Falmouth University), my background is in Victorian Literature, specifically the 'dead white blokes' that I am always getting cross about in my seminars. So, I look at writers such as Wilkie Collins (an exception to my usual dead white bloke rant as I believe that he was really quite progressive in his ideas and writing), Thackeray, Surtees and that dead white bloke par excellence, Dickens. I do examine women writers as well (such as Elizabeth Gaskell, Mary Elizabeth Braddon, Ellen Wood) and I'm particularly interested in trashy Victorian novels, specifically the Sensation novel.



In my research, I explore men's relationship to food, in particular aberrant consumption, but my favourite male characters to explore are the fat men. I love the way they break boundaries and I think they're always much more fun than the hero of the text! In fact I love them so much I named my two cats after nineteenth century fat men. So, the first furry little psychopath is named Fosco after the gloriously evil Count Fosco from Collins' *The Woman in White*, who snaffles pastries greedily like a schoolgirl and likes white mice! And then there's Jos, who was named after Jos Sedley from *Vanity Fair*. Jos is a cowardly figure made corpulent by his indulgence in the curries and foreign foodstuffs he consumed during his time in India. My Jos has gained her curves by spending all day sleeping and then lazily swiping and eating the mice that her brother Fosco brings home. As some of my students will know, this has meant that I've spent a lot of my time being summoned to the vet for kitty fat club meetings.

While my research focuses on the Victorian period, I enjoy the opportunity to indulge my other literary interests. It was wonderful to be able to teach Irish Literature and share my fascination for the diversity of the writing inspired by Ireland's turbulent history. I think that one of my absolute highlights has to be the Fall 2015 trip to Dublin. To my shame, I had never been there before and I enjoyed exploring this dynamic and literary city with my students and the legendary Andrew Butterworth. Particular favourite moments include winning the literary quiz (well done Moira!), watching the singing and dancing at Oliver St John Gogarty's pub, the Yeats' exhibition, and seeing the bog people at the National Museum. I think the only low point was when I fell over my own feet – clearly bedazzled by Molly

Malone's magnificent bosom – and had to be picked up and sorted out by my students!

I taught a nineteenth-century women writer's module in the Spring 2016 semester. I was thrilled to introduce so many magnificent women writers to my students, to have the opportunity to discuss gendered issues and place them within the historical context (which is a lot more racy than you might first think, given our usual impression of the Victorians as prudish and uptight). As part of this course, we undertook a pilgrimage to Jane Austen's hometown of Hampshire. It was illuminating and so much fun! At the end of the trip, I decided to teach our students a little Bristolian (my home town is Bristol, not far from Bath – and there are youtube videos that will teach you how to speak in this rather 'distinctive' accent). I got them to thank our coach driver in the customary way by saying 'Cheers Drive!' as they left the vehicle. This achieved mixed success. I hope they've been practising since, so they can proudly take a bus like a local if they ever return to the West Country.



This semester I have had the good fortune to teach an individual tutorial on British Romantic Poetry. I think the one-to-one support provided is invaluable, advancing students' knowledge as well as their writing and researching ability – surely an advantage when returning to their home institution and entering the work place.

I believe that part of a university education is to encourage independent thought and to pursue your own areas of interest. I am never concerned if a student views a text from a different perspective to my own, and always enjoying hearing my students' thoughts. ASE supports and recognises individuality, in an effort to meet student needs, whether with regard to subject material or more general skill development. For my part, I ensure that classes and tutorials are flexible so that I can respond to students' interests and create a more tailored programme of study.

The students I have taught here have consistently impressed me. They are bright, brilliant young people and I feel that I have learnt as much from them as I hope they have from me. This shared education takes many forms. (I'd like to thank Kyah in particular for showing me how to cable knit after class one day; the results of this can be seen in the picture here where I'm wearing my new homemade scarf!)

I always enjoy hearing from my students, and I am still in touch with many on social media. I am spending this Christmas in New York, celebrating my fifth wedding anniversary as that is where we got married – and I am planning to meet up with some of my ex-students while there. This continuation of friendships and connections between students, and between staff and students, seems to me indicative of the very special experience that ASE offers. It is not only students who benefit from this: I feel privileged to have spent time with such wonderful young people, and I hope they stay in touch for many more years to come.

Publin

The title says it all. An alcohol-saturated, prize-winning essay by Moira Johnston (Au15, Wellesley)



One day before our trip to Dublin, Andrew Butterworth—an administrator at Advanced

Studies in England, my study abroad program in Bath for the fall semester—sat in on our Irish Literature class to detail the itinerary. Andrew regaled us with stories of dizzying pubs and rowdy singing along the Temple Bar—arguably the more infamous of Dublin locales, a street congested with pubs and tourists; the ear-to-ear grins of students first encountering the Trinity College library, and culminating in the revelatory literary pub-crawl. “ASE has never lost the pub crawl,” he said in hushed tones. His beaming blue eyes darted around the group. His glinting personality paralleled some sort of spirit guide; maybe the kind you’d find in an old adventure novel, there to guide the protagonist on some quest with gentle quips and



expert use of Cockney rhyming slang. We carefully asked how you could possibly lose a pub-crawl, as the sole objective is tonk in as many different pubs as possible. “Ah yes, but there is a twist,” his eyes shone like diamonds as his voice lifted for emphasis. “After the crawl, after you’re all nice and *happy*, there is a quiz,” he sparkled again.

Nowadays, it’s difficult to recognize Dublin by the grit that once captivated its writers in the early twentieth century. Our tutor, Jo, had cautioned us on the first day of class: “Irish writers are all dead white blokes,” she said,

“you’ll see that in class, and especially in Dublin.” Her Bristolian accent evened out the edges on the vowel sounds, turning the ‘o’ into a soft ‘ow’ and made for easy listening. She wore her lobbed off brown hair tousled around her ears, brushing her shoulders, which were clad in a tomato-red cardigan. She continued to remind us of portrayals of the city in the texts we had read the previous months.



Joyce (Dead White Bloke #1) used its deep alleyways behind to capture the Dubliners in paralysis. Beckett (Dead White Bloke #2) decided to focus on outside the city roads while two men actively do nothing, in two acts. Now the city teems with loudness and light. Along the Temple Bar, music oozes onto cobblestoned streets; your ears latch onto the nearest melody and hold on for dear life until another tune cuts in and you keep swinging and swinging like a child on monkey bars. The city is characterized by joy.

After a rushed meal of red curry and rice at a hole-in-the-wall Thai restaurant on Duke Street, the six of us met Jo and Andrew just down the road at the door to The Duke, the first stop on the crawl. Most pubs in Dublin claim to be the oldest, and The Duke is no exception. It’s stood on the corner of Duke Street and Duke Lane Upper since 1822, and retains its Victorian façade from the latter half of the nineteenth century. In a small room off the main bar with dark wood paneling and cushioned stools, we sat surrounded by other American tourists with literary inclinations. I gave them a proper once-over. Directly from Middle America, and with one (or more) colorful knit cardigan shoved desperately into their perfect-for-overhead-bin suitcase, they were no threat to me—us. We were a ragtag bunch of eight, but we were plucky and determined. What did they know? We’ve been studying these White Blokes and the rest of the Irish canon for months now. We had a purpose: we didn’t just want to win but we *had* to win. I was not about to return to Bath being the one Irish Lit course to lose the pub-crawl on a trip that runs every semester. I would not let that shame dampen the rest of our time in class. Besides, I have this incurable need to impress people.



Two men, Colm and Frank—both Dublin-born actors who've been leading this crawl for over twenty years—donned black bowler hats and performed the opening scene from Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*. Our spirited guides for the evening, the pair then led us from The Duke to our first stop under the bell tower at Trinity College, there since the college's founding

in 1592. Along the way, they doled out historical facts and tall tales about Joyce, Wilde, Beckett and Brendan Behan (Dead White Blokes numbers one through four). They delighted in the uneducated guesses blurted out by our zany cardigan-wearing counterparts when asked what sport Oscar Wilde played at university. One shouted basketball. Another tried figure skating; we didn't know the right answer, but we were fairly certain it wasn't figure skating. He was evidently a gifted boxer. We were expected to retain most of that information for the quiz at the very end of the tour. We were also expected to keep drinking.

We laughed at their pithy one-liners in between pints of Guinness as we wound our way through back alleys and side streets. Cold air nipped our cheeks and turned them rosy red. Covering into the next pub, The Old Stand—built in the early 1700s, truly one of the older pubs—Andrew and I huddled in a corner to review for the quiz. I was determined. Besides, the questions had not changed in twenty years, and Andrew had been chaperoning the Dublin trip for fifteen. It's not cheating if you're supporting a good cause. I was about to order my third pint and drink it with purpose, before Andrew gently reminded me it would in fact be my third pint, and I did want to stay sharp.

Dead White Bloke #1 frequented our final port of call, Davy Byrne's Bar, where the hero of *Ulysses*, Leopold Bloom stopped for Burgandy wine and a cheese sandwich. The pub was humbly sandwiched in between two rundown stores, and had no real façade to speak of. The interior was where it held



bragging rights as an authentic, art deco time capsule. Whitewashed walls were adorned in polished brass, and stained glass graced bar windows giving the small bar room a feeling of sophistication. However, this was one of Behan’s favorite haunts—Behan, who famously described himself as a drinker with a writing problem, was likely not as civilized.

We huddled outside the entryway. The time had come for the quiz. Andrew shuffled me up to the front of the bunch, so that I’m just a few feet from Colm and Frank, who stood before us with a sheet of paper. The pints of Guinness had already dissolved what little filter I had left and increased my volume by at least two decibels, so I was prepared.

“Alright,” Colm exclaimed, “we shout the questions, you shout the answers. The first few to shout the correct answer will get a point. The most points wins.” Frank cleared his throat. “When is Samuel Beckett’s birthday?” He yelled. I froze. I hesitated and watched in disbelief as a Cardigan screamed the answer from the middle of the pack. I knew the answer, too—Good Friday. I felt Andrew prod my arm. I didn’t know what happened. The danger of losing was realized and I could feel my cheeks getting hot. I had to keep going.

“Beckett originally contributed to the script of *Oh Calcutta* with which Beatle?” It was Colm’s turn to ask the group.

“John Lennon,” I blurted, standing three feet in front of him.



“Okay! Point to the loud blonde.”

I flew through the next two questions with ease.

The title of Oscar Wilde’s lecture series in the States was? Art and Aesthetics. In which sport did Wilde represent Trinity? Boxing. What was the previous name of The Old Stand? The Monico. I was tied with the Cardigan.

Andrew nudged me on as Colm called out the final question: “Which two nursery rhymes did playwright and novelist Oliver Goldsmith frantically add to Mother Goo—” Before he had time to finish asking, I yelled “HickorydickorydockandJackandJill.” I could hear Jo cackle from the back of the group as Colm calmly asked me to slowly repeat my winning answer.

A Welsh ASE-mbly?

Paul Soltis (Au14, College of William and Mary) looks back on his recent spell as a researcher in the Welsh Assembly

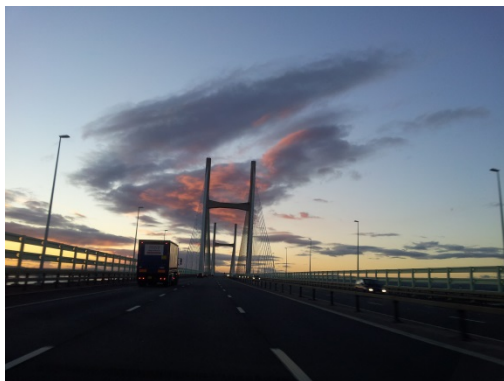
I made my first visit to Wales on the ASE autumn 2014 hike in the Brecon Beacons. As we crossed the Severn River from England, Jonathan Hope advised us all to take out our passports in preparation for checks at the border. Jonathan's humor was timely and relevant in those weeks following the Scottish independence referendum. While Scotland had voted against independence, the UK now faced the challenge of developing a new Scottish devolution settlement that would have implications for the other home nations. Suddenly, passport checks at the Welsh border did not sound as unthinkable as they may have been a few weeks earlier.



These thoughts were back on my mind when I made the same crossing from England to Wales again last January, this time on my way to Cardiff where I was beginning an internship in the National Assembly for Wales. Through a partnership with my American university, the College of William and Mary, I joined the office of David Melding, Assembly Member for South Wales Central, as a researcher for a term.

Daily work at the Assembly introduced me to the range of issues facing a national legislature in the UK. Third-party groups come regularly to Cardiff Bay to advocate their causes to the Assembly and as part of my duties I often attended their events. From London-based doctors seeking to help develop health policies for Wales to Welsh-speaking young farmers interested in making homes in rural areas more affordable, I enjoyed sharing tea and Welsh cakes with people from across Wales and the UK.

I prepared briefs on news stories and drafted Written Assembly Questions to the Welsh Government that, although perhaps not as dramatic as the oral questions asked of the Prime Minister in Westminster, play an important part in the parliamentary workings of Wales. Building on my studies of heritage in England with ASE's Andrew Butterworth, I researched the heritage sector in Wales and prepared a letter contributing to a review of heritage tourism being undertaken in the House of Lords.



My stay in Cardiff offered me the opportunity to travel throughout Wales, seeing first-hand the variety of people and places represented in Cardiff Bay. Wales offers a rich array of castles, mountains, and steam railways to explore, and the best days of my travels were those that combined all three at once. Not too far from Cardiff, the Roman Baths at Caerleon were especially interesting

for me, as they would be for other ASE alumni, as a reminder of another Roman-founded town in England I know quite well.

While Americans in Britain often comment on the oldness of the things around them, in Cardiff Bay I found myself impressed by the newness of everything around me. At home in the US, I live minutes away from the New Jersey State House in Trenton, the oldest parts of which dates to the 1790s. The Senedd, the building where the Assembly meets, turned 10 years old during my stay in Cardiff. My American alma mater was established by Royal Charter in 1693. The Government of Wales Act which established the National Assembly received Royal Assent in 1998. My undergraduate studies in early American history introduced me to the formation of legislatures in the past but working at the National Assembly allowed me to see those formative processes in action in our own time.



Although foreign relations are not a devolved matter, the then-impending June 2016 referendum on UK membership of the European Union hung over a lot of the Assembly's business last winter. At the same time, however, the presidential primaries in the US were of special interest to many in Wales. I never had to look farther than Welsh and British news media to follow the political developments in my own country. In discussions over lunch I often found my British colleagues had stayed up to catch late-night US election results when I had done anything I could to avoid hearing about them.

If some of my colleagues in Wales followed American politics more closely than I did, I realized I was perhaps better informed on Welsh politics than many people in that nation. Most people I met outside the Assembly knew it for the passage of a 5-pence charge on plastic bags but not much else. At an historic house museum in Tenby, a Tudor port turned Victorian resort, I listened as a Welsh guide spoke proudly of the survival of the Welsh language and nation into the present. When I introduced myself as an intern at the National Assembly, the same guide expressed to me her opinion that a dedicated legislature for Wales was unnecessary. In another conversation, a student at a Welsh-medium school explained to me how she and her classmates, who speak Welsh as a regular and natural part of their academic lives, much more often discuss American politics than those in their own nation. Some of them, she said, were unable to identify a picture of the First Minister of Wales, but all held well-informed opinions on Hillary Clinton, Donald Trump, and Bernie Sanders.

The June referendum, in which Wales was the only home nation to vote with England to leave the EU, presents further challenges for devolution. Whereas politicians in Scotland and Northern Ireland can suggest their nations are politically distinct enough to warrant further devolution from England, Welsh voters on at least this one issue seem to be in relative agreement with their English neighbors. Even where a sense of Welsh nationalism thrives, a sense of commitment to distinctly Welsh political institutions does not necessarily follow. As Britain negotiates a new relationship with Europe and the world in the coming years, Wales continues to find its own place as a nation on a journey replete with difficulties and rewards not too unlike those that ASE alumni may remember from a hike in the Brecon Beacons.

Archie and the Detectives

British Detective Fiction tutor, Rebecca Stewart, offers some clues to her life as an ASE 'professor'... and new mum

When I joined ASE as a tutor in 2013, I was made immediately to feel welcome and knew straight away that this Programme was much more than a teaching opportunity. For students and staff alike, ASE seems to me to work more like a family. And over the last three years, since becoming a mother myself, I have felt this more and more.

I was brought in to teach *British Detective Fiction*, a subject very close to me, both professionally and personally. The course was one that I inherited, but over the

years I have amended and played with the syllabus. I have even manage to sneak Raymond Chandler in there (despite being from the other side of The Pond he was, after all, educated in England!). I absolutely love teaching this course, and I particularly love the ways in which students' views of detective fiction change throughout the module. Some students encounter strange looks from peers when they say they are studying crime fiction, perhaps because they assume it must be a less-academic 'easy' option. But when we start with Russian Formalism, all those myths are dispelled. From Wilkie Collins through the Golden Age and on to contemporary crime fiction, I think the course has something for everyone – although

most of my students would agree that I personally get most excited about the Golden Age authors, in particular the Queen of Crime, Agatha Christie.

In 2014, Jonathan approached me to co-teach on his course, *The Beast, Big Brother, and Beyond*. I had never co-taught before, but I immediately knew it would work. Jonathan and I seem to (almost) always be 'on the same page', and I've relished the opportunity to teach some of the most exciting English literary texts of the twentieth century, as well as looking at a number of brilliant (and not so brilliant) film adaptations. I have particularly enjoyed our theatre



trips – to see *1984* and *The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-time* for instance – and the time spent with students on these trips means that we are (almost) always a close-knit group. Indeed, since starting our co-teaching relationship, we have also co-taught *Mementoes*, a fascinating examination of the ways in which memory is portrayed and interrogated in twentieth century literature and films. (In an early email to Jonathan, I did call the course *Momentoes*, which I think could have introduced a whole new depth to the course!).



2015 saw a huge change for me, personally. I remember being in the ASE office with Lucy and Emma at the end of 2014 when Lucy said that British Detective Fiction was going to run again in the Spring, if I was free. My face went bright red. I had to confess that I would not really be able to teach then, as I was *expecting a baby* in April.

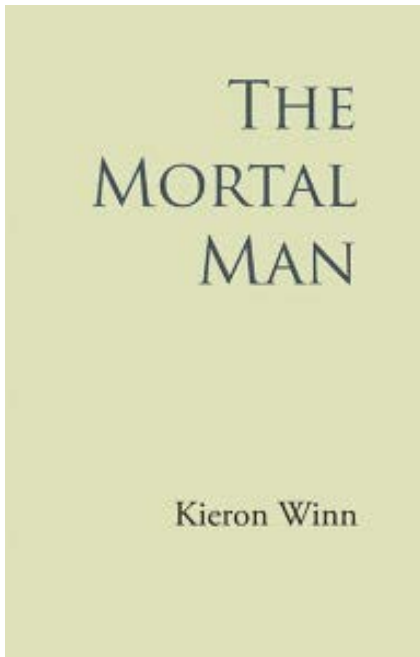
On 6 April 2015, Archibald Moray Stewart was born. Although I didn't run *British Detective Fiction* that semester, I did cover a couple of classes for Fiona Peters, who taught in my stead, including a class less than a week before Archie was born! I am not at all sure what the students thought when a hugely pregnant woman came in to teach hard-boiled detective fiction, but they were, as all the students seem to be on the ASE programme, welcoming and friendly.



With all the excitement of Archie's arrival, time passed quickly. Before I knew it, Autumn term 2015 was upon us and I was back in to teach – and also to do some internship mentoring. This could have been a very scary time, as I hadn't really been apart from Archie since his birth, but the whole team at ASE made it a joy to be back, and even welcomed Archie in for a few visits!

Each semester I meet such wonderful and intelligent students at ASE that classes remain a joy. I think Archie also approves of all the texts that we look at, as can be seen as he reads along with *One Hundred Years of Solitude* – he's obviously an English major in the making!

Recent Publications From ASE Tutors



Kieron Winn, *The Mortal Man*

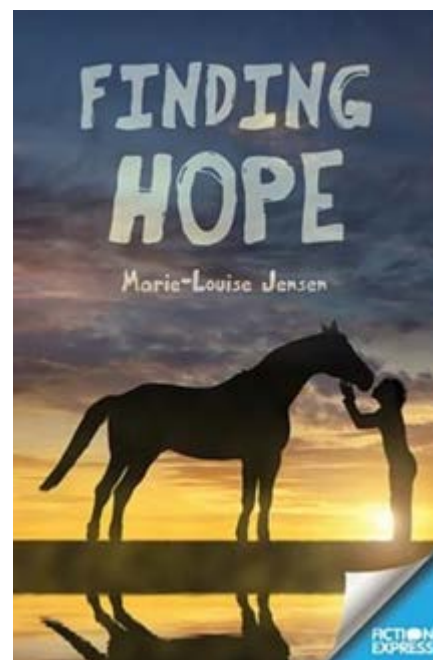
*Is there a way back to the spring of life,
A sweetness running in all living blood?*

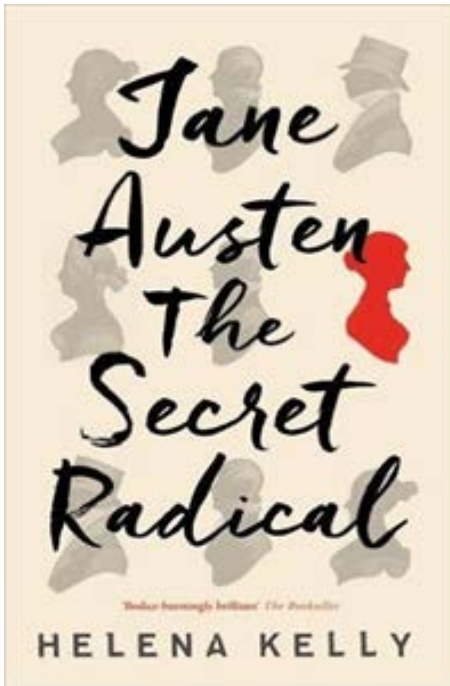
Ranging from the Lake District to Rome, from the eighteenth century to the twenty-first, these poems revel in the particularity of people and places, and look for the sources of delight in human consciousness. The presence of the past is keenly felt, whether in faces of visitors to the British Museum, conversations with the Romantic age, or the erotic scene on an ancient oil lamp.

'It is a fine and honest book. I read it, I suspect, from a very American perspective, which may be different from how one of your countrymen might. I especially liked poems such as "A Photograph Album", "Lost in Rome", and best of all "In the Garden". You have a specific (and rare) gift that I admired throughout the book – a sort of genius for the final line.' - Dana Gioia (quoted with permission from a letter)

Marie-Louise Jensen, *Finding Hope*

Orphan refugee, Faly, has a dark and troubled past. When she is adopted into a new family, she finds it hard to adjust. So does Jake, whose life of show-jumping and caring for his horse, Thunder, is suddenly interrupted by a new sister that he never asked for- a sister who won't even speak to him. Faly has survived more than Jake can possibly imagine. Now she has a second chance at life. If only she could tell him . . .





Helena Kelly, *Jane Austen: The Secret Radical*

Almost everything we think we know about Jane Austen is wrong. Her novels don't confine themselves to grand houses and they were not written just for readers' enjoyment. She writes about serious subjects and her books are deeply subversive. We just don't read her properly - we haven't been reading her properly for 200 years.

Jane Austen, The Secret Radical puts that right. In her first, brilliantly original book, Austen expert Helena Kelly introduces the reader to a passionate woman living in an age of revolution; to a writer who used what was regarded as the lightest of literary genres, the novel, to grapple with the weightiest of subjects – feminism, slavery, abuse, the treatment of the poor, the power of the Church, even evolution – at a time, and in a place, when to write about such things directly was seen as akin to treason.

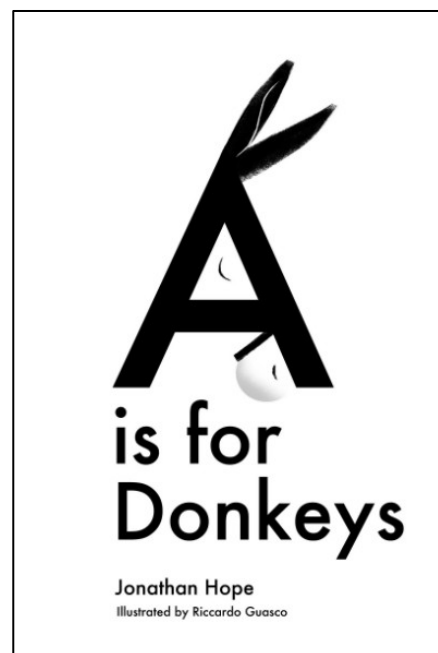
Uncovering a radical, spirited and political engaged Austen, *Jane Austen, The Secret Radical* will encourage you to read Jane, all over again.

Jonathan Hope, *A is for Donkeys*

A is for Donkeys is an alphabetic adventure with a difference. Readers are invited to delight in the sounds and semantics of letters A-Z, discovering many quirks of the English language along the way.

This is no simple reading primer - it's a celebration of the absurdities of spelling and pronunciation, using ingenious puns and idioms, old and new. The stylish letterform illustrations by Riccardo Guasco beautifully amplify the humour and occasional pathos of Jonathan Hope's playful verse.

A gem of a book for all phonetics-phobic adults, linguistically-curious children and fun-seeking English language learners and teachers.



Alumni Association Update

It's been awfully quiet...

I'm writing this with a substantial amount of guilt. Not only are we not getting your 2016 newsletter out to you until 2017, a first for ASE, but I don't seem to have much to show in terms of alumni association development this year.

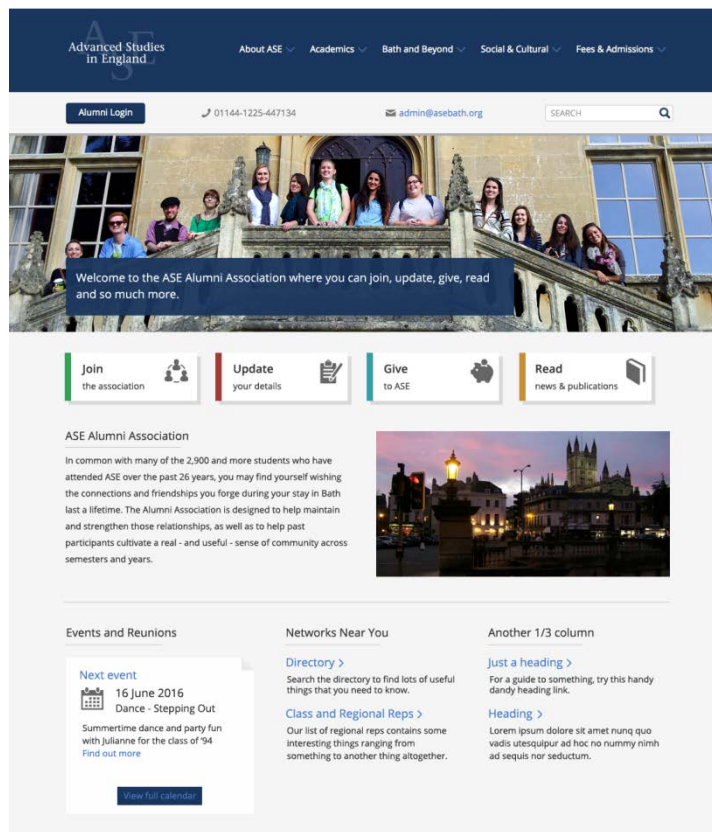


Yes, we had our annual reunion in Boston, and it was great to see all of the (somewhat small) number of alumni who could make it out on a Sunday afternoon (an experiment that we don't think we will repeat). Yes, we have released our ASE-branded merchandise – *ASE Stuff* – with a mixture of stickers, mugs, phone covers and the like from Redbubble and t-shirts, rugby shirts and hoodies from Clothes2Order (the advert is elsewhere in this issue; I have to say I have been really pleased with the quality of all of the products). Other than that, however, there have been no major developments, the new website and directory have still not appeared and the network of reps and mentors has not come to fruition either.

The fact is, a lot of stuff has been going on behind the scenes, but the technical issues of integrating the CRM package (the stuff that manages the data, creates the directory, the events calendar and the mailings) with the new, bright and shiny website has taken far longer than any of us anticipated. Until that is right, we can't really forge ahead with the development of the network; the directory will be an invaluable tool for the regional reps, enabling them to reach out to alums in their area, whilst the events calendar will enable us to coordinate semester, and house get-togethers with the ASE-led gatherings and reunions.

All of this is a roundabout way of saying sorry that everything seems to have taken so long, but that we are now so very close – the majority of the alumni website's pages are designed, the CRM software is configured and we have been uploading the data onto the secure server, prior to testing the search function. We are very hopeful of completing our tests and having everything ready by Easter. Honest...

Trust me, it'll be worth the wait; here's an image of part of one of the web pages in development to whet your appetite.



Thanks to all the alumni who helped us out at the fairs and recruitment trips in 2015/16, including:

Bates

Emily Pinette (Sp16)

BC

Katie Daniels (Au15)

Valerie Cherbero (Au15)

Amanda Corey (Au15)

Bowdoin

Phoebe Bumsted (Sp16)

Catherine Cyr (Au15)

Laura Block (Sp16)

Emily Davidovitz (Au12)

Bucknell

Erica Delsandro (Au00)

CNU

Clare Cahill (Sp14)

Denison

Maddy Bellman (Su15)

Dom Pfister (Su15)

Tim Esteves (Sp16)

Elon

Zach Gianelle (Sp16)

F&M

Shakeyla Flores (Su16)

Juliana Knight (Sp16)

Horace Facey (Su16)

Eleanor Frick (Au15)

Jon Blader (Sp16)

Lin Phyu (Betty) Sin (Su16)

Hannah Mooradian (Su15)

Gettysburg

Hannah Barnett (Sp15)

Hampshire

Sarah Heffernan (Sp16)

HWS

Kelly Craig (Sp15)

Katie Kashdan (Sp15)

Emily Levine (Au14)

Emma Richardson (Sp16)

Illinois College

Breahna Lesemann (Au15)

Kenyon College

Mollie O'Leary (Au15)

Mary Washington

Katie Hall (Su14)

Miranda Schnakenberg (Su16)

Shannon Keene (Su16)

Haley Spencer (Su16)

Hannah Morgan (Su16)

Mary Washington

Miranda Schanckenberg (Su16)

Shannon Keene (Su16)

Hannah Morgan (Su16)

Haley Spencer (Su16)

Meredith

Kaylee Dyson (Sp12)

Ashley Owen (Sp16)

Oberlin

Adam Gittin (Sp15)

Nora Brickner (Au14)

Kestrel Felt (Sp15)

Julian Ring (Sp15)

Gracie Freeman-Lifschutz (Sp16)

Jennie Kneebone (Sp16)

Rochester

Kali Noonan (Sp15)

Heather Payne (Au13/Sp14 FY)

Hannah Lewis (Sp16)

Lauren Birnbaum (Sp16)

Sarah Lawrence

Rachel Gautier
(Au14/Sp15 FY)

Saint Mike's

Doug Turaj (Su15)

Shannon Krehely (Sp15)

Jen Purcell (Su15 tutor)

Skidmore

Amanda Corey (Au15)

Texas Tech

Katie Cortese (Su99/Sp01)

**University of Illinois at
Urbana-Champaign**

Shiyu Kong (Au15)

Molly Doroba (Su15)

Washington and Lee

Stephen Rowley (Su15)

Amirah Ndam Njoyah
(Su15)

Katie Paxton (Su15)

Ciera Wilson (Au14)

Wellesley

Amy DiMattia (Su97/Au98)

Moira Johnston (Au15)

Wells

Michelle Lee (Sp15)

Missy Brewer (Sp15)

Alexis Savidge (Sp15)

Dana Winston-Day (Su15)

Maud Sipe (Au15)

Macy Smolsky (Au15)

Simcha Glassman (Au15)

Savannah Sprague-Jackson
(Au15)

William and Mary

Emma Bresnan (Au15)

Maddie Greathouse (Su16)

Weiyue Chen (Su16)

Ziyue Shen (Su16)

We think that Rob caught almost everyone who helped out, but if we missed you, Rob is absolutely mortified and so very sorry



They Came to Bath

Remember folks, you are all welcome in Nelson House at any time; just drop us a line to make sure we're going to be at home!



Jennifer Libby Winkel (Sp95, graduate intern 96-7)

January - Jennifer Libby Winkel (Sp95, graduate intern 96-7) with her family, Emily Behand (Au08) & Dustin Hunter (Au08)



Dustin Hunter & Emily Behand (Au08)

(Au10), Paul Soltis (Au14), Julia Mahony (Au14) and Becca Walters (Sp14) Hannah Sawyer (Sp10), Sarah O'Neill King (Sp10) and Kelsey Fisher (Au09, Sp10)

April – Emma Mohrmann (Au12)

March – Laura Seal



Meghan Mascelli's (Sp03 and grad intern Au04-Sp05) mum, Maureen.

May – Emily Stone (Au15), Maureen, mother of Meghan Mascelli (Sp03 and grad intern Au04-Sp05) came and reprised Meghan's role helping in the kitchen! Catherine Coffey (Sp15), Mollie O'Leary (Au15), Tina Berardi (Au15)



Becca Walters (Sp14) and Julia Mahony (Au14)

June – Natalie Olivo and Manda Simmons (Au11), Naomi

Gutierrez (Sp05), Amy Wallace (Su14), Katie Daniels (Au15), Megan Valentine (Sp14)



Eleanor Frick (Au15)

August – Eleanor Frick (Au15), Moira Johnston (Au15), Rachel Gauthier (Au14 & Sp15), Emma Quinn (Sp13) after completion of her MSt in English Literature



Moira Johnston (Au15)

at Oxford, Maragret Pennoyer (Au08)

September – Steph Mullervy (Sp99) with husband John, after a visit to Ireland, Tom Lester (Au09) with fiancée Alexandra, Lauren Smith (Sp09) who gave up her job and apartment in NY to travel around Europe with her boyfriend, Katharine (Scott) Cavanagh (Sp08) who is moving to Panama with her husband and starting as an editor for an online travel publication,



Steph Mullervy (Sp99)



Katherine (Scott) Cavanagh (Sp08)

October - Emily Cranfill (Sp14), Marcia Reinauer (Sp05)

November – Sarah Longenderfer (Au13), visiting her brother studying abroad in London, Tina and Murray Levith (Skidmore College faculty and long-standing friends of ASE), Kate McNamara (Sp10)



Kate McNamara (Sp10 and Tina and Murray Levith (Skidmore faculty and friends of ASE)

December – Virginia Atkinson (Au01) on one of her



Virginia Atkinson (Au01)

regular trips to the UK, Lara Bonner (Au11) currently living in DC, with fiancé Isaac and puppy Albus Dumbledog, Steph Lund (Sp13) travelling Europe whilst teaching English in Slovakia, Larry Klein (Sp91) rounded out the year, arriving on the 30th from home in Hartford, CT.

News Updates



Steph Mullervy and Erin Donovan

Steph Mullervy (Sp99) met up with class mate Erin Donovan in Paris, and they celebrated Steph's birthday, and reminisced about Bath, over champagne.

Sarah Sigal (Au03) had her book 'Writing in Collaborative Theatre-Making' published by Palgrave MacMillan

Crystal Ebert (Su03) is now Crystal Parker, having got married North Carolina on October 8, 2016 while Hurricane Matthew was pummeling the Southeast. Fellow Linley Lady of Su03 **Jackie (Nash) MacKinnon** came all the way from Australia for the ceremony.

Another thespian, **Zoe Malinchoc (Sp04)**, has just started up a theatre company with some friends - www.absolutetheatre.org – and they're already getting some good reviews

Charlotte and Brian Menna (both Sp08), are expecting a

baby in February, almost nine years to the date of when they met at ASE.

Melissa Heckel (Sp08) married Joseph Gallagher on November 11, 2016 and **Heather Chaharyn**, her roommate from Clarendon Villas, was one of her bridesmaids.

Stephanie Grubb (Su09) married Dan in June.

Joe Anthes (Su09) became Assistant Principal at Broughal Middle School in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania



Heather Chaharyn and Melissa Heckel

Catherine Hagler (Au09) is working for an organization called @The Religious Coalition for Emergency Human Needs. They provide emergency shelter for homeless individuals and families and also emergency financial assistance for families facing homelessness or escaping homelessness, through eviction assistance and security deposit assistant as well as other emergency financial assistance.

Emily Hessney (Sp11) has bought a house in Rochester, NY and recently started a new job as Digital Marketing & Communications Manager for a non-profit called High Tech Rochester! She's been loving it so far.

Elizabeth Schlieper (Su12), living in Blacksburg where she works for Virginia Tech as a Java Developer, married Mick Williams in Raleigh North Carolina on October 29th.

Hadley Brown (Sp14) moved back home to Texas and was



Ana Schavoir, Elizabeth Schlieper Williams, and Olivia Davidson

accepted into the M.E.D.T (Masters of Education in Teaching) program at University of Texas at Arlington. She is specialising in early childhood - grade 6 core subjects as well as in English as a Second Language. Besides taking graduate school courses this past year, she has also been working full time as a kindergarten prep teacher at a school associated with Baylor Scott and White Hospital. She hopes to have a position as a first or second grade teacher by next autumn. On a more personal note, she just bought her first house and a golden retriever puppy.

Casey Tew (Su14) started a job at Colonna's Shipyard in the Talent Acquisition department. She manages all of the staffing companies we use as sub-labour in the yard. She's also recently bought her first place; a cosy condo in Virginia Beach. Along with the condo she's got a cat, and is thinking about names ('Khaleesi' and 'Katness' are the top contenders).



Some of the **Spring '16 cohort** reunited at Franklin and Marshall for Halloween; pictured are **Zach Gianelle, Sarah Summerson, Emma Richardson, John Blader, Gail Quintos, Juliana Knight, Cara Dunhill, Chloe Kimberlin, Erin Hallenbeck**



You are welcome to send us your news throughout the year and (with your permission) we will publish it in the annual newsletter. Whether it is an exciting career development, a reunion, a wedding or a baby, we'd love to hear about it...

It's always great to have photos from you to accompany the stories—particularly if you have met up with other ASE alums!

Contact Rob at alumni@asebath.org