

*Note: English Department Chair Peter Parolin kindly agreed to say a few words at the retirement reception of Hannelore Mundt on April 20, 2017. The following are his speech notes, not edited.*

I can't believe that the melancholy day has come when I have to accept the fact that Hannelore Mundt is retiring from UW. She and I have talked for years about her teaching a course in the English department and I guess I felt that if we kept postponing that assignment, as we have done, she would never be able to leave. But apparently she has run out of patience. Still, I haven't completely given up on you, Hannelore and being in denial about your retirement might be one of the governing themes of my remarks.

Hannelore was born in the old East Germany; her family fled to the West German town of Aachen in 1957 before the wall came up. She went to school at the University there and her MA degree was in English and American Literature, where she did a thesis on American Realism and Naturalism. Once again, I can't believe we didn't have you teaching in the English department. She left Germany for the United States in 1978 because she married an American. I said that wasn't Derek though was it, and she said no – when it came to husbands she saved the best til last.

Hannelore did her PhD at Irvine; she did it in German with a focus on Thomas Mann. She landed a tenure track job at UCLA, where she met the wonderful Derek. Derek got a job at UW in Atmospheric Sciences and Hannelore followed. She still is grateful to Dean Ollie Walter for working his magic to land her a position over the course of 18 months of persistent negotiations. Hannelore was initially a member of the Women's Studies faculty; she was also in American Studies before in 1995 she finally found her home in Modern and Classical Languages. With all her work in so many departments, would it have killed her to make a pit stop in English. I'm starting to feel a little hurt.

Hannelore's career includes books on Thomas Mann, including the one for which she still collects royalties, *Understanding Thomas Mann* (U of South Carolina Press); and in terms of her service at UW it includes two stints as chair of the faculty senate.

I asked Hannelore what she feels most satisfied about when she looks back on her career at UW. She said she loves the fact that she has chaired Senate, and served on all the big committees—this got her to know all kinds of great colleagues across campus and it reflects the confidence of colleagues who elected her to these positions. For this confidence she is very grateful.

She loves that UW gave her wonderful opportunities to teach innovative courses on subjects that she hadn't published on but that greatly interested her, courses like Middle Eastern Women Writers for the Honors Program. Great she taught for the HP too.

In the end, Hannelore lit up the most remembering wonderful students she's had, students who went on to Rhodes scholarships and top jobs with Apple. "Some students," she said to me, "You never forget in your life." Hannelore, what is true of students is also true of professors, some of

them you never forget all your life long. You are one such professor, and you should know that even as you move on to new expertise on your new classical guitar that just arrived Monday and new championships with your new tennis racket that just arrived Monday, your colleagues and your students will remember the ways you enriched our lives.

Hannelore has the place in California, but for now her house in Laramie hasn't sold so she'll be with us for a while yet. Which makes me think about the course you told me you'd like to teach for the English department on Mann Booker Prize winners, novels like Woolf Hall and the Remains of the Day. Maybe if everyone gets together and decides not to buy Hannelore and Derek's house, we can still one day have the privilege of paying Hannelore a salary to teach in the English department.

But as the song says, Until that sunny day, you know darn well, baby, I can't give you anything but love. Which we all give you. Please join me in a toast to Hannelore.