

## Thoughts on William Sibley

I only had one class with Bill, whichever half of a year of Kobun that you didn't teach. So I mostly knew Bill socially, as we used to go to dinner every few months, in the 1990s, at a place in a high rise on Montrose at the lake. Aside from kobun, he taught me that I was allergic to red wine. During those dinners, we would have the most extraordinary conversations--almost never about Japan or Japanese literature. Instead, about our favorite authors, books, music, things we were reading. I especially remember talking about Flannery O'Connor for a few hours--who would have guessed that Bill adored her? He was after me to write an essay about O'Connor; I never have, so perhaps I still will--it would be a good tribute to him.

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