

NOTED

— THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT JOURNAL —



SPRING 2017

Editor: Bryn Skibo-Birney

Copy editor: Aleida Auld

Contributors:

Arnaud Barras, Amy Brown, Ciro Ceresa, Lorraine Devillard,
Patrick Jones, Jia Liu, Roberta Marangi, Caroline Martin,
Diana Moyo, Bryn Skibo-Birney, Céline Vonlanthen
Copyright © the contributors, 2017

Cover image:

"Untitled" by Igor Khromov
Copyright © Igor Khromov, 2016
<http://www.flickrriver.com/photos/igievil/popular-interesting/>
Reprinted with permission by the artist.

Illustrations:

Maria Shmygol
Copyright © Maria Shmygol, 2017

Université de Genève
Faculté des Lettres
Département de langue et littérature anglaises

Noted is a biannual journal produced by the staff and students of the English Department of the University of Geneva. Find your free copy of *Noted* at the Department (Comédie), the English library, or online: www.unige.ch/lettres/angle/vie/newsletter_en.html

Publication of next issue: September 2017

Deadline for contributions: 15 September 2017

Contributions, comments, and suggestions can be sent to: noted-lettres@unige.ch



**UNIVERSITÉ
DE GENÈVE**

Contents

Letter from the Editor 1

FEATURES 3

In My Own Words 4

Seasonal Glimpses 9

Time Scheme and the Problematic Innocence in
“The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn” 13

NoDAPL Video Transcripts 21

FILM 26

Dispatches from the Film Club 27

CREATIVE WRITING 28

I Reach Air 29

Words 31

Dreams 32

Descent 33

Something Right 35

The Glassware Kingdom 37

PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE 40

Letter from the Editor

BRYN SKIBO-BIRNEY

Choosing the cover images for Noted is often a challenge. Not simply because it's the first thing a prospective reader will see, nor because we will see it innumerable times over the course of the semester, but because the image needs to say something about the varied content within the journal. To compound it all, the image also needs to say something about the context: the time and place in which Noted is produced. So, it's tricky and I'm not always convinced I got it right.

This edition's cover photograph was submitted last summer and I sidelined it in favor of the graffiti art which you have probably seen. But like Vicente Fox once said, every idea – or image – has its time; in January, I came across the photograph again and this time, it *fit*: the breathless tension and suspense embodied in the arching dark form against the sky; the fear and exhilaration of the inevitable conclusion; the evocative mix of muted colors and soft focus recalling the dreamy nostalgia of summer days; and now, in January 2017, the overwhelming symbolism of a great and terrifying descent.

Therefore, not only does this image refer to a specific time and place – one that many of us Genevans will be familiar with – but it also successfully brings together so many of the pieces published this semester, in their focus on making a daring jump, to a new place or to a new language or both, or in their focus on the imagery in words or the words within an image, or their focus on the personal affects between ourselves and our environment. Such are the topics addressed by **Roberta Marangi** in her book review of Jhumpa Lahiri's *In Other Words*. Roberta's review doesn't simply address Lahiri's topic of learning a language by writing in it – or by moving to a city to “be inside [the language]” – but by performing it; Roberta is a native Italian speaker who found her creative voice by writing in English. Her personal insights on accepting vulnerability as a catalyst to creativity make me want to read Lahiri's work...as well as more of Roberta's. Similarly, **Caroline Martin** made a bold jump by heading to Canada for her semester abroad; her photo-essay eloquently addresses the passage of time and her developing understanding and appreciation for this place of which she became a part. Finally, the speaker in **Lorraine Devillard's** poem, “I Reach Air,” lyrically uses the affective response to one's environment to make a profound statement about the nature of existence itself. All three address the relationship of the subject in its place, whether s/he is jumping, studying, or simply being.

That said, an image may contain a thousand words, but these words can be as arresting as the image itself. **Jia Liu**'s essay on Andrew Marvell's poem, "The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn," not only demonstrates the analytical work that we all strive to do in this department, but, in particular, I appreciated her careful analysis of the visual elements in the poem, and their symbolic, temporal, and linguistic significance. Meanwhile, **yours truly** takes apart images and turns them back into written text in my NoDAPL video transcripts; the results were unexpected. After turning images back into words, **Arnaud Barras** addresses the topic of the confining and constructive nature of words themselves. His speaker's struggle is our own and the power of Arnaud's work stems from the performance and the visual depiction of the struggle itself. **Diana Moyo** continues the trend of arresting imagery as her speaker builds contrasting and contradictory layers to create a complex and paradoxical dreamscape in her aptly titled poem, "Dreams."

Finally, the cover image of the man falling symbolically links the remaining contributors in ways that may not be immediately apparent, but they nevertheless leave me with a sense of hope, despite the reality of a great fall. **Caroline Martin**'s speaker in "Descent" questions the very nature of reality when religious indoctrination has taught her to look anywhere except than the material world for "truth." Constructed conventional beliefs on what is "right" also fuel the tension – and the creative impulse – in **Céline Vonlathen**'s short story, "Something Right"; her contribution is a much needed balm to the current political and social scene erupting across Europe and the United States. Finally, I am happy to publish **Ciro Ceresa**'s short story, "The Glassware Kingdom," not only for the entertaining "science fiction" world that he creates, but for the very fact that he uses English fiction to understand his own world in the Pharmaceutical Sciences department and he translates this world in such a visually arresting manner. All three work against the ideas that the religious, social, personal, and academic codes that tend to divide us are just as fungible as words themselves.

As the contributors have made abundantly clear, a jump and a fall – in terms of leaving your own solid ground, stretching your expectations, and accepting vulnerability and fear as forms of creation and possibility – doesn't always have to end badly. I hope these works give you the same enjoyment that they gave me. If you're still feeling concerned, **Maria Shmygol**'s whimsical drawings will surely help.

Happy reading,
Bryn



FEATURES

In My Own Words

ROBERTA MARANGI

There are some books that change your life, that stay with you after the last page. We have all heard this, it's an old adage. There is a very good chance that all of us has experienced it. However, you do not necessarily expect it to happen often; in fact, despite knowing that books can change your life, you almost never expect it. Every time is like the first time.

I promise, I am done with the clichés.

One day, after a particularly long and unexciting class (I am not telling which one!), I found myself wandering around the city, looking for something to distract me. I ended up in Payot to browse. I start looking around, to see if anything would catch my fancy. The first volume I pick up is *The Life-Changing Magic of Tidying Up* by Marie Kondo. So many people from around the world have told me what a great book that is and how much it helped them change their life for the better. If you don't know Marie Kondo, then you probably don't have an internet connection, or maybe you just have a life outside the internet – if that is it, kudos to you. Kondo has been the latest sensation for a while now, having created a method for living an ordered life. Are you a clutterer, always tidying up yet surrounded by mess? This is book is for you. Unless you are a hopeless sentimental clutterer who is also, in addition to this, extremely lazy. Like me. The irony of it all is that after a first bout of 'I can do this!', this book now lies on my bed stand, a bookmark in the middle of it. Part of the clutter.

There was another volume however that caught my attention. *In Other Words*, by Jhumpa Lahiri, was standing in the New Releases section, despite it not being particularly new. I had seen it before but never reached out. On the cover of this edition, however, there was a picture of Lahiri, sitting on a large wooden and leather chair in a library. What struck me was that her faraway look – which is now a classic photoshoot pose, so much so that it often looks like a parody of itself – did not look fake; she actually looked immersed in thought, surrounded by books. This is a view most of us are familiar with and we know it so well, we can recognise a real from a fake better than a fashion blogger can recognise a high-end brand bag from a forgery. So I grabbed it, out of instinct, without reading a single word or the blurb at the back of it.

Back home, I sit down to read, coffee in hand. I soon discover the book is presented in two languages: on the left, there is the original Italian version; on the right, there is the English translation. A conundrum then. Which do I read? You see, I stopped reading books in my native language, Italian, since I started my first English courses here: more than two years without reading a single word out of a book in my own language. It's because of focus. When you are not a native speaker, and you find yourself in the position of having to use another language, day in and day out, you are always somewhat uncomfortable. You always feel a bit like an intruder. It's like working on a laptop that's not your own: yes, you know how to use it; you know how the buttons work; you know its most important functions, but it is not *your* laptop, the one that stands by you at midnight when you cannot sleep and decide to bingewatch *Vikings*, the one only you know how to make download quickly and silently. The other is not the laptop that you know so well; it's not your laptop, you know it, and everybody else knows it too.

I start reading the book in English, then. Dedication is my middle name. Lahiri wrote *In Other Words* based on her own experience of learning Italian. Why would a Pulitzer-winning English-speaking author decide to learn and write in another language? As with many stories, there are many explanations: love, passion, curiosity; as with many stories, the 'why' soon pales, and nothing matters but the story itself.

Jhumpa Lahiri's native language, that of her family, is actually Bengali and, even though she learned English as a child, she approached English as a 'stranger'; but, through writing, she built her own authority, demonstrated her mastery. She saw her life through writing in English, as a way to make sense of all that happened to her. In contrast, learning Italian required distance from herself, she admits. When you learn another language you always start as geographically, culturally, and linguistically distant, you put yourself in what she defines as a self-imposed 'linguistic exile' (19). You force yourself to abandon a safe place and to begin a journey through a rocky land you are not yet equipped to climb. I read and I relate. Lahiri speaks of my fellow countryman, Dante, sent away from his Florence and from the language he himself had elevated to Italian; he would go on writing and living, but the nostalgia and the pain that came from this exile never diminished.

Before I know it, I have switched into reading the Italian version; out of curiosity, I say to myself, to see how she writes in Italian. She is brilliant: her prose flows beautifully and she express herself clearly. However, her sentences are short, her structures simple. There is nothing wrong about her writing; in fact, if you are a non-native English student like me, you are taught that conciseness and clarity are everything. Italian is not English,

though. In Italian, you want long sentences; you want to show off your intricate, numerous subordinate clauses; you want your sentences to be so long that they seem to travel for lines and lines and that you probably have to read twice. In Italian, you do not sacrifice beauty of form for clarity. This is not to say that Lahiri is not an exceptional writer, even in Italian, because she is. I mean, if I could write in English as well as she writes in Italian, half of my problems would be solved. Make it 65%.

Jhumpa Lahiri tackles a key aspect everyone who speaks and, above all, writes in another language knows about all too well.

I miei pezzettini in Italiano non sono altro che inezie. Eppure lavoro sodo per tentare di perfezionarli. Do il mio primo pezzo al mio nuovo insegnante di Italiano a Roma. Quando me lo restituisce sono mortificata. Vedo solo errori, solo problemi. Vedo una catastrofe. Quasi ogni frase va modificata. [...] La pagina contiene tanto inchiostro rosso quanto nero. [...] Trovo che il mio progetto sia talmente arduo che sembra quasi sadico. Devo ricominciare da capo, come se non avessi scritto nulla nella mia vita.

My short Italian pieces are main trifles. And yet I work hard to try to perfect them. I give the first piece to my new Italian teacher in Rome. When he gives it back to me, I'm mortified. I see only mistakes, only problems. I see a catastrophe. Almost every sentence has to be changed. [...] The page contains as much red ink as black. [...] I find that my project is so arduous that it seems sadistic. I have to start again from the beginning, as if I had never written anything in my life.

Writing is hard in the best of conditions. Lahiri offers a glimpse of the kind of pain one suffers when you truly exert yourself in writing in another language. Maybe this frustration is present in every new thing you try, in every new discipline, in every new hobby. You have to place yourself in a vulnerable position, open yourself up to making mistakes, in order to become proficient. But, there is something particularly unnerving, irritating, and maddening about grappling with words and grammar that seem to slip a bit out of your hands every time you think you have a firm grip on them. What's more, offering a piece of your writing to someone is offering a part of yourself, not only of the way you see the world but of the way you create the world. However, you do not give up. And neither did Lahiri.



Jhumpa Lahiri moved to Rome to be inside the language. Private lessons and brief conversations with random Italians were not enough anymore. They did not offer full access to the language. It's a bold move, not only because she is already an acclaimed author in English but because Rome is a very difficult city to live in. Living in Geneva, one tends to forget what a difficult city is really like. Checking the timetable of tram and buses? You can absolutely forget it in Rome. Setting an appointment with a doctor or booking a table in a restaurant on a Saturday? Expect a wait of at least one hour. When they say Rome is a timeless city, they are right in more than one way. But, in the middle of the madness that is Rome, something happens, a breakthrough. Lahiri had been keeping a diary in Italian, a chronicle of events and sensations. One day, she finds herself writing something completely different: a story. Not a 'today I missed the no. 42 bus; how am I going to get to St. Peter?' kind of story. A short narrative, a fiction.

The protagonist of 'The Exchange' is an interpreter who finds herself in a new city. On her first day, she sees some local women walking down a street, all going in the same direction, so she follows them and ends up in an apartment-turned-shop; once there, she tries many blouses, shirts, and sweaters, but decides against buying any because none of them feel right. However, when she changes back into her clothes, she cannot find her black jumper. The owner of the shop finds it for her but it feels different, weird. To her, it is not her jumper. It is only the day after that she realises that was her jumper all along even though she could swear, at the time, it did not feel like her jumper. It was because she was the one who had changed.

The story is eerie and familiar at the same time. It translates the feeling of inadequacy when you speak a foreign language into a bodily metaphor, in a way. When something is not right, we have goosebumps, perhaps a shiver down the neck, or that image that we cannot quite catch in the corner of the eye. It is strange and uncomfortable, yet we can all relate to it, we have all experienced it for one reason or another. By the author's own admission, 'The Exchange' is all about her experience with learning Italian: 'I hate analysing what I write. But one morning a few months later, when I'm running in the park of Doria Pamphili, the meaning of this strange story suddenly comes to me: the sweater is language' (65).

While reading this, a long-forgotten memory reemerged. I remembered being sixteen and wanting to study English after graduation more than anything else; I remembered the hours spent pouring over grammar and all the exams on present progressives, conditionals, and whatnots. None of it made me a better English speaker than when I was at fourteen. I was frustrated. I had been studying the same things over and over for ten

years already, why did my writing still need correction? Should I not be proficient already? How was I going to study at the university level?

I sat down and started writing words, just words, without an order. Then I drew. Then I wrote again. Like Lahiri, I too wrote a story about words running away from me, about the frustration it brings. I wrote of a woman who sees her reflection for the first time in the mirror made by the water of a lake, like the myth of Narcissus. Unlike the myth, however, the girl does not fall in love with her image. She can see only faults. For this reason, she starts to cry. She cries so much, the water level rises and she drowns. Well, that's me – I have always had a penchant for the dramatic. However, I liked my story so much that the little errors seemed, well, little. Something that can be adjusted and that didn't need any more distress than a passing shrug of the shoulders. I haven't stopped writing in English since. In fact, I only write fiction in English. I have my ups and downs but that's normal. Sometimes I delete perfectly good stories – again, so dramatic.

I don't think Jhumpa Lahiri is trying to say that the key to learning a new language is creative writing. However, it worked for her. Creative writing helped her access those linguistic depths she could not capture before: because she could only make sense of the world through writing, it is reasonable that a deeper understanding of Italian came from writing. In a way, it worked for me too. Different people, different circumstances, different goals. Yet, I believe that writing creatively is one way to get closer to a language. I cannot write a review of all its benefits from a linguistic point of view, I am not capable of it. Even if there were no tangible benefits at all, there would still be something there, something about writing stories. Did I say no more clichés? I lied; I have one more left. The adventure of speaking a foreign language does not end with the writing of the story, of course. All the difficulties do not just magically go away – neither Jhumpa Lahiri nor I became an expert after writing one short story in a language that does not guarantee authority to either of us. It was just the right approach to pave the way and realise that this lack of authority comes with disadvantages and with advantages. It means forever inhabiting a space that is not quite our own but that we can decorate as we please, we can move things around, we can play. It means acceptance. It means it is not all bad.

In Other Words by Jhumpa Lahiri. Translated by Ann Goldstein.
233 pp. Alfred A. Knopf. CHF 25.90
ISBN:978-1-10-194765-4

Seasonal Glimpses

CAROLINE MARTIN

I had many plans for my mobility semester in Montreal. One of them was to write something about it. Yet, nothing of the sort happened. Maybe I still need time, or perspective; I don't know. Still, if I had to pin down one thing, one impression out of the thousands left by the last five months, it would be that time flew. And I'm not speaking metaphorically. Seasons seemed to pass in a matter of weeks, and the landscape was never the same. Here are a few pictures that I think testify best to this extraordinary phenomenon and that will maybe speak the thousand words that I couldn't get on paper.



Mid-September, Montreal. A maple tree stands on the verge between summer and fall in front of the university's Soviet-looking parking lot.



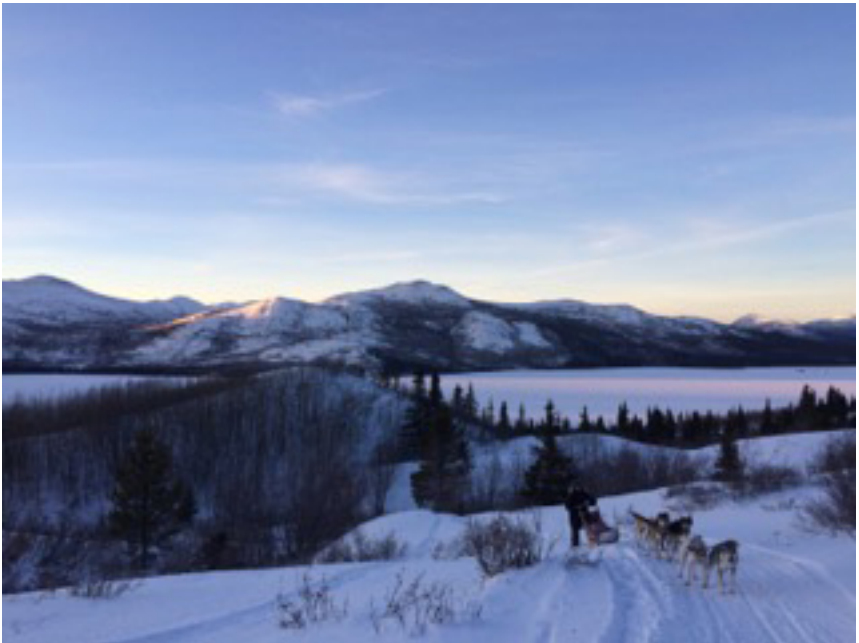
October 15th, Matawinie, Quebec. A stream makes it way amid sunrays and fallen leaves.



November 6th, Mauricie, Quebec. Upstream from a beaver dam, a small river overflowed and drowned part of the surroundings.



December 25th, Montreal. Peaceful Christmas stroll along the frozen banks of the Saint Lawrence River.



January 3rd, Fish Lake, Yukon. A musher rests as the sun sets on the Canadian Great North

Time Scheme and the Problematic Innocence in “The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn”

JIA LIU

Stanley Fish once described Andrew Marvell’s poetry as “attempts...to perform, the action of withholding, of keeping to itself, and what is withheld is meaning” (27). Rereading “The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn” makes me feel, at times, that the interpretative difficulty in reading the poem might be in accordance with the poetic attempt of withholding the meaning. In the poem, Marvell presents us with an image of a nymph who bewails her fawn’s death. The nymph first accuses a group of troopers of intruding into her garden and shooting her fawn. The lamented complaint is soon superseded by the narrative reminiscence where the nymph recalls the memories shared between her and the fawn. The fawn was a gift from her erstwhile lover, Sylvio, and became the nymph’s consolation when the swain left. However, the frolic recollection ends in a startled realization that the fawn is dying. The nymph, who once indulged herself in the sweet past, is in a great panic when brought back to the bitter present and unable to do anything other than making a statue of her weeping self and her dying fawn. Even with the possibilities to conduct an allegorical interpretation of the poem, the poetic ambiguity keeps us at the margin of comprehension as we struggle to decipher the desire and complaint of the nymph. The garden where the nymph is situated encloses unsignified meanings. It is only at the moment when the “wanton troopers” (1) break in to the garden that we have a tinge of hope of being able to see inside. Time, therein, makes itself present, both to the readers and to the poetic voice. This is a moment of great significance as it reveals how the narrative of the inextricable loss of innocence is profoundly interwoven within the fabric of time. The poem begins with a traumatic present and switches to the past, which takes the form of reminiscence. Subsequently the present-tense surfaces again and soon points to a depressed future where the nymph not only admits the death of her fawn but also implies the loss of her innocence because of such a wound. The recurring tension between the nymph and the sense of approaching time (be it the apocalyptic moment, the inevitable doom in experience, or the force majeure of contemporary history) is created through sophisticated poetic design. This essay will explore the time scheme of the poem to see how it problematizes the suspicious concept of innocence.

1. *The Present-Tense as an Incursion*

The poem begins with an irruptive present, retreats to a retrospective past and ends in a mournful future. If the poem is reduced to a merely narrative level, there are four plot points respectively situated in three different phases of time: (1) in the past, Sylvio, the erstwhile lover of the nymph, presented her with the fawn as a gift, and then abandoned her shortly thereafter (25-36). The fawn became a *surrogatio amoris* for the nymph and they grew increasingly intimate day by day (37-92); (2) at present, the “wanton troopers” shoot the fawn (1-24); (3) in the future, the fawn will languish and die, and the nymph resolves to cut a marble statue of her weeping self and an alabaster image of the fawn as a memorial (93-122). However, the narrative unfolds in such a way that the past, present and the future are not arranged in a linear continuity. The dramatic shooting which occurs in the present-tense of the poem is just a gratuitous consequence of the action “riding by” (1), as if “the characters from another poem have for a moment burst into this one” (Augustine 55). The present, with its surprising arbitrariness and unexpected theatricality, interrupts the continuation of past and future. It disturbs the temporality of the pastoral in which the naïveté of the nymph is unbounded and free of the intervention of time. Moreover, the intrusive present has a mortal effect in that it causes the fawn’s death, which ineluctably converts the narrative of love complaint into an elegy. Not only does the violent present dislocate the temporal linearity but it also marks the generic conversion.

The incidental present passes by in a casual but also a causal way, for it remarkably changes the neutral state of the garden. The nymph ruefully calls the fawn, at this very instance, “Ungentle man! They cannot thrive to / To kill thee. Thou ne’er didst alive / Them any harm” (3-5). The appellation of the fawn notably changes from the ungendered and objectified “it” to the humanized pronouns “thou” and “thee.” This transformation implies that the fawn’s wound, which is the indelible mark left by the intrusive present, secretly facilitates the fawn’s anthropomorphosis. The influence of time gives identity to the fawn, both in the sense of humanization and the visual specificity. It is visually arresting that the warm life-blood bleeding from the fawn is dyed in the “purple grain,” a colour that figuratively means blood but also plainly refers to the colour purple, which is visually distinctive from the colours of the white lilies and red roses in the garden. In this way, the wound ironically makes the fawn stand out from the backdrop of nature, as it was invisible among the camouflage of lilies before:

Among the beds of lilies, I
 Have sought it oft, where it should lie;
 Yet could not, till itself would rise,
 Find it, although before mine eyes.
 For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,
 It like a bank of lilies laid.
 (77-82)

The hyperbole of the fawn's purity enables it to elude the appropriation of sight. The extreme whiteness of the fawn does not make it visible, but rather fuses it with the pastoral background. Furthermore, the use of the colour red in the later scene does not help to saturate the presence of the fawn either:

Upon the roses it would feed,
 Until its lip ev'n seemed to bleed:
 And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
 And print those roses on my lip.
 (83-6)

The intimacy suggesting the circulation of "roses-fawn-nymph" makes the fawn merge and even dissolve into the pastoral environment. Before it is hurt, the fawn is sometimes visually absent as it is hidden under the wilderness of lilies and roses. Though the shooting puts the physical presence of the fawn in danger, it also brings out its presence in return.

The violent present also gives rise to the collapse of the *hortus conclusus* (the enclosed garden) as dramatized through the use of antithesis. Pairs of oppositional words appear regularly throughout the first section: "good" (6) and "ill" (7), "justice" (16) and "guilty" (18), "clean" (21), "stain" (21) and "grain" (22). Before the fawn is shot, the nymph's garden is a garden of her own, whose wholeness is so consummate that it has no place for any antitheses. She therein claims to enjoy the carefree leisure and sport: "...I set myself to play / My solitary time away" (37-8). Stanley Fish observes that the word "play" appears prominently in Marvell's poetry where it almost always means non-purposeful activity, "activity that is not the product of motives or strategies, activity that is merely consecutive, discontinuous activity in the sense that each of its moments is a hostage neither to the past nor future" (30-31). It is non-temporal and, therefore, is "innocent of teleology" (Fish, 31). To conclude, neither the binary oppositions nor an ultimate purpose exist in the nymph's garden before the fawn is shot by the troopers.

More than a poetic voice, the nymph is the *de facto* centralized embodiment of the garden. She has long been interpreted as a liminal figure, for she is half-divine and half-

human. The word “nymph” also refers to a transitional stage between childhood and adulthood, in a zoological context. Before the troopers’ invasion, the garden is free from the intervention of time. It is secluded, autonomous, and has no need of being defined. The garden as a self-referential continuum is homogeneous to the liminal nature of the nymph. Critics like Stanley Fish and Matthew Augustine see this in-between stage as the essence of the pastoral integrity and neutrality. Ever since the garden has been breached by these antitheses, nature is no longer a neutral stage set for idyllic play. From this moment on, the poetic voice is never at ease with time. The nymph, who has witnessed the violence, is unable to remain as an innocent figure sitting in the garden, safe and sound.

Just take a look at how the nymph strives to express her astonishment in the dramatic opening. The consecutive enjambment betrays her childlike indignation in that she can only use simple diction to come to terms with the violence committed upon the fawn:

Ungentle men! They cannot thrive
 To kill thee. Thou ne’er didst alive
 Them any harm: alas nor could
 Thy death yet do them any good.
 (3-6)

However, there is something incongruous to the innocent speech of the nymph. She calls the huntsmen who shoot her fawn “troopers,” a word which is a contemporary coinage that is specifically applied to the national armies in the seventeenth century. Why does the nymph use a word that is out of the pastoral context? The verbal register here is deeply stamped with trace of history. It is equally surprising several lines later that the word “deodands” (17) appears. Let alone the technical reference to religious ceremony, what is more stunning is that we find that the imagined punishment for those men who have committed slaughter is equally violent, namely, to be made into a sacrifice. The implicit yearning for the final judgment and the seeming distaste for contemporary history again reveals the anxiety surrounding the concept of time.

In fact, this is not the first time that the poetic voice feels the threat of time. It appears much earlier than the troopers’ intrusion. Time emerges within the pastoral world since Sylvio became “unconstant” (25), and the word “time” appears twice in the poem later on: in “Thenceforth I set myself to play / My solitary time away” (38) and “But I sure, for ought that I / Could in short time espy” (52). The absconding lover is the first intruder into the garden. Adjectives used by the nymph to refer to the troopers and Sylvio also hint at the homogeneity between them. The negative prefix of “ungentle men” and “unconstant Sylvio” links these intruders together in terms of their negativity. They are the evidence of external intrusions which introduce antithesis to the garden. Furthermore,

the nymph's pain of unrequited love, created by Sylvio, introduces the measure of time into the idyllic world, making the nymph conscious of it – as she then thinks it necessary to kill her “solitary time” – and dependent on it – as she then relies on time to test the sincerity of the fawn. Time, which used to be something external, now intervenes into and interrupts the wholeness of the idyll. However, the overshadowing anxiety towards time is soon remedied by the gradual intimacy between the nymph and the fawn. The erotic play between them evinces exactly how much the nymph's love for the fawn resembles her love for Sylvio. Therefore, the breach of the garden caused by Sylvio is mended and replaced by the fawn. The fawn's new role as *surrogatio amoris* thus helps to maintain the enclosed, self-referential garden. The void left by Sylvio, but filled by the fawn, is again vacated because of the fawn's death. The tragedy of this poem, then is the void of this double loss, first of Sylvio, which gravely threatened the environment of safety and seclusion in the garden, and then of the nymph, which eliminated it permanently. The garden's lost wholeness makes the notion of innocence dubious. This is precisely why the two words – “trooper” and “deodands” – seem so disturbing. Not only because they are strange within the pastoral setting, but also because the opaque rationality behind them also noticeably contradicts the simplicity and purity which the nymph purports to have. Innocence appears as a stagnated status implying something which is supposed to move forward but remains still. In other words, innocence escapes from the measure of time. Will it be possible to remain innocent if time has already interposed? The incursive present prompts a paradox: the urge to define “innocence” makes the issue of being innocent problematic.

2. *Difficulties in Defining “Innocence”*

I cannot help but ask, what is the meaning of innocence in this poem's context if it has already been problematized? At times, it appears to be the scarcity of knowledge. The opening of the poem is extremely simple; some lines are constituted only by monosyllabic words, which then take the form of broken metrics. The juxtaposition of simple words presents the awkwardness of a young female figure who is unable to manage the pressing, alien world around her. The sceptical words like “troopers” and “deodands” do not seem to be congruous among the simple diction here, which also demonstrates that the nymph does not fully understand what she is unconsciously speaking of.

Innocence is also equated as infantile ignorance, which is embodied in the self-indulgence in *eros*, as in lust or unrestrained passionate love. The nymph's garden is never a site of repose with shades of green trees or comfortable contemplation, but a garden which is decorated only with red and white, alluding to passion. Full of kissing – “And then to

me t'would boldly trip / And print those roses on my lip (86-7) – finger-licking – “I it at mine own fingers nursed” (56) – and wanton chasing (63-70), the game between the nymph and the fawn is highly eroticized.

The extreme intimacy between the nymph and the fawn not only highlights the erotic relationship, but also implies their symbiosis:

With sweetest milk, and sugar, first
 I it at mine fingers nursed.
 And as it grew, so everyday
 It waxed more white and sweet than they.
 I had so sweet a breath! And oft
 I blushed to see its foot more soft,
 And white, (shall I say than my hand?
 Nay any lady's of the land).
 (55-62)

“Breath” is etymologically connected to “spirit” (which originates from the Latin verb *spirare*, “to breathe”). Thus, the nymph's breathing in the breath of the fawn can also be regarded as a circulation of being. Here, the boundary of identity between “nymph” and “fawn” is dissolved. Just as Matthew Augustine accurately points out, the discrete bodies and discrete subjectivities are ecstatically surrendered in this scene (57). As the subjectivity of the nymph and the fawn converge into one through the “breath,” it would be safe to assume that the nymph's love for the fawn is also the love for herself. The symbiotic interaction between the nymph and the fawn indicates that the demarcation between the self and other is blurred. The nymph even projects the ideal self onto the fawn when she exaggeratedly praises its purity: “I blushed to see its foot more soft, / And white (shall I say?) than my hand / Nay any lady's of the land” (60-2). This is very much like the Lacanian “mirror stage,” where the recognition of self-consciousness is gradually established through filling the narcissistic phantasy into the developed subject. The death of the fawn marks the ending of such stage, in which the infantile ignorance no longer suffices to confront the world full of antitheses.

However, these are not the only answers provided by the poem in defining innocence. The funerary ode in the last segment offers the most intriguing one:

Now my sweet fawn is vanished to
 Whither the swans and turtles go:
 In fair Elysium to endure,
 With milk-white lambs, and ermines pure.
 O do not run too fast: for I
 Will but bespeak thy grave, and die.
 (105-110)

In the nymph's imagination, the bliss of heaven is to "endure." "To endure" means the prolongation of life in the other world, if it is simply taken as an intransitive verb. No matter what the absent object could possibly be, the pleading invocation – emphatically wishing that the fawn should endure with its purity – indicates that it is impossible to "endure" innocently in the earthly idyll. Innocence, therefore, is represented as the inability to endure.

Interestingly the three possible interpretations of innocence depicted in the poem can be altogether summed up in the concept of time. Incomplete knowledge, infancy and the incapacity to endure respectively contain a temporal progression inside their own definitions. Fish concludes that knowledge "requires extension, both horizontally and vertically in relation to a past that strains toward a future" (29). In order to contrast with the idea of "maturity," "infancy" inevitably demands the definitive of time. The action "to endure" is inherently structured by time. No matter how the idea of innocence is represented, it does not escape from the framework of time.

3. *Aesthesization*

In the epilogue of the poem, the nymph wishes to cast her weeping self, accompanied by an alabaster fawn, as a memorial. The striking metamorphosis from human into non-sentient articles can be read as a bold response to the Ovidian narrative. Just as Rosalie Colie has sensitively pointed out, "the Pygmalion theme is reversed as the girl opts against love and the flesh, to turn the flesh to stone" (132). Death and grief are molded into artificiality, wherein the nymph and her fawn might remain still and permanent. The artistic transformation undergone by the figures of the pastoral consequently functions as the last earthly resistance against time, assuming a status of an emblem.

The transformation into art in the concluding lines is compatible with the pastoral context. It is like freezing oneself within a gemlike amber. Geoffrey Hartman reminds us of the extinct tradition in the classical age where the pastoral elegy is associated with pictures through situating the word *idyll* within the Greek anthology as it "was commonly

etymologized as a diminutive of *eidōs*, a little picture" (177). The quasi-apotheosis fits the poetic persona into permanence as it has been objectified and thus gets rid of the encroachment of time. Without the invasion of the "wanton troopers," it would be out of the question for readers to go into the past and future of the enclosed garden for the unexpected present, which causes the death of the fawn, triggers the whole narrative of elegy. The present-tense, as an incursion, unveils the past and future states of the garden and it also deconstructs its pastoral indeterminacy. The poetic voice of the nymph epitomizes the garden which, at the same time, mirrors a soul deeply disturbed by an apprehension regarding the passage of time. With the concept of innocence constantly being questioned, the poem seems to have achieved a metapoetic quality. Problematizing the notion of innocence, time reveals its paradoxical presence in the idyll. On the one hand, it disturbs the self-complacent leisure which intrinsically defies time as a system of referentiality; on the other hand, it unfolds the narrative of pastoral elegy. Marvell's poetry tactfully reiterates that activism is indispensable to the pastoral world. He departs from the code of idyllic tradition but at the same time questions it, which is quite a witty response to the literary past.

Work Cited

Augustine, Matthew C. "Borders and Transitions in Marvell's Poetry." *The Cambridge Companion to Andrew Marvell*. Ed. Derek Hirst, Steven N. Zwicker. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2011. Print.

———. "'Lillies Without, Roses Within': Marvell's Poetics of Indeterminacy and 'The Nymph Complaining.'" *Criticism* 50.2 (Spring 2008): 255-278. Print.

Fish, Stanley. "Marvell and the Art of Disappearance." *Revenge of the Aesthetic: The Place of Literature in Theory Today*. Berkeley: University of California Press, 2000. Print.

Hartman, Geoffrey. "'The Nymph Complaining for the Death of Her Fawn': A Brief Allegory." *Beyond Formalism: Literary Essays 1958-1970*. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1971. Print.

Marvell, Andrew. Ed. Smith, Nigel. *The Poems of Andrew Marvell*. New York: Routledge, 2007. Print.

Colie, Rosalie L. *"My Echoing Song": Andrew Marvell's Poetry of Criticism*. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1970. Print.

NoDAPL Video Transcripts

BRYN SKIBO-BIRNEY

Whether it's gold from the Black Hills or hydropower from the Missouri or oil pipelines that threaten our ancestral inheritance, the tribes have always paid the price for America's prosperity.

- David Archambault II, Chairman of the Standing Rock Sioux

Since August 2016, tribal members of the Standing Rock Sioux and other Water Protectors have gathered at the Oceti Sakowin camp, on the bank of the Cannonball River in North Dakota, to practice peaceful resistance to the construction of the Dakota Access Pipeline (DAPL), which illegally traverses tribal lands and threatens the tribe's access to clean drinking water. The NoDAPL movement gained public and media attention over the course of months as police and private security staff repeatedly violated the rights of the Water Protectors, leading to injuries (some life-threatening), theft, property damage, and the desecration of sacred lands and ancestral gravesites, to say nothing of the numerous treaty violations committed by the pipeline construction itself. By late November 2016, the Oceti Sakowin camp was home to thousands of Water Protectors, representing hundreds of indigenous communities from around the world. On December 4th, President Obama and the Army Corps of Engineers refused to grant Energy Transfer Partners (the Texas-based oil company which owns the pipeline) the required permissions to drill under the Missouri River, thereby stalling pipeline construction until an Environmental Assessment Report could be made. On January 24th, 2017, four days after his inauguration, President Donald Trump signed an executive order allowing the continuation of the DAPL construction, as well as the previously halted Keystone XL pipeline. The next day, January 25th, a pipeline burst in Saskatchewan, Canada, spilling 200,000 liters of oil onto land held by the Ocean Man First Nations. The NoDAPL movement continues, in North Dakota and around the world, in light of these continued incursions into tribal land and against tribal sovereignty.

For those who wish to support this cause, but perhaps cannot travel to North Dakota or do not have the means to make a monetary donation, the Standing Rock legal defense team has requested that people donate their time by writing transcripts for videos documenting the daily actions; the transcripts are used in the legal defense of Water

Protectors who face charges. I support this cause in any way I can and have written several transcripts, some of which are printed here. Despite living in a society flush with violent images, I found the act of transcribing the events I was watching on screen to be surprisingly difficult: in terms of carefully recording what I saw as well, as the emotionally taxing nature of the events themselves. The detail needed in the transcript required that I watch the video carefully and repeatedly while the legal nature of the transcript required spare words and phrases, selected for objectivity, clarity, and accuracy. Yet, these aspects of the process were relatively easy in comparison to the act of transcribing – into impartial and simple language – the conflicts, power dynamics, and violence that I witnessed. In recording these events, I was estranged from my usual understanding and approach to writing; the process was simultaneously unsettling and deeply moving. These transcripts reminded me of the very simple fact that our skills as writers are needed today, as much as ever, for the promotion and safe-guarding of the rights of our fellow human beings.

If, like me, you are disturbed by the following transcripts, I invite you to watch their accompanying videos at <http://www.standingrockclassaction.org/> and to write your own transcripts for the Standing Rock legal defense team. More information about these ongoing protests, as well as information on donations and other ways you can help, can be found at <http://sacredstonecamp.org> and <http://standwithstandingrock.net>.

Video transcript for 8.11.2016 #1

“Solidarity with Standing Rock Sioux Tribe agency”

North Dakota – Cannon Ball Ranch

Video duration: 1:39.

[Opening shot of a water protestor being handcuffed by three officers, standing in front of a wire fence and metal gate.]

Man (off-screen): They’re gonna go home. We’ve already lost everything but our freakin’ water... [becomes inaudible due to chanting]

Crowd, chanting: We stand! For our brothers! For our sisters! We stand! For water! For Life! We Stand! For our people! For one nation! We stand! For our brothers! For our sisters! We stand! For water! For Life! We Stand! For our people! For one nation!

[Camera shows close-up of water protectors, standing still with right fists raised, facing police officers.]

[While chanting continues, camera cuts out to assembled crowd, standing near an orange safety fence. A dance circle moves in the middle of the crowd.]

[Camera cuts to a young woman, on her knees, being handcuffed by one police officer, with three others standing nearby. Two water protectors (in plain clothes) stand on either side.]

[Chanting continues off-screen.]

[Camera cuts to four water protectors on horseback, talking.]

[Chanting continues off-screen.]

Camera-person: [joins in crowd chanting]

[Camera cuts to large assembly of water protectors, chanting, with right fists raised, standing before six police officers. No movement on either side. Trucks and construction equipment are visible on the hill, behind a wire fence, the police officers, and the crowd.]

[Chanting continues off-screen.]

[Camera cuts to close-up of two sheriffs, who are above the camera. Their names, badges, and weapons are clearly visible.]

[Chanting continues off-screen.]

[Camera cuts to three-quarter view of a police officer walking uphill, towards a water protector in a red shirt, walking downhill. The man in the red shirt stops walking when the officer approaches him from his right-side. Once the officer is near the man, the officer sweeps his foot across the man's ankles, causing him to fall face-forward to the ground. No warning is visible or audible before this action takes place. The police officer straddles the man, sits on his back, twists his arm behind him, takes his wrists, and places plastic restraints on him.]

[Chanting continues off-screen.]

[Camera cuts to side-view of a young man jogging from away from multiple officers, who jog after him. The officer closest to the man holds something in both hands, pointing it at the jogging man's back. The man continues jogging for several steps before falling to the ground. His body is partly hidden from view by a small, grassy hill. The officers approach, grab him by one arm, turn him over onto his back, and start to bind his hands.]

[Chanting continues off-screen.]

[Camera cuts to side-view of two officers walking downhill with a handcuffed water protestor in a red shirt, who appears to be the same man who was tripped to the ground.]

[Chanting continues off-screen.]

[Camera cuts to a solitary water protector, standing in front of a wire fence. He stares at the camera, then looks away.]

[Camera cuts to a front-view of assembled water protectors, mostly women, chanting.]

Chanters: We stand! For one nation! For one people! We stand! For water!
For life!

[Chanters start ululating. Camera pans to show assembled people. One man, shirtless, has painted "No DAPL" on his chest and stomach.]

Black screen with white text, appears:
"Join us or donate. www.sacredstonecamp.org"

Video ends. (1:39)

Video transcript for 8.11.2016, #2

“Statement of Water Protector – What he is standing for (the generations to come...), before arrest – Adam Elders 0:21”

Video duration: 0:21

[Video opens behind two men, pointing camera phones at a man in a white t-shirt who speaks to their cameras.]

Man in white t-shirt: For my children. For all the people. For all the future generations to come. For all the winged. For all the four-legged. For the two-legged. The water and the land.

[This speech is interspersed with the noises and words described below.]

People off-screen: [inaudible due to wind on speaker] ...police...

Child: [indecipherable articulation of surprise]

Man off-screen: [inaudible due to wind on speaker] ...everybody out.

Video ends. (0:21)

Archimbault II, David. "Taking a Stand at Standing Rock." *The New York Times*. 24 August 2016: n.p. <https://www.nytimes.com/2016/08/25/opinion/taking-a-stand-at-standing-rock.html> Web.

FILM

Dispatches from the Film Club

Last semester's Film Club theme was 'Landscape', which we tackled from various angles, starting with the recent-release *The Revenant* and ending with the fairy-tale landscapes of *The Fall*.

This Spring, we will take on the controversial theme 'The Adaptation was Better'. Got a film you're convinced really is better than the book (or the play or the poem or the previous film)? This is where you get to make that case! We will be starting with *Adaptation* (2002) and moving on through a selection of genres and periods.

The schedule will be up on our Facebook page, <https://www.facebook.com/groups/film-clubanglais/>, and will have several slots reserved for students' choice films throughout the semester, so put on your thinking and/or arguing hats and join us for fun with literary adaptations!



CREATIVE WRITING

I Reach Air

LORRAINE DEVILLARD

One step
is enough to reach
a changed yet unchanging atmosphere
Enough to cross a border,
a line,
too visible in its invisibility,
too loud in its silence

not to be noticed.

The border of a liminal place.
Of a place that seems out of time
Because it moves deeply along with it.

Bang

Sshhhhhhhhh

Bang

Sshhhhhhhhh

Bang

Sshhhhhhhhh

Edge of the world,
Where the sea meets the earth.

She smashes herself against the rocks;

and the rocks... *they appear again,*
Each time.

Accept your own paradoxes
Accept your limits
You need them to live
You need them to be free

There,
At the edge of the world,
Looking at this peaceful violence,
Feeling it,
A piece of evidence emerges:

Immensity coexists with triviality,
Silence with noise,
Life with death.

Beyond

They are allowed to be
at the same place,
at the same time,
together.

Inner peace

Always together.

Words

ARNAUD BARRAS

Words are like bricks.
 You pile them up
 and then you have text.
 But these days, words melt in my mouth
 before I can build anything.
 Like glaciers my words retreat,
 like seashores my words erode,
 like paper my words fade out,
 and they become a smothering dust
 that choke the inner flame that fuels my craft.

Perhaps I'm wrong to think that words are bricks.
 Perhaps they were never meant for building rigid structures.
 Perhaps words are the retreating glaciers,
 the eroding seashores,
 the fading paper,
 and perhaps the smothering dust
 was the stuff of my craft all along.

Words do not bring order to chaos.
 They bring chaos to order.
 Words quench the flame
 that burns
 until chaos can finally flow
 freely in lethal
 mu

D5|

/de\$.

Dreams

DIANA MOYO

My soul may sit in darkness
In light it still perfectly rises
I fear I might get lost
Embossed
In your captivating despair
A black void set between
Us
Still made me bewitch you
Unveil you
You naked before me

Long before our bodies met
My soul made love to yours

Our spiritual journey
Merged
Into a rhythm
In a ventricular paced rhythm
We danced
Into lust
Surrounded with auras
We grew into an ovoid rainbow
Diving
In colorful rivers

Long before my soul made love to yours
Our bodies met

Our dark energy
Contrived a new universe
Where the atmosphere is infrared
We recreated Equality
And Balance

Descent

CAROLINE MARTIN

My heart sinks into unfathomable waters.
Bottomless depths, sombre and dreadful,
Threaten to swallow me,
Along with my sanity.

Too familiar they are,
These dark and profound echoes
From times when my mind,
Still infant, did not yet perceive
The underlying obscurity
In what was presented to me
Under the guise of divine light.

In my innocence I believed
I would never grow up.

Not because of the blessed ignorance
Children have of mortality,
Or because of naive dreams
Nurtured by tales and stories
In which the purest human age
Triumphs over time
And lasts an eternity.

No.

Rather because a pious education
Had taught me of the coming end
Of a world I would not live to see.

All of my dreams,
Discarded by a maternal voice
Who, in gentle tones,

Dismissed all hopes of future life.

I would not live to love.
I would not live to wed.
I would not live to travel.
I would not live to work.
I would not live to age.
I would not live —to live.

Such were my cares,
Which, though natural,
I soon learned to reject,
For incomparable they were,
I was told,
To the bliss awaiting —
A bliss alien to a young imagination
Forced to long for unending times
In which no familiar pleasures could be found,
For those were to be despised.
Earthly vanities, soon to disappear.

Taught to distrust my own nature,
Torn from natural instincts and awaking feelings
By guilt distilled in a mother's milk
I did grow up, a ravaged identity
Left alone to make sense of a life
Whose unfolding contradicted all of my truths.

Something Right

CÉLINE VONLANTHEN

*What is straight? A line can be straight,
or a street, but the human heart, oh, no,
it's curved like a road through mountains.*

- Tennessee Williams

“What the hell are we doing, McMillan?”

And McMillan doesn't want to know, doesn't even want to think about it, because what they have, it's good and special and secret and he doesn't want to lose it. He doesn't want the world intruding on this. For the first time in his life, he has something great, this feeling of being accepted, of being good enough, of being worthy, and he doesn't want this to be taken away from him

He doesn't want Edwards to be taken away from him.

“Does it really matter?” he answers.

Edwards bites his lip. He's hesitating, unsure, nervous. And McMillan, he can understand; he's been there too. He knows what it feels like, the guilt eating you away like a monster tearing at your chest. And how fucked up is it that love, that such a beautiful thing, hurts this bad?

But that's the way it is and he can't change the world on his own.

All he can have are these stolen moments with Edwards, times when he can bury his face in his neck and get high on his scent. Breath him in. All he can have are brief kisses, hurried make-out sessions, fumbling around, blushing, hesitation and secrecy. But that's enough for him, because it's already a lot. Edwards comes from a right-wing family, firm believers that homosexuality is a disease that can be cured if you try hard enough. But Edwards, Edwards is not like that; he is the most beautiful person McMillan knows. He is brilliant and hopeful and compassionate and his eyes burn so bright that it sets a fire in him. Edwards has this energy that can move mountains and maybe even change the

world. Edwards' eyes are so dark he wants to drown in them. And when he looks at him like this, McMillan feels that maybe, just maybe, what they're doing is not so bad. Maybe it's just right.

He kisses Edwards' nose, jaw and shoulder.

"Edwards?"

"Mmh?"

"I think we're doing something right."

And then Edwards smiles at him, satisfied with the answer. And McMillan feels his heart expand in his chest until it fills the room.

It's something right.

The Glassware Kingdom

CIRO CERESA

I woke up.

I looked around; I was surrounded by boxes, piled according to a specific architecture so as to form high palaces and towers. But of those buildings, they had only the shape, for obviously they remained mere cardboard boxes in a pile: no doors, no windows, no decorations.

While I was trying to understand where I was, I accidentally bumped into a smooth and cold object. It was a 100ml glass cylinder. To say it was 100ml is disproportionate since it was at least one and one-half times my height. I stumbled back a few steps, as much confused by the object as by the collision.

“How dare you try to walk away after such clumsiness? Apologise this instant or prepare yourself to face the consequences!” a voice said angrily.

I checked twice, but there was no one present who could have uttered these words. After a brief silence, the voice struck back, yelling, “Insolent! I humbly sink to your level speaking with you, and you still ignore me? This is an outrage! GUARDS!”

I realised it was the cylinder speaking. I could feel its voice shouting at me, its eyes staring at me, its index finger pointing at me, even if it lacked all of those attributes.

Lost admiring this curious scene, I didn't see two glass balloons approaching, who grabbed me by their bottlenecks and escorted me away. After a brief journey, we came to what seemed to be a court. On both sides of the corridor were cylinders, beakers, bottles, Erlenmeyers, vials and all sorts of standing glassware. At the end of the corridor was an impressive 2L cylinder (if the 100ml cylinder was tall, I leave its height to your imagination).

“Your Majesty,” said the balloon on my left, “this thug has disrespected and insulted Lord Fullfyllan. He demands justice!”

“Present yourself!” commanded the cylinder, apparently the king of all the present glassware.

“I’m Schott,” I replied.

“I don’t care about your brand! What are you?” the King asked. “You are not graduated, we can see that, so you are not a noble; you are not marked with any indication of volume, so you are not rich enough to buy this title. But you can stand and talk, so clearly you are not just a misfit piece of glass. Tell us, how much do you contain?”

“I have never asked myself this question, your Majesty.”

“Typical of defective merchandise, knowing that the answer will be inaccurate!”

“I’m not defective,” I replied, stepping forward.

“Of course you are! And since you can move, you are even more defective than I initially thought! Graduated or volumetric glassware never move. They always stand in their straight position and never change! Only balloons and buffoons roll and jump to all sides. They need our noble opinion in order to have a direction and a purpose. We cannot move from our positions!

“But you should be movable!”

“Silence!” yelled the king, as he made an impressive jump in place and nearly lost his standing.

I laughed, not because he just contradicted his own statement, but because, for a moment, I feared that the impact might break his pedestal and cause him to fall into everyone in the room.

“I will not accept this kind of insinuation by a broken thing like you! You are so flawed that I can clearly see through you and look over everything you contain!” continued the King, pointing to my clothes.

“No, you can’t; I’m not transparent like you!”

“Really? And supposing that you can actually see through us, could you tell the court, what do we possibly contain?” the king skeptically replied.

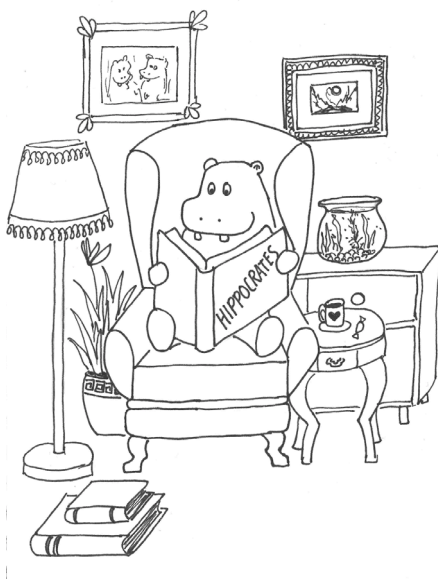
“It would be useless,” I retorted, “you’re all full of hot air.”

At this, the king became furious and started to yell and jump madly, making a deafening noise, while his court erupted in panic.

I ran away.

I had already reached the end of the city when I heard a sonorous *plink*, followed by the loudest noise of crashing glass that I have ever heard.

And here, I woke up.



The Proust Questionnaire

WITH PATRICK JONES

The English Department's newest Modern Literature PhD Assistant fills us in on his favorites, his treasures, and his emojis in *Noted*'s first ever "Proust Questionnaire."

What's the most recent song you've listened to? "The New Year" – Folios

What's the most recent book you've read? Ann Carson – *Autobiography of Red*

What's the most recent film you've watched? Abbas Kiarostami – *Taste of Cherry*

Which living person do you most admire? Béla Tarr

Who is your favorite hero/-ine in fiction? Hans Castorp

Who is your favorite prose author? Henry James

Who is your favorite poet? Wallace Stevens

Who is your favourite director? Chantal Akerman

What's your most treasured possession? My guitar

What's your favorite French word? Ombre

Which talent would you most like to have? To be more adept at learning languages

What's your most marked trait? Stubbornness

What trait do you admire most in your friends? Patience

If you died and came back as an emoji, which emoji would it be?



Where would you most like to live? Ticino

What is your idea of perfect happiness? Walking

THE CREATIVE WRITING GROUP (CWG)

Following its inception in the summer of 2016, the CWG met throughout the Autumn semester to share original creative poetry and prose and to provide constructive feedback. The meetings were an unabashed success and *Noted* is very happy to print some of the results of these entertaining and instructive meetings in this edition.

The CWG will continue to meet throughout the Spring 2017 semester, on the first Friday of every month in Café Voisins (8 rue des Voisins), from 17:00 to 18:00. All students and staff of the English department are kindly invited to join us on the first meeting of the semester, **3 March 2017**, with their creative work or with their editorial eyes and ears on the ready.

*Disclaimer: The Creative Writing Group is not a formal enterprise of the English Department. We are an entirely grade- and credit-free band of poets and writers, looking to turn you – yes, you! – into a dreamy-eyed, beret-headed poet and/or écrivain(ne) as well. Join us!