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Editor's Letter(s)

How better to define syncopation but with syncopation?

A brief shift in accentuation, think of it as pronouncing “literaTURE” as “LIT-
Erature” like the French would or “HAMlet” as “HamLET.”

A short (or long-
er) interval in life where time seems to be suspended while you are off-beat
and going against the flow, but it can be an enriching and key experience.

I understood syncopation as dropping - or should I say jumping - sounds (of
speech or music), and collapsing the remains together. It had a rather disharmo-
nious (to not say chaotic) ring to it in my ears.

I have asked my piano teach-
er what syncopation is. It was too technical. But for me it is when there is a
regular pattern and an additional beat is inserted, so within a certain regularity
or norm there is an unexpected element arising, creating therefore something
richer.

ACADEMIA AND CULTURE

Syncopation and Linguistics: A Report on the Elision of the Schwa in Geneva

DAVID JAQUES-OLIVIER BOVET

Introduction

Whilst “syncopation” is usually associated with music, I want to take the linguistic (and thus grammatical) approach in this paper. Syncopation in grammar is defined by the OED as a “contraction of a word by omission of one or more syllables or letters in the middle; transferred, a word so contracted.” (OED, 1) And whilst this definition applies mostly to borrowings such as “governor” which comes from Latin “*gubernator*”, I offer in this paper a slightly different approach, focusing on the elision of the Schwa which, at first, seems so characteristic of the Genevan variety of French. I am referring to the utterance of words such as *Genève*. Whilst most of the population will pronounce this word as [ʒənɛv]¹, the French speaking population of Geneva will tend to elide the schwa ([ə]), and pronounce it as [ʒnɛv], as we notice in humorist Laurent Nicolet’s “Le Gen’vois staïle.”² In that regard, this paper, whilst focusing on French, shall aim to answer two questions:

What are the conditions for the schwa to be elided?

Is the elision of schwa only occurring in Geneva?

What is the schwa, and what are the conditions for it to be elided?

Before fully diving into the elision, let us explain what exactly will be of interest in this report. First of all, it is interesting to note that schwa has a tendency to be elided, due to its nearly costless production. Indeed, schwa ([ə]) is, as we can see in the International Phonetic Alphabet chart (later shortened to IPA chart)³, a short mid central unrounded monophthong, and thus does not require a lot of energy to be produced (hence the fact

¹ *Genève - Prononciation: audio + transcription phonétique*. <<https://easypronunciation.com/fr/french/word/Gen%C3%A8ve>> [Accessed on the 1st of March 2024]

² Laurent NICOLET, *Le Gen’vois staïle*, online video recording, Youtube, 21st December 2012, <<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aOEngqD0Pa0>> [Accessed 11th March 2024]

³ *IPA Chart*. <<https://www.ipachart.com/>>. [Accessed 11th March 2024]

that it is nearly costless).⁴ However, if all instances of schwa were to be elided, some words would not make any sense when being uttered. In that regard, Vanessa Schouwey (2008) explained the following pattern:

“When the schwa is preceded by only one consonant in word-initial position, it will always be maintained if the last word finishes with a consonant as well; however, it can be dropped if the last word ends in a vowel, and the drop will be favoured if the locutor’s speech speed is high and the latter cares less about his elocution.”⁵

She further adds that register plays an important role on schwa elision, and particularly words containing multiple instances of it, “standard” register usage tends to elide the second instance of schwa, as in “*dev(e)nait*”, whereas “popular” register usage will tend to elide the first, as in “*d(e)venait*”. Durand et al. (2003) add that inside of a word, schwas will necessarily be dropped, as in “*douc(e)ment*” for example.⁶

Case study 1: Genève

Allow us to turn to the first case study that interests us: the realisation of the name of the city (and the canton), *Genève*. As we have already seen, phonetically, *Genève* is realised as [ʒənɛv] in standardised French (whist I do not necessarily agree with the notion of “standardised” varieties of a language, I shall not discuss it further in this paper) but tends to be realised as [ʒnɛv] in the French population of Geneva. The website *Youglish.com* offers several recordings of different people from different countries pronouncing

4 Eric HAEBERLI, ‘Chapter 3: Phonetics and Phonology’, in *Introduction to English Linguistics*, (Geneva: 2020), pp. 68-135 (p. 86)

5 Vanessa SCHOUWEY. *Les variantes cantonales dans la prononciation des voyelles du français en Suisse romande*. 2008. p.18 [my traduction] original text : « lorsque le schwa est précédé par une seule consonne en initiale de mot, il se maintient toujours si le mot précédent est terminé par une consonne ; cependant, il tombe facultativement si ce mot est terminé par une voyelle et d’autant plus facilement si le débit du locuteur est rapide et si ce dernier porte moins d’attention à son élocution. »

6 J. DURAND, B. LAKS & C. LYCHE. ‘Linguistique et variation : quelques réflexions sur la variation phonologique.’ In E. Delais-Roussarie, & J. Durand (Eds.), *Corpus et variation en phonologie du français : méthodes et analyses* (Toulouse : Presses universitaires du Mirail, 2003) pp. 11-88 (p. 48)

it, and, out of the forty clips gathered, only seven were realised as [ʒnɛv].⁷ Unsurprisingly, most people from other French speaking countries uttered [ʒənɛv], as expected. However, famous ex-RTS (Radio Télévision Suisse) journalist Darius Rochebin, despite being born and raised in Geneva, uttered [ʒənɛv] on the set of the 19:30, which was not expected. Furthermore, on another pronunciation website, *Forvo.com*, some Swiss samples were realised as [ʒənɛv] (2/3).⁸ This tends to be explained through geographical varieties of French, as it is noticeable that most elision of schwa takes place in Geneva and northern France.⁹ In that regard, we can conclude that the realisation of *Genève* is influenced by varieties of languages, and that a majority of inhabitants of Geneva will tend to drop the schwa. However, it seems that in certain fields of work, seemingly where diction and understandability are both crucial, the schwa will be kept.

Case study 2: Genevois

Let us now turn to our second case study, the realisation of the name of the inhabitants of Geneva, *les genevois.e.s*. As a matter of clarity and concision, I shall focus on genevois, which, in standardised French, is realised as [ʒənɔvwɑ].¹⁰ There is a tendency, in Geneva’s inhabitants’ speech, to drop either the first or second schwa, realising respectively [ʒnɔvwɑ] and [ʒənvwɑ], although there has not been an occurrence of both schwas being dropped ([ʒnvwɑ]). Indeed, on *Forvo.com*, three samples of speech were given, and, whilst the samples from French citizens were uttered as [ʒənɔvwɑ], the one from the Swiss citizen was uttered as [ʒnɔvwɑ].¹¹ On another pronunciation website, *Youglish.com*, out of the 39 samples collected, and after discarding the ones which were mistakenly placed there, 27 were uttered as [ʒənvwɑ], none as [ʒnɔvwɑ] and 6

7 *Genève - 926 prononciations de Genève en Français*. <<https://fr.youglish.com/pronounce/genève/french/fr>> [Accessed on the 13th of March 2024]

8 *Prononciation de Genève : Comment prononcer Genève en Français, Suédois*. <<https://fr.forvo.com/word/genève/>> [Accessed on the 13th of March 2024]

9 *J’aimerais savoir pourquoi certaines personnes prononcent « G’neve » au lieu de « Genève » | Ville de Genève - Site officiel*. <<https://www.geneve.ch/themes/culture/bibliotheques/interroge/reponses/aimerais-savoir-certaines-prononcent-neve-au-lieu-de-geneve>> [Accessed on the 15th of March 2024]

10 *Genevois, genevoise | Usito*. <<https://usito.usherbrooke.ca/définitions/genevois>> [Accessed on the 15th of March 2024]

11 *Prononciation de Genevois : Comment prononcer Genevois en Français*. <<https://fr.forvo.com/word/genevois/>> [Accessed on the 15th of March 2024]

as [ʒnəvəwa].¹² This is particularly interesting when we remember what Schouwey explained in her *Variantes cantonales dans la prononciation des voyelles du français en Suisse romande* (2008), which is that it tends to be more of a “standard register” when the second schwa is dropped. This confirms the behaviour of schwa elision in Genevan variety, as most drops happen in second position, whereas, when the drop happen in initial position, the locutor’s speech directly seems more informal. However, it is particularly interesting that in the 27 occurrences of [ʒənvwa], some were uttered on French television, and one even from Macron, as this shows that schwa drop in second position is not a particularity of Genevan variety, but a more widespread phenomenon.

A Genevan particularity or a more common phenomenon?

Finally, as linguist and blogger Mathieu Avanzi described in a 2018 blog called *Ces prononciations qui divisent la France*, Northern France and French speaking Switzerland (except for the Canton du Valais) tend to drop schwas more frequently than the rest of France.¹³ However, he further argued that French speaking Switzerland and the *Bourgogne-Franche-Compté* locutors tend to be more permissive with the elision of schwa. Thus, schwa elision is a common phenomenon that different locutors encounter in their speech at different positions. Whilst the schwa drop in words such as *Genève* and *Genevois*, have become distinctive of the Genevan variety, let us not forget that it also happens in other French varieties, and that it is definitely more widespread than formerly thought.

¹² *Genevois - 39 prononciations de Genève en Français*. <<https://fr.youglish.com/pronounce/Genevois/french/fr?>> [Accessed on the 15th of March 2024]

¹³ Mathieu AVANZI. « Ces prononciations qui divisent la France ». *Français de nos régions*, 25 février 2018, <<https://francaisdenosregions.com/2018/02/25/6999/>> [Accessed on the 15th of March 2024]

Research Showcase: A Stay Abroad, with Emily Smith

What was the purpose of this stay abroad?

Excellent question! I’ll first answer in the abstract. During their doctorate, UNIGE students are encouraged to apply for “Doc.Mobility” grants. This programme has several advantages for both one’s present research and future career: it allows access to different resources, to different networks, and (crucially) six months of relative freedom from duties at home in order to make vital progress in their thesis.

Concretely, for me, this *purpose* was thus to study, to write, and to repeat.

Why did you choose Los Angeles?

I suppose I’ll start with a story. Once upon a time – from 1850 to 1927, more accurately – a railroad magnate developed a taste for the arts (and, tangentially, other public works). His fortune allowed him to scoop up many European rarities after the First World War; money, as ever, talks. Upon his death, he left a substantial legacy so that this collection could continue. And that, in brief, is why between two major interstate freeways lies a miniature oasis.

The Huntington Library and Botanic Gardens contain many rarities – artistic, literary or, well, botanic – many of these being older than the United States of America itself. It is notably a centre for early modernists, such as myself, because of its stellar manuscript and early print collection *and* secondary research library. Of course, manuscripts are (by their nature) often unique, but some of the books which they hold simply do not exist anywhere else either. Not to mention that some of these books have annotations which are, again, unique...

So this library was the sole reason I chose Los Angeles (those who know me will testify that I am not, Katy Perry may be disappointed to learn, a California Girl). And its collections, I must report, did not disappoint.

Did you have any expectations before going there? If yes, what were they?

I was, frankly, terrified! I grew up in a *very* small community - Geneva is a giant city to me! - so you can imagine what I thought regarding safety. Notable negative expectations included the homelessness and drug addiction crisis, policing (or, in LA, the lack thereof - for better or worse) and a lack of public transport. These apprehensions all bore fruit, but not necessarily to the extent that I feared. San Marino, where the Huntington Library is located, proved to be a *very* privileged little corner of the world, but outside of it, well...

Supposing that you were able to travel around while on site, what place did you like most? Why?

My favourite spot in the neighbourhood was a little café called Amara, which served *non-drip coffee*. A true revelation! The gardens of the Huntington itself were, of course, spectacular, with several miniature “biomes”. The Rose Garden was a happy place for me.

The nearby California Institute of Technology (CalTec) also had a turtle pond, another highlight!

Overall, however, it was quite difficult to move around. Bear in mind that I trained for a half-marathon by running four times around the block where I lived, each lap being 5.25 kilometres...and that was not even the whole road. Distance works differently over there!

Was there anything that shocked you once you were there? If yes, what?

My grandad travelled for extended periods all around the world when he was younger, and he warned me before I left: *watch out, the lack of language barrier can mask the cultural differences*. As much as I hate to confess it, he really was so right.

A particular shock for me was the speed and frequency with which conversation was made. I had cashiers at Trader Joe’s asking me my life history within five minutes, or people whom I crossed on the street complimenting my outfit. I did my undergraduate degree “Up North” – in the North of England, that is (Durham more specifically) – and so I am of course used to friendliness from strangers. The difference was rather...

Well, let’s put it this way. I once had an unexpectedly deep conversation with a random woman in Newcastle after complimenting her (iconically pink) suit, and we are still in touch. I had *so* many similar conversations in the US, but it was as if all memories of it were erased immediately after we stopped talking. Such encounters – for better or for worse – were very transient.

I can see both perspectives on this one. It might be lovely to have lots of low-stakes interactions. But it’s certainly not something that we in Europe are used to!

What were the highlights of your experience?

I’ll allow myself the liberty of four...

For my birthday, I went on a whale-watching adventure and saw not one, not two, but *six* blue whales. It was genuinely awe-inspiring. (I also, not of my own volition, went to Las Vegas on the same weekend, and experienced *awful* in quite another sense.)

The second month of my stay there - after I’d worked out the basics of how to get around, get fed, and not get burned - I experienced a spurt of wonderful productivity. I suppose that there were several reasons for this burst: being out of my normal routine, without teaching (which I of course adore, but which also takes *a lot* of time!), and with easy access to excellent resources. I acknowledge that I had so much privilege in all of these points, and that they are definitely not accessible to everyone. I wish they were, however, because it was such a crucial point in my thesis journey – allowing me to complete two thesis chapters, its introduction and conclusion, and ultimately to submit the whole thing...

One of my uncles works between San Francisco and Los Angeles. Exploring both with him was an utter joy.

Fourth, finally (I promise!): my best friend came out to visit me at the end of my stay and taught me the appeal of the classic American “road trip”. My accidental run-in with an elephant seal which I was *convinced* was a rock will stay with me a long time.

Now, with hindsight, have you any realisations?

That five-ish months is *not* a long time!

If you could live through it again, would you do anything differently?

Actually, I think that I squeezed everything out of LA that I could ever have wanted to. Five months may not be a long time, but it *is* sufficiently self-limiting that you are aware of your need to “do the tourist stuff” pretty quickly. Plus, with two groups of friends visiting me – and then friends made out there – there was nothing left on my list of must-dos.

In hindsight, however, I should definitely have eaten more bagels.

In Thunder, Lightning, or in Rain
A review of the Donmar Warehouse production of
Macbeth (and on the experience of standing for a few
hours in London weather)

SONJA VAN LIER

While it is easy to enjoy stormy skies from the comfort of your own home, it is quite different when you find yourself in an unsheltered street and unable to feel your toes. This was the situation I willingly put myself in earlier this year: loitering outside a box office near Covent Garden for quite more than a few hours.

The Donmar Warehouse, a non-profit theatre – known for its small and intimate venue of a meagre 251 seats - held a sold-out run of *Macbeth* between December and February of this year. Directed by Max Webster and with immersive sound design by Gareth Fry, the play featured a star-studded cast including Shakespeare veterans David Tennant as *Macbeth* (*Hamlet*, *Richard II*) and Cush Jumbo as *Lady Macbeth* (*Julius Caesar*, *Hamlet*). Little wonder that the few remaining tickets that came out weekly had been so highly coveted. With the end of the run approaching and having not snagged any up until that point, I bit the bullet and decided to try my luck the old-fashioned way: waiting in line.

My first attempt was unsuccessful. Despite being three hours before release, I was already eleventh in line. I arrived earlier on my next attempt and came second. The hours trudged by coldly, but in very pleasant company. Spending a windy afternoon meeting people while sharing coffees and snacks alone was worth the wait, even in the rain. The saying ‘all good things come to those who wait’ seldom rings true, but in this case, a last-minute cancellation freed up a front row seat – ‘grabbing distance’ as one usher put it.

The main particularity of this production is the sound design: Along with live music, the performance is done through headphones using an immersive 3D audio effect, allowing the audience to hear every conspiratorial whisper, every haunting scream and cry, and most interestingly, the witches’ prophesies. The unique choice of making the witches non-corporeal is one that tied into the idea or possibility that they were only fabrications

of a deeply traumatised man, thus blurring the interaction between ghost or witch. The echoing children's giggles at various points in the play, equally rendered through the audio effects, also went into portraying the usurping couple, notably Lady Macbeth, as people deeply twisted by grief over the implied loss of a child.

Tennant delivers a harrowingly brilliant portrayal of Macbeth: Ambitious and elbow deep in blood from the get-go. The thane of Cawdor's slow breakdown in the later stages of the play shows a man far beyond reason and taken by regret, but for that never loses any energy or tempo. Contrasting to the remaining cast in dark clothing is Lady Macbeth, clad in a simple white gown throughout. Jumbo plays Lady Macbeth with an innate sadness and takes a rather different tone than could be expected: Rather than pure ambition, she is closer to madness before she even starts to plot. A highlight of the play is Nouf Oussam's performance as Macduff, whose grief and fury when hearing of his family's slaughter is one that will stick with me for quite some time.

The only thing I cannot comment on due to the position of my seat was the blood leaking from the stage. According to other audience members, blood seeped up from the stage at different points, notably during the dagger scene and Macbeth's death.

With the unwavering success of this run, the production was not only recorded, but another is planned for this autumn, though at a larger West-End venue. While it may lack the conspiratorial closeness of the Donmar, I believe it is still well-worth seeing. I encourage anyone interested to keep their eyes open for confirmed dates and ticket sales, lest they prefer waiting a few hours outside the box office with little more than hope and an umbrella.

English Department Student Trip to Dublin, 5th-9th November 2023

A Collection of Accounts from the Participants¹

Thanks to the organisation of the AELLA, fifteen students of the department had the great pleasure of travelling to one of the most mesmerizing English-speaking places in the world. From the invasion of the Celts during the Iron Age to the Viking invasion in the early medieval period, with the mission of St. Patrick in between, Ireland has seen a plethora of cultures that intertwine to create the amalgams that are Irish culture and identity, a theme that we will try to convey through this collection of experiences. We learned about their struggles as a colony, the first to be labelled as "plantation" by the English, but also about their emancipation during the 20th century with the War of Independence (1919-1921), a showcase of resilience against oppression that should inspire everyone studying the Humanities. We hope that our report will encourage others to visit this incredible place, and that it will encourage students to participate in future outings of the department!

November 5

We left Geneva on a cold Sunday afternoon. Not everyone was acquainted with everybody else in the group, but from the first instant relationships started to emerge. We were lucky that the group was sitting together on the plane, as it gave us a chance to get to know each other before the trip even started. It was certainly useful as it made the journey less stressful to those who are shy, and there never was an awkward moment nor people feeling isolated or excluded. In short, this was a wonderful experience for everyone; some wanted to relax, some to visit, some to do some shopping, but we all shared the same love for culture and artistic expression (I guess we chose our faculty well).

After spending hours strolling and gallivanting around the city, it was finally time to

¹ By Alexandra Pinto Brites, Anna Tiziana Huwiler, Anne-Myriam Vaval, Caique Cardoso, Christina Zholdokova, Jonathan Mägerli, Kadiatou Maiga, Kenza Iguimdrane, Keren Savitzki, Magdalena Chambers, Miranda Vivien Stirnimann Althaus, Noémie Gallay, Peter James Kennedy, River Nova Hayden Orsini, and Sonja Van Lieer

gather for dinner. We met at the Fitzgerald Bar, a traditional Irish pub situated in the famous Temple Bar district. The interior embodied the typical Irish aesthetic with its wooden furnishings and dark but inviting ambience. While some fully immersed themselves in the exceptional atmosphere of Dublin and ordered traditional dishes such as Irish stew, others did not dare to and stuck to the classic and common burgers. Around this long dining table, we were able to truly become acquainted with each other and forge links. This evening filled with laughter and confusion marked the start of an unforgettable trip.

November 6

We walked, some of us talked, and all of us braved the wind and cold of a newly discovered port city. We visited much, from obscure statues in front of which we took questionably successful group photos, to museums and landmarks that we would not have time to explore during our trip. Just imagine walking up a winding street with your eyes glued to your feet, looking for specific floor slabs – Easter eggs informing the passersby of the Viking artefacts dug up in those spots. Imagine listening to a guided tour a few days later, and getting the satisfactory feeling of knowing some of Dublin’s history. That is what the tour was about: students discovering the city in a relaxed way, not ashamed to laugh and criticise poorly made statues and weird facts!

On a cold yet sunny day, our treasure hunt adventure began in Dublin’s scenic St. Stephen’s Green park. As our group moved through the park, we gathered bits of information, scouted out historical monuments, and gradually pieced together our map. While we sometimes struggled to find certain clues, the day was filled with unexpected alliances; a gardener with an extensive knowledge of park lore pointed us towards hidden answers, a policeman, perhaps amused by our puzzled expressions, disclosed the correct option of a multiple-choice question, and even a butler from a fancy hotel bordering the park – far from being annoyed by the usual tourists’ clueless meandering – offered us assistance with a gracious smile.

As for the park’s main occupants, the seagulls presented a comedic terror. Our initial encounter with them involved a high-speed chase as they pursued a group of tourists for their fries – a display of their startling velocity and sheer determination. The treasure hunt map even came with its own cautionary warning, featuring an illustration of a seagull with its beak agape, a humorous yet foreboding warning that read: “This is an abnormally aggressive seagull that really, really wants your prawn sandwich. This seagull is a psychopath who will not rest until it destroys you, your family, and everyone you

hold dear.”

In short, this walk through St. Stephen’s Green perfectly encapsulated the essence of Dublin: beautiful monuments, rich history, the warmth of Irish hospitality, and, of course, the notorious seagull brigades.

After a day of discovering Dubliner culture, we all decided it was time to get together and do what Irish people do best, fraternise with a pint of Guinness. There was only one right answer, one place we all knew we had to go to, it was a silent inner agreement that needed no prior discussion. Going to Temple Bar (the district), the designated happy place of both foreigners and Irish people, was just a must. During our Dublin city tour earlier that day, we had passed by this area, and the overall aura and ambience emanating from that place was enough to make us instantly make up our minds about where we needed to go that night. The Christmas lights were so inviting that it made it impossible not to get curious, that coupled with the frosty weather that morning was enough to make some of us go quickly inside to observe. It was like entering a completely different cosmos. If you thought Dublin was friendly and warm, you have yet to see the inside of Temple Bar during the holiday season. There was live popular music being played, all kinds of people just singing along with a drink in their hands and smiles covering their faces. We could just feel the warmth and joy, so even though it was a random cold morning, and we were all freezing, Temple Bar was exactly like a Christmas morning at our cosy home.



Having decided to do our own pub crawl that night, the first place on our list was Temple Bar (the bar itself). And even though the place ended up being too full for our group to comfortably settle and socialise together, we found a great area at The Norseman of Temple bar, an adjacent bar, where we settled and started exchanging personal tales and experiences. After a day so rich with the learnings of a warm and very unique culture that values individuality and community simultaneously, the friendly banter we shared together was just the perfect way to end the day. It was like we weren't just getting to know a new culture and country, but also getting to know each other.

Sharing such a special and fulfilling experience together kind of bonded all of us and cemented our friendships. At least personally, I feel like even though I gained a whole new level of love for Ireland, what I'm really going to carry with me out of this experience are the friends I'm going to keep for life. So even though we were knackered at the end of that night, it was such a craic evening!

November 7

Our journey to Trinity College in Dublin was a great experience, guided by a witty and knowledgeable tour guide who made every turn memorable. We embarked on a captivating tour filled with intriguing anecdotes and insights into the college's storied past.

Among the highlights was our encounter with the famous Book of Kells. For those of us who had already followed the BA4, it was great to finally see it in real life. As for the students that have not taken the BA4 yet, it was surely a great introduction – we hope they will remember some facts once the exam comes around! We learned that this precious manuscript, along with other treasures from the Old Library, were on the verge of relocation due to ongoing renovations. Talk about perfect timing! We were also lucky enough to visit during the "Gaia" exhibition—a detailed NASA 3D imagery of a floating planet Earth in the middle of the Long Room—that added to the awe-inspiring atmosphere. Despite the imminent changes, the beauty and historical significance of the Book of Kells left an indelible mark on our minds.

Trinity College not only impressed us with its academic prestige but also surprised us with its array of affordable and tasty dining options. Even if just for a brief moment, we got a taste of campus life thanks to a delicious helping of fish and chips.

As we prepared to bid farewell, our guide shared an intriguing superstition about the bell tower—the notorious campanile curse. Legend has it that if a student walks beneath it and the bell tolls, they are doomed to fail their exams. No thanks! Mindful of this lore, we made sure to steer clear of the tower. However, we are definitely coming back for a

picture under that tower, one day, diploma in hand!

Our visit to the National Print Museum was a great history lesson. We have seen in BA5 classes the importance of the printing press arrival in England with William Caxton in the 1470's, but in Ireland it only came a century later in 1571, when Humphrey Powell, on orders of the Queen, established in Dublin the first Irish printing press.

The young guide, who was also a humanities student (albeit in history), showed us the big steps in the evolution of the press over the centuries, starting with the Gutenberg press, which we had the pleasure to manoeuvre with the help of the guide. We were surprised to hear some information about our native Switzerland, as he explained how Basel was one of the most important printing towns in Europe in the past. He also noted how the printing press was essential to the spread of Zwinglian Protestantism in Switzerland, so it seemed a good opportunity to teach him something about our reformer, namely the Affair of the Sausages that he orchestrated in 1522.

After having seen the evolution of this model (which was basically the only one until the 19th century), we got to more recent practices of printing. They still followed some of the principles of the Gutenberg press, albeit more efficiently. These machines, some of which are still in use, were created during the industrial revolution to maximise the number of copies a manufacturer could print. In the end, we had the opportunity to print ourselves a "WANTED" poster with our names on it, manipulating the types (characters in printing press jargon), carefully placing them in reverse in the press, so as the paper shows them the right way.

On the end of our third day, some of us had the pleasure to follow a history student through Dublin and visit its spookiest and darkest corners, while getting to know the most gruesome and chilling stories. The man's appearance resembled more that of a Viking than a young man with a profound knowledge about the cruel things the inhabitants had to endure. Dublin has indeed a dark past: a mysterious brothel mother was killed for dubious reasons, the ghost of a horrible executioner still haunts a public park, and stories of a legless murderer are still told to this day. All in all, every story made the city a little more unique.

Some of these dark truths lie unfortunately not so far in the past. We passed a building where some 40 years ago a laundry stood, operated by religious communities, where women were forced to work, and some even died of mistreatment. The Irish Government apologised to these "fallen women" officially in 2013. Our guide also told us about

the Choctaw, a Native American community, who sent 170 dollars (some 7'000 dollars in today's money) to Ireland during the Potato Famine (1845-1852, which the Irish call "The Great Hunger"). Throughout Covid the Irish Nation remembered this enormous generosity when they saw the Native Americans suffer. They collected and donated nearly 2 million dollars to help those who showed such compassion in one of the most difficult times in Irish history. Our guide had a talent for storytelling, and we were captivated from the beginning. In the end he even recommended a pub, which we visited straight after to digest the experience.

November 8

A strangely curious visit was the Christ Church Cathedral, near the Vikings artefacts we saw previously. Strange because it is an Anglican Church in the middle of a fierce Catholic nation. Right after the entrance, visitors are welcomed by the tomb of Strongbow, an Anglo-Norman noble that led the invasion of Ireland in the 12th century, which marked the beginning of English sovereignty over the island. I am not sure Irish citizens have a high esteem for the guy. The building was exuberant, there was gold (or golden foliage, I could not tell) on almost every corner, and it was a great display to the differences between Protestant denominations, since it looks more like a Catholic Church with all its icons and decorations, than to the St. Pierre Cathedral in Geneva and its austere interiors.

A visit to the crypt showed an even more complicated history. An abundance of sculptures, altar supplies and books idolising English monarchs and history. Most of these items were upstairs at some point, but understandably have gone out of favour with the locals and enjoy a more discreet life now. Most notable is a wall-sized statue of Charles II, who refused to give back lands to Irish Catholics who supported the Restoration. It proved an incredibly beautiful place, with a complicated place in history.

Another important stop for any English department student is the James Joyce centre. James Joyce was an Irish author renowned for his particularly complicated writing and use of stream of consciousness. *Ulysses* (1922) is regarded as his major work and follows a variety of characters through a day in Dublin with the *Odyssey* (c. 8th c. BC) as a framing device. The house as well as the expositions heavily centre on *Ulysses*, naturally for its importance on the city of Dublin. After all, some say that if Dublin were to ever be rebuilt, you could reconstruct its entirety from Joyce's texts. They even had the door of 7 Eccles Street, the address of Leopold Bloom, standing in the garden.

The Centre was very thorough in Joyce's work, family, and life, even featuring a copy of Joyce's old room and various items that used to belong to him. Our tour guide was extremely well-read on all things Joyce, his passion evident through his detailed answers to questions and anecdotes surrounding the house and its contents. The building was a well-maintained old row house, though the cold managed to seep into quite a few places. Luckily for us, there was a fireplace and blankets galore.

The *Ironbound* play stood out as a significant part of our journey. Spanning 22 years, it narrated the struggles of an immigrant woman torn between her relationships and the necessity to sustain herself by working in a factory. The setting, a bus stop, resonated deeply with me, symbolising her perpetual longing to depart from her current life while being tied up to her circumstances for over two decades. The woman accidentally embodies this space while her lovers and companions come and go from it. This paradoxical existence, where the bus represented both opportunity and constraints, was profoundly moving.

The play's authenticity struck a chord with my peers and me, portraying the experience of immigrants and women striving for a better life. I precisely remember going out of the theatre completely at a loss for words because I had been transported into the life of this woman and her story. My colleagues and I felt like we had lost track of time, not knowing if we had been inside the theatre for 90 minutes or if we had spent 22 years with this woman.

November 9

We took off from Dublin, landed in Amsterdam, took off again and finally arrived in Geneva; well, not quite. Oh dear, how can I live without it? My phone's still in the plane. Yes, I am certain I can fetch it in time and catch up with the rest of the group, yes? Now they're gone. *Miss, how can I retrieve my phone?! Please calm down. Okay, the priority is returning to Switzerland, but I can't. I am now hearing that there's been a coup d'état; "Swiss citizens on holiday cannot temporarily travel internationally". Eighteen years later, still in the airport. Unfortunately, (or fortunately) that's not what happened. The same day, five hours later or so, I was back in comfy little Switzerland, noo waayy, is that Caique at the airport?!*

This is another reason for going on trips, stories to tell our grandchildren!

ART

Selected Poems

RIVER ORSINI

UFO

After midnight
a foreign object
in my own bed
that's all I am
an alien
lonely and
I don't belong
anywhere
I don't fit in

My head
is the only planet
I've ever known
no sun
no moon
belongs to this
place
nothing can grow
in the darkness
in the eternal winter
a river
of poison
flows in the
haunted valleys
that are my veins

No better days

The sink
is full
it doesn't
get
any better

This place
is a mess,
you say
have you
seen my mind
I ask

Bare walls
smiles that
faded
after
the pictures
were taken

That name
means
"God's home"
I still am
a home

to anyone
who needs
a safe place
a light
some warmth

A home
to anyone
but myself

I have
no warmth
for myself
I have
no light
for myself
so I
shiver
in the dark

Make the ocean weep

I've been longing
for a place
to call home
but even after
a year
spent by the lake,
away from my mountains
I'm suffocating

Perhaps there's
no place
for my roots
in this city
haunted by memories
perhaps I
have no roots

I'm not a tree
I will never
know stability

All I've ever known
All I'll ever know
is this sadness
so deep
that has made
the ocean weep

first ray of spring

What's in
 your sweet eyes
 when you look
 at me?
 (Is it worry?
 Because I am
 a mess.)
 (Is it affection?
 Because I am
 a clumsy puppy)
 (Is it confusion?
 Because I am not
 the easiest book
 to read)

Would you like
 to ask me
 the same question?
 But I can't answer,
 because in
 your shadow
 I look for
 my stolen heart

The touch of
 your hands
 is so tender
 and comforting
 (I wish they
 were his)

The way
 you speak
 is so soothing
 and gentle
 (I wish your
 voice set me ablaze)

The silence
 that falls
 on us
 like a blanket
 of snow
 feels comfortable,
 too
 (I want
 to laugh loudly
 with him)

Your small figure
 dancing steadily
 under the last
 warm winter rays
 makes me feel
 calm

And I wish
 I felt deserving
 of stability
 and peace
 but what
 I chase
 is always
 a love
 that feels chaotic
 I want
 the thrill
 the storm
 the fire

(Maybe in
 another life
 you can be
 my peace
 my stability
 the first ray
 of spring)

Dead cactus

They say
time heals
the pain
so why
after all
this time
my heart
still aches
night and day
at the thought
of you

Why do I
still wish
that you'd come
to my doorstep
so I could
take you back
and simply
erase the mistakes
of our past
in the name
of a better
future

I know
I have to
kill my hope
like I killed
the tiny cactus
you gave me
when it was
blooming

There will
never be
another love
like this
I will
make sure
of that

(Post) Love Letter

Promises are
meant to be
broken
I know that,
I know
but I gave you
a promise ring
anyway
and now
it sits in
the pink box,
waiting to be
forgotten

I'm trying
to forget
the spark
in your blue eyes
the warmth
of your arms
the words
you said and meant
But they never
quite matched
your actions

And I'm not
speaking ill of
what we once
called us
It was good
it was tender
it was perfect
it was precious
it was great,
even when
it wasn't
when I wasn't
when you,
yes you
you weren't

Now I let
our songs
fade into
background noise
the poetry
is still there
but the spark
is gone

Because you
let me down
your selfishness
poisoned my heart
and stained
our memories,
painted them
with a darker
colour

But the sun
shines
on my beloved
snowy mountains
and the anger
won't last forever
and I'm writing you
a post-love letter
because
time eases
the ache,
but
I can't forget you

I still love you

Haunted

I have to fight tears for almost the entire trip, but I don't change the music, like I want to prove something to myself. Maybe I do.

I see you from the window. I feel a bit nervous. Not because of you, though. Breakfast passes so fast that it feels like a dream, slipping away from my fingers in the morning.

When I step in again after, what? Almost a year and half? When I step in again after so long, one of your dogs comes to greet me like I never left. Oh, sweetie. God bless dogs for being above these human things.

Your other dog barks at me and runs around to avoid any attempt of petting. Silly boy.

Your parents greet me like I've only been away for a while. Like nothing ever happened. Like they weren't the reason I promised to never come to your house ever again. Like they still care about me, like their affection didn't vanish that afternoon when you told them the truth.

Your mother asks me if I have a cold. I don't tell her that I'm keeping my voice low so I can keep my pain and anger under control.

When the door of your room closes behind my back, I feel a bit less tense. We chat. We cuddle. Ever since we started hanging out again you can't keep your hands to yourself, as if you need to make up for all the time we spent apart. As if my body is water and you've been in the desert for months. I don't mind, I'm always touch starved - but why now? Where was this affection when I needed it the most?

You shower my face with kisses. I know you're not going to kiss me properly. The only time it happened... was for the sake of nostalgia, we agreed. *It's better if this doesn't happen again.*

A quick peck on my lips. Uh. Another one, as if a peck won't make you feel guilty. You start apologizing. *Here we go.* I shrug. I act unbothered. I wouldn't say this bothers me - I'm just confused. Your mouth's on mine again, but it's not a peck this time. We're kissing. We get up from your bed. Your hands are all over my body. My hands are all over your face. You pull away just to say "kiss me" and then we're on your bed again and you try to start something else but - I can't. I want to, but I can't.

You say you need to learn to control your impulses. So this is all it is? Nothing more than physical desire? *It's you*, after all. Under the baggy clothes, behind the now longish dark hair... but you're wrong. I haven't been myself in so long.

I shrug. I nod. I let you talk talk talk. You ask me what I'm thinking about and I shrug again. I'm thinking that nothing matters. I'm thinking that I'll be dead soon anyway. Nothing matters. If you could see that nothing matters, perhaps you'd stop consuming your brain with so many questions. Perhaps you'd stop caring so much about opinions and you'd start living your life the way you want. Isn't that what you desire?

Lunch. As we wait for our food, I look at the sun shining behind the trees. When the light hits my eyes, I think about the fact that I haven't seen them sparkle in a very long time. *They took the light behind my eyes*. I'm sorry, Gee.

We get ready to leave. You hug me and I look at you and I feel something I shouldn't feel. And yet, it's there. You see, your love left, but mine never did. What stayed is your soul, while mine left so many times and never came back the same. It's worn out. Maybe it's dead. Perhaps I'll never be myself again. I'm just the ghost version of who I used to be. I haven't lived in colour since May.

I don't tell you any of this. I say that the sky is pretty, because it is. And you're still pretty, too.

We go on with our day as if the morning never happened. As if it was a dream we both had, a dream showing our deepest, hidden desires, that we will never tell each other about. A dream we will pretend not to remember.

But then, in the car, as you take me to the station, you hold my hand with so much tenderness I choke on tears again. You hold my hand like you're holding my heart. I know I'm still alive only because it's beating, there, in your hand. *Crush it*. Crush it again, crush it once more, crush me one last time. Break every single part of me that isn't in pieces already.

I have to run for my train, even though all I want to do is wrap my arms around you and never let you go. I want to forget everything we've been through and go back to our carefree summer days filled with laughter, when you used to handle my soul like it was the most precious thing you'd ever touched. I wish I could be someone I can never be again, so you could love me again. So the old you could love the old me again.

But I run. I feel like this could be the last time I see you. And maybe it's better this way. Maybe we've haunted each other enough.

When I am finally dead, maybe I'll come back as someone else
And after all this pain, I can love you in the end – Your Love (Has Ruined My Life), Holding Absence

Enchanted to meet you

MIRANDA VIVIEN STIRNIMANN ALTHAUS

Olivia was a straightforward determined girl whose only wish was to make enough money to live the bucolic isolated life she thought she craved, until one day out of the blue she strayed from her path opening herself up for an experience she knew she wasn't ready for. She had always valued her gradual rhythm until one day her deviation just blew everything up. She tried figuring out the reason for her broken heart. She wanted to understand why she had gone against her better judgement in search of something that was so predictably going to destroy her.

It was like her heart was constantly on fire, and she could never make it stop. The minute she laid eyes on him, she sold her soul to the devil, and went down a path she could never come back from. It was as if her soul, thoughts, heart, happiness, emotions all irrevocably belonged to him, and why? Is it understandable? It's like an irrational disease, we know of its existence, but it's too far gone, stage four, and there's nothing we can do about it. Her weak heart just poisoned her mind and body, making that feeling impossible to eradicate. Was it good? No. Was it bad? No. Was it excruciatingly painful and disruptive? Yes. It was like everything she was in hibernation, nothing seemed to matter but that bacteria, what it wanted, why it wanted it, and most of all why it did what it did. The bacteria don't owe anything, it is in their nature, she should have been aware, she should not have let herself be fooled, but for some reason she still hoped that one day it would all make sense. It was the definition of madness. She didn't hope to live, or to get better, she just hoped for clarity, for a tool to help her prove her sanity and make it clear to herself that she didn't create it all in her head. Was it beautiful? Yes. The fierceness of such unrequited feelings must be, doesn't it? The fact that even with a torn-up heart and a disillusioned mind those passionate devoted feelings are still there making their host bleed and slowly become unfunctional due to lack of acknowledgment.

She could not cope with it anymore, she felt like she was about to snap. So, one rainy night right before bed, she kneeled right where she used to cry herself to sleep most nights and she started praying. She was not a particularly religious person but in desperate times anything is worth a shot. She prayed for her pain to disappear, she asked to live in a world where everything would be stable and systematically good. Where there were no broken hearts and no disruptions. She felt slightly idiotic for praying in the first place, so right after what to her felt like a waste of time, she just laid in bed and tried

to fall asleep as quickly as possible before her brain derailed itself into painful thoughts.

There was a bright glistening light coming from the window, it seemed like the brightest day ever. Those sorts of sunny days where it's almost a crime not to get out of bed and take advantage of it. Olivia pulled herself up and put her most cheerful outfit on in an attempt to get out of her funk and try to start anew, as she did every day. After trying a huge variety of different clothing, she finally settled into something that felt good enough. Suddenly she hears a notification on her phone, a random announcement of a college party happening that night. The announcement had been sent to the student group her class had. She could feel her heart sinking in, imagining the extensive amount of time she would have to socialize for. Not to mention all the triggers she would certainly feel seeing certain people. But on the other hand, she knew that she needed to exit her comfort zone in order to truly try. She was conscious that to feel better she had to feel even worse first, which sounded strange but true.

- Olivia? her mom said, opening the room door. I need you to watch your sister today, I'll be at work until six and your father has a doctor's appointment.
- Sure, she said unbothered. But after that I'm going to a party.
- Don't worry, I've seen *Hereditary* enough times to know not to make you take your sister with you.
- That's not what I...
- I'm joking darling. Have a little sense of humor. See you later, her mom said, closing the door and leaving the house.

Olivia left her room and went directly to her sister's room. Her sister was 4 years old and the cutest thing on earth according to Olivia. Before having been struck by this disruption to her usual activities and personality, she spent a lot of time playing with her sister and teaching her all sorts of wholesome things she thought any girl should know. Nothing that interesting or deep, but it really did help with their bonding. Her sister was having a tea party with her dolls, so Olivia just joined in and tried her best to seem happy. After a while, pretending she was happy did help, it was almost like the mask she was putting on started to blend in with her actual state of mind. She spent hours playing with her sister's dolls, reading and coloring until she finally heard her father calling them down for dinner.

- I didn't hear you come back from your appointment, she said, entering the kitchen with her sister in her arms.
- Well, I just got in. I brought take out, her dad said.

- Please say Chinese.
- Yes. Chinese.
- Yay! her sister, Megan, cried out

Olivia left them there to go get ready. Even though something in her chest, probably anxiety, screamed out for her to just stay at home, she had this desire to just rip the Band-Aid and see what happened. It was like the addiction to dopamine that all humans have, even though most won't admit, they all want the excitement of taking a risk, even when resulting in anxiety or fear or even pain. A predictable rhythm gets repetitive and boring. As soon as she was ready, she went downstairs to grab some food and leave. Her father and sister were already in the living room watching cartoons, so she just grabbed some dumplings, and she was out the door. On her way to the party, she kept thinking and wondering why she went out of her way to intentionally do something that just felt improbable, that disrupted her familiar peace. She would always have this tiny unrealistic hope that the chaos would bring her some inner growth. She decided to stop dwelling on it and to just try to control her nervousness. The party was at a warehouse where a student club was hosting this end of the year get together. Upon arrival Olivia could see all the lights and noise just expanding through the street, it sounded exciting, but then again, those things usually do until you get closer. The closer she got the more people seemed to appear, there was a crowd of people and no matter what side she chose to look at she saw hundreds. She started to slightly hyperventilate with so many people around until suddenly she spotted her best friend and felt safe again.

- Ziggy! she said approaching her friend.
- Olivia, hello. Enjoying yourself? the girl said with a smile.
- Ha-ha funny. I've had the worst week, she said, rolling her eyes.
- Why is that funny? What happened?
- What do you mean what happened? You know what happened. Just the shattering of my heart into a million pieces.
- Olivia, I don't know what you're talking about. But nice metaphor. I'll see you around, the girl just said with a smile and then joined the crowd of people dancing.

Olivia was shocked, not at all how she had expected to be. She was ready for anxiety, awkwardness, even extreme panic but not for this completely alternative reality. This was a girl she had known since birth, and they had been together ever since. They told each other everything and held each other's hand through everything, and now suddenly it was like they barely knew each other. Olivia started looking for somewhere quieter to sit down and collect her thoughts, she needed a breather from the infernal herd around her. She finally saw a small couch next to what looked like a filthy restroom. There was

an immense line next to it, so that was the only plausible conclusion she could come to. Sitting on the couch made her momentarily cozy until all the intrusive thoughts returned. She closed her eyes to try to calm her spirit and then suddenly a familiar voice awakened her from her daze. Could it really be him? Why would he be talking to her in the first place? What was happening?

-Feeling okay? he asked, looking at her with a worried face.

Oh, how she had missed that face, all the memories just rushed back. All the witty slightly inappropriate jokes, all the sharing of anecdotes. All the things one day she believed they shared. All the connection she felt, but apparently never existed.

- Roman? she blurted out completely flabbergasted.
- Yeah? he said, confused. Sorry if I'm intruding, I was just concerned.

For a brisk moment hearing that he was concerned just made her heart melt. Reminded her of all the times he had shown concern or been kind and thoughtful. It now appeared like a huge lie, but in her heart, she still believed him to be that person that she had fallen in love with.

- Now you're concerned?! she retorted, outraged snapping out of her daze.
- What do you mean?
- Come on! Is everybody just suddenly suffering from amnesia! Bloody hell! Isn't it enough to make me feel crazy emotionally? You have to come and do it to my face as well?
- Okay I feel like I've interrupted something. I better go, he said just getting up, extremely puzzled by the whole interaction.

She was left there contemplating the weird feeling she had inside her chest. It felt like an emptiness, an immense void, where she had all these feelings and passion, but no one seemed to share it. It was like all individuals were just loosely hanging about. Even the people dancing, they all seemed in their own private world, no one interacting, not really. Olivia was left with an extreme fogginess in her brain, which just made her close her eyes and fall into a deep slumber.

She could feel the warmth on her face, that is what initially woke her up. Then, suddenly, just like that, she realized she was in her room. On her bed, under her covers, just as if nothing had happened. Still in the previous night's pajamas. The first thing she did was pick up her phone. This generation am I right? She saw just one text from Ziggy

asking if she wanted to grab a coffee and talk about stuff. Apparently after not seeing her for a week Ziggy was worried. She looked at that day's date, still the same as the previous day. She had dreamt it all. Even though she was still foggy after that realization, she felt a sense of clarity, some sort of peace amid all that confusion. She kept thinking of the saying "Tis better to have loved and lost, than to never have loved at all". Maybe that was what she felt, but she remained confused. She was starting to think that all that pain had maybe been worth it. It could just have been the tool she needed to learn something and come out the other side stronger. It was like this mystical privilege to have gotten to know that person, those peculiarities, that was where beauty came from.

She thought herself delusional and pathetic, but in all truth she knew she did have a rhythm, a near perfect tempo, always in tune, determined to achieve greatness and beauty, until suddenly, one fateful day this syncopation came in with a trudge and disrupted all her peace creating this chaotic eternal suffering damned to create sorrowful tragic beauty until taken out of its misery. But maybe, just maybe, the true beauty is in the memories, the magic that comes from the rupture that is imposed onto us. The syncopation is what holds the feeling of happiness all people search for. Even though they come out of the disruption maimed and worn out, most of them would do it all over again.

A word from the Creative Writing Group

For those interested in contributing to Noted with their own writing creations, please don't hesitate to attend the AELLA's Creative Writing Group for tips, guidance and practice. The Creative Writing Group is a space for students to gather around and share their writing struggles, and brainstorm ways to reach their ambitions. The group's monthly meetings provide the chance for students to discuss writer's block, literary techniques, and even to engage in creativity boosting exercises. The AELLA would be delighted to assist in the creation of contributions for Noted!

Instagram: @aella.unige



VARIA

Anagrams

The game you know and love from the TPG tram and bus: but this time, in English and musical.

Round 1: Genre

- Cali reconnected
- Par
- Are egg
- Go over
- Beds put
- Wings

Round 2: Rhythm

- Inness opus
- Afton rainstorm
- Acid patient
- Abe toff
- Porphine

- Suspension
- Transformation
- Anticipated
- Off-Bear
- Hronpipe

Round 2 Answers

- Swing
- Dubstep
- Groove
- Reggae
- Rap
- Electronic dance

Round 1 Answers

A Gentle Grilling...

TABEA IHSANE

Tabea Ihsane is an Associate Professor at the University of Geneva. Her main fields of interest include syntax and syntax-semantics.

When did you choose your academic speciality – and why?

I chose linguistics right from the start of my studies in the English department. I had a general interest in languages, and discovering a discipline that studies them scientifically was a revelation. The systematic description of linguistic facts and the modeling of the knowledge that native speakers have of their language, to ultimately (better) understand the human faculty of language, was very appealing to me. I also liked the comparative approach presented to us in class. The expertise and enthusiasm of our professor (Liliane Haegeman, not to mention her...) surely played a role in my decision as well.

What is the most exciting thing your research in linguistics has taught you?

One of the most exciting things is that, whether we zoom in on a small element of language (like the so-called partitive article in French) or zoom out on comparative issues, or even universal properties of language, there is always something fascinating to be discovered. And this applies to standard and non-standard languages since linguistics is a descriptive science (vs. prescriptive). So, linguistics has taught me that variation, within and across languages or varieties, is extremely valuable, and that therefore it's fine to speak a non-standard language: regional varieties are not bad language!

What piece of advice, wisdom, or encouragement would you give to your first-year past self?

Looking back, I would advise my first-year self to apply the adage *Carpe diem* but, also, to set the goal of finding a stable job.

What is your favourite English word or expression?

That's a tough one! Maybe *get*: it's such a versatile word, found in so many different expressions across various registers, that it can be used in almost every sentence...

What is your most treasured possession?

Without a doubt, the photos of my children and a few mementos of their first months, such as the little wristband they wore at the maternity ward, locks of their baby hair, and some of their first outfits.

What is your most marked personal trait?

I would say my extreme shyness, but people around me tend to describe me as well-organized (and determined).

Which fear have you successfully faced?

Being shy, teaching has always been a challenge for me. But since I've been teaching for a number of years now, I should probably mention something more recent, like... the fear of being interviewed.

Which talent would you most like to have?

A talent related to music, like playing an instrument or singing.

Musical theatre: art form or earache?

Definitely art form. An art form that requires many talents.

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

Thank you for reading *Noted!*

