

THE TURTLE

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remember remember



DIVING

NO

page 2

Editor's Note

*Ella Spilling and Riana Modi***page 3**

What is Left

*Anna Cooper***page 4**

Spain — Federico García

Lorca

*Evie Sutcliffe***page 7**

Illustrations

*Polina Danilina***page 10**

Trans-figuration

*Jen Crompton***page 11**

Remember, remember

*Grace Burney***page 13**

The Beast and Its Lovely

Children

*Mana Kunimatsu***page 15**

In Memory of You

*Shathuki Perera***page 16**

Autumn Leaves

*Niamh Jones***page 18**

Photos in Remembrance

*Riana Modi***page 19**

The cards

*Ella Spilling***page 20**

Merry-go-round

*Luke Priestman***page 22**

The Painter

*Liam Stewart***page 26**

Textile

*Thomas Kemball***page 27**

'I remember when / I
remember, I remember
when I lost my mind'

*Lottie Oliver***page 28**

Remember, Remember

*Elinor Davies***page 30**

Thinking of Home whilst
here in Oxford

Tara Williams

note from the editors

Welcome to the final edition of The TURL 2021! We hope this is one to remember. For those of you who are new here, this magazine collects and distributes the creative work of students from Jesus, Lincoln, and Exeter colleges.

We wanted this term's theme to reflect on endings, retrospection, and things renewed. 'Remember, remember', the opening line to the popular rhyme, brings with it the echoes of colder days and darker nights, and raises ghosts — the good and the ugly. From remembering wars, key figures, ritual and tradition to reflecting on personal history, change, and growth, this edition truly spans the extremes of what it is to remember: to be critical, contemplative, fearful, and to celebrate. Our cover, a textile made by the wonderful Thomas Kemball, draws out the patchwork style The TURL itself seeks to encompass — a patchwork of arts from across the Turl Street colleges.

We would like to give our thanks to the incredible contributors of this edition, and to all those of the 2021 editions. It has been a pleasure working with you all and having the opportunity to design and publish your work!

Signing off for the last time —
TURL love,
Ella and Riana

A big thank you to Tom Brown (Jesus alumnus 1975, Modern Languages) for his generous support in continuing to fund this publication.



TW: allusions to abuse and death

what is left

anna cooper, jesus

The coffee was cold. Bright lights, too bright for a café, really, bore down, turned your face to a skull. You sat down opposite with a look that said *don't say it*. My mouth felt full of grit as I asked *why won't you come home?* A pause. I try again. *Cathy really needs you right now*. You emptied three sugars into your cup (you never used to like sugar) and you didn't look at me. *I'm figuring things out*, you said. I wanted to ask what there could possibly be to figure out, now. Dad was dead, and all we were left with was a room still full of his clinking bottles and something too large to name. You saw the question in my face, gave a wry, dead smile. *I'm between people right now*, you said. *I'm between Emmas*. The ghost of a cigarette burn on your wrist, mauve-pink. He didn't mean to do it. We loved him, still. *I'm not a daughter anymore*, you said, quietly. Something tender had slipped out from behind your eyes and dripped down your face. Wasted ink, salt water, spilt vodka. *What world*, I wondered, *had he existed in, and what did he find there that made him stay?* As if you'd read my mind, you said, *I couldn't pull him out of it*. *I'm sorry*, meeting my eyes for the first time. *Come home*. I plead when I'm desperate. You'd always hated it. *And play mother again to you and Cathy? No, I can't, I'm sorry*. I thought about saying sorry – that you got the worst of it, that we made you into that. *I need*, you said, *to find out who I am in between the spaces*. I wanted to say there was no space left and we needed our older sister right now. I wanted to say that you don't just stop being a daughter after someone dies. But I didn't say any of this. Because you were still wearing the jumper he'd got you for your sixteenth, even though the cuff was fraying.



“Everywhere else, death is an end. Death comes, and they draw the curtains –”

evie sutcliffe, lincoln

It is five in the morning. Exactly five in the morning.

Dawn shatters upon a black sky as the man in white is led down the dirt road. Granada lies a mountain away. Víznar and Alfacar are closer, but still lost in the night. There is no moon in the sky and yet the five soldiers and three other prisoners are visible. They shine in the slow and shaky promise of tomorrow. The man in white is in his pyjamas, barefoot for they took him sleeping from his bed in the town. Every stone cuts his feet but he carries on walking, silently, because he fears what will happen once they stop.

There is something peaceful about the night, a perfect night; the kind of dark, pinpricked sky one would write poetry about. His notebook and pen are back in his room. He left his last poem unfinished.

He shouldn't have been so liberal with his time when he knew it was only a matter of it —

The Black Squads, servants to an unlawful rebellion on the right, invaded his town, his country, like influenza. They choked the democratic will of the people, silenced their voices, turned their loss into usurpation. They were not a minority, after all, it seems. They lost in the polls, but then violence makes a man feel safe, and suddenly there is an army of them, and suddenly regrowth becomes demolition. He wonders if his baker has joined them, or the boy that sells newspapers on the street corner in his adopted city Madrid. How many? How many men poisoned into taking people's lives for a cause? How many men want him dead? He has heard their battle-cry in the streets, always followed by an instrumental of stuttering gunfire. He hopes they do not scream it when they kill him. He does not want his death to be theirs.

“*iViva la muerte!*”—Long live death!”

Death, the question of questions. The glance into the void. What is

waiting on the other side of this black night? Sleep without an end — fitting, he thinks, he is dressed for it. Will the dust creep into his eyeballs, the moss blanket his body, the raw red earth expertly unpick the petals of his skull? — *And now his blood comes out singing.*

He wrote those words once, for a friend, but what will his blood sing?

And with what mouth? What tongue? What voice? What words?

Is it a sorry tune, or a triumphant blare of trumpet, the kind at the bullfights? He can almost hear the castanets across the silent country, chasing his heartbeat.

As a child, he would go to watch the bullfights with his father. The crowds, a raucous throng of workers and politicians, would pulse and heave, throwing their bodies this way and that in line with their passions. He would get swallowed by those crowds, his father gripping the collar of his shirt to keep him close, steering him round people to make sure he could see. He remembers the day a man got speared by the bull. Gorged through his chest. And the way his body was flung across the ring like a trampled leaf. The crowd gasped, some women cried. The bull was taken out back and shot. A priest was rushed into the ring and a coffin from somewhere was found to tumble the body into before the stage was cleared. The tragedy complete. The next bullfighter entered to applause.

The curtains were closed on that scene and he'd forgotten about it until now.

There are two bullfighters in this funeral march, ahead of him. He wonders if they regret chasing Death, having convinced themselves they could outrun him their entire lives only to stumble when he caught up with them. Or maybe they recognise its taste on the air, like freezing cold ash. He wonders if this is why they shiver in the early morning.

The bullfighter's cape was red to hide the blood. He wishes he hadn't worn white to go to bed in last night.

The soldiers carry German Mauser rifles and he wonders where they are going to shoot him. He hopes it is the head and he hopes it is quick; the bullet tearing apart his brain so quickly he barely feels it. He wonders if death feels like a migraine coming on.

Before their arrest, Ruiz Alonso had shouted, "He's done more damage with a pen than others have with a pistol!"

They shot him instantly with their pistols. What use was his pen then?

It has been playing in his mind ever since, like a vinyl needle stuck on the same part of a track, obsessively repeating. Each time the gunshot goes off in his head, he jumps a little, and the scene restarts. He's lost his pen but the men marching them into the heart of the country still have their pistols.

What damage have I done?

You write and you love and they disagree with that. Sometimes the most rebellious thing is just to be.

The soldiers stop at the gate to a dark field that doesn't look to end. *They can bury us easier in there. The soil is softer.*

They turn and shepherd the prisoners into the field like they are cattle.

I am more the bull than the bullfighter, he thinks.

The ground is soft, the grass brittle and yellow. They walk a little further and the dawn breaks a little more, crumbling into reluctant morning. The red eye of the sun blinks open behind the mountains, and it is as though she is covering her eyes. She cannot watch Spain declare war on poetry.

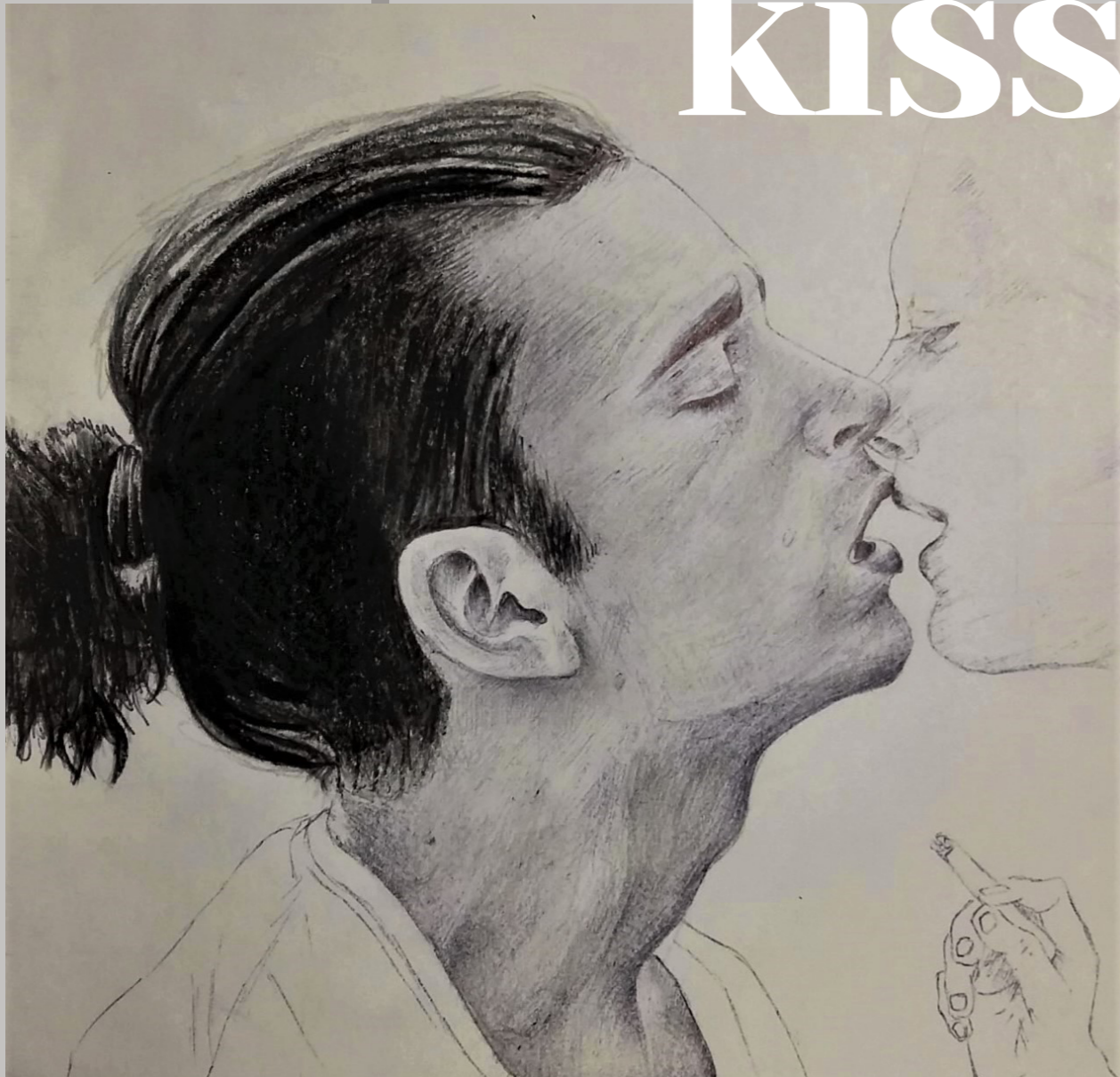
His shoulder is grabbed and they speak to him but he doesn't listen. This is not their moment. These will not be their words. He is forced roughly to the ground, his pyjama knees dirtying. The gun is cold against his sweaty head and Federico García Lorca stares at death.

Winged heart, do not fail me now. Words, stay damaging. Will my blood sing for me —?

There is a crack in the silent sky.

*"Everywhere else, death is an end.
Death comes, and they draw the curtains
— Not in Spain. In Spain they open them."*

the kiss



What smouldering senses in death's sick delay
Or seizure of malign vicissitude
Can rob this body of honour, or denude
This soul of wedding-raiment worn to-day?
For lo! even now my lady's lips did play
With these my lips such consonant interlude
As laurelled Orpheus longed for when he wooed
The half-drawn hungering face with that last lay.

I was a child beneath her touch,—a man
When breast to breast we clung, even I and she,—
A spirit when her spirit looked through me,—
A god when all our life-breath met to fan
Our life-blood, till love's emulous ardours ran,
Fire within fire, desire in deity.

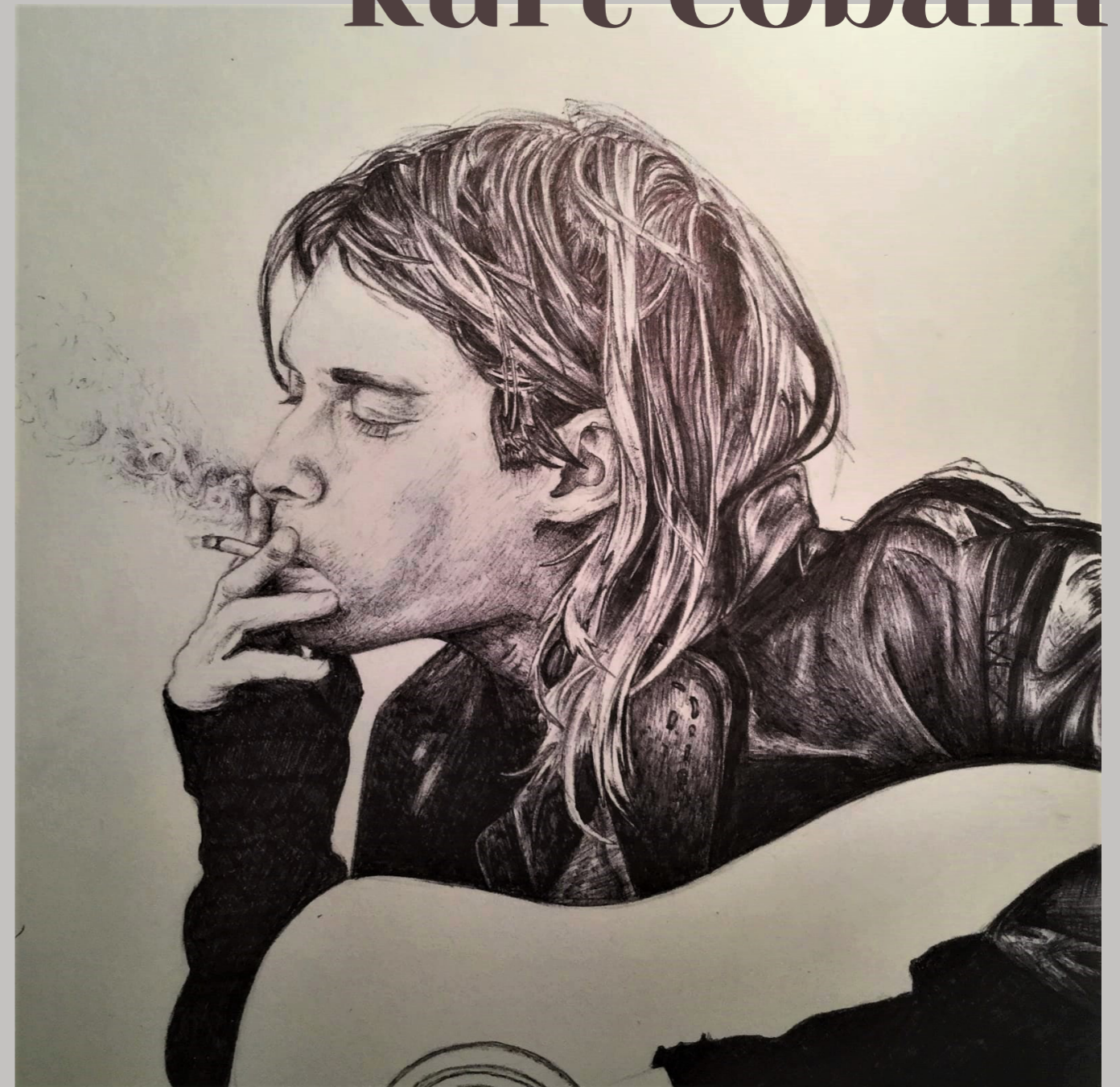
Dante Gabriel Rossetti

'I was tired of pretending that I was someone else just to get along with people, just for the sake of having friendships.'

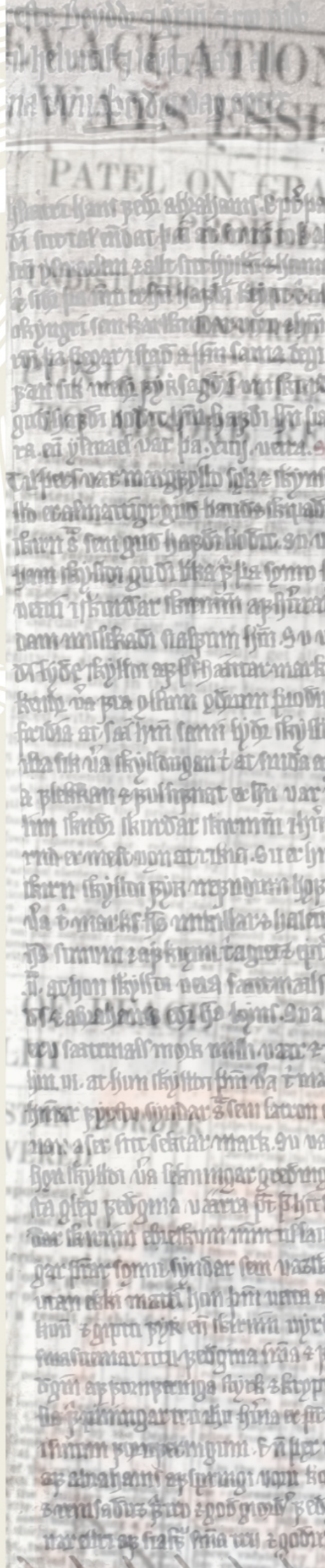
'No one is afraid of heights, they're afraid of falling down. No one is afraid of saying I love you, they're afraid of the answer.'

'Thank you for the tragedy. I needed it for my art.'

— kurt cobain



polina danilina, lincoln



...
 For memory, which is only decadent
 in hands like a miser's
 loving the thing for its thingness,
 or in the eyes of collectors who assess
 the size, the incredible size, of their collection,
 can, in the living head, create and make
 new the sometimes appallingly ancient present
 and sting the sleeping thing
 to a sudden seeing.
 ...

Extract from 'Remembering', P. K. Page

trans- – a misinterpretation figuration

A portentous night in the grove sees me
 falling on the earth, dirtying my hems,
 praying, maybe, with a rent dress, greasy
 hair, a wretched scene. I look to my friends,
 who gaze with eyes which slowly droop to closed,
 blearily recalling this tender form
 of me that they manifested. Reposed,
 they make me some fragile child, dressed and worn.
 But now epiphany strips back that guise
 And I radiate majesty and light;
 passion scars my dewy chest, my dress dies,
 and blunt love shatters the dissembling night.
 When I arise, a man victorious,
 remember me as something glorious.

jen crompton, jesus

Remember,

'We all want to be remembered'. But do we? It's not rare that after a night out my friends either can't, or don't want to, remember everything they said or did. We want to remember the good, but not the bad- the funny, the sweet, but not the embarrassing or vulnerable. The 'I love you's, but not the peeing in a bush.

They say that after childbirth or running a marathon, your body forgets the pain. This selective amnesia helps such painful activities to be repeated; the discomfort is disregarded in favour of the benefit. I think my brain probably does this after every essay crisis, or I'd never sit down to write another essay again.

I'm a Christian, so like many others at Christmas I love to celebrate the birth of Jesus, and at Easter, His forgiveness and overcoming of death. We remember the pain He suffered on our behalf, and the joy that His life brings us; a paradox of death and life, pain and joy.

There's a difference between remembrance and belief. When people speak of 'believing in God', they often think of false hope in a magic being in the sky. But for me it's so much more than that.

When I say to my nervous friend 'I believe in you' - I mean I trust them. I mean more than just that they exist - I mean I have faith in their capability and ability.

One of my favourite artists, Lauren Daigle, wrote a song about remembering God's faithfulness even amidst intense struggle:

'In the darkest hour, when I cannot breathe

Fear is on my chest, the weight of the world on me

Everything is crashing down, everything I had known

When I wonder if I'm all alone



remember

grace burney, exeter

I remember; I remember

You have always been faithful to me

I remember; I remember

Even when my own eyes could not see

You were there, always there'

There is power in gratitude - in remembering the blessings we do have, not just wishing for what we don't have yet. Remembrance is a powerful tool.

I was recently diagnosed with ADHD and a short-term working memory issue - there are things and details that my friends remember that I just cannot, I've lost more keys that I can count, and I need multiple reminders of important things throughout the day.

My Nan has dementia and it's similar for her - but she can remember the things that really matter to her, even if she needs constant reassurance.

When my friends remind me of things, or tell me something starts at 4 when it actually starts at 4:30 (to make sure I'm on time), I can find it patronising. But deep down I know I need it, and I know they're showing their love and care - most of the time, I actually really appreciate it.

It's so easy to grumble, but let's remember to be thankful. It's so easy to be afraid of the future, but let's remember to be hopeful.

Romans 5:5 - 'this hope will not lead to disappointment'



the beast and its lovely children

The beast is only three meters away, yet there is a wall separating you and it. You are relieved that you are not the one the beast has found, although it may just be a matter of time. For now, the odds are in your favor. In fact, so far you are the best thing the beast has

ever had – you have gained supremacy with the meekness of your character. Without you, the beast cannot live. If you ever got killed, the beast would kill to get revenge. And that is why you love the beast. Also why you are a bit of a narcissist.

You show your gratitude by pleasing the beast; you are never late for school, you love all food provided, and spin words of flattery. On the other hand, the victim upsets the beast on a weekly basis. Additionally, the beast has its 'bad days' (although we all do). And your bad temper makes the beast more upset. These are yellow signal days in which the victim is unconditionally prey.

But you are safe. You are comfortable inside the false security of the blankets. Your tears sink into the shampoo-scented pillow.

By daylight, the beast is gone. Your mom hugs you, tries to kiss you. You confide in her about almost everything.

You trust her completely... almost. You even walk all over her sometimes.

Because of or despite it, the dreaded night comes. But you are never the victim, so why dread it? Moreover, other households probably have it worse.

You love yourself – for being loved by your best friend's mother whom you have never met, for always coming home before 10:00pm as opposed to the victim who gets caught by the cops for sleeping on a platform bench drunk. But you also hate feeling like a fat cat sitting in the laps of authority. You were supposedly a very giving girl back in the day, and pretty, too, but you are slowly rotting, in your heart and in your complexions. The beast is sure that you inherited its beauty, but you know that this is a sugar-coated lie. The victim, meanwhile, increases in both inner and outer beauty, edging closer to the beautiful beast's appearance, day by day.

You feel contempt for the victim, for its inability: to shut up, to know that losing is winning, to wake up before school starts, to say thank you when you receive clothes regardless of whether you like them, and to close all your doors at night. Maybe even during the day, too – at least that is what you do. You keep things to yourself. Tiptoe around people. Flatter, be liked, respected. Do not hold strong opinions.

But then you begin to lose sight of who you are. Who are you? You exist to impress. Be liked, adored, endeared. Be the goody two-shoes your mother loves.

But you are okay with this. What the beast endorsed, the majority deemed right. At least you are normal. You are boring, but who the fuck cares; surviving and getting profit is more important.

Truth be told, you do not want to live in the extremes, but the in-between. No love or hate. No contempt, anger, egoism, pride, respect, idolization, infatuation, high expectations. No self or others. No beasts or angels. Just peace and quiet. A good night's sleep.

anonymous,
jesus

in memory of you,
shathuki perera, jesus



This piece is inspired by the photographer Aneta Ivanova. In her photographs, she uses double exposures to combine landscapes with portraits which I interpreted as symbolising past stories or memories of the subject in the portrait. Thus, I have incorporated this style into my art work through the depiction of a woman mourning in memory of her loved one. I combined this with imagery of war to dedicate this piece for the fallen and those that we shall not forget.

Autumn Leaves

Crinkling as they fall, leaves begin to drift leisurely to the ground like so many old pages. Thrust aside they are no longer of use and thus ornament the gusting winds of late autumn as they are scattered to their death. One by one, then in clusters, flurries, droves, the once powerful creations are crushed under foot. Do the trees miss their vibrant coverings as the winter snows arrive? Do they regret their eagerness to release them to the wilderness? Each was unique, with patterning and shape like no other then or since.

Perhaps the world would have been different had these things not come to pass, perhaps the great giants would not appear broken and dead as the bleaker times are ushered in. Come spring they will forget their loss as they seek to fill the cavities they have created, but will the memory of those that came before remain? Each bump and feature within the landscape of the bark denotes a life lost to the cruelty of the beyond. Could the same be said of our world? So many things lost are irreplaceable, remaining whole only in memory.

Samhain approaches, the world turns ever on and the leaves fall as they ever did about the opening veil. In the moment, fleeting though it may be, do they glimpse the beyond? Can they sense the end and appreciate that others are waiting to take their places? Others wait to welcome them also. All that flutters between them is a ragged edged material as flimsy as a decomposing leaf. Will a hand push the veil aside for them, as it is said? Will they pass through with a lightness of step, remembering the past and without a care for the future? Did others before them? Lost in a wilderness of blood and mud and limbs like so many dead branches, was staggering through the veil a blessing or a curse?

Clogging gutters to prevent the roads draining away the pollution that curses this world, huddles of decomposing leaves meet their end with no understanding beyond the noise and the chaos of how this will end. In those moments, they must look back on spring births as they came into the world alongside the frolicking of the lambs and the awakening of the world, summer days when they were neither young nor old but merely present and soaking up the glory of the sun and the life it provides. Never again can they relive the wistful summers of their youth. All that now remains are their fragile bodies and the cruelties of a careless world. Days will pass and all to remain will be the skeletal outlines of their beauty lost in the flame-like colours of their last stand. One day will we look back and say, 'weren't they glorious?' What an epitaph for a short life! Abstract beauty, concepts of how they have helped to save the world for future generations, that will forever be the only appeal we can make to excuse their blazing sacrifice. On the clock ticks, on and on and on and yet we do not remember. Memory is a fickle thing, like the veil sweeping like a curtain over the numberless, the nameless. Some will be forever etched across the pages of our mind: ash, oak, rowan... Owen, Sassoon, Evans. But so many are never learnt and are forever to be lost.

niamh jones
jesus

In Remembrance: Photos from First World War Memorials on the Western Front



riana
modi,
jesus

Place the cards down in front of me,
raise them,
my ghosts.

I imagine everything still in its place,
foliage on the mantle,
potpourri perfume stinging fools'
eyes.

He died there with her in that flat,
that trembling crucible,
where daughter's gave their souls
for mothers.

She heard the phone ring.

Her paper life.
She rounded the folds of the news,
stubbed edges on that prophetic
tongue.

By the time the phone rang,
the kettle was already on.
She answered.

There's that Christmas past.
You packed your bags then,
you're still packing them now.
The last of us.

Split, shift,
Rift-probing,
splinter's out
A space opened
up.

Take that New Year's flight,
Enjoy your life.

The push, outing 'miss' and 'love'
and
'can't' like clockwork carousel tones,
dim and croaky circus fanfare—

the cards

ella spilling, lincoln

Can I leave them to the sea?
Will it take them out in a conch shell,
and sing them to someone else?

You said you met him that evening,
wine stain somewhere,
quiver in the hot midrift
those sheets he lay in,
Waiting for the clean set
and listening to the pictures.

You see him in her, don't you?
You're being away, she reeks of it.
She's a ghost of herself.
But somewhere, you still get to reach
him,

I see ghosts where you are
Paper you, all inky, calloused fingers
Stamped out on pages, pages upon
pages

— you
Clippings of the wallpaper from a
faded home
alone with(out) you
there you go
in the writing on the wall

Theres a tear,
the fibres fraying



UT. Hefat ambul
non redimit virtum
i singulari debet m
templari. Si legi
i qua scriptum leg
andi gloriam anim
mum considera. qui
uslud luna stant uara
ane obdurat z tunc cura
glattem. Scel inmanit
semp dissolutibil obumt
n fero turscelerit. Scos la
p iangaria hac i hora fin

merry-go-

Carnival; a time of misrule
Put the king on the stool
Give him more than just gruel
Then it's back to usual
The next day.

Jubilee; when the tables are turned
When the prophet gives word
When the new truth is heard
Then forgotten.

Revolution; when the Wheels are turned
A dispiriting word
For the dangers inferred
By a square-tabled world.

Holy of holies; the fool on the stool
Preaching new words to all
They'll forget the next day.

Licensed to overturn all;
But only briefly.

Knights riding out; for what cause?
Who can doubt, for the glory of all!
Their table a circle
Though the cup they quest for
Helps their king to make more.

His line and the land
Must go hand in hand.

They enclose wastelands before
Forests threaten his rule
Now the people quest too
For something to do
To keep fed.

Down the paths of the lost
This fellowship treads
Until up rears the mill
Burning bright straight ahead.

luke priestman, **jesus**
round

Is there anything to be salvaged
From the tangle of lies
Myths of gods in the sky
And kings up on high?

Perhaps just the reversals
And the moments of warmth
Like when fire was stolen
And warmed up the hearth

Before the sacrifice, every year
To stave off the cold
Hoist the victim up high
And weep at the sky's
Awful beauty.

Cup, Wheel, and Fool
Hermit, Hanged Man and all
The cards in the deck we deal
Can they help us to feel?

When a king's overthrown
And a new one is crowned
And it goes round and round
At that table so round

And we forget the lessons
If lessons are to be found
As we go round and round
On this merry-go-round

the
painter
– an extract

All around them, canvases, some as large as a living room carpet, others the size of a saucer, some mounted on the walls, others leaning against them or resting on easels, bursting with colour and flavour like an extravagant dinner, imposed themselves upon their hearts. Glowing with the red wine flame of genius, they thrust forth their flanks, demanding the eye's exclusive attention to their subjects and intricacies of composition. Pencils and oils, acrylics and water-colours from all over the world, Indian inks and rich gouaches, were everywhere, on chairs and tables and the billowy cream-green sofa, but never scattered across the floor. At the far end of the studio, a stage of sorts, like the construction of a travelling theatre, rose above the general commotion, stacked with props which, with a little imagination, could conceivably be adapted for any possible scenario. Whilst his entourage beheld all this in the breathless half-silence, broken occasionally by the muffled existence of the outside world, Moire strolled contentedly amidst his creations, like a sovereign examining his kingdom from the city's tallest tower.

'You see now,' he said eventually, his voice like an evening in May, 'what can be born from true inspiration. If you cherish the hope of one day hanging on this wall, you must show me that you have the power to generate an even greater painting than those you see here.'

Ecstatic nods all around. People glancing at each other, and seeing hazy venom looking back at them.

'I would like you all to get up on that stage. Yes, that's right – watch your step. Now... could all the women put on the white dresses on that chair – no fuss, no fuss, there are screens – and all the men be so kind as to put on the white shirt and trousers on the opposite chair.'

When they did that, Moire leapt onto the stage with them, as agile as an acrobat, and began dispersing the models like dandelion seeds, sculpting them into various postures and positions. He hopped off the stage, observed his handiwork, sprang back up and disappeared round the side of the stage for a second. When he emerged, Moire was cradling a large box full to the brim with a market feast of miscellaneous objects, from fans and realistic guns to broken clockwork toys, cowbells and papier-mâché flowers. These he galloped around thrusting into the hands of his human statues, and repositioning their arms and stances so as best to accommodate the new additions. Liza he gave a pearl-coloured comb that reminded her oddly of a mermaid, and brought her right arm in a gentle curve over her head, so that the teeth of the comb were lightly touching her hair. Her face was turned left and slightly down, so that all she could see was the floor and the legs of her neighbour, who was holding a gun.

‘Perfect,’ Moire murmured, his voice slicing the air of the greenhouse studio, ‘I will now paint the scene I see before me, and when it is finished, I will have my muse. I don’t need to add that it is imperative you do not move.’

Liza did not know how much time had passed. She was conscious of nothing, other than the initial panic in her brain as every part of her body began to protest with a slow, fiery ache, and the numbness that followed. She watched the shadows shift and grow across the wall, lifting her eyes as far as she could until she thought they would spill out onto her forehead. All around her, shapes were breathing, quietly groaning in pain, but she could barely hear them. All that existed were her fingers frozen over the mermaid comb, and the clammy murky waters of past and present that rotated in her skull like the grey sludge in a cement mixer.

‘Right, all done!’ Moire called after what could have been a single minute, or perhaps a century. Liza had to fight to remember where she was, ‘Good work. Please return the objects you are holding back to the box, and go home and rest. I shall see you here tomorrow at the same time.’

For a moment she could not remember how to move; actions that had come impulsively beyond the glass walls now took several seconds to process. As the blood resumed in her veins Liza gasped

painfully, and did all she could not to stumble as she clambered down from the stage. All around her, marble people were in a similar position, the older ones the worst off, moaning and groaning and nursing their stiff backs as they gave thanks to the painter and hobbled away. On her way out, Liza turned her neck torturously to glance at the huge rectangular canvas in front of Moire; it was already covered with a white cloth. He smiled at her, and wished her good night.

Darkness had fallen. They walked slowly under the night sky, some talking in low voices, most looking up at the cold stars with tired overheated eyes. The caterpillar was nowhere to be seen.

‘So he’s not even painting you?’ Derek said that evening with a mixture of triumph and anger as Liza lay exhausted on the sofa.

‘I just told you. He sort of is.’

‘Sort of? That’s what you’re wasting your time on, sort of? Don’t tell me it’s going to cost me money.’

‘Oh for God’s sake, Derek! He’s an artist, he doesn’t demand profit in everything he does.’

‘No, he demands human sacrifice,’ Derek mumbled. He was not sure why he had said it.

The next day they went again, a strung-out crowd cooking in the heat of the sun. The violence began as soon as they left the town centre, kicking and scratching, people falling out of the caterpillar and stumbling across the sandy path. Liza was knocked and pulled from one side to the other, catching herself on arms and legs wiggling along as if severed and trying to find their bodies again. Someone screamed that a woman was trying to bite his ear off. And then the apple trees emerged before them, and all ceased.

Moire ushered them in with an air of urgency and positioned them as he had done the day before. Liza’s body sighed with familiarity; the comb felt a part of her arm. As time wore on, she could no longer feel it in her hand, nor could she tell precisely where her arm was, or at what angle her neck was tilted towards the gunned man next to her. And somewhere on the stage, people were growing restless. Heavy, raspy breath disturbed the sun-dried air, bones cracked, feet shifted spasmodically, sending an odd vibration across the floor like something was getting ready to burst out from underneath. The shadows grew across the wall, and the

promise of thunder hung in the crackling purple-hued atmosphere. The evil sound of static grew louder and louder, she could feel it in her brain—

‘Let’s call it a day,’ Moire announced uncertainly. His voice quavered in the big room, lost and quiet. The bodies stirred from their slumber, their un-oiled joints creaking and grinding, circulating the quicksilver through their wire-veins. The smell of heated, unwashed flesh assaulted Liza’s nostrils and she recoiled from them, but could not flee, caught in the midst of the white-clad, mauve-faced exhibition. They threw the props down on the floor beside the box, leapt from the stage and pounced for the door, swearing at those trying to push in front of them. Liza was carried out with them, and the last thing she saw was slump-backed Moire standing in the middle of the room with a paintbrush, staring blankly at the covered canvas.

‘You’re starting to look thin.’
‘I will be his muse,’ she snarled, as if to herself, a look that Derek had never seen before writhing across her face like a strange flame.
‘I will. He’ll pick me, I know it.’
‘Why does it matter so much to you?’ He was no longer afraid of the answer.

The next day when she came home she was drunk, and people were screaming outside their lawn, broken bottles catching the light of the street lamps.

liam stewart,
lincoln



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The piece is about the experience of nostalgia. The layers of fabric replicate the layers of memory essential to human experience. It is a homage to the Summer and the experience of reminiscing the beauty of summer and its free and vibrant atmosphere. The colour scheme is vibrant and saturated. It poses the question of whether the way those memory functions provide realistic or more emotional presentations of life. The piece ultimately provides an idealised presentation of Summer and provides a textual framework to explore memory.

“I remember when / I remember, I remember when I lost my mind”

Silhouettes stumble between streetlights as the city shrinks in front of her. The Cotswold stone
giants shrink into dollhouses, her steps pattern the pavement
Mumbles, verbs, nouns zoom as if airborne and dance in maypoles around their speaker. In the past
the syllables enlightened, now they merely confound.
How did she get here? The future is the past but there must have been a time before the present.
Cars honk as she crosses; safety is far from guaranteed.
The smallest caress begins on her face. The interaction proving her coordinates. The wind grows in
confidence and battles with her cheek.
Drops of tangibility run across her forehead. The sky wishes to claim her, raise her to its bosom and
kindle her fire. Beware its seductions.
She stops her dalliances. There is precious little time for whimsical excursions to the detail. Yet it
feels like her grandma's armchair after school.
She runs towards her daydream. Friends she arrived with left in the white lights of Tesco. Her feet
accelerate and wind tangles and she runs until
Here.
How does she always end up here? Since that night in January every speck of tangibility belongs to
his house, your room, your sheets.
She doesn't knock. She enters through your bathroom window; student houses never have working
locks. Her bare feet flinch from the frozen tiles.
Your lost hair gets tangled in her toes. She cradles it. Strokes its keratin like a daughter. She leaves
the ice palace.
She is searching for the last moment she was awake before the fever dream broke chronology.
You know by now. You.

lottie oliver, lincoln

Remember, Remember

My take on the value and perils of remembering whilst on a year-abroad

‘Remember, remember’, whilst most heavily used in my current life as a phrase repeated in my head as I stare blankly at a shop assistant trying to recall the French for ‘prawn’, is also a phrase that would prompt any Brit to yell ‘the fifth of November’. This is something I had to explain to my flatmate who, when I once said it in passing, gave me an excellent impression of me speaking to a shop assistant. I had never considered that burning wooden men whilst children watched with toffee apple stuck to their faces might not have international appeal. The more I spoke to them of random cultural phenomena, the more I realised how much of our memory and even personalities are shaped by our cultural environment. I am now forced, on a daily basis, as though by some weird cultural rehab institution, to rely on the 10% of my personality that does not consist of references from Gavin & Stacey or A Bit of Fry & Laurie. Whilst my hands may not be shaking and my forehead not sweating profusely, I definitely have the hallmarks of cultural withdrawal – namely, recalling a former time with potentially unhealthy regularity.

I can't help but look back and compare every detail of what feels like a fake, French life to my real life in Oxford and, with the undoubtedly rose-tinted gaze of someone overlooking the essay deadlines or tear-inducing tutorials, find that they do not compare at all. Living here is undoubtedly a lovely change of scene.. but I am very fond of the old scene. Unlike recalling happy school days which are complete and belong in the past, thinking about happy Oxford days is slightly dejecting as it reminds me that I have not yet finished with them and that I should be there. Seeing as I haven't yet

graduated and all my friends remain in Oxford, I feel prematurely and unfairly ripped from it, having it replaced by something not quite as good. Like ordering the chocolate cake, finding it has run out but being reassured that the vegan, sugar-free courgette muffin is still in ample supply.

Would I be better just to divorce my life of studying in Oxford and accept that I must move on, cut it out of my photos, and demand custody of the children? Maybe I should leave the JCR Facebook page and pretend that Jesus College has disappeared for a year, and simply accept my life as different now – and different does not have to mean inferior. The Occitanic lifestyle is an objectively enviable one: I sit currently in a café, gazing out on a fountain in a sun-bathed square as I sip hot chocolate and contemplate adding to it with a pâtisserie. Yes, I have bought pâtisserie every day this week and, yes, it is a Thursday afternoon so I really should be working, but the French university system has a refreshingly lax approach to education.

Whenever I miss the people, the institution and the culture of Oxford and home, I am aware that the early part of my 4th year will be spent in a similar position - reminiscing over this year's relaxed lifestyle of good food, idyllic weather, and lack of deadlines. So, I should make the most of it whilst it is something real rather than simply something to remember. Besides, Oxford has been around for almost 1000 years so hopefully it can persevere for one more in order to welcome me back for my 4th year. Whilst my graduated friends will be having their souls crushed by corporate finance, I shall once more be enjoying bops, formals, and the odd essay deadline. Only this time, I will do it having spent a year like few others are lucky enough to experience, and this is something I need to remember.

P.S – for the record, the pâtisserie I contemplated buying was, in fact, bought. Resolve can only last so long when sat next to a cake display.

elinor davies, jesus

Thinking of home whilst here in Oxford



tara williams, lincoln

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