

HT20 • ISSUE NO. 6 • NOW WITH TURL STREET

THE TURL

state of flux

ART

Political Art by Nana Simas

Cities in Motion

Photographed by Lucy Zhang

WRITING

Selected Poetry and Fiction

COMMENT

Examining 'Two Madonnas Examined'

Architecture in Flux

AND MORE...

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Photo: Helena Aeberli

NOTE FROM THE *editors*

Helena Aeberli & Jenson
Davenport

Hello!

Glad you've decided to pick up this term's issue of the Arts Magazine - newly renamed 'The Turl' (more on that later...) - you won't regret it. This issue is packed full of handpicked artistic chaos from your peers. But first of all, who are we? We won't paste our personal statements in here, but to keep it brief we are Helena and Jenson, two Jesus first years passionate about arts and your new editors, picking up from the amazing work of Nick Wong.

This is the first issue of the Arts Magazine to include submissions from each Turl Street College, something we were very keen to try for. With that comes a new name to keep the flame of Turl Street Arts Fair burning bright all year round.

Onto this issue's theme: *State of Flux*.

Our cover art
this issue is
courtesy of
Nana Simas;
find more of
her artwork on
pages 11-12

2020 is undoubtedly a year of society in flux. The turbulence of politics seems to grow only more chaotic, identities both personal and cultural are shifting faster than ever, and the climate crisis is escalating to tipping point.

At times, Oxford can feel like an impenetrable bubble where little has changed for the past five hundred years, but it has also been a historical centre of change, whether academic or political. In our current global climate it is more important than ever to keep in touch with the world beyond the bubble, and art is a vital way of engaging with that world.

Art is born of society, and some of the most groundbreaking art is created in times of great change. In this magazine we want to tap into the currents of transition influencing our lives in 2020; whether destabilising, exciting, or terrifying.

So, new editors, new contributors, new name! We won't capture your attention any longer (if you've made it this far) - time to discover the talent of Turl Street. We hope you enjoy what you find between these pages.

With sincere thanks to Jesus alumnus Tom Brown (1975, Modern Languages) for his generous support in funding this publication.

Please keep off the

GAS

The art of the St John's protests

St. John's College was occupied for five days between Wednesday 29/01 to Sunday 02/02 by a group of students who are members of DAD (Direct Action for Divestment) Oxford. Their aim: to encourage the College to divest £8.1 million in fossil fuels that support BP and Shell. Their strategy: to camp out on the College's front lawn for as long as it would take to make divestment its top priority, and inspire the wider Oxford community to do the same. The use of art in the protest was pivotal to spreading this message.

Using John's as the guinea pig for this demonstration was no coincidence. Being the wealthiest College at Oxford, DAD believes that they should lead the way in divestment. John's investments represent a common issue across the world about how climate change strengthens inequalities. Super-powerful organisations, such as John's, contribute the most damage to the environment, however, the poor, disadvantaged and voiceless are disproportionately affected by the actions of such institutions.

Posters and banners displayed the ideas that underpin the movement, and speak for the people at the heart of the group. The artwork's simplicity was poignant, revealing the outrageous hypocrisy of a leading institution involved in climate change research. One sign read; 'wake up fossil fools,' pointing to the obvious double standards in the College's actions. These images become the symbols of the demonstration and are engrained in people's minds.

Using the grass as the foundation of the protest was a clever move due to the particularly profound symbolism that it holds at the University. All Oxford students are fully aware of the significance of the lawns and the pride that is taken in them. For St. John's College, the crossing of the grass is synonymous with the crossing of a boundary, and the protesters saw an opportunity to use this very boundary to highlight the moral obligation and responsibility to being active in the climate emergency.

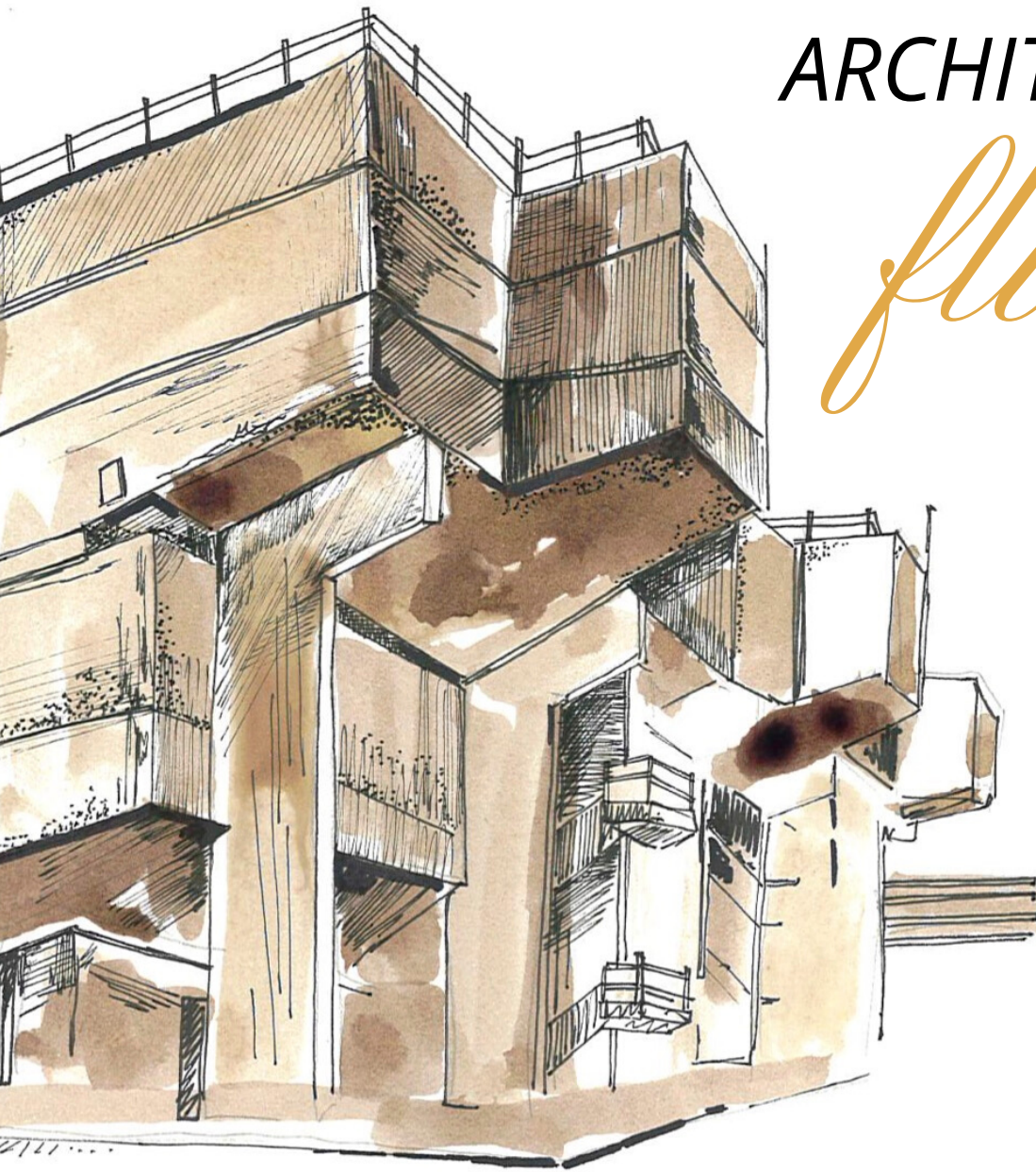
The art used contextualises this movement, nodding to the work already set in motion by Extinction Rebellion protests across the world. Art allows the protest to transcend the walls of the College and become fixed in the minds of students and educators. DAD hopes this will inspire a change across the University that involves investing in our future and not fossil fuels.

'The crossing of the grass is synonymous with the crossing of a boundary'

Since the end of the protest, small steps have been taken towards divestment, with the College increasing its representation of students in the Ethical Investments Working Group. It also promises to no longer take investment advice from BP and Shell. The interest shown by other students and Colleges has perhaps been the greatest achievement of all. It is clearly time that the threat climate change poses to our lives' on this planet is taken seriously and our voices listened to. Students have threatened that if action is not taken now and the College does not recognise divestment as its duty, then they will be back on the grass!

Tomer Amit, Jesus





ARCHITECTURE IN *flux*

daisy leeson, jesus

Each new era in the architectural timeline produces its own vocabulary which is indicative of the state of society at its construction. Fundamentally, architecture is so relevant to a society in flux because it becomes the physical manifestation of that changing society; architecture fossilises the needs and desires of past cultures. Multifaceted in nature, architecture can pay homage to a range of concepts, whether that be functionality, power or design, and, therefore, plays a vital role in dictating how people interact with space. One of the most prevalent examples of the manner in which societal context permeates all aspects of art and design is that of Brutalist architecture.

"An architecture of sensual extremes" (Phipps, 2016), the brutalist movement was popularised in the mid-twentieth century and underpins much of the modern city landscape, acting as a recognisable symbol of post-war Britain. The movement is radical in nature, actively choosing to reject traditional design, and, instead emphasise massive, commanding features within a landscape that is typically dominated by either grandeur or uniformity.

While ostensibly it may appear that these imposing structures seem dull and dreary (especially in relation to more traditional forms of decorative architecture), it is important to study their social symbolism in the aftermath of the Second World War. The formation of NATO in April 1949 and the inclusion of West Germany in 1955 kickstarted a period of social acceptance and openness across Europe. Ultimately it was this social progression which was the root cause of the development of brutalist architecture. Further to this desire to promote inclusivity across Europe, the damage caused by the war incited a palpable urgency to rebuild the hordes of infrastructure that had been destroyed during the conflict. In this vein, it is easy to imagine the desire for architecture which could be both designed and built efficiently. Brutalism was a perfect solution. Moreover, the fact that many of these designs are high-rise would have been highly attractive to developers who could lessen costs whilst maximising capacity.

Many of the design elements associated with the brutalist movement dovetail the socially progressive politics that was embedded in the minds of the architects of the mid-twentieth century. For example, one of brutalism's most notable motifs are the helical stairs which orbit one central point. According to Phipps these structures appear as if "as if the steps could have continued ascending ad infinitum" (Phipps, 2016). This structural decision bridges the gap between function and design, contributing to a futuristic and ultramodern aesthetic whilst implying an immediate sense of social evolution. Furthermore, the brutalist tendency to include repeating shapes further underscores the European political agenda at the time. These repeated platonic forms will often progress vertically upwards mirroring the "lofty expectations and hopes of the post-war welfare state" (ibid.). This concept was reiterated by renowned brutalist architect, Ernő Goldfinger who, in reference to his Balfour Tower, suggested that "the whole object of building high is to free the ground for children and grown-ups to enjoy Mother Earth and not to cover every inch with bricks and mortar". The brutalist movement stresses a desire to combine functionality and design – a key characteristic of post-war enterprise.

The act of bringing construction materials to the surface rather than attempting to hide or beautify them has become one of Brutalism's most profound features. At the time, this would have been perceived as a striking and revolutionary change, but now is a feature which contributes to their vast negative perception. Within the context of post-war Britain, brutalist buildings were often associated with apparitions of communism, primarily because such buildings are reminiscent of the uniform Soviet landscape. Therefore, according to many, brutalist architecture seems to manifest social egalitarianism, expressed through the uniformity of their internal and external layouts. This, in turn led to widespread scepticism particularly in the Cold War period. Nonetheless, this characteristic of Brutalism is highly useful to the study of society in flux. The innate need to construct such properties accurately demonstrates the socio-political situation in the UK at the time, where the unvarying structures partnered with exposed materials shows a desire to neglect decoration and focus more heavily on the practicality of addressing the problem of exponential growth in urban areas.

The negative perception of brutalism does not live and die with its communist associations. Many people view these great buildings as imposing and desensitising despite cries from the architectural elite who praise Brutalism for its honesty, functionality and progressiveness. There are a number of reasons for such negative perceptions in the modern age. Concrete, during the early twentieth century was considered as a revolutionary product due to its vast availability as well as its multifunctionality, yet, in the modern age it has become the second-most consumed product in the world. Therefore, many critics of brutalism pinpoint, what is essentially, an overdose of concrete in the urban landscape as a key factor to the widespread contempt surrounding these structures. This is supported by the fact that Brutalism is often paired with the dramatic shift in way in which towns function owing to the increased motorisation of urban environments.

Ultimately, while criticism is rampant, it is vital not to be too sceptical of these buildings. They acted as the perfect solution to rapid reconstruction, population growth and social progression, and therefore Brutalism has, rightfully, become embedded in the historical yet everchanging urban landscape.

*illustrations: balfron tower [above],
brunel university [right]*



Although I was extremely disappointed to find out that neither of Christ Church's recently renovated "Two Madonnas" are, in fact, depictions of the Queen of Pop, these two portraits from DaVinci's workshop are the best pieces the gallery has to offer. Acquired by Christ Church by Eighteenth Century art connoisseur Guy, they used to be considered original DaVincis, yet the fact that they are not takes nothing from their magnificence.

Situated at the end of the gallery, almost like altar pieces for the gallery as a whole, it is impossible to not be drawn towards the enigmatic figures. The dark surroundings of the portrait on the left contrast effectively with the vibrance of the Madonna and Child, in which the artist has managed to make the Madonna's clothing at once intricately detailed upon inspection and eye-catchingly bright from a distance.

The more striking work, however, is the portrait on the right, in which the subjects are surrounded by cherries. The crimson of the cherries is complemented by the Virgin's dress and the auburn hair of the Madonna and Child (although it is pretty safe to assume that the Messiah was *not* ginger). The book in the corner of the portrait is also a bright red, adding to the differing interpretations of the symbolism of this work. This portrait is humbling and almost life-like in a way which its neighbour is not, yet both are worth visiting.

Christ Church Gallery is free to all members of the University, and contains dozens of paintings and original drawings representative of hundreds of years of European, especially Italian, art.

CHARLIE WEST, JESUS
artwork by daisy leeson

examining
'Two Madonnas Examined'

MAY YOUR
COMING YEAR
BE FILLED WITH

magic

AND

dreams

AND

good madness.

NEIL GAIMAN





CITIES IN

street photography from liverpool





MOTION

and manchester by lucy zhang



Rosa Chalfen, Exeter

WINTERCEARIG

i would have shown you the meadow today;
frost turned the grass to wastes of grey

made its blades stand sentinel and straight,
made the lock stick on the kissing gate

made the sky melt in a sea of pink
and gentle blue that made me think

of skin pigment and childhood sleep
of circles rippling on a creek

even the oxbow lake froze hard
a sheen of broken mirror shard.

even the swans seemed confused,
seem to lose

that elegance of the neck, the spine-

the chapel bells chimed nine

as i left; i thought perhaps
their hands had frozen over, time elapsed.

i would have shown you this, and more
i would have, but i did not, for

it was only the care of a winter day,
yes; only care of winter, only wastes of grey.



STARDUST

WE ARE ALL MADE OF



*md rashadul alam,
jesus*

ART IS ALWAYS POLITICAL

SELECTED ARTWORK BY NANA SIMAS,
JESUS



Many define politics as governments and institutions but I see it as the unspoken agreement about how people coexist. My interest in this stems from protesting in Brazil and Model United Nations conferences which shaped the way I think about issues I have experienced. Through my artwork I have explored my own definition of politics and exposed my journey of politicization to the public eye.

This work from my exhibition invites the viewer to explore this definition of politics and the repetition of the theme of the UN encourages viewers to think through their philosophy of diplomacy and understanding.



Based upon João Pedro Vale's work, *Bonfim (Portuguese: Good End)* uses the wish making bracelets to suspend keywords from the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. It shows that those rights and principles are still only wishes for a better future, which the UN aims to deliver through its philosophy of problem solving. The lanyards are organised in rigorous rows reminiscent of the UN's strict structure, and also mimicking the ribbon walls outside the Bonfim Church in Salvador.

Propaganda posters were the starting point for "*Bom Dia No Borel É Tiro*" (*Good Morning in Borel is a Gunshot*), appropriating images from articles about violent crime in Rio in order to create an exaggerated image of chaos. Accompanied by statistics and the quote which titles the piece, they create the appearance of a propaganda poster. The prints use the colour of the Brazilian flag to connect the message to Brazil and one print replaces the slogan of the flag (Order and Progress) with the title, pointing out the irony of the national motto.



Dystopia in Ipanema



Bonfim (Portuguese: Good End)



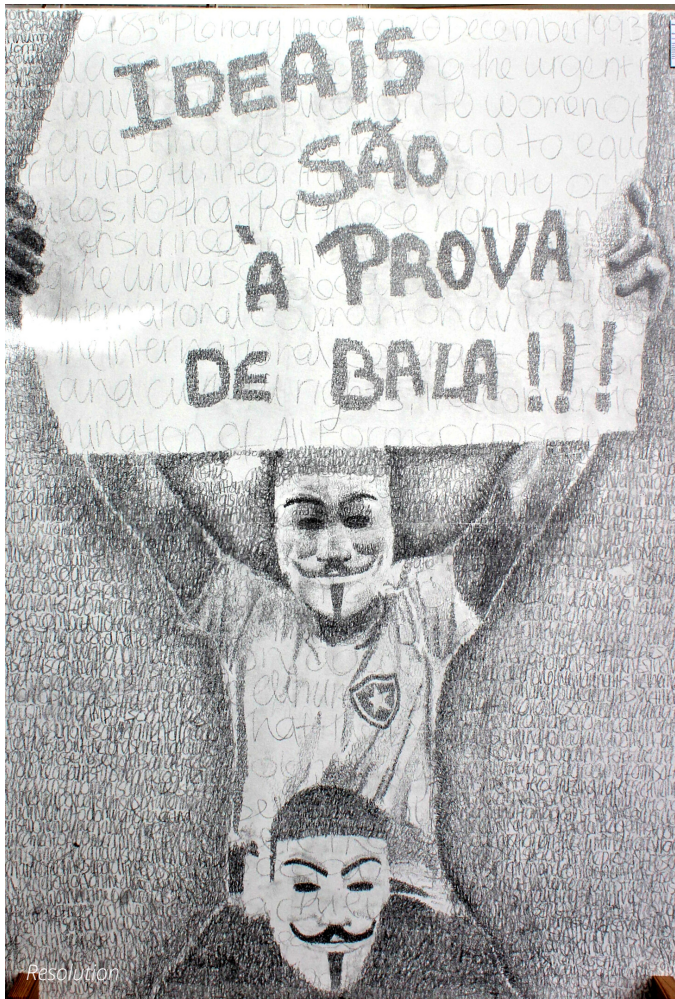
Inspired by Hogarth's Rake's Progress, the positioning of 'Dystopia in Ipanema's' central figures, appropriated from Sebastião Salgado's photograph of a fight, implies impending violence, creating a tense atmosphere intensified by other violent altercations in the background. A collage of real fights and robberies in Rio, the series reminds the viewer that such a future is possible and the transition from a vibrant chine colé print to darker tonal compositions conveys how the passing of time escalates the issue.

'Through my artwork I have explored my own definition of politics and exposed my journey of politicization to the public eye.'

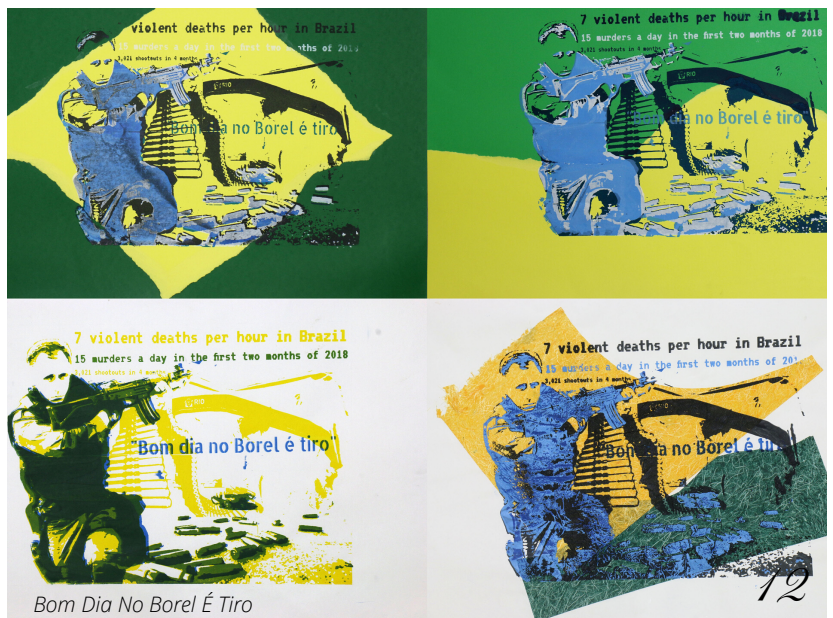
'Migration' is a painting of an old photograph of my grandfather before he moved from Portugal to Brazil. It points out that in the past migrants fled Europe, as opposed to today where people like myself are immigrating back. The traditional realism of oil painting lends itself to the antique feel of the photograph, and the imperfections of the original photo were preserved to show its age. The red stamp which contrasts the tonal painting is symbolic of the obstacles migrants need to overcome.

Inspired by Roman Ondák's Room of Heights, the installation 'Resolution' uses the words of UN resolutions to create an image. The graphite words overlap, creating a cross hatching of text which builds up tone and creates an image. It represents my journey of politicization through protests and Model United Nations. The use of text symbolic of how the UN uses an organised method of

diplomacy, but the disorder created by overlapping words highlights the complexities of the issues they deal with.



This final image sums up my journey of politicization by displaying the protests that first got me interested in the issues of politics, and then showing how I have processed issues through the methods of the UN. It concludes the exhibition with a message of hope, reminding the viewer that The UN and others are working for solutions to the problems presented.



WINTER LIGHTS

justin peng, jesus



Sam Schulenberg, Jesus

MAREMMA

Even now I can taste the wild fruit of those vines,
The ones we never tamed and bound like they did in Bolgheri,
In which one would be forgiven for believing
the blood of those lost Etruscans still seemed to flow.
Back then the wine they produced was exquisite.
The secret of its richness lay deep in the ground on which the grapevines grew –
Minerals far below us granting their earthly divinity unto those interweaving roots.

Most of all I remember the summer you lost me to the grape fields.
For hours you searched, calling out my name.
But I would not be found.
I was told I had lost my way within the interlocking avenues of beckoning vines
But I do not imagine it so.
In my mind I went out there, to those agrestal nomads
And happened upon some long forgotten Etruscan tribe
Who had, in their lost tongue, promised
That I could stay there –
Young and free among the vines -
Forever.





Helena Aeberli, Jesus

BRAMBLE SEASON

I think I speak more languages in autumn
though my father long forgot his mother tongue.
Like the way my mother cooks without quantities
crumbles and compotes, oozing memory
into the biting mouth of the month.

An orphan season, wrenched from summer's side
yet not quite winter, not yet barren.
Leaving me cold as the mercury, dropping.
Silver as tears beaded on still-pale lashes
before my hair turned dark.

We are searching for the breadknife when it happens.
My mother's finger peels open its petals.
Leaves a slash like red Ribena and a curse
my younger ears once thought was *sugar*.
The knife cuts both ways; so does she.

And what about the blackberries?
That autumn long ago, stained bloody with juices
dripping like pillow-talk from innocent lips.
The sweetness, then the sickness, and the way
I will never stain my mouth again.

I move out on Monday. *Almost there,*
I think, like the child I once was
vomiting darkness onto a back row carseat
my guts torn up, my parents trying to make me smile.
Almost there, now. Almost there.





a Decade

2010

The decade got off to a contentious start when Booker Prize judges squabbled over whether to class Francis Spufford's *Red Plenty* as non-fiction or a novel. An exploration of USSR life under Khrushchev, Spufford's slippage between the factual and the imaginary makes for an interesting template – one which authors in years to come may turn to when documenting the milestones of the past decade, which so often beggar belief.

AS WE WELCOME 2020, IN
TURBULENT, ANXIETY-INDUCED
AT SOME OF THE ART, WRITERS
MUSIC WHICH DEFINED THE
WAVED GOODBYE

Lucy Kelly,

2011

Sure to have been littered in the personal statements of prospective PPE students nationwide ever since its publication, *Sapiens: A Brief History of Humankind* by Yuval Noah Harari drew the complex beauty of our past into relation with our present – with his sequel *Homo Deus* pondering how we will use our brilliant tools for the betterment of our future.

2013

Donna Tartt's *The Goldfinch* is a novel which reassures us of the power of language to entrance us, much like the luxurious landscape protagonist Theo traverses. No overt political significance, just a really good read.

2012

Frank Ocean's *Channel Orange* sent ripples across the global R&B scene. Perhaps it does its musical credibility a disservice to bring up the open letter Frank Ocean published days prior to *Channel Orange* discussing his sexuality. Regardless, both the album and the letter marked a change in a genre, and industry, so often typified by toxic masculinity.

2014

The 2020s may well be the decade we discover extra-terrestrial life. Until then, we can take solace in the solutions to global crises provided by Christopher Nolan's film *Interstellar*. Also noteworthy is the film's glorious soundtrack courtesy of Hans Zimmer.

in Flux

ALL ITS UNPREDICTABLE,
RISING GLORY, LET'S LOOK
BACK AT THE PERFORMANCES AND
THE DECADE WE'VE JUST
SAY GOODBYE TO.

Jesus

2015

Duncan Macmillan's play *People, Places and Things* made its stage debut, and won two Olivier Awards for its sensitive portrayal of an actress battling addiction. It questions whether the glitz of commercial theatre is worth the mental strain it entails, and in light of a decade where we lost so many talents to addiction, whether the current rehabilitation systems are really working.

2016

We tend to think of the future on our terms – as students, as millennials. *Escaped Alone* by Caryl Churchill is a play which shifts the focus to the generation often blamed for the worldly problems we experience: the boomers. Nostalgia clashes with one middle-aged woman's visions of the apocalypse in a performance which imagines a world with no food, leaving commuters to watch videos of their breakfast on BBC iPlayer.

2017

The Handmaid's Tale hit TV screens, breathing fresh life into Margaret Atwood's 1985 novel. In the context of the MeToo movement, Offred's struggle against patriarchal subjugation struck an especially pertinent chord. It paved the way for an encouraging resurgence of feminism, then in 2019, Atwood's sequel, *The Testaments*, and also (somewhat ironically) a birthday party thrown by Kylie Jenner.

2018

Although not technically a new piece of art produced in 2018, Banksy's *Girl With Balloon* was certainly transformed that year. Being shredded upon its sale at Sotheby's, it was renamed *Love Is In The Bin*. However, given that the piece still sold for \$1 million, it seems that our love affair with art, mercifully, isn't.

2019

Girl, Woman, Other won Bernadine Evaristo the Booker Prize for its following of twelve women from 'girlhood' to 'womanhood'. No stone goes unturned in its depiction of modern Britain; institutionalised racism, sexism, political difference, social mobility all shape the women's experiences, and come to unite them in ways both unexpected and optimistic.

The Inart

Elizabeth nestled her head on her grandmother's shoulder and inserted her tiny chubby hand amidst the gray locks. She wound the gray hair round her finger and wondered what she would look like someday with gray hair of her own.

Elizabeth then closed her eyes to better hear her grandmother's voice. "Then Little Red Riding Hood saw some flowers a little way off and thought 'just one won't hurt. I won't go far.'" Grandmother shook the arm of the sleeping child. "Do you need a nap, sweetie? Are you still listening?"

Elizabeth shook her head without opening her eyes and mumbled "Keep reading."

She must have dozed off for a few minutes after that for the next thing she heard was grandmother reading "What big eyes you have! All the better to..." Grandmother stopped reading.

Elizabeth's eyes sprung open. "See you with, my dear!" the child finished angrily. Grandmother didn't respond. Elizabeth yanked on her grandmother's hair and two things happened at once. A strange, screeching giggle shattered the silence. It was high pitched, long and cruel. It sounded like it came from either an old person or a young child. It was inhumanly cold. It was a noise to make your breath stop, your hands go cold and your throat dry up.

It was the worst sound Elizabeth had ever heard, a gleeful giggle of madness that grabbed her and dug its claws into her soul. The second thing that happened was Elizabeth's grandmother's head flopped over limply.

Elizabeth stared into the lifeless eyes where her grandmother had been. A scream tore itself from Elizabeth's mouth. Her grandmother collapsed, dead.

Children love the evil look of carnivals at night. The neon colors and swirling rides, cheery during the day, spiral into psychedelic madness at night. The clowns and men on stilts don't interact like humans do, instead they lope about, demons prowling the edges of reality. Adults fear their beloved children will wander off with a stranger and die in the back of a van. Children inhale this darkness. It supplies a taste of the danger from the adult world that they long for. Through the ravenous darkness they feel the power that the day preserves for adults.

At least, that was the way Elizabeth always felt.

Elizabeth's head didn't quite reach the green line, even with the added height of the boots she had specifically worn for that purpose. She pushed her heels up against the wooden board to elevate herself onto her tippy toes. The ride attendant was almost hold enough to be a grownup. He was holding a monster drink and seemed bored. He looked down at Elizabeth's pleading eyes and

19 nodded casually at the massive wooden roller coaster

as her tiny form passed through the gate. Elizabeth examined her fellow passengers. Most of them were big kids, some of the really tall ones might even have been teenagers. Elizabeth stared in awe as one older girl asked one of her friends if she had been on any of the "bigger" roller coasters. There were bigger roller coasters? Elizabeth stared at the dark silhouette of the wooden giant against the sky, and seriously doubted that. Maybe this was how people trained to be astronauts.

"Get in the cart," the teenager grunted as he gestured toward the metal box.

Elizabeth crawled in. Her heart pounded. She wiggled in her seat and tightened the ribbons on her pigtails. Maybe she should just go another time. She spun around to look for the confident girl who had talked about "bigger" roller coasters. She was a few rows back, still chatting with her friend, as they pulled down the metal bar to secure themselves. Elizabeth turned back around to get ready for the ride. She reached up for her metal bar, but it was too high.

"All passengers are strapped in."

Elizabeth slid to the edge of her seat. She reached her arms high above her head. The tips of her fingers barely touched the metal bar. She tried to pull on it. It was too heavy.

"Sit back, relax, and enjoy your ride."

Elizabeth let go of the bar to raise her hand, just like her first grade teacher had taught her, to ask for help. She was jolted to the back of her seat as the cart shot forward. Her head slammed against metal and she reached a hand back to feel the blood clumping in her hair. Tears streamed down her face, but a thrilling gleeful urge made her put her arms in the air. As the carts reached the top of the slope, Elizabeth heard the same giggle as from her childhood rang in her ears. The giggle was as deeply familiar to her as her own voice. She instantly knew that something was wrong. The giggle continued as Elizabeth flailed through the air and crashed against the ground. Elizabeth woke up in the hospital four days later, screaming.

Elizabeth put the key into the ignition. "Haley, buckle up," Elizabeth said without looking at her friend.

"Oh my god, Elizabeth, you don't even get your learner's permit till next weekend. This is so illegal!"

Elizabeth shrugged and turned on the radio. The time blinked 1:00 am. She put her hand on the driver's door to roll down all the windows. The car still smelled. "It's not like you are in any state to drive us back. If you have to vomit again, do it out the window."

"You know, Elizabeth, you are seriously messed up. It's like you want bad things to happen to you. You wait for your next disaster."

"Shut up." Elizabeth pushed her foot on the gas. The speedometer clicked to 80 mph.

"You're mad because I'm right. I'm smarter when I'm drunk, you know. I see through you."

"Shut the fuck up Haley. I don't want to hear your voice ever again." Elizabeth slammed her foot on the gas and Haley jolted back against her seat.

"You don't have bad luck, do you? You try to get hurt just for the attention. You know something is going to go wrong tonight, and you are giggling about it right now, aren't you?"

"I said buckle up Haley." Elizabeth twisted sideways as the car was T-boned and Haley flew threw the windshield. The giggle was so close, right with Elizabeth, gleeful and long.

His name was Mike, and Elizabeth had never been more happy than the moments she spent with him. He had introduced her to intimate aspects of herself she hadn't even known had existed. Elizabeth was deeply and madly in love. He sat across from her grinning, his brown hair forming sweaty ringlets. He had dark eyes. They were both overdressed for the tex mex place. Mike broke eye contact and awkwardly snatched one of the menus.

"Um, did you want to get a dessert?" he asked, staring at his hands. Elizabeth blushed. He was procrastinating.

"Don't you have something to ask me?" Elizabeth asked gently.

Mike laughed. "Do I?" He was such a goof, she could literally see the small box in his hand. "I do." he confessed. Mike slid off the chair clumsily onto one knee.

"Elizabeth Newsome, will you marry me?" That was when she heard it. The giggle was so close she could feel its vibrations. The color drained from his face. He was distraught that she hesitated. Elizabeth sat there, frozen, ready for some Earth shattering moment to ruin her life. But everything in the restaurant looked normal, aside from her kneeling boyfriend and a few people with their iPhones out, beaming at the scene.

"No."

"What?" Mike asked weakly, his shoulders sagging.

Elizabeth wanted to say yes. She knew she should say yes. She swallowed and said "No, I will not marry you." Elizabeth stood up and bolted out of the room. She would do anything to escape that giggle and the future it held. She barreled through the restaurant, knocking over an empty table as she left. But the giggle ran with her as maniacal and gleeful as ever. The farther she ran, the closer the giggle became. The giggle crept into her senses until it was indistinguishable from the sounds of her heavy breathing and her heartbeat.

Elizabeth brushed her fingers through her hair, now as gray as her grandmother's had once been so many years ago. She sat in her armchair with her walker beside her and watched her granddaughter draw with crayons. Four-year-old Helen reminded Elizabeth of herself. She stood on the floor holding up the picture she had drawn of a wolf. The lines were crude and sloppy, but the picture was distinctly wolfish. Fangs curled and hair stood on end.

"Grandma, look at the picture I drew you." Helen held up the picture proudly. Elizabeth stood up and began to wheel her way over, but her walker caught on the edge of the carpet and fell over, bringing Elizabeth along with it.

Helen began to cry. "Grandma, every time you fall over, you have this scary laugh. Why do you do that?"

Helen grabbed her shoulders and tried to help her up. Elizabeth swung her face toward Helen. Helen's eyes widened at her snarling grandmother. Helen recoiled. Elizabeth reached out a hand toward her grandchild but held shook her head and took a step back still trembling in fear.

Elizabeth frowned, hurt and confused as to why Helen was so frightened.

"The current is really strong here. I don't want to go out any farther." Eve, Helen's younger sister, said grumpily.

Helen turned to look at Eve. "Coward," said Helen boldly, "I guess you are not so much of a mermaid as you thought you were."

"I am just as good a swimmer as you are, ninnyhead." The waves were so loud that Eve and Helen had to shout to each other to be heard. A big wave forced their heads underwater. Helen's vision blurred into a mess of blue green nothingness. She reached for her little sister, a tiny pink blob wriggling in the darkness. They returned to the surface panting and shivering.

"Eve are you, ok?" Helen asked.

Eve nodded breathlessly as her chin kept dipping below the surface. Helen reached for Eve.

Eve started coughing. "It's okay," Helen said "We can head back now." Helen tried to swim in with Eve clinging to her arm but she felt her legs being pulled out from under her. Behind them an approaching wave loomed.

A wild giggle burst out from Helen. It sounded like her grandmother. The wave broke over her head forcing her under. Everything went black. Helen's head throbbed. She tried to hold her breath but the giggle wouldn't stop.

The gleeful giggling continued as Helen's lungs filled up with water and she sank to the ocean floor.

**ROXANNE FISHER,
JESUS**



Art: Daisy Leeson

Jude Willoughby, Lincoln

PAMPHLETEER

Seen in stark streaks of static in grey-white sun
In the shed at the foot of the garden the man
With the Karl Marx beard undergoes his clumsy
filmic phototropism. He is somehow sure
Footed, though his approach is scattergun:
Holding a bouquet of a hundred flowers
In one hand
and
a pen in the other.

DECAY, DESTRUCTION, DISTORTION IN

Tramp in Flames

jamie slagel, jesus

Paul Farley's poetry collection *Tramp in Flames* is a stellar example of a hideous state of flux. It celebrates corruption—particularly noticeable are the sudden distortions from beautiful imagery to utter destruction.

Farley's poem *The Lapse* swiftly distorts itself and fixates on morbid events in a semi-fanatical manner. This rapid warping of time and focus is found throughout Farley, and he uses this state of flux as a looking glass into the dystopian undercurrents running rampant below the surface. As the poem progresses, a decline to decay occurs; it seems almost inevitable. It feels as contemporary as ever in this way, representing the way a single negative thought seems to rush up around us and consume us.

As Farley examines a film in detail, his focus changes to rot and loss in the third and final stanza—he starts to talk about “the dead sheep's seconds-long journey to nothing”. This is very similar to the end of *Tramp in Flames*, in which a tramp is described burning with a “smell... like a foot-and-mouth pyre”. The endings are gruesome: they reveal what is almost an obsession with death, disaster and decay. Farley's language really brings it alive: he heightens the gruesome “smell” of a burning tramp by comparing it to a modern event—the mass slaughter of diseased cattle. All paths lead to death.

'No doubt this chimes with the reader in 2020 as much as it did in 2006.'

Similar ideas can be found throughout the collection, with one of his poems entitled *Ruin*, despite being about his own newfound clarity in the world after first receiving glasses. Change is no positive force here; rather, it's a harbinger of destruction. No doubt this chimes with the reader in 2020 as much as it did in 2006. The structure reflects this too: the first stanza changes mid-line, disintegrating the line structure. What follows is an utterly corrupted second stanza, which is essentially one over-subordinated sentence. Farley is really emphasising corruption in his language and in his structure.

If this weren't enough, conceptual decay runs through the poem to a profoundly negative ending in *Duel* when

he “use[s] my thumbs to blow my fucking brains out.” What started off with a child's imaginative use of pictures for a gunfight quickly descends into a dark and graphic description of killing oneself.

Similarly, in *Tramp in Flames*, “the bin bags melt and fuse him to the pavement”, creating an image of deformation. This immediately leads to Farley's distortion of time, reminiscing about “forty years before” and how the tramp “wet himself”, which parallels *The Lapse's* lamentation “Give us back what is ours.”, moving quickly into the past. Farley continuously uses time imagery, and the movement from warped time to decay to destruction is characteristic of his poetry collection. He laments change, and celebrates the past.

'Farley writes poetry that is visibly and structurally beautiful—but the meaning is corrupted.'

Nevertheless, the events are described beautifully. On the burning tramp: his “layers / burn brightly” and “give off the colours of a Roman candle”. It's as though this event is a spectacle. The vivid imagery contrasts starkly with the dark subject matter. Again, Farley's work faces up to difficult realities we try to cover up. But underneath this façade—behind this beautified treatment—the contrast makes it all the more abhorrent. Farley writes poetry that is visibly and structurally beautiful—but the meaning is corrupted, as sentences spread over lines, valuing beauty over content.

Farley's poetry considers the dazzling portrayal of terrible events—an easy way to gloss over problems in society. And yet the alternative seems to be an obsession with distortion and destruction—an alternative where all roads lead to oblivion. In a time where half the world is pretending climate change doesn't exist, and the other half has been besieged by eco-anxiety, Farley's poetry represents the choice we have today—a choice which has no pleasant answer.

For those of us who recognise the death and destruction which lies behind everything, Farley seems to leave us a rousing anthem: “Give us back what is ours.”

Greg Morris, Jesus

LOST BETWEEN

In duck school, every wall displays
An icon well known to all.
At nine A M we face one each,
Echo every day the call:

"A duck and nothing else!" we chant
– all but for a tiny few
Who's ignorance is duly mocked
By all those who know what's true.

But one day etched within my mind,
I saw what could not be said:
A rabbit, not a duck, assailed
My eyes, fixed in fear ahead.

"A duck and nothing else", these words
Burst from me against my will.
I did not speak again that day,
Filled with a bleak, hollow chill.

For that day and a slew beyond,
Rabbits held me thunderstruck
Until my mind was numbed once more
By a reappearing duck.

In terror, fearing for my mind,
I clutched wildly for a sign
To prove this thing false, then I found
No beast, just line after line.



G W A N W Y N

'spring'

2 Full Score

Cl. 8

B. Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

12

Cl.

B. Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

16 Full Score

Cl. 16

B. Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

20

Cl.

B. Cl.

Vln.

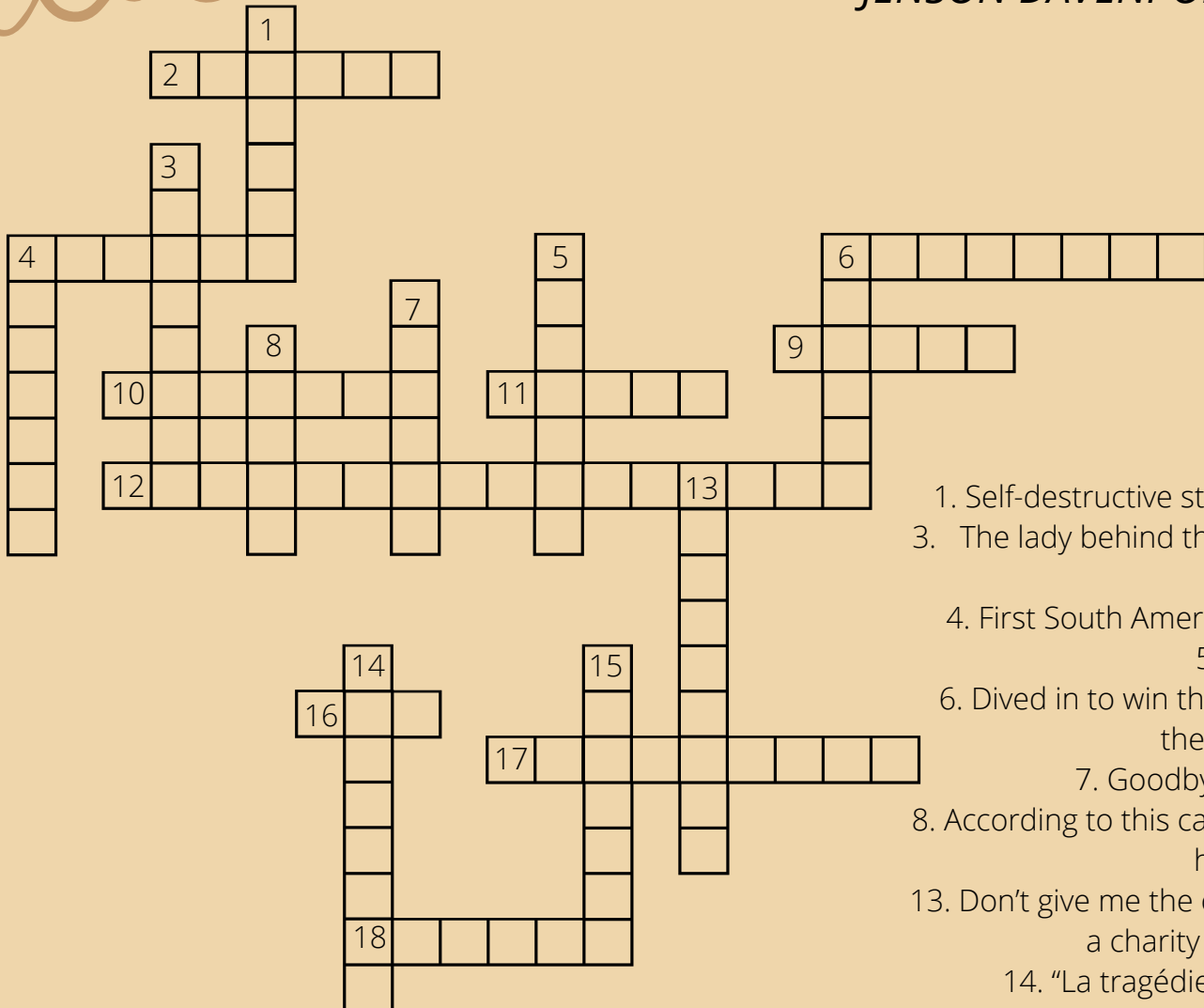
Vc.

Pno.

andrea jones (jesus)

CROSSWORD

DELIBERATE THE DECADE WITH
JENSON DAVENPORT (JESUS)



DOWN

1. Self-destructive street artist (2018)
3. The lady behind the infamous meat dress (2010)
4. First South American Pope (2013)
5. Je Suis... (2015)
6. Dived in to win the most medals at the Olympics (2012)
7. Goodbye Europe (2016)
8. According to this calendar, the world has ended (2012)
13. Don't give me the cold shoulder! It's a charity challenge (2014)
14. "La tragédie de Paris" (2019)
15. Disney Strikes Back with a new trilogy (2015)

ACROSS

2. World cup champions (2018)
4. Rebecca Black loves this day (2011)
6. The act of lying completely flat across pretty much anything in an urban setting (2011)
9. The hashtag that empowered (2017)
10. Not the gorilla we deserved... (2016)
11. Good Luck America (2017)
12. Disappeared out of thin air (2014)
16. Nobody knew what this animal said (2013)
17. First picture to finally fill the void (2019)
18. Chileans too young to be trapped underground (2010)

