

TT20 • ISSUE NO. 7 • THE LOCKDOWN EDITION

THE TURL

Untold Stories

ART

Riana Modi photographs
from a different angle

Andrea Jones's
composition in honour of
music's forgotten women

WRITING

Selected poetry, fiction,
and script extracts

COMMENT

Lucy Kelly on the
importance of filling in the
blanks

Readers recommend diverse
books

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cover art comes from Lottie Mason.*



NOTE FROM THE *editors*

Dear Readers,

We dwell in a different world to the one we lived in when we last published an issue of *The Turl* back in Hilary. The possibility of launch parties with cheap drinks at Jesus bar (RIP), in-person meetings (and in-person bullying of people to write for us), and the excitement of the magazine going to print all faded very quickly when lockdown was announced.

We'd already decided on our theme pre-lockdown, and chose to stick with it rather than making this edition all about the C word, because frankly, we've all heard enough about that. In that spirit, not a single page of this magazine mentions lockdowns, viruses, or isolation - though the crisis hangs heavily over some works, such as Riana Modi's strikingly silent photographs, and Jamie Slagel's considered analysis of dystopian fiction.

Our theme this term is *Untold Stories*. Throughout history, groups of people have always been disenfranchised due to their gender, race, sexuality, beliefs, and many more arbitrary reasons. In this magazine, we want their stories to be heard, from Sam Schulenberg's raw poem on the incarceration of gay men under Nazism, to Lucy Kelly's article on filling in literature's blanks. Given everyone has more time to read at the moment, our readers have also provided a double spread of recommendations to help you diversify your bookshelf.

Untold Stories also lurk in less obvious places, whether that's the world of an opened beehive in Matilda Houston-Brown's poem, or the contours of a friend's face in Lottie Mason's gorgeous cover art (also on Page 15).

Even though we are not physically together, we can be brought together through the brilliance and creativity of everyone at Jesus, Lincoln, and Exeter (ok, mainly Jesus - the other colleges have a bit of catching up to do...!).

With socially distanced love,

Helena and Jenson

Falling ill in 1868–69, she moved to California in 1869, after hearing from her friend how the trip helped his health.^{[6][8]} Newspapers of the day described Plummer as "one of the first "intellectuals" to move to Santa Barbara.^[9] Indeed, in 1871^[5] she established a lending library that became an important cultural center for Santa Barbara.^[6] Shortly after arriving in Santa Barbara, she established the "Lending Library and Stationery Depot", with the aid of a friend, Unitarian minister Henry Bellows, who helped her acquire her first few hundred volumes.^[6] Operating out of a jewelry store on State Street, Plummer charged \$5 membership or 70 cents for borrowing books, and sold a variety of art and music supplies, and held cultural gatherings including lectures and art exhibits.^[6]

While walking about Santa Barbara, she acquired an interest in botany, and turned her painting towards botanical illustration.^[9] In 1876 Plummer met John Gill (J.G.) Lemmon (1831–1908) when he was giving a lecture in Santa Barbara.^[10] Lemmon, a Civil War veteran and former Andersonville prisoner, was, like Plummer, a self-trained botanist.^[10] The couple started corresponding via letters and Lemmon tutored her in botany. She also sent him a shrub she had found near Santa Barbara, and after a friend of his examined it, named it *Baccharis plummerae* in honor of her.^[8] In 1880 they married, Plummer assuming his name.^[11] At that point, she sold her library to the Odd Fellows to operate, and she and John Lemmon began traveling and cataloging botanical discoveries.^[6]

Lemmon and her husband John honeymooned in the Santa Catalina Mountains near Tucson, Arizona at her recommendation.^{[11][8]} With the aid of E. O. Stratton, they eventually scaled the tallest peak, which they named Mount Lemmon in her honor^[11] – one of the few mountains named for a woman.^{[12][13]} While on their trip, the Lemmons endured several hardships, yet managed to discover and catalog a number of species unique to the mountain.^{[12][9]}

After returning from their trip, they continued their botanical endeavors. The Lemmons co-developed the Lemmon Herbarium at their home at No. 5985 Telegraph Avenue,^[14] later donating it to UC Berkeley, where it was later merged into and called the University and Jepson Herbaria.^[5] Lemmon continued her botanical illustrations, including as the official artist for the California State Board of Forestry (from 1888–1892)^[5] and acquired a national reputation for her work.^[6] In 1882, she discovered a new genus of plants called *Plummera floribunda*. In 1893, she lectured on forest conservation at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago.^[8] During the 1890s she also advocated for the adoption of the golden poppy as the state flower of California, eventually writing the bill passed by the California Legislature and signed in 1903.^{[5][6]}



Mount Lemmon, Arizona, named after Sara Lemmon

Jennifer Crompton

HER SOUL

It used to be a matter of learning,
of flustered giggles and a brush of this
elbow against that arm, just a near miss
meeting my fevered glance, fingers burning.
Then it became a matter of yearning;
my starved tongue pursued the rush of a kiss,
two roaming lips moaning bodily bliss,
while desperate clutches bid my returning.
Now underneath the muscle, skin and bone,
something transcendent flutters in my mind,
eluding every touch. A softened tone,
it breathes a truth of hearts that thrill in kind.
My secret secret shivers at a flown
flag in colour, and prays her soul to find.

A Monologue

For John Henderson, 'Spider', and his three-legged dog, Sugar.

Tony and Gary
London Bridge, August 2019

When he died, I died too. He died on the 10th, which is funny. Because he was born on the 10th; we were both born on the 10th. And he died on the 10th. It was on the 10th, you know, that he died.

Weird, you know. Because, when I think of me and Gary, I think of us being nine years old. Sitting on our little beds eating those stale croissants that Mum used to get from work.

Funny thing is, they thought I'd got it the worse. The F A S D, they call it. The Foetal Alcohol Spectrum Disorder, they call it.

Didn't have many friends. Just me and him. Tony and Gary. Gary and Tony. A little bit identical, except that I was always shorter than him.

Both loved music. Worked at this little record store in Guilford. Lived at our mum's until we managed to save up. Moved out. Moved to Brixton.

Now, it's just me. Me and you, or whoever else will talk to me. Yesterday, I asked a guy, 'do you believe in God'? He said, 'no'. 'Why?' 'Because you can't see God'.

But loads of things that we can't see still exist. Like, you can't see fresh air, but that doesn't mean it doesn't exist. You can't see fresh air, but I'm still breathing it. I can taste it. I can't see it, but I can taste it and smell it and feel it.

It was when we worked in Brixton that he started to get bad. Didn't want to go to the doctor; hated hospitals. But we went, in the end. 'Liver failure', they said. 'A few months', they said.

Started to pray. Gary always said, 'what are you doing that for'? Didn't have anything else I could do, really. Couldn't work, couldn't pay the rent. All I could do was sit by him, and watch him, and be with him.

It'll be okay, it'll be okay, it'll be ... it'll be.

Five years later, I can feel him in the air. When I walk down the river, sleep by the station, Gary's there.

They say tragedy makes you stop believing. But not for me. Because everything has an opposite, has to have an opposite, right? You know ... like how the opposite of up is down, opposite of yin is yang, opposite of heaven is hell, opposite of us is ... well, I know there's God there.

MUSIC'S FORGOTTEN WOMEN

As a female musician, what popped into my head for the theme of 'Untold Stories' was the clear lack of female representation within the Western classical canon. The thing is, it's not that female composers were completely out of the picture; there are plenty of women in the musical world of the past that we just don't know about. These were women that possessed musical talent and skill that were on par with, if not better than, the famous names we know today - Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Bach, Chopin, Schubert... etc.

Yet we still haven't heard enough about the women. The list goes on for hours until a female name such as Clara Schumann or Fanny Mendelssohn-Hensel comes up. Even the surnames of these two fantastic women are not independently theirs, as they are attributed to a male musician that shares the same surname - in this case, a husband and a brother.

There is no denying that gender issues over the centuries have been a significant dividing force in political and social agendas. Fortunately, the turn of the 21st century has begun to show a vast change in societal views of women, where a general consensus has been developed to strive for increased gender equality and a larger representation of women in positions of leadership and professional fields.

FIVE

Indictus

Andrea Jones

The musical score for 'Indictus' is presented in a three-system format. The first system includes two Piano parts and a Pno. part. The Piano parts are in 4/4 time, with a tempo marking of 'Agitated ♩ = 127'. The upper Piano part begins with a *mf* dynamic and features a melodic line with slurs and accents. The lower Piano part provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. The Pno. part is also in 4/4 time and features a complex melodic line with slurs and accents. The second system continues the Piano and Pno. parts, with the Pno. part showing a triplet of eighth notes. The third system concludes the piece, with the Pno. part featuring a triplet of eighth notes and a final cadence.

'Indictus'

2

11

Pno.

3

3

14

Pno.

Pno.

17

With vigour!

f

With vigour!

f

21

Pno.

Pno.

The image shows a musical score for a piano duet. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system starts at measure 11 and ends at measure 14. The second system starts at measure 17 and ends at measure 21. The score is written for two pianos (Pno.). The first system includes a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The second system also includes a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The score features various musical notations, including notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as 'With vigour!' and '*f*'. The background of the score is a colorful, abstract pattern.

An uprising of women in music and the idea of female solidarity has become increasingly important - so I've decided, being a female musician myself, to write a short piano duet in light of this idea. I chose to write for two pianos with Clara Schumann and Fanny Mendelssohn-Hensel in my mind, the piano being both their main study.

My composition unfolds a series of unexpected events, in the way that an untold story may have more to it than what is seen on the surface. I've called it 'Indictus' (Latin for 'unsung'), in commemoration of women of the past with stories that remain sadly untold, and in contribution to the growth of female representation in music today.

Andrea Jones

SIX

Rosa Chalfen

REGINA

dismember me- i come apart in blood and bone
i come apart in bairnwhine and in childmoan

but i return

burn me to bits- i am the charcoal dust
of empires, ripening all to rust

but i return

bury me alive in distant mountain sides
drown me between the folds of ocean tides

but i return

forget my name, cut out my prose
erase my laughter and my woes

but i return

stifle me in veils of novice vows
or in a woven burial shroud

but i return

send me to hades or to asphodel-
i have forgotten any place but hell

when will you learn?

i come back stronger, always-

i return.



Samuel Schulenberg

PART II: UNNAMED

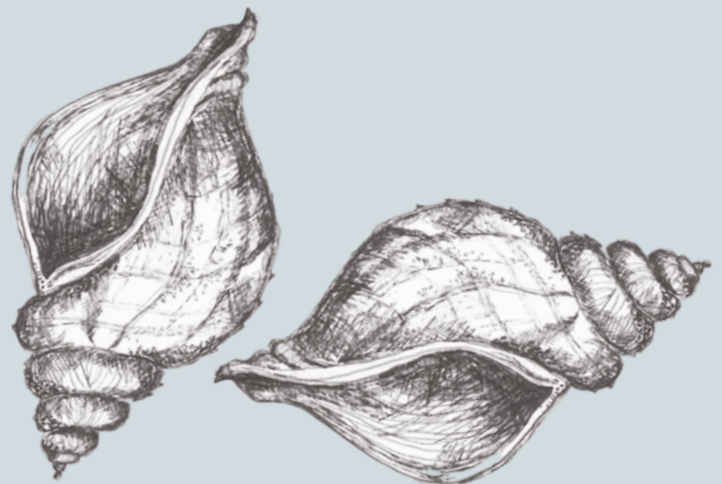
From Questions of Sorrow

The coarseness of the cotton,
The mechanically dyed stripes. Black.
Everything is desolate here.
The only colour, a badge
Pink like raw flesh. Foul.
Diseased. On clothes a thousand others have worn.
So worn they do not feel like clothes anymore.
Coarse. Like shells.

Pink triangles, upside-down,
Hollow and bright. Emptied colour.

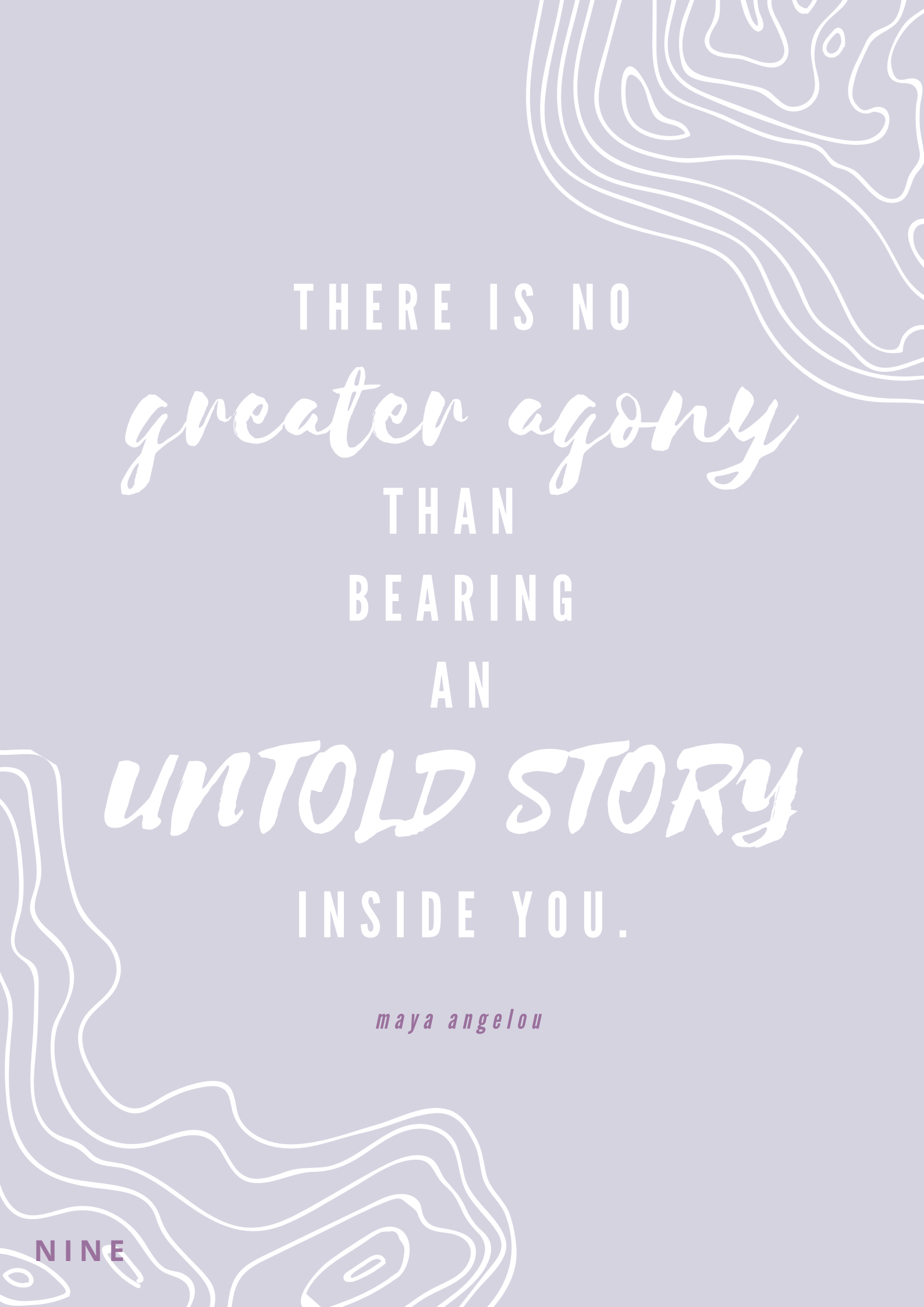
*We are the children of those who survived.
We are the heirs of those who did not.*

THE INVERTED PINK TRIANGLE WAS FIRST USED BY THE NAZIS AS A CONCENTRATION CAMP BADGE TO SINGLE OUT THOSE IMPRISONED FOR HOMOSEXUALITY. IN THE 1970S, THE SYMBOL WAS RECLAIMED BY THE LGBT COMMUNITY AS AN EMBLEM OF PROTEST AND PRIDE.



Daisy Leeson

EIGHT



THERE IS NO
greater agony
THAN
BEARING
AN
UNTOLD STORY
INSIDE YOU.

maya angelou

Broken marbles

A short story by Riana Modi

HERE I Is all that remains of my once living breathing, turbulent legacy. I was once hated, once, (although sparingly) loved, undoubtedly worshipped. Now the carefully dictated words of honour have been stripped from my memorial and by time itself - a consequence of wars I did not cause, men I did not rule and weather I could not control. My tale is vanished, leaving me not more than a mass of broken and cracked toes and arms and legs, disjointed and irreparable, located but not placed.

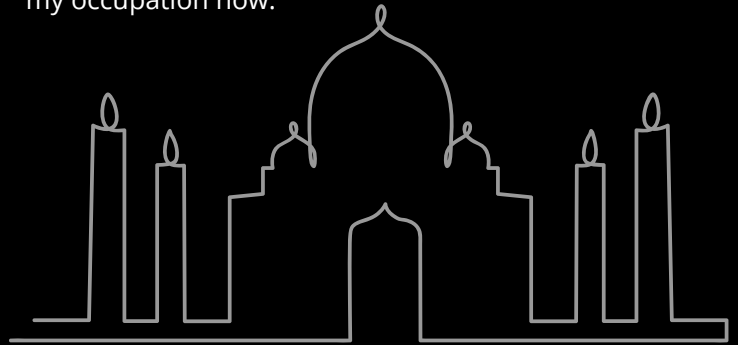
While my corpse was dying, its last warm trickle of life blood meandering through its familiar routes, the rites were already being performed, the raging fires, always so glorious, so all-consuming, were lit. They came then, my creators, to chip away at marble, to 'find my form' in its cold and milky white expanse where surely no body could be found. I liked then that they could not get at my blood, which so many had sought. And yet it grated at my being, with its hard metal tools, primitive and unformed. They bound my arms to my sides by cool stone ties- they said to keep my arms from leaving my sides - and I could not help but wonder as they chip, chipped away whether indeed there was much point in having arms at all if one cannot use them.

And then I was raised on high, and the view was to die for. But even the most entrancing of views grows old, and I was forced to watch the city I had ruled be handed from human to human, tribe to tribe, country to country and eventually razed to the ground, not just once, but time and time again. My groans were but the creaking ache of my unsteady stone form. Still, however, with all this grand perspective, I did not see my place. After all, I was perfectly formed, perfectly placed, perfectly positioned. I seemed to lack for nothing.

Hundreds of wars, making those I had once fought in look meagre, came for me. And I was losing, losing all the while. First it was nothing but a chip from my little toe, some dust from my ankles as though they were shedding decaying skin. Then a section of ear. I pretended not to mind it, I maintained my creators could not craft ears, and the loss lessened the absence of the sound it had given me hope I would hear. I could not ignore it when one crazed cohort tried to rob me of my head - they did not succeed, but the crack in my neck (larger than life, I assure you) was made, and they had played their part in my most final defeat.

In life, I would have asked to fall slowly, to maintain my hold as long as possible. But dying by degrees is not pleasant, feeling the grasp of what you once held slip through your now frozen fingers, unable to scramble, to clutch as they would if plummeting over a cliff; better to have finger tips skinless, red raw, but pulsing with bloody life than to have them paralysed and unmoving in eternity.

In the end, it was a shaking of the earth that brought me down to the dry dust with which I should have mingled long before. Not the hubris of men, but the ground itself, seemingly in revolt against my endless reign. Little did the earth know how I craved its dust and dirt, the solidity and finality calling out to me, wanting it to call to me, to be returned as gold-plated initiates seeking a journey through Plutonian realms cavort, dodging the heavy, soporific Lethean water. I have watched my fellow cool companions be removed piecemeal on occasion, to be held, I assume, as prized bones have always been held - a macabre trophy, a reminder of glory and transience-animal mentality demanding always its reward of blood and flesh not our own. I am not for such a fate - decay is my occupation now.



We are so wedded to senses of self; I had never wished to be entirely non-existent - to desire a different self, that is just envy - but to be non-existent in memory, in history, demands a dismissal of self unlike any other. Bronze creations can be lit, the limbs can burn as flesh does, bitter to the tongue and distasteful, yet wondrous. Bronze can melt on a blaze, streaming out of form, lose itself in the flickering source of safety to become matter and substance - a trusting, naïve sacrifice to renewal and rebirth. Marble is not such a material. Cold and unfeeling, it does not melt but char - it is not capable of reformation, of redemption. And so, in each disassociated and unconnected, sorry and now imperfect part, my story increasingly unknown with each passing year, I am aware always of that blunt, recorded fact, written in dry tombs - 'broken marbles are useless'.

WE NEED DIVERSE BOOKS

Feel like your reading list is looking a little...homogenous? Our readers recommend their favourite diverse books to fill your lockdown time.

The Good Immigrant

This collection of short essays by 21 BAME writers on their own experiences of living in Britain is one of my favourite non-fiction books. As a second-gen refugee of Indian descent, going to predominately white schools, trying to make sense of my own beliefs, opinions and position in the world has always slightly bewildered me, and this book is one of the few I've ever read that made me feel understood. The essays are honest and often funny, and pose fascinating questions about how we come to understand race, especially as children.

The Colour Purple

The Color Purple documents the traumas and gradual triumph of Celie, an African American teenager raised in rural isolation in Georgia, as she resists the paralyzing misogyny, violence, racism and poverty in her life through the powerful love she has for girls like her. The relationship of African-Americans with the African continent is explored too, all through Celie's painfully honest letters to God.

You Can't Drown The Fire

Definitely fitting for the theme of 'untold stories', Alicia Partnoy created an incredible collection of essays, stories, poems and letters written by Latin American women in exile enabling their voices to be heard. The collection is moving, inspirational and definitely needs to have been read by more!

Gripped: Austerity and the Demonisation of Disabled People

Frances Ryan explores the devastating impact that austerity has had on the disabled community. The reader is challenged to question their views of the disabled community and the idea that Britain's 12 million disabled people are such a burden to society, with each chapter dedicated to a specific issue.





Plus some podcasts:

An emerging story-telling style revolutionising and democratising radio, speculative fiction podcasts are among the most diverse and fantastical mediums out there, in terms of both creators and characters.

The Penumbra Podcast:

This genre-bending podcast has two different storylines, the sci-fi detective noir Juno Steel story, and the fantasy comedy Second Citadel. Almost every character is queer, and official art portrays most as POC. The protagonist of the stronger arc, Juno Steel, for example, is a cynical, hardened PI who uses he/him pronouns, but is nonbinary, and is portrayed as Black in art. But even for listeners not looking explicitly for diversity, the characters and plots are always engaging and intriguing, especially as the series progresses and becomes technically stronger.

Girl In Space:

Found family! Evil megacorporations! Oh, and set in space! I mean do I have to say anything else. With a diverse cast of characters including a mysterious girl who's never known the outside world, a grumpy corporate soldier, and a science intern who just wants her coffee, his podcast blends quirky fun and excitement with serious discussions of morality and ethics. Oh, and did I mention *space*?

The Bright Sessions:

I must confess that I never reached the end of this podcast, however, when I was listening to it I adored it. It takes the form of a series of therapy sessions with patients who are, essentially, superheroes. Not Marvel style heroes, but 'atypicals' who include a student struggling with his sexuality, and an altruistic young artist. This is a slowburn and worth it. A TV show is coming too!

The Brief Wondrous Life of Oscar Wao

An alternative to the typical coming of age novel that centres around Oscar Wao who migrates from the Dominican Republic to America. It's written as a didactic exposure of American imperialism, in Diaz's own words directed at 'those of you who missed your mandatory two seconds of Dominican history'.

White Teeth

One of my favourite books of all time, tells the complex story of a group of friends and family that consist of a great mix of races, ages and class all stemming from the off chance meeting of two soldiers during WWII. It blends exposing some of the great issues in our society with elements of absurdity that make it thoughtprovoking, heartwarming and hilarious.

Text by Emily Manock, Riana Modi, Tomer Amit, Eleanor Nicholls, Helena Aeberli. Photos by Immy Osborn.

TWELVE

Young Rembrandt

At the Ashmolean

The exhibition which should have currently been on at the Ashmolean is "Young Rembrandt", an insight into the painter's development between 1624 and 1634. There is an irony in the fact that lockdown was brought in shortly after it opened because, despite Rembrandt's world-wide fame, this period has been, and now will continue to be, an "untold story". It is worth bearing in mind that Rembrandt was in his late teens and 20s over this period, as can be seen in his cheeky Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man with its disheveled hair and quite pitiable moustache; hardly the refined master he's remembered as.

Luckily for us, this exhibition is now available online. This vast collection of paintings, etchings and drawings gives a fascinating view of Rembrandt's vast array of subjects. Again, this is very apt for the theme of "untold stories". Many of the paintings are of ordinary people and not exactly the "high art" that people may expect.

Amusingly, there's one of a rather large, yet not impressively endowed man having a wee, and another of a grumpy woman looking over her shoulder while she's "defecating". As funny as these may be, they fit into Rembrandt's broader interest in showing humanity in a realistic, yet still artistic, way without complimenting the subjects. His mother, a common subject in this exhibition, is drawn or painted many times, and never very flatteringly. He even goes as far as to present the great goddess of hunting and the moon, Diana, as a trembling, wrinkly woman, stretch marks and all. Quite the contrast with the 2000+ years of tradition before him. What these pieces show, apart from Rembrandt's sadism, is the character of these nameless people. Just by being alive and in the right place at the right time, rather than coming from some noble background, Rembrandt has captured authentic and utterly human moments which people are still looking at to this day.

The other dominant theme in this exhibition is the Bible. Ok, the Bible is about as far away from an "untold story" as you can get.

But it is the attention to detail which is stunning, bringing in completely novel ways of viewing these stories. Take Christ Driving the Money Changers from the Temple: we all know the story, but the actions and expressions on each individual face verge on making Jesus seem like the bad guy, with his whip raised and face scowling at the frightened men below.

Similarly, in Descent from the Cross, it is not the dead Jesus that the eye is drawn to, but rather the multitude of people around him: the nun-like woman in the shadows, the man on top of the cross looking rather precarious, the men with beards in the corner who seem perplexed at the whole situation. It is this which makes Rembrandt so universally admired and made him stand out even in his own day.

Overall, this is a thoroughly enjoyable exhibition, even if it is online. Rembrandt's early works are far from as impressive or magnificent as his later ones, but I personally find that reassuring. It is a humbling insight into the early life and style of one of the giants of European art. Beyond the aesthetic enjoyment of the pieces, I believe that this exhibition can be seen as a great inspiration for anyone who is worried about their future or their worth: at your age, even Rembrandt was unsure of himself.

Charlie West

The exhibition can be accessed via the Ashmolean's website, or by following this link: <https://www.ashmolean.org/youngrembrandt>

CHARLIE'S OTHER RECS

- **Art Detective** podcast
- **Museums in Quarantine**
- **RSC's Hamlet**
- **Old Vic's A Streetcar Named Desire**

Jude Willoughby

A LEAF FROM THE DIARY OF AN IRAQI IN THE GOLDEN AGE

Awoke to lapping of Tigris beneath my bark,
found azure above my bow,
walked through a garden wild with Puschkinia,
suppled myself waiting for gatekeep
by interlocking fingers behind back.

Scholar enters with energy of my morning lark
and stack of papers, he professes on how
He came to him like Lavinia,
that daybreak with the answer in his waking sleep,
golden orb lit (he said) what he lacked.

Lunched on thoughts and roses, petalled orange
and sipped from a glass of tea.

Quenched more in a bluegreen marbled bath,
tasted the vapour of grasses,
returned to tutor in matters of jurisprudence.

Bade farewell to gatekeep, foraged
for lapis in a marketplace shaded under trees,
planned to use stone to craft
an ornament for one of my classes
(unrelated to matters of jurisprudence).

Returned once more to my oaken vessel,
cooked a lamb-bone with oil and fennel,
applied my balm,
prayed,
slept.



Daisy Leeson



Matilda Houston-Brown

HONEYBEES

today my father split the hive
in half. cleaved sheets of bees, each page
amassed with dim, sticky bodies
removed, replaced, put back, dark dots
filling dipped and hollowed space. Or

freckling dry skies as if they were
tattoos, loose practiced spots needled
into two levels of welkin
blue, sketching out the shape of
pollination, sunburnt shoulders.

He said he killed some accidentally.
squashed. got stung. his body like the
shape of sheets on the washing line,
white cloaked and smoked heading off
into the grass. There's a little

bit of hero in it all – the
rift – a growing queen – the starting
it again – the rising noise
of change – clean break, I understand.

Chiara Theimer



The Importance of FILLING in the BLANKS

Lucy Kelly

'I was hooked before I even knew before who was hiding behind this handwriting. Intrigued by these friends, knowing nothing of the life, I was chasing a ghost. I didn't know the ghost's name, but the pages were like a small keyhole through which I could peer at a world long vanished.'

Such was Britgitte Benkemoun's response to discovering a sliver of an untold story, belonging to one of the most important and overlooked – figures in 20th century visual art: Picasso's muse, Dora Maar. Benkemoun discovered Maar's address book by total fluke. Her husband ordered it from eBay to replace a diary he lost. Upon realising who the diary's former owner was, Benkemoun begins the story of a woman, a pioneering photographer and painter, whose life and career is often side-lined, considered as relational, auxiliary to the achievements of her former lover. The discovery of Maar's diary, alongside the biography it prompted Benkemoun to write, is an encouraging sign that authors are turning their attention to figures on the intellectual and cultural periphery.

But I can't help but be filled with a feeling that it's 'too little, too late': as the dwindling addresses in her entries attest to, Maar's social circle narrowed in line with the collapse of her relationship with Picasso, which signalled her decline from the 'muse' pedestal. What does it matter to Maar, who died in 1997, that her work is only now being appreciated? Does telling her story today make up for the years of erasure she endured?

Untold stories hold a special allure. A whistle-stop tour of literary criticism of the twentieth and twenty-first century shows that modern writers are obsessed with holes in what we're told, dead authors, erased others. Maybe it's ironic, then, that in spite of all this textual output on the 'untold story', we're no closer to agreeing on how best to tell them. Or on whether a textual rebirth can ever compensate for a lived marginalisation.

Jean Rhys' *Wide Sargasso Sea* is one of the most famous attempts to tell an untold story; the novel imagines how Jane Eyre's Bertha was transformed into 'the madwoman in the attic' after Rochester's mistreatment of his young bride. But though *Wide Sargasso Sea* is championed as a postcolonial, feminist account of the 'erased other', the inconvenient truth remains that Bertha's 'new life' did little to make up for the bleak years Rhys herself spent in obscurity. Though the novel brought her acclaim, Rhys, when questioned on her new-found literary fame, answered simply: 'it has come too late'. So, can telling an 'untold story' ever bring tangible ethical value, when we're confronted with the desperately sad reality of the lives of the authors behind them?

Yes. It has to. Though the untold story came 'too late' for Maar and Rhys, its value for the future of art and writing remains instrumental. As the amount of people choosing to study humanities is in freefall, it's more important than ever to harness the boundless energy offered by the untold story, and use it to reverse alienation with the arts. Encouragingly, untold stories are being expressed in inventive and illuminating ways. In her play *Felice to Franz*, Claudia Edwards stages the missing part of the dialogue between Franz Kafka and his fiancée, Felice Bauer. Though Felice's letters are lost, Edwards shows us her version of events in glorious psychological depth. Edwards doesn't just write Felice a life, but fills in the blanks through the most corporeal and visceral medium: dance. Interest in studying the arts at university is dwindling because the awareness that these untold stories exist at all comes 'too late' for the 18-year-old faced with three years studying William Wordsworth. These 'dusty old books' are suffering an image crisis. The answer? Tell students Dorothy Wordsworth's story! I didn't know she existed until second year! Think there's nothing 'new' to say about Hamlet? Watch *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*! The untold stories of marginalised, anonymous figures represent untapped opportunities for re-animation.

The untold story is the best-kept secret to re-igniting wider appreciation for the arts. We're creatures of habit – but we should never underestimate the value of novelty.

VOICES TOO OFTEN LOST

Three female poets you
should be reading and why.

Helena Aeberli

FIONA BENSON

Benson's *Vertigo and Ghost* is a raw expression of female suffering. Divided in two, the first half of the collection is a series of poems envisioning Zeus as a Weinstein-style rapist in jarring, staccato language. The second half is a tender, painful exploration of post-natal depression in which the speaker wanders through alternating comforting and hopeless natural landscapes and muses on motherhood, vulnerability, and the world around her.

MARY JEAN CHAN

Chan's *Flèche* is seeped in the poet's personal history and struggle for belonging, acceptance, and understanding of her identity as a queer, HK Chinese-British poet. Chan is bilingual and language is pivotal in this collection, with several poems shifting into Chinese characters. *'My languages are like roots'* she writes, drawing on the aspects of her identity which seem to stand in tension, and yet draw together in unity, much like the fencing technique which gives *Flèche* its name.

CAROLINE BIRD

Bird's *The Air Year* is deceptive in its apparent surrealist light-heartedness. Beneath quirky, eye-catching imagery, a turbulent undercurrent of yearning and pain surges through the work, particularly regarding Bird's lesbian identity. The poem 'Dive Bar' is at once a proud expression of this identity, and an acknowledgement of the furtive form that expression is often forced to take: *'Your Secret's Safe with me/ your secret's in a safe/ your secret is yourself'*.

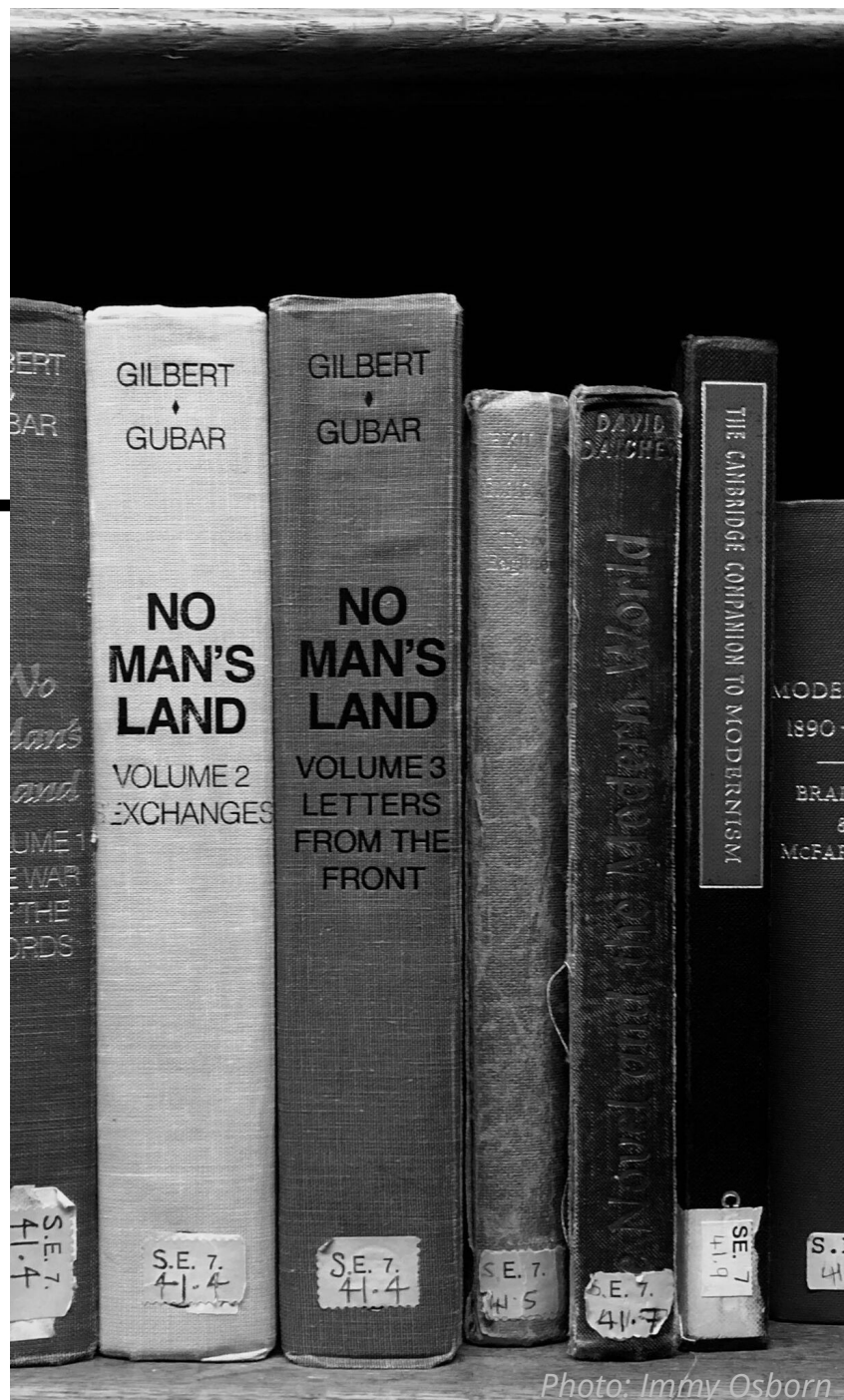


Photo: Immy Osborn

Immy Osborn

THE PALETTE

How funny, the skies change in the moment you wait,
In the watching you miss it, catch it too late,
The twist of a cloud, like a tendril it curls,
Turning its way down, a blueness unfurls.
All the sky tainted blue, there falls a raindrop,
As a sweet thread from heav'n to treetop.

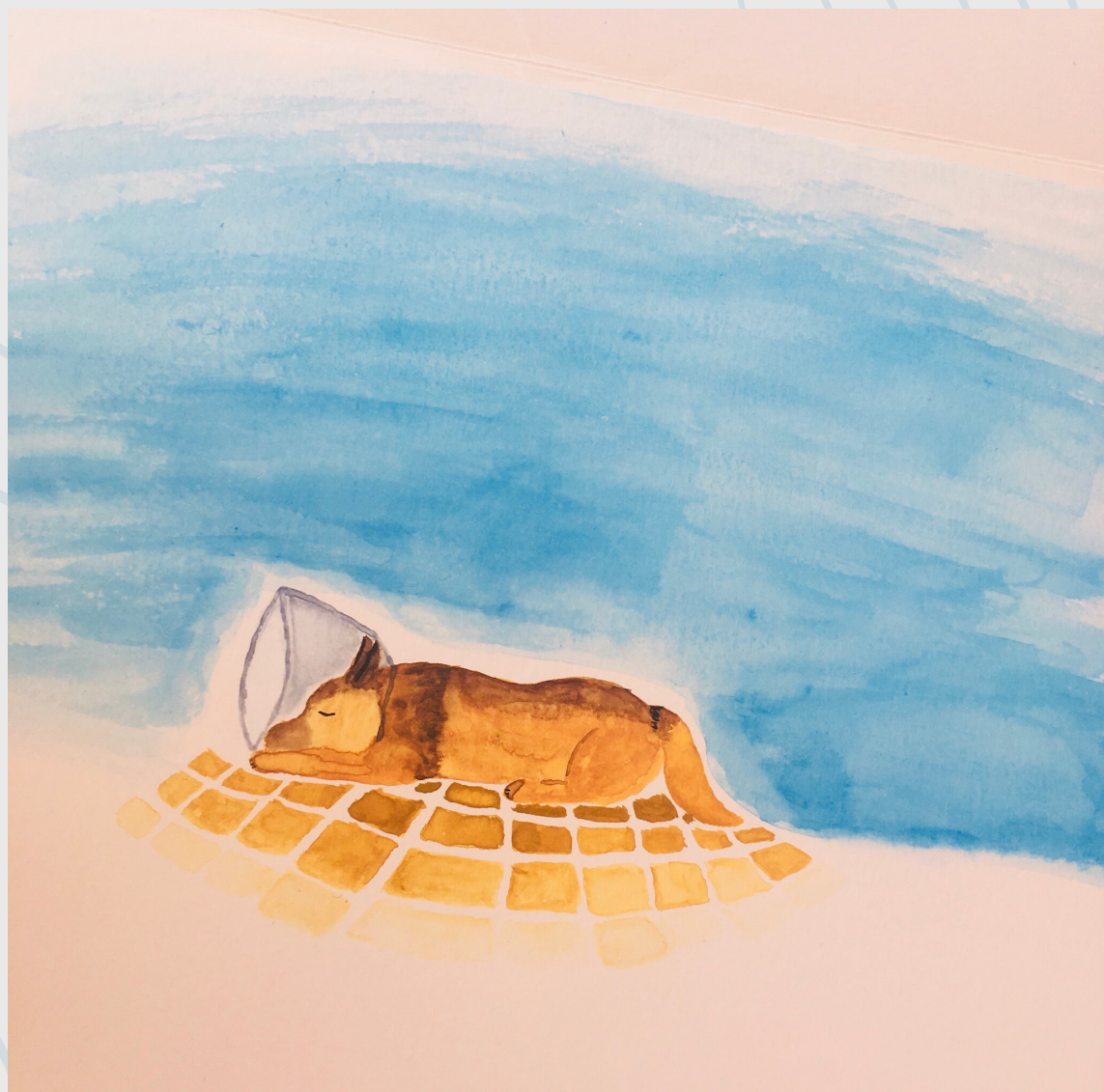
There is the day in the life of every beautiful one,
Where the drawn-togetherness of the world falls open, undone,
In sight of the moment the heart is aware,
Of the vessels of life suspended in air,
The sun could reflect, to stop shining it could choose,
In a moment we oft win all the losses we might lose.

But to live is to move in an ever-changing lilt,
So the teardrop is shed, the blueness all spilt,
'Til the sky turns pink, orange, then red,
Sets down to slumber in its rosy bed.
To wonder at the heart is to wonder at the sky,
It's ever-vibrant palette, the colour of its dye.

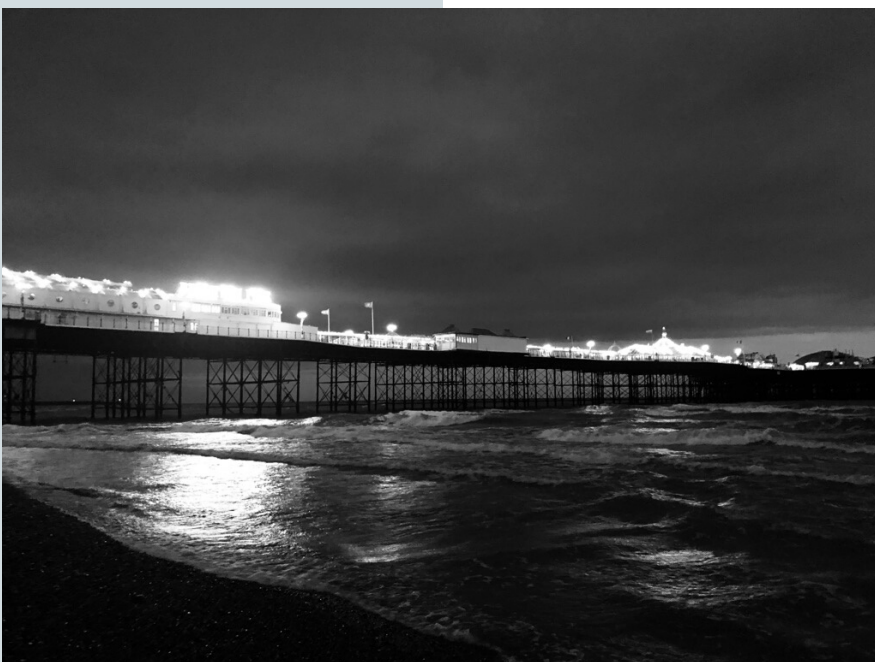
Imagine — to know another's heart, to paint with its array,
To see its changing tones through the passing of the day.
Don't we all hope to have the artist's hand?
To paint with another's colours a joint life, a joint land.
But perhaps that heart is nearer than one might guess to know,
With patience, sunrises come, and what blessing surely flows.



everyone has a
story to tell...



Chiara Theimer



After a protest is finished you see a different side to the story; normally we see photos of the moment itself.

A DIFFERENT ANGLE

TWENTY-ONE



*There is something
liminal about
desolate beaches
at night.*



Riana Modi

THE UNTOLD STORY

Those who know me know I'm a little obsessed with dystopian fiction. Yet I often find people are surprised when I say Fahrenheit 451 is one of my favourite books of all time. For many this book was either a little boring or not that great. The biggest complaint is one that, in my opinion, is highly reductive: 'the only message of the book is that censorship is wrong'.

So many of Fahrenheit 451's messages sadly remain untold stories. It's rich in astute observations and couched in a beautiful language that sprawls across what is actually a rather enthralling plot. There's so much more than simply burning books.

'If 1984 warns against militant jingoism, Fahrenheit 451 warns against that one might call **'jingleism'**. There's no better way to convey what I mean than with the ending of a speech from our antagonist, Captain Beatty: "Books cut shorter. Condensations. Digests. Tabloids. Everything boils down to the gag, the snap ending." 'Snap ending.' Mildred nodded."

The inhabitants of this society have very limited attention spans where all they care about is the snap ending. And as if to prove his point, the wife (Mildred) of our protagonist (Montag) repeats only his last two words. Mildred—along with everyone else in society—lives in a world of jingles: a world of catchy expressions, of short sharp snap endings.

Beatty acknowledges that boiling everything down to the gag results from the proliferation of entertainment and the population boom. With more people and more entertainment, time pressures squeeze entertainment to a pulp. From the pulped pile of books emerged attention-grabbing, simplistic jingles. **What's disturbing is less the abstract potentialities this represents, but the concrete realities it mirrors:** this is hardly an unfamiliar story. In Australia, one immigration policy was simply the three word slogan, "Stop the boats". What makes this so dangerous is that it is presented without any nuance or rational argumentation.

People often don't follow leaders or policies because they're good—but because their jingle rouses up a mob mentality. In an analysis of Trump's speech, linguists have found a particular prevalence of repetition and polarisation—out with external discussion and nuance, in with forceful catchphrases and divisive black-or-white viewpoints.

Bradbury warns against a populace cognitively incapable of tuning in for anything longer than the snap ending—for the catchphrases. They haven't the ability to hear nuanced arguments, they can only hear the jingle.

Politically, poisoning its inhabitants with jingleism allows the society to be utterly repressed. As Beatty goes on to explain in his characteristically wonderful way, one need only "whirl man's mind around so fast under the pumping hands of publishers, exploiters, broadcasters, that the centrifuge flings off all unnecessary, time-wasting thought". And with thought out of the way, Beatty and the rest of the leadership becomes unaccountable—people are not only unable to think for themselves, but they're incapable of engaging with anything which isn't catchy.

Everyone in the society becomes reduced to the mental capacity of an infant, and the rulers can do what they want. The extremely stupid population simply don't engage with politics—they have no awareness, never mind any say.

It's tempting, as with much dystopian fiction, to frame this in Orwellian terms—the big bad oppressive authorities reduce the population to shrivelled wrecks to cement their power. But there's no explicit authoritarian or morally flawed goal underlying all of this. Bradbury himself claims it's "less about Big Brother and more about Little Sister". Contrary to the reductionist claims I so often hear, this isn't really a story of the political elite exploiting the masses via censorship. In fact, this is a story where **the masses subjugate themselves** in the name of happiness—something we, as much as they, value. And that is the real reason this is so scary.

Bradbury's society is full of people who have corroded their own mental capacities, stopped thinking, and thrown themselves into chains. This regression, of course, is symbolised by the banning and burning of books; books, after all, are a symbol of thought and of patience. Most disturbingly of all, we learn that "the firemen are rarely necessary. The public itself stopped reading of its own accord." **Authoritarian oppression is not required—society represses itself.**

Total annihilation is the ending to this particular tale. Sadly, such an ending doesn't seem so far from reality. Lockdown is our own dystopia and has shown us how dangerous ignorance can be. But again, people wrongly appropriate the military themes of 1984 to Fahrenheit 451. In 1984, war was a constant, purposefully forced upon the cultural consciousness. But in Fahrenheit 451, we barely see the war. The people are like pacified babies—incapable of thought and emotion, they are utterly ignorant of the threat.

The most powerful message is **the problem with jingleism on a personal scale**. What is humanity worth if not for thought and emotion? The characters of Fahrenheit 451—with the exception of the charming Clarisse, discerning Beatty and a few others—are utterly vapid. When presented with poetry, Mildred's wife and her friends burst into tears. They sit all day in a room with 4 massive TV screens for walls, and at night they use "little Seashells" in their ears. Bradbury would be rolling in his grave at the development of earphones, iPhones, and virtual reality.

Television, for Bradbury, represented the short-term anaesthetic pleasure that leads to an inescapable unhappiness. It's the easy way out; the choice not to love. Partially from a fear of pain and partially from the evolutionary need to pay attention to the loud and the bright, we choose to bury ourselves in clickbait YouTube, mind-numbing TV series, and attention-grabbing headlines. Beatty—as we've come to expect—summarises nicely: "Life becomes one big pratfall, Montag; everything bang, boff, and wow!"

Soon, people lose the ability to sit down for a few hours to read a good book. As we fill our lives with more and more ostentatious entertainment, we neurologically lose the ability to engage in less stimulating activities—**our brain either wants brazen vulgarity, or it goes to sleep.**

For me, Fahrenheit 451 cautions us not to lose our humanity in the name of happiness. It cautions us not to subjugate ourselves by becoming intellectually infantile. There's an underlying smugness to the allegation that the book is just about censorship—"we don't censor, we don't burn books". Even many who claim to love it "fail to notice it's we TV watchers who are the villains", as Steve West notes. Maybe my fear is confirmed by the fact that so many have such a superficial reading of Fahrenheit 451. That's why I think it's a story worth telling.

Jamie Slagel

OF Fahrenheit 451

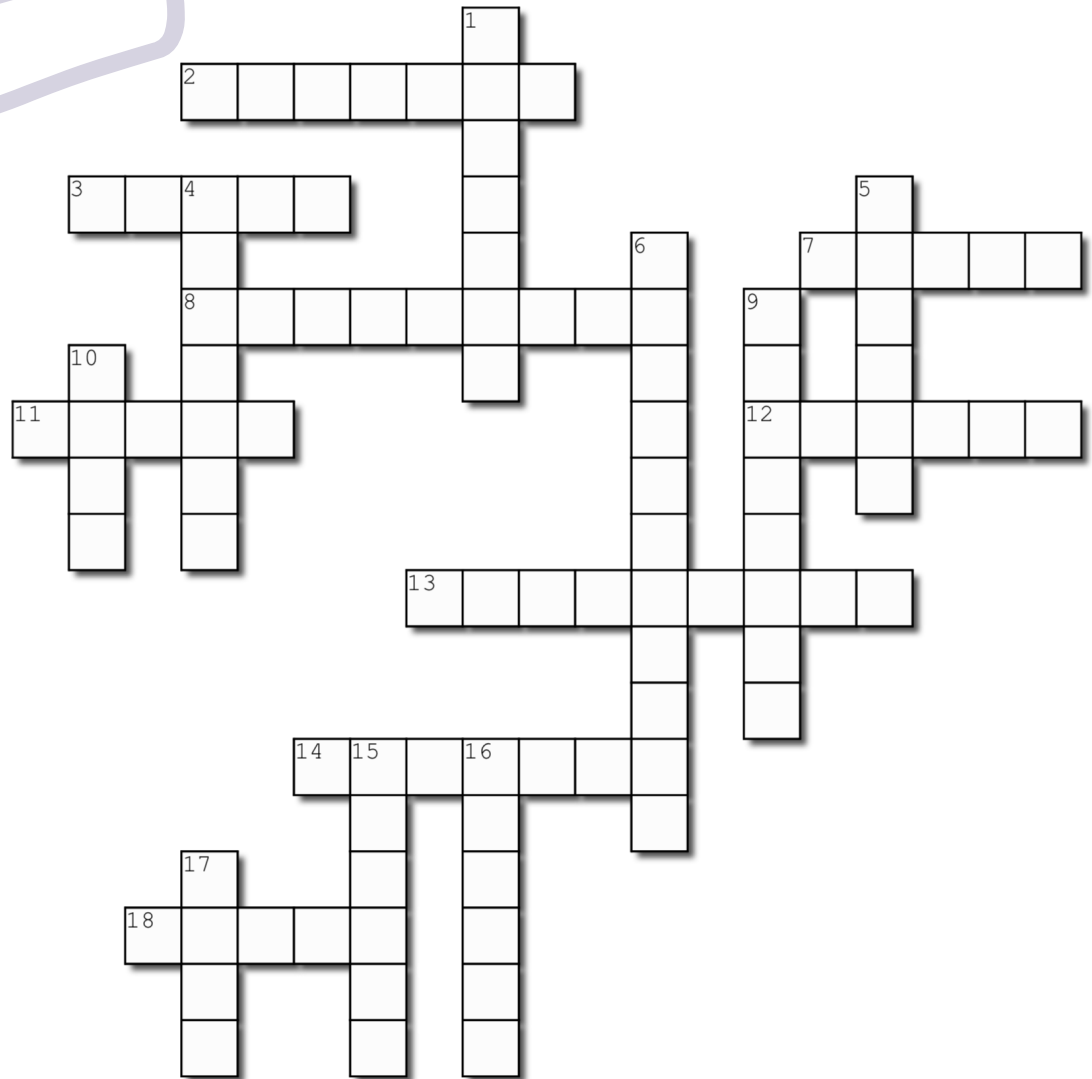
TWENTY-FOUR

CROSSWORD

PUZZLE OVER THESE (TOLD) STORIES
WITH *JENSON DAVENPORT*

ACROSS

- Notes of a Native Son
- 'So it goes...'
- This Tab loves to confront the classics
- A small passerine bird in the finch family
- Edward Albee asks 'who's afraid of her
- Lyra's other half
- Call me Ishmael
- Iranian ethnic group and predominant ruling class in Afghanistan
- Christ! That's a best seller!



DOWN

- Mined by Dwarfs, this metal is lighter and stronger than steel
- She knows why the caged birds sing
- Ask him anything, he's Wooster's valet
- The number of steps John Buchan takes
- Siddhartha's path to enlightenment
- Isn't it good, Norwegian...
- French city sur-Somme; the birdsong keeps a man fighting
- This one's elementary, my dear reader
- How many books make a trilogy, Douglas?