The Garden Statuary

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LETTER FROM THE EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

Welcome to Issue 8 of *The Garden Statuary*!

Both the fall and spring issues accrued a record number of submissions this past year, which was exciting evidence of both our growth as a publication and the strength of UBC's creative literary scene. We would like to thank all published authors for their interest, dedication, and continued support for *TGS*.

As editors-in-chief, we are deeply grateful for everyone on the *TGS* team who made issue 8 possible: our journal coordinator Sam, our submissions manager Yun, our editors, and our illustrators. In particular, we would like to thank our editor and illustrator Kathy Nguyen for illustrating this issue's fabulous cover and for her long-standing contributions to *TGS.*

Finally, we would like to thank the UBC English Department, the UBC English Students' Association, and the UBC Creative Writing Department for their continued support. We would also like to express our sincere appreciation for all students who submitted to *TGS* across both issues: thank you for sharing your work with us, as the journal would not be what it is without your contributions. Going forward, *TGS* hopes to continue to showcase exemplary work from the undergraduate literary scene here at UBC.

With sincere gratitude,
Chimedum Ohaegbu & Christine Xiong
Editors-in-Chief

A note from Sam:

On behalf of the editorial board, the illustrators, and myself, I would like to thank Chimedum and Christine for their support, good humour, and dedication this year! The success of this issue is in large part due to their leadership.

A/S/L?

ESTHER CHEN

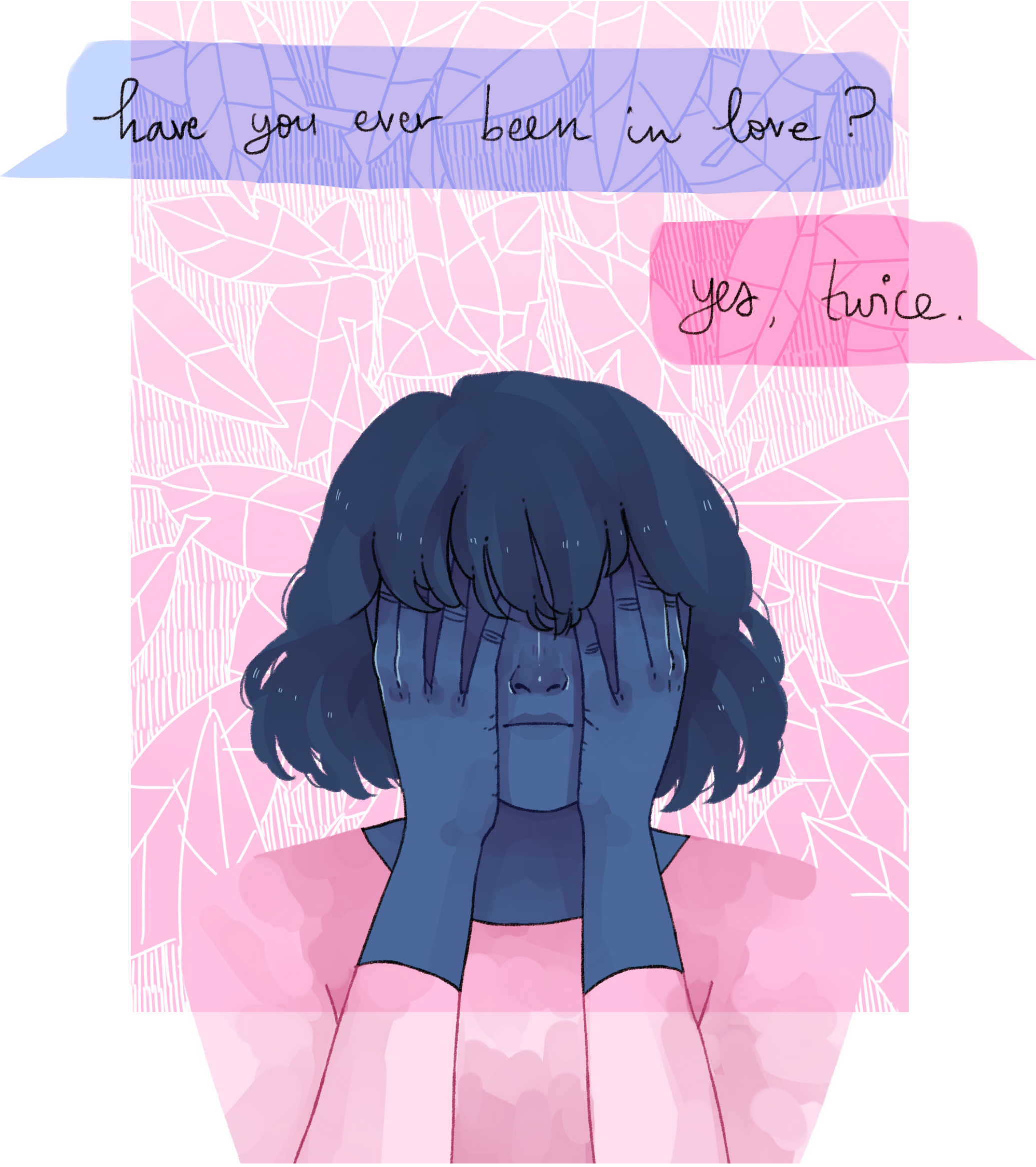
late nite haibun

tonight i posted in the subreddit community r/ama and called it ‘im stoned and i have a broken heart AMA’. it got one response and two upvotes. the response said ‘want company ?’ i deleted the thread and started again. the new thread said ‘i am a human being, 21, drinking water currently’ even though so is everyone. that is the joke. haha. it only got four upvotes but a lot of people commented so that is good. u/Memey-McMemeFace asked ‘bottled or tap’ and i did not reply because obviously tap. another comment said ‘do you have skin?’ and i said ‘not yet’. since no one was asking about any of the good stuff i went to another thread and asked myself. u/Lunaaa posted about poltergeists and demons which is tremendous and also witchy so i thought maybe she would be good to ask. i wrote ‘have you ever been in love?’ and she said ‘yes, twice’. i said ‘was the second source from the same source as the first love? did it feel like a different species of animal or did it feel like the same bulb with a different lamp?’. she did not reply which sucks because that is what i really wanted to know.

It’s early morning.

I wake up and he’s not you,

and never will be.


have you ever been in love?
yes, twice.

AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

JAKE CLARK

What you don't know doesn't hurt you
But what you won't know always will

When Gassy Jack put up stakes, he said
"Drinks're on the house,
if ya build it."
I think he sold low on that one
A whole lot of people have given their lives for drink
And in a hard life, hard labour doesn't make a hard bargain
They named the borough Gastown,
though the burg's called Vancouver
I'm not sure why, I don't remember George at the tap
'Course, 'named' isn't the verb
'Renamed' is

Because the original story, as I'm given to understand it, involves the ocean and a raven, the smartest seabird you'd ever see
And more people'll tell you about the renaming, than can tell you the name

This is the New World, after all, so we made it new

As Ezra commanded

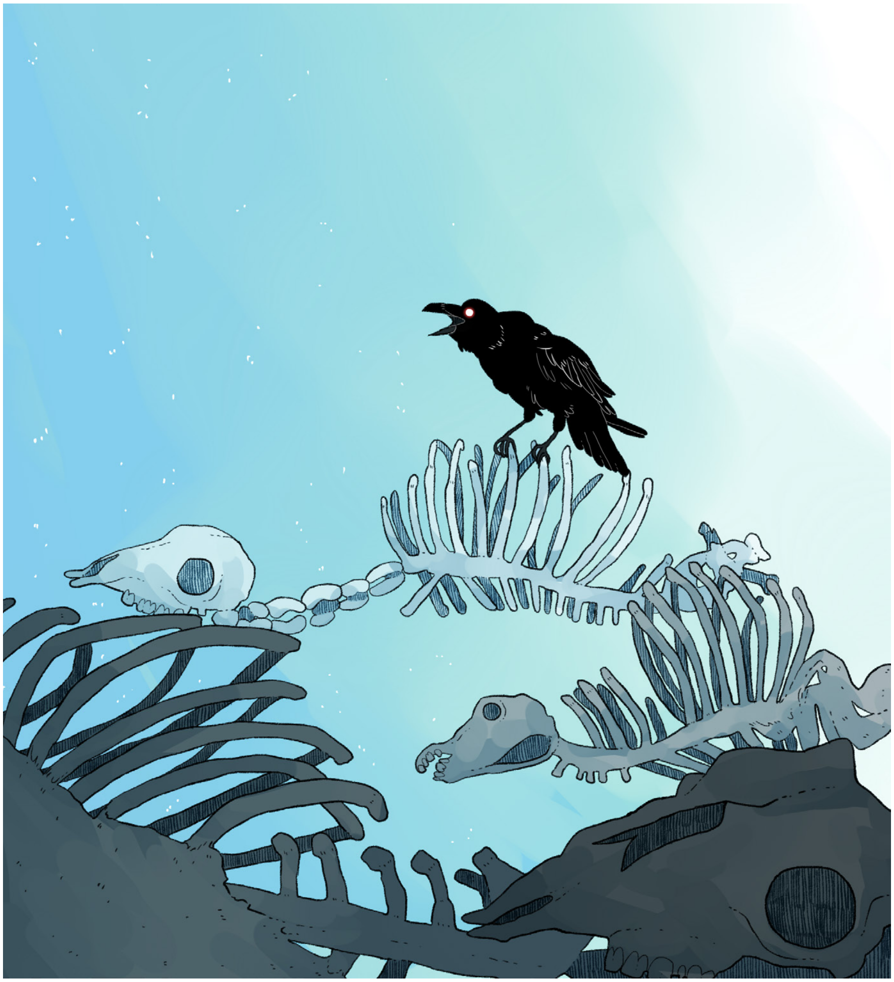
But what's his word worth, he fucked off to Italy, a country with half its skeleton showing, haberdashery notwithstanding, and that's about as Old World as you can get

New World cities are a lot like Old
World money, and both are a lot like lunchmeat

They feed a lot of people, but you may lose your appetite

To find out how they're made

– 'An acknowledgement'



THE ST. LEON WIND FARM

ALEX DAY

We pulled off the highway
because I didn't know how to turn
the windshield wipers on in my grandpa's truck.
Clumps of mud from a passing semi
forced me to lean over the wheel and crane to see.

Out front of the Killarney-Cartwright Co-op,
he asked me if I still thought driving was scary.
I answered,
"Sometimes,
in the last turn of a long trip
when the house comes into view."

I swear I heard once
most accidents happen
within a block from home,
just like how murders are usually committed
by the people you love.
I am not worried I'll be found
in a ditch halfway across the prairie;
it's not likely.

The windmills walk towards us as we drive,
each snow-covered field another horizon escaping.

People will hurt you just because you're close.
In grocery stores,
they are pressing their fingers into the apples,
squeezing heads of lettuce until the stalks
snap underneath the cellophane.
At home, we find things rotten

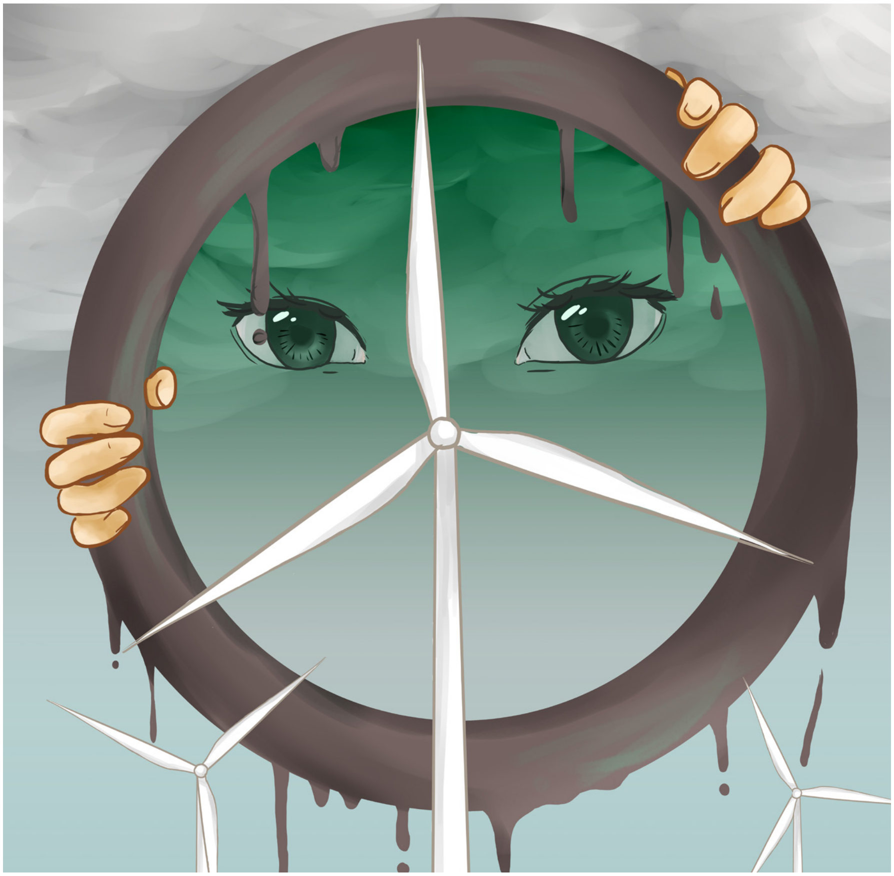
And act like we're surprised.

He checks the peach for bruises before taking a bite
and the juice runs down his chin.

"You could do anything you wanted to, you know."

Sunlight slashed apart by the turbines
freckles ditches, the blades soundless from inside.

I adjust my hands on the wheel, turn the heat down,
radio on--only static.



[YOU BUG ME]

JIA YUE HE

just a few months ago you were a worm.
you gorged yourself on greenness
then you stopped
& wrapped yourself in solitude.
two days ago, you became
fledgling stanzas that could barely flap,
so swollen with hemolymph –
now look at you. limping through the air
to the meter of your heartbeat
a visitor of midnight flowers
with eyes like brown sugar
and teeth like curved moons.

last winter
you didn’t even exist.
you were a smudge on the underside of a leaf
balanced on a needle
and then you left yourself a smudge.
you’ve learned
you’ve learned, I hope you have.
forget it.
go on to new things.

go.

pour your body
into thousands of creeping words,
watch them melt
into jelly and metamorphose
into strophes, scrape off the

gooey bits &
strands
of cocoon, from when you were young &
afraid of semicolons;
harvest the sound of silken
wings
in the shadow of an elm.

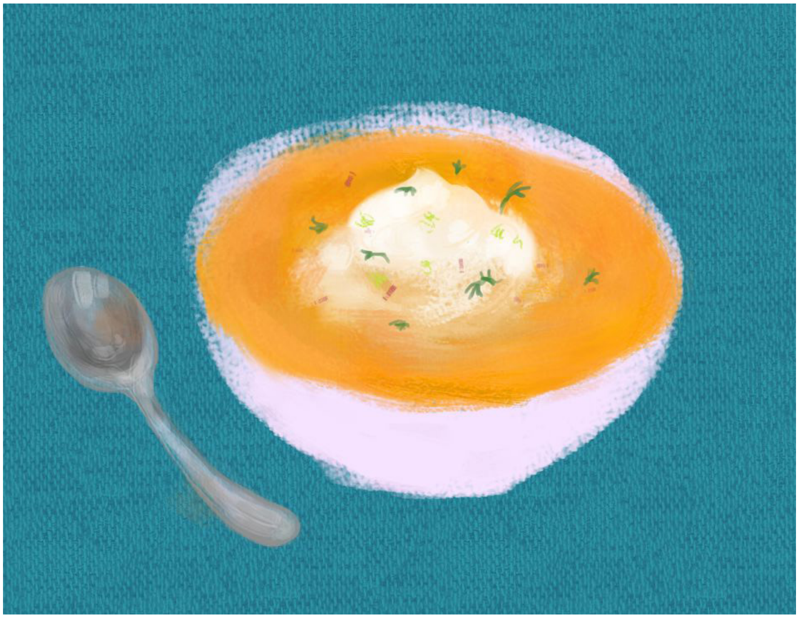
LUNCH

LIDIA COOEY HURTADO

dollop of sour cream

the garnish is a mystery

melt into the soup



TSUNDOKU

LEO YAMANAKA-LECLERC

My grandmother slept
in an alcove in her living room wall,
early-century façade solidified amidst the war
and the repercussions of *Shōwa*
on the fragments of the rising sun.

She once lived upstairs,
at a time when her body had been molded
of a more fluid dynamism.

And the old steep stairs
have forced her down
from the wide windowed rooms:
tatami made of rice,
the bamboo *shoji*
and the *futon* set low to the floor –
all beside the sliding panel which led
to the low cold roof,
a groaning pastel corrugation
where the laundry hung waiting hours
in an ancient comforting formlessness
in the shadow of the *shinkansen* tracks.

She made breakfast alone and content
in the single-file kitchen:
brewed a pot of *sencha*
and felt the aromas in her skin and mind,
stirred cloudy golden *miso*

while the rice-cooker made the *gohan*,
and the steam when she unveiled the finished product

painted sinewy whispers against the slanting cabinets
and the walls as old and withered and firm
as she.

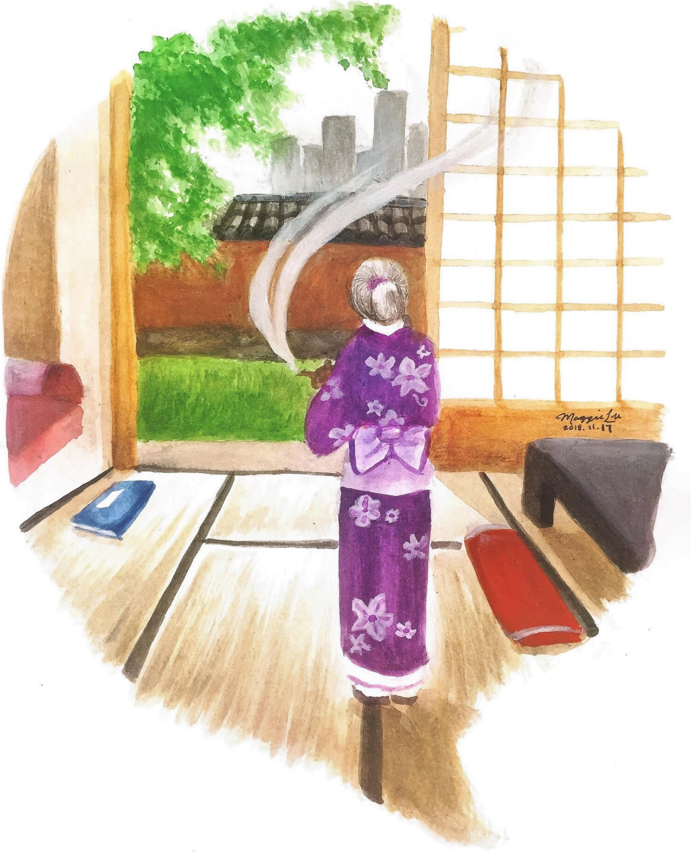
And when she shuffled out from the darkness,
delicately holding her feast
with ten wrinkled fingers strong as spider silk,
there remained behind her
a lovely cacophony of smell
which melted up and outwards
to bathe the house in the drug of home.

But it is all empty now:
the alley kitchen cold,
alcove bedroom an empty anomaly in the wall,
the soft breeze lonely without laundry
to kiss so gently beneath the sun,
the low-ceilinged concrete foyer
shoeless and clutter-less,
once a place of ritual welcome
and now a place of ritual cold:
what then of this once-home,
while she lives the rest of her days with others?

This is
        tsundoku
        (the art of buying books
        and leaving them unread)
built of food and family,
artificial earthquakes from passing trains,
the smell of *okonomiyaki*
from the home restaurant next door,

the dim city lights hardly visible
through concrete pillars and a thin twilit mist;

and when it is all empty there is nothing left
        but fragmentation –
so when I hear my grandmother’s voice over the phone,
a crackle across the Pacific,
I trace that old home
as language and the silences between words,
formless images weaving in and out of existence,
memory in its basest form:
synesthetic time,
and the DNA of the past
unbodied and untethered.



DEAR PAPA

SHIVANGI SIKRI

Papa,

I married Kavya, when I was five. The ceremony was lovely –
she gave me a gum ball ring, I gave her mom’s toe ring. When I told
you,
you joked that our bedsheet-church should be burned down.
Papa, who says that to his five-year-old?

Papa,

When I was thirteen, the salsa teacher leered at me with a cataract eye.
He spun me, he dipped me, he groped me – alone in a room of mirrors
with
infinite pedophiles putting their wet, sick, purple lips on infinite little
girls.
When I told you, you cried.

Papa,

You didn’t care too much the second time round. I guess it’s easier
to be angry with a salsa teacher than with your brother. Besides,
you said, he was drunk, it’s not his fault. Besides, you said,
wearing a scoop neck is basically asking for assault.
Papa, I’m disgusted to live in a world with men like you.

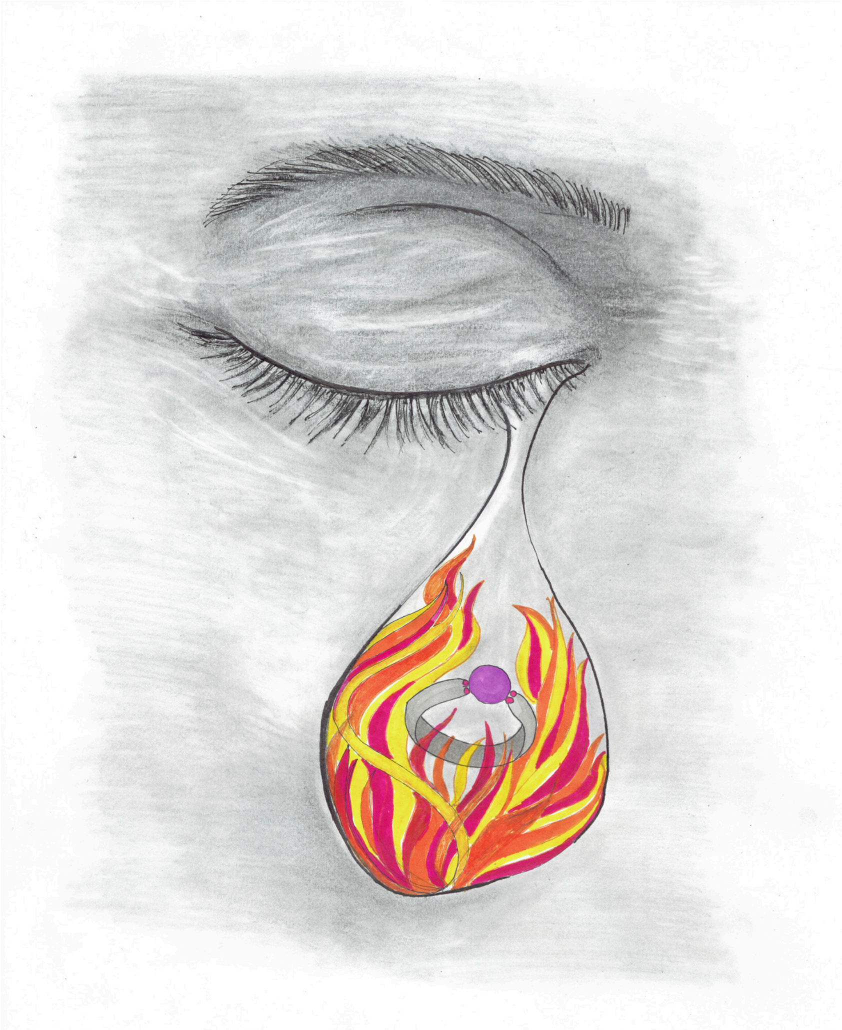
Papa,

Last summer, I told you I’m gay. No, I didn’t come out because
it’s trendy. No, those men didn’t ruin me. No, I don’t need therapy.
I expected these delusions. I didn’t expect you to pull my tuition.
I didn’t expect you to spit in my face. Saliva tainted my glasses,

crowding at the mint rim. A slap would have hurt less.

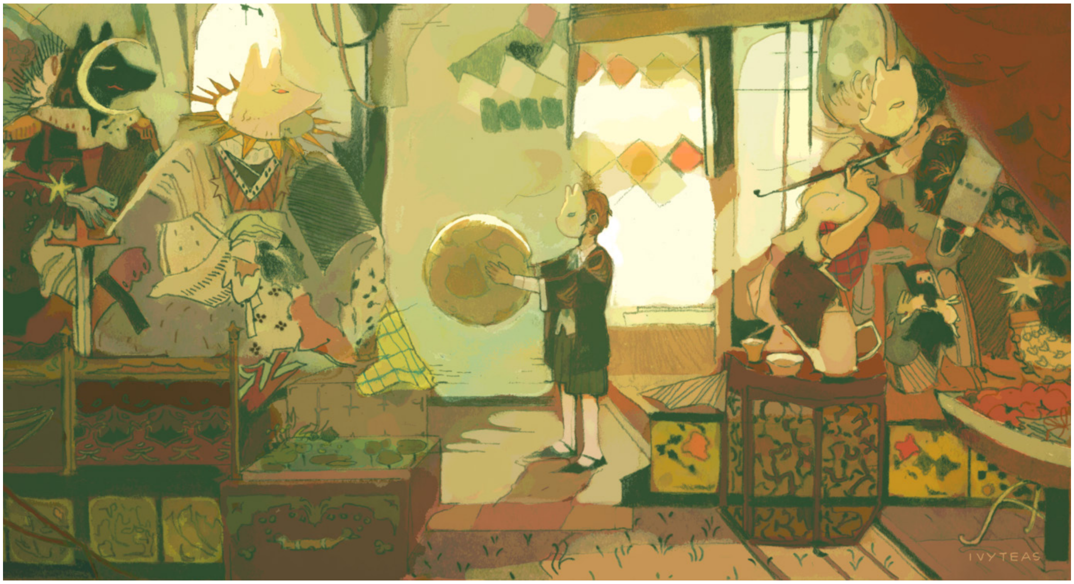
Papa, what did you do? Your own daughter can't stand to look at you.
I didn't expect you to spit in my face. Saliva tainted my glasses,
crowding at the mint rim. A slap would have hurt less.

Papa, what did you do? Your own daughter can't stand to look at you.



LUNARIAN DREAMS TO COURT

IVY TANG



This piece is a spoof of traditional courtly presentation. The elites in this culture, anthropomorphic creatures (left), assess the masked boy's presentation of his "ideal world," while a masked mother figure looks on (right). In contemporary society, we often wind up presenting a false front of who we are to the world, and play certain roles in order to fill in particular social niches. Those who play these roles may find themselves gradually morphing their own persona with their masks.

To adhere to social constraints in any way is to suppress certain parts of yourself. But the potential to share something of your own making, to express something genuine to the world, is a niche that remains available to anyone in the pursuit of individualism.

THE POSTMODERN SUBLIME: FREDERIC JAMESON'S BONAVENTURE HOTEL

CLAIRE GEDDES BAILEY

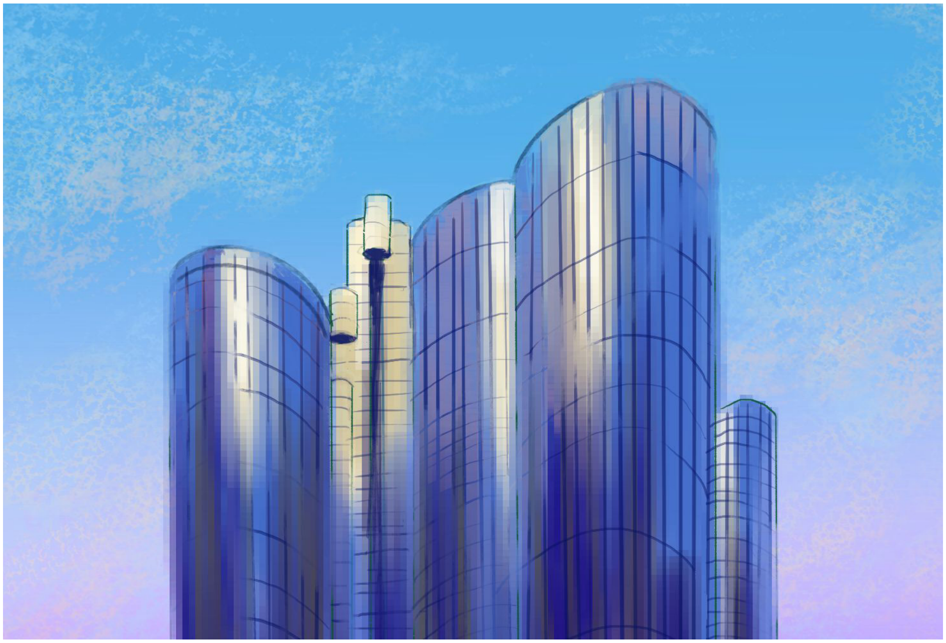
In 1756, Edmund Burke defined the sublime as "that state of the soul, in which all its motions are suspended, with some degree of horror" (49). The sublime of the Romantic period was rooted in the individual's relationship to nature; a person could experience the sublime by travelling, for instance, into the alps to feel the smallness of their body in comparison to vast and powerful nature. A sublime experience disrupted one's self-conception, reminding them of their size in relation to the world, as well as of their imminent death. In *Postmodernism*, Fredric Jameson analyzes the Westin Bonaventure Hotel in Los Angeles as a "full-blown postmodern building" (38). While the postmodern space Jameson describes is largely devoid of nature, I will argue that the Bonaventure Hotel exemplifies a postmodern sublime. This sublime shares attributes with the Romantic conception—the "astonishment… with some degree of horror" (Burke 49) remains, as does the re-configuration of the subject's self-perception in relation to their environment. However, the Bonaventure's postmodern sublime departs from previous conceptions in a few key ways: this sublime is mechanized rather than naturalized, located in urban space rather than nature, and disorients rather than reorients the subject in the landscape. Colin Marshall's video essay, "Los Angeles, the City in Cinema: the Bonaventure Hotel," shows us how these characteristics have been utilized in film and reveals that the postmodern sublime furthermore is rooted in spectacle. No longer an experience between an individual and nature, this sublime is most commonly accessed through Hollywood movies, and involves an imaginary public threat rather than an individual one.

The Bonaventure's glass elevators are one of the hotel's most obvious sublime features – spectacular from both inside and out, the elevators offer a vast view of downtown L.A. to riders while making the mechanical movements of the hotel visible to outsiders from afar. The external view of the moving elevators, which appear tiny in comparison to the glass towers, inspires awe and reminds one of their size in relation to the enormous built environment. This is a classic sublime experience transferred from natural to urban space. It is not surprising that the movies — one cultural arena in which invocations of the sublime remain commonplace — "find these elevators irresistible" (Marshall 00:14:41). However, the elevators do not simply offer the ability to access the sublime through mechanized means. As is visible in Vicki Baum's modernist novel *Grand Hotel*, mechanization is not new to the postmodern, nor is it new to invocations of the sublime; the novel's protagonist, Kringelein, invokes the sublime by identifying fear's centrality to pleasure after his experiences of mechanized transport in a car and plane (Baum 234). In the Bonaventure's postmodern space, Jameson suggests, one no longer enters a "transportation machine" (42) simply to access a different form of motion than the human body can offer, as Kringelein did. Instead, one enters the elevator or steps onto the escalator because it is the most natural form of motion. As Jameson writes, "escalators and elevators here henceforth replace movement but also, and above all, designate themselves as new reflexive signs and emblems of movement proper" (42). In other words, the individual body and its ability to move no longer acts as the frame of reference for distance and motion. Instead, the "transportation machines" of the elevator and escalator become the most basic forms of movement, and consequently redefine our sense of height, depth, speed, and motion. The elevators' centrality to the hotel thus present a sublime experience as they force individuals to reconceive of their bodies in relation to their environment. However, instead of becoming further aware of the body's scale and ability in the face of the sublime, the postmodern subject's body becomes a site of alienation and fragmentation, since the "signs and emblems of movement proper" are no longer intrinsically tied to the body — indeed, they can be walked out of and away from.

In the scene Marshall includes from *True Lies* (1994), a villain rides up one elevator on a motorcycle while the hero pursues in an adjacent elevator on horseback. In this scene, three 'eras' of transportation collide — the postmodern elevators, the modern motorcycle, and the classic horseback. While humorous and absurd, this scene is also emblematic of a postmodern condition in which time appears fragmented and non-linear. Normal narrative time and motion have collided in and been replaced by the narrative logic of the elevator — as Jameson puts it, "the narrative stroll has been underscored, symbolized, reified, and replaced by a transportation machine which becomes the allegorical signifier of that older promenade we are no longer allowed to conduct on our own: and this is a dialectical intensification of the autoreferentiality of all modern culture, which tends to turn upon itself and designate its own cultural production as its content" (42). Applied to the *True Lies* chase scene, Jameson's logic suggests that the elevator fulfills the narrative action by becoming the narrative action—the elevator both facilitates the chase and determines it (indeed, making the chase quite absurd, as one elevator will never speed up to overtake the other). Further, history here is collapsed — fragmented and pasted together in one autoreferential scene.

The sublime in the *True Lies* scene arises not only through the elevators' spectacle and re-centering of the body's scale, but also through the breaking of boundaries in public space. Urban society operates safely through the maintenance of boundaries and codes — for example, cars must not cross the boundary between road and sidewalk. A car travelling at fifty kilometres per hour is not frightening until it crosses the boundary into a pedestrian zone, at which point it becomes terrifyingly monstrous. Seen from a distance (i.e., as an audience in a movie theatre), this terror is translated into a sublime spectacle. Similarly, horses and motorcycles are not necessarily remarkable in their own right, but a motorcycle and a horse in publicly-used elevators could be called sublime due to their transgression of normal boundaries. The movie scenes depicted in Marshall's video essay frequently play upon this theme; the boundaries keeping each category of public space separate (and therefore safe) are transgressed, causing a sublime terror to ensue. Suddenly the mundane environment of the hotel lobby or entryway shifts in valence; strangers turn from passersby to threats, and the vast and unknown public crowd itself becomes the sublime terror. For example, *Hard to Kill* (1990)'s protagonist's abrupt outburst of physical violence in the Bonaventure lobby suddenly turns milling people to a frightened and frightening crowd. While a guest's proximity to a large number of strangers also appears threatening in modernist hotel narratives, in the Bonaventure's postmodern space this threat is amplified by the size of the crowd and the space's disorienting quality. Where the modernist hotel characters feared hotel thieves and individual murderers, the fear now—as seen in many of Marshall's movie clips — is a break in public norms leading to a sublime (vast, unbounded) threat.

A more literal public boundary is the hotel's glass walls. Jameson suggests that "the glass skin repels the city outside" (42). The reflective glass, Jameson argues, suggests that the hotel was built not to stand out as a utopia, as modern architecture was, but instead to take on the city's vernacular and blend in, forming another invisible law of public space. Like the boundary between road and sidewalk, the glass is unseen until it is broken, something which produces another opportunity to invoke the sublime cinematically. Marshall includes several scenes in which the hotel's glass is broken to allow for the unquestionably sublime threat of falling from a great height. Here the built environment takes on the role that mountains or canyons played for the Romantics: as a Romantic subject would stand on the edge of a cliff to experience the sublime, the postmodern subject stands at the top of a tall glass building. In the postmodern situation, however, a literal fragmentation must occur before the individual falls—no longer is the body in direct conversation with "a mappable external world" (Jameson 44) but instead is at several layers of remove. Jameson argues that the hotel "aspires to being a total space, a complete world, a kind of miniature city" (40). If this is so, the breaking of the glass must also fragment the space's totality, causing not only a fall of the individual but



also of the “new collective practise” of the “hypercrowd” within (Jameson 40). Again, then, the postmodern sublime involves not only the falling individual but also the public, whose normative behaviour is fragmented at the same time as the glass.

Jameson argues that the Bonaventure presents an example of “postmodern hyperspace [that] has finally succeeded in transcending the capacities of the individual human body to locate itself…in a mappable external world” (44), while Marshall suggests that the lobby “causes the kind of confusion that verges on the sublime” (00:06:14). Jameson elaborates, suggesting that this “disjunction point” between the body and the built environment stands as a symbol of “the incapacity of our minds, at least at present, to map the great global multinational and decentered communicational network in which we find ourselves caught as individual subjects” (44). This, I argue, is an articulation of the postmodern sublime. The Bonaventure’s interior, according to Jameson, makes the individual aware of the inadequacy of their body and perceptual abilities in the built environment, which further emblematizes an individual smallness and disorientation in the face of current global networks. Interestingly, movies also recognize Jameson’s words, “at least at present” (44), as some of the few characters who navigate the Bonaventure with ease are those in futuristic science fiction films. Though these characters share our bodies, the figures moving through the set of *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century* (1979) handle the space easily, and though the scifi landscape appears sublime to a present-day audience, the characters on-screen do not react to it as such. Indeed, Marshall juxtaposes two nearly identical shots of the Bonaventure's interior—one from Buck Rogers and the other from *Midnight Madness* (1980). The present-day characters in Midnight Madness flounder about the space, completely disoriented, while the characters in Buck Rogers appear right at home in the same shot (00:08:06 – 00:08:35). The movie imagines a future human individual who "possess[es] the perceptual equipment to match this new hyperspace," and thus reinforces Jameson's idea that the Bonaventure is a space present-day subjects "do not yet possess" (38, my emphasis) the ability to properly perceive.

Now, instead of facing (as the Romantic subject would) a vast but unified natural world, the present-day individual faces a vast and dis-unified world which the human subject cannot locate themselves within. Even in the "miniature city" of the Bonaventure Hotel, the subject is unable to get their bearings in public space. In order to do so, they must step into a machine (the elevator), which again removes the central point of reference from the human body and fragments it into mechanical forms. This has narrative consequences, because characters must either conform to the uniform narrative logic of machines, or 'break the glass' of public space — an extremely fragmenting act which inevitably breaks the norms of the collective public, transforming them into a group of mutually threatening people. This disoriented public embodies the Bonaventure's postmodern sublime; once more autoreferential, they are both threatened subjects and threatening objects, both reliant on and fragmented by mechanization, and are both at home in and totally foreign to urban space. This is a new awe — no longer a simple commune between individual and nature, the postmodern subject's sublime experience must grapple with an urban space built not for their own, but for a futuristic human body.

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NAMING IN TOLKIEN: SEMANTICS VS. REFERENCE

JAMESON THOMAS

This paper seeks to analyze naming strategies employed in J. R. R. Tolkien's *The Silmarillion* and Charles Williams' *All Hallows Eve*. While both authors' approaches to languages may be characterized as non-arbitrary, there is a divergence between Tolkien's semantic and Williams' referential emphasis in how names evoke meaning.

By 'Tolkien's semantic emphasis,' I suggest that the meaning in Tolkien's use of names is found in the semantics of the name, or how the name would appear in a dictionary entry if it were not a proper noun: it's etymology, morphology, definition, etc. By 'Williams' referential emphasis', I suggest that the meaning in Williams' use of names is operative and found in the name's referring to an entity. I take 'meaning' to be a kind of literary significance—meaning contributes to and becomes a part of the narrative, character, conflict, or other aspects of the work itself.[1] My use of 'naming' varies slightly with respect to each author: for Tolkien, naming will be the giving of a name, or the taking away of a name; for Williams, it is merely the pronouncement of a name.

Plato's Cratylus seems a fitting place to begin my discussion of names: two Athenians, Hermogenes and Cratylus, entreat Socrates to arbitrate their dispute over whether the "correctness of a name is determined by … convention and agreement,"[2] or whether the "correctness of a name consists in displaying the nature of the thing it names."[3] The former, 'Hermogean' view suggests that phonetic symbols are entirely arbitrary, while the latter, the 'Cratylic' view suggests that every name has an inherent relationship to and represents a part of reality, or nature. For the rest of my paper, I will use 'arbitrary' in the sense that Hermogenes does, i. e. as being determined by "convention and agreement."

Alistair Fowler cites Anne Barton as using the terms Hermogean and Cratylic to separate "the ordinary, meaningless name and the meaningful, moral name" from one another, however Fowler suggests that this presents a difficult distinction in literature where "every word…is supposed to be meaningful."[4] Although the popular view on language is that words are basically arbitrary, I am going to assume (with Fowler) that this is not the case in literature. Further, I'm going to lay down the assumption that in literature, it is an axiom that a name in particular is meaningful. There are various ways in which a name can convey meaning in literature: in virtue of the etymological value of the word, an allusion it evokes (whether historical or literary), or because of the particular object it denotes. As Fowler puts it, "[e]very word has associations, private and communal, which give it meaning."[5] This is especially true for names.

For both Tolkien and Williams names are not arbitrary, neither insofar as they are all crafted or chosen by the writers themselves nor insofar as arbitrariness stands opposed to meaningfulness. Tolkien's names are not arbitrary in any sense of arbitrariness, much less the particular sense I noted above. He painstakingly fashions them out of his invented languages, making them not arbitrary in virtue of the fact that they are not determined by convention and agreement but by a dēmiourgos. Because the names Williams uses are names that we encounter day to day, they might seem arbitrary or meaningless, especially when compared to Tolkien's invented names. Yet, I maintain that they contribute just as much meaning to Williams' *All Hallows Eve* as Tolkien's do for *The Silmarillion* and other books in his corpus. The names for both authors always have meaning, but there is a distinction wherein the meaning is found.

I

Regarding Tolkien's process of naming, we may assert that he was a naturalist—he believed that every name essentially displays its referent's nature. Treebeard, in Tolkien's *The Two Towers* tells the Hobbits Merry and Pippin that "[r]eal names tell you the story of the things they belong to."[6] This sentiment is captured in many of Tolkien's characters but particularly in Feanor, a character from *The Silmarillion* whose name means "Spirit of Fire"[7] and whose spirit was "so fiery" that "his body fell to ashe"[8] at his passing. Ernst Cassirer states that "[t]he notion that name and essence bear a necessary and internal relationship to each other, that the name does not merely denote but actually is the essence of its object, that the potency of the real thing is contained in the name—that is one of the fundamental assumptions of the mythmaking consciousness."[9] Commenting on Tolkien's name-formation in his mythmaking, Humphrey Carpenter says that Tolkien's attitude would not be: "'This is not as I wish it to be… I must change it.'"[10] Instead, it would be: "'What does this mean? I must *find out*.'"[11] Tolkien seemed to see names as their own entities with their own inherent stories and histories, each arrangement of phonemes containing a character which was his to 'discover'. After a name presented itself out of his invented languages, he would set about to 'find out' who the name belonged to. This desire to 'find out' names, and the belief that a name contains the essence of its referent are the foundations of Tolkien's semantic emphasis in meaning.

While there are endless examples of etymologically and semantically significant names in Tolkien's corpus, there are a few whose names work as a narrative tool. This phenomena typically manifests in the naming or (un)naming of characters. For example, the chief foe in

Tolkien's epic is Melkor—a lucifer-figure who, like the devil in the Judeo-Christian tradition, undergoes a change of name. The devil's principle name-change is from Lucifer, 'The Morning Star', to Satan, 'The Adversary'. Likewise, Melkor, "He Who Arises in Might,"[12] becomes Morgoth, "The Black Enemy."[13] In both cases, the first name is more reverent than the latter. 'The Morning Star' is a more neutral name than 'The Adversary', which is loaded with a priori negative connotations. Although 'He Who Arises in Might' arguably has negative connotations too, it is far less explicitly negative than 'The Black Enemy'. To name someone as your enemy or adversary is to both direct your gaze to them in opposition and demand that their gaze be levelled against you. Thus the renaming in this instance constitutes an action which brings two individuals to an equal plain of opposition against one another.

It's important to acknowledge the circumstance of Melkor's (re)naming. The narrator in the *Valaquenta*, while discussing Melkor, states that this "name he has forfeited".[14] Although this forfeiting is never explicitly explained, one assumes that it has to do with the rape of the Silmarils. It is Feanor, from whom the Silmarils have been stolen, who (re) names Melkor 'The Black Enemy' before committing himself and his sons to an oath of vengeance.[15] Janet Croft states that in naming, a person "may assert a certain amount of power over the named, or indicate their equality with… the named entity".[16] How one chooses to address another indicates the perception one has towards that other, and how one character names another can have significant ramifications for the narrative. One example, pointed out by Croft, is Harry Potter's choice to use the name Voldemort while others instead use 'He Who Must Not Be Named.'[17] Harry's choice to use his enemy's true name belies their protagonist-antagonist relationship.[18] For Feanor, naming Melkor is an assertion of power which allows him to claim equality with his foe, introducing a certain, new dynamic of power. Following this watershed (re)naming, Melkor becomes the direct foe of the Noldorin. Although he was and remains the foe of all Middle-earth, it is Feanor's people, his sons in particular, who maintain the oath of vengeance against 'The Black Enemy'. Thus, by way of Feanor (re)naming Melkor, Tolkien uses the semantics of names to assert and control relations of power between characters.

Additionally, Tolkien uses naming to change the semantic value of the individual referred to by that name. If Tolkien is a naturalist, and thus believed that "name and essence bear a necessary and internal relationship,"[19] then the name is equivalent to the referent. They both have the same semantic value in that the name (i.e. Feanor) corresponds to the natural reality in the referent (has a 'spirit of fire'). Is it possible, then, to change the natural reality of the referent by changing their name? Croft thinks so and calls the phenomenon *logizomai*.[20] She quotes Fleming Routledge's discussion of logizomai in Tolkien's work: "If someone is 'reckoned as righteous' (Romans 4:1-12), he actually becomes so; the root is logos (word), so the person is 'worded into' a new identity by being so 'reckoned.'"[21] For example, consider Frodo's attempts to (re)name Gollum Smeagol—he tries to draw out that which was once good in Gollum by calling him Smeagol, the name more closely associated with his pre-ring, good self. Also consider Turin's constant attempts to re-name himself ("Neithan the Wronged, The Dread Helm, Agarwaen son of Úmarth, The Black Sword, Wildman of the Woods"[22]) which culminate in the name Turambar, "Master of Doom."[23] This name is ironic, given his 'mastering doom' occurs in the moment in which he casts himself upon the sword Gurthang.[24] Logizomai is the action of altering someone's name so as to alter the natural reality contained semantically in that name.

The above testifies to the semantic significance names hold in Tolkien's work. He saw names as having an inherent relationship to the people they refer to, and thus Naming, (un)naming, (re)naming, and logizomai as creative tools all play out of this 'natural', Cratylic view. For Tolkien, Names contribute meaning insofar as they carry semantic significance.[25]

II

Williams' use of names is quite different from Tolkien's: they acquire meaning in how they are used referentially, rather than semantically. As far as a cursory glance at the names could tell, only one name has any inherent semantic significance: Simon de Clerk, whose name echoes Simon Magus[26], recorded in Acts 8:9-24 as being a magician. While this is a significant allusion, it is an isolated occurrence—names are used meaningfully by Williams through their ability to refer, not their semantics.

In Janet Croft's analysis of names, she asserts that "a name has three essential components"[27]: (1) there is the name itself, carrying its etymological, allusionary[28], or historical senses; (2) the person, thing, or place being named; and (3) the name-giver. While Tolkien's semantic emphasis on naming derives meaning from (1), Williams' referential emphasis derives meaning from (2). A name is significant when it is uttered, because the name itself evokes its referent.

Elizabeth Tilley, speaking of the use of general language in *All Hallows Eve*, states that while "[m]eaning is not arbitrary," uttering a "word… brings into being the reality behind the word."[29] To contrast Tolkien's semantic approach from Williams' referential approach, I present the name Yahweh. Semantically, Yahweh means "(the) self-Existent or Eternal,"[30] and has profound religious connotations, especially given its similarity to the Hebrew copula, à la Exodus 13:3. Tolkien would likely use the semantic understanding of the name to reinforce or elucidate characteristics of Yahweh like his eternality, unchangeability, or independence.[31] But for Williams "[t]he signifier Yahweh *is* the signified God"[32]—the significance in the name Yahweh is in its reference to the object it denotes. Therein lies the difference: for Williams, to use a name is to evoke the named.

With that notion in place, the episode at the beginning of *All Hallows Eve* in which Lester, a recently deceased character, uses the name God 'in vain' takes on new light. After encountering her fellow-deceased, Evelyn, in the realm esoterically called The City, there follows a moment in which Lester exclaims "Oh my God!"[33] Although it had been in her life "the kind of casual exclamation she… had been in the habit of throwing about," a saying which "meant nothing," in The City "every word meant something."[34] Naming the Judeo-Christian God evoked something of him, and so in the following moments he comes, at least as an effect. She begins to speak in "a great precise prehistoric language" which is explained to be the "speech of Adam or Seth or Noah."[35] All of her own words are unintelligible to her as she begins to speak Hebrew until she utters the name of her living husband Richard. This is "the only word common to her and the City in which she stood,"[36] and this is only because it operates referentially. When God's name is uttered there is an effect, particularly in that Lester begins to speak Hebrew; likewise, there is also an effect when Richard's name is spoken, for "she almost saw his face… his face was part of the meaning."[37]

In the circumstances in the examples above, the signifiers God and Richard are the signified God and Richard. Because Lester is a metaphysical step from both God and Richard, it is hard for her to evoke either by concretely naming them. When Lester uses the name of Richard, she can only 'almost' see his face, because she is a metaphysical step away from him— she is dead while he is alive. Alternatively, Lester's use of the name of God is her evoking as much of him as she can metaphysically comprehend. The traditional Judeo-Christian view of God is of a largely transcendent being who might manifest himself subtly or in a particular way[38], but who never manifests himself entirely.[39] Thus, Williams has God's presence felt as an affectation upon the language used by Lester. When Lester names, the name refers to the named and evokes that entity in a meaningful way.

Williams also incorporates (un) naming into his creative toolbox; this is what Tilley speaks of when she suggests that in *All Hallows Eve*, "sin consists of the attempt to divorce signifier and signified."[40] When Simon performs his occult magic, divorcing the signifier and signified is precisely what he does. Simon's father, a philologist, "knewsounds and the roots of sounds, almost the beginnings of sounds… [and in this,] the son followed his father."[41] With this knowledge of phonology, Simon debases and reverses the uttered Tetragrammaton (YHWH) to enact magic, such as when he attempts to send Betty, his daughter, into The City permanently: "He could utterly pronounce the reversed Name— not that it was to him a Name, for his whole effort had been to deprive it of any real meaning."[42] When Simon utters the reversed Tetragrammaton, he completely divorces the signifier (the name) from the signified (what should be God). The name no longer refers to its original referent. Williams seems to imply that the Name, because it is reversed and thus

lacking meaning, fuels Simon's occult magic. Perhaps this refers to an anti-God, to whom Simon then appeals for his magic. It could also be the opposite of what happened when Lester spoke the name of God occurs, and God's presence is entirely drawn away, leaving room for a different power.

Nothing is explicit in Williams' work besides the fact that he places immense meaning in the relationship between a name and the entity to which it refers. It is this relationship which contributes significantly to the narrative. Nothing profoundly semantic (at least not in the Tolkien sense) occurs, but something operative does: the signifier is the signified, and the anti-signifier is the anti-signified.

III

This paper distinguishes the ways in which names produce meaning in Tolkien's and Williams' work. For Tolkien, names produce meaning in their semantic value: the name's semantics are used to move the narrative, enunciate conflict, and to affect the natural reality of their referents. For Williams, names produce meaning operatively in how they refer: the name as signifier is the same as the signified — this metaphysical connection between the name and the the person it represents contributes meaning and significance to the story. Although both authors represent markedly different approaches to names—Tolkien with a sixty-eight page 'index of names' at the end of *The Silmarillion*, versus Williams with only a handful of plain, 'English' names introduced throughout the whole of *All Hallows Eve*—they both present engaging, exciting works which have garnered each individual much acclaim and appreciation. Just as each author uses names to evoke meaning in their own works, these works, in-turn, evoke meaning for their readers: one reads Tolkien's grand narrative of the beginning through until the end of the cosmos he creates, and they are drawn outside of themselves, placed in a world slightly alien. One gets the sense that *The Silmarillion* and the world it uncovers is just as real as the one we inhabit. A reader of Williams is struck by how the supernatural and sacred reach down and permeate the version of our world he paints, leading them to wonder whether that world is more of a painting or a picture of our own. Tolkien and his semantic understanding of names create a world to which we can escape, one that seems very real and live; Williams and his referential understanding of names imbues our own world with a sense of the divine, with magic, with a new, fresh vivacity.

[1] By semantics, I mean how the name would appear in a dictionary entry if it were not a proper noun: its etymology, morphology, definition, etc.

[2] This is intentionally ambiguous, it widens the scope of significance.

[3] Plato, *Complete Works*, ed. John M. Cooper and D. S. Hutchinson (Indianapolis, Ind: Hackett Pub, 1997), Cratylus 384c.

[4] Ibid. 428d-e.

[5] Alastair Fowler, "Proper naming: Personal names in literature," *Essays in Criticism*, vol. 58, no. 2 (2008): 98.

[6] Fowler, 99.

[7] Who really knows the etymological history/significance of their own name?

[8] J. R. R. Tolkien, *The Lord of the Rings*, (London: HarperCollins Publishers, 2005), 467.

[9] J. R. R. Tolkien, *The Silmarillion*, ed. Christopher Tolkien (London: HarperCollins Publishers, 1999), 396.

[10] Ibid, 121.

[11] Ernst Cassirer, *Language and myth*. 1st Dover ed. (New York: Dover Publications, 1953), 3.

[12] Humphrey Carpenter, *Tolkien: The Authorized Biography* (George Allan & Unwin Ltd, 1977), 94.

[13] Tolkien, *The Silmarillion*, 410.

[14] Ibid, 412.

[15] Ibid, 23.

[16] Ibid, 83, 88-89.

[17] Janet Brennan Croft, "Naming the evil one: Onomastic strategies in Tolkien and Rowling," *Mythlore* 28 no. ½ (2009): 149.

[18] Ibid, 159.

[19] Harry Potter on other occasions chooses to use Voldemort's given name, Tom Riddle, which is worth further consideration.

[20] Cassirer, 3.

[21] The Greek Verb λογίζομαι: to count, consider, deem, reckon (The Middle-Liddel dictionary).

[22] Fleming Rutledge, *The Battle for Middle-earth: Tolkien's Divine Design in the Lord of the Rings*, (Grand Rapids, MI: Eerdmans, 2014), 136 quoted in Croft, "Naming the evil one: Onomastic strategies in Tolkien and Rowling," 151.

[23] Janet Brennan Croft, "Noms de guerre: The power of naming in war and conflict in middle-earth," *Mythlore* 28 no. ½ (2009): 111.

[24] Tolkien, The Silmarillion, 425.

[25] Ibid, 270.

[26] The above is clearly non-exhaustive regarding examples. Much more could and has been said regarding naming, semantics, and meaning in Tolkien's work.

[27] Charles Williams, *All Hallows Eve*. Vancouver, (Regent College Publishing, 2003), 150.

[28] Croft, "Naming the evil one: Onomastic strategies in Tolkien and Rowling," 149.

[29] I just invented this word. Consider it an adjectival form of allusion.

[30] Elizabeth S. Tilley, "Language in Charles Williams' all hallows' eve," *Renascence* 44 no. 4 (1992): 305.

[31] James Strong, *A Concise Dictionary of the Words in the Hebrew Bible*, (Abingdon Press, 1986), 62.

[32] Tilley, 305.

[33] Williams, 19.

[34] Ibid.

[35] Ibid, 20.

[36] Ibid.

[37] Ibid.

[38] Ie. a burning bush, an angel of death, etc.

[39] Cf. Exodus 33:18-23.

[40] Tilley, 305.

[41] Williams, 63.

[42] Ibid, 151.

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NIGHT TERRORS AND SINISTER DAYDREAMS: ONEIRIC DOUBLES AND PSYCHOLOGIES OF MORAL MANAGEMENT IN JANE EYRE AND STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

MABON FOO

Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre* and Robert Louis Stevenson's *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* both explore instances of duality that negotiate issues of morality and self-control within the Victorian psychological conceptualization of dreams. By exploring popular psychological trends of the era and discussing their influence on dream studies and morality, a framework shall be developed to discuss the mental crises the novels' protagonists undergo. In *Jane Eyre*, both Bertha Mason and Mr. Rochester appeal to the passionate phantom-child Jane that the adult Jane has subdued, the former during the night and the latter during the day. Likewise, in *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, Hyde serves as a primitive, nocturnal and infantile character manifestation of Jekyll's subdued lower faculties and threatens the boundaries between consciousness and sleep.

I. Dream Psychologies and Moral Management in the Victorian Era

Throughout the 19th century, the study of dreams acquired increasing "scientific and mechanistic" relevance as it became less of a prophetic and religious phenomenon (Bernard 198). An 1857 entry in the Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology notes that "there is not any class of phenomena which possesses more psychological importance in elucidating the science of Mind" (292). Dreams were commonly seen to reflect a man's "habits and temper" as well as his "moral character" (Bernard 200), and an 1847 article in Psychological Medicine declares that the nature of dreams is "determined by the […] tone of mind which we cultivate, indulge in, or abandon ourselves to" (375). Dreams were also thought to serve as a mechanism for moral self-surveillance. According to poet James Beattie, by looking at dreams, one could identify possible defects and "receive good hints for the regulation of them" (Bernard 201). However, according to the writer of the 1857 article, psychologists were required to account for the fact "that even brutal dreams may be experienced by the moral and the most benevolent" (293). The writer attributes this to excessive self-control, explaining that strenuous exercise of "intellectual and moral powers" (297-98) leads to "brutalized dreams" (298). When "we regulate our various powers… we ensure refreshing sleep, undisturbed by dreamy visions of any kind" (299).

This explanation reveals the profound influence of theories such as faculty psychology and phrenology in explaining the characteristics of dreams. Faculty psychology divided the mind into a series of "competing faculties or organs", each "correspond[ing] to a different mental state" (Tressler 2). This was followed closely by the theory of phrenology conceptualized by Franz Joseph Gall, which mapped these faculties onto specific cranial organs and features of the skull (Hall 307). As one of the earliest theories that "conceptualized mental multiplicity and fragmentation" it provided a scientific framework for the "contradictions and competing energies" of the Victorian mind (Vrettos 81). On one side were the "higher motives", which included intellectual, moral and rational faculties, while the other housed the lower instinctual "propensities" (Hall 315) that predominated in the "primitive", uncultivated psyches of children, savage races, lunatics and criminals (Vrettos 74). Therefore, popular Victorian theories of moral management hypothesized that by training the will through the "exercise and development" of the higher faculties one could bring the lower "propensities" under control (Tressler 2-3).

Additionally, the late Victorian field of evolutionary psychology and the double brain theory sought to explain this psychic dissonance by locating "humanity's essential doubleness in the distant evolutionary past" (Stiles 885). Firstly, Gall characterized man as "a product of his biological history", making clear distinction between faculties shared with animals and the additional cerebral organs which provide powers of reason and free will (Hall 312). He anticipates Darwin, who in "The Descent of Man" attributes man's warring faculties to his recent "[emergence] from a state of barbarism" coupled with a tendency to relapse into this state (Clemens 136). Secondly, proponents of the double brain theory such as Frederic Myers positioned the lower faculties within the "evolutionary backward" right hemisphere, with the developed left hemisphere containing "masculinity, whiteness and civilization" (Stiles 885). Thus, criminals and other groups in which the lower faculties were seen to predominate could be identified by a physically enlarged right hemisphere. Altogether, these theories generated within the Victorian psyche a shadowy double "[residing] just below the unstable surface organization of civilized consciousness" (Block 458).

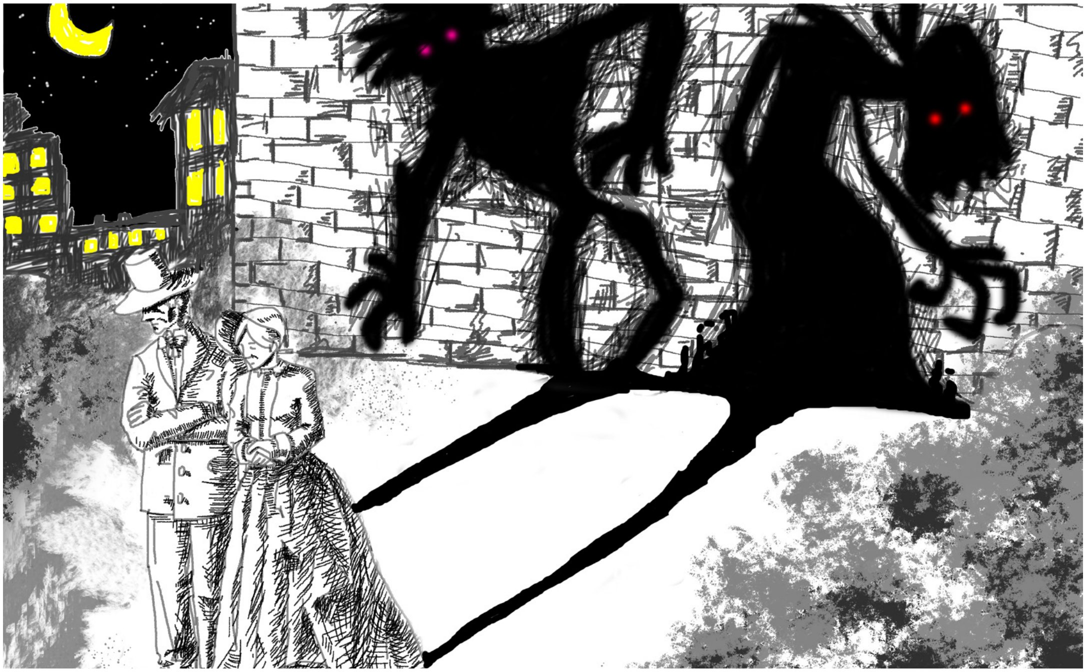
The study of dreams incorporated this image of a dark double. The frequent "wildness and incongruity of dreams" was explained by the fact that one's higher faculties and overarching will lay dormant during the night, allowing the lower faculties free reign (Bernard 200). Rhodri Hayward, examining the late Victorian policing of dreams, notes that groups such as The Society for Psychical Research characterized the state of dreams as one where the rational, moral will was suspended and the self was thrust into a world ruled by "fickle forces beyond the compass of language, reason or history" (165). Indeed, as contemporary physician Robert Macnish points out, not only do humans dream, but also all manner of "lower animals" (45). James Sully, a personal friend of Stevenson, merges this view with evolutionary psychology (Block 444) by comparing the transition from waking life to sleep to evolutionary degeneration in "The Dream as Revelation", claiming that in the "rude native nudity" of sleep we have a "reversion to a primitive type of experience" (201). He focuses on the self-dividing effect of this transition, calling it an "overlapping of the successive personalities" in which one consciousness seizes control from the other (203). Thus, the primitive arena of dreams led to fears that the beliefs which surfaced in dreams would "threaten the integrity of the waking consciousness" (Hayward 169). Particularly potent dreams were therefore seen as "indicating some form of nervous disturbance" ("Physiological and Psychological Phenomena of Dreams" 301). Likewise, a propensity for lapsing into dream-states like daydreams was considered indicative of an uncultivated will, "a lack of inner regulation" (Tressler 3).

II. Dreams and Moral Management in *Jane Eyre*

Both *Jane Eyre* and *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* present complex struggles between the higher and lower faculties that are centered on the primal nature of dreams. In the case of *Jane Eyre*, Sally Shuttleworth notes that the child Jane provides an example of the Victorian concept of children as unrestrained, residing in a borderland "between human and animality" (153). Unable to control her lower instincts, she "pronounce[s] words without [her] will consenting" (Brontë 86) and cries out in a "savage, high voice" against her ill-treatment by Mrs. Reed (97). Dream-states populate these opening chapters; she begins the novel sitting on the window-seat, lost in a tranquil daydream (64), and her subsequent confinement in the red- room erupts into frenzied nightmare during the night (74-75). Most importantly, these elements provide a collection of symbols that later indicate the returning influence of Jane's primitive state.

Jane begins to feel remorse for her actions, noting that one cannot "give its furious feelings uncontrolled play" (97), which anticipates the self-control she will learn at Lowood. There, she learns to "govern her anger", thus preparing her for her future life as a governess (Gilbert and Gubar 347). Characters such as Helen Burns and Mrs. Temple provide Jane with models of self-restraint, tempering the "warm and racy" aroma of vengeance (Brontë 97) so that it is no longer "essential for her happiness" (Fessenbecker 7). However, the figure of Mr. Brocklehurst, with his emphasis on minutiae such as hairstyles (Brontë 126), warns against the dangers of excessive control (Fessenbecker 7). Indeed, the winter cold, emblematic of Brocklehurst's extreme austerity, proves fatal for many of the girls (Brontë 141). In contrast, Brontë proposes a balanced regimen that allows for the appropriate release of "constrained psychological force[s]" (Shuttleworth 156). Jane therefore shuns the "Barmecide supper of hot roast potatoes" and pursues drawing, sublimating these wilder reveries in the "artist's dreamland" (Brontë 197).

This model of control is pushed to its limits during Jane's stay at Thornfield, as both Bertha Mason and Mr. Rochester draw out Jane's suppressed passions through the avenue of dreams and fantasy. The insane Bertha recalls the animalistic impulses of child Jane, her incendiary mischief mirroring the "ridge of lighted heath" that Brontë evokes as the visualization of young Jane's anger (Brontë



97), and young Jane's primitiveness find its analogue in Bertha's inhuman appearance, reminiscent of a "clothed hyena" (381). Working in the dead of night, Bertha's "lurid visage" enables Rochester to dismiss her image as "half reality, half dream" (371-72). As well, MacNish's comparison between dreaming and delirium, in which he considers insanity a "permanent dream" (45), further solidifies Bertha's oneiric qualities.

Most notably, in *The Madwoman in the Attic*, Gilbert and Gubar argue that Bertha represents Jane's "darkest double", a figure that has "haunted her since her afternoon in the red room" (347). They characterize Bertha as the agent of Jane's secret rebellion against her servitude to Rochester (360), highlighting Jane's imprisonment in "stultifying roles and houses" and her "ambiguous status" as a governess, both inside and outside the family (349). Indeed, when Jane experiences a certain "restlessness …in her nature", she releases it by pacing back and forth along the third floor, Bertha's domain, in a state of reverie (178). "Thrilled" by the "strange laugh" and "eccentric murmurs" of the yet unknown Bertha, she rebels against patriarchal norms by musing that "woman feel just as men feel" (Brontë 178). However, Jane's self-control is demonstrated by Bertha's initial inability to enter her room. After she sets fire to Rochester's chambers, Jane, thrust in a position of absolute mastery over Rochester's fate, chooses to save his life (222). Nevertheless, when she returns to bed, she is confronted with a sea of psychological turmoil where "billows of trouble [roll] under surges of joy" and "her "sense" and "judgement" grapple with "delirium" and "passion" (225). Jane later experiences a dream vision of Thornfield as a "dreary ruin" that she escapes by tumbling from its walls (369), a fate that Bertha eventually enacts in its entirety (Gilbert and Gubar 358-59). Eventually, after a "harassing" experience purchasing dresses with Rochester, she expresses her desire to "stir up mutiny" in his "seraglio", characterizing him as a "despot" (Brontë 355). As a result of these forces, Bertha surges into the daylight, gaining the confidence to enter Jane's chamber and tear her wedding veil.

Rochester also preys on the dreamy artifices of Jane's childhood. What Bertha enacts during solitude and sleep, Rochester elicits during the day. His introduction is tinged with the "fancies" of "nursery stories", with him taking the form of the Gytrash under the rising moon (181). After meeting Jane, he refers to her continually as "malicious elf", "sprite", "changeling" (361), titles suspiciously similar to the "phantom, half fairy, half imp" that Jane sees herself as in the red room's mirror (71), and he starts his elaborate courtship of Jane by disguising himself as a gypsy and lulling Jane into a mesmeric trance (282). As their relationship deepens into marriage, Jane remarks that Rochester is "most phantom-like of all […] a mere dream" (366). Mrs. Fairfax, however, advises caution, noting that Rochester's love is dangerously akin to a "fairy tale—a day-dream" (343). Likewise, Jane's higher judgement, "resist[ing] a marriage of inequality" (Gilbert and Gubar 358) displays resistance both in the realm of consciousness and in dreams. Threatened by the arrival of Blanche Ingram, Jane's reason orders herself to "open [her] bleared lids" and declares it "madness" to let "a secret love kindle within" (Brontë 237). Likewise, gypsy Rochester is stymied by her forehead, her powerfully managed phrenology where even within "exquisite delirium" reason "[holds] the reins" (282). Most importantly, the cautionary voice of her suppressed will manifests itself in a series of recurring dreams involving an infant, warning of future childbirth, which, as Gilbert and Gubar argue, visually represents the child Jane being drawn out by Rochester (357). In a following dream, Jane, holding the child and "strain[ing] every nerve", is unable to reach Rochester, reflecting her anticipation that his "love will effervesce in six months" and that she will be abandoned like his other women (Brontë 345).

Ultimately, Jane, awakened from the "glorious dreams" of Rochester's deceitful love (387) and faced not with a nightmarish vision but a concrete reminder of her possible destiny in Bertha, now undergoes a "terrible […] struggle" within her psyche (407). Rochester's entreaties, coupled with his devouring passions and "flaming glance" cause Jane's higher faculties of "Conscience and Reason" to "turn traitor" and ally with her lower faculty of Feeling (408-9). Consequently, a morally driven edict to leave Thornfield is answered by a "voice within [Jane]" compelling her to stay and usurp Bertha's position (387). Jane, however, manages to resist temptation, reestablish self-control and flee Thornfield; Rochester is unable to free the "savage beautiful creature" from its cage (409). Before leaving Thornfield, the red-room returns in a "trance-like dream", but the once nightmarish gleaming light is instead rendered as a solemn whisper to "flee temptation" (410-411). In the end, working as a schoolteacher, she still lapses into dreams where she reunites with

Rochester but manages to maintain a tranquil demeanor during the day and keep these "[bursts] of passion" sequestered in the realm of the night (463) until she can reunite with him on more equal terms.

III. Dreams and Moral Management in *Strange Case of Jekyll and Hyde*

Unlike Jane, Dr. Jekyll begins his "Full Statement of the Case" already steeped in "a profound duplicity" (Stevenson 77). A "certain […] gaiety of disposition" wrestles with his "imperious desire to carry [his] head high" and pursue social advancement" (75). Utterson notes that Jekyll, like child as a child, was "wild when he was young" (44). But since Jekyll lacks adult Jane's model of moral management, the struggle between his two natures becomes "unbearable" to him (77). Valdine Clemens attributes this to Jekyll's continuous suppression of his lower instincts: namely, the "middle classes' naïve expectation that the 'desires and passions' could be differed indefinitely" (133). Like *Jane Eyre*, excessive control produces a devastating impact, generating a "superabundance of aggression" (140) that can be released only by wildly "[plunging] into shame" (76). Anne Stiles, reading the novella using the double brain theory, contrasts Jekyll's engorged left hemisphere with his "atrophied, stunted right hemisphere" (886). Jekyll initially entertains the thought of separating these "polar twins" (Stevenson 77) as a "beloved daydream" (76), but he soon employs his higher rational faculties and concocts a scientific solution. This drug, however, recalls substances such as opium, which, as documented in *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, was known to induce nightmarish, delirious sleep (Macnish 89). Indeed, the release of Hyde, seen by Clemens as an outpouring of accumulated "libinal energy" (140), unfolds similarly.

Mr. Hyde, the personification of Jekyll's lower faculties, parallels Bertha in his equally primitive appearance. He is described as "troglodytic", an early evolutionary ancestor of man, and like Bertha he possesses a "savage laugh" (Stevenson 43). His appearance evokes Darwin's depiction of lower primates in *The Descent of Man* (Clemens 129) and demonstrates what Helen Small argues as "the persistence of precivilized states of consciousness" (500). Also evoking Bertha is his tendency to strike during the "confidence of slumber" (Stevenson 89). Ed Block notes that Jekyll's transformation [yields] a more primitive freedom of the kind Sully appreciated in dreams" (455), a realm where one is liable to "perform the most ruthless crime without compuncture" (MacNish 73). Fittingly, Hyde tramples a girl (Stevenson 35) and bludgeons Carew with "ape-like fury" and without remorse (48). He recalls the child Jane with his "dwarfish" stature and his hot temper (80), the "primitive infantile… psychosis (Sully 200) of dreams casting Hyde in the image of Jekyll's son, who, as Jekyll laments, possesses "more than a son's indifference" (83) towards Jekyll's desires to discipline him.

Interestingly, Hyde's sojourns through London's darkened streets resemble the double life of dreams discussed in Stevenson's "A Chapter on Dreams" (93-94). There, a pattern of management emerges that veers in a direction opposite to that of *Strange Case of Jekyll and Hyde*. Initially, Stevenson's "dream-adventure[s]" span both day and night, leaving him unable to differentiate between dream and reality (93-94). However, he manages to exercise influence over the "little people who manage man's internal theatre" (95). Like Jane and her artistic pursuits, Stevenson sublimates his imaginative proclivities by employing them in "making stories for the market" (96) and keeping them "locked in a back garret" (99), separate from his waking life. Jekyll, on the other hand, begins with his higher and lower faculties clearly demarcated but succumbs in the domination of the latter.

Prior to Hyde's triumph of Jekyll, reason manages to hold the reins, with Jekyll choosing when to consume the drug. Evoking the relationship between Jane and the nocturnally-confined Bertha, he lets Hyde roam free at night but prevents him from opening the door to his chambers. Nonetheless, the drug soon shakes the "doors of the prisonhouse of [his] disposition" (79). Unlike Jane, who faces the temptation of usurping Bertha's position but chooses to remain solitary and poor, Jekyll, "like a schoolboy", rushes into a "sea of liberty" (80), the figure of Hyde tempting him without any "counteracting breeze" (Bronte 205) drawing him back. Jekyll wakes up one morning bearing the shape of Hyde, in the midst of a waking nightmare (Stevenson 80). Like Bertha, Hyde has surged into the daylight and forced his way into Jekyll's room. The nourishment of his lower faculties through Hyde (7) eventually "incorporates" Jekyll with his dark double (83).

This losing battle is played out over the steadily fading boundary between consciousness and sleep. Jekyll attempts to restrain himself, refusing to take the drug and keeping a close watch over his faculties. However, the instant he lets his guard down, Hyde, "struggling for freedom" and torturing Jekyll's conscience with "throes and longings" (84), breaks free. Sitting in the sun on a bench and reflecting idly, what seems at first an innocent daydream falls prey to the vicissitudes of nightmare, a "horrid nausea" and a "deadly shuddering" (86). Even when Jekyll is resurrected by Lanyon, he feels that he is "partly in a dream" and at the mercy of the "brute that slept within me" (88). Sleep becomes a terrifying notion, with Hyde emerging whenever Jekyll dozes off (88) or his "virtue [slumbers]" (79). As a result, Hyde must face the "doom that is closing in" on him, he must mirror what Bertha, separated from Jane eventually undergoes, that being self-annihilation. While Jane's triumph comes from her reestablishing the balance of her dual natures and casting off her destructive lower instincts, Jekyll's tragedy stems from the collapse of his dual natures into one ruled entirely by his primal instincts.

In essence, both novels locate in dream-states a primitive, infantile duality that provides fertile ground for the blossoming of moral and psychological conflict. The primitive psyche of Jane's childhood, symbolized by the phantom child found in the red-room, is coaxed into the daylight by the similarly illusory Rochester and finds its pinnacle in the nocturnal mischief of the savage Bertha. Jane's cautionary higher faculties, however, remain active in her dreams and reestablish control in the end. Jekyll, on the other hand, suffers an entirely different fate, as his excessive self-control leads to a spectacular outpouring of his lower passions in the figure of Hyde. As such, Jekyll quickly finds himself on the ropes, where even the briefest reverie proves fatal.

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WILD CREATURES

BONNEY RUHL

Shall I tell you a story?

Once upon a time a family lived high in the mountains where the air was thin and the forests were thick. The family was rich and had many lovely things, but none as beautiful as their daughter. Artisans traveled great distances hoping to capture her beauty in whatever medium they favored: endless poems were written about her, masks were made in her likeness. She accepted all of these favors with grace and humility for she was as dutiful as she was beautiful.

The time came for the daughter to be married, and so a match was arranged between her and a man even wealthier than her family. This man lived on a distant mountain peak. Her family wept at the thought of losing her. In the end, though, they knew the daughter must leave the family of her birth to start a new family with her husband for that is the way of things.

On the night she was to be married, tragedy struck. The wedding was attacked by a monstrous beast, who slaughtered the husband-to-be and ate up the daughter so all that remained was her torn wedding gown.

Her family, mad with grief, sought vengeance. They hunted down and then slayed the beast. When they cut it open, they found the body of their daughter inside it. Her head was missing, already consumed by the beast.

They buried the body, and wept for what they had lost.

——

Was that a good story? Did you like it?

It is rather boring, I suppose. A girl does what she is told and then dies—how predictable.

There are, of course, other versions of this story. Stories are not solitary creatures. I know all this because it is my job to tell stories, to entertain. I know so many stories, so very many. It is sometimes hard to keep them all straight.

Have you ever played telephone? One person whispers to another, and they to another, all along in a chain, and the sentence that emerges is not the same as

when it began. The same is true for stories: if you tell a story again and again it changes. Another whisper to another ear and the story changes again.

——

Shall I tell you another story?

There was once the daughter of an exceedingly wealthy family. The family could think of nothing but adding to their wealth, and were so consumed by greed they never saw their daughter as anything but a possession.

The daughter longed for freedom. Her past, present and future only brought her sorrow, for she knew she would be married off to whoever offered her family the most money, with no regard for her well-being.

Please understand: creatures like her are often sad. Daughters, wives; they are simply pawns to those who covet power. They have no freedom of their own. She knew all this, and she mourned the parts of her which had died before they ever truly lived—her wildness, her willfulness, all smothered under the weight of responsibility and duty.

And then the minstrel arrived.

——

Did I not mention the minstrel before?

How silly of me. To be fair, he is often not included in the story. After all, he is only there for a few lines. He comments on the daughter's beauty, asks to make a mask of her face to use in his performances and then leaves. He is just a minstrel, a wandering storyteller—a man of no account to a rich family. How important can he be?

But I am telling you a different story, aren't I? So why not include the minstrel.

——

Let us say the minstrel felt sorry for the girl. Let us say that the minstrel told the daughter of a back door to the house, one which only servants and travelers used. Let us say that the minstrel gave her a mask in order to hide her face, so that no-one would recognize her. Let us say that the mask was of a terrifying beast.

——

Masks are very peculiar things. Put on one and you are no longer you, not exactly. You are what the mask says you are: you are the tender virgin, the mighty soldier, the wrinkled hag. The minstrel would have known all of this, of course. Minstrels trade in masks and stories–the one a vehicle for the other.

The daughter wore the skin of the beast as a disguise, and in doing so won her freedom. She could never be free as she was, and the minstrel knew that. That is not the way that these stories go; beautiful daughters don't abandon their fiancés and families. The daughter could not escape her life forever. So the minstrel bent the story. He made her into something else, something besides a beautiful daughter.

The daughter was freed. But at what cost? Freedom is not cheap. To be pitifully blunt, freedom in life is freedom for death to visit at any moment. Birds fly and deer run, but their deaths are as unpredictable as their lives. Death is constantly nipping at their toes; it is why they move so quickly. Even great wolves and bears face death every day, through starvation or disease.

But the daughter would die, eventually. Even if she remained at home, even if she married. Would it be better for her to die a slow death in captivity–with her mind and soul dying long before her body surrendered?

——

Let us say that the daughter escapes. She slips out of the house while wearing her beast-guise and slides into the dense forest surrounding her home. She vanishes for a moment, out in the wilderness. It isn't for very long, this escapade. Not long enough to merit a mention in most versions of the story; the minstrel brings the daughter home very quickly. She is soon safe and sound once again. What more is there to say on the matter? Best to forget about it, it isn't important.

——

Allow me a few words on the beast. It emerges out of nowhere to wreak havoc, and is then killed by the family. That is the role of the beast in every story: to kill and then to be killed.

Is there anything to say about the beast that has not already been said? It is a creature after all. Who really cares about a monstrous beast? Who cares that it may be lonely, that it may yearn for company? It may look at the small, fragile humans and feel a tug of longing in its beastly guts–but really, who would care? A beast is a beast is a beast. It is unimportant how it feels.

But what if? What if someone–some unimportant harmless minstrel man–offered it a way into the human world? What if this minstrel had with him a mask, cast from the face of a beautiful daughter?

A mask of a beast and a mask of a girl; each given to the other, to bring their wishes true.

——

Here is where things become confusing; a shell game. Make sure to keep an eye on the cups–which one is the marble under?

A daughter runs into the forest. The minstrel brings out a daughter. One comes in and one comes out.

Is it the same daughter?

——

The family is ecstatic, of course. Their daughter, returned to them! Or, well, something that looks like their daughter and acts like their daughter. They never really knew her. When you think of a person like a possession, you never feel the need to treat them like an individual with thoughts and feelings. One daughter is very much like another.

It looked enough like their daughter for them to ignore all the differences. Had her eyes really been so dark? Her teeth so pointed and sharp? Was she always so silent, never saying a word, only breathing heavily and staring blankly?

Whatever it was, it could pass for their daughter, and that was enough for them. They sent it off, as the daughter's wedding day was fast approaching. No matter that the minstrel told the family to keep the daughter close by, to love her and listen to her. He was just a minstrel, and knew nothing of their ways. It was far better that she be married, because that was the way of things. An exchange: a daughter for power, money, glory. A mask for a mask.

——

It is hard for people to act against their nature. You can tell a greedy family not to indulge their greed, but in the end they always will. You can tell a beast not to act like a beast, and you can give it the face of a beautiful daughter, but underneath it is always a beast. While a daughter may quietly bear the burden of captivity, a beast will fight back with tooth and claw.

There was no trace of the daughter's body amongst the carnage of the wedding. All that was found were her clothes, torn to pieces. Never a body. How strange.

——

The rest of the story is much the same. The family hunts the beast, and then they kill it. Justice is served, and they gather the remains of their beautiful daughter.

I am afraid that no matter which version of the story I tell, the daughter always dies. That is the way that her story ends. I know that it is bittersweet, but think of it this way: she was free, if only for a while. She shed her beautiful daughter-skin and was something wild, something dangerous. She became what she always dreamt of being, even if she died for it.

Better to die free than die a prisoner.

As for the beast, I suppose it is still out there, prowling around in the world. Perhaps it found a place where it would be warm, protected and loved. I am sure there are ways for a beast to become different, to acclimate into society. It would require kindness, but the world–despite what this story may insist–is not short of kindness. Yes, I am sure that with time and patience the beast would become soft and loving, just as it wanted. Let us focus on that: the beast, achieving its gentle dream. It is no longer alone.

——

What of the minstrel?

What of him? I am sure he packed his bags and left after he returned the almost-daughter to her home. He was–is—a storyteller, and he knew what would happen. He knew how this story would unfold.

And what did he do once he left? He would do his job. He would continue to wander, to tell stories. That is what he is meant to do after all. And where would the world be without stories, or the people to tell them?

—–

Is this story true? Well, who knows. This story is very old. The family in question has since vanished, killed by war or plague or by other means: I am not certain. Their estate is nothing more than ruins, rusted and crumbling. Who is to say what really happened. Only stories are left, and they only hint at what might have been. There are no absolute truths remaining.

—–

Here is a final story:

Once upon a time, there was a girl who wanted freedom, and there was a beast who wanted companionship. There was a minstrel, and though all he could do was tell stories he saw a way to help them.

And so he helped them.

The End

FOR ME, IT'S MY NOSE

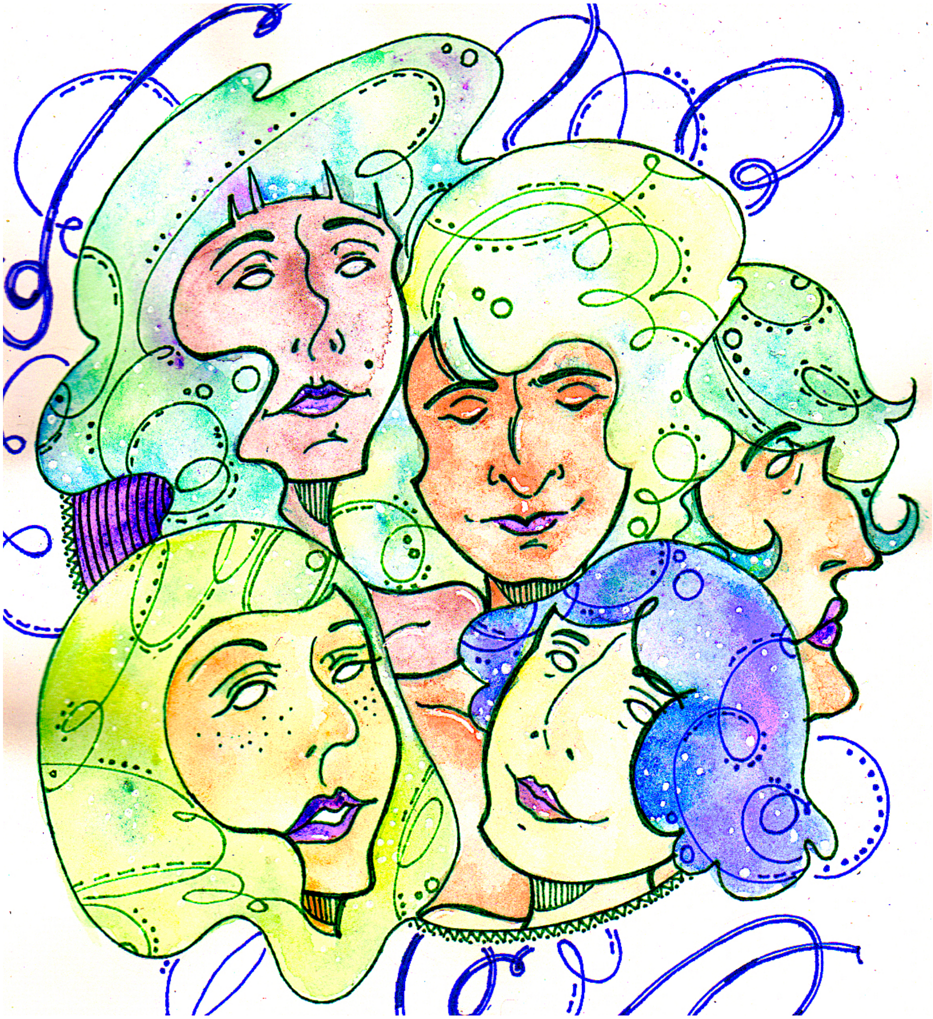
KATRINA MARTIN

I recently read an article about why I should get a nose job. It was written by an illustrious Instagram influencer who had recently undergone the knife. I imagine she had regurgitated the same spiel in defense of her new honker over and over to probing quibblers until she finally threw up her hands in frustration and told them they can find the damn link-in-bio.

Overall, the piece was well-formulated. It opened with a tragic chronicle of exactly when she realized her nose was not only flawed but cursed! by a wicked witch who assured her that she would never find true love or – even more unthinkable – never have two million followers and a career of posing with flat tummy teas. With astounding persuasion, the article assured readers that they too have noses to be fixed and curses to be broken. If, by some act of God, you began the article assuming your nose was okay, by paragraph four you were convinced that your nose was too big or too small or resembled the wrong Italian hillside. Having convinced you that you were certainly not being vain, darling, simply pragmatic, it finished with a step-by-step guide outlining precisely how to break said curse:

Save enough money (either by foregoing student debt or acquiring a sugar-daddy)
Find a suitable surgeon (if the sugar-daddy doubles as a surgeon, this is even better)
Fix your snout (thus healing not only your face but your life, emotional issues, and childhood trauma!)
It was all very convincing, complete with before and after shots of celebrity nose jobs and quotes from the happy survivors.

As I read, my fingers unconsciously rose to feel my own nose – the dip in the bridge and sharp bump where it changes direction. I know every quirk of my funky nose; I know how it looks from every angle, in every light or season. From the side, the slope looks like someone attempted to draw a straight line while driving over a pothole. I always assumed God had a few too many and let his knife slip in the carving process, but maybe he fastened it to my face very emphatically saying, "Ah, and this will give her character."



Either way, I am conscious of this flaw in the way your mother prays you will never be, and I make jokes about it in the way your friends hope you won't, for no one quite knows how to respond. I once challenged myself to describe my appearance from a third-person perspective. She was beautiful, I wrote, with a nose that made her approachable.

I remember chuckling and thinking myself infinitely clever and abounding in wit. Perhaps my aberrant nose had not only made me approachable but hilarious as well. However, upon showing this sentence to a friend the response was the sad half-laugh and furrowing of the brow which typically follows self-berating behavior. I was clearly supposed to be quietly diffident, unaware of the peculiarity of my nose.

I was, however, vividly aware of its eccentricity since primary school, when I realized that my best friend's nose didn't curve down at the end. I was an exceptionally vain child, and spent hours pushing my nose upwards as if that would change the structural integrity of my face.

My parents were raised Mennonite, which – for those who don't know – means almost-Amish. As a result, I was also raised almost-Amish, or more-or-less Mennonite. However, soon after they were married they left the Mennonite church. It was unheard of, and though my parents are certainly the most conservative folk I have ever met, they were considered revolutionaries in their circle at the time. And so, unlike my parents, I was raised with a full education and television, but like they were, I was instilled with strict beliefs concerning humility.

While my parents happily waived the Amish rules concerning black dresses and courting, the rules of meekness were strongly indoctrinated. "Pride goeth before a fall," my mother would say with reproaching raised eyebrows if ever she caught a whiff of confidence in any of her five children. Self-love and pride were synonymous, and as pride was considered the deadliest of sins, self-love was also fatal. Not that we were to hate ourselves, necessarily, but simply not to think of ourselves at all.

So, when I petulantly told my mother I hated my nose and thought it was ugly, she did not cup my face in her hands and tell me I was beautiful, but instead she grounded me for being vain. Admittedly, I was an exasperating child and she had probably just had it "up to here" with me. But through that time I learned two things about insecurities: they are ungodly, and they are electric. We become hyper aware of every glance, every comparison, every comment.

I remember sitting at the dinner table when my brother, in true little-brother fashion, said my nose looked like a ski slope and proceeded to ski his two fingers down my face, vaulting off the bump in the middle, back-flipping and landing beside the butter.

And I remember the first man who offhandedly said he loved my nose, and in turn I said I loved him too.

Researchers have concluded that the ideal female nose is slightly upturned, the optimal curvature exactly 106 degrees. They say further research is still required to determine whether a "more ideal projection exists", so we can determine precisely how many degrees we are from perfection, just how far we have to go. And it seems the distance is only increasing; the blade of the surgeon's knife wedging a gap between what we are and what we should be.

For me, it's my nose. For you, it may be your thick thighs or grey hair or no-makeup-face. The time I spent pushing my nose upwards, others have spent this time sucking in their guts or contorting their bodies in the mirror. The truth is, every human carries insecurities. Nay, we do not carry but drag them – like a suitcase of stones we insist on lugging around no matter how cumbersome, we cling to our burdens with white-knuckled grips.

My life has been haunted by a voice telling me to be more, more, and it is only upon listening closer that I realize this voice is not that of my well-meaning mother, my pestering brother, nor is it society's whiny pleading which provokes this dissatisfaction. It is my voice. Far too often, we voluntarily give our insecurities the voice they need to have any sort of power. And while this fact strips us of someone to blame, it also arms us with the power to silence this voice. And, if for now we cannot silence it, it may be enough simply to change its tune. I now happily refer to my nose as a ski-slope, joking that at least it would not be a hill for beginners.

A life spent in pursuit of perfection is not only unfulfilling, or stale or even ungodly; it is simply exhausting. May we learn to love ourselves now, in all our crooked glory, lest we arrive at the finish line harried and desperate, only to find we had spent our whole lives chasing shadows.

SCHRODINGER'S GAP

GABRIELA ARNO

Trigger Warning: Gun Violence

Do you know when you've lived with a truth for so long that it ceases to be incredible? Like the "yeah, my dad is Sting" sort, cue gasps and bashful eye roll. Well, I live with something like that. Something that makes other people stare in disbelief when I tell them. Something both horrible yet so utterly normal to me. My father was shot in the head when I was three years old. Audience gasps, an inevitable "is he okay?" escapes their lips. Yeah, my dudes, he's stellar. Getting shot in the head is known to lower your cholesterol.

It's less of a big deal in Brazil, where gun violence is as common as the Dengue Fever and unwanted pregnancies. Actually, I am the only person I know that hasn't been robbed at gunpoint. Maybe having a father that was shot in the head sets you up with a life of anti-gun karma.

My dad used to ride bikes. It was his thing, he was a biker. Tall, Eurocentric, Jesus-looking motherfucker, on a bike. One day, he was going for a ride and my mother had a feeling in her gut. She begged him not to go, very Nicholas Sparks-like. But he went anyway. He stopped in a bad part of town to adjust his helmet or something, and two criminals spotted him. They were running from the police. They didn't bother with small talk, or an "excuse me mister can I please borrow your bike," just shot my father off his motorcycle, and rode off into the distance. He seemed to fall for years before he hit the ground. At home, a three year old me was waiting for her father.

Plot twist: my dad survived, one glass eye and plastic cheekbone to tell the tale. Sorry I milked it for this long, it was important that you felt this.

It's weird how people deal with trauma. I developed a fear of men and loud noises. My father, however, befriended the weapon, and kept it in a Tupperware lined with paper towels in the glove compartment of his armoured SUV.

I tried to shoot a gun once. My relationship with my father, as most young girls would've experienced, was rocky. He saw me as a little genius princess, excelling since a young age; I never screamed, I never failed, I preferred fruits over junk food, I was his pride. There's actually a video of me at a school picnic where all the kids had candy and Doritos and whatnot, and I sat in the middle of a red and white picnic cloth decorated with grapes and plums, worthy of a Greek King (you can almost see the fairy servants swooping down to feed me). I played piano like he did, I liked to paint like he did, I was creative and good at maths. Yet there was always a gap of sorts where he acknowledged that I was a girl.

This, however, changed when I was about 19 years old. "Do you want to learn how to shoot?" he asked, and I, eager to prove my equality to the son he never had, avidly agreed. He hired an instructor to teach me how to handle a gun. Funnily enough, he also had a glass eye. It wasn't as obvious as my father's, but something about how the light reflected off of it, or how he turned his head rather than his eyes, made me notice. He taught me how to put the safety on and to "squeeze, not pull" the trigger (I still don't know the difference).

Which brings us to the shooting range. It was in the suburbs, and looked like a repurposed shed of sorts. I've always found it a bit morbid that they use silhouettes of men for target practice, like what are you practicing for, bud? Gonna shoot 'em up? I was using my mother's revolver first. Something about it is easier than my father's Glock. Again, don't know, don't care.

"Get ready," said the instructor, "Exhale and aim." My mouth tasted like iron for some reason. My mind was lethargic, as it often is in times of stress. I felt like I was in the water and every thought and action, coated in thick honey.

In the haze of the moment, I cocked the hammer, and aimed. The instructor looked at me in desperation and forced calm, a) because I was holding a lethal weapon b) I WAS NOT SUPPOSED TO HAVE COCKED THE GUN. A revolver doesn't need to be cocked to shoot (thanks, Hollywood) and I practiced a million times and was never told to pull the hammer.

"When have we ever done that? Why did you do that?" he asked. I looked at him bug-eyed and could see nothing but his glass eye. I wondered vaguely if he was a better shot because of it. I mumbled something and un-cocked the gun. Now shoot. I breathed, and squeezed.

And squeezed, and squeezed, and BANG!

No one tells you how much space there is between the trigger's resting place and actual shooting place. For me, it felt like eternity. It felt like the years it took for my dad to hit the ground.

When it did come out, it was like holding a tiny, controlled explosion. The force of it in my hand shocked me. I knew about the kick, but no one told me about the energy. The sheer force of it in your hands.

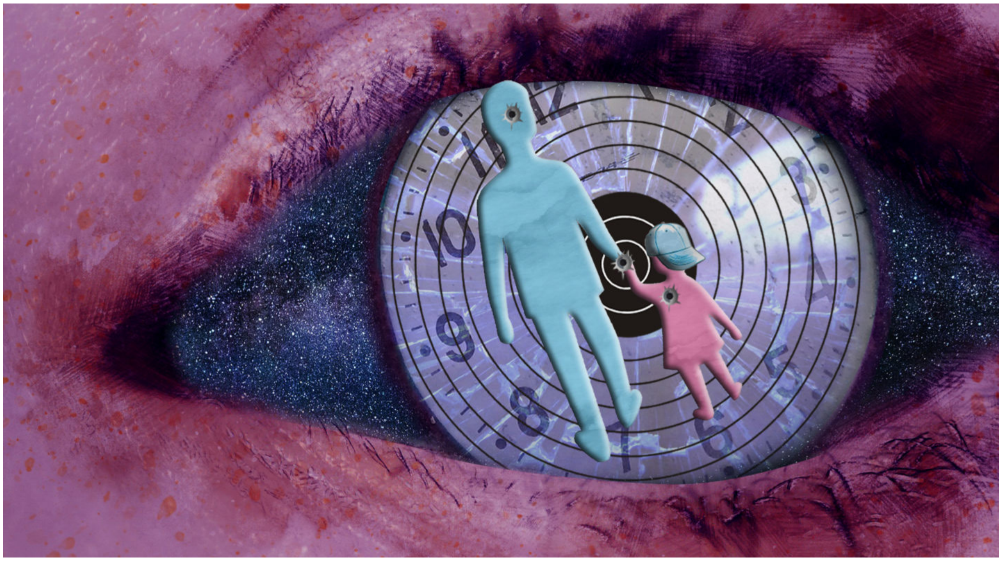
BANG! BANG!

I was hitting close to target, closer than I should have been for a first timer. And then I started crying.

The space between the trigger and the actual trigger is where I lost it. Those milliseconds that felt like years. Those years that The Bad Man had to live through and still come out of the other side deciding to kill my father.

Right now, in my country, people are under the illusion that by having a gun they will all be protected. That he can't shoot me if I shoot him first, that maybe he won't rape me if I shoot his dick off. There are many things wrong with this idea, and most of which you have already heard. But what I can't stop thinking about is if they know about the years you live through from the moment you start pulling the trigger to the moment the gun is fired. The Schrodinger's gap. The moment the trigger is both pulled and not, and the person on the other side is both alive and dead.

"Oh no, Gabriela, you daft little girl. We will only be shooting The Bad Men," I can almost hear the pro-gunners say. One time, there was a shoot-out in my neighbourhood. Policemen shot down and killed 3 men that were robbing a house. Three very bad men. After they had been left to die slowly on the sidewalk (that's Brazil for you), one of the Bad Men's mothers arrived at the scene. It's funny it's called wailing, because the sound that came out of that mother's lips was a whale song, crossing the ocean into my room. I cried that night, and my father laughed. There was a manic gleam in my dad's eye (singular). At home, a three-year-old me is waiting for her father.



“Gabi, what happened?” asked my dad when we were going home after the shooting range, a bit concerned but mostly humoured. He had witnessed from his own little “booth” as I ran out in a mad panic.

“The noise scared me,” I gave up all pretense to win my battle with my unborn brother, playing the damsel card.

“Well, at least you know you’re a good shot,” he comforted himself.

Later he asked me if that was enough. If those three shots were enough to give me sufficient confidence to shoot someone if we ever were in danger. I replied with the bubbliest voice I could muster, “Yeah! Of course. I know how a gun works now.”

“Would you shoot someone to save your Daddy?”

“Yes, Dad,” replied his pride and glory.

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INVERTEBRATE

JACQUELINE CHAN

The word is *invertebrate* –
spineless, columnless, boneless
creature bound by shell.

I often wonder
if I slip out of
my pericarp skin
whether I will fall apart.

Maybe slowly, like rancid fruit,
my insides will first collapse;
then I will have everything
strewn about like the slops
from bits of an afterbirth.

or maybe I will
still operate
as the invertebrate moves
without vertebral columns
without the facade of competence
or bravery, or vanity
free from the binds of structure
format or system
unconstrained
by the trappings
of shell.

The *invertebrate* –
structure-less, bind-less, fear-less –
ventures the earth,
the perilous journey
of life.

Roams in the open –

at large,

in this vast universe

free.

CAROUSEL

AITANA MCDANIEL

cotton and candy

candy, chocolate

chocolate and cake

cake, comfort

comfort and charm

charm, curiosity

curiosity, confusion

confusion, confinement

confinement, cages
cages, control
control, corruption
corruption and conflict
conflict, crime
crime and cost
conflict, cost
cost and coin
coin and capital
capital and conflict

conflict and capital and capital and coin and coin and cost and cost and
crime and crime and conflict and Capital and Conflict and conflict and
conflict and
Change.

change and cycles

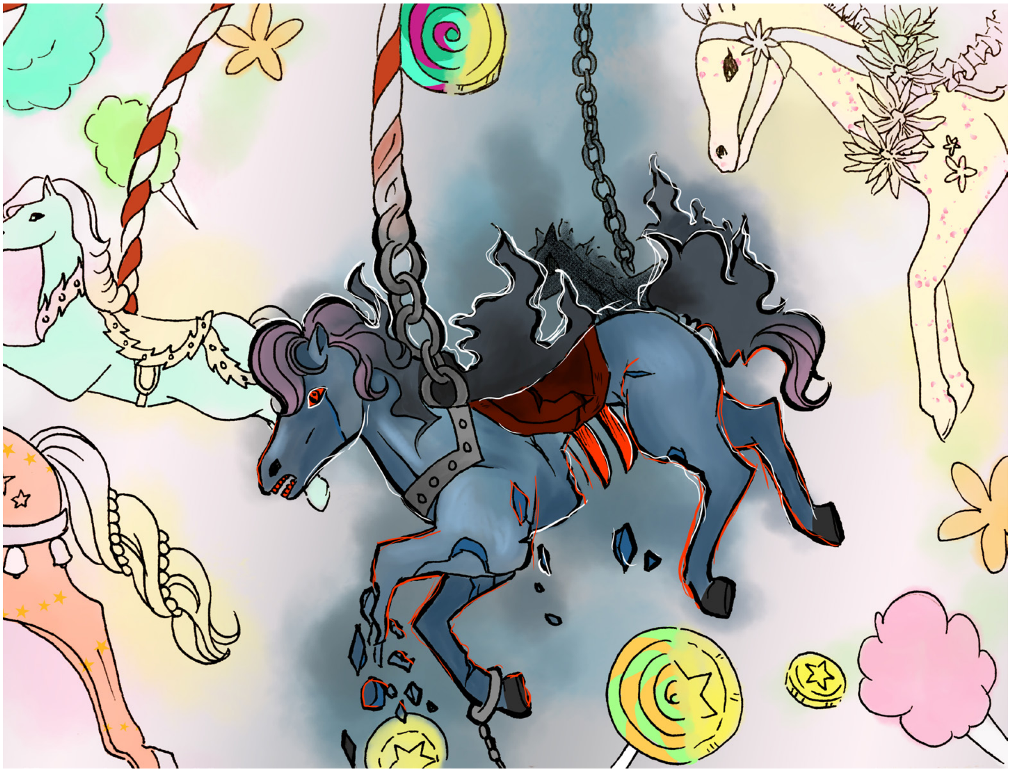
cycles, circles

circles and carousels

carousels, carnivals

carnivals and candy…

candy. cotton.



SAPPHO

JAIME SILVERTHORN

Sappho, under your coarse feet
the pricking splinters bite.
In mourning tides
was the ship steady?

The waves nip their breaks for you,
sip back the froth softer, bubbled.

Did the island slip under the algae blooms?
The beach was scattered with short swords that
stuck into your back to push you here.
Did you look for the glint of sun off the iron?

Sappho searches through the crowds for a genetic iris match
to reflect her own. I shade my eyes
when my mother cries, tears hold me drunk.

Did daughter run through the metal sands
to watch you go, the braids you
weaved bouncing? I twist my own hair now,
Mother never quite careful enough.

Leaving home strikes a match
on the door frame,
a bucket of water
poured around the ledges.

It never quite catches
no matter the scorch it might leave;
I have always had this door open.

I imagine how it would slam

in sleep and can feel waves
under my toes,
feel broad swords in my back,
left in the shifting spaces.

Sappho breathed like
salt chewing legacy from papyrus
in libraries that sank in Alexandria.

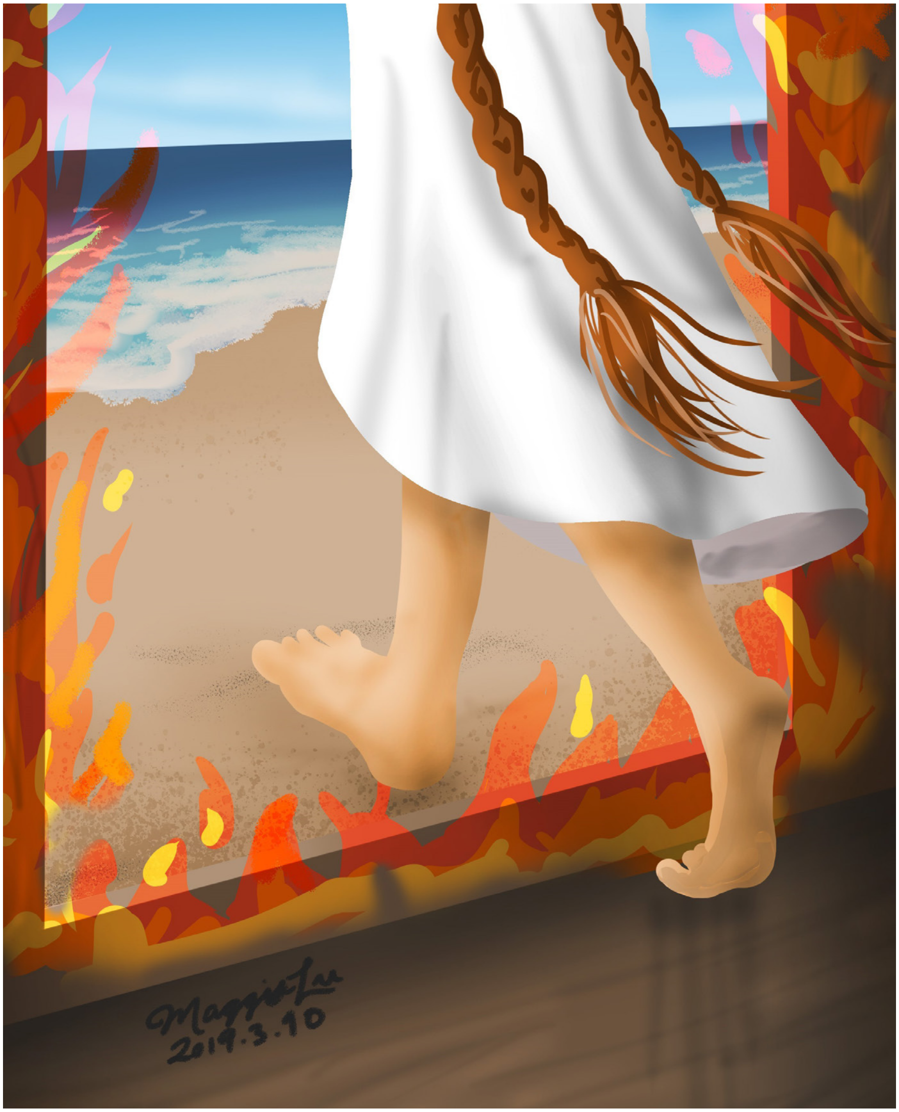
I miss the melody of her
sweet core with fig bites and
wine scrunch, grape sown,
I call her name now in sleep.

Daughter is silent in sharp sands,
glare blinding. She picks through the iron
bed hoping to find a mother's hair
to save, tucked in cruel shells of
the armies and navies
buried deep.

She savors sun-blanked vision,
avoids Mother's piercing stare
blotted salty,
shades her eyes to keep sober.

Sappho and I know how to hold face
Frozen in sea waves bubbling with restraint,
though her goodbye echoes in terminals with a
mother's red-rimmed lids.

But daughters hear the cut dial tone,
the dull buzz on Sunday evenings.


MaggieLu
2019.3.10

Mother's breathing on the other end,
missed living across ocean sounds,
imagine the whispers of weeping sucked
from papyrus teeth in their reedy throats.

I lose pleated moments in my decision as
child, as Sappho, wrapped in both women,
my braids coming loose.

Does the blurring froth on the sands
eat our sad singing?
Pick up tones I'm deaf to?

We girls plodded shorelines
for rusting shells,
holding them to ears like the ocean
might tell us how far from home we are,
how self-imposed our exile.

How many songs weaved wars between us,
scattering memories and mementos
on beaches she can't return to
when I've turned away?
The doorframe flames
when I step across.

WHEN MY FATHER SAYS “WATCH YOUR WAISTLINE”

A.K. SHAKOUR

i listen.

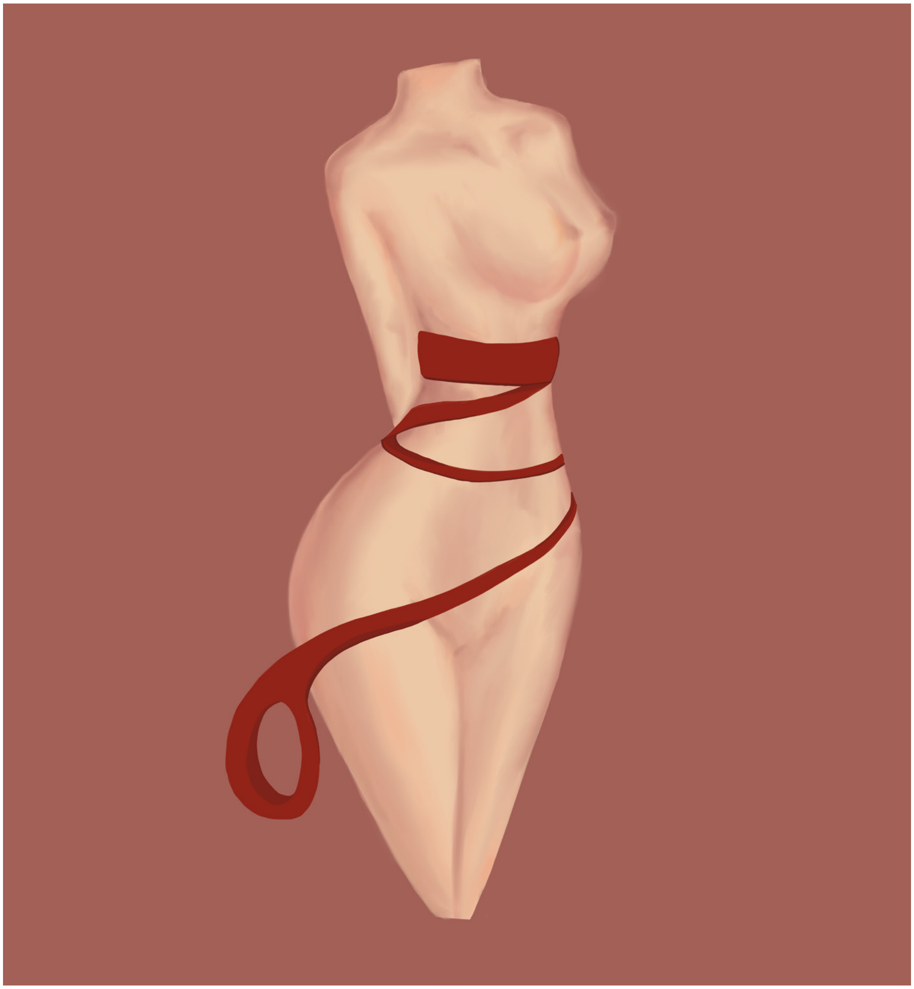
i put my waistline on a leash created for wild toddlers
pull it towards me,
so its chubby hands don’t grab the snickers bar and
at night i tuck my waistline in.
i wrap it snuggly under the covers,
read it lullabies, sing that it is my sunshine,
gingerly kiss its forehead as i shut the light off and
turn away when its eyes are closed.

sometimes i drop the leash.

when my waistline sprints into three lane traffic,
on the way to school, cars swerving to avoid it,
crashing into fire hydrants, killing stray dogs, honking
echoing for miles
i chase my waistline
i capture my waistline
i beat my waistline, like a baby seal,
with a bat covered in sharp metal teeth,
crying
as the blood of the battered creature spurts
onto the chipped cement sidewalk.

when my father says “watch your waistline”
i install cameras in its house, become big brother,
i track its every move, sending SWAT teams to invade
from the sun window on the roof.

when i watch my waistline
i am not the sun. i am not sweet like snickers.
i am bleeding, stomach echoing, but nobody can see it,
not even from the window on the roof.
Above the crumpled cinnamon buns,



BEAUTY AND ORIENTALISM IN LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU'S TURKISH EMBASSY LETTERS

MIKE YUAN

"Art is the Western myth, with which we both console ourselves and make ourselves."
– Zadie Smith, *On Beauty*

Published posthumously in 1763, *Turkish Embassy Letters* gives a detailed account of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's observations of Turkey and raises insightful critiques of Orientalism. This essay explores how Montagu's descriptions of beauty both attack and reinforce Orientalist biases. Overall, Montagu, by linking beauty to art, denounces the concept of "the inferior East" that Orientalism prescribes. She does this through several ways. Firstly, she uses beauty and art to measure the development of Turkish culture; secondly, she de-eroticizes Turkish women's beauty, which previous travel writers sexualized; and thirdly, she links beauty to the state of nature, suggesting that nature and culture co-exist in Turkish aesthetics. However, while criticizing the notion of "the inferior East," Montagu reinstalls other Orientalist prejudices. That is, she considers the West as the standard for the East to adopt and ignores the unique history of the East, reducing it to a static idea for the West to study.

As "a style of thought based upon an ontological and epistemological distinction made between 'the Orient' and (most of the time) 'the Occident'" (Said 88), Orientalism has always been "complicit with the workings of Western power" (Bertens 163). The developed and rational West represents "universal civilization" (Bertens 163), to which the irrational and primitive East needs to catch up. Westerners also construct their own identities by studying the East as fixed knowledge without a distinct history of its own. As Said summarizes, the East is "an idea that has a history and a tradition of thoughts, imagery, and vocabulary that have given it reality and presence in and for the West" (89).

Montagu debunks the myth of "the inferior East" by highlighting the aesthetic quality of Sultana Hafise's jewels. The Sultana has "four strings of pearl, the whitest and most perfect in the world, at least enough to make four necklaces every one as large as the Duchess of Marlborough's" (115). Montagu uses the artistic values of the jewels ("whitest and most perfect") as a measurement of cultural sophistication. That is, by comparing the

Sultana's jewels to the Duchess', Montagu simultaneously compares the lifestyles of Eastern and Western elites. As she highlights the whiteness – which is highly valued in the Christian traditions – of the pearls, Montagu indicates that the Sultana's pearls outshine the Duchess' in size and quality and that the Eastern noblewoman's lifestyle is more luxurious than her Western counterpart. Thus, Montagu reverses the power dynamics of Orientalist paradigms: the East, able to produce beautiful jewels, has surpassed the West, which no longer represents universal civilization.

Moreover, Montagu's obsession with architectural aesthetics reveals that "inferior" is itself an incomplete label: while a culture may appear underdeveloped on the surface, it may be sophisticated in essence. While "the Turks are not at all solicitous to beautify the outsides of their houses," the inside "display[s] their greatest magnificence:" the cushions are "brocade or embroidery of gold wire upon satin," the rooms are "wainscoted with cedar set off with silver nails," and the "gay and splendid" seats are "more convenient than [the West's] (85). Seeing only the plain outside, one would conclude that Turkish houses are less aesthetically complex than Western ones and that Turkey is inferior to the West. However, if one sees the luxurious interior, s/he will realize that Turkey has reached the same level of technological and aesthetical sophistication as the West. As such, "inferior East" fails to recognize the discrepancy between what a culture appears to be and what it is.

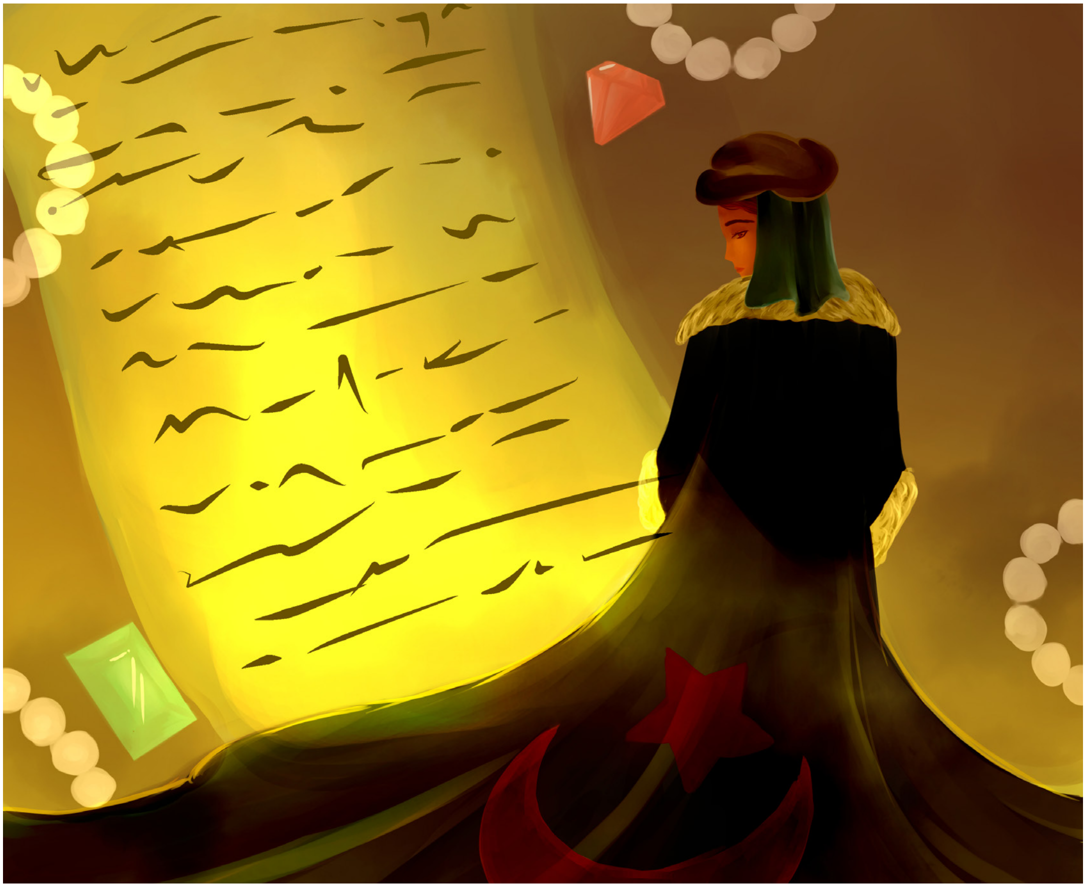
In addition, Montagu uses the Turkish house as a metaphor to criticize Western travel writers, whose writings of the East only focus on the surface. Travel writers are "fond of speaking what they don't know" and "so far removed from truth and so full of absurdities," because they "can only speak of the outside" (83-84). Refusing to enter the house, they only adopt an outsider's perspective and fail to become part of the culture. Thus, their representation of Turkey is superficial and ignores the "inside." Montagu, however, has entered the house. As an active participant of the society, she realizes that previous travel writings cannot accurately capture Turkish people's lives. Therefore, Western travel writers are as partial and incomplete as the concept of "the inferior East" itself: their writings, which stereotypically portray the East as the primitive, irrational Other, have failed to provide a comprehensive overview of Turkey.

One biased understanding of Turkey popularized by travel writers is the sexual appetite of Turkish women. Hill, for instance, eroticizes and exoticizes Turkish women, claiming that "so lascivious are their Inclinations, that…they can procure the Company of some Stranger in their Chamber, [and] claim unanimously an equal share of his Caresses…nor can he be permitted to leave them, till having exerted his utmost Vigour in the Embraces of the whole Company, he becomes incapable of further Service." (111)

As Bohls points out, Hill's portrayal of women as sexual predators comes from his imagination (29). That is, Hill only focuses on the outside and eroticizes Eastern women through his imagination. As such, his inaccurate exaggeration of

Turkish women's hypersexuality exoticizes Turkey; imagining Turkish women's sexual appetites, he hints at their inferiority to the refined and well-mannered Western women. Thus, Hill re-affirms the East as the West's "feminine opposition: irrational, passive, undisciplined, and sensual" (Bertens 164).

In response, Montagu corrects such "falsehoods perpetuated by previous travel writers" (Lo 111) by describing Turkish women's beauty in terms of Western art. The naked women in the bathhouse "[w]alk'd and mov'd with the same majestic Grace which Milton describes of our General Mother. There were many amongst them as exactly proportion'd as ever any Goddess was drawn by the pencil of Guido or Titian" (59). Although Orientalist paintings often placed a Western gaze on naked Eastern women, Montague uses the bathhouse, a traditionally Orientalist site, to attack Orientalist biases. Appealing to Western art, Montagu de-eroticizes the female body and transforms it into an aesthetic construction that, like goddesses of Guido and Titian,



should be appreciated rather than sexualized. Further, "our general Mother" emphasizes the similarities between Turkish women and Montagu, a Western woman, and underscores that Turkish women are not hypersexualized objects but normal human beings without "the least wanton smile or immodest Gesture" (59). Therefore, as Bohls summarizes, "[b]y comparing the bathing women to works of European art… [Montagu] attempts to de-eroticize and de-exoticize them, neutralizing Orientalist stereotypes" (28).

In addition to de-eroticizing Turkish women, Montagu untangles Orientalism also by linking beauty to the state of nature. Montagu claims that Turkish women "have naturally the most beautiful complexions…England cannot show so many beauties" (70). Similarly, Fatima has "a behaviour so full of grace and sweetness, such easy motions, with an air so majestic, yet free from stiffness or affectation" (89). Montagu's emphasis on "nature" conforms to the Orientalist logic that the East, being less civilized and more primitive, is closer to nature than to civilization. However, she undermines Orientalism by suggesting that it is precisely the East's lack of civilization that makes it superior. That is, as the East is closer to nature, it possesses a form of elevated, natural beauty absent in the West. While Westerners' elegance is taught and their beauty artificial, Easterners are not only beautiful but also naturally so. As a result, Montagu demonstrates that primitiveness does not equate to inferiority – being primitive does not mean being underdeveloped but means being less corrupted by civilization.

Although the argument that the East's superiority lies in its primitiveness seems to contradict the earlier idea that the East is as sophisticated as the West, Montagu maintains that the East resolves this contradiction, allowing for the co-existence of naturalness and cultural development. According to Montagu, Turkish jewels are "a large bouquet of jewels made like natural flowers…the buds of pearl, the roses of different coloured rubies, the jessamines of diamonds, the jonquils of topazes" (70). The aesthetically-pleasing jewels, like Sultana Hafise's, measure the level of cultural development. However, the flower shapes indicate that the artistic values in these jewels are also grounded in their naturalness. As such, the East has outweighed the West by achieving something the West cannot. That is, there is a clear nature-culture dichotomy in the West, and the West cannot be "natural" because of its state of civilization. In contrast, the flower-like jewels of the East juxtapose nature and culture and suggest the possibility of a world beyond this dichotomy, in which nature and culture co-exist in harmony. As such, the East does not lose its naturalness due to its development.

Despite her criticism of the myth of "the inferior East," Montagu reaffirms other Orientalist assumptions. To begin with, by comparing Eastern beauty to Western art, she uses the West as the standard for the East to adopt. Montagu describes Fatima's beauty in terms of Western artistic values – "but her eyes! Large and black, with all the soft languish of the blue" (89) – and claims that Fatima "had not the air of a Turkish girl" (119). In contrast, in North Africa, where "art is extinct," she calls the locals “the most frightful creatures that can appear in a human figure” (148-149). The contrast shows that Montagu defends a culture against Orientalism only if it follows Western aesthetic standards. Turkey is not inferior because it is aesthetically pleasing from the perspective of Western art, while because “art is extinct” in North Africa, it does not contain any Western artistic values, so Montagu despises it. As such, Montagu reinstalls Orientalism by implying that the West sets up standards to which the East needs to catch up.

Moreover, by linking beauty to art, Montagu silences the East. Comparing Fatima to “the finest piece of sculpture” (89), Montagu reinforces the Western gaze found in Orientalist paintings: “That surprising harmony of features! that charming result of the whole! that exact proportion of body! that lovely bloom of complexion unsullied by art!” (87). However, Fatima’s voice is absent, because Montagu paraphrases and reports what Fatima does and says: “she stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion” (87). Montagu completely silences Fatima and suggests that Fatima, an artistic construction, is to be observed and studied on the surface, and that her mind beneath the surface does not matter. Therefore, while accusing travel writers of staying outside, Montagu does not truly step inside either. Ignoring Fatima’s voice, Montagu’s description of Fatima resembles a dramatic monologue, in which the speaker gains total control over the addressed.

Ultimately, Montagu’s letters reaffirm the East as fixed knowledge for the West to study. In her letter to Alexander Pope, Montagu claims that “the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms…in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described…The snowy veil that Helen throws over her face is still fashionable” (75). With reference to Homer’s Iliad, Montagu again gives a mythologized aesthetic account of Turkey. In doing so, however, she suggests that Turkey is still the same as it was in ancient times; her obsession with beauty treats Turkey as a static entity and erases any possibility for it to develop over time. As such, she reduces Turkey to a fixed idea that has no unique history or identity of its own: it has to borrow and derive its present identity from a fabricated past. Like Homer’s text, the East becomes fixed knowledge for Montagu, a Westerner, to study, and through this process of studying, the West dominates the East.

Throughout Turkish Embassy Letters, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is obsessed with beauty, both of objects and people. Overall, Montagu criticizes the Orientalist notion of “the inferior East” by linking beauty to Western art. She uses beauty and art to measure Turkey’s development; she de-eroticizes Turkish women’s beauty; and she highlights that nature and culture co-exist in Turkish aesthetics. All three approaches demonstrate that the East is not necessarily inferior to the West, and that inferiority is itself a Western construction that travel writers popularized. However, Montagu’s description of beauty reinforces other Orientalist prejudices. Her appeal to Western art still considers the West as the standard for the East to learn from, and her obsession with art silences the East, treating is as a static idea with no distinct history. Still, though inevitably affected by the biases of her time, Montagu's unpacking of Orientalism is laudable and offers an uncompromising – and, needless to say, relatively more objective – alternative for the West to view the non-European "Other."

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*please refer to thegardenstatuary.com to see the supplementary illustrations that accompany this essay.

QUEERING CONTEMPORARY ART: DEATH AND GRIEVING

ARIEL KOOLSTRA

The death and mourning of a loved one is an experience that is not exclusive to conventionally prescribed groups of people. Mourning is universal and expressed by a broad spectrum of identities. This essay will explore the fascination of death in contemporary art and the social spaces that these works occupy by looking at artists identifying under the queer spectrum and their art dealing with the grieving and loss of a loved one. This essay will also speculate on what it means to mourn over a queer relationship, or for work to be dedicated to the loss of a partner in a queer relationship. The purpose of these findings will be to expand on the kinds of conversations and interpretations that arise from these works that address queer-related issues so publicly. For example, gallery institutions are a specific type of space that allow queer grieving and are activated when queer concepts and identities occupy the space. But can these spaces be challenged in terms of their occupation and deliverance of specifically themed artwork? Can queer grieving be accessed by all, or only by the queer community? What happens to the work when it is presented outside the institutional space? These questions will be considered and discussed through examples by the following queer artists and their works: AA Bronson's photograph *Felix Partz, June 5, 1994,* Felix Gonzalez-Torres' *Untitled (bed)*, and one of Annie Leibovitz's documentative photographic pieces, *Fig. 1*, of Susan Sontag's death after she passed away from leukemia. Through their work, these artists gesture towards illnesses and their own mortality, bridging the illusioned gaps between the queer body and the heterosexual body, as well as consider universal illnesses that affect all bodies. These works address the death of a relationship and a union that is unconventional to heteronormativity. Furthermore, the works are an invitation for an intellectual and empathetic emersion for the viewer to enter a very personal space, while also revealing of queer relationships through the concepts of presence and absence, and life and death.

I will consider these presentations of grief through the lens of Gregg Bordowitz's discussion of "queer structures of feeling," which he describes as an "articulation of presence forged through resistance in a heterosexist society."[1] This definition complements the following works that will be discussed in the sense that queer mourning is expressed as a certain type of "presence" just by existing, as it resists the heteronormative narratives pertaining to the death of a partner in society. I will also briefly examine Catriona Mortimer-Sandilands' ruminations in her work "Melancholy Natures" in which she investigates queer melancholy in relation to the environment, and utilize her theory of queer melancholy expressions through nature and dedicate a similar view to queer melancholic expressions through art. She refers to this as "queer acts of memory" in regarding these queer expressions as "memorial projects."[2] Her findings will help to inform the speculation of death as a concept in contemporary art as well as help to understand the spectacle-like essence of the death of a queer person expressed through art.

AA Bronson's work (Fig. 1)*, *Felix Partz, June 5, 1994* finds an echo in the words of Mortimer-Sandilands, who discusses:

> "How does one mourn in the midst of a culture that finds it almost impossible to recognize the value of what has been lost? …[M]elancholia is not only a denial of the loss of a beloved object but also a potentially politicized way of preserving that object in the midst of a culture that fails to recognize its significance."[3]

Mortimer-Sandilands' haunting words echo Bronson's mournful photograph of Felix Partz in parallel uniformity, one of his artistic and romantic partners, shortly after he passed away from AIDS. Jorge Zontal was another partner of AA Bronson's, as well as an artist/contributor to a trio group known as "General Idea," however, this essay will focus on the work dedicated to Partz. This work serves as a visual eulogy and obituary to the loss of a partner, a conceptual artist group (General Idea), and due to a fatal fight against an epidemic, AIDS, that affected many. We, as viewers, are invited to be drawn to this photo, not only because of the aesthetic of the loud, explosive colours or the mystery behind the gaunt man who lies expressionless in bed, but also because of the awareness that the image contains: death in an exuberant manner. Viewers are fascinated by the spectacle of death but are also faced with the challenge of acknowledging that a life has been lost. Here, Bronson portrays his death as visually extravagant to represent a life lost to a brutal disease that was societally condemned and stigmatized at the time. Through this, the viewership of this spectacle draws attention to the horrors of the illness and its political context. It resists the heteronormative narrative by highlighting a crucial, deadly issue prominent in the gay community: an issue that was constantly being repressed by stigma and bias. In other words, it denies intentional ignorance. More importantly, it allowed Bronson to visually mourn over the death of his partner, as it also gestured toward the death of an artistic collaboration: "General Idea." This work was sold and currently exists in the National Gallery of Canada, where it continues to activate a queer space within an institution by memorializing the AIDS crisis. However, although Bronson's original intent was to grieve artistically through this image, he seemed to be aware that this photo could be interpreted differently outside his original intent, as he stated: "Dear Felix, by the act of exhibiting this image in this exhibition...I declare that we are no longer of one mind, one body. I return you to General Idea's world of mass media, there to function without me."[4] Furthermore, a controversy arose in 2010 when the National Gallery of Canada loaned the work to Portrait Gallery for the "Hide/Seek: Difference and Desire in American Portraiture" show, in which Bronson requested the work be taken out due to his disagreement with the museum's removal of fellow artist David Wojnarowicz's video. However, since Bronson sold the work to the National Gallery of Canada, the institution retains full control on its loaned pieces to other galleries, therefore denying power from Bronson over his work. This particular example illustrates how a queer artist's work of mourning can shift from its original meaning based on its placement in context. While the work still activates queer space anywhere it is placed simply by existing, it can stray from the artist's original intent based on its movement through institutional and public environments, which also affects the viewers' interpretations of this mourning. Nevertheless, based on the speculative nature focusing on death from AIDS in the photo, it is clear that Bronson's intention is to expose the horrors and tragedy of loss, and this photo brings this underlying meaning to whichever space it occupies.

Similar to Bronson's expression of grief, Annie Leibovitz produced photo works of her partner Susan Sontag in her photobook *A Photographer's Life 1990-2005*, which was initially exhibited at the Brooklyn Museum in 2006. I will be referring to her image *Fig. 1* from her book for the purposes of this essay. *Fig. 1* displays Susan Sontag post-mortem in sequenced photographs collaged together—an artistic pause from the lively nature of the rest of the book. While Leibovitz is best known for her commercial and fashion photography, this specific segment of the book documents a moment of her life that is particularly less commercial and abruptly raw and personal. The photo piece declares a level of mourning that transcends friendship and signals the loss of an intimate partner. Leibovitz and Sontag were very private about their relationship while Sontag was alive, therefore this photo actualizes and acknowledges the existence of a queer relationship between two strong well-known presences, that was withheld from the public and media. Their relationship catered to their own definitions and labels, leaving ambiguity in the eyes of the public. Thus, Leibovitz exhibiting these private works confirms and exposes their queer identities. McKinney notes, "the Sontag images similarly document and display the intimate nature of death, but they picture a death from cancer, a disease without a clear social group of victims it abjects."[5] To present the body is to present the evidence of the effects of a terminal disease, motioning to the fragility of life that affects all bodies. The spectacle of presenting and viewing the dead of a queer relationship creates a space of honouring the deceased, as the relationship, along with the body, has passed. Furthermore, her work on display allows for collective grieving for those who also connected with Sontag and her work. Culturally, it establishes a validation to their queer relationship and officially marks its existence. Mortimer-Sandilands says that "for lesbians, public melancholy is a form of survival."[6] While the two kept their lesbian relationship private, it seems that it is Leibovitz's intention to not necessarily discredit or completely erase its existence. Setting such a space invites the queer community to partake in similar grieving practices and enables their voices to be heard as well. However, the work documenting Sontag's death faced ethical challenges and criticism; thus the photographs enter the "original artist's intention" dilemma because these works cannot be controlled in terms of their circulation in the public or media. Much of the public had ethical concerns about the work documenting Sontag's body when it was first presented outside the context

of the photobook, consequently removing Leibovitz's original intention of grieving the loss of her partner. Again, similar to Bronson's work, Leibovitz only has enough control of her artistic intention of queer mourning behind the work until it is circulated in the media, and up for the public's interpretation. However, I argue that the work existing on its own without the context of the photobook still declares a queer space of mourning, indicating the loss of a loved one as well as a spectacle based on the queer nature of the imagery. In conjunction with Bronson's work, McKinney also raises the awareness of how the documentative photographs are akin to the photographs of gay men dying due to AIDS through the 1980s to 1990s.[7] The imagery of death and dying asks for empathy and emphasizes that an individual, regardless of sexuality, has lost their partner. Furthermore, this intimate form of expression is Leibovitz's ultimate way of preserving Sontag's memory as well as the relationship they had together, which allows her an outlet to mourn artistically.

These concepts of "queer mourning through art" may also be applied to Felix Gonzalez-Torres' art, who is known for his works pertaining to grieving and loss in relation to the passing of his partner, Ross Laycock, due to AIDS. Specifically, I refer to his piece *Untitled (Bed)*, a photograph that was first exhibited on twenty-four billboards in Manhattan in 1991. The photograph displays an unmade bed, left presumably by two bodies. In comparison to the last two examples, this work does not directly display a dying body, nor does it immediately announce "death" to the viewer. Instead, it displays an absence, and this ambiguity delivers a different haunting feeling. The spectacle of the body is replaced with a ghostly image: an absence of a body.

The lack of a presence incites curiosity to know who is missing and why. Ultimately, the work signifies a loss of a specific partner, yet it also lends itself to a loss of an entire community who was affected similarly by AIDS. As Mortimer-Sandilands notes, "in a context in which there are no adequate cultural relations to acknowledge death, melancholia is a form of preservation of life—a life...that is already gone, but whose ghost propels a changed understanding of the present."[8] The absence in the bed changes our understanding of the presence by acknowledging the human loss due to AIDS. Interestingly, it pertains to Bordowitz's definition of being a "queer structure of feeling,"[9] as mentioned earlier, in the sense that it escaped the walls of an institutional space by being directly and publicly displayed. While there is not much immediate visual context upon first glance, those who are familiar with Gonzalez-Torres' works or do in-depth research on this particular work will understand the context of the empty bed being left by a gay couple (the artist and his partner). Furthermore, the space that these billboards occupy becomes queer because the missing occupants of the bed were queer. In other words, the absence was caused by a queer presence, leaving behind the trace of a queer context. Removing the body removes a site of possible contention, while still leaving the symptoms of a societally repressed political and social issue. However, the beautiful ambiguity of the visual absence in the bed can intrigue and be interpreted by anybody and any body. Essentially, these traces left in the sheets could have been left behind by anyone, as it is seemingly anonymous. It quietly installs Gonzalez-Torres' relationship into the public as well, by revealing a part of his private life to an accessible space while still retaining modesty. With its ambiguity leaving itself open to interpretation by anyone, these same attributes of accessibility can apply to the concept of death and how it is universal and inevitable for all. Similar to Leibovitz's and Bronson's work, this work invites intellectual and empathetic engagement with the concept of mourning the loss of a loved one while considering the hurdles the queer community faces upon the loss of one of their own.

These works provide an understanding of how queer art expresses mourning by occupying certain spaces and how these works communicate social issues pertaining to the queer community. Mortimer-Sandilands says that:

> For many, queer melancholia is thus not so much a "failed" mourning as a psychic and potentially political response to homophobia: a preservation of both the beloved and the fact of love itself in the face of a culture that barely allows, let alone recognizes, intimate queer attachments. Melancholia is pressed, here, into the service of memory, and this insight is vital in order to develop the conditions in which loss becomes something recognizable and meaningful-and grievable.[10]

Mortimer-Sandilands outlines how these expressions of mourning not only resist heteronormative narratives of mourning expressions, but also fight heteronormative repressions of queer emotional expressions, and furthermore serve to commemorate and permanently press these identities and relationships into history. The works listed above are considered the creative, emotional, and political processing of queer loss while ensuring that their deaths are memorialized with acknowledgment of their queer identities. These works also ask us to consider the dynamics of the body, where it is initially a vessel of agency but transforms into a prison awaiting death. Not only do they signal the fragility of life, but also challenge the dominant narratives of grief expression, those of which are heteronormative, to make space for queer mourning. It is also important to note that all three of these artists were present with their partner while they were dying, none of whom wanted to die. Therefore, these works also document the observation of an illness devouring their loved ones and indicate the presence and absence of a queer testimony and declaration of space. Thus, their work simultaneously create a queer space to grieve while also creating a space for others to grieve as well. Ultimately, these works bring us closer to understanding grief and mourning as a human expression, made to unite the living and respect the deceased.

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[1] Gregg Bordowitz, The AIDS Crisis Is Ridiculous, London, New York: Routledge, 1993), 49.

[2] Mortimer-Sandilands, Catriona. "Melancholy Natures, Queer Ecologies." Queer Ecologies, no. 12 (2010): pp 343.

[3] Ibid,. 333.

[4] Enright, Paul. "Particularizing some General Ideas: An Interview with AA Bronson." Border Crossings, no. 2 (2004).

[5] McKinney, Caitlin. "Leibovitz and Sontag: picturing an ethics of queer domesticity." Queen's Journal of Visual & Material Culture, no. 3 (2010): pp 7.

[6] Mortimer-Sandilands, "Melancholy Natures," 342.

[7] McKinney, "Leibovitz and Sontag," 7.

[8] Mortimer-Sandilands, "Melancholy Natures," 333.

[9] Bordowitz, "The AIDS Crisis," 49.

[10] Mortimer-Sandilands, "Queer Natures," 339.

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*please refer to thegardenstatuary.com to see the supplementary figures that accompany this essay.

WHEN TONGUES REPLACE SWORDS: SOMATIC TRANSGRESSION AND ITS SHIFTING PERFORMANCE IN EARLY MODERN REVENGE TRAGEDY

ANA MARIA FERNANDEZ GRANDIZO

The early modern tragic stage added to its cast of players the unruly member of the tongue. Thomas Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy*, William Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, and Thomas Middleton's *The Revenger's Tragedy* all dramatize the tongue's power to transgress the boundaries of the body and interfere with bodily integrity. Within these plays, the tongue performs much of the killing action that the Renaissance stage's dagger, sword, and poniard, already enact. The difference, however, is that the tongue presents a genuine anxiety for the early modern playgoer. While the swords are fake and never lunged at an audience, the Renaissance tongue can spill forth like poison into ears and interfere with volatile entrails within. Kyd, Shakespeare, and Middleton utilize this curious early modern conceptualization of the tongue as a theatrical device that heightens the threat of spectacle. Evoking the audience's genuine permeability to the tongue places tragic theatre closer to the shockingly real bodily transgressions of the bear garden and scaffold—its cousin and competing entertainments. Furthermore, the figure of the tongue permitted these playwrights to expand the types, or forms, of bodily transgressions that could be enacted onstage, beyond those which the blunted edge or censorship allowed. This essay focuses on three types of somatic transgression: sexual acts, corporeal punishment dictated by legal verdicts, and bodily decay.

Carla Mazzio's illuminating essay "Sins of the Tongue in Early Modern England" examines the early modern conceptualization and attitudes surrounding the tongue. She includes the following emblem of the "Evill Tongue," from George Wither's 1635 *Collection of Emblems*, which captures the tongue's uncanny nature and disturbing motion in a single striking image. A key concept at work here, as Mazzio points out, is the "early modern nervousness" surrounding the tongue's own agency as an organ that can separate from the body and act of its own accord, particularly to devious ends (97). Sermons and treatises, with titles such as *The Taming of the Tongue* (1619) and *A Bridle for the Tongue* (1663), also provide evidence that the tongue's unruliness was a serious and ongoing concern (Mazzio 98). Even a comedy featuring a tyrannical literal tongue protagonist, *Lingua*, or, *The combat of the tongue* was published two years before the first performance of *Hamlet* (Mazzio 106). J. L.

Simmons has also pointed out the biblical and classical origins of the perceived superfluous duplicity and sinful nature of the tongue in his essay "The Tongue and Its Office". Within the Bible, the tongue is "ful of deadelie poyson" and sermons warn it is "a microcosm of evil" capable of infecting the whole body (James iii.8 qtd. in Simmons 60-1). Classical rhetoricians have also acknowledged the "destructive liabilities of rhetoric" at length, underpinning its potential to wreak havoc upon men (Simons 60).

While the Renaissance is definitely mistrustful of the tongue, its views on this "wilde member" must also be situated within the period's psycho-physiological ideological system. Gail Paster's *Humouring the Body* and David Hillman's *Shakespeare's Entrails* both attest to an early modern humoral, Galenic, microcosmic understanding of the human body in which the passions are a direct phenomenon of internal bodily disturbances. The early modern tongue, being a metonymy for language, is implicated within these humoral motions given that speech can become incorporated into a body. As Paster writes, "Spoken words, while not material entities themselves, were thought to produce material changes in the mind – and hence in the self that receives them" ("The Tragic Subject" 159).

Given this conception of the force of the tongue, early modern revenge tragedy can be reconfigured as a spectacle of the tongue's transgression. The texts of *Revenger's*, *Spanish Tragedy*, and *Hamlet* all demonstrate an acute awareness of this function of the tongue when they remind the audience of their humoral permeability to the tongue. It is not only the characters who can be "scathed, whipped, defiled, and corrupted" by the tongues of actors, but also the playgoers. The audience's immersion in the humoural sphere of the play is confirmed whenever they blush, laugh, or cry at the words spoken on stage. In *Revenger's*, Vindice taunts, "Shall I tell thee? / If every trick were told that's dealt by night, / There are few here that would not blush outright" (2.ii,153-4). Thus he reminds the audience that his words can also stir their inner passions.

Another signal of words becoming incorporated into the playgoer's body is when they become palatable. After the Duke tells his secrets to Vindici so that "his heart stands o'th'outside," the following exchange takes place.

> **Vindice**. Oh, sweet, delectable, rare, happy, ravishing!
> **Hippolito**. Why what's the matter, brother?
> **Vindici**. Oh 'tis able
> To make a man spring up and knock his forehead
> Against yon silver ceiling!
> **Hippolito**. Prithee tell me.
> Why may not I partake with you? You vowed once
> To give me share to every tragic thought.
> **Vindice**. By th'Mass, I think I did too.
> Then I'll divide it to thee (3.5.1-11).

Vindice's possession of the Duke's secret is figured in terms of bodily ingestion. The secret's delectable words are ravished by Vindice and taste sweet. Hipplito's pun of "the matter" reinforces their material force. Words are indeed "able" and can make the audience's bodies move like an internal, uncontrolled reflex. Vindice implies the secret will make the audience's foreheads knock against the "silver ceiling" of the theatre roof. Hippolito then voices the audience's desire to also get a taste of the secret. Vindice goes on to share a slice of his "tragic thought(s)" with those who are listening, and thus the words of the play are consumed by all in a communal process of bodily 'ingestion' or incorporation.

The shared humoral effect of words is also made reference to in the play's opening subplot when Hippolito remarks, "My lord, since you invite us to your sorrows, / Let's truly taste 'em, that with equal comfort / As to ourselves we may relieve your wrongs. / We have grief too, that yet walks without tongue" (1.4.19-22). Addressing both the audience and the lords around him, Hippolito invites all ears to taste the words that literally provide a preamble to the onset of the play's main plot. He also elucidates the way in which grief "walks" by nature of the tongue. Hence, the text not only constructs this phenomenon of the audience's aural psycho-physiological permeability within the time-space of the playhouse, it also actively invokes and invites it to happen.

The playgoer's enhanced awareness of the tongue's transgressive powers, foregrounded by an already cemented cultural anxiety surrounding the tongue, makes the act of playwatching a more visceral and carnal experience. The illusion of performance fades and the more 'flesh and blood' humoral phenomenon of the tongue kicks in. In the same way special effects are used to enhance an audience's perception that this is a 'real' event, so too is the tongue employed by Kyd, Shakespeare, and Middleton to make the threat of transgression feel more palpable, genuine and close—uncomfortably close perhaps. One must now approach the play's confines at one's own caution. The very real 'beast' of the tongue has been unleashed upon the early modern stage, much like the nearby bears tied to the stake. Thus the tongue functions as a theatrical device to increase excitement, risk, and ultimately the audience's viewing pleasure.

The Spanish Tragedy, *Hamlet*, and *Revenger's* are all plays that at times sheath the sword and replace it with the dramatic tongue. In Kyd's play, the play-within-the-play "The Tragedy of Suleiman" becomes the instrument through which Hieronimo and Bel Imperia perform their revenge (4.4). The scene also explores metatheatrically the idea of dramatic spectacle performing real violence, as opposed to simulated violence. In a *Black Swan* (2010) moment, Bel Imperia (acting as Perseda) actually kills Balthazar (acting as Suleiman) and kills herself when enacting Perseda's suicide. The stage directions "(stab him)" and "(stab herself)" loose their parenthetical aspect and become genuine (4.4.66-67). Having written the play, Hieronimo's "vulgar tongue" is deemed the force behind this spectacle of real somatic transgression (4.4.75). Once the play-within-the-play ends, his authorial declaration is, "I am Hieronimo / […] Whose tongue is tuned to tell his latest tale, / [...] See here my show. Look on this spectacle!" (4.4.83). Upon this blood-covered stage, Kyd's tragedy directs our attention to the tongue's dramatic capacity to perform, and not merely represent, bodily transgression.

In *Hamlet* the eponymous protagonist's hesitation to enact any sort of transgression on the body of Claudius is finally resolved with the theatrical play-within-the-play device as well. Hamlet's dramatic tongue is his chosen weapon of retaliation, unlike the fencing instrument that is instead thrust into

his hand by the customs of a game in the final scene of the play. The two scenes of playing entertainment can be contrasted in terms of their metatheatricality (3.2. vs. 5.2). The text in fact invites a critical juxtaposition. Although Laertes' choice of weapon is the "rapier and dagger," Hamlet specifically commands, "Let the foils be brought" (5.2.158,188). And so the figurative foil to the tongue is brought onstage for us to draw comparisons. Both the tongue and the fencing foil are instruments of somatic transgression used in playing entertainments. However, only the tongue proves useful at its intended function during "The Mousetrap". Claudius' visible psychological distress is proof that Hamlet's tongue succeeds in trespassing the boundaries of his body. Ear poison—is not coincidentally also the choice of murder weapon in Hamlet's "Mousetrap." As described by the Ghost of Hamlet Sr., its explicitly humoral "effect" upon the body is it "courses through / The natural gates and alleys of the body, / And with a sudden vigor it doth posset / And curd [...] The thin and wholesome blood" (1.5.71-6). In contrast, Hamlet's fencing foil is absolutely useless in regards to penetrating a body. The only time the fencing foil does transgress somatic boundaries is when its tip is poisoned. In other words, the actor's sword is most theatrically compelling if it can actually kill, which of course would never happen. Hamlet's scathingly inventive tongue, on the other hand, is just as dangerous as a real sword and can actually be used onstage. There it can flex its musculature and implore actors to "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced / it to you, trippingly on the tongue" (3.2.1-2). The audience can not only attest to which is the better weapon, but also to which scene is the most enthralling. The fencing scene only becomes exciting when the edges, rather than being blunted, become as sharp as the tongue's. Therefore Hamlet demonstrates a textual shift in the way the somatic transgressions of violence and murder are to be performed onstage; it is a vocal endorsement of the tongue over the blunted sword.

Explorations of this exciting theatrical tool are best exemplified in Thomas Middleton's *The Revenger's Tragedy*. Evoking the beating wings of Wither's tongue emblem, Carla Mazzio notes how "the literal and figurative range of the tongue rendered it particularly suitable for the articulation of collapsing distinctions, be they linguistic, socio-political, geographic, or cosmic" (99). Thus the tongue opens up the genre to a brand new set of bodily trespasses that can be enacted by drama.

Sexual intercourse, for example, has always been almost impossible to enact in drama, especially if a text requires it to be graphic. Middleton's play, however, overcomes this age-old challenge by conflating sexual potency with tongues at the very onset of the play's frame. The Duchess remarks, "O what it is to have an old-cool duke […] To be as slack in tongue as in performance" (1.2.74-75). Subsequently, the entire courting of Castiza enacts several varieties of somatic transgression through what Simmons calls "the action of verbal intercourse" (62). Lussurioso employs Vindici to this end, directing him to "with a smooth enchanting tongue / Bewitch her ears and cozen her of all grace. / Enter upon the portion of her soul, / Her honor, which she calls her chastity" (I.3.111-4). In this form of tongue-led transgression, bodily integrity is not only literally interfered with, but also figuratively in terms of Castiza's chastity, morality, and virtue.

Although it is only Lussurioso who explicitly desires to trespass Castiza's virgin body, all those involved in this lustful verbal pursuit end up being implicated in the sexual act as well. Vindici's surrogate tongue, in performing the courting, is figured as "a thing of flesh and blood […] that would very desirously mouth to mouth with" his own sister (2.1.10-12). Likewise their mother, Gratiana, comments on how Vindici, "touch'd me nearly, made my virtues bate. / When his tongue struck upon my poor estate" (2.1.111-2). Thus the figure of the tongue allows for the dramatic representation of incestous desires and/or actions, which is a strongly subversive theme for the standards of the censored early modern stage.

Another sexual relation transgressive in itself that is dramatized by the tongue in *Revenger's* is the one which Simmons identifies between Vindice and Lussurioso (63). After "impregnating" Vindice with his secret, Lussurioso declares "And thus I enter thee," and "ravish me in thine answer," among other innuendos (Simmons 63; Middleton 1.3.85; 2.2.20). The verbal intercourse enacted here crosses significant dramatic boundaries into homoerotic representations of sex, as well as borders between socio-political bodily distinctions, given that one is a prince and the other his malcontent.

Next, it is also possible to enact the somatic transgression performed by the language of the law and the tongues of judicial authorities. In *Revenger's*, Junior Brother and Lussurioso have their "life between the judge's lips" and the pleas of those that sit close to power (3.5.76). Junior Brother's "token for [his] death" is a letter written by the tongue of the law and capable of condemning a man's body to death (3.4.43). Hence transgression of bodily integrity via capital or corporeal punishment is figured as a function of the institutionalized and authoritative tongue. This enables the theatre to shift into the spectacles of punishment that traditionally have belonged to the entertainments of the scaffold in Renaissance England. Furthermore, retaliation and silencing of the tyrant's abusive tongue is also enacted in the image of the Duke's tongue nailed down to the working-class table (3.4.202). And so, once again, a controversial form of somatic trespassing manages to slither itself into representation in the early modern stage by the figure of the tongue.

Finally, the last type of uncharted crossings these plays explore is that of the body in the after-life and what remains of its imperious tongue and its proclivities for somatic interference. The Ghost of Hamlet Sr. speaks from the dead, despite his body being lodged in purgatory. The extent to which his "tale" can trespass into Hamlet's living body and "harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood" raises burning questions about the nature of words beyond the body and life (1.5.20-1). Similarly, Gloriana's "prison house" of the body does not stop her lips from killing the Duke and ulcering his soul by nature of a poison called a "mortal curse" (Hamlet I.5.19; Revenger's 3.5.103). Thus words bring back the dead but can also kill the living.

The transgressions of the tongue are shrouded in this ambivalence and mystery during the early modern period. However, it is plays like Thomas Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy,* Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, and Thomas Middleton's *The Revenger's Tragedy* that begin to decipher the tongue's power and dramaturgical potential through the very same systems of language that encode their plays "trippingly on all our tongues".

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METAPHOR, METONYMY, AND METANARRATIVE SPACE: NEGOTIATIONS OF TRUTH IN A VLOG

JOSEPHINE HASS

Questions about the role of truth, authenticity, meaning, and authorial intent are not new to art and art criticism, yet the upswell of new forms made possible by new technologies cast these questions in a new light. One example are memes, where the relationship between an image or images and the text they are presented with construct meaning by evoking metonymic frames, metaphors, and viewpoints in ways not possible with just text. Another example, with more structural similarities to literary novels, are videos. In this essay, I will analyse a video blog, commonly referred to as a ‘vlog’, called *YouTube: Art or Reality* by YouTube vlogger Oliver Thorn, and use a cognitive linguistic lense to look at the way it constructs - and deconstructs - meaning, particularly in the meta context of the vlog assessing the appropriateness of a vlog as a medium to communicate authentic inner truth, which is the theme of the vlog. Specifically, I will analyze the self-conscious, intersubjective, and meta way this vlog employs metaphor, metonymy, and viewpoint while exploring this theme, and examine how applying this cognitive approach to meaning allows for a deeper appreciation and understanding of Thorn’s work.

YouTube: Art or Reality takes the form of a police interrogation, in which a “good” cop (Detective Strucci) and “bad” cop (Detective Ellis) question Oliver Thorn about his YouTube channel. They accuse him of performing and aesthetically manipulating his vlogs, and thus lying to his viewers, which in their eyes further exacerbates an already problematic parasocial relationship. Significantly, however, ‘their eyes’ are also his eyes, because not only has Thorn written and directed the whole vlog, he also plays all the parts - himself, and the two detectives. The first two-thirds of the vlog is comprised of dialogue between these three characters, in which Oliver defends himself against their accusations, to some success. Here is an example of an important exchange in the dialogue, where they debate whether or not embellishing a vlog makes it inauthentic:

> **OLIVER**. The appearance, the aesthetic, it informs the ideas but it doesn’t distort them. Like I color grade my footage, okay this right now this is not how we really look and we’re all wearing makeup, but that’s not inauthentic, it’s not gonna convince anyone of anything that they wouldn’t believe if they knew otherwise, it’s just aesthetically better...
>
> **STRUCCI**. No, that’s very subjective,

> isn't it? You have one relationship to this media, you draw one conclusion, we might draw another.
>
> **ELLIS**: Yeah, death of the author [gestures slitting his throat] (Thorn, 14:30 - 15:03)

Other important moments question whether talking to an audience through vlogs is "real" or performance and if the relationship is "parasocial" like some claim, as well as exploring the ethical implications of these questions. To briefly summarize this storyline, Oliver reveals that even in the emotional, self-disclosing segments of his videos, what he shares is scripted, rehearsed, and the results of many takes and edits. Under pressure from Detective Ellis, Oliver also concedes that although he likes to think that his vlogs are sincere and his relationships with viewers are technologically mediated and not parasocial - because although he is performing he becomes who he is performing and besides, everyone is always performing anyway, his privilege as a straight white man allows him to romanticize this metaphor of performance and of life being a stage, while at the same time minimizing the suffering of people who are forced to be estranged from their true self and perform in certain ways because of their gender, race, or sexuality. The result of complicating metaphor and the devices of viewpoint and metonymy in these ways is that it establishes an intersubjective understanding between him and us as the viewers, where we know that he knows that we know these concepts are fraught in terms of their ability to completely communicate inner truth from vlogger to viewer.

It is within this established understanding that the last third of the vlog takes place. Here, the video cuts to colour, and we see Thorn talking with his video editor, where he asks "did I step on his toes at any point?" (25:33, emphasis mine), and then proceeds to wrap up, at which point the viewpoint cuts for the first time to a first-person view of him walking and taking the subway home, and then a last third-person view of him getting into bed, while all the while "fukin awesome synth-pop music" (as described in the captions, Thorn, 26:03, 28:44) plays in the background. With the conflicting perspectives on truth, performance, and aesthetics already hashed out and the limitations and abilities of vlogging to authentically communicate inner truth already assessed, this last sequence represents a synthesis, or at least a return from deconstruction with an acception of the paradox between the desire to "authentically" communicate inner truth, and the inescapability of forms that thwart this. As we see him afresh as he talks to his filmer, see his perspective walking home, and see him getting into bed, it is within an intersubjective understanding of the fact that his meaning is both enabled and limited by his medium of communication, and the implications of that. We are thus left to contemplate the futility of trying to judge the truthfulness of the vlog against a standard of purely authentic communication, since his ending suggest that other attempts to communicate inner truth depart from this ideal in their own way. With the meaning of this video established, let us now delve into how how this meaning is constructed, focusing particularly on metaphor, metonymy, and metanarrative.

As discussed previously, a large party of Thorn's discussion of the ability of vlogging to communicate inner truth is centred around the idea that all self-presentation can be understood by the metaphor LIFE IS A PLAY. Importantly, though, throughout this vlog Thorn consistently employs metaphors to show, rather than just tell, this to his viewers. This is most apparent in the latter third of the vlog, where Thorn has "broken" character and is depicted as just himself living his life, but there is an intersubjective understanding between him and the viewer that he is also acting on the stage of life. However, metaphor is also present in another way. Since Thorn has established that his goal in his vlogs is to communicate an authentic truth with his viewer, the ending, as well the "video within the video," can be viewed together as an attempt to fulfil his desire to communicate his mind with us, and our attempt to understand another's mind. In this light, we are to understand his mind as conflicted and wrought with inner turmoil surrounding his relationship to his material and his viewers. Thorn conveys this through mapping his conflicting and paradoxical insights into the nature of truth and communication onto different characters and viewpoints, who argue with each other as a metaphorical representation of his internal debate. Just as Macbeth and other plays can be understood to be "primarily about the mind", so too can this vlog (Dancygier). Similar to plays then, the discourse here is really represented thought.

Another central thematic concern for Thorn is metonymy, which he discusses and employs in the context of video editing and the hyperreal. Firstly, for example, he embellishes the video within the video by colour-grading it black-and-white. His character Oliver claims that this does not affect the vlog's meaning and is just "aesthetically better," while Strucci insists that the subjective background and experience of the viewer determines how embellishments such as this are interpreted. This latter view is more aligned with cognitive understandings of meaning construction, which emphasize how metonymy constructs meaning by evoking frames that then add another layer of meaning to the work by informing how information is interpreted. For example, I grew up watching old movies, and so for me, the black and white filter metonymically references a conceptual category of old movies, which influences the ways I interpret the setting, characters, and their interactions, and thus influence the meaning I give to Thorn's video.[1] Although the character Oliver that represents himself ultimately believes that metonymic references do not necessarily create new meaning, the fact that that both sides of the issue are presented illustrate Thorn's awareness of the complexity of meaning construction and the possibility that aesthetic editing choices function as metonymy and thus do contribute to meaning.

Another way Thorn employs metonymy is in his evocation of the concept of the hyperreal, a concept developed by post-structuralists to describe the idea that sometimes signs (which can be understood as metonymy) do not reference a real world signifier, but rather reference just another sign. The question of whether, within the framework of cognitive linguistics, metonymy evokes "real world" frames and schema or whether the frames are just comprised of more metonymy, is a complicated one. Regardless of what the answer is, Thorn metonymically evokes concepts that complicate our understanding of metonymy and meaning. For example, he contests that acting is "becoming a mask" and insists it is

rather "one kind of performance in a lifetime of hyperreal performances, copies without an original" (Thorn, 19:50; 24:50). Ultimately, he questions whether metonymy does contribute to meaning, and then questions whether the frames the metonymy evokes are real are hyperreal. Significantly, however, the fact that he orchestrates both these explorations through the use of metonymy shows the viewers that regardless of its complex status in conveying truth, metonymy does indisputably matter in meaning construction.

Most important for understanding how meaning is constructed in this vlog is the cognitive conception of narrative space, and with that, deictic ground. In this vlog, Thorn shifts in and out of narrative, metanarrative, and paranarrative[2] viewpoints, which accordingly guide the viewer into different roles and relations with him and with the story as discourse participants, thus greatly influencing the vlog's meaning. As mentioned previously, much of the discussion of metaphor, metonymy and viewpoint takes place at the level of narration. Significantly, however, a good part of the discussion, especially the analysis of these devices effectiveness and ineffectiveness in real-time, takes place at the metanarrative or parranative level, resulting in these levels containing their own storylines. Even more significant than their delineation, however, is the merging of these distinct viewpoint perspectives. For example, when Oliver references his colour grading of the film, or his insertion of visible citations on the screen as he talks, he not only discusses his experience orchestrating these effects in his video (a metanarrative viewpoint), but also his own experience in seeing them take place (a paranarrative viewpoint). By engaging with the viewer from these different narrative perspectives, Thorn is blending the two input spaces of STORY and DAILY LIFE, ultimately collapsing the space between them and between the paranarrative, metanarrative, and narrative space. Combined with the idea that we perform in real life just as we do in forms of communication such as vlogging, an idea which is presented in all three levels of mental space in this vlog, Thorn's manipulation of narrative space and deictic ground strongly advances the idea that the truth he communicates is as real as any truth can be.

Additionally, Thorn's use of viewpoint allows him to highlight the discrepancy between what we experience phenomenologically in our inner life, and what we ultimately voice to the outer world. For example, in the first part of the vlog when the detectives interrogate Oliver about another video he made, he reveals how difficult it was for him to make the video because it deals with very personal topics. Although his emotional presentation in that vlog suggest this difficulty, he does not actually explicitly reveal his experience in language until he talks about it in a metanarrative way within the narrative of his *Youtube: Art or Reality* vlog. Also, when he ends the video within the video portion of this vlog, he shifts into a paranarrative and metanarrative mental space, in which he asks his video editor if he stepped on "his" toes at any point, with this person-deixis referring to detective Ellis. Although by this of course Thorn means "infringing on Ellis' dialogic responsibility" rather than his physical toes, it still is significant that he refers to Ellis's toes in a way that suggests his meta and paranarrative experience of this deictic ground is not through himself, Thorn, but rather through the character Ellis. Through this, Thorn suggests that his experience of his vlog as real contributes to its realness. For although the "death of the author" idea is brought up[4] to suggest that the narrator's intent has no effect on the meaning of the work, here Thorn is presenting himself not as narrator that relates to us and the vlog in a deictic ground where we are viewers, but rather presents himself as a real-world counterpart to his viewers, suggesting in a meta- and para-narrative way that we might draw the same conclusions about truth as he does.

Lastly, Thorn employs viewpoint to disrupt the viewers' expectations in regards to deictic ground in non-vlog videos, thus highlighting the unique deictic ground afforded by vlogging. we then see to have both positive and negative implications for communication of truth compared to other forms. For example, several times throughout the video within the video, Thorn looks at and addresses the viewers directly. While this is completely normal and is reflective of the entirety of the deictic ground in his other vlogs, in this case it is unexpected because it subverts expectations we have of a typical video. By using this audience deixis to unexpectedly disrupt this deictic ground (from character to character with viewer as spectator, to character/narrator to viewer as addressee) and viewpoint (from narrative to metanarrative), Thorn encourages us to question our status as discourse participants in viewing videos and vlogs, and ask, "who is this talking to me, what is the nature of our relationship, and what are the implications?" When I answer these questions, I reach the conclusion that the unique features of a vlog - that we are communicated with directly as an addressee - can be both limiting and enabling in terms of communication of truth. Ultimately, in this example and the others, Thorn's manipulation of viewpoint shows us that the vlog is as good - or bad - as any medium in terms of its ability to convey truth.

Thorn is not unique in drawing attention to the devices of metaphor, metonymy, and viewpoint in his work. In fact, it has been said that some poems, particularly older ones, are primarily "about the metaphors,", meaning that they are explorations of the appropriateness of particular metaphors for understanding abstract domains of human life, while more contemporary ones are "about" discourse, viewpoint, and deictic ground.[4] How this vlog differs is that rather than evaluating the efficacy of a metaphor at capturing abstract conceptualization through employing them and then following them to their logical or illogical conclusions, or making us question our assumptions about relationships through subversions of typical deictic relationships, it instead uses meta- and paranarrative space to directly dialogues with the viewer about the both the futility and power of these artistic devices and forms of meaning construction. Consequently, when these devices are evoked, it is within the context of an intersubjective understanding between the author and the viewer of their successes and failures, and authenticity and artificiality. Using such spaces therefore enables the meaning to go beyond just the efficacy of a particular device, and become more existential, and become about acknowledging together the ability and limits of language to mediate the communication of our inner worlds with one another. Ultimately, through drawing attention to how these metaphors, metonymy, and viewpoint are evoked in the metanarrative and paranarrative frame but then continuing to use them from a variety of other viewpoint perspectives, Thorn shows that though these means of communication are indeed "fraught." However, he also shows that they are no less limited than other forms of communication, so though we are right to deconstruct them, ultimately we are left with no choice but to use them.

I have reached this same existential, epistemological, and metaphysical conclusion in my appraisal of other forms of communication. In writing, for example, the writer can employ techniques such as free indirect discourse to bridge the discrepancy between the inner and outer world of characters through reporting thoughts and feelings directly from the characters' consciousness, at a level below their articulation. These forms of meaning construction are structurally not available to the vlogger, since like the actor, everything the vlogger communicates must be through discourse. However, the vlogger also has access to forms the writer does not, such as visuals, audio, and editing technology. In the end, both of these forms, as well as others, are weakened not only through their own particular structural Achilles' heel, but they also fall prey to the trap of retroactive conceptualization, thus creating distance from ones' actual phenomenological experience of being. Nonetheless, if we still remain in pursuit of raw access to the "experience of being," I agree with Thorn that video blogging is as meaningful as any form can be to use language to bridge the gap between self and other.

[1] This example is meant to show the impact even subtle metonymies, such as colour, have on meaning. More obvious examples would be his stylistic choice of a police interrogation (which assigns to the roles different assumptions of guilt, power, and dominant discourses) or of all parts being played by the same person, him (which, as explained, evokes frames of internal debate, split selves, etc.).

[2] Drawing from Todd Oakley's use of paranarrative space, I define this as when the narrator steps out of their official role as narrator and instead talks about their own experience as a listener to the story (in contrast to metanarrative space, where they talk about their experience narrating the story).

[3] (in a really clever extension of the metaphor, with detective Ellis threatening literal death by gesturing slitting of his throat)

[4] An example of the former that Thorn references is Shakespeare. The quote he closes with "All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players" comes from his play As You Like It, and are likely included due to Shakespeare's own need to negotiate the truth of his plays, since like Oliver in Thorn's video-within-a-video, he too was accused of lying through his productions.

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*please refer to thegardenstatuary.com to see the supplementary figures that accompany this essay.

BOTTLE GLASS

FRANCOIS PELOQUIN

The seagulls had woken him, but it was the children walking beside him along the shore who took the brunt of his rage. He was up in seconds, sand flying from his tangled grey hair and beard, making him look larger than he was, like a charging desert lion. His clothing slowed him, weighed down with years of scrap silverware, old napkins, and rusty change lost in the folds of his coat. But he was up and flailing, the bottle still in his hand from when he had collapsed the night before. He broke the bottle at the neck with an explosive snap and made a run for the group.

If Marcus hadn't tripped over the long seaweed that had washed onto the shore, nothing would've happened. The old man would've reeled and collapsed back onto his perch on the sand dune as the beach was restored to the calm grey it had been only seconds before.

But the old man caught Marcus with one hand, and the boy fell forwards, throwing them both into the ocean surf. The old man's eyes rolled into his head as he wrestled while the boy fought to get away. The birds flew low in mockery and snatched at their share of the bounty, screaming with high villainous hopes.

The pair tumbled backwards onto the pebbles and sand at the water's edge, but the old man would not let go. From his place on the sand, lying on his back, the old man swung the bottle-knife in a great arc and cut into the small of Marcus' back. The boy screamed in pain. And it was this jolt, this human voice in the chaos, that recalled the old man to his senses. He let out a yell and struck out against the ground and lapping waves, driving small pieces of the bottle that remained into his hands. At last, he turned and ran, leaving the boy and the bottle for evidence and a pool of blood for the birds and the waves.

Marcus lay in the sand surrounded by his classmates while a hysterical teacher called 911. The other boys did what they could and covered him with their coats, but still he shivered. He lay on his side and cried a little as the gentle waves lapped against his face, as the lights of the ambulance reflected across the wet sand.

The paramedic pulled two long shards of glass from Marcus's back and set them beside him on the sand. He stood and listened as the group of boys told him what had happened, how the old man had risen up and rushed them, how he had used the bottle against their friend. The paramedic turned to search in vain for the neck of the bottle, but the sea had done its job and carried the shards away.

The blood and glass drifted out to sea unattended. The blood did not attract the attention of the sharks, who were busy with a fishing boat dumping the refuse from its daily catch.

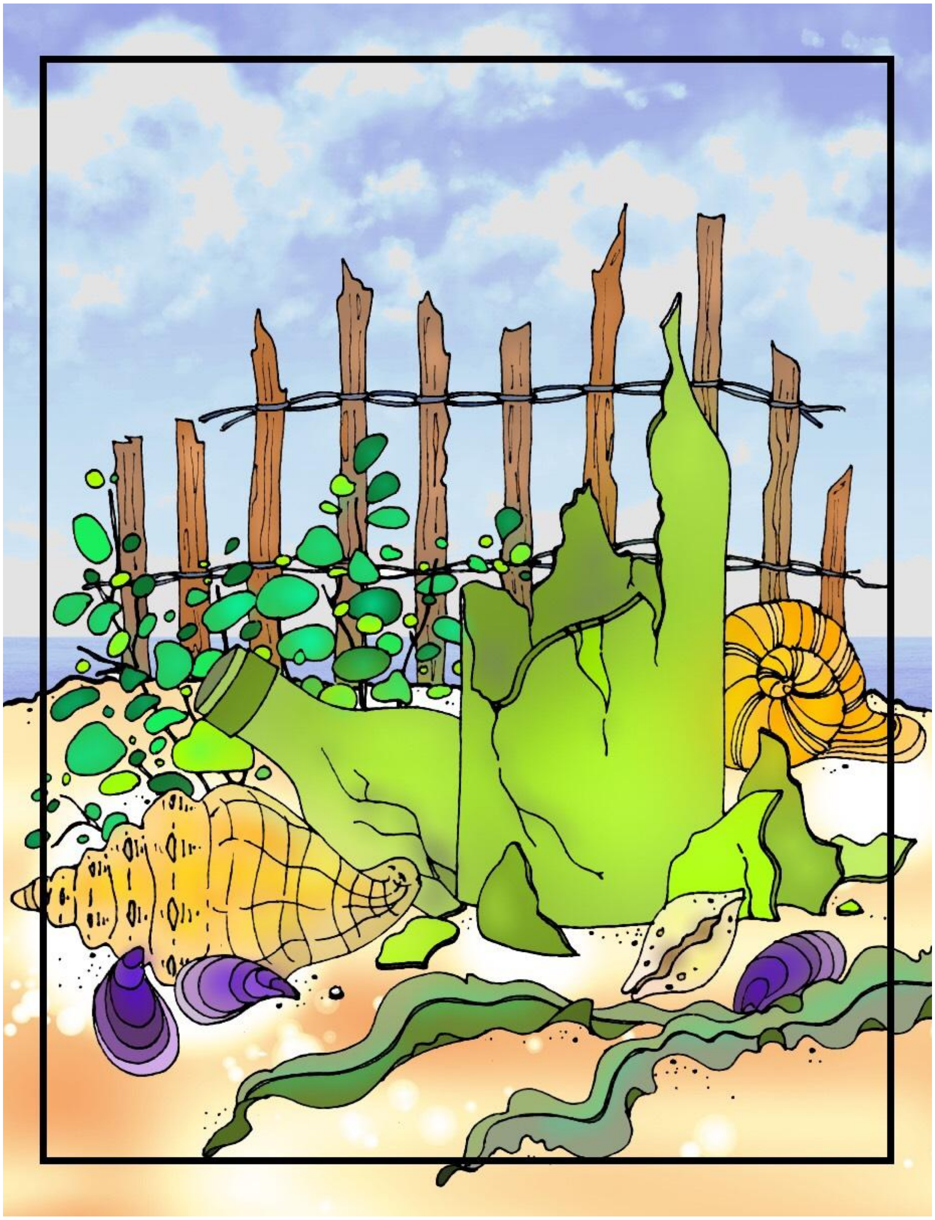
The glass drifted along the ocean floor, through the turns of the Humboldt Current, where sand and salt stripped label and insignia from the side of the shard. Turtles in their haste confused it for jellyfish. A stingray tore his flesh on its vengeful edge while searching for food along the ocean floor.

The bottle glass made its escape from the ocean one year later, on a January morning when it washed up at Marbella. It had journeyed far and explored all of the known world. It had traversed a great reef, where it stayed trapped for long months, stumbling with ocean currents that dragged along hills of exquisite fauna. It had wandered through ship graveyards and piles of treasure long since lost to the eyes of man. It had fought for splendour amongst the exotic fish of the Caribbean. It had settled for a time in the silt at the mouth of the Nile, until an ocean liner stirred the banks of the sandbar and sent it once more on its way.

At Marbella I found the neck of the bottle without an edge, soft, its round curves worn thin by time. I ran my fingers across its teeth, now too smooth to cut. I took it from the sand, placed it in my basket, and continued my glass along the shore.

When I tired of the walking, I brought my basket to a fountain in the plaza. I left the bottle glass there in a pool of other shards. It would live for a time under the quiet music of the fountain, under the light of the sun, with the joy of people all around.

Someday an urchin boy would come, and the bottle glass would take his fancy. He would carry it like gemstone on a string around his neck and believe himself a great lord. He would throw it into the same sea it had come from, where we all come from, where it would once again begin its journey home.



Marcus sat in the medical centre where the old man was being treated. The old man was fading fast. They said he needed a new liver, among other things. He had been found easily enough, bloodied as he was. The police had discovered him under a car, shivering and confused, with his last cigarette in his mouth. They had caught him just in time.

Marcus watched him through the glass. He was afraid when he saw the old man at first, and hid behind the paramedic whom he had come to trust. The old man reminded him of the pain of that morning, of the sky and whirling air. But now Marcus had come. He would see the old man and let him know that he was alright. The glass was gone. Only a scar would remain.

The old man's wild eyes took in the strange room. He was unsure of where he was, but felt comfortable and warm. He looked down and saw the clear eyes of the young boy looking at him through the glass. He stared back.

MY FATHER'S GOD

KATRINA MARTIN

When I call my father, I call my mother first. I can hear her bustling around the kitchen as we speak, stomping across the floor with heavy, purposeful footsteps and the phone clutched to her shoulder.

"Lester!" she bellows downstairs without removing the receiver from her mouth, "It's your daughter!" She speaks rapidly, one thought tied to another and falling out of her mouth without pause. She asks me how I'm doing, and I don't give her as much as she wants to hear, but she lets it go this time. Instead she tells me about her new Bible study and lunch with Connie from work and the new wicker chair she thrifted for the front porch. Eventually, she loses steam. "Here, I'll give you to your father."

When I'm on the phone with my father, we talk about the weather. His words ease out of his mouth the same way he eases about the house, rubbing his hands together before speaking. When he speaks it is like he's making an announcement – his words have been carefully considered, and people listen.

"Well," he says, "how are you?"

I can see him resting there in his corner of the couch, legs extended and one hand behind his head. I tell him about school, about work, about my kitchen sink that I wish he could fix. I ask him how work is going, is he enjoying his new promotion, has he been driving his motorcycle? I scrape the insides of my mouth for things to say so the silence doesn't swallow us both. I tell myself that surely, he doesn't notice how unnatural it feels. Are you going to church? he asks. Sometimes, I lie.

When I feel as though it's been an acceptable amount of time, I find an excuse about why I have to go. Before he hangs up he clears his throat. "Well, Katrina, you're a good kid."

It was the silliness of religion – not the irrationality – that first led me to question it. I was twenty years old. I had survived two decades of bedtime prayers, summer Bible camps, and high school ridicule only to be standing in church one Sunday, overwhelmed by the fact that it was all so…silly. I watched the worship leader with jeans tighter than mine jump up and down shouting something vague about how we should all run to God, and everyone in the crowd was jumping up and down like popcorn kernels in hot oil, and all I could think about was how ridiculously ineffective it seemed. The thought lasted about thirty seconds before I stomped on it with twenty years of Sunday-school training, shivering at the thought of allowing this doubt to unravel my entire identity. My father taught me better than this, I thought.

When I was young, my father existed in the evenings. Before I woke in the morning he kissed his wife, took his black plastic lunch box, and drove to the same place he would work for over thirty years. It wasn't important to me where he disappeared to during the day, so long as he returned precisely at five thirty every evening and was at the head of the dinner table by six. "We don't eat until your father is at the table," my mother reminded us if he was ever running late. We would sit with elbows on the table and swinging legs, our food rapidly cooling in front of us, before we ever touched it without my father at the table. On September 11th, 2001, my mother called him at his office in hysterics.

"Have you seen the news?" she cried. "Everything has changed."

"No, it hasn't," he calmly replied. "We'll still eat dinner at six."

Like our faith, our family was rooted in tradition. After dinner, while my mother bustled in the kitchen attacking the mountain of dishes with the necessary ferocity, my father would lean back in his chair and debate things with us. From politics, to the latest sixth grade drama, to whether or not the queen cuts her own steak –- there was nothing too silly or unimportant that couldn't be discussed from all sides. While we spouted fiery opinions, he listened, fingers laced behind his head and shifting his jaw back and forth.

"Ugh, I wish you wouldn't argue so much," my mother complains while vigorously wiping the table in front of us.

"We're not arguing," he says, with a bemused grin on his face. "I'm teaching them to reason."

For a man so purposed with a life of faith, he held reason in the highest esteem. Always be ready to give an answer to anyone who asks you about the hope you have. He was not a reader, but somehow he knew the Bible inside and out. Logic and faith were never at odds, but rather, dependent on each other. So, for twenty years, the existence of God was as certain as my father's truck pulling in the driveway each evening at five thirty. God was in every day, in everything we did. We prayed before every meal, before bed each night, and – in my mother's case – whenever she was feeling particularly inspired. We listened to music about God, watched movies about God, and sung to God. The language we used was so familiar to me I couldn't imagine anyone not understanding what was meant by being "washed by the blood" or "feeling convicted". Before school each day my mother read us a devotion, although she more often ended up yelling it above the clamour as we flew around the house.

"'My people will live in peaceful dwelling places – KATRINA, DON'T FORGET YOUR PROJECT – in secure homes – STOP WALKING AROUND THE HOUSE WITH YOUR SHOES ON – in undisturbed places of rest – ALEX STOP TORMENTING YOUR SISTER – Isaiah thirty-two eighteen – THE BUS IS COMING."

Guys asked me sometimes, Exactly how Christian was I? They were testing the waters, I suppose, to see how much of a prude I was.

"Well," I would say. "I've read the Bible twice."

"Dude…the whole Bible?" I could practically see their attraction withering away as we spoke.

"Yes, the whole Bible."

My father taught us the books of the Bible by naming objects around the house. The door knob was Genesis. The mirror next to the door was Exodus. The coat closet was Leviticus. Before I was even old enough to read the Bible on my own, I could list all of its sixty-six books just by walking from the front door to the couch in the basement.

Every Saturday, we worked twice as hard because Sunday was the day of rest. Every Sunday, while my mother bustled, trying to herd us children into the minivan, my father sat at his chestnut desk, took out his chequebook, and carefully tithed ten percent of his salary to the church. Times were tight; my mother either thrifted our clothes or sewed them herself. But no matter how many nights in a row we had to eat boiled potatoes with butter or stitch the same pair of fraying jeans, there was never a Sunday that my father did not sit at the chestnut desk, lick his finger and rip out a cheque for the church.

"Our money is not ours," he would say while letting me lick the envelope. "It is the Lord's."

I was at Bible college when I doubted my faith for the second time. It was a New Testament class, and a very educated, fervent man explained how the Bible went from stories told in the Middle East to being the stylish book in our backpacks. "It just seems like a stretch," I told my friend as we stirred sugar into our coffee after class. He was a theology major, and the words had hardly passed my lips before they were hammered with facts clearly regurgitated from the class textbook. I didn't say anything else, but God was losing His edges.

Spring in the country smells like both hope and uncertainty. While snow dripped from the gutters and shrunk back to reveal soggy brown grass, my father worked busily in the barn, preparing as best he could for a new season in which things would almost certainly go wrong. Old enough to work but young enough not to get paid for it, I managed to escape from my mother's neverending list of chores, and sat next to my father in the barn while he worked. We listened to Johnny Cash drawling from the dusty radio, and I handed my father his tools. As time went on, my times in the barn were fewer and farther between as I decided I hated country music and couldn't wait to leave our small town. When I did sit next to him every now and then, he knew I didn't want to be there, and after offering him whatever help he had needed, he dismissed me. I didn't stay longer than I had to.

As I got older, my feet got itchy, and my father shifted from a man who existed at the dinner table to one who existed at airports. I bounced from city to city, meeting people and places that kneaded and stretched my worldview like dough. Yet no matter where in the world I was returning from –- at any time of day or night –- I knew my father would be at the airport with his hands in his pockets, leaning back on his heels. Each time his hair was speckled with a bit more grey than before, each time he hugged me tighter. And each time, as I walked towards the gate, I felt a twisting in my gut as if my stomach was being wrung out, as if I was somehow betraying him.

My feet itched again – I decided to go to Asia. Before I left this time, my father hugged me and said, "Katrina, be wise and fear the Lord. You're a good kid."

When I left for Asia, God was the translucent sliver of the moon, and when I returned – a year later – He had been completely soaked up by the velvet night. I had lost my father's God in the cracks between mountains and the faces of injustice, and in doing so, lost myself as well. God was all I knew, and now He…well, wasn't. Moments before the plane's wheels kissed the tarmac I felt the twisting again in my gut – betrayal.

On the two-hour drive from the airport to our home in the country, I watched as the buildings shrank and the space between my father and I grew. The words I wasn't saying pressed on my chest like a heavy palm, the truth stuck in my throat. "I don't believe in your God," I imagined saying, and the space between us would inflate like a balloon until our fingers couldn't touch. Feigned closeness was better than no closeness at all.

There is a story in the Bible about a prodigal son. The son steals his inheritance, runs away from home, and squanders all his father's money on debauchery. He eventually becomes broke but still refuses to come home, choosing instead to eat scraps from pigs rather than return to his father. He does, however, eventually slink back to his father's estate.

When I call my father, I cough up the truth.

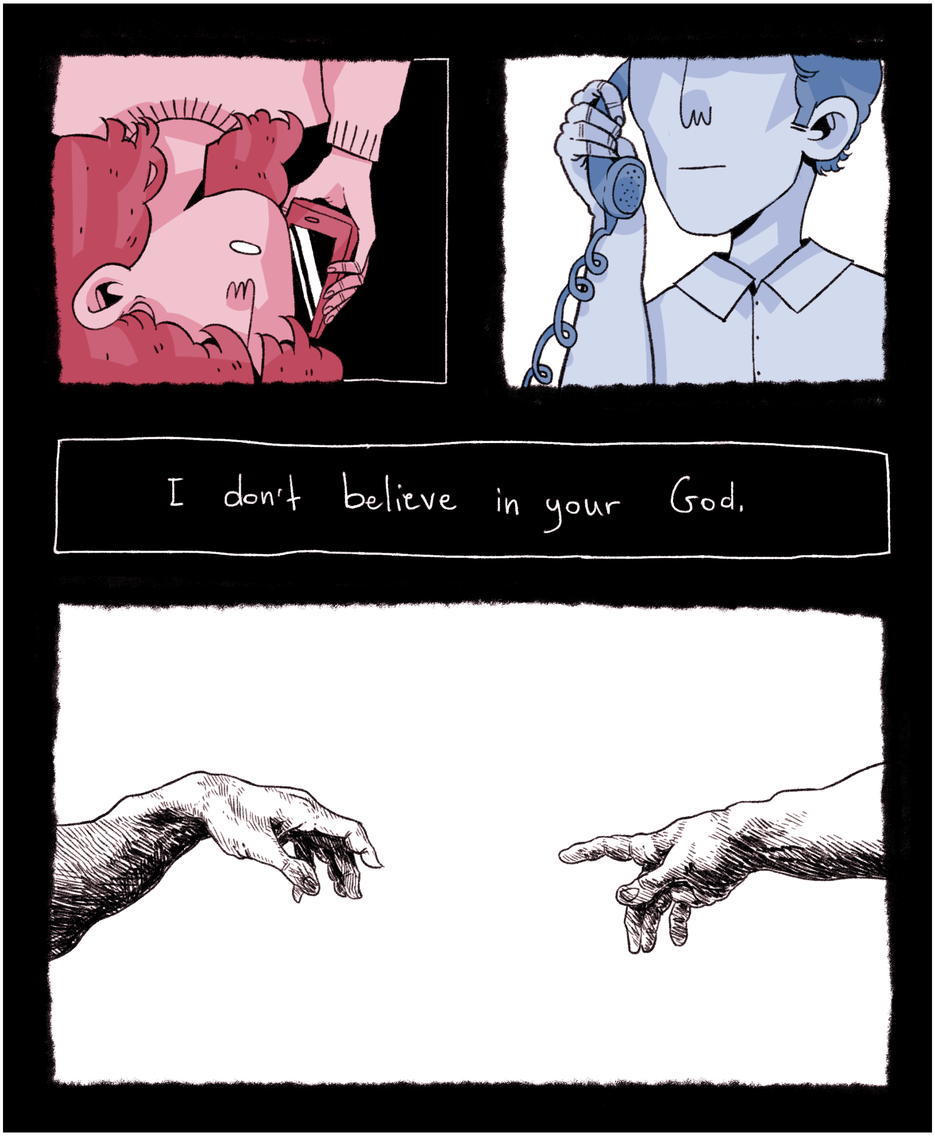
"I don't believe in your God," I say.

"I see," he says.

We debate things. The space between us shrinks until our fingers are touching across phone static. My gut unravels. Before he hangs up he clears his throat.

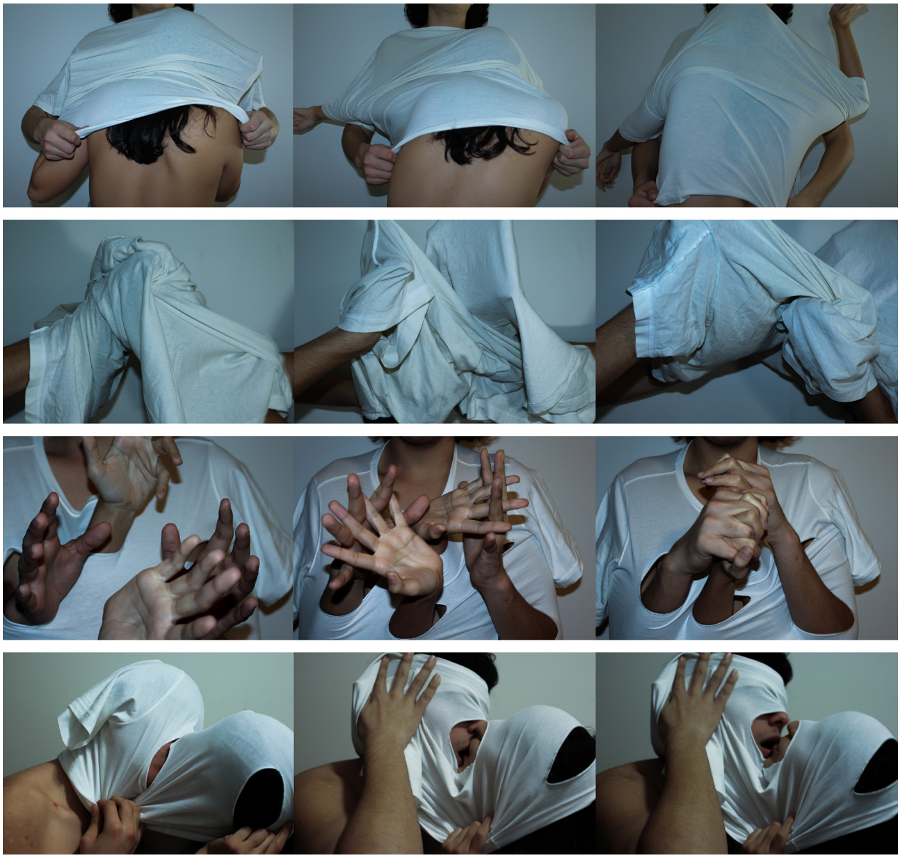
"Katrina, you're a good kid."

So he got up and went to his father. But while he was still a long way off, his father saw him and was filled with compassion for him; he ran to his son, threw his arms around him and kissed him. Luke 15:20


I don't believe in your God.

CONNECTION AND DISCONNECTION

LUA PRESIDIO

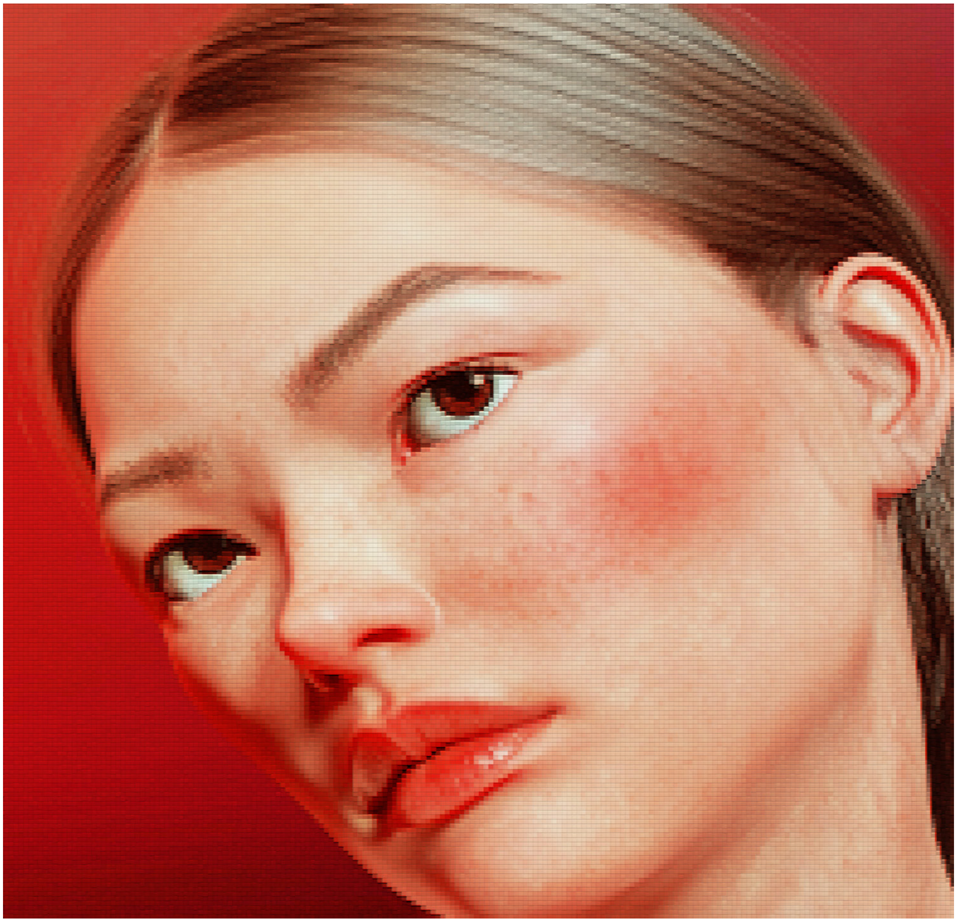


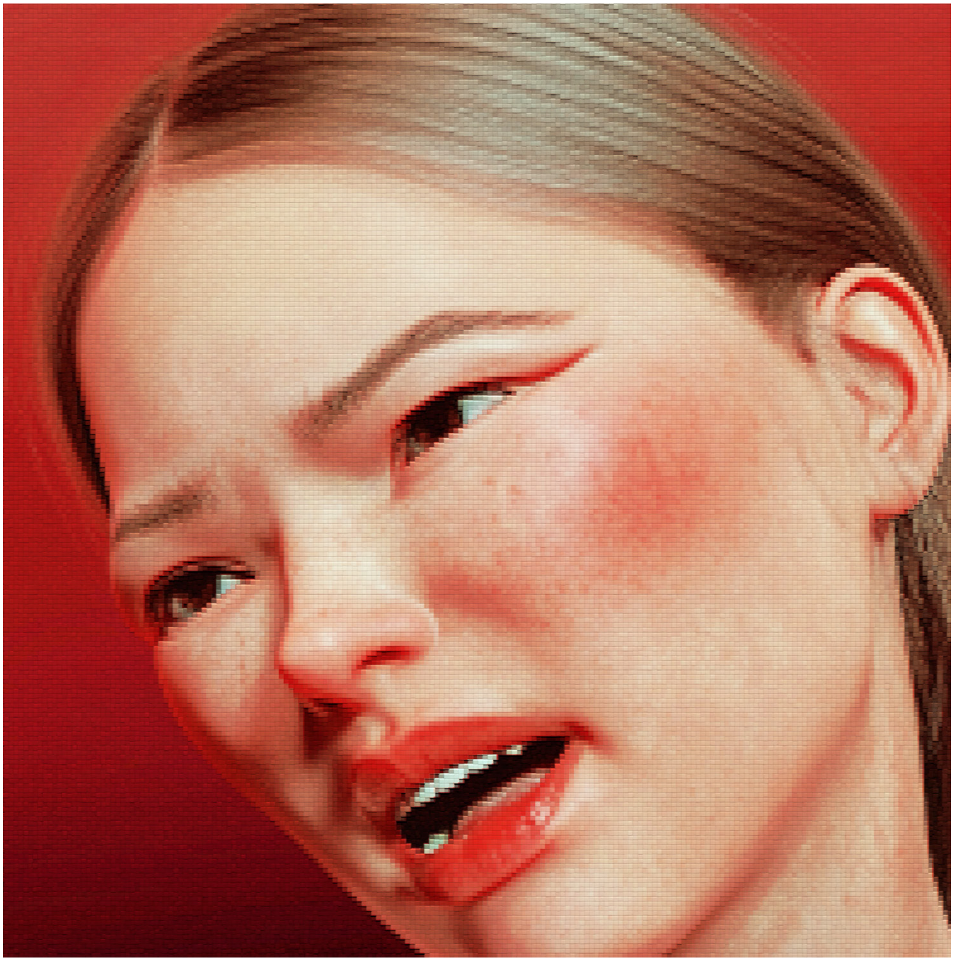
“Connection and Disconnection” was inspired by the performance artist Lygia Pape’s work, “The Divisor.” I became interested in the division and yet unity of people and decided to apply that to the concept of personal relations instead of the group relations Pape explores in her work. This series is the documentation of my performance as an attempt to physically connect with my partner through a simple barrier without looking. We shared a tight space and were eager for the separation. Once parted, we attempted to reconnect. My performance and the subsequent documentation is an exploration of the strain we put on ourselves to create relationships, only to find them suffocating.

HONGBAO

AMY WANG

Hóngbāo is the representation of modern society and the importance of "saving face" in Chinese culture. In modern Chinese society, many interactions take place online, where people must maintain a respectable identity for others. In the first photograph, we see a woman who appears to be elegant and thoughtful. This is the face she presents to society. In the second, we are met with a different expression, one that shows her true emotional state. However, only one photo will be published online– the one she will use to preserve her dignity in a culture where face value is of the utmost importance.





ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Aitana McDaniel is a prairie-born pensive-type, less a creative and more an endless ponderer of how beings--both collective and individual--are all connected to one another and the universe. She could describe herself as a multipotentialite if she ever did something with all her thoughts, but for now she is a fourth year anthropology major, minoring in creative writing.

And last, but certainly not least, bachlorette number three is a 3rd year English Literature Major with a Creative Writing minor... from a dragon-guarded castle surrounded by hot boiling lava! But don't let that cool you off. She's a loaded pistol who likes pina coladas and getting caught in the rain. Yours for the rescuing, **A.K. Shakour**!

Alex Day is a Creative Writing and Gender, Race, Sexuality, and Social Justice double major in her fourth year. She has been in her fourth year for the past two years. Hopefully this one does the trick.

Amy Wang is a third-year biology student with a passion for 3D design. She spends her free time experimenting with various forms of digital art while learning how to code.

Ana Maria Fernandez Grandizo is a fifth year Honours English student. She is currently writing her graduating essay on early modern drama and just returned from an exchange in Edinburgh, Scotland.

Ariel Koolstra is a 4th (maybe 5th, maybe 6th, she's lost count) BFA Visual Arts Honours and English Literature double major. It's been a long time coming, but she'll be graduating in April. Experimenting with film photography in her art is her jam. One day she'll complete her MFA and PhD. She also just really needs a nap.

Bonney Ruhl is a queer woman who is studying anthropology and creative writing. She spends far too much time thinking about depictions of alien cultures in popular media. Her hobbies include looking at medieval bestiaries and learning about historical memes; her favorite being the Complaint letter to Ea-Nasir.

Claire Geddes Bailey is a fourth-year student majoring in English Literature and Visual Arts at UBC. In addition to academic writing, she writes poems, stories, and makes things. Her chapbook, *Glue*, was published in May 2018 through participation in Artspeak's Studio for Emerging Writers and is available for purchase at Artspeak (233 Carrall).

Esther Chen draws and writes in Vancouver, BC. More of her work can be found on her website at estherchen.tumblr.com.

Francois Peloquin is a third year UBC Creative Writing major and new author born in Tokyo, Japan to travelling missionary parents. He is the seventh of eleven children who grew up wandering Asia, Africa, and Central America. He found work as a carny, bricklayer, tap dancer, and religious proselytizer before entering UBC.

After a The Bachelorette-style war between majors, **Gabriela Arno** is finally settled nice and warm in English for her 4th year. Her hobbies include trying to be funny, reading/watching anything involving witchcraft of the occult, and inadvertently making people uncomfortable (a result of her attempts at being funny). Her catchphrase is asking if something is bi culture. Tsk, tsk, Gabs.

Ivy Tang is a third year Anthropology student. In her spare time she enjoys napping, drawing, and rearranging her pebble collection.

Jacqueline Chan is a third year student at UBC, pursuing an undergraduate English degree. She has an affinity for good salad, dramatic readings of subreddits, and classical-romantic music.

Jake Clark is a 4th-year English student who finds it odd to write about himself in the third person, but is thrilled that you are reading it.

Jameson Thomas is an English-language and Philosophy double major wrapping up his fourth and final year at UBC. Like the Inklings who are the subject of his paper, he has a deep love of language, mythology, and the sacred. Also like the Inklings, he is a connoisseur of good beer, tea, and company, and enjoys reading 'dead people' best.

Jaime Silverthorn is an English literature major currently finishing up her fourth and final year at UBC. She has been working in performance poetry for the last 4 years, including performances for the city of Vancouver, as well as competing at the Canadian National Championships for Spoken Word in 2015. This year marks her transition into page poetry, something she will continue to explore next year as a Creative Writing Masters student.

Jia Yue He is a third-year student currently majoring in Psychology and English Honours and taking a minor in procrastination. She is intent on discovering the ways the world doesn't work from the perspectives of the natural sciences, social sciences, and humanities, and likes to dabble in nonsense in her severely limited spare time.

Josephine Hass never sent in a bio and thus remains a mystery.

Katrina Martin is an English Literature major in her third year. As a child, Kat was pretty lame - enjoying mostly to read and write and frolic. As an adult, she still enjoys reading, writing, and frolicking, but now considers herself moderately cool. As an example of her coolness, she once drove a motorcycle over a landslide in the dark, during a thunderstorm. She figures she doesn't have to do anything else cool for at least another five years. You can read more about Kat's adventures and musings on her website, katrinabrooke.com (instagram: @ katrinaa.martin).

Leo Yamanaka-Leclerc is a third year Honours English student with a love for writing poetry and prose. His occasional dabble into songwriting often ends in a frustrating failure to set words to music. He spends whatever free time he has complaining about the sad state of politics, reading Stephen King, and savoring every attempt he gets to eat sushi.

Lua Presidio is a Media Studies student with a passion for the fine arts. She experiments with a variety of mediums, but focuses most of her work on photography, painting, illustrating, and performance pieces. Her ultimate goal is to work with content creation in a way that combines her analytical and creative skills.

Mabon Foo is a third-year student currently majoring in English literature as part of the English Honours program. He is particularly interested in 19th and 20th century works of proto and early science fiction, and pursues various creative writing in that genre in addition to his studies.

Mike Yuan moved from China to Vancouver in 2015. He is in his fourth year and completing a double major in English Literature and Anthropology. He is especially interested in cultural expressions in postcolonial literature, and hopes to pursue these interests in grad school this fall.

Shivangi Sikri, 20, is a voice actress, sound editor and writer. At a mere five feet, she might be too short for most roller coasters, but her voice will still tower over you. She is based at a lair in Vancouver, BC, where she intends to execute her plans for world domination. A lifetime guarantee of free cookies is ensured to all those who join her regime willingly; please contact her for further details.