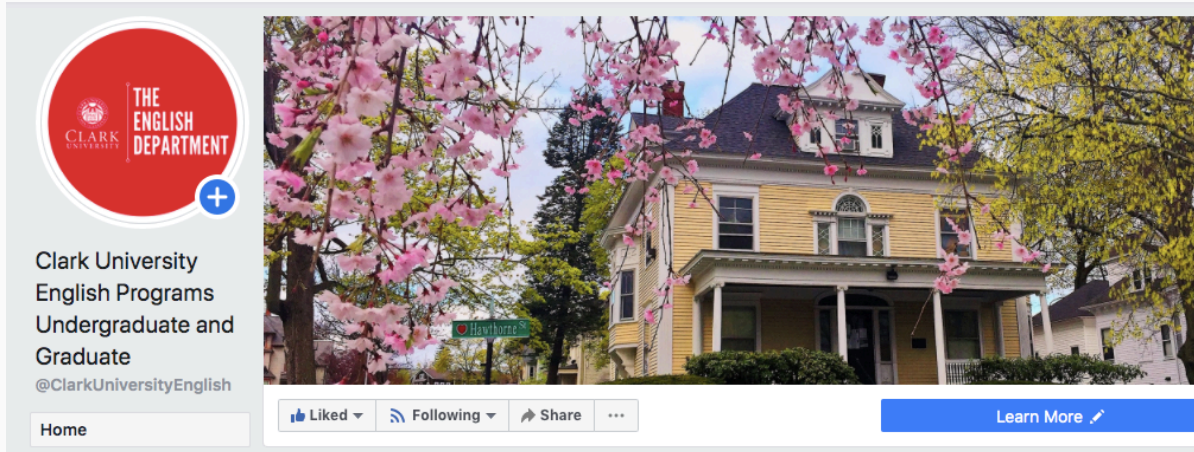


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The English Times, May 2020



Check out the new English Department Blog [The Next Chapter](#)

Department News

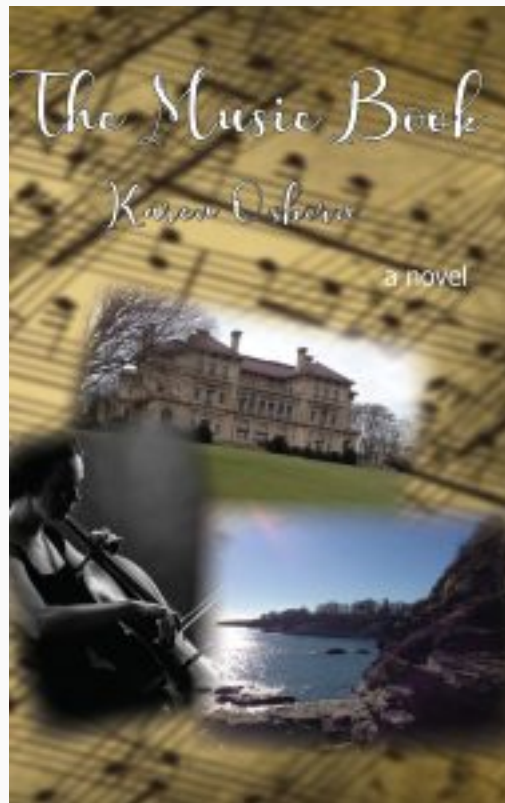
Query for Clark University English Alumni Writers!

The Alumni Office would like to promote Clark alums who have become authors. If you are an author, please send your information to GA_english@clarku.edu and we will forward it.



Read About Kaitlynn Chase and Azariah Kurlantzick's Experience Presenting at the New England Modern Language Association Conference

Kaitlynn Chase and Azariah Kurlantzick presented their work at NEMLA this year. Read about their experience on our [blog](#)!



Karen Osborn has Published a New Novel

Karen Osborn's "The Music Book" is out now. Read an interview with her about the novel on our [blog](#)! Orders for the book may be placed [here](#).

Announcing the Winners of the English Department Creative Writing and Essay Contests

We are very excited to announce the winners of our Creative Writing and Essay Contests. Below are our posters for each contest for Academic Spree Day. Check out the full text of the winning submissions on our [website](#)!



English Department 2022 Betty '79 and Stanley Sultan Short Story Contest



First Place Alexis Dinkins '20

Hi, my name is Dink, I'm a senior Economics major at Clark, and I like to think I'm pretty awesome! Being at home has allowed me to spend time raising my chickens (and writing, a little)



Second Place Jerinna Solages '22

*"A DEFINITION NOT FOUND IN THE DICTIONARY"
Jerinna Solages: A body of words.*



Third Place Rachel Lloyd '20

Rachel Lloyd, a graduating senior, has been a writer since she was nine years old. While studying abroad in England she saw her favorite writer, J.K. Rowling, walking along the rainy cobbled street of London, holding a big colorful umbrella. She hopes to return for school in the future and to continue to write, passionately for the rest of her life.

It Will Grow Here

Frankie looks down at the second pink line as it appears on the pregnancy test. She presses her back to the stall door, listening to her classmates rush through the halls to their buses. She holds her breath, waiting for the anxiety to unfurl from her chest like a thick black snake. Turning to the gap between the bathroom door and the wall, she watches a girl smear bright red lipstick across each volume of her lips. The girl presses hard, her caramel eyes fixed to her candy apple mouth in the mirror. Frankie's chest begins to burn as her body fights to take a breath. The girl leaves and Frankie takes a deep breath, and the snake immediately wraps itself around her ribs, constricting hard and fast enough to squeeze the air from her lungs. Her diaphragm and the snake fight for control in the small space, and Frankie wraps her shaking hands around the top of the stall, steadying her body while it trembles...

And Free They Shall Be

*"I have hated words and I have loved them, and I hope I have made them right."
-Liesel Meminger from The Book Thief*

1

Inside my heart is a nest that holds words. Words lathered in sweet honey, surrounded by bees. I reach into my heart and pull those words out, knowing that I could be stung. But they deserve to be free, and free they shall be.

It begins with a pencil, a thin but sturdy substance that serves as a catalyst for the never-ending race of time. It ends with the tap, tap, tap of flat white letters carved onto a sea of black. The pads of my fingers pressed against a keyboard, waiting for lightning to strike before sending words spiraling down a page blanketed with white...

Wordlessly

Before she understood the power of a word, Jane betrayed someone she loved deeply but vaguely and in a way she was wholly unable to understand. Years before her first orgasm, but only months after she had discovered the warm, fleshy place between her legs, she betrayed a friend who was more than a friend but whom she didn't have the words to describe.

Jane made this discovery on a Thursday afternoon. She was sitting in a bath that she had been in too long, a bath that had gone sour and cold, a bath that needed new warmth, new life. She called out to her mother, who came in, unplugged the drain, and turned on the hot water. It choked out at first in a lurching halt, then came rushing out suddenly and harshly.

"Tell me when it's the right temperature," her mother said. So Jane scooted along the sticky plastic mat to sit in front of the faucet.



English Department 2020 Prentiss Cheney Hoyt Poetry Contest



First Place Hannah Ortiz '23

Hannah Ortiz writes poetry, fiction, and creative non-fiction. She has participated in workshops such as the Bread Loaf Writers Conference, the Juniper Institute for Young Writers, and the Young Writers Workshop at Bard College.

Ode to Moses

Come split this sea down its hairline / to give everything I give everything
/ I'll put my hand in the hand / saltwater is a gritty wash against my
callouses / at the bodega the men salute God with Coronas / a cat tail
rounding one of them like an anklet / you're all like, There's a club across
the street / and I can say somebody got shot / There. / we waste time
miming television / children fly above their parents like airplanes / tiny
arms and legs soaring / and the kid is usually laughing / gurgling / well I
want everything inorganic growing from the ground / I want a house with
its driveway circling / a beast never settling / well we all know Moses was
a murderer / instead of a pistol whip it was a wave / it was a whirlpool / it
was the Red Sea / but if we banish wheels and chariots to the drain /
wheels spinning silently to the sky / it isn't as if they were real / righteous
/ at first I say don't come around / the mice are following every wire
outward / they circle your feet like a tumbleweed / the bottle is a
glittering threshold / we argue if beer or piss smells worse / I tell you I
hear drag races in the parking lot / I let them drive / I think living this
way is a constant cycle of not my business / I think I want green grass and
sunflowers gilding my foundation / but how can I tell you to go when
your saliva is flooding my mouth / your eyelashes frame your eyes like
coronas / well Moses parted the Red Sea with nothing but his hands / and
when I walk through the doorway of any bodega / of any bus / everything
and everyone recedes for me



Second Place Ruth Fuller '20

Ruth Fuller is a senior studying Sociology with a minor in Women's and Gender Studies. She loves cookie dough, crossword puzzles, and talking to strangers. Some of her favorite poets include Adrienne Rich, Ocean Vuong, and Tommy Pico.

Panic

It goes like this:
the mistake—left instead of right—
trips the wires in my brain. No one knows
because the detonation is
internal. No one knows
because they are all in
their tiny worlds,
Very Busy, under

A Lot of Stress. Next,
the rabid howling,
the great aftermath of decades-old
violence. Several acquaintances
whose middle names I don't know
witness this carving out
of myself at the bottom
of the stairwell. Trust me when
I say it is a carving—
a re-interpretation of the violence
of my father screaming at my brother
screaming at the hole
in the wall that my mother
tried for years to

fill and sand down and
fill and sand down and
back in the stairwell the truth
admits itself—

*I am not human and now
everyone knows.*

the spectators are afraid
so they call in reinforcements. I lie
to the police officer when he asks
my name because he is a man
with a gun.
I say the right words, the ones

fear taught me at
a young age, words like
yes and *thank you*.
I re-embolden my limbs
and become trustworthy again,
not like the kind of girl
you'd find hanging in a closet,
un-pretty and blue.
If I must be exceptional,
I will rail against you
and prove you right.
Exceptionally
psycho. Exceptionally
tragic. Watch me win
the Trauma Olympics
And swallow the
gold medal. Go ahead,
try to revive me
in this absurd position.
Asphyxiated,

howling.
mad.

Truths Split

lips, my lips,
pull apart like gum stretched from sidewalk to shoe.
my mouth agape. words taken from me.

skin, my skin,
kissed darker by my ancestors,
blends and blurs into the pockets of rooms
purged of furniture.

i'm sometimes prized, exoticized.
other times neglected, rejected,
depending on the night, on the drink,
if i'm pretty for a black girl.

nonstop validating,
talked through not talked to.
stuck between choosing me or you.

you want them
i'm not like them.
you don't like me,
you just want to try me.

a statistic, a grade,
another face for the school website.

target practice,
ego boost,
a desk chair
swapped for a jail bed.

—dry lips.
drying, dying
from low use,
too much use.



English Department 2020 Leroy Allston Ames Essay Contest



First Place Mahi Taban '21

Mahi is a junior from the San Francisco Bay Area. She is double-majoring in English and Political Science.

Sexual Identity, Foreignness, and the Gothic Vampire; The Racialization of Homosexuality in *Carmilla*

In *Carmilla*, Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu reveals 19th century British anxieties on race and sexuality, especially in relation to one another. The positionality of Carmilla, Le Fanu's primary antagonist, as a racialized "other" within the narrative, is indicative of British concerns regarding the possible corruption of English women, whose purity, chasteness, and moral aptitude were considered to be threatened by the influence of highly sexualized foreign figures. In *Carmilla*, this is seen through the lens of homosexuality, discourse around which has been historically racialized. Le Fanu employs heavy description of naturalistic imagery, and makes repeated reference to Carmilla's association with mystical, animalistic, and sexual elements in an Orientalized conflation of her alterity and sexual desires. In this way, *Carmilla* represents 19th century British society's fears of sexual corruption and discrimination of non-Western civilization and social codes.

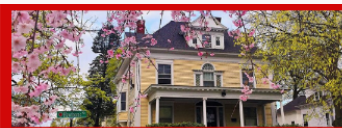


Second Place Davina Tomlin '20

Davina is a senior from Oakland, CA. She is double majoring in English and Spanish and a minor in Creative Writing.

Men and Tools in "Ode to a Nightingale"

In "Ode to a Nightingale," Keats walks the line between what is man-made through imagination and what is immortal by nature, and questions the particular gifts of both. He finds that the nightingale has abilities that Keats does not, which he imagines create a blissful connection to the natural world. The poem takes a journey through a fantasy where Keats attempts to use man-made tools; wine and poetry achieve some union with what is purely natural. His tools are tempered with nature, but are in essence man-made and created with imagination and "fancy" (73). Here, Keats conflicts with his contemporaries, in that he tries to use the human-focused tools he has, rather than join completely with nature. He envies the nightingale, but his solution is not to try to become it, rather, his awareness of mortality prompts him to imagine human ways he could achieve the same unity with nature.



English Department 2020 Loring Holmes and Ruth Dodd Drama Contest



First Place
Maria Connors '20

Maria is a senior from Alaska and Tanzania, studying English and Media, Culture & the Arts. Her interests include storytelling, listening to Elton John, eating mint chocolate chip ice cream (the green kind) and telling people she is not lying about where she is from.

Nothing Out of the Extraordinary

(SAM sits alone at her living room table, a black trash bag folded down in front of her in way that doesn't reveal its contents. She breathes heavily.)

COLLEEN enters the apartment from stage right, and puts her bag down on a chair next to the door. SAM looks up, alarmed, as if she wasn't expecting anyone to come home. She quickly scrunches up the bag and shoves it under the couch, out of COLLEEN's line of sight.)



Second Place
Emily Buza '20

Emily Buza is a graduating senior English and theatre double major, as well as the editor-in-chief of Clark Writes. Her love of the creative performance culture of the circus and a fascination with its history, as well as two minutes of a four-hour PBS documentary, inspired her play, Kitten.

Kitten

[MARIA stands alone onstage in no distinct location. She is a pretty girl in her very early twenties. She is dressed simply but does not look plain. She addresses the audience.]

MARIA
I was six years old the first time I saw a tiger. Before that, the circus only had lions. And they were fine enough, sure, but they were dull if you stared at them too long. Lions are a sandy yellow, like fine dirt on a backroad. Nothing much special about that. And they'll lay their heads down and sleep and do absolutely nothing after a while.

But tigers. Tigers are brilliant.



Third Place
Riley Kay '20

Riley Kay Sternhagen is a senior political science and theatre major from Hopkinton, Iowa. In her spare time, she enjoys singing with her a cappella group, performing on stage, and, of course, writing plays.

She was the Sun
(LIGHTS UP on a white room. Against the middle of the far wall is a woman lying on a cot. She is wearing drab, loose-fitting clothes. Her back is to the audience. We hear only her side of the conversation as she talks to what appears to be no one.)

SADIE
I'm going home today. To our apartment. My apartment. It's not home anymore. Not without you. I don't know if I'm any better off after being here, but I know if they hear me talking to you, they'll want me to stay longer, so I have to keep it short. I just miss you. So much...



Honorable Mention
Luke Pound '20

'Luke Pound' '22 is a Psychology major with minors in Political Science and Linguistics. His fascination with theatrical convention (and the subsequent breaking of it) led to Elements, an anthology of short plays based on Aristotle's six elements of theatre."

IDEA

A
I suppose we could...

B

No.

C

Stop.

D

Of course not.

E

Die.

A

No.

B

In the movie...

D

Too specific.

E

Dated.

C

Unequivocally, above all else...

English Department Events



YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT'S

Virtual Spring Fling

Wednesday, April 29 | 2:00 - 3:00 PM (EST)

Join us in celebrating the winners of our creative writing and essay contests and the annual English Department prizes!

Followed by induction of new members into Sigma Tau Delta, English Honor Society.

.....
To join the event, contact:
GA_english@clarku.edu



The English Department Hosted Digital Spring Fling

The English Department enjoyed hosting our annual Spring Fling over Zoom. We were able to present the awards for annual creative writing and essay contests, as well as hear readings from the winners. The Sigma Tau Delta induction ceremony was also conducted over Zoom. Please find more information as well as photos on our [Facebook!](#) Additionally, ClarkNOW published an article on the event, read it [here!](#)



CLARK WRITES

**Join our board
of editors!**

Fill out our Google form application or contact us at clarkwritesblog@gmail.com for more info.

Applications for the Clark Writes Board are Available Now

If you are a current student and would like to join the Clark Writes E-Board, please fill out an application [here](#)!

Alumni and Student News

- **Ama Bemba Adwetewa-Badu MA '17** At the start of the year, Ama Bemba Adwetewa-Badu (class of 2017) passed her comprehensive exams at Cornell University. She is now ABD and is working on a dissertation that considers a set of Anglophone poets from the late 20th century to the present day, focusing on how these poets fostered cross-national and cross-cultural solidarities.
- **Brett Iarrobino '20** has been named the Student Representative for Sigma Tau Delta's Eastern Region for the 2020-21 academic year. This is the first time Clark has had a student represent the society at the national level. Learn more about this position and what it entails [here](#)!
- **Matt Pettengill '08** was recently hired to work in Unum's Learning & Performance Development department as a Learning Consultant (think corporate trainer). He trains new and internal hires on Short Term Disability claims and FMLA requests. But, given the COVID-19 developments, He has been developing training courses and delivering them on the fly due to expansions in the Family Medical Leave Act that were passed with the recent stimulus bill in Washington.

Find Us Online:

Follow us on Facebook, Twitter, and The Next Chapter.

If you have any news to share with us, please write a couple of lines about it and send it to [Davina Tomlin](#) and [Sophie Stern](#) /or to Professor [Lisa Kasmer](#), Chair. Also please remember to send us photos along with the text/post. Now that we are on Facebook, we try to share photos with every post!