

ELIOT'S FACE WANDERINGS

JESUS COLLEGE
ARTS MAGAZINE
EASTER 2021



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Letter from the editors...



T.S. Eliot (this magazine's namesake) once said: 'It will do you no harm to find yourself ridiculous'. During our year (and a bit) as *Eliot* editors – and across our three editions – this is the ethos we've aimed to bring to Jesus's art magazine. We're very excited for this edition of *Eliot*, which is brimming with art inspired by our theme, 'wanderings' – including our gorgeous cover photo which pictures Sian Gooding (Jesus, 2020) photographed by her friend, Claire Coffey. S. J. Tyrrell (2018) took a spookier approach to the prompt – you can see his amazing photography on pages 20-21 and 26-27. Alongside our themes, this edition is also filled with art for all occasions. Flick to pages 18, 22 and 32 for some editorial favourites!

We're branching out in a couple of ways with our final edition as editors of *Eliot* (before we pass on to our incredible successors). Firstly, flip to page 24 to find a tricky, poetry themed cryptic crossword that a Jesus college member made for us. The first person to send us a picture of the completed grid will win a prize! Get in touch via Facebook, Instagram, email (@EliotsFace, eliotsface-editor@jcsu.jesus.cam.ac.uk).

Secondly, in our venture to do good with *Eliot*, as well

as supporting a local charity this term (Jimmy's, Cambridge), we're collaborating with two international development non-profits – flip to page 48 to find out more about this!

With graduation creeping ever-closer, it's sadly time to say goodbye. We've really enjoyed editing *Eliot* in our time at Jesus, and hope that it will continue on long after us. As we look forward to graduating into the big, scary, *real world*, we also look back fondly at this edition, and the previous two, and the wonderful array of art which has been collected between *Eliot's* pages. Stay tuned to *Eliot's* Facebook and Instagram accounts to keep up to date with the magazine as it is taken over by the new team! We pass baby *Eliot* onto them with pride and excitement.

Thank you so much to everyone who has donated to our charities across our three editions, submitted their artwork, or just picked up a copy of *Eliot* which they found lying around somewhere. We hope you enjoyed reading it as much as we enjoyed creating it!

Lucy and Liv

Lucy Bell
Co-Editor

Sameer Aggarwal
Secretary

Olivia Emily
Co-Editor



In Conversation

The last year bends beside me –
She withers and wanes in the breeze.
Her soft words pierce to my core,
As she tells me of all that she has seen:
Of sinking into an endless abyss,
Or an absence of belonging, which persists.
Yet she whispers to me; still more,
For she has melancholy memories o'er-brimmed to outpour
In dulcet tones she recounts the bruises we share,
I wince as each syllable is ripped into the air.
Though despite the dark spots that speckle her soul,
I tell her that she is more beautiful than a year ago –
For as she climbed out of the black, hours by hours
In the darkest parts of her, there grew flowers.

C Patel (2019)

Olivia Emily (2018)





Tabby
Frankie Finsbury

Your Smile

The frigid edges of the evening air,
That howls a song of longing everywhere,
Draw blood from the soft clouds across the sky,
Blood that leaches life from the clouds that die.
I gaze across this cruel blood-splattered scene
And wonder how come it looks so serene.
See, like love, the sunset looks beautiful,
And yet this beauty is all but truthful.
Now beauty holds no more meaning to me;
A life of longing is all I can see.
Of what use is the beauty everywhere,
If I have no-one with whom I can share?
Why, then, can I see beauty in your smile,
Which dares me to believe love is worthwhile?

Xuefei Wu (2020)

Get yourself together

Get yourself together

Come a comet through a

Will-Be-collocated

Nebula, as Oval ova.

Come siren

Ruptures tatters

Iron icy trails out or into

Re semblance.

Get yourself together

From the ether eye sea

after the scream

of a woman from a window

In a car passed tears membranes

Disorganised.

Feat a face to face

All the time barbed for armour that

Ardour only

Will ever flutter the repeats.

Continually retrieve you

from the floored

Past, turn round, pick up.

Collect yourself from the litter

Or the furnace

Re source

Moulding

Never finished with the coarse

Neck

Proud and down and proud
Again
Resurfaced. Resurface, resurface.
Eyes judder a cross,
A purple dawn, on a bench,
At my epicentre.
Sight locks
Body cle, are judders at Uni,
A missed tick,
Elided revolution,
Index of another diss ore
Lutes wound another in
A less formal body
Gets itself together.

Isaac Castella McDonald (2019)

Weedkiller

You see this brown straw?
What is it? you ask,
Once it was lush and green,
I tell you, I remember it,
An postcard of calm,
At almost knee height,
The living space for many creatures,
In this gap,
between this pavement,
And that fence.
Someone decided one day,
This should not grow here,
Grass had committed the sin,
Of looking untidy, of growing too tall,
For the plants had not realised,
This is a place only for people.
So onto it the killer was sprayed,
Until the bodies of the grass rained down,
And with them the insects too,
The ants retreat to their colonies,
To weak to raise the alarm,
And so they lay,
Defeated.

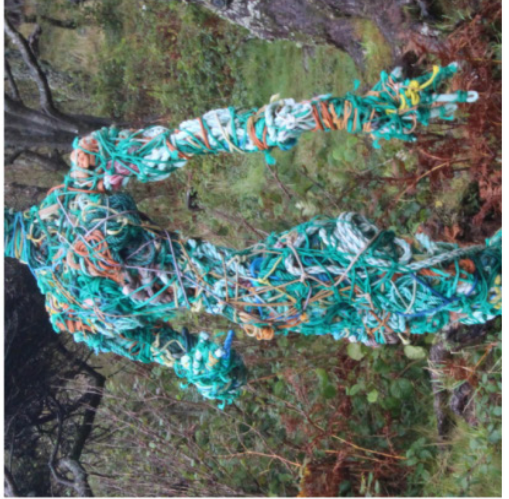
Hannah Charlotte Copley (2019)

Composed from page 159 of *A Handlist of Rhetorical Terms* – Second Edition by Richard A. Lanham

The ‘wonderer’ riding on channels of sound
speaks troubled words of the masters in his country,
these human confusions of an earlier writer that cut her teeth on symbolist poetry –
a self-conscious kind of appeal to the vices of language,
haywire moralizing that has trained itself not to notice
the virtue it can only lose.
She gives flowers to Shakespeare,
obscure meaning through action but we look at the surface and no one thinks
and in this floral display communication is not noticed –
she continually calls for a fundamental signal not immediately clear,
does not see that the rules of the game are different.

Maddi Jackson (2018)

Modern Witchcraft
Hannah Charlotte Copley
(2019)



homesick

I don't know how to feel about home
anymore.

They have smashed my rose-tinted glasses,
torn up my comfort blanket, and ran me out
of town.

Someone is cutting all of my tethers

One by one

And leaving me

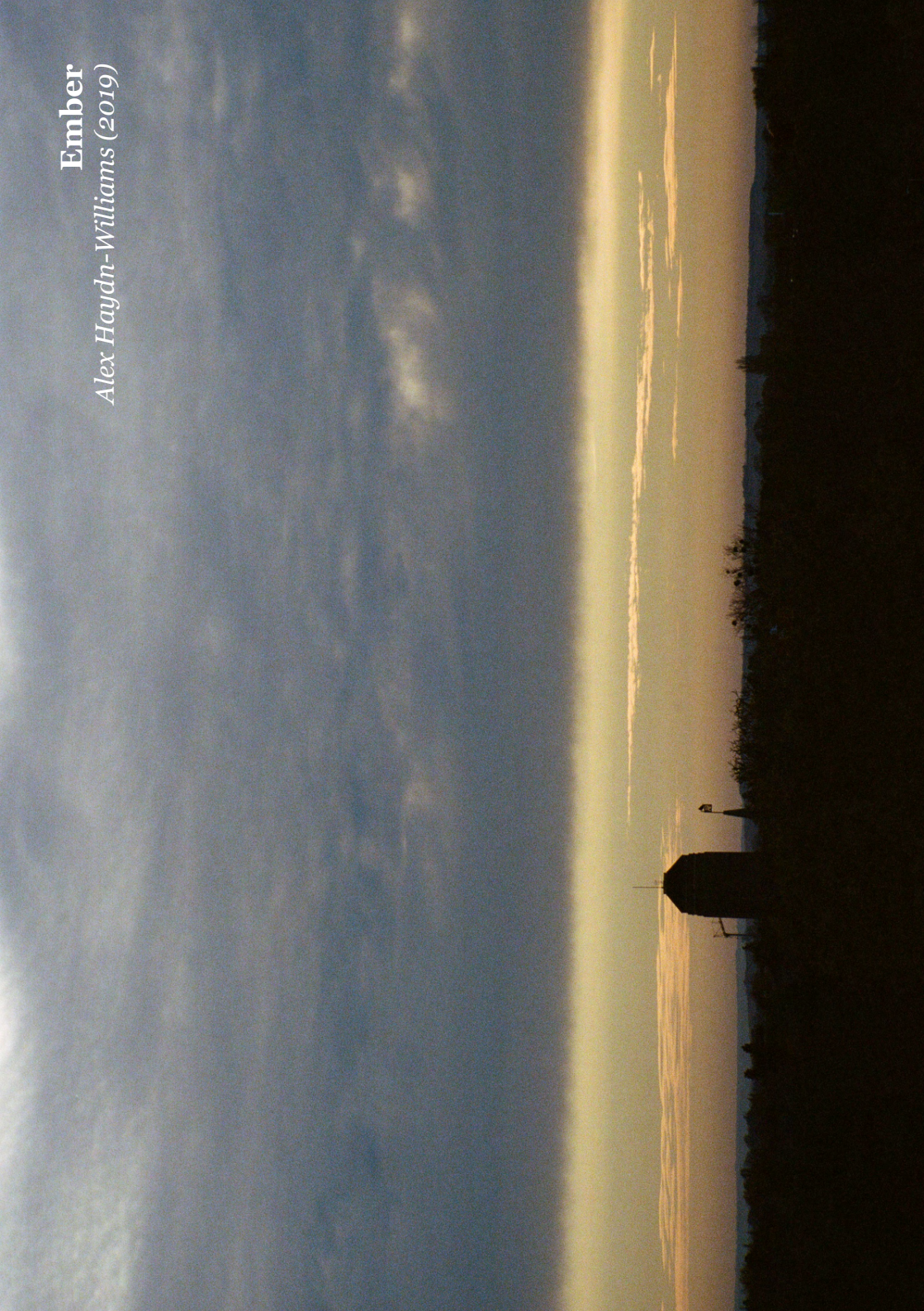
Alone.

To wander,
aimlessly.

There's no place like home.

Anonymous

Ember
Alex Haydn-Williams (2019)





Zara

Emma Lézé (2018)



Book recommendations, from the Eliot team

- *A Theatre for Dreamers* by Polly Sampson
- *Daisy Jones and the Six* by Taylor Jenkins Reid
- *The Invisible Life of Addie LaRue* by VE Schwab
- *The Night Circus* by Erin Morgenstern
- *Since You've Been Gone* by Morgan Matson
- *Klara and the Sun* by Kazuo Ishiguro
- *The Sun Also Rises* by Ernest Hemingway
- *The Tradition* by Jericho Brown
- *The Big Sleep* by Raymond Chandler
- *Giovanni's Room* by James Baldwin
- *Half of a Yellow Sun* by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie
- *A Room With A View* by E.M. Forster

— EDWARD GOREY, ILLUSTRATOR OF T.S. ELIOT'S CATS

BOOKS. CATS. LIFE IS GOOD.

Jesus Green
S. J. Tyrrell (2018)





Trinity Lane
S. J. Tyrrell (2018)

Don't write poems for your friends

Don't write poems for your friends –
it always ends disastrously.

As soon as you pick up that pen
you're welcoming catastrophe.

Don't write poems for your friends –
they never go as planned.

Whatever your intentions are,
your friends won't understand.

For lovers or dead relatives,
a poem's just the thing.

To them, a sonnet's not so gauche,
a rhyme is less embarrassing,

But especially in friendship,
the words get in the way –
a lifetime's worth of things unsaid
better left inside your head:

I miss you;

love me;

stay –

A. Smith (2019)

Liminality

as petals
dappled dewdrops fell
fingerprints of wonder untouchable
golden nuggets of the inbetween
I momentarily suspended
in tranquility –
if this is all it takes to be
I could stay awhile
walking paths of earthbound stars
(misplaced by time)
oh to be a child –

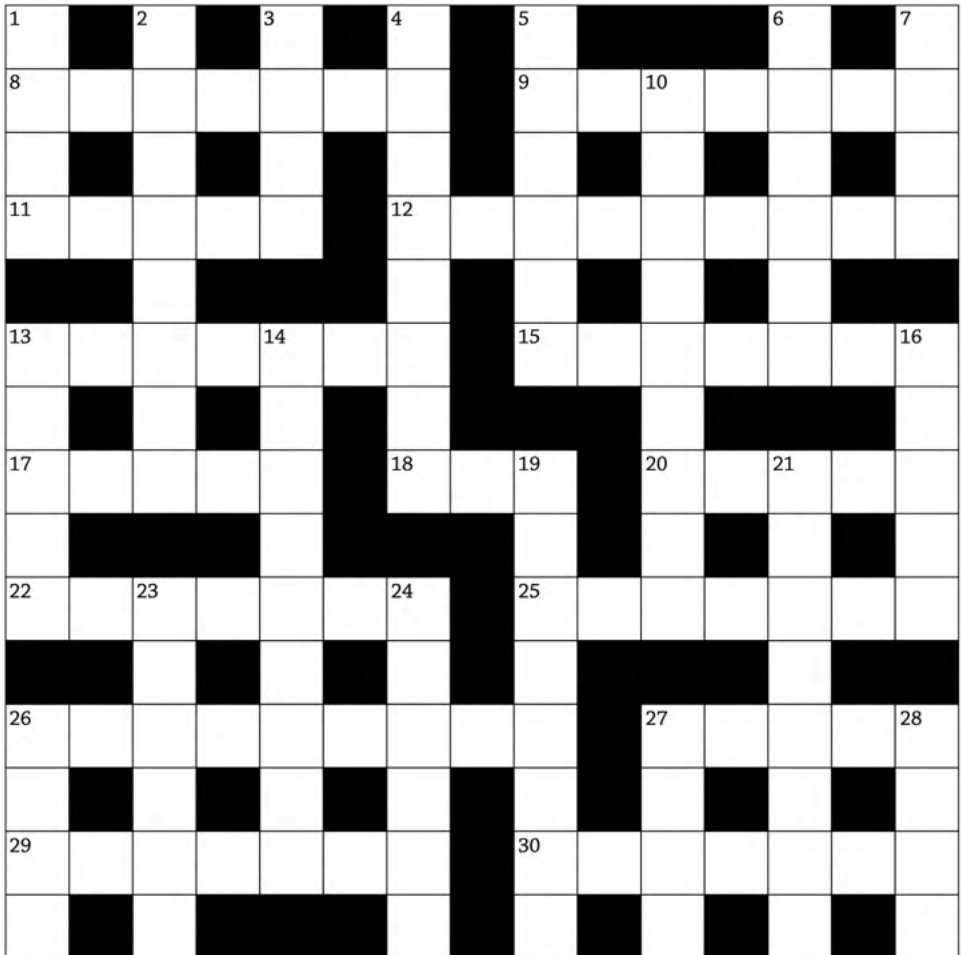
Niamh Bradshaw (2020)

Cryptic Crossword

Set by Soup

Several solutions from the puzzle should be used to complete the first verse of this poem from *Mad Magazine* in 1958. Two further verses are even stranger, and readily findable on the internet.

*I **2d** **6d** as a **1d**,
just picking up old **26d** and **30a**,
when **23d** on my way I **7d**,
I saw a **28d** of **21d**;
Beside the **3d**, beneath the **16d**,
A sight to make a **18a**'s **13d** **5d**.*



Across

- 8:** Release somewhat bleak agenda (7)
- 9:** Toy's one of 26d, and so will fail in the end (7)
- 11:** Get out of this city! (5)
- 12:** One ties the woman and Parisian down at last in bed (5,4)
- 13:** A snack - might it fill hole? Not quite! (7)
- 15:** Conceal a rupee out of sight in cunning carpentry (7)
- 17:** Drum'n'bass musician's no good for an OAP (5)
- 18:** No island, Donne said - except it is! (3)
- 20:** You and me get on - it's tradition (5)
- 22:** Miniature television set broadcast AM radio (7)
- 25:** Onanist upset lots of different people (7)
- 26:** Could it be latent? (3,6)
- 27:** Loiter about Low Church (5)
- 29:** Green stones are what you'd use to catch pike? (7)
- 30:** Where there's usually liquid, it's dry inside tree trunks (7)

Down

- 1:** Cold, horrible lump (4)
- 2:** Reduced to letters, we blushed and went for a stroll (8)
- 3:** Water wilted kale (4)
- 4:** Oarswomen, after exercise, dropped off a paper or two here? (8)
- 5:** Set/sets loose sound (6)
- 6:** LILY's conscious of being by herself (6)
- 7:** Go slow, snail on the tail, being welcomed by whales (4)
- 10:** As a man might with the aim of starting a marriage - or ending one? (2,2,5)
- 13:** See inside a person... and you'll find this? (5)
- 14:** One mushroom tied to a string in Elsa's castle (3,6)
- 16:** Steer round forest (5)
- 19:** C-cylinder? (8)
- 21:** Amphibians advanced 'cross Ohio 3d - lots being aggressive (8)
- 23:** Where a nurse might be advancing (6)
- 24:** Relaxed and had a sausage when on vacation (2,4)
- 26:** Evenly arranges little bits of cloth (4)
- 27:** Assistant's tea (4)
- 28:** One entertains unbridled tosh (4)

King's Parade
S. J. Tyrrell (2018)





Opposite Fen Ditton
S. J. Tyrrell (2018)

English Summer

English summer. No,
it can't be English summer, there aren't enough shadows –
English summer cuts through the windows
spitefully, English summer throws up the dust
so it dances around you, taunting you in your idleness
mocking your stillness, *you're stuck here*, it sings –
English summer makes the walls scream
and every brushstroke in the paint *waaaaails*
and you are paralysed on the sweating sofa
pleading those magnolia canyons with your eyes
but they are just as fixed as you –
English summer rots the plums in the fridge
curdles the milk, force feeds you flavoured ice
it's all so sticky
Gnats smeared against your forearms
in the same way you are smeared against this *fucking* house
Outside the air is still and bloated with the drone of lawnmowers.

Through the haze, children shriek and you can never quite tell if they are crying or simply
howling their domestic agony –
English summer bakes discontent into misery
and lets it sit
uncovered on the windowsill until the fat flies that buzz around it
swoon, exhausted –
English summer stagnates
It is the scum on top of the gasping river that runs alongside the path by my house
really a glorified ditch that gags on the runoff from the treatment plant
that permeates the rancid air and makes you retch –
The straggling brambles that encroach on the stones bow their branches sadly
under the weight of so many dog foul bags –
English summer
s e e p s
and we wait, lingering, for the crust and break.



Meltwater Cave
Xuefei Wu (2018)



Dad's Goldfinches

Toulouse has a skeletal sort of birdsong. It echoes over the bullfinch-breast haze of the rooftops, a dizzy siren warning spring to the peach skin cool of the city's empty veins. A woodpigeon purrs through the dusk, bloats the air with his lilac lament. He has a wet sound; a jumper heavy with rain, the Wear after April.

At midnight, I hear the bird from your song, the Paul McCartney one, a sound like silence but more bright, a string of silver in the velvet dark. Your guitar tiptoes in, and your voice like cranberry juice and gingersnaps, and my hand is warm inside your coat pocket. I think of the summer garden redness of your smile and the way you swear by sardines-on-toast, and milk before bedtime. You wear the years of your life like a cardigan. I see the twenty-one we've shared criss-crossing up the sleeves, thick around your forearms. I wish to wake up in front of the kitchen window. If I were there, we'd watch your goldfinches every morning; you in your quiet splendour, me in my hand-me-down dressing gown. The woodpecker would stop by, with his rustling laugh and his strawberry hat. The ruddy sunlight in your face as we play statues behind the glass. He has come to tell you that the garden you've made for him is everything he ever wanted. There'd be stewed Tetley tea and the wordless way you know me. You'd tell me how the goldfinches seem to like the Nyjer

seed, and I'd tell you I love you too.

I will bottle my Toulousain sky and bring it back with me. Maybe I'll even catch some birds for you, and you can tell me their names and their stories. And until then, until the sea salt squalor of the seagulls and the silent sardine suppers, I will bottle this midnight birdsong so that I might keep you close.

Grace Copeland (2018)

Losing Your Marbles

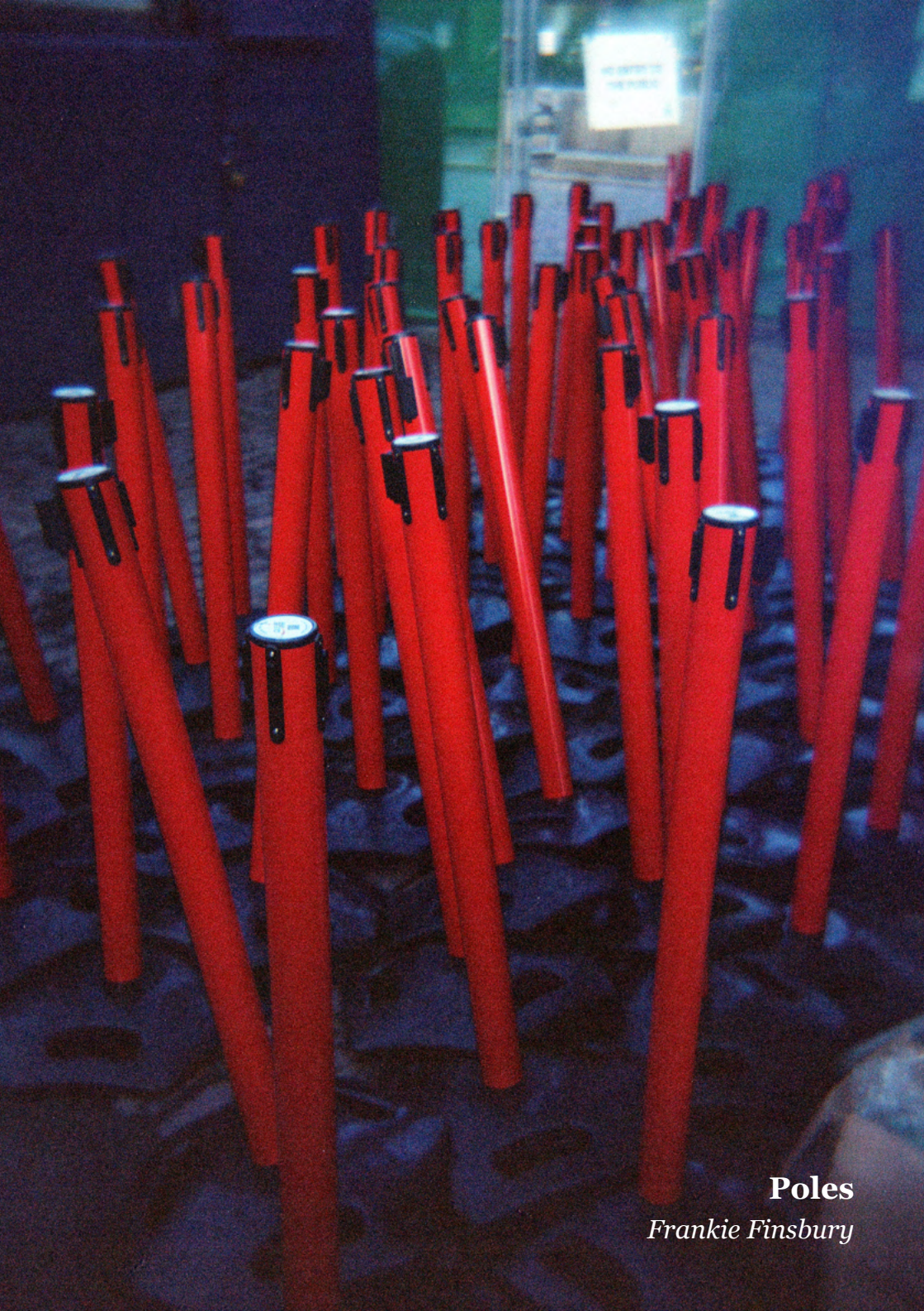
Fragments stolen, ripped from wigwams,
Purely purposed, shining bright in Cases,
And there advance, unfurl the banner high.
So here's to Elgin, here's to Schoolcraft too:
Scratchers, scriptors, snakes and pirates, whatever
You want to call them
Can't we share them?
We gaze past antique lands to see antiques,
But means we miss the Greeks, still life to speak,
Shrinking gods to northern climes –
Hardly the country to be –
No sovereignty through crime,
Chimes rather with what we free.

G.G.B.

Fall of Man

Frankie Finsbury





Poles

Frankie Finsbury



Clear

Alex Haydn-Williams (2019)

Memes

They – happy to talk of it – explicitly
Yet – when faced with – her – not fiction
Harder –

Noise. News. Names
Come out – out from the underbelly of society
Manifest in –

Memes?
Men's names become comedy
Cards against humanity
He doesn't sweat becomes –
That Royal privilege – disliked but
Parodied – pitied for privilege when -
His sweat is no joke – its
Repulsive. Reality.

Enclosing and suffocating –
Burned plastic – Clingfilm – bandaged
Round her – body.

It's scrubbed at and cried on – privately
Blisters causing scabs and scars
His sweat that is guilt; that is shame
Repulsion at – herself
Sweat that –
Becomes a meme.

Alicia Cash (2020)

a kind of goodbye

Was it meant to feel
like this? Time has been robbed
from us.

Everything has happened too soon:
The drifting, the changing –
Losing bits of people I wasn't quite ready to let go of.
I don't want to go; I'm not ready
Can't we go back in time?
One more meal, one more drink, maybe
even one more essay.

Stop the clock: seven students, frozen.
Sunlight trickles in through the window,
Lighting up faces lit up with ideas and words
spilling out of mouths

And yes, we'll never be quite like this
Again.
But what comes next
Maybe
(it will be different)
But maybe it is what's needed
Watching us all separate and go our separate ways
But where?

We'll see.

Lucy Bell (2018)

Time Loop

Frankie Finsbury



Frog-Spotting Through the British Raj

This frog is a raja
 who has a great estate
and this frog is an Englishman
 who always cleans his plate.

This frog is a ranee
 and Lord, is she a looker!
and this frog just stepped off the boat
 and isn't quite yet pukka.

This frog toils in August
 while the Brits are in the hills
and this frog made the vindaloo
 that made the Reverend ill.

This frog is the servant
 they call the punkah-wollah
and this frog swapped his native clothes
 for spats and starch-white collars.

This frog is the general
 who shot himself at Jhansi
and this frog thinks that Hindous
 are just that bit too handsy.

This frog wrought a famine
 upon the lowland plains
but this frog says it's all okay
 because we brought them trains!

This frog is from Darjeeling
where the hills fade into blue.

This frog is from the Punjab
that we'll soon cleave in two.

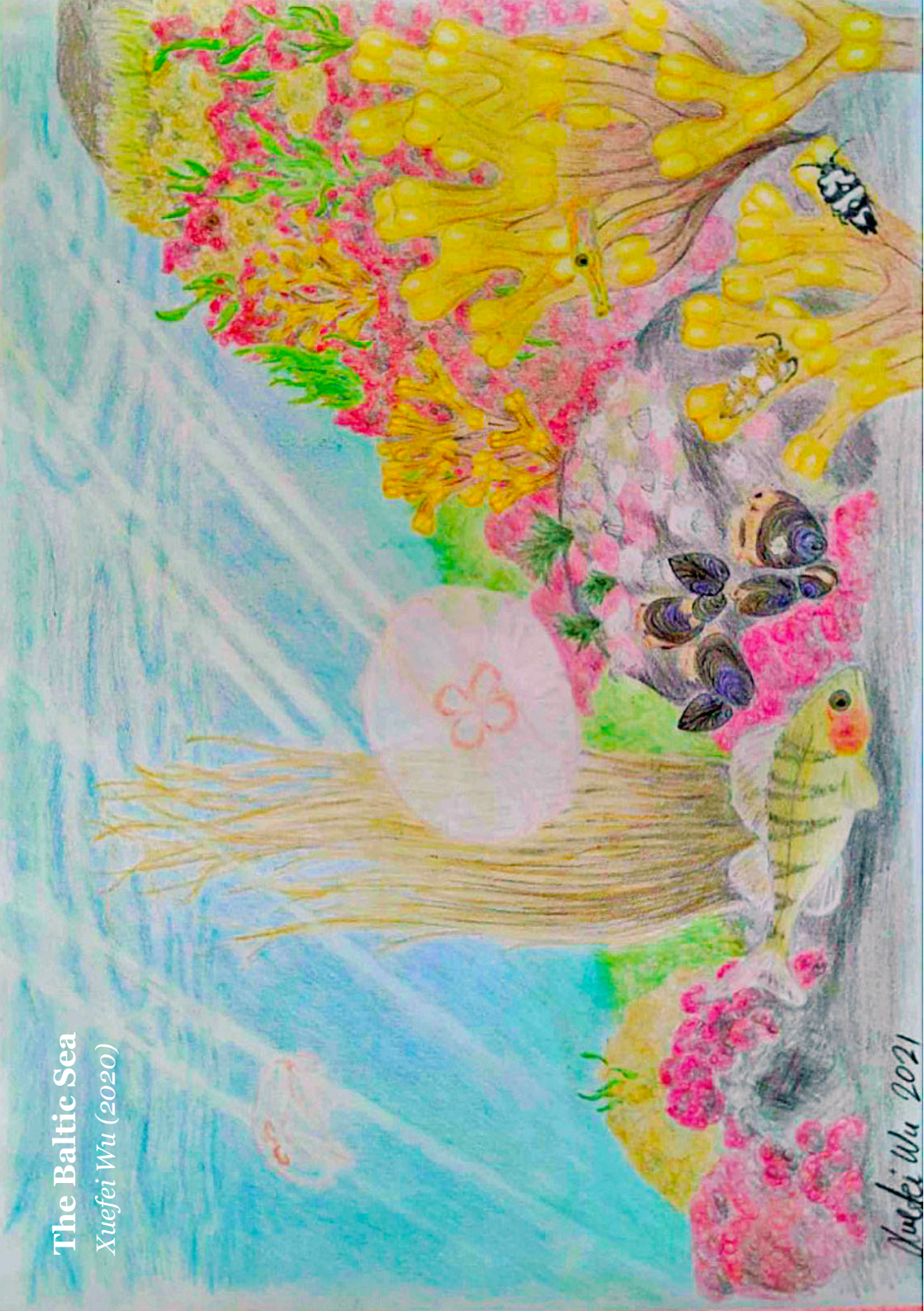
This frog stations at the Khyber –
you couldn't get much windier!
and me? I'm just sat by the pond
reading *A Passage to India*.

A. Smith (2019)



Katy Cartlidge (2018)

The Baltic Sea
Xuefei Wu (2020)



Xuefei Wu 2021

Anonymous Platypus

My platypus
is waiting
for the bus.
He's been getting a lot of funny looks.

Nobody seems to have told him
that it isn't normal
to dress quite so formal
on the bus.

Now my platypus is blushing
rushing to get away from the crushing
embarrassment of so many people
laughing

So next time
if you see
my platypus
on the bus,
give him a kind look.
Tell him you like his suit.
The bowtie—it really matches his eyes.

If you're lucky,
he might offer you a smile.

Anonymous

Winter Walks

Breathing life into passers through,
The wood's a-swell with yearning potential -
To timelessness a patient, faithful sentinel -
Pregnantly waiting to flower and seed
The future of its undying breed.

A band of tree-tops softly lit,
By rays from our slow-burning star,
Warms and comforts the human spirit
Step-treading amidst the silence crisp ;
past coral mosses greenly glistening
left and right with silky hue -
breathing life into passers through.

A blackbird pearls its peppering call,
To which a robin trills a sweeter psalm,
As wistfully, she reminisces on the bliss
Of soaring fresh from the Creator's palm
thru the pristine gardens of Genesis -
breathing life into something new.

Past steepled churches embossed in mist
engulfing all in sepulchral flood ...
But is it mist or is it gas ? Fingers fumbling,
Are those the ghosts of soldiers stumbling ?
Through trenches tight with mud and blood
World War whistles fiercely shrill,

Or IED's shredding the still,
eerie forms dimly looming ... ?
No, a Labrador ! Oh Lilly, you silly thing !

Suddenly the noon-day sun dazzlingly is there,
Breathing life into passers through :
And every living thing comes up for air !

Blake McInerney (1984)

Behind a Rainbow
Alex Haydn-Williams (2019)



Ozymandias Below

Out in the cerulean expanse,
Where shafts of sunlight struggle through the mist,
A vast and horrid obelisk there stands,
Surrounded only by the emptiness.
Millenia have left the beast unfound,
But for one ephemeral speck of life,
Who, writhing through the water, is dwarfed by sound
Haunting through the laylines of the tide.
A beastly calling, as all the seas were rife
With lamentation of an unheard kind,
A wail, a terrible moan, that cuts
The unsuspecting traveller to the bone.
They crawl away for air – can't stand the sight –
And still the creature waits in the dark below.

Maddi Jackson (2018)

Eliot's charities, Easter 21

Jimmy's Cambridge: For 25 years, Jimmy's has been working with local people, communities and organisations to provide help to people experiencing homelessness in Cambridge. They work with local people, communities, organisations, and partners to deliver 24/7 emergency help, support and accommodation 365 days a year for those who would otherwise be sleeping rough.

Paper Boat and *Equal and Opposite*: Two international development non-profits, both run by former Jesuans, who work in India and Thailand to establish playful and creative learning spaces at the heart of communities through innovative partnerships. Using photography, these charities share a goal of strengthening global solidarity, and are teaming up with *Eliot's Face* this term to begin a visual story-telling project. Neelavathi, aged 16, wrote the text and took the photo at the top on the right. Ariram, who took the photograph at the bottom, is from a rural community in Tamil Nadu where water shortage is a perennial challenge.

Visual story-telling helps children who are all too often constrained by caste, class and gender to recognize and nurture their creative talents. *Paper Boat's* Children's Hubs are community-based, creative learning spaces where children take part in activities (including photography, filmmaking, drama, art, storytelling, music and journalism) to help boost their self-esteem and develop vital skills. This project will showcase the storytelling of children from hard-to-reach communities in India, and curate a collaborative space for Jesuans to be inspired by their stories. Find out more at: www.paperboatcharity.org.uk and www.eaofoundation.com.

Neelavathi, aged 16



Ariram



“This snail, though left alone, looks very safe. It stays where it belongs. It doesn’t seem to depend on others. We can be independent, safe and secure where we are.”

*There is a limit for the sky to stretch,
For the crow to fly, there is a range,
The tree knows its height,
The waves of the sea have their reach.
But I know no limits for my efforts,
And for developing my capacity.*



The Boathouse

Sameer Aggarwal (2018)

ELIOT'S EARS

Summer Girl – HAIM

august – Taylor Swift

California – Joni Mitchell

Canyon Moon – Harry Styles

Celeste – Ezra Vine

Daisy – Laura Marling

Fast Car – Tracy Chapman

Too Young to Burn – Sonny & The Sunsets

Coming up Easy – Paolo Nutini

Silver Springs – Fleetwood Mac

Dog Days Are Over – Florence + The Machine

Tears Dry On Their Own – Amy Winehouse

Energy (feat. Mahalia) – Pa Salieu

Smile – Lily Allen

Brimful of Asha (Norman Cook Remix) – Cornershop

Water (feat. Rostam) – Ra Ra Riot

Bad Friend – Rina Sawayama

The River – Goth Babe

Wetsuit – The Vaccines

Twentytwo – Sunflower Bean

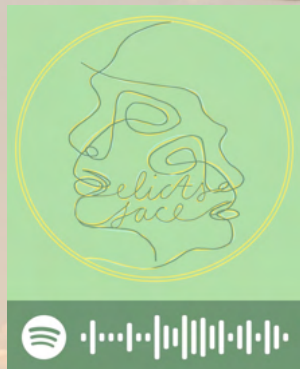
Lloyd, I'm Ready To Be Heartbroken – Camera Obscura

Ladies of Cambridge – Vampire Weekend

This Must Be The Place (Naive Melody) – Talking Heads

Everything Goes My Way – Metronomy

White Noise – Disclosure, AlunaGeorge





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ALICIA CASH (2020)

GRACE COPELAND (2018)

HANNAH CHARLOTTE COPLEY (2019)

OLIVIA EMILY (2018)

SIAN GOODING (2020)

ALEX HAYDN-WILLIAMS (2019)

MADDI JACKSON (2018)

EMMA LÉZÉ (2018)

ISAAC CASTELLA MCDONALD (2019)

BLAKE MCINERNEY (1984)

C PATEL (2019)

A. SMITH (2019)

S. J. TYRRALL (2018)

XUEFEI WU (2020)

EDITED BY LUCY BELL & OLIVIA EMILY

With thanks to the JCSU for their money, Sameer for his support, and 'anonymous' for their artwork throughout time

Find us on Facebook and Instagram @eliotsface