

# englist

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# Editorial



**Lucija Jezeršek**  
**Editor-in-Chief & Editor of *Language Love***

*“True education is a kind of never ending story — a matter of continual beginnings, of habitual fresh starts, of persistent newness.”*

- J.R.R. Tolkien

Finally, you are able to open a brand new ENGLIST issue and enjoy all your favourite columns in a slightly different disguise. And to everybody as yet unfamiliar with the students' newspaper at the Department of English at the Faculty of Arts in

Ljubljana I wish a very warm welcome. Before delving into the particulars, let's take a moment and smell just how fresh and exciting it is. Do you feel it? Good.

Many of our previous editors left the team, which prompted a gathering of mostly new faces to take on the duty to entertain and inform. This is cause for celebration not only for our as enthusiastic as ever editorial team but for all those who worked hard before us and are now facing new lives outside the academic sphere. We wish them all the best on their journeys and thank them for leaving us with such a strong foundation.

Now I invite you to enjoy the pages you have helped to create and find your favourite among the literary creations, agree or disagree with the reviews of films, including those from the last Liffe and the one before it, literature, games, and the world we live in, learn something in a more technical area, find out what your colleagues abroad were up to, admire the geeky culture in Slovenia and, last but definitely not least, get to know an amazing person who happens to have been appointed Full Professor at our faculty this year, Frančiška Trobevšek Drobnak, PhD. If among all these you are unable to choose, let me make your decision even harder. A new feature comes with this year's ENGLIST; we have expanded beyond monetary confines and so we bring you even more entertaining content in the form of Web Exclusives, available on our website.



**Jure Velikonja**  
**Editor of *Opulent Opinions & Lust for Literature***

*"Mother used to say escape is never further than the nearest book. Well, Mumsy, no, not really. Your beloved large-print sagas of rags, riches, and heartbreak were no camouflage against the miseries trained on you by the tennis ball launcher of life, were they? But, yes, Mum, there again, you have a point. Books don't offer real escape, but they can stop a mind scratching itself raw."*

- David Mitchell



**Maja Bezgovšek**  
**Editor of *Exuberant Exchanges of Travel Tales***

*"Please be a traveller, not a tourist. Try new things, meet new people, and look beyond what's right in front of you. Those are the keys to understanding this amazing world we live in."*

- Andrew Zimmern



**Neža Polanc**  
**Editor of *Writer's Woe***

*"He does not despise real woods because he has read of enchanted woods; the reading makes all real woods a little enchanted."*

- C. S. Lewis



**Urša Bajželj**  
**Editor of *Fruitful Film Findings & Terrific TV Tips***

*"No good movie is too long and no bad movie is short enough."*

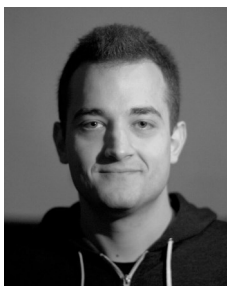
- Roger Ebert



**Kristina Nastran**  
**Editor of *Tricky Tech***

*"The truth isn't easily pinned to a page. In the bathtub of history the truth is harder to hold than the soap and much more difficult to find."*

- Terry Pratchett



**Jan Hacin**  
**Editor of *Geeky Goodness***

*"You have to be odd to be number one."*

- Dr. Seuss



**Jakob Lenardič**  
**Proofreader-in-Chief**

*"Your heart's desire is to be told some mystery. The mystery is that there is no mystery."*

- Cormac McCarthy

# Interview

## "To me there is no better job in the world."

by Jan Hacin, Jakob Lenardič & Aleš Oblak

*Who is FTD? If you have ever followed the notices on our department's website, you already know the answer. In this year's first issue, we decided to sit down and have a few words with Frančiška Trobevšek Drobnak, PhD. She has recently been appointed Full Professor at our department, and we felt that we should celebrate the occasion by learning a bit more about the person who has shown us that language is, in fact, a living organism, one that is not determined by prescriptive rules as much as by how people wield it.*

**You specialize in diachronic linguistics. Where did your love for the history of English begin?**

It was really a chance encounter and an acquired taste. There was an opening in the postgraduate programme on historical linguistics at the time when I was looking for a way back to academic life. I enrolled and in a couple of months realized how wrong I had been about diachronic linguistics: it is not just about the past and Proto Germanic or Indo-European, it is about the most creative aspect of language, its constant adjustment to the needs of the speakers.

**As a specialist on the evolution and development of the English language, how do you perceive new developments, such as the "because-noun" construction becoming acceptable, or the fact that "literally" can now mean "figuratively"?**

When I was a pupil prepositions were not to be put at the end of the clause, "nephew" was to be pronounced [nevju:] and the word "gay" meant 'cheerful'. A thousand years ago it was not acceptable to use the common case form of a noun with a preposition. In Shakespeare's time there were many who deplored the lack of rules and the change of pronunciation, which made it impossible, in their opinion, for rhymes to last. Change may be painful to us, aging speakers, but it does no harm to the language.

**Emoji is the new Oxford Dictionary word of the year. Any thoughts on that?**

I don't care much for anything "of the year". I hear that the choice of the "face with tears of joy" was based on its increased use. Fine. But that "it best reflected the ethos, mood and preoccupation of 2015"? I somehow doubt it. I can think of at least two words that resonated more, at least to me: ISIS and immigrants.

**In what historical moment would you say English**



Photo: Frančiška Trobevšek Drobnak

**was at its most beautiful?**

This is not a question for a diachronic linguist and I cannot answer it properly. To me the beauty of every language is in its being such an intricate and logical and self-contained and self-sufficient system. At any given point of time. There is no such thing as an "ugly" language or an ugly dialect. The ones perceived as such are often those that differ most from the standard form. Speaking of dialects, I find Northern British dialects delightful, whereas my daughter-in-law from London thinks they are terrible. So, it's all very subjective and who are we to judge?

**We understand that the publish-or-perish logic of academia has a large effect on the way professors approach their work. What should in your opinion take precedence: research or pedagogy?**

In theory both aspects should be equally important. But in real life some professors are more passionate about teaching and others find their true calling primarily in scientific work. Some see the research work as subsidiary to teaching and they engage in it so that they could pass on as much knowledge as they can, as well as they can. Others focus on discovering new things, new knowledge, which they prefer sharing with fellow researchers than using for teaching purposes. It takes both types to make a good university. I've seen wonderful researchers give terrible lectures, and vice versa. Ideally, there should be some sort of balance between the two aspects, but I wonder if it is humanly possible to be top-notch on both levels. I myself love teaching, enjoy research and dislike intensely

writing papers.

**Speaking of publishing, are you currently working on an article, or is that an academic secret.**

I have just sent in the last corrections of an article on composite predicates in English. With a sigh of relief.

**I am sure that at least a few of our readers have fantasized about working as a university teacher. What are some of the pros and cons of working at our faculty?**

To me there is no better job in the world. Teaching is a very rewarding profession in itself, and at university students are young and (supposedly) motivated, while also of their troubled teenage woods. Another huge advantage of academic life is the freedom and autonomy of work. The only drawback is the system of habilitation, which puts all teachers and researchers, except full professors, in the position of precarious tenure, under relatively arbitrary and ever tougher rules of re-election.

**Are you satisfied with the way our current study programme is structured, or do you believe that certain changes still need to be made? If you could change just one thing about it, what would it be?**

Of course not. There is room for improvement in all the study programmes, not just English, and not just those taught at our university. Even in ideal circumstances, if programmes had been made from scratch with unlimited human and financial resources, they would have to be adjusted to the needs of the changing world. I think that in a year or two, when the first few generations of graduates of the "reformed" programmes get some work experience, we should reassess our programmes. I think that the Bologna reform was a step back in some respects. The decision to launch it did not come from the academic world but from the OECD, whose main goal was to reduce the cost of education. The whole system had not been conceptually worked out in any consistent manner and without proper resources its implementation was left half way. Many students who finish only the first (undergraduate) cycle find it difficult to get a job since their competences are neither broad enough to be universally "employable", not specific enough to qualify for jobs of their professional choice.

**So do you think that the first cycle of our study programme should be restructured in a way that would allow for a more specialized approach? I know about some other programmes at other faculties in which students have to choose a specialized, narrower direction for their studies in the third, or even the second year of the undergraduate cycle.**

When I was a deputy dean a few years ago, I had an idea – that in their third year of the first cycle students would have two options: the first would be moving on

to the postgraduate level directly (without final exams and diploma papers), and the second would be to graduate and finish the studies at this level. The curriculum would be to some extent different for the two options. Needless to say, this idea of mine was considered completely ridiculous and out of order.

**Could you discuss your ecological past?**

For more than ten years I worked for the ministry of environment. I started to work there because I needed a job, not because of some deep rooted love of environment. It opened my eyes to problems that most people were not aware of at the time, and I like to think of myself as "aspiring green" ever since.

**And could you comment on the way ecology is seen in Slovenia?**

I wish there was a credible green party in Slovenia so could execute my voting right with more enthusiasm. I commend and support all those who raise their voice against the ruthless logic of constant economic growth and consumption. European based petitions seem to be quite effective in curtailing the excessive appetites of one major threat to environment - transnational corporations. But small deeds matter, too: one plastic bag less per week means 52 plastic bags less in a year.

**Many people have pointed out that English is infecting Slovene. Often idiomatic phrases can be seen directly translated from English, people are using English collocations, and more complex grammatical structures such as the genitive are fading away. Would you say that there is a Sprachbund on account of globalization taking place, or is this simply the way Slovene is evolving on its own?**

A language changes when a critical number of speakers adopt a new linguistic element or drop an old one which they no longer consider crucial or even relevant for communication. Slovene is not immune to that process and, let us say, the loss of dual or genitive can hardly be attributed to English influence. On the other hand, English patterns, words and phrases are stored and engraved in our brains each time we speak or process English. Human brain is a wonderful device, in constant search for what works better/best. So what if that comes from another language?

**Your lectures are somewhat legendary for nuggets of worldly wisdom you share with the students. Do you have one for the end?**

I don't think wisdom, let alone worldly wisdom, is the right word, but yes, I would like to send out a memo to your readers: When life gets tough, and it will, because nobody has promised it to be easy, it is your given right to get sad or angry or even miserable and depressed. But if you indulge in despair and nourish your anger and wallow in self-pity I will come and haunt you even when I'm gone.

# Language Love

## CL and Chomsky square up for a scrap!

by Maša Mlakar

**A very short introduction into cognitive semantics and metaphor theory, designed to attract masses with Chomsky's *Colorless Green Ideas Sleep Furiously* and envisioned as a wrestling match.**

**Dramatis personae:** Ms. CL (Ms. Cognitive Linguistics, junior wrestler of Linguistics league, the challenger), Ms. CLS (Ms. Cognitive Linguistics Scholar, head coach of Ms. CL), *Colorless Green Ideas Sleep Furiously* (veteran fighter) and M (the moderator).

**Setting:** A wrestling ring, red-carpeted, lit with reflector light. Crowds of crazed linguists cheering madly, with blazers brown-stained, bow ties loosened, necks extending, feet stomping glasses, paper coffee vessels and tea cups into glassy dust, wrenched metal wires and papier-mâché.

*M squeezes through the steaming crowd, then through the ring ropes. He avoids a flying tea cup, takes his handkerchief to his forehead, swipes sweat and flips his oiled hair back with one gesture. He waves to the audience, sucks in air and begins.*

**M:** CHOMSKYANS! COGNITIVISTS! Greet the contestants! On your left, veteran fighter of the Linguistics League, the unbreakable, the unbendable, *Colorless Green Ideas Sleep FURIOUSLY!* (*Chomskyans whoop three times after "furiously". The sentence lounges casually, its weight bending the creaking ring ropes.*) On your right, this round's challenger, the mysterious, the elegant, MS! C! L! (*M is over-shouted by Cognitivists screaming the initials, with boo birds flying in from the Chomskyan side. Ms. CL stands composed, her bun tight and glasses pressed firmly to her nose ridge.*)

Also welcome Ms. CLS, Ms. CL's coach! (*A woman bearing two thick cognitive linguistics tomes takes CL's side, squeezes CL's shoulder and faces the cheering crowd.*)

NOW, NOW! (*M hushes the crowd to a nervous silence and turns to CLS.*) Ms. CLS, as you know, the duty of each challenger's coach is to introduce the newcomer. What makes you think Ms. Green here (*a stifled laughter exhausts from the Chomskyan side*) has what it takes to make *Green Ideas* MEANINGFUL!? (*General roar splits the hall. After the sound subsides, Ms. CLS takes over.*)

**Ms. CLS:** Well, Mr. M, you see, we cognitive linguists are a special breed. We believe that language isn't an autonomous cognitive faculty, nor is it an autonomous system. For us, both the language's grammar and syntax are governed by the cognitive processes in the human mind, some of them being memory, perception, attention and categorization.

*Ms. CLS stops and contemplates with a satisfied smile the baffled linguists from both sides of the ring. Some are charging for an objection, others for a counter-argument to the objection, while most of them seem rather offended because a prelude to a good scrap has suddenly gone academic. M, anxious to build up the crowd's enthusiasm, beckons CLS to continue.*

**Ms. CLS:** Allow me to explain. Let's take memory and semantics. A lexical item in De Saussure's sense consists of the signifier and the signified. The signifier, as we all know, is the written or spoken manifestation of the word, *cat* for example, and the signified is the mental image or the meaning of the word *cat*, but for cognitive linguists, especially those dealing with frame semantics, the notion of the signified, the meaning, is quite extended. When you are thinking about CAT<sup>1</sup>, a cognitive linguist will tell you that you are in fact rummaging your encyclopedic knowledge of the creature, which is simply the memory of everything cat-related.

**M:** Everything? You mean, beyond the dictionary definition of *cat* being 'a small domesticated carnivorous mammal with soft fur', er, excuse me (*M, who is a traditional type, has all of sudden produced a fat OED from beneath his shirt and is trying to juggle it with the microphone*), 'with soft fur, a short snout, and retractile claws', I imagine all the instances of *cat* I've seen, all the ways in which they interact with the

<sup>1</sup> Cognitive linguists refer to lexical items as concepts, and they denote them by writing them down in capital letters.

environment, their behavior, all the times I had to take dear Whiskers to the vet for a vaccine... All of that?

**Ms. CLS:** That's right. Your brain takes it all in and organizes the knowledge around a concept into **frames** or **domains**. And these domains are not randomly cluttered mental spaces either. Our mind organizes the pieces of information it gets into hierarchically structured networks and it can expand these networks so that it accommodates new experiences we receive as we are constantly interacting with cats and concepts.

**M:** But that cannot be true! (*Grim murmuring of consent is heard from the background.*) When I pet my Whiskers in the morning I don't think of all the stray cats in the neighborhood, or of the instances when she clawed her way up my curtains, or the numerous diagnoses she received for her skin problems. I only see Whiskers, my beloved small domesticated carnivorous mammal, feeding on the delicate and tender meat chunks. I'd go bananas if I had to recall everything!

**Ms. CLS:** Indeed you would and that's why you don't recall everything at any given occasion. As I said before, the knowledge of a particular domain is organized hierarchically. There are four types of knowledge distinguished by cognitive linguists and all these types form a continuum: conventional – non-conventional, generic – specific, intrinsic – extrinsic and characteristic – non-characteristic. For example, the general rule is that conventional knowledge – the “information widely known and shared between members of speech communities” – is “more central to the mental representation of a particular lexical concept”; it is more **salient**. Speaking of BANANAS, the conventional knowledge is the fact that some people in our culture have bananas with their lunch or that they eat it as a snack. This means that such knowledge will surface more quickly and readily when you think of a banana than non-conventional knowledge of, let's say, that the banana you ate this morning gave you indigestion.

**M:** But if a banana gave me indigestion this morning, I think this knowledge would be rather fresh in my mind if one of the colleagues mentioned bananas over the meeting.

**Ms. CLS:** Well observed. Of course it all depends on the context as well, be it linguistic or circumstantial. If your colleagues discussed the delicious properties of bananas while you'd still be clutching your stomach from the one you had for breakfast, the things you'd probably recall about bananas would be part of very non-conventional knowledge in the form of your own private trips to the bathroom because of the blasted fruit.

**M:** Thank you for that (*M places his hand on his belly, which is significantly smaller now that he holds the OED in his hands, and looks uncomfortable*). But I believe it's time that we return to the match at hand and for you to reveal the secret weapon, the CONCEPTUAL METAPHOR THEORY!

*The hall hums with excitement. Those who fell asleep wake up with a snort and those who have left for the cafeteria to get coffee and energy bars scurry back to their seats. Colorless Green Ideas Sleep Furiously, who has been discussing linguistic concepts with fellow Chomskyans from below the ring, turns to face its challengers. Ms. CLS takes a sip of water and Ms. CL stretches for a demonstration.*

**Ms. CLS:** The conceptual metaphor theory presupposes that “human thought is fundamentally metaphorical in nature” and that metaphor is “more than just a stylistic feature”. Remember the domains I have mentioned at the beginning, the encyclopedic structures of knowledge stored in our brain? A conceptual metaphor occurs when we are making connections between two conceptual domains, or even better, when we try to think of one thing in terms of another. I now call upon my combatant, Ms. CL, to make a demonstration.

*Ms. CL moves to the center of the ring, where a holographic sentence Her anger boiled over appears, hovering menacingly over the floor.*

**Ms. CL:** According to Lakoff, this sentence coexists in two different domains, that is to say that the language users reason about *anger* using the knowledge of a *state of a heated fluid*. One domain therefore (*she delivers a punch to the sentence and a domain pops up*) is the domain of HEAT OF A FLUID, which is presupposed by the concept BOILED OVER. The other (*she makes a high flying wushu kick that hits the sentence in its subject and makes another domain appear*) is the domain of ANGER. In order for the sentence to make sense, the speakers must find the points at which the two domains connect. This seeking out of connections is what cognitive linguists term **mapping**. There are two types of connections one can establish between the domains in general: the ontological and the epistemic. The **ontological correspondences** connect the elements of the two domains while the **epistemic correspondences** connect the relationships between those elements in both domains. I will now attempt a mapping on *Her anger boiled over*.

Ms. CL spins around Her anger boiled over and locks the sentence into a good choke. Mr. M hurries to the struggling contestants and begins a countdown of the ontological correspondences.

<b>M:</b>	<b>Ms. CL:</b> <i>Ontological correspondences.</i>	
	Source: HEAT OF A FLUID	Target: ANGER
ONE!	container	body
TWO!	heat of fluid	anger
THREE!	heat scale	anger scale
FOUR!	pressure in container	experienced pressure
FIVE!	agitation of boiling fluid	experienced agitation
SIX!	limit of container's	limit of person's ability to
	resistance	suppress anger
SEVEN!	explosion	loss of control

The sentence wrestles itself from Ms. CL's grip and attempts to reach its ally, Colorless green ideas sleep furiously, when it is pulled back by the word over and squashed against the ring's plastic surface with Ms. CL sitting on top of it. M starts the epistemic correspondences countdown.

<b>M:</b>	<b>Ms. CL:</b> <i>Epistemic correspondences</i>	
	Source: HEAT OF A FLUID	Target: ANGER
ONE!	When fluid in a container is heated beyond a certain limit, pressure increases to the point at which the container explodes.	When anger increases beyond a certain limit, "pressure" increases to the point at which the person loses control.
TWO!	An explosion is damaging to the container and dangerous to bystanders.	Loss of control is damaging to the person and dangerous to others.
THREE!	Explosion can be prevented by applying sufficient force and counter-pressure.	Anger can be suppressed by force of will.
FOUR!	Controlled release of pressure may occur, which reduces danger of explosion.	Anger can be released in a controlled way, or vented harmlessly, thus reducing level.

Her anger boiled over lets out one final desperate croak and disperses into the holographic emptiness whence it came; the crowds are in an uproar. Ms. CL decides to exploit the confusion and with a cat-like leap she springs at Colorless green ideas sleep furiously. Before M can interfere, both contestants are reduced to a comic book cloud of dust, stars and random legs, fists and letters popping out occasionally as Ms. CL attempts the metaphorical mapping of her opponent's source domain, HUMAN BEINGS, presupposed by TO SLEEP, to its target domain of IDEA. The sentence must yield meaning at all costs.

**Ms CL.:** Ontological correspondences

**Source: HUMAN BEINGS**

HUMAN BODY: body

SLEEP: inactive physical state

COLORLESS: characteristics contributed to dull, boring human beings

GREEN: characteristics denoting a human whose are not yet completely developed, or who do not have enough experience

**Target: IDEAS**

EQUALS: mental processes occurring in certain places in the brain

EQUALS: inactive idea

TURN INTO: characteristics contributed to dull, boring intellectual concepts

TURN INTO: characteristics of ideas that are skills not yet fully developed



**Source: ENERGIZED EXECUTION OF AN ACTIVITY**

CARRYING OUT AN ACTION FURIOUSLY: Carrying out an action in extreme anger, with great energy, or in an exaggerated manner.

*Epistemological correspondences*

**Source: HUMAN BEINGS**

Human bodies are a physical presence; they take a certain amount of space in this world.

When human beings exhaust their energy for action, become inactive by going to sleep.

A human is described as colorless when he or she is dull or boring.

A human can be described as green when his or her skills are not fully developed or he or she lacks experience.

**Source: ENERGIZED EXECUTION OF AN ACTIVITY**

When people carry out an activity furiously, they do so with great energy or anger or in an exaggerated manner.

*The hall and the boxing ring are in complete disarray. Ms. CLS and M hid in a shelter they'd built with M's OED and CLS's linguistic books. The linguist spectators have either fled the scene or have taken refuge under the plastic chairs. In the middle of the ring, in lieu of the famous Chomskyan sentence, there is a rather dull looking teenager built out of electrical nervous impulses, snoring vigorously and tossing around in his sleep. Ms. CL on the other hand is oblivious to the chaos around her. She stands in the ring's spotlight. Her face is flushed, the hair is escaping the previously tight bindings of her bun, there's blood on her white knuckles, but she stares down her defeated opponent proudly.*

**Epilogue:**

The reason why I decided to envision my cognitive linguistic venture as this particular wrestling match is connected to my first encounter with the famous Chomskyan sentence and my wrestling to find an explanation why, contrary to the purpose with which it was constructed, it made sense to me. Although we were all explained that the sentence is meaningless because a) adjectives *colorless* and *green* cancel each other out, b) the adverb *furiously* makes poor company to the inactivity suggested by the verb *to sleep*, and c) ideas don't take on human functions of sleeping in the first place, these logical impediments did nothing to stop a poetic image of an idea posing as a human being and snoring away enthusiastically from appearing in my mind's eye. Cognitive linguistics stresses that meaning is not just a matter of dictionary entries and truth conditions (based on formal logics), but a product of various mental functions, such as memory and metaphoric thinking for example, working in unison to form a concept. Under these rules the Chomskyan sentence is meaningful regardless the logical restrictions because the mind is capable of imagining its meaning through metaphoric thinking even though the end result is unconventional and slightly silly in nature. For me the conceptual metaphor approach helped to elucidate what was happening with my thoughts when I was deciphering the sentence, but I would also like to invite you to share your thoughts and experience with it be them in league with CL, with a critical approach to CL or with some other linguistic theory.

If you opt for cognitive linguistics, note that the theoretical basis for this article has been taken from Croft and Cruise (1) and Evans and Green (2). The example with the *Her anger boiled over* sentence is taken from Croft and Cruise and can be found together with a detailed explanation on page 197 while the take on the famous Chomskyan sentence was Ms. CL's entirely. For those of you who would like to sink your teeth into a compre-

**Target: ENERGIZED EXECUTION OF A PEACEFUL ACTIVITY**

URNS INTO: Carrying out sleep very energetically, in extreme anger, or in an exaggerated manner.

**Target: IDEAS**

Ideas take a certain amount of 'space' as they are physical manifestations of electrical impulses in different parts of our brain.

When the ideas have lost their potential for their development, the thinker no longer pursues them; they become inactive and lay dormant.

An idea is described as colorless when it is dull and boring.

An idea is green when it is new and not yet fully developed.

**Target: ENERGIZED EXECUTION OF A PEACEFUL ACTIVITY**

When people sleep furiously, actions accompanying sleep, such as breathing, snoring, dreaming, or tossing around in a bed, are carried out with great energy, in anger (or defiance), or in an exaggerated manner.

hensive and accessible introduction to cognitive linguistics, I would recommend Evans and Green (2). More on the theory of metaphor, especially the exciting part that explains the connection between language, cognition and our physical experience of the world, can be found in the famous *Metaphors We Live By* (3) and *The Body in the Mind* (4), which are also philosophical in nature and might as such appeal to people not overly fond of linguistics in general.

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## Linguistic Titbits

***Language is a living entity, it is always in flux, acquiring new pieces it finds useful, forsaking others that serve no purpose any longer. This section brings you the novelties our colleagues find interesting, amusing, sometimes even irritating. Along with the neologisms come the student's commentary on the expression itself and the changes in our world that brought about the need for it.***

#### **me time, n.**

by Kristina Nastran

Women used to be told that they cannot have it all, cannot have both a successful career and sustain a healthy family life. In the past years, this situation has dramatically changed, but possibly not for the better. Now women are told that they CAN have it all, a career and a happy family. Still, I cannot help but wonder, and the expression *me time* made me think about this: why *should* women need and want to have it all?

Stemming from this is the constant battle of modern women to juggle between a myriad of chores and errands, tasks and obligations. At the end of the day or week, they would need some time off, a second to breathe and do something that only they and they alone want to do – not for others, but for themselves, for the sake of their mental and physical health. The fact that women actually need to explain that they require some much-needed time off or sometimes even have to enforce it, is interesting and worrying at the same time. It is something that would never happen in the male world. Men generally do not need to try to have it all, since that is not their place, nor is it expected of them. Traditionally, the main male role is to be the provider and even in the 21<sup>st</sup> century, family life is often not their primary domain. They do not need to ask for me time, if they need some time for themselves, many simply take it – no explanations needed.

#### **pluto, v.**

by Jure Velikonja

Most of us probably remember the time (many would say “the good old times”) when our solar system was comprised of nine planets. As someone quite fond of astronomy, I was always interested in the nine large rocks floating in space. When they came to a decision that Pluto was to be stripped of its planetary title, I did not respond favourably. There was absolutely no reason that a heap of very cold rocks should deserve my sympathy, but it did. Since then, Pluto has become an internet symbol of abandonment, a forgotten frozen ball somewhere in the corner of our cosmic house. The truth, of course, is that Pluto simply does not deserve to be scientifically ranked equal to the other eight planets, since in recent years we have found a few similar celestial objects orbiting the Sun, some nearly as large as our poor demoted (dwarf) planet. Although Pluto will in time probably lose its popularity and will be deemed just another smallish slab somewhere unimaginally far away, it gives me great satisfaction that its story of past importance will be preserved in the form of this witty verb.

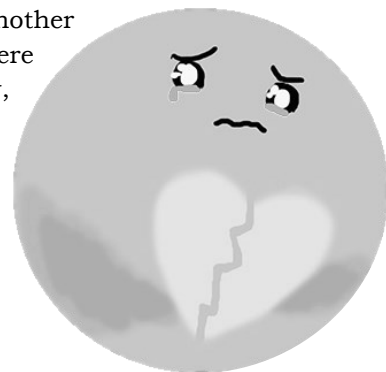


Photo: BennuBird, Imgur (2015)

# Opulent Opinions

## Debate report: THB that Western countries should give citizenship to refugees fleeing from conflict areas from the Middle East

by Tina Eler

On 23 November 2015 a debate took place at the Faculty of Arts in Ljubljana. The debate was concerned with the refugee crisis. The title that we discussed was whether the refugees migrating from conflict areas in the Middle East should be given citizenship or not.

There were two groups of students presenting the issue. In the first group there were three male Slovene students studying law, sociology and international relations. They represented the ones in favour of giving citizenship to refugees. They were the proposition side.

The main topic was that the refugees have every right to have Slovene or European citizenship because we are the ones who have caused the crisis in the first place. They argued that we as a Western country benefit from the various instabilities in the East. For example, we get cheaper oil, the weapons industry benefits from the crisis, and in exchange for that we support questionable regimes, which otherwise would not be able to become the leading regimes of the Eastern countries.

We as a country should help these people and give them citizenship because giving them asylum only briefly is not enough. These kinds of people wait a lot of time to get asylum and they have almost no rights. Being a citizen of a country, and as such in touch with

that country's culture, would make it a lot easier to integrate with the native population and meet new people. It would make it easier to be accepted by the natives, too.

Lots of asylum seekers are rejected and due to that they are sent back to their own country, the exact country they are running from. If citizens can integrate, can have contact with the refugees, talk to them and get to know them, they will be accepted sooner.

This side also made it clear that nowadays Europe is already a multicultural, multiracial community with a variety of different languages and religions and that accepting refugees and getting along with them would surely not be a problem.

The second group represented the opposition and consisted of three female American students. These three students study political theory, global science, French, gender studies and political science.

They argued that the refugees should not be given citizenship and that asylum is surely a better solution to this problem. As they said, the asylum system should provide refugees with everything they need and it is supposed to help and guarantee them a safer future and protection.

Photos: Matjaž Rebolj



If the refugees are given citizenship immediately, there is a possibility that they will never learn the language or the culture of the country and this would make the process of integration quite impossible. Citizenship, in fact, does not represent just the state where someone lives; citizenship is everything (language, culture, morals, values, etc.). However, asylum seekers do get temporary permits to work and get proper education in a specific country. That might be a longer process but at least it speeds up integration. As we all know it is easier to integrate if you share the same values, the same culture, and obviously the same language. Moreover, after a few years, asylum seekers will get citizenship. Anyways, giving them citizenship immediately will not fix anything and there will still be instabilities in the Middle East.

One other thing the opposition questioned is why the refugees are presented to us as a unique people and why they should immediately get all the rights – why isn't it the same with gay people and why can't they get the rights to marry and things like that.

The female students also stated that if we give them citizenship immediately, they will be perceived in a different way and not as equals. An interesting fact

they presented was also that we as individuals are not responsible for what is happening and that we (as individuals) did not do it. On the other hand, the male students said that we should all have individual responsibility; that if we are good people, we should help them and not fear them.

In conclusion, I think that both sides presented some interesting points and that they both defended their own arguments and ideas in a proper way. I believe it would be great for the European Union to create a common asylum system, but this is quite impossible to realize.

I support the asylum system because it gives people time to learn the language, the culture, everything concerning that specific country and it gives them time to meet people and learn how to live in a country that is much more different than their own. The asylum system is good because everyone can get a permit to work or get properly educated. Living in asylum for several years will help the refugee seekers to know the country, the language and the culture and they will finally get citizenship and they will be prepared to live in that specific country - a country that they will one day call "home".

## The Modern Sheep

by Maja Perne

Many believe that the time of manipulation and brainwashing is a thing of the past and that the people in the twenty-first century have become an upgraded you-can't-fool-me kind of Homo sapiens. Some even love to advertise that the Medieval Church was a major brainwasher – a past creator of sheep. The thing is, it's always easy to be smart about the past, so, the real question is the following: if you know who manipulated whom in the past, do you know who is manipulating you now? No one? Please. Turn on the TV – look! – here's your bad guy: it's called the media.

The media loves to create its own beauty standards (mostly so that the big corporation moguls get to feed off your money). Through a constant displaying of images of what beauty should look like people have begun to perceive these imposed ideals as their own. Nowadays women desire C-cup breasts and extra slim waists. Why? Because they wish to embody the media's invented and advertised kind of beauty. That is why they undertake crazy one-almond-per-day kind of diets and plaster their faces with layers of make-up. Even men have become infected. Many spend endless hours lifting weights at the gym and spritz steroids in their chests – all in the hopes of becoming the next Billboard's Sexiest Man Alive. What has happened? When we were kids we did not obsess about our bodies, we ate whatever we wanted, or what was imposed

on us by our parents, and wear what was most comfortable, not seeing a difference between your brother's hand-me-downs or some posh Gucci outfit. Perhaps we did not care because the Kardashian girls were too little then to show us how to properly inflate our faces and even though MacGyver had many tricks up his sleeve this simply was not one of them.

When it comes to beauty, fashion cannot be ignored. It seems that the air-brushed models in their Chanel dresses, embellishing the front covers of fashion magazines, set the new fashion trends to which many aspire as they too want to be hip – after all, who does not want to be hip? The consequence of this "copycat" attitude is a lack of originality. Just observe people on the streets passing by. One can quickly notice that the majority of women look the same wearing greenish trench coats, some faux leather boots with studs and carrying gigantic black purses. Men are no exception. Most aspire to be hipsters, sporting vintage clothes and a groomed beard. It is funny when these people claim they have their own fashion sense – their own, really? So why do they all look like the mannequins in Zara, then?

Sadly, for this brainwashing to properly function, one has to start doing it early on to make it even more difficult to break the bonds of this manipulation. That is

<sup>1</sup>Dewar, Gwen. "The Sexualization Of Girls: Is The Popular Culture Harming Kids?". *Parentingscience.com*. Web. 12 Dec. 2015.

why children, who are most susceptible, have become the media's prime targets. The seemingly innocent Disney cartoons already contain inappropriate subliminal sex messages and animations, as for example an erected penis briefly shown on a priest in the Little Mermaid. Some critics<sup>1</sup> say that this is all part of a planned process of sexualizing children – and I must agree – so that they will sooner become the consumers of “grown-up” products (make up, brassiere, purses). Just look at some underage girls posing like thirty-year-old models dressed in bikinis. This is ridiculous. Not only do such sexualized pictures endorse pedophilia, but they also make other young girls who idolize these photos become insecure and start to obsess with their appearance much too soon. Therefore, beware – just because the media makes something look normal, think again.

So, what happens to many of these kids when they grow up? They simply “dream the same dream and want the same thing.” Thus no wonder that people who are bombarded with pictures of content celebrities drinking Margaritas on their yachts have begun to desire nothing less. Therefore, most want fancy vaca-

tions in Greece because they too want to ride a donkey in the arms of some semi-naked Greek. Such romantic fantasies, advertised via the cheesy American comedies, have also instigated peoples' sex fantasies. That is why most women nowadays dream about getting whipped by Mr. Gray and men fantasize about Jennifer Lopez shaking her “booty” in their laps. If these celebrities and their fancy lifestyles have really brought them so much happiness, then explain why there is always somebody new in rehab?

The media is sneaky as it constantly tinkers with our beauty ideals and our wishes: it basically interferes with some of the major domains in our lives. However, I believe that the first step to fight this brainwashing is to be attentive and do plenty of research to learn about the ruses they use. Hopefully, by doing this you will “un-sheep” yourself. Nonetheless, there is a bad side of becoming knowledgeable and critical; once you understand how disgusting the media's manipulation truly is, you will simply want to pack up your bags, rent a cabin somewhere in Kranjska Gora and just run away.

## British Rock since 1960—The Voice of a Nation?

by Mia Katarina Mihalinec

Last year, a lecture was given by Professor Neil Deane, who is currently teaching at a university in Germany. He started the lecture with the kings of Rock 'n' Roll – Chuck Berry, Little Richard and some others. Following the definitions of rock and the examples of rock legends, he played the tunes they made; Professor Deane showed us their music on his iPod and it really took us back to the 50s.

“Music really takes a hold of you in puberty, it grips you, then becomes your music for the rest of your life,” he said when he started talking about The Beatles and the famous encounter of McCartney and Lennon that started it all. The Beatles symbolize the start of modern day culture, while the Stones (The Rolling Stones) were the nationwide beloved “bad boys”. With many other British boy bands following, they soon invaded the States. Such bands were The Kinks, Cream (we've all heard of Eric Clapton) and The Who.

Moving away from blues and the sexual revolution, rock turned progressive with the help of drugs and the experimentation with melody. Music was an escape route and the easiest way of describing the screeching that was coming out of Professor Deane's iPod is to say that you either love or hate the progressive rock genre. Parallel to that, there were still “normal” rock bands in the 70s such as Deep Purple and Black Sabbath.

Towards the end of the 70s the energy of progressivism built up and violence and anarchy emerged, or in other words, punk rock. Sex Pistols, The Jam and The Clash were revolutionists who disregarded the calmness of rock and focused more on how it can make you angry (or angrier).

All that frustration was soon replaced by New Wave in the 80s – The Police and Elvis Costello are the names associated with the movement. The 80s contained the more conservative elements of society in their rock music, with Sting being their main representative. You could say that the 80s were the calm after the storm that was punk rock.

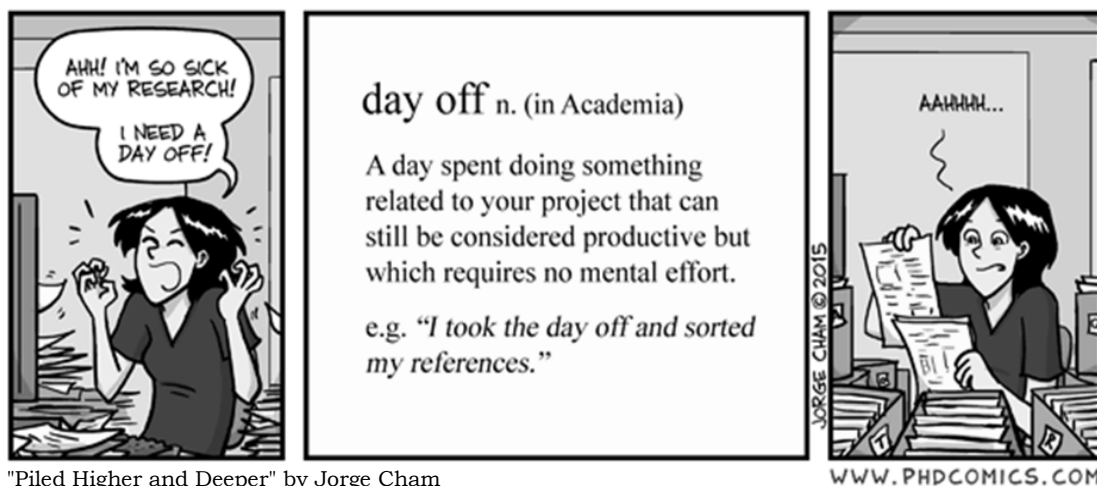
At the end of the lecture, we discussed the main types of lyrics in rock songs. Either they speak about love (or more specifically, three types of it), or about an individual/a group trying to change society. So if you are an aspiring rock star and do not feel the need to write another love song, you are left with changing the world.

All jokes aside, I think that Professor Deane did a marvellous job presenting the history of British Rock 'n' Roll and he really reinforced his arguments, as well as the entire presentation, with the songs he chose to show us on the spot. If you missed this lecture, be sure to check if he is coming back because being present at his lecture is a whole new experience.

# Exuberant Exchanges of Travel Tales

## Greetings from the Sunshine State

by Maja Jeranko



"Piled Higher and Deeper" by Jorge Cham

Going to graduate school has always been my ultimate goal. I envisioned myself somewhere abroad, immersed in a different culture, learning from some of the best scholars and fellow researchers from all over the world. The United States was one place that was of particular interest to me. Since I knew that I was not going to become a millionaire during my undergraduate studies at the University of Ljubljana (UL), I knew I had to find a way to overcome the financial obstacles. It was not until I found out that you can get some universities to pay *you* to come study at their institution that I actually decided to push all of the self-doubts aside and embark on this journey. After obtaining a dual degree in English and Sociology, I did lots of online research, took several standardized exams, wrote three customized letters of purpose, and invested a good amount of money in the required documentation. The painful and expensive application process paid off in acceptance letters from three US universities and I eventually accepted a position at the University of Florida's Center for Latin American Studies, which offered me an assistantship. This covers the entire tuition fees, and gives me a stipend which takes care of my rent and living expenses. In return, I have to work thirteen hours per week for the Center, which involves various tasks, from working on the newsletter, to filing and working at conferences.

The University of Florida (UF) is obviously very different from the University of Ljubljana. To start with, UF has about fifty thousand students, and is located in

Gainesville, a college town with a big, green campus where you can find about 130 departments, beautiful libraries and a giant stadium. The football culture is huge and whenever *Gators* lose a game, the entire town goes into a mourning state. While I cannot share my sympathies with these tragic emotions, I can share my experience of what it has been like to study at one of the top programs in the world for my field.

I had a certain idea of how engrossing graduate school would be and in many ways it is like that. Graduate school is a time consuming, frustrating, yet extremely satisfying commitment that occupies every second of my day and pushes my limits 24/7. Constantly rethinking the world, my ideas and my research, in combination with not getting enough sleep, have become a routine. I definitely question my life-choices when I try to read about 400 pages per week and simultaneously work on different tasks, which will demonstrate that I have critically analyzed the topics; when I try to write three 20+ page final papers, and when I have to pretend that I am well-rested after four hours of sleep. However, besides learning a lot about the limits of my physical endurance, I have learnt many more valuable lessons so far. I have learnt about the good sides of academia, the one that involves enthusiastic scholars, sharing of knowledge from different disciplines, fascinating topics and rewarding aspects of research, which contribute to the ongoing debates about various topics in the community of your interests. I have learnt that my Master's Thesis is in many aspects a

group project, rather than an individual one. I have the privilege to learn from my classmates, with whom I share knowledge and who will shape the final outcome of my research, as I will theirs. I share the bumpy ride not only with the students from all over the world but also professors who mostly approach me in a friendly way, give me fierce criticism and challenge me as I plan my Master's Thesis. They treat me like an individual who is becoming an expert in the field, which is exciting and stressful at the same time. Despite constantly feeling like I am facing failure, I have learnt to accept the mistakes and see them as a fruitful part of a learning process, which has encouraged me to engage in topics I never even thought I would be interested in. Grades do not really matter here – what matters is your enthusiasm, critical mind, independence, hard work and creativity.

UL prepared me well for my studies in some aspects, and less so in others. "I am so jealous of your background" was a comment made by one of my classmates and it really took me by surprise. Not only is it scary to contribute your knowledge, apply it to different fields, and challenge not only yourself but also your classmates and your professors, but this comment also showed the extent of respect that we have for each other. I am forever grateful for all the valuable lessons I have learnt at the UL Sociology and English departments, which gave me knowledge of theories that my classmates are only getting familiar with now, and taught me how to speak and write articulately and with confidence. I am forever grateful for all the people that have challenged me in many ways and shaped me in ways I am only now understanding.

I feel privileged to have been part of an institution that respects humanities and invests in them. I am well aware of the fact that the money for research at the Faculty of Arts in Ljubljana is literally non-existent, which poses limitations to professors who wish to engage in students' research interests but simply cannot encourage them due to the extremely limited funds. The most challenging things shape us the most and I like to think that graduate school is not only influencing my way of thinking but is also shaping me into a savvier, more focused, creative, eloquent, perceptive, critical and competent person. "What are you going to do with this" is a question frequently posed to me, but it no longer bothers me. It goes in the same box as "what are you going to do with your life" and I certainly do not consider myself as someone who knows exactly where I am heading. "*Spread your wings and see where the wind takes you,*" is the most trivial but rewarding advice that I have ever taken from my advisor. Being open-minded and curious are valuable traits that I will try not to lose as I am drowning in all the work. Curiosity has brought me to an exciting project that is everything I had hoped for and will be part of next summer; this project will probably shape the rest of my career. Trust me, I would love to continue talk-



Photo: Maja Jeranko

ing about my research plans – it is something that all graduate students are guilty of, even though we pretend like it is annoying to repeat our specialization for the hundredth time.

I could end on an idealistic note and tell you that there is always a way to reach your goals, but I am too aware of the negativity and the hopelessness that our generation faces on a daily basis. Getting to where I am seemed impossible and even though hard work did pay off, the real journey is only starting now. I am scared as well as excited to see where hard work (and some luck) takes me next and it will probably involve piles of books, traveling and rethinking all the knowledge in this world. And truthfully, I signed up for all of it.

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# Class Banter, Mate

by Lora Rajić

Luck is not a concept I personally believe in, but I have to admit, there have been some rather fortunate turns in my life! The latest and perhaps most unexpected one is going on an Erasmus exchange in England, or more precisely, the North East of England, or to be even more exact, the city of Durham. I take it some of you reading this may not be familiar with this city, for which I cannot blame you, since I was equally unfamiliar with it until almost a year ago. In that case, I would suggest you head over to [anglistika.net](http://anglistika.net), click on “Študenti poročajo”, found under the “Mednarodno” tab, and read my general description of my first month and a half at Hogwarts, I mean in Durham, as well as many other interesting reports by my fellow Erasmus students (this is definitely not shameless promotion). If this three-click process sounds like too much of a bother, and understandably so, I offer a short introduction into the world of the North East.

Durham is a city in Durham County (not to be confused with the one in North Carolina, USA), situated less than 30 kilometres south of Newcastle. Despite having no more than 40,000 inhabitants, Durham is a buzzing town with plenty of cultural, academic and outdoorsy goings-on. The first thing you can't help but notice when leaving the train upon arrival in Durham is the stunning view of Durham Cathedral and Castle atop a hill, surrounded by the river Wear, the rooftops and chimneys of Durham, and the quaint English countryside. Although I have been warned about this view and despite having been here for approximately three months, I still have to take a moment to compose myself after it pops up in front of me whenever I return back to Durham. What makes these sights even more glorious is the fact that they have been consistently accompanied by decidedly un-English weather ever since I arrived in Durham, making this probably the sunniest winter I have ever experienced.

Walking through the cobbled streets of Durham, you can't help but notice how hilly the terrain is, but it is also hard not to marvel at the architecture, especially if you happen to be an anglophile. Just imagine a pic-



Photos: Lora Rajić

turesque old English town and you will see Durham; the heavy stone blocks building the Castle walls, the bridges and the university buildings, washed by English rain for centuries but not washed out, and the typical English red brick facades on the houses. Rowers from Durham's many rowing clubs can be seen training from early on in the morning (hats off for the massive effort as I drag my sleepy self to a 9-am “early” lecture) on Durham's river Wear, and there are many parks and paths around the city for those who enjoy taking a good English walk. The main street housing some of the more posh colleges (places where Durham University students eat, sleep and drink their nights away) called the Bailey leads up to Durham's main square, the Market Place. This charming little square hosts the local festivities, the market, occasionally the flea market, and the Christmas market in November and December. The most accurate description I have ever heard upon showing the picture of the square to someone was “this is what Godric's Hollow would have looked like”. Only without Voldemort's killing spree.

There are several shopping locations within walking distance from the Market Place, which I not-too-willingly visited on several occasions. When it comes to food and drinks, the choices are limited for a student's budget (oh how I miss being pampered by *boni* in Ljubljana), but there are still a couple of super-charming coffee shops scattered around the city. My personal favourite is a comic book store slash gaming venue slash bar and restaurant called the Dark Matter Cafe, but there are also several “neutral” ones, where you can have some overpriced lattes and scones. When it comes to nightlife, there is a bit of everything for everyone in Durham, but for those who still want more, Newcastle's famous Geordie Shore night scene is only a 15-minute train ride away. Being more of a Metelkova rather than Top kind of person, the clubs I most like in Durham are those where alternative music gets played and where I can hear some live bands. This is probably one of my favourite things





about Durham, because these clubs as basically just several-story flats transformed into concert venues and clubs, with small atmospherically lit rooms where you can often hear brilliantly talented acoustic (or even louder) performances by artists from all around the UK.

When it comes to academics, there is a lot to be said. Durham is deemed to be one of the best universities in England, though it is popularly known as the university attended by people who could not get into Oxford or Cambridge but still wanted to go to a posh school. Still, Durham students achieve amazing results, especially in the field of foreign language learning. There are some considerable formal differences between English and Slovenian universities, such as the division of the academic year into three terms, the marking system and the credit framework, the number of subjects and their organisation, the duration of lectures, and the whole procedure of giving in assignments. Generally speaking, the biggest difference when comparing my MA programme in Slovenia and the one in Durham is Durham Uni's emphasis on individual work and research, while our university offers more guidance as well as more theoretical learning. It may seem like Durham Uni gives their students more freedom, but most students (and not just us Erasmus people) only end up confused when given so much liberty. All in all, the university experience in England has so far been enjoyable and beneficial, although a bit stressful at times, but I will nevertheless be happy to return to my home uni in a couple of months.

Another topic worthy of mention when talking about my experience in the North East is – the people. In my first report for "Študenti poročajo", I talked about how prevalent xenophobia is in England without trying to hide how daunted I was by it. Now, a month later and after having met some English people who are originally from the North East, I can't help but think that my initial judgement might have been a bit harsh (this, however, does not change the fact that UKIP still ranks as third most popular party in Britain). As I have been told by my lovely housemate who is a Durham native, people from the North are believed to be friendlier than those from the South. There is some animosity and competitiveness between these two regions, which I will try to find out more about in the



following months. My personal experience has been positive on both sides, but there is definitely a different air around the labour-voting, working-class people I have met or seen in the North.

What this part of England is possibly most known for is the dialect that might ring a bell with those who have watched a certain famous British reality show. This, of course, is Geordie. I heard many tales about this dialect and watched many a YouTube video to brace myself before coming to Durham, but I still could not have foreseen the struggle I would be faced with every time I spoke to a local, especially to a Durham local. Be it my next-door neighbour Tom, a bartender, a random passer-by I asked for directions, or the postman, be it the simplest foreseeable phrases or longer more complex sentences, I still had to resort to a couple of "sorries" before investing all of my mental powers into discerning what the speaker had said. Several embarrassing situations later, I managed to get the grasp of it, and have even been taught some Geordie slang, which I collected in a short glossary just below this article, for those of you who get equally excited about English dialects.

As much as I could go on writing about Durham, especially with other things to be done and the deadlines just around the corner, it is time to wrap up. Instead of repeating the same old "if you're thinking about going on an Erasmus exchange, just stop thinking and go for it", I leave you with this short glossary of Geordie slang words, which I hope you will enjoy learning as much as I did.

**tabs** = cigarettes

**marra** = friend

**mortal** = drunk

**baltic** = cold

**mint** = awesome

**bairn** = anyone younger than 25 (pronounced /ben/)

**gadgie** = someone you have met before, but don't know the name of

**hacky** = giving someone a nasty look

**smashing pasty** = having sex

Common words and expressions: **aye**, **like** at the end of clauses and sentences, **pure** as an intensifier.



# Why not Finland?

by *Urška Kanduč*

I must admit that I never had much interest in Finland. It is cold, dark and expensive. However, when considering my Erasmus exchange, Finland seemed a much better choice than Spain or Portugal. I wanted to go somewhere different and as I had never visited the Nordic countries – why not.

Finland proved to be a completely different experience from what I had expected. At first I was disappointed. Their food is horrible and there is, to be honest, not much to do there. However, what is fascinating about Finland are the Finnish people themselves. Finns love karaoke. They, however, do not sing songs like “It’s My Life”, but brutal metal songs. They manage to get incredibly drunk despite the fact that one beer costs from 6 to 8 euros. Whenever we went out, we saw at least one drunk Finnish person being taken away by the police. Besides being a nation that likes to drink, there is another famous stereotype about the Finns and that is that they are depressed. Well who would not be when having only 4 hours of light per day? It is a bit ridiculous, however, going to a club and meeting Finns who are whining about how depressed they are already at the beginning of October when there is still plenty of sunlight. Almost till 5 pm! They must also be a nation with the most words connected to depression and darkness. To lift their spirits and survive the winter more easily, they add vitamin D to everything you can buy, bread and Coca-Cola included.

The other thing that I really like about Finland is their student organization and the weird-looking overalls that distinguish students from “normal” people. I study at the University of Vaasa and our overalls are of a bright red colour. What makes the difference between a freshman and a senior is the amount of badges on their overalls. The badges or stickers are collected at parties and at special events, for example, at the initiation rite. This passage that transforms you from a newbie to a fully-fledged member of the student community is really fun. Students form groups and then they have to go to different checkpoints, where they have to impress the tutors. They are given different tasks to execute and are graded according to their performance and creativity. Moreover, students are allowed and encouraged to charm

and bribe the tutors in order to get more points. The most common cases of bribery involve hugs, kisses, beer and candies (actually a lot of both), and some guys even take off their shirts... of course that depends on the gender of the tutors; all in all, a really fun event that ends up with an official party in the Fontana club.

Fontana is a place where another very Finnish event takes place. It’s called a sitsit party. As you have probably guessed, it involves a lot of sitting. It is a kind of a traditional Scandinavian dinner party where you are seated together with people you do not know. Two beers are placed in front of you, two shots and some food. Then the “fun” begins. You have to obey the masters of the sitsit party, which means that you can drink and eat only when you are allowed to. Phones are strictly forbidden and talking while the masters are talking is a grave offence as well. However, the only really cruel thing is not being allowed to stand up and to go to the toilet. This becomes a real problem after you have drunk a few beers. If you break the rules and you do get up, write a text message or commit any other unthinkable crime, you receive a punishment. Some are hilarious, other pretty uncomfortable or just downright cruel. They have a special punishment drink that involves milk, tabasco, vinegar and raw egg. In many cases, drinking this excellent beverage does not end well. Otherwise it is a fun party, and one of the rare occasions in Finland when you can drink beer or shots (their famous salmiakki) for only 2 euros. Of course, there is also a lot of singing involved; after all this is Finland. The songs are the best part of the evening and are usually based on Yogi Bear’s sexual experience, swearing and odes to beer.

There is, of course, a lot more to be said about Finland. Their chocolate is amazing, having a sauna at home is a brilliant idea and seeing the Northern lights a breath-taking experience. Minä rakastan Suomea! <3



Photo: *Urška Kanduč*

# Oanh and Her Cha Ca

by Maja Perne

One of the perks of living in a multi-cultural world is the travellers bringing a piece of their culture with them. If we are lucky, they even share some of it with us.

In November 2014, a breath of fresh air – or a monsoon – came to our land. Her name was Oanh Kim. As a working teacher, she wanted to get to know the Slovenian educational system at the Faculty of Arts in Ljubljana. She took part in some of the English courses. After getting familiar with some professors' teaching methods, she wanted to present her home country – Vietnam – to the students.



As an introduction to her presentation of her homeland she played us their most famous song (of course, we didn't have a clue what the people were singing about). Then she asked us if we knew anything about Vietnam. We came up only with the American war in Vietnam and that the country lies somewhere close to China. She seemed quite happy to realise she could actually teach us something new.

The country spreads over an area of 330,000 square kilometres; mountains make up around 75% of the area and there are 93 million people living there. There are around 3000 kilometres of coastline. In the north of the country – in the city called Ha Noi – lies a small island similar to Lake Bled, but they don't sell cream cakes there. Oanh also praised Vietnam's other amazing islands and the caves with fascinating names such as the Lion, the Royal Court and the Fairy Caves, not to forget the Perfume River – these caves should be visited just to check if their names actually correspond to their beauty.

Now something for the gourmets – food. In every single picture Oanh showed to us, one colour popped out – green. They do love their veggies. As a side dish they also have varieties of chicken broths, different kinds of noodles, even crepes bulging with pork and shrimp.

For their dessert option they will most likely reach for some exotic fruit. They are very appreciative of their food, even naming one street after their famous Cha ca dish. This dish consists of garlic, ginger, onion leaves and dill, all presented in a sizzling pan.

In the spirit of New Year's celebrations the Vietnamese also undergo some preparations: cleaning their homes and preparing some food for the anticipated shindig. They believe that the chief of the 2014's Zodiac – the Horse – has passed on his reign to the new one, 2015's – the Goat . They also believe that the first person who sets foot in their house, determines a family's good or bad luck for the entire upcoming year. Because they don't want to gamble with their luck, they simply pick the person with the best aura and invite them to be the first to enter their home, assuring themselves nothing but prosperity.

Not many Slovenians will think of attending a New Year's party wearing the national costume, but the Vietnamese could. Their traditional gown AO DAI is not clumsy at all. It is made of formfitting silk with high cuts on each side of the legs, therefore making the wearer look very sensual and seductive. According to Oanh these costumes “cover all and yet nothing”.

Living in a multi-cultural world has its perks. Only by listening to Oanh's presentation on Vietnam, we got a glimpse of their culture, which is so different from ours and yet so beautiful.

Thank you, Oanh, for sharing some of the Vietnamese jewels with us.



Photos: Maja Perne

# Writer's Woe

## The Colour of Autumn Leaves

by *Sergej Matija Music*

An autumn leaf fell from the tree, carried by the wind – the fate changer, a beautiful mosaic of colours. I watched it sway gently as it danced in the autumn forest without fear of the future, flipping and spiralling with other leaves, each one a different colour, each one unique. A child caught one of the leaves and looked at it intensely, contemplating its shape and colour – the former reminded him of fire, and the latter, he decided, was reminiscent of his mother's lips. Excited by his new discovery, he ran towards his parents, eager to show them what he had found. He made his way through the trees and held the leaf above his head, letting it flutter gently in the breeze.

When he came to the blanket where his parents sat, enjoying their tea and sandwiches, a nice little picnic in the midst of the forest trees, he extended his hand towards his mother to show her the bright red leaf. "The colour reminds me of your lips," he announced proudly and his father let out a low chuckle and nodded in agreement. The mother blushed and gave a gentle smile, then took the present her son had brought her. "Do you want to eat anything?" she asked and the boy nodded in return, so she handed him a sandwich. He sat down and ate with his family, watching the ever falling autumn leaves dance between the trees and branches. The beauty and elegance of it astounded him; he was eager to find the most beautiful leaf in the forest. As he ate his sandwich and observed the leaves, he heard a faint buzzing sound up in the sky – a bird, he thought, or maybe an insect. He soon discarded the thought and went off into the forest again in search of the perfect leaf.

As he moved further away he noticed that there were even more leaves dancing in the air now, falling to the ground. As he looked around he pondered how he would find the perfect one when there were so many to choose from, so he decided to gather up the prettiest leaves and make his decision then. Perhaps his parents could help him decide as well.

As time passed he gathered up leaves of different colours, shapes and sizes. There were big yellow leaves, small red ones, and ones that were in between. He couldn't decide which one to pick for they were all beautiful in their own way. Surely, he thought, there is a leaf that is the most beautiful among these, a leaf that surpasses all the leaves in the forest, a perfect leaf just for him. As he searched on he heard the strange noise again, louder than before, and looked up to see what it could be, though there was nothing

above him but the swaying trees, falling leaves and the cloudy sky; no birds, no insects. Instead he saw something else, a perfect autumn leaf, dancing between the trees.

He dropped all the other leaves and ran after it as fast as he could. He watched it drift this way and that, never letting it out of his sight, never paying attention to the other leaves that were falling around him, for he had decided that this was the one. The leaf seemed to be flying through the air, without any signs of descent, which did not discourage the boy from his goal; he would get it at any cost. As he ran further and further after the leaf, the sky slowly began to darken around him, though he could still see the leaf as clear as day. It was getting closer now, almost within reach, so he stretched his arms high in the air to try and grab it. Just as he was about to snatch it from the air, the wind blew it up again and changed its direction suddenly. The boy turned around to try and follow it but slammed into a tree that was in front of him and fell to the ground.

After a moment he stood up and looked around frantically, trying to find his perfect leaf. When he couldn't see it anywhere he sat on the ground, saddened by his loss, his defeat. How could he let the leaf get away, why did the wind betray him, he wondered for a moment, when suddenly one leaf on the ground caught his attention – it was the leaf he was running after all this time. Overwhelmed with joy, he grinned wildly, picked it up with care and observed it closely. It was a beautiful sight to behold, indeed, a tear-shaped leaf with a vivid red colour. The veins were bright, almost white, with the central vein right in the middle and the smaller veins coming out almost symmetrically, like a spider's web. The child turned the leaf over and stood in awe of its beauty. After a few minutes he looked around him to see that the sky has gotten darker and he had no idea where he was, lost in a beautiful autumn forest. He would get scared and cry if he wasn't so proud that he had found the perfect leaf. Instead he asked the leaf if it knew where he needed to go and the wind suddenly swept the leaf out of his hand and dropped it to the ground, with the end of the leaf pointing to his left.

The boy picked it up, thanked it, and started running the way it pointed. While running, he heard the strange sound again but paid no attention to it. The leaves were dancing around him, the trees were swaying in the wind and he kept running. Soon after, he

saw his parents in the distance and started running even faster with a grin on his face. When he came closer, his parents were still eating their sandwiches and drinking tea. He extended his hand with the leaf in it and showed it to them.

“Look! I found the perfect leaf,” he announced with joy. His parents looked at each other, then at their child. “What does that leaf remind you of?” the mother asked with a smile on her face. The boy seemed surprised by the question and looked carefully at the leaf in his hand. He pondered on its tear-shape and its deep red colour and thought for a while, then said with a low voice “It reminds me of a drop of blood.” That’s when his father stood up, which startled the boy – he was taller than he remembered. “We should go, Meriam, it’s getting late.” The mother looked saddened by this and stood up beside him. “No, please. This is all he has left, let him play a bit longer. I don’t want us to go yet.” They both looked at their child with grief and sadness and the boy looked back at them, puzzled. Then, the strange noise became louder than ever, almost deafening. He looked around to see where it was coming from. He looked up at the trees and suddenly noticed there were no leaves left on the branches yet there were still many leaves falling down around him. He caught a leaf and saw that it was the exact same

shape and colour as the perfect leaf he brought back with him – he noticed they were all the same.

“Henry!” he heard his mother yell out and looked at her, but saw that his parents were just standing there, motionless. He heard his father call out his name this time, but the sound didn’t come from his direction, nor were his lips moving. He looked up, and saw that the voices were coming from the sky above. He looked again at his parents to ask them what was going on but couldn’t find them anywhere, they had simply vanished into thin air. He heard his name again, coming from the sky; that’s when the blood leaves started dancing madly around him. They lifted him off the ground and carried him towards the sky.

Bright red lights lit up the street, the sound of sirens filled the air, making it feel heavier. People gathered around, some stunned, some frightened, some disgusted. Police officers shouted orders, while medics hurried to the crash site. His mother was in tears, frantically crying out his name, begging him to come back to her, praying to God, demanding that he bring him back. His father held Meriam tight, his expression hard and quiet, tears running down his face. In the middle of it all lay a boy, broken and bloody, his whole body painted with the colour of autumn leaves.

## All Hail Breaks Loose

*by Nina Gorkič*

Life takes its toll  
Should you give it all  
Or let it fall  
And slide?

Slide in the valley of pride  
What you fear might  
Be your feature bright  
To fight for your right.

As Blake already wrote  
So let me him quote  
A Robin red breast in a Cage  
Puts all Heaven in a rage.

Now my dear reader, It is upon you to decide  
Whether you’ll be the Robin or the Cage,  
The gulf between us now is wide,  
Will we let them us divide?  
Or shall we all put the Heaven in Blistering Rage?

## Sonnet

*by Primož Čibej*

His eternal providence has left us  
The Garden of Eden withers and dies  
Laid bare we try to salvage it with lies  
Fingers clench while blessings turn to dust

He has left us, but shafts of light at times  
Still graze the corners of our rooms like love  
Reappearing before us with a shove  
Into memories of heavenly chimes

Which sang for us a divine lullaby  
That led us into blissful ignorance  
Which motherly shielded our innocence  
All is gone now. I hear the children cry

I hear the torment of countless people  
And in fear I hide in myself. Deeper.

# ENGLIST

by Nina Gorkič

**E**nvy those who do not read  
**N**ot many of us are out there  
**G**orgeous is the literary need  
**L**isten to it, be aware.  
**I**n your heart you shall feel deep down  
**S**omething undescribable  
**T**hus upon your conscience I send a delicious frown.

## Queen Desire

by Marija Jeremić

*BLANCHE and TITANIA sit on two cheap chairs opposite each other in a white, almost completely empty hospital room.*

BLANCHE

Listen, Lucy baby, I look gorgeous in this costume don't I? I do, don't I? Lucy baby? Lucy? Lucy baby? You know I haven't put on one ounce in ten years. I weigh what I weighed as a little girl.

TITANIA

Cockeye woman, watch your tongue! Had I grown fat since the dawn of time, I would look exactly like you. /.../

BLANCHE

Queen Dummy, you ain't gotta tiara like mine.

TITANIA

Aye! Kullen's reign may be vast indeed, but plastic stays unfit for a queen. If she is a real queen.

BLANCHE

Well it ain't second-hand either. Can it count if it's someone's garden? /.../

TITANIA

Mother had forsaken thee of milk, but merely swizzled thy tongue. /.../

BLANCHE

You are as charming as a potato. /.../ I thought old ladies were sweet and senile. You are just an ass for an ass.

TITANIA

Ay his head is an ass, but only his head. For thy is rough and a challenge even.

BLANCHE

My sweet baby, what is to become of us if you marry a donkey and I an ape?

TITANIA

A comedy.

BLANCHE

You are as wise as you are ugly.

TITANIA

And thou art as shrewd as thou art fake.

BLANCHE

Yes. I am a caricature of my old self.

TITANIA

Indeed. /.../

*NURSE enters.*

BLANCHE

She was entertaining as usual.

NURSE

Thank you so much Miss DuBois. You take a great load off our shoulders. She really only likes to speak to you.

BLANCHE

Come everybody. Let's go see our king!

*BLANCHE, TITANIA, and NURSE exit the room.*

Want more? Fortune is on your side for this is only an excerpt! Read the entire play by following the provided QR code or link.

[englist.weebly.com/writers-woe](http://englist.weebly.com/writers-woe)



# Lust for Literature

## How We Judge Books by Their Covers, Despite Saying We Shouldn't

by Anamarija Krassnig

You are all familiar with the saying *never judge a book by its cover*. While it does divide people, we cannot really be sure that we aren't guilty of this sin. Something has to spark our interest in order to pick up the book, but how much do we really rely on the covers?

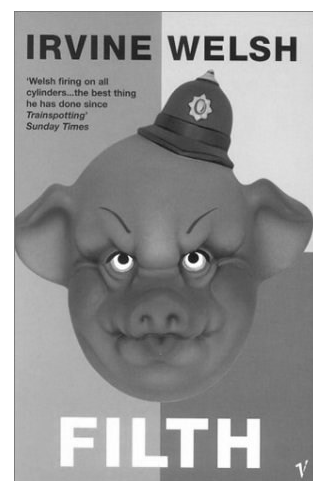
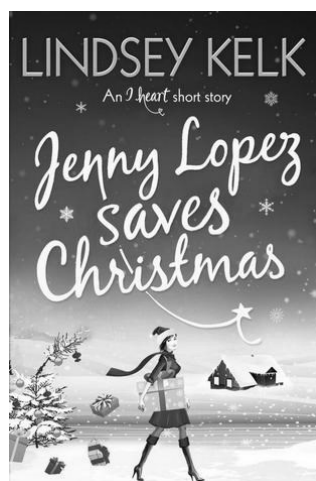
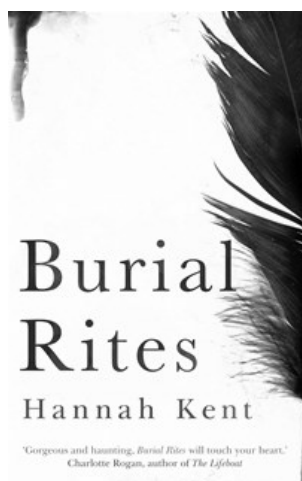
When you are in the process of buying a book, you are mentally juggling many factors: the price and amount of money you have, title, author, content, and if the book is giving you a desperate desire to take it home. That desire most likely comes from a vital component of the book. The title and the cover are *very* important – they have to spark our interest. Obviously different people perceive different things as interesting, but most likely a book with an interesting cover contains an idea that got translated into that cover. Here it gets complicated – not everyone reads the same genre, so for an avid reader of chick-lit, a book with bones on the cover might not seem like a particularly exciting read. And vice-versa, for a lover of crime/mystery/thrillers a book with a particularly vibrant shade of pink as the background and a skinny girl on the cover would probably be uninteresting by default. The covers proposed above are in no way revolutionary. Indeed, they are very archetypal and promise an exciting read, but rarely any guarantee that the book will actually be of any literary value.

So if you are the kind of person searching for the next book to blow your mind with its word-induced awesomeness, you will likely avoid the genre-set popular covers and opt for those that are “fancier”. So you can see that you are in fact making a cover-based

choice. But even those books are not stereotype-free. For instance, *Burial Rites* is a beautiful book with a feather as a cover. Not even a clue what a feather is doing there and you can clearly see that even the title is much vaguer than that of a typical chick-lit novel (for example *Jenny Lopez Saves Christmas*). So the vaguer the cover and the title, the more literary the books tend to be. On the other hand, *Filth* by Irvine Welsh is a pretty damn good book with a pig wearing a police hat, not exactly your everyday cover, but still pretty vague.

One might argue that this is a gross oversimplification, but remember that this article is all about the simplifications we make while shopping for books. If you are in need of further arguments, go to the English section at Konzorcij and have a look at the books displayed on the large table. After a while you see that there does indeed seem to be a pattern in the cover department. Mainly because the publishing industry likes to assign a box for every book and the cover is a clear reflection. How else would you market a thriller or a chick-lit or even a romance novel (the genre with the most stereotypical covers) to its designated audience if they suddenly can't recognise the genre by the cover? Like it or not, as covers go, we are in for a long ride.

So how do you find a good book in this giant mess? There really isn't a fool-proof way, the best you can hope for is buying the books that sound interesting regardless of the cover and hope that you will stumble upon more than a mere nugget of good writing.



# An Honest Politician Should Not Be a Contradiction in Terms

by Liza Stana

*The High Road* (2010) by Terry Fallis follows the story of Angus McLintock, an engineer-turned-political candidate. Written from the perspective of Daniel Addison, McLintock's sarcastically funny campaign manager, the novel provides the reader with an entertaining, fictional account of McLintock's uphill yet winning candidacy for local representative as well as his tenure as a re-elected Liberal MP for the Canadian constituency Cumberland-Prescott. Fallis provides a detailed insight into McLintock's outspoken personality, complementing it with witty descriptions of his unkempt appearance. The underlying idea of the novel is the politician's effort to do what benefits the country and not what is popular. McLintock's platform earns him a formidable political adversary, whose trademark is a viciously negative campaign, off-putting to most of the voters. As an MP with engineering credentials, McLintock is appointed to a one-man commission to establish the reasons for the collapse of Alexandra Bridge. The reason lies in a long-term systematic underfunding of infrastructure, which makes McLintock relentlessly insist on including infrastructure funding in the budget despite public spending being deeply unpopular.

Angus McLintock is a quite untidy looking engineer of Scottish descent. His hair and beard are scruffy, he looks as if "he'd coiffed his hair and beard by thrusting his head inside a screaming jet engine", as Daniel Addison amusingly remarks. For McLintock, looks are clearly of secondary importance. When the two make-up artists try their hardest to tame his unruly beard and hair before a TV interview, McLintock quips: "Are you fixin' to give me a heart transplant?"

Also typical of McLintock is his tendency to correct other people's grammar. When a journalist incorrectly uses a personal pronoun in the nominative case, McLintock observes: "I'm sure you meant to say 'Just between you and me' in your question."

Quick-tempered, he needs yet sometimes fails to control himself when exposed to the tactics of his opponent: "I seem to recall throwin' something at my television when he was yammerin' away on some talk show recently."

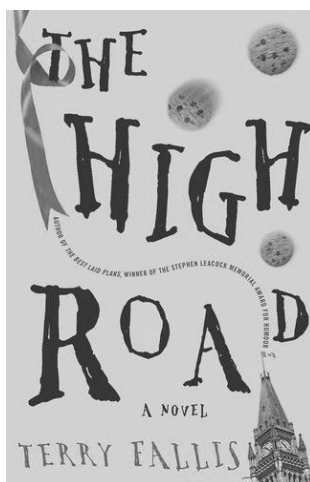
What makes McLintock's chances even slimmer—besides Cumberland-Prescott being a Conservative stronghold—is Emerson Fox's negative campaign. His views on policy show he believes in winning by any

means necessary: "I could not care less about policy. [...] I know nothing about policy. [...] Policy doesn't win elections, politics does." Usually, Fox is after petty private details and insignificant blunders of his opponents. This time, he engages in a particularly stinging attack on McLintock as well as his late wife, who is also a feminist icon, Marin Lee. The fact that McLintock was arrested is spun in the following way: "Does a man who's been arrested twenty-three times deserve to represent Cumberland-Prescott in the House of Commons? Angus McLintock has twenty-three arrests on his rap sheet. [...]" What is conveniently left out is the fact that McLintock and his wife were arrested in an act of civil disobedience, protesting the outdated Canadian abortion laws. Negative campaigning earns Fox a nickname, "the Flamethrower".

Honesty and breaking with negative campaigning are the recurring themes of the novel. Daniel Addison observes that McLintock always tells the truth, however unpleasant it may be. When the Prime Minister is presented with the fact that the underfunding of Canadian infrastructure first began two decades back under Liberal government, he wants to conceal the facts and shift the blame onto Conservatives. McLintock responds: "This is not a partisan exercise." His honesty is also shown in funny exchanges with potential voters. Unlike other politicians, McLintock is not ashamed to admit he's not an expert in a certain field, saying: "I really haven't the foggiest notion."

Politicians, such as Fox, have reduced political discussions to personal attacks. McLintock rises above negativity and will refrain from commenting on anything but his opponent's political programme: "When you hear me speak about any of my opponents, it will only be to question, oppose, or support positions they're advancing".

What makes this novel a truly great read is Daniel Addison's sarcasm. Just like McLintock, he is similarly displeased with the fact that public opinion has been dictating policies, no matter how harmful to the country. Describing a political operative from Addison's own party, he says of him: "[A] man who doesn't apply antiperspirant without first checking polling data." McLintock and that man, of course, don't see eye to eye.





# Ghanaian Coca-Cola: A Critique of Ama Aidoo's Play "The Dilemma of a Ghost"

by Marija Jeremić

How to drink Coca-Cola in the 60's Ghana?

"The Dilemma of a Ghost" is a play by Ama Ata Aidoo, a Ghanaian author, written when she was 22 and published in 1965. It is the first published work of drama by an African woman. Aidoo writes in English but uses elements of African folklore as a means of storytelling.

The tension in the play rests on three main characters – Esi Kom, Eulalie and Ato. Esi Kom makes sacrifices even at the expense of her other children so that her son Ato can study in America and experience everything an American student should. However, overseas, Ato falls in love and marries Eulalie – an African-American with a faint understanding of African society. The conflict happens when the couple goes to Ghana. Ato's family is forthcoming, but no one agrees with Eulalie on the issues of education, identity, clash of culture, marriage and childbirth. Ato is the first of his tribe to go across the Atlantic so he must find a balance between the Ghanaian culture and the American dream. Unfortunately, there is no tradition to fall back on as a safety net. He is alone in the value gap, while his wife is slowly giving into alcohol and his family feels more and more betrayed.

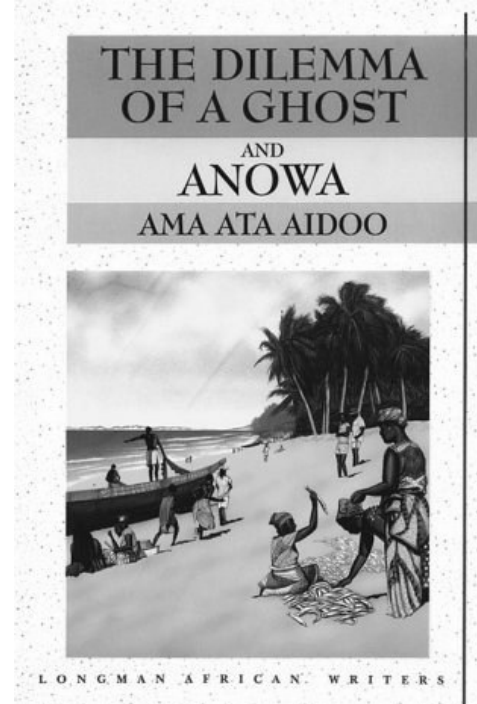
Not a lot has to happen for the reader to understand the desperation a gesture can awaken in a person. On the contrary, the finer Aidoo's words are, the more obvious the tension between the two characters or, if we want to be more specific, the two value systems – the modern and the traditional. The entire play relies on this tension. It is so prominent that it manages to put aside the actual personalities of the characters. Ato is the ghost of the Generation X and yet throughout the play his dilemma is almost peripheral. It is not obvious who the main character is or what his specific issue is, henceforth; there is no real antagonist.

Interestingly, a significant part of Aidoo's work is written as a folk song even though the play deals with contemporary problems. Simply put, Aidoo describes a university campus in the manner used to describe battlefields and castles in oral tradition. The problems of here and now are displaced in a perspective of the far future. What seems to be unsolvable is viewed from the superior perspective of time. Hence, the excellence of her writing is due to her going a step further. Indeed, she contrasts and simultaneously synthesizes the American insistence on the pleasures of here and now with the oldest and truest form of the art of storytelling – oral tradition. The effect is fascinating.

The contrast present in the content of the Dilemma of a Ghost is perfectly harmonious with the form. Aidoo is questioning, for example, the seemingly comical situation when the African women fear the refrigerator. The author is pointing out the dilemma to the reader, hence this is a dilemma tale because it is not clear, not even now in the 21st century, what the actual consequence of Western materialism on traditional culture is. What is more, the sheer fact that the play is written in a Western language but is almost completely oriented towards an African issue creates a stunning balance between the form and content of the play.

An important theme is the female perspective on the generation gap. Namely, in rural society, a social identity is an undeniable extension of the natural burden, so a woman is completely defined by childbirth. Esi Kom accepts Eulalie, the modern woman, when she realizes that Eulalie brought the awareness of the right to choose to the women of her tribe. Esi Kom comments: "I would have refused too if I were her. I would have known that you can always refuse to do things".

And in this way, Aidoo poses the key question to her readers about the Ghanaian Generation X. Can there be integration and at what cost? It is as if Aidoo is saying – today is a myth, every generation is Generation X. In other words, you can drink Coca-Cola in the 60's Ghana. You can even get your Ghanaian mother to serve it to you. But face the fact that you will drink it warm.



# Fruitful Film Findings & Terrific TV Tips

## Me, Myself and Liffe

by Ajda Ana Zupančič

November is probably the month I dislike the most. It is gloomy, melancholy and bleak, not to mention that it starts off with a competition called “Who will light more candles at otherwise mostly abandoned graves?” and ends with premature Christmas decorations. Winter is on the doorstep looking bewildered while the “Jingle Bells” tune is already playing in the house. No wonder autumn is trying to escape through the back door. Hail, November! The transition time when the sun is shy and abundant precipitation falls down from the sky as if impending doom was approaching. Not everything is so disheartening though. Somewhere in the middle of the month, the Ljubljana International Film Festival (Liffe) kicks off and lightens the atmosphere. Various categories, more than one hundred movies, fellow film buffs and free apples and coffee to boot. What more would anyone want? Jam on it? Well, tea maybe, since we, tea addicts, are overlooked, but that is another story. So let me pour myself a cuppa and continue with Liffe.

This year I decided to see as many films as possible and get totally engrossed in the universe of motion pictures. I eagerly anticipated the release of a brochure that contained a list of all the movies. The moment I got my hands on it, I marked the selected ones with three different markers according to my preference. On reflection I cherry-picked twenty of them (I know, I know, I got a bit carried away, but on the other hand, I exercised more self-control over tea consumption at that time;) and started counting down the days until the beginning of the festival. Then a guilty conscience emerged when I failed to secure the tickets early due to lack of time; however, I still managed to purchase them in advance. Luckily none of the screenings had already been sold out, and November 12 was just around the corner.

So for the next twelve days of the festival I immersed myself in independent and not-so-independent movies. There were breathtaking, jaw-dropping moments, there were tears and laughter and everything in between, and there was pure joy of watching high-quality movies on the big screen. In the end only one movie was not my cup of tea and I would more or less recommend all the others. The ones that really took

my breath away (in some cases quite literally) were *Force Majeure*, *The Look of Silence*, and *Whiplash*.

The first one is a Swedish movie directed and written by Ruben Östlund and set in the French Alps. A seemingly perfect family is spending their vacation there and their relationships hit a bump in the road, or in this case a bump on a ski slope, when a controlled avalanche frightens them during lunch. The so-called head of the family runs away with his iPhone, leaving behind his wife and two kids. What follows is a force of nature itself that deconstructs their family dynamics and focuses on the importance of social roles and expectations such as the projections of heroic images onto men.

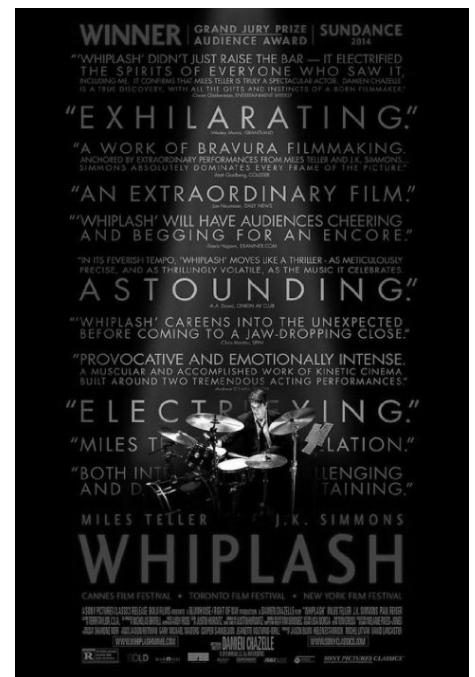
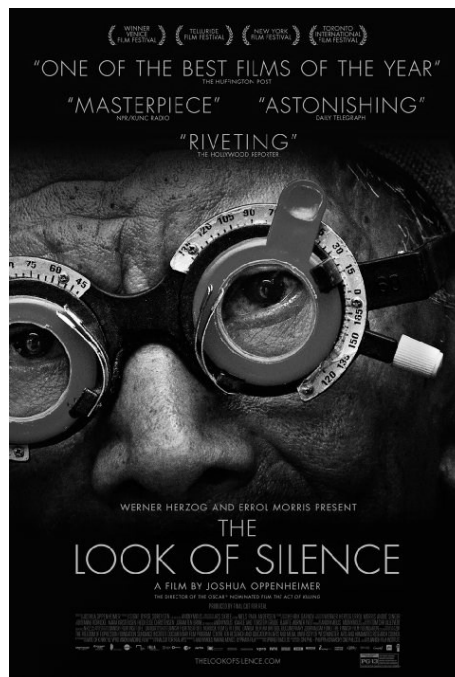
Speaking of heroes, it is difficult not to describe the main character of the second movie as one. Adi is kind, compassionate, courageous, resolute and forgiving. As the brother of a man brutally killed during the Indonesian genocide, he decides to face the killers turned local heroes and search for traces of remorse where there are almost none. *The Look of Silence* is truly a must-see directed by Joshua Oppenheimer and co-produced by several countries including Denmark and Indonesia. As the closing credits rolled up the screen, I remained seated and silently observed numerous anonymous titles. It was then that I fully realized the dangers lurking over everyone involved in this movie. Suddenly their fear of exposure and their worst nightmares became more palpable and even more dreadful. The movie revolves around empathy and the pursuit of the truth. Adi does his best to understand the evil that confronts him; he grasps its banality and its intensity, but in the end he cannot fathom it entirely, the only remaining final answer is therefore silence.

Sadly, that spine-chilling, hair-raising silence was often disturbed in the movie theatre. At one point a woman in a row before me answered her phone and cheerfully said she was not available at the moment but would be after 7 pm. That occurred during one of the most shocking scenes. A scene where one of the mass murderers nonchalantly explains what a woman's breast looked like when he cut it off. A scene that demands and deserves one's full attention and

serious consideration. Besides, silencing your mobile phone is expected in the cinema even if you are watching *The Expendables*.

Other frustrating incidents involved being late to a screening and having the audacity to get a whole row of people up just so you could sit in your allocated seat even though there were seats available at the very beginning of the row. Needless to say, that was carried out without apology or appreciation. Yay! Not to mention loud talking and noisy eating during the screenings. Some viewers were really obnoxious this year and there was little one could do in these situations. Occasional shushes were uttered, heard and ignored. Therefore, one simply had to keep calm and enjoy the movies.

That is not difficult when a movie is as outstanding as *Whiplash*. Last on my list but definitely not least, it is an overall success story. A remarkable direction and a marvellously written script by Damien Chazelle, who accomplished his visceral vision of obsessive aspirations and sadistic tendencies. Destruction and creation go hand in hand in this brilliant story. The acting is superb, there are no miscast roles and J.K. Simmons really sets the bar high, presumably somewhere in the Himalayas. The closing scene is particularly well done, getting our full attention, forcing us to hold our breath and our feet to pound the ground in rhythm. The suspense is almost unbearable yet invigorating, and the last shot is just perfect. It was my favourite film of the festival. Actually, it is my favourite film of the year.



## A Film Review of *Wyrmwod: Road of the Dead*

by Eva Melave

Imagine a world where you have no choice but to keep your eyes open at night because you fear your life will end if you do not. However, fear is not an option; conquering enemies is your only choice. But what if you are not certain who the real enemy is? The obvious monsters are sometimes not the grotesque creatures we all fear, but ordinary human beings.

After the initial shock of blood dripping everywhere, the director of *Wyrmwod: Road of the Dead*, Kiah Roache-Turner, presents us with an ordinary family going about their everyday chores. But soon things start to become complicated. The mother and the only daughter turn into zombies, and the father, Barry,

who is also one of the main characters, is forced to shoot them. He encounters a few of the other survivors, and they set out to find his sister Brooke. The latter has namely been captured by the army, and is exposed to a weird experiment that leads to her being able to control zombies with her mind. The two siblings eventually find each other, but, unfortunately, also encounter a few soldiers, who reveal themselves as true monsters eager to kill everyone who crosses their path. But just as everything is going awry, zombie Brooke uses her mind controlling power to save her brother, and they go off to fight evil.

Everyone who is involved in the production of this film

shows the horror enthusiasts that the zombie apocalypse films can still keep you on the edge of your seat, even though there are numerous films that have a similar plot. Although the film was only released in 2014, the viewer feels as if they travelled back to the 80's. The initial scene provides us with raw effects, such as the hasty movement of the camera, and depicts humans trying to kill numerous zombies – but this depiction vastly resembles a documentary, as if the actors really were in danger, and this makes this film exceptional. As viewers, we on the one side fear for the actors, who are trapped in this unescapable situation, and on the other, we feel as if we were facing the horror as well. However, the film also has a comical side to it, which is another feature of the older movies. The characters seem extremely nonchalant about the attacks; for example, in one scene a man who is about to turn into a zombie opens a bottle of beer and takes a sip, rather than worrying about his fast approaching death. Silly inputs like this – plus the primitive depiction of slaughtering – give the film a true gory feel making the viewer feel nostalgic.

However, at its core the film still falls under the horror genre, and as in most films of this type, the scariest things are hidden. But in this case they are not hidden in the closet or under the bed but behind the protective helmets of the soldiers. The disease that has caused people to turn into zombies in *Wyrmwood: Road of the Dead* represents a punishment for humanity, which has lost its moral values. This lack of principles is portrayed by the soldiers, who, instead of protecting people who have not been infected yet, go out of their ways to spill blood and with that show dominance over common people. This need to be superior leads to vast collateral damage, the dehumanization of innocent people, and the creation of true

monsters – that is, human beings.

Smart metaphors, witty dialogues, and surprising plot twists make this film a refreshing piece of art. I believe that *Wyrmwood: Road of the Dead* is appropriate for all audiences. Some parents may frown upon my opinion, saying the film features decaying corpses, but it is the message of the film that is truly important, and people of all ages should be given a chance to discover it. In the immortal words of William Shakespeare, “Hell is empty and all the devils are here.”



## Targets Shaped Like Single People: *The Lobster* Film Review

by Jure Velikonja

Fair inhabitants of this planet, beware! There is a group of people hiding among us. Miserable, dangerous in their feeling of incompleteness; feral, like animals. They need to be rehabilitated or hunted down. After all, the shooting instructor says, “It’s no coincidence that the targets are shaped like single people and not couples.” Conform, or be ostracised. Reform, or walk on all fours.

The 2015 Cannes Film Festival Jury Prize winning film *The Lobster* is the first English-language project by the Greek director Yorgos Lanthimos. The cast is impressive, with Colin Farrell, Rachel Weisz, Ben Whishaw, John C. Reilly, Léa Seydoux, and Olivia

Colman, to name just a few. The film is set in a nondescript near future where all single people are admitted to The Hotel to find a life partner in 45 days. Should they fail to meet someone, they get turned into an animal of their choice.

Before you go on reading, please note that although this review is intended for those who have not seen the film, it might contain some very minor spoilers. If you do not want to know anything at all about it, stop here and go see it; the film definitely has my seal of approval (whether or not the seal is a former unsuccessful single person, I cannot definitively say).

This film succeeds not only because it is almost a perfect package with good performances, interesting direction, hilarious script, and a smidge of quirkiness, but also and primarily because it tackles and brilliantly satirises the aspect of human society dealing with relationships. Even though it is presumably set in the near future, the film does not focus on fancy gadgets or other indications that would distance it from today's world. Instead, without needless exposition, the viewer is plunged directly into its main plotline: when he finds himself alone, David (Colin Farrell) goes to an institution called The Hotel, where he is obliged to participate in a range of bizarre activities in order to find a significant other. If, like his brother before him, he fails to do so, he will be turned into a desired animal. When asked about it, he, without hesitation, opts for the lobster because "lobsters live for over one hundred years, are blue-blooded like aristocrats and stay fertile all their lives".

This species reassignment surgery is by far not the only bizarre motif of this film mainly targeted at ridiculing society's obsession with relationships and the stigma against being single (and, as such, 'incomplete'). Other ridiculous actions take place throughout, from exaggerated on-stage simulations of life-threatening scenarios, which can be prevented simply by having a life partner, to robot-like, lifeless dialogue without rich vocabulary or other linguistic embellishments, literally hunting rogue single people who hide in The Woods, going to great (and painful) lengths to find that one mutual characteristic with a fellow human being (no matter how insignificant or trivial, such as a shared proneness to nose bleeds), to dancing to electronic music played via headphones alone in the woods. *The Lobster* faultlessly satirises our society's extreme view on relationships – the fallacy that one's life can only be complete by finding 'the one' – as well as the other side of the coin: the complete and utter emotional detachment. It manages to pull this off in a uniquely comedic way, which never goes too far or becomes stale.

Despite all the praise, there is one element of the film which falls a bit flat in my view. The first half, which mainly takes place at The Hotel, is absolutely superb. It sets up the characters, tells an intriguing tale, brims with satire, and reaches a smaller middle-of-the-film climax. What follows, without giving too much away, is a change of setting and most of the characters. This is when the film starts to get a bit slow and less interesting. There are still some very noteworthy

moments and the film as a whole does not suffer too much from it, but perhaps a slight shortening of this part or a greater development of the characters would greatly benefit this act. If I can allow myself to compare the first half of the film to an absolutely delicious starter plate, most of the second half is a mildly disappointing main course, followed by a satisfying dessert. Overall, the dinner is excellent and the restaurant one you will gladly return to.

When that night I finally relaxed my facial muscles from all the laughing after having seen the film, I reflected on my own single status and tried to pick an animal I would want to become. A mantis shrimp with its supersonic punch; a tardigrade with its ability to survive in any condition, a small jellyfish with its capacity to cheat death through rebirth; a vulture with its power to fly thousands of metres high; a sloth with its unapologetic laziness; a cat with its propensity for not giving a damn; a bear with its adaptation to sleep through the winter; a starfish with its capacity to regrow lost limbs. All this pondering made me question the merits of human beings. If nothing else, we at least have one thing these animals lack, which, being turned into one of them, I would sorely miss: the ability to enjoy such cinematic gems as *The Lobster*.



# Geeky Goodness

## Life Is Strange, Indeed: A review of the video game *Life is Strange*

by Urša Bajželj

For the fear of spoiling the actual story the game slowly develops into throughout the five episodes, this review shall only feed you as much information as needed to pique your interest enough for you to decide to delve into *Life Is Strange* by yourselves.

The game was developed by Dontnod Entertainment and published by Square Enix last January and was episodically released throughout 2015, with the concluding fifth episode in October. *Life Is Strange* is an interactive movie, a genre of video games in which the player makes choices during the game that influence how it will continue and possibly end. Similar games that have all garnered positive critical acclaim include *Heavy Rain*, *The Walking Dead*, *Until Dawn*, *Game of Thrones*, *Her Story*, and *The Wolf Among Us*. For people that cherish character and story development and enjoy steering the game's progression into the direction they wish, these games and other alike are a must-play.

In *Life Is Strange*, the player navigates the game as Maxine Caulfield, a photography student at Blackwell Academy in Arcadia Bay, Oregon. Max always has her journal, mobile phone, and Polaroid camera at hand, which the player can access throughout. The journal provides some additional information about Max's first days at the academy and some background information on other characters in the game, such as the students and teachers she will interact with. This comes in handy at the start of the play so you get a sense of the story as it is at that point and who Max likes and does not like. Max also receives texts all through the game, again giving you some insight on the relationships she has with the other characters. While playing, it is advisable to walk around and explore as much as possible, as you will gain further knowledge regarding the mysterious development of

the story, have the chance to help some characters out, and the possibility of taking photographs, ten per episode, as is appropriate when playing a photography student. Although, if you have any idea about photography, you will have to ignore the fact that Max unnecessarily shakes the Polaroid picture every time you choose to partake in the photo opportunity.

Photos: Dontnod Entertainment



Quite early on, you will realise that Max is not the stereotypical high school student you have been led to believe she is by the way she acts and talks. She has the power to rewind time, giving you, the player, the ability to choose a different option than before and seeing multiple possible outcomes of sometimes mundane, sometimes critical situations. The game is, of course, based on the well-known theory of the Butterfly effect, which states that some small change will have larger consequences later on. When you choose such an action for Max in the game, you will see a butterfly in the corner, flapping its wings.

Speaking as someone who will soon have to go from checking the "young adult" box to the "adult" box in the "age" section of surveys, the vocabulary, conversations, and behaviour of the high school students in the game seem a tad immature at times. However, without head-strong characters that neatly fit into stereotypical roles with no intention of breaking out of them, the game would not work as well as it does. You will meet the rebellious teenager, the school bitch, the pretentious posh pricks, the losers, the jocks, the corrupt authority figures, and the hard-working, nothing-good-ever-happens-to-them-but-they-hang-on characters. The game relies on these clichés, which can help you in figuring out the best way for Max to react to them and, if you choose wisely, will



actually bring some of the characters out of the mould, showing a more well-rounded character than perceived at first.

Besides the teenage drama and supernatural abilities, what you will have to deal with as Max in *Life Is Strange* is a freak storm threatening to devastate Arcadia Bay and the mysterious disappearance of Rachel Amber, a fellow student at Blackwell Academy. The latter will send you on a detective-like investigation, uncovering the truth bit by bit in each episode with the help of an old friend, Chloe Price.

The game is packed full of art references, from photography to films and TV series, including the

obvious nod to *The Catcher in the Rye* with Max's surname. Combining this with some time-travelling, an indie soundtrack, sometimes cringing dialogue, an interesting plot that thickens and surprises, some stereotypical characters, occasional poor lip-syncing of otherwise beautiful graphics, and an ending that will leave you divided, *Life Is Strange* is worthy of your time and attention. As it sometimes happens with the best of TV shows, you just have to hurdle over the first episode, as it is the one that sets the scene and is most likely the least impressive of the bunch, and you will be sucked into the curious world of Max Caulfield.

## On the Edge of the Invisible

by Melanie Vuga

Despite the wannabe philosophical title, this article has nothing to do with oblivion and/or death. It is in fact my account of the Sci-fi and Fantasy convention that was held in Ljubljana in November. The heading is merely my inept translation of the convention's Slovene name: *Na meji nevidnega*.

Sci-fi and fantasy are common languages spoken by geeks and nerds across the globe. If you, lonely Slovene geek-nerd, thought you were alone in your fascination of warp drives and Gandalf – never fear, you couldn't be more wrong!

That very same revelation was comforting the first year I attended NMN (also the first year it was held). Though freaks, geeks and nerds have come a long way in mainstream society, we are still dwelling in the borderlands and such gatherings are vital lifeblood that sustains our social lives.

Each year has boasted an increasing number of attendants as the good word spreads across the land and this year's 3<sup>rd</sup> instalment was moved to a bigger location for the first time.

Dvorana Tabor was the location for this year's convention, a beautiful old building currently serving as a gym, with a big central hall overlooked by balconies at either end and spaces on the second floor acting as lecture rooms. The main hall was filled with stalls offering books, handcrafted jewellery, collectibles, figurines, games, t-shirts and art, all on the theme of science fiction and fantasy. Notable occupants of said stalls were The Šmaug Society of Arts and Culture (KUD Šmaug), the Slovene Tolkien Society Gil-Galad, the shops Tehnoškrat, Fiction Island and Črna lunkja, the artist collective Paper Dreams and the online literary critics (Jez)deci Vsebine.

I planned on staying there all day, and while there were a few lectures and side events planned, it can get boring after a little while if you aren't actively participating in anything. There were a few lectures, a treasure hunt that almost no one knew about and a cosplay contest where the cosplayers could strut their stuff on stage. The hours in between could be filled by playing a whole host of board games and card games available to the attendants. But if you aren't playing said games or cosplaying and therefore posing for pictures every few minutes, it does start getting dull after the first hour.

It has to be said that each year it gets bigger and better, with more people, more stalls, more fandoms and more lectures. It's comforting to know that our little country is starting to realise it needs to cater more to big subcultures, and this is a great beginning.

Seeing and meeting people who have the same obsession can border on the spiritual ascension that is nirvana. So, if you feel ready to step into the sunlight and join your fellow weirdoes for a fun-filled romp around a gym, come down to NMN in 2016.



Photos: Blaž Berlec

# Tricky Tech

## CAT Tools: Designed to Make a Translator's Life Easier

by Kristina Nastran

I am going to go ahead and presuppose that the prevailing readership of this article are either students of English or people who deal with English professionally on a daily basis. Consequently, should you be interested in CAT tools – computer-assisted translation tools that come as a great help and relief to all that deal with translation day in and day out – do read on.

It is crucial to point out that computer-assisted translation tools (also called computer aided translation tools) are definitely not the same as machine translation programs. While CAT tools can make translators' lives much *much* easier, they still require a great deal of effort on the part of the translators themselves; they are generally defined as specialised computer software that provides support for a translator, especially in assuring unity of the translation, while also increasing the translator's workflow. Imagine machine translation, on the other hand, as CAT tools on steroids, doing most of the work on their own, instead of the translator, or at least minimising the translator's input (more on machine translation in the following article by Lucija Jezeršek).

To return back to CAT tools, their basic function proves most useful in translation of heavily terminological texts with a great deal of repetition, such as legal and medical ones. The most common function of the CAT programs is to identify the repeated expressions (terminological expressions, formulations and even parts of speech) and ensure their unified translation – as you may have discovered yourselves at some point, there is nothing worse than having the same term translated in three different ways in one article, making you even more confused than even before you started reading it. By searching for all the repetitions of one specific instance in a text and proposing a translation, CAT tools also increase the translator's output – a very welcome quality for all the professionals in the field. The choice among CAT tools is bigger than one would think, but it should be taken into account that not all CAT tools offer the same functionalities: some are intended for a more general use, other are directed towards specific fields or linguistic needs; there are also quite a few differences in regards to the operating system they work in (i.e. Windows, OS X or others).

Two of the most commonly used CAT tools are SDL Trados and memoQ, but others include also Déjà Vu, MateCat, Across Language Server, Wordfast, MetaTaxis and many more.

Many students of English hope to become translators one day and they are bound to use CAT tools at some point, especially if they are heading into the field of terminologically-heavy translation (such as medical, legal and other field-specific texts). To confirm this, we (Lucija Jezeršek and I) did a short online survey among the translators in the "Prevajalci, na pomoč!" Facebook group<sup>1</sup>. Over a course of a week, we received answers from 45 respondents, 80% of whom professionally deal with translation<sup>2</sup>. Our primary supposition that most of translators use CAT tools was confirmed, since 86% of respondents answered affirmatively to the question of whether or not they use them.

As expected, the greatest number of respondents, 33%, first came to know translation tools at work and as much as 28% on their own. To our surprise, 30% of respondents first came into contact with CAT tools during their BA studies – honestly, we expected the number to be much lower due to the fact that according to our own experience of translation classes, we mentioned CAT tools only in passing without actually opening one. We asked our esteemed Head of the Department of English and teacher of translation classes, Marjeta Vrbinc, PhD, why this is so. As she told us, our department does not primarily deal with translation and offers translation classes as an added bonus (even though the number of translation lessons will be doubled on the BA level in the future due to students' appeals for wider scope of qualifications). She also finds it sensible to introduce translation tools to the department, but as she claims, this is not currently possible due to a number of reasons, from them not being installed on the faculty's computers, expensive licences, to a non-existent database of texts, without which translation tools are basically useless. Long story short: if you came to our department to learn more about translation tools, tough luck, you are pursuing the wrong study programme.

What are we, students, then to do? For all those who are interested in CAT tools, Trados actually organises quality courses (as confirmed by Vrbinc) on the use of

<sup>1</sup> The full survey with basic statistical analysis is available at Englist's webpage, [englist.weebly.com/tricky-tech](http://englist.weebly.com/tricky-tech)

<sup>2</sup> 3% of respondents work exclusively in the field of literary translation, 67% exclusively in the field of technical translation and 30% work in both fields.



translation tools as terminological databases. The second option, as proposed by Vrbinc, is simply installing a non-licensed<sup>3</sup> version of the desired translation tool and playing with it to see what it can do – you have nothing to lose and so much to gain.

So, dear fellow student of English and translator-to-be, your future is yet again in your own hands: make the best of the translation classes available, sign up for additional ones and make your own research. It will be worth it.

<sup>3</sup> Keep in mind that translation for clients and employers will necessarily require a licensed version of the chosen program.

## Machine Translation: Should We Fear or Welcome It?

by Lucija Jezeršek

This is a question I cannot presume to answer definitively. Everybody feels differently towards technological innovations promising to make our work easier, which we sometimes understand as a clear threat to not only our jobs but our very way of life. This article presents some facts on what exactly machine translation (MT) is, how it works, and from that it predicts a possible future for translators. Eventually it hopes to help you make up your mind on whether to fear or welcome it.

As Kristina Nastran mentions in her article on CAT tools, seen on the previous page, there is a distinct difference between the so-called computer-assisted translation tools, and machine translation. The two are often confused, but CAT tools are there only to help a translator work faster and coordinate better when dealing with texts heavy on repetition, whereas MT software seeks to render translators redundant. It is an automated process in which computer software translates a text from one human language to another without any human intervention.

There are different types of machine translation, also called automated translation, e.g. statistical MT, example-based MT, transfer-based systems, hybrid systems, combination systems, pivot language systems, rule-based systems, and word-for-word translation. However, the more noticeable companies currently furthering MT research, SDL Language Technologies, Systran, and, needless to say, Microsoft and Google, attest to mostly two types of MT: rule-based and statistical. Because the two seem to be the most popular at this point in time, the article will focus on them. If you wish to know more about the types not described in the article or are simply interested in computational linguistics (and so thirst for more knowledge on machine translation), search for Machine Translation Archive compiled by John Hutchins, where many publications concerning the field from 1980 onwards can be found.

Returning back to the point of my article, let me describe the rule-based and statistical approach to machine translation. Rule-based machine translation relies on the linguistic information about the source language and the target language taken from dictionaries and grammars. It deconstructs the lexicon of the source text along with all the morphological and

syntactic rules concerning it. The obtained information is mapped on the comparable components in the target language creating a translated text. Given the necessity to make all the rules and meanings and connections and exceptions not only as specific as possible but entirely explicit, this approach does not seem practical, even though it does offer full control over what happens and permanent updatability. On the other hand, the statistical approach relies on bilingual text corpora. Based on the information extracted from a vast amount of translated texts, the software identifies patterns and applies them to the text at hand. The problem arises when such a program is faced with a tiny, yet rich language such as Slovene, for which there can never be a vast enough amount of information available. However, for major languages this is a sensible approach yielding visible results. Just look at Google with its Translate and how much it has improved over the years.

The kind of texts that fall under the scope of automated translation are technical, scientific, or legal texts where repetition is abundant and the need for accuracy and consistency is great. This means that literature is not in as great a danger to be taken over by machines, which is also corroborated by our Head of Department, Marjeta Vrbinc, PhD. She also believes that human intervention will never not be necessary because of languages with a small amount of speakers. Even major languages are problematic on account of synonymy, metonymy, and similar characteristics that are difficult to recognise for a machine, as well as their transmutability. Speakers of English especially are so numerous and diverse that rapid changes are inevitable. If nothing else, preparation of a text for automated translation and the editing process after it will always be incredibly important.

Now that you know more about machine translation, I hope you can decide for yourselves whether you should fear it as something taking away your future vocation or accept it as a welcome tool. You can reshape what it means to be a translator by focusing your abilities to become a pre- or post-editor of texts involved in machine translation or help in compiling corpora for Slovene, so that we also may reap the benefits of automated translation. Most of all, I hope you will and go and seek more knowledge on the topic.

# And Now for Something Completely Different ...

## Precocious Puzzle

by Aleš Oblak

### DOWN

- 1 in modernism it is objective
- 2 he was unable to sing a love song
- 4 occurrences when the initial "there" performs the function of a syntactic subject
- 5 John Bart was the maestro of ?
- 6 English romantic poet who had sex with everything
- 7 Edgar Allan ?
- 10 Democrats and Labour
- 11 Marxist playwright
- 12 the bleakest Victorian
- 13 author of "The Tyger", also a professor
- 14 the author of "Howl"
- 15 languages where certain pronouns can be omitted
- 16 The Great Emancipator, two words
- 17 Blaganje - ?
- 21 mode describing that which did not happen
- 22 optional high head and rise-fall
- 23 in 1803 the United States made the ? Purchase
- 24 Dr. Ilc fails them mercilessly
- 26 a case occurring with prepositions
- 28 in lexicology an entirely fixed and opaque two-part item
- 30 potential first gentleman, 2 words
- 31 in lexicology a somewhat fixed and transparent item
- 36 Republicans and Conservatives
- 38 The Iron Lady
- 39 Baudrillard's ? and Simulation
- 40 sonnets written by an Edmund
- 44 subject-predicator agreement
- 45 in lexicology an entirely fixed and opaque item
- 46 De Saussure dealt with it
- 50 subject-auxiliary inversion is also known as ? inversion
- 51 in Discourse Analysis the lowest on the hierarchy

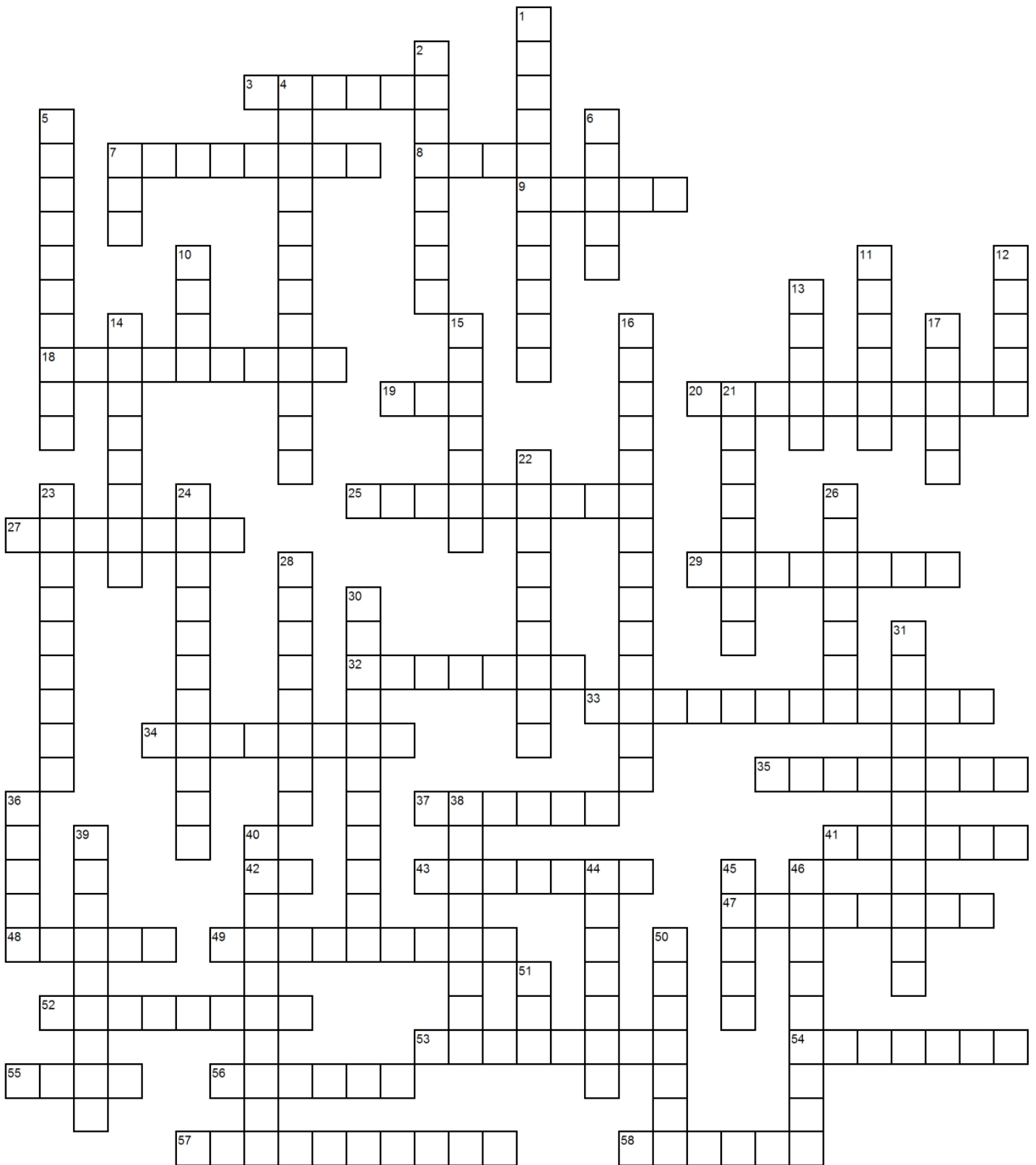
### ACROSS

- 3 English no longer has it
- 7 according to John Milton it is lost
- 8 transcendence in Antiquity
- 9 truck in England
- 18 modality that deals with evaluation
- 19 English word order
- 20 literally the devil, also the former VP of the United States, 2 words
- 25 she sat on a burnished throne
- 27 medieval love between a knight and a lady
- 29 American flag, 2 words
- 32 the dumbest word in the entire English language, from O'Connor and Arnold
- 33 England not getting over the colonial breakup
- 34 loose adjunct that serves as a speaker's comment
- 35 she was not amused
- 37 aspect-wise incomplete verbs
- 41 B-movie actor and a former president of the United States
- 42 bilabial plosives
- 43 the number of arguments a verb can take
- 47 supposedly Hemingway's favourite cocktail
- 48 the Slovenian in-law, son of an orangutan
- 49 British flag, 2 words
- 52 writer of Southern Gothic
- 53 Germanic non-present tense
- 54 subject in postmodernity
- 55 George bought her flowers
- 56 titbit in the US
- 57 grammar championed by Noam Chomsky
- 58 the only English "the Great"

Some tough nuts to crack?

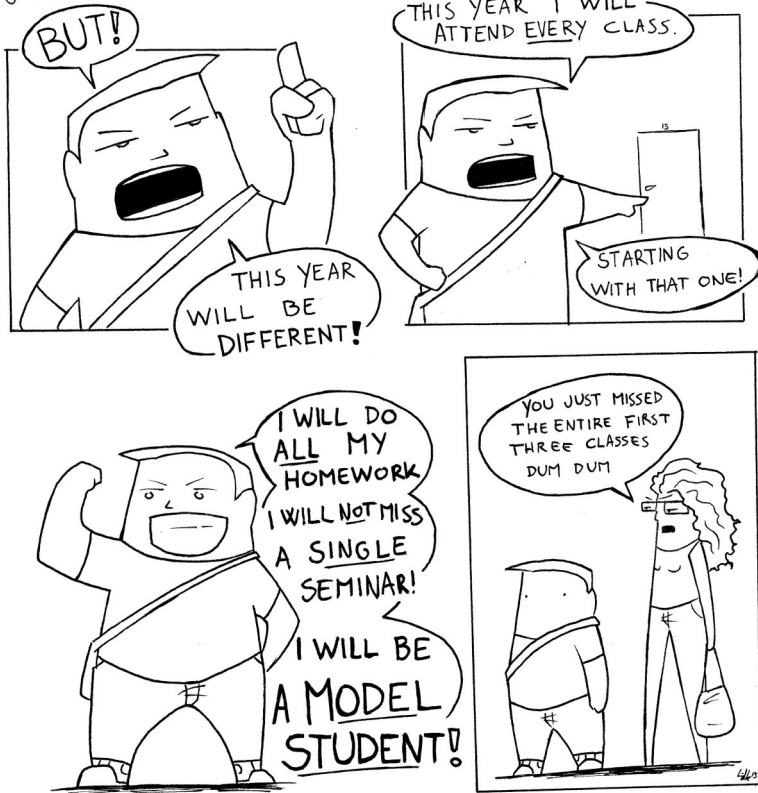
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crossword-key](http://englist.weebly.com/crossword-key)





Bobby Lomez  
 IS  
**STUDENT  
 of ENGLISH**  
 IN BACK TO SCHOOL

by Vidk



Bobby Lomez  
 IS  
**STUDENT  
 of ENGLISH**  
 IN EXAM SEASON

by Vidk



by Vid Koritnik

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