



LOREM IPSUM DOLOR

Creative Writing and



English Studies in English as a Foreign Language

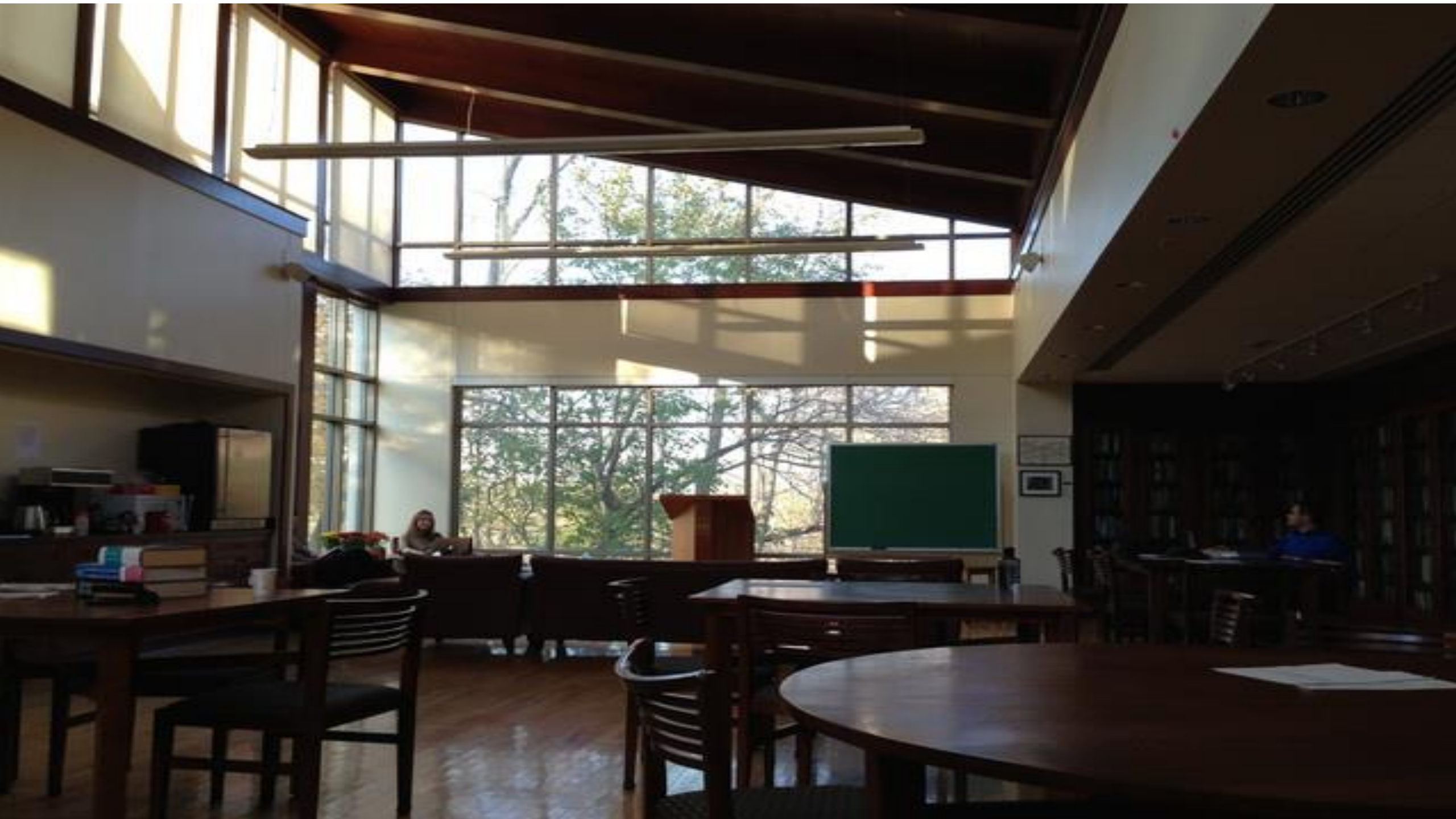
- Creative Writing as a subject of study
  - Started in 1936 in University of Iowa in the US
  - In 1970 at University of East Anglia in UK
  - In late 1970s at Western Australian Institute of Technology (now Curtin University) and in Canberra College of Advanced Education (now University of Canberra) in Australia

















# Writing in Iowa



Vertigo

Vertigo  
Marvin Bell

SAN MIGUEL  
T.C. BOYLE

EMMA CANTIN

Healing Time

JUSTIN GRONIN  
THE TWELVE

PUREST HISTORY OF LOVE

What We Talk About When We Talk About Frank

Just

RIVER CLASS

THE STARS

THE RIVER

JESUS ON THE MOUNTAIN

JESUS ON THE MOUNTAIN

THE MOUNTAIN

THE MOUNTAIN

THE MOUNTAIN







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- Creative writing programs vary in different universities. They can be fiction, poetry, (creative) nonfiction, screenwriting, playwriting, children's literature, and science writing.





More often than not, the terminal degree for creative writing is MFA (Master of Fine Arts),

A small number of PhD programs

Low-residency programs and online programs in recent years



- Creative Writing had not been in Chinese tertiary education until 2006
- Craft books
- Programs in Chinese
  - MFA in Fudan University (2010)
  - Shanghai University (2011)
    - Research Center for Creative Writing
  - MFA in Shanghai University (2014)

- Courses in English
  - 2006 in Beijing
  - 2009 in Guangzhou
    - in English
    - bilingual (2014)
    - other universities





- The purpose of the course
  - To write what students want to write
  - To learn the craft of writing
  - To improve students' English language proficiency
  - To think critically
  - To share experience; to grow together
  - To write inside stories for readers of English
  - To develop creative literary



- Modes of teaching
  - Lectures
  - Reading as a writer
  - Workshops
  - Guest lectures (to be arranged whenever possible)
  - Summary of workshops and stories





- *Grading and revision*
  - Each story is graded by one teacher and read by myself
  - After the revision, make a list of expressions that need improvement and their improved versions for the class to share
  - Top five stories





## Sea of Honey



RMIT University  
Sun Yat-sen University

## The Fish are Fine



RMIT University  
Sun Yat-sen University

- The basics of good writing in any form
  - Point of view
  - Voice
  - Dialogue
  - Characters
  - Scene
  - Specificity and detail
  - Image and metaphor





- If life is a computer game, then creative writing is the big boss in it. You never know what you are going to come across, and you never know how it will affect you.



- Structure

- Passacaglia



# • Perspectives

- It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.
- I think a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of wife.
- All happy families are alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.
- He thinks that all happy families are alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.

- Aunt Zhang worked for Professor Fu before us. For a long time, she thought Professor Fu's first name was Professor. She later learned that he worked at the Department of Anthropology. "But what is a department? Human study (the literal reading of anthropology in Chinese characters)? Is it about becoming a doctor?" In fact, she struggled with every term in the educational system.
- "Why is this place called big study? Why is everyone so young and no one is pregnant?" she asked.
- I was amazed. What a way to refer to a university! But she was right! big study is what the two characters combine to mean in Chinese. And it made sense! And how come I never noticed that the campus had very few pregnant women?



- “He said he’d be happy with salty fish and preserved bean curd as long as he’s with me,” Huan told me on another Saturday evening.
- Those were the cheapest food. I felt sorry for Huan as I imagined her and Dead Clam sitting at a small table in a dim sitting room, chopsticks reaching for salty fish at one meal and preserved bean curd at another.

- Narrative voice
- I just felt sad, very sad, deeply sad----sadness straightly into my heart, sadness which would swallow me like a star being swallowed by the endless darkness. Nobody, no truth, no sincerity, no strength, no kindness, no anything inside this world or outside in the universe could cure this kind of sorrow. She was gone, and all was gone, my happiness, my strength, my belief, my dream and anything which I had or pursued were gone along with her, disappearing into the darkness, never coming back.

"Where are you?" it was my friend, and his quiet voice broke the silence.

Where was I now?

I raised my head and turned to see what lay beyond my cell phone. Where was I now? I had no idea. NO IDEA AT ALL. Where was this place? All that flashed into my eyes were dark seashore, dark sky and dark road.

Where was I?

Where was I?

The answer came to me at last:

I was in a world without her.



- Every morning with the twittering of birds at dawn and the sight of the rising sun glinting on trees, I got up because of a death threat: "You'd better get up now, or I will throw you downstairs." I lived on the 7th floor at that time.
- It was not before I fully realized the meaning of the first death threat when the second one came without hesitation: "You'd better have your breakfast quickly, or I will not cook for you anymore!"

- Rest of the day death threats came one from after another from my mom's mouth like the bullets fired one by one from the machine gun:
- "You'd better come home from school before 12:15, or I will never let you step into my house!"

- You'd better learn English for 1 hour at noon, or I'll knock your block off!"
- "You'd better finish all your homework before you sleep, or you will not be able to see the sunlight of tomorrow!"
- .....
- It is very possible that I can die a thousand deaths in one single day under my mom's iron heel, and the causes of those deaths vary from falling to starvation, from physical torture to mental damage.



I was born in 1896 and my parents were married in 1919.

Jessica Bradford knows five people who have been killed. It could happen to her, she says, so she has told her family that if she should get shot before her sixth grade prom, she wants to be buried in her prom dress.

# Speech and thought presentation

- "It's me, Dad...yeah, we are on the bus now. It's about to start off at 8:20...she's sitting next to me...not too much baggage, only a backpack...30 yuan a ticket...many people. The bus is full...I see. I won't sleep on the bus. Don't worry...yes, I've already turned up the volume. It's loud enough...sure, it's a through bus to the provincial bus station...I see. The bus is taking off. I'll call you when we reach there. Bye...I see. I remember...um...um...we'll take the subway to her school. It takes around 30 minutes, as she said...she knows how to take a subway. We won't get lost. I'll call you if there is any problem...I see. I see. You've told me last night...OK. Bye-bye."

- There I sat, facing the darkness in the room, alone, and lonely. For the very first time I didn't want this room to be all of my own anymore because----
- You are always my bedtime story.
- If only you are beside me again.
  
- Someone came up to me and asked me whether I was fine. I said yes thank you I am going back home right now. Then I got shocked by my voice, it sounded pale, strange, and far away.



- I must write good plot, use some dialogues to start the story, prepare some clues and add some scenery writings. Yes, it must be a masterpiece. It is said that, it snowed at my hometown. Ai, I want to go back home town. Ai, I can't write anything. Then, I draw a mushroom, a dog, a snowman and an irregular geometric drawing that even I do not know.

- The classroom became intensely quiet. I was very embarrassed but failed to look away. We itched to talk about it after class yet no one dared, until the most outspoken of us muttered something,
- “I can't believe they did that! That's disgraceful!”
- That triggered immediate responses.
- “Yes, that was shocking!”
- “How could the actor and actress still work together after that?”
- The rest of us echoed with frustrated excitement.

- "Have you taken a picture together?"
- They looked at each other. Uncle Renfeng shook his head.
- "Would you like me to take a picture of you?" Seeing the hesitation in Uncle Renfeng's eyes, I added, "I can keep it for you."
- "Yes," said Uncle Renfeng. Xiao Wang looked at him, shy and contented.
- They stiffened on the digital screen. They were sitting apart as if they were saving a spot for someone else in between.
- "Relax! No one will see it except me."
- Both attempted to smile, just enough to indicate that they did not mind having the picture taken.



## • Showing

- Uncle Renfeng stepped into the sitting room, Xiao Wang followed him in gingerly, as if she were trying to hide herself.
- They sat down next to each other on the sofa. Xiao Wang held her hands, put them on her knees, held them again, put them on her knees again ... She was aware of my reserved curiosity, and was determined not to look at me.

- "How's it going? I haven't heard you a long time!"
- "Fine."
- "Anything interesting?"
- "No."
- "Well...anything upsets you?"
- "No."
- "Do you busy recently?"
- "So-so."
- "Well, college is very essential, don't forget to focus on your studies."
- "I know."
- "Okay, don't let me stop you, continue your work now."
- "Bye."

- "I heard of your recovery! You can walk alone now!" I was eager to talk to him than I ever had before.
- "Well...yes."
- "How's the weather in Chongqing? My dad is going to visit you next week, and I'm going to Hong Kong to meet him this week."
- "Ah, all is well, take care."
- "And I have something interesting..."
- "Doo—Doo—" The phone was hanged up before I could share my interesting experience in school.

## • Cultural aspects

• "When are we going to see Grandma again?" Dai asked on our way home.

• "Once a year during the Qingming Festival."

• "Qingming Festival?"

• "It's April 5, the day in the lunar calendar for mourning the dead."

• "Can we go more often like once a week?"

• "We can, but we don't have to come here to remember grandma. We'll think of her every day, won't we?"



- So life goes on and Uncle Renfeng is happy. There is a Chinese saying, Zhi Zu Zhe Chang Le: those who choose to feel satisfied are always happy. Uncle Renfeng never asked too much from life, and he has therefore managed to enjoy his share of happiness, even in the most unlikely circumstances.

- But I' m a little concerned about my hands' safety recently, for the double elven festival is coming and people around are all planning to do something.
- When we were in the eighth grade, the head teacher based our seats on grades instead of heights.
- I held her hand instinctively before she responded to me.
- But this time, she WITHDREW my hand .
- "Yoloshiku." I shook hands with him, heart pounding vehemently. Nice to meet you. I repeated the meaning in my heart.

When I was in the swimming pool, I would always loop my dad as if I was a Koala and he was the eucalyptus

Grandpa laughed like a Santa Claus



- Figures of speech

- When I was little, the motorbike was a magical carpet to me.
- My mom approached me and held me up like holding a bag upside-down. She spanked my ass again and again, like a professional boxer beating the punching bag. She spanked so heavily that I wailed like a pig that was going to the slaughter house. After the “battle” , my bottom was swollen and hurt, just like a hamburger baking in the stove.



- A Year Weighed Ten Kilograms
- Herstory
- Thirteen Fourteen
- Mr. Mediterranean
- Onesan
  
- I believe love is like taking photograph. It needs time and patience.
  
- During my freshman year, I was like a treasure seeker rendered to be an explorer ending up throwing her map away, wandering, indulging herself in the forest.

- I have sat behind him for twelve Wednesdays. I know he skipped class on the fourth Wednesday. I know he dyed his hair chestnut on the eighth Wednesday. I know he wore a silver ring on his right hand on the ninth Wednesday.
- I used to study with him, eat with him, share everything with him. I thought him my soul mate. Now the only thing we keep doing is to eat together. I feel that he is my meal mate.

studyholic

riceholic

- Tell it slant
- It was 7:40 o' clock.
- It was 7:40 o' clock.
- 3000 meters away from the house, a trunk hit a man.
- The drunk driver flected on the spot at the pitch dark evening.
- It was said, the man who was sent to the hospital had a wife, a 12-year-old daughter, and a 18-year-old son.
- Someone asked me when I felt like I have grown up, I said it was on that day you left.
- This cup of hot bubble tea was hotter than ever to make my eyes with tears.

## • Reflection

I assume that in my life, there won't be another chance like this, to get on a train with people I have never met before, to leave everything behind and bear all the grievance just because you **CARED ONLY ABOUT** one person, though he was just a pop star and nothing would happen between you and him. This sounds naïve and it is. But we can only be so childish, so innocent, so unsophisticated, so fervent for something so unrealistic when we are **SO YOUNG**, when we fear nothing, when we believe time is always surplus. I still thank him for the chance to mark my naïve youth with such bittersweet experience. And I still support him. But I **CARE NOT ONLY ABOUT HIM**.





# LOREM IPSUM DOLOR



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The Sun Yat-sen University Center for English Creative Writing  
presents its fifth Book Club event

# The Enigma of Arrival: A Novel in Five Sections

by V. S. Naipaul

Discussion led by Dr. LEI Yanni 雷艳妮

when where  
&  
how

Time: 7:00 pm, March 29, 2015

Venue: Room 301,

School of Foreign Languages

Please sign up in Room 212,  
School of Foreign Languages  
or contact Ms. DENG Liyu  
邓丽羽 at 84113602.





The Sun Yat-sen University Center for English-language Creative Writing &  
2016 Sun Yat-sen University Writers' Residency  
present



Writing-  
Performing  
the Urgent Story:



**from**



**Kinship Space**



**to**



**Empathy**

by

Merlinda Bobis  
(Australia)

Time: 10:15-11:45 am, Nov. 7, 2016

Venue: D204, Zhuhai Campus



The Sun Yat-sen University Center for English-language Creative Writing &

2016 Sun Yat-sen University Writers' Residency

Present



Contemporary  
Chinese  
Literature

by

Bingru Guo

The Translator's Footprints:  
A Dilettante's Guide to  
Chinese Literature  
in English

by

Austin Woerner

Time: 10:00-noon, Nov.4, 2016

Venue: meeting room,

SYSU Writers' Residency, Yangshuo





正 面

### 正面 设计理念:

- 整个图标先从左起,再从上起,最后右起,读为 "We are one" 表达英班是一个不可分割的整体。
- 中间最大的 "E" 代表 "English" 体现班级特色
- 左上角的 "1" 和右上角的 "4" 表示 "14" 级
- 整个图案构成一个王冠<sup>👑</sup>的形状,象征我们永不放弃追求胜利,渴望卫冕的班级风貌。
- 英文小字部分为 "外国语学院英语系"。

▲ 黑白两色: 白底黑字或 (简洁大方) 黑底白字

### 背面 设计理念:

- 女多男少,男女比例失衡是班级现状
- 左边大符号表示女生,右边小符号表示男生。
- 汗滴 "0" 表示男生们的无奈



背 面

- "xxx" 代表全班同学的名字 (即便毕业多年,身穿这件班服时,看着这些熟悉而又开始陌生的名字,就能回

忆起大学生活中的美好时刻  
bbbb

by 李桂霞

2015/12/15

# The role of creative writing in teaching and research

Teaching English as a second language

Translation studies/bilingual writing

Literary studies

linguistic studies

Cross-cultural communication

Creative literacy



