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
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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
• 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!”

“How’s it going? I haven’t heard you a long time!”

“Fine.”

“Fine.”

“Anything interesting?”

“Anything interesting?”

“No.”

“No.”

“Well...anything upsets you?”

“Well...anything upsets you?”

“No.”

“No.”

“Do you busy recently?”

“Do you busy recently?”

“So-so.”

“So-so.”

“Well, college is very essential, don’t forget to focus on your studies.”

“Well, college is very essential, don’t forget to focus on your studies.”

“I know.”

“I know.”

“Okay, don’t let me stop you, continue your work now.”

“Okay, don’t let me stop you, continue your work now.”

“Bye.”

“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.
“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.
• 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 fleeted 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.
身置熙攘 孤单何藏
却为何 不打开心房
IF NOBODY CARES ABOUT YOU, I WILL.

独立不等于孤立
PLEASE DON'T MAKE YOURSELF ALONE, BECAUSE THAT WILL BREAK MY HEART.

朋友 也并不只是一幅头像。
AND FRIEND IS MORE THAN AN AVATAR.
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The Enigma of Arrival: A Novel in Five Sections
by V. S. Naipaul
Discussion led by Dr. LEI Yanui 雷艳妮

Time: 7:00 pm, March 19, 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.
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
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 设计理念：
• 整个图案先从左起，再从上起，最后右起，读为“We are one”，表达英文班是一个不可分割的整体。
• 中间的“E”代表“English”，体现班级特色。
• 左上角的“1”和右上角的“2”表示“14”班。
• 整个图案构成一个五角星的形状，象征我们永不言败，追求胜利，渴望五星的班级风貌。
• 英文小字部分为外国语言文学系英语系。

背面 设计理念：
• “XXX” 表示全班同学的名字（即使毕业多年，背拿出这件T恤时，看着这些熟悉而又亲切的名字，就会想起当时生活中的美好时光）。
• 记录时间：2015/12/15

正
面

背面
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