

e-lit

KTU

**Faculty of Arts and Sciences
Department of English Language and Literature
A Non-profit Student Magazine
On
Literature and Culture**

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**"The book is too serious,
the newspaper too irresponsible.
And the magazine, the castle of
"free will"; maybe a little vagabond,
but fresh and warm it is.
The book is mostly the work of "one person"
the echo of "one thought"
but the magazine belongs to a society of the wise.
The will of a generation is the magazine,
or a message from a generation.
Any closed-down-magazine is a lost-war,
a defeat or a suicide.
The magazine has a sad destiny in our country.
Most of them last only one season,
just like flowers.
The luckiest ones address a generation.
Old ones are like graveyards with no visitors.
A drawer with no key.
What memories are on their pages?
What hopes, what excitements are hidden in them?
No one wonders."**

Cemil MERİÇ

Dear Reader,

Here we are together again. It has become a long and tiring, but fruitful academic year. We have been trying very hard to grow our baby, e-lit Magazine, to give a breath to her.

In this issue we aim to take you to the realm of 'literature', from poetry to play, from short story to novel. Do not get surprised when you find yourself on one of our pages. Because it is our conviction that any literary work tells about the man himself - whatever you read is about yourself. So we hope you will have the chance to find out something about yourself.

We would like to thank all our friends for their contributions and we are so much grateful to our lecturers for their motivation and support.

Our special thanks go to our team-coach Asst. Prof. Dr. M.Naci KAYAOĞLU and our 'life-long supporter', Lec.Fehmi TURGUT and our friends, Tuba TURAN and Onur KAVAK for their beautiful drawings.

All contributions are welcome.

See you in the next issue!!!

e - l i t

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Your contributions are always welcome!

The Bulletin does not necessarily agree with the opinion of contributing writers. The authors are responsible for their own writings.

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WOMEN HAVE SOMETHING TO DO ALSO IN LITERATURE

By Nazan YILDIZ (junior)

Throughout the history, woman and man have been in a competition to lead the way. Of course, at those times, men were the winners due to women's position in the society; sometimes as second-class citizens being regarded as knowing nothing and sometimes as the servant working like a machine. As in all fields, also in literature, they were the ones left behind or that had even no place on the stage. In the course of time; however, their roles have changed because they have been doing their best to change the common view. 'They are just women, they can do nothing but serve.' Let's take the English Literature to show women's struggle in literature.

Women had a great struggle to speak out in the English Literature. For example, in the Victorian time, there were many taboos in English society; men were dominant. Being afraid of the reactions, the female figures published their works under the names of man but their narrow and restricted lives couldn't hamper their power and creativity. For example, Charlotte Bronte wrote Jane Eyre and received some reactions. To write such a novel in a society where women had no right to object required great courage. People got shocked by Jane Eyre in which the heroine had a rebellious spirit that satirised the injustices and controlled her own life. Some people's regarding the novel as improper was normal because they were all contrary to the age at that time, but like most of the writers in the Victorian Age, Bronte reflected the weak side of the society; as a woman, she especially dealt with the injustices towards women, but received many reactions because of her gender and the role that she gave to the women in the novel, or we can take the example of Jane Austen, she had the same difficulties and struggles with the Bronte but created complete works such as 'Emma', 'Pride and Prejudice', 'Sense and Sensibility' and by the great English poet Alfred Tennyson, she was regarded as 'the greatest writer after Shakespeare'.

In short, there are numerous great female figures in literature as in any other fields (George Eliot -Marry Ann Evans-, Marry Wollstonecraft, Virginia Woolf...). They overcame the obstacles, achieved the impossible and produced masterpieces and I think their works are worth reading because they were written in hard circumstances and pictured their times perfectly. Maybe it took time to get their real place but nowadays, nobody can ignore the woman's role in literature. Who is not taken in by the charm of the Wuthering Heights by Emily Bronte? Who can create such perfect characters like Heathcliff, Catherine or Joseph other than a woman? Therefore, let's give way to those creative minds behind the locked doors.

The Bells : Ellis. Currer and Acton

By Berrin MERAL (Junior)

"My love for Heathcliff resembles the eternal rocks beneath - a source of little visible delight, but necessary."

Wuthering Heights Emily Bronte

They were six children living happily with their parents until mum and two of the sisters (Maria and Elizabeth) passed away within three years because of tuberculosis. Having been cared by a church rector father and deeply religious aunt, the rest of the children began to write for their own amusement. Because it was not possible to go to school in harsh and unhealthy conditions of the time. They were, however, happy with the imagery world they had seated in.

When it came to real life, there were again some difficulties to face up. Their aunt died, and the second man of the family - Branwell - was declining into alcoholism and an opium addiction. So, it became Currer's duty to earn living for his family, as the other members of the family had poor health.

One day, Currer discovered Ellis's poetry, and Acton revealed his. They had been living at a long distance and now, it was time to show the outside world their unique treasure: their works which were full of grotesque imagery, passion, supernatural encounters, mystery, moonless nights, and crumbling ruins.

The publishers hesitated at first as it was considered unseemly for such people like Currer, Acton and Ellis to write and publish books. The great success, on the other hand, made everything OK until the death of Branwell.

When one thing went wrong, others followed it. Ellis caught cold at Branwell's funeral, died of tuberculosis at the age of thirty, just like Acton. Currer continued writing which became his only therapy and relief also died from tuberculosis shortly after his marriage when he was thirty-nine.

Emily, Charlotte and Anne, the Bronte sisters, were the most memorable figures of English literature. As writers, the Brontes became the voice of women in the Victorian age, who were desperately in need of love and independence. *Jane Eyre* by Charlotte and *Wuthering Heights* by Emily have been studied, analyzed and discussed from every critical perspective yet they remained unexhausted.

Life was never easy for them. Losing their beloved ones, one by one: living under the shadow of tuberculosis and pressure of their time, the Bronte sisters were and still are among, personally a few writers who wrote just for the sake of art. They even had to publish their books under the male names (Ellis, Currer and Acton) because of the fact that male authors were respected, and there was no room for women in the Victorian Age - except being governess like Jane in *Jane Eyre*, or house wife like Catherina in *Wuthering Heights*.

Despite all these difficulties, today the Brontes have a secure position in the canon of world literature, furthermore. Emily and Charlotte are accepted as one of the finest writers of the nineteenth century.



Shakespeare Was a Feminist!

By Sinem COL(junior)

Shakespeare, as the subject of innumerable books written in all languages, is the greatest figure in English literature. Every line of his plays has been analysed, re-analysed, edited, re-edited, though five centuries are left behind. Still we are questioning him and his plays in order to find his secret.

However, this essay is not to show his 'literary' identity, but another characteristic: that Shakespeare was a feminist. When we look at his time, 16th century of England- Elizabethan period-it is historically incorrect to regard him as a feminist. On the other hand, it is a claim which has already found lots of supporters such as Shapiro who says that Shakespeare was the noblest feminist of them all. I believe that because of his extraordinary genius of portraying human behaviour and depicting the situation of women within a patriarchal system; what's more is that he created women characters which in their richness, transcended the limitations of his time. Today Shakespeare is regarded as a feminist by many critics.

I also claim that he was a feminist. In order to make my claim alive here, I want to deal with three important women figures; Ophelia in 'Hamlet', Desdemona in 'Othello', and Cleopatra in 'Anthony and Cleopatra'.

Ophelia and Desdemona, unlike Cleopatra, are the victims of their men. I think so, because, for instance, Hamlet throughout the play uses Ophelia as a tool in his revenge plan, furthermore, because of his mother Queen Gertrude's behaviour, who marries Hamlet's uncle after her husband's death, Hamlet believes that all women are distrustful. In addition to this, Hamlet sees his mother as a model of women's inconsistency. Unfortunately, 'poor' Ophelia suffers as a result of Hamlet's patriarchal values of womanhood. Not only Hamlet, but also her father and brother play an important role in her life. Unquestioningly obeying their sayings; to me, Ophelia is also very much a victim.

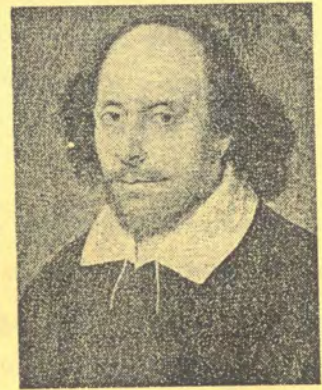
Desdemona, our second victim, is the wife of Othello. He envies her so much that at the end of the play he kills her. The tragedy of Othello, indeed, stems from men's misunderstandings of women and women's inability to protect themselves from society's misconception of them. Othello claims that his decision to kill her is to prevent her from a further transgression and he says: 'Yet she must die, else she betray more men.'. At the end of the play, he understands his mistake and, this time he says:

'...By the world
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not
I think thou art just, and then think thou art not'

What we see in Ophelia and Desdemona is different from what is seen in Cleopatra. She has sexual and political power. Throughout his treatment of Cleopatra Shakespeare provides us with a 'real' woman rather than a stereotype. Thus, we can describe Cleopatra as a woman who forces her access into the male arena, where Ophelia and Desdemona do not, and cannot of course, in the same way, for in her status as a middle aged woman and Queen of Egypt, Cleopatra naturally has more freedom. Unlike Ophelia and Desdemona, she is not dependent on anyone financially. Cleopatra combines feminine and masculine qualities through her death. She says:

'I have nothing of women in me
Now from head to foot
I am marble constant.'

Then, is Shakespeare's treatment of women in his tragedies enough as evidence to judge and find Shakespeare as a feminist? Though it was in the 16th century in which women had no role in the society, Shakespeare gave importance to them and use them in his plays: mostly as a victim under the control of man or patriarchal laws but rarely as a powerful force. Here again as we see in Cleopatra, she plays a part in the game with the rules of man. Looking at all these as references, I claim that Shakespeare was a feminist!



ON THE OCCASION OF WORLD POETRY DAY

"Poetry is human language reduced to its essential rhythm" said Mallarme. Poetry is indeed a language that delves deep into the human soul and expresses the mysterious meaning of existence. As the highest expression of a language, it should occupy a special place in our lives.

Language with its distinctive rhythms and music, the interplay of words and their many meanings is the raw material of all poetry. Fables, myths and legends, heroic deeds and tales have been passed on, at first orally and then by -way of a variety of writing systems since the dawn of humanity. For each community, language is a badge of identity and a means of discovering the world, and also one of the main vectors of cultural diversity.

Poetry is a major cultural factor, a total language that constitutes the expression of a deep-seated desire to live with others and hence an essential instrument for bringing peoples closer together. It is a reflection and mirror of communities and the foremost vehicle for self-affirmation, but it is also a decisive lever in creativity, progress and shared development

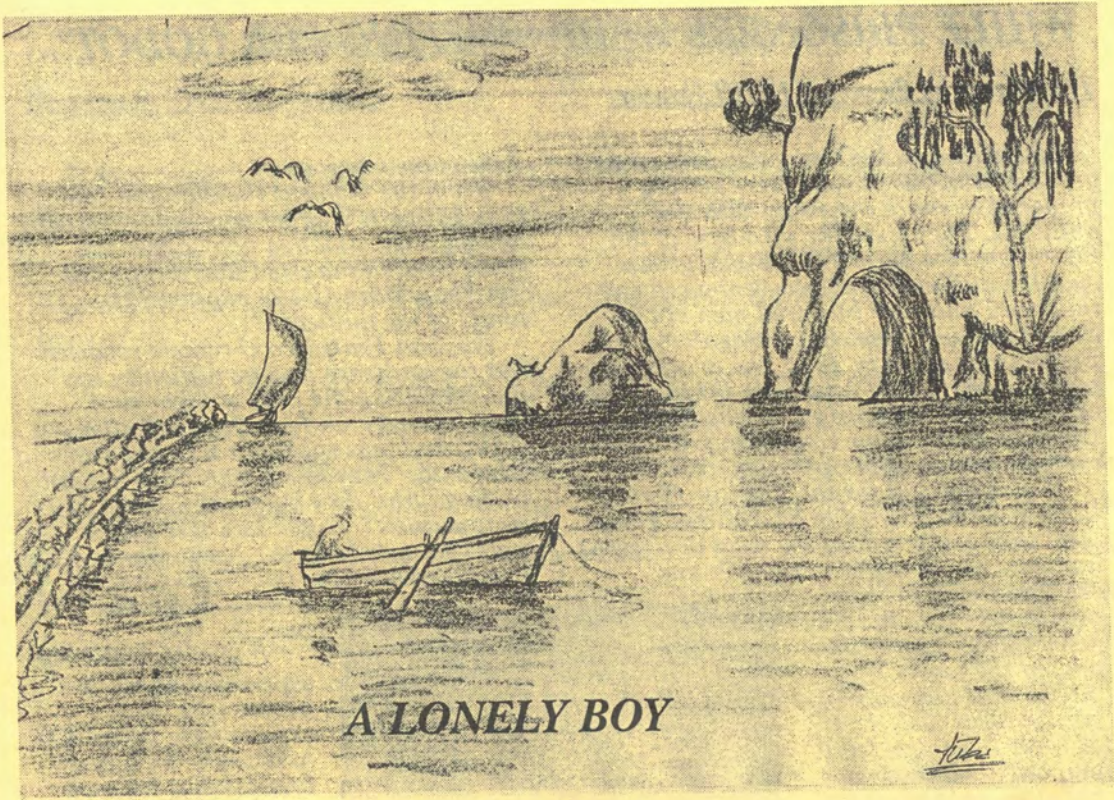
Poetry therefore helps us to live together. It is essential to intercultural dialogue and harmonious interaction among the different communities of the world. Encouraging its creation, its dissemination and its translation is another way of promoting cultural diversity, a vital source of inspiration conveyed by the living unity of poets through the myriad facets of their creativity.

I invite Member States' associations and each and every individual to celebrate poetry and to reflect on the fundamental role it plays in intercultural dialogue, a pledge of peace.

Koichiro Matsuura

Director-General of UNESCO

21 March 2003



A LONELY BOY

*A grown young boy
On a cold, wooden seat
Unknown thoughts in his mind
Perhaps a love or a death
It's certain from his eyes
And that he is tired*

*Too far away from home
There are a few things
He is just like a pawn
In only what he thinks*

*He is dumb where others speak
Blind in the darkness they can see
And deaf in the silence they can hear
But he can be in love
They can't.*

Burçin KEF(Prep B)

WHILE PRISONERS WERE 'WAITING FOR GODOT'...

Translated by Zeynep TEMEL (junior)

19 November 1957 was the date when a group of anxious players were getting prepared to share the stage with the audience. They were the members of the San Francisco Actor's Workshop group. And the audience were the sentenced one thousand and four hundred men of the San Quentin Prison. Since Sarah Bernharat's show in 1913, the prison had not seen any plays. And now, the play chosen after thirty four years was Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* since it includes few women playing.

It was natural for the director Herbert Blau and the players to be anxious. How were they going to face the most dangerous audience of the world with such and ambiguous and intellectual play that nearly caused a revolt among the most intellectual audience of Western Europe? Herbert Blau decided to prepare his audience about what they were about to see. He stepped on the stage and called out to the audience who smoked in the dining hall. Blau compared the play to 'jazz music', that is 'to be listened to hear whatever he can'. Blau hoped that each of them could find a meaning for themselves.

'Curtains' and 'the play begins.' The play that amazed the intellectual of Paris, London and New York was immediately understood by the criminal audience. As it was said in the columns of the San Quentin News in 'Notes From the First Night'

Man with muscles... sank in their seats and waited for the girls and entertainment. And when they couldn't find what they hoped, decided to leave the hall until the lights were on and that was their mistake, for they watched the play for two minutes and on and on. And there was the end. All were shocked.'

Or as seen under the little title 'The San Franciscan Group left the San Quentin audience when waiting for Godot'

of the same newspaper.

'From the moment the dungeon like scene by robin Wagner was lightened till the last moment when two vagabonds shake hands exhausted and happy, the San Franciscan Group captured the minds of the audience.'

The San Francisco chronicle reported that the audience had no difficulty in understanding the play of them said 'Godot, society' and another 'he, outer world' And was said that a teacher among them said, 'They know what they mean by waiting...And they knew they would be disappointed if Godot has ever gotten there.' An article in the newspaper of the prison showed how the playwrights clearly understood the play.

'It was the symbolic expression of a playwright who expected the individual to discover by himself and commit his own errors in order to avoid all personal wrong deeds. He wants nothing in particular and has no exaggerated forces upon the audience and neither bares any hope...We are still waiting for Godot and we shall keep on waiting. When the scene is boring and the play slow, we will call ourselves names and

swear that we'll leave the hall but no place to leave!

Since then, it is said that Godot is a part of its speech as much as its words and characters.

How did such a play, considered as an avant-garde play have such rapid and deep impact on the audience of San Quentin? Did they identify themselves with some of the elements of the play? Or perhaps the audience, beware of the concepts of theatre and prejudices against them, were simply saved from falling into traps that some critics did by mocking the play, considering it lacking plot, development, characterisation and common sense.



'Waiting for Godot' for Fifty Years

By Zeynep TEMEL (junior)

It has been fifty years since Samuel Beckett's – the famous Irish playwright – play 'Waiting for Godot' was first staged in the French capital of Paris in 1953.

In the play that was staged in The Gate Theatre for the fiftieth anniversary celebrations in Dublin, Barry McGovern, who played Vladimir, says that when Beckett's Waiting for Godot was staged in the Babylon Theatre in Paris for the first time, it was seen as unimportant by the audience.

Beckett would be surprised

McGovern, who has performed all the characters in his thirty years of career, states that the criticism it received then was positive and says: 'The famous critic of the time, Guy Dumur, in his article in the political newspaper Combat, used this expression.' (Samuel Beckett, a defeatist point of view, you can't believe how comforting that is.)

A close friend of Beckett, Phyllis Gaffney, an Irish academician, believes that Beckett would be surprised to see such a celebration and adds: 'The Ireland which he left when he was 31 was a conservative society and they had censorship. The Catholic Church was dominant in all walks of life and he

belonged to the Protestant minority.'

It is worth waiting

Gaffney, lecturing at the University College in Dublin, says that it was a scandal when Beckett published his first novel More Pricks Than Kicks in 1934 and was censored. He adds that after fifty years Beckett was brought to the position he deserved and that his success was crowned with the 1969



Nobel Prize for literature.

Gaffney also states that Beckett's once censored books are now among the 'classics' in bookstores and believes that, having depicted the universal themes of mankind crying for help in misery and humour, 'Waiting for Godot' still appeals to the Irish youth.

NOVEL: WHAT LIFE IS!!!

By Nilay UZUNER (junior)

Novel, not only one of the most important genres in literature but also a fundamental development appearing in our social life, may-must be expressed in a few words:

Novel explains man which is the most regular thing in life; that is a novelist should explain the reason, the ground and the obstinacy of the breath taken a million times a day. And if we do remember the qualities of the novel to describe the life, the sorts of people, or to react their behaving models to readers, to find out, make public and. ...of emotions and thoughts, we will come to the point that novel is for beyond the simple short descriptions. In brief novel is highly unique with the power of commending man and the life he leads.

Novel has always had a place for intrigues ;that is, it has given prominence to the lives of shaking events and conflicts, creating an expression; -my life is a novel-, as it deals with reality in lives led. In that case, it becomes very difficult to give a description to novel. It is as rich as the lives it includes and endless in its subjects. Novel shows us the others' lives. It stirs us intellectually and emotionally; which is the main purpose of literature in general. Novel also makes us feel the atmosphere of the past by using its own vocabulary, grammar and tone.

So we understand the history and regulate the future. Past gives us the experience in order to understand the future. If we may give a clear example of this subject, I will ask you to compare the London go the past and that go today. In a way it is history, which means that in 18th century London was described as a dirty city but today it is the opposite.

Novel cannot be put into museum because if something is put into museum, that means it is not useful anymore. But novel, literature, is a living thing and will never lose its importance and value. It is a kind of verbal literature that speaks to you in diction. There are some realities that never change in time; such as love. It was a reality in Shakespeare's time and still is now. And novel's impossible loves are still alive, not dead. It shows who was there and what happened there. It gives an inside of 18th century in which the scholastic thought was broken up. It is the century of fiction in which it explains machines, factories, immigration to cities, people's rushing to factories in the hope of better life but their disappointment as there were and will be class division at all times. Novel is the real life reflections and it is what readers want to read.

A long and confusing past
Got novel with Joseph Conrad
Novel is wake
Novel as a wake
Whatever meanings the novel takes
It gives us the real life
Happiness, tears and also the fakes
Printing, literacy in rise
Make economy and the individualism
Has a rise
What is novel a question asked?
At last
I should answer the very loaded, realistic task.

Working on Poetry...!

By Zeynep TEMEL(junior)

'Poets are generally pessimistic people and this is mostly considered, for the poet, as a motivating object. While the empirical- pessimistic reaction they give to the chaotic structure and regulation of the outer world causes a considerable clash about 'creation' and 'existence' between their inner confusions, the outcome (poetry) serves as a 'mirror'.

The reader who gets the chance to find his own ontological adventure in the 'mirror' is both the participant and the transmitter of the 'aesthetic world' that the poet creates. And serving as such- being a part of the poet's world and reflecting it, sharing the spirit with the poet- can bring about some clashes in the perceptual mechanisms of the reader, and naturally new confusions.

In fact, a reader who is in the poet's channel has such a fate. In other words, the fate that the poet introduces in his work and the one that the reader finds himself in, join each other in the concept of 'existence'..

The poet has the chance to absorb the feelings of 'fear, pain' and to express them in poetry. When assessed from this point of view, poetry can be considered to serve as a 'shelter', 'freedom', 'purification' and at times as a 'salvation' for the poet.

From poetic and ontological point of view, probably no other thing could provide the poet with the spiritual freedom to create a world of his own which will free him from the reality of the outer world, the routine of daily life or the pessimistic view of life.

Yes, the central happiness and security of a poet in this world is dealing with poetry.

Basically, a poet is pessimistic only till he creates his poetry: when looked from the poet's point of view, he is 'the happiest' in the world. And this is without any cost.

Schiller is right to compare the formation of an art to a kid playing: Game is the reason of the kid's happiness and main objective, just as a poet's is to his poem and this poetic behaviour is the main reason of happiness and the poet's existence and survival.

Just think, wouldn't it be thrilling to see this 'new world' whose borders, dimensions, meaning and depth are created by the poet who implies the codes of a different way of existence and variations?

The aesthetic success of 'love' in poetry takes us beyond the lines as long as it appeals to us and creates a new world outside the real one.

A poet is content only if he deals with poetry; and a real reader while reading poetry!

JUST COME

*You are gone!
There is no stars in the sky tonight
And no moonlight
No joy to smile or laugh
All I can see
That I made lots of gaffe
You are gone!
No more rises the sun
I do not know where you have been
And I wonder if there has been
Someone that cuddles like aspiring warm
Or if he mends your injuries left from the big storm.
No damage or loss to wonder
Waiting something from the counter
You are gone and can not get what I mean
You die with him and
Unforgettable sin!
You are gone baby, my heart is aching
Life is no just
And I know it is changing
But hear my cry-outs and see my heart
Feel my breath and love
Again be my shelter and just come
Even to give is so some
Just come....*

Nilay UZUNER(junior)

THE HOLY ANGEL

*Last night I had a dream
While struggling in a deep stream
What I wanted was to swim
Just then I saw a scarlet gleam*

*Was it the 20th of May?
Or was it a special day?
Looking for someone to express my dismay
It seemed me pitch dark of Judgement Day*

*Was it an Angel talking to me?
Expressing her compassionate words to me
Trying to save me up from the water
Disappeared after I had become better*

*It should have been a Love Angel.
Appeared in a gorgeous shining sun model
And later going miraculously
I am sure it was holy, really holy.*

Kenan BÖREKÇİOĞLU (Prep B)

OH, SHAKESPEARE !!!

By Nazan YILDIZ (junior)

Can English Literature be pictured without Shakespeare? I think almost everybody has heard of his name. All his works have been examined many times and even today, his private life is a subject of discussion. Could this playwright and poet, whose real name isn't known, and who died many years ago, prophesy that he would be the best known character in the English literature, if he was asked in those times? Nobody knows this. Well, what is the reason? Why is he still so popular? Why are we still trying to know much more about him? We don't know much regarding his background but let's think about it. He wasn't a rich person having a noble family or he wasn't an educated person attending best schools of the time; however, he is thought to be the best figure in the English literature. He is a beloved person in literature - so much so that some people think he is the best figure not only in the English literature but in the whole world literature. Now, let's consider his literary aspect. He wasn't only the most successful playwright and poet of his time, but also a capable actor taking role in his own plays. For example, the ghost in Hamlet was nobody but Shakespeare himself. He had no certain rules in creating his works, he was good both at comedy and tragedy, and also wrote historical plays. He used different styles, techniques, themes and beautiful words, he had a natural gift of story telling, didn't wait for the right word to come, but invented words. He wrote his plays not to be read, but to be acted, he was not interested in the reader but in the audience and even he didn't see his plays as literature. But all these are superficial facts constituting the tip of the iceberg. What is more, what is the reality lying behind them? It's that Shakespeare was an ordinary man like any of us. We see the pain, patience, struggle, love, happiness, jealousy, hatred, impatience, friendship, and family ties in his works and these are all in our daily lives. He underwent, sensed something and wrote about it. For example, he wrote all his tragedies in the period between 1598 and 1608, after his son died at the age of 10 and his son's name was Hamlet, the name of his best-known play. He wrote both tragedy that makes us sad and comedy that makes us laugh and both make us think as well. That's the life itself. Actually, aren't happiness and sadness go arm in arm in life? One day, we laugh, and another day we cry. As I mentioned before, he didn't see his works as literature; writings created for the sake of art, but he considered the literature as the life itself and told about the real life, reflected people's lifestyles, and impossible love of Romeo and Juliet or taking revenge in Hamlet. In his works, he questioned the meaning of life and of being man. We are still stuck in these questions as being those living sometimes in happiness and sometimes in sorrow between life and death; as in his plays and in the real life, one day we are victors and another day, we are losers. This is life itself.

Finally, his plays are still performed and he is still very famous. In my opinion, firstly, it is because we don't know much about him and we, human beings, are currcy to know the unknown things and secondly, it is because we find ourselves in his works, his characters are still alive among us. There is nothing new if we don't weigh the technological developments. Everybody tries to act his role; sometimes our play becomes successful, sometimes it fails. Isn't the most known line in all English literature 'to be or not to be' the question whose answer we all want to know? 'To be (live), give struggle, fail or win; or just die.' Needless to say our interest in the unknown lasts, we will keep on running after our unknown hero, and trying to know much about him. Shakespeare: only hearing his name is enough to start a long chat.

SHAKESPEARE STILL IS THE YOUNGEST PLAYWRIGHT

By Leyla ALTINDİS (junior)

Shakespeare's five-century old comedy "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was put on play as 'Bahar Noktası' with the help of Can Yücel's translation and hard work of Müşfik Kenter.

'Bahar Noktası' is a comedy in which man's sense of lawmaking and disobeying is staged. Müşfik Kenter defines 'Bahar Noktası', as a play including some senses of humour, showing the rapid changes in the state of mind of today's youth, their love, and "how a theatre should be", which reaches completeness with the elements of Eastern humour by means of Can Yücel's translation and the right amount of satire. But most importantly, he defines the magic the play includes: 'Shakespeare created a perfect work by getting lots of elements of love mixed up. And Can Yücel translated it into Turkish to keep him close to us, but he already was. To me, Shakespeare is the youngest playwright in the world.'

In the translation of the play which takes place in Athens in the archaic period exist some adaptations to Turkish geography. Kenter, when asked the question 'What would Shakespeare think if he had watched today's version of five centuries old comedy of love, magic and faults?', says: 'The Greek adaptations added some colour and joy to the play. Today, Shakespeare still exists. The Globe theatre on Shakespeare's time was unfurnished. Most things were left to the audience to understand. We facilitate the theatre for them by decorating the stage, putting some effects of light and music.'

'Our people are behind theatre'

Calling attention to the sophisticated Turkish theatre and the audience left behind, Kenter claims that the audience was taken away from the theatre either consciously or unconsciously.

He says 'They got people accustomed to so cheap things... They grow lazy and look for excuse for not going to the theatre. During the World War II, in Germany and France theatres were not closed. After the war, Germany first constructed the theatre and opera buildings. Unfortunately, it is of no importance for us. We tried hard to build one in Harbiye, but no one cares. If we had done this somewhere else, they would treat us with great respect and honour'.

Being one of the oldest actors, Müşfik Kenter doesn't have much hope for the future of the Turkish theatre. He complains that people in our country are not curious about theatre. While, in foreign countries, children meet Shakespeare and theatre education in primary schools, the artistic quality is not given until conservatory in Turkey.

From an Omniscient Tradition to Critical Thinking

By Hasan SAĞLAM (junior)

Poem has become a branch of art which has writers more than readers. To my utter amazement, those writers, let alone read other poems, do not bother to read what they wrote for the second time. What I want to consider here is the adventures of poem, and the contribution of such 'feasts of poems' to poetry. However, I have to state that I have no intention to question poets, readers or its form, since it's a cryptic branch of art.

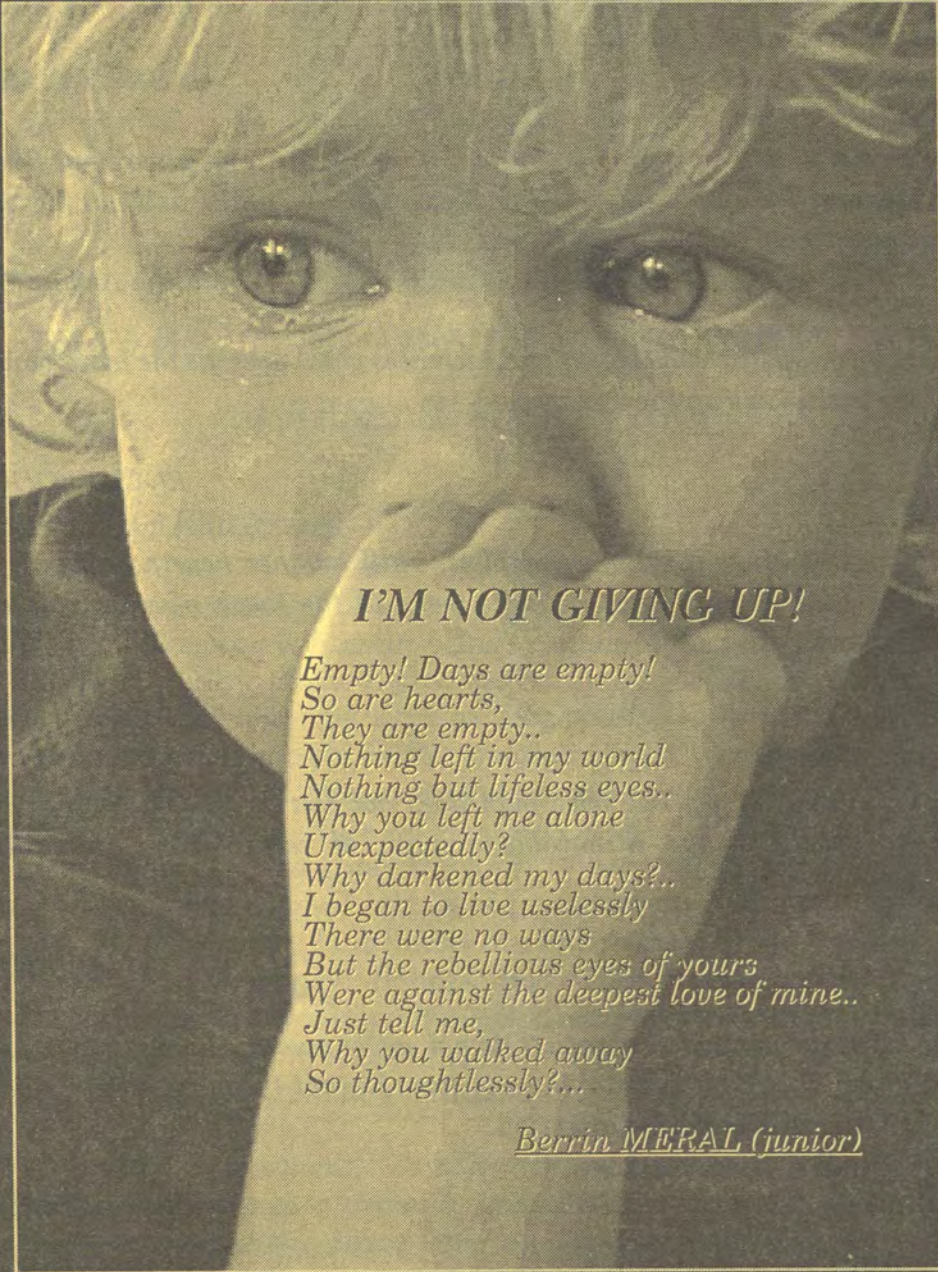
Leave all other genres of art, poetry, too, has its own construction but the building is addressed to all people. However, unlike other branches of art, the poet should increase his volume to reach masses but how much those arbitrary sequencing of words which are waiting to be put in the basket echo? That's why we are quite fascinated when we hear a poem from a real poet. Because we realise that our flow of rough ideas which need to be shaped are limping on the page. So, the question is 'how we can create a magic stick' to this disabled creature of ours.

Poets are like the father and the son with their written pieces, unfortunately. Because nobody can consider what they have written with an impartial eye. Probably that's why we need editors. What they can do in this manner would be judging their works through merciless glasses.

What are their assumptions when they hear the word 'poem'? To some, it's merely the reflection of sudden feelings that triggers the mind in a split second. To some others, it's just a means of relaxation or a free time activity. What a poem is to those views is the mollifying sound of the water to Mimar Sinan or an up-to-date film to a television junk from the womb. We can consider the gambler who plays cards from dawn to sunset or a poem reader in the same scales according to this spin-minded assumptions. Then, why need to bother reading all those alien words? Why did Shakespeare take the burden of using volumes of poetic language? Why did T.S Eliot try to give a message from another world with words? Why did Necip Fazıl attempt to mention the name of God with sequences of sounds? Why did Nazım Hikmet want to spread his ideologies through the medium of a poetic usage? So, understanding poetry is more than we assume. What is it then?

Following a traditional way I will not describe what understanding poetry suggests explicitly. But it's better to define it by inferring from what it is not. If you can't give a sense to words which indicate a microcosm of real life, it's not a good reading. If you don't go on a mental trip to nature with Emily Dickinson, still you are dealing with meaningless syllables. If you don't feel the rhythm in Edgar Allan Poe's works, your attempts to read all those poems are in vain. Shortly, a poem is for comprehension. If you haven't grasped the meaning of what a poem is or what a poem does, you are still a beggar on a treasure island.

To sum up, having a cook on a hammock while reading a poem will not give much sense to you. Maybe by doing that you'll merely satisfy your desire to be classified in a reader group, but isn't it just like not knowing how to drive a car with a driving license? I hope this omniscient tradition of poem will change and leave its place to an infant genre which requires critical thinking, analysing, synthesising. I wish they had read more and more before writing the poem which they consider as their masterpiece.



I'M NOT GIVING UP!

*Empty! Days are empty!
So are hearts,
They are empty..
Nothing left in my world
Nothing but lifeless eyes..
Why you left me alone
Unexpectedly?
Why darkened my days?..
I began to live uselessly
There were no ways
But the rebellious eyes of yours
Were against the deepest love of mine..
Just tell me,
Why you walked away
So thoughtlessly?...*

Berrin MERAL (junior)

marco biglia © 2002

QUOTABLE QUOTES

In a very real sense, people who have read good literature lived more than people who have not read...It is not true that we have only one life to live; if we can read we can live as many lives as we wish...

S.T. HAYAKAWA

Flatter me, and I may not believe you. Criticize me, and I may not like you. Ignore me, and I may not forgive you. Encourage me, and I will not forget you. Love me and I may be forced to love you..

William Arthur WARD

Absence diminishes small loves and increases great ones, as the wind blows out the candle and blows up the bonfire.

ROCHEFOUCALD

Every hearth sings a song, incomplete, until another hearth whispers back. Those who wish to sing always find a song. At the touch of a lover, everyone becomes a poet.

PLATO

Life is a pilgrimage...The wise man does not rest at the roadside inns. He marches directly to the illimitable domain of eternal bliss, his ultimate destination.

SIVANANDA

When I sit down to write a book, I do not say to myself, "I am going to produce a work of art." I write it because there is some lie that I want to expose, and some fact to which I want to draw attention.

G. ORWELL

Ambition flies, joy runs but wisdom walks. That is why wisdom is always late.

From AFRICA



BACKWARD MOMENTS AT AN ADVANCED PRESENT SITUATION

By Hasan SAĞLAM (junior)

Recently, as we attempt to adjust our timepieces according to the time zone of the 21th century, human beings contempt for patterns which they can not adopt. Established structures that became common place underwent radical changes and at last took the spiritless photo that portrays a corrupted society within the frame of modernism. We still wait to see whether this faint colours on the photo may reflect our inner life.

Hegel describes the culture as 'objective geist' that is 'concretised soul'. It's quite trouble some to apply the term to our present situation. Because is not it singing the song of lost loves in the existing planet of the extinct universe? So, why worry to mention the importance of the bread of which yeast kneaded with money? Because according to this point of view the bread in the scales of a utilitarian glass, is the substance that satisfies your hunger and an ordinary one to make money, if considered within the frames of a materialist baker. Thus, it's difficult to mention a sacred spirit in our daily life.

To my utter amazement, we look for such a spirit in materialistic approaches that breathed from a utilitarian philosophy or in a train following a materialistic track. Are we looking for our symmetry on a mythical mountain ? The famous French poet, Paul Valery, says 'A lion' s stomach consists of the animals it has eaten.' So, why are we looking for such a spirit in schools which have no room for inner satisfaction but movements merely accommodate a greedy saturation?

SILENCE SPEAKS

By Nilay UZUNER(junior)

It is difficult not to see that man has some handicaps in expressing himself. It is because more often he starts to explain the most concrete things in the most abstract way. At last it is human being! Sure to find one way to express himself! Because he is the peerless creature granted a gift of expressing himself and his opinions. It is and will ever be impossible to annihilate all the ways to express himself and reveal his ideas although he is wanted to be limited by strong prohibitions and he is left with terrible sanctions just to prevent him from speaking and it is unnatural to keep silent about the sanctions forbidding him to voice up. Yet, it is mistaken to suppose that he keeps silent because of these sanctions: man can express himself even if he does not speak. Because one fundamental characteristic of man is to talk and it is not always necessary to put your feelings into words, that he keeps silent means much. That is why his silence is not like the silence of a lamb or something else.

In fact the point to be understood must be why someone forces some others to be silent. What do those who prevent talking want to be spoken? Why do they get disturbed? Although such questions and many others have been a secret for some time, can this misery and the things they want to hide be kept hidden forever?

Human, sometimes, express his ideas either by his jests or by his way of mimics when bound to speak, sometimes telling a joke or reading a poem will be his expressing. But that a person never speaks will not be able to succeed if the person is still a human being, even death cannot manage this. What other results have occurred when a poet was executed to prevent him from writing satire except from emphasizing his words used in his lifetime and bringing all his words to further eras?

That is why speaking does not have to be performed only by a concrete language. That the people who want to talk will be a group of the silent means too much. But some keep silent so silently that it is something like not caring your addressee; that is the silence of those who are forced to keep silent.



A MAN AND A DEATH

By Sinem COL (junior)

It was 1961...

...July 2nd,

A pistol was pulled in a house at Kentchum, USA

It was a suicide.

Only a few days before that, he told his wife on the phone that life was more difficult and complex than death. In fact, it wasn't the first time he talked about 'death' in the family. What's more, several times in the past he tried to commit suicide but, to him, all of them ended in 'failure'.

Depending on his family, indeed, all his depressive feelings were lied in his background. His father Dr. Clarence, mother Grace Hall, sister Ursula and brother Leicester were sharing the same end. Though the dates were different, they all died

committing suicide.

Upon his father's suicide, he said '... My father was a fearful person. He killed himself but there was no reason. At least I think so. There is no other explanation: he was just a coward man. I wanted to give a reason to his death... really I tried for it... really...but there was no reason. Then, I've learnt what "fearful" means. This, I know how to escape from it.' However, telling all these, he missed one point: nobody never knows what the future comes with!

He ran away when he was about fifteen, and then, started to live with American-Indians. He worked in various jobs such as farming, washing, fishing, hunting (his favourite one). As a journalist, he also joint the world wars. His writings bought him fame.

On the other hand, throughout his life, he showed some kinds of depressive behaviour: insomnia, nightmares, loneliness, getting suspicious about everybody and everything. Maybe just because of these reasons, his career was full of falls and rises. He was, in short, unhappy albeit a famous one.

And...

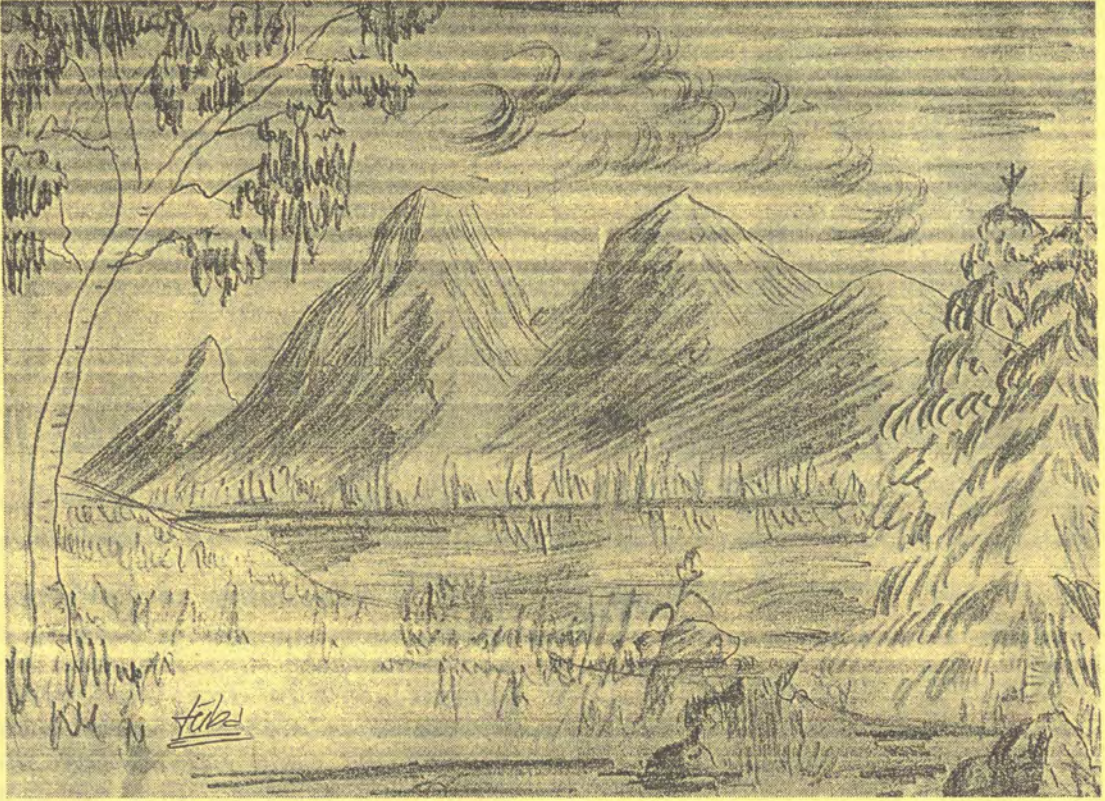
It was 1961...

... July 2nd,

A pistol was pulled in a house at Kentchum, USA

It was a suicide.

And the name of the death body on the floor was Ernest Hemingway!



-43 DAYS-

*I am still in a haze,
Falling into an abyss
In spite of 43 days without you.
Forgetting you?
It is not that simple.
I know,
Willy-nilly I will understand
Your brutatily one day.*

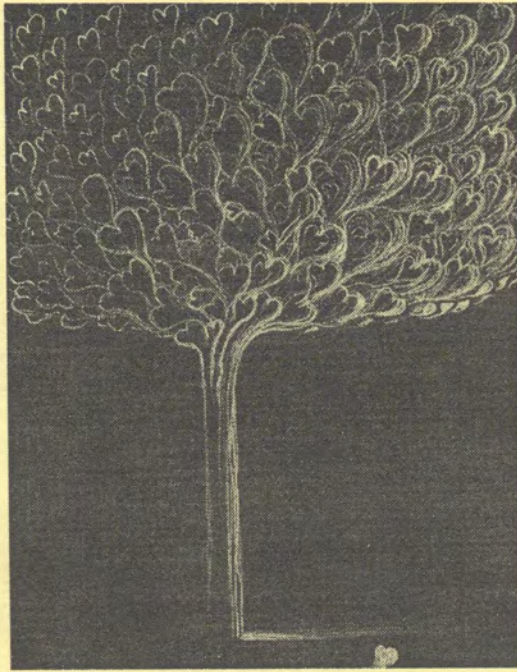
*You are a craven,
You are shunned by competition.
And now I understand,
Somethings are too important to be left to you!*

Nurcan SALTOĞLU (prep B)



ONCE UPON A TIME...

*How little things
We used to cry for
Lack of hair
A toy
Or a doll
Grown up we are now
Even the greatest things
Cannot make us fall
Death,
Failure and War
Are we stronger a bit
Or more familiarised with things
Or is learning about life
To get accustomed to it?*



A NIGHT OF HOPE

*Along a dark room, in a mood of despair
I carry on my monologue in a narrow sphere
It's my mission which many people not care
I'm on the way towards the edge, unknowingly...*

*Though I'm aware I'm struggling in vain
An obstinate mind with a gloomy heart in pain
For a light of hope at the opposite of my lane
I'm in the queue of truth, unwittingly.*

*Me and My hope, conflicting with each other
One all the throne of a ruler, other in the shape of a begger
For a raise of smile who has the last laughter
I'm the advocate of my truth, though lonely..*

Hasan SAĞLAMEL (junior)

I'M NOT AN ORPHAN!

By Nihal USTAÖMER(sophomore)

It was just like the other days. There was no difference or any other extra excitement. They woke up at 8am just as they did any other bloody day. They had breakfast at 8:30am after tidying their beds just like any other bloody day. And they were still orphan just like any other bloody day. They would suffer in silence just like every other bloody day...

Arda was very different from the others. He wasn't strong enough to defend himself against other children's attacks. But he was strong enough to be aware of the hurting truth: the truth that they were orphan and that would remain the same forever. He was the only child accepting this truth maturely. And this was the only thing that the others had always appreciated about him. He had neither complained about that painful truth nor rebelled.

They weren't brave enough to face this reality. They always went on waiting for their parents both hopelessly and hopefully. Either a mother or a father, that didn't matter. Or who their parents were, that didn't matter too, of course. They just wanted to be sure that they had a parent, bad or good, beautiful or ugly, stupid or clever... whatever they were. But Arda was so different, he had spoken no single word about his parents, bad or good.

That day, a rainy Sunday, they were preparing for the usual chess tournament that took place every Sunday morning after breakfast. And the favourite winner of the game was Arda again. He was taking revenge on the attacks and the beatings with this tournament. He was beating them all with the brain power of his. No one had been able to beat him by then. He was the absolute champion of the chess. May be, that's why the other kids had never liked this tournament of chess.

The chess tables and the chairs were prepared, the counters were placed. Now everything was ready. It was Arda's time to take revenge and be happy only once a week.

Just a few minutes before the tournament, Arda remembered something painful as well as tragic. One Sunday, they had had visitors. They had been playing games and singing altogether. A few hours later, the children had started to complain as usual. Arda had always hated those times. He believed that these complaints were just making them humiliated. And these unnecessary talk made the guests pitied for them. But Arda was too proud to be pitied.

Especially, there was something that he could never forget. One of the most irritating girls in orphan house, Aysen, made the biggest mistake of her life. She talked about Arda with one of the guests. She said that Arda was the strangest child all in orphanage. She said that Arda did not have any visitors anytime; neither a relative nor a parent. No one. Hearing those, the visitors felt so a deep pity for Arda. That could be seen obviously in her face. That minute, Arda felt as if he were the most vulgar creature of the universe. This speech touched the most painful point of his heart. Because, he could see the uncertainty of the visitor. When Aysen was talking about Arda, the guest girl felt hopeless, she couldn't know what to say, she got stuck. This was even much more vulgar.

From that day on, Aysen was Arda's biggest enemy. He was considering her as a true enemy. She made Arda experience the worst day of his life. She made him suffer to die, so she had to suffer too. And he knew what to do. He would break Aysen's doll. Only with this, he could take the absolute revenge because that doll was the most valuable thing in the world for Aysen, just like the pride Arda had. Aysen broke his most valuable thing, now this should be her turn!

He would put his plan in use just before the chess tournament. Only that time, no one could see him breaking the doll. Arda went upstairs, entered Aysen's room, went to her bed, took the doll... When he was about to throw the doll on the ground for it to be broken, he stopped. Suddenly, he remembered all his memories and the pains he felt that damned day. Now, he couldn't dare to break it and make Aysen feel the same pains. He couldn't help thinking about the possible memories of Aysen with the doll. May be, her parents had given it to her, and may be that's why it was so valuable and special for her. He wouldn't be able to do. He gave up and turned back to the tournament room.

Again he wasn't able to take revenge. Again he wasn't able to hurt anybody. Again there was only one way left to take revenge; the brain power. The tournament began. Just as in any other tournaments, he beat all his rivals one by one. One more time, he was in final with his ancient chess rival, Aysen, the girl who had taken everything from Arda. She had taken the best thing of his life, his pride, from him. At least he had to beat her in chess and feel relaxed even a bit. Even a bit.

The final game began, and lasted only a few minutes. In only six minutes Arda had beaten Aysen very easily. This used to be so every time, and the history repeated again. One more time, Aysen swore to beat him next time knowing that she could never do. Arda was as happy as he could ever be, because he could never be so happy. When he felt happy, he used to smile with pride. This time, he did the same thing again with a small difference. This time, he had more pride in his eyes than ever, also his eyes were shining more than ever. This made Aysen much more angry, and Arda much more irritating.

This irritation forced Aysen to take Arda's happiness from him. This happiness was too much for Arda. He didn't deserve to be happy this much. So she decided to make him suffer to die one more time. The pain of losing the chess game could make Aysen do anything. And she pulled the trigger! Aysen started to shout as strong as she could.

Arda is an orphan, Arda is an orphan! He has had no visitor by now! He is much more orphan than any of us! That's why he has never talked about his parents! That's why he thinks he is so proud! He is such a silly boy that he thinks he is different from us. But he is as orphan as us! Even much more orphan than any of us!

When Arda left the room, Aysen was still shouting unconsciously indeed. Arda felt to die one more time. Moreover, one more time because of that damned girl! He couldn't dare to hurt her, but why she was so cruel against him? One more time Arda wished to die. One more time, he lost his all pride; everything he had. He was very ashamed of being an orphan; that's why he could never talk about it. He was aware of the bloody fact that, he was much more orphan than any of the children. Aysen expressed only the facts, nothing but facts. Everything Aysen said was true. May be that's why he was affected so deeply. May be that's why he got hurt so bitterly.

Now that he was aware of the facts more than ever. He woke up to the fact that it was a dream called 'pride'. Now he knew that he had hidden all his loneliness and yearning behind his big sense of 'pride'. This was the only thing he had. His pride. His lost pride.

He had noticed that he was too orphan to be happy. He was too orphan to be proud.

I'M NOT AN ORPHAN' would be the name of his first book which would break all sale records all over the country, in the future. And Aysen would play the main role in his great success with the pains she gifted Arda. And a truth would never go away from his mind:

He was too orphan to be happy!

INFLUENCE WITH YOUR AURA

By Tugba CINAR (sophomore)

Up to now, people who have tried hard to be charismatic have learnt the reality that it can be possible only curing their inner world. Well, the way to "charisma" passes through the AURA and improving your AURA depends on your effort.

That human body is completely loaded with energy is a scientific fact. The body of electromagnetic waves is our AURA. There are four different body of AURA in our body: inner-physical, intellectual, emotional and psychological. In order to get along well with himself, one should get to know his Aura body before the physical one. From this point of view, for women to compose their own magnetic area is very easy. You can perform it only with enthusiasm. When you fall in love, find your ideal job or try on a new dress in a cabinet and think that it is really suitable for you, you feel it time after time. It is possible to taste this enthusiasm when you fell good. Now, the magical formulas to continue these happy moments forever:

BE ALWAYS BRILLIANT!

This brilliance doesn't mean glittering or dazzling as you may expect. This is a light which you give off unconsciously. Things that we experience during a day is by no means different from scenario.

Our friends, companions and others who roll; all of them have different missions. That is, if we are optimistic our attitude will be positive too. Everything depends upon us. If we look at directly the eyes of our interlocutor instead of his feet, we will give silent message to him. The other element of optimism is smiling. When you feel good, and so smile, you will give positive energy to others automatically.

TEST: Finish your sentences always affirmative words such as "of course," "it's possible," "there is a solution to all our problems..."

GROW HAPPINESS:

Both being optimistic and being happy are the basic principles of communication. Your joy can easily be seen on your face and in your actions. As long as you look happy, you'll push your person to felicity. Of course, it's necessary to define its imitations because if your interlocutor's sadness is immense and you tend to ignore this insistently, you will not be approved in a good way. The most important point is to control your laugh as well as your anger.

TEST: Try to yell out: "this is magnificent!", at least four times a day. For this you should incline to new areas and you will see that they will make you happy.

PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR SPEAKING:

In order to constitute a personal magnetic area, you should create authentic communication. The way to this passes through speaking. You should avoid speaking just for the sake of speaking. Topics which are among your interlocutor's interests make the communication easy. Always be honest. The real dialogue can be possible with mutual relations. Never hide your thoughts and never become afraid of being criticised by your interlocutor.

TEST: Put forward a topic in a meeting and create an argument topic. If your ideas are listened by the majority, it means that you are on the right path.

LEARN HOW TO LISTEN!

Another most important quality of charismatic people is that they know how to listen. You should persuade your interlocutor that you are listening to him carefully. It is possible to secure the authentic communication by only showing that you attach importance to his ideas.

TEST: Examine the gestures of a person towards you while he's speaking. Pay attention to his mimics and the words he used. He'll notice your interest and think that you are really a different person.

SELF-CONFIDENCE!

Don't forget that a person who does not trust in himself cannot give positive energy to others. Destroy the fixed-idea of "nobody shows respect to me" in your mind. First of all, look at yourself and if you're aggressive try to be much moderate. If you think you are quite ineffective, take courage to express your ideas in public.

TEST: Imagine yourself on a theatre stage. Convince yourself that you are very successful. Then, change the philosophy that "I believe if I see" into "I see if I believe"

EMPATHY!

When there is a problem; if you can really put yourself in the same boat, you certainly have a charismatic personality. Because as long as you share the problem you will make your interlocutor pleased. In this manner, you can gain the other's trust. When there is a dispute, you should have your interlocutor feel that he's in your interest.

TEST: During the conversation, you ask your friend where his problem has originated from and do your best to solve. Be sure that his attitudes towards you will change in a positive way.



TYPES OF PEOPLE AND MUSIC

By Kismet İŞVEREN (junior)

How do you think music stimulates people? And how do you think people response to it? Music addresses people's souls, their way of life, their manner, thoughts, emotions, and feelings. It is music which takes a person from one time to another, which means it makes your memory a live and fresh, and it is again music that provides ease of heart, peace of mind, relieves one's sorrow or makes sorrow reappear. However, the ranges of emotions which music arouses in people change according to the types of music they like. These music types may differ from country to country. It's rock, pop, jazz and folk in the States, and in many European countries, but we can add Turkish Art and Arabesque to the list in our country.

What kind of people listen to rock music? and Why? It's easy to answer this question if you listen to it just once. This music type sounds a bit hard. Even it can scratch your ear and make you uneasy. On the other hand, there are so many people enjoying rock music. While a rock singer is yelling and while an electro guitar is harshly sounding, the listener, too, yells and feels relieved. In this way, the listener feels like pouring the negative energy in him out. But yet, I think excessive 'rock' means violence, and sounds scary. It is OK and enjoyable if it is made in moderation.



A SAYING

*Cast stones on the road you will turn back
So that you can find the place you came
Show your love to the heart you will come into
Lest you can find what you give the same*

*Still in my hopelessness
Faded roses in my heart
Indifferent birds like in a mourning mourn
Though their independence
The sun shining behind dark clouds
Like a coward fighter
Only a thing known well
It's my death just soon.*

Burcin KEF (prep B)

TO LIVE IS A GOOD THING!

By Didar ÖZYURT (Sophomore)

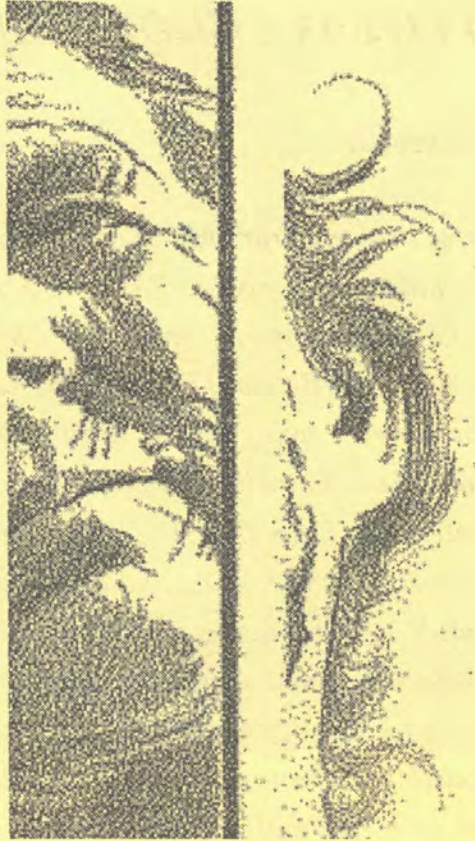
I remember the first time my grandfather warned me about the difficulties which I would probably meet during my life. We were in the garden and that was the first time in which he talked to me in that way. He had told me stories about birds, dogs or likeable heroes until then. I was only six years old so it was a very strange situation for me. Maybe I was growing up but believe me, I was not ready to meet and overcome any kind of problems, though. His stories turned to be more serious and more realistic ones. Since then, I've learned many lessons from life in terms of becoming an adult, a human being and an honest person.

Becoming an adult and behaving in that way is not easy at all. My grandfather would always say, 'If you want to be an adult, the first thing you have to do is to know about all your responsibilities'. I realised during my growing process that your responsibilities grow up as you grow older. You have to be aware of many things, many problems and many facts. You have to be respectful to anyone who is older, wiser and more experienced than you.

Another important point here is to be humanist. I have learned that everyone deserves to be loved. As my grandfather did, I like anyone in my life and show respect to them as well. I always look for an opportunity to help poor people and provide them with all the things they need as much as I can. This affects me so positively and makes my life meaningful.

The last and the most important lesson I have learned during my life is being honest all the time. This is so difficult a task that sometimes I am suspicious even about myself: whether I am really honest or not. And I know that everybody thinks in the same way I do. It is impossible to be entirely honest but it is possible to try to be so at least.

I am glad that I have experienced many good moments shared with him and I have many lessons about life. I am still learning different lessons from different persons even after his death. Even though I miss my granddad very much, I know that he is still somewhere in my life and somehow directs my life positively.



IS NOVEL A CORPSE PASSED ONTO A LIFE ETERNAL?

By Zeynep TEMEL (junior)

The novel as a vast genre, has taken a considerable distance from its birth onwards. It gives a clear picture of the era in which it is produced and reflects certain ideologies present in a society that makes up its social, economic and political situation and its social standing or life style amongst other nations.

The topics novels cover are not conventional, which is why we ask the question: Is it eternal? Yes, we believe it is so. The novels that were written a century ago can still be read even today. They are based upon a philosophical background and psychological point of view.

There is no novel as 'dead', because no matter when it is written, the novel comes out as a need of human being to find solutions to the problems. Most novels, if not all, are produced for this purpose. That is why the novel is always alive.

Many novels were written in the past and still many, with their languages and style, are on their way. As long as man exists, so will the novel.

QUOTABLE QUOTES

● *FREEDOM* never yet was given to nations as a gift, but only as a reward, bravely earned by one's own exertions.

Lajos Kossuth

● *MONEY* is a good servant but a bad master.

French Proverb

● *I FORGET* who it was that recommended men for their soul's good to do each day two things they disliked. It is a precept that I have followed scrupulously ; for every day I have got up and I have gone to bed.

Somerset Maugham

● *EXPERIENCE* is what you get when you don't get what you want

Dan Stanford

● *CHILDREN* have never been good at listening to their elders, but they have never failed to imitate them.

James Baldwin

● *THE GREATEST* fault is to be conscious of none.

Thomas Carlyle

● *GOOD THOUGHTS* bear good fruit, bad thoughts bear bad fruit his own gardener.

James Allen

● *THE MOST* important things in life aren't things.

Quoted in bulletin of First Christian church, Fairfield, Illinois

● *IN THE* race of quality, there is no finish line.

David Kearns

● *THE CHAINS* of habit are generally too small to be felt until they are too strong to be broken

Samuel Johnson

● *GOALS* are dreams with deadlines.

Diana Scharf Hunt

● *IMAGINATION* will often carry us to worlds that never were. But without it, we go nowhere.

Carl Sagan, Cosmos

● *FLATTERY* is charming because it confirms our opinions of ourselves.

Duc François Gaston de Lévis

● *ALWAYS* bear in mind that your own resolution to succeed is more important than any one thing.

Abraham Lincoln

● *MAY YOU* look back on the past with as much pleasure as you look forward to the future.

Paul Dickson, Toasts