

ARCADIA

A MAGAZINE BY ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE STUDENTS

- LITERATURE ANALYSIS
- CINEMA&ART REVIEWS
- RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN
LITERATURE AND OTHER FIELDS
- ARTWORKS OF STUDENTS
- AND MUCH MORE...

ECE EKIN ÇELİK, HELİN KAYA, IRMAK SORAN



TERMS AND POLICIES

OF ARCADIA MAGAZINE

As the new team of Arcadia, we would like to start by stating our terms for your work to be included in this magazine. We have a word count of 1-3500 for your work and while sending, please include your word count as well. We are accepting written works in PDF format for easy access, and images or photographs in JPG or PNG with the source included too. Your choice of topic should not offend any other community, and stay within ethical borders to create a safe space for readers while remaining related to the concept of Arcadia. All submissions are scanned through for any instances of AI or plagiarism, which will not be tolerated and result in banishing the author or artist completely from the magazine. To talk about our policies, Arcadia is a digital magazine published annually by English Language and Literature students. We would like to state the fact that any opinion or idea found in our magazine belongs to the authors and artists along with the copyrights concerning all pieces and does not reflect the ideas of the Department of English Language and Literature, Faculty of Letters, Ege University. We are free of charge and do not seek profit. We accept works, and feedback, through our e-mail address (arcadiaege@gmail.com) and we are actively using social media platforms such as Instagram ([@arcadiaege](https://www.instagram.com/arcadiaege)). This issue is published in June 2024, English Language and Literature Department, Ege University.



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FROM THE EDITORS

As the new team of our department's magazine Arcadia, we are here to break the stereotypes while also innovating the Arcadia by combining its perennial traditions with new and younger points of views. We would like to show you many different aspects of literature and its relationship between various fields such as fashion and philosophy while also breaking the "One can only be good at one field" stereotype by adding drawings made by our department's students. Starting with interviews made with our department's professors, you will get a chance to have an insight into their ideals on various topics. You will also read many poems that will make your gut wrench, many critical essays that will make you wander in your own thoughts for hours, and short stories that will make you wonder what is to happen next. Lastly, we would like to thank our amazing professors who helped us overtake this tradition of our department and gave us this amazing opportunity to be the voice of the students of the English Language and Literature. As the new team of Arcadia, it is an honor for us to be able to continue this legacy of our department and we hope from the bottom of our hearts that you will be honored of us too! We proudly present to you Arcadia's 5th and our first but not last issue! We sincerely hope you enjoy it as much as we did while creating it!

TEAM OF ARCADIA

Three handwritten signatures in dark ink, slanted upwards from left to right. The first signature appears to be 'exin', the second 'Helin', and the third is a more stylized signature.



WHY “CROSSING AT THE SCHRECKENSTEIN” IS OUR COVER?

The cover of our magazine, titled "Crossing at the Schreckenstein," is a painting from 1837 by the famous artist Ludwig Richter. We link our own journey with Arcadia to the adventurous spirit depicted in the artwork. The picture evokes a sense of struggle however the use of the color yellow in the artwork reflects the concept that facing challenges can ultimately result in reaching wonderful destinations, symbolizing optimism and happiness post-journey. The variety of ages and genders among the passengers represents life's cycle and journey.

The focal point of the painting is the sunlit scene, skillfully depicted by Richter through the interplay of light and shadows, creating a sense of depth with long shadows and a stark contrast between light and dark.

The painting depicts a ferryman taking passengers across the river, with each person displaying unique emotions and circumstances. The ferryman's confident stance represents the laboring population, showcasing his expertise and abilities. A youthful pair, completely focused on one another, radiates a romantic bond. The man sitting in front of the elderly harp player seems lost in thought, looking downwards. Despite their differences in state, all passengers have one thing in common – they are indifferent to the beauty of the surrounding landscape.

Essentially, "Crossing at the Schreckenstein" is a remarkable piece of art that captures the beauty and unpredictability of nature, connecting with us as the editors of Arcadia.

INSPIRING TALKS: FUNDA CIVELEKOĞLU

by Irmak SORAN



1- We know that your interests consist of gothic literature and films as you told us before. Do those interests of yours have any influence on your way of thinking and what appeals to you most about those two topics?

It certainly affects my way of thinking and also the other way around, my way of thinking is highly influential on my academic interests. Starting from my childhood, I was always keen on watching horror movies and listening to horror stories from the elder ones in the family. When it comes to your question, of course, what you study somehow influences your life and how you theoretically approach texts. Your profession is also influential in your life. As far as my observations concern, one thing that is highly missing in academia is sometimes we tend to maintain a big distance from real life. That might sometimes bring us some kind of detachment and then you feel that detachment, you start to be more engaged in people, the environment, and what is happening around you and in the world but specifically when I think of how gothic literature shapes my life, I cannot say that there is a direct relationship with that but of course, my academic interests are not only limited to gothic literature. The theoretical approaches or the way I try to handle the problems are also influential. Not maybe in the sense of primary texts but its theoretical part is also influential. Other than that of course I still love working on gothic fiction and I still like those kinds of stories and even in visual media and so on. This is something that I am accustomed to so much starting from my childhood.

2- What is it about literature that keeps you excited?

For almost two or three years I have tried to focus on some more interdisciplinary subjects and it is now to me that literature is more valuable when it is engaged with other disciplines like cinema, all the arts, or even social and natural sciences including medicine. I'm trying to deal with those bonds of literature with other disciplines and this is what makes me excited for the last two or three years. It can also be inferred from the classes that I teach in the department as I also teach "Literature and Film". I try to follow what is happening and what is newly coming out in terms of movies, series, and so on. I try to keep myself somehow up-to-date but the relationship of literature and other disciplines is the most exciting issue for me for the last two or three years.

INSPIRING TALKS: ÖNDER ÇETİN

by Irmak SORAN



1- As we heard, one of your interests is ecocriticism. What made you get into it?

Yes, I am into ecocriticism. I was looking for a PhD topic and one of my colleagues told me to look into war literature. When I looked into war literature, I especially focused on the biographies of writers and I saw that there were a lot of nature descriptions in their writings for example in “Good-Bye to All That” by Robert Graves, “Undertones of War” by Edmund Blunden and “Memoirs of an Infantry Officer” by Siegfried Sassoon. Those three of them interested me in their nature descriptions and I thought to myself “What is the point of giving nature descriptions in these works?” and that became my research question. Then I looked into “Trauma Theory” and I learned that post-traumatic stress disorder shows its effects much longer than the trauma itself. I looked at the publication dates of those books and saw that they wrote their memoirs much after the war. With that realization, I found my PhD topic, ecocriticism, because both of the things that I was interested in were involved. I realized my interest in ecocriticism and have been reading ever since.

2- Can you give us some book recommendations based on your interests?

Ecocriticism is an umbrella term covering many areas of study. For theoretical reference, you can read “The Ecocriticism Reader” edited by Cheryll Glotfelty. It was the first book that came up with which uniting ecocritical or environment-focused works. It consists of the writings of many writers in that respect. Another introductory book could be “Ecocriticism (The New Idiom)” by Greg Garrard. These books will guide people through the ecocritical theory. Those books aim to investigate the representations of the physical spaces in literature and aim to create awareness just like how feminist theory investigates gender in literature.

INSPIRING TALKS:

ZÜLEYHA ÇETINER-ÖKTEM

by Irmak SORAN



1- We've learned that you are interested in mythology, comparative literature, and European languages – most interestingly we've heard that you know Old English. What made you want to learn it and does it have any influence on the other fields that you are interested in?

I'm not fluent in Old English, I just have a working knowledge of it. I did study a year of Old English when I was doing my graduate studies. It was so long ago so I barely remember it but yes, I did study a year of Old English because of my love for medieval literature. Similarly, I also have a working knowledge of Latin and then I did study about two and a half years of French. Turkish is also one of the languages that I learned later in my life as I wasn't born in this geography but in the United States. I came here when I was just about to become a teenager and had many problems trying to understand what this language was. I still sometimes mix up the idioms with their English version but I think the way languages transform is very interesting and I find it very alluring.

2- Can you give us some book recommendations according to your interests?

I love speculative fiction, science fiction and fantasy are my go-to genres. Anything that is about speculative fiction, I'd definitely say, "read it" because it opens up the mind so I find that kind of interesting. I think science fiction and fantasy first became a course in university curriculums during the 70s in the United States so by the time it got to Turkey, a couple of decades have passed, thankfully, one of the first department heads that I worked with, Professor Günseli Sönmez İşçi, asked us if there were any electives that we'd like to offer and I offered a science fiction and fantasy course. I think this was one of the first speculative fiction courses in Turkey, as we're talking about the early 2000s. That was a great breakthrough, I guess. I don't want to say that many people were prejudiced about it, but let's just say the older generation didn't really give science fiction and fantasy the credit that it deserved. Thankfully, having been exposed to various forms of SF&F for decades, people have finally become more open-minded.

3- We know that you are interested in mythology. Is there any specific one that is your favorite and is there a specific reason behind it?

Yes there is a specific reason behind why I'm interested in mythology. I believe myths are stories that made it easier for people to understand what was happening around them and I myself have a memory about it. One day, when my eldest son was two or three years old, it was raining so heavily that even the windows were shaking and my son got scared and started crying. I took out the Norse mythology book and said "Here! Let me introduce you to someone. This is Thor. He is the god of thunder and sometimes when he gets angry, he hits the clouds with his hammer and creates lightning!" After a few weeks had gone by, it was raining once again but this time, he didn't get scared but went and got the book and pointed first at Thor and then the sky with an inquisitive expression. I think this really shows how people used myths in order to make sense of what was happening around them... and this fascinates me.

INSPIRING TALKS: RAMAZAN SARAL

by Irmak SORAN



1- You told us before that you are keen on poetry and also wrote poetry books yourself. What is your inspiration and could you please give us some tips about how to start writing poems?

It all depends on how you define poetry. By poetry do you mean just words written on paper? Then it is just a means to express yourself, but I think of poetry as something more unique, more than just written words. I believe, poetry is anything and can be anything that expresses the incommunicable feelings and experiences of people, to others that might never had the chance to meet in the physical plane. That's why writing poetry is not something that I plan or sit down and think that I need to write-actually when I do that I can never write. I've been thinking of some poems myself for almost 15 years now and I haven't been able to finish them because I systematically try to think of what to write, that's why it never comes. Sometimes poems write themselves and I become the hand that writes it. I have been writing for almost 20 years now and still, I will not be so bold to claim myself as a poet, I believe I'm a poet just like I believe everyone is. Recently I heard a saying that says "When everyone becomes poets, the poets will not need to write anymore." so I believe everyone has the potential to share their experiences as a poet, as poetically as possible but people seem to ignore this potential. Poets are there to remind us that there is something universal, I believe I'm just tapping into that experience myself.

2- Can you give us some poetry book recommendations that are your favorite?

When you say poetry books I feel a little unsure because most of the time I don't tend to like all the poems as much as each other so I can not give a specific name of a poetry collection because I believe every poem in itself is an expression of beauty. Other than that, I have been reading extensively on William Blake because of my studies so for the last 5 or 6 years, I've read everything by Blake, and by everything I mean everything on Blake, everything connected to Blake. So I would definitely recommend reading Blake's works. It can be a little daunting to read Blake at first but when you get to grips with him you can easily identify with his ideas. I am also a subscriber of a site called "poets.org" They send poems to their subscribers daily and each day the theme or the concept changes. Sometimes when I need it the most the poems they send me become my favorite poems because I need that at that time, that's why they touch me on a different level. If you like poetry, you can subscribe there and they will send you a poem every day. Other than English poetry, because I am mostly into English poetry, I like some other poets such as Pablo Neruda, Oğuz Aruoba and Ataoğul Behramoğlu.

INSPIRING TALKS:

BAISE ŞEBNEM TOPLU

by Irmak SORAN



1- As someone who is at the peak of their career, is there any advice you would like to give to your younger self when you just started your career just like us now?

It is a hard question because when I was a university student our books came from the United States and they were the only things we could get hold of. We used to read whatever we could get so I have no regrets about that. I read a lot, but the technology now enables you to read more. You have all the books in your hands but in general, students don't read so there is a great discrepancy between technology and reading. Maybe it is because it was so hard to get books in English I mean in Turkish yes I would read all my parents' library, but in English, there were very few bookstores -just one in İstanbul that I could get hold of. I could just read whatever I found. The point is I believe just reading is fine. Anything you read teaches you something so it is hard to say I shouldn't have read this. Whatever you read teaches you something and literature is about life so even if you read comics, it teaches you something about life. you should always read and I would like to add that you should also watch movies of the novels. The movies of the novels made by Hollywood are also fine but BBC movies are perfect because it gives us an idea about the culture. When you are reading a novel, you do not always get the whole picture of it and miss the details such as what they wear and how the houses look like. When you are reading you transfer the images to the modern age so when you are reading a Jane Austen novel or any other work from the 18th century, you never realize that there is no electricity. The visuality of the literature is also important. Just by reading you have to think as well. Reading too much is not helpful because you should also learn to think. You have to think about what you read. You should read and think about one book instead of just reading five books, ten books. It is also important for you to discuss, do research, and learn how to look from different perspectives at what you read so my advice for my younger self is "Read as much as you can but also analyze them and watch their movies as just reading is not enough."

2- Is there any specific book or generally any work that you think anyone who studies English Language and Literature department must read before graduating?

There are two parameters; one is to read different writers and the other one is to read all the books of a writer. I had that dilemma so I mostly did that after I graduated like finishing all of Jane Austen's novels and finishing most of Shakespeare's plays. There are some canonical works in English literature so you should follow a kind of survey. You should follow up with the writers and know about each of them at least by one work. For example, Shakespeare's Macbeth, A Midsummer Night's Dream Hamlet, and his other plays are all fine, I can not say that you must read this and do not read that. My idea is that you need to have a spectrum of writers because this is going to be your profession and talking like an encyclopedia is not clever if you do not read the works. You should read at least one novel, poem, or play by the canonical writers whether you like them or not so you can make your own choices. I would not say this is a must type of thing.

INSPIRING TALKS: BEGÜM TUĞLU-ATAMER

by Irmak SORAN



1- You mentioned before that one of your favorite movements is “post-modernism” What is it that appeals to you about it and is there a special connection that you might have with it?

Yes, I do have a special connection with post-modernism because I’ve always had a complicated relationship with reality. Ever since I was a little girl, it seemed to me that what we understand by the concept of reality could never be objective. Everyone around me had their own versions of the “real” so reality to me was always subjective. When I was a student at this university, I was shocked when I first started reading post-modernist works and theories because then I realized that fragmentations, that sense of infinite possibilities and expressing yourself and manifesting your inner ideologies, in that kind of infinite number of different possibilities and how you perceive art how, art how you express your world, that really clicked with me and I felt an immense connection with the theories. Originally I wanted to study Shakespeare, that’s how I was imagining my future but then when I read post-modernist theories, when I started reading authors like Italo Calvino or John Fowles, J.G. Ballards, Julian Barnes, and Margaret Atwood, I realized that this is what I was going to study because this is my problem and I’m not using the word problem in a negative sense, as a negative connotation, I just mean that this is something that I need to understand about myself and the world and so I turned to post-modernism and my thesis dissertation if you read it I give a special thank you to my family and I say “I want to thank my family because they showed me how infinite reality is.” That’s the kind of aim I was going for.

2- Could you give us artwork or literature examples of your favorites from the post-modernism movement?

It is actually quite hard for me to pick a favorite but I can say that Marina Abramovic and her performance art to me is wonderful, exceptional and I think that is what art is, expressing your reality in that kind of means, to me it is mind-blowing. I also love Banksy’s works. To me that is also post-modernist art. That also shows how rebellious art really is but it can still be meaningful. Those two are my at most favorite in terms of art. When it comes to literature I’m going to have to say that I can not pick a favorite but I wrote my PhD on Samuel Beckett but I don’t think that he is a post-modernist. I love Beckett because he defies all those limits, he resists being a modernist, he resists being a post-modernist, and he resists all the labels that are attributed to him so that’s why he is my personal favorite but many people will address Beckett as a post-modernist. I also love Margaret Atwood’s MaddAddam trilogy, Julian Barnes’s The Sense of an Ending. J.G. Ballard’s High-Rise is also one of my personal favorites.



ARCADIA
5TH ISSUE

ACADEMIC SECTION

Written by Ufuk ALTUNBAŞ

The Split Identity of



Bertolt Brecht's "Mother":

A Capitalist Motherhood

Believing in the notion that art should be provocative and political, Bertolt Brecht struggled to include sociological and ideological issues of timely events in literature, and especially in theatre, in which he produced noteworthy and disruptive works as an anti-capitalist playwright. As he was willing to take up his theatrical theories a step further, Brecht came up with the idea of epic theatre, which is a dramatic genre that is supposed to react to ongoing socio-political affairs with the aim of informing the



Children, which he wrote in 1939, is an anti-militarist play that reflects the contemporary realities along with Brecht's remarks on capitalism. However, the conjunction of these two standpoints of anti-militarism and anti-capitalism seems to be under-representedly built up in the structure of the play because Brecht tried to portray his ideas, which are even valuable in terms of political and social philosophy, through the inconsistent identity of the character of Mother Courage all together. From these points on, this paper argues that though

audience about the seriousness of the timeous events and making them question what is going on outside the theatre. The point is to approach the life and the scene in a critical way and encourage the audience to criticize the contemporary realities as well – rather than seeing theatre as an escape mechanism. The fact that epic theatre came into sight in the 20th century is of importance because Brecht not only

purposed to reflect the socio-economic affairs of his time concerning capitalism and Marxism, but he was also determined to criticize militarist issues as he witnessed the two world wars, indeed. So, Brecht attempted to represent his ideological sympathies in the plays he wrote as if a propagandist to demonstrate what worldviews he favoured within the political climate of his time. Mother Courage and Her

Bertolt Brecht attempted to portray an anti-militarist and anti-capitalist treatment in Mother Courage and Her Children, the split identity of the Mother Courage that straddles between motherhood and workwomanship ironically reveals an inconsistent treatment by gradually transforming the anti-militarist mother into someone who actually utilizes the capitalistic and patriarchal values of militarism in favour of her avarice.



IN ORDER TO EVALUATE HOW THE MOTHER

becomes inconsistent in terms of her identification with being a mother and being a businesswoman in a militarist and capitalist atmosphere, it would be appropriate to look upon the relationship between womanhood, patriarchy, and capitalism in the first place. According to Heidi Hartmann, with the rise of capitalism, the institutional authority of patriarchal control faced with the threat of destruction due to old and feudal institutions being gradually replaced with the free market in labour force, which ultimately destroyed the notion of families with powerful men over women as women got into labour force now; however, this did not change men's will to prevail women's inferiority; hence, patriarchal hierarchy promoted a segmentation in the labour market to degrade women's power by any means (138-139). So, men's perception of women in labour market is bound to a patriarchal mindset as men do not want to see women in higher positions than theirs. If a woman who is engaged with capitalism seems to be earning more than men thanks to the hard work that woman does, this situation reveals a figuration of injustice in the eyes of men, because in the mind of patriarchy, no matter how much a woman struggles to make her living, it is still not as worthy as a man's struggle due to women's so-called inferior identities. In such an environment, a woman's effort to build up her identity, by taking into consideration the capitalist and patriarchal values,

becomes a compelling endeavour for her; for she is either up to establishing her individual success by overcoming the men's obstacles, or she is up to conform to/abide by men's estimations. In either case, a woman is subject to deal with patriarchy if she wants to gain triumph and welfare that men could attain more effortlessly than them. Related to capitalism, as Hegel discusses the concept of estate and its correlations, he expresses that "the 'reflected' estate has as its allotment the social capital, the medium created by the action of middlemen, of mere agents, and an ensemble of contingencies, where the individual has to depend on his subjective skill, talent, intelligence, and industry" (50). As is seen, the subjective competency of individuals bears importance in such an environment – and considering the situations of women, it can be said that women's identities might be shaped by their degree of adapting to the patriarchal values of this environment; for, their individualistic competencies are eventually measured by the patriarchy that is attempting to control this environment. However, in the perceptual frame, this circumstance brings into question whether a woman's integration with patriarchal and capitalist values deprives her of the values of womanhood or advances her skills and competencies in the way of succeeding, which is the matter of discussion in *Mother Courage and Her Children*, indeed.

However, when looking attentively, it is seen that there is a subtle implication for the degradation of womanhood in the face of militarism, which is combined with the matter of capitalism, as well.

Because the figuration of Mother Courage is revealed to be very inconsistent and antilogical if it is to be related to what Brecht attempted to accomplish – although he wanted to portray an anti-militarist and anti-capitalist representation in the characterization of Mother Courage, her identity overthrows Brecht's purpose and becomes somewhat an incoherent circumstance when considering her involvement in those patriarchal values. When the character of Sergeant tries to convince Mother Courage's boys to participate in the war, she gets mad and draws a knife, upon this, he says:

The character of Mother Courage, throughout the play, shows an identity that seems to be stuck between the values of womanhood and patriarchal capitalism, as well as militarism on top of these elements. The play is set on a battlefield during the 17th century; in a war that results from religious contradictions. Mother Courage is a character who lost her husband(s) and is responsible for taking care of her children in wartime. She continuously talks about how horrifying the wars are and how terrible to lose beloved ones in the wars – she takes on an anti-militarist identity in such a time. On the surface, this seems like an innocent sensation of Mother Courage regarding her identity of motherhood as the harshness of the war might cause her to lose her children.



SERGEANT: You're peaceful all right: your knife proves that. Why, you should be ashamed of yourself. Give me that knife, you hag! You admit you live off the war, what else would you live off? Tell me: how can we have a war without soldiers?

MOTHER COURAGE: Do they have to be mine?

SERGEANT: So that's the trouble. The war should swallow the peach stone and spit out the peach, hm? Your brood should get fat off the war, but the poor war must ask nothing in return; it can look after itself, can it? Call yourself Mother Courage and then get scared of the war – your breadwinner? Your sons aren't scared, I know that much. (Brecht 1.29)

AS IT IS SEEN,

she denies the inconsistent situation by putting forward that the lives of her children matter more albeit she already knows that she makes money from the wars. It is explicit that Mother Courage saturates herself and her children through the money she gets from selling commodities on the battlefields, but in return, she does not give anything to maintain the wars, in which otherwise she would starve. As Bell Hooks says, “Many women who advocate feminism see militarism as exemplifying patriarchal concepts of masculinity and the right of males to dominate others. To these women, struggling against militarism is to struggle against patriarchy” (59). However, although Mother Courage holds forth that she is against militarism, she somehow looks integrated with militarism; what she does not seem to be a struggle against militarism and patriarchy as a whole – in fact, she serves for the patriarchal values in a way by harbouring capitalist deeds. What Mother Courage does is not an institution-based work, but it is free-market labour as she freely roams in the battlefield by pulling her cart and merchandizing in capitalist manners. As mentioned above, the fact that her identity, which is involved in contradicting issues with womanhood, conforms to capitalist values of patriarchy that is extended with her adaptation to the militarist values of the patriarchy as well. Because culturally, while men’s identities are shaped in the way of being warrior to protect and maintain the livelihood of the family, women’s identities are shaped in the way of being spouses who are responsible for bearing offspring and serving the men’s needs (Hallagan 54-55). Within this perspective, Mother Courage also breaks off from her identity of motherhood and becomes wholly integrated with militarism; for, the continuity of the war means the continuity of her earnings. As Catherine Constable says, “Capitalism introduces a system of exchange in which the value of any object is determined by the others for which it can be substituted” (45). This is what Mother Courage does in her style of exchange because she even substitutes her children with more gain throughout the play – she is so concerned with capitalist values that she loses her children in favour of the capital, which reveals a contrast between her maternal duties and commercial concerns. According to Robert Vork:

All three of the children die while the attention of Mother Courage is engaged elsewhere by some ultimately trivial business transaction. In mirroring scenes, Courage not only proves herself unable to prevent her children's deaths, but demonstrates her deep complicity by profiting from the very acts of war that lead to them. This complicity is made especially obvious in the case of the younger son, who dies because Courage attempts to haggle down his executioner's bribe even though she has enough money to pay the asking price of his life (32).





Mother Courage seems to be unable to establish a consistent and viable identity for herself; her identity is split between belonging to womanhood and belonging the patriarchal values. Of course, it is an undeniable fact that a woman is not bound to embark on motherhood in order to manifest the power of womanhood; however, in the case of Mother Courage, this notion is spoiled again. Because Mother Courage is content with calling herself by this epithet; she emphasizes that she is a mother above all, but she cannot manage to protect her children; not due to the war, but due to all by herself – she better manages to protect her business rather than her children. Here, it should be noted that the battlefield is a very masculine space, and the formation of wars originate in the patriarchal zeitgeist. But, if it had to be correlated with Brecht's anti-militarist ideas, the character of Mother Courage should have been the exact opposite of this patriarchy, which limits both the position of women in society and the economic freedom of the women in business world. In such an environment, Mother Courage seems to only be trying to build up her own economic independence as a businesswoman, while ignoring the lives of her children in the war as a mother. It is seen that Bertolt Brecht attributed some kind of worker status to Mother Courage in terms of Marxism, which he favoured; thus, it would not be false to say that he pushed on his ideological viewpoints in the split identity of Mother Courage. As Jean-Paul Sartre mentioned:

The Marxists at least recognized the reality of oppression and capitalist imperialism, of the class struggle and misery. But the effect of dialectical materialism, as I have shown elsewhere, is to make Good and Evil vanish conjointly. There remains only the historical process, and then Stalinist communism does not attribute so much importance to the individual that his sufferings and even his death cannot be redeemed if they help to hasten the day when power is seized. (178)

Bertolt Brecht was aware of this fact for good reason because he portrayed Mother Courage as a labourer that should be approached from a Marxist worldview – as she suffers from class struggle, indeed, for she is a lonesome woman of the lower class that lost her husband(s) and having to take care of three children.



So, as an individual, Mother Courage



tries to consolidate her position in society in order not to be trodden under the derogation of the authorities. Hence, her struggle as a worker justifies her indifference to her children in a way; for, she seems to determine her identity as a worker:

Mother Courage is an obvious example of a worker whose identity is determined by her work, the money she makes, and the things she produces, by Marxist theories of capitalism. Marx's claim is based on the separation of a person's identity from their worth, power, and profit as well as the classification of workers based on the kind of labor they perform (Qassim & Azeez 45).

Nonetheless, Bertolt Brecht's inclusion of Marxist values into the play looks like a mechanism to cover Mother Courage's inconsistency because he acts like a propagandist while trying to present the contemporary realities of his time. He was fond of Marxist philosophical theories more than his contemporaries and dealt with the issues of money more than they did, yet he was not in the pursuit of answering questions, but of sharing his ideological viewpoints (Lyon 496). His interest in Marxism overshadows the interpretation of Mother Courage's identity from a capitalist and patriarchal perspective. However, considering that epic theatre should make the audience question the realities, maybe it can be said that Brecht accomplished his treatment in epic theatre as he succeeded in opening Mother Courage's identity up to question and discussion. Bertolt Brecht positioned Mother Courage into an "estranged capitalistic system" so as to portray that capitalism consumes people's power and compels the working class to abide by the orders of the powerful high-class people in order to sustain their livelihood" (Tekin 24). However, throughout the play, it is seen that Mother Courage's power is not consumed by capitalism; it is her that consumes the power of capitalism, indeed; it is her that makes the high-class people forced to adapt to what she values.



She re-frames the rules of battlefields by turning these environments into a place in which a woman, more importantly, a businesswoman, and even more importantly, a businesswoman without maternal values, establishes her own work conforming the qualities of free-market labour, utilizing patriarchal deeds in favour of her livelihood, and aspiring to double her wealth by advocating militarism unwittingly, which makes her identification process problematic. The point she is not able to realize is put into words by the Sergeant, though:

**SERGEANT: When a war gives you all you earn
One day it may claim something in return! (Brecht 1.33)**

After all, it can be said that *Mother Courage and Her Children* embraces the applications of new theatre in terms of presenting the figurations of militarism/anti-militarism, capitalism/anti-capitalism, motherhood/workwomanhood throughout the play with the socio-political criticism Bertolt Brecht aimed to reflect. The play, however, as I argued, somehow failed in portraying the character of Mother Courage, whose identity is split and improperly structured concerning the critical elements Brecht deliberately emplaced in the play. It is a definite fact that a woman does not have to be a mother to demonstrate the power of womanhood, but specific to Mother Courage, she is revealed to built up an inconsistent and illogical identity that is stuck between the values of patriarchy and feminism to an extent, which causes her identity to be perceived as incoherent regarding the contemporary realities and the setting of the play – as she cares about the money and capital so much that she becomes engaged with the patriarchal mindset of the battlefield, that is, sacrificing her innocent children for the sake of more money and more wealth. This circumstance brings forth that the identity of Mother Courage, by being inclined towards militarism and capitalism, does not conform to the anti-militarist and anti-capitalist treatment Bertolt Brecht attempted to represent. Yet, although the reason for this inconsistency could be attributed to Bertolt Brecht's preoccupation with his ideological and propagandistic inspirations, this does not make him an unsuccessful playwright; on the contrary, by arousing such questionings and critical approaches in the reader, he successfully accomplished to apply epic theatre and contributed to political and social philosophy as well.





OPHELIA VERSUS OPHELIA

Fennel, Columbines, Daisy and Violets;

Ophelia (2018) is a movie adaptation of the play *Hamlet* directed by Claire McCarthy. This movie brings a new perspective to the love story of Hamlet and Ophelia, which is not told in great lengths in the play itself, we only see glimpses of the two together, Hamlet's actions often leading the reader to question whether he truly loves Ophelia or if it is all an act?

The movie opens with the scene that is most famously known of Ophelia, a scene which also influenced many paintings, with Ophelia lying dead in the water, flowers in her hand. From the first scene, our breath is captured with the beauty of the scene and this effect lasts throughout the movie. With the usage of colors and flowers, this movie becomes something visually tasteful, mysterious and breath taking. We see Ophelia go from childhood to adolescence under the Queen's directions, her wild hair is tamed with flowers in it. While Ophelia is a curious young girl with desire to learn, she is turned into a shy and

intimidated character but one thing that remains about her is her desire to learn and discover. We see her treated as an outsider because she is not noble. But Gertrude takes her under her protection, perhaps because she sees herself in Ophelia, because she too was a commoner once. Under Gertrude's protection, Ophelia learns and gets to take glimpses in what true pleasure means. Ophelia is a character that likes to be alone; she finds comfort and peace in solitude and we see this in the scenes where she escapes into the forest. There is a moment in the movie, where the Queen and her ladies inspect a painting, they talk about how they could never wonder out to the forest alone. They are talking about a painting of the Goddess Diana, wild with her arrows by her side, she is alone but strong, symbolically representing Ophelia in the movie. This scene is also important for the plot because, when Hamlet says that he remembers Diana to be much prettier whereas in the

Gertrude's character changes throughout the movie, we see her as a queen, a mother, a lover and a sister. She longs for her son even though he is by her side, she feels out of touch with him ever since he has grown. At first, she refuses Claudius but we see her torn apart in her grief for the king and her love for Claudius. Gertrude's character after her marriage to Claudius, becomes cold and frigid, hateful towards Ophelia.



We can say it is because she is longing for her son who is so close but she cannot reach him. Claudius's rage towards Hamlet is very apparent from the start of the movie, unlike the play where he tries to convince Hamlet that he is a father to him now, in the movie, we see him harsh, arrogant and hateful towards Hamlet, telling him to kneel to his king, humiliating him in front of the whole court. Where in the play, it is hard to answer if Gertrude was aware of what Claudius was capable of previous of the murder, in the movie we understand that she did know about the murder and from the point of this movie, we can say that she is as guilty in the murder as Claudius.

The theme of a ghost is mentioned but isn't the main issue unlike the play. The insults used by Hamlet in the play towards Polonius and Ophelia, calling Polonius a fisherman becomes a metaphor in the movie, and telling Ophelia to go to a nunnery becomes a plea for safety and protection. This adaptation of these insulting lines in the movies makes Hamlet's character a softer person and his love for Ophelia more obvious.



Ophelia in the movie acts to be mad to escape the king, just like Hamlet did to deceive others. Just like Romeo and Juliet, Ophelia fakes her own death in the river with the poison she had taken from the witch, warning Horatio to "dig her body up before its gone cold". It is a clever usage of her act of madness, not only to escape from the hands of the king but to also hint her plan to Horatio.



The addition of the witch in the forest although useful to us in showing of the poison that killed the old Hamlet and helped Ophelia fake her death, was not a necessary addition of a satisfactory character in my eyes. I disliked the love triangle between her, Gertrude who was her sister and Claudius. The witch in one part does add an important conversation to the movie, “you are a lady in waiting, learn to wait” to this Ophelia asks what exactly is she waiting for, the reply she gets being a husband. This shows both Ophelia and the audience what is expected from Ophelia, showing the audience about the mindset of the society in that time period. Ophelia does get a husband at the end, but she was not waiting for him, and did not wait for him at the end, making her own decision to flee.

In the end, the two important female characters choose their own destiny. Gertrude, who was never able to choose between Hamlet and Claudius in the play, and died not out of protection for Hamlet but out of misfortune, chooses Hamlet over Claudius in the movie, dragging a sword through Claudius’s heart and chooses her own death.

Ophelia does go to the nunnery, but not because of Hamlet’s words but because she refuses to wait for Hamlet, she chooses her own faith.

That is why I liked the portrayal of these two female characters in the movie, Gertrude’s a complex, moody character and Ophelia is a tamed by the force of society around her yet wild inside, choose what to do with their lives in the end.

W R I T T E N B Y E C E D U R M A Z E R

WHAT IS ABSURDISM ALL ABOUT?

“The realization that life is absurd cannot be an end, but only a beginning. this is a truth nearly all great minds have taken as their starting point.”

The Myth of Sisyphus, pg 10

Absurdism is the philosophical theory that its term was founded by Albert Camus himself. It is a belief that human beings exist in a purposeless, chaotic universe. And because of that, it states that trying to find meaning leads people into a conflict with the world and those efforts will ultimately fail. Furthermore, Camus holds that we must revel in – and rebel against – life's absurd nature by finding a way to fill our hearts with enough meaning between life and death. Since there is no inherent meaning to life or to the universe, there is no reason to believe in God.

In short, there is no point except to rebel against life's absurd condition in hopes to find happiness. Camus says “One must imagine Sisyphus happy” (pg. 123) in his book *The Myth of Sisyphus* for the same reason that is in the last line of his essay “Absurdity and Suicide” which says “the struggle itself is enough to fill a man's heart.” reason being, according to his philosophy, when there is no hope for an order in the universe, hope is the ultimate savior of human heart. Then he states Sisyphus' eternal punishment as an attempt to prove the inherent absurdity of life again.

ALBERT CAMUS' LIFE

Albert Camus was a Algerian-French philosopher, author, playwright, journalist, world federalist and political activist(for leftist purposes). With his novel ‘*The Fall*’ he recieved the 1957 Nobel Prize in Literature at the age of 44, becoming the second youngest winner in history. He was born in Algeria during the French colonization with pied-noir parents.

Unfortunately, a year after he was born his father was killed in World War I, and his mother supported her family by doing housework. Camus and his elder brother moved with their mother to a working-class district of Algiers, where all three lived, together with the maternal grandmother and a paralyzed uncle, in a two-room apartment. Moreover, his early works contrasted the fragile mortality of human beings with the enduring nature of the physical world due to his surroundings. Then he had a period of intellectual awakening followed by great enthusiasm for sport, especially football, swimming, and boxing which had to end because of the severe attacks of tuberculosis. For a short period in 1934–35 he was also a member of the Algerian Communist Party. And at last, less than three years after winning his Nobel he was killed in an automobile accident.



ALBERT CAMUS: THE STRANGER

a deep analysis by Helin Kaya



"The Stranger" also published as "The Foreigner" or "The Outsider" is a 1942 philosophical novel written by the French author and one of the leading philosophers of absurdism, Albert Camus. His inspiration for "The Stranger" came from Kierkegaard and Kafka. Moreover, absurdism was one of the main themes (Kierkegaard's philosophy) in the novel, along with the idea of humans searching for the meaning of life when there is no predetermined meaning to be found through religion, science, or any other field. Furthermore, the Kafka effect is seen when the other character's names are mentioned but the protagonist does not have a name except "Meursault" which he calls himself. The novel is concerned with the existential absurdity of human experience from the protagonist's eye and this "alienation" of Meursault, is not like the Marxist doctrine of alienation but the one that emerges from Camus' "absurd" (nonsense) theory. The summary of the novel is; that Meursault, a middle-class man who is alienated from the World he

lives in and his actions, kills another man in Algeria and then indifferently watches the process that leads him to death step by step like a fly on the wall.

More details with quotes from "The Stranger": The opening of the novel is my favorite quote to start with: "Maman died today. Or yesterday maybe. I don't know." Meursault's first approach to his own mother's death, unlike a "normal" human reaction, is just concerning if the date is right without any sign of remorse. This tells a lot about our protagonist from the very start but let's continue with: "Since we're all going to die, it's obvious that when and how don't matter." this attitude towards death again shows how the protagonist thinks according to Camus's absurdism. Meursault only lives because he does not have a better thing to do or marries another woman just because she has an interest in marrying him, he has no attachments down to this earth but the body that he carries like a puppet without a hand in for soul. And just like he has no interest in being "normal", he also has no interest in God: "I had only a little time left and I didn't want to

waste it on God." why do you think he says that? let's see; "Have you no hope at all? And do you really live with the thought that when you die, you die and nothing remains?" 'Yes' I said." this is why. Just like it is seen in the philosophy of Absurdism, Meursault also thinks that human beings exist in a purposeless, chaotic universe and nothing will remain. The universe is irrational and indifferent to human suffering and experience so in this case our protagonist is indifferent to pivotal events in his life and assumes that he has no control over them. Camus really pierces his absurdism with his protagonist and makes the reader question throughout the novel. Lastly, the resolution of the novel is Meursault's acceptance of his inevitable death does not feel weird because he is amoral but in the end, he feels free, and if you are interested in knowing why I recommend you to read "The Stranger" and tell me the reason why he feels so.

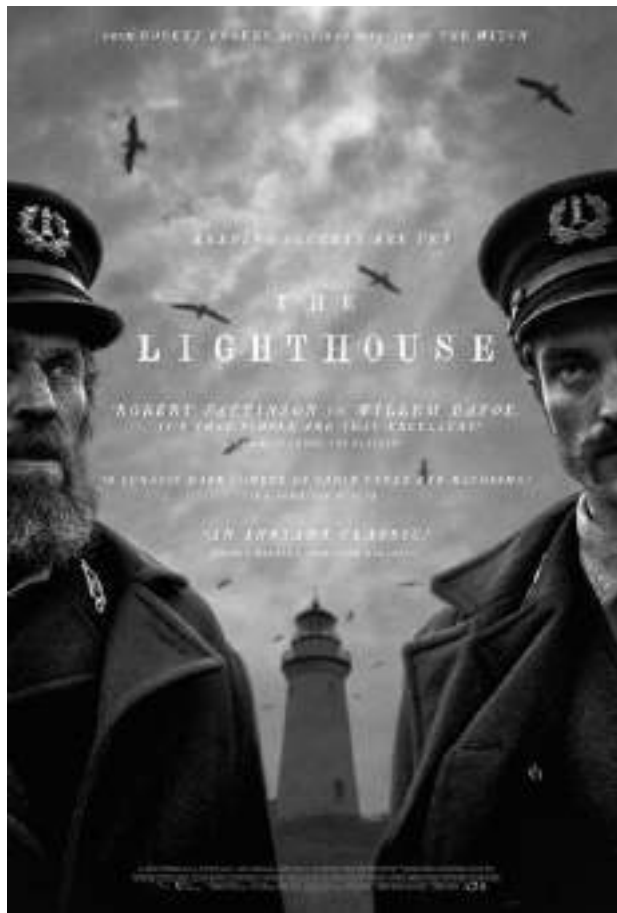


INTO THE ABYSS: THE ECOGOTHIC POWER OF THE LIGHTHOUSE (2019)

written by Ceren ORDU

AS A NAUTICAL NARRATIVE

The movie, on the other hand, is an Ecogothic story with its harsh and unforgiving island, violent storms, colossal waves, omnipresent fog, surreal animals, and constant battle against the elements that contribute to a sense of the characters being swallowed up by the natural world around them. Nature is frequently depicted as a backdrop to dread and terror in Gothic tradition, primarily as a setting for evil deeds. However, in Ecogothic, Nature takes on a more active role and is personified as a “malevolent antagonist.” It is not just a backdrop to the story but a character in its own right, with its own agency and power, as demonstrated in the movie by waves crashing fiercely against the shore, creating a brutal storm that supposedly reveals the sea’s monstrous components. In the movie, Ephraim Winslow is haunted by a one-eyed seagull that seems to be obsessed with him; a surreal octopus reveals itself through Thomas Wake as if it were an extension of him; and adding to the unsettling atmosphere is a screaming mermaid with her grotesque form.



These nominal monstrosities, while they may appear to be strange and frightening, are not actually monsters in the traditional sense. Rather, they are a representation of the monsters that really exist in the real world, being the embodiment of the boundaries between non-human and human as well as the fears and anxieties associated with the “unknown” or “unfamiliar,” which is often referred to as “ecophobia” by Simon C. Estok. As the story unfolds, the isolation on the island intensifies, the boundary between human and non-human entities becomes blurred, and the characters become increasingly “animalistic” in their behavior and appearance, with their instincts taking over their decisions. The characters also become obsessed with the lighthouse itself, to the point where it seems to have supernatural power over them. Lighthouse, as a structure, is known to be a beacon, guiding ships through the night and warning them of the dangers that lie ahead. However, at the same time, it can be seen as a boundary marker, a place that separates the human world from the unknown depths of the sea, and a symbol of the efforts of those who dare to assert their dominance over Nature. Therefore, this paper will analyze *The Lighthouse* (2019) from an Ecogothic perspective, exploring how it presents the perception of Nature as a fearful entity as well as how it reflects the return of the repressed.

To begin with, the theme of Nature is a frequent one throughout the movie, and its portrayal serves to emphasize the protagonists' alienation and create an atmosphere of anxiety. Even the vastness of the sea, which has inspired awe in humanity, can also be seen as a symbol of the unknown and of potential danger. However, the sea, which can be seen as a representation of Nature's power, also serves to highlight the resistance of the protagonists in the face of such a force. As for Alder et al., "For Alain Corbin (1994), there is a prominent Western cultural tradition, inherited from antiquity, that figures the beach as the space where 'the ocean purges itself and throws up its monsters'" (qtd. in Alder et al. 8). Thus, in the context of Ecogothic, the sea can be seen as a space where humanity confronts its own monstrosities, including its destructive relationship with the natural world. In the movie, there is recurring imagery of sea creatures and the sea itself that serves to underscore the theme of humans' precarious relationship with Nature. As the characters begin to battle their own inner demons, Nature also presents them with external threats, such as violent storms, foreboding foghorns, seagulls that relentlessly pick away at their sanity, and a perilous sea, which highlight both the characters' vulnerability in such environments and their tenacity in overcoming them:

A DETAILED REVIEW



Writing monstrosity is the narrativization of ecophobia, imagining unpredictable agency in Nature that must be subject to human power and discipline. Ecophobia is the affective reaction. Ecophobia is all about power. It is the something-other-than-humanness that is dangerous in the monster and the mad, and in order for this danger to have any potency, we need a fairly hostile conception of the natural world. (Estok 124) In the "Sea Curse Speech," which is a monologue given by Thomas Wake, Wake curses Winslow to be swallowed whole by the sea, and the sea becomes the manifestation of the anxiety and fear that he feels towards Nature. Wake reflects the idea that the sea is a dangerous and unpredictable force that can unleash its wrath upon humans at any moment. This fear is not just about the danger that the sea might represent, but also about the sense of insignificance and powerlessness that he feels in the face of its vastness and power. In this speech, Wake invokes Triton, the mythological Greek god of the sea, and calls upon him to punish the young Winslow with a horrific death by drowning. He, then, describes Triton as having a "steaming beard" and a "coral-tine trident," emphasizing the otherworldly and terrifying nature of the sea. The "Sea Curse Speech" can thus be interpreted as a manifestation of the human dread of the unknown and the uncontrollable that is caused by ecophobia. At the same time, Wake's curse reflects a deeply-rooted belief that Nature is essentially dangerous, and this fear of the unknown is something that may have been shared by our ancestors since the dawn of time. Humans throughout history have been unsettled by the unpredictable power of Nature. Even today, the threat of natural disasters, extreme weather, and other phenomena beyond our control continues to haunt us, and this fear is likely to persist into the future. . Therefore, the "Sea Curse Speech" is an apt expression of this fear, and through it, Wake's warning of the perils of Nature still resonates in our minds. Similarly, the superstition of seagulls being the physical embodiment of dead sailors is an ancient one, and it has been used to explain the presence of birds around lighthouses and other coastal areas.



In the movie, the seagulls are depicted as ever-present, ominously keeping watch over the lighthouse and its inhabitants, as if they are waiting for the right moment to take vengeance for humanity's misperception of the environment. In one scene, the idea of killing of the seagull is seen as an act of bad luck, and the actual killing of it leads to a series of negative consequences for the two lighthouse keepers. This guilt weighs heavily on Ephraim Winslow, and eventually leads him to a state of utter madness. His guilt is further exemplified by his nightmares and hallucinations, which become more frequent as the days pass. For example, the fact that Ephraim constantly sees the seagull as one-eyed can represent the idea of the one-sidedness of humanity. Then, in *Ecogothic*, this can be read as a metaphor for the flawed and incomplete nature of human perception and understanding, which are constantly limited and imperfect. Thus, while the killing of the seagull is ultimately seen as a foolish mistake, it also serves as a reminder of the consequences of misperceiving the natural world and the importance of respecting the power of Nature. To give an example, in "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the killing of the albatross is seen as a wicked act, and the mariner is cursed as a result. This event serves to illustrate the power of humanity to be a source of horror, as the mariner's crew, blaming him for their deadlock, hangs the dead albatross around the mariner's neck as a symbol of his guilt. Little did the mariner know that this decision would result in a punishment far worse than the thirst they had been suffering. As a result, the sailor and crew were surrounded by vast waters, yet cursed with an insatiable thirst, unable to quench their thirst no matter how hard they tried. On the other hand, the ending of the movie serves as a powerful reminder of the human condition, with the giant light coming from the lighthouse symbolizing Ephraim's inner turmoil and his inability to come terms with Nature. The scene serves to emphasize the importance of understanding our own limitations in the face of Nature and its power,

and the recklessness of believing that we ourselves are invincible. When Ephraim reaches the lighthouse, which has been an impossible goal throughout the movie, his descent into madness is further highlighted by the intensity of the light. This also disrupts the common trope of terror being an external force by emphasizing that it is our own actions and minds that can be a source of horror, not the seagulls, violent waves or storms. To emphasize this idea, after Ephraim dies, his body is left to the mercy of the seagulls that feed on him, as a reminder of the ultimate powerlessness of human life. Therefore, his descent into insanity and their subsequent outbursts of aggression towards each other clearly indicate that the true terror lies within them, not in any outside force like Nature. Secondly, the concept of the "return of the repressed" is central to Gothic tradition, where it relates to the idea that our dark, forbidden, or repressed desires and impulses can never really be suppressed or denied, as in Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* or Bram Stoker's *Dracula*. Despite efforts to keep them hidden, these cravings persist and can materialize in unforeseen, often horrible, and monstrous forms. In *Ecogothic*, this concept is applied to the environment and the natural world, where the perception of Nature is recognized as a monstrous identity.



THEN, THE “RETURN OF THE REPRESSED”

in this context refers to the ways in which our misperception of the environment and our neglect of the natural world can come back to haunt us. In the scene where Thomas transforms into an octopus in the eyes of Ephraim, it becomes clear that Ephraim's attitudes towards Nature are not as straightforward as they initially appear. Instead, his deep-seated fears and anxieties about the natural world are entwined with his psyche, leading him to project these fears onto Thomas and imagine him as a tentacled sea creature, which then reflects his belief that Nature actually rejects him. His fear of the natural world is inevitably linked to his sense of self, and it is this fear of the unknown that drives his intense paranoia and mistrust of the environment around him. He expresses a disdain for Nature and the creatures that inhabit it, showing a common attitude among humans towards Nature as something to be feared or controlled. Namely, the creation of mermaids in myths and folklore can be seen as an example of this fear, as it involves the familiar (human form) being interpreted through an unfamiliar or unsettling form (fish-like body and abilities). In this way, Nature is reduced to a female object of desire in the form of mermaid, resulting in the representation of a Nature that is silenced. On the other hand, out of this fear, Nature becomes not just an external source of resources but also an emotional object for humans. As such, the objectification of Nature is often rooted in a desire for power or fear, whether it is against Nature itself or even humans. This is seen in the way that animals are often objectified in despise or in the emergence of mythical creatures such as the mermaid. The mermaid is often seen as a dangerous creature that lures sailors to death with her seductive beauty, which is a representation of patriarchal society's view of women as a source of evil and demonic power. However, the mermaid's association with fish is also a result of the objectification of the fish.



In this context, fish are viewed as objects to be exploited by humans, with little thought given to their intrinsic value as living creatures. This objectification strips away the fish's power and autonomy, and it is for this reason that the fish is often used as a symbol of subjugation in many cultures, where they become useful only when combined with human attributes. The mermaid, as a hybrid of a human and a fish, then transcends its boundaries and takes on new meaning; a representation of the struggle between power and powerless. In the movie, when Ephraim encounters the mermaid, he views her as a mere object of desire and attempts to control her through his sexual advances. This reinforces the objectification of the fish and Nature as a whole, as Ephraim sees the mermaid only in terms of her physical appearance and her potential usefulness to him. By doing so, Ephraim fortifies the power dynamic that exists between humans and fish. Then, the idea that humans have control over everything of Nature, including fish, is reinforced. This idea is further associated with the concept of the “environmental unconscious” in Ecogothic, which suggests that our relationship with the environment is deeply intertwined with our psyche. According to Sharae Deckard, “Ecogothic turns around the uncanny manifestation of the ‘environmental unconscious” (174). This concept implies that people are deeply connected to the natural world in ways of which they are often unaware, and it is when this unawareness is entwined with the human psyche that humans begin to adopt fear and



CONTEMPT FOR NATURE,

where the familiar is interpreted through an unfamiliar or unsettling form. Sharae Deckard further suggests, “. . . Ecogothic narratives often rely on ‘a momentary derangement of the perceptual apparatus,’ during which ‘characters struggle to adjust their perceptions of sensory experience against the rational structures that sustain their world view’ (175). This means that in Ecogothic narratives, this can exemplify how humans project their inner demons onto Nature and how they are ultimately responsible for their impact on it. Then, they may experience a moment where their senses and understanding of the world around them are challenged or disrupted in a way that goes against what they believe to be true. This disruption is often created by a clash between the characters’ sense of reality and the irrational or supernatural elements that are present in the narrative. This can lead to a heightened sense of confusion or anxiety as characters struggle to reconcile with Nature around them. In the movie, by evoking “a momentary derangement of perceptual apparatus,” then, Ephraim’s loss of sanity is shown through those surreal and hallucinatory experiences, which leads him to feel as if his world is crumbling before him. These experiences challenge his perception of reality and his understanding of the natural world, making him realize that he is not Ephraim Winslow but rather a figure obsessed with the image of a mermaid, existing in a world outside of his own vision of reality. To conclude, *The Lighthouse* (2019) is a powerful reminder of the power of Nature, as seen through the lens of Ecogothic. It is also a testament to the way in which Nature is often depicted as a source of fear and dread. The movie illustrates Nature as a source of fear and dread, with a towering lighthouse looming in the background and crashing waves that threaten to swallow up the characters. It’s a menacing force that evokes both awe and terror, and this is further amplified by the use of seagulls that have power over Ephraim, who fails to understand the environment he has willingly chosen to live in.

BESIDES, THE FACT THAT

Thomas Wake views the sea as a divine force with the ability to bring a great deal of misfortune is a manifestation of his attempt to externalize the dreaded thing that his fear has brought about. By attributing greater significance to the thing he fears, he can feel empowered to take control of the situation and become a hero in the midst of the chaos between him and Ephraim Winslow. In a sense, he is attempting to make sense of the fear that he is experiencing by giving it a purpose and a meaning. By personifying the sea as a figure of power, he is able to give his fear a tangible form, and it is this sense of control that allows him to confront the fear and attempt to overcome it rather than just giving in to it. Moreover, the fish, as an entity, has always been a symbol of vulnerability and innocence, which is why it is often adopted by the figure of the mermaid. This is because humanity is always looking for something weaker than themselves onto which they can project their emotional desires and exploitations. Thus, the fish is not seen as an entity in its own right but instead as an object open to consumption, to be taken advantage of. Consequently, the combination of the mermaid and the fish becomes a recurrent phenomenon, allowing humanity to feel powerful. In the movie, this perception is deconstructed when Winslow gets more consumed by his obsession and becomes increasingly vulnerable to the mermaid's power, leading to his eventual downfall and the dark events that follow. Therefore, the movie displays the Ecogothic perspective that Nature is a force to be reckoned with and can take revenge if provoked. Not only does it portray this idea by emphasizing the dark, unknown, and unpredictable elements of the natural world, but it also serves as a warning for us not to take Nature for granted.



RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN FASHION AND LITERATURE

written by Irmak SORAN

It is a well-known fact that fashion and literature always had their intricate, long-lasting relationship and this relationship affected authors for decades. The queen of literature Virginia Woolf herself always paid attention to her characters' fashion choices such as seen in Mrs. Dalloway's gorgeous green dress. While it was first thought to be a not-so-important detail, done in the means of strengthening the wording of the story, it is later seen in the next novel of her - Orlando- that her use of fashion as a way of expressing the personality of the character was a choice that was made quite consciously as seen with the lines "Vain trifles as they seem, clothes have, they say, more important offices than to merely keep us warm. They change our view of the world and the world's view of us."

Woolf was not the only author who used fashion as a literary device. Jane Austen was also one of them. As seen in *Pride and Prejudice*, the fashion choices each sister makes show us the differences among them. Elizabeth Bennet's stained, muddy, and torn clothing -especially her muddy coat- indicates that she is not someone who lives up to the expectations of others and who does not need the necessity to charm men into marrying her as she does not quite care about her looks. On the contrary, her sister Jane Bennet is a girl who always looks put together with her mostly pastel-coloured dresses and with flowers in her long shiny blonde hair. That description of her clothing tells us that she has the ability "to take the good of everybody's character and make it still better, and say nothing of the bad" as says Elizabeth Bennet but also her pastel colour dresses and long shiny blonde hair indicates that she is somewhat angelic and kind in a way.



INFLUENCE OF LITERATURE ON FASHION

written by Irmak SORAN

It is clear that fashion influences literature but it is also the other way around. Our clothes tell a lot about who we are, who we want to be, and how we want others to see us and literature is something that influences the fashion choices we make. Helen Gordon mentions in her article “Off the Page: Fashion in Literature” that her fashion choices are made with the influences of the novels she read throughout her life. The influence of literature is not only limited to the articles; it is also seen on the runway. Alessandro Michele’s AW18 Gucci presentation was inspired by *Frankenstein* by Mary Shelley with the mixture of fabrics with different textures, patterns, and colours just like Doctor Frankenstein did while creating his monster but with different elements. Christopher Bailey’s Burberry Fall 2018 collection is also a perfect example of that as its inspiration was Virginia Woolf’s *Orlando*. It had elements from the Elizabethan era with ruffled details on collars and an overall somewhat conservative look on each design. The collection’s narrative changed throughout the show between the past and the present in such a seamless way that it reminded nothing but the storyline of the book itself.

Fashion and literature are both quite influential factors we have in our lives and have intricate relationship. From the gorgeous pink rag of a suit of Jay Gatsby’s and Anna Karenina’s elegant ball gown with velvet and Venetian lace to the everyday fashion choices we make with the hints of literary characters’ styles we adapt into our daily clothing, it is obvious that they both affect each other in the best way possible. It is safe to say that fashion and literature have been inseparable since the dawn of literature and the gain of consciousness of humankind and will continue to be so.





ARCADIA
5TH ISSUE

CREATIVE
SECTION

MOON'S REFLECTION

by Oğuz Kaan AYBAK

In the ocean
Of thoughts and feelings unfiltered,
Eroding,
A resolve stands steeled stainless.
Dents and chips and gouges galore,
Yet it takes just warmth
Of kindness to weld it back whole.
Your own scapegoat looking
Out the eye window.
Unseen bars blocking.
Emotions hidden, a self-inflicted
Mended prison.
All the trash-gunk occupy
The waters to quantify
A meaning in the nonstop stream,
But all still behind the walls of
Intrusive anxious undefined pride.
No scream...
Dangerous thing, humility.
Wonder how right
Can Moon's reflection be?
When you know the Sun
Itself isn't free?
The relentless river,
The current's vigor.
If only, ahead I could see.
Nothing to do, but row blindly.
Silent waves compiling,
Glass's each grain of sand.
Find the way without prying,
Naught but imagination to hold my hand.
Inner warmth might
Yearn to be blistering,
But what good is it
When the fuel is missing?



Dents and chips and gouges outside.
Their cries unheard,
An illusion of disillusion gave that damned pride.
What did the hesitation solve?
Letting you down...
Letting the turtle drown...
So much for resolve!
You are the master? Steer.
Don't falter. Clear
The fog. Advance!
Filter.
A moment.
A chance! No,
The river!
Stop!
Stop...!
More comedy than tragedy:
A cycle bittersweet.
Both clear and unclear.
Ah.
My fear.

An Endless Road

by Sena BERBER

The sun has changed his mind
on his way to the underground.
He was too uneasy
for meeting his dear Ivy.

Well, not a word can be said
about the lady "delicate".
However,
there is one,
on the road.

"She is too stubborn and coy
to show her pearls, in great joy.
It took ten years, a decade!
For getting a peek, how great! "

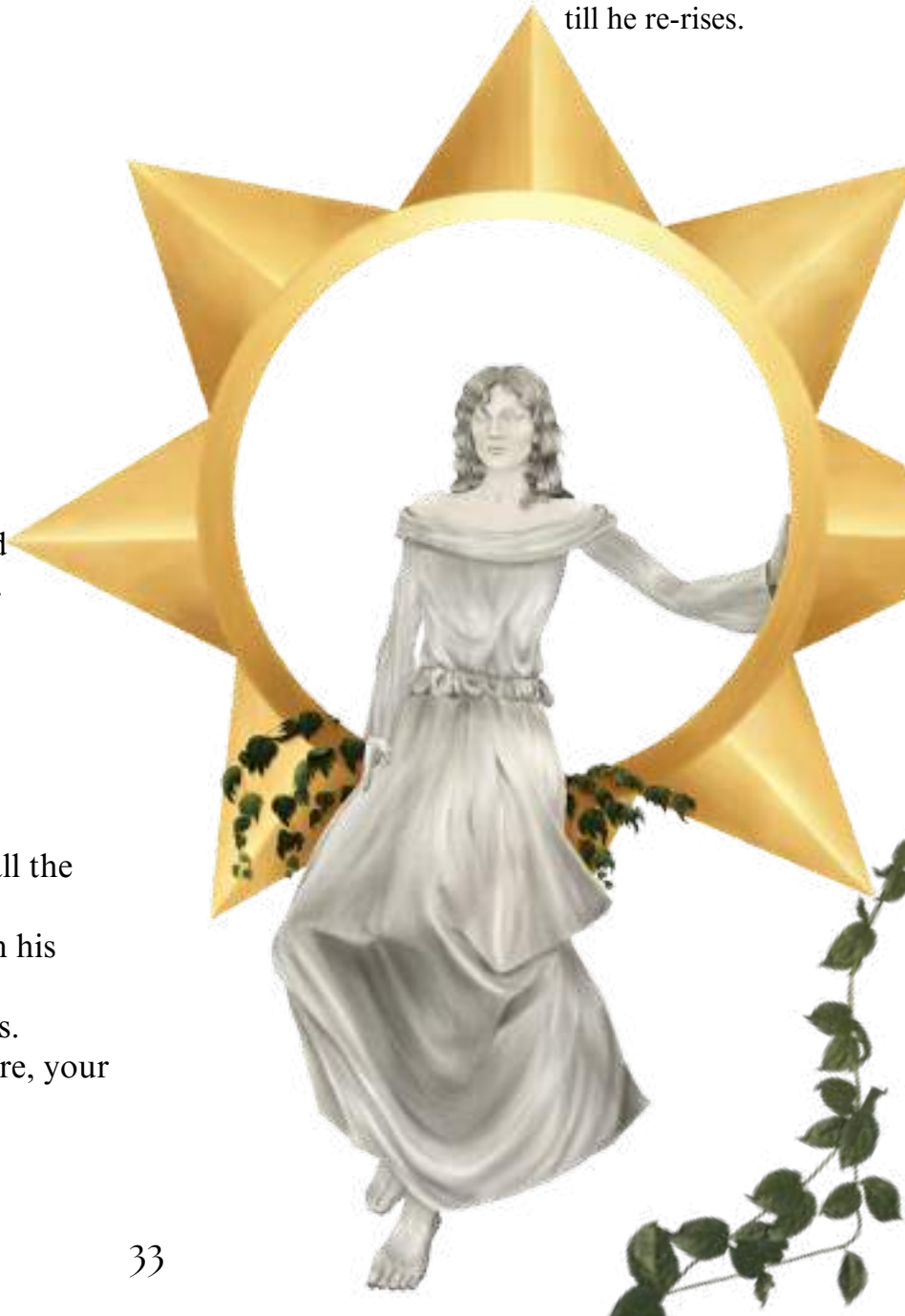
The road was long and barren
to catch and hold his passion
and carry to his ferry,
like Charon.

Here is Ivy
as still as she was ten years ago.
She worked up her fire with wind
and nourished it well, let it grow.
Well, not a word can be said
about her lovely reddish head.
However,
there is one,
she'll say it.

"All the other ladies have, have all the
time
over their petals shines, golden in his
prime.
Lily, Rose, and all the other fools.
They all need your heat, your flare, your
youth!

There is Juliet, with her peachy blush.
Paves her way to forward, and a flash!
Then a rose, rises in her cheek
and a rush, rises in her gush."

Days are born and days are gone.
Deities lie awake
sunbathing at holy dawn.
A high-pitched murmur
-like a bee buzzes -
Shall last till he,
till he re-rises.



Creative Section

DIPSOMANIAC

by Beyza DOĞAN

Scotch flowing through icy blue veins.
Where did it go, my little promise?
Expectations cracked and crumbled under my feet.
Mommy, was I a disappointment?

Pink-pepper kisses on the wine drunk-lips.
This is the last pint, I promise.
I was you but you couldn't be me
Mommy, can you hold me?

Drunk on the road, going anywhere, nowhere.
This is not the first time I am getting lost.
My throat is burning hell, eyes are closing.
Mommy, what was my promise?



LUCKIEST

by Beyza DOĞAN

I will look for you in a cup of coffee
Or in the frost garden, smoke in my hand.
I will search for the blackest eyes with the whitest gleam
I will search for the curly hair, stars embedded on every strand.

Coollest boy with dragon on his back.
Cuban on his lips, white russian in his hand.
Crashing souls on hollow alleyways



Creative Section

IT IS IN THE BLOOD

by Beyza DOĞAN

Coldness comes off from the metal resting on my temples.
Enough to extinguish the fire inside.
Sweaty palms grasping around revolver.
The click of a trigger is enough.

Father taught me how to use a gun.
He gifted me his anger with a revolver beside.
He said to me "Flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood"
The great family heirloom, trueborn malignant.

First breath drawn, then the second, with barely steady hands.
Only flashback I see your brain scattered on rocky paths.
You were alone, afraid and shaking, as I am.
Here this crippling lunacy ends.



Creative Section

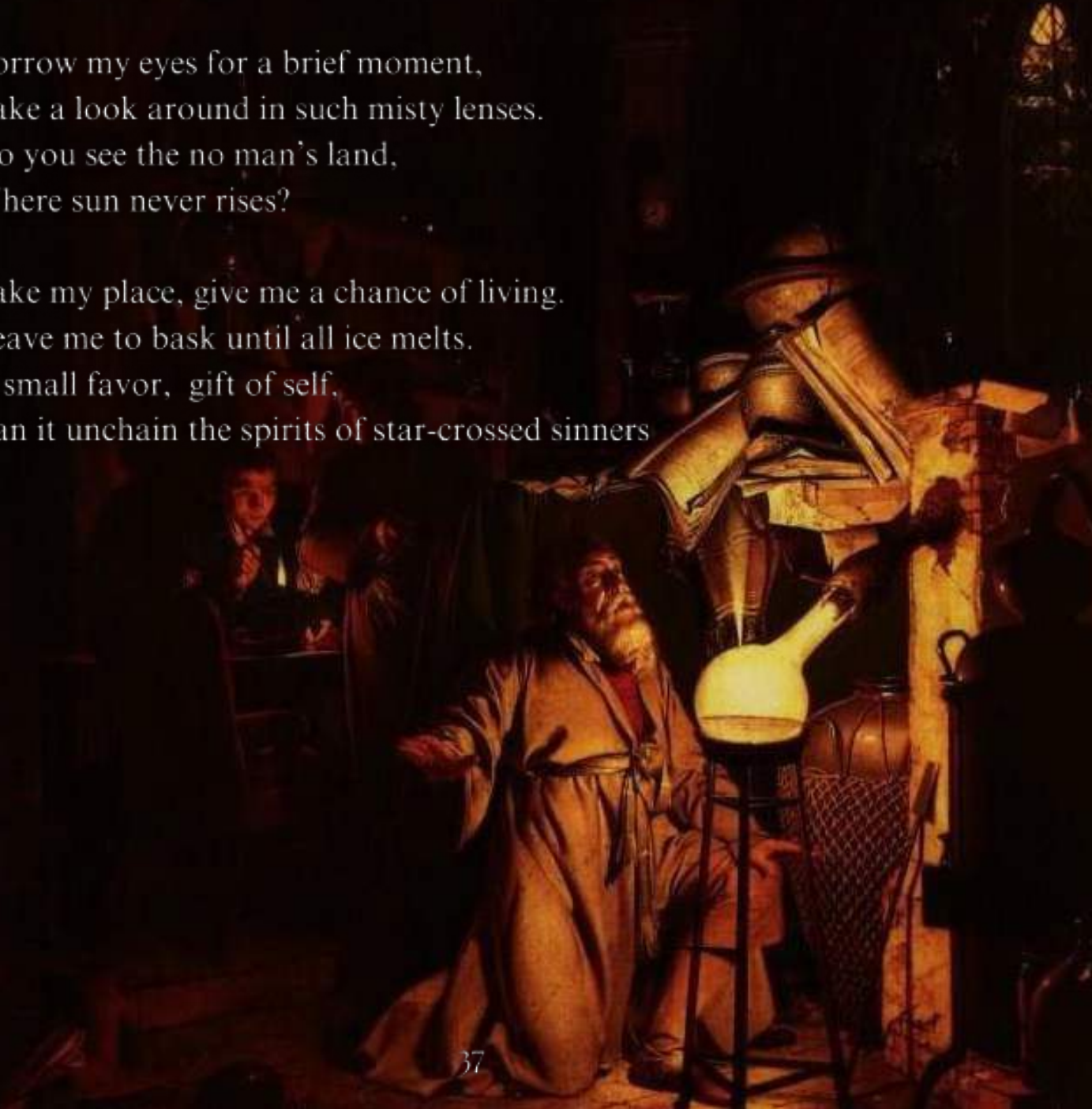
REFUGIUM PECCATORUM

by Beyza DOĞAN

Can sun dissolve the crystal entangled within my soul?
Can it shine for me as it shone on your somber faces?
Will it embrace me with warm arms,
Like a mother caressing her long-lost babies.

Borrow my eyes for a brief moment,
Take a look around in such misty lenses.
Do you see the no man's land,
Where sun never rises?

Take my place, give me a chance of living.
Leave me to bask until all ice melts.
A small favor, gift of self,
Can it unchain the spirits of star-crossed sinners



SALVATORE

by Beyza DOĞAN

Moving fast, mountains sinking under hazy gaze
Window reflects not my visage but your sharply carved face
Sun is nowhere to be seen, stormy clouds wondering where to settle
It is raining on rose blushed cheeks a little

If dark falls soon, dimly lights will conquer
Window reflects no more, but you are still on the curtain of my theatre d'amour
Remembrances are the traces of your rigid touch
Past is out of my reach, future was destroyed by your regal blood

Moon swallows the earth
I drift to where poppies blow
Sea swallows the earth
He grabs me, hands aglow





The Tale of the Storyteller

By Talia Gkioulmpin Doumalar Gialou

Once lived a storyteller.

I had heard about her. How she would visit towns and cities, tell all the stories of old.

Warriors, protectors, rogues. She knew about everything, everything that happened. Nobody knew how much of it was true, how much of it was a lie. But folk enjoyed listening to her. Enjoyed to learn about a history that might have not existed at all.

One day she came here. As she enjoyed her tea, she told stories to children and adults. To anyone who would listen. She told them about talking donkeys, kind dragons of spring and fierce knights. She would tell them as long as she had someone who would listen to her.

People visited her just to listen to the unique tales. A new story for a new person.

I didn't visit her for a tale. I wanted to know more.

"You tell tales of many, can tell as many stories as many people you have known and will know. But what is your story?" I asked, sitting across from her.

"My story?" She responded.

I nodded, "Yes, what is your story? Where did you come from, how do you know so many tales?"

She took a sip from her mug, took a moment to enjoy her sage tea. Then she hummed, "Why don't you tell me?"

"What?" I blinked, confused.

"I want you to tell my story." She explained.

I still didn't understand. "But why?" I asked.

"Because a storyteller only tells tales. Stories that might or might not happen. If I tell my own tale, it won't be my own or a tale." She smiled. "If I told you the truth it would no longer be a tale, and if I lied it no longer would be my tale."

"Does this mean all of your tales are lies?" I questioned.

"Don't all poets lie?" She replied.

I wasn't sure what she meant, but I didn't argue further. I still wanted to learn her story. "If I tell you your tale, will you at least confirm it?" I offered.

"Maybe, it depends on how well your tale is." She grinned. "Surprise me, child. Maybe you are a storyteller too."



It would have been nice if I was, but I didn't even remember when was last I had told a story.

I still tried, stubbornly, to learn more: "You have been a traveler since very young. Uh, your family always told stories about their adventures.

Or maybe told the stories they had heard from their parents, friends, acquaintances; this is how you learned all those stories.

As you grew up, you began sharing those stories with others and in return learning more.

You spent your time listening and then sharing, and still do listen. This is why you know so many stories and many know you."

"A very simple tale, don't you think?" She interrupted.

"Simple?" I exclaimed in surprise. I had tried real hard.

"I'm sure there is more you can tell." She encouraged.

I wasn't sure about that, and yet, I kept telling. "During your travels you found— uh— ah! A book!"

"A book?" She asked.

"Old, thick and very dusty. You were young and curious." I continued. She looked curiously

at me. Something told me she enjoyed how this story was going on. "The book was full of tales! Some

even in languages of old times."

"Oh? And how did I figure out how to read them?"

"Uh... You— you searched for people who knew those languages. And then you found them

and asked them to teach you how to read those languages. You are a quick learner, you solved them in

no time." I could imagine it all. Her, much younger, with an enormous book in her hands. An image of

her figuring out the strange letters with the help of a mentor. "Then you began searching for more

tales wherever you went! You would offer your stories, and people would be eager to share theirs."

"Why are those people so excited to share their tales?"

She interrupted once again with a question.

I thought for a second, why did people do that? I had seen others sharing their tales with her

in the past days, but never thought about it. Then I realized. "They like the idea of you possibly telling

their tales to others someday."

“Hmm, that is a possibility indeed. But are all of them sharing just for that?” She looked into

my eyes, still holding her cup.

Another reason? But what could it be? I had come across a dead end, until I realized. “They like sharing what they know. Maybe they just heard them, or maybe they experienced those stories.

They like having someone willing to listen to them.” I told her.

“And isn’t that lovely?” She hummed. “If I grew up with a family of travelers, why am I traveling alone now?” Then she added.

Ah, I had no idea about this. But quickly I made up an answer, and in the back of my mind I

was curious if this was how she told some of her tales. “Your family has a tradition. After a certain

age you travel around alone for a time period. To prove you have learned how to be a proper traveler.

Then meet at a certain place. If you want, you keep traveling alone and meet at the same spot every

few months.”

She smiled, “I like this.”

“This is how you became the storyteller you are now.” I finished. As she hummed, I asked:

“How close was I?”

“Quite close.”

“That is not an answer.” I frowned.

“Everything is an answer, just not satisfying.” She said. “But I will confirm your story holds some truth in it.”

“Like what?” I asked.

“That is not something I can answer.” She replied.

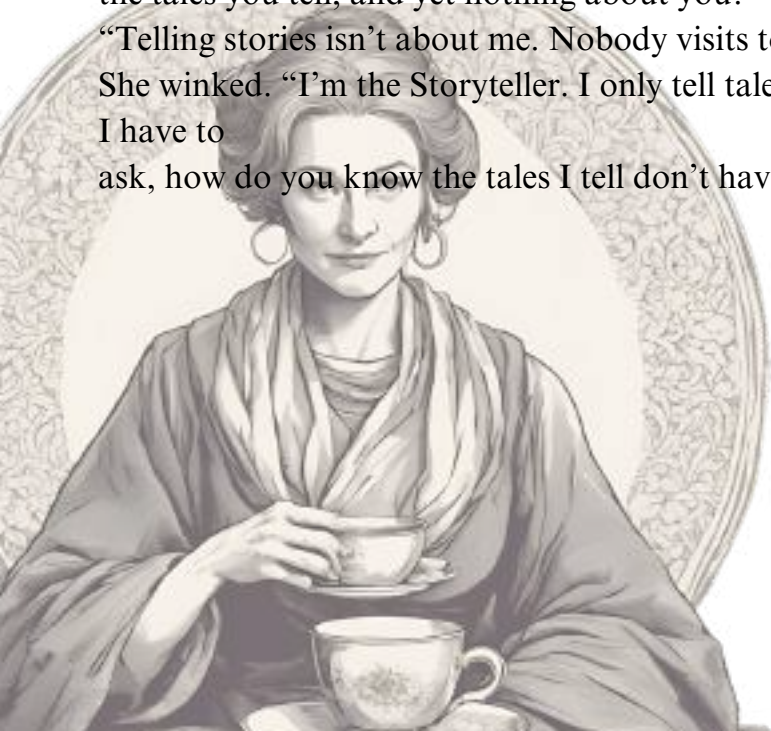
I sighed, “Why won’t you tell your story? Isn’t it frustrating that people know so much about

the tales you tell, and yet nothing about you?”

“Telling stories isn’t about me. Nobody visits to know my story– or rather almost nobody,”

She winked. “I’m the Storyteller. I only tell tales. There is no need to change that. Although, I have to

ask, how do you know the tales I tell don’t have parts of me?”



It was that day I realized she always told something about herself, but never made it about herself. The dragon that brought the springs? It collected lavenders and forget-me-nots like her.

The fierce knight also traveled across lands just to find new places that needed help. She told about the magical lakes, of wizards, and the creature that appeared only a winter night singing to enter into homes.

We spent hours talking. She told me her tales, and asked me to guess how some of them ended. I tried my best, and she enjoyed my company as much as I did of hers.

Before she left, she told

me I could make a great storyteller someday if I ever wanted to. She bid farewell,

“Maybe we will meet again, when I’m a mere tale and you are the storyteller.”

As time passed I heard about travelers who had traditions. Of dusty books written by the old. I decided to travel and see them myself. I still found traces of her, and her tales.

You might ask if we ever met again. If I ever found out any of my guesses were true. But I can’t tell you about that.

This is the tale of the Storyteller, and it ends here children.

Maybe it is the truth, maybe not.

Maybe it is up to you to tell the rest of it, and become the storyteller.



PATHS

by Eren HOŞGÖREN

I wish I had all the time in the world
I would walk down all these different paths
See where they go, see where they end
I wish I could walk all these tiny roads
Step on them smoothly
And let them go

I would be a painter for a hundred years,
Painting the love of my life
Or a portrait
Such as Dorian's
Just me, my brush, and a little whatever
There would be no one to worry us

I would be a poet for two centuries,
Reciting the beauties of the universe by heart
Describe how insignificant our troubles are
I could go on and on about our purpose
I would quote Coleridge, Ginsberg, Camus

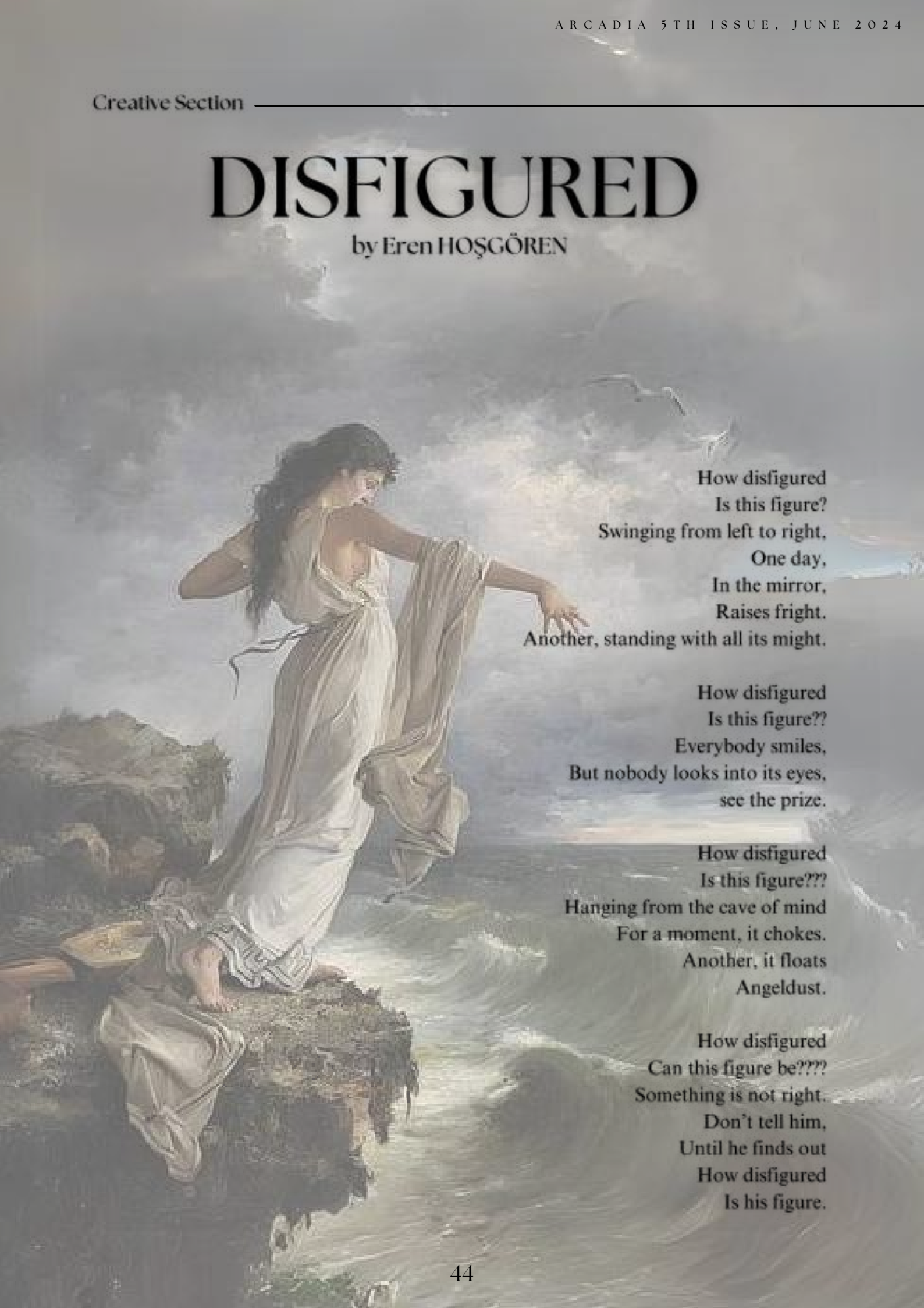
I would be a photographer for six decades,
Capture every moment
With my vintage lenses
Take the most candid picture
Two lovers in a tent
Or the tree that's living behind the fences
Possibilities trigger all my senses

But then again,
I'll probably be here for almost seventy years
I go from path to path
Divert my head from left to right
I try to see all the things I can be
yet my eyes are tunnel vision'd
Full of tears
Against his plan,
I am so fierce

I wish I had all the time in the world
as if I am a pantomime
I'm stuck in a body that I will never leave
So all I do is to live
All At Once As Much As and as fast as I Can
Before I walk my way all over to,
Dead
End

DISFIGURED

by Eren HOŞGÖREN



How disfigured
Is this figure?
Swinging from left to right,
One day,
In the mirror,
Raises fright.
Another, standing with all its might.

How disfigured
Is this figure??
Everybody smiles,
But nobody looks into its eyes,
see the prize.

How disfigured
Is this figure???
Hanging from the cave of mind
For a moment, it chokes.
Another, it floats
Angeldust.

How disfigured
Can this figure be????
Something is not right.
Don't tell him,
Until he finds out
How disfigured
Is his figure.

EXIST

by Eren HOŞGÖREN

Exist in your vanilla-incensed room

Gaze at your celestial ceiling

Leave it

Walk down the corridor

Exist through the noise of your family

Leave it

Exist through the cold breeze,

Put your shoes on

Leave it

Exist through the streets

Smell the Jasmines

Pet the stray cats

Leave it

Exist through the moon-lit sky

Count stars as much

As you are able to

Pick one,

Maybe two

Choose your favorite one

Leave it

Exist through your favorite songs

Try Memorizing each one

Cry listening to each

Or smile

As you wish

Then

Leave it

Exist through all the foods,

Read your favorite books

All over again.

Read, Paint, write, sing, love,

Exist

Then

Leave it.

objet petit a: academia

by Nilsevim KÜLAHCI

There is a bird's nest upon the river
the timid hatchlings rest in it,
how tired they are of what is to come
of all the flying and the traveling.

Scared of taking the first leap
that their matriarch will lead,
the hatchlings bury their heads
into their sisters' chest.

Admitting the need to learn is not an easy task
and the ardent hatchling is no less to blame
for the couple feathers she will lost
than the despot matriarch,
who is harsh and quick to assess her skills.

Bashful, indeed, is the hatchling.
She seems afraid to warble or raise a wing
and she is never the one to admit
her lack of observation and training.
"Oblivious" the mother thinks
before pushing the child for the leap.

FORGET-ME-NOT

written by Ceyda Özçelik



“Unbelievable, this is the third time this guy came for an Erasure. In this week!”

As Joslyn plopped down on her rolling chair, Riley looked up from her screen to see the crowd. “Who is he?”

“Some internet persona. Makes videos or something,” she rubbed her face and placed her palm over her eyes. “This is useless, we are supposed to be helping people.”

“Well,” jested Riley, “you just helped the guy gain more followers.”

“Oh, come on.”

Riley started typing again, her eyes were on the crowd and her mind was on what Joslyn said. She was right of course. Both nurses hated how everyone was dying to get Erasures for everything. Influencers like this guy was nothing. Her day went on with stupid excuses and unreasonable requests. “Make me forget the day I farted at work the other day.” “I want to forget this movie, so I can watch it again like it’s the first time.” “Please erase the parts where I put too much pepper in my food, I can’t eat anymore pepper because I keep remembering the taste.” It was exhausting, but not merely as exhausting as assisting people who came to Erase family and friends. She always had a knot in her throat whenever one of her patients came for that.

“Do you have another patient today?” asked Joslyn.

Riley checked her notes. “Yeah, an E. S. Funny, it’s been a while since we had a secret patient. Do you think they’re an actor or something?”

Joslyn wasn’t convinced. “I don’t think so.” Her expression changed then, and she rolled her chair next to Riley. Half-whisperingly said, “Do you think they’re a trauma victim?”

“Could be,” said Riley calmly. “It would be good to have a patient we can actually help for a change.”

“Tell me about it,” said Joslyn. Then her pager beeped and she got up with a sigh.

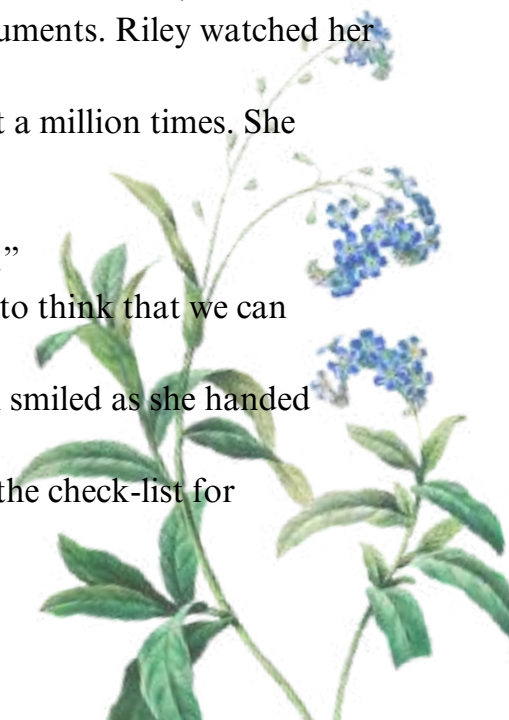
“Ten bucks says he made the doctors Erase how to use the toilet.”

A dry chuckle left Riley’s throat as she glued her eyes to the computer screen once more. “Good luck.”

Once she felt like her spine would snap into two if she didn’t move, she decided to take a break.

Creative Section

The hospital had a nice garden with many benches that allowed the patients to feel comfortable and peaceful. It also let their relatives to have a nice place they could wait as the patient had their Erasure. Riley choose a nice spot away from the entrance and sat facing the building. She felt a sense of belonging whenever she sat like that, like being a nurse here actually made her life more meaningful. But there was another feeling that arose whenever she looked at the hospital, as if she was looking at a ghost. When someone touched her shoulder, she almost fell from her seat. “Oh, sorry darling,” said an older voice. “Didn’t mean to scare you.” The nurse hurried herself on her feet and whipped her head to her left. The voice belonged to a grey-haired woman. She had a shawl around her shoulders and looked quite cold. Riley found it odd, they were in September, weren’t they? It wasn’t supposed to be colder until November. “You didn’t scare me,” she forced herself to smile. An automatic reaction. “How can I help you?” “Oh, yes, I had an appointment.” “An appointment? For the Erasure, correct?” When the woman tentatively nodded Riley smiled to make her feel more comfortable, but in reality, she was surprised. This was her secret patient, there was no doubt about that, but she was nothing like she thought she’d be like. An old woman who had an Erasure, it wasn’t unusual but it was still strange. The nurse led the old lady to the main door. As she walked, memories of old times came flooding her mind. She remembered the times this building was a children’s hospital. Remembered that she dreamed of becoming a doctor to help kids. But couldn’t exactly pinpoint what pushed her to make that decision. It was a funny feeling. Inside the building the nurse pulled the old lady towards one of the monitors, scanned her id and palm, and then sat her down to have her sign the documents. Riley watched her as she keenly read the paper. She seemed calm, as if she had done it a million times. She smiled upon seeing that the nurse was watching her. “You must be happy to work in a place like this, helping people.” Riley shrugged. “I’m not sure if I’m helping them. But it’s good to think that we can offer them a new beginning.” “A new beginning, yes.” The lady scowled absentmindedly, then smiled as she handed her documents to the nurse. “My daughter had the Erasure.” “Oh, did it go okay?” She checked the signatures and looked at the check-list for allergies and illnesses.



Creative Section

“Yes.” Pain evident in her voice. “It was successful.”

“Glad to hear that!” Riley said as she got up and looked for a name on the paper. “It’ll be a moment Mrs... Oh, your last name is Sinclair too, what a coincidence!”

Mrs Sinclair watched her disappear behind a curtain. “Yes, coincidence.”

When the nurse returned, she found Mrs Sinclair watching the screaming children. She stood behind her for a moment, not understanding why she was feeling nostalgic all of a sudden. A woman in her 50s would reminisce her children when she saw this scene, or maybe her grandchildren. Then why was Riley crying?

“Alright!” She quickly dried her face then put on the same plastic smile to approach the woman. “Time to go, Mrs Sinclair.”

“Ah, yes, of course, darling.” Before she could look away, Riley saw the tears in her eyes. For some reason, it was unbearable to see her cry. Maybe it was because she came to Erase her daughter, or maybe it was an entirely different reason that she couldn’t quite understand.

Pull yourself together Riley, she said to herself, what is with you today?

They hopped on the elevator, then walked along the hallway, then entered the Green Room. Riley liked calling it that because, well, because it was a green room with a bunch of frogs on the walls. It reminded her of calmness and safety, though there was a mixed sensation too. Like being in your bed safe and warm, but instead of falling asleep you feel like falling down.

“My daughter loved this room... Well that was two decades ago.” Mrs Sinclair peaked at the nurse. “Do you remember when this building was a children’s hospital?”

“Yes, of course,” said Riley as she pulled up a box to put Mrs Sinclair’s belongings in.

“I used come to here,” she paused as if she forgot what she was going to say. Then shook her head. “I remember,” she said.

“This was a play room back then,” Mrs Sinclair explained as she took her shawl off, folded it, and put it in the box. “Had all these frog figures. Funny froggies, she called them.” Something uneasy made its way to Riley’s stomach. “Did something happen to her?”

“Yes.”

She was silent as she took her clothes off and slipped into the pyjamas the nurse gave her. When she was done, Riley put the box in a shelf and walked her to the operation room. Now there was a hesitant way about Mrs Sinclair. As if she wanted to ask something to Riley, but was too scared of the answer.

“Did you want to ask me something, Mrs Sinclair?”

“Call me Elaine, darling.”

Riley smiled. “Alright, Elaine.”

When they reached the operation room, the women stopped and looked at each other. Elaine trembled like a leaf. Once again, Riley wondered whether it was cold or not.

“Will you hug me? Just for once.” Her eyes watered and Riley slowly nodded, confused.



Creative Section

Elaine threw her hands around Riley's shoulders and Riley had to bow a little to reach her height. Although shorter, Elaine was stronger than Riley. She squeezed her so much Riley felt hot, so much hotter than before. But maybe this was simply warmth, something she is not used to. Her arms were like noodles compared to Elaine's but Riley still held her as best as she could. This was the least she could do. When she realized Elaine was crying she patted her back to comfort her.

"It's alright to cry, Elaine," she said with a soft voice. "But I can see that this memory is weighing you down. You'll feel much better once you let it go."

Elaine then broke the hug and dried her tears with her index finger. "Yes, if you think so."

Not knowing what to make of this answer, Riley opened the room and motioned the doctor that his patient was ready. Then let Elaine in the room and helped her on bed that would slide in the machine when the procedure started. It looked like a normal MR machine

but the way it worked was slightly different. Instead of viewing the brain activity, the doctors

could intervene it. Elaine was silent as Riley put cables on specific parts on her head. Riley then inserted a needle on her hand for vascular access. When she made sure everything was okay she crouched next to the machine and smiled at the woman.

"Alright, now Doctor Thorn will take over. And I'll see you right after the Erasure."

The nurse moved away but her wrist was held by the woman. "Wait, Riley!"

"Yes?" Her smile withered just as she saw Elaine's panicked expression.

But the woman just looked at her, as if seeing her for the last time. Then nodded, smiling again. "Just wanted to look at you for a moment longer."

Riley smiled, relieved that the woman was feeling better again, and wished her procedure to go as swiftly as possible. As she crossed the operation room to get behind the glass panel, she listened to the conversation of the doctor and the patient.

"Nothing to worry about Elaine," said Julian. "You'll just feel a bit dizzy, that's all."

"Yes," said Elaine, suddenly cold to the doctor. "I know how this goes."

"What is it going to be?"

"My daughter," said the woman and closed her eyes.

The Erasure was a curious thing. Riley never got tired of watching doctors work on patients. But Julian was distressed when he came next to her.

"I forgot to tell you," he said, as if he was making up a lie. He was always bad at lying ever since he had the Erasure himself. "There are flowers on my desk, they were sent for you."

Creative Section

“I can take a look at them later,” said Riley but Julian insisted, so she left. Right before she got out she glanced at Elaine. She seemed to be talking to herself. She rushed upstairs to his office. Maybe if she was fast enough, she could see some of her Erasure. She bolted through the door and made a few people in the corridor jump. There really was a flower pot on Julian’s desk. She looked for a card but there were none. The flowers were blue and small. Like wildflowers on a meadow. Forget-Me-Nots, she remembered. Funny little flowers. She held the flowers close to her heart when she went down the stairs. Her mind was elsewhere, much like her heart. But she couldn’t seem to tell what exactly she was thinking.

When she entered the operation room, the procedure was already done. Mrs Sinclair was sitting and smiling happily to Julian. The memory was Erased and her daughter was gone.

“How are you feeling Elaine?” Riley asked as she approached her.

“Oh, hello.” The woman looked pleasantly surprised to be addressed by her first name.

“Who are you again?”

“Riley,” said the girl as she smiled. But something felt wrong and tight in her chest.

“Riley Sinclair.”

“Oh! We have the same surname. What a coincidence!”

“Yes,” said Riley. “Coincidence.”

SUNNY SPELLS

by Behiye ÖZKAN

A mind misty
 Grey and twisty
 A mind tricky
 Lullabies, echoing inside
 Songs, echoing
 Among the walls
 Columns of illusion
 Chandeliers from balloons
 Each in same color
 Empty
 Echoes inside
 Grey and twisty
 Everything misty
 Walls, columns, songs
 Hit to the lines
 Fall from the clouds
 A mind misty
 Misty and?
 Nothing...

Oh, here are the memories
 The photographs never seen
 The ladders I stepped
 The songs I sang
 The words I used
 Oh, here are the memories
 Like erasing the colors
 Vanishing myself
 A stranger, who was me
 I was here
 I was there
 I was in nowhere
 Escaping from nowhere to somewhere
 Creating black from black
 White from white
 In somewhere, nowhere
 Wreckages of myself in everywhere
 Looking at the white walls
 Stranger faces,
 Tongue asking, who?
 Heart saying, no
 And the hands from clay,
 Blurry they are, fading,
 Disappearing.
 The faces, who were they?
 In the end,
 I remember nothing
 But nothingness.

MARINER OF THE LOST LAND

by Behiye ÖZKAN

The stars, not moving.
 Just at the sky, they are hanging.
 I can't take my eyes off the stars,
 And I can't hear the prompt poundings,
 Rebounding in poisoned heart of mine,
 This noisy ordinariness of emotions,
 Like a flood.
 A flood that will drown me,
 Turning me into a courageous survivor.
 Overthinking,
 Then the ebb and tide...
 Lost survivor of the lost lands,
 Destined to lose this bout.
 Maybe, in a boat,
 A boat about to sink,
 A boat driving itself,
 Towards the deepest sands.
 Merry songs, I heard.
 I could have been ignored,
 Yet, I got caught by that siren.
 I can't take my eyes off the stars.
 Polestar shining like a scar.
 Still listening,
 Vicious creature's unending song.
 It is capturing me,
 Taking me to the pole.
 My mind is occupied with the odes.
 Scents glowing,
 Lights singing,
 Hoary sky whispered,
 "It is my time."
 Something happened.
 Black as the waves at midnight,
 Black as the darkness.
 Flames flickering,
 They are dancing.

Burning through my veins,
 Burning through my eyes,
 Burning,
 Burning,
 Burning!
 I saw an angel,
 Wearing the cloak of death.
 I saw a ship, coming from nowhere.
 I can't take my eyes off the stars,
 They are pouring.



Creative Section

The Source of Warmth and Life

By Irmak ÖZIRMAK

Spreading its flowers all around the world
It burns alive while it brings the joy
The moment I introduce myself
The moment my countdown started to blow

With that pretty face and the glowy eyes
It pulls you down and up to the sky
You don't realize what you're being dragged into
It whispers to you takes you with a smile

Once you're poisoned you feel the dust
It's all shiny whereas puts you in task
It's overwhelming with all of its love
But without its existence you're stuck in the dark

It feeds you with light it gives you warmth
You only smile to it and take the offer
You are content you are healed by it
When it gives you eternity why'd you consider it

After being certain and full with passion
Time to gather and start a new session
With harmony intertwine you delicately
Now you get the nirvana another universe in it

Beyond the mind and body the feeling is
It captures you in its prison of happiness
There are more than visual that matters
With its beauty gathers both with calmness

Now you are a part of it burning around
First you start with yourself turning loud
Try to control it stand still with your love
Yet whacks of heart bleed you alive

Anxiety arises with the density of blood
They pour out the same all the way down
We're either gonna drown in it or stay aside
Or find a way to manage keeping the flame bright

It's easy to realize the worth you're given
Just look at its eyes it tells you everything
Tears go out with the intensity of longing
Wish you were closer to warm me up darling

Some consider as foolness be smitten with it
That's above the normal away from eight light year
But once I was a star who's very close to the Sun
Then I fell to the ground being kept away from it

AFAR

by Sezen



15 May 2023

Dear Allan,

Do you know how much it hurts, staring from afar? We are the smartest of the smartest, we are the academics, we are the readers, we are the writers, we are the brightest stars of the biggest skies. We are the painters, the most useless of them all; we copy the copy of the real image, we combine letters that are nothing but paintings of some sounds to most minds. Do you know how lonely it feels to wonder in this blank page of mine? We stare at the white nothingness, we fill it with pain, happiness, analysis's, we hope to find peace until dawn. We are trying to run from the loudness, and the crowd; but we end up with a pathetic crawl.

Does the page exist, after I export the file? If I write about the people, and the people don't see what I say about them, why do I try? If we solved all the problems, if we found the one and only answer, if we are so close to saving their lives; why do they still go on choosing the blind? Do we have to leave them to die? What's the point of saving their lives if they don't, and will never realize?

When we die we'll go knowing that we didn't try hard enough. When we die we'll go with hearts so heavy that people will be crushed under our wasted potential after they try to lift our coffins. It stings having hands that create poems but are yet to touch minds. It is paralyzing to long for peace but lives within constant war. It is a tragedy to lift your fist for change but get drifted to a fight. It is fatal to have a brain that has things to say and can't shut up, in a place where your words cannot reach afar.

Sincerely yours,
Sezen



LOST LOVE

written by Defne Ulu

Love doesn't exist. The kind that you see in novels. Maybe it existed in the past and that was why there were love sonnets and poems dedicated to a person, or perhaps even then people yearned for someone to love and/or be loved. However, today people date because of their sexual desires and marry because they think it's mandatory to have a fulfilling life. Not because they love their partner but because they don't want to be alone. The genuine love one has for another wouldn't last forever, it would turn into respect and comfort because of the time they spent and the things they went through together. That's what love is. Being together, supporting each other even when you're at your lowest. But today you can't find that even in friendships let alone in a partner. Because the moment you need someone, they run away without even looking back. They are people for good days only. And that's because they either aren't capable of loving someone including themselves or love themselves so much to the point of narcissism. And you can't receive love when you yourself don't have any love to give. But, fantasizing about the kind of "eternal love" you want to have, as in the novels you read, instead of putting effort in your relationships is certainly easier. That's why love doesn't exist. At least not anymore.

FILL FIT FUNK

by Zeynep Ece YAZICI

fill your purse with junk
that's your trunk
fill it with makeup
that'll later make your face throw up

fill your purse with money
that'll make you cunningly
fill it with molly
'That does not take space, honey'

'oh we've forgotten the giant wallet
there you go
put it in'

but there's no room for a book
or a notebook
'it's not an outlook'

you've got yourself a mirror
a reflective mirror of you!
is there space or is there a queue
for a book, but you are not a darer
just like everyone else
you are a bystander

not in control
bought coal lost your soul
warm outside
frozen to death inside

but never choose a side
be eyed wide or wide eyed
don't put your pride aside
wear it and never get rid of it
well what about your fit
do you like it or not
well I love it

A PIN ON MAN

by Toprak ZENGİN

Desire is the whip of man's in his worldly live
In a pool of dreams he full-sails with the ship of belief,
Seeks the truth, which is white reflecting all the colours
Galloper he was, even through the things he hates for a bunch of dollars.

His stomach was such esurient that liked to wear in layers
And such religious that wealth, women and wine were all his prayers
Despite all, witfull he was and knew how to concoct someone very well,
One of the greatest sins but 'trade' he spelled.

He has always the courage to step forward with no looking back
Though, inwardly he grandiously fears to lose the track
What a fool! Homo-spurius it may be called,
Do not astonish! As those listening are not such different than what are told.

JOURNEY

by Toprak ZENGİN

It was the day when I felt the thirst for,
The water from the spring of wisdom before
Perceiving all the thoughts as smooth as velour
Which are I have never dipped my spoon at all.

Then I saw a reflection of light,
It was an apollonic bright
Which I thought would company to my journey
Rising upon the path I presumed wrong only.

It may be a faux-pas that I might have made,
Hence, luck has always been redcoats' maid.
Then shall my journey reach its very own end
As I would never regret for the time I spent.

TEGERA



Tegera is a collection of poems by Ramazan Saral, Terriann Walling, and George Gerard. As the team of Arcadia, we had a chance to get an insight into it while interviewing Mr. Saral. We would like to introduce you to Tegera:

“In the circular world of Tegera, three travellers of timelessness meet. Through poetry, prose, and stories they flow between seven realms of existence, all illustrating that time and space are but an illusion and that fully existing involves freeing oneself from these restraints.”

*All the celestial art is drawn by the young Turkish artist Yaren Gezer.

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