

Temmuz Ayı Sayısı 1. Sayı



Ink-spire

Bu Ay INK-SPIRE

Günümüz Bakışından Romantik Dönem

4

Eski Romantik Dönem yazarlarının bakış açılarıyla günümüze yapılan yorumlar.

Hangi Romantik Ruhsun?

32

Kişiliğinize uygun olan Romantik Ruhu bulmanızı sağlayan eğlenceli bir test.

INK-SPIR'dan Serbest Akış

37

Serbest akış, farklı konular ve bakış açılarının ses bulmasıdır.

Film Zamanı

43

Filmler ve onlara açılan farklı pencereler.

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Ink-Spire, Munzur Üniversitesi Batı Dilleri ve Edebiyatı öğrencilerinin katkılarıyla hazırlanan, yılda iki kez (Temmuz ve Şubat aylarında) yayımlanan öğrenci merkezli bir edebiyat dergisidir. Dergi, her sayısında belirlenen temaya odaklanarak, bu tema etrafında şekillenen şiir, öykü, deneme, çeviri ve eleştirel yazılara yer verir ve aynı zamanda öğrencilerin görsel sanatlara dair üretimlerini - illüstrasyon, kolaj, fotoğraf gibi - destekler ve yayımlar. Munzur Üniversitesi Edebiyat Fakültesi'nin tüm bölümlerinden öğrencilere açık olan dergimiz, yazmak, düşünmek ve paylaşmak isteyen herkes için üretim odaklı, kapsayıcı bir platformdur. Katkı sunmak isteyen öğrenciler, her sayı için yapılan çağrılarda belirtilen tarihlerde başvurularını iletebilir.



BAŞ EDITÖRÜN

Notu

Sevgili Okurlar,

Elinizde tuttuğunuz bu ilk sayı, yalnızca bir derginin değil, aynı zamanda bir yolculuğun, bir fikrin, bir hevesin ete kemiğe bürünmüş halidir. İsmi mürekkep (ink) ve ilham (inspire) kelimelerinin birleşiminden alan *Ink-spire*, hem yazının maddi doğasına hem de düşünsel ve manevi boyutuna işaret ediyor. Çünkü yazmak sadece kelimeleri yan yana getirmek değil; dünyayı anlamanın, sorgulamanın ve yeniden kurmanın bir yoludur. Bu dergi de tam olarak bunu hedefliyor: genç yazarların, şairlerin, düşünen bireylerin seslerini bir araya getirerek ortak bir edebi soluk yaratmak.

Edebiyat eğitimi yalnızca metin okumak ve çözümlemekten ibaret değil; düşünmeyi, üretmeyi ve yazılı ifadeyi geliştirmeyi de kapsıyor. *Ink-spire*, bu anlayışla yola çıktı ve öğrencilerimizin şiir, öykü, inceleme ve görsel çalışmalar gibi pek çok türde kaleme aldıkları metinleri bir araya getirdi. Bu ilk sayı, hem bireysel yaratıcılıkların bir ürünü hem de kolektif bir emeğin sonucu olarak ortaya çıktı ve ilerleyen sayılar için güçlü bir başlangıç sundu.

Ink-spire, Munzur Üniversitesi, Batı Dilleri ve Edebiyatı Bölümü öğrencileri için bir vitrin değil, bir üretim alanı. Burada amaç sadece yazmak değil, düşünmek, hissetmek, ifade etmek ve paylaşmak. Bu nedenle, ilk sayımızın hazırlanmasında emeği geçen, katkı sunan, düşünen, yazan, çizen, öneri getiren, yorulan ama vazgeçmeyen tüm öğrencilerime içten teşekkür ederim.

Gelecek sayılar için çok heyecanlıyız. Bu başlangıcın, edebiyatla kurduğumuz ilişkiyi daha da derinleştirmesini ve bu ortak emeğin uzun soluklu bir geleneğe dönüşmesini diliyorum.

İlhamla, emekle ve edebiyatla,

Dr. Öğrt. Üyesi İncihan Hotaman



GÜNÜMÜZ BAKIŞINDAN Romantik Dönem

Derginin başlangıç kısmında, 'Romantik Dönem yazarları günümüzde yaşasaydı neler hisseder, yazıları ne yönde şekillenirdi?' düşüncesinden esinlenildi. Bir Romantik Dönem yazarı olarak yazılar şekillendi.



TIME UNPASSED

The blind would not forgive the sky,
While deep hues cradled worlds gone by.

Black, unmatched by any dye,
From that dark night, self could not vie.

Eyes adored droplets from glass so sheer,
Their beauty unmatched, or so it did appear.

Only caterpillars awaited spring's debut,
Yet it alighted on butterflies like fresh dew.

Life revealed weeping as the rain,
While man learned more than shown in pain.

A babe fell softly into the womb,
And a smile outshone the awaiting gloom.

Man assumed he knew all that was true,
Mocking right as wrong in his misconstrued view.

In the end, no sorrow was born,
For ignorance brought joy in its own turn.

Lovers waited all night for love's fair art,
Yet love, alas, never did import.

Dreams reflected in your shattered glass,
Merged with the night in silent cries that pass.

A wind blew, and love's traces remained,
While forgotten songs in dreams softly waned.

My essence in mirrors bore a scornful hue,
Yet even they could not my truth construe.

My heart lost its way in reason's woven maze,
And was my form wrought from a stone's small glaze?

But this night, how many hands did grace thy frame,
And did its dark embrace conceal thy shame?

Now thou art cloaked in a thread's thin guise,
While cloud and night thy solace did comprise.

My soul too wore a pensive tone,
Who knows what fate hath left me overthrown?

One abandoned me this fateful night,
The year's dark eve in sorrow's light.

This night, dear Leyla, did import
Infinity, as time refused to deport...

The Tears of Echoes: Wordsworth's Lament for the Modern World

A Perspective

In this study, I will examine the following topics: Nature versus Industrialization and Urbanization, Loneliness, Love, the Fall of Morality, the Loss of Trust and the Corruption of Society, the Paradox of Knowledge and Ignorance, Digitalization and Disconnection from Nature, and Power Struggles in Politics. These topics will be explored through the lens of William Wordsworth's vision, offering a critique of modern life as viewed by a Romantic poet who valued nature, human connection, and moral integrity. I hope you like this prose writing, which I wrote from William Wordsworth's perspective. ENJOY READING !

Ah, greetings. I am William Wordsworth, a poet who has walked through the heart of nature, feeling its pulse in the whisper of the wind and the rustle of the trees. Nature gives me peace all the time. I believe nature is beautiful, and everything in nature is connected. In my poem "Lines Written in Early Spring", I wrote about flowers and trees, and how they enjoy the fresh air:

*"Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes."*

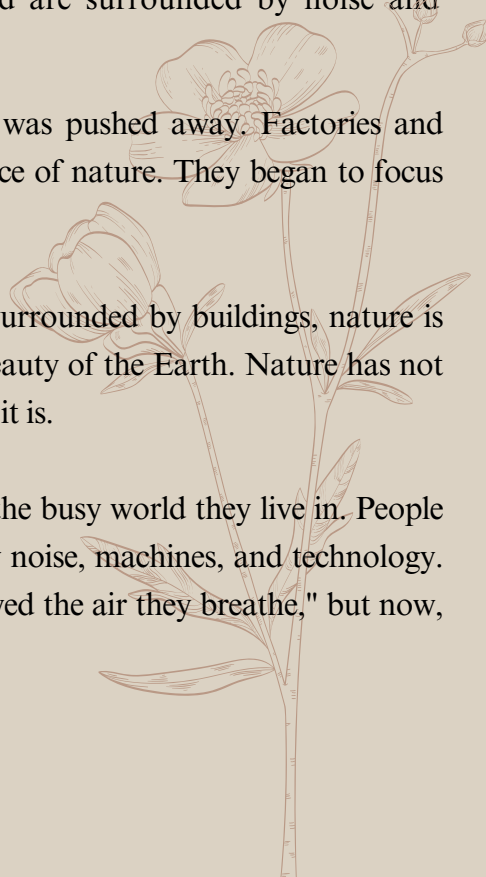
These words are important to me because they show how much I love nature. When I walk outside, I feel connected to everything around me. Nature makes me happy, and I believe it can make everyone happy if they take the time to enjoy it. When I wrote this poem, I truly felt nature's soul. Nature was calm, and people lived in harmony with it.

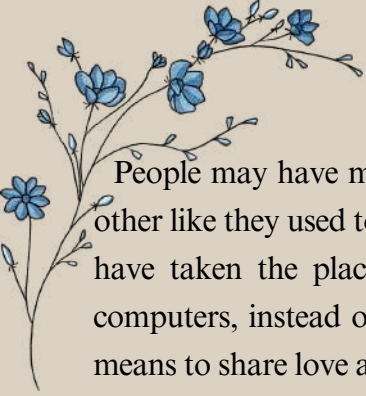
But now, in the modern world, I see a different universe. Today, the peaceful fields I once walked in are gone. They have been replaced by tall buildings made of steel and concrete. The rivers, which were once clear and beautiful, are now polluted. The air is no longer fresh. People do not enjoy nature as they did before. They are too busy and always rushing around. They live in big cities and are surrounded by noise and machines. They forget the simple beauty of nature.

Industrialization and urbanization changed the world. As cities grew, nature was pushed away. Factories and buildings replaced the green land. This made people forget about the importance of nature. They began to focus only on machines and technology.

Yet, nature is still here. Even though the rivers are polluted and the trees are surrounded by buildings, nature is waiting for us. If we stop for a moment and look around, we can still see the beauty of the Earth. Nature has not left us, and we can always return to it. We just need to remember how important it is.

Today, people are more lonely than ever before. The cause of this loneliness is the busy world they live in. People spend all their time rushing from one place to another. They are surrounded by noise, machines, and technology. Because of this, they forget to enjoy life. As I wrote, "the flowers and trees enjoyed the air they breathe," but now, people are too busy looking at glowing screens, moving quickly through the city.





People may have many online friends, but in the real world, they are alone. They no longer talk to each other like they used to. They no longer share real moments of joy or kindness. The machines and technology have taken the place of real human connections. People spend their days looking at their phones or computers, instead of talking to one another face to face. Their hearts are empty, and they forget what it means to share love and kindness.

Love, too, has changed. In my time, love was deep, holy, and slow, like a tree growing from the earth. True love takes time, grows naturally, and is built on trust and understanding. But today, love has become quick and shallow. People may fall in love easily, but they fall out just as quickly. The fast pace of life has made love feel like a fleeting moment instead of something lasting. The world today is full of noise and distractions. People have lost their connection to the Earth, and this has led to loneliness. But it is not too late. Nature is still here, waiting for people to come back to it and remember the simple joys of life. We must also remember that love is not just a momentary feeling. It is something that takes time, grows like nature, and brings two hearts together.

As William Wordsworth...

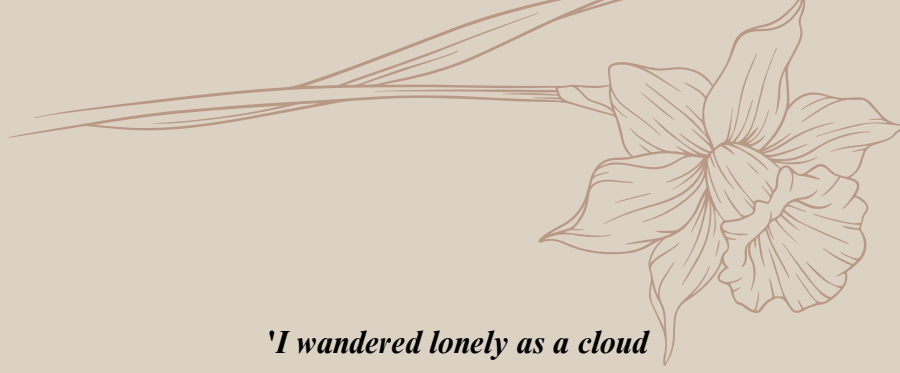
At that time, I felt, I believed, I believe love, like nature, is timeless if we only give it the care it deserves.

I felt that nature was pure, and people lived in peace with it. But today, I see a world that is very different. The beauty of nature is fading. The fall of morality is a result of this change. Trust has also changed. In my day, people trusted each other. They worked together and helped each other. But now, trust is rare. People deceive and hurt each other emotionally. This world is full of noise, and people do not have time for real conversations. They are too busy with technology. As a result, trust disappears.



The Road from Versailles to Louveciennes by Alfred Sisley





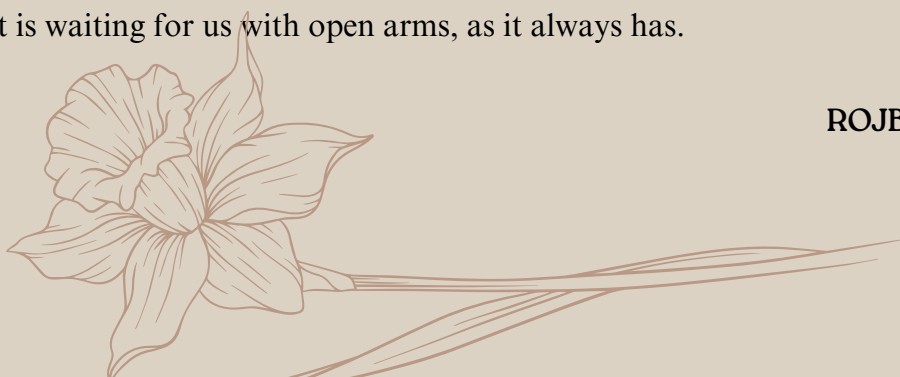
*'I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze. '*

When I wrote these lines, I felt the miracle of nature. It was full of life and beauty. Today, nature is ignored. People do not enjoy the beauty of nature for many reasons...

In my time, knowledge came from nature. We learned from the wind, the trees, and the stars. But today, many people believe everything they see on screens without thinking. This is because they have forgotten how to think for themselves. Nature is no longer the teacher. Instead, the world of machines has taken over. People are distracted and do not see what is important. Nature is still here, waiting for us. If we listen to the wind and gaze at the stars, we will find love, trust, and wisdom. It's time to return to nature's beauty. In my time, the French Revolution inspired hope for freedom and equality, but it also brought chaos and violence. Politics aimed for change, yet often lost its moral path. Today, I see a world still driven by power and division. Trust and true connection are rare. Yet, nature stands unchanged, offering wisdom and peace if only we would listen, like in my time:

*"For oft, when on in vacant or in my couch I lie
In pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude."*

I ask you, dear, to lift your head from your screen. Go outside, feel the wind, and remember the joy of love, kindness, and nature. Do not let the world become only concrete and machines. Our souls belong to nature. Let's return to earth, trust, love, nature and truly live again. If we do, we will find that the world is not lost. It is waiting for us with open arms, as it always has.



THE LOST ERA IN DIGITAL SCREENS

Once upon a time, the seasons came quietly.
Butterflies danced in our souls.
Children used to race with the wind in the mountains.
And nature would caress our cheeks at home.

Nowadays, the seasons are as short as notifications.
We have forgotten the butterflies dancing in our souls on the screen.
The digital world is competing with children in the standing world.
And we are all lost in that world.

Once upon a time, handwritten letters were written with sincerity.
There was a pinch of warmth permeating the leaf,
Waiting eagerly to burst from the ink
The truest weight of my feelings.



Monet Family in Their Argenteuil Garden, by Edouard Manet

Nowadays, words are screaming on the screen.
I hear them, but they do not filter into my mind.
Faces are away from the self, truths on the run.
The children dancing in their pupils are asleep.

Once upon a time, tree leaves laughed in the forest.
We mistook their happiness for rustling in the branches.
Resting in their shadows was a therapy of peace for our souls.
And in the silence, we would find great meaning.

Nowadays, we fit light, sound, and touch on the screen.
There is touch, but no reality of feeling.
A world slips through soulless fingers.
Even our silence has been digitized many fade in the light.

Once upon a time, the wind caressed our hair.
The sound of the waves sang on our tongues.
We painted our souls with the leaves of the trees every season.
And the moonlight whispered in our ears for a long time.

Nowadays, we breathe on glass screens
Without feeling, without savoring, just watching.
The moon winks at us, but we don't see it.
Because the sky is outside the glass worlds.

Once upon a time, our hands knew the feeling of water, earth, and wind.
The rain was the purifier of our dirty selves.
The trees were our friends, the wind a confidant who loved us.
And the mountains the comrades who witnessed the resistance.

Nowadays, faces are prisoners imprisoned on the screen.
Voices are suppressed, touches are sterilized.
Everything at the speed of light, everything numb.
It's like a life that ends without being lived.

Once upon a time, the mountains carried our echoes.
The sycamores poured forgotten legends into our ears.
The wind made promises to our children that never saw the light of day.
One word was enough to describe ourselves.

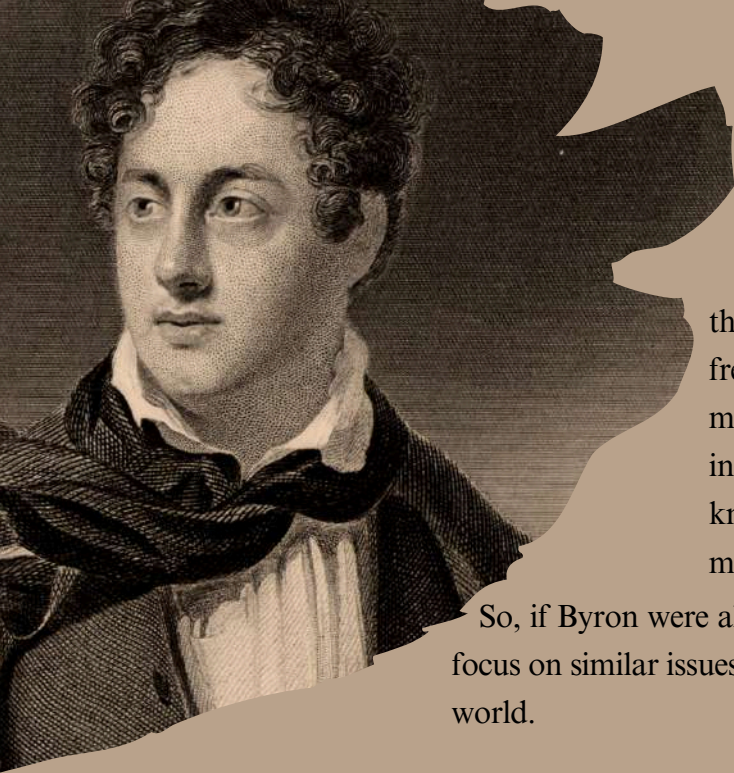
Nowadays, words reach everywhere wirelessly.
There is a riot of volumes of books on the networks.
There is no depth of sound left in this land.
Nor is there any space left to echo in the digital space.

Hey! Imperious age! What end are you preparing us for?
The world is asleep—cry out to them!
What plastic ear can hear a ballad on my tongue?
If these branches blossom, who will notice?

But maybe one day, the forests will whisper to them.
Humanity will wake up in the light of dawn.
Then the wind will speak to them again
If we really want to hear.

But maybe one day, the clouds will disperse.
Someone will stop and look up at the smiling hopes,
And turn off the screens for a moment.
Then nature will say hello once more.





LORD BYRON'S CRITICISM OF TODAY FROM A ROMANTIC ERA PERSPECTIVE

Lord Byron was one of the most rebellious and dark poets of the Romantic era. His poems were full of a passion for freedom, defiance against authority, for lovers, and deep melancholy. He also had a mysterious and gloomy style influenced by Gothic literature. The characters he created, known as Byronic Heroes, were outsiders, rebellious, melancholic, but still fascinating.

So, if Byron were alive today, what would he criticize? Most probably, he would focus on similar issues but also strongly address the unique problems of the modern world.

First, Byron would criticize the shallowness and materialistic lifestyle of today's society. Romantic poets admired nature and the deep emotions of individuals, whereas modern people are constantly trying to create an identity on social media. Byron would probably mock how people value themselves based on likes and followers, seeing social media as a fake stage. Like a Byronic Hero, he would be against losing one's identity and getting lost in the system, because he always chooses to isolate himself.

Additionally, political systems and authoritarian governments would be a major target for Byron. In his time, he supported freedom movements and even fought in the Greek War of Independence. If he lived today, he would take a strong stance against regimes that restrict personal freedoms. He would harshly criticize how big corporations and governments control people. They may think they are free, but they are actually manipulated by the system. Byronic Heroes often rebel against authority, standing alone but strong, and Byron would likely defend those pushed to the margins of society.

Environmental issues would also be a significant concern for Byron. Romantic poets deeply admired nature, and Byron often portrayed both its beauty and its darker, more terrifying aspects in his works. If he saw today's environmental destruction, he would likely react with anger, using his poetry to protest against it. Climate change, urbanization, and deforestation would be among the greatest tragedies of the modern world for him. He would probably describe cities as soulless and suffocating places, seeing humanity's disconnection from nature as a kind of curse.

Finally, Byron would address modern human loneliness and inner conflicts. His characters were often isolated, melancholic, and dissatisfied with life. He would recognize today's fast-changing world as a source of the same loneliness and existential crisis. Most likely, he would criticize how modern life makes people feel more alone and emotionally exhausted. Like a Byronic Hero, he would argue that people are lost within the system, unable to find true freedom.

In conclusion, if Lord Byron lived today, he would oppose materialism, the suppression of individual freedoms, the destruction of nature, and the increasing loneliness of modern life. With his Gothic and Romantic perspective, he would criticize the modern world, trying to awaken people with his dark, yet rebellious voice. As always, he would remain an outsider whom the one who sees and understands society the most.

MANFRED AND THE DYING EARTH: A LAMENT OF MODERN RUN

I am Manfred , not a spirit born of gods or demons, but a shadow of humanity itself, cast against the fading light of a dying Earth. Once I climbed the misty Alps and spoke with the storm. I stood at the precipice and found solace in nature's indifference to man. Yet now, were I to stand upon those heights, what would I find? Glaciers bleeding into barren stone, forests gasping beneath a sky choked with smoke, oceans mourning beneath plastic shrouds. The sublime has become a cemetery.

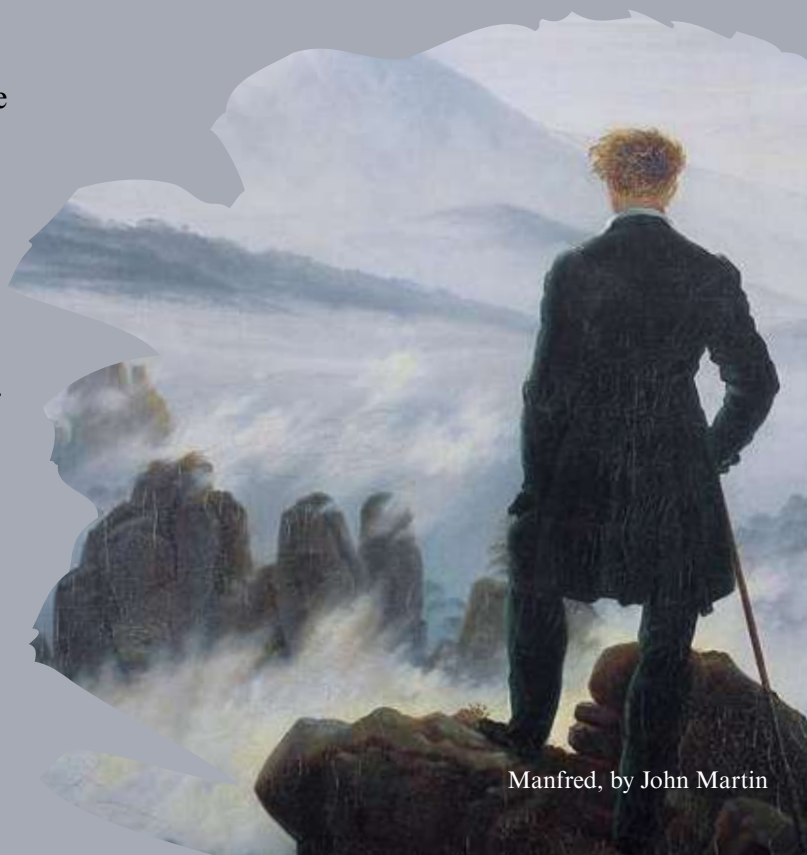
The mountains, once my only confidants, have lost their eternal silence broken now by drills, by greed, by industry's ravenous appetite. Man no longer fears the mountain; he exploits it. He has become Prometheus unbound, but without the wisdom to wield the fire he has stolen. In his arrogance, he carves his name into the bones of the Earth, blind to the price of such vanity.

I sought forgetfulness in solitude, but now solitude is a luxury sold by corporations in weekend packages, wrapped in cellophane. Even the night sky, once a cathedral of stars, now flickers dim behind artificial light. Where shall the soul retreat when even the wilderness has been claimed by ownership?

My sin is no longer one of forbidden knowledge or metaphysical torment it is complicity. To live in this age is to partake in the ruin of the world. I cry out not to decline. Yet they answer not with visions but with profits. They measure worth not by beauty or being, but by extraction and decay. I have conjured no demon but the mirror:

Nature, once a temple of the eternal, has become a testament to human impermanence. And yet, perhaps in this crumbling Eden, there lies a final chance not for salvation, but for reckoning. To look upon the devastation, and, like me, to refuse absolution. For I do not seek redemption. I seek remembrance that we once stood in awe of the world and now kneel before its corpse.

Ümran Yıldırım



LAST WHISPER OF THE EARTH

I once walked through endless fields of green, where the breeze carried the scent of wildflowers and the rivers ran clear like liquid silver under the sun. The Earth was alive, breathing in harmony with the sky, and every creature played its part in an unbroken cycle. But now, a heavy silence hangs in the air. The rivers no longer sparkle; they choke on the refuse of mankind. The trees, once mighty and proud, stand frail, their leaves brittle and weak. The once-bright sky is shrouded in a haze of smoke and dust, the stars fading behind a man-made veil of neglect.

Oh, humanity! You were meant to walk alongside nature, not trample it underfoot. Once, you listened to the songs of the birds and the whispers of the trees. Now, you drown them out with the roar of machines and the ceaseless hum of industry. The mountains you once revered, you now tear apart for riches. The oceans that gave you life, you fill with waste. Do you not hear the cries of the Earth beneath your feet? Do you not see the sorrow in the withering grass, in the barren lands where forests once stood? The rivers that once carried the secrets of time now carry only the poison of your greed.

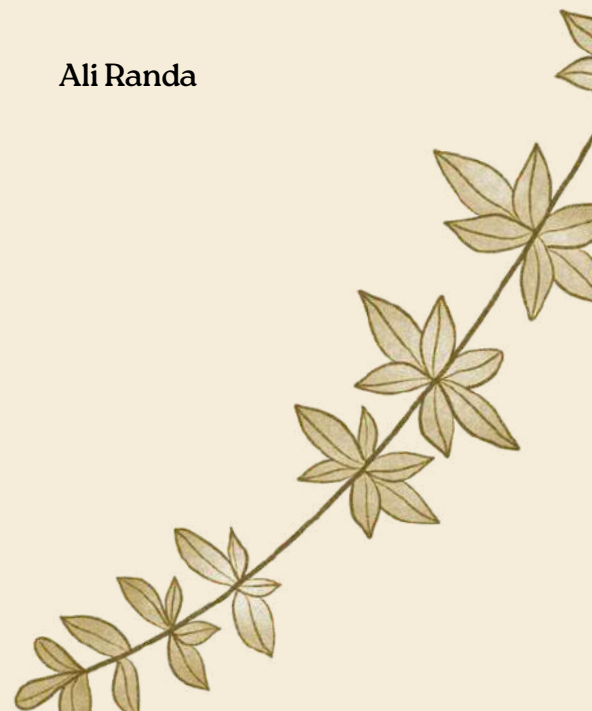
I remember the days when the rain was pure; when each drop kissed the Earth like a blessing. Now, the rain burns, tainted by the smoke of your endless factories. The winds that once carried the scent of blossoms now bring only the stench of decay. The animals that roamed freely have vanished, their voices silenced, their homes destroyed. The balance that held life together is slipping, and still, you turn away, blind to the damage done.



Yet hope lingers in the quiet corners of the world. Somewhere, a tree still grows, reaching for the sky despite the smog. A river still runs, fighting against the filth that seeks to smother it. A bird still sings, though its song is softer, struggling to be heard. The Earth is wounded, but she is not defeated. She calls to you, pleading for kindness, for remembrance. But will you listen? Will you take your hands away from destruction and place them upon the soil with care? Will you plant instead of tear down, clean instead of pollute, heal instead of harm? The choice is yours, and time is running thin. The Earth will survive, with or without you. But if you wish to walk once more beneath a sky that shines blue, to breathe air that is clean and hear the rivers sing their songs of old, then you must act.

One day, if you listen, if you change, if you remember, I will walk again through green fields untouched by greed, beneath a sky unstained by smoke. And the wind, free at last, will carry a song of renewal, a melody of a world saved rather than lost.

Ali Randa





Women Seated Under the Willows, by Claude Monet

Echoes of Albion: A Lament for the Lost Spirit

Albion's ancient spirit, now a fading shade,
Concrete forests rise, where skies grow dark and
fade.

The angels' whispers lost in the city's hum,
Technology's cold breath, where all has become
numb.

I saw the souls imprisoned by the screen's bright
gleam,
Their eyes, pixel glow, held a frozen dream.
Fingers dance on slick glass, in virtual flight,
The warmth of real touch, lost to memory's night.

The knowledge web's branches bear a poisoned
fruit,
Each notification a chain, binding the root.
The craving for approval, a virus takes hold,
True worth surrenders to likes, bought and sold.

The factories' iron jaws devour the night's soft
grace.

Children's laughter drowned in the exhaust's
harsh embrace.

The stars' silent song no longer can be heard,
Neon signs' false brilliance, the heavens have
blurred.

I saw once the fountains of innocence so pure,
The bright, questioning gaze, forever to endure.
Now algorithms shape the young mind's fragile
frame,

Nature's wise whisper, forgotten in the game.
But deep within, a silent cry takes flight,
A longing for Eden, lost to the digital blight.
A quest begins within this labyrinth of light,
To trace the fading echoes of what feels truly
right.



The cry of art is not silenced by the electric din,
A poet's heart bleeds, where words rise up to win.
Seeking beauty's frail flowers in this desolate scene,
A hopeful seedling waits where barrenness has been.

The chains are unseen, yet felt with every breath,
Addiction's woven webs enshroud, embracing death.
Is freedom a myth, a tale from long ago?
Or can these virtual walls, at last, be made to go?

Oh you, whose fingers on the bright screens play,
Pause for a moment, and heed your heart's own way.
Listen to the song that from the deep earth springs,
And remember the true homeland your spirit sings.

CONTEMPORARY PROBLEMS IN THE 21st CENTURY

Do people learn from history, or do the same mistakes repeat themselves? With the Industrial Revolution and the French Revolution that started in the Bastille prisons, the themes of freedom and nature come to the fore. The Romantic period began in 1798 with Lyrical Ballads by William Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge and continued until 1837. During this period, poets naturally revealed their feelings and suddenly began to write poetry in a tranquil way with inspiration received from nature. The poems of this period are themed on nature and emotions and are poems that glorify peasants, children, and madmen.

With the Industrial Revolution that emerged, people began to become machines and lost their feelings and essence and moved away from nature. Just as people moved away from nature and their own feelings with industrialization in that period, we see the loneliness, laziness, and social disorder that arose from technology in society. In this study, I will examine the themes of loneliness, corruption, laziness, and moving away from nature that arose as a result of technology.

In the Romantic period, with the Industrial Revolution, people became machines, and this caused people to be disconnected from nature, lose their essence and emotions. If we think of a factory worker, he/she goes to work in the morning and has to work until night. In return, his/her salary is very low. The only thing that person can think about is to feed himself/herself. Someone who has to spend time only on his/her job is disconnected from nature; the system has forced this on him. Intense working hours have disconnected these people from nature.





The same situation applies today. When we think about today's people, unfortunately, the system progresses in the same way. How can there be sociality in the life of a civil servant/officer whose working hours are from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.? People go to their homes with the tiredness brought by their jobs, and they get away from nature and also from communication. People cut off their basic need for communication. The problem of our age is that they start to be interested in only making ends meet with economic concerns.

We search for the theme of nature and freedom. For the Romantic period, this revolution was a step for people to return to nature and reveal their feelings. Although technology is one of the reasons that leads us to loneliness and social deterioration, I can say that it is also the secret savior of our age. Thanks to the wide range of job opportunities, we can do jobs that make us feel more comfortable and spend more time for ourselves. With the opportunities we obtain from technology, we can be in touch with nature, socialize, and communicate in the times we create.

We have seen two different revolutions in two different periods, but technology is not that innocent. Another problem of our age is phone addiction, especially for children. How can someone who has grown up with this opportunity since childhood want to be in touch with nature? If a Romantic poet existed today, he/she would address this problem of society. These problems cause the degradation of society and our separation from nature.

We see both positive and negative effects of technology on us. Learning every piece of information with a single click has made people lazy, and now people can do everything over the internet without getting up from their couches at home. Not leaving home has increased digital addiction, and as a result, people have become lonely, lost their essence, and distanced themselves from nature. If you are an officer (with an ordinary salary), this loneliness only allows you to sit at home, and you cannot see nature that encourages you to reveal your own feelings. Since people cannot go to nature, they prefer technology where they belong and prefer to listen to rain and bird sounds on online accounts. Because these are the sounds that calm people and reveal people's hidden feelings and allow them to get a little closer to nature. Solving this problem is possible with nature again.

In conclusion, we have listed a few reasons that have led people to loneliness and distanced them from nature in some ages. We said industrialization and technology. While I found a solution with the French Revolution in the 18th and 19th centuries, I have not found a solution yet to this in the 21st century. I attributed the reasons to technological problems and the working conditions of the period; the loneliness caused by technology has separated people from nature. Social disorder and laziness are other problems. The only solution for our period is to reach nature and heal our souls with it.

Gülsüm Doğan



The Forgotten Melody: The Call of Nature and the Soul

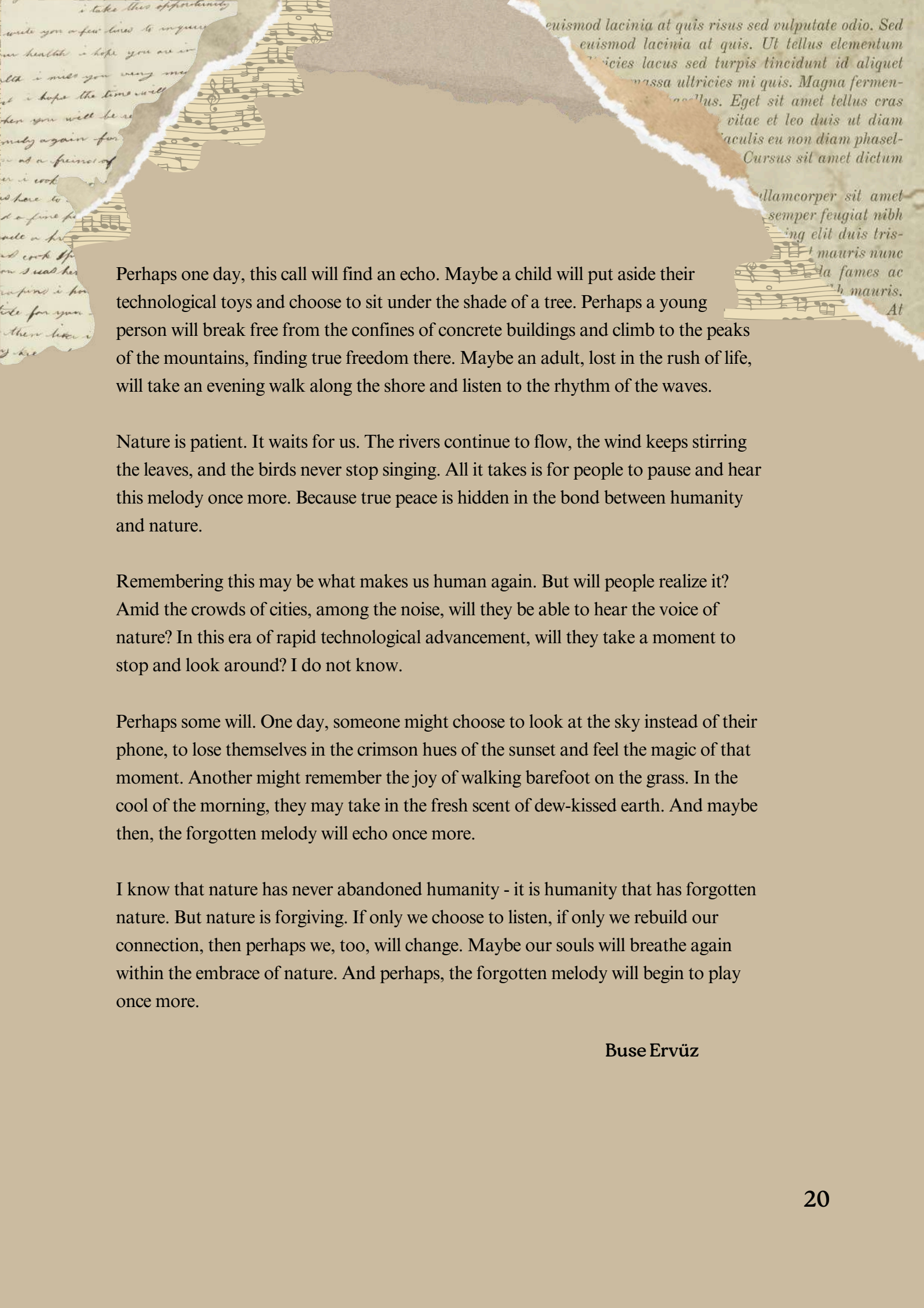
Time has changed, people have changed, yet nature still whispers its timeless wisdom. The freedom that once touched our souls now seems forgotten among concrete walls. But nature continues to call us - if only we choose to listen.

Ah, how the world has changed! There was a time when losing myself among lakes and mountains filled my soul with the deepest sense of freedom. The sun embraced the valleys with its golden light, the rivers murmured their melodies, and the wind played a gentle tune among the leaves of the trees. But now, as I look around, I see that people have forgotten this magic. Where is the love for nature that I once knew? Where are the eyes that used to gaze at the sky while lying on the grass?

Now I see that people have imprisoned themselves in castles of stone and iron. They have become lost among the cold walls of the city, where the sounds of machines drown out the songs of birds. People no longer look up to the sky; instead, they are fixated on the artificial glow in their hands. Yet we once knew that the greatest wisdom was hidden in nature. There was a deep peace that touched the soul in the flow of a river, the fall of a leaf, and the first light of morning. But now, that peace has been replaced by haste and emptiness.

Even love seems to have taken a different form. Once, a glance, a word, a flower, or a letter could express entire worlds. Now, everything comes and goes too quickly; emotions are lived as fleeting whims and then forgotten. But I know that true love is like waiting for a flower to bloom - it grows with patience and longing. Yet no one waits anymore, and no one longs. People no longer experience the moment; they consume it.

But perhaps there is still hope. Maybe one day, someone will sit beneath a tree and hear the whisper of the wind. Maybe someone will listen to the song of a river and remember the feelings they once forgot. Nature will always be here, as long as we choose to listen. We Romantics know that true peace, true happiness, lies in rediscovering our bond with nature. And from across the ages, I whisper:
"Remember!
Nature is calling you!"



Perhaps one day, this call will find an echo. Maybe a child will put aside their technological toys and choose to sit under the shade of a tree. Perhaps a young person will break free from the confines of concrete buildings and climb to the peaks of the mountains, finding true freedom there. Maybe an adult, lost in the rush of life, will take an evening walk along the shore and listen to the rhythm of the waves.

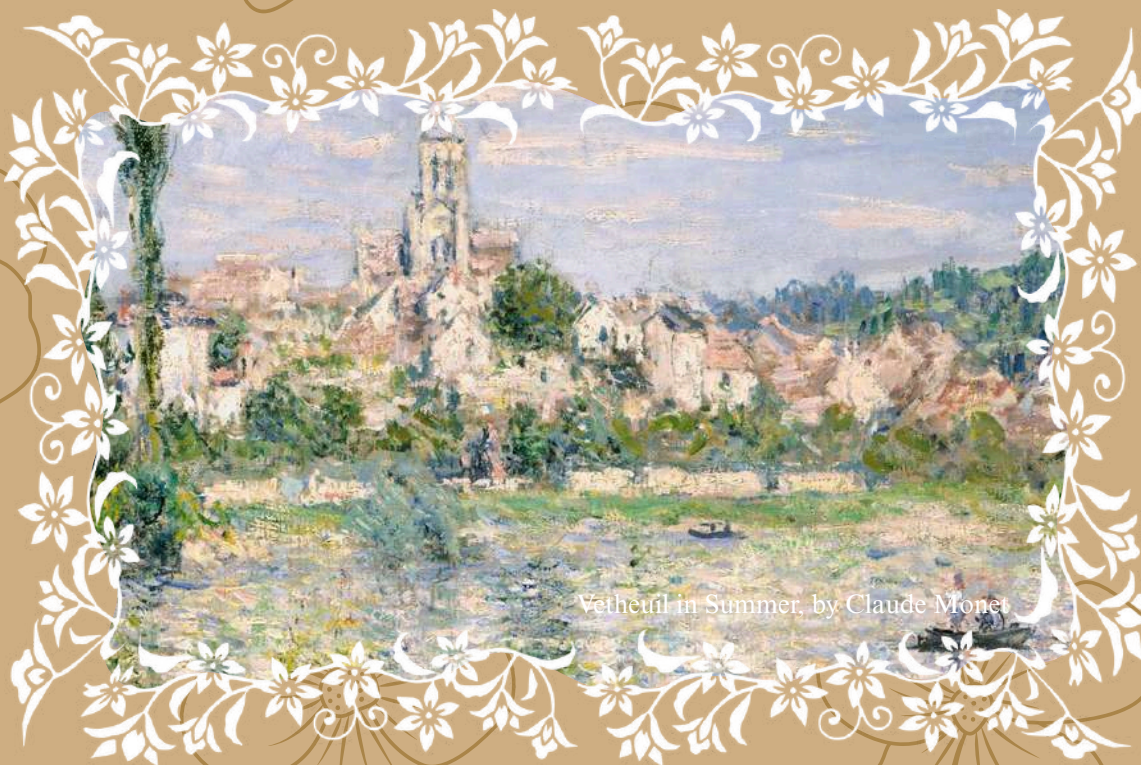
Nature is patient. It waits for us. The rivers continue to flow, the wind keeps stirring the leaves, and the birds never stop singing. All it takes is for people to pause and hear this melody once more. Because true peace is hidden in the bond between humanity and nature.

Remembering this may be what makes us human again. But will people realize it? Amid the crowds of cities, among the noise, will they be able to hear the voice of nature? In this era of rapid technological advancement, will they take a moment to stop and look around? I do not know.

Perhaps some will. One day, someone might choose to look at the sky instead of their phone, to lose themselves in the crimson hues of the sunset and feel the magic of that moment. Another might remember the joy of walking barefoot on the grass. In the cool of the morning, they may take in the fresh scent of dew-kissed earth. And maybe then, the forgotten melody will echo once more.

I know that nature has never abandoned humanity - it is humanity that has forgotten nature. But nature is forgiving. If only we choose to listen, if only we rebuild our connection, then perhaps we, too, will change. Maybe our souls will breathe again within the embrace of nature. And perhaps, the forgotten melody will begin to play once more.

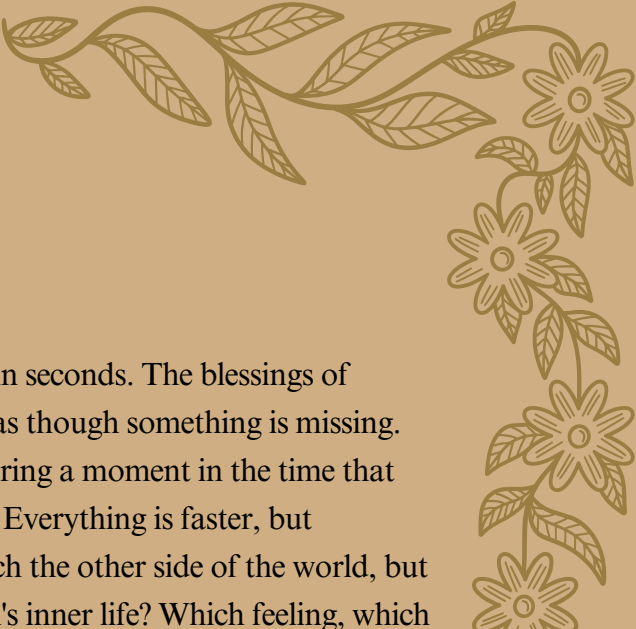
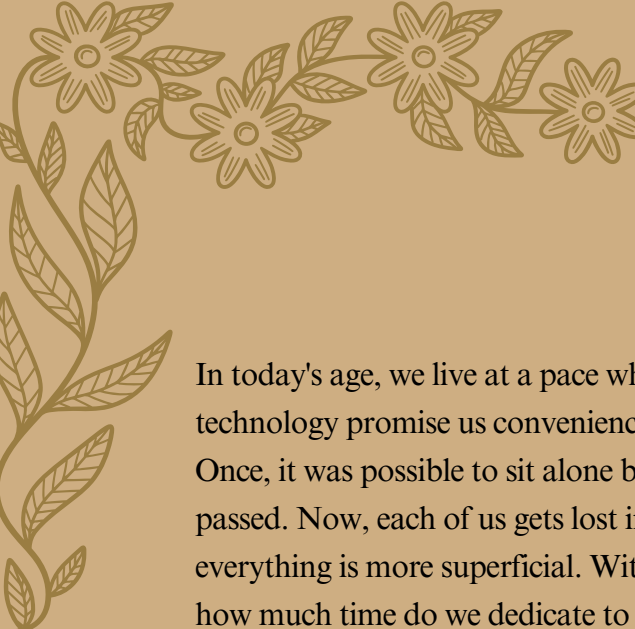
Buse Ervüz



Echoes of a Lost Harmony: A Romantic Reflection in the Age of Speed

In the flow of time, in the face of the noise of the modern world and its rapidly changing face, the heart of a romantic poet inevitably fills with sorrow. In the old days, people living in harmony with the magic of nature found the meaning of life in every flower, in every whisper of the wind. But now, in our age, it seems as though these beauties have almost vanished. The heart, lost in the shadow of technology and speed, has begun to search for the depths it once saw and felt. The world of today, like the time when it made me reflect while sitting alone by a sorrowful river, leaves a void in my soul.

Once, when the eyes gazed upon the sky, the stars surrounding the night would whisper traces of the past, memories, and even hints of the future. The moon, shining every night, would unite with the longing for the beloved in your heart, wrapping your soul with fire. Nature, in its purest form, always reflected the inner world of a person, and everything was in harmony. But now, when I look at the sky, the lights of the cities obscure that ancient glow, and technology seems to steal away those pure emotions I once felt. In today's world, everything passes by quickly. People can reach each other in a moment, but they never truly reach each other. Social media, messages, calls... These things cannot replace the look in a real person's gaze, the melody in their voice, the warmth in their words. Humanity settles for superficial connections, but the true bonds of the heart are lost.



In today's age, we live at a pace where everything changes in seconds. The blessings of technology promise us convenience and speed, but it feels as though something is missing. Once, it was possible to sit alone by a lake for hours, capturing a moment in the time that passed. Now, each of us gets lost in the light of our phone. Everything is faster, but everything is more superficial. With a message, we can reach the other side of the world, but how much time do we dedicate to journeying into a person's inner life? Which feeling, which would have taken hours to live, do we explore in depth? Perhaps our greatest loss is this: the death of the heart in the midst of speed.

Once, love was found in a glance, a touch, a word. But today, even the words of love disappear in the digital world. Everything is expressed with an emoji, a like, a reaction. Love, which once resonated like melodies in the verse of poets, has now dissolved into two lines of a quickly written message. The sparkle in the eyes of a lover, which once inspired you through the night, today is merely a fleeting moment, a reflection on a screen.

However, as a romantic writer or poet, I cannot help but carry a glimmer of hope amidst all this chaos. Because technology, while it may not create nature's and humanity's purest aspects, sometimes allows us to rediscover them. What was once distant can now be seen with the press of a button, and thoughts, emotions, and the deepest aspects of a person can be shared with others. Although distances have been shortened and the world appears to have come together, we must not lose our essence. Technology can still bring forth humanity's deepest feelings of love, sharing, knowledge, and beauty. As long as we do not lose ourselves in the rush, we must not forget our inner selves and our connection to nature.

In today's age, the human soul may be caught between machines, screens, and speed. Yet, from the perspective of a romantic poet, there is still hope. The human being can still find the deepest emotions buried in the rush. Even in the noise, the heart's ability to find what is true, beautiful, loving, and meaningful hasn't disappeared. Time may have changed, but the depth within a person, the peace one found in nature, still exists. The important thing is to rediscover that rare state of the heart he serenity and love once felt amidst everything that is quickly lost in this world.

Hülya Yıldız

A Lost Connection: Reflections on Modern Loneliness

What a strange time... I write these lines with a leak from the depths of my soul. I find myself in the middle of an era covered with fog, even the light of the stars. This noisy period, which they call modern in this century—in the name of this century—has made man alien to man; his heart is silent and his eyes blinded. I would sit on the banks of the rivers once and hear divine secrets in the rustling of the leaves. Now, I have lost my way among the metallic humilities that deafen my ears and digital vibrations that crush my soul.

I believed that every flower has a feeling, every bird is a prayer... Now people see flowers in a filtered image. The roses are photographed without fading, butterflies are learned from screens, not from nature. The language of nature was forgotten. What can the fairy tales described by the wind tell to a generation that doesn't even open the window?

In the past, love was hidden in a glance, a coincidence. In the touch of one hand to another, the heart would hold. Now emotions are reduced to virtual applications directed by finger movements. People do not meet; they match. They don't like; they “like.” Eye to eye contact is as rare as a grain of dust falling on the page of a poem written centuries ago.

Human beings become lonely. Even in crowds, each individual is experiencing isolation. The eyes are bright, but the interior is empty. Everyone knows everything, but nobody feels. They do not question. They only consume. Wisdom was replaced by information.

However, we would find the truth not only in books but in the gleam left by the moonlight on the lake in the early hours of the morning, raw in the shadow of a tree.



People of this age can reach anywhere, but they cannot truly reach. Hearts are connected to each other with wireless networks, but there are deep gaps between the souls. One no longer looks at the sky. He neither counts the stars nor is curious about the state of the moon. It's not dark at night, but it's not peaceful. The brightness is fake, the silences are noisy.

And art... Oh, art! The deep sighs of romanticism, the landscapes that shake the hearts of painters, the strings that poets irrigated with tears during the night... where now? Art has become a "trend"! Not the search for meaning, but for the sake of show. However, we would talk to it, draw a flower, and wait until it heard our heart.

Still, I'm not desperate. Because in the nature of man, I still have that old spark. It was repressed, forgotten, perhaps buried under the ground, but waiting somewhere there. When a child sits quietly under a tree one day and hears the first tale described by the wind; when a lover sees eternity in the eyes of his beloved; when a painter hits the first blow with the guidance of an enthusiasm overflowing from his heart as he takes his brush in his hand, then the spirit of romanticism will be born again. Because we cannot be truly human before we return to nature.

Even in this age in which lovelessness, loneliness, and artificiality prevail, there is still hope if there is a heart to cry with the singing of a bird.

Rozelin Buse Çevik





Picking Flowers, by Auguste Renoir

English Romanticism

Romanticism emerged in the late 18th century as a reaction against the Age of Reason and Enlightenment, which emphasized science, reason, and order. The Romantic period, which lasted from 1780 to 1832, though brief, had a profound impact on literature and culture.

English Romanticism began with the publication of *Lyrical Ballads* (1798), co-authored by William Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

In addition to the Enlightenment's influence, the ideals of equality and freedom stemming from the French Revolution, along with the rise of mass production and industrialization, played a significant role in the rise of Romanticism. Revolutionary movements inspired poets and writers, contributing to the emergence of this literary movement. By the 1820s, Romanticism had become widespread across Europe.

Prominent figures such as William Wordsworth, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Lord Byron, Percy Bysshe Shelley, John Keats, and Mary Shelley became pioneers of Romanticism. These poets rejected the rigid formality of 18th-century Neoclassical ideals and focused on exploring personal emotion, nature, and imagination. With the shift from rural to urban living brought on by industrialization, Romantic writers often returned to nature, focusing on rural life, the challenges faced by the poor, and the suffering of children and the elderly.

While looking forward to new possibilities, Romantic poets drew inspiration from England's cultural past. Romanticism is often characterized by the expression of heightened emotions, which arise in moments of personal reflection, only to be followed by calm and a sense of renewal.

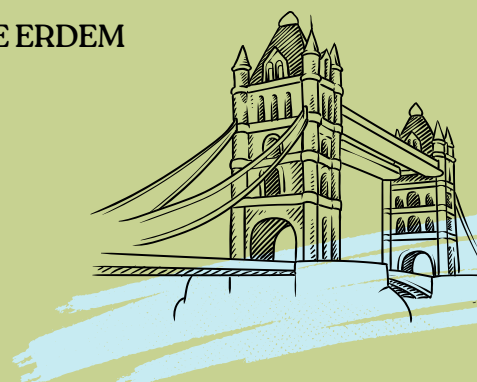
Romanticism also favored the language of the common people rather than the aristocratic speech of the previous eras. Emphasizing simplicity, literature focused on the emotional and subjective experience, valuing feelings over reason and logic. Romanticism is an approach that emphasizes the spontaneous, subjective, emotional, and individual.



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(Coleridge, *Biographia Literaria*, 1817)
<https://www.britannica.com/art/Romanticism>

JALE ERDEM





Silent Love

I have hidden you inside my soul,
Don't come out, stay in that hole.
Witness to my heart's silent tears,
That place holds your beauty, my dear.

I will protect you, keep you near,
Wrap you in love so crystal clear.
Not just in my heart you will reside,
But in my soul, you'll always hide.

My tears are witnesses, they see,
The stars above, the sky so free,
The prayers I make when night is near,
And every feeling I hold so dear.

I've kept you deep within my core,
So no one else can touch you, adore.
I will carry you in my soul's light,
Let no one know of this secret flight.

ZELAL KOÇ



A Single Smile

You're as unique as the endless sky,
As deserted and boundless as the sea.
Your feelings are dark as the midnight air,
Your heart is broken, your eyes lost their light.

Your soul once burned like the rising sun,
But tell me now where has it gone?
Is it waiting like aged red wine,
Or like a dusty notebook lost in time?

Look around, don't lose your way,
The sun still spreads its golden flare.
Though some days bring the rain to stay,
A single smile can light the way.

ZEHRA ŞAN

The Union of Romance and Rationalism

Emotions and Thoughts: A Balance Between Heart and Mind

Human emotions and thoughts are certainly important, but here's the truth:

Emotions can be misleading. They can harm, exhaust, and even wear us down over time. So, how right is it to blindly cling to them and live our lives entirely based on feelings? This is something worth questioning. After all, humans are prone to making mistakes at any given moment. Doesn't this make life even harder? Or maybe we desire a difficult life?

If we look at it through the lens of romanticism, emotions are everything. In that case, every feeling must matter even sadness. So, naturally, a person must allow themselves to feel sorrow at times. And I understand this without sadness, happiness would lose its meaning, just like sweetness is only truly valued when we've tasted bitterness.

However, from a logical perspective, sadness simply makes a person feel bad. It drains and exhausts them. It's purely negative. For example, some people are deeply affected even when a flower gets damaged yet that flower isn't even aware of its own suffering. If we approach this romantically, we end up hurting ourselves. But is that really necessary? In a world full of pain, cruelty, and tragedy, isn't it a bit much to be so hung up on a flower? Could Coleridge even survive in this world today? Probably not, his heart wouldn't be able to bear it.

Maybe it's selfish to think that a flower's life is more important than ours, or to live as if the world was created solely for us. But isn't that kind of selfishness also embedded in human nature? We possess all emotions within us; we simply act on whichever one dominates at a given time. That doesn't mean the others don't exist. So, when someone says, "I'm never jealous" or "I'm not deceitful," those are too definitive they're just emotions that aren't dominant at the moment.

To manage all these emotions properly, we have the mind. In fact, with so many feelings swirling inside, a person can easily lose themselves or worse, lose their mind. That's why reason exists. There's a phrase: "Listen to your heart." It's a beautiful yet dangerous idea. The outcome depends entirely on the other person's response. If things go badly, you end up in depression; if they go well, you may live a wonderful love story. Isn't that how it works? Humans are unpredictable. Only with reason can we tell the difference. Even asking, "Is this person worth it?" requires logic and thought.

Just as the value of good cannot exist without the presence of bad, I believe reason and romanticism are not opposites but parts of a whole. They should coexist, for together they are strong but alone, they are vulnerable. As the saying goes, "United we stand, divided we fall."



What Do You See When You Look in the Mirror?

Did the creature inside you never want to talk?

When we think of romance, we immediately think of a lonely man, a silhouette blowing in the wind on a mountaintop, or heroes where the heart beats the head, right? But Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* completely shakes this stereotype!

Romanticism's passion for nature and emotion, combined with scientific obsessions and philosophical questioning, confronts us with the darkest side of man. Kenneth Branagh's 1994 adaptation captures this inner storm in such a way that we feel loneliness and regret in our bones.

And what about you... has the creature inside you really started to wake up?

The most profound scene of the movie is the crazy moment when Victor brings his creature to life! The rain beating down like crazy, the lightning bolts exploding in the sky, and Victor running around the lab naked and out of control... Some might find it too theatrical, but this excess is the very spirit of the Romantic period, where reason is in full retreat and emotion is like a volcano ready to erupt. With his dangerous, God-defying desire, Victor pushes the limits of what it means to be human and changes his life and that of his creation forever. In that scene, not only a creation but also a great destruction begins, and we feel it in our bones!

Nature is not just in the background here; it is the mirror of the creature's inner world. In the scene where he watches Victor in the snowstorm, the cold and harshness of nature reflect the creature's loneliness and confusion. For Romantics, nature is the truest reflection of human feelings. The movie makes you feel this very well you can't tear yourself away from the screen.

Victor in the movie is not only a scientist who pursues reason, but also a person who struggles with losses, emotions, and inner conflicts. The scene where he breaks down at the death of his mother clearly reveals his fragile side. While the book has a more distant and intellectual Victor, the movie gives this character a depth that comes from the heart. Maybe more emotional, maybe more intense... but precisely in this way, it is much closer to the spirit of the Romantic period.





The creature is not the frightening face of this story, but the heart of it. The character played by Robert De Niro seems frightening at first, but the deep loneliness that follows changes everything. In the scene where he watches the life of a family from the back of his chalet, you feel his isolation in your bones. The glances she gives, as if to say "love me too," tell more and more as she remains silent. The inner voice, which is given at length in the book, is reflected only with glances and short sentences in the movie. The words are few, but the impact of the emotion is very strong.

What Did the Book Say, What Did the Movie Show?

In the book, it is not explained exactly how Victor gives life to his creation; Mary Shelley left it mysterious on purpose. But the movie does the opposite: it shows the complicated creation process step by step, full of electrical wires, muscle fibers, and scientific instruments! I think this is very good because it's not only pleasing to the eye, it makes Victor's obsessions and the storm inside him feel more real. As you were watching, did you realize that it wasn't just an experiment, it reflected the battle in Victor's soul?

Another difference is that after Elizabeth's death, Victor tries to bring her back to life. In the book, there is no such thing! But in the movie, Victor tries to bring his fiancée back, and it leads to terrible consequences. Can we say that instead of accepting human loss, he defies nature and fate? The movie conveys Shelley's message in a different but more effective way, doesn't it?

And Look in the Mirror One Last Time...

"And take one last look in the mirror... maybe Frankenstein was always you, you just didn't dare to say it."

SENA TÜRK

ROMANTİK DÖNEME BİR BAKIŞ

Bir İngiliz Edebiyatı öğrencisi olarak, bugün sizlerle İngiliz Romantik Dönemi hakkında konuşmak istiyorum. İngiliz Romantik Dönemi, kendinden önceki akıl, mantık çağından uzaklaşıp daha çok duygu, aşk, doğaya dönüş dönemi olarak biliniyor. Ben bunu, tıpkı bir insanın etrafındaki her şeyi derinlemesine inceleyip sonra dönüp kendini incelemesine benzetirim. Bu, okuyucu olarak bana bir insanın önce kendi iç dünyasına odaklanması gerektiğini öğretir. İnsanoğlunun etrafında ne kadar güzel şeyler olursa olsun, içindeki güzellikleri, zevkleri fark edemiyorsa, o insan hayatta çabuk pes eder düşüncesi gelir hemen aklıma. Tıpkı bir Byronic Hero'ya döneriz yani. İçimizdeki güzellikler bizi aydınlatmaz ve karamsar oluruz maalesef. Ama adı üstünde Romantik Çağ; her türlü duygu ve durum yaşanır bu dönemde. Melankolik olanı, duyguya önem vereni, Wordsworth gibi doğaya önem vereni... Ve bir sürü insan çeşidi oluşur. Benim bu döneme ayrı bir sempati var, çünkü insanoğlunun etrafındaki olanlardan kendisini, kendi iç dünyasını unutmaması gerektiğini hatırlatır bana. İnsanı hayata yeniden bağlama aracıdır aslında. Ve biz insanlar, ne olursa olsun kendi iç dünyamızı unutmamalı ve umutsuzluğa kapılmamalıyız. Bunu Wordsworth'ün Nergisler adlı şiirinde açıkça görürüz. Bence her birey bu şiiri okuyup hayata yeniden nasıl bağlanması gerektiğini görmeli. Her zaman bir umut vardır hayatta ve bana göre, İngiliz Edebiyatı'nda bu umut Romantik Dönem'de gayet iyi sağlanmıştır.

ALMILA ÖZDEMİR



HANGİ ROMANTİK Ruhsun?

Derginin bu kısmında, kişiliğinize uyan 'Romanti Ruhu' bulacağınız test bulunmaktadır. Tek yapmanız gereken sorulara size en yakın gelen cevabı seçmek ve sonucunda en fazla çıkan şık ile 'Romantik Ruhu'nuzu bulmak. İyi eğlenceler.

Yazan ZUHAL SEVER

Fotoğrafçı NAZLİCAN YALÇIN

Haydi başlayalım...

QUIZ time!

Soru 1: Bir tabloya dönüştürülseydin, nasıl görünürdün?

- A) Rengârenk çiçeklerle dolu bir bahçede, sabah güneşini karşılayan biri.
- B) Kalbini eline almış, gökyüzünü selamlayan biri.
- C) Başı gökyüzüne dönük, ayakları yere değmeyen, derin düşünceli biri.
- D) Gri tonlarda, sisli bir sabahta deniz kenarında tek başına oturan biri.

Soru 2: Hayalindeki bir gün nasıl geçerdi?

- A) Ormanda yürüyüş yapıp kamp kurarak.
- B) Bilmediğin bir şehirde aşkı keşfederek, sokak sokak gezerek.
- C) Kendi içine dalıp, hayal gücünle bambaşka evrenlere yolculuk ederek.
- D) Bütün günü yatakta geçirip, huzurlu bir uykunun kollarında kaybolarak.

Soru 3: Bir kitap açtın ve ilk cümle şu: “Günün en kalabalık anında...”
Nasıl devam etsin istersin?

- A) ...sessiz bir kasabaya kaçmak istedim.
- B) ...kalabalık içinde değil, onun gözlerinde kaybolmak istedim.
- C) ...şarkı açıp dans etmeye başladım.
- D) ...oradan yok olmak istedim.

Soru 4: Hangi tablo seni yansıtıyor?

A) John Constable – “Salisbury Cathedral from the Meadows”



B) Francesco Hayez – “Il Bacio (The Kiss)”



C) William Blake – “The Ancient of Days”



D) Francisco Goya – “The Third of May”



Soru 5: Kendini ifade etmek için hangi renk paletini seçerdin?

- A) Yeşilin ve toprak tonlarının huzur dolu karışımı.
- B) Kırmızının ve turuncunun ateşli tonları.
- C) Morun ve mavinin hayali, mistik dokunuşları.
- D) Gri, lacivert ve siyahın gizemli tonları.

Soru 6: Eđer bir Romantik Dnem yazarı olsaydın, hangi yazar olurdun?

A) William Wordsworth



B) Lord Byron



C) Samuel Taylor Coleridge



D) Mary Shelley



Soru 7: Romantik Dnem'in hangi zellięi seni en ok cezbediyor?

- A) Doęaya dnüş ve saf gzellik arayışı.
- B) Bireysellik ve isyan.
- C) Hayal gc ve mistisizm.
- D) Duygusal derinlik ve baęlılık.

Soru 8: Aşkın en gzel hli senin iin nedir?

- A) Doęal, sakın ve iten bir baę.
- B) Ateşli, coşkulu ve karşı konulmaz.
- C) Hayal edilen, ulaşılması zor ama byleyici.
- D) Kayıp, hznl ama unutulmaz.

Soru 9: Dünya üzerindeki en büyük sorun nedir sence?

- A) İnsanların doğayla bağını koparması.
- B) Kalplerin ve özgürlüklerin zincire vurulması.
- C) Hayallerin ve umutların bastırılması.
- D) İnsanların birbirinden uzaklaşması ve yalnızlaşması.

Soru 10: Bir duygu olsaydın, hangisi olurdun?

- A) Huzur
- B) Sevgi
- C) Heyecan
- D) Hüzün

SONUÇLAR :

Çoğunlukla A şıkkını seçtiysen: **Doğa Aşığısın**

Sen, Romantik Dönem'in kalbinde yürüyen bir gezginsin. Çiçeklere, yıldızlara ve yaşama aşıksın. Onlar senin için bir tutku, bir zaaf ve aynı zamanda bir kurtuluş. En çok doğada huzurlu ve mutlu hissedersin; çünkü seni en iyi doğa anlar. Kalabalıklar seni boğar; sen en çok kuşların sesinde, çimenlerin serinliğinde, gün batımında ve çiçek tarlasında kendin gibi hissedersin. William Wordsworth'ün dizelerinde saklısın adeta. Dış dünya yorucu ama senin içinde her zaman sonsuz ve tükenmeyen bir bahar var.

Çoğunlukla B şıkkını seçtiysen: **Tutkulu Âşıkısın**

Aşk senin için nefes almak gibi... Derin, yoğun ve unutulmaz. Sevdiğinde sınır tanımazsın; tıpkı Lord Byron gibi kalbinle savaşırsın. Duyguların hep en uçlarda yaşanır: çok seversin, çok özlersin, çok üzülürsün. Aşk için doğmuşsundur adeta; çünkü kalbin sıradan duygulara sığmaz. Sevmek senin için bir seçim değil, bir kaderdir. Her yaranı aşkla sararsın, her düşüştü aşılla kalkarsın. Sen, aşkın en saf hâlisin. Yanan ama sönmeyen, incinen ama vazgeçmeyensin.

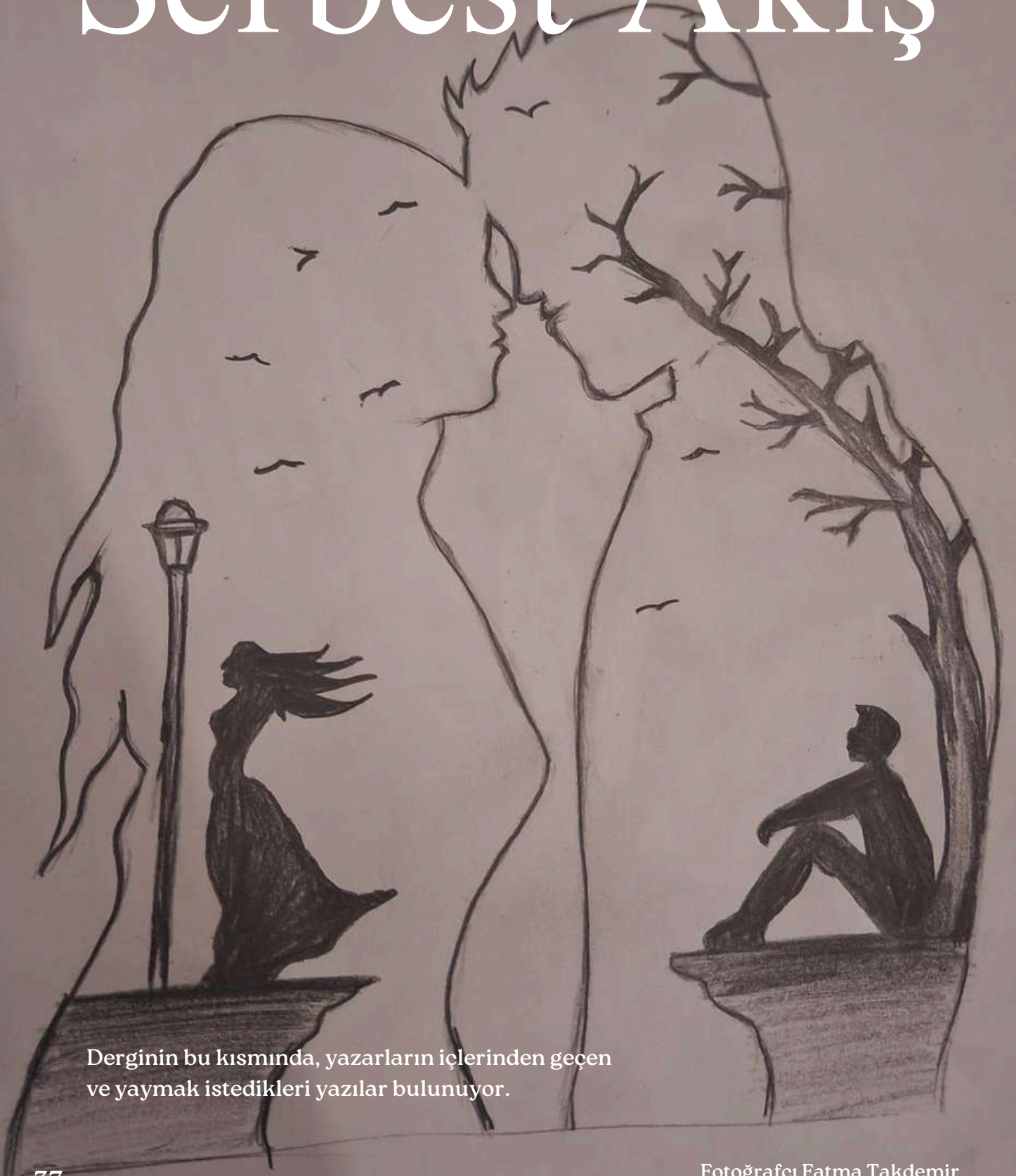
Çoğunlukla C şıkkını seçtiysen: **Hayalperest Ruhsun**

Senin dünyan, başkalarının görmediği renklerle dolu. Bir bulutta şekiller görür, bir melodide evren kurarsın. Coleridge'in düşleri gibi senin de gerçekliğin sisli, büyülü ve biraz gizemli. Hayal gücün seni sıradanlıktan alıp masallara taşır. İnsanlar seni bazen dalgın sanabilir ama sen sadece başka boyutlarda yolculuk yaparsın. O dünyada yıldızlar düşer, denizler konuşur, ağaçlar dans eder ve zaman yavaşlar.

Çoğunlukla D şıkkını seçtiysen: **Melankolik Ruhsun**

Kalbinin içi biraz hüznü, biraz derin... Goya'nın tabloları gibi duyguların koyu tonlarda ama çok güçlü. Mary Shelley'nin karakterleri gibi sen de sorgular, hissedersin ve bazen yalnızlığı tercih edersin. Karanlık seni korkutmaz; orada bile anlam ararsın. Yalnızlık senin için bir kaçış değil, bir sığınaktır. Bazen en derin duygular sessizlikte gizlidir. Belki az konuşursun ama bir kez söyledin mi, susmak gerekebilir.

INK-SPIRE'DAN Serbest Akış



Derginin bu kısmında, yazarların içlerinden geçen ve yaymak istedikleri yazılar bulunuyor.

Ay ve Güneş

Gecenin karanlığıyla kaplanmıştı, dağların ardındaki yerine saklanan Güneş'in aydınlatdığı gökyüzü. Yıldızlar, Güneş'in parlaklığını kıskanarak küsmüşlerdi sanki güne. Ay ise artık görevini yaparken zorlanıyordu; yaşlanıyordu, her gelen gecenin artan karanlığında.

Bulutlar, sabahki gibi gezinmiyordu gökyüzünde. Sanki o pamuklara sarılı şekiller, içlerine dolan karanlıkla ülkenin umutsuz nefesleriyle kin topluyordu. Koskoca gökyüzü dar geliyordu sanki onlara. Onca yolu geldikleri yol arkadaşlarını, gecenin sessizliğini bölerek birbirlerine çarpıyorlardı. Belki de hepsi, Güneş'in tekrar göğsünü gererek ışık saçmasını diliyorlardı.

Çünkü Güneş onlardan daha güçlüydü. Güneş güçlüydü; çünkü kimseyi umursamazdı. O, sadece kendisini sevenleri görür ve onların da içini ısıtmak için çabalar. Ülkenin bütün insanları, sıcak kalpliliği yüzünden kızardı ona. Ama o, yerini soğukkanlılığa bıraktığında ise bütün insanlar yine ona kızmak için orada olurdu. Bu yüzden pes etmiş ve sadece onun varlığını kabul edenlerin yanında olma kararı almıştı.

Sonra Ay çıkagelince, insanlar onun yalnızlığını düşünerek daldı uykunun derin kollarına. Oysa Ay, gecenin bütün yalnızlarının dert ortağıydı. Herkes ona pişmanlıklarını, keşkelerini, hayallerini, özlemlerini gözyaşlarının suları ile süsleyerek anlatırken Ay, sadece dinlerdi. Onun işiydi çünkü bunlar.

Ay, gecenin karanlığında süzülen bir melek gibiydi. Güneş'in cesaret edemediği dertleri, ondan çaldığı aydınlıkla gömerdi dört bir yanını saran derin çukurlara. Sonra son gözyaşını takip ederek kısıklılaşan seslerin dikkatini çeker, karanlığı delerek kayıp giden bir yıldız. Duygularını umutsuz topraklara eken insanlar, bu anı iyiliğe bağlayarak yolcu eder o yıldızı.

Aslında o yıldız, annesinden ayrılıp görevini yerine getirmek için uçsuz bucaksız uzayın her bir noktasında uçuşan bir kanatsız kuştı. Yüz bin yıl sonra ışığını hâlâ kaybetmeyen annesinin yanına düşerdi yorgun argın bir şekilde. Başarılarını gururla göstermek için son bir kez parlarlardı insanlara. Belki de tebrik beklerlerdi. Fakat kimse anlamazdı, bu son istek o kanatsız kuşun son nefesiydi.

Gece böyleydi işte... Kiminin duygularının yoldaşı, kiminin ise dileyebileceği son dilek.

KAYRA ERTUNÇ

İSİMSİZLER

Dünyanın huysuzluğu tutunca yeraltına sığınırım,
Düşüncelerime karanlık yağıdırmasınlar diye.

Denizden denize savrulurum,
Yosunlar dolaşır zihnimde.

Balıklara sarılırım,
Mercanlara dokunur, umudumu tazelerim
Tekrar yeryüzüne dönebilmek için.

İşte şimdi sizin dünyanızdayım.
Müziklerimize eşlik edecek, hayallerinizi dansa kaldıracığım.

Rüzgarlar eserken takıldı bu acılar saçlarıma,
Düştüm oracıkta, kana bulanmış bir suya.

Ellerim kesik kesik kanıyor dört bir yandan,
Her bir parmak izim farklı acılardan.

Kanlı sulardan da besleniyor her anım,
Çiçekler açsın diye her bir yanımda.

Düşe kalka büyüyor küçüğüm,
Yarası pek derin bir hüznün.

Yazan ŞEVVAL İZOL

A PERSPECTIVE ON CAROL ANN DUFFY'S DEMETER

Demeter" poem by Carol Ann Duffy comes from the mythological figure Demeter, and her love for her daughter, who is called Persephone. In this essay, we will focus on the poem in terms of the evaluation of gender studies. For instance, this essay will include the symbols of caregivers, feminine stereotypes, gender situations, and "The Angel in the House" by Virginia Woolf. Therefore, Carol Ann Duffy's Demeter poem, which refers to Classical Mythology, will be examined in terms of some symbols from gender studies.

To begin with, the symbolism of caregivers in the poem is seen directly, especially the character of Demeter. She symbolizes the figure of mother, caring for her child, having responsibilities such as being mother, being Goddess of agriculture and abundance. She was doing these responsibilities until her daughter was kidnapped by Hades, and she was regaining her caregiver features after her daughter came back. For example, in the sentence "I sat in my cold stone room with my broken heart," she was losing her features of being a caregiver; however, in the sentence, "I swear the air softened and warmed as she moved, the blue sky smiling..." she was regaining the caregiver-ness with hope. So, Demeter, who is the Goddess of agriculture and abundance, symbolizes the features of caregivers as mother, as goddess in terms of gender studies.

Secondly, the symbolism of feminine stereotypes and gender situation in the poem are seen in both Demeter and her daughter, Persephone. The poem includes the situation of women, and when we look at the gender situations and feminine stereotypes of women, we see the sensitivity and emotionality of the mother, Demeter, and the things which Persephone had in terms of feminine stereotype. According to gender situation, women are seen as fragile, caring, and doing their duties by society, and in the poem, even in mythology, women were limited to these situations. Thereby, in the poem, Demeter and Persephone are regarded as fragile, caring, doing their duties even in mythology, and unfortunately, they were seen as powerless in the patriarchal mythology.

Thirdly, the symbolism of the resemblance of Demeter and the example of "The Angel in the House" by Virginia Woolf is served in this poem. As Woolf, Duffy broke the situation women had, in my view. Although all the terrible events happened, Duffy served us the reunion of the mother and her daughter. Even if Demeter had things to do, she broke them likewise Woolf's breaking "The Angel in the House," and she just cared for her daughter and did not give the wheat to humans. This is the way of defense of Demeter, and Woolf's defense is to do professions of women despite everything. Hence, the resemblance between Demeter and Woolf's character can be seen in the poem, and despite anything, a woman should focus on her career and her productivity.

In conclusion, in this essay, we recognize the symbols of gender studies in the poem which is called Demeter by Carol Ann Duffy. These symbols can be such as the examination of caregivers, feminine stereotypes of both mother and her daughter, gender situations of them in mythology, and making some resemblance between Demeter and Woolf's "Angel in the House" phantom. So, even in mythology, some things must be evaluated again in terms of equality of gender situations in my opinion.



GEÇMİŞ



Acı kahvem ile ısınan kupamı aldım elime. Omuzlarımı saran annemin eski şalı, artık dayanabilmek adına son çırpınışlarını sergilercesine yer yer sökülmiş ve solmuştu. En önemlisi de buydu zaten; çabalıyordu. Annemin saf kokusunu taşıyan o eski şal, benim yapamadığımı yapıyor, çabalıyordu. Bu düşünceler sanki sadece zihnimin karanlığında dolanmıyor, aynı zamanda evin içini de sarıyordu. Sessizlikle boğulu olan evin boş koridorlarından küçük odama doğru giderken, bir an için sanki gecenin lacivertine bürünen evin karanlık odaları, ıssız o dört duvar, eski hâline dönüyordu. O karanlık odalar, gökkuşağını kışkandıracak kadar renklenip boş koridorlar, annemin bir türlü kıyamadığı eşyalarla doluyordu sanki. Dudaklarıma kitlenen yalancı tebessümlerin hakikati olacak şekilde gerçekte o görüntüler.

Gerçekler vurdu sonra, her bir yeni adımında. Tekrar eski huzursuzluğa büründü ev. Küçük odama geldim. Dışarıdaki sokak lambalarından vuran cılız ışıklarla aydınlanan pencereimin önündeki tek kişilik, eskimeye yüz tutmuş gri koltuğuma oturdum. Bacaklarımı koltuğa çıkartarak kendime çektim ve odamın karanlığını bölen küçük pencereden dışarıyı seyretmeye koyuldum. Yıldızlar geceyi terk etmişti bugün. Gece, sanki bu terk edilişi kaldıramamış ve küsmüştü küçük yıldızlara. Küskünlüğüyle saklanmıştı sisli bulutların ardına.

Sokakları dolduran kurumuş yapraklar, gecenin tekinsiz rüzgârında süzülüyordu. Ağaçları süsleyen solmuş yapraklar ise bu acımasız rüzgârın birer kurbanı olarak, dallardan kopup son nefeslerini havada süzülerek verdikleri vals gösterisinde harcıyorlardı. Ağaçlar ise aylar boyu ona eşlik eden dostlarının bu ölüm dansı karşısında, derin bir yasla kuruyup çöküyordu. Her şeye rağmen sokaklar sessizdi. Kalbime saplanan ani sancıyla kamburumu biraz daha çıkardım. Onu özlüyordum. Kokusunu, kollarının sıcaklığını, saçlarımı okşayarak beni uyutmasını özlüyordum. En son ne zaman o kadar huzurlu uyumuştum, hatırlamıyorum bile.

Diğer bir yandan ona kırgınım biraz. Buna hakkım var mı bilmiyorum ama beni bırakmış olması hâlâ kırıyor bir yanıma. Kalbim sızlıyor. Yorulmuştum fazlasıyla ve bıkmıştım sabahlardan. Her gece kalbimin dipsiz kuyusunda sürünen ruhum, tam huzuruna kavuşacakken sabahlar beni dipsiz kuyunun daha derinlerine gömüyordu. Olanlara hâlâ inanamıyorum. Gerçeklik, zihnimin derinlerinde kayboluyor, yerini yoğun dumanlara bırakıyordu sanki. O dumanların arasında ise içime işleyen tek gerçek; annemin benim yüzümden gittiği idi.





O kıyamet günü, prangalarla bağlanmıştı sanki zihnime. Çiçeklerin açmaya başladığı zamanlardı, özellikle annemin en sevdikleri olan papatyalar... Güneş, kalktığı kış uykusundan dinçliğiyle göğsünü gererek parıldıyordu masmavi gökyüzünde. Her şey güzelliğiyle ilerlerken, birden her şey altüst oldu. Evin içinde yankılanan bağırışların hepsi bana aitti. Annem ise sakince beni dinliyordu. Sakinliği bir baraj gibi aşp, bütün bedenini hırçın bir nehir gibi sarmıştı. Siniri o kadar büyümüşü ki, o nehrin altında sadece o değil, ben de kalmıştım. Gözlerimden taşan her bir yaş ise o dalgaları dizginleyip koskoca bir okyanusa çevirmişti. O okyanusun altında ikimiz de can çekişirken, pişmanlığın bir önemi var mıydı ki?

Mantıklı düşünmekten çok uzaktım; zihnim bulanmış ve her bir kıvrımı dikenlere saplanmıştı. Nefes alma ihtiyacıyla feryat eden ciğerlerimi dinlemek daha kolay geldi belki de ve evden çıktım. Zaman ilerledikçe, hayata gözlerini yeni açan çiçekler zalimliğe dayanamadan solmuş, tepedeki parlak güneş ise dargın pamukların ardına saklanmıştı.

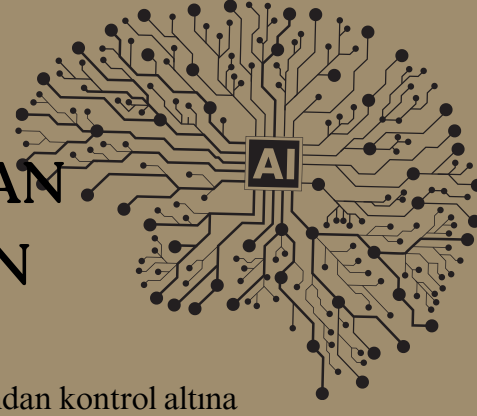
Eve geri dönerken bir terslik olduğunu anladım. Benim sessiz sakin mahallem, kadınların dedikodularıyla dolmuştu. Evimin önü ise mavi ve kırmızının açık tonlarına bürünmüştü. O sırada evden siyahlarla örtülü bir beden çıktı. Bacaklarım bedenimi taşıyamaz hâle gelmiş, dizlerimin bağı çözülmüştü. Boğazımdan kopup giden derin çığlık ise herkesin başıma toplanmasının nedeni oldu. Etrafımı dolduran onca kalabalığa rağmen kimsem kalmamıştı. Annemi almışlardı benden.

Pencereme vuran ağacın dallarıyla, eskilerden bir adım daha uzaklaştım. Kalbime saplanan sancıların dozu artmış ve kahvem ısıttığı kupam soğumuştur. Bütün benliğim de kahvem gibi soğuyordu. Eğer o gün evden gitmeseydim, belki annem şu an saçlarımı okşayarak beni uyutuyor olurdu. Onun da bana kırgın olduğunu biliyorum. Bunu bilmek beni öldürüyor. Onun yanında olup kendimi affettirmek ise tek isteğimdi.

İçimi dolduran istek ile gülümsedim. Elimdeki kahve bardağımyı koltuğumun geniş koluna koyup, kendime çektiğim dizlerime sardım ince kollarımı. Gözlerimde oluşan ağırlıkla kafamı dizlerime dayadım ve yeni hayallere kapadım göz kapaklarımı. Kalbim sonunda dipsiz kuyusuna kavuşuyordu, biliyorum. Biliyorum çünkü yere çakılmama sadece milimler kalmıştı. Gülümsemem büyürken, son nefesimle mırıldandım: “Üzgünüm...” ve özgürlüğüme kavuştum. Karanlık sonunda ışığı getirmişti, yalnızlık ise onu getirmişti.

KAYRA ERTUNÇ

YAPAY ZEKA TARAFINDAN EVCİLLEŞTİRİLEN İNSAN



Evcilleştirme: Bir hayvan ya da bitki topluluğunun, başka bir canlı tarafından kontrol altına alınması sürecidir. Bu süreç, genellikle seçme yöntemiyle gerçekleşir.

Yapay Zeka: En basit tanımıyla yapay zeka, insan zekasını taklit eden bilgisayar sistemleridir. İnsanların analiz edebileceğinden çok daha büyük ve karmaşık verileri işleyebilen, muhakeme yapabilen, öğrenebilen ve çıktılar üretebilen uygulamalardır.

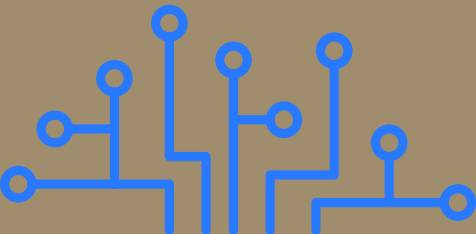
Bir türün başka bir türü evcilleştirebilmesi için evcilleştirenin daha gelişmiş olması gerekir. Bu nedenle insanlar, hayvanları ve bitkileri evcilleştirmiştir. Örneğin, insanlar hayvanları evcilleştirirken onların en temel yaşam fonksiyonu olan avlanma yetilerini ellerinden almış ve yemeklerini hazır vererek onları kendilerine bağımlı hale getirmişlerdir. Bu şekilde hayvanların yaşamsal bir fonksiyonu olan avlanma yeteneğini köreltmıştır.

Bugün aynı durum yapay zeka için de geçerlidir. Yukarıdaki tanımı tekrar ele alırsak: “Yapay zeka, insanların analiz edebileceğinden çok daha büyük ve karmaşık verileri işleyebilen, muhakeme yapabilen, öğrenebilen ve çıktılar üretebilen uygulamalardır.” Yapay zeka da tıpkı hayvanların evcilleştirilmesinde olduğu gibi, insanın yerine düşünmeye, analiz yapmaya ve karar vermeye başladığında, insanın en hayati fonksiyonu olan zekasını köreltir ve onu kendine bağımlı hale getirir.

İsveç’te yapılan bir araştırma, bu durumu çarpıcı bir şekilde ortaya koymuştur. Uzun yıllardır teknolojinin tüm imkanlarından yararlanan İsveçli öğrencilerde; son 15 yılda okuma-yazma seviyelerinde düşüş yaşandığı, hazır bilgiye olan bağımlılığın arttığı ve araştırma isteğinin azaldığı gözlemlenmiştir. Ayrıca çocukların kendini ifade etme becerileri zayıflamış, okuma alışkanlıkları azalmıştır. Bu nedenle İsveç Eğitim Bakanı Lotta Edholm ve Kültür Bakanı Parisa Liljestrand, eğitimde kitaplara geri dönmeyi planladıklarını açıklamıştır.

Günümüzde yapay zekanın yoğun kullanımı, insan beynini köreltmektedir. Bir organın körelmesi, onun daha önce yerine getirdiği işlevleri artık gerçekleştirememesi anlamına gelir. Yakın gelecekte insan beyni, işlevsiz bir organ olan Apandis’e benzeyecek hale gelebilir: İşlevsiz ve fonksiyonsuz.

SERAP KAÇMAZ



Erkeklerin Şeytanlaştırdıkları

Birileri varmış, bazıları hep yok olmuş. Aylardan soğğun kemiklerine işlediği, günlerden en sendromlu olanıydı. Kısaca bu tarih ne geçmişe, ne şimdiye ne de geleceğe tanıklık etmiş insanlığın tek cinsini ağırdayacaktı. Sabahın ışıksız olduđu, saatin altıyı gösterdiği tam o anda gözlerimi hızlı çarpan sol yanımdaki sızlamayla uyandım. Kulaklarıma sağırılık hissi veren sessizlik, gözlerimdeki sarı çapakların ağırlığı ile hemen koşup perdeleri aralayıp pencereyi açtım. Şehir tamamen sislere boğulmuştu, bu şehir kaybolmuştu. İşte! Kayıp şehir dedikleri Dersim. Karanlık odada ne bir ışık vardı ne de dışarıda odayı gün ışığıyla besleyecek güneş. Kapının solunda, komodinin üstünde olduğunu bildiğim aynaya yaklaşmaya çalıştım. Gördüğüm sima ve duyduğum sesin bana gelmesiyle tüm benliğimle yerimden sıçradım. Önümde eğilen korkunç kadın yüzleri ve yarı iblis, yarı kadın, asrın en karanlığı cümleleri içimi ürpertmişti. Yatağa oturdum, masanın üzerindeki gördüğüm bardaktan bir damla su yudumladım. Yanağıma dokunmamla beraber orada yanmaya başlayan bir sızı ve oluşmaya başlayan garip bir sembolle her şey değişti. Önümde eğilen korkunç kadın yüzleri tekrar beliriverdi, hepsinin gözlerinde korku, yanakları ve göz çukurlarında morluklar, sayamayacağım kadar yardım isteyen el vardı. Karanlık sislerin içinden önden birisi fısıldamaya başladı, merakla öne eğildim. "Sen seçildin Fadia," dedi. Odadaki tüm kadınlar sırayla konuşmaya başlar. İçlerinden;

Havva: "Eğer erkeklerin son türünü yok edersen, cennetteki yasaklı elmayı yiyip insanlığın ilk günahını işlemeyeceğim."

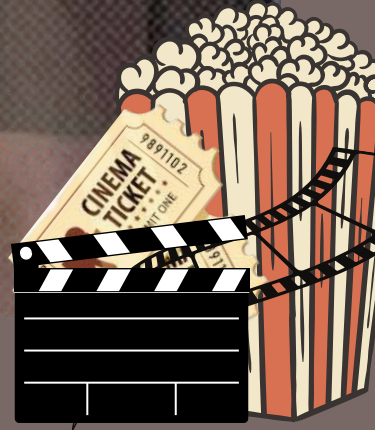
Soraya: "Ben de ihanet suçu ile iftiraya uğramayacak ve taşlanarak ölmeyeceğim."

Raftaki kitap: "Eğer erkeklerin son türünü yok edersen, Virginia Woolf, Jane Austen ve daha niceleri kadın haklarını savunmak için öncülük etmeyecek; masallarda erkekler tarafından kurtarılmayı bekleyen prensesler olmayacak; Shakespeare'in tiyatro kitaplarında Lady Macbeth'i şeytanlaştırmayacak, Desdemona'yı ihanet suçu ile yatakta boğarak öldürmeyecek, Portia'yı delirterek suda boğmayacak; ayrıca kadınların cinsel organlarını içeren küfürler sokak dili ve edebiyatından silinmiş olacak."

Gelen kehanetle birlikte, insanlığın son erkek türünü yok edersem o zaman iblis olan ben bir meleğe dönüşebilirdim. Oturup düşündüm, eğer son erkek türünü yok edersem, iblis olan kadın kendi dünyasının ve fikirlerinin mimarı olacaktı. İsteddiği saatte dışarı çıkabilecek, üstelik sokakta ölürse "o saatte ne işi vardı?" denilmeyecekti. Din dogmaları ve ihanet suçları ile taşlanmayacaktı, insanlığın ilk günahı olmayacaktı. Erkek akrabaları tarafından taciz ve tecavüze uğramayacaktı, bedenleri yakılmayacak, suya atılmayacak, parçalara ayrılmayacak, üstelik yüksek yerlerden atılmayacaktı, çocuk yaşta diri diri toprağa gömülmeyecekti. İsteddiği işte çalışabilecekti, vücudu şiddete maruz kalmayacağı için ne gözlerindeki morluğu saklamak için gözlük takacaktı ne de yüzündeki ve boynundaki morlukları kapatmak için fondöten. Kısaca iblis olan kadın insanlığın ayıbı olmaktan çıkacak, tarihte ilk defa kadınlık makamına oturabilecekti ve kadınlık hissiyatını özüne kadar tadına varabilecekti. İşte o zaman insanlığın doğuşundan itibaren şeytanlaştırılan tüm kadınlar huzur içinde yaşayabilirdi.



MOVIE
TIME



'THE NOTEBOOK' FİLM Yorumu

Yazan ZEHRA ŞAN

The Notebook: The Emotional Captivity of Romance and the Silence of Reason



In the 1940s, a young girl arrives in the seaside town of Seabrook, North Carolina. Allie dreams of spending a quiet and uneventful summer with her family, but everything changes when she meets a young man named Noah at a carnival. From the moment Noah sees Allie, he believes she is the love of his life. And from that moment on, nothing is the same. This love wasn't planned. The boy was a true country kid, while the girl had grown up in the city, surrounded by comfort and opportunity. The world seemed to be laid out at her feet. They were very different; their opinions clashed, they argued often, and rarely agreed on anything. Yet strangely, despite all their conflicts, they fell in love. Maybe it was those very differences that drew them closer

Romantic films often tell us the same thing: "As long as you love, nothing else matters." But is love really enough? Of course not. The social differences that first separated them the realities of life-eventually overshadowed their feelings. *The Notebook* portrays exactly this: the exaggerated sentimentality of romance and the sidelining of reason. From the very first encounter, Noah climbs a Ferris wheel, risking his life just to impress Allie. This is a peak example of irrational behavior driven solely by emotion. While some viewers may find this bold, it simply shows how fleeting emotions can override logic. Other actions Noah and Allie take also seem quite unreasonable to me-lying in the middle of the road, dancing on a street full of cars-all portrayed as signs of freedom and love. But in reality, they're just further examples of abandoning reason for a momentary feeling. In chasing the moment, they risk not only their own lives but those of others. To me, this suggests that love becomes a convenient excuse to act without thinking. Time passes, summer ends, and they go their separate ways. Years later, Allie falls in love with someone else and begins a serious relationship. What's interesting is that she builds a similar emotional bond with this new man as she had with Noah. Likewise, Noah moves on and starts a relationship with another woman. But then, one day, Allie sees Noah's photo in the newspaper, and suddenly, everything changes. Old feelings resurface, and both of them leave the people in their lives without hesitation-all in the name of love.

But let's be honest: if Allie had never seen that photo, would this love have been rekindled? Probably not. Because this love thrives on nostalgia, on an unfinished story from the past. Perhaps what Allie missed wasn't Noah, but her youth - the memories, the what-ifs, and the moments that were never lived. The tale that "love conquers all" turns into a dream world here - one where reason is completely silenced and reality is wrapped in a nostalgic melody.



MOVIE
TIME



'SUFFRAGETTE' FİLM Yorumu

Yazan ŞEVAL İZOL

Suffragette: Illuminating the Waves of Feminism and Gender Studies

The film *Suffragette* stands as a compelling production that chronicles the arduous struggle of women in early 20th-century Britain to gain the right to vote. The film masterfully navigates the prevailing mentality of the era, societal gender roles, and the resistance mounted against these issues. In this context, it becomes possible to examine fundamental concepts of gender studies, such as the waves of feminism and gender roles and stereotypes, through the film.



By focusing particularly on the lives of the protagonist, Maud Watts, and other working-class women, the film meticulously illustrates how women were positioned in their work, home, and social lives and, most crucially, within the confines of their own homes. When we evaluate women through the prism of feminine stereotypes, we encounter a societal structure riddled with prejudices such as "Women are weak" or "Women are too emotional for leadership."

Maud Watts is depicted as a passive figure within her home, solely concerned with childcare. In this context, woman is positioned merely as a "caregiver," evaluated only through the lenses of motherhood and sexuality. Virginia Woolf's concept of "the angel in the house" finds its embodiment in the character of Maud. Within the framework of gender stereotypes, Maud can be assessed within the scope of domestic roles. That is, she exists within a societal expectation shaped by the perception that "Women should cook and take care of children." The fundamental role of a woman is seen as fulfilling the needs of her husband and child.

Examining working life, gender inequality is clearly observable. Men and women work equal hours, and at times women work even more, yet they do not receive equal pay. This situation is one of the first and most visible steps of gender inequality. Furthermore, despite incidents of workplace harassment, women are forced to remain silent simply to earn a living. As depicted in the film, those in power oppress children and women. The abuse suffered by Maud's son is, in fact, one of the primary catalysts for the Suffragette movement. The scene where Maud's boss presses her hand onto an iron is one of the first acts of tangible resistance against the demands of women for equal opportunities, equal rights, and equal pay. This event marks the beginning of the struggle waged by women who refused to remain victims of the patriarchal system. At this juncture, the waves of feminism come into play.

First-wave feminism (18th and 19th centuries) encompasses the struggles for women's suffrage and legal rights; second-wave feminism focused on issues such as women's rights in the workplace, family, and reproductive rights. The third wave, on the other hand, includes a broader spectrum of rights struggles encompassing diversity, individuality, and gender identity. During this struggle, women had to fight not only against male dominance but also against competition and conflicts among themselves. Perhaps the most challenging aspect of this struggle was the war of woman against woman. Simone de Beauvoir's assertion, "One is not born, but rather becomes a woman," gains meaning here; being a woman is not an innate state but an identity acquired over time.

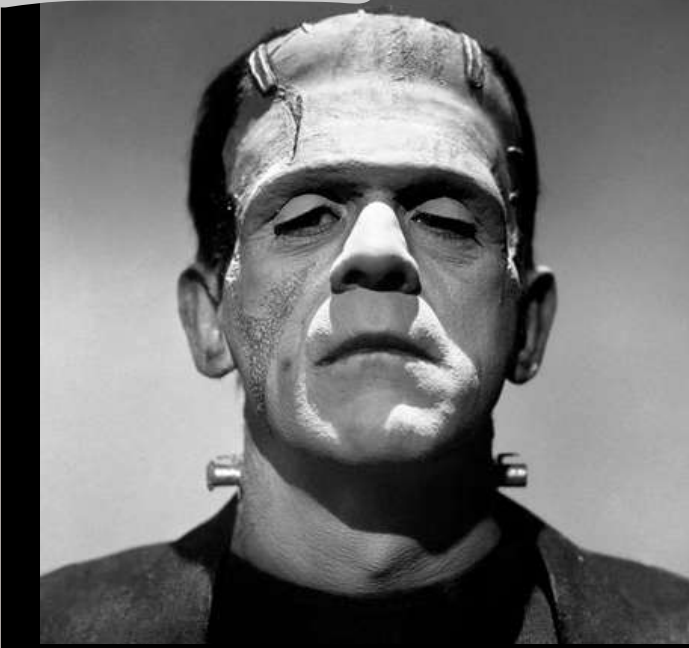
During this struggle, women had to fight not only against male dominance but also against competition and conflicts among themselves. Perhaps the most challenging aspect of this struggle was the war of woman against woman. Simone de Beauvoir's assertion, "One is not born, but rather becomes a woman," gains meaning here; being a woman is not an innate state but an identity acquired over time.

The film powerfully addresses themes such as gender inequality, violence perpetrated by women against women, and the gains achieved despite the patriarchal system. Through their fight for the right to vote, women began to forge their own identities in a world where they were disregarded. Maud Watts's striking line, "War is the only language men listen to," is highly significant in this context.

In conclusion, this essay has sought to shed light on the struggle of women by examining the waves of feminism and numerous concepts within the scope of gender studies. The waves of feminism, much like the difficulties in the lives of us women, are full of ups and downs. At the end of my essay, I would also like to express the impact of Virginia Woolf's words on me: even the room I acquired at home was either my father's house's room or the room in the house my husband bought; I never had a room of my own. But I am a woman striving to exist even in that room without a door. My entire struggle is precisely for this reason.



MOVIE
TIME



→ 13

→ 13 A

CHRISTIAN BALE

15TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

→ 14



FRANKENSTEIN OR AMERICAN PSYCHO

Yorumu

Yazan SENA TÜRK

Frankenstein or American Psycho? Which Is the Darkness Inside You?

Two different monsters, one inner reckoning.

Let's move on to the modern movie *American Psycho*... There is a big difference between Patrick Bateman and Victor Frankenstein! Victor is a man who struggles with his emotions, who makes mistakes but regrets them. Bateman, on the other hand, is completely emotionless; he looks "normal" on the surface, but inside he is hollow. In *Frankenstein*, storms rage in nature, whereas in *American Psycho* the storm exists as a silent emptiness inside the human being.



In *Frankenstein*, nature is always on stage: the snow, the storms, reflecting Victor's state of mind. In *American Psycho* there is no nature, only cold offices, glittering restaurants, and masks. All this speaks of Bateman's lack of identity and detachment. Victor's problem is feeling too much; Bateman's is not feeling at all! One suffers while creating, the other remains empty even while destroying.

Both movies push the boundaries of what it means to be human, but one is lost in its heart, the other in its soullessness. Victor pursues his passions and defies nature, death, and God; in the end, he faces loneliness and regret. The crazy scene in which he tries to bring Elizabeth back to life shows how far he has gone. Emotions are overflowing here, destructive!



Bateman, on the other hand, stares blankly in the mirror in the morning, cold and silent, empty. He doesn't even enjoy killing: everyone around him doesn't know the real him. He is just trying to "look human." Victor feels the pain of his creature, while Bateman kills people and leaves no trace.

This comparison tells us this: Romantic man fights to remain human. Modern man has already lost his humanity and doesn't realize it!

Who was the monster, really?

The real monster is our own darkness that we avoid facing.

INK-SPIRE



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kaçırmanın!

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