

DUENDE

(n.) the mysterious power of art to deeply move a person
pronunciation | dwen-day



ISU ELITE PRESENTS

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Editor's Note –1-
What Is Literature? –2&3&4-
Terminology –5-
Disordered Mayhem –6-
You –7-
Galatea –8-
Pygmalion and Galatea Painting –9-

CONTENT

Interview With The Violinist – 10&11&12 -
Who Is The Third Killer? -13-
Medicine In Literature, Literature in Medicine - 14&15-
Book Review: Neuro The New Brain and The
Management of The Mind –16-
Best Science Fiction Books: A Review –17-

Istinye University
Student Literary Magazine, *DUENDE*
Editor's Note: Issue 0

"Start writing, no matter what. The water does not flow until the faucet is turned on."
— Louis L'Amour

Literature is humanity in print and an interdisciplinary field of study that engages all disciplines. This magazine is aimed at providing the students with a tangible, albeit virtual, platform to express themselves through a diverse range of topics spanning subjects covered in our classes *and* outside in the real world. In initiating this student literary magazine, Istinye University's rapidly growing department of English Language and Literature aims to grant its students the opportunity to engage in creative and academic writing firsthand.

So help us keep this cycle going by circulating our content! Good writers are also good readers, so what should you, our valued reader-student, friend, or colleague- expect to find in these virtual pages? From poetry to prose, short stories to critiques, and reviews on books and films, it is no doubt that this magazine will fuel and offer a constant source of inspiration for all. You can expect to find a little bit of everything in here by the students for the students. Our students are and will be the champions of the page, and I am very excited to present the product of their collective labor in an electronic medium that you can easily access through our department's website. I encourage you to acquaint yourself with the contents of *Duende*, our monthly magazine. Out on a coffee break? Share the link with a friend or colleague. Taking a break from class? Refresh yourself with a fresh read from *Duende*. Now it is in your hands (or rather screens).

Sincerely yours,

Asst. Prof. Leyla Savsar
on behalf of the Dept. of English Language and Literature students & faculty.

Editor: Zeynep Şevval Taşar
English Language and Literature / 2

What Is Literature?



In a LinkedIn discussion group that I happen to be a member, a series of curious questions were being discussed: "What is Literature? What is not? What does literature mean to you?" I was then so bored of life, that despite my usual habit of being just an observer rather than a contributor, I threw in a hasty response to the topic. I was just amazed by the wave of positive feedback and compliments that I received afterwards. Anyway, here is my comment, and some of the feed backs. Let me know what you think about it.

Well, first of all these are ancient questions and you are not going to get a straight-forward clear-cut answers for them. As for the first question, what is literature? and what is not? I can say that there is no definitive criteria. The answer lies on a variety of factors, mostly ideological rather than methodical that are subject to change from time to time. First chapter of Terry Eagleton's best seller, Introduction to Literary Theory is titled: What is literature? And in that he explores how the boundaries of the term have been subject to enormous change through time. As for the second question, what does literature mean to me? I'd much rather alter it a bit it to "What does literature do to us, namely readers?" In other words, what are the LITERATURE's functions? Now we have several immediate and non-immediate answers for that:



1. Literature provides us with access to a range of experiences that are not adjacent or immediate to our physical life. For instance, by reading Charles Dickens we go through the lives of Lower class Victorians, and the struggles and turmoils of the age, and in doing that, literature gives us insight into the fabric of life, provides us with some sort of wisdom, in other words.

2. It helps nourish moral values, and departs those values from one generation to the next, i.e. It has an impeccable educational value. For instance, by reading Hugo's *The Misérables* one is exposed to courage, sacrifice, kindness and care beyond the limits of a personal firsthand life, and indirectly acquires the innate aspiration to appreciate such values.

3. Literature delights us, or in Horace's words, "teaches us with delight". So, it constitutes the best form of entertainment. One by which not only we enjoy our pastimes but become better human individuals inadvertently by learning and acquiring new knowledge. Personally, I have developed the habit of retreating to Literature from the infirmities of everyday life and take refuge in the remote heavens of imagination within words.

4. Literature records history; it grasps what Hegel calls: "Zeitgeist" or the spirit of the time. History is not but an ideological construct, but in literature we gain a firsthand access to the events of the past, which are, though still ideologically distorted, provides us with a fresher and more vivid image of the past. In this sense Literature plays an invaluable role in recording Human collective experience on planet Earth.

5. Literature is the most joyous and most fruitful way of wishful thinking. In literature we trans pass all limitations and make the impossible possible. In literature we exercise our unique human ability, which is to imagine the unimaginable, to contemplate upon the impossible. Literature takes us to exotic times and places and lets the justice be done in a poetic way. It is a sport of imagination that paves the way for future human endeavors by giving us hope and enabling us to think the unthinkable.

Well, this list can go on for a while, but I suppose I have got to stop here, cause the comment is already too long. One last point, Literature can have some negative functions as well, such as being used as an ideological brainwashing mechanism, and so on.

Now, this is a follow up on the same discussion:

I think the Essence of Literature, or the way you aptly put it, the "is" part of it is as worthy and significant. However, a final definition of such an Essence has been proven to be highly elusive even after centuries of contemplation upon the matter. That's why I reviewed some major functions of literature in my earlier comment which may shed some light upon its nature in a pragmatic way. Never the less, the question is still valid and legitimate that "What is literature?", "What constitutes literature?", "What differentiates literary from non-literary?" or in other words, "what is the Essence of Literature?"

I think following the contemporary developments in Philosophy, Psychology, Literary Theory and Criticism we are very well on the verge of being able to answer these ancient questions.

To begin with, we need to make a few preliminary observations.



First, Literature is basically an expressive art form, and thus it should be seen in association with other art forms. No matter how drastically different they seem, modern Semiology (=Semiotics) has successfully indicated how all semiotic systems follow more or less similar logic. I mean, despite their grave distinctions, painting, music, poetry and novels have always something in common.

Secondly, we should note that the meaning of Art is a sociopolitical construct that has been altered radically over the ages. For instance, art in Neoclassical age was supposed to be the representative and preacher of Order, symmetry, submission, city life, education, and the imitation of the classics, whereas in Romantic age art was seen to be associated with revolt, intuition, genius, nature, subversion and creativity. This story of drastic alteration in meaning of art is quite redundant in history of art. In 20th century, Russian Formalists tried to define art (in their case, poetry) as "a deviation from the norm". However, they failed to clarify if I manage to communicate with my mom using some weird sounds, which are not normal language at all, what stops me from calling it Art? Or maybe it is art after all. Structuralists' attempt to find some inherent structures in all literary forms, and thus define literature in terms of those structures have come to more or less the same dead end. I don't want to review all the critical schools here, but it is almost apparent that those attempts to reduce art to some logical or rational expressive forms have not been very successful.

Thirdly, Imagination should be at the center of any definition of art. But what is Imagination? To me it is the linguistic ability to climb over the fabric of reality and speculate about the non-existent. I call it linguistic because only through the semiotic medium of language that we as humans can get over the harsh realities of physical life. In short, using language we can imagine a past that has long gone, and a future that is yet to come. We can imagine a place, like an extraterrestrial planet, that we have never visited, and will never visit. In this sense, even a lie is an act of creativity, because in stating a lie you create something that never happened or existed. Thus, Imagination, creativity, and art are closely interrelated. I believe imagination (=art=creativity) is our only savior. Without imagination we would be crushed under the weight of sheer reality, and infirmities of ill life.

Finally, Art has been traditionally seen as an object, like a painting on the wall, or a sound in space; something that be grasped, bought and sold, and transferred from a place to place, or one person to another. It is a colossal mistake. Art is the experience rather than a solid object. In other words, the process of the consumption of art is the art itself.

I see all art forms as simple provocative stimuli that activate our faculty of creative imagination. I am trying to develop a theory for my PhD dissertation to describe such a process, and I already have a name for it: Interactionist Model of Readership. The theory is within the domain of reader-response criticism of course. I am not sure if anybody is going to like it, but I believe this model can explain what art is, why people derive different meaning and inspirations from the same artifact, why a second reading or observation of the same artifact may reveal new significations to the same reader/ audience, and why something that can be art for me, i.e. instigate artistic experience for me by activating my creative imagination can be nothing but a piece of junk for you. (Remember some of these modern art forms for example which look nothing but absurd and meaningless for us).

In conclusion, art is not an object but an experience, and any definition of art should try to define and adequately describe that experience, not the artifact. Anything, even a piece of prolonged silence, which can provoke, instigate or stimulate such an experience is indeed an artifact. A radical example can be a musical piece called 4:33 which is nothing but four minutes and thirty-three seconds of silence. In my view should silence activate your creative imagination, it is definitely art.

Asst. Prof. Mehran Shadi
English Language and Literature Dept.

Terminology



Poetry: Literary genre that words are strung together to form sounds, images and ideas that might be too complex or abstract to describe directly.

Metonymy: A figure of speech which thing/concept is referred to by the some of something closely associated with that thing.

Allusion: It is a passing reference without explicit identification, to a literary/historical person/place/event to another literary work or passage.

Metaphor: It is a literary tool states that one thing is something else. It makes a comparison but does not use like/as.

Concrete poetry: Poetry in which the poet's intent is conveyed by the graphic patterns of letters, words, or symbols to both make a shape of an object and describe it by words.

Just warranty
Passing away in the ceremony
Going to the hell of Hades
maybe Anubis' graveyard
It does not any matter, does it? With the cold whispers of gravestones
Be sure will be sent to the corpses
Hearing songs of buzz and hums in the coffins. Listen!
Carrions are calling you
Come on! It is time to leave a mark and go for the underworld

Merve Aslan
English Language and Literature / 2

Disordered Mayhem



Live, thou may die tomorrow,
As our soul may look down upon us with sorrow.
Abhor thy dull existence, instead,
Invite illumination and electricity
to restore animation.

Charge the defibrillator to a 1000 infinity,
Let's revive, awake, and be alive
Clear clear clear, I say
Carpe carpe carpe diem today.

Take charge,
be a captain for at least a day.
Steer the ship. take control and be reborn.
But alas murder, demolish and eradicate
Is all we do anyways

Pablo says "For every act of first creation,
Is the first act of destruction."
So the more you galvanise your spirits,
The more you maximise entropy by the minute.

Remain alive, you say?
And be spared for our bash?
On the contrary, dash into the cosmos,
And be lost into the black hole of the abyss.

Samira Isse Wehelie
English Language and Literature / 2

You



You are standing all alone in the arms of darkness
Embracing all the chaos of being alive,
And all the shades of silence
Trying to tear you apart.
But I know you are a Narcissus in the meadow
Even if they think that they know
How fragile you are
I know, there is something
In your soul
When the sun comes about
To raise your hand
And to revolt

Şevval Yorulmaz

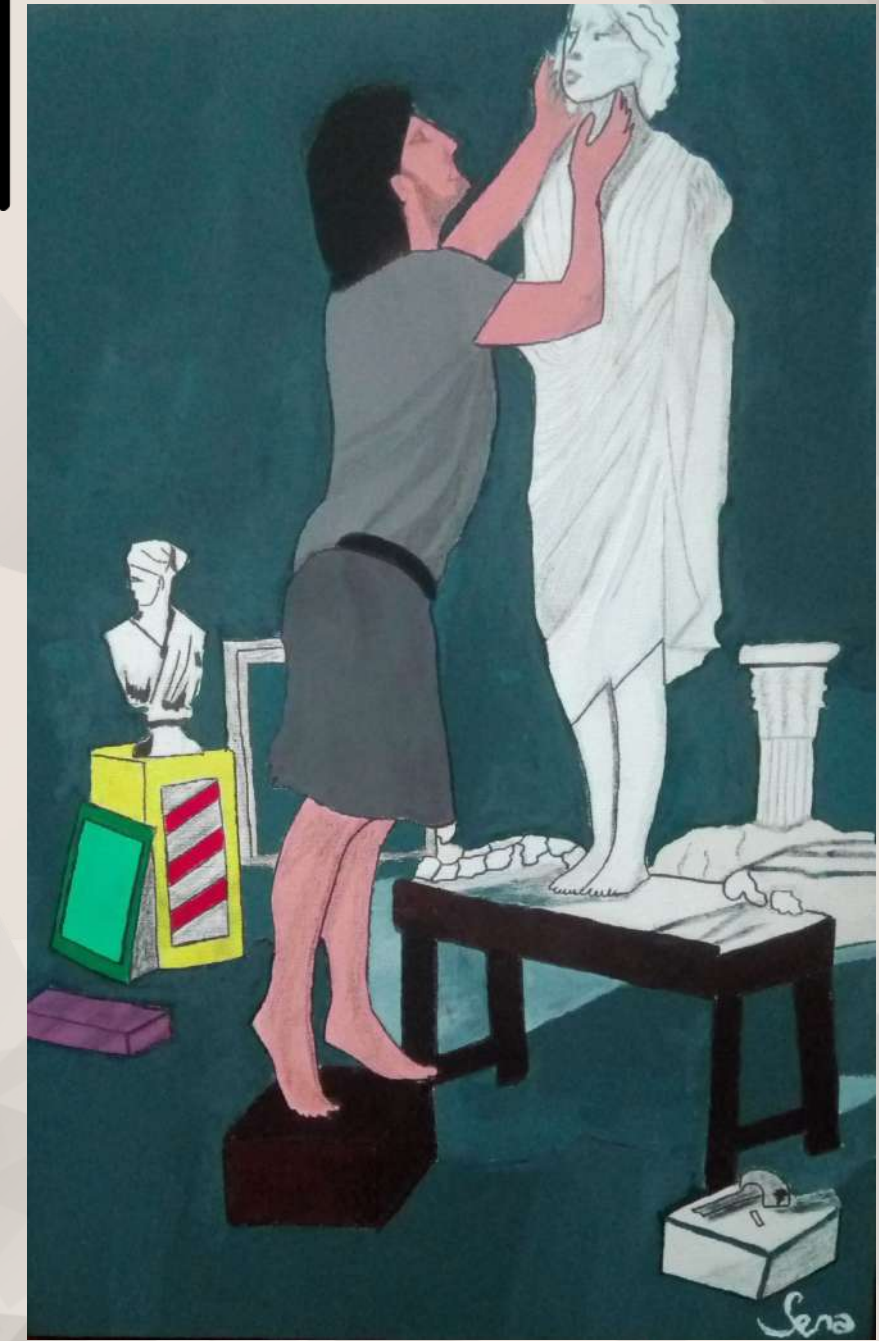
English Language and Literature / 2



Galatea:

My frozen, concrete skin compresses the unknown soul I have.
A teardrop on my dried lips is the only warmth I feel.
I'm still waiting, bent thousands inside.
Among the unstable crystals of my dull body.
Brassy grin of colors exploited all the words,
Those words, that pull my tongue from its hooks.
And, when hundreds of footsteps are echoing in me,
A moaning silence in my ears.
Scratches the canvases made of concrete.
My imaginary hands, inspired from your skin.
But the breathless heart that you left,
Now inhaling from me a breath.
And the reality that I missed,
Even wrecks the ivory I was made.
So distant, you're here, so far from me.
So close to you, my hands, but are they even real?
Wake the melody up that I hear.
The silence between us, darling, deafens me here.
Your -sleeping love- wants to be alive.
In my white coffin I, stole the black from your eyes.
Now I'm bleeding colors, don't let me die.
Please make me real, give me a life.
I'll be your everything, I'll be your Galatea.

Sena Nur Karadeniz
English Language and Literature / 2



"Pygmalion and Galatea" painted by Sena Nur Karadeniz, who is also the writer of the poem on the previous page.

(The story of Pygmalion and Galatea is an enchanting myth about a Cypriot sculptor who fell in love with his own sculpture.)

Interview With The Violinist



I am glad to introduce Aysun Onal here. She is 19 years old, who hails from Istanbul. She is an artist who plays instruments and sings songs as well. She majors in English language and literature at Istinye university. Here she is, talking about her passion on music.

Samira: Thank you for being here and talking to me. How are you?

Aysun: I am fine. Thank you.

Samira: Aysun, you study English language and literature, is there a correlation between the that and music?

Aysun : Yes, I believe so. I never like it (English Literature) before but now I find myself loving it because I get to read poem, stories and more. It impressed me with the connection between the two. Sometimes it is like reading music.

Samira: Speaking of music, when did you start playing the violin?

Aysun : I was just 8 years old when I saw them (violinists) on tv. Then I wanted my parents to buy me a violin, but my father had a condition that if I learn to swim then he will buy one. I learned to swim, and he bought me a violin at 9.

Samira: And how did get into music (generally speaking)?

Aysun: I don't know when it started but for as long as I have known myself, I sing, even though I sing in such a way that never existed before. I started to play violin at 9. I played one year and then I gave up. After one year I took guitar lessons. However, after three or four years after giving up violin lessons I started it again. Because a girl who played the violin very well at our middle school inspired me to play violin again. My feelings came out and I answered them by starting to play the violin again.



Samira: Since the violin is your first instrument, could you describe it?

Aysun: My first instrument is violin. It has four strings of which notes are E, A, D and G. you must use a bow to play it and a passion that it never ends.

Samira: What other instruments do you play?

Aysun: Violin. Also, I try to play guitar, piano and darbuka.

Samira: That's incredible, you are a multi-instrumentalist. Is your family musically talented?

Aysun: I think I got the talent from my parents. They can sing beautifully but it is not their profession.

Samira: You must have inherited from them because it seems you have a special connection with the violin. Tell me about your relationship with your violin?

Aysun: Violin is my child and I love my child so much. And yes, I try to carry my child wherever I go.

Samira: Who are your inspirations for classical music?

Aysun: My violin teacher and a series on the internet which is called 'Mozart in The Jungle'. My teacher always went on classical methods so I use to play it. thanks to the series I listened to Tchaikovsky's '1812 Overture'. So, I discovered Schubert, Brahms (thanks to my teacher) and the other perfect classical musicians and I loved their pieces.

Samira: And non-classical?

Aysun: My jazz improvisations on my violin started with my violin teacher again. He really was in love with jazz music. So, he got me hooked to it. Then, I started to listen to common jazz songs and then-contemporary jazz songs. Also, I discovered funk music thanks to jazz. I really love them now.

Samira: Tell me, who are the artists that you admire?

Aysun: Ekin Beril and No Land band.

Samira: And you do covers of other musicians?

Aysun: Yes, because I like to listen to some songs and then to add a piece from my soul and mixing up them. I like to add a lot of violin and vocal samples at the same time in the music program. Also, the other reason is that I really do not feel ready to make my own song.



Samira: You are not ready to play your own music, but have you played an original piece?

Aysun: Yes. Johannes Brahms Hungarian Dance no.5, no.3, Johann Sebastian Bach partita no.2 Allemanda

Samira: Those are great pieces. You must've practised. How often and for how long do you practice? What do you practice?

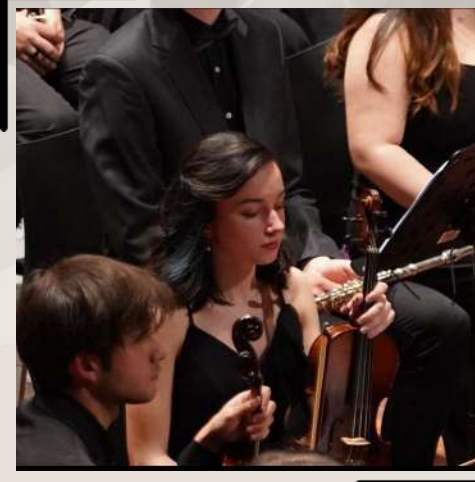
Aysun: I usually practice half an hour/ one hour a day. I practice some pieces in my Kreutzer book and if I have time, I try to learn jazz music and its improvisation technics on violin

Samira: With all those experiences gained through rehearsing. Have you ever played at a concert before? What was that like?

Aysun: Yes, I've played. First, being on stage and losing myself in the music which I make myself or with the musicians, make me feel alive. Then, that moment turns into a magic and a home for me too.

Saimra: Also, concerts are almost always held at night-time, what are your thoughts on this?

Aysun: I like the way concerts held in late-night-time because your day comes to an end. So, before you call it a day, you give a breather or happiness to your soul and body. After school or work, we want to go home as soon as possible and when we arrive, we sleep mostly. So, there's a famous Turkish pianist Fazıl Say's, who has thoughts about this issue. When he went to Japan to give a concert, he surprised the concert time. Because it was at 15:00 p.m. He said that it was holiday and people who came from their house were energetic and peaceful. So, why the concerts in Turkey were always late at night? Why we had to listen to music or watch shows being tired or sleepy? I think concerts should be both late at night and at afternoons. There should be options to choose.



Samira: If you could change anything about the industry, what would it be?

Aysun: I would shut down the companies, who take a lot of money from the people, who think they make good music, and to publish their music and to give their clips to every music channel, to every YouTube channels' advertisements.

Samira: Finally, where can we find and listen to your music?

Aysun: You can listen to my music on YouTube, SoundCloud by searching the name 'violinusya'.

Samira: Thank you so much for your time Aysun.

Aysun: It's my pleasure and thank you for having me.



Interviewer: Samira Isse Wehelie
Interviewee: Aysun Önal
English Language and Literature /2



Who Is The Third Killer?



Macbeth is one of the most famous tragedies in literature, written by William Shakespeare. It is thought to be first performed in 1606 and published as a book in 1623. There is little question about this great tragedy that remained unanswered since. Who is the third killer?

In the play, Macbeth hires two men to kill Banquo and Fleance but when the killing scene comes, three men show up to kill them. When asked, the third man says Macbeth wanted him there to kill Banquo and Fleance just like them. But this third man knows some details the other two do not know and this arises suspicions. After the scene ends, the third killer does not come to get his money from Macbeth. Readers established some theories to explain who the third man is.

There are some simple theories such as the third man is Macbeth himself. Because he does not trust the men he hired, he decides to go there in disguise. And the other theory is, the third man is a man Macbeth hired to follow the killers, just to see if they are doing their job right. But among them all, there is one that is mentioned in *Sherlock Holmes Through Time and Space*, a book written by scientist Isaac Asimov.

According to Asimov, the third man is Jim Moriarty, who is the villain of Sherlock Holmes stories. In Doyle's story, "The Final Problem", Moriarty and Sherlock jump to their death at the Reichenbach Falls in Switzerland. Asimov says that Moriarty traveled in time when he jumped off with Sherlock. But some things went wrong and he appeared in the middle of the play. Since Moriarty is an admirer of Shakespeare, he knew the play he is in. So, he improvised and left it at that. That is why he did not come to get his money from Macbeth in the end.

You may think this is an impossible theory but I find it quite interesting and fun as a Sherlock admirer. That kind of move can be expected from a clever and crafty man like Moriarty. On the other hand, for an unanswered question, an infinite number of answers can be given. What is your theory?

Zeynep Şevval Taşar
English Language and Literature / 2



Medicine In Literature

Literature In Medicine



Throughout history, medicine has been one of all other fields of study. And in recent times it has even been considered as art. As literature is a branch of art, it is inevitable to think of medicine and literature side by side. But what is the reason? Why have authors started to incline towards health problems, relationships between patients and doctors and diseases? Of course, it all goes back to the strong effects of literature. These are some of the pressing questions.

First of all, when we look at the history of literature, we can see that love, science fiction, and adventure topics have been used, but recently diseases and patients' stories have started to take a part in literature, as well. Some books have some healing effects and some patients see their stories reflected in some books. Here we can see the power of literature above humanity as it can be used as a powerful tool of empathy.

Secondly, another question in my mind: How can a book change the mind of humans? Let's think. When we become sick, some changes happen in our body which works like a machine, our chemistry changes and affects the brain. When we read a book just as a disease that changed us, the book can change us and own brains, or thought patterns, too. Paul B. Armstrong's "How Literature Plays with the Brain" sheds light on this.

How are people encouraged to writing like that? I will give examples from a patient. If we focus on the people, when they have a disorder in their organs, they realize their organ and its importance and the value or gift of health. Here we can see the importance of diseases in alienating people because humans become hyper-conscious and aware. And then people are mixed up among goodness, badness; health, disease; cure, despair; consequently, they are encouraged to writing and drawn to the world of literature. Let's look at this from a different point of view: doctors' side, for example, a doctor can save the lives of most of the patients, but if they write a book, they can metaphorically and perhaps even literally save the lives of lots of patients.

What about the sick people? Can their diseases become them men of letters? "For instance, Dostoyevski." He wrote his books while having an epileptic crisis or offer a crisis. Other examples include Turkish authors like Cemil Meriç, Peyami Safa. If Meriç had not lost his sight, could he have improved his mood, tone or could Safa have written his "Ninth External Ward". I wonder if those disorders are elusive blessings in disguise or not. I think they are because they could not have turned their own internal side. We can be sure that disorders and sick people have contributed lots of things to the literature world. But of course, while writing nobody has moved away from the reality of medicine.

If you want to learn more or explore the combination of medicine and literature, you can read *Der Zauberberg* by Thomas Mann, *Cancer Ward* by Solzhenitsyn, *La Peste* by Albert Camus, *The Fault in Our Stars* by John Green. In that book, you can see the relationship between romance and medicine. You will see how disease attracts the attention of people and creates bands of empathy. And also, the comments of all these books and more than this will come soon by myself.

Merve Aslan
English Language and Literature /2

Book Review: Neuro The New Brain Sciences and the Management of the Mind



Mind Over Matter: Raising 'Brain Awareness' in Social Sciences and the Humanities

Neuro is a highly enlightening and intriguing read as it highlights significant dichotomies in the context of social and human sciences by distinguishing between opposing views and conflicting approaches such as the mind and brain, the reductionist versus the holistic approach, the biophysical versus the chemical, plasticity versus reductionism, normality and pathology, the self as a neuron of networks versus the self as a transcendent of the biophysical, and other emerging issues concerning the sciences and humanities. The authors carefully weigh the methodological over the technical as they combine historical studies from the social and human sciences.

The overarching question that resonates with the reader is the great divide between the mind and brain: Does the divide really exist and if so, how mutually exclusive are they from one another? It is admittedly unnerving how the overall human existence is, in a sense, reduced to a bundle of nerves, neurons, and synapses, but that is merely one approach after all. On the other hand, the plasticity approach presents the brain as an ever-changing infrastructure that adjusts in response to external experiences and environmental input.

The arguments made and questions posed in this book (i.e. the weaknesses of current tests and setups, the role of environmental input and a person's individual experiences on mental health, the issue of diagnosing and discerning between pathology and normality, and the boundaries of madness and sanity) aim to inform us of our social brains so that we become more "reflexively aware" (161) of the input we feed ourselves, from the books we read to the films we watch.

This book informs and raises awareness of issues that were once, and perhaps still are, stigmatizing such as mental health as well as the importance of merging research from the sciences and humanities. It is initially perplexing to think how little knowledge we have of our own consciousness and the doings of our mind and brain. However, books and research like this incite and instill hope that perhaps one day, maybe not long from now, we will be able to better understand our own minds and sense of self. The takeaway is that regardless of the distinct field approaches and definitions, it is up to us to "shape our brains as they shape us" (163). And shape we must.

Asst. Prof. Leyla Savsar
English Language and Literature Dept.



Best Science Fiction Books: A Review

Out of sheer boredom, and in a desperate search to find something to read I skimmed through several online lists on "the best science fiction works ever" and ended up with a certain degree of dissatisfaction. I wondered what my own list might look like. Here is my whimsical answer to that question, without further ado:

1. **1984 by George Orwell:** Considering 1984 as the best political novel ever I am not really sure if we can call it Science Fiction proper, but it has certain affinities with some classics of Sci-Fi such as Aldous Huxley's Brave New World or some more recent cyberpunk dystopias. So, I just put it here. Written in an alternate future in which the world is divided between a few totalitarian regimes. It demonstrates what such governments can do to humanity in general and to human soul in particular. It is by far the best portrayal of Totalitarianism in literature.

2. **2001, A Space Odyssey by Arthur C. Clarke:** An astounding look into the origin of Mankind; a story told in absolute competence in four volumes using a variety of narrative techniques, and literary devices. In an inspiring, provocative and immensely meaningful manner the work sets out to answer the most fundamental question of all times: Where have we come from? and somehow succeeds in doing so in an unlikely manner.

3. **Childhood's End by Arthur C. Clarke:** In the opposite direction to Space Odyssey, this work entwines philosophy, science, Eastern mysticism, magnificent storytelling and a lot more to tell us what we, the mankind, will probably end up to at the end of our civilization. A future unprecedented in sci-fi or elsewhere interfused into a shocking story that leaves you bewildered for a long while, especially if you are not familiar with the mystical concept of joining back the creator at the end.

4. **Rendezvous with Rama by Arthur C. Clarke:** The question whether we are alone in universe is answered, and the problems of a possible Contact with an alien civilization is closely studied. The work takes us to a realm beyond human imagination to expose us to a diversity of concepts unparalleled in sci-fi history. The amount of emotional intensity, philosophical depth, and scientific preciseness provided in the story is overwhelming. It should be a high school textbook in my view.

5. **Gods Themselves by Isaac Asimov:** Imagine if the eternal laws of physics were not that eternal, or at least were different in a neighboring parallel universe, and imagine if we could employ those differences to our benefits and made them an unending source of energy, and imagine if the survival of our civilization hanged on that very concept. Now mix all these mind-boggling, yet scientifically precise concepts with not only humans' fierce struggle for power, but with that of an alien local politics of their own. Then, you will have most certainly the most profound fruit of Asimov's prolific writing career in your hands.



6. **Hyperion Cantos by Dan Simmons:** In a remote future, the eternal struggle between good and evil is back, reincarnated in the form of a resurrected Catholic church and an artificial intelligence, called the Core which has zero regard for the survival of its creators. Now, unlike what it should really be, the church and the Core go hand in hand here, and what stands in their way to final annihilation or even worse the eternal slavery of mankind is only a modern female Messiah, a girl with extraordinary powers who sets out to bring the evil power of the church and the core down, and save mankind one more time by sheer power of sacrifice. This certainly does not do justice to the four volume masterpiece. You should read it to grasp what I mean.

7. **Dispossessed by Ursula Le Guin:** Is sci-fi capable of exploring the deepest realms of political philosophy? The answer would be yes after reading this work. The story which mostly happens on two adjacent planets, one with a predominantly anarchistic system of ruling, and the other mostly centralized capitalist regimes explores in unbelievable depth the treachery of the latter and the inability of the former to change human nature. It clearly shows how anarchism is the absence of rulers, not rules, and how it still fails to deliver its promises. On the other hand it clearly uncovers the brutality and treachery of the rivaling capitalism, and leaves the reader with many questions to ponder on.

8. **Stranger in a Strange Land by Robert Heinlein:** A boy who survives ship wreck on Mars was brought up by Martians who melted in their collective culture seem to have no idea of individuality, and individual profit seeking and the like. Brought back home by a rescue mission years later, he is shocked by the degree of individuality and the reckless pursuit of individual benefit and personal happiness on the planet Earth at the cost of inflicting pain and sorrow upon virtually everybody else. He tries to establish a Church to show humans the road to salvation but...

9. **Flowers of Aulit Prison by Nancy Kress:** It is astonishing to see how much one can achieve in such a short work. Probably inspired by Heinlein's Stranger in Strange Land, Nancy Kress tells the story through the unusual perspective of an alien in an Alien world. We come to know that bonded together through their shared sense of Reality, these aliens have no grasp of individual perception of reality. For them being cast out of the shared reality is the ultimate punishment, much more painful than death, which after all is equal to joining ones ancestors. Private possession is also pointless. Being the only short story on this list it truly is thought provoking, inspiring and philosophically profound a work.

10. **Solaris by Stanislaw Lem:** The Freudian concept of The Return of the Repressed has never found a better or more tangible portrayal in literature. A planet whose only inhabitant is a multi-megaton ocean, comprised of organic material and apparently alive, refuses century-old attempts to establish any sort of contact or communication. Its humiliating negligence of mankind comes to an end when an off-road scientist bombards the ocean with a forbidden ray. The ocean breaks the eternal silence and returns the favor by extracting the most repressed thought from the minds of three individuals present in the space station, and simply materializing their thoughts into reality in front of them. The impossible incarnation of a deceased widow of a newly come scientist brings on a whole new developments to the story, through which it proactively analyses human psyche and human life as a whole. Probably the best psychological sci-fi ever.



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"My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go."

-William Shakespeare-

Hamlet (1599-1601)

