نشریه

انجمن زبان و ادبیات انگلیسی دانشگاه تبریز

شماره اول
پاییز ۱۴۰۳
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– حق ویرایش و اصلاح آثار برای نشریه محفوظ است
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– نشریه مسئولیتی نسبت به محتوای مطالب ندارد و هرگونه پاسخگویی به عهده نویسنده می‌باشد
– آثار رسیده بازگردانده نمی‌شوند

تحریریه

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چاپ و صحافی: خانه نشریات دانشگاه تبریز

شماره مجوز: ک ن ت ۱/۱۱۴

بســـــم اللّٰه الرحمـــــن الرحیم

رهبرانقـــــلاب: «*گیرم که تحلیلی هم بدهید که خلاف واقع باشـــــد؛ باشـــــدا خدا لعنت کند آن دســـــتهایی را که تلاش کرده‌اند و می‌کنند که قشـــــر جوان و دانشـــــگاه ما را غیر سیاسی کنند.*»

راه های ارتباط با نشریه

اگر در مورد بخش های مختلف نشریه نظری دارید، میخواهید اثرتان چاپ شود و یا علاقه به هرگونه همکاری دارید، با ما تماس بگیرید:

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۱. هنگام ارسال پست الکترونیکی در قسمت موضوع، بخش مرتبط (داستان، شعر، بازتاب...) و نام [مستعار] نویسنده را بنویسید.

۲. اثر خود را فقط و فقط در قالب سند Word ضمیمه کنید.

۳. در صورتی که اثر شما قبلا جایی چاپ شده، در توضیحات ذکر کنید.

۴. به همراه ترجمه، متن اصلی و درصورت امکان اجازه کتبی نویسنده را هم برایمان بفرستید.

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شیرین پرویزنیا

دریا، دریا،
آرام بگیر، بخوان موج سرکشت را
از چه سر خوشی
نمیبینی کودک بی زبان را
نمیشنوی جوانان سرگردان را
نمیدانی شده‌ای راه نجات؟
تو خود میدانی که ما
فرزندان خاک خورشیدیم
پل صراط شده‌ای
برای ما!
ای مردمان وطن امید
برای مهاجران سرزمین گمشده
هر گاه برای تفریح به ساحل می‌روید
روی ماسه‌ها
آرام قدم بردارید
شاید دریا
امروز هم به جای گوش ماهی
ئالان دیگری کنار زده.
دریا، دریا،
اشتباه نگیری دسته‌ی ماهیان را با مردمان
سرزمین گمشده
بشناسشان
نشانشان را به تو می‌دهم
چشمانشان می‌درخشد همچو خورشید
و پر از حسرت، بسان حباب روی آب!
ماهی، ماهی،
اشتباه نگیری گیس پریشان مادر گمشده
با عروس دریایی
ماهی گیر،
تورت را آرام بیرون بکش،
نکند صید امروزت
مهاجر گمشده ای باشد.

انتظار

هر روز
سپیده دم
غم‌هایم را
الک می‌کنم با خیالی نو
ریز و درشت
سوایشان که کردم
با امید
آستینم را بالا می‌زنم
و
از سرمی‌گیرم زندگی را.

پناه آخر

مینا شکری نیا

دلم نمی‌خواهد از من بروی
دلیلش
شعرهایی است که به رنگ پیرهن هایت
برایت نوشته ام
و هزاران باری که
در کابوس نبودنت جان داده‌ام
هر مصرع اشعارم
تمام لحظاتی بود
که من
در هر کلمه اش
به واپسین بغض جانکاه پناه آورده ام
و گریه کرده ام
در بیت آخرش
تلاش می‌کردم
پشت هر کلمه ای
مخفی شوم
تا
فراموش کنم
چیزی را که می‌خواهم بنویسم
اما تو
صدایم بزن
پیدایم کن
در آخرین شعر ناتمامم
از بین
آخرین شعر نخوانده ام
که من
از فراموش کردن
میترسم

باد

تول ایاز

[redacted] در [redacted] خانه [redacted]
[redacted] بسیار [redacted]

[redacted] درختان [redacted]
[redacted] می‌پرسند [redacted] پیغام [redacted]

[redacted] را [redacted]
[redacted] ندیدی [redacted] ؟ [redacted]

بازگفته و بازاندیشیده



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جدایی

رامیز روشن
زهرا زهدی

باز هم در این شهر رو به‌رو شدیم،
چه کنیم؟ شهری جدا نداریم ما.
شاید که خوشبخت می‌شدیم روزی،
شاید که خوشبختیم، ولی خبر نداریم ما.

چند سال گذشته است از آن روزها؟
نشناختمت، ببخش مرا!
من گمان می‌کردم بی تو می‌میرم،
بی تو نمردم، ببخش مرا.

می‌گویم: «نمردم»، اما چه می‌دانم من؟
شاید که بی تو مرده‌ام بی‌صدا،
بی قبر و بی کفن
آری، مرده ام من.

شاید اگر آن روز جدا نمی‌شدیم،
نه من این گونه می‌شدم،
و نه تو.
جدا شدیم و خنداندیم شیطان را
در این سال
و در این ماه
و در همین روز،
همین کوچه و همین کنج
من و تو را کشتیم ما آن جا.

چپ و راست ما پر ز رهگذر،
زن‌ها و مردها، دست در دست هم می‌گذرند بی‌اثر
بی آنکه بدانند، هزاران هزار بار
خود را کشته‌اند در میان این گذر
آن‌ها که در خون خود غلطیده‌اند،
اما خون، راستی کدام خون؟
نشانی از خون نیست نیست.
در این دنیا همه گناهکارند،
اما کسی گناهی بر گردنش نیست.

بدون ما نوشته شده است
این طالع، این بخت
ما دو سنگ از فلاخنی پرتاب شده ایم
شاید این دنیا که از آنیم امروز،
ده– پانزده سال پیش نه
هزار سال پیش جدایمان کرد.

راه درستمان را عوض کردیم، از چه رو،
در راهی غریبه گم گشتیم.
شاید هم هزار سال پیش اشتباهی رخ داده است،
قربانی اشتباهی هزار ساله گشتیم.

شاید جای بهار و زمستان عوض شده،
روستا و شهر این دنیا در هم شده
شاید هم مادران ناتنی در بطن خود
می گردانند فرزندان ناتنی خود را.

شاید عمرم از آغاز، دروغی بیش نبوده،
شاید تقدیرم از چیز دیگری بوده
آن دختر رهگذر مادرم است شاید،
شاید این پسر، پسرم بوده.
در این زندگی دروغین،
تو کیستی برای من؟
شاید تو نه عشقم بودی،
بلکه مادرم بودی،

خواهرم بودی،
یا مادربزرگ،
خدا می‌داند تو برایم که بودی.

چه کسی ما را از این جدایی بازمی‌گرداند؟
نه راه، نه پل،
هیچ‌کدام به دادمان نمی‌رسند.
مرده‌ای،
زنده‌ای،
هرچه هستی، بایست!
بایست، تا دستت را ببوسم.

می‌گویی: «مرده‌ام، مرده را نبوس...»
دستت در دستانم
یخ می‌زند، سرد
می‌گویی: «تو را به خدا دستم را نبوس،
از دستم، انگار بوی خون می آید...»

تخـــم مـــرغ

اندی ویر
آریانا قربانیان

تو راه برگشت به خونه بود که تصادف کردی و مردی.
چیز قابل‌ملاحظه‌ای نبود، ولی در هر صورت کشنده. تو یه زن و دو تا بچه پشت سرت جا گذاشتی.
مرگ بی‌دردی بود. تیم اورژانس بیشترین سعیشو برای نجاتت کرد، ولی به هیچ دردی نخورد.
بدنت انقدر خورد شده بود که مردنت بهتر بود، بهم اعتماد کن.

و اون موقعست که تو منو دیدی.
پرسیدی: «چه... چه اتفاقی افتاد؟ من کجام؟»
با لحنی واقع‌گرایانه گفتم: «تو مردی.» با اطوار ادا کردن کلمات به هیچ دردی نمی‌خوره.
«اونجا... اونجا یه کامیون در حال لیز خوردن بود و...»
«اوهوم.»
«من... من مردم؟»
گفتم: «اوهوم. ولی دربارش حس بدی نداشته باش. همه می‌میرن.»

به اطراف نگاه کردی. سراسر هیچ بود. فقط تو و من.
پرسیدی: «ما کجاییم؟ اینجا اون دنیاست؟»
«کم و بیش.»
پرسیدی: «تو خدایی؟»
جواب دادم: «اوهوم. من خدام.»
گفتی: «بچه‌هام... همسرم؟»
«خب؟»
«اونا خوب می‌مونن؟»
گفتم: «این اون چیزیه که دوست دارم ببینم. تو همین الان مردی و نگرانی اصلیت خانوادته. باطن درست‌درمونی داری.»

با شیدایی به من نگاه کردی. برای تو، من شبیه خدا نبودم. من فقط شبیه یه مرد بودم. شایدم یه زن.
شاید یه پیکر مبهم. بیشتر شبیه یه معلم دستور زبان انگلیسی مدرسه تا قادر مطلق.
گفتم: «نگران نباش. اونا خوب خواهند بود. بچه‌هات تو رو از هر لحاظ بی‌نقص یاد می‌کنن. اونا

وقت برای بی‌ارزش کردنت پیدا نکردن. همسرت به ظاهر گریه می‌کنه، ولی یواشکی خیالش راحت می‌شه. اگه بخوایم صادق باشیم ازدواجت داشت از بین می‌رفت. اگه مایه تسلیه باید بگم به خاطر آرامشی که داره به شدت احساس گناه می‌کنه.»

زیر لب گفتی: «اوه. خب الان چی می‌شه؟ من می‌رم به بهشتی، جهنمی، جایی؟»
گفتم: «هیچ‌کدوم. تو دوباره حلول می‌کنی.»
گفتی: «آه. پس هندوها راست می‌گفتن.»
و من گفتم: «تمام ادیان به روش خودشون راست گفتن. با من قدم بزن.»

دنبالم در امتداد خلا راه افتادی.
پرسیدی: «کجا می‌ریم؟»
جواب دادم: «جای خاصی نمی‌ریم؛ فقط قدم زدن هنگام صحبت لذت‌بخشه.»
پرسیدی: «پس فایدش چیه آخه؟ وقتی دوباره متولد شم، مثل یه لوح بی‌خط و خشم درسته؟ یه نوزاد. دیگه تمام تجربه‌ها و همه کارایی که تو این زندگی کردم اهمیتی نخواهند داشت.»
«هیچم این‌جوری نیست! تو در درون خودت، تمام خرد و دانش زندگی‌های پیشینت رو داری. فقط الان به خاطر نمیاریشون.»

از راه رفتن باز ایستادم و شونه‌هاتو گرفتم. «روح تو از هر چیزی که فکر می‌کنی، بسیار باشکوه‌تر، زیباتر و عظیم‌تره. ذهن یک انسان فقط توانایی نگهداری کسری از چیزی که هستی رو داره. مثل فرو کردن انگشت داخل لیوان برای فهمیدن دمای آب می‌مونه. تو یک قسمت کوچیک از خودت رو داخل یک پوسته می‌گذاری، اما وقتی خارجش کردی، تمام تجربه‌ای که اون کرده رو، تو هم داشتی. تو ۴۸ سال گذشته خودت رو درون یک انسان گذروندی، پس هنوز کش‌وقوسی به خودت ندادی و باقی هوشیاری بیکرانت رو حس نکردی. اگه به اندازه کافی با هم اینجا وقت بگذرونیم، کم‌کم همه‌چیز رو به یاد میاری. ولی انجام این کار بین هر زندگی فایده‌ای نداره.»

«پس من چند بار تناسخ پیدا کردم؟»
«اوه، خیلی. خیلی و خیلی. و در زندگی‌های به شدت متفاوت.» جوابت رو دادم. «این بار، تو یک دختر رعیت در سال ۵۴۰ میلادی می‌شی.»
«وایسا ببینم، چی؟» به لکنت افتادی. «داری منو در زمان به عقب برمی‌گردونی؟»
«خب، فکر کنم تکنیکا اره. زمان، به اون شکلی که می‌شناسیش، فقط داخل هستی تو وجود داره. همه‌چیز تو اون جایی که من ازش میام متفاوته.»

پرسیدی: «جایی که تو ازش میای؟»
و برات توضیح دادم: «اوه صد البته که من از جایی میام. یک جای دیگه. و دیگرانی مثل من وجود

دارن. می‌دونم که دوست داری بدونی اونجا چطوره، ولی بهم اعتماد کن، تو متوجه نمی‌شی.»

«آه.» پکر شدی. «ولی صبر کن. اگه من تو جاهای مختلف زمان حلول کرده باشم، ممکن بوده زمانی با خودم برخورد کرده باشم.»
«معلومه که آره. همیشه خدا اتفاق می‌افته. و ازونجایی که جفت زندگی‌ها فقط از عمر خودشون باخبرن، حتی نمی‌دونن که این اتفاق داره می‌افته.»

«پس فایده همه این کارا چیه؟»
پرسیدم: «جدی می‌گی؟ جدی؟ داری ازم درمورد معنای زندگی می‌پرسی؟ به نظرت یکم کلیشه‌ای نیست؟»
اصرار کردی: «ولی خب سوال منطقییه هستش.»
به چشمات نگاه کردم. «معنای تمام زندگی، دلیلی که براش تمام هستی رو به وجود آوردم، اینه که تو درونش به بلوغ برسی.»
«منظورت بشریت هستش؟ تو می‌خوای ما بالغ بشیم؟»
«نه، فقط تو. من تمام هستی رو فقط برای تو خلق کردم. با هر زندگی جدید، تو رشد می‌کنی و می‌رسی و موجودی بزرگ‌تر و باشکوه‌تر می‌شی.»
«فقط من؟ پس بقیه افراد چی می‌شن؟»
گفتم: «فرد دیگه‌ای وجود نداره. در این جهان، فقط من هستم و تو.»
به من زل زدی. «پس تمام آدم‌های روی زمین...»
«همه تو. تناسخ‌های متفاوتی از تو.»
«صبر کن ببینم. من همه هستم؟»
«تازه داری می‌گیریش.» به تشویق دستی به شونت زدم.
«من هر انسانی هستم که تا به حال زندگی کرده؟»
«یا هر کسی که زندگی خواهد کرد، درسته.»
«من آبراهام لینکلنم؟»
«و همچنین جان ویلکس بوث.»

منزجر گفتی: «من هیتلرم؟»
«و تو میلیون‌ها نفری هستی که اون کشت.»
«من مسیحم؟»
«و هر کسی که ازش پیروی کرد.»

ساکت شدی.
«هر بار که کسی رو مورد طعنه قرار دادی، خودت قربانی شدی. هر محبتی که کردی، نسبت به خودت بوده. هر لحظه شادی و غمی که تا به حال توسط هر انسانی حس شده، یا خواهد شد، توسط توست.»

مدت مدیدی فکر کردی.
ازم پرسیدی: «چرا؟»
جواب دادم: «چون یک روز، تو به مثل من تبدیل خواهی شد. چون این چیزیه که تو هستی. تو از نوع منی. تو فرزندمی.»
ناباور گفتی: «عجب. پس من یک خدا هستم؟»
«نه. هنوز نه. تو یک جنینی. تو هنوز در حال رشدی. اون موقع که به جای تمام بشریت در طول تمام زمان زندگی کردی، اون‌قدر بزرگ شدی که به دنیا بیای.»

تو گفتی: «پس تمام جهان... تمام جهان فقط یک...»
جواب دادم: «یک تخم‌مرغه. و الان زمان رفتن تو به زندگی جدیدته.»

داستانک



کلید

نام اویر

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کلـــید

نام اویر

زل می‌زد به داسش، فکر می‌کرد قبل خواب یادم بماند قشنگ بشویمش ماسه گیر کرده‌ای جا نماند به مرور زمان کندش کند. زل می‌زد به آفتاب پخش‌شده وسط آسمان، آرزو می‌کرد کاش می‌توانست جای سیاه، سفیدی زردی بنفشی چیزی بپوشد. زل می‌زد به جاده برهوت و می‌گفت: «آدرس همین‌جا بود دیگر. نبود؟»

سر صبحی وسط‌کار کلیدی پیدا کرده بود. راهش را می‌رفت، که پایش خورد به چیزی، صدایی آمد، خم شد و کلیدی یافت. یک نوار از شنل نخ‌کشش جدا کرده بود که ببندد به دسته‌ی داسش. مثل آویز آینه‌ی راننده‌ی کامیون‌ها جلنگ‌جلنگ صدا می‌داد و باعث می‌شد یواشکی، ذوق کند. از یک نفر پرسیده بود: «معذرت می‌خوام، می‌دونین این کلید برای کیه؟» و رهگذر جوانکی را نشان داده بود که قفل می‌فروخت.

نزدیک شد. پرسید: «ببخشید عزیز، کلید برای شماست؟»

جوانک سر تکان داده بود که نه. «من قفل می‌فروشم، نه کلید.» و مرگ پاسخ داده بود «بله، من متوجهم. ولی من مرگ هستم، سرم شلوغه. ممکنه صاحب کلید رو شما پیدا کنید؟»

جوانک گفته بود: «نه. منم قفل می‌فروشم. فکر کردین سر من خلوته؟» مانده بود چه کند. می‌خواست کلید را باز پرت کند وسط‌راه، و دلش نمی آمد. کلید قشنگی بود، با فراز و فرودهای کوچکی که به تل‌ماسه می‌ماند. کلید خدا حیف بود این‌طور حرام شود. پرسید: «کسی کلید چطور؟ کلید نمی‌فروشن این اطراف؟»

و قفل‌فروش آدرس داده بود، که می‌روی، جاده را که دیدی می‌ایستی. کلیدفروش باید همان‌جا باشد، و مرگ راه افتاده بود.

بیابان داغ بود و جان‌فرسا. راه می‌رفت در جست‌وجوی جاده، و بر سر مسافران گمشده دست می‌کشید. کیست که دلش کمی محبت نخواهد؟ راه می‌رفت و نوازش می‌کرد و فکر می‌کرد بیابان را از روی فراز و نشیب شیارهای کلید او ساخته‌اند. خورشید، برق کلید را منعکس می‌کرد و مرگ،

آرام، ذوق می‌کرد. راه می‌رفت در جست‌وجوی جاده، و کلیدی داشت و خوشحال بود. طوفان گرفت. فکر کرد ایرادی ندارد اگر کمی کار نکنم، دارد؟ می‌نشینم و از طوفان لذت می‌برم. می‌توانم کلید را دور گردنم بیندازم که مبادا گم شود. گره کلید را باز کرد و کلید، میان انبوه شن گم شد.

باد فرو نشست. مسیر جلوی پا بالاخره عاری از شن شده بود و جاده، هویدا.

کلیدساز گفت: «سلام.»

مرگ پاسخ داد: «سلام.» و هر دو مدت مدیدی غرق سکوت شدند.

مرگ زمزمه کرد: «پیش از این‌ها دنبالت بودم.» کلیدساز گفت: «می‌دانم.»

مرگ گفت: «جوانکی دیدم که قفل می‌فروخت. قفل‌هایش کلید نداشت.» کلیدساز گفت: «می‌دانم.»

مرگ گفت: «من دیگر کلیدی ندارم. این همه راه آمدم که تو را پیدا کنم، و حال که اینجایی، دست من خالیست.» کلیدساز گفت: «من یک پرتقال دارم. نصف کنیم؟» و وسط جاده نشستند و با داس مرگ، پرتقال پوست کندند. مرگ گفت: «پرتقال خوبی است.» کلیدساز گفت: «می‌دانم.»

مرگ گفت: «شاید باید درسی گرفت. که مردم فقط خریدار قفل‌اند و کلیدسازها در بیابان گمشده‌اند.»

«شاید.»

«شاید من نباید می‌گذاشتم چیزی کوچک حواسم را پرت کند. من مرگ بودم و کار و کاسبی خودم را داشتم، ولی از وقتی دنبال تو افتادم جان صد نفر را هم نگرفته‌ام. شاید وجود هر کس روی زمین مقصودی دارد و من با دنبال کردن چیزی که نیستم، همه‌چیز را از دست دادم.»

«شاید.»

«شاید باید بفهمیم که تا چیزی را از دست ندهی ارزشش را نمی‌فهمی. من مدت‌هاست که مرگ هستم، و انسان‌های پشیمان زیادی دیده‌ام که می‌دانند برای پشیمانی دیر است. من وقتی تو را دیدم که دیگر کلیدی در دست نداشتم. شاید هر چیز زمان خودش را دارد.»

کلیدساز گفت: «شاید.» و مرگ خاموش شد. پس از مدتی زمزمه کرد: «ولی هیچ‌کدام از این‌ها برای من اهمیت نداشت. من فقط

چیزی می‌خواستم که زیر آفتاب بدرخشد و جلنگ‌جلنگ صدا کند. نباید یک چیز جلنگ‌جلنگ‌کن داشتن این‌قدر سخت باشد.»
کلیدساز گفت: «می‌دانم،» و برخاست.
کلیدساز گفت: «به امید دیدار.» مرگ سری جنباند. شنل ماسه‌ای‌اش را تکاند، راهش را کشید و رفت.
لبه داسش، پوست پرتقالی خشک می‌شد و عطر می‌داد.

شرح حال



نامه
آفره‌دخت
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نامـه

آفره‌دخت

هندزفری گوشم بود که یه جفت چشم جلوم ظاهر شد. دهنش باز و بسته می‌شد، داشت بهم چیزی می‌گفت.

هیچی نمی‌شنیدم. سیمو از گوش راست در آودم، و اون می‌نالید من پیداش نمی‌کنم، خیلی دنبالش گشتم، خیلی فکر کردم کجا می‌تونه باشه، هر دری که فکر میکردم اونجا باشه رو باز کردم و نبود! میشه این نامه با تو باشه؟ چند دقیقه پیش از یه خانوم و قبلترش از یه آقا خواهش کردم ولی اونا فکر کردن دیوونم، عقلمو از دست دادم، خواهش میکنم! من از گشتن خستم. خسته شدم. این نامه رو نگه دار تا پیداش کنی، فقط یادت نره بهش بگی چقدر دنبالش بودم، بگی روز و شبم رو گذاشتم پاش، بگی خسته شد، بگی تو خواب ناله می‌کرد، بگی چند وقت خونه نشین شد ولی فکر نکن که قبلش تمام زورشو نزد، همه اینارو بهش بگو. باشه؟

نامه رو گرفتم. فکر کردم می‌تونم اونی باشم که مسئولیت از این جا به بعد مسیرش رو گردن می‌گیره؛ فقط کاش وقتی نامه رو بهش رسوندم، وقتی پیداش کردم، می‌تونستم بهش خبر بدم.

ارمغان



تار و پود هویت نخ‌کش شده

زهرا زهدی، توره شال

۲۳

تـــار و پـــود هویـــت نخ‌کش شـــده

زهرا زهدی، توره شال

درد، با لغت اســت که معنا پیدا میکند. با ســخن است که می‌شود بگوییم چه مرگمان است و چطور بهبود می‌یابیم، و با زبان اســت که آدمی بر یکدیگر ســلطه می‌یابد و تبو ها و زنجیر ها را از هم می‌شــکند. با لغت اســت که انسان، رستگار می‌شود. این لغت، چه ارزشی خواهد داشــت اگر توسط مردم خودش به دست فراموشی سپرده شود؟

آمدیم نشــریه ای راه بی‌اندازیم با هدف پاســداری از ارزش این لغت. که یادمان بیاید چرا آمدیم ســراغ زبان و ادبیات، که یادمان بیاید چرا می‌خوانیم، که یادمان بیاید چرا می‌نویســیم، که یادمان بیاید چرا زنده ایم. آمدیم تکه کاغذی باشــیم زیر دست دانشکده، که هر کس دردش را، درمانش را، به رویش بنویســد شــاید نوش دارویی شدیم قبل مرگ ســهراب. خواستیم بشــویم کمک حال، و دیدیم نسل ما حتی فریاد کمک‌خواهیشان هم شیوایی خود را از دســت داده. از هر جمله معنی هفت کلمه را باید داخل لغت نامه های انگلیســی یافت و تکلیف نســل جوان، انگار که بین صفحات همین کتاب ها گم شــده است.

ســال ها پیش اســتادی دور از وطن در نشستی ادبی گله‌مند بود از آلودگی زبان فارسی که حتــی در جریان ایلغارهای گوناگون و درازمدت اعراب و مغول‌ها و ترک‌ها و ترکمن‌ها، هرگز خم به ابــرو نیاورد. از این حقیقت که اقوام غیرفارس‌زبان محدودهٔ جغرافیایی ایران، مازنی، گیلــک، آذربایجانی، لر، کرد، عرب، بلوچ، ترکمن، حتی کوچیدگان و کوچانیدگان ارمنی و آســوری، و آن‌هایی که از ســرودن و نوشتن به زبان بومی خود ممنوع بوده‌اند هم، توانســته‌اند با چنگ و دندان دســت کم زبان شفاهی خودشان را حفظ کنند، اما امروزه مشــاهده می‌کنیم که اگر اقدام عاجلی صورت نگیرد، با این سرعتی که بحران هویت گریبانگیر نســل بی‌شناســنامه ما شده، ایران باید میلیون‌ها تن از فرزندان خود را به کلی از دســت رفته تلقی کند. نســلی که به قول آقای اسماعیل فصیح فارگلیسی اختلاط می‌کنند، زبانی با صرف و نحوی فارســی و لغات انگلیســی، ولی معلوم نیست بدون فرهنگ و زبان و هویت ملی چطور می‌شــود در چشــم دیگران نگاه کرد و گفت من هم وجود دارم. می‌شود یک‌هو این یک دانه دندان لق پوســیده را هم کند و انداخت دور، و به کلی انگلیســی حرف زد. چرا باید یک هویت عمیق چندهزار ســاله را، در عرض چند ســال تا پاپاسی آخر باخت؟

حقیقت این اســت که بین ما و خودبیگانگی مطلق، تک دیواری مانده در حال فروپاشــی، ســاخته فرهنگستان زبان و ادب فارسی. فرهنگستان می‌داند که با گسترش علوم و

فناوری‌های جهانی، زبان فارسی به‌شدت تحت تأثیر ورود واژه‌های بیگانه قرار گرفته است. هدف اصلی این نهاد مقابله با این پدیده و حفظ اصالت زبان فارسی است. فرهنگستان با تدوین اصولی برای واژه‌گزینی و معادل‌یابی تلاش می‌کند جایگزین‌های مناسبی برای واژه‌های بیگانه ارائه دهد. اما این سیاست‌ها همیشه با اســتقبال عمومی مواجه نشده و گاه نقدهایی از سوی متخصصان و مردم عادی برانگیخته است. برای نمونه، برخی واژه‌هایی که فرهنگستان به‌عنوان معادل فارسی پیشنهاد داده بــه دلیل پیچیدگی یا ناهماهنگی با زبان رایج، مورد استفاده قرار نگرفته‌اند.

فرهنگســتان زبان و ادب فارسی بر اساس رویکردی دستوری و با تاکید بر حفظ ساختارهای زبانی فارسی، اصول مشخصی را برای واژه‌گزینی در نظر گرفته است.این اصول شامل معیارهایی همچون خوش‌آهنگی، کوتاهی واژه، قابلیت اشتقاق، و سازگاری با زبان معیار فارسی می‌شود. به‌عنوان مثال، واژه‌های جدید باید از نظر آوایی با زبان فارســی هماهنگ باشند و در صورت امکان از واژه‌ی بیگانه کوتاه‌تر باشند تا راحت‌تر در زبان محاوره و علمی جا بیفتند. همچنین، واژه‌های جدید باید قابلیت ساخت اسم، صفت و فعل داشته باشند که این مسئله امکان گسترش معنایی را در زبان فارسی فراهم می‌کند.

این اصول و ضوابط، اگرچه تلاشــی ارزشمند برای حفظ اصالت زبان فارسی است، اما گاه به ساخت واژه‌هایی منجر می‌شود که در عمل چندان قابل فهم یا استفاده نیستند. به‌طور مثال، واژه‌های جدیدی که به کتاب‌های درسی زیست‌شناسی افزوده شده‌اند، به‌دلیل ناآشنا بودن برای دانش‌آموزان و معلمان، مورد استقبال قرار نگرفته‌اند و استفاده از آن‌ها باعث سردرگمی در درک مطالب علمی شده است.

یکی از مســائل اساسی که در سیاست‌های واژه‌سازی فرهنگستان مورد نقد قرار گرفته، عدم توجه به ترجیحات زبانی و فرهنگی مردم است. در پژوهشی که بر روی واژه‌های جایگزین شده در کتب درسی انجام شده، مشاهده شد که واژه‌های جدید به‌دلیل عدم آشنایی و تناسب با مفاهیم علمی، برای دانش‌آموزان و معلمان نامأنــوس بوده و عملاً به درک ناقص مطالب منجر شده است. در همین راستا، برخی از متخصصان نیز معتقدند که سیاست‌های فرهنگستان بیشتر به‌دنبال حفظ زبان در سطح ساختاری و دستور زبانی است و از توجه به نیازهای روزمره و عملی زبان فارسی در جامعه غافل مانده است.

انتقاد دیگری که به سیاست‌های واژه‌سازی فرهنگستان وارد شده، عدم مشارکت فعال مردم و کارشناسان علوم مختلف در فرایند واژه‌گزینی است. بسیاری از این واژه‌ها بدون در نظر گرفتن ذائقه زبانی عمومی تصویب و منتشر می‌شوند و در نتیجه، برای مردم و حتی متخصصان غیرقابل قبول به‌نظر می‌رسند. به‌عنوان مثال، در پژوهشی بر روی میزان پذیرش واژه‌های مصوب فرهنگستان در میان مهندسان عمران، مشخص شد که بسیاری از این واژه‌ها به‌دلیل عدم آشنایی و کاربرد عمومی، کمتر مورد استفاده قرار می‌گیرند.

این انتقادات نشـان می‌دهد که رویکرد فرهنگستان در واژه‌سازی به‌نوعی از دیدگاه بالا به پاییـن و بدون توجه به واقعیت‌های فرهنگی جامعه صورت می‌گیرد.

در کنار ابعاد زبانی، سیاسـت‌های واژه‌سـازی فرهنگستان دارای تأثیرات اجتماعی و فرهنگی نیز اسـت. از نظر برخی زبان‌شناسان، واژه‌سازی‌های جدید فرهنگستان نوعی مقاومت فرهنگی در برابر ورود بی‌رویه واژگان بیگانه اسـت و تلاشـی برای حفظ هویت و اصالت فرهنگی محسـوب می‌شود. اما چالش اساسی این است که بسیاری از واژه‌های جدید به‌دلیل پیچیدگی‌های دسـتوری و غیرقابل فهم بودن، عملاً مورد پذیرش عموم مردم قرار نمی‌گیرنـد و در نتیجـه، به‌جای تقویت هویت زبانی و فرهنگی، نوعی فاصله بین زبان معیار و زبان رایج ایجاد می‌کنند.

به‌علاوه، ورود واژه‌های بیگانه به زبان فارسـی به‌عنوان بخشـی از جهانی‌سازی نیز مطرح اسـت و برخی متخصصان معتقدند که نمی‌توان به‌طور کامل از ورود این واژه‌ها جلوگیری کرد. بسـیاری از واژه‌های تخصصی در حوزه‌های علمی و فناوری به‌دلیل کاربرد گسـترده بین‌المللی، به سـختی می‌توانند جایگزین فارسی پیدا کنند و در نتیجه، مردم به‌طور طبیعی این واژه‌ها را می‌پذیرند و اسـتفاده می‌کنند.

فرهنگسـتان زبان و ادب فارسـی با تلاش‌های خود در زمینه واژه‌گزینی و معادل‌سازی، گامی مؤثر برای پاسـداری از زبان فارسی برداشته. اما نتایج این سیاست‌ها همواره با موفقیـت همـراه نبوده و برخی از واژه‌های مصوب به دلیل ناهماهنگی با زبان رایج و عدم انطباق با نیازهای زبانی جامعه مورد اسـتقبال قرار نگرفته‌اند. انتقادات مطرح‌شده نشـان می‌دهد که فرهنگسـتان باید در سیاست‌های خود بازنگری کند و با اتخاذ رویکردی منعطف‌تر و جامعه‌محور، به نیازهای زبانی و فرهنگی جامعه توجه بیشـتری داشـته باشد.

ملـت ما را هـر کاری بکنی لفظ «آن زمان ها» از زبانش نمی‌افتد. همین حالا هم اگر بگویی فرهنگسـتان زبان و ادبی فارسی، می‌گویند خدابیامرزد دهخدا را که چه کلمات زیبایی برایمـان آورد، و نمی‌گویند همان زمان چه مخالفت هایی برای جایگزین کردن «دانشـجو» و «طلبه»، یا «هنرهای زیبا» با «صنایع مسـتظرفه» وجود داشت. کلمه، سال ها زمـان می‌برد تا جـا بیفتند. در مقابل هجوم بی امان صدها و هزاران لغتی که امروزه با سـرعتی باور نکردنی به سـمت ما سرازیر میشوند چه باید کرد؟ به خدا زبان به این قشنگی دارد حیف میشـود. آمدیم خودمان را غرق غربت ادبیات غرب کردیم تا غم از دسـت دادن مام میهن حالیمان شـد. بد ظلمیسـت که داریم به زبانمان می‌کنیم. فرهنگستان بیاید به‌جای تمرکز روی جنبه‌های دسـتوری و نظری، به کاربردهای عملی واژه‌ها در جامعه توجه کند که یک تعادلی بین زبان معیار و زبان رایج ایجاد شـود، ما هم قول انگشـتی می‌دهیم بیش‌تر تلاش کنیم. قول.

گپ و گفت



مصاعب مکانیک و حومه

۲۷

مصاعـــب مکانیـــک و حومـــه

دیدیم بر خلاف میلمان هر قدر بنشینیم بر سر سریر مخملی خودمان و از آن بالا برای خودمان شعر و داستان بخوانیم، متاسفانه آب از آب تکان نمیخورد. ظاهرا انسان های دیگری هم در جهان هستند که نقطه نظرهای متفاوتی دارند و باید دید زندگی آنان چگونه میگذرد. مجبور شدیم دفتر دستکمان را ببندیم و از دانشکده ادبیات بیرون بزنیم، ببینیم دنیا دست کیست. دکتر بهمن اسمعیل‌نژاد را دیدیم از دانشکده مکانیک گروه علوم و صنایع. عضو هیئت علمی دانشگاه هستند و محبوب دانشجویان. ازشان درمورد پیوند آموزش و صنعت، چالش‌های رشته شان و ترکیب دانش نظری و انسانی پرسیدیدیم، و دعا کردیم از صحبتشان چیزی دستگیرمان شود. شکر خدا در سطح سواد ما سخن گفتند و نصایح بسیار ارزشمندی در اختیارمان گذاشتند. دلمان نیامد مصاحبه کامل را به چاپ برسانیم، ولی خلاصه گپ و گفت خدمت شما:

ایشان از اهمیت مهارت‌های زبانی، به‌ویژه زبان انگلیسی گفتند و خاطر نشان شدند که چطور زبان ابزاری کلیدی در دنیای آکادمیک و حرفه‌ای است، و نقشی حیاتی در موفقیت دانشجویان دارد. ایشان معتقد بودند که یادگیری زبان انگلیسی، دسترسی به منابع علمی اصلی و به‌روز را ممکن می‌کند و مانع وابستگی به ترجمه‌های ناکامل یا زمان‌بر می‌شود، و امری ضروری برای بهبود فرصت‌های حرفه‌ای است. دکتر اسمعیل‌نژاد از چالش های نسلی در آموزش و کار گله کردند و توضیح دادند که دسترسی سریع به اطلاعات و منابع در دنیای مدرن، باعث کاهش صبر افراد و عمق درک آن‌ها از مفاهیم مختلف شده است. این مسئله ممکن است به کاهش اعتماد به نفس و امیدواری دانشجویان منجر شود. امروزه، به دلیل سرعت بالای زندگی، بسیاری از دانشجویان صرفاً به دنبال حل سطحی مسائل هستند و همین امر آن‌ها را از درک عمیق و کاربردی دور می‌کند. با این حال، با استفاده درست از تکنولوژی و به آغوش گرفتن دنیای مدرن، میتوانیم به مرز هایی دست یابیم که تا کنون در دسترس ما نبوده اند. یادگیری مداوم، سازگاری با تغییرات دنیای پرشتاب امروز و همچنین به‌روزرسانی دانش، کلید موفقیت در دنیای حرفه‌ای مدرن است. ایشان به تجربیات خود در این زمینه اشاره کردند و بر این باور بودند که زندگی در دنیای امروز نیازمند یادگیری مداوم است. ایشان همچنین بر لزوم ارائه فرصت‌های آموزشی تاکید داشته و معتقد بودند که این امر به سازگاری افراد با تغییرات سریع در دنیای علمی و صنعتی کمک می‌کند. به گفته ایشان، فناوری‌های نوین و هوش مصنوعی در آموزش و محیط‌حرفه‌ای اهمیت روزافزونی دارد و باید در برنامه‌های درسی و توسعه حرفه‌ای ادغام شوند. این ابزارها می‌توانند کیفیت آموزش و آمادگی دانشجویان برای دنیای حرفه‌ای را ارتقا دهند.

امر قابل توجه دیگری برای دکتر اسمعیل‌نژاد، پاسداری از اخلاقیات مناسب و حرفه ای در محیط‌کار بود. ایشان به رعایت اصول اخلاقی و رفتار محترمانه در محیطهای حرفه‌ای تأکید ویژه ای داشتند و معتقد بودند که این نکته نقش بسزایی در ایجاد فضایی سالم و حرفه‌ای دارد، چرا که همدلی و احترام متقابل تاثیر مثبتی بر فضا میگذارد و این اصول باید از دوران تحصیل و توسط اساتید آموزش داده شوند. رفتار اخلاقی در محیط‌حرفه‌ای می‌تواند در آینده شغلی فرد، از جمله اخذ نامه‌های حسن انجام کار و یا معرفی نامه تأثیرگذار باشد. دکتر اسمعیل‌نژاد به اثرات مثبت تجربه‌ی عملی در دوران تحصیل اشاره می‌کنند و معتقدند این مسئله باعث تقویت دیدگاه دانشجویان نسبت به دنیای حرفه‌ای می‌شود، و پیشنهاد می‌کنند که دانشجویان، در ترم‌های اولیه به یادگیری مفاهیم نظری بپردازند و پس از آن در مقاطع بالاتر تجربه عملی را کسب کنند، و هم چنین متذکر می‌شوند که اشتغال همزمان با تحصیل در مقاطع ابتدایی، می‌تواند موجب افت تحصیلی شود. ایشان تجربه‌های متنوع در زمینه‌های آکادمیک و حرفه‌ای را عاملی برای پیشرفت در دنیای امروزی می‌دانند و معتقدند که قرار گرفتن در معرض دیدگاه‌های مختلف می‌تواند موجب ارتقای توانمندی‌های افراد شود و آن‌ها را برای مقابله با چالش‌های متفاوت آماده کند. این تجارب، علاوه بر گسترش افق فکری، شایستگی‌های فردی آن‌ها را تقویت می‌کند و زمینه‌ساز ارائه راه‌حل‌های موثر در محیطهای کاری و علمی خواهد بود. هرقدر تلاش کردیم یکجوری سوال پیچشان کنیم که به ما بگویند نه فقط رشته ما خوب است و علوم انسانی، تجربی و نظری هیچ دخلی به هم ندارند، بروید ترک تحصیل کنید، متاسفانه موفق نشدیم. ظاهرا حتی اساتید رشته های دیگر هم بر دانش، همکاری و استفاده بهینه از امکانات موجود تاکید دارند.

چیزی انگلیسی

Something Persian

– And what role do you think linguistics plays in addressing social issues, like language preservation or inclusivity?

"Linguistics plays a critical role in addressing social issues, such as language preservation, inclusivity, and equitable communication. By studying language diversity, linguists can advocate for preserving endangered languages, which are vital to cultural identity. Linguistics also informs inclusivity by encouraging language use that respects all communities. For instance, research on gender-neutral language and accessibility in communication aims to promote inclusivity. Through these initiatives, linguistics fosters a society that values all voices and identities, helping mitigate the risk of cultural and linguistic loss."

– We are extremely thankful for your collaboration, Dr. Nourdad. To wrap everything up with something a bit more lighthearted, can you give us a surprising fact about language that most people wouldn't know?

"One surprising fact is that bilinguals often show enhanced cognitive flexibility and problem-solving skills compared to monolinguals. This benefit, known as the "bilingual advantage," comes from the mental practice of managing two linguistic systems, which can strengthen the brain's executive control functions. Additionally, the way bilinguals process and switch between languages can influence how they experience emotions, interpret situations, and connect with others, demonstrating language's profound impact on thought and perception."

assessments by incorporating growth-focused assessments alongside formal exams. They might allocate certain projects or reflective journals as part of the final grade, which can complement standardized test results by capturing a broader spectrum of student learning."

- Thank you so much for the elaboration, but let us put the paper [not The Paper!] aside for a bit. In your view, what is the role of literature in today's society, particularly with the rise of digital and multimedia content?

"Literature remains a fundamental medium for exploring the complexities of the human experience, even with the surge of digital and multimedia content. It offers depth, nuance, and a slower form of engagement that fosters empathy, critical thinking, and personal reflection. In today's fast-paced world, literature can serve as a counterbalance, encouraging readers to connect with diverse perspectives and societal issues in a meaningful way. Though digital platforms provide instant access to information, literature provides the time and space for reflection on those ideas, making it relevant as a space for both personal growth and social commentary."

- Literature often serves as a mirror for societal values. Do you think there's social pressure on literature scholars to interpret texts through contemporary lenses, such as identity, social justice, or environmentalism? How do you respond to that pressure?

"Yes, there is certainly a growing expectation for literature scholars to engage with texts through modern social lenses, such as identity, social justice, and environmentalism. While these perspectives bring valuable insights, there's also a need to balance contemporary interpretations with respect for historical and cultural contexts. Responding to this pressure thoughtfully means acknowledging these lenses as one way to engage with literature, but not the only way. Each text has its unique context, and part of a scholar's role is to remain open to a range of interpretations that respect both the era of the text and its relevance today."

- How do you think the role of language is changing in the digital age?

"The digital age has accelerated language change, making it more dynamic and adaptive than ever. We see new vocabulary emerging at unprecedented speeds, and digital platforms enable informal language and linguistic creativity to flourish. Language is also becoming more visual, with images, emojis, and symbols enhancing or even replacing traditional words. Yet, these shifts raise challenges in maintaining the richness of linguistic nuance and complexity, especially as shorter, more efficient forms of communication dominate."

- How can dynamic and alternative assessment methods be introduced as new approaches in mainstream educational systems?

"Dynamic and alternative assessments can be introduced by gradually integrating project-based tasks, peer assessments, and self-reflection exercises into the curriculum. These methods shift the focus from rote memorization to the application and critical evaluation of knowledge, encouraging students to engage with learning as an active process. Pilot programs and teacher training could further ease the transition."

- What are the differences between constructive and descriptive feedback in assessment for learning, and which one is more effective?

"Constructive feedback offers specific suggestions to improve, while descriptive feedback simply describes performance without guidance for improvement. Constructive feedback is generally more effective as it directs students on how to advance their learning, making it an invaluable component of assessment for learning, where the goal is to aid students in mastering content and skills incrementally."

- To what extent does assessment serve as a tool for developing independent and critical learners?

"When implemented thoughtfully, assessment can indeed foster independent and critical thinking. By allowing students to self-evaluate and engage in assessment as learning, educators can encourage students to become more self-directed and reflective about their learning journey, developing skills to analyze and manage their progress."

- You propose a balanced assessment model. Could you describe what an ideal implementation of this model might look like in a classroom?

"An ideal classroom implementation of a balanced assessment model would integrate summative tests with regular formative assessments and reflective tasks. For example, teachers might use quizzes for summative purposes, interactive activities for formative insights, and journals for reflective learning, thus addressing immediate progress, continuous development, and metacognitive awareness."

- Can you give an example of an assessment strategy that you believe effectively integrates both formative and summative elements?

"Portfolio assessment is an effective strategy that combines formative and summative elements. It allows students to collect evidence of their learning over time, showcasing progress through formative feedback while providing a summative overview at the end of the term. This approach not only documents learning but also promotes ongoing self-assessment and improvement."

- how would you advise teachers to balance standardized testing requirements with more student-centered assessment approaches that focus on growth and learning?

"Teachers can balance standardized testing with student-centered

engage meaningfully with linguistic phenomena. Beyond academia, I am passionate about interdisciplinary collaboration and enjoy connecting my expertise to broader fields such as education and ethics. I look forward to contributing to the vibrant intellectual community at our faculty."

- Thank you for the introduction, Dr. Nourdad. But how can a balance be achieved between the three assessment approaches: assessment of learning, for learning, and as learning?

"A balanced assessment approach involves integrating the distinct goals of each method: assessment of learning for summative reporting, assessment for learning to provide ongoing feedback for improvement, and assessment as learning to enhance students' metacognitive skills. This balanced model promotes a comprehensive understanding by leveraging each approach's strengths within a structured, yet flexible assessment framework."

- Do you believe that modern assessment philosophies can completely replace traditional methods, or should they complement them?

"Modern assessment philosophies should complement traditional methods. While traditional assessments offer clear, quantitative measures of student achievement, modern assessments, such as formative and metacognitive strategies, add depth to the learning process, supporting students' individual growth and critical thinking. Therefore, an integrated approach utilizing both can provide a holistic view of student development and progress"

- Do the current assessments in Iranian schools focus more on final results or the learning process? How can this be changed?

"In Iranian schools, current assessments tend to emphasize final results rather than the learning process. Shifting this focus could involve incorporating more formative assessments, where feedback is continuous and reflective, allowing students to adjust and refine their understanding over time. This approach fosters a learning-centered environment, which values progress as much as final achievements."

- Assessment as learning seems to require metacognitive skills. How might schools better support teachers in fostering these skills in students?

"Schools could support teachers in fostering metacognitive skills by offering professional development on assessment as learning techniques. This support would help teachers design reflective tasks that encourage students to evaluate their learning process. Additionally, creating a supportive classroom environment for open feedback and self-assessment enables students to become more aware of their thinking strategies and learning pathways."

Neoteric Nava Nourdad

On a chilly autumn afternoon, overwhelmed by the crushing weight of our unwritten assignments, unread textbooks and unseen sitcom series, we invited ourselves over to Dr. Nava Nourdad's office. She, being too good a professor, sheltered us from the metaphorical pouring rain and took us in. We asked some questions. She answered them, and we, being animal rights activists and all, could not in good conscious let such an interesting cat stay in the bag.

We asked about a paper she has written some years ago. It's about Philosophical Approaches to Educational Assessment, and many interesting points were raised in our education less minds. [we are sorry professor, but no matter how many times we read Educated, we are going to keep being the rather... *blunt* crayons of the box.]
This article examines the evolution of educational assessment practices, highlighting a shift from traditional assessment of learning towards a more balanced approach that includes assessment for learning and assessment as learning. The 20th century saw a strong emphasis on assessment of learning, which focuses on evaluating students' knowledge at the end of an educational program based on test scores. However, contemporary educational philosophy recognizes the need for assessment practices that support and enhance the learning process itself. It explained how assessment for learning involves ongoing monitoring of student learning to identify areas for improvement and inform instructional decisions, and how this approach emphasizes feedback that helps students understand their strengths and weaknesses and encourages further development. Assessment as learning, rooted in constructivist principles, recognizes the active role learners play in constructing knowledge and understanding. This approach encourages students to reflect on their own learning processes, fostering metacognitive skills and promoting self-directed learning. The article advocates for a balanced approach that integrates all three assessment philosophies, arguing that this will better equip learners for the complexities of the modern world.
So as you see, all in all an extremely informative and valuable article, but fret not. Since we were graced by the pleasure of her company, we shall grant you dear readers a glimpse of our conversation. We are after all gracious like that:

"As an associate professor of applied linguistics at the University of Tabriz, I am dedicated to exploring the dynamic interplay between language and society. My academic journey has been shaped by a deep interest in sociolinguistics, discourse analysis, and language assessment, which have inspired my teaching and research endeavors. I strive to foster critical thinking and academic growth in my students, empowering them to

The reality of society is different from the academic world. Take the street markets, for example. Often, we become so engrossed in our studies that we resemble robotic humans. I use myself as an example: what we perceive of society is often abstract. In contrast, those outside academia may lead simpler lives with lower incomes but still find joy.

Ethics are not exclusive to professors or academics. Being ethical doesn't depend on one's profession; it depends on the individual. A seller, for example, can be highly ethical, and their actions cannot be compared to those of an idealistic academic. Ultimately, ethical behavior is a personal choice, not a professional requirement.

However, this transformation is not instantaneous. It is not like working in a laboratory where you combine materials and produce an immediate explosion. No, it takes time—years, in fact. If you start today, in 30 years, you will see the difference in how you perceive and enjoy the world compared to a friend studying engineering. Your understanding will shape your joy, and that joy will help reduce the burden of life's challenges. Of course, problems are inevitable, but we must learn to face them in a different way.

Dr. Nava Nourdad:

An individual knowledgeable in language and literature plays a crucial role in society by promoting cultural awareness and ethical insight. Through the study of texts and discourse, they illuminate issues of morality, justice, and human behavior, encouraging critical thinking and questioning societal conventions. Their skills are invaluable in tackling ethical challenges, as they enhance communication, provide historical and cultural perspectives, and advocate inclusivity and fairness. By using literature to explore intricate issues and linguistics to analyze power dynamics, they help shape discussions that foster empathy, equity, and constructive solutions, supporting a more ethical and reflective society.

Dr. Mohammad Zohrabi:

Of course, as educated individuals who should consider and uphold ethics, we need to be concerned about our behavior. Both inside and outside the university, we must serve as examples to others. Our manners and conduct should reflect our values because people are watching us. Even outside the academic environment, we are under observation. It is crucial to recognize that people outside the university may not be academics, but they have their own rules of behavior and ethics.

I believe that during our conversations, behaviors, interactions, and communications with others, we should always act ethically. As language and literature teachers, and you as students, we have a unique responsibility. By studying different cultures and their literature — such as novels, poems, and dramas — we gain a broader perspective. This knowledge should shape our behavior and interactions with others. Literature holds significant importance in our lives, just as it does in the lives of others.

Sometimes, our approach to life is different because we might feel isolated from real-life experiences. Being immersed in academics and books has both positive and negative effects. For instance, we go to the university, return home, and sometimes miss out on engaging with real-life situations. We need to bridge this gap and apply what we learn from literature and teaching to real-life encounters.

assumptions about their reactions? We recognize patterns. Through the experiences we gradually gain, we start to know people based on the unconscious patterns in our minds.

But where do these patterns come from? They come from people's social class, appearance, behavior, economic status, education, reactions, and even the kind of language they use. For instance, you might hear someone speaking Azerbaijani and guess which neighborhood they belong to. Why? Because there are connections between discourse, pronunciation, social class, and the educational level. All these factors produce patterns in our minds, and these patterns help us understand people.

We ultimately become more professional in analyzing social conditions and relationships, when someone comes to us with a problem. We may not be psychologists and may not be able to solve ethical or social dilemmas, but as individuals, we may experience such situations.

For example, a friend may talk to you about a problem, and you think, "*I have studied literature; how can I help?*" In such moments, those patterns help us. Patterns, in my opinion, just like in history, often repeat. Consider totalitarianism in a political system: it's a recurring pattern. The same applies to relationships and communications. The experiences we gain through literature make us more skillful than ordinary people who do not engage in this type of reading or analysis.

The most important outcome of studying literature is knowing oneself, and that's what we hope to achieve.

We need to consciously understand things, and by understanding, I mean what Francis Bacon says about it: *"It is not only about reading books; it is also about observation."* We need to observe, read books, and think deeply about them. This process is what ultimately makes us different from those who do not observe, do not read, and naturally, do not think. In literature, we encounter a rich platform for observation. Reading literature requires observing life. What kind of life? Life as seen through the eyes of authors. You read books, theories, and analyses of works, and then you begin to reflect on how you can connect your observations with the knowledge from books and your own experiences of life. This connection makes a significant difference in your perspective.

Many people in the world argue that literature is an outdated field. They question the relevance of reading Shakespeare in the 21st century, given the myriad problems we face in our complex modern lives. The answer is that literature remains practical because it connects deeply to our lives.

I often tell my students: Whatever you read is about humanity, and we are all human. It is crucial to find the connection between, for instance, Jane Austen, 19th-century English society, and yourself as a person in the 21st century—perhaps a woman living in Iranian society. If you can make this connection, you transform literature from mere books into a valuable tool for your practical life.

triangle of the individual, language, and literature, as a result, can benefit the society in many aspects, one of which relates to ethical dilemmas. In other words, through language and literature, the individual, i.e., the avid reader, can observe other people's lives and experiences, sympathize and empathize with them, learn how to take others' perspectives, live those moments, however short, undergo self-introspection, and rise anew and share their knowledge with others. In short, when it comes to the role of language and literature in solving moral dilemmas and the duty of the one educating her/himself in that field, it is worth mentioning that the inner link between the two is the facilitator that facilitates the need to move from the surface to deeper reflections on life and self-recognition.

Dr. Lale Massiha:

As a person who is in contact with literature in a professional way, we do not read only for enjoyment, we are reading to understand some deeper concepts that people never pay attention to. So, I think it's always better to start with ourselves: even if we want to be a source of help for others, we need to build that kind of personality within ourself first, and, of course, literature will play a significant role in that.

As you know, literature is not limited to any single area of human experience. It's very broad: you can find things related to psychology, sociology, and even geography in literature. You find things related to nature, as well as everything concerning human relationships. It is not limited; it's about everything human, encompassing people in different cultures and contexts.

Like this, I have the chance to not only read about an Iranian Muslim woman in a story but also about a Black woman. I can see how a European woman faces challenges in life, I can read about a child and a child's experiences. I can read about a man and see life through his eyes, all while engaging with different works of literature.

If we deeply examine human concepts, we will not only see various aspects of kindness, love, hatred, relationships, politics, and social and economic patterns, but we will also enrich our experience of life. I live only once, but I witness hundreds of lives when I read stories. It doesn't matter whether I watch a play, read a short story or a novel, or analyze a poem — all of them relate to humans and humanity. When I gain this knowledge, when I have this broad horizon of understanding, and when I confront someone who talks to me about their problems, I already have patterns in my mind.

We all have patterns when it comes to understanding human characteristics, and these are the same patterns we use to recognize people. Compare your 12-year-old self to your current self in your twenties, and notice how much you have changed when facing others for the first time. Now, you might think, "*Okay, maybe this person has this personality.*" but how can we get to this point to know them or to have

world. So this person cannot be biased, self-centered, egotistic or unsympathetic toward the other creatures in this world. In short, this person cannot help being an ethical person.

This person, who has been fortunate enough to read literature and be affected by it, should first of all allow his/her new mode of thinking to affect his/her manner and behavior in life. In other words, this person should be ethical both in theory and in practice. Attempting to be so, this person can affect the people around him/her and can turn to a model of ethical behavior for the people in his/her circle of friends, family and colleagues. These other people, in turn, might turn to people who care more for the ideals of ethics, and they can affect their own circles as well. And this can go on and the spirit of ethics can thus spread.

The associate of literature should also use any opportunity to share the understanding of life that literature has provided for him/her with others, through speech or writing. It is really important not to keep the valuable insights into life to ourselves. These opportunities to share new ideas can be in the form of some friendly conversations with people that we know, the sharing of the ideas in social media, the organization of some speeches or the publication of articles and books.

As far as ethical dilemmas are concerned, a literature reader is more equipped to deal with them, as many literary works are about those challenging moments of life when you can't distinguish between right and wrong or good and bad. This person, empathizing and sympathizing with the literary characters, has gone through the complex maze of life, though fictional, and decisions and indecisions of it, though fictional, so many times that ethical dilemmas in real life should become less of a challenge to him/her. For the same reason, they can, most probably, share their solutions with others upon the emergence of ethical dilemmas.

Dr. Elmira Bazregarzadeh:

As an English Language and Literature enthusiast, I believe this field of study can pave the way for many young scholars to broaden their horizons, generate novel ideas, and see the world in an unbiased way. The transgressive nature of literature intensifies the fact that it has the ability to create a link between the individual's mind and heart and connect the inner and outer worlds. At times, we see that the purpose of literature is to provoke thought through defamiliarization, which sheds light on the importance of language as a container of hybrid cultures. The hybridity innate to language and literature is the stage on which various identities coincide, birthing new multidimensional frameworks and attitudes. Thus, language is the mediator of the individual and the collected knowledge of the society. In like manner, the duty of the person who reads up on language and literature includes multidisciplinary and multicultural domains. The

Those Who Care

A single question was asked of all faculty members. Some answered. Some didn't. here's the result:

"What is the duty of a person who reads up on language and literature to society? Can they assist in ethical dilemmas?"

Please note that: some interviews in this section were transcribed from oral conversations. While we have strived for accuracy, any discrepancy is attributable to the editors.

Dr. Parviz Ajideh:

Surely, the answer is yes.
To support this idea technically in brief, one cannot separate language and culture without losing the significance of either language or culture. Accordingly, the acquisition of second language is in fact the acquisition of second culture. Literature provides students to learn values, ethics and .... not only in source language but also in target language. Thus, it can be regarded as a good instrument to enhance intercultural communicative competence.

Dr. Firouzeh Ameri:

I believe that a person who has a place for literature in his/her life is different from those whose lives are not associated with literature. The person who reads and thinks about good works of literature, expectedly, should be a better person, and a more ethical, generous, tolerant and understanding person compared with the one who doesn't. This person, through literature, has had access to the fruits of thoughts and imaginations of some great artists who have given their fellow human beings new insights about human mind and human life and the world we live in. A wide reader of literature has taken journeys into the lives of many people, who, in spite of being fictional, resemble real human being in the outside

Something From the Grapevine



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"Once upon a time, I, Zhuangzi, dreamt I was a butterfly, fluttering hitcher and thither, to all intents and purposes a butterfly. I was conscious only of my happiness as a butterfly, unaware that I was Zhuangzi. Soon I awakened, and there I was, veritably myself again. Now I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly, dreaming I am a man. Between a man and a butterfly there is necessarily a distinction. The transition is called the transformation of material things."

The relativity of all experience is in constant tension in the Zhuangzi with the unity of all things. He rather believed that Dao was within him and he was a part of Dao. As old ancient saying goes "The wise man looks into the space and doesn't regard the small as too little, nor the great as too big, for he knows that, there is no limit to dimensions." Life, then really is a dream. Human beings are like travelers floating down the eternal roaring river of time, embarking at this certain point and disembarking again at another point in order to make space for other's waiting below to come abroad. Half of the life's poetic facade would be gone, if we didn't feel that life was either a dream, or a voyage with transient travelers, or merely a stage where the actors rarely realize the role they had been playing.

One Who Dreamt

Negar Khorasani

Once I sat through a vehement discussion that resulted me scripting a reality I'm not aware of yet, though all I'm going to reveal of the words discussed is this mystical quote - haunting me ever since.
"Whispering out my daydream they called it a blabber of a beldam, not trying to even consider the vast realm of their ignorance. No soul is destined to unsneck this daydream, all one do is keep falling deeper, believing they are changing history - something that doesn't exist, building homes on a whirlwind, dreaming high, may they one day reach the sky. Fools! They yet don't know it's all a dream, dream of a butterfly."

The one who dreams of sipping wine may weep when the morning comes, the one who dreams of weeping may in the morning go off to the harvest home. As one is dreaming, they don't know if it's a dream, and within their dream one may even try to illustrate a dream. Only after one wake do they know that it was just a dream. But, is it really a dream they wake up from? Someday though, there would be a great awakening when one realize that this is all just a great dream. The stupid tend to believe they're awake, busily and brightly assuming they understand it all, calling one man ruler, that one herdsman — how dense! Confucius and you are both dreaming! And when I say you are dreaming, I am dreaming as well.

Words like these will be labeled the "supreme swindle". They say after ten thousand generations, a great sage may appear who will know their meanings, and it would still be as though one appeared with astonishing speed.

Zhuangzi, (Chinese: "Master Zhuang") (born c. 369 BCE, Meng [now Shangqiu, Henan province], China—died 286 BCE), the most significant of China's early interpreters of Daoism, whose work (Zhuangzi) is considered one of the definitive texts of Daoism and is thought to be more comprehensive than the Daodejing, which is attributed to Laozi, the first philosopher of Daoism. Zhuangzi's teachings also exerted a great influence on the development of Chinese Buddhism and had considerable effect on Chinese landscape painting and poetry. Zhuangzi taught that what can be known or said of the Dao is not the Dao. It has neither initial beginning nor final end, nor limitations or demarcations. Life is the ongoing transformation of the Dao, in which there is no better or worse, no good or evil. Things should be allowed to follow their own course, and men should not value one situation over another. A truly virtuous man is free from the bondage of circumstance, personal attachments, tradition, and the need to reform his world. Zhuangzi declined an offer to be prime minister of the state of Chu because he did not want the entanglements of a court career.

Somthing Interesting



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Entrapment of the Silence Within

Aida Ataloo

Born in 1906 Ireland, Samuel Beckett received an elite education at Trinity College, Dublin. Later, he went to France to teach at the prestigious École Normale Supérieure and in that place, he met James Joyce. A man, a legend, and an author who because of heavy censorship, had left to find the literary freedom he sought in Europe.

Beckett joined Joyce's circle of assistants in writing Finnegan's Wake. He was enamored by Joyce's ability to bend and manipulate language into infinite different shapes, and his early works that were written in English are heavily influenced by the odd author.

During the Second World War, Beckett, who was living in France, witnessed the terror and the destruction that broke upon the world firsthand. This experience was the turning point of his career. Afterwards, he permanently settled in France and adopted French as the language of his works, but this transition was not only a linguistic shift. Beckett's metamorphosis was of a substantial nature. As he left the English language behind, he abandoned his previous role models, techniques, Joyce, and any style of any kind in writing. While for Joyce, language was laden with infinite possibilities of expression, for Beckett, it not only failed to express any meaning whatsoever, but was even a further veil on reality. In Beckett's own words: "*It's becoming ever more difficult indeed more senseless, for me to write in an official English and more and more my language seems to me like a veil, which one must get past, in order to get at the thing that lies beyond or the nothing that lies behind.*"

The failure of language to achieve any intended meaning is not a linguistic problem, but an ontological one. Being, as a matter of course, cannot be stated. As Beckett puts it, "*Being is not syntactical.*"

The stories Beckett began to write were a literature of failure and silence. The aim was deliberately failing to deliver meaning, to sever completely the already loose thread connecting words with reality. In Beckett's works, words are reduced to mere sounds and are stripped of meaning. As Mauriac says, "*For Beckett, words all say the same thing.*" The result is a babel of sounds produced to fill in as much space as possible in an attempt to entrap and contain the silence within, to border nothingness in order to make out its shape. To achieve silence, one must speak ceaselessly.

creations, both that which Spənta Mainyu created and that which Aŋra Mainyu created.

In the Pahlavi books a very clear distinction is made between the Good Wāy (Wāy ī weh) and the Bad Wāy (Wāy ī wattar). In Yašt 15 of the Avesta, a picture of Vāyu's nature can be painted mostly on the basis of his various epithets. His standing epithet is 'having superior skill'. He is strong, swift and fleet. In appearance he is broad-chested, broad-hipped, high-stepping and high-girdled with golden helmet, cape, necklace, vestment, shoes and girdle. He is a warrior who has a golden chariot with golden wheels whose yoke-straps are firm. His weapons are golden, and he has a sharp spear, whose (blade) is broad and whose (thrusts) are impetuous. Although Yašt 15 paints a picture of a mighty, benevolent deity who protects the creation of Spənta Mainyu and who harkens to the entreaties of ašawans, there is the malevolent side of his nature that is only hinted at in the Yašt, but which has explicit expression in the Vendidad, Nyāyišn, and Aogəmadaēcā. Vendidad 5.8 and 5.9 have the repeated: speaking of a dying man; Vāyu binds him, and leads him bound. "The Pahlavi gloss follows word for word the Avestan: "Some say, 'the Good Wāy bears them all'." and in vs. 9 apparently the commentator wished to distinguish, as we shall see, the Bad Wāy who leads away the soul, while the Good Wāy carries the righteous soul to heaven. The Bundahišn (44 ,27.43) makes a related statement:

It is Astōwidād/Astwihād, the demon of death, the Bad Wāy, who takes the breath-soul.

Vāyu, as the wind, floats between the two realms of good and evil and stands the space in between. He, the one who men used to worship whenever nor good nor evil were a choice, whenever they felt the danger so close, and all they wanted was eternity. The evanescent wind, whose power dreaded the mighty Spənta Mainyu and the malicious Aŋra Mainyu. To one's interpretation he may be only an embodiment of what a human is. To one's knowledge of this ancient god, he retreat from good to bad whenever he feel like it, he'd chose the one with more efficiency and the way he plays coy, getting whatever he desire. As humans tend to swing the way of their own desires. In any other dimension were gods among people, Vāyu is the most similar to humans' nature.

The Free Spirit

Negar Khorasani

Disclaimer: The sources are 'Hinnels, Hohn R. Persian mythology' and 'iranicaonline.org' with a bit of alteration by me

The wind, bringer of life in the rain cloud and of death in the storm, is one of the most mysterious gods of the Indo-Iranians. In an Indian text he is said to come from the breath of the world giant out of whose body the world was made. He rides in a swift-running chariot drawn by a hundred or even thousands of horses. It is he who produces 'the ruddy lights' - the lighting - and makes the dawn appear.

In Persia he is a great yet enigmatic figure. The entity is simultaneously angelic and demonic, that is, depending on the circumstances, either yazata - "worthy of worship" - or daeva. Vāyu is a complex, multifaceted deity. While the depiction of Vāyu in Yašt 15 is basically that of a martial deity capable of protecting the creation of Spənta Mainyu, elsewhere in the Avesta he appears as a feared god of death. Both the creator (Ahura Mazda) and the devil (Angra Mainyu) offer sacrifice to him. The creator offered up a sacrifice on a golden throne under golden beams covered by a golden canopy, asking that he might smite the evil creation and that the good creation might be preserved. The passionate prayers of the creator were granted, but the destructive desires of the devil were answered to as well. Men also pray to Vāyu, especially in times of peril, for he is the fearsome board-breasted warrior. Wearing 'the raiment of warfare' and carrying a sharp spear and weapons made of gold, he pursues his enemies, to destroy the Evil Spirit and protect the good creation of Ahura Mazda.

Whereas Ahura Mazda rules above in light and Angra Mainyu below in the darkness, Vāyu rules in the intermediate space, the void. There is a sense of the 'neutrality' in Vāyu, for there is both good and evil inside. Although some scholars later came to believe that he was divided into two figures, in the early period there is the idea of one figure embodying the dual features of a beneficent yet sinister power: the pitiless one who is associated with death, whose paths no one could possibly escape. If he is properly propitiated, he will grant men all they have wished for, for the wind moves through both worlds, the world of the Good Spirit and the world of the Evil Spirit. He is the worker of good, the destroyer, the one who unites, the one who separates. His name is 'he that goes forwards, he that goes backwards, he that hurls away, he that hurls down'. He is the most valiant, the strongest, the firmest and the stoutest.

With his golden armor, he, the embodiment of human duality , marches above the clouds toward foreign lands. His name 'Vāyu' means the wind, and one might know the nature of the wind is volatile, how it might head toward east in the morning, but turn south when the evening comes. In stanzas 44-43 Vāyu explains the meaning of his names, Vāyu, with the formula:
The reason that I am called Vāyu is that I pursue (attain, conquer) both

Presupposition (Since this sentence is ambiguous, there are more than one possible presuppositions; each pertains only to one of the alternative interpretations of the sentence.):
a. Every day, Ashley smacked her brother until ten o'clock at night.
b. Up to ten o'clock on a certain day, Ashley would smack her brother every night.
c. Up to an unspecified time on a certain day when she stopped doing it, Ashley had a nightly routine of smacking her brother at ten o'clock.

3. Some time expressions, such as "when," "after," "while," "before," "since," "during":
Example: "While she was playing, I set to cleaning the house."
Presupposition: She was playing.

4. Constructions such as in the examples below (namely cleft and pseudo-cleft constructions):
Example with cleft construction: "It was the pilot that was giving out water bottles to the passengers."
Presupposition: Someone was giving out water bottles to the passengers.
Example with pseudo-cleft construction: "What Mary drew was a river."
Presupposition: Mary drew something.

5. Conditionals that point to something that has not happened, or is not factual:
Example: "If we had not realized what it was, we would have eaten it."
Presupposition: We did realize what it was.
Example: "If John were a fly, he wouldn't move around as much."
Presupposition: John is not a fly.

According to at least one view, presupposition may sometimes extend from part of a sentence to its whole, while other times it may remain in that part. For instance, in the sentence "Chris thinks my niece is polite," the idea that the speaker of the sentence has a niece is not the presupposition of only "my niece is polite," but of the whole sentence. By contrast, the same presupposition stays only in the latter part of the sentence "Chris said my niece is polite"; the idea that the speaker has a niece is only the presupposition of Chris's comment and not a presupposition of the speaker's whole sentence.

A Few Points on Presupposition

Kasra Talieh

Jack: "Can anyone here give me a ride home?"
Ryan: "My car can get you home really fast."
Jack: "Oh, really? Then would you give me a ride?"
Ryan: "Well, my car isn't nearby right now... I mean it's still in the dealership. I mean I haven't bought it yet... Ok, I don't have a car."

In the "joke" above—I know it's a bit dull, but, come on, it's not that unfunny, right?—Ryan's first sentence makes us assume he owns a car. Afterwards, he makes it known that he in fact doesn't have a car at all and admits that the assumption he led us to make about his having a car is false. The assumption that Ryan has a car, which we made from the sentence "My car can get you home really fast," is a presupposition underlying the sentence.

In linguistics, and especially discussed in pragmatics, a presupposition is a background assumption or fact that is taken for granted in a sentence or conversation and is implicitly suggested. For example, in "Have you talked to Bob?" a presupposition is that Bob exists. Questions as well as negative or affirmative statements may carry presuppositions. You verify presuppositions when hearing or reading a sentence, basing the meaning of the sentence on them as a background. If the presupposition of a sentence you read or hear is not based on fact or ideas that you agree with or that don't make sense to you, the sentence, too, is likely to sound like nonsense to you.

Presuppositions can be rooted in only a word, phrase, or grammatical construction. These are called presupposition triggers. For example, in the conversation above between Jack and Ryan, "my car" is the phrase which triggers the presupposition that Ryan owns a car. This is because it includes a possessive ("my"). There are various other types of elements that may act as presupposition triggers. Some of them are (each example has its presupposition written under it):

1. Some phrases that imply something is a fact, for example "know," "realize," "be glad that," "find out" (There is a view that such verb phrases do not necessarily imply that their object is a fact, but we will not take up that view here.)
Example: "Frankenstein was aware that Dracula was there."
Presupposition: Dracula was in fact there.
Example: "Peter's parents found out he snuck out at night to do charity work."
Presupposition: Peter did really sneak out at night to do charity work.

2. Verbs which indicate a change or continuation of state, such as "continue," "start," "stop," "carry on," "cease"
Example: "Ashley stopped smacking her brother every night at ten o'clock."

Somthing Serious



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Defying Defintion

M.A.

Feelings which are hard to explain are the best, meaning they are yet to be contaminated by the dubiousness of thought, yet to be tamed by the confines of deliberation.

The thought of "What if I say too much? What if I say too little?" and the fear of misinterpretation loom large, causing words to stick in throats like stubborn stones. The fact that a fleeting touch on an arm, a lingering gaze and other gestures of the kind can speak volumes makes me wonder whether words are competent enough to disclose any sort of feeling at all? Or maybe conveying meaning for the sake of basic communication, which is necessary to man's survival, is the only thing they are meant for and now we are misusing our own invention by poetry or any sort of other SO-CALLED arts!

Maybe only these were the ones meant to be called feelings from the first place. The ones that only exist in the realm of the unspoken.

What if for once I embraced this ambiguity? What if I allowed myself to revel in the unexplainable? Neither write nor talk nor put any effort to do so, simply sit back and observe them, leaving logic and reason chasing shadows.

My Friction

Yuki

I remember once I heard a fictional character saying something in the context of how society treats queer folk as mere friction in a physics equation. I don't recall the whole paragraph, but these sentences were imprinted into my mind. "There is no way the friction becomes zero. There is no way it's okay to ignore the air resistance. However, if we don't do that, we can't understand it, so we make the world simple and make the exception to omit it."

Through my two decades of life I've always been the air resistance, the air that tries and tries miserably but proudly to resist against the people who tend to simplify the world, dividing the colors. Growing up I felt this breeze within me, telling me that I am not what others try to build me to be. I'd be shushing the voice down in me, just like how a good kid would do. I'd put up a bright smile for adults as I screamed in my head "I want to disappear." I'd be a well-mannered child till no-one was there to witness, then I'd grab a book and let the breeze, reification of my wholeness caress my cheeks. All I did was growing taller, dancing in that breeze of reality when no one was around. Despite the gentle wind from within me, I didn't want to be omitted from the equation. I would put on the mask of a proper child: the show must always go on, wasn't that what all of us were taught?

As I got older, that yearning to continue playing what wasn't me gradually faded and I began wanting to express my inner airflow. I could care less about others not understanding me. I wasn't there to be understood by them, I was there to be who I am. And I wasn't just a friction, a breeze, a good kid. I was delicate and complicated, benign yet mischievous, a combination or rather paradox even my own family couldn't come to fully understand. I still put on a mask for the world to see - an odd neurodivergent person in an Asian society.

It's strange how I managed to survive this far, being treated like an outsider by my beloveds, to be just a mere air resistance in their eyes. In my childhood I was obsessed with granting the ones who couldn't accept me. As my teenage days arose, I was slapped with the horror of what it would lead to, if they didn't understand. I learnt the reasons behind the human tendency to simplify the world.

In my twenties, I whisper this quote to the walls in my empty room. I lie on my bed, looking at the ceiling and I think to myself, it's not like the physicists get accurate results after omitting the friction in their equation, they may understand it more this way, but they haven't fully got to the point. They don't trick themselves into believing they have totally grasped it. So, maybe... once again I could dance in my inner flow.

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a narrow vision limited lonely to my object of desire. For it to be attracted, and for me to love the butterfly would not be easy if the flowers were withered, I thought: I must tend to them with care and devotion. Now I again ministered to the flowers, and perhaps even somewhat more laboriously than ever — for the butterfly only my flowers were good, I thought. I came to be thrilled with the sight of the butterfly again, but it fleeted right away again once I reached my hand and tried to befriend it. I burst and brooded with frustration — the butterfly did not favor my caress. Despairing of a reunion, I left off the efforts to attract the butterfly. I gradually rose back to my groove, to growing flowers in my way uninfluenced by the butterfly's preference. I did not need to bend my gardening to match its special liking. I went about my days in the same way as had been the usual before the butterfly, but that I had now an experience of a being shying from what I'd thought touches of love. Then one day again the butterfly came in my home; I was flattered. But that I had seen it before, this was as enchanting an occasion as the first time. I wished for it not to leave for me. I watched as it flapped about my room, sitting on my flowers, fondling them and snuggling in them. It was alluring. It even sat on my face of its own accord for a little time. I kept my hand, however, putting it down as it was growing impatient to make contact; intrusive it must have been. I didn't want to bother the butterfly. I simply sat enthralled savoring the sight of the butterfly as it lapped from my face to my flowers and savored my flowers' nectar. I believed I was to let it be as it wished. To love a butterfly, I thought, was this.

To Love a Butterfly

Dido

A butterfly would sometimes come in my dwelling and savor the flowers I grew, flitting about them. So beautiful was it that it delightfully flattered me with its visits and its interest in my flowers, enchanting me, enamoring me. The first time I came to see it was a moment of matchless exotic delight. I adored it so. Its mere sight was an unearthly charm, and I relished it with pleasure. I planted flowers that I thought would attract it more, and it deigned its presence more often. I especially liked touching its wings; they were alluringly beautiful, their feel most pleasant to me. The interest grew stronger over time. I now took to fondling the colorful, angelic wings shortly after the butterfly appeared every time.

Now all day I sat twiddling my fingers and tapping my foot to fill the emptiness felt through growing impatience in the absence of the butterfly, and when it came, marking the pinnacle of the day, I rushed to it as did my blood in my veins with excitement. The butterfly seemed not to mind at first my persistent caresses, or at least seemed to be tolerant of them, for it went on savoring my flowers. But as I carried on with this with my love growing, it appeared the butterfly was not as keen to come as before, the consistency of its visits faltering, or it left too soon, almost sooner than I moved my hand toward it. I imagined this was because there were in the vicinity so many more species of flowers attractive to it. I moaned over what I thought was a shrinking of the butterfly's interest in my flowers, in me. I must plant and grow more species of the flowers that it liked in greater numbers, I decided. I dedicated a few days entirely to single-mindedly doing that. Then all I did was to pass my time in waiting, twiddling my fingers and tapping my foot. After this the butterfly did come relieving me of its absence, but only a few more times. Little else changed, however; it fluttered off when I tried to caress it. My shots at touching the butterfly having been continually answered with its flying away, now I started again to take note and be conscious of my own habitation, I saw the flowers were not as fresh as before when I had tended better to them. So senseless had I been bent with

mounted. College applications loomed, a tidal wave of deadlines and decisions. Pierre watched as Clara poured her heart into her music and Lucas trained tirelessly for a championship. He longed to join them but felt trapped in a web of expectations. One evening, he took a walk by the river that flowed through Bellemont, the moon casting shimmering reflections on the water.

As he sketched the scene, he felt a sudden rush of clarity. The river, ever flowing, did not care for the rocks that tried to block its path. It simply found a way around them. At that moment, Pierre understood that he, too, could carve his own path. With newfound determination, he decided to apply to an art school, a choice that sent a shiver of fear through him. He feared the disappointment in his father's eyes but felt an urgency to be true to himself.

The decision felt like a leap into the unknown, but it was also a release—a shedding of expectations that had weighed him down for too long. When he finally revealed his plans to his father, the conversation was tense. "Art? Pierre, you have so much potential in architecture!" his father exclaimed, confusion and disappointment etched on his face. Yet, as Pierre spoke passionately about his dreams, he could see the flicker of understanding begin to dawn in his father's eyes. "Maybe... maybe you can find a way to blend both," his father finally said, a hint of acceptance in his tone. It was not the unconditional support Pierre had hoped for, but it was a start—a bridge between their worlds.

As the months passed, Pierre poured his heart into his art, his sketches transforming into vibrant pieces that resonated with others. He held his first exhibition, the walls adorned with landscapes that breathed life and emotion. Clara played music in the background, and Lucas cheered from the crowd, his friends' support enveloping him like a warm embrace.

When Pierre stepped into the gallery, he felt a sense of belonging. The laughter and admiration of those around him filled the spaces with his heart once left vacant. And at that moment, he knew he had found his place—not just as an artist, but as a son, a friend, and above all, himself. In the end, Pierre discovered that the true weight of expectations could only be lifted when one chose to follow their own path. The journey would be filled with challenges, but for the first time, he felt ready to face them—one stroke at a time.

The Weight of Expectations

Rose

In the quaint town of Bellemont, nestled between rolling hills and winding rivers, lived a young man named Pierre. Known for his quiet demeanor and artistic spirit, Pierre spent his days sketching the surrounding landscapes, capturing the beauty of nature in delicate strokes.

But beneath his serene exterior lay a deep conflict—one that brewed in the silence of his heart. Pierre had always felt the weight of his family's expectations. His father, a successful architect, envisioned a future for him filled with prestige and success. "You must carry the family name, Pierre," he would say, his voice steady and resolute. "Follow in my footsteps, and the world will open its doors to you." Yet, Pierre longed to create, not just buildings, but worlds of his own—worlds that danced with color and imagination.

As he approached the final year of high school, the pressure intensified. His friends thrived in their pursuits: Clara, with her soaring ambitions of becoming a renowned musician, and Lucas, who dazzled everyone with his athletic prowess. They seemed to embrace their futures with open arms, while Pierre felt paralyzed, torn between his own desires and the expectations that loomed over him like storm clouds.

One crisp autumn afternoon, Clara invited Pierre to a local art exhibit. As they walked through the gallery, the vibrant pieces spoke to him. Each painting told a story, each sculpture breathed life into its form. He felt a flicker of hope ignite within him. Maybe there was a way to reconcile his dreams with his family's expectations. After the exhibit, Clara turned to Pierre, her eyes sparkling with enthusiasm. "You should share your art, Pierre! You have a gift that deserves to be seen." Her encouragement struck a chord deep within him, yet doubt crept in. "What if no one cares? What if I fail?" he murmured, the words heavy on his tongue.

That night, Pierre lay awake, staring at the ceiling, the voices of his father and his own insecurities echoing in his mind. It was then he realized that his fear of failure was rooted not in the desire to disappoint, but in the need for approval. He wanted to be true to himself, yet felt shackled by the need to conform.

Weeks passed, and the pressure

recurred to him, but he refused to entertain it for a while. Instead, he focused on the orange: the color of its skin signified optimism, warmth, confidence, enthusiasm... concepts which had been eerily alien to him for the past few years. He studied the fruit further; he chuckled when he compared it to himself. They were opposites, he thought. He had an exhausted worn-out skin, the orange was lively and joyful. His body felt saggy and ugly, while the orange was plump and thick. His color was disappearing, or so he thought, as if his blood was losing its vigor and strength. Once again, the orange was everything he was not. He gave the fruit a stern squeeze.

"Dying," he whispered to himself, studying each letter of the word. He thought about the Concept, no more pain, physical or mental, will remain. All the shackles that bind his being to this agonizing life will be broken. Free at last. He was going to die again. Was it destined to be the last time? Was he going to attain the ultimate reward?

He looked at the knife, pressing it gently against the skin of his wrist. The veins under hugged its sharp edge with every pulse. He dragged the sharp edge around slowly, tightening and loosening the handle, increasing and decreasing the pressure against his skin over and over again. He was not scared, maybe sad, but not scared. He was apathetic, confused, and hopeless.

He looked around his room. Maybe he was witnessing that sad miserable place for the last time. His gaze fell on an old picture of his. It was taken at his 5th birthday. The picture felt distant, like it was from another life, like it belonged to someone else, like the kid wasn't him and had never been him. The kid in the picture was happy, cake smeared across his face, smiling as broadly as he could. He teared up again once he absorbed this sight, the sight of this kid, the sight of him, the kid who smiled so joyously at him. "I owe him," he thought. He couldn't kill a kid. How could he harm that kid? A kid who had so much to live for, who deserved happiness, who had wholesome dreams and was full of life. His act no longer felt like suicide, it was homicide. It was the murder of an innocent child.

He loosened the knife against his skin. He had to live, if not for himself, then for him. He had to be happy; he had to treat himself right and take care of himself. He had to fulfill his life and destiny. He had to pay back his debt to the kid by not just staying alive, but also living.

He used the knife to peel the skin off in a decisive manner. He took a piece and bit into it. The tasty and scrumptious juice flowed into his mouth. The orange made him happy.

The Orange and the Knife

Ali Adalatdoust

He held the orange in one hand, the knife in the other. There was a deafening silence in his room. The ticking clock and the walls, half-lit by the 5 p.m. autumn sun, felt oppressive. He felt as if he was choking. How many hours has it been? Trapped in a merciless train of thought, he questioned himself, his place in his life, in his family's life. Would they notice? If he ended it would anyone notice? How many actually cared? He felt alone, because he was alone. That moment... Nay! Those moments were all he had. He had no affection to hold dear in his life, no shoulder to weep on, no arms to embrace him, no lips to whisper soothing words into his ear. There was him, the orange, and the knife.

Nietzsche had said that the reward of dying is that you only die once, yet he had done it countless times, he had died over and over again. Burdened by his life, he had ended it. In fact he had done it everywhere. When he had crossed the road, he had thrown himself under a speeding truck, he had laid his head on the tracks in the metro station and it had exploded into mush; while he showered, he had cut his ankles with the razor, the same razor which unenthusiastically shaved his tired face. He had died anywhere and everywhere, yet he was alive. He had not died for the last time yet, and now sitting in his room, holding the soft, full-of-life, juicy orange, he was to die once more.

He could not cry. Was weeping manly? He denied himself even that. He was afraid of the frailty of his voice. He feared the act of crying. He didn't particularly feel relieved or at ease when he cried. All he would attain were red eyes and aching temples when he wept. But to no avail and despite his best efforts, he did it in the end. A rebel tear liberated itself from his eyes, embracing the shiny orange skin of the fruit. He couldn't hold back anymore, so he wept with all his might. He resented it, he despised the sensation with all his being. He felt envious; the orange was so beautiful, so lively. It seemed happy and content. It was everything he was not. He was done with crying, and as he had expected, no relief came out of it, only physical discomfort. He again pondered "the idea". The same agonizing thought

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left of it but a red mark. A small, red, dot. He stares and stares, until the mark gets bigger and bigger and the humongous red mark re-opens and blood starts pouring out.
I scream again: "What on earth are you doing? You weren't to re-open an already healed wound. I have slaved away on the paper for that wound to heal."
They look at me in pain. I look the wound over until it scabs and turns into its previous state. Nothing but a small, red dot.
She asks: "What shall I write about, then?"
"Leave them wounds be," I answer. "Write about your pains."
My protagonist thinks even harder than before and falls on the ground. Then he starts withering in pain, crumbling like tissue, sweating. He starts trashing around. He closes his eyes and he howls from the bottom of his heart. I reckon he must have woken neighbors. I approach him. I hold him firmly with a hand.
"What's wrong with you? What are you doing? You should not rekindle the old pains alongside the new! You can't write no more if you hurt so much. You should only reminisce on the pain."
But My Protagonist keeps flaying around like a snake, and I shake them until they open their eyes. With their eyes open, they mutter: "But that was my reminiscing."
"That's not right," I say. "Look at me!"
I close my eyes, and think. My Protagonist and I wail together, but her voice rings louder than mine.
"I got it!" He screams. "I got it, I will write about my secrets, the ones even you know nothing about!"
"I don't?" I chuckle.
I think that by now the neighbors must have all gathered by our window in the ally, murmuring amongst themselves. "Yes," they agree.
"Like what?" I ask.
She crawls to the pen and the paper and writes "Secret Number One." His handwriting seems identical to mine. "My first secret is that I was born in half. Right in the middle," they say. I laugh.
"Why was that, by the way? Do you know the reason?" I laugh again.
She wonders: "Were you the one that made me this way?"
I sober up. "Of course not! I did nothing, it was the Tale that willed it."

To be continued...

Where the Stories Reach Their End

Abbas Ghadir Mohseni
Aryana Qorbaian

I'm tired of my stories. I'm tired of writing. I'm tired of myself. I don't want to write anymore. I don't want to write anything. Not even a line. Not a word. It's enough for me. Whatever I've written up until now is enough.
I hand over the pen to My Protagonist. "Write. Now it's your time. She stares at me first, then she mutters, "what shall I write?"
I answer: "I don't know! What would I write?"
He stares again; "whom shall I write about?"
"I don't know," I repeat. "Whom would I write about?"
"You wrote of me!" They answer.
"So write of me," I reply.
She laughs. "But you don't have a story!"
"How do you know?" I ask.
"You wouldn't create me if you did!" He replies.
"Well, write of yourself," I say.
"But you've already written everything," they answer. "There is nothing left to write."
I ask: "Are you certain?"
My protagonist nibbles at the end of their pen, all intellectual-like, and wonders, "What is my name?"
"You don't even know your own name?"
"I don't!" He responds. "Each time, you name me something different."
I get mad of her intelligence. I can't tolerate it at all. I say "You are the filthy earthworm. The one that crawls. Do you recall now?"
They giggle and crawl and leave a slimy trail on the carpet.
"Watch out!" I holler. "You're ruining everything, be careful!"
Another laugh: "What part of myself should I write about?"
"I don't know," I say. "Leave me alone. Write of your wounds."
He ponders once more, but this time, leaves the pen out of his mouth. He keeps staring at the scar on his hand. A scar that for long has healed over and there is nothing

Burden

Vahshi Bafqi
Fereshteh Soltanpour

Bring about my ruin, should I ever weigh on your mind
For who am I, that I might cause a beloved to rewind?
Let me rest where my heart ceases, do not lift me high
I seek not to be a burden on another's shoulder to lie
Mercy I sought from those I adore, yet where is my slayer?
I would seek his pardon if ever he suffers from my error
Tears have washed away my lashes and I fear
A thorn may lie unexpectedly close to someone near

Though no joyful song escapes my lips at her lane, do not grieve, O Vahshi
I ask no more if my laments remain, and that they be.

Retold and Reimagined



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Can't You See

Why can't you see,
The love that's meant for thee?

In the hues of the sky so blue,
In the morning's dewy hue.

In the laughter of a child at play,
In the rhythm of a song's sway.

In the gentle touch of a lover's hand,
In the beauty of a seashell's sand.

In the whispers of the wind through the trees,
In the shimmer of the sun on the seas.

Why can't you see,
The love that's meant for thee?

In the kindness of a stranger's smile,
In the courage it takes to walk that mile.

In the forgiveness that heals old wounds,
In the compassion that comforts and soothes.

In the strength it takes to carry on,
In the hope that rises with the dawn.

In the faith that guides us through the night,
In the knowledge that all will be alright.

Why can't you see,
The love that's meant for thee?

In the beauty of a starlit sky,
In the twinkle of a baby's eye.

In the peace that settles in your soul,
In the feeling that you are whole.

In the connections that bind us together,
In the moments that last forever.

In the joy that fills your heart,
In the memories that will never depart.

Why can't you see,
The love that's meant for thee?

It's all around you, if you only knew,
The love that's meant for you.

Train

Boundless Adam

Oh, glorious body, vessel of strength,
A temple of muscle, bone, and breath,
I praise thee for the wonders you hold,
And vow to train you bold and bold.

From head to toe, you are a marvel,
A masterpiece of sinew and gristle,
Each muscle firing in perfect tune,
A symphony of movement beneath the moon.

With every step, you carry me far,
Through valleys green and mountains stark,
You never falter, never tire,
Always ready to go higher and higher.

I train you with sweat and determination,
Pushing limits, defying expectation,
In the gym, I lift and push,
Building muscles strong and plush.

I run and jump, stretch and bend,
In every movement, I find a friend,
A challenge to overcome, a goal to achieve,
In every drop of sweat, I believe.

I nourish you with healthy fare,
Fruits and veggies, protein rare,
Fuels to keep you running strong,
To endure the journey long.

I rest you well, let you recover,
For in rest, you find your power,
Growing stronger with each day,
Ready to face whatever comes your way.

So here's to you, my faithful friend,
My body, my companion to the end,
I promise to treat you right,
To train you well, with all my might.

For in your strength, I find my own,
A foundation on which to build a throne,
To rule my life with grace and poise,
And face each challenge with a joyful noise.

So train your body, treat it well,
For in its strength, your story will tell,
Of determination, of will and might,
Of pushing limits, reaching new heights.

I Hate Life to the Height and the Depth

S. Hashemzadeh

A jest for the romantic admirers of the poem "I Love Thee to the Depth and Breadth and Height" by Elizabeth Barret Browning, may their refined taste in literature keep their lofty souls in peace.

How do I hate existing? Let's peruse this sheet.
I hate life to the height and depth
Of Eden's trees and Eve's lies,
To the darkest shade of his regret
And the heaviness of his sighs
Upon the realization of her deceit.

I detest with the innocence of flowers sun
That witnessed the crime of the West,
A saint lavishly mating a nun,
Feeding the pious on bread pest.

I loathe life openly as men killed in flout,
Or the guilt of ones who were gone without,
Or the coerced to dine on kinsman's meat.

I hate life with the zeal of a soldier on the field
Whose great ordeal was ousted in parley.
This little tally may prove of worth mighty
When it cometh to you at a second timely,
Though I'll rest in a peace sweet.

Lost In Blue Grooves

Fatima Golzar

Feeling a tad blue,
lost without a clue,
yearning to escape
from this endless groove.

To step out of myself
is quite a distant dream,
yet it feels so far,
an unreachable stream.

I keep wishing to be
anywhere but here,
anyone but me,
trapped in this fear.

Will there come a day,
I ponder and sigh,
when I will find my peace
under the sky?

Whether

Doesitmatter

Leaves on the branches whether I see or not
Through the window looking out of my class—
Whether or not I take a shot
From a gun or from a glass—
Steps of the rhythm of rue or joy
On any of the walks of life
Prancing, dragging, or paralyzed—
Amid the lushness of a garden
Or on the barrenness of pavement
In a spring morn or in autumn dusk
Whether I'll wonder to go which way—
Be temper however it may,
Weather inclement or mild—
Whether I've seen this, know that at all,
Whether that smart thing I did say—
Whether I did gain her liking—
However they treated me—
Of a leap off a roof if I dream
Or if bare truth I hug with glee—
Whether I see my time lapsing
Up climbs or down in a mire
Or but straight forth going
Or not, in dungeon-like dark—
Whether my name "lives" long after me,
If to humanity I'm an artful figure
Or if a mar on its white picture—
However anything seems or feels,
Whatever anything does (not) mean,
Whether anything anything does mean—
Whatever life will have been for me—

No matter
In the end
No doubt
I'll be
At ease
In deep sleep

Resistance Was Often Framed with the Language of Obedience

Dandelion



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The Lunatic of ELSA

S. Hashemzadeh

I was always fascinated by a particular Hugues Merle painting, a woman of Étretat with disheveled looks and eyes like ripped stack rocks enclosed in the stormy blood sea. But if you can spare your eyes the pain of the defiant gaze, you will notice the source of all this distress. A log covered in a red bonnet and blanket, stamped to the breast of the disturbed lady while her own arms are exposed through the few strands of her sleeves. It would not take long to see this log is more than addressed toy. It is a beloved baby of hers. Whether she mourns a child or yearns the presence of one is equivocal. But who dares to ask? To ask her means to declare her baby is non-existent. Logic has long forsaken the attempt to climb and conquer the summits of those rocks, and so should you.

All this verbosity about this painting was to picture my fear of appearing as this lunatic. I had long waited, nearly from the beginning of my studies in this faculty, to write and read the works of my peers, or even found our own Dead Poets Society, especially seeing the apparent fact that we have more than enough Professor Keatings.

All of this only happened to be the glorious and dazzling fantasies of a freshman. Nonetheless, many, I believe, reckon, or at least used to assume, that the same fate had awaited here. Like a mother, after nine months of patience and spending tormenting hours of delivery throes on the bed of our educational system, I was given my child, this paper. And am I to blame if I wish to put a reddish picture on it and cover the pages with my somewhat unpopular or absurd words? I am only blameworthy of following the advice of my lovely Professor Keating:

"Carpe, Carpe Diem, seize the day, boys, make your lives extraordinary. That the
powerful play goes on, and you may contribute a verse... No matter what people tell
you, words and ideas can change the world."

Not Quite the Beginning



The Lunatic of ELSA
S. Hashemzadeh
8

Hello

chief editor

In the beginning, there were words. And then some other words. And then some more. Until sentences were created, then the stories, then the people. We came along. We saw that there was nothing left to write, for everything had been written by our foreparents. We did not care, and we wrote anyway, for there was nothing else to do. To this day we write, we hope, and we offer up our souls.

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"*Well, you see, I'm a failure as a writer.*" -Virginia Woolf

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(We are an association. This is a paper. Enjoy.)