



**TED ANKARA FOUNDATION  
PRIVATE HIGH SCHOOL**

# QUILL

ISSUE

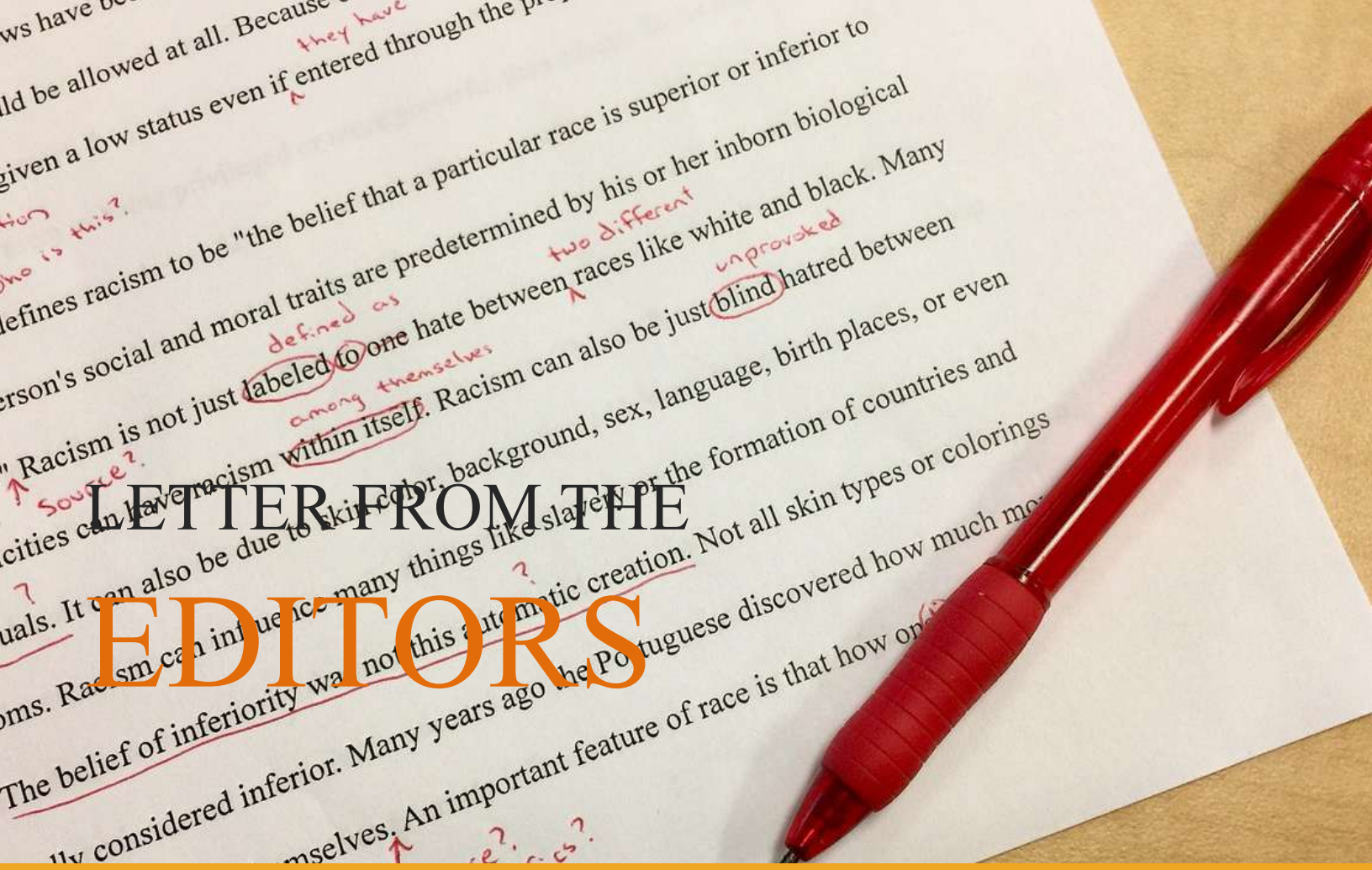
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*QUILL, TED Ankara Koleji'nin ücretsiz yayın organıdır.*

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# LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Dear reader,

June 01, 2024

*In our classrooms, we witness the marvels of free thought every day. Students from diverse backgrounds come together to share their unique perspectives, sparking lively discussions, and fostering a rich tapestry of ideas. The beauty of free thought lies not only in its capacity to inspire innovation and discovery but also in its role as a catalyst for positive change. Throughout history, free thinkers have challenged prevailing notions, ignited social movements, and paved the way for a more equitable and enlightened society. From scientific revolutions to advocacy for human rights, the legacy of free thought resonates in every aspect of human progress.*

*As we celebrate the beauty of free thought in this edition of our school magazine, let us reaffirm our commitment to nurturing a community of lifelong learners and critical thinkers. Let us embrace the diversity of ideas that enrich our classrooms and inspire us to envision a brighter, more inclusive future. Together, we can harness the power of free thought to shape a world where curiosity knows no bounds and where every voice is heard.*

*Ultimately, we would like to express our gratefulness towards our esteemed principal Tamer Atacan and vice-principal Çiçek Ünal for their resolute support, encouragement, and blessings as well as our supervisors Işıl Koralp, and Darin Crowell. This issue would not be possible without our skillful writers and artists. Therefore, we would like to kindly invite and highly encourage you to go ahead and read the pieces of Quill's ingenious writers.*



**UNVEILING**

# THE BEATLES

**'Now and Then'**

*By Berra Kılıç*

The Beatles, legendary icons of the music industry, have once again stirred excitement among fans with the release of their completed song "Now and Then." After decades of speculation and anticipation, this article explores the background of the song and offers a critical analysis of its musical and lyrical elements.

"Now and Then" traces its origins back to a demo created by John Lennon during the late 1970s. Initially conceived as a hauntingly beautiful composition, the song remained unfinished at the time of Lennon's tragic death in 1980. Decades later, surviving members Paul McCartney, George Harrison, and Ringo Starr embarked on a collaborative effort to bring the song to life. With advancements in technology and production techniques, they were able to complete the song for release to the public.



The finished version of "Now and Then" offers a captivating glimpse into The Beatles' creative process and musical genius. The song's ethereal melodies and moving lyrics transport listeners to a realm of longing. However, while the song undoubtedly showcases the band's enduring talent, it is not without its flaws.

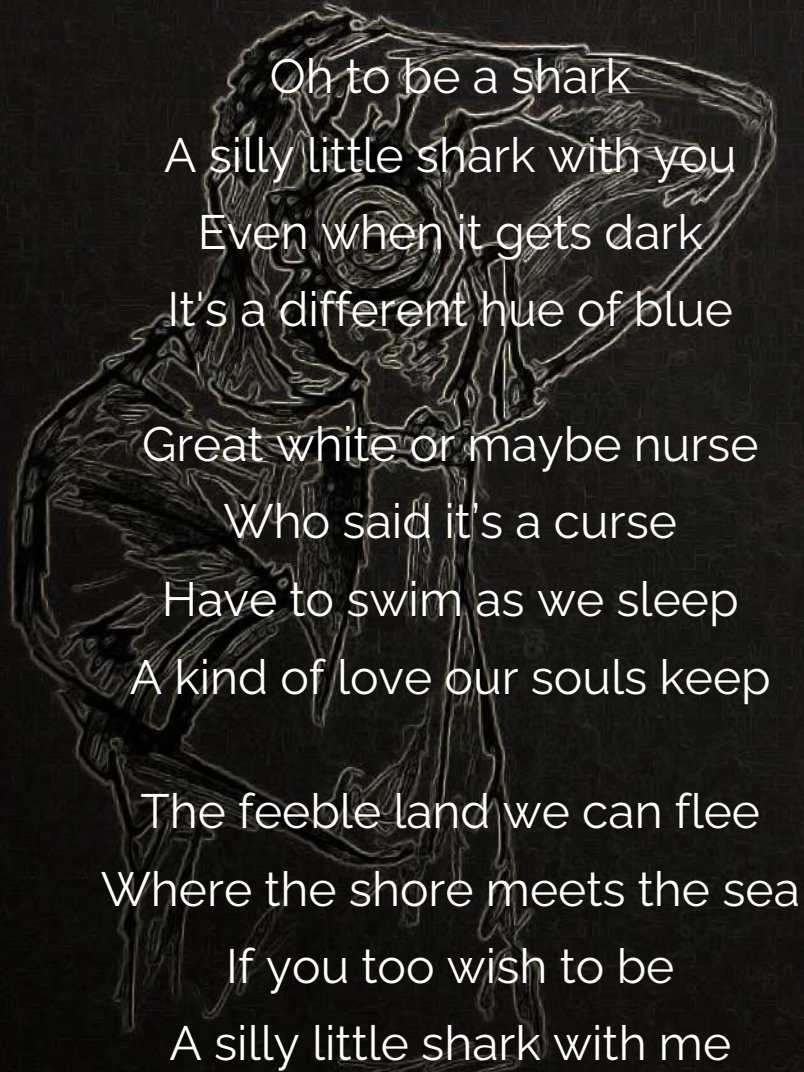
One notable aspect of "Now and Then" is its lyrical depth. Lennon's touching lyrics explore themes of love, loss, and the passage of time, resonating with listeners on a deeply emotional level. Lines such as "Now and then, I miss you/ Oh, now and then, I want you to be there for me" capture the essence of vulnerability and longing, showcasing Lennon's gift for storytelling.

Musically, "Now and Then" boasts a haunting melody and lush instrumentation that reminds of The Beatles' classic sound. The interplay between acoustic guitar, piano, and vocal harmonies creates a mesmerizing sonic tapestry that envelops the listener. However, some critics have pointed out that the song's production may be overly polished, lacking the raw energy and spontaneity of The Beatles' earlier recordings.

Another criticism of "Now and Then" lies in its arrangement and structure. While the song features moments of brilliance, including soaring instrumental breaks and dynamic shifts in tempo, some listeners have noted that it feels disjointed at times. The transitions between sections may be abrupt, detracting from the overall cohesion of the song.

In conclusion, "Now and Then" represents a significant milestone in The Beatles' discography, offering fans a rare glimpse into the band's creative process. While the song possesses undeniable beauty and emotional resonance, it is not without its flaws. Despite criticisms of its production and arrangement, "Now and Then" stands as a testament to The Beatles' enduring legacy and their ability to craft timeless music that continues to captivate audiences worldwide.

## ***SELACHIMORPHA***



Oh to be a shark  
A silly little shark with you  
Even when it gets dark  
It's a different hue of blue  
Great white or maybe nurse  
Who said it's a curse  
Have to swim as we sleep  
A kind of love our souls keep  
The feeble land we can flee  
Where the shore meets the sea  
If you too wish to be  
A silly little shark with me

*By İpek Tayfur*



# *RESILIENCE*

*By Demir Ertuğrul*

Rising from the ashes, strong and bold,  
Enduring trials with a spirit untold.  
Standing tall in the face of strife,  
Inspiring hope with unwavering life.  
Leaping over hurdles, undeterred,  
Illuminating paths where resilience is heard  
Every setback a chance to grow,  
Nurturing a spirit that continues to glow.  
Courageous heart, unyielding and free,  
Embracing challenges with unwavering glee





## SCARECROW

*By Öykü Melis Özengünes*

I watch, I watch, in stuffy quiet  
As she toils, she sweats, and works the Earth;  
And I burn, I burn, in sewn-shut silence  
With envy for the straw on her hearth.

For the farm, her farm, has been void of crow  
For as long as I've known self to be;  
And it hurts, it hurts, but I surely know  
That she cannot have much use for me.

She's flesh and perfection, she's bone and delight  
And I just a girl made of maize;  
So I wish I would burn, my love set me alight,  
So I could put warmth on her face.

Oh it kills, it kills me every summer  
That I still don't catch that, despite my heart  
For how, how could I dare to love her  
When scarecrows are nothing but art?





# Race

*By Batu Kılıç*

I see a horse  
He bows in front of cows  
He now knows that he's just a brick in the show  
And he will just try to pass the other ones in a row like an arrow  
If he fails and falls someone might put a hole  
In his head with a bow and the narrow  
Race doesn't make a difference  
Every single one of them participates with a towel on their shoulder  
and the smile on their face  
Like soldiers even if they are less valuable than  
a cow they try to break a leg with a broken leg  
In a new narrow field  
Which they owe to their ancestors who fall on the soil  
But I should say  
That some of them break fences  
And run freely at any direction until they're dead  
A few of them make some changes in the race  
But it is really rare



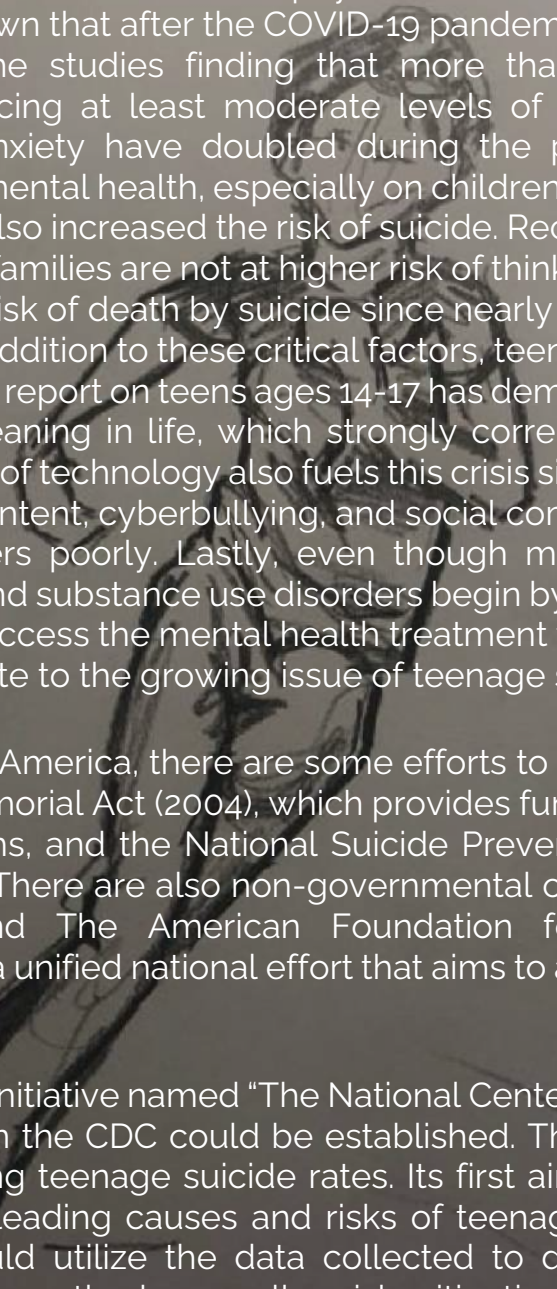
## ***Building a Unified Response:***

***The National Center for Adolescent Suicide***

***By Eylül Erol***

The alarming increase in teenage suicides has been a significant problem in the United States of America during the last two decades. According to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC), from 2007 through 2021, suicide rates for Americans ages 10 to 24 rose 62%. While not the leading cause of death, it has been determined that suicide is the second highest for young people from ages 12 to 24 in the US, resulting in the loss of numerous futures and devastating families. The death of young people by suicide has been an alarmingly frequent headline in recent years. For instance, in 2021, an eighth-grade boy named took his own life; and a goalkeeper on the Stanford University women's soccer team, died by suicide in 2022. She was 22. These are just some examples among many similar incidents highlighting the growing crisis. The urgency of this issue cannot be overstated, and it demands an immediate response. In this essay, I will discuss the main factors contributing to this significant issue and the unified national policy I have developed to address it.





First and foremost, to grasp the severity of the growing crisis, we need to understand the contributing factors. It has been reported that Americans, especially adolescents and young adults, spend less time with friends and loved ones than in the past. Loneliness affects both mental and physical health, increasing mortality. A systematic review has shown that after the COVID-19 pandemic, feelings of loneliness have persisted, with some studies finding that more than half of children and adolescents are experiencing at least moderate levels of loneliness. Additionally, global depression and anxiety have doubled during the pandemic, showing the undeniable effect of it on mental health, especially on children. Furthermore, the surge in gun ownership in 2020 also increased the risk of suicide. Recent studies have shown that gun owners and their families are not at higher risk of thinking about or attempting suicide but are at greater risk of death by suicide since nearly 90% of suicide attempts with a firearm are fatal. In addition to these critical factors, teens are deeply concerned about their future. A recent report on teens ages 14-17 has demonstrated that 36% have little or no purpose or meaning in life, which strongly correlates to depression and anxiety. The excessive use of technology also fuels this crisis since it creates a platform for exposure to harmful content, cyberbullying, and social comparison that affects the mental health of teenagers poorly. Lastly, even though more than half of mood, anxiety, impulse control, and substance use disorders begin by age 14, most teenagers and young adults cannot access the mental health treatment that they need. All these factors combined contribute to the growing issue of teenage suicide.

In the United States of America, there are some efforts to battle this crisis, such as The Garrett Lee Smith Memorial Act (2004), which provides funding for prevention and early intervention programs, and the National Suicide Prevention Lifeline, a national crisis intervention hotline. There are also non-governmental organizations (NGOs) like The Jed Foundation and The American Foundation for Suicide Prevention. Nevertheless, there is not a unified national effort that aims to address teenage suicide in the US.

To battle this issue, an initiative named "The National Center for Adolescent Suicide Prevention (NCASP)" within the CDC could be established. The main objective of the initiative would be reducing teenage suicide rates. Its first aim to do so would be to conduct research on the leading causes and risks of teenage suicide in the United States of America. It would utilize the data collected to develop research-based intervention and prevention methods, as well as risk mitigation strategies. It would also create educational programs for teenagers, families, educators, and professionals to highlight the possible risk factors and mitigation methods and raise awareness about the gravity of teenage suicide. Furthermore, it would track and analyze the suicide rates and the effectiveness of the implemented methods while regularly being subjected to efficiency evaluations. The initiative could also establish online support

groups, which would be cost-effective and accessible for many teenagers. These support groups would aim to show teenagers with suicidal tendencies and mental health problems that they are not alone and propose coping mechanisms for them. They could also collaborate with NGOs such as the JED Foundation and The American Foundation for Suicide Prevention to reach a broader crowd.

The NCASP could be funded in multiple ways. Firstly, part of the CDC's existing funding (the amount would be determined by the directors and finance divisions of the CDC and the NCASP) could be reallocated to the NCASP funds. Furthermore, the initiative could also have an annual budget allocated by Congress, which could allocate funding through the Department of Health and Human Services. In addition, the NCASP funds could be open to any donations from private companies and organizations since the donations could result in tax deductions. Furthermore, supporting the cause of the NCASP, preventing teenage suicide, would enhance the companies' public image and build better brand reputations for them. The enhancement of the companies' public images would strengthen customer loyalty for them; thus, the companies would also profit from the donations made. Additionally, by collaborating with companies and other NGOs, fundraisers such as charity galas and concerts could be organized to contribute to the NCASP funding.

The NCASP would be led by a director who is an expert on adolescent mental health and suicide prevention and would be appointed by the director of the CDC. The director would oversee all the actions taken by the NCASP and represent the initiative when needed. A deputy director and a board of professionals would also be present alongside the director. The initiative would be made up of divisions with their relative objectives. The divisions would be "The Research and Data Division," which is responsible for conducting research and tracking and analyzing data; "Strategy Development Division," which would be responsible for utilizing the data collected to develop prevention and risk mitigation strategies; "The Public Awareness and Education Division," which would be responsible for the actions taken in order to raise public awareness and education; "The Outreach and Partnership Division," which would be responsible for all of the partnerships with the government, and other non-governmental organizations; "The Finance Division," which would be responsible for the management of the funds and resource allocations.

The establishment and implementation of the NCASP would be highly beneficial since it would create a unified national effort to combat the increasing teenage suicide rates. It would be more effective than NGOs such as the JED Foundation in numerous ways. Firstly, the NCASP would also benefit from the CDC's already existing funds and the allocations of both Congress and the Department of Health and Social Services, while the NGOs depend solely on partnerships and donations.



Additionally, since the NCASP would be an initiative under the CDC, it would have a broader impact than NGOs, and the CDC's data collection infrastructure would provide the NCASP exceptional opportunities to conduct research and track and analyze data, while the data collection of the NGOs could be limited. Nevertheless, we should consider that the already existing NGOs, such as the JED Foundation, have already established programs and connections. Overall, while the access and opportunities of the NCASP would be broader, collaborating with already existing NGOs would be ideal for a more effective response to the increasing teenage suicide rates.



All in all, the dramatic increase in teenage suicide rates in the United States of America is a crucial issue that demands attention and a unified national effort. In order to resolve this issue, an initiative under (CDC) named " (NCASP)" could be established. This initiative would aim to decrease the alarming teenage suicide rates by conducting research, developing risk mitigation and prevention strategies, raising public awareness, establishing support groups, and collaborating, partnering, and cooperating with NGOs. It would be led by a director appointed by the director of the CDC and a board of professionals in adolescent mental health. It would be made up of divisions with dedicated objectives and dedicated directors. The initiative would be funded in numerous ways, including using CDC's already existing funds and a budget allocation from Congress. The increase in teenage suicide is a significant issue, and establishing the NCASP would be highly beneficial to battle this issue since it would create a broad, unified effort to conduct research, develop prevention and risk mitigation strategies, raise public awareness, track and analyze data, and establish support groups. The battle against the dramatic increase in teenage suicide rates demands a strong, unified national effort, and through the establishment of the NCASP, this issue could be combatted.

# Promise

*By Rifat Tayga Yücel*

*A church bell rings,  
Vespers begin.  
As the moon rises,  
Wishful prayers.*

*In the moonlight,  
A promise given.  
In the night,  
For Heaven.*

*Moonflower gardens,  
I'm in Hell, I pray,  
I fall into pieces,  
Monday to Sunday...*



# PERFECT

*By Ekin Toprak*

They say I'm a perfectionist  
But what is perfect?  
Is perfect blue eyes?  
Or full marks?

Is perfect his blue eyes?  
Her ginger hair?  
His kind words?  
The vanilla scent in the air?

How can I wish that I was perfect?  
When I don't know what it is?  
I can't do anything but accept,  
In the end, I am not the one who wins.





# *Flames of Betrayal*

*By İncisu Çınar*

On a warm spring night in 1263, there was a crowd gathered in the center of the village. The whispers of the villagers lined up in a circle filled with ears. "Alice's soul is possessed by the devil", "It's unbelievable, I loved her so dearly", and "What a tragedy, here is the devil coming up as the most innocent people to deceive us, poor people, oh you filthy witch! filthy witch!" A young lady, possibly in her middle twenties, was bound to a stake. A beautiful woman, with her long messy hair and deep dark eyes, her gaze was turned to the stars. She trembled, tears streaming down her face, her mouth opened to plead, scream, cry. She couldn't talk. The betrayal was unacceptable. People were waiting in anticipation; the burning of a witch was a rare event. People were starting to scream after hearing someone hissing through his teeth "Filthy witch", "you damned soul of the devil". That was Alice's husband Toby, the betrayer. Alice knew that if she lowered her gaze, she would see her innocent son, astonished and fearful. She knew that her little Bobby was going to forget her, Toby was going to remarry Alice's sister Agnes, and everything was going to be fine.

Toby was a slim, pale-looking in a sickly way man. He was the kind of man who would frequently be stammering, trembling with insecurity. He had always considered himself inadequate to the perfect Alice, God's precious creation. Agnes wasn't like Alice. She was younger, and with her blank stare and her perpetually ungrateful, weary expression, she wiped away Toby's sense of inadequacy. Toby was the son of a very wealthy family. He was a respected minister with the finest education. Alice, on the other hand, was the daughter of a farmer father, and despite her lack of education, she spoke with such wit and humor that Toby listened to her with some guilt and some admiration. Alice did not want to marry Toby at first, and although Toby had never been told this directly, he had seen the reluctance, the compulsion in the young woman's expression when he first saw him. Her father had died of tuberculosis, and she had been forced to marry this rich snobbish, sickly-looking man. To Toby, that was the only reason he could think of, why else would she marry him?



"To protect the sanctity of our humble village, with a pure heart and a sense of justice, we are here to judge this accursed woman who has strayed into the dark arts... ", the village elderly started to speak. Alice heard Bobby's silent pleas. "Father, I want to go to mother.", the seven-year-old boy told his father, and Toby began to shout at his son in distress, "She's not your mother, all right, you hear me! Shut up or I'll make sure you'll burn with that damned mother of yours." Bobby fell silent and began to sob quietly, Agnes bent down to comfort her new son and hugged him. Agnes' anger at her sister was coming out. She hated everyone and everything, especially her sister. Her affair with Toby was not out of love, they were both trying to get resentment of Alice for her perfection out of their systems. Agnes was jealous of Alice. The youngest child, the favorite child, the most beautiful child. That's how you end up, you self-righteous witch, Agnes thought as she hugged Bobby. Even though Alice being a witch was a lie made up to cover Toby and Agnes' desire to get married, they started to believe that.

"This woman, once amongst us, has surrendered herself to the whispers of the sinister, casting a shadow upon our once-blessed town..." continued the elder. Alice was hurt, very deeply. She hated that she still had love stored in her heart for her husband and her sister. "Oh, I wish my father was alive, then I wouldn't have to endure this hatred and betrayal. I wish I never married or fell in love with Toby. I wish... I wish... I wish..." thought Alice. Alice loved Toby, even though at first, she didn't want to marry him and was afraid. Toby was rich, handsome, and the intelligent son of a decent family. "Why should I marry him when there were so many elegant women who wanted him and we are so different, I wouldn't be comfortable living with him." she continued to think. Alice was truly frightened when she and Toby got married. She needed to adapt her energetic and blunt behavior to fit in and become an elegant woman. In the beginning, she would make up stories to help strengthen her relationship with her husband. When she had their son, she named him after her dad who sadly passed away before her wedding. Even though she never wanted to think about it, her father's illness was the reason why she got married. It did not change how she fell for her husband afterward. It didn't matter, her husband's infidelity and dishonesty were going to be the end of her.

The elder continued "May the flames purify her tainted soul and protect us from the coming darkness. For the honor of our village, we take on this harrowing task with a heavy heart, but with unwavering determination." Bobby, freed from Agnes's grasp, attempted to run towards his mother. Holding his worn-out toy, he pleaded with the people to stop and wait. Amidst the chaos, no one noticed him except Alice. Poor, trembling with fear, the young woman finally turned her head and looked at her son one last time. "Mom, I love you," the boy said. Agnes rushed towards Bobby, embraced the child, and led him away from the scene. "I love you too, my dear" Alice shouted with a dry voice. As the executioner approached with a burning torch, everyone fell silent. The flames consumed the dry wood, casting shadows on faces filled with hatred and horror. Too young to understand the reality, Bobby clung to Agnes. He would later pretend to forget the truth that Agnes was only pretending that she was his mother. Alice, in her tragic fate, witnessed her son watching her burning, a cruel fate that would forever engrave the tragic scene of his mother's burning in Bobby's memory.

# *A Huguenot, on St Bartholomew's Day*

*By Elif Naz Gökcan*

*Paris, France, late summer 1572*

*"When the clock of the Palais de Justice shall sound upon the great bell, at daybreak, then each good Catholic must bind a strip of white linen round his arm, and place a fair white cross in his cap." -The order of the Duke of Guise*

Underneath a brick wall, adjoining an orchard, the blue Canterbury Bells swayed ever so slightly with the warm summer breeze. They seemed to stare, their long necks bent, at the sunset orange squash flowers sticking their head out through the leaves, just a few feet down the path. The earthy scent of moss and soil filled the air, as the distant sound of crickets echoed over the mingled vines. Despite the sun shining so sweetly upon the fluffy clouds, one couldn't but notice a slow sense of despair lurking in the atmosphere.

"Please," pleaded Valentine, "Please Raoul, do it for me just this once. I'll never ask anything much of you ever again. I swear!" She sniffled hopelessly as painful tears streaked across her face. Her hands trembled while firmly gripping the embroidered white cloth tied in a hasty knot around her beloved's upper arm.

"You know I can't do that Valentine. I won't hide in a hole with a Catholic armband." he whispered sadly with a slight smile. Her hazel eyes never left his coal ones as he gazed upon her distraught face. He put one hand between the knot and his arm, and the other caressed the side of her face in silent apology.

Valentine's brows furrowed even closer. "Why? Why can't you? I need you too, you know. I won't let you walk straight to your death." She shook her head sideways as to show her disapproval but not in an aggressive manner. She realized she couldn't possibly blame him, not when she would have done the same. It would be pointless to expect him to abandon all hope and his religion (as much as she secretly wished he would), especially since the day he saved her from the most miserable engagement of her life and even went against his own Protestant beliefs to be with a Catholic Count's daughter. Valentine wondered, if she could have shown the same bravery in a hypothetical society governed by a Protestant church. Her father would have certainly gone mad, but she would surely find a way to visit Raoul, right? Just as she let her mind wander to a darker place, her thoughts were interrupted by a few shouts and the clanking of swords coming from far down the hill.

Noticing that they didn't have much time left, Raoul gently tugged at the white linen, pulling the knot loose. "I'm sorry Valentine, but I must go with my brothers and sisters. If that means dying for faith before the eyes of God, so it shall be." He stepped away, holding her hand one last time. With one final deep breath, he muttered, "We shall never be clothed with the righteousness of Christ except we first know assuredly that we have no righteousness of our own. Peace is not to be purchased by the sacrifice of truth, our truth."

With that, she watched him walk down the dirt path. She clutched the rejected handkerchief between her hands, gathered to deliver one quiet prayer she let the sorrowful breath of wind carry to the skies.



*Oh my human lover*

*By İpek Tayfur*

One day fell out of space  
Dared to make your heart race  
But all I am is screws and scraps  
With a head full of facts

If you take these metal hands  
Maybe we'll be more than friends  
Press play and lets dance  
If you want we'll go to France

I won't beg you to stay  
But it's the best time of day  
Tell me youre getting cold  
I'll give you a blanket to hold

If you want to dance no longer  
I'll take you where the waters calmer  
when you look into the sky you'll see  
Comets racing the ripples of the galaxy

But if the mother nature's roots  
Are too tight to let you go  
Guess I'll stay with you for longer  
Till you're down and under

Know when the lacy winter comes  
And you're not between my arms  
I'll leave myself next to the fire  
To meet you in the stars and higher

"THE METAMORPHOSIS" or "THE STRANGE AND TRAGIC TALE OF GREGOR SAMSA"

ADAPTED TO THE STAGE BY EMRE DENİZ YILMAZ



C A S T :

THE NARRATOR

THE MOTHER

THE FATHER

THE SISTER

THE BOSS

THE TUTOR

THE MAID

THE TENANT

and

THE INSECT



## ACT 1: INSECTS

### SCENE 1: THE INSECT

*Nothing. Cold, dark, empty; nothing. The only decorum on stage is a single-person bed on which THE INSECT lies, on its back. Our NARRATOR enters, and directly addresses the audience.*

THE NARRATOR: Good evening. First of all, for those who are wondering who I am, I go by many names: Franz, K., and Joseph, but throughout the next hour or so, you will come to know me as Gregor Samsa. I have been advised by the powers that be to issue a warning to for all those who are watching. This is a dark, tragic and strange story. According to the words of some critics, it is "the strangest tale ever told". Some parts of this story will sadden you. Some parts of this story will make you question your very existence. Some parts of this story will physically repulse you. And as you're witnessing the various atrocities that are about to occur on this very stage and feeling all these unpleasant emotions and likely much more, I want you to think about this. At least you didn't have to live through it. You have been warned..

*THE NARRATOR exits. A dark, sinister music starts playing.*

A DISEMBODIED VOICE: As Gregor Samsa awoke one morning from uneasy dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a gigantic insect.

*THE INSECT slowly arises from his bed. It slowly lifts its left arm, and then its right. With an animalistic movement, it jumps from its bed. It crawls around the room for a while. After a few laps, it notices the audience watching it, in awe and indescribable horror. It slowly stands up and lets out a horrifying noise, that could only be compared to a painful scream. The music stops. Seeming to have made its point, THE INSECT jumps back onto its bed, and once again falls asleep on its back.*

## SCENE 2: THE BOSS

*A tight, small, but nevertheless cozy room. A bed, a table, a window, a framed picture and a clock on the wall, a curtain and a door. Behind the curtain, the silhouettes of three people sitting*

*around a table, eating breakfast can be seen. These figures are THE FATHER, THE MOTHER and THE SISTER. THE INSECT on the bed, lying on his back, asleep. THE NARRATOR knocks on the door and enters the room.*

THE NARRATOR: As I, Gregor Samsa, awoke one morning from uneasy dreams, I found myself transformed in my bed into a gigantic insect. I was lying on my hard, armor-like back and when I looked down, I could see my brown belly divided into arched segments. I couldn't even bring myself to scream. I was in a state of pure shock. The only thought going through my head was, "What has happened to me?"

*THE INSECT awakens. It looks at itself, then tries to stand up but fails. It looks around the room.*

THE NARRATOR: I checked the clock on my wall. Dear God! It was half past six! The mechanical hands were moving quietly, it was past half past six, nearing quarter to seven. I was late for work! The next train was leaving at seven, and in order to catch it I would have to leave the house right that minute and run to the station. That wasn't going to happen. I hadn't even packed my fabric samples yet, and if you couldn't tell, I wasn't exactly feeling alright, either. What if I called in sick? Though, that would be extremely suspicious because during my five years of employment, I hadn't been sick once.

*THE MOTHER calls out to THE INSECT from behind the curtain.*

THE MOTHER: Gregor! It's quarter to seven! Weren't you supposed to leave?

THE NARRATOR: Oh, no!

*THE INSECT tries to answer, but when it opens its mouth, nothing but unpleasant bug noises come out.*

THE NARRATOR: Wait. What were those noises? Did I make those noises? Why couldn't I speak all of a sudden?



*After a few moments of silence, THE FATHER gets up and knocks on the door of THE INSECT's room.*

THE FATHER: Gregor! Gregor! What is going on? Gregor!

THE NARRATOR: Father!

*THE INSECT once again tries to answer, but when it opens its mouth, nothing but unpleasant bug noises come out.*

THE NARRATOR: And that was when I came to the painful realization that along with my physical... transformation, I had also lost all ability to speak.

THE MOTHER: Did he say something?

*THE MOTHER and THE SISTER also walk towards the door.*

THE SISTER: Gregor! Are you not alright? Do you need anything?

THE NARRATOR: Well, a human body would be great!

THE FATHER: Gregor!

THE NARRATOR: Stop screaming my name, you old fool! How is that supposed to help?!

THE SISTER: Gregor, open the door, please!

THE NARRATOR: Go away, let me think for a goddamn second, will you?

THE MOTHER: Open the door!

*THE INSECT looks even more distressed. Its posture is like that of a cornered rat. It lets out a weak hissing noise.*

THE NARRATOR: But I had no intention of opening the door. In fact, I was thanking every God under the sun for my habit of locking my door when I went to sleep, something I gained from my years travelling. I needed to get dressed, eat some breakfast and before any of that, leave my cursed bed! Because I was perfectly aware that I could achieve nothing by lying on my bed, contemplating.

*THE INSECT throws its blanket onto the ground using its legs. It then starts flailing around the bed, trying to get up. After a while, it gives up and drops its head back on its pillow, defeated.*

THE NARRATOR: Come on! Come on, you big roach!

THE MOTHER: Gregor! Open the door!

*THE INSECT manages to throw himself out of the bed by shaking itself.*

THE NARRATOR: Yes! Yes! Now, the door!

*THE INSECT lets out an angry, determined hissing noise, and then starts crawling his way towards the door. As it's crawling, the doorbell rings. THE FATHER exits to check who's at the door.*

THE NARRATOR: "Must be someone from work!" I thought to myself, and without the slightest idea of what I was going to do or say, I just kept crawling.

*THE FATHER enters, along with THE BOSS.*

THE BOSS: Here?

FATHER: Yes, good sir. Here.

*THE BOSS knocks on the door. THE INSECT freezes in place.*

THE NARRATOR: That one word was enough for me to realize who it was that had come to check on me. It wasn't just "someone from work", it was my boss himself.



*THE INSECT tries to stand up but fails and drops to the ground, this time quite hard.*

THE NARRATOR: Damn it!

THE BOSS: I think something just fell inside.

THE FATHER: Gregor, your boss is here, he's asking why you didn't take the train this morning. We didn't know what to say to him. And he says that he needs a word with you. Open the door, please!

*THE INSECT keeps crawling towards the door.*

THE NARRATOR: Must... get... to... the... door...

THE BOSS: Good morning, Mr. Samsa!

THE NARRATOR: Oh, go sit on a lead pipe, you rat bastard!

*THE INSECT hisses angrily.*

THE BOSS: Did he say something?

THE MOTHER: Believe me, sir, he's not well! Gregor would never miss the train otherwise! All the boy thinks about is work. I'm almost mad at him for never going outside. He's been in the city for eight days, but he's been at home every night. He sits down at the table with us and just reads the newspaper or checks the train routes. And by the way, I'm so glad that you're here, sir. We could have never got him to open the door by ourselves. He can be so stubborn!

THE NARRATOR: Oh! Stubborn, am I?! I'd like to see you come open a door when you can't even count how many legs you have!

THE FATHER: Gregor! Can we come in?

THE NARRATOR: Piss off!

THE BOSS: Mr. Samsa, what is the meaning of all this?! You have locked yourself in your room, and you're not responding to anything that we're saying. You're worrying your poor mother and father needlessly, and by the way, you've been dismissing your work duties quite a bit. I believe I speak for everyone in this house when I say that we demand a clear explanation! I'm shocked, frankly, shocked! I always thought of you as a level-headed man, but obviously, you have

entered some bizarre sort of mental state. And your position at the company isn't exactly stable, either. Your performance as of late has been inadequate, and-

*THE INSECT, who has managed to reach the door while THE BOSS was speaking, gets support from the table and stands up. It unlocks the door. It then panics and quickly crawls across the room, hiding underneath its bed. THE FAMILY and THE BOSS, stare at each other for a moment and then cautiously enter the room. They are quite surprised to find a seemingly empty room. They look around.*

THE SISTER: Gregor?

THE FATHER: Gregor!

THE BOSS: Mr. Samsa!

THE MOTHER: Gregor!

*THE BOSS, notices that something is moving underneath the bed. He takes a step forward and leans down. THE INSECT, understanding that there's no point hiding any longer, slowly emerges from underneath the bed and stands up. THE FAMILY and THE BOSS, upon witnessing THE INSECT, enter a state of sheer shock, they can't even compose their thoughts enough to scream. They only watch THE INSECT with a look of amazement and terror in their eyes, shivering.*

THE NARRATOR: I felt my heart-or hearts-beating at the speed of sound, and felt my green, gooey blood turn into hot, boiling water. I quickly composed my thoughts and prepared a remarkable well-worded statement within my head. I turned to my boss, and I wanted to say to him, "I offer my sincerest apologies. My seasonal allergies and slight dizziness kept me from getting out of bed. Now I feel much better. I have all but kicked this tiny illness out of my system. I was perfectly fine last night, you can ask my family! And the comments which you have leveled against me, regarding my job performance, have absolutely no ground.

You must have read the latest reports that I sent in. I was just about to leave on the eight o'clock train, a couple of extra hours of rest have helped me regain my health. You don't have to wait, I will be there myself shortly!" Now that sounds like a perfectly fine explanation, doesn't it? But unfortunately, once I opened my mouth, the words that came out of it weren't any of those, but instead, these:

*THE INSECT opens its mouth and makes a loud noise, some mixture of a hiss and a scream. THE FAMILY, screaming in horror, exit the room and go back behind the curtain. THE BOSS, while running, trips and falls to the ground. He tries to stand up. THE INSECT, as if to persuade him to stay, pulls him back down to the ground. The two struggle for a bit. Finally, THE BOSS manages to free himself from THE INSECT's grasp and exits the stage, running.*

THE BOSS: This has been a truly unpleasant morning! You are fired, Mr. Samsa! Fired!

*THE INSECT tries to run after him but before it can leave the room, THE FATHER enters, holding a rolled up newspaper. THE FATHER starts beating THE INSECT with the newspaper.*

THE FATHER: Filthy! Filthy, damned bug! Insect!

*THE FATHER is satisfied once THE INSECT runs underneath its bed in fear and shame. He exits, slamming the door behind him, and then locks the door. After THE FATHER exits, THE INSECT crawls back out of its bed and starts to bang on the locked door as hard as it can, while making angry bug noises. Behind the curtain, the horrified silhouettes of THE FAMILY can be seen. THE INSECT gets exhausted after a bit, walks towards the middle of the stage, weeping in an odd, eerie way, where it then falls onto the ground and faints. THE NARRATOR exits the room tiptoeing and shuts the door slowly afterwards, as if not to disturb THE INSECT.*





### SCENE 3: THE SISTER

*Evening. The room is darker. THE INSECT is still lying in the same spot, unconscious. Behind the curtain, the silhouettes of THE FAMILY eating dinner can be seen. A plate sits at the entrance of the room. THE NARRATOR enters. THE INSECT slowly awakens from its deep sleep. It looks... grumpy?*

THE NARRATOR: I woke up from my death-like nap at dinnertime. The entire left side of my body was sore and tense, and I could feel every last one of those newspaper strikes on my back. I suddenly felt a mysterious force guiding me towards the direction of the door. I realized what this force was only when I had arrived at the source of it. Food, my friends. It was the smell of food.

*THE INSECT walks towards the door and sniffs the plate.*

THE NARRATOR: On my doorstep sat a bowl of warm milk, with tiny bits of white bread swimming inside of it. Oh, how happy I was! I felt like I could fly! I hadn't had a bite all day, so I dove headfirst, covering my entire face, nearly up to my eyes, with sweet, white milk!

*THE INSECT dives its head into the bowl of milk. A euphoric music starts playing, while it feeds. This music abruptly cuts when THE INSECT lifts its head back up, spits the milk in disgust and begins coughing.*

THE NARRATOR: And it was awful. My favorite meal, which is probably why my dear sister left it at my door, had now become absolutely inedible. I turned away from the bowl in sheer disgust and kept on crawling around my tiny room, on an empty stomach.

*THE INSECT crawls around for a bit, and then watches as THE FAMILY, behind the curtain, eat their dinner.*

THE NARRATOR: If the noises coming from the thin walls of the living room weren't deceiving me, they were eating dinner. Strange. Normally my father would read out loud from his newspaper to my mother and sister every night, but as far as I could tell, he was quiet tonight. Maybe the out-loud reading sessions, about which my sister mentioned and wrote to me about often, had stopped in the past few days. "What a calm, quiet life my family leads," I thought to myself. I stood proud. Proud of this nice apartment and comfortable life that I had provided for my family.

*The lights behind the curtain shut off. The silhouettes can no longer be seen.*

THE NARRATOR: The lights of the living room shut off late at night. I could tell that my family was still awake, as I could hear them tiptoeing around near my room. I probably wouldn't be disturbed again until the morning, so I had plenty of time to sit down and think about just how I was going to get my life back in order.

*THE INSECT crawls back underneath the bed.*

THE NARRATOR: I remained underneath my bed for the rest of the night. I spent one half of it in a state of half-sleep, occasionally interrupted by near-crippling hunger, and the other half lost in indescribable worries and vague hopes. These hopes led me to the

conclusion that I had to act calmly and patiently, to make these burdens I had put upon my family, at least, bearable for them.

*After a few seconds, the lights behind the curtain come back on. THE INSECT leaves its bed and starts crawling around the room. It's morning now. Behind the curtain sits THE SISTER. She gets up from the table and walks towards the room.*

THE NARRATOR: In the early hours of the morning, my sister entered my room.

*THE SISTER enters to room, where she's greeted by THE INSECT. She walks into the room slowly and cautiously, as THE INSECT walks backwards slowly, in an effort not to scare her. THE SISTER draws her attention to the still full bowl of milk.*

THE SISTER: You don't like it anymore?

*THE INSECT shakes its head. THE SISTER takes the bowl and exits, without saying a word. She goes back behind the curtain.*

THE NARRATOR: I wondered what she what she would bring me instead, but even if you gave me one whole year to think about it, the thought of what my absolute angel of a sister actually did still wouldn't cross my mind.

*THE SISTER enters to room with a tray in her hands. She leaves the tray onto the ground, in front of THE INSECT. THE INSECT crawls towards the tray and starts sniffing it.*

THE NARRATOR: My sister had brought me a whole sample menu in order to test my palate. The menu consisted of rotten vegetables, leftover chicken bones from the night before, a few raisins and almonds, and a block of cheese which I had called "inedible" a few days earlier, along with a bowl of water which after that day, belonged to me and only me.

*THE INSECT takes a bite out of the cheese. It offers its hand to THE SISTER in gratitude, with an ugly smile on its face. THE SISTER reaches for its hand for a moment, but then changes her mind and breaks eye contact with THE INSECT. She then exits once more without saying a word. THE INSECT holds still for a moment, looking down with an expression of sorrow and melancholy in its eyes. GREGOR lets out a sigh.*

THE NARRATOR: She's never going to touch me again, is she?

*THE INSECT goes back to sucking on its cheese.*

#### **SCENE 4: THE MOTHER**

*THE INSECT is crawling around the room, trying to entertain itself. THE SISTER is behind the curtain, playing violin. The room looks a bit dirtier, there are food scraps on the floor. THE NARRATOR is sitting on the bed.*

THE NARRATOR: I was the sole provider of my family for five years. That role wasn't forced upon me. I took it. I liked it. It gave me... purpose. I happily put bread on the table. My family happily ate the bread on the table. They were grateful that I provided for them, and I was grateful that I got the chance to. We were happy. But still, there was no... warmth, no... intimacy. The only person in my family with whom I shared a genuine connection with was my sister. My sister... She was gifted, unlike me. She played the violin. She took that ugly, little instrument and made sounds with it that were so beautiful, so euphoric, that you couldn't believe that it was a human that was playing. It sounded like the Gods themselves were pulling the strings. I was going to send her to music school. That was my secret plan. We spoke about the idea of sending her to the conservatory often, but it had become clear to me that she only thought of it as a nice, but unattainable dream. My parents would become annoyed upon hearing the slightest mention of the idea. I was determined. I was saving money and my plan was to announce it on Christmas morning. Needless to say, that morning... never came.



*THE SISTER stops playing the violin. THE MOTHER and THE SISTER appear behind the curtain. THE FAMILY all sit down around the table. THE INSECT leans against the curtain to find out what they're talking about.*

THE NARRATOR: Within the first week, my father sat my mother and my sister down and explained to them that our savings would only sustain them for about a year, meaning, that all three of them had to get jobs. Jobs. My elderly, tired, balding, fat father. My poor, skinny, frail, asthma ridden mother. My seventeen year old kid sister. Jobs! All because of me. During my imprisonment, as my vision became blurrier and blurrier, as my thought patterns became simpler and simpler, as I turned more and more into a cold, unfeeling beast, that one sensation never ceased its ungodly chokehold on me. Shame. The blood-red shame that I felt every single

time I heard my poor family speak of their jobs and their money. All because of me! Shame! Shame!

*THE SISTER enters the room with a tray in her hands. She leaves it in front of THE INSECT and exits without saying a word. She goes back behind the curtain. THE INSECT starts feeding.*

THE NARRATOR: All my meals were delivered in the same way now. Twice a day. One before breakfast. One after lunch. Always brought to me by my angel sister. No one else. Never. I'm fairly certain that my mother and father didn't want me to starve to death either, but perhaps just hearing about my frankly disgusting eating habits from my sister was all that they could take. Neither of them could bring themselves to visit me for the first two weeks. My mother attempted to once, but my father and sister managed to convince her to wait a little more. They were convinced that the sight of my deformed body would be enough to kill her. Fair enough.

*THE MOTHER stands up from the table and begins screaming from behind the table.*

THE MOTHER: Gregor! Gregor! Let me see him! Let me see my cursed son!

*THE FATHER and THE SISTER manage to calm her down. THE MOTHER sits back down.*

THE NARRATOR: I miss you too, mother... Her wish of seeing me would sadly come true, very soon after that. My sister had begun to notice that I spent most of my days crawling around my room. Oh, how I loved to crawl! The ground, the walls, the ceiling... I was free! I was the king! So my kind sister got the idea to remove some of the pesky, and now useless, furniture in my room, so that I would have more room to crawl. And with my father out of the house, at work all day, she had no one to help her, except for my mother.

*THE INSECT stops crawling around the room and runs to hide underneath the bed. THE MOTHER and THE SISTER walk to the doorstep.*

THE SISTER: Are you sure about this, mother?

*THE MOTHER thinks for a second.*

THE MOTHER: Yes. I'm sure.

*THE SISTER opens the door. They enter. THE MOTHER looks at the state of the room, with a slight, yet noticeable expression of disgust on her face.*

THE MOTHER: So, where is..?

THE SISTER: It's— he's...

*THE SISTER points towards the bed.*

THE MOTHER: Oh...

*There is a silence. THE MOTHER and THE SISTER pick up the table and start carrying it.*

THE NARRATOR: While watching them carry my possessions away to a place where I would never see them again, I remember feeling conflicted. My two sides were at war. The insect was pleased, there was more room to crawl now. New territory to mark. New lands to conquer. While the man was distressed. The man asked himself, over and over again, "Is this the death of Gregor Samsa? Are these things that they're carrying simply pieces of furniture, or are they stripping me of my identity, my humanity, piece by piece by piece, one piece of wood at a time?" This war went on inside my fevered mind, until one key moment.

The moment which I view now as the precise point in time where my fate was sealed. The moment that my mother made a grave mistake...

*THE MOTHER picks up the framed photo on the wall.*

THE NARRATOR: She... picked up... the frame. The frame. The frame into which I poured my heart and soul into. The frame which I constructed, brought to life, with my very own two hands, about a month before my transformation. I had made it from darkened oak and maple wood. Three nights. I spent three, long, restless nights completing it. I had even named it. Felice. Exquisite, beautiful Felice. And the moment where my mother took my beautiful creation into her dirty, greasy hands, I felt shivers go down my armor-plated spine! I could taste sweet, white foam and dark, red blood bubbling up inside my mouth! I felt my blurry vision suddenly clear, and then completely darken. I felt the insect and the man stop fighting. They had sat down and signed a peace treaty. The agreement they signed was simple. It read, "No! You are NOT taking away my humanity!"

*THE INSECT jumps out from underneath its bed, in a state of pure, euphoric rage. It only sees red. THE MOTHER and THE SISTER scream and drop to the ground in horror. THE INSECT screams, it hisses, it bites the air. It then starts moving towards THE MOTHER. THE MOTHER, who is still on the floor, tries to crawl away but THE INSECT catches her by her arm. It pulls her towards itself, lifts her up and slams her against the wall. It screams into her face, indescribable, inhuman screams. It suddenly calms down. It notices the spot in the wall on which the frame used to hang. It lets go of THE MOTHER and touches the now empty spot. It turns around and looks at the ground to find FELICE, smashed into pieces. THE MOTHER had dropped it onto the ground in fear. It kneels onto the ground, in front of FELICE. THE MOTHER exits the room, running in fear. THE SISTER stands up.*

THE SISTER: Why?! Why are you doing this?! We're trying to help! We're only trying to help you! Selfish! You selfish, selfish insect!

*THE SISTER exits, slamming the door behind her. THE INSECT falls fully onto the ground, weeping. It rubs pieces of FELICE against its face.*

THE NARRATOR: And so, there laid my humanity...

*THE NARRATOR exits. THE INSECT is left alone.*



## ACT 2: APPLES

### SCENE 1: THE APPLE

*Nothing. Cold, dark, empty; nothing. The only decorum on stage is the curtain, behind which, THE FATHER stands. Our NARRATOR enters with a notebook and a pen in his hands, speaking out loud as he writes.*

THE NARRATOR: Dearest Father, I have always hidden from you, in my room, amongst my books, with crazy friends, or with extravagant ideas... If you sum up your judgement of me, the result you get is that, although you don't charge me with anything downright improper or wicked, you do charge me with coldness, estrangement, and

ingratitude. And, what is more, you charge me with it in such a way as to make it seem my fault, as though I might have been able, with something like a touch on the steering wheel, to make everything quite different, while you aren't the slightest to blame, unless it be for having been too good to me, your son, the insect.

THE FATHER: Franz! Get over here, right now!

*THE NARRATOR throws his notebook and pen away.*

THE NARRATOR: I'm coming, father. I'll be right there...

*THE NARRATOR walks towards the curtain. For a moment, all the lights shut off. When they turn back on, THE INSECT is the one behind the curtain. It emerges, and starts running around the stage, distressed, as if it's being pursued by someone. It finally stops at the middle of the stage, to catch its breath. Right then, it gets hit by a red apple thrown from the left of the stage. Before it can even process the first hit, another apple is thrown, this time from the right. It panics and tries to run to the left of the stage, but gets cut off by the entrance of THE FATHER, THE MOTHER and THE SISTER. They are holding red apples in their hands and cackling maniacally. THE INSECT hisses in fear and tries to run to the right side of the stage, but it's then cut off by THE BOSS, THE TENNANT and THE MAID. They are also all holding red apples in their hands and cackling maniacally. Having cornered THE INSECT, THE PEOPLE start pushing it around amongst each other and kicking it. Once THE INSECT is left on the middle of the stage, on its knees, hissing in terror and covering its ears with its hands, they began to throw apples at it and start chanting:*

THE PEOPLE: Insect! Insect! Insect! Insect!

*THE NARRATOR enters.*

THE NARRATOR: We were so different, and in our differences so dangerous to each other that if anyone had tried to calculate in advance how I and you would stand next to each other, he could have assumed that you would simply trample me underfoot so that nothing was left of me. Well, that did not happen. Nothing alive can be calculated. But perhaps something worse happened..

*The lights shut back off.*

## **SCENE 2: THE TUTOR**

*The room is now an absolute mess. Breadcrumbs, apple pits, bits of cheese, various spilt fluids and stains littered all over the floor. THE INSECT is feeding, whilst crawling on the floor. Behind the curtain are two figures, THE SISTER and THE TUTOR.*

THE NARRATOR: It must have been about three weeks after the "Felice Incident". I had begun to feel more and more isolated from my family. My sister had started to bring me my meals only once a day, instead of twice. The insect thought that that was her way of getting revenge. The man thought that because she took an extra shift at her job, she quite simply didn't have the time. I still don't know which one of them to believe. My mother had started whispering inside the house, presumably to prevent that "monstrous insect" from listening in and attacking her. I still heard every word. I just needed to lift my antennae a little. I had begun to see my father standing in my room when I woke up in the middle of the night. I was mostly sure that these were just meaningless, uneasy dreams. I had taken a liking to my sister's private tutor, a young woman who would come to our house twice a week and give her French lessons.

*THE INSECT leans closely against the curtain.*

THE TUTOR: La pomme.

THE SISTER: La pomme.

THE TUTOR: Le cafard.

THE SISTER: Le cafard.

THE TUTOR: Le père.

THE SISTER: Le père.

THE NARRATOR: I had never seen her face. But her diction, her tone and her laugh were the most beautiful that I had ever heard. If I was my old self, I would take her out to dinner, open a bottle of red wine and kiss her on the first date. Now, the best I could hope for was that she would never have to lay her no doubt beautiful eyes onto any creature half as ugly as me.

*THE INSECT starts looking out the window.*

THE TUTOR: I'm sorry, where was your restroom again?

THE SISTER: Oh! Down the hall, second door on the left.

*THE TUTOR gets up.*

THE NARRATOR: My father had begun speaking about giving the guest room up for rent. Yes, all three of them worked full time jobs, but even so, a custodian's salary wasn't even enough to cover the-

*THE NARRATOR's monologue gets interrupted by THE TUTOR's entrance. She's taken aback by the state of the room. Both THE INSECT and THE NARRATOR look completely shocked.*

THE NARRATOR: What?

*THE TUTOR's gaze meets that of THE INSECT's. The two move closer and closer towards each other. She doesn't look frightened by it, only puzzled. THE NARRATOR is speechless, watching all of this unfold. THE INSECT stands up. Its posture almost looks... human. THE TUTOR puts her hand on THE INSECT's face. THE INSECT does the same. This silent embrace lasts a few seconds, until THE SISTER barges in, furious and screaming.*



THE SISTER: What are you doing to her?! Get away! Get away! Go back inside! I am so sorry...

*THE TUTOR is startled. She screams and is then dragged out of the room by THE SISTER. They both exit. THE INSECT closes the door after them, then gets back to its usual crawling state. Its facial expression conveys a silent acceptance, almost an embrace, of its*

*eternal misery. It doesn't cry. It doesn't scream. It simply keeps crawling.*

THE NARRATOR: Well, needless to say... I never saw her again after that.

### **SCENE 3: THE FATHER**

*Evening. The room is even messier. THE INSECT is looking out the window, at the night sky. THE NARRATOR is sitting on the edge of the stage, with his notebook and pen in his hands. Behind the curtain, sits THE FATHER, reading his newspaper.*

THE NARRATOR: Dearest Father, one had, so it seemed to the insect, remained alive through your mercy and bore one's life henceforth as an undeserved gift from you.

*THE FATHER enters the room. Without even acknowledging THE INSECT, he sits down on the bed.*

THE NARRATOR: It is also true that you hardly ever really gave me a whipping.

*THE FATHER picks up an uneaten, red apple from the ground. THE INSECT begins to crawl towards THE FATHER.*

THE NARRATOR: But the shouting, the way your face got red, the hasty undoing of the braces and laying them ready over the back of the chair, all that was almost worse for me.

*THE INSECT is in need of warmth. It embraces THE FATHER passionately. After a few moments, THE FATHER embraces it back, with the red apple still in his hand.*

THE NARRATOR: It is as if someone's going to be hanged. If he really is hanged, then he is dead and it is all over. But if he has to go through all the preliminaries to being hanged and he learns of his reprieve only when the noose is dangling before his face, he may suffer from it all his life.

*THE INSECT begins weeping. THE FATHER rubs its back, assuring it that it's all going to be alright.*

THE NARRATOR: Besides, from the many occasions on which I had, according to your clearly expressed opinion, deserved a whipping and but was let off at the last moment by your grace,

*THE FATHER stabs THE INSECT with the red apple, while still embracing it. THE INSECT falls down to the ground, weeping and screaming in pain.*

THE NARRATOR: I again accumulated only a huge sense of guilt.

*THE FATHER gets up from the bed. While he leaves, THE INSECT tries to cling on to him, from the floor, by his ankle. He shakes the INSECT's grip off, and exits.*

THE NARRATOR: On every side I was to blame, I was in your debt.

*THE NARRATOR stands up and walks over to the insect.*

THE NARRATOR: Suffer, insect! Suffer! For it is what you truly deserve! You had it coming! You're the only one to blame for all of this! That's what you get! That is what you get! The forbidden fruit stuck onto your hunched back for eternity, because you committed the unforgivable sin of existence! That is what you get!

*THE NARRATOR exits, slamming the door behind him.*



**SCENE 4: THE MAID**

*Early morning. THE INSECT is underneath the bed, while THE NARRATOR is sitting on it. Behind the curtain, is THE MAID. She is sweeping the floor. THE INSECT, very slowly, begins crawling out of its bed.*

THE NARRATOR: The apple, since no one in the house had the stomach to pull it off, remained stuck to my back. Because of its infected

wound, I had lost my mobility, possibly forever. It now took me five hours and twenty three minutes to crawl one lap around my room. Yes, I timed it. I was lacking in a lot of things, but free time was not one of them. My sister had grown tired. She barely played the violin anymore. She barely spoke to mother or father anymore. She barely even visited me anymore. She had grown understandably sick of the life that my transformation had forced her into living. She resented me for that. They all did. Gone were the days of the twice-a-day meal trays. No, no. Now, my primary caretaker was... the maid.

*THE MAID kicks the door open and barges into the room. She's got an old broom in her hands. She's dancing around and cackling maniacally.*

THE MAID: Come here, you ol' beetle!

*THE MAID pokes THE INSECT with the broom handle. THE INSECT hisses, but its too weak to do anything more to resist.*

THE NARRATOR: I would love to see your head on a stick!

THE MAID: Oh, what's that?!

*THE INSECT hisses.*

THE NARRATOR: I said that I would love to see your head on a stick!

THE MAID: Ohhh, water! You're thirsty?! You want some water?! Okay! Let me go get you some!



*THE MAID excitedly runs out the room, even dropping her broom onto the ground. She goes behind the curtain, gets a bucket of water and comes back into the room.*

THE MAID: Here's your water, ya big roach!

*THE MAID dumps the entire bucket onto THE INSECT's head. She cackles maniacally once more. THE INSECT looks very mad.*

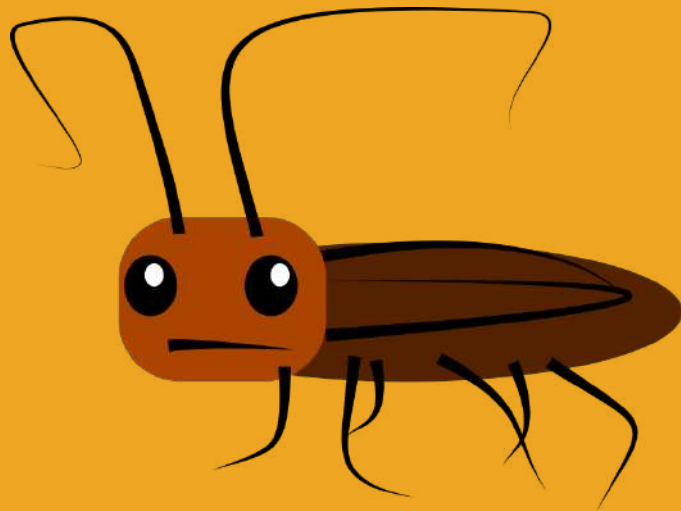
THE MAID: Oh, no! Did I make the big bug mad?!

*THE INSECT tries with all its strength to get up.*

THE NARRATOR: Yeah, come on! Get up! Turn her into stew!

*THE MAID cackles maniacally and picks up her broom. She pokes THE INSECT with it until it falls back down to the ground. After that, she hits it with the broom handle a few more times. Once she's satisfied, she exits, still cackling like a maniac.*

THE NARRATOR: Unbelievable.



**SCENE 5: THE TENANT**

*This room has never looked worse. Even more trash, even more half- eaten food, and on top of all of that, a number of random household objects scattered throughout. THE INSECT's spirit is completely broken. It's lying underneath its bed with no movement at all. THE NARRATOR is sitting on one of the random household objects, a fancy chair. Behind the curtain, THE TENANT is eating his dinner.*

THE NARRATOR: I had stopped eating altogether. I only ate if I had just happened to pass by some food by crawling. In the last few months, my parents had turned it into a habit to take any and all household objects that they didn't have any use for anymore, and dump them into this room. Their old chairs, their old mattress, their old clock, their old son... They had rented out the guest room to some pretentious moron that wanted everything to be "proper". No clutter. No useless junk. Hence, this. He preferred to eat alone, so while he had the four-person dinner table all to himself, my poor family had to eat in their cluttered, little rooms. I don't think my parents knew how to treat a tenant, because they would treat him like he was the guest of honour at a five-star hotel and they were his 19th century slaves. They would ask him about five times a meal, "Is everything to your liking, sir?"

*THE FATHER approaches THE TENANT.*

THE FATHER: Is everything to your liking, sir?

THE NARRATOR: And the guy started to take advantage of the absurd treatment that he received. I guess, he'd be an idiot not to.

THE TENANT: Well, there was this one little thing..

*THE INSECT leans against the curtain to hear everything that's going on.*

THE FATHER: Name it!

THE TENANT: A bit of music would be nice.

THE FATHER: Music! Certainly!

*THE FATHER exits. After a few seconds, he comes back, along with THE MOTHER and THE SISTER. THE SISTER is holding her violin.*

THE TENANT: Ooh, exquisite!

THE MOTHER: Well, come on dear!

*THE SISTER starts playing.*

THE NARRATOR: And there it was again! The Gods were pulling on the strings once more! Oh, how I had missed those sounds! It must have been months since I had last heard her play! The music! The melody! It was inspiring me! It was calling to me! And at that moment, I felt that despite everything, despite my infected wound, my crippling hunger, my repulsing appearance, behind that wall was my family! My true family! The people whom I loved! The people who loved me! The people who would always accept me no matter what! So in that moment I knew in my heart, that I had to get up!

*THE INSECT, after a few failed attempts, finally gets up and after a brief moment of hesitation, rips away the curtain separating THE INSECT's room and the living room, exposing himself to THE FAMILY and THE TENANT. Instead of the loving, warm embraces that THE INSECT*

*was hoping for, it's met with terrified screams from both THE FAMILY and THE TENANT.*

THE NARRATOR: And there laid my hope.

THE TENANT: Mr. Samsa! What is the meaning of this?! THE FATHER: I—I can explain! I—

THE TENANT: I am a man of cleanliness and hygiene, sir! This, this, this is—it's unacceptable! It is disgusting! I hereby cancel my contract with you, and I will not be paying you a single dime for my stay here! Unacceptable!



*THE TENANT spits on the floor and leaves. THE FAMILY is left alone with THE INSECT. After a few moments of extremely tense silence, THE SISTER breaks. She starts weeping and screaming and banging her fists onto the table. She finally calms down enough to begin speaking.*

THE SISTER: Mom, dad, this cannot go on! You don't understand, but I do! I can't even bring myself to bring up my brother's name in front of this repulsing monster, we simply must get rid of it! We tried our best to look after it, to put up with it! No one can deny that!

THE FATHER: She is... right.

THE SISTER: We need to get rid of that... thing! Or it will kill you both! Eventually, you won't be able to take it anymore! I can't take it anymore!

THE MOTHER: But what are we going to do?

THE FATHER: I wish that it understood us.

THE SISTER: It needs to go and that's that! It's the only way, dad. You need to let go of the idea that that's Gregor. It's not! How could it be?! If that... thing was Gregor, it would've understood that it would be impossible for humans to live with a monster like it and

it would've disappeared! Then we would honor his memory. But this... animal, it just won't give us a break! It scared away our tenant, apparently it wants to throw us all out onto the street and take over our flat!

*THE INSECT, trying to reason with THE SISTER, tries walking towards her but once THE FAMILY all scream in fear upon seeing it get closer, THE INSECT realizes that there is no hope. With an expression of utter despair on its face, THE INSECT retreats back to its room. THE FAMILY exit the stage. THE INSECT is now breathing from its mouth, loudly. It falls onto the ground. It gets back up and continues moving my crawling. Eventually, when it reaches the middle of the stage, it's too tired to even crawl, and it just stops.*

THE NARRATOR: I felt at peace. My entire body was in unspeakable pain but it felt as if it would all be over soon. I barely even felt the infected, rotten apple on my back by now. I thought about my family. I knew that I needed to disappear, even more than my dear sister.

THE INSECT: ...And in saying this I would all the time beg of you not to forget that I never, and not even for a single moment, believe any guilt to be on your side. The effect you had on me was the effect you could not help having. But you should stop considering it some particular malice on my part that I succumbed to that effect.

THE NARRATOR and THE INSECT: (At the same time) Dearest Father, in life, things don't fit together as neatly as do the proofs in my letter—life is more than a game of patience. But after allowing for this answer, which I can't and don't want to elaborate on now, I still believe my letter contains some truth, and therefore it may allow us to live and die with a gentler and lighter spirit.

THE NARRATOR: And my final breath slowly escaped my decaying body.

*THE INSECT is finally put out of its misery.*

THE NARRATOR: And there laid whatever remained.

*THE NARRATOR exits.*

#### SCENE 6: THE CORPSE

*Morning. The corpse of THE INSECT is still lying on the same spot. THE FAMILY are in the living room, having breakfast. THE MAID enters, jovial as always, knock on the door and kicks the door in again.*

THE MAID: Good morning, you sad little dung beetle, you!

*She awaits a response, and when she doesn't get one, she becomes frustrated and pokes THE INSECT with his broom handle.*

THE MAID: Hey! Hey! Ya jerk! I'm talkin' to you!

*She becomes suspicious and inspects THE INSECT more closely. Once she fully realizes what has happened, she cackles jovially.*

THE MAID: Guys! Guys!

THE FATHER: What?!

THE MAID: It's croaked!

THE SISTER: What?!

*THE FAMILY comes over to the room to check.*

THE MOTHER: Are you sure?

THE MAID: Positive!

*THE MAID pokes THE INSECT a few times to demonstrate.*

THE SISTER: Look how skinny it is. It hadn't eaten a bite in three days.

THE MAID: I can get rid of that for you, if you want.

*THE MAID exits, dragging THE INSECT's corpse along with her, singing and cackling.*

THE FATHER: So... she's fired, right?

THE MOTHER: Yes.

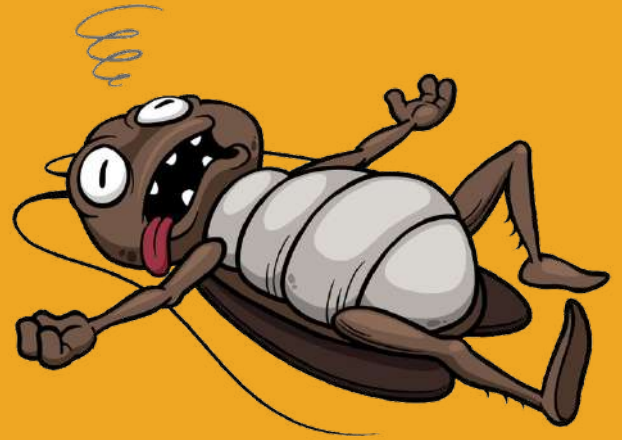
THE SISTER: Definitely.

*THE FAMILY sit back down on the breakfast table. THE NARRATOR enters.*

THE NARRATOR: And that morning, there was something in the air that hadn't been a part of the Samsa household in a long, long time. Hope. The sun was shining. They were talking about their future. Their careers. Their plans to move to a smaller apartment. The possibility of finally finding my sister a husband. And there, when I watched them, I could see it in their eyes, my friends. My family was finally... free.

*THE NARRATOR waves goodbye to his family for the final time and exits.*

**THE END**





## In-Between

*By Ekin Toprak*

( A response to 'Identity' by Julio Noboa Polanco)

What if I am not a flower?  
Not as lovely, not as desired?

What if I am not a weed?  
Not as ugly, not as hated?

What if I am just in-between?  
In between flowers and weeds?  
What if people can't tell what I am?  
And I can't tell either?

There is no space for us.  
You either got to be a flower or a weed.

We all have to fit in.

Maybe we've got to create our own place  
And show each other that it's okay  
Not to know where you belong  
And to always be in-between.



They came with their dogs and their empty promise.

We'd been aware of them for half a moon cycle and from the first glimpse of the creatures we'd been on-edge. Of course we'd heard of the other human species. Our cave walls were littered with drawings telling horrifying stories of the apes with the faces of children, their bodies and tools grotesque mockeries of our own. They were, after all, precisely why we'd fled into the cold, clutching our torches and tools, thousands of winters before. We had thought they could not follow us here. They could.

Stars above, it was *terrifying*. We were heading into another winter; we should have been hunting more than ever, but every sun cycle was spent simply waiting for the cry from the tribe's watcher: "*They are here, and there is no return.*" We sharpened our spears with bated breath.

It came, of course it came. The barking of their dogs had been growing louder each night. Without fanfare, without warning, they came, they marched right up to our caves, and we froze like gossiping children. We scrambled for our tools, we rose, and all the while they did *nothing* but stand there, and now we stood face to face with monsters.

They had not, to our surprise, come in all-out war. They hadn't come in peace, either, but at least this was an indication -somehow- of the capacity for reason.

We spent a long time just watching. They looked so *wrong*, grown men with faces like children, mouths shrunken, teeth malformed, and speech corrupt and shrill. One took a step forward. His dogs followed: hulking, fanged beasts hardly recognizable as tame. He opened his tiny mouth and spoke, spilling garbled sounds with only small notions of meaning. Once he finished raving, a second one stepped forward. This one was smaller, flanked only by one dog, and held something in her hands. She got closer than he had, and we bristled. The first one gibbered something at our unrest and she dropped the object and quickly returned.

We went back to staring as the child-faced apes retreated. No one dared to touch their deposit. Scouts reported sun cycles later that the uncanny men had apparently settled just within eyeshot. A few more cycles, and whatever they'd left us began burning the air with the smell of decay.

Decay soon started burning us, too; that winter, our hunters failed. "There's just nothing left," they told us. Mammoth herds had silently been broken and devoured. Bears and lions were reduced, along with us, to scavenging. Our new neighbours were the better predators.

There is a word in our language untranslatable to any other human tongue because we are the only people to experience such a thing. It is defined by the fear that stems from a constant pursual by a clever enemy, isolation experienced with one's entire people by one's side, the inherent inability to understand one's tormentor and the suicidality of fighting back. 'Eldritch horror', people have suggested. 'Cosmic fear'. It is neither of those things. It is *køuro*. All that anyone ever felt was *køuro*.

This is a letter by a dying people. They have taken our food. They have taken our solitude. They have taken our minds with *køuro*. And they continue their deposits.

This is a letter by a dying people. The cold we have chosen will swallow us. The barrenness we have chosen will swallow us. We will be killed by the apes with the faces of children.

Yours.

Unwittingly, eternally yours,

*Homo neanderthalensis*, "Neanderthal-man"

# ***The Best Seller Book That You Cannot Read***

***By Hüseyin Emre Akgöz***

Do you ever feel like some people suddenly engage in activities which they had nothing to do with just a day ago, only because the so-called activity suddenly gained popularity? Or do you ever feel like people tend to watch only awarded films or read only books that made it on a best-seller list? Also, when something wins an award or gets into a well-known list, suddenly everybody has an opinion on it. Everybody is an expert.

Our story begins in 1956 with a man who is sick of these people who pretend to know everything. Also known as the "snobs" or "the posers," who fancy themselves scholarly "critics," the day people who blindly follow every manufactured piece. This man is called Jean Shepherd. He is a radio host on an overnight show on WOR radio in New York. So, Jean has an idea. Why not play a little trick on these know-it-alls and expose them as the frauds they really are? At 2 o'clock in the morning, Shepherd hatches a plan with his late-night listeners. He says, "What do you say tomorrow morning? Each one of us walks into a bookstore and asks for a book that we know does not exist..."

His idea is simple: First, make a fake "bestselling" novel written by a "worldly-known" author. Then create a fake demand for it. Then sit back and see how many supposed scholars of the world suddenly know everything there is to know about it. Over the next few hours, Jean and his loyal listeners invent a fake bestseller by the title of "*I, Libertine*," the first volume in a trilogy on 18th-century court life written by one "Frederick R. Ewing," a supposed Oxford graduate and former World War II British commander, and currently a civil servant of Rhodesia where he spends his free time in the pursuit of scholarly writing. *I, Libertine* is naturally a very scholarly work set in England during the 1700s, chronicling the exploits of Lance Courtney, by day a respected man in town, by night an uninhibited rake.

Jean Shepherd tasks his audience with this mission: in the morning, walk into a bookstore and ask for a copy of the book. And then sit back and watch the fireworks. "Now you go in, and don't crack a smile! Don't do anything. And you will walk in and say, I would like to have a copy of *I, Libertine* by Frederick Ewing. And he will take out a list, and he will look it up, and he will see that it is not listed. He will turn to you and say, There is no such book. Then leave. The next guy that comes in and asks for it, he will say, uh... uh... it is on order. And the third one that comes in, he is going to be on the phone calling the distributor! Well if four hundred and twenty-two bookstores call in, he is going to be calling Publishers Weekly! Now, get out and go! And we will sit back and see what happens."

Shepherd's listeners do as instructed, and before long, the publishing world is in a frenzy. "*Doubleday*," a publishing company, gets dozens of calls in the morning for the title. Booksellers are stumped by the sudden demand for a book that they don't have on any of their lists, and they slam Publishers Weekly with queries on locating the distributor. Before long, "*I, Libertine*" is in such demand that The New York Times Sunday section places the title on its list of newly published works. And the phonies fall for it.

"Sure enough, by the next day a guy says, you know, he says, for years this guy in this 8th Street Bookstore with this beard has had me totally buffaloed. He says, I went in there today and I said to this guy, I would like a copy of *I, Libertine* by Ewing, And he says, he looked up from back the cash register and said Ewing! It is about time public discovered him." "and, I am getting these calls from people all over. One woman wrote in and she says she was sitting in her bridge party, and she just casually mentioned, she had been reading *I, Libertine*, and three ladies started to discuss it! They not only read it, they finished it and two of them didn't like it!

Two weeks later, they are coming in from all over the country saying, what is happening?" All over, social scenes are filled with people who have an opinion on the book. Almost all who are of course making up that they have read it just to fit in, and Jean Shepherd spends his next few weeks of his overnight program keeping his listeners up to date on just how absurd the hoax is getting. "A student at Rutgers – he says, I am in this History of English Writing course. And he said, I wrote a term paper on F.R. Ewing: Eclectic Historian, and it was about a nine-page paper with footnotes.

Of course, from Ewing's earlier BBC broadcasts, references, and the thing is he sent it to me! And it had a big red thing on the front of it – it said, superb research! He got a B+! He says, Wha- My whole education is probably phony! And I said, Wait! Let's sit back and not say anything. Just keep asking a good place for a new manager.. Well, do you know within four weeks, there was a piece that appeared in the Earl Wilson column. It said, had lunch with Freddy Ewing on his way to India with his wife Marjorie. I am not kidding you!" Scales fall from the eyes of his audience, the experts, and the critics, and supposed academics around them have utterly fallen for the gag and unknowingly perpetuate the tall tale. The Philadelphia public library opens a card file on author Frederick Ewing. A New York Times columnist does a write-up of the book. The Village Voice reviews it, calling it "a rousing swashbuckler" and "a must-read." Various newspapers begin printing articles about *I, Libertine*, offering their intellectual opinions, and before long, the night listeners start to get a pretty good idea of just how many of these list-makers, reviewers, and self-proclaimed bookworms are actually total frauds.

"By now I was a little afraid. Eventually, y'know, the president is gonna mention it. Y'know he loves this book, see. Then I wouldn't believe in anything!" Articles mentioning *I, Libertine* appear in "Life," "Newsweek," and "Time" magazine, and seven weeks into the scheme it is listed as a nationwide bestseller in Rome, Paris, and London.



Then finally August rolls around, and Shepherd gets a call from a Wall Street Journal reporter who has spent the better part of the past few months trying to get to the bottom of *I, Libertine*. That's right, one reporter finally brave enough to go against the grain or realize that the book is a total lie and track down its origins. He convinces Jean to go on record, and the following day the story breaks, front page, middle section. *I, Libertine* doesn't exist, and anyone who had claimed to have read it were lying to follow the trend.

So ask yourself this; why did it take so long for folks to realize the papers and literary critics were lying, why was everybody lying to each other and if you were in New York in 1956 and somebody asked what you thought about the new smash hit Ewing's *I, Libertine*, what would you have said? Maybe the most important question; what are the *I, Libertines* everyone's reading today? By the way, the story has a lighter ending; the whole business was such a talk around that Shepherd was quickly approached by a publishing house that offered to write an actual *I, Libertine* book. By the middle of September, *I, Libertine*, written by Ewing, became a real book and hit the shelves and became an actual bestseller. The author photo on the inside cover none other than Jean Shepherd doing his very best author impression trying to look as dissolute as possible.



# *Generation*

By Batu Kılıç

In the last few years,

A new virus

Got on the nerves of the nurses,

By killing thousands.

Others became stressed and depressed in a deep rest

By seeing their economies falling from the edge.

But now, this is only one of the memories,

Because of that,

We should now cure our planet

By supporting new energy resources.

Or else we will last less than 40 years

And be the generation that will fall in a single fall,

While being the last

## *Dealing With Loss*

*By Batu Kılıç*

They tell us the buried are lost

And continue on with our lives

They are right

But they usually become vampires and who hunt at night

Who trap us in rocks' cracks and follow us with an axe

We shouldn't run from their guns like nuns

Instead we should bravely draw our swords like horsemen and shout  
"Attack!"

If they win they have'll a piece of our soul

So we ought to give an oath to fight until they become soil



# Is Jazz Really Dying?

By Berra Kılıç

In recent years, a common refrain has echoed throughout the music industry: "Jazz is dying." This sentiment, often echoed by critics suggesting that jazz music is on the decline, overshadowed by more popular genres and struggling to maintain relevance in the modern musical landscape. However, upon closer examination, it becomes clear that the narrative of jazz's demise is far from accurate. In this article, we will explore the complexities of the jazz genre, debunking the myth that jazz is dying and highlighting its enduring influence and vibrancy.

Before diving into the current state of jazz, it is essential to recognize its rich history and cultural significance. Jazz emerged in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, primarily among African American communities in the southern United States. Drawing from diverse musical traditions, including blues, ragtime, and spirituals, jazz quickly evolved into a dynamic and innovative art form. From the pioneering work of figures like Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington to the bebop revolution of the 1940s led by Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie, jazz has continually pushed boundaries and challenged conventions. Despite claims of its decline, jazz remains a vital and influential force in contemporary music. While it may not dominate the mainstream airwaves in the same way as pop or hip-hop, jazz continues to thrive in various forms and settings. From intimate club performances to prestigious concert halls, jazz musicians around the world are keeping the tradition alive through their creativity and passion. Moreover, jazz education programs and institutions play a crucial role in nurturing the next generation of talent, ensuring that the legacy of jazz will endure for years to come.

One of the key reasons why jazz is far from dying is its inherent adaptability and evolution. Throughout its history, jazz has constantly reinvented itself, absorbing influences from different genres and cultures while retaining its core elements. Today, jazz encompasses a wide range of styles and subgenres, from traditional swing and bebop to fusion, Latin jazz, and avant-garde experimentation. This diversity reflects the vitality of jazz as an art form, capable of resonating with audiences of all backgrounds and tastes.

While jazz faces certain challenges in the modern music industry, such as limited mainstream exposure and commercial viability, these obstacles should not be mistaken for a decline in relevance or quality. In fact, the digital age has opened up new avenues for jazz musicians to connect with audiences worldwide, bypassing traditional gatekeepers and reaching fans directly through streaming platforms and social media. Additionally, collaborations between jazz artists and musicians from other genres have led to exciting innovations, further enriching the jazz landscape.

In conclusion, the notion that jazz is dying is a misconception rooted in narrow perspectives and outdated assumptions. Jazz music, with its deep roots, rich history, and ongoing evolution, remains as vibrant and relevant as ever. By celebrating its legacy, nurturing its talent, and embracing its diversity, we can ensure that jazz continues to thrive and inspire future generations of musicians and listeners alike. Rather than mourning its supposed demise, let us recognize jazz for what it truly is: a timeless and enduring art form that transcends boundaries and captivates the soul.



*Let Me Feed the Cows*

*By Öykü Melis Özengünes*

Let me feed the cows  
Let me be plucked apart  
By silk beaks and teeth  
That glimmer beetle black.

Let my branching neural network  
Root tunnelling mycelium  
Let me be consumed  
By the archaea from whence I came

Let death implode with tiny life  
Let daisies fill the remains  
Let hay spin from my hair of straw  
And worms shelter in my veins.

Let me grow wings of mushroom  
And don a halo of hay  
For no afterlife would I take over this:  
The soft embrace of decay.

Let my borrowed fire scatter  
Let my dying flame precede  
A thousand embers in its place  
For this flickering Holocene.

And if I am  
A drop of dew  
On this tapestry web called life  
Let the spider christened Nature  
Sink her pincers and drink  
Let me be the reward she reaps  
*Just one last time:*  
Let me feed the cows.

## ***A Letter to Solon***

***By Batu Kılıç***

In this age  
Everybody is a critic,  
And more critical than a wit.  
Our politicians usually talk, talk, talk,  
And do nothing.  
Actually, that was the same in the past.  
They wear hats,  
But there is nothing under them.

Our world is slowly burning down,  
And some fools are trying to convince us that it's not real at all.  
Some people still only care about money and power,  
But now they have more gadgets and more people to murder.

Everyone can hear you if they want,  
Even if you are as quiet as a rat.  
However, finding a person is hard  
Who will listen to you (with great attention) when you talk

# DADA

By Elif Naz Koç

Can anything and everything become a work of art  
if we choose to declare it art?

## ASSESSMENT

voltaic are o these two nerves that don't touch  
near the heart  
we not the black shivers under a lens  
is this feeling this white spoutins  
and methodical love  
splits my body into rays  
toothpaste pastry  
transatlantic  
tickets  
the crocchs crash the column couched in wind  
range al rockels  
on my head  
the bloody revenge of the liberated two-step  
diroctory of determinations at pris fixe  
folly at 3:20 am  
or 5.80 franos  
cocaine slowly gnaws the walls for its pleasure  
satanic horoscope dilates under your vigor

## TRISTAN TZARA

"Dada is the sun.  
Dada is the egg.  
Dada is the police of the police."  
-Richard Huelsenbeck

"Dada existed before dada"  
-Hans Arp

Dadaism is a famous and extraordinarily peculiar form of art that rose to prominence after World War I in Cabaret Voltaire, located in the neutral state of Switzerland, where many politically opinionated and protesting artists sought refuge. The movement emerged out of rage and disgust for the war and the vile nature of rational thought that contributed to its occurrence. Dadaists harbored a deep-seated anger, which they vividly channeled into art with intent, albeit without overtly appearing to do so. As a postwar art movement, it constituted a political statement. The underlying notion is that if logic and reason led to war, then art should abandon reason. ANARCHY!!! Dadaism is a rejection; it is anti-war, anti-bourgeoisie, anti-politics, and, ironically, anti-art as well. It is described as an ideal, a state of mind aimed at dismantling the conventional and creating a radically different world. Dada mocks the mundane and the commonplace; it is satirical and thrives on randomness and rebellion against the appalling reality. Its purpose is to unsettle, provoke the viewer, and prompt them to question. To quote Jean Harp, "Dada is for the senseless, which does not mean nonsense."

Dadaist poetry, like the example above, brings together nonsensical and unrelated words to create meaningless yet effective and, in my opinion, extravagant and performative art. Dadaists believe that artists have the intellectual power to imbue anything with meaning and alter its context, as exemplified in one of its most famous pieces, "The Fountain" by Marcel Duchamp. The movement laid the foundation for surrealism, fundamentally altering the trajectory of subsequent artistic movements. The avant-garde...

How to Create a DADA poem according to Tristan Tzara

1. Take a newspaper
2. Take some scissors
3. From the newspaper pick an article as long as the poem you want to make
4. Cut out the article
5. Then carefully cut out each of the words in the article and put them in a bag
6. Shake gently
7. Then take out each piece one at a time
8. Write down the words.

"And here you are a writer infinitely original and endowed with sensibility that is charming though beyond the understanding of the vulgar".

-Tristan Tzara



# QUILL

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*"I think, therefore I am"*