

THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

English Newsletter

NOTA

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Editorial

why a journal? why now?

It is my great privilege to be writing an editorial to this newly published journal. Issuing this journal goes in line with the new vision and policy of the Department of English/College of Arts. That vision consists in, among other things, providing students with quality teaching, consolidating the research culture within the Department, boosting the employability of the department alumni, and forging partnerships with international universities and research centres.

The journal project was set up in order to help students express their ideas in a civilised, academic manner. Besides, many students have a great potential in writing – both critical and creative. This journal aims to help them realise that potential. It also serves to get students and teachers engaged in dialogue about the academic and educational issues. The event of the publication of this journal coincides with a sweeping situation of civil unrest. This situation should not be a deterrent against its publication. In fact, although the idea of the journal was conceived back in June, it is published not in spite of the current situation, but because of it. The events of the last three months, however hard and sorrowful, have been productive of new grounds of dialogue.

Two themes have specially emerged during the said period: equality and identity. Equality of the distribution of resources and opportunities was a prime call for the protests. Although the Iraqi constitution states that all Iraqis are equal, yet laws were enacted which imply that – to misquote Orwell – some ‘Iraqis are more equal than others.’ Identity has also occupied a central position in the ongoing national dialogue. However, a new form of identity was being shaped: students reclaimed their own identity as an active social group that is capable of inducing change and is hard to ignore.

So, it is the mission of this journal, and the many to follow from other departments, to lend the door wide open for students to express their views and to practise their skills, as well as to facilitate dialogue as a civilised alternative to the rising populism on streets and on campus alike.

Dr. Samir talib
Chairman

WOMEN FROM THE PAST

There was a family just like any other, consisting of a father, mother, brothers and sisters. What distinguishes this family, however, is that it lived in a time of underdevelopment, poverty, and hunger as well as the wars that erupted in the country. Strangely, this family was very committed to some customs and traditions that were somewhat unfair, especially with regards to the rights of women!

The father had a very narrow view of life. He considered females to be a defect or something that brought shame, and they had to stay home and only serve. There were three daughters and four sons in that family. One of the sons was

very harsh in his treatment to his sisters and opposed them in everything. He was also extremely upset because his sisters were going to school, instead of doing household chores, taking care of the sheep and bringing firewood. The brother considered school to be something that spoiled their morals, so he tried to get them to drop out of school. After gaining his father's support, he forced and drove two of his sisters out of school. The youngest sister, however, continued to attend school regularly, yet she was sure that one day her brother would prevent her from completing her education, just as he had done to her sisters.

After a while, the brother went to his father, and with a deep frown on his face, he grumbled saying, "Father, you have to choose, either I drop out of school or my sister!". His father replied "How can you compare yourself to her? You have to go to school and she has to stay home!".

At that same time, the sister was eavesdropping on their conversation from behind the door, with tears streaming down her face. She could only watch without protesting as her brother came up to her and said coldly "From this day on there is no school for you", followed by a laugh. The father insisted on the principle of "If you do not kill the girl, then kill her shadow." After many years, the parents died. The brothers were all married, and each of them lived with his own family. The sisters also got married, ex-

cept the youngest of them all, who refused to accept the proposal of any man. The unfair brother married and had only one daughter, he treated her as queen, also his family were open-minded. One of the girls married an employed man, but she did not live happily as she had to care for two sick children. The other sister was just as unfortunate, and lived with her husband in poverty and need. The youngest still lived in her father's house in her room with sad memories. The three sisters were meeting every night in their father's house to lament and bewail about their own and each other's concerns. Their brother was the cause of the grief and sadness of his sisters, yet he did not even help them with money to atone to his big mistake.

The question is why he collects so much money when

he has only one daughter? If he acquires the house, where would the younger sister go? Should she live out on the streets or go to her remaining brothers, all of whom are satisfied in their affairs with their wives and are happy, unlike their sisters who are suffering and in constant need due to their actions... Sadly, this kind of story was constantly heard of in some Arab societies of which an Iraqi society is not an exception, especially in particular rural areas of the country.

(My advice to every female is: learn, determine and draw a plan for your life with a pink feather, you were not created to satisfy the desires of men and to bear children only, as some think until this day. We are not in a good time to stay as we are. Dream and wish and choose your partner... Practice your freedom, but

within reason, we are in a society that knows how to vilify, indulge, envy, and the worst thing is the unconstructive criticism in order to overthrow the opposite. No one thinks of holding himself/herself accountable and changing themselves before trying to change others! We, dear, are capable of wearing masks and presenting ourselves differently in order to deceive, without those qualities, we would now live in a society dominated by confidence, mercy and love of goodness, away from grossness and evil ... exactly as our Holy Prophet wanted us to be).

By: Hawraa Hassan



Will Shine

She froze as still as a statue, opened her wide eyes and closed her lips. From the intensity of the stillness, the air hardly entered her nose. Her deep gaze was sailing in a sea of confusion. Suddenly, she heard the door as it was opened slightly. That silence was gently interrupted, her small face was permeated by a beam of innocence as she smiled at her mother who entered resembling a breeze of air passing through the flowers. The mother sat in front of her quietly as she was looking into her eyes which were laden with hidden grief, and her innocent confused gaze. The child unleashed her tears and shouted in a voice mixed with heavy sobbing “Mama .. Will flowers be burned one day?”

Atoms of cognition faded when the mother did not understand what her daughter meant.

“Mama .. I have seen injustice riding corruption, carrying a sword of hatred and severely cut Hope. I saw a child chewing stones deliciously from the intensity of hunger whilst fearing prying eyes that want to steal his precious stones. I saw my country suffering, bleeding, while others triggered grudging laughter at it. I saw love hiding behind deception until the truth was confused and no longer existed, I saw the world stained with cunning colors that I did not know what it was. I saw a baby’s head invaded by gray hairs of distress... Mama..I saw the sky trapping the moon and stars not allowing them to illuminate the nights and make the darkness clot, I saw fog captivating the clouds to not water in it’s drops compassion and mercy. I saw the age of falsehood sitting on the throne and pious dwell roads, I saw tears of orphans descend down their cheeks like drops from hell, crying mothers, wounds, pain... oppression has no end”.

The mother got up heavily and began to walk with weak steps. With mysterious words the child opened her mother’s closed door of wounds... She then turned towards her daughter and said in a soft voice .. “Beyond all this, didn’t you see a sun illuminating from behind the clouds?”

The girl knocked her head as if she had picked up what had escaped from her little memory “ Yes, yes I did”.

The mother smiled “It will rise one day to end all you saw”.

By: Fatima Mohammed



Silent Overthinker

What is a thought, but a creation of our mind? Perhaps a place to run through ideas before letting them out, where we are free to roam without fearing the consequences that could arise. Some would say it is the place to reminisce of happier times, of cherished memories, but ultimately it is just something we make up. The mind is not so perfect as to capture every moment exactly as it was. So, if it is just that; just a fiction of our own minds... why do we sometimes lose ourselves in the guilt of our thoughts? Why is it that even the smallest of thoughts tend to focus on regret, all the delightful times neglected, until they split and transform into black tendrils that poke and prod at buried emotions, stirring things long forgotten.

But prevention is impossible, especially when one step forward takes you two steps back. Perhaps this guilt is what cautions to leave the dark places of the mind alone. To let them rest in their glorious misery until they rot in shame and grief, in fear of releasing an eternal curse of remembrance upon ourselves. Traveling down long abandoned roads, ones I swore not to revisit time and time again, from the deep darkness emotions come barreling out to attack. They loom over me, taking on bodily shapes, and the conjurings of the mind stand as more than mere illusions before my eyes. There’s my earliest sorrow with tears streaking her fair cheeks, and beyond stands the first heartbreak, shattered yet stitched together with thorns. Disappointment stares at me accusingly as Hope lies dead... marred with a stake through the heart. Depression, Anguish and Remorse tower

together, and in unison their heads shake in disdain. I cower, and attempt to flee, but loose control of all sense of direction and balance, not knowing where I'll find myself at the end.

They say we live in the moment, and that the past is the past and its gone to stay that way. I guess that's why it is better to leave things be, and to not disturb old ghosts living in the ruins of the mind. Yet I feel as though I'm in a loop stuck on repeat and cannot escape... forever ensnared in a moment between the past and the present with no foreseeable future in sight. That is the curse of the overthinker, constantly wondering about 'If only', 'What if...' and 'Should that have been done?'. Were my thoughts visible they would appear as an untamed beast, unrestrained to do as he pleases with the helpless sanity of my mind. The deepest most haunting thoughts often come before sleep's sweet relief, to be replaced by nightmares and false alternatives, until morning comes with its cold touch to plunge one back into the dark fictions the mind never ceases to create when there are no distractions to relieve... there simply is no escape.

Do tell me, when you look at me, what do you see? Silence; an eerie calmness resembling the fog surrounding the crumbling tombstones of a deserted graveyard on chilly mornings, the serenity of the sea before a raging storm, or perhaps the dreaminess of the setting sun on an autumn evening, before winter comes to clench everything in its frosty grip. I choose to wear this mask, for every time I speak of my thoughts I see confusion written all over your sweet face, the wonder in your concerned eyes throws me off, and I know you could never begin to comprehend. How would you ever know what goes on behind the closed doors of this strange mind? Yet if you were to look just a little bit closer, deep inside my eyes, for they are the windows to both mind and soul, you'd perhaps notice the whirlwind of dark and dangerous chaos without purpose or design, which threatens to consume me until nought is left but a shell of who I once was.

By: Abeer Falah

Hope

The ambition we seek is the faith that is inside us, the trust that we can create and not as we envision it. Man can achieve what is inside him to determine the path of his life in the way he aspires; by feeling that his spirit can break everything, his assurance makes him sense better in life. Confidence is a mental and emotional development whose exceptional energy occupies us. Gathering inside us like an explosion and causing us to feel powerful when we achieve our highest intentions. These enormous achievements became possible because of the absolute self-assurance. Confidence is not that you feel better than others comparing yourself to them and that you are unique, but it is to feel connected to a place where you make the comparison dead with others. Moreover, it brings you happiness, not like any happiness; this may sound complex because it is achieved over a long period as of the success you built with your trust. I developed this conviction when I overcame my fears and made myself an aspirant for the better. For instance, I did not let depression and misery defeat me when I failed to achieve my dream to be a doctor. The dream that I could not accomplish because of circumstances that I faced at the time. I suffered from a severe shock that made my heart like a stone, I suffocated but I could not cry. At first, this ruined my life and put me in a mood of depression. Especially, when I applied to the Faculty of Arts Department of English I did not take it seriously as it was not my desire, although I loved that major very much; and the first year was the most difficult in my life because it differed a lot from high school, but I did not stand helpless. Instead, I made hope that illuminated my misery, as a light in a dark path that you believe has no end. In that way, I increased my self-confidence. Since then, I have never given up, and I tried hard to excel in my department, so I worked hard on myself, and I realized that life planted challenges and obstacles in the way of every human aspirant and self-confident to make him great. Naturally, obstacles may challenge and test his confidence to make him a successful and reliable person. Unhappiness and depression come when you focus on things you don't have because if we have trust inside us, we would have everything.

By : Mariam Mufeed



Protests in Iraq

October 1st was the day when life changed for the Iraqi people. Protesters assembled together demanding a better life because the country had been at war against ISIS since 2014. The new government assumed office on the 2nd of October 2018 when citizens were still looking for basic needs. As being the most effective party, high schoolers and college students joined the demonstrations. Together they held the flag of Iraq and peacefully asked for an instant change. Despite the great majority of students who have rallied across the country, there still are a few who have a different attitude about the protests.

Why are students protesting ?

“We want a country”, a concise sentence that speaks out the demands of students. Frustrated protesters refuse the endemic corruption; therefore they are asking for more job opportunities and better public services.

“There are barely any jobs out there, even if you are a university graduate” said a medical student. “So, what is the point of going to class now and then being unemployed a few years later,” he added. Iraqi youths have not been involved in any protest movement since almost 70 years ago and now they hit the streets owing to the fact of the magnitude of injustice they sensed.

What are student attitudes about the demonstrations?

A great majority of students are supporting the protests; they claim that without an actual change they won't resume classes “no nation, no class” they chant. They organized peaceful and thoughtful conferences to raise students' cultural awareness and listen to each other's needs. Moreover, they arranged several festivals, plays, art galleries and book fairs to help the demonstrators with the profits. Although many think the demonstrations cannot lead them to the bright future they seek, yet the revolution itself is a historical honor. As one protestor put it: “The demonstrations are born from the womb of suffering and I am proud of my people who went out bravely and with sacrifice. They didn't fear death, they trusted in God and they demonstrated against corruption. I hope they will achieve victory for us and wish they will heal our injured country and I greet their solidarity. We buried sectarianism and this is a great achievement.”

However, there are a few students who claim that protesting is useless. They say striking would only affect us negatively due to the fact of postponing the course of study. Additionally, they believe that widespread corruption is inherent in the government and that it will not vanish via student demonstrations. However, remaining quiet about injustice is nothing but total indifference and lack of regard to all those who sacrificed their lives to provide us with a better standard of living.

By: Sara Hassan



The PUBG Generation

How is it possible that a generation of teenagers is so determined and patriotic? Indeed, those are the young lads that technology has captured a big part of their lives, and who like to call themselves the PUBG Generation. Whereas, they are getting tons of criticism from the older generations due to the excessive use of technology; claiming that it corrupts and wastes their time. Nonetheless, when the time comes; they reveal their inner power to the world. Indeed, they show they are artists, poets, painters, and musicians; talents that perhaps no one before could recognise, but now everyone can apparently see. Those striplings have decided to go out protesting and seeking a better life. The kind of life that they show through their amazing songs, arts, and paint-

Undeniably, their actions have turned to inspire the world.

Again, most people assume that the PUBG generation is only those youngsters who soon will get dull and return home, but for more than two months they have dedicated themselves and exposed their lives to the greatest danger for the sake of others and the life they dream of. Indeed, the PUBG generation is now considered the role model. The nonviolent demonstrations have ignited the spirit of the motherland, and have given hope to all the social classes. Moreover, this movement boosts the unity of society's cults. Besides, the image of the army conducting the military salute to protestors labels the profound connection between the people and the military.

The protesters' demands may sound ideal and not doable, but essentially they are real and achievable. However, the government needs to remove the blurs to consider these demands seriously. Optimistically, no one knows that a young PUBG may become an Iraqi astronaut one day and perhaps take a selfie with the Iraqi flag on the space.

By: Sara Ammar

REVOLUTIONS HAVE NEVER LIGHTENED THE BURDEN OF TYRANNY. THEY HAVE ONLY SHIFTED IT TO ANOTHER SHOULDER.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

MAKE THE REVOLUTION A PARENT OF SETTLEMENT, AND NOT A NURSERY OF FUTURE REVOLUTIONS.

EDMUND BURKE

ALL REVOLUTIONS ARE PRONE TO DEVOURING THEIR CHILDREN.

CATHY YOUNG

CROSSWORD

Ocean Animal Word Search

S L S E Y S S S X V Z E E C Q
M E B U Q N T H J H S N R Z R
C E E U P I S A Y A E O N J S
S S I R N O B R L I S M N R T
J D E G O Z T K J C Y E L I A
G E R M A L C C Y T B N B D R
M A L N I H P L O D X A E R F
Y V S L O B S T E R T E R T I
X U D B Y Y C F E Y W G M C S
P W F Z Y F J N L A O U U P H
U N H Q W L I B E R H B B M L
Y L J A D E F S Z Y F Y I G F
J F M G L C L M H F V Z F K M
P T W B J E N T D B Q X H A T
S W O R D F I S H U D C W Q C

ANEMONE

DOLPHIN

LOBSTER

SHARK

STINGRAY

CLAM

EEL

OCTOPUS

SQUID

SWORDFISH

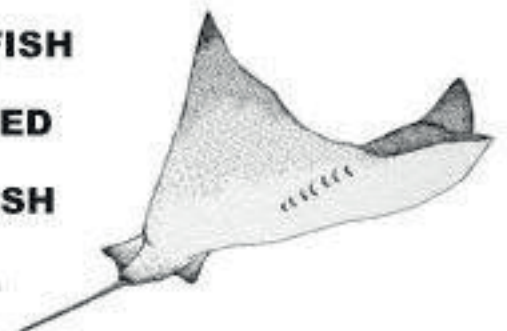
CRAB

JELLYFISH

SEAWEED

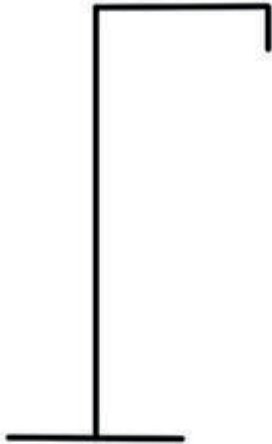
STARFISH

WHALE



Game kind for hangman

Hangman



Cross off incorrect guesses:

a	b	c	d	e	f
g	h	i	j	k	l
m	n	o	p	q	r
s	t	u	v	w	x
		y	z		

Make the blanks for your word here:

Hangman



Cross off incorrect guesses:

a	b	c	d	e	f
g	h	i	j	k	l
m	n	o	p	q	r
s	t	u	v	w	x
		y	z		

Make the blanks for your word here:



An interview with Dr Abd - Alkareem Talib

1-If you were not a professor at English Department, what would you like to be?

-If I were not a professor at the English Department, I would rather choose to be an agricultural engineer .

2-What was your motivation in the first place? Who inspires you?

-I like to work with students, I am interested in working with groups in general. I teach them things and learn different things from them.

3-What is your motto in life?

-In our field, we have something to follow. There is a proverb in English that says “the empty vehicle produces louder voice than the full one ”.

4-Do you believe that hard work can beat talent? How?

-Yes, of course, people who are usually accommodated with hard work, they are used to working hard whether it is a critical situation or not, people who don't work hard don't develop. I think it's part of the genetic structure of a person.

5-Who is your preferable writer?

-There are two types of writers, the first one is ”Jubran Khalil Jubran”. The second one I like to read for ”George Orwell”.

6- What did he add for you?

-The fact is that every piece of work, whatever kind of work you read it can add for you.

7-Do you remember any quote for Jubran Khalil Jubran?

-Of course, one of the best pieces of poetry written in

the modern age is a poem called ”Almawakib” it was sung by Fayruz,It is the only Arabic poem which was put in the building of the united nation.

8-What is the most interesting project you have worked on ?

-The most interesting project is a private project till now.

9-How do you define phonetics from your own personal point of view?

-Phonetics is a science of speech. It is not very important for the native speaker. Now I am an Arabic person and speak Arabic language very well without need for studying phonetics. But if I want to study other language, I need phonetics because it's the science that helps us to pronounce the new language correctly.

10-How do you see the current situation of education?

-Nowadays, education in Iraq passes through a very difficult period, because all facilities for education are not available and it is difficult for both (teacher and student)cause time is changed, the techniques, the methods of teaching are changed , so we can't follow the modern one because we don't have the facilities. The second point is in our society we don't have the clear idea about education and the importance of education. Most people think that education is just to find a job. Education is not like this, it means I study to develop my personality, in order to learn. So job is not the direct goal. We need to refresh our idea about education. Will you except your personality without education? Of course not, because the uneducated person will walk as if he is a blind.

11-What should a university student look like? From your own perspective.

-"the" student in the university level is a unique person. He is a young person, educated person and a free person. After all , a person without any stress or responsibilities (real responsibilities of life) he is free ,but free does not mean he can do whatever he wants. Everybody in the society looks to the student in the university level as a leader, in front, student must behave like this as a leader in order to deserve respect.

12-What is your advice for the new student in the department and the graduated one?

-For the new students in the dep I advise them to make friendships, it is a very rich period in their life, they must make use of every minute in the university life. And for the graduated one, I think they will face the real life, in this case they have to be patient, because life is not so interesting, it's boring and difficult. So be patients.

BY: Wathba Yousif

Duty

On the morning of the 24th of November, I suddenly woke to my sister's voice yelling "People are dying, people are dying!" I was shocked, wondering what was going on. I phoned my friend Majed, but he did not pick up, I called and called but never got any response. After a few minutes I phoned my other friend, Ali, and he replied with a warm and sad tone that Majed had got injured in his shoulder by a real bullet earlier this morning at 9:30 am. I ran as quickly as I possibly could to reach him and when I laid my eyes on him I saw he was covered in blood and was cradling his arm while blood was dripping off his back.

A short time passed, and his brother and I took him to a central hospital to get him treated. This was at 11:12 am. The doctors told us to stay out and they took him to the surgery room. We were so afraid of losing him, and waiting was agonizing... but after two hours Majed eventually got on his feet, we were overjoyed at seeing him again. I almost cried because he was unable to move his arm, yet thankful that he was alive.

In this story there is a lesson for us all.. Majed wasn't obliged to go to the protests at all. He has a suitable house to live in, he is able to complete his education, and he isn't in need of money. Yet, he chose to do his duty towards his nation and his people, for our future and our children. He would not stand aside and watch us be silenced; he instead decided, as a human, to put an end to this corruption once and for all, and so should we all.

*This short story is based on real events.

By: Ayad Mudhafar

The struggle for life

The real disease is not the one we feel through pain, the deterioration of our health, the destruction of our bodies, or the dispersion of our people. The real disease is the one that resides within a person by feeling disappointed, from which he cannot wake up, by feeling stuck on a long, dark and inescapable path, by making despair part of it, and his life ended within his urging. This is the real disease; when you think that your pulse line on the device will stop and that its sound will destroy those around you, almost as though the disease is a person who is killing your soul.

Many people today suffer from serious diseases, ones that may make a person loose hope in treating them... like cancer. Once you hear this word, you have an instant feeling of fear towards it. The calamities that life brings us and what fate writes us, we must see, not in the negative way, but rather in the way that makes the course of our lives continue.

Life throws a lot of difficulties and dangers at us, and the most important challenges that we are faced with are either survival or death, and the end result depends on us. The long road that you have to go along might feel endless, as if the acupuncture and medications are destroying your body, the chemical doses that no one can take, this road may hinder you and make your life worse. Just looking at yourself, looking grimly, smiling at others, a smile of sadness. The image you used to draw for yourself faded before the words were broken, your soul collapsed as if you were walking under dry trees in the dusk of winter that comes without stars. This is what makes your disease harsh for you. There is, however, the hope that you draw for your life, as if you see a light at the end of the tunnel that you are stumbling in, the encouragement you receive from your family and friends, and most importantly, the help you ask from God. You start to feel as though the poking of needles into your skin instead becomes infusions of hope that restore life to your soul and body. The dull pulse starts to beat with a renewed will to live, as hope settles in your heart and starts to bloom.

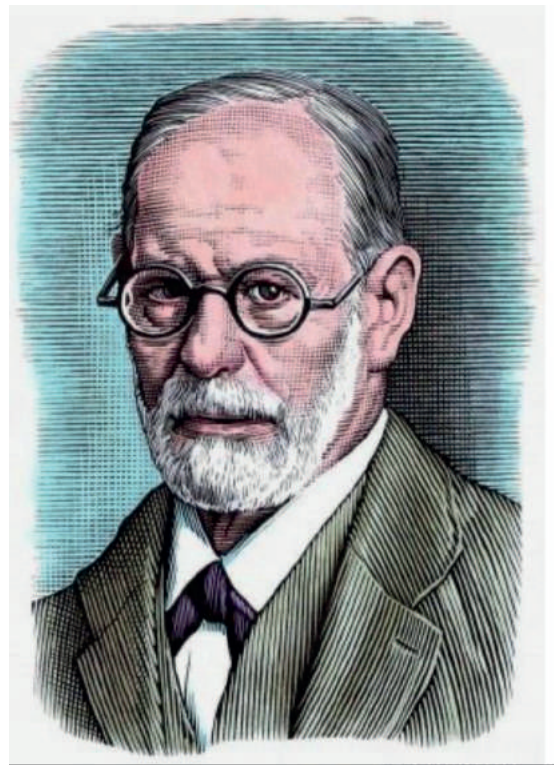
People's experiences may give hope to others. There are those who make hope for themselves, and there are others who disappear into a room without a light. A light can make the impossible possible. You wish that this had not happened to you, which is the state

of many who fall victim to fatal diseases, but this is not for them to decide. All you have to decide is what you will do in the time that has been given to you. You need to put on a brave smile and the hope that you draw for yourself is what will chase away the darkness. The darkness of the disease that shut you away in bed in a small room. Some terms may be somewhat complicated in some concepts, but the term illness may be a whole concept in itself. The miracle you achieve for yourself and for others with your recovery from this sickness may be something you built with your self-confidence. Break the stone that you placed in your heart, day after day until it becomes dust.

A person's steps may be counted against him, but sitting around and waiting for the victory that he aspires to reach is fruitless. Children who have fallen ill overcome and conquer the illness with their innocence and a smile, rather than stressing over it, which helps them to heal. Build yourself a high ladder that you climb up day after day until at last you reach the top and finally see yourself in a place where words are not enough to expressing your gratitude to God for the happiness that is inside you. Experiences may be insightful or disappointing. Make your experience a catalyst for others. The decision that you make for yourself may be your escape from drowning in a place where there is only water and sky.

Diseases are fateful concepts, but fate is in the hands of the individual himself. The confidence he builds with his absolute self comes through overcoming the disease, with the encouragement he receives from those around him who are loving, trusting and believing in God. Make the healing that you strive for come to you by never giving up. The elimination of the disease that is within us and which makes us frustrated and delusional about things that have no validity will eventually stop, and this point will be at the end of the line that destiny will write for you to heal.

By: Mariam Mohannad



Biography of a famous figure: Sigmund Freud

A renowned psychologist, physiologist, and a great thinker during the early 20th century. Freud is referred to as the father of psychoanalysis, who modeled a new approach to the understanding of the human personality. Sigmund Freud was born on the 6th of May 1856 in the Czech Republic. His family moved to Leipzig and then settled in Vienna, where he educated there. In 1873, he began to study medicine at the University of Vienna.

In 1881, Freud got a degree in medicine and then became a doctor at the Vienna General Hospital. He set up in private practice, specialized in brain disorder. He was inspired by Jean Charcot, a French neurologist. Charcot performed “hypnotism” in treating abnormal mental issues, including hysteria. Freud and his friend, Josef Breuer, lately discovered a new method in treating mental issues. The method involved motivating patients to talk about any symptoms that they have experienced freely, believing that allowing patients to disclose their symptoms without censorship would make them able to provoke that issue in an emotional and intellectual manner; a technique which was then published under the title “Studies in Hysteria”. Besides, Freud developed the theory of the human mind, and in 1897, he began to make a special analysis of himself. His best work was

“The Interpretation of Dreams”, which involved the terms of conscience, unconscious, desires and experiences.

After World War I, Freud concentrated on the application of his theories into art and literature. He read William Shakespeare’s works throughout his entire life, and it was believed that his understanding of human psychology had been derived from Shakespeare’s plays; particularly Hamlet and Macbeth. In 1923, he published “The Ego and the ID” which suggested a different structural model of the mind, divided into the “ID”, “Ego”, and “Super-ego”.

In 1923, Freud was diagnosed with cancer of jaw which later caused a severe pain in the infected area. Although he made more than 30 surgical operations, they were ineffective in his recovery; a disease which led to his passing away on the 23rd of September, 1939

By: Mariam M.Hassan

WHAT PROGRESS WE ARE MAKING. IN THE MIDDLE AGES THEY WOULD HAVE BURNED ME. NOW THEY ARE CONTENT WITH BURNING MY BOOKS.

Sigmund Freud

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO OVERLOOK THE EXTENT TO WHICH CIVILIZATION IS BUILT UPON A RENUNCIATION OF INSTINCT.

Sigmund Freud

THE FIRST HUMAN WHO HURLED AN INSULT INSTEAD OF A STONE WAS THE FOUNDER OF CIVILIZATION

Sigmund Freud

MOST PEOPLE DO NOT REALLY WANT FREEDOM, BECAUSE FREEDOM INVOLVES RESPONSIBILITY, AND MOST PEOPLE ARE FRIGHTENED OF RESPONSIBILITY.

Sigmund Freud

The Jasmine Harvest

All we reap are
shadows of the sun
that leave after the rising
of the first shining star. I learned

not to get attached to the dew,
nor to believe in the scent
of the wayward jasmine.
I learned to smile at its scent

spreading in the wafts of the air
near me—
for its whiteness is an infinite
aimless world
that reaps the harvest of love and

the temptation of purity.
The soul of its scent captivates
the heart of hearts.
It is the jasmine harvest

By: Salma Harba



Book Review..

George Orwell's Animal Farm

“And remember also that in fighting against man we must not come to resemble him. Even when you have conquered him, do not adopt his vices.”

Animal Farm is a novel about a group of animals who take control of the farm they live on. “The animals get fed up of their master, Farmer Jones, so they kick him out. Once they are free of the tyrant Jones, life on the farm is good for a while and everyone is hopeful of a better future of less work, better education and more food. However, problems arise as the pigs, Napoleon and Snowball, fight for the hearts and minds of the other animals on the farm. Napoleon forces himself as a leader and ends up exploiting the animals just as Farmer Jones had done. The novel ends with the pigs behaving and even dressing like the humans the animals tried to get rid of in the first place.

-This story is an allegory revolution without naming it or mentioning a time. All you need to know is that Animal Farm is a story about tyrants, enslavement and tyranny, equality, dignity and freedom.

The united animals win but they forget that even if all animals are equal but some animals are more equal than others”. The pig rides the wave of the revolution and leads with his wild dogs. Also , they cover their failure with propaganda. In addition they collaborate with the crow that drives them to accept their lives out of a false religious cover.

They continue to rule with all the sheep chanting in their favour. Finally they allied with the enemy human until there is no difference between the pig and man.

Orwell wrote this story in light of the events of the Russian Revolution; the writer used satire to reflect this situation. Each character in the story stands for a real person. “The farm is an allegory of Russia, the farmer Jones represented Russian Czar, the pig Old Major stands for either Karlmarx, the two who created the communist and socialist thought. The pig Snowball represents the intellectual revolutionary Leon Trotsky, while Napoleon stands for Stalin, the dogs are his secret police. Finally, the sheep represent the majority of the community.

If you look deeply into the story and compare it with our situation, the farmer Jones represents the previous political system which people revolted against, asking for reform and freedom to put an end to violence, tyranny, and assassinations which the government practiced. Regarding the Iraq situation, although people started the revolution, they should stop following pigs and believe the crow which disappears one time and shows another according to his benefits. Besides, sheep must have their own opinion. Horses who represent the hard workers must be loyal to the farm not to the pigs that control the farm. After all, Orwell is trying to give us a life lesson. Animal Farm is a smart novel, that’s all what I could think of when I finished reading it. The title is just the appropriate title: you can hardly think of another. Again, the novel is too short and written with clear language But this doesn’t belittle it’s rich meaning . Besides, although Animal Farm is an allegory it is too easy to understand it’s messages. Furthermore, the reader can feel a sense of humor during the events, that is what keeps the story far from being boring. There is some repetition and you may expect the end and some events. Or, as Iraqis, we may be too familiar with the story.

By: Ronak Jamel Abid



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