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## **Artistic and Aesthetic Features in Modern Short Stories**

### **Abstract**

*This paper delves into the artistic-aesthetic dimensions present in three contemporary narratives: "My Father's Hands" by Sardar Amin, "The Bitten apple" by Atagam, and "The Silence of the Bees" by Sharif Agh. It elucidates how these stories embody the artistic-aesthetic ideal while underscoring the intrinsic connection between aesthetic expression and the socio-political milieu. Furthermore, it posits that the author's portrayal of reality inherently reflects ethical-aesthetic intentions. Sardar Amin's narrative places the moral-aesthetic quandary at the forefront, emanating from the national-moral framework characteristic of an oriental writer. Sharif Agh elucidates rape as a manifestation of wartime aggression, categorizing it as an archetype of aesthetic repugnance. This portrayal suggests that warfare itself embodies elements akin to rape. Atagam presents a distinct artistic and aesthetic narrative, delineating contrasting worldviews within the story. The author's withdrawal from the characters, adoption of a language reflective of the story's environment, and adherence to existing aesthetics augment the narrative's allure.*

**Keywords:** *modernity, aesthetic ideal, context, aesthetic culture, social and political environment, structure, artistic and aesthetic*



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## Modern Kısa Öykülerde Sanatsal ve Estetik Özellikler

### Öz

*Bu makale, üç çağdaş anlatıda mevcut olan sanatsal-estetik boyutları incelemektedir: Sardar Amin'in "Babamın Elleri", Atagam'ın "Isırılmış Elma" ve Şerif Agh'ın "Arıların Sessizliği". Bu hikayelerin sanatsal-estetik ideali nasıl somutlaştırdığını açıklarken, estetik ifade ile sosyo-politik ortam arasındaki içsel bağlantının altını çiziyor. Dahası, yazarın gerçekliği tasvir edişinin doğası gereği etik-estetik niyetleri yansıttığını ileri sürmektedir. Sardar Amin'in anlatısı, doğulu bir yazarın karakteristik ulusal-ahlaki çerçevesinden kaynaklanan ahlaki-estetik ikilemi ön plana çıkarır. Şerif Ağ, tecavüzü savaş zamanı saldırganlığının bir tezahürü olarak açıklar ve onu estetik iğrençliğin bir arketipi olarak kategorize eder. Bu tasvir, savaşın kendisinin tecavüze benzer unsurlar içerdiğini öne sürer. Atagam, hikaye içinde zıt dünya görüşlerini betimleyerek farklı bir sanatsal ve estetik anlatı sunuyor. Yazarın karakterlerden uzaklaşması, hikâyenin geçtiği ortamı yansıtan bir dil benimsemesi ve mevcut estetiğe bağlı kalması anlatının cazibesini artırıyor.*

**Anahtar Kelimeler:** *Modernite, Estetik İdeal, Bağlam, Estetik Kültür, Sosyal Ve Politik Çevre, Yapı, Sanatsal ve Estetik*

### Introduction

Any piece of art that does not possess artistic and aesthetic originality is doomed to remain in the memory of history only as an informative fact. But what is meant by artistic and aesthetic originality? It includes aesthetic thoughts, tastes that form aesthetic culture in general, the embodiment of the aesthetic idea of the author in artistic creation, aesthetic education, aesthetic ideal and feelings, aesthetic knowledge, aesthetic experience of an individual in the context of various national cultural aspects in certain historical conditions, etc. According to Freud, "everything that separates a person from a biological being forms culture" (Mehdi and Mehdi, 2005, p. 273). Many of our modern stories go beyond our ability to explore and analyze artistic and aesthetic features. Drawing your attention to the stories of Sardar Amin 'My father's hands', Atagam's a piece of apple and Sharif Agh The silence of bees, we aim to show the originality and strength of the emotional impact of the artistic and aesthetic system.

Although we give different "colourful" definitions to literature, consequently, it is also closely related to the motive of a person's self-affirmation in society. The efforts of Sharif Agh, as well as of Atagam and Sardar Amin in this direction are commendable.

We believe that Sardar Amin's story "My Father's hands" will be a turning point in the author's work due to its natural narration, "silent" substructure, theme freshness and stickiness. Although Sardar had good works before that as well. Although Atagam, on the other hand, was modest and did not consider himself a writer (which is also one of the important factors

symbolizing his boundless trust and love for famous writers of the world), we think that he has already established himself as an accomplished writer. This study employs a comparative analysis approach to examine the artistic and aesthetic features of selected works by Sardar Amin, Atagam, and Sharif Agh. By scrutinizing themes, narrative techniques, and language use, we aim to elucidate the unique contributions of each author to the contemporary Azerbaijani literary landscape.

### 1. Results and discussions

However, Sharif Agh attracts attention from the very first moment with the paradoxical title of the story. If there is no sound, then there are no bees. It is also one of the most horrific pictures left by the war. If it were possible to replace the silence of one hundred and seventeen bee boxes with the buzzing of one hundred and seventeen bee boxes, the sounds of bees could fill the entire sky of the province. War is also about burying the sounds of bees in suspense. "War is a great state affair, it is the basis of life and death, it is the path of life and destruction. This needs to be understood" (Tszin-U, 2009. p. 151). Returning to his childhood "on" his father's hands (the story "My Father's hands"), the author's mind "unexpectedly" flashes memories of Aunt Basil, who once "peeped" their garden "behind Oak Leaves", and now "generously" donated all her mysterious female beauties to a cold stone in that land of eternal "silence". Strange, why exactly at this moment the traffic light came to our mind? Because the "storyteller" blocks "Access" to the love affair between his father and Reyhan Khanum with a red light precisely because of the extravagance arising from the mentality of an oriental; that is forbidden! This is also a sign of respect for the soul of the deceased lady! But from the places of the text with the "green" light on, the reader can also enter that "red area". This is the greatest artistic and aesthetic merit of the story, according to us! It has been said, said, We repeat over and over: it is not the right way for the author "to take into account" the tastes of the reader in the process of writing or to present everything to him in a ready-made state in the "green" tray. Mysteriousness, secrecy increases the reader's interest in the text, makes it attractive.

The author "tries" to explain through various prisms why Aunt Reyhan secretly peeps into the yard: 1. "...As her husband drank and started a fight at home," she keeps her eyes on her husband Uncle Niftullah. She wants him not to drink. 2. Because she is afraid of her husband. Only at the end of the story it turns out that both options, which were "stuck" in the childhood memories of the serf, did not quite correspond to reality. The discourse confirms the known postulate: the path to the true truth lies through misconceptions. This tactical move of the serf can be regarded in the text as a "won" time, an opportunity. It is in this way that it is

revealed how deeply the author is connected with his parents, his country, people, stone, earth, mountain, gorge. Even with the cemetery, where his ancestors slept forever (<https://kulis.az/xeber/senet/Dunyaya-cixarilmali-yazicimizi>). The cemetery love of a serf touched the reader's heart. Involuntarily, these words of our blessed prophet come to mind: "when you miss visit the cemetery frequently, there you will find "peace". We are absolutely sure that inside this mystical "peace" there are also secret keys of many mysteries. Interestingly, it is in the cemetery that the serf sees the "snow-white" path to the truth...

Isa Mughanna created the most perfect "cemetery" in Azerbaijani and world prose. In fact, the structure of the novel is also graveyard-like; as if this "Graveyard" is made up of sentence structures that are lined up like their old tombstones, but not actually lined up, stacked together, "buried" on top of each other, or falling on top of each other. Isa Mughanna also takes the characters familiar to us from previous works out of their sleeping places and collects them, as if in a cemetery, into the very "spaceship" created on the basis of a project of the past and the future. The aim is the salvation of mankind!

Sardar Amin, who in his short story assigns a "wide" place to the cemetery, also intuitively realizes, without feeling, what magical and aesthetic mysteries the "cemeteries" of his brilliant predecessor Isa Mughanna are connected with. The story also shows with a very subtle and sensitive insistence, that there is a mystery, a secret unknown to us, in the fate of beautiful women whose images are sometimes engraved on their headstones...

A common point that unites the story "The bitten apple" of Atagamand "My father's hands" of Sardar, is their attempts to materialize a "small" mosaic piece of the infinity of the female mystery, which the world has not revealed and will never reveal. The great Oriental scholar Rafael Huseynov notes that they draw parallels between the Greek poet Sappho, who was born in the late seventh and first half of the sixth centuries, and her art [Huseynov R, p.80]. Then he adds: "Plato calls Sappho the tenth beautiful muse, and Alcaeus the virgin, chaste. Over time, the Sappho Pack is framed as a spoiled Sappho. The Byzantine writer Tatiana considered her a "perverted erotomaniac." (Huseynov, 2013, p. 82). As we have already noted, the symbolic "traffic light" in the Sardar text formalizes certain restrictions and prohibitions. And in Atagam's story there is no such a "traffic light" at all. Because the events take place in an area where the traffic light may not yet "exist". The explanatory note of the author, made at the beginning of the text, is inappropriate: "a story in the style of primitivism" Sardar Amin does not far "behind" him. He also wrote a dedicated phrase at the beginning of the story: "beautiful women who grow out of a tombstone ..." Such explanatory notes were somewhere figuratively

speaking, something like how the mythical goddess of the multiverse cut off her hands and shouted at her: “Shut up! A pair of hands is enough for you!”

Every time reading Atagam that thought arises in our minds: if to chose five or six writers to introduce us in the world today (we are talking about the generation that he represents!) there may also be Atagam. But we ignore it. Why? Because it has become fashionable to deprive of their rights worthy and talented ones and grant them to those who shamelessly consider themselves "writers". In this place, it is impossible not to remember the following words of the "noble of thought" (Kamal Abdulla) Huseyn Javid: "Turana is sharper than a sword, great power, Only culture, culture, culture!" (Javid, 1984, p. 178). The new story of the highly intelligent and erudite Atagam has a very interesting language and structure. Atagam chooses the “language” appropriate to the place and time when the event takes place. Naturally, in the world of prose, we also have such literary experience, which came from modernism. Suppose that Marquez says that he based "Autumn of the Patriarch" on the language of the poetry of the Nicaraguan poet Ruben Dario. Undoubtedly, the “Unfinished manuscript” of Kemal Abdullah is based on the epic "Dada Gorgud" and the language of the era of Shah Ismail. The language of “The Bitten apple” actually dates back to more ancient times, unlike the language of both novels. As long as the language lives there with the most virgin flock, it has not been touched by the “flagellation” of epithets, allegories and metaphors. Interestingly, when we think about the language of history, the first thing that comes to mind is novel “The gorge of wizards” of Kamal Abdullah.

According to ancient Indo-Chinese philosophical teachings, enlightenment (Nirva) in a person occurs mainly when returning to childhood memories. The same is felt in Sardar as well. So it was in the language! Kemal Abdullah once goes deeply into “The Valley of the Magicians” – into the childhood of the native language. The silent, dumb age. Maybe he's coming back from those times! And my father is leaving. We are sure that they will meet each other along the way. "Language is the most objective, fair document of the past. There is no bias inherent in the chronicles. He is free from meaningless ideas about time, does not succumb to ideological deviations. Language is the most accurate source” (Suleymanov, 2007, p. 133). This is what is called "literary succession"!

Atagam showed “impatience” when he said that wrote his story in the style of primitivism. There is a good side to this; at least it gives the reader a little hint. We also mentioned the not-so-good side above. In addition to this idea, we want to say that the writer is not obliged to take on his own shoulders the mission of a critic, analyst or literary scholar. Here

it is necessary to use the brutal experience of the Colombian genius Marquez. In one of the interviews, he says that I like to watch how zealously the critics who analyze my novels are racking their brains! In my opinion, Marquez can be considered the most cruel example of the type of writer! (Marques, 2010, p. 39) yes, the writer is one of the first “golden” ten among people who have made an alliance with the devil in the universe! Don't doubt it.

At the end of the XIX and the beginning of the XX centuries, revolutionary changes with earthquake effects shook all spheres of World Art. Primitivism, as a trend, also emerged during this period, penetrating into various branches of art. However, it began to appear more prominently in painting. The great Frenchman Gauguin (1848-1903) is considered one of the greatest giants of Impressionism and primitivism. Usually, they say about him: “The king of colors and women” The genius who does not accept civilization lives in Tahiti and the Marquis Islands and until the end of his life does not come out of the charm of simplicity, naturalness, ordinariness, in a word, primitivism.

Unaware of his future fame, the famous Georgian painter Niko Pirosmani (1862-1918) is considered one of the greatest masters of primitivism. Themes taken from simple rural life make his paintings unique. The names of his paintings, like their themes, are simple and beautiful: “Begon's campaign”, “Kakheti wine”, “Celebration of five nobles”, “Giraffe”, “Cow milker”, “Woodcarver” and others.

The great Azerbaijani writer Abdurrahim Bay Hagverdiyev, a contemporary of Pirosmani, should also be considered the founder of primitivism in our prose. Because, as in painting, he brought the easiest, "simple", "primitive" events and images that did not attract much attention to literature. "Fountain", “Mutrib notebook”, “Toothache” and other stories were created in the style of primitivism.

Our contemporary prose, based on the classical foundation, is steadily developing, the “package” of existing traditions is presented to the world in a modern format thanks to such talented literary people as Atagam. Just as in “The Bitten Apple”.

Baruti, whose baby was born from Zuri on Friday, swaying from a tree branch overlooking the window of the Maternity Hospital, also finds a name for her child: ‘Afia’. A woman from the same tribe as Baruti “takes her baby in her arms and goes out to the gate of the Maternity Hospital” on Saturday so that her husband can come and take her to the tribe of Yarobara. But even though he is waiting, Baruti does not come. At this point, an unfamiliar middle-aged man by the name of Kvame approached him and, after a little conversation, without embellishment: “- I will be your husband, and you are the mother of your baby,” he

said, “they go to the tribe of Kvame - Saritara” (<https://yarpaq.az/az/ataqam-dislek-almaz-primitivizm>).

Perhaps those of us who consider themselves citizens of the civilized world can look a little strange at people who have fallen apart from urbanistic processes and megapolises, but who faithfully submit to their ancient customs and live in tribes. It turns out that tribal life is governed by very simple and primitive laws. We have also gone that way. Later, people themselves complicated their lives and sacrificed their freedom by creating various rules, taboos and prohibitions. Where there is no freedom, there is no aesthetic pleasure either. In fact, life is very simple. What is the difference between Baruti or Kvame? The main thing is that he will become the father of the baby. Then, if Baruti is “found” one day, then here again there was nothing scary. At the very least, the strong muscular Kvame can strangle him, bury him somewhere with Zuri and go on with their own lives. That means that the aesthetic ideal and its petrified principles are changed in separate spaces and times, or petrified standards are “softened”. “Each aesthetic represents the ideal of beauty of certain eras and certain races. Even because it is diverse, the ideal of beauty of eras and races must change” (Le Bon, 2006, p. 79).

The air of naturalness, independence and freedom in tribal life was also reflected in the language. Interestingly, the heroes of the story also speak a simple and “primitive” tribal language. Atagam says “goodbye” to the means of artistic description and expression that almost take the language away from its native source.

We can safely say that Atagam's Zuri can be added to the gallery of “slippery”, zigzag, paradoxical and, of course, spectacular female images. For his “reconciliation” mission, he reminds us Bogazja Fatman (“Unfinished manuscript”), who had fortyparamours. They are almost “friends”. The next female trick of Zuri, who “calmed” the fight between two men for “Ububili” (I wonder where Atagam found this word?) by handing them two apples, can be “statuated”...

The title of the story is very interesting as well: “The Bitten Apple”. The name offers us a polyhedral aesthetic perspective. But the main thing is that it symbolizes a woman – Zuri.

In the interpretation of a “civilized” person, Zuri is “nibble” of another one, that is, a bitten apple. Atagam, apparently, at this very point, unable to keep the “tribal secret”, opine himself. If Kvamen knew about this, he would certainly finish the author's work.. It is gratifying that both authors – Sardar Amin and Atagam- are always in search. The word “always” shouldn't be used in front of “search” at all. As where is search, there is also eternity, permanentness, continuity...

What artistic and aesthetic mission falls on the neck of the writer in the construction of any discourse (text), and in the story “The Silence of the Bees” Sharif Agh fulfilled it, not a gram more or less than it.

Writing is a sad activity. As in other arts, fragments, forgery, missing details, imitation are felt here. The main thing is that the writer should not do “khlestakovism“, and the main material of the discourse and the catastrophe that “splashed” out of it is to do whatever it says to him, whatever it wants - no more than “assigned” to him. In short, there should be no decorative “digressions” in the text. Sharif seemed to take all this into account and came up with an extremely correct text.

The details of the war must be as accurate and well-aimed as a shot from a sniper. Every detail that we consider “small” should be loaded with the necessary amount of metaphorical load. If you load the surplus from it, it will not “reach” the target. Even if it does, the result you are aiming for will not be achieved. From the name of the story to the further course of events, Sharif keeps everything under control, imposes as much load-meaning on the word, phrase to the sentence and even punctuation marks as they can take. Why do we insist on expressing this opinion? Because in the previous texts of Sharif, this “proportion” was sometimes violated. If we say that this is the case, the text loses, which would not be true, it was just that the author was “wasteful”. Maximum savings on each word, sentence and even structural arrivals in the text is one of the most important factors...

War is also a form of violence, and it differs sharply from violence in "peaceful" life. (Is there a peaceful life? That's why I wrote it in the shell!) In war, people are brutally "raped." Massively. The incident of rape in the story should be viewed from this perspective. In a war situation, dishonesty as an archetype "weakens", loses its power. The "transfer" of the rape incident to the text also "changes" the fate of the text - Madat kishi turns into a statue-man, his daughter Shakura, who takes an awareness her husband together with her sister lose her mind, Madat kishi's sister's husband "disappears", his closest friends turn away from him, there is no news from his raped daughter either, and the bees are "punished" with silence. This is the refugee face of war. We were amazed when the Nobel laureate Belarusian writer Svetlana Alexievna showed us the female face of war: War would also have a female face!

### **Conclusion**

In order to “breed” the text, the writer is not promised any “territory” in advance. It is not said that this is you, and this is your place, and “plant” the text up by this or that letters, words, sentences. Let's make an “elegant” comparison. Does a mother know in advance how



many centimeters her unborn baby will be tall and how much weight?! Sometimes you come across strange “nightmare”: “I am writing a novel”, “I am writing a narrative” or “I am writing a story.” How do you know that the novel you are going to write will not eventually become a narrative, or the text you intended as a narrative will not become a story? Your story is also a little pritcha! Does it do any good if you drag the text like rubber to the border of novels or narratives?! We say firmly, if we clear most of our contemporary novels of “superfluous elements”, perhaps one beautiful narrative text will remain in the middle of each novel. Why not? Sharif presents us with a masterly “purified”, cleaned text.

Let's pay attention to the details:

1. As the weather turned white, the image of a man, sitting upright exactly for seven days with his knees hugging, began to stand out from the background of the grayish soil.

2. The serf cannot come closer. What will do if he comes?!

3. The terrible scream of Shakura “spreads” into the whole text.

4. The serf knows both of them; his fellow villager Madat kishi and his daughter Shakura.

5. Memory works “backwards”: it comes to the place where the eastern “despotism” sprouted - to the teahouse. Here, blowing the tea, society always chooses the tactics of “warm” attacks. This time is no exception. The executive representative and the police “talk” to Madat kishi to make fun on him. It is discerned how bloodless both of them are, and suddenly their shadows melt away. The “cruel” image of both people, scratched with stingy strokes, migrates into our memory.

6. The serf again directs the flashlight on Madat kishi's face. It turns out that he had a garden, a barrow, plus 117 bee boxes in Chaygovushan.

7. Next come accurate descriptions of bee life. Also, incendiary posters showing how close and native Madat kishi was to the serf family.

8. Madat kishi himself lives the life of a bee; workaholic, pure, spotless...

9. Then that ominous event happened – the story of a sister-in-law who became pregnant with her sister's husband.

10. Later accidents are known. An archetype that has sprouted roots for millennia – a wild dragon that has fallen asleep-wakes up. Everyone stays away from Madat kishi. There is only one child left in the middle. Suffering child. Earlier we said: Sharif is never able to “become cruel” either in life or in prose. Kindness runs through his prose like a red line.

That Child in Sharif's prose never grows up. He even has no name. Despite its namelessness, we write it with a capital letter. What he sees in the refugee face of war does not leave him to grow. This Child is always with Sharif. It is the same Child who pulled out his grandfather's eye and made him "blind" in the story "The image". This Child knows himself guilty in everything. The crime syndrome follows him like his shadow. He is also tormented because of the adult's mistakes...

There are those who perceive literature as a factory exporting conceptual ideas. As if literature should spray into the air "actual" topics and ideas instead of smoke day and night long. However, his Majesty fact says quite another thing: literature is the kingdom of artistic and aesthetic feelings. Only true artist may suddenly catch and "holds", and immediately "releases" those feelings that often change their place... He release them to penetrate directly into the heart of the reader and influence him, to give him a "new" mood, to be able to move his soul. The story mentioned above is masterfully able to do this...

Sharif is eager to look for and reveal the painful "qualitative" changes in human psychology, traumatic traces, deep socio-psychological reasons for the alienation of people from each other under the symbolic refugee tent that can cover a whole village and settlement against the background of the war-the cataclysms "destroyed" by this planetary demon into the universe. And he does it very mercifully!

When literature is "stuck" in societal problems, it gradually "fades away". And in the planetary sphere, it "accumulates" energy. If we consider the fact that today our world has turned into a refugee town, the pains of Sharif, in general, of thousands and millions of people, will be described frame by frame. The author presents us with only one perfect shot, processed with high aesthetic taste and craftsmanship, "edited" with the utmost precision.

Since stories "My father's hands" of Sardar Amin, "The Bitten Apple" of Atagam and "The silence of the bees" of Sharif Agh were written in a postmodern mood, in these texts we see that the classical sense of aesthetic culture is gradually weakening, and the neomodern artistic-aesthetic idea is coming to the fore. Inevitably, we have to agree with the following opinion of the literary critic-scientist Tayyar Salamoglu: "aesthetic thinking has always been ahead of the development of public consciousness" (Salamoglu, 2014, p. 24).

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