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ASPECTS OF THE LITERATURES OF THE TURKISH WAR OF
INDEPENDENCE AND THE GREEK ASIA MINOR DISASTER

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ABSTRACT

The thesis examines literary works in Greek and Turkish inspired by the war of 1919-1922 and the subsequent exchange of populations, the most critical years in the recent life of both nations. It focuses on the early period, particularly the works of Yakup Kadri Karaosmanođlu and Halide Edip Adivar in Turkey and Elias Venezis in Greece. It seeks to show the way themes were selected and then used or adapted to reflect more contemporary concerns. For this purpose successive variants of the same work are examined. Attention is drawn to the importance given in both literatures to victimhood which explains their quite divergent emphasis on different events which has resulted in the readership in each nation being largely blind to the view held by the other.

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To my Greek and Turkish families

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Zerrin

Dimitris Christos and Koula

Zeynep and Salih Zeki

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The literatures of the War of Independence and of the Asia Minor Disaster are closely related to the shaping of the respective national narratives about the foundation of the independent national and “homogeneous” states of Turkey and Greece. The end of the 1919-1922 war also ended the process of dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire as well as the process of the formation of the independent Greek state. The latter had started with the Greek revolution in 1821 while the former nearly sixty years later with the Berlin Congress in 1878. The outcome of the war, victorious for the Turks and disastrous for the Greeks, consolidated the borders of two independent states. Turkey retained Anatolia but did not regain any of the Ottoman provinces of whose recovery some had dreamed, while Greece achieved the sway of a Greek state over the populations of Asia Minor not by extending its borders across the Aegean but by their removal to “old Greece” through the exchange of populations. The demographic changes in both states were dramatic. They were felt more in Greece as she had to accommodate a proportionately larger number of refugees within a smaller area. The arrival of the refugees in Greece and its impact has been and is still studied and discussed extensively. In Turkey interest in the study of the refugees has been more recent.

The literature which in one way or another has been inspired by these events in Greek and Turkish since they occurred nearly a century ago is enormous in bulk. It is far beyond the capacity of a single work to survey it all. This brief introduction will

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attempt a very general survey and then describe the principles underlying the selection of the works chosen for study.

There is a recognisable canon of works and existing scholarship divides it into chronological periods.¹ The first such period starts with the war itself and extends into the 1930s.

Works of literature written at the time of the war and the next decade and drawing their subject matter from the war and its impact on all aspects of life in the newly emerging Republic of Turkey are generally classed under the heading of Millî Edebiyat (National literature)² or are commonly referred to specifically as Kurtuluş Edebiyatı³ in the most histories of Turkish literature⁴. This literary movement had appeared much earlier and took its definite shape and character with the constitutional changes of 1908. It is an offspring of the more general Turkish nationalism which eventually prevailed over various other “isms” (eg. Westernism, Islamism, Ottomanism, Turanism) which had made their appearance in the mid nineteenth century as possible paths to the future⁵.

Kurtuluş Edebiyatı, as generally conceived, does not include every relevant writer. In Turkey authors of different ideological inclinations wrote prose and poetry with a

¹ Turkish prose literature has been surveyed by Balabanlılar and Greek prose literature by Doulis and more briefly by Mackridge. A very brief bibliographical survey to 1972 which includes poetry is by Liatsos.

² Kudret II, 11-15

³ Şapolyo, 5. Şapolyo coined the term Kurtuluş Edebiyatı. The literary meaning of *kurtuluş* is salvation, liberation or emancipation. He first published the book as *Kurtuluş Edebiyatı Tarihi* (History of the Liberation Literature) in 1965. The subsequent and more comprehensive edition of 1967 appeared as *İstiklâl Savaş Edebiyatı Tarihi* (History of the Literature of the War of Independence).

⁴ Kurdakul I, 129

⁵ Ertaylan 1926, Introduction. Also for an up-to-date analysis see Koroğlu 2007, 25-45

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strongly patriotic character from the Balkan Wars to the War of Independence⁶. For example, on 21 August 1920 and days only after the signature of the Treaty of Sèvres (10 August 1920) and at a time when the resistance had been already formed in Anatolia Nazım Hikmet responded with the publication of a poem which stigmatised the injustice done to the glorious empire and ended with a clear call for retribution⁷. Nazım Hikmet is nonetheless not listed among the Millî Edebiyatçılar because of his subsequent political choices which took him to Communism⁸. Nor is Mehmet Akif Ersoy, whose İstiklâl Marşı⁹ written in 1921 was later chosen to become the National Anthem of the Republic in this case because of his strong support for Islamism.

Apart from a certain acceptability in political outlook (which did not exclude political opposition in the case of Halide Edip and to an extent in the case of Yakup Kadri) the authors categorised as Kurtuluş Edebiyatçılar were on the whole already established writers, who had successfully been engaged in many different literary genres and had already contributed to the formation of Modern Turkish literature¹⁰. With few exceptions, most of the Kurtuluş authors were born and bred in Istanbul. Recognition of their position in the canon goes back to contemporary histories of Turkish literature. The most prominent works in the list of the Kurtuluş Edebiyatı of that period are the works of Halide Edip Adivar (b. Istanbul 1884-1964), Reşat Nuri

⁶ Koroğlu 2007, 46-

⁷ Hikmet 2008, 1935. *Kırk Haramilerin Esiri* (Captive of Forty Thieves), explicitly addressed to the youth.

⁸ Kurdakul III, 72, 75-78: Nazım Hikmet's *Kırk Haramilerin Esiri* is included as well as extracts from *Kuvâyi Milliye* which was composed while the poet was in jail between 1938 and 1941

⁹ Kurdakul I, 172

¹⁰ For example see Ertaylan, Sevük, Ünaydın

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Güntekin (b. Istanbul 1889-d. London 1956) and Yakup Kadri Karaosmanoğlu (b. Cairo 1889-d. Istanbul 1974).

All three were prolific writers with very distinct literary characters. As Kurtuluş Edebiyatçıları, though, they all made similar thematic and linguistic choices which consolidated the passage of the novel to Modern Turkish Literature as the prevailing literary genre. In the case of Halide Edip and Yakup Kadri there was also shared personal experience. In terms of language the Kurtuluş Edebiyatçıları were consistent in the use of a simpler language that was closer to the vernacular. In terms of subject matter apart from the war Anatolia became the area which is projected not only as the place of action for the plot but also as the core of the Motherland with Ankara as its heart. Thus, there is a steady shift from Istanbul to the provinces in Turkish Literature. Istanbul representing the past, the occupation, the humiliation and the collaborating government is also a point of contrast in almost all the works. It is the occupation of Istanbul and the humiliation of the Turkish nation which followed that produced the main justification of this war. Furthermore, female characters as opposed to male ones become the principal characters of the novels of that period. A new role for women outside the traditional boundaries of the house is promoted as is the value of secular education (a number of heroines are teachers); children, consequently, also assume a significant role in the narratives. The negative role of religion as practiced by the common ignorant folk is also consistently stressed. Other social realities such as army desertion, a big problem of the Ottoman army, in contrast with the organised and high spirited army of the Nationalist cause are also represented in the writings of this period. The people of Anatolia, the peasants, are

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described with a particular emphasis on their backwardness but also emphasised is that this is due to the indifference of central government to their plight. There are also references to the refugees from the Balkan Wars and earlier conflicts, the *muhacir*, but much fewer than one might expect given the numbers which had been pouring in Istanbul and Anatolia since the last Russo-Turkish war in 1877.

In the case of many nations particularly in the Balkans folk poetry and stories have attracted the attention of nationalists and constructors of national literatures. By contrast in Turkey such material, which was a little later quarried extensively for the purposes of the language reform with a view to providing a linguistically pure vocabulary for a Turkish nation in deliberate opposition to the Ottoman past, does not seem to make an important contribution to the creation of the Kurtuluş Edebiyatı possibly because of its lack of thematic relevance (no heroic battles against the Greeks). For the Kurtuluş Edebiyatı the national narrative was primarily based on the contemporary oppression of the Turkish people evidenced by the occupation of Istanbul, the landing of the Greeks in Izmir, the ensuing unfolding of events. These sufferings justify the resistance which in victory redeems the nation. Another possible consideration is that folk poetry would sit uneasily with a westernising and modernising ideology.

The literary genres used were mostly novels and short stories, but also poetry in some case labelled *destan* (epic), plays, essays, speeches, journalistic articles. Memoirs written at this first period saw the light of publication more recently and require research.

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The Greek case is different in almost every way. Just as the events are known as the Asia Minor Disaster, Asia Minor, in Greek “Mikra Asia” with the ancient or katharevousa form of the adjective, being the originally learned but then customary Greek name for Anatolia (Anadolu in Turkish)¹¹, so the focus of the relevant literary works is the fate of the refugees before, during and after the war. Also, unlike the Turkish case, this literature was not produced by well established writers. Instead the authors, who wrote during the first decade after the war and described the war, the disaster which befell the Greek army, the sufferings of the Christian population and the final uprooting from their homeland, were in their majority from the main urban centres of Asia Minor, notably Izmir and Ayvali, present day Ayvalık and the offshore island of Mytilini. A significant feature which all these writers share though is that they are writing from first hand experience and were themselves the immediate victims of the war they described, unlike the Kurtuluş Edebiyatçıları. The most prominent names who wrote on the Asia Minor Disaster in the first period are Stratis Doukas (b. Moschonisi, Ayvali 1895 - d. Athens 1983), Elias Venezis (b. Ayvali 1904 - d. Athens 1973) and Photis Kontoglou (b. Ayvali 1895 – d. Athens 1965) and Stratis Myrivilis (pen name of Efstathios Stamatopoulos, b. Sykamia, Mytilini 1892 - d. Athens 1969)¹². Their impact in Greek literature varies. Myrivilis apart, the other three were not established authors in their native country but, having arrived in Greece in 1923, their literary careers developed in different ways. Elias Venezis not only became a prominent figure in Greek literature but has been

¹¹ Balta, 52. Note, however, that ‘Anatoli’, the usual word for the East is used by Venezis, for one, to refer to Anatolia.

¹² Beaton, 131-142

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characterised as “national” author as well¹³. Stratis Doukas’s work apart from his first story *Η ιστορία ενός αιχμαλώτου* (The Story of a Captive) in 1929 left no impact at all and Photis Kontoglou, although a fairly prolific writer, came to be much better known as an artist, chiefly of icons and church decoration in a distinctive neo-Byzantine manner. Unlike the Turkish case this “Asia Minor literature” is not generally regarded as constituting a distinct school; Myrivilis and Venezis, who achieved the most substantial literary reputations, started as members of the “Aeolian School” of Mytilini¹⁴ are thought of rather as belonging with numerous others who did not engage with Asia Minor themes to the so-called “generation of the thirties”, which in prose consolidated the use of a neutral demotic close in form to urban speech and tended to works of novel rather than novella, the prevalent form of prose literature at the time; while in both poetry and prose it was this generation of writers which imported modernism to Greece.

The works in the first period of Asia Minor literature in Greek concentrate on the sufferings of the Christians during the war and as refugees immediately after. After *Το Νούμερο 31328* (Number 31328, 1931) which describes his months in the labour battalions Venezis wrote *Γαλήνη* (Serenity, 1939) whose subject is the life of refugees in a then remote region of Attica. With his third, most popular and most translated of his Asia Minor novels, *Αιολική Γη* (Aeolian Earth 1943) Venezis points the way to the second period of the Asia Minor literature whose predominant subject is life in Anatolia before the war. The best known works of this period are

¹³ Tsiropoulos, 44-45

¹⁴ Beaton, 134, Pentzopoulos, 216-219

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Ματωμένα Χώματα (Bloodied Earth, 1962) by Dido Sotiriou (b. Aydın 1909 - d. Athens 2004), *Στον Χατζηφράγκου* (In the Hatzifrangou Quarter, 1963) by Kosmas Politis (pen name of Paraskevas Taveloudis, b. Athens but his parents were from Ayvali and Mytilini 1888 - d. Athens 1974) and *Λοξάνδρα* (Loxandra, 1963) by Maria Iordanidou (b. Constantinople 1897- d. Athens 1989). All these works appeared in 1962-3, forty years after the war and the exchange of populations. The tone of the narrative is different from the works of the first period. Apart from the theme of the war the authors, apparently overcome by a nostalgia for the lost homeland, describe an ideal imaginary place in which Greeks and Turks had an existence of harmonious symbiosis. The melancholy of this nostalgia is enhanced by the contrast with the future, the uprooting of the refugees and the difficulties of their establishment in Greece. There is an undoubted connexion with the political outlook of the authors. Both Sotiriou and Politis belonged to the left and were on the losing side of the 1946-9 civil war. In Sotiriou's book, in particular, there is an explicit strain of "internationalism" which includes folksy references to the word of Lenin somehow reaching rural Anatolia and calling on the toilers to stop fighting the wars of their oppressors¹⁵.

In this phase there is a certain convergence with works that appeared in Turkish by authors who were not from Istanbul only, for example *Çirkince* by Sabahattin Ali (b. Eğridere, Gümülçine, present day Komotini 1905 - d. Kırklareli 1948) which appeared in 1947¹⁶ or *Fırat Suyu Kan Akıyor Bakasana/Bir Ada Hikâyesi* (Look

¹⁵ Mackridge 2004, 236-246

¹⁶ Millas 2001, 217

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There, *The Euphrates Runs with Blood, The Story of an Island*) by Yaşar Kemal (b.1923 Hemite, present day Gökçedam village of Osmaniye - d. Istanbul 2015) which appeared in 1997. The narration unfolds round the theme of the Greek speaking Rum who were first to leave, even though the places and events are fictional. The emphasis is on the peaceful coexistence of the two peoples. The scope for comparison with Sotiriou and Politis on the other side of the Aegean is obvious.

There is no very clear dividing line in theme between the second and third phases. What really distinguishes the third phase which begins in the 1970s (in Greece after the fall of the military dictatorship) is the abundance of publication and the effect of time as the great healer. The authors of this phase were no longer direct witnesses or victims and, while much of what was published is fairly light stuff in actual or fictional memory mode like the novel *Η Γιαγιά μου η Ρούσσα* (*My Grandmother Roussa*, 1995) by Michalis Papaconstantinou (b. Kozani 1919 – d. Athens 2010) or the refugee trilogy – *Αναζήτηση* (*Quest*, 1998), *Ανατροπή* (*Overthrow*, 2000) *Αναλαμπή* (*Glimmer*, 2003) of Nikos Themelis (b. Athens 1947 – d. Athens 2011), it now became possible for subjects which were previously taboo such as the atrocities committed by the Greek Army to appear in fiction, first in Thanasis Valtinos's (b. Kynouria, 1932) *Συναξάρι Ανδρέα Κορδοπάτη Βιβλίο Δεύτερο* (*The Life of Andreas Kordopatis Second Book*, 2000). Developments in Turkish appear similar with a plethora of publications.

It was observed above that the acknowledged canon in Turkish excludes certain writers who might be thought relevant. Similarly in the Greek case not every writer

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with an Asia Minor connexion is thought of as part of Asia Minor literature. In some cases this is for obvious reasons. There is a number of major authors in Greek literature whose origins are in Asia Minor or Constantinople (Istanbul) but who do not draw much of their work directly and explicitly from the war and its aftermath. But in other cases the reasons would repay research. The most striking example is the case of the poet and Nobel Laureate, George Seferis, who was born in Smyrna. While there is no overt reference to Asia Minor in his poems, he wrote (in a letter to Timos Malanos of 13 May 1944)¹⁷ that the event which influenced him more than any other was the Asia Minor disaster and the pages of his diary which describe his visit in 1950 to his childhood haunts in Izmir and Skala express an extraordinary intensity of feeling without being remotely sentimental¹⁸. Two other major poets, Kostis Palamas (b. Patras 1859 – d. Athens 1943) and Constantine Cavafy (b. Alexandria 1863 – d. Alexandria 1933) responded to the Asia Minor directly: for example: *To Τραγούδι των Προσφύγων* (The Song of the Refugees, 3 November 1922) in the case of the former¹⁹ and *Υπέρ της Αχαικής Συμπολιτείας Πολεμήσαντες* (Those who Fought for the Achaean League) published in February 1922 in the case of the latter²⁰. The relevance of this allusive poem to contemporary events is expounded by Seferis in his essay comparing Cavafy with T. S. Eliot²¹ and vigorously defended by him against the doubts of Malanos in a letter of 9th May 1948²².

¹⁷ Seferis 1990, 238

¹⁸ Seferis 1977, 196-203

¹⁹ Liatsos, 19-22

²⁰ Cavafy, 31

²¹ Seferis 1981, 328-335

²² Seferis 1990, 294-297

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Measured merely by pages most of the Greek literary works inspired by the Asia Minor disaster are novels, short stories and personal memoirs; plays and poetry figure to a lesser extent. It seems also that the disaster generated relatively little folk poetry by contrast, for example with the drawing of the new border between Greece and Turkey in 1881, which certainly left its impact on the folk poetry of Epirus and more specifically of the parts which had remained Turkish²³. Why this is so remains a subject for further research.

The use of first person narration in both literatures and expressly autobiographical work in the Greek case suggest investigation of the links with oral history projects in both countries. After like work during the war itself, which was frankly produced for the purposes of atrocity propaganda, the paths taken in the two countries diverged from each other.

At a first stage and while the war was taking place memoirs of the victims, both Christian and Muslim, appeared in the respective countries but via the skilful pens of the Kurtuluş Edebiyatçıları in the case of Turkey and correspondingly of the less skilful pens of the Greek journalists in Asia Minor.

The Turkish writers of the early period were all witnesses of the events. The most prominent among them, Halide Edip (Adivar) and Yakup Kadri Karaosmanoğlu, were young but recognised literary figures at the time of the war. They were ardent supporters of the emerging resistance movement in Anatolia, and there is a clear

²³ Two examples in Lambros, 58, 63

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continuum between their journalism and activism for the national cause²⁴ and the novels they published during and after the war.

Prominent examples include Halide Edip's *Ateşten Gömlek* (Shirt of Flame) of 1922 and *Vurun Kahpeye* (Strike the Whore) which appeared first in serialized form in 1924 and then as a book in 1926, and Yakup Kadri's *Yaban* of 1932. This activism included the investigation and publication of Greek atrocities which they undertook together with Yusuf Akçura (b. Simbirsk 1876 - d. İstanbul 1935) on the instructions of İsmet Pasha after the Sakarya victory. About a year later, in 1922, there appeared a book entitled *İzmir'den Bursa'ya Hikâyeler Mektuplar ve Yunan Ordusunun Mesul'iyetine dair bir Tedkik* (From Izmir to Bursa: Stories, Letters and Investigations Pertaining to the Greek Army's Responsibility) which is a collection of stories of the victims of war retold by Halide Edip, Yakup Kadri, Mehmet Asım (b. Gördes 1884 – d. İstanbul 1967) and Falih Rıfkı (b. İstanbul 1894 – d. İstanbul 1971). The purpose of the book is made clear in the introduction, which in contrast to each story is not attributed to any one of the authors and should accordingly be regarded as a collective statement.

In this book the authors wished to bring together their personal impressions from their journey through the scorched earth between İzmir and Bursa among the hundreds of thousands of oppressed Turks who were subjected to all sorts of crimes committed by the Greeks. The purpose of this book's publication is not to convert those against us to our side, neither is it to reignite the wrath and hatred in the hearts of the nation. It is to enlighten us about the oppression we the Turks ourselves were subjected to and of which we are more ignorant than anybody else²⁵.

²⁴Adıvar 1928, 307-310

²⁵ Adıvar 1922, 3-4

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The book was reissued in the Latin alphabet in the early 1970s²⁶ with a preface by İnci Enginün. She quotes Fevzi Lütfi who explicitly emphasises the birth of a nationalist literature in a literature of suffering:

There was up to now a nationalistic yearning in Turkish Literature but nobody could perceive what this was. Essentially this could not be found either by chance or with logic. The book ‘From Bursa to İzmir’ is the herald²⁷ of this yearning. The authors found it in the ruined roads of the Motherland and inside its anguish and they put it to use.

Interestingly despite the casting of the Anatolian peasant as victim there appears to be no systematic attempt of a kind familiar from later practice in Greece to record experiences of the victims of the war in their own words²⁸. Instead we read words from the skilful pens of the Kurtuluş authors describing their own observations²⁹.

In a similar manner but a year before and recorded by a journalist and not a literary figure, K.Faltaitis, reporting on behalf of the newspaper *Εμπρός* (Forward), they appeared in a book under the title *These are the Turks. The Narrative of the Massacres of Nicomedia* in 1921. Faltaitis writes down and retells the stories he heard by those who witnessed and survived the massacres. This work seems to be a response to the report of May 1921 by the Interallied Commission criticising the Greeks for similar actions against the Turks. In contrast to the Turkish case there was

²⁶ The book bears no date; bibliographical entries indicate its publication after Falih Rıfki’s death in 1971 and before Yakup Kadri’s death in 1974.

²⁷ Adivar nd, 7

²⁸ The best known oral history enterprise in Greece is by Melpo Merlier’s Centre for Asia Minor Studies which began collecting refugee stories in the 1930 and is discussed in the following pages.

²⁹ One of the stories, “Teslim Teslim” (Surrender Surrender) by Yakup Kadri has the peasant victim tell his story in response to questioning.

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no continuity between journalism of this sort and the later literature of the Asia Minor Disaster.

As far as I can tell neither of these two works saw a great number of reprints, if any at all. It is notable that Yakup Kadri “retells” the stories in his distinct subtle style. The burning of his native town of Manisa in ‘Küçük Nero’ (Little Nero)³⁰ is retold with no hint on his family’s suffering at the event. Also, he chooses to describe the victimisation of a child in a plain, simple language which he puts in the mouth of an old villager who purportedly witnessed the event ‘Teslim! Teslim!’ (Surrender! Surrender!)³¹.

On the Greek side, systematic recording of testimonies given by the Christian victims of the war who were exchanged started in 1930, six to eight years after the settling of the refugees in Greece, with the initiative of the Melpo Logotheti-Merlier. This lady of upper class Asia Minor origins who was the wife of Octave Merlier, the long serving Director of the Institut Français d’Athènes, was responsible for the foundation not only of the Institute of Asia Minor Studies but also of the Folk Music Archive. Both these enterprises have their intellectual antecedents in the recording of folk songs and stories which romantic nationalism had encouraged in Greece since the early nineteenth century and for which there was no comparable tradition in Turkey.

³⁰ Adıvar nd, 33-38

³¹ Adıvar nd, 45-50

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The bulk of the testimonies which were recorded is impressively large and certainly counterbalances and perhaps excuses the comparative belatedness of their appearance in book form³². Only a selection of the testimonies has been published in five volumes the first in 1980, the second in 1982, the third in 2013, the fourth in 2015 and the fifth in 2016 under the title *Η Εξόδοσ* (The Exodus). The first volume contains testimonies by refugees from various areas in Western Asia Minor, areas which were resettled in the middle of 19th century by Greeks from the islands opposite it, the Ionian islands, the Peloponnese and the Greek mainland. This volume starts with a foreword by G. Tenekides and an introduction by the compiler and editor Photis Apostolopoulos.

The selection of the texts for publication was started in 1957 by the Constantinopolitan intellectual Xenophon Leukoparides. Elias Venezis together with Thaleia Voilas took over in 1965 but Venezis could not find a satisfactory principle for making the selection and compilation of the texts. After his death Photis Apostolopoulos took over in 1976³³.

The second volume contains testimonies from Cappadocia where the orthodox Christians were small in numbers but of great historical importance as they were the direct descendants³⁴ of the Christian communities established during the Byzantine presence in the Anatolian provinces. In this volume the selection of texts by the editor, Yiannis Mourellos, overlaps with the one begun by Venezis and Voilas. Out

³² Tenekidis, κη', footnote 2: at least 5,100 informants, 145,000 pages of recorded information related to 1,356 Christian settlements in Asia Minor. For a discussion of the selection of excerpts and methodology of *The Exodus*, see Kitromilides 1982, κγ'- μ' and Balta 2003, 47-55

³³ Tenekidis, ιθ', λ'

³⁴ Kitromilides, κε', γς

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of respect, it must be presumed, for Venezis in particular their choices are identified at the end of the volume. The volume was published under the supervision of Paschalis Kitromilides whose scholarly approach to the historical context in which the testimonies are placed is admirably thorough and objective.

The testimonies of this volume are published in their original form with explanatory notes where necessary.

The last three volumes contain testimonies from the Black Sea region with an introduction by and under the academic supervision of Paschalis Kitromilides.

It was much later that Leyla Neyzi stressed the value of the “oral history narrative” and in 2001 and 2003 recorded the testimony of a native Smyrniote, Gülfem Kaatçılar Iren, born in 1915, of the burning of Smyrna and of Manisa³⁵.

Subsequently the Lozan Mübadilleri Vakfı (The Lausanne Refugee Foundation) was officially registered in 2001 with the aim not only to record accounts of the Muslim exchangees but also to bring them in touch with their Christian counterparts in Greece³⁶.

Autobiographical works and memoirs had already enjoyed popularity in Greece and were used as part of the national narrative, with Makrygiannis’s *Απομνημονεύματα* (Memoirs) published in 1907 being the most obvious example. There are many more

³⁵ Neyazi 2008, 106-127 in which the Karaosmanoğlu family is noted among the victims,

³⁶ Extracts from *The Exodus* have been translated into Turkish by Ozdemir (2001) and Umar (2002).

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publications of similar character which never reached the wider public but they reveal significant information about the local history, as in *Η Ιστορία του Παππού 1822* (Grandfather's Story 1822) relating to the Massacre of Chios in 1822³⁷. In Turkey this literary genre had not enjoyed great popularity as part of the national narrative until the War of Independence. It certainly existed though. Coincidentally, when the Massacre of Chios occurred a hundred years before the end of this War of Independence, the then governor of the island Vahit Pasha wrote down his personal recollection of the event. His work was written shortly after the event in 1824. Its unpublished manuscripts were entrusted by Vahit Pasha's family to its translator who published them in Greek in 1861 on the island of Syros³⁸.

The importance of memoirs, memory and recollections has been recognised and is recently extensively studied both by historians and social anthropologists. In the case of the literature we are studying it was certainly of core importance³⁹.

From this enormous field I have chosen to study obviously formative works with three principal characteristics: that they were works of fiction, they were composed relatively early on and that they exercised influence on later writers and the public imagination by remaining available. Somewhat surprisingly in the Greek case this narrows down the field enormously. This is mainly because the Greek public's

³⁷ Kalvokoresis 1822. The memoirs were written in 1902 when the narrator and witness of the massacre was 87-88 years old. It was firstly published in Chios in 1914 by his grandson.

³⁸ Mitsis, 9: The book was initially published under the following title: *Απομνημονεύματα πολιτικά του Βαχίτ Πασά, πρέσβευος εν Παρισίοις τω 1802, Ρεϊζ Εφέντη τω 1808 και τοποτηρητού της Χίου τω 1822. Εξ ανεκδότου Τουρκικού ιδιοχειρογράφου ελευθέρως μεταφρασθέντα και σημειώσεσι συνοδευθέντα υπό Δ.Ε.Δ.* Εν Ερμούπολει Σύρου, τύποις Γ.Μελισταγούς Μακεδόνας 1861 (Political Memoirs of Vahit Pasha, Ambassador in Paris in 1802, Reis Efendi in 1808 and Acting Governor of Chios in 1822. From an Unpublished Turkish Autograph Freely Translated and Accompanied by notes by D.E.D. Ermoupolis, Syros, G. Melistagis). A demotic version was reissued in Chios in 2007.

³⁹ Niyazi 2003 and 2008, and Hirschon 1998 and 2004.

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appetite for the Asia Minor story is fed largely by reproductions of oral history and to the extent that it consumes fiction mostly composed after the Second World War. Even in respect of earlier periods the reader of Doulis will discover a large number of famous names in his pages, for example Kazantzakis, Prevelakis, Seferis, Theotokas, Varnalis as well as the obvious Myrivilis and Venezis. This is because he brings the story more or less to the date of publication (1977) but also because he reasonably regards the Asia Minor Disaster as an event of such importance as to influence the general outlook of almost every Greek writer who wrote after it. On the other hand, he carefully documents some early works such as those by Kostas Zoumboulidis and Socrates Prokopiou⁴⁰ which he regards as of negligible literary interest but which more importantly for the purposes of the present study have completely disappeared from view. A similar fate was suffered by a more interesting work, *Από την Αιχμαλωσία κατά το Ημερολόγιο του Αιχμαλώτου Αεροπόρου Β.Κ.* (From Captivity: According to the Diary of the Captured Airman V.K.), which was published in 1923, reprinted in 1924 and then completely forgotten until a reprint in 2006. Doulis, who treated it as a real memoir, was not aware⁴¹ that it is in fact a work of fiction by an established writer who hid his identity and may or may not have reproduced some lived experience of a third party. Its formal analogy to the better known works by Venezis and Doukas will bring it a mention in Chapter 9. I believe that it is more illuminating to examine closely an absolutely canonical work such as *Number 31328* which has had an enormous influence on public perception of

⁴⁰ Doulis, 199-201

⁴¹ Doulis, 49-54

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the aftermath of the war than to catalogue a handful of works which have remained largely unread.

On similar principles I have chosen on the Turkish side to focus on some canonical and much read works particularly by Halide Edip Adivar and Yakup Kadri Karaosmanoğlu.

The research has therefore focused on an analysis of canonical works with a view to identifying the image each seeks to present.

I did not expect to find a single “image” in each of the two literatures. For one thing new works continued to be produced in each language and more interestingly the very early works were reedited with known linguistic and substantive alterations. It was therefore necessary to examine successive editions and, where possible, manuscript material to establish authorial variants. The purpose would be to see whether change in the image of the events of 1919-24 has been affected by subsequent history and if so in what respects. With regard to manuscript material Venezis’s personal archive is deposited in the Gennadius Library in Athens. This contains very little from his early period and no manuscripts of his novels; the Myrivilis archive, also in the Gennadius Library, does include copies of the Mytilini newspaper *Καμπάνα* (Bell), edited by Myrivilis himself, in which both his own *Ζωή εν Τάφω* (Life in the Tomb) and Venezis’s *Το Νούμερο 31328* (The Number 31328) were first serialised. Yakup Kadri’s very extensive archive has been deposited at

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Bilgi University in Istanbul where I have located manuscripts both of approximately the last third of *Yaban* and of the last pages of his *Ateşten Gömlek*⁴².

Connected with the questions surrounding the formation and evolution of the canon are questions connected with its reception. I have considered critical writing on the relevant works between their publication and the present day to establish how they were read from time to time and also to consider the extent to which these readings are valid and complete. Two examples: critical comment on Venezis in Greek has made much of his supposed Christian piety; yet the most scornful writing in *Number 31328* is reserved for the priesthood. Karaosmanoglu's *Yaban*, meanwhile, was initially criticised for its allegedly disdainful view of the Anatolian peasant and has at all times been described as depicting the vast gulf between him and the educated visitor from Istanbul. In general critics have read the novel as a "realistic" depiction of village life and have overlooked in this regard the relevance of the nearly deranged narrator. Furthermore, while the temporal connexion between the publication of the novel and Yakup Kadri's activity in the Kadro movement has been noted, the possibility that the novel is in part a doubting commentary on the modernisation of the Kemalist period, a reading suggested by his next novel, *Ankara*, has not been given enough attention. Nor has the connexion of the novel with the selection of his wartime articles which Yakup Kadri published as *Ergenekon* has been much discussed.

⁴² In Chapters 5, 7 and 8, and Appendices 1, 2 and 4

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Finally, a word about translation and transliteration. Except where indicated translations from Turkish and Greek into English are my own. Turkish texts in the Ottoman script are transliterated using the orthography of Modern Turkish. Transliterations from Greek are largely phonetic except where there is a current English alternative eg. Cavafy rather than Kavafis.

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The aim of this chapter is to supply for the purpose only of ready reference an outline of the historical background to the literature discussed in this thesis. The history is an amalgam of the well known, the much discussed and the much controverted. The limited purpose of this chapter will necessarily restrict the scope of the treatment of the events outlined¹.

At the level of general impressions the historical process which underlies the War of Independence and the Asia Minor Disaster can still, nearly a century later, be summarised by the title of Toynbee's famous book, *The Western Question in Greece and Turkey* or, more expressly, the creation of (largely) monoethnic states in the territories of a polyethnic empire. The war can also be regarded as a recent episode in one of the most enduring problems in world history, whose first appearance in antiquity long predates the nation state: the relation between the littoral and the interior of Asia Minor; in particular whether a territory in the former can exist independently of a power which dominates the latter².

It is not easy to produce a summary, both clear and succinct, of the process following a linear chronology, because it operated at different levels which at times developed

¹ For convenience citations will generally be to an accessible secondary source such as Llewellyn Smith or Mango, where there is no reason to doubt what is stated.

² As pointed out by D. M. Lewis in the last pages of *Sparta and Persia* [1977] where the analogy between the events leading up to the Peace of Antalcidas in 387 BC and those leading up to the Treaty of Lausanne in AD 1923 is expressly drawn (on p 156).

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separately and at other times interacted. For a short summary one can pick out three such levels. The first concerns inter-state diplomacy and war. The second concerns the population movements and eliminations which war provoked; these in a relatively short span of time made it appear inconceivable, in striking contrast to previous epochs, that people with different identities could live side by side. The third concerns intra-state dissension.

A short summary will not take full account of a number of important factors, of which one can pick out two. The first of these is the all-important background in the world of ideas in which the challenge of the west had separately obsessed Greek and Turkish intellectuals for decades before the war. The second is the great power rivalry which conditioned Greco-Turkish relations, but for which these relations were but one minor factor among other larger ones³. The Greco-Turkish war was just one of many territorial conflicts spawned by the First World War from Ireland to Mesopotamia⁴; treating it in isolation with spasmodic injections of great power influence, as this one, following most others, will do, deprives the narrative of illuminating analogies with other contemporary conflicts; but it also makes the apparently intermittent and even incoherent nature of the attention paid by the great powers still more difficult to understand.

The frictions between Greece and Turkey in their modern form could be traced back to the events which led to the outbreak of the Greek revolt in 1821; and accounts of the Anatolian War of 1919-1922 or of modern Greek history generally are usually

³ Leontaritis, 438-503, places the diplomatic efforts of Greece in the context of Great Power diplomacy.

⁴ See Gerwarth for a recent synoptic treatment arranged by region.

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accompanied by references to the Great Idea (a literal rendering of Ἡ Μεγάλη Ἰδέα)⁵. This is generally represented as a Greek irredentist programme with origins in the early years of the independent kingdom, which united in its support all the otherwise rancorously uncooperative Greek politicians.⁶ The origins of the Great Idea are in many accounts specifically located in a speech of Ioannis Kolettis (himself a Vlach with a background in the Janina court of Ali Pasha) delivered on 14 January 1844 in support of the rights within the kingdom of Greeks born outside it⁷.

The relevance of the Great Idea to the Anatolian War is more taken for granted than argued for⁸. Much about the Great Idea in general could be examined more closely than it has been. One could start by establishing the words which Kolettis actually used (which have been variously transmitted)⁹ and what he may have meant by them¹⁰. One could then consider the reality or otherwise of the supposedly universal and enduring grip on political discourse of an extremely protean notion; it is worth remembering in this connexion that “the Great Idea” is also instanced as a term of ridicule or disapprobation¹¹. Such an examination is beyond the scope of this summary; it suffices here to say that, whatever the connotations of the Great Idea,

⁵ Eg. Llewellyn Smith, 1-3; McMeekin, 428; Pentzopoulos, 26

⁶ Jenkins, 101

⁷ Skopetea, 257

⁸ Venizelos’s memoranda to the king in early 1915 in support of an Anatolian venture (Ventiris, Vol. 1, 371-379, 384-388) have no reference, express or implied, to the Great Idea.

⁹ Skopetea, 258 n. 4 claims to follow the text in the *Proceedings* of the National Assembly but does not condescend to quote it. Dimaras, 405-406, quotes two paragraphs in a version which differs markedly from the corresponding passages in Kiriakidis, 494-500 and less so from one available at http://ola-ta-kala.blogspot.co.uk/2014/01/blog-post_6662.html (accessed 4 February 2018), which purports to reproduce what was published in the newspapers, *Elpis*, *Eon*, and *O Filos tou Laou* on respectively 15, 19 and 30 January 1844.

¹⁰ Dimaras, 411, does not pretend to know. It is difficult to read a territorial ambition into any of the versions cited in the previous note. Such an ambition could be read into the words which Llewellyn Smith, 2-3, presents as a quote from the speech with a reference (349, n.1) to a secondary source; but these words are absent from all those versions.

¹¹ Examples in Skopetea 263, 266-7, 289; Dimaras, 416

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Greek territorial ambitions were aimed at adjacent areas in the southern Balkans such as Thessaly, Epirus and later Macedonia or the Aegean islands, especially Crete.

While the cultural incarnation of the Great Idea could be associated with the attempts in the course of the later nineteenth century to rehellenise the orthodox communities in Anatolia through education,¹² the acquisition of Anatolian territory was throughout the nineteenth century and even into the second decade of the twentieth too impracticable an undertaking to be a credible policy¹³.

Of the Anatolian inhabitants at the end of the nineteenth century who, being orthodox Christians, were regarded as Greeks some could claim a continuity with a time when the whole peninsula was Christian and some were relatively recent settlers from Greece and the Aegean islands. The former spoke either a distinctive local dialect of Greek or Turkish; they were to be found chiefly in the Black Sea region and Cappadocia with a sprinkling of economic migrants in many Anatolian towns. The latter, speaking standard Greek, were to be found mostly in the Aegean coastal zone. Although the exact proportions can still be debated, the Greeks were indubitably a minority in Anatolia overall and seem on any reasonable reckoning also to have been outnumbered by the Muslims in every vilayet and even sancak¹⁴.

There seems to have been no more than one town, Ayvalık, which was wholly

¹² Ploumidis, 40-52

¹³ Ploumidis, 83-86

¹⁴ Karpat 1985 and Mutlu *passim* who follow the Ottoman census figures. Reconciling the summaries of Karpat 1985, 168 and 188 with Mutlu, 11 and of either with those of Kitromilides and Alexandris, 28, who demonstrated, contrary to the aspersions of McCarthy, that there truly was a “patriarchal” attempt to count the orthodox population in 1910-1912, is beyond the scope of this chapter. Restriction to a plausible range of estimates suggests that in Anatolia as a whole there were between about eight and twelve times as many Muslims as Orthodox.

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Greek¹⁵, and a very few, such as Çeşme, in which the Greek element predominated; within the confines of the city of Smyrna the Greeks probably constituted a bare majority by the end of the century¹⁶.

Whatever the numbers, W. M. Ramsay, a leading authority on the historical geography of Asia Minor, could write in 1890¹⁷:

At the present day, after the East had ruled for centuries undisturbed in Anatolia, the old struggle has recommenced. The Greek element is gradually supplanting the Oriental on the Aegean coast. That strength and vitality which the Greek race seems to possess under every government except its own, is gradually placing the coast valleys in its hands. The Oriental element does not retreat, it is not driven back by open war: it dies out on the coast by a slow yet sure decay.

This was a testament not only to the growth of the Greek population but to its much greater presence in trade¹⁸, drawn as it was by the opening of western Asia Minor to world markets. Ramsay continued:

But the interior is still wholly Oriental, and if the same peaceful development continues I believe that the Turks, as soldiers, and the Greeks, as traders, will, united, make a happier country than either race could by itself.

The same peaceful development, alas, did not.

¹⁵ Ploumidis, 131-132 n. 226

¹⁶ This was substantially the conclusion 2 (c) dated 13 October 1919 of the Inter-Allied Commission of Inquiry on the Greek Occupation of Smyrna and Adjacent Territories (available at <https://history.state.gov/historicaldocuments/frus1919Parisv09/d3> ; accessed 4 February 2018).

¹⁷ Ramsay, 25

¹⁸ Karpat, 1985, 47; McMeekin, 428; Ploumidis, 35

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The size and composition of the Muslim majority in Anatolia were altered perceptibly in the course of the nineteenth century by the settlement of refugees. An exodus forced by the Russians of Crimean Tatars began after 1856 and of Nogay Tatars, Circassians and other north Caucasian peoples from 1860. The numbers have been the subject of debate with estimates ranging from around 700,000 to around three million before allowance is made for mortality¹⁹. A further substantial wave of around 500,000 refugees from the Balkans was a consequence of the Russian war of 1877/8²⁰; some of these were refugees from the Crimea or the Caucasus who had earlier been settled in the Balkans. Since the range of estimates for the Muslim population of Anatolia at the end of the nineteenth century is between around 12 and 15 million, this number of refugees was substantial not just in absolute but also proportional terms.

Events which subsequently brought a much smaller number of Muslim refugees to Anatolia also brought to prominence a person who was to have a significant influence on its history. The events were on Crete and the person was Eleftherios Venizelos. Venizelos entered Cretan politics as a liberal in 1889, achieved renown in the uprising of 1897, and served on the executive council under the autonomous regime imposed by the powers in 1898 until he was dismissed by the High Commissioner, Prince George, in 1901. He then led the moves for union with Greece in the years leading up to 1908. Greece, however, fearing the menaces of Turkey and

¹⁹ Karpal 1985, 27 baldly says 3 million. Fisher, 362, says that an accurate count is not possible, concluding a detailed review at 364 with a range of 700,000-900,000.

²⁰ Zürcher 2010, 287

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obedient to the wishes of the powers, repudiated these advances. Indignant at this humiliation and emulating the action of their like in Turkey, a group of junior officers formed a Military League and carried out what might today be called a “soft coup” in August 1909: they did not displace the elected parliament or the crown but dictated terms to it. Their search for political leadership led them to Venizelos, then head of government of the autonomous Crete, who arrived in Athens at the end of December 1909. He enjoyed an extraordinary run of success over the immediately ensuing years. By January 1910 he brought about the simultaneous dissolution of the Military League and elections to a national assembly to revise the constitution. With this assembly in deadlock King George not only appointed him prime minister on 18 October 1910 but also granted him a dissolution days later, when the tactics of his opponents had deprived the assembly of a quorum. Boycotted by the leaders of the old parties the ensuing elections gave Venizelos an overwhelming majority and a new constitution was adopted on 11 June 1911. In the next election on 25 March 1912 Venizelos won 150 of 181 seats²¹.

The tale of the Balkan wars, the first of which began on 8 October 1912, can be confined here to their effect on the losing side and not just by reference to the horrific level of violence wreaked on non-combatants²². The shock of losing in a few weeks territories which had been Ottoman for hundreds of years and which had been the birthplace not only of the movement which now governed the empire but of

²¹ Miller 440-441, 488-494

²² Carnegie Endowment for International Peace *passim*.

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many of its leading cadres was tremendous²³; and losing them to the former subjects was deeply humiliating²⁴. Anatolia, more than ever before, became a last frontier. But it seemed scarcely a secure one, since Bulgaria had advanced close to the capital city and Greece had seized the Greek inhabited islands from Imbros and Tenedos to Samos giving it a sea border along an Anatolian coast itself inhabited by a substantial Greek population. At the same time the conquests of the Christian states in the course of the Balkan Wars uprooted hundreds of thousands of Muslims who took refuge in the territories which remained in the Empire. By 1920 they had exceeded 400,000 of which 143,000 were from the territories conquered by Greece²⁵.

Whether in retaliation or to create pressure on Greece in furtherance of a claim for the return of the offshore islands, a series of anti-Christian pogroms took place along the Aegean coast in 1914 with the result that many inhabitants, estimated at around 150,000, fled as refugees, first to the islands²⁶. It was the presence of these refugees, not an earlier inspiration from the Great Idea, that ignited “Asia Minor” as a political issue in Greece²⁷. Military intervention was contemplated and diplomatic intervention by the great powers mobilised in May and June to put an end to the pogroms²⁸ and a solution was sought in arrangements for a voluntary population exchange with Turkey. These were agreed on 5 July²⁹ but became a dead letter with the start of the war in August and Turkey’s entry as an ally of the Central Powers in

²³ Zürcher 2004, 108-109; Zürcher 2010, 118, 288

²⁴ Kılıç, 50-54

²⁵ Toynbee, 138

²⁶ Toynbee, 140-141; Ploumidis, 90-105

²⁷ Ploumidis, 113, 135-143

²⁸ Ploumidis, 100-104, 107-109

²⁹ Pentzopoulos, 56; Ploumidis 106-107

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November 1914. In the later months of 1914 there was opposition among the refugees themselves to an exchange and public agitation for “something to be done” even in a military sense to protect the Christian population on the coast³⁰. Unaware of Turkey’s secret commitment made in August to Germany, the Entente hoped to keep Turkey and Bulgaria neutral and consequently rebuffed Venizelos’s approaches to join the alliance. But even after Turkey entered the war at the beginning of November, Venizelos declined the temptation of offer of “a large part of Asia Minor” made by Russia on 6 November³¹. At that stage the thought of the accompanying territorial concessions to Bulgaria was unpalatable. Venizelos apparently explained to Rumania that a bargain, whereby Greece would surrender territory in the Balkans in exchange for territory in Anatolia, was not acceptable to Greece because the Greek population in the latter was too dispersed and the loss of space in the former would make it unavailable for settlement of refugees or would compromise security³².

However, within a few weeks Venizelos had stood on his head³³. He induced and then vigorously supported the offer of “most important territorial compensation for Greece on the coast of Asia Minor” made by Britain on 23 January 1915 as an inducement to enter the war on the Entente side. In this he found himself opposed by men with whom he had worked closely during the Balkan Wars: Constantine, now

³⁰ Ploumidis, 143.

³¹ Ploumidis, 144.

³² Dalby, 56 and 167-8, n. 6 citing the 2004 publication by D. Michalopoulos of an undated letter from Venizelos to P. Psichas, then Minister in Bucharest. The letter makes sense against the background of events in November and December 1914 but the omission of any reference to it in the subsequently published and very detailed account of Ploumidis is disconcerting.

³³ Ploumidis, 144 attributes the change of heart to the news that the Entente were ready to award Smyrna as well as Adalia (Antalya) to Italy.

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king, then crown prince and commander in chief and Ioannis Metaxas, the army acting chief of staff, who both supported neutrality³⁴. The ensuing clash between ‘Venizelists’ and ‘royalists’ literally split Greece into two in the following years and led to open violence. What became known as the national schism continued to cast its shadow over Greek politics for more than half a century thereafter and can animate historical writing even today³⁵.

Venizelos’s opponents had some good arguments and also views which they were entitled to take. Metaxas, for example, pointed out the strategic obstacles to a Greek hold over western Asia Minor, an opinion which was vindicated by the result. The pursuit of speculative gains in exchange for which security or territory in the Balkans would need to be surrendered was unattractive. Greece was not obliged by treaty to come to the assistance of Serbia unless the latter were attacked by Bulgaria, which had not so far happened. The king was entitled to believe, whether or not he was married to the Kaiser’s sister and possessed a German Field Marshal’s baton, that the Entente would not prevail. But it was less clear that he was constitutionally entitled to press the consequences of that view against the decision of the elected government³⁶.

By March 1915 Venizelos was forced to resign, even though he had a parliamentary majority, because the King refused to sanction participation in the Gallipoli

³⁴ Llewellyn-Smith, 35-42

³⁵ Mavrogordatos in 2015 and Papadakis in 2017 write with the zeal respectively of a partisan and a hagiographer.

³⁶ Llewellyn Smith, 45-53; three memoranda of Venizelos and one of Metaxas are printed in Ventiris, Vol 1, 371-388. Metaxas subsequently expounded his views in newspaper articles, quoted *in extenso* by Stratigos, 23-29 and 31-34.

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campaign. Elections were held in June 1915 which returned Venizelos with a reduced majority but he lasted in office only until October, the clash on this occasion concerning Bulgarian mobilisation in support of the Central Powers. This on its face was a *casus foederis* under the treaty with Serbia and in response to it Venizelos had invited the Entente to land troops in Salonica, which they did. In December Constantine dissolved parliament and Venizelos advised his followers to abstain in the ensuing elections³⁷.

Before 1916 was out Venizelos had left Athens to establish a separate provisional government in Salonica (October), Bulgaria had overrun Eastern Macedonia, the way having been cleared by the earlier surrender (April) of a fortress on the orders of the royalist government and there had been armed clashes with loss of life in Athens between the French in their capacity as a guarantor power and royalist troops (December). The last episode (which was followed by violence against Venizelists in Athens) prompted recognition by the French and British of Venizelos's provisional government in Salonica, leaving Greece at the end of the year with two internationally recognised governments and the loss of some of its territory to a power with which it was not formally at war³⁸.

Venizelos had faced the hostility for differing reasons of Russia and Italy but this abated in the early part of 1917, in the case of the former as a consequence of the February revolution and in the case of the latter by territorial concessions,

³⁷ Llewellyn-Smith, 54-57; Miller 527-531

³⁸ Llewellyn Smith, 57-58; Miller, 531-535; Ventiris, Vol 2, 88-334 is a blow by blow account by a Venizelist partisan.

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inconsistent with the promises regarding Asia Minor made to Greece, which it won in April by the agreement of St Jean de Maurienne. Britain and France now had a sufficiently united allied front to face down Constantine: on 10 June 1917 the French High Commissioner, as the representative of a guarantor power, told him that he had to go. He agreed to go but significantly, as it would turn out three years later, did not formally abdicate. His second son, Alexander, took the oath as king the next day but was not regarded either by Constantine or the royalist faction generally as a successor³⁹.

Venizelos returned to Athens as prime minister on 27 June 1917 and war was declared on the Central Powers on 2 July. His opponents correctly observed that Venizelos had been installed by foreigners and he declined to put their or his own popularity to an electoral test: for parliamentary endorsement he resorted to a constitutionally dubious resurrection of the parliament elected in June 1915 on the grounds that the subsequent election of December 1915, in respect of which he had urged abstention, should not have been held. Prominent opponents were exiled and official positions were filled with supporters. Opponents never ceased to complain, not baselessly, of a Venizelist dictatorship⁴⁰. Some foreign observers, seeking an explanation for the contrast between what they saw as the caution and moderation of Venizelos in the aftermath of the Balkan Wars and the absence of these qualities in the pursuit of Smyrna, thought that they found the clue in the national schism: for success in the pursuit weighed even against the turbulence of the schism would have

³⁹ Llewellyn Smith, 58-59; Ventiris, Vol. 2, 335-364

⁴⁰ Llewellyn Smith 59-60; Stratigos, 44-47

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vindicated Venizelos among supporters and won over opponents⁴¹. That he postponed an electoral reckoning until after the Treaty of Sèvres was signed in August 1920 lends credence to this view.

Greece was in no position to take offensive action in July 1917 and more than a year would pass before she and the Entente forces based in Salonica were ready to break out against the Bulgarians. The Allied record against Turkey had up to the middle of 1917 been mixed. There had been successes, such as the catastrophic Ottoman defeat at Sarikamış in January 1915 at the hands of the Russians and the winter⁴². But the Gallipoli attack had been seen off by the beginning of 1916⁴³; Turkey still held Palestine; she had put up fierce resistance in Mesopotamia and with two years of effort the British had only got as far as Baghdad⁴⁴. The advance of the Russians into eastern Anatolia, where they held Trabzon, Erzurum and Erzincan had not made any gains for a year, and its stability after the February revolution looked uncertain.

During the war years political divisions in Turkey had been, in contrast to those in Greece, latent rather than overt. Since the coup of January 1913 government had been in the hands of the İttihat ve Terakki Cemiyeti (Committee of Union and Progress – CUP)⁴⁵; political action on the part either of the traditionalist forces which brought about the brief “counter-revolution” of 1909 or of the various

⁴¹ So Toynbee, 72-73. In fairness to Venizelos it should be acknowledged that he and his Foreign Minister, Politis, also expressed a willingness in September and October 1918 to accept mandatory or alternative guarantee arrangements for the protection of the Greek populations rather than cession to Greece: Leontaritis, 369-370 and 617 n. 91; 475 and 660 n. 29.

⁴² Mango, 141

⁴³ Mango, 158

⁴⁴ McMeekin, 356

⁴⁵ Zürcher 2004, 110

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opponents of the CUP, from whom much was heard between the suppression of the “counter-revolution” and the coup of January 1913⁴⁶, was insignificant. While political divisions were to reemerge after defeat, the dominance and reach of the CUP were to become the foundations of resistance to Allied plans for Turkey⁴⁷.

As is very well known, the brutality of inter-ethnic conflict during the war plumbed previously unexampled depths. The Armenian massacres, which began in April 1915, stood out by scale and system and from what became known of them at the time were quickly recognised as a fearful innovation⁴⁸. Less remarked was the violence wreaked in eastern Anatolia on Muslim civilians⁴⁹, which, even if it lacked the system and did not achieve the scale, was no less inexcusable. The sufferings of the Anatolian Greeks, which included deportations and the assignment of able bodied males to punishing work battalions⁵⁰, horrible as they were, could not compare. The prospect of multicomunal existence under Ottoman sovereignty was ruined irreparably while the alternative prospect of living under a Christian government was equally repellent to Muslims.

The western allies had approached the Ottoman Empire, in contrast to the German or the Austro-Hungarian, as a tract of land to be carved up between the victors in the manner of their practice in Africa⁵¹. But an ethnic dimension came belatedly to be added to the existing territorial confusion of Allied war aims. The moral of the

⁴⁶ Zürcher 2004, 99-103

⁴⁷ Zürcher 2010, 105

⁴⁸ Toynbee, viii-ix; Zürcher 2004, 114-117; McMeekin 235-242

⁴⁹ McCarthy 107-108, 109-110

⁵⁰ Ploumidis, 159-164

⁵¹ McMeekin, 284-288; Zürcher 2004, 143-144

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atrocities, that a continuation or resumption of a common Ottoman sovereignty over the different nationalities in its territory was no longer possible, is clearly enough reflected in the first part of the twelfth of Wilson's fourteen points, first pronounced in January 1918⁵²:

The Turkish portion of the present Ottoman Empire should be assured a secure sovereignty but the other nationalities which are now under Turkish control should be assured an undoubted security of life and an absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomous development.

The force of this formulation emerges even more emphatically from a comparison with the much more anodyne tenth point which concerns another polyethnic empire, Austria-Hungary:

The peoples of Austria-Hungary, whose place among the nations we wish to see safe-guarded and assured should be accorded the freest opportunity for autonomous development.

Here there is plainly no threat to life, no molestation of the opportunity of autonomous development, no "control" by a dominant of other nationalities and no implied contrast between a "present" order and a future different one. Could there have been presented more clearly to the Christian minorities the prospect that an Allied victory would bring what they saw as liberation? And could there have been any stronger reinforcement for the Turks in addition to the recent revelation by the

⁵² The complete text of the Fourteen Points may be consulted at <https://www.ourdocuments.gov/doc.php?flash=false&doc=62#> (accessed 4 February 2018)

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Bolsheviks of allied territorial ambitions of the vital need to define and defend a “Turkish portion”?

The Bolshevik Revolution in November 1917, by taking Russia out of the war, gave at least the appearance of relief to an exhausted Turkey, whose leaders were thereby inspired to pursue illusory gains in Transcaucasia.⁵³ This diversion of resources from the principal fronts on which Turkey faced or was to face its remaining opponents hastened the eventual collapse. In mid-September 1918 the British broke through in Palestine capturing Damascus within a fortnight and throwing the Ottoman armies facing them into headlong retreat.⁵⁴ The fatal blow, however, came from the hitherto largely quiet Salonica front where Bulgaria faced British, French and Greek troops. A successful, if brief, offensive in May 1918 had already provoked Bulgarian peace-feelers but these proved fruitless. A general break out on 14 September 1918 led to a Bulgarian capitulation on 29 September and an ensuing advance of Allied forces in the direction of Constantinople. Turkey now found itself cut off from its allies and its capital threatened by a large enemy army which it did not have available forces to repel⁵⁵.

As happened in Germany at about the same time, the government which had brought the country to such a pass resigned and left others to pick up the pieces. A new cabinet was formed on 9 October and peace-feelers were put out. These elicited a positive response on 22 October and negotiations for an armistice on a British

⁵³ Mango, 175; McMeekin, 381-387; Zürcher 2004, 120-121

⁵⁴ Gawrych, 60-61; McMeekin, 399-401; Mango, 179-182

⁵⁵ McMeekin, 402-404; Mango, 185; Zürcher 2004, 120-121

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battleship in Moudros bay on Lemnos, having begun on 27, concluded on 30 October. Leading members of the CUP government among them the wartime triumvirate of Enver, Talat and Cemal fled Istanbul on board a German vessel on the night of 1 November⁵⁶.

The war, as a legal formality, did not end until the Treaty of Lausanne, signed on 24 July 1923, came into force on 6 August 1924; and, despite the 1918 armistice, war was much more than a formality between 1919 and 1922. The intervening conflict eventually crystallised by the spring of 1921 into a straightforward frontal confrontation between the Greeks and the Turkish nationalists of Ankara, which the latter decisively won in September 1922. Its development into this state was a convoluted one and to the end and beyond neither side faced the other with a united nation behind it.

Designs on territory within the 1918 armistice lines from all directions were known to exist at the time of the armistice⁵⁷; from the Greeks on Eastern Thrace and Western Anatolia; from the Italians on Southern Anatolia; from the French on Cilicia and Northern Syria; from the Armenians on North-Eastern Anatolia; and from the British on Northern Mesopotamia. The British, too, had a particular care to ensure freedom of navigation through the Straits and in association with this an oscillating inclination to internationalise Constantinople itself.

⁵⁶ Zürcher 2004, 133-134

⁵⁷ Mango, 189

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These designs mostly failed and the peace eventually concluded was mostly on Turkey's terms. Yet, in 1918 Turkey was no less a defeated empire than Germany or Austria-Hungary. It was not obvious on the morrow of the armistice either that the official Ottoman government in Istanbul would lose control over the territories for which it was formally responsible; or that a nationalist resistance effectively independent of that government would develop and prevail; or that more armed conflict would precede peace. To these results and their concomitant devastations a succession of Allied decisions made an essential contribution. The decision in May 1919 to allow Greek troops to occupy İzmir, purportedly for security under the terms of the armistice but actually to forestall an Italian lunge in its direction, had a galvanising effect on Turkish sentiment and exacerbated ethnic tensions to a pitch of serious violence in the territories occupied. The subsequent decision formally to occupy Istanbul in March 1920 simply separated it from Anatolia and handed distant Ankara a monopoly of resistance. The Allies persisted between April and August 1920 in dictating peace terms of such severity as would not only discredit any political forces perceived in Turkey as accommodating to the Allies but also authenticate nationalist resistance. But at the same time the Allies were unable or unwilling to threaten the military force which their own experts had calculated as necessary to overcome it. This made further conflict almost inevitable. And, as if further to ensure it, the Allies in June 1920 authorised a Greek advance well beyond the previously authorised limits in order to save themselves the trouble of protecting the Straits from nationalist encroachment.

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In Germany, too, there formed after defeat unofficial armies inspired by “national” sentiments, one of which fought for about a year in the Baltic region; and in the face of humiliating peace terms there were high ranking soldiers who during May and June 1919 seriously contemplated the resumption of hostilities and a retreat from the allies in the west for resistance to continue from the east. This course was averted more narrowly than is commonly remembered by a few clear-sighted persons who recognised its futility and danger in the face of allied strength and determination⁵⁸. Against Turkey both these components were lacking but the willingness to impose a humiliating peace was not correspondingly abated.

In Ankara a surviving inscription has chanced to preserve for posterity the pithy record of his deeds, which the Divine Augustus begins by declaring that at the age of nineteen he raised an army and liberated the commonwealth from the domination of a faction⁵⁹. In Ankara nineteen centuries later Mustafa Kemal began a considerably longer account of a much shorter span of recent history by declaring that on 19 May 1919 he landed at Samsun. The former document has long been recognised as a masterpiece of dissimulation and fraud; the latter has latterly come to be seen less as a reliable history of the War of Independence and more as its retrospective rewriting for the purpose of enhancing the stature of the author and of vindicating the recent purge of erstwhile comrades⁶⁰.

⁵⁸ Craig, 424-429

⁵⁹ Brunt and Moore, 20

⁶⁰ Zürcher 2010, 6-16

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Mustafa Kemal seems in the early days after the armistice to have aimed at a position of authority in Istanbul within the official government⁶¹. Meanwhile the ground for a resistance movement had been laid before he set foot in Samsun. The CUP, although discredited by defeat and promptly rebranded, continued through its membership to have significant influence after the armistice. Whether or not plans had been laid before the armistice for continuing resistance to the Allied intentions for Turkey, which had been well advertised either through the pronouncement of Wilsonian principles or Bolshevik leaks of earlier secret compacts, officers of the right persuasion were after it either placed in Anatolian commands by a sympathetic War Ministry or directed thither by more clandestine ways⁶². Officers such as Ali Fuad and Kâzım Karabekir had preceded Mustafa Kemal to commands in Anatolia⁶³ and, had Kâzım not pledged his loyalty to Mustafa Kemal when the latter both resigned and was dismissed from his official position in July 1919⁶⁴, history might have been very different.

Agitation through the foundation, apparently on CUP initiative, of Societies for the Defence of National Rights, with Wilsonian principles as stimulus, to proclaim the Muslim or Turkish character of particular localities also began very promptly, particularly in those which were most contestable, such as Edirne and İzmir on 1 December 1918, Erzurum on 4 December 1918 and Trabzon on 12 February 1919. Mustafa Kemal did not have to construct a resistance movement out of nothing in

⁶¹ Mango, 187

⁶² Zürcher 2004, 147-149

⁶³ Mango, 207-208

⁶⁴ Mango, 235-237, Zürcher 2004, 23-24

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May 1919⁶⁵. But his timing was fortunate in that the attractions of nationalist resistance might not have been so obvious to a sufficiently large constituency earlier than this; the Greek landings in İzmir provoked protest on a scale (for example on 18 May in Bursa and 23 May in Istanbul) which had not been seen earlier in response to the presence of British, French or Italian troops and, as Allied officers observed, a decisive turn against cooperation in the supposedly agreed process of disarmament and demobilisation⁶⁶.

Achieving the aim declared at Erzurum in August and at Sivas in September 1919 of a Muslim-Ottoman sovereignty extending to the 1918 armistice lines, as was largely fulfilled by 1922, depended on the nationalists' mobilising resources sufficient to defeat the enemies who surrounded them. Such resources were smaller than they might otherwise have needed to be, because the enemies, disunited as they were and inadequately committed themselves, could be picked off one by one; the contemporary parallel with the eventual victory of the Bolsheviks in the Russian civil war, who also operated with the benefit of interior lines against local opponents insufficiently supported by the western powers, suggests itself.

In the course of 1919 the alternatives to armed resistance in opposition to allied designs were evaporating. A policy of conciliating the allies and emphasising the rupture between the wartime and post-war governments in the hope of better terms was shown to be fruitless when in July 1919 the allies absolutely and patronisingly

⁶⁵ Zürcher 2004, 147-148

⁶⁶ Llewellyn Smith, 106-107

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dismissed the representations of Damad Ferid Pasha on the terms of an eventual peace treaty⁶⁷. The notion of an American mandate for Turkey, with which many (including Halide Edip) had dallied and which was even discussed at the Sivas conference of September 1919⁶⁸, was finally laid to rest by American withdrawal from the Peace Conference in November 1919. But at the same time as legitimising the stance of the nationalists, the Allies declined to confront them militarily, withdrawing Anatolian garrisons in September 1919. Such official hold-outs against the nationalists as remained in Anatolia could be simply removed, as happened to the governors of Trabzon and Konya in late September 1919, or intimidated into acquiescence. By the autumn of 1919 the writ of the official Ottoman government had largely ceased to run in Anatolia and it came to terms with the nationalists on elections to the Ottoman parliament⁶⁹, which resulted in a nationalist triumph. At the end of 1919 the Ottoman government even revoked the order of July 1919 cashiering Mustafa Kemal and returned his decorations⁷⁰. Once convoked the parliament reaffirmed in February 1920 in even broader terms the national pact declared earlier at Erzurum and Sivas⁷¹.

An enduring unity between the nationalists of Anatolia and the official government in Istanbul might conceivably have contained the ambitions of Mustafa Kemal, since there were nationalists who disapproved of a break with the official government (as

⁶⁷ Mango, 242

⁶⁸ Mango, 246-248

⁶⁹ Mango, 255-258

⁷⁰ Gawrych, 91-92; Mango, 264-265

⁷¹ Mango, 269; Zürcher 2010, 228

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did Kâzım Karabekir in September 1919)⁷² or of domination by him (as was evidenced at Sivas and Adapazarı in October and November 1919)⁷³. The allies put an end to the possibility of such unity by occupying Istanbul on the night of 15-16 March 1920⁷⁴. The provocations were a successful nationalist raid on a munitions dump at Gallipoli in January and a nationalist victory over the French at Maraş in Cilicia in mid-February in the course of which the local Armenians were incidentally massacred⁷⁵. The intended consequence of the occupation was the installation of a pliant government which would stop any activity in support of nationalist resistance (something which the allies had suspected of the War Ministry), would accede to the intended peace settlement and through control of the official ministries would direct compliance with its terms. The unintended consequences were a largely powerless official government and, through the parliament's adjournment of its proceedings, the exile to Malta of some prominent nationalists and the flight of others to Ankara, the creation of a sole focus of resistance which lay beyond allied control⁷⁶.

The candid reader of the most accessible histories need not feign bewilderment before the decisions taken by the allies at that time. He must assume either that even in those days people had had enough of experts or that deeper researches are still needed into the thinking of the various actors. Allied regret for the Greek landing in Smyrna, of which the allies were authors, began almost immediately; locally based officials reported that of itself it fanned the fires of Turkish nationalism⁷⁷; an official

⁷² Mango, 251

⁷³ Mango, 256

⁷⁴ Mango, 271

⁷⁵ Gawrych, 96-98; Llewellyn Smith, 120.

⁷⁶ Mango, 272-273.

⁷⁷ Llewellyn Smith, 106-108

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commission of enquiry into the atrocities consequent on it concluded as early as October 1919 that the Greeks should be replaced by an allied occupation force, that on ethnographic grounds the Smyrna zone as a whole should not be awarded to Greece in any final settlement and that it was beyond the power of Greece alone to subdue Turkish resistance to it⁷⁸; the last point was subsequently confirmed by the Military and Naval Commission which concluded that no fewer than 27 divisions would be needed to impose peace on an unwilling Turkey⁷⁹; senior British officials warned against belittling the potential strength of the nationalists and against the imposition of drastic peace terms which would drive waverers into their arms⁸⁰; the British High Commissioner in Constantinople warned in the severest terms against putting territories overwhelmingly Turkish in population under the rule of the Turks' secular enemies invoking the principle of self-determination, the prospect of indefinite bloodshed and the threat of Bolshevism⁸¹; Lord Curzon, impressed enough by this warning to circulate it to the cabinet, himself noted that with the Greeks in Smyrna and marching off in Asia Minor to fight the Turks a peace was impossible⁸²; the French insisted that the Greeks must leave Smyrna⁸³; they incidentally assisted

⁷⁸ The Report of the Inter-Allied Commission of Inquiry on the Greek Occupation of Smyrna and Adjacent Territories is available at <https://history.state.gov/historicaldocuments/frus1919Parisv09/d3> (accessed 4 February 2018). Llewellyn Smith, 112 quotes the conclusions.

⁷⁹ Llewellyn Smith, 121; Mango, 281

⁸⁰ *Documents on British Foreign Policy*, 1st Ser., Vol. IV, no.664 (Webb to Curzon 18 January 1920)

⁸¹ Llewellyn Smith, 122

⁸² Llewellyn Smith, 123. But when, not long afterwards, an intermediary, who purported to bring proposals for a compromise peace from the Nationalists, which included the cession of Eastern Thrace, had been shown the door at the Foreign Office, the same Curzon approved: *Documents on British Foreign Policy*, 1st Ser., vol. XIII, no. 132 (Curzon to Buchanan and Robeck 3 September 1920)

⁸³ Llewellyn Smith, 120

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certain nationalists to travel from Istanbul to Ankara on false French papers via Syria where the terms of a possible understanding with the nationalists were broached⁸⁴.

And yet, despite all this and more, the most drastic terms were settled at San Remo in April 1920⁸⁵ and no substantive concessions made to the protests of the Ottoman government. It is true that Venizelos's territorial claims in Anatolia were cut down by about four fifths and that Greece was not awarded outright sovereignty over the remainder⁸⁶. But it was known that even this was unacceptable to the nationalists and no attempt was made to muster the military strength required according to the calculations of the experts to impose the treaty. Britain, at least, acted as if it believed, despite the disbelief of such as Sir Henry Wilson, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff and Winston Churchill, the Secretary of State for War, in Venizelos's assurances that Greece alone was in a position to impose it⁸⁷.

Venizelos may have been bluffing in the hope that the British interest in the Straits would eventually produce any required support; and in 1920 his illusion, sustained by the fact that on its western front nationalist strength was undeveloped, was sufficiently credible for Britain to prefer at least in the immediate term reliance on the Greek army to the alternatives of an enhanced military commitment of its own and withdrawal. The Greeks had up to that point largely faced irregulars, since a substantial part of the organised army loyal to the nationalists was in the east facing the French and the Armenians. Although the nationalists promptly proceeded to form

⁸⁴ Mango, 273

⁸⁵ Llewellyn Smith, 123

⁸⁶ At Versailles in February 1919 Venizelos had sought the territory west of a line from Bandırma to Kastellorizo (Llewellyn Smith, 72).

⁸⁷ Llewellyn Smith, 121

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the institutions of statehood, inaugurating an assembly on 23 April, which elected Mustafa Kemal president on the following day, and rushed to vote coercive powers in the form of a treason law on 29 April even before appointing a ministry at the beginning of May⁸⁸, the mobilising effect of statehood was still undeveloped and, measured by the unpopularity of exactions and the numbers of desertions from the army⁸⁹, still had far to go even in 1921. And despite the appeal to Muslim Ottoman solidarity in general and the declarations of loyalty to the Sultanate, the nationalists were compelled to fight their own: in the north-west between April and May 1920 and again from July to September; in Yozgat between May and August⁹⁰.

A nationalist attack on British positions at İzmit on 14/15 June 1920 put the British on the extremely sharp horns of their dilemma: the only troops available to protect the allied position in Constantinople and the Straits were Greek. Accordingly, the Greeks were given permission to garrison İzmit and advance to the Straits; the military operation concluded against minimal opposition within about a fortnight on 8 July with the capture of Bursa. Later in July the Greeks cleared eastern Thrace, capturing Edirne on 26 July⁹¹. The sequel to these operations exemplified the incoherence of Anglo-Greek strategy taken together. The Greek commander in chief, elated by the ease with which the operations had been carried out, proposed proceeding with further blows against the nationalists, a course which at that stage of their development might have caused them severe disruption. Venizelos insisted on a standstill until the peace treaty was signed, because he wanted the Turks to be shown

⁸⁸ Mango, 277-280

⁸⁹ Gawrych, 148, 183

⁹⁰ Gawrych, 111-112; Mango, 282-283

⁹¹ Gawrych, 114-116; Llewellyn Smith, 126-128

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as sufficiently in the wrong to stimulate greater British support for Greece. The peace treaty was indeed signed on 10 August but, now that the Straits crisis had passed, the British had no positive motivation to authorise further advances and were repelled precisely by the risk of being compelled to come to the assistance of the Greeks in the interior⁹². The result was that the Greeks remained in their now over-extended lines and nationalist strength remained largely unimpaired.

Whenever Poincaré was moved to make his joke about the aptness of signing the treaty of Sèvres in a porcelain factory⁹³, it was obvious both before and after signature that the nationalists were not going to accept its terms and that even the formality of a ratification by the no longer functioning Ottoman parliament was beyond achievement. The British (or at least some of their officials) seemed to continue in the belief that the terms of Sèvres were desirable and so, consequently, was the possibility of the Greeks, who were still thought by some to have a military advantage, enforcing them. Certainly desirable was Greek cover for the British position on the Straits: so much so that the possibility of a Greek withdrawal from Anatolia was some months later expressed as a point of concern.

In the remaining months of 1920 the strategic balance changed substantially, in large measure as a consequence of developments further north. By the middle of that year the Bolsheviks were plainly winning the civil war in southern Russia and the Ukraine and were advancing towards the transcaucasian frontiers of the tsarist

⁹² Llewellyn Smith, 127-128

⁹³ It was printed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on 1 September 1920 where he wrote “c’est lui même [the treaty] un objet fragile, peut-être un vase brisé” (Ploumidis, 267, n 85).

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empire. By March they had bottled up Denikin's forces in the Crimea. They ignored Curzon's proposal, reminiscent of attempts to square the circle on Smyrna, in July for the Crimea to be a neutral zone and went on to conquer it in November⁹⁴. In April they took over Azerbaijan but failed to do the same in Armenia in May⁹⁵. From Ankara, meanwhile, the nationalists had out of a common interest in opposing the western powers initiated contact in April and despatched an emissary to Moscow in May; a treaty of cooperation was initialled on 24 August⁹⁶. Haggling continued over the eventual frontier but this was settled by military operations conducted by Kâzım Karabekir against the still independent Armenia between 24 September and 18 November. Signature of the treaty of Gümrü, which fixed what is still the frontier between Armenia and Turkey, was signed on the very day, 2 December, that Armenia was proclaimed a Soviet Republic⁹⁷. There was henceforth no threat to the nationalists from the northeast and they now shared a border with the Bolsheviks. Independent Georgia would stand between them until the Soviet conquest in February 1921; the Treaty of Moscow of 16 March 1921 would settle the frontier there too with the Turks keeping Kars and Ardahan and ceding Batum. This treaty, which recognised Turkey as the territory claimed by the National Pact and provided for Soviet military and financial aid, was also a diplomatic landmark as the first between nationalist Turkey and a major power⁹⁸.

⁹⁴ Kotkin, 356,358, 379

⁹⁵ Mango, 288

⁹⁶ Gawrych, 113-114.

⁹⁷ Gawrych 122-124.

⁹⁸ Gawrych, 129-130.

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The other principal factor which changed the strategic balance was the change of government in Greece. With Sèvres achieved, on 7 September Venizelos fulfilled an earlier pledge by calling parliamentary elections for 7 November; he faced a united opposition which had been assembled earlier in the year by all his principal opponents on the royalist side of the national schism⁹⁹. An unexpected twist was given to the election campaign by the action of a monkey, which on 30 September bit King Alexander and through the resulting sepsis brought about his death on 25 October¹⁰⁰. This event has become a *locus classicus* for those who emphasise the workings of chance in history, Churchill, for example, being stirred to write that “it is perhaps no exaggeration to remark that a quarter of a million persons died of this monkey’s bite”. Despite Churchill, serious students are disinclined to regard the defeat at the polls of Venizelos, the return of King Constantine and the Asia Minor Disaster as the work of the monkey¹⁰¹. Venizelos lost the elections, which were postponed following Alexander’s death by only a week, by so large a margin overall and by so overwhelming a margin in “old Greece” as to render implausible the idea that he would have won, had Alexander still lived¹⁰²; the opposition had always stood for the return of Constantine both before and after Alexander’s death¹⁰³; and Greece faced the same strategic problem in Asia Minor on the morrow of the election as it did on its eve.

⁹⁹ Llewellyn Smith, 135, 143-4.

¹⁰⁰ Llewellyn Smith, 138

¹⁰¹ Pace Fromkin, 432. Cf. Llewellyn Smith, 159

¹⁰² Llewellyn Smith, 150-152

¹⁰³ Ploumidis, 247, 267 n. 82; Llewellyn Smith, 147-148

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Venizelos's defeat came as a shock to the Allies. They were generally, but not universally, unaware that there were continuing divisions in Greece and that the opposition's complaints about a Venizelist dictatorship spoke to real resentments¹⁰⁴; The ways of a dictatorship existed in the maintenance, for the three years between Venizelos's return in 1917 and the eve of the elections, of martial law, press censorship and the exile of political opponents¹⁰⁵; The Venizelists were no better or worse than their predecessors or successors in distributing public favours, burdens, appointments and dismissals by clientelist criteria. At any time in such a system there will be plenty of people who feel they are losers under the present government and would be gainers under another; but the economic strains of war augmented perceptions of undeserved favour or disfavour¹⁰⁶. And underlying all this there was enough dislike of the fact that Venizelos had regained office in 1917 not by the vote of the people but the armed force of the British and the French¹⁰⁷.

The French, whether opportunistically or from a genuine revulsion against Constantine, who was remembered as an enemy since the events of 1916, took the initiative in attempting to block his return and promptly tabling the idea of revisions to Sèvres. Churchill and the War Office, too, had begun to consider whether after the Bolshevik victory in the Russian civil war British interests might be better covered by a rapprochement with Turkey than by the Greek army. The Foreign Office

¹⁰⁴ Llewellyn Smith, 144

¹⁰⁵ Ploumidis, 253-256. The banishment of certain leading royalists had been the action of French in 1917 but it was presented as of a piece with the generality of Venizelist oppression: so Gounaris on 7 November 1920, quoted by Llewellyn Smith, 148.

¹⁰⁶ Llewellyn Smith, 142, quoting Danglis and 149-150 quoting Pallis.

¹⁰⁷ A point stressed by Toynbee, 81-83

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remained inclined to preserve as much of Sèvres as possible, provided the Greeks could preserve it.¹⁰⁸ The result on 2 December 1920 was a declaration expressing painful surprise, deploring the possible return of Constantine and reserving complete liberty of action, if this happened. At a practical level further financial assistance to Greece would be withheld, if Constantine returned, which he duly did to local acclaim about a fortnight later.¹⁰⁹ Combining the preservation of Sèvres with the weakening of its supposed enforcer was not a sustainable policy and so before January 1921 was out a conference was convened for the following month in London to consider revisions; to this the nationalists were also invited¹¹⁰.

Between 9 and 11 January 1921, meanwhile, the nationalists had prevailed over a Greek probing attack in what was to become known as the first battle of İnönü. This was not a major engagement and İsmet was actually intending to retreat when he perceived that the Greeks had started to do the same¹¹¹. Nonetheless the effect on nationalist morale of the first forced Greek retreat was significant and may have hastened the vote a few days later on the Law of Fundamental Organisation which gave a constitutional form to the resistance movement¹¹². The Greeks, surprisingly, were not commensurately disheartened by this reverse, which they preferred to attribute to the limited aims and preparations of their own rather than the growing strength of their enemy.

¹⁰⁸ Llewellyn Smith 162-165

¹⁰⁹ Llewellyn Smith 166, 169

¹¹⁰ Mango, 306

¹¹¹ Gawrych, 136-138

¹¹² Gawrych, 138; Mango, 300

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The Greeks, accordingly, came to London on 21 February in an uncompromising mood declaring that they were in a position to sweep all before them and rejecting with the accompaniment of a fiery and unanimous resolution of parliament a proposal, conditionally accepted by the nationalist representative, for another commission of enquiry into the ethnic composition of Eastern Thrace and the Smyrna zone. A subsequently elaborated compromise for a semi-autonomous Smyrna zone was conditionally accepted by the Greeks and rejected by the nationalists. The conference thus ended on 21 March in a failure to conciliate the nationalists with the Greeks, who made it clear that they were bent on resolving the issues by military action¹¹³; for this course they believed, not baselessly, that they had the support of Lloyd George¹¹⁴. The occasion of the conference, nonetheless permitted developments, welcome to the nationalists and ominous for the Greeks, in the form of settlements between the former and the French and Italians. Although the settlement terms were shortly to be rejected by the assembly in Ankara, they pointed the way to definitive settlements that were to be agreed later in the year. In the short term they pushed the Greeks into immediate action by fear of the prospective diversion of men and materials from the front facing the French to the front facing themselves¹¹⁵.

A Greek offensive, of which the nationalists had been forewarned, promptly began on 23 March and ended unsuccessfully with retreat to the opening positions by 14 April. The major engagement, which began on 26 March and involved five days of

¹¹³ Llewellyn Smith, 189-197

¹¹⁴ Note especially Llewellyn Smith 193-194.

¹¹⁵ Llewellyn Smith 194; Mango, 309

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heavy fighting, was the second battle of İnönü. This was quite different in scale from the first battle of January, involving 44,000 and 33,000 men on the Greek and Turkish sides respectively and resulting in heavy losses of around 5,000 killed, wounded, captured or missing on each side; the dead on each side were about 700¹¹⁶. This time the nationalists had repelled a full-scale attack by the Greeks; while the literal truth of the words which the victor of Anafartalar addressed to İsmet (“Few commanders in the whole history of the world have faced a task as difficult as that which you undertook in the pitched battles of İnönü.”)¹¹⁷ might be debated by military historians, the hyperbole is understandable.

The reaction to this setback on the Greek side was a redoubling of efforts.

Venizelists were to claim that the royalists had campaigned for the elections of November 1920 on a false prospectus of withdrawal¹¹⁸. But this, despite vague promises of demobilisation made during the campaign, seems to be untrue. Neither before nor after the elections did the royalists dare deviate from Venizelos on the claims to Smyrna and Thrace¹¹⁹. While inconsistently blaming him for bequeathing the strategic impasse which the former claim, at least, implied, they could not appear less nationally minded nor ready to renounce apparent successes in pursuit of national aspiration. They had now to listen to exactly the same strictures about the impossibility of an Asia Minor adventure from their own political ally Metaxas as he had expounded to Venizelos six years before. Yet, they were unwilling to follow his

¹¹⁶ Gawrych, 140-142. Other authors give slightly different numbers for the troops involved.

¹¹⁷ Mango, 311

¹¹⁸ Llewellyn Smith 152-153

¹¹⁹ Llewellyn Smith, 144-145, 153; Ploumidis, 241-243

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prescription of retreat to and defence of the more easily defensible frontiers of the Smyrna zone and Thrace¹²⁰. Venizelos, now in self-imposed exile and perceiving the dissolution of allied support, had independently, if belatedly, come to this conclusion in January; and the strength of the argument was reinforced in April 1921 by the allied declaration of neutrality between the belligerents and the blocking of supplies in addition to the financial blockade of December 1920¹²¹.

It was said in reply that the economic resources were not available for an indefinite defence even of the restricted zone; that a retreat would diminish the utility of Greece to Britain and so by depriving Greece of the latter's support deprive it also of the remaining occupied territories; that a retreat would fan the flames of Venizelism¹²². And so, what remained as a course of action was a sufficiently hard blow against the nationalists to induce them to come to terms¹²³. More men were called up and more material collected.

In early June, meanwhile, the British attempted another scheme of mediation which was more or less agreed with the French in the middle of the month. The carrot for the Turkish nationalists would be an adjustment in their favour of the terms tabled in March; the stick would be more outright support for the Greeks in the event of a Turkish rejection. But the scheme did not advance sufficiently even to present the Turks with the intended dilemma. The proposal was conveyed to the Greek

¹²⁰ Llewellyn Smith, 202-207

¹²¹ Llewellyn Smith, 215

¹²² Llewellyn Smith, 205-206, quoting Metaxas quoting Gounaris and Protopapadakis; Stratigos, 204-207

¹²³ Stratigos, 184-185

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government on 22 June and Venizelos from Paris advised the Greek government to accept. But on 24 June the Greek government declined, saying that military action had to go ahead¹²⁴.

King Constantine, in an imitation of the royal command of the successful Balkan Wars, had already set out for Smyrna on 11 June. On 10 July the great offensive began. By catching the nationalists off balance its initial success was tremendous: on 17 July Kütahya was captured and the nationalist retreat, conceived in principle on strategic grounds by Mustafa Kemal on that very day, ceded Eskişehir on the following and Afyon on 22 July. The retreat was not entirely orderly, much material had to be abandoned and there were about 30,000 desertions on top of the nearly 7,000 killed, wounded or captured¹²⁵.

The question for the Greeks, since they had not struck the fatal blow, was what to do next; on 28 July a council of war resolved with misgivings on the part of some participants on a confusingly purposed advance on Ankara¹²⁶. The time required for the necessary preparations allowed the nationalists likewise to prepare. Already on 22 July a decision, not implemented in the event, was taken to move the government to Kayseri. The new defensive positions were taken up on the eastern side of the Sakarya and fresh conscripts were called to the colours. On 5 August after some debate Mustafa Kemal was appointed commander in chief with all the authority of the assembly in military matters and promptly ordered an extensive round of

¹²⁴ Llewellyn Smith 216-224; Stratigos, 223-236

¹²⁵ Llewellyn Smith, 224-225; Gawrych, 144-149

¹²⁶ Llewellyn Smith, 227-230; Stratigos, 240-258

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extraordinary requisitions¹²⁷. On 14 August the Greeks began their march and on 23 August battle was joined¹²⁸.

The battle of Sakarya continued for three weeks until the Greek retreat on 13 September. For the Greeks it was a fight of attrition on unfavourable ground against a tenacious enemy whom they did not have the strength, through a want both of arms and supplies, to dislodge. The duration of the battle produced the largest number of military casualties of the war with around 6,000 killed and 18,000 wounded on each side¹²⁹. There has been subsequent debate about how close run a thing it was, as in how anxious Mustafa Kemal truly was during the battle or how close he was to ordering a retreat around 27 August¹³⁰. On the Greek side, for obvious reasons, there has been a long running blame game revolving around the effect of the royalist personnel changes, with Venizelists and royalists each accusing the others' partisans in the army over matters that range from tactical dispositions during the battle to the overall conception and planning of the advance on Ankara¹³¹. The contentions on either side of these debates were weapons in later struggles over political authority. In the short term the confusion of aims which preceded the advance made it possible for the Greek government to blur the significance of the reverse before domestic eyes by pretending that the military purpose of the campaign had been fulfilled¹³²;

¹²⁷ Gawrych, 150-157, Mango, 316-318

¹²⁸ Llewellyn Smith, 232-233

¹²⁹ Gawrych, 163-172; Mango, 319-322

¹³⁰ Mango, 320

¹³¹ Llewellyn Smith, 177-178; Andrew, 10-17, 21-23, 66-75, 88-94, 168-171, 179-208. Andrew directs his venom particularly at Sariyannis and Plastiras, who were Venizelist survivals and openly so. The venom aimed at his commander in chief, Papoulas, may be explained, justification apart, that Papoulas had drifted towards republicanism by the time Andrew wrote his memoir.

¹³² Stratigos, 270-271

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even to this day one can be amazed by references in Greek publications to Sakarya as a pyrrhic victory¹³³. The illusion was sustainable because the nationalists, too, were exhausted and unable in the immediate term to continue with a conclusive pursuit. But it had become quite obvious that it was beyond the power of the Greeks to overcome the nationalists and that the latter were there to stay¹³⁴. The French settled with them over Cilicia in October and in the same month the now Soviet transcaucasian republics confirmed the north-eastern borders which had been agreed in March¹³⁵.

By the autumn of 1921 the Greek position was obviously hopeless. The financial pressures from maintaining an occupation in Anatolia were intolerable and attempts before the close of the year to raise further foreign loans led nowhere¹³⁶. In February 1922 the Greek government said bluntly to the British that its financial resources were exhausted and in the absence of immediate support it would be forced to evacuate Anatolia and leave Kemal to them. The British took this to be an idle threat, believing that the Greeks would not dare to withdraw because of the effect on the Christian population¹³⁷; and so, the agony continued. The financial crush was eased in April 1922 by the extraordinary and massively unpopular legislative expedient of a mandatory cutting of all bank notes into two and making one half legal tender for half the face value and the other a compulsory 20-year loan to the state; this in the

¹³³ Metevelis, 244

¹³⁴ Llewellyn Smith, 234

¹³⁵ Mango, 326-327

¹³⁶ Llewellyn Smith, 243-244. Stratigos, 300-305

¹³⁷ Llewellyn Smith, 206-207; Stratigos, 312-320

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days of a gold standard reduced the reserves that had to be held against note issuance by half¹³⁸.

By standing aloof the British may have increased the chances of a chaotic collapse, as was to occur six months later, but their appraisal of the Greeks' reluctance to withdraw was correct. This reluctance, though, was not accompanied by an alternative plan of action. A new allied proposal in March 1922 which aimed at "a peaceful evacuation of Asia Minor by the Greek forces" caused a storm in Athens. The government told the British envoy that publication of the plan would lead to a panic-stricken exodus of the Anatolian Christians; but it was prepared, nonetheless, since it could see no alternative to allied mediation, to accept an armistice pending the negotiation of terms. The Venizelists, for their part, withdrew from the chamber before the relevant vote, thus protesting but not opposing. In the event the Greeks were spared a negotiation at that stage because the nationalists demanded a withdrawal simultaneously with an armistice¹³⁹. The allied proposals gave an impetus to a scheme initiated earlier by actors of Venizelist persuasion for an autonomous self-defence of a zone in Asia Minor. The scheme was fantastic and the principal assumption underlying it, that the allies would, on the analogy of 1916, support a Venizelist movement in Asia Minor, when they would not support a royalist government in Athens, was expressly declared false by the British¹⁴⁰; they were equally to dismiss an officially proposed variant in the form of an autonomous zone to be created by the powers themselves¹⁴¹. The significance of the Venizelist

¹³⁸ Llewellyn Smith, 267

¹³⁹ Llewellyn Smith 254-257; Stratigos, 323-336

¹⁴⁰ Llewellyn Smith, 257-264

¹⁴¹ Llewellyn Smith, 280-281

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scheme was in its demonstration of the enduring blight of the national schism even in the face of national disaster and of the conviction among its partisans that the gains of Venizelos had been thrown away by Constantine. It led to no action in Asia Minor; but it was the germ of the revolution which immediately followed the disaster.

The only military initiative taken by the Greeks in the summer of 1922 was a half-cocked move to occupy Constantinople in July; the intention, absurdly, was for success to force the powers to impose a peace settlement but the attempt was abandoned as soon as the powers declared their intention to resist¹⁴². Otherwise the Greek army sat immobile behind its over-extended lines. Even though some, such as Prince Andrew, had been able to see that the choice would be between an orderly withdrawal and a rout¹⁴³, the government acted in the belief, in which it was encouraged by its new commander in chief, that the army was capable of holding its lines against a nationalist attack, while attempts to find a settlement continued¹⁴⁴.

The nationalists had indeed been preparing an attack since the autumn of 1921 but even in March 1922 the army was not considered ready for an offensive¹⁴⁵. A statement by Mustafa Kemal to the assembly on 6 May clearly indicates in curious terms (“today only war will create the nation”) an intention to use force¹⁴⁶, even though the diplomatic tide was now strongly flowing the nationalists’ way. The plan

¹⁴² Llewellyn Smith, 277-280

¹⁴³ Andrew, 238

¹⁴⁴ Gawrych, 190; Llewellyn Smith, 274-5, 277

¹⁴⁵ Gawrych, 183-184

¹⁴⁶ Gawrych, 184

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to concentrate the attack on the Greeks' weak salient at Afyon was largely settled in July when preparations for it were ordered to be complete by 15 August¹⁴⁷. The start date of 26 August was set only a few days before¹⁴⁸.

The offensive was brilliantly successful. The Greek lines were broken by the second day and by 1 September the Greek withdrawal had become a rout with the army fleeing westwards in a whirlwind of destruction¹⁴⁹. The troops bypassed Smyrna and headed for the Erythrae peninsula whence they would all have embarked for Greece by 16 September¹⁵⁰; nationalist forces entered unopposed on 9 September and Mustafa Kemal followed the next day. Instances of looting and killing appear to have begun almost at once; the great fire which over five days destroyed the Christian quarters started on 13 September¹⁵¹;

Meanwhile from the northern end of the front the Greeks were able to conduct a more orderly but still destructive withdrawal in the direction of the Sea of Marmara. The last Greek soldiers embarked from Bandırma for Thrace on 18 September¹⁵². The military focus then moved to the Straits. Lloyd George had already declared on 15 September that Mustafa Kemal had to be stopped; an influential portion of the British Cabinet was ready to use force, if necessary. But the country had no more appetite for war than the French and the Italians; the press opposed it, while the Dominions, irked anyway by reading Churchill's proclamations in the newspapers

¹⁴⁷ Gawrych, 191

¹⁴⁸ Gawrych, 193

¹⁴⁹ Gawrych, 196-206; Llewellyn Smith, 288-300

¹⁵⁰ Llewellyn Smith, 311

¹⁵¹ Llewellyn Smith, 306-311; Mango, 344-347

¹⁵² Gawrych, 205

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before receiving a request in cipher, for the first time, with the exception of New Zealand and Newfoundland, refused to come to the assistance of the mother country. A stand-off between British and Turkish troops on 23 September did not lead to open hostilities; on the same day, coincidentally, the allies conceded in principle the reversion of Eastern Thrace to Turkey. The way to armistice talks was thereby opened; but another brush with disaster on 29 September was avoided only by dint of the British general disregarding his orders to deliver an ultimatum¹⁵³. Armistice talks began at Mudanya on 3 October concluding on 10 October, coming into effect on 15 October and providing for a Greek withdrawal from Eastern Thrace within 15 days, followed by a 30-day allied occupation¹⁵⁴. On 19 October the Conservatives withdrew their support for Lloyd George and he resigned¹⁵⁵. This was another, if oblique, victory of Mustafa Kemal, whose influence on British politics is commemorated for a mostly oblivious public in the name borne to this day by the committee of Conservative backbench MPs.

The withdrawal of the Greek army from Eastern Thrace was accompanied by the flight of the Christian population westwards taking with it what be carried on the back or loaded onto carts. The scenes were immortalised by the pen of the young Hemingway and captured in short clips by Pathé newsreels¹⁵⁶. The population had at least a month or so to leave their homes, and in its relative order the exodus resembled the much smaller exodus from Cilicia which accompanied the French

¹⁵³ Llewellyn Smith, 316-318; Mango, 351-354

¹⁵⁴ Llewellyn Smith, 318; Mango, 354-355

¹⁵⁵ Llewellyn Smith, 318; Mango, 356

¹⁵⁶ Llewellyn Smith, 319-321

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withdrawal. Much more chaotic and hurried was the flight from western Anatolia before the advancing Turkish army¹⁵⁷. Except for the men of military age who were detained by the Turks this flight was over by October. It is not possible to produce exact estimates either of the number of refugees or the mortality in excess of a normal peacetime rate among the populations which fled. The Greek census of 1928 gave a total of 1.22 million persons of refugee origin, of whom about 627,000 were from Asia Minor, 257,000 from Thrace and 182,000 from the Black Sea region; the total was considered an underestimate by a chairman of the Refugee Settlement Commission, who preferred a figure of 1.3 million; this total, however, is not broken down by origin¹⁵⁸, The figures for Asia Minor and the Black Sea region (unadjusted by any proportional increase to reflect the higher aggregate) are about 300,000 less than the number of Rum stated for the Anatolian provinces in the Ottoman pre-war figures¹⁵⁹. Adjustments need to be made for census undercounting, onward migration to countries outside Greece, “natural” mortality for the years after 1922 and the birth rate in the years before it. McCarthy has suggested a total death rate of around 25% of the pre-war population or just over 300,000 people¹⁶⁰. By implication, although it is not said expressly, these numbers are meant to represent excess mortality; they would need to be increased to the extent that the pre-war Ottoman figures were underestimates¹⁶¹.

¹⁵⁷ Mango 346

¹⁵⁸ Pentzopoulos, 98-99

¹⁵⁹ Karpat 1985, 168 and 188; Mutlu, 11

¹⁶⁰ McCarthy, 147

¹⁶¹ Kitromilides and Alexandris, 28, report the “patriarchal figure” at about 1.5m which would leave another 300,000 to account for.

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By a similar approach McCarthy arrives at losses proportionately similar for the Muslim population of Anatolia; since that population was much larger than the Greek, the losses represent a much larger number of souls at around three million¹⁶². But the figures are not straightforwardly comparable because the Muslim total, being as in the Greek case a population shortfall, seems to include the Anatolian share of Ottoman military casualties after 1912 which alone are estimated to have exceeded 750,000¹⁶³.

No short summary can do justice to the horrors of this war: the individual experience of bloodshed, devastation, rape and forced removal is heart-breaking, as anyone can affirm who has heard it from the lips of a survivor or even read his or her story in cold print. There were tens if not hundreds of thousands of such experiences. In a conflict over territory, in which anyone of the wrong ethnicity could be a rival or a threat, the distinction between combatant and non-combatant broke down. The killing on the first day of the Greek landing at Smyrna in May 1919 which was accompanied by large scale looting, inexcusable as it was, should have been a curable aberration due to faulty planning and command, but it presaged instead a general collapse of civilised standards. The ensuing weeks saw, to take only three instances, the killing of Turkish “collaborators” and some Greeks at Bergama by Turkish irregulars, the killing of several hundred Turkish civilians at Menemen by Greek troops withdrawing from Bergama and wholesale murder and destruction reciprocally perpetrated at Aydın: and this against a general background of low level

¹⁶² McCarthy, 146

¹⁶³ Zürcher 2010, 186. Zürcher 2004, 163 gives the Anatolian Muslim death toll as 2.5 million.

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violence where the distinction between banditry and irregular warfare became largely blurred¹⁶⁴. The situation in the coastal areas was complicated by rival claims on property by the Greeks who possessed it before 1914 and the Turks who came into possession afterwards: about 120,000 Greek refugees are thought to have returned but over 200,000 Turks became refugees from the occupied zone¹⁶⁵.

Irregulars were put to work by the regular armies. Both sides resorted to wholesale ethnic cleansing in the north west: the Turks in the İzmit area and the Greeks in the Gemlik-Yalova peninsula¹⁶⁶. Aiming to avert the emergence of a fifth column, the Turks perpetrated atrocities on a substantial scale in the Black Sea region¹⁶⁷. After Sakarya the retreating Greek army burned villages¹⁶⁸; the rout after Afyon turned into a rampage of devastation, rape and killing which swept not only through villages but also substantial towns like Uşak, Alaşehir, Manisa and Kasaba¹⁶⁹. The Greek population got off no better: after the Turkish advance there was an orgy of killing, mostly but not entirely by irregulars, in many locations in the coastal region, not only İzmir¹⁷⁰. The death toll continued after the end of open hostilities among the able-bodied males detained in the labour battalions.

¹⁶⁴ Set out in The Report of the Inter-Allied Commission of Inquiry on the Greek Occupation of Smyrna and Adjacent Territories (available at <https://history.state.gov/historicaldocuments/frus1919Parisv09/d3> (accessed 4 February 2018)).

¹⁶⁵ Toynbee, 167-169

¹⁶⁶ Toynbee, 275-289; 292-319, who refers to *Reports of the Atrocities in the Districts of Yalova and Guemlek and in the İzmit Peninsula*. Cmd 1478. HMSO 1921 (available online at <https://archive.org/details/reportsonatrocit00interich> (accessed 4 February 2018)).

¹⁶⁷ Toynbee, 289-90; Gawrych, 133-134; Mango, 329-330

¹⁶⁸ Gawrych, 172

¹⁶⁹ Llewellyn Smith, 296-298; Mango, 343

¹⁷⁰ For a selection of refugee testimony Tenekidis, 25, 70, 71, 96, 100, 140, 143, 145, 229, 236, 238, 245, 247, 257, 263, 338, 344

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In both victorious and vanquished country there was immediate constitutional upheaval spearheaded by the army. Greek troops loyal to a revolutionary committee formed on Lesbos and Chios on the morrow of the retreat reached Athens on 26 September 1922. The next day King Constantine abdicated in favour of his son, George, and went promptly into exile, dying in Palermo on 11 January 1923¹⁷¹. George in turn was to leave on 19 December 1923 and see from a Rumanian exile his country proclaimed a republic on 25 March 1924¹⁷². In Turkey Sultan Mehmet VI Vahdettin went into exile on 17 November 1922 to expire eventually in San Remo on 15 May 1926¹⁷³. His cousin, Abdülmecit, was installed as caliph only, but survived the proclamation of a republic on 29 October 1923 for less than six months, being forced into exile on 3 March 1924¹⁷⁴. In both countries there was an outbreak of lynch law instanced in the case of Turkey by the unabashed lynching of Ali Kemal on 4 November 1922¹⁷⁵ and in the case of Greece by the execution on 28 November 1922 of six prominent royalists including two former prime ministers and a former commander in chief after a travesty of a trial before a so-called Extraordinary Revolutionary Court Martial¹⁷⁶.

In 1922 it would have been hard to say which of Greece and Turkey suffered from greater destitution, disaffection and dissent. But, while neither embarked on a social revolution, they were not to follow the same political path. In Turkey Mustafa Kemal oversaw the consolidation of single party rule under himself over the sixteen years

¹⁷¹ Llewellyn Smith, 312-316

¹⁷² Miller, 551

¹⁷³ Mango, 365

¹⁷⁴ Mango, 395, 406

¹⁷⁵ Mango, 365

¹⁷⁶ Llewellyn Smith, 323-329

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which ended with his death in 1938. Over the same period Greece had three changes of constitutional regime and nineteen changes of government. In Greece there was very little institutional change under the surface of governmental turbulence; under a single party's command of state power there was enormous institutional change in Turkey.

Eschewing a discussion of Mustafa Kemal's personal character, which could take us back to the demand for personal obedience in 1920 recorded by Halide Edip or even to the Bolayır episode of 1913¹⁷⁷, one could select three important stages in the post-war consolidation of single party rule. The first was in 1923 with the creation of a virtually hand-picked assembly which first met on 11 August of that year¹⁷⁸; the second in 1925-1926 saw the suppression of the tolerated opposition and the introduction of the Maintenance of Order Law in March 1925 in response to the Şeyh Sait rebellion and the purge of old Unionists and former colleagues who had been in opposition after the conspiracy to kill Mustafa Kemal was disclosed in June 1926¹⁷⁹; the third in 1930 followed a short period during which the emergency laws of 1925 were suspended and a new opposition was officially encouraged before it prudently dissolved itself. Press freedom was extinguished after 1925 except the short spell in 1930¹⁸⁰.

Institutional changes in these years were extensive. In 1924: the abolition of the medreses and the placing of all education under the Ministry of Education; the

¹⁷⁷ Adivar 1928, 187-188 quoted on pages 116-118 below; Zürcher 2010, 129-130

¹⁷⁸ Zürcher 2004, 160

¹⁷⁹ Zürcher 2004, 171-174; Mango, 422-429, 442-453

¹⁸⁰ Zürcher 2004, 176-181

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abolition of the office of Şeyhülislam and the placing of organised religion under directorates attached to the prime minister's office. In 1925: the abolition of the dervish orders and the ban on the fez; adoption of the Gregorian calendar and western timekeeping. In 1926: introduction of a new civil code based on the Swiss and a new criminal code based on the Italian. In 1928: reference to Islam removed from the constitution; adoption of Latin alphabet to be made compulsory on 1 January 1929. 1930: women given the vote in local elections and first appointment of women judges. 1932: call to prayer made compulsory in Turkish. 1934: compulsory adoption of surnames¹⁸¹. In the years after 1930 independent organs of civil society such as the Turkish Hearths, Istanbul University, the Turkish Women's Union and the Freemasons were shut down and in the case of the first two recreated under direct government supervision¹⁸².

Bilateral relations with Greece were restored by the Treaty of Lausanne at the end of July 1923 and even before settlement of the treaty the two countries had agreed on 30 January 1923 the convention for the compulsory exchange of populations, the first article of which reads, "As from the 1st May 1923, there shall take place a compulsory exchange of Turkish nationals of the Greek Orthodox religion established in Turkish territory, and of Greek nationals of the Muslim religion established in Greek territory. These persons shall not return to live in Turkey or Greece respectively without the authorization of the Turkish Government or the Greek Government respectively." Greek inhabitants of Constantinople and Muslim

¹⁸¹ Mango, 559-560

¹⁸² Zurcher 2010, 290-291

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inhabitants of Western Thrace were exempted¹⁸³. Since the Greek inhabitants of western Anatolia and eastern Thrace had already fled, those who remained to be exchanged were the remaining Muslims of Greece, numbering about 350,000 and the Greek inhabitants of the Black Sea area and Cappadocia numbering about 200,000¹⁸⁴. These were all removed from their homes by the end of 1924.

Caring for and then settling largely destitute refugees equal in number to nearly a quarter of the settled population was beyond the capacity of the Greek state.

Emergency relief was provided by the American Red Cross and short term loans made available by the Bank of England. In the course of 1923 a Refugee Settlement Commission was set up to oversee the process; its work was to be enabled by the grant of agricultural land by the Greek state and foreign loans with recourse to the latter¹⁸⁵. By the time the Commission was wound up in 1930, about half the refugees had been settled on agricultural land¹⁸⁶ and the rest on the periphery of cities in housing that can only be described as ranging from the basic to the shanty¹⁸⁷. To a considerable extent individual communities were kept together, whence the abundance of place names in Greece today with the Greek name of an Anatolian locality prefaced by “New”; some regard was paid to their original geographical circumstances so that, for instance, at least some of those from central Anatolia were resettled in inland Thessaly and some of those from coastal settlements were transplanted to coastal ones (for example the inhabitants of Makri (now Fethiye) on

¹⁸³ Pentzopoulos 51-61; 257-263 for the text of the Convention.

¹⁸⁴ Pentzopoulos, 68-69

¹⁸⁵ Pentzopoulos, 77-85

¹⁸⁶ Pentzopoulos, 105-107

¹⁸⁷ Hirschon, 59-67, 249-253; Pentzopoulos, 111-115

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the Lycian coast came to inhabit Nea Makri on the Attic). Regard, for strategic reasons, was also had to the increasing of the Greek proportion of the population of Macedonia and Thrace, a task made easier in the case of Macedonia by the fact that most of the exchanged Muslims left their homes and land there¹⁸⁸. The refugees from Turkey settled in those regions were chiefly from the Black Sea; the ensuing tensions with portions of the indigenous population have palpable effects even today¹⁸⁹. The settlement policy meant that to a sensible degree the refugees and their immediate descendants were a race apart¹⁹⁰ until populations began to mix with the rapid urbanisation of the country which began in the 1950s.

Throughout the 1920s negotiations between Greece and Turkey on property compensation had dragged on without conclusion. Venizelos, returned to office with a large majority in 1928, felt strong enough to make the necessary concessions, and a convention settling refugee property on the original home country and providing for a payment of £425,000 from Greece to Turkey was signed in Ankara on 10 June 1930¹⁹¹. In October Venizelos was received by Mustafa Kemal in Ankara where treaties of friendship and commerce were signed and shortly thereafter the former nominated the latter without success for the Nobel Peace Prize. İsmet was to reciprocate the visit by one to Athens in 1931. The rapprochement and the economic

¹⁸⁸ Pentzopoulos, 132-140, 188, Table XXIII. The table, based on the 1928 census, shows that the refugee proportion of the population in Macedonia and Thrace was respectively 45% and 35%. The next highest was 19% in Central Greece.

¹⁸⁹ An explanation of the excitement, still aroused so easily at home and so incomprehensibly to foreigners, by the “Macedonian” question, which is well beyond the scope of this chapter, needs to take account not only of enduring refugee mentalities but also of the ethnic dimension of the Greek Civil War.

¹⁹⁰ Pentzopoulos, 201-212

¹⁹¹ Pentzopoulos, 117-119

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concessions made undoubtedly lost Venizelos support among refugee voters¹⁹² and augmented the negative effects of the economic slump and its consequent debt default on his election chances. Venizelos lost the elections of 1932, but the policy of rapprochement with Turkey was maintained by his “royalist” successors and culminated with the signature of the Balkan Pact in 9 February 1934¹⁹³.

The legacy of the national schism, though, had not been spent in Greece. In 1935, Venizelos, now over 70, associated himself with an attempted republican coup, which failed. He was condemned to death *in absentia*, as Mustafa Kemal had been in 1920. Unlike Mustafa Kemal then, Venizelos did not survive for long, dying in French exile in 1936¹⁹⁴. When Mustafa Kemal himself died in 1938, Greece had both a dictator and a king. The dictator was Metaxas, who had opposed Venizelos’s Anatolian venture, and the king was George, who had been expelled in the turmoil after its end.

¹⁹² The publication history of Spanomanolis is a good barometer of Greco-Turkish relations. The account of the author’s captivity was written in 1923. Its serialisation in the newspaper, *Ethnos*, did not begin till 1932. The tone of a prefatory remark suggests that publication was a mark of protest against the rapprochement with Turkey. Whether or not it was, the Turkish Embassy protested, and the Greek Foreign Ministry induced *Ethnos* to stop publication. Publication resumed after the anti-Greek riot in Istanbul on 6 September 1955. Spanomanolis, 16,18; Doulis, 269

¹⁹³ Mango, 486-487

¹⁹⁴ Papoulas, the losing commander in chief at Sakarya, was less fortunate. A royalist then, he had become a republican in the 1920s. For his support of the 1935 attempted coup he ended his days at the age of 78 before a firing squad.

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The canonical Turkish literature of the War of Independence exhibits certain topoi and it may be helpful before examining their use in the works of Halide Edip and Yakup Kadri to see them elsewhere, specifically in works in which the war itself plays little part.

One such work is *Çalığışu* by Reşat Nuri Güntekin which exhibits the theme of the woman teacher used quite differently by Halide Edip in *Vurun Kahpeye*. *Çalığışu* is a work of enduring popularity. Its exceptional historical interest arises from the fact that it was the first Turkish novel set in Anatolia to have an appeal to the wider public¹, that it appeared while the war was still continuing and yet that, as shall be shown, it has no overt reference to the war at all.

Çalığışu was initially written as a four act play (*İstanbul Kızı*-The Girl from Istanbul); this was not staged because of the practical demands on the set requiring unusual backdrops and too many changes of scene. It was rewritten as a novel which appeared in serial form in the periodical *Vakit* (Time) during 1922 and subsequently in a single volume. It is three times as long as *Vurun Kahpeye* (Strike the Whore) and has been translated into English.

¹ Nabı-Zâde Nâzım's *Karabibik* of 1890-1891 which appeared long before the publication of *Çalığışu* is considered to be the first Turkish novel to represent the peasants' life in Anatolia. It has the length of a long short story but has not left a great impact on the reading public. Kudret I, 149-155 and Kurdakul I, 22.

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Reşat Nuri Güntekin, the author, was born in Istanbul in 1889. His father was a military medical doctor who was posted to different areas of the country and as a result Reşat Nuri was introduced to Anatolia at an early age. He had his primary education in Çanakkale and then, as Yakup Kadri did, to İzmir Frères secondary school. He spoke good French and enjoyed French Literature. His father had a very good library of French, Persian and Arabic literature. From there and after a successful competition he enrolled in the Darülfünun, University of Istanbul, Faculty of Literature where he graduated from in 1912. In 1913 he taught French at the Bursa Sultanisi Girl's Secondary School. Between 1913-1916 he was inspector in various schools in Istanbul. He started his career as a writer after the end of the First World War by writing theatre reviews in the *Zaman* (Time) newspaper (1918-1919). Later he had his own plays performed at the Istanbul City Theatre, for example: *Hançer* (The Dagger) in 1920, *Eski Rüya* (The Old Dream) in 1921, *Taş Parçası* (The Spall) in 1923. During this time he also published short stories in the periodicals *Şair* (The Poet) (1918-1919), *Nedim* (The Companion) (1919), *Büyük Mecmua* (The Great Review) (1919) and *İnci* (The Pearl) (1919), as well as in the humoristic-satirical periodical *Diken* (The Thorn) (1918-1919) and in the paper *Dersaadet* (Istanbul) (1920). In these, he used either his name or the pen name, Hayrettin Rüştü. In addition to this he published two novels, *Harabelerin Çiçeği* (The Flower of Ruins) (1918), his first, and *Gizli El* (The Hidden Hand) (1920) in *Zaman* (Time) under the pen name Cemil Nimet and in *Dersaadet* under his own name respectively. He became truly popular with the publication of his novel *Çalılıkusu*. He wrote in satirical and humoristic periodicals under the pen name *Yıldız böceği* (Glow-worm), *Ateş böceği* (Firefly) and *Ağustos böceği* (Cicada). Between 1923-1924 he published,

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together with Mahmut Yesari, the satirical periodical *Kelebek* (Butterfly). During these years and until 1931 he taught Turkish, Philosophy and Pedagogics at various Academies. Between 1931-1939 he served as an Inspector of National Education and later rose to be Chief inspector. Between 1939-1943 he served as representative for Çanakkale in the National Assembly. Between 1949 and 1951 he served as the Turkish representative to UNESCO in Paris. He retired from official duties in 1954 but did not enjoy a long retirement, dying in London, where he went for treatment, from lung cancer in 1956. He was buried in Karacaahmet cemetery in Istanbul.

Reşat Nuri was not only a popular writer but was also much admired by his fellow craftsmen. On his death Yakup Kadri wrote an obituary entitled ‘Our Literature’s Great Loss’ in which he praised Reşat Nuri’s powers of characterisation and, comparing Feride, the heroine of *Çalığışu*, with Iphigeneia, his capacity to create models of innocence and dignity. Some months later Ahmet Hamdi Tanpınar praised the clarity of his Turkish² and his ability to “distil sweet honey out of everyday experience”³.

Of all his novels *Çalığışu* was the most popular. It was one of the earliest novels to reach a wider public, was supposedly read by Mustafa Kemal himself, became an established school text and inspired several film adaptations. Because some of his other early works as for example *Dudaktan Kalbe* (From the Lip to the Heart) follow *Çalığışu* in making the emotional world of the individual the main theme while

² Tanpınar 1969, 125: ‘İddiasız Realizm’ (Simple Realism)

³ Tanpınar 1969, 471: ‘Reşat Nuri ve Eserleri’(Reşat Nuri and his Work)

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social conditions served as a mere background of the main characters, he was characterized in some literary circles, as *Çalığışu Yazarı* (The author of *Çalığışu*)⁴. This sneer was aimed at his supposed sentimentality and lack of social grit but overlooks the range of his work. In almost all his novels, certainly including *Çalığışu*, he dealt with the theme of love for children, the generation gap and the importance of education for the cause of independence. In his mature period, after 1928, his novels contained social criticism as well. While his forms followed the Western tradition, his themes reflect concerns that are exhibited in the novels of the Tanzimat period: false Westernisation being the main theme of *Damga* (Stamp) is borrowed from one event in Ahmet Mithat's novel *Hasan Mellah*⁵. The setting of *Çalığışu* itself with the teacher with a Western education confronting Anatolia obviously relates to the debate about Westernisation in Turkey.

The innovation of *Çalığışu* is to set an Istanbul educated person and particularly a woman teacher against the background of different settings in Anatolia. Appearing towards the end of the Anatolian war in the course of which many Istanbul intellectuals had made their way to Anatolia, even though that war does not impinge on the plot, the novel had a particular emotional resonance for readers, heightened by the fact that the heroine's flight from Istanbul is itself an escape, in her case from a marriage.

Çalığışu is the story of its heroine, Feride. The choice of name, meaning unique or incomparable, is significant because it denotes her character, just as in *Vurun*

⁴ Kudret II, 270

⁵ Kudret II, 269

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Kahpeye Halide Edip chooses the name Aliye, meaning exalted, for hers. The story is in its essence about Feride being finally reunited with her long lost love after a series of adventures. In this respect the novel follows an age old pattern going back to antiquity and instanced both in the Dîvan Edebiyatı by *Leylâ ve Mecnun* and in the Halk Edebiyatı *Kerem ile Ashî*⁶. The pattern is however given an entirely contemporary appearance with a heroine with a Western style education and her adventures in the highly topical Anatolia. The illusion of authenticity is enhanced by presenting the narrative up to the last part through supposed excerpts from the heroine's diary.

Feride who lost her ailing mother when she was six while returning to Istanbul from a posting of her father's in the Middle East, was left in the hands of obedient and caring servants and her maternal grandmother and aunts. The most prominent role among the servants is played by Hüseyin, her father's lame ex-orderly who is Feride's carer. After her grandmother died when Feride was nine her father sent her as a boarder to a French convent school. Three years later her father died too and she spent her holidays with her aunts. Although she subsequently felt the loss of the love and care of a mother, she spent a carefree childhood, in contrast to Aliye in *Vurun Kahpeye*, among her aunts who were kind to her and, no matter how naughty she was, refrained from punishing her to avoid committing the sin of punishing an orphan child. In this early period she was also given the nickname *Çalığışu* (Wren), symbolising the free spirit of her own heart and mind and her physical agility. In the first part of the novel we have a very good depiction of the life of a well to do and

⁶ Kudret II, 271

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cosmopolitan family of the time. Near the beginning of the novel Feride has fallen in love with one of her cousins, Kâmrân, and comes in fact to be engaged to him. However, on the eve of their marriage she finds out that he had an affair with another woman. This dishonesty hurts her free and honest heart and she bravely walks out of the house of her aunt and mother in law to be and sets out to become a teacher in Anatolia. Feride goes to Anatolia out of desperation and to escape from her family, whereas Aliye's venture into Anatolia was out of commitment to a cause.

Like Aliye, Feride has to go through corrupt bureaucrats in order to find a post as a teacher and both of them successfully insist on being posted to remote places in Anatolia which are the least attractive to other candidates. The remote village where Feride starts her teaching gives her a shock at the beginning. In a manner reminiscent of *Yaban*, Feride's first impression of Zeyniler is of a "pile of burning ruins with smoke rising here and there"⁷. But in contrast to Aliye in *Vurun Kahpeye* she is not met there by malicious people who mean her ill; rather they act out of ignorance. Feride adopts a little girl, Munise which means friendly or good-natured, whose mother is a fallen woman. It is noteworthy that the fallen woman also appears as a motif in Yakup Kadri's *Ateşten Gömlek* (Shirt of Fire) and *Yaban*.

In Zeyniler Feride meets one of the most important characters in the plot, Doctor Hayrullah Bey. Hayrullah Bey is a military doctor, an obviously sympathetic character of wide experience, who immediately grasps that there is an underlying emotional

⁷Güntekin 1993, 161

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reason that has pushed Feride to Anatolia. He leaves Feride in Zeyniler to reappear unexpectedly in Kuşadası near the end of the story.

In the various posts where Feride later works, she impresses the locals by being hard working, clever and beautiful. She meets various people who influence the course of the story. In every place she goes, she meets both people who oppose her and her progressive ideas and people who support her. Reşat Nuri makes sure that there is a balance between opponents and supporters, “bad” characters and kind ones.⁸

After the grim environment of Zeyniler the rest of the places where she goes are described as rather picturesque and lively. The pattern of the novel is a succession of episodes defined by Feride moving from one teaching post to another (and itself perhaps imposed by the serial nature of the original publication). In each, there is invariably an intrigue against her by some of the provincial people and a confrontation with their way of thinking. The provincial characters who appear are not only peasants but drawn from a range of society. Curiously while three of the five are named places, Izmir, Karşıyaka and Kuşadası, two are veiled by initials as B and Ç.

Although she was brought up in a comfortable and rather westernised way, Feride respects the customs of the local people and covers herself when it is appropriate. Her honour and good name are very important to her. She simply leaves one of her posts because the local people give her the nickname of *Gülbeşeker* (Rose Jam) on

⁸ Kudret II, 269 expresses a similar view

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account of her exceptional beauty. She also quits another of her posts, because, Şeyh Yusuf Efendi, having fallen desperately in love with her and having hopelessly expired, she was given, blameless though she was, another nickname, *İpek böceği*. (Silkworm).

Through all this her passionate love for Kâmran never ceases but she refuses to acknowledge it. Encountering Doctor Hayrullah Bey again in Kuşadası near the close of the story and having become a nurse in the hospital into which her school has been converted, she vehemently denies being in love with the fiancé whose existence the doctor had persuaded her to confess and, to prove it, insists on proposing marriage to a mutilated soldier in the hospital. Fortunately this goes no further and Doctor Hayrullah Bey is able to bring about a happy ending.

First of all Doctor Hayrullah Bey and Feride must contract an unconsummated marriage to stop local tongues wagging about their close association. And the diary breaks off on the eve of their marriage with an expression of undying love for Kâmran.

By a nice twist the story resumes in the voice of a narrator and we soon learn why. Feride had fallen ill and delirious, and Doctor Hayrullah Bey, having ascertained Kâmran's identity from her diary, sends it to him as proof of her pure and uncompromised love. On his deathbed Dr Hayrullah Bey makes Feride promise to return to Istanbul to see her family. It is now inevitable that she is reunited with the now widowed Kâmran, who has a son, Necdet, under the very tree under which they first kissed.

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The novel shares a number of characteristics with others of the period. In narrative form it stresses its authenticity by resorting to the diary or journal form, as do Halide Edip's *Ateşten Gömlek*, and Yakup Kadri's *Yaban*. Unlike *Yaban*, however, there is not much self-reflection and the diary entries simply carry the narrative forward in a fairly straightforward manner without being constructed in such a way by the author as to let the reader suspect the perceptions of the narrator. The character of the narrator has some complexity: Feride herself is not an angel and can tease or slight others who attempt to slight her. When she is invited to the salon of a provincial petit bourgeois family, she does not hesitate to put them in their proper place because of their vanity. The salient feature of *Çalığışu* which it shares with *Vurun Kahpeye* and *Yaban* is its juxtaposition of a person from Istanbul educated in western ways, a point emphasised by the heroine's education in a convent school, with the inhabitants of Anatolia; and, as in *Vurun Kahpeye*, the person in question is both a teacher and a woman.

The mainspring of the novel lies in the emotions of the heroine and in the development of the action; there are no enemies, internal or external, in contrast to *Ateşten Gömlek*, *Vurun Kahpeye* or *Yaban*. There are no anguished doubts, as in *Yaban*, about the possibility of winning over the inhabitants of Anatolia; the character and determination of the heroine is presented as sufficient to crown her mission with success.

At a first reading, at least, there seems to be no reference to the war which was still continuing when the novel was serialised. Attempts to connect it with that war have nonetheless been made; the most elaborate attempt is in a paper by Sibel Erol,

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claiming that the “War of Independence is implicitly present and operative in the novel”⁹ and concluding that “Güntekin presents the path to a unified nation”¹⁰. The argument, which involves a dialectic, somewhat hard to follow, between maleness, femaleness and castrated maleness, seems to rest on the unargued assertion of a certain symbolism: that the brutal husband of Manastırlı Hanım represents Abdulhamid II, because he too was cruel or that Doctor Hayrullah Bey represents Mustafa Kemal, because the latter cured the sick man of Europe¹¹. Even more startling is the attribution to Jesus Christ, Mustafa Kemal, Hüseyin and the Prophet Muhammed of a merger of femininity with masculinity. The key seems to be the possession of blue eyes and blond hair and in this characteristic Jesus Christ (as a picture of him is recalled in the novel, whatever the colours of the historical Jesus) and Mustafa Kemal are joined by some characters in the novel, for example the Mother Superior of Feride’s convent school, Şeyh Yusuf, Munise, Sarı Çicek and Necdet. Mustafa Kemal does not make an appearance in the novel and so he can only be introduced into the argument by dint of his blue eyes and blond hair; although he indeed had blue eyes and blond hair one can wonder how widely this was known in 1922. Erol refers us¹² to some lines from Nazım Hikmet¹³ in support but these were written in the 1940s and not published until the 1960s. Beyond all this, the toponym, Anadolu, must also be decomposed into “Ana-dolu and Dolu-Ana (Mother-filled,

⁹ Erol, 72

¹⁰ Erol, 82

¹¹ Erol, 75

¹² Erol, 25

¹³ Hikmet, 605

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Filled Mother)”, meaning mother filled “whose name conveys the connotations of sexual maturity, fertility, maternity and motherhood”¹⁴.

The validity of such symbolism might be debated at length. A more straightforward issue arises from Erol’s unquestioning assertion, despite Reşat Nuri’s obviously deliberate avoidance of year indications throughout the novel, that its action takes place in the period leading up to and including November 1922 and that the war, which causes Feride’s school to be turned into a hospital near the end of the novel, is the War of Independence. This is highly implausible. The scenes in Izmir and Karşıyaka show no sign of a Greek occupation which might have been expected if the dramatic date is between 1919 and 1922. Moreover, the first reference to a coming war comes after these scenes. Contrary to Erol’s assertion that Feride’s school is turned into a hospital on 1 February 1922, the relevant dates in Feride’s diary are 1, 15 and 16 December; the year, of course, is unstated. Erol links her supposed date of 1 February 1922 with a speech in which Mustafa Kemal adapted a famous couplet from Namik Kemal’s *Vatan Mersiyesi* (Elegy to Motherland)¹⁵ which she follows Ismail Habib Sevük in dating to 1 March 1922 whereas according to the *Atatürk’ün Söylev ve Demeçleri* (Atatürk’s Speech and Statements) it was in fact given after the first battle of İnönü on 13 January 1921.

In the first of the entries Feride writes that there has been talk of war and in the second that the war started 15 days before¹⁶. Now, the hospital is in Kuşadası, which

¹⁴ Erol, 79

¹⁵ Erol also seems to suppose that the “War of 93” took place in 1893 according to the Western calendar.

¹⁶ Güntekin 1993, 318

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was under Italian occupation between May 1919 and May 1922 and then under Greek occupation between May and September 1922. It is plain that it was not dramatically credible for a Turkish military hospital to be operating in Kuşadası in any of the Decembers between 1919 and 1921 and no war had started in the days before any of those Decembers or even December 1922, which anyway fell after the serialisation of the novel. The war, which the reader is more likely to have imagined, is the First World War, which Turkey entered in mid-November 1914, or conceivably the First Balkan War which began in October 1912.

Erol also claims that her argument is supported by a remark of Ahmet Hamdi Tanpınar, which she quotes thus, “this escape to Anadolu [Feride’s] during the time at which the Battle of Independence started in Anadolu, is meaningful beyond the limits of the work. Those who remember the days of the novel’s serialization as I do know how it is a day-to day response to changes in the situation in Istanbul.”

To understand Tanpınar’s meaning it is helpful to quote the entire paragraph in which his words are found and the preceding one. They come from his article on Reşat Nuri published in Cumhuriyet on 24 February 1957:¹⁷

Reşat Nuri'nin politikaya meydan okumak cesaretini gösterdiğini söyleyemem. Fakat san'atı gibi eserin ehemmiyetinin romandan romana çok değiştiği inkâr edilemez. Çalığışu ile Yeşil Gece ve Yaprak Dökümü ayrı ayrı tenkit zaviyelerinden konuşurlar. Bu sonuncusu son yirmi yılın en güzel romanlarından biridir. Reşat Nuri orada kahramanlarını feda etmeğe razı olur.

Zaten Çalığışu'nda bir çeşit ikilik vardır. Feride'nin aşkı ve dargınlığı, hikâyenin me'sut bitişi ayrı, onun hüviyetini birdenbire elde eden ifadesi,

¹⁷ Tanpınar 1969, 472

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yalnızlığı ve bilhassa bu yalnızlıkta bulduğu âlem ayrı şeylerdi. O kadar ki, birincisini fotoğrafcıların arka plan olarak kullandıkları o hayali peyzajlara benzetmek mümkündür. Bu muvazaa zeminine düşen şey ise büsbütün başka şey idi. Bu ikincisinde bütün bir realist görüş ve bir yığın teklif vardı. Kaldı ki, Anadolu mücadelesinin başladığı günlerde bu Anadolu'ya kaçış, eserin hudutlarını aşıyordu. Romanın tefrika edildiği günleri benim gibi hatırlayanlar, onun nasıl sığdığı sığacağına o günlerde İstanbul'da esen havaya cevap verdiğini bilirler. Buna rağmen, roman hakikaten hissî idi. Ve genç kız psikolojisini, ferdî saadet mes'elesini bir çıkmaza götürüyordu. Reşat bu çıkmazı öbür romanlarında düz cadde hâline getirdiyse bile, ona bir yığın tünel açtı. Hatta kendisine başka başka yollar aradı. Ferdî saadet hakkında daima fedakârlık hissini yüklemekle beraber, daha muvazeneli düşünen kahramanlar yarattı.

I cannot say that Reşat Nuri showed the courage to challenge politics. But it cannot be denied that the importance of his novels as works of art was different from novel to novel. From a critical angle Çalığısu, Yeşil Gece and Yaprak Dökümü speak differently. This last work is one of the best novels of the last twenty years. There Reşat Nuri is willing to sacrifice his heroes.

In fact, there is a kind of duality in Çalığısu. Its happy ending aside, Feride's love and broken heart are different things from the expression which suddenly took over her personality, that is her loneliness, especially the world which she finds in this loneliness. So much so that the first one could be likened to the imaginary landscape background used by a photographer. But what was put onto this unreal ground is a completely different thing. In this second one there is a wholly realistic view and a variety of propositions. Moreover, during the days when the struggle in Anatolia was starting this escape to Anatolia transcended the limits of the work. Those who remember as I do the days when the novel was being serialised know how he was responding there and then to the atmosphere of Istanbul of those days. Despite this the novel was a really sentimental one. And it was leading young girl psychology and the question of personal happiness to a dead end. Even though in his other novels Reşat brought clarity to this dead end (creating a wide open avenue), he dug a series of tunnels for it. He even sought different routes for himself. Even though always creating the burden of the sense of self sacrifice in connection with personal happiness, he created more balanced protagonists.

Difficult as they might be, if Tanpınar's words are seen in context, he seems to be saying that there is something unreal and lifeless about the sentimental aspect of the

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novel since he compares it to a photographer's backdrop. By contrast, what happens in front of the backdrop, the world of Anatolia, is living; and he goes on to say that at the time of publication this had an extra-textual significance which arose from the reading public's interest in Anatolia at the start of the resistance. In particular, translating, as Erol does, the relevant sentence using the words "it is a day-to-day response to the changes in the situation in Istanbul" can give the impression that successive instalments of the novel in some way tracked political developments. As should be already apparent from the translation and comment above, Tanpınar is not saying anything more than that a strong interest in Anatolia among Istanbul readers was reflected in the novel. In this context it is more plausible to take the adverbial phrase "Anadolu mücadelesinin başladığı günlerde" in the previous sentence as qualifying the main verb "aşıyordu" rather than the noun "kaçış". As we have seen there is no indication in the novel that Feride left for Anatolia at the start of the War of Independence. The adverbial phrase, accordingly, by referring to the time of publication points out that the Anatolian material transcended the novel's own limits.

It is suggested accordingly that Erol's contentions that the War of Independence is implicitly present and is operative in the novel" and that "Güntekin presents the path to a unified nation" are difficult to sustain.

The assertion that *Çalılıkusu* does not refer to the War of Independence does not require denial of the obvious fact that it shares with Halide Edip's *Vurun Kahpeye* and Reşat Nuri's subsequent *Yeşil Gece* which plainly do, a basic theme which springs from social conditions in their time: the interaction between an educated and, by the standards of the time, emancipated and enlightened young person

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(significantly a woman in *Çalikuşu* and *Vurun Kahpeye*) and the traditional society of his or her own country. The choice of a teacher's role in all three and of a heroine as opposed to a hero as the central figure in two of the novels serves to make the contrasts in that interaction sharper. In all three novels the reader's sympathy is clearly meant to be with the teacher-hero. That said, the novels are quite different. *Vurun Kahpeye* is written as a didactic work which projects by reference to the national struggle an obvious sense of right and wrong in the light of which the characters are fairly crudely portrayed. By contrast *Çalikuşu* has no overt didacticism, despite being nearly contemporaneous with *Vurun Kahpeye*, only incidental reference to a war and by using the conceit of a first person narration, a much more nuanced literary form. *Yeşil Gece* is didactic in a way that *Çalikuşu* is not but takes, as its own hero decides at the end, the middle way. The war comes and the hero is deported to a Greek island; but after his return he sees that the agents of reaction whom he knew before the war have only changed their external appearance and he is forced into a retreat. At the end of the novel the middle way is the one he literally and metaphorically resolves to follow.

Against this background it seems unnecessary to over-analyse Reşat Nuri's choice of a female protagonist for *Çalikuşu* and posit with Stephan Guth¹⁸ that Feride is a representation of the author himself. Guth is however right to point out that it is not enough to read the novel as a contribution to the debate on female emancipation, drawing attention to a number of initiatives which had started before the First World War. To these we can add a much older reference to Ahmet Mithat Efendi who as

¹⁸ Guth, 205

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long ago as 1875 had already placed emphasis on the value of women who worked in order to earn their living: not only the protagonist's slave went out to work but his widowed mother too worked at home in order to make ends meet¹⁹.

Nonetheless simpler explanations for an author's choices are generally to be preferred. As Tanpınar²⁰ saw, one of the elements of the novel, which he rather dismissed as a photographer's backdrop but which seems to be the key to its enduring popularity, is a sentimental history and fittingly with the age old tradition of faithful and reunited love only a heroine would do. Guth's analysis however, brings to the fore the theme of the "other" and the quest for inclusion. This is a significant point which will be discussed in the chapter on *Yaban* where Yakup Kadri boldly and eloquently lays his cards open on the table.

The topos of Anatolia as a remote and wild land finds expression in a completely different way in the long but beautifully flowing poem of *Han Duvarları* (The Walls of an Inn) by Faruk Nafiz Çamlıbel, which was published in 1926.

Faruk Nafiz Çamlıbel was born in Istanbul in 1889 to an educated middle-class family. His father Süleyman Nafiz Bey was the head clerk of the Ministry of Forests and Mines. His mother Ruhiye Hanım was the daughter of the merchant Necati Bey. He had his primary and secondary education at the Hadika-i Meşveret İdadisi and at the Rüştiye in Bakırköy. For a period he studied at the Faculty of Medicine but did not graduate. He started writing poetry while he was a medical student. His talent

¹⁹ Ahmet Mithat Efendi, 9

²⁰ Seyhan, 73

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was appreciated immediately by the literary circles of that period. He started publishing his first poetical works in *Peyam-i Edebi* (Literary Messenger) in 1913-1914, in *Edebiyat-ı Umumiye Mecmuası* (Universal Literary Review) in 1916-19, in *Yeni Mecmua* (New Review) in 1918, in *Umid Mecmuası* (Review of Hope) (1919-1921), in *Şair* (Poet) (1918-1919), in *Büyük Mecmua* (Great Review) (1919) and in *Nedim* (Companion) (1919). During 1922 he was sent to Ankara as a representative of *İleri Gazetesi* (Progressive Newspaper). In the same year he was sent to Kayseri as a teacher of literature. In 1924-1925 he became a teacher of Literature at various schools and Academies in Ankara. In 1932 he taught Literature again at the Kabataş Lisesi in Istanbul. At the same time he taught at the American College for Girls. During these years, and while he was teaching in Ankara and Istanbul, he continued to publish in many periodicals such as *Güneş* (The Sun), *Tavus* (The Peacock), *Hayat* (Life), *Yedigün* (Seven Days) and in *Anayurt* (The Motherland), a periodical which he started himself. He also published in two Istanbul satirical magazines, *Akbaba* (The Vulture) and *Karikatür* (Caricature) using the pen name *Deli Ozan* (Mad Minstrel) and *Çamdeviren* (Plunderer). In 1946 he was elected as a representative for Istanbul in the Grand National Assembly. In May 1960 he was kept under arrest in Yassıada together with other representatives of the Democratic Party, and after he was released he retired from politics and lived a quiet life until his death in 1973.

It is worth noting that in his first collections of poetry, namely *Şarkın Sultanları* (The Sultans of the East) (1918), *Gönülden Gönüle* (From Heart to Heart) (1919) and

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Dinle Neyden (Listen from the Ney) (1919) he used both the *aruz* and the *hece* *vezni*²¹. As an exponent of the *aruz* metre he was praised by Yahya Kemal:

*Bir lübbidur cihanda elezz-i lezaizin,
Her misra-i güzidesi Faruk Nafiz'in*

*Each select line of Faruk Nafiz
Is a delightful essence in this world.*

His poems were very popular among the younger people of his time. In this period he used the *aruz* metre and he is thought to be the last in the line of the master poets who used the *aruz* metre (Muallim Naci, Tevfik Fikret, Mehmet Akif, Ahmet Haşim and Yahya Kemal) .

Gradually he moved on from love and sentimental poetry to different subjects: he dealt with fine descriptions of Istanbul landscape as well as with thoughts and feelings common among the poor and suffering people. In this new kind of poetry, he skilfully managed to bring some of the beauty of the old poetry into the new one.

His poem *Han Duvarları* is about Anatolia seen through the eyes of a person from Istanbul. Anatolia had been the subject of poetry long before 1926, though. Folk poetry echoes its landscape and its people. Mehmet Emin, Ziya Gökalp and Mehmet Akif had made Anatolia the subject in their poetry, each of them projecting a different ideology: Mehmet Emin showing its harshness, its poverty and its

²¹ Kurdakul I, 233

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abandonment, Mehmet Akif presenting a landscape united by Islam and Ziya Gökalp an ideal country based on the ideals of Turan²².

In *Han Duvarları*, Faruk Nafiz describes the physical landscape of Anatolia through the eyes of a traveller from Istanbul on a horse drawn cart. The poem successfully conveys the impression of the vastness, remoteness and geographical variety of Anatolia. It consists of 140 lines and is written in the syllabic metre *hece vezni* of folk poetry.

The poet draws a tableau of what he sees and how he feels during the three day long journey: the geography of Anatolia, the people of Anatolia and his inner world, his own feelings. There is a clear sense of melancholy and nostalgia which increases as the cart goes further into Central Anatolia which is presented as a place of *gurbet* (being far from home, foreign travel, exile).

In this three day long journey the vastness of Anatolia is eloquently presented with these lines:

*Nihâyetsiz bir ova ağarttı benzimizi,
Yollar bir şerit gibi ufka bağladı bizi.
Gurbet beni muttasıl çekiyordu kendine,
Yol, hep yol, dâimâ yol... bitmiyor düzlük yine.*

And its people gathered around the fire at the first stop:

²² Kaplan, 8, rather than reflecting the realities of Anatolia mainstream poets of the prerepublican period projected an imaginary landscape reflecting their own ideology.

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*Bir noktada birleşmiş vatanın dört bucağı.
Gurbet çeken gönüller kuşatmıştı ocağı.
Bu parıltı gördü mü gözler hemen dalıyor,
Şişesi is bağlamış bir lâmbanın ışığı,
Her yüze çiziyordu bir hüznün kırışığı.*

The poem is structured around three *koşma* which the traveller finds inscribed on the walls on the three inns the he spends the night. These *koşma* are attributed in the poem to a Maraşlı Şeyhoğlu Satılmış who embodies the suffering of the people who live in these remote and harsh parts of the country²³:

*On yıl var ayrırım Kınadağı'ndan
Baba ocağından yar kucağından
Bir çiçek dermeden sevgi bağından
Hudûttan hudûda atılmışım ben*

Apart from a beautifully portrayed vast Anatolia and a people left forgotten in it the poem carries no overt political or didactic message. Still, Faruk Nafiz portrays the Anatolia of 1926 as remote, distant and difficult just as the Kurtuluş authors do.

Anatolia as a different and distant place/topos in need of enlightenment is presented differently in three almost contemporaneous literary works of the early Republic. It will be extensively discussed in the chapters on *Yaban* and *Ankara*.

In order to achieve progress in Anatolia secular education is of paramount importance both in *Çalığışu* and *Vurun Kahpeye*. This task is reserved for two

²³ A similar character representing the suffering from *gurbet* is Şerif Çavuş in *Yaban*.

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female characters, two young and courageous but determined teachers, albeit with different motivations.

There is a diversity of styles and approaches to the same topos by each of the Kurtuluş writers in their early works and this diversity has been overlooked by their common classification as supporters of the Kemalist ideology.

Backwardness, spiritual and material poverty, neglect and religious fanaticism as well as treachery are topos of Kurtuluş literature given much more emphasis in the novels which are discussed in the chapters to follow.

As will appear in the discussion of the Greek case, the persistent themes in the Turkish writings, the gulf between the Westernised intellectual and the common people of Anatolia, the conflict between enlightenment and reaction which have been explored in this chapter, Myrivilis's *H Δασκάλα με τα Χρυσά Μάτια* (The Teacher with the Golden Eyes) of 1933 excepted, are absent in the Greek works. For their authors Anatolia is the motherland stripped of her people who were forced to leave after the war. Those who stayed in Anatolia were either experiencing the torments of a brutal captivity, forced labour and marches into rural Anatolia or by pretending to be Turks managed to remain there. It is from the 1940s and especially after the 1950s that Anatolia as an ideal lost homeland becomes the main topos in the Literature of the Asia Minor Disaster. Of course, the real Anatolia that corresponded to this dreamland was its western fringe which anyway had a quite different character from the interior.

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Interestingly, the woman teacher, trained in Greece chiefly at the Arsakeion Female Teacher's Academy in Athens²⁴, who was sent to distant Anatolian communities, often Turkish speaking, was a real phenomenon in the 19th and very early 20th century. This real analogy to Feride and Aliye does not seem to have influenced any Greek fiction.

²⁴ Arsakeion was the first school for girls in Greece founded in 1836 by Apostolos Arsakis, one of the great benefactors in Greece. An Academy for teachers was founded soon after. Many of the young teachers came to study in Athens from Asia Minor and returned with the mission to strengthen the Hellenic element in the rural areas of Asia Minor. The Arsakis bequest continues to support the school and the Academy which are still operating.

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This chapter will introduce the work of two of the major figures of the literature of the War of Independence, Halide Edip Adıvar and Yakup Kadri Karaosmanoğlu. They lived very long and politically active as well as literary lives, were intimately involved in the national struggle and for a period in 1921, as will be shown, they exercised a significant mutual influence on each other.

Halide Edip Adıvar

Halide Edip's life spanned the Turkey of the Hamidian period and the restoration of civilian government after the 1960 coup and she was very close to the centre of events in the crucial years between 1919 and 1924. Both *Ateşten Gömlek* and *Vurun Kahpeye* make use of her experiences and impressions of the war years.

A direct source for Halide's life is her own autobiography. There are two volumes. One takes her from her early days to 1918 and the other covers the period of the War of Independence. The volume relevant to her early life was written in English and published in New York and London as *Memoirs of Halidé Edip* in 1926. The Turkish version of the *Memoirs* appeared in a serialised form in 1955. It was published as a book with certain modifications and not as a direct translation of the English original, under the title *Mor Salkımlı Ev* in 1963¹. In 2003 the English original was

¹ Adıvar 2005, xiii

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re-published with an introduction by Sibel Erol confusingly under the title *The House with Wisteria* which is a translation of the Turkish version's title but the text is identical to that of the 1926 English original². In 2005 a fascimile edition of this original was published with an introduction by Hülya Adak³.

The second part of her autobiography appeared in 1928 in a serialised form in *Asia* under the title *My Share in the Turkish Ordeal* and appeared in a book form later in the same year as *The Turkish Ordeal*. The Turkish version of the book which is not an exact translation of the original, was published first in instalments in *Hayat* (Life) in 1959 and then as a book under the title *Türk'ün Ateşle İmtihanı* (The Turk's Ordeal by Fire) in 1962⁴.

Halide Edip was born in Istanbul. The year of her birth is variously reported as 1882⁵ or 1884⁶. Her father, Mehmet Edip Bey had been brought up in Salonica. He was a highly educated man who held a position at the *Ceyb-i hümmâyün* (Privy Purse)⁷ of Abdülhamid II. At different times he also served in Yanya (in Epirus Northern Greece now) and Bursa. He had a number of wives, as was the custom in those times, and a number of children, none of whom shared a mother. Halide Edip's mother died when Halide was very young⁸. Both her father's polygyny and the loss of her mother seem to have made Halide an unhappy child⁹. Apart from living in her

² Adivar 2003, xiii

³ Adivar 2005

⁴ Adak 2003, 524 differences between the two versions discussed.

⁵ Adivar 2005, v

⁶ Kudret II, 63 and Kurdakul II, 68

⁷ Adivar 2005, vi

⁸ Adivar 2005, 4-6

⁹ Adivar 2005, 155-6

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father's house in the Christian (Armenian and Greek) neighbourhood of Ihlamur, Halide, spent a lot of time with her maternal grandparents who lived in the Muslim quarter of the city.

Mehmed Edip Bey had by the standards of the time very progressive ideas about bringing up children and about their education. He strongly believed in having his daughters properly educated. Halide was sent to a nursery for Christian children to start with and later in 1893 to the American College for Girls at Üsküdar. According to Hülya Adak, the Bible studies courses she had there had a profound impact on her literary work¹⁰. Her schooling there had been interrupted for a period in which Abdülhamid banned all Muslim children from attending missionary schools and during that interval Halide continued her education at home under the tuition of very prominent figures: Şükrü Efendi, known as *Eb-ül-lisan/Dil babası* (Father of Language), taught her Arabic, Rıza Tevfik Philosophy and Turkish Literature and the famous Mathematician, Salih Zeki, Mathematics¹¹. She graduated eventually in 1901 and was the first Turkish woman to graduate from such a school. She also had music lessons from an Italian teacher and acquired a good command of English which she started to learn from an English nanny. Rather uncharacteristically for her social status she had also been exposed to some folk literature by a distant relative from the provinces who came to stay with them¹²:

It was by a mere chance that I fell under the influence of a man of his type, but it was this chance that opened me to the folk-lore, the popular

¹⁰ Adivar 2005, vi

¹¹ Kudret II, 63 and Adivar 2005, vi

¹² Adivar 2005, 117

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Turkish literature, which none of the rest of my generation of writers have enjoyed.

As soon as she finished school she married Salih Zeki Bey who was twenty years her senior. At that time he was preparing an Encyclopedia of Mathematics and she was translating for him from English the biographies of great mathematicians. He also very much enjoyed reading the Sherlock Holmes stories in translations made by Halide especially for him. Apparently Sherlock Holmes stories were very fashionable at the time. The Sultan himself kept one of his interpreters busy with these translations! Apart from Sherlock Holmes she also translated Shakespeare for her husband. However, Salih Zeki Bey appears to have been very critical of these because Halide used an informal language¹³.

The marriage was not a happy one as can be conjectured from the pages about her married life to Salih Zeki. The following thoughts are telling¹⁴:

He had an absolute mastery over the abstruse subjects he treated, and he illuminated them with a sharp and blinding clarity when he explained them to his pupils who gathered around him in the manner of disciples. This blinding clarity and simplicity are usually characteristic of the real mastery of a subject, but such a treatment was so different from my own somewhat dreamy mental temperament that I fell completely under its sway. Though it gave my mind a new direction and helped it in its development, it also blurred for me for a time the value of spiritual things, and I became in a mental sense enslaved to another mind.

¹³ Adivar 2005, 207

¹⁴ Adivar 2005, 204

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The birth of her two children in 1903 and 1905 gave her great joy. She had a Greek nurse for her first child from whom he must have learnt Greek “running about and talking Greek and Turkish to the conversation point”¹⁵. In 1910 her husband decided to marry another woman. She took this as a deep insult and betrayal and very bravely asked him to give her a divorce¹⁶. Eventually he agreed and she set up a new home with her children and her grandmother. This was not only a brave and for the time an unusual move but it also proved to be beneficial for her: she was freed from a husband who dominated her intellectually, it made her more available to her friends and she was able to discover new things and develop her own talents and interests move quickly. With her English education and culture she seemed to be quite unique among the intellectuals of that period who were mostly familiar with French and German. Her presence added a fresh note among them.

It was in the year 1908 during the exuberant days of the constitutional revolution that Halide Edip became a writer¹⁷ as she herself put it, in the Unionist paper *Tanin* (Voice) which was first published on 20th July under the joint editorship of Tevfik Fikret and Hüseyin Cahit. Salih Zeki was writing the scientific column while Halide Edip was writing the literary one. The paper had almost all the writers of the *Edebiyatı Cedide* (New Literature) Halit Ziya and Cenab Şehabettin being among them, who “were considered the great writers of the period and their greatest figure as man and as poet was Tevfik Fikret”. “This school was fiercely attacked by the old writers for its imitation of the European culture, and had been equally criticised by

¹⁵ Adivar 2005, 215

¹⁶ Adivar 2005, 307

¹⁷ Adivar 2005, 260

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my contemporaries” writes Halide Edip. Halide Edip herself is quite critical about them as well¹⁸:

To my mind neither Edebiyati-Djedide nor the young writers of whom I shall speak more fully later have recreated, in their writings, the Turkish life of the times and its inner psychology, so well as some of the oldest Turkish chroniclers had done of their own time. Naima shows in one single revolutionary scene a singular power of representing the setting as well as the thoughts and feelings of his time, with an understanding which would sound true and real in any age, although the Turkish prose of the period in its loose and primitive form of the day was hardly a fit instrument to express real life. Both Edebiyati-Djedide and my own contemporaries lacked that supreme genius which creates life from within without binding itself to schools, styles, or tendencies in fashion.

The line of the journal was more or less following Namık Kemal’s patriotic ideas and, as she put it herself, was transfusing Western culture into Turkish ideas as best it could. Halide Edip admits that as she was at the beginning of her career and unknown, she was at the time flattered to be among the famous writers of the day¹⁹.

She wrote columns on women’s emancipation and the right to education but, being a woman, she never visited the premises of the paper²⁰. Even her first articles were signed as Halide Salih. Her articles were fiercely criticised by conservative opponents of the Unionists²¹. When the 31 March 1909 counter revolution took place she learnt that her name was on a black list and fled to Egypt and from there to England where she stayed until the counter revolution was suppressed, returning to

¹⁸ Adıvar 2005, 261-262

¹⁹ Adıvar 2005, 262

²⁰ Adıvar 2005, vii

²¹ Adıvar 2005, 267

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Istanbul in 1910²². As a columnist she had a wide correspondence with her readers many of whom she had met and discussed their problems in person²³. Articles followed in such periodicals as *Şehbal* (Feather), *Büyük Mecmua* (The Great Review), *Musavver Muhit* (The Illustrated Environment) and *Resimli Kitap* (The Illustrated Book).

In 1911 she joined the *Türk Ocakları* (Turkish Hearths) where the idea of Turanism was discussed: the importance of Turkishness as a marker of identity and the union of all Turkic peoples including those beyond the boundaries of the Ottoman Empire. There she became acquainted with Ziya Gökalp who was among the first poets to write poetry in the vernacular and to give it a literary status. It was under the influence of these ideas that she wrote one of her early novels with the title *Yeni Turan* (New Turan) (1913) a utopia of an ideal, democratic and liberal Turkish state under the Committee of Union and Progress which would give women political rights and opportunities²⁴. The novel became very popular in Turkey. It also had an impact abroad and was translated into German. Soon she distanced herself from this extreme ideology but she continued to be very active in supporting the national cause.

Apart from her intellectual endeavours she showed at a very early stage of her life that she was a woman of action who was determined to put her ideas into good practice. Soon after her divorce she taught at the Girls' Academy for Teachers. She

²² Kudret II, 63

²³ Adivar 2005, 270

²⁴ Adivar 2005, ix

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founded the *Teal-i Nisvan Cemiyeti* (Society for the Promotion of Women) and during the Balkan Wars through this Society she opened hospitals in Istanbul. In her *Memoirs* she claimed that the Balkan Wars were the first to see Turkish women nursing men²⁵. Her description of Istanbul during the Balkan Wars is an eloquent expression of the grim conditions the capital and possibly the whole country were in²⁶:

On the other hand, there has never been a war worse managed than the Balkan war. The lack of sanitary organization, the badness of the service behind the lines was deplorable. The sheep starved in cars, and the flour rotted at the depots, while less than a mile away men died of hunger. When the Turkish refugees flocked in panic to Constantinople to escape from massacre, when cholera broke out among the immigrants and in the army, when one saw an entire population dying in the mosque yards under the icy grip of winter, the sight of the misery in Constantinople seemed too grim to be true.

Other novels which she published in this early period of her career have autobiographical elements and look at women's problems within a married life: *Raik'in Annesi* (Raik's Mother) (1909), *Seviyye Talip* (1910), *Handan* (1912) *Son Eseri* (Her Last Work) (1913) and *Mev'ut Hüküm* (The Decree) (1917-8)²⁷.

When the First World War broke out she supported the idea of the Committee for Union and Progress for Turkey to join the war as an ally of the Germans: she thought that the war was necessary in order to rid the Ottoman Empire of the Capitulations

²⁵ Adıvar 2005, 335

²⁶ Adıvar 2005, 334

²⁷ Adıvar 2005, ix

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and thus to improve the economy of the empire, to restrain the privileges granted to the religious minorities and to protect Turkey from the Russian threat.

She was distanced from the Unionist Triumvirate after she had given a speech in the *Türk Ocağı* in which she expressed criticism for the violence perpetrated against the Armenians. Hülya Adak suggests that her subsequent educational activities in Syria (1916-8) may have been like a self-imposed exile. During that time she became involved in the organisation of schools under the auspices of the Ottoman governors as well as of one teachers training school²⁸.

In 1917 while in Syria she married Dr Adnan (Adıvar), who was in Bursa, by proxy. Dr Adnan was very close to Mustafa Kemal and Halide Edip too had already met him.

The war ended with Turkey's defeat in 1918. Halide Edip returned to Istanbul and the next five years in the course of which the nationalist resistance was born and became eventually victorious was the period in which she played her most prominent part in public life. Her life during these years is recounted in *The Turkish Ordeal*, written in English after her self-imposed exile from Mustafa Kemal's Turkey in 1926 and first published in 1928.

After the Moudros Armistice of October 1918, which was in substance an Ottoman surrender, the Sultan's government continued to exist but was effectively under the control of the Allies, particularly the British. In May 1919, Halide Edip famously

²⁸ Adıvar 2005, x and 431-471

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addressed a huge crowd gathered in Sultan Ahmet protesting against the landing of the Greek troops in İzmir²⁹. Of this a visual record exists not only in photographs but also a silent newsreel. For a woman to address such a huge crowd in Istanbul under occupation is indicative of Halide Edip's character and strong convictions. The meeting is described with great patriotic empathy at the beginning of Halide Edip's *Ateşten Gömlek*³⁰. A very emotional and vivid description of the demonstration is given by Sabiha Sertel³¹ and an English translation of the relevant excerpt of Halide's speech by Saime Göksü³². In 1919 Halide Edip, still trusting in president Wilson's Fourteen Points, was a supporter of an American mandate as were many other future nationalists, such as İsmet (İnönü). In March 1920, with the Allied occupation of Istanbul she left the city with her husband Dr Adnan to join the resistance led by Mustafa Kemal as did many other supporters of the resistance in Anatolia. Mustafa Kemal put her in charge of the *Anadolu Ajansı* (Anatolian Press Agency) whose business was to promote the nationalist cause not only in Turkey but abroad as well. During this time she was sentenced to death *in absentia* by a court martial in Istanbul. The list of those sentenced to death included among other nationalists, her husband and Mustafa Kemal³³. In 1921 she not only served as a nurse near the front but was also present at headquarters at the battle of Sakarya 1921 (she was raised to the rank of corporal so she could be there). *The Turkish*

²⁹ Sertel Sabiha, 10: May 1919 and Adak in Adivar 2005, xi: 6 June 1919. In the protests other women too addressed the public (see Şapolyo, 22-23) but none of them attracted as much attention as Halide Edip in subsequent publications.

³⁰ Adivar 1926, 32-39 and Adivar 1943, 21-23. More demonstrations of such kind occurred in Istanbul gave impetus to the *Anadolu'ya kaçma* movement. Less if any at all is the importance given to similar demonstrations in other parts of the country particularly in Izmir.

³¹ Sertel Sabiha, 27-8

³² Göksü, 10-11. Nazım Hikmet and Vala Nurettin who fled to Anatolia after Halide Edip's recommendation to Mustafa Kemal had attended one of the meetings on 13 January 1920.

³³ Bernard Lewis, 252

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Ordeal does not only deal with the events of the war but also records her impressions of poverty stricken and backward Anatolia. In 1922 after the final victory of nationalists Dr Adnan (who was already the Deputy Speaker of Grand National Assembly) became the nationalist envoy in Istanbul.

After the proclamation of the Republic of Turkey along with her husband Adnan (Adivar), Rauf (Orbay), Kâzım (Karabekir) and Ali Fuat (Cebesoy) she became a founder of an opposition party, *Terakkiperver Cumhuriyet Fırkası* (The Progressive Democratic Party) which stood for liberalism and democratisation. When this party was outlawed in June 1925 she left the country with her husband and returned to Turkey only in 1939 after Mustafa Kemal's death. Significantly in Mustafa Kemal's *Nutuk*, she was vilified as a *mandacı* (supporter of mandate) which was treated as synonymous with being a traitor. During the period of self-imposed exile Dr Adnan taught Turkish at the *École des Langues Orientales Vivantes* in Paris while she travelled to England, America and India where she was active lecturing and publishing.

As Hülya Adak relates, in 1928 Halide Edip participated in the Williamstown Political Institute round-table conference as the first female lecturer in Politics and was hailed as the extraordinary woman of the New Turkey³⁴. Her conference lectures which presented an analysis of the Ottoman empire and the young Republic were published in 1930 as *Turkey Faces West*. In 1931 she was a visiting professor in the

³⁴ Adivar 2005, xv

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History Department of Barnard College in New York. In 1935 she travelled to India where she helped to establish the Muslim University, Jamia Millia. She stayed and lectured in India for two months. Her lectures were published in 1937 under the title *Conflict of East and West in Turkey*. In the same year she published in London *Inside India* which were serialised in the *Tan* (Dawn) newspaper as *Hindistan'a Dair* (On India) in 1938³⁵.

After her return to Istanbul she taught as a Professor at the University of Istanbul English Language and Literature Department from 1940. Between 1950 and 1954 she was an independent MP for Izmir. Withdrawing from politics she resumed her professorial duties at the University of Istanbul. She died on 9 January 1964³⁶.

She wrote a three volume history of English literature and translated Shakespeare's *Hamlet, As You Like It, Coriolanus* and *Anthony and Cleopatra* into Turkish.

As Hülya Adak points out, Halide Edip's absurd play *Maskeli Ruhlar* published in 1938 and translated and published in English as *Masks or Souls?* in 1953 as well as her translation into Turkish of George Orwell's *Animal Farm* in 1952 point to her opposition to totalitarian regimes. "Perhaps the first absurd drama in the history of Turkish theatre *Maskeli Ruhlar/Masks or Souls?* brings forth Edip's pessimism about the second decade of the Kemalist revolution: Mustafa Kemal is depicted as a dictator, the modern version of the great Tatar conqueror Tamarlane (1335-1405)".

³⁵ Adıvar 2005, xvii-xviii

³⁶ Adıvar 2005, xvi

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The theme of the West is contrasted to the East which, which in its effort to westernise, loses its spiritual qualities and becomes a mirror-image of the West³⁷.

She was also a very prolific novelist. *Ateşten Gömlek* (Shirt of Fire, 1922) which is considered to be the first Kurtuluş novel, *Vurun Kahpeye* (Strike the Whore, 1926) along with a selection of short stories under the title *Dağa Çıkan Kurt* (The Wolf Who took to the Mountains, 1922) reflect Turkey during the War of Independence.

The voluminous list of her fiction also includes *Kalp Ağrısı* (Heartache, 1924), *Zeyno'nun Oğlu* (Zeyno's Son, 1928), *Yol Palas Cinayeti* (Murder in the Yol Palace, 1937), *Tatarcık* (Sand fly, 1939), *Sonsuz Panayır* (Endless Fair), 1946), *Akile Hanım Sokağı* (Akile Hanım Street, 1958). She also wrote novels serialised in *Cumhuriyet* newspaper *Sevda Sokağı Komedyası* (The Comedy of the Street of Love, 1959) and *Çaresaz* (The One Who Helps all Around Her, 1960) and *Kızıl Hançeler* (Red Daggers) in the journal *Hayat* (Life) (1964) in the year she died.

The novels she wrote after she had left Turkey in 1925 unfold during the time of her childhood and her youth. *The Clown and his Daughter* was published first in English in 1935. It was then adapted by the author herself in Turkish as *Sinekli Bakkal* (The Fly-plagued Grocer) in 1936 and is one of her most widely read novels and has been translated into other languages as well. It presents as a main theme a synthesis of

³⁷ Adıvar 2005, xvi-xvii

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West and East that is different from the one proposed and imposed by the Kemalists of the time.³⁸

In terms of language Sibel Erol rightly observes that her English not being her mother tongue has a defamiliarising effect and that her Turkish style is as idiosyncratic as her English³⁹. Although Halide Edip's language has been criticised by some of her contemporaries (Fuat Köprülü being one of them) for not always following the established grammatical rules, it has been accepted by others as fresh, new language sometimes resembling 'tasty and bony sardines'. Yakup Kadri observes that sometimes her voice and harmony flow with an undulation which goes beyond grammatical and syntactical rules⁴⁰.

The *Memoirs* of Halide Edip present a vivid picture of upper class life in the late Hamidian period while *The Turkish Ordeal* in its English original covers the years of the national struggle and presents a story somewhat different from the official Kemalist version and reveals a critical view of Mustafa Kemal's personality that is obviously derived from close personal acquaintance. The differences were toned down in her own Turkish translation thirty years later. By then Mustafa Kemal was long dead and it is likely that Halide Edip had revised her views on him and on the whole situation in Turkey.

³⁸ Adıvar 2005, xxii- xviii, Kurdakul II, 73-74

³⁹ Adıvar 2003, xiii

⁴⁰ Kudret II, 67

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As the subjects of her books and her activities show, she was always an outspoken advocate of personal, national and international freedom and rejected any form of authoritarianism.

Some of the more nuanced views she expressed both in her *Memoirs* and in *The Turkish Ordeal* are not at all reflected in the narrative of her two Kurtuluş novels which will be discussed in Chapters 5 and 6. These present a cruder form of the national narrative.

One of these views is her overtly critical stance against the authoritarianism of Mustafa Kemal of which she claims to have a personal experience during the war in Anatolia. There follows an excerpt from the chapter ‘Important phases of the Civil War’⁴¹ from *The Turkish Ordeal*⁴²:

‘What do you think, Hanım Efendi, am I not right?’

‘I don’t clearly understand what you want to say, Pasham’

‘Come to this chair near me and I will tell you.’

I took the chair near him. At once he lost his vagueness and dropped his childish debating tone. Then he was so dazzlingly clear that I remember vividly not only the sense of what he said but the very words he used. For once his life-motive was apparent without concealment., and he said what he really meant with the utmost simplicity.

‘What I mean is this: I want everyone to do as I wish and command.’

‘Me too, Pasham?’

‘You too.’

His absolute sincerity deserved a reciprocal frankness.

‘I will obey you and do as you wish as long as I believe that you are serving the cause.’

‘You will obey me and do as I wish,’ he repeated, ignoring the condition.

⁴¹ Adivar 1928, 151-190

⁴² Adivar 1928, 187-190

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'Is that a threat, Pasham? I asked quietly but firmly.

But the veil which had parted to reveal his innermost mind closed again. He was eagerly apologetic.

'I am sorry,' he said; 'I would not threaten you.'

I knew that he would threaten any one and every one, including the most powerless; but I also knew that at that moment he did not mean to threaten me. For he was saying just what he felt regardless of those who were present: it was as though he were thinking aloud-my presence there was irrelevant.

This was the only incident in my intercourse with Mustafa Kemal Pasha which at all approached a scene. For, although I know that he did not make any exception of me when I was absent, and criticised and abused me as he did everybody else, when in my presence his attitude to me was that of a perfect gentleman. And this was no exception to his usual attitude to women. He was modern in one respect-that he did not have different standards for men and women. And those women whom he thought to be of the respectable sort he treated as he would have treated men-though this trait must not be viewed apart from the rest of his mental make-up. He always considered every Turkish subject to have been brought into the world especially to serve his purpose: each was a member of the collective mass of Turkish humanity which he meant to possess and command. And should a woman among them oppose him she would be given no chivalrous consideration, but would be ruthlessly dealt with by whatever horrid means he could devise.

That night I did a lot of thinking. Hating sham at all times, and being tired of the intrigues and subterfuges of Mustafa Kemal Pasha, I admired him for having told me his intentions in one single sentence. But I could not reconcile myself to the other Mustafa Kemal Pasha - the one who refused to take any responsibility in the struggle of the Turks for their very existence. The phrases 'All power belongs to the people' and 'Power is indivisible' were in his mouth mere catchwords intended to transfer the responsibility to lesser people in case he should fail. Others had to suffer and die to achieve deliverance. Should they fail, they would have to pay the penalty. Should they succeed, Mustafa Kemal Pasha would step forward and say:

'You are only the herd! You were in chains and threatened with extermination, and lo! I have delivered you! Bow down and worship me to the exclusion of your God, your Past, your Personality, and of every other right!'

Although I hated this picture of him, I was practical enough to see that he was the most important of our leading men of the time: his extraordinary vitality and his unlimited ambition obviously predestined him to some great future. ... I knew very well that he would never forget

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the incident of that evening, but he would appear as if he had, and that I would be expected to go on working as though nothing had happened. But just then I couldn't: the strain was too much for me and the work wasn't important enough for me. So I decided to do something else which was then taking shape in my mind. I would try to recreate that period of Turkish history by preserving a faithful record of my experiences during that great ordeal. I would try to tell the story of Turkey as simply and honestly as a child, that the world might some day read it - not as a historical record nor as a political treatise, but as a human document about men and women alive during my own lifetime: and I would write it in a language far better fitted to reach the world than my own. It was that very night, as I lay in bed after the scene with Mustafa Kemal Pasha, that I determined to write my Memoirs and to write them in English.

Below is the equivalent excerpt from the equivalent chapter in *Türk'ün Ateşle İmtihani İstiklâl Savaşı Hatıraları*. This chapter's title is an exact translation from the English: 'İç Savaşın Önemli Safhaları'⁴³:

O günlerde bir akşam, Mustafa Kemal Paşa Çiftlik'e geldi. Uzun uzun konuştuk. Pek dediğini anlamadım. Bana sordu:

--Doğru değil mi, Hanımefendi?

--Dediğiniz pek anlayamam, Paşam.

--Yanıma geliniz, anlatayım.

Yanımdaki sandelyeye oturdum. O da, bu defa fikrini çok açık olarak anlattı ve bunu şu kelimelerle ifade etti:

--Şunu demek istiyorum: Herkes benim verdiğim emir yapmalıdır.

--Şimdiye kadar Türkiye'nin selâmeti ve hayrı için böyle yapmamışlar mı?

--Ben hiçbir tenkit, hiçbir fikir istemiyorum. Yalnız emirlerimin ifasını.

--Benden de mi, Paşam?

--Sizden de.

Çok açık şekilde cevap verdim.

--Millî maksada hizmet ettiğiniz müddetçe size itaat edeceğim.

--Benim emrime daima itaat edeceksiniz.!

⁴³ Adıvar 2014, 172-173

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Ben yine açık cevap verdim:

--Bu tehdit mi, Paşam?

Birden tavrını değiştirdi:

--Teessüf ederim, dedi. Ben size hiç bir zaman tehdit etmem.

Gerçi Mustafa Kemal Paşa'nın istediğini tehditle isteyeceğini biliyorsam da, bunu beni tehdit için söylemediğine emindim.

Bundan sonra, tabii bir surette konuşmaya başladık.

İşte Mustafa Kemal Paşa ile münakaşaya benzer tek münasebetimiz budur.

O akşam çok düşündüm. Hep aklımdan Mustafa Kemal Paşa'nın vaktiyle kudretin bölünmeyeceği hakkındaki sözleri geçiyordu. Fakat, kudret eline geçerse istediğini yapacağından da emindim. Bununla beraber, onun ne kadar önemli ve elzem bir mevkii olduğunu bildiğim için, bu hissinmi bertaraf etmeye karar verdim.

Mustafa Kemal Paşa'nın memleketi kurtaracağına inanıyordum.

Ben, bu küçük hadiseyi Mustafa Paşa'nın unutmayacağına emin bununla beraber, bir gün, İngilizce olarak yazmaya karar vermiştim.

One evening in those days Mustafa Kemal Pasha came to the farm. We had a long conversation. I did not understand much of what he said. He asked me:

--Isn't that right, Madam?

--I could not understand much of what you said, my Pasha.

--Come near me and I will explain to you.

I sat on a chair next to him. He too, explained his thoughts very clearly this time and stated them clearly in these words:

--This is what I want to say: Everyone must do as I order.

--Have they not so far done so for Turkey's safety and prosperity?

--I do not want any criticism and any opinion. Only the delivery of my orders.

-- From me too, my Pasha?

--From you too.

I gave a very clear answer:

--I will obey you as long as you serve the national purpose.

--You will always obey me!

Again I gave a clear answer:

--This, is it a threat, my Pasha?

Suddenly he changed his attitude:

--I pity you , he said, I never threaten you.

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Truly, even though I know that Mustafa Kemal would threaten for the thing he wanted, I was sure that he did not tell me this to threaten me.

After this we started talking in a natural way.

Here, this is the only intercourse resembling a dispute with Mustafa Kemal Pasha.

I thought a lot that evening. I kept on remembering what Mustafa Kemal Pasha had sometime back said about the indivisibility of power. But I was sure that, if he had the power in his hands, he would do what he wanted. However, because I knew how important and indispensable his position was I decided to set aside these feelings of mine.

I believed that Mustafa Kemal would save the country.

Still, being sure that Mustafa Kemal would not forget this small incident I decided to write it in English.

Halide Edip's critical stance is explicitly set out in the English version at great length and significantly toned down in terms of content and length in the Turkish.

With regards to her autobiographies and their relation with her Kurtuluş novels the following points are worth examining: her relationship with Greece, Greek culture, and the Greeks as enemies, the refugees both *muhacirs* and *mubadils* and her humanitarian and anti-war feelings in general.

It can be conjectured from her *Memoirs* that she was acquainted with Greek ways through her short attendance in a Greek nursery school and through her encounters with Rum neighbours in the Christian neighbourhood where she was living. She obviously spoke some Greek. But there is no other explicit indication about any further interest in Greek literature, ancient or modern. Her knowledge of Greek and her anti-war feelings are expressed in *The Turkish*

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Ordeal in the chapter ‘Sakarya’ just after the victory and the withdrawal of the Greek divisions. Halide Edip:⁴⁴

(I)saw a Turkish sergeant leading a group of Greek prisoners. They also sat opposite the train and rested. One of them, a youth about eighteen, with a narrow sun-burned face and wistful eyes, looked at me, and I beckoned him to come near me, which he did eagerly. He seemed to be so happy to hear Greek spoken, for he was from old Greece and did not speak Turkish. I hate to see a prisoner even of war. Man is born free. He cheered up as he talked about his little town, his mother and six sisters. He told me how he hated the brutal way his government forced them all to fight. No, he was not the Greek patriot of these days. The Greek patriotism meant such a lot of ugly and inhuman things these days, and the young boy I was talking to was a simple human boy. He did not understand the ‘Big Idea’ of the Greeks, which meant this: ‘Asia Minor belonged to the Greeks some thousand years ago. The Turks, who own it now, must be swept aside. Their homes, women folk, and property, as well as their lives, belong to the Greeks. Kill, rob and violate: these things were holy actions when done to the Turks. When the young Greek got up to go and shouted his last ‘Adioses Kyria’ (sic: Farewell, Madam) with a gleam of comfort in his pathetic eyes, feeling less lonely because a woman who had two lads in a far corner of the world and no end of human ties had listened to his woes and patted his back, I thought a great deal with some queer hopelessness in my heart. Patriotism which could make people bear the impossible could also transfer itself into this beastliness whenever it took an aggressive form.

Halide Edip gives an understandable parody of the ‘Big Idea’. Also, what she describes about the Greek young man is credible if we bear in mind that there was a lot of dissent in the army against the Asia Minor campaign particularly among the communists. What she failed to see though, is that the expression of Turkish patriotism at that time was the exact other side of the coin. In her Kurtuluş novels her patriotic feelings are far from nuanced and the Greek enemy is presented in an explicitly loathsome manner. In addition, for a person who otherwise shows such

⁴⁴ Adivar 1928, 306

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empathy for the human drama the mere mention of the fire in Izmir which she attributes to the Greeks, only in one paragraph towards the end of *The Turkish Ordeal*⁴⁵ and the absence of any description of the human tragedy which was being unfolded on the water front are remarkable. In this respect she is in line with Yakup Kadri.

As in most of the Kurtuluş novels of the early period, apart from sporadic references to them, neither *muhacir* nor *mubadil* appear in Halide Edip's Kurtuluş novels although as the following account suggests she must have witnessed refugees on the move as the following account testifies.

According to the account of the *mubadil* Constantine Tsaousidis recorded in 1957 in Salonica where he had ended up after the exchange of populations, while he was still in Ankara, his home town, Halide Edip had taken him under her protection until he reached Istanbul where the rest of his family already was.

Tsaousidis had stayed in Ankara after his parents had fled to Istanbul because he was working in a big company belonging to a Hacı Ahmetzade Necib-Nafiz Biraderler. It was the family of this Hacı Ahmetzade which had entrusted him along with eleven more Greeks to "Mme Halide Edip, the wife of the vice president of the parliament Adnan Bey, and to Eşref Bey, a retired colonel" to deliver him safely to his family. When the twelve Greeks were later hindered by the gendarmes from getting on the

⁴⁵ Adivar 1928, 386

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train, so Tsaousidis recalls, Halide Edip came on horseback along with Eşref Bey, reprimanded the gendarmes and assigned their protection throughout the journey to three Turkish soldiers⁴⁶.

In the same account Adnan Bey is purported to have lashed the officer prisoners of war who refused to obey his orders and instead of shouting “Long live Turkey!” and Mustafa Kemal shouted “Long live Greece!”

Halide Edip is undoubtedly an important literary and political figure of international fame. Alas, until recently her name was hardly known by at least the average Greek reader. The Greek translation of her novel *The Clown and his Daughter* was published in Athens under the title *Ο Δρόμος του Σινεκλί Μπακάλ* (The Street of Sinekli Bakal) in 1999 by the Livanis publishing house.

Yakup Kadri Karaomanolu

Yakup Kadri was born in Cairo in 1889. He was the progeny of a leading family (*ayan*) of Turkmen origins who settled in western Anatolia in 17th century and became major land owners with political influence and great authority over a vast territory around Manisa⁴⁷. Their distinction even reached the notice of Byron who

⁴⁶ Kitromilides 1982, 380-382

⁴⁷ Archival sources on and details about the family in the articles by Nagata and Veinstein. Also Anagnostopoulou, 129 and 198 and Yücel, 10-14

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uses the name dramatically in stanza VII of Canto 1 of the *Bride of Abydos*⁴⁸. It is the bride's father who is speaking and trying to persuade his daughter of the merits of the expedient marriage he has in mind⁴⁹:

*We Moslem reck not much of blood
But yet the line of Carasman
Unchanged, unchangeable has stood
First of the bold timariot bands
That won and well can keep their lands.*

The value of their protection or the fear of their tyranny is variously mentioned in Christian narratives that lived in the area⁵⁰.

When the time came to take surnames, Yakup Kadri could resort to the family name, Karaosmanoğlu, and did not need to make a joke of the kind made by Halide Edip's husband, Dr Adnan, who chose Adıvar (he has a name)!

Like Halide Edip, Yakup Kadri lived a long life (he died in Istanbul as late as 1974) and was closely involved in public affairs. There are two biographies; one by Niyazi Akı first published in 1960 of which the subject himself had a low opinion and the authorised one by Hasan-Âli Yücel entitled *Edebiyat Tarihimizden* (From our Literary History), first published in 1957⁵¹.

⁴⁸ Kitromilides n/d 307: a Greek translation of this book was published in 1836 is included in the bibliographical list of the books printed in Izmir (Smyrna)

⁴⁹ Byron, 260-1

⁵⁰ Sakkaris, 45, Kontoglou 21.

⁵¹ Jacobson, 96: "Niyazi Akı is young, very young. The man you should read is Hasan Ali. ... Hasan Ali's book reflects me better than any other."

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Hasan-Âli Yücel's description is quite telling:⁵²

Yakup'un şashiyeti pek çekicidir. Onunla konuşmaya başladınız mı, gövdesi yavaş yavaş ruhlaşır, hattâ maddi hüviyeti silinir; karşınızda dikkatli bir mühendis elinden çıkmış muntazam, gövdeye nisbetle büyük bir küre görürsünüz. Bu, Yakub'un başıdır. Konuşmanız ilerledikçe bu baş da hafif hayal olmaya, maddelikten çıkmaya koyulur va kalın, siyah iki kaş yayının altında sizi kendisinden ayırmıyan iki siyah ve parlak nokta kalır. Bunlar, Yakub'un gözlerdir. Bu başı Apis öküzünüki gibi göstererek onu hicveden "Unutulan Adam" yazarı, farkında olmayarak Yakub'u tanrılaştırmıştır. Muhakkak olan şudur ki, konuşmanızın bu devresinde Yakub'un gözleri gözlerinizden kaybolmaz. Onları hiç unutmazsınız. Bu gözlerin zeki karanlığını sesinin kalınlığı dillendirir. Bu küçülmüş göğüsteki yarısı kalmış ciğerlerden Mansur neyinin kaba demi nasıl çıkar, şaşmışımdır. Artık Yakub ne vücuttür, ne baştır, ne gözdür, hattâ sestir; sizi kendinde tutan bir ruh kaynağıdır.

Yakup's personality is very attractive. When one starts to converse with him his body gradually takes a spiritual form, its physical character is wiped away; you see in front of you a huge globe, big by comparison with his body, which came out of the hand of a meticulous geometrician. This is Yakup's head. Progressively this head starts to become a light apparition stripped of its material substance, and your talk focuses on two bright black spots under the bow of two thick black eyebrows. These are Yakup's eyes. Presenting this head as the dumb bull of Apis, the author of 'The Unforgettable Man' was not aware that by his satire he was deifying him. Surely, in this phase of your conversation Yakup's eyes are not lost to your own eyes. You cannot forget them. The thickness of his voice lends a tongue to the dark colour of his eyes. I am amazed at how so deep a voice could issue from a shrunk chest with half a lung. Yakup is no longer either body, or head or eyes, or even voice. He is a spiritual source which holds you in itself.

Also, like Halide Edip, the author himself published volumes of memoirs and history which historians such as Bernard Lewis and Andrew Mango treat as primary sources for the period. In chronological order of publication, which does not correspond to the periods of his life which they cover, they are: *Zoraki Diplomat* (Forced to

⁵² Yücel, 3-4

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Become a Diplomat, 1954) which deals with his enforced career as a diplomat from 1934; *Anamın Kitabı* (My Mother's Book, 1957) about his early life; *Vatan Yolunda* (On the Way to Motherland, 1958) which has a very independent view of politics and war in the years after 1918; *Politikada 45 Yıl* (45 Years in Politics', 1968) which covers the whole republican period; and finally *Gençlik ve Edebiyat Hatıraları* (Youth and Literature Memoirs, 1969).

His family re-established itself in Manisa from Cairo when Yakup Kadri was 6 in 1895 and he attended the Fevziye primary school. In 1903 he went to secondary school in Izmir where he first met Şahabettin Süleyman, author, poet and later member of the *Fecr-i Âti* (The Age of the New Dawn) literary movement. In 1905 the family left for Alexandria and Yakup Kadri finished his secondary education in 1906 at a French missionary school there. A few months before the Young Turk revolution in 1908, the family moved again, this time to Istanbul; Yakup Kadri who was in Istanbul for the first time in his life at the age of 18, entered the Faculty of Law (Mekteb-i Hukuk) of Istanbul University. His literary interests had already been aroused in Izmir through his friendship with Şahabettin Süleyman and his brother Memduh Süleyman, he had already been writing poetry (unpublished) and had become familiar with the *Edebiyat-ı Cedide* movement. As a result of his formal education and his upbringing he had wide intellectual horizons. He spoke Arabic and had a direct knowledge of French literature. Beginning with children's books in his father's library in Manisa, he became familiar with literature from a very early age. Most important and influential though were the novels read to him and to his sister by his mother. His favourite novel in childhood was the *Count of Montecristo*.

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Among his earliest publications were translations from the French in the Cairo newspaper, *Türk*, which was also the immediate source of his knowledge of the Young Turks⁵³.

Just as Halide Edip's moment of 'becoming a writer' occurred in 1909, so did Yakup Kadri's with two publications: the play *Nirvana*, which was published in the journal *Resimli Kitap* (The Illustrated Book', No. 9, June 1325/1909) and soon after, his second piece which appeared in *Musavver Muhit* (The Illustrated Environment, No. 36-37, 10 July 1325/1909).

An interesting point raised by Hasan-Âli Yücel regarding these two pieces is the theme of *mevcudiyet-i milliye* (national existence) which appears in these two pieces and Yakup Kadri's sensitivity about his homeland. Hasan-Âli Yücel further stresses though, that these two pieces had no political colour at all. They are interesting because they show the appearance at this early stage of a theme with which Yakup Kadri was preoccupied throughout his life and work and which, I would add, finds one of its utmost eloquent expressions, if not desperate ones, in *Yaban*. This theme is the individual juxtaposed with society, the solitary juxtaposed with the community, the longing for a home⁵⁴. A short excerpt is indicative of the style if nothing else⁵⁵:

*Aziz Türkiye'den uzak geçen iki senelik bir ömr-i hüsrân ve gurbetin
sonu bütün ruhumu kaplayan derin bir maraz-ı vatanî, geçen sene,
Haziran iptidalarında beni İstanbul'a sevk etmişti.*

⁵³ Yücel, 17-26

⁵⁴ Yücel, 33, 37

⁵⁵ Yücel, 32

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Oralarda, başkaların memleketinde teneffüs ettiğim havây-ı hürriyet benim ciğerlerimde bârit cereyanlar yapmıştı.

At the end of the two years' frustrating nostalgic life far from the beloved Turkey, a deep homeland's sickness which was covering my soul brought me to Istanbul last year at the beginning of June.

The free air I was breathing there, in the homeland of others, had created sharp currents in my lungs.

In the same year he appeared as the youngest among the signatories of the manifesto of the *Fecr-i Âti* literary school in the company of Faik Âli, Refik Halit, Celâl Sâhir, Ahmet Samim and Ali Cânip.

The literary movement's purposes can be summarised in the following two phrases: *sanat şahsî ve muhteremdir* (art is personal and respected) or *sanat için* (art for art's sake)⁵⁶. These phrases read on their own suggest an art which is disengaged from any social or political purpose. At the same time though they can be interpreted as a reference to the right to artistic expression uninhibited by political, religious, social or literary conventions and to the principle that an artist should be left free to create his work. There were many discussions, views and disputes among the members of the group. For example, one of the disputes recalled by Hamdullah Suphi was whether art should always be in the service of a purpose. To paraphrase him, Hamdullah Suphi insisted that, what was considered to be art should serve a purpose. When great art serves a national or a human purpose then that art's value increases according to the value of the purpose it serves. Hamdullah Suphi gave a specific example, saying that the work he would look at, admire and like, would not be

⁵⁶ Kudret, 99 and Yücel, 44

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Delacroix's *The Massacre of Chios* hanging on the walls of the Louvre which showed how the Turks had massacred the Rum. "The value of a composition which has been accepted as a national anthem is not only in its art, it is at the same time in the historical moment it evokes", he explains⁵⁷.

According to Yakup Kadri, the Unionists had offered some members money or teaching positions, even important administrative positions to some others. But Ahmet Hâşim, Refik Hâlit and he himself resisted preserving both their material and spiritual independence⁵⁸.

Finally a story Yakup Kadri told Hasan-Âli Yücel is indicative of the reception of the Fecr-i Âticiler's literary novelties by the established reading public: one evening the door of the room where the Fecr-i Âticiler were having a heated debate burst open and Raşit Tahsin, a university professor of nervous diseases at the Faculty of Medicine, came in uninvited and introduced himself. Having first confirmed that the people in the room were actually the Fecr-i Âticiler, he read two poems aloud: one by Celâl Sâhir whom he diagnosed as suffering from mental illness and another by Hamdullah Suphi whom he diagnosed as suffering from the dangerous disease of the delusional misperception of reality.

Recalling this incident in 1948, Yakup Kadri finished with a laugh and said that Raşit Tahsin had only been reading poems and was only referring to poets... He had

⁵⁷ Yücel, 60-61

⁵⁸ Yücel, 68, 72

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not referred to prose...⁵⁹ Little did either Yakup Kadri or Raşit Tahsin suspect what psychoanalytic methods would make of prose in later years⁶⁰.

Yakup Kadri's Fecr-i Âti period was one phase in the quest of an emerging writer for a literary identity which he could not find by following more conventional paths. His search would take him shortly afterwards to other innovative approaches such as the *Neve Yunanîlik* (Neo-Hellenism). Although Yakup Kadri did not share the open political commitment of some other writers such as Halide Edip and although the literary movements he was close to took a somewhat ethereal approach to art he was nonetheless not indifferent to social issues and these appear in his writing.

The prose Yakup Kadri published during this period - between 1909 and 1911- consisted of short stories which appeared in the following periodicals: *Şiir ve Tefekkür* (Poetry and Reflection), *Serveti Fünun* (Wealth of Sciences), *Eşref Dergisi* (Auspicious Review). The themes were drawn from personal experience from his life in Manisa and Izmir and he used them as a kind of social critique of customs prevalent not only in provincial societies but in Istanbul as well. In particular the young Yakup Kadri was affected by the *baskın*, the unexpected attacks against females who were suspected of not conforming with the accepted social morality, and he makes it the subject of his first short story with the title 'Baskın' which was published in *Şiir ve Tefekkür* (Poetry and Thought) in (1325) 1909. Women and their position in society are central in Yakup Kadri's work. As will be discussed in the

⁵⁹ Yücel, 68-69

⁶⁰ Serdar 16-19

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chapters which follow, Yakup Kadri deviates from the Kurtuluş topos of the female teacher and looks at women's disadvantaged place in society.

To the first short stories he published in the periodicals mentioned above between 1909 and 1911 Yakup Kadri added few more and in 1913 collected them in a book under the title *Bir Serencam* (An Adventure/A Conclusion) which was the title of one of them⁶¹.

Yakup Kadri wrote a great number of short stories between 1909 and 1922 which are a panorama of the society and the people in Anatolia and Istanbul⁶². Huyugüzel observes that out of the fifty eight stories he wrote until 1922 thirty three are set in western Anatolia, twenty in Istanbul and five in Europe, his place of birth, Cairo, and Rumelia⁶³.

The Fecr-i Âti movement did not last for long. It was dissolved and its members followed different paths. At about the same time Yakup Kadri abandoned the Faculty of Law without graduating.

In the period which followed a plethora of novels and poetry, short stories and articles were being published on a daily basis drawing subject directly from the Balkan Wars each advocating and propagandising the conflicting ideologies of Turanism, Ottomanism, Modernism, Islamism and Turkism. The debate was naturally around the definition of *vatan* (patria, fatherland)⁶⁴. The practical

⁶¹ Yücel, 111-2

⁶² Uç, 161-2,

⁶³ Huyugüzel, 101

⁶⁴ Köroğlu 2007, 61

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impossibility of recapturing the lost lands in the Balkans was one of the reasons which made the intellectuals to focus eventually on Anatolia. But the Anatolian soldiers had been dragged to wars beyond their own territories and families and did not perceive the war as their own⁶⁵. Some of these publications are didactic and aim at a national awakening by inciting revenge and hate and by projecting an ideal future for Turkey⁶⁶.

Yakup Kadri did not contribute in this period to the ideologically based debates about what was or wasn't the motherland. This may be because, unlike Halide Edip for example, his birthplace and early upbringing had been in the periphery of the Ottoman Empire. During the Balkan War period he published short stories but without the strong nationalistic element which he showed after the War of Independence had begun in Anatolia. His own national battles at the time of the Balkan wars were on a different front, that of Turkish literature. He was striving both to define Turkish Literature at home and establish its place on the world map.

Two articles published in *Rûbab* on 13 and 20th March 1913 under the title 'Edebiyatımız niçin Vatanperverane Asardan Mahrumdur' (Why is our Literature

⁶⁵ Koroğlu 2007, 149 quoting

⁶⁶ Koroğlu 2007, 46-71: A spritual homeland different to the Turanic ideal of Ziya Gökalp was put forward through an irridentist work by Mehmet Ali Tevfik. His ideal homeland was not made up "of a physical territory only: it is a spritual fiction and consists of an attachment to historical moments of glory"(61). Further on Kılıç 2015, lists and analyses irridentists fiction and non-fiction works which do not feature in the established literary canon but which were utopias each referring to an ideal past or future seen through a specific ideological point of view. For example Mehmet Celal Nuri İleri Bey's four volume *Tarih-i İstikbâl* (The History of the Future) published in 1913 (194-198) or İbrahim Hilmi Çığracan's series entitled *Kitaphane-i İntibah* (The Library of Awakening) works published during the Balkan Wars. Kılıç calls him "The scribe of the Balkans" (199). In the list he mentions also Ahmet Cevat's *Kırmızı Siyah Kitap* (The Red Black Book), Mehmet Tevfik's *Turanlının Deferi* (The Turanist's Book) and Satan Bey's *Vatan İçin* (For the Motherland) (201).

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Deprived of Patriotic Works)⁶⁷ is one of many of his concerns about national literature. The Nev Yunanîlik literary initiative, badly timed as it was, belongs to this period and springs from these concerns.

Nev Yunanîlik

Nev-Yunanîlik (Neo-Hellenism) was an initiative undertaken by Yahya Kemal and Yakup Kadri just after 1912 to create a new literary movement in Turkey which would draw subject matter directly from the main source of Western civilisation, the Greek and Latin literatures and thus create a literature based on a collective ancient Mediterranean culture. (*Bahr-i Sefid Havza-i Medeniyeti Akdeniz Havzası Uygarlığı*). It was thought that by abandoning the Arabo-Persian aspects of the Turkish literature (*Asyalılık*) and turning towards the Greek and Latin classics as the Europeans had done, the Turks would be able to create a lofty and enduring modern literature which would be the equal of the Western European one. Both authors had become familiar with Greek and Latin literature through French translations of the classics and through the works of French authors. As Yakup Kadri himself related to Hasan-Âli Yücel⁶⁸, the impetus came from acquaintance with different ‘Hellenising’ French authors of the 19th century: he mentions the translations from Greek of Leconte de Lisle and the original poems of J.M. de Heredia and Jean Moréas. While literary ‘Hellenism’ in France flowed through self consciously distinct literary

⁶⁷ I am indebted to Sevengül Sönmez for making available to me the unpublished volume by Mehmet Emin Uludağ, 76-84. In this volume, Uludağ makes available, in modern Turkish transcription where applicable, all Yakup Kadri’s articles, his short stories excluded.

⁶⁸ Yücel 262-3

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channels, eg. Parnassianism, Symbolism or the École Romane of the later Moréas, the attempt to identify which of them had the greater influence on the Turkish writers is beyond the scope of this chapter.

Yakup Kadri was well read in French literature more generally. His admiration for certain French authors led him to ask which model the French authors had followed and had thereby achieved such wonderful results. He also wondered why there were not such “glorious eagles” in Turkish literature like Flaubert, Ibsen or Hugo⁶⁹:

*-Niçin bizim de, bizim edebiyatımızın da, bizde şâhika-i edebinde,
Hugo'lar, İbsen'ler, Flaubert'ler gibi haşmet-per şanlı kartalları yok?
-Çünkü bizde edebiyat, bizde şâhik-i edep yok! Çünkü bizim
edebiyatımız, âteşîn, fütûr-âver (bitkinlik verici) bir güneş altında yanan
uryan, yeknesak, vâhasız bir çölden ibarettir... Hiç çölde kartal uçar
mı?..*

Why in us, in our literature, in our lofty literature there are no such gloriously renowned eagles of the likes of Hugo, Flaubert and Ibsen? Because we have no literature. We have no lofty literature. Because our literature consists of a bare, monotonous desert without an oasis stretched under the burning sun. How can an eagle fly above such a desert?

The implication here is clearly pointing at Dîvan poetry⁷⁰.

⁶⁹ Yücel, 251

⁷⁰ Aki 61-2, sourcing from F.H. Tökin in *Dikmen*, 22, 1942 has Yakup Kadri who was referring to the period when he was searching the means to express himself in a simple and clear language like the French authors had done saying: *...Böyle bir Türkçenin kaynağı Dîvan Edebiyatı olamazdı. Çünkü o dar bir zümrenin edebiyatıydı. Aradığım türkçenin menbaı olsa olsa bizim halk edebiyatımız ve folklorumuz olurdu. Bu düşünceyle tekke ve halk edebiyatlarına baş vurarak, Yunus'u, Karacaoğlan'ı okudum.*

Divan literature cannot be the source of this kind of Turkish because it is the literature of a very narrow class of people. The source of the Turkish I was looking for would be our Turkish folk literature. With this thought I turned to tekke and folk literature and read Yunus and Karacaoğlan.

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When the two young intellectuals met in Istanbul (Yakup Kadri was 23 and Yahya Kemal 28) just before the Balkan wars in 1912 Yahya Kemal had just returned after a long sojourn from Paris where he had become acquainted with the French poetry and the literary movements of that time.

As Yahya Kemal explained: *İkimiz de bir hülyaya kapıldık: İran'dan Yunan'a geçmek.* (we were both gripped by a reverie: to pass from Iran to Yunan).

“...Dövizimiz olarak Eflâton’un şu sözünü almıştık: ‘Biz medenîler, Akdeniz etrafında bir havuzun kenarlarındaki kurbağalar gibiyiz’” (“As our motto we took the following statement from Plato: ‘We, civilised ones are like the frogs around the shores of the Mediterranean’”). It seems that the two young authors had felt the need to turn from the Persian language, heavily adorned with metaphors and similes (*süslü ve boyalı, teşbihli ve iştiâreli*), which had infiltrated Turkish literature to the accuracy and clarity produced by the unadorned and simple Greek language (*sobre ve beyaz*: plain and white , *sağlam ve oturaklı*: sound and well chosen). In order to create a great national literature they thought they had to draw like the French and like all Europeans from the ancient Greeks⁷¹. Yahya Kemal and Yakup Kadri were not the first Turkish intellectuals to stress the importance of Greek and Latin classics. For example Ahmet Mithat had supported the need to translate the classics and had even seen it as a way to perfect the Turkish language but had met resistance; one of his articles on the subject which had appeared under the title “İkrâm-ı Aklâm” (Honouring the Writers) in *Tercüman-ı Hakikat* (Interpreter of Truth) on 24 August

⁷¹ Yücel, 255-6. However one can wonder whether Yahya Kemal paraphrased the relevant passage from Plato’s *Phaedo* correctly. Socrates is actually saying that we might be like frogs sitting round a pond unaware that there is a wider world beyond it.

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1897 received an unfavourable response from Ahmet Cevdet and from the editor Cenab Şahabettin⁷².

Yahya Kemal and Yakup Kadri in their turn expressed their ideas to Tevfik Fikret who did not object but suggested they seek advice from Cenab Şahabettin. In the meeting with the latter in which Rıza Tevfik was present too, they encountered objections.

In 1949 Rıza Tevfik, responding to Hasan-Âli Yücel's request to tell him about the meeting with Yahya Kemal and Yakup Kadri on the Nev Yunanîlik movement, responded with a long letter written in an old fashioned and difficult language⁷³. In short, to paraphrase him, he held Greek and Latin literature in great esteem but he could not see how a hellenising or Mediterranean movement could take root in Turkey. He did not support the idea of a literary movement which could be called collectively Mediterranean either. He could only see it as a movement which had a Hellenic heritage. Even if there are concrete examples of Mediterranean types of people (*caractère physionomique*), Rıza Tevfik argued that such examples do not exist in poetry. The area of Southern Italy, all of Western Anatolia, Sicily and Crete together with all the Aegean islands could be considered as one cultural source and cultural field. The new poetry's model and ideal could be something neo-Hellenic but there was no way we could recreate the sublimity of the Ancients.

⁷² Yücel, 252-5

⁷³ Yücel, 270-276 for the whole letter.

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In a supplementary short letter he added that⁷⁴:

Türkiye’de, daha doğrusu Osmanlı şiirinde birçok hellenizm fikirleri ve hayalleri var. Hattâ bütün tasavvuf felsefi neo-platonizmin İran’a aksetmiş olan gölgesinin gölgesidir. Hâlâ merbut bulunduğumuz bâzı âdetler, hurafeler eski Yunan’dan intikâl etmiş şeylerdir. Yalnız evellâ İran’a, İran’dan Selçukîlere, onlardan bize miras kalmış şeyler olduğu için nereden geldiğini bilmiyoruz.

In Turkish, more precisely in Ottoman poetry there are some Hellenic thoughts and ideas. In essence all the mystic philosophy is the shadow of neoplatonism’s shadow on Iran. Some customs or superstitions to which we are still attached to are things transmitted to us from ancient Greeks. But because it is an inheritance which reached us having first been left to Iran and then to the Selçuk Turks we do not know where it came from.

In short, Rıza Tevfik thought that the only element of Hellenism in Ottoman or Turkish literature could be detected in the mystics which in their turn have influenced innovators and proponents of Nev Yunanîlik like Yahya Kemal and Yakup Kadri.

Ömer Seyfettin, the advocate of a simple Turkish language and Turkism, for his part, not only ridiculed the idea of a neo-Hellenic movement but went as far as to imply its treacherous character. This position is not difficult to understand at a time when the Ottoman empire was losing territory to the neo-Hellenes! In the satirical short story “Boykotaj Düşmanı” (Damaging Enemy) (*Tanin* 1952, 17 May 1330 / 30 May 1914)⁷⁵ Ömer Seyfettin ridiculed Yahya Kemal and his poorly timed admiration for the Greek civilisation. This short story was written in the aftermath of the Balkan

⁷⁴ Yücel, 276

⁷⁵ Polat, 2011, 417-25

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Wars which had resulted in the loss of most parts of Rumelia to the Greeks. It is important to remember that Ömer Seyfettin had participated in this war and had spent about a year as a prisoner of war having been captured in Yanya⁷⁶.

“Bizi Yunan donanmasına iane toplıyan ve Yunanlığa hizmet eden iki adam gibi gösteriyordu” (he showed us as two men making collections towards the Greek navy and supporting Hellenism)⁷⁷, recalls Yahya Kemal.

However, Ömer Seyfettin’s reaction was directed against the untimeliness of the initiative and not against Greek literature which he clearly admired: in 1918 he was to publish more than half of the *Iliad* in instalments in *Yeni Mecmua*⁷⁸. In his article “Garp Edebiyatı ve Yunan Klâsikleri”(Western Literature and the Greek Classics) published in *Türk Kadını Mecmuası* (The Turkish Woman’s Review) on 9th January 1919 he connects the splendours of western literature with its classical inspiration. He criticises the Turkish writers of the Edebiyat-ı Cedide period, who, although they had followed the literary models set by French authors, had overlooked the importance the latter had placed on the use of a simple language spoken and understood by the ordinary people. Had the Turks done the same they would have by now become classics too. He stressed the importance of the Greek classics as a source of Western literature and the eternal value of Homer⁷⁹. With such

⁷⁶ Alangu. 2010. 186-228 in which Ömer Seyfettin’s “Balkan Harbi Notları” (Notes from the Balkan War) are published as a diary kept during the author’s participation in the Balkan War, his being taken a prisoner of war in Greece and finally his return to Turkey (10 October 1912-28 November 1913).

⁷⁷ Yücel, 256 quoting from a conversation he had with Yahya Kemal in 1949.

⁷⁸ Yücel, 298 where a short extract of his translation which was done from Leconte de Lisle’s French translation.

⁷⁹ Yücel 287-8

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observations Ömer Seyfettin clearly does justice to the proponents of the Nev Yunanîlik initiative.

Despite such objections Yahya Kemal carried on supporting the idea of neo-Hellenism under pen names. One such article published under the byline ‘Hadisat-i Edebiye’ (Literary Occurrences), was ‘Bir Kitab-ı Esatir’ (A Book of Mythology). To paraphrase him, Yahya Kemal proposed that a day would come when the Turks, who arrived at the Mediterranean shores from Asia would wake up and would have their own renaissance like their predecessors, the nomadic sons of the Germans, the Goths, the Vandals, the Lombards and the Celts had. Long before Braudel, Yahya Kemal stressed the cultural unity of the Mediterranean Sea:

Bu toprağa onlardan sonra vardık. Nasıl ki onlar, İntibah devrine kadar eski Barbar medeniyetlerini göttüler, bizim cedlerimiz de Asya medeniyetini göttü. Tarihte hayy ve muhyi (diri ve diriltici) bir insaniyet var: Bahr-ı Sefit havzası. Hayata susayanlar, o havzanın sahiline doğru koşuyor. Tarihin bu karnını fena bulan insanlar, Athene Palas etrafında birleşecek. Renan’ın altmış sene evvel Sureyden dönerken Atina Akropolisini üstünden yükselen münacâti, beş asr-ı tefekkürün son sözü idi.

We came to this land after them. Just as they followed their ancient Barbarian civilisations up to the Renaissance, our ancestors too followed their Asian civilisation. There is only one vigorous and vivifying human kind in history: the Mediterranean basin. All those who are thirsty for life flock around the shores of this basin. Those who find this period of history bad will gather around Pallas Athena. Just like Renan’s (1823-1892) appeal to Pallas Athena from the Akropolis when returning from Syria sixty years ago was the summation of the thought of five centuries.

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This article was written in order to praise Mehmet Tevfik Pasha's book on Greek Mythology 'Esatir-ı Yunaniyan'(Greek Mythology)⁸⁰.

Yahya Kemal's most famous poems in his Nev-i Yunanîlik phase are *Byblos Kadınları* (The Women of Byblos) and *Sicilya Kadınları* (The Women of Sicily) which seem to be inspired by Mallarmé's *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* (The Afternoon of a Faun, 1876).

Yakup Kadri's works in the period when he espoused the Nev Yunanîlik included a series of articles in a dialogue form. One of them 'Kır Mektupları' (Letters from the Countryside) was published in *İşhat* (Witnessing) on 10 July 1330 (1914) and was dedicated to Yahya Kemal. Here, Yakup Kadri's perception of a Mediterranean civilisation is put forward very clearly⁸¹. Another dialogue with the title *Siyah Saçlı Yabancı ile Berrak Gözlü Genç Kız Sözleri* (Blackhaired Stranger and the Words of the Young Girl with the Sparkling Eyes) appeared in *Nevsali Millî* (National Youth) in 1914⁸². This is a conversation between a young woman and a young lad who meet in the fields. Although these two people have the same age they seem to be separated by 25 centuries. The young lad is from Lydia, either from Manisa or from İzmir and has initially come from Asia. But the life described is the life of 2,500 years ago. Perhaps like the young girl he too drinks wine. One can easily recognise Yakup Kadri behind the young man with the dark hair and his longing to reach the secrets of ancient Greek culture. In Hasan-Âli Yücel's view this conversation is a revolt

⁸⁰ Yücel, 257

⁸¹Karaosmanoğlu (1922)1946, 101-3 where part only of it was published, Yücel, 289-29 all of it.

⁸² Yücel, 263-267

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against oppression, a desire towards freedom in a strict Islamic and non-drinking cultural environment⁸³.

This conversation was published the same year as Yahya Kemal's *Kumral Saçlı Genç ile Elâ Muhibbe* (The Brown Haired Young Man and his Hazel-eyed Lover) in *Peyam-ı Edebî* (Literary News, 32). Niyazi Akı points out the inspiration for both dialogues in Euripides's *Bacchae*. He also suggests that Yakup Kadri's dialogue resembles Baudelaire's prose poetry.⁸⁴ In Yakup Kadri's lengthy conversation with Hasan-Âli Yücel in 1957 however, neither participant explicitly refers to a single specific source. But one cannot fail to make an association between not only the title but also the allusive form of Baudelaire's *L'Étranger* (The Stranger, 1869) and that of Yakup Kadri's dialogue. "Blackhaired Stranger and the Words of the Young Girl With the Sparkling Eyes" and further on with *Yaban*.

What is striking here is both the notion of estrangement which runs throughout the dialogue as well as *Yaban* and the use of the figure of Ulysses as a metaphor in both these works.

Ulysses is a traveller who longs to return home but in both works he arrives in an environment with which he cannot associate. In *Yaban* Şerif Çavuş, the long absent soldier who returns home is compared to Ulysses. But Şerif Çavuş returns to a home that no longer exists because his wife was not as faithful as Penelope. After ten years

⁸³ Yücel, 269-270

⁸⁴ Akı, 59-60

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of absence she thought him dead and remarried and his daughter too was given in marriage without his paternal consent.

In the case of the black haired stranger of the dialogue, he ends his long and adventurous journey in search of home into a strange and foreign environment. Both travellers appear perplexed and extremely tired⁸⁵:

...-- Bir dakika dur; berrak gözlü genç kız! Pek uzaklardan geliyorum; hangi yol üstündeyim, nerdeyim, bilmiyorum. Benim sergüzeştim iki kere Ülis'in sergüzeştine muadildir; berrak gözlü genç kız.

--Bedbaht yabancı!

--Günlerce, heyhat, günlerce yürüdüm; ... Berrak gözlü genç kız, sen bana söyle ki, şimdi hangi yol üstündeyim?

--Siyah saçlı yabancı! Vücudün toprak rengini almış, ama, göğsünde denizlerin acı kokusu var; sesin ise bir fırtına uğultusu gibi...bu kadar yorgunluk üstüne hâlâ ne zinde ne tuvanasın! Demin, stadta güreşenlerden hiç farkın yok.

-Wait a minute, you young girl with the sparkling eyes! I come from very far; I don't know which path I am on and where I am. My adventure is twice the adventure of Ulysses.

- Unfortunate stranger!

-I walked for days, alas for days! ... Girl with the sparkling eyes tell me, you tell me, which path am I on now?

-Black haired stranger! Your body has taken the colour of the earth, but your chest has the bitter smell of the sea; as for your voice, it is like the howl of a storm... For all that tiredness how fresh and strong you are! You are no different from those who were just wrestling in the stadium.

And here in *Yaban Şerif Çavuş* is compared to Ulysses⁸⁶:

O kadar yorgundular ki, cevap vercekleri yerde, bize tozdan bembeyaz olmuş kirpiklerinin arasından ölü gözlerle bakıp geçiyorlardı.

⁸⁵ Yücel, 264

⁸⁶ Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 134-

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...O adam arada bir yolun ortasında, şaşırmış gibi duruyor ve etrafına bakınıyor, sonra birkaç adım yürümeye başlıyordu. Başçavuşun gerçekten acayip bir hali var. Yol üstünde öyle zikzaklar yapıyor ki, adeta sarhoş olduğuna hükmedilebilir. İşte, gene durdu. Gene sağına soluna bakıyor. Durduğu noktada, bir Mevlevî dervişi gibi dönüyor.

...Dikkatle bakıyordum. Derisi bir Hintli derisi gibi kararmış, uzun ve kırçıl sakallı bir adam... Kaç yaşında? Belki otuzunda, belki ellisinde vardır. Anadolu köylüsünün, -hele uzun süre askerde kaldıktan sonra- yaşını tayin etmek pek güçtür.

...Ben gittikçe artan bir merak ve heyecanla bu acayip 'Odise' kahramanına bakıyorum. Ülis de, on yıl denizlerde kaybolduysa. Memleketine döndüğü gün bir domuz çobanının ağlında, delikanlı olmuş oğluya karşı karşıya geldiği zaman ne oğlu onu ne de o oğlunu tanıdı. Fakat iffetli ve sabırlı karısı Pénélope, henüz hiç kimseyle evlenmemiş, onu evinde bekliyordu.

Bu Anadolu 'Ülis'inin karısı ise, çoktan beri bir başka adama varmıştır. İşte Şerif Çavuş'un 'Odise'si asıl burada düğümlenecek.

On yıl ne yaptı? Nerelerdeydi? Sorsam, bu uzun macerayı bana anlatabilecekmiydi?

Belki hiç bir şey hatırlamıyor. Vakalarla dolu yıllar bir kayanın üstünden akan sular gibi, onun üstünden akıp geçmişe benziyor. Fakat, sular, en sert taşlarda bile izlerini bırakırlar. On yıllık macera, kabil mi ki onda hiç bir eser bırakmadan geçip gitmiş olsun?

They were so tired that instead of answering, they looked at us like corpses, from between their eyelashes white with dust, and passed by. ...Occasionally, this man would stand in the middle of the road, like he was confused, and gaze all around him, then he would start taking a few more steps. The First Sergeant really was in an odd condition. He zigzagged on the road so much that one might think he was drunk. Now he stopped again. He is looking right and left. He is turning around on the spot where he stopped, like a whirling dervish.

...I look at him carefully. His skin was tanned as dark as an Indian; he was a man with a long and greyish beard. How old was he? May be in his thirties, may be in his fifties. It is very difficult to tell the age of an Anatolian-especially one who has spent a long period in the army.

...I was looking at this strange hero of the 'Odyssey' with increasing interest and excitement. Ulysses, too, had been lost at sea for ten years. On the day he returned to his country, when he came upon a swineherd in his pen and thus faced his son, who had become a young man, he didn't know his son nor did his son know him. However, his loyal, patient wife, Penelope, still hadn't married anyone and was waiting for him at home⁸⁷.

⁸⁷ All English translations of *Yaban* are from Jacobson, 168-172

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But for the wife of this Anatolian ‘Ulysses’, she had married another man long ago. So Sherif Chavush’s ‘Odyssey’ will of necessity be tied up here, and tied with a knot that can’t be undone.

What he had done for ten years? What places had he been? If I ask, would he be able to tell me this long adventure?

Maybe he remembers nothing. He looks like the eventful years have flowed over him like water flows over boulder. However, water leaves traces on even the hardest rock. Is it possible that an adventure of ten years has passed over him without leaving any mark?

During the same conversation with Hasan Âli-Yücel, Yakup Kadri came to the conclusion (to paraphrase him) that neo-classicism could not have a place in Turkish Literature as Rıza Tevfik had discovered. But this was not because of an inherent disposition in Turkish literature. The problem was that Turkish literature could not escape from its close associations with Asia. (*Asyalılık* Asianism). Even so, Yakup Kadri believed that it was still a matter of education and that, although Hasan-Âli Yücel had undertaken its advancement, the undertaking had unfortunately not been continued. In the same conversation with Hasan-Âli Yücel, Yakup Kadri lamented⁸⁸:

Fransız kültüründen aculturel Amerikan kültürüne kaymaktayız. Bir defa sâbit oluyor ki, Türk kültürü, hakikî kültürün temelleri üzerine kurulmamıştır, kurulamayacaktır. Bunun için ölüyorum,. Kötümserim. Bir gölge-kültür içinde yaşamakta devam edeceğiz., demek!...

We are now sliding from the French culture to the uncultured American culture. Once again it is proved that Turkish culture has not been and will not be established on a true culture’s foundations. For this reason I am dying. I am pessimistic. We will carry on living in a shadow culture...

⁸⁸ Yücel, 277: *Marifet iltifata tabidir/Müşterisiz metâ zayıdır.* Ingeniousness depends on praise/Merchandise without a client is lost.

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These words, spoken when he was an old man, reflect the young Yakup Kadri at the beginning of his literary career. The issues he had at such a politically inopportune time and so much against the current through the *Nev Yunanîlik* initiative some forty five years before the conversation with Hasan-Âli Yücel were still troubling him. The literary form of the dialogues had appealed neither to the reading public nor to the literary establishment. In addition works stuffed with names from Greek literature and mythology such as Hesiod, Hera and Semele and presuming knowledge of classical associations such as that of Mount Helicon with the Muses were unlikely to mean much to a Turkish readership and could have seemed simply pretentious even to the few people who had read enough French to recognise them. In this form therefore it is not surprising that the experiment was not repeated very often. Nor is it surprising that there is hardly any reference to the *Nev Yunanîlik* in standard histories of Turkish literature and none whatsoever in Kurdakul.

Nonetheless Yakup Kadri never ceased to be fascinated by the Greek and Latin classics of antiquity. He continued to use classical allusions. In 1931 he published a translation of Horace and allusions to Horace occur in his writings, as for example in the reference to Epistles 1.20 in the preface to *Yaban*⁸⁹. English readers can find his translation of Odes 1.5 in the anthology which Ronald Storrs compiled of

⁸⁹ Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 9

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translations of that ode into many languages⁹⁰. In 1941 he wrote an introduction to a translation of the *Odyssey* in which we read the following:

*Homeros'un bu ilk tercümesi için şu satırları yazarken kalem elimde titremektedir. Kendimi güzellik denen yeğane hakikatin, yegane hikmetin ta ilk kaynağı başında hissediyorum ve bu tanrısal pınarın bütün tazeliği, bütün serinliği vücudumu kaplanmışsacına ürpermeler içinde kalıyorum.*⁹¹

The pen trembles in my hand when I write these lines for the first translation of Homer. I feel the beauty of what is called unique truth and wisdom of this early source straight away and my body remains shivering submerged in this fresh and cool divine spring.

As regards vocabulary Yakup Kadri's Nev Yunanîlik compositions were also criticised for unnecessary use of Persian words in the place of Turkish ones. The language used in the *Siyah Saçlı Yabancı ile Berrak Gözlü Kızın Sözleri* was not the spoken language of that time. In terms of the structure and grammar the language is unadorned and simple to follow. In terms of vocabulary, though, Yakup Kadri uses Persian or Arabic words instead of Turkish ones, ie: *menba* instead of *kaynak* or *pınar*, *rai* instead of *çoban*. These are poetic usages and may have been inspired by awareness of the use of poetic vocabulary in the Greek classics. One could argue that the use of these words provided the wonderful harmony in the dialogue⁹². One can argue that the stylistic experiments in his Nev Yunanîlik period left an enduring influence on Yakup Kadri's prose.

⁹⁰ Storrs, 187

⁹¹ Ahmet Cevat Emre (1941) 1957, Yücel 296-297

⁹² Yücel, 268

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In a similar way Hasan-Âli Yücel referring to the publication of *Kır Mektupları* and the discovery of Homer by the then twenty year old Yakup Kadri states that they are “a turning point in Turkish literature” although “the voice of the then young Yakup was then echoed in a deaf horizon”. “Later his grand-children would crown his cultured head with the laurel wreath”⁹³. Hasan-Âli Yücel also linked the subsequent introduction of classical literature to a Turkish readership in general and schools in particular through translation with the Nev Yunanîlik movement. He concluded by saying: “We should remember with respect Yakup’s service and pioneering role in this movement”⁹⁴.

As a footnote it may be mentioned that Yakup Kadri’s interest in antiquity seems to have been only literary. There are no signs of an interest in its physical remains and when in later life he was ambassador in Tirana he did not visit Greece itself even though his close friend Ruşen Eşref was serving in the Athens embassy at the time.

His closest link with the real as opposed to the imaginary Athens seems to consist of ordering cartes de visite while ambassador to Albania from the well known Athens stationer, Pallis.⁹⁵

⁹³ Yücel 296

⁹⁴Yücel 299. Yıldırım 2013, 640-41 sees that such an idea of a Turkish renaissance, both in the sphere of culture and administration could not be sustained in the early days of the Republic. This idea found its mature expression in the works on culture, national identity and politics of Yahya Kemal’s student, Ahmet Hamdi Tanpınar and of Hilmi Ziya Ülken. Especially the former focused on the shaping of an Anatolian and Mediterranean identity which would lead to a new humanism and Turkish Renaissance.

⁹⁵ I found these in the Karaosmanoglu archive and for me they were easy to identify because Pallis was the stationer which supplied my school in Athens.

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In the ensuing period of the First World War Yakup Kadri did not publish much, at least by his subsequent standards. A quick look at the lists of Yakup Kadri's publications⁹⁶ show that publications dating between 1914 -1917 are much fewer in comparison with those in other years before or after. Although Yakup Kadri, as we have seen, later claimed to have resisted financial or other inducements to follow the line of the Committee of Union and Progress, he did publish some propaganda pieces during the war. In the second edition of his book on Turkish Literature and the First World War Koroğlu notes that Yakup Kadri had six short stories published in *İkdam* between June and August 1916 which were pure war propaganda in its most unbecoming form and quite astonishing for a writer with Yakup Kadri's talent⁹⁷.

It was during the war that Yakup Kadri left Turkey for Switzerland because he had become a consumptive and it is unclear whether the pieces in question were written to curry favour.

When Yakup Kadri returned to Istanbul in 1919, he published a prose poem, *Erenlerin Bağından* (From the Saints' Orchard), and started writing in great profusion for *İkdam*. From this period onwards Yakup Kadri not only wrote about social and literary subjects but he became an ardent and open supporter of the war in Anatolia and Mustafa Kemal.

In 1920 Yakup Kadri published the novel *Kiralık Konak* (Mansion for Rent) whose setting spans the period from the Tanzimat to the First World War and in 1921 the

⁹⁶ Aki, 259-275, Uç, 162-3, Yücel, 111-2

⁹⁷ Koroğlu 2010, 16-20

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novel *Nur Baba* which is a description of a Bektashi tekke in the Meşrutiyet (constitutional) period.

On 1 May 1921 he arrived in Ankara as a guest of Halide Edip. She wrote that both she herself and her husband were very fond of him both as a writer and as a friend. It was also at that time when he had started writing the novel *Ateşten Gömlek* whose title Halide Edip purloined⁹⁸ and which will be discussed in detail in the following chapter. After the battle of Sakarya (23 August-13 September 1921) Yakup Kadri became a member of a commission under Halide Edip investigating Greek atrocities in the company also of Yusuf Akçura. From Halide Edip it does not seem as if he did this for long because three pages later first Yusuf Akçura resented the fixed hours she imposed and then Yakup Kadri gave up because of ill-health⁹⁹.

In 1922 he joined in publishing the non fiction work of wartime suffering *İzmir'den Bursa'ya* (From Izmir to Bursa) with Halide Edip, Falih Rıfkı and Mehmet Asin and in 1923 a work of social criticism, *Kadınlık ve Kadınlarımız* (Womanhood and Our Women)

In 1923 he married Leman Belge and entered the Grand National Assembly as representative for Mardin until 1931. In 1926 he left for Switzerland once more because of ill health. During his stay there between October 1926 and January 1927 he wrote essays on the Western civilisation from the point of view of an intellectual

⁹⁸ Adıvar 1928, 256

⁹⁹ Adıvar 1928, 311-2

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from the East which were published under the title *Alp Dağlarından* (From the Alps)¹⁰⁰.

In 1927 he published the novel *Hüküm Gecesi* (Night of Judgment) whose theme is political differences in the Meşrutiyet and in 1928 *Sodom ve Gomore* which is set in Istanbul in the Armistice period. It is notable that the chronological order of publication of *Kiralık Konak*, *Hüküm Gecesi* and *Sodom ve Gomore* also reflects their dramatic dates which follow the successive fortunes of Turkey from the Tanzimat to the Allied occupation. In 1929 he reissued a selection of articles originally written for *İkdam* between 1920 and 1922 in two volumes entitled *Egenekon I* and *II*. These publications are the subject of Chapter 7.

In 1928 he was appointed to the Committee formed to work out the transition to the Latin script¹⁰¹. In 1929 there took place the well known spat between Yakup Kadri and Nazım Hikmet which culminated with the publication by Nazım Hikmet of an article entitled ‘*Putları Yıkıyoruz*’ (Demolishing the Idols) in *Resimli Ay* (Illustrated Monthly). This title was then used for a series of polemical articles and divided the literary world into two camps: the progressives of *Resimli Ay*, *Hareket* (Motion) and *Akşam* (Evening) versus the traditionalists, who enjoyed the support of conservative newspapers like *Milliyet* (Nation) and *İkdam*. The second instalment of ‘Demolishing the Idols’ appeared on 1 July 1929 in which Nazım Hikmet disputed the credentials of Mehmet Emin, the national poet. In the same issue Nazım Hikmet

¹⁰⁰Esen 1989, 83-88 stresses the importance of these essays on the East versus West problem of Turkish culture and finds them still valid for our understanding it.

¹⁰¹ Geoffrey Lewis, 33

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wrote a poem attacking Yakup Kadri, his most formidable opponent who had referred to “hardened criminals” “who had kissed the blood-stained hands of the communist secret police” and to “a pair (whom the world knew were Nazım and Va Nu) who had stolen money from the Ministry of Education to escape to the Bolsheviks”. Nazım Hikmet gave as good as he got in verse “You with the head of a (Apis) black beast, you turned your head into the room of a whore, stealing money out of the pockets of dead men’s uniforms, buying yourself the mountain air of Switzerland”. This was an implication that Yakup Kadri had gone to the Swiss sanatorium with public money while in Turkey were people dying for lack of medical treatment¹⁰².

The two writers had brilliant careers as writers and it is worth noting that by 1929 Yakup Kadri had joined the literary establishment and felt quite estranged from the literary innovations of Nazım Hikmet and his followers.

In 1932 Yakup Kadri was (while still a member of the Grand National Assembly, now representing Manisa) among the group including some former Marxists which started the magazine *Kadro*. Its line was that Kemalism was a third way between capitalism and socialism suitable for developing countries and requiring an enlightened cadre (hence the name), such as the group conceived itself, to lead the masses forward. In the *Kadro* period Yakup Kadri published *Yaban* (1932) and

¹⁰² Göksu, 84-91

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Ankara (1934). These novels and their relationship to Kadro will be discussed in Chapter 8.

In 1934 the *Kadro* group and its periodical were suppressed and Yakup Kadri himself was packed off as ambassador to Tirana. That his departure was connected with his independent views is made obvious even by the title of his memoir *Zoraki Diplomat*. Unlike Halide Edip and her husband, however, he had not made any overt opposition to Mustafa Kemal. His diplomatic career continued until 1954. After Tirana he served successively in Prague, The Hague, Tehran and Bern. His literary work in this period included a translation from Proust (1942), a book about *Atatürk* (1946) and the novels *Panorama* (1950) and *Panorama II* (1954). His last novel, *Hep O Şarkı* (Always the same Ballad), was published in 1956. He was elected again for the Grand National Assembly as representative of Manisa and served between 1961 and 1965. He died in 1974 in Istanbul and in accordance with his wishes was buried next to his mother.

Yakup Kadri's enormous output is mirrored by an enormous volume of critical writing which Ali Serdar has labelled *Yakup Kadri Okumaları* (Yakup Kadri Readings/Literary Criticism)¹⁰³. This criticism is mostly respectful and in the case of Hasan-Âli Yücel's book length treatment almost worshipful. Even negative criticism is usually tempered by some praise. For example, İsmail Habib Sevük writing in 1942 does not rate him highly as a novelist claiming that his characters do not develop properly and more generally that in some of the novels the characterisation

¹⁰³ Serdar 3-11

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is weak with the main characters remaining *titrek ve dađanık* (shaky and confused) until the end. Nonetheless he praised Yakup Kadri as a *nesrin řairi* (prose poet) and gave him credit for elevating the genre of prose poetry to new heights¹⁰⁴. He notes the chronological sweep of the novels from *Kiralık Konak* (1922) where the plot unfolds during the period of the Tanzimat, through *Hüküm Gecesi* (1927) set in the period of the Committee for Union and Progress, *Sodom ve Gomore* (1928) in the period of the Armistice, *Yaban* (1932) during the War of Independence to *Ankara* (1934) in the period after the victory and compares it to a symphony¹⁰⁵.

Most critics, as Ali Serdar has noted¹⁰⁶, look at Yakup Kadri and his work primarily through political, social and historical factors and all see a point of *kopuş* (a break) between one period and another or from one phase to another. For example, Yakup Kadri during Fecr-i Atı period is seen as an individualist because he stands for art for art's sake and then transforms himself into a socialist because he occupies his novels with social problems. As this chapter suggests, this is to overlook the continuities in his work and the enduring effect of the Nev Yunanlık period on his subsequent outlook.

As will be developed more extensively in Chapters 7 and 8, a thematic unity can also be found throughout his work in the problem of the relation between East and West. This encompasses not only social relations as depicted in *Kiralık Konak*, political programmes as in *Ankara*, religion and culture as in *Ergenekon* but also literary form

¹⁰⁴ Sevik 367

¹⁰⁵ Sevik 370-371

¹⁰⁶ Serdar 3-11

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itself in his Nev Yunanî works. It seems that from the very beginning to the end Yakup Kadri – like his predecessors during the literary debates in the Tanzimat period - never ceased to seek a synthesis between the West and the East¹⁰⁷ and to adapt western European models to Turkish ones creating works which would be modern but at the same time would have a distinct Turkish character and which would be based on the French models without becoming their slaves through losing their own personality. They could be both original and national. The adaptation of the western European models starting from the Tanzimat period had caused a twofold division or duality in the Turkish intellectual world defined by Ertaylan as *ikilik*¹⁰⁸. It is this duality that torments Yakup Kadri throughout his literary life.

He is well acquainted with French literature, he admires Homer, he translates Horace and at the same time he marvels at the poetry of the mystics whose language he believes exemplify the expression of the Turkish psyche¹⁰⁹. The depth of the problem is revealed in *Yaban* by the educated narrator consistently using mythological and biblical analogies drawn from his western style education which he juxtaposes with others drawn from the folk and mystic tradition.

Ali Serdar himself pushes the historical, social and political factors to the background and looks for unity by analysing the characters in the novels from a psychological viewpoint and then attributing his findings to the author himself. For example, he analyses the main heroes of *Hüküm Gecesi*, *Bir Sürgün* and *Yaban* and

¹⁰⁷ Mignon, for a good case study on this subject with the telling title: *Neither Shiraz Nor Paris*.

¹⁰⁸ Ertaylan, 9.

¹⁰⁹ Sevik 1942, 446-449

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finds that all three show a condition of distance from their father and great attachment to their mother. This seems to be true and we have already noted by reference to his dying wish that Yakup Kadri himself had strong attachment to his mother which Ali Serdar documents more extensively. It is not clear, however, how far this aspect of unity takes the reader towards an understanding of the novels themselves. As will appear in Chapter 8 in *Yaban*, where so much happens and the narrator expresses so many thoughts, the narrator's mother appears only once in a dream with no obvious consequence.

Like Halide Edip Yakup Kadri did not in his writings about the war show much sympathy for the non-combatants on the enemy side. As is the case with her at the end of her *Turkish Ordeal*, his description of the fire in Izmir is quite telling.¹¹⁰ The moral tone of his description will be discussed in Chapter 10.

Nitekim bir saat ya geçti ya geçmedi, yangın dumanının kokusu burnumuzda tütmeye ve alevinin sıcaklığı yüzümüzü kavurmaya başladı. Deminki, kara bulut şimdi akşamın alaca karanlığında kıpkızıl görünüyor ve yere şakulî hava fişeklerini andıran kıvılcımlar yağırdırıyordu.

İzmir yanıyordu ve alevlerin pırıldalarıyla, karşiki gemilerin projector ışıkları başımız üstünde mutassıl çatışıyordu. Önümüzdeki rıhtım ve gözlerimizin erişebileceği noktalarına kadar bütün Kordon boyu bir acayip, bir korkunç-hani neredeyse bir vahşî diyebileceğim bir aydınlık içindeydi ve bu aydınlık içinde tüyler ürpertici bir feccat sahnesi serilivermişti. Erkek, kadın, çoluk çocuk, genç, ihtiyar bir insan kalabalığı her yanı kaplamıştı. Bu insanlar nereden çıkmışlardı? Nereye gitmek, ne yapmak istiyorlardı? Kendileri de bilmiyor gibiydi. Sanki, bunlar ya bir sürü hayaletler, ya da kâbuslu bir rüya içinde yürüten somnambüller idi. Bu yığın bir selin sessiz suları halinde sokak köşelerinden fişkirip hâlâ kaldırımlar üstünde uyuyan Mehmetçiklerin üzerinden aşarak dalga dalga rıhtımın setlerine doğru ilerliyordu ve orada bir kaynaşmadır başgösteriyordu. Rumca bir takım konuşmalar,

¹¹⁰ Karaosmanoğlu 1958, 170-173

yalvarmayı, ağlamayı andıran sesler. Sonra bir kaç boğuk kadın, çocuk cığlığı.

Yanımızdaki subaylar akıl durduran bir cesaretle ite kaka bu düşman kalabalığının içine daldılar ve gözden kaybolup gittiler. Garp Cephesi Karargâh Kumandanı Binbaşı Kemâl bey, tâ önümüzde duran bir açık otomobilde uyukluyordu.

“-Kemâl bey, Kemâl bey...”

Başını kaldırdı, yarı kapalı gözlerinin ucuyla bizden yana baktı.

Biz soruyoruz.

“-Doğru mu bu zâbit beylerin yaptığı? Bu halkın içine nasıl karıştılar?”

Binbaşı Kemâl bey gülümsedi:

“-Hangi halk? dedi. Bunun artık çobansız kalmış bir sürüden farkı yok. Ben biraz sonra çoğunu çiğnemedi nasıl geçip gideceğiz diye düşünüyorum.”

Bu sırada emireri arabaya yaklaşıyor, yanında duran bir adamı göstererek:

“-Binbaşım, bunu ne yapayım?” diye sordu.

« -Üstünü başını ara. Silah bulursan al. Sonra salıver herifi şunların arasına, ne hali varsa görsün.”

Kemal bey bu emri vererek tekrar uyuklamağa başlıyor.

Kalabalık gittikçe artıyor. Kordon boyunda iğne atsan yere düşmez bir hâl. Buna rağmen biraz evvel halkın içine karışıp giden subaylar bu mahşeri yarararak dönüp geliyorlar. Onları ilk bakışta derin bir teessüre kapılmış görüyoruz. “Ne oldu?” dememize kalmıyor, gördüklerini anlatmaya başlıyor. Meğer, rihtımın dibinde dizi dizi duran Rum kayıkçılar peşin para almaksızın kimseyi bindirmiyorlarmış. Adam başına on liradan aşağı olmaz diyorlarmış. Subaylarımızdan biri söyleniyor:

“- Bu ne denaet, azizim! Onlar da Rum bunlar da Rum. Bir insan ne kadar kalbsiz olmalı ki böyle bir felâket anında milletdaşlarına yardımdan çekinsin. Çekinmiş bile de kalmasın, o felâketi bir kâr ve kazanç fırsatı telâkki etsin!”

Öbürü ilâve ediyor:

“-Sanki kayıklara binip de nereye gidecekler? Karşiki gemilerden medet umuyorlar. Fakat, oraya kadar gidenler bile ters yüzü geriye dönüyorlar. Yahut da, denizde avâre avâre dolaşıyorlar. Gemiler merdivenleri iskelerini çekmiş hiç birini almıyor. Zavallılardan bazıları zincirlere tırmanıp zorla girmeye çalışıyorlarmış; fakat, tayfalar uzun sıyrıklarla ellerine vura vura hepsini denize düşürüyormuş. Asıl denaet, medenliği ve insanıyeti kimseye vermeyen bu avrupalılarda. Hem biçarelerin başını belâyaya soktular, hem de şimdi âkibetlerine karşıdan seyirci kalmak istiyorlar.”

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Tam bu sırada, projektörlerin ışık hortumları, yüz binleri aştığı söylenen felâketzedeler yığınının üstünde kayıtsız kayıtsız dolaşmağa başladı.

Yangın gecesi faciasının üstünden yirmi dört saat ya geçmiş, ya geçmemişti ki, bir askerî otomobil bizi Bornova'daki Garp Cephesi Kumandanlığı karargâhından alıp Gazi Paşa'nın Göztepe'de misafir olduğu Uşaklıgiller köşküne götürürken iki akşam evvel bir mahşer halinde bıraktığımız kordon boyunu baştan başa boş ve ıssız bulacaktık. Sıra sıra evler yine yerli yerindeydi, fakat içinde kimse yoktur. Denizde yine harb gemileri vardı, ama ışıkları sönmüştü. O kıyamet kalabalığından ise ortada hiç bir eser kalmamıştı. Gûya her şeyi yel üfürüp sel götürmüştü.

Passaport'tan öte, Hükûmet Konağı semtine doğru yaklaştığımız vakit ve hele Kemeraltından geçerken yangın gecesi bana, gerçekte hiç olmamış gibi geldi. Sanki o, sıtmalı uykularımda gördüğüm korkunç rüyalardan biriydi. Zira, İzmir, çocukluğumun İzmir'i, okuduğum mekteb, bindiğim atlı tramvayları, Kışla Meydanının saat kulesi, Kemeraltı çarşısının dükkânları, kıraathaneleriyle yıllarca evvel bıraktığım gibi duruyordu; Ne vakit ki, Yalılar semtine geldim. Karataştan itibaren yakın geçmişe ait bütün hâtıralarım birer birer silinmeye başladı. İlk gençlik çağımı tekrar yaşıyor gibiydim. Sanki, - yalnız geçen geceki yangın değil – Mondros Mütarekesi, İstanbul'un işgali, İzmir'in zaptı, düşman ordularının tâ Ankara kapılarına kadar dayanışı, sanki, üç yılı dolduran bütün millî faciaların hiç biri olmamıştı.

Sanki, Sakarya Vadilerinden Gediz kıyılarına kadar uzanan bir memleket bölgesi yanmış yıkılmış şehirleri, kasabaları, köyleriyle baştan başa uçsuz bucaksız bir harabe haline gelmemişti. İçimde bütün ıstıraplarımı alıp götüren öylesine taşkın, öylesine coşkun bir sevinç vardı.

Indeed, a quarter of an hour had hardly passed when the smell from the smoke of burning fire and the heat of the flames began to smoke our nose and to blast our face. Yet the black cloud appeared crimson red in the multicoloured darkness of the evening dusk and rained down sparkles like jet flares.

Izmir was burning and the lights from the ships' projectors opposite us were continuously clashing above our heads. On the waterfront in front of us and along all the Cordon and up to the point our eyes could reach there was a strange, a frightening - almost brutal I could say- light and a tragic scene, which made your hair stand on end, was unfolding inside this light. A human crowd of men and women, children, young and old covered it all. Where have these people come from? Where did they want to go, what did they want? It was as if they themselves did not know. It was as if they were a flock of ghosts or sleepwalkers in a nightmarish dream. This mass of a silent torrent gushing out of the street corners was moving in waves towards the waterfront and passed over the Mehmetciks who were still sleeping on the pavements. They appeared to merge in the waterfront. There was some talking in Greek and voices

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which reminded you of begging or crying. Then a few hoarse screams of women and children.

The officers we had with us plunged into the enemy crowd and went on getting out of sight. The Western Front Headquarters Commander Major Kemal Bey was sleeping in an open car parked in front of us.

“-Kemal Bey, Kemal Bey...”

He lifted his head, he looked at us with his eyes half open..

We asked:

“It is true what these officers did? How did they thrust themselves into this crowd?”

Major Kemal bey smiled:

“- Which crowd? He said. They are no longer any different from a shepherdless flock of sheep. I am thinking how I am going to get through them without trampling them later.”

At this moment the orderly is approaching the car showing a man who stands next to him.

“-Major, what am I to do with this one?” he asked.

“-Search him well. If you find weapons take them. Then release him among them and see what happens.”

Kemal bey gave this order and went back to sleep.

Gradually the crowd is increasing. There was no room even for a needle to drop on the Cordon. Despite this, the officers who, splitting this doomsday crowd into two a bit earlier, got through them and were coming back.

At first sight we see them in great sorrow. Before asking them “what happened” they start telling us what they saw: Essentially, the Rum boatmen lined up in the waterfront and would not take anyone aboard without first paying. They were saying that they would not take less than ten lira per head. This was said by one of our officers:

“- Dear me, what vileness! They are Rum and those ones are Rum too! How heartless this man must be that he is reluctant to help his compatriot at such a moment of calamity. He is not even content with not helping, he sees the opportunity to gain and make a profit from this calamity.”

The other one adds:

“- Even if they boarded the boats, where would they go? They were hoping for help from the ship opposite them. But those who reached it were turned back. Or they are wandering around in the sea. The ships have drawn up their ladders and take no one. Some of the wretched ones climb on to the anchor chains and try to board by force but the crew strike their hands with long poles and throw everybody into the sea. There is true vileness in these Europeans, they are not civilised and they have no humanitarian feelings. They themselves put these miserable ones in trouble and now they want to be just onlookers of the consequences.”

CHAPTER 4 – HALIDE EDIP AND YAKUP KADRI

At this moment the light beams of the projectors started an unconcerned stroll on top of the mass of the victims of the disaster whose number exceeds the hundred thousand.

Twenty four hours had not passed after the night of the fire tragedy. As we were driven in a military car from the headquarters of Western Front Command to the Uşaklıgil summer mansion in Göztepe where Gazi Pasha was staying as a guest, we found that the Cordon, which we had left in a state of doomsday two nights before, was altogether empty and deserted. The houses one after another were in their place but there was no one in them. There were still warships in the sea but their lights had been put out. There was no sign left of the doomsday crowd, as if everything had been blown by the wind and taken by a flood.

When we were approaching the Governor's Office at the other side of the Passport Office and especially when we passed Kemeraltı, truly it was as if the night of the fire had never happened. It was like one of the terrifying dreams I see in my feverish sleep. Because Izmir, Izmir of my childhood, the school where I went, the horse drawn trams, the clock tower in the Kışla Meydanı, the shops in Kemeraltı looked as I had left them so many years ago.

Time came and I arrived in the district of Yahılar; starting from Karataş all my memories from the recent past began to be wiped away. It was as if I was living again the period of my first youth. As if – it was not only last night's fire – the Armistice of Moudros, the occupation of Istanbul, the capture of Izmir, the enemy reaching almost at the gates of Ankara, as if none of all the national tragedies which filled these three years never happened. As if the country which stretches from the valleys of Sakarya to the shores of Gediz had not become an endless ruin throughout with its scorched and razed cities, towns and villages.

The overflowing exuberance and joy I felt took away all my sufferings.

Halide Edip and Yakup Kadri held each other in great esteem and continued to do so until the end even though they had different political views. Halide Edip said that Yakup Kadri was the only person who through his artistic intuition had sensed how unhappy she was at a very early stage and when no one else had done so because he immediately perceived in her *Handan* the autobiographical elements in the

CHAPTER 4 – HALIDE EDIP AND YAKUP KADRI

unhappiness of married life¹¹¹. The epitome of their close association is that they both wrote an *Ateşten Gömlek*.

¹¹¹ Enginün 1989, 61-82 follows closely their relationship and also notes occasions when each was critical of a work of the other.

CHAPTER 5 – TWO SHIRTS OF FLAME

Halide Edip's *Ateşten Gömlek* is regarded as the first novel to be inspired by the War of Independence and is one of the most celebrated. It first appeared in serial form with publication commencing in *İkdam* 14 June 1922. It came out in book form in 1923¹ and the first, a silent, of a succession of film versions was first shown on 23 April 1923. An English translation appeared as early as 1924 under the title, *The Shirt of Flame*.² This is not the literal translation of *Ateşten Gömlek* which is rather *Shirt of Fire*. That the translator was Halide Edip herself can be inferred from the fact that there is no mention of a translator in the English edition and the language is characteristic of the language used by Halide Edip in her English language originals such as *The Turkish Ordeal*.

Both in a preface to the novel and in the *The Turkish Ordeal* Halide Edip describes the origins of the work. She was inspired by Yakup Kadri who was writing an 'Anatolian novel'³, while he was staying as her guest in Ankara, where he arrived on 1 May 1921: "It was in those days that I asked him what he was writing. An Anatolian novel called 'The Shirt of Flame', he said. And I, who was dimly supposing that I also would write an Anatolian novel someday, teased him. 'Oh, I

¹ Binyazar, 28, footnote 6

² I have not been able to consult the original serialised version or the first edition. There may have been verbal changes in successive editions. For example, while the English version of 1924 refers to Greeks or infidels the 1943 edition refers to *düşman* (enemy). A similar change was effected in later editions of *Vurun Kahpeye*.

³ Kudret II, 76 points out that Ömer Seyfettin was the first writer to use the term 'Anatolian novel' in *Yalnız Efe*.

CHAPTER 5 – TWO SHIRTS OF FLAME

will write that novel before you have finished yours.”⁴ The prologue to the novel itself which antedates *The Turkish Ordeal* (1928) is an open letter addressed to Yakup Kadri and tells a slightly different story in which she first shrinks from taking from him “the just expression of what happened there [Anatolia]” but then realises that “those who wear your ‘Shirt of Flame’ are not mine”.⁵ She concludes the preface as follows⁶:

I ask your forgiveness Yakup Kadri for taking this name which in itself expresses so much. If the name is stronger than the book it is not my fault.

If time does not extinguish my “Shirt of Flame,” there will be two stories of the same name and fifty years hence on the same shelf they may find their tongues like the toys in the story of Hans Andersen and relate to each other the days gone by. Who knows – perhaps the Shirt of Flame which the youth of the coming days may wear, will be different from ours.

For his part, in an interview given to *Milliyet* on the occasion of the death of Halide Edip in 1964 Yakup Kadri said that he had wanted to write *Ateşten Gömlek* but he gave in to her request to use the title herself. Yakup Kadri says: “Bunun üzerinedir ki, zaferden sonra o Ateşten Gömlek ben de Ankara ile Yaban romanlarını yazmıştım.” (It is for this reason that after the victory she wrote *The Shirt of Flame* and I wrote *Yaban* and *Ankara*)⁷. As this was said more than forty years later, it may not be surprising that Yakup Kadri’s chronology is slightly mistaken: the serialisation of Halide Edip’s novel began some weeks before the final victory in the War of Independence.

⁴ Adivar 1928, 256.

⁵ Adivar 1924, xx

⁶ Adivar 1924, xxii

⁷ Yücebaş 119, *Milliyet*: 12.1.1964: ‘Büyük Dostum Halide Edip’

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We shall return to the relationship between *Yaban* and *Ateşten Gömlek* below. For now we need to note that the critics have interpreted Yakup Kadri's words too strictly. For example, Azade Seyhan writes that "Karaosmanoğlu never wrote his "Shirt of Fire"⁸. In fact Yakup Kadri did write a Shirt of Fire. A short excerpt was published in *Dergâh* on 5th January 1922⁹. The excerpt was reprinted in Latin script in the posthumous collection *Yakup Kadri Karaosmanoğlu Hikâyeler* edited by Niyazi Akı and first published in 1985. It is easy to overlook its origins in *Ateşten Gömlek* because the excerpt is presented as a short story with the title '*Kadın ve Ukubet*' (Woman and Punishment), as it was the title of the first instalment in *Dergâh*. This was preceded by an editorial note by the editors of *Dergâh* entitled *Ateşten Gömlek*.

In addition the Yakup Kadri archive includes six pages, hitherto unnoticed¹⁰, of an undated manuscript in the Arabic script marked as relating to a novel entitled, *Ateşten Gömlek*. Four pages, (numbered with Roman numerals) of a fair copy in pencil are labelled in the same hand, "The last pages of the novel '*Ateşten Gömlek*'". The other two pages, again undated, and on different paper numbered with western numerals are labelled, "Belonging to the novel '*Ateşten Gömlek*'". A transcription and translation is set out in Appendices 1 and 2 respectively.

⁸ Seyhan 2008, 56

⁹ Kudret II, 150 gives the reference. Hüyüküzel, 107 refers to the short story, gives a short description of its content but does not relate it to the novel.

¹⁰ I am grateful to Sevgül Sönmez for making the archives available to me.

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A definitive reconciliation of this evidence with Halide Edip's statement¹¹ that Yakup Kadri began but did not finish his novel is difficult. Obviously he did not publish a completed novel with that title and we cannot tell whether Halide Edip's statement was simply an inference from this fact or whether she knew more. But the four page fragment which is headed "the last pages of the novel 'Ateşten Gömlek'" reads like a closing scene. There is obviously a number of possibilities: Yakup Kadri could have completed a draft with which he was dissatisfied or he could have filled in some parts of his outline, such as the concluding scene which survives, but not others.

Halide Edip wrote that her novel was written in two months when she returned to Ankara on leave from Akşehir¹². This would place the composition in the autumn of 1921. Since the excerpt from Yakup Kadri's *Ateşten Gömlek* was printed on 5th January 1922 and since at some point it reached its last pages, as explicitly indicated in the longer of the two manuscript fragments, it may be that Halide Edip's prediction that she would finish before he did proved incorrect. What also proved incorrect, unfortunately, was her hope that one day both novels would be read side by side. The relationship between her *Ateşten Gömlek* and the fragments of Yakup Kadri's as well as the relationship between both of them and *Yaban* on the one hand and real experience, as recorded in *The Turkish Ordeal* and in *Ergenekon*, is intriguing and we shall proceed to discuss it.

¹¹ Adıvar 1924, xix, footnote 1

¹² Kansu 41, Adıvar 1924 xxi-xxii

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Halide Edip's *Ateşten Gömlek* is a novel of 267 pages in its English version from which citations will be made here. In form it is a narration of a love triangle set chronologically between the Moudros Armistice in October 1918 and the Greek retreat at the end of the Battle of Sakarya in September 1921. The narrator reveals himself at the beginning to be a war invalid lying in an Ankara hospital with both legs amputated. He has a bullet lodged in his brain, which there will shortly be an attempt to remove by surgery. The narration purports to be a set of entries in a notebook which are dated between 3rd November and 15th December. As in Güntekin's *Çalığışu*, the year is not indicated but here it is obvious from the narrative that it must be 1921 because the Battle of Sakarya has happened some months before and the reconquest of İzmir is still in the future.

At once, the formal similarity to *Yaban*, which is also presented as a first person narration recorded in a notebook, is obvious. Another formal similarity is the use of a framing device. In Halide Edip's *Ateşten Gömlek* it is at the very end, with an unseen narrator relating a discussion of the notebook, after its owner has died on the operating table, between two doctors. In *Yaban* it is at the beginning, where the members of a delegation for the recording of the war atrocities in Anatolia find among the ruins of a village the half-burnt notebook. In both novels the content of the framing device also undercuts the narration which it frames. In *Ateşten Gömlek* the doctors say that enquiries have shown that the people mentioned in the deceased's notebook did not exist; they assume that the whole story was a hallucination caused by the bullet lodged in his brain. In the very last sentence of the book the doctors give a Latin name to the narrator's "Shirt of Flame", as if it is an

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illness. In *Yaban* not only is the notebook half burnt but the villagers did not know anything about its owner because he was a stranger like the members of the delegation who were asking them. It is also striking that the narration in Halide Edip's novel is declared at the end to be a hallucination while *Yaban* is written as if it is one.

The fragments of Yakup Kadri's *Ateşten Gömlek* also have a first person narration and the concluding scene consists of a visit by the narrator to a dying man in hospital.

Another striking similarity and association is between the published excerpt from Yakup Kadri's *Ateşten Gömlek* and a real life episode in *The Turkish Ordeal*. For this to become apparent and because the passage by Yakup Kadri is not well known, they are quoted here in full. Yakup Kadri's text has not been previously translated and the version here is mine. The first instalment starts with an introductory note by the editorial committee¹³:

The Shirt of Flame

How well Rüşen Eşref Bey spoke. Yakup is an eternal traveller and creates all his works in his travels and returns to Istanbul from every country and from every place with a new flavor. This time also he returned from Anatolia with the novel *The Shirt of Flame* in his hands which is the poem of Anatolia's fearsome mountains, of deserted valleys, of noises, of rebellions and of freedom's and the nation's common exuberance.

¹³ Dergâh, vol. II, no. 18, 5 January 1922. The full text is in Appendix 1, Fragment A.

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Publishing Committee

Woman and Punishment:

In these grey Anatolian villages, these Anatolian villages which are far from any other place, forgotten, oppressed and oppressive, why am I afraid of the wanderings of this phantom which does not leave me for a moment? Why can I not place her inside this bare decor, in this grey decor of poverty and solitude? What is the fear from these barefoot women in red garments? These women who are probably her equals in their femininity. ...maybe... They are better than her, and, in their sex's disposition, may be more powerful than her.

Cennet, is one of the village's sweethearts, who, despite her cracked and black heels, who knows how many men she had subjugated! She is only a nineteen year old woman. She was married three times. First in her own village, then in another village, then here... They say that her first separation was because of a murder. The second was more mysterious, one day her husband left the village without telling anybody and without leaving any trace behind and never to return. It is for this reason that in that village they consider her to be a witch and in order to protect the young men who were left behind from evil they no longer let her inside their borders.

Here Cennet belonged to a man with two wives. This man was in the army when I came here. And Cennet was living in great trouble between the two jealous fellow wives. Essentially, it was not only these two fellow wives but all the villagers were against this poor woman. It is because of her that the village's tranquillity was immediately a case of perpetual impossibility. Cennet said that, Cennet did this, there is such an uproar sometimes in the threshing place, sometimes at the fountain that the echoes of the voices reach us, and I am obliged to send one of my privates almost as if on a police duty. One day the echo of the far away cries reached us at the hill where we were, followed by a sudden big commotion. As I was preparing to send my sergeant again and my privates to the event in the neighbourhood I suddenly saw Cennet falling in front of my tent's door with the flutterings and the hoarse voice of an injured bird.

Her hands and her face were covered with blood, her clothes were torn in pieces, she was crying, she was moaning, she was trembling.

As soon as she saw me she threw herself at me: My Pasha, my dear Pasha, my life is entrusted to your hands, save me, she was saying. All of them, all of them want to kill me. There is nothing I have not suffered from their hands since my husband left for the army. If he was here I swear by God they could not touch a hair of mine. Now, now look what

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they have done to me (she was showing to me the inside of her arms, and her bleeding feet), they attacked me with the cattle goad.

As Cennet was about to explain some things in this way we saw many villagers, women, men and children running towards us from left and right.

----Come, get into the tent, I told her.

Cennet accepted my warning with great agitation. The villagers surrounded me immediately, they were all in great excitement, there were tears in the children's eyes, the women were pale white and their lips trembled, the men's eyes were seeing red. They started shouting all together, explaining something to me. But it was not possible to deduce any meaning from these general cries. Barely holding back my laughter I said:

----Only one of you speak!

At that moment a rough and rude middle aged woman separated herself from the middle of the crowd and came forward towards me.

We caught her with our hands, she said. With the son of Usta Ömer... Under the ridge ...the son of Usta Ömer... still yesterday's child he has no hair no spots ...she dragged the child by force...I swear to God, Sir, by force... with her own husband's son (and turning back), there, his mother here too ...

One more woman comes emerging from the crowd and completes what the first woman had said in a darker manner. Then a man joins in... I am in exactly the same circumstances as was Jesus when surrounded by those who complained of the adulterous Samaritan¹⁴ woman. If I were to repeat the words of the merciful and compassionate Prophet (he that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her!) would they understand and become silent?

No... no way, suddenly a strong wind of wrath wrapped everyone with great force. Shall I hand over the victim to calm this excessive rage? I suddenly gathered all my will and with a commanding manner not at all natural to me:

---You go away now, we will see to her punishment. I said.

¹⁴ The woman taken in adultery in John 8 is merely adulterous and not a Samaritan. Yakup Kadri must have confused her with the woman of Samaria in John 4 who had had many husbands. Presumably he had a memory of the Scripture classes from his French school.

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And I turned and entered my tent. Crouched in a corner Cennet was looking at me with startled eyes. She was exactly like a beaten up cat. I approached her, she showed me in silence all her wounds. I shrugged my shoulders.

---You deserve it. If what they say is true be grateful that you have so far escaped like that. I said.

Without answering she lowered her eyes. She would act exactly like this at home. At the end of every sin or infidelity when I looked attentively at her face and before the undeniable proofs she would lower her eyes with a bashful and innocent expression and become silent.

Perhaps this is why a sudden fury filled my nerves. With a very sharp voice I said to Cennet:

--- From this evening there is no question. You must absolutely leave...

---Where to, Sir?

---Wherever you want, but you cannot stay in this village any longer, you must absolutely, absolutely go...

There descended on her naturally dark chestnut coloured eyes a shadow of deep anxiety¹⁵. Frowning for a while she thought. She then said:

---I will go, I will go but if they block my way and do something to me...

---I will give you two of my men to take you to the place you are going to.

She got more agitated. She was surprised. She waited sitting on bent knees until the villagers completely receded from our vicinity; she then suddenly pulled herself together, got up and without seeing it necessary to say a word to me she walked out. Where to? Which direction? I do not know. According to my sergeant's statement she took the mountain road at the back. This road is extremely hard and long. In order to arrive to the first village you must walk for four hours without a break. And it was late.

What will this poor woman do? How is she going to walk barefoot and bleeding in the darkness of the evening and later in the loneliness of the

¹⁵ I translate my transcription of the original text from *Dergâh*: "Kudretten sürmeli koyu kestane renkli gözlerine derin bir endişenin gölgesi çöktü." The 1985 edition (page 134) prints: "Kudretten sürmeli koyu kestane renkli gözlerine derin bir endişe çöktü."

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night? Thinking of these I regret what I did. My heart is filled with a deep sadness. Poor woman, poor women...

Undoubtedly they, much more than us, suffer the troubles of the flesh and of this created world and the punishment for committed sin. It is their feet and knees which bit by bit bleed more than ours on the stones and thorns of the hopeless path which passes from the first to the last tremblings of love.

Partners in our pleasures in punishment they are left on their own. It is their most genuine tears that we do not see, the most heartfelt cries that we do not hear.

Only the night will know the pain of the woman who has just left while everyone was familiar with the pleasures tasted during the day, everyone was jealous of her. All the people of the village fell on her like demons from hell, they tried with tooth and nail to tear off what had been up to now the sweet ripples of her skin.

Like societies, laws, customs, religions and sects, nature too is the enemy of the female.

It is nature which put a load on her thin body with the great burden of motherhood, her body which bit by bit gives life out of her carnal desire. It is for this reason that woman became a wicked creature. It is in response to the strict judgement of her sex that she has resorted to falsehood, hypocrisy and treachery and her beauty, as her weapon has acquired a satanic element from the fire of deceit and trickery. Since that time her look is a dagger, her smile venom. Woman finds the greatest pleasure from loves which are mixed with evil and betrayal and becomes tyrannical, cowardly cruel and revengeful.

Here follows the similar episode presented as an actual event in *The Turkish*

*Ordeal*¹⁶:

In the middle of this conversation I heard hard knocks at the door. I also did not like the woman downstairs who had caused so much trouble to Halimé and the village, but the knock decided me. I had on only my dressing-gown, and my hair was down; but I tied a handkerchief around my head, put my bare feet in slippers, and walked out to the veranda.

¹⁶ Adivar 1928, 258-260

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There was a crowd of village children -- boys in front and girls behind - with sticks in their hands and their eyes shining; and from behind the little house opposite heads peeped out -- the men were waiting with some misgiving as to how I should take this knocking.

"What is it you want?" I asked the children, and turning toward the half-hidden heads, I almost shouted, "Why don't you all come out and tell me what you want?" This made them recede a little farther, but the urchins were fearless, almost drunk with the joy of hunting a living creature.

"We know Fatish has hidden the slut in your yard. We want her. Our fathers will kill her."

"Who are your fathers? How can they kill a woman?"

"She has broken an old woman's arm. We will kill her. Our fathers will kill her. They have sticks, they have ropes."

I knew that the only way to handle a mob is not to be afraid of it. No pretense of courage, no sham bullying; they sense that at once. And the next thing is never to threaten them. You can scold them, you can harangue them, you can appeal to them without any show of weakness, but never threaten them. So I went ahead and harangued them and enjoyed myself immensely. I have never enjoyed a public speech as much as I did that wild one I made on the veranda. It is the only public speech in which I gesticulated, fell into demagogics, dramatized and scolded and scorned and appealed... The noses, the tips of beards, the end of sticks receded more and more. When the backs were turned, I addressed the urchins, who were less impressed by my heroics than their elders.

"What are you waiting for? Go at once... and don't let me see you again. Killing a woman whose husband is not in the village, indeed! You sham champions and heroes... go at once!" They did go; but they returned several times, and I had to raise my tone higher and higher, and to my surprise it was at a moment when I had really become angry and meant to go down in person that they dispersed. Sham heroics, anger, and assault can cow grown-ups any time, but you must be genuine with children.

When I saw the crowd walking away through the open field I ran in:

"Quick, Fatish, bring the woman."

She came up, holding her shoes in her hand, her whole dress and hair covered with hay. No one can realize the fear in an individual's face who is hunted by a crowd unless one has seen it.

"Why did you break that old woman's arm?" I asked severely. I meant to stand by her at the moment of her danger, but I did not mean to like her or even be nice to her.

"It is not really broken... they are all cowards -- Halimé has stirred them up against me -- and since my man is away they treat me like dirt. She called me slut. Could I bear to be called a slut?"

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I looked away discreetly. Perhaps she was right. After living the way she had, no one could resent the name of slut more than she. Whatever she had been, she was at present an honest wife and the most respectable woman in the village. What I objected to was not her past life but her lack of heart, her cruelty to the woman whose man she had taken. There was no time to argue...

"Where is your village?"

"It is three hours' distance."

"Which way?"

"The Tchubouk way."

This road led away from the village and would not be in view of the villagers unless they returned.

"Have you any people there, and are you on good terms with them?"

"There is my brother: once he refused to know me, but since I am married he has been all right."

"You start at once for your village. The villagers won't come back for some time."

"Won't you keep me as your servant?"

I wouldn't: I did not need one. So I smuggled her out of the stable, and I myself walked toward the village. If I met a villager I would keep him talking till she had had time to go away safely.

But the villagers did not return for an hour, after which one by one the urchins began to come back. But the woman had gone away, the doors were wide open and our house looked as if it had nothing to hide.

The similarities are too close to be credible as coincidence. A village woman of doubtful morals falls on the protection of an outsider, a Westernised Turk, when pursued by the villagers. Her protector sees the crowd off by showing no fear and assuming a pose he or she finds unnatural. The protector all the same insists that the woman leave at once for an adjacent village which is some hours' walk away despite her fears and takes steps to ensure that she will get away safely.

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Apart from the thematic similarity it is significant that in *The Turkish Ordeal* the episode presented above immediately succeeds the paragraph in which Yakup Kadri tells Halide Edip that he is writing an Anatolian novel called *Ateşten Gömlek* and she replies that she will finish it first¹⁷.

All these similarities taken together suggest that the exchanges of Halide Edip and Yakup Kadri in the summer of 1921 went much further than the mere title. Another pointer in the same direction is the very different narrative form of Halide Edip's subsequent Kurtuluş novel, *Vurun Kahpeye*. This is a straightforward third person narrative. My tentative conclusion would be that the narrative form and even the thematic device of the dying man was suggested to Halide Edip by Yakup Kadri. It remains unclear why Yakup Kadri did not publish his own *Ateşten Gömlek* except for a short passage. What is probable, however, from the mere existence of his *Ateşten Gömlek* and a terminus for the dating of at least a part of it to early January 1922, is that his words to *Milliyet* should not be taken as implying that *Yaban*, as we have it, was conceived as early as 1921. There are nonetheless parallels between these two works of Yakup Kadri which will be explored below.

In Halide Edip's *Ateşten Gömlek* the principal characters have symbolic significance. The narrator, Peyami, is a cultured Ottoman, who served in the Foreign Ministry and had lived abroad. His friend, İhsan, is a professional soldier who served in the Ottoman Army in the Gallipoli campaign. They are both enamoured of Peyami's cousin, Ayşe (spelt Ayesha by Halide in the English version), who is a paragon of

¹⁷ Adıvar 1928, 256

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virtue and beauty from Smyrna. She has been forced to flee from the occupation by the Greeks who have killed her husband and her very young son. Her origins are the reason why an English “rendering” by Muhammad Yakub Khan published in Lahore in 1933 was given the title *The Daughter of Smyrna*¹⁸. Ayşe has a brother, Cemal (spelt Djemal by Halide Edip in the English version), who is a soldier as well and lives in Istanbul. The other principal characters are Mehmet Çavuş, a roughneck and veteran irregular who fought in the Balkans and Kezban, a village girl who resembles Ayşe.

The romantic interest operates in the following way. As we have noted both Peyami and İhsan, not to speak of every male in Istanbul and elsewhere, are in love with Ayşe. Ayşe however is very reserved and the narrator Peyami only learns near the end from İhsan himself that she had eventually succumbed to İhsan. Both of them are killed in the Battle of Sakarya; Peyami, himself terribly injured, is content to be buried next to them. Mehmet Çavuş for his part is in love and wants to marry Kezban. Kezban, however, is in love with İhsan and, in disguise, saves him from death at the hands of a village mob incited by the rebellious and jealous Mehmet Çavuş. Once free, İhsan suppresses the rebellion over three days and has Mehmet Çavuş hanged. We hear no more of Kezban.

In a certain sense “the Shirt of Flame” is Peyami’s and İhsan’s passion for Ayşe. But in another sense it is Ayşe’s passion for Smyrna. İhsan here is speaking to Peyami¹⁹:

¹⁸ I am indebted to Erol Köroğlu for supplying me with a copy of this.

¹⁹ Adivar 1924, 214-215

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“One evening we talked of the day when we should enter Smyrna. I was stronger and not easily tired. I pictured to her the first Turkish division marching with music in the streets of Smyrna. Both of us had the vision of the first Turkish detachment which should see the Mediterranean, carrying the red flag of the Turks over the crowd and then with sudden emotion, in spite of the veiled light I saw the fire in her eyes, the ecstasy on her half opened crimson lips, the tremor in her awakening body and soul. She was like a woman, receiving the first kiss of love. She had the unspoiled passion and warmth of the earth’s simplest creatures, and the vision of Smyrna suddenly enveloped her with the absolute passion of historic women. No touch of her crimson lips could have stirred me as the sight of her rapturous awakening at the Smyrna vision. I snatched her hand and cried:

“ ‘ No matter which division enters first, you will be mine then. ’

“I squeezed her hand, I shook her, but she did not heed me. Her hands were on fire and her lips still open with the ecstasy of her dream.

And a few lines beyond Ayşe declares “I no longer can have a human tie, I am only bound to the Smyrna ideal.” She finally consents to marry İhsan after they enter Smyrna but imposes this condition: “But give me your word of honor, that all your passion of your heart will be only for Smyrna”²⁰.

Passages like this, in which the passion is projected onto the aim of the war, are the key to the novel. Tanpınar had observed that the sentimental interest of *Çalılıkıuşu* was rather unreal but the Anatolian background full of interest²¹. In *Ateşten Gömlek* the characters and the romantic interest seem to be no more than a peg onto which a history of the War of Independence and a programme for the future are hung. This is even clearer in Halide Edip’s translation where she emphasises for the English reader the verisimilitude of the story: she writes, for example, “Halidé Hanum’s own escape

²⁰ Adivar 1924, 216, 217

²¹ See Chapter 3

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from Stamboul resembled very much that of Ayesha”²². It is only by interpreting the characters as symbols that sense can be made of the closing lines of the novel²³:

*Two doctors talked as they descended the hill of the Djebedjé hospital.
One said:
“I have looked up the names in Lieutenant Peyami Effendi’s memoirs.”
“Who were they?”
“There was no sister called Ayesha in the ... army corps and no
commander in that regiment called Ihsan.”
“Has he no relatives?”
“He has a cousin who was killed in the war, called Djemal, who has a
sister somewhere but no one knows her address or her name.”
“Then?”
“It must be the effect on his mind of the bullet.”
And then the two doctors held a long and scientific discussion over
Peyami, who had died during the operation, and they gave a difficult
name to his Shirt of Flame.*

This abrupt ending has puzzled most readers. Jale Parla considers that neither the shirt of patriotism nor that of passion rewards the heroes with any sense of fulfilment and concludes²⁴:

*Ayşe as a symbol of Anatolia represents something that does not exist.
Just as the idea of the motherland is an illusion that the patriot has
invented (the dying Peyami) so is Ayşe the representative of that illusion
in her inaccessible perfection. Kezban is the reality of Anatolia. And the
patriot is all too ready to turn his back on that reality. Since this is quite
a risky message to give, Halide Edip ends her novel in a way that baffles
many of her readers: she erases the whole story and makes it into
hallucination of Peyami who is lying in the hospital with bullets in his
head and who in the end dies on the operation table.*

²² Adivar 1924, 81 footnote 2

²³ Adivar 1924, 267

²⁴ Parla, Jale 2007, 15

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Azade Seyhan for her part writes²⁵:

In the book's afterward, Selim İleri interprets this device-closure in an epilogue told by a third person narrator-as a sign that Edip could not resist writing off the unspeakable crimes perpetuated by the invaders as a nightmare that was over and would hopefully never reoccur ("Bugüne Bir 'Ateşten Gömlek'" 228). Judging from Edip's fondness for and knowledge of many literary traditions – sufism, Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales, Shakespeare's plays, Romanticism – it makes sense to read the ending more as a literary ploy in the romance or Romantic tradition than as an expression of the author's intention. In fact, this literary sleight of hand, which provides a sense of ambiguity, accentuates the poetic tenor of the novel and tempers its melodramatic tone.

None of these views seems very convincing. Jale Parla asks us to believe that Halide Edip had in the course of the war a certain ambivalence about the National movement. This does not seem very consistent with the spirit of *Vurun Kahpeye* or even *The Turkish Ordeal*. Selim İleri, at least as quoted by Azade Seyhan, proposes that Halide Edip wants to present the crimes of the Greeks as an episode in a hallucination. But *The Turkish Ordeal* presents them as all too real. Azade Seyhan's own view seems to be a counsel of despair. The ending according to her is just a literary "ploy" unconnected with the author's intention. If so, the "ploy" would have an inexplicable literary purpose. It is furthermore obscure how it could accentuate the poetic tenor of the novel: would the novel be more or less poetic, if the last half page were missing? More promisingly Adnan Binyazar suggests that by her abrupt ending

²⁵ Seyhan 2008, 55

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and by erasing everything had been narrated so far, Halide Edip wants to put forward the idea that the struggle was not one hero's act but the collective act of unnamed heroes and she calls the ending ironic²⁶. The difficulty with this interpretation is that if the whole of Peyami's narrative is a hallucination, the hallucination includes the National struggle as well as İhsan and Ayşe.

All these interpretations seem not to take account of one obvious fact: that in the very last paragraph the now independent narrator tells us that Peyami really had a Shirt of Flame. In a footnote to her translation of the prefatory letter to Yakup Kadri Halide Edip tells the reader what "The Shirt of Flame" is²⁷: it "is an idiomatic expression among Turkish people meaning great suffering which one does not try to get rid of even if one has the power".

The narrator is consequently telling us that Peyami really underwent this suffering. By also telling us that the doctors gave "a difficult Latin name to his Shirt of Flame" the narrator is treating the doctors not the Shirt of Flame ironically. How could there be a real Shirt of Flame but no Ayşe or İhsan? The simplest answer is that Peyami's passion for the national cause is meant to be understood as akin to an erotic passion which in his hallucination is transmuted into a passion for a woman, specifically the ideal woman of Smyrna²⁸.

²⁶ Binyazar, 55

²⁷ Adivar 1924, xix, footnote 1

²⁸ Not Anatolia generally as in Jale Parla's interpretation.

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It makes sense in this light that the novel presents not a hallucinated but a realistic history of the War of Independence, as Halide Edip herself repeatedly points out in the footnotes to the English edition. It starts in Istanbul at the time of the Armistice of 1918 where the narrator Peyami meets his cousin Cemal and through him İhsan. With the introduction of the characters the reader is immediately introduced to the different worlds which set the Kurtuluş narrative in motion; in one contrast we see the two conflicting worlds of the treacherous Europeanised Turks who are set against the traditional and courteous Muslims. Epitomising the former is Peyami's mother who "was a Europeanised middle-aged woman in the European quarter of Şişli".²⁹ . When he eventually leaves for Anatolia she strongly disapproves. "I pray to Allah that thy heart may ever burn, thy life may ever pass in longing and regret!"³⁰

İhsan , Cemal and Peyami are involved in propaganda organisations and try to defend their country's rights. Any pro-Turkish publication was heavily censored and³¹:

The more we felt the strength and the righteousness of our cause, the more we felt that the world must already know this. Perhaps this was the only beautiful part of this childish and subjective propaganda. For to suffer what we had suffered and to be able to throw ourselves into the voluntary martyrdom of our great war of Independence we needed first and most to be convinced and to believe in ourselves.

One part of Istanbul lived on, rotten and pessimistic, while the other part talked like children who believed in the regeneration of the world, and with absolute faith in the almost impossible ideal it had created.

²⁹ Adivar 1924, 4 and 6

³⁰ Adivar 1924, 83

³¹ Adivar 1924, 22

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Another contrast is between the world of Istanbul and the world of Anatolia. The antithesis between the two characters and the two worlds each represents is eloquently expressed in the following excerpt in which Peyami is comparing the Ottoman İhsan with the Anatolian Cemal³²:

I found out in my contact with them that the Anatolian type represented so perfectly by Djemal was here the dominant one. The will of the Anatolian worked and mastered İhsan imperceptibly but with absolute assurance.

In the opening scenes of the novel Peyami as an official of the Foreign Ministry in common with others with a Europeanised background thinks that a good peace for Turkey will be achieved by making representations to the Allies. In this the novel represents a stage in the thinking of Halide Edip herself who for a while was a “Wilsonian”. The transformation of Peyami and İhsan into nationalists is prompted by the arrival in Istanbul of Ayşe, fleeing the Greek invasion. She gains the name “The Daughter of Smyrna” among the patriots of Istanbul. Ayşe is the ideal young woman: beautiful clever, educated and at the same time has great dexterity. At once she makes her fortune available for the war in Anatolia. While waiting in hiding until she crosses to Anatolia she earns her living as a teacher and by lacemaking. She also knits socks for the little orphans from Smyrna³³. At the same time she is heavily involved in the resistance in Istanbul. Her personal suffering as a result of the occupation of İzmir, her character and her wit along with her beauty steal the hearts

³² Adivar 1924, 16

³³ Adivar 1924, 33, 56

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of all the officers, most particularly Peyami's and İhsan's. And here comes the shirt of flame. Peyami is speaking of İhsan³⁴:

I thought of the sudden palor of his cheeks, the fever burning in his eyes and the volcanic emotion which rose in his rigid but quietly rigid body. I said to myself: under this high collar of the staff officer is a ruddy shirt, a shirt of flame.

The narrative unfolds against a background of real events. Istanbul was truly divided between pessimistic “appeasers” and hopeful “nationalists”. There really was a great demonstration in Sultanahmet addressed by Halide Edip and she describes it in the novel in great emotional detail but completely abstains from revealing herself in it. The presence of Mehmet Emin is noted³⁵:

No new national crisis gave them confidence or hope. The halo of a martyred nation crowned us, comforted us assured us that each human heart beat for and with us. “the people were our friends and the government our enemies”.

All three heroes attend the demonstration. They also escape to Anatolia just as many Nationalists did including Halide Edip. The emigrants, as Halide Edip calls them, from Macedonia really were supporters of the Nationalist movement because of their expulsion from their homeland. There really were irregular bands as represented in the novel by Mehmet Çavuş and others. There really was an antinationalist uprising in the Bolu area, there was an “army of the Caliphate” and some of the irregulars

³⁴ Adivar 1924, 59

³⁵ Adivar 1924, 37, 39

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truly defected from the Nationalists. As Halide Edip herself says in a footnote Mustafa Kemal really did have Black-sea men as his personal guard known as “Black Shadows”³⁶. Obviously too the Battle of Sakarya which is described with particular attention to the topography near the end of Peyami’s narrative is a real event.

In a continuous passage between pages 126-131 Halide Edip brings together three such themes. First the noble Anatolian guerrilla who first rose up but is now suspicious of the order which a regular army will bring; he is compared to the mythical figure of Koroğlu whose cave, as Halide Edip reminds the English reader in a footnote, was itself in the Bolu region; second the sufferings and nationalist zeal of Macedonian refugees; and third the residual loyalty of local notables to the Sultanate.

First the noble Anatolian guerrilla³⁷:

His body was thick and strong as an oak tree, his skull round and shaved at the top while a handful of long black locks fall on his well pencilled brows. His eyes were black as coals, his nose fine, a little long and twisted slightly to one side. His face showed humour, sentiment and great capacity for passion. His red lips parted and he had the whitest teeth I

³⁶ Adivar 1924, 89 footnote 1. Also Mango, 292, refers to Yakup Kadri’s remark in *Vatan Yolunda* that Mustafa Kemal was not universally popular in the assembly. The most common complaint was that he devoted more time to politics, instead of leading the army. (Mango reads from Karaosmanoğlu 1978, 107. I could only consult the first edition of 1958, 139-142). Also Yakup Kadri, in *Atatürk* (Karaosmanoğlu 1961, 39) notes that : “Mustafa Kemal Paşa ordudaki nüfuzuna dayanmazsa, ne Mecliste sözünü geçirmek, ne de Ankara’da rahatça yaşamak imkânını bulurdu” (Had it not been for his influence in the army, Mustafa Kemal would not have been able to get his way in the assembly, or even live in Ankara. The vigilant guard which surrounded him, as if he was in constant danger, was proof of this). The translation is from Mango, 370 quoting from Yakup Kadri’s *Atatürk*’s 1978 edition.

³⁷Adivar 1924, 126-127

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know. The ends of his long Anatolian moustache fell at both sides and stretched into the air. His Trebizond headgear was made into a knot like two projecting knobs on the left of his head. He lay with his back against the wall, his eyes moodily watching the stars. He caressed the gun at his side softly and tenderly. I believe that if Keuroglou should rise from Chanlit-belt and come here, he would have the self same figure, and his eyes would sparkle in the same way.

Anatolia loves those children who come down from the mountain to protect her mountains and her very stones. All the Anatolian legends and songs belong to them. When we were stupefied by the great blow of the west, it was their war cry which awakened us. Those sinful children were the first in the East to raise their fist against tyranny. But now they anxiously listened to the imaginary steps of the coming army. They had created the first line of defence with their own flesh and now that army's march sounds in a mighty thud behind Anatolia. Will they come and take those into their midst or will they trample them and leave them in the dust?

Next the Macedonian refugees³⁸:

The Roumelians were already familiar with the new tragedy, understanding its deeper meaning through sad personal experience, so the villages of Macedonians (sic) emigrants were the faithful adherents of the Nationalist movement. They had fled, leaving to the invading army, the rich green fields, their white and happy homes and their rose gardens, the abode of the nightingales. They had bloody memories, as their beloved ones, even to the young and white veiled brides, had been massacred in those white dwellings. The red cyclone which had blown them from Europe into Asia came from the selfsame black clouds with which they were familiar. Anatolia was a little slow to react, ignorant and inexperienced in regard to the cruel possibilities of a Foreign Invasion. But she also woke up at last and what a waking this was!

³⁸ Adivar 1924, 128-129

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Third the respectful portrait of a local notable who finds it hard to accept that his faith in the Sultanate is misplaced while his son is already a Nationalist but hiding it from his father³⁹:

We spent our last night in Kandra in a small village as the guests of Mursel Agha, a notable of the village. He opened his best room for us and his two stalwart sons served us. He listened to the revolutionary din or to the rumour of war with a strong but gloomy face, offering no personal view. With the well poised soul of an Anatolian which did not easily fall into an impossible dream he waited cautiously for the situation to clear. He had a grey beard, a large turbaned with Abani and a rare smile which made a light around him whenever it appeared on his grave eyes and quiet lips.

-- "The old man is very wise," I thought, "he sees farther than we do and very probably regards us as upstarts."

His two Anatolian sons were tall, broad, with round faces and lionine heads. Instead of loose Anatolian trousers, they wore pantaloons darned all over but clean and tidy, their shirts, with the sleeves turned up at the elbows were immaculate and their old fezes with no tassels retained a military air. They had evidently done their military service in Istanbul. When I spoke to the old man about this he smiled and brought out a photograph. This was the picture of a gigantic soldier in the uniform of the Royal Guards. In the large honest eyes of the beautiful picture I recognised one of the sons of the old man. How Istanbul flitted across my eyes, with a vision of the Royal Guard, the enormous white Kalpaks, red trousers and blue jackets, leather bags at their backs, their steeds galloping through the wide royal avenue of Ortakoy. Mehmet Chavush, with his peppery, saucy temper began to explain the revolution, not forgetting oratorical effects, especially when he told how the sultan had been the traitor of the Nation. I watched the face of the guard. What did he think of his master? I saw in his eyes the silent grief of one deceived in his most sacred illusions, struck in the most sensitive spot.

We left them early in the morning and as we proceeded on the road, I saw one of the young fellows, shaking his handkerchief at us as a sign to stop. We waited and he came near us. He gave us valuable information about the mixed village of Circassians through which we had to pass. Suspicious characters from Istanbul had recently come there and he

³⁹ Adivar 1924, 129-130

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recommended us to be extremely cautious in crossing it. At last in his simplest tone he added:

“Safvet bey is in hiding in Kaymaz. If you pass Ikizdge alive you will find him. Now, may Allah open your way!”

He left us with wonder and surprise. Surely he belonged to the National forces. Evidently he had not mentioned Safvet Bey last night, because of his father’s lack of trust in the movement.

The novel also has the characters express sentiments or conduct debates which were really held by people in the Nationalist movement. One example relates to the use of irregular troops ⁴⁰:

Ihsan was not in Anatolia because his brother officers thought his presence more useful in Istanbul. That was why the fire which burnt in Ayesha’s eyes for all those in Smyrna burnt also for Ihsan. Sometimes I thought his place in that fire was brighter and warmer. But was it not an exaggeration in my brain.

Ayesha put her faith in the peoples’ revolution. She loved the Effes and the young Smyrna boys fighting in the mountains. İhsan looked at it with a more military eye.

--“It is only the regular army which can solve the problem,” he said.

-- “A regular army fought successfully, even with the English,” she said, “but the victory of our army can be permanent only if the revolted People make it impossible for the invaders to stay in Anatolia.”

Aysha was still far away from the army days, İhsan shook his head and smiled:

--“When it is necessary the first leaders of the revolution will also be from the army. Don’t you know that the soul of the revolution is the army?”

⁴⁰ Adıvar 1924, 58-59. In a footnote Halide Edip defines Effes as “The mountaineers of Smyrna used to be in perpetual revolt against the government and formed bands which robbed the rich and usually helped the poor. **They also were the first to rebel against the Greeks.** (the emphasis is mine)

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This dialogue reflects real discussions about the formation of a regular army in the middle of 1920⁴¹. Other discussions concern the future. Here İhsan is conversing with Peyami⁴²:

-- 'I', he said, 'always had the soul of a soldier, but I was raw youth. Later on, I was a little dandified and tried to look over civilized. I still love civilization and the beautiful things it produces. Somehow we are estranged from it. I do not believe we can keep our country merely by fighting and driving away the invaders. We must own our country as they, our enemies, own theirs. The classes must mingle and help the people and not allow the dominating classes to separate and stand like olive oil on the surface of the water. You will see,

Peyami; the army will be the force which will give an independent country back to the nation and teach her to own it."

-- 'It is enough if we clear from the Greeks.'

-- 'I want to dream to-night. It is not enough to conquer an open enemy. The army must open a great war against the dark things, old prejudices, traditions which make our people miserable and slaves to every tyrant, we must clean away these things. We must wash and cleanse our country morally. We often spoke of these things with sister Ayesha. She told me how beautiful and happy was Anatolia. After we drive out the Greeks we must reconstruct Anatolia, make it a worthy place to dwell in. We can never go back to Istanbul.

Halide Edip correctly contrasts her approach with that of Yakup Kadri. He creates life "by delving into the inner depths of [his] own mind"; she "accepted the simple but glorious suffering of [her] comrades as simply as they and [she] found it"⁴³. Her *Ateşten Gömlek* is not a subtle novel. The framing device and the use of the first person do not produce anything beyond a four square narrative. She does not create

⁴¹ Gawrych, 108-109

⁴² Adivar, 144-145

⁴³ Adivar 1924, xx-xxi

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any sense in its course that there is any gap between the narrator's perception and reality nor does she use the narration to characterise the narrator. As previously noted, the background to the narration is intended to reflect the external reality of the war, as the English reader is repeatedly told by Halide Edip herself.

The moral categories of the novel are also relatively straightforward. There is some indulgence to the misguided such as some Circassians or old believers in the Sultanate. Ayşe can feel for the Anatolian irregulars who started the resistance but will be swept aside by the regular army⁴⁴. İhsan can weep after three days of “clearing” a village which supported the “counter revolution” and hanging its ring leader, Mehmet Çavuş⁴⁵, but this is said to be his regular business⁴⁶. Such reservations, however, are episodic and do not darken the image of the nationalist movement just as nothing lightens the blackness of the Greek invaders. Nor is there any doubt of the kind expressed in *Yaban* about the actualisation of the future improvements to which İhsan simply aspires.

The characters in the plot are characterised merely by where they stand in relation to the nationalist movement. Ayşe is a paragon but, as she says herself, a love of her must be a love of Smyrna. İhsan having been an exemplary Ottoman officer, now presents the perfect image of the Nationalist officer. The triangular relations between the Anatolian population, the counter revolutionaries and the nationalists are

⁴⁴ Adivar 1924, 174

⁴⁵ Adivar 1924, 168

⁴⁶ Adivar 1924, 173

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represented by the love triangle of Mehmet Çavuş, Kezban and İhsan. It is almost inevitable that a simple village girl Kezban is infatuated with İhsan to the point of risking her life to save his while being pursued by the villain, Mehmet Çavuş. As for the green colour of the eyes of Ayşe, Kezban and İhsan, which is repeatedly emphasised, comment is superfluous.

As the first novel of the War of Independence written before the war was even over *Ateşten Gömlek* sets a pattern. The topoi of the heroic woman, the decadent old order, Anatolia, a non combatant population indifferently mobilised, the virtue of the nationalists, the treacherous local Christians, the vicious invading Greeks and the sufferings of the innocent Muslim victims at their hands are all here.

The fragments so far found of Yakup Kadri's *Ateşten Gömlek* are three (A, B and C) and set out in Appendix 1 with their translation in Appendix 2.. As already discussed the piece published in *Dergâh* has a military man narrating in the first person his protection of an adulterous woman named Cennet (Fragment A). The two manuscript pages which have an indeterminate position contain a soliloquy of a man in torment (Fragment B). The piece labelled as the last pages of the novel has the narrator, who is addressed as Tefik Bey, visiting the dying and delirious Kerim Bey apparently in a hospital (Fragment C). There has obviously been a war going on . In Fragment A the narrator lives in a tent and refers to his sergeant and his privates; in Fragment C there is a reference to “yesterday’s war”. However, the war is not in the foreground.

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As in Halide Edip's *Ateşten Gömlek* and in *Yaban* there is a first person narrator in all the fragments.

The narrative similarity between Fragment A and an episode in Halide Edip's *The Turkish Ordeal* has already been noted. Fragment A also has parallels with *Yaban*. The general parallel is the presence of an educated man in an Anatolian village confronted with behaviour which is strange to him. As in *Yaban* the strangeness and remoteness of the place is emphasised. As in *Yaban* also the narrator is talking to himself as well as narrating the action and his own reflections and recollections influence his conduct towards the villagers. As in *Yaban* these recollections include the narrator's earlier relationships with women; in Fragment A it is the memory of an infidelity of which the narrator was the victim that rouses him to a fury against the adulterous village woman Cennet. It is striking that the name of the woman in Fragment A, Cennet (Paradise), recurs in *Yaban*, though in the latter the adulterous woman defies the villagers and their customs and abandons her husband⁴⁷: his feelings correspond perfectly to Halide Edip's definition of a "Shirt of Flame." Other smaller details which recur include the reference to the Samaritan woman⁴⁸ and to the cracked heels of the village women which must have drawn the attention of the visitor from Istanbul. Just as the narrator himself in *Yaban*, the Cennet of Fragment A walks off in an unknown direction and to an unknown destination.

⁴⁷ Kudret II, 151 notes the parallel

⁴⁸ Karosmanoğlu 2006, 53, Jacobson, 54

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Fragment B is a tortured soliloquy that could find its place in *Yaban*. Here the physical desert has become a spiritual desert of torment. A particularly intriguing parallel is the rejection of similes and comparisons because there is nothing compared to his grief by the narrator of Fragment B with Ahmet Celal's thought, "Simile, metaphor - simile metaphor. However in life there is no such thing"⁴⁹.

Fragment C is a dialogue between the dying Kerim Bey and the narrator whom Kerim Bey addresses as Tevfik Bey. In interpreting it one needs to remember that it is the close of the novel. In its last line death is approaching Kerim Bey but has not yet reached him. The parallel with *Yaban* whose final scene suggests the imminent death of Ahmet Celal but does not anticipate it is intriguing. Kerim and Tevfik are obviously childhood friends and their conversation turns to childhood memories and particularly their mothers. Kerim Bey expresses a longing for the paradise of innocence and childhood secure in a mother's affection beyond which "the world of love and life is a desert." He wonders why as we grow older our unhappiness increases. In a delirium Kerim Bey seems to the narrator to call out "that woman's name" but the narrator can't be sure noting that "we hear what we want to hear." It is risky to make conjectures out of only three fragments but, if the narrator is the same character throughout, "that woman" may be the woman whose memory inspired him to fury in Fragment A. Imagining that he hears her name from the delirious Kerim in Fragment C may suggest that the mainspring of the plot was a love triangle analogous to the love of İhsan and Peyami for Ayşe. In Yakup Kadri, however, the

⁴⁹ Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 69, Jacobson, 76

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characters find themselves in a desert far away from everything and everyone (Fragment B). The Anatolian landscape with its grey villages far from any other place forgotten oppressed and oppressive (Fragment A) is a physical representation of the emotions of the characters. It is exactly the world of *Yaban*. As Halide Edip perceived⁵⁰, Yakup Kadri created an Anatolian novel from his inner self, not from the passing circumstances of the war.

Fragment A ends with a long rumination on the condition of women which can be compared to one of Ahmet Celal's more briefly expressed thoughts in *Yaban*⁵¹. The female condition is a consistent preoccupation of Yakup Kadri. The longing for maternal love in Fragment C is consistent with Ali Serdar's⁵² contention about the attachment to their mothers which he finds in the protagonists of *Hüküm Gecesi*, *Bir Sürgün* and *Yaban*. One of Yakup Kadri's earliest published short stories *Baskın*⁵³ contains an episode very similar to that of Fragment A in which a crowd of angry townspeople break into the house of an adulterous woman⁵⁴. His valedictory novel *Hep O Şarkı* (Always the Same Ballad, 1956) presents a story of unfulfilled love set in the Istanbul of the Tanzimat period in a narration from the mouth of the female sufferer.

⁵⁰ Adivar 1924, xx

⁵¹ Karosmanoğlu 2006, 57, Jacobson 59-60

⁵² See Chapter 4 above

⁵³ Kudret II, 112-116

⁵⁴ See Chapter 4 above

CHAPTER 6 – VURUN KAHPEYE

The subject of this chapter is Halide Edip's *Vurun Kahpeye* ("Strike the Whore"). This first appeared in serialised form in the newspaper *Akşam* in 1923 and then in book form in 1926. This was of course before the change of the alphabet. It is a short novel of about 140 pages whose plot unfolds in an unnamed Anatolian village during the War of Independence. The heroine is a teacher from Istanbul named Aliye – a significant choice of name because it means "exalted", a suitable epithet for her moral qualities and eventual martyrdom. She has come to teach the new ways and ideas and confronts great difficulties: corrupt bureaucracy, superstition and religious fanaticism, the grip of reactionary and conservative notables, ignorance, poverty, abysmal living conditions, cruelty and injustice. The main weapons with which she confronts these difficulties are a strong character, a refusal to compromise, honesty, enthusiasm for what she wants to achieve, great courage and bravery, love both on a personal level and for society generally and a passion for the things she want to achieve.

Aliye was an orphan from a young age (like the authoress herself, although Aliye has lost her father as well). She is a beautiful young woman, her visible beauty reflecting her spiritual inner beauty. *Vurun Kahpeye* is an overtly nationalistic novel; not only does it take place during the War of Independence (with references to historical

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figures such as Ferit Pasha providing chronological markers¹) but also the war is essentially the focal point of the plot: after the display of much heroism and self sacrifice the nationalist forces triumph and with their triumph order and justice are restored to the country.

Aliye's father was a junior officer and died fighting in the east. From him she inherited her inner strength while from her ill mother, whom she lost when she was still a very young child, she inherited her sensitivity. Consequently, Aliye spent all her childhood among the school desks of the 'Kız Öğretmen Okulu' and as soon as she graduated she set out to become a teacher in one of the most undesirable posts in a backward small town in Anatolia. In her decision to go to Anatolia one can see both the desperation of somebody who has nowhere to turn to and her enthusiasm to teach in Anatolia as a true believer in improvement under the influence of one of her teachers.

The image we get from the description of Anatolia is pretty grim in the novel and the differences between life in the village and the life lived by the heroine in Istanbul is strongly marked. This is a feature of a number of novels written in this period, not only *Çalığışu* but also *Yaban*.

The school where Aliye teaches is in a derelict, miserable state. But this does not take away any of her enthusiasm. In the small town there is a number of people who are portrayed as being evil, treacherous, lustful, fanatical and ignorant: Hacı Fettah

¹ Adıvar 1995, 18. Ferit Pasha held the office of Grand Vezir under the Sultan between March 1919 and October 1920: Bernard Lewis, 240.

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Efendi, Kantarcıların Hüseyin and Kantarcıların Uzun Hüseyin, among the notables, the Maarif Müdürü (Director of Education), the teacher Hatice Hanım. But in the town there are some kind people who resemble Aliye: Ömer Efendi and his wife Gülsüm Hala, an old couple at whose house Aliye stays. They have lost their daughter and Aliye naturally takes her place. They are kind and unlike most of the notables Ömer Efendi supports the nationalists. Another important figure is one her pupils, Durmuş, who is a poor but brave child.

Aliye immediately distinguishes at school two kinds of children: The children of the lower classes who look lively and clever in their darned woollen breeches with their runny noses and black hands on the one hand and the children of the notables on the other who are weak, ugly, with dirty noses and badly looked after. Her heart is clearly won by the former. Aliye immediately takes the situation of the badly ran school into her hands and she does not hesitate to confront the notables, unlike her corrupt, ugly and frightened colleague, Hatice Hanım, when it comes to fight injustice and inappropriate behaviour by the children of the notables. That immediately sparks the beginning of the enmity between her and the three malicious notables who possess all the bad qualities of the leaders of a conservative and reactionary society based on the old order of things, exemplifying corruption, injustice and superstition: Hacı Fettah Efendi, Kantarcıların Hüseyin Efendi and his son Uzun Hüseyin.

At a time when the enemy and the nationalists are fighting not far from the town Aliye is openly, as one would have expected, on the side of the national forces, while the notables see the latter as a threat to their status and property so they are openly

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against them and in favour of the government of Ferit Pasha in Istanbul. While Hacı Fettah Efendi preaches fiercely against the nationalists in the square outside the mosque on a Friday after Prayers, Aliye marches in the village with the school children holding home made Turkish flags and singing nationalistic marches against the foreign enemy. Hacı Fettah likens the nationalists to the infidel enemy on the grounds of their dress and their clean shaven faces and goes as far as to say that they would accept as their governor anybody, whoever he may be, who will protect their mosques and their religion. This phrase prepares the reader for the treason that is to come. Hacı Fettah's physical description here is contrasted with that of the mosque: the mosque stands imposingly opposite him like an ancient statue; the image successfully depicts the contrast between good and evil. The description of his audience also as a black mass conveys the notion of a threatening and confused lot. It is in this scene that the other main hero of the book makes his appearance: Tosun Bey with his men enter on horseback and immediately his eyes meet with Aliye's eyes in a golden cloud in front of the afternoon sun. They fall in love immediately. Tosun Bey stays as a guest at Ömer Efendi's house but Aliye purposely avoids an encounter in the house, as custom required in those days even for a progressive woman like her. Tosun Bey asks Aliye to become his wife and with Ömer Efendi's consent they get engaged. Tosun Bey leaves the town to fight the enemy while Hacı Fettah and Kantarcıların Uzun Hüseyin before the dawn go to the outskirts of the town where the enemy under the officer Damianos had their headquarters. Damianos has all the characteristics of a vulgar, tricky, drunken, lecherous, grasping enemy. To him the two men give away useful strategical information, declare that they support him, and ask him, when time comes, to leave Aliye to them to punish her according

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to Şeriat on the grounds that she had improper relations with Tosun Bey. Soon after the enemy enters the town panic spreads everywhere. Ömer Efendi is captured and Aliye asks Damianos in her usual brave and straightforward manner to let her adoptive father go. Naturally Damianos is also struck by her beauty; he too desires her and so agrees. He would do anything she would ask him. Here the enemy becomes even more despicable: he even forgets his patriotic duties before a beautiful woman and asks her to marry him! After various turns of the plot Aliye purports to agree, her true purpose being to divert Tosun Bey away from her and back to his patriotic duties. But at the vital moment the nationalist forces enter the town, the surprised enemy flees in panic and Aliye finds the right moment to escape. Aliye is physically and psychologically totally exhausted. From there Hacı Fettah and Kantarcıların Hüseyin drag her out before the mosque where she is lynched. Eventually, however, order returns and the traitors are tried by the *İstiklâl Mahkemesi* (the Independence Tribunal) which were functioning at the time and hanged in the square where they killed Aliye. Tosun Bey makes a final appearance as a crippled victor.

The characterisation of *Vurun Kahpeye* is not subtle. Aliye is a beautiful high minded self sacrificing heroine. Tosun Bey is handsome and brave. Ömer Efendi is a good father figure, his physical description fitting perfectly with his good fatherly nature. Damianos is a pure villain. Hacı Fettah is a repulsive traitor. The plot also looks quite simple and clichéd but the scenes described are very vivid and the messages conveyed very patriotic. In the end it is a woman who suffers more than anyone; it is she who is stronger and ready to sacrifice her honour which is more precious than her

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life, for her country. Two are the enemies that she fought against and conquered: the real external enemy and the reactionary, conservative forces among local people.

Until the end she kept her promise by which the novel starts: “Toprağınız toprağım, eviniz evim; burası için, bu diyarın çocukları için bir ana, bir ışık olacağım; vallahi ve billahi.” (Your land is my land, your house is my house; for this place and for his country’s children I will be a mother; in the name of God). Throughout the novel this promise is repeated and from it she draws the courage to take vital decisions for her country and for the nationalists who fight for it.

It is worth noting that, while the novel is vehemently against what it portrays as superstition, it uses and sympathetically describes certain religious sentiments. In the sixth chapter there is a long and detailed description of an annual memorial service to remember the two sons of a local notable who both died fighting in Çanakkale. The memorial service is performed in the mosque with explicit elements of mysticism.

The novel employs a theme which springs from social conditions of its time: the interaction between an educated and by the standards of the time emancipated young woman and the traditional society of her own country. The choice of a heroine as opposed to a hero as the central figure is intended to make the contrasts in that interaction sharper. The reader’s sympathy is clearly meant to be with the heroine.

Vurun Kahpeye is written as a didactic work which projects an obvious sense of right and wrong in the light of which the characters are fairly crudely arrayed.

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The novel can certainly not be classified among the masterpieces of modern Turkish literature. However, in the light of the time in which it was written and the purposes which it served, it is significant.

A number of points can be stressed regarding the significance of the writer and this novel: in a simple language which clearly seem to be nearer to the language spoken by ordinary people it promotes a female character whose role in the new society does not contradict the main and well accepted role of a woman: the woman leaves the house and without neglecting a traditional female role in particular motherhood and always respecting some of the old ways she goes to an unknown place to work as a teacher. For example, when appropriate that the heroine covers her head when she thinks that she would cause disrespect otherwise or that she is threatened. The motherly character of the woman and her essentially leading role in a family is still promoted as the core of the developing society. Aliye has a special relationship with children beyond her position as a teacher; she is very close to Durmuş who, when needed, gave his assistance like a grown up hero!

In matters of religion a sympathetic view is expressed as long as it does not result in fanatical ignorance which leads to all kinds of disasters. Halide Edip even uses the word mukaddes (holy), a word with clear religious connotation hence the purification of it in the simplified edition. She does not promote the idea of an abrupt cut with the past.

A new theme comes into the fore: that of the unknown provinces of Anatolia. Very few people from Istanbul knew the grim reality of backwardness and poverty of

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Anatolia. Most of those who went to Ankara to join Atatürk were faced for the first time with conditions which they could never have imagined. The war had, of course, added to the misery. Anatolia had already been a subject of poems in the recent past, but this novel are among the first prose works to describe the place and its people. Halide puts what she must take to be an Anatolian idiom into the mouths of some of the characters but it is unlikely to be accurate².

In *Vurun Kahpeye* the language used is grammatically peculiar and makes reading somewhat more difficult; however this does not spoil the pleasure of reading: although the plot is quite predictable from the opening chapters the style is gripping.

It is worth mentioning here that the language of the original text in Ottoman Turkish is different from the modernised version: *Urun Kahpeye* becomes *Vurun Kahpeye*, but this does not change the meaning; but the word, *Yunan* (“Greek”), of the original is replaced by *düşman* (“enemy”) in the 1995 edition throughout the whole book.

To conclude, the novel conveys in a simple way what the author conceives as vital messages for the citizens of a new modern and independent national state, in which new values contrary to those of the old order are celebrated: apart from the overt nationalism exhibited in *Vurun Kahpeye*³, the importance of education for the people, justice and equality among the citizens, the enhanced position of women as well as their indispensable role in society and the significance of the lives of children. All

² Adivar 1995, 14, Aliye even uses it herself when, in her fury she wants to make sure she is understood by the villain Uzun Hüseyin .

³The impressions of war were still fresh , so one can see why *Vurun Kahpeye* became popular.

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this is expressed in a language that would not be difficult for ordinary people to understand⁴. And all this was put forward during a transitional period when all the changes were still under discussion. It is worth noting that the novel was written before the changes towards modernization and westernization had been introduced officially: the proclamation of the Republic in 1923, the abolition of the Caliphate in 1924 and a month later the introduction of the New Constitution, the abolition of the wearing of the *fez* in 1925⁵ the introduction to the Gregorian Calendar, the Civil, Penal (consequently replacing the Şeriat) and Commercial Codes based on Swiss, Italian and German models respectively were introduced in 1926 while the international numbers first and the new alphabet after it were introduced in 1928. In contrast to her novel *Ateşten Gömlek*, discussed in the preceding chapter, the author does not give room to any doubting characters or middle path: there can only be the right and progressive Nationalists and kind open minded people who side with them on one hand versus the oppressive and backward religious fanatics along with the oppressed and ignorant crowd on the other.

⁴ According to the 1927 first public census in a population of 13.640 270 people only 10% were literate.

⁵ The ban on the veil was proposed much later in 1935.

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It was noted in Chapter 5 that Yakup Kadri said shortly after Halide Edip's death in 1964 that, having ceded the title 'Ateşten Gömlek' to her, he wrote *Yaban* and *Ankara* instead. These novels were first published some years later, in 1932 and 1934 respectively. This chapter examines the sense in which they can be thought of as substitutes for the *Ateşten Gömlek* which Yakup Kadri did not publish and may not have completed.

It is necessary as a preliminary to summarise the novelistic activity¹ of Yakup Kadri between 1922 and 1932 and to refer briefly to political developments in that interval. As noted in Chapter 4, Yakup Kadri published the following novels in the years before *Yaban*: *Kiralık Konak* in 1921, *Nur Baba* in 1922, *Hüküm Gecesi* in 1927 and *Sodom ve Gomore* in 1928. The first is set in the period of the Tanzimat, the second in the reign of Abdülhamid, the third in the Second Constitutional period and the fourth in the period of the Allied occupation of Istanbul. All four are set in Istanbul and it is interesting that the order of publication follows the chronological order of their settings. It is striking that Yakup Kadri did not publish a Kurtuluş or even an Anatolian novel during the war itself or its immediate aftermath. The years before *Sodom ve Gomore*, which at least is set in the war period if not in Anatolia, saw the publication of a second war novel by Halide Edip, *Vurun Kahpeye* in 1926, as well

¹Some of his short stories written during the war appeared in the collective volume *İzmir'den Bursa'ya* as mentioned in Chapter 1.

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as a collection of her stories *Dağa Çıkan Kurt* in the same year, and also novels by Peyami Safa (*Süngülerin Gölgesinde* - In the Shadow of the Bayonets, 1924), Ercüment Ekrem (*Kan ve İman* – Blood and Faith, 1925) and Aka Gündüz (*Dikmen Yıldızı* - The Star of Dikmen, 1927). In the same year as *Sodom ve Gomore* there appeared *Yeşil Gece* (Green Night) by Reşat Nuri and *Acılar* (Sorrows) by Ağâh Sırrı².

It is not that Yakup Kadri neglected the national cause in the war years. His pen was put to vigorous service in its support in the newspapers, particularly *İkdam*. These articles are obviously written by a very good writer and not a hack journalist but they are not creative literature. And we have seen that when in 1921 Anatolia inspired Yakup Kadri to write a novel, the draft included a soliloquy expressing inner torment and its conclusion did not concern the war but the relationship between the narrator and another character with their respective mothers.

Yakup Kadri's next book after *Sodom ve Gomore* was not a novel but a selection of the articles he wrote in the war years. This appeared in 1929³ as *Ergenekon Millî Mücadele Yazıları*. Another three years were to pass before his next novel, *Yaban*, which is generally regarded as the preeminent Kurtuluş novel, itself succeeded by *Ankara*. I will suggest in this chapter that the three books should be considered together and that their principal underlying theme is the lost hopes which were born

² Özerdim, 123

³ The date of the first edition, which I have been unable to locate, is uncertain. A footnote to the epilogue of the 1964 edition says that the epilogue was written for the first edition in 1928. But in the preface to the same edition of 1964 Yakup Kadri says that the first publication was 35 years before, ie 1929. The original preface, moreover, states that the articles collected in the volume had been written seven or eight years before that, ie 1921 and 1922, as indeed they were (See Appendix 3).

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in the War of Independence. In the epilogue to *Ergenekon* the author expresses his disappointment quite unambiguously. His original hopes can only be expressed in the words he used at that time. When he comes to write *Yaban* and *Ankara* the same doubt and disappointment, which he expresses in the epilogue to *Ergenekon*, can be sublimated in fiction.

The publication of *Ergenekon* needs also to be placed in a political context. As summarised in Chapter 2, there was a significant consolidation of the Kemalist regime in 1926 with a thorough purge of the previously tolerated opposition and of former Unionists. The legitimisation of this purge included a claim to a monopoly of resistance initiative by Mustafa Kemal, a claim set out at enormous length in the *Nutuk* delivered between 15-20 October 1927 and then published for anyone to read who could. Halide Edip, whose husband Adnan (Adivar), had been prominent in the opposition, had already left the country. In her *Turkish Ordeal* published in English in the security of exile she could afford to present a more nuanced portrait of Mustafa Kemal than was produced by the subject himself in *Nutuk*. His demand for absolute obedience has been noted in Chapter 4. Two pages before the account of this episode there is a pen portrait of Mustafa Kemal which is not very flattering⁴:

He was by turns cynical, suspicious, unscrupulous and satanically shrewd. He bullied, he indulged in cheap street-corner heroics... Of course, one knew all the time that there were men around him who were greatly his superior in intellect and moral backbone, and far above him in culture and education... Take any man from the street who is shrewd, selfish, and utterly unscrupulous, give him the insistence and histrionics of a hysterical woman who is willing to employ any wile to satisfy her inexhaustible desires, then view him through the largest magnifying glass you can find – and you 'll see Mustafa Kemal Pasha.

⁴ Adivar 1928, 185

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Perhaps more bitingly Halide Edip also records moments of despair and indecision during the Battle of Sakarya⁵. Hülya Adak, while she can supply no documentary evidence of this intention, convincingly sees *The Turkish Ordeal* as a response to Mustafa Kemal's *Nutuk*⁶.

Halide Edip could acknowledge Mustafa Kemal's importance despite or even because of the faults she discerned⁷. In contrast to her Yakup Kadri never wavered in the expression of total admiration for Mustafa Kemal, an admiration which bordered on adulation. He is overwhelmed by his first meeting with Mustafa Kemal in Ankara. He would tell his grandchild, he writes on 17th July 1921, that the most glorious day of his life was the one when in his youth he broke bread with Mustafa Kemal⁸. On 5th February 1964 he regrets ever putting İsmet Pasha in a rank below Mustafa Kemal, who stands above everyone⁹. In words written in 1928 or 1929 he says that he had been transfigured by a voice, obviously Mustafa Kemal's, from the Anatolian uplands and he prays that he will find the noble hero who will take him to the right path¹⁰. After the convulsions of 1926 Yakup Kadri remained faithful to the revised Kemalist line, which traced its source, unadulterated by traitors and doubters, to the very origins of the Resistance. The discrediting of every opponent of Mustafa Kemal as a traitor or a doubter may explain the tone of *Sodom ve Gomore* whose

⁵ Adivar 1928, 297. This is almost all missing from the Turkish version: Adivar 2007, 171

⁶ Adak 2003, 510

⁷ Adivar 1928, 189

⁸ Karaosmanoğlu 1973, 61

⁹ Karaosmanoğlu 1973, 6, see Appendix 4

¹⁰ Karaosmanoğlu 1973, 227, see Appendix 4

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very title is meant to suggest the moral filth of occupied Istanbul and its collaborators. Whether life in occupied Istanbul was quite as debased and horrible as is presented in the novel may be debated. Yakup Kadri himself seems to have operated with relatively little molestation as a novelist and as a newspaper columnist promoting a strongly Nationalist line. Ahmet Hamdi Tanpınar wrote of agreeable literary séances in various cafés in the years of the occupation and consorted in a friendly manner with the signatory of the Treaty of Sèvres and Yakup Kadri's bête noire, Rıza Tevfik, whom he even witnessed dancing the zeybek¹¹.

It could be suggested accordingly that the publication of *Ergenekon* is Yakup Kadri's own response to *Nutuk*, a very different one from Halide Edip's. The selection of articles he wrote in *İkdam* between May 1920 and August 1922 show him consistently to have been a true believer. They are not only a validation of his own Kemalist credentials from the very beginning but also, when the "dreams" of the War of Independence were being obliterated by "filthy realities"¹² at the time of republication, a testimony of the sentiments of those heroic times. An additional consideration arises from the change of script. If, as seems more probable, the book was published in 1929, it would preserve in the new Latin script writings that could otherwise only be found in old newspapers and readable in a script that was meant to be superseded. Whether intended or not, this has certainly been the effect. The choice of title for the collection was also ideologically charged. *Ergenekon* is an epic myth related to the Göktürks, purportedly the ancestors of the modern Turks and to

¹¹Tanpınar 2010, 172-3

¹²Karaosmanoğlu 1973, 228

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their battles against the Tatars in Mongolia in a mythically indeterminate past¹³. It was made famous by Ziya Gökâlp, the leading figure of Turkism, who in 1912 used this material in a narrative poem which he named *Ergenekon*, addressed to Turkish youth. The 1973 edition of Yakup Kadri's *Ergenekon* emphasises the connection by quoting two lines of Ziya Gökâlp's poem on the title page.

Yakup Kadri says that he picked only fifty or sixty (actually 59) articles from the several hundred that he wrote. He claims not to have liked these more than others but that they are simply “scrap documents” which the history of the War of Independence will not capture¹⁴. Without a full survey of Yakup Kadri's political journalism it is impossible to say how representative of all the views he may have held between 1919 and 1922 the selected articles are. There is clearly a chronological bias in the selection, as is clear from the following table and a suspicious reader might remember that the Nationalists only started to look like winners after the end of 1920.

Date Span	Items	Number of articles
1920 1 st half	1-2	2
1920 2 nd half	3-6	4
1921 1 st half	7-12	6
1921 2 nd half	13-26	14
1922 1 st half	27-48	22
1922 2 nd half	49-59 (ends Aug)	14

¹³ Şükrü, 77-78

¹⁴Karaosmanoğlu 1973, 226

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A categorisation of the content by theme also produces interesting results. Of the 59 articles no fewer than 15 are directed against pessimists and appeasers among which in emphatic place is the very first in the book. There is direct criticism of the CUP in one of the articles¹⁵ and naturally of the defeatist Liberals as well¹⁶. Mustafa Kemal is exorbitantly praised in four articles¹⁷ devoted only to him and İsmet in two¹⁸. The only victories emphasised are the two at İnönü and that at Sakarya. There is only one vague and inaccurate reference to a victory over the Armenians¹⁹. This selection of themes fairly precisely agrees with the official line, as drawn after 1926.

In his original preface to *Ergenekon* Yakup Kadri characterises these articles in very strange terms, as if he is apologising. He was “sleepwalking”, “feverishly talking”, saying things which were “as meaningless as the hoarse cries of a dervish in ecstasy”²⁰. It is true that the articles are written with a zeal that is almost religious²¹, an analogy which Yakup Kadri draws in the epilogue. Their unmoderated fury lacks the shading and ambiguity found in his creative writing. A typical instance is the following:

“Biz harbin en zorunu bizi içimizden sarsan iç düşmanlarımıza karşı yaptık. Bursa'nın düşüşü, İzmit ve Bilecik faciaları Yunanlılardan çok bunların eseridir. Ben hiçbir zaman Yunan ordusundan korkmadım,

¹⁵Karaosmanoğlu 1973, 156

¹⁶Karaosmanoğlu 1973, 171

¹⁷Karaosmanoğlu 1973, 59-61, 90-93, 102-105, 185-188

¹⁸Karaosmanoğlu 1973, 62-66, 222-225

¹⁹Karaosmanoğlu 1973, 160

²⁰Karaosmanoğlu 1973, 5

²¹The words of Bertrand Russell may apply here too: “The reason why communists are so zealous in pursuit of their own idea is because they are a minority and because they are not quite positive that it is true.” (Harold Nicolson, *Diaries and Letters 1945-62*, 1968, London: Collins, 202)

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lâkin Türk ordusunu her an arkasından hançerlemeğe hazır hain güruhtan daima güzüm yıld, şimdi mademki bu tehlikeyi tamamiyle bertaraf ettik, artık meydan bizimdir”. Bu civanmert adam, son düşüncesine yanılıyordu, onun bahsettiği tehlike henüz ortadan kalkmamıştır. İhanet denilen yılan, yurdumuzun içinde çöreklenmiş yatıyor. O, başını kaldırmak ve tekrar harekete gelmek için kendisine elverişli havayı beklemektedir. (...) Demek ki, Millî Mücadele, vatanın kurtuluşundan sonra başka bir şekilde ve başka şartlar içinde devam edecektir ve o zamanki uğraşma, sırf fikir ve ahlâkla ilgili olacaktır. (...) Lâkin vatanın huzur ve rahatı için gerektikçe bizim aramızda dolaşan (Yahuda)lar hiç değilse bizim soframızda bulunmasınlar ve bizim yediğimiz lokmasından yemesinler ve dudaklarını bizim tuttuğumuz kaseye dokundurmasınlar, bizden uzak olsunlar! Zira, onlar, felâket günlerinde, neden bizimle beraber değildiğiniz? diye cezalandırmak ne kadar hakkımız değilse, onlardan tiksirmek, onlardan iğrenmek de o kadar hakkımızdır.²² .

“We fought the most difficult war against the internal enemy shaking us from within. The fall of Bursa and the tragedies of İzmit and Bilecik, are more their work than that of the Greek enemy. I was never afraid of the Greek army. But I was completely daunted by the knife of the treacherous gangs who were always ready to stab us at the back; but now that we have set this danger aside, the field is ours”. In this last thought this brave man [İsmet Pasha] was mistaken, the danger he mentioned has not yet been removed. The snake which is called treachery lies coiled up in our homeland waiting for the right moment to raise its head and set to motion again. This moment can come one day and this snake will raise its head again. (...) Therefore after the salvation of the homeland the National Struggle will continue in a different form and under different conditions, and that struggle will only be related to ideas and principles. (...) But for the motherland’s peace and calm let those who like Judas wander among us at least not sit round the same table with us, not eat from the morsels we are eating and not have their lips touching the bowl we are holding, let them stay away from us. Because, as much as it is not within our rights to punish them for not being on our side during the calamitous days, it is as much our right to abhor them and to be repelled by them.

Naturally, the success of the Greek landing in İzmir was due only to the spinelessness of the representatives of the government and the municipal authorities,

²² Karaosmanoğlu 1973, 136-139: ‘Uzak Olsunlar’ (Let Them Stay Away), 31 March 1922

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associated with the Liberal party; had they resisted, the Greeks would have been dispersed²³. The Greeks are, of course, an unworthy enemy but this seems to give Yakup Kadri no difficulty in hailing the second battle of İnönü as an even greater historical accomplishment than the fall of Rome or the conquest of Istanbul²⁴:

İsmet Pasha, the hero of İnönü, says that from Metristepe he sees this scene: “an enemy detachment withdrawing steadily others following at close range. Bozöyük is burning; the enemy abandoned the battlefield filled with thousands of dead”. And in a telegram sent to him, the hero of Anafartalar Mustafa Kemal Pasha concludes: “I would like to say that the hill you are standing on shows you a field of glory filled with thousands of corpses of the enemy; it also displays and prevails a rising splendour of a horizon of a future for ourselves and our nation”. Yes, this hill, is not only dominant and equal to the field which embraces the spiritual vastness of the great Turkish world, it dominates and raises our wide horizon to an extent that our imagination cannot perceive. This horizon is already crimson with the redness of the dawn. Some think that it has been painted with the blood of the martyrs and turn away their frightened eyes; but this is the colour of the good news that the sun had sent us from beyond during our long wait inside the eternal dark. The hero of Anafartalar defines it as rising splendour. Which means that we are at the start of a rise. This elevation, this rebirth, this dawn... These words are not great enough to honour the victory at İnönü. Hey lofty event; no pen and no tongue can describe your love (*mahabat*) and your greatness. Because, neither the fall of Rome, nor the conquest of Istanbul, nor any other of the historical events which resulted into ground breaking paths in the humankind’s history reached a level to be measured against your height. On 31 March of the year 1337 the sword of a commander in chief in the name of İsmet Pasha split history into two like the sword of the commander in chief five hundred years before him. Five, six days ago a new epoch opened for all the world in the East and for all Asia. This holy continent, shakes from within after hundreds of years’ sleep. All the motherland’s martyrs raise their heads from their graves, the old holy bodies which are one with the place where for years winds blow from the northern climates, emerge, break the iron and steel chains of the wronged nations and leap out from the prisons of darkness. One of the Rum newspapers in our city wrote recently that “the shame which is called the Eastern Question will at last be drowned in the sea of blood in front of Eskişehir.” How right it was! Yes, what it said became

²³Karaosmanoğlu 1973, 170-171

²⁴ Karaosmanoğlu 1973, 44-47: ‘İnönü Zaferi Yahut Metristepeden Görülen Şeyler’ (The Victory of İnönü or the Things Seen from Metristepe), 6 April 1921

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true, yes, in front of Eskişehir's sea of blood the shame called Eastern Question was ultimately drowned. This question which was a difficult mystery and which those whose eyes were blinded by fierce ambitions were unable so far to solve. Such a mystery which fills everyone's heart with doubt and worry, keeps all those with insight and conscience sleepless all night and gives a break to no one. A question which was a knot in a belt firmly and tightly twisted around the world. No one's strength was enough to untie it, everybody's hands were trembling in front of this firm belt. In the end, a Turkish officer whose name had not yet passed in history, with a stroke of his sword cut this knot and this belt was untied and the world took a deep breath. Hey saviour's sword, those who stretched their hand at you, must now feel very small. Because you became the only defender of truth, and again faith's unique arm. Those who want to admit that the truth is an invincible power and that they cannot find any difference from the daunted monster of the faithless power are continuously astonished in front of the Victory at İnönü. They could not make sense of how the Greek armies equipped with the most perfect weapons was scattered and dispersed like clouds crushing on a steep cliff. These armies which for years were being fed with iron and dressed with steel. Gunpowder, cannonballs, airplanes and machine guns were reaching them from all the Mediterranean ports. How was it that this tired and naked army became victorious in the end although it was deprived of any help, gunpowder, cannonballs and airplanes, although it was for years subjected to all sort of difficulties and distress? Because the right was on its side, because it had faith in its heart. The thing dear to us today is not only the defeat of the enemy, it must be the revelation of this secret and the manifestation of this truth. Because for a nation like ours with countless such victorious epics in its history a simple victory without such a manifestation behind it would have been of no importance. Moreover, it is the Greek army. We have never considered this army as an equal to us enemy and we have not yet forgotten that twenty five years ago we swept this army away in its own country. To defeat the Greeks is not a praiseworthy cause. Our heart gets one more delight from the victory of right and of our faith which are our only armour and make our breast swell. We are rejoicing because we see the spiritual world behind the field which the hero watches standing on Metristepe. This world is like the Day of Judgement. All the motherland's martyrs raise their heads from their graves, the old holy bodies which are one with the place where for years winds blow from the northern climates, emerge, break the iron and steel chains of the wronged nations and leap out from the prisons of darkness.

The glorification of the number of corpses (the true number, as noted in Chapter 2, was less than a thousand) brings to mind another piece in *Ergenekon* which exults in

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violence. Here Yakup Kadri informs his readers that a blood soaked Cesare Borgia told Machiavelli how lucky they were to live on the threshold of a great era and makes it quite clear that great things can only come out of great violence²⁵:

(...) Sezar Borciya, Floransa 'yı zaptettiği, müttefiklerin öldürdüğü, düşmanlarını ağaca astığı ve tehlikeli yakınlarından bazılarını zehirlediği bir zulüm, hıyanet ve cinayet gününün akşamında, sanki, banyodan henüz çıkmış sâf ve sade bir genç kız gibi rehavetlik bir zindellikle yumuşak bir minder üzerine yaslanarak, gözleri süzölmüş, ağzı hafifçe gülümse, açık penceresinden henüz yıldızlanan ufuklara bakar. Yanıbaşında sazcuları, nedimleri, şairleri vardır. Henüz cenk ve cinayetin tozlarından kanlarından temizlenmemiş başını bir keman ezgisinin ahengine göre yavaş yavaş sallıyarak yanında oturmakta olan Makyavele 'der ki: "büyük ve ulvî ve muhteşem bir asrın eşiğindediz ve ne mutlu bize ki, bu eşiği ilk geçenlerdeniz."

(...) In an evening of oppression, treachery and murder, having taken Florence, having killed his confederates, hanged his enemies and poisoned the dangerously treacherous near him Cesar Borgia, like a pure and unadorned young girl who had just emerged from the bath, leaning softly on a soft mattress his eyelids dropping languorously and his mouth smiling gently, looked at the still starry horizon through the open window. Next to him were saz players, intimate friends and poets. Rocking his head to the tune of a violin, the head which was still in the battle's dust and the murders' blood, turned to Machiavelli sitting next to him and said: "We are in the threshold of a lofty and magnificent epoch and how happy we are to be the first ones to cross it."

The lesson that great things can only come out of great violence is drawn in the next article²⁶. The lesson was originally given in 1920 but when repeated in 1929 could also have been taken to refer to the events of 1925 and 1926:

²⁵ Karaosmanoğlu 1973, 10-12: 'Hafta Sohbeti' (Weekly Chat), 25 May 1920. I have yet to find the words which Yakup Kadri puts in the mouth of Cesare Borgia. The former's memory may be at fault because Cesare Borgia never took Florence.

²⁶ Karaosmanoğlu 1973, 21-23: 'İyimserlik Olmanın Faydası' (The Value of Being Optimistic), 13 December 1920

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(...) Mutlak içimizde bir şafak doğuyor, bu şafak millî şuurumuzdur. Gerçi, biz bu şuuru birçok gözyaşı ve birçok kan selleri içinden, birçok acılar ve ıstıraplar ile kıvrana bulduk, fakat yeryüzünde hangi tepeye zahmetsiz varılır? Hangi doğuş kansız, gözyaşsız ve ihtilâçsizedir? Tarihin bütün şanlı devirleri, milletin bütün muazzam hareketleri hep böyle başlamadı mı? Her yeni âlem bir eski kıyametin mahsulü değil mi? Türk milleti bu hakikatleri her ne kadar ilmî bir vuzuhla anlamıyorsa da seziyor, hissediyor ve bundan dolayı mazarine pişman olmadan ve akıbetine korkmadan bakıyor. Biliyor ki, kendini bulmuş, rüşte ermiş milletlere zeval yoktur.

Certainly the light of a dawn breaks inside us; this light is our national consciousness. This consciousness is created through suffering and tears but, which summit on the earth can be reached without any difficulty? Which birth is given without blood, tears and convulsions? Have all the glorious periods in history and all the great commotions of the nation not started in this way? Every new world is the product of an old tumult. Even if the Turkish nation does not understand all these truths with scientific clearness it has just started to perceive and feel them; for this reason this nation looks at what the future holds for them without fear and without regretting about their past. They know that a nation which has found itself and reached its majority sees no decline.

Amid all this there are signs of impressions and concerns that will recur in *Yaban*.

The Greeks are not only unworthy enemies but a kind of low life interloper in an environment that should be naturally Turkish. The third story in *Ergenekon*, ‘Her Şeye Rağmen’ (Despite Everything) originally of 12 November 1920 expresses the feeling in the following way²⁷:

(...) Truly there are in the capital some neighbourhoods like Galata, Beyoğlu, Pangaltı, Büyük Ada etc, where we will find ourselves hundreds of leagues away from the city we thought we had been ruling for five hundred years, we had laid our roots in every side of it, we had put the bodies of our heroes in every corner and we had crowned each of its seven hills with one of the most divine and magnificent temples in the world. In these neighbourhoods we find ourselves as if we were in a Greek city (censored), in an Italian harbour or in a distressed caravansaray in which the seven nations have been gathered. These

²⁷Karaosmanoğlu 1973, 13-15

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neighbourhoods of Istanbul had been cut off from us since the armistice. (...) You cannot come across any Turkish word on the shopfronts lined up there. You cannot see the crescent and star flag waving on the entrance of any building other than the police station. Some pictures in the tram which indicate neighbourhoods have been painted blue and white. (...) The assistants in the shops who understood Turkish very well replied in French. But God! what French - the French of the Greeks... (...) Last night I was invited at a friend's who lives in Galata - in the area of Kuleli. In the middle of the alien voices coming from outside and the alien views I saw through the window in front of me, I thought I had just come down to a hotel in a busy street of Marseilles, Naples or Piraeus. When I looked at the lights of the area opposite I could not think it possible that Istanbul was so near. I stood all night finding my surroundings very strange like a traveller from a far away place. So much so that when in the morning the echo of the voice ascending from the street "Sâlep is boiling!" reached my ears. I was stunned as if it was falling from the clouds. I could not think it possible that the voice I was hearing was a Turkish voice.

Almost exactly the same feeling is expressed when the Greek army enters the village in *Yaban*²⁸:

The village air is filled with a strange racket. A group of human voices begins to mingle with the rattle of iron, hooves, and wagons—just like the voices I heard in my nightmare: "Vire, Staso, vire pallikari—and similar sounds.

In this genuinely Turkish village—this untouched, secluded, lonely corner of Anatolia—there is suddenly the hubbub of Piraeus harbor. Not one word of Turkish is heard.

(...) Then a voice in Turkish: "Hey, isn't there anyone in this village?" But this was such Turkish that it reminded me of Galata. I can't say for sure that it was said with a Greek accent. Perhaps the one who yelled was an Armenian or Jew. But there is something sad in Turkish being spoken in that way—so shrivelled and broken!

²⁸Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 156, Jacobson 197-198

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Alongside this “take over” of a properly Muslim Istanbul Yakup Kadri presents the plight of some of its Muslim inhabitants, particularly refugees and the prospect of salvation from the East²⁹:

Bakınız, bakınız Süleymaniye Camiini (Sansür edilmiştir...)³⁰ önünde beyaz güvercinler nasıl ürkerek kaçıyorlar! Bunlar bizim dağılan hülyalarımızdır. Bakınız, şu mezarlıklarda dolaşan perişan saçlı, yalınayak çocuklara! Bunlar (Sansür edilmiştir...) nasıl ellerini uzatıyorlar, bizim ayaklar altına alınan gururumuzdur. Bakınız şu peçelerini açmış dolaşan çıplak yüzlü, uzun ökçeli (Azyade) lere, bunlar bizim esrarı faş olmuş kalblerimiz, hiyanete ve ihanetle lekelenmiş aşklarımızdır. (...) Bakın şu muhacir kadınlara, bakın şu yetim çocuklara. Bunlar onların ayaleti, bunlar onların cisimlenmiş ruhlarıdır. Aramızda dolaştıklarına, bizim gibi yaşadıklarına inanmayınız. Onlar taş üstünde yatıyorlar ve toprak yiyorlar ve (bu gurbet yolunun sonu neresidir?) diye soruyorlar. Zira hâlâ bizim sandığımız bu şehri onlar artık benimsemiyorlar, yadırgıyorlar. Korkarım ki siz de kendinizi burada iki kat garip hissetmiyesiniz ve siz de o muhacir kadınları, o şehit çocukları gibi, (bu gurbet yolunun sonu neresidir? Hani size ey sevdiğim Türkler, siz neredesiniz?) diye sormiyasınız. Biz ordayız, oradayız; Üsküdar’ın arka tarafından görülen tepelerin ötesindeyiz.

Look, look how the frightened white doves run away in front of the Süleymaniye mosque (Censored...) They are our scattered dreams. Look at these shabby haired, wretched children walking barefoot in the cemeteries. How they (censored) extend their hands, they are our trampled pride. Look at these high heeled Azyades, who walk around with their veils removed, they are our hearts whose secret has been exposed, they are our loves who have been stained with betrayal and treachery. Look at these refugee women, look at these orphan children. They are those martyrs’ ghosts, they are the incarnation of their souls. Do not believe that they wander among us, that they live like us. They sleep on stone and eat earth and ask (where is the end of this road to exile?). Because they have not appropriated this city which we still think is ours, they find it strange. I fear that you too will feel twice a stranger

²⁹ Karaosmanoğlu 1973, 180-181

³⁰ There was press censorship during the Allied occupation of Istanbul. Where for publication in Ergenekon Yakup Kadri relied on printed copy rather than his own drafts the censored passages are struck out.

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and you will ask like those refugee women and like those martyrs' children (where is the end of this road to exile? Hey dear Turks, where are you?). We are here, we are here; we are on the other side of the hills behind Üsküdar.

Another associating and recurring theme is the resignation and indifference of simple Muslims and how strange they seem to a Westernised compatriot. In 'İstanbul İçinde bir Gezinti' (A Stroll within Istanbul) originally published on 28 March 1922³¹

Yakup Kadri observes that the people in a poor quarter of Fatih have a lot in common with the people of Anatolia:

The remote neighbourhoods of Istanbul are like a restrained sob. While I was wandering on the other side of Fatih the metaphor "the stones and the earth cry" appeared to be true in every step of mine. I was saying to myself: "God, enough of this sadness, I cannot endure it any longer!" Still, the weather was sunny, the places I passed from clean, the loneliness, into which I was plunging, unaggressive even sweet. I could not understand where this gloominess was coming from. Truly this area is half a ruin. The sparse buildings which seemed to be houses and shops were uncared for, older and more dilapidated than ruins. The people who every now and then were passing by me are not like the ones I always see. Their attire is different, the way they walk and the way they look are different, in short their facial expression is different. There was an aspect of depression in all of them. As if this sparse population was the remnant left over behind a travellers' convoy. Where are they coming from? Where are they going? As if they all know nothing about it.

Here an old grey haired hoca, who emerged from the stone piles of a burnt building site I passed by, stops when he comes round, looks to the left and to the right and his face has the worrying doubt special to the bewildered travellers who have lost their way. Here this old woman is walking in house slippers whose heels are worn out, the çarşaf on her back no longer has a definite colour, she turns from street to street holding the hand of a small girl. I think that until the evening this woman will not be able to find the place she is going to. Here a refugee child of ten or twelve (...) He comes straight to me as if he wants to ask

³¹ Karaosmanoğlu 1973, 132-135

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something, looks at my face, at my clothes in amazement and with a bit of melancholy, and with the agility of a wild squirrel suddenly leaps and disappears behind the skeleton of a wall. What was the purpose of this child's approaching me? Why did he leave without saying something? (...) Certainly this is the father of the baby crying inside. How old is he? What work does he do? Why did he start a family? What is his purpose in life? All these questions dwell in me and an endless weariness sinks in me on his account. Weariness!...Yes, these places give us discomfort. The stones, the earth, the people, everyone here always looks tired, sad, purposeless and aimless. I am in the land of the defeated in every sense of the word. (...) Here they have long since been surrendered to misfortune and they have completely given up any struggle. Here common basic things like getting dressed, eating and drinking, let alone having women adorning themselves and men shaving, have become a tiresome duty. (...) I said that each of Istanbul's remote neighbourhoods is a sob which has not yet emerged. I do not know if this sentence can explain my feelings clearly. However, if the meaning of these neighbourhoods consisted only of this, it wouldn't be worth going and wandering there. There is a distinct significance and a distinct virtue there. A human being finding himself among all these ruins and all this wretchedness, --I will not call it extreme poverty; because the thing called poverty is as if it has taken here a sweet, beautiful and friendly aspect—is given a lesson on self-sacrifice and humility. Those addictions to pomp and grandiosity? What are these cravings for a lot of embellishment and beautification? Where is the clamour of the epoch? Are those thousand kinds of fantasies found in the thing we call civilisation necessary duties to be performed? Here there is no trace of these troubles and sorrows; here poverty and sorrow express the meaning of a natural condition. Undoubtedly, the families who live in these neighbourhoods, the young men who have just grown up and the newly united husbands and wives are much more carefree than the families of Şişli, Boğaziçi and Kadıköy because they all live in the same poverty and things like jealousy, envy and greed cannot find any way to flog the heart.

Some of the detail recurs in *Yaban*. For example the villagers wonder in astonishment why Ahmet Celal shaves and brushes his teeth every day³²; Emeti

³²Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 21

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Kadın explains to him some pages further on that she is so busy with her everyday chores that there is no time left for her even to wash her face³³.

This indifference naturally extends to an inability to understand the reason for their troubles and in particular its source in the action of the enemy. In ‘En Büyük Düşmanımız Cehalettir’ (Ignorance is our Greatest Enemy) of 28 August 1922³⁴ Yakup Kadri is struck by the depth of ignorance of the village people and how they could not understand that they were the victims of the enemy. In *Yaban* this is a recurring motif: the villagers simply do not comprehend the danger from the approaching enemy because their only concern is their daily survival³⁵; little Hasan does not even know the meaning of the word “battle”³⁶. In both the article and *Yaban* it is made clear that the villagers are kept in ignorance and that their ignorance is exploited by the forces of obscurantism in the persons of false spiritual guides. In ‘En Büyük Düşmanımız Cehalettir’ the apostle of ignorance is an imam and in *Yaban* the imam preaches on behalf of the Caliph against the “Kemalist bandits” who will shortly be destroyed³⁷.

But why are the common people in this state of ignorance? The article ‘Halka Doğru’³⁸ (Straight to the People) of 5 December 1921 puts the blame squarely on the educated classes and deserves to be quoted extensively:

³³Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 112

³⁴Karaosmanoğlu 1973, 212-214

³⁵Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 147

³⁶Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 146

³⁷Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 150

³⁸Karaosmanoğlu 1973, 94-97. The title had been a catch phrase for at least a decade and even the title of a journal.

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The movement towards Anatolia is at the same time the movement “towards the people.” The poor villager in Anatolia feels for the first time civil servants, officers and literate youth to incline towards them. Little by little we have started to appreciate the value in their naked existence which was so far pulled to shreds and ill treated in the hands of harsh gendarmes. (*two lines censored*). These human beings who, in the course of time as soon as they heard the noise of strange feet would crouch in any corner like a living heap, now run to meet those who come and without any worry in their eyes talk to them about the issues in their lives. Until we came to them two or three years ago neither could we understand them nor could they understand us; we were facing each other as if we were strangers. With their way of living, their circumstances and their behaviour they aroused our astonishment, disgust, mockery or our contempt. But the impression we left on them was that of the dubious, dark, greedy and cheating rascal who definitely wanted something from them, either to take something or to harm one of them. Never in any place or period of time was there a nation whose two different classes were so much apart, so much opposite. The Anatolian peasant (*censored*) looked at them with the same foreign eyes which looked at those Christian and European invaders who came from foreign lands. Anatolia was not a motherland for us until now but a milch cow, a colony. (*censored*) In my last trip I immediately saw everywhere the traces of ruins and lifelessness left by a merciless mechanism. (*censored*). Right next to this aristocracy there is the class of people whom we call enlightened, their head muddled with some abstract ideas about progress and becoming civilised, their eyes and nose always up in the air; they never lowered their head and never saw, they could not see, the horrors done on the earth on which they step and live; and with this indifference they entered the class of people who had thrust Anatolia into this state or had abandoned it in this state. Consciously or unconsciously they became complicit in their felony and crime. (...) I saw some young people involved in the branches of sciences and administration whose only desire is nothing other than reforming and improving our peasants and bringing them back to contentment and civilisation. But they do not yet know very well from where to start. Our peasants are in need of both physical and spiritual aid. Malaria, tuberculosis and in some places even diseases like syphilis secretly eat their offspring and cause to degenerate. Therefore, is it necessary to start with the acute emergency undertaking of medical activities and organisations first? But before starting from this area is it necessary first to drain the marshes which cause malaria, to find a remedy against the bad living standards and bad nutrition which are the main reasons for tuberculosis, to fundamentally change some life conditions in order to keep syphilis in check and to be present in the struggle against some ideas by ignorant people? For this reason, is there no need for the technical knowledge of our engineers, for the assistance of our teachers and for schools and education? (*censored*) In order for all of these to be done and carried out in an unforced way once again is it

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not necessary first of all to arouse the peasants' awareness, is it not necessary to change once and for all economic conditions along with the methods of production and consumption? Because of excessive work there is no time for the villagers in Anatolia to gain awareness. Is it not ridiculous to bring up the subjects of school and health protection to those unfortunate people who having worked for more than ten hours a day on an unrewarding soil with the most primitive agricultural tools when after all that work they cannot even fill their stomach? There is no time for the peasant child to go to school. Starting from the age of eight or ten everything, from herding animals and carrying logs to working in the fields, all these worries for life and livelihood are on his weak shoulders. But a woman finds time only to breastfeed her baby. She milks the cow, she makes the dung, she cooks, she wields the hoe, she winnows on the threshing floor, she trades the produce between the village and the town. When we come to man, he spends half his life in exile and is an idler who is perpetually on the road. It is for these reasons that those who want to help the people who are suffering in the disarray of these countless pains, are in such a panic. What they need most of all is a powerful technique [teknik] and a multidimensional system [sistem] which they will be able to comprehend.

The equivalent passage in *Yaban* reads³⁹:

How many patriots facing the enemy here have been struck in the back by the hand they are defending! (...)

The reason for this is still you, Turkish intellectual! What did you make of this ruined country, this poverty-stricken group of people? After sucking their blood for years, for centuries, and throwing them like dregs on the hard ground, now you find it proper to come and be disgusted with them.

The people of Anatolia had a soul; you weren't able to penetrate it. They had a mind; you couldn't enlighten it. They had bodies; you couldn't nourish them. They had ground on which to live; you couldn't have them cultivate it. You left them in the hands of bestiality, ignorance, famine, and want. (...) This thing which pains you is your own work; it is your own doing.

³⁹Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 110-111, Jacobson, 135-136

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Earlier on the narrator in *Yaban* has exclaimed⁴⁰:

As the days pass, I understand better: the Turkish “intellectual,” the educated Turk, is a strange hermit in this boundless and lonely world we call Anatolia.

(...) I don't know whether or not the same deep gulf exists between the villagers and body of literates of every country. But the difference between the boy who has gone to school in Istanbul and an Anatolian villager, is greater than that between a London Englishman and a Punjab Indian.

Despite its proclaimed impenetrability Yakup Kadri expounded the soul of Anatolia in a number of pieces in *Ergenekon*. The first was originally published as

‘Anadolu’nun İçyüzü’ (Anatolia’s Inner Face) on 1 December 1920. Its flavour is impossible to convey without extensive quotation⁴¹:

(...) *Anadolu, ne büyük ve muhteşem bir imparatorluğun leşi, ne de Engizasyon ateşlerin bıraktığı kıvılcımlarla dolu bir kül yığındır. İspanya ile Anadolu’yu sembolik birer resimle tarif etmek lâzım gelse, biri azgın bir boğa, öbürü durgun bir İsfenks sembolü ile gösterebilir. Boğa, coşkun, hırslı, zorba bir hayvandır. Eşek ise uslu, halim ve kanaatkâr bir mahlûktur.*

Bu iki memleketin renk bakımından da bir ilgileri yoktur. İspanya denince, hatıra kırmızı bir şey gelir; halbuki Anadolu’nun rengi bozdur. O halde nedir, bendeki bu fikrî hâdise ki, bana İspanya’nın bahsi geçerken Anadolu’yu, Anadolu’yu dolaşırken İspanya’yı hatırlatıyor? O kadar ki, ekseriya, Sid gibi Donjoze’yi de bir Anadolu kahramanı zannediyorum ve bunu Barrès tarzında bir kitap yazacak olsam, başlık yerine: Kan, Şehvet ve Ölüm kelimelerinden daha uygun bir şey bulamayacağımı hissediyorum. Gerçi içimizden pek çokları Kanda vahşeti, Şehvette firengiyi ve Ölümde sefaleti bulacaklardır; zira, bunlar Anadolu’ya bir Barrès gözü ile değil, bir siyasî, bir hekim ve bir ekonomi uzmanı gözleriyle bakan kimselerdir. Lâkin, Anadolu’nun siyasî, sıhî ve iktisadî kabuğu altında bir ruhun gizlendiğini sezenler, mutlaka bir

⁴⁰Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 36, Jacobson 29

⁴¹Karaosmanoğlu 1973, 17-20

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ruhun kabuktan dikkate değer bulurlar. Bu ruh, o donuk ve boz renkli kabuk içinde bir kor gibi asırlardan beri için için yanıyor.

Bu esrarengiz ülkenin tarihiyle uğraşanlar diyorlar ki: Anadolu, oldum olası, bir şekavet ve bir anarşi ocağıdır. Acaba, niçin böyledir? Bu soruya herkes bir türlü cevap verebilir. Fakat, bütün verilen cevapların özeti mutlaka kötü idarenin kötülüğü üstünde toplanır. Böyle yapılıyorsa şöyle olmazdı, şöyle olsaydı böyle yapılmazdı denir. Bütün bunlar üstünkörü hükümlerdir. Anadolu'nun göğsüne kulağını koyanlar onu uzun uzadıya, derinden derine dinlemelidirler. Bu göğsün çıkardığı sesler bir türlü değildir. Bu sesler arasında bir veremli hırıltısı veya bir sıtmalıl iniltisi vardır; lâkin, volkan deliği henüz açılmamış bir dağın içinden duyulan boğuk gürültüler de mutlaka bu hırıltılar, bu iniltiler gibidir.

Yüzyıldan beri sürdüğü söylenen o anarşinin, o dağa çıkışların, o çekişmelerin ve çarpışmaların, o komalı sükûn ve sükûtların, derken o çilginca bağrıışların mânasını, bu kapalı volkandan başka bir yerde aramayınız. Anadolu'da tıpkı eski İspanya'da gibi, sevgiyle karasevda, kahramanlık ile şekavet, imanla şüphe, ibadetle cezbe birbirinden ayrılmamıştır. Mutsuz âşıkların tımarhane ile tekkelere sığındığı ülke bu örtülü coşkunluk diyarındır.

Çocukluğumda ekseriya Manisa'nın tımarhanesindeki delileri seyretmeye giderdim. Zira, oranın seyran yerlerinden biri de tımarhanedir. Yanımdakilere her hasta için, "Bu neden deli olmuş" diye sormak âdetimdi. Şimdi hatırlıyorum ki, bana ekseriya, "Gönülden" diye cevap verdilerdi. Bazıları için, "Karasevdaya tutulmuş" derlerdi.

Sonra da gördüm, öğrendim, Anadolu'da hemen her aşk, ya cinnet, ya cinayetle sonuçlanır. Kaç tane kız tanırım ki, İspanyalı St. Têrêse gibi sonsuz bir aşk içine dalmıştı, kimi sevdikleri belli değildi, lâkin gözlerinin etrafı günden güne kararıyordu, benizleri günden güne soluyordu ve geceleri yastık yüzleri gözyaşlarından sırıslam oluyordu. İhtiyarlar böyle genç kızlara büyüye tutulmuş gözüyle bakarlar ve birçok okuturlar. Boyunlarına muskalar asarlar. Lâkin bu kızlar sonuna kadar o meçhul sevgiliyi sevmekte devam ederler. Bunlar ruhî coşkunlukları Saint Catherine'ler veya Jean d'Arc'lar gibi bir şekil bulmamış erenlerden başka nedirler?

Çocukluğumda bir delikanlı tanıdım ki, sevgilisini çok sevdiği için öldürdü idi. Aşk yolunda bu kadar ileriye gidebilmek için ne kadar taşkın bir ruha malik olmak lâzımdır. Gene çocukluğumda bir eşkiya tanıdım ki, bir şairden başka bir şey değildi. Parmakları silâhının tetiğinden ziyade curasının tellerinde dolaşırdı ve içip sarhoş olduğu vakit, ya at üstünde koşturmağı veya raksetmeyi severdi. Yüzüne dikkatle bakıldığı zaman ise bir kız gibi utangaç, kızarırdı. Sonradan çok defalar böyle bir adamın neden eşkiya olduğunu düşündüm. Zira, parayı da sevmezdi, bütün aldıklarını arkadaşlarına dağıtırdı. Hiç şüphesiz bu adam, coşkunluğunun kurbanı idi ve destanî bir gönülün esiri olmaktan başka bir suçu yoktu.

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Anadolu'da tekkeler, eski İspanya'nın manastırları gibi sapık ibadetçilerle doludur ve Saint François tipi Anadolulara pek yakın bir tipdir. Bu yüzden orada bütün dilenciler ve bütün serseriler ya hızır, ya evliya zannolunur. Anadolu halkının mefkûrevî olan tabiatı, hayatın en âdi bir olayın da onun ruhunda, derhal destanî veya mistik bir mahiyet almasına sebebiyet verir. İçlilik ve taşkınlık kabiliyetleri o derece derin ve harikulâde olan bu halka uyşuk ve iptidaî diyenler ne kadar yanılıyorlar! Bunlar, yalnız Anadolu'nun dışını görenler ve ruhuna nüfuz edemiyenlerdir. Beyaz Kafkas tepelerinden yeşil Toros dağlarına kadar uzayan o viraneler, o batalıklar, o tezek yığınları altında asil bir sıtmanın ateşi yanmaktadır. Zaten dikkat edilecek olursa bu mübarek memleketin toprağı dünyanın ne kadar sıkıntısı varsa çekmiş, ne kadar zevki varsa sürmüş, en müstesna, en yüksek ve en ince ruh hallerinden geçmiş bir adamın yüzü gibi buruşuklar, çizgiler içinde harap, yorgun ve solgun görünür. Anadolu, bazılarının sandığı gibi, hastalıklı bir durgunluğun esiri değil, aşırı, derin bir hassasiyetin mahkûmudur. Oradaki insanların hayatı bütün o basit, iptidaî görüşlerinin arkasından bizim şimdiki sanayi dünyasının, şimdiki teknik medeniyetinin buharı ile dumanlanmış gözlerimizin kavrayamayacağı kadar geniş ve "batını" bir âleminin sırlarını saklıyor.

Anatolia is neither the carcass of a great and magnificent Empire nor is it a pile of ashes left by the Inquisition's fire. If one needs to describe each of Spain and Anatolia with a symbolic picture, the wild bull could be the symbol of the first and the calm Sphinx the symbol of the second. The bull is an exuberant, ambitious and rebellious animal. The donkey is docile, mild and content with little. There is no connection between the two countries from the colour point of view. When we talk about Spain a red thing comes to mind but Anatolia's colour is grey. Why, then, when Spain happens to be mentioned am I reminded of Anatolia and when I wander around Anatolia does Spain come to my mind? I consider El Cid and Don Jose as Anatolian heroes and, if I were to write a book about Anatolia in the style of Barrès, I could not find anything more appropriate as a title than: Blood, Passion and Death. It is true that among us many will find savageness in Blood, syphilis in Passion and wretchedness in Death; this is because these are people who will not look at Anatolia with the eyes of Barrès but with the eyes of a politician, a doctor and an economist. But, those who perceive the hidden soul under the outer cover of Anatolia's state of politics, hygiene and economics find that this soul is more worthy of attention than the outer cover. This soul inside the lifeless grey shell has been burning like an ember for many centuries.

Those who undertake endeavours in the history of this mysterious country say: as long as Anatolia has existed, it has been a hearth of rebellion and anarchy. I wonder, why is this so? One can give all sort of answers to this question. But all of them can be summarised in the

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impropriety of maladministration. They say: if it was not done like this it wouldn't be like that, and if it wasn't like that it wouldn't be made like this. All these are superficial judgements. Those who put their ear on Anatolia's heart must listen at great length and in depth. These voices coming out of this heart are not of one kind; there are among them the death rattle of a consumptive and the moans of a person who suffers from malaria; but these rattles and moans are definitely like the hoarse uproars heard from inside a mountain whose volcanic crater has not yet opened.

Do not look for the meaning of the so called prolonged anarchy, of the taking to the mountains, of the conflicts and the strife, of the lethargic calmness and stillness and of these frenetic cries anywhere else than in this dormant volcano.

In Anatolia, exactly as in the old Spain there is no distinction between love and passionate love, heroism and brigandage, faith and doubt, worship and ecstasy. The country where the hopeless lovers take refuge in asylums or in religious lodges is the land of covert exuberance.

For the most part in my childhood I used to go and watch the insane in the asylum of Manisa. For the asylum was one of the excursion spots. It was my ritual to ask those beside me about every ill person, "Why has this one become mad?" I remember now that most of the time they would answer saying "Matters of the heart." For some of them they would say "Because of karasevda (impossible love)". I later saw and learnt that in Anatolia, every love ends either in insanity or in murder. How many girls I know who are lost in eternal love like St Theresa without knowing exactly who the person they love is; but their eyes fade away from day to day, the colour of their face goes pale and at night their pillow is soaked in their tears. Older people look at these young girls as if they are under a spell and say prayers to release them from the spell. They hang talismans around their necks. But these girls carry on loving the unknown lover to the end. What else are these girls but saints whose spiritual exuberance had not found a form like that of St Catherine or of Jean d'Arc.

In my childhood I knew a young man who had killed his sweetheart because he loved her very much. What an excessive heart one must have in order to go that far for the sake of love. Again in my childhood I knew a brigand who was nothing other than a poet. More than on the trigger of his gun he ran his fingers on the chords of his cura and when he became drunk he liked either to strum it or to dance. But when you looked carefully at his face he would blush like a shy girl. Then I thought many times, "why this man had become a brigand?" Because he did not like money, he distributed all the money he took to his friends. Undoubtedly this man was a victim of his exuberance and his only crime was that he was a slave of his epic heart.

The religious lodges in Anatolia, like the monasteries of ancient Spain, are full of perverted worshippers and characters like St Francis are very

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similar to Anatolian characters. For this reason all the beggars and the outcasts there are considered to be either immortals who have come to the rescue at the right moment or saints. In the soul of the idealistic Anatolian people the commonest of the events takes a heroic or a mystic character.

Because the sensitivity and exuberance of this people is so deep and extraordinary they are mistaken as being lethargic and primitive. How wrong this is! They only see the outside of Anatolia and cannot perceive its soul. Under the ruins, the swamps and the piles of dung stretching all the way from the white summits of the Caucasus to the green Taurus mountains there quivers a noble fire.

Because, if one pays attention, one will see that this blessed country's soil has suffered every hardship and enjoyed every pleasure in the world; but Anatolia looks like the man who, having gone through the most exceptional, the most dangerous and the most delicate psychological states with his wrinkled face appears to be worn out, exhausted and pale.

Anatolia contrary to what some people think, is not the captive of a sickly stagnation, but Anatolia is captive to its excessively deep sensitivity. Behind its simple and primitive appearance, the life of the people there hides the secret of an ample inner world which we are unable to comprehend with our eyes muddled by the smoke of today's industrial world and technical civilisation.

When he wrote this, Yakup Kadri's direct experience of Anatolia was limited to the western edge of the peninsula where his family came from. After he travelled to Ankara in the spring of 1921 he published his new impressions. A series of six articles which first appeared in July of 1921 was reprinted in *Ergenekon*. In the first of these he describes his journey from Inebolu regretting that he did not have with him Evliya Çelebi for his Baedeker because he is sure that nothing has changed. He continues⁴²:

Yarabbi, buralarda da size İsvirçe'den söz eden kimseler var! Kendimizi durmadan Avrupa ile karşılaştırmak zihniyeti buralara kadar işleyip yayılmış. Halbuki ben, bu viran ana yurdunda Avrupa'ya dair ne varsa hepsini unutmaya gelmiştim. Fakat şimdiden anlıyorum ki, bu arzumu

⁴² Karaosmanoğlu 1973, 49-51

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yerine getirmek mümkün değil. Biz bu alemi her şeye rağmen içimizde yahut beynimizde taşıyoruz. Kendi mülkümüzü, kendi insanlarımızı, kendi manzaralarımızı hep onun arkasına görüyoruz.

Bir yaylı araba içinde kâh bağdaş kurarak, kâh diz çökerek, kâh yan gelip uzanarak bin zahmetle geçtiğimiz bütün dağları, bütün vadileri, bütün ovaları ve yaylaları insan eliyle çizilmiş, insan eliyle boyanmış birtakim ekzotik lahvalara bakar gibi seyrediyorum. Kanımı bu dağlardan akan kuru duru sulara karıştırmak ruhumun derinliğini bu vadilerden almak ve bütün varlığımı bu ovalara, bu yaylara saçmak mümkün değil mi? Ne gezer!

Anadolu'yu tabiat bakımından içimize sindirmek ve ta bağrımızda duymak söyle dursun, bu mutlu ülkenin ahalisini bile özden görüp öğrenmek kabil olamıyor. Ufak tefek سعی farklarıyla bizim dilimizi konuşan, bizim dinimizden ve bizim cinsimizden olan bu insanları bile gerektiği kadar kaynaşmakta epeyce zorluk çekiyoruz. Bütün hareketlerini acayip buluyoruz. Konuşuşlarında, düşünüşlerinde ya alayımız yahut acımamızı veya hayret ve şaşkınlığımızı çeken özellikler keşfediyoruz. Kısaca daima bir Anadolu, bir de biz varız. Onun da bizi böyle gördüğüne hiç şüphe yoktur. Kim bilir o da bizi ne kadar tuhaf buluyor. Şivemiz ona ne kadar çetrefil, tavır ve edamız ne kadar kırık dökük, fikirlerimiz ne kadar sakat, sözlerimiz ne kadar yanlış geliyor. Anadolu kendine göre bir giyinişi, bir yürüyüşü, bir konuşuşu olduğu gibi, kendine göre de bir mantığı var. Onlar dünyayı bizim gördüğümüz tarzda görmüyorlar. Her adımda bizi onlardan ayıran uçurumun ne kadar derin olduğunu hissediyorum: Acaba, diyorum, bunları bize veya bizim onlara uymamız mümkün müdür? Fakat, bunun mümkün olup olmadığını anlamadan önce, hangimizin en doğru yolda bulunduğumuzu sezme ve bilmek gerekiyor.

Çankırı'da geçirdiğim bir gece müthiş bir tahta kurusu hücumundan uyumağa imkân bulamıyarak kasabanın içinde dolaşmağa başladım. Bu, herkesin sahur beklerken kahvelerde oturduğu veya tekkelerde zikrettiği bir Ramazan gecedi. Bütün minarelerden Temcit sesleri duyuluyor. Bu sesler o kadar coşkun ki, birdenbire cezbese tutmuş bir sürü derviş, kasabanın içinde ilahiler okuyarak, nefesler söyliyerek dolaşıyor sandım ve sokaklarda bunlara rasgelmek için dolaştım. Neden sonra anladım ki, bu sesler minarelerden geliyor. Hiç şüphesiz bir yabancı da böyle bir yerde ve böyle bir gecede kendini benim kadar garip hisseder ve bu Temcit seslerinin kaynağı ona da bu derece meçhul kalabilirdi. Hele bu seslerin fişkırdığı bağrıların derinliğe inebilmek kim bilir ne kadar zor bir iştir. Bütün gün dukkân adı verilen tahtadan inlerinde, birkaç semerle bir iki tutam urgan arasında birer Buda heykeli hareketsizliğiyle duran Çankırılıları gece iftardan sonra böyle minarelere çıkartıp bağirtan heyecanın nevini, mahiyetini tayin etmek diyebilirim ki bizim için imkân dışındadır.

Son zamanlarda halka doğru gitmek isteyen İstanbullu aydın gençlik, bu amaca ulaşabilmek için kendisinden ne kadar çok şey feda etmeğe, bir

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sürü tufeyli unsurlarla dolu ruhunu ne kadar merhametsizce ne kadar cezaret ve metanetle temizlemeye mecburdur.

O gençlik ki, Anadolu halkının duygularına ve heyecanlarına katılmak şöyle dursun, hatta Anadolu yollarında, başbayağı bir gezici olarak, yaylı arabalarda dolaşırken bile derin bir ıstıraba yakalanıyor ve kendisini bir köyün tezek yanıkları kokan bir hanında cismani işkencelerin en müthişini çeken bir mahkûm santıyor.

My God, there are people here who still talk to you about Switzerland! Our mentality to compare ourselves continuously with Europe has spread here. But I had come to this ruined motherland in order to forget anything related to Europe. But from now on I understand that it is not possible to fulfil this desire of mine. In spite of everything we carry this world inside us and in our brains. We look at our own possessions, at our own people and at our landscapes always behind it. Sitting in the spring cart sometimes cross legged sometimes kneeling and sometimes stretching out, I watch all the mountains, the valleys, the plains and the yaylas we pass with so much difficulty like someone who looks at some exotic pictures sketched and coloured by a human hand. Is it not possible to mix my blood with these dry clear waters flowing from the mountains, to take from these valleys my soul's depths and scatter the whole of my existence in these plains and in these yaylas? No way!

Far from being able to absorb Anatolia from its appearance or feel it in our bosom, it cannot be possible even to see and learn the essence of this blessed people.

We find it very difficult to mix with these people who but with small stylistic differences speak our language and have our own religion and are from our own kind.

We find all their behaviour strange. We discover characteristics in the way they talk and think which cause our mockery, our pity or astonishment. In short there always exists one Anatolia and we exist beside it. There is no doubt that they too look at us in the same way. Who knows how strange they find us too? How complicated our accent and how broken our manners and our behaviour, how crippled our thoughts and how wrong our words must be to them. There is a way of dressing, a way of walking and a way of talking dictated by Anatolia, as there is a mentality special to it. They do not look at the world in the same way as we do. In every step of mine I feel how deep the gap which separates us from them is. I wonder, is it possible for them to fit with us and us to fit with them? But before I understand this, it is necessary to perceive and know which one of us is on the right path.

Because of a bedbug assault on the night we spent in Çankırı I started wandering in the streets of the town. It was a night of Ramadan when everybody was sitting either at the coffee houses waiting for the *sahur* [meal taken at the start of day's fasting during Ramazan] or at tekkes reciting praises of God. The voices of the muezzins from all the mosques

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were heard chanting. These voices were so exuberant that I thought for a moment that a group of dervishes in ecstasy were wandering in the town chanting the praise of God and holy hymns and I wandered in the streets so that I could come across them.

Undoubtedly a foreigner in such a place and on such a night would feel as strange as I did and the source of the muezzin's chanting would be to the same extent obscure to him. Above all who knows how difficult it is to descend to the depths of the bosom out of which these voices erupt?

In the wooden burrows which are called a shop the men of Çankırı stand motionless like statues of the Buddha among some packsaddles and one or two handles of rope. I can say that it is impossible to assign to these people the nature and the kind of exaltation which was let out towards the minarets after the break of the fast in the night.

How many things the enlightened youth from Istanbul who recently want to go straight to the people have to sacrifice in order to reach this goal, and how pitiless, brave and enduring they have to be in order to clean their spirit which is full of parasites.

Far from wanting to share the feelings and the excitements of the Anatolian folk, even as simple travellers on the roads of Anatolia, this youth fall into deep pain and, having travelled with a spring cart, staying in a village inn which smells of the burning dung, think of themselves as convicts subjected to the most terrible corporal tortures.

The gap between the intellectual from İstanbul and the peasant from Anatolia is already a familiar theme. It is striking how many of the new elements introduced in the last two excerpts also have echoes in *Yaban*. In the general background is the surface greyness of Anatolia⁴³. The image of the donkey is a significant leitmotif in the novel. In its first appearance it corresponds almost exactly to the symbolism which Yakup Kadri had attached to it in 'Anadolu'nun İçyüzü'.⁴⁴

Oh, the way these donkeys bray! Do you know another sound in this world more doleful, more painful? And when they are quiet, their expressions are no less melancholy than their cries. In their black, deep, velvety eyes, there is a grief; in their long, beautiful ears, a trembling

⁴³Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 29, 65, 72, 76, 86

⁴⁴Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 30, Jacobson 21

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sensitivity; and in their minds, the affable dignity of a judge who is in deep thought.

The donkey then becomes the creature with which Ahmet Celal has the closest attachment⁴⁵:

Is the Turkish intellectual class really the “cream” of this society? If this were so, wouldn’t there have to be something of these Salih Ağas, Bekir Chavushes, these Ismails, these Zeynep Kadins in me? Yet, here I am closer to the animals than the people. I know how to love them affectionately, without disgust, and this love of mine can pass on to them. The grey donkey has become very attached to me, for when I take his head under my arm and pet him for hours, he looks at me agreeably; and sometimes, when I walk, he follows along behind me.

Eventually Ahmet Celal decides to have a donkey of his own and the way he thinks of it parallels his feelings for Emine, the young village girl with whom he fell in love⁴⁶:

There I will take care of a little donkey. He will be a companion for me. While I doze in my room upstairs, he will keep me company by pattering around in his room downstairs. From time to time, right when I am plunged into painful thoughts, as though he perceives my pain, he will call out with his most sorrowful, most doleful cries. Then I will go leisurely down the steps and slowly walk up to him. I will put my arm around his shiny, hairy neck and look into his deep black eyes. I will converse with it intimately, at great length.

I will never have him carry a load. I’ll never throw a saddle on his back. I’ll have a man take care of him every day, because this is a scared animal. In all the books that have descended from heaven, his name is found; and his countenance is a thousand times more charming than little Ismail’s face.

⁴⁵Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 67-68, Jacobson, 74-75

⁴⁶Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 94, Jacobson 111-112

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A few pages further on the thought of the donkey introduces one of the most emotional passages in the novel which by a series of unexpected associations takes Ahmet Celal to the memory of his mother⁴⁷:

For three days there has been a jet-black donkey colt in my stable, and I can't help myself from awakening every morning with a heart leaping for joy. The many turns of fate were unable to save me from this childhood habit. When they got a new toy for me any hour of the day, whether I was studying my lessons or walking along the road, when I thought of the toy, my insides would be filled again and again by the endless, bright waves of the open sea. In the truest sense, my heart would be full. Everyone and everything around appeared to me as charming symbols of this magical world I had just discovered, whose essence seemed sweeter than honey.

Even in school, the school itself; even in front of the teacher my teacher himself; even the narrow, crooked, damp street that I got of seeing on my way to and from school twice a day; even the yard of our house, which was wet as a cellar on winter days and filled with sunshine like a desert, in the summer; to me they were all clouded with the same essence, had all come to life with the same magic. Everyone or everything I met, I wanted to hug and kiss. If you were going to analyse what the thing was which gave this extraordinary joy to my heart, what would you have found? Either a wooden horse, a locomotive of painted tin, or a little drum whose skin was doomed to be pierced within two or three days. So it was that a nothing, a trifle, a piece of wood or tin was enough to give my child's soul this deep boundless joy.

And so, here on this bed of affliction and hardship in what remains of my ruined thirty-three -year-old life after a thousand calamities, a jet-black donkey colt, a live toy, is enough to give the same joy. So the soul inside this ruin of a body is still the same soul.

I have seen fully ripe, tough soldiers, with mature beards, on the field of battle, into whose eye sat the moment of disaster, comes the look of a child; and as he falls to earth he cries, in the voice of an inexperienced boy who has not yet reached manhood, "Oh, mama, mama!" during the approach of ever higher fevers, at the time they put me under chloroform to cut off my arm, I too, kept saying, "Mother, mother!" It was as if she

⁴⁷Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 98-100, Jacobson, 118-120. The memory of a mother, it will be recalled, dominates the Fragment C, comprising the closing pages of Yakup Kadri's *Ateşten Gömlek*, in Appendix 1 with its translation in Appendix 2.

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leaned over me, with deep anxiety in her eyes, and put her hand on my forehead.

Why did I recall her again at this moment? Oh, fair phantom, what business have you here? You cannot walk over these stones. You can't touch this unplanned door with your hand. You can't sit on these stone-hard benches. It is dirty and smells bad around here. These black piles you see in the hearth are the ashes of the thing called cow dung, a word you have heard only in proverbs. My ever-clean, fair mother, always fastidious and smelling of soap, I can't imagine here. I can't keep you here a second.

The theme of the passionate Anatolian who suffers or goes mad because of love is personified in *Yaban* by Süleyman who melts out of his passionate love for his adulterous wife Cennet, goes almost mad and eventually disappears⁴⁸. The quite unexpected comparison with Spain in 'Anadolu'nun İçyüzü' is reflected in *Yaban* by a comparison of Don Quixote with the Oriental mystics and his love for Dulcinea appears as a prototype of Ahmet Celal's infatuation with the village girl, Emine⁴⁹.

Alongside these direct reflections there is an oblique refraction of another element. In contrast to the passages in *Ergenekon* which laud the tekkes and the dervishes and the muezzins, the only şeyh who appears in *Yaban* is a charlatan. Nonetheless, an apostrophe to the land of Anatolia is formulated in quite mystical terms: "On your breast, a man will reach a legendary heroism, or arrive at the level of modesty and self-sacrifice of the most divine friends of Allah." This is followed by a quotation of three lines about the dervish heart from Yunus Emre⁵⁰.

⁴⁸Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 65, 91, 95-96

⁴⁹Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 60

⁵⁰ Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 66, Jacobson, 73

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It should have become clear from these examples that there is a demonstrable continuity of conception between *Ergenekon* and *Yaban*. *Ergenekon*, though, is just a collection of articles where the reader can see Yakup Kadri saying different things on different occasions. One article can praise Mustafa Kemal⁵¹; another can exalt victories in the War of Independence⁵²; a third can abuse traitors and defeatists⁵³; a fourth can laud the spirit of Anatolia⁵⁴; a fifth can urge an approach to the people so that its physical and spiritual living standards can be raised⁵⁵; and a sixth can urge institutional modernisation on the basis of national and democratic principles⁵⁶. But the war was now over and the traitors and defeatists had been defeated. It was not enough to say, as is said in *Ergenekon*, that Turkey was aiming at neither capitalism nor communism⁵⁷. The question of whether modernisation, which in the circumstances was to mean Westernisation, could be reconciled with fidelity to the native outlook still remained. This question had preoccupied Yakup Kadri since the start of his literary career in different ways. They could have a purely literary dimension as in his Nev Yunanîlik period or a social one as in his novels whose settings spanned the entire period of state directed Westernisation in Turkey. In a collection of articles he could praise the Anatolian spirit in one and urge modernisation in another. Could the former survive if the latter were imposed? Could the latter be imposed at all against the grain of the former? To answer it Yakup Kadri resorted once again to fiction. In its profound ambivalence which

⁵¹Karaosmanođlu 1973, 59-61

⁵²Karaosmanođlu 1973, 42-47

⁵³Karaosmanođlu 1973, 7-9

⁵⁴Karaosmanođlu 1973, 17-20

⁵⁵Karaosmanođlu 1973, 94-97

⁵⁶Karaosmanođlu 1973, 34-35

⁵⁷Karaosmanođlu 1973, 90-91

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permeates every detail of the structure of this great work *Yaban* suggests that he could not.

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In an interview on 28th March 1970 Yakup Kadri told Jacobson that *Yaban* was “based on visits to hundreds of villages while [he] served on the War Crimes Commission during the War of Liberation”¹. He did not then say when the novel was actually written. Yakup Kadri’s statement to *Milliyet* that, having given up the title *Ateşten Gömlek* to Halide Edip, he wrote *Yaban* and *Ankara* instead, could be taken in isolation as implying that he wrote them at more or less the same time as she wrote *Ateşten Gömlek*. The similarities between the use of a framing device and a first person narration in purported note book form between Halide Edip’s *Ateşten Gömlek* and *Yaban* together with the authors’ documented interaction in 1921 could make it tempting to conjecture that Yakup Kadri conceived something like *Yaban* at that time and that its form was the inspiration for Halide Edip. However, the discovery of fragments of an *Ateşten Gömlek* by Yakup Kadri with very similar formal features dispenses with the need to posit the existence of even a proto-*Yaban* at that time. Yakup Kadri’s statement to *Milliyet* should be understood as a remark about the nature or the theme of the work. *Yaban* is certainly an Anatolian novel and its narrator certainly wears a “Shirt of Flame.” Moreover Yakup Kadri’s preface of 1942 to the second edition of *Yaban* plainly implies that it was written ten to eleven years after he was first stirred by his visits to the ruined villages in Central Anatolia.²

¹Jacobson, 94

²Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 14, which does not print the date of the preface. The date appears in Karaosmanoğlu 1945, 12

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This makes perfect sense against the record of Yakup Kadri's literary activity, since there is a four year gap between the publication of *Sodom ve Gomore* in 1928 and the publication of *Yaban*.

Yaban, as already stated, was first published in 1932. I have a copy of the first edition which confusingly bears the date "1932" on the flyleaf but "1933" on the frontispiece. According to the publication history, as set out on the back of the flyleaf of the current editions of the novel³, there was no second printing of the first edition. It was followed by a second edition in 1942 of which I have a copy of the third printing dated 1945. This is prefaced by two pages of translated reviews from the German press, including, somewhat disconcertingly, the *Völkischer Beobachter* whose Nazi associations are disguised by the description "yarı resmî Fırka organı" (semi official Party organ)⁴. These reviews are followed by the preface cited above from Yakup Kadri himself, which incorporates an article written during the war and which is here given the title: 'Barbarların Yaktığı Köyler Ahalisine' (To the People of the Villages Burnt Down by the Barbarians)⁵. This second edition is said to have had nine printings the last of which was in 1970. In that very year Jacobson records⁶ Yakup Kadri telling him that the ninth printing came out recently without notice to him and that it contained too many misprints, which he wanted corrected. It is not clear to me whether each printing of the second edition was reset and accordingly whether or not the misprints of which Yakup Kadri complained were in every

³ I have referred throughout to what is labelled as the 54th printing in 2006 of what appears to be the 4th edition which is said to have been first issued in 1983.

⁴Karaosmanoğlu 1945, 5-6

⁵"Barbarların" has replaced the "Yunanlıların" of the original publication of 1932.

⁶ Jacobson, 93

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printing; in Jacobson's telling the complaint sounds as if it only applies to the very recent one. In any event there was no subsequent printing or edition until 1977, which was three years after Yakup Kadri's death. This third edition had five printings until 1981 and was succeeded by a fourth edition which first appeared in 1983 and had gone through 54 printings by 2006.

I have been able to compare the editions of 1932, 1945 and 2006. As well as these, I traced and was allowed to examine a manuscript preserved in the Karaosmanoğlu Archive at Bilgi University in Istanbul. This manuscript is undated. It consists of 101 pages, numbered 159-260 in Ottoman numerals. The manuscript text corresponds to approximately the last third of *Yaban*, pages 130-198 of the 2006 printing, 112-171 of the 1945 printing and 199-315 of the first edition. The manuscript is the only material said to relate to *Yaban* in the catalogue of the Karaosmanoğlu Archive. The use of the Arabic script is, of course, no indication of a date before 1929 because Yakup Kadri continued to use it even when drafting his last novel in the 1950s.

The manuscript is a moleskin type notebook with lined pages. There are 19 lines to the page. The text has been written out with a fountain pen on the left hand pages only with occasional insertions or corrections on the right hand pages. With the exception of one, all the additional texts on the right hand page have been incorporated in all three printed editions. The pages of the manuscript are numbered in Arabic, i.e. Ottoman, numerals at the top left margin in the same hand as the text. A later hand has added numbers in European numerals over the text mostly in red crayon every few pages. These run from 106 to 157-8. They may be an attempt to

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identify pages of the manuscript with pages of a printed edition but there is no correspondence with the pagination of copies I have been able to examine.

Appendix 4 sets out the variants between the manuscript (M), the first edition (A), the 1945 printing of the second edition (B) and the 2006 printing of the fourth edition (C). The scheme adopted is to print the version in the first edition (A) as text and to show the variants in M, B and C in the apparatus. The page divisions in A and M are inserted in the text.

The manuscript is obviously a very late but not absolutely final draft. It is fluently written but has small corrections or second thoughts on small matters of style or emphasis on almost every page. An example from M 253 (corresponding to A307 and C194) will give the flavour:

Köylülerden bir kaçının bize eyelüp baktığını hissediyorum. Fakat herkes hayret ve dehşetten o kadar ~~donmuşdur ki donakalmışdır~~ donmuşdur ...

There were also further thoughts that supervened between M and the first edition, A.

The continuation of the same passage is an example:

Köylülerden bir kaçının bize eyelüp baktığını hissediyorum. Fakat herkes hayret ve dehşetten o kadar ~~donmuşdur ki donakalmışdır~~ donmuşdur ki kimsede yanımızdakilerin yaptığına dikkat etmek kudreti vesi kalmamıştır. Şu dakikada ben Emine ile sarmaş dolaş yatsam yine kimse dönüp de “ne yapıyorsunuz” demek lüzümüne kendinde bulamayacaktır.
(M)

Köylülerden bir kaçının bize iğilip baktığını hissediyorum. Fakat herkes hayret ve dehşetten o kadar donmuştu ki, kimsenin kimseye dikkat etmek

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hassası kalmamıştı. Şu dakikada, ben, Emine ile sarmaş dolaş yatsak gene kimsenin umurunda olmayacaktır. (A)

The deletion of the imagined question makes the narrative move a bit more quickly but is hardly a major amendment. Yakup Kadri made a much more significant amendment at the very end of the book. The last paragraph reads as follows:

Bize yine yalnız yol göründü. Bu defteri Emineye teslim edip tek başıma, aç, yarı çıplak ve kanımdan böğürümden yola revan olacağım. (M)

Bize gene yalnız yol göründü. Bu defteri Emineye (sic) teslim edip tek başıma yarı aç, yarı çıplak ve böğürümden (sic) kanım sızarak bitmez tükenmez iraklılara doğru yürüyeceğim. (A)

The compressed syntax of the manuscript version has a very mysterious picture: Ahmet Celal “will set out on the road from his blood and from his flank.” Whatever its exact meaning this is almost a biblical allusion. The manuscript has no signs of second thoughts, as it does in other places, so Yakup Kadri must have had them afterwards. In the printed version the image is more readily comprehensible with the blood flowing from his flank and the last words produce a more gentle impression of Ahmet Celal disappearing into endless distance. A further small change was made from the second edition onwards, changing the rhythm of the last sentence with the substitution of “uzaklara” for “ iraklılara”.

The relatively few material changes between M and A are concentrated towards the end of the book. Between A and B there are few changes; a repeated one is the substitution of “düşman” for “Yunan” in a number of passages. As we have seen, the

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same change was effected in Halide Edip’s work and an analogous one in the title of the article which Yakup Kadri produced in his preface to the second edition. A more substantial change in B is the excision of a whole paragraph found in M (195) and A (241) just before the Greeks enter the village. Perhaps the intention was to accelerate the pace of the narrative by omitting more introspection.

Bir düşmanın yurda girişi bir istilâ, bir zabıt, bir fetih bu kadar basit mi? İstanbul (sic) işgal edilirken sonra ben orada yoktum. Herhangi bir işgal tecrübesini kendimde yapmış değilim. Benim askerliğim hep yürümek ve siperlerde beklemekten ibaret kaldı.

As might be expected there is a large number of verbal differences between C and the rest. There is the updating of vocabulary even though it changes the rhythm of the relevant sentence: eg. “harb” becomes “savaş”, “kuvvet” becomes “güç”, “mühim” becomes “önem”, “zabıt” becomes “subay”, “vakit” becomes “zaman”, “takip etti” becomes “izledi”, “garabet” becomes “acayıplik”, “mahlûk” becomes “hayvan” and even “vatanperver” is tracked down and turned into “patriot”. In a similar spirit the sentence, “uzaktan uzağa, derine kesik, muntazam ve mihanikî bir gümbürtü” in M, A and B is recast as “uzaktan uzağa, derine kesik, aralıklı ve ölçülü bir gümbürtü”.

There are a few passages however where C makes material changes to the sense. An example is at M (216) corresponding to A (265), B (147) and C (169). One can ignore the minor variant between M on the one hand and A and B on the other:

Köylüler, sanki, başımızdan geçen âfet hafif bir sağnak imiş gibi her şeyi unutup tekrar işleri güçleriyle meşgul olmağa başladılar. (A and B)

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Köylüler, sanki, başımızdan geçen âfet hafif bir sağanakmışcasına her şeyi unuttular. (C)

The most important change made by C is not in the novel itself but in the preface to the second edition⁷. This ended with the following words, set in a separate paragraph:

“Yaban”, çölde bir feryattır.

Yaban is a cry in the wilderness.

For some reason this climax to the extremely emotional conclusion of the preface was removed in C.

The general impression of these changes to the text of the novel is that in contrast to the Greek case of Venezis, which will be discussed in the next chapter, the substance of the storyline remains unchanged between the first version in the manuscript of circa 1930 and the printing of 2006. Against this, it must be said that the care taken over the precise choice of words, as revealed by minor verbal reworking on almost every page of the manuscript, and the praise which Yakup Kadri has received as a prose poet, should make the reader uneasy about extensive and quite unauthorized, however minor, changes to his text in editions circulated after his death. It is to be hoped that a proper critical edition of *Yaban* will be undertaken.

⁷Karaosmanoğlu 1945, 12

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The plot of the novel is in a certain sense very simple. The narrative purports to be the content of a half-charred notebook found by the commission investigating war crimes after the battle of Sakarya. The notebook belonged to an educated native of Istanbul, Ahmet Celal, who had moved to a village near a tributary of the Sakarya before the 1921 campaigning season and contains his observations of life in the village, encounters with the Greek invaders and nationalist army as well as expressions of his personal feelings. The last sentences in the notebook reveal that the heavily injured Ahmet Celal has left it behind and moves off into an indeterminate yonder.

The novel gained an immediate celebrity. Most critics have taken it to be a realistic account of the interaction of an intellectual from Istanbul with the actuality of Anatolia and have differed only in what they thought the lesson was meant to be. One of the earliest reviews first appeared in a provincial newspaper and was then reproduced in *Kadro*, of which Yakup Kadri himself was the responsible editor. Because the reviewer responded so quickly using an approach that was to be followed by much more sophisticated critics, it is worth setting out his review at some length.

The review was purportedly written by a local reader whose identity was disguised by the abbreviation of his name which appeared as Ta. Hay. The review first appeared in *Taşpınar*, a periodical published in Afyon⁸. It was republished in *Kadro* by Vedat Nedim who announces that his own article on the novel would appear in

⁸ *Kadro*, March 1933, vol. 2, no. 15, pp. 47-49: ‘Türk edebiyatının ilk orijinal eseri: ‘YABAN’.

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the next issue. Vedat Nedim boldly introduces *Yaban* as “the most powerful work in Turkish literature of the last period and yet the most original one in its field”. In the same introductory paragraph Vedat Nedim declares that *Yaban* is “the manifestation of the new generation’s alertness and vivacity” and further on he claims that the “generation of the revolution... is exposed to all sorts of assaults (*hücum*) and reproaches (*itap*) by the old intelligentsia of the constitutional period who had never experienced such distinctiveness (*şahsiyetlilik*) and originality (*orijinallik*) in the works of its time”.

Vedat Nedim selects an article by someone who seems to be an ordinary reader from a provincial town and who expresses his great appreciation for the literary merits of the novel which brings to the fore the problems faced by the neglected Anatolians while at the same time emphasising the great strength of the peasantry which Kemalism regards as the Master of the country. To paraphrase him, Ta. Hay. thinks that the harsh descriptions and characterisations of Anatolia and the Anatolian peasant in *Yaban* reveal the reality of the neglected Anatolia. He is critical of “the Turkish intellectual (*okumuş*) and wonders: “are all these learned ones not suddenly seeing themselves above and separate from the masses?” He also asks “what the difference between the intellectual and an alien (*yaban*) in this country (*diyar*) is.” Again, in Ta. Hay.’s words “the War of Independence itself was a struggle between local and aliens. and Yakup’s book is its symbol. Nutuk represents the will power of our struggle and the alien is its expression”. He then addresses Yakup Kadri:

Kalemin kırılısın, Usta! Niçin bizi tatlı münevverlik uykumuzdan uyandırıyor sun? Niçin bizi hülyalarımızla başbaşa bırakmıyor sun? Niçin

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bizi sarsan ve harap eden çıplak realite ile karşıya koyuyorsun? Biz, millet var biliyoruz; onun tariflerini münakaşa ediyoruz; onun namına konuşuyoruz...Fakat, sen, niçin bize dili, iş, ve kültürü, mefkûresi birolmamış bir kalabalığı gösteriyorsun? Ve diyorsun: “Sen derviş olamazsın!”

Break your pen Master! Why are you waking us up from our sweet sleep of enlightenment? Why are you shaking and devastating us in front of the naked reality? We know that there is a nation; we argue about its definition; we speak in the name of it... But you, why are you showing us a crowd whose language, affairs, culture and ideals are not united? And you are saying: “You cannot be a dervish!”

Ta. Hay. concludes by quoting Ahmet Celal’s address to the intellectuals and adding a similar if more threatening one of his own:

Türk münevveri! Bu kitabı oku da, kendinin ne matah olduğunu düşünmeğe başla artık! Zira bataklıklar kurutulacak: ne sülük,ne solucan!...

Turkish intellectual! You too read this book and start thinking what a precious thing you are! Because the marshes will be dried up and there will be neither leech nor worm!

Hard as it is to follow, Ta. Hay.’s review, which seems to take the novel chiefly to be an attack on the lettered class, picks out features which later critics were to turn over and over: the harsh reality of life in Anatolia, the gap between the intellectual and the peasant and the significance of Kemalism.

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Vedat Nedim published his own more sophisticated review of the novel in the subsequent issue of *Kadro*⁹.

Yakup Kadri, asırlarının ufunet ve cerahatini içinde taşıyan büyük bir çibana neşteri vurdu: Şimdiye kadar türk (sic) köyü ve türk köylüsü etrafında örülen edebiyat maskesini erkek bir jestle alaşağı etti.

Maskenin alaşağı edilmesinden hoşlanmayanlar bulunabilir. Türk köyünü, civıltılar, şarkılar, kaval sesler, yeşiller ve sular içinde gösteren serabın bir anda yok oluvarmesi rahatımızı bozabilir.

Yakup Kadri, hiç şüphesiz ki, münasebetsiz bir harekette bulundu:

Bizi, bir hamlede hayal âleminin cennetinden çekip, hakikat cehenneminin ateşine oturttu.

Muhakkak ki, o bir (Halk Düşmanı)dır.

Yakup Kadri, pierced with a lancet the big ulcer which was carrying inside it the centuries old putrid smell and pus. He tore down the mask of the literature which had been so far woven around the Turkish village and the Turkish peasant.

There might be people who will not be pleased with the tearing down of this mask.

The instant disappearance of the mirage which portrays the Turkish village inside twitterings, ballads, greenery and waters among the sounds of the flute may spoil our peace of mind.

Undoubtedly Yakup Kadri had a tactless demeanour:

In one spurt he drew us from the fantasy world of paradise and placed us in reality's hellish fire.

Truly, he is an "Enemy of the People"!¹⁰

Vedat Nedim finishes his review with these words:

Yaban bizce ilk orijinal türk romandır.

Bu eser, herhangi yabancı bir dile çevrilirse, yine zevkle ve alâka ile okunur.

Yaban, Türk edebiyatının cihan edebiyatına açılan ilk penceresidir.

⁹ *Kadro*, April 1933, vol. 2, no. 16, pp. 47-49: 'İşte bir roman: 'Yaban''.

¹⁰ This is a reference to Ibsen's eponymous work, as Vedat Nedim explains further down in the review. The Enemy of the People is one who goes against public opinion.

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*Motifleri bu kadar orijinal olan, tekniği bu kadar ustaca olan bir eser
Türkiye dışındaki san'at sevenleri de doyurabilir.*

Napoleon, Göthe'yi ilk gördüğü zaman:

“İşte bir insan” demiş...

Yaban'ı okuyan her ileri türk münevveri de:

İşte bir roman” diyecektir...

Varol! Yakup usta, ellerin nurdan kopsun!..

In my opinion, *Yaban* is the first original Turkish novel.

This work can also be read with the same pleasure and interest in whichever foreign language it is translated.

Yaban is the first open window of Turkish literature to world literature.

A work whose motifs are so original and its technique so skilful can satisfy the lovers of art outside Turkey.

When Napoleon first saw Goethe he said...:

“Here is a man”.

Every progressive intellectual who reads *Yaban* would say:

Here is a novel!

Long live! Master Yakup, may your hands be blessed in light!

Most subsequent critics took fundamentally the same approach by regarding the description of village life as realistic and Ahmet Celal's difficulties with the villagers as a symbol of the gap between the intellectual and the peasant. They differed only in their judgement of this. Some condemned Yakup Kadri for presenting a contemptuous view of the peasantry, others, most influentially Berna Moran¹¹, who applied a very close textual analysis, concluded (as summarized by Jale Parla¹²) that the novel is a defence of the totalitarian measures required from the Kemalist regime to lift the peasantry out of the condition described. Parla herself takes a more complex approach which relates Atatürk's self-described role as the deliverer of the

¹¹ Moran I, 2016, 201-218

¹²Parla 2007, 16

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nation to Yakup Kadri's oedipal fixation which consistently identifies Atatürk with Moses or the Messiah¹³. Azade Seyhan draws attention to the ebb and flow of Ahmet Celal's emotions and the ambivalence of his discourse in order to point out quoting Milan Kundera that the novel's function is to show, that "things are not as simple you think" and to offer a critical insight into the conditions and limits of forging national consciousness¹⁴.

A good start for an understanding of the novel would be in Yakup Kadri's own words about it. It "appeared in order to express the same heartache in a greater measure"¹⁵. The heartache is the shame he felt comparing the comfort in which he travelled in 1921 with the condition after the devastation of war of the villagers. "Under these clean, comfortable and soft covers, we have our skin swarming and inflicted by many kinds of disease called Suspicion, Pride, Conceit and Greed. The hatred and savagery of the enemy come and gone over you like a plague, but we carry that red, that savagery, that enemy always within us"¹⁶. The three or four month nightmare that Yakup Kadri had spent in 1921 "lived constantly for ten years in my subconscious. You understand that this work is something virtually ripped and torn by itself from the depths of my being"¹⁷.

Yakup Kadri could not have made it more obvious that the work expresses the deepest personal feelings. His own words remind the reader of what Halide Edip said of his "Ateşten Gömlek": that it came from within him. *Yaban* has moments of the

¹³Parla 2007, 16-17

¹⁴Seyhan, 56-64

¹⁵Jacobson, xvii

¹⁶Jacobson, xvi

¹⁷Jacobson, xvii

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strongest emotion, which leave the plot behind and sound almost personal, and which closely resemble other passages in Yakup Kadri's work. One obvious example is the move in Ahmet Celal's mind from his donkey to his toys, to his childhood, to the otherwise unmentioned sea, to dying soldiers crying for their mothers, to himself crying for his mother just before his arm was amputated. This is strongly reminiscent of the closing of Yakup Kadri's own *Ateşten Gömlek* where the characters remember their mothers and one of them wonders whether our unhappiness increases as we grow older, because we are moving further from a mother's affection¹⁸. The depth of maternal affection is the foil for the references to the stepmother in *Yaban*¹⁹.

The feelings which erupted in *Yaban* have their source in a deep personal sense of distance and shame in 1921. In interpreting the novel this cardinal point should not be forgotten.

Ahmet Celal grasps that there is more than he can grasp²⁰:

The soul of the Turkish peasant is a quiet, deep pool. What is it at the bottom? Is it a ragged boulder, a mound of clay, a soft layer of sand? It is impossible to discover.

When they looked at me, conspicuous in the eyes of everyone was a bead of light which would shine and go out; go out and then shine. Without a doubt I cannot remember anything which has disturbed me as much as this light, which is an oozing out of a kind of clandestine, demonic intelligence, whose roots are so deep that I will never be able to reach them.

¹⁸ See Appendix 1, Fragment C: "*Ateşten gömlek*" romanının son sayfalar and Appendix 2, Fragment C for its translation.

¹⁹ Karaosmanoğlu 1989, 8: In an interview with Nedim Gürsel, Yakup Kadri remarked that the title of the Italian translation of *Yaban*, "Terra Matrigna" (Stepmother Earth) was the best of any translation.

²⁰Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 20-21, Jacobson, 6-7

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His attempts to describe the villagers constantly resort to similes from western literature or the Christian Bible which would be meaningless to them and are quite alien to their traditions. These similes are not just a display of pretentious learning by the author. The function is dramatic: Their frequency is meant to suggest the attempt of the western educated mind to fit something strange to it into familiar categories.

The failure of the attempt leads to an incoherent repetition of the very words:

“Benzetiş, iştiare... Benzetiş, iştiare...” (Simile metaphor... Simile, metaphor...) ²¹.

The sense of alienation rooted in the very title of the work. Even the reference and meaning of the title is ambiguous. From the preface one might think it simply refers to the hero, Ahmet Celal (and means little more than “L’Étranger”). But it is much more than this. Yaban is a word of Persian origin. As a noun it means desert and wilderness. As an adjective it means wild and savage. In a provincial meaning it denotes the stranger or the world of strangers beyond the family or social circle ²². In his 1970 interview with Jacobson, responding to the translation of Yaban as Stranger Yakup Kadri said that such a translation “does not give the full connotation of the word”. He suggested that “in addition to the meaning of outsider or foreign it carries the meaning of the barbarian too ²³. Later he recommended that the word should remain as it is without being translated, followed by a note of explanation ²⁴.

²¹ Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 69, Jacobson 76

²² Redhouse, 1233-1234

²³ Jacobson, 95

²⁴ Jacobson, 97

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The reference of “yaban” is richly ambiguous. Ahmet Celal himself is a yaban in the provincial meaning and is referred to as such. But the title of the novel does not refer only to him. It refers also to the reality of Anatolia and its people. Clearly from the descriptions in the book, Anatolia is like a desert land and its people barbarians, in the ancient Greek sense of the word, the civilised world being the capital and the West. Yaban, according to what has been passionately and repeatedly developed in the novel, can also refer to the Western invaders as barbarians in the modern sense of the world this time: are there any more fitting words than savagery and barbarism to describe the attitude of the Western world and their Ottoman allies towards the Anatolian peasant and the Anatolian land? Both – people and land - were and still are, of course, the core of the Turkish motherland. Yaban could also refer to the savagery of the war and to the savagery of the neglect which Anatolia suffered.

To enhance the sense of alienation Yakup Kadri resorts to a hallucinatory narrative from which the narrator emerges as almost deranged. The narrator says so himself: “Am I not, too- like them-one of the deranged ones?”²⁵. But this is not merely self-conscious soliloquising. The alienation devices are so deeply rooted in the structure of the novel that the author succeeds in making the whole narrative seem like a delusion. The plot unfolds in a circular repetitive manner on various levels. As far as time is concerned, there is clearly a succession of seasons that leads up to the climax of the novel at the time of the Greek advance to and retreat from the Sakarya in the late summer of 1921 but the references to actual historical events are interestingly

²⁵ Karaosmanoğlu 2006 59, Jacobson, 63

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spaced to suggest their remoteness from the life of the village. For example early in the novel there is a reference to the first victory at İnönü which is ostensibly prompted by the narrator saying without any specific chronological anchor that the Istanbul newspapers reached him. But this news is mentioned long before the signing of the Treaty of Sèvres which had in reality taken place five months previously. The second victory at İnönü, which was in reality separated from the first by only a couple of months, appears dozens of pages later and the collapse of the London conference, which actually preceded the second victory, comes later still²⁶. The second victory of March 1921 is mentioned also in association with an event which took place in November 1920. This is not surprising as Ahmet Celal tells us that he has lost the sense of time and does not know what day of the week he is in²⁷.

The deep sense of inadequacy which Yakup Kadri felt personally in 1921 is projected dramatically in the novel by the representation of Ahmet Celal as a useless cripple. He is in every sense an antihero and in this respect an understanding of the novel must explain Yakup Kadri's obviously deliberate departure from the conventions of the Kurtuluş literature. That Ahmet Celal has only one arm is repeatedly noticed. Although he dreams of confronting the Greeks and dying at their hands, this does not happen²⁸; instead he is almost killed by a stray Turkish bullet²⁹. Both Greek and Nationalist officers who pass through the village think he is almost

²⁶ Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 39, 96, Jacobson, 109/37, 115, 133

²⁷ Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 31. Yakup Kadri's manipulation of time for emotional effect is reminiscent of Tolstoy's in *Anna Karenina*. For the latter see Nabokov, 190-194.

²⁸ Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 123

²⁹ Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 129

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mad³⁰. He refuses to accompany the Nationalist forces in the direction of Ankara imagining that his presence will be like that of a tailless dog, which he remembered from his desert campaign³¹. His reaction to a group of enemy soldiers provokes laughter³². The great victory of Sakarya is unknown to him because he only observes the Greek army coming and going. The contrast with glorious and purposeful heroes of other Kurtuluş novels such as İhsan in *Ateşten Gömlek* and Tosun Bey in *Vurun Kahpeye* is striking and I would argue, a deliberate authorial inversion of a Kurtuluş trope.

The theme of alienation persists to the very last line of the novel which follows a delirious dream in the mind of Ahmet Celal. As the village girl, Emine, tries to tend his wound, Ahmet Celal imagines that the gap between the Turkish villager and the Turkish intellectual has been bridged³³:

I saw in my dream that not a sign remained of the painful problem between the Turkish intellectual and the Turkish villager. In my mind, Emine's arms, like the limbs of a tree, bound me strong and fast to that hostile and strange world. All of my loathing, anger, hate, rebellion, and hopelessness that had given me hellish torture during the two or three years spent in the village, flowed away with the blood oozing from the wound in my side. It's as if the putrefaction within me is emptying from this hole.

And yet it is only a dream because a page later Emine cannot go on and Ahmet Celal heads off into the unknown.

³⁰Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 130, 57

³¹ Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 132

³² Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 172

³³ Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 197, Jacobson, 254-255

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In trying to answer how Yakup Kadri expressed his heartache in the form ostensibly of a war novel whose strongest theme is the divide between the Istanbul intellectual and the Anatolian peasant I suggest we focus on the year of publication, 1932, and look at Yakup Kadri's next novel, *Ankara*, published in 1934. Both novels were referred to together by Yakup Kadri in his remarks on *Ateşten Gömlek* and their publication spans the life of the journal *Kadro* of which Yakup Kadri was the responsible editor. In the journal Yakup Kadri itself named *Yaban* and *Ankara* together as examples of the revolutionary literature promoted by the movement³⁴.

Kadro

Kadro was the name both of a movement and of its eponymous journal which was published by five intellectuals with left wing inclinations: Şevket Süreyya Aydemir, Burhan Asaf Belge, Yakup Kadri Karaosmanoğlu, İsmail Hüseyin Tökin and Vedat Nedim Tör. The periodical appeared between January 1932 and December-January 1934-1935³⁵. Electronic copies of the whole journal are accessible through the relevant link of the University of Bonn and I have used them for my readings of *Kadro*³⁶.

Kadro was published with the permission of Mustafa Kemal, and its aim was to lead the classes according to the ideals of the revolution, and to instil in them the

³⁴ Tekin, Mansur: 'Ankara', *Kadro*, 1934, Vol. 3, No. 28, p. 48

³⁵ Türkeş, 1998, 93

³⁶ <http://digitale-sammlungen.ulb.uni-bonn.de/ulbbnioa/periodical/structure/3203852>

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perception of republicanism. In Aydemir's words Kadro should be the link between the revolutionary ideas and the people³⁷:

Hulâsa Kadro, bir millî kurtuluş hareketinin, bir millî inkılâbın kumanda heyetidir. Onun, azlık, fakat, şuurlu öncüsü ve yöneticisidir. Inkılâbın tek idealist lideri etrafında toplanan "Kadro"dur...

In short, Kadro was a committee of the National Movement for Independence and had the leading role in the national revolution. They were a minority but they were its conscious pioneers and administrators. It is the Kadro which gathers around the revolution's only party and around its idealistic and only leader...

A summarised description of the *Kadro* journal and its aims is given by Türkeş³⁸:

The Kadro movement took its name from the journal Kadro; the journal aspired to fulfil two self appointed tasks: to develop an ideological framework in which to interpret the Turkish revolution that had created the republican regime led by the President Mustafa Kemal Atatürk and to suggest the economic policies that in accordance with this ideological framework, the regime should pursue in the future. Most of the journal's regular writers had "leftist" backgrounds that had, on occasion, brought them into collision with the republican authorities. Kadro's political loyalty to the regime was never in question, but within these limits, it exhibited a striking degree of intellectual independence.

It seems that Mustafa Kemal, who gave permission prior to the publication of the periodical, supported such a move. He was one of the paying subscribers to it along with İsmet İnönü³⁹. The General secretary of the CHP Recep Peker was against them however.

³⁷ Karataş, 278 quoting Aydemir, 227

³⁸ Türkeş, 2001, 92

³⁹ Karataş, 277

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The view of Aydemir was that the people could not grasp a system of ideas. It was beyond their everyday concerns. *Kadro* should aim at specific goals which the people would be able to perceive and understand: “Hulâsa, inkılâp, halk için, fakat halka rağmen bir harekettir”⁴⁰. (In short, the revolution is a movement for the people despite the people).

Kadro supported state intervention in the economy and was against private initiative. It was at that point when there were efforts to establish the İş Bankası that *Kadro* was shut down because it was seen as a threat. The state intervention promoted by the Kadroists would have according to themselves characteristics special to the Turkish nation and would not rely on the class struggle, on the clash between the bourgeoisie and the working classes. It would be different from both the capitalist and the socialist systems of other countries. The basis of this new system would be founded on the hegemony of the people but without having to go through the stage of capitalism⁴¹.

In order to fulfil the aims of the revolution (the *inkılâp*, the preceding *ihtilâl*'s goal having been accomplished with the victorious outcome of the 1919-1922 war) the leading role should be given to a class of intellectuals which would oversee the application of the reforms⁴².

⁴⁰ Karataş, 278-79, quoting Aydemir 2003, 446

⁴¹ İleri, Nazım, 101

⁴² Türkeş 1998, 95

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The role of Yakup Kadri in *Kadro* is discussed extensively by Karataş⁴³. Yakup Kadri contributed to the periodical with 40 articles on culture and literature, two on art and two on the economy. Despite the large number of articles scholars debate whether Yakup Kadri was simply the proprietor of the periodical or whether he had an influential role as well. Marxist scholars thought that he was only writing articles on literature not related to Marxist ideology and a similar view is shared by Mehmet Emin Uludağ. Birsen Talay argues that in some of his articles Yakup Kadri referred to the political systems of Italy and Russia as examples to be followed when appropriate, and so in parallel with his literary input to the periodical and to the movement he definitely had a political one as well. This seems to be perfectly true. In a rather surprising set of articles under the title ‘Ankara - Roma – Moskova’⁴⁴ Yakup Kadri praises the Russian revolution for creating a revolutionary climate all of its own and even more amazingly excuses the OGPU⁴⁵ because it inhibits foreign contamination. Yakup Kadri was certainly associated with the ideological aims of the Kadro movement which is why he was packed off to Tirana as ambassador when *Kadro* was shut down.

Ertan shared this view by pointing out the political purpose of the articles in which Yakup Kadri strove to define and clarify the policies of the government. Ahmet Oktay, by contrast, thought that Yakup Kadri’s role was not as influential because he

⁴³ Karataş, 280-81 referring to: Uludağ. 2005, 50, Talay 2002, 438-439, Ertan 1994, 39 and 127-129, Oktay 2003, 339-343, Bostancı 1990, 9

⁴⁴ *Kadro*. 1932, Vol. 1, No. 6, pp. 37-40, No. 7 pp. 32-35, No. 9, pp. 34-38, No. 10, pp. 40-43, No. 11, pp. 38-40, No. 12, pp. 33-5, 1933, Vol. 2, No. 13, pp. 29-31, No. 14, pp. 39-44, No. 15, pp. 32-35, No. 16, pp. 39-41

⁴⁵ The Unified State Political Directorate. The same organisation was previously known as the Cheka and subsequently as the KGB.

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did not have the Marxist background of the rest of the members of the Kadro movement, as Ertan also points out. Oktay is critical of Yakup Kadri whose literary input into *Kadro*, he considers, was inadequate for the literary and cultural issues of the time. He claims that Burhan Asaf did more in this field although he did not specialise in literature. Bostancı presents the view that Yakup Kadri's articles in *Kadro* and his position in the movement was of no importance in terms of the dissemination of the political ideology promoted by *Kadro*. He did more to be the liaison between the members of the Kadro and Mustafa Kemal in Çankaya.

Yakup Kadri's role in *Kadro* is highlighted by Mansur Tekin when the publication of *Ankara* is announced⁴⁶:

Memlekette yegâne insicamlı ve muayyen bir dava etrafında birbirine bağlı neşriyat yapan Kadro'da Yakup Kadri işin edebiyat tarafını idare ediyor. Kadro'daki küçük makaleleri ile zaman zaman inkılâp edebiyatının ne olması lazım geldiğini söyleyen edip buna bizzat iki misal vermiştir: Yaban ve Ankara.

Yakup Kadri directs the literary side of Kadro with publications bringing the two together coherently and certainly around the sole point at issue in the country. Saying from time to time what the revolutionary literature should be in his short articles in Kadro he gave us two examples: Yaban and Ankara.

Yakup Kadri himself explains his involvement and its termination in *Zoraki Diplomat* (Forced to Become a Diplomat) first published in 1954 and justifies

⁴⁶ 'Ankara', *Kadro*, 1934, Vol. 3, No. 28, p. 48

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Mustafa Kemal's decision to pack him off to the embassy of Tirana as a caring move in order to save him from worse⁴⁷.

In *Zoraki Diplomat* Yakup Kadri also gives the following description of the magazine and its aims. He seeks simultaneously to justify the consistency of the Kadro movement's aims with Kemalism and at the same time to explain why the magazine was closed down:⁴⁸:

Moreover, I was publishing this magazine with his [ie. Mustafa Kemal's⁴⁹] own permission. No interpretation was possible in the articles written in it other than elucidation and exposition of the principles of the People's Party. In the magazine, we claimed that the revolutionary movement could not be carried out with an untrained crowd recruited from opportunists and bureaucrats. A revolutionary party could by no means be constructed without cadres. We were trying to prove that the economic system which was given the name of Etatism was not monopolistic. The productive and industrial institutions which were administered with such a false idea could make no one happy except a group of self seeking people who depended on the influence of the State. We were saying that they will form a burden which will gradually become heavier on the shoulders of the people and that they will become an obstacle to collective development.

The trait of Kadro was not to mix in its articles any politically polemical flavour. Also, to keep its criticism far from any general views and scholastic theories. Instead it relied on living and local events and official statistics and numbers. Be it in social and economic matters, cultural, artistic or literary issues, our decision was to remain always within a national boundary and never expand beyond the country. How can production from land be made to increase? What is the way to rationalise our industry? What are the solutions for supplying the Turkish peasant's sugar and clothes at cheaper prices and succeeding in bringing him water, coal and electricity? We were looking at all these issues and

⁴⁷ Karaosmanoğlu 2017, 27-28

⁴⁸ Karaosmanoğlu 2017, 35-37

⁴⁹ I note that Lewis B, 470 n. 58 takes the reference of "onun" to be the Party rather than Mustafa Kemal. This is not impossible, but there is an indirect reference to Mustafa Kemal three lines above and no previous reference to the Party.

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strove to find solutions. As for me, all by myself in literature was writing that the approach to the people is possible only by drawing from Folk Literature. I was also writing that a good many master poets from Yunus Emre to Dertli will give the new generation priceless examples of sound and language (On this occasion I would like to say that I have not abandoned this idea and that Turkish Folklore is a boundless national cultural treasure).

In short: Kadro was a small magazine but its claims were large. Also what, I think, annoyed the “official” personalities in the business was mostly this notion, “his not knowing his limits”. Likewise, at the time when I was to publish the magazine, in a conversation which I had with the Republican Party’s General Secretary, this person said to me: “From whom did you take the right to publish in the name of the party? If there is a need to publish an ideological magazine, only we can publish this and at any rate we are about to publish it. What’s more, you keep on saying something as Avant-Garde, Avant-Garde. What does this mean? Can there be an Avant-Garde ahead of us?”

The “we” which the General Secretary mentioned was himself and the Central Committee under his own leadership. The majority of this committee is made up of former Provincial Governors and Directors, who address their superiors as “Sir” and while entering the “presence” to have some papers signed, button up their jackets. It follows according to the Republican Party’s Secretary that these people are the essential front arm of the Revolution.

Unsurprisingly, seeing that the membership included former Leftists with Soviet connexions (with the inclusion, however surprising given his non Marxist background and his earlier spat with Nazım Hikmet, of Yakup Kadri) the journal *Kadro* has in its mix of material exhibiting a coordinated outlook something of the flavour of magazines like *LEF* produced by members of the Soviet intelligentsia in the relatively free air of the 1920s. Much of the material in *Kadro* is economic but it is possible to extract a few themes directly relevant to the imagined world of *Yaban* and *Ankara*. The first and most obvious is the physical condition of the peasantry. The second is the ideal of the unity of the leading classes with the peasantry, *halka doğru*. The third, connected with this, is the notion of internal or autochthonous

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development and a rejection of superficial Westernisation both in culture and in economics. At the same time, in a way that resembles some of his articles in *Ergenekon* Yakup Kadri exposes the Westerners' interference, hypocrisy and the bankruptcy of the capitalist world's values and those of the League of Nations⁵⁰. He claims that Turkish intellectuals are certainly not unmoved by the Russian revolution and that the nations of the present day want to establish their independent state by themselves and without any foreign intervention.

Having presented the critics' views on the contents of *Kadro* and the role of Yakup Kadri in it, Karataş discusses the connection of *Ankara* with *Kadro* by juxtaposing extracts from the novel and specific articles in order to show that the views expressed in *Ankara* are parallel to the ones expressed in *Kadro*⁵¹.

Karataş quotes from articles which criticise once severe, brave and patriotic military young men of the war years who turn into corrupt or profiteering bureaucrats especially after their dealings with agents from the West; other articles criticise women who only superficially adopted western manners, remaining in essence ignorant made-up dolls, totally uninterested in the fledgling Republic's public affairs in striking contrast with their contemporaries in Soviet Russia or Mussolini's Italy (except for the Duce's wife and daughter).

He concludes that both in the novel and in the articles the issue at hand is the internal enemy, internal forces which are an impediment to the realisation of the goals of the

⁵⁰ 'Ankara-Moskova- Roma', *Kadro*, June 1932, Vol. 1, No 6, pp.37-40

⁵¹ Karataş, 282-287

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revolution. The following two extracts are quite characteristic of Yakup Kadri's concerns on Westernisation and how the only person who could really understand and apply it was Mustafa Kemal.

Having commented on the problems faced by the Russian revolutionaries, who, after they had eliminated the internal enemy, are in a position to be concerned only with the external one, Yakup Kadri juxtaposes the problem with the internal enemy, which Turkey has been and was still facing, a merciless eternal enemy it seems, which is false Westernisation and dependence on the West: ⁵²

Türk inkılâpçılar ise her iki tehlikeyi aynı derecede ve aynı ehemmiyette göz önünde tutmalıdır. Bizde dahilî irtica hareketleri daima haricî teşvik ve himayelerle vukubulmuştur. Şapkalı farlı olsun, sarıklı cübbeli olsun bizde bütün mürteciler ya bilerek ya bilmiyerek mutlaka harici düşmanın koldaştırlar. Ve düşmanlarımız, topraklarımıza silah kuvvetile giremeyeceklerini anladıkları gündenberi, ancak, Türkiye'de mevcudiyetini tahmin ettikleri bu irtica unsurlarına güvenirler; ancak, bunların muvaffakiyetleri üzerine emel kurabilirler.

İnkılâp Türkiye'sine haricî tehlike türlü türlü şekil ve kıyafetle gösterebilir. O bize yeşil bayraklı bir Şeyh veya kızıl bir ihtilâlcî suretinde görünebileceği gibi bir beyaz bandıralı liberal şeklinde de görünür. Ve maateessüf bu liberallerin en büyük bir kısmı bugün yalnız aramızda bulunmakta kalmıyor, İstiklâl ve milliyet çocuğu olan Gazi Türkiye'sinde rey, salâhiyet, nüfus ve vazife sahibi oluyor.

The Turkish revolutionaries though, did not consider these two dangers to be of the same degree and importance. Internal reactionary movements had always occurred with external encouragement and patronage. Be it the hat or the turbaned fanatics (reactionaries) consciously or unconsciously were definitely colleagues of external enemies. And since the day our enemies understood that they cannot enter our soil with armed forces they relied on these reactionary elements whose presence in Turkey they had guessed. Their ambition could only rest on the success of these ones.

⁵² 'Ankara-Moskova- Roma', *Kadro*, Vol.1, No. 11, November 1932, 38-40

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The revolution in Turkey can show the external danger itself in various shapes and attires. Since it can appear in front of us in the form of a green flagged Şeyh or of a red flagged revolutionary it can also appear as a white flagged liberal. And unfortunately a great part of these liberals is not content with merely staying among us, but takes control of the vote, of authority, of the population and of the administration in the Turkey of the Gazi who is the son of Independence and nation.

Yakup Kadri sees that the question of cultural and material dependence on the West was resolved in a unique manner only by the great revolutionary Mustafa Kemal⁵³.

Onun içindir ki, işte, onun için dir ki, bir Türk kumandanı, bir Türk inkılâpçısı ilk defa olarak 1920 senesinde, bir hak ve adalet prensibini müdafaa için Avrupa'ya başvuracağı yerde, bir Türk vapuruna binip Anadolu'ya geçtiği vakit herkesin parmağı ağızına kalmıştı. Bu Türk inkılâpçısı, yalnız, Avrupa'ya gideceği yerde Anadolu'ya geçmekle kalmıyor, ilk defa olarak Avrupa'dan Avrupalının hüküm ve nüfuzundan sıyrılıp kendi milletinin kucağına sığınıyordu.

Mustafa Kemal İnkılâbını Tanzimat hareketinin bir devamı gibi görenler bu hareketin öbürüne ne kadar zıt olduğunu hiç değilse bu noktada hissetmelidirler. Başı sıkıya geldikçe ecnebi sefarethanesine sığınan Tanzimatçı devlet adamı ile, Anadolu köylüsünün kucağına atılan millî devlet adamı arasında keskin bir antagonizmden başka ne bulunabilir? Bunlardan biri şahsi hürriyetini isteyen adamdır.

Bu büyük ve ilk defa millî Türk inkılâpçısının çıғırında yürüyenler pek iyi bilip hissetmişlerdir ki, onun başlıca mahreki ve yegâne azimet noktası (millî gurur) olmuştur. İstiklâl muharebesi bu millî gururun fevaranıdır. Onun takip eden bütün inkılâp hareketleri bu millî gururun tekâmülleridir. Mustafa Kemal ilk askerî fırkayı kumanda ettiği günden bütün bu millete baş olduğu şu güne kadar tek bir hamlenin baş döndürücü atlayışları gösterir: Yabancı tesirlerden kurtulmak! O Bizanskâri saltanat sarayını ve Arap-Acem kültürünün ocağı medreseyi bunun için yıkmıştır. O Rumluğun bergüzarı fesi başımızdan bunun için çıkarmıştır. Bugünkü dil ve tarih hareketi bu hamlenin yani İstiklâl harbinin ruhlara ve kafalara intikâli demektir. Asıl hürriyet yolunda cidâl budur.

It is for this reason, see!, for this reason that a Turkish commander, a Turkish revolutionary, for the first time in the year 1920, in order to

⁵³ 'Fikirde İstiklâl' (Independence in Thought), *Kadro*, V. 2, No. 22, October, 1933, pp. 28-32.

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defend right and justice boarded a Turkish ship instead of resorting to Europe and, when he crossed to Anatolia, he left everyone open mouthed with amazement. This Turkish revolutionary was not content merely with going to Anatolia instead of Europe; for the first time he frees himself from Europe and from the rule and influence of the Europeans and finds shelter in the arms of his nation.

Those who see Mustafa Kemal's Revolution as the continuation of the Tanzimat movement can see at least in this point how contrary to one another these two movements are. What else but sharp antagonism can be found between the Tanzimat statesman who, when in trouble, finds shelter in a foreign embassy and the national statesman who throws himself in the arms of the Anatolian peasant? One of these is the man who is after his personal freedom.

Those who follow the call of the national Turkish revolutionary for the first time very well know and feel that national pride became their only course and determining point. The War of Independence is the boiling over of this national pride. All the revolutionary movements which followed it are the evolution of this national pride. From the day Mustafa Kemal became commander of a military division until this day in which he is the head of all the nation he shows amazing leaps forward: In order to be saved from the influence of foreigners! It is for his reason that he demolished this Byzantinish pompous palace and that Arabo-Persian culture's hearths' religious schools. For this reason he rid our heads from this Rum derived fez. Today's language and history movements are the transmission of this onslaught, that is of the War of Independence, to the soul and to the mind. This is the combat on the way to true freedom.

The 22nd issue of *Kadro* is directly related to a scene in *Ankara* as it commemorates the tenth anniversary of the revolution.

The issue starts with an address by Mustafa Kemal:

*Büyük Şef'imizin Cümhuriyetin onuncu yıl dönümü münasebetiyle,
mecmuamıza şevk ve cesaret veren iltifatları:*

Hatırlıyorum ki, Kadro intişar ederken maksadını Türk milletine has meslek ve metodun millet ve memlekette teessüs ve inkişafına hizmet olduğunu yazmıştı.

Kadro'ya bu maksadına geniş muvaffakiyet temenni ederim.

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Gazi M. Kemal

The eager compliments, encouraging for our periodical, of our Leader on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the Republic:

I remember that when *Kadro* was published it wrote that its goal was to see that the trends and methods which are special to the Turkish nation would be established and develop in the nation and in the country.

I wish Kadro great success.

Gazi M. Kemal

This greeting is followed by an article by Başvekil İsmet specially for *Kadro* under the title ‘Fırkamızın Devletçilik Vasfı’ (Our Party’s Character of Etatism).

To conclude it is clear that Yakup Kadri’s main concerns on the development of Turkey as a modern state were the extent to which cultural borrowings from the West would enter the country without spoiling its the special Turkish character. Both *Yaban* and in *Ankara* are expressions of his doubts about the success of the modernisation process and his absolute loyalty to the person of Mustafa Kemal.

Ankara

Ankara, a slightly longer novel than *Yaban*, was published in 1934⁵⁴. It is narrated in the third person and consists of three specifically marked parts and each part consists of numbered chapters. The basic conceit of the novel is that it purports to be a view back from the future showing a changing Ankara at three different times each corresponding to one part of the book (1921 in the first, 1924-1929 in the second and

⁵⁴ Presumably before *Kadro* was closed down in December of that year.

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1936-1942 in the third). The book is given its unity by a single heroine whose changing life and changing husbands reflect the changes in the city. Selma Hanım is a young woman of the modern type brought up in Istanbul who has moved to Ankara during the War of Independence. As the narrator slyly remarks, women have been inspired by the example set by Halide⁵⁵.

Kadın veya erkek, Ankara'ya giden kimseler, İstanbullu'lara, millî hareket kahramanları mertebesine ermiş gibi geliyordu. Hele Halide Edip Hanımın menakibi Hanımların kalbinde yenilmez bir gıpta, bir tatlı üzüntü veya keskin bir kıskançlık ateşi alevlendiriyordu ve hepsi ona benzemek, onun yerini almak için can atıyordu.

Those who were going to Ankara, women or men, were looked by the Istanbul people as the heroes of the national movement. Above all Halide Edip's legend was inciting an unvanquished envy in the ladies' hearts, a sweet sadness or a sharp jealousy and all of them were aching to be like her, to take her place.

The structure gives Yakup Kadri the scope to satirise contemporary social phenomena and in the vision of the future to suggest what he thinks should happen but which has failed to happen so far.

In the first part Selma Hanım is married to Nazif Bey, a young banker who has been posted to Ankara. The first chapter starts with the noisy announcement by a telal: *teke bulaan, teke bulan* (a goat is found). It closes as noisily: the newly arrived couple is again awakened by more noises: Ömer Efendi, their landlord, is beating one of his two wives who remains silent while the rest of his womenfolk scream

⁵⁵ Karaosmanoğlu 1934, 12

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their heads off⁵⁶. Added to all this is the donkey braying from the pen in the communal courtyard of the house where the young couple has taken up a room in Taceddin neighbourhood of the old part of Ankara. From various references we can understand the dramatic date to be around the middle of 1921. Both the reader and Selma Hanım are immediately placed in a rural environment instead of the capital of a modern country which was founded twelve years before the publication of the novel. Here both the time and description of Ankara's physical and human landscape corresponds to that of *Yaban*. Selma Hanım like Ahmet Celal, when referring to Anadolu only had in mind the fertile plains of Western Anatolia⁵⁷. The strenuous journey to Ankara was realised partly by horse drawn carriages moving in the vastness and barrenness of Anadolu.

Ömer Efendi and his family are among the men of repute in Ankara⁵⁸. They had appeared out of nowhere in the market place of Ankara and established themselves as the absurdly named Sungurlu Zadelers. Nobody knew where they came from and how they rose up until the second year of the Great Struggle when they made their sudden appearance in the market. As the narrator remarks with some sarcasm, it was not uncommon for people who stayed behind during the war to do well and nobody asked any questions⁵⁹. The wealth and prominent position of the Sungurlu brothers had no impact on their way of life and their village mentality which is not unlike that of the peasants' described in *Yaban*. They are suspicious of anything and anyone

⁵⁶ Karaosmanoğlu, 1934, 9-10

⁵⁷ Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 29

⁵⁸ Karaosmanoğlu 1934, 20

⁵⁹ Karaosmanoğlu 1934, 20

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new and they exploit situations only for their own interest. Most importantly they seem to be unaffected by the war not even at the time when the battles were drawing nearer to them⁶⁰.

The first part also introduces the reader to three characters who will play an important part in the novel. They are Murat Bey, a respectable gentleman who finds Western ways difficult despite the effort and money he puts into them, Hakkı Bey, at this stage a gallant war hero but subsequently an etiolated bureaucrat and Neşet Sabit⁶¹, a sort of ideal intellectual who voices opinions identical to those found outside fiction only in *Kadro*. The latter pair will work their magic on Selma Hanım. Hakkı Bey will arouse her national consciousness before becoming her husband while Neşet Sabit will inspire thoughts of nationalism and socialism and eventually induce her to ditch Hakkı Bey.

Selma Hanım appears to be a woman of determination. She struggles against bedbugs and the poor hygiene of the courtyard she shares with the owners of their house. Encouraged by Hakkı Bey to take part in the national struggle she is sent to Eskişehir as a nurse. She did not stay long though because Eskişehir was evacuated as a result of the great assault. Short as this was, it was an experience whose memory endured; most importantly her impression of the Great Chief whose face was seen and voice was heard amidst a rain of fire⁶². His face is calm, determined and heroic. His voice is firm and warm. Mustafa Kemal made such strong impression on Selma

⁶⁰ Karaosmanoğlu 1934, 21, 37, 64-65

⁶¹ Karaosmanoğlu 1934, 26, 30 and 66 respectively

⁶² Karaosmanoğlu 1934, 73

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Hanım that she could describe him in every detail, unlike Mehmet Ali in *Yaban*. This image will be repeatedly recalled in the book. Alas, Nazif Bey, Selma Hanım's husband does not share her patriotic fervour. After the fall of Eskişehir he urges her to leave Ankara and when she refuses, threatens to leave himself and leave her behind. Instead she continues her work at the Cebeci Hospital and the first part ends with the Sakarya victory⁶³.

The second part starts after the foundation of the Republic in 1924 in the newly built part of Ankara, Yenişehir and finishes in around 1929. Selma Hanım has divorced her first timid husband and has married the once dashing Hakkı Bey who by this time has morphed into a high official, mainly preoccupied with his social life in the modernised and newly built parts of Ankara. The people with whom the couple socialise are bureaucrats, members of the National Assembly and foreign diplomats or businessmen angling with, as is not oversubtly suggested, the bait of bribes for public contracts. The satire in this part of the novel is basically directed against superficial and ridiculous Westernisation and the abandonment of the revolutionary spirit that won the war. The gap between the mass of the people and the new elite is still massive and unbridged. Yakup Kadri goes to town with a chapter devoted to the opening of the Ankara Palas Hotel with a ball to celebrate New Year's Eve in 1927. Poor people have walked for miles on end to watch the spectacle of those who arrive in expensive cars and enter the hotel⁶⁴. Both groups inside and outside the hotel are described in Yakup Kadri's's characteristic humorous and ironic style as equally

⁶³Karaosmanoğlu 1934, 79

⁶⁴ Karaosmanoğlu 1934, 92-101

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perplexed: those outside because they cannot understand what is going on (but they are not ashamed to show their ignorance and ask questions because democracy now allows them freely to express their thoughts) and those inside because they do not know how they are supposed to behave.

Selma Hanım is naturally inside but feels alienated from both groups. There quite unexpectedly she again sees two people whom she had first met at Murat Bey's six years before: Şeyh Emin⁶⁵, then a religious fanatic, and Neşet Sabit, the intellectual. The former has changed appearance but remained the example of the slimy religious fanatic who has turned into a modern person. The latter is now a young author who earns his living by writing for an Istanbul paper and does translation and book editing for the Ministry of Education. The unsophisticated young writer's character develops in absolute harmony with the name he has been given: of strong birth, sound, enduring and stable. Indeed, throughout the narration he remains a pure ideologue, ardent supporter of the İnkılâp principles and is not compromised by the sort of concessions one has to make in public life. Although he is with those inside Ankara Palas at the new year's ball he feels an outsider, a spectator. Especially when it comes to the ladies he feels that they look as if they are playing parts in Molière's *Les Précieuses Ridicules*⁶⁶. Unlike Selma Hanım he does not feel alienated from those outside. It is during this ball that Selma Hanım starts changing once again and becomes imbued with the real İnkılâp principles revealed to her by Neşet Sabit.

⁶⁵ Karaosmanoğlu 1934, 100

⁶⁶ Karaosmanoğlu 1934, 96, 106

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The second part ends with two highly symbolic scenes. Selma Hanım, having left yet another society soiree in disgust finds herself in the Taceddin neighbourhood in which the novel opened; despite new building elsewhere nothing here had changed since 1921⁶⁷. Meanwhile Neşet Sabit chances on a mevlût⁶⁸ and realises that the form of a new Turkish society that conforms to the national ideal cannot take its example either from this world or from that of the new Ankara elite⁶⁹.

Neşet Sabit, o akşam, bir nevi buluğa eriş buhranını andıran bir ıstırap içinde yattı. Döşeği üstünde, sağdan sola, soldan sağa dönüyor, bir türlü uyuyamıyordu. Karanlık bir kahos onu aman vermez kasırgası içinde almıştı, ve, bunun ortasında Selma Hanımın bakışları, Selma Hanımın gülüşleri, birer şimşek gibi çakıp söniyor, söniş çakıyordu.

That evening Neşet Sabit lay in bed in a misery reminiscent the one a teenager goes through. Turning from right to left and from left to right on the top of his mattress he could not sleep. He felt inside him a merciless dark chaos and in the middle of it Selma Hanım's looks, Selma Hanım's laughs were flickering like a lightning, striking and disappearing, disappearing and striking.

The third part of the novel is set in the future. It starts in 1936 with Selma Hanım who had by now divorced Hakkı Bey and lives with Neşet Sabit, the newly built stadium for the celebrations of the fourteenth anniversary of the Republic and finishes in 1942 with the celebrations for the twentieth anniversary of the Republic.

⁶⁷Karaosmanoğlu 1934, 140-147

⁶⁸ Compare the more positive effect of a Mevlut for the war dead on Karaosmanoğlu himself in April 1921 as recounted in Lewis B 401.

⁶⁹ Karaosmanoğlu 1934, 119-20.

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This part of the novel represents an ideal future. In the ideal Ankara of this part intellectuals like Neşet Sabit and Selma Hanım mingle in harmony with the working classes and the peasants, and for the first time seem to speak the same language.

At the opening of the Büyük Devlet Tiyatrosu *Kaltabanlar* (The Scoundrels) by Neşet Sabit is staged and the people who watch it are fully engaged with it. The Gazi himself summons Neşet Sabit to congratulate him⁷⁰. After the theatre the entertainment continues with dances from the Black Sea region⁷¹. The workers of Turkey are not like the proletarians of the other European countries. The Turkish working classes are in the service of their country for the benefit of all⁷². The villagers can now afford to buy good quality clothes produced by state factories⁷³, the arid Anatolian land is cultivated, roads are built and connect Ankara to smaller villages by bus which run three or four times a day. The Anatolian countryside resembles the countryside in Provence⁷⁴. Fresh local products reach the Ankara market every day. The villagers can afford to buy their sugar and clothes.

Selma Hanım, Neşet Sabit and their like found great pleasure in being among the ordinary people and spent their free time in places of communal entertainment.

When the weather was good they would take pleasant strolls in the country or watch sports competitions at the Stadium. When the weather was bad they would go to well

⁷⁰Karaosmanoğlu 1934,173

⁷¹ Karaosmanoğlu 1934, 178-179

⁷² Karaosmanoğlu 1934, 159

⁷³ Karaosmanoğlu 1934, 162

⁷⁴ Karaosmanoğlu, 1934, 199

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known art institutions in the city, to symphonic concerts, to exhibitions and to the *Halkevi* (People's House) which were gradually perfecting their performances⁷⁵.

As for the music played in Ankara only symphonic pieces along with local dances and folk tunes harmonised by great Turkish artists were heard. Although neither the opera house nor the Great State Theatre had opened yet, the People's House could satisfy the local people's gradually increasing need for spectacle. The majority of the works staged there was compositions and literary pieces. Sometimes they played parts from well known operas thus satisfying the lyric and dramatic needs of the people⁷⁶.

Ankara had changed too: the old temporary wooden stadium which was erected for the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Republic in the middle of the barren and steep part of the desert was replaced four years later by the robust structure of a new stadium built with local black Ankara stone and concrete standing in the middle of an open green area this time⁷⁷.

A main avenue was opened according to the plans of Jansen in the middle of Ankara. Although this avenue was not as busy yet as the European metropolitan avenues, the side streets which came down to it had nothing of the previous solitude. The people who were crowded in the old winding streets had now been resettled in orderly neighbourhoods. The local guilds, the merchants and the artisans who had previously occupied dark old buildings in the Kale went to the new and central neighbourhoods

⁷⁵ Karaosmanoğlu, 1934, 152

⁷⁶ Karaosmanoğlu 1934, 154

⁷⁷ Karaosmanoğlu 1934, 148

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and established their shops in various modern buildings. Among them were the Sungurlu Zade Brothers: The three sons, having studied abroad, took over a shop in the central market and opened their offices above it⁷⁸.

The years go with great prosperity for all and the narration takes us to the twentieth anniversary of the Republic. Crowds of people of all ages and classes go past Çankaya to pay their respects to the Leader and İsmet İnönü. Everybody is happy. Neşet Sabit and Selma Hanım return home tired but happy to continue their life together in the service of the state⁷⁹.

In this fantasy it is made obvious that almost everything that would make it possible had not happened when the novel was written. This is not only true of buildings which go up on the fourteenth anniversary of the Republic or avenues and roads which did not exist but also of changes to institutions which did exist in 1934 but where essential changes are said to have happened subsequently. The narrator tells us that the Society for the Study of Turkish History (which existed at the time of the publication of the novel⁸⁰) had not managed to exert any influence beyond the Ministry of Education until 1935. As for the Türk Dili Tetkik Cemiyeti ⁸¹ it too had to wait till 1935 to stop being merely a debating chamber for its members. He goes further on to criticise the İktisat ve Tasarruf Cemiyeti as being a mere propaganda institution⁸².

⁷⁸ Karaosmanoğlu 1934, 153

⁷⁹ Karaosmanoğlu 1934, 206-207

⁸⁰ Lewis G. , 45: Türk Tarihi Tetkik Cemiyeti founded in 15 April 1931

⁸¹ Lewis G. , 45: Türk Dili Tetkik Cemiyeti was founded in 12 July 1932

⁸² The Economic and Savings Association was founded in 18 December 1929

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Difficult as it is for us to take this utopian fantasy seriously (it too much resembles de Brunhoff's ideal city of the elephants in *Babar*), it seems, as will appear, that Yakup Kadri did, at least up to a point. By and large the critics understand the satire in the first two parts but are puzzled by the intention of the third. In her article entitled 'Questions of Westernisation in the novel *Ankara*'⁸³ İnci Enginün, as Evren Karataş was to do, gave a detailed description of the novel by associating the three parts of the novel to the three historical periods.

Enginün notes that in *Ankara* as well as in his other novels Yakup Kadri, who was brought up with Western values, is aware of the values of his own environment as well and appears to be an artist who cannot accept the wearing down of the latter values by the West. Enginün notes that the national struggle which the Turks went through in order to have a new life and the life which they found in the end, creates a new soul in Yakup Kadri. Although Yakup Kadri is a writer who has exhibited a certain attitude towards the west in all his novels, Enginün remarks that she has chosen *Ankara* because of its third part: the first period represents the National Struggle, the second is the period of efforts to adapt society to the values of the West; and the third period is the future in which the author hopes that it will materialise. Enginün notes that years later Yakup Kadri himself admits that⁸⁴:

Ya, son bölümde hayalımı kurduğum Türkiye'nin gerçekleşmesine doğru bir gelişme olmuş mudur? Ben, o zamanlar, bir gün gelip öleceğini aklımdan bile geçirmedim Atatürk'ün öncülüğü ve rehberliği ile bu ideal Türkiye'ye yirmi yıl içinde varacağımız umuyordum. Şimdi o yirmi yıl üstünden bir yirmi yıl daha geçmiş bulunuyor. Fakat biz sosyal, kültürel ve ekonomik devrim şartları bakımından, hâlâ romanın ikinci

⁸³ Enginün 1992, 247-259

⁸⁴ Enginün 1992, 247-8 quoting Yakup Kadri's introduction to the 1964 edition of *Ankara*

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bölümünde verdiğim ve karikatürünü yaptığım Ankara'nın içinde tepinip durmaktayız.

Well, has the Turkey I had dreamt in the last part of the novel come true? In those times when I couldn't even think that one day will come when Atatürk dies I was hoping that with Atatürk's leadership and guidance we would be able to reach this ideal Turkey. But from the revolution's social, cultural and economic points of view we are still standing in the novel's second part and inside the caricature of Ankara I made.

At the end of her article Enginün admits that the last part of *Ankara* does not have the liveliness of the other two. It deals with the question of Westernisation which is ever present in post Tanzimat Turkish literature, as experienced by the heroine Selma Hanım.

In the third part , according to Enginün, Yakup Kadri sees the union of the national revolution with true western methods and at last the western elements do not appear as strange and loathsome. Westernisation has found its natural expression in the life of Turkey, a Turkey which has overcome the awkwardness resulting from the previous years' lack of experience. It now dwells naturally in the life of Turkey and does not look artificial. It became part of the *Türkçülük*, it reached a synthesis inside a delightful national unity and does not appear as a foreign element. Yakup Kadri's desire found its expression in Neşet Sabit's personality⁸⁵.

Evren Karataş thinks that Yakup Kadri presents the years of the National Struggle and the developments which followed with realistic observations through the eyes of Neşet Sabit. As do others, he observes that the first part is about the years of the War

⁸⁵ Enginün 1992, 259

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of Independence. The second part is the development during the first years and the criticism of Yakup Kadri against the bureaucrats and the intellectuals and the third part is a hopeful environment. And despite the shutting down of *Kadro* Karataş suggests that Yakup Kadri's hopeful aspiration for the future in the final part of the novel springs from the author's trust in the new Republic⁸⁶.

Another critic, Mümtaz Sarıççek, reads *Ankara* as a novel of an ideal situation and of an utopia and claims that Yakup Kadri's optimistic view in the third part of the novel is followed by his pessimistic view in his later voluminous novel *Panorama*⁸⁷. He follows Türkeş who writes that in the first two parts of *Ankara* Yakup Kadri shows the emergence of reactionary and profiteering segments of society in conflict with the new state of things. These harmful elements are the cause of the degeneration of the revolution but once Yakup Kadri makes the diagnosis of the problem which causes the progress of Democracy to slow down he sees "the train moving again" towards the values and the goals of the revolution in the future, that is in the third part of *Ankara*. But in the introduction to the third edition of the novel Yakup Kadri admits that all that he had envisaged at the time had not been realised. In literature this confession was expressed in the subsequent novel *Panorama*⁸⁸.

It is worth noting that a more sensitive reader, Ahmet Hamdi Tanpınar, had praise specifically for the opening of *Ankara* but passed over the rest in silence⁸⁹:

⁸⁶ Karataş, 287-88

⁸⁷ Sarıççek, 193-4

⁸⁸ Türkeş 2002a, 434

⁸⁹ Tanpınar, 14-15. It is noteworthy that 'Ankara' is the shortest of the five chapters in the book filling only 14 pages.

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1928 sonbaharında Ankara'ya ilk geldiğim günlerde Ankara Kalesi benim için âdeta bir fikr-i sabit olmuştu. Günün birçok saatlerinde dar sokaklarında başıboş dolaşır, eski Anadolu evlerini seyrederdim. Bu evlerde yaşadığımdan çok başka bir hayat tahayyül ederdim. Onun için dir ki Yakup Kadri'nin Ankara'sının çok sevdiğim ve doğruluğuna hayran olduğum baş taraflarını okurken içim burkulmuştu. Hâlâ bile keskin realizmin ötesinde, bütün imkânsızlığını bilmeme ragmen bir anlaşma noktası bulunabileceğine inanırım.

In the first days of the spring 1928 when I came to Ankara, the Citadel of Ankara had become something like an idée fixe for me. All alone I was wandering for hours in the narrow streets watching the old Anatolian houses. I could imagine a much different life in these houses from the one I had lived. It is for this reason that having read the first pages of Yakup Kadri's Ankara, pages which I liked very much and whose authenticity filled me with admiration, I was deeply affected. Because I believe that despite all the impossibilities a point of understanding can be found beyond this sharp realism.

It will have been observed that the critics who have confronted it, take the third part of *Ankara* absolutely seriously even when they are able to recognise the satire of the first two parts. Absurdity, however, is not absent from the third part. The following passage, it seems to me at least, could not possibly be taken seriously. It is an account of the Black Sea night which is a part of the twentieth anniversary celebrations of the Republic⁹⁰:

Pınarbaşı'nda, her haftanın programı, bir vilayetin adını taşınır. Urfa gecesi, Aydın gecesi, Erzincan gecesi v.s. gibi. Bu sefer de tesadüfen Rize gecesiydi. Muzika, Karadeniz havalarını çalıyor; şair, Karadeniz Folklor'undan parçalar okuyor; meddah, Karadeniz şivesiyle monologlar söylüyor ve herkesi gülmeden katıltıyordu. Ne vakit ki, sıra orkestra başının original bir tarzda bestelediği:

Hamsi de koydum ta, ta, tavaya
Başladı hop hop sıçranmaya
.....ha ha havay

⁹⁰ Karaosmanoğlu 1934, 178-9

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türküsiüne geldi ve elebaşı, bunun hep bir ağızdan çağırılmasını istedi, umumî neşe çocukça bir setaret derecesine çıktı. Orkestrabaşı, bu yeknesak nakaratı o kadar armonize etmişti ve öyle ilaveler yapmıştı ki, türkü, âdeta Marseillaise gibi insanı alıp sürükleyen bir marş veya herhangi bir himn halini almıştı. Hele, nakaratın son iki kelimesi olan:

.....**ta, ta, tavaya,**

.....**ha, ha, havaya**

gelinince türküyü söyleyenlerin sesi, muzikanın sesini boğacak kadar yükseliyor ve Pınarbaşı'nın tavanı bir bayram davulu gibi gümbürdemeğe başlıyordu.

Each week's programme in Pınarbaşı bears the name of a province, like an Urfa night, an Aydın night, an Erzincan night etc. Coincidentally this time it was a Rize night. The musicians play tunes from the Black Sea; the poet reads parts from Black Sea Folk poetry; the story teller tells stories in the Black Sea dialect and makes everyone burst into laughter. When the moment comes for a folk song where the conductor has adapted the original:

I put the anchovy in the di, di, dish

It started hop hopping

.....in the, in the, in the air

and the compere asks everyone to sing along with one voice, a general children's merriness reaches a new level.

The conductor harmonised this monotonous refrain so beautifully and made such additions that the folk song took the form of a march like The Marseillaise or any other hymn which carries away the people.

Especially when it comes to the last two words of the refrain being:

..... in the di, di, dish,

.....in the ai, in the ai, in the air

the voice of those singing the folk song rises and overpowers the sound of the orchestra and the ceiling of Pınarbaşı starts to rumble like a davul (a special big drum).

Obviously absurd scenes like this together with a social and cultural life which is not very different from the spirit of a Soviet May Day Parade may suggest that Yakup Kadri had at least some ambivalence about this vision of the future. His words of 1964 have to be given their due weight but their main point was the persistence in his view of the false and superficial westernisation ridiculed in the second part. He

obviously wanted to supersede this state and was disappointed that it had not been superseded. The most plausible explanation of both the absurdly perfect and the absurdly ridiculous elements of the third part seems to be that with an artist's intuition Yakup Kadri could draw a *reductio ad absurdum* of where a Kemalist model of modernisation could lead. A Black Sea song about anchovies sounding like The Marseillaise says it all.

Yaban in the light of Kadro and Ankara

At an early point in *Yaban* Ahmet Celal exclaims⁹¹:

Talim, terbiye, iyi örnek, bunların hepsi geçici şeylerdir. Ve çevre değiştirmedikçe, insanın değişmesine imkan yoktur. Bu küçük mulahazadan, Türkiye'deki yenilik ve garpçılık hareketlerin, neden başarısızlığa uğradığı sorununa kadar çıkabiliriz.

Instruction, education, good manners are transitory things and it is not possible for the individual to be transformed for the better while the environment remains unchanged. From this anodyne remark we can address the issue of understanding why all the movements for reform and westernisation in Turkey have ended in failure.

Although Ahmet Celal here sounds like a Kadroist before his time, his own case is meant to exemplify the failure of the old intelligentsia and his physical incapacity could be interpreted as an objective correlative of this failure. Educated, deeply familiar with Western and Turkish literature and very concerned at a certain level for the villagers he can do nothing for them and to him they appear expressionless, like a

⁹¹ Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 26

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bundle of hamam towels and less understandable than birds and cats⁹². This together with the “delusional” features of the narration to which I have referred suggests to me that the picture of village life is not meant to be objective, as most critics have understood it, but a refraction in the mind of Ahmet Celal which is symptomatic of the failure of the old style Istanbul intellectual to engage with it and to understand it. This is exactly the complaint that Yakup Kadri made of himself.

The contrast with Neşet Sabit in *Ankara* is striking. Whereas Ahmet Celal is the son of a Pasha, the origins of Neşet Sabit are unstated; whereas Ahmet Celal is obviously a man of property, Neşet Sabit has to work for a living; while Ahmet Celal is lost in despair and cannot communicate with the people, Neşet Sabit has a consistently positive outlook and succeeds eventually in writing in the language of the people and gains their approval. He is very obviously the correct sort of intellectual as specified by *Kadro*. His view of the common people is expressed early on⁹³:

-Bir Anadolu köylüsünün yüzüne hiç dikkatle baktığınız oldu mu? Bir Anadolu köylüsü diyorum; kadın olsun, erkek olsun, çocuk olsun, hepsinde öyle bir ifade görürsünüz ki bütün saffetine, sadeliğine, hatta basitliğine, iptidailiğine rağmen, vekarı, olgunluğu, derin ve ıstıraplı çizgileriyle sizi korkutur.

Buraya gelirken, yolda, dağ başında bir oduncu çocuğa rasgeldim. On yaşında var mıydı, yok muydu bilmem. Fakat, gözlerinin içine baktığım zaman öyle bir ufaldım, öyle ufaldım ki başımı iğmeğe mecbur oldum. Çocuk o kadar büyük hayat tecrübesiyle yüklü ve o kadar içten gelen bir irfan ile kavruktu ki, bunun karşısında bütün bildiğim ve öğrendiğim şeylerin hiçliğini anladım.

Genç adam sustu. Mahzun mahzun düşündü ve ilâve etti:

-Ve kendi hiçliğimi, kendi tatsızlığımı...Adam, siz de, ne olursak olalım; biz bu memleketin içinde birer tufeysi olmaktan kurtulamıyoruz. Bu memleketin asıl sahibi, dağ başında gördüğüm o oduncu çocuktur ve

⁹² Karaosmanoğlu 2006, 35, 55

⁹³ Karaosmanoğlu 1934, 67

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yanlız o, bu taşlar, bu topraklarla konuşmasını biliyor; bu taşların sırrı, yalnız ona açılıyor. Korkuyorum, bu manzaranın dili gibi köyünün ruhu da bana hiç açılmıyacak diye...Bu enişemde yeryüzünün gizli noktalarını bulmağa giden kaşifi andırıyorum.

Have you ever had to look carefully at the face of an Anatolian villager? I mean an Anatolian villager; whether a woman, man or child, you find an expression in all of them which, despite its purity and its simplicity, even its plainness and primitiveness, frightens you with its dignity, maturity and deep pained lines.

On the way here at the top of the hill I chanced on a child who was a woodcutter. He may have been ten years old. Yet, when I looked into his eyes I was humbled and had to bow my head. The child was carrying so great an experience of life and was scorched with so much true knowledge that before him I understood the insignificance of all the things I have known and learnt.

The young man was silent. In sadness he thought and added. My own insignificance, my own dullness...Well, whatever. In this country each of us cannot escape being a parasite. The real master of this country is the child with the wood I saw on the top of the hill and only he knows how to converse with these stones and this earth. The secret of these stones and this land is only revealed to him. I fear that just as the secret of this land will not be revealed to me neither will the soul of the villager. In this fear I resemble the explorer who goes to find the hidden places of the earth.

The child woodcutter has his analogy in *Yaban* with Hasan, the child shepherd.

Ahmet Celal could not understand Hasan any more than any of the other villagers.

Neşet Sabit understands that the child carrying the wood is the real master of the country, knowing the secret of its stones and its land. He recognises that the child

has so much true knowledge that his own pales into insignificance. Yet, even to

Neşet Sabit the secret of this land and of the soul of the villager will not be revealed.

This may explain why in the author's view the present attempt at reform and

westernisation will succeed no better than earlier ones and why he can satirise even utopia.

CHAPTER 9 – THE GREEK CASE: VENEZIS

Elias Venezis

Elias Venezis (the pen name of Elias Mellos) was born in Ayvali in 1904¹, the fourth of seven children. At that time Ayvali (Ayvalık of modern Turkey²) had an almost exclusively Greek population with only few Turks in administrative posts.³ Both Ayvali and the neighbouring Moschonisia, modern Cunda or Alibey, were unfortunately among the areas whose population was among the greatest victims of the war and the uprooting which followed. Conditions had been disturbed since before the First World War and pressure on the Christian populations had led to a large proportion of them taking refuge in the offshore islands which were already under Greek control. The whole of Venezis's family except for his father and his sister, Agapi, moved to Mytilini in 1914 where Venezis studied in the High School. Although he was born into a comfortable middle class family, the hardships, which followed the exile of the family, obliged him to work in a bakery while still at school. In 1919 the family was reunited in Ayvali where Venezis completed his secondary education. As soon as he finished school he was appointed assistant

¹ Karvelis, ii, 33-34. Venezis is not an invented name as the author's paternal grand father was called Dimitris Venezis, a native of Cephalonia who had established himself in Ayvali after 1821. Mellos was a nickname given to the author's father. Venezis's mother was from a landowning family originally from Mytilini. There are doubts about the date of birth of Elias Venezis. He was probably born in 1898 but when he arrived in Greece he had no papers with him like most of the refugees.

² Ayvalık was known as Ayvali in colloquial Greek but was 'translated' into Kydoniai officially (kydoni being the Greek for a quince). It had been established as an exclusively Christian settlement in the late eighteenth century and was widely known for its cultural institutions and more specifically the Academy of Kydoniai. Extensive bibliography on the history of Ayvali in Tenekidis, 93

³ Tenekidis, 93

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secretary⁴ in the local Bishopric. It was in this period that he started his literary endeavours. His first published work appeared in 1920 in the periodicals *Νέα Ζωή* (New Life) of İzmir and *Λόγος* (Word) of Istanbul with the pen name Lelos Venezis⁵. Like many publications of the Greeks in Istanbul and İzmir of the pre-war period, these works seem not to have left any impact on the mainstream of Greek literature⁶. With the Turkish victory in September 1922 most of the family fled again but Elias and his future brother in law failed to do so. Both of them were seized by the Turkish authorities and sent to the labour battalions⁷. Venezis was in captivity for fourteen months; he was one of twenty three survivors out of three thousand men taken from Ayvali⁸. On release at the end of 1923 he was reunited with his family in Mytilini and there met Stratis Myrivilis (pen name of Efstratios Stamatopoulos, b. Mytilini 1892 – d. Athens 1969) and the literary circle of Mytilini known as Λεσβιακή Ανοιξη (Lesbian Spring). It was Myrivilis who encouraged him to write about his captivity in the Turkish labour battalions for the weekly newspaper, *Kampana* (Bell) which he edited. Serialisation started on 5th February 1924 after the concluding instalment of Myrivilis's novel *Η ζωή εν τάφω* (Life in the Tomb)⁹. With the publication of a book of short stories in 1928 and of *Number 31328* in book form in 1931, Venezis gained a reputation as an established novelist. In 1932 he moved to Athens and started working for the Bank of Greece while continuing to write (at that time it was far from universal practice for writers to be professional literateurs; for example the other major novelist of Asia Minor, Kosmas Politis, also worked for a

⁴ Tenekidis, 97

⁵ Karbales, ii 338. Also Valetas, 1974, 106-107

⁶ Mackridge 2004, 236

⁷ Neyzi 2010, 298, footnote 30 establishment of the labor battalions by the National Assembly in 1920.

⁸ Karvelis, ii. 336, footnote 4, for a detailed bibliography on Venezis's capture.

⁹ Valetas 1974, 112-114

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succession of banks under his real name, Paraskevas Tavoudelis, and the great poet, George Seferis, was a diplomat who in that capacity used his real surname, Seferiadis). In 1939, almost a year before the involvement of Greece in the Second World War, he wrote *Γαλήνη* (Serenity) which, in dealing with the settlement of the refugees in Greece, is a sort of sequel to *Number 31328*. In 1943 he faced death again after arrest by the German occupation authorities and narrowly escaped execution only as a result of an energetic campaign by the intellectual elite of Athens and Archbishop Damaskinos. At the end of that year he published *Αιολική Γή* (Aeolian Earth) whose background is peacetime Anatolia and which was the first instance of the “lost paradise” genre. The limited wartime edition sold out in a fortnight but on republication after the war became his best known work and was translated into fifteen languages. The Second World War and the German occupation gave a fresh impetus to his work. His imprisonment by the Nazis was the inspiration for the play *Block C* of 1946. He produced, as will be discussed in greater detail below, a reworking of *Number 31328* and an experimental novel, *Ἐξοδος* (Exodus) which tried to capture the surreally random violence of the occupation. He continued to be an active writer, branching out into travel writing, biography and even a history of the Bank of Greece, until his death from cancer in 1973¹⁰. He is among the most important representatives of the innovative literary movement known as “the generation of the thirties”¹¹.

The Early Greek Literature of the Asia Minor Disaster

¹⁰ Valetas 1974: 95-125. A detailed review of his life in conjunction with his work

¹¹ Beaton 1994: 131

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By the term “Literature of the Asia Minor Disaster” a Greek reader understands something quite specific, which refers to a limited sub-set of all writing having some connexion with the relevant events. It is a work in prose; it is fictional or at least ‘artistic’ rather than a simple memoir but it can, and generally does, purport to narrate a lived experience. Its early exponents were themselves direct victims of the war rather than just participants and observers, as in the Turkish case. The names which have endured apart from that of Venezis are those of Stratis Myrivilis and Stratis Doukas (b. Ayvali 1895 –d. Athens 1983)¹². Myrivilis and Doukas had themselves fought in the Asia Minor campaign, while the younger Venezis, as already noted, had barely survived captivity in the Turkish labour battalions after the Greek defeat. They also differ from their Turkish counterparts in having no metropolitan recognition as writers before the war; this they gained chiefly through their war literature after the end of the 1920s. Although Myrivilis was first published in Mytilini in 1913 and the teenage Venezis had before 1922 some of his early work printed in periodicals published in Constantinople and Smyrna¹³, as already noted, neither had the recognition of writers like Halide Edip or Yakup Kadri.

During the war the Greeks, just as the Turks, had tried their hand at atrocity propaganda. For example, the journalist K. Faltaitis reported for the newspaper *Εμπρός* (Forward) on the suffering of the non-Turks in Asia Minor, and his reports were published in a book form in 1921 under the title: *Αυτοί είναι οι Τούρκοι*.

¹² Beaton 1999, 131-140 supplies a succinct introduction to their work.

¹³ Valetas 1974, 106-107, also Mackridge 2004, 236

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Αφηγήματα των Σφαγών της Νικομήδειας. (These are the Turks. The narrative of the Massacres of Nicomedia). But unlike the Turkish case there was no continuity between this kind of publication and the subsequent literature of the Asia Minor Disaster.

Doukas, Myrivilis and Venezis each achieved literary celebrity through a single work, respectively *Η Ιστορία Ενός Αιχμαλώτου* (A Prisoner's Story) (1928), *Η Ζωή εν Τάφω* (Life in the Tomb) (1930) and *Το Νούμερο 31328* (Number 31328) (1931). Retouched by the authors' hand in successive editions they have remained in print ever since. The earlier serialised versions of *Life in the Tomb* and *Number 31328* had been edited by Myrivilis himself in 1923/4 and 1924 respectively. While Myrivilis and Venezis enhanced their celebrity by a substantial subsequent output, Doukas in the eyes of the public at least remained known only for his first book.

Doukas's book presents itself as the record of what the author heard from a Greek who had escaped from Turkey after the end of the war pretending to be a Turk. Venezis's is an account of his own experience in the Turkish labour battalions in 1922/3. Myrivilis's is more overtly fictional but with the narrative form of a diary purportedly left by a sergeant killed in 1918. The historical background to the novel is not that of the Greco-Turkish war of 1919-22; but the historical background counts for little in the novel and its exploration of life confined in pointless death could use any war as background. Myrivilis turned to the aftermath of the Greco-Turkish war in his next novel *Η Δασκάλα με τα Χρυσά Μάτια* (The Schoolmistress with the Golden Eyes, 1933). The protagonist is a returning soldier from the war and the persistent theme is the psychological scars the war had left on him.

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A remarkable fact is that, while these first or early works of writers who had no prior fame have become canonical, they are not the earliest examples of their genre. A claim to priority could be made by an anonymous work published in 1923, reprinted in 1924 and then almost completely forgotten¹⁴ until a reprint in 2006: *Από την Αιχμαλωσία. Κατά το Ημερολόγιο του Αιχμαλώτου Αεροπόρου Β. Κ.* (From Captivity: According to the Diary of the Captured Airman V. K.). The work, as its title suggests, purports to be based on the diary of a Greek airman captured by the Turks. G. Zevelakis in his introduction to the 2006 reprint convincingly argues that the author was Markos Avgeris (pen-name of Georgios Papadopoulos b. 1884- d. 1973), who was already a recognized literary figure. Why the book was forgotten for so long is not yet very clear. Zevelakis suggests that Avgeris, who later turned much more decisively to Marxism, disowned it and gives the narrator's criticism of Bolshevik backing for Kemal as the reason; to this one could add the narrator's overt Venizelism, his more general commitment to Greece's Christian *mission civilisatrice* in Asia Minor, and contempt for the Turks. The narrator also for the most part observes rather than undergoes suffering (as a prisoner of war he has relatively favourable treatment and in the period before the Greek defeat it could be characterised as chivalrous) which is only one theme in the book; he strongly emphasises political dissension on the Greek side and attributes the defeat to the

¹⁴ With the exception of its discussion in Doulis 1977, 49-54.

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royalist leadership. In these respects the book is very different from those that were later to become popular.

Number 31328

Number 31328 in the version read today appeared in Athens in 1952.¹⁵ . .¹⁶ . . This revised an edition which had appeared in 1945.¹⁷ . The 1945 edition in turn was preceded in 1931 by an edition which gives Mytilene as the place of publication but Athens as the place of printing.¹⁸ . There are occasional differences of detail among these editions and I will draw attention to some of them; but the overall narrative is substantially the same. It differs markedly, however, from an original version under the title *No 31328* (printed in Turkish numerals to represent the prisoner tag that Venezis was actually given) which, as we have seen, was serialised in 1924 in the Myrivilis's Mytilini newspaper *Καμπάνα* (Bell). The 1924 version is not completely accessible; it has, at least where direct comparison is possible, about a quarter the length of the later book¹⁹.

The 1952 version adds a distinct new tinge by introducing chapter headings from the Psalms taken from the text of the Septuagint, as read in church, which are obviously chosen to encapsulate the ensuing narrative²⁰. For example the heading of the first

¹⁵ Venezis 2008.

¹⁶ Venezis 2008.

¹⁷ Venezis 1945.

¹⁸ Venezis 1931.

¹⁹ For the reader's ease of reference I will normally cite *Number 31328* in a recent edition (Venezis 2008) the text of which reproduces the 1952 edition. Unqualified references to the 'book' will be to any of the 1931, 1945 and 1952 editions of which the relevant passage can be taken as identical, unless expressly indicated. In 2017 the publisher reset the text of the 2008 edition to conform to the current 'monotonic' orthography; I have not checked whether the only change is the one advertised, ie. the discarding of breathings and two of the accents.

²⁰ Interestingly Avgeris 2006, 182 at the Greek defeat quotes from *Lamentations* in the Septuagint original.

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chapter in which the narrator's sorrows begin is from Psalm 18: 'The sorrows of death compassed me. The sorrows of hell compassed me about', the heading of Chapter 11 in which he is saved by a kindly Turkish doctor is from Psalm 9: 'the Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble' while the heading of the last chapter in which he leaves captivity is from Psalm 78: 'He had commanded the clouds from above and opened the doors of heaven'²¹. These quotations from the Psalms characterise the sufferings of the narrator as sufferings of God's faithful servant whose hopes are reposed only in Him. This chord of traditional piety is somewhat dissonant, however, with the sharpness and sarcasm of a text which but for the occasional touches was left unchanged. For an example of style changes in 1952 Venezis reverted to the exact words of the 1931 ending by omitting the penultimate sentence of the 1945 edition: "Που δεν μπορεί, θα γίνει φλόγα..." (It's impossible- it will become a flame...). For an example of content changes, as noted by Kastrinaki, the reference in chapter 7 to Greek reprisals is further blunted in 1952 having been substantially blunted in 1945²². Why or even if Venezis was content with this remains a matter for further research. His gradual move from strong if for professional reasons disguised²³ radical sympathies to more establishment positions which has been noted and in some cases deplored by critics²⁴ does not alone explain the artistic choice made.

²¹ The English is the King James version whose sense is not exactly the Septuagint's.

²² Kastrinaki, 165-174

²³ An unpublished letter to Myrivilis in the Myrivilis archive supports him against accusations of 'fascism' by the communist newspaper *Rizospastis* but explains that his position at the Bank of Greece prevents him from writing openly to the newspaper.

²⁴ For example Kastrinaki, 167

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The author's preface to the 1945 edition says that he worked over the text three times in 1944 after finishing his novel *Αολική Γη* (Aeolian Earth) in response to horrors of the present²⁵. There are in fact few changes between the 1931 and 1945 editions, even fewer of which are significant.

In the narrative form of the book *Number 31328* the story is told in the first person by the eighteen year old Elias who was taken captive and sent to the labour battalions after the end of the Greek-Turkish war in September 1922. His captivity lasts for fourteen months. Elias survives, with the dice loaded heavily against him on repeated occasions, and is eventually shipped off from his homeland in Turkey to a very doubtful redemption in the metropolitan motherland, Greece. The title comes from the prisoner number that is assigned to him at a late stage of the ordeal. The narrative makes clear that once you got a number your chances of survival substantially improved since knowledge of your existence was now shared with Greece and agencies of the League of Nations. "Joy, joy!" exclaims the narrator when he is finally handed a tin tag with his number²⁶. The title emphasised the irrelevance and dispensability of a man whose chances of survival materially improved once he became a cipher.

The book consists of a straight-forward narration of a succession of episodes in the author's ordeal, vividly described in a consciously spare, brutal and sarcastic language which was, in 1931, something of an innovation in Greek prose. It is

²⁵ Venezis, 2008, 21-23

²⁶ Venezis 2008, 210

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nonetheless carefully shaped as a work of art. A prominent example of this artfulness is the framing image that begins and closes the work. It begins on the morrow of the Greek defeat with the now famous words of sarcasm, “1922. Η Ανατολή γλυκύτατη πάντα, γιά σονέτο – κάτι τέτοιο” (1922. Anatoli (meaning ambiguously either ‘the East clearly referring to Anatolia as well’ or ‘dawn) most sweet always, for a sonnet - something like that).²⁷ . It ends with Elias on the ship taking him from captivity just after he has had to tell his friend that the friend’s family is dead. “Soon the sun will rise”, says the friend indifferently having been asked if he feels cold. He does not use the word ‘anatoli’ or its cognates to refer to the rising sun. Elias sees an “indeterminate line in the sky that will become a flame” (Κοιτάζω βαθιά αυτή την απροσδιόριστη γραμμή που πάει να γίνει φλόγα)²⁸, the word ‘flame’ chosen to recall their ordeal and the destruction of the life they left behind.

There are a number of consistent themes that traverse the narrative. The most striking is the brutalisation by captivity of the captives themselves. Elias feels ‘cruel joy’ when someone else is picked for death²⁹; the prisoners feel relief when their barefoot march is paused to allow the guards to rape some girls³⁰; put to removing a pile of human bones from view before the arrival of a League of Nations inspector they turn it into play.³¹ . Another is the ‘universalist’ stance of the author. The dedication of

²⁷ Venezis 2008, 25. The sarcasm is toned down in the 1945 edition. The 1931 edition characterised the book on its title page as a *Ρομάντσο* (Romance); this is omitted in 1945. Also, while both 1931 and 1945 editions share the second sentence: *Όλα ήταν ήμερα και αβρά εκείνο το φθινόπωρο* (Everything was calm and dainty that autumn), the 1931 edition went on with a third sentence, cut out in the subsequent 1945 edition: *Πολύ αβρά – βαρώνη, βαρωνίσκη Στάφ* (Very dainty -baroness, little baroness Staff).

²⁸ Venezis, 2008, 319.

²⁹ Venezis 2008, 53.

³⁰ Venezis 2008, 114.

³¹ Venezis 2008, 281.

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the 1945 edition is to “my tortured mother and to all the tortured mothers of the World”.³² . Elias receives the occasional kindness from a Turk,³³ , but the Greek prisoners who have managed to obtain favourable treatment from the Turks and to act as the ruling class in the camps are totally disgusting,³⁴ , Turkish resistance to the Greek occupation is quite understandable and referred to in terms of admiration,³⁵ , evils perpetrated by the Greeks are not entirely ignored .³⁶ . The most disagreeable and uncharitable set of prisoners is a collection of Greek priests³⁷ .

Consistently with an overtly non-nationalistic outlook, the word “Ελλάδα” (Greece) is not used in the book, and “πατρίδα” (fatherland) while occasionally used for a particular locality or *memleket* by the Christians, is only used to refer to Greece by a sarcastic Turk.” Ο Έλληνας” (The Greek) or “Οι Έλληνες” (the Greeks) are referred to as interlopers.³⁸ . As the prisoners are “skimmed” (ζάφρισμα)³⁹ for instant death at the beginning of the book, the Turks pick on a man who tries to escape death by claiming he is an Italian citizen; but Elias remembers that when the Greeks came (in the third person, as if they were strangers) the same man, a hotelier, welcomed them and “not finding a flag to wave used a bed-sheet smelling of doubtful things and shouted: ‘Long Live Liberty!’”⁴⁰ .

³² Venezis 2008, dedication page.

³³ Venezis 2008, 172-174.

³⁴ Venezis 2008, 256-258.

³⁵ Venezis 2008, 108.

³⁶ Venezis 2008, 186.

³⁷ Venezis 2008, 112.

³⁸ Venezis 2008, 48.

³⁹ Venezis 2008, 46.

⁴⁰ Venezis 2008, 44.

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The earlier serialized 1924 version is very different from the versions of 1931 and 1945. It is astonishing that the opening of the book, which made it famous, is completely missing. The serialized version has a much rougher demotic in keeping with the standards of the newspaper and in narrative style is much more introspective and reflective and for the most part avoids the sarcastic flippancy which colours the book. By contrast the book cuts out most of the narrator's own thoughts and carries the story along with dialogue and sentences describing action. These stylistic changes apart, it is possible also to see major changes to the narrative. In the remainder of this section I will present three illustrative examples and then discuss their overall effect.

The first example is the episode at the beginning of chapter 7 of the book. The captives have arrived in Bergama to the horror of one of them, a watchmaker, because he fears vengeance for reprisals carried out by the Greeks and in which he had a part. After they are thrown into a tobacco warehouse, a Turkish officer comes in, greets the watchmaker by name and offers him tobacco and brings food. The officer is described in admiring terms as “one of the palicars who did not bow their heads under Greek occupation, took to the mountains and spent pride as if it had no use”.⁴¹ . It then turns out that they had lived together before the war, that their wives had been like sisters and the Turk's wife had been killed during the war (it is not clear exactly by whom or how deliberately). The watchmaker begs for mercy but to

⁴¹ Venezis 2008, 108.

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no avail. The officer leaves, and later in the night the watchmaker is led away without being allowed to see his family again.

The watchmaker, his wife and child joined the captives at the end of chapter 2. Of the wife, the narrator remarks “Την ήξερα. Έπαιζε και πιάνο” (I knew her. She also played the piano),⁴², a sarcastic touch that emphasises the reversal of their fortunes. Things get much worse in chapter 4 in which the wife is the victim of violent multiple rape before the eyes of her child in a gutted church⁴³.

The only element which this narrative has in common with the 1924 version is the rape scene in the church. But in the 1924 version this is not just mindless violence but part of a threat to induce the watchmaker to reveal the whereabouts of buried treasure. When he reappears at the end of the night he tells his companions that he was taken to a Commandant (*Διοικητής*) who forced him to dig for it at random. When the search proves fruitless he is returned to other captives and thinks that the threats against him may become real. After an interval the other captives including the narrator are led to the next stage of their journey, but the watchmaker, his wife and child are kept behind, and the narrator learns no more of them.⁴⁴

For any consideration of *Number 31328* as the testimony of a lived experience this episode is one of the most puzzling: other narrative divergences between the 1924 version and the book can be explained away as omissions or differences of emphasis,

⁴² Venezis 2008, 68.

⁴³ Venezis 2008, 79-81.

⁴⁴ *Kampana* 2(55), 1 April 1924

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but here we have two stories associated with an identified individual which are materially inconsistent.

The second example also comes from chapter 7 of the book, the scene in which the priests of Ayvali are thrown into the tobacco warehouse.⁴⁵ . This is one of the very few episodes, which is related at greater length in the serialized original of 1924⁴⁶ than in the book and, significantly, it is also one where there are material differences between the 1931 and the 1945 versions.⁴⁷ . In the serialized original the appearance of the priests who are mostly fat and old provokes laughter. We are told that one of them, a deacon, used to send love songs to rich girls. Another one used to use “pretentious speech” (*ελληνικούρες*) to impress “silly women” (*γυναικούλες*). The priests scramble after tobacco, even ignoring the narrator’s warning that the cigarette paper consists of torn pages from the Bible. Finally, they thank him and give him many blessings from their “leprous heart”. In the book all this has been omitted. The 1931 edition introduces them as “a vast assemblage of bellies” (*ήταν ένα τεράστιο συγκρότημα από κοιλιές*), who throw themselves onto the food. In 1945 they are presented as more pitiable. Instead of the ironic “holy federation of Ayvali” (*ιερή ομοσπονδία του Αιβαλιού*) of 1931 they have become “the reverend fathers of Ayvali” (*γέροντες του Αιβαλιού*). Instead of falling down and screaming all together “to order” (*επί παραγγελία*), they now screamed “from pain” (*απ’ τους πόνους*). They no longer sniff the food, and their greed is excused by hunger.

⁴⁵ Venezis 2008, 111-114.

⁴⁶ *Kampana* 2(55), 1 April 1924

⁴⁷ Venezis 1931, 76-78; Venezis 1945, 82-84.

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The third example comes from a passage in the 1924 version, a part of which corresponds to a scene in chapter 6 of the book. Common to both is a scene more horribly depicted in the original: the sight of a Christian woman in tatters having suffered multiple rape with the disgusting remains of the dead child which she had been forced to give birth to in the fields. In the book the rape is merely suggested, and the decomposing remains of the baby are omitted.⁴⁸ . Furthermore, omitted altogether from the book is the narrator's reference in the 1924 original to the visible signs of death and devastation. The book also leaves out the tale of his companion, a former soldier in the Greek army, who tells the narrator not only that in the retreat Greek soldiers had burnt everything in sight but that he personally had poured petrol on to a woman and set her alight and in a previous attack had torn out the veins of a sick captive⁴⁹.

In terms of narrative content the changes between successive versions can be summarised as follows. A specific Greek atrocity graphically narrated by its perpetrator is omitted in the reworking of chapter 6 of the book. The image of the priesthood in chapter 7 of the book is upgraded in two stages from the contemptible to the merely pitiable. The story of the watchmaker is more complex. A simple tale of violence and venality in which the watchmaker's family are the only victims is turned by the book into a tale of retaliatory but indiscriminate violence in which each

⁴⁸ Venezis 2008, 102.

⁴⁹ *Kampana*, 51, 4 March 1924

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side perpetrates crimes on the other⁵⁰, foiled by a flashback to an idyllic time of coexistence before the war.

In terms of stylistic changes the ruminative nature of the original version fitted the aims of the newspaper. *Kampana* was a newspaper with a distinct political line. It was in favour of the Plastiras ‘revolution’ and consequently Venizelist in political affiliation while severely critical of party politics. It was also a crusading newspaper. One of its causes was quite specifically the interests of ex-servicemen and political hostages whose individual interests the Greek state served in the newspaper’s opinion only by the criterion of party political advantage.⁵¹ . Indeed, on 4 March 1924 *Kampana* carried on its front page with a banner headline an open letter from Venezis himself to Myrivilis on the issue of hostages, that is people who were still in the same position as Venezis had been. Venezis does not refer to his own experience, but gives a general account of the neglect and indifference, which allows extensive mistreatment of a large number of persons to go unremarked. Regardless of Venezis’s literary merits, when there were still men who had not returned from Turkish captivity, it made perfect sense for the newspaper *Kampana* to commission Venezis to recount “his impressions of the living hell of slavery through which he passed in the hope that we will see finally an ‘artistic expression’ of this terrible life which many thousands – alas – of Greeks had the dark fortune to undergo but which no one was able up to now to recount”.⁵² . For this purpose a more internal account of the slave’s reflections on his sufferings made sense. This was stressed in the

⁵⁰ Kastrinaki (1999, 165-174) observes the way in which the references to the Greek reprisals in Bergama are toned down in successive editions of the book.

⁵¹ Matthaïou 1985, 213-232.

⁵² *Kampana*, 47, 5 February 1924

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preface of each instalment, which opened with the phrase “what the man with this number who was enslaved in the war went through”.

In terms of content it could be argued that the ‘revolutionary’ stance of *Kampana* could accommodate satire of the priesthood. The same stance which was strongly anti-monarchist could also accommodate the recognition of Greek army atrocities in the retreat which took place under a monarchist army command. For a separate illustration of the strength of Kampana’s anti-monarchist feelings I refer to its publication of a telegram sent by a monarchist general after a battle with the Turks in which, as the newspaper reports, 90% of the Greek dead were Venizelist: “We brought into contact the internal and external enemy and obliterated both”⁵³.

Venezis expressed admiration for Doukas’ *A Prisoner’s Story*, which appeared in 1928,⁵⁴ , and it is possible that this was an influence on his changes to the narrative form for the book. In any event, Venezis in 1931 found a narration which he could leave almost unchanged - even after three reworkings - to speak to the experience of the German occupation: “I saw then in the terrible spring and summer of 1944 how much *The Number 31328*, written after a great war, how much it had a kinship of blood, a kinship of ‘manner’ twenty years later with the days of the new great war”.⁵⁵.

It is perhaps unsurprising that the author set out in 1944 to revise his 1931 account of the horrors he suffered in 1922-1923 in the light of the contemporary sufferings of

⁵³ *Kampana* 52, 11 March 1924

⁵⁴ Valetas, 113.

⁵⁵ Venezis 2008, 14-15.

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his country and that he found that almost no changes were needed. The remarkable thing is that the book continues to be a best seller in Greece with annual reprints after more than sixty years of peace. I would suggest that literary merit alone does not account for the enduring popularity of *Number 31328* in its book form; the work reflects and reinforces a self image which because of the horrors presented readers find rather consoling. The victim is one of *us* and his experiences epitomise those of our side. His sufferings are appalling and he did absolutely nothing to deserve them. He is broad minded enough to rise above petty nationalism, to acknowledge the occasional kindness from the individual Turk but his story, particularly as reworked in the book, does not go as far as to threaten our perception of ourselves with any too specific picture of violence perpetrated by our side.

CHAPTER 10 – CONCLUSION

My aim has been to sketch the emergence of the early works and to attempt to identify the features which have made them enduringly popular in their own country.

In this respect the study has presented a particular case of a general condition that affects Greco-Turkish relations to this day: the enduring hold of quite divergent narratives concerning events which constitute the cardinal moment of both nations' twentieth century history and in which their fates were conjoined. In my opinion the most important features of these narratives concern the image of the self, which has been relatively neglected by scholars, rather than the image of the "other", a matter to which a certain amount of attention has been paid¹. This self is in both cases presented as the victim with victimhood epitomised by the sufferings of innocent inhabitants of Anatolia, the scene and purpose of the war. Each nation's selection of victimhood explains the choice of background: in the Turkish case the peasantry during the Greek invasion, in the Greek case the captives and refugees after the Turkish victory. Also explained by this is the continuity in the Turkish case between writing during the war itself and the writing after and the discontinuity in the Greek case after it.

¹ See, for instance, Millas 2001, in which the author traces the image of the 'other' through a long list of works; see also Millas 2004 for a discussion of the 'other' in Greek and Turkish literature respectively.

CHAPTER 10 – CONCLUSION

The case seems fully to justify Renan: “On aime en proportion des sacrifices qu’on a consentis, des maux qu’on a soufferts.” (One loves in proportion to the sacrifices to which one has agreed, to the wrongs one has suffered). The general public in both countries is mostly unaware even to this day of the atrocities committed by “its” side. It is somewhat different with the writers. I have to admit to being shocked by Yakup Kadri’s words on the sack of İzmir. Venezis at least could dedicate his book to “my tormented mother and all the mothers of the world” and could acknowledge crimes committed by the Greeks and the occasional kindness from a Turk. Myrivilis was strongly anti-war in general. To their credit Galatea, the first wife of Kazantzakis, refused to sign a protest against Turkish atrocities in Anatolia and Kazantzakis himself commended her for refusing because the dishonourable conduct of the Greeks was equal to that of the Turks.² . One can concede that a universalist outlook was easier for these writers: their war was not the foundation myth of a new nation, they were on the losing side and they were out of sympathy with the government of their country at the time most of the atrocities took place.

We have found as well that each nation’s narrative is not just a story about the past; writers used it, as can be illustrated in the work of Yakup Kadri and Venezis, to speak to their own times. But again there is a difference. Venezis’s book could speak to a repeated sense of victimhood, reinforced by the sufferings under the German occupation but it did not have wider implications. We have seen that by contrast,

² Doulis, 143

CHAPTER 10 – CONCLUSION

Yakup Kadri, both used and inverted the tropes of the Kurtuluş to express doubt and anxiety about the challenge of modernisation and westernisation.

These works continue to be popular and to inform the perception of the real events of the war and its aftermath in their respective countries. Fortunately there are some recent signs that the public in each country may have the opportunity to see the other side as the other side sees itself. A first translation of the whole of *Number 31328* has been published in Turkish³. The Kurtuluş literature still awaits its Greek translation.

³ Venezis 2015. It is noted in the introduction (5-11) that the work is the first from an index of banned books to be translated and is characterised as one of the most dangerous.

APPENDIX 1
YAKUP KADRI'S ATEŞTEN GÖMLEK
FRAGMENT A

Dergâh 5 Kanunî Sani 1338

Ateşten Gömlek

Rüşen Eşref Bey ne güzel söylemiş. Yakup ezeli bir seyyahdır ve bütün eserlerini bu seyahatlarında yaratır ve İstanbul'a her memleketten, her yerden yeni bir çeşni ile döner.

Bu sefer de Anadolu'dan elinde Anadolu'nun korkunç dağlarının, ıssız ovalarının ve isyanların, gürültülerin, hürriyetin ve millî coşuşun şiiri olan 'Ateşten Gömlek' romanıyla dönmüş. Aşağıki satırlar bu yüksek eserden bir parçadır.

Heyet-i Tahririye

Kadın ve Ukubet

Şu sincabı Anadolu köylerinde, şu her yerden uzak mensi, metruk, mazlum ve mukassî Anadolu köylerinde, beni bir an terk etmeyen hayaletin yanımda dolaşmasından niye korkuyorum? Niçin, onu bu çıplak dekorun, bu kül renkli sefalet ve uzlet dekorunun içinde yerleştiremiyorum? Onun şu gördüğüm çıplak ayaklı ve kırmızı donlu kadınlardan fark ne? Bu kadınlar ki kadınlıklarında onunla belki eşitler... belki...Ondan daha iyidirler, belki cins mizaçlarında ondan daha kuvvetlidirler.

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Köyün dilberlerinden 'Cennet' ki çatlak ve siyah topuklarına rağmen kim bilir kaç erkeği kendine rametti. Bu henüz on dokuz yaşında bir kadındır.

Üç defa evlenmiş. Evvela kendi köyünde, sonra başka bir köyde, daha sonra burada...

İlk ayrılışının bir cinayet yüzünden olduğunu söylüyorlar. İkincisi daha esrarengiz olmuş, günün birinde kocası kimseye haber vermeden ve arkasında hiçbir iz bırakmadan köyünden çıkmış, gitmiş ve bir daha avdet etmemiş. Bunun içindir ki o köyde bu kadına büyücülük atfediyorlar ve geri kalan delikanlıları şerrinden siyanet için onu artık hudutlarından içeriye sokmuyorlar.

'Cennet' burada iki karılı bir adama varmış. Bu adam ben geldiğim zaman askerdedi. Ve 'Cennet' iki kıskanç ortak arasında epeyce zahmetle yaşıyordu. Esasen yalnız bu iki ortak değil, bütün köylüler bu zavallı kadının aleyhindedir. Onun yüzünden köyün sükûnu hemen daimî bir surette muhalleldir. Cennet şöyle dedi idi, Cennet böyle yaptı idi diye kâh harman yerinde, kâh çeşme başında öyle arbedeler olur ki akis sedası bize kadar gelir, neferlerimden birkaçını göndermeğe ve âdetâ bir inzibat vazifesi görmeğe mecbur kalırım. Bir gün yine akis sedası uzaktan uzağa bulunduğumuz tepeye kadar gelen bir büyük gürültüyü müteakip ve yine ben çavuşumu neferlerimi mahalli vakaya göndermeğe hazırlandığım esnada birdenbire Cennet'in yaralı bir kuş gibi çırpınmalar ve kısık seslerle çadırımın kapısı önüne düştüğünü gördüm.

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Elleri ve yüzü kan içinde üstü başı parça parça idi, ağlıyor, inliyor ve bütün vücudu tır tır titriyordu.

Beni görür görmez üzerime doğru atıldı: ‘--Paşam, iki gözüm paşam; canım sana emanet, beni kurtar, diyordu. Hepsi birden, hepsi birden kanıma girmek istiyorlar. Ayalım askere gittiği günden beri ellerinden çekmediğim kalmadı. O burada olsaydı vallahi billahi kılıma dokunamazlardı... Şimdi, şimdi, bak bir kere neler ettiler, (vücudun içindeki kollarını, kanayan bacaklarını gösteriyordu) üstüme üvendireyle hücum ettiler.

Cennet bu tarzda birçok şeyler anlatmak üzereyken sağdan soldan kadın, erkek, çoluk çocuk birçok köylünün bize doğru koştuğunu gördük. Ayaklarım uçunda çırpınan genç kadına dedim ki:

--- Haydi sen çadıra gir.

Cennet benim bu ihtarımı büyük bir helecenla kabul etti. Köylüler derhal etrafımı aldılar, hepsi de heyecan içinde idi, çocukların gözlerinde yaş vardı, kadınları benzi sapsarı ve dudakları ra’şenaktı, erkeklerin gözleri dönmüştü. Hepsi birden bağırarak bana bir şeyler anlatmağa başladılar. Fakat bu umumî vâveylâdan bir mânâ istihraç etmek mümkün değildi. Kendimi gülmekten güç zapt ederek dedim ki:

---Yalnız biriniz söylesin!

O zaman cemaatin içinden orta yaşlı sert ve haşin yapılı bir kadın, ayrıldı, bana doğru ilerledi:

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--- Elimizle yakaladık, dedi. Ömer ustanın oğluyla... Bayrın alt yanında; Ömer ustanın oğlu...daha dünkü çocuk, ne tüy ne nümeri var... Çocuğu zorla sürüklemiş...

vallahi billahi efendi zorla... hem de kendi kocasının oğlu (ve arkasına dönüp) aha, anası da burada...

Kümenin içinden bir kadın daha ayrılıp geliyor, birincinin söylediklerini daha koyu bir ifade ile ikmâl ediyor. Sonra bir erkek söze karışıyor... Ben tıpkı Samaralı zaniyenin şikâyetçileriyle muhat İsa vaziyetindeyim. Lâkin bunlara rahim ve şefkat Peygamberinin sözleri (aranızda hiç lekeli olmayanlardan biri o kadına bir taş atсын!) sözünü tekrar etsem acaba anlarlar ve susarlar mı?

Hayır...ne gezer, şiddetli bir gayz rüzgârı hepsini birden şiddetle sarsıyor. Bu feveranı teskin için içerideki kurbanı teslim edeceğim mi? Birdenbire bütün irademi topladım hiç içimden geçmeyen bir amiriyet tavrı ile:

--Haydi siz gidin. Biz onun cezasını veririz. Dedim.

Ve döndüm, çadırıma girdim. Cennet bir köşeye büzülmüş, ürkek gözler bana bakıyordu. Tıpkı dayak yemiş bir kedi gibi idi. Yanına yaklaştım; hepsi sesini çıkarmaksızın bana tekrar kanayan yaralarını gösterdi. Ben omuzlarımı silktim.

--- Hak etmişsin. Eğer bütün dedikleri doğru ise bu kadarla kurtulduğuna şükür et!
Dedim.

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Hepsi cevap vermeksizin gözlerini yere indirdi. Tıpkı evde öyle yapardı. Her günahın her hıyanetin sonunda yüzüne dikkatle baktığım veya inkâr edemeyeceği dela'il (delil) önüne koyduğumuz zaman mahcup ve ma'sum bir tavırla gözlerini yere indirir ve susardı. Belki biraz da bunun için dir ki asabımı ânî bir hiddet bürüdü. Gayet sert bir sesle Cennet'e dedim ki:

--- Bu akşamdan tezi yok. Mutlaka çıkıp gitmelisin

--Nereye Efendi?

--Nereye istersen. Fakat, bu köyde artık duramazsın, mutlaka, mutlaka gitmelisin...

Kudretten sürmeli koyu kestane renkli gözlerine derin bir endişenin gölgesi çöktü.

Bir müddet kaşlarını çattı, düşündü. Sonra dedi ki:

---Giderim, giderim ama, yolumu keserler bana bir şey yaparlarsa...

---Yanına iki asker veririm. Seni gideceğin yere kadar götürürler.

Daha ziyade telaşa düştü. Şaşırıldı. İki dizi dikili bir vaziyette köylülerin çadırlarımız civarından tamamıyla uzaklaşmasını bekledi; sonra birdenbire toplandı, ayağa kalktı ve bana bir kelime bile söylemeğe lüzum görmeksizin çadırdan çıktı, gitti. Nereye? Ne tarafa? Bilmiyorum. Çavuşumun ifadesine göre arka taraftan dağ yolunu tutmuş. Bu yol gayet çetin ve uzundur. İlk köye vasıl olmak için tam dört saat fasılasız yürümek lazım gelir. Vakit de geçti.

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Zavallı kadın ne yapacak? Akşam karanlığında, sonra gece o ıssızlık içinde yaralarından kanlar sızarak; yalın ayak nasıl yürüyecek? Bunu düşünerek yaptığımı nedamet ediyorum. Gönlüme koyu bir hüznün doluyor. Zavallı kadın, zavallı kadınlar... Elin ve masivanın zahmetini, işletilen günahın cezasını hiç şüphesiz ki bizden ziyade onlar çekiyorlar. Aşkın ilk ra'şesinden son ra'şesine kadar geçilen ümitsiz yolun taş, dikenlerinde bizden ziyade onların ayakları, onların dizleridir ki şerha şerha kanıyor.

Huzuzda bizim şerikimizken ukûbette daima yalnız başlarına kalıyorlar. En hakiki göz yaşları bizim görmediklerimiz, en yürekten feryâtları bizim işitmediklerimizdir. Biraz evvel yola çıkan kadının ıstırabını yalnız geçebilecek halbuki gündüzün tattığı zevke herkes âşına idi, herkes onu kıskandı. Bütün bir köy halkı bir cehennem zebanileri gibi onun üzerine hücum etti, derisinin biraz evvelki tatlı ürperişlerini, dişleri ve tırnakları ondan nez'e kalkıştı.

Cemiyetler, kanunlar, görenekler, dinler ve mezhepler gibi tabiat da dışının düşmanıdır. Onun tatlı etinden arzu denilen hayvanı parça parça veren nahif vücuduna vâlidîyetin mühim mehip yükünü yükleten tabiattır. İşte kadın bunun içindir ki fena bir mahlûk oldu. Cins takdirinin bu sert çehresi karşısında yegâne melcei yalanda, riya ve hıyanette buldu ve yegâne silahı olan güzelliği mekr ve hile ateşinden şeytanî bir unsur haline koydu. O vakitten beri bakışı bir hançer, tebessümü bir zehir. Kadın en büyük zevki şer ve ihanetle karışmış sevgilerden buluyor, nicesine düşenlere karşı zalim zebunküş ve müntakim oluyor.

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FRAGMENT B

‘Ateşten Gömlek’ Romanına ait:

Bir derdlinin kendi derdinden başka yoldaşı var mıdır? Bize derdi veren bile bizim derdimizin ortağı değildir. Allahım, bir mihnet beyabanında ne kadar yalnızım! Bu mihnet beyabanında en ziyade ?? , en ziyade gözümü yıldırان şey , bir derin umutsuzluk, değil nedir? Öyle olmazsa ? vereceğim. Bir kişi elimden tutsa, bir kişi dese ki: ‘ seninle beraberim!’ kendimde ta nihayete kadar gitmek kudretini bulacağım. Fakat bulunduğum mıntıkada bana kim eline uzatabilir? Bana kim seninle beraberim diyebilir?’ o kadar uzakta, her şeyden ve herkesten o kadar uzaktayım ki... Bir İngiliz şairine göre ıstırap bana nihayetsiz bir refikadır. İstırap bana nihayetsiz bir çöl manzarası halinde görünüyor. Ben çölün ortasındaım çırılçıplak yalınayak hatırlayamadığım bir zamandan beri, bu çölün ortasında duruyorum. Ne geriye çekilirsem ne ileriye gidersem ihtimali var; bağıryorum, bağıryorum fakat sesim boşluğa dağılıyor, bin parça oluyor. -bazı yerden tayfunların kaldırdığı kumlar gibi... Ben ömrümde, çölü nedir, hiç gördüm mü? Hayır...doğduğum günden beri hep deniz kenarlarında büyük şehirlerde ve güneşli dağ tepelerinde dolaşmaktayım... O halde, nasıl oluyor da kendimi bir çölün ortasında duran adama benzetiyorum ve boşlukta dağılan sesim tayfunların kaldırdığı kumlar gibi diyorum? İnsan ne tuhaf şey? Daima bilmediği, görmediği keyfiyeti keyfiyetlerin en harikulâdesi sanıyor. Güzel bir yeri taarif için cennet gibi !’ diyoruz. Cennet gibi, cehennem gibi, lâkin biz ne cenneti, ne cehennemi biliyoruz. Her şeyi mutlaka bir ‘gibi’ ile anlamak isteyenler ne kadar hata içindedir! Dünyada ‘gibi’ yoktur. Her ferd yalnız kendisine benzer ve yer yalnız o yerdir. Benim derdimin bir eşi daha var mı? Onu neye teşbih edebilirim? Bir çölün ortasında tek başına yürüyen bir adamın ıstırabı benim ıstırabım yanında bir hiç dir.

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FRAGMENT C

“Ateşten gömlek” romanının son sayfaları:

Kerim Bey, Kerim Bey, gözlerinizi açtınız, beni görünce tekrar kapadınız, beni tanımadınız. Yatağının örtüleri altından bir elini çıkardı, elimi tuttu ve uzun bir müddet kalan bütün kuvvetleriyle avucunun içinde sıktı. Gözleri hala kapalıydı. Fakat, dudaklarında, bakışlarından daha manalı bir tebessüm vardı. Beni kendine doğru çaktı ve daha bir nevzat-i teneffüsünden daha hafif bir şekilde dedi ki: Sizi nasıl tanıyamam? Çocukluk arkadaşım değil misiniz? Evlerimiz yan yanaydı. İkimiz bir mektebe giderdik. Durdu. Üst üste birkaç derin nefes aldı. Bizim bahçede yüksek sedler vardı, bu sedlerden atlamak en büyük eğlencemizdi. Sizin bahçedeki mercan gözlü beyaz tavşanları bile hatırlıyorum. Bir tanesi vardı ki ev kedisi gibi hoştu, yanımıza sokulurdu. Bir çocuk gibi güldü. Bir gün pederiniz bana hediye etmişti de eve getirdiğim zaman annem ‘olmaz’ demişti. Yavrucuk arkadaşlarından ayrı nasıl yaşar?’ Annemi hatırlıyor musun Tevfik Bey? Ve gözlerini açıp gözlerimin içine baktı. Dedim ki: Nasıl hatırlamam? Nasıl hatırlamam? Onu validem kadar severdim. Yeşil gözlü beyaz tenli, tombalak, kibar bir hanımdı. Siz bir gün ağır hasta olmuştunuz, kendinizden geçmiş, ateşler içinde uyumuş yatıyordunuz. Ben annemle ziyarete geldik ve yattığınız odaya girmek istedik. Valideniz valideme: ‘aman kardeşim ne olur ne olmaz. Belki sarı bir hastalıktır, girmeyeniz! dedi. Sonra hıçkırarak şu sözleri söyledi: “Ah, analığın ne olduğunu şimdi anlıyorum. Seninkini Allah saklasın! Vallahi yavrucuğuma bir şey olursa yaşamam kardeşim’. Bu ses bilmem neden hâlâ kulağımdadır. Kerim be tekrar elimi sıktı ve ağlamağa hazırlanan bir çocuk gibi alt dudağı büküldü dedi ki: -Evet. Beni çok severdi. Ondan sonra hiç kimse beni onun kadar sevmedi. Bilirsiniz hayatta aranılan yegâne şey

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FRAGMENT C

nedir? Ne cevap vereceğimi bilmeyerek sustum. Bir ana şefkati, dedi. Bunun haricinde muhabbet ve hayat alemi bir çöldür. Bunun haricinde her şey vahi her şey yalandır...Gençliğimiz, gönlümüzün sersemlikleri, serkeşlikleri etin hissi sevgi maceraları, hepsi kardeşim, hepsi çocukluğumuzla, saffetimizle beraber kayıp ettiğimiz bir cenneti tekrar bulmak için dir... hep onun hasreti dir... Söyledikçe Kerim Beye bir taze kuvvet geliyordu, yanakları pembeleşiyor ve gözleri tutuşuyor fakat sesini müteaddi öksürükler kesiyordu yaşımız ilerledikçe neden bedbahtlığımız artıyor? Anne şefkatinden ve şefkatlik o nispetle yaklaştığımız için değil mi? Hayatta tek başımıza kaldığımız günü pek iyi hatırlamıyoruz, zira yanımızda, mutlaka ya bir dost ya bir sevgili vardı. Bunlarla yan yana yürüdüğü bir müddetçe zannedersiniz ki yalnız değiliz. Bir kere arkamıza tehlikelerden bihaber, emniyetle mütebessim yürürüz. Lâkin ne vakit ki sağımızda, solumuzda, önümüzde, bizi bekleyen tehlikeden bihaber, emniyetle mütebessim yürürüz. Lakin ne vakit ki ayağımız kayar da düşer, yuvarlanırsınız veyahut bu tehlikelerden biri bizi alıp, götürür, o vakit şaşarız ki yanımızdakiler bize neden seslenmediler! Neden “dikkat et, düşeceksin!” demediler. (Burada iyice uzun bir öksürük sözünü kesti) tıpkı biz çocukken annemizin bize seslenişi, bizi elimizden tutuşu, bize her adımda “dikkat et, yavrum, dikkat et düşeceksin!” deyiş gibi ... Ve o vakit anlarız ki yalnızmışız, müthiş bir surette yalnızmışız... o dost bir hayalet, ve o sevgili tayf imiş... lâkin hatta şundadır ki onları annemizi sevdiğimiz gibi severiz. Onlardan annemizin şefkatini bekleriz. Elimi yanan avcunun içinde tekrar şiddetle sıktı ve gittikçe sıtmalı bir heyben haline giren bir tavırla -kardeşim, kardeşim: dedi. Hiç bir şey kalbin yoldan çıkışı kadar müthiş değildir. Görüyorsunuz, şu dakikada ne dünkü harbin vahşetini, ne göğsüme dek kurşunu isabeti hatta ne de gelen ölümü düşünüyorum: ah, heba olan gençliğim.

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FRAGMENT C

Bu sözler üzerine gözlerini kapattı ve sustu o sırada yanımıza gelen doktor bana doğru eğildi: Galiba daldı, dedi: çok konuştunuz. Zaten ciğerinin sol tarafı tamamen bitirmişti. Ben uzun bir müddet Kerim Bey'in yataktan sarkan elini ellerim içinde elemle sıktım ve hiç bir zaman, hiç bir yerde duymadığım bir elemle yüzüne baktı. Bu yüze şimdiden bir ölüm nikabı geçmişti. Bir fil dişi beyazlığı alata derisinin altında, bir iskeletin cehresi sızılıyordu. Yanaklarında, gözlerinin etrafında siyah birer çukur hasıl olmuştu. Yavaşça doktora dedim ki: Hiç kurtulmak ihtimali yok mu? Gayet fena bir tebessümle güldü ve cevap vermeden çekildi, gitti. Kerim Bey, sayıklıyordu neler söylediğini anlamak istedim. Fakat sözlerinde hiçbir insicam yoktu. Birkaç defa bana öyle geldi ki o kadının ismini tekrar etti. Fakat insan daima işitmek istediğini işitir. Yavaşça elini bıraktım. Bu hafif hareketim gözlerini tekrar açmasına sebep oldu. Dedi ki: Gidiyor musunuz? Dalgın dalgın yüzüme baktı, kim olduğunu tekrar unutmuş gibiydi. Sonra birdenbire kendini topladı. Size bir şey rica edeceğim, dedi. Bütün eşyalarımı siz alırsınız. Ve hepsini bir araya toplayıp münasip bir yerde yakıverirsiniz. Bunu doktora da söyleyelim. Çağrınız, çağrınız ... doktoru. Ertesi gün Kerim Beyi tekrar görmeğe gittim. Artık hiç gözleri açılmıyordu. Göğsünde bir acayip hırıltı gelmişti. Bu hırıltıyı asla unutmayacağım; bence bu ölümün sesiydi. O her saniye bir az daha Kerim Beye yaklaşıyordu.

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FRAGMENT A

Dergâh, Vol. II, No. 18 5 Kanunîsani (January) 1338 (1922)

The Shirt of Flame

How well Rüşef Eşref Bey spoke. Yakup is an eternal traveller and creates all his works in his travels and returns to Istanbul from every country and from every place with a new flavour. This time also he returned from Anatolia with the novel The Shirt of Flame in his hands which is the poem of Anatolia's fearsome mountains, of deserted valleys, of noises, of rebellions and of freedom's and the nation's common exuberance.

Publishing Committee

Woman and Punishment:

In these grey Anatolian villages, these Anatolian villages which are far from any other place, forgotten, oppressed and oppressive, why am I afraid of the wanderings of this phantom which does not leave me for a moment? Why can I not place her inside this bare decor, in this grey decor of poverty and solitude? What is the fear from these barefoot women in red garments? These women who are probably her equals in their femininity. ...maybe... They are better than her, and, in their sex's disposition, may be more powerful than her.

Cennet, is one of the village's sweethearts, who, despite her cracked and black heels, who knows how many men she had subjugated! She is only a nineteen year old woman. She was married three times. First in her own village, then in another

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FRAGMENT A

village, then here... They say that her first separation was because of a murder. The second was more mysterious, one day her husband left the village without telling anybody and without leaving any trace behind and never to return. It is for this reason that in that village they consider her to be a witch and in order to protect the young men who were left behind from evil they no longer let her inside their borders.

Here Cennet belonged to a man with two wives. This man was in the army when I came here. And Cennet was living in great trouble between the two jealous fellow wives. Essentially, it was not only these two fellow wives but all the villagers were against this poor woman. It is because of her that the village's tranquillity was immediately a case of perpetual impossibility. Cennet said that, Cennet did this, there is such an uproar sometimes in the threshing place, sometimes at the fountain head that the echoes of the voices reach us, and I am obliged to send one of my privates almost as if on a police duty. One day the echo of the far away cries reached us at the hill where we were, followed by a sudden big commotion. As I was preparing to send my sergeant again and my privates to the event in the neighbourhood I suddenly saw Cennet falling in front of my tent's door with the flutterings and the hoarse voice of an injured bird.

Her hands and her face were covered with blood, her clothes were torn in pieces, she was crying, she was moaning, she was trembling.

As soon as she saw me she threw herself at me: My Pasha, my dear Pasha, my life is entrusted to your hands, save me, she was saying. All of them, all of them want to kill me. There is nothing I have not suffered from their hands since my husband left

APPENDIX 2
YAKUP KADRI'S ATEŞTEN GÖMLEK – ENGLISH TRANSLATION
FRAGMENT A

for the army. If he was here I swear by God they could not touch a hair of mine.

Now, now look what they have done to me (she was showing to me the inside of her arms, and her bleeding feet), they attacked me with the cattle goad.

As Cennet was about to explain some things in this way we saw many villagers, women, men and children running towards us from left and right.

---Come, get into the tent, I told her.

Cennet accepted my warning with great agitation. The villagers surrounded me immediately, they were all in great excitement, there were tears in the children's eyes, the women were pale white and their lips trembled, the men's eyes were seeing red. They started shouting all together, explaining something to me. But it was not possible to deduce any meaning from these general cries. Barely holding back my laughter I said:

---Only one of you speak!

At that moment a rough and rude middle aged woman separated herself from the middle of the crowd and came forward towards me.

We caught her with our hands, she said. With the son of Usta Ömer... Under the ridge ...the son of Usta Ömer... still yesterday's child he has no hair no spots ...she dragged the child by force...I swear to God, Sir, by force... with her own husband's son (and turning back), there, his mother here too ...

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FRAGMENT A

One more woman comes emerging from the crowd and completes what the first woman had said in a darker manner. Then a man joins in... I am in exactly the same circumstances as was Jesus when surrounded by those who complained of the adulterous Samaritan¹ woman. If I were to repeat the words of the merciful and compassionate Prophet (he that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her!) would they understand and become silent?

No... no way, suddenly a strong wind of wrath wrapped everyone with great force. Shall I hand over the victim to calm this excessive rage? I suddenly gathered all my will and with a commanding manner not at all natural to me:

---You go away now, we will see to her punishment. I said.

And I turned and entered my tent. Crouched in a corner Cennet was looking at me with startled eyes. She was exactly like a beaten up cat. I approached her, she showed me in silence all her wounds. I shrugged my shoulders.

---You deserve it. If what they say is true be grateful that you have so far escaped like that. I said.

Without answering she lowered her eyes. She would act exactly like this at home. At the end of every sin or infidelity when I looked attentively at her face and before the

¹ The woman taken in adultery in John 8 is merely adulterous and not a Samaritan. Yakup Kadri must have confused her with the woman of Samaria in John 4 who had had many husbands. Presumably he had a memory of the Scripture classes from his French school.

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FRAGMENT A

undeniable proofs she would lower her eyes with a bashful and innocent expression and become silent.

Perhaps this is why a sudden fury filled my nerves. With a very sharp voice I said to Cennet:

--- From this evening there is no question. You must absolutely leave...

----Where to, Sir?

----Wherever you want, but you cannot stay in this village any longer, you must absolutely, absolutely go...

There descended on her naturally dark chestnut coloured eyes a shadow of deep anxiety.² . Frowning for a while she thought. She then said:

---I will go, I will go but if they block my way and do something to me...

---I will give you two of my men to take you to the place you are going to.

She got more agitated. She was surprised. She waited sitting on bent knees until the villagers completely receded from our vicinity; she then suddenly pulled herself together, got up and without seeing it necessary to say a word to me she walked out.

Where to? Which direction? I do not know. According to my sergeant's statement

² I translate my transcription of the original text from *Dergâh*: "Kudretten sürmeli koyu kestane renkli gözlerine derin bir endişenin gölgesi çöktü." The 1985 edition (page 134) prints: "Kudretten sürmeli koyu kestane renkli gözlerine derin bir endişe çöktü."

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FRAGMENT A

she took the mountain road at the back. This road is extremely hard and long. In order to arrive to the first village you must walk for four hours without a break. And it was late.

What will this poor woman do? How is she going to walk barefoot and bleeding in the darkness of the evening and later in the loneliness of the night? Thinking of these I regret what I did. My heart is filled with a deep sadness. Poor woman, poor women...

Undoubtedly they, much more than us, suffer the troubles of the flesh and of this created world and the punishment for committed sin. It is their feet and knees which bit by bit bleed more than ours on the stones and thorns of the hopeless path which passes from the first to the last tremblings of love.

Partners in our pleasures in punishment they are left on their own. It is their most genuine tears that we do not see, the most heartfelt cries that we do not hear.

Only the night will know the pain of the woman who has just left while everyone was familiar with the pleasures tasted during the day, everyone was jealous of her. All the people of the village fell on her like demons from hell, they tried with tooth and nail to tear off what had been up to now the sweet ripples of her skin.

Like societies, laws, customs, religions and sects, nature too is the enemy of the female.

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YAKUP KADRI'S ATEŞTEN GÖMLEK – ENGLISH TRANSLATION
FRAGMENT A

It is nature which put a load on her thin body with the great burden of motherhood, her body which bit by bit gives life out of her carnal desire. It is for this reason that woman became a wicked creature. It is in response to the strict judgement of her sex that she has resorted to falsehood, hypocrisy and treachery and her beauty, as her weapon has acquired a satanic element from the fire of deceit and trickery. Since that time her look is a dagger, her smile venom. Woman finds the greatest pleasure from loves which are mixed with evil and betrayal and becomes tyrannical, cowardly cruel and revengeful.

APPENDIX 2
YAKUP KADRI'S ATEŞTEN GÖMLEK – ENGLISH TRANSLATION
FRAGMENT B

Belonging to the novel “Shirt of Flame”

Does a sufferer have a companion other than his own sorrow? The one who inflicted it is not even a partner in our suffering. My God, how lonely I am in this desert of torment within this desert of torment the thing that makes me daunts me most what if it is not the deep hopelessness? Only if one person holds my hand, one person says: “I am with you” I will find the strength to go to eternity. But in the place where I am, who would be able to extend his hand to me, who would be able to say I am along with you? I am faraway, so far away from everything and everyone. According to an English poet, grief is an endless companion. Grief appears to me like an eternal panorama of desert. I am in the middle of the desert, stark naked barefoot I have been standing in this desert for a period of time I cannot remember. There is not a possibility of retreat nor move forward; I scream, scream. But my voice dissolves in the void, scatters in thousand pieces, like sand lifted by tornadoes. Have I even known in my life what a desert is? Have I ever seen it? No... Since the day I was born I have always wondered in big seaside cities and sunny mountain peaks. Then how is it that I liken myself to a man standing in the middle of a desert and I say that my voice is like sands lifted by tornadoes? Human is a weird thing. He always supposes that the attributes he does not know or seen are the most wonderful attributes. Describing a beautiful place we say like heaven! Like heaven, like hell, yet we know neither heaven nor hell. The ones who absolutely want to understand with a “like” are under such a misapprehension. There is no “like” in the world. Each individual resembles to himself and each. Does my suffering have a simile? What

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YAKUP KADRI'S ATEŞTEN GÖMLEK – ENGLISH TRANSLATION
FRAGMENT B

can I compare it with? The grief of a man who walks alone in the middle of a desert
is nothing compared to my grief.

APPENDIX 2
YAKUP KADRI'S ATEŞTEN GÖMLEK – ENGLISH TRANSLATION
FRAGMENT C

The last pages of the novel “The Shirt of Flame”

Kerim Bey, Kerim Bey. Open your eyes, you closed them again when you saw me, didn't you recognize me? He pulled out his one hand from under the cover, held my hand and squeezed it in his palm with all his strength. His eyes were still closed. But, there was a more meaningful smile in his lips, in his expression. He pulled me towards him and lighter than a breath, he said: How can I not recognize you? Aren't you my friend from childhood? Our houses were side by side. We would go together to school. He stopped. Took a few back to back breaths. In our garden there were ramps, jumping from these ramps was our biggest pastime. I even remember the coral eyed rabbits in your garden. There was one particular that was like a domestic cat. It was very nice and would come close to us. He laughed like a kid. One day, your father had given it to me as present and then when I had brought it home, my mother had said “No. How would this little one survive away from his friends?” Do you remember my mother, Tevfik Bey? And he opened his eyes and looked into mine. I said: “How can I not remember her? How can I not? I loved her as much as my mother. She was green eyed, fair skinned, chubby, elegant lady. One day, you got gravely ill, you were unconscious, feverish in sleep. With my mother, we came to visit you and wanted to enter the room you were in. Your mother said to my mother: “Wait sister who knows, maybe it is a contagious disease, do not enter!” Then she said sobbing “Oh, I know now what the motherhood means. God forbid, if something were to happen to my dear child, I could not survive. That voice, I do not know why but, is still in my ears. Kerim Bey squeezed my hand again and like a child who was

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YAKUP KADRI'S ATEŞTEN GÖMLEK – ENGLISH TRANSLATION
FRAGMENT C

about to cry, his lower lip pouted said: “Yes, she loved me very much. No one has loved me so after her. You know what is solely sought in life? I kept quiet not knowing what to say. “A mother’s affection,” he said. Beyond it, the world of love and life is a desert. Beyond it everything is a lie... Our youth, our vagabond heart, unruliness, the carnal affairs without feelings, all of this my brother, all is to find again the paradise we had in our childhood and our innocence... it is the longing. As he spoke, Kerim Bey regained his strength, his cheeks were turning pink his eyes fiery, his voice was interrupted by continuous coughs. Why as we grow older does our unhappiness increase? Is it because we are moving further away from the mother’s affection? We do not remember very well the day we are left alone, yet, there must have been a friend or a lover by our side. That indicates that as long as we walk alongside them we are not alone. Unaware of the perils behind us, we walk smiling in safety. Unaware of the dangers waiting for us in our left and right, we walk smiling in safety. Yet when we slide, fall we stumble or when one of these hazards overtakes us, we are astonished on why the ones beside us did not warn us? Why did not they say, “Be careful, you will fall!” (Here, his speech was interrupted by a long cough.) When we were children our mother’s calls, her holding our hands, and at each step telling us “Be careful child, be careful, you will fall!” We understand that we are alone... that friend is a ghost and that lover a phantom. Yet, we love them as we loved our mothers. We expect from them our mother’s affection. He forcefully squeezed my hand again in his burning hand and said feverishly “my brother, my brother.” Nothing is as extraordinary than a derailed heart. You see that I neither think about the horrors of yesterday’s war nor the approaching death: oh, my wasted youth. Upon uttering those words, he closed his eyes and quieted down.

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YAKUP KADRI'S ATEŞTEN GÖMLEK – ENGLISH TRANSLATION
FRAGMENT C

Meanwhile the doctor who came to our side leaned towards me: “I think he fell asleep” he said. “You talked too much.” Also, his left lung was completely gone. For a long while, I held Kerim Bey’s hand hanging from the bed in my hand and squeezed it with sorrow. He looked at me with a sadness I had never seen anywhere before. This face already had the veil of death. Underneath his pale white skin, a skeleton could be detected. His cheeks were hollow and his eyes had dark circles around them. I quietly told the doctor if he had no chance of recovery. He gave a half smile and without responding to me he retired and left. Kerim Bey was delirious. I tried to understand what he was saying but there was no coherence in his words. It seemed to me that a few times he called out that woman’s name. But we hear what we want to hear. I slowly released his hand from mine. This light movement made him open his eyes. He said: “Are you leaving?” He looked at me absentmindedly as if he had forgotten who I was. Then suddenly he regained his composure and said: “I have a favour to ask. Take all my belongings and burn them in an appropriate place. We should tell this to the doctor as well. Call the doctor, call the doctor.” The next day, I went back to see Kerim Bey. He no longer opened his eyes. There was a strange wheeze coming from his chest. I will never forget this noise. To me it was the sound of death and it was getting closer to Kerim Bey by the minute.

APPENDIX 3 ERGENEKON PREFACE AND EPILOGUE

Preface

To my readers:

As a preface to Ergenekon's first publication thirty five years ago I had written the following lines:

“There are seven or eight years separating us from the writings in this book. From that day to this day my literary tastes and views have changed a lot. But that old excessive sweet fire which was burning my heart still preserves the same rigour; in this respect I regard none of the writings in this book strange and I find all of them fresh and seasonal as if they were written only yesterday. Seven years ago when I was writing the editorials for İkdâm I was like in sleepwalking. I felt that a power above my will was pushing me from an unknown hill down a steep slope and that I was feverishly talking of things whose taste I still long for; here, these writings are that delirious talk. It is for this reason that you will find a part of them as meaningless as the hoarse cries of a dervish hold in ecstasy; another part will look mysterious and affecting as the words of the soothsayer who sees the future; yet

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another part of them reveals what exactly will happen with the truth of a voice from heaven.. .

None of them were a failure in duty. All of their strengths and weaknesses belong to the extraordinary atmosphere of the revolution or epoch which we call National Struggle.

This was an exceptional harvest season; it came and passed and every soul gave the most beautiful fruit during it.

I publish Ergenekon hoping that it will be a document of this period's sentimental and intellectual history”.

Today can I say the same? From one point of view yes , from another no. Yes; because I still feel inside me the sacred fire of the National Struggle and I believe that I had written the articles of this book with the dash “a power above my will” gave me. No; because I cannot say that I do not find any of them strange or that “they are fresh and seasonal as if they were written only yesterday”.

But this is a story of half a century. “Ergenekon” is essentially the name of a fairytale.

As for the National Struggle, it is the Grey Wolf's epic. Had we really lived this period?

I, who now being a poor old man try to float in the filthy waters of demagogy and close my ears to the buzzing noise of the street crowds, was it really I who once

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showed the courage to thrust my pen against the enemy's bayonets? Was I really the author of the pieces which were pierced by these bayonets? Do I still hold people like İsmet Pasha whom I promoted to the legendary heroic rank after Mustafa Kemal , to the same exalted rank? Alas!

Now I will answer all these questions with Atatürk's words who following the victory of İzmir told us: "I am like someone who has been in a dream".

A dream. Yes, a big beautiful dream. I leave its interpretation to you, my dear readers'.

Ankara, 5 February 1964, Yakup Kadri Karaosmanoğlu

Epilogue

The articles I collected under the title 'Ergenekon' finish here. As I mentioned at the beginning of the book these writings are a small part of articles which appeared in 'İkdam' during the National Struggle¹ From the hundreds of articles which were filling a three year period on a daily basis I picked and published in a book form only fifty or sixty of them. But it should not be thought that I like these ones more than the others. **'Ergenekon' is not a book of 'selected writings'(seçme yazıları).** It

¹ YK's bolds

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contains some scrap documents which the history about the War of Independence will not capture or will not deem necessary to do so. Only such documents can remember the moral and intellectual crisis the nation was going through from 1920 to 1923. Here the only value of the parts which constitute 'Ergenekon' consists of the showing of these moral and mental crisis more clearly than the others.

In this respect each of these writings can be compared with a small mirror which reflects that period's spiritual landscapes like a line of fire.

Inside these small mirrors I see my own face too.

Have I changed a lot? Just not at all... But, everybody and everything around me have changed so much that in this new atmosphere, in this new environment I now find myself aged to a ridiculous degree. My place, together with these two volumes, is in one of the museums' dark corner. Museums are not the tombs of only glorious, beautiful or valuable things. Loose horse shoe nails can find a place there too.

I feel so lonely and strange in this new atmosphere and in this new environment that I regret not to have died among the exuberant and joyful voices of the days of the past victories. In fact the idea of a sweet death was my companion like a dear friend since a long before. The day I heard that the Young Hero of the Anafarta opened a holy war in the pastures of Anadolu having torn with the tip of his sword the Treaty of Serves I had said to myself: 'What a beautiful opportunity to die!' But fate did not

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find me worthy of the honour to fall inside a trench's dent and die together with an innocent village child.

Everyone bears his own cross. But reaching the bloody union (vuslat a union/reunion with one's beloved) at the top of Golgotha is granted only to Jesus. How many noble dreams we dwell upon, how many sweet desires we nourish, but none of them comes true. Wanting is not doing.

When I was eighteen years old I was a rebellious Anarchist. My greatest ambition was to knock to the ground anyone with high authority or power. Then I wanted to be the head of a revolution and to stir up the people's masses like the wind's swaying of the forest. At my thirties I had abandoned all these, I had stopped believing in anything and had left myself to corporeal pleasures. But from this flesh inflammation I was kindled with a different kind of spiritual inflammation. A mystic love enveloped my spiritual home like a burning flame. Burning with this flame I was finding life and I was filling my tepid reclusion with visions reminiscence of the waters of a clear spring. Here, from all these I reached the love for the nation and I knew this time that it was so much better to die for the nation.

But in this new religion I knew that I myself was the prophet to myself. For this reason my soul was in disarray like a congregation without an imam. Until I heard His voice from the other side of the Anatolian uplands and I then knew the difference between light and fire, rapture and fever. It was only under the order of this nation's

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spiritual guide that I was rescued from burning in vain with barren fires and from suffering in vain from convulsions which were wearing me out.

But alas. Because, arising from these sublime dreams I was in the middle of filthy realities. Which bad wind threw me among flesh of men. What were these bestial worshippers from whose mouth flows saliva doing near me? Why was I to witness from so close the fortune and position seeking junk and vulgarity? of serveti ve makami harisi kalabalığı bayalığı

What was the reason they formed such a tight hoop around the charlatans, the fools, the jealous and the bad hearted and turn it with their own vanity? I want to shout to all of these: ‘Get out of my way, disperse and leave me, let me be, let me find the clear faced ghosts which filled my old solitude.

Let me be, let me find the noble Hero who takes me to the right path; let me reach my heart’s great guide!’

APPENDIX 4
YABAN – TEXTUAL VARIANTS

[A198] yurdumuzun en son kayası üstünde de, kendimizi müdafaa edeceğiz.

Düşmanı vatanın harimi - ismetinde boğacağız., diye bir ses yükseldi. Bu, onun sesidir. Bu, insana ümit, kuvvet ve metanet veren sestir.

İşte, yeni bir azim ile toplanan Büyük Millet Meclisi, onu geniş salâhiyetlerle Başkumandan tayin etti. Harp meydanına bizzat, o geliyor. Altın başı ufukta bir çoban yıldızı gibi parıldamağa başladı.

Dağılır gibi olan koçlar sürüsü, gene toplanıyor. Muntazam asker kabilelerinin birer cüzütam halinde yeni mevzilerine doğru yol aldıklarını görüyorum.

Bir topçu müfrezesi, bütün ağırlıklarıyla bizim köyün içinden geçti. Uzun uzadıya, zabitlerle konuştum. Büyük bir meydan muharebesine hazırlandıklarını söylüyorlar. Hepsi de ümitli görünüyorlar. Gerçi, eskisi gibi, “Mutlaka yeneceğiz!., demiyorlar. Fakat, yenildiklerini de kabul etmiyoalar. İçlerinden babacan bir binbaşı bana dedi ki: “Doğrusu, Eskişehirin sukutundan sonra bizi takip etseydi halimiz yamandı. Fakat, etmedi.,,

Öteden bir genç yüzbaşı atıldı: “Edemezdi [A199] çünkü o bizden daha yorgundur. Benim bildiğim, daha birkaç ay yerinden kımıldayamaz., dedi. Bir daha genci “O vakte kadar da biz, mukabil taarruza geçeriz., sözlerini ilâve etti.

Biz böyle konuşurken, köylülerin her biri bir deliğe kaçmış, uzaktan bizi gözetliyorlardı.

O, binbaşı etrafına bakınıp: “Yahu bu köyde kimseler yok mu?., dedi.

Genç yüzbaşı, bana, cevap vermeğe vakit bırakmadı: “Vardır, vardır amma, ne olur ne olmaz diye hepsi bir köşeye sinmiştir. Onlara çarıklı erkânı harp derler.,,

Binbaşı, iri gövdesi hoplıyarak gülüyordu: “Yarın öbürgün, burada kızılca

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YABAN – TEXTUAL VARIANTS

kıyamet kopunca, görürler onlar, Erkânı harpliği..., diyordu.

Genç zabıt kulağıma eğildi: “Sahi, azizim. Siz onlara söylemeniz de, bir an evvel hayvanlarını önlerine katıp, ateş hattının öbür tarafına çekilseler fena olmaz.,, dedi.

[M159] Cebimden, Yunan tayyarelerinin¹ attığı kâğıtlardan bir tanesini çıkardım ve genç zabite² uzatarak:

— “Onlar buna inanıyorlar. Benim sözüme kulak asmazlar... dedim.

[A200] Zabıt³, kâğıdı okurken, benzi sapsarı kesildi. Kâğıdı sert bir tavurla⁴ arkadaşına uzattı:

— “Buna inanıyorlar, ha! Öyleyse bir şey söylemeyin. Bu insanlar kurtarılmaya lâyük değildir. ,, dedi.

Kâğıda bir göz gezdirip, bana iade eden binbaşı, lenfatik⁵ bir eda ile:

— “Canım, buralar hiç düşman istilâsı görmedi ki, ne bilsinler,, dedi. “Siz, gidin de bir Rumeliye, yabancı bir ordunun veya idarenin iyi olabileceğini söyleyiniz. Eğer ihânetinize⁶ hükmetmezse, mutlaka deli olduğunuzu zanneder. Ama bunlar....!

Yüzbaşı:

— “Ama bunlar da, nedir? Görmüyorlar mı? İşitmiyorlar mı? Düşmanın elli altmış kilometre ötede neler yaptığını bilmiyorlar mı?

— “E-e, bilmezler.,,

— “Bilmezlerse, burada kalıp öğrenirler.,,

¹ ucaklarının C;

² subaya C;

³ Subay C;

⁴ tavırla M; B; C;

⁵ fütursuz C

⁶ hainetinize M; hainliğinize C;

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Binbaşı, birden bire bana döndü:

– [M160]“Ya siz, ne yapacak siziz?,, diye sordu:

– “Ben mi? Vallahi bilmiyorum. Ben de bu köylüler gibi oldum. Her şeyi takdire⁷ bırakıyorum.,,

– “Yok canım, öyle şey olur mu? Daha vakit varken⁸, çıkın gidin Ankaraya....,,

– [A201] “Sahi, tehlike o derece muhakkak mı?⁹ dedim.

– “E-e, tabii. Ne olacak, ya. Buraları, hiç değilse iki ateş arasında kalacak.,,

“Hiç değilse? Daha fenası olmak ta muhtemel mi?

– Adam sen de...

Bu söz ağzımdan çıkıverdi.

Zabitlerin¹⁰ üçü birden, hayretle yüzüme bakıyorlardı. Benim bir meczup¹¹ olduğuma mı hükmettiler, nedir, artık bahsi hiç tazelemediler.

Akşama doğru, bana sessizce veda edip gittiler.

•

Hiç bilmediğim, tanımadığım bu üç zabitin ¹²gidişi, benim yüreğime bir dost ayrılığının firkati¹³ gibi bir şey bıraktı. Saatlerce oturduğum yerde, öyle melûl melûl kalmışım.

Bu nevi buluşmalar, bu nevi tesadüfler¹⁴, kendi sınıfımdan insanların bu gelip

⁷ kadere B; C;

⁸ Vakitken M;

⁹ muhakkak mı dedim. C;

¹⁰ Subayların c;

¹¹ deli C;

¹² subayın C;

¹³ acısı C;

¹⁴ Bu nevi tesadüfler, bu nevi buluşmalar M; Bu çeşit buluşmalar, bu çeşit tesadüfler C;

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gidişleri bendeki yalnızlık duygusunu tazelemekten başka bir şeye yaramıyor. Her defasında, kendimi bir daha garip hiss [M161] ediyorum¹⁵, ille bu seferki canıma pek değdi. Çünkü, bu sonuncu mülâkattır¹⁶

[A202] Niçin, onlarla daha uzun, daha derinden, daha candan konuşmadım? Onlara niçin, bütün dertlerimi birer birer sayıp dökmedim? Onları, içimde beslediğim korkunç niyetten niçin haberdar etmedim?

Bir kanserli, urunu göstermekten nasıl korkarsa, derdimi açmaktan öyle korktum.

Belki de, iyi ettim. Çünkü, sırrıma agâh olsalardı¹⁷, beni, zorla alıp götürmeğe kalkarlardı. Beni cephenin ardında, bir köşecikte, bir sakat hayvan gibi sakarlardı. Beyhûde yere zabıt sofralarının ve zabıt¹⁸ çadırlarının bir sığıntısı olurdum. Arkaya veya geriye doğru, umumî¹⁹ hareket anlarında, karargâh kumandanlarının bir angaryesi, bir başbelâsı kesilirdim.

Çölde iken, bir kuyruğu kesik köpek bizim alaya musallat olmuştu. Nereye gitsek, beraber gelir, koğsak dinlemez ve peşimizi bir dakika bırakmazdı. Hep ayaklarımızın arasında dolaşır, arkamızdan koşar, siperlerin içine girer çıkar, geceleri şunun bunun çadırı önünde nöbet beklerdi. Haline acır, vurmak istemezdik. Hattâ yemek artıklarını hep ona verirdik ve köpek belki de, bizden bunun için ayrılmak istemezdi.

[A203] İşte ben, onlara gitmiş olsaydım, mutlaka bu köpeğe benzerdim.

¹⁵ Kendimi bir parça daha garip hissediyorum M; kendimi biraz daha garip hissediyorum B; C;

¹⁶ görüşmedir C;

¹⁷ sırrımı öğrenenlerdi C;

¹⁸ Boş yere subay kantinlerinin ve subay C;

¹⁹ om. C;

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İyi ki, gitmedim.

•

[M162] İyi ki gitmedim. Çünkü her hayatın kendine göre bir başlayışı,²⁰ bir bitişi vardır. Bunu değiştirmek kimsenin elinde değildir ve olmamalıdır. Hayat, yekpare²¹ bir şeydir. ²²Onun muayyen ve sabit ²³mimarisini değiştirebilir miyiz? Değiştirmek elimizde midir? Ve değiştirse güzel, iyi bir iş olur mu?

Ben, için için ta ilk gençlik anlarından²⁴- beri, için için, bir trajedyanın bütün safahatını yaşadım²⁵. Sanki, kendi kendini seyreden, kendi için oynayan sessiz bir aktördüm. Bir trajedyaya aktörü idim. Şimdi son perdeyi oynayacağım bu sırada, birdenbire rolümü değiştirip bir başka adam mı olayım?

Yok, “Hamlet,, gibi başladım. “Hamlet,, gibi bitireceğim. Benim için, bu, bir “kariyer,, meselesidir. Birdenbire, yüzümün karasarı boyasını silip, dayak tiryakisi bir total uşak, bir kambur âşık, bir korkak ihtiyar *makıyaju* yapamam.

Eğer, kendi emeklerimize²⁶, kendi idealleri [A204]mize göre yaşamak imkânım bulamadıysa, bari kendi ölümümüzle ölelim. Ne doğduğumuz yeri, ne sevdiğimiz kimseleri, ne yüzümüzü, ne kalbimizi kendimiz intihap edebildik²⁷. Fakat ölümün her türüsünü seçmek ²⁸bizim elimizdedir.

²⁰ bir akışı M;

²¹ bölünmez C;

²² vücudumuz gibi yekpare bir şeydir M;

²³ muayyen ve basit B; belirli ve mukadder C;

²⁴ anlarımdan M; anılardan C;

²⁵ bir dramın bütün safhalarını yaşadım C;

²⁶ emellerimize M;

²⁷ ...ne yüreğimizi kendimiz intihap edemedik M; ..ne kalbimizi kendimiz seçebildik C;

²⁸ kudreti M; only

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Ben, işte, gider ayak bu kudretimi, bu yegâne kudretimi kullanacağım²⁹.

Ölümlerin, bence, en asili, en değerlisi, en tatlısıyla öleceğim.

Ve arkamda hiçbir kimse bırakmayacağım. Ne bir dost, ne bir sevgili... Hiçbir izim de [M163] kalmıyacak; hattâ mezarım bile: Çünkü, bu köylüler, beni gömmezler, bir derenin içinde köpeklere, kargalara yemlik bırakırlar ve kemiklerimi tezек ateşinde yakarlar.

Ne âlâ. Yadellerde, kemiklerim³⁰ bile kal- mıyacak.

•

Bugün köyde inanılmıyacak derecede hari- kulâde bir hâdise³¹ oldu.

öğle üstü, üç dört kişi, kahvenin çardağı altında oturuyorduk. Ta uzakta yolun³² dönemecinde, bir asker müfrezesinin ucu göründü. Hepimiz, heyecanla, ayağa kalktık, ve, yola [A205] doğru yürüdük. Çok geçmedi. Bu gelenlerin bizim askerlerimiz olduğu anlaşıldı³³. Lâkin, bunun böyle olduğunu anlamak köylüleri teskine yaramadı.³⁴ . Belki, gelenler yiyecek ve yatacak yer arar³⁵ ve yahut el âlemi angariyeye sokarlar diye her biri bir yana sıvıştı. Bekir çavuş da dönmek üzere idi. Fakat ben bırakmadım.

²⁹ Ben işte gider ayak bu gücümü, bu tek gücümü kullanacağım C;

³⁰ ölüm M;

³¹ olay C;

³² yolun M; B; C;

³³ Bu om. Müfrezenin bizimkilerden biri olduğu anlaşıldı M;

³⁴ yaramaz.M;

³⁵ Belki gelinler yiyecek, oturacak yer ararlar ve yahut elâlemi angariyeye çekerler diye her biri bir yana sıvıştı. M; Lakin bunun öyle olduğunu anlamak köyleri teskine yaramadı, ya da elâlemi angaryaya sokarlar diye herbiri bir yana sıvıştı C;

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– Dur, bakalım. Belki, şunlardan bir havadis alırsız, dedim.

Eski ordu hayatından, onda biraz askerlik gururu kalmış olacak:

– Peki, dedi.³⁶

Müfreze, dolambaçlı ve tozlu yol üzerinde, intizamsız³⁷ bir yürüyüşle, döne dolaşa, yaklaşıyor. Bekir çavuş, baktı, baktı:

– Bu ne demek? Ne başı var, ne kıçı.. diye söylendi.

Hakikaten³⁸, gelenler, ne muntazam³⁹ bir tabur, ne de bir jandarma müfrezesine benziyordu. [M164] Hattâ, daha ziyade yaklaştıkları vakit⁴⁰ giydikleri elbiselerin, taşıdıkları silâhların da birbirini tutmadığını gördüm.

– Merhaba arkadaşlar. Nereden böyle?

O kadar yorgun idiler ki, cevap verecek-[A206]

leri yerde, bize, tozdan bembeyaz olmuş kirpiklerinin arasından ölü bir nazarla bakıp geçiyorlardı.⁴¹

Bir iki tanesi yanımıza yaklaşıp:

– “Köyün suyu nerede?,, diye sordu.

⁴²Bekir çavuş, parmağının ucuyla, çeşmenin bulunduğu meydancığı⁴³

gösterdi. Teker meker, ikişer üçer yürüyorlar, bir tanesi arkadan geliyor. Bekir çavuş, kendini tutamadı:

– “Yahu, sizin zabitanız⁴⁴ filan yok mu?,, diye bağırdı⁴⁵.

³⁶ om. C;

³⁷ Dağınık C;

³⁸ Gerçekten B; C;

³⁹ düzgün C;

⁴⁰ zaman M;

⁴¹ ...arasından bakmakla iktifa ettiler M; arasından ölü gözlerle bakıp geçiyorlardı. C;

⁴² Bekir Çavuş, kendini bir derleyip toparladı. B; and C; only.

⁴³ meydancığa M;

⁴⁴ subayınız C;

⁴⁵ sordu M;

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Çeşmeye doğru gidenlerden bir tanesi döndü. O arkadan geleni gösterdi:

– “Daha, bizim başçavuş,, dedi.

Bekir çavuş, kendini⁴⁶ bir derleyip topladı.⁴⁷ . Elinin tersiyle bıyıklarının dik kıllarını sıvazladı⁴⁸ . Uzaktan o gelen adamı süzdü, süzdü: “Hele, şuna bak,, dedi.

O adam, arada bir yolun ortasında, şaşırılmış gibi duruyor, ve ⁴⁹etrafına bakmıyor, sonra gene birkaç adım yürümeğe⁵⁰ başlıyordu .

[M165] Baş çavuşun hakikaten ⁵¹acayip bir hali var. Yol üstünde⁵² öyle zik zaklar yapıyor ki, adeta sarhoş olduğuna hükmedilebilir, işte, gene durdu. Gene sağına soluna bakıyor. Durduğu noktada, bir Mevlevî dervişi gibi dönüyor.

[A207] Bekir çavuşun sabrı taşı. İleriye doğru yürüdü.

– “Hey, hemşerim, ne bakıp duruyorsun?,,⁵³

Herifin, bu sestem ⁵⁴irkilip ürkmüş gibi

silkindiğini gördüm. Sonra acele acele Bekir çavuşa yaklaştı. Bir müddet⁵⁵ hareketsiz kaldılar. Derken iki ağızdan, bir anda kopan bir feryatla her iki adam sarmaş dolaş oldular. Bir müddet, bir uzun müddet⁵⁶ öyle⁵⁷ kaldılar.

Ben, merakla adım adım onlara yaklaştım. Bekir çavuş, iki eli karşısındaki adamın omuzlarında, bana döndü:

⁴⁶ gene C; only.

⁴⁷ topardı B;

⁴⁸ sıvazladı B; C;

⁴⁹ bire bire(?) M;

⁵⁰ yürümeye C;

⁵¹ gerçekten B; C;

⁵² üstünde M; B; C;

⁵³ bakanıp duruyun M; bakanıp duruyorsun C;

⁵⁴ ürkmüş gibi irkilip silkindiğini M;

⁵⁵ süre C;

⁵⁶ Bir müddet, uzun bir müddet M; Bir süre, bir uzun süre C;

⁵⁷ Öylece C;

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– “Hey, şu Allahın işine bak. Bili min bu kim?.,⁵⁸ dedi.

Dikkatle bakıyorum. Derisi bir hintli derisi gibi⁵⁹ kararmış, uzun uzun⁶⁰ ve kırçıl sakallı bir adam. Kaç yaşında? Belki otuz,⁶¹ , belki ellisinde vardır. Bu Anadolu köylüsünün, — hele uzun müddet⁶² askerde kaldıktan sonra —⁶³ yaşını tayin etmek pek güçtür.

Bekir çavuşa: — “Senin eski silâh arkadaşlarından biri olacak,, dedim.

Kocaman bir⁶⁴ kedi esneyişine benzeyen bir tebessümle sırttı.

– [A208] Bu, hanı, ölü⁶⁵ sandığımız Şerif, be... Eminenin babası Şerif.

Sonra ona dönüp⁶⁶:

[M166] Kızın burada, bili min? Kızını, biz, burada everdik.⁶⁷

Herif, hayretle geri geriye çekildi:

– Etme be. Emine, o kadar büyüdü mü ki⁶⁸?

Durdu. Düşündü, düşündü. Parmaklarile yılları hesap etti:

– On yıl oluyor. Doğru ya, on yıl; dedi. O vakit hiç değilse, altı yedi⁶⁹

yaşında vardı.

Daldı:

– Görsem tanımam ki... dedi⁷⁰.

⁵⁸ Bilinmiyonmı bu kim? Bilinmiyonmı bu kim; M; only

⁵⁹ kadar M;

⁶⁰ uzun ve kırçıl M; B; C;

⁶¹ belki kırk M;

⁶² süre C;

⁶³ Yaşını, M;

⁶⁴ bir kocaman M;

⁶⁵ öldü M; şehit B; C;

⁶⁶ sonra Eminenin babasına dönüp M; sonra dönüp C;

⁶⁷ Kızın burada biliyomun? Recep(?)Çavuş, kızını burada everdik M; kızın burada, bilin misin? C;

⁶⁸ Etme be, o kadar büyüdü mü? M

⁶⁹ ya sekiz M;only

⁷⁰ dedi om. M;

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Bir dakika, dağılan aklını⁷¹ toplamak ister gibi kendini bir zorladı.⁷²

– Anam sağ mı? dedi.

– Sağ ya, köyde oturup durur.⁷³ . Emine'nin babası bir şey daha sormak istedi. Yutkundu, yutkundu. Sonra, acayip bir sessizliğe düştü. Bize⁷⁴ şaşkın şaşkın bakmağa başladı. O kadar şaşkın gözlerle ki, içlerinde şuurun son ışıkları sönmüş zannolunur⁷⁵.

Şerif çavuş, gel köye varalım.

[A209] Koca adamı, adeta, sıkılgan bir çocuğu bilmediği bir yere sürükler gibi götürüyorduk.

[M167] Kahvenin önüne vardığımız zaman Bekir çavuş, onu hemen hemen kendi eliyle bir iskemlenin üstüne oturttu.

– Hele sen, şurda biraz bekle; dedi.

Şerit çavuşun önü sıra gelmiş olan askerler, toprağın üstünde yüzükoyun yatmış uyumuşlardı. Emine'nin babasına dedim ki⁷⁶:

– Ahretten gelen yolcu kahveyi nasıl is-istersin? Bir cigara içer misin?

Paketimi uzattığım zaman⁷⁷ hem onun hem benim ellerimizin titrediğini gördüm.

Şerit çavuş:

– Bir su. aman, bir su., dedi.

Kahvecinin getirdiği altı delik maşrabayı,

⁷¹ hatırlarını M;

⁷² zorladı M; B; C;

⁷³ duruyor M;

⁷⁴ Bize, şaşkın gözlerle bakıyordu M;

⁷⁵ sanılır M;

⁷⁶ söyledim M;

⁷⁷ vakit M;

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iki eliyle kavradı. Lıkır, lıkır, lıkır, içmeğe başladı.

Ben gittikçe aitan bir merak ve heyecanla bu acayip “Odyssee,, kahramanına bakıyorum. “Ülises,, de, on yıl denizlerde kayboldu idi. Memleketine döndüğü gün, bir domuz çobanının ağlında, delikanlı olmuş oğluyla karşı karşıya geldiği zaman, ne oğlu onu, ne de o oğlunu tanıdı idi⁷⁸. Fakat, iffetli ve saburlu⁷⁹

[A210] karısı Penelope, henüz hiç kimse ile evlenmemiş, onu evinde bekliyordu.

Bu Anadolu “Ülises,, inin karısı ise, çoktan bir başka adama varmıştır, işte, Şerif çavuşun “Odyssee,, si, asıl burada düğümlenecek. Hem de, bir kör düğümlenecek.

On yıl, ne yaptı? ⁸⁰Nerelerde idi? Sorsam, bu uzun macerayı [M168] bana anlatabilecek mi?

Belki, hiç bir şey hatırlamıyor. Vakalarla dolu yıllar, bir kayanın üstünden akan sular gibi onun üstünden akıp geçmişe benziyor. Lâkin sular, en sert taşlarda bile izlerini bırakırlar. On yıllık macera, kabil mı ki onda, hiçbir eser bırakmadan geçip gitmiş olsun?

– Şerif çavuş, bu kadar zamandır nerelerde idin?

Başını çevirmeden, hep önünde sabit bir notaya bakarak cevap veriyor:

– Askerde

Tabî, askerde olduğunu biliyorum. Fakat, bir yerde esir mi üdştün? Ne oldu?⁸¹

Ne ol

– dun da, böyle yıllarca senden bir hal haber çıkmadı?⁸²

⁷⁸ tanıdı C;

⁷⁹ sabırlı B; C;

⁸⁰ On yıl? Ne yaptı? M;

⁸¹ om M;

⁸² Ne oldun böyle yıllarca senden hiç bir hal haber çıkmadı? M;

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Gene gözleri aynı noktada⁸³:

- Ya, Moskofa yesir⁸⁴ düştük; dedi.
- [A211] Esarete çok kaldın mı? Rusyanın neresinde kaldın?
- Neresi olduğunu pek bilmiyorum, gari. Bizi çok dolaştırdılar.
- Ya sonra memlekete nasıl döndün?
- Memlekete dönmedim ki. Aha bu gün köy karşıma çıkıverdi. Yakın

düşüğümü ondan anladım. Şaştım, kaldım.

Bir müddet⁸⁵, o da, ben de, susuyoruz. Tekrar soruyorum:

– Buradan çikalı, on yıl oldu, diyorsun. Demek kı, askere Balkan harbinden evvel gittin⁸⁶.

– [M169] Ha, ya. Balkan harbi patladığı vakit, ben Urum - Elinde idim. Sonra İstanbula geldik. Ben terhis olunurken, seferberlik çıktı. Bizi Erzuruma gönderdiler.

Gene sustu⁸⁷ hep birer birer sormak lâzım geliyor⁸⁸ ve ağızından⁸⁹ cevaplar basit, sade, teker teker düşüyor. Sanki, dünyanın en hurda⁹⁰ işlerini anlatır, sanki “Kahve içtim, uyudum, kalktım, yüzümü yıkadım,, der gibi Sarıkamış, Sibirya yollarını, oradaki açlığı, sefaleti, oradan ⁹¹dönüşü, yaya olarak ve farkına varmayarak huduttan içeri girişi⁹², Karsa gelişi,

⁸³ Sentence om. C;

⁸⁴ esir C;

⁸⁵ Bir süre C;

⁸⁶ Balkan savaşından önce gittin C;

⁸⁷ Gene sustuk. C;

⁸⁸ gerekiyor C;

⁸⁹ ağızından M; B, C;

⁹⁰ önemsiz C;

⁹¹ tekrar M: only

⁹² ...ve farkına varmayarak içeriye girişi, harbe gidişi, Karstan tekrar askere alınıp şarka, şarktan cenuba, ve nihayet Adanaya gönderilişini söylüyor. M; ..ve farkına varmayarak sınırdan içeri girişi, Kars'a gelişi, Kars'tan tekrar alınıp şarka, şarktan cenuba ve nihayet Adana'ya gönderilişini söylüyor. C

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[A212] Kastan tekrar alınıp Şarka, Şarktan Ceduba⁹³, ve nihayet Adanaya gönderilişini söylüyor. Müthiş bir vakayı⁹⁴ seli, onu, bir ağaç parçası gibi küreiarzın⁹⁵ böğründe ve binlerce kilometre mesafe içinde oradan buraya, buradan oraya sürükleyip gitmiş. Bu selin her dalgası birkaç ay, her bir kıvrıntısı birkaç yıldır.

Ve Şerif çavuş, bütün destanı bana beş on dakika içerisinde⁹⁶ anlattı.

Derken, köşenin başından Bekir çavuş önde, Emine arkada ve daha arkada İsmail görüne⁹⁷ geldiler.

Şerif çavuşa:

— İşte kızım geliyor, dedim.

Ve bunu söylerken, herif, yerinden sıçrayıp gelenlere doğru atılacak sandım. Hiç te öyle olmadı. Şerif çavuş yerinden kımıldamadı bile. [M170] Ancak, başını o yana çevirdi.

Ben, bu hâdisenin bitaraf⁹⁸ seyircisi, oturduğum yerde, heyecandan titreyordum. Fakat, vakanın asıl kahramanları, bir kuru müsafaha⁹⁹ ettiler. Emine, eğilip babasının elini öptü. Sonra, iki eli kuşağında arkada duran İsmail yaklaştı, o da öptü.

Bekir çavuşun¹⁰⁰ ağzı kulaklarıma varıyordu.

[A213] Evde bulamadım. Tarlada imişler. Te oraya kadar gittim. “Babam geldi,, derim, inanmaz. İşte, şimdi gördün, inandın¹⁰¹ mı?”

Emine susuyor. Ürkek ve dikkatli¹⁰² babasına bakıyor ve arasıra gözü bana

⁹³ cenuba M; B; C;

⁹⁴ olaylar akımı C;

⁹⁵ kürenin C;

⁹⁶ içinde M;

⁹⁷ görüne om. B; C;

⁹⁸ tarafsız C;

⁹⁹ müsafahayla iktifa ettiler M; kuru bir kuçaklaşmayla yetindiler C;

¹⁰⁰ ise memnuniyetten M;

¹⁰¹ tanıdın M;

¹⁰² dikkatle C;

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kaydıka, bařörtüsünün ucuyle yüzünün yan tarafını örtüyor. Biraz daha irilemiş¹⁰³, biraz daha toplanmış. Lâkin, alaca donunun altından, çıplak ayakları, her şeye rağmen, uzun, narin ve küçük görünüyor.

Bir köylü kızında bu ne¹⁰⁴ ayaklar...

Hiç dikkat etmemiştim. Dururken elini böğrüne dayayıp öyle bir bel kırışı var ki... Nerede gördüm, ben, bu pozu? Nerede gördüm? Ha, bir gün Bergamada bir eski mermerin üstünde, bir “barelie¹⁰⁵”, de görmüşüm. O kadın omuzdan düğmeli, uzun, dar ve ince bir “peplos”, giyiyordu¹⁰⁶. Bir ayağı, o pozu alırken hafif bir çıkıntı teşkil eden kalça tarafında, eteğinin altından dışarıya doğru uzanıyordu. Uzun nârin ve küçücük ayaklar.... Tıpkı bununkiler gibi. Ne tuhaf, tıpkı bununkiler gibi.

Artık sahnenin bütün alâka veren kısmı, benim için Emine de toplandı. Ondan ötesini¹⁰⁷ [A214] görmüyorum. Ve derin bir hayranlıkla* bu, henüz topraktan çıkarılmışa [M171] benziyen Fricya¹⁰⁸ heykelini seyrediyorum. Gözlerim, tepeden tırnağa kadar bütün vücudu yutmuş gibidir, öyle ki, bir bakışta¹⁰⁹, hem yuvarlak omuz¹¹⁰ başlarını, hem elinin tatlı inhinasını, hem de belden aşağısını görebiliyorum¹¹¹.

Kendisine, bu kadar dikkatle baktığımı hissetti, galiba! Bir teyiye, duruşunu deđiştiriyor, kâh yan bir vaziyet alıyor¹¹² kâh büsbütün arkasını çeviriyor, kâh Bekir

¹⁰³ irilemiş M; B; C;

¹⁰⁴ ne om. M;

¹⁰⁵ baryolif M; bas-relief B; kabartma C;

¹⁰⁶ O kadın, uzun etekli, omuzdan düğmeli, dar ve ince bir ‘peplos’ giyiyordu M; o kadın omuzdan düğmeli, uzun, dar ve ince bir ‘peplis’ giyiyordu B; o kadın omuzundan düğmeli, dar ve ince bir entari giyiyordu C;

¹⁰⁷ başkasını M;

¹⁰⁸ ‘Lisya’ M; Frikya C;

¹⁰⁹ bir anda M;

¹¹⁰ omuz M, B; C;

¹¹¹ ...hem elinin... görebilirim om. hem belinin inhinasını hem de ayaklarını görebiliyorum. M;

¹¹² poz C;

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çavuşu siper alıyordu. Zavallı çocuk, kendisine ne kadar yürekte baktığımı bilse... bununla beraber, bütün hareketlerinde, vücudunun ve çehresinin¹¹³ bütün ifadesinde bana teselli veren bir şey var: İsmaili, hiç¹¹⁴ sever görünmüyor.¹¹⁵

Erkeğine bağlı olan dışı bir bakışta belli olur. Nasıl mı? diyeceksiniz? Bunu sezme gayet kolay, fakat, anlatmak¹¹⁶ güçtür. İşte, ben, hissediyorum.¹¹⁷ Eminenin bütün varlığından İsmaili karşı sızan bu lâkaytliğin¹¹⁸, belki, bu tiksintinin sebebini kendine sorsam, o da bana anlatmaz. Bu bir zekâ işi değildir. Ruhun derinliklerinde, bizden daha içeri bir şey, kör, sağır, dilsiz ve karanlık bir varlık; o ister, [A215] o istemez, O sever, o sevmez ve biz onun mutiy¹¹⁹ âleti oluruz.

Emineye sorsam ki.... İşte, babasının yanına çömeldi. Bir keçi¹²⁰ yavrusu bundan daha munis olamaz. Niçin, yalnız bana gelince bir av hayvanı gibi [M172] ürkek, kaçak ve yabani oluyor? Çünkü, ben de yabaninin biri imişim. Anadolu köylüsünde ta cinsiyete, ta înstentlere¹²¹ kadar hükmeden bu mahallilik,¹²² bu¹²³ tecerrüt¹²⁴ duygusu, acaba ruhları yalnızlığa, uzlete davet eden bu ıssız yaylaların icabı¹²⁵ mıdır? Yoksa, İçtimaî¹²⁶ bir teşekkül kusurundan mı hasıl oluyor?

Fikrim, şundan buna atlarken, gözlerimle¹²⁷ Emineyi tetkikten¹²⁸ de

¹¹³ yüzüsünün C;

¹¹⁴ Hiç İsmaili M;

¹¹⁵ Bir defa yan yana durmadılar, gözü bir defa onun yüzüne kalmadı. Aralarında daima soğuk hava ile dolu bir mesafe kaldı. M only

¹¹⁶ çok M;

¹¹⁷ ama anlatamıyorum M; only

¹¹⁸ kayıtsızlığın B; C;

¹¹⁹ itaatlı C;

¹²⁰ kedi M; B; C;

¹²¹ içgüdüye C;

¹²² duygusu M;

¹²³ bu infirad M;

¹²⁴ [soyunma, çıplak olma] C; only

¹²⁵ tesiri C;

¹²⁶ sosyal C;

¹²⁷ crossed in M;

¹²⁸ incelemekten C;

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vazgeçemiyordum¹²⁹, Bir defasında nazarlarımız¹³⁰ çatışır gibi oldu. Afacan¹³¹ bir küçük kız bakışı... Taşkın bir sevgi ile sıkkan kollar arasından, bir çocuğun sıyrılıp çıkmak isteyişi gibi bakış... Fakat, ben onu bir saniye bırakmıyorum. Daracak, bir göz hapsi içinde¹³² sıkıştırıyorum sıkıştırıyorum. Bu kadar inat, nihayet, Emineyi güldürmeye başladı. Bir taraftan, Bekir çavuşla konuşan babasını dinler görünüyor, öbür taraftan hep benimle meşgul oluyordu. Ben, yalvarıyordum,

[A216] o kaçıyordu. Ben tehdit ediyordum o benimle eğleniyordu.

Böyle ne kadar zaman geçti, bilmiyorum. Şerif çavuş birden bire ayağa kalktı:

– Gideyim, anamın elini öpeyim, dedi.

Bizim köyle onların¹³³ köyü arasındaki mesafenin Şerif çavuş gibi bir devri-âlem seyyahına göre ne hükmü var¹³⁴? Hemen kalkıp yürümeğe başladı. Emine de yanı sıra gidiyordu. İsmail, zoraki, arkalarına takıldı. Bekir çavuş benimle kalmıştı.

Üç kişilik katile, biraz ilerledikten sonra durdu. Eminenin babası bize dönmüş sesleniyordu:

– [M173] Askere söyleyin, ben, bir saate varmaz, gelirim:

Bekir çavuş:

– Gelemezsin, diye haykırdı¹³⁵.

¹²⁹ vazgeçmiyorum C;

¹³⁰ gözlerimiz M; bakışlarımız C;

¹³¹ Afacan kollar arasında bir çocuğun sıyrılıp çıkmak isteyişini hatırlatan bir bakış C;

¹³² Gözlerimin sıkı çenberi içinde hep sıkıştırıyorum, hep sıkıştırıyorum. M;

¹³³ onun M;

¹³⁴ hükmü ne? M;

¹³⁵ dedi M;

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Sonra onun cevap vermeden yürüdüğünü görünce tekrar¹³⁶ haykırdı:

– Gecikirsen, askeri yola takayım¹³⁷ mı?

Şerif çavuş, dönüp “Sen bilirsin,, der gibi bir hareket yaptı. Beriki, gene seslendi¹³⁸:

– Dur be, nereye gidecekti, bular¹³⁹?

¹⁴⁰Şerif çavuşun cevabını ancak işitebildik¹⁴¹:

– Pulatlı, Pulatlı..¹⁴²

[A217]

•

Ve Şerif çavuş, bir daha, bizm köye dönmedi. Ertesi sabah, Emine ile İsmail¹⁴³, askerlerin çoktan yola çıkmış¹⁴⁴ olduğunu öğrendiler. Ne biri, ne öbürü babaları hakkında tek kelime söylemiyorlardı. Bekir çavuş sinik bir tebessümle sırtarak:

– Ben bildim. Onda dönecek göz yoktu. Derken ikisi birden başını eğip susuyordu¹⁴⁵. Vatan uğrunda¹⁴⁶ — velev şuursuzca olsun¹⁴⁷ — on yıllık maceranın bu suretle bitişi bana azap veriyordu. Kendimi tutamadım:

– **M 175** Söyleyin ona, hemen taburuna iltihak etsin. Yoksa hakkında hayırlı olmaz dedim.

¹³⁶ tekrar om. M;

¹³⁷ katayım M; B; C;

¹³⁸ tekrar bağırdı M;

¹³⁹ bunlar M; B; C;

¹⁴⁰ Eminenin babası güç duyulur bir sesle:M; only

¹⁴¹ Şerif işitebildik. om. M;

¹⁴² diye ağladı M; only

¹⁴³ döndükleri vakit M; only

¹⁴⁴ çıktığını M;

¹⁴⁵ susuyorlardı M;

¹⁴⁶ yolunda M;

¹⁴⁷ olsun om M;

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Bu sırada, îsmaille Emine ortadan kaybolmuşlardı¹⁴⁸. Yanımda kalan Bekir çavuş:

– Adam sen de. Kim kime, dum duma, dedi.

Sahi, her şey o hale geldi mi? Öyle ise, ¹⁴⁹Anadolu ordusu, şu dağların öte kıyısında¹⁵⁰ yeni bir meydan muharebesine¹⁵¹ niçin¹⁵² hazırlanıyor? Askerî hayatında hiçbir hezimet¹⁵³ görmemiş olan büyük Türk serdarının cephede işi ne?

¹⁵⁴Gidip yakından görmek için, delice bir [A218] arzu ile tutuşuyorum. Bir Kâbe gibi cepheye gitmek ve onun çadırı etrafını tevaf ¹⁵⁵etmek.

Bütün Türk âleminin bundan başka teveccüh¹⁵⁶ edeceği bir nokta var mı? Bütün Türk âlemi mi?

Hayır. Bütün mazlum insanların, diyecektim. Gözü doymak bilmeyen bir iki garp milleti, günde dört defa yemek yiyecek diye, nice fukaranın lokması elinden alındı. ¹⁵⁷Nice yuvalara kundak sokulup, nice ev bark yıkıldı. Şimdi, Wesminster’in kızıl¹⁵⁸ derili Lordu, çatlak tabanlı Anadolu köylüsüne karşı bir sürgün avı yaptırıyor. Neresini yiyecek, bu zavallı mahlukların¹⁵⁹? Hangisinin böğüründen¹⁶⁰, ona, bir büfteklik et çıkarabilir¹⁶¹? Hepsi de sade deri, sade kemik.

Böyle düşünürken, karşıma, çoktanberi¹⁶² görmediğim Süleyman çıkageldi.

¹⁴⁸ bir köşeye sav??uşlardı. M; only

¹⁴⁹ niçin M;

¹⁵⁰ yakasında M;

¹⁵¹ savaşına C;

¹⁵² niçin om M;

¹⁵³ bozgun C;

¹⁵⁴ Onu M;

¹⁵⁵ tavaf M; C;

¹⁵⁶ yönelecek C;

¹⁵⁷ Nice ülkeler parçalanıp dağıldı. Nice yol başları geldi. M; only

¹⁵⁸ pembe C;

¹⁵⁹ yaratıkların C;

¹⁶⁰ göğüsünden C;

¹⁶¹ çıkabilir M; C;

¹⁶² çoktan dır M;

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Sanki, bütün Anadolu köylüsünün, tasavvur ettiğim sefalette en tipik ¹⁶³nümunesi imiş gibi, önümde dikildi¹⁶⁴ durdu. Espap¹⁶⁵ diye taşıdığı paçavralar, vücudunu yarı yarıya ancak örtebiliyordu. Kolları iki ince çöptü. Bacakları iki değnek ve bunların üstünde, göz kovuklarına iki ¹⁶⁶kor sokulmuş bir iskelet kafası¹⁶⁷.

[A219] - Oo, Süleyman, nerede idin bakalım?

Onunla, yüzüne bakmaktan, korkarak konuşuyorum. Anlaşılmaz bir hırıltı, bana cevap veriyor. Neymiş? Neredeymiş? Evinde, çoktan hasta mı yatıyormuş? Nesi varmış? Sıtması mı? Çoktan öksürüyormuş. Geceleri, sabaha kadar durmaksızın öksürüyormuş. Bir ateş, bir ateş..

– Boğazımdan sudan gayri¹⁶⁸ bir şey geç- miyir¹⁶⁹, diyor. Ve bir müddet¹⁷⁰ öksürükten sonra ilâve ediyor¹⁷¹:

– Şimdi biraz iyileştim. Azıcık sıcak çorba içsem, kuvvetim daha ziyade yerine gelecek.

– Sana bir güzel tavuk haşlatayım.

Süleyman, bir acayip tebessümle sırtıyor.

Otuz iki dişi birden dışarıya fırlıyor. Ben, derin bir ıstırap ile başımı önüme eğiyorum.

– Otur, şuraya, Süleyman. Bana nabzını verir misin?

[M176] Elini uzatıyor. Saat elimde¹⁷², nabzını dinliyorum. 110 atıyor.

¹⁶³ bir M;

¹⁶⁴ dikili B;, C;

¹⁶⁵ esvap M; B; C;

¹⁶⁶ siyah M;

¹⁶⁷ Kolları iki ince değnek ve bunların üstünde, göz ovuklarına kor sokulmuş bir iskelet kafası. C;

¹⁶⁸ başka M;

¹⁶⁹ geçmiyor C;

¹⁷⁰ süre C;

¹⁷¹ ilave etti C;

¹⁷² Saata bakarak C;

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- Sana bir de derece koyayım.

Tam 39,5.

- Süleyman, hemen şimdi yatacaksın.

[A220] Hem burada, Emeti kadının oturduğu odaya yatacaksın.

- istemem, bir şeyim yok.

Ben ısrar edince tekrar evine dönmeğe kalkıyor.

– Pek âlâ, evine git. Ben sana çorbayı gönderirim. Fakat, böyle ayakta dolaşma. Sonra çok fena olursun.

Bana inanmıyor.

- Hiç bir yanım sızlamıyor ki, diyor.

Biz böyle konuşurken, Salih ağanın kanbur oğlu, topallıya topallıya gelip yanımıza oturdu. Onun da yüzü safran gibi, sarıdır. Gözlerinin etrafında iki kara çenber ve burunu, ağzına doğru bir kalın gaga gibi uzanmıştır,

- Asıl benim, ¹⁷³yanım sızlıyor.

Dedi ve sol kalçasını göstererek, ilâve etti.

- Aha buramda bir dert var.

- Nasıl dertmiş o, bakayım?

Yumruğunu uzatarak:

- [M177] Böyle bir ur, dedi.

- Baban sana bir çare bulmuyor mu?

- Kaç defa söyledim. Hiç tınmadı. Anam, oraya sıcak sıcak bir şeyler koydu,

¹⁷³ her M; B; C;

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daha fena [A221] oldu. Bir eşek bulsam, kasabaya kadar gideceğim, orada kendimi hekime göstereceğim.

Maksadı, benim eşeği almaktır, Ben, an- lamamazlıktan geliyorum.

•

Ne o? Gök mü gürüyor? Yok canım. Bu havada gök gürleri mi? Başımı kaldırıp bakıyorum. Bir tek bulut parçası görünmüyor¹⁷⁴. Bununla beraber, bazı açık havalarda şimşek çakıp gök gürlediğini hatırlarım¹⁷⁵. Durup dinliyorum. Bu, gök gürültüsüne benzemiyor.

Uzaktan uzağa, derinden derine kesik, muntazam ve mihaniki¹⁷⁶ bir gümbürtü.

Serin sabah rüzgârının içinde, kır sakın. Tarlada, herkes, işiyle gücüyle meşguldü. Ben yalnız dolaşıyorum.

Köyden cenuba¹⁷⁷ doğru uzaklaştıkça, bana bu sağır ve müphem gürültüyü, daha eyi işidiyorum gibi geliyor. Bir küçük tepenin üstüne çıkıp, bütün kuvvetim¹⁷⁸ kulaklarımda, dinliyorum..

Buna, adıyla şanıyla top sesleri denir. Lâkin, bu sesler kaç kilometreden gelebilir? Zihnimin içinde, harpte öğrendiğim hesapları yapıyorum. Eğer, şu kadarlık topsa, ses, bu [A222] kadar yerden, bu kadar yerden işidilir, diyorum.

Fakat, bu hesaplara, havanın, o andaki [M178] hususiyetlerini de katmak

lâzımgelir¹⁷⁹. Rüzgârın esişine göre, bütün o sayılar, ölçülür alt üst olur. Fakat her ne

¹⁷⁴ görmüyorum M;

¹⁷⁵ hatırladım C;

¹⁷⁶ kesik, aralıklı ve ölçülü C;

¹⁷⁷ güneye C;

¹⁷⁸ gücüm C;

¹⁷⁹ özelliklerini de katmak gerekir C;

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ise, o dakikada işittiğim bu gürültü, top sesleridir.

— Akıbet.

Bu kelime dudaklarımdan gayri ihtiyarî düşüverdi. Bununla, kendi kendime, ne demek istedim, bilmiyorum. Zihnime bir durgunluk çöküverdi¹⁸⁰. “Akıbet..”, diyorum ve acayip bir sevinçle bir derin keder ortasında donup kalıyorum.

Top sesini çok yakından işittiğim olmuştur. Topların bizzat kendilerini görmüşümdür. Siperlerin öte yakasından, her atılışlarında kara ve uzun boyunlarının nasıl inip kaldığını bilirim¹⁸¹. Ve havada, nasıl koeaman bir patiska yırtılışı sesi çıktığını da bilirim. Gerçi benim sağ kolumun kesilmesi bir kurşun yüzünden- dir. Fakat, kaç defa top mermileri başım üstünden aştı. Sağımdan, solumdan geçti ve kaç defa, şarapnel yağmuru altında kaldım. Ama¹⁸² bunların, hiçbiri bana şu, uzaktan uza[A223]ğa, derinden derine işittiğim uğultular kadar dehşet ve heyecan vermedi.

Bir kayanın üstüne çöküyorum, Önümde ıssız yayla, sayısız ve hareketsiz toprak dalgalarıyla donmuş bir boz denizi andırıyor. Ta ufuklara kadar uzanan geniş saha içinde ne bir tek ağaç, ne bir tutam ot, ne bir su parıltısı, ne bir hayvan, ne bir bina görülüyor¹⁸³.

[M179] Sanki bu yerlerden hayat ebediyen çekilmiş gibîdir. Sanki bir sönmüş kürenin üstünde tek başıma kalmışım. Bir defa, bir rasathane dürbünüyle aya bakmıştım. İşte şimdi, tam aynı manzarayı Orta Anadolunun bu taşlık tepesinden görüyorum’

¹⁸⁰ çöktü, M; çökmüştü C;

¹⁸¹ bilirim om C;

¹⁸² Fakat M;

¹⁸³ görünüyor M; gözüüyor B; C;

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Ve bu uzaktan¹⁸⁴ gelen gürültüler, bu manzaraya korku bir mahabbet¹⁸⁵ veriyor. Sanki, bir kıyametin yaklaştığına şahit olmuştum. Tevratı efsanelerde türlü türlü tarifleri¹⁸⁶ okunan İlahi ukubetlerin, İlahi gazeplerin bir tanesi de, sanki şu anda vuku bulmaktadır.

Benim burada işim ne? bu sönmüş kürenin, son oturanı, son canlı mahluku¹⁸⁷ benmiyim? Hayır... İşte.

Karşı tepelerin üstünden bir sürü aşağıya doğru inmeğe başladı. Bunun ardından bi[A224]zim Hasanın cılız “siluheti”, ufuk üzerinde bir küçük ağaç dalı gibi, çiziliyor. Acayip şey. Sanki, bu sürü ve bu çoban çocuğu bana,¹⁸⁸ bir müjde getiriyorlarmış gibi yüreğim ferahladı. Ayağa kalkıp işaretler ediyorum. Avazım¹⁸⁹ çıktığı kadar bağıriyorum:

— Hasan, bu tarafa gel. Hazan, bu tarafa

Lâkin, çocuk, henüz beni işitecek yakınlıkta değildir. Oturup bekliyorum. Sürü karşı sırtta otlaya, otlaya, yavaş yavaş iniyor¹⁹⁰. Boz toprak üstünde müteharrik beyaz¹⁹¹ zig- zaglar yaparak [M180] sıkıntılı bir elde bir kocaman teşbih gibi, sağa, sola, öne, arkaya kıvılcıyor. Bu hayvancağızlar da, topraklarda yiyecek ne bulurlar? bilmeyorum. Şu çakıllar arasındaki dikenler birer gıda mıdır?

¹⁹²Nihayet, işitti, galiba., durdu. Dinliyor. Tekrar ayağa kalkıp işaretlerimi yapıyorum, işte, benden yana yöneldi.¹⁹³

¹⁸⁴ uzağa M; only

¹⁸⁵ mahabet B; heybet C;

¹⁸⁶ tariflerini okuduğum M;

¹⁸⁷ yarattığı C;

¹⁸⁸ bir ümmet, bir teselli M; only

¹⁸⁹ avazım M; B; C;

¹⁹⁰ Sürü karşı sırttan, yavaş yavaş iniyor. C;

¹⁹¹ müteharrik zigzaglar M; beyaz çizgiler C;

¹⁹² Hasan, bu tarafa. Hasan, Hasan... M;

¹⁹³ yöneldi M; B; C;

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Top sesleri, gayri muayyen fasılalarla¹⁹⁴ devam ediyor. Deminkinden daha mı yakın, daha mı uzak? Bana, gittikçe uzaklaşır gibi geliyor. Ne hesaba göre böyle tahmin ediyorum? Sanki, bir saat içinde düşman mevziini mi [A225] değiştirdi? Eğer öyle olsaydı, düşman, yeni mevzilerini tesbit edinceye kadar uzun bir müddet¹⁹⁵ top seslerinin kesilmesi lâzım gelirdi¹⁹⁶. Fakat, kim ¹⁹⁷dedi ki, bu, mutlaka düşman toplarının sesidir? Belki de, sabahtan beri kulağıma gelen sesler hep bizim cepheden aksediyor.

Ben böyle düşünürken, dalıp gitmiştim. Hasanın, ta yanıma gelip dikildiğinin farkına bile varmadım:

- Hasan, iştiriyor musun, bu top seslerini?....
- Sabahtan beri gürültü duyarım emme, top sesi mi bilmem¹⁹⁸. Ben uzakta yağmur yağar sandım.
- Yok, Hasan. Bu, top sesleridir¹⁹⁹.

[M181] Küçük çoban, bu sözün manasını²⁰⁰ pek anlamıyor gibi. Top sesleri veya gök gürültüsü, onca bu iki hâdisenin²⁰¹ arasındaki fark pek de büyük olmasa gerektir.

- Şu tepelerin arka tarafında muharebe²⁰² oluyor, Hasan...
- Maharebe ne demek?
- Askerlerin kavgası..

¹⁹⁴ fasıllarla B; belirsiz aralıklarla

¹⁹⁵ süre C;

¹⁹⁶ gerekirdi C;

¹⁹⁷ bana M;

¹⁹⁸ Bilmiyorum M;

¹⁹⁹ sesidir C;

²⁰⁰ anlamını C;

²⁰¹ olayın C;

²⁰² savaş C;

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Tam bu esnada, gök yüzünün, uzak bir [A226] noktasından dört beş tayyarenin²⁰³ pervane homurtularını duyduk. Başımızı kaldırıp havayı araştırdık. Top seslerinin geldiği noktadan, koca makine— kuşlar, sanki o gürültüden ürkmüş²⁰⁴ da kaçışıyorlarmış gibi bize doğru uçuyorlar.

Hasan:

— Viyy, arı gibi vızıldılar, be., dedi ve ağzı açık, gözleri havada kaldı.

Tayyareler²⁰⁵, muayyen²⁰⁶ bir istikamette gidiyorlar ve gittikçe ufalışlarına²⁰⁷ göre bizim bulunduğumuz noktanın öbür yakasına geçtikleri tahmin edilebilir. Bu istikamet hep Şarkı — Şimaliyi gösteriyor. Tayyareler²⁰⁸ uzaklaştıkça yükseliyor. Artık seslerini işitmiyoruz. Nerede ise, gözle görülmiyecek kadar uzaklaşacaklar²⁰⁹. Şimdiden birer siyah nokta halini aldılar.

Küçük çoban;

— [M182] Bu sefer, kâğıt atmadılar, dedi.

Bunu söylemesiyle, havada bir avuç kıvılcımın sönüp parladığı, parlayıp söndüğü görüldü ve bunu bir acayip çıtırdı takip etti²¹⁰ iki dakikada²¹¹ bir kıvılcım yağmuru daha, gene o çıtırdılar.

Hasan elleri böğründe başı yukarıda.

—Viyy, ateş atırlar, be., dedi. Şocuğu bu za[A227] manzara eğlendiriyor gibi.

Çünkü yüzünde ne bir korku, ne bir endişe alameti²¹² vardır. Ağzı hayretten açılmış

²⁰³ uçağın C;

²⁰⁴ korkmuş M;

²⁰⁵ uçaklar C;

²⁰⁶ belirli C;

²⁰⁷ küçüldüklerine c;

²⁰⁸ uçaklar C;

²⁰⁹ uzaklaşıyorlar C;

²¹⁰ izledi C;

²¹¹ iki dakika sonra M; C; iki dakika B;

²¹² kuşku belirtisi C;

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ve gözleri tecessüsten²¹³ parıl parıl yanıyor²¹⁴. Sanki, hiç görmediği bir oyunu seyrediyor.

Ben, tayarelerin²¹⁵ ateş ettikleri noktanın bizim karargâhımız olacağını kolaylıkla tahmin ediyorum ve nerede ise mukabele görecekleri ânı bekleyorum. Fakat, tayareler²¹⁶, bütün bombalarını²¹⁷ tükettikten sonra bir yarım dair²¹⁸ çizip geriye döndüler. Onu müteakip²¹⁹, arkalarından bir kaç defa ateş edildiğini sezdim.

Hasan, gittikçe daha ziyade eğleniyor²²⁰. Açık ağzının içinde Vıyy, vıyyalar²²¹ sıklaşıyor. Ben, ona nafiye²²² yere tafsilât vermeğe uğraşıyordum. Çocuk, beni dinlemiyor bile... Kim bilir, bu hakikatten²²³ daha hakiki hâdiseye²²⁴ kendi kafasınca nasıl bir efsâne²²⁵ uydurmaktadır.

[M183] Bugünü takip eden günlerde, top sezleri ve hareketleri²²⁶ sıklaştıkça sıklaştı. Köylüler, bir parça korkmağa başladılar. Fakat, ben, onlara: “Haydi, gidelim,, dedikçe hiç biri aldırılmıyor. Bir tanesi, bana:

— Sen ne²²⁷ duruyorsun? dedi.

²¹³ meraktan C;

²¹⁴ parıldıyor C;

²¹⁵ uçakların C;

²¹⁶ uçaklar C;

²¹⁷ mobyalarını M;

²¹⁸ daire M; B; C;

²¹⁹ ondan sonra C;

²²⁰ eğleniyor M; B; C;

²²¹ M in Latin script and the plural ending in Arabic script

²²² boş C;

²²³ gerçekten C;

²²⁴ gerçek olaya C;

²²⁵ masal C;

²²⁶ O günü izleyen günlerde, top sesleri ve uçak hareketleri C;

²²⁷ neye M;

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[A228] Sahi, ben ne²²⁸ duruyorum? Bunu, kendi kendime izahtan acizim. Elim ayağım kımıldamaktadır. Fakat, bunları kımıldatan iradenin bir tarafına felç gelmiş gibidir²²⁹. ²³⁰Bir şeye karar veremiyorum. Bütün basiretim bağlanmıştı.

İnsan, bazı, rüyalarda böyle olur. Bağırarak ister sesi çıkmaz. Koşmak ister koşamaz²³¹.

Bekir çavuş²³², bir gün, bana:

– Yahu, dedi. Bu köylüleri korkutmağa gelmez. Zaten hepsinin gözü yılmış. Yüreklerine büsbütün telâş düşerse, her biri bir yana kaçır. Şimdi, tam iş zamanıdır. Sonra perişanlık²³³ olur.

Gerçi, senenin bütün mahsulü,²³⁴ , küçücük yığınlar halinde toprağın üstüne dağılmış duruyor. Bunları bırakıp nasıl gitmeli? Senenin bütün mahsulü²³⁵.. Ve bu, köylü için, yegâne hayat meselesidir. Onca yeryüzünde bundan üstün daha ehemmiyetli bir hâdise²³⁶ olamaz.

Bekir çavuşa diyorum ki:

– [M184] Hakkın var. Artık, bundan sonra ağzımı açıp bir kelime söylemeyeceğim. Bunu söylerken²³⁷, içimde muti²³⁸ bir çocuk yüreği taşıdığımı hissediyorum. Artık, ²³⁹üzerimdeki ve başkaları üstündeki “otorite,, mi, tamamiyle

²²⁸ neye M;

²²⁹ gibi..C;

²³⁰ Bir türlü, günü küçük ve mu'tad hareketlerinden başka bir hareketine geçmiyorum. M; only

²³¹ ...ayakları kımıldamaz. İşte, tıpkı öyleyim ve kabusu bastırıldıkça bastırıyorum. M; only

²³² Çavuş M; B; C;

²³³ pişmanlık M; C;

²³⁴ yılın bütün ürünü C;

²³⁵ Yılının bütün ürünü M;

²³⁶ önemli bir olay C;

²³⁷ derken C;

²³⁸ itaatli C;

²³⁹ kendi M; B; C;

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kay[A229]betmiş sayılıırım. Bir köylü bana itiraz²⁴⁰ edebiliyor. Bana nasihat veriyor ve ben bunun önünde başımı eğiyorum. “Hakkın var., diyorum, Çünkü şu dakikada, benim bildiğim şeyler artık hiç bir işe yaramıyor. Ümitlerim²⁴¹boşa çıkmıştır. Tahminlerimde²⁴²yanılmışımdır. Benim mantığım, onların “instenkt,,i²⁴³, onların akliselimi²⁴⁴ yanında illâs²⁴⁵ etmiştir.

Hepsine ayrı bir hürmet ve inkıyatla²⁴⁶ bakıyorum. Salih ağa, kelbiyâne²⁴⁷ tebessümü ile bana zekânın ta kendisi gibi geliyor²⁴⁸ ve çıplak ayaklarına bakarken, onları, irişemeğim²⁴⁹ kadar yüksek bir hakikatin ifadesi²⁵⁰ sanıyorum. Ve hiçbir şeye ehemmiyet²⁵¹ vermeyip hiç kimse ile konuşmayarak damının üstüne tarladaki samanları taşıyıp yığmakla meşgul Zeynep kadın, bana insanî²⁵²enerjinin hayrete şayan²⁵³ bir timsali gibi geliyor. Asık ve çatık suratına bakmağa cesaret edemiyorum.

Kendimi, onun karşısında lüzumundan fazla müteharrik ve müteheyyiç²⁵⁴ buluyorum. Yanağıma bir tokat vurup: “Hele sen, bir²⁵⁵ kenarda, sesini kes de otur!,, deyiverecek sanıyorum.

Kendi elimle baktığım Süleyman, artık fibür²⁵⁶ dünyaya mensup olanların

[M185] heybetini taşı

²⁴⁰ tasrih edebilir M;

²⁴¹ bütün M; only

²⁴² Hep M; only

²⁴³ İstenkti M; içgüdüsü C;

²⁴⁴ sağduyusu C;

²⁴⁵ iflas M; B; C;

²⁴⁶ saygı ve boyun eğme ile C;

²⁴⁷ mahut B; C;

²⁴⁸ görünüyor M;

²⁴⁹ erişemeyeceğim M; C; irişemediğim B;

²⁵⁰ gerçeğin belirtisi C;

²⁵¹ önem C;

²⁵² insan C; only

²⁵³ değer C;

²⁵⁴ hareketeli ve telaşlı C;

²⁵⁵ şöyle M; only

²⁵⁶ öbür M; B; C;

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[A230]yor. Bu âlemin işlerine, artık metelik vermiyor. Hattâ arasıra, Cennete dair kalbini yokladığım zaman onu taş kesilmiş²⁵⁷ hissediyorum. “Cennet,, ismini söylediğim vakit artık eskisi gibi sırtmıyor. Eskisi gibi gözleri daha ziyade parlamıyor. Sözümü anlamıyan bir adam kayıtsızlığıyla yüzüme bakıyor.

Belki Memiş burada bulunsaydı²⁵⁸ onunla anlaşmak kabil olacaktı. Fakat, Memiş köyden kaybolalı, iki ayı geçti. Nereye gitti. Hiç kimse bilmiyor. Etrafı saran bütün uğursuzluklar, hep onun kayboluşuna atfediliyor. Bir zamanlar, bütün²⁵⁹hâdiselerin sebebi²⁶⁰ benim gelişimdi. Şimdi, onun gidişi benim gelişimi unutturdu.

Bekir çavuşa: “Hakkın var,, bundan sonra ağzımı açıp bir kelime söylemeyeceğim, dedim ama, keskin bir hasbihal ihtiyacı²⁶¹ yüreğimi dağlıyor. Taşla, toprakla konuşmak istiyorum. Lâkin bu taşlarla toprakların, Zeynep kadının asık ve çatık suratından farkı ne? Onlar da, bu köyün insanları gibi beni istemiyor mu²⁶²?

Sert ve yalçın tabiat. Söylemiştim ki, sen bir üvey ananın kucağı gibisin. Bu hakikati²⁶³, şimdi her zamandan daha fazla²⁶⁴ hissediyorum. Ne altında muvakkat²⁶⁵ bir huzur bulunabilecek

[A231] bir gölgeğin²⁶⁶, ne kıyısında serinlenecek²⁶⁷ bir suyun var! Katı yürekli toprak. Bir gün cesedim bir daha kalkmamak üzere²⁶⁸üstüne düştüğü vakit,

²⁵⁷ kesilmek M;

²⁵⁸ bulunsaydı M; B; C;

²⁵⁹ fena M; only

²⁶⁰ olayların nedeni C;

²⁶¹ dayanılmaz bir konuşma ihtiyacı C;

²⁶² istemiyorlar mı? C;

²⁶³ gerçeği C;

²⁶⁴ ziyade M;

²⁶⁵ geçici C;

²⁶⁶ gölgen B; gölge C;

²⁶⁷ serinlenebilecek M;

²⁶⁸ senin M; only

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kimbilir, beni bağına ne vahşi bir huşunetle bastıracaksın.

•

[M187] Dün, uzaktan uzağa top sesleri duyuluyor ve arasıra gök yüzünün uzak bir noktasından birkaç tayyarenin²⁶⁹ geçtiği görülüyordu. Şimdi artık, barut kokusu bütün havayı sardı. Kulaklarımız, tayyare²⁷⁰ seslerini, eşek anırmalarından, köpek havlamalarından daha sık işidir oldu.

Tayyarelerin²⁷¹ gelip geçişi, köylüleri²⁷² eğlendiriyor. Hepsi sırtlarını duvara²⁷³ dayayıp ağızları bir karış açık seyrediyorlar ve bir: “Vıyy viyy viyy, anacığım!,,dır gidiyor. “Görüyon mu, bu daha büyük. “—Yok, ²⁷⁴o daha büyük.,, —Bu öndeki hızlı uçuyor, “ — öbürü daha ağır gidiyor,, derken, bazısı baş aşağı inecek gibi olunca, gene hepsi bir ağızdan: —“Aman aman düşüyor..., diye bağırsıyorlar.

Sanki, düşecek olan babalarının oğlu imiş gibi öyle bir kızıyorum, öyle bir kızıyorum ki, yerimde duramıyorum. Adam akıllı bir silâhım [A232] olsa köyün ortasında durup bu sırnaşık, bu palavracı pervanelere doğru çekeceğim. Fakat benim, bir çifte ile bir Browning²⁷⁵ tabancasından başka silâhım yok.

Bir gün, Bekir çavuşa verdiğim söze rağmen, kendimi tutamadım:

— Ayıptır. Düşman böyle seyredilmez, dedim.

Kümenin içinden bir ses:

— Nolacak, bize dokunmuyor ki, dedi.

²⁶⁹ uçağın C;

²⁷⁰ motor C;

²⁷¹ uçakların C;

²⁷² ? M; only

²⁷³ duvarlara M;

²⁷⁴ Yok C; only

²⁷⁵ brovning C;

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[M187] Bunun üzerine, keyfleri bozulmuş insanlar

gibi homurdanarak, dağıldılar, içlerinden yalnız Salih ağa pabuçlarını sürükliyerek benden yana geldi. Sırtarak ve bir az da hışımından²⁷⁶ korkarak:

– Sen öyle diyon emme, bunların bize faydası oldu. Görmüyon mu, hiç bir yanda kuştan²⁷⁷²⁷⁸ eser²⁷⁹ kalmadı. Harman yerinde, tahılı²⁸⁰ hep yirlerdi.

Başımı çevirip yüzüne sert sert bakınca, dondu kaldı. Benden dayak yediği gündeki gibi solumağa başladı. Yanından uzaklaştım, gittim.

Bir gün tayyareler²⁸¹, gene²⁸² aşağıya kâğıt atmağa başladılar. Sanki havadan kudret helvası

[A233] yağıyormuş gibi kapışan kapışana... Alan, bir müddet²⁸³ kâğıdı okumağa çalışıyor²⁸⁴, sonra bece-remeyip katlıyor katlıyor ve bir muska gibi kuşağının içine yerleştiriyor.

Bazısı gidip imamı buluyor.

– Okuyuversene, bakalım, ne diyor.

imam hecelemeğe başlıyor:

“Muhterem Anadolu ahalisi. Kemal çeteleri²⁸⁵

mahvolmuştur. Adım adım bütün şehirleri, kasabaları zaptettik. Şimdi, Ankara üzerine yürüyoruz. Sakın, bize karşı düşmanca harekete kalkışmayınız. Biz, sizi Halife tarafından kurtarmağa geliyoruz.,,

²⁷⁶ hışımından B;

²⁷⁷ kargalardan C;

²⁷⁸ kurdan M; only

²⁷⁹ iz C;

²⁸⁰ om. m ;

²⁸¹ uçaklar C;

²⁸² yine M;

²⁸³ süre M;

²⁸⁴ çabalıyor M;

²⁸⁵ tamamıyla M; only

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– Ne diyor? Ne diyor?

imam tekrar ediyor²⁸⁶:

.....“ [M188] Biz sizi, Halife tarafından kurtarmağa geliyoruz.,,

Ne Halifeyi, ne de peygamberi bildikleri var. Fakat, bu “kurtarmağa geliyoruz,, sözü, bilmeksizin pek hoşlarına gidiyor. “Kurtarmak,, “ Sizi, kim kurtarabilir? Sizi gökten Allah²⁸⁷ inse kurtaramaz. Çünkü, sizi, evvelâ sizden, kendinizden kurtarmak lâzımdır., içimden böyle homurdanarak, kâğıdı imamın elinden çekiyorum. Yere atıp çizmemin ökçesiyle çığnıyorum.

[A234] Hepsi hayretle, bana bakıyorlar.

Deli mi oluyorm? Nöbetim mi var? Her halde, kendimde bir acayip muvazenesizliğin şahidiyim. Kâh, Bekir çavuşun tembihine boyun eğecek kadar fütura²⁸⁸ düşüş, kâh imamın elinden okuduğu kâğıdı kapıp yırtacak kadar celâdet²⁸⁹ gösteriş, her halde, normal bir haleti ruhiye alâmeti değildir.

Zaten, bu hadiseler²⁹⁰ içinde *normal* olmak bir nevi²⁹¹ *anormallik* sayılmaz mı? Her devrin kendine mahsus normları²⁹² vardır. Bir harp zamanında sulh vaktinde gibi yaşamak²⁹³, bir inkılâp devrinde *statik* devirlerin kalıpları içinde sıkışıp kalmak bir gaflet, bir âvârelik, bir sapıklık değil de nedir²⁹⁴?

²⁸⁶ sentence om. C;

²⁸⁷ melekler C;

²⁸⁸ çaresizliğe C;

²⁸⁹ mertlik M;[kahramanlık, yığıtlık] C;only

²⁹⁰ olaylar C;

²⁹¹ çeşit C;

²⁹² ölçüleri C;

²⁹³ Bir savaş zamanında barışta olduğu gibi yaşamak

²⁹⁴ Bir inkılâp safhasında statik devirlerin kalıpları içine sıkışıp kalmak, bir sapıklık, bir avarelik, bir gaflet eseri değil de nedir? M;

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Böylece kafamın içinde biribirine zıt düşünceler, biribirini cerh eder²⁹⁵ hükümler kaynaşip duruyor. Ömrümün son demlerinin yaklaştığını hissettiğim şu günlerde, [M189] nafile²⁹⁶ yere kendi kendimi tayin ve tesbite çalışıyorum. Fakat, bir türlü muvaffak olamıyorum. Kendi benliğim, kendi ellerim arasında bir gaz²⁹⁷ gibi uçup gidiyor. Muhitimi²⁹⁸ tesbite çalışıyorum. Gene aynı boş emek... Muhitim²⁹⁹ bana karşı ne kadar sağırsa o kadar da dilsizdir. Hele şu son [A235] günlerde öyle kapanmış, öyle örtülmüştür ki, ne tarafından bakacağımı, ne tarafından³⁰⁰ dinliyeceğimi bilemiyorum. Sanki zaptetmek isteyen düşman benim, teslim olmyan kale burasıdır.

Bu küçük halk kümesinin dili olsa, bana: “Evet düşman sensin!”, diyecektir. Zaten gözleri bunu söylemiyor mu? Tavurları, hareketleri bunu söylemiyor mu? Onlar nazarında, ben, yalnız sevimsiz bir misafir değil, bir şımarık ekti³⁰¹, aynı zamanda bir uğursuz değil miyim³⁰²? Nerede ise bütün bu olan işlerden beni mesul³⁰³ tutacaklar. Zira, bana karşı, öfke ve husumetlerini o derece artmış görüyorum.

Bir gün, Bekir çavuş, yüzüme fena fena fena bakarak söylendi.

– Düşman, tee İzmirde idi, sağdan sataştılar, soldan sataştılar. Herife rahat vermediler³⁰⁴. Buralara kadar gelmesine sebep oldular. Ne diyeyim bilmem ki, Allah, sebep olanları...

²⁹⁵ cerh eden M; cerheder B; C;

²⁹⁶ boş C;

²⁹⁷ duman C;

²⁹⁸ çevremi C;

²⁹⁹ Çevrem C;

³⁰⁰ taraftan C;

³⁰¹ sığıntı C;

³⁰² bir uğursuz yabancıyım M; uğursuz birisiyim C;

³⁰³ sorumlu C;

³⁰⁴ Sentence om in M;

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Elimin tersiyle suratına bir tokat aşk etmek istedim. Fakat, kendimi zaptettim³⁰⁵. Ve ona, son defa olarak, vatanın yekpâreliği³⁰⁶ hakkında bir fikir vermeğe çalıştım:

– Bir Türk için İzmir ne ise Sivas dat .

[A236] odur. Diyaribekir ne ise [M 190] Samsun³⁰⁷ da odur. İzmir zaptoldu mu, bütün Anadalunun³⁰⁸ imiği³⁰⁹ düşmanın elinde demektir. Orası kurtulmayınca burası kurtulmaz.

³¹⁰Bekir çavuş sözümü kesti:

– Haydi be, sen de... bu lâfları sen başkasına anlat.

Kendimi tutamadım:

– Bekir çavuş, aklını başına al³¹¹, yoksa kafana bir şey indiririm, dedim.

Derhal, benim zabitliğim ve kendi çavuşluğu hatırına gelmiş olacak, hemen toplandı³¹²:

– Kusura bakma. Biz köylüyüz. Böyle şeylere aklımız ermez.

dedi. Ve Yanımdan kalkıp gitmek istedi. Kolundan tutup eturttum:

– Sen köylü değilsin. Sen askerlik etmiş adamsın. Sana bu sözler yakışmaz.

Ayıptır, ayıptır.

Asker? Fakat, Bekir çavuş, bir hezimet ordusunun askeridir. Kimbilir kaç dayakla kötürümleşmiş maneviyetini ayağa kaldırıp durdurmak ne mümkün!

³⁰⁵ tuttum C;

³⁰⁶ bütünlüğü C;

³⁰⁷ Trabzon M; only

³⁰⁸ Anadolunun M; B; C;

³⁰⁹ ilmiği C;

³¹⁰ Fakat M; only

³¹¹ ağızımı topla M;

³¹² kendini topladı M;

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Bahusus³¹³, düşmanın şu karşı tepeleri tuttuğu bir sırada ona destanî³¹⁴ bir heyecan vermeğe çalışmak kadar [A237] abes ve mevsimsiz bir şey tasavvur olunamaz. Bekir çavuş.:

- Biliyoruz, Beyim sen de onlardansın, emme.
- [M191] Onlar kim?

\3) — Aha, Kemal Paşadan yana olanlar..

- insan Türk olur da, nasıl Kemal Paşadan olmaz?
- Biz Türk değiliz ki, Beğim.
- Ya nesiniz?
- Biz Islâmız, elhamdülilâh... O senin dediklerin Haymanada yaşarlar.

Bekir çavuşla, artık, daha ziyade konuşmağa mecalim yok. Bir asılmış adam gibi başım göğsüme düşüyor. Bunalıp kalıyorum.

Eğer, bize zafer müyesser³¹⁵ olsa bile kurtaracağımız şey, yalnız bu ıssız topraklar, bu yalçın tepelerdir³¹⁶. Millet nerede? O henüz ortada yoktur ve onu, bu Bekir çavuşlar, bu Salih ağalar, bu Zeynep kadınlar, bu Ismailler, bu Süleymanlarla yeni baştan yapmak lâzım gelecektir³¹⁷.

Ben Kemal Başadan³¹⁸ yana olmam da kimden yana olurum? Çünkü, o, yarın bu dev işini başaracak olan serdengeçti gönüllülerin³¹⁹ başıdır. Top seslerinin yirmi beş, otuz kilometreden [A238] geldiği anda bile zafere inanıyorum, Lâkin, onu takip edecek olan ikinci cidal devresinin sonu, bana, efsanelerde okuduğum hayaller gibi

³¹³ hele C;

³¹⁴ dasitani C;;

³¹⁵ nasip C;

³¹⁶ dağlar M;

³¹⁷ gerecektir C;

³¹⁸ Paşadan M; B; C,

³¹⁹ döverlerin(?) M;

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uzak ve dumanlı görünüyor.

Bekir Çavuş, tekrar benden özür diledi:

– Beğim, demin, seni kızdırdım emme kusura bakma.³²⁰ . Bu günlerde benim başımda da tevatür çok. dedi.³²¹

[M192] İstiyor ki ben, bu tevatür nedir? diye sorayım. Fakat, sesimi çıkarmayınca, o, devam etti:

– Şu Salih ağanın oğlu yok mu? bizim kızı berbat etmiş, dedi. Şimdi, “Al,” diyorum. “Almam., diyor Yok³²², sağ kalçasında bir ur çıkmış. Yok, bütün vücudu sızlarmış³²³. Hepsi yalan. Hasta olan adam bu işi yapar mı?

Ben ki, bu facianın ilk şahidiyim; kendimi tutamadım:

– Kızın ne diyor? diye sordum.

– Ne desin? (Ben seni alırım) diye kandırmış. Kaç zamandır helâllisi gibi kullanıp dururmuş. Biz de neden sonra haber aldık.

– Sakın kız gebe mi?

– Yok olmaz. Daha kız on iki yaşında.

– •

– Bir sabah, bu sabahı hiç unutamıyaca[A239]ğım! pencereimin altında bir ses. İnce, keskin bir çocuk sesi:

– Geliyorlar. Geliyorlar.

³²⁰ om. C;

³²¹ Kusura bakma. Benim aklım, şimdi hep o dolaşan tevature takılıp kaldı C;

³²² hata imiş M; only

³²³ de M; only

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Yataktan fırlayıp sese koşuyorum:

- Kim geliyor, Hasan?

Küçük çoban soluk soluğadır. Benzi, ya heyecandan, ya koşmaktan [M193]
sapsarı kesilmiş:

- Aha, onlar... Senin dediklerin... Te, kar-şiki beleğin³²⁴ üstünden yürüyüp
gelirler.

Bir müddet³²⁵ aklımı toparlıyamadım. Çocuğun yüzüne, bönbön baka kaldım.

Küçük çoban:

- Ben davarı yamaçta yalnız bıraktım. Daha fazla duramam, dedi ve koşarak
döndü gitti.

Odamin içinde bir yangın esnasında ne yapacağını şaşırılmış bir adam gibi
dolaşıyorum. Kâh çizmelerimi, kâh yeleşimi³²⁶ arıyorum. Bir taraftan Pijamamın
düğmelerini, mütemediyen çözüp ilikleyorum. Nihayet, Emeti kadını imdada
çağırmağa mecbur oldum.

- Emeti kadın, Emeti kadın!

Ses, sada³²⁷ yok. Dışarıya fırladım. Sofa, mutfak, damın üstü, ahır. Yok, yok.
Küme bakıyorum, yok. Bu saate kadar, Emeti kadın gelmemiş olsun... Kabil
değil,

[A240] Ayağımda terlikler, pijamamla, ta evine kadar koşuyorum. Tak tak, kapı.
Gene kimse yok. Köyde, sanki daha hiç kimse uyanmamış gibidir. Ne bir çocuk. Ne
bir hayvan.

³²⁴ belanın M; belin B; C;

³²⁵ süre C;

³²⁶ kah gömleğimi M; only

³²⁷ seda C;

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Yalnız, benim, tuhaf bir kıyafetle, oradan buraya seyirttiğimi gören köpekler havlıyor³²⁸.

[M194] Ben, artık geriye dönemiyorum. Şaşkın şaşkın, hemen bütün evlerin kapısına bir defa vuruyorum³²⁹. Her ev, bir mezar gibi. Meydanlığa kadar gittim. Öyle bir tenhalık ki, insana dehşet veriyor.

Bu meydancıktan, küçük çobanın söylediği yol görünür. Bir de ne bakayım. Düşman askerleri, tozu dumana katarak yürüyorlar. Ters yüzü koşarak eve döndüm.

Bir taraftan giyinmeğe çalışıyorum, bir taraftan köylüleri düşünüyorum. Hepsi evlerine mi saklandılar? Yoksa kaçıp gittiler mi? Düşmanın gelişi, beni hemen hiç işgal etmiyor. Zihnim muttasıl³³⁰, bu iki suale cevap vermeğe çalışıyor. Mutlaka, benden gizli söz birliği edip kaçmış olacaklar. Beni düşman önünde tek başıma bırakarak.. Bu kadar hiyanete, bu kadar namertliğe ihtimal veremiyorum.

Nereye gidebilirler? Daha dün gece hepsi burada idi. Küçük Hasandan evel düşmanın

[A241] geleceğinden haberleri olacak değildi ya. Yok, yok. Hiçbir yere kaçmış olamazlar. Hepsi evlerinde kapanmış, sinmiş³³¹ oturuyorlardır.

Düşmanın hemen köye girmek üzere³³² olduğunu hissediyorum. Havada, bütün bir ağır topçu alayının araba, nal ve demir şakırtıları dalganıyor. İnsiyaki bir hareketle gidip kapımı kilitliyorum. Pencerelerimi kapıyorum Niçin? Şu anda, bunu, kendi kendime izahtan acizim.

³²⁸ havuluyor (?) M;

³²⁹ duruyorum (?) M; kapısını bir defa çalıyorum C;

³³⁰ durmadan C;

³³¹ sinsi C;

³³² üzere M; B; C;

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[M195] Hani, düşman önüne asker elbiselerimi giyerek ve kılıcımı takarak çıkacaktım? Adam sen de. Madem ki, tek başıyım. Bütün tehlikeler, nasıl olsa karşılarında, yalnız beni bulmıyacak mı? Zulüm ve itisafı³³³ üzerime zorla kışkırtmağa ne lüzum var?

Fakat, bu korunma³³⁴ tedbirleri? işte³³⁵ ben de anlamadım³³⁶. Kapının kilidini açıyorum. Pencerelerimi açıyorum. Nal, araba ve demir şakırtıları yaklaşıyor. Ve tozla karışık bir acayip pas ve deri kokusu burnuma kadar geldi.

Bir düşmanın yurda girişi, bir³³⁷ istilâ, bir zabıt, bir fetih bu kadar basit mi? İstanbul işgal edilirken ben orada yoktum. Herhangi bir işgal tecrübesini kendimde yapmış değilim. Benim askerliğim hep yürüme ve siperlerde beklemekten ibaret kaldı.³³⁸

[A242] O ne? Köyün havası bir acayip gürültüyle doldu. Demir, nal ve araba şakırtılarına bir takım insan sesleri de karışmağa başladı. Tıpkı, kâbuslarımda işittiğim sesleri³³⁹:

– Vire, istaso. Nero. Palikari... Ve saire, sesleri.

Bu koyu Türk köyünde, Anadolunun bu hiç açılmamış kuytu, ıssız köşesinde, birden bire, bu Pire limanı şamataları!...

[M196] Bir tek kelime Türkçe³⁴⁰ işitilmiyor.

³³³ [doğru yoldan sapma, yolsuzluk etme] C; only

³³⁴ tahaffuz M;

³³⁵ onu M; only

³³⁶ anlamadım M;

³³⁷ silahlı M; only

³³⁸ Bir düşmanın... ..kaldı om. B; C;

³³⁹ sesler M; C; sesle B;

³⁴⁰ kelime M; only

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Bütün vücudumu soğuk bir ter kapladı. Kulaklarım oğulduyor. Bacaklarımda, kalkmağa hiç mecal yok³⁴¹. Sanki, bir keskin kılıçla belimin ortasından ayrılmış gibiyim. Artık, gelip beni bir kuru ağaç kütüğü gibi yaksa- hr.

Derken bir türkçe ses³⁴²:

– Bu köyde kimse yok mu, be yahu?

Fakat, bu öyle bir türkçe ki, bana Gala-

tayı hatırlatıyor. Doğrudan doğruya Rum şivesiyle söylenmiş bir türkçe diyemem. Bu bağırın belki, bir Ermeni, belki bir Yahudidir. Türkçenin böyle söylenmesinde, böyle üzülüp³⁴³ didiklenmesinde ne hazin bir şey var! Sanki, haşin ve patavasız³⁴⁴ bir el vücudumuzu hırpa[A243]lıyor; vücudumuzun en hassas, en nazik³⁴⁵ yerlerine kadar sokulup oraya tırnaklarını geçiriyor zannedilir.

– Hey, bir adam yok mu, bee?

Ve evlerin kapıları güm güm vurulmağa başlıyor. Köylülerde gene çıt yok. Düşman askerleri bilseler ki, ben de onlar kadar meraktayım. Ayak sesleri benim civarıma yaklaşıyor. İşte, tam pencereimin önünde durdular, Konuşuyorlar. Başımı pencereden yana çevirince birisinin içeriye baktığını gördüm³⁴⁶. Burma bıyıklı, tıraş uzamış bir esmer delikanlı³⁴⁷ kafası... [M197] Bir müddet göz göze geldik. Sonra onun gözleri hayretle odanın içini dolaştı ve kafa aşağıya doğru çekildi³⁴⁸. Bunun üstünden birkaç dakika geçti mi geçmedi mi, bilmiyorum, ayak seslerini bizim evin

³⁴¹ kalmadı M;

³⁴² seda M;

³⁴³ üzülüp C;

³⁴⁴ Sanki, patavasız ve dehşet bir el M;

³⁴⁵ en nazik, en hassas M;

³⁴⁶ bir tanesi ayakların ucunda yükselüp içeriye baktı. M;

³⁴⁷ esmer bir delikanlı M; B; C;

³⁴⁸ ve kalın kafa kayboldu M;

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içinde duydum.

Odamın kapısı açıldı. Demin kendisile göz göze geldiğimiz genç ³⁴⁹kapıdan ³⁵⁰girdi, bana doğru yürüdü ve biraz evvel işittiğim türkçe ile:

. — Bu ne be, meydanda kimseler yok. Sen bu köyden değil misin?

Başım la “Evet”³⁵¹, dedim.

— Pek âlâ nerde, ötekiler nerde, bilmiyor musun?³⁵²

[A244] Başım la “Hayır!,, dedim.

Bu sırada odama silahları tetikte birkaç asker daha girdi. Benimle konuşan onlara dönüp rumca bir şeyler söyledi. Hepsi birden merak ve tecessüsle bana bakıyorlardı. Hepsinin gözü³⁵³ mihaniki bir süratle³⁵⁴ kolsuz tarafımdan yüzüme yüzümden kolsuz tarafıma gidip geliyordu. Türkçe bilen, bana:

— Sen askerdin, galiba... dedi.

Gene başım la evet işaretini yaptım.

Delikanlı kız ar gibi oldu:³⁵⁵

— Senin dilin yok mu? Niçin söylemezsin?

— Söylerim ama keyfim istediği vakit...³⁵⁶

Sinirli bir tavurla³⁵⁷ yanındakilere dönüp

hakkımda³⁵⁸ acı bir istihzada bulunduğunu sezdim. [M198]Tepem attı. Ayağa kalkıp

³⁴⁹ adam M;

³⁵⁰ om. M;

³⁵¹ hayır C;

³⁵² Pekala, nerede ötekiler bilmiyormusun? M;

³⁵³ Gözleri M;

³⁵⁴ sür'atle M; B; surette C;

³⁵⁵ - Sen askerdin... . . . kız ar gibi oldu B; C; om.

³⁵⁶ - Söylerim ama canım isterse... dedim. M;

³⁵⁷ tebessümle M;

³⁵⁸ bana dair M;

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dedim ki:

— Benden izin almadan ta yatak odama kadar ne hakla girdiniz? Ve beni, ne sıfatla sorguya çekiyorsunuz?

Benimle konuşan adam arkadaşlarına yan gözle bakarak „Ben size demedim mi? delinin biri,, der gibi bir işaret yaptı.

—Deli veya akıllı olayım, şimdi şimdi buradan çıkacaksınız, diye bağırdım³⁵⁹. Esmer delikanlı, benimle, artık, bir meczubla konuşur gibi³⁶⁰ konuşmağa başladı:[A245]— Pek âlâ, çıkarız³⁶¹, çıkarız, ama söyle bize, köylüler nerde?

Cevap vermeksizin ayakta, dim dik durduğumu görünce, sabırsızlandı ve askerlerden bir tanesine süngü taktırıp kapımda bıraktıktan sonra, öbürleriyle beraber çıkıp gitti.

Onlar çekilip gidince ben hiç olmazsa odamın kapısını kapatmak istedim. Fakat süngülü nefer³⁶² buna mani oldu. Yerime gelip oturdum ve kendime bir poz vermek için, elime bir kitap aldım.

Dışarıda gelip "gitmeler, bağışmalar, çağrışmalar artıyor. Birkaç defa da kapı kırılmasına benzer patırdılar duydum, işte, bütün bunlara bizim köylülerin sesleri de karışmağa başladı. Onlar³⁶³ hesabına yüreğim ağzıma geldi³⁶⁴. Demek ki, kaçmamışlar. Demek ki, ³⁶⁵yalnız evlerine kapanmakla iktifa etmişler³⁶⁶. Zavallı

³⁵⁹ dedim M;

³⁶⁰ om M;

³⁶¹ Çıkarız M; B; C;

³⁶² asker C;

³⁶³ Onların M;

³⁶⁴ Onlar... ..geldi om. M;

³⁶⁵ korunmak için C; only

³⁶⁶ yetinmişler C;

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masum halk. Düşmanı bu kadar basiretsiz mi sandın?

•

İki üç gündenberi, bizim köy bir Yunan³⁶⁷ kıtasının işgali altındadır. Gerçi, bütün efrat³⁶⁸ köyün içinde oturmuyor. Fakat, zabıt ve kumandan³⁶⁹ neviden âmirlerin her biri bir ev zabtetti³⁷⁰. Zabıt ve kumandan diyorum. Fakat, bir tanesi [A246] müstesna³⁷¹, ne yüzlerini gördüm, ne rütbelerinin ne olduğunu biliyorum. Olan³⁷² bitenden, bizim Emeti kadın vasıtasıyla³⁷³ haber alıyorum. Hemen odamdan hiç çıktığım yok³⁷⁴.

Emeti kadına:

– ilk gün³⁷⁵ nerede idiniz? dedim.

– Bizim oğlan koşarak gelip haber verince, hekimiz³⁷⁶ camiyin³⁷⁷ önünde toplandık. Salih ağa, Bekir çavuş: (Kızlar, kadınlar, çoluk çocuk neleri var, neleri yoksa beraber alsınlar. Köyden çıkıp derenin içinde saklansınlar. Geri kalanlarımız da evlerimizde kapanıp sesimizi keselim. Bakalım, belki askerler, ortalıkta kimseyi görmeyince savuşup giderler.) dediler. Biz de öyle yaptık. Emme çok geçmedi, haber geldi. Düşmanın bir zararı yokmuş, döneler³⁷⁸ diye. Şimdilik kimseye dokunmayorlar. Yalnız et isterler, ekmek isterler, arpa, şeker isterler, parasını

³⁶⁷ düşman B; C;

³⁶⁸ erat C;

³⁶⁹ subay ve komutan C;

³⁷⁰ zaptetti B; C;

³⁷¹ Bir.. . .müstesna M; om.

³⁷² olandan C;

³⁷³ vasıtasıyla C;

³⁷⁴ Hemen odamdan dışarıya bile hiç çıkmıyorum M;

³⁷⁵ günde M;

³⁷⁶ hepimiz M; B; C;

³⁷⁷ cami'n M, caminin B; C;

³⁷⁸ dönsünler M; C;

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vereceklermiş. Baksana şuna. Benden süt aldılar, yumurta aldılar, yerine şu kâatları verdiler.

³⁷⁹Muska biçiminde³⁸⁰ bükülmüş³⁸¹ ³⁸²küçük küçük³⁸³ [M200] kâatlar çıkardı.

Bana uzattı:

– Hele bir bakı ver. Ne yazıyor?

Baktım, rumca, kurşun kalemiyle yazılmış

bir takım satırlar.

[A247] - Anlamadım. Rumca yazıyor. Fakat, hiç³⁸⁴ beş para etmez, dedim.

Emeti kadın bir yutkundu.

– Ne diyon? Ben, ben şimdi ne ideyim?

– Vermemeli idin. Emeti kadın.

– Vermemek olur mu? Te, evin içine kadar girirler. Kümesin yanından ayrılmazlar. Bazısı tavuk kalkar kalkmaz, yumurtayı sıcak sıcak kapıp gider.

Arkasından yetişemem.

İlk geldikleri gün, silâh arayacağız diye, benim oturduğum evin altını üstüne getirdiler. Silâhları bulduktan sonra da gene aramakta devam ettiler. İki üç defa paramın bulunduğu çekmeyi açıp kapadılar. Süngü ucuyla yatak minder gibi ne kadar pamuklu eşya varsa, delik deşik ettiler. Kitaplarımı, kâatlarımı darma dağınık odanın ortasına yığdılar.

Ben, ayakta, sırtım duvara dayanarak, lâkayit³⁸⁵ seyrediyordum. İçlerinden bir

³⁷⁹ koyunundan M; only

³⁸⁰ şeklinde M;

³⁸¹ om. M;

³⁸² bu kağıdı M; only

³⁸³ om. C;

³⁸⁴ biri M; only

³⁸⁵ aldırış etmeden C;

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tanesi, yazmakta olduğum şu defteri iki üç defa eline alıp bıraktı, yapraklarını çevirip okumağa çalıştı. Tekrar masanın üstüne attı. Bir başkası Fransızca kitapların adlarını, küçük bir cep defterine not ediyordu. [M201] Nihayet her şey olup bittikten sonra beni kumandanın yanına götürmek istediler.

[A248] - Niçin gidecek mişim? Gitmem.

– Gideceksin. Yoksa seni zorla götürürüz.

Düşündüm. Beyhude inat, önlerine düşüp

yürüdüm. Sabahleyin beni ziyarete gelen ve Türkçe konuşan çavuş, yanımda yürüyor:

– Sen bir zabitsin³⁸⁶. Bu köyden değilsin. Buraya neden geldin? Burada ne işin var? Şimdi kumandana onu anlatacağsın, diyor³⁸⁷.

Ben, başı açık, caketsiz, gömleğimin sağ yeni, bir büyük düğün³⁸⁸ halinde sallanarak gidiyorum.

– Sen Fransızca bilirsin. Bizim kumandan da iyi Fransızca bilir³⁸⁹.

Yürüyorum. Sokak aralarında tek tük ras- geldiğim bildik yüzler, beni görünce çevriliyorlar. Atlar, top katırları, mandalar o kadar çok, o kadar çok ki, aralarından geçmek için her birini³⁹⁰ kışından, kafasından³⁹¹ itmek lâzım geliyor³⁹².

Kumandan, kahveyi, derhal bir karargâh haline sokmuş. Çardağın altında, bir büyük masanın başında oturuyor. Suratı asık ve zorla heybetli görünmeğe çalışan bir

³⁸⁶ subaysın C;

³⁸⁷ diyordu M;

³⁸⁸ düğüm M; B; C;

³⁸⁹ - Sen Fransızca bilir B; C; om.

³⁹⁰ birinin C;

³⁹¹ yana M; only

³⁹² gerekiyor C;

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binbaşı³⁹³.

Çavuş, beni gösterip bir şeyler söyleyince, başımı kaldırıp dikatle yüzüme baktı ve Fran sızça:

- [M202][A249] Siz bir zabıtmışsınız³⁹⁴, öyle mi? dedi,
- Evet.
- Lütfen şu iskemleyi alın. Oturun ve soracağım şeylere birer birer cevap

verin.

Bütün sorgu ve cevaplardan sonra, Yunan kumandanının anlamadığı şey, benim, kendi arzu ve irademle İstanbulu bırakarak, bu köye gelip yerleşmemdir. Bu hususta kendisine ne kadar psikolojik sebepler gösterdim, hattâ ne kadar samimî itirafatta bulundumsa, hiç biri kâr etmedi. Yüzüme şüphe ile bakmaktan vazgeçmedi. Onun nazarında halledilmez bir mesele oldum. Nihayet, işin içinden sıyrılmak için:

– Gidin evinizde oturun; fakat hiç bir yere çıkmayacaksınız. Hiç kimse ile temas etmiyeceksiniz. Şimdilik bu kadar... dedi

Odama döndükten sonra, tekrar eşyalarımı düzeltmeğe lüzum görmedim. O kargaşalığın ortasında bir ıslanmış fare gibi yaşamağa başladım.

Sokak kapısının önünde, bir süngülü nefer³⁹⁵ duruyor.

Bu defterin bitmesine, kim bilir kaç gün kaldı.

•

[A250] Düşman gözü beni, artık, yatağımın içinde bile rahat bırakmıyor.

³⁹³ yüzbaşı C;

³⁹⁴ subaymışsınız M;

³⁹⁵ er C;

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Pencereden, kapıdan her vakit, her saat [M203] teftiş ve nezaret altındayım. Bu sıkı göz hapsi içinde, defterimi ancak, gece yarıları el ayak çekildikten ve belki de nöbetçi nefer³⁹⁶ uykuya daldıktan sonra yatağıma sokulup yazabiliyorum. İhtiyaten lambamı da söndürüyorum. Ve büyük³⁹⁷ İtalyan şairi D'Annunzio'nun (Nocturno) yu yazdığı gibi bütün bu yazıları³⁹⁸ el yordamıyla³⁹⁹ karanlıkta⁴⁰⁰ karalıyorum. Okuyana ne mutlu....

Ve ben de⁴⁰¹ bundan sonrası mutlaka okunsun istiyorum. Çünkü Anadolu harbi⁴⁰², istiklâl⁴⁰³ mücadelesi denilen büyük faciyanın, büyük destanın tarihe intikal etmiyecek olan tarafları yalnız bu defterde yazılıdır. Eğer, bir hiyanet⁴⁰⁴ eli, bir silgi lâstığı⁴⁰⁵ alıp⁴⁰⁶ kurşun kalemiyle çizilmiş bu eğri büğrü satırlar üstünden⁴⁰⁷ geçirecek olursa gelecek nesiller⁴⁰⁸ kendi memleketlerine ait birçok acı hakikatlara ermek vasıtasından mahrum kalacaktır.

Artık, bu benim hikâyem olmaktan çıkmıştır. Burada, kendime ait olan kısımları bile ben, artık bir başkasının sergüzeşti⁴⁰⁹ gibi anlatıyorum. Farzediniz ki, ben, Ahmet Celâl [A251] denilen bir kolsuz zabitanın⁴¹⁰, bir (malûl gazi), nin hortlağıyım ve her⁴¹¹ gece el ayak çekildikten sonra onun boş kalan yatağına girip

³⁹⁶ er C;
³⁹⁷ om. C;
³⁹⁸ satırları M;
³⁹⁹ yordamıyla M; C;
⁴⁰⁰ om. M;
⁴⁰¹ lakin ben de M; oysa ben C;
⁴⁰² savaşı C;
⁴⁰³ bağımsızlık C;
⁴⁰⁴ hiyanet C;
⁴⁰⁵ lastığını M;
⁴⁰⁶ om. M;
⁴⁰⁷ üzerinden M;
⁴⁰⁸ kuşaklar C;
⁴⁰⁹ macerası C;
⁴¹⁰ subayın C;
⁴¹¹ om. M;

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olanı biteni hikâye ediyorum.

Zavallı Ahmet Celâl öldü ve onu, mezarında zebaniler bekliyor. Onun için kabir azabı başladı mı, başlamadı mı⁴¹², bilmiyorum⁴¹³, ⁴¹⁴isterseniz, zebaniler bekliyor lakırdısını o azabın bir başlangıcı olarak telakki ediniz.⁴¹⁵ . [M204] Zira, o, yer yüzünde iken de ârafta gibi yaşadı. Hangi cinsten⁴¹⁶, hangi dinden olduğunu⁴¹⁷, dünyaya ne yapmak için geldiğini, hangi ilâha⁴¹⁸ kulluk ettiğini bilmedi⁴¹⁹. Bir yabancı imparatorluk namına yıllarca dövüşüp⁴²⁰ kanını döktü. Yıllarca, meçhul bir vatanın, bir ideal yurdun hasretiyle yanıp tutuştu⁴²¹. ⁴²²Elle tutulmaz, gözle görülmez bir maşukanın⁴²³ peşinden yıllarca koştu. Onun yoluna⁴²⁴ ağladı, güldü, söyledi ve öbür dünyaya göçeceği günü⁴²⁵ bildi ki, meğer hepsi yalanmış.

Ah, işte, ona her şeyden daha acı gelen bu oldu. Bütün bir ömrün nafîle yere akıp gittiğini öğrenmek⁴²⁶, bütün bir gençliğin vâhi emeller, boş hayaller, sakat işler peşinde heder olduğunu görmek; gider ayak, birden[A252]bire, hakikatlerin⁴²⁷ en iğrenci, en korkuncu ile karşı karşıya gelmek... işte, kabir azabından evvel⁴²⁸, Ahmet Celâl bu ⁴²⁹ateşlerden geçti. Bu zebanilerle düşüp kalktı. Ona asıl bunun için acıyınız.

⁴¹² ? M;

⁴¹³ om. M;

⁴¹⁴ Bu hususta bir şey diyelim M; only

⁴¹⁵ ona acınız. M; only

⁴¹⁶ olduğunu M only;

⁴¹⁷ hangi dinden olduğunu om. M;

⁴¹⁸ Tanrıya B; C;

⁴¹⁹ Zira... ..ilaha om. C

⁴²⁰ dövüşüp C;

⁴²¹ tutuştu M; B; C;

⁴²² Yıllarca M; only

⁴²³ sevginin C;

⁴²⁴ söyledi, güldü, ağladı M;

⁴²⁵ gün M; B; C;

⁴²⁶ bilmek M;

⁴²⁷ gerçeklerin C;

⁴²⁸ önce C;

⁴²⁹ neler M; only

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Düşman kıtası, köyü sömürmekte⁴³⁰ devam ediyor. Meğer bu kara kuru köyün ne çok adamı, ne çok zaman besliyecek özü varmış! Emeti kadının yumurtaları bitip tükenmek bilmiyor, işittiğime göre, düşman hayvanları, Salih ağanın saman ve arpalarını yiye yiye hâlâ bitirememişler. [M205] Bizim Bekir çavuşlar, Zeynep kadınlar ve şu, ve bu⁴³¹ karargâh mutfağına bulgur, fasulya, nohut taşıyıp duruyorlarmış. Sığırtmaç Hasanın sürüsünden, her gün, bir iki⁴³²baş eskiliyormuş

Zabitler, askerler ne alırlarsa hep⁴³³ “parasını vereceğiz,,,” derlermiş. Emeti kadının koynu Rumca yazılı kâatlarla⁴³⁴ doldu, ve kâatlar⁴³⁵ çoğaldıkça kadının para almak ümidi⁴³⁶ azalıyor. Bir gün yavaşça:

- Şu halde, niye saklıyorsun? dedim.
- Ey, herkes saklır. Ben de saklırım⁴³⁷. dedi. Belki sonunda bir şey çıkar.

[A253] - Yok canım. Nafile bu kâatları⁴³⁸ nafile yere taşıyorsun. At onları, ⁴³⁹yırt at, dedim.

Emeti kadın, ağlar gibi suratını⁴⁴⁰ buruşturarak: — Amanın, sonra⁴⁴¹ bir töhmet⁴⁴² olur. Beni döverler, dedi.

Sesimi daha ziyade yavaşlatarak:

⁴³⁰ sömürmekte M; B; sömürmeye C;

⁴³¹ Ya şu ya bu B; C;

⁴³² birkaç M;

⁴³³ mütemadiyen M;

⁴³⁴ kağıtlarla M; B; C;

⁴³⁵ kağıtlar M; B; C;

⁴³⁶ umudu C;

⁴³⁷ saklarım M; C;

⁴³⁸ kağıtları M; B; C;

⁴³⁹ yırt M; only

⁴⁴⁰ yüzünü M;

⁴⁴¹ sura M;

⁴⁴² tühmet M; B; C;

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- Döverler mi? Başkalarını dövdükleri var mı?
- Çok, ay oğul. Çok. istediklerini vermedin mi, hemen el kaldırırlar

Sesimi artık bir fısıltı gibi hafifleterek:

- Irza, namusa da dokunuyorlar mı, Emeti kadın?
- [M206] Şimdilik pek o kadar değil. Bazı karılara sarkıntılık ederler emme,

ben görmedim. Bizim Zeynep hanımdan işittim.

Sesim boğazımda bir nefes, bir üfürük⁴⁴³ haline girdi:

- O nereden biliyor, o nereden biliyor⁴⁴⁴? diye sordum.
- Aha, kaç defa gelinlerine, kızlarına sataşmışlar. Suya, çamaşıra çıkamaz

olmuşlar.

Artık Emine için ayrı malûmat⁴⁴⁵ istemeye dilim varmadı. Zaten bizim yavaş yavaş konuşmamız, pencereden içeriye gözetliyen⁴⁴⁶ nöbeçinin⁴⁴⁷ [A254] dikkatini celbetmeğe başladı. Sanki, dudaklarımın kıvıldamasından bir mana çıkarmağa çalışmış gibi dik dik yüzüme bakıyor.

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Bu sabah hâlâ inanamıyorum. Ne gözlerime, ne kulaklarıma, hâlâ inanamıyorum. Bu sabah, bir de kalkıp baktım ki, düşman askerlerinden eser kalmamış. Kalkıp gitmişler. Nereye? Nasıl? Ortada Salih ağa ile imam da yok. Kumandan sabahleyin, erkenden, köylüleri toplamış: “Bize yol göstermek için iki adam verin. Biz şöyle ileriye doğru varıp gene döneceğiz. Size verdiğimiz hesap pusulalarını da iyi saklayın. Dönüşte öderiz,,, demiş.

⁴⁴³ üfleme M;

⁴⁴⁴ om. C;

⁴⁴⁵ bilgi C;

⁴⁴⁶ gözeltleyen M; C;

⁴⁴⁷ nöbetçinin M; B; C;

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[M207] Bunun üzerine Salih ağa ile imam, hemen öne atmışlar. “Biz size yol gösteririz,, demişler.

Emeti kadın bana bu havadisi verirken başını iki yana sallıyor:

– Ne açık göz şey, o, Salih ağa. Belki yolda arpa saman parasını alırım, diye hemen herkesi önledi.

– Nasıl alabilirler. Madem ki, dönüşte veririz, demişler.

– Alır o... Kim bilir herifleri nasıl kan[A255]dırır, alır o. Zaten alırsa, böylelikle alır. Sanki biz onların tekrar döneceklerine inandık mı? Ay oğul, kim döner, kim verir? Bu hiç olacak iş mi?

– Ben sana söyledim⁴⁴⁸ amma⁴⁴⁹ akim⁴⁵⁰ şimdi başına geldi.

Emeti kadın düşündü taşındı:

– Bundan sonra gelen olursa peşin para isterim. Başka türlü ne bir damla süt, ne de bir tane yumurta veririm.

– İnşallah⁴⁵¹, bundan sonra ne gelen, ne isteyen olur.

Bu süzü söylerken, kendim de pek inana- mıyordum⁴⁵². Çünkü, köylülerden aldığım malûmata göre, düşman kıtası geriye doğru değil, ileriye doğru yol almıştı. Bu muharebenin⁴⁵³ onuncu günü. Bu kadar zaman zarfında⁴⁵⁴, ne olacaksa olması lâzımdı. Böyle bir meydan muharebesinin on günden fazla süreceğine ihtimal veremem. Düşman kuvvetlerinin ileriye [M208] yürüyüşlerinden ancak muharebenin

⁴⁴⁸ demedim mi? M,

⁴⁴⁹ om. M; ama B, C,

⁴⁵⁰ aklın M; B; C;

⁴⁵¹ İnşallah M; B; C;

⁴⁵² inanmıyordum M; C;

⁴⁵³ savaşın C;

⁴⁵⁴ içinde C;

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bizim aleyhimize nihayet bulduğu manası çıkarılabilir⁴⁵⁵. Eğer öyleyse, varacakları ve duracakları nokta, ancak Ankara olacaktır⁴⁵⁶. Ankara işgal altında? Yok, canım, bunu tasavvur etmek bile mümkün [A256] değildir. Böyle bir hâdise⁴⁵⁷, bütün tarihî mukadderata ve bu mukadderatın kanunlarına⁴⁵⁸ zıt bir şey olur. Çünkü, Ankara bir son değil, bir başlangıçtır.

Dünyayı dolaşan telgraf tellerinde Londra, Moskova kelimelerinin yanı sıra ihtiraz etmeğe⁴⁵⁹ başlayan bu yeni kelime, ötekiler gibi bir şehir adı⁴⁶⁰ değildir. Bu, bir yeni nefhaya, bu, bir yeni ruha âlem olmuştur⁴⁶¹.

Düşman, eski haritalar üstünde Ankara adını taşıyan kerpiçten şehire girebilir. Onu, bir iki gülle ile tarumar edebilir. Fakat, aynı adı taşıyan ruha nasıl el uzatabilir? Onu, nasıl zapteder? O nefha⁴⁶² bugün, burada ise, yarın orada esecektir. Öbür gün bir fırtına haline inkılâp edip⁴⁶³ kendisine daha yüksek, daha yalçın bir tepe bulacaktır. Oradan gürlüyecektir⁴⁶⁴. Eyvahlar olsun, bu hakikati⁴⁶⁵ şimdiden hisset miyenler. Bunlar kafalarını taştan taş çarpacaklardır. Bunlar, sarp yokuşlarda yollarını şaşıracaklardır.

Bu satırları, Emeti kadının düşmanı tekrar beklemesine rağmen yazıyorum. Bu satırları Yunan⁴⁶⁶ ordusunun Sakaryamn öbür yakasında⁴⁶⁷, Ankaraya yetmiş

⁴⁵⁵ Böyle... .. çıkarılabilir om. : Böyle bir meydan savaşında bu ileriye yürüyüşlerden ancak savaşın bizim aleyhimize son bulduğu anlamı çıkarılabilir C;

⁴⁵⁶ dır M;

⁴⁵⁷ olay C;

⁴⁵⁸ bütün... .. kanunlarına: tarihi olayın mantığına zıt bir şey olur. C;

⁴⁵⁹ ihtizaz etmeğe M; B; ses çıkarmaya C;

⁴⁶⁰ om. C;

⁴⁶¹ Bu bir yeni nefese, bu bir yeni ruha sembol olmuştur C;

⁴⁶² ruh C;

⁴⁶³ girip C;

⁴⁶⁴ gürlüyecektir M; C;

⁴⁶⁵ gerçeği C;

⁴⁶⁶ düşman B; C;

⁴⁶⁷ yakasında M; B; C;

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kilometre yakınlıkta harbet[A257]tiği bir anda yazıyorum.

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[M209] Salih ağa ile imam, gittiklerinin ikinci⁴⁶⁸ günü köye döndüler. Ben, bütün tiksintime rağmen gidip onlarla görüşmekten kendimi alamadım. Yenemediğim⁴⁶⁹ bir tecessüs, beni, bu iki sefilin yanına kadar sürükledi. Lâkin, ne onun, ne bunun çenesini bıçaklar açmıyor. Salih ağa verdiği arpa ve saman bedellerini koparamadığına, öbürü de — kim bilir, belki — beş on kuruş bahşiş alamadığına müteessiftir⁴⁷⁰. Zira, ağızlarından zorla dökülen birkaç söz, hep maddî menfaat işlerine taallûk ediyor.⁴⁷¹

— Nereye kadar gittiniz? diyorum.

Bana, hiç bilmediğim bir yerin adını söyleyorlar. Sonra⁴⁷² susuyorlar.

— Bari muharebe hakkında, kulağınıza bir⁴⁷³ şeyler çalındı mı?⁴⁷⁴

— Kıyamet, kıyamet. Top seslerinden durulmuyor.

— Üç⁴⁷⁵ gündür, gece gündüz durmadan savaşırlarmış.

— Yunanlıları⁴⁷⁶ nasıl hissediyorsunuz⁴⁷⁷? Memnun gibiler miydi?

— A, a. Kara kara düşünürlerdi.

⁴⁶⁸ onuncu C;

⁴⁶⁹ karşı koyamadığım C;

⁴⁷⁰ müteessir C;

⁴⁷¹ çıkarlarına ait C;

⁴⁷² yine M; only

⁴⁷³ bazı M;

⁴⁷⁴ Barimı? om. C;

⁴⁷⁵ on üç M;

⁴⁷⁶ Düşmanları B, C;

⁴⁷⁷ buluyorsunuz? C;

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[A258] Salih ağa imamın sözünü kesti:

- Yok canım. O türkçe bilen bana söyledi: “Birkaç gün sonra Ankaradayız!,, dedi.
- Birkaç gün sonra Ankaradalar mı? Olamaz. Düz yolda gibi yürüye yürüye gitseler, gene varamazlar, dedim.

[M210] Salih ağa, yüzüme düşmanca diyebileceğim bir hışımla bakarak:

- Sen görürsün, dedi.
- Ben ne göreceğim. Sen göreceğini görmüşsün, işte. Samanını, arpanı yediler bitirdiler. Seni önlerine katıp⁴⁷⁸ günlerce yürüttüler. Eline de beş para vermediler, dedim.

Çıplak ayağını o ana kadar görmediğim bir sinirlilikle oynatmağa başladı.

- Helâl olsun, be. Helâl olsun. Daha bir diyeceğin var mı?

Salih ağa, ilk defa olarak, bana bu tavurla ⁴⁷⁹hitap edebiliyor. Çünkü, bir zamanlar benim temsil ettiğim nüfuzun bu topraklardan çekildiğini hissediyor.

- Ulan, alçak herif! diye bağırdım. Şu dakikada güvendiklerin burada olsalar, gene seni ayağımın altına alıp bir yılan gibi eze-

[A259] Ve üstüne doğru yürüyünce, dimdik önüme dikildi:

- Yok, dedi. O günler geçti. Otur oturduğun yerde...

Yaradana sığınp sol kolumun bütün kuvvetiyle⁴⁸⁰ kırçıl ⁴⁸¹suratına bir tokat aşkettim. Sendeleyip yere yuvarlandı. Fakat, yuvarlanma- siyle kalkması bir oldu ve eline geçirdiği kocaman bir taş parçasını kafama fırlatmak istedi. Taş omuzumu

⁴⁷⁸ takip M; B; C;

⁴⁷⁹ tavırla M; B; C,

⁴⁸⁰ gücüyle C;

⁴⁸¹ kalın M; only

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sıyırıp geçti.

Köylüler etrafımızı almış, bize seyirci gibi bakıyorlardı. Derken, [M211] Bekir çavuş geldi bana yaklaştı:

– Haydi Beyim, haydi. Bunlarla uğraşmak sana yakışmaz, diyordu.

Lâkin⁴⁸² ben Salih ağayı, pestili çıkıncaya kadar pataklamak hıncı içinde kendimden geçmiş bir halde idim. Bekir çavuşu elimin tersiyle bir kenara itip tekrar saldırdım. Köylüler onun etrafını sarmış, benim yaklaşmama mani⁴⁸³ oluyorlardı. İmam da durmaksızın benim aleyhimde bir şeyler mırıldanıyordu.

– Olur mu ya, bu kadar da olur mu ya. Ben şahidim. Evvelâ o çattı; diyordu.

Şimdi, bütün köy halkı karşımda, bir huşu[A260]met⁴⁸⁴ halkası gibidir.

Gürültüyü işiten geliyor. Çoluk, çocuk, karı, kızan, hepsi geliyor. Bütün tanıdığım çehreleri⁴⁸⁵ bir kâbus bulutu arkasından gibi görüyorum. İşte, İsmail, elleri kuşağında haylaz haylaz duruyor. İşte, muhtar, aç çakal gözleriyle bana bakıyor. İşte, biraz uzakta Zeynep kadının bir küçük kaya parçasını andıran kafası. İşte, yanında kızlarından biri, gelinlerinden⁴⁸⁶ biri. Ve küçücük, küçücük çocuklar, yarı giyimli, yarı çıplak, ayaklarımın dibinde kurt gibi⁴⁸⁷ kaynaşıyorlar.

Bir hamlede Salih ağayı koruyan çemberi yarıp, herifle tekrar karşı karşıya⁴⁸⁸ geldim. Ve tıpkı Zeynep kadının tarla davasında [M212] yaptığım gibi yakasından kavrayıp sarstım⁴⁸⁹ ve bir küçük meyve gibi yere silktim. Fakat bununla kalmadım. Bütün manasiyle ayağımın altına alıp tekmelemeğe başladım. Kadınlar bağırişiyor,

⁴⁸² Fakat C;

⁴⁸³ engel C;

⁴⁸⁴ düşmanık C;

⁴⁸⁵ yüzleri C;

⁴⁸⁶ Gelinlerden M; om C;

⁴⁸⁷ kurt gibi om. C;

⁴⁸⁸ karşı M;

⁴⁸⁹ sarstım M; only

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çocuklar ağlıyor ve erkekler homurdanıyordu. Ve imamın sesi:

- Günah, günah, allah razı olmaz.

Ve başkalarının sesleri:

- Tutuverin belinden. Tutuverin bacaklarından.

⁴⁹⁰Fakat ben, taşkın ve azgın öfkemin⁴⁹¹ zırhıyla [A261]mücehhezdim⁴⁹². Hiçbir tarafıma, kimse, el uzatmıyor. Tam o esnada, uzaktan karanlık bir gecede, bir tek yıldızın huzmesi ⁴⁹³gibi teselli veren ve okşayan, bir dost, bir hemşire, bir.., yar bakışı... Ve kalabalığı yarararak bu bakışa doğru yürüdüm.

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Eminede, bana karşı, bir şeyin değiştiğini hissettiğim anın bu, ilk saniyesidir. Bu cehennem azabı günlerinde, bu saniyenin kıymetini⁴⁹⁴ ölçemiyorum. Ateşe atılmış bir adamın yüzüne akıtılan bir damla suyun kıymeti⁴⁹⁵ nedir? Bir gece yarısı, bir çölde yolunu şaşırıp kalmış adama, uzaktan görünen bir ışığın kıymeti⁴⁹⁶ nedir? Hasta döşeğinde [M213] müthiş sancılarla kıvrandığımız anda elimizi sıkan elin kıymeti⁴⁹⁷ nedir? Haksız yere dalağacına giden bir masum indinde, son saatte yetişen adalet hükmünün kıymeti⁴⁹⁸ nedir? Çarmıhtaki İsnânın ayağı dibinde ağlayan Mıgdallalı Mervemin⁴⁹⁹ bir tanecik göz yaşının kıymeti⁵⁰⁰ nedir? İşte, Emine ile göz göze gelişimizde, onun tarafından bana karşı belirmeğe başladığını sezdiğim yeni

⁴⁹⁰ Hiç bertaraf? M; only

⁴⁹¹ öfkemin M; B; C;

⁴⁹² Kuşanmışım. C; Hiçbir... ..huzmesi: om. M; Instead: Kimse el uzatmıyor tam o esnada. Uzaktan uzağa Emine'nin bana baktığını gördüm. İri yeşil gözlerinden bir yeşil ışık teli, bulutlu gecede bir tek yıldızın M; only

⁴⁹³ ışığı C;

⁴⁹⁴ değerini C;

⁴⁹⁵ değeri C;

⁴⁹⁶ değeri C;

⁴⁹⁷ değeri C;

⁴⁹⁸ değeri C;

⁴⁹⁹ Meryemin B; Meryem'in C;

⁵⁰⁰ değeri C;

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duyguların her bir emaresi⁵⁰¹, benim için bunlaıdaki nihayetsiz kıymeti⁵⁰² taşımaktadır.

[A262] Henüz başbaşa kalıp da bir kelime konuşmadık. Henüz biribirimizin yanında bir dakika tevakkuf⁵⁰³ etmedik. Ben onun önünden geçip gidiyorum. O bana karşıdan bakıyor. Fakat, her defasında, aramızdaki sessiz anlaşma sessiz söyleşme, bizi, değme uzun, sevdalı hasbühallerden ziyade⁵⁰⁴ biribirimize bağlıyor. Gözle görülmez ve fakat çelikten daha kuvvetli teller ondan bana, benden ona uzanarak bizi bir sıkı⁵⁰⁵ ağ gibi içine alıyor.

Bir akşam üstü, alaca karanlıkta, çeşme başında ona yalnız rasgeldim. Bir gölge sessizliğiyle yanına sokulup, dedim ki:

– Sana tenhada bir şey söylemek istiyom Nerede? Ne zaman?

Başımı eğip önüne baktı. Fakat bu baş eğip duruşta öyle bir teslimiyet, öyle bir inkıyat⁵⁰⁶ vardı ki, o ande elinden tutup [M214] çeksem, onu kolaylıkla evime götürebilirdim. Daha ziyade sokuldum:

– Söyle, söyle, dedim.

Ve titrek ve hemen ağlamağa müheyya⁵⁰⁷ bir ses, bana cevap verdi:

– Aman etme... Görüverirler.

Bu “Aman, itme, görüverirler,, yalvarışımı Emineden ilk defa işitmiyorum.

Daha, [A263] köyü kavaklığında, derenin kenarında henüz el dokunmamış bir

⁵⁰¹ emmaresi B; belirtisi C;

⁵⁰² paha biçilmez değeri C;

⁵⁰³ durmadık C;

⁵⁰⁴ konuşmalarından çok C;

⁵⁰⁵ om M;

⁵⁰⁶ kendini veriş C;

⁵⁰⁷ ağlamaklı bir sesle C;

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körpe⁵⁰⁸ geyik gibi sıçrarken de onu, her yakalamak isteyişimde elimden bu yalvarışla⁵⁰⁹ kurtulur giderdi.

Fakat, bu sefer işittiğim aynı ses mi? Aynı sözü aynı ahenkle mi söylüyor?

Hayır, güfte o eski güftedir, lâkin⁵¹⁰, beste tamamiyle değişmiş, bin kat daha deruni⁵¹¹, bin kat daha⁵¹² suzişli⁵¹³ olmuştur.

Kavaklar arasındaki “Aman etme, görürer.,, sözünün manası⁵¹⁴ bir çocukluk, bir şuhluk, ⁵¹⁵bir toyluk⁵¹⁶ idi. Şu çeşme başındaki “aman itme, görürler.,, de ise “Çok zayıfım. Belki dayanamam, belki kendimi bırakıveririm. Sonra bir rezalet çıkar.,, endişesi saklıdır ve karşımda eti dile gelmiş bir kadının baş döndürücü musikisi vardır.

“Aman etme, görüverirler.,, ⁵¹⁷“Ben isterim, ben istiyorum. Fakat, başkalarından korkuyorum. ,, Böyle bir söz, ancak, müşterek bir sır taşıyanların, bu söz, ancak, müşterek bir derde müptelâ olanların [M215] arasında söylenebilir⁵¹⁸. Aman etme⁵¹⁹, görüverirler⁵²⁰.

— Evet, kimseler görmesin. Kimseler işitmesin. Ben de öyle istiyorum; dedim.

⁵⁰⁸ yavru M;

⁵⁰⁹ bu yalvarışla elimden M;

⁵¹⁰ fakat M;

⁵¹¹ derinden C;

⁵¹² om. M;

⁵¹³ dokunaklı C;

⁵¹⁴ anlamı C;

⁵¹⁵ bir işve, bir vahşilik M; only

⁵¹⁶ om. M; toyluktan C;

⁵¹⁷ Lakin M; only

⁵¹⁸ Böyle bir söz ancak müşterek bir sır taşıyanların arasında söylenebilir. C;

⁵¹⁹ etme om. M;

⁵²⁰ Sentence om. B; C;

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[A264] Omuzbaşları kalkmış⁵²¹, boynu bükülmüş⁵²² ve bir eli çoktan dolup⁵²³ taşmağa başlayan⁵²⁴ testide, öbür eli kuşağında gene hiç yüzüme bakmadan söylüyor:

– İsmail, seninle konuştuğumu istemiyor. Bırak, beni kuzum, bırak beni...

Halbuki⁵²⁵, kendisi bırakıp gitse de olabilir. Fakat, testi dolduğu halde yerinden kımlıda- mıyor. Her şeyden evvel, bana yalvarmak, benden bir fedakârlık istemek, bana bir şeyden veya bir kimseden şikâyet etmek diliyor. Testinin boğazından, su, bir hıçkırık sesiyle akıyor.

– Emine, görüyorum ki, halinden hiç memnun değilsin. Bana varsaydın, seni başım üstünde taşırdım. Seni böyle çalıştırmazdım. Bir dediğini iki etmezdim.

Emine⁵²⁶ şaşkın şaşkın yüzüme baktı. Sonra birdenbire aklına mühim⁵²⁷ bir iş gelmişçesine, süratle⁵²⁸ testiye kavradı:

– Olan oldu, geçen geçti⁵²⁹. Alnımın yazısı imiş⁵³⁰. dedi.

Ve geniş adımlarla yürüdü gitti. Ben, bir müddet, uzun bir müddet⁵³¹ arkasından baka kalmışım⁵³².

[A265] •

⁵²¹ kalkıyor M;

⁵²² bükülüyor M;

⁵²³ dolmuş M;

⁵²⁴ başlamış M; başlıyan B;

⁵²⁵ oysa C;

⁵²⁶ öfkeli bir tavırla testiye kavradı M; only

⁵²⁷ önemli C;

⁵²⁸ Sonra... ..süratle om. M; sür'atle B;

⁵²⁹ Bir şey oldu emme , ne ise. M; only

⁵³⁰ yazısıymış C;

⁵³¹ Ben bir süre, uzun bir süre C;

⁵³² kaldım C;

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[M216] Köylüler, sanki, başımızdan geçen âfet hafif bir sağnak imiş gibi her şeyi unutup tekrar işleri güçleriyle meşgul olmağa başladılar⁵³³. Düşman kıtasının gelip gitmesiyle karışır ve dalgalanır gibi olan hava eski müteaffin⁵³⁴ durgunluğunu buldu. Bu hava içinde gene eskisi gibi pislikten pislige konup kalkan karasinek uğullarının⁵³⁵ vızıltıları işitiliyor⁵³⁶. Ara- sıra benim eşeğimin yanık naraları sükütu geniş yarıklara ayırıyor, ve bunların içinden küçük çocukların ağlama sesleri duyuluyor.

Bir cehennem, bir mahşerin hemen arkasında bulunduğumuza dair ortada hiçbir emare⁵³⁷ yoktur. Her yıl, bu mevsimden bir az evvel gelmesine alıştığımız öşürcü⁵³⁸ hâlâ neden görünmedi? Jandarmalar neye artık, hiç asker aramaz oldular?⁵³⁹ Ne var ki, köyü Haymana ovasının⁵⁴⁰ ortasında bir hâlî⁵⁴¹ adaya döndü?

Bunu, taştan topraktan sormak istiyorum. Çünkü, köylüler bu halin⁵⁴² farkında değildirler. Farkında olsalar⁵⁴³ da bana mı söyleyecekler? Bir mesele oldu mu hepsi bir ağıl mahlûkları⁵⁴⁴ gibi başbaşa verip⁵⁴⁵, ses çıkarmadan, ade[A266]ta⁵⁴⁶ kafaları ve burunlariyle konuşurlar. Bana, bu yabana, bu düşmana uzaktan yan

⁵³³ Köylüler, sanki, başımızdan geçen bir sağnak imiş gibi tekrar işleriyle güçleriyle meşgul olmağa başladılar. M; Köylüler, sanki, başımızdan afet hafif bir sağnakmışcasına her şeyi unuttular. C;

⁵³⁴ om. C;.

⁵³⁵ sürülerin C;

⁵³⁶ vızıltularından başka bir şey işitilmiyor. M;

⁵³⁷ belirti C;

⁵³⁸ Aşürcü B,

⁵³⁹ Candarmalar neye asker armağa gelmiyorlar? M; Nahiyden buraya buradan kasabaya neden hiç gidip gelen gelmiyorlar? M; only

⁵⁴⁰ çölünün M; Ovası'nın C;

⁵⁴¹ ıssız bir C;

⁵⁴² bile M; only

⁵⁴³ bile M; only

⁵⁴⁴ M? yaratıkları C;

⁵⁴⁵ om. M;

⁵⁴⁶ om. M;

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gözle bakarlar⁵⁴⁷.

Hele, Salih ağayı⁵⁴⁸ patakladığım gündenberi, bana karşı husumetleri o kadar artmıştır⁵⁴⁹ ki, her an⁵⁵⁰, beni niçin linç etmediklerine şaşıyorum. [M217]

Şimdiye kadar, onlar tarafından her hangi bir tecavüze uğramadımsa, bu, silâhlı olduğumu bildikleri içindi⁵⁵¹. Düşman askerleri, silâhlarımı aldıkları günden itibaren, ben, onlar nazarında bütün, kuvvet ve ehemmiyetimi⁵⁵² kaybetmiş bulunuyorum.

Bunu,⁵⁵³, hepsinin gözlerinde ayrı ayrı okumak mümkündür.

İsmailin, şu bücür ve çipil İsmailin⁵⁵⁴ bile zaman zaman karşıma geçip öyle bir meydan okur tavurla duruşu var ki,⁵⁵⁵, beni hayretten hayrete düşürüyor⁵⁵⁶.

Felâket bile bizi birleştirmede⁵⁵⁷. Aramızdaki, benimle onlar arasındaki uçurumu belki⁵⁵⁸, daha ziyade derinleştirdir. Bir Bekir Çavuş, menfeat bağlarıyla bana bağlı kaldı. Bir Emeti kadın, alışkanlık yüzünden hâlâ benim hizmetime bakmak lûtfunda bulunuyor⁵⁵⁹. Bir küçük Hasan masum hayvan instenkti⁵⁶⁰ ile benim muhabbetime⁵⁶¹ cevap veriyor.

[A267] •

⁵⁴⁷ bakıyorlar C;

⁵⁴⁸ Salih Ağa'yı C;

⁵⁴⁹ arttı M;

⁵⁵⁰ gelip bana 'linç' etmelerini bekliyorum. M;

⁵⁵¹ Şimdiye kadar herhangi bir tecavüze karşı beni koruyan silahlarımı M;

⁵⁵² onların gözünde bütün gücümü ve önemini C,

⁵⁵³ Bana ? M; only

⁵⁵⁴ İsmail'in

⁵⁵⁵ kendimi suratına bir sili indirmekten güç zabtediyorum. M; only

⁵⁵⁶ ...beni ...düşürüyor om. M;

⁵⁵⁷ birleştiremedi M; C;

⁵⁵⁸ om. M;

⁵⁵⁹ beni saymakta devam ediyor M; benim hizmetimi görmek B; C;

⁵⁶⁰ İn Latin characters M; şuurunun altından gelen bir hisle C;

⁵⁶¹ sempatime M;

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Bu çocuğa o kadar bağlandım ki, bazı günler onunla beraber bulunmak için dağ tepe hayvanları beraber gütmeye gidiyorum. Her ikimize yetecek nevale ile dolu bir asker çantasını sırtıma alıp, belimde koca bir su matarası, elimde bir uzun değnek, sabah erkenden yola çıkarız. Güneş, ya henüz doğmuş, ya daha doğmamıştır⁵⁶². Ovanın kuru otları⁵⁶³ arasında türlü türlü ışık *nüansları* ⁵⁶⁴vardır. Onlara baka baka, bir sürü⁵⁶⁵ hülyalara dalarak yürürüm.

İki yoldaş,⁵⁶⁶ , saatlerce biribirimize⁵⁶⁷ hiç bir kelime⁵⁶⁸ söylemeden yanyana dolaştığımız olur. Kâh, düz yol üstünde gideriz. Kâh, hafif [M218] bir bayırı⁵⁶⁹ değneklerimize dayanarak çıkarız⁵⁷⁰. Kâh, bir belekten⁵⁷¹ ağır ağır geçeriz. Bazan⁵⁷², bir derenin serinliğinde uzun uzadıya tevakkuf ettiğimiz⁵⁷³ ve çantamızı açıp bir kır eğlencesi yapar gibi nevaemizden yediğimiz olur.

Hasan, yemeğini yedikten sonra çok defa⁵⁷⁴ yüzü koyun⁵⁷⁵ yere ⁵⁷⁶uzanıp uykuya dalar. O zaman sürüye nezaret etmek sırası bana düşer. Oturduğum yerden hayvanların kımıldanışlarını, birbirlerinden ayrılıp toplanışlarını, yaklaşip uzaklaşışlarını seyrederim. Bir müddet⁵⁷⁷, bütün köylüler gibi⁵⁷⁸, şu uyuyan küçük

⁵⁶² Sentence om. B; C;

⁵⁶³ güneş kuru otları B; Güneş kuru otlar C;

⁵⁶⁴ oyunları C;

⁵⁶⁵ Onlara bakıp birkaç M;

⁵⁶⁶ İki yoldaş. M;

⁵⁶⁷ yan yana M;

⁵⁶⁸ söz C;

⁵⁶⁹ Kah, hafif bir bayır yokuşuna .çıkardız. Kah bir belenden geçeriz. ? bir derenin gölgesinde uzun müddet tevakkuf ettiğimiz ve çantamızı açıp bir kır eğlencesi yapar gibi nevaemizden yediğimiz olur. M;

⁵⁷⁰ Kah hafif.. .çıkardız. B; C; om.

⁵⁷¹ belden C;

⁵⁷² bazen

⁵⁷³ durduğumuz C;

⁵⁷⁴ bazen M;

⁵⁷⁵ yüzükoyun C;

⁵⁷⁶ om. M;

⁵⁷⁷ için M; only

⁵⁷⁸ om. M;

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sığırtmaç gibi [A268] ben de, varlığımızı çevirmiş olan ateşten çemberi unutturum.

Kaygısız ve engin tabiatın kucağında, ben de, kaygısız ve engin bir şey olurum.

Loyd George da kimmiş? Poincare de ne oluyormuş? Çelikten *diritnotların*,⁵⁷⁹ kırk ikilik topların dum dum kurşunlarının, şarapnel yağmurlarının da ne hükmü varmış⁵⁸⁰? Bu yalçın enginliğin içinde Yunan⁵⁸¹ ordusunun bir sürü boz renkli⁵⁸² çekirgeden farkı nedir? Çekirgeleri yel alır, sel⁵⁸³ götürür. Burada kalacak olan gene bu taşlar, bu topraklar⁵⁸⁴, bu dikenler, bu söğüt kütükleri, bu hayvanlar, bu küçük sığırtmaç ve... benim.

Isızlığın ve başıboşluğun bana verdiği bu şuursuzluğa yakın uyuşukluğun içine dala dala kendimden geçer giderim ve başımı koluma⁵⁸⁵ dayıyarak toprağa uzanırım. Kâh, ben uyanırım⁵⁸⁶ küçük sığırtmacı [M219] uyukuda bulurum. Hayvanlar⁵⁸⁷, ya gözden kaybolacak derecede uzaklaşmışlardır, yahut, ta burnumuzun dibine kadar sokulup⁵⁸⁸ otlamaktadırlar. Bir defasında, bir koyunun nemli ağzının yüzüme dokunmasıyla uyandım. Bir başka defa⁵⁸⁹, bir keçi yavrusu üstüme basıp⁵⁹⁰ geçti. Bu hayvanlar, etrafta, kuru otlar arasında, yiyecek bir şey bulamadıkları vakit bizim nevalemizin artıklarım sümürmeğe⁵⁹¹ gelirler.

[A269] Türk köylüsünün bir avuç davarına güçlkle yiyecek veren bu

⁵⁷⁹ dretnotların M; C;

⁵⁸⁰ var M;

⁵⁸¹ düşman B, C;

⁵⁸² bir alay sincabı kabuklu M;

⁵⁸³ yel C;

⁵⁸⁴ om. M;

⁵⁸⁵ kolumun üstüne M;

⁵⁸⁶ om.. M;

⁵⁸⁷ Davar C;

⁵⁸⁸ gelip M;

⁵⁸⁹ defasında M;

⁵⁹⁰ üstümden atlayıp M;

⁵⁹¹ sümürme C;

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topraklarda istiyâ⁵⁹² orduları neyi arıyor? Ve ne bulabilir?

•

İşte, Hasanla bu uzun kır gezintilerinin birinden döndüğüm bir akşamdır ki, köyün içini ve dışını düşman askerleriyle iklim⁵⁹³ tıklım dolmuş buldum. Hem bu asker kalabalığı geçen seferki gibi muntazam bir kıta manzarasını göstermiyor, başıbozuk bir insan yığınınını andırıyordu. Bu karışık⁵⁹⁴ insan yığına bir yokuş başında saplanıp kalmış kamyonları, tersine çevrilmiş manda arabalarını, kendi hallerine bırakmış katırları da ilâve edin, köyü kaphyan kargaşalığın çeşidi, belki, göz önüne⁵⁹⁵ gelebilir.

Askerlerin hepsi, toza toprağa bulanmış, derileri güneşten paslı bakıra dönmüş⁵⁹⁶ sakalları diken diken uzamış, üst baş perişan bir halde idi⁵⁹⁷. Tam bir bozgun askeri..

[M220] Köyün havasındaki tehlike kokusuna⁵⁹⁸, köylülerin yüzündeki şaşkınlık ve ürküntüye rağmen sevinçten yüreğim ağzıma geldi. Az kalsın onlara “Yenildiniz, değil mi?,” diye bağıracaktım. Fakat, buna vakit kalmadı. Daha ilk adımda etrafımı bir haydut çetesi sardı. Hemen [A270] hepsi türkçe konuşan⁵⁹⁹ bu adamların⁶⁰⁰ herbiri, bana, bir şey soruyordu.

– “Nereden geliyorsun? Kimsin? Necisin? Bu matrayı nereden buldun? Bu

⁵⁹² istila B; C;

⁵⁹³ tıklım B; C;

⁵⁹⁴ om. M;

⁵⁹⁵ gözönüne B; C,

⁵⁹⁶ bakır rengi bakıramış? M;

⁵⁹⁷ haldeydi C;

⁵⁹⁸ korkusuna C;

⁵⁹⁹ söyleyen M;

⁶⁰⁰ insanların M;

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çanta kimin?., Bir başka grup Hasanın ve davarının etrafını⁶⁰¹ çevirdi. Bu bozgun düşman kalabalığına karışmış köylüler bize uzaktan kayıtsız⁶⁰² ve yabancı gözlerle bakıyorlar. Beni saran çember daha ziyade sıkıştı. Cevaplarımı dinlemiyorlar⁶⁰³, hep bir ağızdan, bir yaygara halinde konuşuyorlardı⁶⁰⁴. Bir tanesi sırtımdan çantamı çekti, aldı. Bir başkası, matramı kaptı. Bir üçüncüsünün⁶⁰⁵ eli caketime doğru uzanmak üzere iken⁶⁰⁶ kendimi toparladım.

– Ne yapıyorsunuz? Bırakın beni... diye avazım çıktığı kadar haykırdım⁶⁰⁷, ve fevkalbeşer bir hamle ile⁶⁰⁸ aralarından sıyrılıp çıktım.

Demin bana, vahşi ve zalim gözlerle bakan bu adamlar, benim bu hareketim üzerine bir alay yaramaz çocuk gülüşüyle gülmeğe⁶⁰⁹ başladılar. Dönüp baktım. Bu gülüş, bana o bakışlardan daha acı geldi. Yüreğime bir avuç barut atmışlar gibi bağrım için için tutuşarak yürüdüm gittim⁶¹⁰.

[M221] Sokaklarda yere uzanmış neferler⁶¹¹, araba ve hayvanlar arasından geçerek odama geldi

[A271]ğim zaman hırşımdan tir tir titriyordum. Lâkin⁶¹², hiçbir vaziyet⁶¹³ şu an kadar insana akılı, hikmeti, hesaplılığı ve usluluğu emredemez. Düşman mağlûp olmuştur. Bozgun bir halde geri⁶¹⁴ çekiliyor. Yarın, onlardan, bu topraklarda bir

⁶⁰¹ etrafına M;

⁶⁰² lakayıt M; aldırış etmeden C;

⁶⁰³ dinlemiyorlardı B; C;

⁶⁰⁴ Hep... ..konuşuyorladı om. B, C;

⁶⁰⁵ Bir üçüncüsü B,

⁶⁰⁶ üzereyken C;

⁶⁰⁷ bağırdım M;

⁶⁰⁸ insanüstü bir hamleyle C;

⁶⁰⁹ gülmeye C;

⁶¹⁰ uzaklaştım M;

⁶¹¹ Şurada burada yere uzanmış askerler C;

⁶¹² fakat C;

⁶¹³ durum C;

⁶¹⁴ om. M;

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takım insan ve hayvan leşlerinden, kamyon, top arabası, kundura ve *kask* enkazından başka bir şey kalmıyacaktır. Ve bu zafer *trofeleriyle*⁶¹⁵ köylü çocuklarımız oyuncak oynayacaktır, işte, bu günler yüzü hürmetine bir kenara çekilip beklemekten başka yapılacak her hareketin manası⁶¹⁶ bir çılgınlık değil midir?

Fakat, işte, ben yerimde duramıyorum. Pençeremin içindeki⁶¹⁷ bir saksıyı alıp yere çarptım. Bununla da kalmayıp yatağımın üstüne atıldım. Yastığımı yumruklarımınla dövmeğe⁶¹⁸, dişlerimle ısırmağa başladım⁶¹⁹. Boğazıma tıkanan hıçkırıklar beni boğacak. Fakat, ben, Türk ordusunun zaferini gözlerimle gördüğüm şu anda ağlamayacağım.

Birdenbire, EmeTi kadın, haykırarak odanın⁶²⁰ içine atıldı⁶²¹:

— Yetişin, yetişin. Bizim oğlanı öldürüyorlar.

[A272] Hemen yerimden fırladım. Emeti kadınla beraber koşmaya başladık, işkence yerine vardığımız zaman küçük Hasanı, artık, dövülecek ve hırpalanacak tarafı kalmamış bir halde yolun kenarına atılmış bulduk. Bu facianın [M222] failleri, eski Truva'nın kahramanları gibi çobansız kalmış sürüyü paylaşıyorlardı.

Ben, iğilip Hasanı kucağıma aldım. Emeti kadın saçını yolarak ağlıyordu⁶²²:

— Öldü mü? Öldü mü? diyordu.

Hasancığın ne olduğu henüz belli değildi.

⁶¹⁵ 'trofe'leriyle M; çelenkleriyle C;

⁶¹⁶ anlamı C;

⁶¹⁷ içinde duran M;

⁶¹⁸ dövmeğe B; c;

⁶¹⁹ Yastığımın... ..başladım om: Yastığımın dişlerimle kesirmeğe başladım. M;

⁶²⁰ odanın M;

⁶²¹ Sentenc om. B; C;

⁶²² Emeti kadın saçını başını yolup ağlıyordu. M;

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Ağzı burnu kan içinde, kolu kanadı kırılmış, bir yaralı kuşu andırıyordu. Eğer, kalbinin vuruşlarını omuz başlarımda hissetmesem⁶²³ ben de onun öldüğüne hükmedeceğim. Yavaşça:

– Sus, Emeti kadın, sus, ölmemiş, diye seslendim.

Fakat, kadıncağız inanmıyordu:

– Öldü⁶²⁴, benim bir tanecik yavrum öldü; diyordu.

Eve geldiğimiz vakit, çocuğu kendi yatağım üstüne⁶²⁵ yatırdım. Ninesi, onu kucağına almak istiyordu.

– Sen şöyle, bir köşede rahat dur. Ben hekimim, şimdi, onu iyi edeceğim.

Lâkin, sen telâş etmemelisin.[A273] Ve bir leğen içinde iki⁶²⁶ üç havlu⁶²⁷ ıslatıp çocuğun kanlarını silmeğe⁶²⁸ başladım. Soğuk suyun temasıyla⁶²⁹ aklı başına gelir gibi oldu. Gözlerini açıp şaşkın şaşkın etrafına bakındı⁶³⁰. Zaten bir ürkek ceylân gözlerine benzeyen⁶³¹ gözleri [M223] büsbütün nemlenmiş, irileşmiş, parıl parıl olmuştu⁶³². Emeti kadına:

– Gördün mü? İşte, gözlerini açtı; dedim.

Ve bileklerini, şakaklarını kolonya suyuyla⁶³³ oğuşturmak istedim. Çocuk, bu sefer dile geldi; kuru ve hummalı bir sesle:

⁶²³ Eğer, kalbinin vuruşlarına ta omuzum üstünde hissetmeseydim M;

⁶²⁴ om. M;

⁶²⁵ sırt üstü M; only

⁶²⁶ om. C;

⁶²⁷ havlu M; B, C,

⁶²⁸ silmeye C;

⁶²⁹ temasıyla C;

⁶³⁰ bakmağa başladı M;

⁶³¹ benzeyen M; B; C;

⁶³² koyulaşmıştı M;

⁶³³ su ,le M; suyu ile B;

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– İstemem⁶³⁴, ⁶³⁵bırak. Acıtırıyorsun; dedi. Ve bunu müteakip⁶³⁶ ⁶³⁷neresine

dokunsam:

– Aman, aman; diye bağırmağa⁶³⁸ başladı.

Onu⁶³⁹, bir müddet⁶⁴⁰ kendi haline bıraktım.

Emeti kadın, şimdi, bir az sükûnet bulmuş, çocuğun baş ucunda ⁶⁴¹sessiz sessiz ağlıyordu.

Hasan, tekrar daldı. Ben ayakta, Hasana, bundan sonra göreceğimiz faciaların bir küçük mukaddimesi ⁶⁴²gibi bakıyorum. Yüreğim birçok fena endişelerle dolup boşalıyor. Kendi kendime: Bunlar, hepimizi helâk etmeden ⁶⁴³ve bu köyü yakıp yıkmadan⁶⁴⁴ çekilip gitmezler., diyordum.

Gece, odamın pencerelerine bir şeamet⁶⁴⁵ kuşu gibi kanat germişti. Karanlıkta, artık hiç gö[A274]rülmiyen⁶⁴⁶ Hasanın kesik, ittiratsız⁶⁴⁷ solumalarını işitiyorum. Yaralı çocuk, arada bir içini çekiyor, küçük bir ses çıkarıyor, sonra gene kesik kesik solumağa ⁶⁴⁸başlıyordu. Emeti kadın, köşede dinlemiyen bir inilti kaynağıdır. Sanki, [M224] ⁶⁴⁹hava dolu bir tulumun ağzını bir el sıkıp gevşetiyor; gevşetip sıkıyor.

Derken sokaktan doğru bir gürültü bir patırtı, bizim eve yaklaşmış durdu. Ne

⁶³⁴ om. M;
⁶³⁵ beni M; only
⁶³⁶ Ve daha sonra C;
⁶³⁷ artık M; only
⁶³⁸ bağırmağa C;
⁶³⁹ om. M;
⁶⁴⁰ süre C;
⁶⁴¹ çömelmiş M; only
⁶⁴² mukaddemesi M; B; başlağın.ı C;
⁶⁴³ vurup öldürmeden M;
⁶⁴⁴ yağma edip ateşe vermeden M;
⁶⁴⁵ uğursuz C;
⁶⁴⁶ görülmeyen M; C;
⁶⁴⁷ düzensiz C;
⁶⁴⁸ solumaya C;
⁶⁴⁹ Sanki M; only

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oluyor? diye düşünmeğe vakit kalmadan güm, güm, güm sokak kapısının vurulduğunu işittim⁶⁵⁰. Bunu: “Aç bire haydi, çabuk,, sesleri takip etti⁶⁵¹. Açsam ne olacak? Açmasam ne olacak? içimden: “Bırakayım, kırsınlar., dedim. Çok sürmedi⁶⁵², kapı büyük bir çatırdı ile kırıldı ve aynı zamanda⁶⁵³, evin içi, sanki bir sürü başı boş hayvan⁶⁵⁴ istiyâsına uğramış gibi oldu.

Emeti kadın, köşesinden:

— Amanın, geliyeler⁶⁵⁵. Şimdi, ne yapacağız? diye seslendi.

“Sus., dememe kalmadı, gürültü bir hamlede odanın içini dolduruverdi⁶⁵⁶.

Evvelâ, birkaç elektrik fenerinin muhtelif noktalara çevrilmiş ışıkları... Bunlardan biri benim yüzümü aydınlattı. Bir tanesi dönüp⁶⁵⁷ dolaşıp Hasanı buldu, öteki, Emeti kadını nafîle⁶⁵⁸ yere aradıktan sonra geldi benim masamın üstüne saplandı.

⁶⁵⁹[A275]Bir ses:

— Bre⁶⁶⁰, kalk, lâmbayı yak.

Ben, yerimden kımıldamıyorum. Donmuş duruyorum. Bir pençe omuzumdan kavradı; beni, sarstı, sarstı:

— [M225] Bre⁶⁶¹, kalk diyorum.

⁶⁵⁰ Derken, güm güm güm sokak kapının duvarları sarsan bir şiddetle vurulduğunu işittim Bu gürültüyü! 'Aç bire, haydi çabuk' sesleri takip etti. M;

⁶⁵¹ izledi C;

⁶⁵² Gerçi, çok geçmedi, M;

⁶⁵³ om. M;

⁶⁵⁴ Sanki başı boş bir sürü her gelenlerin istilasına M;

⁶⁵⁵ geliyeler B; geliyorlar C;

⁶⁵⁶ gürültülü kalabalık bir hamlede odanın kapısını itip içeriye daldı. M;

⁶⁵⁷ dolaşıp M;

⁶⁵⁸ boş C;

⁶⁵⁹ Kaldı M; only

⁶⁶⁰ Vire M; C;

⁶⁶¹ Vire M; C;

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Bilmem görebildi mi, bilmem göremedi mi, başımı kaldırıp herifin yüzüne öyle derin, öyle candan gelen bir nefretle baktım ki, beni bırakıp lâmbayı kendileri yakmak⁶⁶² ıstırasında⁶⁶³ kaldıdır.

Emeti kadın, saklı durduğu karanlık köşeden kendini tutamadı:

– De ha⁶⁶⁴, lâmba pençerenin içinde, dedi.

Bütün⁶⁶⁵ projektörler Emeti kadının üstüne⁶⁶⁶

çevrildiler. Kadının gözleri kamaşıp iki eliyle _ yüzünü kapadı. Yunanlılar⁶⁶⁷ kendilerini tutamadılar. Hep bir ağızdan bir kahkaha kopardılar. Emeti kadının bu hareketi, cidden⁶⁶⁸ o kadar tuhaf oldu ki, ben bile kendimi tutamayıp gülecektim.

Lâmba yanıp oda aydınlanınca bizi basanların altı yedi kişi kadar olduğunu gördüm. Bunların⁶⁶⁹ iki⁶⁷⁰ tanesi küçük rütbeli iki zabıt⁶⁷¹ veya⁶⁷² çavuştu, öbürlerinden bir kaçının, demin beni soymağa kalkışan neferlerden⁶⁷³ olduğunu tanıdım.

Bir tanesi⁶⁷⁴ önüme dikildi.

[A276] - Silâh var mı?

– Yok, sizden evvel gelenler⁶⁷⁵ hepsini alıp götürdüler.

Emeti kadın söze karıştı: — [M226] Vallah, billâh yok. Dedüğü gibi hepsini

⁶⁶² aramak M;

⁶⁶³ zorunda C;

⁶⁶⁴ om. M;

⁶⁶⁵ el B; C;

⁶⁶⁶ üzerine M;

⁶⁶⁷ Düşmanlar B; C;

⁶⁶⁸ hakikaten M;

⁶⁶⁹ Bunlardan M;

⁶⁷⁰ ikisi C;

⁶⁷¹ subay C;

⁶⁷² ve yahut M;

⁶⁷³ soyan iten neferlerden M; soymaya kalkışan askerlerden C;

⁶⁷⁴ biri C;

⁶⁷⁵ önlere M;

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aldılar⁶⁷⁶. Aha ben şahidim; dedi.

Aynı adam tekrar sordu:

- Paran var mı?
- Olacak. İşte, bunun içinde, dedim.

Ve masamın çekmesini gösterdim. Ve ce-

bimden anahtarını çıkarıp önlerine attım. Bütün param orada, bir ⁶⁷⁷tomar halinde duruyor. Herif çekmeyi açtı ve tomarı çıkarıp masanın üstüne⁶⁷⁸ koydu. Emeti kadının gözleri yuvalarından fırlıyacaktı. Bu esnada⁶⁷⁹ küçük Hasan da yatağın içinde birkaç defa doğrulup kalkmağa çalıştı⁶⁸⁰, muvaffak olamadı. Başı tekrar yastığa düştü. Fakat, iri, siyah ve parlak gözleri acayip bir diklikle odadakilerin⁶⁸¹ üstüne takılı⁶⁸² kaldı.

iki zabitten⁶⁸³ veya iki çavuştan diri:

- Bu çocuk kimin? dedi.

Emeti kadın, hemen atıldı:

- Benim yavrımın yavrusu⁶⁸⁴. Onun babası da sizin gibi askerdi⁶⁸⁵.

Seferberlikte şehit düştü⁶⁸⁶.

Sual soran bu cevaba pek aldırmadı⁶⁸⁷. Omuzlarını silkti ve gene⁶⁸⁸ bana dönüp:

⁶⁷⁶ Vallah... ..aldılar: Vallah, billah, hepsini aldılar. M;

⁶⁷⁷ kocaman M; only

⁶⁷⁸ üzerine M;

⁶⁷⁹ om. M;

⁶⁸⁰ kalkmak istedi M;

⁶⁸¹ gelenlerin M;

⁶⁸² saplandı M; B; C;

⁶⁸³ subaydan C;

⁶⁸⁴ yavrımın yavrusu C;

⁶⁸⁵ O da asker çocuğu. M;

⁶⁸⁶ Babası seferberlikte şehit oldu. M;

⁶⁸⁷ Sual soran bu cevap karşısında omuzlarını silkti. Yine bana döndü: M;

⁶⁸⁸ om. C;

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[A277] - Bu kadın kim⁶⁸⁹? dedi⁶⁹⁰.

– Benim işlerime bakıyor.

Bu sırada öbür askerler odanın içini araştırıyorlardı. Gene geçen seferki gibi⁶⁹¹ kitaplar alt üst olmıya⁶⁹², eşyalar süngülenmeğe başladı⁶⁹³. Ben bunlara, alışkın⁶⁹⁴ bir adam tavrıyla bakıyorum.

Yalnız bu defter ellerine geçsin istemiyorum. Ona, her ellerini uzatışlarında yüreğim ağzıma geliyor. Derken esvap dolabımı, sandık ve bavullarımı açtılar, içindekileri⁶⁹⁵ odanın ortasına yığdılar.

Tamtakır kalıncaya kadar boşalttılar⁶⁹⁶.

Bu rahat ve telaşsız talan karşısında⁶⁹⁷, Emeti kadın hayretten hayrete düşüyor, iki dizi üstünde doğrulup ileriye atılmak bir şey söylemek, bir müdahalede bulunmak istiyor. Ben, “otur, karşıma,, diye işaret ediyorum. Tekrar iki büklüm olup kalıyor. Ve Hasanın kara gözleri, parıl parıl, dimdik bakıyor.

Beni her şeyden ziyade bu gözler korkutuyor. Bana her şeyden ziyade, bu gözler endişe veriyor. Yerimden kalkıp ona doğru uzansam, belki bütün endişem, bütün korkum dağılacak. Kim bilir, belki de! Odanın içindeki gürültüden, hâlâ soluk alıp almadığımı [A278]hissedemiyordum ki... “Hasan, Hasan” diye seslensem mi? Ya cevap vermezse...

⁶⁸⁹ Senin neyin? M;

⁶⁹⁰ om. M;

⁶⁹¹ om. M;

⁶⁹² olmaya M; C; olmağa B;

⁶⁹³ başladı M;

⁶⁹⁴ Bu gibi şeylere alışmış M;

⁶⁹⁵ içleri tam takır kalıncaya kadar boşaltılar. M;

⁶⁹⁶ om. B; C;

⁶⁹⁷ Bu sessiz ve telaşsız talan nazarası karşısında M;

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[M228] Düşman askerleri, odanın içinde, dönüp dolaşıyorlar. Daha bir şey arıyorlardı. Ben dedim ki⁶⁹⁸:

– Ne istiyorsunuz? İşte her şeyi aldınız.

İçlerinden biri.

Bu eşyaları saracak bir şey, dedi.

Ben omuzlarımı kaldırdım:

– Artık o kadarını bilmem, dedim.

Lâkin⁶⁹⁹, onlar benim yardımına muhtaç

kalmadılar⁷⁰⁰. İki üç birden Hasanın yattığı yatağın çarşafını, öyle bir el çabukluğuyla çektiler ki, aman demeğe vakit kalmadı zavallı çocuk yere yuvarlandı. Cansız bir cismin düşüşünden çıkan sağır, boğuk, donuk bir ses:

⁷⁰¹Güm

Emeti kadın ve ben, hemen ⁷⁰²fırladık. Çocuğu yerden kaldırmak istedik.

Lâkin bu küçük vücut şimdiden kaskatı olmuş, ağırlaşmıştı ve sırtı bir zıypak madde ile sırsıklamdı. Lâmbayı yaklaştırıp ve gömleğini, pamuklu mintanını

sıyrıp⁷⁰³ bakınca gördüm: iki küreğinin ortasında bir küçük nokta. Bir küçük ve siyah delik... Hasanın bütün kanlan [A279] oradan akıp gitmişti. Yere serili beyaz

çarşafın⁷⁰⁴ ortasında da, bu kandan bir kocaman, zift gibi kapkara, bir büyük⁷⁰⁵

leke hasıl olmuştu.

⁶⁹⁸ om. M;

⁶⁹⁹ Fakat C;

⁷⁰⁰ lüzüm görmediler C;

⁷⁰¹ om. M;

⁷⁰² yerimizden M; only

⁷⁰³ ve... mintanını om. B; C;

⁷⁰⁴ şiltenin C;

⁷⁰⁵ kocaman M;

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[M229] Sesim, boğazımı yırtarak bağırdım.

— Onu, siz öldürdünüz. Onu, siz öldürdünüz!

Beni, “Haydi ordan vire,, diye bir kenara ittiler. Bir tanesi⁷⁰⁶ kafama bir yumruk indirmek için kolunu⁷⁰⁷uzattı⁷⁰⁸. Fakat, gözü yerdeki cesede ilişir ilişmez dona kaldı. Biribiri ardısıra küfürler savurarak dışarıya çıktılar.

Bu çıkışın, bir kaçıştan farkı yoktu. Küçük çobanın ölüsü, bizi herhangi bir tecavülden korumuştı.

Küçük çobanın ölüsü.. Emeti kadın, onun başında ulumağa başladı.

Ne uğursuz bir gece!.. Sanki hiç sabah olmayacak gibi.

•

Sabah oldu. Ama, ne sabah! Çığlıklar içinde bir sabah. Kadınlar ağlaşıyor, erkekler bağıyor⁷⁰⁹ ve çocuk hıçkırıkları köpek ulumalarına karışıyor. Sanki bir gemi batmak

[A280] üzere. Sanki çılgın bir bestekâr, iptidaî bir orkestrada “Dünyanın sonu,, nu⁷¹⁰ çaldırıyor.

Ben ve Emeti kadın, bütün gece hiç gözlerimizi yummamışız. Ben, susarak, o, uluyarak Hasanın cenazesini beklemiştir.

Sabaha karşı, kadında da uluyacak ses ve takat kalmadı. Bütün ağlamaları [M230] boğazından yukarıya çıkmıyan derin bir hırıltı halini almıştı.

— Emeti kadın, artık sus. İşte sıra bize geliyor. Hepimiz Hasanla beraber gideceğiz, dedim. Kadın dizlerinin üstüne dayanan başını kaldırdı;

⁷⁰⁶ biri C;

⁷⁰⁷ om. M;

⁷⁰⁸ uzandı M,

⁷⁰⁹ Kadınlar ağlıyorla, erkekler bağıyorlar M; erkekler bağıyor om. B; C;

⁷¹⁰ ‘sonunu’ M;

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– Ne dedün? Ne dedün?

– Dediğim şu: Bizi de öldürecekler. Sonra bütün bu köyü yıkıp yakacaklar.

Ondan sonra bırakıp gidecekler.

– Amanın⁷¹¹, kaçalım bari. Bir yerlere kaçalım.

– Kaçsan da kaç para eder? Sana, köyde taştaş üstünde bırakmıyacıklar, diyorum. Bir yere kaçmış olsan da iki gün sonra açlığın ölürsün,

-Vıy, guzucuğum. Vıy, guzucuğum. Gördün mü bir yol başımıza gelenleri⁷¹².

[A281] - İşte, bak⁷¹³. Yangın kokuları gelmeğe başladı.

– Hey⁷¹⁴, sahi. Bir yanda, bir şey tütüyor.

Oturduğum yerden kalkıp. Hasanın gözlerini

kapadım. Hiç bu kadar canlı bakarı ölü görmemiştim. Göz kapandıktan sonra

bile, kirpikleri arasından acayıp, endişe verici bir bakış sızıyor. Yüzünde hiçbir

ıstırap izi yok. Sanki, acı duymadan ölmüş gibi.

Lâkin, yalnız, bu çocukta değil, ben, harpte⁷¹⁵ ölenlerin hemen [M231]

hepsinin yüzünde bu sükûneti, bu tatlı sükûneti gördüm. Dudaklarda takallüs⁷¹⁶

yerine rahat bir gülümseme, bir güzel rüyaya dalmış adamın gülümsemesi...

Ölüm, belki, cismanî⁷¹⁷ hazların en büyüğüdür. Belki; kim bilir? Bakalım, şimdi göreceğiz.

Küçük Hasanın yüzünü, bir gazete parça- siyle örtüyorum. Çünkü, odada bir

⁷¹¹ Aman C;

⁷¹² Two sentences om. C;

⁷¹³ Vay,bak. C;

⁷¹⁴ om. C;

⁷¹⁵ savaşta C;

⁷¹⁶ [kasılma] C;

⁷¹⁷ çismi B;

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keçe, kirli bir havlu bile bırakmadılar.

Dışarda⁷¹⁸ çılgınlık devam ediyor. Arasına tanıdığım insanların seslerini duyar gibi oluyorum. Kulak kabartıyorum, işte, bir adam avazı çıktığı kadar bağıyor:

– Ateş camiyeye⁷¹⁹ sarıyor. Suyu buraya getirin. Bu yana..

Bu, bizim imamın sesidir. Derken bir başkası

[A282] - Ülen samanlık tutuştu. Gidiverin, gidiverin..

Bu, Bekir çavuşun sesidir, öbür taraftan muhtar:

– Bizim hatun içeride kaldı, yahu.... Ne yapsak ki.. Diye bağıyor.

İçimden, “Muhtarın kötürüm karısı Artık ölebilir,, diyorum. Birden ve uzaktan uzağa Zeynep kadının sesini de duyar gibi oluyorum⁷²⁰:

– Doğnuzlar, doğnuzlar, aha şimdi de bizden yana geliyeler⁷²¹.

Bir atlayışta soluğu [M232] kapının önünde⁷²² aldım, Tam eşiği atlayıp geçeceğim anda insana benzer acayip katı ve şekilsiz bir şeyle karşı karşıya geldim. Az kalsın çarpışa yazdım. Durdum:⁷²³

– Süleyman, sen misin?

Bir sivri sinek vızıltısı bana cevap verdi:

– Bizim odayı ateşlediler, izin verirsen aşevinde bir kenara yatıvireyim⁷²⁴,

Süleyman, bir pis yorgana sarılmış, incecik bacakları üstünde titriyordu.

⁷¹⁸ dışarıda M; B;

⁷¹⁹ camiyi C;

⁷²⁰ Derken bütün erkek seslerin üstünde yükselen ? gibi bir kadın sesi: M;

⁷²¹ elirler C;

⁷²² Bir atlayışta soluğu dışarıda M;

⁷²³ Tam kapının eşiğini atladığım sırada insana benzeyen acayip bir katı ve şekilsiz şeyle az kalsın çarpışa yazdım. Durdumç M;

⁷²⁴ yatıvireyim M; B; C;

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– Gir, yat. Gir, yat. Ama burası daha salim⁷²⁵ değil ki, nerde ise, buraya da gelirler⁷²⁶, ateş⁷²⁷ verirler⁷²⁸.

Ve bunu söylerken, aklıma defterim geldi.

[A283] Döndüm. Onu, masamın üstünde, kitap kâğıt ve gazete yığınları arasından bulup çıkardım⁷²⁹. Bütün uzunluğunca, gömleğimin altından göğsümün üzerine yerleştirdim. Sonra durdum, düşündüm, daha ne yapacaktım? Ha; yanıma bir kalem alacaktım. Kimbilir, bir daha artık buraya dönemem. İşte, yarısına kadar yontulmuş bir kurşunkalemi duruyor. Onu alıp pantolonumun cebine soktum⁷³⁰. Şimdi, artık, bir daha dönmek üzere gidebilirim.

Hayatımın son dakikasına kadar başımdan ne gelip ne geçecekse bu küçük kalemlerle bu kapsız⁷³¹ deftere yazacağım. Gece, karanlıkta, bu millî facianın bütün esrarını⁷³² buraya tevdi edeceğim⁷³³.⁷³⁴Ne vakit ki, artık, son demin geldiğini hissedeceğim⁷³⁵, onu bir taşın altına bırakacağım.

Çok geçmez, hayır, hayır, ya iki, ya üç gün sonra buralarda, [M233] tekrar Türk askerinin çarık sesleri duyulacaktır. Bunlardan bir kısmının yolu, mutlaka, buraya uğrayacaktır ve bu zavallı⁷³⁶ viraneyi gezip görmeden⁷³⁷ geçip gitmeyecektir. İşte, tam bu gezintilerin birinde, tıpkı Mehmet Aliye benzeyen yağız bir nefer⁷³⁸, bu

⁷²⁵ emin M;

⁷²⁶ ateşe verecekler. M;

⁷²⁷ ateşe verirler. C;

⁷²⁸ om. M;

⁷²⁹ Onun masamın kargaşalığı üstünden bulup çıkardım. M;

⁷³⁰ sokuyorum M;

⁷³¹ om M;

⁷³² sırnı M;

⁷³³ dökeceğim. C;

⁷³⁴ Ne vakit ki artık. Yazamayacağım. M; only

⁷³⁵ sentence om. B; C;

⁷³⁶ küçük M;

⁷³⁷ dolaşmadan M;

⁷³⁸ er C;

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defteri bularak zabıtine⁷³⁹ koşacaktır. Otuz ikidişini birden gösteren bir tebessümle sırtarak⁷⁴⁰:

[A284] - Efendi, efendi, şuna bakıversene; acep, nedir ki... diyecektir.

Zabıt, bunu, eline kayıtsız bir tavurla alacak, yapraklarını yavaş yavaş çevirmeğe başlayacaktır⁷⁴¹. ⁷⁴²Bu merak, defterin son yapraklarına doğru derin bir heyecan halını alacaktır.⁷⁴³

Ondan ricam şudur ki⁷⁴⁴, burada, bana bir yabancı muamelesi ettikleri, beni kendilerinden sanmayıp daima manevi bir ezaya mahkûm kıldıkları için köylülere bir kin ve gayız⁷⁴⁵ bağlamasın. Onları, ben, küçük sığırtmacın ölüsü başında, affettim. Ve bu umumî facia⁷⁴⁶ anında hepsine, hattâ Salih ağaya bile hakkımı helâl ediyorum. Bunların hiçbiri “ ne yaptığını bilmiyor.,,

Eğer, bilmiyorlarsa kabahat kimin? Kabahat, benimdir. Kabahat, ey bu satırları heyecanla okuyacak arkadaş, şenindir. Sen ve ben, onları asırlardan⁷⁴⁷ beri bu yalçın tabiatın göbeğinde, her şeyden ve herkesten uzak ve her türlü yaşamak şevkinden ⁷⁴⁸mahrum bir avuç kazazede halinde bırakmışız⁷⁴⁹. Açlık, hastalık ve kimsesizlik bunların etrafını çevirmiştir. [M234] Ve cehalet denilen ⁷⁵⁰zifiri karanlık

⁷³⁹ subayına C;

⁷⁴⁰ sırtıp M;

⁷⁴¹ çevirecek M; Subay, defterin yapraklarını çevirmeye başlayacaktır. C;

⁷⁴² Fakat, çevirdiğile? yüzünün çizgileri gülmeğe, gözleri pırl damağa, dudakları titremeğe ve kalbı atlamağa başlayacaktır. M; only

⁷⁴³ Sentence om. M;

⁷⁴⁴ Ondan ricam şu derken, M;

⁷⁴⁵ Kin ve gayız om.: bir öfke C;

⁷⁴⁶ ıztırap M;

⁷⁴⁷ yüzyıllardan C;

⁷⁴⁸ zevk, ve sevdadan (?) M;

⁷⁴⁹ bırakmışsın! M;

⁷⁵⁰ korkunç M; only

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içinde ruhları, her yanından⁷⁵¹ örülü bir zindanda gibi mahpus kalmıştır.⁷⁵²[A285] Bu zavallı mahlûklardan, sevgi, şefakat ve insanlık namına, artık ne bekliyebiliriz⁷⁵³? Bu iklimin çoraklığı, ruhlarını⁷⁵⁴ kurutmuştur. Bu ıssızlık ve bu gurbet, onlara müthiş bir *egoism* dersi vermiştir. Onun için her biri kendi yuvasında⁷⁵⁵ bir kunduzda dönmüştür.

•

Defteri koynuma ve kalemi cebime yerleştirdikten sonra, dışarıya çıktım. Ve ağır⁷⁵⁶ ağır yangın kokularınının, dumanların, çığlıkların geldiği tarafa doğru yürüdüm.

Bütün köylüler, kad n erkek, çoluk, çocuk meydanlığa toplanmışlardı. Kadınlar, buraya, ateşten⁷⁵⁷ kurtarabildikleri eşyaları yığıyorlar ve bu ameliye⁷⁵⁸ bittikten sonra, her biri kendi eşyasının teşkil ettiği küçük küme üstüne oturup ağlıyordu, Erkekler, artık uğraşmanın, karşı koymanın faydasızlığını anlayıp, elleri böğürlerinde, ayakta duruyorlardı. Ben bunlara doğru gittim.

Etrafımızı çeviren düşman askerlerinin halimizle alay eder gibi bir tavurları vardı. Kimi süngüsünün ucuyla, kadınlardan veya çocuklardan herhangi birini korkutuyor. Kimi nişan alacak gibi tüfeğini, şunun bunun üze[A286]rine çeviriyordu, işte, çığlıklar, hep bir ağızdan [M235] o zaman kopmağa başlıyordu.

Arada bir, gene onlardan bir kaç içimize girip yangından kaçırılmış eşyayı almağa kalkışıyordu. Kadınlar, “Virmeyiz. Canımızı alın, gayri.... Virmeyiz.

⁷⁵¹ her tarafını M;

⁷⁵² İşte M; only

⁷⁵³ beklebilirdik? M;

⁷⁵⁴ yüreklerini M;

⁷⁵⁵ kovuğunda M;

⁷⁵⁶ om. M;

⁷⁵⁷ yangından M;

⁷⁵⁸ amaliye M; B; iş C;

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Aha, bir kuru canımız kaldı. Onu da alın,, diye saçmasapan bir takım şeyler söyleyorlardı. Bu sözlere, derhal, tekmeler ve yumruklar cevap veriyordu. Bunun üzerine ⁷⁵⁹bir çığlık ⁷⁶⁰daha kopuyordu.

Bir tanesi⁷⁶¹ Zeynep kadının önüne dikilip sordu:

– Yüzüme neden, öyle, öfkeyle bakıyorsun? Altınlarını aldık diye mi?

Sende daha çok var. Biliyoruz.

Zeynep kadın:

– Gözünüze dizinize dursun, donğuzlar... diyordu.

– Domuz mu? Biz, Domuz, ha? Al sana, al sana....

Ve Zeynep kadın, bir müddet⁷⁶² tekmeler, yumruklar altında bunalıp kalıyordu.

– Hele, şuna bak. Kız, ne örtünüp duruyorsun, öyle?

Bir başka gâvur, bu sözlerle Emineye yaklaşıyor. Emine, bu mahşer içinde büzüle[A287] büzüle, kapana kapana şekilsiz bir şey, bir bohça halini almıştı. İsmail, erkekler arasında ayakta duruyor. Yan gözle, başlıyan sahneye bakıyor.

– [M236] Aç suratını. Aç bakayım.

Bu adam , ⁷⁶³bir Ermeni şivesiyle konuşuyordu. Elini Eminenin başına doğru uzattı. Ben, köylülerden birine yaklaşıp, yavaşça:

– Yahu, bunların zabitleri ⁷⁶⁴filân nerede? dedim.

— Bilmiyorum, gayri...

⁷⁵⁹ yine M;only

⁷⁶⁰ om. M;

⁷⁶¹ biri C;

⁷⁶² süre C;

⁷⁶³ bariz M; only

⁷⁶⁴ subayları C;

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Bir az ötede, gözüme Bekir çavuşun dik bıyıkları ilişti, işaret ettim. Yanıma geldi.

- Bunlar, böyle başıboş mu? Kumandanları yok mu?
- Var. Demin buradaydılar. Şimdi, te orada Porsuğun yanında otururlar⁷⁶⁵.
- Ben gidip bunları şikâyet edeceğim.
- Nafile dinlemezler.
- Yok, yok. Ben gidip şikâyet edeceğim.

Kalabalığı yarıp, Bekir çavuşun gösterdiği tarafa⁷⁶⁶ doğru yürüyorum. Derhal, üç dört asker⁷⁶⁷ birden etrafımı çeviriyor. Tesadüf. Bunlardan da hiçbiri türkçe bilmiyor. Onlar, rumca bir şeyler soruyor. Ben türkçe bir şeyler söylü[A288]yorum. Anlaşmak kabil değil. Nihayet işi fransızcaya döktüm. Gene anlamadılar. Sonra işaretle ve tektük hatırıma gelen rumca kelimelerle, kumandanlara⁷⁶⁸ gitmek istedeğimi anlattım. Onlar, belki, kumandanlarının beni çağırdıklarını⁷⁶⁹ söylediğime [M237] hükmettiler. Benimle yürümeğe başladılar.

Bunlar, Bekir çavuşun işaret ettiği yerde⁷⁷⁰ derme çatma bir çadırda oturmuşlar, bir şeyler yiyorlar.

Daima yanımdaki neferlerle⁷⁷¹ beraber, yanlarına yaklaştım. Fransızça:

- Müsaade ederseniz, sizinle bir iki şey konuşmağa geldim, dedim.

⁷⁶⁵ oturuyorlar B; C;

⁷⁶⁶ yana C;

⁷⁶⁷ nefer M;

⁷⁶⁸ kumandalara M; kumandanlarına B; C;

⁷⁶⁹ çağırdığımı B; C;

⁷⁷⁰ noktada M;

⁷⁷¹ askerlerle C;

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Dört kişi idder. Dördü ⁷⁷²birden ayağa kalkıp telâşla bana doğru yürüdüler.

İçlerinden biri:

- Siz kimsiniz? Ve burada işiniz ne, dedi.
- Ben gördüğünüz ⁷⁷³ gibi bir sakat askerim. Bu köye çekilmiş oturuyorum

ve size askerlerinizin, köylülere ettikleri ezadan şikâyete geliyorum.-

- Ne gibi? Ne gibi?
- Haydi köyü yaktınız. Para ve yiyecek namına ne varsa aldınız. Fakat, şu biçare in[A289]sanlara eza edilmesinin mana ve lüzumunu anlamıyorum ⁷⁷⁴.

Zabit ⁷⁷⁵, kaşlarını çattı:

- Yunan askeri öyle şey yapmaz. Yanlışınız var. dedi.
- Nasıl yanılmış olabilirim? Şimdi gözümle gördüm. Bir çoban çocuğu

benim evimde öldürülmüş yatıyor.

- Eh, kim bilir, ne yapmıştır. Bize husumet gösterenlere karşı, en şiddetli tedbirleri almakta mazuruz. Biz oyun oynamıyoruz. [M238] Harbediyoruz ⁷⁷⁶.

– Köyü yakmanızı zahiresiz ve parasız bırakmanızı anlıyorum. Fakat, tekrar ediyorum ki, kadınlara ve çocuklara yapılan eza ve cefaları lüzumuz bir zulüm telakki ediyorum.

- Rica ederim. Kelimelerinizi tartarak söyleyin.

Arkasını dönüp bana yol vermek isterken birden hatırına mühim ⁷⁷⁷ bir şev gelmiş gibi:

⁷⁷² de C; only

⁷⁷³ gördükleriniz M;

⁷⁷⁴ anlayamıyorum M;

⁷⁷⁵ subay C;

⁷⁷⁶ savaşıyoruz C;

⁷⁷⁷ önemli C;

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– Durun, durun... Biraz gelir misiniz, buraya... dedi.

Ve arkadaşlarına rumca bir şeyler söyleyerek, beni gösterdi.

[A290] - Siz, bir zabittiniz⁷⁷⁸ öyle mi ? Ne zaman? Nerede?

– Umumî harpte muhtelif cephelerde bulundum.

– ⁷⁷⁹Kolunuzu nerede kaybettiniz?

– Çanakkalede... dedim.

– Ha ha, böyle ise, siz mükemmel bir Kemalistsiniz.

– Bir Kemalist mi? Evet. Fakat, Çanak - kalede harbettığım için değil,

sadece bir namuslu Türk olduğum için..

Zabitler⁷⁸⁰, güldüler:

– Pa, pa, pa... Siz tahminimizin fevkinde bir ateşli vatanperver
imişsiniz⁷⁸¹.

Suratımı asıp önüme baktım. Zabit kendini topladı⁷⁸²:

– [M239] Şu halde, niçin cephenin öbür tarafında bulunmuyorsunuz da
burada bulunuyorsunuz?

Ben, gene susuyorum. Zabit ⁷⁸³devam ediyor:

—Mutlaka, bizim buralara kadar geleceğimizi tahmin etmediniz ve rahatınızı
bozmak istemediniz. Lâkin, işte, görüyorsunuz ki, geldik. Ve isteseydik daha
ileriye gidebilirdik.

⁷⁷⁸ subaysınız C;

⁷⁷⁹ Bu M; only

⁷⁸⁰ Subaylar C;

⁷⁸¹ Siz tahminimizin üstünde bir ateşli patriot'muşsunuz. C;

⁷⁸² Zabit devam ediyor B; Subay devam ediyor C;

⁷⁸³ subay C;

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Ben ⁷⁸⁴susmakta ısrar ediyorum⁷⁸⁵.

[A291] - Gidemezmiydik sanıyorsunuz? öyle bir giderdik ki... Fakat, bizim maksadımız fütühat değildir. Biz, sulhu temine çalışıyoruz⁷⁸⁶. Kaç yıldır muharebe etmekten⁷⁸⁷ bıkmadınız mı? siz, Türkler⁷⁸⁸ döğüşmekten başka bir şey bilmez misiniz? Bütün cihan sulh⁷⁸⁹ istiyor, yalnız siz, Kemalistler, ateşe devamda inat ediyorsunuz.

Zabitlerden⁷⁹⁰ bir tanesi daha atıldı; ve gayet fena⁷⁹¹ bir Fransızca ile:

– Günün birinde aklınız başınıza gelecek amma, iş işden⁷⁹² geçtikten sonra⁷⁹³, dedi.

Kendimi tutamadım:

– Siz gittikten sonra... dedim.
– Ne dediniz? ne dediniz? Biz gittikten sonra mı? Hah, hah, biz nereye gidecekmişsiz? Bizi, buraya büyük Avrupa⁷⁹⁴ devletleri, sizin aklınızı başınıza getirmeğe gönderdiler. Bu insan! vazifeyi başarmadan⁷⁹⁵ bir yere gidemeyiz.

– Çok teşekkür ederiz. Fakat, şu dumanı tüten köyde yaptığınız⁷⁹⁶şenaatler de büyük devletlerin emriyle mi?

Bana, ilk hitap eden zabit⁷⁹⁷ tekrar ayağa kalktı. Kepisini [M240] başına geçirdi:

⁷⁸⁴ Yine M; only

⁷⁸⁵ devam ediyorum. M;

⁷⁸⁶ Bizi (?) sulhu temin etmek istiyoruz. M; Biz, barışı temine çalışıyoruz. C;

⁷⁸⁷ döğüşmekten C;

⁷⁸⁸ om. M;

⁷⁸⁹ barış C;

⁷⁹⁰ subaylardan C;

⁷⁹¹ kötü M;

⁷⁹² işten B; C;

⁷⁹³ ama neden sonra M;

⁷⁹⁴ om. M;

⁷⁹⁵ vazifeyi görmeden M; görevi başarmadan C;

⁷⁹⁶ Fakat, şu yakılan köyde askerlerinizin yaptığı M;

⁷⁹⁷ subay C;

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– Haydi gidelim, bakalım⁷⁹⁸, neymiş bu şenaatler.. dedi...

[A292] Ben önde, o arkada köye doğru yürüyoruz⁷⁹⁹. Gittikçe tekrar kulağıma çığlıklar gelmeğe başlıyor⁸⁰⁰. Zabite⁸⁰¹ döndüm:

İşitiyor musunuz? işte... dedim. Bu gelen sesler, sanırım ki, şarkı sesleri değildir.⁸⁰²

Zabit kaşlarını çatıp dudaklarını ısırmağa başladı⁸⁰³:

– Hep şirretliklerinden, hep şirretliklerinden.... dedi. Eminim, oraya vardığımda⁸⁰⁴, bütün bu gürültüleri haklı gösterecek hiçbir müsbet vak’aya tesadüf edemeyeceğim.

Gerçi, köylüler arasında, küçük Hasan’dan başka ne bir ölen, ne bir yaralanan vardı ve neferlerin⁸⁰⁵ halka yaptıkları şey, nihayet, zalimce bir alay⁸⁰⁶ hududunu aşmıyordu. Lâkin, düşman askerlerinin asıl bu tarz hareketleridir ki⁸⁰⁷, bana herhangi bir katliamdan daha ağır, daha acı geliyordu.

Zabit, güya⁸⁰⁸ ciddi bir tahkikata başlayan bir adam gibi Türkçe bilen neferlerden biri vasıtasıyla⁸⁰⁹ köylüleri birer birer sorguya çekti. Kamçısının ucuyla sual⁸¹⁰ soracağı kimseye⁸¹¹(kalk) işaretini veriyor. Sonra suallerini⁸¹² sıralıyordu⁸¹³:

– Adın ne? Kaç yaşındasın? Seni döven veya yakınlarından birine [M241] bir

⁷⁹⁸ Durun bakalım M;

⁷⁹⁹ yürüdük. M;

⁸⁰⁰ Köye yaklaştıkça, tekrar, çığdıkları işitmeğe başlıyorum. M;

⁸⁰¹ Subaya C;

⁸⁰² These two sentences omç B; C;

⁸⁰³ Sentence om. C;

⁸⁰⁴ vardığımızda C;

⁸⁰⁵ askerlerin C;

⁸⁰⁶ Ve nihayet, zalma ne (?) bir şaka hududunu M; nihayet zalimce bir satışma hududunu C;

⁸⁰⁷ Lakin, asıl düşmanın bu tarz hareketidir ki, M;

⁸⁰⁸ Subay, sözde C;

⁸⁰⁹ neferler vasıtasıyla M; askerlerden biri vasıtasıyla

⁸¹⁰ sual B; om. C;

⁸¹¹ Kamçısını ucuyla köylülerin birine M;

⁸¹² suallarını B;

⁸¹³ Sonra tercüman vasıtasıyla suallerini sıralamağa başlıyordu. M; Sonra sorularını sıralıyordu. C;

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fenalık eden ⁸¹⁴oldu mu? Bir şeyden şikâyetin var mı?

[A293] Tercüman bu garip sùalleri⁸¹⁵ türkçeye çevirdikçe benim kanım dalga dalğı tepeme çıkıyor. Ortaya atılıp her sorguya çekilen köylü yerine cevap vermekten kendimi güç zaptediyorum. Hele köylülerin⁸¹⁶ açıkça⁸¹⁷, dobra dobra söylemeğe başlarken tercümanın, yavaş sesle tehdit etmeleri, yahut, hiç şüphesiz, zabıtine dönüp büsbütün başka şekilde anlatması beni çileden çıkardı⁸¹⁸. Zabite⁸¹⁹ doğru yürüdüm,

— Bu yaptığımız bir komedyaya benzeyor, dedim. Bu adam istediğı gibi konuşmaktan köylüyü menediyor⁸²⁰. Binbir türlü tehditle sözlerini ağızlarına tıkıyor. Ve birçok sözleri de size yanlış naklettiğinden eminim.

Zabit⁸²¹, yüzüme sert sert bakmakla iktifa etti. Tekrar neferine⁸²² dönüp (sen buna bakma.) der gibi bir şeyler söyledi⁸²³ ve grotesk oyuna⁸²⁴ devam etti.

Köylülerin kimi kekeliyor. Kimi, aklınca, bir politika yapmak için⁸²⁵ hiçbir şeyden şikâveti olmadığını söyleyor⁸²⁶. Kadınlar ise hemen umumiyetle ağlamağa başlayordu⁸²⁷.

Yalnız Zeynep kadın ağlamadı. Bir Orta anadolu manzarasını⁸²⁸ andıran çehresi her zamankinden daha ⁸²⁹sert, daha yalçın idi ve sesi bir dişi kurdun ulumasına

⁸¹⁴ döven söken M; bir kötü muamele eden C;

⁸¹⁵ sualleri B; soruları C;

⁸¹⁶ köylünün B; C;

⁸¹⁷ köylülerin bazıları açıktan açığa M;

⁸¹⁸ ve yahut hiç şüphesiz zabıtine yanlış tercüme etmesi beni büsbütün çileden çıkardı. M; ...tehdit ...zabıtine... om. B; C;

⁸¹⁹ subaya C;

⁸²⁰ Bu adam köylüyü hakikat söylemekten menediyor. M;

⁸²¹ Subay C;

⁸²² askerine C;

⁸²³ Tekrar neferine dönüp: 'Devam. Buna aldırma' diye gibi bir şeyler söyledi M;

⁸²⁴ grotesk oyununa B; kaba ve gülünç oyununa C;

⁸²⁵ Kimi bir nevi politika yapmak fikriyle M;

⁸²⁶ söylüyor B; C;

⁸²⁷ başlıyordu B; C;

⁸²⁸ kıraçlığını C;

⁸²⁹ her zamandan daha daha M;

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benzeyordu;

– [M242][A294] Evimi yaktınız. Harman yerindeki buğdayımı yaktınız.

Bütün paramı, altınlarımı aldınız. Gelinlik kızlarımın⁸³⁰ boyunlarındaki Mahmudiyeler kadar neyimiz varsa⁸³¹ çaldınız. Şimdi de gelmişsiniz şu altımızdaki yatağı yorganı almağa çalışıyorsunuz⁸³². Donguzlar, donguzlar....

Tercüman:

– Kadın, çok ileriye varma, diyor. Bu söylediklerini olduğu gibi kumandana anlatırsam seni berbat eder. Aklını başına al.

– Hele hele, şu dedüğüne bah... Benim bundan sonra neden korkum olacakmış? (Göğsünü bağrını açarak) Aha, al canımı; aha al canımı..

Tercüman kendi kendine söylenir gibi:

– Peki, peki. Haydi, otur yerine. Amma belâya çattık ha., diyordu.

Fakat Zeynep kadın bir nevi cezbe halinde idi:

– Mal gittikten, yiyecek içecek kalmadıktan sonra canın ne hükmü olur? Şimdi de namusumuza, ırzımıza el uzatmağa başladınız. (Kızlarına ve gelinlerine dönerek) Ne susuyorsuz⁸³³? Söyleyin bee⁸³⁴!,

[A295] - Sus bre⁸³⁵ kadın, sus!

Tercüman, bir başkasına geçmek istiyor. Zeynep kadın, bu sefer, Emineyi göstererek:

– Aha buncağıza kaç defa, bizim gözümüz önünde⁸³⁶ dokunmak istediler, diye

⁸³⁰ Gelinin ? kızların M;

⁸³¹ Mahmudiye çinlerine kadar hep

⁸³² Şimdi de gelmişsiniz altımızdan şu yatak yordanına, yaştığa el uzatırsınız. M;

⁸³³ om. M;

⁸³⁴ Kalkıp söyleyiniz be... C;

⁸³⁵ vire M;

⁸³⁶ bizim gözümüz önünde om. M;

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bağırды.

[M243] Tepeden tırnağa kadar titredim. Tekrar zabite dönerek⁸³⁷:

– Bu kadının, hiç değilse⁸³⁸, heyecanı size bir şey ifade etmelidir, dedim.

Tam bu sırada, yüz⁸³⁹ yüz elli adım ötede, bir köşe başından⁸⁴⁰ Emeti kadının boğuk feryatlarını işittik. Biçare⁸⁴¹ kadın, küçük Hasanın ölüsünü sırtına yüklemiş⁸⁴², bin zahmetle, iki büklüm yürümeğe çalışıyordu.

– Amanın, amanın, amanın..

Koşarak yanına vardım. Beni önünde görünce:

– Senin ev de yanıyor. Senin evi de yaktılar⁸⁴³. Çocuğu zor kurtardım⁸⁴⁴. Vıy anacığım, vıy. diye söylendi ve sırtındaki haildi yüküyle Shakspeare'in cadılarından biri gibi yere yuvarlandı⁸⁴⁵.

Çocuğu bir kenara yatırdım ve kadını o- muzlarından tutup taşa dayadım⁸⁴⁶.

– Amanın⁸⁴⁷, amanın.. Ne de ağırmış bu[A296] çocuk!. Hiç de bövle değildi.. Saatlerce arkamda, kucağımda taşırdım da o⁸⁴⁸ demezdim. Şimdi bak, ş mdi bak.. Şuracıktan şuracığa yürüyemedim. Dizlerim kesiliverdi.. Aman, yetiş evin yanıyor.

⁸⁴⁹Kesik kesik, soluya soluya konuşuyordu.

Belki birkaç parça⁸⁵⁰eşvamı kurtarabilirim ümidiyle eve koştum. Lâkin çok geç

⁸³⁷ Tekrar zabite doğru yürüdüm. M; Tekrar subaya dönerek C;

⁸³⁸ olmazsa M;

⁸³⁹ om. M;

⁸⁴⁰ Başında B; C;

⁸⁴¹ Biçare, om. B; C;

⁸⁴² arkasına yüklenmiş M; sırtına yüklenmiş C;

⁸⁴³ Sentence om. M;

⁸⁴⁴ güç kurtarıyorum. M;

⁸⁴⁵ Vıy... ..yuvarlandı. om. Diye ve sırtındaki haildi yuklu yere yuvarlandı. M;

⁸⁴⁶ taşa om. oturttum M;

⁸⁴⁷ Aman, C;

⁸⁴⁸ of M; B; C;

⁸⁴⁹ Emeti Kadın M; only

⁸⁵⁰ harim M; only

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kalmışım⁸⁵¹. Parça parça alev dilimleriyle yalanan⁸⁵² koyu bir duman küçük kerpiç binayı çepçevre sarmıştı. Yapacak bir şey kalmamıştı. Geriye dönmek üzere iken hatırıma eşeğim geldi. Ahır tarafı⁸⁵³ nisbeten salim duruyordu⁸⁵⁴. [M244] Bir tekmede kapıyı ittim. Dünyadan bihaber⁸⁵⁵ havvan telâşsız, kaygısız⁸⁵⁶ bana bakıyordu. Onu, ite kaka⁸⁵⁷ zorla dışarıya çıkardım.

Ya Suleyman... Avazım çıktığı kadar bağırdım:

— Süleyman, Süleyman..

Hiçbir ses bana cevap vermedi. Gözlerim, dumandan yanarak akıyordu. Ve hançerem zifir tıklı bir boruya dönmüştü. Artık sesim çıkmıyordu. Sarhoş gibi sendeliyerek⁸⁵⁸ Emeti kadını ve Hasanı⁸⁵⁹ bıraktığım noktaya döndüm. Bir de baktım ki Emeti kadın yapıyınız, saçını, başını yoluyor:

[A297] Aldılar, aldılar götürdüler, yavrumu.. Nereye götürdüler? Ne yapacaklar? Dizlerim tutmıyor ki arkalarından koşup erişeyim⁸⁶⁰.

— Emeti kadın, ben gidip⁸⁶¹ anlarım.

Ve tekrar meydanlıktaki kalabalığa karışıp rasgeldiğime soruyorum:

— Yahu, Hasanın cenazesini alıp gitmişler... Gördünüz mü?

Ahmak ahmak⁸⁶², yüzüme bakıyorlar:

— Hangi Hasan? ne cenazesini⁸⁶³?

⁸⁵¹ om. M;

⁸⁵² cıtırdayan M;

⁸⁵³ om. M;

⁸⁵⁴ Ahır tarafını henüz büsbütün ateş sarmamıştı. C;

⁸⁵⁵ habersiz C;

⁸⁵⁶ kaytsız ? M; başını çevirip M; only

⁸⁵⁷ om. M;

⁸⁵⁸ sendeleyerek M; C;

⁸⁵⁹ Küşük Hasanın ölüsünü m;

⁸⁶⁰ koşmayım M;

⁸⁶¹ gider M;

⁸⁶² Aptal, aptal M;

⁸⁶³ Ne cenaze? M;

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Hiçbirinde anlayış namına bir şey kalmamış. Sanki herbirinin kulağı ile beyni arasında bir uçurum açılmış gibi... demin, halkı çevirmiş olan düşman askerlerinden de eser yok. Hepsi bir yana dağılmış.

Ben, Hasana dair bir malûmat almak için bizim köylülerden [M245] ümidimi kesip, onlara koşuyorum. Birinden öbürüne gidiyorum. Kâh Türkçe, kâh Fransızca, kâh yarım yamalak bir Rumca ile soruyorum. Hepsinde, benim bu telâşımın alay eden bir hal var. Hiçbirinden bir ciddi⁸⁶⁴ cevap alamadım.

Nihayet, Emeti kadına görünmekten korkarak, ben de, gittim; köylülerin arasına sokuldum. Kendime bir yer bulup oturdum.

[A298] Şimdi, herkeste bir (ne yiyeceğim?) endişesi var. Dün akşamdanberi ağızlarına bir lokma koymamış çocuklar, durmaksızın, ağlaşıyorlar⁸⁶⁵. Koca karılar, Zeynep kadından örnek alıp mütemadiyen sövüp sayıyorlar⁸⁶⁶. ⁸⁶⁷Genç kızlar, genç kadınlar gözleri korkudan büyümüş, ükek ürkek etraflarına bakmıyorlar. Erkeklerle gelince, onlar, hep bir arada, yavaş yavaş konuşmağa başladılar⁸⁶⁸.

Bana hiç kimse bir şey söylemiyor. Omuz omuza, diz dize oturmuş olmamıza rağmen, ben, hâlâ, her birinden yüzlerce fersah uzaktayım⁸⁶⁹. Yalnız, ⁸⁷⁰Emine ile aramızda gizli bir aşinalık bağı gerilmiş gibidir⁸⁷¹. Kalabalığın içinden yan gözle birbirimize bakıyoruz. Fakat, bu ani ve gelip geçici⁸⁷² bakışlarda neler yok! Onunkiler (beni kurtar.) diyor. Benimkiler (pekiy kurtaracağım.) diyor. Onunkiler

⁸⁶⁴ om. M;

⁸⁶⁵ ağlıyorlar C;

⁸⁶⁶ söğüyorlar. M;

⁸⁶⁷ Acı acı inkisarlar ediyorlar. M; only

⁸⁶⁸ başlıyor. C;;

⁸⁶⁹ uzakta gibiyim. M; only

⁸⁷⁰ ikide bir M; only

⁸⁷¹ Bir gizli bir aşinalık bağı hasıl olup çözümlüyor, çözümlüp hasıl oluyor. M;

⁸⁷² Geçip gidici M;

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(senden başka kimsem yok.) diyor. Benimkiler (ben de senden başkasını düşünmüyorum.) diyor.

Sonra, birlikte, bizi kurtaracak olan çareleri araştırıyoruz. - Kaçalım mı? - kaçalım. — Nereye? Nasıl? Hele bir gece olsun. Ya bizi ele geçirirlerse. — [M246] Ele geçirmezler. Geçirir[A299]lerse de ben kolayını bulurum. — Sen bulursan. Evet, ben yalnız sana inanıyorum⁸⁷³.

Hiçbir zaman, hiçbir zaman insan gözleri bu kadar dile gelmemiştir. Emine'nin duru ve solgun⁸⁷⁴ çehresi üstünde, bunlar alevden iki ses gibi... Ve bu seste⁸⁷⁵, büyük sahne orkestrasının bütün perdeleri, bütün beste ve ahenk nüansları var. Sanki dramatik musikinin bütün kadın kahramanları her biri kendine mahsus ıstıraplarla kıvranarak, haykırarak gözümün önünden geçiyorlar. Ben yangın zifiri ve insan kemiği kokan bu hailenin içinden bu ezeli facia⁸⁷⁶ sembollerine doğru uzanıyorum. Ve onların hepsi Eminededir.

Ne kadar da süzölmüş! Güya⁸⁷⁷ bir usta sanatkârın⁸⁷⁸ görülmez eli dün geceden beri, bu yüzü mütemadiyen yontup inceltmededir. Dolgun yanakları, uzun bir pehriz ve çileden sonra Isanın resmi önünde⁸⁷⁹ dua eden sıtmalı azizelerin yanakları gibi çukurlaşmıştır.

Anlına, derin bir düşüncenin asil gölgesi düşmüştür. Gerdanı bir kuğunun boynu gibi uzamıştır. İçimden kendi kendime diyorum ki: “Seni bu hale koyan

⁸⁷³ Evet; sen her şeyi yapamaz kadırsın. Sana, yalnız sana inanıyorum. M; only

⁸⁷⁴ solgun ve durgun M;

⁸⁷⁵ bu seslerde M;

⁸⁷⁶ debari M;

⁸⁷⁷ Sanki M; C;

⁸⁷⁸ gözle M; only

⁸⁷⁹ dua eden om. çıplak vücüdünü kamçılayan M;

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felâketi takdir⁸⁸⁰ edeceğim geliyor.

[A300]Yanı başımda biri öbürüyle konuşuyor:

– Harman yerindeki ekinlerden⁸⁸¹ hepsi

yanmadı. Acep, geriye kalanlar [M247] bir işe yarar mı?

– Azıcık yanık kokar, sanırım.

– Benim aklıma bir şey geliyor. Bunları

hir iyice⁸⁸² yıkadıktan sonra döğsek, biraz da kepekle karıştırsak

Eeh, ziyan vermez. Şu çoluk çocuğun kursağına bir şey girmiş olur

Bütün bu kaygılardan ne kadar uzağım! Artık, mide kursak diye bir şeye⁸⁸³

malik değilim. Yalnız ruhtan, histen, ihtirastan⁸⁸⁴ ibaret, ateş haline girmiş bir

düşünceyim. Ve uçuyorum, uçuyorum, ve bu yanmış köyün külleri arasındaki bu

küçücük insan kümesi, bana, bozulmuş bir yuva kenarında bir karınca birkin- tisi⁸⁸⁵

gibi görünüyor. Ben ve Emine bunların üstünde karşılıklı iki alev parçası gibi⁸⁸⁶

uçuyor⁸⁸⁷.

Yanı başımdakiler yere ait⁸⁸⁸ konuşmalarına devam ediyorlar:

– Bu akşam, gidecekler galiba.. Hepsi aşağıda, ovada toplanıyorlar..

– Ben de gördüm. Hayvanlarını, yüklerini hep hazır etmişler. Biraz evvel⁸⁸⁹

Kumandan ça[A301] diri kurulmak üzere idi⁸⁹⁰, sonra vaz geçip toplanmağa

⁸⁸⁰ takdis M; B; C;

⁸⁸¹ buğdayların M;

⁸⁸² bir iyi M;

⁸⁸³ uzve (uzuv) M;

⁸⁸⁴ sevgiden M;

⁸⁸⁵ Birikintileri? M;

⁸⁸⁶ om. M;

⁸⁸⁷ Uçuyoruz. M; B; C;

⁸⁸⁸ om. M; yer yüzüne ait C;

⁸⁸⁹ önce C;

⁸⁹⁰ kumandanlar çadırını kurmak üzere idiler M;

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başladılar⁸⁹¹.

- Durup ne edecekler ki, onlar da bizim gibi aç kalırlar.
- Amma da canavar heriflermiş be... Her şeyi silipsüpürdüler. Ne üstte, ne altta kodular⁸⁹².

; — [M248] Öbiir köylerde de böyle mi yaptılar ⁸⁹³acep?

- Ne olacak⁸⁹⁴ sankim, gitsen sana hayırları mı olur?

Bir başka ses bahse⁸⁹⁵ karışıyor:

- Git⁸⁹⁶ bakalım, bizim ⁸⁹⁷ağaya.... sana zırnık verir mi? Aha onun evini yakmadılar. Tahılı, samanı, arpası⁸⁹⁸, hayvanı olduğu gibi duruyor. Bak, şimdi ⁸⁹⁹görünür mü?

- Ne itti de ⁹⁰⁰kurtardı?

Öbür sefer gelenler⁹⁰¹ yok mu? Aha, işini onlar yoluna koyuvermişler⁹⁰².

Onlardan bir kâğıt almış vesika mı, ne diyorlar; — işte onu gösteriverince

“sana ziyanımız olmaz, rahatına bak,, deyip çekilirlermiş.

- Bizim imam da öyle olacak. Meydanda hiç görünmüyor.
- Geçen sefer, o da Salih ağıylan⁹⁰³ beraber gittidi ya....

Başka bir anda, beni kudurtmağa⁹⁰⁴ kâfi

⁸⁹¹ sonra vazgeçip topladılar M;

⁸⁹² bıraktılar M;

⁸⁹³ ki M; only

⁸⁹⁴ Nolacak? M;

⁸⁹⁵ om. M;

⁸⁹⁶ Bit B;

⁸⁹⁷ Salih M; C;

⁸⁹⁸ om. M;

⁸⁹⁹ ortada M; only

⁹⁰⁰ de om. başını C; only

⁹⁰¹ gelen Yunanlılar M;

⁹⁰² onlarla yoluna koymuş M;

⁹⁰³ ağayla M; Ağa'yla C,

⁹⁰⁴ çileden çıkarmağa M;

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[A302] gelecek⁹⁰⁵ bu sözler karşısında, şimdi tamamiyle kaygısızım. Varsın, işini uyduranlar⁹⁰⁶, kapısı kapalı evlerinde, yıgdıkları zahireleri yiyip doyunsunlar⁹⁰⁷. Varsın, işini uydurmıyan bu perişan, çıplak ve biçare kalabalık açlıktan kıvrana kıvrana⁹⁰⁸ ölsün. Benim ne yemeğe, ne içmeğe ihtiyacım var. Bu akşam, karanlık basınca, Emineyi alıp gideceğim. Bir sürünün içinden bir kurt, bir kuzuyu nasıl kapıp giderse öyle alıp gideceğim. Köyün sınırını aşar aşmaz, yan yana bizim [M 249] hatlara doğru koşacağız. Onu, yorulduğu vakit sırtıma alacağım. O kadar hafiflemiş, o kadar hafiflemiş görünüyor ki, onu, bir kuş gibi taşıyacağımı tahmin ediyorum.

Eğer bunu yapmıyacak⁹⁰⁹ olursam iş işten geçecektir. Bu gece, Yunan neferleri⁹¹⁰, gündüzden⁹¹¹ peyledikleri güzel kızların ve genç kadınların hep üstlerinden⁹¹² geçeceklerdir. Yaptıkları fecaatler⁹¹³ ancak bununla tamam olacaktır. Zira, hiç bir katliâm bunsuz yapılmamıştır.

Yakıp yıkarken hayvanlaşan insan, ateşle, talanla teskin edemediği⁹¹⁴ kötü hırslarını, nihayet, hayvanlığın en yüksek⁹¹⁵ bir ifadesi olan cebrî temellükle yatıştırır⁹¹⁶. Zaten, cinayet bundan başka bir şey midir? Bir adamın kanına [A303] girmek bir kadının ırzına geçmek, bunlar hemen hemen eş manalı tabirlerdir.

Ben, şu ande⁹¹⁷ kurban vaziyetinde olmama rağmen bu tabii hâdisenin baş

⁹⁰⁵ yetecek C;

⁹⁰⁶ uyudursunlar ; B; C;

⁹⁰⁷ ... kapısı... ...doyunsunlar. om C;

⁹⁰⁸ kıvranıp M;

⁹⁰⁹ yapmayacak M; C;

⁹¹⁰ düşman neferleri B; düşman askerleri C;

⁹¹¹ sabahtan M;

⁹¹² üzerelerinden M;

⁹¹³ fecaat M; fecaatlar C;

⁹¹⁴ edemedikleri M; C;

⁹¹⁵ belîğ M;

⁹¹⁶ yatıştırılır C;

⁹¹⁷ şu anda

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döndürücü vahşetindeki korkunç şiriyeti⁹¹⁸ tahlil edebiliyorum. Dememiş mi idim⁹¹⁹ ki her kese ve her şeye artık başka bir cepheden ⁹²⁰bakıyorum? Âdem oğullarının⁹²¹ içlerinde taşıdıkları uçurum, artık, benim gözlerimi karartmıyor. Çünkü, bende medenî insan hassasiyetinden gitgide hiçbir eser kalmıyor. Bütün cemiyet kayıtlarından âzâde⁹²², bu kuru ve çıplak tabiatın ortasında, bu yarı çıplak insanlar arasında, kovuğundan dışarı atılmış iptidaî bir mahlûktan [M250] hiç farkım kalmadı. Artık, bir ân için olsun, instenktlerimin⁹²³ üstüne çıkıp mücerret ve⁹²⁴ umumî ⁹²⁵fikirler mintakasına kadar yükselmiyorum. Ancak, cinsiyetimin sesini işitebiliyorum. Bu ölüm ve açlık havası içinde, bu ses, bence, bütün İlâhî ve aklî hakikatlere bedeldir.

İşte, akşam oluyor. Kat'î⁹²⁶ saat yaklaşıyor. Emineye, bir sürü sargılı kadın ve erkek başları arasından “hazır mısın?.. der gibi bakıyorum. Birkaç saattir, hareket hazırlıklarını yapmak için bizden uzaklaşan düşman asker[A304]ri⁹²⁷, gene etrafımızda dolaşmağa başladılar⁹²⁸. Genç dişilere sataşıyorlar ve sağdan soldan söz atıyorlar:

- Kız, gel. Sana yiyecek vereyim.
- ⁹²⁹Pist, pist, yeşil gözlü, bana bık.
- Başını çevirme öyle. Bana kızdın mı? Ne yaptım, ben sana?

⁹¹⁸ vahşilindeki korkunç sırrı C;

⁹¹⁹ dememişmiydim C;

⁹²⁰ yukarılardan bakıyorum? M;

⁹²¹ Ademoğullarını C;

⁹²² Bütün toplum bağlarından sıyrılmış C;

⁹²³ içgüdülerimin C;

⁹²⁴ om. M;

⁹²⁵ soyut ve genel C;

⁹²⁶ eşref C;

⁹²⁷ Askerleri C;

⁹²⁸ ...ortadan kayıp olan düşman askerleri yine etrafımıza dolaşmağa başladılar. M;

⁹²⁹ Psst.. ... sana. sentence order reversed M;

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- ⁹³⁰Bırakmam seni. Seni alıp Atinaya götüreceğim.
- Beni istemezsen, seni kumandanın yanına götüreyim⁹³¹. O sana para verir, yiyecek giyecek verir. Bak, ayakların örül çıplak, onlara güzel güzel kunduralar istemez misin⁹³²?

Yavaş yavaş bu dil şakaları el ve ayak şakalarına inkılâp ediyor⁹³³. Zavallı kadıncağızlar, zavallı kızcağızlar yegâne koruma çaresini birbirine sıkışmakta buluyorlar. Sıkıştıkça⁹³⁴ sıkışıyorlar⁹³⁵. Adeta, kocaman, yekpare bir cisim haline girdiler⁹³⁶. İçlerinden bir tanesine bir el [M 251] uzandı, bir ayak dürttü mü, hepsi birden bir çığlık koparıyorlar⁹³⁷. O vakit askerler azıyor⁹³⁸:

- Al sana, al sana. İşte, şimdi bağırınız.

Ve çığlıklar yürek parçalayıcı bir raddeye çıkıyor.

[A305] İçlerinden bir tanesi, vahşiyane⁹³⁹ bir şaka yaptı:

- Şimdi, etrafınıza, evleri yaktığımız eczalardan dökeceğiz ve onu ateşleyeceğiz⁹⁴⁰. Hepiniz bir arada çayır çavır yanacaksınız. Lâkin hepinizin birden öldüğünüzü istemeyiz. Hele güzel, genç kadınları ⁹⁴¹mutlaka kurtarmak isteriz Bunlardan arzu eden kalabalığın içinden ayrılсын çıkısın...

Şimdiden ölüm kokan ⁹⁴²bir sükût bu şakaya cevap verdi. O ana⁹⁴³ kadar, hep

⁹³⁰ Ne yapsan M; only

⁹³¹ götüveriyim B; götüvereyim C;

⁹³² om. giyiderirse. M;

⁹³³ çevriliyor C;

⁹³⁴ sokuldukça C;

⁹³⁵ ...yegâne... ..sıkışıyorlar om. birbir? Yaklaşırken bir ağılık ki kuzular gibi sıkıştıkça sıkışıyorlar. M;

⁹³⁶ gidiyorlar Mi

⁹³⁷ koparıyor. C;

⁹³⁸ O vakit askerler kızmağa başlıyor. M;

⁹³⁹ vahşi C;

⁹⁴⁰ Ona ateşe vereceğiz. M; Onu ateşleyeceğiz C;

⁹⁴¹ kızları M; only

⁹⁴² ? M; only

⁹⁴³ O zamana M; O ane B;

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elleri kuşağında, ayakta duran küçük İsmail'in dizlerinin bağı çözülüp bulunduğu noktaya düştü⁹⁴⁴. Zeynep kadın⁹⁴⁵ teranesini boğuk bir sesle tekrar etti:

- Donguzlar, donguzlar..
- Hey, donguzlar, bu kızlar senin neyin oluyor?
- Elinin körü oluyor.
- Ne dedin? ne dedin?

Zeynep kadın bir eyi⁹⁴⁶ pataklanmağa başladı.

[M252] Ben atıldım:

- Ne yapıyorsunuz? Kadıncağızı öldürecek misiniz?

[A306] - Bre⁹⁴⁷ otur yerine be. Sen ne karışyorsun?

Ve bir ağır dipçik sademesi⁹⁴⁸ beni yerime oturttu.

Alaca karanlık, bu facianın üstüne yavaş yavaş bir kara tül perde gibi iniyor.

Çehreler gitgide siliniyor. Lâkin, ben, her başımı yana çevirişimde, beş on kafa ötede, Eminenin bana dönmüş yüzünü hâlâ görebiliyorum.

Gerçi, bu, yüzünde bütün çizgileri erimiş, geceleri bahçelerde görülen iri çiçekler gibi anonim olmuştur. Ama, ben, gene ne demek istediğini hissediyorum, ve, yanına yaklaşıp konuşmak için karanlığın biraz daha koyulaşmasını bekliyorum.

Lâkin⁹⁴⁹, işte⁹⁵⁰, ikinci bir çığlık. Nedir? Ne oluyor? demeğe kalmadı.

Kümemizden bir parçanın, bir vücuttan bir uzuv gibi zorla koparılarak,

⁹⁴⁴ çöktü M;

⁹⁴⁵ lahavle or lahut M; only

⁹⁴⁶ İyi M; B; C;

⁹⁴⁷ Vire C;

⁹⁴⁸ darbesi C;

⁹⁴⁹ Fakat C;

⁹⁵⁰ om. M:

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sürüklendiğini gördüm⁹⁵¹.

O nokta, bir alabora oldu; bir toza dumana karıştı... Bu, Eminenin ve görümcelerinin bulunduğu nokta idi. Kadınların arkasından bir yılan gibi yerde sürünerek uzandım⁹⁵². Sesimi mümkün olduğu kadar alçatarak⁹⁵³ dedim⁹⁵⁴:

— Emine ayağa kalkmadan benim gibi sü[A307]rünerek hemen arkaya doğru çekil. Erkeklerin arasına katıl. Fakat, yavaş yavaş., ha şöyle, ha şöyle...⁹⁵⁵

Emine dediğim gibi dizleri üstünde iki büklüm olarak⁹⁵⁶, adım adım geri çekildi.⁹⁵⁷ . [M 253] Düşmanın alıp götürdüğü⁹⁵⁸ Mehmet Alinin kızkardeşlerinden biridir. Gecenin içinde gittikçe uzaklaşan feryatları işitiliyor. Biz tam kümenin ortasına sokulup duruyoruz. Emine'nin kulağına fısıldıyorum,

— Şimdi,⁹⁵⁹ , benim yanım sıra gel, ⁹⁶⁰sakın başımı⁹⁶¹ kaldırayım, belimi doğrultayım deme. Daima böyle, yerde sürüne sürüne....

Köylülerden bir kaçının bize iğilip baktığını hissediyorum. Fakat, herkes hayret ve dehşetten o kadar donmuştu⁹⁶² ki, kimsenin kimseye dikkat etmek hassası kalmamıştı⁹⁶³. Şu dakikada, ben Emine ile sarmaş dolaş yatsak gene kimsenin umurunda olmayacaktır⁹⁶⁴.

⁹⁵¹ gördük M;

⁹⁵² Bir yılan gibi kadınların arkasından sürünerek uzandım. M;

⁹⁵³ alçatarak M; C;

⁹⁵⁴ seslendim. M; om. C;

⁹⁵⁵ Fakat, yavaş, yavaş, yavaş, yavaş ha, şöyle... M;

⁹⁵⁶ olmuş M;

⁹⁵⁷ Emine ayağa kalkmadan benim gibi sürünerek hemen adım adım geri çekildi. C;

⁹⁵⁸ Düşman askerlerin alıp götürdükleri M;

⁹⁵⁹ hep M; only

⁹⁶⁰ Ama başını kaldırayım, belimi doğrultayım deme. M;

⁹⁶¹ başını C;

⁹⁶² donmuştur M;

⁹⁶³ donmuşdur ki kimse de yanımızdakilerin yaptığını dikkat etmek kudreti ve ????? kalmamıştır M; kimsenin kimseye dikkat edecek hali kalmamıştı C

⁹⁶⁴ Yatsam yine kimse dönübe 'ne yapıyorsunuz' demek lüzümüne kendinde bulamayacaktır M

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Emine ile bir müddet⁹⁶⁵, uzun bir müddet omuz omuza dayanıp soluk aldık.

Biraz da⁹⁶⁶ etrafı dinliyorum. Sürü kendi içinden kurbanını verdikten sonra bir zaman sessiz ve hareketsiz kaldı. Hattâ, Zeynep kadın bile susmuştu⁹⁶⁷. Lâkin, askerler gene aynı taarruz noktasından sataş e

[A308] mağa haşladılar⁹⁶⁸ Gene, yarı şaka yarı tehdit, konuşma sesleri:

– Ne ağlıyorsun? 0 alıp götürdükleri senin kardeşin mi idi⁹⁶⁹? ona bir fenalık⁹⁷⁰ yapmayacaklar ki... Gel, istersen, seni onun yanına götüreyim.

Köylüler tarafından çıt yok. Bu sözleri, öbür taraftan, kahkahalar, galiz⁹⁷¹ ve vahşi kahkahalar takip ediyor⁹⁷². Sonra gene bir homurtu, bir fısıltı.. Bir kaç yüz kişilik bu⁹⁷³ insan [M 254] kümesinin korkudan⁹⁷⁴, can korkusundan⁹⁷⁵ solumaları Ve gece... ve nerede başlayıp nerede biteceği malûm olmıyan⁹⁷⁶ bir gece..

Emineye:

– Biraz daha uzaklaşalım dedim⁹⁷⁷.

Ve daha yavaş bir sesle, ağzımı kulağına yaklaştırarak [011]u niyetimden haberdar ediyorum⁹⁷⁸:

– Şimdi böyle, sürüne sürüne, kalabalığın öbür tarafına çıktık mı iş kolay, doğru mezarlığa gider saklanırsınız. Ama, kalabalığın arasından çıktıktan sonra da

⁹⁶⁵ om. C;

⁹⁶⁶ om. M;

⁹⁶⁷ sesini kesmişti. M;

⁹⁶⁸ sanırım M; only

⁹⁶⁹ Miydi? B; C;

⁹⁷⁰ şey M;

⁹⁷¹ iğrenç C;

⁹⁷² izliyor. C;

⁹⁷³ Birkaç yüz kişilik bir M; Elli altmış kişilik bir C;

⁹⁷⁴ om. C;

⁹⁷⁵ om. M;

⁹⁷⁶ bilinmeyen C;

⁹⁷⁷ diyorum. M;

⁹⁷⁸ ona niyetimi bildiriyorum C;

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gene böyle yürüyeceğiz.

Emine hiç cevap vermiyor. Fakat, bütün dediklerimi sessizce yapıyor. Baştan başa keçi ve teke⁹⁷⁹ kokan bu kalabalığın içinde ıkı ağıl mahlûku⁹⁸⁰ gibi burun buruna fısıldaşarak⁹⁸¹ yüzü koyun yürümümüzde hiçbir garabet sezmiyorum⁹⁸². [A309]Sanki, ezelden beri, hep bövle yürümeğe⁹⁸³ alış mışım gibi.. Yalnız, dipçiğin çarptığı omuz başım dehşetle sızlıyor⁹⁸⁴.

•

— Biraz dur, Emine.

Son çemberi yarıp çıkmak üzereyiz. Fakat, bende şimdiden takat kalmadı. Dipçik darbesiyle sızlayan sol yanına dayanarak ilerlemekte hayli azap çekiyorum. Emine, benim “medium,, um gibi olduğu yerde ve bulunduğu vaziyette kalıyor⁹⁸⁵.

Bu sırada, düşman askerleri ikinci bir kurbana pençe salmış olacaklar ki, bir çılgık daha kopuyor. Bu sefer gürültünün için [M 255] bir takım erkek sesleri de karışıyor. Bizim terkettiğimiz⁹⁸⁶ noktada⁹⁸⁷ bir kızılca kıyamet kopuyor. Bir boğuşma, bir didişme., ve havada kamçılar şaklıyor. Halk, iki zıt cazibenin tesiri altında⁹⁸⁸ bir kütle⁹⁸⁹ gibi bir öne bir arkaya çalkandı.

⁹⁷⁹ teke ve keçi ? M; only

⁹⁸⁰ hayvanı C;

⁹⁸¹ fısıldayarak M;

⁹⁸² garabet sezmiyordum B;acayıplik sezmiyor C;

⁹⁸³ yürümeye C;

⁹⁸⁴ sızlıyor B, C,

⁹⁸⁵ Emine benim medium’um gibi olduğu yerde kıpırmadan kalıyorç C;

⁹⁸⁶ bıraktığımız C;

⁹⁸⁷ bütün manasıyla kıyamettir, kopuyor. M; only

⁹⁸⁸ tesirini uğramış M; çekişini etkisi altında C;

⁹⁸⁹ kitle C;

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Kütleden⁹⁹⁰ büsbütün ayrılıp muhtelif istikametlere⁹⁹¹ kaçanlar oldu. Emineye dedim ki:

— Şundi, tam fırsat. Haydi kalk. Biz de kaçalım.

Emine ile ben, taş yığınlarının, devrilmiş kazık veya araba tekerleklerinin, muhtelit yıkın[A310]tıların üstünden atlayarak, koşmağa başladık.⁹⁹²

Tam bu sırada, havada kurşunların vızıldadığını işittik⁹⁹³. Emine:

— Amanın, bize atirler.

Diyecek oldu. Ben, elimle ağzımı kapadım.

— Sus, sus. Hemen şu duvarın arkasına saklanalım.

Yanan evlerden birinin sıcak külleri içine atıyoruz ve çamurunun⁹⁹⁴ samanları henüz tütmekte olan bir duvar bakiyesini⁹⁹⁵ kendimize siper yapıyoruz.

Tamamiyle bana yaslanmış duran Eminenin kalbi⁹⁹⁶ küt küt atıyor:

— Bu kadar korkma, bu kadar korkmak iyi değil. Sonra ne yapacağımızı şaşırırız. Fakat silâh sesleri devam ediyor ve halk bağırsarak kaçıyor⁹⁹⁷. Gecenin içinde birçok ayak sesleri pat pat pat sağa sola, yana arkaya⁹⁹⁸ dağılıyor, yaklaşıp uzaklaşıyor⁹⁹⁹. [M256]¹⁰⁰⁰

— Emine, ha bir gayret daha, dedim. Bizim evin dirseğini dönüp karşıki

⁹⁹⁰ sürüden M; kitledem C;

⁹⁹¹ çeşitli yönlerde C;

⁹⁹² Emine ile ben taş yığınlarının, devrilmiş kazık veya arabaların , muhtelif yıkıntıların üstünden atlayarak, kah düşüp kah kalkarak koşmağa başlıyoruz. M; Emine ile ben , taş yığınlarının, devrilmiş kazık veya araba tekerleklerinin ve daha başka yıkıntıların üstünden atlayarak, koşmağa başladık. C;

⁹⁹³ vızıldamağa başladık M; vızıldadığını işittik. C;

⁹⁹⁴ kerpiçinin C;

⁹⁹⁵ artığını

⁹⁹⁶ küt M; only

⁹⁹⁷ kaçırır M;

⁹⁹⁸ ileriye M;

⁹⁹⁹ uzaklaşıp yaklaşıyor. M;

¹⁰⁰⁰ Sanki her bir tanesi yumruk boyununda, demir bir tesbih dizisinden kopup dağılıyor gibi... M; only

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yokuşu tuttuk mu¹⁰⁰¹, soluğu mezarlığın içinde alınız.

Gene düşe kalka¹⁰⁰² koşmağa başladık. Bize, düşman askerleri kaçan köylülerin arkasından kovalıyorlar¹⁰⁰³ gibi geliyor. Bunların her biri delice bir israf ile her yana kurşunlar yağdırıp duruyor¹⁰⁰⁴.

[A311] Birden, Eminenin sendelediğini hissettim. Benim “Ne var? Ne oldu?,, diye sormama, onun “Vuruldum.,, demesine vakit kalmadı, ben de, sağ böğrümde tuhaf bir sademe duydum. Fakat, dişlerimi sıkıp belli etmedim¹⁰⁰⁵ ve sendeleyeni kızı belinden kavrayıp, yarı sürükler yarı taşircasına ileriye sevk ettim¹⁰⁰⁶.

Bizim evin dirseğini nasıl geçtik? Mezarlığın yolunu nasıl tırmandık? bilmiyorum¹⁰⁰⁷. İkimiz birden mezar taşlarının arasına¹⁰⁰⁸ düştüğümüz vakit, artık, ne bende, ne onda kıpırdanacak mecal kalmamıştı. Emine:

- Ben bittim, dedi.
- Nerede¹⁰⁰⁹ bakayım, yaran nerede?

Emine sol¹⁰¹⁰ kalçasını gösterdi.¹⁰¹¹

Elimi kalçasının üstünde gezdirir gezdirmez hakikaten kanla [M257] sırsıklam olduğunu¹⁰¹² hissettim. Benim de böğrümde bir ince¹⁰¹³ sızıntı ta bacağıma kadar akıyor. Ne yapacağımı şaşırılmış bir halde, bir müddet¹⁰¹⁴ Eminenin yüzüne

¹⁰⁰¹ Karşıdaki tepeyi bir tuttuk mu M;

¹⁰⁰² om. M;

¹⁰⁰³ kovalıyor C;

¹⁰⁰⁴ Düşman askerleri, kaçan köylülerin arkasından kovalıyorlar ve delice bir israf ile her yana kurşunlar yağdırıyorlar. M;

¹⁰⁰⁵ Fakat, belli etmedim. Dişlerimi sıkıttım M; Fakat dişlerimi sıkıp belli etmeden C;

¹⁰⁰⁶ götürdüm C;

¹⁰⁰⁷ nasıl tırmandık bilmiyorum. M;

¹⁰⁰⁸ mezarlığın içine M;

¹⁰⁰⁹ ? M;

¹⁰¹⁰ om. M;

¹⁰¹¹ Nah, buracakta kanım çesme gibi akıyor M;

¹⁰¹² Hakikaten om. kana bulandığımı. C;

¹⁰¹³ ve sinsisi M;

¹⁰¹⁴ Süre C;

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bakakaldım. Sonra, birden, aklıma, üst¹⁰¹⁵ gömleğimi yırtıp ona ve kendime muvakkat¹⁰¹⁶ bir sargı yapmak fikri geldi. Evvelâ¹⁰¹⁷, bin zahmetle ceketimi çıkardım. Emineye:

– Şu gömleğimi de sen çıkar., dedim.[A312] Gömleğin bir ucundan ben, bir ucundan o tuttu, ikiye ayırdık¹⁰¹⁸. Bir parçasını uzunlama¹⁰¹⁹ katladık ve gene bir ucundan o, bir ucundan ben tutarak yaralı kalçaya sardık. ¹⁰²⁰.

– Şimdi de sen, benim yaramı sar.

Emine, yaslandığı yerden davrandı:

– Ne! sen de mi vuruldun? diye haykırdı.

Bu ses bana bir umulmaz kuvvet¹⁰²¹ verdi:

– O kadar ağır bir şey değil. Bir kurşun, sağ böğürünü yalayıp¹⁰²² geçmiş olacak. Ama, biraz kanıyor dedim.

Emine, bir hemşire şefkatiyle, karanlığın içinden, ellerini, bana doğru uzattı.

[M258] Gerçi, ne yapacağını bilmiyordu. Gerçi, bu eller, benim vücudum üstünde beyhude yere dolaşıyordu¹⁰²³. Gerçi, onlarda, ne bir İstanbul hanımının ellerindeki beyazlık ve yumuşaklık¹⁰²⁴ vardı; ne de bir zambak gibi güzel kokulu idiler. Fakat, kana bulanmış toprak içinden bana doğru uzanan bu katı, sert derili, beceriksiz eller ¹⁰²⁵ölümle dirim arasında bulunduğum şu anda, bana, bütün acımı

¹⁰¹⁵ om. M;

¹⁰¹⁶ şimdilik C,

¹⁰¹⁷ Önce C;

¹⁰¹⁸ Gömleğin bir ucundan o, bir ucundan ben tuttum, ikiye ayırdık. M;

¹⁰¹⁹ uzunlamasına M;

¹⁰²⁰ Fakat, bundan evvel Emine'nin, dönen, bir yandan yarı yarık sarması lazım geliyordu. Emine'yi, bunu yap???

Hayli zorlamak lazım geldi. Bu iptidai bandajı sım sıkı bağladıktan sonra dedim M;

¹⁰²¹ güç C;

¹⁰²² çizip C;

¹⁰²³ Gerçi, bu eller benim vücüdümün üzerinde boş yere dolaşıyordu. C;

¹⁰²⁴ Yumuşalık, beyazlık m;

¹⁰²⁵ esrareniz bir teselli hasresi müchizidi ve M; only

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unutturmuş, bedenimi kesip¹⁰²⁶ kavurmakta olan hummaya bir uhrevî tat¹⁰²⁷ vermişti. Gözlerimi kapayıp bir serin rüyaya daldım.

[A313] Bu rüyada, Türk köylüsüyle, Türk entel- Jektüeli arasındaki acıklı davadan hiçbir eser kalmadığını gördüm¹⁰²⁸. Emine'nin bir ağaç dallarına benzeyen¹⁰²⁹ kolları benimle o husumet ve bigâriyelik¹⁰³⁰ dünyası beyninde¹⁰³¹ kalın ve sağlam birer bağıdır¹⁰³². Köyde geçirdiğim iki üç aylık zaman içinde, bana bir cehennem azabı çektiren bütün tiksintilerim, öfkelerim, gayızlarım, isyanlarım¹⁰³³ ümitsizliklerim sağ böğrümdeki yaradan sızan kanlarla beraber akıp gidiyor¹⁰³⁴. Sanki, içimin¹⁰³⁵ ufuneti patlayıp bu delikten boşalıyor gibi öyle bir rahatlık, öyle bir rahatlık hissediyorum ki.. Emineye:

— Bırak beni, başımı biraz dizine koyayım, dedim.

[M259] İsmailin karısı biraz irkilir gibi mi oldu, bilmiyorum¹⁰³⁶. Fakat, ben onun cevabını beklemeden başımı dizleri üstüne bıraktım.

Uzaktan uzağa gelen katliâm gürültüleri kulaklarımdaki sıtma uğultularıyla¹⁰³⁷ karışıyor. Nice zamandan beri bu kadar rahatlık ve sükûn hissettiğimi bilmiyorum. Meğer, bir cadı kazanı gibi kaynıyan kafamın biricik¹⁰³⁸ ihtiyacı böyle bir dize¹⁰³⁹ yaşlanmaktan ibaretmiş. Kaç yıldır, evet, kaç yıldır, annemin dizleri

¹⁰²⁶ kasıp M; B; C,

¹⁰²⁷ Zevk C;

¹⁰²⁸ görüyorum. M,

¹⁰²⁹ benzeyen M; C;

¹⁰³⁰ ilgisizlik Cİ

¹⁰³¹ arasında C;

¹⁰³² bağıdı C;

¹⁰³³ ve M; only

¹⁰³⁴ gidiyorum. M;

¹⁰³⁵ yüreğimin M;

¹⁰³⁶ Biraz irkili oldu mu? Bilmiyorum. M;

¹⁰³⁷ uğultularıyla M; C;

¹⁰³⁸ biğane M;

¹⁰³⁹ kadın dizine M; only

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top[A314]rağın altında¹⁰⁴⁰ çürümeğe gittiği gündenberi; hiç bunun kadar yumuşak bir yastık bulamamıştım¹⁰⁴¹.

Emine, yaramın üstüne, gömleğimin parçasını katlayıp koydu. Evvelce¹⁰⁴² yırttığı kenariyle¹⁰⁴³ de gövdeme sarıp bağladı. Sonra bu basit bandajın üstüne iç gömleğimi indirdi ve demin çıkarıp attığım ceketimle sırtımı örttü¹⁰⁴⁴.

— ¹⁰⁴⁵Biraz uyuyayım. Şafağa doğru yola çıkacağız. Tan yeri ağarmağa¹⁰⁴⁶ başlarken beni mutlaka uyandır, dedim.

Emine, dediğim gibi yaptı. Fakat, ben kalkacak halde miyim?¹⁰⁴⁷ Koynumdan¹⁰⁴⁸ defterimi ve cebimden kalemimi çıkardım. Sabahın alaca karanlığında¹⁰⁴⁹ şu son sahifeleri bin zahmetle ve yalnız humma ateşimin bana verdiği insan takatinden¹⁰⁵⁰ üstün bir kudrete dayanarak yazıyorum.

[M260] Şu “yazıyorum., kelimesine geldikten sonra artık en son sözümü bitirmiş olduğuma hükmetmişim. Meğer, asıl facia bundan sonra başlıyormuş.

Emine’ye:

— Kalk, dedim.[A315] Bir türlü yerinden kımlıdayamadı¹⁰⁵¹. Sol bacağı hiçbir hareket yapmağa kadir değildi¹⁰⁵². Yavrucuk, ne kadar gayret ettiyse olmadı:

— Davranamırım. Davranamırım.

¹⁰⁴⁰ toprakta M;

¹⁰⁴¹ bulmamıştım. M;

¹⁰⁴² Daha önce C;

¹⁰⁴³ kenariyle C;

¹⁰⁴⁴ ...ve çıkarıp bir yana atıldığı ceketle sırtımı örttü. M, Sonra çıkardığım ceketimle sırtımı örttü. C;

¹⁰⁴⁵ Bırak, beni... m, only.

¹⁰⁴⁶ ağarmaya C;

¹⁰⁴⁷ kalkacak halde değilim. M;

¹⁰⁴⁸ Göğüsümden M;

¹⁰⁴⁹ çıkarıp sabahın alaca karanlığında M;

¹⁰⁵⁰ gücünden C;

¹⁰⁵¹ kımlıdanamadı. M;

¹⁰⁵² yapacak halde değildi. C;

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Diye inliyordu.

Bize, gene yalnız yol göründü. Bu defteri Emineye teslim edip tek başıma yarı aç, yarı çıplak ve böğürnmden kanım sızarak bitmez tükenmez iraklıklara doğru yürüyeceğim.¹⁰⁵³

SON

¹⁰⁵³ ve kanımdan böğürmden sızarak yola revan olacağım M; ve böğürmden kanım sızarak bitmez tükenmez uzaklıklara doğru yürüyeceğim. B; ve böğürmden kanım sızarak bitmez tükenmez uzaklara doğru yürüyeceğim. C;

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