

NEYZEN

(A play in two acts)

by

TUNCER CUCENOGLU

Translated by

Arman Kantarci

In the contest that's been arranged by the Ministry of Culture in 1998, for the 75th year of the Republic, and the 60th birthday of **Ataturk**, this play has been chosen for the **Achievement Award**, in the branch of playwright, by the Members of the Selection Committee; Prof. Dr. **Nurhan Karadag**, Doc. Dr. **Selda Ondul**, Prof. Dr. **Sevda Sener**, **Sitki Tekmen** and Prof. Dr. **Aysegul Yuksel...**

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NEYZEN TEVFIK IS A UNIVERSAL HERO!

Tuncer CÜCENOĞLU

I first got to know *Neyzen Teyfik* from the stories being told about him that almost became joke...

Most of them were a sample of a man who's using his mind for this work and who is trying to find cover for his short comings...

Yet when I have read some of his poems and the writings about him, *Neyzen Teyfik* started to appear as another reality in front of me...

Another point interested me also was, when I deeply started to study his life story... Regardless the period he was in, he could have launched vicious attacks towards the administration, and with unbelievable/unbearable swearing, he could have made this sector subject to fire of harassment, which he viewed as a target board...

As a result... Being arrested for couple of times (To say House Arrest would be more likely) and beaten once, in his lifetime... And an escape to abroad that would take seven years...

However outside of this, even with his swearing to the administration, he is a man successful at being treaded with honor...

Thousands of people of every class's coming to his funeral ceremony indicates that... Even the deputies to whom he had cursed at came to his funeral...

How could such a thing happen?

You see, my play *Neyzen* was created, when I searched the reasons... My *Neyzen* is a universal hero... Just like *Don Kisot*, *Raskolnikov*, *Oblomov*, *Prince Hamlet*, *Bekci Murtaza*, *Ince Mehmed*, *Irazca* and others...

Because he is the founder of the method to express his reactions to the administrations even in the most oppressing periods, and a hero of a play which practices that...

Briefly then, he has given examples of a person that can show his/her reaction by way of talking back to the obstacles, oppressions, arrests, tortures, and murders... Furthermore by protecting himself... I consider introducing *Neyzen Teyfik* to our people an important duty especially in these days we live in...

To summarize, I consider *Neyzen* to meet our people these days to be an important duty, for his reaction to the directions, moreover to express in a way to protect himself even during the times of the most oppressing days of humankind...

Enjoy...

THE ONE MAN PLAY OF TUNCER CUCENOGLU: NEYZEN

Doc.Dr. Hülya Nutku

Neyzen Teyfik is a name we all know... He is just a common person who's known among the people, by his marginal lifestyle, interesting character and with his witty personality. Besides his life philosophy among the intellectuals and humanist side, he is a unique artist by his mastery based on his improvisation at blowing nay/reed flute...

As often as I've heard the name Neyzen Tevfik, I first got to know him in **Munir Suleyman Capanoglu**'s work titled; *Neyzen Tevfik (His life, his works, his witty remarks, his unknown sides)*, dated in 1953. Munir Suleyman got to know Neyzen Tevfik due to his frequent visits to their home, who happened to be his father's friend... In this book, he expresses the deep admiration for this interesting man who, only after he gets over his stubbornness towards dawn, and when he feels like it, blows his nay in the drink and musical festivities... Munir Suleyman, who says that **Ahmet Rasim** also had watched most of these morning festivities, quotes his memories covering this friendship; how his love for Neyzen had first started in his childhood, then in the following years that respect and loyalty turning into a closeness and friendship for the next 30 years...

As much as with his brilliance, opening a new era, his unique personality of his own, his philosophy and strength that had gone over the limit of art, Neyzen Tevfik is also being told to us by his disorganized, vagrant, an interesting personality besides firm opinions. He also quotes the intelligence samples regarding Neyzen, in his work. (*Munir Suleyman Capanoglu, Neyzen Tevfik, Ozkar Yayinevi, Istanbul, 1953*)

It is interesting that before most of our people read anything about Neyzen today, they recall portray of a man coming through the street with deep wrinkles on his face caused through the years, who had cute curly white hair, careless of his appearance and a nay in his hand. We may not have a knowledge regarding mysterious atmosphere he created when he blew his nay, but we know that Neyzen Tevfik is in the roots of most people's love and interest for nay today.

Furthermore, through being told among the people more than what had been written about him, he is as the owner of witticisms that extended to our day, as today's Nasrettin Hoca... Obviously because of this, he has an identity of marginal amongst the people yet, on the other hand an artist and intellectual man...

Later on I came across to the book named, *The memories of a Dinosaur* (Mina Urgan, The Memories of a Dinosaur, Yapi Kredi Yayinlari, Istanbul, March 1998, pages. 229-32) of a talented scientist **Mina Urgan**, who recently did lots of pressures in the name of Neyzen Tevfik. For a person whom she met just by coincidence, Mine Urgan tells the fascinating side of his blowing the nay as improvisation. Urgan has first seen him at a 3-4 tabled place called "Yavrunun Teahouse at Sehsadebasi. It's being said that, he had the wrinkles and lines of a hundred years old even though he was in his sixties when he met this penniless Neyzen, who was born in 1879 in Bodrum, and was careless about his apparel, and while still as a kid leaving home to saying "I'm going to buy some lemon" and never returned. These facial lines prompted both **Aliye Berger** and **Abidin Dino** to draw his portraits. Neyzen Tevfik who happens to be the master of stoning the political and social events, has united his ability of delicate sensitivity and sharp humor in his personality. Mina Urgan who has said of him as the man who made the ones around him cry by blowing his nay, then he would make them burst into laughter with his jokes, also has quotes of him being a man with seizure disorder, meaning because of his desire to drink crazily, he had admitted to Bakirkoy (Mental Hospital) from time to time for alcohol treatment and asked help from Dr. Fahri Celal. Mina Urgan who tells of seeing him sitting on his balcony mat in Cihangir and watching the harbor of Istanbul by blowing his nay, also in her memories gives place to her feelings at the time of hearing the news of his death in 1953.

The writer Tuncer Cucenoglu had wanted to perform this interesting character who is known top us all, by giving it life again in a one man play in front of history. A successful play had come into existence. Then in the contest by the Ministry of Culture in 14 branches at the Republic's 75th anniversary, it had won the Achievement Award in play division. All my friends in theatre circle, who had read this play that was written between July and September of 1998, have stated to find the text successful and praised the writer who resurrected this interesting theatrical character who is carrying the colors of Neyzen's personality. As the writer stated, this one man

play of two parts, its subject in Istanbul or any other place, as the time frame with its past and present structure seems to have find its place in the theaters it deserves among the theatre lovers. Neyzen Tevfik with his personality, marginal character, unique attitude and his life philosophy filled with witty remarks, has been a source of inspiration to a lot of people. As much as there are those criticize in literature, story, experiment or those who reference to him in their articles, he has also been an inspirational source for those of portrait artists and graphics with Neyzen's life experiences, his face gland with deep lines (*These lines contemporaries Asik Veysel to me time to time*) carrying the trace of bitterness and tiredness, and his white curly hair. His mastery at playing nay and his adding his identity, style and improvisation talent to it, has supplied the musicians with possibilities of new interpretations!

The rhymes of the words "wine" and "nay" ("*mey*" and "*ney*") has formed the two inseparable elements in his life. This homeless man born in Bodrum, who had been the color of the drinking tables, carries the attitude of a philosopher who succeeded to look at life from a distance with a witty person point of view. By acting from this angle of his, Tuncer Cucenoglu has evaluated Tevfik's life in all phases, by taking up from the moment at Neyzen's getting up from his cascade during his funeral and returning back from the point where interpreting his life and the happenings.

While the writer is giving instructions for surroundings, he quotes of a table with various liquor bottles and a class on it, in a bar overlooking the stage and a giant liquor bottle. While these take place in the middle of the stage, additionally a black background identifying it and a coffin that's placed quite higher in front of it is its center.

Following his death, first his hand then his face and finally Neyzen himself appears from the coffin in the background. The play starts with his confusion to the crowd gathered and not to make of anything to what's happening. Everyone, the Governor of Istanbul, his assistants, administrating directors, University teachers and students, the critics, teachers of literature, musicians, street artists, educated or uneducated everyone is gathered there. Even businessman, ministers and deputies... Cucenoglu here quotes that Neyzen's famous quatrain, the rhymed quatrain by the words "deputy" ("Mebus") and "cuckold" ("Deyyus").

The unemployed, drunkards, dope addict, alcoholics and bums are there also. We are face to face with the panorama of society with all of its divisions/class; that's Neyzen's funeral. Here the writer introduces Neyzen to us by his witty attitude; the one who does not take the reality of death seriously even when faced with death, which happens to be the only inescapable truth of life. Although what we may consider as his getting out of his coffin and to watch his own funeral to make the audience uncomfortable, is actually done this way to give us a sense of both his criticizing attitude from distant, and his witty viewpoint of life. In actuality, Neyzen is everywhere. His home is everywhere. He is almost a man of all the tables, homes, teahouses, Mevlevi lodges (*Mevlevi Dervishes' lodges*) and bars, who has come from the streets. My State Theatre Head Director friend **Erhan Gokgucu** is right in his thought when he says, that he could come out of through the bins, garbage, scraps and dusts.

During the course of his seventy plus years of life, Neyzen who had never taken the reality of death seriously, as in his second quatrain, with that part of his giving priority to his faith, soul and the holly fire of his heart, and from that point he starts to share the time period from his birth, his life experiences and his death, briefly to introduce a life time and the things he lived through.

He is the son of Boluian mother and Bafraian father, where he was born in Bodrum during their exile there in the era of Sultan Abdulhamit. Neyzen learned quite a lot from his father, who happens to be the head teacher of his school. His father was a well-educated man, yet he also learns to be suspicious from his father who had been under constant scrutiny and pressure.

Just before he was going to start school at the age of eight, as a result of one of the dervishes blowing the nay that had come to Tepecik Kahvehane (Coffee-house) where he had gone with his father, he was mesmerized and by making a nay for himself, he tries to learn it. A schoolboy then, Neyzen's bastinado (*a punishment inflicted by beating the soles of the feet*) crazed teacher Mehmet starts to get in his nightmares. Then his nightmares increase with the religious fanatics who pass through the streets with cut off heads on their stakes, also getting in his nightmares. Later his father's was being sent to exile was added as a result of informer's reports, his attacks increase and he's forced to quit school. Now all of his life is nay. When he reached the age of fourteen, his mother suggests him to go out, therefore not to cut himself off from the outside world. The sound of nay coming from the market's barbershop when he goes to the market place almost mesmerizes him... As a result, he starts taking lessons from barber Kazim Bey. Whereas his father who wants him to go to school, his nay to be burned in the stove is the biggest nightmare for Tevfik. After this incident his attacks increase and some days he faints up to three times a day. In order to find a solution to his problem, he comes to Istanbul with his mother. The Jewish Doctor Pepo's suggestion to him is, to keep Neyzen from beatings and pressures. Upon their return, Neyzen's father has been sent to Izmir. Neyzen is happy to see that there is sea in Izmir. He goes to Mevlevi lodge and finds Seyh (Sheikh) Nurettin. Growing almost as an enemy of despotism, in the years going into the 20th century he takes up nay lessons and attends meetings. This goes on for three years. Later on his being accepted to Istanbul and Fatih Medresesi (Theological School attached to Masque)... With that he doesn't blow nay for a long period of time, but one night in order to avoid being attacked for blowing nay, he runs away and stays under a bridge. Then the period to meet **Mehmet Akif**, getting to know the poets and the artists begins. Now he goes to these types of meetings to blow his nay.

Just as his getting punished by the bastinado because of his reaction towards the despotism, Neyzen then is being followed by a man. And because of this he feels abstracted from the society time to time. By calling his mother to Istanbul, he says good-bye to her and goes to Egypt. Cucenoglu divides the first part of the play to the adventures from Neyzen's childhood, up to his going to Egypt.

He spends four years in Egypt, and then by escaping from Cairo, he starts living in Bektasi Tekkesi, also named "Kaygusuz Sultan Magarasi" (Careless Sultan Cave).

When he went to Ferrah Theater to watch the play *Sabah-i Hurriyet*, he learns the play had been banned, and of the banners to be Union and Advancers, who have been saying to bring freedom. For him there is no other way but to over drink and ooze off. He'd go to a bar on a horse and make jokes there. Even though he makes people laugh with his witticisms, from time to time he would ask for help from Mazhar Osman at Bakirkoy with the suggestion of his buddy Akif. Now Neyzen is a person who curses and a marginal person who doesn't take anything for seriously. He says, he attained his personal freedom by the officially registered madness/insanity report that he received.

Neyzen who devoted his life to be the people's eyes and ears, expresses their pains and sorrows whether by witty remarks, by his swearing or by his quatrains any chance he gets. Sometimes he blows his nay, yet other times he just rebels by running away. From now on his fatigued body needs to rest. You see, just after Cucenoglu lays out that life, he ends the play as closing the cover on the coffin that Neyzen had returned. At the finale of the play, both the reality of the cross-section of life and the reality of death as much as the life itself is given together. At the same time, as much as this is a funeral ceremony, the ones who witness life and of the period that passes by like a freeze-frame, a life's passing by with its bitter and sweet angles is given to us. In reality he has achieved to be the darling of wide crowd of people by his interesting lifestyle, his fears, his love and hates, life philosophy, his addiction to drink, his objective attitude in evaluating life, his mastery at blowing the nay and with his artistic qualities. This interesting

character who has finished the school of life, has passed the education from art, poem, Bektashisim and Mevlevi lodges' full love. In our social life that's filled with the examples of self-interests, the material gains being hold forefront and intolerance, Neyzen appears to us as an interesting example that must to be considered.

When we give the definition of freedom, we say, "Where someone's freedom begins another one's freedom ends". There, the writer Tuncer Cudenoglu who processes the life's lesson that Neyzen; the lover of freedom gave us, presents both of Neyzen's becoming people's beloved/hero and how alone he was in his life and struggles he had given all by himself, it in a witty humanistic understanding.

Above all, he is doing a great contribution by trying to present the freedom lover Neyzen to the younger generation by way of theatre, at the Republic's 75th anniversary.

NEYZEN

(The play, act 2)

CAST

Individuals:

A male actor can play it.

The scene:

Front of a black curtain...

A coffin, on a quite high place...

Perhaps a giant liquor bottle...

In the middle overlooking in a place, a bar stool and table ...

Variety of liquor bottles and a class on the table...

Time : Past and Present.

Place : Istanbul or anywhere.

ACT ONE

(First of all, a hand that lifts the coffin's lid appears from inside ... Slowly he gets out of the coffin, and walks toward the spectators... By looking confusedly left and right, he comes to the middle)

NEYZEN Dear God... What kind of crowd is this? It's full of people...

Look at it! It's not just this side full of people... Tea-houses... Coffee-houses... Everywhere is full of people... The bus... Bus... Stopped... The people who got off are coming here... The streetcar stopped... People are getting off, the ones got off... The ones got off are coming here... The cars... One, two, three, four... The ones getting out of the cars... Hey look, that's the

Governor of Istanbul. He's got up from sick bed and come here... His assistants are next to him... The ones among them are Office Directors, elite officers... Take a look here, the ones on the side is the University chorus... Professors, docents (associate professors), assistants and students... There the teachers of literature have gathered in that corner... Famous writers, poets, novelists, storytellers, critics, almost all of them have come... The movie and theatre artists? There, there they are... These? These are the musicians... From the street musicians to composers, educated to uneducated, they are all here. Who am I seeing? Even the deputies are here... The former ministers, former deputies... My God! They've even come... Whereas I had written this quatrain for some of them:

**To whomever I asked of you, they did not give me an answer,
Some have said a thief, some have said low life, and some have said cuckold,
In order to find the identity, I phoned the party,
They said, according to our records, he's a prisoner!**

The employed are here so are the unemployed... Drunks... Dopers... The addicts... Bums... What should be said for the businessman? There he is... He's just hanging there... He has put on dark glasses... What a wired situation is this? With all its classes the whole society is here... All of them collected themselves, they've straighten their clothes and come... All of them, all of them have come for my funeral, that will take place shortly... Did I have so much who loved me? It's interesting isn't it, for a person to attend his own funeral? Wouldn't you like to observe over your own funeral?

I'm lucky, I'm observing... What's that, a man is crying... I've never seen his face before... Someone I don't know is crying for me... But everybody is crying... That man is laughing... I don't know him either... And a man I don't even know laughs at my funeral... Then there are those who are talking... I wonder what are they talking about? Death! If you were born, you will die! This is an inescapable truth... No one has ever escaped from this end... Besides I've never taken the reality of death seriously up until today... The thing I laughed at the most were the death announcements in the newspapers... Pages worth of announcements: "So and so passed away to eternity"... He's home is eternity ... The son of a bitch ate and drank, then like he passed away to a summer home! It's not eternity for everyone! Plus there's an statement as "kicking the bucket"! Is kicking the bucket same as dying? I bet these two are different... Kicking the bucket or dying, in any case, this way at the end I'm experiencing this life's most important reality... Because I finished my life-span... Actually what is the so-called life span? A barrel full of water... This water will end whether you use it little by little or if you empty it at once... It took me seventy-three years to finish my water... Now my life is passing through my eyes like a freeze-frame... What kind of life have I lived?

**My faith regarding the book is my philosophy;
I worship the sound of my soul;
My faith prostrates every moment,
To my heart's holly fire!**

Where was I born? In Bodrum... In spring... And my mom and dad? One is Bafraian the other Boluian... Don't ask me, "what do a Bafraian father and Boluian mother do in Bodrum"! My dad was a teacher. And the ruler of that period was Sultan Abdulhamit... It's been two years since the Council of Ministers were broken up, in other words the mouths were shot and the

tongues were shorten... My dad on the other hand was an oppose... Meaning in today's term, inconveniency... His last place to exile is Bodrum... When he was informed to the palace, they've sent him to Bodrum... So that's why I was born in Bodrum... Tevfik was whispered in my ears for three times, and it has become my name... Than it was forgotten that my name was Tevfik... And later I had become known as Neyzen mostly... At the time I was born, my father is the head teacher at Bodrum Rusdiye School... He's a teacher who understands from music, a witty person, loves art and well-educated... He has a strong memory... Because he has read the Koran from beginning to end twice in one night and he even got a license from Seyhulislam Hafiz Necip Efendi.

Yet my father is not like one of those strict headed schoolteachers or bigot mullahs of that era... Anyway because he was not like that, surroundings of our house are full of detectives. Who came in, who came out, my father was constantly being watched...

Fear is the dominant factor in our home... Did a package arrive? There is always suspicion against a possible trap. Did we come across to stranger when our door is knocked? A discontentment takes over our heart. I first learned what fear meant at my father's house... And again it was my father's house where I learned the need to look suspiciously to everyone... As far as I understood, someone was trying to harm my father... Who were they? Why was it? I didn't know, but I was living the fear and pain of that in my little heart, continually everyday... My mother, but especially my father was trying not to make this situation obvious to me... I loved them, and I loved them very much... Because against all these negatives, they were trying to raise me with love...

In those days there was a magazine that Young Turks had published; *Mizan* (Balance/Scale)... It was a magazine published by handful patriots who were fighting to overthrow the new regime... My dad must of known that I couldn't be suspected, so he would come with me all the way to the corner, then would ask me to go get a *Mizan* from the son of City Doctor Kerpeli... I guess Municipality was doing the distribution... Then we would walk home almost running; and my dad would read the magazine that he grabbed from my hand with great excitement...

Our home was by the beach... And the road to my father's school was also by the seashore... So I would face the sea wherever I turned my head...

Sea is endless... Sea is freedom... The sound of the sea is the best silence... The sea is an eternity that I could welcome and relax, even when the fear of someone's harming my dad had peaked... I love the sea... I love the sea a lot... One day my dad held me by my hand and took me to Tepecik café... I was eight years old and I was going to start school in a month...

Suddenly ragged dressed two strangers entered the café. One of them said:

STRANGER Hello...

NEYZEN And sat down... So the other one... My father asked...

HASAN FEHMI Where are you coming from and going to?

STRANGER We come from faraway and we'll go far-off...

NEYZEN (*Quietly*) Who are these dad?

HASAN FEHMI (*Quietly*) Two dervishes (humble persons).

NEYZEN Then one of the strangers pulled something look like a flute from under his arm...

And said...

STRANGER Destur! (Make way)

NEYZEN And started to blow.

(*The sound of nay. Neyzen just freezes. The sound of nay continues profoundly*)

As if I was mesmerized... And the fear of something happening to my father? The worry to start school? None of them remained in my head. As if my brain was emptied... My dad took me on his lap and carried me home like that... He laid me down on my bed... He kissed on both of my

cheeks and left... The sound of the nay tinkled in my ears up until the morning... And it was like those two bright-faced strangers kept watch by my bedside...

I didn't even go through the worries to start school all night... Whereas not too long ago, just the night before I tossed and turned in bed with nightmares... It was that night that I first experienced the live example of the nay's sound to take me away from my fears. And in that moment I made my decision... I had to learn how to blow the nay.

Whereas, what hadn't I learned since I reached my eight years? Cleaning, blacksmith, fishing, tinsmith, shoemaking, hunting, and many other things... Cooking, making pumps, muralist, curving... And now nay blower huh! I still had to consult with my dad... He frowned his eyebrows when I asked.

HASAN FEHMI Now look son, the one who has many skills, can't fill his stomach...

You're already eight years old. And you'll be going to school. Don't ever forget this, you can't be neyzen or a man unless you finish your education. Have you memorized the lessons I gave you?

NEYZEN When I responded, "Eflatun is done... I've also finished the second chapter of Gulistan. And also Ferideddin-i Attar... And Mesnevi too", he got very happy and he left me alone... Actually these weren't the only ones I knew. Just about couple of months ago, I had listen to the folk stories like Kan Kalesi (Blood Castle), Kahraman Katil (Hero Murderer), Arzu and Kamber, Tahir and Zuhre, Leyla and Mecnun from minstrels who came here.

What did I do after my father left? I went out at once and gathered the necessary materials and made a nay by myself... I was producing such sound that; the teeth of the ones hearing it were set on edge. Before too long the whole neighborhood ran to my mom and complain saying; "If that's nay then this is ear"... And when my father heard the situation, he grabbed me and took me to school... Because he got mad at me for the first time... He considered my not listening to him, and on top of it disquieting the hood with strange noises as ill-mannered/impoliteness... My taken to school was like a punishment. Because my father knew that I was afraid of going to school... We entered the classroom together with my dad. The name of the teacher was Mehmet. I haven't seen his face before but I have heard his reputation. Most of the students were crippled either from legs, arms or some other parts. They were usually on their asses whether in the classroom or outside... As if this was not a school, but an education center that brings up beggars...

After seeing the appearance when I got in, I grabbed my father's hand even tighter. Because there was one boy who was laid on his back and his legs were lifted up... And Mehmet Hodja (Teacher) was about to attempt his tenth move on the boy's sole of the bare feet with his stick, made of cornelian cherry...

And the teacher's young apprentice was both counting on one hand and holding on to the bastinado equipment that was tied to the boy's feet... I looked at my father with begging eyes.

HASAN FEHMI Let your honor be prosperous this morning Mr. Hodja...

NEYZEN Hodja turned toward us... As if that man, who had been scattering forth bubbles from his mouth just a moment ago was gone, and the most merciful man of the universe had come in instead... He wiped the bubbles from his mouth...

MEHMET HODJA Let yours too Hasan Fehmi Sir.

HASAN FEHMI I brought my son Tevfik to you. We thought it's time for him to start school. But my son's flesh and blood is all mine... If he doesn't study or he doesn't behave, I will be notified... I will give his punishment. Is that understood?

MEHMET HODJA It's understood... However I have favor from you Hasan Fehmi Sir... I absolutely should not see your son barefooted. Because I can't resist it when I see bare feet. Please warn your son about this matter...

HASAN FEHMI You've heard it son! Don't you dare take of your shoes!

NEYZEN Having said that, he departed the school. It appears that for the first time my dad's inconveniency was working. Even though his life was passing by with fears, some who would fear of him could be found too... For the first time I thanked God for having an inconvenient father.

Truly, Mehmet Hodja never beat me up. But to tell the truth, I never appeared to him barefooted. Because as he had said, Mr. Hodja would just start scattering forth bubbles when he saw one of the students with barefoot... And when he use to grab his stick and start to count as he would yell: "Dear Lord, what a beautiful sight this is! What a magnificent sedative!" If the guys had to perform an ablution between their classes, they weren't neglecting to put a watchman by the fountain. If Mehmet Hodja was coming by, the watchman would notify by yelling "Attention" to the boys who are performing their ablution, and they were quickly putting on their shoes... But the ones who couldn't find the chance on the other hand, were laid down at once and put their feet up and they were fulfilling their duty as Mehmet Hodja's sedatives. Yet Mehmet Hodja's interest in sole of bare foot wasn't limited to the students only... On time the teacher's apprentice doing his ritual pray without noticing his socks were ripped, and he became the target to Mehmet Hodja's searching eyes who had been looking for bare sole of feet. Hodja quickly pinned the apprentice down, and even though he gave a sad look to his cries; "Don't teacher please, I'm your apprentice", he had done according to its worth... In fact he had done so according to its worth that, we had to study without the apprentice for exactly three weeks... The other teachers at the school were also restless about this situation... I had heard with my own ears of one teacher saying to another, "He who deserves should get the beating, not because of having bare foot! God forbid if he sees us barefooted, he'll burn us as well"... According to a wide spread rumor among the boys was that, if Hodja had seen a barefoot that day and couldn't do what's necessary, then at home that night he'd caress his feet and then beat them. However this rumor went to his ears, Mehmet Hodja laid down all the students in line except me, and by saying "You careless! Was that you who started this rumor?", he would caress the feet then he'd start clubbing. Even though I'm not one of those who got clubbed, I was forced to hear the desperate screams and the wired sound of the bone on the stick's meeting upon impact... In my dreams at night, I use to always see Mehmet Hodja chasing me with his stick in is hand... Mehmet Hodja was adorning my nightmares... As if he was my worst nightmare... As a matter fact my mother surely would change my underwear every morning when I get up... And at the same time she would murmur "God damn you Mehmet Hodja"...

Every night when I get in bed, I use to pray to God "My God, please don't show me Mehmet Hodja tonight"... But unfortunately, I use to see him every night... I use to always wait for my dad at the end of my school... His coming and holding my hand and to go home together, use to calm me down and make me come to my senses again...

Again one night we had recess... My father came and held my hand, and we got on our way to go home. Just about when we came to the market place, sounds of drums and shrill pipes could be heard from a distance...

(Sound of drums and shrill pipes from a distance)

The sounds were getting closer. My dad was trying to take me away but I resisted... I screamed to my dad, "I want to see it". "I wanted to hear these sounds even closer"...

HASAN FEHMI Son! The sound of drum is better from a distance... Let's not get too close!

NEYZEN But I didn't listen to him... By insistently pulling from his hand and coat, we moved towards the sounds that was getting closer by runny steps... Finally, the front of the on coming crowd was seen... When they got closer, it was like the mallets of the drum that was keeping tempo to the shrill pipe, and lutes were beating down on my head altogether...

(The sound of the drum and shrill pipe has increased to almost deafening level)

There were about ten, fifteen poles in the hands of the on coming crowd, and there were cut off human heads at the tip of the poles...

(Neyzen shrieks in a high-pitch. The sound of shrieking mixes with the sound of drum and shrill pipe)

In order to prevent me from seeing more of this, my father shoved me in a blacksmith as he grabbed me... *(The sound can be heard less now)*

I was shaking all over. The blacksmith supposedly in order to calm me down, whispered to my ear, "These are the heads of the rebels' against our sultan! They stroll them around to be a lesson! There's no reason for you to be scared...."

My shaking didn't stop even when we got home. All kinds of medicine was tried... But to no avail! The nightmares that I've been seeing at nights, had moved to daytime... I was seeing chopped heads wherever I turned my head... There were traps being set up for my father...

Mehmet Hodja was kissing the sole of my bare feet first, and then he'd take step back and lay the stick on my feet with all his strength... Blood was spurting out and the chopped off heads were laughing... On top of the fear about my father, and the worry not to be seen barefooted at the school, now cut off heads were added to my life...

(Neyzen looks with empty eyes for a while)

My mom started to even take me to the hajjis and hodjas (Muslim preachers), against my father's objections... But I just wasn't getting any better... I wasn't able to break away from those images... The worst yet, I was feeling the fear and pain of the images in my heart. My heart was pumping constantly... I couldn't help myself... And then one day, what my dad, actually what we all feared would happen did happen, and a rather large package was thrown in our house through the window... This was, the *Mizan* magazine that the Young Turks publish... Before we could say 'time out', police raided our house... My father was accused with the magazine's underground distribution to Bodrum and its region... Then the reports were written. And with a small letter, my father's place of exile became evident; Urla. Now I didn't even have a sea to face and watch... See, ever since then I started having nervous attacks.... I was just collapsing all of a sudden at the market place, at school or at home... I use to struggle and kick about while laying on my back with bubbles coming out of my mouth... My mom was still taking me to the hajjis and hodjas secretly, so that they could find a cure for me... But to no avail!

I left the school. Because of the pitiful and sometimes ridiculing looks of the students, was giving me great sorrow. Even though my dad gave great importance to my education since the beginning, he sympathetically accepted the situation... Yet on the other hand, I could feel his sadness because of my being away from education, as much as he was trying not to show it. And to be honest, this was making me uncomfortable...

However I've learned with my experience that, by being quite into nay these days, it's possible to get away from the realities of the world and relax. My father wasn't opposing to nay anymore. This is how he explained the reason to my mom.

HASAN FEHMI Fishing is the most relaxing thing. But how can you catch fish in Urla? Even if blowing nay pushes our child to stray, we have no other hope... We'll put up with it.

NEYZEN This permission did not delay in helping me. I had started to think clearer... Because whenever I started to see nightmares, I was embracing my nay and run away from my fears...

Especially at night, when Mehmet Hodja enter in my dreams with his equipments, waking up and slowly blowing of my nay was enough to calm me down...

And after a while my collapsing became wider apart... It has reduced to a point and almost was nonexistent... But of course it wasn't enough to go over our backyard's wall... And surely I wasn't gonna walk around the streets blowing nay like Piper of the Rat Village. Then my going bananas would be documented, and this situation would demolish my dad who had been sad already... One day I was again blowing nay by myself... My mother came in.

EMINE Tevfik, son... You never go out... You stay home all day. This situation of a fourteen-year-old young man is not nice.

NEYZEN What would I do outside ma? Is there sea out there, so that I can go and watch the open sea? Do I have a friend so that I can go and pour out my heart? My mother gave quiet smart reply...

EMINE Well even if you step out you won't be able to see the water/sea, but to find friends you must go out, look around... If you continue to hang out here, it's not possible for you to find a friend. I'll be preparing soup for dinner. So now get up and go to the market. Buy a lemon and two loafs of bread. Come on don't be reluctant. You'll open up a little...

NEYZEN The reason of my not getting out home was the worry that I'd have one of my attacks and collapse in front of everybody... Even though my attacks were over but I was still worried... I took the money my mom gave and went out of home... Although hesitant, I entered the market's street...

(Sound of nay, slowly)

I bought a lemon from the fruit seller. Just when I headed towards the bakery, I startled with sound of nay all of a sudden...

(The sound of nay becomes clearer)

It was coming from the barbershop right by me. At that time there was no fear, no shame, as if I was mesmerized. I dove into the store at once. He was a man in his forties. He had lost control, just blowing his nay. Suddenly he noticed me.

(The sound of nay is cut)

KAZIM Welcome young man.

NEYZEN Thank you Mister (Aga)... He seriously started to check me out. As if he was trying to recognize me... Then a sincere smile covered his face that gave confidence...

KAZIM You are... You are... Hold it, don't say it, I'll get it! You're the son of Hasan Fehmi, the teacher at Rusdiye... Isn't that right?

NEYZEN Yes, that's right Mister.

KAZIM Say your name?

NEYZEN Tevfik

KAZIM Tevfik huh! Here, sit down Tevfik... Is it gonna be just your hair?

NEYZEN He had thought I was going to get a hair cut... Before I could say "Ah Mister", he concluded his sentence...

KAZIM Whereas you're a young man... Forgive me. I need to shave the beard too...

NEYZEN *(He's embarrassed)* I didn't come to get shaved... He looked at me surprised. I said, "I was gonna buy bread" as I showed the lemon...

KAZIM This is a barbershop...

NEYZEN When I heard the sound of nay, I couldn't help it so I entered.

KAZIM No kidding! Or are you a neyzen (nay blower) too?

NEYZEN Mine is just interest... Is it easy to be a neyzen? He had liked my reply...

KAZIM Since when have you been interested with nay?

NEYZEN For seven, eight years mister...

KAZIM You must've come along long way...

NEYZEN On the contrary mister. I've never had a teacher. Could a hard skill like this be learned without a teacher?

KAZIM You look like a smart young man. What comes out of your mouth is moderate...

NEYZEN Would you care to give me your name mister?

KAZIM They call me Neyzen Kazim... But my actual profession is of a barber.

NEYZEN Do you know musical notes mister?

KAZIM A little ...

NEYZEN And the method?

KAZIM So, so...

NEYZEN Would you give me lesson mister?

KAZIM (*Gets embarrassed*) But I don't know much Tevfik...

NEYZEN I'm content with what you know...

KAZIM So you're determined...

NEYZEN I'll be happy if you'll accept it...

KAZIM But you don't have a smile on your face at all Tevfik.

NEYZEN I will have a smile mister. Because I'm addicted to nay...

KAZIM There's no reason for me to talk anymore. Because, you're determined to be Neyzen Tevfik. But let's lay the common ground here. I'm married, and I take care of the household. I can't teach you when there's customer here. Because there are two kids at home, then a wife. Plus a mother in-law and a father in-law...

NEYZEN I'll come whenever you want me to teacher... How much do you want?

KAZIM (*Angrily*) There can't be a fee for this kind of teaching!

NEYZEN Thank you teacher...

KAZIM But as I've said, we only have to look out for free time. First days of the month state workers come to shave. I mean, you won't ever come those days. And also you wouldn't come when they set up the weekly bazaar. Because those days the sellers in the market come here... So that leaves us the off days and some mornings.

NEYZEN (*Happily*) I'm willing teacher...

KAZIM Do you have time right now?

NEYZEN I'm free until sundown...

KAZIM Good then...

NEYZEN ... and took a nay out of a bag that was hanging on the wall and extended to me.

KAZIM Okay then, let's start. The first lesson is, sounds. And secondly, it's the blows. Okay, let's do it...

NEYZEN And that's how the lessons have begun... When my dad was at school, I would tell my mom and run to the shop... These visits took days. I was also practicing at home nonstop. One day I heard my father's yelling "Tevfiik!". I ran at once and went next to him. "Yes father"... You could tell from his face that my dad was mad...

HASAN FEHMI What are you doing son?

NEYZEN I'm blowing nay father. I took the last lesson from mister Kasim. He gave me the good news today. That there's nothing left for me to learn anymore...

HASAN FEHMI (*As if grumbling*) Good then... You would start school...

NEYZEN But my intention is not education father...

HASAN FEHMI (*Suddenly gets angry*) So you'll continue with vagrancy, is that so?

NEYZEN I'm not vagrant father...

HASAN FEHMI You don't have your illness anymore. If walking around strayed at this Urla's hills and mountain not vagrancy, than what is it? Okay, I get it, you need a beating!

NEYZEN So you'll send me to school to get beating!

HASAN FEHMI (*Shocked*) What am I hearing?

NEYZEN I wouldn't want my toenails to be stubby by getting beat up in the name of education. (*Screaming*) There's bastinado at school, I won't go!

HASAN FEHMI They won't beat you! You're my son.

NEYZEN I don't have to be the one who gets beat up. Isn't it enough for one of the guys next to me gets beat up?

HASAN FEHMI So you'll blow nay and wander around! Is that what you want? Then what kind of shit are you gonna eat after we die!

NEYZEN There's no hungry grave father. Of course I'll find some shit to eat!

HASAN FEHMI There's no respect left towards the fathers! Now I will kick your ass!

NEYZEN At this time my mother was trying to stop my father... My dad didn't kick my ass but he threw the nay into the stove as he grabbed it out of my hand... My nay was burning... It was burning in flames... For the first and last time I wanted to kill my father... Suddenly I had a blackout... I had collapsed... Thus a long period passed by. There were times I use to collapse three times a day... And again we'd go to hajjis and hodjas... But nothing good came out of, from either them or the saints for this sickness. They couldn't find the solution... Then one day we got news. They gave us the name and the address of the doctor in Istanbul, who was going to be the cure for this illness... And because of my father's leaving Urla was prohibited, my mother and I arrived in Istanbul after a long journey with a letter in our hand... The name of the doctor is Monsieur Pepo. My mom gave the letter to the doctor. He read it. Then he turned to us.

PEPO (*Kindly*) Sit down... What's your name young man?

NEYZEN Tevfik...

PEPO What is your problem Tevfik sir?

EMINE Doctor sir...

PEPO (*As if reproofing*) Are you the one who's ill?

EMINE No, it's my son...

PEPO Are you his lawyer? Since you're not sick, why are you answering my questions?

EMINE He can't explain...

PEPO Why can't he explain? I just asked his name, and he answered. Obviously he's got a tongue...

EMINE He does have a tongue, but my son is not aware of any details when he trashes about on the floor. He collapses on the floor suddenly and scatters bubbles from his mouth... And he can't remember any of these when he recovers. Besides it is happening quite often... Almost everyday...

PEPO Hmm! When and how did it happen first time?

EMINE It was about three months ago. He suddenly collapsed and started to trash about...

PEPO Were you with him?

EMINE Yes, plus his father was there too...

PEPO Let's come back to our point lady... What else happened before he collapsed?

NEYZEN This time I didn't give my mom a chance to answer... (*Harshly*) I blow nay... My father called me next to him. He yelled at me. He had wanted me to go to school and didn't want me to blow nay... I opposed... And because of that as he grabbed the nay, he threw it into the stove... And then I collapsed...

PEPO Why don't you go to school young man?

NEYZEN Because there is bastinado at school...

PEPO Is bastinado just at the school? If the strike with hate at homes to women and at barracks is not bastinado, then what is? Anyway let's get over these... I believe this is a psychosomatic case... The most evident feature that separates humans from animals is, that one's capability to explain their problems, and the other one's incapability to say it...

Thank you Lord, good thing I didn't become a veterinarian... What if I were a veterinarian and you came here as a horse? How could I learn the real reason of your illness? I couldn't learn, and here in turn I couldn't find a solution for your problem... Look lady, you're going to have these medications made from a pharmacy... And you'll give these to the young man regularly...

However this is not a case that will be cured by medication only... There shouldn't be any

pressure put on this young man... You'll leave this boy alone... Only then you will see that this illness will go away... Otherwise you will lose this young man...

NEYZEN I could never forget the Jewish Doctor Monsieur Pepo again... He was an unbelievable doctor... He had understood what my real problem was immediately just like that. Upon our return home at Urla, the mood in the house changed again... My dear father was not interfering with any of my acts... In the mean time I even learned how to play baglama (a plucked instrument with three double strings and a long neck). Then I got interested in hunting... On night when I returned home with couple of birds in my hand, they were doing bedroll (large cloth-rapped bundle) again...

HASAN FEHMI (*Sadden*) The way things are going, my life will end in exiles...

NEYZEN Where to this time father?

HASAN FEHMI To Izmir...

NEYZEN Izmir huh! I'm happy, there's sea there... Izmir... Izmir is the exile place of those who are against the oppression and cruelty... For whatever the reason Izmir is a capital in that sense... Who wasn't exiled there? You'll meet most of them in a while...

Upon hearing that they were occupied with music and opened a nay exam there, I again got on the road without getting permission from my father, and I came to Izmir Mevlevi lodge... I submitted my application... And when I was waiting outside with others next day in anticipation for the exams in front of the door, an old, fatherly man, whose name I later learned was Sheikh Nurettin, came outside...

SEYH NURETTIN Is it your turn son?

NEYZEN Yes my sheikh... We entered in, with him in front and me following... The head Neyzenbasi (head nay player) ready waiting inside...

SEYH NURETTIN Which song did you practice with Tevfik?

NEYZEN (*With a shaky voice*) Hicaz Pesrevi my sheikh...

SEYH NURETTIN Tevfik son, you're too excited... If you like, you can enter tomorrow... Let your excitement calm down.

NEYZEN If I leave it for tomorrow my excitement won't decrease, it will increase... With your permission, let it be now my sheikh...

SEYH NURETTIN Start then...

NEYZEN (*Pulls out his nay, starts to blow. On the other hand, he's observing the others. When he realized he was being liked, his excitement has disappeared*)

SEYH NURETTIN Okay enough... From where did you learn how to blow this good?

NEYZEN From Kazim Aga in Urla...

SEYH NURETTIN From Perukar Kazim?

NEYZEN Yes my sheikh...

SEYH NURETTIN Do you know this person Tevfik?

NEYZEN No my sheikh, I don't.

SEYH NURETTIN His name is Neyzenbasi Cemalettin... He's almost like my brother... Now kiss your master's hand.

NEYZEN I leaned with respect and kissed Neyzenbasi's hand right away...

SEYH NURETTIN Look my son... Let all the things you have seen and all you have heard, stay with you. Our purpose is not just stringed instruments, nay, carousal (Mandolin with a metal body) and practicing, but also others. You will learn a lot in time. But most of it depends on the trust you give. Is it understood?

NEYZEN It's understood my sheikh...

SEYH NURETTIN You wait outside...

NEYZEN I went out of the door immediately. But I didn't close the door. Even though it was difficult, I could hear what they were talking about. Seyh Nurettin was saying: "I liked the look

on that young man. Immediately starting from today he should be trained as a despotism fighter. Is there going to be a meeting tonight?

NEYZENBASI They should be here anytime my sheikh...

SEYH NURETTIN Include Tevfik to the meeting...

NEYZENBASI (*With a suspicious voice*) I wonder if we should try him for few days. Because this young man suddenly came out of nothing. Frankly I'm suspicious of him to be one of political gendarme.

SEYH NURETTIN Can't be, because his father is also exiled. It's been investigated Cemal, take it easy... (*Shouts*) Tevfiiik!

NEYZEN I ran in immediately, and by curling my neck I said: At your command my sheikh!

SEYH NURETTIN Tonight at the meeting you'll stay by the door... And bring coffee to the guests... You may leave now.

NEYZEN As you command my sheikh! A short while later, the exiles from Izmir started to come one after the other...

Salamon Elgazi, Kemani Yasuva Efendi, Saz Ustadi Santo, Bicakcizade Hakki Bey, Husetin Ahmet bey, Esref Bey, Tokadizade Sekip Bey, Tevfik Nevzat, all came in order...

They all had the covers of the instruments in their hands... Everyone who entered in immediately would kiss Sheikh Nurettin's hand and take a seat. But it didn't take long before suddenly all the eyes turned onto me. They all were waiting for an explanation from the sheikh with a little curiosity... Sheikh didn't leave them worry too long.

SEYH NURETTIN This young man who's wearing the conical hat is Tevfik Efendi... He is blowing the nay solidly... And he'll be taking lessons from our Cemalettin... Besides, there's no reason for you to worry. Because his father is also from the exiled crew like you all. He is the son of Hasan Fehmi Efendi, the teacher at Rusdiye...

NEYZEN Upon hearing my father's name, respectful appearance took over all of their worried looks... I felt proud of my father once again that night. What kind of deal is this father and son relationship? You can both have conflicts and be honored with its existence. You love it and you get angry... You break their heart and you also get heart broken...

SEYH NURETTIN We're almost about to enter the twentieth century... It has come along like this, but will it continue the same? Okay, let's get to our work! Has all the precaution been taken?

NEYZENBASI Yes we have... The watchman have been placed on the roof...

SEYH NURETTIN Tevfik Efendi, bring us the same amount of coffee as our number...

NEYZEN As I said "As you wish my sheikh" and was rushing towards the door, he was saying, "Praise be, this boy is lightning quick". The coffees were already, I grabbed and brought them in and distributed them... And with my sheikh's eye signal, I started to stand by the door way waiting... All the coffees were drank...

SEYH NURETTIN Shall we start?

NEYZEN They all said, "let's start". Salamon Elgazi got up at once and with a huge enthusiasm (*With his Jewish accent*)

**Seeing that rules have been twisted from truth and soundness,
We've pulled back from the government's door.
The ones who feel like one of the people, don't quit from serving them,
And the ones who like to do good don't pull back from helping the oppressed.**

And this time Kemani Yasuva jumped in (*With his Greek accent*)

No matter how much the worries or freedom fight can be a strong fire,

Would a brave person run away from fight for a soul?

The saz Ustadi Santo got up (*With his Armenian accent*)

**Even if the killer Devil curses at the HASID,
It is a thousand times better than chained slavery.**

All of a sudden Bicakcizade Hahhi jumped in (*With his Eastern accent*)

**Let the world gather all the reasons of torment,
But I'll be a whore if turn back from getting on the road for people.**

Can Huseyin Ahmet hold on? (*With his Laz accent*) (*Laz people live in the Black Sea areas of Turkey*)

**All the open countries that I've been to, is handed down to oppressing dogs,
Wake up oh you wounded mighty lion from your unawareness.**

Neyzenbasi Cemalettin (*With his Albanian accent*)

**Hey you beloved freedom how fascinating you are,
We have been freed from slavery but now we've become slaves of freedom.**

And this time Seyh Nurettin got up (*With his Thracian accent*)

**To destroy the freedom by way of oppression or another thing is impossible,
Go ahead and try, see if you can take away intelligence from humanity.**

Then they all got up together. While as a conductor, Neyzenbasi Cemalettin started to yell, "Down with despotism! Down with despotism!" the rest joined in all together saying, "Down with despotism! Down with despotism!"

Down with despotism! Down with despotism!

I was exuberant too... All the things done to my father and ones who had their heads cut of came to my mind, then I started to yell "Down with despotism!" especially making it known to my sheikh. I was yelling from top of my lungs... And the more I was yelling "Down with despotism!" the more enjoyment I was getting...

Especially being considered as somebody amongst these dignified man gave me more zeal...

Whereas my voice was more high-pitched/sharper and thunderous... Since I hadn't started to drink, I could control my breathing and I was able to affect the others in an unbelievable way every time I say, "Down with despotism!"... The rest fell exhausted after a while... But because

of my shouting was continuing at the same tempo and loudness, it was as if they were insisting to shout, even though it was weakly, I spouse with feeling ashamed a little they didn't want me to do whatever I wanted. (*As if the sound is coming out of his butt*) "Down with despotism! Down with despotism!" Yet mine was overpowering theirs, "Down with despotism!" But all of a sudden I saw the door opening quickly and one of the watchmen that was placed on the Mevlevi lodge's roof running in... The watchman has yelled with a sharp voice:

Zaptieh! Zaptieh! (Police)

There was silence for a moment... The exiles pulled out the stringed instruments from the bags they had brought... The emotional faces left their place to the soft sound of the instruments...

Lines of “Nihansin dideden ey mesti nazim” (*Hidden from eyes oh you flirtatious drunk*) mixed in to the sound of instruments, that had started to be sang in unison... But when the police entered in, it was as if the previous emotional situation had changed places with that music’s inert and calming unison... The policemen also listen to the song with respect. And at the end of the song, they apologized and left the Mevlevi lodge.

Maybe it was somewhat tragic but that night I witnessed how the opposition protected themselves by taking pretty effective precaution... Thus I happen to learn that the individuals, who get into political fights, have to take these kinds of precautions to protect themselves... So exactly three years passed by. I have learned to be despotism fighter and love of freedom... Without a doubt I also became a neyzen (master of nay)... One day my sheikh called me... And said;

SEYH NURETTIN Even though I’m very happy from you, I must tell you the truth... Look Tevfik, There’s nothing there left for us to teach you anymore... For you to continue to stay here will make you blunt/become useless... Because of this go on and go to Istanbul... Istanbul is a city that will open up your horizons even more...

NEYZEN He extended his hand... I kissed it...

I’ve had two recommendation letters in my hand when I got off at Istanbul’s wharf. One of these letters was from my father to take to Medreseh (Theological school attached to a masque), and the other was of my sheikh to deliver to Mehmet Akif.

First I went to Fethiye Medresseh in Fatih... By finding the professor named Musa Kazim Efendi, I gave my father’s letter. He opened and read it...

MUSA KAZIM (*Sincerely*) Welcome son...

NEYZEN Musa Kazim Efendi was an intellectual scientist and advocate of freedom... He obtained me to be accepted to the Medresseh...

MUSA KAZIM (*Worriedly*) Your acceptance to the Medresseh has been obtained, but you got it tough... You have to be extremely careful among these fanatics... These are the grandchildren of the ones who have prevented the coming of printing house to our country for a hundred years... They know all kinds of tricks very good.... Whenever they see a light, the first thing they do is to darken that light, even destroy it... You mustn’t put off the things I tell you! For God’s sake, be careful!

NEYZEN My roommates Balikesirli Galip and Birgivi Mehmet Efendi were acting pretty close to me... No doubt our friendship was also developing with these two sensible people... When they saw the nay in my bag, they were happy at first, but then they warned me in fear saying, “Oh, for goodness sake! Don’t let the others see it! Because according to them blowing nay is the ultimate sin”...

Not just blowing nay, but almost everything was a sin in the Medresseh... All the time I attended to the Medresseh, nobody has seen or heard of me burst a mouthful of laughter or giving any whatsoever opinion about situations or incidents... All of my reactions were staying within me. With the distress of not able to reflect my thoughts out, I was boiling within as a boiling pot with a tight lid...

But what worried me the most was that, thinking how sad my father would get if ever get kicked out of here... So I was continuing to restrain myself... I was forced to pay attention to every move I make, from my sitting to getting up, from the things come of my mouth to the way I dress up... In other words although it was hard, I was carrying on this lifestyle besides my personality. So that it was up until the night when all the students went out to the schoolyard and we were alone with Galip and Mehmet in the room...

I had no strength to carry on any further... So I pulled the nay I was hiding under my bed, and I started to blow it quietly... (*Sound of nay*) Galip and Mehmet quickly locked the door in fear... We were unconscious with the joy of drilling a ban, but we were unaware of the students started

to gather in front of the door. At first there were slow muttering than more hearable shouting;

“Down with the irreligious! Down with the irreligious!”

I heard the footsteps getting closer to he door... The only thing to do was to lean against the door to prevent it from opening... Three of us together leaned against the door.

“Death to the irreligious!”

“Death to the atheists!”

“Death to infidels!”

“Death to the enemies of our (Muslim) laws!”

They were pressing so hard from outside, the door was about to break... As if Galip and Mehmet swallowed up their tongue from fear... Likewise even though they’ve seen the dark faces of those who climbed up to our room windows, they couldn’t tell me the situation... On one hand while they were leaning against the door to prevent it from opening, then on the other hand they were pointing the window with their wide opened eyes... At once I turned my head towards the window and saw two of them were about to get in... Yet another dark head was making a move in between legs of these two and was looking for a space...

I rushed towards the window... But before I even got a chance to touch them, probably they must have thought of the nay in my hand to be a stick, with fear they opened wings towards the darkness where they came from ... Thank God, our room was on the first floor... But they didn’t fall on the ground... They dove almost like a nose diving plane on top of tens of people like them who were trying to climb up from blow the window...

“Gas, bring gas!”

“Let’s burn these cuckolds!”

“Where’s the light?”

A match for God’s sake!”

The situation was getting more complicated... While some people we couldn’t see were forcing the door, some others were in the yard looking for gas and fire, and yet some others were throwing whatever they could grab to the window like, stone, stick, turban (a headpiece), teapot, suitcase... Oh yes it was a wooden suitcase... But unfortunately the suitcase they threw didn’t reach the window and fell back down on them... They tried to run away in terror from the suitcase they themselves threw yelling; “Get away! Get away!” But no such luck! The suitcase had dropped on one’s head... Just when I was getting ready to laugh at our tearful situation, the bastard on whom the suitcase had dropped, started to yell “I swear to God they’ll kill us!”, as he was trying to stop the bleeding from his cracked head... This mob was the sign of the art’s heading for good and reality... Would they attack with lies and distortion on people who deal with innocent work such as this? What kind of country are we living in? In the mean time the police started to appear at the yard gate... What’s that? The mob downstairs suddenly as a suckling lamb became mild...

“They’ll kill us”

“God bless you”

“Good thing you’ve arrived in time, so our lives have been saved!”

“They attacked on us saying, “Death to those who don’t listen to nay”

Then did what happen? These policemen came upstairs with these gentles’ mild on look and they threw us out by main force... Then our belongings were thrown out behind us... And with the pushing and shoving of the policemen, we were taken away from Medresseh. But still we thanked God that our lives were saved...

We didn’t even have a place to sleep. We three friends cuddle up on each other and we made the morning under a bridge. When I woke up, I remembered my sheikh’s letter. We said good-bye... And I went to the address that was given... So I met with Agriculture Supervision Affairs Head clerk Mehmet Akif Bey... A place to sleep was obtained quickly... And I’ve met Hereseqli Arif

Hikmet, Ahmet Rasim, Tamburi Cemal, Vasil, Udi Nevres, poet Halil Edip and Mahmut Kemal in order. I was also able to see Tefvik Kemal from time to time. He was more different from the rest... He would talk less but to the point... And he wouldn't be too thick with everybody... Then I started to attend his discussions at Gunes Coffeehouse. Tokadizade Sekip, Babanzade Naim, Yunus Nadi, Giresunlu Sair Hamdi, Filibeli Nizami, Izmirli Ahmet Cemil, Mustecabizade Ismet... These people were so wonderful, they weren't leaving me by myself even for a moment... They trusted me even more as the days go by... Because for me money, appearance, clothes, possessions or ranks are not important...

**I have never been found of possessions or ranks, gold or silver,
I've found the joy and eagerness in nay and wine
By taking the coffee cup from the relaxed hand of the prophet,
I've seen bektasi when blowing nay and mevlevi when drinking wine**

Especially money is the dirt of a man's hand... I've always distributed the extras of my necessity... Besides I've tied them up to the tails of dogs and sent them to the streets... I was saying;

**Since falling into passion and drink with the pain of separation,
I'm addicted and crazy and crouch down to the mystery of nay,
Let the destiny's money be torn on its head,
I've come to love the beautiful, not to eat bread!
And now there's no value of money in my eyes,
I was disgusted from money when I saw them in dirty hands!**

But how was I going to feed my stomach? Yet this was essential in order for me to go on with my life... But I must do this by protecting my dignity and by not expecting support from anyone... Because two hands are for one head... The news was sent to every corner of Istanbul... My playing nay (neyzenism) started to be useful... I was being called immediately wherever there was a wealthy feast or wherever there was a gathering... I was feeding my stomach at the places I've gone, and because of blowing my nay I was providing my earnings with my labor... My name had started to be heard throughout Istanbul... Although it wasn't too nice to be the talented young man of wealthy feasts... But because I've had nothing else to do, I could be forced to put up with some things... They use to watch me with interest for a while when I start to blow my nay... Then they could turnaround and be engrossed in their own world... The sounds of plates and silverware... They could never appreciate how much the conversations and laughter damage an artist. In other words, they were bunch of Asses and they didn't know compote... But even though I knew their attitude, this was getting on my nerves...

**Don't think that my art that I exert with all seriousness
Is like dried up fountain with nay in my hand.
Such extravagant like these loving stringed instruments at the festivities,
To me is like whistle to a water-drinking donkey.**

My friends? They were saying; Oh please don't say anything! You have to do this in order to make living... You have to put up with it!". And then with lowering their voice, they use to give

Sultan Abdulhamit a good dressing when they were with me... Especially Mehmet Akif, he use to stop by my bachelor room for sure, before he went to work... Because he loved my blowing nay and my conversation... His interest was increasing the more he learned that, at this young age I've read most of the books that were required to read... He use to trust me very much... He was newlywed but still he use to invite me to his home... We were drinking couple of classes... Don't be so surprised, he use to drink in those days... Then I use to try to teach him how to blow the nay... But his musician side wasn't as talented as his poetry... Because his fingers were long and thick... So therefore he couldn't open and close the holes of the nay... Later on he gave up blowing nay and he even put this in writing...

**Too bad! My eagerness has diminished and with it I have diminished:
I've turned into Asik Garib, by living a life of misery at the caravanserais.**

But he still didn't give up on me... He continued to tell me the badness of despotism... This way he was really sharpening himself against despotism... Then I started to talk about freedom also... I had started to declare of my father's being exiled, the things that happened to me at the Medresseh, and that there are bastinados everywhere, and the reason for all these to be Abdulhamit's staying as a ruler...

**The real truth of the country has become rotten, the foundation has collapsed,
Even if we have a place for outside for now,
We have no face to show to our ancestors' graves,
I think its history would spit at our face!**

This is what the lovers of humanity with conscience and religion has said:

**We send out wherever our interest is,
Don't believe that this organization will be the curer,
We use science to numb the people.
In Islam, the seeing the God within resists against the illiteracy,
Don't recognize Rafiza, Shi'a and Sunni, turn against them,
All their appearance is just a show off,
Karbala, Mecca, Medina, Horasan, Church, Kudus,
What is it to me from Medresseh, tekke, monastery or Vatican?
How can love of country be awoken with this badness of religion?
And the humanity calls all these shameful conduct, "fictitious!"**

Only quietly and just next to people whom I believe think like me... Because I knew what sort of pains going to police station would bring... On top of it, I'm one of those who can't forget that we are descendants of Hallac-i Mansur, who was skinned because saying, "I'm God!". I was a boy of a generation who had listen repeatedly that the opposes would be put in stone full sacks with arms and feet tied, and would be thrown alive into the waters of the bay at Sarayburnu... But the thing scares me the most is, the possibility of putting a hot boiled egg under the armpit... Surely the possibility of my tongue being cut, or even bastinado, although it wasn't applied to me but because I've seen it so many times I almost became a custom to, don't scare me as much as the hot egg... But what I've heard about sayings of a method being used recently which is, by obtaining you to stay motionless, periodically dropping water from somewhere above, and introducing the individual to nut house in a short time and bringing him to a incorrigible state, made me hold back my desire to speak out...

Up until seeing the attack by the police force on the demonstrating students at Cerrahpasa... The ones who don't love youngsters, are the ones who have their eyes set on the ass of the past... We must love the young ones... We shouldn't be content with just loving them but also protect, especially those who have talents/skills ... Because youth means future... I have to see the youth building factories... I have to see them working in laboratories... I have to see them in science, biology, art and trying to voice the people's presence and honor... Yet they are doing the opposite and attacking the youth mercilessly... This causes us to see our youth getting beat up....

Because their eyes are still in the ass of the past... The boys, girls, these fresh saplings were falling down saying, "Oh my God"... When I saw this situation, the bastinado, the hot egg, water drops and bunch of methods didn't matter anymore... I couldn't stand anymore and I yelled "Down with the despotism"... The policemen immediately grabbed me from my arms... And dragged me to the police station at Cagloglu... They put me in front of a happy-faced superior... SUPERIOR What's your name?

NEYZEN Tevfik... But they call me Neyzen more often. I've said it, but I was scared in my shoes... What if they put me in bastinado? I could feel my sweat running from my neck to my body. How much he looks alike Mehmet Hoca... Just like him. Maybe that's his brother or something... I must look cool... If he understands I'm scared, I'll be burned... Ah c'mon, you over exaggerate it a little bit sonny. Just take a look; he doesn't look like Mehmet Hoca at all... Plus he's a happy-faced man... Maybe he'll just give you couple of advice and let you go...

SUPERIOR What do you do?

NEYZEN I blow nay...

SUPERIOR So you're unemployed...

NEYZEN You can say that...

SUPERIOR What does your father do?

NEYZEN He's a teacher... In Izmir.

SUPERIOR What's his name?

NEYZEN Hafiz Hasan Fehmi Efendi... He turned the official waiting by him...

SUPERIOR (*Quietly*) Check out his name also...

OFFICIAL Yes sir...

SUPERIOR Look, you're son of an intellect. Does this suit you? What are you doing with rebels against Sultan and the government?

NEYZEN I was just passing by there... I saw the crowd... Stopped. And they grabbed me and brought me here.

SUPERIOR Then what does "Down with the despotism" mean?

NEYZEN (*Thinks a little*) I yelled, "Long live the Sultan!" sir... I think it was misunderstood... In the mean while the official gave the two files to his superior. The superior examined one of the files...

SUPERIOR Then why are you together with these enemies of the Sultan and the government all the time?

NEYZEN The file must have been mine... Who am I together with sir?

SUPERIOR Baytar Arif, Yunus Nadi and the others...

NEYZEN They all listen to my nay... And sometimes we sit and chat...

SUPERIOR (*With laughing*) Is talking against the administration called chatting? Besides, look it's written here... You have been informed exactly thirty five times before...

NEYZEN He had read the other file too, the superior smiled...

SUPERIOR Will you be our guest here for a while? You'll lie down rest a little. In the mean time the chaos outside will end... We'll let you go... See, I like artists. They are all men of

soul/feeling... Besides you blow nay very good as I understand it... You'd take the rust from our ears a little. Is your nay with you?

NEYZEN I pulled it and showed it.

SUPERIOR My God, doesn't that look wonderful? Can I take it and look at it please.

NEYZEN Here you go sir. What I feared won't happen... How nice he's treading me...

SUPERIOR How do you blow this?

NEYZEN Oh it's backwards. This is how you should hold it sir...

SUPERIOR Do you have to be pleasantly tipsy to blow this good?

NEYZEN *(Started to relax)* Hum, it would be blown better if there were a small bottle...

SUPERIOR Good then... If I get a small one for you, would you blow this?

NEYZEN *(Gets spoiled)* Boy I'd blow it like hell sir...

SUPERIOR I really liked you Neyzen... This way you don't hear the screams coming from inside...

NEYZEN What screams sir?

SUPERIOR Sonny don't you know that this is a police station? How can't we hear the cries when we start with bastinado?

NEYZEN Shall I blow it?

SUPERIOR The little one hasn't come yet... There's no reason to hurry... Everything should be appropriate to procedure Neyzen... Here's the small one! And bring some hazelnuts for snack...

NEYZEN Even roasted chickpeas would do sir... Don't get into so much expense...

SUPERIOR Fellow, you're our head guest. I love the art and the artists... Let it be hazelnuts.

OFFICIAL Should I prepare them here or inside?

SUPERIOR I don't know, what do you say Neyzen?

NEYZEN *(Little suspicious)* This is an official place sir. If you'll excuse me tonight, I'll go... I'll invite you to Kumkapi (Center for musical bars)...

SUPERIOR We can't have this enjoyment in a bar. You're already in our hands, how can we let you go? Are you chickening out on me? Should I be deprived from your nay?

NEYZEN I didn't mean that sir...

SUPERIOR Then bring on the equipment and let's get on with our work... I'm curious Neyzen. Did you learn these dangerous thoughts from your father? What's it to you, just blow your nay and go around... You won't come across to reasonable man like us all the time. Are you married Neyzen?

NEYZEN No sir...

SUPERIOR Ohoo, now this is no good... You'll get married soon and have your own household. Then when your wife says, "salt" your ass will sizzle. Then in turn you won't see men like these and don't tire us out...

(All kinds of equipment relating bastinado hang down from top of the stage on a tip of cord. This equipment will swing on stage until the end of play)

NEYZEN Okay, from what I understand by making fun of me this man is going to knock me out shortly...

(The Superior grabs the stick)

SUPERIOR Hazelnut?

OFFICIAL Hazelnut...

SUPERIOR I hope it won't break...

OFFICIAL We performed on Baytar Akif bey with this one too sir...

SUPERIOR Any other one?

OFFICIAL Babanzade Naim... Yunyus Nadi... Filibelizade Nizami. Plus Mustecabizade Ismet also had eaten from this hazelnut...

SUPERIOR You're wrong. Baytar Akif Bey had drunk cornelian cherry. And to Ismet on the other hand we had him eat the hot egg under armpit... Are you getting old or what? You're mixing them up!

NEYZEN I resisted once more to slip out: Sir, I decided not to drink. I'm not in the mood today...

SUPERIOR Oh come on Neyzen Efendi! None of these I just named made a peep... Now take off your shoes and help out this official's equipment...

NEYZEN At least don't make me take out the shoes sir.

SUPERIOR Why is that?

NEYZEN The water hasn't been running for about twenty days in our home... You understand what I mean sir?

SUPERIOR Look at that! Te rascal interferes with city too.

NEYZEN No I'm not interfering sir.

SUPERIOR You are interfering! Who is running the water Neyzen? Isn't it the City? By saying, "the water is cut off", don't you mean the city can't handle this work? Am I stupid? Don't you know who are you provoking here? Besides I can't make the connection with the water's being cut off and your not taking out your shoes...

NEYZEN Sir... I'm not taking out my shoes in order not to change the air in the room... I mean so that you don't be uncomfortable...

SUPERIOR Why should I be uncomfortable? What's he saying? Is it he who can't explain it, or is it me I don't understand? Or are you calling me retarded?

NEYZEN Not at all sir... My feet and my socks stink sir...

SUPERIOR Gee Neyzen... You're really funny guy... See, all the artists are fine spirited like that... Look what you're worrying about... We have a water depot in the back... Take him away! Give him his share of soap... Let him wash his feet really good. And let him wash his socks too... Let him come to me spotless clean, so we can get on with work...

(Neyzen's eyes are opened wide from fear. As the lights get dimmer slowly, sound of shrill pipe, nay and all the instruments alike mix in with the sound of drums)

NEYZEN I don't know how many days they held me there. I couldn't walk by the time they let me go. Even the Superior must have felt sorry for me, that he helped me to get on phaeton *(a horse-drawn carriage)*... Whoever heard, came... They were feeling pity for me saying, "get well soon". Mehmet Akif cried when he saw the sole of my feet... I cried too giving him a hug... They gave money to someone and obtained him to stay with me day and night... As much as I intended to notify my mom couple of times, I just couldn't do it... There was no reason to sadden them too... The pain on my feet took exactly a month... I couldn't go to the bathroom by myself, without asking for help... It was on the fourth or fifth day when I took a step on the street... As I was walking like lame storks in Sultanahmet Park, I saw the man they put behind me... He's watching me with interest... As if he is following my footsteps... I must try not to have an eye contact... I turned my face away ... It sound weird to you but, after a while he started to turn away his face too... Our days passed as if we know each other but we're not aware of each other... I couldn't go to my friends, because I didn't want them to see me like this. I shouldn't go! I shouldn't go! But I couldn't resist anymore, and I went to Gunes Café to see my old buddies... He also came... He sat on a table as my shadow. For the first time I realized that, there's at least ten people look like him... Everyone showed warmth to me in the beginning... But then things have started to change.

They were accepting my greetings, but I could see uneasiness was glued on their faces, and I didn't know what to make of it... Then, they would throw an excuse and get away from me... It's weird but true! But finally by deep thinking, I found the reason for this... Understandably they were casting me out... Excluding me... As a matter fact, I was even guessing my friends

who showed bravery to stay with me to be one of them... How could he stay with me if he wasn't one of them? Only Mehmet Akif, by letting them hear has said, "I can't give up from listening to your nay" by putting both of his hands on my shoulder... He said, "even if I knew I was going to be in all sorts of trouble, I can't give you up". The man who escaped his eyes from me indirectly has said to me, "The real friendship requires not to harm one's friend... And the way not to harm is to stay away from one's friend". I had understood what he tried to say... I didn't get close to my friends again... They don't invite me to any meals or any gatherings... As if a secret mouth has whispered to their ears... "Neyzen should not be invited anywhere! No one will let him blow nay and give him money!"

I turned to myself and I was divided in half... Now I had two personalities... One is constantly asking, and the other is answering... And I am living my past, my childhood... A little word, a sentence, a pen or a stick right away would correspond me of an incident I had experienced... In a moment I become one person, and just when I say I'm getting better, the second person appears right there... The dual debate starts again... The associating starts once again... Settling the score with the past... The other one within says, "Don't go to Izmir. You'll put your dad in trouble once again". Besides your mother will be sad... To be out of sight requires being out of mind... These will condemn you to loneliness, and either will make you go crazy or will kill you in a deserted place... What if they throw you in a dungeon? How can an exuberant man like you live in a secluded place?" I started to drink... I was drinking enough not to think, and I was dozing off... But the endless dealing with "the other one" starts again when I wake up... Then I use to grab my drink again...

**I've banned the wine glass to the mystery of my soul,
This heart of mine doesn't obey the legend's disturbing order
I implored mercy at the feet of the cupbearer, in the name of the old man,
In my heart, I've made the corner of the bar the direction of Mecca.**

At my bedside Akif says in fury, "does this suit you? Then he goes away... I came to my senses all of a sudden... It dawned upon me suddenly that I couldn't get away, by taking comfort in drinking... I should wash my face... I must find another option... I'm not a stupid person... I must find it... I must find it... And I've found it... I quickly send out a message to my mom to come to Istanbul... I said it was important. So the poor woman came...

EMINE What is it that was so important son?

NEYZEN I called you to say goodbye mom...

EMINE Don't scare me! What kind of goodbye is this? Aren't we apart anyway?

NEYZEN This is different mother... I'm going to escape to Egypt...

EMINE Why?

NEYZEN My enmity against despotism has been found mom...

EMINE Well they found out your father's too... But see he didn't run away from his country...

NEYZEN I'm not married mom... Because of that they are less merciful to me... Do you want me to get killed?

EMINE What are saying?

NEYZEN Then listen carefully... I don't have any strength left in me to resist this pressure... None of my friends talk to me. Or I can't go to them so they won't get in trouble. I'm all by myself... I'm scared mom... Both from being alone and something might happen to me...

EMINE What can I say my dear? What ever is for the best I hope...

NEYZEN Well what happened, you weren't going to cry... I've written it on the letter...

EMINE When will your ship leave son?

NEYZEN In a short while mom... But don't mention of my leaving to anyone.

EMINE How are you going to feed your stomach in Egypt?

NEYZEN My stomach will be filled as long as this nay is in my bag, ... Let's say our goodbye...

EMINE Is it time? At least I should walk you to your ship...

NEYZEN It would be better if you didn't mom. Kiss my father for me...

EMINE Dress tight... Eat plenty too... My prayers will always be with you... Take good care of yourself my Tevfik...

(The noise of the city from deep... The whistles of ships)

NEYZEN These mothers are so funny and they are so much alike... We can never grow up in their eyes...

(As the sounds of ships' whistles and sea gulls' could be heard closer, the sounds of nay, clarinet, drums and shrill pipe that has been coming from deep, overpowers the rest...

Furthermore human voices that has started as moaning turns more into a symphony of begging and screams)

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

NEYZEN See, I got on the ship after a sad goodbye... Istanbul was in dense fog that day. How hard it is for an individual to be forced to leave one's country... Only the one who goes through it would know... And also when the fear of not being able to come back ever again takes over, you want to turn around... What if I heard my father's death, what would I do there? It would be horrible not to be able to come and be present at the funeral... Before I could even say, no matter what I shouldn't go, the other one took over, "you must go!"

After all that fright and worry, my physiological state started to get better as I arrived to Egypt... Especially having lots of opposing individuals like me, got me to relax even more... Sair Esref was also there... The one who has said of me:

**No one can say, Neyzen has his head down low,
He hasn't even turned his ass towards the devil, since he was born!
He has gone through a lot of small or big Masques,
But he never could prostrate his head before God!
The son of a bitch is like roly-poly,
He stands on two legs even when he gets unbalanced and falls!**

They opened their arms to me... My seven years I lived in Egypt could be a thick book, whereas that's another story... There's no need for overdoing in this play... Besides it'll interfere with private life... Briefly, with the help of my nay, I have entered palaces and slept in mansions on feathered pillows ... There were days my nay was no use to me, and I even lied down on the mats in dark and damp places where the dead were being wrapped... When homesickness started, I started to drink... Because being homesick is an unbelievable thing... Only the ones who experience it would know... Every day a part of our body aches intensely... We just start to miss our land, our people too much... You become sensitive to everything... You'd cry if they just touch you... Having said drink, I just remembered... I just recently sat down and calculated... In my seventy two years of lifespan, I have drank eighteen thousand tons... And the one third of it, meaning six thousand of it, I have consumed in Egypt... Why would someone

drink? From pressure, from longing, from grief, from happiness and love... In other words someone can always find a reason, as long as he wants to drink... My first four years in Egypt passed in alas nature... But it wasn't all-perfect in Egypt either... Almost same bullshit... But I was comfortable...I didn't have any financial problem... According to some, I was stupid enough to spurn my comfort... But if you ask me, the truth was the uncomfoting of not being able to talk... And so with the encouragement form drinking, I started to talk back and forth... The last drop has started with putting a cigarette in Abdulhamit's mouth on his portrait... Before even saying hey wait, my reading Sair Esref's poems out loud in needless places, speeded up overflowing the cup... To yell out loud:

**Like the Devil who has heard Hallelujah
You'll be damned if a foreign says Boo!
My Sultan! You're so low,
Your honor/pride is like Arab Izzet (He was a famous crook)**

**My Sultan! You see it already,
The problems arise out of nothing;
As long as Arab Izzet is the guide
You won't be able to pick up your nose from shit!**

**The great body of the government is bound to constipation
The foundation at the east has turned into ruins;
The first Abdulhamid has shit in the world and left,
And then second Abdulhamid has come and planted a feather.**

**My Sultan! Aren't you ashamed from the humanity?
You've bewitched every one like a wizard during your health,
Don't expect to receive a pray of God's blessing at your death,
Because the pray of God's blessing cannot be taken by whip, like taxes.**

... caused me to lose all my esteem that I've had around the palace, and they put and an arrest warrant for me... I saw in bewilderment that having no choice but to escape from Cairo and take refuge in Bektashi dervish lodge named "Cave of Kaygunsuz Sultan" only at the time of my departure... Thus I took shelter in the dervish lodge... I passed this three-year period by running away and hiding... The sheikh of the lodge Arnavut Lutfi baba liked me very much... He started to respect me even more, especially because of the way I blew the nay at night... But because of the fear that someone might recognize me and inform me, I'd leave the lodge in the early morning lights and take a walk until the evening and only after the sundown I would return... Nobody knew I was a fugitive... Because of this, I wasn't able to ask for food when I was going out... It could be obvious that I wanted to play hide and seek if I wanted ...So whenever I was taking a walk hungrily in the mountain, slopes, forest or pasture, I was forced to fast... Whereas at night, I could return to the Lodge and feed myself from the food that was set in the middle of the square... Besides this unintended fasting where there wasn't any meal before dawn, was shaking me up pretty good... And unfortunately the days were long... On a day I was miserable from walking and tired from hiding, I sat under a tree tiredly as if lying down ... It was almost mid-afternoon, and there's plenty time before dinner... My stomach was gurgling from hunger... Suddenly I saw a dog in about five-ten yards from me... It was holding something very large in its mouth... I got up at once and looked carefully... I guess it was some sort of food... I came

closer to the dog quietly... Yeah, yeah I wasn't wrong... It was half a loaf in the dog's mouth... It was standing across from me checking me out of the corner of his eyes...

(By giving a sweet statement to his voice)

"Here little doggy... Come on you little doggy"...

(He snaps his fingers with the impression as if he was going to give something)

"Here doggy... Come here doggy"...

At the end, poor animal was fooled by my sincere approach that covered my cruel intention, and like a side paddle wheeled ship pulling near the wharf, he started to come towards me with the loaf in his mouth. At the point of my jumping...

(As he jumps on it)

Poor animal dropped the loaf from his mouth scared, and rushed back... He has curled its tail and looking at me out of the corner of his eyes... I took the bread from where he had dropped... And by ripping off the part where he'd bitten, I put it by my side... I started to eat the other one right away... While I was eating with great appetite, he was looking at me in demeaning way that me pretty uncomfortable as if saying; "God damn you man! What kind of humanity is this? You both walk on two feet and grab the bread from the dog's mouth! You rude man!"

(Seemingly showing the other part of the bread)

"Come on, you eat too! Come doggy... See, here's your share"... Finally he came by my side slowly... If you ask me, the real reason of his coming by me was, seeing me not too different from him, more so than me calling him... We ate our bread looking at each other... And after finishing our bread, we lied down under the tree... At the end we were both full... As if a sacred friendship had started among us... I like this animal that caused to fill my stomach...

The sun had gone down... I got up.

"Come here you Goofball... From now on wherever I go, you go"... Thus I had named him...

He must have liked me too, because he came real close to me... We went to the Lodge together... I got permission from the sheikh, and by feeding Goofball with the leftovers, I helped him grow and become beautiful... He was already a smart and one of a kind animal... Because of this, it wasn't hard for him to cooperate with his master... One day we had left the Lodge and were taking a walk... On the way a Fellah (Egyptian peasant) came across our way... He loved Goofball so much that he asked, "Would you sell him to me? It was gonna be hard but the twenty Egyptian Liras he offered wasn't too little... Not having any money caused me to say, "Yes"... God damn money, I took it and gave Goofball to Fellah... My separating from the poor animal was even more saddening. I couldn't have the courage to look at his eyes... I took off right away. But I didn't get an ounce of sleep all day and night... I was unhappy with what I've done... The next morning I was walking by the Lodge again... What do I see? Our Goofball is coming towards me... Understandably he evaded Fellah... Well we didn't delay on making a good use of it... I was selling him to Fellahs on the days I didn't have money... He would return to me in less than a day. This went on for quite while... And he managed to come back each time... So we have made the year of 1908 like this...

See just in that year Constitutional Monarchy was declared... I took Goofball with me and returned to Cairo... Because there was nothing left to be scared of... From now on there were celebrations of Monarchy in a bar every night...

"In the honor of Monarchy!"

"To its honor!"

"Long live freedom!"

"To its honor!"

"Long live Monarchy!"

The fugitives had started to return to the country... But we had no money to buy ticket for the ship... In order to obtain charter fee, I sold Goofball to someone once again... So this was my

last seeing of Goofball. Because the ship was going to depart in an hour... I had teary eyes... I couldn't look at Goofball's eyes when he was leaving in the arms of the Fellah...I went to the bar where Sair Esref had been drinking to say goodbye...

(Joyfully)

Hello teacher! I've come to say goodbye...

He reached to the glass... The teacher took another sip from his raki...

SAIR ESREF I see that you're leaving to Istanbul also...

NEYZEN Freedom has arrived my teacher... How can I stay here? Aren't you gonna come?

He took some snack... He took another sip...

SAIR ESREF *(Slowly)* A cat was lying in the middle of a room, pretending to be sleeping he's been pricking up his ears for a rattle he'd been hearing... His pretending to be sleeping was not enough for the mouse to come out of one of the holes... So the cat was forced to speak...

"C'mon, c'mon! I felt sorry for you... Get out of that hole and get into that one! There are wheels of Swiss cheese and a barn full of wheat in there... You'd gulp it down and thank me for it"... He had waited little more, pretending to be sleeping again, but he noticed there was no movement from the mouse...

"What are you waiting for? Do what I've said!"

The mouse cringes with embarrassment says,

"Excuse me, but I won't come out of this hole... Because your offer is small but your intention is huge... For sure there's some shit in this!"

Look Neyzen, let me read my latest quatrain to you;

**It was banned to say a word against the despotism,
The government made your sense cry if you opened your mouth;
Now we are in the times of freedom, the rules have changed,
So first they make you say it, then fuck your mother!**

Go on, may God be with you!

We said our goodbye and I left... Just when I was about to get on board the ship, Goofball started to appear... He pulled off to reach me again... I had come here by myself but now we were returning as two souls from Cairo...

When we went to Izmir first then to Istanbul, the celebrations of Monarchy were still joyously continuing everywhere... It was as if I was drunk from joy and happiness, upon hearing the booming sounds of drums in the middle of the bathhouses in Sirkeci... There were about forty, fifty of these bath houses... They were all gigantic as sequoia tree. They were bouncing, jumping in dripping sweat and celebrating the Monarchy, by keeping a tempo to "Got a soled boot on one foot" with the drums they took in their midst... It was so innocent... Wherever I went it became inescapable to see the same thing with different sections of people. As is the sample of this scene, "The Gypsy plays and the Kurd dances" came alive everywhere...

I've quickly found my old buddies... And the new friends have found me... From now on I was a Freedom Hero... I was participating the celebrations in a bar every night... The place I stay at? A caravansary room in Cemberlitas... To be honest, we couldn't even find time from the celebrations to discuss, what the Monarchy have brought and took away... Whereas the other intellectuals like me, who had to stay away seven long years from their country, were in the same position... We were able to return to our country right? That was enough for us... Most of my days were passing with the theatre actors in Direklerarasi... In those days I have met with Shakespeare, whom I've heard so much... I've read Makbet and especially Hamlet many times... Hamlet was the translation of Sair Abdullah Cevdet... Besides he had autographed the book to my name by his handwriting:

“To moaning Neyzen, Moaning Hamlet”

Shakespeare would never be out of my bag... I would carry it wherever I go and read his plays repeatedly every chance I get... And debating Shakespeare with the theatre owners was giving me a special pleasure...

Not to all of Shakespeare’s plays, but to one

Let Britain be a sacrifice to that wise crown.

What magnificent, what a deep awe-inspiring appreciation,

The description of this English’s love to science is enough.

He pours his wise imagination with bitter words,

With this reproach the nation has sensed his affection.

The theatre owners, in an atmosphere, which they’ve thought the Monarchy had brought, were staging plays with utmost free choices... Every play were being accepted by the people with great taste, and at the end of the plays the theatre halls were ringing from shouting:

“Long live the Monarchy!”

“Long live the freedom!”

Especially if there is a opponent of the past in among the spectators, the incident would get bigger and the man would be carried on the shoulders, and would go on continuing with the demonstrations overflowing to the streets... The situation had come this far, that even the ones that had to endure injustice because of this and that reason, were being declared Freedom Heroes and were being carried on the shoulders... For example, a watermelon seller who was beaten up by the police before the Monarchy, was taken on the shoulders as a Freedom Hero, but when it was found out that he was beaten because of selling overpriced watermelons, he was thrown off the shoulders just as quickly... It was an unbelievable joy that was being experienced...

I was invited to the second showing of the play “Early Morning Freedom” that was going to start at Ferah Theatre... All the tickets were sold out from a week ago...

Because of the news being spread that I was invited to the play, it caused all the tickets to sell out... Thus, my being taken on the shoulders at the end of the play was definite... I emptied my pockets... I even left my nay in the caravansary room... Because the experienced friends had warned me of the fact that, some had gone through bitter incidents during the shouldering process, that they’ve lost some valuable possessions, and even the wallet to be lost in that chaos...

Furthermore, a Freedom Hero, whose name isn’t important, has complainingly said that, he was left just in his underwear and all that he was wearing were shared as a memorable... This wasn’t a danger for me, because there was neither a shirt nor underwear to take from me... But still, I left the nay and few bucks from my pocket in the caravansary room as a precaution, and I’ve come to the area of Ferah Theatre...

There was about half an hour before “Early Morning Freedom” to start... But there was a huge crowd in front of the theatre... Understandably the spectators that came were not taken in... Perhaps because these had no tickets or the ones waiting in anticipation to find tickets... But as I approached the crowd, it was evident that wasn’t the case... There were policemen and soldiers with bayonets waiting in front of the door... Some of the spectators who knew me, quickly approached to me...

ONE OF THE CITIZENS They don’t take us in.

ANOTHER ONE OF THE CITIZENS They have banned the Early Morning Freedom...

NEYZEN Who have banned it?

ANOTHER CITIZEN We don’t know!

NEYZEN I quickly rushed to a waiting soldier. Why aren’t you taking the people in?

SOLDIER It’s banned hommie!

NEYZEN Why?

SOLDIER I don't know; that was the order...

NEYZEN Isn't there any one who would know the answer?

POLICE No!

NEYZEN I've waited for a while... There's no movement... The police force and the people are waiting... I couldn't hold any longer. Then what if we take the money and give the tickets...

POLICE That's forbidden too!

NEYZEN (*Angrily*) This ban surely befit in the name of freedom!

ONE OF THE CITIZENS Union Advancement has banned it!

NEYZEN In other words, the ones have brought the freedom, is that so? Boo to all of them!

Then suddenly disturbance broke out... While part of the crowd was trying to pick me on their shoulders, the police force plunged into the crowd in a lightning pace...

"Grab him"

"Let me go"

"Hold him"

"Stop it"

People were running here and there... Cloud of dust everywhere... With the soldiers with bayonets from the police stations joining in, the street suddenly turned into judgment day... While part of the crowd was echoing the streets with chants of "Freedom", the police force were dragging the ones they've caught... This chaos went on for exactly six hours... They also pushed and shoved me to police station first then to Zaptieh... What the hell is that! Isn't that the same Superior who gave me my first beating, and because of whom I've escaped to Egypt, standing there when I entered!

SUPERIOR Oh boy, who do I see? How long has it been since we've seen each other Neyzen Efendi?

NEYZEN (*Surprised*) Seven years...

SUPERIOR Easy to say... Seven years has passed by... But I'm still happy to see you Neyzen... You haven't change much... Perhaps matured a little bit... Why are you looking at me surprised?

NEYZEN How can I not be surprised sir? Since the Monarchy has been declared, should I have seen you here? If I shouldn't be surprised who should?

The Superior grabbed a stick beside him... I guess he wasn't gonna drag it too long...

SUPERIOR (*Holds the stick exactly in the middle. As lifting one end in the air, he extends it to Neyzen. The other end of the stick is facing down*)

Look Neyzen, listen to me carefully! We are exactly in the middle of this stick... Precisely at where you're holding it... On the top end power/government sits... And the opposition on the end facing down...

(*He turns the point of the stick upwards from where he had been holding*) What happened now?

The ones yelling in the name of freedom became the power... Isn't that so? That is the delicate part it Neyzen... See we're still standing where we were, in the middle... Isn't this stick a necessity for every administration? Take a seat Neyzen... Even though we had a conversation about hazelnuts in the past, we're still considered as friends... I'd like to tell you something, if you promise to keep it between us...

NEYZEN I promise sir...

SUPERIOR According to what we hear, you've started to talk again... Because your file has started to be rearranged... I don't want anything to happen to you... I'm just warning... If they bring you in front of me again, I have to be even more merciless to you... I wouldn't want to lose my job... Because they are even more careful on me...

NEYZEN So what should I do?

SUPERIOR Shut up man! What is it to you? Are you gonna correct all this disorder?
 NEYZEN I can't help it... I can't help but speak when I see injustice...
 SUPERIOR You'll die if you speak out... You'll be buried under ground at this young age...
 The old timers use to beat up... These ones are killing...
 NEYZEN I can't stop myself sir...
 SUPERIOR (*Sincerely*) Then don't stay here, run away from here... I beg you Neyzen, don't kill me from remorse... Run away... In fact, immediately... I was chosen for the warning... Get a hold of it...
 NEYZEN I won't run away sir, I won't... Humans can kill abroad too believe it...
 The superior had teary eyes... We said goodbye... When I went out, I started to see the celebrations of freedom with a different point of view... The ones with dark past, low quality, and jackals of the past era among the leaders, have started to catch my eye right away... And now these had the badges of Union and Advancement... They are directing the country again.
 (*Couple rounds of gunshots*)
 They've cleaned up somebody...
 Esref is right... This freedom that the people yearn for, for years is just a show... I understand the reality; their existence will drift our country to a point of no return...
 (*Sound of a gunshot... Couple more rounds of gunshots*)
 See they've sent another one to kingdom come... (*Sound of a violent blast*)
 I think they even blasted the building in order to guarantee it... What will be the end? The truth of the matter? What should be the truth of the matter? Our nation should be headed towards appropriate harmony that would give joy to the soul like, the different sounds of splashing streams, rustling sound of willow, twittering of birds... And our world...
 I'm thinking that, not much has changed since the *Mizan* that I had bought from the son of the Municipality doctor in my childhood... No one from their political terms in our country displayed effective and resulting presence... All the reform movements that were made became half-finished, the steps that were taken, became hesitant and the decisions that were made, became diverting... Only Mustafa Kemal's term should be separated from this...
 Because I first got my ID card in that period... And it was then for the first time, fight against the religious fanatics/bigots had started... But he died and everything was left half-finished...
 I saw a sublime plane tree in the youth... Emptied inside... Yet even if it had lost its roots and means of life source, the plane tree lives... I started to visualize the wide sector that its roots and means has been exploited or swallowed by various groups and classes... Those suffering people had been able to survive and will survive even against the big losses... I thought, what's the secret of this? According to me, this secret was the power of the people... Then they should be trusted and find a solution... Solution... Solution... As long as poverty continues its presence, is a life without fight and war possible? So...
 Enough! This bloody trap set up by Roksolan,
 Trap with prayer, with crucifix, with fasting, with twisted faith!

I MUST FIND A WAY

**Someone by my heart has said,
 Close your eyes, be deaf, and swallow your tongue,
 The backstabbing fate is shitting in the mouth of the one, who knows,
 Then punches the back of the neck with a slap.**

**I must find a way, a way,
 I can't do without talking,
 I can't turn into three monkeys,**

I must be talking, yet at the same time no harm should come upon me.

**The song is the same song,
The strings has changed on the instrument,
The punch is the same punch,
If there is one, it has changed hands!**

**I have to find a way to speak,
I can't do without talking,
I can't turn into three monkeys,
I must be talking, yet at the same time no harm should come upon me.**

**Open your eyes now, don't weep and look into the future,
If you have a child, make him get use to beatings and to be degraded.
There's no way, you cannot free this nation like this,
Recognize the importance of this and get into precaution...**

**I have to find a way, in order to say these,
I can't do without talking,
I can't turn into three monkeys,
I must be talking, yet at the same time no harm should come upon me.**

**Don't say the truth! I swear to God, your tongue will be handcuffed,
And you would go to foreign lands again,
It has been years since he's in our political lives,
These storms that has broke out is not a good sign.**

**I have to find a way, in order to say these,
I can't do without talking,
I can't turn into three monkeys,
I must find a way, a way,**

**By squeezing the throat of the people saying, division and party,
He became a clamp for people for years,
He's going to fall into the hole he dug,
The fucking son of a bitch...**

**I have to find a way, in order to say these,
I can't do without talking,
I can't turn into three monkeys,
I must be talking, yet at the same time no harm should come upon me.**

But no, there is none, I can't find it... I can't find a way... And the more I can't find the tenser I get ... I know that tension is bad... Tension is the source of every sickness... To speak out as I wish is the way to free from this... But without fear... No! I can't find it... Then I really turn to the bottles... I drink until I ooze off... This continues until I curl up on a corner and recover... I grab the bottle as soon as I get sober...

**I've drunk this poison helplessly for thirty years,
This is a poison that invites someone to danger,
Of course the one who drinks becomes the laughingstock of the press,
The one, who reads the Night, damns those habitual evening drinkers!**

Who did I drink my first glass with? With whom, whom? I got it! The first chat was with Heresekli Arif Hikmet... Yeah, yeah, I took the first glass from him...

What about Namik Kemal? He was a big man in my eyes... Since this big man is drinking, why shouldn't I drink? I've said, "Let me be like him", and I've drank and drank and drank... My appearance right now is an appearance of a man who walks around with a raki flask hanging on his neck... Mehmet Akif is very sad at my condition... And he's not the old Akif either... He quit drinking... The beard too... He makes me swear up and down, to stop me from stepping into a bar...

**This person has been very tired, in order to straighten me out...
I'm grateful to him with my soul as long as I live...**

I hadn't gone to a bar in a long time... But when a childhood friend came from Bodrum, I was looking for a cover in the name of entertaining him... Actually the guest is an excuse... I must drink or I will go insane... By renting a horse with the last few bucks in my pocket, I'm going to a bar on the horse... I'm drinking again but this time, on a horse... Now I'm getting the sense of humor out of situations... Because I couldn't give up drinking... I'm starting to finish myself by wasting my last crumbs of intellect to be a source for jokes... Thus I'd be applying the promise I had given to Mehmet Akif... To be honest, I was fooling myself... But there's no end to it... I could see that I was being pushed and shoved... But I was resisting against the reactions with my intelligence... All of you must have heard the story about Donkey with raki... But now hear it from me. Fahrettin Gokay is a famous teetotaler (Green Crescent= Turkish Temperance Society) He had gathered the crowd giving a conference... 29

"If we fill one of the buckets with raki and the other with water, and if place them in front of a donkey, which one would it drink from?"

The audience yells saying, "The water!"

Gokay asked again, "Why?"

I couldn't hold back and I yelled, "Because of being a donkey!" They kicked me out.

I've had boozed-up again... I knew the neighborhood but I couldn't find my house... But I knew the night guard, so I went to him... "I hear our Neyzen Tevfik lives around here... Can you show me his house?" The guard thought I was kidding and said, "But sir, you're Neyzen Tevfik!"

"Man, I didn't ask you who was Neyzen, I'm asking about his house!"

One day they take me to the doctor... After giving a long look at my face, he asks, "do you drink?" I reply to the doctor saying, "Doc, why are you asking this question? Is it for check up or are you going to invite me to have a drink?"

One time I was leaving the bar dead drunk... A friend of mine sees me... And he sadly says, "It really breaks my heart to see you come out of here"

"Well, I don't want to break your heart, so I'll just go back in"

There were times I couldn't resist the pressures and quit drinking. But it wouldn't take long for me to find a way to start drinking again... So in a day like that again a friend of mine cuts in front of me... He reproaches me saying, "Hey, what happened, I thought you weren't going to drink!"

I tell him, "Yeah but, the obstacle is gone now! Because the doctor who prohibited the drink to me has died!"

You see, the world is turning and so do I... So we go on together in great harmony"

In this hurrah someone who thought of himself a novelist started to bother me... He brings me his recent work saying "Read this!"... I read the sketch/outline just to get rid of him... It 's terrible!

When he asked me how I liked it, I cut it short and tell him, "I didn't like the subject. I didn't like the way you worked it in... To be honest, it's terrible!"

He gets mad: "How can you come to a definite conclusion? You've never written a novel!"

I tell him, "I well know a fresh egg as well as an old one... But I have never laid an egg!"

Last but not least let me tell you this: I'm blowing nay on a corner again... And I was quite high, just unconscious... A shoeshine boy approaches me and asks, "Should I shine it sir?" I quickly lay down on my back, "Come here, and paint my face!"

The boy paints my face... I get up and go to Ahmet Rasim's house just like that... He is in shock when he sees me and says, "What's this Neyzen? Have you played in Othello at Kusdili Theatre?"

"Sometimes mercy brings shame on individuals... I had no shoe to be shined, but I had to give some money to that shoeshine boy... So that's why I let him paint my face.... Thank God I only have a shame of this sort... What if I had the kind that couldn't be washed off?"

So I guess this is what's call slowly-dying... People's pitiful look on me starts to make me uncomfortable... In my whole body I can feel living through the miserable ness to look right into people's eyes to order me a drink ... Because of that I drink in that little room that I'm locked in... But my acquaintances don't leave me alone there either... Upon seeing the big wine barrel in the room, on of them gets mad at me, "I thought you had quit drinking!"

I reply to him saying, "But if I don't drink, I lose my strength! For example, when this wine barrel first came here, I couldn't move it an inch... Whereas now, I can even lift it up by my two hands!"

**I can't distinguish, if it's Wilson's kindness or cruelty,
He's the one turns the paddle wheel of human life,**

**By making death drunk with the grain alcohol
Sends the time of death to our inclination as gaiety!**

Even in a case like this, I'm trying to find a way not to take the blame on myself. I was trying to blame God as saying, "Hey you, the one who had introduced himself mightier than I am! Look at me and be ashamed of yourself!" Does an approach like this fit to a man who doesn't believe in destiny? Now I'm a man who drinks whatever he can get his hands on, who throws up everywhere and shits haphazardly... I was in pain...

**The agony is like a scepter in my hand,
I'm the one walking in this desert of suffering!
This life-span is like a rotten coarse,
I'm the one dragging along, holding from the end!**

So Akif finds me in my seclusion again in a morning just like this... He's extending a mirror to my face... He says, "look!" "Do you know this creature?" I'm saying, "What should I do?" He says, "You'll get treatment" and as he grabs me he takes me to Bakirkoy Mazhar Osman...

With great care, the treatment is beginning... Mazhar Osman even gives me a room... They wash my body that hasn't been washed for days with soft soap... They give me clean underwear... Three meals a day... I'm getting better... But I will get out eventually... And I will face the reality... I was afraid... I was delaying my release... Is not being able to scream out the disgracefulness going to make me come to the same conclusion?

(Similes)

Cursing! Is there a better sedative? Cursing! There shouldn't be any boundaries recognized in this respect... So cursing should be a right for everyone... Cursing is a harmless action... It even saves a person from being hanged... Undoubtedly if you can also accomplish to make others laugh... I know that some of you think that cursing is a bad action to take... And some of you are saying, "At least the ones with talent shouldn't be cursed at"... For example, "Don't cuss at him, he's a mighty man!" "The other one is little don't cuss at him!" "He's uneducated, don't curse at him!" "He's not worth it don't curse at him!" "He's old, don't cuss at him!" So then, who should be cursed at? I ask you, to whom can we curse at and get it out of our system? See because of that, just as there is freedom to love, there should also be right given to people to curse... What do you say; every individual needs to curse, just like the air, water and bread... Because every human being has one bigger than him... If you curse at the Mayor, all the public gets happy... If you curse at the Governor, the President, if to the Minister of Internal Affairs then the Governor, and if you curse at the President then the Minister of Internal Affairs and the whole public gets happy... But you really have to balance it out...

**I'll fuck everybody's head,
Fuck the planter of the roses and flowers,
Fuck the cry of nightingale,
Briefly, I'll fuck your spring.**

**There's no use of the rose garden to me,
Or the dark nights and bright days,
Neither the boy or the girl or mere,
I'll fuck all of their graves.**

**I'm a man, I don't cry,
It's hard to cause me pain,
Say "I don't appreciate this life" you destiny,
Take your horse, I'll fuck your grooming!**

**It is hard to fool the poor,
To let them swim then throw them over the bridge,
You open your eye and take a look at me,
I'll fuck your pride!**

**I'll shit on Cupbearer's moon face,
I'll shit on the color and smell of the rose,
I'll shit on the musician's nature,
I'll fuck the pleasure in your glass!**

There is no joy in quitting and restart drinking,

**Or the freshly opened up rose in the rose garden,
The assembly that feeds our soul,
And with its gaiety, I'll fuck the having a hangover!**

**If I suffered the danger of the destiny,
I'll shit right in the middle of its mouth,
Let the world write this on their map,
I'll fuck their ground and their oceans!**

Oh boy! What a relief... Everybody is cracking up... Maybe a mother is slipping out her child to prevent him from hearing these, however rest of the people is happy... But majority is ashamed... Yet being ashamed is the most important barrier to make someone unhappy in his or her lifetime... An ashamed person can't live abundantly in this lively world...

**Don't divide this life into two
By saying, young and old age!
My God is mightier than the mighty;
Don't kill my cock before me!**

Oh wow! I'm really feeling relieved... It's helping, isn't it? But these are personal cursing... Gradually we need to get on some other things... The best thing for this is to choose foreigners, other countries... If you cuss at other countries and the beliefs and faiths of their people, nobody would pressure you... Because they are other countries and other people...

**I'll fuck the religion in the heart of that whore, foreign Europe
The one made him a judge to improve the justice,
While kissing the ass of that old fart pope,
I search for the reluctant worshiper of Bible!**

You like it, don't you? Because it doesn't concern you... But should we turn to our selves a little? Still let's not get out of hand...

**If you fart into the organ to tune it,
If you could be a Cardinal of Portugal you animal Imam.
Come and don't mess your name in the matter of order,
If your name goes up to nine, it won't come back to eight you bear Imam!**

But I'm going further... I'm cussing whoever comes my way... But what's that? Nobody is doing anything to me... Not even the slightest reaction... They are all just laughing... Or don't they take me seriously? See that would hurt me... And hurt me very much... Whereas I should be both taken seriously and my message should reach home... But how am I gonna do that? I get it, I think I'm getting it!

(Smiles with joy)

Do you know to whom our people call "crazy"? Our people don't call someone crazy for nothing... They won't honor anyone by giving that nickname easily... Because this approach is to scare off that individual...

They evaluate saying, "Let him yell better for us, let him oppose the injustice, but don't let anything happen to him! Because if something happens to him, he can't yell for us"...

Because of this they won't give that nickname to anyone easily... They try and evaluate first...

In other words, it takes time, patience for those who have such expectations... But I have no time to wait or to be patient! If I look at this way there's badness, and if I look to the other side there's injustice... What about the self interests that aroused and can't be bent? As long as this self-interest of the people continues, how can equality be obtained? Doesn't the humanity claw its own face in the wars? How can we enter in a peaceful period on mankind before eliminating the bigotry on every subject, which is the biggest barrier to correct all of these? What do the big nations do in the land of small nations? If your country has been invaded, then "If you have a friend that's the butt of your rifle, so kiss it and carry it on your shoulder"... But damn to those unjust wars, and to the ones who go to those wars, "May you rest in peace!"

What's the reason to stretch the word?

Let the bloody carcass of the globe crawl to lowness era!" When the nurses put on the straitjacket and pushed me in to the cell, all the eyes turned on me... They've collected as many people as the circumstances had permitted into the cell... I'll say about a hundred, you say hundred fifty... These are the head of the crazy... Meaningless faces... The dull images with happiness and unhappiness, with pain and sorrow... And twice as many eyes on the faces... All of these eyes are on me... Then slowly they started to come towards me... But this approach is a bad one... It's obvious they'll harm me... Because one of them who was in front, sprout up by me and was barking "Woof, woof!" at me... He was almost about to jump and bite my leg... Obviously this young man thinks of himself as a dog... If he's a dog and attacking me, then I tell him to stop it... I said, "Get away!"... Get away! Go away!" He got away from me as if he put his tail in between his legs... But the others are coming closer without making it apparent... Suddenly I've noticed I was surrounded... I wasn't wrong; with the most optimistic approach they will beat me... Or even be the hell out of me... What can I do? The twenty-five, thirty year old lunatic who just barked on me earlier, pulled his ass alongside of me and now he started to bark at the others... "Woof! Woof! Woof!" The on comers stopped... From what I understood, they weren't getting close to the ones who reacted... I at once started to yell with swinging the nay in my hand:

"Everybody get back to his place! Hurry up! Break up!"

They quietly got away from me as they came... Just like rewinding a movie they went to their places... But the nut that thought of himself as a dog wasn't going away... He came and rubbed himself even toadied... I said, "stop buttering up" as I lifted the nay like a stick... He stopped and groaned... "You are a human, don't bark!" As if saying, "I understand" he started to bark again, "Woof! Woof! Woof!"

"Barking doesn't fit a human... Especially being a dog, never!"

He came and laid down by my feet... I caressed his hair...

"What's your problem? Why did you choose to be a dog?"

He started to bark again, "Woof... Woof... Woof!"

"Don't bark, talk! You're human being!"

Suddenly his tongue became loose... He talked as a human... He had been working in a shoe produces... The man (Owner) use to say, "You will all be dogs here... Or I'll fire you all of you!" Well he had acted as the man wanted, but still did not save himself from being fired... Because what's valid is the economical rules... They had brought him here, as he had become a dog...

Another one who thought of himself as Baltaci Mehmet Pasha, explained his story as:

I chose Baltaci Mehmet Pasha... My real name is Tahsin... I was a journalist before I came

here... They were making a different meaning out of everything I've written... By being Baltaci,

I've gotten over the fear of 'when they are gonna come and get me'... Although we couldn't screw Katrina, but because of her we were saved from being screwed...

Another one:

I'm a poet sir... He explained, "What can a poet be besides being a poet even in the nut house?" Then he extended his hand: "Poet Cemil Husnu"

But there was one especially, he had a stick hanging like a sword from his side, and put one of his hands on his chest like Napoleon in his famous picture and stays with his eyes fixed on a spot... Should I laugh at this or cry? "I yelled "Bonaparte get a hold of yourself!" Poor man as if he was waking up from a dream, put the shovel down... According to what I've learned later, that if I didn't wake him up, he would have started to read the poem that Napoleon have read to the waves, and then most of the time before coming to the end of the poem he would get into fits by scattering bubbles from his mouth... The stories of the others? There's no reason to tell about them... Because all of these stories sound so much alike...

I got what I wanted and leaved the hospital... What was it that I wanted?

**If you have a insanity report,
Even the justice can't imprison you...**

As you'd understand, I got it so that I wouldn't be a dog outside...

(Suddenly he acts timidly.. As if he's shaking up and have become a new person)

First of all, I started to notify everybody that I have a report like this, but as if I wasn't the one stating it... The public had done what was necessary... All of a sudden, my being a madman with a report was heard from ear to ear in Istanbul... Later? What else can I say: Everywhere I was gonna come across to "Whatever he says fits him, don't drag it he's a madman!" Oh, I almost forgot to tell of the most important thing... I've said, 'Get the hell out' and expel 'The other one' inside of me...

(Gets on the table, as starting to wave hand)

THE SONG OF PERSONAL FREEDOM

**The witness doesn't show happiness to us as a favor,
We have chocked the aid of fortune of past eternity.
The past has been violated, present is shit, and the future is filthy,
As if we were born from mother freedom's ass!**

**No one can condemn, if we split our head,
Of course the nation has a right to fight and brawl,
Since eating just corn meal for years,
Our people aren't any different than Indian rooster.**

**I've taken my lesson from the ominous; I don't want any advice,
If knowing your limitations is a duty in the world,
If he has the talent to understand the right of the people,
The fist of the merciless is worth of thousands of Archangel Gabriel!**

**It was a winter that the animals acted funny,
The mad rushed to a cliff,
Uniform looked good on the mules,**

The donkey belly-danced in a caftan!

**You let the people go hungry, pushed on theft forward,
I wish from God that your luck will soon run out,
A thousand ominous, a thousand evils being showered day to day,
I wish from God that your luck will soon run out,**

**Don't just call shit, crap,
They hear and feel ashamed,
If a particle drops on shit,
It'll also spoil the shit!**

**They demolished the country upside down,
You are the certain rabies sir,
They've itched and itched for years,
You are the master who has scabies head to toe!**

**He put great pressure, yet the people's trouble is still water shortage,
We all know the nature of the city in summer months,
Our governor will choke Istanbul,
If he can gather the water that pour out at the gate of Municipality!**

**Take as need, dive as you please,
Play as you wish, play, play,
If you want give a hundred petitions,
There are no questions neither investigations!**

**Which whorehouse has improved by a religion?
Which Shah's wealth hasn't been ruined?
Which law and order stayed forever?
Religious or unreligious, they are all well-dressed showy philosophers!
Even if earthquake, fire, beatings or bullets becomes annoying,
We are still in doubt regarding these happy days,,
Even in times of peace,
We see those who die for their country as if there's a war!**

**The bigotry has thicken as much as possible again,
Fanaticism took off with a strong hee-haw,
Reactionary has come out of ambush with vengeance,
Ignorance covered this beautiful nation all over again!**

**There's no shotgun that doesn't fire,
You must get behind it and aim,
There's no human being that doesn't believe,
So you must know the essence and make up some words!**

**They've said the dictator is wounded,
The unlucky star rises and falls quickly,
You just call the dog "rabies" and move over,**

Because there'll be some who will kill it!

**There's no end to election and the purpose to live is,
To run pass the bridge without danger.
If you don't know the family line of the one you give your vote to,
He is like selecting his own enemy!**

**Don't look for manners or testicles in our religion,
Don't think that would be cleansed and go out of this world.
Until the end of the edge of the period,
We'll rub along with ignorance!**

Hey you scoundrel!

***What are doing in between God and me?
Who are you to ask me about my fasting!
If you really don't have any desire in the unlawful,
Then why do you ask for turban to those who have their head uncovered?**

**What is it to you if I'm drinking raki or wine?
I'll drink if I have no harm to you.
If we both come to a hair lined bridge,
I'll pass it even when I'm drunk, if I am upright.**

**Is it possible to worship during slavery?
You better get up and pray for ATATURK!
Because of scoundrels like you,
These people will cool off from their religion!**

**Don't ever forget the conditions during the siege,
Don't you malign against ATATURK you dishonorable.
You would have come out of your mother anyway,
But you wouldn't know who your father was, you dishonorable!**

**You are hypocritical, and your beard can't hide you
You've filled your bag with unlawfull,
You think you're untouchable but,
If these people touch you, they will fuck you!**

Nobody could do anything to me... Because I opened my horizon with a insanity report...
Would a report like this save you, I wouldn't know! Aha! We almost forgot the most important
of all... Now I know why all these people have gathered here... Because I've cursed for them
too... And I've also said what they couldn't say, for them... They have gathered here, because
I've become their eyes, ears and mouth... Because nobody was happy from this way of life...
Haven't you come here because of that too? Maybe some of you came here to see my burial with
their own eyes and be sure so they could be happy... Who knows? Now it's time to leave... The
ceremony will be done shortly...

(Sounds of drums, shrill pipe and nay comes from distance... And moaning people too)

In my philosophy I only know the mystery of God

Gathering of small things is nothing.

(Turns around and slowly walk toward to coffin, as a slow motioned picture... Stops, turns to the spectators again)

Now this much anger is enough for a lifetime,

I'd like to rest, my sorrow if tired.

From now on the end of the body, end of the tongue and end of the dreams,

Even I am an extra weight in this world.

(The sounds reach to unbearable...

It even increases with the sound of guns and bombs...

The cut off heads hang on the strings, come down from above and various parts of to stage ...

As much cut off heads as possible... A model of human hang on the strings suddenly comes down to stage from above. He's swinging...

Turbans, green flags, strings, stakes come down from above again... In an appearance, the fire flames can be seen that from outside, its cracking noise is being heard... Neyzen looks at this appearance)

See, the secret of creation has pulled the revolution to torture

Six hundred years later the mortal has existed

A skinny hyena has pulled some parts from the grave

The undeserved bodily debris of Spartacus and Yunus!

(Neyzen enters the coffin...

Closes the cover as he had opened it...

The moaning almost has turned into outcries)

September 10 1998, Istanbul.

THE END