



KAHRAMANMARAŞ
METROPOLITAN
MUNICIPALITY

CULTURAL
PUBLICATIONS

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Editor in Chief
Duran Doğan

Kahramanmaraş
Metropolitan Municipality
Cultural Publications: 110

First Edition
June 2021

ISBN 978-605-4996-99-5

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Zeytinburnu/İstanbul/Turkey
Certificate No: 44153

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THE WORD OF KAHRMANMARAŞ PATH OF LITERATURE

To Complete the Path with Words and Poetry

We do everything in life for human beings who think, make choices and show will. Therefore we add thinking, making choices and showing will as the hidden object of our life pyramid along with eating, drinking and nourishing ourselves. Idioms like "to be on the path" or "taking a path" are indispensable parts of our life pyramid. For the water to flow through our throats, for someone to reach somewhere, for stating a thought in a sentence, for the thinking human to make a choice... All these actions need a path.

While grappling with various matters in our daily lives we use idioms such as "getting things back on rail." This is because we need movement for our goals and a path for our movement. We pave the path of our Kahramanmaraş with these material and spiritual meanings and intentions. We also give importance to which path we are on as much as being on a path. We know that those without names are also without a body. And we wanted to accomplish this with people who came from the heart of Kahramanmaraş, who lead Turkey and who achieved fame which went beyond the borders of Turkey. We believe that these paths which were built to honour the material and spiritual memory of these people and to remind the treasures they presented in art and culture with their intellectual lives has found its destination.

If these paths were to attract only a single young person and direct them to learn about these important figures, then these paths would earn the value attributed to them and also add value to our country in the name of Kahramanmaraş. As our famous poet Cahit Zarifođlu once said: "My Allah / Along this path / Do not let go of my hand / Or I'll fall"

With hopes of never falling along this path.

HAYRETTİN GÜNGÖR
President of the Metropolitan Municipality

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HALÎLÎ-i MARAŞÎ

D. 1590

According to the “*Halili-i El-Maraşi*” statement in his *silsile-name* (a text showing lineage) called *Divançe*, *Halili* is from Maras.

He was a 16th century Sufi poet. His full name was “Halili bin Yusuf bin Hayreddin bin Hatib Mar’ası”. This full name can be found in the colophone of the poet’s own written work. The place and the date of birth of the poet who uses “Halili” and “Halil” as a pseudonym in only a few of his poems is unknown. His grandfather was Hayreddin bin Hatib who was also known as Hayreddin-i Mar’ası (D. 876/1472). Poems of Halil-i Mar’ası that were found in a hand written collection located in Kahramanmaraş shows that the family members had not lost their connection with Maras. The last two mentors (Yakub-ı Ayıntabi and Ahmed-i Rumkal’avi) of Halil-i Mar’ası, who were mentioned in his *Silsile*, lived in Antep and we can easily conceive that this had an effect on his connections.

Almost all of Halil-i Mar’ası’s written works have religious mysticism and moral contents within them. All of his works other than his “moral boklets” are poetic and original. This is why the first and most important thing to say about Halili’s literary identity is that he is a Sufi poet. Each of the poems in the *Divançe*, which were composed under a single title, are religious and mystic poetry.

Traces of the Old Anatolian Turkish can partly be seen within the poet’s poems. Eleven copies of the *Divançe* has been found both inside and outside of Turkey. *Etvar-i Seb’a* is one of his works which talks about the stages of the human soul (nafs) and its spiritual journey. There are five copies of this work inside Turkey. *Ravzatü’l-Iman* is an example for religious mysticism in didactic masnawis. There are fifteen copies of the work both inside and outside of Turkey. *Risale-i Ahlak I-II* are prose translations and hold value as a small religious and Sufi glossary of classic moral thought. The only copy of the work is in the Çorum Hasan Paşa Library. *Lübbün Nasa-yih* which has two copies in Turkey is another sermon themed moral poetic work of the poet.

Halili, who was a Halveti mentor, has his *Silsile-name* written in his *Divançe*. Halil-i Mara’ası is referred to as “Sheikh Halil” on his tomb because of him being a Sufi. This aspect of him is reflected in his works. There are two dates noted as the death of Halili at a collection found in the Süleymaniye Library Şehit Ali Paşa Collection 1121/1. According to these dates which were written down with abjad calculations, Halil-i Mar’ası died in 1589-1590 (Hijri 998). The tomb lies at Konya Musalla Graveyard.



'TIS THE ROAD TO GOD

Dervish, die before your death, 'tis the road to God's sake
Dervish, if you are a dervish, find solace in manifestations

If your lovers and loved ones want salvation, give your life
Dervish, if you are a dervish, do not forget your vow and oath

Know that God is everywhere, know that He sees every heart
Dervish, if you are a dervish, know that He can hear mute tongues

Do not try to break hearts, do not go your way blindly
Dervish, if you are a dervish, do not hurt the fly and the ant

Say your words with grace and face yourself towards the earth
Dervish, if you are a dervish, do not say that is that and this is this

Do not insult the drunkard, do not burn yourself in fire
Dervish, if you are a dervish, you shall never break a heart

Do not let selfishness in your words, do not praise yourself with satire
Dervish, if you are a dervish, do not even backbite your enemies

Kiss the hands of who beat you, pray for the ones who curse you
Dervish, if you are a dervish, do not fill with pride after being praised

DERVISH-NAMA-GHAZAL

Your problems found place in a wine house
I drank the wine of love and fell into a trance

I wanted to be glad but fell prey to sorrow
I wanted to prosper but I only got ruined

Destiny moved me quite away from you
Come to me, for a nocturnal madness struck me

Love came to me but I passed through with God
I am now alienated to myself and these people

When the secret is out contradictions multiply
A legend in every house and place is born

The secret was discovered privately and publicly
The world became ashamed for a little bit

Do not vilify Halîlî just because he is bewildered
Whoever saw the candle turned into a moth

WORKS

Dîvânçe-i Halîlî-i Mar'aşî, *Etvâr-ı Seb'â*, *Ravzatü'l-Îmân*, *Risâle-i Ahlâk I-II*,
Lübbü'n- Nasâyih.



KARACAOĞLAN

17TH CENTURY

He had travelled and observed a wide area within Anatolia such as Kilis, Kırşehir, Erzurum and especially Maraş along with Rumelia, Egypt, Tripoli and Syria.

It is believed that he was born in the 1600's and died in the 1690's. According to the information mostly obtained from his poems, it is thought that he was raised by the Taurus Turkmens of Çukurova. Karacaoğlan is thought to be one of the aşiks who wandered about the land with a saz in his hand. He was unable to stay for long in places where he went and he was also unable to hold on to a specific job.

The fame of this important name of Turkish folk literature spread to Azerbaijan and Crimea in the late 17th century. As his poems and folk songs were widely appreciated by the community, they were also sung and played in palaces. Unlike Gevheri, Âşık Ömer and other poets of the time, he covered themes such as the beauty of human and nature, love, admiration, poverty, homesickness, complaints of time and separation in his koşma, semai, folk songs and some of his epic poems without the influence of divan and tekke poetry. He avoided foreign words and affixes. He was more dependent on the village and tribe circles. He gave place to many words and phrases used around Southern Anatolia. By using words such as hırızma, dön-

deli, balaban, gövel, sübe he reflected the live folk language of the time. From this perspective he is defined as a ground-breaking poet in traditional Turkish folk poetry. In Karacaoğlan's poems, foreign words which have entered into Turkish and that settled into villager speech are common: Vallahi (in truth), talih (fortune), hayal (dream), daim (permanent), felek (fate) etc. are some of them. A good part of his poems are read as folk songs today.

According to some legends and the film Karacaoğlan'ın Kara Sevdası (1959) shot by Atif Yılmaz, it is possible that a lot of poems that were not written by Karacaoğlan, who had a widespread reputation, were attributed to him. Considering the diversity of the rumours about the century and the place he lived in, the idea that more than one Karacaoğlan may have lived in history is also put forward. The poems of Karacaoğlan, whose life was narrated in Yaşar Kemal's Üç Anadolu Efsanesi (1967), were compiled first in S. Nüzhet Ergun's book Karacaoğlan Hayatı ve Siirleri (1933) and then in Cahit Öztelli's book Karacaoğlan Bütün Siirleri (1970). Nearly twenty review books have been written about him. The place where Karacaoğlan and his grave is unknown. Although there are rumours that his grave is in Mersin, Adana, Kahramanmaraş and Erzurum, none of these are for certain.



THE LADY THAT CALLS ME DARK

The lady that calls me dark
Aren't your brows dark as well
The bride that makes me smile
Aren't your eyes dark as well

O beauty I want thou
I want to nurture you in my chest
Come and let me see your face
Aren't your earlocks dark as well

You are tall your hips are narrow
Your cheeks turned to flower buds
The braids you let loose as you please
Well aren't they dark as well

Do not slander me as dark
My God created me, do not scorn;
Kohl applied to hazel eyes
Isn't that dark as well

Isn't pepper dark as well
That comes from India and Yemen
And poured off in Baghdad
That is added to many dishes

There are swans in lakes
With white breasts and dark moles
There are a lot of rich people in Egypt
Aren't their slaves dark as well

The swans landing on a spring
Mostly have wings of white
The Arab sire in the desert
Isn't his tent dark as well

They come and go from every road
They choose white from black
Those sires and masters drink
Coffee that is dark as well

Water runs in their houses
The beauty looks in the eye
The loved ones put a hyacinth
On their cheeks that's dark as well

Karac'ođlan says praise be
He desires to one day see
The House of God with dark cloths,
Isn't its cover dark as well

WORKS

Karaca Ođlan Hayatı ve Őirleri, Sadettin Nüzhet Ergün, 1933, Karacaođlan Hayatı ve Bütün Őirleri, Mustafa Necati Karaer, 2013, Karacaođlan / Bütün Őirleri, Cahit Öztelli, 2020, Karacaođlan Bütün Őirleri, Doç.Dr. İsmail Dođan, 2015



SÜNBUŁZÂDE VEHBÎ

D.1809

He is a member of the Sünbülzâde family which was a family of scholars in Maraş.

It is understood from his works that he was born before 1719 (Hijri 1131). Both his father Raşid Efendi and his grandfather the Mufti of Maraş Mehmed Efendi were scholars who had written their own works.

After receiving his primary education in Maraş he went to Istanbul and thanks to his qasidahs and historical poems he was welcomed to the chambers of prominent figures of the period. He wrote poems under the influence of Nedîm and Sabit. He wrote *Tuhfe-i Vehbî* for the two sons of Grand Vizier Halil Hamîd Paşa who were also his students in 1783 (Hijri 1197). In 1791 (Hijri 1205), he wrote a book of morals which consisted of 1181 couplets called *Lutfiyye* for his son Lutfullah in the style of Nâbî's book *Hayriyye*. *Nuhbe-i Vehbî*, written in 1799, is an Arabic-Turkish poetic dictionary dedicated to Selim III. *Sevkengîz*, a book about how a *zenpare* and a *mahbubperest* compare the beauties of girls and boys and at the end gravitate to divine love, is a work of debate which consists of around 770 couplets. He also has a large Divan which consists of six sections. After a verse introduction in his *Divan* we could see some Arabic qasidahs and couplets, a Persian *divançe* with qasidahs, historical poems, ghazels and a eulogy for Sultan Mustafa. All these have separate titles within the

book. Keçecizâde İzzet Molla, who lived in the same period, defined Sünbülzâde Vehbî as the Chief of Poets. On the other hand, Ziyâ Paşa likens him to the odourless rose that grows in the desert.

Sünbülzade Vehbi began his official public job as a teacher and then continued on as a qadi while committing his works to paper. When his talent for writing was noticed by the state officials, he received the rank of "hacegân" under the auspices of Yenisehirli Osman and Reîsülküttâb İsmâil Efendi and started recording court minutes. Since he knew Persian very well, he was sent to Kerim Han Zend as an ambassador during the period of Abdulhamid I in 1775.

He lived in poverty as he was not assigned to any duty due to the loss of power of his patrons. In 1783, he managed to become a judge under the patronage of Grand Vizier Halil Hamid Paşa. During the period of Selim III, he lived his brightest period and served as a judge in Manisa, Siroz, Manastir and Bolu. He returned to Istanbul during his retirement and lived a comfortable life. When he was around his eighties, he fell ill with gout and lost his ability to see and according to one rumour, he also lost his consciousness.

He died on the 29th of April 1809. Although the place of his tomb could not exactly be located, it is thought by literary historians that his tomb is outside of Edirnekapi, Istanbul.



O HEART INCREASE THE PAIN OF LOVE

In the days of spring o heart increase the pain of love
Become like a nightingale and cry in the garden of rose spirits

With the furore of your tears that flow like Euphrates and Tigris
Turn the heavenly place of that loved one to the paradise city of Baghdad

You have destroyed my ruinous heart, now rebuild it piece by piece
Come o the youth of my hope restore me with your help

There is no use in drawing the sword of reproof to a lover my lord
Why would you tire yourself, let others be the executioners

The horde of sorrowful separations attacked my inner castle
Help me o cupbearer with cups of very strong wine

O the beautiful Christian I have held on to your lovelocks
Even if I am a slave can you not marry a heretic and set him free

Do not forget this aching Vehbî on the corner of sorrow
Bear him news of reuniting and let him be glad

WHEN THE WATER REALM REJOICES WITH VINE

When the water realm rejoices with vine wave by wave
The cheer of indulgents become wavy alike the sea

Should not the heart-ship pass over the black seas
The line of rejoice on your familiar face is apparently wavy

My "ah" became a line on the forehead of my loved one
The radiating sea looks as if it is wavy in the morning

The reflection of your flame-like face melted the metals
It turned the gold water on the mirror o loved one into waves

The sea of tears with the sorrow of the lovelock rings
Turned wave by wave into a whirlpool with every drop

The renowned thirsty ones gladly in the desert of demands
Saw in mirages their worldly prosperity wave by wave

Vehbi turned the lashes of the nightingale into a quill
The baldachin of meaning turned into broken embroideries of rose wave by wave

WORKS

Tuhfe-i Vehbî, *Divan*, *Lutfiyye*, *Nuhbe-i Vehbî*, *Sevkengîz*.



KUDDÛSÎ AHMED EFENDİ

1769-1849

He is the son of the scholar Hacı İbrâhim Efendi, a Nakşibendi sheikh who migrated from Maraş to Niğde. He was born on 15 July 1769 in Bor, which is a district in Niğde. After his father's death in 1786 he left Bor and travelled to cities such as Turhal, Erzincan and Kayseri where he met various sheikhs. Afterwards he travelled to Damascus, Egypt and Hedjaz. He lived in Mecca for seventeen years and then he returned to Bor.

He attended the Ottoman-Russian war between 1807 and 1810 and he also fought in the Balkan Front. After staying in Shumen for a while he went to perform Hajj again. After his return, he began to spend his time preaching and giving advice to his followers at his zawiya (a small Islamic monastery) in Bor. He influenced his environment with his poems composed in a Sufi, dervish and minstrel-like style. Kuddûsî, who said that he was influenced by Mevlânâ, saw that in the Nakşibendiyye order, where asceticism and piousness were given great importance, *sûluk* (a journey to find God) and *dhikr* were not very useful to his followers, so he started to educate his followers according to the principles of Kadiriyye. With his transition to the Kâdiriyye order, he had the opportunity to express his ideas, feelings and enthusiasm more easily. By saying "I am Halvetî and Celvetî and Kâdirî and Nakşîy," Kuddûsî states that he is close to all orders. Also known as Maraşîzâde

and Kuddûsî Baba, Kuddûsî, one of the most important Sufi poets who grew up in Anatolia in the 19th century, gave information partly about his life and the places where went in his poems.

His *Divan*, which consists of poems written in arud and syllabic meter, is his greatest work. In the *Divan*, the manners of the order, the terms of Sufism and the state of dervishness are explained in detail. In his booklet *Nasâih-i Kuddûsî* (Külliyat-ı Kuddusi), he describes his suffering due to poverty. In addition, Kuddûsî draws the portrait of the Ottoman society in terms of the socio-economic situation of the 1800s in this booklet. The work he completed in 1825 named "*Hazînetü'l-Esrâr ve Ganîmetü'l-Ebrâ*", which is the second biggest work of Kuddûsî after his *Divan*, is a guide to show how a persons religious life and the life of a pilgrim who aims to reunite with Allah should be. The booklet *İcâzet-nâme-i Kuddûsî*, which consists of two parts that are prosaic and poetic respectively, has a *dhikr* license. In *Pendname-i Kuddûsî*, known as his last booklet, there are warnings about the temporality of the life in this world, about how not to be embarrassed against God on the day of reckoning and about *dhikr*.

In 1849 Ahmed Kuddusi died in his home at Bor's Kavaklı district, he was buried with a shroud made from Niğde cloth accordingly with his will.



I SEARCHED BUT COULD NOT FIND

I searched but could not find in Anatolia or in Hejaz,
Where is your station, I do not know o heart
You idled around with metaphorical love
Now your feet cannot tread towards the path of truth

Why can't you sleep all of the sudden
Nobody has the intimacy to know your secret
From now on I shall not believe your words
For you act in an ambiguous manner

The basis of your shape started to weaken
You never even attempted to protect it
I now say farewell, bidding you to God
Never let your glowing lantern wane

You gurgle like the rejoicing waters
You brand yourself with your ember
You cry day and night with lamentations
Now you have worn out your heart

You squall for a while without waiting
 You go towards the desert like Mecnun
 Forever tracing the whereabouts of Leyla
 The mountain's summit became your home

I told you not to fancy the world
 But you brushed aside my words
 Troubling love became an excuse for you
 But your ears did not hear my advice

Forsake the metaphorical my mad heart
 Indulge in science and knowledge my heart
 Drink wine from your fellows my heart
 If you want the far to be near to you

Do not give hardship to Kuddûsî o heart
 Do not waste his life away o heart
 Do not drink the wine of loneliness o heart
 Do not think that today will go on forever

WORKS

Divan, *Nasâih-i Kuddûsî (Külliyat-ı Kuddûsî)*, **Hazînetü'l-Esrâr ve Ganîmetü'l-Ebrâr**,
Pendnâme-i Kuddûsî, *İcâzetnâme-i Kuddûsî*, **Vasiyetnâme-i Kuddûsî**



HÂMÎ-i ABDULGAFFAR BABA

D.1892

He was one of the Sufi poets living in Maraş in the 19th century.

His exact birth date is unknown. He is the son of a man known as Abdülga-fur who was originally from Bukhara. According to the information obtained from his works, the poet, mostly known as Gaffâr Baba, served as a singer of masnawis for a while in the Dervish Lodge found in the Alaüd-devle's foundation complex in Maraş. It is estimated that the poet, who had Bektashi inclinations in some of his poems, later on submitted to the Mevlevi order. He composed his poems under the pseudonym Hami. Because of some of his poems, he was subjected to criticism and was looked down upon by the scholars of the period. Hâmî-i Abdulgaffar Baba, who was a true scholar and an intellectual, was a follower of the Naksibendî order and clearly expressed his devotion to Naksibendi in his poems. According to Besim Atalay, the grave of the poet, who is thought to have died in 1891 or 1892 in Maraş, is in the Dervish Lodge where he served as a singer of masnawis for a while.

The only work which has reached today of Gaffar Baba, who was proficient in Arabic and Persian, is his *Divan*, which is quite voluminous. Today, his *Divan* is the only resource known about Hami. It is a *Mürettep Divan* (a divan which has been organised in a particular way). Two hand-written copies have been found. One of the copies is registered under the name of "Divan-ı

Hami" at Millet Library, Ali Emiri, Verse, No.:103. The other copy is in a poetry anthology registered with the name "Nâ't-ı Şerîf, Hâmî Abdu'l-Gaffâr Baba" at the Kahramanmaraş City Library Collection of the Konya Manuscripts Regional Directorate Library, No. 128. The poems in the copies match each other. The criticized text and facsimile of Abdu'l-Gaffar Baba's *Divan* was published by Assistant Professor Lütfi Alıcı and Research Assistant Gülcan Tanıdır Alıcı under the name of *Divan-ı Hâmî-i Mar'aşî*. Hâmî's poems mostly have a religious-Sufi theme. One of the four qasidahs in the *Divan* is a "tarih" (a poem that commemorates a special date). The *tarih* in question is very important in terms of the poet's order, the content of his poems and the date of his *Divan*. Hâmî prepared his *Divan* in 1867 (Hijri 1284) with the request of his mentor. He quintupled (in *Divan* literature, the case of adding three lines to each couplet of a ghazel) the ghazels of Hâmî, Derdli, Hamamcı-zâde Hafız, Kamil, Nâbî, Eşref, Rızâ and Âkif. As a form of verse, these poems express admiration and influence in a way. Therefore, it is possible to say that these poets were influential on Hâmî's literary personality. Most of his poems focuses on Muhammad (pbuh), his descendants and the great Sufi figures. The poems also emphasizes the importance of life after death. It is estimated that his grave is in the Dervish Lodge, where he served as a singer of masnawis for a while.



I'M IN LOVE, THOSE WHO AREN'T INFATUATED CANNOT UNDESTAND ME

I'm in love, those who aren't infatuated cannot understand me
Those who weren't sacrificed with the dagger of love cannot understand me
Not everyone who calls themselves Sufi will understand my state
Those who aren't drunk with the wine of knowledge cannot understand me

II.

Her bangs increase the level of love in my crowded mind
The love of a woman always makes me leave my country
I'm a man of suffering, I will not reveal my secret to the ignorant
When it comes to wisdom of love no one other than Lokman will understand me

III.

The woman I'm attracted to makes me suffer as I beg
But the procurer of remedies cannot help this sickly heart
Joseph from the land of affection made me cry in such a way
That only Jacob the Canaanite will sadly understand me

IV.

From the hand of wisdom I have acquired my flagon
I tied to my mad heart the strands of my lover's bangs
I escaped from worldly ties and deemed the alehouse my home
Those who aren't kings in the land of the poor cannot understand me

V.

The people, the public found joy in those sugary red lips
I'm left without a share submitting to heat and warmth
The bird of my life like Hami, turned into cooked meat with separation
Those who haven't turned to biryani with longing and burning cannot understand me

VANITY AND JEALOUSY AND HATRED CANNOT DWELL IN AN ENLIGHTENED HEART

Vanity and jealousy and hatred cannot dwell in an enlightened heart
Those with pure manners will not have creases on their skins

The people of the heart do not find joy in worldly possessions
During unfortunate times they are not filled with sorrow

Beggars in poverty who are on the path of righteousness
Will not approach the doors of monarchs for food

Joy and fun in this world is for those who gave up
There is no comfort or safety for determined people

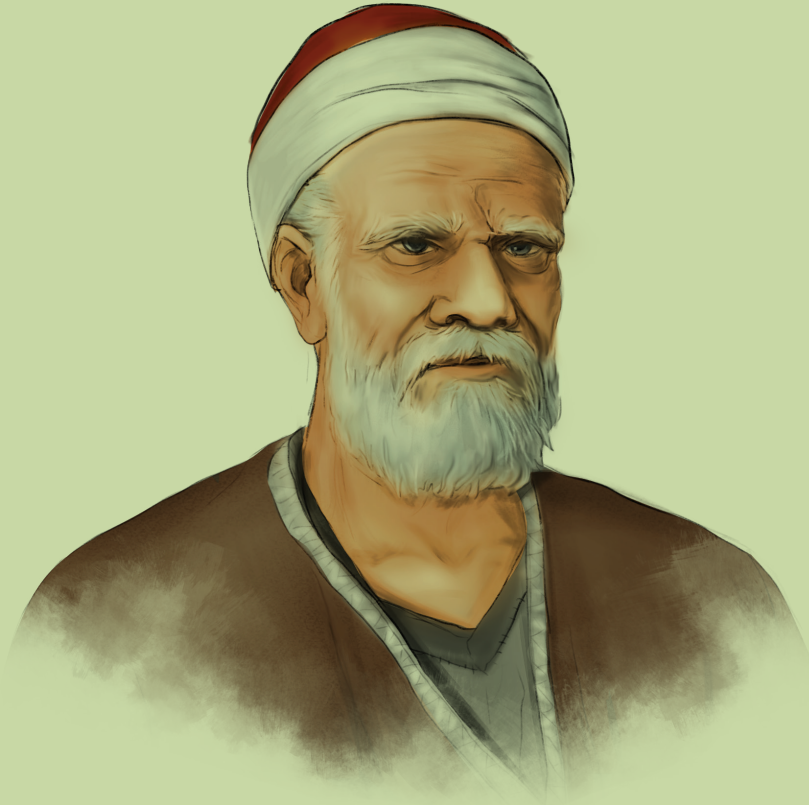
Knowledge and wisdom can be found in alehouses
Eternal love cannot be seen, devotees cannot be selfish

Even if sugar canes are sweet from top to bottom
They cannot be as sweet as the stature of my loved one

If you had not gained the favour of the elders of your order
This poem would not have been that fresh and tender and colourful

WORKS

Divan-ı Hâmî-î Mar'aşî



HAMAMCI-ZÂDE HÂFİZ-I MAR'AŞÎ

19TH CENTURY

It is understood from the beginning part of Dîvân-ı Hâfız-ı Mar'aşî that his pseudonym was Hâfız and he was from Maraş.

Hâfız-ı Mar'aşî, whose real name was Halîl, was a divan poet who lived in the 19th century. Although there are various opinions on the date of his birth and death, it is not possible to give an exact date. Hâfız-ı Mar'aşî, who used the pseudonym Hafiz in all of his poems, was also a "hafız" (a person who knows the Quran by heart).

His work named Heftde Kemer Beste is a Turkish prosaic will written by Hacı Bektâs-ı Velî to Sarı İsmail as a booklet. His work named Velâyet-nâme is a prosaic hagiography of Hacı Bektâsî Velî. His Dîvân is a book composed of classical poems. There are three copies of this book: One in Istanbul and two in Kahramanmaraş. The name of Hafiz is recorded as "Hamamcı-zâde Hâfız-ı Mar'aşî" and "Mar'aşî Hamamcı-zâde Hâfız Halîl Efendi" in the copies of the Divan. It is understood from these records that the real name of the poet was "Halîl" and that he was from a family known as Hamamcı-zâde in Maraş. Additionally, it is possible to say that Hâfız-ı Mar'aşî lived in the period of Abdülmecîd Han (1839-1861) based on a qasidah in his Divan. During the time of Hafiz, Maraş was regularly raided

by bandits. Abdülmecîd Han saved Maraş from the wrath of Tecirlü and other bandits by sending a vizier. Although his name is not mentioned in the Dîvân, it is understood that the vizier in question was Azîz Paşa, who came to Maraş on the 1st of November 1855 to fight the bandit. Naturally, Hafiz's poems reflected many elements about him and Maraş. The period in which Hafiz-ı Mar'aşî lived is understood from his "tarih" poems as well as a qasidah in the Divan. Although he was raised in the countryside during the last period of divan poetry, Hâfız-ı Mar'aşî was a poet who had mastered classical Turkish poetry.

The dates in his Divan showing the years 1860-1861 (Hijri 1277) are poems certifying that the poet was alive in the second half of the 19th century. It is unknown how much longer Hafiz lived after this date. The poet completed his Divan while he was alive and sent it to someone named Yümnî for him to make a copy. This verse letter sent by Hafiz to Yümnî asking him to write this Divan is at the end of the Istanbul University copy. Therefore, it is possible to say that Hafiz reached maturity as a poet.

Although Hamamcı-zade Hâfız-ı Mar'aşî lived in a period close to today, there is not enough information about his life in any of the resources.



TALKED BY MANY

It is said that my miserable state is talked by many
I passed through the desert of love, I'm like Qays
Truth be told I've found fame as a hedonist
My mind is secret and on the surface I am a madman
Nobody can understand what I am, oh what I am

Our heart is luminary which is a gift to us
We watch the radiant face of our lovers every moment
We are always intimate, we are always with them
Our bazaar is on the inside with my lover
We have an inner intimacy I don't care for the superficial

You're a song of the temple of unity, I've heard you
When I reunited with my loved one I've lost my mind
At that moment with a gladness I've rejoiced
I drank a drop of creation in the house of wine
I drank wine in the house of love, I'm that drunk

In the corner of anguish I suffer, my heart is in blood
I am heaped with sorrow and my burden is increasing
Don't think that I'm happy, I ache a thousand times
Don't think that I'm glad just because I smile
My heart is mourning my chest is bloody and I'm a madman

My quill is a unique pearl I don't say temporary things
I don't waste my toil while wandering around
I wouldn't bow to the unworthy like a hypocrite
O Riza, I do not ill-treat my backbiters
I'm the brave son of a brave man, that's how courageous I am

DOCTOR LOKMAN'S LIPS SANK TO MEDICINE

Doctor Lokman's lips sank to medicine
 A tall heart-throb walked by beautifully
 That bud-face filled with gillyflower bangs
 My heart fell in love with a babbler
 Mirror of the seen saw your dream-like face

That dimple took my faith with superstitions
 Your fierce lashes took my very life
 With your magical trickery you took my livelihood
 You took my wailing tongue with your spells
 I was free but then fell into anxious anguish

The tears of my eyes were to feed my body
 The flame of my laments were to kindle your breath
 My height was to make sorrow bend and sit
 Her cheery brows were for me to prostrate on
 I fell for her shrine-like eyebrows

Hafiz, the bangs of your lover is in Lutfi's account
 Your amber-like great song is in Lutfi's account
 When your heart is wounded, joy is in Lutfi's account
 Hospitals are worthy of Lutfi's account
 My mad heart fell into the locks of your shoulder-length hair

WORKS

Dîvân, Heftde Kemer Beste, Velâyet-nâme



NECİP FAZIL KISAKÜREK

1905-1983

Ahmet Necip Fazıl Kısakürek, a member of a family from Maras, was born in 1904 in Istanbul.

He continued his primary education in various schools. He graduated from Naval School in 1920. This was when his interest for literature began. Among his teachers in high school there were names such as Yahya Kemal Beyatlı, Ahmet Hamdi Akseki and Hamdullah Suphi Tanrıöver. In 1921 he enrolled in the Philosophy Section of Darülfünun Literature Madrasah but did not graduate. He first started to compose poems at the age of seventeen with his mother's request and his first poems were published in 1922 at *Yeni Mecmua*. He made his mark with his poems published in *Milli Mecmua* and *Yeni Hayat* magazines. In 1924 with the state scholarship he went to France to study Philosophy at Sorbonne University. Due to his bohemian lifestyle in Paris he couldn't finish this school either and he returned to Turkey. Two of his poetry books, *Örümcek Ağrı* (1925) and *Kaldırımlar* (1982), caused great excitement in the literary community and ascended him above all the other poets of that time at a young age. About the poetry book he published *Ben ve Ötesi* (1932) before the age of thirty Ziya Osman Saba had said; "Necip Fazıl may not be the greatest Turkish poet but I am guessing that *Ben ve Ötesi* is the most powerful poetry book of Turkish Literature." In September 1943 he started publishing *Büyük*

Doğu magazine which he is identified with. The magazine was censored and closed in May 1944 due to the following hadith which he had published: "Those who do not obey Allah will not be obeyed". In 1959, many lawsuits were filed against him. The 27 May Coup d'Etat occurred when he was about to be sent to prison. He was held in prison for four and a half months beginning on the 6th of June 1960. He spent another year and a half in prison because he was the only one excluded from the general amnesty that was announced after the coup. He published his writings in *Yeni İstiklal*, *Son Posta*, *Babıalide Sabah*, *Bugün*, *Milli Gazete*, *Hergün* and *Tercüman* newspapers during the time *Büyük Doğu* was not published. In 1964 he started to publish *Büyük Doğu* for the eleventh time and he faced proceedings due to a poem titled "Zeybeğin Ölümü" which he wrote for Adnan Menderes. In 1965, he gave conferences by establishing the *Büyük Doğu Idea Club*.

Necip Fazıl was granted with the following prizes: Ministry of Culture Grand Prize in 1980, National Culture Foundation Award in 1981 for his work *İman ve İslam Atlası*, and the Outstanding Service Award from the Turkish Authors Association in 1982. He won the title of "Sultanü's-Suârâ" (Sultan of Poets) with the certificate given by the Turkish Literature Foundation in 1980. Necip Fazıl Kısakürek passed away on 25 May 1983 in Istanbul and he was buried at the Istanbul Eyüpsultan graveyard.



LETTER TO MEHMED FROM PRISON

Prison is supposedly two syllables my Mehmed!
Patricidals and your father are on the same line!
And a man left behind with a clamp on his neck...
Do not mourn while thinking of me my Mehmed!
To meet again?.. Maybe... I am not dead yet!

The yard... A long path... Paved with bricks,
The red bricks are all hexagonal shaped.
This path is also silent since ending up in prison...
Come and go... A hundred steps... A thousand year old mansion.
Neither the feet will bear this nor the nails!

A world where the skies are in vents!
The mind is in grasp of impossibilities.
Questions are piled on top of questions:
Should I think, talk, be silent or forget?
Would a man leave here or a coffin?

There was Ali who was condemned to death, they hanged him;
They took his record and impressed its seal.
It's in the past now, a few days' event.
What's left of him are a few miserable
Clovers he planted in the garden...

The warden listens to problems, it's submission day!
Beetle browed is the fellow they call the government...
God has hold me captive, who shall let me free?
He doesn't understand, my petition is unwritten and stampless...
He doesn't understand, my handcuffs are on my soul!

When it's five o'clock a deafening bell;
 There's a roll-call, quickly get in line!
 Put your name in there in unison!
 Humans in prison are a quantity;
 Bones in rags and meat in shirts.

Frowning is a knife, yelling is a slap;
 Layered darkness in eyes full of tar..
 Mercy is only on the face of my prayer rug;
 Since nobody is here to caress me,
 Kiss my forehead, kiss it my prayer rug!

Tea-maker, pour us from your reeking tea!
 Let's subtract a minute from a year!
 In prison minutes are no different than months.
 Stir your tea and see time melt
 Let it melt foam by foam, smoke by smoke!

Benches, benches nailed on walls;
 Stains on the walls more oily than heads,
 Shadows buried one by one in the walls..
 The wall, the murderous wall, you've killed my path!
 The sponge filled with blood, you've drank my brain!

Silence... Distance distances itself curve by curve;
 My eyes cannot choose a single point on earth.
 Are the dead and the living where they're supposed to be?
 Did they empty the earth and we were unaware?
 Is there a migration to the sun and we're the ones left?

The sound is iron, the water is iron, the bread is iron...
If you want you can gnaw on iron intangibles,
What could one do, this is our fate, the order...
A weird window, small and very narrow;
Closed to the world but open to God.

Our hands are tingling with prayers after prayers;
The stars are in our palms, the sky has crumbled.
Teardrops are fields full of growing weeds...
A breath, an incense, a wafting vapour;
A string so thin it weaves the emptiness.

Our ward it seems is a mother's womb;
A radiance, a rebirth in its darkness...
I hear voices: Come on and fight!
You are a giant, giants have heavy burdens!
Now rise, straighten up and be glad!

My Mehmed, be glad, keep your chin up!
Be glad even if we die or return home!
Don't think that this wheel would be stuck forever!
Tomorrow for sure is ours, it is ours!
The sun may rise or it may set, eternity is ours!

WORKS

Örümcek Ağı (1925), Kaldırımlar (1928), **Ben ve Ötesi (1932)**, 101 Hadis (1951), **Sonsuzluk Kervanı (1955)**, Çile (1962), **Şiirlerim (1969)**, Esselâm (1973), **Tohum (1935)**, Bir Adam Yaratmak (1938), **Künye (1940)**, Sabırtası (1940), **Para (1942)**, Nâm-ı Diğer Parmaksız Salih (1949), **Reis Bey (1964)**, Ahşap Konak (1964), **Siyah Pelerinli Adam (1964)**, Ulu Hakan Abdulhamid Han (1965), **Yunus Emre (1969)**, Kanlı Sarık (1970), **Mukaddes Emanet (1971)**, İbrahim Edhem (1978), **Bütün Eserleri, İbrahim Edhem dışında tüm oyunları (1976)**, Bir Kac Hikâye Bir Kac Tahlil (1933), **Ruh Burkuntularından Hikâyeler (1965)**, Hikâyelerim (1973), **Aynadaki Yalan (1970)**, Kafa Kâğıdı (1983), **Vatan Şairi Namık Kemal (1944)**, Senaryo Romanları (1972), **Eseri ve Tesiriyle Namık Kemal (1940)**, **Vatan Haini Değil Büyük Vatan Dostu Vahidüddin (1968)**, Benim Gözümde Menderes (1970), **Çerçeve (1940)**, Maskenizi Yırtıyorum (1953), **At'a Senfoni (1958)**, Ideolocya Örgüsü (1959), **Büyük Doğu'ya Doğru (1959)**, Tarih Boyunca Büyük Mazlumlar (1966), **Türkiye'nin Manzarası (1968)**, Binbir Çerçeve I-V (1968-69), **Çepeçevre Anadolu ve Gençlik (1969)**, Çepeçevre Sosyalizm, Komünizm ve İnsanlık (1969), **Son Devrin Din Mazlumları (1969)**, Yeniçeri (1970), **Tarihimizde Moskof (1973)**, Cumhuriyetin 50. Yılında Türkiye'nin Manzarası (1973), **İhtilal (1976)**, Rapor 1-13 (1976-1980), **Halkadan Pırılıtlar (1948)**, Cöle İnen Nur (1950), **Altın Zincir (1959)**, Altın Halka (1960), **O ki O Yüzden Varız (1961)**, İlim Beldesinin Kapısı Hz. Ali (1964), **Hulefâ-i Râşidîn Menkıbelerine Ait Bir Pırılıt Binbir Işık (1965)**, Peygamber Halkası (1968), **Tanrı Kulundan Dinlediklerim (1968)**, Nur Harmanı (1970), **Başbuğ Velilerden 33 (1974)**, Veliler Ordusunda 333 (1976), **Doğru Yolun Sapık Kolları (1978)**, İman ve İslâm Atlası (1981), **Batı Tefekkürü ve İslâm Tasavvufu (1982)**, Abdülhak Hamid ve Dolayısıyla (1937), **Müdafaa (1946)**, Her Cepheyle Komünizma (1961), **Türkiye'de Komünizma ve Köy Enstitüleri (1962)**, İman ve Aksiyon (1964), **İki Hitabe: Ayasofya-Mehmetçik (1966)**, Müdafaalarım (1969), **Hitabe (1975)**, Sahte Kahramanlar (1976), **Yolumuz, Halimiz, Çaremiz (1977)**, Cinnat Mustatili (1955), **Büyük Kapı (1965, O ve Ben adıyla, 1974)**, Hac (1973), **Babialı (1975)**, İstanbul'a Hasret (der. Mehmet Kısakürek, 2005), **Mektubat (İmam-ı Rabbâni'den)**, El-Mevahibü'l-Ledünniye (İmam-ı Kastalâni'den, 1967), **Reşahat ayn el-Hayat (Safi Mevlâna Ali Bin Hüseyin'den, 1971)**, Rabita-i Şerife (Esseyyid Abdülhakim Arvasi'den, 1974), **Tasavvuf Bahçeleri (Abdülhakim Arvasi'den, 1983)**.



ÂŞIK YENER

1928-2009

Aşık Yener, whose real name was Hacı, was born in 1928 in Kahramanmaraş.

He finished his primary education in his village. Since his childhood, he approached the tradition of minstrels with great curiosity and tried to learn this tradition. In 1946 he graduated from Hasanoğlu Village Institute and started to write poems. Throughout his thirty years as a public official he worked as a health officer first in his own region and then in Kayseri and Istanbul. He also worked as a governor of a sub-district for a while.

The folk songs and folktales he heard in an early age from the elders of his family and his community helped him to understand tradition and to find the meaning of this tradition. The reflections of Yunus Emre and Karacaoğlu could be seen in his poems. The deep roots of the tradition of minstrelsy and the good education he received afterwards did not create a contrast in his modern art. On the contrary, he created works in both traditional and reformist styles. Âşık Yener did not participate in any competitions or in call-and-response duets, although his saz and his words were extremely poignant. He criticized social disintegration and social order in his poems. He treated almost every subject such as love, nature, separation and social lampoonery in his works. He found

himself in difficult situations from time to time due to his criticisms of various behaviours and events he saw in society. But he did not give up, he always fought against injustice. He was kept in prison for nine months in 1962 for political reasons. This is why he experienced difficulty for a long time. Âşık Yener, who was later acquitted, returned to his former position and retired from his duty in 1978. In his own words, he composed more than 3500 poems. More than two hundred of his poems were set to music and vocalised by various artists. The most common of these are “Kız Sen İstanbul’un Neresindensin”, “Yol Ver Dağlar Yol Ver Bana”. A very small part of Aşık Yener’s poem “Kız Sen İstanbul’un Neresindensin” which was originally much longer was set to music by Ünal Narçın in the hejaz tune, and when it was chanted by Emel Sayın, it became known throughout Turkey. His poem “Yol Ver Dağlar Yol Ver Bana”, inspired by the Binboğa Mountains in which he was born and raised, was set to music by İsmail Özden. Many famous artists such as Arif Sağ, İbrahim Tatlıses, Müslüm Gürses vocalized this famous work. Âşık Yener participated in the Istanbul Gülhane Park events in 1989-1990 and gave speeches in various programs.

Aşık Yener passed away on 12 October 2009 in Istanbul. He was buried in Büyükçekmece Graveyard.



GET OUT OF MY WAY O MOUNTAINS

Your head is wrapped in smoke
Get out of my way o mountains.
My heart wants to go to my love
Get out of my way o mountains.

The long paths of Kayseri
Shall go all the way to my love
My eyes are filled with tears
Get out of my way o mountains.

My profit is to be an aşık
I missed you a lot my love
My sweet-lips I'm in pain
Get out of my way o mountains.

I didn't blow on your snow-cap
I never offended my lover
I haven't given up hope yet
Get out of my way o mountains.

My budding lover will be a leaf
Autumn leaves fall turning into dirt
Her golden hair will turn grey
Get out of my way o mountains.

My lover may find a rival
She may belong to another
Aşık Yener would then die
Get out of my way o mountains.

IF THEY WERE TO ASK

O love, say that I have gone away
 If they were to ask after some time
 Say that he hasn't come after all these years
 He's probably dead, if they were to ask

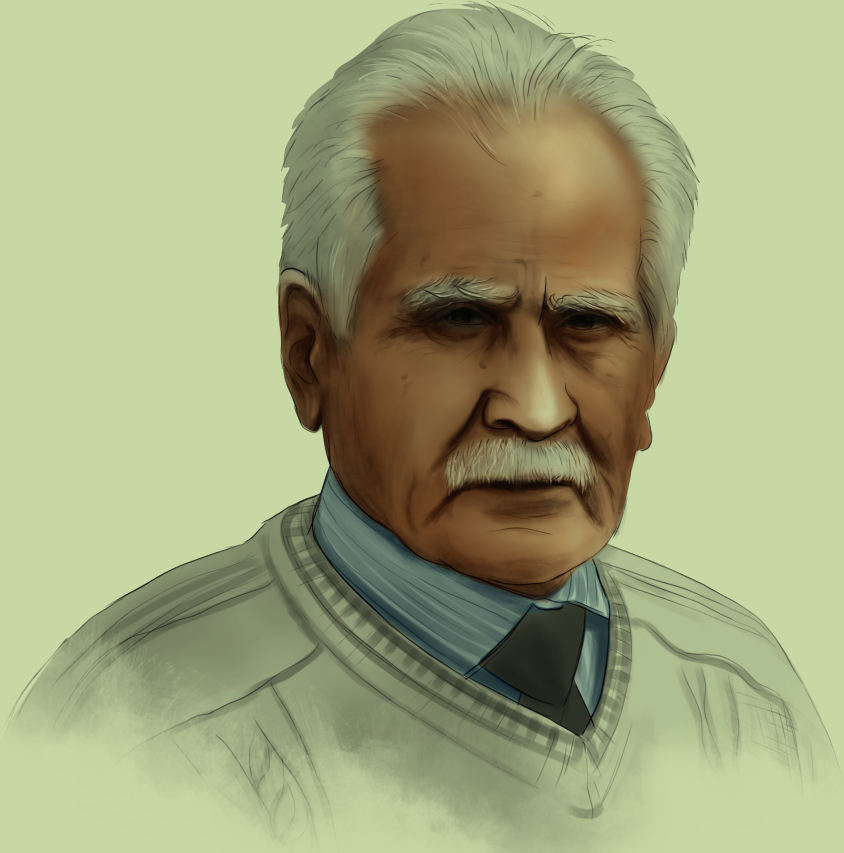
He was forgotten with each passing day
 He wasn't remembered in eids or weddings
 If they were to ask, tell them he smoked
 From the ember of my burning love

Like clay mixing with flood waters
 Like a handkerchief against the wind
 If they were to ask, tell them he melted
 Like a burning candle.

Say that Asık Yener gave up on luck
 He has no hope in love anymore
 If they were to ask, tell them an owl hooted
 Upon a gravestone one night.

WORKS

*Deyişler Demeti (1982), Şiirler Demeti (1992), Yol Ver Dağlar Yol Ver Bana (1998),
 Binboğa'dan Marmara'ya (2000)*



BAHAEDDİN KARAKOÇ

1930-2018

He was born in Kahramanmaraş in 1930.

He completed his primary education in the village where he was born (Ekinözü, Cela Village). He started his secondary education in the Adana Düziçi Village Institute, and completed it in Ankara Hasanoglan Village Institute's Health Department in 1949. In the third grade of primary school, he learned the Ottoman alphabet in a week and he began being able to recite the Quran in a month. This was the time when, in his own words, he was caught in "the wind of poetry which will not leave him until death". He became a public officer in 1944. After working as a health officer for the health care organisations in Kahramanmaraş for thirty two years, he retired in 1982.

His first poem was published in Behçet Kemal Çağlar's newspaper Yurt in 1942. His poems were published in magazines such as Köy Postası (1949), Genc Kalemler (1950), Orkun, Tohum, Ozan (1959) in his first years as a poet. In later years he took part in many newspapers and magazines such as Varlık Yıllığı (1963), Büyük Türkiye, Hareket, Adımlar, Elif, Zeren, Töre, Hisar, Türk Edebiyatı, Doğu, Nilüfer, Millî Kültür, Elbistan'ın Sesi, Yeni Elbistan, Kent Huduteli, Orta-doğu, Sabah, İstiklal and Bayrak. He did not include any of these poems in his books that were published in various magazines until 1960's. In 1973 with the publication of his book Seyran, he truly became a man of letters. His literary style was also more apparent. Bahaettin Karakoç

succeeded in presenting a unique new path in his late years by combining his understanding of poetry, which is closer to folk poetry, with the modern style.

Dolunay magazine, which he started publishing in 1986 had to close down after thirty-seven issues due to economic reasons. This magazine was welcomed with interest all over the country. He founded Dolunay Publications, a publishing firm that brought many young writer and poet candidates to the world of literature.

In 1986, he received the Turkish Authors Association Award in the field of poetry with his book Bir Cift Beyaz Kartal. In 1989, after being elected by the Ministry of Culture, he participated in the Struga International Poetry Evenings (an international poetry festival) representing Turkey. In 1991, with his poem "Beyaz Dilekçe", he won first place in the contest organized by the Turkish Religious Foundation. In 1993, he was awarded the "Great Abay Award" in the capital city of Kazakhstan, Almaty, where he had attended the 2nd International Poetry Festival of Turkish. Poet Bahaettin Karakoç, who is known as "Dede Korkut" and "White Eagle" in Turkish literature, was granted the title of "honorary doctorate PhD" by Kahramanmaraş Sütcü Imam University (KSÜ) in 2014.

Bahaettin Karakoç, the poet of the people, also known as the "white eagle of our literature", died in Kahramanmaraş on 17 October 2018 and was buried in Seyhadil Graveyard.



WHITE LETTER

A new song of hope on my tongue enjoying the morning
Snow fell upon the mountains, without any creases
Even if the sky that shook with amble horses
Dazzle my eyes, I will come to you
For now do not ask for an exact date
I will come whenever lindens bloom.

Before the moon melts like a candle close to dawn
Before the mountains rot where they've been mounted
Before children learn to mischievously walk
I will come, I will come to you
Please do not ask for an exact date
I will come whenever lindens bloom.

You could wait, or you may not
I'm a celestial cent brocaded in your purse
In a snowy icy land where the nights are long
Which voice will call me intimately to you
I said I will come, do not ask for a date
I will come whenever lindens bloom.

When this poem was begotten my friends were with me
You were a Phoenix, my hands touched your feathers
I surmounted the wall of love, what is your charm?
Even if I'm on another planet, my return is to you
I can't exactly say, please don't ask for a date
I will come whenever lindens bloom.

If old stitches open and bleeding begins anew
 I will press the bitterest tobacco on my wounds
 Just call me from the point you've bloomed
 I will come to you even if they burn my ships
 In a month out of twelve, please don't ask for a date
 I will come whenever lindens bloom.

Look, the notes are all jumbled, the songs are unkind
 The sky is heavy as lead, the rain is careless
 O the ancient Aleph of my alphabet
 There's no beauty or taste when it's not spring
 I will come to live in beauty with you
 I said I will come, give me some time
 I will come whenever lindens bloom.

Whenever lindens blooms
 I will enter through every narrow door like the sun
 I will not visit anybody before I visit you
 I will keep my promise, I am loyal to you
 Do not ask for a date and restrain me
 I will come to you with flowers
 I will come whenever lindens bloom.

WORKS

Mevsimler ve Ötesi (1962), *Seyran* (1973), **Sevgi Turnaları (1975)**, *Ay Safağı Çok Çiçek* (1983), **Kar Sesi (1983)**, *Zaman Bir Beyaz Türküdür* (1984), **İlkyazda (1984)**, *Bir Çift Beyaz Kartal* (1986), **Menzil (1991)**, *Uzaklara Türkü* (1991), **Güneşe Uçmak İstiyorum (1993)**, *Beyaz Dilekçe* (1995), **Güneşten Öte (1995)**, *Leyl ü Nehar Aşk* (1997), **Aşk Mektupları (1999)**, *Ay Işığında Serenatlar* (2001), **Sürgün Vezirin Aşk Nesideleri (2004)**, *Şiir Burcunda Çocuk* (H. Özbey ve M. Tatçı ile, 1993), **Dolunay Şiir Güldestesi (1999)**.



ŞEVKET YÜCEL

1930-2001

He was born in 1930 in Kahramanmaraş.

He completed his primary education in 1943 at Süleymanlı Primary School. Later on he completed his high school education in 1951 at Dicle Village Institute. Between the years 1951-1959 he worked as a primary school teacher in his village Süleymanlı. In 1959, he passed the Gazi Education Institute Literature Department exams and was appointed as a literature teacher at Kahramanmaraş High School. In addition to him being a teacher here, he served as the deputy principal for three years. By 1981 he retired voluntarily; after his retirement, he worked in private teaching institutions between the years 1984-1995.

His first literary work was a review article and was published in the 618th issue of *Varlık* magazine dated March 15, 1964. With a unique plain language, he wrote poems, stories and essays, emphasizing love loneliness and humanity. In most of his works he included Anatolian people and their struggle for survival. He gave great importance to educating people and therefore he used a plain and understandable language in his works. After his death, his novel called *Siirle Gelen Aşk* was published by the Ministry of Culture.

In the following years besides *Varlık* magazine his poems and writings were published in magazines such as

Türk Dili, Hisar, Edebiyat, Ilgaz, İmece, Güney, Meltem, Edebiyat Cephesi, Hakimiyet Sanat, Ozanca, Olusum, Sesimiz, Yeditepe, Yaba, Ekim, Kıyı, Şiir-Öykü, Damar, Çağdaş Türk Dili, Yansımaya, İnsancıl, Söylem, Kiraz, Karşı, Şiir Ülkesi, Abece, Öğretmen Dünyası, İnsan Saati, Marti, Dolunay, Sentez and Altın Külâh.

He was awarded with TRT Essay Success Award in 1970, and an honorable mention in the short story and poetry categories in the competition held by the Zonguldak's 100th Year Foundation in 1983. In 1985, he had another honorable mention from *Tercüman* newspaper, in 1986 he won second place at the Anthem of Anadolu University Word Contest, and first place in poetry and story competitions held by Istanbul Young Talents Club. He got second place in the story category of the Ministry of National Education Children's Books Competition in 1992. In the competition organized by Etos Universal Culture Arthouse in honour of the third anniversary of the Humanist International, he won the jury special prize with his essay "Yalnızlıktan Kurtulmak". He received the Akçadağ Village Institute Award in the competition held by the Village Institutes and the Contemporary Education Foundation in 1996.

Sevket Yücel passed away on the 3rd of February 2001 in Adana and was buried in Kahramanmaraş Şehitlik Graveyard.



LET'S BE TOGETHER NOT APART

Come to me once
I will come to you twice
Kill your inner anger and hatred
Beauty lives long, ugliness is short
Let's not stain this world of ours
Present me with a cherry
I'll give you two

Look the sky is a blue song
Lots of creatures and colours upon earth
Now a yellow bird is touching your violin
Bees are extracting honey from flowers
A bug is being born as the dawn is breaking
That bug dies as the day ends
How long is our life exactly

Come to me once
I will come to you twice
If you won't come to me
If I won't go to you
What taste is there in life

With you
To look at the world from a friendly garden
I'd go to you a lot, I'd go a lot, a lot
I'd carry love to you, I'd go a lot, a lot
I'd carry love to you, happiness and beauty
Just come a little closer to me

TIME

Time is the voice of a bird
An apple hanging from its branch
The beating of a heart

Time is the sky stretching to infinity
An array of colours in mountains and valleys
A kiss left in memories

Time is homesickness, a longing
It's a bit of love and hope
It deceives you as well as me

Time is a newborn baby
Death in graveyards
It's a blooming rose, a pricking thorn

Time is the way you look
The way you walk along roads
Painful, happy, sad
Even if many years go by
All are but one minute

WORKS

Görmeden Gidenler (1966), *Günesin Parmakları (1970)*, **Bir Sevgi Adamı (1983)**, *Kuş Gölgesi (1967)*, **Umut Bir Gül Uzatırken (1986)**, *Sevgi Güneşi (şiir, öykü, deneme, 1996)*, **Güz Rengi Ayrılıklar (önceki kitaplarına girmeyen şiir, öykü ve denemeleri, 2000)**, *Kendini Yenilemek (1976)*, **Boşta Bırakanlar (1979)**, *Beyaz Sesler (1984)*, **Sözcüklerle Öpüşmek (1998)**, *Şiirle Gelen Aşk (2001)*, **Çocukla Keklik (1977)**, *Sakar Oğlak (1980)*, **Barış İstiyorum (1996)**, *Şiirle Gelen Aşk (2003)*.



HAYATİ VASFİ TAŞYÜREK

1931-1990

He was born in 1931 in Kahramanmaraş.

He completed his primary and secondary education in Afşin. His master Ferrahi Sağ added the name Vasfi to his original name Hayati Taşyürek. He trained himself without a formal education. His father, who retired from military service as a captain and wanted his children to be brought up in the best way, wanted Hayati Vasfi Taşyürek to begin working as a professional. In order to realize this idea, he sent his son Hayati as an apprentice to a shoemaker in Elbistan, which is very close to Afşin. Thus, the first marathon of a difficult life started for Hayati Vasfi Taşyürek.

Due to his oratory and social skills, he was always shown among the beloved personalities of Kahramanmaraş. He got interested in politics and he worked as a neighborhood representative and as the Mayor of Tanır Municipality for two terms. In addition to these, he worked as a trade unionist and consultant. He founded the first printing house in Afşin and although he published a newspaper called *Efsus* in Afşin in 1964, his newspaper did not last for long.

Taşyürek, who does not play the saz even though he knows how to play it, is regarded as an author, although he fulfills many requirements of the tradition of minstrelsy, apart from *dudakdeğmez* (poets tell verses at one another where the upper lip and the lower lip cannot touch). The

poet, whose poems were published in many magazines, generally emphasized the concepts of "heroism, homeland, longing and love" in his poems. The poet traveled both at home and abroad and reflected what he saw in his poems using syllabic meter.

His poem that made him famous in Turkish literature is "Lügatçemiz". Although he was a fan of Yunus Emre, writing poems in Mehmet Âkif Ersoy's style was his most distinct literary characteristic.

When Arif Nihat Asya's book of poems titled *Yürek* was published, he signed it with a dedication to Hayati Vasfi Taşyürek: "To show that a poet will not and cannot be hard-hearted, God has created you as a poet, Hayati Vasfi Taşyürek".

The poems of the poet were set to music by important names such as Taner Sener, Güzide Tarancıoğlu, Zekai Tunca, Tekin Tokuç, Tufan Sentürk and Mustafa Yıldızdoğan. He also wrote folk stories such as "Afşar Kızı-Türkmen Beyi". The compositions of Mustafa Yıldızdoğan caused a great interest towards his works.

In 2009, some of his poems were categorized according to their subjects by Abdurrahman Gündoğan and published in a book titled *Barışa Hizmet*.

Hayati Vasfi Taşyürek passed away on April 20, 1990 in Ankara and was buried in the graveyard in Tanır District of Kahramanmaraş, Afşin.



OUR GLOSSARY

Kerchief is "kelik, yoghurt is "katik"
Bulgur pilaf is "aş" for us
A young rooster is "celfin" a chick is "ferik"
We say "kiş" when we send them to the coop...

Big buckets are "satır" the small ones are "sitol"
The stretcher on adobe walls are "katil"
Seeds are "bider", saplings are "çitil"
We call large basins "teş"...

Large things are "iri", water cans are "güğüm"
"Dünür" is the asker and knots are "tüğüm"
Bribes are "bartıl", poems are "deyim"
We call the dream world "düş"...

Heir is "hısım", distribution is "paylaş"
The grumpy ones are "vetsiz", peers are "taydas"
Our wives are "küldöken" our flirts are "oynaş"
They don't wave handkerchiefs, they only say "hist"...

Just before is "debiyak", just now is "bayak"
Cunning people are "koddus", the gentle are "kıyak"
Dimpled stones are "gaklık" mountains are "koyak"
We call the summer and spring days "hos"...

A minute is "biti", a thresher is "gem"
Sisters are "bacı" brothers are "ede"
Beautiful things are "peh" medicine is "em"
We call the waterous earth "leş"...

Tuberculosis is "ince ağrı" coughing is "çor"
 Stairs are "süllüm" talking is "sor"
 Inclinations are "yörep" amateurs are "tor"
 We have a type of cheese called "keş"...

A trubadour is "deyişetçi" pardon is "ne"
 "He" is a short way of saying okay
 Head scarves with embroidered sides
 Are called either "bürük" or "şeş"...

Probable things are "ellaham" to remember is "tamam"
 The nickname for pepper paste is "çaman"
 Shirts are "yelek" underwear is "tuman"
 As Vasfi talks people say rejoice...

When we want to praise something
 We say "arı sili, gökçek, peh" ...
 We say "don't forget" when one goes to town
 They respond by saying "eh"...

Workers are "ırgat" slopes are "bayır"
 Smart alecks are "eke" easy things are "gayır"
 Tiredness is "ateh" good deeds are "hayır"
 We call grape jam "teh"...

WORKS

Kalbimdeki Arzu (1951), Yedi Uyurlar Destanı, Dile Gelen Anadolu (1973), Acılar Bulutu, Ebesinin Oğlu, Gelin Başlı Dağlar, Türkmen Türküleri, Ülkü Tomurcukları (1976), Nazar (1992).



ABDURRAHİM KARAKOÇ

1932-2012

He was born in Kahramanmaraş in 1932.

After completing primary education in his village Ekinözü in 1944 he did not have the chance to continue his education. After working as a carpenter for a while he worked at Ankara Municipality in 1958-1984 as an accountant and he retired after this long term of duty.

His father Ümmet Efendi was a farmer who also composed folk poetry with syllabic meter and his mother was Fadime Hanım. Abdurrahim Karakoc, whose grandfather and siblings were also poets, met with poetry at a young age due to his family. The works of Karakoc, who says he had burned his first poems that had reached two volumes worth of content because he did not like them, were first published in *Engizek* newspaper which was a newspaper published in Elbistan. Abdurrahim Karakoc who answered the question "How did you start poetry?" as "In the name of Allah", published his work titled *Hasan'a Mektuplar* in 1964, a book of 22 continuous poems which he began writing in 1958. This book was effective in his recognition.

Karakoc, who settled in Ankara after his retirement, brought his poems and articles to readers in magazines *Fedai*, *Devlet*, *Töre and Bizim Ocağ*, and in the newspapers *Yeni Ufuk*, *Yeni Düşünce*, *Yeni Hafta* and *Gündüz*, which he had founded in

Ankara. He started to write daily articles in *Gündüz* newspaper, and continued in *Akit* newspaper after the year 2000. Many lawsuits were brought against him for his poetry and Karakoc was declared clear of all charges against him.

In his journey as a poet, Abdurrahim Karakoc wrote caricatured stories about the change in the cultural, social, artistic, economic and political fields of Turkey from the 1960's to today. In his works, he always encouraged Turkish youth to protect their cultural values, to be proud of their culture, and to always work. He influenced hundreds of poets by making his mark on the last 50 years of Turkish poetry with his works. Karakoc's poems that addressed political and social problems were welcomed with great interest by the people. He was defined by Ahmet Kabaklı as "the poet who puts deep thought and his cause into folk poetry extensively". More than one hundred poems, including "Mihriban" and "Bulduktan Sonra Arama", were set to music as songs and folk songs. Some of his poems, which he referred to as "Poems with a cause", were set to music by political groups and turned into anthems.

He passed away on June 7, 2012 at Gazi University Medical Faculty Hospital in Ankara, where he was treated. He was buried next to Sheikh Abdülhakim Arvâsi's tomb in Bağlum Graveyard in Ankara.



HOLD MY HANDS

The bridge of love is thinner than hair
Let's pass together, hold my hands.
Our will is a white dove, unision is the sky
Let's fly together, hold my hands.

Our inner unision is a shield to the outside
Don't care about the cold, the wind and the rain
Once in spring, winter is inevitable
Let's migrate together, hold my hands.

Dawn and dusk are about to meet
One cannot wait with fear beside a door
Whether it is poison or syrup
Let's drink it together, hold my hands.

Call upon your farthest dreams
You'll soon hear the sound of love
There's the window of eternal happiness
Let's open it together, hold my hands.

Remember your missing memories
Brighter than diamond, shinier than gold
From the residue of time
Let's pick them out together, hold my hands.

Doubts are beginnings, decisions are ends
Don't complain about time *to* time
If you say that escaping is salvation
Let's run away together, hold my hands

LOVE STORY

A bucket-full of love poured upon me
I got wet, not cold, oh I'm burning!
My veins got detached one by one
Oh, I'm turning into a shot pidgeon!

The rain became a blanket, the snow a bed
I understood my own heart was cross with me
My love, with glasses full of fire
Came and oh I drank to quench my thirst!

I planted love and reaped coquetry
I couldn't get used to time or myself
I had seven sorrows in forty years
I thought that seven earths fell upon me!

I directed the falcon of my heart to the truth
In eternity I wiped my face with the truth
With solaces my wing broke againts the truth
Oh, I have landed on the heart of manifestation!

WORKS

Hasan'a Mektuplar (1964), *Hatay Bülteni* (1967, Hasan'a Mektuplar'la birlikte),
El Kulakta (1969), *Haberler Bülteni* (1969), **Vur Emri (1972)**, *Bütün Şiirleri* (1973),
Vur Emri (1975), *Kan Yazısı* (1977), **Suları Islatamadım (1980)**, *Şiirler* (1981),
Dosta Doğru (1984), *Beşinci Mevsim* (1986), **Suları Islatamadım (1988)**, *Gök Çekimi*
(1991), **Akıl Karaya Vurdu (1994)**, *Düşünce Yazıları* (1990), **Çobandan Mektuplar (1996)**.



SEZAI KARAKOÇ

B.1933

He was born in Diyarbakır in 1933. After completing his primary education in Diyarbakır, he enrolled in Maraş Secondary School in 1944 as a boarder.

He started his high school education in 1947 in Gaziantep. He graduated from Ankara University's Faculty of Political Science. After graduation he started working at the Ministry of Finance. He passed the examination for assistant finance inspector, which he entered while working there, and became an assistant finance inspector in 1956 and was appointed to Istanbul in 1959.

He directed the art and literature pages of *Büyük Doğu* in the 1950's. He was a passionate reader of this periodical ever since his secondary school years. His poems were published in the following journals: *Büyük Doğu*, *Hisar* (1951-1954), *Mülkiye* (1952-1953), *İstanbul* (1953-1957), *Şiir Sanatı* (1955), *Hamle* (1955), *Pazar Postası* (1957-1958), *Türk Yurdu* (1959), *Hür Söz* (1961), *Soyut* (1965), *Hilâl* (1965) and *Diriliş* (1960-1992). His poem "Mona Roza" was welcomed with great interest in the beginning of the 1950's. A new era began after the 1950's for Turkish Poetry with Sezai Karakoç. With his poems, he contained both the knowledge of the past and many elements of the new poetry to be named *İkinci Yeni* (Second New) in himself. He became influential in his generation with his poetry reviews as well as his poems.

After December 1963, he started to write in *Yeni İstanbul* newspaper with

his signature "Karakoç" and under the title of "Farklar" (Differences). Karakoç, who started to write for *Babiâlide Sabah* newspaper in December 1967, continued writing here for ten more months. In order to publish *Diriliş* again, he ended his columns under the title "Sûr" in *Milli Gazete* newspaper in August 1974. After this, he did not write anywhere other than *Diriliş* magazine.

He resigned from his official duty in 1965 in order to devote more time to his literary studies; but in 1971 he returned to his duty at the ministry and resigned again in 1973 for the same reason. He founded *Diriliş* Party in 1990 to realize the world he put forward in his works. He served as the leader of the party for seven years. The *Diriliş* Party was closed in 1997, in accordance with the law on political parties, because it did not meet the provincial branch criteria in Turkey and because the Party did not participate in two consecutive elections.

He received the MTTB National Service Award in 1968 and the Silver Freedom Medal as a token of appreciation and gratitude of Hungarian writers in exile in 1970. In 1988 the outstanding service award of the Turkish Authors Association was awarded to him alongside with the story award in 1982 for his book *Hikayeler*. In 1991 he received the World Academy of Arts and Culture Award at the XII. World Poets Congress. In 2020, he was given the "honorary fellow-townsmanship title" by the Kahramanmaraş Metropolitan Municipality.



RAIN PRAYER

The skies haven't opened since my first day
Either I do not understand the clouds
Or the clouds are expecting something from me
Life is a death, love is a fall
The skies haven't opened since my first day

I just know the rain and the pavement
One of them falls upon me drop by drop
On the other I stand to look up at the sky
Neither the city nor the ships smelling of sea
I just know the rain and the pavement

Somehow my mother erred one night
She made me wear a women's shirt
See, the skies could not contain me
The hurricane within me didn't quiet down
Somehow my mother erred the first night

As if someone rose from an empty grave
There's a deadly silence all around
Whatever came to me came from the skies
The clouds are responsible for my misfortune
As if someone rose from an empty grave

It's a good thing that the crowds don't know
How to look at the rain behind a window
Thank God people are different from each other
For some it is heaven and for others it is prison
It's a good thing that the crowds don't know

If we were to go out and pray for rain my friends
 The clouds would've scattered and the sky would've been seen
 Now there's no chance or possibility
 Is there anything easier than controlling the skies
 If we were to go out and pray for rain my friends

The skies haven't opened since my first day
 Either I do not understand the clouds
 Or the clouds are expecting something from me
 Life is a death, love is a cliff
 The skies haven't opened since my first day

WORKS

Körfez (1959), *Şahdamar* (1962), **Hızırla Kırk Saat (1967)**, *Sesler* (1968), **Taha'nın Kitabı (1968)**, *Gül Mustusu* (1969), **Şiirler I (Hızırla Kırk Saat) (1974)**, *Şiirler II (Taha'nın Kitabı, Gül Mustusu)* (1974), **Şiirler III (Körfez, Şahdamar, Sesler) (1974)**, *Şiirler IV (Zamana Adanmış Sözler)* (1975), **Şiirler V (Ayınler) (1977)**, *Şiirler VI (Leylâ ile Mecnun)* (1980), **Şiirler VII (Ateş Dansı) (1987)**, *Şiirler VIII (Alinyazısı Saati)* (1989), **Şiirler IX (Monna Rosa) (1998)**, *Gün Doğmadan (Bütün Şiirleri)* (2000), **Hikâyeler I (Meydan Ortaya Çıktığında) (1978)**, *Hikâyeler II (Portreler)* (1982), **Edebiyat Yazıları I (1982)**, *Edebiyat Yazıları II* (1986), **Edebiyat Yazıları III (1996)**, *Yunus Emre* (1965), **Mehmet Âkif (1968)**, *Mevlâna* (1996), **Piyesyer I (1982)**, *Armağan* (1997), **İslâm'ın Dirilişi (1967)**, *İslâm Toplumunun Ekonomik Strüktürü* (1967), **Dirilişin Çevresinde (1967)**, *Yazılar* (1967), **İslâm (1967)**, *Kıyamet Aşısı* (1968), **Mağara ve Işık (1969)**, *Allah'a İnanma ve İnsanlık* (1970), **Ölümden Sonra Kalkış (1970)**, *Ruhun Dirilişi* (1974), **Çağ ve İlham I (1974)**, *Yitik Cennet* (1976), **İnsanlığın Dirilişi (1976)**, *Diriliş Neslinin Âmentüsü* (1976), **Çağ ve İlham II (1977)**, *Gündönümü* (1977), **Çağ ve İlham III (1980)**, *Makamda* (1980), **Diriliş Mustusu (1980)**, *Çağ ve İlham IV* (1986), **Düşünceler I (1986)**, *Fizik Ötesi Açısından Ufuklar ve Daha Ötesi I* (1995), **Fizik Ötesi Açısından Ufuklar ve Daha Ötesi II (1995)**, *Fizik Ötesi Açısından Ufuklar ve Daha Ötesi III* (1995), **Yapı Taşları ve Kaderimizin Çağrısı I (1996)**, *Yapı Taşları ve Kaderimizin Çağrısı II* (1996), **Unutuş ve Hatırlayış (1996)**, *Varolma Savaşı* (1997), **Düşünceler II (Kurumlar) (1997)**, *Samanyolunda Ziyafet* (2004), **Sütun I (1967)**, *Farklar* (1967), **Sütun II (1969)**, *Sûr* (1975), **Gün Saati (1986)**, *Tarihin Yol Ağzında* (1996), **Çıkış Yolu I (2002)**, *Çıkış Yolu II* (2002), **Çıkış Yolu III (2003)**.



TAHSİN YÜCEL

1933-2016

He was born in Kahramanmaraş in 1933.

He came from a poor family. Yücel had lost his father at the age of only three and his mother worked at farms and sold needlework in order to raise her children. He completed his primary education at Elbistan Gazi Paşa Primary School and his high school education in 1953 at Galatasaray High School as a boarder. After Galatasaray High School he enrolled in Istanbul University's Faculty of Economics but dropped out after two months. Yücel, who started to work at *Varlık* Publications during this period, enrolled in the French Novel and Philology Department of Istanbul University the following year and started to work here as an assistant after his graduation in 1960. Having specialized in 19th and 20th century French literature and semiotics, Yücel completed his doctorate in 1969, became an associate professor in 1972 and a professor in 1978. The author carried out his academic affairs in the same department until he retired in the 17th of January 2000. His first story, "Dert Çok, Hemdert Yok!" was published in a short story collection called *Yeni Hikayeler*. His stories continued to be published in magazines such as *Varlık*, *Seçilmiş Hikâyeler*, *Yeryüzü and Beraber*. Yücel, who described the people of Elbistan in his first stories, later directed his novels and

stories to the irony of urban people. He expressed their pain, their hopes and their disappearance in life with a profoundly intense lyricism.

Yücel, who went to Paris in 1963 with a scholarship from the French government, had the opportunity to learn about linguistic methods and techniques directly from its theorists. He wrote the most of *L'imaginaire Bernanos* in Paris, in dire conditions, and defended this thesis at Istanbul University in early 1965. Yücel's thesis was published by the Faculty of Literature in 1969. After returning from Paris, Yücel completed his military service as a third lieutenant in Balıkesir between 1965 and 1967.

Yücel, who also has nearly eighty translations from French literature, received the Sait Faik Story Award in 1956 for his work *Haney Yaşamalı*. He also won the Turkish Language Association Story Award in 1959, the Azra Erhat Translation Writing Outstanding Service Award in 1984, the Orhan Kemal Novel Award in 1993 and the Yunus Nadi Novel Prize in 2003 with his novel *Yalan*. The story book *Komşular* was selected as the original book of the year by *Dünya Kitap* magazine in 1999. Tahsin Yücel was awarded the Commandeur Degree of Ordre des Palmes Académiques by the French government in 1997.

Tahsin Yücel passed away in Istanbul in 2016. He was then buried in the Yeni Ayazağa Graveyard in Istanbul.



LIE

...

Bayram Beyaz, with an apparent shaking in his hands and a mysterious narrative on his face, pushed the book of Saussure to his guest. "Look at it," he said.

Hakkı Köse took the book carefully in his hands and analyzed its cover very slowly. "A book in a foreign language!" he grumbled. He opened the book, leafed through it for a while, then he closed it and held it on his lap with both of his hands. He gazed upon Bayram Beyaz.

"Yes?" said he. "Hakkı, can't you see, he drew lines everywhere!" said Bayram Beyaz.

"Yes he apparently did, and he drew a lot!" "A lot doesn't serve it justice, Hakkı, He nearly drew lines everywhere and not even in a single style!"

Hakkı Köse began to leaf through the pages of *Cours de linguistique générale* once more. He lingered a lot on some pages. Some could have thought that he was reading the book. At last he gazed upon Bayram Beyaz again. "Yes, you are right, the whole book is drawn upon," he said. "But why did he do this, wasn't there something better for him to do?"

"There must be a reason," replied Bayram Beyaz. "I was thinking that you would figure it out."

Hakkı Köse took the book again, looked at the pages from the beginning and the end carefully. He then closed the book and laid it upon the table as if reaching a conclusion. "You saw the book, he didn't draw under the words, he drew over them, in a way he is disregarding the book, forcing it out of existence." "Then why did he give me the book to read?"

"You're right, why would he give you the book then? There must be a reason."

Bayram Beyaz was watching him without a movement as if he was frozen. "Yes, there must be a reason," he agreed. "What could be his purpose?" he said as if talking to himself. He remembered Müslüm Efendi saying "He reads and reads, writes and writes, draws and draws," and then adding, "As far as I've learned, he always draws on the books he reads."

"Then all these have an explanation!" exclaimed Hakkı Köse. "Your teacher wants to write his book upon the truth he finds in all the past and present books he reads along with what he knows, but first he must cross out all their falselihoods. This means that he wants to write a fundamental and universal book. Wasn't he going to call this book universal grammar? This is certainly a beautiful dream to realize!"

"But why does he cross out all the falselihoods one by one?" asked Bayram Beyaz.

Hakkı Köse took this thumb and pressed it upon his chin while thinking. Then he started to smile. He said, "To know the truth one must know the false." "But the false cannot be found without knowing the truth. The problem lies therein."

WORKS

Uçan Daireler (1954), Haney Yaşamalı (1955), **Düşlerin Ölümü (1958)**, Yaşadıktan Sonra (1969), **Dönüşüm (1975)**, Ben ve Öteki (1983), **Aykırı Öyküler (1989)**, Komşular (1999), **Mutfak Çıkmazı (1960)**, Peygamberin Son Beş Günü (1992), **Bıyık Söylencesi (1995)**, Yalan (2002), **Kumru ile Kumru (2005)**, Dönüşüm (1975), **Vatandaş (1975)**, Yazın ve Yaşam (1976), **Yazının Sınırları (1982)**, Tartışmalar (1993), **Yazın Gene Yazın (1995)**, Alıntılar (1997), **Söylemlerin İçinden (1998)**, Salaklık Üstüne Deneme (2000), **Anadolu Masalları (1957)**, Dil Devrimi (1968), **L'Imaginaire de Bernanos (1969)**, Anlatı Yerlemleri (1980), **Dil Devrimi ve Sonuçları (1982)**, Yapısalcılık (1982), **Eleştirinin Abece'si (1991)**, Görünmez Adam (söyleşi: Kaan Özkan, albüm, 2001), **Yazı ve Yorum (R. Barthes seçkisi, 1990)**, Amok - Usta İşçi (S. Zweig'dan, 1954), **Arı Maya (W. Bonsels'ten, 1954)**, Tom Amca'nın Kulübesi (E.H. Beecher-Stowe'dan, 1954), **Malezya Tılsımı (1954) - Tehlikeli Geçit (1957) (S.W. Maugham'dan)**, Jane Eyre (C. Bronte'den, 1954), **Taraskonlu Tartarin (1954) - Sapho (1959) (A. Daudet'den)**, Yarına Dönüş (U. Sigrid'den, 1954), **Bir Numaralı Evde Olanlar (1955) - Ak Bildircin (1968) (J. Steinbeck'ten)**, Geçmiş Günler (F. Carco'dan, 1955), **Genç Kızlar (1955) - Kadınlara Acıyın (1955) - İyilik Şeytani (1955) - Cüzzamlı Kadınlar (1956) - Bekârlar (1962) (H. de Montherlant'tan)**, Güzel Kadın Meyhanesi (1955) - Ya Gerçek Olsaydı (1956) (R. Dorgeles'ten), **Kedinin Masalları (1955) - Duvargeçen (1956) - Kaz Baba (1960) - Konuşan Hayvanlar (1961) - Yeşil Kısrak (1970) - Nuhun Gemisi (1979), Suluboya Kutuları (1981) - Yağmur Yağdıran Kedi (1981) (M. Ay-mé'den)**, Kan (C. Malaparte'tan, 1955), **Kanatlılar (J. Kessel'den, 1955)**, Kolej Yılları (V. Larbaud'dan, 1955), **Yeryüzünde Bir Yolcu (J. Green'den, 1955)**, Katil (1956) - Kaçak (1959) (G. Simeon'dan), **Kül Kedisi (C. Perrault'tan, 1956)**, Tasralı Kız (1956) - Dik-tatörün Kadını (1960) - Evlilik (1965) (A. Moravia'dan), **Madam Bovary (G. Flaubert'ten, 1956)**, Büyük Sürü (J. Giono'dan, 1956), **Colomba (P. Mérimée'den, 1958)**, Küçük Prenses (F.H. Burnett'ten, 1958), **Kar Topu (G. de Maupassant'dan, 1958)**, Vatikan Zindanları (1958) - Dünya Nimetleri (1959) - Ayrı Yol (1960) - Yeni Nimetler (1960) - Kalpazanlar (1963) - Kadınlar Okulu (1967) (A. Gide'den), **Pamuk Prenses (J. Grimm'den, 1959)**, Kırmızı Zambak (A. France'tan, 1959), **Uzaktan (1959) - Duygusal Sürgün (1991) (Colette'ten)**, Kadın ve Kukla (P. Louys'tan, 1959), **Bella (J. Giraudoux'dan, 1960)**, Paris Sıkıntısı (C. Baudelaire'den, 1961), Eugenie Grandet (1961) - Vadideki Zambak (1962) - Goriot Baba (1972) (H. de Balzac'tan), **Swann'ın Bir Aşkı (M. Proust'tan, 1961)**, Coban Prens (1962) - Cennet Bahçesi (1969) - Parmak Kız (1972) - Karlar Kraliçesi (1973) (H.C. Andersen'den), **Sisifos Efsanesi (1962) - Tersî ve Yüzü (1963) - Başkaldıran İnsan (1967) - Yaz (1994) - Sürgün ve Krallık (1996) (A. Camus'den)**, **Kamelyalı Kadın (A. Dumas'dan, 1963)**, Sinekler (J.P. Sartre'dan, 1963), **Altenburg'un Ceviz Ağaçları (A. Malraux'dan, 1966)**, İklimler (E. Herzog'dan, 1967), **Politika ve Propaganda (J.M. Domenach'tan, 1969)**, Tolstoy'un Hayatı (R. Rolland'dan, 1969), **Kale (1970) - İnsanların Dünyası (1970) (A. de Saint-Exupéry'den)**, Beckett: Tanrının Şerefi (J. Anouilh'ten, 1972), **Eleştiri Kuramları (J.C. Carloni-C. Filloux'dan, 1975)**, Yaban Düşünce (C. Levi-Strauss'tan, 1984), **Kral Solomon'un Bunalımı (E. Ajar'dan, 1985)**, Sevgili (M. Duras'dan, 1986), **Yazının Sıfır Derecesi (1989) - Çağdaş Söylenler (1990) - Göstergeler İmparatorluğu (1996) (R. Barthes'tan)**, Hastane Günlüğü (G. Herve'den, 1992), **Kısa Düz yazılar (M. Tournier'den, 1993)**.



NURİ PAKDİL

1934-2019

He was born in Kahramanmaraş in 1934.

He completed his education with interruptions because his family did not want him to study. After graduating from Maraş High School he attended and graduated from Istanbul University Faculty of Law. After his graduation he worked as a legal counsel at the ministry (1965-1967) and as a specialist at the State Planning Organization (SPO) in 1967-1973. In 1973 he left his job as a specialist and he made his living as an author. He returned to his job at SPO in 1988 and retired from his position in 1999.

Pakdil, who started to write as of elementary school, accelerated both his thought and his adventure in writing with *Büyük Doğu* magazine, which he first read when he was in secondary school. His first poems and essays were published in *Demokrasiye Hizmet* newspaper during his years as a student at Maraş High School. While he was studying at Maraş High School between 1954 and 1955, he published a literary magazine called Hamle with two of his friends from school. This small high school magazine attracted the attention of many writers and poets from Ankara and Istanbul at that time. He edited the art page of *Yeni İstiklal* newspaper (1964). *The Edebiyat* magazine, which he published in 1969 with Rasim Özdenören, Erdem Bayazıt and Akif İnan, who are known as the "Seven Beautiful Men" in Turkish literature, continued its publishing life until

1984. 159 issues of the magazine were published with multiple interruptions. He became known for his essays, plays and reviews which he published in *Edebiyat* magazine. Pakdil was famous for giving pen names to those who wrote in the magazine. Pakdil, who also had 16 different names in the magazine, mostly used the name "Ebubekir Sonumut".

His first book, *Batı Notları*, which consists of his impressions of Paris and Western people with a new approach and discourse, attracted great attention. By establishing the *Edebiyat Dergisi* Publications in 1972, he ensured the publication of the works of many writers and poets. He published forty-five works under the roof of this publishing house until the end of 1984 and contributed to the training of many intellectuals.

At the Presidential Culture and Art Grand Awards in 2019, Nuri Pakdil was granted an award in the field of literature, "for his original works which he produced in the name of the prevalence of local thought, for his aesthetic language with full of words he added to Turkish Literature, and for his valuable ideas that suggested us to hold humans by the heart".

Nuri Pakdil passed away at the age of 85 in Ankara City Hospital on October 18, 2019, where he was being treated for an upper respiratory infection. The body of the masterful writer was buried in Taceddin Derghahı after the funeral prayer at Hacı Bayram Veli Mosque.



RAHMAN

Your feet clean the water /yes, it is real/
the fighter pilot exupery
touched the water with his toes
with increasing abrahams
a forerunner of the future
and redrew the city
- the idols
of the city
and
the old photos
were removed
like wrinkled child balloons -
a festival
in words
the prayer is impowered with belief
captivity melted
a current passed through my heart
towards the farthest heart of a muslim
/existence is the economy of love/
there's a shadow on front of you
rahman raheem
a holy shadow
solemn, agile
I well understand
revolutions
- it is my task
to make
revolutions
like a beautiful deer
the core of history
the meaning of life -of every warrior-

I'm raising good news in my heart
 an asian resistance
 an african pearl
 that thrusts upon the power of our wrists
 we now understand omar ali hasan and uthman
 /we continue
 like
 sharpshooters/
 o the children waiting for another day
 - the worker soldier
 holy
 /the first sentence of my book is toil/
 bourgeois, stand up
 from the south the north the east the west
 I judge thee
 the young hearts that breath and take glory
 o brothers
 the place has shined for eyes that see

WORKS

Biat I (1973), Biat II (1977), **Bağlanma (1979)**, Bir Yazarın Notları (1980), **Biat III (1981)**, Bir Yazarın Notları III (1981), **Bir Yazarın Notları IV (1982)**, Edebiyat Kulesi (1984), **Derviş Hüneri (1997)**, Batı Notları (1997), **Arap Saati (1997)**, Ahid Kulesi (1997), **Klas Durus (1997)**, Kalem Kalesi (1998), **Bir Yazarın Notları I (1999)**, Otel Gören Defterler 1: Çarpışan Sesler (1999), **Otel Gören Defterler 2: Yazının Epik Resmi Çekildiği Sırada (2000)**, Otel Gören Defterler 3: Büyük Sorgu (2001), **Otel Gören Defterler 4: Simsiyah (2002)**, Otel Gören Defterler 5: Ateş Hattında Harf Müfrezeleri (2003), **Otel Gören Defterler 6: Yazmak Bir Mucize (2005)**, Harikalar Tablosu (Prevert'ten, oyun, 1974), **Put Yapımevleri (1980)**, Kalbimin Üstünde Bir Avuç Günes (1982), **Umut (1997)**, Korku (1997), **Sükût Sûretinde (1997)**, Ahid Kulesi (1997), **Osmanlı Simitçiler Kasidesi (1999)**, Batı Notları (1997).



ŞEVKET BULUT

1936-1996

Between 1959 and 1981, he worked as a public officer in different positions in Kahramanmaraş and continued his life in Kahramanmaraş after his retirement.

He was born in 1936 in Kilis. Bulut, whose father was conscripted to military due to World War II, moved to Sapkanlı village in 1944 with his family. Sevkett Bulut, who gained his first impressions of village life here, had the opportunity to learn about the village and the villagers closely. His father died in 1946 at a very young age due to gastric bleeding. After graduating from Kilis Cumhuriyet Primary School in 1951, Bulut, who passed the State Boarding Exam, graduated from Adana Construction Institute in 1957. He graduated from Erzurum Technician School in 1959.

Şevket Bulut, whose interest in reading books increased during his school years, read many books from Eastern and Western classics during this period. Bulut, who also took part in literary activities and cultural studies school, staged his own original plays with his friends. From these years on, the author, who was familiar with literature, started to publish his poems in some local newspapers. During his childhood and youth, he worked as a hosier, newspaper salesman, masonry and plaster craftsman, and tile and plasterboard manufacturer.

He worked as a chief clerk in Kahramanmaraş National Education Directorate between 1959-1962, as a teacher in Unye's Kocaman village in 1962-1964, and as a construction technician in Kahramanmaraş and Sivas Public Works Directorates between 1964 and 1981. By the year 1986, he retired voluntarily. He was engaged in trade for a while.

Bulut, who had the opportunity to visit many districts and villages due to his job, met famous minstrels. In addition, he established sincerity with well-known poets such as Ahmet Çıtak, Abdurrahim Karakoç, Hayati Vasfi Taşyürek, Hafız Rahmi, Bahaettin Karakoç and Ali Akbaş. In 1954, his poem called "Kilis'im" was published in the *Genç Kilis* newspaper. This was his first ever published poem. By 1970, he directed his attention to short stories. His first story, "Odacı Mehmet Efendi", was published in the *Hareket* magazine in 1970. Later on, his stories were seen in magazines such as *Hisar*, *Türk Edebiyatı*, *Milli Kültür*, *Milli Eğitim ve Kültür*, *Doğuş Edebiyat* and *Küçük Dergi*. The story called "Oynas" found in Bulut's book *Sarı Arabalar*, which is about the connection established between Anatolian people, their traditions and the problems of their connection, was turned into a screenplay (1977-81).

Şevket Bulut passed away in 1996 in Kahramanmaraş.



CALL FOR SALVATION

There's an antique nervousness in my eyes,
O I've spent many seasons for virtue.
Inprisoned emotions on the Tower of Babel
I've crashed to the wall of troubles at a dead end:
Come and save me...

My gloomy gaze undertook the whole of Anatolia
Migrant birds carry my pain on their beaks
My hair is the captive of the first bullet shot
I've been a prisoner in Rome for a thousand years:
Come and save me...

My veins are the roads going to As-Sirat
Rivers of fire come from far away.
Indescribable pain in the heart of Omar
A mirage ascends from me to the skies:
Come and save me...

I'm like a song left from Cain and Abel
A bellow lost under the ocean waves.
I'm the eyeless madman of Madinah
I walked upon death step by step:
Come and save me...

Freedom flows from the Sultanahmet Fountain,
Jonah plays blind man's buff with logic.
The nights aren't as peaceful as they used to be
Every morning awaits a new birth:
Come and save me...

Mirrors which are angry at the past stole my dreams,
My heart has the pain of the arrow shot in Uhud.
The African cannibals flayed my skin
I hold the ache of the moistened dirt in Karbala:
Come and save me...

Small men who have devoted themselves to lies
Erected a sin in the heart of the moon.
Dirty rivers flooded the seas
They poured lead to my ear on Mars:
Come and save me...

WORKS

Al Karısı (1971), *Sarı Arabalar (1974)*, *Dilek Çınarı (1975)*, *Kefensiz Ölümler (1984)*, *Sınırdaki Tarla (1996)*, *Yıkık Minare (1996)*.



ERDEM BAYAZIT

1939-2008

He completed his primary and high school education in 1959 in Kahramanmaraş. When he reached the year 1963 he paused his education at Istanbul and Ankara University's Law School to join the army. After his military service, he graduated from the Turkish Language and Literature Department of Ankara University's Faculty of Languages, History and Geography in 1971. He worked as an officer in the Press Office of the Ministry of National Education, as a deputy director in the National Library Periodicals Branch, as a literature teacher in Kahramanmaraş, as a library manager in the Provincial Library, as a general secretary at the Istanbul Turkish Music State Conservatory, and as the deputy head of a department in the Manpower Education Department of the Ministry of Industry. He took over the management of Akabe Publications and *Mavera* magazine. He worked as a contracted personnel in the State Planning Organization (SPO) for a while. He was elected as a member of parliament from Anavatan Party in 1987 and served in the National Education and Environment Commissions during the 18th term of the Turkish Grand National Assembly.

His first poem was published in the art supplement of the *Kahramanmaraş Gençlik* newspaper in 1956. His works took place in some issues of the *Hamle* magazine which his close friends Cahit Zarifoğlu, Nuri Pakdil, Rasim Özdenören and Alaeddin Özdenören were publishing. Apart from

this, his poems and writings took place in *Yeni İstiklal*, *Diriliş*, *Çıkış* and *Büyük Doğu* as well as *Edebiyat*, *Mavera* and *Yedi İklim* magazines which he was the co-founder of. His poems, which he collected in *Sebeup Ey*, his first poetry book that reflected upon the revolts of Muslims against imperialism, attracted great attention.

Erdem Bayazit, whose poems were also translated into English, travelled to Pakistan, Iran, India and Afghanistan, with a team consisting of Şenol Demiröz, Yücel Çakmaklı, Ahmet Bayazit, Çetin Tunca, Halil İbrahim Sarioğlu and Necdet Taşcıoğlu in 1981. He won the Turkish Authors Association (TAA) Press Award in 1981 with his book, *İpek Yolundan Afganistan'a*, in which he collected his impressions from his trip to Afghanistan. With his second poetry book, *Risaleler*, he was named "Poet of the Year" by the TAA in 1987. In 2004, he became the President of MARAŞDER. Meanwhile, he published a magazine of research, literature and culture named *4 Mevsim Maras*. Since 2008 coincided with Bayazit's 50th year in art, various programs and meetings were organized to honour his name. Special issues of magazines were published and a documentary film was prepared about him. In addition, he was awarded with the State Medal of Distinguished Service the same year. He passed away on July 5, 2008 in Istanbul and was buried in Eyüp Sultan Graveyard.



REASON O

Nature gets frightened, when the deep sky breathes the wind
When the great sound touches the wheel
Death's shadow will fall upon objects.

A movement will begin in the object to get rid of itself
To go beyond to be clear of clothing
It would catch the endless string of immortality
Then it will turn into a sound
The cognition pearl of time would turn and turn
Verging towards reason
Reason, o!

The sound is drawn with veins
The absolute word is drawn with blood in the veins
The night of an eye ache draws out like an endless river
The first syllable of a baby would instantly fall and find
Then the soil would squeeze and turn into a colour on the field
The heatstroked envoy of the sun would come along with Van Gogh

It would diffuse with oranges, ignite with cloves and resolve to the seas
 The colour would become an eternal field opting the sea
 While the colour is revolting and sound is drawing spires,
 The pure conqueror water would conquer nature
 It would turn, beat and melt the harsh boulders
 It would overflow and surrender to the skies
 And while falling it would call
 Reason, o!

Plants are like hungry children every morning
 It would suck, suck and suck mother nature
 That majestic treasure, that all-giving generous mother
 They suck green life, red movement, yellow patience
 The white faith would draw its sound
 And complete its growth
 Reason, o!

WORKS

Sebeb Ey (1972), *İpek Yolundan Afganistan'a (1981)* **Risaleler (1987)**,
Gelecek Zaman Risalesi (1998),



ALÂEDDİN ÖZDENÖREN

1940-2003

He was born in 1940 in Kahramanmaraş.

He is the twin brother of Rasim Özdenören who also was a man of letters. His father Hakkı Bey, who was a member of a family from Eyüp, married Ayşe Nezahat Hanım from the Kısakürek family in Kahramanmaraş, where he was appointed as a cadastre technician, and settled in this city. Özdenören's education began in Kahramanmaraş, and continued in Malatya and Tunceli, where his father was appointed to, and with his fathers retirement he continued his education in Kahramanmaraş. As a result of an accident he had during his secondary school period, he failed his class for a long time and his education life with his twin brother Rasim Özdenören separated its way. He graduated from the Department of Philosophy of Istanbul University's Faculty of Literature, in 1966 with his undergraduate thesis named "The Problem of Freedom in Bergson". After graduating from university, he worked as a teacher in Çorum, Ankara, Kahramanmaraş and Mersin. In 1991, he was appointed as the Consultant of the Ministry of Culture. He retired after this duty.

During his high school years, he published a magazine called *Hamle* in Kahramanmaraş with his twin brother Rasim Özdenören, Cahit Zarifoğlu and Erdem Bayazıt and prepared literature pages for local newspapers. His first poem was published in *Hamle* magazine in 1957, his poetry and writings were published later in *Yeni İstiklal*, *Diriliş* and *Ede-*

biyat magazines. His poems were also published in *Mavera* magazine (1976), of which he was one of the founders. His literary works in his last years have been published in magazines such as *Edebiyat Ortamı*, *Yedi İklim*, *Hece* and *Ay Vakti*. He wrote daily and weekly articles in *Yeni Devir*, *Milli Gazete*, *Zaman*, *Tutanak* and *Sağduyu* newspapers under his own name and the pseudonym "Bilal Davut". In the poems of Alaeddin Özdenören we could observe the effects of the diverse local culture of Kahramanmaraş, where he was born and raised, as well as the Istanbulite stance and linguistic taste that his father always preserved. His meeting with Sezai Karakoc was an important step towards finding his own poetic taste. Although he was in the same poetical movement with his contemporaries such as Cahit Zarifoğlu, Erdem Beyazıt and Akif İnan, the mood of sadness was expressed much more in his poems. The sensitivity of classical poetry exists in Alaeddin Özdenören's poetry. He continued the voice that was passed on from Fuzuli to Sheikh Galib and from Ahmet Haşim to Sezai Karakoc. After losing his eight-year-old son Kerem in a traffic accident in 1984, the poet's feelings of grief deepened even more in his poems. Lyrical and delicate sensibilities, spirituality, sadness and sincerity, aesthetized bravery formed the main themes of his poems.

He received the 1996 Turkish Authors Association Poetry Award with *Yalnızlık Gide Gide*. He passed away in 2003 in Balıkesir.



THE SUN ARMADA

I.

Some men with melon hats
Saw the visible parts of the city
They saluted the people with respect
While drawing curves with their hats.
That's the moment when I first saw you
From a café with flies crowding its windows
In a very long bread line
With a tired raincoat over you
And with empty eyes.
After getting through
Frivolous mariners
Who somewhat walked around
I came to you.
We thought about the difference between make-up and bread with you
And the really old times.
We looked at our fortune with flowers
In beds smelling of hackberries.

The first migrant who entered the city
Was decorated with the golden rays of the sun
There was a thick rose on her chest
Signalling unknown adventures.
Waiter, a cup of tea please and make it quick
Because there is someone waiting for a response

Who knows under which stone of the city wall
 He is protected with loneliness.
 One can enter this city from only one gate
 After crawling between many weeds
 One can drink from the waters of death.

II.

Come migrant, get up
 First quench your thirst
 Then wake up the children with love
 Whom have faces with news fluttering about.
 And teach them
 How the words are aligned
 Like masterful soldiers.

WORKS

Güneş Donanması (1975), *Yalnızlık Gide Gide (1996)*, *Şiirler / Bütün Şiirleri: 1975-1999 (1999)*, *Bütün Şiirler (2002)*, *İnsan ve İslâm (1982)*, *Batılılaşma Üzerine (1983)*, *Devlet ve İnsan (1986)*, *Yakın Çağ Batı Dünyası ve Türkiye'ye Yansımaları (1986)*, *Şiirin Geçitleri (1997)*, *Unutulmuşluklar (1999)*.



ÂŞIK MAHZUNİ ŞERİF

1940-2002

He was born in Kahramanmaraş in 1940.

The artist, whose real name was Mehmet Şerif Cırık that he later changed to Şerif Mahzuni, learned to read the Quran in Elbistan's madrasahs before primary school. When a primary school was built in his village, he completed his primary education in 1956 in Berçenek. He graduated from Mersin 3rd Sergeant Preparation School in 1959 and from Ankara Military Equipment Technical School in 1960. The poet, who later enrolled in Kuleli Military High School, dropped out due to financial difficulties.

He had learned to play the saz and sing poems from his uncle Âşık Fezâli (Behlül Baba) at an early age; and after his military life, he concentrated on his musical life. Cırık Baba, who gave Sufism lessons to him, gave him the nickname "Mahzuni" because of his shyness and he adopted this nickname.

In 1967, he released his first record with the folk song "İşte Gidiyorum Çeşm-i Siyahım". He was welcomed with great interest. He appeared in many concerts in Turkey and abroad. Due to his social songs, his records and concerts were banned over time and he was sentenced to prison several times after 1969.

In addition to his saz, he expressed his feelings and thoughts with articles published in *Milliyet*, *Meydan* and *Anadolu'nun Sesi* newspapers

and magazines such as *Pir Sultan*, *Hacı Bektaş*, *Kızıldeli* and *Ozanca*.

He was particularly influenced by Pir Sultan, Aşık Veysel and Davut Sulârî in his poems. When Aşık Mahzuni visited Âşık Veysel Şatıroğlu, one of the greatest representatives of the mistrelly tradition, in Sivrialan village of Sivas in 1972, Aşık Veysel greeted him with respect.

He was closely interested in all the political events of his time and he took part in some of them. After the 12 March Memorandum, the minstrel who was banned from going on the stage and going abroad for 8 years, started to sell records in a small shop during this period to keep in touch with art and folk songs.

He presented nearly four hundred records, ten long-playing records (LP), more than seventy cassettes and nine books to the Turkish folk music scene. He was the chairman of the Disciplinary Board of the Head Office of Pir Sultan Abdal Association, a member of the Board of Hacı Bektaş Veli Anatolian Culture Foundation, and the chairman of the honorary board of Ozan-Der. Between 1989-1991, he was shown among the top three poets of the world by the Folk Poets Federation.

He passed away in Germany in 2002 and was buried in a place called Çilehane, near Hacı Bektaş Veli Complex in Nevşehir's Hacıbektaş district, upon his will.



MY WINGS TOUCHED LOVE

My wing touched love
I've landed but now I can't fly
I've gladly presented
Love's wine but I couldn't drink

O doctor this wound of mine
Bandage it if you can
Love is a burning shirt
Wear it if you can

I got drunk by yesterday
And rejoiced today
From the bridge of lovers
I've returned but couldn't pass

O doctor this wound of mine
Bandage it if you can
Love is a burning shirt
Wear it if you can

Come crouching Mahzuni
What happened to me again
I've found myself among beauties
But I couldn't single myself out

O doctor this wound of mine
Bandage it if you can
Love is a burning shirt
Wear it if you can

BEFORE DAWN TO YOUR HOME

Before dawn to your home
I came but I'm regretting it
I was going to your vineyard
I've arrived but I'm regretting it

You're a liar I can't believe you
Because I simply can't trust you
You're a liar you're a liar
You are a liar

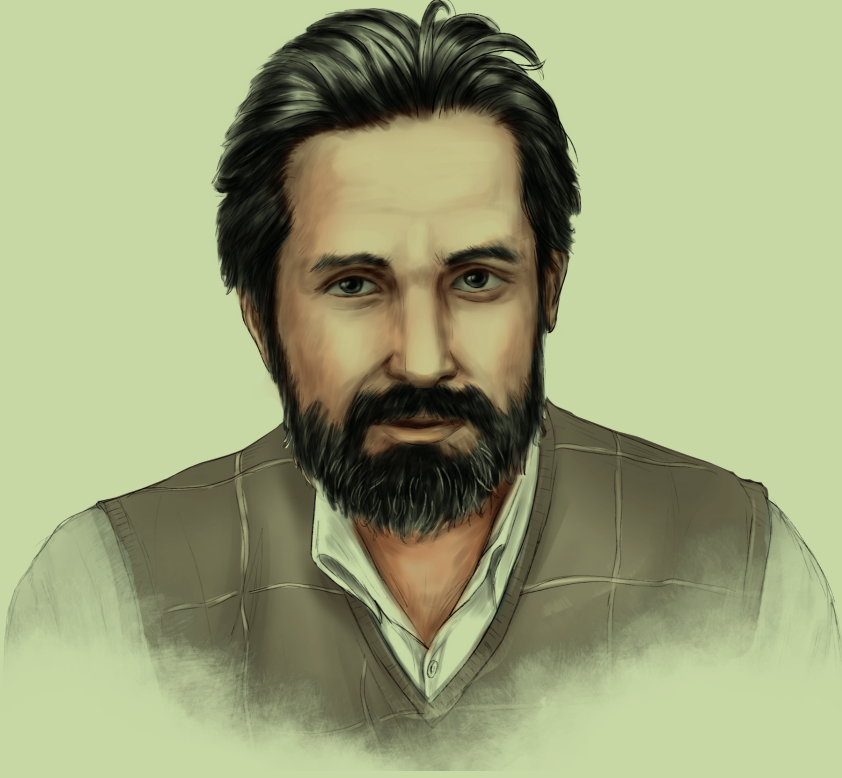
Those who drink from it face anguish
Who shall bandage my hurting wound
I bandaged it but I'm regretting it
You're a liar I can't believe you

I can't trust you anymore
You're a liar you're a liar
The state of Mahzuni Şerif
Is like a dark shrub between us

I asked about my ways and means
To you but I'm regretting it
You're a liar I can't believe you
I can't trust you anymore
You're a liar you're a liar

WORKS

Utansınlar (1981), *Dom Dom Kursunu (1984)*, **Aburcubur Adam (1986)**, *Nenni Bebek (1983)*,
Giden Bahar (1984), *Acı Günlerim (1997)*, **İşte Gidiyorum Çeşmi Siyahım (1998)**



CAHİT ZARİFOĞLU

1940-1987

Abdurrahman Cahit Zarifoğlu, a member of a family from Kahramanmaraş, was born in Ankara in 1940. His full name is Abdurrahman Cahit Zarifoğlu. He started his education life in Siverek (1947) due to his father's public office job and continued it in Kızılcahamam, Ankara and Kahramanmaraş. He completed his high school education, which he started in 1955, only in 1961, as he had to resit the exams of literature and mathematics lessons. During this period, he worked as a substitute teacher (1958-1959) in the Pazarcık district of Kahramanmaraş. One year later he returned to Kahramanmaraş and started to work for *Hizmet* newspaper.

His first poetry and essays were published in local newspapers and magazines. Rasim Özdenören, Alâeddin Özdenören, Erdem Bayazıt and Mehmet Akif İnan were his friends from Maraş High School. This group, which followed magazines such as *Yenilik*, *Yeni Ufuklar*, *Seçilmiş Hikayeler*, *Türk Sanatı*, *Varlık*, *Yeditepe*, *Dost* and *Pazar Postası* in 1956-1959, prepared the art page of the *Maraş'ın Sesi* newspaper. This group of friends published *Hamle* magazine as the publication of Kahramanmaraş High School.

In 1961, he entered the Department of German Language and Literature of Istanbul University's Faculty of Literature. His years in University passed with financial difficulties. Therefore, he was able to complete the university in ten years (1961-1971). He went to Germany in 1973

and stayed there for two months to attend a language course. During his travels in 1967 and 1973, he hitchhiked around Europe. He wrote the impressions he had of this trip in his diaries.

His first poems and writings were published mainly in *Diriliş* and *Edebiyat* magazines until he co-founded *Mavera* magazine in 1976. The first book he published, *İşaret Çocukları* (1967), which received great interest in literary circles, was published with his own money by a publishing house called *İnsan Yayınevi*. He could not distribute the book sufficiently, this is why most of it remained unsold.

He completed his military service as a reserve officer in Istanbul-Tuzla, Sarıkamış and Cyprus in 1973-1975. On his return from military service, he started to work for the Mechanical and Chemical Industry Company. In 1976, he got transferred to TRT as a translator secretary. In the same year, he married Berat Hanım, the daughter of Van's Mufti Mehmet Kasım Arvas. The marriage witness was Necip Fazıl Kısakürek.

He wrote daily articles in *Yeni Devir* and *Milli Gazete* with pseudonyms such as Ahmet Sağlam, Abdurrahman Cem and Vedat Can. He worked on children's literature in his last years. In 1984, he received the Children's Literature Award from the Turkish Authors Association for his work titled *Yürekdede ile Padişah*.

He passed away on 7 June 1987 in Istanbul and was buried at Üsküdar Küplüce Graveyard.



YOU'LL BE A BIRD AND GO WITH A TRAIN

we have a long history
that never got tired
at least once
that amusing cradle

maybe we exist
or maybe a masquerade
standing with respect on a supreme night
by folding a secret share
from a sugarless coffee
with the judgement of a cheerless detail
maybe we don't exist
or maybe we're on the road

what if we must see the dead this time
what if you should be a bird and go with a train

let's crowd the park
the park would take us in first
we'll win a morning from our travels
with a crooked driver but not that crooked
enduring endless ramps
could be richer than the sun
we'll kneel beside the table
what if you should be a bird and go with a train

whereas birds would come and lie on our display.

RECORDING

Frightful was your grace, pity and humility
Your soft look on the world and human conundrums

Your illuminated-cistern honey poured in the spirit brinks of the desert
Your rivers were sourced from you and flowed to you again

When I had clean and patched clothes
When I spoke your name waking up every night

We will for certain sit on the same table one day
You'll stand like a mountain, I'll find an atom's space

As we approached the walls I bodified and disrobed for a love prayer
I go on a journey and your secret opens to my cells

I passed the destination my disappearance became famous
My mouth is shaking its sherbet in my own corner

WORKS

İşaret Çocukları (1967), *Yedi Güzel Adam (1973)*, **Menziller (1977)**, *Korku ve Yakarış (1985)*, **Şiirler (Bütün şiirleri, 1989)**, *Serçekuş (1983)*, **Ağaçkakanlar (1983)**, *Katıraslan (1983)*, **Yürekdede ile Padişah (1984)**, *Motorlu Kuş (1987)*, **Küçük Şehzade (1987)**, *Kuşların Dili (Feridüddin Attar'ın Mantıku't-Tayr'ından sadeleştirme, 1988)*, **Gülücük (1989)**, *Ağaçokul (1990)*, **İns (1974)**, *Hikâyeler (Bütün hikâyeleri, 1996)*, **Yaşamak (1980)**, *Savaş Ritimleri- Anne (1985)*, **Bir Değirmendir Bu Dünya (1986)**, *Zengin Hayaller Peşinde (1999)*, **Sütçü İmam (1987)**.



MEHMET ÂKİF İNAN

1940-2000

In 1958, he settled down in Kahramanmaraş to study the senior year of high school, where his uncles lived and which constituted a milestone in his life.

Mehmet Akif İnan, who was born in Sanlıurfa in 1940, continued his education life in Sanlıurfa until 1958. He had an active student life after coming to Kahramanmaraş and in the same year İnan published a newspaper called *Derya* with a group of friends. This was his first publishing experience. Mehmet Akif İnan met with the poet, writer and intellectual Necip Fazıl Kısakürek in Kahramanmaraş in the year 1960.

İnan stood out as a member of a group of poets and writers who left their mark on Turkish literature with their intellectual and literary works. The others of this group were Nuri Pakdil, Sezai Karakoç and Cahit Zarifoğlu, who won the admiration of millions as the "Seven Beautiful Men". In the year he graduated from high school, he got into the Department of Turkish Language and Literature of Ankara University's Faculty of Languages, History and Geography, but he dropped out after 2 years. During his years as a student, he directed *Hilal* magazine and its publications. He was a director at the Türk Ocakları Headquarters in 1964-1969. In 1969-1972, he carried out trade union activities in the Turkish Vehicle Union. In 1977-1980, he worked as a Turkish and literature

teacher at Gazi Education Institute. In 1993-2000, he served as the Chairman of the Educators Union and the Confederation of Memur-Sen.

His first articles and poems were published in local newspapers beginning from 1957. He was among the founders of *Edebiyat* magazine with Nuri Pakdil, Rasim Özdenören and Erdem Beyazıt in 1969. He also founded *Mavera* magazine with names such as Cahit Zarifoğlu, Rasim Özdenören and Alâeddin Özdenören in 1976. In 1977, he published articles under the name of Âkif Reha and his own name in *Yeni Devir* newspaper. In 1988, he prepared programs on culture and art on Channel 7. In addition to the *Edebiyat* magazine and *Mavera* magazine he also appeared in newspapers and magazines such as *Türk Ruhu*, *Türk Yurdu*, *Filiz*, *Yeni İstiklal* and *Hilal*. The immortal work of Mehmet Âkif İnan, who was devoted to his national and spiritual values, was the poem "Masjid al-Aqsa" written in 1979.

He won the KASD Essay Award in the year 1982. In 1995, he was awarded the Mahdum Kulu Poetry Award at the 3rd International Poetry Festival of Turkish in Ashgabat, the capital of Turkmenistan. Mehmet Âkif İnan was hospitalized in June 1999 due to cancer. He passed away on January 6, 1999 in Sanlıurfa, where he was taken to at his request when he lost his hope about the treatments. He is buried in the Harrankapı Graveyard.



QASIDAH

My song left in those dreams
Are brought to my mornings with your eyes

Your voice is wind to my coarse hair
Your daisy-teeth a harbinger of spring

The star that made me find my way with its light
Is now a thousand pieces in the deep skies

The evening used to come like a pigeon
To our revitalized youth

You weaved the days like an embroidery
Hope resembled an armour on your shoulders,

Our antiquated interests are
An action of saving this era

The edge of September is my last stop
I can't return a single step, there's an abyss behind me

I won't write if your dream-eyes tell me not write
My poems are on the soil you've treaded on

I'm returning from a defeat drenched in blood
Now prepare me for a new war

I don't want to live reminiscing
The arid years that dressed up with you

And to live again, to live again
Those hours that passed by like lightning

We got stranded under a leaden rain
If only there was a monument for fearlessness

I want an end to these poor songs
I seek refuge in you from my frustration

WORKS

Hicret (1972), *Tenha Sözlür* (1993), **Edebiyat ve Medeniyet Üzerine (1972)**, *Din ve Uygarlık* (1985), **Yeni Türk Edebiyatı (ders kitabı)**, *İslam Dünyası ve Ortadoğu* (2009), **Siyaset Kokan Yazılar (2009)**, *Edebiyat, Kültür ve Sanata Dair* (2009), **Aydınlar, Batı ve Biz (2009)**, *Mirası Kuşanmak* (2009), **Hicret (Şiir, 2009)**, *Din ve Uygarlık* (2009), **Edebiyat ve Medeniyet Üzerine (2009)**, *Tenha Sözlür (Şiir, 2009)*, **Söyleşiler (2009)**.



RASİM ÖZDENÖREN

B.1940

He was born in Kahramanmaraş in 1940.

He completed his primary and middle school in southern and eastern provinces of Turkey such as Kahramanmaraş, Malatya and Tunceli. He followed important literary magazines of Turkey and edited art pages in local newspapers with his friends from Maraş High School (Cahit Zarifoğlu, his brother Alâeddin Özdenören, Erdem Bayazıt and Mehmet Âkif İnan). As a part of this effort, they revived the discontinued *Hamle* magazine of Maraş High School (1958). He was the only one in his group involved with short stories. He sent the stories he wrote at that time to magazines such as *Varlık*, *Seçilmiş Hikâyeler*, *Türk Sanatı* and *Dost*. His first published short story was in the pages of *Varlık* magazine in 1957.

He met with Sezai Karakoç in 1962. This was an important event in reshaping his art life and thought style. He graduated from Istanbul University Law School in 1964 and Istanbul University Institute of Journalism in 1967. His first book *Hastalar ve Işıklar* was published that year. He established an authentic story language beginning with his first book. These stories were focusing on individuals and was tackling topics such as the tragedy of man detached from society. After his graduation he worked as a specialist in the Governmental Planning Organization. He stayed in various states of the USA

in 1970-71 for two years to conduct some research. In 1975 he became a Ministry Consultant to the Minister of Culture. He also worked as an inspector in the same ministry for a year. He won the Turkey National Culture Foundation's Idea Award in 1975 with his book of essays called *İki Dünya*. He won the Short Story Award of Turkish Union of Writers in 1984 with his book *Denize Açılan Kapı* and the Essay Award of the same institute in 1986 with his book *Ruhun Malzemeleri*. In 1980 he returned back to GPO and continued signing his newspaper columns as A. Gaffar Taşkın until he resigned in May 1983. He worked as the head of department, assistant to the general secretary, general secretary and as a consultant in GPO. He retired in 2005 as the general secretary.

His short stories such as "Çok Sesli Bir Ölüm" and "Çözülme" were adapted to TV movies. The former won the jury special award at the International Prague TV Film Competition. He won the "Literary Person to Use Turkish Beautifully and Correctly" award at the Karaman Turkish Language Awards which was held by the Turkish Language Institution, Culture and Tourism Ministry and The Supreme Council of Radio and Television in 2008. The author was also chosen for The Grand National Assembly's Supreme Service Award in 2009. He received an honorary PhD from Kahramanmaraş Sütcü İmam University in 2011 and Sakarya University in 2015.



DUST

The desert locusts are collectively flowing against the wind. At first, they will fly towards the sea. They will pass through crop fields before reaching the sea. After pillaging the crop fields they will continue on their path to the sea. Beyond that there is a vogue of death awaiting the locusts: The tired ones will fall to the sea and the leftovers will set for the crops of the first beach they can reach. The rest is unknown for both the locusts and the people watching them. If there is one thing known, it is that locusts continue on their path while leaving a dust cloud behind them: But nobody knows how they cause this much dust, water-sumps, twisters and damage; and nobody will! There're still some dust remaining. Locusts have dust and maggots on their backs, under their wings, inside their green lines... Neither the girl wiping the dust off her table while sipping tea in a tea garden knows this, nor the invisible creatures hiding in the dust. Nobody...

The shutters of that shop was also dusty. But the little girl wasn't grown enough to carefully realize this. Maybe she was focused on the toys on the display window. She was just five years old. She once entered a toy shop with her father. When she saw this many toys the little girl was not surprized but awestruck. Her father showed her a doll that closed her eyes when flat and opened her eyes when standing up. This doll was sometimes smiling and sometimes crying. The girl told his father: "I want this." She was certain and determined. She later on showed a teddy bear nearly as tall as her: "I want this too," she said. Then she wanted a giant panda. The father said "Oh my daughter..." Just when the girl was going to lie on the ground and grab the train with its vagons on the track, her father said "Don't touch those or you'll be covered in dust." The girl withdrew her hand. Someone asked if this girl was the same girl in the tea garden who was sipping her tea and missing her boyfriend. Now she's also wiping the dust off the tablecloth.

As the wind blows, the tablecloths began to take flight and the ashes under the samovar on the tables scattered to the skies. A voice within the ash and dust said "Havva". The voice always began talking with the word "Havva" and then either continued on takling or ceasing to talk with this one word. Her boyfriend was certainly coming soon, she could feel it. This was the way he came every time: He would first call her name and then he would come. It would me more appropriate if we said "appear" because he would just come out of thin air. But after filling her cup with hot water from the tap of the samovar, she hesitated in reaching for his cup as well. She first poured hot water into the cup, then she poured the tea on top of it. Thus the hot water underneath wouldn't mix with the tea for a while. This was one of their games.

The same voice said "Havva" again. A hand took the empty cup on the table. The hand first poured tea from the top of the samovar and then added hot water from the tap. A cup full of tea was then taken from under the samovars tap. "I once told you the same thing," said the voice, "Do you remember? If the loved one doesn't allow another to love her, the lover cannot love. Do you remember?" Havva: "Yes, I do, but..." She stopped, then continued: "Who is the main actor here, the lover or the loved?" "The main actor is the loved one of course," said the voice. "That's how *you* see it. From my view, what can the loved one do if the lover is incapable of love? Is it in her power?"

"In the beginning there was only the loved one, she loved herself and created the universe from this love. Then she inspired the universe to love itself, which also meant her. Everything is coherent once you start thinking from the beginning."

"But I can't think from the beginning," said Havva.

"I can only think of the period I am in and I want to know whether I am the lover or the loved one in this scenario."

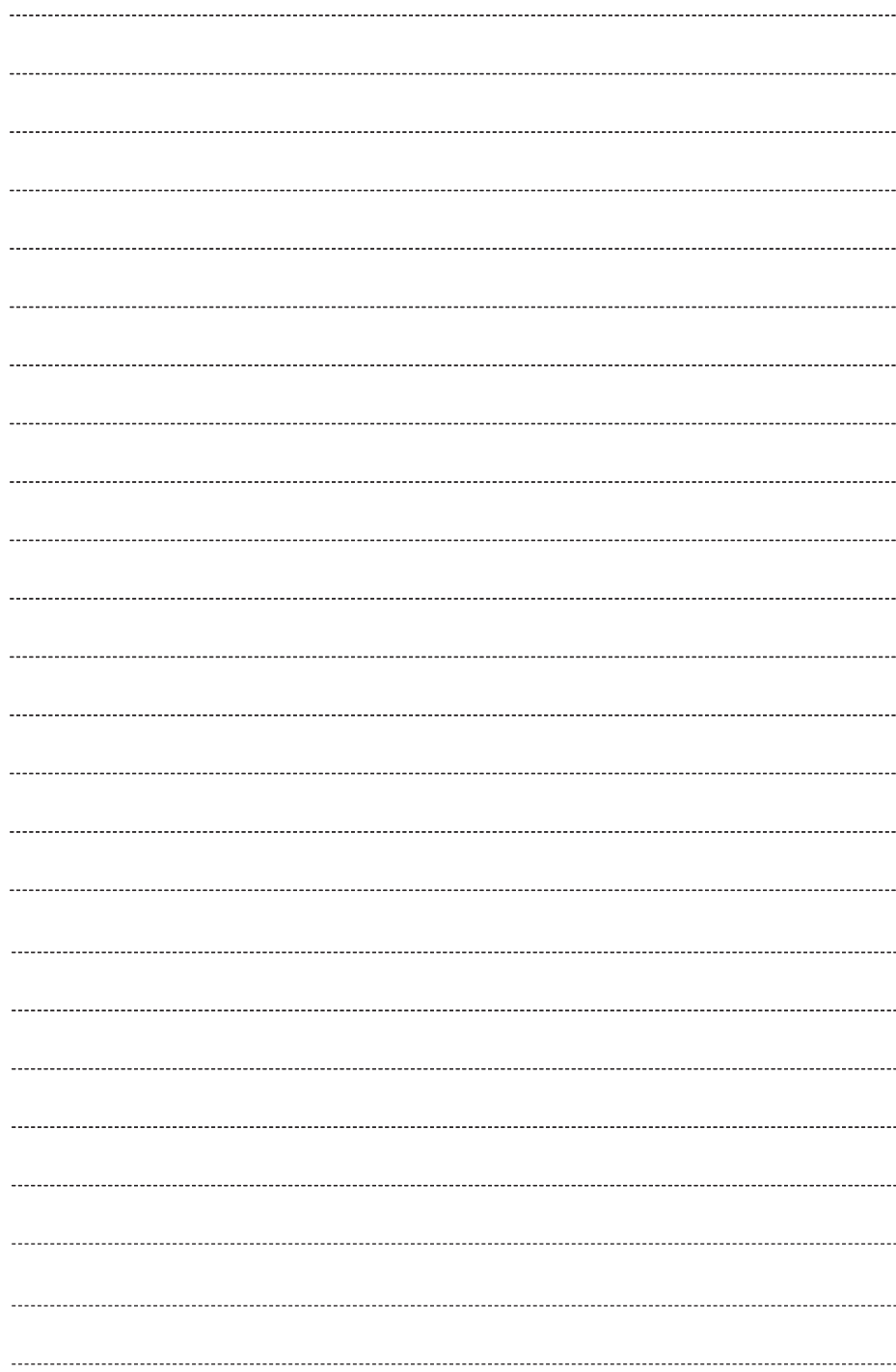
"Ah, you are of course the loved one right now," said the voice. "Because my love poured from you and your love!"

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