



**THE
TURKISH
WOMAN**

**2003
SA
7107**

(1919-1923)



**THE
TURKISH
WOMAN**

(1919-1923)





03 SA 7 107

THE
TURKISH
WOMAN

(1919-1923)



Truth is sometimes so simple that it is hard to believe. Is this why, as we leave the women's apartments of the Palace of Topkapı, the satisfied smirk which hovered on our lips takes flight as soon as it encounters the Turkish woman herself, solid flesh and bone?

The Harem what a dream!

For those who dream, yes! We offer these dreamers the ladder which will enable them to step down from the clouds. Harem, that magic word means very simply, gynaeceum, that wing of a house reserved to the women and where lived, peli-mell, the extended family, with its grannies, aunts, cousins, children, and aged ebony servants, with eyes blued by time.

"Despotic Circe and her dangerous perfumes" is far away. She did not choose the Harem as her residence, obviously.

Between the Harem and the Selamlık reserved for the men, a neutral zone: long corridors, empty rooms, junk rooms. Sometimes, a separate house, largish and set a little aside was given over to the women.

One could ask why it is that the Selamlık never whipped up the imagination. Why has the smirk flown, why this obvious dissatisfaction?

What did you expect to find in the Turkish woman, what was it that you wanted to see in order to preen yourself in all your touchy superiority?

Superbly indifferent, you by pass and fail to see anything that is not part and parcel of your high school education, or of the cheap lore pertaining to the East and hawked around the cinemas of the twenties and where lie around together and pell mell, the "mysterious East": veils, Turkish Delight, hospitality under tents and even, to make things even more confusing, vague reminiscences of Madame Butterfly and maharadjahs.

We shall therefore attempt to deliver you of these and take you affectionately in hand.

— But where will you take me?

Just trust us.

This is National Square; there is always a square named thus in all the large cities of the world. We call the one in Ankara Ulus Meydanı.

This monument in the middle, sitting on a square marble base shows Atatürk on his horse, Atatürk, the founder of the Republic and its first President and the statues of the three helpers of the hero during the War of Independence.

The one a little below and with its back to the base is the statue of a woman. Let us introduce ourselves... She is the Turkish woman. The profile is clear cut and sweet, neither coy nor amazonish. She is she and the model has survived. She fought for the liberation of her country side by side with the men, her brothers who are so reluctant when everything is fine. She is a simple peasant woman from Solfasol, a village nestling in the cropped buffness of the steppe around Ankara.

The thing she is carrying on her back, as one would carry hot bread to a houseful of children, is a venerable shell. She was not alone when she made it, under the roaring guns, year after year; it is the Turkish women who built the future, making the shells for the trenches, tranquil and smiling...

We coined the word "amazonish" because of the river, since it is commonly believed that the Amazons lived in South America. As it happens, their state was bordered by the kingdom of the Hittites and the Aegean isles. Their cradle was Anatolia. It took three kings, no less, to subdue them, two Phrygians and that old acquaintance, the good Trojan Priam. It is all in the Illiad.

It's rather a pity. Theirs was the only kingdom founded and ruled by women. They were the armed-to-the-teeth priestesses of a war goddess named Ma. Misogynistic historians refrained from giving their attention to the life and death of that small mysterious state.

As for ourselves, we hope to breach, beyond hope of repair, some towers of convention which have been very well defended until to day!

Forgive us our despondencies and annoyances: we yawned, during stifling decades, in the face of avalanches of questions which we were not even expected to answer. Superficial observations, unbelieving remarks, sceptical curiosity were borne with incredible fortitude: all about Turkish women, and as if, in the rest of the world, women lived in ideal conditions!

As soon as our words did not relate to preconceived ideas, we met with a superior, even hostile silence. Some

people even would have our women refrain from pushing the doors of harems which do not exist any longer. And for those who think and talk so much about the Harem, isn't it because they long for it so much?

Machos can not easily accept the part played by women, their influence, their aspirations. Moreover they can not conceive that someone great and brave acted before they did, and gave these controversial rights to our women, in a brilliant cascade of laws, and in a period as short as ten years. There is always underground work before a breaking-out. What we can not deny, is that Atatürk applied to the letter the saying 'Givers can't be keepers'. The rights were given, courageously and generously.

'As far as I am concerned - said Atatürk - the Turkish woman must be the most virtuous, the most enlightened and the proudest. It is she who shapes morally and physically the future generations. It is up to her to build a race which is strong and able to defend itself'.

'We want her as a partner in social, economic and scientific life, Our women have nothing to envy the women of Europe; the latter are at the moment, in a more advantageous position but I think that given the same education, our women will soon go further'.

Wishful thinking, would you say? But everything begins by wishing. Another thing that people want to know when they interrogate us with such avidity, is the extent of the gap, between the aim and the actual level,

But the target is never fixed: as you go forward, your horizon widens and recedes...

Here is this Turkish woman possessed of rights which her foreign sisters dream of, and yet what does she actually have which is both solid and tangible and does not run away through fingers?

Do these rights contribute to her happiness?

What stage has her competition with men reached?

Since competition is something which seems to be looked for everywhere; it is a turn of mind born of a harsh discipline.

How does man, who does not as a rule think so much of his female companion, view this encroachment upon his rights?

Does he know that the mess into which women have begun to move freely is, no matter what people say, a world made by men?

For our part, since we have not been conditioned so harshly, the world is everybody's.

We shall try, in this little book, to get rid once and for all of a good many of these questions, even if they are fatuous, and answer them as honestly as possible.

We are convinced that only then, all the little smiles will fade from those lips!

We shall try to throw some light on the aims adopted by fifty years of republicanism, resting on a six-hundred

year-old Empire, without stumbling into the pitfall of caste or building rigid separations between cities and villages.

In our country the city woman is heir to two generations of women who settled in the towns, The peasant woman is the one who converses with nature, New conditions should not stop this dialogue.

She, the woman of the statue, went back to her house after the victory, without ceremony or fanfare to live out the rest of her days among her own. She did not think of turning the world upside down. All she did was to use her abilities to the utmost, That is the important thing.

We consider that the prime virtue of the Turkish woman is precisely this, the refusal to play a role, the determination to remain herself in all circumstances.

So here is the question : how far has the Turkish woman been able to explore her potentialities?

Has she been able to create a world for herself? Has she been able to invent a new world of happiness? Does she have the stamina to fight against tides and storms?

She must be studied within a new and rational system, one in which tyrants do not devour each other, and we must give the bravest of them all his chance between the written law and reality, we must ask to fight back!

Since people persist in talking about the gap whether this gap concerns only the Turkish woman, It

concerns the whole of the human species. This may sound paradoxical, but tradition has a belittling effect. In all the Mediterranean countries, the mother is considered sacred, As we say, 'Paradise is where mothers walk'.

One thing to notice in the Turkish tradition : women have never achieved anything worthwhile through beauty alone, even at the times when they kept their abilities in abeyance.

Westerners keep pointing to us women such as Simone de Beauvoir or Elizabeth Taylor as prototypes. At most, they are counter - reactionaries. They are called 'sacred monsters'; we call them products of pressure. They can be neither examples, nor pioneers but only oppressed schoolgirls playing hooky and who, having caught hold of the weapons of their oppressors use them against them.

We, for our part, are interested in the average woman, fertile, sensible, with the aura taken away. And we will not accept either the image we are given of the western woman flying on high. May we recall those convents where she was shut up by the will of a father, the whim of a brother or the jealousy of a husband?

Maybe they looked upon the convent as a harem, these unfortunate women, the sort of harems that we have abolished.

And, talking about harems, we shall let you into a secret : they were adorned, not by our women, but foreigners. A very few, yes, were forced into the harem

by gentlemen paid for the job. But there were enough applicants led by a devouring ambition, who hoped that this was the way to become, one day, the Sultan Mother!

As for the booty of wars, remember what the Romans did, the Romans who taught us the basics of jurisprudence.

The struggle for liberation embarked upon by the women in the West is a struggle badly conceived and we are far from victory.

The purpose of the two sexes should be a parallel flowering.

The Turkish woman has not despised her part as the preserved of the species; she only knows that she must add to that other functions. Her aim, is to be able to choose the sort of life she wants.

She, the giver of life, looks with tolerance at those who make rules for her!

The pages of history will teach us a great deal.

Looking through history

First, there was matriarchy in Anatolia, and then patriarchy.

The sheer number of goddesses is witness to the condition and prestige that women enjoyed in this land.

At the time when human beings relied solely upon the generosity of nature for their sustenance woman must have appeared as a sort of magician or goddess

to her companion and must have engendered an almost sacred awe.

This creature who changed her shape for a time and then brought forth other beings, what mystery and threat did she not contain?

For a long time primitive man did not establish the link between the act of fecundation and the fact of birth.

And she also was the source of pleasure.

The overflowing and apocalyptic shape of Cybele seem to reflect these aspects; for a woman sculptor would not have given her this disquieting appearance.

... As for the child, for a long time it belonged to his mother, who had brought it forth into the world by an act of separation. Man was not sure about his rights upon this child.

An interesting fact : at the moment of burial, before the earth covers up for ever the dead person, the latter is called three times by the priest, by his or her name, and the name of the mother, not of the father.

The Hittite Woman

After the Proto - Hittites of which very little is known, come the Hittites which are believed to be an almost totally indigenous folk in Anatolia. We have a sketchy knowledge of the condition of women at that period.

The tablets which have survived throw light on many aspects of that.

We know for instance, the conditions ruling the granting of alimony. Even the fact that the concept existed is proof of civilisation.

In cases where it was the husband who demanded the divorce the wife received, apart from a certain weight of money in unrefined metal, ten sackfuls of grain, half wheat and half rye.

This must have amounted to a fortune at the time although the tablets do not tell us what happened to the wife when she had gone through the ten sacks. Maybe she could get another 'ten sacks'.

In the event when it was the women who asked for the divorce, she could only take with her the trousseau and the personal maids she had brought with her from her father's house. At least the tablets show us that the privileges of the Hittite woman were not those conferred by charm alone.

We are often told that the elite is our only concern and that elites are not representative of the rest of the community. Our answer is that elites represent the opportunities available. No one knows the names of the soldiers who died at Waterloo for Napoleon but his name is well - known. One always knows the names of those who went to the limit of human endeavour and who became the representatives of humanity.

However, if this is the wrong way to look at things, it is the product of a long tradition which is in the process of being abandoned.

As for the position of women in the Hittite Kingdom, an Egyptian king may tell you more than I :

'... and the King of Egypt was abashed He had no answer to give to the just complaints of his queen.'

Guiltily, he eyed the finely engraved silver tablet, representing the peace treaty made with his cousin, the King of the Hittites; there were two signatures upon it: the second was that of the Hittite Queen, and was the cause of his domestic trouble.

If it were but only the signature... there was a picture of the Hittite Queen in the arms of the goddess of the city and the following words were appended: sovereign, star of the city, servant of the goddess...

The expression 'servant of the goddess' did not bother him, a servant is a servant, even if the mistress happens to be a goddess, but the word 'sovereign'...

For his part, he had been able to answer through the means of a vulgar papyrus and only one signature, In his country, queens reigned but did not rule, but how could he convince his wife?

What's more gossip had it that the Queen of the Hittites had an all powerful secretary who carried out her orders while the Queen of Egypt had only ladies-in-waiting and slaves who may or may not have a soul!



History does not tell us how the King of Egypt solved his predicament. Maybe he did not, since it is as one of the great ones of this lowly world said : 'Important questions have no solution'.

The elite... We know that this argument shall face us all the time. We give the last word to Bonaparte : 'Women have an astounding ability for adaptation. A foot-soldier may become a prince but he will always remain a foot-soldier but a laundress who becomes a duchess is really a duchess'... The contrary is also true,, we think... We repeat that women of all conditions can enjoy what elites do, provided they are conscious of their rights. the fact of being a woman does not impose upon a human being, obstacles which can not be overcome in the Hittite culture. This is the important point.

Let's us examine what transpires from the contents of the tablets :

1. The right to sign treaties.
2. The right to divorce.
3. The right to work which will be used and misused later by the stronger sex.

These rights were either abolished or severely truncated once patriarchy established its severe tutelage.

Woman bore with good grace these restrictions for during the Hittite era, what was left of her original rights was still enough; she could refuse recognition to her children or grant it at will. She was mistress of her

goods and chattels, a fact which gave her some economic independence. With time, these privileges were swept away.

Thus, the Sun Goddess, well up in the sky became the Sun God. The god Moon, just good enough for men, became a goddess. There was no trouble at all.

And Aside from the Hittites?

What happened in the Turkish states outside Anatolia, in the nomadic tribes or semi - nomadic tribes?

What we find is astonishing.

The Sumerian woman gives up her rights rapidly and accepts the superiority of her spouse, even though she was more privileged than her western sister ten centuries later.

She can dispose of her property.

She can have professions : weaving, pottery, and of course agriculture of which she is a precious and permanent work unit.

This is the period of transition towards a limited polygamy. If a man's wife is sterile he can take another wife. Thus woman have the comfort of being told that the second marriage is caused by a sad necessity and not for pleasure.

The Sumerian woman can be a witness in the courts, and her evidence carries the same weight as a man's; later it will carry only one half because of a masculine brainchild; women are emotional and therefore can make mistakes easily and cause a miscarriage of

justice... oddly enough this is not referred to when the joint evidence of two women is considered and the fact that these two may connive at the truth does not occur...

The Sumerians were polytheists, women bowed to their goddesses, men to their gods; this is a sort of freedom of thought and displays an enormous tolerance when one thinks of the period of history concerned and that their monuments are slowly going back to earth.

Among the Huns and the Scyths, women have a great deal of prestige. Since they go to war they possess a good deal of active power. They are free, independent and war-like. They scalp their enemies, who hang pitifully on their skirts. They exult in this, neither wan nor pale. They are not prized because they are good mistresses of the house but because they are mistresses of the battlefields.

These women do not allow their male companions to presume upon superiority, they know him too well for that. As for the men, they are very careful not to presume for they may have to pay dearly for it.

Among the Huns the women who stayed nearer home are more respected and freer, while those who at the end of incredible gallops happened upon and came into contact with the Persian and Byzantine civilisations became more languid and calculating. They became 'feminine'. People begin to look upon them as females, despised because they are not male.

For centuries and centuries to come, no one will invoke as the ideal, the image of the princess Aladja,



daughter of Subutay, who headed the Mongolian hordes invading Hungary and won the name of the 'Killer Princess'.

The day even arrived when discussions centred on the subject of whether women belong or not to the human species, The attack upon the material and moral strengths of the old civilisations, enriched by all that women have brought to it, succeeds. Vigorous and healthy customs disappear and man takes it as a duty to oppress woman,

When the Seljuks came

The Seljuks founded in Anatolia the Seljuk Turkish Empire. Their most brilliant period was the twelfth century. Its remains are scattered all over the country. The Seljuks adopted Islam. They were enlightened, tolerant, great builders. They chose a decentralised form of government. It is they who gave their vassals, the Osmanlis, the fief of Sögüt, near Bursa.

Historians consistently praise the Seljuk women; carefully educated, free, influential in matters of state, building as much as their men; many public buildings were put up by them, mosques, schools, hospitals and libraries.

Who profited, you ask, from these?

From the mosques, all the believers.

From the hospitals, the citizenry for the noblemen were cared for at home. Even today the expression 'a hospital corner' carries a disparaging sense. It seems

that the hospital beds in those days were even furnished with sheets.

The libraries were used by scholars, by those who build the future of civilisation and better the destiny of humanity of which women are a part.

Moreover, political marriages, calculated to reinforce the bases of the monarchy brought women a share of power and an education to match.

They were the links between great empires, they worked towards alliances and treaties, they also had to see that royal husbands were well-disposed towards royal fathers. Again, unsatisfied enquirers will insist that this is all very well but that this was the elite and that these privileges were granted through the blind selfishness and ambitions of men. We may ask what would happen to a world bereft of selfishness and ambition, but we are far from thinking that is all for the best in the best of worlds; nor do we think that all is for the worst in the worst possible of worlds.

We shall try to acquaint you with the woman of the Seljuk era through the person of a great and gracious figure of the times. You shall see in her the story of all women because, elites or no' since suffering is a fact which can be shared best.

One rarely sees suffering transformed into dignity or a person possessed of enough resources able to turn abandonment and anger into something of value.

The woman in question is Honat Hatun as she is known among the people or Han't among the learned.

Again, the unsatisfied enquirer will point out that she had the means and the ability to surmount her trouble.

A case in point : The great Elizabeth of England, betrayed by the man she loved, did not erect public buildings but had the man's head cut off; she also had means and ability!

Honat Hatun's story is beautiful and sad. In Kayseri, a town in Central Anatolia and which is called by some 'the town of mausoleums' she built a group of buildings to serve the people: mosque, school library and mausoleum. In that town. One stumbles constantly upon a monument built at the time and usually by women. It is difficult to understand why: is it because the men, who were away warring left the work of building to the women? No, witness the important monuments they had built like the immense caravanserai, Sultan Hani forty kilometres from Kayseri, half fort and half inn and which was built precisely by the wandering husband, albeit great king, of this celebrated ancestor of the Turkish woman.

The time is the twelfth century.

Konya, Kayseri, Alanya have become centres of learning. Honat Hatun came from Georgia. She was beautiful and cultivated and had been nurtured since childhood with a view to a great political marriage. The Emperor himself fell to her lot. History in those days was discreet but one can easily imagine the loneliness of the young woman, the long period of adaptation the beginning of love for her companion.

She had a son who became first a source of hope and then of anguish...

For the Emperor - Sultan Alaettin Keykubat not only abandoned her to marry an Arab princess of the powerful dynasty of the Eyyubid-thus hoping to gain the allegiance of the Arab countries - but also chose the son who was born out of this second marriage to succeed him, thus by-passing the eldest.

Feelings have not changed very much and neither have human weaknesses.

It is said that the great Emperor - Sultan Alaettin Keykubat died, poisoned by this second son who succeeded to the throne under the name of Keyhusrev II.

History informs us that Honat Hatun carried her unhappiness like a crown. She created a world for herself by embarking upon a great programme of building. Nowhere else do we see such behaviour, not with Mary Stuart, Ann of Austria or Mademoiselle de Lavalliere the best of them could only seek refuge, sobbing into a convent!

We have told you this story in order to show how different, not to say superior was the elite, since there is an elite, and we leave you to choose between the two levels of behaviour.

We may also point out that we never called barbarian a civilisation different to our own and this reflects a humanistic and tolerant education.

To go back to Honat Hatun...

The group of buildings built by Honat Hatun in the middle of the vast square of Kayseri, where horse-drawn carriages still circle around, look grey in the dawn and then become pink when the sun comes out. There is a mosque, with its school and cemetery.

The proportions are on a human scale. There is a feeling of soft melancholy, which succeeds the battles that one fight against oneself and that one wins...

Three unsteady steps take you to the tomb of the Seljuk Queen, who had been able to go beyond her private despair... who had transformed it into work. Somewhere, on one of the doors of the monument this inscription :

'Here lies Honat Hatun, gentle lady, the Mary and the Hatidje of her times. She built this monument with her own money, she did not appeal to anyone's aid or support'.

We would like to find in the civilised world, a similar inscription but we shall look in vain.

For in these three lines you find religious tolerance which cites Mary as a model, as much as the Prophet's wife. Is there a similar tolerance in some inscription of the Europe of the twelfth century?

You also find in the inscription a sense of financial responsibility, which is for a woman of quality in the widest possible sense, a source of pride and dignity.

And then the inscription contains the supreme achievement, that of considering death as natural...

Just as some have a villa built at the seaside, the women who had the means to do so built their own mausoleums. This attitude concerning death can be found in the whole of Anatolia, among the proudest and the humblest of women. What is the cause of this?

This attitude is due to the vigour, that is the virtue of a certain type of education.

We like to reflect upon a fact or an example, that is why we chose Honat Hatun to give you an idea about women at the time of the Turkish Seljuk Empire.

The moral of this story, since each problem has many aspects, comes from a saying which is still used in Anatolia and which may be interpreted as a moral to the contrary, if there is such a thing: in Anatolia, the people see far and they say : 'If you slacken the reins; your daughter will marry an itinerant fiddler'.

She is right, this daughter full of sense. Honat Hatun was not given a choice, she married the greatest king and was unhappy... The Turkish woman of to-day drew a hard and painful lesson from the story... She is not too keen on 'arranged marriages' so-called marriages of reason and which still take place in so many countries.

As for the women of Europe, before and a long time after the age of Honat Hatun?

Generally they either stayed at home and spun their wool or spun perfect plots: Fredegond, Brunehilde, Joan of Arc... are they examples to be envied? Please note that they all came to a sorry end through the good offices of

men, the very - ancestors of those who go through the Harem with such a self-satisfied smirk.

To sum up: during the Seljuk era, in an empire solidly established, women withdraw gradually from social life, and renounce their tribal freedom, with a few exceptions.

These exceptions show that here there is no question of sex as such, but of a social order embracing both men and women.

There has been little change in the world: inter-planetary decisions are not taken to-day by super-market salesgirls. There is still an elite, albeit not by divine right!

Anatolia remained outside these currents. The peasant woman is the indispensable working unit. One cannot work in the fields and wear a veil. She covers her head only as our folk dances show. In the East, where the descendents of the Oghuz Turks are still numerous as the name of the district of Oghuzeli near Gaziantep shows the woman is as 'active' as the man in dancing.

In Istanbul, on the other hand and in the larger cities men made women surrender all their weapons except that most dangerous of all, charm.

The women will use and re-use it constantly for what else can they do?

Three periods may be roughly distinguished during the era of the Ottoman Empire.

The long period lasting from the fifteenth century to the Reform of 1839.

Night.

From the Reform era to the Constitution of 1908.
Dawn.

From 1908 to the Republic : Sunrise.

This last may be still divided into the period lasting to the First World War and the one lasting from then until the Republic, for our century experienced great upheavals after each of these events.

These periods should not be broken up into too many pieces, and so we shall keep the first classification.

Some changes which occurred are not the product of depth waves but only ripples on the surface.

After the Reform of 1839, one witnesses a softening in the customs, the era of great conquests is over and the power of sovereigns rarely goes beyond the gates of the palace.

The proposed reforms do not include the position of women. However, women benefit from the general atmosphere and they seize the opportunity to try their doors. They reappear as a graceful shadow, with no economic, social or political substance; a long time will be needed for that.

Even such an enlightened prince as the Sultan Selim II makes time to upbraid his Vizir, too lenient apparently about matters of fashion :

'The Vizir should forbid our women the wearing of bright colours!.. Blue, pink and yellow, all the gay colours shock the sovereign and he is still not content : 'In the name of faith and good manners, large **decolletes** will not be tolerated. There should be neither tolerance nor indulgence shown in this respect. My Vizir should note'.

The author of this order is the same man who wanted to establish and rule a modern state. 'Women should not dress their coachmen and grooms too elegantly and these men should not be too young...'

One can not help but smile, of course, but the smile is not too broad, when chastity belts and other gadgets come to mind...

This period, lasting to the Constitution of 1908 is one of dreams, wishes, hopes.

The liberation of women proceeds at snail's pace.

On the morrow after the Constitution women waited with a touching euphoria, to be presented with their rights as with a perfumed bouquet. They had not reckoned with the selfishness, the cautiousness and the bad will of men. Even those who championed their cause declared that they feared the reaction of some hostile forces which could not be ignored.

Men, happy at the acceptance of the Constitution, rested heavily in their glory, But the War of the Balkans, the one before the last of a long series of disasters pulled them out of it.

They seem to forget that while they cautiously refrained from asking for something more than a Chamber of Deputies, women were already talking about a National Assembly.

They forgot all the courage, all the sacrifices of their feminine companions and thought that they have gone the limit by granting them a few concessions which could not upset a world or a system.

However, the misfortunes which plague humanity were to force men to think in a different way and lead them to dream of other systems.

In the meantime, disenchantment pushed women to act. They formed associations, of charity, Protection and Mutual Assistance, as women did all over the world. That is when the Red Crescent Society was formed.

A different association followed, the Women's Section of the Naval Forces; The School for Nurses produced its first graduates and audiences applauded the first Turkish actress who was promptly arrested.

The 1914 had just created havoc with judgments and values. Already in 1917, civic marriage was allowed thus marking the intervention of the state in a relationship hitherto considered as belonging to the realm of religious authority.

In spite of these series of new rights and freedoms, men and women were still leading parallel lives, the latter shouting it the desert, and the former attempting to calm them down by the granting of tiny concessions and extravagant promises.

In the period which followed the War of the Balkans, the Centres of Turkish Culture influenced to some extent future developments.

When the Empire was dismembered, Turks felt the need to cling to their roots. The Centres provided an opportunity for men to get used again to appear in public side by side with women.

However, a new upheaval was going to shake the system to its roots and bring to women their rights and their dignity.

Our poets tuned their lyres...

From time immemorial poets have exalted woman, turned their handsomest madrigals in honour of her beauty and even praised her pallor; The poems of Ziya Gökalp, the theoretician of the new system, sound much more serious, more human :

'Whether you be mother, sister or daughter
It's you who calls forth from my heart
Sacred feelings; beloved, my sun and my moon,
Looking at you I know beauty.
But the powers of evil have brought you down.
Mistaken judgment'

Is not the family the cell of the nation
'tis the nation which suffers when women is wrong'd.
The family must live, shoulder to shoulder
All must be equal, marriage, divorce, wealth
No nation can ever bloom if its daughters
Are not given the weight they deserve.
We have fought for and won all our other rights

Only the family is still in its dark age
Why do we still turn our backs on women
Tell me, have they not a part in our struggles?'

The verses are far from perfect, and naively pompous but they do convey the attitude of mind which was rare before the Republic, and should be that of to-day.

Hear how a very great poet, Baudelaire, proclaimed, just as sincerely, his opinions :

'Woman, vile slave, vain and stupid,
Self-loving without humour and without disgust
Man, tyrannical, drooling, drunk and grasping
Slave of the slave and stream in the drain.'

Our smirking enquirer does not think of Baudelaire as a barbarian, does he?

Another of our poets, Mehmet Emin wrote in 1914 and for the Anatolian woman :

'No, you were not born for this miserable fate,
You came into the world bringing all your rights
To live happily in your own home
Motherly love swelling your breast.
To give to your children feelings
As pure as your milk...

As for us, what did we do? we took away your rights
We besmirched and despised you
And turned you into a lonely orphan

When men castigate themselves, they really go at it. But Mehmet Emin Yurdakul - which means servant of the fatherland - meant what he wrote and fought for what he believed.

Another poet, influential on the development of ideas, Tevfik Fikret wrote in 1902 :

'No, Infamy is not your lot
Nor cruelty a fit reward for your kindness
When woman is disgraced, humanity is demeaned...'

All this is very well, but remains in the realm of diatribe, itself the result of personal indignation.

We must wait for the Republic.

Another great influence on the development of
the 19th century was the industrial revolution
which began in England in the 18th century and
spread to other parts of Europe and America.
This led to a rapid increase in the production
of goods and a corresponding increase in the
demand for raw materials and labor. The
industrial revolution also led to the development
of new technologies and the growth of cities.
The 19th century was a time of great change
and progress, and it laid the foundation for
the modern world.



WOMEN IN THE REPUBLIC.

...



Women In The Republic.

The Republic was proclaimed in 1923. In that very year Kemal Atatürk made a speech in İzmir. Extracts from this speech are more eloquent on the subject than any commentary :

'I am firmly convinced of the fact that no endeavour on earth succeeded without the help of women. A civilisation where one sex is supreme can be condemned, there and then, as crippled. A people which has decided to go forward and progress must realise this as quickly as as possible. The failures in our past are due to the fact that we remained passive towards the fate of women. We are in the world in order to contribute to a given accomplishment. With a crippled member our society is atrophied.

.....

Given that science and knowledge are indispensable to the development of a nation, men and women must partake of these to the same extent. In the realm of morality there is work to do for both.

Women owe themselves to the happiness of a society. Her work in the house is the least important.'

A few pioneers had spoken in this vein and had met a public opinion not yet prepared for the new ideas. Here was a statesman, still blackened by the powder of battlefields, after a war of independence which had lasted four years, expressing the thoughts which were to shape the future of a nation.

'One of the most sacred of a woman's duties, is the task of motherhood.

Mothers are the educators **par excellence**. What she gives us in her warm embrace remains with us for the rest of our life. If a nation wishes to go forward, it must look after the development of its women. They must, we repeat, acquire the same knowledge as men and get in step with him. Our enemies have blamed our religion in order to explain some of our failings. Our religion nowhere prescribes that woman is an inferior creature.

.....
Women must always be alongside men in social life and go forward. The woman who works in the fields, sells what she produces and buys what she needs for her family has always been the equal of her husband or her brothers. I have known some, brighter than they. It is women who have asked me, upon occasions, the most important questions: what was the real strength of our armies, or the strength of the most inexorable of our enemies. They did this without losing their serenity.

If there is ignorance in our country, it concerns just as much as women...

We owe our present level to our mothers: it is they who brought us up.

Our present level of development does no longer reflect the level of our era. We need other people, another mentality, a different type of maturity. In the future we shall owe them to the mothers. Upon them rests all the future, the honour, the history and the life of a state.'

How dignified and beautiful is this voice speaking to us from the future; we can not bring ourselves to say that it comes from the past.

Atatürk grants all that can be accorded and tries to bridge the gap between generous thinking and actual fact.

In 1927, the Civil Code gives women equal rights.

It is a revolution in her life.

We note that in spite of everything it had taken six years as from the inception of the Republic to achieve this so hardened were some of the attitudes.

The Civil Code abolished polygamy, among others.

Divorce, as for the Hittites could be asked for and obtained by either party.

The legal age for marriage was brought up, although parental consent could be given for minors. In the past, fathers had the authority to decide. According to

unwritten law, a girl was marriageable as soon as a **fez** thrown at her head, did not knock her down. The **fez** is the lighter than air, ruby-coloured headgear which men adopted under the reign of Mahmut II.

Sometimes the weddings were arranged by the parents while the children were still in the cradle. The expression is still used in Turkish : 'Beşik kesigi - cradle-promised'.

Political rights came later. In 1930 women were given the right to take part in local elections, and they had to wait until 1934 to have the right to vote in national elections. The 1930 law was passed with 197 votes against 317, which shows that Atatürk had not underestimated the reaction.

Women could be elected to the National Assembly once they had become thirty years old. To-day, they can be elected to the Senate at forty. (The same provisions apply to men).

The text of the Bill which was to give women their political rights is couched in moving terms. This style is no longer used in official circles.

'The Turkish woman, having proved herself in all circumstances, having borne adversity without a murmur, having suffered from all the disasters which befell her country, must take her place in the government of the Republic which is partly her work.'

As you see, a woman needs very great virtues in order to take her rightful place in a male world.

Times have changed since: each person comes into the world together with his or her rights. The citizen is born, and she has the right to speak in the administration of her country. 18 women were elected and one of them was Sati Kadin, sponsored and supported by Atatürk himself; she was a peasant woman from Central Anatolia who fought for four years during the War of Independence.

Let us not anticipate.

For some, the emancipation of women means in the first instance their political rights and a freedom which is yet to be fully understood.

We shall not tire from repeating that woman's liberation means that she must not encounter obstacles when she wants to affirm her personality, when she wants to explore her potentialities to the limit, when she wants to choose or invent the shape of her life; some will say her happiness but this is also a world that is misused.

There have been women who found happiness, even though they were deprived of all their rights and their dignity...

Atatürk had foreseen the opposition and did not want truncated laws for women; he used his power of persuasion and his time; he travelled through the country explaining to women their role and their responsibilities in the world.

What he told them, and it is important to grasp this, is the thought behind the new world which had just been created.

In one of his talks in Konya in 1923, one is aware of the fight he is engaged upon, pretending to retreat cleverly now and again, in order not to yield an inch of the ground so dearly gained and not to break the tenuous dialogue he had established.

Here is the talk :

'During the recent years of evolution, of struggles, of stubborn sacrifices in order to liberate the country, snatch it from death and lead it to independence, each one of us contributed his efforts, his goodwill, his spirit of sacrifice. The Anatolian woman has her part in these sublime acts of self-sacrifice and must be remembered with gratitude, by each one of us. Nowhere in the world has there been a more intensive effort than the one made by the Anatolian peasant woman.

No woman in the world is in a position to say 'I have done more than she has in order to lead my country towards liberation and victory.

Ladies and gentlemen...'

Even this last formula carried value at that time. To address women first, in the presence of men who still thought themselves omnipotent, was to go beyond simple courtesy.

Times and places must always be taken into account.

The really great men have always been able to find the rightest of tones and the most incisive of expressions in order to break resistance. An analysis of that talk reveals a whole new world, with its caution, its reticence, its composition, its seeming concessions :

'In fact, in the past, women whether in war or in the fields have always stood next to their men, without straying behind. While the men fought breast to breast with their bayonets the women looked after the food and ammunition needed by the armies.

It is woman who wove the survival of the country. Women were the source of a vital dynamism; who ploughed the fields? She did. Who sowed the grain? She. Who turned into a woodcutter and wielded the axe? She. Who kept the fires of home burning? She. Who, notwithstanding rain or wind, heat or cold, carried the ammunition to the front? She did, again and again, The Anatolian woman is divine in her devotion.

Let us therefore honour this courageous and self-sacrificing woman, let us honour all...

There is a road that we should choose and upon which our steps would sound firmer and stronger...

It is for us to pledge ourselves to accept women as our partners in all our social work, to live with her, to make her our companion in the scientific, moral, social and economic realm. I believe that this is the road to follow...'

Allow us to remind the reader that Konya in 1923 was no longer the ancient Iconium, nor the favourite city of that enlightened Seljuk monarch, Alaeddin Keykubat. It was nothing more than a dusty provincial town which waited for the Republic to revive it.

After a carefully balanced discourse, and where as a matter of fact there were no lies, Atatürk leads the audience towards his daring and delicate proposal; he abstains from indicating which particular past he has been referring to. And continues :

'If women were to join us, dressed as the Law demands it and behaving as religion prescribes, be sure that even the most conservative among us will turn into their champions, even against us who so ardently wish to establish her in new conditions.'

This speech spreads in front of our eyes, better than anything we could tell you, the obstacles which had to be surmounted, the resistance which had to be vanquished and show why he had to wait eleven years after the establishment of the Republic. This past master of timing had calculated the benefits of conscious patience and everything that one may lose when one hurries the event.

One almost hears the baited breath in the hall, hostile in part and the way he carefully avoids the breaking of the fragile dialogue.

'Woman is an important entity in all nations and so it is with us. She has acquired this importance and consideration in the past'.

Again, he forebears to define that past. 'Our mothers and grandmothers have shown great virtues, history is there to show this'.

'History shows the great virtues shown by our mothers and grandmothers One of these' has been to raise sons of which the race can be proud, Those whose glory spread across Asla and as far as the limits of the world had been trained by highly virtuous mothers who taught them on courage and truthfulness. I will not cease to repeat it, woman's most important duty, apart from her social responsibilities, is to be a good mother. As one progresses in time, as civilisation advances with giant steps, it is imperative that mothers be enabled to raise their children according to the needs of the century. This is an arduous task. Is is no longer as easy as it was in the past. Great qualities are needed in order to raise children to the level of what the future will demand of them, to train useful human beings. Therefore, our women should be more enlightened than our men, if they are to fulfill their duty and earn the recognition of the country'.

One almost feels the threads of opposition in the hall give way and the favourable threads grow tighter.

Now come the exhortation and conclusion so eloquently put that no orator could disown it :

'We are grateful to our women for not straying behind in their competition with their male

companions in the spiritual realm and for preserving their dignity in all circumstances. Let them embark upon the battle of life in equal conditions, This is something worthwhile and a matter for thought: had women enjoyed the same advantages as men for a long time in the past, there would have been a chance that they outstripped men, Women must not make of this a matter of pride but they must show their opponents, and foreigners, and those who are not well-intentioned towards them that the disabilities of which they are accused are nothing but the product of bad faith, They are ready to prove that all of them are a matter of injustice and error.'

One can imagine the audience where the opponents of women dare not breathe a word, since Atatürk started his discourse by using arguments dear to the heart of each and everyone of them.

He slowly surrounded them with their own weapons and conducted his siege as one does for a girl - as unyielding as a fortress.

The authority comes from up High : 'Paradise lies beneath the feet of mothers'. No one can object to that.

He adds, almost absent-mindedly :

'I must say that the type and shape of garments is a completely secondary consideration in the problem concerning women'.

And he does not mind contradicting himself, now that the audience is firmly in hand :

'The real struggle for our women must be conducted with the help of science and knowledge; they must

go forward on the road of virtue and thereby acquire strength. I put my trust in our women'...

It is good to call to mind again the words of a great man, even fifty years or more after they were pronounced.

Imagine the audience of that day dispersing, the most stubborn expostulating or sombrely silent, some breathless, or thoughtful, or won over, or ready to fight to the bitter end.

That meticulous chronicler Hammer said, you will remember, reference with to Mehmet the Conqueror, 'This great man, only just emerging from battle and still holding his sword, began to establish institutions'.

Obviously Atatürk was luckier, not having been born so early!

Two years after the Konya speech, nothing of substance had yet been achieved concerning the condition of the Turkish woman.

Again, Atatürk addresses public opinion in a small part of the Black Sea, İnebolu, There were no women present since he begins by saying just: 'Gentlemen...' He said :

'Social life begins with family life which in turn is founded, need we underline it, upon two partners.

I will not speak at length about women, as I have done about men, but still, I cannot overlook this in my speech. I want to say a couple of words about that almost sacred being, woman, and you may then draw your own conclusions.

During my travels in Anatolia I noticed that, in small towns and cities, women covered up severely their faces and even their eyes; they did not in the villages. They must suffer enormously in the heat. My friends we must admit that this is the result of our selfishness. We are doubtless a little too punctilious about our honour. But why, my friends, must we deny our women any notion of reason or common sense?

If we were to teach them our principles and the respect due to our customs, and free their minds of all encumbrances, what would there be to fear. Let them then appear in front of the world, with their face open and have the world freely contemplate them.

It is not seemly that should entertain unfounded fears. My friends, let me convince you that you should have no qualms. I would even go further: to reach such a high and important goal we should not be afraid of making a few victims. What is important is not to keep stubbornly to this weird attitude of ours, which did not save us from becoming like a lamb offered up for sacrifice

Here Atatürk is much more daring in his words, if not in his thought than in his preceding speeches. He is more direct and sounds more urgent. The year is 1925; the Republic was announced two years before.

Inebolu, the small port where he is now, gave him a great deal of help during the War of Independence.

when the inhabitants put their fishing boats at his disposal for the ferrying of munitions.

In Kastamonu, a northern province of Anatolia he expresses the same ideas, wrapped up in his faith in the future:

'My friends, our nation has time and again proved that it is not afraid of novelty and that it is always willing to bring to a proper conclusion any reform it deems useful. The nation has embarked upon a road a few years ago but deviated from the direction which would have taken it towards a social revolution. The results so far are far from being satisfactory. Some will look for the causes of this failure, For me it is very clear, We did not go down to the roots, Let us be frank: society is made of women as well as men.

if one grants all the rights to progress to the one and no rights at all to the other, what happens? Is it possible, that one half of the population is in chains, for the other half to reach the skies? Progress is only possible through a common effort, only thus can various stages be by-passed. Only then will it be possible to arrive at a true reform. We see with gladness that the general feeling is in that direction.

What we need is more daring.
Many of our women cover their head or their face when they see a stranger, or squat down on their hips.
What does it all mean?'

Atatürk is gradually more direct: things are ripe.

As for the women, they have begun to come out of their apathy. Finally the new Civil Code is promulgated today. In order to facilitate the reading of this book Step by step we shall come to the status of the woman of today. In order to facilitate the reading of this book and engrave deep in your mind certain facts we shall adopt the 'Question and Answer' formula.

Questions and Answers

1 — What are the chief features of the contemporary Turkish woman?

— It's to attempt to be truly contemporary, without playing at being 'modern'. To abandon foreign models, to become one's own model. It is to feel one's importance; it is to act by a deliberate choice and prompted by revolt and reaction like the majority of women in the world.

2 — Has it always been the case?

— In ancient times yes, even if her wishes were different and before contact was established with old decadent civilisations.

3 — How many women are there in Turkey?

The last census put it at about 19 millions. There has not been a census since but now women make up 60 % of the total population.

4 — Are there large differences between the rural and and the urban way of life?

As much as in other countries, albeit in a less uniform way.

5 -- What does the Turkish woman think about marriage?

Less and less that it is an end in itself.

6 — When did Turkish women receive political rights?

The right to vote in local elections in 1930, national elections in 1934

7 — When did the new Civil Code come into effect?
1926.

8 — How many women were elected to the National Assembly after 1934?

18.

9 — How many to-day?

To-day there are two chambers : The Senate has three women and the Chamber has

10 — Why the regression?

Because women prefer other professions, because of economic pressures which lead them to specialisation, because women's liberation is not proved by the number of women politicians; it is common knowledge that even the most advanced countries do not have a great number of women politicians.

11 — What did the Republic bring to the Turkish woman?

It has given her the opportunity to explore her abilities to the limit, to create or build her life as she wishes.

12 — Does the harem still exist?

Yes, in the empty palace of Topkapı.

13 — What does the Turkish woman think of Atatürk?

No matter what generation they belong to, they all revere him. His is an image which compensates her for the man in the street. She thinks that Atatürk was one of the most generous, subtle and daring spirit in the world and she feels grateful to him.

14 — What are the professions Turkish women are best at?

All those which do not require physical strength although one must make a distinction between strength and endurance. Turkish women are present in great numbers in the sciences, the civil service, the law and medicine, journalism, the theatre, industry and agriculture.

15 — Does polygamy still exist?

Polygamy has been legally forbidden.

16 — Is there a difference in pay between men and women?

No longer.

17 — What are the relations between parents and children?



There is more respect and affection than is met in supermechanised civilisations.

18 — Has it been painful for the Turkish woman to adapt to her new status?

No, for the simple reason that one adapts easily to something better. You breathe more easily when you are free, whether you are a man or a woman.

19 — Where does the greatest number of women work?

In agriculture.

20 — Which is the proportion of women teachers in higher education?

Il faut une réponse mieux faite et plus exacte.

So far what precedes has been in the nature of a warming-up exercise before the great competition. The twenty-first question is the most important one for us:

21 — Which is the common factor between women of various conditions and regions?

We could proceed by elimination, beginning with what is not common. However this will not be necessary because the common factor is a very concrete one, «not to give up an inch of the conquered territory». The image women identify with is the image projected by Atatürk in front of the masses, even for women who for different reasons have not been able to enjoy to the full the rights and privileges granted by the Republic. We have seen completely uninstructed women look upon their community as «backward» and do all in their power

for their daughters to have a different, and better future.

22 — How far is the contemporary Turkish girl on the road of selffulfilment?

It has become a custom to argue about what is rather than what is to be.

Tomorrow's generation is more aware and healthier. The choice of values is not a sentimental one, the socio-economic values come first.

The Turkish girl of today has the advantage of being a new person in a world still young where the springs of life are not yet half-dead.

She can live a dream or a well-ordered life. The purely feminine dream is postponed because of schooling and all the dreams and ambitions that human beings have. But this is only for the girls who are in a position to pursue higher education.

23 — What did the Civil Code bring to women?

Briefly : a) Monogamy, b) The right to ask for divorce - which has become correspondingly more difficult, c) The right of guardianship, reserved for old men only, d) marriageable age fixed by law, e) marriage through representatives appointed by the family is no longer valid and the ceremony is performed by a representative of the local authority, f) the testimony of one woman equals that of one man previously two women's testimonials were deemed equal to one man's, g) the family was given a modern, western legal status.
tion there?

24 — What is the professional background of women elected to parliament?

First, academic, than legal, followed by various professions such as medicine, diplomacy etc.

25 — What were women's occupations before the Republic?

The craftswoman has always existed; she wove among other things, all the rugs and carpets. Colours used to be snatched from nature and the woman who knew the secret of making dyes was called the Mother of Colour and she had a seat beside the ruler in political meetings. Again, the profession of midwifery, as old as the world itself.

26 — And later?

The first career tolerated for women was that of nursing after the Reform Act of 1839. Then they established themselves in the laundry business. After 1839 they were rarely refused teaching posts because that profession was considered useful and safe. We are not counting agriculture which has always occupied first rank, even before social life began.

27 — What about the arts? Is there a strong attraction there?

Woman has always and everywhere, been more of a craftswoman than an artist, her greatest creation being the child. There are not many Marie Laurencins in painting but a Marie Laurencin is not a Leonardo. There is no glut of Pearl Bucks but a Pearl Buck is not a Dostowski. There are not many Wanda Landowskas but then

she is only a talented performer. There has not been a woman playwright half as good as Shakespeare or a third as good as Racine and there is no female equivalent of a Pascal, Descartes or Bacon. What's more, and this is astounding, there are no great women poets in the world as a whole. Sappho, you may say, but very few people have read her verse and she is known because other poets have sung of her; a Marguerite Desbordes-Valmore or an Elizabeth Browning cannot, with the best will in the world, be considered as great poets.

In Turkey we have fairly good novelists. Some of them lived and wrote at the beginning of the century, among them we have Halide Edip, a veteran who fought at the side of Atatürk during the War of Independence.

The best contemporary novelists in Turkey today are women :

Adalet Ağaoğlu, Sevgi Soysal, Firuzan. They are far better than a writer such as Françoise Sagan who made such a name for herself in Europe. We think that today our novelists, who are unpretentious and modest, will get over the present trend of a literature of actuality they will become even more successful.

Later on in this booklet you shall find a couple of passages translated from some of these writers and you shall be able to make a few comparisons. An unknown Turkish poet wrote the following lines in somewhat precious French and while he is not too kind about women writers he sums up the situation quite well:

Women writers, little china figurines
with voices like the whisper of palm leaves

little sheep grazing syntax like grass
there is nothing to tax
their words, bird-song, sea-murmur,
bountiful and sweet, they are like
inane knick-knacks, huddled around the Sphinx,
and for one George Sand, well and truly trows'd,
the rest are nothing but a bunch of fools.

We wanted to include the above as an illustration of the sort of feeling which prevails among literary colleagues. How odd it is to turn one's back upon simplicity to the point of writing in a foreign tongue, thereby falling into the pit of affectedness. The last line is a truly masculine one...

Here we are trying to write about flesh and bone creatures, and not about imaginary beings of perfection.

The theatre is an art where women are better than men. Here too, we are talking about an art of performance, women can be perfect executants.

In ballet they are definitely supreme and make of their male partners passive presences on the stage. In opera, they are at home.

Women, by their nature, feel well as soon as they enter the field of spectacle. One can not say the same thing about the cinema. Of course there are stars, but men have not let themselves be vanquished in this art since the performance which is admired on the screen has nothing to do with the difficult work on the set.

Pianists, violinists... here too we compare favourably with the same performers in the world but this is not the problem.

28 — How many stages were they in the evolution of women from the Republic to our day?

Three : 1973-1938 (until Atatürk's death)
1938-1960 (» the **coup** of 27 May 1960)
1960- to our own day

29 — What were the reactions of the men when the transformations took place?

This of course depends on the generations involved. At first, they watched with indulgence and even enthusiasm, then with perplexity and finally with the attitude that one adopts when one watches one's rivals in a competition.

We are interrupting the questions and answers sequence for a while in order not to tire the reader and also because we want to deal with concrete instances. When one passes a judgment upon a work what is important is the work itself and not what is thought about it.

We would like to introduce you to figures which are alive so that you may judge for yourselves the evolution of the Turkish woman.

Famous Women

The women we chose are those whose renown spread and grew with the Republic.

Each exhibits another aspect of Turkish womanhood. First we wanted to make known to you the history and

personality of the one who was for a time Kemal Atatürk's wife.

Few people know about her, she died recently in Istanbul. The story of great reformers at home is quite an exciting one: what happened to the wife of the man who granted all the rights to women

She was nineteen. Had lived in Europe. She belonged to a powerful family from İzmir. Her name was Latife which means graceful

Izmir had just been liberated after a tough battle. The nation was in a joyful mood, the Republic had not yet been announced but it was to be a matter of days.

..... The army entered Izmir, with Him at its head. The eyes of all the town's population were upon him.

The soldiers were exhausted, reeking of powder, their uniform in tatters. Atatürk established his quarters in the police building but Latife came and invited him to stay in their large house in Karşıyaka, a suburb of the city. Her parents were away. As for Atatürk he accepted the invitation as any practical minded man would: the house was spacious, comfortable, convenient both for work and rest.

Atatürk then was a figure with a drawn face piercing blue eyes, a decisive manner and an in born look of command about him. She loved him, as it is said in the book "for his dangers" he loved her because she was graceful, calm and represented the future: she embodied Turkish womanhood for him: dramatic moments are conducive to illusions!

Did you ever see pictures of Atatürk at that time? As for us, every time we do in one circumstance or another watch a documentary film of the time shown on a small screen we feel a pang: it is like a beautiful dream repeating itself. Atatürk, wearing his black **kalpak**, steps out of his car and runs up the stairs of the Town Hall where he will appear in front of the people who clamour to see him.

He is young, very slim, his face is extremely sensitive but enthusiasm can be seen on it, in spite of the lines drawn there by the struggles he had. Obviously such a personality could hardly leave indifferent a girl of nineteen.

The first day of his stay she had a movement which touched him: she knelt down and pulled his boots off, later her servants did it. She must have reminded him at that moment of the women who fought at his side and he decided that she must be of the same mettle. These were the hours where illusions were great!

The lights shone late in the house that night. All the staff with the young mistress of the house at their head were cleaning, shaking out, mending the uniforms torn in battle and polished the muddy boots. The delirium in the town not yet abated.

This was the mood in which they got to know each other and in which their attachment grew.

Everything seemed strange. Everything was natural. Everything seemed possible. The white gloves of the

butler serving them did not call even a smile upon the lips of these warriors whose life had been spent hurling themselves from one front line to the next, sleeping anywhere or under the stars of hope.

The founder was at last a man like any other, responsive to the charm of this graceful brunette, whose pleasantly given orders were immediately obeyed.

She had lived in Europe, vacationed in Biarritz very much in the fashion in those days. She spoke a few languages and talked about art and politics. When one is so gracious one's ideas are never probed for depth.

To the hero who had not had the time to live that other side of life she offered glimpses of other horizons. So he took her for a handmaiden of great causes, who was moved by large ideas.

And she?

She became, in all sincerity all that Mustafa Kemal wanted her to be, this with no effort for women are marvellous that way!

He thought that he had found the ideal companion for his great epic. That she embodied modern woman. That she was going to help Turkish women to regain their old values, which had been dormant till then. What did he not believe?

They were married. She followed him to Ankara. The Republic had just been announced. He was its first President.

How much experience does one have, at nineteen?

She began to reform her own following, always accompanied by her white-gloved butlers.

Ankara was then a small town of some thirty thousand inhabitants. Think of a man who is creating a world, who has dealings with all kinds of people, who has all his problems and at the silverware which is polished all day long, and the table settings of Sevres porcelain which are used for ordinary meals...

It had been a lightning wedding but after a relatively short period there was a lightning divorce, both being possible under the Civil Code. Her inexperience and their differing personalities led to this.

Both had married a dream. Dame Reality does not like to be pushed aside sooner or later she reappears.

What can such a great man give to a woman who is not devoured by ambition? Very little since all his mind is taken up by great projects.

He can give her the opportunity of playing an important historical role in his shadow. This is not made for happiness!

Because it is a part requiring incredible ability to remain in the background and this requires in turn difficult self-sacrifice and infinite patience.

There are women whom the part fits like a glove and who can turn a pleasant smile upon their rival who is a whole country.

As for him, he had really wanted to share with her all that life could offer of greatness.

At the beginning of their marriage he always had her by his side. She accompanied him in all his travels. She addressed crowds whirled away in the midst of this immense maelstrom she nonetheless felt her solitude. She was young at a time when Turkish women were just emerging from their ancestral wrappings.

One day people heard about their divorce.

Some time later Atatürk was heard to say: "It was like a nail in my skull, it had to come out at any cost otherwise I would not have been able to achieve the great things I felt I had in me".

But he had loved her so much that years later, and whenever he liked a woman, those around him knew that she bore some resemblance to the one he had left. She was only twenty-three when "the nail came out". It had not been easy to be the wife of a great man but it was even more difficult to be his divorced wife.

It is then that the ancestral virtues came to the rescue and gave her the support she needed.

...Thus she entered history through the main door.

She lived for thirty-seven, thirty-eight years after the death of Atatürk in absolute retirement, in perfect dignity, without complaints and without revelations. Even divorced she managed to become part of an era.

When she became aware that her great youth had betrayed her by making her believe that her relations with the

founder were those of an ordinary man and women. Latife took hold of herself and with a social conscience born of the perennial instincts of Anatolia realised what Atatürk meant for a whole country. She resolved not to move a single stone of the monument he represented for so many and chose an almost monastic life: Caesar's wife... Did they communicate? No one ever knew. Her lips, like her life were sealed. However he knew about all her actions.

Latife's self-sacrifice was conscious and yet nothing in her life or training had prepared her for it. She benefited from a traditional attitude among the great women of our land. We see the same attitude displayed by Atatürk's mother, even though she belonged to an altogether different generation.

She must have smiled, in her retirement, at the young woman who had jealous tantrums. She knew that a whirlwind could not be shut up between the four walls of a quiet house.

Latife for her part never aroused pity but admiration.

She lived and died surrounded by photograph of Atatürk and by his mementoes. To her fell the honour of bringing beauty to a rough epic and of being sacrificed to a considerable rival : the country.

She was a page of light in the history of the Turkish women.

Why all this loneliness, why this almost absolute retirement? We think that this was a consciously adopted attitude, in order to feed a legend. The nation had seen



her young and beautiful at Atatürk's side, she did not want to have the image spoiled.

Her story is completed by that of Atatürk's mother, who, instinctively possessed the same social sense and responsibility, traditional with us.

Let her son speak :

«I want to tell you about my mother's painful life.

In 1320 (Hegira) - that is 1904 of our era - I was thrown into prison by the arbitrary regime of the times. I spent many months there. My mother only learnt this when I came out. She came to Istanbul but we only saw each other for two or three days.

Spies and executioners kept watch on our house... I was caught and boarded the ship which was to carry me into exile. My mother was crying all alone on the quay.

And when she saw our family servant return alone to Erzurum she thought that the death sentence had been passed and that I had been executed. Her heart never recovered.

During the whole period of the war of Independence she lived in Istanbul under close surveillance, suffering a thousand aggravations. The house was often searched by brutal policemen, on the slightest of excuses and many many times.

During three and a half years her sight steadily deteriorated through incessant crying. When I finally was able to join her only her spirit was alive, her body barely so...»

Zübeyde Hanım, this modest woman and mother of Atatürk is a great figure in the history of Turkish women.

She never tried to play at being the Dowager Ruler. She had common sense. Imagine the destiny of a woman who knew how to accept suffering and tears, because she knew instinctively that she must not throw a shadow upon the image of her son. She could have chosen exile or she could have joined her son in Anatolia. It would have been possible to bring her to the rear of the front line where her son was fighting but she preferred to stay as a «hostage» in the hands of her son's enemies...

What did she feel, years after when the name of her son echoed from one end of the country to the other.

After all she had gone through she must have thought it had been worth while.

She was born in Salonica in 1857. She had married a man of modest means, Ali Rıza Bey. The couple settled in a small village near Salonica, Çayagizi. He was busy with trade, she with the children. There were four of them of which two died while they were infants. Two survived, Makbule and Kemal.

When Mustafa Kemal was seven, her husband died. The lives of great men are similar: Because destiny took much from them, they in turn, have much to give. This is both a need they have and a challenge.

For Kemal, his mother's love became the spring from which he drew his strength. Hence the words which es-

cuped his lips when İzmir was reconquered: «How unfortunate that my mother did not live to see the deliverance of İzmir.»

But other mothers saw it, didn't they, thanks to him.

One woman, «a man of law»

We are slowly moving up in time.

It is the year 1929... The Law School is giving its first degrees.

We are witnessing an important event.

The first two feminine figures we wrote about took their place in history by proxy, in a manner of speaking, one being the wife and the other the mother of the founder of the new Turkey.

Now we shall introduce a woman who made a place for herself in Turkish society, one of those who used her abilities to the limit.

During an interview she told us the story of her life with simplicity and the kind of enthusiasm that pioneers have :

«Ankara was barely lit at that time. We lived, not in the dusty centre of town but in one of its green suburbs. Atatürk used to come often to see my father...»

The father, Ahmet Ağaoğlu had played an important part in the First National Assembly and enjoyed Atatürk's confidence.

«When Atatürk came to the house he used to look at the few winking lights which were Ankara and exclaim: 'See how the lights shine.»

He was not called Atatürk then, but «paşa». He had just established the large farm he later bequeathed to the nation and was often seen driving a tractor. His enthusiasms were endless.

The small town shone in his eyes.

The woman who told us her story has enjoyed a large reputation for already half a century as one of our foremost «men of law». Good luck had not showered her with sequins of gold. She had beaten her own life on the opportunities She was proud of all that.

— »Life taught me not to despair of the morrow. We are a family of immigrants who came from the Caucasus. My father studied in Paris, then came to Istanbul in 1910. The family suffered all the inconveniences attendant upon resettlement. Destiny dogged my father who was a young and active politician. He was arrested. This was usual, in enlightened and rebellious families. We sold everything of value just to survive.

This was made possible because of my mother. She was not higher than a boot but full of strength and bursting with energy.

I owe my achievement to two things: The family's principles and the great reforms the country was experiencing.

My father was an ardent champion of the rights of women, of the need they had to be given their rightful place in society. We had gone through a lot and maybe that is why I felt attracted to law: suffering is a great school. Life taught me not to be unhappy about disillusionment, about poverty, and to keep my sense of humour in all circumstances.

As soon as I graduated from Law School I began to earn my living.»

Sureyya Agaoglu is the first woman lawyer of the Republic.

Atatürk had discovered the potential that women represented. The woman as object was an alien concept for him. Of the first women graduates he made militants for the Republic.

He most seriously wished for women to play an important role in the future of the country.

By then Turkey was swept by an all embracing wind of change. Women judges were dispersing all over Anatolia, most often riding horseback to join their places of work. There were few roads and fewer carriages.

Sometimes they met six-hundred years old traditions head-on. There are stories of accused appealing to the judges : «How can you trust the gossip of these long-haired creatures?» they would say.

It must have been fascinating to live at the time and in the vicinity of the great founder...

This great lady of over seventy, with eyes starred with a youthful light had that luck.

She started with a small job at the supremecourt. But later she became very famous.

«There were two doors by which one entered the Court. The service stairs were reserved to the lower clerks.

One day I came in through the main door and I told those who were frowning at me : If the right of taking one stair or the other is a matter of youth, heaven alone knows what will happen to me when I shall be your age.»

People began to take all kinds of sanctions against me but I was sure of my rights and gave them a very hard time. Competition between the sexes had begun but since it was a great age, the competition was not a mean one.

In those days there was only one place where one could lunch, the «Istanbul Lokantasi» in Ulus, the centre of town. The customers were heavy athletic types, with thick moustaches, and a forbidding manner.

I had a lady with me, another government servant. Everytime we came in, all heads turned towards us and we used to take refuge by the washbasin. One day we received a courteous warning from the Prime Minister: «It is not fitting for young ladies to take sustenance in the Istanbul Lokantasi» He told my father that and I was furious. As luck would have it Atatürk came to the house that night after an exhausting day at the farm. He asked me about the work and I answered sullenly - «Yes, but the P.M. does not want to see me in a restaurant.»

«He is right», replied Atatürk, very seriously.

The next day he did not give me time to be disillusioned.

Towards lunch I was told that the general was waiting for me. I did not know which general was involved. They told me. I could not believe my ears. I thought it was a bad joke.

It was true. Atatürk was waiting for me in his car. I did not have time to ask him where we were going. We were already stopping in front of the «İstanbul Lokantasi».

All the customers rushed outside to see him. Atatürk let these words fall, very clearly. He was addressing one and all :

— «This young lady is my guest today at my house in Çankaya. But tomorrow she will be back to lunch here as usual.»

And from that day on it became fashionable to lunch at the «İstanbul» with one's wife.

Do not look upon this tale as upon an ordinary anecdote, to be received with a slight smile. It shows a whole mentality, a will bent upon the chosen aim and also, the way women themselves contribute to the efforts made on their behalf.

Nene Hatun

This is a heroine who lived to be almost a hundred, and who earned the right to have a national funeral.

Her statue dominates the town of Erzurum and she was treated as a hero by the Republic.

She was, a young bride of twenty when she lost her husband in the war and helped her townsmen to recapture the fort of Aziziye. She did not command a regular army but a group of citizens determined to throw off the invader.

Most of her companions died, she was wounded but the fort was taken.

Doubtless Atatürk was thinking of women like her when he said : «As for the help of Turkish women, we have earned it long ago, before these recent years».

Women matured with the Republic and the infant born on the day of its proclamation is now more than fifty years old.

Future books will mention at length the achievements of the young people who nurtured the Republic.

Questions and Answers (cont'd)

30 — What is the place of Turkish women in literature? As protagonist, as image, as ideal?

Answer : — Taken as the subject of a novel, she does not have a special place but she occupies a strange position in folk tales and epics, which has no counterpart in the tales and epics of Europe.

In these tales her place is much higher than in reality, than the place she occupies in social life and therefore we can say that she is presented as an ideal.

In the legend of Oğuz Han, his first wife is said to have been born out of light, his second wife out of precious wood. These are symbols that should be closely studied. For later, humanity did not want to go further than the rib of Jupiter.

Both women, who between them gave six children to the hero, are described thus: eyes, like stars, hair, like the ripples of water, teeth like pearls, and so on and so forth...

Dede Korkut, in his tales, describes the nomad woman as heroic and fertile: the ideal bride - as a prince confides to his father the king - «should bring the heads of the enemy as trophies.» Eventually the prince met his ideal woman but he insisted that she should wield the lance better than he, and also be able to shine at bodily combat.

The one he married let herself be vanquished in bodily combat, at the very last minute, no doubt in order that he marry her.

These texts are extremely revealing as far as the feminine ideal is concerned and show that men, who had to fight three times a day, had no time to acquire complexes. Later, this ideal changed, and to the loss of everyone concerned.

In the epics - and it must have been the same in real life - the gods were asked to send a daughter to the pregnant woman.

Montaigne and Rabelais, Shakespeare and Chaucer would not have grudged their admiration for the bawdy style of Dede Korkut. He has four types of women: the spendrift, the good for nothing, the pillar of the home and the gossip.

In order to understand the mentality of the Turks in the past one must consult from time to time these tales and spics, which are precious documents.

31 — When did Turkish women first established contact with international women's organisations?

Answer : — The International Congress of Women took place in 1935 in Istanbul.

32 — How many women voters are there?

Answer — Statistics show that they were 7.858.209 in 1973. To day this figure has neared the nine million mark.

33 — Is there a table showing the distribution of women deputies by professions?

Here is a table going back to 1934 and by alphabetical order of electoral districts :

Name	Sesion	District	Profession
Memure Gonenc	1956	Afyonkarahisar	Housewife, college graduate
Türkan Özbaştuğ	1935		
Hatice Çarpar (Sati Kadın)			
whose candidature was supported by Atatürk			
Ankara	1935		Farmer
Türkan Özbaştuğ,			
Antalya	1956		Teacher
Sabiha Gökçül			
Balıkesir and Samsun	1955		Teacher
Şekibe İnel	1935		Farmer
Huriye Öniz			
Diyarbakır	1955		Teacher
Fatma Memik			
Edirne	1935		Doctor
Nakiye Ergun			
Erzurum	1935		Teacher
Fakihe Öymen			
İstanbul-Ankara	1935		Profesor
Benal Nevzat İftar			
İzmir	1935-39		Sorbonne literature graduate
Ferruh Güpküp			
Kayseri	1955		Privately educated
Mihri Pektaş			
Malatya	1935-39		Teacher

Meliha Uluş		1935-39	Teacher
Samsun	1946		
Semiha Hızal		1935	Teacher
Trabzon	1946		
Hatice Özgüner		1935	Teacher
Çankırı	1946		
Belkis Baykan		1939	Teacher
Ankara	1946		
Şehime Yunus		1939	Teacher
İzmir	1950		
Hacer Dicle		1939	Teacher's Col- lege graduate
Kastamonu	1954		
Şemsa İşçen		1939	Ministry of Education
Seyhan	1954		
Mergube Güleryük		1939	Mayor's office
Sivas	1954		
Muammer Develi		1939	Teacher
Tokat	1954		
Salise Abanozoğlu		1939	Teacher
Trabzon	1957		
Mebrure Aksoley		1943	Law graduate, elected to the Senate in 1964
Ankara	1957		
Hasene İlgaz		1943	Teacher
Çorum	1957		
Tezer Taşkıran		1946	Teacher
Kars	1957		
Saadet Emin Kâğıtçılar		1943	Doctor
Manisa	1957		

	Session	District	Profession
Zehra Budinç Bursa	1946		Teacher
Latife Bekir Çeyrekbaşı İzmir	1946		Teacher
Makbule Dıblan Seyhan	1946		Doctor
Zekiye Mollaoğlu Trabzon	1946		Teacher
Nazlı Tıabar İstanbul	1950		American Col- lege graduate
Aliye Coşkun Ankara	1954		Teacher
Halide Edip Adıvar İzmir	1954		Professor and writer
Nuriye Pınar İzmir	1954		Geologist
Edibe Sayar Zonguldak	1954		lawyer
Übeyde Elli Ankara	1957		Housewife
Piraye Levent Aydın	1957		Pharmacist
Hilal Ülman Bursa	1957		University of Istanbul gra- duate
Ayşe Günel İstanbul	1957		Teacher
Necla Tekinel İstanbul	1957		Lawyer

Perihan Arıburun İzmir	1957	Lawyer
Melahat Gedik	1957	Lawyer
Aydın-İzmir	1965	Lawyer
Neriman Ağaoğlu Manisa	1961	Lawyer
Zarife Koçak Bitlis	1961	Teacher
Nilüfer Gürsoy Bursa	1961	University as- sistant, Classi- cal Philology
Türkan Seçkin Edirne	1961	Teacher
Sevinç Düşünsel Kars	1961	Lawyer
Nermin Neftçi	1965	Lawyer
Muş	1969	Lawyer
Behice Boran Urfa	1965	Ph.D., Univer- sity Professor
Suna Tunal Ankara	1969	Teacher
Zekiye Gülsen Çanakkale	1969	Teacher
Naime İkbâl Tokgöz İstanbul	1969	Lawyer
Mualla Akarca Muğla	1969	Agricultural en- gineer Senator
	1961-1966	

This list was culled from the archives of the National Assembly, today, there is a longer list. In showing you this list we had a purpose which was to draw your attention to the distribution of these women politicians according to regions and professions.

Why do teachers occupy the first place?

Because of the tradition that was born out of Atatürk's thinking.

He put his trust first in the young and then in the teachers, and to both he gave heavy responsibilities. Then, voters know teachers personally and are sometimes pupils who have reached voting age,

Then come the lawyers : we must confess that there is a great affinity between the law and politics.

Lastly come the farmers, authors, and housewives. There are many reasons for this.

Since 1960 and the New Constitution there are two Chambers in Turkey: the Parliament and the Senate.

Candidates to the Senate must be at least forty years of age and be university graduates. The list below shows the woman Senators according to the National Assembly archives :

Edirne (Border town and ancient Ottoman capital)

Özel Şahingirey	1961	Assistant, University of
Mualla Akarca	1961	Ankara see previous list
Mebrure Aksoley	1964	» » »
Zerrin Tüzün	1954	Teacher

Fatma Hikmet İşmen	1966	Agriculturist
Bahriye Üçok	1971	University of Ankara
Adile Ayda	1976	Diploma t, rank of minister

These lists are not complete since they do not give the names of the woman politicians for the last years. Since then Zekiye Gülşen, Solmaz Bülbül, Adile Aida have been either elected or appointed to the Senate. The 1960 Constitution gives the President of Republic the privilege to appoint 15 senators and these are called «Contingent senators».

New names have appeared in the Chamber of Deputies or Parliament: Gülhis Mankut, Şükriye Tak and others...

The following tables are a further example of how women are catching up on men in Turkey and do not require comment.

These tables cover the period 1923-1973 and show the numbers of men and women teachers, and men and women students for the three large cities of Turkey, Istanbul, Ankara and Izmir; one city in the East, Erzurum and a city each for the West, Edirne and the Centre, Kayseri.

Dates	institutions	Men	Women
	No. of higher learning		
1926-27	17	2964	687
1934-36	17	6624	950



1938-40	19	9884	2246
1944-45	28	15603	3889
1949-50	34	21363	4727
1954-55	35	23220	4749
1959-60	49		11097
1964-65	87	66454	17881
1969-70	146	118721	27454
1970-73	158	136016	32802

Girl students increase at a faster rate in the period 1973-1976.

These totals are distributed as following in the various cities :

Ankara

	2	571	0
	2	753	90
	6	2965	530
	9	3353	863
	14	6453	1693
	12	7548	1590
	17	15911	3835
	31	24242	6774
	60	41309	10388
	48	43158	12303

Edirne (Border town and ancient ottoman capital)

1969-70	1	68	40
1972-73	1	245	111

Erzurum

1959-60	2	194	30
1964-65	3	1015	125
1969-70	7	2264	243
1972-73	11	3947	341

Kayseri

1969-70	1	294	0
1972-73	1	377	0

The newness of the schools of higher learning explains the lack of girl students up to 1973.

This figure is 13,392 for Istanbul and 4,028 for Izmir in 1973.

These figures do not include those for technical schools; the figures for the period 1973-1976 will be given in another work. These tables were included here in order to give the reader some idea of the evolution since we do not pretend to offer you a scientific study. Another interesting figure is the number of women doctors. The first woman to graduate from the Faculty of Medicine after the Republic received her diploma in 1928 and to show the success of women in this profession it is enough to quote that there were in 1975 2,278 women doctors and hundreds of G.P.'s. The Faculty of Medicine in Istanbul was founded in the year 1290 of the Hegira, or 1874.

After this long digression let's return to our question and answer exchange :

Q 34 — Do women's associations wield an important influence in Turkey?

A — The oldest of these associations is the Kadınlar Birliği or the Women's Union... The role of these associations is different in Turkey, as opposed to Europe or America because Turkish women can join any association where the sexes are mixed. That's where they exercise their influence, One of the associations which played a

powerful part in recent history has been the «Anatolian Women's Association for the Liberation of the Homeland».

Q 35 — Are there associations for men only?

A — Games' clubs and sports clubs

The list should not be a long one, depicting the evolution of the Turkish woman, we believe that the indications we have given so far are enough to allow you to draw conclusions and arrive at a synthesis which would be in fact, an image of the Turkish woman.

At this stage we would rather present to you the Turkish woman through her work, which would be more tangible and telling than anything we may have done so far.

We have chosen two women, of which the first belongs to the previous and the second to this generation. Both are novelist. The first is Halide Edip Adivar and the second Adalet Ağaoğlu. The first was born in 1884 and died in 1964 while the other published her latest novel, «**The Fine Flower of my Thoughts**» in 1976 and is in the full blossoming of her talent.

These two authors give us an idea about the level of development and the preoccupations of women through the warmth of their talent.

The first had a tempestuous life. A graduate of the American College in Istanbul she was one of the first Turkish women to leave Istanbul and go to Anatolia during the War of Independence. She received there, on the front line, the grade of sergeant. She became a Univer-

sity professor, a lecturer and a politician and she also wrote nineteen novels. A passage from the novel entitled

«The Fly-blown Grocery Store» :

In this novel Halide Edip Adivar describes the last convulsions of the Empire. Both the Palace and the common people play a part in it. A girl is the link between the 'konak' or private mansion and the grocery. Her name is Rabia, grand-daughter of the neighbourhood imam or vicar. She is a reader of the Koran, and is an admirable chanter of its verses in mosques or when invited to the mansions of the great. Her father Tevfik is an actor in the traditional open air theatre called «Orta Oyunu». Tevfik helps the Republican cause by carrying the messages of young conspirators to the French Post Office, disguised as a woman.

«Charitable, sensitive and kind, her left hand did not know about the bounties distributed by her right; this was one of the faces of Selim Pasha's wife.

The other ready for a gossip, with a passion for the lute, her tendency to surround herself with flatterers, the ease with which she could shake them off... She was not unaware of what public opinion said about her and did not care. Her sonorous, contagious laughter did not alter. She did not care about the social position or the age of those she chose to surround herself with, she kept open house and her friends would go as far as to surprise her in her private apartments.

She could be of ice towards those whom she did not like, even if they were women of the highest rank, but always polite, even courteous and she never broke a single of the draconian rules of etiquette of the period.

There were visitors who were received on festive days only and the imam's daughter and grand daughter were of these.

Selim Pasha's wife had no sympathy for the first woman although her sullen expression had no part in this but she had known the husband, Tevfik, when she was a young bride herself and had found him funny, facetious, and likeable.

Many were the times when she had asked the coachman to stop in order to slip a few coins in the young boy's paw and when he became an actor she became one of his most faithful spectators. Then she followed with interest his courting of the Imam's daughter, which ended in marriage.

Then Tevfik was banished; he had mimed his pregnant wife in public in the cafe, and the Pasha's wife had lodged a complaint... the man had not been guilty of an error but had sinned... She tried to intercede with her husband but he was not a man to be swayed by a woman's whims...

She did not set foot in the theatre again. She saw Rabia for the first time in the Valide Mosque, and her heard her chanting psalms. She herself was in the middle o a moral crisis. She felt old. Her entourage, and her husband who was at the head of it, seemed to suggest to

her that the time had come for her to think about the salvation of her soul and pray.

With a pout which accentuated her wrinkles she pushed aside with displeasure the very idea of death: the grave with its worms, its snakes, its darkness and dankness, its cold had nothing to recommend it. As for paradise, which followed, it did not excite the imagination; singing, laughter and the lute were most probably forbidden there and she had always suspected people who did not have a sense of humour.

She began to visit the Mevlevite monasteries; at least their Sheikh told one about a God of love and indulgence, There was one sheikh among them who attracted her attention; his name was Vehbi Dede and he contemplated the universe with a smile as if it were a joke perpetrated by the Almighty.

She had hired him as music master for her husband's daughter and her companions.

Vehdi Dede was a rather silent man and led an ascetic's life. As for herself she could not have afforded this gentleness towards the people of her household; the established order would have been upset... Divine indulgence, yes... but as for the ascetic life, this was something completely beyond her...

She loved popular songs with the same enthusiasm as she loved classical music or the most solemn religious music. When she heard Rabia she was transported by

the girl's voice and style and she could not believe that this girl had been born to a woman such as Emine. It must have been her father's talent which went to her. She could not believe that Rabia had been that tiny creature which huddled itself against its mother's body on visiting days.

The little girl had probably been denied all kinds of games and joys!

Determined to have her way she informed her husband the very same evening of her decision :

«It's the imam's grand'daughter. I heard her at the Valide Mosque. Haven't heard anything like it for ten years! Have her grand'father know that I want her in the evenings and make sure that her mother, that earth-worm does not take it into her head to come with her»

Along the broken pavements of the Street of the Flyblown Grocery Store Rabia trotted along, trying to fit her steps to those of Şevket Agha who was holding a lamp. The little girl felt better when they turned into the large avenue which led to the **konak**.

Large houses... surrounded by gardens... Each door lighted by a hanging lamp... The smell of acacias and jasmine as soon as you went in... the song of the water fountain...

Her heart was beating softly. The housekeeper was waiting for her on the porch. Rabia followed her upstairs, her hand on the banisters... the old lady... she tried to see her in her mind, why had she been sent for?

As she had left, her mother had pushed a large book under her arm.

Probably she was going to sing psalms or recite the Koran; but the atmosphere did not seem to be right... her feet sank in soft carpets, there were bunches of chandeliers and Rabias disappeared and reappeared in mirrors. The sound of a tambourine behind a door... no relation to the Book. When she emerged from her dream she was standing in the middle of a drawingroom. Sabiha Hanım, her knees covered with a plaid of soft wool leaning against cushions was studying her. The child stared in return, unsure and frightened. No, at close quarters Sabiha Hanım looked neither haughty nor frightening... her face was so wrinkled and as for her double chin! Her wrinkles were full of make-up! Why did she made up so? But the face was smiling at her, with a friendly smile?

A ring-laden hand came up to her lips and Rabia kissed it. The emerald-covered hand motioned to the girl to sit nearby, on the divan.

Put your book on the chest and come here, sit down. What is your name?

Rabia, if you please.

'Rabia Abıa, yes?'

The lady was laughing gently.

In the mosque and in the neighbourhood even the street-sellers called her that, with a joking affection How did the lady learn that? Rabia very seriously, and

not forgetting to lift her dress so as not to crumple it, sat down, her mother's voice in her ears : «Take care of your new dress!» She got up guiltily, pulled up the dress which had been coat made out of an old coat of her mother's, sat down again.

'What a sombre dress, Rabia Aba, you look as if you put on the shell of a turtle!

Even though Rabia agrees, she feels she must keep her poise. All her dresses, without exception were made out of her grand' father's or mother's old clothes. Her head is full of the old man's remonstrations.

With lowered eyes Rabia whispers :

'Our Prophet also wore patched up clothes,

A burst of laughter greets this; what is so funny?

'Imam Efendi preaches such things at home also then?,

Rabia discovers that there are people who are not afraid of her grandfather. The next question is even more unexpected and the child does not have time to lift her eyes from the flowered carpet :

'Do they mention your father sometimes, at home? me?

Do they want her to give herself away? Will they go and tell others about the affection she feels for her father?

She swallows and answers as neutrally as she can :

'My father was bad ...He did not go to the mosques... When he dies he'll go to hell.

'At least with the Devil, there is no way to misunderstand something.

The laughing eyes darkened and misted over for a moment; Rabia felt that it was because of her father. Between him and this woman there was a link... For the first time she asked the question that had tormented her for so long :

'Is it true that he will go to hell milady.,

'And why should he He never hurt anyone. I never understood God's intentions and even at my age everything is still a mystery,

Her natural gaiety broke through again and she added :

'At least with the Devil, there is no way to misunderstand! We all know, black on white, what he requires of us!

The subject was not probably too much to the old lady's taste for she jumped to another topic, rubbing her knees because she had rheumatism. She began to tell Rabia about Tevfik's life as a child : his jokes, his appearances at Goksu, with a great deal of warmth.

The arrival of the housekeeper made her forget the presence of the child. She was awaiting the detailed report by her chief of staff. This was repeated every evening and helped the old lady to conduct her operations. Curious, despotic, she wanted to penetrate into the thoughts and activities of everyone in the household. Her questions did not make sense to the little girl and as for the housekeeper's answers, they were riddles.

And the Beard? What is he doing this evening?
Carpentering, as usual, nothing but the squeak
of the saw...

And what about fun and games?

Still going on... I was passing Dürnev Hanım's
door the Canary must have been there... these girls...
no one could tell what goes on within their heads...

The housekeeper lifted her eyes to the heavens as
if to invoke their testimony.

Sabiha Hanım went on to another topic :

And what about Whiskers?

He is in the music room with two other young
gentlemen and they're drinking cup after cup of coffee!

What are they talking about?

I kept my ear to the door for half an hour and was
unable to understand a single word.

Were they talking about women?

No, no!

They must be talking politics... Did you hear the
word 'palace' in the conversation?

What a thing to say! Our young gentleman would
not utter such a word!

'The Beard' is Selim Pasha, Minister of Security to
a cruel sovereign, and a gentleman. At home he plays
around with carpentry, makes small tables, ink-scratchers.
The scratchers are rather neatly worked. Apart from this

innocent hobby, nothing is of any interest to him. The people hate the official figure but there is nothing to criticise as to the private man: he is a good father, and very devoted to his wife. After thirty years of life in common Sabiha Hanım can only recall a single instance when she suffered even though it would be hard to condemn the infraction if one thought well: like all vain men, the Pasha had wanted a son made in his image. Whiskers -as his mother called him- was so very unlike the dream; colourless, puny, with enormous eyes, he stuttered and was passionately fond of the theatre. This last trait exasperated his father.

When Selim Pasha learned that his wife could not give him any more children he married, secretly, the daughter of a wheat merchant and settled her in a house far away from the **konak**. His second wife brought into the world a daughter, even more colourless than Hilmi -Whiskers- and died two years later, trying to bring forth another daughter, who was still-born.

This event showed Selim Pasha how strong a woman his wife was, in spite of her frivolous and carefree manners. While he was still hesitating, not knowing how to broach the subject and what to do about the small girl, she took the initiative. She knew the whole story, down to its pettiest details, even the name of the girl. She did not blame him and offered to educate the child as if she had been her own daughter.

The pasha could not conceive how mortally wounded a woman felt in these circumstances. What he did not understand is how she had kept her secret for two whole

years. Since then when ever the topic of babbling women would come up Selim Pasha would keep his counsel and shake his head with a smile. Discretion was a virtue he had but rarely seen among men.

Selim Pasha gave up his dream son. His behaviour towards his wife became touched with respect. He began to consult her about everything.

All this was very well but what bothered the old lady was that the relations between father and son were deteriorating. The one conservative and honest according to his lights and who thought that Sovereignty was by Divine Right; thus he believed that those who rebelled against the authority of the Sultan deserved the worst of punishments. He thought that it was his duty to crush them as one would vipers, no matter who they were. Especially these Young Turks... When he had ordered the bastinado or torture for one of them, he returned home in the evening in a joyful mood.

— «If Hilmi were one of them -he repeated tirelessly- I would do the same, I would see that they beat him until the soles of his feet break up in smithereens, than that they torture him and then I would order his exile to Fizan...»

As for Hilmi, he used his mother quite another tone of voice when he mentioned the Young Turks and read to his mother incomprehensible texts and even went so far as to attack the Sultan, As for Hilmi's friends, they were not worth much in her eyes; snobs, chattering in foreign languages... Boys would be boys but how could she not feel anxious? Supposing Hilmi did something silly? His fat-

her's clemency could not be counted upon, on the contrary.

But the old lady did not dwell on these thoughts and the **konak's** life went on, well-regulated and full of fun

When Rabia came to the **konak** the old lady was preoccupied with something else; a silent war was going on between herself and her daughter-in-law Dürnev, the outcome of which was still uncertain. And this in spite of the fact that it was she herself who had taken the girl under her wing, trained and married her to her son. She had expected gratitude and had hoped that the young circassian would have been content to take second place, at the least. When Sabiha Hanım had been in good health everything had gone according to plan but now that she was bent with rheumatism Dürnev showed the temerity to give orders! The old lady had thought to circumvent this by a tactic which at the time had seemed clever.

She had bought a beautiful blond circassian slave, the Canary. She had her take singing and dancing lessons under the pretext that the girl would be given as a present to one of the Sovereign's ladies. In reality she was keeping her as a threat to her daughter-in-law. Dürnev's counter-attack surprised her. Not only did she become friends with the Canary but she supervised her singing and dancing personally and invited her father-in-law, who was kindness itself towards her, to witness the progress made by this beautiful girl destined to the Palace.

Sabiha Hanım remonstrated with him, such occupations were not in keeping with his dignity but he answered her with the utmost seriousness that he was responsible for the security and the well-being of His Majesty and that it was his duty to control everything which had a bearing upon the activities of the Palace.

Heatedly discussing these complex problems, Sabiha Hanım and the house-keeper had forgotten all about Rabia. Suddenly the housekeeper said :

'It's getting late, I have to get the child home».'

Sabiha Hanım stroked the small shoulder :

'Saturday, you know, is a feast day. the Mevlut Kandili. I am having visitors and you must come and read from the Koran. I shall have you fetched before supper...'

And as the child was leaving she added :

'Tell your mother she may come if she wishes, after evening prayers.'

Sabiha Hanım, as imposing as a real queen, was getting up slowly for each visitor as they came in.

She was wearing a long dress, a headress, her diamonds and the ribbon of the Grand Order of.

Rabia, huddled at the foot of the arm-chair could not believe that this was the same old lady who had been so friendly and familiar. Sabiha Hanım's step-daughter, a shy girl of sixteen was the first to come and kiss her hand, giving the old lady the usual greetings. She terminated the whole ceremony by wishing all a hurried «happiness

for the years to come» and the household trooped out behind the housekeeper. The whole thing had not lasted more than ten minutes.

But Sabiha Hanım kept one of them back and the child contemplated this creature, spell-bound.

She was wearing a pink dress; very simple, and belted with silver. She did not wear a veil upon her hair, like the others. Her blond hair was done in two braids hanging on her back and the braids were tied with pink ribbon. How graceful she was! What astonished the child was that the girl had chestnut eyebrows, of which one was higher than the other! Why was that, she wondered? This fairly usual trait among Circassians was not known by Rabia, hence her astonishment. This then was the Canary. Sabiha Hanım asked where Dürnev was and the Canary replied that she was coming right away.

Finally, Dürnev appeared, a tiny woman. Her eyes were brown and innocent-looking, an expression which their owner was trying to emphasize by fluttering her eyelids. The eyebrows were plucked into two fine bows, and every feature of her face was made up; in spite of that the expression was still quite open.

Dürnev's necklace, bracelets, long ear-rings and rings were all of emeralds. The dress had velvet flounces of a green matching that of her jewels. Long dress, high heels, the flounced skirt moved like a snake with each step. It was the first time ever that Rabia saw a creature as ornamented and dazzling as this one.

Dürnev did not seem to remember that this was Kandil and that she should greet her mother-in-law. She just

said, 'You look well' indifferently and formally. And then she stopped under the candelabra wrapped up in her own thoughts. Sabiha Hanım felt annoyed, who knows where, in what fashion weekly her daughter-in-law had culled this absent-minded pout, this swinging of skirts, this rolling of hips... She stopped herself before her thoughts became words upon her lips :

'You upstart, you servant-giri...' and asked :

Did you have something to tell me, my daughter?

The plucked eyebrows lifted and with a trace of irony in her voice.

— «Your gracious daughter takes decisions without consulting the calendar, and she organises entertainments on a **Kandil** evening without consulting us.»

Dürnev's eyes clouded over and she answered her mother-in-law :

— «What does it matter, nothing can be heard from here... I know who is coming anyway, a lot of deaf old ladies... I am not even sure that they will hear the little girl even though she is sitting next to them...»

As she talked, she came nearer to the pasha and, her little hands began to stroke the lapels of his coat :

Bu you'll come, won't you Father?

All right, all right... that is, if I'm allowed...

Naturally, since you wish it

We have translated this long passage so as to give an idea about the Turkish novel at the beginning of the

twentieth century and also the picture of a woman's life at the same period, described by a writer of talent: intrigues, passions, politics, nothing is missing.

We want to give you another excerpt of the same one was pleased, as hunters who have found their traps

All the lamps of the Security building were lit. Everyone was pleased, as hunters who have found their traps full. Pride was reflected upon every face.

This time the prey was brought to Selim Pasha by two heavyweights.

Tevfik was in an incredible state, his woman's clothes in rags, make-up had run along his cheeks, the red and black paint furrowed by tears. What could be seen of his flesh was contused and purple. His hazel eyes, usually full of a sweet, almost feminine expression were full of astonishment and without lustre. His coat was in pieces, muddied and with blood on the shoulders.

Has he recognised Selim Pasha? Does he hear what they say to him? There is no way of knowing. Selim Pasha has recognised the expert touch of Muzaffer in Tevfik's piteous appearance. Like a gun dog waiting for a sign, his eyes looking into the Pasha's eyes and one of his paws on Tevfik's shoulder, he awaits his orders. The man is fat and his job is to interrogate political prisoners but he looks rather benign; you would think he was a retired wrestler, spending his time in eating and drinking. His neck overflowed over his severely buttoned up collar, his cheeks were flabby and he carried upon his forehead this surplus of flesh which those not burdened with thought have. A kind of elephantine sympathy oozed out of his

yes which were buried in fat. His hands were veritable hammers which, falling upon your head could render you not only deaf, but blind as well. Tevfik's ears had felt them.

Give him a chair... and a cigarette.

Tevfik was made to sit down and he was given a cigarette. Rana Bey, the deputy gave it to Tevfik himself but the man's hands could not grasp the cigarette, they seemed incapable of leaving his knees. Muzaffer was full of zeal as usual :

He is doing it on purpose, there is nothing the matter with him.

Selim Pasha stopped him with a dismissive gesture :

You may leave... leave him alone, Rana Bey and myself will continue with the interrogation.

They were left alone. It is then that the Pasha's memory played a nasty trick on him. This was the first time it had happened to him while he was in the office, He had had a pony when a child and the pony had broken a bone. His lala or tutor had explained to him that there was nothing to be done and that the pony had to be shot through the head. Tevfik was now looking at him as the pony had so long ago waiting for reprieve. In spite of himself Selim Pasha stroked the bloodied coat. Tell me everything. Who told you to go to the French Post Office in this outfit? Even if it were my own son I'd punish him, rest assured of that. We are all officers here, whose duty is to dispense justice, in the name of the Sultan.

The face in front of him seemed to revive for an instant. The man seemed to understand. The Pasha has a vision, that of Tevfik, laughing, a glass of champagne in his hand, listening to a friendly voice murmuring: Don't tell anyone you were sent to me. Tear up the envelopes before going out and throw them away...

This time Tevfik was hearing the same words said by the same voice. What makes him tremble to the marrow of his bones are not the words themselves but the voice, a voice appealing to his solidarity, his humanity, his devotion, his courage, a voice trusting him with everything including the very life of the speaker. He saw other Tevfik's in his mind's eye, the one who made people laugh, at drinking-parties among the powerful of this earth, a fool that one, who was got rid off with a kick on the behind, ...spat upon... like a bear, or a monkey, with a chain around his neck, being taken round village fairs to amuse the crowds... the eternal entertainer of crowds... That voice and this Tevfik here who is a human being like everybody else...

Tevfik closed his eyes, his lips moved. Rana Bey and the Pasha bent over him to hear him say I swear to you I shall never talk

The older man, once more, stroked his shoulder with his powerful paw: Tell me, Tevfik, me. Tell me if it's my son I promise no one will touch you, your punishment will be lightened, maybe just exiled somewhere near here... you 'll get a pension.. your daughter will be sent to be with you, Speak, is it Hilmi?

At the mention of Rabia Tevfik's shoulder had trembled under the Pasha's hand. Tears were running again on

the made-up face of Tevfik. His broken lips moved but no sound came.

«Rana Bay, enough for to-day, have him cleaned up, and get some decent clothes. Do not let Muzaffer interrogate him without my authority. «and turning to Tevfik he asked «Do you want them to fetch clothes from your house?» «No, no, I have money ... buy... my daughter must not know...»

Tevfik was taken away. Selim Pasha sat at his desk and looked at the papers on his desk. They were newspapers published in Switzerland ...what nonsense... old wives' tales... But there was a letter addressed to some one mentioning a general uprising in order to bring the Sultan down... The letter pretended that sympathisers were many, and was quoting well-known names. Could this be a bad joke, just that? The Pasha had seen worse things but many arrests had to be made all the same. Muzaffer would be kept busy in the interrogations which were to come! Maybe Hilmi would be among those accused!

Selim Pasha pushed the papers aside, took his pen and began his report to the Palace. After that he called for a messenger, gave him the document, and asked for a jug of water, a basin and a prayer-rug. Istanbul was waking up, the day was beginning to dawn when the Pasha, having made his ablutions, and said his prayers, settled in his arm-chair, rested his head on the back and let himself go.

The noises in the street grew louder. The sound of a street-organ came from afar. The Pasha was dreaming

In his dream it was a feast day, Hilmi was only six years old and was dressed as a miniature general, his shoulders were a bit too narrow and the suit hung badly and he was wearing a toy sword, He was moving around, his arms hanging by his side while a young woman, whose white hands were laden with rings applauded. Her eyes shone like stars.

The street organ comes nearer. The child comes to the window to hear the noise in the street and pulls up his tin-sword: I want the organ... I want the organ!

Selim Pasha is sweating. Why does he let this spoiled child scream? Bu he does not have the courage to shut him up with a couple of blows. The organ is silent. The sun was shining on the head of the Chief of Public Security, fast asleep. He woke up, perspiration was running down his cheeks. He felt oddly oppressed. Half-asleep he threatened the boy in his dream : «You won't escape this time, this time, you'll get your punishment!»

Halide Edip Adivar enters the world of the **konak** by analysing its inhabitants. Her search for economy is a result of her training in a foreign college the influence of which can be felt in her method and style. What she has seen and known, she has described. Her style is colourful and alive but she overdoes transitions, a habit she acquired by handling an analytic language such as English.

Sabiha Hanım, absolute mistress of the **konak** calls to mind all the great ladies of the past in all countries. As one proceeds into the novel, local characteristics appear with more clarity.

Halide Hanım herself belonged to the higher bureaucracy of the Empire, settled and living in Istanbul. Her achievement, not only as an author but also as a human being, is that she was able to disengage herself from her background and take her place among those who built the New Turkey.

The difference between her and the authors who were her contemporaries lies in the fact that she follows the classical rules established by Boileau for the theatre, and she does this more by intuition than as a conscious method: all her main characters, even those who are behind the scene like the Sultan, are introduced at the very start. We are not in the presence of heroes who appear as a surprise and disappear as a mirage. At the time writers did not write for a vision as did Romain Rolland in his **'Men of Good Will'**. Many modern authors have used this approach but it is too early to judge yet because they are only half-way to their goal!

It is often mistakenly thought that to obey certain rules would lead to deadness: we see that Halide Edip has lost nothing of her vividness and originality by obeying these rules.

The Fly-blown Grocery Store exposes the Turkish woman's mentality, her evolution and struggles, reflects a twilight period in Turkish history when, however, the hope of a new dawn was not lost.

The novel is a kind of **'War and Peace'** where the battlefield is a private mansion and a grocery-store. The bridge is the small religious chanter, warm-voiced Rabia. Intrigues, internal wars, passions and politics are clashing in the novel.

Let's attempt impartially, to compare Halide Edip with some famous novelists such as Georges Sand, Golette, and that disappearing star, Françoise Sagon, whose appearance had created such a storm.

They all have their style and virtues but keep to subjects which revolve around the 'eternal feminine', the feminine soul and its problems.

Halide Edip is richer in both her thoughts and the exposition of them. The author of '**Gone With the Wind**' can be compared to Halide Edip, even though her novel, thick as a dictionary, limits itself to the War of Secession. A sort of '**War and Peace**', again, but with undeniable qualities. Obviously, we do not quote Pearl Buck in this connection, this greatest among the great!

Halide Edip was a very small girl at the time she describes and which fed her imagination. Her characters are varied : great gentlemen, great ladies, dwarves, imams, comedians, princesses and slaves... They are all described with such clearness and insight that there seems to be no secondary characters.

Halide Edip's deficiencies are those of a certain type of training and of an era. The language is in flux; at that time Turkish was slowly emerging from a mixture of foreign expressions, pompous and precious but was still encumbered with the legacies of the past. There is a clearly, a certain amount of conformism in the conversations even though the tone is quite lively. The elements of physics learnt at school appear in the writer's prose, such as «laughter spread like germs» or «she shuddered as if she was seated on a dynamo».

Some of her judgments lack charity. She misjudges the sombre **imam**, who condemns his neighbours to live in fear of Hell, and his frustrated and embittered daughter. Halide Edip does not ask herself why they are like that, she does realise that they also, are victims. She does not analyse certain topics far enough; but despite these faults the novel is full of good things and now and then attains a universal level.

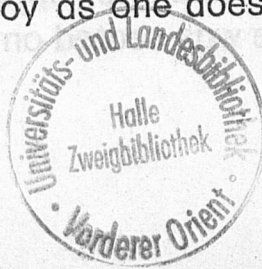
This book has been translated into English, we would wish it to be translated in other languages as well.

Now we present to you a contemporary novelist but more briefly since we believe that we have given you a fairly good idea of the Turkish novel with Halide Edip, The novel of this other writer. Adalet Ağaoğlu, is «**Lie Down to Die**». The novel describes the aspirations, hopes and upheavals of those who grew up with the Republic.

Here are a few passages from the beginning of the novel, without comment; it is for you to decide, compare, and place.

The curtain, made of cheap calico, did not altogether hide the stage. Cemal, the manservant, of the school was perspiring with anguish and was still trying to pull on the cords, let them go and pull again. He was not being very successful.

Behind the curtain the children were jousting each other. There was a smell of dust, oil and vinegar, urine and lice powder. It was the everyday smell of the school, a little stronger. An acrid smell but one which even years later one could feel and even enjoy as one does sometimes, the smell of one's own body.



The wooden wall had been cut into in order to install a door which opened directly on to the stage. The Headmaster stopped in front of this door. Namık, who had come back from washing his face in the courtyard was the first to see him. He wanted to run and tell the others on the stage and began to crawl along the wall. He could hardly breathe. The Headmaster caught sight of Namık crawling and shouted: «What are you doing, still running around? Do you want me to look ridiculous in front of everybody?» And then he plunged on to the stage through the door.

Dündar Bey, the tutor of the junior forms, was giving a last piece of advice to the children on the stage: «Look sharp, all of you! When the chorus ends, that's when the words 'for ever' are heard, you'll separate into two groups and make sure that the window at the back is seen, be careful otherwise it will be a great lack of respect towards our Great Leader.»

Dündar Bey was drenched in perspiration. He looked at the children carefully and suddenly exclaimed «Ali, Ali, you'll be the end of me'.»

A small boy, round as a tub and with his hair like a brush began to shake. He stood at attention, silently. The tutor asked «Where is your black bow-tie, where, you cursed boy!» The child apologised: «The elastic broke, sir, just broke» and he drew from his pocket something made of blackish wool and which was supposed to represent a bow-tie. The child was holding it as if holding the tail of a mouse.

The other children were pushing each other and snickering.

This was a pageant to mark the graduation of the first pupils of 'public' the school, It was also the first time that there was a meeting where both men and women were present. The Headmaster warned : Quick, hurry, everyone's here!

Only two women in the audience were wearing hats, trimmed with peacock feathers, one was the wife prefect, the other the wife of the judge.

Attention! One, two, three! and the voices were lifted up,

'At last the dawn is coming

To the country's horizon...

The worst had happened : the curtain was too short. One could see under it, the tutor's white and brown shoes and the multi-coloured shoes of the children. The curtain was half-opened but something had happened to the rods, and the curtain stuck. Four and half rows of children could be seen only while Cemal was desperately pulling on the cords. In the meantime, the chorus was singing, regardless.

Except for Aysel, all the other girls were dressed as flowers. A playful butterfly was flying from one to the other... there were a few inevitable mistakes, at one moment, it was the daisy which alighted upon the butterfly. The play had been written by the tutor.

All in all, everything had gone quite well. For the tutor recited his monologue without a single error and this after all, was the most important thing of all.

We have endeavoured to acquaint you with the Turkish woman by a number of short sketches, both historical and in every day life.

We want to meet you by the statue of the sweet-faced woman who is carrying a bomb and we hope that you will not neglect all the things there are to be seen in order to run, all out of breath to the temple of Augustus of the empty **harem** of Topkapı. We would like to take you to Erzurum, to see Nene Hatun in bronze, and to Izmir, to see the tomb of Atatürk's mother, Zübeyde Hanım. And from there, to visit the mausoleum of Honat Hatun in Kayseri.

However, what we wish for most is for you to mingle in the crowd of the living, in order to know Turkish women from near and then maybe you'll accept the truth without protest!»

03 SA 7107

ULB Halle

3/1

000 165 263





**DIRECTORATE GENERAL OF
PRESS AND INFORMATION**

