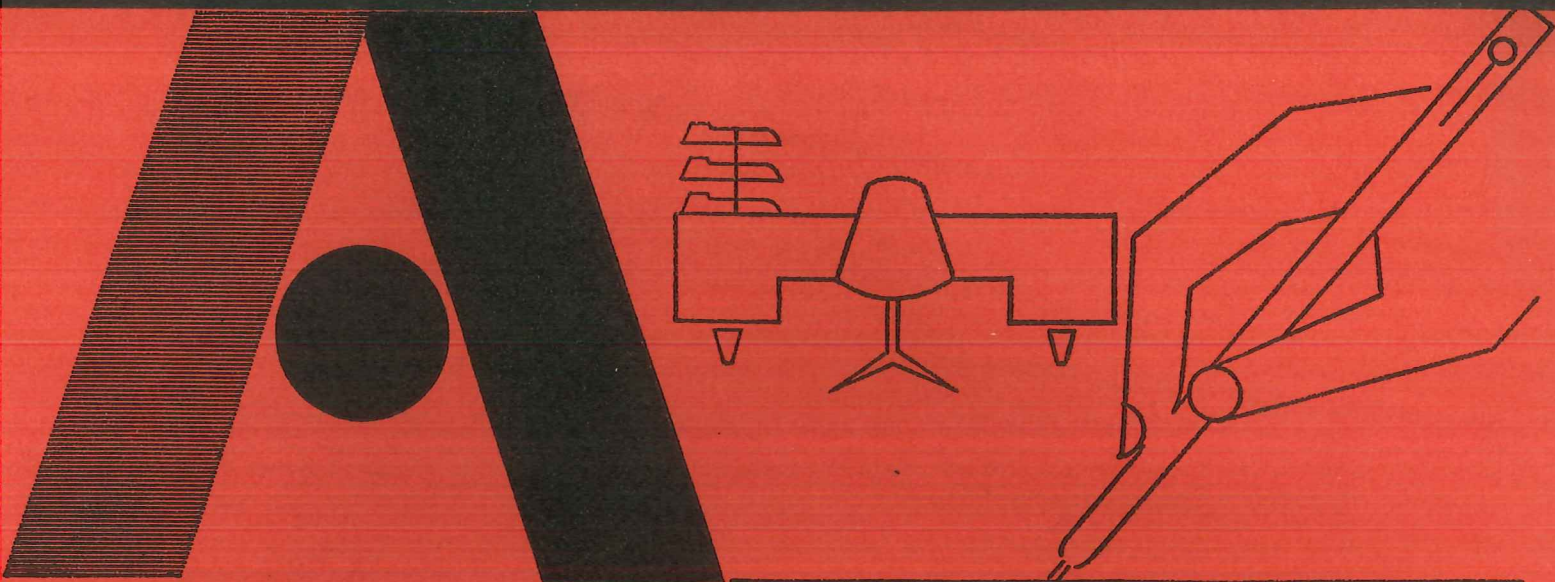




Esin Şehirin İnsanları

ACCURACY®
JEWEL LETTER TABLET

— LETTER RULED —

8½ IN. x 11 IN. / 50 SHEETS 16 SUB. CANARY / No. 62-0160

THE MEAD CORPORATION, DAYTON, O. 45402

himself into the sea. Despite intensive searching his body was not recovered. Melmet Ali bey was 21 years old, ~~being~~ he spent the best years of his life on the front. He fought bravely at Gallipoli, in the Caucasus and in Palestine.

The death of Melmet Ali, a polite and sensitive Turkish officer who studied poetry and literature, is ~~much~~ ^{deeply} mourned by his comrades in arms."

Kamil Bey looked at the photograph in the magazine for a time with a deep sorrow. Yes he was a handsome young man, lieutenant Ali efendi... ~~Even more~~ ^{The worst of} ~~it was~~ ^{terrible} that in the well retouched photo, he appeared with his soft smile, to be quite optimistic and most fortunate. The photo looked as though it were taken to be given to match makers to show ~~to~~ some hard to please young lady. All of a sudden Kemal Bey's hair stood on end, he looked about himself, frightened. There seemed to be ~~two distinct~~ ^{two distinct} voices whispering in the semi-darkness of the room, one of them Kerim's voice and the other that of Lieutenant M. Ali efendi...

"Oh my beloved Istanbul"

"my beloved Istanbul..."

What of Istanbul could be seen through the window resembled the prostrate body of a seriously wounded young man, ~~that seemed to be moaning~~ ^{that seemed to be moaning} with the street vendors. ~~the street vendors~~, ~~the~~ ^{the} voices rising and falling in the depths of the evening dusk ~~and to be~~ ~~so~~

Now look here Pella give a clever person, what's the catch to this American water-buffalo? The catch?...

I haven't met anybody who knows the catch in some are saying that America's such a ~~loose~~ loosey place that they're gonna make the Ottoman pay for a stirring waterbuffalo wonder-oh. Others say that you shouldn't mess with America they'll pay you back, they'll steal you blind. In America a kid won't say "good morning" to his father or vice versa without getting paid, they won't kiss in your hand for nothing. I don't know any more than that...

unfortunately, this hodgepodge of nonsense only served to confuse Kamil Bey the more.

When the rag-tag bunch realized the Kamil Bey was listening attentively they began to bubble with chatter. ~~and~~ By exaggerating the inconsistent bits and pieces of news that had been coffee-house gossip for months they set out to prove that they were current with the affairs of the world.

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In the night on the mainland there was not a single star and not a single light shone from the ~~the~~ shore.

In the damp dark mist, the ship struggled to make headway with a gasping, heartrending effort.

Kamil Bey was mulling over in his mind the words of the men who had boarded the ship in Cavendish and struggled ^{very} to understand the human relations which lay

— Mions are being studied for giving Lieutenants and captains shoes and 3 meters of rope for 230 kurush. It is reported that since hearing this news several officers have begun to dress completely in (kirkari).

— Reserve officer Mustafa Dami an official of the intermediate education office of the Ministry of Education, unable to endure the disaster to his homeland shot himself with his pistol today in his apartment. Thus in the past months the number of officers and soldiers who have shot themselves for the same reason has risen to three. ~~One~~ ^{Among} these was Arif bey, a reserve officer from Erenköy and another reserve officer whose name will not be mentioned.

Now, finally bringing these lines to an end I will see what of my family I can. Then the best thing to do is, to buy a ticket to the Islands, get on the last boat, fire a bullet into my head and surrender myself to the sea, to the endless deeps, to death. I shall see the sun, see everything in the world for the last time today. Everything... my beloved Istanbul...!

A. TRAGIC DEATH — The adjutant of ^{Colonel Sevkî bey} ~~the~~ Commander of the Chanakkale Garrison, Mehmet Ali Bey yesterday evening on the last boat to the islands, left his gloves, cap and a large sealed envelope in the private cabin of the royal family, went to the bow of the ship and firing a shot into his head threw

behind the mindless chatter,

The American Mandatego. for the Ambassador in Madrid - ~~just~~ ^{especially} after the Greeks landed in Izmir - This ~~could~~ had been the only hope for salvation. "We'll ~~just~~ ^{just} try to get by this calamity! If the sultan-caliph and the capitol are sound the rest will be easy." How would the rest be easy? What good is a sultan - a caliph - a capitol - without a country, without her ~~native~~ people. And then to pull ourselves together...? Won't the enemy think of these things? Will they leave an opening, a crack in the door - to give us a chance ~~to~~ to wonder ourselves?

Kamil Bey lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply. If the truth be known he was besieging his mind with the mandate, with the future of the country only to keep from thinking of ^{the things which} ~~what~~ concerned him most. He was openly deceiving himself.

The next morning they would be in Istanbul. How would he find his affairs in Istanbul, how would he get past the initial strangeness, the financial difficulties?

In her last letter, Verman's aunt had written that they should come directly to her house, that, should any other course of action cross their minds, they were going to see a vastly changed Istanbul.

The aunt was one of those women who turn their husbands into ^{creatures} ~~men~~ who look like convicts and act like dirty old ^{leeches} ~~men~~. In order to make it clear that she

use to my country in this disastrous period...
Oh, if only I could do some great deed and have
myself hanged! To hang... Now how much easier
that word seems to me.

How good it is that I went back on my decision
not to read the papers. If I did not read the papers I
could not have today destroyed and cast off the shame
with which I have been struggling for so long. I could
not have made my decision. But how I ~~enjoyed~~ ^{enjoyed} in supposing
that I had removed myself from human beings. While I was
supposedly that I had long since lost myself I was
living along side, in the hearts of men whom I don't even
know. Oh my brother, Lieutenant Kodric bey whose face I
have never seen! I thank you. If you had not told
the newspapers of what happened to you, who knows how
much further I might have crawled along. Thanks, thanks
a lot! ~~May~~ ^{May} you Long live to you... See the success of
the nation for me!

— Lieutenant Kodric bey one of the Base Drill and
Instruction Officers writes: I was going to Konuquer
on the Aksaray streetcar. The driver, Kâzım (Number 667)
was insulting a Turkish Woman. I had just started to say, "It
is not proper to speak that way to women. Does a man
insult his sister?" when the driver began saying, "This officer
business is out of date? You can't tell anybody anything. And
you can't strut around any more." His co-worker, Ahmet
(Number 613) bashed him up. I was obliged to call the police.

had been a ravine beauty in her youth she used, with a chuckle, to cite the proverb, "You can tell from the daughter how the mother used to be."

The uncle was of the type which loses its hair early and early on runs to paralytics. He wore a diamond ring on his little finger and a platinum mason's ^{medallion} at the end of his watch-chain. Although he pretended to understand nothing of politics, all of his business was handled through the government with the support of ^{the} Party bosses. Although he seemed to know of nothing further away than Edirne, he had for years been the representative of ~~the~~ ^{some} of Germany's most important ^{corporations} business firms. During the reign of Abdulhamit he made some change. When the Union and Progress party took over his situation firmed up some more. And, ^{as for the Armistice period} during the Armistice, he had no complaints.

When they ~~that~~ met in Vienna in the second year of the war, he appeared to be loaded. He ^{had} listened, half-hearted and condescending, to Kamil Bey's money woes and told him to give a power of attorney ~~to~~ for buying and selling to a trusted lawyer and to forget about the rest.

The aunt had a daughter named Sabine, two years younger than Vermin. Last year she had been divorced from the handsome Lieutenant ~~and~~ whom she had married at the onset of the war. "No she was not just spoiled ... she was odd. Sometimes ^{livid} ~~livid~~, sometimes

palatable and recommended for general health.

Entertaining our customers by playing and singing ~~with~~ ~~the~~ from 5:00 AM. to midnight will be the famous violinist Ihsan, noted lap-fiddle player Sotiri, Kanonist Mustafa, and players Ihsan & M. M. M., clarinetist Seyfi and vocalists ^{M. S. S.} Muhittin & Sikti & Modur Ebanoan.

The National Theatre in Shefizadebashi: A tremendously dramatic play Sone and Menegance in honor of the noted artist Nasit Bey — Girl wins, boy loses, a laugh filled comedy — Mercedes Arni, rogue of Istanbul, — Whose is the Child? a comedy — Brown's Quartet. — The above comedies ~~will be~~ ^{will be} played ~~in~~ excellently by Nasit Bey and his ~~company~~ ^{co-actors}.

— The Kemal Bey theatre: The sensitive Marie Jacobine and co-star Lea Gyz in Atouta — 6 reels.

— Istanbul's best appointed theatre, Alendar. — Daily Matinee performances for women, evening performances for men: Nikrana one of the great Italian Dramas. — 6 reels. A police, love drama.

" Yesterday evening I went out for a while hoping to ~~become~~ ^{warm} somewhat to the idea of living. Everything I saw all night told me that I must be saved from this selfish moribund. This morning I arose as usual. I washed myself. However I ^{did my obligations} ~~cleansed my~~ body more than usual. Man is obliged to ask the help of spiritual powers on disastrous days. I asked God to forgive my sins. But the thing that timely wounds my heart is to be of no

~~reticent~~ ^{more}... Sometimes bold and boisterous, sometimes
reticent... In one sense she was quite proud, on the
other hand she was ^{highly glib} (unselfish) enough to throw herself at the
first man who came along. She was, at times, ~~a~~ passionate
and, at times, one of those frigid women who can think of nothing
but going to sleep. "Women like her never in a million years
find the man they are seeking - they lead unhappy lives and
die unhappy deaths."

How was he going to live in the same house with this
family? Or, even worse, how was he going to manage not
to live with them?

The first officer said hello in passing. Before he
could say, "Good that he didn't stop to chat," the captain
came by puffing on his pipe. His face was ruffled ^{from} with
a combination of sleeplessness and a wine hangover.

Paul Bey, out of politeness, asked

- When will we arrive in Istanbul, Captain?

- Tomorrow... ~~four~~ at about 9:00 in what part
of Istanbul do you live in?

- Do you know the city?

- I know Galata, Beyoğlu... The covered Bazaar...

- How to explain where Nishantaş is... Did
you ever go to the French hospital?

- One...

- Oh! It's right behind there! Coming up from the Bosphorus...

- Is it your own house?

-- No!

Dr. Hüsnü Bey who informed on ^{the former province of} Dr. Gedres
Resit Bey ~~will be~~ ^{given} a 100 Lira reward and
the Ottoman Medal. Dr. Resit Bey shot himself
when stopped by the police in Faltarlasi in
Beyiktaş... What does this mean? What wages are these,
the wages of treachery, of cowardism?

Last night I saw you in my dream, my commander!
You put your hand on my ~~should~~ shoulder and said, 'Shake
yourself, let the dust of humiliation fly from you!' In
the morning I awoke bewildered. More correctly I awoke
and was surprised to remember this line of verse. On my
honor as an officer I swear, my commander, I have
tried with all my strength to shake myself. I had
not shone for a week. I shone. I had not changed
my clothes. I changed them. That I might be saved, I
tried ^{with all my strength} to be cast into life. I passed my eyes over
the entertainment ads in the newspapers. I will try it!
I promise you, my commander, a last try in the last?
How many last tries?... I am not worthy of your love, your
sorrow... I am a coward...

— The Tesevaski Theatre in Beyoğlu:

Coming Wednesday, The Opera Carmen a lovely
film in 6 reels.

— Do you wish to spend a pleasant evening? Come
to the Gulistan Tavern on Doğruyolu in Beyoğlu. We
are featuring alcoholic beverages that are both

- "yes!" - Lying for ~~any~~ ^{no} reason was upsetting to
Lâmil Bey, - "what I mean is, it belongs to my wife's
relatives..." Now he felt that he was making an unnecessary
explanation. He cut it short, "It could be considered ours."

- You asked me if I had ever hit a mine during the war.
Let me ask you, ~~has your house~~ ^{for your house} ever burned?

- Twice

- I had heard that there are a lot of fires in Istanbul.
Is that so?

- It certainly is.

The captain ~~stayed at the horizon~~ ^{straight ahead} for a moment

- I hear you were talking to the neutrals in Constantinople.

Did they say anything significant, about what's going on

- No, they're illiterate people... they just can't
understand.

- According to the Greek Pilot your Sultan is in a bad way.

- How so?

- Mustafa Kemal Pasha pays no attention to him. He wants
to fight... Venizelos said... "If the sultan can't
take care of him my armies will!"

- Is he going to march ~~on the~~ inland?

- The guerrillas give him no peace, so, milly milly
he'll march. If war breaks out will you join?

- ~~He~~? ... I don't know! I am no soldier... war is
the business of soldiers...

- Don't you have reserve officers in your country?

Two months wages to be paid.

Wages to be paid bi-monthly. [One month the wages ² were not paid ~~out time~~] The 10% taken from wages for retirement shall not be deducted anymore or the deduction ~~shall~~ ^{shall} be divided into three parts to be paid equally by the government, the employer (in this case the war department), and the worker. [This demand has been met.] Paid vacations [Because it was determined that 60 days vacation would cost 60,000 liras this ~~demand~~ was refused.] Overtime pay [accepted]. 8 hour work day [refused]. Worker representatives to oversee the disposal of already deducted funds (accepted). Amnesty for strikers (accepted). Pay for those days lost while on strike (refused).

What sort of problems are these, my commander? Who is arguing with whom? Why? Bread should be given ~~to~~, if there is any, to those who ask for it. One should not hesitate. If there is no bread one should make it and not ask for it! No. This world cannot ^{be} the world we left when war broke out. ~~That~~ ^{It} means that we didn't go to war, we left the old world. And now we have cast by the wind on a different world, a strange world. The external similarity is but a lie... Is this some nice game, my commander... Are our enemies nothing for us... ^{Should} ~~Can~~ one endure this... Should one endure any of this...?

I read in the papers... I did not believe it, I still don't believe it.

- I suppose there are now. In the past they never used to draft men from Istanbul.

- Oh how lucky... He thought for a moment: — Well you're a foreign service officer anyhow... you will go again to some foreign country.

- No! I have no interest in the foreign service. ^{Oh} Because all ~~other~~ ^{other} ~~business~~ ^{business} were closed by the war did I work in the Embassy in Spain... — He ^{was} almost said 'because we were broke!' He gritted his teeth. That's how it was... Temporary...

- I understand! That means you never fought?

- Yes!

- With us it is difficult not to fight... without a good excuse...

- Difficult? How?

- They insult you openly... One's social contacts are all broken... Even more, one's ^{financial} ~~economic~~ situation suffers. How are things in your country?

- I don't know!... I spent most of my life in Europe... I tried to enlist during the Balkan Wars, they said 'when the time comes we'll call you,' and they never called. I suppose there was no time... to call.

- Did some of your friends, your acquaintances go to war?

- Certainly...

- Were there those who died, were wounded?

The Thousand riders, with the joy of children ^{riding} we rode out
the Thousand riders, that day we put a nasty horse to rout

repelled, not only by humanity but by myself
as well. But there is someone who can help me
even in this dead end, someone who can, perhaps,
show me a way out other than death. This someone
could be you, my commander. I believe in you!
You wouldn't lie. You wouldn't deceive me. Several
times I told myself to run and take refuge with you.
But I could not stand to be seen so broken-down.
Had I come to you, you would have rescued
me from the noose of death, wouldn't you? Last
night, in my dream you were marching towards
Central Asia, the regimental banner in front and
the band behind. To ^{ward} the motherland ... to ^{ward} Turan...
From the mountains numberless horsemen flowed onto
the plain... They were all ours, all our horsemen.

The Thousand riders, with the joy of children riding we rode out
the Thousand riders, that day we put a nasty horse to rout.

We have made Gahya Kaural Bago's Horsemen poem the
words for a march... We make the stepples reverberate.
I awake covered with sweat. Sweat! God forbid!
It is as though I have returned from a plunge in ~~the~~ a
sea of joy... I am pleased not only with my heart
but with my skin as well. With my whole body or my
whole existence. Biting my fist I cried till morning.

— Dodayand workers on strike. 1500 workers have begun
to strike for the following demands:

- I presume so...

- It's hard, my dear Kamil Bey, your situation is a hard one...

Kamil Bey's eyes narrowed with the uneasiness arising from deep within him, he struggled to make out the face of the Captain. Were all westerners such cold-blooded realists because they were treacherous or were they necessarily treacherous, cold and selfish because they were such cold-blooded realists?

The old ship's engines rattled clumpily and her hull trembled from the tip of her masts to the bilges. Her name was the "Mari Galaut." So westerners were realists? How could they give such a "cute" name to an old freighter? What a far stretch of the imagination...? He had heard the name Mari Galaut somewhere. As soon as he asked the Captain he had remembered. One of the three ships on Columbus' first voyage had been named Mari Galaut. ^{In reasons of religion} To make it more recognizable they had changed it to Santa Maria - Holy Mary.

He was surprised at the similarity, first of all between ~~himself~~ these two ships and then between himself and Christopher Columbus. The Genoese sailor had ~~set~~ set out thinking that he would arrive in India and come to America instead. As for Kamil Bey, he knew for sure that he was going to Istanbul but he could, in no way, imagine how he would find the city of his birth.

A painful start went through him. He thought the

Hasan was shot in the lower back and subsequently died. Although the murderer, an Ottoman citizen named Dimitri son of Tavash, was apprehended the Greeks came and removed him from Police Headquarters.

We have been informed that the family ~~will~~ of the dead policeman will receive 20 liras in government aid!

Twenty liras... Has a Turkish life gotten this cheap?... How many sacks of coal will 20 liras buy, how many loaves of bread? Not long ago there was a rise of 20 paras, a loaf of bread got to 17 kuruş... The government aid comes to 120 loaves of bread!... If there are five in the family... At one loaf per person per day 24 days of ~~plain~~ ^{just} bread... Yes we have gotten surprisingly cheap, my dear commander, they say, "he isn't worth two liras," and that ~~is~~ is what we have become!

*So much for us!
Shame on us!*

My brain throbs ceaselessly with a swelling up of confused and contradictory thoughts. There is an endless pitched battle in my head. The units ~~are~~ fall, the ranks are rowed down. Every voice says "death" and the voice, louder than these all ^{whispering} ~~is~~ ^{to me,} "make it quick..." "Make it quick coward!" Perhaps this is ^{madness} to go mad. It is as if the walls are closing in, crushing my lungs. The ceiling and floor have closed in so that I fear I will not be able to stand. I am suffocating. Now I am

found Captain -- without really knowing what for -- and walked toward the stairs.

Through the binoculars the sea and the sky were leaden grey; the islands as far as Kayisdag; Kadiköy and Istanbul (Constantinople) were hazy images seen through a dirty window.

Lines had razed all of the quarters from Little Hagia Sophia to Etyemez, ^{the heaps of} those wooden houses spared by the flames, had fallen into ruins during the long years of the war. Even the domes and minarets of the great mosques seemed no longer firm and solid, ~~but~~ rather, reminding one of heaps of cotton balls.

As the Marie Ballant ~~arrived~~ ^{steamed} ~~sailed~~ into port around the Akhikopi lighthouse Vermin and Ayshe came up on deck all neatly dressed.

Ayshe was babbling, "Where is Aunt Sabriye's house? Show me money!" and Vermin ~~looked upon~~ ^{for a time} looked upon the Istanbul which she had not seen for 8 years. Ignoring ^{the all pervading,} the heart-belling greyness ~~which seemed to pervade~~ and the foreign warships plugging the straits she gave a sigh full of ^{joyous} happy longing: "Oh my beloved Istanbul."

I have learned this secret from the struggle of life
That death is the transmutation of toil into peace.

For several days this couplet rums through my mind. i.
The poet sees it. "Death is the transmutation of toil into peace"
he said... why not?

The papers are full of crimes Today...

— Hristatos, stopped a civil Policeman in Dolapdere,
searched and released him. He asked for the ~~gun~~ ^{weapon} of
The other policeman, one Abdurrahman. When the gun was
not turned over he shot the policeman in the head...
He ^{then} turned off Akarca ~~sub~~ street into Tataula and escaped...
Thus Hristatos killed his fifth policeman. for ~~months~~ ^{months}
he has been walking around ^{free as a bird} bold as you please, I
saw his picture. A heavy eged filthy kid! ~~But~~ I hear
the English protect this scoundrel...

— In The burst over Arca of Aksaray The police
called upon some suspicious ~~star~~ persons to stop.
When they failed to stop the police opened fire.
A man by the name of Negmuddin was killed...
Hristatos killed policemen and the police ^{shoot} ~~hit~~ their
countrymen. What an unimaginable mess...

— A man named Salih was returning home at 10:00 o'clock
when his arm ~~brushed~~ brushed some intoxicated Greek
soldiers who turned on him and began to beat him. When
the police attempted to interfere the Greeks opened fire
with their pistols. A policeman, badge number 640, named

II

" The note book and letter in this sealed envelope are to be given to the commander of the fortifications of Ghanakale, Colonel Shevket Bey, after my death.

M. Ali "

" My dear Commander,

It now becomes necessary to leave this life, to take refuge in death. I am in no condition now, as I write these lines, to completely explain why I do this. I am overwhelmed by the dark thoughts which swarm about my head. I will seek to escape them in death. Love... Death... And the wounds tormenting my nation... This incomprehensible defeat... Yesterday's conversation with a fellow officer and several other reasons have suddenly made easy a decision to die which has been ripening in me for months. You see, I say 'made easy'! Because this is not a new idea for me. After the poor Turks fell beneath the boots of the enemy, ^{Living became} ~~it became~~ ^{it} difficult first of all. Then it became impossible. My friend explained in full ~~how~~ how the recklessness, the disregard for death that we showed in the war was stupidity. I ^{Pray} ~~hope~~ to God that those of my comrades in arms who have decided to live will be stronger than I. I could stand no more. May God grant you the opportunity to do great works.

Or. Omer Abdulrahman, Price: 50 Kwacha.

Forgive me, my commander, I ~~to~~ cannot keep from writing down these disgusting things. One cannot say, " ~~do~~ don't let them treat illness."

But should ~~there~~ there not be some concealment of shameful things? I asked you before what we had done that could not be forgiven -- Here is our crime! ... The greatest of crimes, the most unforgivable: ^{all cops.} shamelessness!

Today, towards morning I dozed off for a while ... I awoke with a terrible headache, so ~~terribly~~ ^{just it} ache that I thought the news in my neck would burst, that my eyes would fly from their sockets. Finally it is time to end this flitting about. I thought all night, the best way ... my sister lives on the ^{Bäggheda} Bay Island. I haven't seen her in a long time. I ~~to~~ get up and go over there, coming back by the last boat ... The moonlight ... The coolness of the sea ... an easy death! I will fill my pockets with stones. Must there be a funeral? I will not have caused any trouble for those left behind! Like those who are sought in the missing person ads ... If a person's corpse is not found one can even hope that he is still alive. Thus there is nothing left to fear in death. My beloved pistol, my beloved Marmara will help.

with their pistols. A policeman, Dodge number 640, named

My ^{Soul} Spirit will always be devoted to the success
of the Turks. But I no longer have the strength
to wait and see it with my own eyes. I ^{suffer} feel
a great sorrow. You will read in the attached
notebook how I dragged myself step by step to my
decision to die. I wrote it in muddled bits and pieces.
You will understand. Forgive me my dear Commander,
farewell!

Your unfortunate adjutant,
First Lieutenant M. Ali "

After thinking for a long time I have decided to keep
a diary. I cannot really tell why. Perhaps to
revile myself. I have also thought at length about where,
among all the things that have befallen us, I would begin.
My pen ^{could not} cannot bear to speak of the battles I have been in.
I am left with my own feelings. The enemy ships appear
before my eyes, passing through the straits with an
ill-mannered pride. No matter how I try I cannot push
it back in my mind, I cannot forget. First ten torpedo boats,
then Cruisers and lastly ~~battleships~~ ^{and} battleships entered
our pure Marmora. 22 English, 12 ^{French} Italian, 17 Italian
and 4 Greek. The balance for our 'Battle of Gallipoli' stood
at 250,000 dead. How can such an awful price be
paid for such a shameful result.

The ships passing here, when they arrive in Istanbul,

immediately ^{unload} disembark soldiers who hold all of the important (points) in the city. The English have grabbed the railroad from Haydar pasha to Eski shehir. The French have taken the ~~trains~~ ^{Izmir} line and the Italians hold it as far as Konya. The railroads are the blood vessels of a country. Does it mean they have cut our arteries. What will we do... what can we do?

the ~~foreign~~ ^{Enemy} officers are coming to get the breech mechanisms of our cannons. I asked my commander for leave. He said "yes" without asking why. I am going to Istanbul. To Istanbul... To Captive Istanbul... Did we deserve all of this? I told myself to ask the Captain when I said good by. I did not dare to. I tried, maybe ten times. And ten times I gave up the idea. Did we deserve it? Did we deserve it? What does it mean to ~~deserve~~?

Advice rings in my ears. It seems ^{now} at one time to resemble the sound of the ship's engines. No! These are ~~subterranean~~ ^{murmurs} ~~murmurs~~ ^{murmurs} from the world of the dead. ^{Empty} ~~Vain~~ ^{Vain} sounds... This is the sound of Gabriels Trumpet. How do I know? from the chilling of my soul... The scythe of Death hovers on my head... Licking my hair... Is it death? It cannot be! It is the ~~Judgement~~ ^{Resurrection}... yes, ~~for~~ ^{Placably} the ~~last~~ ^{Resurrection}! We shall all mesh to the last judgement, the Day of Reckoning, to give account... before the scales...

A while ago I woke my orderly and had him bring down my pistol. At Three in the morning... No! At three fifteen. It was the third time in seven months

on you living dead ^{there are two hands for every head} you the living dead
are you a corpse which lacks ^{more the hands that you may repossess} your head
you are a ^{living corpse} feeling, ^{no movement}, ^{no}, no fuss
your ^{surprise} me man, you were not always ~~so~~

That I could not resist this desire. Poor Mehmet
son of Mehmet looks into my face, uncomprehending...
"Is there mischief afoot, sir," he asks with alarm!

Will you tell me, my Commander, we have been together
for so long. We have withstood together in the face of death,
was I this powerless...? Was I this rotten...?

I spun my pistol. What is it to die? And
after death?... If the soul never dies as the religious books say?...
then what use would it be to kill myself. I long for death
hoping to escape the throbbing in my head. Could
a man have the strength to ~~save~~ escape this?...
Where should I find it, the answer to this question...
Outside it is as black as pitch... In the distance
lightening flashes. I am confused. Lightening
flashes. As if to say, "There is light beyond death," as
if to say ~~"Peace"~~ "comfort". May God forgive my sins!
Did we sin a lot, my Commander? I put the
muzzle to my temple. My body trembled from head to toe...
A whisper startled me:

I believe it not, though ^{well} I see it ~~with~~ my eyes

By this Death's hand the true believer never dies

I quickly lowered my weapon... These lives were
my Mehmet Akif Bey... How did they come to mind?
What was the rest of it?

~~For every head~~ there are two hands on living dead

So move the hands that you may repossess the head

Are you a corpse? What, no feeling movement now

~~My~~ surprise me friend, you were not always so

Is it true, my Commander? Was I not always so?
And if I were not what has happened to me? How
can I consider such a miserable death? Why could
I not find death while fighting for my country? Is
there nothing to be done now? Am I to be of
no use for anything? To be of use it is necessary
to wait... I cannot consider waiting! This all must
end and soon... I understand this. I have studied
it, it is impossible to wait... But, my commander,
then again it is ~~not~~ ^{not} easy to kill oneself! Oh how
beautiful it was this morning after the rain. No one
knows this but those who spent the night sleepless
and distraught. They ~~said~~ ^{say}, "he went mad"
of those who kill themselves. Ah, if only I could go
mad... You have seen that I do not fear death,
my commander; I am afraid of not dying. That is,
I am terrified that this grief may endure after
death. Is it the body that suffers or is it the soul?
~~How~~ What a blessing to know for sure!

Yesterday evening there was a fire in Kasimpasha.
I watched for a while through the window but as
it grew I could not sit still, I dressed and went out.
400 houses burned, two ~~mosques~~ a church and a
police station. The houses were wooden, falling apart.
In the brisk wind they caught fire quickly like bunches of
dry grass and collapsed. Bright red nails and even plumb
whistled through the air like heavy machine-gun bullets.

Everywhere there were the cries of women and the screaming of children. I talked with a naval officer. In 10 years there were 29 fires in Istanbul, 50,000 houses burned. More than five million square meters were taken by fire. ~~It~~ ^{means that} even had we won the war we would have found our capital a burned over ruin. How can this be, my commander! After so many bloody ^{battles} struggles can we have been unable to defend anything? This is a curse... why did God leave us thus on the earth?... why did he close the doors of hope in our faces?... why, my commander? What have we done? Please tell me, what terrible crime have we committed that cannot be forgiven?

I decided to read the papers. I could only hold to that decision for a week. In the past I made up my mind slowly, but when I made it up, I stuck to it. Now, my commander, you are a witness to this... you saw how easily I gave up cigarettes! But now I am become powerless, completely... I am empty inside. I cannot force myself to do anything. This is nonsense. To resist demands a goal. If there is no goal, if there is nothing to live for then why struggle?...

I looked at the newspapers. The articles were all idiotic... all ruthless...

I just noticed that I unwillingly keep some of the news in my mind. One cannot even call this "keeping something in mind." I read without understanding at all. And then I remember it as though I had not read it anywhere, as though I had made it up. As though I had made it up... Because it is all (half-^{way} torn)... Confused... These things should not interest me at all... But even so I cannot keep from writing them down in my notebook:

— Recently the police rounded up 113 young girls ~~on~~ charges of prostitution in the areas hit by fire. The arrested ~~are~~ ^{are} unable to obtain licenses for prostitution (all of whom are below the legal age) Because half of the girls were found to be infected by venereal disease responsible agencies are unable to determine what should be done with them.

Missing Person: First Lieutenant Mustafa Behcet, commander of the Base Defence Unit of the 20th corps. Last seen on Riyak street on the evening of the fall of Damascus and presumed to have been taken prisoner there; no news has been received of his death or survival. Those who have news of this person are requested, ~~to~~ in the name of humanity, to write to the following address...

--- specialist

— Those who know the whereabouts of ^{first lieutenant} Mehmet 7 Ishtip ~~the~~ former ^{official} director of the Aleppo Depot

...
There you have life ... There death ... What place is Ishtip ... What place Aleppo? ~~For my poor people!~~ They were chosen, like fallen leaves, before the wind. Doubtless there are many among them who eagerly clutched at life, though their fates seemed much darker than this fate of mine. And again there are many who would envy me, the way I look to others; many who would want to be in my place. I have no money worries. I am handsome. I am tall, broad shouldered ... How should they know that such a one walks arm and arm with death, that he will soon surrender himself to it?

— General Clinic: A two month's treatment can cure ~~gonor~~^{trigona} with 5 injections of ^{Penicillin} Neosalvarsan, Syphilis with 15 injections.

The Godwills Drugstore, Postoffice Street ...

— An extremely Effective medicine for sagging abdominal muscles and weakness: Erlobin Mirsa, can be obtained at The Mirasyan Drugstore in Bahçekapi. Price: 100 Kurash.

— Prophylaxis? The only way to avoid gonorhoea and syphilis ... Prepared by Venereal and skin disease specialists

I am certain that they write the truth about everything.
Every Monday the Action Française writes, "Bolshevism
will crumble, it cannot last out the week!" ...
Everything they ^{have said for 3 years} ~~say~~ turns out to be true so why
shouldn't this, I can't imagine. — Closing
his eyes helplessly he listened for a time to the
grumbling of the engines. (He sighed). — God keep us!
"If this damnable bolshevism doesn't fall apart
in a year or two, then you're in for it."

Kamil Bey, who was fed up to the teeth
with this subject, waved a smile,
— I don't think so! for the past 200 years
we have suffered as much at the hands of the Tzarists
that I can't ^{think of} imagine anything worse.

— You just watch out! ... Is bolshevik anything like
Tzarism ... "Tzarism" is what we know as "monarchy" ...
We say "king" They say "Tzar" ... just as you say
"Sultan" ... we may be of different faiths of different
creeds. It doesn't matter. Because we are each
ruled by a king. But when it comes to bolshevism ...

— What does bolshevik mean, daddy?

For a second Kamil Bey didn't grasp the question.

— Bolshevism? ... It means "majority" my dear.

— In what language?

— Russian

— Do you know Russian

— No!

-- if you don't know Russian then how do you know that bolsheviks means "majority"?

"Thank God my daughter will be a realist" Kamil Bey thought.

As for Nermine, somehow she was still preoccupied with the danger of floating mines. She smiled, tensely, without joy, preoccupied.

They arrived at Goussakale toward noon; the captain went ashore to see someone. ^{Because} the memory of ~~that~~ the bloody battle which occurred here was ^{still} fresh in everyone's mind they were all on deck.

Kamil Bey inquired about recent developments ^{the rumors} of those who came to the ship to sell quick knacks and failed to receive any illuminating response. Foreign troops were said to have settled on both sides of the straits. Even so, a man named Hamdi Bey had smuggled a lot of weapons, ^{with} by the aid of ~~Allah~~ God, to Anatolia. The now informed said that, yes Mustafa Kemal had "started an uprising"... yes he really started an uprising but no where near here! Some said, "The Russian border, ~~with~~ ^{where} the Third Army is," Others, "he marched and marched into the hinterland and came to Ankara" (General) If you look at it straight, my friend, what good is a pasha without an army! He can take as much land as he can sit on... yeh, if only this plague of pashas hadn't been inflicted on the land of the Ottomans! Before they won their victory over the

invincible, God love us, this Pascha talk will be
wiped out completely. Around here command
rests with our Anzavur Pascha, he is a soldier's
pascha, mind you; A devout muslim and a leader
of ^{loyal} men he is, our Anzavur Pascha. With binoculars
in his right hand and a ^{who} kurani in his left (The hand of pascha
who goes around), ~~who prays 5 times a day and hugs~~
those who don't rush to the mosque 5 times a day like
prayer heads. I wouldn't know about all that, But if
you don't pay attention to the Aydin - Odemis region
you're missing it all. 'Cause if you look at Aydin
or that infidel Izmir or Nazilli or even Odemis, then
you'll think a lie. We were called up for duty around
there during the shore patrol incident. What I know is
that the Zeybek's [natives of the Izmir Area] would have pushed
the loosey greels into the sea long ago... Why didn't
they then? Hey look what you're asking, buddy, ^{would} the
foreign officers ~~wouldn't~~ give them a chance, ^{not} likely!
How do ~~the~~ foreign officers get by messing with the
sultan's loyal troops? There's no way they can mess...
So, what is there that they haven't messed with?-- and
you can say such a thing, fella-b.. If they haven't interfered
~~then~~ then why haven't the valiant Zeybeks of Izmir put
an end to the greels by now?.. I don't know about
that but this mess won't be cleared up ~~it~~ till the
Americans come with their big ^{wonder-ate} mandate or manda-ox
or whatever. What does a manda-ox have to do with

it? This munda-ox business is very important!
When the munda-ox comes there won't be any
more Creebs and no more foreign cadet-officers...
Everything munda-dong! Hold it! What kind of
a munda-ox is it that just comes in someplace and...
Is it the kind of munda-ox that we call a water-buffalo?
Yeah, it's the waterbuffalo kind of thing, what did
you think? When the waterbuffalo munda-ox
comes... Ah, ^{get it} more on duddy, if you're going
to say something get it right... How is
a black waterbuffalo going to make anything out
of this mess? O.k., when we said waterbuffalo
we weren't talking about ones from the swamps of
Koromandel, ^{this is going to be an American waterbuffalo} so move it about, when this munda-ox
comes how is he going to do anything about this mess?
I want an answer! The answer is... The regimental
chaplain ^{told about} explained it... He was a chaplain that had
been a prisoner in India, a real smart chaplain. You
know who handles everything for the ~~Indians~~ Hindu's?
What we call ^{cattle} ~~cattle~~ and ^{female} ~~female~~ cattle at that... if
I say "cows" will you get it! Once the English
~~took over~~ ^{took over} India... just like they ~~took over~~ ^{took over} almost...
Everything was screwed up there... Everybody was fighting
each other... dropping each other to bits... Then some
smart guys saw that things were really bad... So they drove
a bunch of cows in with em... Just old milk cows? Right,
just old female black cattle, ok? How can test

I

- Captive Istanbul -

A melancholy February evening was settling on the Aegean Sea, trailing grey clouds that obliterated the mountains on the horizon. There was no trace of redness in a West which seemed to have never ^{known} seen the sun. The sea breeze had died down and on the old ship the whistling of the wind had been supplanted by the damp growling of tired engines and the creak of the shaking hull.

On deck ~~there~~ barrels and boxes were scattered about, the anchors were all rusted and the rigging and canvas were in tatters.

She had ~~been~~ much during the war and, because the shipowner could not get the insurance money he expected, she had been abandoned for years. For this reason her usual 11 knot cruising speed had fallen to 6 knots.

It ~~was~~ ^{had been} fifteen days since she ~~had set~~ ^{sailed} sail from Barcelona. Were it not for the wind at her stern it is doubtful that she would have made it this far - that is, ^{to visit} off the ^{isle} ~~island~~ of Lesbos - even after so ^{many} ~~long~~ days. Her cargo manifest indicated that she was carrying wheat, dried fruit and salted fish but, ^{actually} in her ~~forward~~ holds crammed with Mauser rifles and heavy machine-gun ammunition she was bringing smuggled arms to the White Russian Army of General Vrangeli which, ^{defeated by} had lost to Bolsheviks, and was now ^{retreating} ~~retreating~~ toward the Crimea.

When ^{Kāmil Bey} ~~he~~ realized that the dark shape which he was straining to see was not a ^{floating mine} ~~stray torpedo~~ he forcefully let out his breath and ~~traced~~ ^{loosened} his fist which ~~had begun to tingle~~ as he relaxed his fist which ~~he~~ ^{had} ^{been} clenched ^{so} tightly ~~that~~ ^{that} his fingers tingled.

It was inconceivable that even now, two years after the armistice, the confusion of World War I would thus linger on an old ship. Only last month a Spanish ship ^{had} ~~struck~~ a ^{floating mine} ~~stray torpedo~~ off Bozcaada and, even though a British torpedo boat came to the rescue, only one hundred of the two hundred and fifty ^{passengers} ~~persons~~ on board were saved. Ever since he had heard of this event from the ^(a) sarcastic and fatalistic French ^{Swami} Captain, Kāmil Bey would keep watch on the bridge day and by night ^{start} leap up wide awake at the slightest sound.

"If we had been aboard ~~the~~ the ship that hit a stray mine would I have done something to save my wife and child? Why should Kāmil's family be among the hundred rescued and not among the 150 drowned? When ^{he} asked himself these questions he would ^{tremble} ~~shake~~ with a cold chill. But then, with the ^{absolute} certainty of those brave men who trust in their physical prowess as much as in their intellect, he would ~~say~~ tell himself that he would have surely found a way to rescue his family.

In the past he would have asked these questions

and answered them once - and for all. However, in the past few years, in certain situations, he could ~~reassure~~ not summon up his old self-confidence with its old absoluteness and could not free himself of this ~~other~~ ^{hostile} innumeral sensation of alarm.

Kâmil Bey was the only child of Selim Pasha, one of Sultan Abdulhamid's most wealthy viziers. He had come into a very large inheritance at an early age and somehow that security enabled him to live ~~with~~  his life and even run his family with ^{the} honorable dignity of the true amateur sportsman. In ^{struggles} thriftiness and in generosity, in boldness and in moderation, in pride and in modesty, in love (even) and ~~in~~ hate he acted with a sportsmanlike fairness. No matter what the compulsion, he believed, his sportsmanship had not wavered nor would it ever.

He had, since childhood, struggled to preserve that coolness under pressure which he considered the natural product of his spiritual strength, education and aristocratic lineage. Even in the most dangerous situations he had quelled his fear and ^{had} accustomed himself to ask no one for help.

It was his fear that he would betray his anxiety over the story of the sunken ship to those around him and especially to his wife Permin which kept him from using ^{his} binoculars to ~~make out~~ more easily make out whether or not that dark shadow was indeed a floating mine. And then again he was angered by ^{this} own senseless obstinacy and feared that ~~the~~ the drown out would wear him, by disrupting his way of life, inflicted ~~the~~ severe damage upon his nerves.

When the war broke out -- in early August of 1914 -- they were in Saint Tropez on the yacht of one of his friends, a Spanish prince. His wife was four months pregnant.

In order to decide what he would do Râmil Bey had carefully ^{considered} ~~examined~~ all aspects of the situation. He reviewed for himself all past events one by one. In the last 6 years the Ottoman Empire had undergone internal upheavals such as the "Battle of June" and "Thirty first of March" affairs and had suffered ~~the~~ such shameful defeats as those in Tripoli and the Balkans. There could be no profit from the war which had now begun. On the contrary it was necessary that the Empire take advantage of this ruthless conflict between ~~the~~ ^{the} great powers which had ^{for years} ~~for centuries~~ relentlessly plagued her. ~~By postponing this.~~ It was necessary that she rest herself, that she ^{struggle to remove herself} ~~strive~~ to ~~be~~ ^{deflected} ~~be~~ healed, to pull herself together. Thus the empire would at all costs stay out of the war or at least strive ~~to~~ with all her power to remain neutral

and would thus ~~make~~ ^{facilitate} the successful creation of a balance of power in the world. ~~as a result of this~~.

Most of the passengers on the yacht were European aristocrats who seemed to derive no profit ^{directly} whatsoever from the bloody struggle and ~~even~~ in any case considered all talk of ^{financial matters} money to be socially unacceptable. They ^{had} unanimously concluded that ~~this madness cannot~~ ^{could not} go on for long.

Kâmil Bey had based all of his calculations on the assumption that his country would not enter the war and so had, without hesitation, accepted the invitation of his friend to spend the fall in the prince's Chateau in Cordoba. Then it was in a Spanish Chateau in Cordoba that he heard, in the middle of November, ^{that} ~~of~~ the Ottoman Empire's ^{had entered the war} entry into the war. (That day -- he would never forget -- he was participating in a shooting match with pistols. He would also never forget that he ^{was winning?} won with a score of 122.)

It was ^{well} known that the Ottoman Empire, [which was too poor to (even) order a rowboat] had said that she had "purchased" two German battleships, the Goeben and ^{the} Breslau -- which ^{were, ()} had, in fact, ^{held up in...} escaped the pursuit of the British in the Mediterranean by ^{in order to} escape holding up in the Dardanelles. Moreover, it seemed that the allies -- the British, French and Russians had swallowed this fabrication. If one were to believe incoming reports, these two ships -- now named

"the Yavuz" and "The Mirdilli" -- had sailed into the Black Sea with ~~turkish~~ Ottoman flags flying from their ^{sterns} ^{funnels} and bombarded ~~the~~ Russian ports. Thus they ^{had} thrust the Ottoman Empire, already quaking at its foundations, into Germany's rapacious conflict.

(One of the guests, a young British lord had tried -- with ^{testlessly} lack of taste -- to make a joke of it by saying, "If I had such marksmen as you, I, like Enver Pasha, wouldn't have hesitated to enter the war!")

Two days later, Kâmil Bey contacted the Ottoman Embassy in Madrid to inquire as to what he should do as an Ottoman Citizen.

His honor, the Ambassador, was one of Sultan 'Abdulhamid's most experienced diplomats; ^{he had} ~~and~~ known the late Selim Pasha [Kâmil Bey's father] quite well ^{and} ~~was~~ ^{was} well acquainted with Kâmil Bey, ^{to} of whom he said "you were virtually born in my hands." He also knew: that Kâmil Bey ^{an almost native command of} ~~had learned~~ French ^{having learned it} from a persicene governess and studied at the french lycée, Galatasaray, until he knew it like a native; that, after graduating from Oxford, he had studied painting for years in Italy, and that he read and spoke Spanish with ease. Without beating around the bush he said that Kâmil Bey could, "fulfill his obligation to defend his blessed homeland and carry out his duty to willingly spill his last drop of blood on her behalf... by serving as a translator for the Embassy."

As he stood there, his eyes blinking ^{nervously} and obviously taken aback the cunning ~~old~~ Ambassador realized ~~that~~ immediately that Kâmil Bey was unable to reconcile this offer with his principles of sportsmanlike fair play, ~~and that~~ ~~the idea that he might be considered to have tried to protect himself~~ ^{of his possibly} the idea that he might be seeking a way out through favoritism had wounded him to the quick -- that is, in his ^{soft spot} dignity. As soon as he realized, the Ambassador changed his tone, "The job is a blessed one," he said, "for ~~it~~ there can be no pay." ^{adding without hesitation,} "Without hesitation he added, "... Since our noble Nation has not the resources ^{at this time} to pay ^{even doorkeeper's} a janitor's salary." Then he fell silent for a moment, shrugged his shoulders with a ponderous hopelessness and ^{open!} ^{open to heaven!} let his hands fall ~~upon~~ the desk. Then he arose and, with ^{The} ~~that~~ finally irresistible authority of a father's friend, led Kâmil Bey to the office in which he was to work. He then asked Kâmil Bey ~~which~~ ^{the} ~~name of~~ ^{his} hotel ~~in Madrid~~ ^{in Madrid} and without waiting for an answer, informed him ^{the young man} that he himself was taking on the task of ~~finding him a house~~ ^{finding him a house}. (As a matter of fact he was taking on no task at all but rather killing two birds with one stone by finding a suitable tenant for the long time vacant mansion of his attractive Spanish lady friend.)

Just as Kâmil Bey was about to leave, the Ambassador's face assumed a serious expression, as if he had

Just remembered an important point; "My ^{child} ~~boy~~,
you couldn't have gone anywhere ... through
battlefields with a woman just about to give
birth!" Kâmil Bey did not much like the "my child."
He frowned and the Ambassador went on, "Hopefully
This chaos will not go on for long... In a few months
we'll put you and your baby on a luxury liner and...
Now off you go!" As he said this he caressed
Kâmil Bey's shoulder as though forgiving a mischievous
child.

Kâmil Bey had always, ever since childhood, been
repelled by such caresses. He steelled himself with all his
strength to keep himself from jerking his body away and
~~stood there~~ ~~stiffly~~ bore the indignity.

Weeks passed, and months; The war ~~continued to~~ ^{continued to} exhibit
a "delicate coquetry", sufficient to confuse and confound
even that shrewd Ottoman Diplomat, the Ambassador
to Madrid.

> First, ^{overnight} all the Ottoman Empire ^{lost} a 90,000 man
army ^{defeated} at Sarikamish, ^{(EAST. Then} ~~a bit later~~ they routed the
British at Kutulammara ^{(Iraq (Taurus))} and took their generals prisoner, and
a bit later they crossed the ^(Siaki) (Lib) desert and managed to
envelope the Suez canal. The same army which
3 years before had been defeated with shameful ease
by 4 small Balkan ^{States} ~~nations~~ ^{fiercely} defended the
Dardanelles for months against the most awesome

weapons of the ^{allies} "7 Nations."

But alas, as the war raged on it became
ever more clear that neither (the ~~the~~ recognition of
22 of French & British treachery and ^(denial of its application) subsequent withdrawal, Sikes-Picot
nor even the defense of the Dardanelles would
be of any use. ~~Finally~~ With a slow but irresistible
(obviousness) the course of events was turning against
the German-Austrian-Bulgarian-Ottoman side and
the Ambassador could only repeat, "Oh God, how dreadful...
Oh God, there must be a way out of this mess, this curse."
In response the Sublime Porte had forbidden the word
"pead" and had long ago (no doubt) expunged it from
the dictionary.

~~That~~ In March of 1917, as everyone was
saying, "ok, now what's going to happen?" a
revolution [early on against whom no one quite knew]
broke out in Russia. It grew, ~~and~~ spread, ~~and~~ changed
and finally in a large part of Anatolia -- as far
as ~~trabizond~~ -- which ~~that~~ no one doubted had been
lost forever, the Tsarist Army scattered and withdrew.
Then, before the staff of the Madrid Embassy could breathe
a sigh of relief, the United States of America entered the war
against Germany. The news reached the Embassy
in the form of a ^{cipher} ~~letter~~ _{coded letter} which the poor Ambassador,
thinking it was just more nonsense, did not see fit to
~~decode~~ ^{decode}. He threw the ~~unread~~ still unread

cipher telling of America's entry into the war
down on the table and was joking with
Kâmil Bey in the Armenian accent which he was
fond of assuming whenever he was in a good mood.

"My dear Kâmil Bey, I consider the situation
first rate from now on, really and truly ^{more than} first rate!
God has gotten us ~~over~~ ^{through} the great disaster and
The Tzarist cause has been officially dismissed.

The unexpected alterations of his financial
situation ^{circumstances} had helped Kâmil Bey to realize --
long before Enver Pasha and Kaiser Wilhelm -- that
what the Ambassador had termed "a first rate
situation" was in fact a real disaster. ^{Curse} Money
orders which had previously come through ^{all} neutral nations
according to a complex system which defied the understanding
of even the shrewdest bankers -- were abruptly cut off. His
farms in Syria and Mosul had long since ceased to provide
Kâmil Bey with any income. For a year and a half he
had tried to prevent any changes in their way of life
by selling off ^{both} his property in Istanbul and the diamonds
which Hermann had bought. After the Treaty of Mondros
had been signed and acceded to by the Ottoman Empire,
Kâmil Bey's financial situation, contrary to all expectations, --
collapsed completely.

The Union and Progress leaders had fled and in
Istanbul the war profiteers hid in their corners

and sat on their money. Thus there was no one left to buy jewels -- let alone property -- no matter how ^{low} cheap the price. On top of this, ^{in 1919} just when everyone was saying that peace was 100% certain the news came that Greece had landed soldiers in Izmir and fighting had broken out here and there in Anatolia.

At one time Kamil Bey ~~he~~ traveled to London and from there to Paris seeking an ^{ready} answer ^{for} to his financial ~~problems~~ ^{problems}. He found ~~that~~ ^{everybody} and everything drastically changed. One person's promise was broken by another; the most trusted friends forgot what they had said the day after they said it. The ^{winners} conquerors, all of them, were consumed by ~~the~~ ^a desire to seize the largest share of the spoils. Everyone was greedy ^{of} the refinement of the prewar era seemed to have ^{passed away} ~~died~~ and been buried with the dead.

Kamil Bey ~~tried to~~ forced himself to conceal his concern from his family and friends and for a time waited ^{to no avail} ~~to no avail~~ uselessly ^{if} madrid for things to settle down. When it was no longer possible survive (financially) he had used the trip as an excuse to sell everything he had and boarded this old ship in Barcelona.

-- Pardon monseur, is the captain on deck?

Nermine had asked this in French. She sounded worried. When she recognized her husband in the evening twilight she ^{stopped} ~~hesitated~~ ^{stated}.

not all about to float over and ~~give~~ ^{go} ~~down~~ ^{down}

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not all about to float over and your ~~name~~ ^{name} ~~name~~

-- Is it you? Aren't you cold?

-- What are you ^{do you want the captain for} going to do with the Captain

The French captain had left the bridge. ~~and~~
Holding the bill of his cap with two fingers he bowed
to Nermine.

-- At your service, my dear Madame.

-- Oh I'm sorry, it's nothing really I was
going to ask about Bozcaada -- will we pass it
at night?

-- Bozcaada! which Bozcaada? The captain
suddenly remembered -- I've got it! Ah yes, now
I know why you ask!

Kamil Bey interrupted:

-- And why do you think she asked, monsieur
Capitaine?

-- Women cannot help but concern themselves over
disasters at sea. Dear Madame Kamil, she seemed
so unconcerned while listening to the story.

Nermine tried a half-hearted ~~and~~ fib,

-- no, not at all. How could you suppose ... Which
story? I had long since forgotten ...

Kamil Bey looked intently at his wife and questioned
her ^{gently} softly:

-- Were you really afraid? Oh Nermine you are like
a child -- just exactly ... a floating mine ... No, they are
not all about to float over and gather ~~at~~ ^{at} Bozcaada

The Captain smiled good humoredly

-- We gentlemen fear fearless women very dear sir! That is why our women often pretend fear in situations when they are not afraid.

This time Nemine raised her head with pride:

-- I am not afraid. So long as Kamil is with me I am never afraid.

-- Bravo!

-- Because he would save us... No matter what he would save us!

-- Bravo again!

-- He'd save us - she turned to her husband - you would save us wouldn't you? For sure?

-- "Something could be done, I hope..." - Kamil

Bey searched for the right words, for fear of sounding pretentious. "If some were saved... that means that something could be done. I mean, ^{the} ship which ~~hit~~ ^{was able to} ~~the~~ mine ^{couldn't} sink all of a sudden... It ~~was able to~~ call for help... Moreover... it stayed above the water until help arrived."

The lights on the bridge were burning and illuminated Nemine's face. At the age of 28 she still looked only 20. She was not only a beautiful woman but proud, polite and refined.

On the day they met - 8 years ago - Kamil Bey was stunned, unable to believe that there could be

such a beautiful woman in the world. He had thought to himself that no great artist could possibly depict such loveliness.

Although most great beauties lose a bit of their loveliness when they move, when they laugh aloud, when they truly cry or stretch themselves, Nerwin, ~~even in the most~~ ~~unflattering~~ situations was one of those who grew even more beautiful even in the most unflattering situations. Her every ^{gesture} movement, ^{her} every ^{pose} posture displayed her beauty in a new light. ~~Her~~ ^{With her} balanced realism which did not strain the limits of her knowledge and (an ^{easy} ^{polite} ~~uncomfortable~~ ~~conviction~~ ~~fact~~) she was able, as a twenty year old visiting Europe for the first time, to show no bewilderment when faced with western aristocrats who prided themselves on ^{low} ^{down} ^{being} ^{unimpaired} ^{by} ^{her} ^{presence} ⁱⁿ ^{their} ^{own} ^{homes} ^{not} ^{for} ^a ^{thousand} ^{years}. In contrast to ~~Despite~~ all of Nerwin's ^{her} ^{weapons} ^{powers} ~~she had~~ ^{personal} ^{powers} ~~one~~ ~~weak~~ ~~point~~ ^{had one single weak point.}

She wanted to live in total security and ~~the~~ ~~any~~ ~~fact~~ ~~that~~ ~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~free~~ ~~from~~ ~~any~~ ~~insecurity~~, great or trifling, she showed not the slightest ability to persevere.

Just as Ramiel Bey was the son of a Pasha, so was Nerwin a Pasha's daughter. ^{To her 20th year} Until she was 20 years old she had never known any poverty, insecurity or any material or spiritual difficulty. It was said

←

stepson the tall broad shouldered
youth of 25 to be

to the end. Because of ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~serious~~ ^{demeanor} appearance &
because he appeared so trustworthy as a mature man
of 35, she accepted him as her future husband. In this
decision Kamil Bay's everyday inclination played
an equal part with the feeling of trust engendered by
his personality. ^{After their marriage,} This sense of trusting dependency, instead
of facilitating her love for her husband, had raised
a strange barrier between them. Upon encountering
such ^(small) start of insecurity she would turn to the protection
of her husband with renewed confidence. ~~His presence, however,~~
~~usually by taxing her emotionally and forcing~~ ~~her to expend~~ ~~the expenditure~~
of her emotional energies at every occurrence, ~~was the~~ ^{check} ~~the~~
this process would not allow her to give free rein to
love and left her, a bit weary and a bit ashamed ^{bashful} ~~by~~
~~with~~ with an all but invisible coldness.

Kamil Bay had never, during his bachelor days, confused
love with passing attractions and so loved Nerrin
with all (the strength) of ^{his} ~~his~~ ^{own} unjaded heart. ~~In~~ This
affection was ^(expressed by) the serious ungrudging concern and warmth
of true love. The reason ~~that~~ ^{he} was unable to
perceive, (for ~~so~~ ²⁰ many years) his wife's sudden coldness
only because he believed himself to be a totally dependable
man and, thus, considered it only natural that the woman
he loved would turn to him at the slightest upset.

~~When it had not been quite pleased~~

~~When Nerrin, faced with the danger of the ship's~~
~~being sunk by a mine,~~

Thus ~~that~~ he was quite pleased when Hemin, without any rational reason, asserted that ^{surely} if they ~~the~~ ~~should~~ ~~they~~ a mine, Kamil would save them. He put his arm about his wife's waist.

- How often have I told you Dervish, there is no need to be frightened of any sort of disaster, even if it's a mine!

This time, the French Captain's hearty bravo had hardly been uttered when the dinner bell rang.

Since they left Barcelona, Kamil Bey's daughter Ayshe had been seated at the Captain's right for meals and even though she was only six, she ~~seemed~~ did her best to behave like a well brought up young lady worthy of this place of honor. At first glance she appeared dark complected and ^{her general lapses into} ~~the~~ Spanish ~~which~~ ~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~occasionally~~ seemed to in keeping with her coloring. She had immediately become friends with the ^{French Captain} [First Officer] and within a few days this friendship had grown into a comfortable ^{closeness} affection. The [First Officer] was a French speaking Belgian, a husky ~~man~~ ^{person} like Ayshe's father. Of all sports he liked boxing best and ^{boasted} prided himself, like a child, ^{on} his large fists and thick muscles. During the first days he had tried to make a pass at Hemin but upon realizing, to his amusement, that the woman had no idea whatsoever that such things went on in the world,

he gave up the idea.

For a time he had firmly believed that Kamil Bey was a Jew - which accounted, in his own mind, for the latter's dark complexion. After all it was hardly possible that a Turk could ~~the~~ speak English, French and Spanish so fluently. If he only spoke them, no sweat! But this business of reading big thick books...?

On the morning of the third day ~~the~~, while he was working out with one of the Black sailors, the Jew-Turk had watched for a time and now though he was knocking the black boy around pretty good this guy had smiled and shook his head as if to say 'no good.'

This really ticked the Belgian off and he asked the man why he was smiling.

Then wouldn't that Jew-Turk tell him that his defence left him open and that ^{just where} ~~while~~ he was punching he put himself in danger! "I'll show that guy a little something!" ~~he said to himself~~
The ^{Town-guy} ~~largest~~ [first officer] ^{thinking} ~~said~~ to himself, "Let's have a little fun with this one!" (softly and sweetly) asked, "Would you please sir, show me?"

When the Jew-Turk or Turk-Jew or whatever he set about to explain he requested, even so politely, that Kamil Bey ^{put on} the gloves and show him that way.

Kamil Bey put on the gloves without hesitation and in the first exchange dropped the Belgian on his tail. While the fellow was still struggling to make out where the punch came from and how it got to his jaw, Kamil Bey put out his gloves to the black sailor to have them untied.

— Hold it a minute, please don't take them off!
Just once more...

Kamil Bey asked the foolish young man how much he charged for an hour's work and then tried to explain why it would be impossible to hit him any more without paying the fee. The Belgian knew, from his own country, what prohibitions regulate ~~the~~ relations between aristocrats and commoners. Blushing, he apologized and thenceforth behaved in a truly respectful manner toward ~~the~~ Kamil Bey and his family.

-- Please pass the salt, Monseigneur Albert!

The first Officer I passed the salt to Aysbe with the solicitous dispatch of one serving a great aristocrat.

-- Thanks yes! They don't seem to have put ^{on} any salt, do they?

~~The~~ Nannie signalled with her eyes for her daughter to be quiet.

The Captain ~~also~~ was relating what he had seen and heard about the ^{Boeshereisen} Bolsheviks.

Everything ~~was~~ ^{Topog. Tupper} confused in Russia, in short all hell had broken loose. Hunger, poverty, all that and

then some ... life and property were not safe ...
Because nowhere was there any law and order ...

-- Iznik? Yes, he knew how to tear it
down but when it came time to build ...? —
He sighed as though suffering through a monumental
tragedy: — What do your socialists say about their
business?

-- We don't have any socialists.

-- You don't? But such a thing is impossible ...
There can't be a country without socialists.

-- So far as I know ... Before we left there
weren't any. I never heard of any.

-- When did you leave your country?

-- In 1912 ... None had been heard of then. And
now they appeared later. I would have heard, certainly!

-- A country without socialists ... It must be the
paradise written about in the Holy Book ... Unbelievable ... —
He thought for a moment, loosened his shirt collar
with two fingers and took up his wine glass ... — What
I don't understand is ... if there weren't any socialists
... why did we let the Greeks land at Iznik? ...
I had it just the other day, I remember well. They
wanted to become bolsheviks, a few men in your
country ... — He turned to the First Officer: — What was
the name of that Pasha ...

— He wasn't a Pasha sir, a vizier of the Sultan

- Vezir Shmezier ... ^{The asking gave his name!} What's his name
- Kamil Pasha ... Oh excuse me! Kamil is your name ...
- Mightn't it be Kemal Pasha! Mustafa Kemal Pasha? ...
- That's it! - The Captain was pleased - We've got it! Kemal Pasha!

- He's supposed to be a bolshevik? Kemal pasha?
- Of course he is. Would he want war if he weren't a bolshevik?

From that moment Pyshe had forgotten the meal; she looked back and forth from the Captain to her father.

The captain had read in the papers why the bolsheviks did not want peace. He struggled to summarize what he had read.

Kamil Bey did not know much about bolshevism but he ^{also} knew that the Captain did not have any ~~more~~ information ^{than} the nonsense written by the royalist papers in Spain.

The Ambassador in Madrid had scarcely worried at all about bolshevism. "These are just the anarchists we all know about ... Does and then they throw a few bombs around, kill some great man and then quiet down," he had said. He also remembered having heard, from the head writer of a noted newspaper who had good sources in the Spanish government, that Lenin was most certainly a German agent.

The ship's Captain was very upset by the bolsheviks. He could not conceive of how a Captain and a common crewman could possibly live as equals, and really could not comprehend why on earth religion was under attack. « Riches will be shared with the masses... if there is no way to get rich who's going to work? Where do they find such fools? » Appraising the situation from his own point of view he asked, « If it weren't possible ^{that} in the future, I might be able to ~~to~~ live on and live off my income, then would I work? » and to prove his objectivity he would point to his collar and say, « ... And I haven't got anything in this world to lose but my shirt! »

The captain was particular about clean shirts. On this old ship he managed, as though ^{miraculously} performing a miracle, to always wear a clean shirt. Even though people consider clean shirts to be quite an everyday thing, anyone who saw him twice would ~~perceive~~, no doubt, perceive that he was an extraordinary ^{clean} shirt devotee.

-- Just think, there is no soap in Russia today... You can't wash your face much less your shirt! A person would die... In my opinion a man can take sort about anything but he can't take dirty clothes... and he cannot live without washing himself at least once a day! In France I read Action Française! Am I a royalist? NO! Then why do I read it? ... Because they write the truth...