

History Emotions / Pre-modern Ottomans

- Emotional ecologies: [a complex interaction of situations, tasks, cultural reinforcements (images, poems, behaviors, repeated activities, spiritual practices) that favor, the shape and intensities of certain emotional responses which ~~also~~ support certain socio-political structures]

- Example(s): bonding experienced as "love" is the recruitment of the emotional content of sex to other forms of bonding (intimate, mystical religion, self-sacrificial behaviors).
2) The consequences of "devotion" and "acemi oğlan training" (escape of emotionalizing)
3) Emotion over-riding pragmatics (risk-reward)
4) Emotional cues in historical writing (stylistics)
5) Poetry (music + poetry) as significant cultural practice

— Cultural Neuro-psychology & emotion
— Cultural change & emotional ecology change

Kimo Paper

①

K: P Durkheim (1964) "culture is to humans as water is to fish"

120 layers of assumptions that are hidden from the surface because they are inscribed in daily practices and institutionalized in manner, routines, (Sweden, conventions, and societal norms. 1991)

European

key components

explicit, explicit values

21 Cultural tasks (shared scripts for action)

13) Psychology's neutral tendencies

121 explicit Psychology aligns with it lines because underlying neutral activities are also culturally patterned



Behavioral responses - emotions

Neural conditioning
Cultural conditioning
Folklore
[= a macroscopic societal conditions undergo a cumulative change the culture has undergone over generations.]

• We are born in to an environment constituted over time by the pertinent values and the tasks designed to address and accomplish those values.

• Accomplishing cultural tasks are the criterion by which members of the society are recognized as a decent, respectable, and even admirable member of society.

6:45 Pas des Laminiers 6 48 left.
7:00 Rogues 7:03 + 7:10 Bern 7:13 ---
7:27 SE Chamas 7:30 7:27 Mirama
7:45 - l = 7:51 Entressen 7:53 L
8:06 St martin 8:10 = 8:15 Raps tale
8:17

6:45 Pas des Laminiers 6:48 left.
7:00 Rogane 7:03 + 7:10 Burn 7:13 ---
7:27 Se Chamas 7:30 7:27 Mirana
7:45 - l = 7:51 Entressen 7:53 L
8:06 St martin 8:10 = 8:15 Rapstale
8:17

آه کلاه؟ Come over here?

163

beginning ^{مواغرا}

Examples

coming together ^{آه}

242 1) Separation ^{has gone} went, the time of union and getting together
has arrived, so come here
let us be together in the party of affection, so
come here

2) Oh oākī pass the bowl and let us [describe] ^{ways over}
separation's ~~separation~~
let us scrape from the page the name of separation,
so come here

358 2)

mecclis-i eaqda ney-zen ne galar yanumda
gam-i hecrükle ser-âjâr idceek nâltge ben

in the gathering of love what does the ney-player play
for me

6) ~~for~~ Bâkī, separated from you it suffices ^{as}
companionship and ^{part of} good times
weeping for the ney, tears for wine, and thoughts of
union for a rose garden

380 ^{fürkatunde}
Separated from you ^{left}

If you're talking of someone ^{thirsty}-lipped, troubled in
mind, sick of heart,
forlorn, in a ^{dungeon} of grief ^{when} separated from you
and ill, then look here, it's me
ailing

Rose's Books

1

As a starting point for my remarks, let me suggest a perspective that I find useful in thinking about the subject matter of our workshop. Very briefly, I would say that a workshop like ours comes about because ^{there has existed} a widely agreed upon belief that some sentences and groups of sentences---written sentences in particular---have qualities that we can identify as "literary." I won't attempt at this point to say what "literary" qualities are, except that they seem to make some sentences useful for certain kinds of arguments and not very useful for others.

Accordingly, we ^{have} also believe^d that there are sentences that *do not* have "literary" qualities and that these sentences are especially useful to the kinds of arguments made by people who identify themselves as "historians." The question before us then seems to be, "How can 'historians' also make useful arguments based on sentences that have 'literary' qualities?"

My response to this is to sidestep the issue and suggest that we might divvy things up differently. First I would argue that the sentences we work with are *all* "literary." They are written down and they require us to interpret them. That is, they require that we contextualize and recontextualize them.

Second, I would argue that we are *all* "historians." We work with words and sentences that persist over time and in doing so become "texts." (In support of this I would point out that there is no equivalent in our discourse to the word "historians" that covers people like me. There are no "literarians," although, suggestively, there *are* "literary historians.")

have in the past / institutionally

Third, I would suggest that we historians divide ourselves up roughly according to the degree of our belief in essences, our ability to "represent" essences, or the ability of words and sentences to correspond to "real" objects. That is to say, we divide up according to who ^{div} ~~does~~ or ~~do~~ not believe in the meaningfulness of binaries like: ^{ed} appearance and reality, mind and body, language and fact. Historians who tend to believe that we can find out about things that are located outside of and independent of

our beliefs, words, and sentences (things like "the real story" or "the facts of the matter") gravitate to history departments. Historians who believe that knowing "the thing itself" is impossible and that it is pretty much all words, sentences, interpretations, and contexts end up in literature departments. Put in another way, those who begin a sentence with "In fact..." and believe they are making an ontological claim about what is to follow, head in one direction. Those who ^{said} say the same thing and believe that they ^{were} are simply taking a rhetorical position implying that their arguments are better than yours head in another. To be sure there ^{were} are less essentialist and even anti-essentialist Hegelian, Marxian, Nietzschean, post-modernist Hayden Whiteian folk in history departments and more essentialist, Aristotelian, Kantian, Hirschian, Diltheyan "literarians," but as a rule this is how we choose up sides. The vexed and muddled ground in the middle is where workshops like this take root.

on the

extremes

The more "literarian" historians treasure lines like Şeyhülislām Yahyâ's

Mescidde ri'yâ-pîşeler itsün ço ri'yâyı
Meyhâneye gel kim ne ri'yâ var ne mürâyî

Let the hypocrites practice their way
in the mosque
And you, come to the tavern, where there is
neither hypocrite nor hypocrisy

The less (or non-) "literarian" historian treasures lines like:

"Five thousand bushels of wheat." or

"In the kazas of the *eyalet* of Anadolu there are today 59,303 $\frac{1}{4}$ *haneler*."

(Maliye Defteri 10304, pp. 14-15 from Abou-El-Haj, "Power and Social Order.")

These sentences record facts, the representationalist/essentialist historian would say, about the number of *hanes* or bushels of wheat in a certain area at a certain time. I can compare these to other records and determine how populations or wheat production fluctuated over time and thereby demonstrate the effects of certain economic or political policies, for example. This is real stuff, the way things actually happened in the Ottoman

Empire. Your lines of poetry don't tell me anything useful about anything except about the nature of Ottoman poetry. I'm not so stupid as to fall into the trap of thinking that the Şeyhülislām is really recommending to people that they head for a tavern when they feel the need to pray (which would be an interesting datum if true). This is a merely one expression of a poetic convention that records the equally conventional religious beliefs of a small coterie of Ottoman intellectuals.

When confronted with "literary qualities," she is able to see through them to the "real" or "essential" meaning. As one "historian" put it in the introduction to his representation of an Ottoman text: "In preparing this summary, we have attempted to present as fully as possible all of the information of historical significance while leaving aside for the most part literary embroidery and verse." The dichotomy is clear: on the one hand there is "information of historical significance" and on the other "literary embroidery and verse." The one is important for telling a "historian's" story; the other can be safely ignored. So if the "Ottoman" says something like, "The sultan cast the shadow of the abundant rain-cloud of his generosity over the city of Edirne," this historian can confidently assert that what is "really" being said is that the sultan went to Edirne.

Meanwhile, the militant "literarian" says, let's take the phrase "five thousand bushels of wheat." It was (most likely) translated from a text (the kind of text you call a "document" to distinguish it from other kinds of texts to which you don't want to accord the same relation to the "true"). It is written in an arcane hand only read by a certain class or coterie of professional scribes; ^{it is written} in a conventional format, and is intended to be interpreted as corresponding to some actual bushels of grain. Of course not knowing the circumstances of the writer or the intended audience we have no way of knowing whether this phrase—and it is only a phrase, only language—has anything to do with "real" wheat or not. There are lots of reasons why a scribe or a scribe's boss might want to say any particular thing about amounts of wheat.

You can elevate "documents" all you want, the literarian says, from fodder for the paper mills of Bulgaria to semi-sacred objects meted out in shrines by somber acolytes to

deserving scholars (only ten per day, handwritten notes only. . .). Still the value of a document, of "information" is only in its relation to other documents and other information. If "five thousand bushels" describes a small amount of wheat relative to some other amount, and we are also told that people are starving, and the price is high, and people are eating rats instead of bread, five thousand might seem like a reasonable number for bushels of wheat at a certain time—but this is all about the coherence of a story, not about "real" bushels of wheat. Only a "historian" of a very naive sort would have such little respect for the "historicalness" of so-called "data" as to think that a supposedly "true" story of a whole economy could be built solely on phrases like "five thousand bushels of wheat." Literarians are much more *cautious* with *their* data.

From a less antagonistic viewpoint, what follows from the literarian's argument is this: If it is about telling a story, if it is about coherence, then it stands to reason that historians of all types would be interested to see if the metaphors, and images, and poems and stories that people use are also coherent and cohere with the numbers and reports that they also use. And this seems to be exactly what is happening in our scholarly universe. The "history" that the very best "historians" write is becoming more and more "literarian." Rifaat Abou-El-Haj points out that one must not only read the *kanuns* but also the very "literary" preambles to the *kanuns*. Cornell Fleischer's story of Mustafa Ali is a very "literary" history, probably the best literary biography we have in Ottoman studies. Cemal Kafadar pays close attention to "literary" coherences, Carter Findlay is becoming more and more engaged with novels and short stories, Palmyra Brummett is exploring cartoons and humor and so on and so forth.

So what's the problem?

Let me tell you what I think the problem is, or problems are (I should say, for effect, what the problem "really" is!). The problem is that people don't want to hear about stories or "narratives", or "coherence," or "anti-essentialisms." They want to know the TRUTH. And they want us to teach the truth. That is why there are more historians than "literarians," why it is more profitable to work on "documents" than on poems. For this

reason, I think it is impractical to suggest that we stop talking about such things as TRUTH, and data, and documents. After all, why should historians and history departments give up on a good thing. What I *would* suggest is that we begin to understand, among ourselves at least, that "Truth" really means "coherence," that "data" means "words and sentences," that "documents" means "texts." Then the problem of "using" various kinds of words and sentences and texts becomes a problem of sharing expertise among all us historians on the matter of making coherent arguments from the kinds of words and sentences and texts that we know best.

each other and take each other's work seriously.

The more practical problem is, it seems to me, that the sharing and respect often seems rather one-sided. A harsh fact-of-life is that "literarian" publications have a difficult time in Turkish studies. In 1986, my book, Poetry's Voice, was very generously chosen for the TSA "Best Book" award. Yet in ten years it has not sold 500 copies. Victoria Holbrook's book which was the co-choice this year has had disappointing sales and the Middle East people at Texas say that they are not going to do any more "literature" books. I have a co-authored anthology of Ottoman poems coming out in the spring also from Texas and I fear that it will not sell enough to change their minds. It seems true to me that if "historians," who are far more numerous, do not buy, recommend, and even require their students to buy the books of "literarians," there won't be many literarians and literarian publications around to benefit from for much longer. To change the situation would mean that historians would have to believe that the story of "literary" sentences needs to be part of a coherent "history," that the story of the tavern and the story of bushels or *hanes* are indispensable parts of the whole-est history we can create. Whether this seems reasonable to historians and whether the plight of literarians even seems like a problem or not, I don't know—we literarians are a strange and often contentious bunch and perhaps our passing will not make much of a difference at all. We'll see...

ما شاء الله،

“Koyversem ellerimi” means “if I give to my hands freedom”, “if they don’t be controlled by mind...” etc. (I think that the translation is perfect)

Your prolog suggestion is perfect.

But what are you thinking about the title of the book? I’m uncertain between “I have learned...” or “Selected Poems” or another one that you or Publisher should be propose.

To change the places “Gözlerdi” and “Yeni Aşka Gazel” is a perfect idea. I agree with your explanation and I liked it

You ask about the title style of poems. I should prefer the alternative of “capital letters for major words”

“Kızıma”(with its original title Sevginin Önünde) is a quatrain, probably most popular between my poems of that type. (“Kızıma Mektuplar” sayfa 43). I would like to be translated of this short poem for intensifying the message of “Kızıma Mektuplar 1” that takes place in our book.

I didn’t know about “Kırazlı Meçit Sokağı” Then let it doesn’t be.

On the contrary I would like that “Beyaz , İpek Gibi Yağdı Kar” enters to this selection.

(About my argument for the translation of “Son Günün Şiiri” I wrote before.

The title of third chapter should be “Baby’s don’t have Nations” instead of “Turkey...” It’s you to decide.

At first I didn’t understand the subject of “epic” but I have realized afterwards. Probably I didn’t notice it and didn’t delete from the first drafts for “contents”. So don’t pay attention to it.

“You are My Beloved” is one of my favorites between my love poems. By the way in his book “Aşklar, Aşıklar, Mekânlar” Lauren’s analyses about it is very interesting. (I’m not sure if “one of the crowd” has the same meaning as in Turkish “kalabalıktan biri”. Or at least I feel a grammatical ambiguity in that phrase. But very probably it comes from the insufficiency of my feeling English. In stead of “alloyed” I should prefer “be involved in “ or “be mixed up.” Woman in that poem probably earlier goes to the job and man sending off her sees through window how she is suddenly becoming a part of a “world in metal” which is the main reason of impossibility of a real love. And finally in “Bedenlerimiz kana kana kanayamadan yan yana” probably is necessary to put the a word “while” or something else at the beginning of that final line.

G. I

1a

الا يا ايها الساقى ادر كاسا و ناولها

Bu mışrâ‘ Yezîd bin Mu‘âviye’nün baħr-ı hezceden bir kıt‘asının beyt-i şânîsidür.
Bi-kemâlihi aṣl-ı kıt‘a böyledür:

انا المسموم ما عندي بترياق ولا راقى
ادر كاسا و ناولها الا يا ايها الساقى

Pes H‘āce Hâfız Hâzîninüñ kâfiyelerine muvâfık olmağcün iki mışrâ‘ını taqđım ü
te’hîr idüp tazmîn tarîkıyle dîvânınun evvelinde îrâd eylemiş. Bu cihettendür ki
ba‘zı şu‘arâ H‘āce’ye ta’rîz eylemişlerdür. Nite ki Ehlî-i Şîrâzî buyurmuşdur:

Kıt‘a

خواجه حافظ را شبنی دیدم بخواب
کفتم ای در فضل و دانش بی مثال
از چه بستی بر خود این شعر یزید
با وجود این همه فضل و کمال
گفت واقف نیستی زین مسئله
مال کافر هست برمؤمن حلال

Ve Kâtibî-i Nîşâbüñ buyurur:

Kıt‘a

عجب در حیرتم از خواجه حافظ
بنوعی کش خرد زان عاجز آید
چه حکمت دید در شعر یزید او
که در دیوان نخست از وی سراید
اگرچه مال کافر بر مسلمان
حلالست و درو قلی نشاید
ولی از شیر عیبی بس عظیمست
که لقمه از دهان سک رباید

Elâ: harf-i istiftâhdur. Nite ki âyet-i kerîmede vâkı’dür:

الا ان اولياء الله لا خوف عليهم ولا هم يحزنون

Keşşâf şâhibi terkîbine zâhib oldı ve İbn Mâlik “Basîtdür” didi. *Mufaşşalât-ı Nahvîyyede* ikisinüñ de edillesi mestûr ve mezkûrdur.

lafzına yâ-yı mütekellim takdîr eyledüğimizden ma'lûm olmuşdı ve şâ'irüñ kavli de buña delîldür:

Beyt

اترح قدح المدام فالفجر يلوح
واشربه وناولني كالمسك يفوح

Ve “Elâ harfî mışrâ'-ı şânîye maşrûfdur” demek nehc-i müstaķîmden küllî inşirâfdur. Zîrâ elâ istiftâh içündür ya'nî ibtidâ-yı kelâmda vâķî' olmuş. Te'ķîd ifâde ider ancak. Tenbîh-i muhâtab için olduğu takdîrce iki şîğa-i emre müteveccih olur. Mışrâ'-ı şânîye aslâ 'alâķası yokdur.

1b

که عشق آسان نمود اول ولی افتاد مشکلها

Kî: kâf-ı 'Arabînüñ kesri ve hâ-yı resmîyle ismle harf beyinde müşterekdür. İsm olıcaķ zât-ı zevî'l-'ukûle delâlet ider. *Güllistānuñ* bu beyti gibi:

Beyt

از دست و زبان که برآید
کز عهده شکرش برآید

Harf olıcaķ iki şey'üñ beynini rabṭ için gelür: mübtedâyla haber ve şıfatla mevsûf ve 'illetle ma'lûl ve gâyetle muğayyâ ve bunlardan ğayrı. Bunda harf-i ta'îldür ya'nî mezkûr emr şîğalarına 'illetdür.

'İşk: 'aynuñ kesriyle envâ'-ı te'ârif ile mu'arrefdür. Eşher ta'rifî, “ifrâṭ-ı maḥabbet”dür. Âsân: “kolay” dimekdür.

Nümûd: fi'l-i mâzî. Lâzımla müte'addî beyinde müşterekdür. Bunda lâzım vâķi'dür.

Velî: harf-i istidrâkdür. 'Arabîde “lâkin” gibi.

Üftâd: fi'l-i mâzî. 'Arabîde “vaka'a” gibi. İki ma'nâda müsta'meldür. Biri “düşmek, sukûṭ” ma'nâsına biri de bir şey'üñ keynûnetinden 'ibâretdür. Türkîde de müsta'meldür. Meselâ “Böyle vâķi' oldı” dirler.

Müşkil: “çetiñ” dimekdür; “güç” ma'nâsına.

Hâ: zevî'l-'ukûlüñ ğayrınıñ edât-ı cem'idür. Zevî'l-'ukûlde isti'mâli şâzzdür.

Bākī #18

Oh, the brightness of your cheek makes sol's eye water
The candle of your beauty's rays gives light to the sun

At night, the stars feast and make merry desiring your beauty
The heavenly wheel is a fire-juggler ^{holding} with moonlight in its hand

When I'm separated from you, don't think ^{this} ~~it~~ is dew falling in the morning
The heat of my sigh is making the dome of heaven sweat rosewater

Longing for the goblet of your lip had such an effect that ^{in fact}
The wine was a red-hot madman, the bubble a bare-headed dervish ^{shaven}
^{because}

If you drink wine and your lips come up to the rim of the goblet ^{touch}
^{seems that} It's as if they attached a pure ruby to the ear of the vine's daughter ^{*}

Your words have again scented the world, oh Baki,
It seems as if that pleasant speech has perfumed the mind

Baki: Süleymân's Arrival after the Nahcevân Campaign [Küçük #2]

1. The honor of the arrival of the sultan of the world made the city
The envy of the garden of Irem and the rose bower of paradise
2. Today the world, ancient of days, is again glad
Like the Elder of Canaan with the arrival of Joseph
3. The eye of the Jacob of hopes opened and grew bright
It is time that the Tent of Sorrows becomes the site of joy
4. That time has come that the peacock of joy with thousand-fold mirth
Take a turn about the sanctuary of this world's garden court
5. The crescent on the banner of the victorious world-brightener
Again shines from the advent of the dawn of victory
6. We hope that everyone will arrive at the Ka'ba of his desires
When the state's pillars have returned, fortunate, each to his proper place
7. Fortune arrived and good luck showed friendship
In short, the revolving sphere turned above us
8. For how long were we tight-lipped with grief like a bud
And our hearts pierced by the thorn of separation's affliction
9. Praise be to God, the arrival of the monarch of auspicious ways
Made our hearts blossom again like the laughing rose
10. Jewels from the mine of generosity are the coin of this world's life
His body is spirit, his judgment the soulⁱ of the dominions of earth
11. Guardian of the all-powerful religion, protector of the Prophet's way
Obedient to God's commandments, follower of the text of the Quran
12. Ruler with Jem's greatness, chieftain with the battle-might of the Tatar king
Surely his least slave is a Jem, his meanest servant a Tatar king
13. Chief of the fortunate turning of fate, Sultan Suleyman, before
The foot of whose horse the kings of the age grovel in the dirt
14. Shah glorious as Jemshid, King whose standard is the sun
The head and headsman head held high of the rulers of the age
15. The dust of his path is a jewel in the crowns of the sultans of this world
The dirt his feet tread is a healing salve in the eyes of the nobility
16. The crowned rulers of this world sit in the shade of his banner
The mighty heads of all kingdoms risk their heads in his service
17. All kingdoms are illuminated by rays from the jewel in his crown
This world is made refugent by the brilliance of his justice's dagger
18. The heavenly sphere is a gilded dome in the sanctuary of his power
The belt of the Straw Carriersⁱⁱ is a bejeweled arch for him
19. From the fiery flames of his world brightening scimitar
The library of blasphemy and heterodoxy was set ablaze

20. The crown of Darius would squeeze the head of the crown bearer
Should he not recognize service in the dust at your gate as a promotion
 21. They are the seven moving starsⁱⁱⁱ in the heavens of your rule,
Oh fortunate one, those seven gleam-casting finials on your flag
 22. With those banners, your victorious armies made
A poppy garden of the path of victory and the wasteland of conquest
 23. The holy warriors again hennaed the hooves of their horses
When they turned the blood of the enemy into a flowing flood
 24. Your sword ever made balls on the field of their heads
In this manner did it give the enemies of the faith a headache
 25. Time after time your sword painted your foe's head with blood
It is for this reason that the people call them "redheads"^{iv}
 26. By the grace of God, oh mine of generosity, it happened today
That so many graces manifested themselves in your noble fame
 27. The fairness and justice of Omar, the honesty and purity of the Truthful One^v
The knowledge and spiritual wisdom of Ali, the patience and modesty of Osman
 28. If I equate you with Chosroes in matters of justice
In you the power of religion and belief exceeds him
 29. So long as the Faith's garden and the Divine Law's meadow exist
The dominions of Rum flourish with the rain of your generosity
 30. So long as it is the dwelling of materialism and the gathering place of heterodoxy
The region of Iran will be ruined by the fell wind of your power
 31. With the blade of your world-conquering sword, will come the erasure
From the tablet of the world of the scripture of error and wickedness
 32. The people are comfortable from the abundance of the cloud of your grace
Surely rainy weather is brings sleepiness to one's nature
 33. Praises to the just Monarch, God bless him, because
The world has found safety and security from east to west
 34. God protect us, praises to the irresistible sultanate because
From one edge to the other, the world is obedient to [his] commandments???
 35. The field of your praises and glorification finds no end
Though the footman of thought run for a thousand years
 36. By describing you in a speech-adorning manner, the poetry of Baki
In the eminence of its rank is equal to the verse of Selman
 37. His word reached Selman, his poetry found perfection
Thanks to your generosity, oh Ruler, possessor of 2 *divans*^{vi}
 38. Although he is today a pearl of great value in the sea of verse
It is as if the jewel of a mine has been left in the dust of wretchedness
 39. Raise him up from the dust, o ruler and protector of the faith
Whose text is always the Quran and Hadith from end to end
-

40. O Leader, still we have a complaint about the turnings of fate
Humbly bowing let us present it now, with your permission
 41. Paragon of the learned class, the noble Kadizade
Mine of excellence and skill, wellspring of learning and wisdom
 42. At one time, out of the perfection of your generosity, you
Gifted him with a position in one of your esteemed colleges
 43. For so many years we have each slept in college rooms
While suffering the pains of this professional path
 44. We came to you groveling, faces in the dust just as
Small streams come desiring the all-encompassing sea
 45. We entered the arena of discussion, proffering our jewels
Like the sword each one of us is now left naked
 46. It has been three years now of wretchedness and misery
That we languish in the nook of a cell^{viii} without name or fame [*hucre* *]
 47. Those exactly like us have come to the highest rung
And there our peers have found high position
 48. How is it fitting that the learned remain beneath their domes
Which appears as though the ocean is hidden beneath bubbles
 49. The misery of poverty is a curse, envy of one's peers difficult
Between them your destitute servants are bewildered and confused
 50. For a year, at your orders, I oversaw the building service
I attended to that beneficial business with all possible ability
 51. This pauper stayed at it and busied myself in service
In striving I did not commit an atom's worth of error or omission
 52. In short, the time has come for liberality and generosity
O Monarch of sublime fame, we await your benevolence
 53. I would not be scorched so by a burning heart in your service
If the scar of disappointment's flames did not cruelly affect my spirit
 54. My Sultan, the season of mercy is the time for gift-giving
Please favor me with whatever is appropriate to your high estate
 55. Would the blessings of liberality and generosity grow less by spending
Would the Feast of Abraham^{viii} be deficient because it is eaten
 56. O leader, the wild horse of the days is exceedingly unruly
By your favor, do not loose the reins on it any more
 57. Important affairs are the business of your sovereign court
So just let us express what has befallen [our] circumstances
 58. Power of why and wherefore belongs to no person, God forbid,
And yet the eternal command belongs to your auspicious royal gate
-

59. So long as, at every dawn, the bright sun draw its world conquering blade
 From the scabbard of night, over the stars
60. May your sword be superior just like the blade of the sun
 And may the world be tranquil in the shadow of your rule

[The section isolated by horizontal lines does not appear in several of the manuscripts.]

i hükmî revân: also means "his judgment is in force..."

ii Straw Carriers = the Milky Way

iii moving stars = the planets

iv red-heads = the Shiites called "kızılbaş" (redheads) for their red caps.

v Sıddîk should be transcribed Şıddîk. The title "Sıddîk" refers directly to Abu Bekr.

vi "2 divans" refers to his "divan" or council of state and to his "divan" or collection of poems.

vii hücre should be transcribed hücre.

viii Halîl should be transcribed Halîl. The Feast of Abraham is noted for its abundance and blessedness.

Translation:

1. The breast is wounded by the grief of alienation and the gall of separation
The heart is a captive of the pain of abandonment and a prisoner of separation
2. If my bloody tears flow now and again from the eye, what wonder is it
For my heart is shredded by the dagger of the torment of separation
3. The caravan of peace and patience has set out for the land of annihilation
Lighting its way on the road with the torch of the fires of separation
4. The lover afflicted by troubles is so entirely worthless that
He is finally sold for nothing by the merchant of the bazaar of separation
5. Dry lipped, his two eyes watching for the water of union with you
On the bolster of grief lies Baki, sickened by separation

kaside to Sultan Murat

Fâ'ilâtün Fâ'ilâtün Fâ'ilâtün Fâ'ilün

- 1 Râh-ı çeşmümden dile tâb-ı ruh-ı cânân gelür
Hâne-i cana ziyâ-yı mihr-i nûr-eşân gelür

Through the pathway of my eyes comes the brilliance of the beloved's spirit
Into the house of the soul comes the light-scattering rays of the sun of love

- 2 Vasl-ı yâra cân ile oldur hırîdâr oldugum
Gelse bîñ nakd-i revâne bir demi erzân gelür

«بندگی با هزاره گانه»
Bonding with the beloved is that which I would buy whole heartedly
If it cost a thousand soul-coins ^{for a moment}, it comes cheaply ^{per}

- 3 Bâğ-bân-ı gül-şen-i âşkuñ olan âşıklara
Dâğı gül dûd-ı kebûdı sünbül ü reyhân gelür

For the lovers who the garden keepers of the rose bower of love for you
The burn scar is the rose, the blue smoke the hyacinth and sweet basil

- 4 Nûş-ı cân eyler göñül cem'iyet-i hâtur bulur
Târumâr eyler yine ol gözleri mestân gelür

The heart drinks the elixir of life and finds composure of mind
That drunken eyed one comes again and reduces it to tatters

- 5 Câm-ı gül-gûn nûş ider hûn-âbe-i eşkin döker
Beñzine bir pâre âşık derd-mendüñ kan gelür

He drinks from the rosy cup and pours forth the bloody waters of his tears
The countenance of your miserable lover becomes covered all over with blood ^{drunk}
6 Senden ayrılmak katı müşkil belâdur döstüm

Yoluña ölmek egerçi âşıka âsân gelür

To be separated from you is a severe affliction, my beloved,
Although to die for your sake is easy for the lover

7 Bulsa câm-ı la'î-i cân-bahş-ı lebûnden cür'a hâk
Hâk içinde mürde-i sad-sâle cisme cân gelür

If it should find a draught of dirt from the ruby cup of your life-giving lips
The soul will return to the body a hundred years dead [lying] in the dirt

8 Sâdikam cândan baña 'aşkuñ 'azîz oldı disem
Sanma girçek 'âşkuñdan dôtum yalan gelür

I am sincere if I say that your love has become dearer to me than life,
Do not suppose, my beloved, that a lie can come from your true lover

9 Cânuma canlar katar gelse peyâm-ı vasl-ı yâr
San nesîm-i lutf-ı Şâhenşâh-ı 'âli-şân gelür

If a message of bonding with the beloved comes my joys are multiplied
As if there came a sweet breeze of the favor of the renown King of Kings

حیت
لکھو

Wattoga (N.) wga (gla)

- ✓ - Ask Selim about opening the website
- ? fonts ?? for users

✓ Send Sarah's email to Sarah & add:

Brad Holland

Rutvi Patel

Natasha Dietzler Natasha

386
477
868
523
477
1000
48
7K
mus
ktd
farsi

143-173 H. A. Armstrong Plotinus 231-263
Plotinus Vol. 5

Mek Mecmuâ-yı Tehâya
ed. by M. Serhan Tayşi

I 9 Kitâb-ı Menâmat: Sultan 17.
A 8 Murad'ın Râya Mektupları
[53] Tarih Vakfı Yurt Yayınları, İstanbul
Kit 542 [no caption there]

Dates: 2014.
Ah. Paşa
Necâti
Cafer Ç d. 1515
(Sinân?) felsefî eserler, 6447

5823
841
472
318)

Shinobu Kitayama and Jiyoung Park,
"Cultural neuroscience of the self:
understanding the social grounding
of the brain," Social Cognitive and
Affective Neuroscience, Vol. 5, Issues 2-3,
June/September 2010, 111-129

Shinobu Kitayama and Steve Thompson,
"Envisioning the future of cultural ~~neuro~~
neuroscience," Asian Journal of Social
Psychology, Vol. 13, Issue 2, June, 2010
pp. 92-101

Yahya Peymanedan

Come pass the cup around, drink the wine
from the goblet
Oh paritan, do the wise run from
the wine shop?

The crowd of my sighs rains down cupfuls
of tears for the party
were I to weep and ~~with sighs~~ ⁱⁿ ~~that~~ ^{that} one
with drunken eyes

~~It~~ ^{It} ~~that~~ ^{that} full moon failed to rise from/for
our hearts one night
What would it matter, if I, the black-hearted
had never been born

Poetry holds the world in a reach-fuzz script
It is its face like Joseph
Poetry speaks its words ^{by} concealment
for that is its give

If the beloved ~~read poetry~~ would listen to my wails ^{my}
he'd know the pain I suffer
If he would read poetry, he would be
aware of my condition

....
my diran became a ^{personal} confessional
for the crazed lover
Poetry always makes apparent the pain
of the masters of pain

~~It is a tongue of the occult as if~~
it

~~It is as if~~ its every line is a tongue
of the occult
Poetry reveals itself from the world
of ideal forms

In a passion the rec^{would} of tears ^{thereafter}
~~it is~~ Every time I might recite poetry for
that one is in well-proportioned being

239-9 King/Indra Raja Deputy of the
temple god or goddess
- gods.

~~intoxications and amorous~~
of sexual liaisons within the
inner sanctum of the temple
- Shringara rasa -
227-229

ennobling romantic liaisons

no self-denial, self-sacrifice
no higher spiritual status
that required disciplining lust

1137 Purushottama* temple in Puri
(Gitagovinda part of ritual
(sexual =) sacred)
* now Jagannatha*

Purush - high god/amorous
aspect of Vishnu (brahmanical)

bhakti devotion to Krishna

233-34 ritual encompassed a
variety of forms in the same
temple

236 Tantrism