

I

Mahmud cAbdalbaki, known by the penname Baki was born in Istanbul to the family of a poor Muezzin (caller to prayer) in the year 1526. In 1526 Henry the Eighth was King of England (and still married to his first wife) & Skelton, Wyatt and Henry Howard were the leading lights of English literature. This was the period of Charles II of Spain, of Michaelangelo, Titian, Machiavelli and Erasmus. But above all this was the reign of Suleyman I, Sultan of the Ottoman Turks, called "Lawgiver" by his subjects and "The magnificent" in Europe.

From a petty principedom at the end of the thirteenth century the Ottoman Turks had expanded ~~their control-creating~~ a vast Empire reaching from the Balkans, through the Middle East and across North Africa. With the capture of Istanbul in 1453 the former warrior state ~~found~~ itself a major Islamic power in control of one of the world's great economic and cultural centers. At this point there awakened in the Turks the sense of an Ottoman "Manifest Destiny" — a feeling that they were fallen heirs to a venerable tradition of Islamic power and Islamic culture. Thus the culture which we call Ottoman (as opposed to Turkish) is the result of this rather amazing leap into an already vast and highly sophisticated Islamic cultural tradition.

1517,
Lutherans
45
Thesis
Francis
I (fr.)
1521-22
Machiavelli
1526
(not Henry)

2

Islamic culture as it comes to the Ottomans is already a "mixed culture!" Legal, theological and Philosophical literature was generally written in Arabic; the "Belle-lettres" tradition inherited by the Ottomans from the Seljukid rulers of Anatolia was essentially Persian - but a Persian which had been heavily influenced by Arab literary forms and the inclusion of much Arabic Vocabulary. Thus, just as the Ottoman state was to be basically Islamic with a peculiarly Turkish flavor - so was the literary language of the Ottoman to be a rich mixture of Arabic, Persian and Turkish lexicons constituted about a core of Turkish Syntax and grammar. This was not a popular language - the Turkish spoken on the streets of Istanbul in the 16th century ~~probably~~ differed little from the Turkish spoken today - Ottoman Turkish was a language of Culture, spoken and written by people who were, for the most part, tri-lingual, a class language - unintelligible to 90% of the population - a language which even the modern Turk can read only after several years of instruction and some training in Arabic and Persian.

In short' our Poet-to-be was born 3

in the capital city of the most potent power in the world - he grew up to the sound of kettle-drums heralding the departure of mighty armies which set all Europe atremble with fear - and to the finely tuned and balanced music of a highly sophisticated and refined literature.

Baki's education most likely began with the so called "general studies" at the local mosque where he would have learned to recite Arabic verses from the Quran by rote. This rote school was the only form of "Public education" available. A bright young man, however, would continue his education under tutors who, for a meagre salary or merely for the love of learning, would instruct him in the rudiments of Arabic and Ottoman Turkish (and Persian as well if the tutor had a literary bent.)

It is told of Baki that he was apprenticed to a saddler (probably between the ages of 9 and 13) - with the hope that he might learn a trade and procure himself a livelihood. However, Baki seems ~~not~~ to have had more of a taste for education than for Saddles because the same sources also tell us that he soon began, in secret, to attend classes in the

near by Medrese. The medrese or "Lesson place" was a usual part of the great mosque complexes and was considered an important adjunct to the house of worship. This was the university of the Islamic world - its curriculum consisting primarily of the "religious sciences" and, in some cases, of ~~the~~ "rational sciences" such as Astronomy, Mathematics and medicine.

Let me read you a translation from a description of the great mosque of Mehmet the Conqueror and of the ~~great~~ 8 medreses system which formed part of the Complex. This is the account of a 16th century Ottoman, writing in prose of the "High Style" - in itself an example of one Ottoman Literary Genre:

"That lofty and strongly built edifice which is the Mosque of Sultan Mehmet, in Truth and all honesty, is such that in all the earth there exists no mosque standing so heavenly high, no place so noble and enveloping, no building so peerless and so perfect an example of architecture. It is so tall and broad ~~that it is a paragon~~ and so decorated that it is a paragon of height and breadth such that with its lantern-adorned dome like the celestial sphere, with its heaven-decorating candles and its warm company of lamps numerous as the stars in the firmament, it is a paragon of

I believe that those candles which burn and gleam each night on the arch of the dome of that mosque with its chrysolite prayer niche are the reflection of the lamps and lanterns which burn and glitter all night in the mosque of the all-powerful heavens. Poem.

Lamps in starry numbers burning bright
Within a heaven of lamp and light
Like the mightiest peak rising to the sky
Or, perhaps, a matchless mound raised high

Together with the topless edifices,
religious buildings and supplemental structures
of the majestic environs of that most artistic
Mosque are the 8 medreses which are the
adornment of the 7 climes and decoration
of the 6 directions. Perhaps its counterpart
is the 8 heavens and the pure logical
form of paradise. It was founded
in order to produce the establishment of
the rules of religion and the perfection
of the precious elements of the permanent
beliefs and each medrese is the refuge
of saints and a society of scholars, filled
with the most excellent of the excellent.

In every medrese there is a muderris
(professor) who, with his many lessons,
is the standard for ~~his lordship~~ ^{his lordship} Idris
(the patriarch Enoch), who, with elucidations
and texts, gives lessons on the rational
sciences and who, with summaries of the
arts, argues the sciences of religious
practice. Each of them is as well a scholar

increase their like, their wisdom and their words. Those students who study - according to the saying, "the religious scholars are the ~~wise~~ ^{wise} of the prophets" - in order to learn and become perfect in knowledge of the rational and traditional, the primary and the secondary. Never shut their eyes at night like the eyes of the stars and keep their candles - like the candle of the moon - out all night to extract the clear conclusions of propositions and ^{to} endeavor to reach the correct results of analysis.

Getting back to our poet: while he might have learned the sciences of Rhyme and Meter at the medrese there was no place in the traditional education for the profane arts. Poetry, in the Islamic world, was a very social thing; poems were introduced in gatherings where they were read out and in such gatherings young, would-be poets learned the rudiments of the art. Of Baki's progress at this point we know quite a bit. Having had some success with his poetry in student gatherings Baki made the acquaintance of the famous poet Zati who became his tutor. Zati is a good example of the extra-curricular tutor who was so essential to the transference of knowledge in the Islamic world. A learned man and prolific poet, Zati had dropped out of the life of striving for personal profit and had a small share in

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living. In his shop Zātī would meet with fellow poets - especially young poets of whom Bākī was to be his star pupil.

It is said that when Bākī first went to Zātī the old semi-recluse showed him some poetry and asked him to ^{indicate} ~~indicate~~ the fine points of meaning - the poetry of the Ottomans is very subtle and the true meaning of a line, or the reason for its special beauty often hangs on the delicate nuance of a play on words or the use of some rhetorical device. Bākī, to use the words attributed to him, - "was successful, because of his application to poetry and diligent study" - in impressing the old poet and was admitted to Zātī's circle. A measure of Bākī's success is seen in the fact that Zātī himself borrowed lines from Bākī for his own poetry and when confronted with this thievery is reported to have said, "to steal from such as he is no crime."

During this period Bākī progressed slowly (The only way) ^{possible} through the many degrees of Medrese education. In 1552 he went to study under Kadızade Şemsüddin Ahmet Efendi at the mosque of Süleyman which was still under construction - in fact Bākī is said to have held the post of Overseer for the construction of the Süleymaniye Mosque for one year.

In 1554 Bākī first attracted the attention of the Sultan as a result of a panegyric poem (a kaside) presented to ~~the~~ Sultan.

The significance of having a poem presented to and read by the ruler is, perhaps, difficult to see in its proper perspective considering the function- or virtual non-function- of literature in modern society. In the case of Bākī the acceptance of his poetry lead directly to his rise within the scholarly and legal professions. This is the result of a very practical symbiosis between the literary arts and the state bureaucracy. To see the point of view of the artist let me quote from a 16th century Ottoman:

"The favor of the ruler of the age and the power holder of the times is one of the conditions which enable one to create and compose. In such a way the author of a work will find himself free from worry about his subsistence and assured of finding a job - thus making him relaxed and able to create adorned and magical speech."

From the point of view of the ruler, vizier or other patron the support of ~~and~~ a poet had two main advantages. In the absence of any of today's mass media, poetry of real literary value which also sang the praises of the patron was an indispensable medium for advertising - especially in the Ottoman system in which there was no hereditary nobility and high office holders ~~rose~~ by cleverness, ~~ability~~ talent and their ability to attract the attention and support of those above them. Secondly, the ability to write good poetry demanded the type

In 1566, at the age of 40, Baki reached the end of an important phase in his life. His relationship with Süleymân had brought him great success - in 1561 he was made a "dâvîşmenâr" (a Phd.) - in 1564 he was appointed to a medrese in Silivri, in the following year he was returned to Istanbul to the Murat Paşa Medrese with a raise in salary. During this time the sultan sent some of his own poetry to Baki and Baki wrote some parallels to the royal verses. This sort of recognition, while it aided Baki's advancement, also must have produced for him a host of envious and jealous detractors at court. In 1566, however, Baki's royal patron - the symbol of the zenith of Ottoman power - died in his tent while overseeing the siege of the fortress of Szegedvár. Thus Baki lost ~~both~~ a friend, ~~and~~ ^a protector and the author of his astounding success - and - as an Ottoman Turk - the most powerful ruler his nation had ever known. This sad event was the occasion for the composition of ~~the~~ what is, perhaps, Baki's most famous single work - his elegy on Sultan Süleymân - in which he combines a sense of intense personal and national loss. The following are some lines translated from the elegy (mersiye)

II

MERSIYE

(from the elegy to Sultan Suleyman)

Hey you! Caught by the foot
In the snare of name and fame.
How long
Will you lust to play the game
Of endless fate?

Think you!
On that day when life's springtime ends
For tulip cheek portends
A petal
Sere and dead.

And at the last
Your place a pile of dust, for there must
Come the stone
From the hand of fate which halts
Life's turning cup.

A man is such
That his heart should be mirrorlike clean
Then why have I seen
A leopards fierceness
In your breast?

How long
Will eyes of watchers keep to this neglectful sleep
Does it not suffice
To see the lion-monarch's
Sorry fate?

That rider swift,
Lord of chance, whose prancing steed
Could scarcely heed
The narrow bounds of earth's
Playing field.

(Mersiye cont.)

Before his sword
The Hungarian infidel bowed his head .
The European foe
Of his sabres glow
gave solemn warning

Rose-petallike
He gently laid his cheek to earth
And like a gem of highest worth
The treasurer of fate
Laid him away.

o o o o o

He was in truth
The art and adornment of fortune and fate
Crowned like Alexander
With endless riders - armies great-
Like Darius.

o o o o o o o

Think you not
That he rode the wheel of fortune
Powerless and awed
But that he sought the side of God
And loss of care.

o o o o o o o

Gazing sunward
The people's eyes are filled with tears
As if the sun
Recalls to one
His moonlike face.

o o o o o o o

Clouds stoop low
Weep blood drop by drop
And let me see
The sapling judas-tree
With bloody blossoms blow.

(Mersiye cont. p. 3)

The starry eyes
Of heaven be filled with grief
And just the same
Let fumes of fires in hearts aflame
Becloud the skies.

Let heaven replace
Its azure robes with black
And all the globe
Put on the mourning robe
For his Grace.

Let man and wight
Go heart-burned, flesh-branded
In flames of separation
From Suleyman of royal station,
Of fortune bright.

He adorns a plot
Above the towering ramparts of the sky
For you must know
This dust heap here below
Befit him not.

Above the plain
The deathless Phoenix of his soul
Homeward flying
But a few bones lying
On earth remain.

He who did ride
The playing field of time and space
Succeeding at the game
With fortune and with fame
Both on his side.

The new Sultan - Selim II - ascended to the throne as the result of the machinations of his mother - a very clever and ambitious woman who from the semi-obscurity of the harem had managed to maneuver Suleyman into being forced to order the execution of two older sons by another wife. Selim was both a noted poet and a libertine known to the Turks as "Selim the Sot."

Although Baki made the usual fuss about the new Sultan, presenting him with a *Kaside* on the occasion of his ascension to the throne, he lost his position during the period in which the new Sultan was distributing favors to his supporters and seems to have been out of work for several years. Finally Baki gained the support of the brilliant and capable grand vizier Sokullu Mehmet Pasa. Sokullu, is the prime example of the merit system which provided the 16th century Ottoman Empire with extremely capable officials. Born in the Balkans to a poor Christian family Sokullu was taken in the devsirme or "Child levy," was educated in palace schools and by force of his brilliance rose to the highest position of power in the Empire save only that of Sultan.

Shortly after the death of Selim in 1574 Baki, ~~for a time~~ fell victim to the intrigues of his enemies. Someone took a poem containing the lines:

"Better than the prideful and uneasy ruler
of the musical gathering

Is the sleepy-eyed drunkard in the
anthem of other-worldliness"

and the above mentioned lives were interpreted as an insult to the new Sultan Murat III. Baki was immediately dismissed and was only saved from exile when his friends discovered the offending poem in ~~the~~ ^a collection of works of a deceased poet.

Although this story is somewhat apocryphal numerous tales of the same type attest to the frequent occurrence of such intrigues - as well as to the importance which could be attached to a few lines of verse.

Study and striving, however, were not the only past-times of the Ottoman poet - for poetry also had its recreational side as well. The gathering of poets, wherein poetry was read or discussed, was carried on in congenial ~~summer~~ company in relaxing surroundings. The köşk or kiosk - a simply adorned, summer-type cottage ~~with~~ often with large airy windows overlooking a garden or the waters of the Bosphorus was - and still is - an important feature of Istanbul architecture. In such pavilions or in a garden or on the grassy banks of a stream the poets would gather and read poetry with the added pleasures of wine and attractive wine-powers - to all of which pleasures Baki is said to have been rather addicted.

The echoes of such gatherings - larded with a quasi-mystical philosophy and comments on the trials of existence - are the most common subject matter of the most popular lyric poems in Ottoman poetry.

III

GAZEL

The time is here, wine-pourer dear, let goblets pass around
Let spirit bright wine feasts incite the sots to whirl around.

Oh heart, drink up wine from the cup of passion for your love
So heaven resounds with booming sounds and wine-shops whirl around.

Let your cheek glow, like candle-glow, in houses of the heart
And in that light let moths ignite their wings and whirl around.

Let others turn the brimming urn about the room my love
And near to thee let lovers be and heart-sick hang around.

'Tis not the lot of every sot, the feast of love, Baki
Put out her call to lovers all, let strangers turn around.

It must also be mentioned that the heart-Captivating wine power of the gazel is typically a young man. The widespread existence and acceptance of homosexual romance in Ottoman high-society is less a sign of moral degeneracy than a reflection of a disparity between some very human emotions and the rigid social mores of the time. In Ottoman society women were generally kept out of sight, marriage was a contractual arrangement and heterosexual love was considered an extremely private thing - public discussion of or displays of affection being considered degrading to both the woman and the man. There exist - in Ottoman ^{erotic} literature - very very few explicit references to women (although the lack of gender in Turkish - and Persian makes all references ambiguous) and explicit references are never made to women of any social standing. The archetypical symbol of beauty is the Biblical Joseph who, in his Kur'anic manifestation, was so beautiful, as a young man that he caused Poplitars' wife and her friends to cut their fingers with knives they were using to eat fruit. Thus all of the bags and baggage of romantic love were transferred to the only available ~~love~~ public love objects and the emotional and literary forms of passion, pursuit and sexual-conquest attached themselves to relationships with young men. Baki himself is known to have had romantic attachments to a young poet named Rûhi.

In contrast to our rather detailed knowledge of Baki's homosexual romances we have little ~~little~~ information about his family life. There is no mention of his wife - although we do know that he married late in life (a not at all uncommon occurrence in the case of men who spent many years ~~at~~ ~~at~~ a very time consuming education and then were appointed to often changing posts in various parts of the empire.) Baki had at least two sons The Oldest of which was born when the poet was 60 years old. Family life, as I have said, was a very private thing - and as such ~~that~~ only this much has been recorded for posterity.

Baki's later life is a combination of great successes and even greater disappointment. Unlike his mentor Zâti Baki could not forsake the things of this world for some sort of spiritual contentment. He admonishes himself in the Elegy to Sultan Süleyman saying:

Hey you! Caught by the foot

~~and~~ In the snare of name and fame
How long

Will you lust to play the game
Of endless fate?

But ~~he~~ caught Baki was - and forced to play the game out to the end.

He became the chief judge of the holy city of Mecca, then Chief Judge of Medina returning in 1582 to Istanbul where he completed his only existing prose work -

of the aid of Sokullu Mehmed Paşa and his former schoolmate, the sultan's tutor and noted historian Hoca Sadıddin.

He later became chief judge of ~~the~~ *Avatice* and then chief judge of the European provinces - the second and third highest religious and legal positions in the Empire.

However, Baki, who for years had been recognized as the greatest poet in the Empire, was not to be satisfied with this much success but longed for the post of Şeyh ul-Islam - the Supreme Court - the final arbiter of all religious and legal decisions and an authority to whom even the sultan was subservient on questions of religious legality.

In the ~~the~~ Islamic year 1000 (1591-92) of the Christian Calendar) Baki was retired - an event which caused much grief to the old poet whose desire for power seems to have grown with age. By now Baki, with his outstanding reputation as a poet and the distinction of having ably served 3 sultans, was so powerful that he was able to ~~the~~ pressure a new Sultan Mehmed III into returning him to public life. Thus in 1594 (at the age of 68) Baki again entered the world of politics.

At this point Baki, who had been known as a good friend, pleasant companion and outspoken conversationalist, seems to have succumbed somewhat to the insensibility of old age. In his desire to become a sultan's

friend and protector Sa'duddin. In the end these schemes backfired insofar as they created enemies for him who finally blocked his final ~~the~~ chance for the one honor which altogether eluded him. Again we must recall Baki's own words:

"A man is such ~~that his~~ ~~that~~ I

That his heart should be mirrorlike clean
then why have I seen

A leopard's fierceness

In your breast?

After his final disappointment Baki underwent a series of illnesses. Then on April 7, 1600 Baki died - as the result of a nervous disorder brought on by setting about to beat a careless serving girl.

At Baki's funeral - attended by great masses of people - the then Seyh-ul-Islam as part of the funeral service read the last couplet from the following gazel of Baki. In this poem, it seems, is expressed much of the longing, the striving after unreachably goals and much of the disappointment which our poet must have felt during his life:

Casel

That acquettish dimple arrays its army of lashes row on row
Like an army of spear-men ready for war standing row on row.

In order to behold you in the flower-garden paths
On both sides stand cypresses swaying row on row.

To combat the swelling ranks of tear soldiers
The endless sea sends forth its waves row on row.

Think not it is a flock of cranes meaning in the sky
But rather the birds of heart and soul winging skyward row on row.

That he might see with whom you sit within the mosque
The weeping eye goes clad in unbeliever's garb from row to row.

People of the spirit are overwhelmed by blessings of grief and woe
And stand like guests about the table of your beneficence row on row.

If the pen should wave like a banner in describing your form
Then the lines in books of verse are like soldiers standing row on row.

Near to you the lovers stand ranged all around
As if they were pillars about the holy Ka'ba row on row.

On the funeral-stone they will know thy worth, oh Baki
And friends will stand with folded arms before you row on row.

This then is the portrait of a high-classical Ottoman poet - it sums up, I feel, many aspects of the social, political and literary life of 16th century Istanbul. Many of the customs and conditions of Baki's life remain typical of Ottoman Turkey for centuries. You have seen - and will ~~again~~ see - many of the architectural and artistic monuments of Ottoman culture - it is my hope that now you will - in some little way - be able, ~~to~~ with your imagination, to people those edifices with men like Baki - with greater men and lesser men but men who walked; breathed, loved and hated - men who, more than the monuments which they left behind, created the Ottoman Empire.

Read some poems in the original,

living. In his shop Zati would meet with fellow poets—especially young poets of whom Baki was to be his star pupil.

During this period Baki progressed slowly (the only way possible) through the many degrees of Mekrese education. In 1552 he went to study under Kadizade Zemsuddin Ahmet Efendi at the mosque of Süleyman which was still in the process of being built—a job for which Baki held the post of overseer for one year. In 1554 he is said to have

presented a panegyric poem (Kaside) to Sultan Süleyman upon the latter's return from a campaign in Persia. Such a presentation presupposes a certain degree of influence at court—a result, on one hand, of the recognition of superior ability, and, on the other, of much work ^{at} ~~and~~ gaining the support of palace officials. For it was the practice for high—and not-so-high—officials to gather about them talented supporters bound to them by debts of gratitude and capable of producing works of poetry praising the patron's good qualities or other literary works which indicated his selfless love of art and learning. Good advertising was of vital importance in the vast ~~bureaucracy~~ bureaucracy in which one could rise—on merit and cleverness alone—to the highest position, and as suddenly fall completely from favor. Let us look briefly at a panegyric poem written by Baki.

In 1566, at the age of 40, Baki reached the end of an important phase in his life. By this time Baki had become a great favorite at court. The sultan, Suleyman was a lover of poetry and was himself a poet. It is known that he sent some of his poetry to Baki for criticism and that the latter flattered his royal patron by composing parallels to his verses. Such royal favor brought to Baki both success in ~~the~~ ^{his} profession and a host of jealous detractors. In 1566, however, his great patron, the symbol of the zenith of Ottoman power died in his tent while overseeing the siege of the fortress of Szegedvár. The death of a ruler is always a time of trial for court favorites - however, besides being cast adrift or a sea of potential enemies Baki seems also to have felt a sense of intense personal loss - ~~which~~ which he immortalized in his "Elegy on Sultan Suleyman" - a poem which seems to ~~have~~ ^{expressed} owe its ~~great~~ great popularity to its expression of the loss of a symbol of Ottoman greatness - greatness which was never again to rise so high. (Mersiye)

Baki, however, weathered this storm with little damage - as he was to weather the deaths of two other Sultans. Under Suleyman's son Selim II - who was both a noted poet and a libertine known to the Turks as Selim the Soft - Baki attached

was born to a poor Christian family in the Balkans, came to Istanbul in the famous "Child levy" where he was educated and later rose to the highest position of power in the empire save that of Sultan.

Shortly after the death of Selim in 1574 Baki, for a time, fell victim to the intrigues of his enemies. Someone took the words of an old poet which said:

"Better than the proud and uneasy ruler of the musical gathering

Is the sleepy-eyed drunkard in the gathering of other-worldliness"

To these were added an explicit reference to the new sultan Murat III and Baki's name in the signature couplet. As a result Baki was immediately dismissed from a judgeship and was only saved from exile by some friends who discovered the offending lines in a collection of old poems and so informed the Sultan.

Although such stories are, perhaps, apocryphal they do tend to exemplify the intrigues and schemes, the ups and downs of public life in the Empire — as well as the importance which a few lines of poetry could have.

Study and striking importance were not

of poets, where poetry was read and discussed, was carried on in congenial company, in relaxing surroundings (a garden or pleasant kiosk) with the added pleasures of wine and beautiful serving-persons - to all of which Baki is said to have been quite addicted. The echoes of such gatherings - larded with philosophy and comments on the trials of existence - are the most common themes of the gazel ^(lyric) - The most popular genre of Ottoman Poetry: (Lyric/Gazel)

It must also be mentioned that the heart-captivating wine-pourer (sâkî) of the gazel is typically a young man. That homosexual love is an important feature of Ottoman erotic lyrics is only a reflection of one aspect of Ottoman high society. Baki himself is known to have had romantic attachments to a young poet named Rukî and to the young son of Kadîzade Ahmet Efendi his former teacher. In a society in which women were generally kept out of sight, in which marriage was primarily a contractual arrangement and heterosexual love was considered obscene it is not surprising that all of the emotional and literary baggage of romance was transferred to the only available love-objects - That is: young men.

In contrast to the reasonably accessible information about Baki's homosexual attachments

is no mention of his wife - although we do know that he married late in life and had at least two sons the first of which was born in 1586 when Bākī was 60 years old. This is not to say that family life was unimportant but rather that it was extremely private.

Although Bākī rose in power during his later life the loss of his patron Suleyman and later Sokullu seems to have prevented him from realizing his highest ambition. He was chief judge of the holy city of Mecca (during which time he composed his only existing prose work - a history of Mecca). Then he became chief judge of Istanbul and finally chief judge of the European Provinces. His deepest desire, however, seems to have been for the position of Seyh ul-Islam - Chief Justice of the Empire, ~~and~~ the highest scholarly and religious office. The Seyh ul-Islam was responsible for final religious cum legal judgements on all points of law and even the sultan was obliged to suit his actions and decrees to the requirements of religious law.

Despite the fact that he had been recognized for years as the Sultan of the Ottoman poets Bākī remained - as he himself had said - "Caught by the foot in the snare of name and fame." As he grew older and the sought for prize slipped from his grasp time and time again he involved himself in desperate

again we hear the echo of Baki's own words:

A man is such
That his heart should be mirror-like clean
Then why have I seen
A leopard's fierceness
In your breast?

In the end Baki was a disappointed and sick man — but the old fire remained for on April 7, 1600 at the age of 84 Baki died as the result of a stroke suffered while beating a careless servant-girl. A great throng at Baki's funeral listened as the then Seyh ul-Islam — a former school-mate and friend of Baki — read out the final couplet of the following poem — in which one can see all of the yearning, all of the seeking all of the sadness and all of the glory which attended the life of this the greatest of The Ottoman poets.

صاف صاف خونی

Forrest Poray Sigawan, Pasa Hoca Sarduddin
protected him.

992 Kadi 7 Istanbul

994 Anatolia Kadi asher

999 again A. K. A.

1000 Daneli K. A.

1003 Melumat III (Daneli Ka.)

(Disappeared in intrigue to replace Farhat Pasa
with Sevan Pasa)

(Pined Sumar ~~D~~ intrigue by SI)

(Sumar disappointed in intrigues against Sarduddin)

1006 - Daneli Ka.

(Sarduddin prevented him from leaving SI) ~~the S. would~~
~~get~~ the fate Sumar he was Mel. III's teacher)

1007 retired

1008 Hoca Sarduddin dies (left sum near Efendi
appointed in his place)

1008 - died as a result of various conditions brought
on by being angered at a female slave
Bemell outside the Edirne Kope by Ladi Efendi
Fountain

(Chubbaw Melumat (995)

c Abdurrahman (?)

Escad 1025