

Story #449 (Tape #2, 1972)

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Hasan the Broom-Maker

Once there were a man and a woman who had one child, a son. After the boy had begun to grow up, the father became ill and died of this illness. Time went, time came, and the son, naturally, grew into a young man. One day he said to his mother, "My mother, I do nothing but waste my time. I should at least have a trade at which to work. So far, you have not permitted me to work, but now it is time for me to earn three or five kurush."

"Well, if this is the way you feel about it, then you may do so," she said.

"Well, tell me what my father's business was. I can at least do what he did."

"Your father was a farmer."

They had a neighbor who was an agha The mother went to this neighbor

fields? You may give him three or five kurush, or whatever is appropriate."

"All right," said the man. "What can the young man do?"

agha. There the boy rode the oxen that were used in sowing. After a while, the man said to him. "Now, you go on sowing here, as I have been doing, and look at the field by the side of the river."¹

The boy continued sowing by himself, but since he did not know much

¹This is translated literally. It may be a figure of speech meaning to rest or to nap.

Story #449

about farming, he did ^{not} realize what was wrong when the oxen became tired. As he was running and riding the oxen, one of the animals finally dropped dead of exhaustion. Then he placed the remaining ox in such a way beneath the yoke that he could pull the plow alone. How long can one animal pull such a thing? Well, after a while that ox also grew ill and died of exhaustion. When this happened, he put the yoke on his back and went home.

"Mother," he said, "Tell me what my father's business was. If my father had been a farmer, then there would be left somewhere around here his oxen, or some part of a cart, wheels, or something of that kind. Since we have nothing of that kind around here, then it seems clear that my father was not really a farmer."

Now what could the woman do? The boy beat the woman and demanded that she tell him what his father's business was. But the boy's father had ordered in his will that the woman never tell his son what his trade was in order to keep his son from following in that same business. After the beating became unbearable, the woman finally told her son what he wanted to know. "My son, your father's trade was that of a broom-maker."

"Very well, then. Are there some of the tools of his trade around here somewhere?"

"He had a vineyard knife and a kıfkıç² with which to tie the brooms. They are in the attic. Climb up into the attic and get these things."

Doing as she directed, the boy climbed up into the attic and got the vineyard knife and the kıfkıç. Leaving the house, he walked along a stream

²Translating this tale, Onur Ülgen, Saim Sakaoğlu, and Warren Walker could not discover the exact meaning of kıfkıç, apparently a dialect word. The context suggests that it means either small loom or carving rack.

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He caught some red-legged partridges, and began working hard tying threshing brooms from the reeds that grew there. For days he went on tying brooms, piling them up in a large stack. Finally, he became so tired that he lay down to sleep for a while.

Now it happened that at that time such brooms were in great demand around Istanbul, and to look for such brooms, men had been sent along the streams in boats to places where they might be being made. Some of these men saw, all at once, a large heap of the brooms they were seeking. They rowed alongside that place, and looking to left and looking to right, they saw no one. But finally their calls and the noise they made wakened the boy from his sleep.

"Whose brooms are these?" they asked.

"They are mine," he said.

"Well, how much money do you want for these brooms?"

"I shall take whatever is the regular price for them," he said, and thus without arguing about three or five kurush, he sold all of them. The buyers accepted this bargain and bought all of his brooms. After the boy loaded up the brooms for them, the men took out their money and paid him the amount agreed upon. This was a total of thirty liras, with the value of the lira in those old days.³

After receiving this money, the boy went directly to his kaza. The market that day was to be at his kaza.⁴ He went to the market and there he bought a horse for three liras. He also bought some clothes--a pair of shoes, a hat, and other things. After buying some helva too, he went back home.

³Like money in most parts of the world, the Turkish lira has, over the years, suffered devaluation. Now worth 8-10 cents (1974), the lira was once a very valuable coin. Folktales often refer to golden liras.

⁴In a city the market moves to a different section or mahalle every day. Smaller towns also have market days. This applies, of course, to the open markets to which farmers bring produce and to which craftsmen and pedlars bring readily portable wares.

Story #449

After reaching his home, he sat down and spoke to his mother. "Mother, do you see what happened? Since broom-making was my family craft, I succeeded at it too, earning a lot of money. I have bought a horse, some clothes, and some food, and still I have some money left in my purse."

After they had eaten their meal and satisfied their stomachs, the boy stood up and started walking back and forth in the house. He was puffed up with (pride). After a while, he said, "Mother, go and ask the padishah for the hand of his daughter for me."

"My son, would they give me a padishah's daughter for you?"

"Would they find someone more worthy than I?" asked the boy, as he continued to walk proudly about the house. Since he compelled the woman to go, what could she do but go?

She went to the padishah's palace all right, but when she reached the door she was ashamed to knock. The padishah was up at that time, and he saw the woman approach the palace but then turn back without saying a word to anyone.

"What happened, mother? Did you ask?" said her son.

"Wait, son," she said, "Think! Would they give a daughter to people like us? That is why I did not ask. I was too ashamed."

"Quick Go back and ask," said the boy, forcing his mother to go. What could the woman do? Again she was compelled to go. She gave in⁵ and went to the padishah's house.

The padishah saw the same woman coming again. He said to his servants, woman is coming here for the second time. Go and see if perhaps she is without bread or other food. See if she is hungry or wants something else.

⁵The literal translation here is She sacrificed herself . . .,

Story #449

Give her a loaf of bread, and give her some cheese with it so that her stomach will be comfortable."

The servant at once took out some bread and cheese and gave it to the woman. What could the woman do now? She returned home without saying a word.

The boy said to her, "What happened, mother?"

"My son, by Allah, I went there and knocked on the door. They gave me a piece of bread and some cheese, for they thought that I was a beggar."

"Did you ask the question I told you to ask?"

"I was not able to ask about anything."

"Well, then, go back at once and ask the question."

Again the woman was compelled to go, now for the third time. She knocked on the door and a servant opened it. "Auntie, what do you want?"

"With your permission, I want to enter into the presence of the padishah."

They went to the padishah and reported this to him. "All right, let her come in," said the padishah. When she was shown into his presence, he spoke to her earnestly, "Auntie, I hope that it is good news that you bring! You have come here and then left this place two or three times already today."

"Your majesty, there is one Hasan the Broom-maker, who is my son. With the permission of Allah and the direction of the Prophet, I have come to ask for the hand of your daughter for him."

"Since it is with the permission of Allah, I shall give her to him, but I have a condition. I own thirty thousand yellow liras held in a foreign ^{Isk-} state. If he takes possession of these thirty thousand yellow liras and then ^{as before} brings them back to me, I shall give him my daughter."

"Very well," said the woman, who then left that place and returned home

When she reached home, the boy again asked, "What happened, mother?"

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Hassan

"I have spoken to him in the name of Allah, my son. He accepted the proposal, since it was asked in the name of Allah, but he has a condition. He has thirty thousand yellow liras which are in the possession of a foreign state, and he said that if you could get that money and bring it back to him, he would be willing to give you his daughter."

"All right. If that is the situation, ask him for a saddle bag in which to carry the money back."

The woman returned once more to the padishah. "Your majesty," she said, "our Hasan the Broom-maker will go after your money, but he wants from you a saddle bag in which he can carry the money back."

The padishah then said to himself, "I have tried so hard to get that money back, but in spite of this I have never been able to repossess it. How can this woman's child possibly regain it?" Then he said to a servant, "Give this woman a saddle bag and seven liras for money with which to buy any food she might need."

The woman was given the saddle bag and the money. Later, the boy asked the direction in which he was to ride to possess the money. Grooming his three-lira horse, and taking the vineyard knife which had been left by his father, the young man set out on his journey. After travelling for a great distance, one night, about midnight, he arrived at the country which held the money. The capital of that state was in a hollow valley. The boy went to the top of a hill above this valley and started shouting, "O padishah, O people of the state of Russia,⁶ I have come here from Turkey. If you will return my padishah's thirty thousand yellow liras tonight, all will be well,

⁶Whatever the original country was to which the boy traveled, it was probably not Russia. Folk narrators freely substitute names they think appropriate at the time of the telling.

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After that, the boy sat smoking a cigarette in a room in the padishah's palace. When everyone else had left that room, the boy heard a sound like "tak, tak." It seemed to him that the room of the padishah's daughter must be next to his. The girl had a lover whom she wanted to marry, and it was that lover who was now knocking on the window of her room. Her lover said, "Come, let us run away tonight. No one will take note of what we do, for there is a boy come from Turkey, and your father is arranging to have him killed. Therefore this is an opportune time."

The daughter of the padishah answered, "All right, I shall be ready to go in one hour. Come back for me in that much time."

The Turkish boy heard all of this from the window, and since they planned to kill him, he did not allow himself to fall asleep. He looked through the keyhole of the door of his room, and outside he saw two sentries with swords ready to kill him when he went to sleep. The sentries were not changed however and after these two had been on duty there for a long while, they became tired and themselves fell asleep.

The boy opened the door by lifting it quietly from its hinges. He put the saddle bag on his back and went straight to the courtyard. He saw his horse in a stable, but the door of that stable was also locked to keep him out. But the boy was strong enough to tear loose the door from its hinges and enter the stable in that way. He went inside and took his three-lira horse and led it into the courtyard after putting some felt around its feet to prevent them from making any noise. After placing the saddle bag on the horse, he went to the window of the daughter of the padishah. He knocked on the window, "Tak, tak, tak."

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Since she was going of her own free will, she simply took her bundle and followed him. They went to the horse, mounted it, and--farewell! They ran away, fleeing throughout the whole night. Of course, the girl did not really know whether it was her lover or someone else, for she had not yet been able to see his face. Well, to make a long story shorter, after traveling a great distance, they crossed the Turkish border around the time of the breaking of dawn. They were very tired after riding all night, and so when they came to a grassy plot with a fountain, they decided to stop there for a while and eat. When the boy sprang from his horse and helped her to dismount, she discovered that he was not the one she had wanted but the boy who had come to her land from Turkey. Right at that point, the boy said to her, "Be

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"This must have been my fate!" saying this, she became a Moslem at that place.

After they had dismounted, they also took down the saddle bags and set eating.

Bandits
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Forty bandits passed along the road opposite from where they were eating, and they noticed the boy and girl there. But one of them also noticed something yellow in an open saddle bag, though he could not see clearly what it was, from that distance. He said, "There is something yellow in that saddle bag. I wonder what it can be?"

"Whatever it is," said another, "it is not going to come to us. Since

⁷The word used here is bohca, a word for the bundle carried by women to a bath or to a laundering place. It is a large cloth folded in from its four corners to form the container in which to carry smaller garments and small objects.

have horses under us, let us go to take a look."

When they came closer, they saw that the saddle bag was filled with gold. They took the saddle bag from the boy and girl, and then they took the girl away from the boy. The boy they stripped as naked as when he had been delivered by his mother. They forced the girl to mount the boy's three-year-old horse, and then they all rode away, taking her with them. The boy followed them quietly, but soon one of the thieves turned around and saw him nursing his anger. "Do not follow us," said one of them, "or I shall kill you!"

By this time they had come to a road that crossed through the forest. The boy had lost his sense of direction. He said to the thieves, "Since you have taken all my possessions and even my clothes, I have no way of returning to my country. Give me back at least my vineyard knife, left to me by my father and mother, so that I can cut leaves of dock to cover the back and the front of my body."

The bandit leader said, "Give him his vineyard knife." They threw the knife to him and then they rode away.

The boy took the knife and started walking, but he was still quite lost. He followed a foot path at first, but when this crossed a paved road, he took that larger route. After a while he came to a stream with a bridge across it. As he stood there on this bridge, it began to sway from side to side. "In the name of Allah, what kind of bridge is this?" When he came to the center of the bridge, he saw a trap-door in the floor of the bridge. Opening the trap-door, he saw that it covered a room built right into the bridge. It was late by then, and the boy said to himself, "Where shall I sleep at such an hour? It is late, and so perhaps I should stay right here for the night and then go on in the morning."

Having said this, he went into the room and looked around. There he

found a grindstone. He started grinding and sharpening the blade of his vineyard knife so that the next day he would be able to cut branches with it more easily

Now it happened that that bridge belonged to the forty thieves. It was arranged in such a way that when a caravan would cross the bridge, vibrations would provide a signal to the thieves. The thieves did not know that the boy had passed along part of the bridge, but they thought instead that it must be a caravan. Their leader said to twenty of his men, "Members of a caravan must be crossing the bridge. Go and rob them of all their goods, and then capture them and bring them here."

Twenty of the bandits went and searched, looking to this side and to that side, but they were unable to see anyone. "Perhaps that boy came this way and climbed upon the bridge," one of them said. Still seeing no one, they approached the trap-door. "Perhaps that boy hid in here," said one, as they opened the trap-door. One of them bent down to look inside.

While this was going on, the boy had heard them. He stood up at once moved to one side of the trap-door, and when the first brigand bent down to look inside, he grabbed him by the hair and cut off his head

Then another one of the brigands said, "Our friend descended very quickly," and then he himself looked into the opening beneath the trap-door. The boy cut off his head in the same way, and then, one after another, he cut off the heads of all the twenty thieves, piling up the bodies inside

so many sacks. Happy at having killed all these thieves, the boy went outside the room to the bridge floor, and in doing this he started the bridge shaking again.

When this happened, the leader of the thieves said to the remainin

Story #449

eighteen,⁸ "I sent twenty men and apparently they were unable to do the work required, for the caravan is still passing along the bridge. Hurry along! All the rest of you go too."

So they also went, looking first to this side and then to that, but there was nobody to be seen. "Perhaps our friends came here and went into the secret room," they said. They went to the trap-door and when one of them bent down to see if their friends were inside, the boy killed him at once. In this same way, the boy killed all of them, and then he went outside and shook the bridge again.

Now there was no one left but the leader of the brigands, and this man said to himself, "Great Allah! I sent twenty men and nothing happened. Then I sent eighteen more men to help them, but still the caravan passes along. It is up to me to see what has happened." He went too, and he too looked to this side and then to that side without seeing anyone. Like the others, he too opened the trap-door, bending down to look inside, and like all the others, he was also killed by the boy.

To discover whether or not there was anyone left in the band of thieves the boy once more went outside and shook the bridge. He shook it and waited, and then he shook it once more and again waited, but no one came now. "Yes," he said to himself, "this must be the way in which they are signalled. But just what is the signal? Where is it made? How does it work?" He looked along this side of the bridge, and he looked along that side of the bridge, and then he discovered a wire fastened to the bridge. Following the wire where it led into the forest, the boy came to the mouth of a cave where there was

⁸ It seems that there were thirty-nine thieves, including their leader. Bands of **thieves** in folktales are traditionally forty in number, as was the gang that beset Ali Baba. In folktales, as in real life in Turkey (and much of the Middle East), forty is a popular and potent number not only for bands of thieves but also for many other groupings of people and objects.

rooms inside. He opened the door of one room and saw that it was filled with rugs. He opened the door of another and found that that room was filled with kilims.⁹ He opened the door of another room that was filled with pearls and then he opened the door of one that was filled with gold. He went along in this manner and found that all the rooms were filled with valuable things. As he was doing this, he opened one door and saw in the room behind it a girl as beautiful as the moon.¹⁰ He closed that door at once and went on looking for the girl whom he had brought with him, and after some time, he found

"Come!" he said, "be quick!"

"How did you manage to get here?" she asked.

"I have killed all of them," he said, "and they have found their kismet, their fate in this life. Where are my clothes?" The girl brought his clothes, and after he had put them on, he asked, him where the horse was, he took this too out of the cave. "And the saddle bag?" He took nothing but the horse, the saddle bag, and the girl. They

The sister of the forty thieves¹¹ could not restrain herself any longer.

⁹In Turkey the word rug refers to an Oriental rug, tied, not woven, and thus having a deep pile. A kilim is a flat woven carpet, not nearly as expensive but potentially artistic in its own way.

¹⁰The moon is an object of aesthetic interest in the Middle East. The greatest praise for feminine beauty is to compare it with the fourteenth of the moon (the fourteenth day in the phases of the moon, when the moon is just approaching its fullest). Rotundity, not slenderness, is a measure of feminine pulchritude.

¹¹The traditional nature of forty as a grouping becomes self-evident here. One could imagine the sister of seven brothers or the sister of seven giants. One realizes, however, the virtual impossibility of a girl's having forty brothers in a literal sense.

Story #449

She came out just as they were going to ride away and said, "Young man, where are you going?"

"I shall go to my country,"¹² he said.

"To whom will you leave us? This is a world in which you are held responsible for whatever you do. My brothers did certain things for which they have paid. Now I shall starve to death here. With whom should I starve? The least you can do is to take me along with you."

"Come along with us, then."

"Let us go, but let us not forget all of the wealth that is collected here. Take at least some of these things."

Returning into the cave, they placed all the gold there into sacks, and these sacks they loaded onto the backs of the forty mules of the thieves. Taking eighty sacks of gold, they loaded one sack on each side of each of the forty mules. In one of the rooms there was also a special kind of horse, and the sister of the forty thieves now asked that they take this horse with them so that it would not starve to death. But when the boy went to bridle the horse, it would not permit him to do so. The sister of the forty thieves *undoubtedly* spoke to the horse in this way: "Listen to what I say. This is a world in which one is held responsible for what he does." (That horse was able to understand human language. *human language* "My brothers have done such and such things, and now they have paid for them too. There is no longer anyone here to look after you. Surrender to this boy, because from now on, it will be he who will look after us." *Supernatural horse*)

After she had spoken to it in this way, the horse surrendered. The two girls mounted the three-lira horse, and the boy mounted this special

¹²The boy had already returned to Turkey, but his "country" to which he refers here is his menleket, the area in which he lives. Turkish people refer commonly to a vilayet or even a kaza as "my country."

horse. The sister of the forty thieves warned the young man not to pull on the reins of this horse. Looking at the string of forty mules with the eighty sacks of gold loaded on them, and looking at the girls as they drove the mules along, the boy rode to one side and then the other saying, "How amazing! Is all this wealth now mine?" As he was saying this to himself, he suddenly pulled on the reins of his horse, and immediately after he had done this, the horse began to fly. As the horse flew through the air, the sister of the forty thieves made gestures to show him what to do. She signalled to him to pull the reins downward now. After he had done this, the horse returned to the earth, and the boy then left the reins lying loose.

After a long journey, they finally arrived at the boy's country, where they unloaded the mules. Since his mother's house was only a small room a kitchen the house could not hold all the sacks, and so they stacked them outside. The boy then spoke to his mother: "Mother, we are hungry. Go and take a piece of what you will find in those sacks, and with it get some food from a store. Let us satisfy our appetites."

The old woman went and looked at the things in the sacks, but she did not recognize them as gold coins, for never during her whole life in that village had she ever seen such things. "My son," she said, "why did you bring home these onion skins?" ¹³ When the northeast wind ¹⁴ blows you may burn down the forest with the fire these will make."

When the old woman went on talking in this way, the boy said to her ¹⁵ Most onions grown in Turkey are yellow, thus resembling the color of gold. The dried outer skins of onions are highly flammable.

¹⁴ There is in Turkish a separate name for each direction, including the four intermediary points that separate north, east, south, and west Povraz is the word used here for northeast.

"Regardless of all that, take one of them and go to the store with it. Get some food from the owner of the store, and after giving him this, bring the food back here.

The woman took one of the objects from the sack and went to the food store. She said to the owner,

When she handed the gold coin to the owner, however, he said,

The woman then went to another storekeeper, but he also said that he did not have enough money to give her in change. She went to the next one, and he said the same thing. And so finally the woman went back home again.

"What happened, mother?"

"My son, I have gone to this storekeeper, but he said that he did not have enough change; I have gone to that storekeeper, and he too said that he did not have enough change."

"My mother, Allah has given me wealth. You should have taken the food and given the man this piece of gold without accepting any change." But since the woman had been unable to accomplish this, the boy went to the storekeeper himself now. He said, "Give me this and give me that," ordering all of the

"My son, I do not have enough money to give you the correct change for this piece of gold."

story too long, let us just say that he did this and then went home.

Now that the sister of the forty thieves had joined them, he had two girls in his home. The next morning the boy put his saddlebag on a mule

Story #449

and said to his mother, "Mother, take a horse, and with it lead this mule to the home of the padishah. Tell him that your Hasan the Broom-Maker has brought back his gold but that he does not any longer wish to marry his daughter. Tell him also that he can keep the mule on which his gold is loaded. Give him the gold and the mule and then come back home."

The woman went to the padishah with the gold and the mule, and she spoke to the padishah in the way her son had instructed her to do. The padishah did not ask, or even wonder, why Hasan no longer wanted his daughter.

On the following day, Hasan bought a good piece of land, and then he hired forty or fifty craftsmen and about seventy laborers to start building for him a beautiful mansion that would look like a palace. When it was finished, he took the two girls there to live. He also had a stable built for the animals. Inside, he had kilims spread everywhere, and outside, he had a beautiful garden built, one that was filled with flowers. He had all of these things put in good order and kept that way.

One morning the girl he had brought from Russia with him arose and proceeded to sweep the courtyard. An old woman living in a hut opposite their mansion saw her there. Since Hasan had said he no longer sought the hand of the padishah's daughter, this matter became known to everyone in that town. When the old lady saw the girl in the courtyard, she rushed to the palace and said to the padishah, "Alas, your majesty, it was not without reason that Hasan the Broom-Maker decided that he no longer wished to have your daughter. May this world and the next be my witness when I tell you that he brought back with him from that foreign state a girl who is suitable for you but not at all suitable for him. She is like all that is beautiful in this world."

"This is well enough, but I am beginning to be afraid of that young

man. He brought back from a foreign country all the money which I had been unable to recapture myself. Because of this, I do not feel that I can speak to him about this girl.'

"Do not worry about this," said the old woman. "I shall create such difficulties for him that he can never escape them. Then we shall be able to take this girl away from him."

"Well, if this can really be done," said the padishah, "give some thought to doing it."

The old woman spent that night thinking about this matter. In the morning she saw the other girl, the one which Hasan had taken from the forty thieves, sweeping the courtyard this time. She was even more beautiful than the first girl. When the old woman saw her, she again rushed to the home of the padishah. She was in such a hurry that she had only one hand covered by her loose robe. ¹⁵ "O, your majesty, there was not one girl but two! The girl I saw today is even more beautiful than the first one. They are both suitable for you, and so we should use all means to take these girls away from him."

Of course, the padishah was persuaded of this by the old woman. moved down closer to the old woman to talk with her. She said to him, "Your majesty, I shall tell you of something from which Hasan will never be able to escape. There is a giant ²⁴⁻²⁹ at such-and-such a place. You must act as if you are ill, and you must then tell this Hasan that you have a bad case of rheumatism in your legs. Tell him that the doctors have advised

Wife's death

*ASK
24-29*

¹⁵ In pre-Republican days, women were supposed to be not only veiled in public but also completely covered with clothing. Even their hands were to be kept beneath their shawls. Although the veil is now outlawed, older residents of Beypazari (Province of Ankara) told us in 1962 that they felt it proper for a woman to reveal to public view no more than one hand and one eye. Instead of a veil, women in such conservative areas wear a shawl or "head square," which they clutch around their faces.

you to wrap around your legs the lungs of that giant living at such-and-such a place. This, they said, is what you must do to recover from your illness. Also tell him that you have no faith in the ability of anyone but him to accomplish this task. Your majesty, he will not be able to bring this to you, and he will probably die in the attempt to do so, thus leaving both the girls to you."

Thinking that he might be able to get rid of the boy in this way the padishah acted as if he were ill. He called Hasan to him and said, "My son, Hasan, you are a good boy, and I have great confidence in your courage. Great pain has recently come to my legs. Doctors have examined me thoroughly. They have told me that I shall not get well unless I wrap around my legs the lungs of a giant that lives at such-and-such a place. You are the only one able to get these lungs for me."

What could Hasan do? The boy went home and spent a long while thinking about this. The girl whom he had taken from the forty thieves came to him and asked, "Hasan, what are you thinking about so much?"

"The padishah has told me that I must do so-and-so, and that is what I am thinking about."

"If that is the case, then go to the market and buy a sack of grapes. Carefully groom the horse, Blackbird,¹⁶ give her water to drink, and then pour before her the sack of grapes. When the horse commences to eat the grapes, go and stand on her left side. She will look to her right as she is eating the grapes, and she will see no one there. Then she will look her left, and when she sees you there, she will ask you what it is she wants. At that time, tell her about your difficulty and if there is a solution to it she will tell you what it is."

¹⁶ Although this horse was the one on which Hasan rode from the cave of the forty thieves, it was given no name until this point in the story.

"All right," said the boy earnestly, and he went at once to buy a sack of grapes. He groomed Blackbird carefully, gave her water to drink, and then poured before her the sack of grapes. He went then and stood at her left side. As she was eating the grapes, the horse looked to her right side, and, of course, she saw no one there. Then she looked to her left side and saw the boy.

"What do you want?" asked the horse.

"The padishah has asked me to go and get the lungs of the giant living at such-and-such a place. I want to know how I can possibly accomplish this task."

"But, my son, you should have thought about it [the whole course of his recent actions] in time."¹⁷

Then the boy returned to the girl, who asked him what had happened. He said, "She told me that I ^hould have thought about this in time."

Hearing that, the girl herself went to the horse and spoke to her. "This world is a place in which everyone pays for what he does. My brother did certain things, and they have paid for their deeds. Now the padishah is doing this and that to take us away from this boy. Therefore, if you can possibly help the boy, do so. He is the one now who will look after us, and he is the one who will take care of you too."

"I shall lead him there, but I cannot bring him back," said the horse.

The girl did not fully understand what the horse meant, thinking she would both take the boy to complete his task and then bring him bac

¹⁷ The horse's rejoinder here is very vague in its meaning. From the subsequent remarks of the sister of the forty thieves, however, it becomes clear that the horse resents Hasan for his killing of the thieves and taking their sister and herself (Blackbird) to his own country. This is the reason she refuses, at this point, to help Hasan.

right," said the girl.

"Then he ^hould be ready early tomorrow morning. Roast two pieces of meat and a chicken."

"Very well," said the girl.

Returning home, the girl roasted two pieces of meat and a chicken. The next morning the boy arose and carefully groomed the horse again. Then he mounted the horse, took the two roasted pieces of meat and the roasted chicken, and rode out of town. After they were away from the town, the horse ordered him to close his eyes. The boy closed his eyes. Then the horse ordered him to open his eyes again. When he did this, the boy saw that they had arrived before the well in which the giant lived.

"Now, if the northeast wind [poyraz] should blow, you should move around to the southwest [lodos]. On the other hand, if lodos is blowing, then you should move around to poyraz. This is necessary because the giant comes up out of the well with his mouth turned in the direction opposite to that from which the wind is blowing. When the giant sticks his head

with his mouth open, you must shove the first piece of meat into his mouth. The next time, the giant will come up out of the well all the way to his waist, asking himself about the source of so much good meat. At that moment, you must stick the second piece of meat into his mouth. The third time, he will come completely out of the well, again inquiring about the source of so much good meat. Then you must shove the chicken into his mouth, and immediately after that jump onto his back, holding him by the

Do not be afraid. If you do not jump on his back and hold fast to his ears, this giant will tear you into many pieces, and then you will not be able to return. The ears of the giant should be used as reins with which to steer him."

After saying these things, the horse flew back to the stable, and Hasan waited there for the giant. After some time, the giant started coming up out of the well with its mouth open. Since the northeast wind [poyraz] was blowing, the boy moved around to the side of the southwest wind [lodos], and when the giant's head appeared, he stuck a piece of meat into its mouth. The next time, the giant came out of the well as far as his waist, with his mouth open and asking himself what the source was of all the meat that was coming to him. The boy stuck the second piece of meat into his mouth. The next time, the giant came completely out of the well asking himself about the source of the meat. The boy shoved the chicken into its mouth, and then he jumped upon his back and grabbed hold of his ears.

After the giant had been captured in this way, he spoke to the boy. "Ah, young man, if you had not jumped onto my back and held fast to my ears I should have torn you into pieces."

"Do not talk so much, but move along," said the boy, and using the ears as reins, he rode the giant to his own country.

Meanwhile, the padishah arose that morning and, still in his nightgown, stood before the window rubbing his eyes. When he saw Hasan bringing not only the lungs of the giant but also the whole giant himself, alive, he ordered his men to close the gates of the city in order to keep the giant from tearing them all to pieces. They closed and locked the gates, and when Hasan told them to open them, nobody would do so. Hasan then shoved the gates to the giant, and this time he slammed into them, breaking them open with his chest, and entered the city. ^{From} "Lambir, lambir,"¹⁸ they went up the stairs of the padishah's palace and saw him trying to hide in one of its corners.

¹⁸ Onomatopoeia for the noise one makes while running up or down wooden stairs.

Hasan," said the padishah, "I have recovered, and my legs have been cured. I no longer need the lungs of the giant."

"Your majesty," shouted Hasan, "shall I let the giant live or shall I kill him?"

"Alas, ~~if~~ ^{if} you let him live, he will devour all of us. Please kill him."

Hasan then cut apart the giant with the vineyard knife left to him by his father, and he gave the bloody lungs to the padishah, saying, "If you please, your majesty." As might be expected, the whole palace was covered with the blood of the giant.

Soon after this the old woman came to the palace and said, "O, your majesty, Hasan will by now have been cut to pieces and left there, and so there is no possibility for him to return."

"What do you mean 'cut to pieces'? He brought the giant here alive and he then killed him here, giving me his lungs. As punishment for you, you must now carry all these parts of the giant outside."

The old woman cut the parts of the giant into smaller pieces and carried them out on her back. It took her a week or ten days to clean the whole palace. She washed away all the blood, cleaned the carpets, and whitewashed the house as punishment. The old woman could endure no more, and so she promised herself to think up even worse trouble for Hasan. She went to the padishah again and said, "I shall create so much trouble for him that there will be no way in which he can escape it, and I already have thought of a plan."

"He is a very brave boy, and I fear that he will take my kingdom away from me."

"There will be no way for him to escape this new difficulty. There

a garden that belongs to the daughter of the Padishah of Fairies. This garden has flowers that bloom singly, but you will ask him to bring to you from garden a flower with three stems. Anyone who sets foot on the soil of garden is immediately turned to stone." *Trans formation*

"It will be all right if that is what happens."

Some time after this, the padishah called Hasan to his presence again and this time he said to him, "My son, Hasan, you have brought back my thirty thousand yellow liras, and you have also brought back the giant alive. You

the one, therefore, whom I am now requesting to get for me a three-stemmed flower. At such-and-such a place there is a garden in which grow flowers that never grow pale or die. I want one of these flowers to place on my dining table. You are the only person able to do this. If you bring it to me, then all will be well; if you do not bring it by the end of forty days, then I shall give you to the executioners on the forty-first day.

What could the boy do? He went home and started thinking about the order which the padishah had given him. Again the girl whom he had brought from the cave of the forty thieves asked him what he was thinking about so deeply.

"Well, the padishah has asked me to do such-and-such. He wants a three-stemmed flower from me. How can I get this for him?"

"Again you will go and groom Blackbird, giving her grapes and again standing on her left side. You tell her about this, and if there is anything that can be done to accomplish it, she will tell you of it.

The boy went and groomed Blackbird and placed before her a sack of grapes. When Blackbird started eating the grapes, he again went and stood at her left side. The horse looked to her right side and could see no one. When she looked to her left side and saw him, she said, "What are you looking

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from there and carry him to the side of that pool. If the pool is in some way enchanted, you must throw the hairs from my mane into the water so

it will have no power over you. Then you will wash the old man thoroughly with this soap, and you will pick all of the worms and lice from his body with this needle. From his room you will take his clothes in which you will dress him, and then you will take him back to his chair. He is the watchman at the gate. Then you should go and stand at his left side. After a while his mind will grow clear again. He will look to his right side but will not see anybody. Then, looking to his left side, he will see you, and he will ask if it was you who had done such good deeds for him. At that moment do not hide from him but tell him that you were the one who had done these things for him."

After saying these things, the horse flew back to her place, and the boy proceeded to follow the instructions which she had given him. He picked up the old man and carried him to the pool where he washed him thoroughly and cleansed him of the worms and lice. Then he dressed him in clean clothes and carried him back to his seat. After a while the old man's mind cleared up. Looking to the right side, he saw nothing, but when he looked to his

he saw the boy standing there. He asked him, "O young man, did you do these things for me?" The boy did not deny that it was he who had done these things, and soon the old man said, "You may request of me whatever you wish."

Then the boy spoke, and he said to the old man, "I request of you a flower with three stems."

enchanted
"Ah, my son, those flowers are enchanted, and anyone who touches their leaves becomes stone. It is not possible for me to grant this request. But

tonight you must stay as my guest, and that girl²⁰ will come

tomorrow. She comes once a week. When she comes tomorrow to wash herself

in that pool,

you should steal her clothes and refuse to

give them back to her when she comes looking for them. Ask for the ring

on her hand in return for the clothes. That ring may have some miraculous

power. Also, listen very carefully to what she will say to you."

And so, that night the boy stayed at the house of the old man as his

guest. In the morning, just as the old man had said, the girl came with

female slaves, flying through the air and landing near the pool. The

slaves ran away shouting, "21"

The girl removed her clothes and left them on the branch of the tree.

Then she entered the pool. The boy quietly left his hiding place, took her

clothes, and then hid himself again. When the girl completed her bathing,

she discovered that her clothes were gone. She looked to this side and to

that side, and at last she saw the boy behind the rose bush. "Young man, give

me back my clothes," she said.

"I shall if you will first give me the ring from your finger."

"I shall give it to you," she said throwing the ring toward him. "I

know why you came here, and this ring will not help you in any way for that

purpose. Tomorrow I shall wrestle with you, and if you can defeat me, then

I shall give you one of these flowers."

After taking the ring, the boy went back to the house of the old man.

²⁰There is no indication who "that girl" is. It is apparently not the girl whom Hasan found in the cave of the forty thieves, even though she

too is a fairy.

²¹The exclamation is unintelligible to us. Apparently "the little folk have a language of their own."

34-36

Calder-
with

Swan-
mud-
with
Bog-
eyes

The girl departed with her slave girls to the place from which she had come.

"Well, what happened, my son?" asked the old man. Then the boy told him that such-and-such had happened. "Tonight you must stay with me again as my guest. The wrestling ground is such-and-such a place. Do not be frightened if she appears in the form of a huge Negro, with ^{around her} one lip dragging on the ground and the other touching the sky. When she tries to squeeze you and win the wrestling match in that way do not let her hold you but wrestle in an evasive way. Then when the heat of noonday falls upon her head, her brains will become red-hot, and then you will be able to lift her up and throw her to the ground."

The boy stayed there that night, and the next morning he put on his Kispet²² and went to the wrestling ground, saying to himself that he looked like a real wrestler. All at once, someone hit him on the neck, but there was no one there but the boy himself.

"How amazing!" said the boy. "I recovered the padishah's thirty thousand yellow iras, and nobody hit me like that. Where does the blow come from?" Then the boy was soon dealt a second blow on the neck. "I was able to get the lungs of the giant that lives in such-and-such a place! That is the sort of man I am! Who can be striking me like this?" After receiving a third blow of this kind, he saw the girl before him, with her slave girls all around them in a ring like spectators. Then he said in a determined way, "Come, let us wrestle!"

"All right," said the girl.

²² Kispet may refer to a costume or to a wrestler's shorts; here it is clearly the latter. Just how the boy happened to have along with him this piece of clothing is perhaps too practical a question to ask about a tale which exists so largely in an imaginary world.

They made their final preparations, and then they commenced to wrestle. In order to grab hold of him, the girl charged right at him, but the boy ran to this side and to that side, avoiding her in this way until noon. When the heat of noon fell down upon the brains of the girl, the boy gripped her, lifted her up, and threw her to the ground. Since that wrestling ground was covered with sand, the girl was buried knee-deep in the sand now. Very angry at that, the girl rushed up out of the sand, grabbed the boy, and threw him to the ground so that he now was knee-deep in the sand. Rushing up out of the sand, the boy now struck her to the ground so hard that she was buried waist-deep in the sand. The girl then struck the boy to the ground so hard that he likewise was buried waist-deep in the sand. Finally, when the boy struck her to the ground for the third time, the girl was buried in the sand to the depth of her height. At that point, the girl started clapping her hands. She had taken an oath that whoever beat her in wrestling would marry her, while whomever she defeated she would behead.

When the girl clapped her hands, her female slaves started clapping their hands too and shouting, "Our eldest sister has found her match--found her match!"

The boy took the girl by the hand and helped her out of the sand, and then they went directly to her palace. That night and several weeks thereafter they remained there, and then the boy told her that the time had come for him to return. The girl told him not to be concerned about going back, that they would all go together. Then she said to her female slaves, "Take us--palace, garden, and all--and place us in the meadow behind the palace of the padishah."

When the boy awakened in the morning, he saw to his surprise that

they had come--palace, garden, flowers and all--to his own country. same morning when the padishah got up, he looked toward the meadow and then rubbed his eyes in surprise, for it seemed to him that the meadow was all red. He called his viziers to him and asked, "Is our back meadow burning? What has happened? Look! It is red all over!"

The vizier to his right looked and saw that it was indeed red. The vizier to his left also looked, and he too saw that it really was red. He said, "Your majesty, might not this be the doing of Hasan the Broom-Maker, who has gone to get you a flower? It looks as if he has brought not the flower but also the garden where they grow and the palace as well." Then they looked through field glasses²³ and saw that it was all real.

Of course, when Hasan arose, the first thing he did was to go and bring to the palace the other girls, his mother, and all of the things he owned. Then the girl said to Hasan, "Hasan, now you must go and have a suit of clothes made, buy a hat and shoes, and be sure that everything is better than those worn by the padishah. Then go to the coffeehouse³⁷⁻³⁸ where the padishah usually goes,²⁴ and if he pays one lira for his coffee or tea, you give five liras. If he leaves a tip of two and a half liras,²⁵ you should leave one of ten liras. Do this so that you will seem superior to him."

"All right," said Hasan. He dressed in better clothes than those worn by the padishah, and he went to the coffeehouse where the padishah usually

²³ Turkish peasants are fascinated with binoculars, and apparently they have been ever since field glasses became military equipment. Many tales in this Archive contain references to binoculars. In the Archive tales, as in Chodzko's account of the bandit, Kōroglu uses binoculars.

²⁴ Rulers probably did not frequent public coffeehouses in fact; within the fanciful world of the masal, it seems quite in keeping to have them do so

²⁵ The specificity of 2½ liras as opposed to two or three is not a matter of mere whimsy. There is (and has been for some time) a 2½ lira piece in Turkish coinage.

went. When the padishah took out five liras for his coffee and left a tip of one lira for each of the attendants, Hasan, on the other hand, took from his purse and gave ten liras for his coffee, and he left a tip of five liras apiece for each of the attendants. After this had gone on for several days, the padishah began to look less distinguished than Hasan. One day the padishah approached Hasan and asked him, "Hasan, where did you find all this wealth?"

"By Allah, your majesty, if you will come and visit me and eat a poor man's soup there with me, I shall tell you

"This is all very well, Hasan," said the padishah, "but you moved here like an immigrant. You must, therefore, first come and visit me, and then I shall go to visit you."

"Let me consider this over night and give you an answer later," said Hasan, who wanted first to ask the girl²⁶ about this and get her opinion. After he arrived home, he told the girl that the padishah had asked him where he had found all his wealth, and that he had told the padishah that he would tell him if he would come to visit him and have some poor man's soup with him. He also told the girl that the padishah had said that since he, Hasan, had come there after the padishah had, he was like an immigrant and should first come to the padishah's house as a guest before the padishah could come to his home. The girl told Hasan to ask the padishah whether he should come with his soldiers or without them.

"All right," said Hasan and the next evening he went and sat at the coffeehouse in the usual manner. Once again he gave five liras for his coffee and equally generous tips to the attendants and in all these things

At different times in this tale, the protagonist has taken directions from three different girls, and so to refer simply to "the girl" is confusing. The one to whom he is referring is the one important to this phase of the tale, the girl from the fairy garden of three-stemmed flowers.

he was still superior to the padishah.

"What did you decide, Hasan?" asked the padishah.

"By Allah, your majesty, I must ask you whether you wish me to come with or without my soldiers."

The padishah thought to himself, "By Allah! All of the soldiers here are mine, and I am the ruler of this whole land. Who are the soldiers of this Hasan? Will he collect the lame and the blind and bring them along to be fed with himself?" But to Hasan he said, "All right, come with your soldiers."

In the meantime since Blackbird had formerly belonged to that girl ²⁷ she decided to surrender herself completely to Hasan, and so he was able to ride her at any time he wished. Now, upon this occasion, Hasan groomed Blackbird very carefully and mounted her. The girl then asked for ²⁸ and a large susa, ²⁹ and they brought her the susa. When she opened the susa, there came from it first a group of trumpeters followed by foot-soldiers and artillerymen. Hasan led them to the palace of the padishah, and the line was so long that one end was at the palace while the other end was still coming forth from the susa.

While this was going on, the padishah, in order to feed so many soldiers, ordered that there be cooked forty cauldrons of rice and forty

²⁷ The reference here is very confusing. Blackbird, we had been told earlier, had belonged to the fairy girl whom Hasan had found in the cave of the forty thieves. This does not seem to be the girl, however, from whom he is taking directions at this point in the tale.

²⁸ This word is unintelligible

²⁹ The narrator here is clearly saying susa but what that word mean in this context we do not know.

cauldrons of kashkek and forty cauldrons of hoshaf³¹. As the soldiers continued entering the palace, the padishah realized that they would never end, for there were still many more outside. "Alas, efendi," he said to Hasan, "send some of these soldiers back." Hasan sent some of the soldiers back and the rest filled the palace completely.

After sitting waiting for a while, one of the clever soldiers left the house in order to go to the toilet. To his surprise, he noticed, as he passed, that there would not be food enough for all of them. So, he pulled down one of the cauldrons of rice and ate it all by himself. Then he ate a cauldron of kashkek and a cauldron of hoshaf. Afterwards he returned and told a friend that there would not be food enough for everyone and that he should go and eat before it was too late. In this way, all of the food was eaten by just a few soldiers, who passed the information along one to another, and before long all the rest of the soldiers started shouting at the padishah that they were hungry. The padishah, who had also asked his viziers and many important people to the dinner, was unable to do much about this situation, and after a while the soldiers left the place.

The padishah said to the boy, "Hasan, I was unable to feed all of these soldiers. How do you manage to feed them?"

Before leaving with his soldiers, Hasan invited the padishah to dine with him the next day. The padishah accepted this invitation.

The next day, the padishah, having been disgraced already by Hasan

³⁰ Kashkek is boiled wheat containing minced meat. The narrator pronounces it in the dialectal form cheshkek.

Hoshaf is fruit cooked in heavy sugar syrup. The word hoshaf derives from hosh--pleasant or sweet (probably from the Persian)--and ah--water in Arabic. Hoshaf literally, then, refers to the sweet syrup in which the food is cooked, but it also refers to the whole--fruit and syrup.

sent criers all over the city to collect all of the poor people, and the rich people, and all of the soldiers, to take to the home of Hasan for dinner. There had not yet been any preparation at Hasan's house to feed so many people, and so Hasan said, "Let us prepare something before they all arrive."

"Do not worry, do not worry," said the girl. Now all of the people and soldiers were arriving with the padishah, but for some reason or other, they could not fill even one of the guest rooms. But suddenly the room was filled with chairs and armchairs and ornamented tables. Then the girls offered all the guests coffee in silver cups placed on silver plates

The padishah, looking to his right vizier and to his left vizier, said, "Although I am the padishah of all this land, I do not have such silver dishes for serving coffee. He offers all of us coffee in silver cups placed on silver dishes."

Afterwards the girls opened the susa and all sorts of foods came forth from it. The female slaves offered all these different foods to the guests until they were all completely satisfied. Then, after the meal was finished, the girls offered the guests black coffee³² in golden cups set on golden plates. Each girl brought a tray containing ten golden cups filled with coffee. This time, when the padishah saw the golden plates and cups, he decided to steal one of the cups. Although he was the padishah, he did not have any like this at home. After drinking his coffee, he just kept the cup, hiding it in his pocket. When the female slave found that only nine cups were returned to the table, she said, "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but I have only nine cups now while I should have ten. One of them is missing. Give back my cup, for if you do not, my elder brother

³²The term used here is sade coffee -- coffee without sugar

be angry with me." Now the padishah could not take out the cup

because it would be known publicly that he had taken it. When they searched the clothes of everyone present, they found the cup in the padishah's

pocket. Then the girl took all of her cups and left

that time, the daughter of the padishah³³ said to Hasan, "Hasan,

now he will ask you where you got all of your wealth. If three of

girls, after dressing attractively, will hide in this closet, and we

shall place a chair in our midst. Tell the padishah that you want to show

him your wealth, and then pull open this curtain and show us to him. Then

you should come and sit in our midst telling him that you have found your

wealth through us."

"All right," said Hasan.

After a little while, the padishah asked, "Hasan, where did you get

all of this wealth? Are you going to tell us? Let us hear about it!"

"Your majesty," said Hasan, "with your permission I shall show you this."

The padishah, his viziers, and all of the important people there left

their tables and followed Hasan. The boy pulled back the curtain and

revealed the three gorgeously dressed girls each more beautiful than

the others³⁴ and he said that he had found his wealth through them. Then

he went and sat on the chair in their midst.

When the padishah and the viziers looked at the girls, they immediately

with them and they started fighting among themselves

who should have each of the girls. As they fought, the rest of the people

³³ Again the girl referred to is not clear. Since there are three girls, the speaker here cannot be the daughter of the padishah present. Was it the daughter of the padishah of Russia, the girl from the cave of the forty thieves or the fairy girl from the garden of three-stemmed flowers?

³⁴ This is not, of course, literally possible. It is a conventional figure of speech in Turkey.

still sat in the guest room. After they had fought for a while, some had broken heads and some damaged eyes. The fairy girl gave an order to her female slaves: "Hold them under your arms and throw them into the Sea of Marmara, and thus get rid of them."

The female slaves did as they were ordered and took them all to the Sea of Marmara and threw them into the water. Then the girl appeared before the people and spoke to them: "From now on, your padishah will be Hasan.

former padishah has persecuted Hasan in many ways, but now he has succeeded in getting rid of them. From now on, he will be your padishah."

Hasan married these girls after having for each of them a wedding that lasted for forty days and forty nights. They had their wishes fulfilled, and now let us go up and sit in their places.³⁵

³⁵ This is the standard formulaic ending for Turkish folktales. Some scholars feel that it is a reflection against a narrator if he does not use this ending, regardless of what other terminal tekerleme he may use. The Turkish reads Onlar ermish mured'ına, biz chakalim kerevet'ine.