

Story 1699 (1974 Tapes 30-33) Narrator: İslâm Erdener,  
âşık; in early  
40s

Location: Kümbetli village,  
attached directly  
to Kars (Kars'a  
bağlı) (formerly  
Ladikars), Kars  
Province

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Salman Bey and Dürretül

In the city of Paytak<sup>1</sup> near the border of the land of Çımalcıl there once lived a vizier named Alkan. He had an only son who was called Salman Bey, a young man who was indulged by his parents. After receiving a good education, Salman, at the age of eighteen or nineteen, spent much of his time hunting in the forest with a group of his friends.

One night soon after he had slipped between his satin sheets and fallen asleep, Salman had an unusual dream. In this dream he saw an old man who seemed to be a saintly dervish holding a wine glass in one hand and a bottle in the other. With his face turned toward the Kaaba,<sup>2</sup> this

<sup>1</sup>Paytok (pronounced Paytak in this tale) is a city in Özbekistan, near the Syr Darya (classical Jaxartes) River, in the Chimalgin or Çımalgin region (pronounced Çımalcıl in this tale). Paytok is located at North latitude c.66° and East longitude c.142°.

<sup>2</sup>Small building within the walls of the Great Mosque at Mecca. It houses the sacred Black Stone, the most revered Moslem religious icon.

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old man recited the first part of the Kulhuwallahi<sup>3</sup> prayer. When Salman observed this, he tilted his head onto his right shoulder, and looked into the old man's face with a smile. "O dervish father," he said, "you are apparently from the other world. In the world in which I live, the Moslem religion forbids the drinking of wine.

The saintly dervish answered, "Bravo, my son! But now listen to me carefully, Salman Bey. In that same religion we have a holy book called the Koran, and in that book it is written that as the earth goes downward seven levels, so the sky goes upward in seven levels. Between any level of the sky and the next level there is a distance of five hundred years.<sup>4</sup> I brought for you this

<sup>3</sup>The Kulhuwallahi is one of the most important prayers in Islam. It comes from Chapter XVII of the Koran, now usually titled "The Declaration of God's Unity." The passage reads, "In the name of the Most Merciful God. Say, 'God is one God, the Eternal God; He begetteth not, neither is He begotten; and there is not anything like unto Him.' "--This prayer is credited with having special potency, and in folktales it is often recited as a kind of incantation when magic formulas or miracles are being worked.

<sup>4</sup>Well into the latter half of the twentieth century, rural Turks often measured distance in terms of time. Both because they had little available transportation and because roads were few for whatever transportation might have been available, they walked to wherever they wanted to go. Hence distance was measured in terms of the time required to walk it. By extension this space/time transfer was applied to any distance the villager referred to.

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liquid, which is the Water of Truth, from the seventh level, a distance of three thousand years. Whoever drinks of this water is endowed with great knowledge and insight.

knowledge will equal that of any twelve dervishes, and he will have wisdom of great breadth."

As soon as Salman heard that, he reached out to take glass, but the dervish did not surrender it at once.

my son! Not so quickly! You must give something in order to get something. There are conditions which must be satisfied before you may drink this water. Do you know what they are?"

Poor Salman! How could he know what the conditions were? He said only, "No."

The dervish continued, "First of all, this water must be drunk in the name of our Creator, the world's Creator, in the name of Allah. Then it must be drunk in the name of our Prophet, Mohammed. Finally, it must be drunk for the sake of Dürretül, the daughter of Müressef Shah,<sup>5</sup> a girl who lives in the city of Hatem in the land of Havare."<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup>This may well be an imaginary person. We can locate no evidence of his historicity here.

<sup>6</sup>While we cannot be absolutely certain about the location of these two sites, atlases indicate only one place where they occur together. The city of Hatem (Hatim) lies in extreme north Jordan close to the Syrian border. Slightly

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After Salman had agreed to these conditions, the dervish handed him the glass. The young man gazed at the liquid in the glass and anticipated drinking it as

Brocade awaits a shah but scorns a kel;<sup>7</sup>  
 A lovelorn nightingale desires the rose;  
 A silken shirt deserves a holy breast;  
 A broidered armband needs a graceful arm;  
 A Persian book invites a limber tongue;  
 A silver belt requires a slender waist;  
 A duck with greenish head seeks crystal lake;  
 A honeybee selects the waiting flower;  
 A spindle yearns for sturdy cotton floss;  
 An Azeri cherishes a strong roan horse;  
 A block of wood is meant to fuel a bath;<sup>8</sup>

to its southeast is the larger city of Hawara. Throughout the Middle East the letter y is pronounced the way the English w is pronounced, and vice versa. Thus Hawara could well be Havare. Hatim is located at North latitude 32.38° and East longitude 35.46°. Hawara is located at North latitude 32.32° and East longitude 35.54°.

<sup>7</sup>Kel means bald. Baldness is not always the result of aging but may be caused by ringworm infestation of the scalp. Ringworm is often encouraged by uncleanliness, and impoverished peasants (especially children) are more vulnerable than those affluent enough to have adequate bathing facilities. Thus baldness may have economic as well as cosmetic overtones.

<sup>8</sup>Hamam, public bathhouse.



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A feast wants bread to make itself complete;

A pregnant woman craves some special food;

A drowsy camel wakes to halter's pull;

A Kurdish corpse demands a colored shroud.

Salman drank the Water of Truth, but as he handed the empty glass to the dervish, he was jolted as severely as if he had been struck by an earthquake. His entire body shook as violently as the leaves of a tree lashed by a sudden gale. He exclaimed, "O dervish father, what pain have given me! I feel myself being swept away by a torrent, carried off by Noah's flood! It seems like the of the world!"

When the dervish saw how shaken Salman was, he produced a large, full-length mirror and placed it before the young man. He said, "Salman Bey, my son, look into this mirror

Gazing into the mirror, Salman saw an extensive desert, in the middle of which was a large and attractive city. In one corner of that city there was a palace with towers so tall that they drew water from the clouds. Before the palace lay a large garden at whose center stood a smaller palace. The tiles on the roof of this second palace were

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studded with rubies, emeralds, and pieces of chrysolite, and before that building there was a clear pool of water. Salman said, "O dervish father, I see a girl walking about the balcony of the smaller palace."

When he heard this remark, the dervish said, "O Salman Bey, my son, that girl has served me several times and shown me great respect. I know her as well as I would a daughter. Describe for me the beauty of that girl, and then I shall know whether or not you are seeing her clearly."

Observing her beauty closely, "She is," Salman said,

Like a goddess, most enchanting;

a graceful bow-shaped eyebrow;

the purest of all views;

the elegance of sunlight;

Like the scent of sweet perfume.

Like glimpse of heaven is her breast.

Like angelic power is her glance.

Like the moon is she in beauty,

Like the fourteenth of the moon <sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup>Throughout the Moslem Middle East the moon is greatly admired as a symbol of beauty. Both oral and written literature testify to this repeatedly. To compare any woman's beauty to that of the moon is to flatter the female. Although governments may use the Western Gregorian calendar, the Islamic community uses the older lunar calendar. On

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Like apples ripe, her cheeks now move,  
 Like petals of narcissus blown  
 Like flowers in the wind, they sway.

When Salman had concluded his description, the vish said, "Well done! My son, that country where you see her is the land of Havare. The city is Hatem. the girl you see walking about on the balcony is Dürretül, daughter of Müressef, the padishah of Havare. You are her lover, and she is your beloved, but the distance between you cannot be traveled in less than two years and two months."

When the mirror was withdrawn by the dervish, Salman could not longer see the image of the beautiful girl, and his spirits sank. Again he began to shake violently, and he said,

Only the sky hears the nightingale's song.  
 Gone too soon is my expectation.

Hearing these words pouring from the wounded heart of Salman, the dervish again produced the mirror. For a while he allowed the lover to gaze at his beloved, and that lunar calendar the moon is full at the middle of the month, on the 14th and 15th days, and it is then that it is considered to be at its most beautiful phase. Traditionally, Moslem men have admired plump women more than slender women, and so there is a parallel between women at their most beautiful and the moon at its most beautiful. The simile used by the narrator here is common in Turkish lore

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then the dervish suddenly vanished in order to take to Dürretül the same message he had brought to Salman. During that night Salman and Dürretül fell in love with each other.

Now let us see what effect this had upon Dürretül. That night she went to bed, but when morning arrived, she did not awaken. Nor did she wake up later that day. Afternoon came, and evening followed, but still she slept. This continued for three whole days and three whole nights, a period of seventy-two hours. Before she finally opened her eyes, her father, Müressef Shah, had grown quite alarmed. He called doctors and astrologers to the palace to diagnose his daughter's condition, but none of them could explain her lengthy sleep. The padishah then remembered an aged vizier and astrologer who had long served both him and his father. That man was so old that he could recall events that had happened seventy or more years ago, but he was also so perceptive that he was able to predict things that would happen seventy or more years hence. When this old man arrived in response to the padishah's summons, he was welcomed with respect by Müressef, who then proceeded to describe Dürretül's long sleep. "O my Astrologer

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Pasha,<sup>10</sup> I have called you because you are the wisest and most experienced man I know. You were not only my father's advisor but also his best friend. Please do your best to help me now."

Astrologer Pasha immediately began to cast remil<sup>11</sup> in order to gather information. He had to cast his remil pieces upon the sandy ground only a few times before the figures upon them and the lines they made revealed to him the exact nature of Dürretül's problem. But Astrologer Pasha's discretion was as experienced as his insight. How could he persuade the shah that his daughter's behavior was the result of her having fallen in love with someone in a distant land? He therefore decided not to make the vain effort to do so, and he hid the truth from Dürretül's father.

<sup>10</sup> Although the word pasha now denotes only a regular military general, it referred in earlier times to the military governor of a province or section of the Ottoman Empire. Although it is only an honorary title given to the astrologer here, it is meant to add to his status.

<sup>11</sup> Remil is a form of numerology used for acquiring information, including information about the future. The practice of remil involves the casting upon the ground a number of small cubes (like dice). On each of the six sides of each cube there is a letter or number. Whatever letters and numbers face upward after a casting of the cubes supposedly provide coded information to adepts at this kind of numerology. In rural areas of Turkey sheep knuckle-bones (aşıklar) are the ready-to-hand cubes which are marked and then used for remil.

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In the meantime, the dervish who had brought the Water of Truth to Dürretül said to the girl, "Wake up now, my daughter. Your father has no way of understanding the nature of your condition, and so you must make every possible effort to explain it to him."

In obedience to the dervish's direction, Dürretül opened her beautiful eyes and looked around her. She then arose, and after washing her face, went to her father's room. There, having kissed her father's hands with great respect, she sang her message to him in verse. The power of love had given her the ability to compose quatrains effortlessly. Let us listen to her words.

The secrets of this world are known above  
And anyone can learn them from that source.  
But who consults that source unless he too  
Has felt long days of misery and woe?

Love came and overwhelmed all else I knew  
My pleasure house fast faded from my view  
The charmed inebriate can feel no care;  
But who can know this if he does not drink?

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Dürretül there was no time for days  
 My weakened body failed my helpless brain.  
 Allah had sent to me the pain of love.  
 Who but its object knows its fire and power?

Gentlemen, inasmuch as her father was incapable of understanding such thoughts, he listened to his daughter only as a flock of sheep will listen to a shepherd's pipe. Realizing this, Dürretül turned her face toward Astrologer Pasha, looked very hard at that old man, and directed her words to him.

If you have love for Allah, O Astrologer  
 Reveal my secret to my father now.

not great Allah, nor deny Him love,  
 Or I will stone you for the Master's sake!

What force but love could have so weakened me?  
 What cure has Doctor Lokman<sup>12</sup> for such ill?  
 Sultan, vizier, high pasha, and muhtar,<sup>13</sup>  
 You all ignore my wishes and my moan

<sup>12</sup> Ancient legendary figure, sometimes said to be a friend of Plato, who played several roles, most notably that of vastly learned physician.

<sup>13</sup> Head man in a village or city ward, an elected official in modern Turkey. At almost the lowest level of political power, he is nevertheless an authority figure, and that is his reason for inclusion here.

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I'm Dürretül, who yearns for foreign land,  
The origin of all my suffering.  
The flame of love that burns me rages there;  
Its fiery force has left me disarrayed

Astrologer Pasha said nothing, but went with Müressef Shah and his viziers to the ruler's council room. After they had all taken their seats, Müressef Shah turned to Astrologer Pasha and said, "O astrologer, O vizier father, didn't I ask you before to discover the cause of my daughter's ailment? I should have made your head the price for failure."

Astrologer Pasha smiled at Müressef Shah and said, "O great shah, we should thank Allah that she has now recovered. Why should you worry about it any longer?"

"That is well enough, but I am still determined to know the cause of her illness. Why did she sleep continuously for three days and three nights. Did she suffer a heart attack? Tell me quickly, or I shall have you and your whole family exterminated!"

When Astrologer Pasha heard these words, he thought, "He is a very powerful shah, and he is not accustomed to giving the same order twice. He may very well mean what



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he has just said. Why, then, should I not tell him the truth? The truth may anger him, but I would lose my head in any case, and so I had better tell him the facts of this matter." He therefore said to Müressef Shah, "O great shah, your daughter has fallen in love with a brave young man eighteen or nineteen years old who lives at Paytak in the very distant land of Çımacıl. That land is so far from here that it takes two years and two months to reach it, but if your daughter does not make that journey and find the young man, there will be no cure for her. Her condition will grow worse, causing her to be of no use to herself or to anyone else, and before long she will die."

When he heard this revelation, Müressef Shah was mortified. He flushed in embarrassment, his face turning all shades of red. "O Astrologer Pasha, there are some things which can be spoken about in public, but there are others which should be discussed in private. Why didn't you tell me this confidentially instead of publicly? Receiving such news so openly is like receiving a sword wound. But why should I punish you? I know that you receive hundreds of messages from the other world, and

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these may be of great importance. Why, then, should I kill you? Instead, I shall give you the responsibility for delivering my daughter safely to her lover in the city of Paytak. Until you bring me a signed statement from her lover that she has arrived safely in Paytak, I shall hold in hostage forty of your relatives. If you return with that statement, I shall set these forty people free; if you fail to return, I shall put them all to the sword."

Astrologer Pasha was astonished. He envisioned the five continents of the earth: Asia, Europe, Africa, America, and Australia. As he did so, he thought, "There is no need to worry about wolves in the wilderness or fierce wild birds in the deserts of Africa, for even the lowly jackals could eat one of my age

Müressef Shah sent a message to his wife, İvas Sultan, to prepare Dürretül for a long journey. Shocked by this news, İvas Sultan asked Dürretül, "My dear daughter, why are you going to foreign lands? You are not crazy. If you wish to marry, there are many handsome young men in your own country. We could have all the young men pass beneath your balcony, and you could choose the one you admired most."

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Dürretül smiled and said, "Dear Mother, I do not desire a handsome man. I am not interested in simply marrying someone. I want the man whom I saw in my dream."

"My dear daughter, I would not want to be separated from you for the whole world!"

But Dürretül, having made up her mind about this matter, was not influenced by her mother's words. "Mother, there is no point in discussing this further. Fate attached a thick steel chain to me, a chain which it holds in both its hands and pulls with all its strength. If you have the power to deter the action of Fate, please do so right now."

İvas Sultan became even more dejected when she heard such words. She responded with these lines

O heart, what kind of dream enchants you now?  
 Your yearning goes beyond all normal bounds.  
 How will your coyness fare in foreign lands?  
 Leave not! Turn not your face away from us!

To this Dürretül responded,

Behavior varies in this fickle world,  
 But every precedent is like a jail.

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Distress has often had its own rewards,  
And change may show a better course to run.

Her mother then asked,

What are the good things that you hope to find?  
Our gleam exceeds the glow of Badestan.<sup>14</sup>  
How can you cast aside a life like ours,  
Forsake such treasure for an idle dream?

Dürretül's mother meant this: "Oh, daughter, your father is wealthy, and treasures from all the world are ours. Pearls, rubies, emeralds, diamonds, coral, gold--all gems and rarest metals belong to us. How can you simply abandon all this?"

This time when Dürretül answered, she revealed some of her Fortune's star to her mother.

My illness has no remedy or cure  
Here in a land so distant from my love.  
My handcart rolls along misleading trails  
As letters of my written Fate grow pale.

<sup>14</sup>Location unknown.

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Realizing now that she could not change her daughter's mind, İvas Sultan thought, "I shall ask her how long she will have to travel before she can reach her foreign destination. How many days and hours will the journey require?"

eloquence has turned to ash for me.

The pulse of your desire now shatters me  
one more question shall I ask of you:  
long will your intended journey last?

Dürretül responded, but she did not answer her mother's question directly.

I'm Dürretül, and hardship is my lot.  
My Fate is cruel, my Destiny severe.  
The route to my desired goal is long,  
I shall feel five climates on my way.

A servant came to report that all preparations for Dürretül's trip had been completed. They had placed a decorated howdah on the back of an Indian elephant which now stood waiting before the palace. Dürretül's mother took forty slave girls and stood at the entrance

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to the palace awaiting the departure of the princess.

As Dürretül looked down through an opening in the howdah, she saw that her mother was sobbing in great distress. Tears poured from her eyes like rain falling in a thunderstorm. As you know, the Koran describes the rights of fathers and mothers. Dürretül thought of this and said to herself, "If I do not get my parents' blessings for this trip, then all will be lost." She sang down from the howdah,

Mother, curse me not! Please waive that right!

I can remain no longer in this land.

My burning secret went beyond myself

Patience and silence both elude me now

The burning pains of love left me no joy.

Its wistful woe had driven me insane.

Three hundred candles seared my very soul.

It was impossible for me to stay.

My grief flows from me like a waterfall.

Its liquid fires burn within my chest.

If Plato<sup>15</sup> were my doctor, he'd cry blood,

For he and Lokman had no cure for love.

<sup>15</sup>Like Lokman (see Footnote 12 above), Plato was also

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After singing these lines, Dürretül climbed down from the elephant's back and kissed her mother's and her father's hands.

Right after that, Dürretül and Astrologer Pasha set out on their journey to the land of Salman. Let them pursue their way there for two years and two months. They will grow tired on their way, but why should we share their fatigue? What will Âşık İslâm do to save us from such discomfort? We will now speak about young Salman and what had happened to him in the meantime.

On the morning after he had dreamed of Dürretül, Salman awoke and went as usual to perform his early morning prayers. He then drank a cup of milk and waited for the arrival of his hunting companions. But when his friends arrived and saw that his face was as pale as a Yafa orange, one of them asked, "What is the matter, Salman Bey? Are you ill?"

Salman denied that he was ill, but he knew that his friends would not accept an easy answer. He thought, credited with having unusual medical expertise. Plato and Lokman were, in the folk imagination, closely associated in their medical work. See ATON Tale No. 1582 for an example of this imagined association.

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"What shall I say? I cannot very well tell them that I in love with a girl who lives at a distance of two years' and two months' travel. They would make fun of me or, worse yet, they might have me sent to a lunatic asylum. They must be satisfied with my answer. After that, I can go and search for my beloved." Then he sang to his friends lines largely Arabic and Persian, lines which Âsık İslam sings now in Turkish.

I studied many hours into the night

I pondered justice and the laws of courts

I read from learned scientific books

Both facts and speculation based on facts.

For lovers inspiration has no end.

It carries them to high and higher realms.

It penetrates the secrets of all powers.

Last night a mortal sought the immortal way.

Much of this baffled Salman's friends. They said, "Salman to our best knowledge, your education was gained from the same teachers who instructed us, and all our lessons were in Turkish. How did you acquire both the Arabic and Persian languages? We understood but little of your song."



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Secure in languages whose words his friends could only guess at, Salman proceeded to give voice to his pent-up love for Dürretül.

Your beauty rises naturally as dawn  
And gracefully gives shape to every day.  
Longing for you has made me very sad.  
My tears for you flow on and will not dry.

Into the heart of Salman fell a fire,  
Consuming it and turning it to ash.  
When in my pain I pleaded for relief,  
My voice gave forth the tone of nightingales.

Even more puzzled by these lines, Salman's friends left him, one by one, and returned to their own homes. When they had all gone, Salman began preparations for long journey to find Dürretül.

Fifteen days later, with his supplies all ready, man strapped his sword to his thin waist, slung his shield between his shoulders, and rode away on his black horse. During the afternoon of his third day of travel, he came upon a beautiful garden. As he examined this garden closely, much of it seemed familiar to him. He asked himself, "Where have I seen a garden similar to this one?"

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Looking at it even more closely, he suddenly realized that this was the very garden that he had seen in his dream. Puzzled, he thought, "Surely the dervish could not have misinformed me about the location of Dürretül's home. I must have misunderstood his remarks about the distance between my home and that of Dürretül." There was a narrow path down the center of the garden, and at the end of that path Salman saw a group of girls. As he drew closer to them, he was surprised to discover that their leader seemed to be his beloved, the girl of his dream.

Allah had created that girl and Dürretül from the same apple. Half of the apple was Dürretül, and the other half was this girl, who was Cevher, the daughter of Vizier Celâl of Badestan. They looked so much alike in every way--even in every lock of hair--that Salman thought she was Dürretül, his beloved. But Cevher was engaged to one Esat Bey, to whom she was soon to be married.

When Cevher saw Salman approaching on his horse, she mused,

Things come and go like seasons in my mind  
 Migrating cranes mark changes in the year.  
 With winter gone, the whole earth turns to green,  
 And tulips bloom when summer follows spring.

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thought, "If I were not already engaged, I might very  
marry this handsome young man who does not now even  
know me." But her words to Salman were very different  
from her thoughts. She warned him that entry into that  
garden was not permitted to strangers.

Are you mad or unaware of where you are?  
Deliberate trespass on forbidden ground  
May place your head within the ring of death  
If seen here, you will never reach your goal

When Salman heard these words, he thought, "I came  
here willing to die for her if necessary, but hear now  
what she says to me!" He responded,

As any falcon will attack its prey,  
As any nightingale sings to a rose,  
As any moth will circle round a fire,  
So will a lover's thoughts to beauty turn.

But again Cevher warned him of his dangerous situation.

Don't spill your blood upon the ground in vain  
Why should you risk your precious life for  
naught?

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If executioners should catch you here  
Your time of earthly life will have expired

Gazing at her apple cheeks that moved as she sang  
like petals of narcissus blown in a spring wind, Salman  
sang

Your every word rebels against your Fate.  
You strike against your kismet like a child.  
My head became a sacrifice for you  
When first I saw you in another land.

These lines led Cevher to the realization that the  
stranger had mistaken her for somebody else. "I should  
tell him my name," she concluded. "Then he will under-  
stand that I am someone other than the person he seeks."

Be not confused, for Cevher is my name  
I'm not the person that you have in mind  
Let not my vizier father find you here  
Or you will suffer sudden death in vain.

When Salman heard Cevher declare her name, he faltered  
momentarily, saying to himself, "Ah, she is not my beloved,  
for her name is Cevher!" But then he took heart again

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with this thought: "There are many people who have two names, and perhaps this girl sometimes goes by the name Cevher and at other times by the name Dürretül." With this in mind, he sang,

Is not your name both Dürretül and Cevher?  
 When first I saw your face in Havare,  
 Maddier than Mecnun<sup>16</sup> did I, Salman, grow  
 Like arrows now, your words all pierce my heart.

As they were exchanging these remarks, they had ample time to view each other. Salman's gaze caused Cevher to fall in love with him. It was as if an arrow had sped from his forehead and, entering her chest, had destroyed her heart.

I warn again: This is forbidden ground!  
 Why should it now become your graveyard too?  
 For me a garden but for you a trap.  
 Let not your blood flow from the ağa's<sup>17</sup> sword.

<sup>16</sup>Probably the most widely known of Middle Eastern love stories, Leyla and Mejnun has variants in Arabic, Persian, Urdu, and Turkish. The most commonly cited literary form of this romance was composed in 1535-36 by Fuzuli, considered by some to be the greatest of all Turkish poets.

<sup>17</sup>An ağa (English, agha) is a rural landowner, sometimes wealthy, often powerful. The word does not indicate

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Ignoring completely this warning, Salman sang her praises.

beauty but increases with your blush.  
 ruby, garnet, emerald can shine  
 As brightly as the glow upon your face.  
 I thought it was the rising star of morn.

But Cevher persisted in advising him of his dangerous situation.

Cevher still warns of trouble you can't see.  
 Protect yourself against disaster here!  
 You are so young, so inexperienced!  
 not the rose within your heart grow old!

Salman then turned her words of caution into further praise

Salman be a victim to your eyes.  
 Will not your piercing eyelash end my life?

an official title but describes an economic status. They are often the principal employers of farm workers, and they are often viewed by their employees as harsh, driving, and abusive. The term ağa is also used in a complimentary way, as an honorific, for a distinguished or just older person than the one using the term. Thus an older brother is called ağa bey by his younger siblings. Ağa bey may be used as a deferential term to one older or more prestigious than the speaker. A taxi driver may refer to his passenger as ağa bey; a salesman speaking to a male customer may call him ağa bey.

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Will not your arrow eyebrow end my power?

Unless I die, how can I read your gaze?

When she heard these lines, Cevher knew for certain that Salman would never leave her and flee from the garden. Accordingly, she left him suddenly and moved into another garden. Jumping down from his horse, Salman rubbed his face against the footprints her sandals had made

While he was doing this, Cevher was in the rose garden where she found the gardener, Bağman Abuzar, asleep. She liked this gardener as much as she would a brother, but the emergency required that she waken him. She shouted, "Gardener! Gardener!"

Jumping up, Bağman Abuzar asked, "My sultan, would you like something?"

"Yes," said Cevher. "I should just like to know how my father can entrust this garden to you! You were asleep!"

After the gardener had apologized for this, Cevher told him that she was only joking. Then she said, "Bağman Abuzar, listen to me carefully and try to understand."

Oh, brother Bağman, hear my trouble now

It isn't any unpredicted wound

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Or any negligence that makes me sad,  
Or yet a puzzle that I cannot solve.

Bağman Abuzar said, "Oh, yes, I think that I can guess! You want me to go to your fiancé for something!"

"No, no, Bağman! Listen to me again, and more carefully this time."

There is no cure when love afflicts the head.  
Its symptom is a tense anxiety.  
A universal language tells my grief,  
And anyone could understand my pain.

There is no part of Cevher without pain.  
Oh, doctor, find a cure for her disease!  
I suffer from it wheresoe'er I go--  
A wistful sadness in my crazy heart.

Then grasping Bağman Abuzar's arm, she led him out of the shrubbery and trees to an open spot of land. There she pointed to Salman and asked the gardener, "What do you see over there?"

"I see a man and a horse," the gardener said.

"Very well," said Cevher. "Now I want you to take



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him to your home and serve him there until I want to see him."

When Bağman Abuzar went to Salman, he saw a handsome young man who was crying. "O brother, why are you crying?" he asked.

Salman said, "Let me ask you something first. What is your occupation?"

"I am the gardener who tends the rose garden here, and my name is Bağman Abuzar."

"Well, brother Bağman, listen to this:

Say now why I should neither cry nor burn.

My life has tumbled down and burst.

An arrow from a bow has pierced my chest.

A body healthy once is torn by strife.

But what has dealt me such a wound?

How long will love of her so ravage me?

A fury pitiless has struck and pummeled me,

Has slashed my body, mind, then gone away.

A multi-colored falcon felt a chill,

Caught in the grip of freezing northern wind.

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And hopeless Salman sensed futility;  
My strength is gone, my patience blown away.

Saying that he understood, Bağman Abuzar took Salman his home and entertained him there as a guest. He intended to keep Salman there until he was told to do otherwise by Cevher.

On the morning of the seventh day after that, Cevher awakened and ordered her slave girls to pick a great many roses. She said, "This may be the most joyful day in my whole life!" Among her slaves was a girl named Selâhattin, who was a sister of Bağman Abuzar. Cevher said to Selâhattin, "Go to your brother's house and give your brother my greetings. There is something in his house which belongs to me. Go there and bring it back to me."

When Selâhattin had run to her brother's house, Bağman Abuzar asked her what she was doing there. His sister answered, "There is something here that belongs to Cevher Hanım. I am supposed to take it to her."

Bağman Abuzar answered, "You can't take it."

"Why not? Why can't I take it to Cevher Hanım? For sake of Allah, tell me this, Brother."

Bağman Abuzar told her to open a door to one side of

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the main room of his house. When Selâhattin did so, she saw Salman in bed asleep. The girl admired Salman, but when she gazed at him too long, her brother said, "Behave yourself!" After Selâhattin had closed the side door again, he said, "Tell Cevher Hanım that I myself shall deliver to her that which belongs to her." Shortly afterwards the gardener went with Salman to Cevher's palace and took him to her room. There the girl gave the gardener a bag of gold for his loyalty to her.

After Bağman Abuzar had left, Cevher welcomed Salman. She arranged a chair for him to sit in, and she brought him first candy and then tea. Then, sitting beside him, she said, "O my life, young man, listen to me very carefully. After I have finished speaking, we can take an oath. If we are faithful to the oath, we shall be life-long partners; if we are not, we cannot have any relationship at all

Let me not deny that I am mad with love  
 You traveled here to find your happiness,  
 But both of us found sadness when you came.  
 Knew you my state of mind before that time?

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Salman answered

beauty led me to my love for you.

My head was filled with love before I came.

looks and grace exceeded all I dreamed,  
left that love-filled head devoid of sense.

Cevher then sang.

shah of sadness cast his gloom on me.

I languished for the sake of love for you.

All melancholy were my heart and mind.

lover's listlessness direct you here?

Salman gazed in rapture at her beauty. As she sang,  
the red apples of her cheeks swayed like the petals of a  
narcissus blown by the breeze of spring. But every form  
of loveliness reflected from her looks.

Your crystal eyes shine from your tulip face.

Your arrow eyebrows seem to pierce my brain.

The curse of longing for the sight of you

Drove me to seek my earliest flower of spring.

Cevher continued to query Salman.

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An answer Cevher craves straight from your heart:  
 Knowing in Allah's name you will not lie  
 I ask if any other love you have  
 Or was your coming to fulfill my dream?

Salman then gave his final answer.

Poor Salman says, 'My hazel-eyed beloved,  
 I can sacrifice my heart and soul for you.  
 My beauty, rosy-cheeked, there's none but you;  
 I came here leaving all the world behind.

They opened their arms and embraced, as eager to hold  
 each other as

Brocade awaits a shah but scorns a kel;  
 A silken shirt deserves a holy breast;  
 A broidered armband needs a graceful arm;  
 A Persian book invites a limber tongue;  
 A silver belt requires a slender waist;  
 A duck with greenish head seeks crystal lake;  
 A honeybee selects the waiting flower

After their fervor had abated, they ate some food  
 and rested. Then Salman said, "Cevher Hanım, the light

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of my life, you are engaged and your wedding feast will soon be held. I am a stranger here, and if anyone should see us together, we should be in serious trouble. Let me go to Bağman's house. There will be times when we can see each other in the garden or here in your palace. We must not reveal our secret to anyone. Let us wait and see what fate for us will be revealed."

Cevher began to cry when she heard Salman's words. Salman asked her why she cried, but she gave no answer. When he asked a second time, she responded

O boy, give me some hope and then depart.

O boy, give promises to me and go.

Let us remain together, never part.

No stranger, keep me always in your dream.

Salman sang

Wild madness drives me to your luscious lips.

The force of beauty strikes and conquers me.

Unless I gaze upon the full moon's face,

My pain grows more relentless day by day.

Cevher was concerned about the future.

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Now Cevher says, 'I fear for what may come.  
I fear a nightmare may replace our dream.  
For how can we, outnumbered, still survive?  
The world we thought our own may not be ours.

But Salman was resolved to await the will of Fate

Your Salman says, 'My love, do not despair!  
To show our lot the Wheel of Fortune turns.  
The falcon casts fierce glances at its prey;  
The nightingale beams love upon the rose.

After they had ended their conversation, Salman returned to the house of Bağman Abuzar. A few days after this, the ruler, Kahraman Shah,<sup>17</sup> was talking with Vizier Cemâl, the father of Esat Bey, and Vizier Celâl, the father of Cevher. "Oh, Vizier Cemâl, I understand that plan to be related to Vizier Celâl. Let us have the wedding ceremony soon, and while it is in progress, our nights will be filled with joy."

"I am greatly pleased with your suggestion," said the

<sup>17</sup>The name Kerman Shah or Kirman Shah appears in several places in Middle Eastern literature and folktales. One long tale in ATON is titled "Kerman Shah." Kerman is a province of Iran, and one of its cities is named Kerman-shah.

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father of the groom, "but, as you know, the door of a bride is an inviolable as that of a shah. Only the father of the bride knows when that door may open."

The father of the bride added his voice to their discussion, and they reached an agreement to begin the wedding festivities fifteen days from that time. A messenger was sent to inform Cevher of this decision. This man did not, of course, know anything about the relationship between Cevher and Salman, and so he assumed that he bore glad tidings. "My Sultan, Cevher Hanım," he announced with a smile, "here is good news! Your wedding ceremonies will begin in fifteen days!"

When Cevher heard his words, she was miserable and felt as if her whole world had been destroyed. But she did not show her true feelings to the messenger. Instead, she gave him a small sack of gold, as if she welcomed the news he had brought to her. She then wrote a letter to Salman to inform him of the news and sent it to Bağman Abuzar's house by the same messenger.

When Salman received this letter, he opened it at once and read these lines.



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Please, paper, tell him of my present state.

the sake of Allah, tell my lover this.

My longing for him was a heart disease,

An ill his sense of honor cannot heal.

to the Bey of Justice all my thought.

he must answer on the Judgment Day

failing to maintain his loyalty.

If insincere, he'll multiply his doom.

Cevher reports, 'They've made a fatal plan

And aimed their mass of weapons at my chest.

time is fast approaching toward my death

They add external heat to inner flame.

Immediately after reading this letter, Salman saddled his black horse, strapped on his sword, and slung his shield upon his back. Mounting quickly, he rode at a gallop to Cevher's palace, outside of which he saw Cevher awaiting him. After they had embraced with passion, Salman asked Cevher to explain the reason for her letter.

She said, "Hear my words, O Salman Bey, and hear them well."

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Have mercy on my overwhelming woe.  
Take me from here to some less hostile place,  
For here my life has ended; all is lost  
And only flames await my captive heart.

Salman sang back.

Unless they join your hand with mine, we'll leave  
No rain of arrows can detain us here.  
If thrones and powers try to block our path  
We'll circumvent them all and go our way.

Cevher again urged him to action

Stand not on form or courtesy to  
Lose not the chance to leave our ills behind.  
Let not our empty voices echo here,  
But, filled with love, sound out in other lands

Salman responded

What quarry yields itself without a fight?  
What deer pursued becomes a willing prey?  
To take you to my native land and home,  
I'll slay the would-be slayers on our trail.

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Cevher repeated her need for help.

For you I leapt into the sea of love.  
See how I founder now upon its waves.  
Keep me afloat and with your steady hand  
Guide me to quiet haven far away.

Salman concluded their lines of song.

When Salman fell beneath the spell of love,  
Both joy and grief were his to share with you.  
Now let us pray unto the Shah of Shahs  
For aid in fleeing to our hearts' fair goal

With their conversation completed, Salman grasped Cevher by her white wrists and lifted her to the back of his horse and rode off. In such circumstances it was no cowardly error to flee; the error would have lain in any hesitation to flee. Whipping his black horse into a gallop, Salman headed straight toward his own country. As they rode away, however, an unfortunate coincidence occurred. Just by chance they were observed by a troublemaker, a dishonest informer named Çamkır Çölpe

When Çamkır Çölpe first observed a couple on a

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horse, he crossed his arms on his chest in confusion. He thought that he saw Cevher Hanım, the daughter of Vizier Celâl, riding on a horse with a handsome young stranger, headed in the direction of Çımalcıl. He could not believe his eyes at first, and so he took a second and more careful look. He said to himself, "Well, I was not wrong.

is indeed Cevher Hanım, and she is clearly riding somewhere with a stranger." After Salman and Cevher had disappeared behind a hill, Çamkır Çölpe shook his head and went to the city square. There he first entered a barbershop and was shaved. Next he went to a restaurant, where he ate his lunch and drank some tea. He then proceeded to the government offices at the palace and stationed himself outside the door of Vizier Celâl, the father of Cevher, with a knowing and meaningful look upon his face.

Understanding this man well, Vizier Celâl could not overlook his wish to speak to him, and so he said, "Well, Çamkır Çölpe, I can see from the look in your eyes that you have some secret that you should be revealing to me."

With a broad grin on his face, Çamkır Çölpe answered, "O my vizier, I have reached the age of sixty-five without

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having seen before such splendor and such wild celebration in this city. It seems that wherever I go, everyone is in a state of unusual gaiety. Drums are beating in every quarter of the city, and bands pour music from every corner. In all the coffeehouses poems are recited during both the day and the night. What is the reason for all of this festivity? Is it some national or religious holiday about which I know nothing? I can't understand it all."

When Vizier Celâl heard this comment, he became angry and exclaimed, "Hey, Çamkır Çölpe, beware! Be careful about what you say! You had better not make fun of me, for I have the power to separate your head from your body! Don't pretend that you have not heard the announcement that my daughter, Cevher Hanım, and Esat Bey are to be married in fifteen days! May Allah bless people for celebrating the coming event!"

Instead of showing respect, Çamkır Çölpe laughed loudly. In fact, he just roared with laughter, "Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Even angrier now, Vizier Celâl demanded an explanation. "Tell me at once what amuses you so much!"

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Çamkır Çölpe answered, "O my vizier, you must be dreaming! I am laughing about that among other things. Where is Cevher Hanım? I am laughing about that. For whom are you arranging a great wedding feast? I am laughing about that."

Unable to control his fury any longer, Vizier Celâl called in several soldiers and ordered them to tie up Çamkır Çölpe. The soldiers grabbed Çamkır Çölpe, binding his ankles tightly and tying his hands together behind his back. He then ordered these soldiers to bring Cevher Hanım to his office immediately.

Departing at once, the troops began to look for Cevher. They searched through the entire city, looking carefully into every palace and garden. Then they searched the outskirts of the city and all of the surrounding villages, examining even the vineyards and pastures for some evidence of the whereabouts of the vizier's daughter. But all of this effort was in vain, and there was finally nothing else for them to do but return and report that Cevher was nowhere to be found.

With no other recourse, Vizier Celâl now ordered that Çamkır Çölpe be untied. "Tell me now what you know about Cevher Hanım," he said.

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Before he complied with Vizier Celâl's order, Çamkır Çölpe said, "Why did you have me bound? What was my fault? I was tied so tightly that my entire body is numb! But listen now while I tell you what you wish to know. Three or five hours ago I saw your daughter riding on a horse with a stranger in the direction of the land of Çımalcıl. As you already know, my ears pick up news very quickly, and I had earlier heard that this same young stranger a guest at the home of Bağman Abuzar, the keeper of the rose garden. I had heard that he was eating and sleeping at the gardener's home."

When the vizier reported this to Kahraman Shah, the ruler said, "O Vizier Celâl, you may ask of me anything you wish except my honor or my throne."

The vizier answered, "O great shah, I wish only you assign to my service a squadron of cavalrymen so may search for my daughter. If this does not enable me to find her, it will at least suffice to calm my anger."

After he had received a squadron of cavalrymen, Vizier Celâl took Çamkır Çölpe with him and set out to find her. As they were traveling along, the vizier called to him five strong, brave wrestlers. He introduced what he

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wanted of them by reciting these lines:

Neither can a lover be alone,

Nor can all wisdom fit in one small brain.

"Your task will be a simple and easy one. When we overtake the refugees, my daughter's lover may resist capturing her. However talented he may be, if he decide to fight, he will reveal his inexperience, for no single man can possibly prevail against a squadron. While he fights, you are to approach his horse from behind and pull Cevher Hanım backwards over the horse's tail. After you have done that, move some distance from the combat and blow a trumpet to stop all hostilities. Knowing from that that you have Cevher, I shall give you the order for our return."

Their pursuit of Salman and Cevher took them into the center of a desert. Vizier Celâl blamed Çamkır Çölpe for this, saying to him, "It is you who caused us to be lost and wretched. I swear before Allah that I shall have your flesh scraped with an iron comb!"

Çamkır Çölpe laughed loudly again and said to the vizier, "O Celâl Bey, I can tell you the name of any hill or mountain simply by examining the grass that grows upon it. There is no need for you or your troops to worry.



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Just follow me."

Let them continue to follow him while we turn to Salman and Cevher. Even as they were leaving the outskirts of the city, Salman noticed that his horse growing tired under its double load. When they came to a meadow after several hours of travel, they dismounted and turned the horse loose to graze upon the lush foliage growing there. The two lovers sat in the shade beneath a large tree. Salman said, "My dear, let me lay my head in your lap so that I can gaze at your beauty forever." Cevher consented to this, but he had not lain there for more than ten minutes before he had fallen asleep. He was still quite young, and he had been exhausted by their journey.

After Salman had been sleeping for a while, Cevher turned her head and looked back along the road from the land of Badestan. To her great dismay, she saw that the road was filled with soldiers riding in their direction. Overcome by what she saw, she began to cry. Well, as you know, tears are warm while they are within the eye, but once outside, they soon turn cold. The icy tears of Cevher fell upon the face of Salman and soon awakened

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When he sat up and looked at her, his back was toward the approaching cavalry, and so he did not yet know the cause of her sorrow. When Salman asked her what caused her grief, she answered not but cried still harder. Salman sang this quatrain to her:

Cevher beloved, what now has marred your mood?  
 What passing fancy tumbled you to grief?  
 Our passion should be limited to love  
 What feelings now conspire to make you sad?

Taking Salman by the arm, she turned him around so that he could see the oncoming troops.

See what approaches now to block our way!  
 My nation has no sympathy for us.  
 Will Fortune also turn its face away,  
 Or cast some curse converting us to stone?

When Salman saw the number of cavalrymen on the road, his hopes were also dimmed, but he did not let Cevher know this.

Your Salman says, 'Beloved, be not sad!  
 A dolphin comes to aid the drowning man;