

ICWA LETTERS

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Summer Reading

BY ADAM SMITH ALBION

TRABZON, Turkey

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As Turkish children troop back to school in their blue smocks and dark uniforms, I thought it would be seasonable to offer a few book reports, selected from my summer reading. All six works are contemporary Turkish plays that I purchased at the Ministry of Culture Bookstore (*T.C. Kultur Bakanligi Kultur Yayinlari, Kitap Satis Yeri*) in Istanbul. The Ministry's publications are heavily subsidized, and since I'm not too discriminating about what I read, as long as it's Turkish, buying books by the pound works out much cheaper there than anywhere else. It is also interesting to see what books the Turkish government chooses to endorse. In the discussions below, it is worthwhile remembering that all these plays have passed a government review board and are prefaced by a few words from the Minister of Culture. To that extent, the opinions and attitudes expressed in these plays carry the official stamp of approval.

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FIVE GIRL FRIENDS (*BES KIZ ARKADAS*) by Ergun Sav (published 1995)

Five schoolmates, just graduated from high school, arrange to spend a week in a summer cottage outside Cesme, on the Aegean Sea. They feel it will be their last chance to confabulate and be girlish together before they go their separate ways in the world. At the end of the week, they agree to meet in the same spot ten years later and see how they've all got on.

This simple-minded play could not have been written by, say, an American. The girls' views of their own futures are too fixed, virtually predetermined by their families' occupations. *Zerrin*, whose parents are doctors, wants to be a doctor. *Saadet*, whose parents are teachers, wants to be a teacher. *Fatma*, whose mother is a dressmaker, intends to follow her into that honorable (*namuslu*) profession. It is unthinkable, according to the rigid laws of characterization that this play adheres to, that Fatma would have any dreams beyond her own dress shop. In fact, none of them cherish ambitions beyond their station. No one wants to be a TV star or the Princess of Monte Carlo. One suspects that such hopes would not be encouraged in even well-educated Turkish females. The cheerful, unimaginative stolidity of purpose in these girls could have been lifted from Soviet theater at its worst.

Necla, whose conversation is limited to volleyball and fitness, is marked as a future sportswoman. Of the five, the only one I had any hope for was *Banu*. The playwright clearly intends us to disapprove of her. Banu is the spoiled rich girl with too much makeup. She won't carry her own bag and initially refuses to share a room with the others. Her plan is to become a "hostess/socialite" (*salon kadini*) — in this, even she is following in her mother's footsteps. But at least Banu's future

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isn't quite so cut-and-dried as the others', and she hasn't been brainwashed by the conventional professions and pieties. Here, for example, is Saadet talking about teaching:

SAADET - It is my ideal. But what university will I get into? Or will I get into any? And then comes my appointment. Will it be to Agri, or Siirt?

BANU - What? People go there? They're in the East, aren't they? Backward places. People really go there?

SAADET - Of course they do. Why shouldn't they? That's our country too. If we don't go, who will go? How will the children there learn? They're our children too.

ZERRIN - Bravo, Saadet. That's exactly the way I think. When I'm a doctor, wherever they send me, I'll go.

BANU - I won't. If I have to go somewhere, the only place I'll go is America.

In my fancy, Banu is a scaled-down, Turkish version of a Vietnam draft-dodger ("Hell, no, I won't go."). In comparison, Saadet's dull loyalty has the same ring to it as the voices of the Soviet volunteers marching off to Vladivostok to build BAM, the Baikal-Amur-Mainline-trans-Siberian railway. This, however, is only how it sounds to my ears. The playwright's intention is certainly to condemn Banu and celebrate Saadet's conformity. The Turkish audience will see it the same way.

Ten years pass, and four of the five have assembled for their reunion. At 28, they are all married and have produced seven children between them. Zerrin has become a doctor in a Children's Hospital, and married a doctor. Saadet teaches Turkish language and literature in a high school in Gaziantep, and married a teacher. Fatma worked her way up from dressmaker to owning a clothes shop that she manages in partnership with her husband. Necla has become no less than the captain of the Turkish national volleyball team.

Clearly, we are waiting for what happened to Banu. She arrives late. Haggard, now without makeup, she's lost her looks. Her story is soon extracted. She resolved to go to America. She studied English intensively, applied and was accepted by a university in Arizona to study "tourism."

BANU - I set off eight months later. A long trip, of course. I didn't like the school from the first day. Very strange. It didn't agree with me. Every girl has a ... what they call in English ... a "*Boyfriend*." On the weekends they go somewhere by car. Or they have parties. Of course there were boys who clung to me. The one that fell to my lot was a prick. I didn't like him at all. Everyone called him "the skeleton." Bad-tempered. But I needed a protector.

Like in prison. In America you have to have someone to protect you in prisons and at colleges. I felt like an inmate. I thought about running away and coming back. America isn't like we see in films. People don't live in villas with swimming pools and big gardens. Everything is money. Everyone thinks about their own interests. There's no friendship or amity. Materialism comes first. Six months later I got disastrous news. My father had gone bankrupt. His name had got mixed up in some kind of scandal. Tax evasion, bribes, that sort of thing. A terrible business. He couldn't take it, he killed himself.

(Her father's suicide in the wake of bankruptcy would suggest that Turks aren't immune to material pressures either. There is no evidence that the playwright appreciates the irony.) Banu's allowance is cut off abruptly. Her mother dies, and she is left without help or relatives. She goes to New York.

BANU - It's a big city, I thought. No one knows me. I'll get lost in the crowd, find a job and work, I said. How wrong I was. New York is a jungle... Living there is horrible. Misery! I got a job in a small hamburger joint. A room on the West Side. I wanted to be alone. "Not rich but carefree" — isn't that what they say, Saadet?

SAADET - Yes. What happened then?

BANU - The same thing that happens to every single young woman happened to me. Rape!... A sadist. He had eyes like a snake. He took all my money. He beat me... I ran away from the neighborhood, from my job. I got work in a supermarket. I started living with a girl who worked there. She had boyfriends. Finally, things got to such a pass that I became a "*Call Girl*."

In other words, girls that deviate from the path and don't marry are subject to rape, beatings, poverty and degradation. After various other trials, Banu has worked her way home. She is very much the chastened prodigal. The conformist Turkish audience is served a spectacle of just desserts. Fatma takes Banu under her wing, promising her a good job at good wages in her clothes-shop. Thus friendship, dedication, hard work, conformity, self-sacrifice to the state, patriotism, family life and anti-materialism — in short, the Turkish as opposed to the American way — win out in the end with a cheap victory. I threw the book on the floor, revolted.

MEDIHA
by Yuksel Pazarkaya (first staged 1988)

In Euripides' play, Jason encounters Medea in his search for the Golden Fleece and brings her home with him to Corinth. They marry and have two sons. However, when the King of Corinth offers his daughter to Jason, he resolves to divorce Medea in favor of the princess. Medea will be exiled. Consumed by anguish and

rage at Jason's betrayal, she kills their children.

Aware of this literary precedent, to which they refer from time to time, *Chorus* of Turkish (and one German) women describe the story of *Mediha* and her husband *Hasan*, a contemporary Turkish couple. The young pair elope from their village in Anatolia to the city, where they squat in a *gecekondu* and produce two children. Meanwhile, the male members of *Mediha's* family search the land for them. The stain on the family honor, incurred by the elopement, must be washed out (*namuslari temizlemek*) — i.e. by murdering *Mediha* and *Hasan*. To escape them, and in the hope of work, *Hasan* comes to Germany as an illegal immigrant, *Mediha* and the children following later.

By the time *Mediha* arrives, *Hasan* has met a German woman named *Claudia* whom he has decided to marry. His motive, he says, is purely mercenary: to obtain work papers and a residence permit; after two or three years he will divorce *Claudia* and remarry *Mediha*. Privately, though, he confesses that he is rather in love with *Claudia*. He gives her *Mediha's* jewelry, and spends nights with her while his wife waits for him at home. When *Mediha* complains at such treatment, he threatens to send her back to Turkey without the children. This is the last straw. She has already been forced to sign the divorce papers, but she won't let him have everything. She takes a knife and slits their children's throats.

The theme of the play is the chauvinism that Turkish men display towards women. *Mediha* is humiliated, insulted, betrayed, and even raped by her husband (not that the concept of marital rape exists in Turkish law). The *Chorus* look on, passive and ineffectual. Admittedly, choruses are usually no more than helpless observers of the action. Nevertheless, it is frustrating (though probably apt) that a group of modern Turkish women cannot muster any concrete support for one their number. They even chip in with their own stories of ill-treatment by men, as a way of explaining that their sympathy for *Mediha* is real and heartfelt. But they have little practical advice to offer, since "the laws and regulations are against us [women]." No one expresses surprise — much less outrage — that *Mediha's* own family is trying to murder her: this is accepted as a woman's lot. (Were "honor killings" on the agenda at the UN Women's Conference in China?) The *Chorus Leader* even rebukes *Mediha* for being overly negative about her situation. Put things in perspective, she says.

CHORUS LEADER - Even two thousand five hundred years ago, a woman betrayed by her husband wouldn't be talking such foolish stuff. Then, women didn't have any rights at all. Even if a woman wanted to, she couldn't leave her husband, she couldn't go to her parents' house, but the husband could get rid of her whenever he wanted and could take on as many other wives as he wanted. Wife after wife. What century are we in? So here, in the center of Europe, leave off these mistaken thoughts.

These words are heavily loaded with irony, as the playwright is well aware. The *Chorus Leader* contends that women have made a lot of progress since *Medea's* day; consequently, the modern-day *Mediha* should be grateful that her position isn't worse than it is. But the interchange makes the audience wonder: How much do social codes in Anatolian villages differ from those of Euripides' Athens anyway? Is belonging to Europe any guarantee of being progressive? For instance, *Mediha* cannot "go back to her parents' house" now any more than she could have done 2,500 years ago, because her father and brothers will kill her the moment she darkens their door. How can medievalism of that kind persist today? What century is Turkey in?

(The twentieth, of course. I quickly lose patience with my over-educated — and consequently blinkered — Western peers who think the world that *they* inhabit is the norm. They are shocked that in the late twentieth century women earn only 70% of men's salaries and God is still called "He." I'd say that 70% is pretty good. In fact, the elimination of female infanticide, female circumcision, witch burning and bride burning in America is a miracle of human socialization. I trust that anyone reading this has seen enough of the world to agree that the assumption, prevalent at home, that the twentieth century is a generally enlightened place by American standards is utterly fallacious. Indeed, *guaranteed fallacious*, or else the view wouldn't have gained such widespread currency in the first place. To say that much of the world, including many Turks, is still living in the Dark Ages misses the point: Americans are living in the twenty-fifth century.)

I don't know if the playwright is a man or a woman ("Yüksel" can be either), but I bet he's a man. The insightful handling of the topic — the prejudice women have to put up with — might argue for a female writer, maybe even one who knows at first hand what it feels like to be at the receiving end. What turns the scales for me, however, are the scenes where the playwright captures that chauvinism in the mouths of Turkish men — the giving end. A woman is less likely to have heard first-hand a conversation such as the following, which could have been lifted from one of Turkey's male-only coffeehouses. *Hasan* tells his story to a friend, a Turkish-German translator, referred to as *the Interpreter*. His interpretations are not limited to language.

INTERPRETER - I'm sorry, *Hasan*, but you really don't have the brains you're born with. If you hadn't done this infantile thing, you'd be single and living like a king. You would have married a German woman and got your God-damn residence permit. Then when you'd finished with her, whenever you felt like it, you could have shaken her off and got rid of her. My friend, these Christian [*gavur*] bitches don't kick up any fuss about that sort of thing — I wouldn't swap them for the world. It doesn't make any difference whether you're married, or single, or di-

vorced, or living together...

A woman likes to be led. When you have to show her you love her, show her you love her. When you have to look like you're going to hit her, look like you're going to hit her. And don't just look it, do it sometimes too. Like in films — what does the young hero do? He takes a look and if his girl is pushing him too far he lands her one on the jaw with all his might. You can see in the bitch's face, it's like she's been struck by lightning. And what does she do after the blow? Throws her arms around his neck like a crazy mare in heat and presses her lips blazing like suns onto his lips. Got it?

HASAN - That's movies, not anything to do with us.

INTERPRETER - That damn well is real life, believe me. If it weren't real life, would they make a film of it, my friend?

HASAN - Maybe that film applies to Mediha, but it doesn't apply to Claudia!...

INTERPRETER - Whatever's necessary, whatever applies, you'll do it. That's what being a man is all about.

And with that, the Interpreter might pay for his tea at one of the shops in Trabzon, hitch up his trousers, and stroll lazily down to the waterside to pick up a Natasha for the night.

I am confident that, when this play opened in Ankara in 1988, audiences were able to distinguish between the attitudes the play was endorsing and those it was condemning. But I'm not interested in audiences in Ankara. I want to know what they would make of it in the villages around Trabzon or Diyarbakir. My fear is that the Interpreter makes his case for wife-beating too eloquently and persuasively, and a male audience might exit the theater believing that he was the hero of the piece.

POOR WOMEN (KADINCIKLAR)
by Tuncer Cudenoglu (first staged 1983)

I didn't think much of this play, and was baffled to learn it won prizes. It sets out to depict the underbelly of society in a realistic and uncompromising way, and there is a political correctness about honoring such work. The text could also be used as a primer for how to swear in Turkish. The play takes place in a brothel in Ankara in 1983. I suppose it might be considered a *tour de force* insofar as it offers a convincing (whether accurate, I cannot say) portrait of the women's vulgarity, ignorance, and exploitation. *Inci* and *Neriman* are young prostitutes. *Mehtap* is 55 years old and lives in daily expectation of being fired by the matron of the brothel. Two male servants keep the house in order, tend the stoves and provide tea. When they're not working, the

prostitutes sip tea, gossip about other brothels, shout at their boyfriends or at one another, and read the newspaper aloud, spelling out the words syllable by syllable.

What the play lacks is plot. The only dramatic tension focuses on *Inci*. She eloped (like *Mediha*) but the man abandoned her. She was forced to earn her bread by whoring. Her brother's reaction to this blot on the family is the one we have come to expect:

INCI - What did I do? I trusted that impotent prick and ran away with him... It didn't take him three months to satisfy his desires on me. Then he left me and ran away... I tried to find him for a long time. I wish I could have found him. But there was nothing else I could do. My brother found him... and finished him off with two bullets. (*She shouts*) And he said, "I've saved the first half of my family's honor ... Now all that's left to do is to find that bitch!"

Her brother was imprisoned for murder, but is expected to be released soon. (What? Isn't killing to protect the family honor considered first-degree murder in Turkey?). Will he track down *Inci* or won't he? This is the only suspense in the play.

There are some nice touches that remind a reader that the action takes place in the early Ozal period. Foreign cigarettes are a prized and guarded commodity, treated like contraband. The women are trying to get their tongues around new words appearing in the newspaper like "capital" and "private enterprise" and wonder exactly what they mean. (They decide that they themselves, as prostitutes, are "capital" while their pimps and bosses must be "private enterprise.") As a practical demonstration of capitalism, *Mehtap* is laid off by the matron, who coldly explains that *Mehtap* isn't bringing in enough business any more and the sinecure's over. Years of loyal service count for nothing: her room is repainted and a younger, fresher girl is brought in.

While the group is assembled to say good-bye to *Mehtap*, a man bursts in on them. It is *Inci's* brother. She flees into her room. He pursues her, locks the door behind them and knifes his sister to death. Honor is avenged.

FERHAT'S NEW SORROWS
(*FERHAT'IN YENI ACILARI*)
by Yuksel Pazarkaya (first staged 1992)

Mehlika, a divorced woman of 45, came to Germany twenty years ago as a *Gastarbeiter*. She is finally on the threshold of achieving her dream: to open a gallery of Turkish arts and crafts that will contribute to Turkish-German understanding. To help in the final preparations for the opening she has hired *Volkart*, an out-of-work German artist in his late 20's. *Mehlika* finds herself increasingly attracted to him. In fact, she suggests they become partners in the gallery, and he agrees. However, virtually at first sight, he and *Mehlika's* daughter *Sirin* fall head over heels in love. *Mehlika*

grows jealous. At the party for the opening, their flirting drives Mehlika to distraction. Then disaster strikes. When the guests have left, a gang of skinheads turn up. They destroy the gallery, and beat both women badly.

I expected the play to be a disquisition on anti-Turkish racism in Germany. It is. But there is a nice twist when Mehlika, traumatized by the incident, reacts by becoming almost as racist and prejudiced as her attackers. Just as the skinheads lump all Turks together, Mehlika starts generalizing about all Germans. She extends her hatred until she sees an enemy in every Teuton soul. Then, like an overexpanded universe suddenly collapsing with a clap, she condenses all her bitterness and disappointment onto a single point, Volkart, blaming him for everything that has happened.

VOLKART - I don't understand why you've suddenly turned against me.

MEHLIKA - Do you have to understand me?

VOLKART - Maybe if I do I'll see that you're right and be able to quiet down.

MEHLIKA - Don't you Germans understand anything except logic? As if there's nothing that can't be explained and understood with logic...

VOLKART - I am not one of them! Am I connected with them somehow? Quite the opposite, I'm against them.

MEHLIKA - They're your countrymen and our enemy...

VOLKART - That's not true, Mehlika... You know that it's not true. You want to get rid of me for no reason...

MEHLIKA - "For no reason," you say ... You give yourself away. You refuse to pick up and go.

VOLKART - I can't go without any idea of the reason.

MEHLIKA - Just like I said, everything with you people has to be reasonable and logical... You think a person is pure reason and logic. Well, we're not made that way...

VOLKART - At the gallery opening you said you wanted to create a culture bridge. That's right, that's the truth, in fact... But can you live here if you look at all Germans as if they were skinheads? If every German was just a logic machine, how can you be together with them, how can you live here? I couldn't. If half of what you say is true, I couldn't live in this country, I'd go somewhere else. But these skinheads are a small group of young people who don't know themselves or where to stop. Every country has them. Germans aren't different from

other people... They too can love, feel longing, be sad, feel pain, be happy, take pleasure in things. If you don't know that already, give me a chance to show you.

In short, Volkart argues the German case by reprising one of Shylock's better-known speeches. Mehlika unbends slightly. She will forgive Volkart — and permit him to have her daughter — on one condition: Change the world to make it safe for Sirin. Abolish enmity towards foreigners; extirpate hatred between peoples. Mehlika is unwavering. Volkart accepts his commission with a proud heart. Is this a joke? Is Volkart going to become a caped crusader? Will he or won't he be able to save the world? The curtain goes down on Act I, leaving the spectator boggle-eyed.

Here the play begins to break down. Volkart puts up posters urging tolerance, carries a placard around, harangues passers-by, but does not find himself much closer to reforming the globe and winning Sirin. He can't find any allies. In fact, Volkart is the only German in the whole play sympathetic to the Turks' plight. Even the policemen are shown to be on the skinheads' side. Volkart is invited onto a talk-show to debate the question of foreigners in Germany. One of the panelists is a deputy from the Parliament. Volkart admits he is in love with a Turk:

DEPUTY - I'd advise you to forget about this love affair. I have a lot of respect for love ... But think hard about what you're doing... The cultures are very different ... European culture and Asian culture... You won't harmonize, you'll be unhappy ... There are deep gulfs between them... Love has made you blind for now, you can't see that... But even love fades away in time.

Volkart lobbies for his new idea — a constitutional amendment forbidding enmity towards foreigners [!]:

DEPUTY - If I were to introduce a bill like that into the parliament, all my friends would die laughing.

VOLKART - In other words, to prohibit hatred of foreigners is something funny?

DEPUTY - To restrict freedom of speech is against the constitution...

VOLKART - In your opinion, hatred of foreigners is freedom of speech?

DEPUTY - Yes, you can say I don't want foreigners here, I don't want refugees here... But you can't use violence against a foreigner or a refugee ... Their lives and property are protected by our laws.

VOLKART - How can you regard hatred of foreigners as such a commonplace crime?

DEPUTY - Ah, Ms Hanke... Good evening...

Finally Volkart resolves to join forces with the Turks themselves. He seeks them out in a coffee-house where Germans never usually enter. He is initially jeered and mocked, but Turkish traditions of hospitality eventually kick in, and when he tells them about his unhappy love for Sirin they warm to him. He adopts a Turkish name: Ferhat. And they teach him how to be a Turk, darkening him with make-up and sticking on a mustache. On the subway home he is taught a rougher lesson in how to be a Turk; he is beaten up by skinheads. The experience convinces him improbably that communication, not antagonism, is the only solution. Ferhat approaches a gang of skinheads of his own accord and tries to engage them in dialogue. Their unsurprising response is to beat him to death.

WHO AM I? (BEN KIMIM?)

Recep Bilginer (published 1994)

This is a play with a murky message, didactically delivered by indistinct characters, against an indeterminate background. In the "philosophical" speeches, what passes as deep thinking is specious and ill-reasoned. The play is trying to be simultaneously a drama, a parable, a theological meditation and a discussion of Creationism versus Darwinism, and fails on all accounts.

The Artist is living in an Orwellian-type police state that censors books. Books that are indexed as "Illicit" are kept under lock and key. *The Chief* is one of those responsible for guarding illicit books. The different attitudes of the Chief and the Artist are made explicit when they meet by chance at the Orangoutang cage in the zoo: the former wishes the cage were even more secure, while the latter would give the animal more freedom, and seeks to understand it.

The Artist reads aloud the story of Adam and Eve from "the Holy Book." (The text, as best I can make out, is a mish-mash of Genesis and Koranic Suras 7 and 20.) As he meditates over the Temptation and Fall, the Artist finds himself sympathizing with Satan. He associates God, not with truth or justice, but with the force that tries to keep humans ignorant. Angels are His vigilant agents, corresponding to the police. The heavenly order is just a totalitarian state. (Quite so: the Hungarian mathematician Erdos used to refer to God as the SF, short for "Supreme Fascist.") Why, asks the Artist, are we not more grateful to Satan for liberating the human mind? At this point, *Satan* himself appears:

ARTIST - I've been thinking for days. Is Satan our friend or our enemy? You showed the first people, Adam and Eve, the way to know good and evil, so why do they curse you?

SATAN - God started it, with the holy book. Then came kings, generals, religious men, teachers, overseers, fathers... People did it themselves. That's how they imprisoned their own thoughts in a cage of iron. And they went into the cage themselves, and they can't get out. But I'm Humankind's friend.

At this point, the play becomes a bizarre mixture of Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451* and *Faust*. The Artist promises Satan to try to change the order so that people will appreciate the Devil as liberator. He himself sets about liberating books with the help of his friend, *the Woman*. In return, they are persecuted by the Chief and his police agents. Suddenly, the government changes; there is a new ideology; the Chief is out. Overnight, the Artist and his work are respected. But he is not satisfied with the sudden change in his fame or fortunes, since it does not reflect any change in himself. He is the same man; only the landscape has shifted around him. He is moved to ask, "Who am I?" He is part Adam's seed, part demon, and part evolved bipedal primate. In the disastrous climax to the play — a three-way conversation between the Artist, Satan, and the *Orangoutang* from the opening scene — the Orangoutang disputes the Theory of Evolution and repudiates any kinship with humans: "We don't kill one another. To throw away your unique talents, to kill your own kin, now that's bestial. Nope, I refuse to accept that you're any descendant of mine." The poor conclusion, offered by the Woman, is that humans are an admixture of various, irreconcilable emotions.

I searched this play for parallels between the police state that censors books and the Turkey that throws intellectuals in jail for separatist thought-crime, but I could not put my finger on anything concrete. I frankly don't know what the playwright had in mind while he was writing this. If he really believed he was making an original contribution to world thought, he was sadly mistaken. Even his central theme, that artists owe a lot to Satan, is pretty old news. All the time I was reading this play, I was thinking of Blake's comment on Milton: "The reason Milton wrote in fetters when he wrote of Angels and God, and at liberty when of Devils and Hell, is because he was a true Poet and of the Devil's party without knowing it."

ANOTHER ONE (BIR BASKASI)

by Ergun Sav (published 1995)

A snappy, poisonous three-act, three-actor play. I would like to translate it one day.

Act 1. *Ahmet* and *Ayse* are a lower-class couple. Ahmet, a car mechanic, is unemployed and drinks. Almost by a miracle he bumps into an old friend, *Mehmet*, who has made money in Germany and gives Ahmet work in a garage he owns. Mehmet is invited to Ahmet's apartment for a drink; the drink of preference is raki. Mehmet meets Ayse, and fancies her. One afternoon, believing Ahmet is away, they go to bed together. Ahmet catches them in the bedroom, and kills Ayse. The weapon of preference is the knife.

Act 2. Ahmet and Ayse are a middle-class couple. He is an accountant, she is hooked on TV serials all day. She doesn't want children, and consequently he wants a divorce, which she won't grant him. Ahmet invites Mehmet, a friend from their days of military service, home

for a drink. The drink of preference is whisky. Mehmet and Ayse fancy one another. One afternoon they go to bed together. Ahmet catches them. The weapon of preference is the camera. He takes three photographs of them *in flagrante*. Ayse is forced to concede him the divorce.

Act 3. Ahmet is a millionaire owner of a construction factory, Ayse is his trophy wife. Ahmet is in the process of buying out home-owners on a tract of land in Izmir where he wants to construct a mall, but one person won't sell — Mehmet. He invites Mehmet over to talk about it, but Mehmet won't budge. The drink of preference is gin and tonic. Ayse makes eyes at Mehmet.

The following evening, with Ahmet due to stay in the office till late, they go to bed together. Ahmet deliberately comes home early to catch them, carrying the papers ready for Mehmet to sign. There are no weapons, no cameras, just the manipulation of Mehmet's shame and the threat of blackmail. Mehmet signs away his house.

P.S.

I read *Tender is the Night* on the Bosphorus ferry to Anadolu Kavagi. Are my sponsors aware that Fitzgerald mentions the Cranes, as in Crane-Rogers Foundation, and takes a swipe at them as one of the "great feudal families of Chicago" (Part II, Chapter 3)?

Current Fellows & Their Activities

Cheng Li. An Assistant Professor of Government at Hamilton College in Clinton, NY, Cheng Li is studying the growth of technocracy and its impact on the economy of the southeastern coast of China. He began his academic life by earning a Medical Degree from Jing An Medical School in Shanghai, but then did graduate work in Asian Studies and Political Science in the United States, with an M.A. from Berkeley in 1987 and a Ph.D. from Princeton in 1992. [EAST ASIA]

Adam Albion. A former research associate at the Institute for EastWest Studies at Prague in the Czech Republic, Adam is spending two years studying and writing about Turkey's regional role and growing importance as an actor in the Balkans, the Middle East and the former Soviet bloc. A Harvard graduate (1988; History), Adam has completed the first year of a two-year M. Litt. degree in Russian/East European history and languages at Oxford University. [EUROPE/RUSSIA]

Cynthia Caron. With a Masters degree in Forest Science from the Yale School of Forestry and Environment, Cynthia is spending two years in South Asia as ICWA's first John Miller Musser Memorial Forest & Society Fellow. She is studying and writing about the impact of forest-preservation projects on the lives (and land-tenure) of indigenous peoples and local farmers who live on their fringes. Her fellowship includes stays in Bhutan, India and Sri Lanka. [SOUTH ASIA/Forest & Society]

Hisham Ahmed. Born blind in the Palestinian Dheisheh Refugee Camp near Bethlehem, Hisham finished his A-levels with the fifth highest score out of 13,000 students throughout Israel. He received a B.A. in political science on a scholarship from Illinois State University and his M.A. and Ph.D. from the University of California in Santa Barbara. Back in East Jerusalem and still blind, Hisham plans to gather oral histories from a broad selection of Palestinians to produce a "Portrait of Palestine" at this crucial point in Middle Eastern history. [MIDEAST/N. AFRICA]

Sharon Griffin. A feature writer and contributing columnist on African affairs at the *San Diego Union-Tribune*, Sharon is spending two years in southern Africa studying Zulu and the KwaZulu kingdom and writing about the role of non-governmental organizations as fulfillment centers for national needs in developing countries where governments are still feeling their way toward effective administration. She plans to travel and live in Namibia and Zimbabwe as well as South Africa. [sub-SAHARA]

Pramila Jayapal. Born in India, Pramila left when she was four and went through primary and secondary education in Indonesia. She graduated from Georgetown University in 1986 and won an M.B.A. from the Kellogg School of Management in Evanston, Illinois in 1990. She has worked as a corporate analyst for PaineWebber and an accounts manager for the world's leading producer of cardiac defibrillators, but most recently managed a \$7 million developing-country revolving-loan fund for the Program for Appropriate Technology in Health (PATH) in Seattle. Pramila is spending two years in India tracing her roots and studying social issues involving religion, the status of women, population and AIDS. [SOUTH ASIA]

William F. Foote. Formerly a financial analyst with Lehman Brothers' Emerging Markets Group, Willy Foote is examining the economic substructure of Mexico and the impact of free-market reforms on Mexico's people, society and politics. Willy holds a Bachelor's degree from Yale University (history), a Master's from the London School of Economics (Development Economics; Latin America) and studied Basque history in San Sebastian, Spain. He carried out intensive Spanish-language studies in Guatemala in 1990 and then worked as a copy editor and Reporter for the Buenos Aires Herald from 1990 to 1992. [THE AMERICAS]

Teresa C. Yates. A former member of the American Civil Liberties Union's national task force on the workplace, Teresa is spending two years in South Africa observing and reporting on the efforts of the Mandela government to reform the national land-tenure system. A Vassar graduate with a *juris doctor* from the University of Cincinnati College of Law, Teresa had an internship at the Centre for Applied Legal Studies in Johannesburg in 1991 and 1992, studying the feasibility of including social and economic rights in the new South African constitution. While with the ACLU, she also conducted a Seminar on Women in the Law at Fordham Law School in New York. [sub-SAHARA]

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