And Abraham was not allowed to burn 18
We need our faith to give us confidence.

Cevher also looked for providential aid.

And Cevher says, 'Our plight grows desperate
Give help, give help to rescue us!
Shah, our Allah, don't forget us here
Who flounder weakly in a sea of woe.

Salman arose at once, saddled his horse, and mounted
Cevher placed her hand on the bridle and asked him where he was going. Salman answered, "I shall show the advancing soldiers who I am and what I am."

The battlefield was one most favorable to Salman's defense. The little meadow where they had stopped lay in a narrow ravine with only the one road passing through it. But even so, Cevher was reluctant to let Salman go

Who knows the outcome of this day for us?
Hear now the words that Köroğlu19 once spoke:

18 In the Koranic (but not Biblical) story of Abraham, that patriarch is cast into the fire by Nemrut (Nimrod). By order of Allah, an angel cools the fire so that Abraham is unharmed. See Koran XXI, 68-69.

19 Legendary outlaw, a Turkish Robin Hood, who is the subject of many minstrel (âşîk) songs and folktales. Behçet Mahir’s rendition of the Köroğlu epic runs to several hundred
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'To run away may save a man sometimes;
To stay and kill may save him other times

She continued, "Both these choices may be signs of courage.
Our horse is swift. Take me up behind you and flee. We can outrun them!"

Salman answered, "That may well be, but what of my honor?"

"Oh-h-h, what are you taking about? What is honor in such a case? They are many, and you are only one."

When Cevher recognized Salman's stubbornness about this, however, she said, "Wait, my friend! I thought that we were henceforth to be partners both in good times and in bad! If that is the case, then we shall go into battle together. The spear is mine, and the other weapons are yours."

Salman now hesitated and thought, "Women have long hair and short brains. Allah permitting, I could flee and escape the enemy with my beloved, but if I take Cevher Hanım into battle with me, I may never escape from the pages. See Wolfram Eberhard's Minstrel Tales of South-eastern Turkey for an analysis of the poetic context of the Koroğlu story.

20 This is a Turkish proverb most unflattering to women.
Story

memory of that act. No matter how well we got along together in our married life, we would inevitably have arguments. During such arguments she would undoubtedly remind me of what she had done for me. She would probably say, 'Salman Bey, were you not the person I rescued from death on the battlefield? If I had not been there then, you would not be here now!' After Salman had considered the likelihood of such recrimination, he decided to go against his foes singlehanded. He said, "Please, Cevher Hanım, don't bother yourself about this. Sit here and rest, and I shall soon return." Pulling his arm from Cevher's grasp, he rushed to encounter the advancing cavalry.

Because the ravine was narrow, he was able to halt the column of cavalry without allowing himself to be killed. Not a single horseman was able to get past him. But while this fighting was in progress, the five strong wrestlers had no difficulty in capturing Cevher. Moving back from the scene of action, they sounded a trumpet call to retreat. The battle was ended, and the troops withdrew to start their return journey to Badestan. As they did so, Salman rejoiced and thought, "Now I shall return to Cevher Hanım and say, 'That was the kind of bravery and honor that I was talking about.'"
The cavalry and their captive arrived back in Badestan in the early afternoon. The soldiers went to their barracks, and Cevher was taken by Mine Hanım, the girl who was supposed to become her sister-in-law, to a very remote part of the garden. There Mine reviled Cevher and made her miserable with her hard words. "O bitch! What was so wrong with my brother that you had to run off with a total stranger? There is an old proverb which says, 'The calf of a bad cow has but half enough hair.'

In the meantime, Çamkır Çölpe went to the government office of Vizier Celâl to make his report. While he was there, he repeated his charge that Salman had been housed and fed by Bağman Abuzar before he had fled with Cevher. He said, "I did not see the stranger there with my own eyes, but I had trustworthy reports of it. It was said that the stranger was a very capable young man. He could compose poetry and sing his lines while he played the saz."21

As soon as Çamkır Çölpe had finished his report, Vizier Celâl ordered his men to go and get Bağman and all of his male relatives. When these men were brought to his office

21A lutelike instrument with three double strings. It is the favorite instrument for the accompaniment of Turkish folksongs. Many folk poets sing their poems and accompany themselves on the saz.
the vizier had their hands tied behind their backs, after which they were forced to kneel. An edict was drawn up for hanging them according to the laws of the land.

Well, let their firman⁵⁵ be written. We shall return to Salman and consider his situation. He said to himself, "I'd better hasten back to Cevher Hanım and tell her of my victory." But he could see Cevher nowhere in the area where he had left her. He searched frantically, like a man hunting for a needle in a hayloft, but all his efforts proved futile. When he realized that she was not to be found, Salman smelled the fumes of his burning lungs rising to his nose. He sang

O pale white blossom garbed in cloth of gold;
O spotless pearl, I'm shattered by your loss!
Design of beauty, figure of desire;
Enameled art, I'm shattered by your loss!

O egret soaring on your silken wings;
Gazelle-eyed girl with blush of wild red rose
With luminescent face and marble breasts;
Where have you gone? I'm shattered by your loss!

Silently he thought, "If I now return to my own country,

²²An imperial decree issued usually by a sultan.
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my longing for Cevher will soon kill me. If I wander in the desert, I shall go mad and die there. If I follow Cevher, her kinsmen will cut off my head and hand it to me. What shall I do?" After brief thought, he decided in favor of the third choice and turned his horse's head in the direction of Badestan.

After a while he arrived back at the home of Bağman Abuzar. The gardener was not there, but his sister, the slave girl Selâhattin, saw Salman approaching and opened the door for him. Taking him inside, she said, "O my brother, my blood brother, I could die for you! How tired you must be from traveling!"

No one knows the full extent to which human deception may go! Pretending to be greatly concerned for the welfare of Salman, Selâhattin said, "O light of my eyes, my brother, I see that you are weary and in need of rest. Lie down in this bed. I shall bring you food and water, and then I shall stand guard over you as you sleep. Later I shall bring Cevher Hanım to you. Don't worry about anything." Speaking in this manner, she persuaded him to lie down on the bed, where he soon fell asleep.

Selâhattin then went out, locked the door of that room securely, and headed at once for the office of Celâl.
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She saw that the decree for the execution of her brother and all of his male relatives was about to be signed. When Vizier Celâl noticed her presence there, he scolded her, saying, "What are you doing here? Do you come here because you think that your brother has done something admirable, some honorable piece of work?"

Hearing Vizier Celâl's harsh words, she thought, "All of my male relatives will be dead in a short time unless something is done to rescue them. If that were to happen, my life would be worthless anyway, and so there is no reason for me to be fearful now." To the vizier she said, "Ah, but this country is fortunate to have your services. But I never would have expected that you would wish to kill innocent people. You should execute the person responsible for that which angered you, not these people.

The vizier's anger began to return, and he said to her, "Don't interfere with what is my concern. After these men have been executed, I shall, if necessary, spend all the rest of my life and all the money in the treasury finding the stranger who was the principal cause of the trouble. And when at last I do find him, I shall have him executed, too."
Story 1699

"There you go again!" said Selâhättin. "But the country's treasury is not yours to spend as you wish. There will be many orphans created by your mass execution, and they will have some rights to some of that money. This is not time, however, for too much talking. Listen to me carefully! If I deliver that foreign enemy to you immediately, what will you do for me?"

Vizier Celâl answered, "Girl, you are not blind! These condemned men are your relatives. If you do what you say you can do, I shall forgive the crime of these bound men."

"I don't trust men of this century. Call a notary so that we can make a legally binding agreement, one that we shall both sign. You will receive one copy of this agreement; one will be mine, and a third will be filed with the government."

When the agreement had been drawn up to Selâhättin's satisfaction and had been signed, the girl took five strong wrestlers with her and returned to her brother's house. She entered the house very quietly and then unlocked the bedroom door with great care in order not to awaken Salman. The five wrestlers then pounced upon his sleeping body and
tied him securely hand and foot. They carried him to the
government offices and placed him outside Vizier Celâl's
doors. As soon as the vizier saw Salman, he ordered that
Bağman Abuzar and his male relatives be released.

After that matter had been attended to, Vizier Celâl
went into the ruler's presence and gazed into his face
without saying a word. Understanding that his vizier
wanted some favor bestowed, Kahraman Shah said, "As I told
you earlier, I am willing to give you anything but my
throne and my honor."

"Great Shah, I do not request your throne, but I
should like to sit upon it for just six hours.

When this wish was granted and the vizier had become
shah for a period of six hours, Celâl Bey called for the
executioners. These men soon appeared in the court with
their blood-colored robes and their heavy sharp swords.
They surrounded Salman and awaited orders from Vizier Celâl
But before any order was given, Kahraman Shah, who was a
very sensitive man, interceded on behalf of the prisoner.
He said, "Vizier Celâl, this man could not escape from this
building even if he were a bird and had wings. We heard
from Çankır Çölpe that he is a very capable person. If
that rumor is true, and if we continue to mistreat him in
Story 1699

way, Allah may never forgive us. Give me a few mo-
ments to examine him. If he proves to be an evil person,
I shall not interfere any further in your affairs. Give
thought to the fact, however, that you will be shah
for only six hours.

Vizier Celâl answered, "O my great shah, you are still
our ruler even though I am sitting upon the throne."

Moving closer to Salman, Kahraman Shah asked him
"Where are you from, my boy?"

"My shah, I am from the city of Paytak in the land of
Çimalcîl.

"Who are you?"

"I am the son of Vizier Alkan of Paytak."

"Alas! Is that true?"

"Yes, it is."

"Then you were in line to be a government official
yourself. Why did you disgrace yourself so instead of
behaving like the son of a vizier?" When Salman said
nothing, Kahraman Shah continued, "I have heard a rumor
that you are an intelligent and capable young man. I want
you to compose and sing to me three quatrains based upon
something in the Koran."
Story 1699

Without a moment's hesitation, Salman sang these lines.

O shah, I dedicate my song to you.
In the name of Allah's mercy, pardon me.
the sake of Allah's endless love, forgive.
Mohammed told us of these qualities.

The Prophet was the first to hear the truth;
From him it was we learned of Allah's way
In the name of Allah, kind and merciful,
Forgive the errors flesh is prone to make

Born in a spirit world was Salman's love.
Revere betrothals made by Allah's will,
And gainsay neither Bible nor Koran.
Forgive as Shah of Shahs forgives, O prince!

"Well done, my boy," said Kahraman Shah. "But tell me now how you came to be involved in so much difficulty."

Salman responded

Although viziers are present in this room,
I must admit love's fire has caused my tears,
But also taught me to be resolute.
To neither khan nor sultan will I bow!
Story 1699

Greatly annoyed by this quatrain, Vizier Celâl said to Kahraman Shah, "Hear that, my shah! He behaves like a ruffian! But a man without a head cannot speak so rudely. I'll have him beheaded right now!"

But Salman continued with his song

like a lonely dolphin in the sea.
And one with love of Allah cries for me.
In deserts Mecnun roamed for seven years,
Enslaved by fires of love for Leyla's sake.

From deep within my heart a sigh comes forth
Like arid wind across a desert blown
When Ferhat23 with his pickax clove the rocks,
He laid the mountains level with the plain

Lay not a curse on Salman's future years,
Nor damn him now for sighs he can't repress.
He burns like Kerem's24 body in the flames,
fire that love enkindled in his heart

23"Ferhat and Şirin" is another of the great love stories of Middle Eastern and Central Asian provenance. To win the hand of Şirin, Ferhat tunnels through seven mountains to bring medicinal water from a distant plateau to his native city. For an excellent version of this romance see ATON Tale No. 1701.

24"Kerem and Aslı" is still another well-known romance in the Middle East and Central Asia. The reference here is
Story 1699

Well, our story is really moving along well now. After Kahraman Shah had listened to Salman's quatrains, he turned to Vizier Celâl and said, "I won't interfere with your activities after this, but I am greatly concerned about this young man. While you are deciding what to do with him, bear in mind that after six hours I shall be the shah again."

Vizier Celâl said, "My shah, I shall send him to prison for the time being. Any further decision about him can come later."

Salman was put into prison, and the members of the shah's council met to discuss his case. They decided that before any action was taken on it, each of them should test the prisoner in any way he saw fit.

One vizier had two holes dug one handspan in depth alongside the door to their meeting room. Into one hole he placed a Koran wrapped in leather, and into the other he placed two baby chicks. Then he had rugs spread over these holes so that no one could see what they contained.

Another vizier had a larger hole dug, one that was as deep as half the height of a normal human body. Placing probably to this sung minstrel romance. However, Kerem is almost a generic name for male leads in Turkish love stories. See, for example, ATON Tale No. 721, "Kerem and Şahsenem."
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a vat within that hole, he then had the vat filled with a powerful acid. This hole was also covered carefully with a rug in order to make it unnoticeable.

A third vizier ordered that there be brought into the room a special kind of rosebush which had very long very sharp thorns. On the very top of the rosebush above the thorns, a nightingale was to be perched.

The fourth vizier had a large diamond pounded into powder as fine as good wheat flour. He had that powder poured into two wine glasses, and then he had the glasses filled with a liquid that looked like sherbet.

The last vizier had placed above the door of the room a bow so large that it could shoot forty arrows at the same time. Forty arrows were placed in this bow, and the bow was bent, ready to discharge the arrows. It was prevented from doing so, however, by a cord which had one end tied to the taut bowstring and the other end looped over a pin hidden beneath the carpet on the floor.

After all of these special devices had been prepared, the workers departed, leaving in the room only the shah, viziers, and the doorman. Kahraman Shah had grown curious about what was going on, and he asked, "Vizier Celâl, what is the meaning of all this? What were all
Story 1699

the workmen doing? Explain these things to me."

Vizier Celâl described each of the tests that the viziers had devised for Salman. "O great shah, we shall have Salman come to this room. Upon entering, if he should step upon the sacred Koran or step on the baby chickens, killing them, I shall kill him at once. If he steps on the rug covering a vat of acid, he will kill himself. If he jars the rosebush, the nightingale will fall from its perch and be impaled upon the daggerlike thorns below. We shall kill him at once for doing this. If he drinks the sherbet containing diamond dust, he will die in a short while and be no longer trouble to anyone. If he walks across a certain part of the floor, he will dislodge from its base the cord that prevents the bow above the door from discharging its forty arrows. If that happens, then forty arrows will be shot at the spot where he is standing.

Kahraman Shah was not happy about what he had just heard. He said, "Pardon me, Vizier Celâl, but I have some serious doubts about your religious conviction. No true Moslem would permit such fiendish designs to be made against life of another adherent to the faith."
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Vizier Celâl had already committed himself to carrying out the tests that he and the other viziers had arranged. He therefore sent two men to bring Salman from the prison to the council room to be tested.

While those men are going after Salman, let us turn our attention to Cevher, Mine, and Mine's forty slave girls, all of whom were now housed in a two-story palace. When Mine learned that Salman was to be taken from the prison to the council room to be tested, she knew that he would have to pass before their palace. When notified by a slave girl of the approach of Salman and his two guards, Mine went to the balcony and called to the guards. She said, "If you will let Salman remain beneath this balcony for just fifteen minutes, I shall throw down to you a handful of gold." The guards accepted this offer and rested briefly under the balcony.

Mine called down, "Hey, prisoner! I have some guests here. Please sing a few quatrains to entertain them.

Salman sang,

Upon the marble breasts of my beloved
Majestic silken garments hang in folds.
Story 1699

Her lips of red, pale face, and colored clothes
Reflect her queenly splendor on the day

Inside the palace, Cevher cried aloud when she heard the voice of Salman singing. Mine called to him, saying, "Go on! Continue singing!"

Salman added two more quatrains

beauty felled me with sharp pangs of love
As swiftly as the flying arrow wounds
from the lively eyes that darted love
Now hang the heavy tears of misery.

iris, hyacinth, or violet
Compare in beauty with her crescent brows
can whole beds of roses match the glow
Of blushes blooming brightly on her cheek.

When Mine heard these lines, she grew jealous. She ordered Cevher, "Get up out of that chair!" And as soon as Cevher arose, Mine placed herself in the chair, as if that would draw Salman's attention to her. He could not, of course, see either of them inside the building on the second level.
Both sun and moon grow dull with ashen hue
When her bright star is flashing through the sky;
And buds of other flowers all grow pale
Before the rose unfolding on her face

Hearing Salman's words of praise for Cevher, Mine despaired. "Oh-h-h, I am not as beautiful as Cevher."
She gave Cevher's chair back to her, saying, "I wish bad luck to such a man!"
Going then to the balcony, she gestured to the guards to move along, and as they started to leave, she said to Cevher, "Your lover is departing to go to his death. Since you will never see each other again in this world, you may look at him now as much as you wish."

When Cevher saw Salman with his hands bound behind his back, she sobbed in grief. Her tears fell upon the guards below. They responded by striking Salman several blows, but as soon as they stopped hitting him, Salman again began to sing.

O cruel guards, have pity for my plight
The fire within will burn till Judgment Day.
No sacrifice can win me my beloved
Or cause a merging of our separate ways.
Story 1699

I, Salman Bey, lament without relief
My love ignites a longing that endures
My loneliness continues day by day
As if to linger till the end of time

The guards then took Salman to the council room where the viziers were waiting to test him. The doorman said to him, "Come right straight into the room." Kahraman Shah and all the viziers were holding their breath to see what would happen.

Salman hesitated for a moment, as if listening to something. Then he sang.

I trust in You, my Allah, and Your Book.
You would be angry if I stepped on it.
Since I respect all life that You create
My foot must not destroy its tiny forms.

He then stepped around the rugs covering the Koran and the baby chicks. A few steps farther he halted again and sang

The flow of deadly fumes spreads into streams
Between which Allah will direct the brave.
Story 1699

    Should I but touch the liquid as I pass,
    It would, like Noah's flood, submerge my world

Having uttered these lines, he moved past the rug covering the vat of acid and came before the nightingale perched above the thorny rosebush. There he sang

        Though I have fallen in a well of love,
        I'll hold my tongue and bide my time in peace,
        Lest any flutter that I cause may plunge
        The nightingale to fatal wounds below.

Moving on to where the wineglasses stood upon a table, he looked at the colorful liquid laced with diamond dust and sang

        The headsman's heavy wine is cruel as he
        Whose poisoned fountain from pavilion flows.
        To drink such wine down to its bitter lees
        Would part a man from his eternal soul.

Leaving both wineglasses untouched, Salman proceeded to within one footstep from the cord that would have released a shower of arrows upon him.
Story 1699

It seems that they are thirsty for my blood.
Allah alone can save an honest man.
The deadly arrows aimed against my chest
Would be discharged if I should trip their catch.

Greatly impressed by what he had just witnessed, Kahraman Shah looked anxiously at his watch and saw that there were still fifteen minutes left of the time that Vizier Celâl was to reign as shah. This meant that he would still have ample time to decide whether Salman would live or die. Kahraman Shah asked Vizier Celâl "Well, what did you think of what we all just saw?"

"I do not trust such kinds of tests," replied the vizier. "Perhaps someone informed him about all of the traps set for him and told him how to avoid them. Now I shall test him myself. I shall require him to compose and sing lines that use three different languages but still rime. If he can accomplish this task, I shall not kill him but shall instead confine him in prison for the rest of his life."

Kahraman Shah turned his face toward Salman and asked, "My son, can you sing for us a few quatrains of the kind  

Inasmuch as the origin of this tale is older than the use of watches, this is apparently an anachronism.
Story 1699

that Vizier Celâl requires?"

"With the help of Allah I shall try, my shah, answered Salman. He then proceeded in this way.

Three tongues will bear the burden of my song:
Arabic lisan, Persian zaban, Turkish dil.

Be not confused and stumble from the path:
Arabic tarîk, Persian rah, Turkish yol. /path, road/

Now what am I? I gather Nature's force,
stand apart from the rest of the world and wait
a dervish I whirl in the wind and walk in my sleep
Arabic berri, Persian biyaban, Turkish çöl.
/desert/

Say what I am. I braid your long side-locks;
wrap around your waist the bright red belt;
With tender care I fondle the curve of your breast.
Arabic yed, Persian dast, Turkish el. /hand/
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What is it? Cut from fabric fine and soft,
Or else embedded in the beautiful,
It opens on the cheek of the beloved
Arabic perki, Persian lala, Turkish Gül. [Rose]

I'm Salman Bey without the hope of life.
Why did you cast me into conflict grim?
I have but one prayer left to ask: let me
Arabic meyit, Persian mürde, Turkish öl.
[die, be dead]

Kahraman Shah looked at his watch again and said,
"The time is up, for six hours have now passed. An old proverb says, 'He who rides another's horse will soon dismount.'" Vizier Celâl descended from the throne, and Kahraman Shah resumed his former seat there. His first command was that Salman be set free. He sent the young man to a bath to be washed, and afterwards he had him clothed in fine robes. He next entertained Salman and extended to him every kind of hospitality.

On the following day Kahraman Shah met, as usual, with his council. He said, "Vizier Celâl, it was understood that your daughter was to marry Esat Bey, the son of Vizier

26besides being trilingual tours de force, quatrains 2, 3, and 4 are also riddles.
Story 1699

Cemâl, but no final commitment was made for that match. It was agreeable to me, but I never drank sherbet to toast their wedding, nor did I place rings on the fingers of the betrothed. Inasmuch as Salman Bey and Cevher Hanım are in love with each other, let us have them married. It should cause no great difficulty, for I have a grown daugh-

whom I shall give to Esat Bey

Everyone present but Vizier Celâl agreed to this arrangement, saying, "Yes, let us do this and hope for best." Vizier Celâl said nothing.

When Salman and Cevher were informed of this decision, began to prepare for their journey to Paytak, where they would hold their wedding festivities. Before they departed, Kahraman Shah assigned to Salman's command a regiment of troops to protect the young couple on their trip. The shah then called Cevher to his palace and said, girl, I arranged your approaching marriage, and so I have become a second father to you. I should, therefore, provide you with a trousseau. Tell me what you want, and I shall have these made ready for you."

Cevher was delighted, for what she wanted in her trousseau could be afforded only by a shah. After ordering a secretary to come and write down all the things she would
Story
name, she sang a list of gifts she desired

My shah, the greatest donor in the world
I'll have this scribe write down my many wants
Amounts I ask for will be rounded off;
If I say eight, he'll round it off to ten.

Give rubies, coral, pearls, all set in gold;
Give emeralds as green as mountain grass.
Let diamonds in number match the rest—
A trove of sparkling splendor unsurpassed.

I want a garden with a nightingale,
A pool amid a grove of cypress trees
Let peacocks, doves, and parrots nestle there,
While falcons, eagles guard by night and day.

A pack of horses, fast Arabian breeds;
Enough male camels for a caravan;
A flock of fat-tailed sheep and one of goats;
A herd of well-fed cattle, sleek and black

I want some carpets made in Horasan; 27
Red taffeta that's sewn with silver thread;

27 Now usually spelled Khorasan or Khurasan, Horasan is a large area of northeast Iran.
Brocades embroidered with a rare design,
And cloth wove from the finest silken thread.

After that, they kissed the hands of Kahraman Shah and rode away. Their journey was long, but after many days they and their whole retinue reached the border of Salman's country. The news of his approach had been carried by swift couriers to Salman's father and mother two whole days before his actual arrival. A regiment was dispatched to welcome the travelers, and these troops escorted Salman and Cevher to the family mansion.

When Salman's mother saw her son, she wept with joy.
"My dear son, where have you been? Why did you leave without telling us of your plans? Did you forget me during your absence from home? And what did you bring us as a present?"

"Mother, I have brought for you something which I think you will like."

"Where? Where is it?" she asked.

When Salman told her the room to which Cevher had been assigned, his mother went there at once to discover what her "present" was. There she found her son's bride. Lifting Cevher's veil, she kissed the girl and said, "May
you and Salman live happily together forever." Going then to Salman's room, she said, "Bravo, my son! I wonder if there is any other girl in the whole world as beautiful as Cevher Hanım is?"

Delighted that his mother was so pleased with his choice of a bride, Salman sang

I lately found the beauty of the world-
Dearer than all the wealth in Egypt's land.
In all the universe she has no match.
I have carried home the fairest of the fair.

Not only is her beauty unsurpassed;
Like feathers of the crane her side-locks hang;
She flaunts the peacock's grace, the falcon's eye
Till now she was the undiscovered bird

The soul-mate lovelorn Salman yearned to find,
The unseen goal his aimless footsteps sought,
The cure for all his sorrow, all his pain
Begin and end in Cevher, my beloved.

After a few days the regiment of protective troops
who had accompanied Salman and Cevher on their journey to Çımalcıl returned to Badestan. The wedding feast was then held, and the betrothed couple were married. They had all their wishes fulfilled.

By then it was June, and everyone was engaged in the activities of summer. Salman had, as a boy, always been fond of going up to some nearby yayla during warm weather, and this year he took his young wife with him. Shepherds drove all flocks of sheep and all herds of cattle to the upland pastures where grass and water were plentiful. Among the plain tents of the shepherds was pitched an embroidered silk tent for the bride and groom. Let us leave them there to enjoy themselves, and let us turn to Cevher's father, Vizier Celâl.

That man had not accepted the marriage of his daughter to Salman, and he was still determined to kill the young man. He thought of nothing else but killing Alkan Bey's son, Salman. He said, "If I should die before I take vengeance against Salman Bey, my bones will ignite...

A mountain pasturage, where ample water, green grass, and cool weather are beneficial to livestock. For nomads and ordinary grazers of livestock, such mountain pastures have the added advantage of being available for low rental fees. On some government lands there may be no charges at all. Going up to the yaylas also has certain ritualistic
and burn in my grave!" Day after day he spent trying to devise a way of killing Salman, and at last he struck upon a plan for achieving this end.

There was at that time an outlaw named Gaddarî Zengi. He was a murderer whom government forces had been unable to capture and bring to justice. Vizier Celâl decided that he was probably the only man capable of assassinating Salman, and he wished to hire him to accomplish that.

The difficulty, of course, was locating Gaddarî Zengi. If the government could not find that man, how could he, Vizier Celâl, do so?

One day as Vizier Celâl was thinking about this, he lighted a cigarette and gazed off into space. He was so motionless that he hardly seemed to be a part of the world. The ash on his cigarette grew longer and longer, until it was almost like another finger on his hand. That is how motionless he sat. At that point Çamkîr Çölpe entered the room and said, "Selamûnaleykûm."

At that point his cigarette ash fell to the floor, elements. Cattle and sheep are often adorned with colorful ribbons, and peasants sometimes wear costumes used on ceremonial occasions in their region--sometimes similar to the folk-dance costumes of the region.
Vizier Celâl answered, "Aleykümselâm."29

Çamkır Çölpe asked Vizier Celâl, "What are you pondering so deeply? You cannot remain forever in the world your thoughts.

"I have encountered such a deep problem that neither I nor anyone else can solve it!" He then explained the nature of his problem.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Çamkır Çölpe laughed. "I can bring Gaddarî Zengi to you as easily as an âşık30 can drink tea. It would be a very simple thing for me to do."

Doubtful about this, Vizier Celâl responded, "Hey, Çamkır Çölpe, are you more intelligent than everyone in the government? Are you stronger than the whole government, which cannot catch that man?"

Çamkır Çölpe did not answer these questions but instead said, "I have said that I can find Gaddarî Zengi.

29 Selâmûnaleykûm/Aleykümselâm—traditional exchange of greetings between Moslems not well acquainted with each other. It means roughly May peace be unto you/And may peace be unto you, too. If Selâmûnaleykûm is not responded to, the speaker should be wary of the one so addressed.

30 The word âşık means lover, but in Turkey it usually means, by extension, lover poet. The âşık is often a wandering minstrel, who sings both love songs and other songs, accompanying himself on the saz as he does so. It would be inappropriate here to comment on the lore and legend of the âşık, for the term is used here in a passing (and flip) way.
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Just listen to me and don't worry about it. Here is my plan. You will give me a sack containing a thousand gold pieces. I shall pretend to flee on horseback, and you will pretend to be chasing me with a group of cavalrymen. When we come before the mouth of Gaddarî Zengi's cave, I will catch up to me and begin striking me with a whip. I shall shout and scream like a madman. When Gaddarî Zengi comes out of the cave to see what is happening, you and your horsemen will run away, as if you are terrified by the sight of the outlaw. Return here and give the matter no further concern, for when you see me again, I shall have captured Gaddarî Zengi.

Vizier Celâl did exactly as he had been directed by Çamkıç Çölpe. Leading a band of cavalrymen, he chased Çamkıç Çölpe some distance from the city. When Çamkıç Çölpe slowed down almost to a stop, his pursuers overtook and Vizier Celâl began to beat him with his whip. Çamkıç Çölpe started yelling so loudly that even a deaf man could have heard him at some distance. After this unusual noise had continued for a few minutes, Gaddarî Zengi came from his cave to see who was causing it. Çamkıç immediately threw himself at the outlaw's feet and asked to rescue him from Vizier Celâl and his troops. As
he had been directed to do, Vizier Celâl took one look at
Gaddarî Zengi and then hastily led his horseman away

Gaddarî Zengi asked Çamkırcı Çölpe for an explanation
of what had happened. Çamkırcı Çölpe answered, "Dear sir,
please accept me as your servant. I killed eighteen men
this morning at the marketplace of Badestan, and I cannot
return to that city again. From now on I shall have to
live in these mountains, in this wilderness. Please
accept me into your service. I have here a sack of gold
liras which I shall give to you."

Gaddarî Zengi thought about this for a moment, but
he suspected nothing. He agreed to accept Çamkırcı Çölpe,
and he led his new servant into the cave. Çamkırcı Çölpe
was amazed to discover that the interior of the cave looked
as if it might have been the treasury of the whole world.
Gaddarî Zengi had sacked so many cities and robbed so
many people that his wealth seemed endless.

One day when Gaddarî Zengi returned early from his
usual marauding, he lay down and fell asleep. Çamkırcı
Çölpe, who had until then been cooking food and cleaning
the cave, waited until he was certain that the outlaw was
deep in sleep. Then he took several bowstrings and
him hand and foot very tightly. When Gaddarî Zengi awakened
and began to struggle in an effort to break loose, Çamkıır Çölpe tied him even more securely with still another set of bowstrings. He then went straight to Vizier Celâl's mansion and reported, "I have captured Gaddarî Zengî, and he is ready for delivery. Come along with me, and bring enough soldiers to carry him here."

Vizier Celâl and his troops returned to the cave of Gaddarî Zengî and took the outlaw to the city. They placed him in a locked room in Vizier Celâl's home. After the soldiers had departed, the vizier entered the room and, placing his sword and dagger before the outlaw, said, "Here take my weapons and my head, too.

When Gaddarî Zengî heard these words, his anger abated somewhat, and he asked, "What do you want of me?"

The vizier said, "O my brother, I could not arrange to talk with you in a proper way, and so I had to contrive this trick to bring the two of us together. I need your help badly, and I am prepared to pay you very well for that help. If you are able to kill Salman, son of Vizier Alkan of Paytak, and bring me his bloody shirt, I shall reward you by having you made the second vizier of Badestan. I give you this promise upon my word of honor." He also
gave the outlaw a thousand pieces of gold.

Taking the gold, his weapons, and a horse, Gaddarî Zengi set out for Paytak in the distant land of Çîmalcîl. After riding for several days, he reached the outskirts of Paytak, but before entering the city, he hid his weapons beneath some rocks in a mountain pass. He then proceeded into Paytak and took a room at an inn. Leaving his horse at the inn, he walked about the city, stopping briefly at every coffeehouse he saw in hope of learning where he could find Salman. No one could provide him with this information that first day, and so for several days he continued visiting coffeehouses and shops in search of some hint of Salman's whereabouts. One day when he was in a coffeehouse in the poorer part of the city, he tried to join the conversation of several youths who were talking together as they drank their tea. One of these young men said to Gaddarî Zengi, "You seem to be a friendly man, but we are much too young to be suitable company for you. Do you need anything? Can we help you in any way?"

Gaddarî Zengi answered, "O friends, I am a poor stranger traveling from Arabia to my own country. In Arabia I was sentenced to imprisonment for life, but I was pardoned
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after several years in prison, and I am now going home. For the past several days I have been spending my money in coffeehouses trying to locate Salman Bey, the son of one of your viziers. He once spent six hours with me, and I should like to greet Salman Bey once more before I continue my journey homeward. That was my reason for stopping in this city, but I have not been able to find him so far.

When the youths heard these remarks, they thought, "What a kind and thoughtful person this stranger must be." One of them said to Gaddarî Zengi, "My older brother, I can show you where to find Salman Bey." Taking Gaddarî Zengi a distance of ten kilometers into the mountains, the young man pointed out Salman's silken tent in the encampment of shepherds and other herdsmen.

Thanking his young guide, the outlaw said, "Let us not enter the encampment now but return to the city, for I have not yet bought any gifts to present to Salman Bey. Now that I know where he is, I can return tomorrow with suitable presents." When they had returned to Paytak, he gave the young man ten gold liras, saying, "Spend this money as you see fit, but do not talk about me here in Paytak.
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Gaddarî Zengi went to the inn, recovered his own horse, and paid his bill there. He then went to the mountain pass where he had hidden his weapons and recovered all of the equipment he had deposited there. Riding directly to the mountain pasture, he arrived at the encampment in late afternoon, tethered his horse, and hid himself in some brush near Salman's tent to await nightfall.

As darkness approached, Salman and his wife, Cevher, entered their tent and prepared to eat their dinner. Two sat beside each other opposite the doorway of the tent. Salman said to the slave girl who was serving them, "My daughter, pour us some water, and then you may go.

Gaddarî Zengi heard this remark as he listened to clatter of dishes and silverware within the tent. Placing a steel-tipped arrow in his bow, he began moving stealthily toward the tent as soon as the slave had left. Outside in the dark, he could see very clearly the two seated in lighted tent, but they could not, of course, see him. Taking careful aim at Salman, the outlaw let his arrow fly, but he was trembling so at the time that he missed his target. Instead of hitting Salman, the arrow struck Cevher in the chest, passed through her body, and came out of her
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back. Realizing now that he would not be able to kill Salman, Gaddarî Zengi said to himself, "I have plenty of money, and I shall possess my father's home in Badestan." Consoled by these thoughts, he fled from the encampment with all his strength.

As soon as Cevher had been struck by the arrow, Salman rushed outside, sword in hand, to engage the offender, but in the dark he could see no one. Confused, he returned to the tent and was shocked to find his beloved lying in a pool of her own blood, pierced as a partridge might be by a hunter's shaft. He rushed to the tent of one Dr Hazîk, the only medical man in the encampment. The doctor and his family were eating their dinner, but when he saw the pale face and distraught look of the young man, Dr Hazîk asked in alarm, "Salman Bey, what has happened?"

Salman sang,

Its garden destroyed, the rose once so red has grown pale.
It is only a doctor can now make the critical choice
Among all the remedies vital to rescue a life. Deeply in trouble, I call for your aid. Give help!
The kingdom of grief has waged its relentless war,
Overstepping the limits of what might be deemed just reproach.
Does not the whole earth now groan with grievous wound?
Exert all your healing to cure both her wound and my woe!

I am Salman, the bey whose sorrows may never end.
My hazel-eyed beauty now lies in her crimson blood.
No lover's eye can endure such a sight as that!
Exert all your healing to cure both her wound and my woe!

When Salman's words had ended, Dr. Hazik stopped eat-
took his black bag, and went with Salman to attend
Cevher. Finding her fluttering in the pool of her own blood, the doctor began his treatment at once. But Cevher restrained his hands and said, "Stop, doctor; stop! Do
kill me before my time has come! First let me say something, and then you can examine me."

Let us listen to what she said.
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Take both your hands away from my sick chest,
"For Death's approach may be a form of test.
Now neither Plato nor Lokman can come;
Illusory may be all cures for me.

Dr. Hazik said, "My dear daughter, your wound does indeed seem serious, but please restrain yourself for a short while. I may yet be able to save you."

But Cevher again refused to allow the doctor to treat her wound. She sang

Cevher repeats, 'There is no cure for me!
Grim Death himself appeared before my eyes
And said, "Cevher, put all your trust in me!
Your time on earth is now about to end!"

Then to Salman she said, "Call the slave girls here. When these girls came, she said to them, "Place pillows behind my back to hold me up." After they had placed pillows behind her, she half sat, half leaned against the pillows. Aware that her soul now wished to be free, she called Salman to her side and said, "My lover, this will be my goodbye to you. Listen carefully to what I say
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I have already halfway left this world
Carried away as if by Noah's flood.
This world will see no sign of me again
I shall miss this world, beloved, and you

Salman replied.

Without you, what will this world be to me?
Don't leave me in this dark and dismal place.
Until my death I'll always guard your flame
circle round love's holy fire, Cevher

Then Cevher sang her last quatrain.

From this sad world Cevher withdraws her hands,
Regretting only leaving you, beloved.
soul now leaves the body, spirit-borne.
Come, crying deeply, after me, beloved!

Having uttered these words, Cevher closed her eyes for the last time and died
Gazing upon her still face, Salman sang

Now Salman has been stripped of all his arms;
Henceforth his sour words will never cease
The eyes which saw you living in this world
pour forth bloody tears a thousand years.
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In the morning Cevher's body was taken to the city. There it was washed in ritual ablution, wrapped in a shroud, and placed in a coffin. The coffin was then carried to the cemetery, where burial prayers were recited. When the people were about to lower the coffin into a grave, however, Salman stopped the proceedings. "Please take that wooden thing away," he said. "I shall bury her beautiful body in the soil with my own hands." 31

He then spoke the following words to the cemetery:

O cemetery, here is my complaint.
You cut the route that lovers hope to take.
I place the trust of Allah in your care.
The bud that burst within my wounded heart.

She was the beauty of all beauties known,
Deserving more than you can offer her.
Her course along life's trail was far too short.
Black fortune cut her down; her fate was sealed.

I beg of you with all the words I have:
Allow not either scorpion or snake

31 Although rulers and wealthy people have tombs, and although modern urban Turks are often buried in coffins, Turks were traditionally shrouded and buried directly into the soil. This practice still prevails in much of rural Turkey.
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To harm her body, delicate and slim.
Let her not be destroyed nor be despoiled.

Where is she now with her flirtatious eyes?
Where is she now with her coquettish ways
Which pleased me with a thousand coynesses?
My body fugitive, in flames, I weep

Now Salman cries, "What can I wish, O love?
My tears flow wet but burn as if aflame.
My robust heart grows weak; its color fades
I cry into the tracks your feet once made

Every morning Salman arose early, took his ablutions,
and performed his morning prayers. Then he took his Koran
and went to Cevher's grave. There he read the Koran and
cried at great length. He was in danger of destroying
himself.

In the meantime, Dürretül and Astrologer Pasha con-
tinued their journey toward the home of Salman Bey. They
kept casting remil and studying the results in order to
be sure that they were moving in the right direction.

While all this was going on, Cevher's mother missed
her daughter, but she did not know what had
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happened to her. She decided to go and visit Cevher, and so she made preparations to make a journey to the place where her daughter had gone with her husband.

Salman Bey continued to visit Cevher's grave every day. One day while he was at the cemetery, he saw a group of slave girls passing by on their way to an outing of some kind. When Salman saw them, he thought, "If Cevher were alive, these slave girls would not be going to an outing in such disorder and so carelessly dressed. He sang to them,

O group of hapless girls so miserable
happy youth is not revealed today.
So well I know the world is filled with grief
Your merriment is not revealed today.

One of the slave girls laughed at Salman Bey and made fun of him. She said to those with her, "Look now at Vizier Alkan's son. He has gone crazy."

Filled with great grief, Salman Bey responded with these lines:

My days of woe are so well known to all
That you have joined in mourning for my loss
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The nightingale within my heart has flown.
My body lacks within a living soul.

"Where is my love, the hazel-eyed?" I ask
And answer then, "An arrow bore her off."
Yes, she, beloved and beautiful, has gone.
There is no sign of her upon the earth.

On another day after going to the graveyard where he read the Koran and wept as usual, he walked about for some time. As he approached his palace, he wondered again, "Why should Cevher Hanım be thought of as dead? Perhaps she will come to the window now and wave to me."

Afire, palace, you now also burn.
My love becomes a victim of your flames
fall within the center of the blaze
Cruel Fate prevented her from greeting me

My colorful beloved has died in blood
The gem of Badestan has been destroyed
apple-cheeked, my hazel-eyed beloved
faded like a rose and could not come.
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I lost my love with eyebrows shaped like bows.
My tears fill up the heavy cup of woe.
Her fate was to be cut off from this world
She waits till Doomsday but she cannot come.

On the following day, Cevher Hanım's mother, Senam Hanım, arrived. She asked Salman Bey about her daughter, but he was unable to tell her what had happened. He said instead, "She went to a party. She will return from it soon." Hours passed, but Cevher still did not appear. When Senam Hanım again asked for her daughter, Salman Bey said, "Don't worry. She will be here very soon." But of course nobody came, and when Senam Hanım asked for the third time, Salman had to tell her the truth. He also showed her Cevher's bloody garments. When Senam Hanım saw those blood-stained clothes, she could no longer doubt the fact that Cevher was dead. With her heart burned out, the mother cried and cried. She then sang

rose from my colorful garden has faded away-
A loss so great that everyone is grieved
The pain a parent feels for such a loss
Has made me cry to every rock and hill
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May destruction fall on the world of Destroyer

Fate

Which took my brown-eyed fawn away from me!
Let everyone hear my cry that reaches the sky--
Even the birds that fly and soar aloft.

Neither my grief nor pain will ever cease
Oh, tell my wounded deer to come to me!
Mourning for her may burn me into ash
Let tears from the eyes of everyone join mine

Cevher Hanım's mother remained there for two or three
days longer, and then she returned to her own country.
Now we shall leave Salman Bey alone with his suffering
and turn to Dürretül Hanım. Now let some old lines remind us of an old truth:

The poet's tongue is very fast
Though horse's hoof may move with speed
To strike and cut its destined way
Along the route it is to go,
This may take months or even years.
The poet in minutes tells it all.
Dürretül and Astrologer Pasha continued traveling toward their destination. As they moved along, the astrologer kept casting remil, and the girl kept gazing and right with her beautiful eyes. Then at one point Dürretül felt that she was looking at familiar territory, and she called to Astrologer Pasha to halt their caravan. She then said, "Oh, astrologer father, do you know what I am thinking? Some of the things we are now passing remind me of places that I saw in my dream of love. Please cast your remil right here, and after you have studied the results carefully, tell me what you have seen."

Astrologer Pasha cast remil again immediately, but when he gazed at the results for meaning, he could see nothing but a very thick fog. Ashamed of his failure, he looked again, and that time he discovered that Dürretül Hanım had not been wrong in supposing that the scene was somehow familiar. He then said, "Bravo, my daughter! Bravo! This is indeed the place for which we have been searching. But we still have three hours' distance to go before we can meet your lover."

They continued traveling for another three hours, and then saw a river as big as our Kızılırmak. There they

32The Kızılırmak is among the four or five largest rivers in Turkey.
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a shepherd with a flock of 700 or 800 white sheep.
The shepherd was at that time sitting in the shade of a very large tree and eating his lunch, which consisted of milk and a loaf of bread. Hearing a noise, the shepherd turned his head in that direction and saw an old man and a girl who was wearing a veil over her face. The shepherd at once stood up and invited the strangers to share his lunch with him. After they had finished eating, Dürretül waiting for Astrologer Pasha to ask the shepherd some questions about Salman Bey. After waiting for a while, she realized that Astrologer Pasha was not going to ask such questions. "Now," she said to herself, "I shall have to handle this situation myself."

Dürretül went forward and seated herself before the shepherd. She then said to him, "O shepherd, I accept you as a brother both in this world and in the next. Will you accept me as your sister? I ask this because I realize that when people see each other's face, they may sometimes have improper thoughts. If you accept me as your sister, I should like to remove my veil and discuss something with you. Will you accept me in that way?"

The shepherd answered, "That is entirely agreeable to
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me. You are my sister in both worlds."

But just as soon as Dürretül removed her veil, shepherd regretted the agreement he had made with He thought, "O great Allah, what a beautiful face! If You can create that kind of beauty, then how beautiful You Yourself must be!" Dürretül's appearance seemed to him

Like beauty enchanting, almost divine;
Like an arrow-shaped eyelash, straight and sharp;
Like a view of a world that is pure and serene;
Like the scent of a rare and fragrant perfume;
Like the elegant rays of the sun's bright beam;
Like the bosom that waits at the journey's end;
Like a side-lock of hair that is heavy and full;
Like a visage reflecting the soul within;
Like the fourteenth day of the lustrous moon;
Like half the charms of Zeliha; 33
Like narcissus blooms in early spring.

Dürretül understood what was going on in the mind of the shepherd, but she did not openly reproach him for that.

33 This is the Moslem name given to Potiphar's wife in the story of Joseph. In the Koran, in Moslem literature, and in Moslem folklore the story of Joseph is very popular, and the episode involving Potiphar's wife is often recounted
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She simply said to him, "Oh, brother shepherd, dismiss from your mind whatever you are thinking about. If I now talk with you about something, will you be able to understand my comments and answer them?"

"Of course I shall," replied the shepherd. "Why shouldn't I? I shall answer as many of your questions as I can.

Then Dürretül asked questions and the shepherd answered them. Now Aşık İslam will sing for you the conversation they sang to each other.

Dürretül: I am helpless and confused; In sad condition is my heart I long for him who is my love. Where then is my lover's hand?

Shepherd: Ask, my sister. I shall answer. I know not what you're thinking now. You have badly scorched my body, But visitors are welcome here.

Dürretül wondered, "Alas, what kind of shepherd is this man?" She then said, "Brother shepherd, now listen to me carefully."
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Dürretül: Who that's here is now in love?
    He may well be a ruler's son.
    Is there such a judge's son?
    Is there such a love-lorn prince?

The shepherd surmised that Dürretül Hanım was asking about the son of the governor of his region, Vizier Alkan.

Shepherd: Salman Bey is Alkan's son.
    Vizier Alkan rules this land
    Every brave man knows his strength,
    Knows that he is wise and just

When Dürretül heard this quatrain, she felt greatly relieved. She thought, "Now I shall ask about him. Is he married? Does he love anyone else? Is he waiting for me?"

Dürretül: It was love that made me come this way.
    My longing almost drove me mad.
    he made his tryst with some strange girl?
    Dürretül! What was her sin?

When the shepherd heard Dürretül's questions, he thought,
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"Aha! Too late! Salman Bey married and lived happily until Cevher Hanım was killed. Now Salman Bey goes round and round her grave as a moth circles about the flame.

Shepherd: You caused the shepherd to fall in pain. My wistful thought of you brings grief. Now Salman burns in Cevher's fire. Some rosebud lures each nightingale.

Dürretül understood from this that Salman Bey had married some other woman. Great was her disappointment

Dürretül: Brother shepherd, your reply Pierced me like an arrow shaft. Transformed me to a world of woe, Fixed me in an alien place.

The shepherd was confused by Dürretül's anguished answer. He wondered, "What unfortunate thing did I say that has angered her?"

Shepherd: Take not offense too easily. My sad heart, sister, sinks for you. What words of mine have injured you, And cost me much of your esteem?
Dürretül: Salman's new love for a stranger

creates for me a dreadful lot.

From this day I'll know no pleasure,

though I live five thousand years.

The shepherd said to himself, "Of-f-f, of-f-f,\textsuperscript{34} aman!\textsuperscript{35}

I have committed a great error. But I shall tell

that Cevher is dead, and that may be more welcome news to her."

Shepherd: Cevher's name has disappeared.

I'll tell you now all of the tale.

Fire and pain wrack Salman's body

Trapped in a dungeon of cruel love.

When Dürretül heard these latest words of the shepherd,

felt great relief, and her spirit bounded upward like

the rising sun.

Dürretül: Dürretül says, "See Fate's work!

My lover suffered dire events.

\textsuperscript{34} Of-f-f is in Turkish an expression of fatigue or
dismay, comparable to oh-h-h or o-o-of in English.

\textsuperscript{35} An interjection which in a negative sense may mean
alas! or good heavens! In a more positive sense it may
mean something similar to wow! or golly!
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For his honor, for his grief,
I turn, like mother, to his fire.

The shepherd had seen Cevher once before her death,
now he suddenly realized how much she resembled Dürretül. They looked very much like each other.

Shepherd: You drove this shepherd into pain,
But now I'll take you to your love
Like Cevher's are your crescent brows.
When Salman sees you, he'll go mad

The shepherd then told Dürretül the whole story about
Cevher from beginning to end. After he had finished, Dürretül asked the shepherd to show her where Cevher Hanım's
grave was located. When the shepherd took Dürretül Hanım
and Astrologer Pasha to the cemetery, Dürretül asked him
to point out the grave of Cevher. The shepherd responded,
"There is no need for that. The grave will show itself,
it is the largest and most beautiful grave in the entire cemetery. You can easily recognize it."

Dürretül then said to the shepherd, "Brother shepherd,
thank you very much for your help. I made a vow to Allah
to find Salman Bey. Now I have fulfilled my vow. But
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please do not tell anyone anything about this until my hand and that of Salman Bey are joined." She then opened her sash and took some jewelry from it, and handed this valuable gift to the shepherd.

Taking this jewelry into his hand, the shepherd gazed at it in amazement. He thought, "O my Allah! These jewels are so valuable that they will enrich all seven of my living kinfolk." He placed the jewels inside his shirt and returned to the mountainside where he had left his flock grazing.

Now let us talk further about Dürretül Hanım and Astrologer Pasha. That same evening Dürretül said, "Astrologer Pasha, I want you to do something for me. Cast remil and find out exactly the kind of clothing Cevher was wearing on the night that she was killed." After casting remil, Astrologer Pasha read the results and described Cevher's exact appearance on that fatal night.

On the following morning, Salman Bey again started toward the grave of Cevher in order to read the Koran and cry at length. As he approached the grave, however, he saw Cevher sitting on the surface of the grave. Thinking that he must be going mad, he began to pray and to read
the Koran, but when he looked up again, Cevher was still there. (As I told you earlier in this story, Cevher Hanım and Dürretül Hanım looked as much alike as two halves of the same apple.) Looking again at what he thought was Cevher, Salman Bey thought, "Oh, we loved each other very much, and since her death I have cried and cried. Allah seems to have taken pity on my situation and given her to me."

In the meantime, Dürretül Hanım was observing Salman and feeling deep love for him. She thought, "He is not the same Salman Bey whom I saw in my dream. He has changed." Then she spoke to Salman Bey, saying, "Please do not be afraid of me. Come closer so that you can hear my voice better. She then sang these lines:

A lover in pain becomes quite mad
Poor Leyla came; poor Leyla went.
Is burning in love's flame in vain?
A useless act in this world's work?

No longer singing, Dürretül went on to say to Salman, "The lying in this cemetery did not really belong to you. belonged to another brave young man. You took something that did not belong to you in the first place, and
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so you were not allowed to keep it.

By now Salman Bey was utterly confused. He thought, "I am not in bed sleeping, but can this be real, or is it, after all, only a dream?" He sang to Dürretül about this confusion

is no dream. What is it, then?
It looks quite real; it seems quite real
lost my mind, gone wholly mad.
is the real? What is the dream?

Dürretül responded.

Poor Dürretül is sore beset.
My tears became a stream, a flood.
My love came through a vision bright.
it fade away in some strange land?

When she revealed that her name was Dürretül, Salman rejoiced. To himself Salman said, "She is the one She is my true love!" To Dürretül he said

I, Salman, fell in flames of love.
The flying birds observed my plight.
Look now and pity my distress,
Relent! Or is your heart a stone?
But having said that, Salman Bey lapsed back into confusion. He thought, "All this is impossible. A girl could not come a distance of two years and two months all alone. She is not Dürretül! She must be Cevher!" He sang,

Can Shah of Shahs rekindle life?
I'm certain He can recreate
If wisdom and not arcane law,
Explain your state so I can learn

Realizing from what he had said that Salman Bey could not believe that she was actually Dürretül, the girl said,

For three years boiling on love's fire,
My tears became a stream, a flood
From Hatem in Havare's land
I rode a year and several months.

When Salman Bey heard these words of Dürretül, his belief in her presence there was renewed. He said to himself, "Yes, she does indeed seem to be my true love. The girl Cevher lying below the surface of the ground in this grave did not really belong to me." He said, therefore, to Dürretül,
Story 1699

I suffered keenly all in vain
I made my sad lament for naught
You are my destined and true
Confused, I was a crazy man

Thinking then of what she herself had undergone, Dürreťül said,

Grief was my partner, travel my fate.
I fell in a sea of danger and doubt
Though tempted by passion and deep distress,
I remain just a bud in the garden of life

(Shemeant that while she was traveling she had encountered many people with bad intentions, people who wished to use her in immoral ways. But she also indicated that she had avoided contact with such people, remaining honorable and clean.

Salman Bey was still stunned by the sudden appearance of Dürreťül, about whom he had not thought for some time. He shook his head in doubt again, and he wondered again how she could possibly have managed to travel so far alone.

Dürreťül sensed Salman Bey's hesitation and understood why he might be confused. She said, "Salman Bey, come
A dervish handed me a drink
That made me see scene after scene
It seemed I lived outside of time,
Rapt by your stunning handsomeness
I saw your face and read your mind
While doctors, hocas\textsuperscript{37} swirled around.
Three days, three nights all passed away--
I floated spellbound in a dream.
I woke at length amid a crowd,
Casters of remil, aged seers.
Stargazers diagnosed my case,
And I rejoined the world of light

\textsuperscript{36}The following lengthy passage of verse--twenty-odd quatrains--is sung by the narrator, Minstrel İslâm Erdener. This is also true of almost all of the preceding lines of verse in this tale. Erdener, like all true Turkish minstrels (\textit{aşiks}), accompanied himself on the saz, the favorite Turkish folk instrument. The detailed account given by Dürre'tül of her arduous journey from Jordan to Uzbekistan is not repetitive, for the minstrel told us virtually none of this while it was actually happening. He described the journey only in a general way, sketching its progress but glossing over details.

\textsuperscript{37}A hoca is a Moslem preacher. In pre-Republic times he was both a preacher and a teacher, but in the Republican era education is secular, not religious, and the hoca is no longer a schoolteacher. He is a religious leader and preacher.
With faith in me, my father placed
Me in an elder sage's care
My father's grief exceeded mine,
But fair and just was his response
My mother readied me to go.
We set our course by remil casts,
Through blowing winds and desert sands,
Through surf of seas and blasts of storms.
Surviving seas, surviving storms,
We scaled the mountains on our route
Only to stray in forest depths--
An agony of forty days.

Besides such threats of sea and land
We faced the fierce and roaring beasts.
We slipped past lairs of evil giants,
Avoided jinns of ugly mien

We boarded ship and sailed the main;
The tempests shook our very souls
I thought we swirled in Noah's flood
And sensed approaching Judgment Day.
Story 1699

From sinking ship to raft we moved
floated aimlessly a month.
Voice of Power spoke for us;
A dervish lighted us ashore.

ray seemed that of lantern light,
magic mirror was its source.
Ordered to close our eyes, we felt
A rushing movement toward the shore.

I wakened in a savage land
voice was lost in jackal howls
Monkeys, lions, elephants
Added to the fearsome roar

We faced magicians on the way
tried to work their spells on us.
I prayed to Allah for His help
And valued our stargazer's skill.

We reached a city where we stayed
And rested for eight nights.
The natives there were creatures strange
Who spoke no tongue we knew.
Story 1699

We left behind that hostile place
Which gave no aid of any kind
Satan, not Allah, was their god,
And fire colored all their prayers.

We came next to a bloody
Where fierce war raged day after day;
Where no one knew his friend or foe;
Where sons and fathers blindly clashed.

We ventured next into a cave
Where we were thought degenerate
The dwellers turned their backs to me,
As if I were an evil thing.

The time advanced more than a year
Before we reached an Arab
Where killers murdered every day,
And carnage constantly prevailed.

This was chaotic Nerada,\textsuperscript{38}
Where no one knew of charity
Or recognized a padishah
And anarchy replaced all

\textsuperscript{38}Not identified.
Story 1699

Those sick or poor would go to Cam.
Where wealthy beys and ağas lived.
There beauties walked in golden shoes.
And flashed their bright enchanting eyes.

We walked again for several months,
Stood just three hours from our goal.
A cast of remil guided us
To where my saddened Salman dwelt.

Cam is a small city in eastern Horasan (Khorasan or Khurasan), a region in northeast Iran.

A bey in pre-Republican times was an aristocrat comparable to a British baron. He was landed, often wealthy, and he might be appointed to an administrative post anywhere within the Ottoman Empire. Bey was a title, however, which long preceded Ottoman times, for the Oghuz leaders in the 10th-century epic The Book of Dede Korkut were also known as beys. Today the term bey is a mild honorific, a courtesy label. One may add Bey to the first name of a man of distinction or to a man who is one's senior: Hasan Bey. It is sometimes simply a device of flattery.

Between this point and the beginning of the next quatrain, ten quatrains have been omitted. Occasionally aşıks are carried away by their own lyrical impulses, and such a loss of control occurred here. As İslam Erdener relates Dürretül's long and arduous journey between Jordan and Uzbekistan, he pictures a colorful and varied geographical panorama. He apparently enjoyed the trip so much that for a while he wandered far, far from any appropriate route. He travels to İstanbul, describes its architectural splendors, and comments on its conquest by Mehmet II. He wanders even farther astray by going to Europe. Dürretül did not pass through any of these places.
Story 1699

three days near the grave I watched
saw you spinning like a moth,
Turning round and round a flame.
I witnessed there your suffering.

Now Dürretül has told her tale.
I drank a potion for your love.
I trod a long and rocky road.
I came and found you still alive.

Salman Bey and Dürretül Hanım rushed into each other's arms and hugged each other tightly. They were meant as much for each other as

Brocade awaits a shah but scorns a kel;
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;
Story 1699

A block of wood is meant to fuel a bath;
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.

When Astrologer Pasha saw the two young people hugging each other, he said, "I am old, and at my age respectability is something to which I have a right. I cannot help observing your behavior, and I ask you not to go too far."

Dürretül realized that Astrologer Pasha spoke wisely.

She stopped hugging Salman Bey. She sang,

Stand up, my good astrologer,
For this land's shah will soon arrive,
And all his viziers will be here,
Along with lion-hearted youth.

My love and I have joined our hands.
The two of us have but one head.
People travel different roads,
And I have come to my heart's host.
Story 1699

The wish of Dürretül came true
This is the one who drove me mad,
The handsome shah of all my soul
The Soul of Souls has brought me here.

The three of them then left the cemetery and went to Vizier Alkan's palace in the center of Paytak. There a long and gorgeous wedding ceremony was held for Salman Bey and Dürretül.

Astrologer Pasha had carried out the difficult assignment given to him, for Dürretül had reached her destination and achieved her goal. A statement declaring that fact was drawn up and presented to Astrologer Pasha. This statement the old man took back to his own land of Havare and delivered it to the father of Dürretül Hanım. And that is where our story ends.