

Crusades Against Turkism



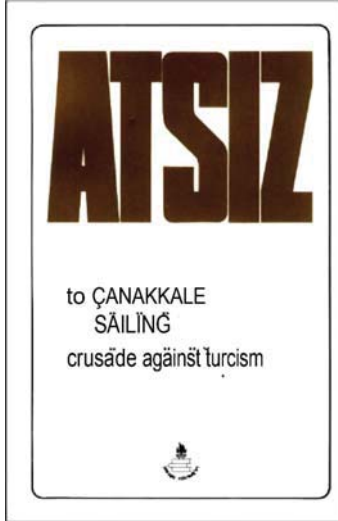
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BERSERKER

BOOKS





PREFACE

In 1944-1945, a drama was played in this country. This play, whose official title was "The case of the Racists-Turanists", was a complete modern drama with its laughing and participatory scenes next to its chilling and pathetic episodes. Its author was İsmet İnönü, the author of many such works, and its director was the People's Party, which spared no sacrifice in order to be faithful to the author's every word, even to understand what was in his mind and to put it on the stage exactly as it was.

The author undoubtedly a muse in the writing of the drama. I am not ignorant of the inappropriateness between the beauty of the image that sparks in the eyes at the mention of this muse, who even acted as a flapper during the staging of the work, and its ugliness. If God has written everything in eternity, He has labelled "İsmet İnönü" as a "friend of the Muscovites"... No, if according to some idea, people determine their own destiny, İsmet İnönü has merged it with his own name. If it is not any of these, but only coincidence, there is no answer. Coincidence is a great law. A merciless law that makes some heroes for no reason and some traitors unjustly...

It would have been appropriate to call this muse a demon of inspiration with its ugly and terrible meaning a thousand times worse than its face.

I said fairy. There was no other kind of fairy for such an author and a play.

However, was there no "person and thought" that would be a source of consciousness and heart for

Turkish heads of state? Tonyukuk, Alp Arslan, Chengiz Khan, Fatih, Yavuz and many others...

You want religion? Prophets... Do you yearn for

discipline? Huns, Prussians... Magnificent

absolutism? Ottomans...

If you want democracy, here is England here is America...

Switzerland for the privileged community, Washington for the unambitious president...

But the author did not mention any of these. He chose the friendship of the Muscovites and Stalin. That is, death, that is, suicide...

He thinks he's lost a seat. He has lost not a seat, but a smiling face. He will never see the smiling face of history, eternal judgement will not give him a good name. History has not forgiven those who have been in an unworthy place.

Every drama has a protagonist. There are three protagonists, all superior to each other: Hasan Âli Yücel, Falih Rifki Atay, Nevzat Tandoğan... Three heroes, three musketeers, unrivalled in any chivalric novel...

Hasan Âli with his wit and wit, Falih Rifki with his pen and polemic, Nevzat Tandoğan with his police beatings and imprisonment, three horrible heroes whose weapons were more destructive than atom, hydrogen and cobalt bombs...

have something in common: Their roots are not Turkish. Of course, I am mentioning this not because it is something important, but for the sake of memory. Don't be a racist!

The three gunslingers turned their destructive weapons against Turkism and opened fire, dust and dust. For a while they could not see a thing. After the smoke cleared, they realised that their guns had backfired and their faces were black. It turned out that the gunpowder in their guns not gunpowder, but coal dust...

There were also the curtain men of the play. Honourable and marvellous curtain men who opened and closed the curtain according to the signal they received from the director and the author, but who, surprised by the excitement of the drama, could not resist showing themselves on the stage together with the three heroes...

Head curtain man: Martial Law Commander General Sabit Noyan and his aides: Trial Judge First Class Military Judge Cevdet Erkut, President of Martial Law Court No. 1 General Ziya Yazgan and Prosecutor Fifth Class Military Judge Kâzım Alôç.

And the applauders? State Radio and the press... The press, the fourth force... The press, which is the mirror of the people, of the truth, of public opinion, was applauding the playwright and the director wildly and enthusiastically.

Because it's his sincere thoughts and conscientious convictions? Adam, you too... Sincerity is life's greatest imprudence, conscience is a romantic delusion. about self-interest?

I thought you were supposed to go alone on a well-trodden path. My dear, if we say alone, it's not that alone... Fear waits for the mountains... We will go... We'll go, but we'll go with the order of the National Chief and with the banknotes. Then long live the republic, the revolution, the six arrows and so on...

The elements of the drama do not end there. It also has forced extras: Accused Turkists... They call themselves Turkists, but it turns out they were wrong. Wasn't Falih Rifki Atay the real Turkist? It turns out that they were fascists, gardists, traitors and no one knew about it... This is the gardists will unite with the Germans to overthrow the National Assembly...

This is all well and good, but that last clause needs an explanation: So there was a National Assembly in 1944. That's weird!

Let's not mince words... What happened in the end was that the extras didn't play their assigned roles. They had seen the hideous face of the suffragette hidden in the hole. Despite the grill skewers that the three musketeers threw in the air because they didn't know how to hold a sword, despite all the shrieking of the clowns They did not repeat what they had said.

The author's sugar increased, heroes were exposed. The fat director got a stroke. The curtain men ran for cover. The sycophants... You know...

The play, and the paradi audience realised the truth.

RECOGNITIONS AND INTRODUCTIONS

The book I have written is both a memoir and a history. The issue of Racism - Turanism, which shook Turkey for short period of time, worth to be analysed in terms of political history as well as the history of ideas. As a person who lived through the event, what I have written will be one of the main sources for the historians of the next century.

Every history begins with a preparatory chapter before getting to the point. I will do the same. In order for the reader to understand better, and for seemingly unrelated events to be clarified, I will start with a preliminary chapter.

gonna start.

I KNOW THE PEOPLE'S PARTY

After graduating from the Faculty of Literature in 1930, I became an assistant at the Institute of Turkiat. It was during this time that I recognised the People's Party: In July 1932, while the First History Congress convened in Ankara was foundering in an atmosphere that could never be accepted by reason and science, such marvels as Miss Afet giving a lecture to a renowned professor like Fuat Köprülü, and supposedly opening new horizons of knowledge and making new discoveries, a People's Party member accused the famous professor Zeki Velidi of not knowing anything and said, "**I am very grateful that I was not a student in front of Zeki Velidi Bey's lectern at the Darülfünun.**"

The doctor, Reşid Galip, was the novel scholar who had educated Zeki Velidi, whose authority on Turkish history was recognised all over the world. Although it was certain that those who started playing the saz after forty would not pay much attention to notation and method, the doctor had gone too far and had enraged me and Zeki Velidi's other students, even those who were not his students. I immediately sent him a telegram together with seven other people:

We proud of being a student of Zeki Velidi.

We also sent one to Zeki Velidi:

.

The telegram addressed to Reşit Galip, in the words of those present at the congress, exploded like a bomb. It was obvious that the People's Party was so cowardly that it mistook small noises for the noise of a bomb.

The congress and the telegram took place in July. Our bomb must have been lucky, because on 19 September 1932, Reşit Galip was appointed Deputy Minister of Education. He had to show that he was a revolutionary. Until 13 August, during his tenure as deputy, his most important action, no doubt of concern to protect the revolution, was to dismissed as an assistant and appointed as a Turkish teacher at Malatya Secondary School (13 March 1933).

I was getting acquainted with the People's Party. He took off his top hat with a courteous manner, extended his hand and introduced himself:

"I am the People's Party..."

I was not inferior to him in courtesy... "Thank you,

sir..."

On 8 April 1933, I started to work in Malatya. There was not much respect for the state's paper money. We used to exchange the liras for Ottoman kuruş, which were worth less, and we used to spend these kuruş in cafes. It should not be called a café... Teachers coming out of school would go to the cafes and play fierce backgammon matches. Waiters knew how to get permission by saying "Pardon" when they wanted to pass through a blocked road.

The prudent and enlightened administration of the People's Party was also visible in the classrooms. Students with trachoma sat in separate desks at the back of the classrooms. However, when we were collecting homework papers, we used to do the prudence of mixing them all together. The children did not mind the separation either. They would move to each other's desks. To divide students into two groups, those with trachoma and those without trachoma, to divide the nation into two, a form of racism. The democratic nation was right not to tolerate this. Weren't we a nation without privileges, without classes, united? In the trachoma issue, the students merged with each other and we merged with the students.
we've been there.

I once went to a trachoma doctor. My eyes were bloodshot. The government was very lenient at that time... In 1944 they would have arrested him as a bloody-eyed murderer, a fascist. The doctor was a rint man. "Don't worry, we treat trachoma because it is contagious. If it was contagious
It would have been passed on to all of us," he cut it off. The theory that there were no germs in Turkey was proving correct.

Apparently, the animal called germ liked rosy places; it was not interested in rubbish dumps and rubbish dumps. Or, as Dr İzzeddin Şadan said, it was the invention of Pasteur and Koch. Who had ever seen it? Would this invisible creature made by God be seen with a microscope made by man?

I stayed in Malatya for about four months. My appointment as a literature teacher at the Edirne High School was undoubtedly a promotion. His Excellency, the People's Party

Rise up that this is not your place,

being a teacher is not a skill. He was

saying.

On 11 September 1933, I started working in Edirne. To be honest, it was not easy to leave Malatya. There were very original teachers there. There was an assistant principal of the secondary school named Rıza who used to read the newspapers three months ago and copy some articles into a notebook. At that time there was a three-month delay because he could not keep up with copying day by day. God bless him, if he is still using the same method now

He must have the Second World War.

There was a natural science teacher, "Uncle Saraç", who used to drink two glasses in the evenings and talk about how he fought alone "against multiple armies".

But Edirne was no better than Malatya. It was not a pipe, it was the city that had been the capital of the Ottomans. Jews and gypsies made up half of the population, and although it was neglected, it was still a flamboyant Turkish city. What about those mosques, what about Selimiye? In the evenings my heart would be filled with spirituality.

The Boys' High School, the Boys' Teachers' School and the Girls' Teachers' School were very close to each other, almost like a fringe. The students were alert, the teachers were many and most of them were good people, at least on a good day.

The cheapness was also unbelievable. It may sound like a fairy tale now, but it was possible to eat a perfect meal for 20-25 kuruş.

I will never forget: one lunchtime in a restaurant I saw a man eating with two forks. Don't get me wrong, he was eating with two forks. It was a sight to behold. According to that body, he could have eaten with four forks, but I found it strange again. The man had paid more than 100 kuruş and left, 20-penny rascals like me dumbfounded. We learnt from the owner of the restaurant that he was a meb'us, that is, a counlav. In fact, we should have thanked the People's Party. What if they took this man's counlav status and made him an ambassador? if he had sent it?

As in Malatya, most of the teachers in Edirne had given themselves to drink. The feeling of loneliness enveloped us. Any song was enough to make one emotional.

The first time I passed through Edirne's Grand Bazaar, I was surprised. The shopkeepers were not shouting and shouting like in Istanbul's Grand Bazaar, and they were not annoying the customers. It turned out that all shopkeepers were Turks... So they were still keeping the morals of the guild times alive.

One day, impelled by a common feeling, we held a meeting and talked about publishing a nationalist magazine. Most of the professors from the neighbouring schools were present. The name of the magazine was discussed. One or two people said "Meriç". Suut Kemal, the high school principal, came up with the original idea of "İçten". Others liked "Düşünce". Reşat Tardu, the principal of the Boys' Teacher Training School a joke of it: "There is no sincere thought from the edge of the Maritsa.

Well, there racism and Turanism. I'll make a Turanian proposal: Orhun!

And then a pompous defence... Our meeting ended in the manner of the then National Assembly: Unanimous consent.

I was to be the owner of the magazine. Ali Oğuz, a teacher at the Boys' Teacher Training School, was to take care of the finances, and the magazine was to be printed in Istanbul.

Suut Kemal, Reşat Tardu, Ali Oğuz... I guess writing these names is something of a revelation. What if the People's Party comes to power in 1962 and those who collaborated with the fascist Atsız... Since I have already written it once, I cannot go back. I abhor all forms of apostasy. Then these three it's up to the friends to look after themselves. The first issue of Orhun was published on 5 November 1933.

started to publish the notes I had been collecting for a long time on the earliest Turkish history under the title "Collections on Turkish history". In the preface of this book, I criticised the four volumes of history taught in high schools at that time. This the second bombshell. As a matter of fact, I should have studied atomic physics and chemistry, not literature...

Suut Kemal and Reşat Tardu were also in their prime. The first was the principal of the high school and the second was the principal of the male teachers' school. Principals, in other words, as the People's Party once called them, translators... The translators could not destroy their schools, which they had been properly running, with a hydrogen bomb. There were no atomic and hydrogen bombs then, but there was dynamite. The dynamite was exploded by owner of the magazine in which they were partners.

Fear waits not only for the mountains but also for the public works directorates... They called and spoke to me. They said "İllâ". I said "İâ" and finally I ended the discussion with a word like Yavuz Sultan Selim:

- "Even if you leave, I'll publish the magazine on my own!"

Bless your soul, Yavuz the Great! Even imitating you silences others.

At the end of December, I came to Istanbul on a few days' leave. An official paper from the high school dated 23 December 1933 arrived behind me:

With the telegram of the Attorney General dated 27/12/1933, sir, you have been notified that you have been taken under the order of the Attorney General.

This action was heard and spread in Istanbul before I was notified of it. I should have thanked the Ministry of Defence because it showed the importance it attached to me by telegraphing the order. So we had become important people in their eyes. Hikmet Bayur was the then deputy of the Ministry of National Defence who dismissed me from my job.

When the People's Party introduced itself to me, it unmasked itself a little and showed a part of its beautiful face.

On 30 December 1933, the Directorate of Personnel Affairs of the Ministry of Education wrote an official letter to the Edirne High School, stating the reasons for my appointment to the Ministry. Edirne High School sent me a copy of this letter on 3 January 1934.

The Directorate of Personnel Affairs informed me that I could not teach because my behaviour did not comply with any of the penal provisions of the existing law on the promotion and punishment of teachers and was contrary to the principles of national culture of our revolution.

The mask had fallen and the face of the People's Party was grinning. It was a face you can't

imagine: Its blessed face could dry a thousand Nile and **Firât**.

When I was the bad guy, the teachers who helped Orhun by giving money, that is, my ideal partners, were with me.

They lost interest in me and notified me of this in a multi-signed letter. I looked like a Tatar Agha on foot, but it not unbecoming. After all, I was a Turanist.

PEOPLE'S POLICE

When I was taken under the ministry's command, that is, when I was dismissed, I came to Istanbul and started to publish Orhun2 on a single honey. The landlord asked me why I had come to Istanbul. "Well, congratulations!" he said. He thought I had been promoted. After all, he was the apartment owner. He was not going to bother with details.

They gave me an open salary of one-fourth of my monthly salary, which was about 10 liras. 500 copies of Orhun were printed and all of them were sold, and one or two liras of profit was coming in. I should have been eating and drinking and praying to the People's Party. I guess I wanted to live luxuriously, to live lavishly, to be extravagant, so I decided to take up a new job. and I've looking high and low for it.

One day I was having lunch when there was a knock at the door. I looked round: An official policeman. He informed me that they wanted me from the Beyazit centre. I said, "I will eat my lunch and come, don't wait!" He said it was very urgent and important. I asked, "Is it important enough to leave my food?" He said it was. We went together. He took me to a deputy commissioner. This was a boorish figure, like Hassan Pasha the Seven Eight signing his name. He told me to wait. You know the state of mind when a man who has been removed from a hurried meal is kept waiting in a hurry... After a while I asked what, who and why I was waiting. A police officer coming, I was waiting for him... "If I had known it would be like this, I wouldn't have got up from dinner!" I said. He said to me angrily, "Vare, you should have run away!"
Counselled.

Finally the expected police officer arrived. He said we were going to the military branch. My military service branch is the Eminönü branch. When the policeman turned in the opposite direction, I drew his attention and said, "We are going to the Fatih branch." I knew that the Eminönü military service branch was affiliated to the Fatih military service office. "Maybe we are going there," I thought. According to the police, everything was a state secret, so they would not say anything or make any explanation.

We arrived not at the Fatih military recruitment office, but at the military recruitment office. I asked the captain what this disgrace was. He was laughing his head off. He told me the story: I had applied to the military school in Kırkkale to become a teacher. Whether they didn't have any vacancies, whether they wanted me, whatever, it didn't matter, the school thought that I was close to the Fatih branch according to the address I gave, and sent the answer to my petition there... The branch, in turn, wrote to the nearest police station: "Inform Atsız; let him come to us in his free time!" The police " him know, let him come by!" as "Bring him in immediately!".
Commentary

't it possible? We' many interpretations.

Apparently, the People's Party police first, then aiming. A matter of tactics...

This was a marvellous introduction. It turned out to be a more marvellous meeting than marvellous. And it went like this:

On one of the last days of December 1940, I returned home in the evening to find a crowd of people. In order to make it easier to look after my young child, we had rented a house directly opposite the Göztepe Girls' Secondary School, where my wife taught. The police, the watchman, the mukhtar were all there. I was going to say that there was a religious-national ceremony even if there was an imam.

There was no joking about it. "The house was raided." Even back then, there were rumours that I was a fascist, a Hitlerist or something... "They're looking at some letters!" my wife said to calm me down: "They're looking at some letters!" I replied, "Letters from Hitler?" and entered the room.

that's all it was. A reception hall, a bedroom, a dining room on cold days; that's all...

The two plainclothes policemen in the room greeted me very politely. I didn't need any courtesy. After all, we had Ottoman and Istanbul upbringing. My anger passed.

Civilian commissar Avni was examining a pile of letters on the table. The day before, I had brought these letters from our original home in Maltepe to use them for lighting the stove. It was a pile of letters. While the watchman and the official police were waiting at the door, the mukhtar was sitting on a chair in the room, and the civil servant was standing (because there was no chair to offer him), the commissioner was searching for letters, especially those from Edirne, and sorting some of them. It turned out that the mukhtar and the watchman were political and administrative courtesies.

was brought in as a witness and a lookout so they wouldn't say the police raided the house.

After a long investigation, he left with some letters. Then Commissar Avni told me a big lie: "The chief of police and the branch manager are waiting for you. They will have a little talk about this matter."

Although I believed this lie, I found it strange that I was expected so late in the darkness of the night. The commissioner assured me: "They stayed for you. They know what the matter is."

To tell you the truth, I didn't know that I was such an important person. I also didn't realise that they had orders to take me to the Police Headquarters by any means necessary. I said I didn't have the face for politeness, but in order not to offend these kind men, we set off tiredly in the winter night. After all
We are Turks... We don't understand lies and deceit.

The headman and the watchman left on the way, the official police left at the station. The commissioner also disappeared after a few stations. I travelled with the other civilian to Sansaryan Han, where the Police Headquarters was still located. The most important thing he said during the journey was: "I'm a bit cold, forgive me".

We went up to the first branch on the top floor, the political section. Neither the Chief of Police, nor the Branch Manager... There were only one or two officers. The officer who had brought me said something secretly to the people in the room and then withdrew. This was the working room of the officers. There were many desks. The officers on duty spread blankets on the tables and slept wrapped in a second blanket. They were hospitable and gave me a blanket. But I didn't sleep and preferred sit on the chair until the morning.
nights... These were water trials for me.

It was morning. When the hours passed and our meeting with the director and the branch manager was delayed, to ask some officers to deliver the news to these two people who had been waiting for me since last night. There was no such thing as "No, it can't be, later" in the Police Department. They all said "Yes" with great courtesy, but it was not possible to see them again. At that time, my wife, who came to call me out of curiosity, was dodged by saying, "Yes, sir, right now," and I was shuttled between the two doors of the first branch.
weaving...

At noon, a little lateit dawned on me. Fortunately, I had realised that I had been deceived. I didn't know why I had been brought here and how long I was going to stay here, so I was being very careful. Clashes broke out between me and the police. A policeman's rudeness would be a blunderer who believed in such as justice, right and law:

"El-adlû esâs il-mülk - With injustice, the state collapses," I retorted. A little later, I had a fierce argument with a sergeant named İrfan. They were accustomed to treating the poor people they brought to the first branch in all kinds of ways, beating them with a falaka and so on, and they could not tolerate a customer who fought them tooth and nail, eye for eye. When I visited them four years later, in 1944, I saw man with white hair, who had collapsed and was pitted his friends because he had given himself to alcohol.

İrfan threatened me:

"We'll treat you differently if we have to!"

Wow... Things weren't going smoothly. But we said we were Turks... A Turk means a person who is always ruthless and always naive in dodgy business. I was a little boy of 35 at the time. I gave an answer worth four hundred dirhams to İrfanThen the enemy forces attacked from the centre:

"What did you mean just now when you said it would collapse?"

No matter how small our strength, we were not a team that could be shaken by such frontal assaults. I responded with barrage fire:

"Forget what I just said and tell me what I'm waiting for here and when I'm going to see the manager. You won't get a word from me until you answer these questions."

He quickly disappeared. A little later he sent a paper with an officer to interrogate me. This officer was the man who had first clashed with me and learnt the phrase "al-adlu esas il-mulk" from me. So he was the one who taught this phrase to Irfan.

It was a good fight with wisdom. didn't hear how I was hungry and tired and how the time passed.

At that time, I was not yet a criminal law scholar, but I sensed with common sense that I would be charged with the offence of insulting the state and the law. As the officer, who was the vehicle, resisted by going back and forth, I was the enemy's attempts with the tactic of procrastination and inflicting great losses on him. Irfan had to make some concessions each time and finally changed the question to : "Describe the incident that took place between you and the officer", and I finally accepted fight bayonet to bayonet.

I would have won this bayonet fight anyway, because I'm a Turk. And the other side? The other

side was the People's Party.

Since it is unseemly to suddenly enter the purpose, I started the article with a preamble. Without giving it away I told him what happened. I signed my name and handed it in.

There was neither offence nor insult in saying that the foundation of the state was justice, that without justice it would collapse. But in the era of the People's Party, everything was considered an insult. Poor children wanted to be insulted.

However, there were also some explicit provisions in the laws. As in the Tanzimat period, giaour was not to be called giaour.

After our article was finished, they told me that the first branch manager wanted me. Strange! In which mountain had the wolf died? After 18 hours of waiting, when I entered the principal's office, I realised that my wife was not there? It turned out that after lingering at the doors of the first branch for hours and being deceived with the refrain "Yes sir, yes sir, yes sir, now sir", she found an old high school friend of hers who worked as a female commissar in one of the other branches of the Security Directorate, and with her help she went to the first branch director and told him that I had been in detention since last night.
he remembered me...

Branch manager Edip Yavuz was a kind, cultured and nationalist man. He laughed when we complained about the police. After telling us that two officers sent to find the address of an old Englishman brought the poor Englishman to the first branch, he said: "Police wisdom!"

Edip Yavuz did not know the reason for my detention either, he was talking to me in a very open and sincere manner.

While I was in the branch manager's office, commissioners and others would often come in and leave, talking openly or secretly. At one point, Irfan, the deputy commissioner, also entered, and since he saw that I was held in high esteem by the branch manager, he opened an interrogation to ruin me, but nothing came out again. Now that I was wearing the fur coat of honour could say, "Eat, eat, eat!"

A little later, with the guidance of the branch manager, we entered the Police Headquarters room on the floor below. The Chief of Police, Mahmut Muzaffer Akalın, was a serious, well-mannered, and a man like a genie. In order to have a shock effect on me, he listed my past in short and sharp lines, and also mentioned my first marriage.

The People's Party was very interested in my first marriage and separation. As a matter of fact, this was chewed like gum during the events of 1944. Was the existence of the People's Party danger? Or was this party, which was in favour of a solid family morality in the country, in favour of a teacher's divorce in order not to set a bad example for children?
did not think it was right?

Within the rights and authorisations given to me by the Civil Code, I had done a job concerning my private life, that's all. If I had kept a file on their divorces and remarriages, would there not have been a paper crisis in Turkey? What if I had married four times like our friend Nurullah Barıman, one of the victims of 1944? It would probably have been a disaster. Because of this issue, perhaps there would be no time left to deal with the foreign policy of the state, and we would not be able to create fifteen million recruits in ten years, and to protect the country.
there would have been no way to weave it with steel nets.

Without further ado, I was released that night on condition that I would return to the first branch tomorrow to give an explanation about the letters taken from me.

Their battles with questions about the letters lasted for three days. Minutes were taken and there short national-patriotic discussions. I could not make sense of the persistent questions about my relations with Edirne. Muzaffer Akalın was present during most of the three-day interrogation.

The job was done. Months passed. Among the noise of the world, I even forgot that such a case happened to me...

One evening, when I finished my class at Boğaziçi High School and came out of the gate of the school, which was actually a palace, I met a reserve officer waiting for me. We exchanged greetings. He looked at me meaningfully: "You were detained, weren't you?" he asked. A place in my brain started to light up. The reserve officer
his story left no dark place. It this:

I had spoken to this reserve officer, who was actually a primary school teacher, twice. He knew me because of Atsız Mecmua and Orhun magazines. Our second conversation in the famous Küllük academy next to the Beyazıt mosque and the teacher's fiancée was present with us: They got married in Edirne... But the woman turned out to be a degenerate and was caught red-handed while betraying her husband... Apparently, the woman was as bitchy as she was degenerate... She immediately informed the police about her husband; "When Atatürk died, a coup d'état was going to be organised!... "With whom?" they asked. "With Atsız."
replied...

When it came to Atsız, of course there was no need to go deeper. Hell do it... They immediately arrest the teacher. Poor guy tries to tell his troubles:

Would you believe this woman's word? Would you make such a denunciation just when you were caught red-handed? Would the coup d'état that was to be carried out when Atatürk died be carried out two years later? Is one Atsız and one me enough to overthrow the government?"

The police can't be reasoned with. What if what the woman says is true... A telegram is immediately sent to the Istanbul police. Commissar Avni came and deceived me by saying, "They will see you."

I got away with staying overnight at the Police Headquarters one night, and the poor had to spend weeks in detention.

We lived very cheaply.

This was a complete acquaintance with the People's Party police, and I prayed from the bottom of my heart:

- "I entrust my mind to you, Almighty God!"

However, a disgraceful scene I witnessed for the last time made me hate the police of the People's Party, the People's Party itself and the National Chief.

One day, I took the ferry from the bridge to Haydarpaşa to return home. As was customary, we climbed the stairs of the Haydarpaşa station together with hundreds of passengers. Inside the station, there was a large official and civilian police force, and they were preventing the people coming out of the ferry from going to the suburban train and directing them to the unused waiting rooms on the right side. There was no question, no enquiry, no objection on the part of the people, or more precisely, the people of the People's Party. These masters, in the submission of a flock of sheep, obeying the orders of their servants, were going to the waiting rooms, which were not big enough to accommodate them, in a melancholy mood.

I thought I'd make a hero. I came out of a flock of sheep and asked an official policeman:

"Why are we going to the waiting room?"

"The President is going to Ankara."

There was a weariness in the policeman's reply. In my heart I decided that enough of this heroism was enough and I rejoined the flock of sheep. That's when happened... A bully, must have been a civilian commissar or something, must have resented my bravado because he lunged at me with a cry of, "Get moving..." and punched the back of the neck of a scrawny and poor old man who was walking to my left.

I can honourably assure you that everyone was walking ten centimetres behind the person in front of them and none had any intention or sign of not walking. Then what was the bully's bullying for? Nothing! The government was going to show its authority. The poor guy who was punched was on the left edge of the herd, so the lottery had fallen to him.

At that moment, something happened that made my heart ache. Or rather, nothing. The poor man who was punched did not turn his head back to see who had punched him. He couldn't walk any faster because he was tied to those in front of him. He only tilted his head a little more forward, that's all...

When I returned home, I learnt the rest of the novel. When President İnönü's infamous white train was passing through Maltepe, the gendarmes raised in the waiting room of the station...

MEETING LAW

I really like the term martial law. Administrative martial law and then martial law didn't make much sense. It would have been more accurate if they had called it "arbitrary administration" instead of "exemplary administration". However, martial law has an energetic and harsh meaning... It is really inconceivable that within the mechanism of the People's Party there was someone who could invent such a beautiful invention as martial law, it is a marvellous object... But as a matter of fact, this martial law nothing but a lax administration.

I was in goodwill with both Lieutenant General Ali Rıza Artunkal and General Sabit Noyan, the first and second martial law commanders; I did not like either of them.

Don't think that I don't like it because our relations are hostile. There are friends one dislikes and enemies one likes. For example, when I saw Falih Rifki's phrase "We Turkists..." in one of his articles, I was devastated with laughter and I liked Falih Rifki. Being together with Hasan Âli for an hour is equal to going to Muammer Karaca, I assure you. So, did I become their friend by liking these two? Not at all!... Some of them are to me what Moskof was to the Ottomans...

Artunkal made me laugh. But you don't like to laugh alone... Anyway, let's get to the story of how we met:

One day one of the Albanians of the People's Party fired a volley at me in his newspaper... He is an Albanian, a bully! The ultra-funny part was that this Albanian was defending Turkish nationalism and Turkishness against me. And the reason is obvious: I was once again interested in this particular history book... Amateurs are very... human mischief-makers there were, they started to howl at the same varakpar. An eighth symphony made up of the voices of the pomars and jackals...

The martial law commander's job is to summon

"What do you care history? Go deal with tripe soup and fried liver!" But our Filibeli Rıza, General Ali Rıza Artunkal, did not do that; he sent for me through the plainclothes police.

The civilian police were also in hurry... The officer who was to convey this news to me arrived late at night and surrounded our castle, that is, the house in Maltepe. I did not delay in taking measures in return. We watched each other in the darkness. I made a breakthrough once, and the enemy retreated. But I did not pursue in order not to be ambushed. I retreated to the castle and the enemy retreated a little and spent that night in Maltepe outpost. In fact, the information services of both sides were working perfectly.

At that time, I was an independent state against the People's Party state. My wife, who saw that at a time when the Germans had landed in the Balkans and it was considered a certainty that they would attack Turkey, I was making preparations and filling a bag with everything from needle and thread to a needle and thread that I would put on my back at the first call:

"I thought you were an independent state. What do you care about the war Turkey is going to wage?" I asked:

I replied, "I will join the war as an ally of Turkey!"

If they say a man is mad for forty days, he is mad; if he says he is a sovereign state for forty months, he is believed, even if jokingly. One day, when I left the Bosphorus High School and got on the tram going to the bridge, someone greeted me politely:

- "There must be a place for an independent state.

He gave up his seat to me. This was Enver, God rest his soul, one of the vice principals and literature of the same high school, a witty friend.

The People's Party's martial law called this independent state to negotiations and assigned the civil police to this task.

It is a fact that plainclothes policemen work by deceiving and not telling the truth... They do this as a tactic. The night I spent the night in the first branch because of the Edirne case, I learnt from what arresting officers told each other that they always used the same tactic. For example, one of them went early in the morning to the house of a man who had to be brought to the Security Directorate, and told the maid who opened the door: "I'm his friend, I have something important to tell you, wake him up!"...

Blessed be God! Would it be a sin to tell the truth? If you say you're a cop, will he run away from the other roof?

As a matter of fact, those who once came into contact with the People's Party police had no trust in the police and therefore in the authorities. The police, who confused the treatment of an intellectual with the treatment of a person with a criminal record, did not even realise that they were thus alienating the government from the people.

If the police who came to inform me had not been bored, they could have detained me that night to take me to the martial law command the next day.

Early the next morning there was a knock at the door. I was already waiting. I told him the train I was travelling on, and while I was getting on, he was jumping into another carriage. Citizens should always see the police as a protective force. However, he had always been accustomed to see the police as a repressive force. The People's Party never understood this psychological point. What did it understand anyway?

I appeared before the martial law commander, Lieutenant General Ali Rıza Artunkal, who was accompanied by his chief of staff, a lieutenant colonel and a major. He greeted me with courtesy. First he asked me how I was doing. But it was obvious that his courtesy was forced. Because he started with "you" and ended with "you".

At one point, the conversation turned to my novel "The Night of the Sycophants" and the commander really made me aware with these wonderful words:

"You think you are cunning, but we are more cunning than you. Don't you think we realised that the names of the people in the novel are real names when read backwards?"

Here I was in front of a luminous intelligence that brought to light all my hidden intentions! I immediately recalled an incident that had happened to Yusuf Ziya Ortaç:

Yusuf Ziya an article about two local communists as "Marx's bastards"; the general summoned him and advised him: "Don't involve everyone's father in such matters"...

It was understood that this staff general, who was the martial law commander, had never heard of "Marx" in his life, and that he really thought it was the real father of those two men...

When the general started talking to me and peddling pedantry, I remembered that I was a member of the Nizâm-ı Âlem crew. Our duty was to correct and bring into order whoever we saw who was deficient and unfortunate, from a primary school child to the head of state. I also tried to reform the general, but don't think I did much. I only talked about history and the method of history. The commander was asking where I got the history of the Hittite era and the Volterian novel "The Night of the Flatterers". Go ahead and tell me! I was forced to give a scientific lecture on history and the historical novel: "Atatürk's history does not have what you have written!"

What he called Atatürk's history was the famous four-volume history once taught in high schools, which was later abandoned. It turned out to be completely wrong. Since it was written by order of first it was customary to attribute it to him.

Suddenly I realised that I was dealing with someone who did not have the most rudimentary idea of history, and in order to cut the matter at the root:

"Atatürk was not a historian." I replied.

Of course, this word was insolence for the general. His eyes widened:

"Atatürk knew ten times as much history as you do!" he said.

With this statement, the general had made me a rival to Atatürk. But the situation was not favourable for me to take a history test with Atatürk. In other words, even if we took an exam, he would ask me about the Mycenaean civilisation and I would ask him about Kür Şad and Yabgu Çiçi. We would not get along.

Furthermore, to be a rival of Atatürk, even in the field of history, i.e. to himself with him, was a mind-boggling task. Atatürk had established the independence of Turkey; the Greeks supported by Britain. What about me?

However, I had done no less: I defended myself against İsmet İnönü, who was supported by Hasan Âli and Falih Rıfki. Let the readers judge which was stronger...

When the honourable general said, "Atatürk knew ten times as much history as you do," I smiled and kept quiet. When I kept quiet, he opened up. He started to test me on history. When I answered, he was delighted:

- "You don't know half as much history as I do!"

He said. I smiled again; his audacity increased:

"What your artefacts?"

"The list of my works is written in the back of this book."

He "The Night of the Sycophants". He turned it over and read the first work:

- "Reply to Sarthead"

He asked:

- "Is this the Sart with ruins in Izmir?"

I was swallowing my little tongue... With this question, Mr General really proved to me that he knew twice as much history as I did. He couldn't understand from the title of the book that it couldn't be a city ruin, that a ruin couldn't be answered. How did this man become a lieutenant general, how in God's name?

This time I didn't just smile. I laughed. I told him who Sartbash was. Then he changed the subject.

- "You look like a determined young man! (pointing to a thick file with his hand) I have examined your file. You are a racist! Stop political activity! Engage in science! Don't arouse a movement against yourself in the country! Then the law will not be able to protect you."

honourable general was threatening me, in Turkish: "They will lynch you later, won't interfere".

At that moment, and because my life was safe in the martial law commander's office, my mind and eyes fell on the file. It was a fat file. Who knows what eulogies were in it for me: Racist, Turanian, fascist, unruly, negative, subversive, and so on and so forth... Of course, after these, there were other sins: He was married twice, he sent a telegram to Reşit Galibhad a picture of Hitler in his house he combed his hair like Hitler and so on...

- "Your Pasha! That file was created with the reports given by police officers who could not even read and write properly. I don't think it contains accurate information about me."

He shook his head. He smiled with the smile of all people who know all the mysteries:

-He said, "That's right, that's right."

Well, since he said it was true, of course it would be true. If what a regular lieutenant-general of the Republican army said was not true, would the word of a reservist be true?

I stood up, and the General was kind enough to do the same. As a matter of fact, in spirit and character, I was a soldier without a uniform, while he was nothing but a uniformed maverick.

If my acquaintance with martial law had been limited to this, perhaps I would have forgotten this and lost my bad impressions.

A second meeting was going to happen. And that like this:

Some of the students of Boğaziçi High School came to me one day and told me that a friend of theirs named "Doğan Aksoy" was spreading communist propaganda. Doğan was the son of one of the governors of the People's Party. He had been a student in one of the classes I had taught the year before. He was a very nice boy, a gloomy look. His mother had died and his father had married another woman. I think that the reaction of the stepmother drove him away first from his home, his neighbourhood, then from his father, and finally from the Turkish community to which his father belonged, and dragged him to communism, which is the opposite of Turkishness.

I asked the boys who broke the news:

- "Why didn't you inform the administration?"

- "Sir! His father is a friend of our high school principal. We're afraid he'll turn against us!"

- "I'll tell you if you want me to."

- "But you are obliged to say that you heard it from us."

- "Report to the police!"

- "When the police investigate the high school, we to come forward again."

- "Then wait and check on Dogan."

But the wait was not long. Doğan would say really inappropriate things, such as "When the Russian armies come here, you will all rot in communist dungeons!". Finally, the boys couldn't take it any longer and one night they beat Doğan up and, forgetting about the director and the administration, they reported the matter to the police. martial law was in force, the police reported the situation to him and investigations were initiated the martial law.

One day I summoned as a witness with a date, time and place to appear. As it was a military authority, I was at the summoned place on time. But when I was summoned to appear before the martial law judge, I was in a nervous state because of the long wait. The judge was a short, strange thing. After a while I learnt that he was a Thessaloniki convert.

I sat down where he showed me and a private came and asked to take my bag and hat. Since I disliked the service of soldiers to civilians, I refused this service and said, "Thank you, I'll keep it!"

This time the judge got involved:

- "Let him take it, sir, let him take it!"

I thought that the judge wanted to relieve me of this inconvenience because my bag and hat were inconveniencing me, and as I had said before, I wanted to be more courteous and surpass them in courtesy, since I had no face for courtesy.

The judge resisted again:

- "Let him have it, sir!"

So I resisted again:

- "Keep it, sir!"

It turned out that this cockroach-like martial law officer angry with me.

Suddenly he shouted:

- "Give it to me, sir! This is a court of law. Haven't you ever seen a court?"

I was also annoyed by the foolish abuse of my good intentionsI have just replied downstairs with the reaction of a long wait:

- "I've seen it, but I've never been kept waiting like this"

The cockroach was furious. He stood up and shouted:

- "Get out, you insolent man!"

I could have treated this tiny little man as a matchbox, but he was wearing a uniform and he was a martial law judge.

I came out of the room. The cockroach was shouting in the back:

- "Hold him!... Throw him in jail!..."

-I was hearing the word "detention centre" for the first time in my life. It was certainly not a good place for a cockroach to see me in. Fortunately, there was no detention centre in that building. We went down the stairs, me in front and the cockroach behind. Downstairs, in the room where I had been kept for a long time, I sat down on a chair. The judge stood in front of me and started shouting:

- "I great respect for your person. But you are not worthy of that honour!"

Here's another disaster for you: I've lost the cockroach's respect. But it didn't stop there, the cockroach started to ramble:

- "I've been trying to save you for days. How do you repay my kindness?"

I, thinking he was confusing me with someone else:

- "Why are you trying to save me? Im here as a witness, not as an accused."

- "Yes, but they call you fascists."

As a matter of fact, it was not a lie at all. If fascism meant -authoritarian state, -national consciousness, -national pride, -hostility to immorality and internationalism, -advanced nation, I could very well have been called a fascist. But since this word was then used in the sense of Italian and German supporters, Italian and German agents, the judge had said it in the hope that it would have many effects on me. I responded indifferently to this bright word:

- " believe me?"

This cockroach was a very strange man. Suddenly he started talking about himself. He was excited, almost shouting:

- "I am a martial law judge. I am obliged to learn everything and everyone. I have interrogated three governors so far..."

If I were the governor, I would have had this honourable man thrown out with the doorman. The People's Party care at all about carefully selecting men to be martial law judges. This ridiculous man in front of me was now talking about his three virtues. I heard the first one: He was very honourable... I was not aware of the other two. I have a strange habit, sometimes I think of something else while all hell is breaking loose in front of me. Especially if the person who tells me something does not arouse my interest, I do not hear a word of it, I live in my own world. This happened again. Because the converts of Thessaloniki, which consisted of 200 families, had been marrying among themselves for almost three hundred years, they had degenerated and degenerated, as medicine recognises for those who marry among relatives for a long time. Every convert was defective, crippled and abnormal. In fact, the nurses of the German hospital where our son was born, all of whom were specialists, told us that there were many deaths or abnormal births in the births of converted women.

With this last sentence, I have unwittingly given evidence that I am a fascist, but let's return to the main subject again, ignoring it because it has already happened once:

The cockroach was tired after a long lecture. To prove that he was a great man of law and jurisprudence: "I'm angry today. I can't listen to you. Maybe I will be unfair. Come back another day"

He was not going to pass judgement on me, but of course there was a subtlety of law that I could not understand.

I went again on the day he had appointed and this time I was not kept waiting. I found a hysterical, megalomaniacal man in front of me. I also learnt where the accusation of fascism came from: At Boğaziçi High School, a high school founded by Thessaloniki converts, there were many teachers who were also converts. Among them was the principal, Hıfzı Tevfik, who had become a Turk, who loved Turkishness, and who even said, when talking about another teacher who was a convert: "You don't know, what a pig he is from Thessaloniki"! There were also those who were really Jewish to the hog. The father of one of them had even applied to the Greek government to stay in Thessaloniki instead of coming to Turkey during the population change at the end of the War of Independence, claiming that they were not Turks and Muslims. My fascism came from the indoctrination of these friends. They were all related to each other, and so were cockroaches. Of course, the conversations in the Boğaziçi High School teachers' room were interpreted differently by the martial law judge. It's not like the judge was going to have mercy on me... After all, he was a convert... In other words, an ice-cold Jew. And a much darker Jew than the Jew we know. Undoubtedly, he also knew what I thought about Jews.

Now let me tell you a secret. Of course, this secret is one of the secrets of the era of the People's Party, I know it myself the whole world. The secret is this: When I am not talking seriously, I make jokes. But if sometimes jokes are taken for real, what my fault? When the Germans were attacking France, I honestly thought that the French men. It turned out that they were playing cards. Most of the teachers at Boğaziçi High School were Francophiles. They believed in French heroism, soldiering, patriotism and especially in the Majino Wall. French

In his daily orders, the commander-in-chief was almost begging his army, saying that the enemy was about to run out of breath, please hold on a little longer. Mümtaz Faik Fenik, my classmate from Kadıköy Sultanate, was praising France in his radio speeches, saying that there was a smooth withdrawal and there was absolutely no panic. Because he was an extraordinary joker, Mümtaz was either joking on the radio, or because he was not a great statej like me, he could not comprehend the military situation, and he thought that in order for there to be panic, one had to flee all the way to Madagascar. At that time, the magnitude of the German victory at Dönerk was not realised. The British could do nothing by retreating. It was thought that the Germans would be stopped at the Marr River, as in the First World War. At a time when such discussions were taking place, I dropped a bombshell. The Germans would take Paris on 15 June.

Won't they really enter Paris on the 14th of June? A few people: "How did you know?" they asked. "That's what they told me,I replied in a very indifferent manner.

France surrendered and lost all its honour. Then one of the French teachers made the following joke one day:

- "Sir, I'm a French teacher."

Then the German offensive in the Balkans began. A hope among the Francophiles: the Balkan mountains would be the grave of the Germans.

These men did not even have the simplest idea about war. They thought Balkan communists were soldiers. In all seriousness:

- "In three weeks there will be no Yugoslavia and Greece left on the map.My French prediction was correct, and Someone:

- "You're quite frightening," he said.

I had no particular sympathy for the Germans until they attacked Russia. They were on our borders. But on 22 June 1941, it was as if the Germans had become Turks. While they were advancing swiftly through Russia and destroying the hordes of Muscovites army by army, my soul, like all Turkic people, was rejoicing.

Since the Germans left no Jews wherever they entered, there was way they could be loved by the converts. That is why they did not like their victories in Russia, and that is where the rift between us arose.

That was the reason why I was denounced as a "fascist" by the martial law judge, a Thessaloniki convert. When the German withdrawal began there was no end their joy.

I had come here to tell what I knew about "Dogan Aksoy", but we spoke very little about him. Böcek pulled the policeman aside, praised himself and talked about his private conversation with General Fahrettin Altay: If the 6'4" tall General was actually taking this captain-like turncoat and having an opinion discussion with him, Turkey was doomed. That's what I thought at that moment.

The martial law judges, who were given great powers, were supposed to be mature, dignified and very correct people, but the mixing in of such rascals was to the detriment of the martial law, the government and the National Chief himself:

The National Chief! Thanks to you, our century was like paradise. According to the National Chief, the truth was what was in his own head. He did not hear anything else. In response to a question by İsmet İnönü, the commander of the corps, Sadık Aldoğan Pasha said: "The nation does not like the People's Party" is proof of how the National Chief turned a deaf ear to the truth and never comprehend the situation.

In 1944 there was to be another definitive acquaintance, but that was more than enough to make one realise what a castor's rag it was... This was as far as the martial law of the People's Party government could go.

It wasn't there was going to be a diba in the tripe cauldron...

MEETING

In 1926, we, the young people at that time, had opened a room called "Red Apple" in "Türkocağı", which was once a serious nationalist association. Young people who were not members of the January, especially school children, were to come to this room and be indoctrinated with Turkist ideas. The active part of the hearth was almost limited to this room. Hamdullah Suphi, who had no higher education but was good orator, would make speeches and often say the same things.

"Friends! The political borders between the Kyrgyz in Central Asia and the Turks in Anatolia do not separate . You can separate the trunks of trees in a forest by building a wall between them. But the branches above the wall and the roots under the soil embrace each other..."

Or:

- "Friends! From Danube to Sakarya, I have seen four wars, four muhajets..." and so on...

But where were you during those four wars? You were of military age. In which one of them did you pick up a gun and go to the front?

Hamdullah Suphi does not answer this question. Even if you ask him where the Kyrgyz live, he cannot answer that either. But what is the point? Is it necessary to know something in order to talk about it? If so, there would be a great silence in the world. In our Red Apple room, however, there would be exciting discussions.

It was here that I got to know Sabahattin Ali, who was a student at the Istanbul School of Male Education at the time. By the way, I should mention that this person's middle name was "Ali". It is not "Ali". However, his name is usually written and spelt as "Sabahattin Âli".

This general mistake arises from the fact that the public confuses "Hasan Âli" with "Sabahattin Ali" or thinks that they are related or even brothers.

Sabahattin Ali was a talkative, clownish and comical young man. His speech was always exaggerated and mixed with lies. He was also a poet. After all, who in our country is not a poet? The total number of poet candidates is always half a million more than the population of Turkey. Because tomorrow's citizens in the womb are also poet candidates.

Sabahattin Ali finished school. He went to teach in a village. When he returned to Istanbul during the holidays, I was a literature student at the Higher Teacher Training School. Orhan Şaik Gökyay, Nihat Sami Banarlı, Ziya Karamuk, Pertev Naili Boratav, Tahsin Banguoğlu, Ekrem Reşit and Kenan Hulusi were my classmates at the Faculty of Literature. Except for the last three, the others were in the same higher teacher training school.

Sabahattin Ali visited me once or twice and after his second visit he became friendly with all my friends. He was very chummy. He was in love with a girl in the philosophy department. But this love was not unheard of. Maybe even İsmet İnönü heard it. Because Sabahattin Ali was a chatterbox, a chatterbox, a blabbermouth. I believe that this indiscretion played a role in his murder while fleeing to Bulgaria.

Although he was intelligent and hardworking, he was very weak in spirit. He laughed at the sense of morality and honour. He used to call those who died for homeland and honour and went down in history as "Lâyemut suckers". The fact that he took (Ali), which means foolish and golden, as his surname is probably the result of his favouring honour and reputation rather than originality.

He wanted to be something. Like all weak-willed people, he was always ready to descend in order to rise.

At that time, it was decided to send students to Germany to learn German language and literature and to become German teachers upon their return. An exam was organised. Sabahattin Ali participated, won, and went to Germany.

That's where the tragedy that ruined his life began. It turned out that he had some habits. The Hitler regime, which was very harsh against such habits, expelled Sabahattin Ali from Germany. He returned to Turkey. Of course, we were not yet aware of such things, we welcomed him and brought him to the Higher Teacher Training School.

"Higher Teacher Training School", as it was then called, "Higher Teacher Training School" is a hotel? What the hell is a hotel? It was something like a lodge. Any student would bring a witness at night, feed him/her, and put him/her to sleep in one of the empty beds. Every night, there was always someone who had not returned to school. When I woke up one morning, I saw a stranger in our dormitory (there were dormitories for 4-10 students), and I marvelled that this stranger, who got dressed a little later, was a cadet.

We brought Sabahattin Ali to our dervish lodge, but it wasn't going to end with a one night stay. Because he had been expelled and was penniless. The school principal at the time was Hamit Ongunsu. You know, the 30-year old professor who was an ordinary professor but had not written a single work, a , marvellously original professor...

One of us, I think Pertev Naili, told him. agreed to let Sabahattin Ali sleep, eat and drink at the school. Hamit Ongunsu was very fond of protecting such rivets.

Sabahattin Ali laid the fleece in the tekke. We took him into our dormitory. In fact, he didn't swear; he made us laugh for months.

We asked him about the case in Germany and he told us a story of chivalry: He said that he had beaten a German boy who called Turks barbarians. It was a little difficult to believe these stories of a coward like Sabahattin. But we thought that perhaps his presence in a foreign country had stirred his patriotic veins. He was also aware of our suspicion. He reinforced the story of his victory by inventing another tale: Germans were at that time reading about Suleiman the Magnificent's magnificent and majestic expedition to Germany. Under the influence of this story, they had not been able to get the better of Sabahattin Ali all at once.

When Sabahattin Ali was speaking, we did not pay attention to the share of truth in his words, but only to their humour, so we did not pay attention to the inconceivable incongruity of the Germans equating him with the heroic soldiers of the army of Suleiman the Magnificent. It turned out that there was something to it, but did we know?

From now on, a period of levity had begun for him. He was travelling here and there and, worse still, he was in contact with Nazım Hikmet. What happened to all weak and unsatisfied people eventually to Sabahattin Ali: He blamed the society for the disaster, turned against it and attacked the values that sustained it. Since he was hostile to the society, he would of course be hostile to those who were in charge of it. For this reason, he wrote a poem satirising the President and ministers. From the satire he read to us:

I remembered the couplet "Is İsmet not in jail yet, has Bald Ali been called to account yet?". "İsmet here is İsmet İnönü, the prime minister of the time, and Bald Ali is Ali Çetinkaya, Minister of Public Works and President of the Independence Court.

He was also looking for a favour. Finally he found what he was looking for. He had spent 14 in Germany, where he had gone for a four-year education, and although he did not know German well enough to be a teacher, he managed to get himself appointed as a German teacher at Konya Secondary School thanks to his torpil. Because of this habit, he read his satire to everyone there and was eventually denounced and imprisoned; he was dismissed from teaching. When he came out of prison, he had become a communist in every sense of the word.

Nevertheless, he still applied to the Ministry of Education to become a teacher. Hikmet Bayur, the minister at the time: "We cannot give you a job unless you prove to us that you have changed your old convictions". In order to show that he had changed his mind, he published a poem entitled "My love" in the 13th issue of "Varlık" magazine dated 15 January 1934. It consists of four quatrains:

In short: I gave my heart to the great Gazi

In my chest now only his love.

With this poem(!), Sabahattin Ali changed his mind and Hkmet Bayur accepted that he had changed his mind. They reassigned him to a post. It was a good game of governmentalism. I guess there was a "wisdom of government" that I did not understand. Ah, these wisdoms!... What marvellous wisdoms they are...

After that, I saw Sabahattin very rarely. Every time we met, we had long discussions and things grew a little colder between us. He was convinced that the world was heading towards communism and that one day he would definitely become a communist. Or he seemed to believe it. He had now joined the "literary communists". In other words, he was propagandising communism through stories and novels, and he was using all the known methods and tactics of communists to create class struggle in the country. Finally, in 1939, he finally revealed the wisdom that was inside and out. With his novel "The Devil Inside Us", he ruined nationalism by introducing politics into art. In his novel, he his character by showing that people who appeared to be nationalists were all agents of foreign states. When this novel, which was published in the newspaper Ulus, the organ of the People's Party and by Falih Rifki, was published as a book, I was warned, I read it. In July 1940, I responded to the pamphlets titled "Devils in Our Interior" and offered Sabahattin Ali a fight. I was very angry. When I was angry, I could do anything.

Let us pause here for a moment. In one of his speeches in the National Assembly, İsmet İnönü said, "If I get angry, there is nothing I would not do". So, we have a similar habit. That's what I don't like. I apologise to the members of the People's Party, but resembling the National Chief even in the most insignificant things makes me . If this was the era of the People's Party, my opinion would have been considered treason and I would have been taken to court. Now we have democracy. I can think as I want, like or hate what I want.

It was during Hasan Âli's tenure as Deputy Minister of Education Sabahattin Ali's star shone brightly. Although this star was a comet like the star of the People's Party, had the effect of a real star for a while. Hasan Âli probably the curiosity to make a professor out of his grey hairs.

The National Chief, who was very keen on concerts and played the cello himself, often came to the conservatory and Sabahattin Ali. But the compliments turned him on and he was invited to banquets by the Russian Embassy. The end was obvious: Sabahattin, who was protected and supported by Hasan Âli, Falih Rifki and the National Chief against me and against us, the Turkists, was killed at the border while fleeing to Bulgaria.

May his earth be rich...

I MEET HASAN

One night when I was at the Higher Teacher Training School, Pertev Naili took me to Hasan Âli's house; we met. He was Pertev's teacher from high school. The impression I got from this first meeting was this: Hasan Âli, for some reason, did not like Köprülüzada. Since, like all students, I could not put my finger on the teacher, Hasan Âli's words against Köprülü and his science a negative effect on me. He did not say this openly, he was a bit subtle.

At the time, I attributed it to a scientific jealousy, because Hasan Âli was also enamoured of the history of literature. It turned out that jealousy was not scientific, but unscientific!...

On a second occasion there was a quarrel between us. Because Hasan Âli had intervened in my field of specialisation and had spoken about military service. He wanted a very democratic military service and was against militarism. He did not realise that the army was the only place where democracy could not enter. The discussion was polite, but I was a little offended in my heart, because when he spoke with disdain about the soldiers who died blindly, it seemed to me that he was insulting the martyrs.

After I became an assistant at the Institute of Turcology in 1931, we used to come and meet from time to time. The other assistant, Abdülkadir İnana, would ask Professor Caferoğlu about furniture.

He grew up in a lodge. There were Tekke poets. But like many others, he interfered with the new language and history. Since he was a philosopher, he should have stayed in that field. Why was he interfering in the history of literature and Turkish language? When I see those who interfere in what they don't know as if they know, I get on a gin horse.

And then we :

This is the first condition of love,

Believing in Majnun and Layla

Mr Hasan Âli joined the class of revolutionaries one day, and he was loyal to nothing but Atatürk and İnönü. he doesn't believe.

At that time, revolutionaries were told to "walk, my servant". They marched Hasan Âli too. His star shone. I mean his comet...

One day I realised that Hasan Âli had published a book called "A collective view of Turkish literature"? I read it at once. Would you die or kill me? To tell you the truth, I was saddened on his behalf by the lines he scribbled in order to curry favour with the times.

What about those exorbitant mistakes?... For example, he was talking about Oghuz Khan's brother. Where did he get this non-existent brother from? What more, what more...

So until now he had overestimated himself to me. I thought he was a man who knew Turkish literature, but it turned out he knew nothing. He didn't even know what he didn't know.

We said we belonged to the Nizâm-ı Alem crew. I immediately tried to discipline Hasan Âli. I published an article in Orhun titled "Alayyılı scholars". Did this help? That is another matter... My starting point this: Not confronting the wrongdoers with their wrongdoings leads to the continuation of wrongdoings. Some become spoilt, some become crazy. In the end, the nation suffers. I think the only part of the meat of the bird called democracy that can be eaten is this "criticism" side.

Hasan Âli should have thanked me for teaching him many things. This was what was expected from a gentleman like him who had been the chairman of the People's Party. But he still has not fulfilled this thank you.

His article, "Scholars with sarcasm" appeared in the fifth issue of Orhun dated 21 March 1934. To tell you the truth, I had hit Hasancı very hard, knocked him out. I had made him unable to move by pointing out 18 gross inaccuracies. For example, he was talking about Hun literature in the sixth century. For example, he was saying that Oghuz Khan was in a relationship with his brother. He confused "Türkü" with "Koşma" and made transcriptions in "Varsağı". These transcriptions were enough to make all Turkish language experts swoon. Perhaps Hasan Âli was the reason why there were no philology professors among the local Turks. It is known that one of the two distinguished philology professors of our university, namely Caferoğlu Ahmet, was Azerbaijani; the other, Raşit Rahmi Arat, was from Kazan. The locals joined and left in between. In fact, Ahmet Caferoğlu has not yet become an ordinary professor because he came to Turkey earlier and married a local woman (or even women) and got used to eating olive oil.

With this "collective gaze" Hasan Âli gathered all eyes on him, but he could not erect a monument in the field of literature.

The real damage of this work of his was done to "Osman Reser". Who is he, you ask? He is a German Jew who converted to Islam. He was born in Stuttgart, Germany, grew up as Oskar Rescher, interested in Arabic literature, came to Turkey, stayed for years, and served as a sergeant in the German army during the First World War. The reason for Germany's defeat in the first war was the presence of such sergeant.

Anyway, after the war Oskar Rescher came here again and worked on Arabic texts, or rather, he did not work on them himself, but others did. At that time, the late İsmail Saip Hodja was the foremost Arabic scholar in the world. Everyone, local and foreign, used to go to him to learn everything. He would not refuse any help, every one would learn something.

Rescher, being a Jew, had found a way to harvest the fruits of this great tree on his own account and was with him day and night. When the hat revolution took place in Turkey and İsmail Saip Hodja refused to wear it, he left his chair of History of Arabic Literature at İstanbul Darülfün. He took the position of director of the Bayezit Library and did not leave the library until his death. Rescher also the skin there.

They brought Rescher to the chair opened by İsmail Saip Hoca. The blame for this belongs to Köprülüzade Fuad. Because he also had a strange habit: He liked everything that came from Europe. Among the Europeans, he did not like only Professor Babinger, because Babinger wrote that Köprülüzade Fuad was not really a member of the Köprülü family but from the Kibleli family.

This Rescher also became our teacher at Darülfünunda. You can appreciate the degree of our inspiration.

He started his Muslim faith by fasting. Since he could not understand any Arabic poem on his own, he always applied to İsmail Saip Hodja, laboured for hours, and thus taught us what he had learnt, in other words, he could not teach us anything.

Out of respect for Hodja, who fasted during Ramadan, Rescher also started fasting. I don't know whether he did it as a worship or an economic business, but he must have liked it so much that he finally became a Muslim. His original name was Oskar, but he changed it to Osman. He did not change his surname. He only dropped the "sch" which is written with three letters in German as "sch" and started to write it as Reşer with Turkish spelling. Of course, this was not out of love for Turks, but because it was an economical process that consumed less ink.

İsmail Saip Hodja showed great affection cats and kept dozens of them. Reşer followed the same path. He had cats from various parts of the city. He feeds them with some old and crazy women by giving them allotments, and he feasts every cat he sees on the road from the ready-made food in his bag, regardless of whether it is mangy or lame.

It was this Reşer who translated Hasan Âli's work "A collective view of Turkish literature" into German during his tenure as Minister of Education. He printed only 30-40 copies of all his works and sent them to Hasan Âli as a sample, whether he thought that the Ministry of Education would buy hundreds of copies or what, there was probably an economic aspect to it, but he received only dry thanks and of course lot of air...

So Hasan Âli had learnt a good lesson from me, although he had not done his duty of thanks, but he understood the real value of his work.

The fact that Mr Yücel was knocked out in the first round, or that he hit the button in thirty seconds, was reminiscent of the blow Ali Emiri had dealt to Köprülü Fuad in the past. Master Köprülü had written an article on the famous poet of the sixteenth century, "Bâki", and the late Ali Emiri had hit him by pointing out his mistakes in almost every sentence, and the master's voice was silent before Ali Emiri died. However, Köprülü worked hard and became a great scholar a well-known professor even though he did not know German or English. After all, he was a wise man. He knew how to take lessons from the calamities.

I expected the same from Hasan Âli's intellect. Although he had philosophical mind that could find a way out of everything, he disappointed my hopes. Even though he says that he is "zero", this is the word of a modesty that wants to get rid of burdens. Hasan Âli cannot be called "zero". He is at least "half". But after all, he should not have disappointed my hopes. While I was expecting him to compose works, he took the easy way out and had others translate them.

However, time has not passed. He is still 60 years old. When he visited Judaism, the president or prime minister or told him that he was still young and could return to politics. Although Hazrat is now walking with a slightly bent back, in other words with a bent waist, this is not due to his old age, but to his humility. you know, Hasan Âli is a Mevlevi. Mevlevi are humble.

But Hasan Âli did not show this humility towards me even though I was his honorary teacher. Look how he responded:

When I was accused of opposing the spirit of the Revolution because I criticised the history textbook taught in high schools and was taken under the Ministry's command, the Minister of Education was Hikmet Bayur, who did not have a good view of education, and the Director General of Secondary Education was Hasan Âli. As a matter of fact, my being kept away from teaching literature is always a loss for the country. No matter how little my knowledge was (let it not be forgotten that it was more than Hasan Âli's), at least I was reminding the students that they were Turks, that we were a great nation and that today was temporary. You will say that everyone does this. Now, is there any point in making people laugh for no reason?

Since this situation attracted the attention of those who knew me closely, attempts were made to get me reinstated in the public high schools.

Besim Atalay made the first attempt. He went to Saffet Arıkan, the Deputy Minister of Education, praised me and persuaded him to allow me to be admitted to an official high school again. I learnt this from a telegram I received from Abdülkadir İnan. Abdülkadir İnan was an assistant with me at the Turkiat Institute. He was a Bashkir Turk. He was a very good person, a cultured and hardworking friend. Later he was taken to the Language Institute as an expert and became a professor at the Faculty of Language, History and Geography in Ankara. Since Besim Atalay, who was the MP for Kütahya, was also working at the Language Institution, Abdülkadir learnt the job from him and sent a telegram.

He was congratulating me. My sister-in-law (i.e. my wife), who had been a loyal citizen of Turkey even when I was an independent state, also congratulated me with joy and was surprised at my prudence when I replied: "I do not believe before I start my duty".

The next day I received a letter from Abdülkadir İnan. He gave details about Besim Atalay's initiative and invited me not to be aggressive from now on. I learnt from the letter that my decree about to be signed and sent. My honourable brother's trust in me had increased completely upon this letter and he started to give me advice as if he was the ambassador of the Republic of Turkey to me. Obviously, he did not realise that "advice" was an object given by everyone, but not taken by anyone. While he was giving advice, the next day Hasan Âli became the Deputy Minister of Education. This was how the deputies used to change shifts during the People's Party. Apparently, it was Hasan's turn from Saffet and on 28 December 1933, he took his turn to wait for education.

But what would you like Mr Hasan to do as his first act? Wouldn't he stop my transfer to the public high school? Since the deputies and so on were dealing with me in the first place, it means that I was an important person in their eyes. Those who were in charge of the whole state must have known something, because they were dealing with me. Otherwise, if I were not so important, they have prioritised my "issue" above all other issues? In other, the People's Party, too, recognised me as an independent state, but since it did not consider me a friend, perhaps fearing an invasion, it was always cautious towards me.

He's just my brother-in-law who saw snow falling on the mountains he trusted:

- "From whom did you learn this prudence?"

-I replied, "From Temür the Accidental..." and I prayed for his mercy.

Hasan Âli gave me a brilliant reply to my article "Scholars of the Alalay". I did not tell anyone, but I congratulated him in my heart.

The unnaturalness of my not being an official teacher was glaring to many friends. After Hasan Âli became a minister, they made attempts to make me an official teacher. These are the ones that remain in my memory: The late Şerafeddin Yalıtıkaya, Orhan Şaik Gökyay, Kamil Su, Uzunçarşılıoğlu İsmail Hakkı, the late Fethi Okyar...

was only aware of Orhan Şaik Gökyay's initiative. The others were made without informing me and I was informed after the rejection. The initiative of Fethi Okyar, whom I did not meet, was made at the suggestion of the late Dr Rıza Nur.

Hasan Âli did not say "No, no" to them. He was only saying this:

- "Yes, sir, yes. But because he wrote against the Historical Society, he was placed under the order of the Ministry. Let him write a letter to me and give the institution a dressing down, that's enough..."

Look at Hasan Âli!... I didn't know he was such a joker. The book I had criticised at the risk of being taken under the order of the Ministry of Education was no longer taught in schools. No one said to me: "Well done, you were right", but everything I had criticised had disappeared from the cultural market. From then on, discoveries such as "Long live our glorious ancestors, the Eli's" or "Aka Turks" or "Eko Turks" were forgotten and history books were taken seriously. It was under these circumstances that Hasan Âli wrote me a two-line letter of appreciation, saying, "Dear Aziz! You were right. I apologise"? If he had done this, would he have lost his values or would they have increased? On the contrary, on the contrary, he made a joke of it and tried to ask me for a favour. And on behalf of a third party, a spiritual person, the Historical Society... I think Hasancı was afflicted with the disease of grandiosity and thought that he was the Historical Society.

I've heard many stories about people who think they're something other than what they are. One of them is very nice. The story is as follows: A very smart, tidy man had a tiny anarmole. He thought he was wheat. After long treatment in the hospital, he finally realised that he was not wheat, but a man, and he said goodbye to the doctors and left, joking that he once thought he was wheat. But before a few minutes had passed, they saw him running back, out of breath, and asked him what he had come for. Excitedly: "Chicken". The doctors, saddened to see that their long labour had been in vain, said: "I thought you knew now that you were a man and not wheat" they asked. The man's answer was: "I know, but let's see if the chicken knows too."

Hasan Âli undoubtedly knew that he was not an "Institution", but he wanted this style because was not sure that others knew this. Of course, this philosophical joke.

Otherwise, he did not know that a person who calls black black and white white would not be asked to pay a fee. Or it was known to him that he would be a member of the Historical Society in the future and he was already defending the Society.

Let me also say that I am not at all pleased that Hasan Âli became a member of the Historical Society. I don't know if there is a subconscious jealousy in my subconscious that he became a member and I couldn't, but I find Hasan Âli's being a member of the Institution contrary to Turan's constitution while there are history celebrities such as Zeki Velidi, Akdes Nimet, Faruk Sumer, etc. I think he should have been subjected to an examination by me at least. For example, if I ask Hasan Âli who was the first ruler of the Ottoman dynasty, can he answer? Does he realise which dynasty ruled in Turkey? Can he list the main sources of Ottoman history? Look, I am still in the Ottomans, what if I go back a little further?

But he can rest assured: When he was the Deputy Minister of Education and I was a teacher, I invited him to resign, but I am not going to make the same offer now when neither of us is anything. Especially in 1961 or 1963, when he was

If this is not possible, let the People's Party come to power in 1969, and if this is not possible, let the People's Party come to power in 1973, and let Hasan Âli again become the Deputy Minister of Education or the Grand Vizier, then he will suffer from me...

But I think I will not be able to challenge him in 1973. For one thing, I think my life will not be long enough. Furthermore, the rumoured judgement of Mr İnönü about Hasan Âli is not encouraging at all. If the rumour is true, İnönü said the following: "I was wrong in my prediction about two people. I thought that if we fell from power, Hasan Âli would remain loyal and Falih Rifki would leave us. My prediction turned out to be completely opposite..."

Although Mr İnönü was wrong in all his predictions, the issue is not that, but the fact that the doors of prosperity were closed for Hasan Âli. Now it is clear why Mr Yücel was transferred from the tactical advisor of the People's Party to the aesthetic advisor of İsbank, isn't it?

There is also a tragic side of the matter: Mr İnönü took Yücel's future ministerial post, but at one time during the time of our racists, that same Yücel used to say "Anyone who does not like İsmet İnönü cannot be a Turk". God protected him. Had it been Eşref Saatate, the Turkish race would have been wiped off the face of the earth with this aphorism, but that is not what I want to say, what I really want to say is that the relations between great historical figures occasionally show such ultrahomic fluctuations.

MEETING REHA OĞUZ

Until now, I have always talked about the heroes of the other side. However, there were heroes on our front who were not inferior to them. Not telling about them would be both unfair to them and a betrayal against history. Heroes must be recorded in history. The duty of an impartial historian is to be faithful to the historical method and to see the events with an objective view....

Of course, it will immediately be claimed that I am not impartial; my readers can rest assured that I am impartial and I do not write all that I know. If I wrote it all, the world would move. I don't think it is right to move the world, one... Because it has already moved, it cannot bear any more.

What I have written may be the law as proof two...

And there is a third reason: I am ashamed at the expense of others.

The world is full of people who have drunk thousands of kinds of milk. Every human being has also drunk cow's milk to a greater or lesser extent. That is to say, every human being has a mother and a cow's milk mother. Of course, every cow has an ox brother. This means that every human being also has an ox uncle. Isn't it understandable why people act beyond intelligence and humanity? Every human being is the nephew of an ox. They say that a boy is like an uncle and a girl is like an aunt. Probably some people are too much like their milk uncles. This is the cause of the world's unrest.

I am uneasy when people fall so low, whether it is because of their own creation or because they take after their milk uncles; I loathe the world.

There are prostitutes who talk of honour. There are those who have sold their conviction and pen, they talk about conscience. There are profiteers, they speak of virtue. There are those with double passports, shouting for homeland. There are palikarians, heroism. Some people of goodwill believe in all of these. Come and live in peace among these people.

You will say, "Where did these philosophies come from? The associations take you such high ideas. The ascent is nice, but there is also the descent to the truth, which is the enemy... Let's come back to our subject:

There is a Reha Oğuz Tükkan, who was once one of us, then returned, moved away from his homeland without doing his military service, settled in America and became an American citizen, and it is an obligation to mention him because he has an important place in this case.

Some people will say where did this strange saying come from? Although I am a Gok Turk from the era of "Kül Tegin", I also Ottoman from time to time. I use Ottoman written language. There are few mistakes in the Ottoman phrase above, but how will today's youth, who speak Armenian with "me" and "you" and call Galatasaray "Gaasaray" and Beşiktaş "Beştaş", understand it? Today's young people are more concerned with "training" than with such matters of opinion, and they shout on trains and ferries in honour of their team, which won against the "Hungarians, who played tremendously on the ground" with the goal of their national hero Lefter.

Let us come back to Reha Oğuz Türkkkan. Mister Reha Oğuz Türkkkan (perhaps now Türkkkeyn) is now 43 years old. He is the middle son of Halit Ziya Türkkkan, the former General Director of Cadastre. He graduated from Ankara Law School. The story of our acquaintance, which is inevitably long, is as follows:

One day in the summer of 1938, a young man who came to my house in Maltepe and introduced himself as "Orhan Türkkkan" said that he wanted to meet with me. I said let's meet. He handed me a piece of paper he took out of his pocket and asked, "Do you still hold this opinion?" I looked at the paper. I looked at the paper. It was the last stanza of one of my poems that had once appeared in *Atsız Mecmua*:

Hey mate! I am also an enthusiastic sailor on this path;

We are with you... Here is my hand in your hand

Let's laugh together in this life with you

Death, sorrow, blizzard, snow...

Although I didn't like this "trick" at all, as I don't like actorly behaviour: "Yes! I still think so," I replied.

The young man in front of me said, "Then we can talk" and opened his bag. He took out some papers and started to explain. He said that they were going to publish a Turkist magazine, that they had established an association to spread Turkism, and that they wanted me to write an article.

I asked what kind of an association it was, who was involved, who else was involved. He informed me that their association was secret, that had about eighty members and the name of their president: Avni Motun.

It was the first time I'd ever heard the name. It could have been any of them. But a young man who had just seen me talking about a secret society... I was going to say it couldn't have happened, but it did.

I asked him who these eighty people were, and he replied that they were young people from higher education and high schools in Ankara.

Until the events of 1944, I had a nature that believed in people. "In 1944, after I realised that people were neither Indian cloth nor American nylon, and that they were as small as the microbes called big men, my belief changed. Now if they say, "The camel has chewed the cud," I don't believe it, because people chew the cud.

Orhan Türkkan was pleasing me by talking about Turkism and strange by calling it a secret association. "Turkism" was the ideal of the Turks, the way of salvation. It was a legitimate behaviour in every respect. Then why was it secret? I asked him:

- "To publish a magazine, you need an editorial director who has a higher education (at that time). Where will you find him?"

Upon my question, he told me that Fevziye Abdullah, a literature teacher at Ankara High School, had taken over the editorship. I knew Fevziye Abdullah. She was a very modest, reclusive and reserved teacher who devoted herself to science. By the way, let me inform the Deputy Minister of Education, Mr Celal Yardımcı, that this Fevziye Abdullah was a scholar who should have been made a professor, not left in high school. She is the greatest expert on literature of the Tanzimat era and after. It would be a great service to the country and to our literature if Mr Celal Yardımcı uses his authority and power to appoint her directly to the professorship of this chair. Fevziye Abdullah cannot be appointed to this chair through an examination. Because there is no one who can put her to the test. She can teach those who will test her for many more years.

You will ask me how I know these virtues of Fevziye Abdullah. I'll tell you that too:

When I was an assistant at the Türkiyat Institute, Fevziye Abdullah was a literature student. Since our master Köprülüzade was busy with important scientific discoveries, "completely unaware" of Barthold, he would often not come to class, but would phone and say, "Nihâl, you watch the lectures". That's when I got to know Fevziye Abdullah. He was serious and hardworking. She would not leave a point she did not understand without learning it. These systematic studies did not delay in yielding their fruits. The books and articles she published after her graduation are the most excellent ones written on those subjects. Some of his works became doctoral theses and associate professorship theses. Among today's professors, there are few whose works are in his calibre. For this reason, I consider it a matter of national interest that he be appointed to the chair of Turkish literature of the last age.

If Mr Yardımcı does not accept this proposal, let me inform him that this be the first thing I will do if I become the Deputy Minister of Education one day. They will say, "Can you also become the Deputy Minister of Education?" Why not? Why not? Why shouldn't I be the Deputy Minister of Education after İsmet İnönü becomes President?

When the name of Fevziye Abdullah, who was so serious, was implicated in something that did not seem so serious, I asked whether she was also a member of the secret association and received a negative answer. In short, these many inconsistent statements revived my suspicions.

When Orhan Türkkan saw that I was sceptical about him and his words, he changed his tactics. He said that they had taken national inspiration from Atsız Mecmua and Orhun, which I had published in the past, and that the Ergenekon they would publish follow the path of Atsız Mecmua and Orhun. Then he told me about their programme. It was something like "Muhayyeleat-ı Aziz Efendi". Hundreds of works would be written in the fields of philosophy, social sciences, spirituality, history, poetry, novels, politics, etc...

Finally, reached the goal of our long dialogue: He asked me for an article. I told him that I didn't know them yet and that I needed to see their magazine in order to submit an article:

- "Can we publish your old poems that were published in Atsız Mecmua in our magazine?" he asked. I said, "You can." The interview ended.

After a while, I received a card from one of the European cities. It bore the signature "Reha Oğuz Türkkan". Reha was the brother of Orhan Türkkan who came to me. After he returned to Ankara from Europe, where he had gone for eye treatment, he started to write letters, to give explanations about Ergenekon and to talk about how they were preparing to work for Turkism. He was also talking about the secret association and big plans. However, I realised that both the secret association and Avni Motun, who was introduced as its president, were fictitious, because at that time nobody knew the name "Motun", which was a more correct pronunciation of the name of the well-known Kun Yabgusu "Metem", except a few Turcomanists. It was Hüseyin Namık Orkun who insisted on this, and it was obvious that Reha Oğuz Türkkan, who had been in contact with Hüseyin Namık and tried to obtain his writings, had learnt this name from him and created a mysterious personality by adding it to the end of an imaginary Avni. The aim to attract the attention of young people by creating a mysterious atmosphere and to speak on Avni Motun's behalf by taking his absolute authorisation.

On 10 November 1938, the first issue of the monthly magazine "Ergenekon" was published. In this first issue, an old poem of mine was published with the signature "Bozkurt". Since I had not authorised them to change my signature, I immediately broke their marks for this action. I received a zero.

You'll say what happened when they got zero. Nothing! But it's not nothing. This "nothing" is the end of everything. It is impossible not to remember the famous Ottoman story here. The story is this:

A man came and sat in the vizier's office. When the vizier saw him, he asked half in amazement and half in anger:

Who are you?

The man answered the question with a question in a very indifferent manner:

Who are you?

The vizier was surprised, replied:

My queen!

And then ?

I'll be a two-brick vizier!

And then?

Then I'll be Grand Vizier!

What will you be after that?

The vizier was surprised. Because there is no object he will be after the grand vizierate.

"Nothing," he replied. Then the other smiled:

You'll nothing after years of work. I'm already nothing. Do you realise who I am now?

While I was giving zeros, Reha Oğuz Türkkân was busy with things that would prove that he was worthy of being the deputy foreign minister of the "United World State". For example, when people asked him, "Was Atsız also a member of this secret society?" he would say "Yes", but when they asked him, "He says he does not know about such a thing", he would reply, "He is not a graduate, he cannot say that". In his letters to me, he sometimes referred to "Orhan Türkkân" as "my younger brother" and sometimes as "my older brother". Maybe they did not know which one of them was the eldest, or they had not yet decided which one of them would be considered the eldest, since and youngest are relative. But would they wait for their decision? Here my scepticism increased. Just at this time I received a letter from Ziya Özkaynak in Ankara. Özkaynak was talking about some childish behaviour and plans of Reha Oğuz. However, these were so many that they would lead one into trouble for no reason, and just as the fox loses his hide until he explains his foxiness, one could die of natural death until it was proved that these were childish behaviours. When I heard about these things, I wrote a stern letter to him, advising him to give up this kind of behaviour, otherwise I would not even allow my old poems to be published in his magazines and I would not recommend his magazines to anyone.

He replied with a letter, which I have reproduced below, and said that he would soon come to Istanbul to meet me. In the summer months of 1939, Reha Oğuz was able to meet me. Since Reha Oğuz corresponded more with my brother Nejdet Sançar than with me, he wanted to see me through him.

Here, when it comes to my brother Nejdet Sançar, it will be necessary to open a parenthesis again. One may ask why I do not go on the same subject without interruption, why I sometimes deviate in this way. Who knows, perhaps I am imitating Mevlana's Mesnevi. 't his work made up of intertwined tales? Those who do not tolerate these deviations of mine, what will they say about the deviations of some great politicians? It is seen that my answers to the criticisms are ready. For this reason, let me again turn my attention to Nejdet Sançar and explain an incident that jeopardised the rule of the People's Party in the 1944 trial:

Nejdet Sançar is my own brother. In other words, he is my maternal and paternal brother. And he is 5 years, 4 months, 11 days younger than me. I was born on 12 January 19052, he was born on 1 May 1910. Let those who are strong in maths calculate whether our age difference is correct or not.

So, why do we have the same surname if we are the same brother and sister? The People's Party was sceptical about this. What was the secret purpose of having different surnames? Were we going to take over the government bloodlessly with a sudden coup from the centre? Or were we going to pretend that we were not brothers and implement other unthinkable plans? It would be useful to answer this question here.

First of all, let me say that I am not in need of a surname bestowed upon me by the state; let the degenerates think about that. The Surname Law adopted by the state, that is, the then People's Party, was wrong. Because in Turks, the surname comes before the name, not after it. This is the structure of the language. Putting surname at the end because we want to be like Europeans is the product of a sense of inferiority that has been imprinted in the subconscious. We are not Europeans at all. We are ice-cold Asians and above all, we are Turks... Do you understand, monsieur? Being European is not a virtue and being Asian is not a defect. Don't forget that Albanian is European but Japanese is Asian.

Ninety-five per cent of Anatolian Turks had surnames when the Surname Law was enacted in Turkey, and these surnames often ended with "son". Çapanoğlu Ahmet, Kadioğlu Mehmet, Göcenoğlu, etc.

Mizrakoğlu, etc... There were plenty of such surnames in our history: Osmanoğlu Murat, Aydınoğlu Umur, Karamanoğlu İbrahim and others... Now, was there any point in leaving these names, which were customary and appropriate to the structure of the language, and saying İbrahim Karamanoğlu, Murat Osmanoğlu? There was not, but it happened...

As for us: Our real surname is "Çiftçioğlu". We originated from the village of Midi in Dorul district of Gümüşhane province. In Midi, which is now a village of 8 houses, there is no one left from the Çiftçioğlu dynasty. Some of them migrated to the villages of Yozgat province, and a more unfortunate part, our family, settled in İstanbul. We inherited racism from our ancestors in the village. Because the history of Çiftçioğulları begins with the destruction of Greek monastery near where they lived.

This surname "Çiftçioğlu" was not written on our population papers. Because in the past, surnames were not written, religion and sect were written. When the Surname Law was enacted, my father and I were in different places. Nejdet Sançar was doing his military service. The text of the Surname Law was not published in daily newspapers. So-called summaries were published, and these were verumtada incorrect. For example, it was written that surnames ending with "son" would not be taken. Historical surnames were also not allowed.

Since I've always signed my articles "Atsız", I chose this as my surname. I applied on the last day. Officer:

"You can't take Atsız as a surname," cut me off.

"Why?"

"Historic name!"

We were up against a learned officer. What was I supposed to do? I had to prove I was smarter than him. And I did:

- "The historical one is Anonymous with a "d". Mine is spelt with a "t"!"

At my pedantry, the officer was appalled:

"Ha!.... Then that's fine," he replied.

My brother registered his surname through the military unit to which he belonged. I think that was left to the last days. He thought of "Sançar".

My father, again under the influence of the newspapers, thought that he would not be able to take the surname "Çiftçi" and told the officer "My surname will be Çiftçi". The officer looked at the list: "This name is taken, find another one". According to the Surname Law, two different families could not have the same surname in one registry office. At that time, my father close to sixty and tired of life. He said to the officer:

"I ask you: please finish this job today by adding something like "self", er" or man" at the beginning or end"

Apparently, in the era of the People's Party, there were some decent officials. To my father:

"Write a petition", replied "Hayhay" without any wisdom. My father's surname was registered as "Özçiftçi".

Fortunately, the People's Party did not know that my father also had a different surname. Otherwise, who knows what kind of peace would have been disturbed and what kind of measures would have been taken...

Now that we have settled the surname issue, let's return to Reha Oğuz Tükkan.

In the summer of 1939, Nejdet Sançar İstanbul from Sivas and started to stay in our mansion in Maltepe. It was at this time that met him through letters and came home. He was a , dark, bespectacled young man.

I asked him about Avni Motun. He told me this story: Avni Motun was his maternal relative. He them the first love of Turkism. In fact, it was Avni Motun who gathered 80 young people in an association and instilled Turkism in them. However, he did not come into contact with all of these young people, he only met with six of them. These six people would teach the lessons they learnt from him to the others. There was a great discipline between them. Young people had great trust in Avni Motun. But two years ago Avni Motun died. The six people who were personally in contact with him hid his death from the other members. Because if they heard about it, they might disband. Now Reha Oğuz is leading those young people, speaking on behalf of Avni Motun. The story was marvellous. It could have been a film. But of course, I couldn't say "You are lying" to the young man who told me these fabrications in a well-mannered manner. I thought he would get better in time. I couldn't calculate at that moment that it would take a few centuries for Reha to get better.

I asked him about his family and race. He told me a new rumour about Ziya Gökalp's "Red Apple": He was from Kastamon on his father's side and Azerbaijani on his mother's side. He gave me a detailed genealogical register. He said, "If you want, you can check it in the population registers."

This was not possible either. Because there was no way to find out the ancestors of a person from neither the population registers nor the forest registers. Since our civil registry organisation was new, we could only learn about our grandfathers based on these records. Anything beyond that was left to family rumours. Reha Oğuz was trying to inspire confidence, but he was doing the opposite. After he left, we had a short conversation with Nejdet Sançar and to help him as long as he seemed sincere. The fact that he asked and noted down many things, especially about Turkish history, seemed to be evidence that he wanted to learn. For this reason, we decided to help "Bozkurt", which he had started to publish instead of the closed Ergenekon magazine, saying "Maybe it will get better".

For a while, things seemed to settle down. The tales of Avni Motun and 80 disciplined youth were forgotten. Many Turkists, old and young, started to write to "Bozkurt". The situation looked good. But this good situation did not last long. I could hear Reha Oğuz's behaviour here and there, especially in Ankara, trying to discredit me while pretending to praise me, but I did not care. Reha said: "Atsız is good, he is hot. But he is out of balance" and he was bringing to mind the Cretan bullies. The Cretans used to talk like this to praise themselves: "Ahmedaki is a very tough man. He is not afraid of anyone. He does this and that. He is only a little afraid of me."

Our mate, after praising me, was doing another form of this by saying that I was "out of balance".

I wasn't changing my mind every now and then because it was a matter of progress. I wasn't putting down today what I had praised yesterday. I wasn't getting drunk and losing myself, nor was inventing theories that would make others laugh. Where was the imbalance in this? But our friend Reha Oğuz, bless his heart, was laughing in my face and throwing compliments at me while spreading these wisdoms around. Who knows, maybe he had this kind of balance and I couldn't understand it.

While I was about to swallow this, Reha Oğuz's article titled "About the race of Georgians" was published in the fifth issue of Bozkurt magazine in August 1940. In this article, he thought that he had proved that Georgians belonged to the Turanian race. I objected to this idea because it was contrary to both the scientific truth and our principles of Turkism and racism. Especially since the information he gave in that article about his own genealogy did not match the genealogy he gave me, my suspicion increased. I spent some time to get to the bottom of these "mysterious" affairs. I got "Cihat Savaş Fer", who was a student at the School of Engineering at the time and who seemed to be Reha Oğuz's absolute proxy, to confess that Avni Motun was a fait accompli and that Avni Motun was an imaginary person. I learnt that the disciplined society of 80 people in Ankara was an undisciplined group consisting of Reha Oğuz Türkkân, Orhan Türkkân and Cihat Savaş Fer.

I wonder why Reha was doing it like that? Maybe he liked the darkness, maybe he was satisfying himself this way.

I realised that he was a different kind of person at various stages of our later conversations. Reha Oğuz Türkkan was not a man in the sense we understood. Perhaps he had come from Mars. Because of the contradiction in their mentality, I think he must have come not from Mars, but from an even more distant star. Probably, the very civilised creatures of that star had exiled Reha to the world in a flying saucer to punish him for his inappropriate behaviour they had chosen Turkey as the place of exile, knowingly or unknowingly.

The evidence that Reha came from outer space was as follows: He said that one day he had travelled to Yalova and had a conversation with President İnönü. In this conversation, he had asked why Turkey had not joined the war. He had read the questions and answers of this conversation to me on paper, and added that he had recorded what he had read as soon as he left İsmet Pasha's presence. The answers seemed to have come out of İsmet Pasha's mouth. Because he was evasive. However, it was certain that this interview was not with İsmet Pasha, but with any head of state in any star on the way to the world. In the era of the People's Party, was impossible for any young man to talk to İsmet İnönü in public. Such a conversation would not have happened even in Switzerland.

Another marvellous thing was his words that he would go to Kazım Orbay the commander of the army, and suggest him to attack the east without listening to the government. If Salih Omurtak had been Salih Omurtak, this might have happened, but it was clear that Mr Salih Orbay would not have carried out this offensive without first obtaining permission from the National Chief and then from his honourable wife.

But Reha Oğuz's most formidable plan a draft law he had prepared. According to this law, mulatto Turkish children under the age of three were to be executed.

I asked, "Why the ones under three?" They so young they don't realise they're being executed.

We were unable to express our appreciation of such great humanitarianism, but we did not fail to explain to him that we lacked the high qualities necessary for the realisation of such an ambitious plan. He did not mention this bill again.

We had made a complete and definite diagnosis: He was afflicted with the disease of chiefship. If he wanted to be a conductor, he could have been a conductor, for example, and no one would have objected to him. But he would not settle for the chiefship of the State Railways, he coveted the chiefship of the state ship.

He had saved himself by executing only the smallest of the mulattoes. Now, one by one, the Turkists were trying to save themselves from him. The result was that everyone distanced themselves from him one by one and Reha Oğuz, left alone with Cihat Savaş Fer, published the magazine "Gök Börü". He did not hesitate to put forward only himself as a Turkist, by putting us all to shame with an article titled "We give an account". In January 1943, I published a pamphlet titled "This is how an account is given" and gave Reha the answers he needed.

He with a book called "Tail Pain".

Reha's "Tail Pain" was really strange. There are many pages in this book which show that he came from outer space. He excommunicated all of us, all Turkists. Although he described me as a valiant and dashing Turkist in his book "Introduction to Turkism" and wrote "To the most valiant Turkist!" on the copy he gave me as a gift, later declared that I was a coward. He also labelled all my other friends as cowards. These circumstances, we moved away from him with honour and glory, and he stayed where he was with Orhan Türkkan and Cihat Savaş Fer.

We were not blameless either. The late doctor Rıza Nur had seen Reha several times, checked his behaviour and passed his judgement. On 11 March 1940, in a letter he had written to Nejdet Sançar, he had said that Reha would ruin Turkism, and he had told us: "Gümülcineli İsmail played a very negative role in the Freedom and Entente Party, Reha will do the same in Turkism".

After all, he was an experienced, seasoned man. What he said was exactly what he said. If we had listened to him and cut off our relations at that time, maybe many bad events would have been prevented. It was not fortunate...

1944 came and went. The dark days revealed who the "yahşi" and "yaman" were. Reha Oğuz travelled to America without doing his military service. In one of the articles he wrote for Cumhuriyet from there, after confessing that he had once indulged in racism, he called on the racists who remained here to seek guidance. Fortunately, he did not have the chance to implement his draft law on mulatto children. Otherwise, poor Reha would now be in America, writhing in torments of conscience.

There may be some people who cannot determine who is right and who is wrong in our disagreement with Reha, with whom I once had a conflict. I will content myself with showing them the following newspaper advertisement. This advertisement is taken from the Vatan newspaper of 3 October 1952.

SEIZURE DECISION

Reha Oğuz Türkkkan, son of Halit Ziya, 1330 D., a taxpayer of the Adalar As. Branch taxpayers, Halit Ziya son Halit Ziya son Reha Oğuz Türkkkan, 1330 D. The decision dated 17 September 1952 and numbered 52,119, which was given for the seizure of the property within Turkey of Reha Oğuz Türkkkan, son of Halit Ziya, 1330 D., one of the taxpayers of the Adalar Branch of the Assault Branch, who is deemed to be absent and who has not returned to the country despite the notices served to the relevant authorities, is hereby announced in accordance with paragraph 4 of Article of the same law.

(5369 - 15542)

Poor Judicial Chief!... Unaware of the fact that Reha Oğuz is an American citizen, he is still trying to do the same thing that is done to Turkish citizens. He thinks that he will add one more member to the Turkish army and the strength of the army will increase by one more member. He does not realise what a blessing it is for a community not to have Reha in it. If I were in the place of the judicial chief, I would send a registered letter to Eisenhower and ask for Reha Oğuz to be pardoned from military service in the American army. Military experts calculate the material and moral strength of the two sides in a war between America and Russia and draw conclusions and say that America will win the war.

As a great strategist, I disagree. As long as Reha Oğuz is in America, America cannot win the war. Especially if he is conscripted into the army, the war will end with America's defeat. Especially if, as is often the case in America, they suddenly give him the rank of major, America will be wiped off the map. The best thing would be to put Reha on a missile and launch him into space where he came from. Let him spin round and round in space for millions of years. Maybe he will get dizzy and come to his senses.

You will ask how I know that Reha is an American citizen. I learnt from the late Reşat Nuri that Reşat Nuri and Reha Oğuz Türkkkan were brother and sister-in-law. While telling me this, Reşat Nuri also humourously told me about the examples of intelligence seen in American law: American law recognised children born in America as Americans. Their parents could also become American citizens if they wished. Since Reha's child was born in America, all three of them became Americans. Reha also had a who was born in Istanbul, but American law did not allow her to be considered. But a solution was found. Again, according to American law, anyone who came from Canada could become an American at any time.

When Reha took his eldest daughter "Aslı", they went to Canada... they stayed in Canada for a night. Then they returned to the US and the matter was settled... I don't know what those who talk about how strange things are in Turkey will say about this. Maybe they will admit that America is weirder than us.

Poor Reha probably fled to America because he couldn't make it in Turkey. True, it is not easy to make it in this country. For example, when I think that Ahmet Emin Yalman also lived in this country, I feel like running away to Korea or Argentina. But I give up thinking that I am the real owner of this country. I am waiting with great patience for the law to be passed that will send Ahmet Emin to Palestine.

Reha was accused of being Armenian while he was here. He both denied it. He also named his daughter Aslı. It is well known that Aslı is the daughter of the Armenian priest in the story "Kerem and Aslı". Probably, he did this to show that he had given up racism.

Nevertheless, joking aside, he is useful for Turkishness in America. He has been useful in terms of propaganda activities, and his occasional articles in Istanbul newspapers contain many positive elements. But now he is dead for us. More precisely, he committed suicide. What should we do?... People are born with certain characteristics inherited from thousands of years. These traits sometimes manifest themselves in the form of a mental illness. Man is not the master of himself... He is a prisoner of heredity, chromosomes, genes that have been passed down for thousands of years... Racism is a great truth in this respect. This truth becomes a "crime" in the mouths of ignorant and despicable journalists. Anthropology and embryology are two important branches of the great natural science... Are we going to deny them and give importance to the aides of some drunks who are ignorant of the world?

Reha Oğuz made some abnormal behaviours under the influence of who knows which chromosomes. But when the day of the hard test came, faltered and flunked... As for us... We, that is, a number of Gokturks, Uighurs, Seljuks, Ilkhanids and Ottomans, are still stationary in our homeland. From all of us, to the soul of Reha Oguz: El-Fatiha!

I KNOW INONU

The day İsmet Pasha became President, I was one of those who rejoiced the most. He was a soldier. was a family man. Although he had flaws such as vindictiveness, he was not involved in dirty business.

When it became clear that Atatürk would die, I, like everyone else, thought about who would succeed him. I attach great importance to heads of state. The Turkish race, due to its 3000 years of national character, was accustomed to take shape according to its heads of state. If there was a good man at the head, the Turkish nation was strong, otherwise it was weak. It was not uncommon to see that a strong president sometimes saved the Turkish nation from great dangers. For this reason, after Atatürk's death, which was now a foregone conclusion, it was of course my right to think about who be in charge in the national interest.

In my opinion, one of three people should have become the Head of State: Kazım Karabekir, Fevzi Çakmak or İsmet İnönü.

All three of them were the highest ranking soldiers of the country. Kazım Karabekir, with his army of 15000 men, defeated the Armenians, who were twice his size, and captured many weapons, and these weapons were very useful in the offensive against the Greeks. It was Kazım Karabekir's endeavour that Kars and Ardahan rejoined the motherland. The fact that he belonged to a very old and noble Turkish family was distinguishing feature.

Fevzi Pasha was the most senior soldier in the Turkish army. His clean morals and integrity were legendary. From his mother's side, he came from a very old and noble family. He had been the Chief of General Staff of the army during the Sakarya and Dumlupınar field wars. He was the head of the Turkish army since the foundation of the Republic. He was a cultured, hardworking person who loved military service.

İsmet had supposedly won the battles of İnönü. He had gained political experience in the Lausanne negotiations, which I cannot accept as successful a treaty as it is said to be, and his experience had been honed during his long years as Prime Minister.

The question not which of them should take power, but which of them could take power.

According to the Constitution, the President of the Republic could be elected from among the members of the parliament. Kazım Karabekir Pasha was not a Member of Parliament at that time, he was a hermit. He was living a reclusive and rather troubled life in his mansion in Erenköyü. Therefore, he could not be President.

Fevzi Pasha was the Chief of General Staff. In other words, he was actually the commander-in-chief of the army. Since he was not a Member of Parliament, he could not be the President.

İsmet Pasha was the only one left. He was next in line. He had been dismissed as Prime Minister, but he was still a Member of Parliament. He could have become President.

The time has not yet come to tell the story of why Atatürk and İnönü had a falling out. The only thing that can be said is that the clash took place in the presence of many people and İsmet Pasha was dismissed as Prime Minister.

In the last years of Atatürk's rule, the People's Party, the National Assembly, was divided into Atatürkist and İnönüist parties, and İnönü was stronger than it was thought to be.

Atatürk's supporters did not want İsmet İnönü to take power after Atatürk, they were afraid of this, they feared that İnönü would take revenge. But who could they put up against İsmet Pasha? Undoubtedly, if Şükrü Kaya or Tevfik Rüştü Aras, who were active politicians of the time, were to be nominated for the presidency, the whole nation would laugh hysterically and there would be no man left in Turkey.

For this, the Atatürkists looked for a candidate equal to İsmet Pasha, even stronger than him, and they found him. Field Marshal Fevzi Çakmak.

The invention was very beautiful and the honourable and virtuous personality of the pasha had the power to rally the whole nation.

But the pasha was not an MP. If he was elected to one of the open parliamentary seats, the formality would be fulfilled, and when Atatürk's expected death took place, Fevzi Pasha would become the President of the Republic.

In order to achieve this, a delegation of three people visited Field Marshal Fevzi Çakmak on behalf of the Atatürkists. One of the three was Şükrü Kaya.

They submitted the situation to the Field Marshal and advised him that in order to become President he must enter the National Assembly and that for this purpose he must resign as Prime Minister of the General Staff.

The Marshal was a soldier by trade. To tell him to resign from military service was equal to telling him to die. Moreover, there was no discord between him and İsmet Pasha. He saw no objection to him becoming the President. There was another point that made the Field Marshal hesitant: He could not believe the sincerity of those who came. They might have been behind a secret plan, and he felt that the General Staff

After making him resign from the Presidency, they could have brought someone else to the Presidency. Thinking of these things, he did not accept the offer.

The three men were very sincere in their proposals and intentions, although they did not inspire confidence in the Prime Minister. They considered İsmet Pasha's presidency as a disaster. For this reason, they strongly insisted and begged.

Marshal, thinking that these men could pass a three-article law at any time:

"If my Presidency is so necessary, you can add an article to the Constitution and make it a law that the Chief of General Staff can be elected President without being an MP", he replied.

The others could not fulfil the Field Marshal's wish. Because some of the MPs, who were Atatürkists, considered it natural that İsmet Pasha should be the second President. The introduction of such law in the Assembly would have created a storm. Therefore, they could not fight. They will ask how you know all this. If I tell you that, will there be any secret left in the world?

The result is known; when Atatürk died, İsmet Pasha was unanimously elected. Even his opponents and enemies had voted for him because they sensed the mood. The votes were supposedly secret, but everyone knew who voted for what.

I listened to İsmet Pasha's first speech in the National Assembly after his election as President on the radio in the hall of the private Yuca Ulkü High School, where I was a teacher at the time, together with other teachers, and I liked it very much.

But that all... İsmet Pasha had wanted to show bravery, had started with bravery, but then, fearing that the wind blowing in the opposite direction would become a storm, he had started to backtrack.

İsmet İnönü first an Anatolian tour made contact with the people.

The newspapers reported this tour and the conversations between the National Chief and the peasants, tradesmen and other strata of the people in full detail. The Chief asked how many children they had, what they earned, and had them write these down. I was thinking, Let's see what miracles will come out of these conversations", but I was disappointed by some of the words of the National Chief, such as "I am a vine when words are scarce".

Here, one more association... When I heard the word "disappointment", I remembered the old of it, "sukut-u hayal", and I thought about how young people nowadays call it "sukut-u imagination". "sukut" means to fall, and "sukut" means silence. I wonder why young people say this? it because silence is more subtle? Maybe... Or because they think the one who falls is dead and the one who dies is silent...

It seemed to me that Ismet Pasha, when he became President, had no plan on how to turn the state around. He resorted to this remedy in order to appear as if he had a plan, to distract the public a little, and to travel and breathe a little air. Because he had not been able to do much travelling during his period of ennui, and I think he had not even been able to train in the famous indoor manege hall.

Hope is the last thing to be abandoned. Especially I was of a temperament not to lose my hopes even afterwards. I had high hopes that Ismet İnönü would make conquests and win victories. On the other hand, I had so much work that I could not find time to calculate how long Ismet Pasha had been in power and whether the time had come for him to make a conquest.

He was a literature teacher at the private Boğaziçi High School. This high school was in Amavutköy. I travelled from our house in Kartal Maltepe to the school by train, ferry and tram in exactly 2.5 hours. Including the return journey, I five hours a day on the road. I was bored because I could not spare enough time for my own history studies.

Since there were no asphalt roads or street lights in Maltepe at that time, it was quite a feat to go out in the pitch darkness on winter days and find the station before sunset. Since our mansion was old and wooden, it was very airy. Sometimes mysterious winds would blow in the rooms. God rest his soul, Yusuf Ziya Ortaç said one day in his characteristic manner:

"My dear Atsız," he said. "What keeps you vigorous and energetic is this troublesome life, living in this uncomfortable and distant house, surrounded by enemies. If you lived in a heated apartment in Şişli and earned a thousand liras a month (Ortaç was talking about the thousand liras of that time), you would become a man of leisure and lose your energy".

Yusuf Ziya Ortaç, a genius of humour with his speech rather than his writings, was not thinking correctly. Because he did not know how much time uncomfortableness wastes for those who want to write. Had he been right in opinion, wouldn't the People's Party have allocated me a luxurious apartment and paid me a salary of ten thousand or even a hundred thousand liras from the "Hidemat-ı unpatriotic" scheme?

Master Mükrimin Halil, who saw that I was working on Turkish history without expecting anything in return, must have thought that I would work more efficiently under better conditions, because he applied to Hasan Âli for my transfer to an official high school, and after listening to the same refrain, advised me to write a letter to the President of the Republic.

I had not yet realised that İsmet Pasha was hostile to Turkism, but I was gradually coming to the conclusion that be inappropriate to expect too from him. I asked Üstad Mükrimin:

"Do you hope this letter will be of any use?"

Üstad was an Anatolian. İsmet Pasha also believed that he was a "yahşi person because he was from Anatolia.

"Your letter will have an effect. It will correct the injustice you have suffered," he replied.

So on Sunday, 12 October 1941, I wrote a long letter to İsmet Pasha that began as follows:

Your Excellency the President,

Since for 9 years I have been unable to correct the injustice **against** me through legal means and petitions, have been obliged to apply to honour as a last resort.

After this, I explained my adventure in detail, stating the strangeness of not making use of me at a time when high school were being made high school teachers and, although I appreciated the inappropriateness of applying to the Head of State for a personal matter, I stated that I had chosen this path out of desperation because all legal doors were closed. I added with my deepest respect that I no longer wanted to live under the nightmare of the dire and that I expected compensation for the damage I had suffered because İsmet Pasha believed in the truth.

Not to praise myself, but writing in old letters is very legible, one can read it even if one blind or deaf... the generations raised with the old letters read the new script with some difficulty, I wrote my letter in old letters for convenience and so that İsmet Pasha would not be tired for nothing.

A few days later, on 28/10/1941, I received a letter from the General Clerk of the Presidency:

Your letter **dated** 12-X-1941 was not submitted to the President since it was not written in **Turkish** letters **will be notified**.

General Clerk

K. Gedelgeç

But, my dear ones you have not yet learnt to write the new letters properly. You were writing the name of our nation, which should always and everywhere be capitalised as "Turk", in lower case as "türk". Then it was not "Reisicümhur" but "Reisicumhur". You did not neglect to capitalise it. Also, why these 12-year-old letters were considered Turkish, but other letters that were 1000 years old were considered non-Turkish. That was Arabic, this was Latin. When we researched the origin, the two came from a single root. Both Latin and Arabic letters came from the same Phoenician alphabet. After a few days of hesitation, on Monday, 10 November 1941, I sent a typewritten copy of the same letter again and stated that I written it in old letters in order not to tire the President of the Republic.

The answer came quickly this time. The reply dated 14/11/1941 was as follows:

This is in response to your letter dated 10-11-1941.

I declare that your request has been submitted to the High Presence of the President. Sincerely yours.

General Clerk

K. Gedelgeç

The job had changed. This time the Clerk General was paying his respects to me. But the respect for the National Chief was also extraordinary. So much so that even the words "High" and Presence" were capitalised when he said "High of the President".

Now there was nothing left for me but to wait. Needless to say, nothing positive came out of this. I don't know whether Ismet Pasha took the trouble to talk to Hasan Ali, the Minister of Education, about my situation. If he did, Hasan Ali probably praised me a lot and proved that I was not qualified for an official high school.

At that time, I did not know that Hasan Âli was the favourite of the National Chief and that he recited ashir to the honoured mother of the National Chief, and I thought that my condition could return to normal.

Like Evliya Çelebi, my daily travels continued, and many times I made morning journeys alone in a big wagon. These journeys also strange and pathetic scenes.

At that time, Turkey had been partially mobilised; masses of soldiers were arriving from everywhere and were being deployed to the troops, especially to the border of Thrace. According to what I heard from some officers in Thrace, an army of 700,000 men was waiting. It was very high in terms of weapons and equipment. Fındıkoğlu Ziyaeddin Fahri, who was an associate professor at the time and a lecturer at Boğaziçi High School, was called up for military service as a reserve officer.

However, this army with such a high morale had transport camel columns.

One winter morning, when the train took us down to Haydarpaşa, I came across one of the sights I will never forget. The huge hall between the stairs on the seaward side of the station and the doors opening onto the railway tracks filled with Turkish soldiers. But they were all lying on the cold marble, sleeping. They wearing nothing but their military bonnets. Who knows how tired they were, lying on these nail-cutting stones in the frost of twilight.

I felt a great sorrow and cursed the dispatcher and the organisation that had planned it. We were not at war. Where was this haste and recklessness coming from?

Gradually my views about the National Chief were changing. Village Institutes were becoming communist centres, registered communists were being given state service, and the government was breaking its official commitments in a very short time.

You know, those contacts with the people, those strange questions, what was the result? Poverty was visibly increasing. In Feyzullah Street alone, where I lived, three people had died of tuberculosis. On the other hand, Cumhuriyet Palas and İnkılâp Palas were going up in the luxurious parts of Istanbul. But the most important and most terrifying thing was that communism was rampant in the country. They were getting more and more arrogant and insolent day by day. Especially after the German withdrawal began, their impudence increased.

I was thinking about this in between travelling like Evliya Çelebi and other things. The National Chief interfered in everything in this country. Nothing could be done without his consent. So, was the spread of communism happening with his permission and authorisation? If it was happening with his permission, what was the reason for this? Was the National Chief making a tactic?

At that time I remembered a conversation I had with the late Yusuf Akçura: He was once the president of the Historical Society. I had been upset with the Historical Society, and he wanted to meet me, so I got up and went to his house in Erenköy.

He was a man of strong words. "My dear Atsız Bey, why do you keep attacking us? What do you want from poor people like us?" he began and accused me of causing the death of Reşit Galib. The interesting part of our conversation was that Yusuf Akçura trusted Atatürk implicitly. "I am terrified that something will happen to him," he said. In the meantime, the Prime Minister of the day, İsmet Pasha, came to the floor and Yusuf Akçura gave the following answer to one of my questions:

"İsmet Pasha sees no harm in befriending the Russians and opening his bosom to them in order to achieve certain goals. He thinks that his own capacity is sufficient to carry out this great manoeuvre. But he is deluded. İsmet Pasha is not capable enough to use Russia for his own purposes. I am worried about the opposite result."

When I remembered this, I was thinking what İsmet Pasha's tactics might be. It was certain that the Russians were hostile to us. After they had taken half of Poland, added the Baltic states, and wrested Basarabia from the Romanians, they had massed in the Caucasus in order to attack us, but they had been unable to implement this last thought because the Germans had attacked them before they attacked us. Under these circumstances, was it not necessary to destroy the communists in the country, who were not friends of the Muscovites, but the Muscovites themselves? Or was the National Chief afraid of the Muscovites and was preparing the ground to save the country or his own seat by establishing a Russian-friendly government in order to appease them in the event of a Muscovite victory tomorrow?

There were serious reasons to suspect some ministers in the cabinet and some People's Party members outside the cabinet. Or was it none of these and these Russian friends or secret Muscovite agents had put the National Chief in a cage?

As a matter of fact, Roosevelt was properly caged. later revealed that Vice-President Wallace was a hard-core communist and that many state secrets had been sold to the Russians.

We did not have many state secrets, but it was possible that some of those around the National Chief were Russian agents.

Don't say it can't be done, it cant be done.

İsmet was showering Sabahattin Ali, who was obviously a Muscophile with compliments when he visited the Conservatory. Were these all the wisdom of the government?

There was a witticism about the National Chief:

İsmet Pasha has eight foxes in his belly none of them has a tail touching the other.

In other words, it was implied that he was very cunning and that he was able to accomplish things that others could not accomplish thanks to his cunning. But the course of events was not like that. The foxes' tails were touching each other, even covering each other's eyes.

Among them, were some objects that one liked and that stood out. One of them was the famous white train. Was it the time to travel frequently with this ostentatious and costly train when the nation was not full and tuberculosis was rampant in the country because of this? Especially, what was the point of taking with you the cheeky ones who were the nation's abomination and about whom rumours were ?

The second was the yacht Savaroba. Should the President of a state whose army was transported by camel arms be travelling on such a luxurious ship? Maybe it is a bit of an exaggerated analogy, but wasn't it the same kind of events for the king of poverty, İbissuud, to build palaces for his wives as if he had nothing else to do, and for the National Chief to travel on the Savarona?

These were destroying the morale and morals of the nation. Everyone thought that the National Chief was only looking after his own pleasure. Nations that think like this, nations that do not trust their chiefs do not fight well. While the Turks had to fight with a shortage of weapons and an abundance of morale, it was unbecoming of a President of the Republic to act in a way that would spoil their morale.

And what did the white train and the Savarona yacht mean? Did Mr İnönü's fortieth nephew also live in such luxury? Let us leave the fortieth cousin aside and think about his father and grandfather. Was it not disregarding the laws of progression to suddenly move from their lives to Savarona?

I do not know whether there was any truth in it or not, but rumours that relatives of the National Chief taking pleasure trips in the Savarona were openly rumoured everywhere amidst great demonstrations of indignation.

İsmet Pasha's brothers were referred to as "Milli birader" or "Milli hunchback" in reference to his slight stoop, and his sons were called chiefzade. When the criticisms started, of course, they did not remain within a reasonable limit, but a very bitter form. jokes were told about İsmet Pasha, satirical jokes,

couplets were being sung. These were not pleasant things. It was not a good sign that the head of a state was so despised by the nation.

A more important point was that during the reconstruction of Erzincan, which was destroyed by the earthquake, a huge statue of İbnü was erected there as the first thing. This was like mocking the suffering of the nation. How many people's lives and health could have been saved with the money spent on that statue, but neglecting this and instead erecting a statue was a terrible thing.

Is that all? There is more: It is well known that in the Second World War, when the air attacks became very effective, we also started to build shelters. One day in Maltepe, a man shouted in the streets that everyone should dig a shelter in their gardens. This man shouted that those who did not dig a shelter would be by the municipality.

Of course, no one dug a bunker, nor was anyone punished... Is it possible to build a bunker without concrete and iron? İsmet Pasha had forgotten the alphabet of military service. Wouldn't it have been wiser if he had declared: "For the convenience of the municipality, everyone should dig a grave for himself"?

It was later revealed with the coming to power of the Democrats that while we, the nation, were living in negligence and without precautions against such air raids, İsmet Paşas had prepared a perfect shelter for himself in Çankaya with three rooms and all kinds of comforts.

Well done, İsmet! You were the father of the nation... You were the National Chief... Yours was sweet life and ours aubergine? Which nation were you going to be the president of after we were all dead? Or were you going to be

The dead die and the living grow up.

So you were the man the national groom declared as "the only hope of the nation", "the 75-year-old youth". Were these your measures?

It is seen that there are great mistakes in the behaviour of the National Chief. It is true that a servant cannot be without mistakes. Then why show this wrongdoer as the nation's only hope? Do you think he has reached maturity and will not make mistakes from now on?

I don't believe... He's too young... Young people are made to do wrong...

Here I would like to make a criticism about "İsmet İnönü". There will be no room for emotion in this criticism, it will be purely scientific. He is a soldier. Military service, which is a serious profession, creates a serious character in a person. İsmet Pasha should also be like this. Then what are those smiles and laughter that we often see in the newspapers?

History recognises us as a serious nation. Especially the seriousness of the Turkish heads of state has become a byword. Kagans, kings, sultans, sultans, sultans were always serious men. Atatürk was also a serious man. Celal Bayar was also a serious man.

Of course, I do not mean this in the sense of a person who has forgotten how to laugh, but I do not think it befits İsmet Pasha to laugh more than necessary. Even if this is his nature, he should restrain himself considering that he was the head of the Turkish state for twelve years.

I never find it right to take other nations as an example in terms of laughing or being serious. National characters are the product of hundreds of years. The noisy Greek, Arab, Italian and Spanish characters and the Turkish character, which is quiet and does not show its sorrow, are the exact opposite of each other. Americans, on the other hand, are very extreme in joy. I personally saw an American soldier throwing a chickpea into the air and catching it with his mouth on the always crowded İstiklal Street in Beyoğlu. He was not drunk was an American.

Now imagine the same behaviour by a Turkish soldier: Isn't it ugly? Even the word ugly is too beautiful in the face of this behaviour.

We have all seen the pictures of American presidents in the newspapers of some of their behaviour which is not serious according to our standards. I used to hate the pictures of Roosevelt fishing and grinning. Even Churchill, although an alcoholic old man, was more serious and cautious.

Then why is İsmet Pasha laughing so much? I think it is for political reasons... To show himself cheerful against his enemies and to look cute to the public... This is not a sincere behaviour. In the era of the People's Party dictatorship, what sycophantic journalists called "İnönü's cute smile was cute at all, and he laughed too much it was very ugly.

I think it was in 1943 that he insisted to Orhan Şaik Gökyay, who was the director of the Ankara Conservatory at the time, "It doesn't suit you, if you love me, shave your moustache", and Orhan Şaik shaved his moustache because he loved Pasha very much. Now İ Pasha: It does not suit him at all. If he loves me even a little bit, he should not laugh"...

In this way, maybe Kasım Gülek will also fall in line. As you know, the general secretary laughs more than Pasha, and tries to get the people to join him with jokes such as wearing sandals and riding a donkey, which is not true at all. When the principle of coming to power by making people laugh is accepted, Muammer Karaca will sweep away a thousand Kasım Güleği.

I do not find it right for İsmet Pasha to talk about the defects that existed abundantly in his own time. He would achieve if he made his criticisms from other directions and tried to come to power by making promises to the nation rather than criticising the present. I would like to explain my opinion with an example:

During İsmet Pasha's time, there was no freedom of the press and no right to strike. In addition, there was compulsory labour the Ereğli coal mines. Forcing a man to work in a coal mine against his will is a severe form of tyranny and even oppression, the like of which can only be found in communist countries. İsmet Pasha said here: "We had to. We had no other choice in order to maintain the life of the state and to operate our factories and ships". He will defend himself, but he will not be entitled. Because the present administration can find as many labourers as it wants without imposing drudgery and coal production is always increasing. Now: Is it right wrong for İsmet Pasha, who has established and conducted such a drudgery, to demand the right to strike for the workers? I think not. Probably İsmet Pasha wants this the pressure of his party and forgetting it. Moreover, it is surprising that an experienced politician like him, who was Prime Minister for 14 years and President for 12 years, could not calculate the terrible consequences of strikes.

Strike... This right is granted to the most culturally backward stratum of the nation, but not to the civil servants... Why is that? When a civil servant strikes, he doesn't just go to work. The labourer starts destroying the workplace. The lowest level of a civil servant is middle school. The labourer, on the other hand, has completed secondary school.

How strikes are used as a tool for communist provocation is evident with the precedents in the world. The breach they cause in the economic life of nations is well known, not to mention the wounds they can inflict on the morals of a nation like ours, which is accustomed to discipline... So, are all these drawbacks being taken into consideration in order to gain five horses and a hundred thousand more votes in the elections? If, instead of authorising this strike disaster, the Pasha had said, "Officers and non-commissioned officers should vote in the election of MPs," he would have done a successful job for his party and a safe job for the nation. Please, for my sake, I ask him to take this into consideration.

I will also advise him not to be too favourable towards the press, because not only the press is not worthy of this, but also it would not be appropriate for him to crown the press, which he used to use as a servant in the past, today. The press is a weapon. In the hands of a soldier, it protects the homeland and honour; in the hands of a bandit, it kills lives and becomes a means of attack. Isn't the press finally composed of five or ten people? Wouldn't authorising these five or ten people without being sure of their character to all kinds of improprieties?

It is a dangerous behaviour to look upon people who put aside their conscience when ordered to do so, who play a pen according to orders, who sell a corner of the country to foreigners when a war is lost, and who recommend a mandate as the "fourth estate".

After 1950, it would have been very appropriate for İsmet Pasha to withdraw from actual politics and to confine himself to writing articles and especially memoirs. His expressing his ideas and criticisms in a compact writing would have protected him from many insults. He should have accepted that after the 1946 election, which was won by rigging the haram, his era was effectively over. However, Pasha did not do so, and he committed a mistake by naming his propaganda tour against his enemies as "The Great Offensive". In our history, the "Great Offensive"

26 August 1922 is the name of the attack against the Greeks. By giving this name to the struggle of ideas against half of the nation, in other words, by likening them to the Greeks, will it be beneficial, or will it break the hearts of millions of people and win enmity?

I do not think this suits the Pasha's maturity and I am sceptical. I wonder if the Pasha, who is quite old, has started to show signs of childhood, which is very common at this age.

Without prejudice to what I will say in the future this is all I have to criticise for now...

I INTRODUCE

Of course, it would not be too much to add a paragraph "Introduction" to the section "Recognitions and acquaintances". It would be incomplete if the readers, after knowing everyone, did not recognise me. Since some aspects of my life had attracted the curiosity of the People's Party and led them to make inquiries in this regard, I gradually to believe that I was an important person, whether I wanted to or not. People are strange. They are quick to believe what they like. If you tell a woman that she is beautiful, she pretends not to believe it, but she accepts it immediately. If you tell an ordinary man that he is a scholar, he really thinks he is a scholar. One who is called mad for forty days becomes mad, and one who is called a genius for forty days becomes a genius or a genius. Fortunately, my profession is based on the principle of *adem-i ilimad*. In other words, it is founded on the principle of not being seen and not believing. Therefore, I have never believed those who called me mad or wise.

Now here, too, I will be asked what my profession is, and those who think that I am a teacher of literature will not understand why and why I show distrust. With great pride I declare that my real profession is not teaching literature. Although I have taught literature in high schools for years, I do not know much about literature, so why did I do this job, right? They appointed me, I did it. Just as the graduates of the Village Institute were teaching primary school with their beautiful Turkish, I have been a teacher of literature, no doubt with a little more competence than them.

First of all, the word "literature" has a terrible meaning among the people and intellectuals. "Doing literature" means "talking nonsense". Today's literary works, on the other hand, go beyond nonsense and on a form, or rather a formlessness, that cuts to the heart of the reader. wonders of art, starting from the diamond titled "It was a pity, Süleyman " to the poems (!) in the Bolshevik metre called "free verse", which are naturally abusive and blasphemous, to the prose masterpieces (!) written in the *palikarya* dialect called deviated sentences, show how many kilometres the aesthetic level is below sea level.

Especially last year, there was a masterpiece called "The Boogeyman of the Serpents", which won the first prize in the Cumhuriyet newspaper's novel competition and was published in the same newspaper, which was a truly unique object in terms of the lesson it would teach to those who had no idea about literature, and perhaps the eighth of the "Acaib-i Seb'a Alem".

It was very strange to me that among the "Grand Jury" that chose this novel as the first prize was the honourable Halide Edib. I wonder if she had read this novel, in which unspeakable words were frequently mentioned, to the end? If she did... I give up... I have no other words...

Yes, we were talking about literature and I was saying that I don't understand it. Because I cannot find four or five literary arts in every couplet of a ghazal like master Ali Nihat Tarlan. Yunus Emre:

The Sırat is thinner than a hair and sharper than a sword,

I'd like to go and build houses on it.

I cannot penetrate the subtleties in his couplet, "being a reed in the lakes" does not seem serious to me at all. I can't bark to see other loves as women's love... Especially:

When there was nothing, we were

real with the Truth in the air with

Adam in the mystery of the mystery.

We stayed in Mary for one night, we are Jesus'

own father.

For this reason and many others, I think the root of literature is morbid. Don't you think that the fact that most of the geniuses of literature are abnormal and even insane shows a little, even a lot, that this work is morbid?

If literature and its common form, the novel, serious, would all women read novels? Then you may ask whether all these specialists in the history of literature are working in vain. No, not in vain. Just like those who are engaged in the history of mental illness, those who are engaged in the history of literature are illuminating one aspect of human society.

Don't think that I am condemning literature so much. Once upon a time I too thought I was the best teacher of literature, but my faith was shaken one day when a woman teacher, without asking me, said that I was the best teacher of literature. I didn't because I didn't like verbal arguments. A great literature teacher wouldn't lie... In that case, he was first. While I was trying to accustom myself to this second place, a piece of news given by Muharrem Ergin, an assistant in Turcology, turned things upside down. Muharrem told me that a male teacher, who had fallen down the stairs and had been taken to the hospital and thought he was on the verge of death, had said, "The world is losing its greatest literature teacher". Since he was not going to lie, I was relegated to the third place. Rather than go to the second division like the Beşiktaş football team, dropping one grade every year, I decided to withdraw from the door of literature with Izzet İkbâl and returned to my original profession, which was a divine gift.

Since I am not a teacher of literature, I will undoubtedly be asked what my real profession is. Let me tell you that too: My main profession is "the strategy and training of national consciousness", and I teach this information, which is within my specialisation, to anyone who asks for it, from the officer and village teacher to the statesmen. But strangely enough, although I give lectures on an honorary basis, no one has ever applied for a lecture.

Koca Ragıp Pasha, one of the former grand viziers, had intuited some of the main principles of national consciousness, although he had not taken a single lesson from me. His policy was "to do the opposite of what the Muscovite does and wishes." Today, we can add a few more names to the Muscovite. I will explain which names they are when I give a lecture on this subject.

In addition to this basic specialisation, I have an additional specialisation, which is "Asonology". Although the subject of asnology, which is a new science, is only and only the Asnus Magnus, it is still a very branched branch of specialisation. But its specialists are still very few.

The ordinary professor of Asnology is the young historian "Yılmaz Öztuna". Yılmaz Öztuna, who has a deep specialisation in history, especially in genealogy, and a terrible memory like master Mükremin Halil, has been promoted to the rank of ordinary professor of this chair for his unprecedented work on Asnus Magnus. The first edition of his work has been sold out and requests from all sides a second edition necessary.

My works on the subject consist of only two stanzas and really pale in comparison to the deep analyses of Yılmaz Öztuna.

The chair also has an associate professor. You will probably be surprised when you learn that this associate professor is Master Mükremin Halil. Yes, unfortunately... Although he was the oldest, the oldest member and even the founder of this science, he remained as an associate professor only because he did not publish works and did not transfer his knowledge from line to line. Nevertheless, his papers in asnological congresses are always met with great interest.

The chair also has an assistant. This assistant is a lady. I will not give her name because of her lack of specialisation in the subject and her modesty.

Having mentioned my two specialisations, I can now talk about myself. If I follow the method in Master Köprülüzadenin's work "The first Sufis in Turkish literature", I would have to start with the story of my grandfathers. Because in order to talk about Ahmet Yesevi, who lived at the end of the 12th century, and Yunus Emre, who lived at the end of the 13th century, the master started with the Gokturks. He even analysed how many tribes the Karluks were. But I will not go that far back and start from 1923:

When the Republic was proclaimed, I was a student in the second year of the Military Medical School. My epaulette number was 82.

Although I had no desire to be a doctor, I became a medical student just to be a soldier. At that time, there was no cadet school in İstanbul. I did not have the strength to wait. In the Military Medical School, everyone a grade, and these grades were obtained through exams held twice a year. The top of the class was also the class sergeant.

Tıbbiye was, in the words that İsmet Paşas loved and a lot, a "feyhearth. Everything; poets, politicians, businessmen, revolutionaries, and sometimes even doctors came out of this school.

It was said that the Military Medical School was the continuation of the Janissary Corps. It was not a lie in terms of bullying and bravado. Istanbul was under occupation. In addition, British soldiers were sleeping in one part of the Medical School. Despite this, even the British were afraid of us.

Tibbiye was located in the building of Haydarpaşa High School as it is today. Half of this big castle was the Military Medical School. We used to attend lectures together with civilian students at the faculty, and we used to sleep, eat and discuss at the Military Medical School.

Tibbiye was five years old at that time. There were dormitories upstairs, mutelea halls in the middle floor and dining halls downstairs. The diagram of the school can be shown as a right angle. Students of the lower grades could not enter the corridors where the dormitories, mutelea halls and dining halls of first, second and third grades were located on the longer of the lines making the angle, and where the mutelea halls or dormitories of fourth and fifth grades were located on the shorter one.

Those who were in the same corridor, belonging to the younger classes, could not enter the older classes. A first year student could not enter a class to see a second year student or even a close friend. Each class had two doors. A first year student would wait at the back door of the second class, and when he saw someone from that class, he would ask him to call so-and-so. If he came and let him in, only then could he enter the upper class. However, older students could enter the lower classes whenever they wanted. This was the law of the Military Medical School.

The zeal of the hearth among us was extraordinary. An insult to one Tibbiyel was considered an insult to all Tibbiyelis. Once, a shack shop in the vicinity of the school was demolished, the owner was abused, and the Englishmen who had been drinking inside fled on all fours. Once we raided the Faculty of Law. The audacity of the raid was that it was carried out when the Minister of Justice of the time (I think Mahmut Esat Bozkurt) was about to leave the building. Many officers studying at the Faculty of Law tried to prevent this raid, but they failed. Even Mişon Ventura, one of the law professors, was slapped hard.

We also had very bad habits: We used to salute each other and the military doctors outside, but we ignored the war officers below the rank of major, so we often clashed and ended up in the prison at the top of the school.

There were also class fights inside the school. In the old days, these fights were fought with strikes and brass knuckles. There was a tailor of thirty years in the school who used to tell about the great fights of the past, including the names of the heroes.

The first female students of the medical school were also in our class. Suat Hanım, one of today's well-known doctors, and Müfide Hanım, an internist, were my classmates. My male classmates were Süreyya, Fahri, İhsan,

Müslim and I think Hilmi and Rüştü became generals. In other words, pasha... A few years ago, when I read in the newspaper that Süreyya and Fahri were pashas, I felt the need to boast and told my wife:

"Look, my classmates became pashas. If I had stayed in the profession, I would be a pasha now, and today you would be considered a pasha harem."

When I was expecting appreciation from him, wouldn't he ask, "What is your salary"? At that time, my original salary was 40 liras. That is, the salary of a senior first lieutenant... Our general's job was in jeopardy.

Turgut Bababođlu, who was the governor of Malatya and made the People's Party vomit blood, now the director of Darülaceze, Colonel Osman, now the deputy director of the Military Medical School, and the late doctor Nejat Kulakçı were classmates.

When it came to my loyal friend Nejat, I remembered my other friends who died. Lütü, Asim, Nedim, Edip, Veli, Hıfzı, Sadi, Mevlüt and İsmail Coşkun... May God have mercy on them all...

In the class above us were Cezmi Türk, a well-known political and intellectual doctor, and Hasan Ali Ediz, who had been convicted of communism.

In the upper class were Sezai Bedreddin, a well-known paediatrician of the day, and Hikmet Kılıcım, a communist.

When I was in the first grade, there were 18 students in the fourth grade. Among them there was a Nurettin nicknamed Döperas, who used to compete with the trams of Istanbul, running for half an hour or an hour and passing them.

The last class was a very crowded and fierce class. İsmet Uluđ, the famous centre-back of Fenerbahçe and the national team was from this class. Sabih, the right back of Fenerbahçe and the national team, was also from this class. Kemal Halim, one of the forwards of Süleymaniye, which was once a first class team was also from this class. But Sabih and Kemal Halim could not become doctors.

It is seen that I was among the famous ones. It is said that the one who stands next to a wild horse gets either his temper or his feathers. This saying of the ancestors must be very true because I finally became famous in the republic.

The life of the old Military Medicine students was very romantic. Many of them were meticulous, irritable people, and some of them were in trouble with their professors, some of whom had the adjective "mad" preceding their names. The most troublesome course of the medical school "diagnosis", or anatomy as it is called today. This tough life sweetened with love adventures during weekend holidays. The love of military medical students was famous. The young girls of Istanbul, who were really kind and Istanbulites at that time, were also very favourable towards the Military Medicine students. As always, there were some Donna Juannas at that time, but even they were subtle and romantic.

These love affairs were sometimes disastrous. There were even those among us who fell in love with sultans. There were also medical students who went mad and committed suicide because of love.

When a promise was made to a young girl, that promise was kept and the date was kept at all costs. Keeping this promise sometimes a lot of money, and the medical student would be sent to detention for "deserting the school" on the day of the lesson.

We didn't pay for trams. On ferries, we used to sit in the first class with a second class ticket, that is, with a ticket costing 40 money. At that time, since we were not yet a privileged, classless, united nation, we constituted a privileged knight class.

Those who failed the semester or year-end exams were "kışlabend", meaning that they could not leave the school. They could leave the school only on Thursday afternoon and on , as in class time (at that time the week holiday was on Friday). If a student who was a Kışlabend was also sentenced to imprisonment or absence from school, he would not see the streets for months. But this was theoretically the case. The medical students would find ways to escape from the school, and their friends would try not to show their absence. In one of them, my friend İhsan (now a general), who was in prison with me, helped me by holding the guard with a bayonet to the head.

Those who had escaped from prison would come back there as "visitors" and stay inside, so that everything would be peaceful and order would be restored.

According to the school regulations, nothing but bread and water was to be given to those in prison. However, the students who were kitchen guards (every day one person from the first and fourth grades would be the kitchen guard) would provide their friends in prison with the best food and plenty of it.

One day I was in prison again with my classmate, the late Sadi. "Sadi May", who specialised in ear-throat after becoming a doctor and left the military service when he was a lieutenant colonel, was one of my first friends. They called him "Sadi with glasses" because he wore glasses. He had once fallen in love with a German girl named Elisabeth Hallen. But there was a Turkish girl he had been in love with since he was a high school student, "sultani" as it was called then, and he used to call her "Em Majüskül" because her name started with the letter "M". Even though I was such a close friend of his, it was only recently and by chance that I learnt the name of this girl. If I woke up at any time of the night in the dormitory, I would find Sadi awake. I could tell by the light of his cigarette.

One evening when this Sadi and I were in prison, there was plenty of food again, and they sent us both a caravan of pleasantries. But we had left the food and got into a heated discussion. I have forgotten the subject of the discussion. I guess we couldn't share either the world or the beauties of the world.

At one point Sadi got angry: "I'll throw this caravan over your head." I replied, "Let me see." It turned out that he sincere in his behaviour. Not over my head, but wouldn't he put the whole caravan my shoulder?

It was destined to be bathed in sweetmeal. I escaped from prison, went down to the dormitory, washed myself, slept in my cosy bed, took revenge on Sadi, who was lying on the boards in the prison upstairs, and returned to prison early the next morning. The revenge was complete. Because Sadi had been worried about me all night.

Daytime desertions were usually made from the Karacaahmet cemetery without being seen by officers. Night desertions made via the roof. From the roof of the Military Medical School, one would go to the roof of the Faculty of Medicine, and from there one would go down to the big door of the Faculty. Since this door remained open until the morning, the matter would be settled.

But after a while this door was closed to prevent desertions. At that time, we started to enter the Military Medical School by making friends with the soldiers standing guard at the gate. Since we were dressed like officers, the guards did not cause much difficulty. This guard, who came from the regiments in the Selimiye barracks, would be asked where he was from, and wherever he was from, one of us would be from there, by coincidence, and the door would be opened.

But one night this door didn't open. Four of us had returned from a trip to Yoğurtçu Park. Sadi and Hilmi (now a general, I think) were my classmates. Seyfullah Nutki was one class above us.

Seyfullah was very angry and a famous fighter in the class. I described Sadi above, he was also a good fighter. Hilmi, on the other hand, although he was strong and brave and was at the forefront of fights, he was smiling and joking. In his first years as a doctor, the newspapers of the time wrote that in a match against a Greek football team in Taksim stadium, he got angry at a move of the Greek goalkeeper and jumped out and knocked him unconscious with one punch.

When this selected team returned from the holiday and arrived at the gate of the guard post, the guard refused to recognise any of us as fellow countrymen. Before we had time to make another plea, we saw Seyfullah getting angry and shouting at the guard. He raised his fist and the guard backed away and hit the door. When we were on the verge of an unpleasant incident, the door suddenly opened and the face of Kamil, the duty officer, appeared. Doctor captain Kamil was our class officer. Each class had a medical captain. Then we were given an infantry first lieutenant.

When the door opened and Kamil appeared in the darkness of the night, Hilmi and I ran a hundred metres in ten seconds but Seyfullah and Sadi could not escape and were caught.

The real scenario started after that. There was only one place to enter the school. That was the recess room window. The windows of the recess room on the sea-facing side of the medical school iron bars. It was possible to enter by sliding inside through the opening in the upper part of these bars. But this was a dangerous job. The upper ends of the bars were sharp like bayonets. Once I entered this place alone, and I was in the sweat of my bones until I got in. Because a janitor was sleeping inside and I was obliged to do this job without announcing it to him. It was autumn. In order to enter easily, I took off my jacket and put it through the bars, but tripped while sliding down the bars. The danger of staying there until the morning and the excitement of the possibility of being caught in that situation in the morning me, and I crept in with an effort beyond human strength.

This time I was more experienced and there were two of us, but since Hilmi was a little thicker than me, it was a serious matter how he would get in where I could barely fit. This time our job was easier because there was no janitor inside. We took off the jackets again. Hilmi easily lowered himself inside with my help. I pulled him down by holding his legs from the outside. He was really hurt but he didn't make a sound. Then I transferred myself to the inside with his help from the inside and since I was experienced, I easily entered the asylum.

At that time, at the end of the long and wide corridors of the Medical School, a gas lamp was lit and only the silhouettes of people could be seen in the distance. While Hilmi and I were trying to reach the dormitory by hiding under the walls, we saw Captain Kamil crawling along the walls and chasing us, just like us. It would have been fine if he was alone. He had taken a soldier and a janitor to help him. In this way he hoped to surround us. The chase began in the corridors and in the dark. Hilmi and I organised a code word to call each other. Sometimes we were at close range with the enemy, but this not important as the faces were not distinguishable. was not to get caught. If we called each other by name, we would be recognised. Therefore, we had to announce the danger in words that the other side could not understand. We also decided that if things went wrong and we came face to face with the enemy forces, we would use our fists to break through the front, unless this enemy was Captain Kamil.

Sometimes Hilmi would stay behind and I would scout ahead. Sometimes I would stay behind and he would go ahead. Sometimes there were runs like lightning. One time, Hilmi, who was advancing by giving me his jacket and his cardigan, turned his head at the corner of the corridor and ran backwards, which is impossible to describe in language. When I saw him, I turned back and started to run away, but by the time I had run ten metres, he had overtaken me at a distance of forty metres, setting an incredible record. If Von Braun, who invented rockets and missiles, had seen Hilmi's run, he probably would have made an offer to him to become a live rocket.

To cut a long story short: It was midnight when we clashed with the guard at the school gate. When we went to bed, it was after two o'clock. We had defeated the enemy and forced him to leave the battlefield. I don't need to tell you how we were...

The next morning, after the morning roll call, Captain Kamil sent for me. He was able to recognise me as I was running away from the gate of the Nizamiya, but he didn't recognise Hilmi.

"that Reza with you?" he asked.

There were three Rezas in the class above us: Groom Reza, Eight Reza, Imam Reza. Groom Reza and Imam Reza resembled Hilmi in terms of being stocky. Probably the captain was referring to one of them.

"I didn't have anyone with me," I replied.

As Sadi and Seyfullah did not betray us both, it was natural that I would not betray Hilmi. Captain Kamil knew that he would not be able to get anything out of me because he had been raised in the same quarry. He sent me to the prison with a bayonet.

Sadi wasn't awake yet. The three chaps had a chat. If one of us had survived, it was a great victory. Soon a miracle happened: We were evacuated. Kamil had not reported us to the administration. Perhaps this was the unspoken reward for the fact that we had made the captain, who was getting fat, considerably thinner by running for two hours.

I first saw Captain Kamil three years ago on the Kadıköy ferry. He had married a doctor lady from the next class. They had an X-ray practice in Kadıköy. He had grown quite fat. I asked him, "How are you?"

"I have complaints other than being chubby. Let those who will carry it when I die think about it," he replied.

"Running away" from the school at night was almost the honour of being a medical student. Without this, it was as if life could not function. Either to meet a lover or to go to a famous film or play, or sometimes just to go sightseeing.

Since there was a sign at the foot of everyone's cot showing their number, the officers on duty inspect the wards at any time of night and take the numbers of the empty beds. That night,

Those who were not in their beds were considered "deserters" if they were not in the infirmary or did not have a licence, and they would go to prison at the end of the week while their friends went out on the streets.

It was less dangerous to run away from school in winter. One of our classmates "Rüştü" used to make such dolls out of quilts and blankets that one would think that a human being was lying inside. Since the head was partially tucked into the quilt in winter, this was successful, and a black thing placed on the head would look like a hair that had been left out. Since only one gas lamp was lit in the big ward and vision was reduced in the dimness, the officers on duty would fall for this trick. But one night Rüştü did not make these babies. About ten of them were caught and sent to jail at the end of the week. These friends had gone to watch the operetta "Çardaş" that night. They were called Çardaşists. Among them were the late "Nejat Kulakçı" and Turgut Babaoğlu, the current director of Darülaceze.

In the dining halls we had tables for ten people. The cafeteria and dormitory sequence was according to the alphabetical order of our names. Since there were no surnames at that time, everyone's name was prefixed with the name of their father and that is how they were called in official transactions. My name was "Nihâl Nail". Next to me were "Nejat" and "Nurullah". This Nurullah was a lifelong friend. He had such a laugh that when he started laughing, the whole class would break up. I never saw him after I left the medical school. I heard that he left the military service and worked as a doctor in Izmir.

Nejat, later Nejat Kulakçı, was a different world. Being next to him in class was both a pleasure and a disaster. He would make you laugh so hard. He would join in the laughter himself, but he would restrain himself when there was a possibility that the teacher might see him. His greatest pleasure was debate. He would also ruin one's nerves by making a joke or a witticism while he was explaining something with the utmost seriousness.

One night, in the silence of the dormitory and at a very late hour, we were talking in a slow voice about football and the national team. Let me make the national team," he said and started counting:

"Goalkeeper Nadim. Fullbacks Kamil and Cafer. Right haf Nihat, centre haf İsmetleft haf Fahir. Right wide Sabih, inside right Alaeddin, centre back Zeki..."

After listing these players, all of whom were Fenerbahçe players, except Nihat, Nefay stopped. He couldn't identify the inside left and the centre-left. I was at him, curiously waiting for the team to be completed. Suddenly Nejat's face became strange. "I'm the inside left, you're the outside left," he said, hugging his duvet. He sank into his bed. He was laughing, but his voice could not be heard because he was under the duvet. I did the same in order not to wake my friends.

It will also be strange that I speak of football with great authority, and here it will be necessary to explain one more of my skills: I was the goalkeeper of my class and had as much fame as Turgay today. Look easy it is to gain fame, I will tell you about it now:

"Do you see that muka'ar door? That's the arsh!..."

Nejat was surprised. It was obvious that he was not willing to be refused after working so hard and knowing so much. For this reason, he did not move from his place. But the teacher was furious. He shouted again and with more force:

"Muka'ar out the door!"

There was no remedy. Nejat turned round and Kōse shouted at us:

"Come on..."

Ihsan and I exchanged glances. When he saw that I had no intention, he was forced to enter involuntarily. Questions and answers were chasing each other. But Nejat had once angered the teacher because he didn't leave as soon as he was told to. It was obvious that something was going to happen to Ihsan:

"Get the fuck out!..."

"Sir..." started to speak. The hodja was furious:

"Get the fuck out..."

He jumped out of his seat when he said that. Worse still, he had a big hollow bone in his hand. Those who complain about today's soft and cute truncheons would have a different opinion if they were Kōse Tevfik's students.

Kōse was shouting as Ihsan rushed towards the door to avoid being hit on the head with this hard stick:

"Is anyone else going in?"

Some time after I entered the Military Medical School, had a match with the second class. We were a group of students who didn't even know each other.

We were an unorganised class, not knowing who played football. One or two people who understood football formed a team, and in the meantime, Süreyya Cemil, the class sergeant of the first semester (now a general), wanted to be the goalkeeper. Süreyya was my classmate from Kadıköy Sultanate. Although he knew me, he did not know that I was a first class goalkeeper. There was no opportunity for him to know. When Süreyya wanted to be a goalkeeper, Salih, the tallest in the class, who was born in Antakya and came to the Medical School from Konya Sultanate, asked him:

"But you know how to make plonjon?"

Süreyya, who was tall, took a look at Salih, who was looking over his head, and hesitated, considering his height, which was close to the distance between the two goals, and the fact that he used a purely scientific term like plonjon, and not object to Salih going in goal, thinking that Salih was a first-class goalkeeper.

In this historic match, which I came to watch a little late, I actually saw Salih making one plonjon after another, but I think he had an inky astigmatism in his eyes. Because every plonjon he made not to the side he came from, but to the side he didn't come from, and every raid by the second class ended in a goal. Even the second grade class was upset by this situation. The aces of our team took Salih out and put me in goal. Things changed after that.

Salih didn't ask me if I knew plonjon when he left me the castle. He was in no mood to ask. I never any plonjon either. The opposition's shots always came to me by chance, and the onlookers thought I was an excellent goalkeeper who knew how to keep his place. Just like some people thought that İsmet Pasha was a goalkeeper who successfully defended the state castle...

I became a famous goalkeeper because the ball accidentally fell into my palm before I had time to make a plonjon towards the ball. Someone from the other side said to our guys:

He was shouting, "Why didn't you put this boy in the goal in the first place?"

How strange! Again there was a similarity between İsmet Pasha and me: In his memoirs in the magazine "Akis Mr. Pasha writes that he first played football when he was a major. I wonder what he played? Was he a goalkeeper? If he was a goalkeeper and his skill as a goalkeeper was the same as in the state administration, he must have conceded many goals. On the other hand, if he played as a fullback and not as a goalkeeper, he scored his own goal, and if he played as a centre forward, he always passed the ball to the opposing players. If he played as a striker and accidentally scored an own goal, he played handball without showing it to the referee.

I wonder there is a correlation between the defeat of our national team and the fact that the National Chief used to play football. The issues of fate and fortune have not yet been scientifically explained. However, perhaps among the books of jifr and havsa in the Süleymaniye General Library, there may be lines that will give an answer to this question.

Since it would be too much to go on and on in the language of the Oghuzs, let us return to the proclamation of the Republic. On the evening of 29 October, or even much later in the evening, when the cannons started to be fired, we did not understand anything.

We learnt the truth the next morning. The Military Medical School was in turmoil. How could this have ? They had declared a republic without asking the Military Medical School. However, we thought we were the centre of the world. We every right to resent Atatürk, Gazi as he was then called. When he declared a republic, he had not asked the opinion of 200 knights sitting in the National Assembly as meb'us.

We were used to the "Government of the Grand National Assembly of Turkey":

"T.B.M.M. H Medical and Military Directorate"

For this reason, we found the republic unfamiliar. There were other reasons for this unfamiliarity. When Refet Pasha came to Istanbul on behalf of the Ankara government, he showed a German magazine in the conference hall of Darülfünun, which I also listened to, and said the following:

"In this magazine there are pictures of Gazi, myself and some other friends. It is written underneath that they are the leaders of the Turkish Republican Party. This is a rotten idea. We do not condescend to be governed by a republic, the form of government of the Grand National Assembly of Turkey is the most ideal, the most superior form of government..."

None of us had forgotten these words we had listened to almost a year ago, but our degrees of excitement were not the same. My classmate, the late Mevlüt, was among most nervous. His face was so tense:

"What are you doing?" I was forced to ask, waving his hand and shouting:

"The Republic is a rotten idea," he replied.

He said this not because he objected to the republican regime, but because it was in contrast with Refet Pasha's words. Perhaps he had mistaken me for Refet Pasha in the midst of his irritation and anger. Mevlüdü was so sincere that I kept silent and walked away from him as if I was really Refet Pasha and I was the one who had deigned the republic a year ago.

Mevlüt was very calm despite his nervousness that day. He was a hardworking friend who realised his duty. Two or three years ago, when he was a colonel in Izmir, he was killed by a bullet fired from behind by a mad labourer.

If my medical school life had not been a whirlwind. Perhaps I would have had the opportunity to think about and discuss the issues of the regime. However, due to the fact that troubles found me on the one hand and I invited them on the other, I did not see peace and comfort during my medical education, which lasted until the first days of the sixth semester.

One of them was a terrible flu, which set a record in my own life with a fever of nearly 41 degrees Celsius, a record I never equalled in my long life after that. To be honest, 41 degrees Celsius was nothing to the mountains inside me, but the doctors equated it with hellfire.

Another time I had a feverish illness that lasted for weeks. I claimed it was appendicitis. None of the six doctors who examined me could diagnose appendicitis. In 1951 and 1952, no one called the terrible attacks appendicitis either. Only an elderly general practitioner he suspected appendicitis. In 1953, when I was admitted to the table for a hernia operation, it became clear that my real problem was a very old appendicitis. Doctors had gone bankrupt, and famous doctors and professors had failed to diagnose this disease, which I had realised when I a medical student. Among these undiagnosed doctors was Abrevaya, who had treated Atatürk during his last fatal illness. I wonder if Atatürk died at the age of 57 because of the negligence of the doctors? As a matter of fact, doctoring is nothing but an art. And because it is an art, some materials, namely people, are sacrificed to the taste of these artists.

A little above, when I mentioned that the temperature approached 41 degrees Celsius, I said that I did not reach this record again in my "long life" after that. My mention of my long life was not a slip of the tongue or a mistake in mathematics. Since I am older than many nations, such as Indonesia with 88 million people, this claim is justified.

Because I had no mental and intellectual preparation, I could never warm up to the lessons of the Medical School. In the semester and year-end examinations, I almost always failed a course. Therefore, in the class I entered as the 19th in the class, I fell to 38th in the exam at the end of the first semester. Even this could be considered a great success. Because there were 41 students in our class. There were only three people I could be proud of, so there was no need to think about the 37 people who were ahead of me. One of my classmates from Kışlabendil, one of my classmates due to imprisonment and unauthorised leave, a joking friend whom we called Celal from Marput because he came from the Sultanate of Harput, used to tease me: "Nihâl is in Kışlabend during the holidays and on leave during the holidays". It was true.

Baytar İsmail Hakkı, a professor of animal science, was a great orator. Every year when he lectured on the theory of "the fight for life", many of the students of the older classes would come to this literary and scientific feast. At that time, ordinary professors were called "müderris", professors "muallim" and associate professors "müderris muavavini".

At the end of my first year, I failed this animal. But today I do not that I failed, because the famous doctor of the day, Mrs. Müfide Hanım, had also failed with me.

Esat Şerefeddin, a lecturer of botany, used to give his lectures with a whiny manner. While describing the development of the microscopic organs of plants, he would "it grows, grows, grows", and at the same time he would visualise this growth with his hand by opening the space between his two hands. We, who adjusted our imagination accordingly by looking at the half-metre distance between his two hands, were suddenly surprised when he finally finished the sentence with "it grows, it grows, it becomes ten microns". We had learned that a microbe is one thousandth of a millimetre.

The old name of the physics course was "Hikmet-i tabiiyye". His teacher Şevki Bey was one of the toughest students of the old Military Medical School. While he was in prison, a rumour spread that he had brought a woman to the tower of the Medical School.

Our chemistry teacher Mr Hadi was a fatherly man. He also had an assistant called "Hadi Müştak". This assistant, a military doctor with the rank of captain, was a very chubby man.

The lecturers of the diagnosis course were Nureddin Ali, İsmail Hakkı and Köse Tevfik. Köse Tevfik, who was from Crete and spoke Cretan dialect, was a different type. During the roll call in the first lesson, he scolded Nurullah, one of our friends, and read the name of one of our female friends, Müfide Hanım, as "Müfide Hanımefendi". In one of the next lessons, he said to İffet Hanım, one of our female friends, who was sitting in the front row taking notes:

"Well done, girl! You take good notes," he complimented me. But even though he was a trained soldier, never soft on us soldiers.

One day, the three of us, together with the late Nejat and İhsan, now a general, went to give Köse Tevfik a visa from the bone. Both of my friends were more knowledgeable and prepared than me.

Nejat entered the schoolroom first, greeted us and that he had come for a visa. We two waited in front of the door.

Köse Tevfik asked, opening the notebook:

"What's your fucking number?"

He said Nejat's number was 33. The questions started. Nejat knew well because he was well prepared. But suddenly, instead of saying "muhaddeb" (convex), he said "muka'ar" (concave).

I slipped away quietly.

The only political prudence I have shown in my life that I did not enter the bone visa that day.

I told you there were 41 people in our class. That's not 41 people, that's 41 worlds. There were also universes among us. Two of our friends were "Süreyya", two were "Celal" and two were "Lütfi". We called one of the Süreyya and Lütfi "big" and one "little". Poor little Lütfi was hospitalised with tuberculosis a little after he entered the school and died towards the end of the year. It seemed like there would be 40 of , but since "Naci" from the class before us could not attend classes in the first year due to illness, he stayed in our class, so we became 41 again. But this Naci also went crazy and died later on.

One of the "Asıms" was from Konya and one was from Harput. Asım from Konya was called "Çiçek Asım" and Asım from Harput was called "Master Asım". Poor Master Asım died of prionitis when he was about to see a doctor. Celal, who came from the same Harput high school, used to tease this Asım, and Asım used to chase him for minutes saying "You traitor Arab, you...". Celal was not an Arab. He was Turkish. But because he was either born in Damascus or had studied in Damascus for a while, in other words, he had something to do with that place, Asım would call him Arab when he got angry.

Although this Celal was very intelligent and hardworking, we used to call him "Crazy Celal". You may wonder why he was given this nickname when there was nothing wrong with him. Celal had a persistent headache during his first months at school. As we were always doctors, we immediately made the diagnosis.

The other Celal was called "Hacı Celal". I think he was born in Yemen and I think his mother was from there. He was very dark. But the first Celal didn't mind the nickname "Crazy", but he would get angry and swear at the name "Hacı". The psychology of the student population is well known: when someone gets angry at something, they always do it. In order to enrage Celal, his friends would shout "Hajiii" in the manner of some Arabs and put him on a gin horse. Later they summarised this word. They would only shout "iiii". This also fulfil the purpose.

Crazy Celal :

I would liken the head of a bidet to a watermelon,

I didn't expect to find such a pure gourd.

He would repeat the couplet. In fact, this couplet could be said for every member of mankind, even for those who were heathens or who were not mistaken.

There was also a "Rıdvan" among our friends. He was a small, weak little thing. He looked like "Ceki Kovan", one of the child artists of that time. He was also nicknamed "Marquis Garoni" for some reason. Ironically, the friends tirelessly, tirelessly, tirelessly:

Marquis, Marquis, Garoni Ceki, Ceki, Ceki, Ceki, Ceki Hive

They would sing his song for minutes. This Marquis Garoni was probably the then Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs. "Nurullah" was at the head of those who sang this song.

Nurullah also a hardworking friend. But when he laughed, the world moved and everyone laughed with him.

It is impossible not to think of many things once when describing the life of the Military Medical School, which was ordeal, tragic, tragic, romantic but colourful. And when I think of "Nurullah", I think of a jacket story:

After going up to the dormitory, there would be a long "fasıl" before going to bed. In this chapter, there were sarcastic jokes told from bed to bed, teasing, arguments and wrestling. One night Nurullah wrestled with another friend called "Adnan". Since the law on surnames had not been passed at that time, I don't know what the surname of this Adnan was. It was probably not Adnan Menderes. He was a very quiet, well-behaved, but naughty boy.

was like a middle school student in his mischievous behaviour.

The wrestling match was taking place in Nurullah's bed, one metre to the right of my bed. Nurullah, who was bigger and stronger than Adnan, was expected to win this wrestling match. It turned out that Nurullah was very ticklish. Adnan knew this, so he started tickling Nurullah. We, all of us, were suddenly interested in this wrestling match, which we had taken for granted because a few of them were held every night, and we didn't even see the need to look at it. Because Nurullah was laughing his famous laughter on the one hand, and on the other hand, he was kicking with horrible and hard movements.

At that time, there was no electricity in the Medical School. Luxury lamps were lit in the classrooms and there was only one petrol lamp in the dormitories. Since this single lamp was like a camel's ear for a whole dormitory, it was impossible for those who were a little far away from the lamp to read anything.

That night, I had put our only lamp on the bedside table next to my bed. I was probably going to read something. I don't know whether Nurullah did a somersault on his bed or something else happened, I don't realise how, but 's kick hit my bedside table, knocked over the lamp and burnt my internal jacket, which was on the bedside table next to the lamp. We used to call the clothes we wore at school as internal clothes and the ones we wore outside as external clothes.

As we prevented a fire by removing the lamp immediately, Adnan stopped wrestling. But Nurullah was still laughing and making everyone laugh. He was laughing at himself:

I came out saying, "You burnt my jacket." He didn't even care... "No harm done, let it burn," he said, between bursts of laughter. That's right... There was no harm for Nurullah. I was the one who was going to wear the burnt jacket for months to come. However, what was this burnt jacket compared to my real burntness at that time?

Nurullah was either very serious or very cheerful. One Thursday, he was in high spirits again because we were going on leave after lunch. We were there to get dressed, as we had our gaudy outer clothes with velvet collars and shiny buttons in our dormitories. Nurullah was in a good mood, but my friend Turgut wanted to take advantage of this mood at the expense of angering me, so he secretly taught Nurullah wisdom. I didn't know anything, I was busy with my own preparations when Nurullah called out:

"Nihâl!"

I looked at his face to see what he was going to say. He was laughing in a strange way. I should have realised from this laugh that he wanted to make a joke, but I was in a troubled time. I was not in a position to look around carefully. Nurullah asked, increasing his laughter:

" you have Kurdish ancestry?"

It touched my most sensitive vein. I shouted:

"Are you crazy? What makes you think so?"

He was still laughing:

"Nothing," he said. "You look like a Kurd..."

I swung the clothes brush in my hand towards Nurullah. When I couldn't hit him, I attacked him. Meanwhile, my eyes fell on Turgut's face. He was laughing slyly. When the two of us ran out into the corridor, we suddenly stopped because the principal was coming. Our running immediately turned into a normal walk, and Turgut's manoeuvre, who wanted to make fun of my sympathy for the Kurds, ended without incident with a salute to the principal.

There was also a "Nizameddin" among our friends. I have never seen such an original character in my life. Except when he was being tested, he was always smiling. Whenever he saw a friend of his not understanding something, he would call him "Kazof". Every now and then he shouted "I am a Unionist, long live Hürriyet ve İtilaf". There were no Unionists among us. It never occurred to us to ask why he shouted like that. Again from time to time: "I am not going to be a doctor; I am going to be a poultryman, do you understand, a poultryman". I think he used to say this because he considered people to be creatures with bird brains like chickens, worthy of being plucked.

I told you he was an original friend, and he believed in his luck a lot. He used to study only one or two subjects when he took the exams for the Medical Faculty. We took the Nebahat exam with 40 questions. Nebahat lecturer Esat Şerafeddin used to give 30 to 50 questions every year. We had 40 questions. Each question was a fasile, a plant family. The questions were drawn from a bag in the bingo method. Each student would draw a question from the bag in front of the teacher and get a grade according to the answer. It was not customary to draw a second question. Our Nizameddin tried only two of these 40 questions. To those who said, "What are you doing?" he would say, "I can't work like you, kazof! If one doesn't come out, of course the other one will. I have luck, I have luck, do you understand?" he would reply. Of course, if you ask if one of those two questions actually came up. How could it be? Nizameddin did not have the fortune he hoped for. However, he could still be considered fortunate. Because even though he used a very flimsy method such as relying on luck, he passed two of the four exams of the first year, but failed two of them. This Nebahat exam was nothing more than memorising a pile of Latin names. For example, our "okra" was called "ibiscus esculabtus". These antics would get on our nerves without us realising it. That's why my friend Turgut, now the director of the Darülaceze, Turgut Babaoğlu, started to address us as "My friend Poligala". A plant called Polygala and its varieties such as Polygala grandiflora, polygala calcarea, polygala avara were mentioned in our nebahat book and notes. The late Sadi, on the other hand, had combined the names of the plants in the form of a makeshift poem and composed a song for them. We listened to these songs for days. But Sadi had successfully passed his nebahat (botany as it is called today) exam. I was "cevziyye fasilesi". That is, the family of the walnut tree... I got a grade of "Karib-i ala", which means "close to good". Because I did not trust in luck like Nizamettin, I had studied all 40 questions.

I have already mentioned that Nizameddin was cheerful, this cheerfulness came from a unique composure. One day we witnessed a demonstration of this composure.

Salih, who was doing plunges in the direction, for some reason, I think at the end of an argument, got angry with Nizameddin. It was not anger, it could even be called madness. He was shouting "Nizameddin shut up" or "Nizameddin go away". But every time he shouted "shut up" or "go away", the other one responded with a very cold-blooded and smiling "What's wrong?", "What's going on?", "Why should I shut up?" and Nizameddin's comfort infuriated Salih. There was no need to be a fortune teller to understand how this would end. Even the Istanbul newspapers could have predicted that it would end in a pitched battle.

Indeed, the object that even they could have predicted happened. Salih attacked Nizameddin in a frenzied rage. They tumbled to the ground in a tangle, spun round several times, and stood up as quickly as had a few seconds before. Salih repeated the same words in a shout:

"Nizameddin, go!"

Nizameddin smiled and the same answer:

"Why? What's ?"

Finding such a spectacle enough, we separated the two. We all admired Nizameddin's composure. The late Nejat, on the other hand, out of principle or arbitrariness, objected to the general opinion and admired Salih, not Nizameddin. "Well done Salih, he didn't swear in the midst of so much anger," he said.

I did not see Nizameddin after I left Tıbbiye. I only heard from a military doctor much later than us that he had been treated at Haydarpaşa Military Hospital for a lung disease and that he had spoken with great sadness about the low morality of the public.

I had said that I did not trust his principle of relying on luck, but what happened to me in the exams at the end of the second year proved Nizameddin right. Namely: There were two exams in this class: Teşrih, the bone part of anatomy, and ensac, histology.

At that time, at the end of the year exams, students divided into several mailings. Each post would take the exam on a different day, so that the teachers would not get tired because they examined fewer students in one day. Another advantage of this method was that the students could adjust themselves and take the exam in a post that was convenient for them.

That year I on the same post with the late Sadi. Our first test was bone. This the test I was best prepared for in my medical school life. Later, in the Faculty of Literature, I was only as knowledgeable in the most successful exam.

Sadi and I had swallowed the whole bone book sometimes , sometimes together. On the morning of the test, we would get up very early and do another repetition. We didn't have an alarm clock, and even if we did, we couldn't make it ring in a dormitory of 40 people, but we had Sadi, and he would wake up whenever he wanted, or he wouldn't sleep at all. As you know, the Majusul em issue...

At around four o'clock in the morning, when Sadi woke me up by touching my shoulder, I was repeating "azm-i sudgi", the temporal bone, in my mind without dreaming. This was a subconscious activity. It was the one I knew best among the bones.

Sadi took the exam before me because number was younger than mine, 49. Since there were a few other people among us, I was spending my time away from the exam room. Since I was an allama, I didn't bother to look at the notes and books anymore. The teacher could ask about any bone he wanted. Especially if he asked about "azm-i sudgi", my grade definitely be "". At that time, grades were given in words, not in numbers:

Honourable appreciation

Aliyül'âlâ

Karib-i âlâ

Mediocre

Weak

The one who received a weak grade would pass. In order to assign grades to military students, the above were counted as 20, 18, 16, 14, 12, respectively.

After lingering for a while, I slowly approached the exam door. Just then, Sadi had left the exam was descending steps down the stairs. I grabbed him by the arm, thinking that he did not see me passing by without paying attention to me:

I said, "How did it happen?"

He looked very weary and turned his head to the side:

"Leave it, for God's sake," he replied. I realised that the test had gone badly. The late İsmail Hakkı Hodja was doing the test. He was a very grumpy and tricky man. Sometimes he would turn students round for the sake of showing off.

When it was my turn, I was quite unexcited. It is not my custom to get excited in exams. Moreover, I was knowledgeable enough to test the teacher.

İsmail first asked me about one of the nose bones. Since these bones were very small and delicate, they were in a box between cotton wool. He asked the janitor for the box. He took it in his hand. He struggled, forced, but could not open the lid. When he could not open it, he left the box and asked another question:

"Azm-i sudgil"

That's what they used to call luck. I was going to get "honourable" instead of "honourable" or ".

I don't know what the procedure is like now. At that time, in exams, we used to start by putting the bone in the position. In other words, we used to start by describing the condition of the bone in the skeleton of a standing person. I the same. I had said two sentences or yet. The teacher addressed me:

"Enough! Get out!"

It was unheard of for İsmail Hakkı to be satisfied with such a small answer. But the teacher was a man. He had many years of experience. He had become a human judge, he could understand the degree of knowledge of the student with two sentences.

I left with a soldierly salute. After I left, a wolf fell inside me. Had passed or it stayed? I wasn't going to return from the place I knew best... If I didn't return, what was that "Get out"? Although the professors of the Medical School were not such kind men...

In short, we didn't find out the result until the whole post had finished the test. The result was sad: Sadi and I both flunked.

To tell you the truth, it was unfair. What happened to Sadi was not really an injustice. Because he had spilt a caravan of sweetmeats on me, a loss to the state treasury and to be punished. And what had I done?

Fortune would redress this injustice in the second exam. I was not well prepared for the Ensac, or histology exam, and the questions I was asked were not familiar to me. At 12 o'clock I appeared in front of Tefvik Receb, the histology lecturer. The lecturer was probably in a hurry because he was hungry, and I think he could not understand what I was saying because he could not hear very well.

Wouldn't I get aliyü'âlâ in the end? My exams were the story of Bektashi:

Bektashi, exhausted from hunger, came to the front of the crowded bakery, handed over his only penny and asked for the fragrant fresh bread. At that time, since he did not know the queuing procedure at all, everyone at once rolled towards the clerk and called out: "Erenler! One bread for me..."

The shopkeeper either didn't see the coin or didn't care because he was a shopkeeper in the full sense of the word, and the poor bektashi's coin was lost in the crowd. After the crowd had dispersed, he was reprimanded for claiming that he had given the money in advance. The same fresh bread and the same crowd... He had a craving, but there was no money. Suddenly a thought came to his mind, and he went into the crowd. He came to the front of the counter. When he looked left and right and realised that no one saw him, he to shout, hitting the counter with a fake anger:

"Man! Where is my bread? You took the money and you still distribute it to others and don't give me my bread!..."

The baker believed this outburst. He apologised and offered the bread to the bektashi. After our virtuous men retreated to a corner and put the fresh bread down on the body, looking up to the sky:

"O Lord! You know the truth of the matter and you are capable of everything. Take my salary from that baker and give it to the other one."

It would have been right to erase my grade from the ensac mark sheet and transfer it to the exhibition. But I did not make such a request to God, and even if I had, it would certainly not have been granted. Because at that time, İsmet İnönü also used me as an example.

He would start to make requests and wishes, and of course his wishes would not be as humble as mine. What would he wish for, you ask? At least a thousand years of life and eternal power...

How is it? You shudder with horror, don't you? Even I faint when I know that this is an impossible object from my own pen...

Let us leave these dreams behind and return to the romantic memories of the Military Medical Students:

One of our classmates, Colonel Osman, now Deputy Director of the Military Medical School, from Samsun. He was small in stature. But he was a great wrestler and runner. He was not very strong, but he knew such games that it was impossible to beat him. One day he and Rüştü from Hasankaleli, the head wrestler of the class, had an ambitious wrestling match and they could not win.

He was unrivalled in strength conditions. He also had an ambitious strength race with me. I have already mentioned above that I was a famous goalkeeper, but I was not famous in either speed or endurance races. I had entered this race by accepting Osman's advance. The place of the race was as original as anyone could have imagined: The taraji of the Military Medical School.

How did we think of that place, right? We didn't think of it, we raced there because there was no other place. Because Osman and I were both in prison at the time of the race, and the patio was suitable for a 1500-metre run, provided that we could go back and forth along its length.

When you talk about prison every now and then, it will arouse a suspicion in the readers: Did he spend his whole life in prison? Although I am one of those who honoured the prison the most, readers should be assured that my whole life was not spent there. The time of my life was there because of the military regulations in force. Not at the whim and fancy of one man, as in 1944...

And let it not be thought that I want to make you forget the result of the race. Osman won the race. And do you know how? By coming from far behind and overtaking me because I could not run the last few metres to the point of being blocked...

There was also a "Cahit" among our friends. He was the most diligent and methodical. Cahit was the only one who was only busy with the lesson and read notes and books during all the mutalea hours. There were some of our hardworking friends who used to spend their time with games and entertainment during some of the mutalea hours and even gamble a little. Cahit had nothing like that. He was intelligent, serious and well-mannered as well as hardworking. In the very first days, this diligence of his caught my attention and I started to call him "future sergeant." Indeed, Cahit won the first place in the exam held at the end of the first semester and became a sergeant, and I think he kept this sergeant position until he left.

One day we saw Cahit at an important football match with foreigners at the Taksim stadium. This was an astonishing thing. But what was more surprising was the big book on Cahit's arm. He would probably have utilised the time by reading a few pages a week.

There were also friends in our class who sang a lot. The late "Hifzı" used to sing a few songs at night before going to bed in the dormitory. These were garami things. Poor Hifzı died of infarction a few years ago. I think his medical student heart could not withstand so much love and garamis.

"Cemal", God rest his soul, used to sing during the day and in the mutaleahan. But Cemal's songs were not about love and infatuation, they were humorous. The song he sang the most:

Three Baba Torik, don't be in a hurry,
my beard is long, don't shave.

He would begin by saying. Although this poem was superior to the masterpieces of today's cubic poets in terms of art, it seemed strange to us at the time. There were also compositions that everyone knew, loved or sang. Only our Turgut and Büyük Süreyya did not know how to sing. Turgut would always sing "fa sharp" instead of "mi", and Süreyya would finish the first verse while we were in the middle of the second verse.

There were also some that became the songs of the medical students and were sung together. These were sometimes sung with the accompaniment of the piano in the hall called "break room". There were many piano players among us. One of these songs was this:

I missed your voice so
much, I haven't seen you
so much, living apart from
you has devastated me...

I'm a prisoner **of your love**.
Remember me once in a
while,

I loved you so much...

These simple verses, whose lyrics I do not know, and this beautiful composition seemed to reflect the life of the medical students. A medical student loved, devastated with longing, but then forgot. However, there were also loves that could not be forgotten.

In the break room or in the classroom, the medical student who thinks of his/her lover will say in a loud voice:

Living apart from you has
devastated me.

It was a frequent occurrence for him to sing the couplet. Sometimes there were great fights due to love rivalry, but these were always held inside the school building. It is a great loss for noble gestures that in the history of the Military Medical School, for example, the French Revolution or the opium wars in China are not mentioned even though they are taught in the history of the school.

I was very touched when I heard the above song on the radio recently, which the old medical students loved and sang a lot, and I sincerely wish that the radio would make us listen to compositions that bring us the sound of the past instead of black music and English jingles that sound like cat meows.

One of the songs sung in chorus was this:

Clear and deep as the seas, oh
those eyes, oh those eyes! Let me
die, let be thrown like my heart into
the waves of those seas.

The silk strands of your golden
hair Always binds your **heart** to
yourself If I kiss you, if I love you,
if I love you, if you love me, if you
untie me
Pink **roses** on your white chest.

This verse also had no poetic value, but it was liked because it was in accordance with the love of the medical students. If we pay attention, it will be that we like poetry or music that reminds us of a scene from the past and revives a memory in our minds more.

Apart from these, some other groups and individuals also songs. The late Nejat had composed a song whose lyrics he had written in a dream.

But what prevailed among all these songs, rhymes, jokes and laughter was a hidden, unrevealed anguish. Our crying would take the form of laughing like Mephisto. It is a great deficiency that a few novels, plays and even screenplays have not been written about the life of the former Military Medical Students. "White Nights", a sincere and heartfelt novel written by the late Nejat Nejat in the last years of his life, based on the life of the Military Medical School, unfortunately did not find the demand it deserved.

The novels now in vogue are either disgusting rhymes written by girls from the neighbourhood, confusing love with prostitution, or subversive propaganda rhymes written by Muscovite boys, expressing the sufferings that our popular masters have never heard of and will never hear of, and which escape the eyes of the prosecutors. Of course, who would the novels of the bourgeoisie of the Medical School when there are workers and peasants being exploited (!)?

The part of the "Animal Science" lesson on parasites in the first grade had caused many of us to have delusions. We used to find the disease caused by the parasite in ourselves, but our friend "Şerif" broke the record for delusions. He had acquired a patient thermometer. He would put it in his mouth while listening to the lecture, hide the thermometer by putting his hands on his chin and check his temperature all the time. He was very careful and smart. He learnt the game from the late "Edip", the chess master of the class, and beat Edip in his first match.

Our friend named "Azmi" was the joy of the class. Finding the funny, pleasant and strange side of everything, he would cause a storm of laughter around him. He used to imitate a crow with great skill. He would stand on a high place holding a coffee sugar in his mouth, "Edip" would stand in front of him and read the lines from "Lafonten"s story "The Fox and the Crow", in which the fox beg the crow to drop the cheese in his mouth. When the verses were finished Azmi shrieked "gaaak" and dropped the sugar in his mouth, we loved to laugh. It Azmi's comic genius that made this scene, which had been repeated many times, so ridiculous. If someone else had done the same thing, we probably wouldn't have minded.

This ability of Azmi once helped me win an exam. I was not well prepared for the chemistry exam at the end of the first year. I knew only half of the subject and I could not trust my luck like "Nizameddin". I spent three days out of the seven or eight days we prepared for this exam in prison and I could not study because I was unwell. The late "Kemaleddin Cemil", a senior, was in prison.

was my friend. Many of his classmates were coming to visit him and talking to him. Of course, I could not read anything during these conversations.

When I was released from prison, a day or two before the exam, I met Azmi in the corridor of the lecture theatre. "Look at this" he said, waving a chemistry book in his hand. What he showed me were the open formulas and chemical names of three chemical compounds called "dulfonal", trional" and "tetronal". Their open formulae were a masterpiece. So were their names according to their compounds...

One was called "di ethyl sulfone di ethyl methane". The second one was "di ethyl sulfone di methyl methane" by adding a letter to the penultimate word. The third a compound. "di ethyl sulfone methyl ethyl methane..."

Such strange things stick in the mind. I read these strange objects from my own book and showed them to my friend Turgut. Turgut knew them because he had studied at the pharmacist school for a year before entering the medical school, and he could even memorise their exact formulas. Without further ado, the day of the exam came and when it was my turn, Mr Hadi, our teacher, asked the first question: Sodium. I hadn't had a chance to read it, so I just threw out what I remembered of my high school knowledge. It was still something, but it was not satisfactory for the Medical School exam. There were two questions in the chemistry exam. My fate depended on the second question. Weren't those strange objects the second question? This time the luck that our friend Nizamaddin claimed he had, manifested in me. What been the result of my meeting with Azmi in the corridor? Much can be written about the philosophy of coincidences, but let's leave the philosophy to the experts and continue the subject.

Our late friend "Edip" was the only high school graduate in a class of 41 students. The others had all entered by taking exams from the 10th, 11th and 12th grades. Edip spoke very quickly and swallowed some letters and even syllables of words. There is a definition in grammar books as "a syllable is a word uttered with a movement of the mouth". The grammarian who made this definition must not have seen the late Edip. Because Edip would say twelve syllables by moving his mouth seven times. For this reason, I could not understand Edip's words in the first days. Then I got used to it.

Edip a big and appetite friend of ours. But he was not a glutton. His friends used to tease him and tell jokes about his gluttony. At one point, a tale about Edip eating thirty bowls of Ashura in one sitting began to circulate. Edip would get so angry at this that we could no longer even say the words "aşure", "thirty", "glutton", "appetite" around him.

One day Edibe and I played a marvellous game for this reason. There was flirtatious girl in Kadıköy who collected medical students. Edibe went to this girl and said: You eat thirty bowls of aşure in one sitting, is that true?" The girl was very daring. "I will tell you," she replied. And she did. And do you know where? At the Kadıköy pier on the bridge and at the hottest time of the day... It was evening and Friday. The pier was quite crowded compared to that time, with medical students and others waiting for the ferry to return to school at the end of the holiday. Those of us who had been observing Edib from a distance without revealing what he was going to do saw that he had turned red. His face was so contorted that even the daring Donna Juanna away later confessed to us that she was afraid of being beaten.

Poor Edip contracted tuberculosis during his graduation. He was discharged from the military service, he got rid of tuberculosis. But then he died of pneumonia in Afghanistan, where he went on a mission.

There was also a communist among us. At that time, communist magazines such as "Aydınlık" were freely published and propagandised excessively, so communism was not something forbidden and this friend did not hide it.

I used to call him "traitor communist" and he would always reply with a long "murderous, blood-drinking fascist".

It can be seen that my fascism has a very long history. Fortunately, the People's Party, like many other things, did not realise this. Otherwise, in 1944, it would have detained my classmates in the Military Medical School and tried to take their written statements about my fascism, and so many people would have perished with their children.

At the time of the communist arrests at the Military Medical School, I think he was on probation. He had sent one of his close friends to destroy the communist documents in his house and had given him the key to his cupboard in my presence and described the location of the harmful documents. I am writing this unseemly incident in order to explain how the feeling of friendship can sometimes manifest itself in harmful ways. I saw this misinterpretation of friendship several times afterwards.

My closest friends were the late Nejat and Turgut. Turgut's father, who was a member of the Supreme Court of Appeals, was called "Mehmet Ali Münir". Everyone was called to roll call with both their own name and their father's name... The administration added "Mehmet" to the end of Turgut's name, and Turgut became "Turgut Mehmet". God rest his soul, our Turgut had some scruples. He didn't like some things. Since the name "Mehmet" was mostly used by villagers, he did not like being "Turgut Mehmet Efendi, a student of the Military Medical School". For this reason, he went to his class officer and changed his name. He became "Turgut Nejat". "Turgut Nejat" was the name on his identity card, that is, the name his father had given him. Thus, Turgut became the only privileged person among all Tibbiyelis who did not have his father's name attached to his name.

He was very well-mannered and polite. One day, when he told us that he had lashed out at a lady who persistently harassed him, we were astonished and curious. We immediately asked him what he had said and how he had lashed out, and when we learnt that this "lashed out" consisted of saying, "If this continues, unfortunately, I will not be able to come to you", we were amused.

But Turgut, who was so kind, one day drove me mad with anger. But I must confess that I was not justified in being angry. It happened like this: We were again immersed in a philosophical discussion, and nothing less would have saved us. We would solve all the problems and find a cure for all the troubles with a clash of ideas. I was in the thick of the discussion:

"Doubt is running to a light".

I said. This, as you know, Fikret's verse. Turgut with the second verse of it:

"It is a right for the intellectuals to reflect the truth..."

This answer was an appropriate response to my claim. But Turgut did not stop there. He tried to annotate the verse and told me:

He also gave a lesson by saying, "Do you know what Ukül is? It is the collective form of the mind."

This explanation was enough to infuriate me. Turgut had no such intention, he had said it as a figure of speech, but I was 18 or 19 years old at the time. My mind, which is the singular, that is to say, the definite article, of ukül, was one inch above his heart. If I had predicted that one day, thanks to the national education policy of the People's Party, there would be a generation of high school students who would speak in 500 words and a generation of university students who would express all their ideas in 750 words, I would never have been angry with Turgut. He was not a person to be angry with. He fought only once in his entire medical school life. He was never in a hurry, but he would always catch the ferry at the last minute and run. He also had a small flaw: He fell in love a lot and quickly. Only in the days when his love was fervent, he was refused a diagnostic visa.

He was also very careful about his clothes. When we raided the Faculty of Law, most of us were wearing hoods due to the season, and we lifted our collars so that our numbers would not be visible. Turgut did not lift his collar so that my collar would not be spoilt, and his number was determined by the lawyers and given to the Military Medical School administration. (His number was 54) Thus, Turgut Nejat Efendi ended up in prison.

My number 82. They saw it as 83 because my collar turned up. In the old numerals, 2 and 3 were very similar. So my classmate Saim went to jail instead of me.

As for Nejat: He lived in an old but very spacious house with a garden in Çerenköy. Whether it was because of his love for his home or not, he would often take leave in the middle of the week and come back after spending a night at home. I used to wonder how he got permission. Because I was not able to get permission officially, I always preferred the "desertion" method to get my work done.

Another curiosity of Nejat was to have surgery every now and then. Whenever he felt like it, he would either have his tonsils removed or his nasal bone corrected, in other words, he would undergo a minor surgery. I know four such operations.

He said to Turgut: "You are hodgepodge. Hodgepodge is a general characteristic of small children. So you are a child," he would say and always addressed him as "child". He used to wrestle with Turgut. They would engage in these wrestling matches, which took place in the break room or in the candlelit room, with such determination and dedication that they never cared if the table was overturned or the plates were broken.

Nejat and I would sometimes study together, and it was impossible not to faint with laughter. One night, during a one-and-a-half-hour evening recital, in the hall where the whole class was studying and a great silence reigned, he laughed at the late Sadi and me, and he laughed with me. The compulsion to laugh in silence had completely frayed our nerves and brought tears our eyes.

He never lost his cheerfulness and humour. Years later, when we were having great difficulties in talking to some friends about setting up a party, he said, in all seriousness:

"That's not how this works. Let me draw the programme and we'll talk in its column..."

He said and prepared to write it down by giving me pen and paper.

With the same great seriousness: "Write, the first article", he thought for a while and then determined this first article as follows:

"Smoking is forbidden in the corridors of the organisation".

At the time, it did not occur to us that an article that caused a storm of laughter was in fact the only article of the People's Party. Because in their time, it was forbidden to speak in the hall, and smoking was certainly not allowed in the corridor. Köprülüzade Fuat, when he was the treasurer of the People's Party, had replied to some of his former students who asked his opinion on the political situation, "It is forbidden for MPs to engage in politics". In my opinion, it is this aphorism, not his articles or books, that will remain in history. His books will wear out over time, and one day they will lose their scientific value and become obsolete. However, the above-mentioned aphorism, which describes an epoch in the history of Turkey with immortal accuracy, will never be forgotten and will never become obsolete.

In our time, Military Medicine students were superior to civilian students in terms of teaching. This was due to their boarding status and the fact that they were under strict control of the Military Medical School administration and were taught by negotiators. The negotiators were doctors with the rank of captain and major.

This superiority was occasionally proved by demonstrations of force, and more or less once a year the civilians received their right to be beaten. However, this did not spoil future cordiality and left no trace in the memories. So much so that in the memory of the internationally renowned physician Izzeddin Şadan, one of the most famous psychiatrists of our time, this annual beating was completely reversed. In other words, according to Izzeddin Şadan, civilians beat up soldiers. Of course, it is obvious that this is impossible. Belgium could never defeat Germany. It is against nature for military medics to be beaten by civilians. I can vouch for this. However, I cannot determine the share of my dear friend Izzeddin Şadan in the annual visits.

Towards the second year of my entry into the Military Medical School, another such incident: Ruhi from Niğdeli, one of the civilian students, was given an excellent banquet. But the situation suddenly took a grave turn. Those who had beaten him went to prison.

They were two grades ahead of us. Hayri, one of them, was likely to be expelled from the school because his dog tags were too full. That's when we raised the flag of rebellion. We couldn't hold a big revolution meeting at the Military Medical School. We went to the conference hall of the faculty. We decided that if even one of our friends was expelled, we would leave the school and retreat to Çamlıca. At a heated moment in the discussion, the head of the faculty, a professor (I think his name was Vasıf), entered the hall in a rage and tried to expel us. We didn't. On the contrary, we took him out of the hall. In the end victory was achieved. Our friends were saved from imprisonment.

We were such an unruly crew.

Students who had graduated from Kuleli Military High School were also admitted to the following classes. With these, "Obedience" entered the Military Medical School.

In the class two years after us was Safaeddin Karanakçı, another Turkish celebrity. Back then we just called him "Saf a". He was my classmate from Kadıköy sultanate. He was really a very naive and strange boy. He was funny. But he wasn't one to anger. "Where are you running away without paying your debt?" he would shout behind a person in the middle of the street.

In high school, he to publish newspapers, write humorous poems and imitate teachers. After I entered the Military Medical School, he studied at the Sultani for one more year and entered the Military Academy, and since he was transferred from the Military Academy to the Medical School, he was two grades behind me.

However, as soon as he entered Tibbiye, whether he thought it was the Faculty of Literature or the School of Journalism, he turned to literature. He started writing stories for a magazine. These were not stories, they were completely true. In the meantime, he was showing the love adventures of some Military Medical students by writing their first letters not names. But things were so open that there was nothing hidden.

Then one day, in a story, he mentioned a girl who was a law student. The girl a disaster. She had many lovers in law school. These lovers got enthusiastic and defeated a friend of ours who went to the Faculty of Law in a square battle. Although our friend broke through the front and survived, he suffered many casualties.

That's when the Military Medical School took off. Textbooks were closed. A four-person reconnaissance committee was sent to the Faculty of Law, the condition of the doors and classrooms was determined and an attack plan was prepared.

The day before the offensive, Safa was thoroughly beaten up because he had caused the world war of tomorrow with his writings, and the next day the Faculty of Law was attacked.

The Military Medical School's enrolment at that time was about 200 people, but everyone thought we were very crowded. Young girls used to estimate us as a few thousand people, saying, "Wherever we go, we see a medical student," and they couldn't believe that we were so few. So, at that time, one of us looked like ten people. Is chivalry easy?

About 120 of these 200 people made the legal attack. Because the senior class was offended because we didn't listen to them. Safa's class, resentful because Safa had been beaten up, did not participate in the general offensive.

On the day of the offensive, Mahmut Esat Bozkurt, the Deputy Minister of Justice, was visiting the Faculty of Law, so all the students there. The turbaned and burly students of the Faculty of Theology were also there. According to us, they were very crowded. They were prepared because they suspected the discovery made by the four Military Medical Schools a few days before. They had even prepared sticks. In other words, the other side was superior to us in numbers and weapons. But they lacked high command.

For this reason, in front of the eyes of the pretty girls from the Faculty of Literature on the top floor of the building, who were looking at us smilingly, we managed to get the job done in a few minutes with a lightning war. The attempt to stop us by a number of officers, most of whom were law students and most of whom were captains, was thwarted when Nurullah from our class, the Nurullah I mentioned above, who burnt my jacket, shouted "Take them down with you" and the lightning war ended with a complete strategic and tactical victory. This was such a speed that perhaps the late Hitler learnt lightning warfare from this action of ours.

Let it not be strange that I called Hitler "the deceased" and let it not be attributed to my fascism. What do you call a man who killed so many millions of ghouls and gypsies, especially our Muscovite friends, if not the deceased?

The Thunderbolt War had been so organised that the Military Medical School administration could not find any culprits. In fact, after the defeat, the lawyers had taken to the streets and started to identify the collar numbers and a list to the Directorate of Military Medicine. However, this list very clumsy and cursory. For example, on the day of the incident, numbers of only two of those who were lying sick in the infirmary of the Military Medical School were given, and this naively aroused suspicion in the Military Medical School administration. Everyone proved with evidence that they had been elsewhere at the time of the incident, and the Military Medical School administration was baffled. Some of us said to the director, "Allah, Allah! We can't catch anyone. Did jinns do this?" some of us heard the director shouting.

The newspapers were also helping us. The most humane ones wrote that three or four hundred medics attacked Law with sticks and stones, and there were even those who increased the army of medics to five or six hundred.

The school administration was not sure if any of the imprisoned medical students were guilty. Therefore, it did not want to waste its knights in vain. But there also a huge case. It was absolutely necessary to find a culprit. This culprit was found, and the blame fell on poor Saf a's head. She was expelled from the Military Medical School because she had caused this raid with her writings.

Justice had been served. That's how justice often served. It sits in an empty seat and everyone thinks it's been served.

Safa responded to this in exactly the way he deserved: He went to Romania to study law. No doubt, he went there because it was close to Romania. Otherwise, he could have studied leak in Albania.

I have already mentioned that everything came out of the Military Medical School, and this "Saf a" later became governor as Safaeddin Karanakçı and governed the province of Zonguldak. If we were in the sixteenth century, he would undoubtedly have landed in Romania with the navy he would have prepared and returned with great satisfaction. But it was not he who returned, but his fortune. And he returned without any sensation. Because the devil poked him and a love for freedom was born in him. Therefore, he became one of the founders of the Hürriyet Party. The love of freedom, which had always played an inauspicious role in our history after the Tanzimat, produced but useless and meaningless speeches in the National Assembly.

One day, when they had become the main opposition party in terms of the number of MPs in the National Assembly, I met him. I asked him, "What are you doing?" He replied, "I am dealing with brother Adnan". There short discussion between us. The fact that I have not included the details of the discussion here is a literary and historical loss for the readers. Those who want to know what I said in this discussion can contact Karanakçı. Those who want to know what he said should come to me...

In short, the Hurriyetists defeated in 1957. While they wanted to come to power, they were almost wiped off the political map with only 4 parliamentarians. Afterwards, they returned to their original place of origin and became part of the Republican People's Party.

they melted in your sine-i hamiyet. Poor Fevzi Lutfi Karaosmanoğlu, who wanted to become the fourth president of Turkey, also deprived of his deputieship. Thus, the Turkish nation was saved from the unimaginable situation of having a man descended from the Bosnian Kara Osman Agha as its president.

Having made this racist and Turanist statement, let us return to the subject and put an end to the tale of the Military Medical School:

My expulsion on 4 March 1925, a few days after I had passed the halfway point of my third year at the Medical School, which had five classes at that time, was the first of the dramas of my life. I will not write the details of it because it would touch the heart. I will only say that the reason for it was the basic principle that I had defended for years, that I had not given up even though it had cost me my life, and that I would never give up. In addition to this, my insolence and a little bit of woman's finger played a role. Mesut Süreyya from Baghdad, who was at that time in the rank of sanimülazım in the Turkish army, took his duty in the plot against me and did it successfully.

I left the Military Medical School, but the memory of him remained in my mind. Years later, when I was working as a literature teacher in that building, now Haydarpaşa High School, I was filled with memories. The corridors and classrooms would tell me stories of the old days. After all, what life but a few memories?

The magnificent spirit of that imposing castle had been lost. The people in it now were strangers to that old spirit. They were a bunch of dead people who looked forward to the beginning of the month and were not interested in anything other than the salary account, with the children trying to get five numbers from the teacher. The real living ones were the Military Medical Students who had been there, talked, joked, worked, fought and, above all, suffered.

There were now sparrows in the hawks' nest.

I had never had any love and interest in being a doctor, but being a doctor was one thing, and being a military medical student was quite another.

The hardest thing for me was taking off the military uniform. It's strange: Even in civilian clothes, the neckerchief got on my nerves the most. Years later, after the collars of the officers were opened and they started to wear neckerchiefs, I was very upset. I was so incapable of adapting to the environment that I still couldn't get used to it. It was as if I turned into a religious fanatic whose temples had been destroyed and whose religion had been insulted. I couldn't digest it. I still can't digest it and I am waiting with hope for a new dress code to be issued that will close the collars of the officers, make them wear belts around their waists, turn mintans into jackets, berets into caps and caps into beanies.

After recovering from the spiritual trauma of leaving the Military Medical School, I devoted myself to Turkish history and gradually began to read scholarly publications.

An article I sent Köprülüzade to invite me to his house and we met. The late Neci Asım and German professor Menzel were also there. Their scientific discussions increased my self-confidence.

At the time of this meeting, I the deputy clerk of the steamship "Mahmut Şevket Paşa". I could not give a positive answer to Köprülü's offer to enter the Faculty of Literature. I was ashamed to make such an offer to my father, as I would lose my salary as a student. It was certain that he would have welcomed it, but at that time there was something called "shame".

My late friend Nejat took care of this matter. He enrolled me in both the Faculty of Literature and the Higher School of Education at a time when I was on a voyage to Mersin by ship. I was not aware of such a boarding school. This school, located on the upper floor of the burned Zeynep Hanım mansion, was something like the lei part of the Darülfünun.

When I entered the literature department (now called Turkology) of the Faculty of Literature, many of my friends congratulated me saying, "Now you have found your place". I had found my place... This place almost as a grave for me. We had very marvellous classes.

While I was still thinking about how I would overcome all these sciences, they took me to military service. After doing my military service in the fifth regiment in Taşkışlad, I started to attend the Faculty.

We also had night classes at the Higher School of Education. These were also things with big names. Usul-i tedris and pedagogy, French...

Since we were going to be teachers in the future, we had to know pedagogy. We needed this knowledge in order to educate the students extraordinarily. Our pedagogy teacher was a registered communist named Sadreddin Celal. The People's Party had chosen this man as a teacher for the high school teachers of tomorrow. He had once published a communist magazine called "Aydınlık", had joined the International in Moscow, had been sentenced to prison for communism, and had been released from prison with the benefit of a general amnesty.

All of these could have happened. But would a man who wanted to sell a country to another country be brought to an institution of indoctrination anywhere the world? This was an unprecedented folly, or an unrivalled betrayal. Not only was he a communist, he was also a pedagogue... As you know, there were three main types of germs destroying the Turkish nation: Staphylococcus, gonogogue and pedagogue. The first two have vaccines, medicines, etc. Isn't it because of these that the level in schools is decreasing year by year... The system of pedagogues reduced high schools to the level of middle schools and middle schools to the level of primary schools. Of course, as a result of this, universities are filled with uncultured children who do not know how to spell, and who, although they do not know where to use the capital letter, try to make speeches together with professors at the opening ceremonies held every year. But who are you, my dear, to want to speak with professors? What are you going to speak? Your dictionary is only 1000 words. What brilliant ideas will you defend with it? Give up the lecture and give an exam on time... Otherwise the pedagogue germ will kill you.

One of Sadreddin Celal's incidents with Bearded Celal is also noteworthy in terms of showing his character. The incident was narrated by Bearded Celal:

Bearded Celal, as you know, is a communist to the core. He is a very clever and original man and strangely enough, he is the only communist who is not a servant of Muscovite. At the end of the First World War, when they were travelling to the international communist congress in Moscow, the train stopped at a station and Sadreddin Celal said to Sakalı Celal:

"Buy us some water from the fountain at the station," he said.

Bearded Celal asked:

"Why don't you take it?"

Sadreddin's answer is this:

"What if the train leaves..."

Bearded Celal, who was extremely angry at this arrogance, immediately responded in kind:

"Son of a dog... Who told you that I run faster than the train..."

This man was teaching us pedagogy.

Our French teacher Kazım Nami, one of the famous masons and educators. I don't need to tell you how chaotic both classes were. Kazım Nami used to say that he was in favour of free education. He was so much in favour of liberalisation that one day in French class he made Orhan Şaik read one of Nedim's garami poems.

I had a little quarrel with both of them: Sadreddin Celal invited me to leave the class. We had read about the French revolution... I replied, "No force can remove me." He left. I retorted to Kazım Nami for something he had said, "I don't give a damn." It seems that this word had got into his heart. I realised that it was in his heart when he said, "How, it bother me too?" when my mother died (18 March 1930).

Under these marvellous conditions, I graduated from the Darülfünun in 1930 and embarked on the strange sea called life. In some ways I was very naïve, in others I was double-roasted...

C.H.P. AGAINST BEHAVIOUR BEFORE 1944

In this, the second chapter, we now enter the main subject. Since, according to the customs of time, it is not polite to go straight to the point, I have done so in order to show courtesy. The beginning was perhaps a little long. Maybe it bored some people. But desperate...

The details I have given about the life of the Military Medical School will be the only main source in the future, unless others write something on this subject. If people do not want to live like grass and animals only for the moment, they have to look ahead.

People who deprive themselves of worldly pleasures and strive for the happiness of those who come after them and are called "mad" or "insane" are real people. People who, like animals, think only of "thegaddi" and tenasül", and outside of these two only look after their comfort, are animalised people. The between man and animal is as follows: Man a creature who can give his life for an idea or an ideal. An animal, on the other hand, is a creature that can struggle only for its own benefit.

When the War of Independence ended, I was 17 or 18 years old and was nationally fortunate. Because the Turkish nation had a unique sense of superiority, belief in tomorrow, trust in those in charge of the state and unity. The minorities of Istanbul were not like cats that had spilt milk, but literally like dogs. He could see it even aloud. Morale was excellent even against England, the most powerful state in the world at that time. In the first years after the Lausanne Peace, if a broke out with England, the nation would go to this fight like going to a wedding, without blinking an eye and believing that they would defeat the English.

Due to the mismanagement of the People's Party, this spirituality gradually collapsed, from zero to zero and gave birth to the present feeling of inferiority.

What was the reason for that?

Of course, as in all great events, there were many reasons for this, not only one. It is not yet time explain some of these reasons. Others can now be analysed with an impartial eye. I will do the same thing :

1- Mustafa Kemal Pasha was a great commander and, above all, a brilliant political man. There was no scheme he did not resort to, no mould he did not enter in order to liberate disorganised and occupied Turkey as a united nation. Just as a skilful chess player sees and thinks ten, fifteen or even twenty moves ahead and moves accordingly, Mustafa Kemal Pasha accurately predicts how many troops the Greeks will raise, how far Britain will support them, when France and Italy will secretly work against British interests, and how many weapons Turkey will have in its stores.

He knew that he had enough rifles and ammunition to arm his troops, and he was calculating how to take advantage of the emerging communism against England.

Communism was an unknown idea for people when it first appeared. Since it promised freedom to all nations, it was obvious that it would gather many supporters. At first glance, its appearance was attractive.

However, Mustafa Kemal Pasha was not a person who would openly fall for communism, which he did not know anything about and maybe even heard its name for the first time. The fact that the members of the Russian Embassy in Ankara were propagandising communism and gaining supporters did not escape his eyes. For this reason, he decided to establish a Communist party, to put his own men at the head of it and to gather all communists together and keep them under strict control.

The decision was successfully implemented and the party was dissolved after the violent propaganda coming from Moscow was prevented. Mustafa Kemal Pasha concealed his intentions from everyone so much that at the beginning he did not even tell Refet Pasha, one of his closest friends, that this was a collusion, and one day even surprised the Board of Deputies by saying "Tomorrow we will declare communism" in order to show that he was sincerely in favour of communism. After the initial surprise, this surprise led to the fierce opposition of Refet Pasha and Dr Rıza Nur Bey.

Undoubtedly, Mustafa Kemal Pasha did not really declare communism. It was a pretence. He knew that Bolshevik spies would find out that he had made such a proposal, but that it had failed because of the resistance of the deputies. He was doing this in order to gain the confidence of the Bolsheviks and get their help, and also in order to suggest that it was useless to deal with Turkey in the presence of Mustafa Kemal.

Mustafa Kemal Pasha, with his political genius, threw the Russians out of the künden. However, during the short period in which the communist party was active, communists were able to settle in some subas in Turkey. They have still not been expelled from their places. It is not possible to expel them through democratic procedures. They can only be removed by appointing a fully authorised and very honest man to this task.

Communism, which had established a network in the country even at the beginning of the War of Independence, developed over time and with the money generously spent by Russia and penetrated first into education, then into the press, the theatre, the army, the navy, the National Assembly and the cabinet. However, since the People's Party considered itself "irresponsible and infallible", it could not tolerate even implied criticism. Thinking minds gradually got used to keeping silent in order not to "lose their bread" or "go to jail". Thus, communism began to spread and began to carry out its plan for the total Bolshevisation of the country.

Either nationalism or religion could have been used against communism. It would undoubtedly have been wiser to use both of these.

Our nationalism was Turkism. But for some reason, the People's Party "Turkism" even though one of the six arrows was nationalism. That is why the Turkish Hearths were closed down. The People's Party had a peculiar nationalism of its own.

Religion, on the other hand, could have been a great source of national energy and defence as it was a force that penetrated into the soul of the people. However, since the People's Party had declared secularism, it felt completely outside religion, even irreligious.

This is one of the biggest mistakes of the People's Party. When the madrasas were closed down and the tekkes were abolished, if a high theological institute or faculty had been opened and cultured, doctorate-educated clergymen who knew Western languages and philosophy had been trained in the country, the spiritual situation of Turkey today would have been completely different, and the ignorant people who are today labelled as religious scholars would not be able to spout their ridiculous delusions.

Mustafa Kemal Pasha had attended lodges and dhikr in his youth, but he had become disenchanted with the immorality there. He himself, I believe, believed in God. But he was surrounded by a group of people who advised him to convert to Christianity. These were both patriotic and mocking intellectuals who had received higher education in Switzerland and France, but had not participated in either the First World War or the War of Independence.

They had a terrible sense of inferiority. They were either influenced by this sense of inferiority or they were irreligious because of their conscience. They believed that the West, which had far surpassed us in terms of civilisation and technique, would not allow Turkishness to survive because of its past sufferings and its ongoing Christianity; and that Turkey, which had just emerged from four wars of 12 years, was devastated, poor, uninformed, diseased and sparsely populated, would perish unless it received great help from outside. According to them, there was no other solution but to convert to Christianity in order not to perish. In their opinion, however, both Islam and Christianity were nothing but fabrications. Therefore, in order to live, was no harm in abandoning one fabrication and accepting the other. If we became Christians, we would suddenly be the darling of the world, we would be helped and everywhere. Our development would be marvellous.

On the other hand, a communist group was inculcating irreligion and endeavouring to prove that all religions undermine progress. They were insidiously spreading that Turkism was but an adventurism that would sink the state. The Committee of Union and Progress had ruined the country in the name of Turan. Turkey could not tolerate a second such attempt.

By portraying Turkism as a form of itlithadism, the communists were touching Mustafa Kemal Pasha's most sensitive side. Because he did not like the Unionists, although he had been among them since he was a young officer. The Unionists did not give him the value he deserved. During the War of Independence, Enver Pasha entered Turkey and wanted to take the presidency from him and gained many supporters here. For example, Deli Halit Pasha, who was murdered by Rize MP Rauf in the National Assembly, and Trabzon MP Şükrü, who was strangled by Topal Osman, were among them. Since Deli Halit Pasha was struggling with Bald Ali at the time of his shooting, the matter was closed on the grounds that Ali shot him to save his life, and Topal Osman was killed by the soldiers of the guard battalion while trying to raid the Çankaya mansion.

The Unionists then tried to destroy Mustafa Kemal Pasha with the assassination in Izmir, but they themselves were destroyed. For these reasons Mustafa Kemal Pasha hated the Unionists. The execution of Cavit, a Jewish convert from Thessaloniki, who was hanged as the head of the network preparing the assassination of Mustafa Kemal Pasha, aroused great reaction in the world press. This was because Cavit was both a Jew and a pharmeron.

But Mustafa Kemal Pasha was a bully. He was not the type to pay attention to the howling of the world newspapers. He did not hesitate to close the masonic lodges as he had Cavit hanged. This was one of the most positive actions of Mustafa Kemal Pasha. Because in these lodges, Jews, Greeks and Armenians learnt the most secret affairs of the state in the name of the Masonic brotherhood, and since all of them were foreign spies, there were no state secrets that were not known to our enemies.

Mustafa Kemal Pasha's disgust with the Ittihadists and the very skilful and insidious indoctrination of the communists around him caused him to be very hesitant towards the Turkists. In the meantime, the only organised nationalist group had been eliminated by closing down the Turkish Quarry.

Anti-religious sentiments and timidity towards Turkism were gradually leading to a friendship with Muscovites. In this respect, İsmet İnönü and Tevfik Rüşdü Aras were ahead of everyone else.

Their thought must be as follows: Russia is the only state that helped us a little in the War of Independence. This state, which is our neighbour, is very strong. With Russian friendship we can establish a balance against England and other states. We can buy time to bring communism to our country.

However, İsmet Pasha did not think at all that this sanction would lead to the spread of communism in the country. He even went further; he himself wrote for Kadro magazine, which gathered people who had been convicted of communism such as Şevket Süreyya, Vedat Nedim and Yakup .

He could not imagine how destructive effect this would have on the nation. The people, who knew communism as Muscovism, inevitably offended and sceptical when they saw Muscovites being put in charge of all kinds of important affairs. Some of them, on the other hand, thought differently and came to the conclusion that communism and, as a result, Russia was not a dangerous thing.

This Russian friendship sometimes even went to the extent of sacrificing national honour. For example, in October 1935, they started to present the match between the Turkish and Russian national teams in Ankara as the victory of the proletariat over the bourgeoisie.

At that time, wrestling teams consisted of seven people and there was no method of a . Our heavyweight, Çoban Mehmet, was sure to beat the Russian.

The wrestling, which was watched by some of the People's Party elite, started with a great bet. Three of the first five wrestles were won by ustwo by the Russians... It turned out that they had prepared their plan, but of course we were not aware of anything. When the sixth wrestle was over, the famous Russian whining started. Russian administrators started to work and started to be bitchy. When ours refused to accept this, the argument grew and a shape that would shake the Turkish - Russian friendship (!).

0 Meanwhile, Recep Peker, the Secretary General of the People's Party, intervened. In his well-known manner, he lashed out at our people:

"Just accept defeat, sir, what's in it for you?" he shouted.

The boys conceded defeat. It's three on three.

It's more interesting after that... Now there was the heavyweight fight. We were going to win that anyway. But the Russians had already prepared their plan... The Russian heavyweight didn't wrestle, citing the harvest as an excuse. According to the wrestling regulations, a wrestler who does not take the mat, regardless of the reason, should be considered defeated, but the Russians demanded the cancellation of this bout. Well, as long as Recep Peker was there, there was no death for the Russians on land. This was accepted and the match, which we had actually won 2-5, ended in a 3-3 draw.

The other results of the Russian friendship are well known: The traitor Nazım Hikmet was welcomed here as a national hero upon his return from Russia and was recognised as a great poet... So much so that even Köprülü Zade Fuat, who should have been serious scholar, referred to him as "a young and mighty poet" in his notes on the history of Turkish literature, which he had us write in the 1929 - 1930 academic year. Even the most serious people with the most national character began to write national epics in Bolshevik verse.

Then, the communist deputies in the People's Party-era Parliament, who were paid sycophants of İsmet Paşa... The removal of Namık Kemal's works from the radio and the prohibition of Greek, Armenian and Jewish imitations...

And finally the tragedy of the village institutes... Systematic activities to turn these institutes into communist nests... Events so ugly and disgusting as to turn the girls who were the heroes of the last College incident into Mother Muzahraf, but all of them were covered up...

In order to spread his germs in a wider area, the registered communist Sadreddin Celal was removed from his position as a pedagogy teacher at the Higher Teacher Training School and appointed as a pedagogy professor at the Faculty of Literature of Istanbul University...

The favouritism of the communist Sabahattin Ali with a double post at the Ankara State Conservatory despite his lack of education, and the National Chief's caressing and complimenting Sabahattin Ali every time he honoured the Conservatory...

In the Faculty of Language, History and Geography in Ankara, four far-leftist associate professors, Pertev Nalî, Muzaffer Şerif, Niyazi Berkes and Behice Boran, publicly propagandised and went so far as to unjustly turn nationalist sentiment...

In the meantime, two well-known professors had a crisis of communism and joined that front, albeit temporarily, in word and in writing...

0 Then what about the occasional communist arrests? What will it be? The question of the honour of the bathhouse... Because those arrested were labourers, drivers, the riff-raff of the communists. The higher stratum, the "white labourers", as they called themselves, at the water's edge, in their comfort and propaganda.

All these were among the main reasons that shook the nation's morale and created a sense of inferiority.

The second reason complemented the first and arose from seeing the West as superior. The late Kazım Karabekir Pasha once told me:

"I and Ali İhsan Pasha were at the head of the victorious armies when the armistice was announced, and therefore our morale was high. Since the other commanders were at the head of defeated armies in Syria, their moral strength the British was not in place. In fact, İsmet Pasha was so hopeless and despondent that he was saying that we could only be farm aghas from now on and that we should accustom ourselves to being Kazım Agha and İsmet Agha."

This diagnosis and observation of the deceased is very interesting in terms of psychoanalysis and worthy of attention.

The only thing is that Mustafa Kemal Pasha was able to save himself from demoralisation thanks to his intelligence and foresight. Because he was able to calculate well how events might unfold, and he did not fall into delusion and fear.

As a matter of fact, when Turkish sentries on the shores of the Sea of Islands killed a British officer who approached our shores in a naval lifeboat, he proved that he had no trace of demoralisation. He contacted the British at the machine and informed them that if the bombardment they had realised, he would consider it as the beginning of a Turkish-British war, and when the British failed to do so, they announced that they would send their navy to visit Istanbul in order not to spoil their charms, but Mustafa Kemal Pasha did not accept this either.

Although British insisted on sending a few ships to on the basis of the Lausanne Treaty, he refused and gave a fully political answer as "We will violate the Lausanne Peace if necessary to achieve peace".

Mustafa Kemal Pasha was doing this because he realised that England was old and democracy was weak, and because he knew that England had an unforgivable secret enmity against us.

As a matter of fact, the matter was settled by giving some alms to the family of the dead Englishmen and by throwing a wreath into the sea to cheer the soul that had gone to the red tamu.

The secret enmity of the British against us arises first from the fact that they are fundamentalist Christians, then from the fact that they were beaten in the Crusades, and finally from the fact that they were defeated in the Gallipoli Wars at a time when they were at their strongest.

Perhaps they had their eyes on Istanbul. After they had obtained key points such as Gibraltar, Suez and Singapore, they had probably dreamt of dominating the Straits. In fact, during the reign of Selim III, they had brought their navy through the Dardanelles to Istanbul. In this weakest time of Turkey, they wanted to Istanbul by taking advantage of the opportunity.

All their failures increased their secret hostility towards us.

Secret documents from 1941, published by the United States in recent months, give a new witness to the British hostility to Turks. : Although they were supposedly our allies, they stily undermined American arms aid to us and for a time deceived America.

It is well known that the ship Refah, carrying the most valuable officers, enlisted men and cadets to receive new weapons for the Turkish army, was torpedoed and sunk by an unknown submarine near Cyprus and many Turks were martyred. It has now been realised that the unknown submarine which sank the Refah ship belonged to our friends and allies, the British.

İsmet İnönü was afraid of this old and sick England, and therefore of the whole West. His mind, which had a very strange mechanism, was analysing England and France with the forces of the First World War. This was undoubtedly due to his lack of foresight. İsmet Pasha's whole policy was based on caution and timidity. He thought that dangers could be avoided by showing friendship to everyone.

Undoubtedly, this was a great mistake. Either İsmet Pasha did not know Turkish history, or he did not realise that he had committed the blunder in history by assuming that Russia, which had been striving for centuries to reach the warm seas, had made it a national policy, had fought epic battles with the Turks for this purpose, but had never achieved its ambition, would give up its ambitions over Turkey if we showed friendship to it. In order to show that friendship to Muscovy was not born out of fear, but came from within us, he naturally turned it into friendship to Bulgaria, friendship to Greece, friendship to Serbia, and these friendships took on such a horrible sharpness as to make us forget the rights, Turkishness and even humanity of hundreds of thousands of Turks living on the soil of those states.

Those small nations could read their own histories with enmity against the Turks, and resorted to every means to cause the Turks to fall into economic poverty and cultural chaos, but we could not open our mouths and say a single word to protect the rights of the Turks.

In late 1940, to celebrate the 900th anniversary of the founding of Turkey, I published a 28-page book entitled "900th Anniversary". This book was confiscated by the police on 2 January 1941 upon an order from the prime minister's office by telephone. The rest were distributed and sold. But the important thing was not this confiscation, but the reason for it. Because there were one or two words against Bulgarians in the book. Of course President İsmet İnönü and his Prime Minister Dr Refik Saydam could not understand how I written that little book with a sense of Turkism like a waterfall, and what kind of a stimulating effect it would have on Turkish intellectuals. It was enough that the Bulgarian ambassador did not disturb them.

If a person does the same behaviour over and over again, he gets used to it and becomes natural to him. İsmet Pasha, too, showed off to foreigners, and finally this became a habit and infected those around him. A group of people who harboured a sense of inferiority towards the West emerged.

Perhaps this coterie believed that they were saving the country from external dangers by this behaviour. However, in reality, the morale of the nation was deteriorating, the people, who were always incapable of grasping the subtleties of political reasons and necessity, lost faith in their own national power when they saw that their own government was inferior to the Muscovites, the British and others, and since they could no longer trust the government, a rift opened between the people and the government.

And this is how the spiritual strength was reduced to zero. Because the feeling of inferiority had gripped the souls.

I will narrate a very painful and ugly, than ugly, disgusting. And I will narrate a disgusting example of this here as a souvenir for history, so that the doctors of the national structure may know well the deep wound of the body they will repair...

The story is as follows: After the proclamation of the Republic, a group of medical students travelled to Romania and stayed there for a few days. After showing our students around, the Romanian students wanted to treat them by taking them to their brothel, which was their pride and honour.

A few weeks or months later, the Romanians returned this visit. Ours showed the Romanians around and entertained them. Of course, they were not going to be inferior to them in hospitality... They also took the Romanians to the brothels in Beyoğlu. The head of this caravan was member of the class above us and someone who knew French well because he came from Galatasaray. It was a masterpiece then. An extraordinary work that would moisten the eyes of anyone who thinks about today's conditions... The brothel women, you know, the ones we insulted as "prostitutes" in the most polite terms, said, "Are you bringing us foreigners?" and kicked that friend and the Romanians out with a slap on the wrist.

about this and today's prostitutes who are called society women without a licence, and please accept that the prostitutes of yesterday were as clean and honourable as the Virgin Mary compared to these whores who were caught with American black sergeants and whose names were publicised.

When the American Missouri aircraft carrier arrived in Istanbul, the streets of the houses that had expelled the Romanians were swept, all the heads of those streets were guarded by police and MPs, Turks were forbidden to enter these streets and they were left open only to Americans for days.

I think there is no second example of such a tragedy in the history of mankind. Such a manifestation of the feeling of inferiority is enough to drive patriotic people mad. The defenders of the People's Party and those who hold Ismet Pasha as the only and last hope of the nation will say, "Ismet Pasha did not give this order either". Undoubtedly, the National Chief did not give such an order directly, but as is the case in all dictatorships, gradually all the officials acted in this way, believing that they were acting in accordance with the Chief's wishes in accordance with the political and administrative atmosphere they desired. If Ismet İnönü had been a Turkist chief who prioritised national pride above all else, this ugly incident would not have happened. Because the ministers, governors, general managers and lower officials knew that this would be met with a terrible reaction by the chief.

Here it would be appropriate to tell an anecdote attributed to Caliph Umar: 'Umar was walking around one night when he heard an old woman cursing him and asked him:

"What happened? Why are you cursing Omar?"

Woman: - "My goat is lost."

Ömer: - "If your goat is lost, what Omar's fault?"

woman, who did not recognise that it was Caliph Omar, replied:

"If Umar was a good man, he would have appointed a good governor to the city, and that good governor would have found good police chief. When the police chief was good, the guards would be careful and vigilant, and they would not give the thieves the opportunity to steal my goat."

The old woman's philosophy of state and administration in this anecdote is correct, leaving aside the exaggeration. If Ismet Pasha did not have a sense of inferiority towards the West in his soul, the then governor of Istanbul or the police chief of Istanbul would not have taken this outrageous measure and national pride would not have been injured in such an irreparable way.

MY CLASH WITH

When a sense of inferiority begins in a community, everything that comes from outside is looked at with admiration. When a nation's intellectuals, professors and journalists become sycophants and hypocrites, when a community becomes incapable of martyrdom for the sake of truth and right, there will be no more bankruptcy to be imposed on it.

It was at such a time when the society was shapeless, formless and without consistency that Nazım Hikmet who did not have a drop of Turkish blood in his veins, was sent to Turkey to carry out subversive activities with orders from there, after having learnt a good deal of Muscovitism in Moscow, and was welcomed as a national hero by our impersonal, unqualified and unprofessional intelligentsia. This sold dog was bringing the Muscovite poetry in spirit and form. In an instant, a mass of mutant monkeys appeared around him and entered our verse in order to mould it into Muscovite verse. Thanks to national and literary culture of our intellectuals, poets and writers

Comrade Nazım Hikmet was almost conquering Turkey with his rhymes, which he called poems. After he satirised Ahmet Haşım, Yakup Kadri and Hamdullah Suphi in verse, a general horror. In other words, people were really no different from monkeys. They were afraid of this vile Muscovite henchman with an unconscious and completely animal fear. Otherwise, a sword would have been more than enough to silence that red punk...

A dog chases the one who runs away; Nazım Hikmet increased his arrogance as he saw those who remained afraid of his barking. He increased his aggression by writing in magazines and finally started to attack national values by saying "We are breaking idols". For the time being, the idols he wanted to break were literary celebrities. He attacked the Turkist poet Mehmet Emin, the great poet Abdülhal Kamid, and the patriotic poet Namık Kemal with a Muscovite rage: He called Piyer Loti, who loved Turks, a "pig bourgeois".

The country was like a graveyard. While these "proletarians" howled and howled, no voice of protest was raised.

At that time, in 1935, I was prosperous. Because I objected to the farce called the national history thesis, I had been placed under the Ministry of National Defence on 28 December 1933, and I had spent some delicious days thanks to the People's Party until 9 September 1943, when I became a teacher of Turkish at the Naval Vedic Preparatory School, and finally I was appointed by the Ministry of National Defence to this secondary school, which was then located in Kasımpaşa, with some favour because I had studied at the school founded by my father.

Of course, when a Turk has a full stomach and a strong back, he seeks war. The prosecutor's office was asleep while the propaganda activities of communism were increasingly tearing holes in the national spirit. The press, the University and the Students' Union, which were supposed to be the national spirits, were also asleep. Of course, in the meantime, the People's Party deputies, who had been appointed to sleep and grow up, were also sleeping, and sleeping with the sleep of Yemilhâ.

When I saw that no one was speaking, I felt a national anger, I wanted to hit the red rag with a stick and wrote a letter entitled "COMMUNIST DON KISOT TO PROLETER - BURGUVU NAZIM HİKMETOF YOLDAŞ"
I responded with a pamphlet. At that time, the most imposing books were printed in 1000 copies. I was only able to print 500 copies because of the impossibility. In any case, given the spiritual barrenness of the environment, I would not have thought of printing more than 500 copies even if I had the means.

This pamphlet was a very harsh and even rude reply to Nazım Hikmetof in a language he could understand. It was full of insults to the Muscovite boy. But I had risked everything. Like İsmet İnönü, I could do anything when I was angry, with the difference that he would do what he did only when he was sure that no harm would come to him, relying on the state forces or on political immunity. As for how I behaved, let the "friends and relatives" tell and pass judgement...

500 copies of the brochure were sold in one day, requests and orders were made, but I didn't go for a second edition just so they wouldn't say that I did it for profit. I said, I was a romantic little boy of 30 at the time.

I was waiting for the Muscovite boy to answer or sue in order to continue the war, and in the I was receiving many letters of congratulations and appreciation. So there was a group, a large group, who were waiting for this pamphlet even though they were covering.

Months passed while I was waiting for the lawsuit to be filed against me. We entered 1936. I started to prepare for my marriage in order to get well-
İd-g- One day on Friday, 21 February 1936, I went to the Istanbul Flying Terminal.

I received a summons from the Criminal Court insulting the government and inciting the youth to offences written in the Penal Code. The case was based on my pamphlet, and the terrible thing was that the People's Party government was acting as Nazım Hikmetof's representative and defender.

Saraçoğlu Şükürü, who was the Deputy Minister of Justice at the time, had warned the Istanbul Prosecutor's Office to initiate a case against me, but when the prosecutor's office, having examined the pamphlet, reported that they did not see anyelement in it, the Minister of Justice himself had instigated the case. I learnt this much later.

Saraçoğlu, who would later on declare that we are Turks, we are Turkic, we will always remain Turkic, was making a joke against the Muscovites because I was against communism in my pamphlet, and was using the handles of insult and provocation against the government for not being able to say this openly.

There are few things more disgusting than a government slaughtering its own citizens in order to please foreigners.

Even though it was clearly understood what the Bolshevik revolution was and that the Muscovites would never be friends of Turkey, the government, because of the feeling of inferiority that had penetrated into the souls, was trying to imprison a member of the nationalists, the most reliable element in the country, by inventing a crime out of thin air. What kind of government was this? What kind of logic and mindset was this, what kind of black conscience and observation was this!

They were summoning me for trial on 26 February. I was to be married the day before that. I was starting an important phase of my life with a good start.

On Thursday, 27 February 1936, I was married in a magnificent ceremony that was just right for me. My second wife Bedriye, a graduate of the history department. At that time, there were not many people in the marriage offices. Since we had gone there late, there was no one but the two of us and two witnesses. One of our witnesses was doctor Cezmi Türk, and the other was the late Sadi Erülgen, a teacher of natural sciences at the Naval Gedikli School. Of course, he was not yet deceased when he witnessed us. He died years later. Since this Sadi Erülgen was a very funny person, his witnessing of our marriage was also very strange. On the evening of 27 February 1936, Thursday, when I was leaving the Naval Academy in Kasımpaşa, I asked him if he could come with me for a matter. He said he would, but where are we going? He didn't know where he was going or why until he arrived at the marriage registry office. After the registrar married us, we had a lavish feast for my witnesses. This feast was served with delicious bozas from the famous Bozacı Sinan in Cağaloğlu. It was indeed a feast of Opuz. The difference was that there was no looting of pots and pans after the feast. As the weather was quite nice despite February, the witnesses were kind enough to bring us the door of our house and left wishing us good luck.

The following Friday, 28 February 1936, we went to the Third Criminal Court. There was a large audience. The judge asked:

"You insulted the government. What do you say?"

At that time I had not yet become a legal scholar, and I found it strange that the judge spoke in the past tense. I replied:

"The pamphlet is clear... I didn't insult the government, I insulted a dog that opposes the government".

The answer was perhaps a little too full and the judge could not believe what he was hearing:

"Sir?" he asked. And I repeated my answer in a very Oğuzane way: "I did not insult the government, but a dog that confronted the government."

was no longer any ambiguity. The judge my words. However, in order to avoid committing an offence himself along with me, he omitted the word "dog" and wrote it as "I insulted a person who stood against the government".

Then the article on inciting youth to offences. That Sarapoğlu a real voyeur. He understood what was in my heart, albeit from the wrong side. Undoubtedly, I wasn't going to accept an offence I hadn't thought of. I rejected it vehemently. The first session is over.

After I left the hall, several journalists surrounded me. One of them asked a question about the mood of the time:

"Did you call Nazim Hikmet a dog?" "Yes!"

"How can that be? He's a poet!"

My answer was very precise:

"But the communist..."

The journalists must have sympathetic. They walked away.

On Friday, 13 March 1936, the prosecutor read out his case and asked for my acquittal. The judge asked what I had to say:

"If you convict me, you will break the enthusiasm of the children of this country to defend national causes," I said. The hearing was adjourned for four days to decide.

On Tuesday 17 March 1936, one of the two members of the three-member court read the verdict, which was quite long. Although the judges found my statement vulgar, they accepted that it had been written with patriotic feelings and unanimously acquitted me as there was no element of crime. Another interesting the case was that after the hearing and the verdict, the judges asked me for a brochure. I could not fulfil their request even though I wanted to, because the brochures were sold out.

This is how my first clash with communism ended. The saddest part of this is that, leaving aside all the details, all the mudslinging and so on, Atsız, who attacked a communist, was not confronted by that communist or any other communist, but by that communist.

It he who gave orders and inspiration to the then Republican Government, its Deputy Minister of Justice Saraçoğlu Şükrü and, of course, to Saraçoğlu from a little further behind the curtains. This was how Ismet Pasha understood politics:

Zehî pâşâ vü mâşâ vü temâşa...

And sha-shâ sümme sha-shâ sümme sha-shâ!

MASTERPIECE OF

During the period between 9 September 1934 and 1 July 1938, when I was a Turkish teacher at the "Naval Reserve Private Recruit Preparation Secondary School", I saw many things and came across many wonders, but since most of them are not relevant to our subject, I will not include them here. However, there is one of them which is a unique example and a diamond of intelligence in terms of showing the mentality of the People's Party era:

The Gedikli School took primary school graduates and graduated them in three years by teaching both the secondary school courses of education and the vocational courses of the navy. Those who graduated would go to the training battalion in Kasımpaşa, where they would undergo six months of rigorous military training and then be commissioned into the navy as corporals.

These children were very well educated. Those who returned in the first grade would be expelled from the school. During the three-year education period, they were allowed to return once, provided that they were not in the first grade. There was no such thing as failing once in the second year and a second time in the third year. Only three subjects could be made up. One could not pass a class with debts. In addition, since the first and second place winners were sent to the Naval High School in Heybeliada to become naval officers, and the seventh place winners were sent to Kırıkkale Military High School to become art officers, there was a great competition among the students, and they worked extraordinarily hard to get a degree.

They were excellent in discipline. They were well-behaved boys. They used to make imposing parades with a goose step. Today, those of these children who are alive today are no different from university graduates. Most of them became useful sons and daughters of the Turkish community. The ones who left the profession are the same. In other words, this school was once a productive hearth. I wish it to be the same now.

One day, some of those who had graduated from high school and had gone to the training battalion came to me and told me that a private in the training battalion was spreading communist propaganda and giving them propaganda books. I asked them who this propagandist was. They told me his name, name, character and added that he had been expelled from the high school. I told them that I would find out his name and the names of my former students who had been subjected to propaganda and would take care of it.

I was afraid that some harm might come to these children, since I understood what the People's Party was all about. I promised to bring the matter to the school's internal affairs director, Major Celal. I thought that this major, who was called "Gazoz Celal" and who had also graduated from the Faculty of Law, might be useful in protecting the children's rights.

Without naming the children, I explained the situation to Major Celal. He told me to write a petition immediately.

I said, "I'm thinking about that too, but I'm afraid of accidentally naming the children. It must be remembered that they are informers."

He gave me a guarantee. I wrote the petition, I gave it to him.

A long time passed... One day, I was summoned as a witness to a military court in Findiki. What do you think I saw when I arrived? Aren't all the children who reported the communist all in the dock at once? I felt ashamed, as if I had thrown it at them and they had been detained for it. Maybe that's what they were thinking at that moment.

And they had every right to think so. Who would have thought that the administration, dumber than an animal, would confuse the police with thieves and witnesses as accused?

God damn you! These guys also made you disgusted to do patriotic service. This behaviour could have been a communist plot to alienate the people from the government. But it was not clear who, which traitor, or which donkey did this...

I expressed my regrets to the military judge who took my statement. I think I spoke a little touchingly and he did not hesitate to expose himself. He asked me about communism and communists. The poor guy knew nothing about the world. I gave him some brochures: "I can't quite understand, there communist propaganda in these". Indeed, he was a very simple and uncultured man. He must have been one of the regimented judges of the People's Party era.

Our boys were saved a little later. But God knows the extent of the damage this treatment did to their young souls.

This was the age of Ismet Pasha. A heart afraid of everything, a nervousness typical of nervous women, a delusion characteristic of mentally ill people...

Ismet Pasha did not know that the principles of the "fight for life" are in full force in international relations, that those who show timidity in this fight will not be given the right to live, and that the best defence is attack. The Russians, well aware of his timidity, increased their insolence, killed our political couriers one after another, opened their briefcases, learnt all our secrets, and then gave us the secret documents they had photographed, together with the corpse of our courier, whom they pretended to have committed suicide.

Ismet Pasha's government thought that it was showing political prudence by covering up these murders and not informing the nation, and thought that it was running a state with its pathetic behaviour.

On the other hand, governors, civil servants and police officers were alienating and disgusting the nation with their behaviour and actions which were completely devoid of intelligence. In short, the country was rotten from top to bottom. There nothing but cruelty and disgrace everywhere, and the National Chief was making speeches here and there, laughing his characteristic laugh and saying, "My citizens, I saw you cheerful and healthy", thinking that he had put things in order.

IN THE SECOND WAR

The Second World War like watching a curious film for us. Political and military events were chasing each other with lightning speed. At the same time, the treacherous nature of the Russians was becoming clearer every day. After stalling the British and French delegations with negotiations, the Muscovites made a big surprise by making a treaty with the Germans on 24 August 1939, and it was clear to the eyes of those who saw a little ahead that attempt to realise their plans to invade the world.

Russia, thanks to its extensive network of spies, believed that it knew the world power situation well. The British and French would wear each other down by fighting with the Germans, and the Bolsheviks, who had been preparing for this day for years, would thus take over Europe.

America then was not as powerful as it is today. There was no compulsory military service. Its army of two or three hundred thousand volunteers was of little value, and its officer corps lacked the strength to quickly train a large army. But despite all this, Russia was wrong on four fundamental points:

He overestimated his own strength

He found the German force lacking.

He failed to realise the immensity of the Anglo-French force.

He did not calculate that America would recover very quickly. England was also wrong. Until now, she had adopted the principle of defeating the states that could rival her together with her allies. The most successful example of this was given in the First World War, which mobilised the whole world and created a rival for itself on the seas. It had eliminated the empires of Germany and Turkey, which threatened the Egyptian and Indian routes by holding the caliphate in its hands. But that was all... The First World War was Britain's last victory. In this first war, 4.5 million of them were original Englishmen; the rest were Scots, Welsh, Irish, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, Africans and Indians. 8.5 million people were recruited, a record in its own history, and British soldiers and all elements of the empire fought hard, but despite the victory, they were exhausted and exhausted.

At the beginning of the second war, England did not realise that she was tired and old. She thought that Germany, which had become so strong thanks to the Hitler regime and which threatened her not only militarily but also economically, could be defeated by the Allies and remain the champion. Britain's political farsightedness, which was legendary but in reality a delusion, was now actually bankrupt. England could not even see five years ahead, let alone a hundred years ahead, as it was claimed. The proof of my words is as follows: Britain, which had emerged from the Napoleonic Wars, the Crimean War and the First World War as a champion, came lame third in the Second War and lost Burma, India, Egypt, Iraq and Palestine 100 per cent and started the liquidation of colonies in Asia and Africa.

Britain's third place is temporary. In the very near future, when Germany and Japan reach the level they deserve, the empire on whose horizon the sun does not set will fall to fifth place and will compete with France to avoid sixth place.

I say this not by fortune-telling, but by looking at the laws of the creation and death of nations. Those who live will see.

When England, bewildered and old England, deceived by Russia, saw that the German-Russian treaty of 24 August 1939 had been signed, she signed a treaty of assistance with Poland on the following day, 25 August 1939, with a swiftness unprecedented in her history.

Of course, this was not born out of love or humanitarian feelings towards the Poles, but out of a desire to start a quarrel with them because it was understood that they would attack Poland. Because England still thought that she was the same old England, and her aim was to remain the greatest state by crushing Germany.

On 1 September 1939, Germany attacked Poland in order to liberate the city of Danzig and the former German territories that remained in Polish hands. Britain and France were responsible for this. They had divided Germany into two separate parts in order to drive Poland into the sea. A little before the war, Hitler replied to a letter from the French Chancellor: "If Marseille were given to foreign state together with a corridor, would you?" However, since the aim was not world peace or humanity, but only hobbyism, the German-Polish war was used as an excuse and the world was set on fire. On 3 September 1939, Britain and France declared war against Germany.

In the first days of the Second World War, events took place which revealed the secret intentions of the Muscovites. On 17 September, on a day when the Germans eliminated the Polish forces fighting against them and the Polish government took refuge in Romania, the Muscovites did not hesitate to strike Poland, which was already crushed, from behind. On 27 September Warsaw surrendered and Poland was wiped off the map. 7 October the Muscovites took military bases in the small Baltic states of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. On 30 November the Russians attacked Finland. But this great nation of three and a half million people heroically withstood the Muscovite hordes with good advantage. One by one, it trapped and destroyed several divisions. Finally, exhausted by its small size, forced to make peace on 12 March 1940, after 102 days of struggle, on condition that it ceded some territory to the Muscovites. I draw the attention of the Turkish youth to the fact that the Russians, who occupied countries like Poland, were forced to respect Finnish independence. This is a result achieved only thanks to the national consciousness and national unity of the Finns.

In the meantime, İsmet Paşa signed a treaty with the British and the French on 19 October 1939, which was a political success, but a sense of inferiority was again evident in this treaty. Because Mr İnönü, who could not give up his love for the Muscovites, had an article added to this treaty, stating that no circumstances could lead Turkey into a war with Russia. In other words, even if our allies, the British and the French, fought with the Muscovites, we would remain neutral. It was indeed a marvellous alliance. Per friends... Our alliance infuriated the Russians and Molotov threatened us: "The Turks will one day regret this alliance". It seemed that even by remaining loyal to them we were not doing the Muscovites any favours. What to do, Mr İnönü could not understand this would not allow even a bird hostile to the Russians to fly in the country.

But the Russians were advancing step by step towards their goal with an infallible programme. When France fell in 1940.

On 27 June 1940, a few days after the German-French armistice was signed on 22 June, they demanded the surrender of Romania and northern Bukovina. Romania was then a rich state of 19 million people. However, since they did not have the national spirit of the Finns, they accepted this offer and gave these huge provinces to Moscow without firing a shot.

The Russians had achieved their goals in Europe. After that, they were leaving the Westerners to struggle among themselves and tire themselves out. France had fallen like a house of cards and had been eliminated without a serious battle. In that case, there was nothing to do but to wait for the protracted German-British war and lie down on this front.

The Russians turned their eyes to Turkey with this thought, which was very justified from their point of view. Turkey was then a poor and backward state with a population of 17 million. It had very few roads, little production, only twenty per cent of its people could read and write, and its army was very backward in terms of weapons. It had very few tanks and two or three hundred aeroplanes. It used horses, mules and camels for transport. It was a classical infantry army. Even its artillery was not sufficient. Especially, there were no protection measures against gas attacks. There was no shelter in the whole country except the shelter built in Çankaya for İsmet İnönü and his entourage. This army had only one thing to rely on: the national faith was still standing.

But the Russians knew the country inside out. The village institutes were gradually becoming communist centres and communist propaganda was working at a terrific pace. The Russians were convinced that the historical opportunity to fulfil their historical aspirations had arrived. This backward and poor Turkey was being helped from nowhere.

could not come. thought that they would occupy Turkey with a rapid military march. For this reason, they started to build up forces in the Caucasus.

Even Turkey had partially mobilised for the new world war. It was slowly gathering troops on the borders. However, since Turkey was obliged to reserve a large part of its army for Thrace and the Bosphorus region, it would not be able to build up as much as it wanted on the Caucasian front against the Russians.

Meanwhile, something new happened that concerned Turkey: On 28 October 1940, the Italo-Greek war began. At that time, a so-called Balkan pact, which was one of the great inventions of the People's Party, was in force. This alliance between Turkey - Romania - Yugoslavia - Greece was certainly not against Bulgaria. When Italy attacked Greece, Greece's allies, Turkey and Yugoslavia, were supposed to help her.

Even if Rome can be excused for having lost part of its territory to Russia and for not bordering Greece, it was essential that neighbouring allies Turkey and Yugoslavia should come to its aid.

Here İsmet Pasha made a cunning move that would make Reha Oğuz jealous: Through the Turkish ambassador in Belgrade, he approached Prince PoI, then President of Yugoslavia, and proposed that we jointly declare war on Italy. Prince PoI replied as follows:

"I don't know about you. But we are a small state. I can't find a place to hide our small navy from air raids. I can't fight Italy under these conditions."

This was the answer İsmet Pasha was expecting and he knew that the Prince Regent would give such an answer. When he received this answer, he said to the Greeks: "You see! I was going to come to your aid in accordance with the alliance, but the Yugoslavs have been unfaithful. According to our alliance, we should have come to their aid together, not one by one. Since Roman Ya was out of the picture and the Yugoslavs were spoilt, the Balkan treaty is null and void. Pardon me." He probably dodged the Greeks by saying something like that.

Events were developing rapidly. On 1 March 1941, Bulgaria entered the Triple Pact. The Triple Pact, or Axis, was actually an alliance between Germany - Italy - Japan. Since Hungary, Romania and Slovakia had already joined this alliance, it became a pact of seven with the entry of the Bulgarians.

On 2 March 1941, German armies entered Bulgaria as allies and all parts of the country.

4 March German envoy Von Papen hands a letter from Hitler to Ismet Pasha. This letter contained Hitler's assurance that Germany would not attack its former ally Turkey. Ismet İnönü prepared a friendly reply to this letter and sent his Foreign Minister Saracoğlu Şükrü to Cyprus by plane on 19 March 1941 to meet with the British Foreign Minister in order to obtain the consent of his ally, the British. The British agreed. On 21 March 1941, the Turkish ambassador in Berlin gave Ismet Pasha's reply to Hitler. Ismet Pasha, as was wont, continued to say to the hare hound. He could not do this without the favour of the Muscovites. He was continuing secret negotiations with them too.

On 24 March 1941, the Turkish and Russian governments issued a declaration in Turkish in Ankara and in Russian in Moscow, stating that Russia would remain neutral if Turkey entered the war and Turkey would remain neutral if Russia entered the war.

But there was a dark side to this: If Russia went to war with Turkey, would Turkey remain neutral? Because the Muscovites were about to finalise their masses in the Caucasus. Since a full military action could be taken here in June, the Russians were waiting for June. They had massed 40 divisions, a quarter of which were armoured. According to the number of people in Russian divisions, approximately 700.000 people...

The Turkish force ready against it consisted of 8 infantry and 1 cavalry division with fortified positions. In other words, 120-130 thousand people at most. If the Russians had had the opportunity to attack, we would have fought very hamasic battles again, thanks to the military measures taken by Mr İnönü.

On 25 March 1941, the day after Ismet Pasha issued a joint declaration with the Russians, Yugoslavia entered the Pact and became an ally of the Germans.

At this time, news arrived that a British army had landed in Thessaloniki, just like in the First World War. The British wanted to anger the Germans and draw them towards Greece and cause trouble for Germany, even if it was just a mosquito. At that time, there was an English teacher named Elliot at the Boğaziçi High School where I taught. This cheerful man, who was a Scotsman and who told all sorts of jokes about the stinginess of the Scots, was probably also in charge of the British Cultural Attaché. I asked him the number of the British army that landed in Thessaloniki. I didn't say anything to him, but I thought that they could have landed half that number of troops. It turned out that there were 60 thousand of them, and the British had deceived even a first-class strategist like me. After deceiving me, they would have deceived others.

Then, on 27 March 1941, a coup d'état in Yugoslavia. I personally heard from our then ambassador in Belgrade that there was British involvement in this. Prince Poi withdrew from power and left the administration of the country to the 17.5 year old King Petar II. One can be the head of a country at the age of 17.5, but on condition that he is Sultan Mehmed the Conqueror, son of Osman... Being Petar, son of Karayorgi, will not work. Of course, this new Yugoslav regime was an anti-German regime and the alliance with the Germans had failed two days before.

What would be the German reaction to this? There was no sound from Germany, but a terrible silence. The silence before the hurricane.

While the British army in Greece was in the trenches, the Germans attacked Greece and Yugoslavia on 6 April 1941. On the same day, the German General Staff summoned the Turkish Military Attaché and his deputy in Berlin and, after outlining Germany's offensive objectives, asked whether Turkey had any objections.

The attachés immediately reported the situation to Ankara. Ankara that had no objection to these objectives, but only proposed that the German army should stay a few kilometres away from the Turkish-Greek border, and Germany accepted this proposal.

On the same day, British propaganda began to work vigorously in Belgrade, spreading the word that the Turks had entered the war against Germany together with Yugoslavia, and raising Yugoslav morale, which had been shattered by the aerial bombardment of Belgrade.

On 9 April the Germans entered Salonika and on 12 April Belgrade. The British army in Greece, after implicating the Greeks, fled to Thessaly and then to the Peloponnese without engaging the Germans.

On 17 April the armies of our heroic Yugoslav allies surrendered, and on 23 April the armies of our noble Eren brothers surrendered. On 27 April, the German army entered Athens. On 2 May 1941, the occupation of the Peloponnese was completed. The British did not show their usual mastery in escaping from the Peloponnese, and 8,200 of their 60,000-strong army were captured by the Germans.

On 20 May 1941, the Germans made an airborne landing on Crete. The Greek King and his government and British troops who had fled Greece were there. It was expected that the British would hold on and destroy the airborne German troops due to their sea dominance, but on 2 June the Germans took care of the matter. The British, as was their custom, left their weapons and some of their troops, boarded their ships and fled.

THE POSSIBILITY OF

When the Germans invaded Greece and Yugoslavia with lightning speed, rumours started that Turkey would join the war. Of course, I am not talking about the rumours in the neighbourhood coffee houses, I am talking about rumours based on logic and the development of events.

Another evidence that made the war look like a certainty was this: The schools, which went on holiday in June every year, were on holiday in April that year by order of the government. I was a literature teacher at the private Boğaziçi High School at that time. One of the teachers of the high school, a Thessaloniki convert, told me with great fear and excitement: "This early holiday is very bad... War is certain...". This respected returnee was also a journalist and I knew from one incident that he had a very strong news service. Because he told us that sugar was going to be expensive and us to stock up when there were no eggs in the fire. We didn't pay attention to this, but the high school administration made a big stock and offered delicious pumpkin desserts to its students and teachers on the days when sugar was expensive. This time, when the same person said that there would be a war, it was impossible not to pay attention to his words. I asked him the news was authentic and he assured me that it was.

I had already told you before: I was an independent state at that time and I was going to participate in the war as an ally of Turkey. I was going to buy my weapons from Turkey in order to standardise the weapons between the two allies. I was making my other preparations according to myself: I had filled a rucksack with everything from bandages to needles. I had packed everything from bandages to needles in a rucksack, so that my departure for the expedition would take place without any hurry and nothing would be forgotten in a hurry. I had another preparation besides these: I had written a will for my wife and son and put them in a safe in the Ottoman Bank.

The reason I wrote a will was this: I believed that a war with the Germans in Thrace would be very bloody and fierce. The German armies had destroyed Poland in 17 days, France in 17, Yugoslavia in 10, Greece in 16. Turkey had massed an army of more than half a million men in Thrace. A division was to guard every kilometre. Since this army was very primitive in terms of weapons and equipment compared to the Germans, it was certain to suffer terrible losses. In the face of unprecedented attacks by German tank divisions and air forces, the Turkish army could not retreat across the Straits into Anatolia. There would be unprecedented battles between the frontier and the city of Istanbul. Perhaps German tanks would penetrate as far as the Straits, but the surviving Turkish infantry would fight battles that would overshadow the Dardanelles battles in order to prevent the German infantry from crossing. It would have been a great fortune to survive in this frenzy, and a great optimism to think of surviving. For this reason, I had prepared the wills. Of course, the wills were not about how the apartments, business centres and farms would be divided between my wife, my son and my non-existent cat and canaries. Even if I became a billionaire, I could not be as ridiculous and foolish as the American who left a fortune to his dog. These wills consisted of national and political advice. In the meantime, they also contained my opinions about the notables of the republican era.

While I was making my preparations, İsmet İnönü, the National Chief, ordered the withdrawal of the forces in Thrace to the Çatalca line, and the army quickly withdrew to the ordered places by destroying the bridges over the Meriç.

Let us pause here for a moment and investigate the reasons for this hasty Thracian withdrawal:

Why was this army withdrawn? Because the Germans came to our borders.

Well... Who was this army waiting for at the border with such a large force? Certainly not the Bulgarians... And certainly not Germans... Because the Germans had entered Bulgaria in the first days of March 1941. If withdrawal was to be made, it to be done gradually and at that time, and the losses of rapid withdrawal should not be allowed to be incurred. If this withdrawal was made only because the Turkish-Bulgarian border was fortified and no measures were taken for the Turkish-Greek front, and because the Germans had reached the Greek frontiers, it was also a mistake. Because the French did not continue the Maginot line on the Belgian border, which was a grave mistake. In short, the Thracian retreat was the result of short-sightedness and imprudence. Had the armies been placed on the rear lines at the very beginning, and had cover troops been left ahead, and had all plans been made accordingly, nerves would not have been strained like this, and the panic seen in some people would not have occurred.

When the schools went on holiday in April, of course, the teachers' council meetings were also held early. More precisely, it is decided to what extent unsuccessful students will be tolerated. For example, someone had failed six subjects; at that time, those who had failed three subjects would return with more failures, so the first thing that was thought of when the meeting was held was to increase the grade of three of these six subjects to five and save the student from failing the class. Since the teachers were also at the level of awliya, that is, virtuous people, their left and right sides were not very clear. Sometimes they would fail a student who had failed four subjects, and sometimes they would give four grades to a student who had failed seven subjects and make him/her make up the work.

You'll say, "What was the calculation of this? There's no book. As İncedayı said, we are a nation that doesn't come to reckoning."

When a teachers' meeting was held at our Boğaziçi High School, I was thinking like this:

It is certain that we will go to war. All of these children over the age of 18 will be conscripted into the army. If there is a war, it will be very bloody and who knows how many of our children will die. If those who return to class from these children fail to make up, if the one who failed to make up passes the class, they will feel sympathy for the war, or at least their negative feelings towards the war will decrease a little bit, thinking that this good fortune is thanks to the war. If the young people who go to the front go to war with love, this will be a gain in terms of combat power. Therefore, let us save these young people from returning to class and let them know this.

I thought so, and at the teachers' meeting, I defended this idea strongly and talâkat. I softened most of the teachers. Abdülkadir İdil, the chemistry teacher, was not present at the meeting that day. Otherwise, most of the children had received a failing grade in chemistry. "Abdülkadir İdil gave me full authority. I have the right to correct chemistry grades." There was no need for the people who would run for the defence of the homeland to know which heavier than one ounce of hydrogen and two ounces of oxygen. Thus, that day I made many students pass chemistry. The result was that nobody returned from Boğaziçi High School that year. Only a few students failed and I announced to them that this was a war lottery.

If you ask how the chemistry teacher Abdülkadir İdil took it. He said nothing. While I was there defending the borders of Thrace, I would not have listened to Abdülkadir's chemical objections anyway.

He must have realised this as well, because he did not object to me even though he was a born opponent and dissenter.

I wrote this action and this idea of mine to my brother Nejdēt Sançar, a teacher at Balıkesir High School, and advised him to follow the same method.

I ask my readers to pay attention to this point. I had acted in this way for the benefit of the country. My thinking might have been wrong. But even if no national gain could arise from this, no national loss could arise either. In an age when three classes were graduated in military schools in two years in order to complete the officer cadre of the army, my behaviour could have been considered at least as the method used in military schools. However, as I will explain later, İsmet Pasha, in his speech of 19 May 1944, described this action of mine as treason. Poor İsmet İnönü...

The army, withdrawn from Thrace, started to take measures to get out of the tent and under the roof in autumn, and in the meantime, some troops were moved to Istanbul and even to the Anatolian side of Istanbul.

On a cool, overcast and sad Sunday in autumn, as I was sitting in our kashaneh on Feyzullah Street in Maltepe, I suddenly the sound of a military march with a smooth step. I was in the book room on the upper floor of the two-storey kashaneh. The view from this room overlooking Feyzullah Street was heartwarming. In front of us, the wide area where the present modern buildings were lined up was a field. There were no houses until the Dragos hill in the distance. The "Cevizli" station at the foot of this hill, now called "Orhantepe" and filled with the houses of the People's Party notables, could be seen from the top floor of our café, and sometimes we would even leave the house seeing that the train was leaving from there, and we would reach station by the time the train reached Maltepe.

At that time, the streets of Maltepe were dirt, not asphalt as they are now. Nevertheless, the echo of the military march could not fail to reach me. With an interest that would not die, I approached the window and looked: An infantry company was marching up and down the street with its rifle slung and with a steady step. When I say "down", I mean the small numbered houses on the street, and when I say "up", I mean the opposite. The dress of the company was, quite simply, poor. There is an indescribable sadness in the orderly march of poorly dressed and emotionless-faced Turkish soldiers.

While I was feeling this sadness again, something caught my attention: One or two soldiers in the last squads were walking barefoot. I thought that maybe their shoes had been hit by a long march and they had taken them off to walk more easily. With this thought in mind, my eyes fell on their equipment: They would probably have hung these shoes somewhere. I looked around in vain, there was like that.

I learnt later: These privates and many others from other units had travelled from Thrace to Istanbul in this way. There were no new shoes in the warehouses those whose shoes were broken.

This company occupied a large masonry building next to our kashaneh. Due to the necessity of mobilisation, it was accepted that empty buildings would be occupied by the military. The large building next to us belonged to a very crowded immigrant family. It had many rooms and stables. But it was left unfinished. For example, it had no windows.

Again, the small wooden house at the head of the street was made a military infirmary. A day or two the arrival of the company, a private knocked on our door and told us that the doctor wanted some tincture of iodine for the infirmary. Yes, it was unbelievable, but that's how it was... The doctor had learnt from whomever that we had all kinds of medical supplies in our mansion. At that time, Maltepe was not a town of 8-9 thousand inhabitants as it is today; it was a village of 2-3 thousand inhabitants, with streets without lanterns and mud, and a very primitive bazaar. But the surprising point was not this, but absence of the simplest substance such as tincture of iodine in the military infirmary of a mobilised army. Then another marvellous thing happened: A private with a bandaged arm and a sickly complexion came and asked for alcohol. We made enquiries and learnt that there was no doctor and the private would do his own dressing. At that time, my honourable wife Bedriye Atsız took on the treatment of this private. Since we had cotton wool, gas and bandages at home, I treated the poor private with dressings every other day. She already had great experience in this kind of work. He had learnt how to make needles on his own and gained fame by making hundreds of needles for many people. After the treatment of the soldier, his fame increased completely. He was already something like the governor of Maltepe at that time. Whoever had any problem would run to him, and he would do it without hesitation. Little children used to think he was a doctor. In fact, a neighbour brought his son, whose arm was broken after falling from a tree, to Bedriye before the doctor and sent him to the doctor after getting a visa from her. Although my profession was based on distrust, she had such confidence in me that when I was going to have an appendicitis operation, I couldn't help thinking: "Couldn't she do this job after she had a course by performing one or two operations?".

The point is that in the event of a war, Mr Adnan Menderes could, without hesitation, give Bedriye Atsız the position of head nurse in a large hospital and trust that she would do a good job. On the condition that she should be given great authority and authorisation. Because she is accustomed to rule over everyone except me.

The winter of 1941 - 1942 was harsh. In this harsh winter, I have not forgotten and cannot forget a scene we witnessed on a frosty night.

At that time, there was no water distribution system in Maltepe. Watermen would load water from three or four existing fountains and carry it to the houses. Four or five people who had made this a profession shared the customers and knew how many times a day water would be delivered to each house. Our first offender, whose name I will not mention because he was an honourable citizen in the eyes of the law, had the habit of stealing something small, such as a matchbox, every time he brought water. Since customs and habits are sacred, we could not dissuade him from this habit. In fact, it was legally impossible to prove that the matchbox or two potatoes in the pocket of the honourable citizen had been in our kitchen a minute ago. The potato had no language so that it could describe its travelling impressions. Besides, this citizen might not do it out of malice, but in the name of humanity. Wasn't İsmet playing the cello for the sake of art among all his other works? Since our waterboy could not play the cello, of course he would play matches or potatoes.

However, since I did not really respect the art, I changed the waterman and made a water alliance with a young waterman named Bilâl. He was really a righteous and honourable person. This alliance continued without a hitch until "Selami Oğuz", the dynamic mayor of Maltepe, who was one of my former students, brought water to the houses, and neither the discord in NATO nor the grumpiness in the Baghdad Pact happened in this alliance. When the waterman's donkey stopped in front of our door, my young son Buğra realised this before anyone else, and this happy event:

- "Bilâl of the donkey has arrived," he would announce to the house. Why would he say "Bilâl of the donkey" instead of "Bilâl's donkey"? Probably because he believed that the donkey that brought water to the house was a very honourable person... Based on this, I can say that if Buğra becomes a historian when he grows up, he will make accurate judgements about people and will achieve brilliant success in distinguishing the truly honourable donkeys from the many donkeys that are considered honourable.

The winter of 1941-1942 was harsh. Since the donkeys of Maltepe were very gentle, the watermen would not take them out to water in such harsh weather. They were right, because it would be a great blow to them if the donkey, which had served them endlessly, got sick and died.

In such weather, we would fetch our own water from the fountain, but we would do this after dark. We were probably bored of going to the fountain with buckets in our hands and carrying water in front of everyone's eyes. Perhaps this boredom was born out of a spiritual weakness or perhaps out of concern for the dignity of the state. One of us was a teacher in a public high school and one in a private high school. It was not nice for two high school teachers to be bearded in a spiritual capital like Istanbul, in their own homes.

"What's wrong with that?" one might say. There is nothing on the surface, but there is wrong with a judge going to a café and playing backgammon, an officer taking a third class train, a minister walking around in shorts in a summer house. But these things cannot be done.

Moreover, my wife was the governor of Maltepe. There was a rumour that I was very rich and even owned an electric comb. Although I still haven't learnt what this electric comb is, this wealth didn't hinder my fame.

That winter night, my wife and I took the buckets and quietly left the house. It was between 18-19 o'clock, but it was pitch black. Since there was no lighting on the streets of Maltepe at that time, it was as if we were walking in a blackened world. The sky was so black that even the snow that covered the streets looked black.

We were going to the fountain at the junction of Feyzullah Street with Baghdad Street. To our left was the large unfinished house occupied by the infantry company, and then three adjoining wooden houses called "three houses". Our right side was empty. This large field, where no houses had yet been built, made our surroundings completely desolate.

After a few steps, a faint sound coming from the left attracted our attention. A sound that cannot be likened to anything is more interesting to people. In winter days, we had heard that wolves had descended to Maltepe and the railway line. Therefore, trying to pierce the darkness, we looked in the direction of the sounds. Our eyes were like this:

On the ground in front of that big building, Turkish soldiers were having their dinner. Four soldiers were squatting around the caravans in the freezing cold. There was no conversation, only the sound of two hundred people carrying spoons to and from the caravan. Since I had served as a private in the First Company of the Fifth Infantry Regiment in Taşkişla in 1926-1927, I knew how the Turkish soldier ate in a gentlemanly and polite manner amidst his lack of culture and sophistication. Now these soldiers were eating with the same caution and dignity, deprived even of the opportunity to sit on the ground, and none of them seemed to be in a hurry.

It was a tear-jerking sight. But the darkness hid this majestic view from all eyes, and a subject that would inspire the most powerful painters was lost. Was this what this country deemed worthy of those who waited for it? Was the National Chief, who had an indoor manege hall built for his amusement, really unaware of this harsh life of the Turkish army units, which were only in a state of mobilisation but had not entered the war? Did he have the right to be ignorant?

In his memoirs published in Akis magazine, İsmet İnönü claims that the most successful withdrawal on the Syrian front in 1918 was made by the Third Corps under his command. Does Mr İnönü really consider himself as a commander who has made a great strategic move by bringing his corps, which is called a corps, but in reality does not exceed one reinforced regiment in terms of the number of troops, all the way to Aleppo? When the details of an event are concealed, it is always possible to present a defeat as a success. Egyptian President Nasser uses the same method to claim that he successfully implemented his decision to withdraw the border troops to the Canal after the Jews attacked. However, when we learn the details of what we heard from Nasser as a successful withdrawal, our opinion changes. Because we learnt that although the Arabs did not engage in any battle, they gave six or seven thousand prisoners, and because they fled leaving their shoes behind, the Jews received thousands of pairs of shoes and many weapons and materials.

Mr İnönü is obliged to document his success with figures. Please let him inform me: How many officers, enlisted men, rifles, machine guns, cannon and animals did the regiment called Corps consist of at the beginning of the British offensive? What was their number when they arrived in Halab? The successful withdrawal was made by Ali İhsan Pasha in Iraq, and the British even included Ali İhsan Pasha, whom they called Aleksan , among ten great commanders of the first war.

When I saw the Turkish soldiers eating their evening meal in the pitch darkness and freezing cold, I couldn't help but think of the Turkish soldiers who wrote the heroic poems of history. All of them had endured who knows what suffering. But they had not suffered so much in vain, in vain, in vain, as a result of imprudence. But the Turkish nation stood firm. The Turkish nation was made up of those unknown soldiers who silently ate their poor rations in the darkness, whose faces could not be seen, not complain, endured, endured was just that.

When the two high school teachers, who were living the life of Samurai in their own right, returned home with buckets of water and switched on the light, they both had tears in their eyes and were tired and exhausted even though they were in the prime of their lives. It was not the water in the buckets that had brought them down, but the uncomplaining misery of the faceless soldiers in the darkness.

THE TURKS AND THE DEVSHIRS

It is well known that the People's Party was a bizarre hybrid born and bred by tyranny and dictatorship. Although our state was renamed "Turkish" instead of "Ottoman" by this party, this party was not a pure Turkish party, and in terms of mentality and ideals it was no different from the Tower of Babel.

Among those who were promoted to the highest levels of the party, ministries and prime ministerships, those who were not of Turkish descent were conspicuously numerous. Their favouritism towards their own compatriots did not go unnoticed, and their hostility to Turkism, and especially to Turkish racism, despite the fact that they appeared to be Turks, attracted attention.

This also the case in terms of social convictions: Softists and irreligious, conservatives and , nationalists and communists were boiling side by side in the People's Party cauldron. Two things united them: Interest and fear...

The People's Party did not take into consideration the background, race, ethics, morals and political thoughts of the men it would take in, it only demanded loyalty to the chief and did not see the need to investigate whether this loyalty was real or not. A person: "Long live the Eternal Chief" or "Long live the National Chief" was enough to be acceptable. Sabahattin Ali, who was killed while fleeing to Bulgaria, was sentenced to prison for a poem he had written blaspheming Atatürk and İnönü, but he was later given a job in the state staff. Because he had written a nursery rhyme in the magazine "Varlık" about his love for the great Gazi, Hikmet Bayur, the Deputy Minister of Education of the time, did not hesitate to give a duty such as teaching to a traitor of the homeland, considering it a proof of loyalty.

Amidst the excitement of the Second World War and the worries of the increasing cost of living, only a small group, namely the Turkists, who were representatives of national consciousness, could see the insidious actions of those who wanted to destroy the homeland and tried to make this known to the nation, the government and the higher authorities with all the means at their disposal.

While the government was completely cosmopolitan and used the word "Turk" more or less in the sense of "Hittite", only one person among the high officials, the late Field Marshal Fevzi Çakmak, was a Turkish racist. In his time, it was stipulated by regulations that the students enrolled in all military schools had to be of Turkish race. At the beginning of the academic year, this racial requirement was read by everyone in the advertisements placed in newspapers by military schools to recruit students. So much importance was attached to race that children from certain known regions of Turkey were not admitted to military schools. In fact, a long time after he entered the school, a boy whose mother was expelled because she was an Armenian convert became a student of mine at Yüceülkü High School. Undoubtedly, Field Marshal Çakmak, who could not forget the painful lessons of the Balkan, First World War and Independence Wars, wanted to preserve the security of the homeland with this harsh but very appropriate decision and to prevent the repetition of the betrayals that had befallen us in difficult situations. This correct decision of his was gradually being implemented outside the military schools. For example, the secondary School of Mines and the School of Nursing in Zonguldak started to select students from the Turkish race. For this reason, the Turkists had love and respect for Field Marshal Fevzi Çakmak.

The army was Turkist. In other words, it was both racist and Turanian. Although there was no flamboyant idealism, the intellectual and spiritual preparation was being completed. There was a movement which was not visible in the country, but which was making itself heard strongly.

Turkism was in the air. The idea that what was a historical fact in the past could also be a historical fact in the future had entered the minds and settled in the hearts. Despite all the activities and destructions of communism, Turkism was under such pressure that finally, under the influence of this pressure, Prime Minister Şükrü Saraçoğlu said the following in a speech in the National Assembly on 5 August 1942:

"We are Turks, we are Turkic and we will always remain Turkic. For us, Turkism is as much a matter of conscience and culture as it is a matter of blood".

He hoped that İsmet Paşas would have a suggestion in these bright sentences. Because, to the extent that he valued race, it would have suited him to accept non-Turks into this community by saying "conscience and culture", in other words, to go for both the nail and the nail. Furthermore, if Saraçoğlu had said these words out of his heart and conscience, he would not have kept silent with a dead silence when the storm broke out against the Turkists in 1944, but at least he would have resigned for medical reasons. Of course, if he was a man of conscience...

Having stated this in this way, it would be appropriate to correct a mistake in Saraçoğlu's brilliant sentences. It is as follows: What is a matter of blood or culture is not Turkism, but Turkishness. If Saraçoğlu knew Turkish, or if he had had this speech corrected by me before, the above phrase would have been either: "For us, Turkishness is as much a matter of conscience and culture as it is a matter of blood", or, if he wanted to include the word "Turkism", it would have been: "For us, the principle of Turkism is as a matter of conscience and culture as it is a matter of blood".

By the way, I should mention that although Saraçoğlu's brilliant sentences were scientifically wrong, we Turkists were very pleased with them. The fact that for the first time a Prime Minister mentioned the issue of blood in nationality was a refreshing sign in an age when the minds were clouded by forty demonstrations against Turkishness. Although I had not forgotten that Saraçoğlu, when he was Minister of Justice, had me taken to court because of a pamphlet I had written against Nazım Hikmetof, but since it was common for politicians in our country to turn like a pinwheel, that is to say, to change their minds, there was no way to rejoice, even temporarily, at this present statement.

People changed their minds so quickly and defended opposing ideas so skilfully that it was impossible not to be surprised. One day, while we were talking about this subject, a professor, who was still an associate professor at the time, argued that it was impossible to remain fixed in the same idea, that change was a sign of life, that only the dead could remain in the same state, and that "Life is all about evolution". I gave the following answer:

"Evolution happens on the same line. When an apple seed evolves, it becomes an apple tree. However, it has never been seen that a pumpkin that evolves becomes an apple. A development that exceeds its own environment is called degeneration, not evolution."

In our time, we come across various degenerations in terms of ideas. However, once degenerated, it remains degenerated, and there is no possibility of recovery. Just as secularism is hostile to religion, populism is hostile to communism, and asceticism is hostile to nationality... In the degenerations, there is also such a harsh stubbornness that the railway

They stand with their legs stretched out and do not move even though the train is coming at full speed from the opposite direction. Although they have been told, shown and proved that the village institutes have become a nest of communism and immorality, and that in one of them the Turkish flag was thrown into the furnace, they still keep asking: "Why were the village institutes closed down?". Although they are told that Teachers Schools were opened in place of the village institutes, that their number was much higher than the others, that a nationalist atmosphere prevailed in these schools, and that communism was eliminated, they do not hear any of this. Again and again they ask, "Why were the village institutes closed ?" as if they were cheeky and foolish children repeating something that they have been stuck on over and over again.

Can a discussion be held with such intellectuals? They are either intentional or unintentional fools. In either case, they can only be thrown a falaka.

After Prime Minister Saraçoğlu uttered these brilliant sentences, there is no doubt that the spiritual power of the Turkists had increased. In our nation, which has been accustomed for thousands of years to take the mould of those in charge of the state, the behaviour of those in high positions in one way or another causes joy or sorrow.

These words of Saraçoğlu were often repeated in Turkist journals and among the Turkists. Of course, the devised among us were disgusted by this and said, "Can there be consciousness in blood?" as if we had claimed such a thing.

"Blood is a symbolic thing. There is no consciousness in the blood, but in the chromosomes and genes there are heritages from our ancestors and these unchanging heritages create our race. Even spiritual virtues such as heroism are also hereditary because they are based on the strength of race."

Who's listening? They were getting bitchy right away: "Can you prove that your twentieth cousin's father was a Turk? If you look for blood, how many Turks would you find among us?" and so on...

It would have been useless to tell these men that after you, your father, your grandfather and even your grandfather's father were Turks, it was up to them to prove that the twentieth paternal ancestor was not a Turk, and that it was not scientific to accept a claim that could not be proven. Although they immediately accepted that every Turk's grandfather was a non-Turk, they would never accept that this one could be a Turk. In short, these devshirims were enemies, not opponents, of racism. They endeavoured to discredit those who did not count us as seven cousins as not accepting us as Turks. They did not want to listen to the fact that we considered those who did not have a foreign nationality consciousness as our own. Especially, were ignorant of the fact that we did not care at all that his mother was a non-Turk, that we considered Yildirim Bayezid, whose mother was not a Turk, a national hero and boasted of him. Of course, we were not going to deal with fools who were incapable of understanding our clear words despite all the repetitions. We left those black crows free to crow with their beautiful voices and minded our own business.

THE OF THE ORKHON

The monthly magazine Orhun, whose first issue had been published on 5 November 1933, had published only nine issues and was closed down by the decision of the Council of Ministers dated 14 July 1934. The reason given was: "contradiction to the domestic and foreign policies of the government". Orhun was closed down because it had strongly criticised the so-called national history thesis, an unscientific history thesis that has completely disappeared today; it had published a letter of Ali İhsan Pasha; and it had published harsh articles against the Jews, the French and Mussolini.

In 1943, on behalf of Reşide Sançar, a chemistry teacher in Balıkesir, we announced in the newspapers that the first issue of the magazine "Türk Sazı", which we had obtained with great difficulty on behalf of Reşide Sançar, would be published in May 1943 and that "Türk Sazı" was the continuation of Atsız Mecmua and Orhun. However, upon a telegraphic order from Ankara, the magazine was banned from going on sale.

Another blow was struck against Turkism. The damage was both moral and material. According to the Press Law of that time, no one whose magazine was closed down could publish another magazine. Since I could not publish a magazine, I had tried to get a concession in the name of Nejdet Sançar, and when he gave up hope of getting this concession after being subjected to unnecessary little tricks, we were finally able to get a concession in the name of Reşide Sançar. But this was how we had failed.

In the face of this situation, I travelled to Ankara to investigate the reasons and to protect our rights. It was my first visit to Ankara. As a guest of my friend Orhan Şaik Gökyay, who was the Director of the Conservatory at the time, I met with Selim Sarper, General Director of Publications, and Server İskit, Director of Publications, through him.

Selim Sarper welcomed me with courtesy and answered my question about why "Turkish Sazı" had been closed down:

"Because it was printed in İstanbul even though its concession was in Balıkesir," he replied. This was a defence answer. I said:

"Orhun, which was once published in Edirne, was also printed in İstanbul. If this was a drawback, it would not have been permitted then either. Besides, there is no article in the Law on Publications stating that a magazine can only be printed in the city where its concession is obtained."

"Although Reşide Sançar is a chemistry teacher, the magazine is literary. According to the Law on Publications, teachers can only publish professional magazines."

To which I replied:

"The purpose of this that teachers should not publish political magazines. Halit Bayrı, who published a professional magazine on folklore for years, is a municipal official. No one told him that he could only publish a magazine on municipal affairs. Besides, a chemistry teacher can very well publish a cultural magazine and his knowledge is suitable for this."

Selim Sarper then the beans:

"In your advertisement in the newspapers, you wrote that Türk Sazı is the continuation of Atsız Mecmua and Orhun. Orhun was closed down by the government. How can you publish a continuation of a magazine that has been closed down?"

When I realised truth of the matter, I:

"Orhun's continuation means we will walk in his ideas. I think this there is no legal impediment".

Selim Sarper suddenly changed the subject in a sincere manner and said:

"My dear! Why do you insist on the Turkish Saz? Can't you give up this collusion and publish Orhun again?"

The Council of Ministers had to give permission for Orhun to be published again. However, in the Council of Ministers there was my honourable and very dear friend Hasan Âli Yücel, who would certainly prevent this, so that I would not get tired of dealing with magazine affairs. I informed Selim Sarper of this thought.

Selim Sarper promised and assured me that he would obtain the necessary authorisation from the Council of Ministers. Now there was nothing left for me to do. I made the necessary official and legal application and returned to Istanbul.

Selim Sarper acted honestly: A few days later, the authorisation for the re-launch of Orhun came to Istanbul. I do not know how this authorisation was obtained. Selim Sarper was a general manager. In order to influence the Council of Ministers, he must have been a person in whom Prime Minister Saraçoğlu had great faith and trust. If I am not deceived, he was one of the most valuable members of the Foreign Ministry and he served the state by staying away from the daily political machinations.

Orhun started to be published in October 1943. The October issue was to be the 10th issue. Because it had remained in the 9th issue when it was previously closed down.

I transferred most of the articles in "Türk Sazı" to Orhun. In the 12th issue dated 1 December 1943, I opened a questionnaire with 12 questions. These questions, which touched upon the issues, troubles and feelings of that time and of all times, here. Because they frightened the People's Party very much:

When you think of Turkish nationalism, which of "Turkism, Anatolianism and Turkism" do you think of?

In your opinion, is the main element of Turkism racism, culture, homeland or state?

Is there an opinion movement against Turkishness in Turkey? If so, what is it?

Do you favour the division of races into superior and inferior? If you are in favour, which of the following do you consider as the reasons for superiority: heroism, warriorism, morality, art, intelligence, science, technique, religion, etc.?

Do you accept that all Turks on earth are one nation?

What do you think is the reason for cursing the past and denying traditions?

Is it beneficial for the nation to take revenge against the nations that have wronged the Turkish race or not?

Do you know any nation that is really friendly to the Turks, and if so, which ones?

What do you think is admiration and favouritism towards any foreign nation?

Do you think the publications that portray the war as an absolute catastrophe are correct in terms of national spirit or not?

For the strengthening of the Turkish nation, do you favour a military education system in schools or a humanitarian education system?

Are you in favour of sacrificing the great interests of humanity for the small interests of our own nation?

In the 16th issue of the magazine, when it was closed down, there were 74 people whose answers had been published up to that time. Under the seventy-fourth answer was the following signature:

Bekir Berk (High School)

Yes, this was the signature of Bekir Berk, one of today's famous and ardent lawyers, who was a student at Balıkesir High School at that time (April 1944).

Most of the respondents also put their occupation next to their signature. It was interesting in this respect. Namely, among these 74 respondents there were 13 teachers (high, secondary, primary), 3 university teachers (2 professors, 1 associate professor), 11 higher education students, 21 high school students, 4 doctors, 2 veterinarians, 2 officers, 1 private (non-commissioned officer), 1 private, 5 officers, 1 painter, 8 pensioners and 2 magazine owners.

Among them were many well-known of that day and today, and the overwhelming majority were racist and anti-communist. With one or two exceptions, almost everyone considered all Turks on earth as one nation. The magazine was closed down, there were many unpublished replies, which were similar in spirit and character to the previous ones.

Orhun became the organ of Turkism in a short time. In the magazine, which had very good paper and printing, scientific and national articles were published and these articles raised a generation of Turkists. Especially the writings of the late doctor Mustafa Hakkı Akansel and Nejet Sançar on the ideal of Turkism were very strong. Since Orhun was a magazine that did not flatter anyone and did not ask for help from anyone, Orhun was favoured by the revolutionary people and their hearts were ignited with the fire of Turkishness.

There was an air of national romanticism in the country.

İsmet İnönü's great offence was that he tried to destroy this romanticism by considering Turkism as an enemy. However, until that time, Turkism was not hostile to İsmet Paşas. In fact, it even favoured him a little because he was a family man. But he could not understand this. He tried to destroy Turkism by committing a crime that history will never forgive. Turkists were imprisoned one after another, but Turkism was not destroyed. It was himself who was destroyed.

- END -

BERSERKER

BOOKS

