ORHAN PAMUK IN THE CONTEXT OF ISTANBUL AND AUTHORSHIP: THE BLACK BOOK, MY NAME IS RED, ISTANBUL

by

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Submitted to the Graduate School of Arts and Social Sciences

in partial fulfillment of

the requirements for the degree of

Master's of Arts

Sabancı University

Spring 2013

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ABSTRACT

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Cultural Studies MA Thesis, 2013

Thesis Supervisor: Asst. Prof. Dr. Hülya Adak

Keywords: Orhan Pamuk, *The Black Book, My Name is Red, Istanbul: Memories and the City*, Istanbul, authorship

In this study I examine the role of "Istanbul" and "authorship" in three books of Orhan Pamuk: *The Black Book*, *My Name Is Red*, and *Istanbul: Memories and the City*. I first focus on the atmosphere and the general feelings of the city, and then I analyze the portrayal of "authorship" through the following questions: How do the features and feelings of the city form and direct each book? What are the roles and the processes of authorship in each of the books? What feature does the resulting authorship have? What kind of a hierarchy do the city and the authorship have and how do they feed each other? I also compare and contrast these three books and how these works relate to one another. I conclude that after the city and authorship battle and interlace, it is not the city but rather the authorship that ultimately comes to the forefront. More importantly, I believe that this authorship calls its readers to lay claim to their own lives, through whatever medium they chose, although Pamuk's preference in this "centerless world" as "consolation" is literature in general, and novel in particular.

ÖZET

İSTANBUL VE YAZARLIK BAĞLAMINDA ORHAN PAMUK: KARA KİTAP, BENİM ADIM KIRMIZI, İSTANBUL

Aykun Özgen

Kültürel Çalışmalar Yüksek Lisans Tezi, 2013

Tez Danışmanı: Yard. Doç. Dr. Hülya Adak

Anahtar Kelimeler: Orhan Pamuk, *Kara Kitap*, *Benim Adım Kırmızı, İstanbul: Hatıralar ve Şehir*, İstanbul, yazarlık

Bu çalışmada Orhan Pamuk'un *Kara Kitap*, *Benim Adım Kırmızı* ve *İstanbul: Hatıralar ve Şehir* başlıklı üç kitabında "İstanbul"un ve "yazarlık"ın oynadığı rolü inceliyorum. Sıradaki sorular eşliğinde önce şehrin atmosferine ve yarattığı genel duygulara odaklanıyorum, ardından yazarlığın betimlenmesini analiz ediyorum: Şehrin özellikleri ve duyguları kitapları nasıl şekillendirmekte ve yönlendirmektedir? Kitapların her birinde yazarlığın rolü ve süreçleri nelerdir? Sonuçta oluşan yazarlık nasıl özelliklere sahiptir? Şehir ve yazarlık nasıl bir hiyerarşiye sahiptir ve birbirlerini nasıl beslemektedir? Aynı zamanda bu üç kitabı ve birbirleriyle olan ilişkilerini de karşılaştırıyorum. Vardığım sonuca göre şehir ve yazarlık birbirleriyle çarpışıp iç içe geçtikten sonra, ön plana şehir değil yazarlık çıkmaktadır. Daha da önemlisi, bu yazarlığın hangi aracı seçerlerse seçsinler okurlarını kendi hayatlarına sahip çıkmalarına çağırdığına inanıyorum, Pamuk'un bu "merkezsiz dünyadaki" "teselli" tercihi genel olarak edebiyat, özel olarak roman olsa da.

Acknowledgements

My first acknowledgment is for Hülya Adak, who has accepted to be my thesis supervisor. I thank her for the time she made for me despite her being on leave and having other academic responsibilities. Even when she was in a different country, she was always reachable. I also had the privilege to be her assistant during my first semester at Sabancı University, when the initial steps for this study began in her two courses.

My next acknowledgments are for my other jury members, Sibel Irzık and Süha Oğuzertem. When the focus of my study shifted, they helped me a lot to orient myself. My titles and subtitles are finalized with the help of Sibel Irzık. Throughout my second year at Sabancı University, I had the privilege to be her assistant. The things I have learned from her cannot be summarized here. Süha Oğuzertem provided me with line-by-line corrections for the first part of the study, showing me the more appropriate style and approach. His detailed comments for my other fictional and non-fictional writings made me think again about the existence of the "ideal reader". It is a great occasion to be able to work with professors who impress you not only by their academic talents but also by their personalities.

I also thank Marc Nichanian, who rendered the second term I spent at Sabancı University as his assistant, a very special time span for me. The university campus, which often resembles a desert, was turned into an oasis. I'm also thankful to him for his "Sharunage"s, "Continue!"s, regarding this study.

I thank Nancy Karabeyoğlu, Mustafa Ali Khan Afreedi, and Nancy Öztürk for their editing. I also thank my other professors, my classmates and all other Sabancı University employees, especially those at the Writing Center. I thank Daniel Lee Calvey for his long term assistance during the Ph.D. application period.

Of course, I also thank Orhan Pamuk, who wrote the books I focused on, read and reread, and will reread with great pleasure. I also wish to thank the thesis itself, which made me experience a long writing process.

My next acknowledgements are more special: I thank my mother Ani Özgen, my father Levon Özgen, and my brother Burak Özgen, for their material and moral support. To be a part of this family is, as Turkish language suggests in point, "anlatılmaz, yaşanır." I also thank my grandfather Kirkor Gezer; it is a wonderful feeling to be in someone's prayers.

The final part of this study, the most intensive writing phase, took place in Kınalıada. Due to the off season, it was quite empty. However, I had two close companions, our dear cat "Fare", and -again, as Turkish language grandiloquently suggests- "eşim" Ayşegül. My greatest gratitude goes to them for the companionship in the great solitude that is called writing…

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CHAPTER 1:

INTRODUCTION

While each of Orhan Pamuk's works are quite different, most of his novels demonstrate that the author is skirting around similar themes. One of his main themes is Istanbul, the city in which he lives and writes. Another theme that often confronts us is that of "authorship," and we see that many of his books revolve around this subject with hints about his life as a writer and his oeuvre. In his works we can find references not only to the novels he has already written but also to those he plans to write in the future. In the three books (*The Black Book, My Name is Red,* and *Istanbul*) that fall within the focus of this study, I will focus on the role of "Istanbul" and "authorship."

Ranking as one of the most well-known names of the Turkish literature, many readers are familiar with many aspects of his biography, but to briefly recap: Orhan Pamuk was born in 1952 and grew up in the Nişantaşı district of Istanbul. He attended and graduated from the American high school of Robert College in Istanbul. While he began his university studies at Istanbul Technical University, following a course of study in architecture, he dropped out of that program and transferred to the University of Istanbul where he studied journalism. By the age of 23 he had decided that he would be a novelist and began writing full time. His first novel *Cevdet Bey and His Sons* was published in 1982. His last novel to date is *The Museum of Innocence,* which was published in 2008. Since then he has also published a book, *The Innocence of Objects,* that represents the catalog and the story of that novel, and the museum of the same name that the writer established as an accompaniment to the book.

His first novel brought Pamuk early recognition when he was honored with both the Orhan Kemal and the Milliyet Awards for novels. This early achievement was followed with many awards, including the Prix de la Découverte Européene (1991), Prix France Culture Award, Prix du Meilleur Livre Étranger, Grinzane Cavour (2002), International Impac-Dublin (2003), and The Peace Prize of the German Book Trade (2005). Perhaps the most prestigious and, therefore the most impressive, of these awards is the Nobel Prize, of which the writer was considered worthy in the year 2006. This latter award is given not for a single work, but for the entire career of a writer and it is interesting that Pamuk is one of the youngest writers to have received this prize. The Nobel Prize foundation website provides a brief statement written by the jury as to why they selected Pamuk for this prize, when they described: "...who in the quest for the melancholic soul of his native city has discovered new symbols for the clash and interlacing of cultures." As we see, Pamuk's reoccurring theme of the city of Istanbul also played a role in this selection.

The Black Book was published in 1990. In this voluminous novel we read of the adventures of Galip, who is searching for his missing wife Rüya. The city of Istanbul itself serves as the background of the story. According to Esen, the innovation of this book lies in the approach to the city as Pamuk burrows down to the subconscious of the city and explores the city from this point ("Önsöz" 10). In the exploratory adventures of Rüya, the streets of Istanbul represent the intersection points of the story. Istanbul confronts us as a nightmare, one in which sweet dreams between the person and the city are virtually impossible. As Belge asserts, the city is imbued with a great history, but this has not been internalized ("Rüyadan Kabusa-Fantastik Şehir İstanbul" 207). And while there is an interweaving between the individual and social structures, and while Galip looks for his wife in Istanbul, he, as a prospective writer, becomes a person who is looking for "himself." These searches are tinged with mystery and various signs. The search for selfdom on the individual plane, which will be treated in detail in the first chapter, works in a sufi/mystic direction. In its treatment of old stories, discussions focusing on creativity, originality, and plagiarism continue throughout the book, with the emphasis on authorship.

My Name Is Red, the second novel to be discussed in this study, was published in 1998. The manifest subject of the book, which was considered worthy of many international awards including the Impac Dublin, centers on the adventures involved with the writing of a book that the Sultan has ordered written to mark the 1000th year of the Hegira. Because the Sultan demands that the book portrays his world to be similar to the world of Westerners, *My Name Is Red* also focuses on the relations between societies and cultures. As Baydur stresses, we face a Western novel that was written with the view of an Easterner ("Benim Adım Kırmızı" 350). The book starts with a dead miniaturist and so, in that sense, it is a novel of crime and mystery. It is, at the same time, a novel of romance and love based on the emotions of the characters towards each other. Perhaps, more than anything else, the novel represents a standing ovation to art, especially to traditional forms of art, like the miniaturist tradition, that demand an alternative way of "viewing art forms." Again, it is the city of Istanbul that is the backdrop of the story, but here the city is the capital of a grand empire. The novel presents us with a polyphonic narrative, and as Rifat maintains, the novel, by skillfully employing the opportunities inherent in polyphony, also becomes a meta-novel ("Benim Adım Kırmızı'yı Kim Anlatıyor, Kim Okuyor" 383). This polyphony allows the reader to follow in detail the inner and outer worlds of the residents of Istanbul and gives the author a frame on which to paint an uncommon historical consciousness. Istanbul's wide variety of cuisines and cooking styles are described in such detail that the book itself becomes a feast for the reader. Kuyaş tells us that this is the first time that Pamuk has delved so deeply into the subject of gender politics ("Seks, Yalanlar ve Minyatür" 358). The polyphonic form of the book also becomes a platform on which to discuss art, especially the art of miniaturists. Its discussion of art focuses both on the relationships in artistic stances between different cultures and different civilizations, and on the individual differences of the artists who live in the same culture. Religion, with its fundamentalist approach, plays a very important role in the artists' relationships with their arts. And, finally, despite all the emphases the novel places on the visual culture, *My Name Is Red* is a book in which a "meddah", or a storyteller, plays a key role.

The last book that this study discusses is *Istanbul: Memories and the City*, which was published in 2003. This memoir illuminates the path Pamuk followed on his decision to be a writer. As can be understood from its title, the book revolves around the

city. A variety of perspectives are employed in this narrative, which is based on how places, objects, and events have been seen or witnessed. The book is accompanied by a number of photographs of Istanbul. Pamuk writes long about the writers who gave place to Istanbul and who impressed him. The city is marked by the emotion of "hüzün" (a kind of blending of melancholy, sadness, and nostalgia) and Pamuk shows that it is this same kind of "hüzün" that pervades the works of the other writers as well. The concept of "center" is also emphasized in this book. Visuality and language are intertwined. As the story of how Pamuk decided to be a writer, the book harbors the building blocks of a künstlerroman as well. As Gilloch underlines, the text interweaves within the temporality of past memories ("Photographs and Phantoms: Orhan Pamuk's Monochrome Memories" 107). It is the past that allows us to feel the present. We are reading a book about an individual story, but the story becomes part and parcel of a social dimension. The details of family life come to the fore: The story dissects the problems between the mother and the father and the problems among the brothers. The first adventures into love and sex allow for an open and daring narration.

The body of his work has led Orhan Pamuk to a leading place in Turkish literature. It was, especially, his winning of the Nobel Prize for Literature that has also propelled him to prominence in world literature. It is not only his writings that have made him so important. He is known as a writer who has instilled the craft of writing with new approaches and trends. It is significant that he was selected to present the Norton lectures at Harvard University in 2009. The writers not only provide researchers with their texts, they also rank among the greatest sources of inspiration and teachers of the writers of the future generations. Because this impact also shapes future literature, the kind of the discourse Pamuk is creating is of vital importance.

In this study I will first focus on the atmosphere, the general feelings of the city that confront us in each book. One thing all three books have in common is the theme of quest, the search for something missing or loss, an object, a person, a murderer, or a decision, and since all these searches are being played out in the city of Istanbul, I will also look at the nature of the signs that accompany us on this quest. Then I will analyze the portrayal of "authorship," an activity that requires individuality, originality and other unique characteristics if this creative art form is to be realized. Throughout this study, my aim will not be to focus only on these questions, but I will also compare and

contrast these three books and how these works relate to one another. In other words, my main questions will be the following: How do the features and feelings of the city form and direct each book and what are the roles and the processes of authorship in each of the books? What feature does this resulting authorship have? What kind of a hierarchy do the city and the authorship have and how do they feed each other?

Throughout this study, which is limited to the above-mentioned three books for practical reasons, the author's books, interviews and also the works written about the author will be utilized. In Jale Parla's words, Orhan Pamuk has an authorship in which seeking and creativity, creativity and metamorphosis are identical (*Türk Romanında Yazar ve Başkalaşım* 269). Focusing on the common concepts and themes in different works that are spread over a long time period will help us to better understand an author of such depth. This is especially helpful in better understanding an author who has continued throughout his long career to experiment and develop his craft.

CHAPTER 2:

THE COLORFUL STORY OF BEING YOURSELF: *THE BLACK BOOK*

Welcomed when it was published in 1990 as "Pamuk's masterpiece," *The Black Book* has become one of the most analyzed works of Turkish Literature to date. It has a straightforward plot: This is the story of the 33-year-old lawyer Galip who spends a week wandering through Istanbul streets, seeking his lost wife "Rüya", who has left him. Galip thinks Rüya (whose name means "dream") has left him for her step-brother, Celal. Celal is also Galip's cousin and a well-known columnist whom Galip admires. As Innes stresses, when Galip decides that in order to find Rüya he needs to explore Celal's nature, and then to become Celal, and when he starts to act in that way, the plot diverges from the traditional detective story ("İstanbul'un Dile Gelişi" 182).

In order to disclose the role of the authorship and the city in this novel, I will first discuss the image the city reflects in this work. The atmosphere of the city, and the portrayal of Istanbul and its residents will be the main elements of my analysis. Then I will show how writing becomes the only true solace for the protagonist. The concept of authenticity and the Sufi elements of the novel will also be discussed. These analyses will provide the prerequisite elements compare the roles the city and the authorship play in the novel, not only as individual elements but with their interconnections as well.

2.1. The Nightmares and the Conquest of the Underground City

Istanbul constitutes the background of this novel. As Jale Parla argues, if the blue color in which we wander throughout the story stands for dream (*Türk Romanında Yazar ve Başkalaşım* 244*)*, it is obvious that this dream is not sweet but is a nightmare, since Rüya has disappeared, leaving no sign behind her, except a letter that is at least partially concealed from the reader. As Belge reminds us, the novel is permeated by this nightmare-like atmosphere, and Istanbul, as the background of the story of a search, also turns into a city of nightmare ("Rüyadan Kabusa-Fantastik Şehir İstanbul" 222). No matter how many myths and identities Istanbul possesses, or has been alleged to possess, Pamuk shatters all of them. The Bosphorus, one of the most fascinating spots of the city, is described as a wreck. Even Nişantaşı, one of the richest neighborhoods of Istanbul, smells very bad. And it is not only the locations within the city, all kinds of identities are also left bereft of their haloes. We read about host "Turks," who, in their struggles to be European, manage to lose their own sense of identities. Because the residents are caught between two extremes, the city in which they dwell also fails to be Turkish and Muslim. It is not only the public face that has lost identity, but the individuals within this public also lose their individual identities. While Galip endeavors not to be himself and carries out his search with the determination to lose his own identity, the other characters he meets on his way are also not themselves, whether they are—or are not—aware of this. The progression of the story parallels to a building of a crescendo of falseness and artificiality. This is evidenced by the imitations of the famous in the chapter "Look Who's Here," by the appearance of Belkıs in the chapter "Do You Remember Me?," and her on-going dream of becoming Rüya. The paradigm at the center of the novel is the question of reality and shifting of identities, which begin to intertwine with each other.

Galip's search takes us into an Istanbul that is largely underground and as the story unfolds we find ourselves among gallery and mazes. In this adventure, which recalls both eastern and western literary classics such as Attar's *Mantık-ut Tayr* and Dante's *Inferno,* Galip can only find Rüya if he also manages to explore and conquest the city of Istanbul, which is the backdrop to the story itself. Sibel Irzık maintains that

this conquest is possible when the city develops into a literary body. According to Irzık, the city will be ascribed to man, while the signs will be turned to make sense and be readable. Yet, this situation hosts a paradox within itself: Signs of Istanbul, namely its mystery, owe the duration of their existence to the impossibility of this mystery to be solved ("Edebiyatta Kişileşen, Metinleşen, Silinen Kentler" 267-268). In other words, when the mystery is solved, the story will lose its effect. Perhaps for that reason, we read a story in which "if nothing signified nothing, then anything could signify anything" (*The Black Book* 198). An appropriate example of this fact is the role played by the color green, a color that pervades the book. We join Galip in focusing our attentions on the signs. We are continuously confronted with the green color of Rüya's nineteen-word farewell letter. The number nineteen joins green as a sign of importance. The reader is reminded not only that Rüya has written a letter, but that she has chosen to write this letter in green ink. This emphasis tells the reader that green must be significant and thus directs us on a search for this color as the book advances. The sewer pipes flowing into the Bosphorus are green, as are the switches on the wallpaper in the City-of-Hearts Apartment. Fish in Galip's dream swim in liquid of green ink and the pen ink borrowed by Celal who writes the columnists' recommendations is also green. If Jale Parla's analysis is correct and "green" symbolizes the power of authorship, which in all writing issues in a green ink flowing from different pens, there is no way possible to comment likewise on green colors of other elements. In other words, an interpretation of green colored ink cannot be extended further to the color green itself. We are at a loss to interpret its meaning when used in other instances, and that inability to interpret the meaning itself becomes an issue that holds our attention to the color. This becomes an obsession that also makes the atmosphere nightmare-like.

The book tells us that the world is most shocking and most horrifying when we realize that it is trying to tell us something (289). During this journey, one which the reader experiences via letters and words, readers find themselves in ambiguity as they try to follow the main story. This puzzlement increases as the readers find themselves face to face with a text full of tricks due to this ambiguous state of the signs.

As Engin Kılıç reminds us, *The Black Book* accords to Moretti's definition of the "modern epic." While it is epic because of its structural connection with the distant past works, *The Black Book* takes the adjective "modern" due to the international range of

the represented space (*Orhan Pamuk'u Anlamak* 165). The encyclopedic structure of the novel also has an effect on Istanbul itself becoming one of the characters in the novel. As we make our way through the mass of information pouring upon us, we witness the points of conflict between Islamism-westernization and locality-universality and how these play out in Istanbul. In other words, not only is Istanbul a carefully selected backdrop for the story, it also assumes the center role with its never ending mystery-tinged role as a partner in, and a witness to, the many conflicts throughout the book. This book is never an ordinary tourist guide. Familiar maps do not exist, for, as will be mentioned in a more detail in coming pages, Galip both associates with the reader in his own search for meaning and urges them to begin their own searches.

As Pamuk uses Istanbul as the background of the plot, its rich legacy and history automatically make it one of the core elements establishing the aesthetics of the novel. This should not lead us to assume, however, that the role of the city in the novel only derives from the history of Istanbul. Rather, this aesthetic role should be evaluated as a reflection of Pamuk's creativity and proficiency in fiction: The Minaret belongs to Istanbul; however after Galip, accompanied by Belkıs, enters the underground model workshop, which is reminiscent of Dante's *Inferno*, and then later climbs the minaret, again reminiscent of Dante, but this time his *Heaven* with its rising figure, it is Pamuk who sets the intertextual correlation.

The city changes according to Galip's changing perceptions on his inward journey and the swings of his emotions. At some points the nightmare comes close to taking on an optimistic air.

> He had a gut feeling that things were going well. He made himself a cup of coffee with the happy confidence of a man who has had a good night's sleep and who is even looking forward to the difficult day ahead, so much so that he almost sees no need to be someone else. (251)

But this mood does not last long:

> Much later, when the sun was shining on the tightly shut curtains of the windows next door, Galip felt his optimism ebbing away. Though he was fairly sure that every object, word, and meaning was now in its proper place, the deeper truth that held them all together was still, he sadly admitted, beyond his reach. (252)

The main reason for the scenery, namely the city to turn into a nightmare with all its elements, is Galip's nightmare itself. This element of the novel reflects Pamuk's sense of novel writing one-on-one, which he describes in his book named *The Naïve and the Sentimental Novelist.* Pamuk says that what is more defining is the novel character's sequestered in the scenery he lives in, being surrounded by events and stuff, not his personality. He also explains the basic problem he observes in the art of the novel: For him the determining question for the art of the novel is not built on the natures, personalities of the heroes, but how the world in the novel seems to them. Pamuk underlines that to understand a character, one must not interject one's own moral judgment, but rather should comprehend how the world appears from that person's point of view. Thinking over these lines, we understand that the way we come to understand Galip, the nightmare he experiences, with all details, seeps through to us throughout the book. In *The Naïve and the Sentimental Novelist* Pamuk also writes that what makes the novel character unforgettable is his wandering through the vast landscape, becoming entangled with in, participating in it, and being a part of it. According to him, later on the character turns into an evergreen sign, a kind of emblem that reminds us of the landscape in which he he takes part (58).

Another feature that needs to be specially emphasized for Istanbul is its lack of center. Combining this fact with Pamuk's views on the novel, we realize that Istanbul, with its own unique form, contributes to the nightmare-like atmosphere of the novel. As we can also read in his Norton Lectures, in his view, one of the strongest motivations of writing and reading a novel is the struggle to be able to assign a meaning, a bosom to that un-centered life. Lacking center is a nightmare. It is the art of the novel itself that can overcome this decentralization and assign a center. In *The Black Book*, the City-of-Hearts Apartment Building has replaced the city of Istanbul, which lacks center. The very name of the building underlines its role as the heart of the city. The novel here begins to correlate with the story *Hüsn-ü Aşk*. Just as the Aşk/Love chasing after the Hüsn/Beauty travels toward the Land of the Heart, Galip arrives at the "heart" of the city. Mystical connections like this and more will be handled in detail in coming chapters.

2.2. Istanbul and Identity: Unhappy Residents and the Reign of the Fake

Throughout the novel the reader is welcomed by the unhappiness of the residents of Istanbul. The narrator understands this unhappiness to stem from the never-ending struggle to be someone else. Those who come from Istanbul cannot be themselves. While this state of being unable to be oneself can be individually interpreted, it can also be historically paraphrased in the rich layers of the novel. People of this city, living in a country determined to westernize itself in all aspects, become passive subjects of this endeavor. "Turks no longer wanted to be Turks, they wanted to be something else altogether. This was why they'd gone along with the 'dress revolution,' shaved their beards, reformed their language and their alphabet" (*The Black Book* 61). Namely, Turks, taught to be dissatisfied with their own identities, became unhappy and discontented, but allowed themselves to join the process of westernization. Despite this willingness, no matter how reluctant, they were ultimately unable to achieve the transformation goal.

Critiques directed at the authenticity of the individual identity are also valid when directed at the Istanbul population in general. It is for that reason that the representation of the city as though it were only recently conquered is of such significance. And this is perhaps why, despite the long intervening historical years, the city has never truly become Islamicized or Turkified. The inability of the individual to establish his or her true identity is best understood in the relationship of the individual with the city. This is an interconnected relationship. Considering the entire novel and its conclusion, this point presents a major jumping-off point helping us make a general evaluation: If we consider the stories of authorship and Istanbul to be simultaneously progressing narrations, we realize that the same kinds of changes that develop over time in authorship do not take place in Istanbul itself. During this enlightenment and eventual victory, resulting from the efforts he expended on seeking his lost creativity, yes, Galip does settle down in City-of-Heart Apartments, but as we see in the conclusion of the book, Istanbul, along with all life itself, is still in need of consoling. The scenery has changed as the writer has changed, but still the nightmare goes on. As illustrated above, at times we expect that optimism will dominate the scenery, but these episodes are short

lived and even the last words spoken by "Galip" (whose name means "the victorious"), the pursuer who has succeeded in finding his own voice, acknowledges that he is placing himself under the consoling wings of writing. In other words, the victory, itself, is degraded to being under wings, because the nightmare continues unabated. Thus the city of Istanbul, which appears to us at the beginning of the novel as a place of nightmares, has lost none of its nightmarish qualities at the end of the novel, including all its contents throughout the development of the novel. Perhaps that is why in this astonishing book we read the determined statement that says "nothing is as surprising as life…" We find these words in an epigraph, and at the middle, and again at the end of the novel. This sentence, which was repeated by three different characters, does not end here as the author tells us: "except for writing, the only consolation" (461). So, the surprising life is in need of consolation at the same time. Although the distopia is Istanbul in particular, it is life itself in general, and then writing in particular that appears to give us consolation. This lonely consolation is the only solace of the person who expresses this proposition. Galip's victory, his own consolation, is achieved by means of the success he has had in writing. His becoming a writer occurs in Istanbul, yet what was conquered is the person himself, not the city.

This emphasis on the struggle, the conquest, that takes place on the individual sphere also introduces the mystical, sufi side of the novel. Throughout the book there is also an emphasis of the conquest regarding the city, but this situation does not give the impression of a victory per se, but one of refusing to settle. It also demonstrates that the city's history has not become internalized. Although Galip's wandering in the city throughout the book and his final arriving at the City-of-Hearts Apartments where he experiencing the change for which he had longed seems at first glance to be a victory of sorts, the actual victory, the conquest, is that which has been shaped in the individual aspect. "An old man in a waiter's uniform was dozing in front of the television, where a panel was discussing the impact of the conquest of Istanbul on world history" (143). Being emphasized in these lines, particularly, the conquest is of no significance as a historical fact in the book we read. What is really significant is the individual victory, like in Sufism, a victory that results in the awareness of the person in his own essence. In Galip's aspect this element is that of "being a writer." How this was presented and realized will be the subject of the next part.

2.3. Authorship and *The Black Book*: Writing as Conquest, Authenticity, and Consolation in the City

If one of the main foci of *The Black Book* is Istanbul, the other--perhaps the most important-- is authorship. If we consider *The Black Book* as the story of how writer candidate Galip realized his dream and how he wrote *The Black Book,* this personal fulfillment can be read as a sufi story, as the text shows in details.

The interpretation of the novel via sufi concepts were discussed in details in Sooyong Kim's[1] and Bernt Brendemoen's[2] articles. The novel, in other words, Galip's search for his lost wife Rüya, is the story of "aşık/lover" Galip's story of fulfilling his potential under the moral and material guidance of his "maşuk/beloved," Celal. Galip is on the road all along his search. The road is conceptually a metaphor in Sufism, showing the dervish struggle. Similarly, the "mirror," an object that we continuously come across in the novel, symbolizes the nature of the dervishes for sufis, ultimately, after passing the required stages, this mirror will be polished and be ready to take Allah's qualities. This point is called "Fena," where the disciple destroys himself in his enlightened guide. The next spiritual stop is "Beka," where the Dervish achieves his final goal: Individuality melts within the presence of Allah. The Dervish consolidates with Allah, as he has desired. When we consider the relationship between Galip and Celal throughout the novel, we see the reflections of this sufi relationship. Galip wants to have the power Celal possesses, namely authorship. This happens with the support of his spiritual leader, just as happens in the cult relations. Celal is not only an image, but also makes his presence felt materially with the columns he wrote. This is a good example of how physical and abstract intertwine in literature.

The two parts where the novel splits can be read as the story of the unraveling and consolidation of Galip's individuality. Galip first discovers the secret, then solves his

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1 Kim, Sooyong. "Mürşid ile Mürid: Kara Kitap'ı Bir Yorumlama Çerçevesi Olarak Tasavvuf." *Kara Kitap Üzerine Yazılar.* Ed. Nüket Esen. Istanbul: İletişim, 1996. 233-255. Print.

2 Brendemoen, Bernt. "Bir Sufi Romanı Olarak Kara Kitap." *Orhan Pamuk'u Anlamak.* Ed. Engin Kılıç. Istanbul: İletişim, 2006. 209-223. Print.

riddle himself: He is not himself, he needs a metamorphosis to be himself, and this metamorphosis occurs only when he becomes someone else. For Galip, this someone else is Celal. Before Galip becomes "galip/victor", he appears as fake-Celal. At this point, when we consider the intertwinement in Galip-Celal relationship recalls the "melting in love" which forms the soul of the sufi sources, we realize that the personality theme held throughout the book took a direction within this framework. The important point in this study is the contribution of sufi prospect to the discussion of authorship. In this contribution, Galip believes in a transformation and realizes its necessity. The authorship theme appears as a capacity of transformation, an ability to achieve transformation. This situation fully overlaps with the author's own perceptivity of being a novelist that Pamuk described in his book, *The Naïve and the Sentimental Novelist*.

Sufi thoughts pervade throughout the novel's content. The names of the characters are tinged with Sufism: The name Galip evokes that of Sheikh Galip and Celal that of Mevlana Celaleddin Rumi. The themes of such sufi stories as *Hüsn-ü Aşk* (Beauty and Love) and *Mantık-ut Tayr* (the Language of the Birds) form the plot line of the novel. Just as the mentioned writers, Galip also presents his work by following the former master; the answer he discovers in his search is the motto that sufi sources have pointed earlier, which can be summarized as: "For whatever it is you search, search within yourself." Galip finds that for which he has been searching; he realizes that his search has actually been a search for himself and his stories. This raises another paradox, one that occurs through his contacts with the other characters. Galip determines what it is he wants to be, not only by looking at the writer Celal, whom he so admires, and thus wants to imitate, but also by his understanding what it is that he does not want to be. He learns this through his encounters throughout his pursuit, as we see in examples like Mahir İkinci and Belkıs.

The progress of Sufi tradition in form of sequential rings, the reference to this tradition, by not only practical applications and chain of commands but also succession of teachings and resulting works, becomes something more than an ornament in the novel, an important factor of the book. Rumi, in his *Mathnawi*, uses the stories told before him; Sheyh Galip reads Rumi and presents his own work; and *The Black Book*, as mentioned above, by means of imitating and establishing various common grounds,

becomes a part of this ring, the Eastern Literature tradition. While this is true, it goes without saying that this work, presented in the form of the genre called "novel," alongside the intertextual relations formed, embraces the legacy of the Western Literature.

Literary influence and the use of other's stories also intensify the question of authenticity and serve to illuminate one of the most important discussions of the novel: plagiarism. *The Black Book* not only absorbs the often told stories of the past, but also announces the epigraphs as well in the upcoming parts of the text from characters' mouths. With this discussion, now all the themes intertwine, and at the same time, they complete each other. This becomes a chain of links of interactions of authors across time. The theme of identity is again evoked when it becomes apparent that some of these writers may not have been truly "real" themselves. The paradox of the necessity of becoming someone else in order to be oneself continues throughout the book. The discomfort of allowing oneself to be influenced by someone/something takes on a new direction, and becomes an invitation. Just as how the works created out of such relationships as Rumi-Shams and Galip-Celal lend proof to the notion that success can only be achieved through the existence of an "other," all other achievements also rely on the existence of others. The individual must first accept that is the case, and it is that acceptance that allows the individual to take root/settle down and then benefit from the potentials of self-development. In this sense *The Black Book* becomes an apt example of Pamuk's approach to authorship.

The act of authorship, in this novel, newspaper column authorship, is a functional part of the novel. In his columns, Celal provides both Galip and us, the readers, with advice and useful directions. All the writers we meet in this novel, including Celal, are journalists. One feature to mention at this point is that Galip, who assumes the place of Celal, writes a novel under his own name, while he originally wrote the newspaper articles as a pseudo-Celal. He can only decide to write as himself when he comes to realize that being himself is vitally important to his writing. This is also an interesting development as Pamuk, unlike most Turkish writers, never worked as a journalist or a columnist. This leads the reader to question if journalistic writing is perceived as treachery directed against that of literary writing, which is considered to be of a higher level. The various types of writing artifices and devices used to deceive or direct the

reader, whether rightful or not, become problematic in the establishment of a relationship between the journalist and his/her readers. No matter the degree of talent of the writing craft of the journalist, column writing becomes a tool that provides better potential for a closer communication between author and reader due to its communicative language.

This novel is thus the story of a quest, of an adventure. Parla says that one of the most important reasons that the pages in this black story are black is that the pages call the readers to fill them ("Kara Kitap Neden Kara?" 102-109): "[To be himself] is not just a sultan's duty, it is everyone's duty-everyone's" (*The Black Book* 424). And this only happens when the self manages to tell his own story. The agency Pamuk provides his reader is of vital importance in his oeuvre and here I will also try to analyze the resulting possibilities of this invitation issued to the reader by Pamuk.

Galip succeeds in his quest and is thus able to finally write his work after learning the secret of self-discovery. The novel ends with the conclusion that the very act of writing is in itself solace for the writer. This was put into words at a line in one of the columns written by Celal: "The old man's solution was to retire to his laboratory, where soon he had invented the drug he hoped would cure him of his affliction; I would later invent a prose style to the same end" (135). It is this conclusion that Galip reaches in his story of self-fulfillment. "Because nothing is as surprising as life. Except for writing. Except for writing. Yes, of course, except for writing, the only consolation" (461). This consolation is the only balm for all of the losses we have witnessed throughout the book, notably that of Rüya's absence.

Emphasizing that writing as the only form of consolation shows that this view occupies an important place at the center of the novel. Here Pamuk's unique representation of the center of the novel leads us to reconsider earlier ideas held of novel composition. By presenting a center that is external to our own lives, a novel does what other types of literature cannot do: It fills the gap in our center-less lives. Despite the fact that the story is filled with all sorts of characters, the true hero of the story is the act of writing, authorship, story, and more importantly knowing one's own story and telling it, and gaining the competence to do so. This can only be achieved when the individual accepts and becomes his true self, namely through the comprehension of self-

quintessence. This first requires a transformation to someone else. It is this paradoxical transformation, one that is emphasized throughout the book and that is achieved by storytelling and story listening, and that is therefore the unlocking key. Just as there is no pure story, there is no pure identity, all of these are intertwined, and that, as can be witnessed in the novel, increases and enriches the possibilities of our being.

When we look at the totality of the novel and realize that the theme most emphasized is that of the self's claim for his own story, we see that the theme of authorship takes precedence over the theme of Istanbul. Despite this, the rich history of the city and the role it plays in both the explicit and implicit intertextual relations in the unfolding of the story demands that the author absorb and include the city in his authorship. Therefore, there is no way to distil Istanbul from Pamuk's or Galip's authorship, just as the concept of authorship and that of the city of Istanbul--much like most of the themes introduced in the novel--are forever intertwined. Galip becomes victorious when he manages to write his book, and this happens both despite and thanks to Istanbul.

CHAPTER 3:

A FICTION OF ARTISTRY: *MY NAME IS RED*

Orhan Pamuk's novel *My Name Is Red* was published in 1998. As Nilüfer Kuyaş underlines, it was an outstanding, remarkable book with sense of history seldom ever seen ("Seks, Yalanlar ve Minaytür" 353); moreover, as Tülay Artan stresses, the novel can be seen as serious, wide, deep, holistic research ("Nakkaşın Karanlığı: Sanat Tarihçisinin Görmediğini Söylemek, Söylemediğini Görmek" 98). The novel can be read as a tribute to the miniaturists, art and miniature craftsmanship with its focus on twenty or "even twenty-two" narrators. The story of red takes place in a snowy winter day of 1591 in Istanbul, as Ertuğ reminds, during the Ottoman Empire's "golden age" of this color, in the 16th century ("Benim Adım Kırmızı'nın Düşündürdükleri" 399). Sultan Murat the 3rd had ordered the preparation of a book to represent its world as Westerners for the 1000th anniversary of Hegira. The person responsible for this preparation was the brother in law of Shekure, one of the main heroes of the story. What we read here is the preparation adventure of this book, *My Name Is Red;* feeding from Eastern literature such as the *Hüsrev and Shirin* of Nizami reminds us of *The Black Book*: we witness narrating and story making of old stories, particularly Eastern literary canonical texts again. On the one hand, this book can be read as the love of "Black and Shekure". Shekure is married with two children, but her husband did not return from the war, and she is looking for a candidate to father her children, Shevket and Orhan. At the beginning of the book, the reader learns that one of the miniaturists was killed. *My Name Is Red,* what can be considered as a romance novel, thus becomes a murder mystery in which the murderer is sought, and also the main issues of art are discussed.

In this chapter I will first focus on Istanbul's residents, in order to explore the Istanbul of the novel. Then I will try to analyze the artistry and the authorship in the novel, and I will try to compare its aspects in regard to the authorship in *The Black Book*. I will also focus on the use of the storyteller, which will enable us to think of the relation between oral, visual, and written culture in *My Name Is Red*.

3.1. Istanbul's Residents Navigating the Capital of the Empire

In the novel, the emphasis of the city, Istanbul, in which the characters exist spatially, is noteworthy. As it will be discussed later, everyone is aware that the Empire they live in and the civilization to which they belong is precisely defined as "East" but the reader continuously reads "Istanbul" and the people of the Capital.

Black and Shekure put their mark in this multiple voice narrative. Black twelve times and Shekure in eight chapters speak to the readers. The murderer six times, Enishte and Esther in five chapters and all of the miniaturists three times each address the readers. Since Olive is the murderer, he emerges in a total of nine chapters, but not until the end of the book has this situation been made definite; therefore we can think that Black and Shekure are at the center stage. This situation makes itself felt in the pages read. As for the book, the most frequently used source is *Hüsrev and Shirin* of Nizami; we read the book for the fate of the relationship between Black and Shekure.

Ertuğ draws our attention to Pamuk's writing about the heyday of art in which he focused upon by choosing this period in which political tension is known, but everyday life is unknown historically ("Benim Adım Kırmızı'nın Düşündürdükleri" 399). According to Kuyaş, when we focus on the people of the Capital, *My Name Is Red* represents the middle class more than the *Book of Festivities* which is mentioned in the book ("Seks, Yalanlar ve Minaytür" 352). Many different kinds of residents are seen as we swim in the pool of Istanbul: In the book as a whole, we focus on the miniaturists which will be shown in the next pages of this study. In the novel, the presence of Janissaries is felt in every moment, we read rivalries between the members of different sects, "Circassians, Abkhazians, Bosnians, Georgians, Armenians who fill the streets"

are also reminded to the reader (9). In this reminding, the characters are not depicted in a positive way but are referred as people who lost their way because of fanatic people. Similarly, the "blood libel" about the Jews is found in the book (134), and the "Jewish Quarter" ghettoization is also highlighted (52). Different subjects of the Ottoman Empire were also referred to in unexpected moments throughout the book: in Tanneries under the castle walls, which we encounter during Elegant Effendi's funeral, there is work under way for the Greek butchers in Eyüp (93). An owl lands on the Greek Church (341). In other words, Pamuk does not forget to mention non-Muslims. Even the animals of Istanbul are not forgotten: the cats are arrogant for having been spoiled by the inhabitants, the streets are dominated by hordes of dogs, barking is heard throughout the book in-house scenes. Istanbul residents have also seen an elephant brought from Hindustan and a giraffe from Africa in the palace.

Throughout the book, we especially watch Shekure the housewife and her family. At this point, an emphasis can be made on the very narrative structure of the book. Pamuk, with attention to detail that should be taken into account in addition to creativity, has engaged in an additional challenge to write the narrators with their own spoken voices. This allows readers the chance to penetrate the residents of Istanbul in a unique way. As Kim underlines (2009), more importantly, in this book which also can be understood as an epic miniature book, Shekure and Black took the center place in spite of the Sultan which would be expected from the period. This kind of creativity enables us to focus on other people other than Sultan which comes to mind when "Istanbul" is mentioned.

During this period, the sultan is Murat the 3rd. Murat ruled in between 1575-1594 was also an art enthusiast bibliophile; Artan reminds that unlike other sultans he was illustrated with books not at the hunt ("Nakkaşın Karanlığı: Sanat Tarihçisinin Görmediğini Söylemek, Söylemediğini Görmek" 101). Even though the Sultan gave his name to this period, he was almost never seen in this novel. But in rare moments when he is in the scene or told about, he is the single ruler of the stage: Black, when he enters the palace feels that the Sultan is indeed the foundation of this worldly realm, and he is "a simple servant" of the Sultan (223). Again, as Black reviews the pictures in the Treasury with Master Osman, Sultan emerges:

> Darkness had nearly overtaken us, when a light flooded the room. There was a commotion. My heart, which had begun to beat like a drum, comprehended immediately: The Ruler of the World, His Excellency Our Sultan had abruptly entered. I threw myself at His feet. I kissed the hem of His robe. My head spun. I couldn't look Him in the eye. (272)

Similarly, the palace is depicted in great detail especially during Black's visit to the palace (223). The Capital City of the Empire was now replaced by the decentralized *The Black Book*. One can interpret this situation as to conquer this world would be considered not within the power of anybody.

Still, we read that even the Sultan is not satisfied with the things he owned and desired that he should be placed in an illustrated book in the center of the realm in a Frankish style. Miniaturists too in the following pages will indicate their opinion about the universe, time and similar matters, will let us hear the purpose and effort which they spend their lives for. But first we have to pass the streets of Istanbul in order to reach them.

Istanbul can be regarded as the background. In particular, when the characters go from one place to another, we find the opportunity to navigate in the city. Enishte in the course to the funeral of Elegant Effendi is an example of this situation:

> I passed through snow-covered streets, between poor rotting houses leaning this way and that way, barely able to stand, and through fire-ravaged neighborhoods. I walked for a long time, taking the cautious steps of an aging man trying not to slip and fall on the ice. I passed through out-of-the-way neighborhoods and gardens and fields. I walked by shops that dealt in carriages and wheels and passed iron smiths, saddlers, harness makers and farriers on my way toward the walls of the city.
> I'm not sure why they decided to start the funeral procession all the way at the Mihrimah Mosque near the city's Edirne Gate. (91)

At this point, it should be remembered that the owner of this careful view is a miniaturist. The reader finds the opportunity to glimpse shops by the craftsmen of the city. Similarly, Black speaks of shops in the scene in which he tells the leaving of the Treasury room:

> The cold of the Treasury chambers had so penetrated my bones that it seemed as though the gentle weather of an early spring had settled over the city streets. As I passed the grocer, barber, herbalist, fruit and vegetable shop and firewood shop of the Old Caravansary Bazaar, which were shutting down one by one for the night, I slowed my pace and carefully

> examined the casks, cloth sheets, carrots and jars in the warm shops lit by oil lamps. (338)

Black, the former miniaturist candidate, and author of the book that is being written looks with "care". In the meantime, the vehicles we encounter in the city can be seen as the example of author's efforts to detect and announce from a broad perspective as much as possible: wheeled horse-drawn carriages, galleys...

We listen to the sounds of the city: the sound of the lute, the sound of the call to prayer, the sound of children, dogs, the sound of footsteps, the sounds of the interior of houses... Another use of the sound, "to find a second voice" concept will be highlighted in the artistry section. As it sounds, silences often referred to as: Beating silence, blindness silence, the silence of the mind...

In addition, like anything else in the murderer miniaturist's interpretation, he goes even further and in 18th chapter declares Istanbul as the "the world's most intelligent city", due to the large number of hidden murders committed during thousands of years. We remember Istanbul in *The Black Book* as the underground city with its labyrinths, tunnels and corridors. On the other hand, not Istanbul itself but the residents, especially women have a very different place in this novel than other books of Pamuk.

According to Kuyaş, in this book Pamuk used eroticism and gender policy so intense for the first time ("Seks, Yalanlar ve Minaytür" 358). In other words, as readers we continue to witness new steps Pamuk takes. Only two of the narrators are women: Shekure and Esther. We have a chance to look at women in society as the book takes Shekure in its focus. This is important because as the "purdah" (152) is mentioned, women are not available in houses side by side with foreign men. When Black asked why she had married, Shekure's answer is obvious: "I was, of course, certain to be married off to someone" (152). Here, the inevitability of the institution of marriage, as well as the woman's passivity draws attention. The dominant emotion felt in the face of her father, is highlighted in the novel when he dies, "I, who no longer had a father to fear" (189). In expressing these feelings, Shekure is not a complainant of her gender and status; she reminds us that her status is "to be owned" as well: "But now that my father is dead and I am without even a brother, there is no question that my only possible guardians are my husband's brother and my father-in-law" (190). Shekure is aware of

how men think about herself, when talking with Black shows her own ideas as other masculine sources: " 'Perhaps, but only because these aren't my own ideas, I learned them from my father over the years.' I said this so he wouldn't dismiss what I said, assuming that these plans had sprung from my feminine mind" (192). Here's an interesting point, Shekure is not considering herself inferior in terms of functioning of the mind. What she is pointing out, men consider themselves more intelligent than women.

Esther is another character we listen to other than Shekure. Peddler Esther has a vital place in the fiction, because individuals who cannot get together because of their social status can send their letters through her. She is illiterate but can decode the meaning of the letters between lovers, with this respect she draws attention to the difference between what's written in the letter but what it's actually meant and emphasizes it on narrative dimensions. Also throughout the book, when facing emotional helplessness the characters take advice from this "illiterate" woman.

We encounter a "woman" addressing the reader directly in the "I am a Woman" chapter; it's one of the sections when the storyteller speaks. Here is an example in front of us that the society is closed to itself: After telling that he is not married but he knows "women quite well" the storyteller adds:

> I've known four personally, seen their faces and spoken with them: 1. my mother, may she rest in eternal peace; 2. my beloved aunt; 3. the wife of my brother (he always beat me), who said "Get out!" on one of those rare occasions when I saw her—she was the first woman I fell in love with; and 4. a lady I saw suddenly at an open window in Konya during my travels. (352)

More details will be processed on the following pages as the storyteller mockingly refers to the differences in women in Frankish cities in his speech, and then puts on her mother's clothes and tells his experience of being a woman: As opposed to what preachers said, man didn't feel as Satan, but sensitized, felt love, and wanted to cook for the whole realm, accommodating the opposite emotions at the same time: to be both strong and to be pitied, both rich, strong and smart to be insanely loved by a man, and also wanted to be afraid of him. He knows that he needs to find a husband to keep on hand. Finally, the storyteller tells a story and loves this story "because it showed the pitfalls of love and women", but "on the verge of saying" this comment, he corrects

himself: “for Heaven’s sake, I’d forgotten that I’d lost my capacity to reason. Since I’m now a woman, I’m going to say something else entirely. All right then, it’s something like this: Oh, how wonderful love is!” (356). Women's are known not for their intelligence but for their feelings. However, it cannot be said that the book confirms this: Throughout the story Shekure and Esther are alert and calculating characters. Nevertheless, their concerns and expectations shaped by their social circumstances, their characters will be shaped in the same way all through their lives: As Ökten puts it, the only existence area of women who are not recognized for a legitimate visibility and existence would be these unending small calculations and messages (“Kırmızının İştahı” 405).

As a result, due to the tightness of their existence realm, men who were followed throughout the book are the only actors interested in art. We can say that the narrative emphasizes that not only individual talent but also cultural context decides the differences between genders. Of course, the social norms also make men responsible: They feel happy that their spouses are not seen in “intimate” home scenes and that they evade “bloodshed” in rapid home raids. How the sexuality is processed in the context of miniaturists will be the subject of the next pages. However, before focusing on miniaturists and the capable eyes of them, there is another sense that should be pointed out.

Even though “to see” dominates the world of the senses in the book, the sense of tasting is constantly present with food. The use of food enables to travel the century long distance at once. The taste and salt of the old bread (16) (being nonexistent today) is at that time familiar to Istanbul residents, rice eating, savory dishes too... In other words, for its readers navigating in the city occurs in multi-dimensions.

How the food played a role throughout the book is told in detail in Nazlı Ökten’s article “Kırmızının İştahı”, “Red’s Appetite”, (2006): Food and deserts play a vital role in connecting and bringing together the society. One of the first requests of the storyteller when disguised as a woman was to cook for this realm. The means of communication used when writing a letter of Shekure’s pen is hidden behind the pot cabinet, and the paper is behind the bread board. The murderer hides his treasure hidden in a kitchen of an abandoned lodge. When gathered together, the miniaturists

commemorate the beautiful days spent in the kitchen of the lodge. When all of these taken into consideration, the book which Pamuk calls "my most optimistic novel," it's easy to understand why he comments in one of the interviews that his book "has a heart: kitchen" (*Öteki Renkler* 157). As a result, we witness that the senses are not there only to amuse it readers, but they also serve as elements of vital importance throughout the novel, which add to Pamuk's mastery in the art of the novel.

3.2. Authorship and *My Name Is Red*: A Happiness Not Without "Hüzün"

We are face to face with a crime novel and at a love fiction at the same time. Neither the murderer nor the consequences of the human relationships get resolved until the very end. Anxiety, worry, and the expectations of constant disaster are felt strongly throughout the book. On one side, there are times that chaos dominates the city because of cults' aggression. The artists are pessimistic regarding their arts' future. In short, the picture is not so quite heartwarming.

However, in spite of this not so welcoming setting, we can call the book "optimistic" and the emotions that are ingredients of the book are "happiness" with the addition of sadness: Sadness naturally occurs when people feel estranged themselves among people, and occasionally reoccurs in Pamuk's novels; especially the chapter about the future of Persian culture goes deep in conversation. But happiness is felt with as much power never before than this book. In other words, the atmosphere in *My Name Is Red* is somewhat purified; the ambiance within the conditions are dubbed "not a nightmare but a dream" like state. This happiness materializes itself in the "love of seeing". Not are the works of art but also the city itself is a source of this happiness. In the opening lines of *My Name Is Red*, it is mentioned:

> I do, however, know this: When you love a city and have explored it frequently on foot, your body, not to mention your soul, gets to know the streets so well after a number of years that in a fit of melancholy, perhaps stirred by a light snow falling ever so sorrowfully, you'll discover your legs carrying you of their own accord toward one of your favorite promontories. (9)

This type of an access by the writer Black, who once was a miniaturist wanna-be, is not a naturally occuring virtue but rather won by hard work. Right before the following excerpt, we recognize what kind of an attempt that it could be: "I set out on long and satisfying walks through the streets as if I'd settled not in Istanbul, but temporarily in one of the Arab cities at the other end of the world" (7).

Even the murderer reaffirms life: "They're shoveling dirt on him as I stand here beneath trees, amid chirping birds, watching the gilded waters of the Golden Horn and the leaden domes of Istanbul, and discovering anew how wonderful it is to be alive" (116). All this happiness feeling is emphasized repeatedly by "Red" which also is the title of the book: "Behold how wonderful it is to live! Behold how wonderful to see. Behold: Living is seeing" (186).

My Name Is Red can also be interpreted to be looking for the pursuit of love in this equation where living has been associated solely by seeing. Therefore "the art of living" relieved its position to "the art of seeing". But seeing is possible with people who strive to look better. The miniaturists in *My Name Is Red* are the ones who can do this. But "how" exactly this is achieved can be understood after analyzing the role of miniaturists, artistry and authorship in the book.

As Çiçekoğlu writes, *My Name Is Red* is a novel where Pamuk comes to terms with the art of painting ("Yeni Zamanlar Nakkaşı" 209). But as Kuyaş underlines, when we evaluate the book in whole, recapture the narrator voices within the book, we can say that this book is found upon the facts of general art, and in it we find the portrait of the artist as a human being ("Seks, Yalanlar ve Minyatür" 357). In order to better understand these miniaturists, we first have to focus on the cultures they belong to.

We are never let go of the knowledge that the dominant religion is Islam. Even the year mentioned in the story is the thousandth-year anniversary of the Hegira. One of the reasons of dramatic rise of tensions is the ban on painting in Islam; "in a Muslim city" miniaturists who study and create their works have to prepare their books in secret like shameful sinners (166).

Religion is effective in all areas of life and has breached everyday life. Funeral proceedings, calls to prayers and even excerpts from the Koran are deeply covered on

many pages. All epigraphs we read in the beginning of the book are from the Koran. These aside, in parts of the book where not much aspects of religion are discussed there are praises upon Allah, and there are also many references to "Allah's view" in discussions that take place in the book. Not only certain belongingness in religion but the importance of the civilization is highlighted. As Uysal stresses, when depicting Istanbul, it is actually the whole East the narrator talks about ("Geleneğin Kırılışından Türk Modernleşmesine, Benim Adım Kırmızı'da Resmin Algılanışı" 397). When Black enters the city and drops by the miniaturists' workshop, he feels the need to talk about the things he has seen on foreign lands, since he was coming from the East, where "armies clashed, princes strangled one another and plundered cities before burning them to the ground, where war and peace were contested each day, where the best verses were written and the best illustrations and paintings were made for centuries" (54). In one of his interviews, Pamuk mentions his struggle about distinguishing civilizations.[3] This dispersion of civilizations also brings men to classify themselves not only who they are but also who they are not: Their pictures in the narrative are not like the "Venetians" who are "indecent" (217), theirs depict "the inner riches" (25). The art of perspective "removes the painting from God's perspective and lowers it to the level of a street dog" (160), the miniaturist who painted the mosque and a horsefly cannot fall asleep (158). On the other hand this diversions' continuity is disturbed and the narrative talks against puritanism quite openly: "To God belongs the East and the West. May He protect us from the will of the pure and unadulterated" (161). On the other hand we also read that "But East is east and West is west" (400).

As Kim points out, with this novel, we may think that the writer is trying to educate its audience ("My Name is Red: a Miniaturist's Novel" 54). We can feel this especially when we read the miniaturists' discussions. The differences between paintings and style are discussed throughly and in clear vividness. In the 38th chapter Master Osman says:

> Let's say we were to turn down a street: In a Frankish painting, this would result in our stepping outside both the frame and the painting; in a painting made following the example of the great masters of Herat, it'd bring us to

[3] Aral, Fahri. (Ed.). *Orhan Pamuk Edebiyatı Sabancı Üniversitesi Sempozyum Tutanakları.* İstanbul: Agora, 2007. 167. Print.

> the place from which Allah looks upon us; in a Chinese painting, we'd be trapped, because Chinese illustrations are infinite. (234)

These references also appear in many unexpected scenes of the book: "(…) within the room, [there is] enough light to please a humble Chinese illustrator" (156).

It is that we live in a world with multiple realities, and the miniaturists are also aware that different civilizations are feeding each other. The talk between the murderer miniaturist and Enishte is a good example for this: "We agreed that if the Mongols hadn't brought the secrets of red paint—which they'd learned from Chinese masters—to Khorasan, Bukhara and Herat, we in Istanbul couldn't make these paintings at all" (169). These sentences are informative to the reader, just like the book referencing art works that are mentioned within the text.

They all know that all their work is a reflection of the way they see the world (5). Frank and Persian world views are put in contrast and hold importance in the discussion of perspective. As Uysal underlines, these statements, particularly against the use of perspectives in painting, brand *My Name Is Red* as a "non-existent Islamic Aesthetics text book" in detail ("Geleneğin Kırılışından Türk Modernleşmesine, Benim Adım Kırmızı'da Resmin Algılanışı" 380); the miniatures are executed according to Allah's perspective and the miniaturists reflect the world that Allah sees (370). Throughout the book, the importance of meaning over material is discussed repeatedly. But on the other side the narrative doesn't pick up a view and hold it constantly; the use of perspective is also being praised because of the carefulness of the artists: the Two Dervishes, vocalized by the storyteller also like to be drawn by the Frank artist.

The notion of disgrace when one rebels against God is reminded, but there is also a brief remark that there are people who will fill the earth just because a painting of him had been drawn (108). Even the Sultan does not order a painting of himself but wants one done in the book. Nevertheless he is not careless and he wants the painting to be drawn at the miniaturists' homes, not in the miniaturist workshop, with good care. The responsible person is not the Head Miniaturist Master Osman but Enishte. Enishte is curious about Frank style paintings and he would tell the murderer miniaturist: " 'As in those pictures,' I said, 'one ought to be able to situate oneself at the center of the world' " (112). The ability to find a place at the center, the signature and the style will be

focused in the following pages. But before we cease talking about religion and civilization we have to talk about the worst man possible in religion, the one "who first said 'I' ", Satan (287).

Satan, the Devil, narrated through the storyteller, is one of the narrators of the book. The miniaturists are in tumult because they think they are committing sin when drawing. The fear of committing a sin is repeated throughout the book, and it can be seen that from a wider perspective the same worry is valid for *My Name Is Red*.

Satan, berated from Allah because of not procrastinating in front of men tells us it is humans who are more proud than him, and the reason of this is that activity of the angels in the first place (288). He talks about the absurdity of cleansing from all evil, and he objects that he alone is the responsible for all bad things that happen. He reminds us: himself has pride too, that separated himself and Allah. When he is told that Frank masters also prostrate in front of men, he again compares and contrasts between civilizations, and asks his most important question:

> Is man important enough to warrant being drawn in every detail, including his shadow? If the houses on a street were rendered according to man's false perception that they gradually diminish in size as they recede into the distance, wouldn't man then effectively be usurping Allah's place at the center of the world? (290)

Then it adds: "Well, Allah, almighty and omnipotent, would know better than I.", and by that said, the judgment is left to the reader (290). Satan talks to those whose heads are in turbidity and he ranges the reasons of this as "their carnal desires, lust for money or other absurd passions!" (290). At this point we may see the novelist giving an answer to Satan as he writes about the people "in every detail", and we can remember the discussions regarding art and fame as I will focus upon in the next pages.

The jinns also are present along with the devil in the book. Although the fear from jinns and Satan is present within the characters; especially in the murderer miniaturist's words, the jinns and Satan, the "demonic" characteristics are the reasons behind creativity and other behaviors. The murderer miniaturist explains why he finds himself on the streets:

> All brigands, poets and men of constant sorrow know that when the evening prayer is called the jinns and demons within them will grow agitated and rebellious, urging in unison: "Out! Outside!" This restless inner voice demands, "Seek the company of others, seek blackness, misery and disgrace." I've spent my time appeasing these jinns and demons. I've painted pictures, which many regard as miracles that have issued from my hands, with the help of these evil spirits. But for seven days now after dusk, since I murdered that disgrace, I'm no longer able to control the jinns and demons within me. They rage with such violence that I tell myself they might calm down if I go out for a while. (120-121)

It is not a coincidence that the brigands and poets are spoken of here; the murderer miniaturist, before he kills Enishte, remarks about this situation openly: "as I'm doing this, it doesn't seem to be me. It's as if there's something writhing within me compelling me to do its evil bidding. Yet I need that thing nonetheless. It's that way with painting, too" (167). Although Enishte insists that "these are old wives' tales about the Devil", Master Osman, whose "belief in manuscript illumination was more profound" (295) is aware of this condition: "not to mention hours of blows from sticks and rulers so that the devil within us would perish to be reborn as the jinn of inspiration" (315).

The devil, the jinns and even the necessity of "evil" is remarked by the murderer miniaturist:

> My dear God, you've given each of us this unbelievable power, but you've also made us afraid to exercise it.
> Still, if a man but once overcomes this fear and acts, he straightaway becomes an entirely different person. There was a time when I was terrified not only of the Devil, but of the slightest trace of evil within me. Now, however, I have the sense that evil can be endured, and moreover, that it's indispensable to an artist. After I killed that miserable excuse of a man, discounting the trembling in my hands which lasted only a few days, I drew better, I made use of brighter and bolder colors, and most important, realized that I could conjure up wonders in my imagination. (100-101)

It mustn't be forgotten that the evil is reflected in the art work: Black talks about his experiences in the Treasury: "Then, it was as if the Devil had passed into the pages; we could sense that the evil in the illustrations was most often reason itself" (329). Just like in these pictures, the evil as part of the fiction of the book presents the ability of the writer, and human beings centered on the center; just like the devil, the speakers begin

speaking after they first say "I"; *My Name Is Red*'s demonic ways are shown within these pages.

The redness of Satan which is talked about throughout the book reminds us of the color of the "green" talked about in *The Black Book* that never shows itself openly; but this red, contrary to the green, clearly belongs to what it belongs: blood, death, beauty and all the passion that is the reason of happiness. These differences in the nature of signs in *The Black Book* and *My Name Is Red* are key elements that add up to the difference in the atmosphere of the city and in the novels. But what not changes is the jinns and the Devil that enable the artist to create. The "divinely inspired" miniaturists, with their devil characteristics are spoken of throughout the book for pages.

There are four miniaturists who are responsible for the illustration of the book Sultan ordered: with their workshop names, Elegant, Butterfly, Stork, Olive. The Head of the miniaturists' workshop is Master Osman. Enishte, responsible for the ordered book, who is also interested in illustration, and Black, who is called by Enishte to write the texts of the book, was educated in painting in his childhood. In other words, we are face to face with seven people who know about illustrating. In order to undertand the portrayal of the artistry in the novel, I will focus on these artists in details. With this move I will have the chance to underline the similar and different views about art, and I will try to point out the general outlook that we have after we finish the book.

Black, as presented to us, used to be a miniaturist candidate and now as a writer, but his most talked about part is his love to Shekure. Black remarks, in the very beginning of the book: "if a lover's face survives emblazoned on your heart, the world is still your home" (31). This emphasis on "home" is repeated throughout the book, and the murderer miniaturist points out that men like Black think "of the whole world as their home".

We will have to remind ourselves that Black is unable to write the text he was supposed to write. Pamuk, in his courses given about the art of the novel, remarks that the reason we are so interested in novels is that we do not feel as comfortable as at home in the world (2011); Black is possibly unable to write because of his comfort. He has talent; he even talks about how he would illustrate Shekure's divorce and marriage in four different scenes (195). However, he is not drawing, he is explaining; he does not

put forward a piece of art and he is unable to materialize his creativity. When we learn that he understands he is in love with Shekure because he can't masturbate (52), we are then aware how sexuality and creativity are tied together.

The reason he is far away from Shekure for twelve years is not only love, but his expression of love without any patience. When Shekure meets Hasan and also sees his impatience, she feels right away that she can't marry him. The notion of impatience is remarked in the book and Satan also says that he likes patience.

Black does not watch the Treasury's pieces of art as he is looking at a rose garden, but he feels as such when reading Shekure's letter. When he is subject to leaving the Treasury for Torture Chambers, it is not the fear of parting with the pieces of art, but rather dying before he has made love to his love (246). The pieces of art he sees in the Treasury pushes him to say "This is such a spectacular horse, (…) it gives one the urge to pull out a piece of paper and copy it, and then to draw every last thing" (266). But he does not write anything about art in the coming scenes. Black has the capabilities, but he cannot express them: "I stared randomly at the illuminated pages of the volumes I extracted from chests solely to appease the demons that had risen within me and to distract my jinns of indecision" (336). Because of the many similarities between him and Pamuk, we can identify Black as the persona of Pamuk, however Pamuk is able to write but Black can't.

The "corpse" who calls out to us in the beginning pages of the book is Elegant Effendi. This name was given to him by Master Osman who also names other miniaturists; and he names him Elegant because he executes his work in such elegance (55).

Elegant Effendi is married to Kalbiye, and according to Shekure, he is "the most ugly and poor miniaturist" in the four miniaturists that draw the pictures in Enishte's book. Nonetheless all miniaturists envy each other. Butterfly has the same views, and although he does not say, he thinks of Elegant Effendi as "a worthless plagiarist, a fool who did his gilding for money alone with nary a hint of inspiration" (67). The part in the beginning where he emphasizes money also seems to confirm this. He also belongs to the congregation of the preacher from Erzurum, and this is a reason of ridicule of him among the miniaturists' workshop. The murderer miniaturist believes that portrait

drawing is a sin and that by portraits, the Muslim drawing will be finished, and he remarks why he killed Elegant Effendi on these same grounds: "I committed this deed not only for us, to save us, but for the salvation of the entire workshop. Elegant Effendi knew he posed a powerful threat" (395).

Although Elegant Effendi talks to the readers only in one chapter, his appearance is essential to the ending of the story, as the draft drawings of a horse of the murderer miniaturist is found in Elegant Effendi's pocket. He is also an important representative of fear with his high anxiety, and for the other miniaturists he signals how their end may be.

Enishte is Black's brother-in-law, but everybody calls him Enishte Effendi. The Sultan ordered him to prepare the book he wanted. Enishte is also the one who choses the illustrators. When he was in Venice, he experienced the impression of Frank style paintings, he believes they should adopt "shadowing", the biggest invention of Italian painters, to their own paintings. As stated above, he mentions about man-center relation that is continuously emphasized in the book.

He, himself, invited Black to Istanbul to write the text of his book: "Poetry and painting, words and color, these things are brothers to each other, as you well know" (111). He's one of those "who live with books and dream eternally of their pages" (165). He's aware that they are involved in painting in a "Muslim city". As often mentioned, he reminds the expectation to be praised, however he's aware that an illustrator should keep away from the society. "Great miniaturist", though being scared of loneliness there, will go nowhere else. He says so, but on the other hand he thinks:

> I'm delighted now to see that Black has acquired another essential virtue: To avoid disappointment in art, one mustn't treat it as a career. Despite whatever great artistic sense and talent a man might possess, he ought to seek money and power elsewhere to avoid forsaking his art when he fails to receive proper compensation for his gifts and efforts. (23)

He possesses the taste that we are used to witness with the miniaturists, yet he doesn't have the creative passion. He's the one who is responsible for the book, but he wouldn't be involved except for a few minor points. Perhaps due to this lack of creativity, though he observes the contracting relations among different modes during

debates on style, he doesn't worry about it; furthermore, he considers individual emphasis to be tricky:

> 'Fear not,' I said, 'a new style doesn't spring from a miniaturist's own desire. A prince dies, a shah loses a battle, a seemingly never-ending era ends, a workshop is closed and its members disband, searching for other homes and other bibliophiles to become their patrons. One day, a compassionate sultan will assemble these exiles, these bewildered but talented refugee miniaturists and calligraphers, in his own tent or palace and begin to establish his own book-arts workshop. Even if these artists, unaccustomed to one another, continue at first in their respective painting styles, over time, as with children who gradually become friends by roughhousing on the street, they'll quarrel, bond, struggle and compromise. The birth of a new style is the result of years of disagreements, jealousies, rivalries and studies in color and painting. Generally, it'll be the most gifted member of the workshop who fathers this form. Let's also call him the most fortunate. To the rest of the miniaturists falls the singular duty of perfecting and refining this style through perpetual imitation.' (167-168)

As he states in one of his interviews, this is also what Pamuk thinks:

> I believe what is called style is an exaggerated personal feature. Style isn't something to be associated with individuals, one by one; it's related with special situations of communities when they were together in historical cases. Thus, in the novel, rather than individual styles of 15-16th century Muslim miniaturists or Persian painters, what's underlined is in which city and in which shah's miniaturists workshop they came together. (*Öteki Renkler* 154)

Another miniaturist, Master Osman, is in charge of the miniature workshop, and is one of the real historical characters. He speaks to the reader in three chapters. As you would expect from an old master, he is fairly straightforward: there is nothing admirable from the new, people are stupid, the reason he forgets people's names is because their names are not worth remembering (233). He counts the number of things that make him smile at the end of his life: the children who are the summary of the world, sweet memories and to see the masterpieces of the old masters of Herat. He tells that this last article "cannot be explained to the uninitiated" (233). As it is mentioned above, *My Name Is Red* may be written to promote, teach this art to those who are "uninitiated". At this moment it should be added that all Pamuk's books can be seen as a this kind of effort, since he makes classical art works an important part of his oeuvre. By this, the

reader is invited to learn or at least to remember the old works which is part of the canon.

Master Osman has contradictions too: He criticizes the self-conceit of the miniaturists but tells that humility is popular for facilitating the life (233). He describes their way of traditions at the miniature workshop rather than individualism, he is against signature, on the other hand he uses the adjectives "ordinary, pale and hazy" as he tells a story about not favored paintings. He talks about arrogance and jealousy, then he grieves about how limited their own miniature world when he sees the pictures at the Treasury, by thinking Persian masters from Herat and Tabriz make greater pictures than do Ottoman miniaturists, he scrapes the eyes of the faces with his pencil sharpener he encounters at Shahnama (321). He feels angry at the picture which is trying to feed from the both worlds of East and West. The murderer miniaturist would feel this too.

What Master Osman feels in the face of miniature work is clear: Love. Even though he says he carries the grief of looking with his heart rather than mind, the place in which he feels the existence of God closely is the Treasury room where he can look at the unique pictures (312). After looking at Shahnama, he blinds himself as the other masters who made themselves blind thinking there is nothing left to see after these unique paintings. Addressing the readers in the last line of the last chapter he reminds again: "What could be more exquisite than looking at the world's most beautiful pictures while trying to recollect God's vision of the world?" (324)

He is also fragile because of this love. When he is in the Treasury room, after seeing neither Black nor the dwarf who was accompanying him shares his feelings, he senses "the profound sorrow of thousands of illustrators from hundreds of cities large and small, each with a distinctive temperament, each painting under the patronage of a different cruel shah, khan or chieftain, each displaying his talent and succumbing to blindness" (314).

The master who is "terrified by the passon of red ink" in a picture (250), tells us that he love-taught his students, "his sons", reminding conversation about them are conversations about his life (256).

Butterfly, Hasan Chelebi from Baruthane, is married to the beautiful daughter of the owner of neighborhood grocery store. According to his Master Osman, Butterfly is both beautiful and talented, a true miniaturist who works with his heart. But we read that Master Osman does not have "any awe toward him", because the beatings that should make jinns and the Devil to nurture made him "content and obedient". According to Master Osman, Butterfly lacks "the momentary loss of faith" called "the dark night of the soul"; therefore he is happy but lacks depth. Again, we read that he is jealous of those who have less talent than him solely because he has demons and devils, the need to be liked makes him "a slave to praise" (258-261).

This is the information we gather from Master Osman; Butterfly also finds chance to directly address the reader in three chapters throughout the book. In these pages we easily realize the justness of points made by Master Osman. Butterfly tells that the factors such as money and fame are the rights of the talented person, he highlights that the money is a criteria indicates success. The "gold coin" which is voiced by the storyteller in the 19th chapter titled "I am a gold coin" is in the same opinion:

> If I didn't exist, however, no one would be able to distinguish a good artist from a bad one, and this would lead to chaos among the miniaturists; they'd all be at each other's throats. So I haven't vanished. I've entered the purse of the most talented and intelligent of miniaturists and made my way here. If you think you're better than Stork, then by all means, get hold of me. (106)

Nevertheless, there is a benefit to remember: the coin which claims that it is twenty-two-carat Ottoman Sultani gold, announces in a few lines later that it is "not a genuine" but "counterfeit". The fakeness of the voice which asserts itself as the criteria should be kept in mind.

The fakeness felt intensely in *The Black Book*, is only in the coin in this book, and also in the paintings which are "neither Frankish nor Persian". The need to be liked is also read: "Next, once again, look Mother, how beautiful, I merrily drew another arc as if scripting a letter, and I was moved to the verge of laughter" (276).

In addition the feelings such jealousy, envy toward other miniaturists is obvious: "That group of uninspired, untalented incompetents was gleefully alleging that I was nothing but a beastly murderer" (68). Similarly, Butterfly thinks that if Stork would

withdraw than he can be the head of the miniature workshop (364). These negative emotions are voiced by all the miniaturists, about all of the miniaturists.

When Butterfly feels the fear of being wasted by Master Osman, he is drifted to the horrors of being fatherless, homeless, and filled with ineptitude. When Black who feels at "home" is remembered, we can say that Butterfly who is both creative and talented knows better what it means to feel unrest even though it's been said that he lacks "the dark night of the soul".

Butterfly feels really happy despite concerns because he thinks that "illustrating equaled love-of-life". So the miniaturist loves life. Just as the Master Osman says, he also carries the fear that being this positive about life would take something from his craft. " 'These are the belongings of a man who doesn't know how to be happy…' I said. Yet, in a corner of my mind, I thought sadly about how misery and proximity to the Devil nursed painting" (366).

Another important point about the portrayal of the artistry is that, in spite of all his ability, Butterfly emphasises the diligence:

> Much later, nearly screaming, I said, 'After a certain age, even if a painter shares a worktable with Bihzad, what he sees may please his eyes and bring contentment and excitement to his soul, but it won't enhance his talent, because one paints with the hand, not the eyes, and the hand at my age, let alone at Master Osman's, does not easily learn new things.' (358)

One other miniaturist is "the Sinning Painter Mustafa Chelebi", Stork by his nickname. This character has actually lived of those four miniaturists who narrate the book. According to Master Osman when Stork is signing, he doesn't make an issue of style and signing. His talent is to transfer on to paper things that were never drawn before.

It was noted that he was the first Muslim miniaturist who went to the war. Master Osman says that to be the head of the miniature workshop is his right but on the other hand he thinks Stork won't be able to manage this many people because of his self-conceit. Master Osman wishes that the murderer is Stork. In the pictures drawn in the competition for the pursuit of finding the identity of the murderer, he declares that the killer is Stork, even though he says that the picture they are at the pursuit was drawn by Olive. Maybe this would be expected from someone who says "But my concern is not

for your Enishte, it's for my workshop" (335). Master Osman, while talking about Stork also reminds the reader: what they transfer on to the page is a feeling of faith and patience.

Stork also speaks to us in three sections like Butterfly does. Stork also thinks he is superior to other miniaturists. The phrase "Unlike him, I became a master through the strength of my own 'reed,' not by holding my master's" (372), when remembered that "the reed", "kamış" in Turkish also means men's sexual organ, is important pointing the creativity-sexuality connection mentioned throughout the novel.

The stories told by Stork are also important: the basic concepts have been constantly repeated as in the case of miniaturist who considers "home" wherever he works. In particular when we remember the example of Black, it's been understood that master miniaturist considers where he works home, not the world (72).

Stork also gives the parable of the three stories which he tells Black:

> 'Alif,' I said. 'The first story with the minaret demonstrates that no matter how talented a miniaturist might be, it is time that makes a picture 'perfect.' 'Ba,' the second story with the harem and the library, reveals that the only way to escape time is through skill and illustrating. As for the third story, you proceed to tell me, then.'
> 'Djim!' said Black confidently, 'the third story about the one-hundredand-nineteen-year-old miniaturist unites 'Alif' and 'Ba' to reveal how time ends for the one who forsakes the perfect life and perfect illuminating, leaving nothing but death. Indeed, this is what it demonstrates.' (75)

As these lines clearly emphasize, the importance of time, skill, art, and having control over time, as well as finally all efforts should continue go to the pursuit of perfection.

Nevertheless, in the following pages Stork makes the determination "however, to be the best miniaturist, it's not enough to make the best horse, you must also convince Our Sultan and His circle of sycophants that you are indeed the best miniaturist" (279). He is aware of the artificiality of "the Best".

Another miniaturist is Olive. Velijan is his real name. Master Osman says he never signed his name. However, according to his master he is very talented. When we read he has the prudence of a homeless person, we remember the emphasis of home again. The Head miniaturist, who reminds that painting is an opening to challenge God,

says that Olive is a real painter because of his lack of faith, and he doesn't tell Black but thinks to himself: Olive is "the most quiet and sensitive, but also the most guilty and traitorous, and by far the most devious" of all his miniaturists (256-258). Master Osman mentions the issue of memory and says that if Olive could forget the pattern he is in, he would be a greater painter.

Olive reminds his master with his approach; in his interpretation of the story he says that the one without memory can remember neither Allah nor his blackness (76). In one of the stories he tells, he repeats that Allah created the realm the way an intelligent seven-year-old boy would want to see it. He highlights dream as well as the memory: "Time doesn't flow if you don't dream" (382). He speaks with precision when it comes to style: "For me, having a style would be worse than being a murderer" (375).

Olive is the murderer, and in contrast to what he believes, he has a style too. As the head miniaturist Osman puts forward, because the key point is that the artist does not know what his own style is, and the style emerges at the moments when the artist does not notice (253). The point of view which equalizes style with "flaw" (98) is thus also verified. He is himself even when he says "I 'restrained' myself and became another" (279). But this state of being oneself is fed by the civilization in which the self exists.

Olive is in love with Shekure, "the most beautiful woman in the world" (101), just as Black is, and Olive complains about the lack of people who would appreciate the masterpieces in Istanbul, like Master Osman does (101).

Perhaps, because of the fact that he is the murderer, he interprets honesty as "fear" (124). The murderer is restless; he hears a restless voice every night calling him to the streets (120). Similarly, when he is in the coffeehouse, he feels that one of the sides of his soul remains silent, he thinks about the demon that disconnects him from the community (285). The aforementioned demonic powers, the devils and demons, are his own. This passion is reflected in everything, he wants to to put everything into his mouth sometimes, and sometimes he wants to fill a page with a picture of all creation (280). Miniaturists have also drawn the pictures told by the storyteller in the coffeehouse.

3.3. The Storyteller of Istanbul, the Author of *My Name Is Red*

Eight of the mock narrators of the book are voiced by the storyteller of the coffeehouse. They are, in order: dog, tree, coin, death, red, horse, two dervishes and woman.

When we focus on many stories told in the coffee house, which is a public space, we will have the chance to read thoughts prevailing in many issues in the society at the same time. Perhaps more importantly, as the subject of the book, especially the differences between civilizations are emphasized again in this coffee shop where most of the audience are miniaturists. The dog reminds us that other dogs in Frank countries are not free but have chains (13); a tree wants to be its meaning not itself (51); the horse repeats that Venetians do not know anything about decency, it also tells us that miniaturists try to paint what Allah sees; for dervishes Franks are strange.

Apart from this, the characters navigating in the city, with the storyteller we also find the chance to filter into the daily life of society like when we read a list of those we can swap it off with 22-carat Ottoman Sultani gold (102-103). The sodomy which is referred throughout the book is also emphasized, and the "Woman" explains the reason of this inclination: because women are not around, the sexuality is experienced this way when men do not meet women until they get married (352). On these pages we read the name of numerous books, these are some of the authors who are given the direction to *My Name Is Red*: El-Jevziyye, Gazzali, Suyuti, Ferdowsi…

Even though Black and Shekure are considered the heroes of the book, another important figure is "meddah", the storyteller. As Kuyaş underlines, highlighted throughout the book, and still felt today despite the rupture in visual culture, the culture of the narrative continues, it reminded us; when its recalled that the storytelling is the front yard of novel writing, the storyteller is the first voice towards modernity ("Seks, Yalanlar ve Minaytür" 355-356), the surprise we encounter in the last part of the book becomes even more meaningful: Shekure is telling this story to his son Orhan, for "he might pen this story" (413).

As Rifat stresses, in the last chapter, with the information given by Shekure, her son Orhan becomes one of the top narrators of this book; so while the novel is becoming a novel of arts, love, and crime, at the same time, it becomes a meta-fiction novel ("Benim Adım Kırmızı'yı Kim Anlatıyor, Kim Okuyor" 383). According to Kuyaş, Pamuk has both realized all this in its multi dimensionality with self-confidence, as well as the taking advantage of his cultural heritage seldom ever seen ("Seks, Yalanlar ve Minyatür" 359).

As masters of Heart who draw a thin line between death and beauty (274), Pamuk starts this novel with the call of a corpse and ends it with the voice of Shekure, as mentioned before, "the most beautiful woman in the world". So, we are again in a thick book between death and beauty. Maybe that's why the title of the first chapter is "I am a corpse" and not "I, Elegant" even though elegant illustrations mentioned throughout the book. The book raises the enthusiasm for knowing the art which is mentioned even though it's been said from the quotations at the beginning until the last page that it cannot be explained to the ones who doesn't see and know it. This is a call to the readers, who have to put their efforts in order to experience the pleasures the art offers. In the following pages, I will again write about the notion of "a call to the readers", which has an ever increasing central place in Pamuk's novels.

When Ibn Arabi's love recipe is recalled (115), here we are with a book written with the move of making "the invisible visible", palpable, and written with love. Again, similar to a quote from the book, this book is "a kind of melancholy elegy to the inspiration, talent and patience of all the masters who'd painted and illuminated in these lands over the years" (306).

Istanbul was chosen as the background and provides the entire subject to the book itself. Due to Pamuk's rigorous research, he has given a successful example of "historical fiction": We find the chance of travelling in the city, watching the culture in a broader perspective... Even the kitchen, is memorable.

It's the beginning of a new era, the city is in upheaval, chaos prevails at the individual level, but the feelings of the miniaturists are positive with "love of seeing",

"happiness of looking", and it is superior to everything. With this detailed narrative of miniaturists, the novel becomes an artist's book. With their art, the latest styles of this art and the work which is forbidden by the religion they belong, the tension is never lacking. A continuous distinction of civilizations also has been made but this distinction, on the other hand is impaired by the text itself. On one hand, while we read how the forms of civilizations vision the realm differently, decisiveness on the work of the place belonged not of a person; on the other hand we read the differences between the "brother" miniaturists who work in the same workshop and we follow the points reached by the text in the matter of artistry: Devils and demons, so demonic features are blessed. Miniaturists, who do not feel at home, feel the peace only in their work, the "straitjacket" (232) which they are wearing is thus expanding, and the time only passes when one dreams. If we remember that when Black and Shekure are making love, they consider this action as "spreading salve onto wounds" (409). We understand that those who apply ointment to their wounds by not art would not be able to display their art. This situation doesn't change, no matter how rich the material under the hand of the person, even if he works under the command of a sultan. In other words, it is not enough to have talent, it is important to display this talent with passion and love. This display can only take place with faith and patience. The fame and the money, and the desire to be loved can accompany the miniaturists when they are not the "only goal". It's also announced that the "real miniaturist" should move away from the community, and reach the desolation. Skill, art, and continuity are required; the time will make the final decision. People are inevitably themselves. This state is the opposite of the effort of "being oneself" in *The Black Book*, they are themselves even in the efforts of trying not to be themselves, and the points which they are never aware of determine who they are. However, this decisiveness bears the traces of the past.

Black, while he is unable to write the stories that he is ought to write, only the stories told by the storyteller come to his mind. While he is not able to write, the storyteller is able to tell. When the surprise at the end of the book is remembered, that the story is written by Shekure's son Orhan, it is understood that the link between oral culture and written culture continues in spite of breaks with visual culture.

The end of the book is the moment when the mystery which is mentioned at the beginning of the book is understood. When we read these lines, in spite of all the

differences, we understand that, like *The Black Book, My Name Is Red* was also able to carry its mystery until the end: Right in the first chapter, we read that "if the situation into which we've fallen were described in a book, even the most expert of miniaturists could never hope to illustrate it." It is also highlighted that "the staggering power of such a book arises from the impossibility of its being depicted" (6). We understand the reason of this impossibility when Shekure tells that the picture she desired can never be illustrated. This comment belongs to her son Orhan, who wrote the story: "the time-halting masters of Herat could never depict her as she is, and the Frankish masters (…) could never stop time." Red also reminds us: "do not forget that colors are not known, but felt." (1886) In the end, the paintings won't be drawn, but the book will be written. As readers we are approaching to understand the novel as it's written. As a result, the miniaturists wouldn't be able to complete their work, while the book ends they are doing other work without complaining, and we are able to read this story thanks to the author. In other words, "the only consolation writing" of *The Black Book* is in front of us again.

The book which can only be written by the material of its background Istanbul has to offer, ultimately approves the artist's view of life, with the last move becomes a tribute to the authorship. This authorship, announcing its respect to the ancient Persian style of patience, faith, and meaning realm, shows the determination of the Frankish people taking people, ordinary people to the center, not the sultans. The author signals that he would not be satisfied with this: "God willing, one day, we'll fearlessly tell the story of our own lives the way we actually live them" (397). Here's the subject of the next chapter, *Istanbul: Memories and the City*, which will be the work of this aim of Pamuk.

CHAPTER 4:

THE CITY'S BIOGRAPHY, THE AUTHOR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY: *ISTANBUL*

Istanbul: Memories and the City, the memoirs of Orhan Pamuk, was published in 2003. The book overlays the memories of the author with the history of the city. This chapter follows the views given by Pamuk about Istanbul, which will be utilized to analyze the general atmosphere of the city, with the emphasis being made using photographic evidence that accompany the text of the book. In conclusion of this chapter I will explore the nature of the authorship and more importantly the interaction between the city and the author.

4.1. A View from Inside to Outside, Identification with the City

When we consider the whole book, as Esen stresses, we see that in front of us there is a view that is from inside to outside ("Şehrin Suretleri: Anlatısal Odak Olarak İstanbul" 267). The story weaves through a myriad of social and individual planes, with varying subjects dividing each other, it is observed that the chronological order is preserved. As a result, this sequence will bring a view "from inside to outside": The circles expand gradually in the form of "the family-Nişantaşı-Istanbul". This expansion is also painful at some moments that emerge as a transition from the old world to the new one:

> I'd spent my entire childhood inside my close-knit family in a house, a street, a neighborhood that for me was, for all I knew, the center of the world. Until I started at the lycée, my education had done nothing to disabuse me of the notion that the heart of my personal and geographical universe also set the standards for the rest of the world. Now, at lycée, I discovered that I did not, in fact, live in the center of the world, and the place where I lived was not—this was more painful—the world's beacon. (302)

On the other hand, the concepts "Istanbul" and "authorship" that I try to handle separately are interlocked throughout the book and became inseparable. While telling us his moment of birth, Pamuk does not forget to remind us the newspaper headings of that day, and the individual-social stories interlock (7). This state, which can be summarized as "identification with the city", is emphasized at the very beginning of the book clearly:

> God had chosen not to bind us to the city's fate, I thought, simply because we were rich. But as my father and my uncle stumbled from one bankruptcy to the next, as our fortune dwindled and our family disintegrated and the quarrels over money grew more intense, every visit to my grandmother's apartment became a sorrow and took me a step closer to a realization: It was a long time coming, arriving by a circuitous route, but the cloud of gloom and loss spread over Istanbul by the fall of the Ottoman Empire had finally claimed my family too. (17)

This identification came true as a result of conscious effort. As Aksoy and Aksoy underline, Pamuk, like all the Istanbul residents, finds himself in an "Istanbul discourse" as a result of both his art and life experiences ("Orhan Pamuk'un İstanbul'u: Söylemden Gerçekliğe, Gerçeklikten Söyleme" 282). It is possible to say that his efforts aim to thoroughly penetrate into this discourse, in other words to thoroughly explore the city. The book highlights multiple times the representation of Istanbul in various forms of art, and its recent history. In this chapter, it is possible to address the focus difference that can be treated under the heading "authorship": Istanbul is not solely used as an aesthetic object but is mentioned with its reality and dark sides that are not referred. Pamuk addresses what the authors before him – who also created an Istanbul discourse – did not address: Wealth Tax, Incidents of September 6-7… The Istanbul map has expanded; like in *The Black Book* and in *My Name is Red*, there is a new Istanbul in front of us with its non-Muslims, with its not only poor but rich people and with its cosmopolitan structure.

4.2. The General Atmosphere of Istanbul: The Exploration or Invention of "Hüzün"

On the other hand, the things that have not changed are also reminded: the feeling of "hüzün" (or "melancholy" as it is sometimes translated). The feeling of melancholy is focused on four chapters of the book, while leaving its mark throughout the book. The word "invention" is kept as much as the word "exploration". The city is something that is explored as the heading of a chapter, "Exploring the Bosphorus", presents. On the individual plane, for example about talent, Pamuk does not agree with this idea and uses the word "invention" instead of exploration:

> Not long after I started school, I discovered a pleasure in drawing and painting. Perhaps discover is the wrong word; it implies that there was something, like the New World, waiting to be found. If there was a secret love of or talent for painting lurking inside me, I was not aware of it by the time I started school. It would be more accurate to say that I painted because I found it blissful. The invention of my talent came afterward; at the start there was no such thing. (147)

However, the early lines after this paragraph reverse this comment: "Perhaps I did have talent, but that was not the point. I simply found painting made me happy. That was the important part."

Similarly, the word "exploration", which Pamuk uses at the beginning of the book for both the places of the city and the feelings that the city creates, gives its place to the verb "invent" towards the end of the book: "Why should we expect a city to cure us of our spiritual pains? Perhaps because we cannot help loving our city like a family. But we still have to decide which part of the city we love and invent the reasons why" (351).

Exploration or invention; what does not change is the attention that Pamuk shows both towards his own life and the city. He looks at his life and the city he lives with the same attention as he looked at Melling's pictures of the Bosphorus with a magnifying glass. The theme that Pamuk explores while discussing these pictures is that Istanbul is centerless and endless, and in an attempt to prove his point he discloses details of day to day life in the city throughout the book (94-99).

According to Pamuk, the greatest wealth of Istanbul is its grocery stores and its coffee houses; the greatest poet of Istanbul in the 20th century is Yahya Kemal; its greatest author is Tanpınar… The historical view continues throughout the book. Great earthquakes and fires are mentioned as well. Pamuk does not forget to mention the unfair treatment to minorities or generally "the Turkification of Constantinople" either. We read pages regarding many social segments including religious people, rich people and artists. The author presents clues so that the reader may get to know the soul of the city. Pamuk's comments upon Gautier's book *Constantinople* are detailed in a manner as if describing his own book: "Despite his occasional arrogance, his fondness for sweeping generalizations, and his interest in the bizarre, Gautier can be enjoyed for his fine irony and, of course, his painterly eye[4]" (227).

At this point, it is possible to object to the choice of "painterly eye". What separates a painter from other people is not the painter's eye but the painter's hand. The person who knows how to look may not know how to draw. Similarly, the person who hears the note may not be able to play the instrument. Even so, the unchanged factor is the openness of perceptions. With such an attentive view, the author compares the feeling of "hüzün" which he has focused throughout the book with similar feelings "melancholy" and "tristesse" while explaining the difference. We read that melancholy is individual. Then there appears the fixation that a similar feeling "tristesse" is a feeling that the environment creates in the eye that watches it. After that it is the turn of the "hüzün". According to Pamuk "hüzün" is a social feeling experienced by the people of Istanbul and cannot be observed by an outsider but by only "Istanbullar" themselves. He even indicates that this feeling has captured the people of Istanbul and it is their destiny: A person from Istanbul will inevitably adopt this feeling of the city in which s/he was born. For Pamuk, "hüzün" corresponds with the country's history and with its "the remainder of an empire" state although it has never been a colony:

[4] In the Turkish original this description is clearer: "Gautier'nin kitabını çok okunaklı kılan şey, yazarın kendine güveni, gözlem ve şaka yapabilme yeteneği ve acaip ve tuhaf olana karşı bir Batılı gazeteci merakı taşımasına rağmen, bunu yeri gelince çok görmüş birinin olgunluğuyla şakaya vurabilmesi kadar onda bir ressam gözü olmasıdır." (213-214)

> When the empire fell, the new Republic, while certain of its purpose, was unsure of its identity; the only way forward, its founders thought, was to foster a new concept of Turkishness, and this meant a certain cordon sanitaire to shut it off from the rest of the world. It was the end of the grand polyglot multicultural Istanbul of the imperial age; the city stagnated, emptied itself out, Istanbul of the imperial age; the city stagnated, emptied itself out, and became a monotonous monolingual town in black and white. The cosmopolitan Istanbul I knew as a child had disappeared by the time I reached adulthood. (238-239)

The quoted lines illustrate the fact that the melancholy does not arise from the reminder that the days of glory are over, but also from the fact that this is a place where cosmopolitanism disappears. This further emphasizes the aspects that Pamuk highlighted which the authors before him did not mention.

4.3. Photography and *Istanbul*

Photograph is one of the most important medium Pamuk uses while looking at the city. When the photographs of *Istanbul* are counted it is seen that they are 210 in total. 24 of these photographs belong to the objects that are not photographs themselves like gravure, oil painting and encyclopedia. The city of Istanbul left its mark to the photograph choice as it did to the book: 147. Certainly this number is the number of photographs which make their focus the city itself. All in all, all the 210 photographs in the book are taken in Istanbul.

The photographs are an integral part of the narrative. In the 4th chapter entitled "The Destruction of the Pashas' Mansions: A Sad Tour of the Streets", the readers see the photographs of a residence burning and later in ruins. In the chapter "Exploring the Bosphorus", photographs of the Bosphorus are presented to the reader. In the chapter "Melling's Bosphorus Landscapes", we can see the photographs of the gravures mentioned. Throughout the narrative, Pamuk tells the history of Istanbul while telling the story of his life, but the photographs are never referred to directly. These photographs are elements that help the reader better understand the things Pamuk mentions and also they are elements that colorize the book even though the photographs are black and white.

In the photographs that the focus is not the city, there are individual or group photographs of Orhan Pamuk and his family members. When counted, it is observed that 14 of the 210 photographs of the book have the pose of Orhan Pamuk alone, 16 of them contain at least two family members, and one of three photographs is the father's individual photograph and two of three photographs are the mother's individual photographs. As mentioned before, these photographs are photographs that accompany the narrative. As understood from the lines that Pamuk wrote in the part named "About the Photographs" which is situated after his narrative, Ara Güler took about 60 of the photographs, Selahattin Giz took about 20 of them, and Hilmi Şahenk took about 15 of them. The fact that the majority of these photographs belong to journalists-photographers is another factor together with the photographs' aesthetic quality that increases the aesthetic pleasure in the reader.

The order in which the photographs are presented is remarkable: After the copyright and the table of contents pages, we see the heading and the subheading. On the same page there is a photograph of Istanbul as well. In the first chapter, "Another Orhan", the reader is confronted by a photograph of Orhan Pamuk as a child. In accordance with the abovementioned view from inside to outside, the circles expand gradually and as we read both the stories of Pamuk and Istanbul, the relevant photographs accompany the narrative. In the last chapter of the book, "A Conversation with My Mother: Patience, Caution, and Art", the readers are faced with what this heading promises; we read the dialogue of 22-year-old Orhan Pamuk with his mother. Meanwhile, apart from a single photograph of his mother taken in the house, there are photographs of empty streets of Istanbul in front of us. But when the lines are read carefully, we read that Pamuk thinks of the streets that wait for him during the dialogue which turns into a debate. There are not only empty streets in front of us anymore; at this point the streets are turned into streets that wait for Orhan Pamuk who decides to be a writer. Therefore we can express that the book starts with Orhan Pamuk and finishes with the streets that are emphasized to be waiting for Orhan Pamuk. In other words the book finishes with Orhan Pamuk as well. At this point we can focus on the cover which is one of the most important elements of the book: There is a portrait photograph of Orhan Pamuk that covers the whole cover. Behind him, there is an assembled Istanbul view that does not belong to the photograph itself. When we think throughout the book

that we read a memoir book and we read the story of Orhan Pamuk who decides to be a writer, we agree with the appropriateness of Pamuk appearing on the cover. When we remember the place Pamuk gives to Istanbul in his narrative, the city being the background is also understood. After all, what should not be forgotten is that we read the story of the "self conscious" author taking us to the last sentence, "I'm going to be a writer." That is why it is very important how the concept of "authorship" takes part and in what way it comes into the picture in this book titled *Istanbul*.

4.4. *Istanbul* as Künstlerroman

Istanbul has some of the features of being a künstlerroman as well. The book reads like a travel log of Pamuk's journey of becoming a painter and then later on a writer in his life.

As we read the story of the painter who will eventually become a writer, we are told the story of Istanbul. Both the author and the painter artists leave their mark on the book. The image of the city that is created by artists is included in this Istanbul story as well. This influence manifests itself even in the titles of the chapters such as: "Melling's Bosphorus Landscapes", "Four Lonely Melancholic Writers", "Ahmet Rasim and Other City Columnists", "Reşat Ekrem Koçu's Collection of Facts and Curiosities: The Istanbul Encyclopedia", "Nerval in Istanbul: Beyoğlu Walks", "Gautier's Melancholic Strolls Through the City", "The Melancholy of the Ruins: Tanpinar and Yahya Kemal in the City's Poor Neighborhoods", "Flaubert in Istanbul: East, West, and Syphilis".

So, what kind of an authorship do we have? What kind of a portrait confronts us when we look at *Istanbul* with the eye of "the author's autobiography" or rather "an authorship's autobiography"?

First of all there is a narrator who promises honesty and who demands our compassion (8). It is possible to think that this honesty especially comes in sight in picturing of violence in the elder brother-brother relationship. In addition, the mother-father quarrels, the description of sexual feelings and despite all its secrecy the "first love" chapter can be read as disclosure. Certainly the result is the author's view from

today to the past therefore it is possible to discuss how much the author reflects the reality although he tries to be honest to the best of his ability. Pamuk is also aware of this and he obviates criticism with a gesture: “But these are the words of a fifty-year-old writer who is trying to shape the chaotic thoughts of a long-ago adolescent into an amusing story” (322).

We are dealing with an author who has a great imagination. This does not only stem from the fact that the reader holds a fiction but is also emphasized by the author through witnessing of family members. A quotation which cannot be found in the English translation: “‘Çocukluğunda bir kere bile diğer çocuklar gibi içim sıkılıyor, demedin,’ demişti bir kere annem.” (24). Similarly Pamuk says that while he is reading, “what mattered most was not to ‘understand’ it but to supplement the meaning with the right fantasies.” (20).

The memory power, which is a significant part of the profession of writing and art, revealed itself in early ages: “I’d study the pictures so I could draw them myself. And once I’d drawn a house, a tree, or a street it would stay in my mind” (148). In the original version there is an emphasis of early ages at the end of the book as well: “89. sayfadaki Cihangir’den parke taşlı yokuş manzarasının fotoğrafını on beş yaşımdayken çekmiş olmak bugün hoşuma gidiyor”[5] (348). This individual plane never breaks his connection with the city:

> When these shops went out of fashion and closed one by one to make way for a string of other, more modern enterprises, my brother and I would play a game— less inspired by nostalgia than to test our memories—that went like this: One of us would say, “The shop next to the Girls’ Night School,” and the other would list its later incarnations: “The Greek lady’s pastry shop, a florist, a handbag store, a watch shop, a bookmaker, a gallery bookshop, and a pharmacy.” (32)

As we see throughout the book, memory thus intelligence is Pamuk’s common feature with his elder brother. Even so, Pamuk emphasizes the difference of the factors that are at the center of memory powers. This emphasis can also be seen as the reason of their choices of different life paths:

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[5] In the English translation it is different: “I still like the picture I took as a fifteen-year-old boy of the cobblestone alley seen from Cihangir”.

> My older brother was always better at school than I was. He knew everyone's address and could hold figures, telephone numbers, and mathematical formulas in his head like a secret melody (whenever we went out together, I would spend my time looking at the shopwindows, at the sky, at whatever struck my fancy, and he would look at the street numbers and the names of the apartments); he loved reciting soccer regulations, match results, the capitals of the world, and sports statistics, just as, forty years later, he enjoys rattling of the deficiencies of his academic rivals and how little space they take up in the Citation Index. Although my interest in painting came partly from my desire to spend time alone with my pencils and my paper, it also had something to do with my brother's total lack of interest in it. (298)

In addition to these, in the introduction part of this chapter, the "important" reason of his interest for the field of art was quoted in the invention-exploration distinction: Pamuk leaves aside the question whether talent exists or not and emphasizes on the pleasure and happiness he gets from painting, and he indicates that essentially this is important. How the pleasure he got from painting decreased will be told in the progressive parts, but at this point what should be emphasized is that when this pleasure starts to decrease, he heads towards pleasure again:

> If something got in the way of this fantasy, if I did not quite lose myself in my painting, if (as happened more and more often) the first world intruded to ruin my childish game, I'd be overcome by an urge to masturbate. (267)

Another important aspect that is observed with regards to pleasure which Pamuk gets while painting not only stems from engaging in arts but from the adoration he gains as a result of his work:

> That I was painting the fabled "Istanbul view" was something I could never forget. Everybody already acknowledged the beauty of my subject, and because it was also real I was less inclined to ask why it was beautiful. When I finished my painting and asked myself the same question I would put to those around me so many thousands of times throughout my life—"Is it beautiful? Did I make it look beautiful?"—I could be sure that my choice of subject alone guaranteed me a "yes." (266)

Throughout the book, like *My Name Is Red*, sedulity is emphasized rather than talent. Not only in the field of art but also while drawing the portrait of Istanbul, penetrating the city beginning from his childhood and youth is a pursuit, and on this subject Pamuk receives help mostly from artists:

> I am not unaware of acting like a starstruck fan who takes details from the lives and films of his favorite stars and uses them to imagine coincidences and chance encounters. But it is these four heroes, whom I will discuss from

> time to time in this book, whose poems, novels, stories, articles, memoirs, and encyclopedias opened my eyes to the soul of the city in which I live. (111)

This interaction will be decisive in his artistic orientations in the future:

> For these four melancholic writers drew their strength from the tensions between the past and the present, or between what Westerners like to call East and West; they are the ones who taught me how to reconcile my love for modern art and western literature with the culture of the city in which I live. (111)

In his book Pamuk names many artists whom he was impressed by. The author frankly indicates the importance that the people impressed him have in his ability to produce his own works:

> I'd imitated a style; I'd imitated (though without ever using that word) an artist with his own unique vision and way of painting. And not without profit, for if I had somehow become someone else, I too now had "my" own style and identity. I would take a faint pride in this version. (271)

After this quotation we encounter a very important determination regarding Pamuk's own creativity: "This was my first intimation of the thing that would nag at me in later years, the self-contradiction—a Westerner would call it the paradox —that we only acquire our own identity by imitating others" (271). This important thought, as indicated in the first part of this study, plays also a principal role in *The Black Book*.

The writer of the future, Pamuk, sometimes had a problematic family life. This completely comes to light in his competitive relationship with his elder brother and in his parents' relationship. However, it is also possible to indicate that he was approved generally in life and specifically in arts. His relationship with his brother was always competitive but not lacking in love:

> Once a week my aunt would take me back to Nişantaşı to see my brother, who would tell me how happy he was in the Pamuk Apartments: how he'd eaten anchovies for breakfast; how they'd laughed and played together in the evenings and done all the other family things I missed so much—playing soccer with my uncle, going out to the Bosphorus on Sunday in my uncle's Dodge, listening to sports hour on the radio and to our favorite radio plays. All this he'd relate in detail, exaggerating wherever possible. Then Şevket would say, "Don't go; from now on you should stay here. (88-89)

Likewise he misses his elder brother when he is away:

> (…) I felt lonelier and weaker than ever before. For one thing, my brother was no longer there. When I was sixteen, he left for America, to study at Yale. We may have fought incessantly, but we'd also been soulmates— discussing the world around us, categorizing, placing things, passing judgment—and my bond with him was stronger even than my bonds with my mother and my father. Released from the never-ending contests, taunts, and thrashings that did so much to fire my imagination and promote my idleness, I hardly had much cause to complain. But especially when melancholy descended, I'd miss his company. (302-303)

The father Gündüz Pamuk also supports strongly the artistic creativity:

> As I watched the cars crossing the Galata Bridge, the back neighborhoods where a few wooden houses still stood, the narrow streets, the crowds heading to a soccer match, or the thin-funneled tugboat pulling coal barges down the Bosphorus, I'd listen to my father's wise voice telling me how important it was that people followed their own instincts and passions; that actually life was very short; and that also it was a good thing if a person knew what he wanted to do in life—that, in fact, a person who spent his life writing, drawing, and painting could enjoy a deeper, richer life—and as I drank in his words, they would blend in with the things I was seeing. (314-315)

Pamuk's mother is not as supportive of his career in arts. This is mentioned in the chapter "A Conversation with My Mother: Patience, Caution, and Art". Although the direct quotation of the author may be seen impressive through its instant witnessing, the direct conveyance of this incident, which happened almost thirty years ago, is open to questioning as is the case in all other quotations. The point especially worth being paid attention in this chapter is that there is no such thing as "the mother does not trust Pamuk's talent". What worries her is the country itself:

> "This isn't Paris, you know, it's Istanbul," my mother said, sounding almost happy about it. "Even if you were the best artist in the world, no one would pay you the slightest attention. You'd spend your life alone. No one would understand why you'd given up a brilliant future to paint. If we were a rich society that respected art and painting, then—well, why not?" (361)

Moreover, when the chapter before the last chapter named "First Love" is considered, it is seen that the mother allows Pamuk to use an empty house as a studio for him to work. Therefore it is possible to say that she supports Pamuk although she expresses her worries about her son's choice of profession from time to time and does not show understanding as much as Pamuk wished she would.

Pamuk seems to be aware of the economic perspective, that his family inheritance will be enough even though it gradually decreases as time goes by:

> "In the end, you're going to have to find a way to finish university," my mother would say, as she dealt herself a new hand. "You can't support yourself painting; you'll have to get a job. After all, we're not rich like we used to be." "That's not true," I said, having long ago worked out that even if I did nothing in life my parents could still support me. (361)

The experiences of Pamuk in educational institutions are highlighted in the chapter "The Joy and Monotony of School", where we explore the memories he experienced at the "Private Işık High School in the rich neighborhood Nişantaşı". The chapter begins with the sentence "The first thing I learned at school was that some people are idiots; the second thing I learned was that some are even worse" can be seen as an emphasis on intelligence (121). Being a successful student prevents him having a problem with teachers especially attracting his attention with their authorities:

> I came to understand that the place they called school had no away. I came to understand that the place they called school had no part in answering life's most profound questions; rather, its main function was to prepare us for "real life" in all its political brutality. And so, until I reached lycée, I preferred to raise my hand and remain safely on the right side of the line. (126)

This emphasis on authority is important because it expresses the impact it had on Pamuk:

> My father held little obvious authority at home, and he was often absent. He never scolded my brother or me, never even raised his eyebrows in disapproval. In later years, he would introduce us to his friends as "my two younger brothers," and we felt he had earned the right to say so. My mother was the only authority I recognized at home. But she was hardly a distant or alien tyrant: Her power came from my desire to be loved by her. And so I was fascinated by the power my teacher wielded over her twenty-five pupils. (121-122)

In this chapter, the feeling that Pamuk emphasizes is "monotony," boredom, as can be understood from the heading. Despite all the effort to be a good student and despite his success, time begins "to flow with painful slowness or stop flowing altogether" (122). As mentioned in the second chapter, this is exactly what Olive in *My Name Is Red* thinks: "Time doesn't flow if you don't dream" (382).

In the 33rd chapter, "A Foreigner in a Foreign School", Pamuk is a student of one of the most prestigious foreign schools in Istanbul, Robert College. In the beginning of

the chapter, the author expresses how his first experience at the school affected his world view which was mentioned as the exploration of the lack of a center. As we clearly see, this awareness of not being at the center, or the lack of center, plays a key role in Pamuk's oeuvre.

Pamuk skipped school not only when he was a primary school student but also when he was a high school and university student. When he was a primary school student, he could stay in the house but when he was a high school and university student, he was on the streets of the city. When these escapes combined with regrets, the idealist in him wakes up. He also indicates his feelings for adults: "In those years the sins most common among the adults in my life—and these were the sins I could least excuse—were dishonesty and insincerity"[6] (307). He does not refrain from criticizing himself either:

> Let me not be misunderstood: I too played plenty of tricks, changed my story to suit the person, and told packs of lies, but afterward I would be plagued with such violent guilt, confusion, and fear of being found out that for a time I'd wonder if I'd ever again feel balanced and out that for a time I'd wonder if I'd ever again feel balanced and "normal"; this gave my own lies and dissimulations a certain consequence. I would then resolve to tell no more lies and to cease being a hypocrite—not because my conscience wouldn't allow it or because I thought telling a lie and being two-faced were one and the same thing, but rather because the confusion that followed my transgressions exhausted me. (307-308)

He realizes how he can manage to get out of these depressions and how he can become "normal" again:

> When this happened, there was no remedy but to go into a room and lock the door behind me. I would lie back and review my hypocrisy, repeat my shaming banal cant to myself, over and over. Only by gathering up pens and paper and writing or painting something could I exit the loop, and only if I painted or wrote something I liked could I return to "normal." (309)

Now we have an older Pamuk, whose problems had led to crisis for many reasons along with adolescence, and who found a way out of this crisis. How Pamuk started to paint, how this skill was "invented" and how Pamuk worked, and was influenced by

[6] The original Turkish version is again different with its additional emphasis on uniqueness: "O yıllarda benim için yetişkinlerin en sık işledikleri ve en affedilmez günah yeterince dürüst, hakiki, özgün ya da samimi olmamaktı."

whom, have been detailed above. Here the crucial point is, how he left the ambition for being a painter, and decided to become a writer. For grasping this transformation from painter to writer, the last three chapters of the book require the reader's attention.

In the 35th chapter, which is titled "First Love" and is the first one among the last three parts, Pamuk narrates the passionate love story he went through, as the title implies. When considered in the context of art, that here the relationship is experienced with mediation of art, is the significance of the chapter. His relationship with the girl whom he calls "Black Rose" according to the meaning of this Persian name, progressed by the fact that the girl served as portrait model for his paintings. They were coming together with the purpose of painting her portrait in his studio, and at the same time, they were hanging out around the city. Then, they purposely went to the Museum of Painting and Sculpture where they could be alone together. Their long kisses in front of Halil Pasha's painting "Reclining Woman", distinguishes this painting from other ones; in this chapter, the only picture we see is this painting (337). Eventually, the relationship does not have a happy ending: Her family, having learned that she has a love affair, sends the girl abroad for education purposes, and Pamuk does not have replies to the letters he composed and sent.

Next chapter is "The Ship on the Golden Horn". Pamuk's enjoyment of painting and his attendance at school as well, diminishes day by day. He does not pass over questioning the reason behind that situation:

> In February 1972, when I was in my second year of studying architecture, I found myself going to class less and less. How much did this have to do with the loss of my beautiful model and the lonely melancholy into which I withdrew afterward? (…) After the Black Rose disappeared, my pleasure in painting continued to wane. (342)

In the forthcoming pages, Pamuk analyzes his diminishing pleasure from painting in terms of art: He quotes Schiller's classification for poets (267) and states that he is "naïve" when painting, in other words that painting freely is more significant than techniques involved or the topic being painted. As a result, such naiveness reflects in his paintings, and he also starts to lose his satisfaction. Along with losing enjoyment of painting, life gradually turns "into a prison" for him (343). In search of "a second world" Pamuk again finds himself in front of the faculty and on the streets of Istanbul.

He also specifies the route he followed when roaming the streets of the city in those days: Pera, Taksim, Kasımpaşa, Balat, Üsküdar, Balıklı, Feriköy, Kurtuluş, Cihangir, Tarlabaşı, Nişantaşı. He again emphasizes why he went there: "In the beginning the point was not to have a point, to escape the world in which everyone had to have a job, a desk, an office." He does not only look, but also captures them in his memory; another important phrase that cannot be found in the English translation: "(…) ilk defa gittiğim bu mahalleler, içimdeki kötülük, öfke, hüzün duygularının rengiyle kafama hiç silinmemecesine kazındı." (322)

By incorporating the actual feelings aroused by the view, Pamuk reminds us that looking is something to be learned; and he questions the psychological dimension of his melancholy: "It may be because I first saw so many neighborhoods and back streets, so many hilltop views, during these walks I took after I lost my almond-scented love, that Istanbul seems such a melancholy place to me" (346). This and such "may be"s have an important function throughout the book; they turn the remarks in the text multifaceted, and diverts the expectations for definitive explanations: Skill is an invention, rather than being an exploration, or maybe it is not; melancholy is historical, or maybe it is just psychological; painting does not anymore give him pleasure, because in line with Schiller's categorization, he is just a "naïve" painter, or maybe he still could not overcome the disappointment of losing his model.

Starting from page 347, throughout some pages, around "noon on a day in March 1972" Pamuk's getting on a small ferry departing from Galata Bridge, and his voyage from Haliç to Eyüp are narrated. This is a moment, which can be described as "epiphany". Also the remark that "the city has no center other than ourselves" is made in these pages. It is exactly at this moment that Pamuk intensely identifies himself with the people of Istanbul.

Following the emphasis on "community", he underlines how his family and the society perceive art; what is more significant here is the point he made in conclusion of the paragraph. The author in the text mentioned before refers to an example of his switching from "exploration" to "invention" which should be kept in mind: Pamuk says which part of the city we would love and why we would love, should be invented (251). This remark shifts all the points the book makes about the city, from the perspective that

"city is like that" towards the one "the city is like that for me." Pamuk again points out to the artificiality, building and fiction.

"Second world", another concept which has a significant place in writer's poetics, is found again in these pages:

> Here amid the old stones and the old wooden houses, history made peace with its ruins; ruins nourished life and gave new life to history. If my fast-extinguishing love of painting could no longer save me, the city's poor neighborhoods seemed prepared, in any event, to become my second world. How I seemed prepared, in any event, to become my second world. How I longed to be part of this poetic confusion! Just as I had lost myself in my imagination to escape my grandmother's house and the boredom of school, now, having grown bored with studying architecture, I lost myself in Istanbul. (352)

What is important here is that the second world is superior to the first one:

> As the ferry approached Hasköy, it occurred to me, in my sad confusion, that if I had come to feel deeply connected to my city, it was because it offered me a deeper wisdom and understanding than any I could acquire in a classroom. (351-352)

Future writer, meanwhile flying to Istanbul, turns his imaginary world into reality with the stuff he gathered. This situation creates an analogy between life and the state of art, as art transitions from imagination into reality. Also we read his reminding himself of that the world Pamuk engages himself with, and the art, one day, would prove to be "a great enterprise" (353).

When uniqueness of art and the artist is remembered, the lines on page 253 state, "(…) it had come to me as I watched through the windows of the Golden Horn ferry, and I had embraced the city as my own—no one had ever seen it as I did now!", seem to have some basis. Definitely, also some other people would see this view and this city some other way too. However, that the city become a part of Pamuk's big projections, as Pamuk does see it, will only be made possible by Pamuk.

A brilliant sentence that also cannot be found in its English translation as Pamuk's wording is in the end of this chapter: "başka yerlere yürüdüm" (331). The brilliance of this sentence is not only because it has multi meanings: Robert Frost's poem "The Road Not Taken" ends as: "two roads diverged in a wood, and I / I took the one less

traveled by, / and that has made all the difference." When the line in this book "My brother, no less humane or good-hearted than I" (300), or that the characters in Pamuk's fiction telling to the audience that their sensitivity is no different to that of the narrator, are remembered, this situation can be argued to be a part of the writer's poetics: In a city, in a country underrating art and the artist, Pamuk chose the way which had never been chosen "and that has made all the difference".

The scene depicting this situation became concrete, and the announcement of the decision "I am going to be a writer" are realized in the last chapter, "A Conversation with My Mother: Patience, Caution, and Art". However, before focusing on this scene, in order to understand how the authorship is fully described, there is another element which deserves attention: Obsession.

When looked at the relation he forms with the city, we read that Pamuk who decides to be a writer, has various obsessions. He states that those obsessions were "strategies" to keep small disasters, like the decline in their fortunes, from unsettling him (200), and that his behaviors are bi-directional: By establishing "strict regimes of superstition" for himself, those obsessions becomes apparent in not stepping on the lines; never closing some doors; or counting the ships passing through Bosphorous, or in the reverse way: "meet up with the other Orhan, escape to my second world, paint, fall into a disaster of my own by picking a fight with my brother" (200). Pamuk, who especially focuses on the counting of ships, in his own way explains the reason for this situation: "As anxiety overtook me, I hit on a frantic stopgap measure that would become a habit: I applied my full mind, sharpened as it was by memorization, to the Sovet ship, committed it to memory, and counted it (…)" (204). These sentences continue: "(…)I counted it and in so doing turned the giant hulk into something ordinary". But again, a very crucial part is not in the English translation: "Ancak sayılamayan, kayda gelmeyen, özellikleri belirlenemeyen şeylerin korkunç felaketlere yol açtığını çok iyi biliyordum." It should be kept in mind that, he does not count everything, and that he directs his attention only to extraordinary things. In the chapter "The Joy and Monotony of School" when he forms the sentence, "(…) the main thing I learned at school was that it was not enough to accept the facts of life without question; you had to be dazzled by their beauty too" (126-127), it could be contended that such

effort of the author, who is writing in the form of long listings, is to add fascinating effect to the ordinary things by means of literature.

When the whole book is considered, it is seen that Pamuk has a noteworthy obsession: "Even now, when in a large square or walking down a corridor or pavement, I'll suddenly remember not to step on the cracks between the paving stones or on the black squares, and find myself hopping rather than walking" (180). Significance of underlining this obsession separately becomes memorably apparent in the part "The Ship on the Golden Horn". Pamuk puts in brackets what he wishes to signify:

> Soon I had an audience that anxiously awaited each installment, but in spite of this the sense of time slipping away— and my dread that my life was even now voiding itself of meaning —grew so powerful that if I entered the architecture faculty in Taşkışla intending to spend the whole day there, an hour later I'd be bolting out of the building as if for my life (and heedless of whether I was stepping on the cracks between the pavement slabs); having thrown myself outside, I would escape into the Istanbul streets. (344)

As these lines explicitly set forth, obsession ends when entered to the "second world". This second world is the streets when he is at classes; is the room to stay alone in, when he is home; and as for the whole life, it is painting and the writing. Streets find themselves in the paintings first: "When I was fifteen, I began to paint local landscapes quite obsessively (…)", Pamuk never gives up pudency:

> (…) but not out of any special love of the city. I knew nothing of still life or portraiture, and I had no desire to learn about them, so my only option was to portray the Istanbul I could see from my window or when I went out in the street. (265)

As it will be discussed in the following pages, at the end of the book, as the reader approaches the announcement of Pamuk's decision towards being a writer, this situation would transform the method of representation of the streets from art to writing.

Room is not the consolation itself, but just the part and background of it. In the case of Pamuk, "consolation" is writing, drawing, scratching alone in a room. He attaches so much importance to this situation that, when he come across someone adopting some other "cure", he finds that odd even if he is the lover of the related person:

> (…) [T]he melancholy of the poor neighborhoods, of ruined, ravaged Istanbul, had long since engulfed us. When this melancholy sat heavily on me, I would want to rush back to Cihangir to do a painting that somehow

> paralleled these Istanbul views, though I had no idea how such a painting would look. I soon discovered that my beautiful model sought a very different cure for her melancholy, and this was my first disillusionment. ”I’m feeling very low today,” she said, when we met in Taksim. “Would you mind if we went to the Hilton Hotel to drink some tea?” (334)

Pamuk, saying “I am going to be a writer” along with the decision announced by the book, again repeats the last sentence of *The Black Book*: “(…) nothing is as surprising as life. (…) except for writing, the only consolation.”

When viewed from such perspective, it is understood that the obsessions of Pamuk were not to be worried about, but to be welcomed, as the jinns and the Devil of *My Name Is Red*. Also, the writers he admires and mentions in this book, are depicted along with their obsessions which were visible in their own work. As for Pamuk, he was “obsessed” not only with his art, but also during any kind of intense emotions, for instance when he was in love.

In the approach to obsession, two opposing views are embodied in father and mother portraits: If we remember the citations about father Gündüz Pamuk encouraging his son’s artistic creativity, one of the wise advises he gives is the necessity for man “to carefully follow his own instincts, what were engaging his mind, and his obsessions[7]” (295). In the opposite side, stands mother Pamuk:

> I sensed this caution most keenly in my mother’s constant entreaties to “be normal, ordinary, like other people.’ (…) In her view, I was wrong to exaggerate my importance, to take my moral and intellectual obsessions so seriously; such passionate concern was better reserved for cultivating honesty, virtue, diligence, and being like everyone else. (334)

In the last part of the book, Pamuk explicitly declares his preference between these varying viewpoints. At the beginning of the chapter we notice that the mother has waited every night for the father who came home late for many years. Pamuk gets out of his room, and conversations with his mother “turns into bitter arguments”: Afterward he would return to his room and shut his door, “to read and wallow in guilt until morning” (356). It can be said from these lines that Literature is again an “escape”. But the only way to escape is not books:

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[7] This is my translation from the Turkish original. In the English version, on page 314, we only have “instinct” and “passion” but not “obsession”.

> Sometimes, after arguing with my mother, I'd go out into the cold Istanbul night and wander around Taksim and Beyoğlu, chain-smoking through the dark and evil back streets until I could feel the chill in my bones, and after my mother and everyone else in the city had gone to sleep I would return home. (356)

The year is 1972 and the discussion is that Pamuk does not attend classes in the Faculty of Architecture. Here the chapter tells of the dialogue on this issue between Pamuk and his mother. Pamuk's views also accompany us. Pamuk tells "in his heart of hearts" that he no longer wants to be an architect but he does not reveal it. But there is much more: "I'd seen my love of painting die and felt the painful void it left behind" (356). Pamuk is aware of his escape, but the exact route has not been announced yet:

> I knew I could not go on forever reading books and novels until morning or spending my nights wandering the streets. I would sometimes panic and rise abruptly from the table, trying to get my mother to face facts. Because I didn't know why I was doing this, much less quite what it was I was trying to get her to accept, it sometimes seemed as if we were fighting each other blindfolded. (356)

A chaotic situation is what is inferred as we read through the pages, but a conversation that took place in 1972 told in quotation marks requires further scrutiny. What we have in front of us is that, Pamuk portrays the way to his authorship, in regard to other people: " 'I was like you when I was young,' my mother would say, just—I would later decide—to annoy me. 'I'd run away from life, just like you' " (356-357). What his mother not told are also reminded and again he is going beyond individualism:

> I knew it not from my mother, who never expressed it openly, but from the lazy Istanbul bourgeoisie and like-thinking newspaper columnists who would conclude, in their moments of greatest and most insolent pessimism, "Nothing good can come out of a place like this." (357)

Implicit debate is about that something good can come out of a place like this too. His mother's "be normal, ordinary, like other people," caution is also reminded, this situation was spread to the whole community as well because of Sufi culture (358). Pamuk challenges his mother: "I'm never setting foot in the architecture faculty again." To the question of his mother "So what are you going to do then? Are you just going to sit at home like me?", what we see in the book are Pamuk's thoughts, and the reader gets the first important clue that the author is now referring to the future:

> The walks I took in those years sometimes lasted hours, and sometimes, if I had wandered long enough—gazing at shopwindows, restaurants, half-lit coffeehouses, bridges, fronts of cinemas, advertisements, letters, filth, mud, raindrops falling into the dark puddles on the pavement, neon lights, car lights, and packs of dogs overturning the rubbish bins—sometimes another urge would come to me: to go home and put these images into written words, find the language to express this dark spirit, this tired and mysterious confusion. This was an urge as irrepressible as that happy old yearning to paint, but I was not sure what to make of it. (359-360)

As seen in the above quote; his mother reminds him he will not make a living by painting, since "this isn't Paris", "it's İstanbul" (361). Pamuk's answer to his mother, that she did not tell her friends that her son does not go to the school with a desire to be a painter, is important indicating what the author wants or doesn't want: " 'You can tell them whatever you like,' I said. 'I'd give up anything not to be imbeciles like them' " (362).

At this point, the main theme highlighted is pride, passes in front of other elements in life with its way of being emphasized: " 'You're very proud, my son,' my mother said. 'But I like that about you. Because the important thing in life is not this art nonsense but pride' " (363). The readers may remember that this is exactly the same feeling the Satan in *My Name Is Red* talks about. Europe-Turkey difference is highlighted again immediately after these lines:

> There are a lot of people in Europe who become artists because they're proud and honorable. In Europe they don't think of an artist as a tradesman or a pickpocket, they treat artists as if they're special. But do you really think you can be an artist in a country like this and still keep your pride? To be accepted by people here, who understand nothing of art, to get these people to buy your work, you'd have to toady to the state, to the rich, and, worst of all, to semiliterate journalists. Do you think you're up to this? (363)

Here right after this point we read about his mother's long talk and Pamuk's thoughts. His mother tells him that she doesn't want her son who looks good and happy now, to be an unhappy and sad artist who needs rich people to support him in the future, she reminds him of the fallen state of the country's most famous painter from her own experience (367). As mentioned earlier, in these pages the individual and social reviews are intertwined with each other. During these long and split monologues Pamuk thinks about the route to be followed in Istanbul, and finally realizes that:

> The streets of Beyoğlu, their dark corners, my desire to run away, my guilt—they were all blinking on and off like neon lights in my head. I knew now that tonight my mother and I wouldn't have our fight. In a few minutes I would open the door and escape into the city's consoling streets; and having walked away half the night, I'd return home and sit down at my table and capture their chemistry on paper. (368)

In the preceding paragraph, his mother mentions his desire to be a painter as the reason his love affair is finished and why Black Rose was sent away. Once again we observe his mother's comments on the individual and social aspects of the situation:

> In a country as poor as ours, around so many weak, defeated, semiliterate people, to have the sort of life you deserve and not get crushed, to be able to hold your head high, you have to be rich. So don't give up architecture, my son. You'll suffer terribly if you do. Look at Le Corbusier. He wanted to be a painter, but he studied architecture. (368)

After Pamuk thinks that he will sit down at his table, we read the last sentence of the chapter and the book; this is also the only answer he gives to his mother whose words we have been reading for pages: " 'I don't want to be an artist,' I said. 'I'm going to be a writer' " (368).

As a result, when everything said in this chapter is remembered, this kind of a portrait will appear: We have a memoir book, but its title "Istanbul" and subtitle "Memories and the City" tell us what kind of text is awaiting us. We travel a road leading from the family to the city by looking from the inside to outside. The author who is saying that Istanbul is identified with the people of Istanbul reminds us that this can be possible with an effort, we have to invent why we love the city. What we read is his invention. According to this invention the "hüzün" of Istanbul is across us with all its weight, it was also reminded that this feeling can be sourced from both the history of the city and also from various psychological reasons.

In approach to Istanbul art plays the leading role. Pamuk, who has decided a painter first and then a writer punctuates how different artists approach the city. The photographs accompany the text on the other hand. Approximately 200 photos start with Pamuk and end with the empty streets, but at the meantime Pamuk is foretelling that he would go out for a walk in the street and come back to write about the city, in other

words the book which starts with Pamuk ends with the street which is waiting for its writer.

The book, which can be seen as the story of deciding to be a writer, has drawn the portrait of the future writer: Never gets bored, dreaming, with a strong memory, clever, after pleasure... As a result, he looks as he is refusing what is expected of him by his family and the society; he walks to "different places". These different places are both different from the choices of the society, and also different from the other family members. He has interest in a subject which his brother is not interested, he is after a "second life" different from his father and he would spend his "whole day at home" different from his mother.

He is not afraid of mentioning the names of those who influenced him; he particularly focuses on the artists who reflect the city of Istanbul in their works. He says that he wrote this book by talking with them. The paradox of becoming oneself by imitating another person in *The Black Book* is displayed here again. In addition to all these, as we witness the story of a unique writer who will perform his unique art, the element we always have in front of us is the city itself.

The author, who says that when he left the childhood and noticed life was centerless, devoted himself to reading and writing after losing his desire to paint maybe after a love affair or due to issues caused by the condition of the art itself. The city which is the "therapy", only gains its therapeutic aspect when it's written on paper. In other words the real therapy, the real consolation is the author himself as it's also in *The Black Book*. And once again as in *The Black Book* and *My Name Is Red*, and as in the example of Orhan Pamuk, this authorship was possible inspite of and thanks to Istanbul–which doesn't esteem its artists much and which offers material to them. This is why the photograph displayed on the cover after montage is in point: The city is behind its future author, but the author and the authorship is in the forefront. The authorship, which is the antidote to the centerless life.

CHAPTER 5:

CONCLUSION

The focus of this study is the roles played by, and the interrelations between, the concepts of "city" and "authorship" in three books of Orhan Pamuk. The work consists firstly of an analysis of the roles and features of the city, Istanbul. The author chooses to present the reader with a multi-dimensional perspective of the city of Istanbul in both of his encyclopedic novel *The Black Book, and* in *My Name Is Red (*a historical novel that is written with an uncommon depth of research). Similarly, as can be understood from its title, despite the fact that it is memoir, his book *Istanbul* provides its main focus to the city itself. This multidimensionality is displayed with the attention paid to the residents of Istanbul, to the streets of Istanbul, to the non-living structures that constitute Istanbul and to the history of all these. *The Black Book* is the story of the search for the missing Rüya. The chaotic atmosphere and the nightmare-like environment of *The Black Book* continues in *My Name Is Red,* which starts with a call of a "corpse" and which tells the story of a turbulent period of history. While *My Name Is Red* is also colored by an ever-present melancholy, this book also—more than ever before—gives the reader hints of happiness. A closer read shows us that that the happiness alluded to in this book comes from the fact that the readers create this feeling from their own perceptions of how Pamuk imbues his own characters with the feelings resulting from the panorama. The miniaturists of *My Name Is Red,* artists who devoted their lives to their art with "patience" and "faith," are very happy with the material and moral beauties that the city presents them. In *The Black Book,* we witness the effort of Galip to acquire this view in order to be able to write. In *Istanbul,* we read how Pamuk strives to

identify himself as much as possible with both with his art and the city in which he lives. The happiness and the affirming of life in *My Name Is Red* continue in *Istanbul*: Istanbul is a therapeutic city, thanks both to its Bosphorus and the beauties as the neighborhood reminiscent of "Tarabya (Therapia)." Life is beautiful. However the happiness of "life" is fleeting at best. The book concludes with the realization that life has no center and this realization transforms to melancholy. We can say that the subject of Orhan Pamuk's books is how to cope with this inevitable melancholy. This situation is also a reason for the chaotic atmosphere of the city in all these novels. Additionally, the pursuit, which at first is presented as the conquest of the city, in time takes on an individual and artistic quest as the reader is led through discussions of self-realization through artistic pursuits. This leads us to focus on the second main theme discussed in this study: authorship, its role, and features.

As I mentioned, the concept of center plays a very important role in all three books: *The Black Book* owes the chaos it has partially to this lack of center. The book reminds us it is not just the city, but the whole of the universe that lacks a center (331-332). In *My Name Is Red*, the Sultan, "the foundation of the world," orders the writing of a book in Istanbul which is the center of the empire. His purpose is to be at the center of this book. The novel also emphasized that the search for identity on an individual level comes true on a cultural plane. *The Black Book* holds a mirror onto Turkey's modernization process and those Turks who are striving to change their identities. In *My Name Is Red*, the miniaturists find themselves in an atmosphere in which they will not be able to be contented with their traditional style of art forms. The sultan's perception informs us that the physical conquest of Istanbul has not been enough: The empire also needs a center in the way it engages in art. This endeavor culminates in *My Name Is Red*. The empire's treasury room reminds the reader of all the wars it took it to collect all this wealth (299). In addition, when the artist puts himself at the center he realizes that he is both at the center of everything, like a sultan or a king, and at the same time, himself (398). After the individual makes the necessary effort, s/he can solely be at the center, without the need for a denominator like "sultanate." We are thus again faced with the emphasis on the individual. Here we learn that individuality can even overcome the Sultan. In the efforts to carry this individuality to the center, the quests are unlimited and the transformations inevitable. For Pamuk, the lack of center of the city in

The Black Book and the discomfort experienced by the inability to feel at home in *My Name Is Red* are our reasons of needing literature in general and novels in particular.

Thereby it is text itself that becomes "consolation." The importance attached to this consoling situation is also felt in the way Pamuk constructs his books. The consolation mentioned in *The Black Book* reveals itself by the visual art giving way to the art of writing in *My Name Is Red.* The consolation also reveals itself by the emphasis to the art of writing while again putting aside the visual art in *Istanbul*. This emphasis is found in the final sections of all three books, one that functions almost like a postscript. In other words, writing is that "second house," it is that "second life." "Writing as a consolation" is so important that those who create other kinds of consolations, and the astonishment that these people cause, are especially emphasized: Instead of treating his illness by writing as Galip did, the old man in *The Black Book* invented a new medicine in the laboratory of his pharmacy; in *Istanbul*, Black Rose disappoints the author and wants a quite different medicine, then suggests having tea at the hotel; in *My Name Is Red*, the "salve" Black spreads onto his wounds is the sexuality he experiences with Shekure. The result of resorting to another consolation is obvious: Black who does not find "inner peace and balance" in books, but by the "sword" (339) cannot write what he has to write.

The concept of creativity and its origins is discussed in all three works. *My Name Is Red* explains the ability of an individual to achieve another realm by pointing a finger at jinns and the devil. In *The Black Book* and *My Name Is Red*, both Galip and the murderer talk about the moments that they are suspended from their own characters. This state of taking on another foreign identity is affirmed. Galip tries to transform himself into the person he believes he ought to be, and when the transformation is complete and he is now able to write, he truly becomes "Galip," the "victor." When the jinns and the devil transform the miniaturist into another person, he gains the ability to produce his art, but without even understanding how, as though he truly was somebody else. The end of *Istanbul* describes "the sublime, dizzying, pure anger" (366).

Both individual and social memory play leading roles in Pamuk's books. The novels assume a self-reflexive shape and become meta-novels with their construction, phraseology, and content. Pamuk utilizes the cultural and artistic past of both the East

and West as huge vaults, but the main thing he does is to lay claims to his own cultural past. His treatment is of his own geography and he has a personal say in a novel that is at first glance a form of western art. He incorporates all his sources as functional elements of his story. As reminded in *My Name Is Red*, "The old legends, however, only rouse an artist's imagination; it's the hand that does the painting" (366). With all this past to which Pamuk's hands apply, the novel is enriched by the worlds of symbols and meaning. To do this, Pamuk first and fore-mostly identifies himself with the city. In his book *Istanbul*, he tells how this came to be. He speaks of his efforts to this end and of his own explorations. He is the center of the city, but he is not contented with this exploration. This exploration is only his starting point. Just as the people in *The Black Book* can only be themselves while they are telling stories, he takes shelter in those stories as life becomes problematic. The priority he gives to stories and the reason he became a writer, but not a painter, are perceived in *My Name Is Red*. Pamuk also creates a hierarchy among arts and glorified literature. He indicates that the novel is the best consolation for life, which is without a center.

As a result, the city, as approached with Pamuk's creativity, has become a part of artistic expression by first being explored with paintings and then in novels. With all its historical and cultural wealth, the city becomes a great supporter of the author as he endeavors to present his works. Still the material is never enough for the artist: In *My Name Is Red*, Orhan writes the story, but Black does not write it despite all his talent and the privileged opportunities that the Sultan presents. Pamuk also achieves in the writing of books. The achievement lies not in talent or creativity, but rather is concealed in commitment. The readers of *My Name Is Red* feel this commitment in the lives of artists whom they find the chance to follow. As constantly emphasized, the reason for this commitment is that—despite the often overwhelming chaos in a centerless social or individual life—the individual can find inner peace and solace in the arts; and exactly with this affirmation of writing as consolation, it is not the city but rather the authorship that ultimately comes to the forefront of the novel.

Of course, sheltering in art comes at a cost and perhaps the first condition to be faced is that of ultimate isolation from the community. This ability to move on, or move away, as can be seen in *Istanbul*, does not exclude the identification with the city or the residents of the city. As a result, the author will have to be able to stay in his room alone

and then he will have to create with such courage that will enable him to face all kinds of criticisms. The fact that art is not valued much in his geography is one of the factors that increase the risk he takes. Even so, the author walks to "other places." In this phase of creating, desires for fame and monetary gain cannot be overlooked. The author constantly reminds us of these concerns, especially so in *My Name Is Red*. The important thing is that these elements are not "the only reason" for which the artist engages in his art.

When we consider the authorship of Orhan Pamuk and the chronology of his novels, we come to realize that his novels are increasingly providing their readers with a greater place within the novel. This kind of construction becomes an inseparable part of the author's poetics. The author, who is always fed by his memory, constantly emphasizes in both *The Black Book* and *My Name Is Red* the fact that nobody's memory will be able to remember everything. In other words, the city and authorship battled; they interlaced; they formed the author; or the author formed himself.

Pamuk is not satisfied with this situation and again reminds his readers: Everybody has to create his/her own memory. As we read in *My Name Is Red*, "all fables are everybody's fables" (397). The works that are also meta-novels question the idea of originality with their structures. But despite all its references, what we read is an original work. Everybody has to find a way to tell his/her own story as well. The method can be different: While Olive "draw[s] a magnificent horse, [he] become[s] that magnificent horse (275); while Butterfly "draw[s] a magnificent horse, [he] become[s] a great master of old drawing that horse" (277); while Stork "draw[s] a magnificent horse, [he] [is] who [he] [is], nothing more" (279). At this point what has to be remembered is that all three miniaturists present a wonder each. This is reminded to the readers: "The beauty and mystery of this world only emerges through affection, attention, interest and compassion" (282). Whichever artistic craft the artist engages in, s/he is a person with a "thousand faces, thousand personalities and thousand selfdoms" in the second world s/he takes shelter. As the number of artists grows and as individuals strengthen their creativity by the power of change, the thousand selfdoms will increase incrementally.

This devoted author of the art of novel, which puts at its center humans' life experiences in the world, calls his readers to this direction. This is important because we

can only approach the new dimensions of the mystery called life with the courage of change and metamorphosis. This authorship, which is identified with the city and then which is able to say "I" "with pride" in this community, wants its readers to tell their own stories and despite talent differences the book becomes an invitation to unlimited creativity. The points to which this unlimited creativity are required to arrive have advanced to such a state that Pamuk, who declares his belief in mimesis, has also managed to reverse this and has established the museum of his novel "The Museum of Innocence," which was published in 2008. The careful reader will notice that the idea of "establishing the museum of his own life" was treated in Pamuk's previous novels as well. In this world, art does not imitate life, but life has come to the point of imitating art. In such a world Pamuk calls people to lay claim to their own lives via the manifesto of his museum. Similarly, all these three books, *The Black Book, My Name Is Red* and *Istanbul* can be read as a reflection of this invitation. The readers should accept this invitation because no artist and no work will be able to put forward alone the fullest extent of the experience of living and the whole panorama of our existence, whether it is a novel, a memoir, or a thesis.

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