

# KAS – NOT FAR FROM GULRIPSH?

The essay is dedicated to Sezer Duru

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## **Cover**

The Georgian cover picture represents the remains of our fireplace in the villa of Gulripsh (Abkhazia). Pavlik Merzanov, my childhood friend and neighbor took this picture in 2007, when he first visited the remains of his summer house in Gulripsh after the War in Abkhazia.

Author: Manana Dumbadze

English Copy Editor: Brenda Bogaert, Rosemary Veneziale

Design: Sandro Kapanadze

Translation from Georgian: Manana Dumbadze

A tiny ceramic bowl filled up with small gray stones sat on the windowsill in the living room and attracted my attention. Nobody collects these kinds of stones; they are dingy gray, smooth and very plain, nothing special, and you won't find them on rocky beaches, like here, in Kas.

I came closer to the windowsill, staring at the bowl as if I had never seen a thing like that before. Then I took the bowl and clasped it in my hands. The bowl was warm. I grabbed a handful of gray stones and pressed them to my cheek. God, they were so warm.

The blue and smooth surface of the Mediterranean mirrored the green hills of Kas, a tourism paradise at the foot of the Taurus Mountains, and one of the small bays of the Mediterranean.

It was October, farewell to tourism season. Heavenly quietness prevailed. Though, time after time, I could hear from my terrace a chocolate colored Turkish instructor from the nearby hotel, training the aged European pale ladies in aqua aerobics. In broken English, he was trying his best to hasten the rhythm of their monotonous, velvet lifestyle. Not far from them, I lay in the chaise lounge and in contrast to the Turkish instructor I was trying to flow in nirvana. I put that bowl with gray rocks on my chest, covered my eyes with two smooth and flat stones from the bowl and started a long journey ... "God,

they are warm! These gray stones! Where did you come from? Not from Kas rocky beaches... for sure!"

Kas is the one of Anatolia's fifteen counties. In ancient times it was known as Lycia. The region of Lycia has been inhabited by human groups since prehistoric times. The eponymous inhabitants of Lycia, the Lycians, spoke an Indo-European language, belonging to the Anatolian branch. The closest language to the Lycian language is the Luwian language, which was spoken in Anatolia during the 2nd and early 1st millennium BC; it may even be its direct ancestor. The area was ruled by Greek colonists who inhabited the region until modern times, after being conquered by the Turks. The last Greeks were displaced following the Greco-Turkish War in the early 20th century.

Lycia is a mountainous and densely forested region along the coast of southwestern Turkey on and around the Teke Peninsula. It is bounded by Caria to the west and northwest, Pamphylia to the east and Pisidia to the northeast. Turkey's first way marked a long-distance footpath, the Lycian Way, which follows part of the coast of the region.

Kas is steeped in this history. A couple of years ago one could not find it even on the Turkish map. Now Kas is one of the most developed and popular resort areas in Turkey. Kas is cozily situated on the peninsula and cannot be seen from the highway. This turned out to be one of its best characteristics, which attracts the western world entirely exhausted with global depression.

There is a construction boom in Kas today. Nevertheless one can still find some "safe islands" and peace there. Since Kas is hidden from the highway, the closer you get to it, the more it resembles paradise.

Sezer Duru is my host in Kas, almost the Host of all Tur-

key. She is known in her country as a laureate of a number of honorable prizes in journalism and literary translation. She is celebrated for her contribution in the development of cultural relations between Turkey and Germany, and she is “Turkocentric,” as an Italian friend of hers declares. Sezer’s villa is constructed on one of the slopes of Kas green hills. It overlooks the whole bay and the mountains.

Outside was dead hot. I lay on the terrace in the chaise lounge with the ceramic bowl on my chest and two flat, smooth gray stones on my eyes. I was melting, but was too lazy to move. The heat became unbearable. I drug myself from the chaise lounge and crawled down the stairs to the rocky beach. Wild, ornamental and garden plants grew on both sides of the stairs. Hungry bees, wasps and other insects were chasing after and I was even lazy to move a hand and drive them away. I jumped into the sea right from the platform.

The sea is also a part of the paradise called “Kas.” It is blue: sometimes dark and sometimes light blue, but very bright, soft, totally different from... yes different from the Black Sea. It is cool and salty. I would have liked to stay in the sea all day long. I did not feel the time passing. But I saw Sezer on the balcony waving to me.

It immediately reminded me of the day’s schedule: Janista is coming for dinner and I promised to cook Georgian “Chakhokhbili” (chicken karri). Janista is a wild plant, with long grassy leaves and bunches of tiny blue flowers. Salvador Dali, the surrealist painter, gave this name to Sezer’s friend. She owns a summer house and a beautiful piece of land on the opposite side of the peninsula and Kas harbor. She travels to Kas and back home on her own yacht or in a speed-boat. The solid wall of her Italian-Greek style villa is wholly painted with bunches of Janista flowers. The woman Janista and the flower are very

much alike, both tender, soft, light and colorful.

I came out from the sea, grasped the ceramic bowl and hurried back home. Sezer was watching Euro News. She took a good look at me, then at the bowl in my hand and smiled.

– Why? I asked

– You homesick? Are you? What a shame, you just arrived!

– Not at all, why, what do you mean?

– Why do you drag that bowl around?

– Don't know, really, have no idea.

– I collected these rocks on the black sea beach in my father's village.

– Did you? I knew! I suspected! You could not find these stones here; they are from the Black Sea. And what about the bowl, is it from there too? We have the same in Georgia.

– Yes, it comes from my father's village too, so what? Why don't you put that silly bowl back in its place?

– Really don't know, maybe because it is from the Black Sea. When I touch these gray rocks I feel like I am back in Gulripsh, my homeland along the Black Sea; I am not allowed to live there, to step on that ground since 1992 and I miss those lovely beaches, those smooth, gray rocks. I often see Gulripsh in my dreams and it always seems far behind the thick mist. My heart is in those green hills, in those foamy waves, but the mist between us becomes thicker and thicker, the wound in my heart – deeper and deeper.

Sezer was listening with wide open eyes without interfering. I really loved that sad look and understanding. And I wanted to speak up at last.

– Something has changed now: Gulripsh came to me by itself, unexpectedly, sneaking up from that bowl with gray rocks. You see? Nothing of the kind has ever happened to me elsewhere. I think the reason is that Gulripsh like Kas cannot be seen from

the highway, the main road. It's kind of a hidden paradise.

– Write!

– What?

– Write down what you say.

– So what?

– So I will always remember that you have found your lost paradise here at my place, - Sezer laughed. I relaxed.

– OK, I will. Have you bought coriander?

– Yes, dried coriander, fresh and dried basilicas, fresh oregano and some parsley.

– Good!

– I'll prepare some green salad as well.

– Do whatever you want; I doubt we can beat Janista's Italian dinner she served us yesterday.

– We will smash up Janista's cooks with our Georgian Chakhchibili, trust me.

– OK, if it is as difficult to prepare as it is to pronounce, of course, I trust you, we can smash them. Do whatever you wish; everything you need is at hand. I am going for a swim. Sezer grabbed the towel and went down the stairs to the beach.

*It was September 1982. My family was staying in Gulripsh. I was in Batumi with a team of cinematographers, shooting a world famous Georgian film called "Confession". Two buses full of easy-going Tbilisi residents, good friends of the scriptwriter, arrived in Batumi to perform in "massovka," or crowd scenes. We were supposed to stay there for 3 days.*

*After a great banquet in Batumi "Intourist Hotel" we all went to the harbor, to sit at the shore and count stars. The port was deserted. I saw a boat schedule on the wall. The earliest to Sukhumi was leaving at 7 a.m. "Too early," I thought. Our bus was leaving for Tbilisi the next afternoon.*

*I woke as if from a nightmare. It was 6 a.m... I had some 30 minutes to manage. I put on my clothes and packed in a rush. Then I woke up Irina, my roommate and whispered in her ear that I was leaving for Gulripsh.*

*– But you have just come back from there. You are crazy! Irina whispered back.*

*– You know better, you are a psychiatrist. I have a spare day and a half, why should I spend it here and not in Gulripsh? Anyway, I am leaving, my kisses to everyone, I said and left immediately.*

*Years passed: It was 1996, again Batumi. At night, I went to the port with the "hope" to see the schedule of the boats leaving for Sukhumi. Yes, there was a schedule. Boats were leaving to all existing and non-existing directions but not to Sukhumi. No boats to Abkhazia, to my Gulripsh, my home, where the remaining flesh and blood of me resides, where my garden awaits for me with the gate open. Batumi Port was almost deserted. A couple of fishermen were drinking black Turkish coffee with ice water. Beyond the horizon is Turkey. Boats go there, aircrafts, automobiles and bicycles... even donkeys go there... nothing goes to Sukhumi. I noticed a middle-aged man who was standing alone at the rail and was gazing at the horizon. He was nervously smoking tobacco wrapped in the paper. I bet he was also dreaming about going somewhere, where we are not allowed to go.*

Seer's garden is a "dense jungle"; plants and flowers are blossoming here in their own way. She is too busy to take a good care of them and that's why the wilderness prevails over order. That is why Seer's garden is special, very different from her neighbor's keenly planned and developed "botanical gardens."

We set a table on the terrace. The tablecloth, place settings of dishes, and napkins too were blue. A bunch of flowers



stood in the white-blue vase. Juanita arrived from her peninsula with a speedboat.

During lunch, we spoke about everything under the sun, current or otherwise. The height of my and Seer's pride came when Juanita asked to give her the recipe of the Georgian "Chakhobili" I served for lunch. When the formal and informal part of the lunch was over we moved from the terrace into the living room to watch the news. Then Sezer announced "Siesta." I was watching these two decent ladies, like small children obediently organizing their "Sleep Time" (a very Soviet expression for "Siesta"). This reminded me my "hard" childhood in the Soviet kindergarten, where 50 or 60 children everyday were supposed to go to bed collectively and have an hour afternoon nap.

Smiling I reached the windowsill, grabbed the ceramic bowl with Black Sea rocks, wished Janista nice dreams and went to my room. Janista gave a curious glance to the ceramic bowl in my hands but was lazy to ask what it was. I left with the bowl in my hands and no desire to have a nap. I decided to make notes for my future story on Kas.

I placed the bowl very respectfully in the middle of my bed under the mosquito net.

I was lying beside the bowl thinking what to write in my notebook. I put my left hand in the bowl and played with the grey smooth stones. I do not remember how, but it was for the first time in my life when in the daytime I fell asleep like a baby.

I had a dream: *I was standing in the gateway of my house on the beach and there was a dim light far away behind a thick rosy mist and I heard some very familiar voices.*

*Evenings are cool and long in Gulripsh. It never rains for a couple of days, but for a week or longer. On these evenings we,*

*the family and an army of our good friends spending vacation in Gulripsh, love to gather around our fireplace and tell stories.*

*It was one of those nasty, rainy days: my aunty was visiting us with her husband and children. She is cute, plump and joyful. When she laughs all her body is shivering and tears are running down her cheeks – the sweetest creature! My mom says if I don't stop eating, I will soon catch up with my dear aunty. "Don't listen to her, nothing tragic about being a bit round. I have been starving all my childhood and studentship, now I have full right to enjoy food and gain some more kilos. Who cares?" objects aunty.*

*– Oops, I have a funny story on starvation, – said Gigla Pirtskhalava, a famous Georgian caricaturist – It was 1937, the height of repressions. Father gave me three rubles to buy some kerosene. I picked up the kerosene can and left. Walking down Belinski Street I met Robert, a street boy from the neighborhood, who was killing time. He followed me. You all remember the bakery on Belinski Street, don't you? So, we also couldn't pass it. The smell of the newly backed doughnut rooted us to the ground. It was a real challenge: to be good boys and buy kerosene or ... "enjoy" those tempting "Belinski Street Doughnuts". Of course, we preferred doughnuts. I fought a lot with the temptation: counted and recounted those poor three rubles, but could not make it enough for both – kerosene and doughnuts. After the crime had been committed, I started envisaging myself coming home without kerosene and admitted that there was no way for me to go back home. So, I kept strolling in the streets until it got dark. Robert said it was high time for him to leave. I got frightened to stay alone in the dark street, gained all the remaining courage I had and went home with an empty kerosene can in my hand. I entered stealthily the yard. People were crowded at our stairs talking in a very cautious and low voice. The door of our apartment was open. People were in the hall too. Somebody patted my head. "What has happened?" I asked a neighbor.*

*"They took your father," he said. I knew well, everybody knew, what "took" meant. I did not answer back. I entered the living room and saw my mother sitting at the table. She was crying. Some women neighbors were crying too. I also felt like crying but got shy and forced myself to refrain.*

*– Why, ashamed of what? We all exclaimed together.*

*– When I, a stupid 8 year boy, heard my father was arrested, I felt some kind of relief at first, who would care about the kerosene? Nobody uttered a word. But suddenly my father burst into laughter.*

*– What are you laughing at? Asked Gigla, a bit embarrassed and burst into laughter as well.*

*– Forget it, said my father, looking at my aunty with a cunning smile. Then he burst into laughter again. Aunty got suspicious.*

*– What are you up to?*

*– Nothing, don't pay attention to me, something very stupid came to my mind.*

*– What?*

*– Nothing special, please don't ask. He couldn't stop gazing at my aunt and laughing. His laugh was hilarious and very contagious. Auntie felt embarrassed and very suspicious.*

*– What's wrong with you, Nodar? Would you please, tell us what's on your mind or would you please shut up?*

*– You sure - you want me to tell the story? My father asked her.*

*– Of course I am sure, - she answered, with a slight fear to hear something not very "pleasant" for her.*

*– OK, now listen everybody! My sister Leila Dumbadze was a straight A student at the Tbilisi State Medical Institute. It was after World War II; we were very young, poor and hungry. Leila used to spend most of her scholarship on buying special books and had collected a very impressive professional library. Otar and I were average rate students of the State University Department of*

*Economy and thus had a very low stipend. We had been cramming the "Politeconomy" since morning at my place. By evening we got hungry. Leila was not at home and we had nothing to eat, nothing to cook either. It was almost too late to go to the university and borrow money from some other poor students. Chances were zero. Suddenly, I noticed a new "medical" volume on Leila's book shelf. I took it and opened as if I wanted to read and learn what was in there. Then I closed it and put it back. After a slight hesitation, I got the book again and told Otar to follow me. I went to my good friend, the bookseller on the next street and sold the book. Then we bought bread, cheese, half kilo of "doktorskaia" sausage, some cucumbers, tomatoes, red wine #5 and had a feast. Laila never suspected I could do such a horrible thing to her and had been looking for that "lost" book for years. I believe she has been looking for it sometimes even now.*

*We all looked at my aunt. She was dead silent. Her eyes were growing and filling with tears. Her face showed astonishment and despair. Then she screamed, "You, bloody bastards!"; and burst into tears. She was crying her heart out, as if she was mourning the loss of her blood and flesh. My father rushed to her, embraced her, and put her curly head to his breast kissing her and trying to calm her down. Finally she took a deep breath and cried out: "But I was hungry too, how could you forget about me, how could you?" she could not stop crying. My father was prepared to accept any kind of blame for his behavior, but not that childish one. He kept holding her tight in his arms and let her cry out her "unhappy" childhood at last. I looked at both of them. My father smiled at me and I saw two diamonds like shining tears in his black eyes.*

I heard a knock at the door. "Wake up? We are going to Kas," It was Sezer's voice from behind the door.

Sezer and Janista were waiting for me in the car. The

engine was on, I jumped in and we started off. Kas was brightly illuminated and loud. Sezer's beloved coffee house is in the antique shop near the harbor. The shop is exquisite, full of oriental and European antique stuff: house and yard furniture, old wooden and iron doors, handmade crafts, puppets, table sets, gold, silver, brass, tin and china, necklaces, bracelets and million of other things. The owner of the shop is an old man, a classical type of an antiquarian, with fine manners, a low voice and a deep cunning look. His son is completely different from him: active, very familiar, fast and easy; in my opinion, a true representative of the new generation of antiquarians. Both Sezer and Janista are permanent customers of the shop, but today they did not plan to buy anything, just to drink a cup of the excellent Turkish coffee, prepared by the shop owner and to have a nice chat.

Before the yacht came to pick up Janista, we bought some fried corn and comforted ourselves on one of the long benches on Kas Boulevard. I counted and re-counted yachts in the port. Every time I got a different number, eighteen - twenty or so. We saw Janista off and went for a night walk to Uzuncharshi Caddesi, the beloved area of the local population and tourists.

The most important historical remains of the ancient city are the carved rock tombs to the north and the Lycian sarcophagi scattered around the city. The most impressive sarcophagus, called Kral Mezan (King's Tomb) by locals is located right on the crossroad of Uzucharshi Caddesi and other smaller streets of Kas. The Tomb dates from the 4th century BC and is carved from a single block with eight lines of script in the Lycian language. The lid of the sarcophagus contains four lion heads on each side. The street is narrow edged with small pavements. There are expensive boutiques, restaurants, cafes,

art galleries, souvenir shops and a lot of outdoor shelves and tables full of local handicrafts like handmade carpets called “Barak kilimi” and other woven items. There are also decorative walnut chests, wooden spoons, rolling pins and all kinds of postcards and brochures on Lycia and Kas. Houses with bay windows and exquisite woodwork are fantastic. One of them on Uzucharshi Caddesi Street is an old bookstore. The owner is a local writer and a publisher, Sezer’s old friend. She lives in the same house with a dark brown wooden balcony hanging right over the street. The architecture and the structure of the area remind me the one of the old districts of Tbilisi (Sololaki) and it makes me feel comfortable. We hung around in the shop for a while. Then I decided to leave Sezer in the store with her friend to have a nice chat and a cup of coffee on the curved wooden balcony.

I walked up Uzucharshi Caddesi to the King’s Tomb. It was surrounded by tourists armed with cameras. An old woman was sitting under the olive tree next to the tomb and was selling roasted sunflower seeds and various sorts of nuts. Local children were running after tourists and were “professionally” posing, when Kas visitors intended to take their picture against the mausoleum background. I could hear different languages and smell the aroma of Turkish coffee all around me. I took some beautiful shots of the King’s Tomb and walked down the street to catch Sezer, who had already been waving to me from the balcony of the bookstore.

It was Saturday evening and Kas was really overcrowded with both local residents and tourists. Those who have already explored streets and sightseeing occupied nearby outdoor cafes and restaurants. A grey haired woman dressed up in a worn out, faded long dress was carrying a big basket filled with dry herbs and Turkish spices. She looked like a personage

from a novel of the romantic period. She herself looked very much like those dried flowers in her "ikebana." She was a real piece of art, immediately attracting the tourists' attention.

– What a picturesque creature, I exclaimed.

– Yes, and quite a famous one! Sezer said. – As far back as I can remember she has been hanging around with her basket, selling her herbs and spices and telling people her life story. I know all about her children, grandchildren, children-in-laws and many others almost by heart. Her spices are the best, so every time I need them, I have to listen to the same long and heart-breaking drama. I admit she is much better than some of famous story tellers."With this statement Sezer waved to the woman and she joined us in a minute.

– The rest took place exactly the way Sezer predicted: While she had been choosing dried herbs and some spices from the magic basket, the woman had been talking and talking without pause.

On the way home I saw people setting up tents. Sezer stopped the car and looked around. She said that Kas Bazaar would be held there tomorrow and it would be another great excursion for me.

When I was a child, my big uncle, my grandfather's brother, a "former nobleman" and "menshevik" Aleksey Gugunava every Sunday used to visit all the markets in Tbilisi. One of the markets he visited was "Saburtalo Bazaar" situated right next to our house. Thus Uncle Aleksey, having explored almost the entire market world of Tbilisi City, used to drop in and discuss the most recent and critical issues of the world's economy with my father. I have a strong doubt that anybody is doing this nowadays. We Georgians have already forgotten about those full-blooded bazaars with their mightiness and grandeur, and all their delights. We cut it out like a bad case of appendicitis

and opted for western supermarkets instead.

To tell a long story short, on Sunday I had a good chance to experience the charm and the vastness of a real oriental Bazaar in Kas. Traders from Kastelorizo, a neighboring Greek island, come to Kas Bazaar on Sundays to sell fish, fruit and vegetables. Local people know these Kastelorizo salesmen by their faces and sometimes by their names. Sezer is also familiar with some of them. Kastelorizo farmers kindly offered us to try some of their fresh fruits. I found them really fresh and sweet, though what I liked best was slices from a dried melon.

The energy floating all over the bazaar makes colors brighter and voices clearer, it gets you heated, drags you into the gambling game. You are most welcome to every counter. You can get there a free cup of coffee or tea and of course "the thing" you have been seeking all of your life.

That very feeling brought me to the counter of Turkish leather and led me into a severe bargain with the young fellow selling leather jackets. I insisted on the price being reduced to half. He got furious and said it was impossible. He said that was not a deal, but robbery. He was eager to make a special price for me, but not that much. While serving me with a cup of apple tea he mentioned that he was an orphan and had to earn money for his education, also for taking care of his five younger brothers and an old grandmother. He seemed really disappointed with my unfair offer, though he was sure we could still find a common language. I felt I was close to surrender, but managed to control myself. I said I was not going to accept his price for any reason. He fought with me for a while and then "surrendered" himself. He quickly put the jacket into the plastic bag and emphasized what a great buy I made, although reminded me again about his five hungry brothers, old grandmother ... thus putting heavy burden of his "turbulent" childhood right on my shoulders.



The area of agricultural goods was befuddling (doping) with flavors, aroma and colors: fresh green, bright yellow, purple red, sky blue...bunches of saffron, heaps of dried herbs and fruit, all shining, inviting me to a mystic dance ritual which could be performed only at an eastern bazaar. This is a dance of "oblivion." Open your arms wide and consign yourself to oblivion: forget who you are, what is your name, where is your home and become a part of the fair. The fair will show your real face and where you really belong. It breaks borders, misunderstandings and offers the world where color, flavor and aroma cloud your mind with joy and happiness. Go ahead; enjoy this feeling at least once in your life.

On our way from Kas Bazaar, Sezer told me that tomorrow afternoon we would go to swim on another part of the peninsula with sandy beaches. The beach we chose was 19 kilometers from Kas, right along the highway. The place reminded me very much of Gonio village in Adjara: a beach on one side of the highway, and a mountain on another. White and red-head houses like mushrooms were scattered on the forestry slopes of green hills. There was a small wooden restaurant with terraces built in the bottom of the rock right across the road. Under a big oak tree, on the beach side was an open cafe. Sezer and I found a table in the shadow of the oak tree and ordered two cups of Turkish black coffee with ice water. A young waiter served coffee. Sezer started chatting with her in a very friendly way. The waiter was smiling at me; I smiled back, though I did not know what I was smiling about. I guessed they were talking about me, but about what, I had no idea. Nevertheless I kept that stupid smile on my face until Sezer finished chatting and declared that the young girl was a Gurgie (originally Georgian) like me. "She is so happy to hear that you are Gurgie too," Sezer said:

The young waitress was very pretty, blond, with big almond-like blue eyes. She was nicely built. She wore a tight mini sun-dress and bunches of bracelets on her wrists and ankles.

– Are you really one of us? I asked

– My father is Gurgie, mother is Russian. She answered in broken English

– You are a real beauty... because you are a Gurgie. I told her.

– Thanks, father says the same; mother says I am pretty because I am half Russian. We both laughed.

– Do your parents live in Kas?

– No, in Rize. I came here to earn some money during the summer season. When the season is over, I will go back to Rize.

– Have you ever studied Georgian?

– No, dad did, when his mother was alive, but she died young. Now he has forgotten the language.

– You are really very beautiful, my Georgian lady.

– You are beautiful too, both of you – she said and left to bring ice water for me and Sezer.

Sezer grabbed her bag and went to the beach to get a sun tanned. I took a notebook from the bag to write down the Georgian girl's name and address, but eventually somebody else brought the ice water.

– Where is she? I asked the waiter

– The girl who served you works for the restaurant across the street. She was replacing me because I needed to go. She works in the kitchen. If you want to see her, you need to go there by evening.

Sezer's friend, an architect with his wife, joined us in late afternoon. We watched the sunset together and then moved to the bar to eat some "mante" (Turkish dumplings). Mante was followed with a cup of Turkish coffee and by evening we left for Kas.

On the way back, I realized that I had forgotten to take a picture of the Georgian girl and collect her address. I really felt guilty and very much ashamed. She fluttered into my life and then disappeared like a butterfly from a fairytale.

And I wondered how many “Georgian butterflies” like her flit over those shapeless Turkish lands along with various “birds” and other creatures. I am here as well, with all of them, fluttering over this magnificent, colorful carpet of life and time after time, here and there I come across my unknown natives. Some of them are thrown here by the waves of history; some – by fate and some came to search for a better life. Eventually they became a new ornament curved and blended into this gorgeous colorful carpet. I believe that this is what makes my imagination so wild, that this is why my dreams are so vivid, my harbor and my destiny seem so close to me, the scene seems so reachable: just one stretch of the hand, and here is my golden beach.

Nevertheless, still I am not there. All I mentioned is still captured into one terracotta colored small ceramic bowl filled with Black Sea grey rocks. It still sits patiently on the windowsill of Sezer Duru’s villa in Kas and conjures up a fantastic imagination: *I observed the palm of my hand to explore the lines of my fate; I saw there hundreds of endless roads running side-by-side, meeting and crossing one another. My palm looked like the earth observed from far above. Roads run and collect hopes, dreams and disappointments in my small palm. And it becomes so heavy-handed. I cannot bear it alone. And I see my brother and sister from the other side of the horizon; they will bring me back home. I see them coming to the crossroad with handfuls of hopes and dreams from the sweet, beloved land of mine called: Gulripsh.*

