

PAPER MILLS,

NEWMARKET ROAD,

CAMBRIDGE.

June 4th, 1939

TDV İSAM

Kütüphanesi Arşivi

No RTB.215-19

D. Rıza Tevfik,
Dear Sir,

D. Mahir of the Turkish Embassy in London has very kindly suggested that I might use his name and write to ask if you would allow me to consult you about my work. I have been working on the oral literature of the Turkish peoples of Central Asia and southern Siberia as represented in Radlov's collection of 'Proben der Volksliteratur der Türkischen Stämme', and am publishing a section of about two hundred pages dealing with this in

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Kütüphanesi Arşivi

NO RTB. 215-1b

a book on comparative oral literature which I have been writing in collaboration with my husband. I should be most grateful if you would be so kind as to tell me whether any recent collections of Turkish oral poetry or prose stories are available from the Kirghiz, or any collections of Anatolian oral literature free from Arabic and Persian traditions. I should also be grateful for any references you might be kind enough to make to critical works in Turkish on Turkish oral literature. I have used English, French, German critical works as far as possible and the few Russian ones I

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No KB-215-29

PAPER MILLS,
NEWMARKET ROAD,
CAMBRIDGE.

could hear of,
but have had no Turkish
ones. Our book is now in
proof, but I should like
to make my tentative
introduction of this subject
to English readers as
complete as possible &
could add an Addendum
at the end of the book,
and in addition I should
like to add to my own
slender store of knowledge
of this most enthralling
subject.

I hope very much that
you will forgive me for
troubling you. I ought to

add that I can read a
little Turkish and am
working at the language

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Kütüphanesi Arşivi
No RTB-215-26

Yours faithfully,
Hera K. Chadwick
(Mrs.)

M. TDV İSAM
Kütüphanesi Arşivi
No RTA-215-37

The number
One & two & three & four ---
The number goes;
Piling facts on facts,
Piling men on men,
making things look straight & clear,
making things, sometimes, not things!
nobody knows to where -
where the number goes;

On the crooked paths to heaven,
On the broken sun-rays;
To have new-eyes - & see new things;
Order moving in disorder!
And chemism like those in pictures
Of Titians & of Raphael;
To see that huge & tower-like Satan
Still obedient to a Milton;
To shake hands with those earthly
saints
And tell them news what they have lost,
To hear the far-off sounds of Agas -
sounds that still go ringing on;
To see new faces of the future,
The mark & file of heaven & hell;
to ask them, one & all,

The common things, the great & small:
What is Fate of man & Earth?
And what deep feeling brings us near
To that Oneness, whom numbers fail
To prove, or make him two or three?
To that One-ness, whose power we
feel,

When things go wrong -
When things go right,
When war is in the air;
And Time ticks out, irregular hours,
And death, that peaceful seal of life,
Marches up with all his suite to rule;
And men in thousands go to heaven -
Or off to hell;
And statesmen live to fame & glory!

Or, when peace comes shuffling round
behind us,
Comes with all its peaceful warfare,
Raising us from man to beast;
Comes with Pacts & Councils, League of Nations,
And first-born states of no parents,
Bound by words -
words that are a traitful lie;

Peace or war, we are all the same.
I hope the above poems will

interest you - or rather will be of
any use to you. I am preparing for
a long, narrative poem, whose
theme will be, as I am pleased to do,
an eastern story, a type of
Charters, life & messenger of war
present, & possibly future.

Your true friend,
[Signature]

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No RTB.215-36

Chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp---
The Sparrows sing;
All in an intermittent voice;

They make a sporting spring
They make a joyful thing---

Always jumping,

Picking,

skipping, round & round;

Their small & sparrow-words

Abound in music waves

That once begot Beethoven;

That once, a famous Wagner;

That once, a Grecian Homer

Who set the world a-thinking

Of things we could not see.

They sing of joy - of sorrow;

Of the day & morrow,

Of heavens whence they came,

Of countries they have better,

And of yards that have no name,

Of ancient crumbs of butter,

Which boys they once discovered

And notes they make their own
They sing their common sparrows
And we sing too of their!

Their sparrow-notes go singing

In air and our souls

In forms of words (not chirping!)

In forms of Beauty - what's

When morning comes they gather

On places we despise -

On places oft we prize:

The sons lead on their father,

And girls lead on their mother;

And all as one Big Sparrow,

Rejoice (or weep) the day.

A pretty, chirping orchestra

That make the world go round;

That give our life a meaning

A string, a chirping sound

That we can't find in any

leaf

29/10/1913

The Camel.

(4)

I know the out-stretched ~~shells~~ ^{shells} of sands -
Pale & smooth & of unchanging face

I know the Kalim's way that stands
midway in Old Arabia - with no trace

I know why the bedouin is soft & kind
On each but sand-like, burning in & out
For what he sees, or what his mind

Quiescent, the forms of angels, all
about
These Karthala's & Rufe's Tombs,

The Prophet's Holy Cave, the sacred Holes
Of Sakhos of old, who keep the domes
And rule the simpatons & fiery souls.

I know how to trace the stony back -
The story of the Desert: how the brave,
The sun-burnt poets had sung of love,
Of hate & hospitality, & gave
The Islamic world a living fire to move.

How towns & cities, men in groups,
Moved here & there & blocked the sandy
tracts;
And I was transportation, troops, -
And all in all; I made the Eastern
facts.

I made the fields of battles, now & then;
I gave them hope to muse for Paradise;
I was the flag, the sword, the pen;
I made the merry counts, the fool,
the wise.

(5)

'Tis glad to call up all my past,
And fast on things I shall not do; I feel
Have it my camel-way; I feel
I pace the desert - but I know I will

The Chaldees

They changed the face of heavens -
These old, old men, the Chaldees;
At Ur they made their banners,
Their princely courts & temples,
Their great realm with ease.

The Royal Tombs, the Treasure -
These old, old men, the Chaldees
Left at Ur; will measure
Their mind, their work of leisure,
Their needs, how they would please.

We learn from stones & parchment
These old, old men, the Chaldees
Left at Ur; the monuments
Of inward life & movements
The dark & unknown seas.

They changed the course of nations
These old, old men, the Chaldees
At Ur they showed their faces
At Ur they left their traces
These old, old men, the Chaldees.

MAZI VOT
wizA p̄n̄sh̄ḡū̄r
TDV ISAM
Kütüphanesi Arşivi
No RTB215.49

Handwritten notes and scribbles in the bottom right corner, including the word 'Zuripud' and other illegible markings.

(1) I say
 Any life and
 Of clean
 will stay
 when I
 Old
 And you
 Old
 And play
 But, I say
 My days
 Of clean
 O
 Don't
 Won't decay
 The sparrows
 Sing
 The world
 In spring

more love -
 more hate -
 more fear;
 to move
 Our shell
 Paulo;
 Our hovering
 mind;
 And give us
 Life
 to be
 more kind;
 To be
 The child
 Of only
 Hours
 To breath
 The pure
 Balmy air;
 And be
 no more

Subsistent
 Pimp
 Master Time
 And mistness
 Space.
 But I
 Still say
 My life
 Of clean
 will stay.
 14/11/00

TDV İSAM
 Kütüphanesi Arşivi
 No RTB-215-40

Could I change
 I took the
 Could I change?
 Who can tell?
 Say the simple
 Take up such an
 Go down
 Show the map
 The winding valleys
 The stormy paths
 To find the truth
 And blue heaven
 To find a narrow
 Between man
 And beasts
 And stones
 That once
 increase.

land 21
 28/12/1900

TDV İSAM AŞ. YOT
Kütüphanesi Arşivi
No: RTG-215-59

The messiah.

He will not come,
That great, wise, heavenly man -
Messiah!

He will not pay his one visit.

Until our kings & lords,
Church wanders & church prayers,
Little dogs & little dogs,
Great & fearful mammals,
Microscopic animals -
All walk & talk together.

Until land rocks would melt away,
And streams glide on for ever,
And hearts reveal their undertones,
Old, old prophets die again

And gods keep silent in the Temples,
And books of those mysterious figures
Begin new books of man on earth

He will not come,
That great, wise, heavenly man -
Messiah!

He will not pay his one visit.

Ua

The Pits of Ua,
Those murky dens
Of lost kings,
Whom we shall never see;
Those submerged roads
And counts & yards,
Great, mighty palaces
And dikes of the Great Deluge
And dust-like kings & men arrayed
With wagons, horses, dead & stiff;
(They look at you with no eyes,
You look at them with wondrous eyes)
And these critics tell us in poems
- What man once was & did, & what
Man will be & do in aught.

If you smile,
Time will smile;
If you cry
Time will fill
All your grief
And misfortunes
Give you no relief.

We flow in Time
Reluctantly;
Like river Tigris,
Now too muddy,
Now half-clear,
Now deep, now shallow;
Always changing - could we stop?
But not like Tigris -
One living, spirit, not a dead

10/11/40

21/11/40

10/11/40

(192)

TDV ISAM IAZI VOT
Kütüphanesi Arşivi
No RTB-215-5^b

Basma

A. S. E. DELLAKH, Kashid St. 277

Basma, 25/1/41.

Dear Mr. Raja Tewfik,

I was quite glad to hear from you again. It is, indeed, interesting to read or re-read your letters, though short. The way you put things on paper is closer to a point that the real character, the generous, simple spirit of the author (person) is not hard to detect.

I wish I could have been a help to you in your writings (critiques) short letters in these days pass easily through the filter; we will keep better things for better days. But one thing I wish to add:— as long as we are not in a position to appreciate art and bring about, we would find it hard to impress the present-day readers with the values of art — or of life. This means that if the whole mass of people are not interested in aesthetic production, then there is a radical change in the valuation of life — & so ~~will~~ in future, after Hitler's war, we will have a new set of values (and Art!) which will not be subject to severe criticism of the dear old Art Critics. But this is the way things change! I for one will not criticize it (The New Order!)

I am reading these days various subjects — pure mathematics, poetry, language studies, novels, world-affairs books, economics; to increase my knowledge. I send you some few poems herewith.

I wish you good health & cheerful days.

Truly yours

(P.T.O.)