

*A woman sings a song about home.*

I'm sorry I love to sing and whenever I see a mic I can not help myself but sing. Did you like the song? Anyone heard it before ? The song is about 'home'. By the way I have a tattoo it's a Word, it's "home" see? I got it at the beginning of this year when I was leaving for my master's degree in the Netherlands. I got it with my ex. We both got the same tattoo. Well, we've broken up now, and I've been kicked out of the house. So, here I am, a homeless person with a tattoo says "home" Isn't that perfect? Home... what does that word mean to you? I've been thinking about it for a long time. What do you think it means? (I asked others too.)

I've started telling like a Meddah. Do you remember those storytellers? They would suddenly appear, start telling tales, break into rhyming verses, and even sing songs in the middle. How wonderful that must have been. I wish I'd lived in those times. Maybe I'd have become a storyteller too. Though, they were all men. I probably wouldn't have had much of a chance as a woman. If I tried to imitate a man's voice, it probably wouldn't work, since my voice is so high-pitched. Have you ever seen a female storyteller? There was one, you know. A woman tried it once. It was in 1840. In Bursa. She covered her face with a scarf, dressed as a man, and entered the busiest coffeehouse in the village, starting a deep gazelle song... (As the music starts, the story teller turns into the woman she's talking about with the help of a scarf)

Of course, everyone turned to look, wondering what kind of man this was, with such a voice, such a sound. They couldn't imagine that a woman would have the courage to come into a coffeehouse full of men and sing... It was unheard of, how bold, how would she dare! While they were thinking, "What is this woman doing here, what's this voice that sounds like a man's?" the more she kept singing, the more they were enchanted, mouths wide open, trying to close them with their thick mustaches... (The instrument keeps on playing, the rhythm continues, and the storyteller keeps speaking in rhythm, singing, like rapping.)

But they look at her – tall, with the build and strength of a man... but that delicate, fine voice didn't fit the appearance of a strong man. Then, whispers started, murmurs: "Who are you, sir? Come on, show us your face, are you a woman or a man, a devil or an angel..." She answered, "I lost my manhood in an accident when I was young, before I even grew up. So my voice didn't grow up to be a man... What should I have done? I started singing..."