

You know, I've been talking about becoming the first female *meddah* (traditional Turkish storyteller), right? Well, turns out, there actually was a woman like that. Back in the 19th century, in Bursa. She would disguise herself as a man and go to coffeehouses to perform her storytelling. And she did it all her life, never getting caught. Her name was Asude Hanım.

One day, she put on her hat, pulled it down low over her face, and walked into one of the busiest coffeehouses in Bursa. She hit her cane to the ground three times, and began to sing her tale.. (Güzel bir göz beni attı)

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 woman's" 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... And I have scars on my face from that horrible accident which I'm embarrassed and don't want to show... Please gentlemen.... Believe me... This voice of mine is the only thing I have now.. So please... Let me sing my story to you... If you don't like it, just stop me.. Just say leave now and I'll leave... (waits... silence...keeps on singing)" (koklasam saçlarını)

They started to listen.. It was interesting to see a creature like that.. A man with a voice of a woman. They listened..

So, actual story of her was.. She wanted to talk. She wanted to tell her story.. She wanted to have a voice unlike women of those times... Though, in these times how much voice do we have? I don't know.. That's up for debate..

Anyways, she wanted to tell... her own story, her mother's story, the story of the neighbor's daughter... The story of the neighbor's daughter whom she was madly in love with but could never be with... She wanted to tell how she loved her... How she had to run away from her... Her heart was full of the stories that needed to be told..

You want to know her story?? Than I invite you to come here again next Monday at 5 pm.. Thanks for coming. Hope to see you soon.