



## The Red-Haired Woman: A novel

*Orhan Pamuk*

Download now

Read Online ➞

# The Red-Haired Woman: A novel

Orhan Pamuk

**The Red-Haired Woman: A novel** Orhan Pamuk

**From the Nobel Prize winner and best-selling author of *Snow* and *My Name Is Red*, a fable of fathers and sons and the desires that come between them.**

On the outskirts of a town thirty miles from Istanbul, a master well digger and his young apprentice are hired to find water on a barren plain. As they struggle in the summer heat, excavating without luck meter by meter, the two will develop a filial bond neither has known before--not the poor middle-aged bachelor nor the middle-class boy whose father disappeared after being arrested for politically subversive activities. The pair will come to depend on each other and exchange stories reflecting disparate views of the world. But in the nearby town, where they buy provisions and take their evening break, the boy will find an irresistible diversion. *The Red-Haired Woman*, an alluring member of a travelling theatre company, catches his eye and seems as fascinated by him as he is by her. The young man's wildest dream will be realized, but, when in his distraction a horrible accident befalls the well digger, the boy will flee, returning to Istanbul. Only years later will he discover whether he was in fact responsible for his master's death and who the redheaded enchantress was.

A beguiling mystery tale of family and romance, of east and west, tradition and modernity, by one of the great storytellers of our time.

Translated from the Turkish by Ekin Oklap.

## The Red-Haired Woman: A novel Details

Date : Published August 22nd 2017 by Knopf (first published 2016)

ISBN :

Author : Orhan Pamuk

Format : Kindle Edition 272 pages

Genre : Fiction, Asian Literature, Turkish Literature, Cultural, Turkish, Novels

 [Download The Red-Haired Woman: A novel ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online The Red-Haired Woman: A novel ...pdf](#)

**Download and Read Free Online The Red-Haired Woman: A novel Orhan Pamuk**

---

[illegible]

---

## Smand says

Kara Kitap'ı okurken aldığım zevki Karmazı Saçlı Kadın'ın her satırında tekrar tekrar yaşadım. Üstelik son sayfaya geldi'imde kitabı 11 ay içinde yazdığını görünce Orhan Pamuk'un kalemini neden sevdiğimi bir kez daha anladım.

Pamuk'un 200 sayfayı geçmeme konusunda kendine ettiği telkinler pratikte işe yaradığı gibi birkaç on yıl, toplumun değişimini, doğu-batı arasında kalmışlığı, birey-otorite ilişkisini ve ek olarak efsanelerle masalların dişer yazdıkları aratmayacak bir başarıyla kışak romana yedirebilmiş. Son az hacimli kitabın 30 yıl önce yazabilmiş ve bundan pek memnun olmayan bir yazarın bunu başarabilmesini bir romancı'nın en büyük zaferlerinden biri olarak görüyorum.

Benim için 2016 yılının en iyi kitaplarından biri Karmazı Saçlı Kadın. "Hem yaşamı bir hikâye gibi sahici, hem de bir efsane gibi tanele..."

---

## Hakan T says

Orhan Pamuk ülkemizin en iyi hikaye anlatıcılarından biri. İnsanın hikayenin içine çeken üslubunun gücü de yadsınamaz. Gelenekle moderniteyi bağdaştırmakta, sıkıcı olmadan postmodern olmayı başarmakta da usta bir yazar. Karmazı Saçlı Kadın'da da tüm bu özelliklerini görüyoruz. Daha az hacimli yazmaya dönmesi de iyiye bir işaret. Zira ben son romanlarında gereksiz uzun yazdığını, tekrarlara düştüğünü düünenlerdenim, yoksa uzun romanlarla bir sorunum yok.

Bu kitabın bence olumsuz anlamda en fazla göze batan yönü, romana temel oluşturan iki klasik eserin (Oidipus ve İhname) okuyanı bualtacak ölçüde tekrar tekrar işlenmesi, okura kendi sonuçların çışarması için yeterli alan bırakılmaması. Bunun ötesinde, uluslararası bir kitleye hitap etme gayretinin bariz işaretleri gibi klasik Orhan Pamuk özellikleri de biraz rahatsız ediyor. Ülkemizde başında en çok işlenen iki cinayet haberlerden birinin cinsel açlık çeken oğulların anneleriyle yatması sonrasında işlenen suçlar olduğu gibi (s.114), en hafif tabiriyle aşırı abartılı bir iddia da, oryantalist eğilimlere hizmet eden bir gariplik olarak romanda sırtıyor.

Benim tespit edebildi'im iki maddi hata da (ünlü Yahudi Rothschild ailesinin Rotschild olarak yazılması (s.177) ve Tahran'daki Gülistan Sarayından Gülizar Sarayı olarak bahsedilmesi (s.178) ki önceki bölümde bu saray doğru ismiyle anılıyor) küçük de olsa Orhan Pamuk kalibresindeki bir yazara veya bu kitabı yayınlayanların titizliğine yakıymıyor. Bir de, bizde saç rengine kıızı denir, kırmızı denmez. Kıızı Saçlı Kadın daha iyi başlık olurdu herhalde. Acaba bu tercihte de yine çeviri endişeleri mi rol oynadı?

Kitabın sonundaki Pamuk'un dişer kitapların taneleldi sayfalarda alıntılanan olumlu eleştirilerin tümünün yabancı kaynaklı olması da dikkat çekici. Bu yaklaşımlar, "pazarlamacı yazar", "Batı için yazan yazar" eleştirilerine daha fazla zemin sağlıyor bence. Orhan Pamuk'un buna artık ihtiyaç olduğuunu hiç sanmıyorum. Çünkü gerçekten iyi ve özel bir yazar.

---

## Esil says

3.75 stars.

In the late 1980s, I travelled to Turkey with my soon to be husband. We had just finished university, had little money and were in search of adventure. It was certainly an interesting trip and we have often talked about going back to Turkey, but I am also aware that traveling in a country when you don't know the language and have no real means of getting to know people isn't really a great way to get to know a country.

This was my first book by Orhan Pamuk. But I feel that the two days spent reading *The Red-Haired Woman* gave me a more intimate look at Turkey in the late 1980s than my trip of almost 30 years ago. The narrator of this novel recounts the summer when he was 16 years old, working as an apprentice to a well digger in a small town outside of Istanbul. While getting to know the master well digger, the narrator also becomes fascinated by an older red-haired woman. Move forward thirty years, and the apprentice is a wealthy businessman in a much changed Turkey, but he is not freed from what happened the summer when he was 16 years old. Reading *The Red-Haired Woman* feels like a rich multi-layered experience. Pamuk delves into Turkey's political situation, mixing in history and mythology. There's also a bit of a mystery and some moral complexity. This wasn't quite a 4 star read because it didn't always hold my attention, but I did mostly enjoy reading it and especially I appreciated the opportunity for what felt like an intimate view of contemporary Turkey. Thanks to Netgalley and the publisher for an opportunity to read an advance copy.

---

## Elyse says

DIG and RUN!!!!!! .....

I became transfixed by thoughts, questions, opinions, and judgments about Cem --- taking the train back home to Istanbul when he did... at the end of Part I of this story.

There are three parts to this novel. Each are different-- related & connected, but different. The novel comes together brilliantly at the end..... but this is one twisted story!!!! My goodness!

A familiar lovelorn pursuit, took me back to "The Museum of Innocence". Similar to "The Museum of Innocence", I was expecting deluded hopes for 16 year old Cem, but the bigger surprise, was when things took another path. The Red-Haired Woman - much older -reciprocates in an evening of sexual escapades.

Cem is a well- digger apprentice for a \*MASTER\* Mahmut on the outskirts of Istanbul. The 'master' is domineering, very strict, and expects Cem to obey his orders - DO AS HE SAYS!!

Often - in Orhan Pamuk's books - there comes a moment when it feels like 'nails-on-the-chalkboard' for me: DIGGING & DIGGING & DIGGING.....if you've 'ever' had fantasies about being a well digger...  
haha -- this book should end that fantasy!

But.... all digging and work without a little fun for a 16 year old boy - would be a killer -- so-- Cem finds 'enjoyment' resting under his favorite walnut tree - and visiting the traveling "Tent of Morality Tales", with lust to watch The Red Haired Woman perform.

However- even though Cem was melting in 'sexual- love- heaven' from having lost his virginity.... an accident at work sends Cem skipping town.... he leaves his Master at the bottom of the well whom he presumes to be dead. But is he?

Dig and Run

Back in Istanbul, we get a modern experience of the city, bookstores, cafés, the University which Cem becomes a geology student...and gets married.

Thirty years later -- his incomplete life comes back for a visit....

TWISTED -- twisted twisted twisted..... and very enjoyable!!!

4.5.....I took a 1/2 mark off.... because if I had to keep experiencing the DIGGING, I thought I was going to die of thirst and or scream!

---

## Paul Fulcher says

*As a fatherless son, so a sonless father will be embraced by none.*  
from Ferdowsi's Shahnameh (and the epigraph to this novel)

*I had wanted to be a writer. But after the events I am about to describe, I studied engineer in geology and became a building contractor. Even so, readers shouldn't conclude from my telling the story now that it is over, that I've put it all behind me. The more I remember, the deeper I fall into it. Perhaps you, too, will follow, lured by the enigma of father and sons.*

The Red-Haired Woman is the latest novel from Orhan Pamuk, one of those authors of whose books I am a completist, and this, while not perhaps hitting the Nobel-Prize worthy heights of his greatest work Snow, is another excellent addition to his works and my shelves.

[Review updated with some comments from an excellent reading and illustrated discussion between Orhan Pamuk and Boyd Tonkin at London's Southbank in September 2017]

At 250 pages it is much more compact than his last novel, the Dickensian A Strangeness in My Mind, but equally enjoyable and worthwhile, the relatively sparse story balanced by an interesting take on father/son relationships rooted in classical epics, but with also links back to Pamuk's earlier works.

And as with A Strangeness in My Mind, the translation by Ekin Oklap who has supplanted Maureen Freely (translator of Museum of Innocence and Snow). Again (my review of the previous book: <https://www.goodreads.com/review/show...>) the prose does appear more prosaic than Pamuk's earlier works, but whether this is a feature of the original, or indeed truer to Pamuk's prose generally, is difficult for me to say. Pamuk himself, it must be said, commented that he is a big fan of the translation, which is the ultimate endorsement.

The narrator [of most of the novel] begins the story living in Istanbul with his mother, his father, a middle-class pharmacist but also a leftist activist, having, after several periods of prolonged absence both while politically active and while detained by the authorities, finally permanently left the family home and re-married. He is cramming for his university exams, hoping to study literature, and takes on a summer-job in Öngören, a small town 30 miles from Istanbul as an apprentice to a well-digger.

Master Mahmut is one of *the last practitioners of an art that had existed for thousands of years*, although rather dismissive of some of the more elaborate rituals with divining rods and whispered prayers of some of his peers. Cem comments:

*These particular skills led some of the old well-diggers to become convinced that, like the shamans of Central Asia, they, too, were in possession of supernatural powers and the gift of extrasensory perception, allowing them to commune with subterranean gods and jinn. I remember as a child hearing my father laugh at such tales, but those longing for cheap ways to find water wanted to believe them ... when well-diggers crouched amongst the creepers and pecking hens in those back gardens, listening to the soil, old men and middle-aged ladies would treat them with the reverence usually reserved for the doctor putting his ear to the sick baby's chest.*

The reality of digging wells, as Cem soon discovers, is of back-breaking and dangerous work. Pamuk describes this in almost painful detail, and at first it appears the novel is largely telling the story of a dying craft in the same way as the boza seller in *A Strangeness in My Mind*. Pamuk himself had been wanting to tell the story of a well-digger looking for water in apparently barren-land ever since he met one while writing his *The Black Book* over 25 years earlier.

But as Master Mahmut and Cem rest in their tent each night from their exertions, the old man tells the apprentice stories, including that of Joseph, favourite son of his father, and abandoned down a well by his brothers. The well-digger draws the moral from the story that *A father must be fair. A father who isn't fair will blind his son.*

The next night, particularly tired after striking rock in his digging, Master Mahmut asks Cem to contribute a story of his own. Cem, presumably prompted by the talk of fathers, sons and blindness, tells the well-digger the story of Oedipus. which leads Mahmut to conclude that no one can escape their fate.

In the town, the 16 year-old Cem captures sight of the eponymous red-haired woman, in her thirties but mysterious and alluring. She turns out to be part of a small troupe of performing artists, The Theatre of Morality Tales, and when Cem watches her performance, it concludes with a powerful scene that he later, after researching the story, finds is that of Rostam and Sohrab from the Persian epic poem *Shahnameh*. In a reversal of the Greek story, here the father Rostam ends up, unknowingly, fighting and killing his son Sohrab.

After the rather drawn out (pun intended) process of digging the well, Cem's time in the town comes to an abrupt end, and the narrative rather accelerates, when he first sleeps with the red-haired woman and then an accident occurs at the well.

He returns to Istanbul where he contemplates both what happens, but also the two tales of Oedipus and of Rostam and Sohrab. In the Oedipal tale he seems particularly fascinating with how he could end up sleeping with his mother (*a woman at least sixteen years older than he was. I tried both couldn't imagine what that was like*), an odd failure of imagination given that was the exact age-gap to his red-haired lover. And the story of Rostam and Sohrab is one he needs to rediscover. As the Islamist Blue explains to the secular modernist Ka in Pamuk's wonderful *Snow*.

Once upon a time, millions of people knew it by heart — from Tabriz to Istanbul, from Bosnia to Trabzon — and when they recalled this story, they found the meaning in their lives. The story spoke to them in just the same way that Oedipus' murder of his father or Macbeth's obsession with power and death speak to people throughout the Western world. But now,

because we've fallen under the spell of the West, we've forgotten our own stories.

Pamuk also himself has remarked that the Oedipus and Rostam stories illustrate different aspects of Western and Eastern culture: to the extent our sympathies lie with the murderer in each case, for Oedipus we are supporting individualism and for Rostam authoritarianism and the continuation of the state.

Cem's research takes him around the world to discover manuscripts and miniatures based on the story (one of which features in *My Name is Red*):

Cem marries and - as the opening quote suggests - inspired by his well-digging experience enters into the construction business, rather than pursue his literary dreams. He and his wife prove unable to have their own children, and instead their construction company, which they name Sohrab, and which grows spectacularly in the rapidly expanding Istanbul, making Cem a rich and well-known businessman, as well as allowing the novel to touch on themes of Westernisation and individualism in the traditional Turkish society:

*Sohrab was our son. He was growing up much faster than most children, outperforming his peers, and winning accolades for his business acumen.*

Although he never forgets the red-haired woman, even recognising her in the actress Silvana Mangano who plays Queen Jocasta, Oedipus's mother and wife, in Pier Paolo Pasolini's 1967 film *Edipo Re*.

During his and his wife's cultural research, they also discover Wittfogel's *Oriental Despotism: A Comparative Study of Total Power*, which links Asian "hydraulic societies", needing conscripted labour to provide water and irrigation, to despotism (a sort of "at least he made the water run" equivalent to Mussolini's trains), and thereby, they decide, conditions ripe for patricide or filicide.

As the construction boom and expansion of the city reaches even the tiny town where Cem had helped build the well, he finds himself drawn back to Öngören, and inevitably sucked into a father-son confrontation that will have echoes of the two ancient tales. The coincidences of the stories are perhaps a little unrealistic but as one character remarks: *Theatre has taught me not to dismiss anything in life as mere coincidence*. To say more in the review would spoil the pleasure of the story.

The last section of the novel is narrated by the red-haired woman, reflecting on the events of the novel. She laments, both from the historical tales and her own life, that:

*Whether it was fathers killing their sons, or sons killing fathers, men always emerged victorious, and all that was left for me to do was weep.*

But as she unravels her own story, we discover a different perspective on what we had seemingly read in the rest of the novel, and realise that she had far more agency than the rather helpless quote above might imply.

And she herself sees a model for her looks in drawings and paintings of the poet and artist's model Elizabeth Siddal by the artist and poet, and later her husband, Dante Gabriel Rossetti in the 1850s, such as this one drawn shortly after their marriage:



The original Turkish version of the novel, for reasons made clear in the text, had such a picture on the front cover - perhaps my one criticism of the English version is that the publisher has chosen a far more abstract cover.

Overall - a wonderful blend of literary commentary, father-son relationships with the added dimension of the mother/wife/lover, and the modernisation of Istanbul.

---

## Ismini says

10/10

να ῥγο που δικαιολογεῖ ἀπολῦτως τον τῦτλο του νομπελῶστα που κατῴχει ο Παμοῦκ. Τολμῶ να το χαρακτηρῶσω ἀριστοῦργημα για το βῆθος και την ἀπλῆτητῶ του, για τον τρῶπο με τον οποῶο ἀπῶ τις πρῶτες σελῶδες κεντρῶζει το ενδιαφῶρον του ἀναγνῶστη, για τα πολλῶ ἐπῶπεδα ἀνῶγνωσης που προσφῶρει. Ῥχοντας προηγουμῶνως διαβῶσει το "Κῶτι Παρῶξενο στο Νου μου" ἐῶχα μεῶνει με μια μικρῶ ἀπογοῶτευση λῶγω της υπῶθεσης, ἐδῶ ῶμως το θῶμα με το οποῶο καταπιῶνεται ο συγγραφῶς ἐῶναι συνταρακτικῶ, ῆ μῶθοδος με την οποῶα το ἀναπτῶσσει υποδειγματικῶ. Κατῶ την προσωπικῶ μου ῶποψη ἀποτελεῖ ῶμνο στη διακειμενικῶτητα, ἀφοῶ ῶχι μῶνο συναντῶ τον Οιδῶποδα και το Ρουστῶμ και Σουχρῶμπ, και χρησιμοποιεῖ τα ῶργα αυτῶ ως βῶση για την ἐῶρεση ομοιοτῶτων και διαφορῶν στην οπτικῶ του δυτικῶ και του ἀνατολικῶ πολιτισμοῶ πῶνω στο ῶδιο θῶμα, ἀλλῶ καταφῶρνει να ἀναδεῶξει την πανανθρῶπινη επιρροῶ ἀρχῶγονων φῶβων και ἐνστῶκτων πῶνω στις κοινωνῶες διαχρονικῶ και κῶνει τον ἀναγνῶστη να ἀναρωτιῶται κατῶ πῶσο ῆ μοῶρα ῶ το υποσυνεῶδητο ορῶζει τη ζωῶ του, και αν τελικῶ μοῶρα και υποσυνεῶδητο αποτελοῶν τις δῶο ῶψεις του ῶδιου νομῶσματος.

Το λῶτρεψῶ...

---

## Resh (The Book Satchel) says

This was a nice read. Would not recommend if you are new to Pamuk.

What to expect?

- lots of literary symbolisms
- frequent comparisons between Greek epic + Firdowsi's story of Rostam and Sohrab + life of protagonist

What did not seem right?

- Pamuk starts explaining. Almost as if he is scared the reader will not be able to read between the lines
- comparison between the protagonist's life and the epics seemed repetitive and lumpy.
- less lyrical than usual Pamuk novels

For more - <http://www.thebooksatchel.com/red-hai...>

---

## Deniz Balç? says

Orhan Pamuk kendi anlat?m biçimini olu?turmu? bir yazar. Bunu "K?rm?z? Saçlı? Kadın"? okurken çok net, bir kez daha anladım. Hikayenin ilerleme ve karakterin salınma ?ekli hep aynı: S?radan. Onun romanları? da bence bu güzelle?tiriyor. S?radan karakterler, s?radan tesadüfler, s?radan 'farklılıklar.' "Benim Adım K?rm?z?" ve "Kar"? bir kenara koyacak olursak, Pamuk'un en muazzam beceresi normalde çok ilgimizi çekmeyecek karakterleri, en saklı? gibi duran aç?ıklıklar?ndan bize aktarmak; bunu yaparken de karakterin ya?ad??? döneme göre arka fonda bir ülke resmi çizmek. Bu romancı?nın iyi bir örne?i olmu? "K?rm?z? Saçlı? Kadın".

Yazarların, kendilerinden önceki hikayelerle olan ba?ları? ve bunları? dönü?türmeleri hep ilgimi çekmi?tir. Bu bahisçilik, aktarıl?k, aracı?k çok ho? duygular uyandı?ırır bende. Merkezine iki hikayeyi alan bu kitabın da; Oedipus ve Firdavsi'nin Rüstem ile Sührab'?n?; 'arketipsel insan' çerçevesinde/psikanalitik okuma sa?layacak ?ekilde aktat?yor olmas? orijinal olmasa bile, heyecanlandı?ırıcı?. En azından Türkçe bir romanda bu kadar bilinçli bir oturtma ben daha önce okuduğumu hatırlamıyorum.

Orhan Pamuk'un büyük romanları?ndan biraz yorulmu? benim için çok güzel ve çok lezzetli k?sa bir durak oldu.

Ayrıca kitabın günümüze tekabül eden k?s?mları?nda çok güçlü ele?tiriler saklı?. Bu ?ekilde kitaba homojen yedirilmesi okur olarak beni en memnun eden tarz. Onu da belirtmek istedim.

Kitap t?pk? "Benim Adım K?rm?z?" gibi ho? bir postmodern son ile noktalanıyor. Yazarın bu ufak dokunuşları? ile romanları? zenginle?tirmesi "Beyaz Kale"de ki gibi okuma keyfini katları?na katlı?yor.

Yalnız kitap ile ilgili affedemeyeceğim bir hata var: Pier Paolo Pasolini, Edipo Re(Kral Oedipus) filminde Anna Magnani ile çalı?mamı?tır. Anna ile "Mamma Roma" adlı? filmi çekmi?tir. Böylesi bir hatayı? nasıl yapmı? anlayamadım. Anna Magnani'nin kariyeri ve hayatı? göz önüne alınırsa, bunun bilinçli bir yanı?ı söyleme hareketi mi olabilece?i geçti aklımdan; ancak sadece bilgi verir gibi duran anlatım beni pek tatmin etmedi.

2016'nın en güzel kitapları?ndan biri olacak benim için, iyi okumalar!

---

## Öbn Zerhani says

Orhan Pamuk romanları?nı ele?tirmek pek kolay değil, fakat bilhassa son romanları?nı değerlendirirken sık dü?ülen bir yanılgı? var. Diğer romanları?yla mukayese edildiğinde daha basit ?eyler yazd??? için ele?tiriliyor. Fakat en nihayetinde Orhan Pamuk'un kaleminden çıkmı? bir roman oluyor, onu diğer romanlarla kıyasladığımızda aslında kötü bulunan romanları?n o kadar da kötü olmadı?nı anlıyoruz.

Ben genelde Puslu K?talar Atlas'?nı bunun için kullanıyorum. Çok sevilen bu romanı?, Orhan Pamuk'un K?rm?z? Saçlı? Kadın'dan önceki romanı? Kafamda Bir Tuhaflık ile kıyasladığımızda, Kafamda Bir Tuhaflık'?n çok daha nitelikli olduğunu söyleyebiliyorum örneğin. Bu durum da kafalarda bir karışıklı?a yol açıyor. Kara Kitap', Yeni Hayat', Benim Adım K?rm?z?'y yazmı? birinin ilerleyen yıllarda daha karmaşık ?eyler yazması?n beklemek olağan. Yine de Masumiyet Müzesi'ne, Kafamda Bir Tuhaflık'a ve K?rm?z? Saçlı? Kadın'a kötü roman demek pek mantıklı? gelmiyor bana. Ele?tirilecek yönleri muhakkak var. Hattâ bana göre en çok ele?tirilebilecek Orhan Pamuk romanı? K?rm?z? Saçlı? Kadın.

(view spoiler)

Bence Orhan Pamuk kalitesinin alt?nda, Türk Edebiyat?n?n kalitesinin çok üstünde bir roman K?rm?z? Saçlı? Kad?n. Murat Bardakç? gibilerin söylediklerini de san?r?m hiçbir Orhan Pamuk okuru ciddiye alm?yordur. Murat Bardakç?'y? ciddiye alanlar?n da edebiyattan uzak durmas?, zaten edebiyat?n hayr?na olacakt?r.

?öyle bir ekleme de yapabiliriz: Orhan Pamuk romanlar?nda "imlâ hatas?n?" yapar. Di?er Orhan Pamuk romanlar?nda da vard?r, dikkatini çekmi?tir. "Sa?ol" ya da "Sa? ol" aras?nda bir fark yoktur. ?kisini de kullan?r. Hatta s?rayla kullan?r. Dili böyle bir lüzumsuz kurallar bütünü olarak görmez. Orhan Pamuk'a buradan yüklenmek hem ona, hem yay?nevine haks?zl?k olur. Bizim odam?zda okurken fark etti?imiz hatalar? bas?mdan önce kimsenin fark etmeyece?ini dü?ünmemiz biraz abes olur. En az?ndan bir Orhan Pamuk roman? söz konusuysa.

---

## Ça?da? T says

Orhan Pamuk'a pozitif ayr?mcı?lık yap?ldı?nı? dü?ünüyorum. Bu kitab? ba?ka bir yazar yazsaydı? ço?u okurun görü?ü farklı olurdu kan?s?nday?m. Kitab?n konusu ve anlattı?ı ilginç ama nas?l anlattı?ı basit ve zorlama.

Özetle:

Sanki O.P aniden, Oidipus ve Suhrab hikayelerini merkeze almay? dü?ünen bir roman yazmay? dü?ünüp bir ç?rp?da bitirmi?. Aceleci ve özensiz. Kafamda Bir Tuhaf?k'da da hissetti?im gibi roman?n yurtdı?ında da okunaca?ı bilinciyle; baz? kavramlar? tan?t?m ve mesaj kayg?s? ta?ı?mı?. Hikayede ço?u yerde kopukluklar var ve gereksiz reklamvari öğeler bulunuyor. (Google Maps, Hürriyet vs )

\*\*\*\*\*Spoiler\*\*\*\*\* olacak ama ?unu sormam gerekir.

?leti?imin ve imkanlar?n üst düzey oldu?u günümüzde, çok zengin bir kimsenin 30 y?l önce öldürüp öldürmedi?inden emin olmadı?ı bir li?i hakk?nda basit bir soru?turma yapmas? hiç aklı?na gelmez mi ? Hele ki bu soru içini sürekli kemiriyorsa..

---

## Hakan says

tam bir ustal?k eseri gibi ba?lı?yor roman. sade bir hikaye, yal?n bir dil. baba-o?ul, itaat-isyan, ba??ml? olmak-birey olmak, otorite, özgürlük, hikayelerin-efsanelerin hayattaki yeri...roman?n tüm meselesini hikayenin içinde göstermeyi/hissettirmeyi ba?aran birinci k?s?m eksilmeyen bir merak ve gerilimle bitiyor. hem heyecanla hem de derinle?erek devam edebilecek bu hikaye ikinci k?s?mla birlikte bamba?ka bir hal al?yor maalesef.

ikinci k?s?mda uzun bir zaman dilimi h?zla/aceleyle anlat?lı?yor, hatta özetleniyor. gösteren/hissettiren bir hikaye yok art?k. do?rudan bilgi veren, tekrarlarla ilerleyen, da??n?k, zaman zaman zorlay?c? ve didaktik bir üslup söz konusu. k?sa roman yazman?n orhan pamuk'u neden ve nas?l zorlad?ı?nı? bu k?s?mda anlamak mümkün. bir yanda uzatma kayg?s?yla vazgeçilen, eksik b?rak?lan, havada kalan yerler var. di?er yanda okura b?rak?lmas? gereken yerlerde uzatma ve gereksiz tekrarlar. özellikle iki efsane (kral oidipus ile rüstem ve sührab) hakk?nda hikayeden/ak??tan ba??ms?z bir söyleve yer veriyor orhan pamuk. bu iki efsaneyi hikayenin merkezinde gösterdikten sonra okura bir alan b?rakmaktansa, neredeyse söylenecek her ?eyi söyleme çabası?na giri?iyor.

üçüncü ve son k?s?mda hikaye biraz daha da??ldıktan sonra h?zla toparlama ve ?a??rt?c? bir finalle

buna ra?men, söylenebilecek tüm olumsuzluklara ra?men, bu roman sadece ele ald??? baba-o?ul meselesi için okunmay?, hatta tekrar tekrar okunmay? hak ediyor. orhan pamuk'un hayat?ndan derin izler ta??d??? a?ıkar bu roman?n çok içten, çok sahici, çok güçlü yan?n? hissetmek, derinli?ine, karma?as?na kap?lmak, dü?ünmek, sormak, sorgulamak için okunmal?.

????????????????????! ?? ??? ?? ???  
 ?????????! ?????????????????????? ???????????????, ?? ?????????????, ? ???????, ?? ?  
 ????????? ?? ?????????????.

[illegible]

Pek çok hayalk?r?kl??? yorumu okudum lakin ben pek öyle dü?ünmüyorum. ?aheser elbette de?il ama derdini anlatan, ak?c? bir hikaye olmu? kan?mca. Ama ?u bir gerçek, Pamuk'un en iyi romanlar?n?

Nobel'den sonra yazd??? arka kapak yorumu kocaman bir palavra. Yay?nc?lar böyle basit pazarlamala taktiklerinden, okuyucular da yazar?n her kitab?ndan ba?yap?t bekleme hallerinden vazgeçmeli.

## Asya says

????????? ? , ?? ??????? ?? ?????????? ????? ?????? ?? ?????????? ????? ?????? ?? ??????..  
 ????? ? ?????????? ?? ????? ? ?????????? ? - ????? - ?? ? ?????????????? ?????? ????????????????

?? ??? ?????????? ??????? ? 3.5 ...

[illegible][illegible]

? ??? ?? ... ????? ? ????, ????? ?? ??? ???? ????; ???, ????? ????? ?? ????????, ??? ????????????????? ????  
 ?? - ??? ?? ?? ???? ?? ????????? ???? ?????.

[illegible]