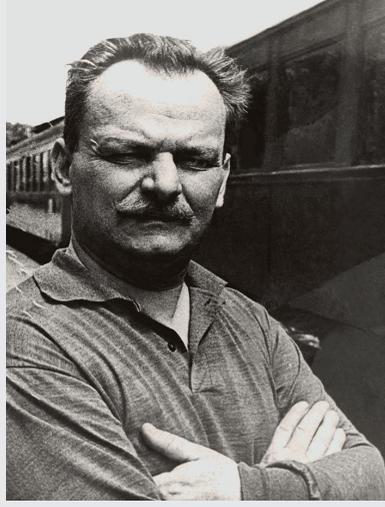


MELİH CEVDET ANDAY*



**Melih Cevdet Anday (born Muzaffer Melih; 1915, Çanakkale – 28 November 2002, Istanbul) was a Turkish writer, poet, novelist, translator, and journalist who wrote numerous works in various genres, including poetry, novels, essays, plays, and translations. After graduating from high school, he briefly studied at the Faculty of Law. He later enrolled at Ankara University's Faculty of Language-History and Geography. However, his studies were interrupted because he was working as a civil servant at the State Railways. Anday's poem 'Ukde' was published in Varlık Magazine in 1936. His poems and writings were published in magazines and newspapers such as Ses, Yaprak, Yeditepe, Papirüs, Yeni Ufuklar, Yeni Dergi, Soyut, Ataç, Dönem, Yön, Saçak, 2000'e Doğru, Aydınlık, Tercüman, Yeni İstanbul, Vakit, Ulus, and Cumhuriyet. He established the Garip movement in 1941 with Orhan Veli and Oktay Rifat, a poetic movement that brought new forms and expressions to Turkish poetry, and published their first joint poetry collection. At the suggestion of the Minister of National Education, Hasan Ali Yücel, he began working as a civil servant at the Publications Directorate of the Ministry of National Education. Between 1953 and 1955, he edited the literature and arts page of the Akşam newspaper. In 1956, his poetry collection Yan Yana was published. This book was investigated. Between 1979 and 1980, he worked as an Education Advisor at UNESCO Headquarters. He has also translated numerous poems into Turkish. Some of his books are as follows: Garip (1941, Orhan Veli ve Oktay Rifat'la birlikte), Sözcükler (1978), Ölümsüzlük Ardında Gilgamiş (1981), Tanıdık Dünya (1984), Güneşte (1989), Yağmurun Altında (1995).*

The Telegraph Office**

You won't be able to sleep.
The dire state of your homeland,
Will awaken you with sounds.
You will sit and write.
Because you are no longer the old yourself,
Now, you are like an abandoned telegraph office.
Constantly receiving sounds,
Sending sounds.
You won't be able to sleep,
Until the state of your motherland improves,
Until the state of the world endures.
Sleep won't come to your eyes.
You won't sleep,
Like a foghorn in the dark night.
Until the daylight breaks.
Dignified, calm, plain,
You will ring.

