We are taking a walk on the edge of an abyss opened in kids by their fathers who do not come back home at nights and in a father who failed to join the funeral ceremony of his kids in Kuşlar Yasına Gider. Hasan Ali Toptaşa never lets us fall into the abyss because he installs an abyss within us by means of his narrative, just as he places a sense of being wasted in Reckless. No matter how one struggles to set oneself free from the institution of fatherhood, which fucked up the lives of those who migrated from the countryside to the cities and thus also fucked the integrated lives of the city dwellers, everyone must eventually recount one’s own share of the Oedipal. There are no such ludicrous metaphors such as “the red” etc. in the book; construction of the imaginary is so much here and now and with us such that we immediately recognize it. This is Toptaş’s genius. Birds, horses, insects, forests, roads, trees go hand in hand to make the narrative possible as much as those who render life impossible for us.

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1 Hasan Ali Toptaş, Kuşlar Yasına Gider (İstanbul: Everest Yayınları, 2016).
2 Hasan Ali Toptaş (1958) is a prominent Turkish novelist and short story writer. He has the reputation of being the Kafka of Turkish literature. His only book available in English is Heba (Reckless, trans. M. Freely and J. Angliss [London: Bloomsbury, 2013]) and the “reckless” translation turns the book into a funfare of gross mistakes and profound tastelessness.
3 Hasan Ali Toptaş, Heba (İstanbul: İletişim Yayınları, 2013).