



My Name is Red

Orhan Pamuk , Erda? M. Gökna? (Translator)

[Download now](#)

[Read Online](#) 

My Name is Red

Orhan Pamuk , Erda? M. Gökna (Translator)

My Name is Red Orhan Pamuk , Erda? M. Gökna (Translator)

At once a fiendishly devious mystery, a beguiling love story, and a brilliant symposium on the power of art, *My Name Is Red* is a transporting tale set amid the splendor and religious intrigue of sixteenth-century Istanbul, from one of the most prominent contemporary Turkish writers.

The Sultan has commissioned a cadre of the most acclaimed artists in the land to create a great book celebrating the glories of his realm. Their task: to illuminate the work in the European style. But because figurative art can be deemed an affront to Islam, this commission is a dangerous proposition indeed. The ruling elite therefore mustn't know the full scope or nature of the project, and panic erupts when one of the chosen miniaturists disappears. The only clue to the mystery—or crime?—lies in the half-finished illuminations themselves. Part fantasy and part philosophical puzzle, *My Name is Red* is a kaleidoscopic journey to the intersection of art, religion, love, sex and power.

My Name is Red Details

Date : Published August 27th 2002 by Vintage (first published 1998)

ISBN : 9780375706851

Author : Orhan Pamuk , Erda? M. Gökna (Translator)

Format : Paperback 417 pages

Genre : Fiction, Historical, Historical Fiction, Mystery, Literature, Novels

 [Download My Name is Red ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online My Name is Red ...pdf](#)

Download and Read Free Online My Name is Red Orhan Pamuk , Erda? M. Gökna (Translator)

From Reader Review My Name is Red for online ebook

Michael Finocchiaro says

This is a fantastic book by Nobel Prize winner Orhan Pamuk which explores the relationship between art and religion and between imagery and idolatry. Set in the 16th century, we are transported into an Istanbul of the Ottoman empire with a murder mystery told in the voices of the characters (and sometimes these are drawings in the books or just concepts) that inhabit the story. Its primary characters feel very real and the buildup to the big reveal at the end makes the book a real page turner. I think that the story told here is still more than relevant to our world of today given the problems stemming from reading religious texts word for word and building violent systems of repression or terror based on individual interpretations of those readings. Unfortunately, some things have not evolved enough in the last 400 years...A must read.

Henry Avila says

During nine snowy, cold, winter days, in the fabulous city of Istanbul, the capital of the Ottoman Empire, at its height, in the reign of Sultan Murat 111, there occurred a brutal murder, (not the last one), the year 1591. At the bottom of an abandoned well, the mangled body of Elegant Effendi, nicknamed Red, a miniaturist, who had worked for the Sultan is found, but not before the corpse tells his sad story. How the victim was lured by a person that was thought a close friend, with promises of riches, and savagely attacked. Strangely the spirit is contented and feels no anger now. Just looking forward to the new world, paradise in heaven. He was a talented painter, along with Stork, Olive, and Butterfly, under old Master Osman, who gave them all their aliases, taught the boys, everything they know, including beatings, when mistakes were made, (all surprisingly love their master, of 25 years), in a workshop, funded by the revered sovereign. Colorful paintings of bright, glorious colors, of horses , trees, clouds, important people, slaughter on many battlefields, fables, enchanting gardens , under the exotic, illuminating moon, with lovers looking tenderly at each other . Red was uneasy about a secret project, he worked on, because of the foreign, Venetian styled, illustrations, forbidden by Islam, many believe, later when completed, these small paintings, will be put in a book, to be viewed only by the ruler, and a few trusted associates ... Black (Kara), a clerk, secretary, and occasional warrior, hired by pashas, fighting endless wars against the Persians, returns to his hometown of Istanbul, after twelve long years. A failed romance cause him much suffering, the reason for his volunteered exile. The beauty, Shekure, his uncle's Enishte, daughter, was constantly on his mind, the lonely days spent thinking about his cousin, wanderings through the vast hot deserts, and freezing temperatures in the dizzy , elevations of towering mountains, sleeping in pungent tents, in isolated locations. The rejection of a marriage proposal by his own uncle, for his love and her wedding to another, a famous soldier, he can never forget. But her husband has been missing for four years, she with two small children living at her father's house, and the army has come back. A second chance for happiness, if only Black, can win her affections... But he has very strong competition, from fierce Hasan, younger brother of Shekure's fearless husband. Esther, a shrewd Jewish peddler, matchmaker , and messenger, for clandestine sweethearts, she knows everything about everyone, having walked over all the city's streets, begins bringing letters to Shekure and Black and Hasan, too. Rumors that the killer is a miniaturist, sweeps the city. Black had been one, in his youth, with the three remaining master painters, before quitting. And the angry Sultan , wants the murderer caught in three days, or torture will commence on the suspects, every miniaturist ...

Lissa says

I tried very hard to really like this book. But, I suppose it's impossible to succeed in everything.

My Name Is Red is both historical fiction and a murder mystery. It takes place in 1591 (according to the timeline at the end of the book). The over-arching motion of the plot centers around the death of a master miniturst in the Sultan's court. The death is revealed in the first chapter, though the reasons surrounding the his death are much slower in being revealed. What is known, almost at the outset, is that his death is related to a book that the Sultan has commission that is to be illustrated in the European style, with respect to perspective and a view of the world as an actual person sees it (as opposed to how Allah would see it). Enishte Effendi, the person in charge of the manuscript, calls his childhood apprentice Black Effendi back from Persia to Istanbul to help investigate the murder and help him finish the Sultan's book. Within this overarching plot is the plight of Enishte's daughter Shekure, whose husband went to war four years prior and never came back. Black has been pining away for her during his twelve year absence from Istanbul, though he is not the only man who is interested in becoming her new husband. Amongst the plot and subplot, there are multiple discussions of style and individualism and what it means to be a father/father-figure, among other topics.

The story is told in a sort of Faulkner-esque fashion, with each chapter being told in the perspective of different characters in the story. These characters are sometimes alive, and sometimes dead (as in the first chapter entitled "I am a corpse"). Also, sometimes the chapters are told in the sort-of perspective of the drawing from Enishte's book - I say sort of, because they're really told from the perspective of a coffee house storyteller who is pretending to be what is depicted in Enishte's book. Are you confused yet?

The was my first issue with this book: at the beginning, it's very confusing. Not knowing a lot about the Muslim faith, it took many chapters before I figured out what exactly was wrong with the way Enishte wanted to illustrate his manuscript. My second problem with this book was all of the exposition. There is too much time spent on the exposition on topics like love and style that are obliquely connected with the plot. Certainly these expositions add greater depth to the different characters, but after a while it started to get a little tedious. Thirdly, Pamuk does not inhabit his different narrators in the way that David Mitchell (Ghostwritten, Cloud Atlas) manages to. As a result, the book feels a little bit flat. Fourthly, the subplot with Shekure adds very little to the book. I found her to be an incredibly unappealing character, and I found myself wishing that the murderer would murder her next.

All of that being said, the book does have a certain flair to the writing. Some of the exposition is really thought-provoking. I also thought that the stories told from the perspective of drawings and corpses and even colors were interesting additions to the plot. In sum, I'm not sorry I read it, but I was expecting more out of it.

Kelly says

*My fickle heart longs for the West when I'm in the East and for the East when I'm in the West.
My other parts insist I be a woman when I'm a man and a man when I'm a woman.
How difficult it is being human, even worse is living a human's life.
I only want to amuse myself frontside and backside, to be Eastern and Western both.*

This is Pamuk's enduring, never ending obsession. He's written fiction and non-fiction, journal articles and newspaper bites, and given endless interviews on this theme. He's even been thrown in jail and put on trial

for the identity he has chosen. He's won the Nobel Prize in Literature for his commitment to expressing his deeply divided mind and spirit, and that (at least he and many others believe) of his country- Turkey. (I apologize in advance if this ends up being something of a ramble through the literary bramble, but I can only say that that would mirror the experience of reading this book.)

My Name is Red will tell you that it is a murder mystery, set in 16th century Istanbul, under the rule of the Sultan. But it will also tell you that it is about many other things, each of which changes, ephemerally, by the moment. The atmosphere of the story digs a little bit into Garcia-Marquez's garden, but storytelling would never be mistaken for his. Each chapter is told by a different voice- some of which are plausible members of a storytelling round, and some of which would really only belong in that category if you were on acid, but they all seem about equally credible, due to the fact that nobody is really credible, so one might as well be fiction or myth as fact. (For instance, we hear from the voices of the drawing of a horse, the fake voice of a woman who is actually a man, a gold piece and the color red.) It is ethereal, elusive, and there isn't one incarnation of the mind that can be trusted here. Don't fall into the trap of assuming that what you read has anything to do with anything other than the particular psychology of the moment- Pamuk is a master of depicting the every day track of a mind, and how unreliable each feeling of a moment is- how everything important is changed by the fact that one just happens to feel hungry at a particular moment, or desperately horny at another. It is an absolute masterwork of insight on the psychology of a particular people at a particular time, and all the various reasons why they are that way, and yet he is able to make them as relatable as possible through it all.

What struck me the most throughout the entire book was how terrified, it seemed, that Pamuk was of missing something. While other authors might be striving to become masters of literature, masters of form, I think Pamuk wished that he could be nothing so much as a master of tapestry-making. I think he would die happy if he could have given this book to the theoretical Weaver in the sky and gotten it back as a divine scrap of worked fabric. There are lists upon lists upon lists of endless things that go on for pages, only to stop and start up once again. As a part of his contradictory feelings towards the West, in a culture whose stories and traditions often originated in the East... although he longs for the West, he's terrified, just as his characters are, that everything they know from the East will disappear. It seems like he can't stop himself- there's some sort of driving fear if he doesn't list everything about history and culture and myth, and repeat all the stories again and again to make sure we remember what they are, it will be gone forever. His expression of ambivalence towards Western culture perfectly expresses the mindset of illuminators in 16th century Istanbul terrified that their entire lives are about to become irrelevant.

The other absorbing, fascinating, and horrifying thing was how well Pamuk illustrates the idea that absolutely nobody speaks with their own voice, both through his painters, constrained by centuries of adherence to a perfect style that some random master brought out of Baghdad that depicts the "perspective of Allah." It is considered heresy and a fault to have a "style", and "signatures" are furtively hidden away as much as possible- the idea that blindness is the ideal to be obtained for these artists is just heartbreaking- at least to someone coming at it from a Western perspective, where seeing painters deliberately rob themselves of their sight, their most precious commodity, over and over again, in the course of obtaining a meaningless idea of perfection that is not their own. The murderer throughout this book strives endlessly to hide himself by speaking in a voice that does not at all resemble how we see him in other places. The majority of people who are speaking a themselves tell stories in order to express their feelings- in fact at the beginning all the suspected illuminators speak almost entirely in story form in order to answer any important question on any philosophical, religious, or even personal topic. Expressing one's feelings just isn't done. One doesn't go up to the pretty boy one would like to fuck and tell him so, one tells him a parable about a gorgeous boy in order to show your admiration for him. Much as the pictures are seen as the "perspective of Allah," it seems that there is only one way to speak, too, in the "words of Allah," or those stories which are sanctioned by the authorities as legitimate- the authority of Allah on earth. It was the ultimate tragedy of the book from the Western perspective, and the ultimate triumph of the book from the accepted ideas of the time, all of these de-individualized people (as much as can be done or denied or pushed from sight) striving towards the goal of

???????? ??????
????? ??????
????? ?????
???????? ?????????? ????? ????? ?????? ??? ?????

?? ????? ????? ????? ?????? ?? ??? ?????? ?????? ????? ?????????? ??? ?????? ?????? ?? ????????? ??????????

?? ?????? ????? ?????????? ??????

...

?????? ?????????? says

???? ?????? ?? ?????? ?????? ?????.. ?? ?????? ?????? ?? ?????? ?????? ?? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? "?????????" ??
????????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ??????
???? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ??????

?? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ??????
????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ??????

?? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ??????
?? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ??????

?? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ??????
????????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ??????

Jason Koivu says

My Name is Red is as gorgeous as these illuminations.

The narrative flows with the weight of such a lush artistic style.

It is a dazzling brilliance that creates a languid beauty...

...that bogs the story down so much I couldn't tell you what the fuck happened.

Astraea says

5 ?????? ?? ?? ??? ????? ??? ???
?????? ?????? ?? ?? ??? ?? ?????????? ????? ?????? ?? ????.
??? ?????? ? ????? ????? ?????? ????? ? ????? ? ????? ?????? ? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ??? .
?? ????? ????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ?? ?????????? ?? ?? ?????????? ??????...
??? ?????? ?? ?????? ?????????? ?? ?? ?????? ?????? ?? ?? ?? ?????? ?????? ?????? ? ?????? ?????? ?????????? ??? ????? ??
????? ?????!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Darcy says

Generally, when a book starts out with a chapter entitled "I Am A Corpse," you know it's going to be pretty good.

The novel is set up so that each chapter introduces a different narrator, including (but not limited to), Black, Black's uncle, Shekure, a dog, a horse, the murderer and various artists in the workshop. This type of structure for a mystery novel isn't new--Wilkie Collins, for example, employed it several times, most notably in *The Moonstone*--and it is an effective way to structure a story so as to hide the whodunit. Each character only tells as much as he, she or it knows and in Pamuk's novel even the murderer hides his or her identity.

The structure in "My Name Is Red," though is less designed to sustain suspense and more to allow room for the various philosophical discussions concerning the purpose of art and, perhaps more importantly, the distinctions between Islamic states and Western Europe. The Frankish mode of painting, particularly of portraiture--to glorify the subject, to paint him or her in terms of his/her earthly wealth and power, to distribute such an image openly as a show of control, to demonstrate the creative abilities of the artist--is at the center of these debates and discussions. Black's uncle finds such images alluring and fascinating while others see them as abhorrent. Master Osman, for example, sees himself as being forced to choose between the centuries old Islamic traditions he venerates and the more modern and distinctly foreign style he despises. Such a choice is not made easily, as the artists themselves discover. The Frankish method celebrates the individuation of the artist--it prizes the signature of the artist as much as the commissioner of the image. This reverence for the artist, as much as for the piece of art, proves to be a great temptation to the men involved and leads directly to the murder.

The structure, however, also allows for a second discussion, not about art but about writing on art. As much as this is a novel concerning visual images, it is also a novel about ekphrasis--the verbal description of art. Ekphrasis has the effect of slowing down a narrative, of interrupting it. Thus, in Homer's *Illiad*, the great battle scene is suddenly punctured by a lengthy description of Achilles' shield. Pamuk plays with this model repeatedly. When the image of the horse, described several times in the novel, is given a voice of its own the narrative is not interrupted, but rather the description of the image becomes the narrative. And, moreover, as the image speaks it refutes the fundamental principles underlying Master Osman's devotion to Islamic traditions of art. Pamuk can hardly resist the joke--this is a novel about art in which not a single image appears, except the map at the beginning and the ones we create in our minds as we imagine the images described. But, are we creating an image of the ideal horse, the horse of God, or one we can actually touch, taste, and smell?

Issa Deerbany says

??? ??? ?????????? ?????????? ?????? ?????????? ?????????? ?????????? ??? ?????????? ??? .
????? ?????? ?????? ??? ?????? ??? ??? ?????????? ?????? ?????????? ??? ??? ?????????? ?????? ?????? ?????? .

???? ???? ????? ??????? ??????? ?? ?????? ??? ???? .
??? ????????? ????????? ???? ?????? ????????? ????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?? ?????? ?????? ????? ???? ???? ????
??????.
???? ?????? ??????

miaaa says

On-a-high version:

I am called Black, I longed for my dearest Shekure for twelve years;
I, Shekure, not quite sure what was I doing in this story;
I am called Butterfly, I was the one who drew the Death and Mia thought I was the murderer;
I am called Stork, I was the one who drew the Tree and Butterfly always envy me as I was more talented without the help from our master;
I am called Olive, I was the one who rendered the Satan and drew the exquisite horse;
I am your beloved uncle, I was preparing a book for our Refuge of the World, Our Glorious Sultan before being murdered by one of my apprentice;
It is I, Master Osman, I wished to follow the path of Master Bihzad who blinded himself with a needle;
I am Esther, my eyes were eternally at the windows and my ears were eternally to the ground;
I am a corpse, I was Elegant Effendi before being murdered by a fellow painter;
I am Mia, I read this book from page 1 to 508 whilst crawling and bleeding to death. So please would someone explain wth is this book about?
Jackie Chan: *Who am I?*

Sober version:

Interesting story regarding Istanbul in the 16th century. One day I'll visit the amazing Blue Mosque that a good friend of mine, Eddie, always talk about. But seriously, though this book is amazing I can't get into it. Totally not my rocknrolla thing.

one of the bule put this book on my desk, got no idea which one though they pointed their fingers to each other lol

Fabian says

I could not help but think of the film "Daisies" ("Sedmikrasky," dir. Vera Chytilova), that shameless classic of the Czech New Wave while reading Ohran Pamuk's My Name is Red. That brilliant & psychedelic film of the 60's portrays two incessant, silly girls who seem to want to emphasize their existence by playing pranks on other people and being undeniably obnoxious. They are terrified at the idea of being forgotten—of not existing. Similarly, in Pamuk's epic novel of conspiring miniaturists, of love and death, the reader is confronted with the theme of existence. There is an unknown presence which strives to be part of the reader's consciousness—which, like the two unremitting, adolescent & undeniably-alive individuals of the film, tries its hardest to appear, to become known & acknowledged.

My Name is Red has a radical structure. As I read more and more books, it becomes increasingly clear that some writers take an enormous amount of effort in establishing a frame, a “cabinet of curiosities” (in the same tradition as MVL’s “Chinese boxes” and “communicating vessels”) in which to properly display their creations. For example, A. S. Byatt, in her Booker-prize winning novel “Possession,” a novel that is more poetry book than a novel, creates several frames in which to place all the poetry which two poets keep exchanging as tokens of their love. Byatt obviously wants to make her poetry accessible, and gives it further clout by giving each poet his or her unique voice—by fully creating two different minds. Pamuk also uses the novel to display his craft, establishing a museum in which to showcase his “paintings”: his cabinet of curiosities includes, not poems, but individual vignettes, brush-stroke tableaus which represent but one facet of a full universe. The conglomeration of these makes up the bulk—gives the reader the voice, the theme & style—of the novel.

“If I could only,” the nameless murderer tells Enishte Effendi, “see the last picture in its entirety” (158). Both the character’s expectations and the reader’s match—their journey is, therefore, genuinely entwined. The reader wants to know what all these different vignettes will culminate in. The wants of a fictional character and those of an actual live reader are the one and the same—this is the main catalyst which moves the narrative to its awesome conclusion. The reader is prepared to sift through the surplus of stories, images, and motifs to get to the bottom of this radical love story/murder mystery. Enishte Effendi admits: “They say we’ve committed an unforgivable sin by daring to draw, from the perspective of a mangy street dog, a horsefly and a mosque as if they were the same size” (158). Virginia Woolf’s literary sense of character democracy, of consciousness-equality, is pretty much Pamuk’s own. By depicting various POVs, by making them authentic and articulate, Pamuk seems to rationalize like many of the great writers that every tiny aspect of the plot is essential—only with all of these different takes on the same thing (the murder of Elegant and the love story of Black and Shekure) can the reader get a faithful interpretation of such enormous complexity and chaos.

There is a consciousness which ties the characters together, and it is perhaps the force of life itself. The crazy girls perturb the status quo when they admit that they want to live (live!) in Daisies. The different entities (whether they be annoying Shekure or the talking picture of a dog, or literally, the color red) all possess life and they indulge the reader in their personal and unique elucidations on life in 16th-century Istanbul. The added element, that is, all the writer’s own beliefs in art (writing is aptly compared to painting) are present in Red, and the work transcends not only the rules of storytelling by having such incredibly different characters in it with such unique voices, but also because it dabbles with the postmodern idea of reading about art within a work of art.

All that being said, there is a grave problem with the pacing of the book--it took me forever to complete this (and lets face it, *Gone With the Wind* this is not). Also, there is a ceaseless amount of repetition of events, a constant reassurance that seems extraneous-- a recompilation of different occurrences voiced by the different (though extremely intriguing) characters. The themes, rich in the context of the production of art, are very appropriate and very revolutionary. This is a postmodern work which of course still lingers on the romantic, and then plays around some with the detective novel genre.

Jim Fonseca says

This book is as much about art as it is a historical novel.

First the novel. A tale of miniaturist painters in Istanbul during the late 1500’s. One of them is a murderer who kills one of his co-miniaturists and later his former master. The deceased master’s daughter is in a religious and political limbo: her soldier husband has been missing for four years, but with no body and no

Jibran says

Arguably the best novel of Orhan Pamuk. Set in Istanbul during the height of Ottoman power, this novel is a tribute to the art of painting as well as a fascinating murder mystery which will keep you hooked till the end. The unusual narrative is felt with full force right from the start - as you read the first chapter, starting with the voice of a corpse at the bottom of the well wondering who was the wretched man that killed him.

Then ensues a beautiful exploration of the 16th century Istanbul's art scene, its many rivalries, and in between breaths a heartfelt love story that keeps the main protagonist on his heels, as he finds his way through the internecine politics at home and at court. This story is a fascinating example of the possibilities of modern global novel. Must read.

Nandakishore Varma says

I am in two minds about this book.

Obviously, it is an important work. It showcases the miniaturist tradition of the Islamic world, and uses the cloistered world of miniaturists to explore the difference in philosophies between the East and the West. It was all the more interesting to me because I have been fascinated by this difference ever since I began viewing paintings with serious interest. In the East, "perspective" does not exist: the painting flows seamlessly over space and time whereas in the West (especially since the Renaissance) the painting is the reproduction of a particular moment in time (we are not talking of abstractions here). The miniaturist paints the world as God sees it: he does not sign the painting, nor does he have an individual style, because he is unimportant. He continues painting (in fact, he paints better!) after he inevitably goes blind. The Frankish painters, in contrast, paint the world as we see it, which is blasphemy according to some of the miniaturists.

I was captivated by the sweep of the book as well as the way it was presented: short chapters, each from the viewpoint of a different character, as though we were looking at a book of miniatures which tells a different story on each page. Moreover, it is a murder mystery in which the victims as well as the murderer directly speak to the reader! It bears a certain resemblance to "The Name of the Rose" in this regard, although Eco's book is much more powerful according to me.

Coming to the minuses: the writing is cumbersome and a task to wade through. I do not know if this is a problem with Pamuk's writing or the translation. The characters are flat: the protagonist (Black) is too weak and cowardly: the heroine (if we can call her that!) too self-centred and manipulative. Maybe the author intended them to be like that, but it does lose reader interest.

I was also rather put off by the amount of lust bubbling on each page. Homosexuality, incest, paedophilia, bestiality, fetishism... everything is there, simmering just beneath the surface. Young boys are regularly presented as objects of lust. Men kiss each other passionately, even when one is about to kill the other! I have heard that Turkey was the centre of "deviant" sexual practices during Ottoman times, so maybe it is a true picture, but it did not vibrate with me.

So...adding the negatives and positives, I will go for three stars.

Samra Yusuf says

I believe in the fact that there is nothing as fact, everything the eye beholds is the individual reality of the beholder, what the eye sees and mind translates it as sight is a phenomenon of individual perception, and this is where the artist discerns himself from a mere beholder, he is, simultaneously a beholder and a creator, or we may say the re-creator, his strokes alive the scenery, his colors spark the stars, his art immortal the mortality of life, and his hands vouchsafe timelessness to the time bound. And such an artist, is a blatant sinner in the eyes of Islam, as Allah is the sole creator, and to create is his attribute only, and to impersonate this attribute an act of sacrilege! And Orhan took 700 plus pages to indispensably say this.

Its sixteenth century Istanbul, pinnacle of ottoman rule, a book of illustrations is in the making, the contents of the book are being kept secret until it completes, as the Sultan demands. One of the four makers of book is found murdered at the pit of well with cause of murder and murderer unknown, following another murder of the in charge of the whole work Enishte Effendi by the hands of same murderer in same manner, and a good 500 pages wrap the further happenings.

The novel's busting with plots within plots, history, mystery, art, education, philosophy, love, lost, you just name it, and all it lacks is grip on reader and the inspiration to move on, or in the very least drag on, I believe Orhan is not the sole creator of this concoction of a thing novel, translator has done the job on equal ground, but translation alone doesn't grind the gears, it's the whirlwind of infinity narrative voices you find yourself blown up with, or we might correctly say swipe away with, characters are as flat as a scale, and never did I read anything this lackluster on the subject of art?

I am inclined to believe all Pamuk aimed through this, was the encomium to the lost art of Islamic illumination, if it could only had not been with this dry voice..huh!
