

AHMET ASLAN / BIOGRAPHY

The only time when I was truly myself was during my childhood. Then, when I was 5 years old, my parents registered me at the local office of administration. Probably at that moment I also lost my original self. The only thing I liked at school, when I was that age, was painting.

I believed I could paint away what I had lost. Although the paintings never reflected my true self I still became the best in my age group in Turkey. That happiness also didn't last long: I watched my father use the paintings for firewood so he could enjoy his cup of tea and smoke his cigarettes. (Painting was not considered a serious vocation).

During my time at the Lyceum I learned to play the Tambur. Through the instrument I longed to express my true self. I went from Diyarbakir to the conservatorium of Istanbul, always improving my skill, but failing to find a personal connection/affinity.

In Germany I even lost contact with the Tambur. Then I met the guitar and he helped me rekindle my relationship with the tambur (instrument of my ancestry).

Now we are an union of Three. With the music we made I felt I had reached a point before the Dawn of Time. Is what I was taught the truth? Does history really start at zero? Is zero even in the right place? (Or have we reached the limits of our understanding?)

Discography

Rüzgar ve Zaman - 2005

It was just a droplet when it fell in me. When an unknown reason took me those places, the child was waiting for me. It was a windy night. It was obvious that some people were after us. The hand of the child was my only guide in that dark realm.

How much did I live, how much older did I grow? With whom I made friends, and with whom did I fought with? Now what remained behind was just this unknown flesh. Were there any meaning to my life other than sorrow and foolishness? The only respond I could give was murmuring my songs: understanding what was lived ... to understand and understand ... Who for? The darkness, the wind and this child.

"Hey! Who are you?"

We stopped.

"A child from the times you do not know"

"But then, why me?"

"Turn back and look, you are there"

I turned. Just pitch darkness.

I knew, I was fool of my sorrow.

I knew, now I was just this small hand. I sang my songs again; I murmured my memories for him. We took many steps ...

Then we stopped. He leaned me against a rock.

"This is where you lost your past and sorrow. Here; at the verge of this rock where your life will star again. From now on, this will be your secret."

I moved my hand around. I rubbed my hand against my face. I could not help my tears. The wind fell silent. I was hearing water sounds.

Veyve Milaketu / Meleklerin Dansı / Dance of the Angels – 2008

A man is curled up next to a rock, A man and a rock; let's forget, many winds have still to blow... Cold; even the threads of his hair don't reach his skin Crashed; no one is left to cry for his grief. How many voices are there in his mind, how many memories in his nights? Will he burn if touching the sun; will his

might stand without falling into sin? Who knows? Thank us, a beast on his knee, a sparrow, and another one in his heart:

"I have read the ancient writings on the wall Hopes couldn't reach his face, power not the pain, oh my Lord Otherwise the world would not end up in blood and tears The silence of our songs were too late noticed, oh my Saint With laughter he laid down next to the threshold of the rock A dream passed by He doesn't have another companion, oh my brother."

The sky thundered, the rain touched his face. As the sparrow was shuddering he opened his eyes slightly: "Only you are left in my garden, who was that woman in my night?"

A woman in the color of the earth, she was muttering a song when walking away: "I've lost a son at this place Just at the beginning of the Path His eyes were seeking for love In search for the Truth he relied upon a Ruler"

Got scared. While trembling, the sparrow flew away A snake was floating. A picture from his childhood came in sight. In the middle of the night soaked in white clothes Shapeless and without silhouette, continuing in a way of trance Men and women he saw Later upon he would hear The place that they would meet was Mountain Mar

He smiled and turned Kissed the rock three times and took his first steps towards the side of the snake, the sparrow and 'theirs'.