

Chapter 3

Authorial Voices

In his groundbreaking essay, “The Death of the Author,” Roland Barthes opines that the author of a text is (in a metaphorical sense) dead; he has no real (substantial) connection to his own work, and thus his “identity” can be ignored by the reader and critic of his work. For Barthes, then, the author is in a certain sense disconnected from his work. As Barthes explains:

No doubt it has always been that way. As soon as a fact is narrated no longer with a view to acting directly on reality but intransitively, that is to say, finally outside of any function other than that of the very practice of symbol itself, this disconnection occurs, the voice loses its origin, the author enters into his own death, writing begins. (1466)

Now then, as one can plainly see, the metaphorical death of an author is also the birth (for the reader) of his work (his text); also, this death of the author gives the reader total freedom of interpretation. It means quite clearly that the reader must separate a literary work from its creator in order to liberate it from interpretive tyranny, and this interpretive tyranny of course derives from the authority of an author. Furthermore, Barthes also notes that, “Once the author is removed, the claim to decipher a text becomes quite futile. To give a text an Author is to impose a limit on the text, to furnish it with a final signified, to close the writing” (1469). Obviously, Barthes would encourage the reader to belittle the status of an author in a given work, and to omit the authorial influence on his own work and also to overthrow the authority of an author; in fact Barthes prefers to use the word *scriptor*, rather than the word *author*, because he believes the author has no authority. Therefore, according to Barthes’s view point, every author is dead while they are writing.

Similarly, in Orhan Pamuk's own essay entitled, "Implied Writer," he raises an analogous opinion, and he expounds his personal reflection of being a novelist, he argues that, to write a novel is like being "cut off from the real world" (20) and the novel is his "beloved second world" (24), into which he enters happily, and no doubt, this second world is his imaginative world in which he often indulges himself. And, like Barthes, he also affirms that, the author can be seen as a "half ghost" (20) by saying, "I have sometimes even entertained the thought that I was fully dead and trying to breathe life back into my corpse with literature" (20). Pamuk also believes, "the best books are by dead writers. Even if they are not yet deceased, to sense their presence is to sense a ghost" (20). Both Pamuk and Barthes tend to appreciate the death of the author for they both emphasize the spiritual separation between a writer and his work; however, Pamuk's own reflection about being a novelist, he sees himself as a dead man or a half ghost, seems to derive from his love toward literature, which makes his argument about the death of the author appear to be less conscientious than Barthes's one. But one can rightfully assume that Pamuk must be to a more or lesser degree influenced by Barthes's manifestation and seemingly a believer of the death of the author as well, because they have much in common when it comes to novel-writing.

Although, Pamuk's own attitude of being a novelist somehow conforms to Barthes's "The Death of the Author" quite a lot, and he is also most likely to agree on most of Barthes's manifestations; little does he know, in his own postmodern novel, My Name is Red, he apparently is not dead; on the contrary he is pretty much alive and constantly influencing the novel, in other words, his presence as a creator of the novel can be sensed quite concretely, instead of what he says, a ghost. In fact, in My Name is Red, an extremely postmodern novel taking the form of historiographic

metafiction, readers can easily sense the author's presence and intention through the style of narration of his multiple narrators as well as his multiple personae, because first of all, the narrators in this novel are first-person narrators who speak directly to the reader, question the reader, interact with the reader, and all these active attributes of Pamuk's narrators to some extent well reflect the author's own intention to involve the reader; furthermore, among all the narrators, there is actually a narrator who is named Orhan, exactly the same first name of the author himself. In this regard, it is hard to persuade any reader that the author is dead in this particular novel. Although, Barthes's insistence on the death of the author may be reasonable and plausible out of his post-structuralist point of view, in the case of My Name is Red, the author is not only not dead, but he actually intrudes the novel and his presence can be therefore sensed almost everywhere in this novel.

This chapter will be mainly discussing the authorial influence in this novel, preceded by the chapters of Conflicting Voices and Postmodern Voices, this chapter is in other words, focused on figuring out the authorial voices as well as the authorial intrusion. Notably, authorial intrusion is a common postmodern narrative strategy often employed by the postmodern writers. And this intrusion of the author usually and effectively creates different layers of reality of the novel, which is also one of the most fascinating feature of the postmodern novel, because, like other postmodern techniques, authorial intrusion allows the reader to explore more possibility of interpretation from a given text.

One is justified to wonder that, if the author, Orhan Pamuk is not dead, then how does he influence the novel My Name is Red? And if Barthes's well-knit statement "The Death of the Author" is not specifically applicable for the interpretation of My Name is Red, what is the proper method that a reader should adopt to approach the

relation between the author and the novel My Name is Red? Bakhtin offers another perspective to view these problems, as he argues in his essay, “The Problem of Speech Genres”:

They, too, are clearly demarcated by a change of speaking subject, and these boundaries, while retaining their external clarity, acquire here a special internal aspect because the speaking subject—in this case the *author* of the work—manifests his own individuality in his style, his worldview, and in all the aspects of the design of his work. (75)

For Bakhtin, an author’s individuality is self-evident in his own work, and in other words, the work is able to demonstrate and represent the author’s style and worldview. Also, Bakhtin believes an author’s design of his work can reflect the author’s influence on his own work, in general. Unlike Barthes who utterly denies the importance of the author, Bakhtin holds a rather positive attitude toward the author and acknowledges the authorial influence on his own work. And in the case of the first-person narrative My Name is Red, the distance between the author and the novel itself is even midget; to be more precise, the author’s allowing all his first-person narrator to tease and play with the reader and also the author’s allowing the reader to penetrate deeply and directly into each character’s mind, altogether reveal the author’s intention. While reading My Name is Red, one is hard to not pay attention to the author’s presence in his work, because it is the author’s own design to let all the character-narrators tease the reader, question the reader and address the reader directly, and it is also the author’s own design to lay bare characters before all readers’ eye. Unlike a conventional novelist who can simply estrange himself from his work and let the third-person narrator control the flow of the story; the postmodern My Name is Red makes Pamuk’s influence an indispensable factor of interpreting this novel,

because the most idiosyncratic feature of the novel, namely the multiple first-person narrators, in effect confirms the direct intervention of the author in this novel. In sum, readers can approach the authorial intrusion of My Name is Red in two ways, first, the author's experimental creation of the character taking his own name Orhan, and the author's deliberate manipulation over the multiple first-person narrators; the former can be seen as the direct authorial intrusion and the latter indirect.

Authorial Intrusion (Direct Intrusion)

In My Name is Red, the author is not a complete stranger. In fact, he makes a joke out of himself by creating an interesting character whose name happens to be Orhan, the very identical name of the author himself. The character-narrator Orhan in this story is Shekure's second son who has a brother named Shevket also. And Orhan in this novel first appears as an innocent and timid six-year-old child. Because of his young age, he never really participates any major event of the novel, such as the search of murderer and the conflict of painting style between East and West, he is merely a minor character, yet this character Orhan is given with an opportunity to narrate a whole chapter. However, the most intriguing and distinguishing feature of this character Orhan is that, at the end of the story, Orhan becomes the recorder of the happenings of the story, entrusted by his mother Shekure, as Shekure tells the reader at the end of the novel:

In the hopes that he might pen this story, which is beyond depiction, I've told it to my son Orhan. Without hesitation I gave him the letters Hasan and Black sent me, along with the rough horse illustrations with the smeared ink, which were found on poor Elegant Effendi. Above all, don't be taken in by Orhan if he's drawn Black more absentminded than he is, made our lives harder than they are, Shevket worse and me prettier

and harsher than I am. For the sake of a delightful and convincing story, there isn't a lie Orhan wouldn't deign to tell. (MNR 413)

According to Shekure's narration quoted above, apparently Orhan is the one who succeeds all the happenings from his mother and he is also the one who is in charge of turning these happenings into words. However, along with the obscure emergence of the character Orhan in this novel, as well as the function of the character Orhan, there might be two essential problems left unanswered and to be explored by the readers, one might wonder, is the Orhan in the novel really the Orhan in the real world who writes My Name is Red? In other words, is Orhan Pamuk really inspired by some unknown source which motivates him to write this novel? And does Orhan start to record all the events in the story after they already happened?

Actually, these two problems lead the reader to consider the fundamental essence of this novel. As a matter of fact, My Name is Red is without a doubt a mere fiction, a historiographic metafiction precisely, therefore, everything and every character that emerges in this novel may be merely fictional, in other words, the things in the narrated world My Name is Red might not really take place at all. The character Orhan could not possibly be the real author of the novel Orhan Pamuk, since the novel takes place in the year 1591, and Pamuk is a 21st century novelist. Therefore, the most plausible answer is that, the story is after all fictional which exists only in Pamuk's imagination. And the character Orhan may not be the real person who writes the story, the final narration of Shekure only indicates that the man who writes this novel will be named Orhan, and if the events of the novel happen before the character Orhan's writing, Shekure would not warn the reader of Orhan's exaggeration and overstatement at the end of her narration. However, despite the irrational emergence of the character Orhan in this novel, this is simply part of the

design of Pamuk's postmodern trick after all. Brenda K. Marshall provides a helpful perspective of seeing Pamuk's position as a postmodern author, she argues, "The historiographic metafictionist refuses the possibility of looking to and writing about the past 'as it really was.' Rather s/he takes on an active role, and 'does' the past, participates, questions and interrogates" (150-51). In the case of My Name is Red, Pamuk does not simply depict a story of ancient times, rather he literally participates and recreates an imaginative past with the possibility stemmed from his split identity, the two Orhans coexist, one belongs to the narrated world, or in Pamuk's own words, his "beloved second world" (24); the other belongs to the real world. And the character Orhan helps to emphasize the presence and the importance of the real author Orhan Pamuk.

In fact, Pamuk's split identity in this novel effectively creates different layers of reality reminiscent to the style of Borges. In one of Borges's parable excerpted from Labyrinth named, "Borges and I," Borges has employed the verisimilar idea of split identity. In Borges's parable, he speaks of Borges as someone else, someone not himself. Interestingly, at the end of his parable, he writes, "I do not know which of us has written this page" (Labyrinth 247). The same schizophrenic confusion must occur to Pamuk too, he might probably be asking himself which Orhan is the real one who is writing My Name is Red, this is also the reason he invents the character using his own name in the first place. As a fellow postmodern novelist, Pamuk might not be less familiar with the idea of parallel universe than Borges. In other words, one can also exploit the idea of parallel universe to interpret the phenomenon derived from split identity of the author in both Pamuk and Borges's works. According to encyclopedia, "parallel universe or alternative reality is a self-contained, separate, reality coexisting with our own" (Wikipedia), in this sense, one can consider the

narrated world in the novel My Name is Red a self-contained and separate reality, and the character Orhan and the real author Orhan Pamuk coexist simultaneously. While the author is writing the novel My Name is Red he at the same time lives within the narrated world with his split identity, and this further reaffirms Marshall's argument, the historiographic metafictionist does not simply depict the story, rather he takes on an active role and participates the story.

Again, in My Name is Red, the author is certainly not dead, because of his conspicuous intrusion with the character using his own name. In fact, Pamuk does not create a character in his namesake for no reason, in one interview, he once admits that the child Orhan in My Name is Red relates to his own childhood experience, as Schwartz indicates, "In an interview, Pamuk said that he is the Orhan of the novel, who at the close is entrusted with telling the story, and that the family configuration mirrors his own childhood. Plus he has a brother named Shevket" (24), Shevket and Orhan are exactly the sibling that appears in this novel. This further proves that Pamuk does intend to intrude the novel with his created character Orhan and the relation between Shevket and Orhan does reflect his own experience as a real person. Furthermore, Pamuk not only intrudes My Name is Red by creating a character in his namesake but also his other work named Snow, according to Margaret Atwood:

Like Pamuk's other novels, "Snow" is an in-depth tour of the divided, hopeful, desolate, mystifying Turkish soul. It's the story of Ka, a gloomy but appealing poet who hasn't written anything in years. But Ka is not his own narrator: by the time of telling, he has been assassinated, and his tale is pieced together by an "old friend" of his who just happens to be named Orhan. (1-2)

Here, one can plainly tell that, in Pamuk's postmodernism, he often intrudes his novel

with the same trick, creating a character named Orhan as himself, and positing this character within the intertwined and well-woven plots of his narrated world as a minor yet important character, important because Orhan is supposed to be the one who tells the tale. And one can thus also conclude that, Pamuk tends to connect his real life with his creation by way of his split identity, perhaps because he to some extents wants to reveal his identity by both making the Orhan become the successor of the story of My Name is Red and making the Orhan in Snow the narrator of the story. In so doing, he might also want to create different layers of reality. While readers are reading Pamuk's novel, they are constantly reminded that, apart from the Orhan in his novel, there is really a person named Orhan Pamuk who wrote all this.

Authorial Influence (Indirect Intrusion)

Other than the direct authorial intrusion, the author using his own name Orhan to literally take part in his story, the authorial influence can also be traced through the narration of his multiple narrators. Roland Barthes affirms that while the author is writing, he is dead, mainly because he believes that the author's subjectivity will gradually diminish when he is engaged in the activity of writing. Nevertheless, the case of My Name is Red is quite the other way around, the author not only does not lose his own subjectivity but on the contrary he deprives his characters of their subjectivity. One can sense that Pamuk, the author of the novel, in this novel actively manipulates all of his first-person narrators, even cripples their subjectivity, and eventually makes them transparent before the eyes of all readers. Bakhtin asserts, "Behind the narrator's story we read a second story, the author's story; he is the one who tells us how the narrator tells stories, and also tells us about the narrator himself" (314). Hence, it is very obvious Bakhtin is most likely to agree that, the author is the ultimate person behind the story and who has the utmost power to

control and manipulate his narrator, or narrators, and this is exactly the situation in My Name is Red.

In My Name is Red, obviously it is the author's intention to invite the reader to fill the role of eavesdropper of the story, which means the author intentionally and periodically exposes all the character-narrators' thought to the reader, even including the most private contemplation of those characters. Therefore, unlike a conventional third-person narrative novel which makes the reader have no choice but have to conjecture a character's possible internal thought through his external behavior, in My Name is Red the character-narrators will confess everything in their minds by themselves. And readers by reading the narration of each character-narrator will be able to penetrate directly into each character's mind, enters each character's private life, and ultimately participates the story as a third person. Bakhtin calls this phenomenon of a novel, "the philosophy of third person in private life" (126). Also, Bakhtin pertinently terms the reader with such vision that can see through a character's mind directly as a "legal criminal" (124), legal because the reader is allowed to do the logically impermissible, that is, eavesdropping and spying, he indicates:

The significance of legal-criminal categories in the novel, and the various ways they are used—as specific forms for uncovering and making private life public—is an interesting and important problem in the history of novel . . . But the criminal material itself is not essential . . . what matters are the everyday secrets of private life that lay bare human nature—that is, everything that can be only spied and eavesdropped upon. (124)

In reading My Name is Red, the reader automatically and inevitably becomes the legal criminal, who silently spies and eavesdrops on everything the characters do and

everything the characters have in mind, but do remember that, it is the author's own design to lay bare the character-narrators in his novel, and in a way invite the reader to participate his postmodern game. Speaking of eavesdropping, Brian McHale raises an advantageous argument which better explains the reader's position and function in such kind of novel, as he points out:

The presence of the eavesdropper in the scene directs our attention to a further dimension of the epistemological structure . . . for we readers in effect occupy the position of this eavesdropper: he is our surrogate within the fictional world. In other words, the various epistemological quests of the characters are ultimately transferred to us, the readers. (197)

In this novel, Shekure and the murderer are probably two of the most complicated and sophisticated character-narrators, for they on the one hand sometimes seem to conceal secrets or private feelings from the reader, yet on the other hand they both desire to be understood to some extent. Shekure often tries to conceal her private feeling toward Black, and the murderer of course tries to conceal his true identity from being discovered by the reader, yet one can still sense the murderer's intense desperation for freedom.

When Shekure discovers her father's sexual relationship with the servant of their house named Hayriye, her father actually sleeps with Hayriye, Shekure speaks to the reader:

let me confess my only pressing concern: I regret having just now told you, out of spite, about the matter between my father and Hayriye. No, I wasn't lying, but I'm still so embarrassed that it would be best if you forget about it. Pretend I never mentioned anything as if my father and Hayriye weren't thus involved, please? (MNR 90)

Actually, Shekure is a thoughtful and suspicious woman, she never believes anyone even herself. However, in her speech addressing the reader directly quoted above, she reveals her most honest thought, and admits that the reason she divulges the affair happening between her father and Hayriye to the reader is out of spite. One can sense her most sincere request through her imploring tone and thus would not doubt her kindness toward her father and Hayriye. In a plot where Shekure returns from her secret meeting with Black in the house of Hanged Jew, she tells the reader, “I know you’re all wondering what I’m thinking. How much do I trust Black? Let me be frank with you, I myself don’t know what to think. You do understand, don’t you?” (MNR 177). It is, without a doubt, the author’s design to make Shekure speak directly to the reader, and share her most private thought with the reader. While she says, “Let me be frank with you,” the problem of narrative credibility and reliability presents itself. Indeed, one might wonder, how frank she is now anyway. And later she also says to the reader, “I want to share something with you before I arrive home. No! come off it, now, it’s not about the size of that monstrosity Black showed me. If you want we can talk about it later” (MNR 177). The monstrosity Black showed her as she mentioned is that, at the end of the secret meeting between Shekure and Black, Black abruptly demands a blow job from Shekure, which eventually makes Shekure draw back from their intimacy. Here, Shekure arbitrarily conjectures the reader’s curiosity, she supposes that the reader might want to know the detail of the erotic engagement going on during their secret meeting. In fact, few readers might be interested in such thing, it is merely Shekure’s one-sided prediction. But it once again shows that the author makes Shekure’s thought transparent before the eyes of the reader, even when she mulls over the most vulgar engagement.

Having just killed Elegant, the murderer appears as a regretful criminal before

the reader's eye, as he confesses, "I've adopted a second voice, one befitting a murderer, so that I might still carry on as though my old life continued" (MNR 97). The murderer's tone is excessively dominated by regret and anxiety. Here one is able to penetrate right through the murderer's mind, hearing his true voice, in which he reveals his sincere repentance. In the murderer's interior monologue quoted above, one can sense that the murderer wish nothing has happened deep inside his mind, because he wants to carry on his old life, the life before he has become a murderer. And by reading this sincere confession of the murderer, one might begin to sympathize with the murderer's anxious mentality out of his devoutness. And in this specific occasion, readers normally will not doubt the reliability of the murderer's speech. During the detection of the true identity of the murderer, the Sultan orders Master Osman to hold a false contest of horse-drawing in the name of picking out the next head illustrator who is to succeed Master Osman's position in the royal workshop. But the actual reason for this contest is that, when the murderer kills Elegant, he has unconsciously left behind a sketch of a horse on Elegant's dead body. And this horse possesses a peculiar and unusual nostril; therefore, Master Osman demands each of the three young masters, Butterfly, Stork and Olive to reproduce a horse in their own styles. Master Osman believes, by using the "courtesan method" (MNR 253), he will be able to discern who is the one that draws the horse with a peculiar nostril and will eventually be able to identify who the murderer really is among the three of them. While Olive finishes drawing a horse, he says, "When I draw a magnificent horse, I become that magnificent horse" (MNR 275); similarly, Butterfly says, "When I draw a magnificent horse, I become a great master of old drawing that horse" (MNR 277); finally, Stork speaks after completing the drawing of a horse, "When I draw a magnificent horse, I am who I am, nothing more" (MNR 279). After the three of the

young masters finish their drawings, the oncoming chapter narrated by the murderer soon questions the reader, “Were you able to determine who I am from the way I sketched a horse?” (MNR 279) Despite the fact that, the murderer here openly challenges the reader’s intelligence, one might rightfully assume that, it is once again the author’s own contrivance to withhold the true identity of the murderer from the reader by giving the reader little and obscure clues, and it is therefore also the author’s own intention to invite the reader to participate this detective game by gradually arousing his/her curiosity. The author is fully aware that, readers must be continuously cautious in reading the narration of the each of the three young masters when they finish the drawings of horses in order to identify the murderer through their personalities. Moreover, he also quite well knows that every time the three of Butterfly, Stork and Olive emerge as narrators in this novel, readers will normally get extra alert of everything they say. But once again, the reliability of the narrators becomes a crucial problem along with the deliberate concealment of narration manipulated by the author.

The reason that makes Shekure and the murderer’s narration sometimes reliable yet sometimes unreliable is that, the author cleverly controls the provision of truth, he quite understands what are the things he should let the readers know in a certain occasion, and what are not. And by gradually giving the readers limited clues, the author also skillfully teases the readers’ curiosity and psyche. Brian McHale believes that unreliability and reliability can coexist in a text, as he argues:

Unreliability and reliability can coexist in this way because they are found at different levels. A character’s unreliability normally manifests itself in his or her interpretation or evaluation of the fictive world; unreliability can also be epistemological involving the character’s

knowledge or ignorance of that world; but it is seldom ontological.

What the character definitely knows normally is there in the fictive world, and the reader can confidently incorporate it in his or her reconstruction; as indeed one must, if one is to reconstruct at all. (64)

According to McHale, unreliability or reliability derives from a character's knowledge of the fictive world. Hence, the problem goes back to the essential narrative design of the author. The author by employing multiple narrators and endowing them with fairly limited knowledge, he justifiably renders fragmented portions of the whole truth of the novel through the narration of each narrator, and this design of narrative makes the author able to control the provision of truth at will, because the multiple narrators all share a similarity, that is, they only speak about what they know, since each of them only has limited knowledge of the whole matter. And this limited knowledge of each character-narrator is precisely the manipulative tool of the author in the postmodern narrative game of My Name is Red, there is no single omniscient narrator who knows everything and is able to tell everything to the reader; instead, the reader can only expect torn parts of the whole truth from each of the multiple narrators, and this is how the author controls the provision of truth, he will only offer clues little by little to the reader, along with the change of narrator in this novel. And all the multiple narrators who have only limited knowledge are to some extent naïve due to their equal ignorance of the fictive world, M. H. Abrams adds:

Some literary works exhibit structural irony; that is, the author, instead of using an occasional verbal irony, introduces a structural feature that serves to sustain a duplex meaning and evaluation throughout the work. One common literary device of this sort is the invention of naïve hero, or else a naïve narrator or spokesman, whose invincible simplicity or

obtuseness leads him to persist in putting an interpretation on affairs which the knowing reader—who penetrates to, and shares, the implied point of view of the authorial presence behind the naïve persona—just as persistently is called on to alter and correct. (135-36)

The multiple narrators are in a way naïve and even less informed than the reader, because a certain narrator does not know what other narrators know; while the reader might have already read other narrators' narration. All in all, the most critical attribute of the design of multiple narrators is the respectively limited knowledge which allows the author to mystify the story and intensify the tension of the story.

Again, the author is certainly not dead in My Name is Red, one can sense his presence through his active and constant manipulation of the narrative as well as his intervention of the narrative. By using the multiple narrators to tell a story, the author compellingly dominates the initiative and gives the reader partial truth at times, and also he successfully creates a jig-saw like structure of the novel. And readers while reading this novel have to automatically fill the role of eavesdropper and piecing up the given limited clues by themselves in order to uncover the ultimate truth of the novel. However, one might have a problem in mind, "How can I interpret this world which I am part? And what am I in it?" (McHale 146). Indeed, one might sometimes feel confused while trying to decipher the narration of the novel. But Edgar Göknar believes that this novel is actually "hermeneutical," and the interpretation must be "provided by the reader or perhaps the narrator" (Göknar 37). It confirms the thought once again, that in such a postmodern novel, readers should also take on an active role and make interaction with the narrators. In the former chapter, it is mentioned that, a postmodern work requires cooperation between the author and the reader. Brenda K. Marshall proves this viewpoint by saying:

The result is often an insistence that the reader beware of her/his complicity in determining any ‘meaning’ from the text. This is not to say that the narrator-author and reader work together to discover a meaning that is within the text; rather, the postmodern metafictionist challenges the reader to recognize that together they determine meaning.

(151)

And McHale also asserts, “Obviously, there’s no way to escape participation in the game. We should play it carefully” (113). It is quite clear that in reading My Name is Red, a typical example of a postmodern novel, the reader should not refuse the challenge offered by the author and the first person narrators who constantly address him/her directly and question him/her provocatively. Rather, the reader must actively share the responsibility of determining (or trying to determine) the meaning of My Name is Red and of resolving problems presented by this novel, by carefully filling the role of “you” —the second-person that is continuously addressed by the multiple narrators and the author himself. Truly, in a postmodern work, there is no ultimate meaning, and thus no absolute interpretation. The dénouement of MNR does not clearly indicate the true identity of the murderer, but only provides the reader with ambiguous and uncertain hints with uncertainty and ambiguity. Yet the novel nonetheless requires its reader to attempt to determine and define its limits, its possible senses, and this is perhaps the original purpose of the author, if not also fundamental purpose.

The authorial voice, then, transforms itself into the voices of the multiple character-narrators; the author is the one who dominates the style of the narrative in this particular novel. And certainly, while Pamuk was writing this novel, he never withdrew or distanced himself from it; on the contrary, he manages to control the

shrinking sense of subjectivity, as Barthes might say. In the first place, Pamuk has created a character as his own namesake, which means he himself is taking an active part (playing an active role) in his own novel. Thus the character Orhan also reminds the reader of the author's creativity: the reader will finally be informed that Orhan is the one responsible for recording the happenings in this story. In the second place, behind all the heterogeneous voices uttered by different character-narrators who address the reader directly, it is hard for readers to ignore the truth that the author is the one manipulating all the narrators, like puppets performing show before the reader's eye. For it is obvious the character-narrators' peculiar narration, by acknowledging the constant presence of the reader, that is, by recognizing that the reader is a perpetual eavesdropper, accurately reflects the author's intention. Hence, it is that the authorial voices resound throughout this novel, and can be heard almost everywhere in it.

