



BÜLTEN BULLETIN

**INFO-TÜRK AJANSI
INFO-TÜRK AGENCY
AGENTSCHAP INFO-TÜRK
AGENCE INFO TÜRK
INFO-TÜRK AGENTUR**

COLLECTIF TURC D'EDITION ET DE DIFFUSION
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BANK ACCOUNT INFO-TÜRK: 310-0148714-02

Monthly Periodical
Year V - December 1980
English 50
Price 30 FB
Annual supscription
Benelux 350 FB
Abroad 400 FB

Reprints of our articles authorized
with the mention of Info-Türk

INFO-TURK WISHES YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR

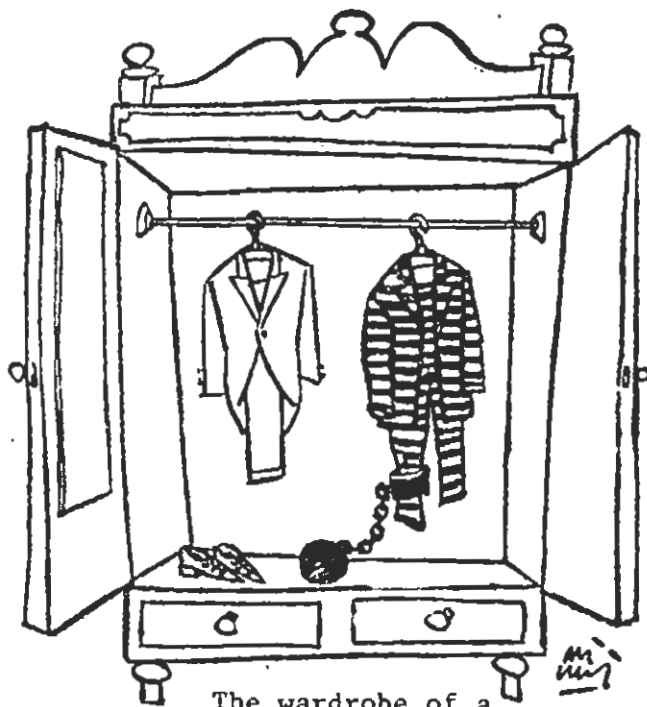
TWO DOCUMENTS OF SHAME FOR THE FASCIST MILITARY JUNTA

Just one year ago as 1979 ended and 1980 began, the commanders of the Turkish Armed Forces showed the first marks of a new dark era by sending an ultimatum to the President of the Republic.

With the coup d'état of 12th September 1980, this era started with all brutality and, as related in our preceding BULLETINS, a fascist military dictatorship was installed within the frame of the plans of the NATO and the IMF.

As for each fascist dictatorship, the only way for the junta to keep the power in its hands was to resort to state's terror.

As 1980 ended, we present the world opinion two documents of shame for the fascist military junta.



The wardrobe of a
progressive journalist in Turkey

Affidavit of Muzaffer Erdost

HOW İLHAN ERDOST WAS MURDERED
UNDER THE TORTURE OF MILITARY PERSONNEL

A certain notification issued on my name was left at my cousin's bookstore on "Zafer Çarşısı" by the authorities, indicating that a file of investigation was opened on me by the Political Section of the Department of Security of Ankara. Furthermore, it was stated that the subject file was placed at the Press Affairs Branch of the Political Section and I was requested to phone the authorities at the said department as soon as possible. Upon receipt of the notification, I phoned to the given number in the morning of 3 November 1980 and talked to a certain Mr. Cevat, the senior commissar of "the Press Affairs Bureau". He told me that it was necessary for me to report to the Department of Security. When I asked him on which subject I was requested, he answered me that, he knew nothing about the subject and added about the existence of an official notification from the Martial Law authorities requesting them to find me for further investigations. In the morning of very same day, I reported to "the Press Affairs Bureau" of the Political Section. I was asked, why my brother İlhan Erdost was not with me. In their notification, İlhan was not requested by the authorities and we know nothing about that matter. There was a piece of paper on the desk, containing my and my brother's home addresses. Underneath of our addresses, there was a short note in handwriting saying, "Even no concrete proof is found, a profound investigation should be made..."

During the very same day, a search took place in my and my brother's residences and work places as well. Not any element of guilt was found during search. The searching party made a complete list of all the books that we had at our dwellings. Most of those books were published by our publishing house, "Sol Yayınları". The subject list was turned over to the Political Section in order to find out whether any restricted books were amongs them. After checking the list, they stated that, three of those books were already interdicted by the authorities (Ministry of Internal Affairs) and therefore, they confiscated them. That night, I stayed at the security chamber on the 6th floor of the Main Security Building (Emniyet Sarayı). Next morning, the senior commissar of "the Press Affairs Bureau" took my deposition. He asked me in full details about my place of birth, my parents' and my brothers' occupations, the places where I attended the elementary and high schools, my student years at the university, my marriage life and my children. He also interrogated about the evolution took place in my political ideologies, my cultural and political points of view, religious beliefs and similar subjects. He did not put forward any question accusing me with any specific guilt. In my deposition, I stated in full details that, the interdiction on those three books were never finalized. Furthermore, we have published the new editions of the books in subject. I also stated that, the order of confiscation issued for certain other books which were published by other publishing houses under the same titles.

In the morning of 5 November 1980, İlhan had come to the Department of Security and reported to the Press Affairs Bureau of the Political Section. His deposition was also taken in the same manner but much more briefly. İlhan was the owner of "Onur Yayınları - Onur Publications" and "İlkyaz Printing House" as well. Since he lost a considerable amount of money in the business of "İlkyaz", İlhan decided to liquidate the printing house by the New Year

and closed it in June 1980 by terminating the services of his employees. Since the activities of "İlkyaz" had come to an end, the electricity of the building was disconnected and the printing machines were put on sale. Even though he was the owner of the printing house, almost no time İlhan used to come to the office. The place was run by a certain manager who was responsible from all aspects of the business. The copies of all books printed by this enterprise were forwarded to the appropriate offices of the Department of Security and of the District Attorney as well, always within the legally designated period of time. The legal responsibility of a printing house is bound only with the delivery of the appropriate copies of each printed matter to the authorities designated by the Law within the designated period of time. These obligations were always fulfilled without any delay and/or failure. Furthermore, there has not been any "Decree of Confiscation" given by any tribunal and also no interdict or restriction ever issued on any book that was printed by the subject printinghouse.

After completion of his deposition, my brother İlhan was brought to the same security chamber where I was kept around noon time of the same day. There, he informed me in brief about his deposition and he added that he made his interrogator to write down in his deposition, especially all the matters concerning the printing house without any deficiency.

Same day in the afternoon, we were taken to the "Public Relation Bureau" of the Martial Law Headquarters at Mamak under escort by a plaincloth police officer. When we arrived there, it was 3.10 p.m. The NCO in duty told us that a telephone instructions was received from the Legal Advisory Bureau at 3 p.m., requesting them not to admit and/or register any more new cases for the day. Therefore, we returned back to the main building of the Department of Security with the accompaniment of the same police officer and we spent the night at the same security chamber on the 6th floor. Next morning, at 9.30 a.m., we were taken again back to the Martial Law Headquarters. This time a certain Ziya Bey from "Press Affairs Bureau" escorted us. Our written depositions and an official letter from the Department of Security were turned over to the "Legal Advisory Bureau" of the Martial Law Headquarters together with four of our books confiscated from our dwellings, one (Dialectic of the Nature - Engels) belonging İlhan and the other three belonging to me (Dialectic of the Nature - Engels; On the Youth - Lenin; Socialism or Anarchism? - Stalin).

The "Legal Advisory Bureau" is responsible to study and/or investigate all the files submitted to that Bureau and the judge who makes the preliminary study and/or investigation on a file can decide and/or decree either the release or detention of the suspect or to transfer the suspect's file to the civilian legal authorities, namely "District Attorney's Office" when he believes that the case is not subject for the Martial Law Jurisdiction or to return the file back to the Department of Security for additional legal elements when he thinks that the file is incomplete.

Concerning our cases, we were of the opinion that, our files should be transferred to the civilian District Attorney's Office. Furthermore, we were of the opinion that, the judge at the "Legal Advisory Bureau" should release us free on the charges brought against us as "keeping restricted publications at our residences" since such deed was not classified as a crime within the Law even though the subject books had been banned by the authorities. There was not any legal reason whatsoever for our detention. Normally, within 1 or 2 hours time at most, a certain decision should be made on our cases. However, no decision was reached on us until mid-day. At 3 p.m., the officer who escorted us there, had gone to the "Legal Advisory Bureau" and checked with the duty NCO about our cases. He was told that, the judge had just started to review our files. When we went back to the same office again at 5 p.m., this time we were told that, the judge had left his office for handling another matter. We were also told that the judge would definitely return to his office later on and come to a conclusion on our cases until 8.30 p.m. However, at 7 p.m., our escort was called and he was told that the judge could not return to his office for rest of the day. Therefore, they requested us to be taken back to the Department of Security.

That night, we stayed at the Security Chamber of the Department of Security. Next morning, that means on 7 November 1980, we were taken again to

the Martial Law Headquarters. We were kept there waiting until the evening. At 5.30 p.m., after the normal working hours, our escort officer was asked by the "Legal Advisory Bureau". When he returned from there little later, he told us that we were going to be detained. Generally, on every detention order issued by judges, the number of Article of the Penal Code is shown as reference for the accusation. When we asked our escort officer which Article was referred on our detentions, he replied that no number of Article was mentioned but, "keeping restricted publications" was shown as motive.

The penitentiary is located in the same military compound, on a small hill. During our process, my uncle was waiting for us outside of the Martial Law Headquarters. When he heard the news, he came with his car to drive us to the penitentiary. My wife Rana was with him. Under the police officer's escort, we drove to the penitentiary. İlhan and I got off the car near by the gate. Since I have been in and out of penitentiary few times before, my wife was accustomed to such scenes. She knew how to be strong under such circumstances. When we came off the car, we saw that my wife was crying in tears. İlhan said, smiling "Rana Sister, this is the first time I see you that you are crying at the gate of penitentiary". Rana replied "İlhan, it seems to me that, this time, there is something else in the whole thing!" We tried to console her.

While we were waiting outside, the necessary formalities for our incarceration were completed by the prison authorities. They booked us for "C-Block". Since I had been at the same penitentiary previously, once 2 years and the last time 15 days, I told İlhan that, "C-Block" was much better than the other prison buildings. From "C-Block" we could see the surrounding territory and the nature. The first time in his life, İlhan was entering the penitentiary.

There are three separate block-buildings inside the compound of Mamak Military Penitentiary. "A-Block" is the newest one and was built after the 12 March 1971 Coup d'Etat. "B-Block" is located just beside the "A-Block". It is the old penitentiary building. Approximately, with a 10-minute walking distance from "A-Block", there were some dormitory barracks for the soldiers. Later on, these barracks were transformed into prison quarters and were named as "C-Block". Furthermore, four more dormitory barracks on the same line were also transformed into prison quarters and they were connected to the "C-Block" as C, D, E, F and G sections. Before we entered into the prison compound, they asked us about our political tendencies for indicating it on our detention forms. We said "leftist" and they wrote on our forms as "leftist".

First, they took us to the "A-Block", into a small room with a stairway in one corner for registration and for taking our pictures. There were three other detainees in the same room who had been brought there before us. While we were there, they brought two more detainees. They lined us up on the steps of the stairway as standing with our backs against the wall. First, they took our pictures while having our hair and mustache. Then, they cut our hair and mustache with a hair cutting machine. This time, they took new pictures, one from the front, one from the profile, without having our hair and mustache. They gave each of us an inscription card and we filled them out. Our physical descriptions were also inserted on our inscription cards by one of the soldiers in duty. He was getting us one by one in front of him and asking questions by keeping us standing position or ordering us to turn left or right or to bent over. Whenever they thought that someone was not executing their orders properly, they insulted that person and beat him with their truncheons or fists or kicked them all over. While we were lined-up, the soldiers hit my and my brother's palms with their truncheons with no reason at all. Then, they separated us from the others.

Afterwards, the soldier who wrote down our physical descriptions on our cards phoned somewhere. He told on the phone that there were two detainees to be taken to the "C-Block" and he asked a big vehicle. The person on the other side of the phone might have told him that, there was no big vehicle available, the soldier then replied "Not little vehicle!" After a short conversation, the soldier asked again "Do you have Reo available. Reo is O.K. Send it over". Then he phoned to the "C-Block" and informed them that there were two

detainees for their block and he had already asked for a vehicle. He also added that, one of the NCOs in duty should come and pick-up the detainees.

After a while, an NCO entered into the room. "Which ones?" he asked the soldiers. They showed him me and my brother. After him, another soldier entered into the room. There were two other soldiers standing by the door. We (I and my brother) were standing up as our backs against the wall where the door was. The soldier behind the NCO asked us about on what subject we were accused of. "Keeping restricted publications" we said. "What about?" he asked. First, I could not understand what he meant by that. He asked me this time as "leftist or rightist publications?". "Leftist" we said. They took us out from that room. In the hall way leading the entrance of the "A-Block", they searched our belongings again. By pushing our tooth brushes and pastes with his foot, the NCO told the soldiers that they could give them to someone. In an insulting manner, he said "you have poisoned 10 years old children. Inside is full of those whom you poisoned. Because of you, we can't have peace". By pointing the other soldiers, he added "these soldiers cannot even go to sleep at night because of your people!" When we were entering into the vehicle, they started to kick us and hit our backs with their truncheons. I rushed into the prison vehicle. After me, my brother also rushed into the vehicle. We sat on the seats as facing each other.

Inside of the prison wagon was separated into two sections, one for inmates, the other one for guards. There was a door separating the two sections with a sliding security latch on. Our military guards were holding rubber truncheons in their hands. As soon as they got on the prison wagon, they ordered us to take "stand-up!" position. Two of the guards started to hit in my palms with their truncheons and at the same moment, the other two were doing the same thing to my brother. They were merciless and were hitting us very hard without stopping. After a while, I started to scream but, my brother did not. Our military guards were clubbing, kicking and punching us from every side. During their attacks, once I was pushed forward as my back against the front side of the wagon. There, I saw my brother falling on his face on the floor and then, trying to stand up. He was having great difficulty to stay on his feet but two of the guards were still clubbing and punching him. I remembered that my brother had gone through an operation about six years ago from his backbone. A discus bone was removed from his spine. Therefore, I shouted at the soldiers as "his spine was broken once! Please do not hit him. You'd better beat me instead!". I begged the soldiers to stop beating my brother. Nobody was listening my entreaty. They were punching and slapping on my face so strong that as though I saw stars around my head and I simply could not see my brother any more. There was no lights inside the prison wagon and it was dark. When the wagon was taken us to the prison building, I saw time to time the lights coming through the windows of the wagon which were covered with iron bars. The prison wagon was moving very slowly like an ox-cart. For a while, I saw the guards again that they were beating my brother while he was standing. I thought that their harassment lasted about half an hour. Then, the wagon stopped. The back door was opened. While they were getting us out of the prison wagon, they were still clubbing us with their truncheons and were punching all over as well. When we started to walk towards the prison building, they shouted at us to "stop!". The NCO and his soldiers attacked us again and started beating. This time, their harassment lasted about five minutes. My brother and myself hardly had any strength to stand up on our feet. We begged the NCO to stop beating us. "You should think of and realize everything before you came here, not now!" he replied. His words encouraged the guards and they continued hitting us even harder. After a short while, my brother fell on the ground. He tried, but he could not stand-up. They went on kicking and clubbing him. Finally, he hardly stood-up on his feet. Then, they ordered us to take "stand-up" position without moving but, we couldn't. We were tottering. Our hands were swollen, therefore we couldn't keep our hands at our sides. They shouted at us "keep your arms straight at your sides and keep properly in stand-up position!".

"They burst every organs on your bodies but, not yet your testicles!" the NCO shouted. "They will now burst them too!" he continued. Then, the bea-

tings went on. After a while, the NCO ordered the soldiers to stop beating. We were brought to the gate of the prison building. We passed through two iron barred-gates. There was a courtyard between the last gate and the prison quarters. We walked through the courtyard towards the entrance of the dormitories. They stopped us and pointed out another door on the right side of the courtyard. They ordered us to go by that door. When we arrived there, they started to beat us up again. They were shouting and giving orders. They brought us back to the entrance of the dormitory by clubbing and kicking. There my brother fell on the ground once more. He hardly stood-up again. They ordered us to take "stand-up" position. One soldier was standing on each side of us and shouting as "stand-up, you man!", "keep your arms straight at your sides, man!"

Then, the soldiers called for some people from the dormitory. Three "senior" inmates came out running. They took "stand-up" position in front of the soldiers and replied them by shouting "yes, my commander?", "ready for your orders, my commander!"

Our military guards asked them whether there was any place available for us at the dormitory. "We have place", they replied. Then, they opened the door and we went inside. We were placed in the dormitory on the right side. Some of the inmates there came beside me and some were helping my brother to stand-up and walk. For a moment, I came eye-to-eye with my brother. Part of his face was covered with blood. His eyeballs were completely red. We glanced each other without saying one word. Then, my brother tried to walk behind me. After taking 2-3 steps, he said, "my stomach is upset, I think I am going to vomit". He could not stand-up any longer and when he was falling on the ground, the other inmates helped him by holding his arms. They laid him down on a bed. They also put me in a bed at the inner part of the dormitory. Later on, I saw some inmates had taken-off the shirt and the underlinen of my brother and bringing him in the bed next to the one where I was laying down.

There, in the bed, my brother was kneeling on one of his knees as his head bowed down and his mouth open. I called out his name "Ilhan! Ilhan!", he did not reply at all. "Ilhan, Ilhan!" I repeated,

- "There is nothing important" the other inmates replied me. For a moment, I thought that he had fainted. They laid him down in the bed. There was a 40-50 cm space between our beds. One of the inmates helping him said "His legs have no feelings".

- "My goodness, he is paralysed" I said to myself. I could never think of that he would be dead. Among the inmates, there was medical student who was nicknamed as "doctor". He started to give him artificial respiration. I told him that my brother might already be dead. "No, no" he replied. "It is not very serious. His pulse is little weak and we are trying to strengthen it" he continued. About a quarter of an hour later, an NCO came in the dormitory and he asked for a medical doctor. About 15 minutes later, a medical NCO (hospital technician) came to the dormitory and after seeing my brother, he asked for an ambulance. Then they laid my brother down on a stretcher and took him away. When he was laying on the stretcher, his eyes were half closed and his mouth was widely open. I wanted to kiss him but the other inmates prevented me to do so. My brother was dead and he had passed away right there. How difficult it was for me to accept such reality that he was dead. Just a little while ago, other inmate friends were trying to give him an artificial respiration. All of those efforts for keeping him alive served nothing. However, when they were helping him, I still had some hopes that his life could be saved. Only two hours before, when we were waiting together at the "Judicial Advisory Bureau" for our case, he was so lively. Time to time, he was getting up from his chair and walking around in the waiting room. How handsome he looked! His cheeks were reddish due to his excitement. His mustache was gorgeous. His beautiful eyes were smiling. When we were still there, I was thinking that, if both of us are detained, I would look after him and take good care of him. But, he was dead now. What could I say now to his 3 year-old daughter, Türküler? What could I tell her if she asks me whereabouts of her father? I knew, how much he liked Türküler and also Türküler like her father. What would I do now? How could his other 5 month-old daughter learn to say "father" any more? What could I tell Gül, his dear wife now? We were so close each other. They took

our prison photos together and also they beat us together. Now he was dead, but I was alive and was mourning for him.

All the inmates were standing up besides their bed sides in a straight line for the name call. I heard some people crying from the ranks of the progressive detainees and more and more people were crying as the time passed. Then, they took me away from that dormitory.

My body was wet all over from sweating. My dress was so untidy and a cold wind was blowing. They took me away from "F-Section" and on the way, I was shivering. I had a kind of feeling that my body would become stiff and would fall on the ground. They covered my head with my vest. They made me walk 300-400 meters. They took me to the Officers' Mess. The NCO who brought me and my brother from the "Judicial Advisory Bureau" to the prison quarters was there and was watching the television. When he saw me there, he asked:

"Muzaffer Bey, why did not you tell us that your brother was suffering from a weak heart?"

I knew that, my brother never had any heart problem before. I was conscious enough to know that a brain hemorrhage could cause my brother's death. I kept quiet and said nothing. I drank some water.

Then, they took me to an empty room at "G-Section". They placed an old mattress on the floor and later on, the inmate friends from the dormitory sent me 5 - 6 blankets. They also sent me some milk, water and yoghurt. Then, they gave me an injection with some tranquilizers. I fell asleep for a while. I was talking to my brother all the time and also, I saw the guards were observing me through the window when I was trying to sleep. I thought that as though I slept for days. Then, it was morning.

On Saturday, the 8th November, they asked me to get ready. Two inmate friends had come to my room and helped me to get dressed. My arms, wrists and hands were swollen. The handcuffs did not fit on my wrists.

"We cannot take you out this place without being handcuffed!" said the military guard. Then, he just placed the handcuff loose around my wrists and did not fasten it. They took me to the "A-Block" in a small prison vehicle.

I would like to point out two important things that I noticed later on. That is to say:

The military guards did not handcuff us when my brother and I got on the vehicle on our arrival to the prison. However, in accordance with the prison regulations, an inmate and/or a detainee must be handcuffed when he is transferred from one building to another even inside the prison compound. That means, everyone of their moves was premeditated. They knew that, if we were handcuffed, we could somewhat defend ourselves with our handcuffs. Secondly, when I got on the small prison vehicle on the way to the Public Prosecutor's Office, I realized that, it was a small vehicle and minimum 10 persons could be loaded on it. Since the vehicle was not very high, it would be impossible to stand-up in it without bending the body. Moreover, the small vehicle was not large enough for 4 guards to beat-up someone so easily. The movements of the guards could be so limited in a small vehicle and therefore, we could not be beaten so much. That was why they had asked for the big wagon. This also proves that they had planned beforehand to beat us on the way to prison.

At the Public Prosecutor's Office, the authorities treated me with understanding. First, I could not hold myself and started to cry. They waited until I was calm again. They wrote down everything, exactly what I said. They were honest.

I was back there again next day. This time, my deposition was taken by the prosecutor to whom my file was dispatched.

I completed my deposition with some facts which were omitted during the previous interrogation. The prosecutor told me that, according to his investigations, only 3 military guards supposed to be on duty on the prison wagon and he was now investigating the identity of the 4th guard who was allowed to get on the vehicle. Later on, the prosecutor confirmed me his identity.

During the interrogation, the NCO had stated that he had not seen actually that we were beaten up by the soldiers but he heard about the incident later on. The military guards stated that they had never beaten us.

I was taken back to the prosecutor's office on Monday. This time it was for my testimonies. I asked the authorities whether my family was informed about the incident. They told me that, it was the obligation of the Martial Law authorities to inform. Then, they asked me through which person or persons I would wish to inform the family about my brother's death in case the Martial Law authorities had not yet done so. I suggested Mr. Halit Çelenk who had been a friend of the family for long years and represented us as our attorney at the courts.

My brother's death was made public with an official communiqué published by the Martial Law authorities. Next day, Mr. Halit Çelenk came to the prison to see me. I talked to him in a room where we were separated by a wire fence. He informed me that he had already applied to the authorities for my release. He added that, the Military Prosecutor's Office was in favour for my release and my papers were sent to the commanding Officer for his approval. Same night, around 9.00 pm, right after the evening name call, they asked me to get ready and I was going to be released.

I passed through the same route from where my brother and I were brought the prison together. They brought me to the main gate. My uncle was there waiting.

"We went there together, but I came alone" I said to my uncle.

When I arrived at home, the family members told me that, the Martial Law authorities had banned the further publications of "Cumhuriyet" in which my brother's news was published on six columns. My family decided to arrange a funeral ceremony for the next day. Therefore, a funeral notice was sent only to "Cumhuriyet" for printing. However, the publication of "Cumhuriyet" was already banned by that time. I had some friends working for other newspapers organisations. Through my friends, we were able to give a short funeral notice to the Ankara editions of "Milliyet" and "Hürriyet".

Next morning, I went to mortuary. The mortuary imam was washing my brother's corpse when I arrived there. His eyes were slightly opened. His upper lip was stretched as though his complete body was in pain. His beard grew little longer. The imam washed his corpse and I mourned. When imam finished his work, I kissed his eyes his face again and again.

His coffin was brought from mortuary to "Hacı Bayram Mosque". We followed his coffin to the mosque. His funeral was attended by some progressive, patriotic and revolutionary writers, newsmen, teachers, intellectuals and others who ever learned about his funeral by that time. We buried my brother with a quiet but dignified ceremony.

Even if, İlhan Endost died in his bed with a natural cause, it would normally be a news in the complete news media. However, no single newspaper, except "Dünya", gave even his funeral as a news even though there was not any prohibition on this matter. "Dünya" also gave my release in headlines. It is my wish that, the death of İlhan should be known by everyone who have great respect for the principles of freedom and democracy.

Excerpts of a news report published by the daily "Milliyet" between december 7 and 10, 1980 with the authorisation of the military junta.

STATE'S TERROR

IN THE PRISON OF M A M A K ...

- " - Attention!
Ease !
- You may smoke ...
- Thank you Commandant !
....
- Count for marching ...
- One ... two ... three ... four ... One ... ~~two~~ ...
- Everything for the Fatherland ... everything for the Fatherland
....
- Thanks to God ... Long live to our Nation ...
- Have a good lunch ...
- Thank you Commandant ...
- You may eat ...
- Thank you Commandant!

As a result of the increase of terrorist actions in these last years, Mamak is filled up with people who have taken place in those actions. The ratio of fullness has increased much more since 12 september Military Intervention. Therefore they started to build new blocks.

In the prison of Mamak everything is based on discipline and this is valuable for both prisoners and officers of direction. There is also great discipline in the army between the ranks. For example when the guardian appears in the corridor, an officer shouts "attention..." and when it is heard in the ward everybody turns their backs to the door : they remain like that until the second order, having to stay like that, absolutely motionless. Guardian should see them turning their backs when he enters the ward, if he wants, with another order, they will be in rest position, otherwise they have to stay like that, in straight position, while he gives different commands or explains something. Without the permission of the guardian they cannot express any wills or do any action likewise.

The wards' watchers are mostly caporals or sergents but they are called "commandant" by the prisoners. They cannot talk friendly with them. All the soldiers have a rubber truncheon in their hands. According to the responsables after the 12 september, with the help of strong discipline secured, the prisoners accepted the situation. They realize that there is nothing to make fun about and as a result, there is no need for beating ... Those who do not obey the orders or act without discipline are forbidden to go out for exercises, have their talking-time with their relatives shortened or must do some night work. The punishments are the same if the faults are committed by whole ward. The hair of all prisoners is cut in the same way, equally shortlike to soldiers. In the meantime they are considered as soldiers according to Law and that's why they cannot have either moustache or beard, as well as their general appearance should be in order. On the other hand they can wear anything they want under certain rules such as not wearing belts for preventing them to commit suicide, and their shirts should be well buttoned. You can also see many prisoners with neck-tie too.

One of the greatest problems in the prison of Mamak is the lack of space in wards. For example instead of 25 prisoners 70 or 80 are living in the ward on top of each other.

In order to avoid desertions, the commander of prison took some precautions measures. For example, no warden can stay in the same ward no longer than a certain time. In this way the prisoners won't have time to make friends. The prison is surrounded by high walls, wires and mines. Also, there always are guardians either in the garden or on the towers staying on duty for 24 hours. Projectors and special trained dogs and sound mines also are of great help for preventing night desertions. The machine guns are special precaution for group desertion. There is a strict control even when someone enter as a visitor. They search you up even inside your shoes.

As soon as the detainees enter the prison, group soldier education starts. The basic rule of this education is to obey the orders and how to respond to the commands such as "get set ... ease ... turn right ... march along ...". During the "fresh air" break all of the prisoners in a group do physical education for five minutes. The next five minutes are used for basic soldier training and ten minutes marching with military songs. The rest of the time is free for everyone and this is the best moment for them because they can get what they lack in the crowded wards all day long : fresh air and some exercise.

If you enter the blocks during "theoretical education" time, you will hear the different voices arising from the wards. Behind closed doors there is always a prisoner standing still in a straight position who is reading loudly different principles of Atatürk's book and the others listen. In the meantime guardians can interrupt him any time he wants and can ask any prisoner questions about Atatürk or Kemalism and they should in straight position when they answer the questions, too. If he says anything wrong, the guardian will correct him.

We saw that most of the prisoners were repeating by heart with a great emotion the different speeches of Atatürk. As soon as the commands are given they were ready to recite either the "Speech to the Youth" or "Speech of 10th anniversary of the Republic".

The education of Kemalism is not finished only with memorizing the speeches but they also provided with different recorded tapes either from radio or television. Those tapes which are about either life sequences of Atatürk or meetings that took place at different moment, or about his personality are heard by all wards with help of loudspeakers.

There is not any radio or television but the central broadcasting. They can either listen to heroism folk songs or military marches. They can also read magazines other than daily newspapers and book about Atatürk.

According to order of prison Commander the prisoners are not allowed to hang anything to the walls other than the Turkish flag or pictures of Atatürk. Not only they may not hang them up but they even cannot enter any other poster.

The togetherness of prisoners from different political camps in the sameward appeals great interest for everyone. The responsables explain that, as they are always afraid to be told to the guardian by some one else in the ward they pay attention to follow the rules. In this way there is always order in the ward and there are no fights among them.

The distribution of the meals is done under the attention of both the guardian and the senior of the ward. Forks and knives are forbidden for security reasons. They could use only wooden spoons and plastic cups. Meals are started with orders and praying and end in the same way. Dishes are washed by the prisoners. As the prisons get much more crowded everyday the talking time of the prisoners with their relatives is much more limited. The allowed time sometimes decreases down to 5 minutes once a week. Every block could receive visitor one day a week. According to the rules of military prisons only relatives who from the same blood or have the same sur-name are allowed to visit the prisoners. They should also speak Turkish and loud enough to be heard by the guardian.

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