

I have written above, all that I can recall concerning the tortures of these inhuman criminals, applied by hand of the present rule in Turkey.

The fascist junta in Turkey resorts to these inhuman methods to consolidate its power and to make the workers and peasants of my country pay the deep economic crisis prevailing today. Today not only those under custody but also those who have been arrested and condemned, and have been placed in prisons (where according to the Constitution they are under the protection of the state) are being subject to the tortures I have spoken of above. They are continually taken from these prisons and back to the Police Department for further "interrogation". Many patriots, revolutionaries, progressives are killed under torture.

The Martial Law Courts of Turkey operate under the command-chain of the army. They trample upon present laws to implement the commands given from above. They decide according to these commands.

Crimes, which are a shame for all of humanity are committed by hand of the state in Turkey. Hundreds of people are either being killed or left disabled due to the tortures of the Turkish police and military. All people, national and international organisations should constantly oppose these crimes and condemn the criminals, the torturers and the fascist junta in Turkey before the world public opinion. This is a task for all.

With regards I remain,

Sincerely Yours,

Fahrettin Elmas

They applied this kind of torture, namely giving electrical current while I am hanged to the ceiling, various times. Finally, again while I had been hanged to the ceiling, one of these torturers said, "Let's how the arse of a lawyer's like " intending to insert a police baton in my anus. However, the others did not let him do it, for reasons I am unaware of. My arms were numb for a long while after these tortures.

Apart from this, thrice MIT (National Intelligence Organisation) took me from my cell at 22.00 hours to a place other than where I was interrogated everyday. Here they interrogated me concerning whether I had connections with any international organisation, the political stand of the Istanbul Bar, the identities and information about the members of the Bar, and foremostly of its president and board members. Each time when I repeated that I did not have any connections with any international organisation and that I did not know anything about the lawyers of the Bar, two people took me between them and threatened to kill me, to torture my wife and children, insulted and swore at me, beat me at random.

These are generally (I don't want to go into the particulars as this would take very long) the physical and psychological tortures I underwent during the 60 days I was held in the Political Police Department of Istanbul.

On the sixtieth day that I had been brought to the Department they took me to the Selimiye Military Custody Quarters and before they let me in to the custody ward they took me to a room and stripped me naked but for my underwear. After a thorough search they read to me a 12-article-code and then began beating me with batons. This time I was not blindfolded and it was soldiers who were beating me. They took me to the ward afterwards. 40-50 people were being held in this large room. After being held here for 12 days, on the 72nd day, they brought me in front of an arrestation judge. The arrestation judge released me on the 2nd of July 1981, 17.00 hours and I went home.

3. THE DECREE OF ARREST ISSUED FOR ME

A short while after I was released, Istanbul Martial Law issued another decree of arrest, objecting the resolution of the court. As soon as I heard the new decree I left everything as it was and fled Istanbul with my wife and children to a place in Anatolia. I looked for ways of going abroad and have now fled Turkey requesting political asylum in F. Germany.

* The cell is approximately 2 metres long and 1 metre wide. There is nothing in the cell except a wooden "bed" and a secret microphone. It has a large iron door which has a small window, opened and shut from the outside. There is no electricity in the cell and it seems as if it has been especially designed in a way not to let any light and fresh air inside.

* You are let out to the toilet every 24 hours. The time permitted for this is 2 minutes, including washing your hands and face. You are beaten with batons and insulted, dragged into your cell when you stay out longer.

* If you have money (if you don't it means you stay hungry) you can order various things to eat. These are: bread, milk, cheese, olives and marmalade. Nothing else is permitted. Smoking is completely forbidden from the time you enter the Department.

* It is forbidden to shave and other hygienic things, in order to present the suspect to the public opinion as anarchistic. (Consider one deprived of these civilised hygienic practices for months on end in a place full of lice and termites)

After this brief explanation of general conditions I would like to go on to the physical and psychological tortures I underwent:

Right on the first day, they made a brief interrogation. When I did not accept the crimes they accused me of, they began beating me all over, kicking and punching at random wherever they saw fit. Then someone with a deep voice came and said: "We got this bastard in the end hah? You poufter, you dragged us nationalistic police around in the courts, saying we tortured your defendants. Now let us see you, squeal here, like you did in the courts. Deny it as long as you like. You're in our hands for another 90 days. We'll fuck and fuck and make you talk. Let's see if anybody comes around defending you." After this they kicked and slapped and beat me around until he ordered: "Take this son of a bitch away, let him think until tomorrow, take him to solitary confinement." (This deep voiced person called for me various times during the 60 days I was held in the Department and dishonorably insulted me with swearing etc., beat me, swore at my mother, my wife and children, and trampled on law badge, which they had forgotten to take, saying that I was not worthy of being a lawyer).

And so they shut me up in cell No. 42.

Address:

Okcu Koyu
Gole - Kars

A copy of this petition was also sent to:

1. National Security Council
2. Martial Law Command of Erzurum, Agri, Kars and Artvin
3. Turkish Bar Association
4. Cumhuriyet newspaper
5. Ugur Mumcu
6. Governor of Kars

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27. Letter written on 15 February 1982 to Amnesty International by Fahrettin Elmas, a Turkish lawyer now living in the Federal Republic of Germany

Dear

I consider it a humane task to inform you of the events which caused me to leave behind my profession, my bureau called BILGI BUREAU OF LAW in short all but my wife and children, and consequently seek political asylum from the German government; to relate to your organization which has gained a righteous position in the world public opinion the political repression and tortures that the junta has applied against myself and the people of Turkey.

1. I had been a lawyer, working independently as the BILGI BUREAU OF LAW affiliated to the Istanbul Bar, since 1974. The main subjects I concentrated on were political cases and those concerning trade union activities. I am married and have a son (born in 1979) and a daughter (born in 1981).

2. THE VARIOUS TIMES I WAS TAKEN UNDER CUSTODY BY THE JUNTA

- a) The first time I was placed under custody and the treatment I underwent:

I was first taken under custody by the junta on the 21st of January 1981. 6 civilian dressed police armed with heavy automatic guns broke into my bureau at 13.00 hours. Showing me the arrest and search warrant issued by Istanbul Martial Law dated 16th January, they began searching the bureau and confiscated many of the files of my defendants' cases, political books and the archive I kept concerning tortures.

Nurettin's jaw did not open and they could not make him drink milk. Later they took him away and never brought him back again. His shoes and clothes were left in the room.

During my interrogation while they were propping me up they stripped my clothes off and sometimes my clothes were left behind in the interrogation room. Two days after they took Nurettin away I came back from interrogation without any clothes. When I asked for my clothes they pointed to Nurettin's and said, "Put these on." I said, "Nurettin will need them, bring mine back." To that the policeman said "Nurettin will no longer need clothes, you are his inheritors." We did not see Nurettin ever again.

At that time in the same room there was Harun Kartal handcuffed to the radiator, Buket Oktulmus (F), Nalan Gurates (F) handcuffed to the remainder of a bed and some-one called Muharrem whose soles were burst open and could not walk so they were not able to take him downstairs to his cell.

Aslan Sener Yildirim

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26. Petition of Ismail Kirkbayir

On 8 October 1980 my son Cemil KIRKBAYIR was taken from Kars detention centre to the Institute of Education by the First Branch officials. There my son was killed during torture and his corpse was burned in order to hide the traces.

In the following passages I will explain in detail where I received this information and who are the guilty.

1. A watchman who was on duty at the First Branch during those events explained what happened to me in the presence of a few others. I find it rather dangerous to name this watchman now, because he is at present, for some reason or other, under detention. I suspect that his detention might be related to this case for he said that, "I am going to bring Cemil's incident into the open even if it costs me my life". Furthermore he was detained right after we contacted another watchman to ask him to be a witness.
 2. Four other people who were with my son during the time he was detained are still alive and they are outside. Two of them are lawyers at Kars; Abdurahman ALACA and Murat OZDABAK do definitely know that Cemil was killed. But I do not know whether they will state this or not, if their evidence were to be sought. Also the names of three others, who went till the torture room with my son, could be found in the files of the Kars detention centre. Those men on several occasions and in several places said that Cemil was killed during torture. I do not want to mention their names, because if anything happens to them my conscience will bother me. But I want the State to investigate their names, find them and ask for their evidence to punish those who committed the crime. If my son was guilty I would not mind him being executed.
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Address:

Marasal Cakmak cad.
5. sokak No. 3/11
Sirinevler Istanbul
Turkey

This petition was also distributed to:

National Security Council
Ministry of Justice
Istanbul Martial Law Command Military Prosecutor
Istanbul Public Prosecutor

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24. Statement of Harun KARTAL concerning Nurettin YEDIGOL

I am Harun Kartal. I was detained at the political branch on 29 March 1981. I was at all times kept handcuffed to a radiator in one of the waiting-rooms which was across from the interrogation room where all the tortures took place. The purpose of those rooms is to hold all the people whose interrogations would take place that day. They would bring them there from their cells downstairs and then take them one by one for torture in the room across the narrow corridor. When the doors of both rooms were open one could always see the inside of the interrogation room and hear the noises and listen to the conversations.

Some time around 9-10 April they brought Nurettin Yedigol and a few others. They pushed them into the waiting room in which I was staying. Then one by one they took them in for torture. They were mostly insisting upon Nurettin Yedigol. All through the night they took him in for interrogation every half hour and brought him back unconscious. During the times he was back in the waiting room he would constantly tremble and ask for water when he became conscious. Then they would come back and take him again.

In the fourth day his state deteriorated considerably. Some time after that Tayyar Seven came to check on Nurettin; later I found out that he was the branch director. When he saw Nurettin, covered with wounds and unconscious, he scolded the THKO-B team in front of us. He yelled at them angrily and said "you still have not learned to conduct this business properly, there should be no signs left on the people that we kill". The next day they took Nurettin away and never brought him back again.

Later on during my interrogation they constantly threatened me with death and said "talk or else your end will be like Nurettin's. There, you have seen it with your own eyes, we killed him, nobody will ask us to account for it."

4. There are several people who can witness that my son was killed at the Istanbul Security Directorate. I have learned of this situation only after being informed through these people. Among them Alisan DIL had made statements at the Istanbul Martial Law Military Court No 3, case number 980/388 and those are already documented in the court files.

Furthermore, several of the accused at the Metris Military Prison have witnessed the torture and death occurring as a result of it. When necessary their names will be submitted to the prosecutor.

5. If an AUTOPSY is to be performed by objective specialists, and I want an autopsy to be done in the presence of Public Prosecutor, although it has been a long time, I believe that signs of torture will still be found on my son's body.

Conclusion and request: I want all those who killed my son and others who are covering for the killers to be punished . . .

25 December 1981

ZEKI INCE

Address:

Zeki Ince
Demetevler 2. Cadde
No: 33/9 - ANKARA

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23. Petition of Ismail YEDIGOL: To the National Security Council Secretariat

I have not heard any news of my son Nurettin YEDIGOL since 10 April 1981.

After receiving some information that my son was at the Istanbul Security Directorate I applied through my lawyer with the attached petition for legal action. It has been over a month and I had no reply from the Istanbul Martial Law Command.

Meanwhile through sources we received certain information. This information which we will submit in the following text could be confirmed by appealing to the named subjects. Furthermore it will contribute to the investigations into my son's whereabouts.

1. Statements of Aslan Sener Yildirim, documented in Erim Dikler case conducted at Istanbul Martial Law Command Military Court.

22. Statement made by Zeki Ince, the father of Ataman Ince

Ankara, 25 December 1981

1. I heard that my son Ataman INCE, born 1956, was detained by the Istanbul Security Directorate First Branch and died there as a result of the torture that he was subjected to during his interrogation.

On 9 November 1981 I went from Ankara to Istanbul with my wife in order to find out what has happened and, if my son had really died, to collect his coffin. On the same day around 15.30 hours I went to the Istanbul Security First Branch. In answer to my inquiry I was told by the responsible authorities - WHO WERE RELUCTANT TO GIVE THEIR NAMES - that "nobody under the name of Ataman INCE was brought to the Security and at present there was nobody under that name within the Istanbul Security Directorate".

On 10 November 1981 around 9 am, I, with Mehmet Kadioglu lawyer from Ankara Bar Association, and Ibrahim Acar, Lawyer from Istanbul Bar Association, requested to see the Istanbul Martial Law judicial counsellor, in order to find out what has happened to my son. Lawyer Ibrahim Acar told the airforce sergeant on duty at the reception desk that we wanted to see the judicial counsellor. We were requested to name the topic. Lawyer Acar said that "It has been said that a youth under detention at the First Branch has died, we want to know the validity of this event." The person on duty, after talking to the judicial counsellor on the phone, said to the lawyer, "The judicial counsellor does not wish to see you." As there was nothing else to do we gave in a petition and left the place.

On the same day lawyer Ibrahim Acar wanted to see the Martial Law Prosecutor. Even though he spent the whole of the working day waiting in front of the prosecutor's office, he did not get a chance to see him. He was held back by the sergeant on duty who said that "there was a meeting inside". But in fact there was no such meeting.

The same lawyer was able to see the prosecutor the next day, 11 November 1981. And was told by the Martial Law Military Prosecutor Colonel Suleyman Takkeci that "There is definitely no such death, and if there was one I certainly would have known about it".

2. We spent the next couple of days in Istanbul desperately trying to find a responsible authority who would give us information. Then we were advised to ask at the mortuary. So on 13 November 1981 we went to the mortuary and asked whether a body under the name of Ataman INCE had been brought there. The information we received was that a body in the name of Ataman INCE, son of Zeki, born 1956, was brought to the mortuary from Haydarpasa Numune Hospital on 28 October 1981, with a forwarding letter from Istanbul Martial Law Military Prosecutor dated 26 October 1981. His body was registered under the number 928/1827. Then later, with another order from the military prosecutor dated 12 November 1981, his body was transferred and submitted to the Fatih municipality imam (priest) Naci UZUN and subsequently was buried at the Zindanarkasi cemetery, grave No K-1151. Strangely enough the date of this last letter corresponds to the same day when military prosecutor Colonel Suleyman Takkeci was assuring us that no such death had occurred.

I was waiting in front of the door and continuously begging the military guard to give information about my brother's situation. The hospital nurses told me that my brother's situation was very serious and that he was not receiving any medical treatment. I wrote a request to the military attorney but I could not give it to anyone because the military attorney had already been to the hospital for the autopsy report. I ran back to the hospital. The attorney was standing at the door and called me in.

I immediately asked about my brother's situation. He asked me, "Don't you know?" I answered, "No" and he said, "Try to be strong." Then I understood that my brother was dead. We entered the mortuary with the attorney. I could at last see my brother, dead. All of his body was black, covered with wounds. There were round bruises on his finger tips and wrists. His back and hips were completely bruised. Then they took me out and started the autopsy. I was listening while they were writing the autopsy report. All of the internal organs were bleeding and crushed, even his brain. All that was written in the autopsy report.

Today is the 26 November. I could not get any result from my applications up to now and that is not all. My other teacher brother, Halil Aksoy, has been in the same police station for nearly 50 days. He also is being tortured. I heard so and I also have proofs about him being tortured. I have kept his socks and trousers covered with blood, which he has sent from the police station. I took these proofs to the competent authorities, but they instead of stopping the torture scolded the police for letting the clothes reach me. I could not get any result from my applications once again. I could not make my voice heard to anybody. Still, I have the hope that independent courts will punish the murderers of my brother.

Although I demanded a health control for my second brother, nobody cared about it. My brothers' only guilt is to be human, to be progressive and not to be racist. We are the children of a civilized country, we love our country more than our eyes. The measure of civilization is not to kill men in the police offices by torture. At least investigation can be started against the torturers. Where is the respect of human rights they are speaking about every day?

5 December 1980

. . . . You wanted to know about the development of my brother's Halil Aksoy situation As I have explained before we don't have the possibility of seeing Halil. But we get information from the people who have been released. I write all the information I got.

20. Sermin Bacaksiz

On the morning of 12 September, we were taken to a military headquarters. On the third day, they blind-folded us and took our confessions. A policeman hit me when I wanted to read my confession before signing. I read it nonetheless. A few days later they started torturing in the women's section. They prohibited taking medicines. Although we were allowed to go out in the open air during the first days, later this was stopped. Days later we were beaten on the soles again and given electric shocks. The same questions were asked over and over again. At any time at night they took us to be tortured. My sister, who was with me, was psychologically tortured with threats of doing "bad things" to me. On one occasion I was tortured for 1½ to 2 hours. I was beaten with a club all over my body, particularly on my knees and legs. I was only taken back when I fainted. I could not leave the bed, my knees were so bad. Moreover, I was taken again the next day and the day after and beaten on the same places.

During our interrogations, officers and soldiers were present. We heard the sounds of torture throughout the day. In order to cover those voices, they started to broadcast military marches over the loudspeakers . . . One of those involved in torture said quite proudly that torture was his livelihood.

People who were detained did not know the reason for their detention. A young girl, who was brought in because her neighbour informed on her, was given electric shock and falaka. We were kept in detention for 56 days . . .

One of the friends could not stand on her legs after the beating. At first they did not want to send her to hospital saying that it was faked. Later she was treated in the hospital . . .

People coming in during later days were questioned as they stood up blind-folded, deprived of sleep, kept without food and water, and listening continuously to broadcast cries . . .

In the middle of the night, we were woken up and asked if we had changed our plea. One day they removed all the beds and bunks. We sat on the stone floor and had food there. Later beds and bunks were returned. They were always threatening us by saying that they would strip us naked, do all sorts of things and give us electric shocks. One girl was given electricity on her wetted nipples.

. . . They blindfolded me at the basement of the prosecutor's office, put me on a vehicle and took me to police quarters. There I was laid down on a torture bed and given more electricity.

They threatened to bring my family [probably meaning his wife]. To prevent anything happening to my family, I admitted all the charges and pleaded as they required to the state prosecutor.

* * *

16. Veli Uran

. . . I was taken to the military prosecutor's office . . . When I denied the charges, he pressed a button and two policemen took me to the opposite room. Here I was told that they would torture me . . . they put me in a vehicle and took me somewhere about 50-60m away. I later found out that this was C-5. I heard the sounds of those who were being tortured. They laid me on the ground and applied electric shocks to my fingers, feet and penis. They said, "We will bring your homosexual father and prostitute mother." I was forced to admit the charges . . .

* * *

17. Ekrem Orbay

. . . I was taken to Alemdag police precinct. There I was put into a cell. Occasionally, policemen came in and beat me up.

. . . One night I was taken to police headquarters . . . I was blindfolded. Before entering a room, they made me to listen to the sounds and cries of a woman being tortured. They said they would do the same to me if I did not confess.

. . . Someone said that I should take a bath. They took my clothes off . . . they sprayed pressurized cold water on me for 25-30 minutes, then took me back to a room, laid me down and gave electric shocks to my feet, hands and other places. They asked me to give them names while applying electricity to my chest and mouth. I could not resist; I gave the names . . . I admitted everything because I was frightened of torture.

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I was set free on February 25 1981. The reason was, "No incriminating evidence was found."

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13. Huseyin Gencer

After being taken into police custody on 23 September /1980/ we were transferred to military quarters at the Education Institute the same day. There, the tortures started. Following two or three hours of systematic torture, we were taken to Alemdag where we remained three days. On the morning of 26 September, we were taken to Samandra. Here we were put into a ward with no beds and closed windows. There were approximately 105 people standing. The loudspeakers were bringing the cries of those who were being tortured into the ward.

I was taken into the torture chambers on the morning of 28 September. For an hour I was given falaka, electric current, cold water, salt. Then I was sent back to the ward. After a while, I was recalled for questioning. For about seven or eight hours the same torture went on. The only question they asked was, "Why were you born in Tunceli?" I was then taken to a corner of the chamber and left standing there until the morning. They started torturing others next to me.

The torture started again in the morning. After a while I passed out. When I regained consciousness they were pouring cold water on me and sticking pins into me to wake me and when I did they started again. My hands and feet were torn, my whole body was purple due to the electric shocks given. The torture which started in the morning went on without interval until 7pm. I spent the night in the chamber again. At midnight they started again but soon I passed out. In the morning I was taken to another room. Here, they started the torture again. Electric shocks, falaka and water were being administered simultaneously . . . for a while I was kept standing on one foot at one corner. I was tired and could not stand up. They were picking me up and beating me every time I fell. We were left without food and water during the torture. On the fourth day I asked for a doctor. They started torturing. I passed out again. It must have been a long time before I gained consciousness. When I woke up, I saw two men whom I presumed to be doctors. One of them said that due to excessive torture, there was a danger of gangrene of the feet and that I should be taken to hospital immediately. My torturers refused. I was taken back to the room where I stayed in a coma for two days. Following that my soles were cut for treatment.

After resting a few days in the ward, I was taken again. This time a different procedure was followed. While giving electric shocks to my fingers, mouth, ears, temples and testicles, they were extinguishing their cigarettes on my soles.

I spent two months in detention. The prosecutor asked for my discharge. I was taken to the front door where the cages were situated. I was beaten with truncheons and fists . . .

* * *

12. The name of the person who wrote this statement is known to Amnesty International, but is withheld at his request. Those parts of his statement which might be used to identify him have been left out.

We were picked up from a coffee house in . . . and brought to the police station at . . . There were seven of us, gathered from different tables at the coffee house. The date was 13 February 1981.

At the police station it was claimed that we were holding a meeting. During our search and identity control we were constantly cursed and insulted. They beat one of us terribly and banged his head on the wall. We were kept waiting in a cell at the station from 1.30pm till 8pm. During our stay policemen looking through the cell window were cursing and in threatening manner saying, "We will ask you."

At about 8pm we were put into police cars and taken to a place called . . . Here again search and identity control was conducted. All items such as neckties, belts, etc. were taken. Later soldiers locked us in fours inside the lavatories of the company houses. These lavatories were extremely small without a window and without a light. There was hardly room to stand up.

At 9pm a soldier came and read my name and said, "You come with me." We went upstairs together. We stopped in front of a door. They put a mask around my head. Then a soldier took me by the hand and led me into a room. I was standing in the middle of a room, anxiously waiting to see what was going to happen. I was definitely not thinking that there would be torture.

Suddenly music and cursing started. It gave the impression that there were lots of people in the room. With cursing they asked me to tell them the hiding place of a suspect; if not, they told me to get undressed. I took off my shoes, my socks and my coat. Suddenly they pulled me down with a rubber band around my neck. I was waiting with fear. One hand undid my zipper. I felt something was being tied to my penis and water being poured. At this moment I realized that my naked feet were being tied to a falaka stick.

Beating on my soles and electric shocks started at the same time. First the current was low then it gradually started becoming more powerful. I felt as if my whole body was being torn to pieces. Pain as a result of beating on my soles had reached a very high peak.

This was one of the tortures that the husband could not bear. And because of that he would admit a lot of crimes that he did not commit.

We were taken to the lavatory twice every day. They would line 10 of us in a row. We held on to each other because of the blindfolds over our eyes. We were harshly beaten on the way to our "small jobs". Ten of us were given only two minutes to complete this business in a lavatory made for only two to three persons. In order to do our "big jobs" we had to wait two to three days and accept the beating that accompanied it.

We were given half a loaf of bread three to four days old every 12 hours. We were also given a little bit of halva [Turkish sweet], rotten meat and canned stuffed vine leaves [dolma] for three to four days: that was the time the Council of Europe representatives were visiting Turkey.

During the 20 days I stayed there nobody including myself gave a statement of their own free will. I have witnessed people signing their statements, written by the police, blindfolded. One was locked into an empty room with a paper and a pen and asked to write his handwritten statement. There was also a typed questionnaire with questions on it. One had to answer those questions too. I was beaten several times during this process and had to answer questions which I had no idea of . . .

A week after the handwritten statements we were taken to the first floor of Security Headquarters for typewritten statements . . . Then we were put into cells and waited for our turn to come to be taken to Mamak [Military Prison]. Some had to wait up to two months. It all depended on the torture signs. They were waiting for them to disappear before one was sent elsewhere. And also one was recovering from the tiredness of the torture.

Policemen pillaged the houses and offices of people they detained. A fellow with whom I shared a cell told me that when they raided a grocer's shop and detained the man, they brought their car and filled the boot with all the spirits that were around, all the chocolate, biscuits, dried fruit etc. When they came to our office they took 100,000 Turkish Lira.

It was my 25th day. For some it had been three months, for others two months and so on. They read 50 names and took us from our cells. We were blindfolded and walking in a row holding on to each other . . . They took us out to the garage and lined us in front of a wall. We were facing the wall and all of us had a general beating with kicks and truncheons . . .

11. Statement made on 19 April 1981 / [name known to Amnesty International]

Till last night I was in a world of truncheons, beatings, curses and torture. It was like a nightmare. It was one that one cannot forget. It was real and I lived through it. I witnessed the capacity of human beings to endure unthinkable cruelty. They were able to survive. It has only been 24 hours since I left that violence, cruelty and unthinkable way of life. One cannot forget it in one's lifetime. There is no way one can justify these things. It is even worse than the concentration camps of Hitler. Till yesterday I was in it. Only today I am free from it.

I want to talk about this cruelty, this torture, from the beginning. During the interrogation of somebody my name was mentioned. Plain-clothes policemen raided my office with their Kalashnikovs in their hands. After arresting me they waited, thinking that others might come. During this time they picked up whatever they fancied from my office. Carbon paper, calendar, electric equipment, radio, etc., were among the things they gathered. Later when a friend came to the office, without questioning they put both of us in a car and took us away. The minute the car moved they blindfolded us. They ordered us to lie down between the seats. They told us the place they will take us will be a military place and the commanders will be there. Though my eyes were bound I was able to detect the place to which we were going from the turnings that the car was taking. It was Ankara Security Headquarters.

The car went into a garage. They took us out and recorded our names. One of them pulled my moustache and said, "Hey, you queer, what sort of moustache is that", and kicked me. Later on we had a lot more of it. We had to bend our heads in order to pass to the next place they were taking us. This was a place where all the torture was done. It is called DAL (Evaluation and Research Laboratory). They took me to a corner and ordered me to stand on one foot. They said, "You address us as 'commander' here". I stayed like that for an hour. My eyes were blindfolded. I could not figure out what kind of a place it was. Then somebody came without uttering a word and started beating me. He was kicking and hitting me with his fist on my neck, shoulders and my stomach. I writhed and fell down. I did not know why I was brought there. I stayed on the floor till midnight. At midnight five to six policemen came inside. With screams and cursing they started beating everyone around there. There were lots of others besides me. I also had my share. They were making sounds as if they were enjoying beating us. Then they picked out one and took him to a room. After a while we heard horrible screams. For four to five minutes cries were rising and then a little bit of silence. "Speak", "Who do you know", were the questions. Then the screams were rising again.

A man whom they called "captain" started talking to me. He asked me to answer his questions in a way that would please him, otherwise he would be forced to use violence. "This is all I am going to say" and he left the room. Four or five other people started punching and kicking and said that they were going to hang me. They made me climb on a chair, tied my hands by the wrists to somewhere on the ceiling, and my feet together and pulled away the chair. I was hanging in the middle. One said, "Let's see how long you can last" and punched me in the belly. For a time they left me hanging. But later they returned and kept up punching and asking questions . . . My wrists and shoulders felt as if they were about to break open. My hands were numb. From time to time they were swinging me, then this numbness turned into unbearable pain. Since I was blindfolded and did not have a wristwatch, I do not know how long this first session lasted. But later, telling me to think once more, they untied me and took me to the corridor and made me take up the previous position . . . They did not take us to the toilet and refused to give water or food. The natural needs of man have been turned into a means of torture here . . .

During the second session, they gave electric shocks by tying electrodes to his penis and finger. They stopped. Untied the one on my penis and attached it to my forehead, exactly over my right eye. New shocks started coming. This was directly affecting my brain. It was as if my skull was bursting open and my brain springing out. My head was moving like a ball, and I was screaming at the top of my voice. They were very angry and asked me not to scream. But not to scream was impossible, moreover it had a relaxing effect . . .

. . . Someone called "captain" tried to persuade me to talk and said that if I would talk, he would let me go away without telling anybody about it . . . In the meantime he was threatening me by saying that he would bring my wife here and would do everything to her . . . This threat affected me, because previously they had brought here wives, children, mothers and fathers of various people and used them for psychological pressure. They were capable of all immoral acts to females, even raping them. I have witnessed some of them.

Once while I was kept in a cell, I heard voices outside and peeped through the air inlet to see a young girl who was blindfolded pushed in the wall. She had a checkered skirt and was a brunette. Standing next to her were two bearded heavy-weight policemen. They first caressed her breasts, pushed their legs toward hers and kissed her lips. She was trying to scream but they were holding her lips. Later they undressed her top, and went on caressing and kissing her breasts. In the meantime they told her that if she insisted on not talking they would rape her. So she agreed to do whatever they wanted, only then they permitted her to dress herself and went away, taking her . . . Once they brought in an engaged couple to the torture chamber and undressed them.

On this morning the police came and told him his son was in the hospital, sick. When he arrived at the hospital he found his son dead. He was a student at the Middle East Technical University. The father did not know why he had been detained. He said his son had been tortured and died as a result.

External observations: "In the external examination of the head area excessive amounts of blood were coming from the nose and both ears. The face was totally covered with blood".

Brother's letter says that they had no contact with the brother after he was detained. A complaint has been made to Kayseri martial law commander and legal steps taken. Describes the police as saying that they had taken him to the Erciyes Pharmacy on the fourth floor of a building, that he had escaped from them, jumped out of the window, fallen from a balcony and banged his head. His death was not reported in the papers.

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9. To: The Chairman of the National Security Council
Head of State
Ankara

19 February 1981

From: Vahip Er

Summary: Tortures at the 1st Section of Ankara Police HQ

I was detained on 4 November 1980 at midnight at my house in Ankara, Demetevler 2 Cad. 48/1. The three persons who detained me told me they work for 1st Section . . . Together with my guests I was put in a police minibus blindfolded. Moreover, they asked us to crouch in the car, and to this effect they forced our heads to the floor by pulling our hair . . . At the place where we were taken the door opened with a sound like that of a garage door. We passed through a passage where one could hear the water flowing through the sewerage, and arrived at a corridor with some 30 cells. Each cell was 1.7m in length, 1.2m in width, 2m in height.

Here, without asking who we were, why we had been brought there, some started beating us with truncheons and rods on different parts of our body and on our hands. I was aware of the swelling of my wrists because my shirt sleeves started squeezing my pulses. After this beating they tried to force us to sign a paper, the contents of which we did not know. When I announced that I refused to sign anything I have not read, the beating resumed ferociously, with kicks, fists and batons . . .

They made me lie in it face downwards. They poured cold water over me and left me like that for some time. I do not recall for how long. Just as I was about to drown somebody pulled me with a rope tied to my feet. They doused me with high pressured cold water. The dirt was cleaned from my body. Then they made me drink salty water. Then again I was put into the boot of the car naked with a blanket over me. We started to go. Some time later I learned that I was in Kayseri. I was taken upstairs wrapped in a blanket after it was dark. "Your execution is starting. Say your last word", they said. It must have been the result of torture that made me scream, "Do whatever you like." Apparently they took this as an insult and laid me down for falaka. They inserted a truncheon into my rectum and made me lick it, they hung me to the ceiling by my arms. Anyway my arms had gone numb. There was no sign of pain or mobility. They were totally black. They took me down. Two policemen came and gave me tea. My hands, arms, legs, waist and my rectum were in unbearable pain. They told me that they were going to take me to Malatya. They said all the necessary documents about me were ready there. It was not an hour before I was laid down for falaka, electric shocks and insertion of truncheon procedures. Later we started going. "Uzun Yayla" between Kayseri and Gurun is a very tough road. Snow storms are often encountered. We reached there and the tyres started skidding. They tried putting on chains. They were not successful. "You queer jerk, because of you we are going to freeze." Saying this, they took me out of the car and threw me on the snow. I was naked. They said, "We are leaving and you are going to freeze. Anyway your punishment was going to be given like this. Then we will say you froze on the way to carry out an illegal activity".

I was just about to freeze when they took me out and dumped me back into the boot. They later forced hot soup through my mouth. I was in Malatya. They brought my wife from our house. They must have shown me to her because she screamed. That is how I recognized her, from her voice. Just before we left Malatya for Balikesir, somebody said, "Major, this man stinks, we cannot go with this dirt. Let us take him back to his house so that he can wash and dress" . . .

I was brought back to Balikesir on 22-23 January 1981 . . . I was forced to sign my statement blindfolded. I refused. Beating started. They had placed books and guns on the table and a film camera was present. They asked me to read loudly the following statement, "I acted as a spy for the Russians for the past 15 years and supplied arms to DISK". When I refused, torture started. They placed a pencil in my hand and signed it . . .

Why is there torture in the country? They want to force the people to accept the general economic-political programme being applied. As a result of this programme there will be opposition. They want to suppress the opposition. In short, to stop the wishes of the people with a stick.

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7. Suleyman Kirteke

I took my daughter Elif to Ankara on 2 January 1981. As you know I was the organizational secretary of the Metal Workers' Union of DISK / Confederation of Progressive Trade Unions/. But after 12 September the union was suspended and later an organizer was appointed. I felt since I was in Ankara it would be nice to drop in at the union, and I did so. The appointed organizer told me that it was necessary to get the union cars in Corlu and Balikesir back to headquarters /in Istanbul/ and asked me to drop in on my way to the headquarters to finalize the arrangement. So I went to Istanbul and visited our former district head Mirza Arabaci. In the middle of the night of 5/6 January 1981, they picked up Mirza and me from his house. They blindfolded us and took us away. They said to us, "This is 125 Infantry Regiment. We are majors and colonels." They asked our names. I said my name was Suleyman Kirteke. "You queer jerk, what kind of name is that", was the answer. "This must be a false name". Fists and kicks came to my eyes, head, waist, legs, stomach and arms with the speed of lightning. I fainted and fell down on the floor. They stripped my clothes and laid me down for falaka. Later they gave me electric shocks. They hung me to the ceiling by my arms and I stayed like that without any questions till morning. At one point they went out to have tea and the torture stopped. I took advantage of that and looked at the person who was moaning next to me. He was covered with blood. From him I found out that this place was not a military place, but Istanbul's Gayrettepe Police station. Anyway, a police hat was hanging on the wall. Next day Mirza and I were placed in a car blindfolded with arms tied and taken to Balikesir. They took us to a place and stripped us naked. They addressed each other as "major" and "colonel". I spent 12 days in Balikesir. During those 12 days I was hung by my arms at least 8-9 hours a day. While I was in that position they were continually putting salt into my mouth, and when I asked for water they were forcing me to drink salt water. Then they took me down and this time they made me lie in ice cold water. I do not remember for how long they kept me in ice water. Then they laid me down for falaka. They passed electric currents to my ear lobes, my toes and my fingers. They inserted a truncheon inside my rectum and later made me lick it. They laid us face down on the floor and forced others to rape us.

/Union history follows/

We stayed there until 25 December. I was not able to see any of my family during this period. But I have to say that while I was in the military prison neither the soldiers nor the officers were harsh to us. They treated us like human beings.

On 25 December we were blindfolded and taken back to the First Branch of the Security Police. First they carried out an oral interrogation. They were addressing each other as "commander", "captain", "sergeant" and "corporal". These police officers told us that they had orders from the /National Security/ Council, that they were the only responsible people and they could kill us if they wanted . . .

Next day they asked me whether I had thought things over. "Are you going to tell us?" I answered, "Yes I have thought. I will sincerely answer the questions you ask." They said, "We will not ask. You will tell us."

I said that I did not know what I was accused of and that I had nothing to talk about . . . Let me tell you about the "spreadeagle" whose picture I have drawn on the left. First they tied my arms tightly to a piece of wood. Then they stood me on a chair and they hung the piece of wood on the wall. They then took the chair away. They put my feet together and they tied my ankles together with a belt and they started pulling it. I felt a very sharp pain. I felt as if my arms were being torn apart. Because they had tied my arms very tightly it was difficult for the blood to circulate. I felt my fingers swelling up. After some time I lost feeling in my arms. While they were beating my fingers with a stick I only heard the noise. I did not feel any pain.

/He tells of policemen enjoying themselves, punching him and of his fainting/. The time had come for falaka. The torturers see the government as a stick . . . I have read in the newspapers of guns which shoot 600 bullets in a second. Our police sticks are so good they will pass this record soon. /Description of falaka, salty water on feet, etc./ Then they gave me electric shocks. You feel as if your organs are separating. And when they give them to your penis and scrotum that is even more painful. /Description of attachment of electrodes/ In Ankara electric torture is applied to man and wife together, usually through the genital organs.

After falaka and electric shocks comes the stretching on the ground. They tie your hands and legs separately, lay you on the floor and start pulling your arms and feet apart. Of course the pain is terrible . . . After falaka, when they make you jump, they punch you all over . . . Because you are blindfolded you lose your balance and fall over. During this they say how they will rape your wife and daughter in front of you. If the torturers do not accomplish their aim with these methods they douse you with cold water . . . They stub their cigarettes out on you . . . /The sense of this is that he has gone through all these stages himself, but he is describing them in general terms, Trans./

Suleyman Kirteke, General Secretary of Dev Maden Sendikasi, born 1940:

"I was brought to Balikesir from Istanbul. I was beaten, hung from my arms, given electric shocks, buried naked in the snow and subjected to great physical and emotional torture. They asked for the names of the people I had killed, the names of members of the board of Kurtulus. They said they would rape my daughter and took me to Ankara and put me in a room where I heard the screams of a woman. They said, "We are raping your daughter." They took me to Kayseri because I did not give the statement they demanded. On the way they buried me in the snow. Then we went to Malatya. I had a gun left to me by my father. They made my wife bring that from the village . . . When they could not get a result from that they took me back to Balikesir. Then they said the union was a front organization and there were secret activities behind it . . . Aydin Genc brought a 28-page statement type-written. They cheated and put my signature under this. Aydin Genc said to me that it was the first time he had been unsuccessful at making someone talk but, "I cheated you and wrote a statement in your name. Go and defend and save yourself." . . .
 [The accused said he wanted the medical report saying that he had been tortured to be placed in his file.]

Taner Kavak, teacher, unemployed, born 1954:

"I do not accept my statement. Like the rest of my friends I gave the statement under pressure."

[The lawyer of the accused said his clients had been subjected to torture and that investigations had been undertaken by the public prosecutor and the file sent to the Martial Law Command, but the result was not known. All were released from detention for the charges involved in that case, except Suleyman Kirteke.]

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6. Hasan KUL - occupation, teacher

27 February 1981

[This is the translation of a letter written from Balikesir prison.]

Before starting my letter, I want to send my revolutionary greetings to all my friends. I have meant to write to you for a long time, but while you were at school I was in a cell and when I was in the prison you were on your holidays. I also did not want to cause you trouble. Thank you for writing to my wife. Your letter has also been read by the 1st Branch officials. They asked several questions; inquiring about your relations with me, your interest in my situation and your political beliefs. Your being a member of the Republican Party saved you or else you would have been with me now.

TurhanAldeniz, student at Balikesir educational institute, born 1957:
 "They took me from school to the Security headquarters. They bound my eyes and put me in a room. I was subjected to falaka. They passed electric current through my male organs. When they found that I had no association with all these things, they asked me where the ammunition was. I said I did not know. They said if I did not give the statement they dictated they would destroy my male organs. My hand-written statement to the police was made under these circumstances and I do not accept it. My statement to the public prosecutor is the correct one . . ."

Vedat Suzen, worker at MTA, Mineral Research Institute, Balikesir, born 1947:

"My statement was taken under psychological and physical pressure. I was put into the detention room blindfolded. There were people being tortured there. I was beaten and kicked. After 25 days of this kind of maltreatment they said that if I did not give them the statement they wanted they would detain me for 90 days, set me free and detain me again. I gave that statement under fear and threats. I do not accept it. My statement to the public prosecutor is the true one."

Suleyman Akdogan, driver at MTA Mineral Research Institute, Balikesir, born 1951:

"I was tortured 17 days at the police station and I was kept among the ones being tortured so I was under emotional torture, but despite all this I said the truth. My statements to the police and public prosecutor are true."

Ali Ozturk, worker at MTA Mineral Research Institute, born 1950:

"The police used all the curses in the Turkish dictionary and subjected me to physical torture, thus extracting the statements. I do not accept them."

Ergun Yildirim, worker at MTA Balikesir, born 1960, member of administrative board of union:

"My statements to the police were extracted with physical and psychological torture. I was beaten and subjected to electric shocks. They said that if I did not give the statement they wanted they would interrogate me for three months in that way and I might die or lose my manhood and other threats. I gave my statement under these circumstances and do not accept it."

Tayfun Gorgun, trader, born 1955:

"I was tortured and beaten and subjected to being hung up with my arms spread. My statement was taken under torture. I do not accept it."

Turkis Tosun, student at Balikesir Management School, born 1957:

"My statements were taken under torture. I was undressed and beaten. They passed electricity through me. I was left in front of an open window in December.

Hasan screamed with pain and asked what he had done. After that they broke the door of a mill and continued beating Hasan inside. The owner of the mill states that Hasan was unable to stand on his feet at that stage. Later a captain and the plain-clothed policeman took Hasan by the arm and carried him to the fountain to wash his face. They also acted as if they were trying to keep Hasan out of sight. The operation started at 7 o'clock in the morning and the beating session lasted till 11-12 o'clock lunchtime. From then on nobody knows where Hasan was taken, where he was being tortured and beaten

They searched the house in my father's absence and told him that they had found a gun. They took my parents and my brother Musa to the Tunceli regiment. Later they sent them to Tunceli martial law command. They were kept in detention there and tortured. Hasan's parents recognized their son's moans. He was lying on cold concrete covered with wounds. The moaning sounds lasted till 27 December 1980. People who were set free later said that, "When Hasan was brought in, none of us were tortured and he was tortured for 24 hours." These people are all ready to act as witnesses if necessary. On 27 December 1980 Hasan's body could not longer stand the torture and he became unconscious. Then he was taken to Elazi military hospital

Hasan's parents were set free on 30 December 1980 without their statements having been taken Later they were called back and asked whether Hasan had any illness. When they said, "no", they were told that Hasan had died at the military hospital as a result of pneumonia

Later I learned about the events and I went to collect Hasan's body from the hospital. The state of his body was very saddening We buried Hasan Kilic on 1 January 1981 at the village cemetery.

On 7 January 1981 a first lieutenant from the Elazi Military Prosecutor's office and a civilian (I think he was a prosecutor or a judge) came to ask for an evidence statement from one of Hasan's close relatives. I was taken to martial law command. They took my evidence. They asked for witnesses. I gave some names. I also wrote a petition to the Army Corps Military Prosecutor. They did not give me the autopsy report saying that the case was secret. They said I would receive it in the court.

In February evidence was collected from witnesses. I do not know how the case will develop from now on.

15 to 20 days before my brother's death, Suleyman Olmez who was a teacher at Tunceli's Yesilkaya village was taken into custody by the military air brigade and brought to Tunceli. Four days later we heard that he had committed suicide by hanging himself. They pressured the doctor and the prosecutor to sign his suicide report. They said he had tied himself to the radiator. (It is rather strange for one to hang himself from a radiator which is at the same level as he is and where did he find the rope to do such an act).

Most of the people who were there were asked to give names and addresses of others and places where they kept their guns. Innocent people were tortured for crimes that they did not commit. Later their innocence was proven . . .

Torturers tried to take advantage of girls and women whose hands and arms were tied. They were stripped naked in front of their close relatives. It was widely believed that some of the women were raped. Women especially were given cigarettes with hashish in them . . .

The torturers were plain-clothed policemen, mostly young, very few elderly ones among them. All had beards, they took much care not to be recognized. They addressed each other as captain, lieutenant etc . . .

[A description of the living conditions follows]. We were all constipated as a result of eating dry bread. We were allowed to use the lavatory twice a day. Many people were beaten because they asked to go to the lavatory. One day they were late taking us to the lavatory. Requests from the cells to be taken started coming. The policeman on call said, "Whoever accepts to have ten beatings with a truncheon I will take him to the lavatory." Seventy people accepted this treatment and went to the lavatory. Most of the time one was not allowed to untie the cloth over one's eyes while one was in the lavatory . . .

One night we were put in a car blindfolded. They took us for a ride that took about ten minutes. When they took off the blindfolds we found ourselves in front of the Security Headquarters . . .

I spent two days there. They took my finger prints and they registered me as a member of Dev-Yol [Revolutionary Way] for carrying a gun and ammunition. Though I tried telling them that I was there for possession of banned books and involvement with the TIKP trial, they did not take my explanations into account. They threatened me with beating. This is a typical example of how improper bureaucracy is conducted . . .

We were, with 19 other people, finally taken to Mamak Military Prison. We were placed into two rooms which are called cages. They did not take account of our tiredness and immediately started the military training. We spent the first six hours reciting marches. In order to avoid being hit by a truncheon or a fist one had to be very careful not to make a mistake ...

When the procedures were finished and we were to be distributed to the wards, we had a general beating to give us a fright so that we would behave ourselves. I was sent to the B block. A few days later they took us, the new-comers, from the ward and started beating our hands with a truncheon. The sergeant who was beating me was screaming hysterically and saying, "I will break your fingers so that you will not pull another trigger again." It was of no use to say that I had not pulled any triggers or that I was innocent. My hands were swollen, I had difficulty moving them for a whole week . . .

3. Abdurrahman Tasci
 Bafra sok. No 8/2
 Cebeci
 Ankara
 Turkey

5 January 1981

To the Martial Law Command

I am a journalist at the Aydinlik newspaper. I was detained on 3 November 1980. I spent fifteen days at the security headquarters and thirty days at the Mamak military prison.

Around 12 o'clock midnight 5 men came to my house. They said they were policemen and were here to conduct a search. They pushed me to one side and started searching the house. They gave no explanation. They gathered several books and magazines. They also took M. Bedri Gultekin who was a guest at my house. He is on the board of directors of the Turkish Workers' and Peasants' Party [TIKP].

We were taken to a car with guns pointing at us. They bound our eyes with a cloth. The people who took us from my house were plain-clothes policemen belonging to the First Branch. We arrived at a place and they handed us over to others.

The people who took us over, asked our address and our identities. They immediately started cursing and insulting us. We were made to stand facing a wall. There were others in the same position as us. A few minutes later tortures came. They started asking questions and beating us at the same time. I had an extra beating because I was an Aydinlik journalist. They were hitting my back, my abdomen and my head. They were asking us where we were from. When one of them heard that I was from Erzurum, he lifted the cloth that was over my eyes and spat into my mouth.

M. Bedri Gultekin, who was detained with me, objected to the beating, saying he was a party administrator and therefore he should not be beaten. Hearing this four or five of them started beating him till he was on the floor. After being exposed to a considerable amount of beating, we were made to stand on one foot with our index fingers touching the wall. If by accident one moved, he would get a special beating. They said this was just the beginning, more was to come later on. . . .

We did not know where we were. Others, who were brought here before us, told us that we were at a building behind the Security Headquarters which was near a garage. . . . They were using the Security Headquarters switch board (245120) for their telephone calls and their extension number was 2209. . . .