

## Part Two

*The interests of sovereign powers converge my first detention  
(Holland 21.12.1995)*

My war with the Mafia State moves to Europe  
While travelling on the main road from Belgium to Holland we suddenly realised we were being followed by police on motorbikes but because we had nothing to concern us about the police we carried on as before with them behind and us in front. We continued chatting about other things seeing no reason even to comment about what those following behind us might be after. When they eventually stopped us it was about 11.00 a.m. and we were now within the Dutch borders. They made us all get out of the car. One of the officers turned to me and said, "You're coming with us."

After that they let two of my relatives go. Because I thought they were going to let me go too that in any case, I asked my relatives to keep the matter to themselves. I wasn't searched and I'd committed no offence. Therefore, I didn't attach much importance to the affair. It was the kind of thing that happened to our people all the time. Because I had no idea about anything that was afoot, of any plans, or of the plot being hatched, I just thought to myself "*Here we go again, but in any case they'll soon let me go ...*"

It wasn't until later on that we found out that on 17 November 1995, Turkey had issued a warrant in absentia for

me in connection with the *Kismetim-1* ship incident and that they'd then informed Interpol about the warrant and requested that I be arrested. The conspiracy was very wide-ranging. About half an hour after this had happened the Turkish news agencies and Turkish television were even reporting that I'd been arrested. When the Dutch courts had not even arrested me officially, nor put anything down in writing Turkey was already making official announcements. And this was being done with all the air of a commander coming and going from the war front.

As soon as my relatives had left I was taken to the Breda military police station. Shoving a number of pre-prepared papers towards me they said, "*Sign these. You're off to Turkey.*"

Well, before I had even been informed of any offence of which I was being accused, why was I being arrested and coerced into complying with an extradition to Turkey by signing a bunch of papers they had at the ready?

When I grasped the seriousness of the situation I pulled myself together. I tried to explain the situation to them and requested a lawyer as my natural right. But neither did they give me permission to see a lawyer, nor even would they let me make a telephone call to my family to inform them of what was happening. Things went on in this way for the next four days. During this whole time I was not allowed either access to a lawyer nor to make a telephone call. Only, from time to time a policeman from Eeskerk who worked in the station going by the name of Umit would come up to me and say a thing or two.

I didn't eat a thing until the fifth day when I was taken to a place I later learned to be the Breda courthouse. Letting them think I'd eaten what they'd given me I'd tip it all into the toilet and get by on water.

When we arrived at the Courthouse I was taken down to the basement floor. Here in a small room sat a young brunette who seemed very high and mighty. Beside her stood a man. Without

speaking to me they gestured that they wished me to sit down in the seat opposite the woman. After I'd been seated for a short while I found out that the man who'd remained standing and who spoke English was an interpreter. The interpreter had even begun to translate the woman's first words. He said that this haughty brunette was a prosecutor whereas in fact neither did the woman look like a prosecutor nor did the man who'd remained standing seem like an interpreter. The man was just like the many insolent, know-it-all Turkish officials I'd encountered so often in the past. He was an ordinary-looking, olive-skinned type who kept on putting his hands in his pockets as if to conceal some crime.

As for the woman, with every move she made she tried to convey the impression that there was a great deal of urgency about the matter. With a firm motion she pushed the papers in front of her towards me, "Sign these!" her Grace commanded.

"What are they?" I asked.

In a tone which heaped scorn upon scorn confirming everything I'd suspected about her she replied "You're going to be going to Turkey!"

Taking pains not to ruffle my composure I tried once more to explain the situation to them. I tried, even as I'd tried over the past five days to explain it but I didn't succeed as they themselves were the reason for my failure. Then as if to say, "*Tell me another one!*" she went on: "Whether you sign it or not, you are going to go to Turkey. But if you don't sign it the matter will take a bit longer, that's all. For that, the best option for you is to sign it."

"So," I said, "I've been held hostage for five days. I'm not allowed to see a lawyer. I'm not able to see my family. Now you're telling me that I'm going to Turkey and you won't listen to me. Is this really Holland, then?"

The man who was still standing and who claimed to be an interpreter said in a very knowing way, "Oh yes, it's Holland,

it's Holland."

Something between a smile and a grimace spread over his face as he sought to make me understand the added implication. The woman had understood this witticism and turning towards me said again, "Sign these, it's the best course of action for you."

I said, "If you are indeed a prosecutor, then first respond to my request to see a lawyer. Furthermore, I'm a Kurd. On top of being a Kurd I have problems with the Turkish government. I can't go to Turkey."

Saying, "Turk and Kurd are the same thing, aren't they? What's the difference?" and instead of responding to my formal request, the woman chose to be even more unsavoury. In response I told her: "However much the Dutch are like Hitler, that's how much the Kurds are like the Turks."

Seeing red at these words and in an even tougher manner as if intending to frighten me, pushing the papers in her hand at me the woman yelled at the top of her voice: "Sign these and get out of here!"

I pushed the papers back at her without the slightest flinch in reaction to her kicking and stamping and said in a colourless tone, "I'm not going to sign these papers, nor am I going to go to Turkey."

The woman went crazy and losing control leaned towards me and began to ply me with threats, "You'll go in such a way that ...!"

I laughed at the state she was in.

The discussion came to an end with the threat-filled screeches of this woman who had styled herself as prosecutor so that the officers waiting outside came in and escorted me out. The moment they'd taken me out the woman continued to shout out behind me venting her rage and saying things in her own language.

They took me to another very small and dirty room. There

were cigarette butts all over the floor and plastic drinking cups and everything was covered in dust. Only a single place had been cleared to sit down and that too was thick with dust. Things were scrawled all over the walls in a number of different languages - English, Dutch, French, Spanish, Turkish and Arabic. In enormous letters was written: "*If you can't do the time, don't do the crime.*" Again in English, "*Time is like a candle, but it goes by, brother, it goes by,*" first caught my gaze.

The writings on the wall for a large part swore at the police. There were a lot of ugly Turkish words on these walls. Amidst a whole lot of meaningless words and sentences beneath the Turkish slogan "*Down with Fascism*" signed by Selo from Sivas the writings of a Frenchman caught my attention saying and swearing at the police, "*The Dutch police broke my teeth.*" There was so much written on the walls of that tiny room that it wouldn't be a lie if I said there was enough there for a number of books.

It must have been about a half hour since I'd started reading the writing on the wall when the door opened and an officer came in.

I indicated the inside of the room, and said "It's filthy, isn't it?"

"You're right," he said. "It's the Christmas and New Year holiday and we're very busy. He made a host of excuses like there's almost no one working and on the back of it took me to a higher floor.

In the room into which I was brought sat a well-bred looking man with a brown handlebar moustache. A little beyond him another man sat engaged at the computer. Right opposite the man with the moustache sat another man who signalled at me to sit in the chair beside him. I learned later that the man sat beside me had come to interpret for me. The interpreter said that the man with the moustache was a judge. When I'd been informed that he was a judge, this individual then checked on my identity, address, nationality and such things asked me

whether there was anything further I had to add then said “We have arrested you because of Turkey’s request for you.”

In this manner at the end of five days I was finally able to find out why I’d been arrested.

I said to the judge, “For the past five days I’ve asked for a lawyer but I’ve not been able to see one. Some individuals claimed that they were police officers, and a little while before another person claimed to be a prosecutor and said I was going to go to Turkey. Now you’re telling me, ‘I’m a judge’. What’s going on here? I’m not even being given permission to inform my family of my situation and this is supposed to be a civilised country..”

The judge politely interrupted me: “Would I not have been told had they said you didn’t want to see a lawyer? Not stopping there, the judge carried on saying “Your family knows the position. The people who were with you informed them. A lawyer has been found for you and every day the lawyer has called but they said you didn’t want to see him.”

I was greatly upset by this. I told myself, “This is what civilisation really looks like, no doubt”. Look at this – I told every policeman I spoke with including the one of Turkish origin (from Eleskirt) that I wanted to see a lawyer. The one of Turkish origin even said to me once: “Your case is a bit over our heads. It seems to be somewhat political. The officers here can’t do anything other than refer your requests higher up.”

I told all these things to the judge.

The judge reacted said, “*Can such things happen?*”

The judge still imagined that his country was a civilised one.

I said to him, “Every day I’ve wanted to see a lawyer and on every occasion all they said was, “tomorrow, tomorrow.” Now I’m saying the same thing to you. Since you are a judge, I want to see a lawyer,” I repeated.

The judge said it wasn’t possible to see a lawyer person to person at that very moment but that I could speak by phone.

My family had appointed a lawyer, there was a phone in the Court building and if I wished I could phone and speak with the lawyer.

I spoke up at once, “Yes, please,” I said.

The person I spoke with on the phone was a Mr. Plasman. He repeated what the judge had already told me, that he had called up every day but that he’d been told I didn’t want to speak with him. I told him about the situation.

After warning me saying, “I understand you. You must absolutely not say anything,” he said “I’ll come and see you tomorrow. I’ll also get permission for your relatives to visit you.”

Upon hearing these words I felt a little more comfortable but when I was brought back before the judge I was told that the judge had put me under arrest for twenty days. My momentary feeling of relief was swept away with astonishment.

I asked “What? Am I to be kept inside for another twenty days?”

I received the reply. “Yes, there’s nothing serious in the documents that have come to us. This period of time is mandatory because we are requesting further documents from Turkey.”

Following this decision they took me to Brede Central Police to complete the twenty day detention period. I found it very hard to believe that all these things were actually happening in a country like Holland. But things that were to happen later would far overshadow all these early experiences. I related all the things which happened afterwards to the lawyers, to a Dutch Professor of Law, Professor Bovinkirk and to a number of Dutch journalists. Most interesting of it all was that not only did they not find what I told them strange, they didn’t even consider it important...! That was when I understood that this sort of thing went on in Holland all the time and that everybody knew about it, moreover, they’d all become inured to it.

The following day the lawyer arrived. Whereas I’d been waiting

five days to meet him in a state of anxious waiting, the first word out of him was “money”. I wanted to ask him a number of things about my situation. But I looked and saw that other than “*money, money*” the man had nothing else to say.

“See here, my honourable friend, they took from me every penny I had in my pocket. I have no money to give you. How much do you want and what will you do for me in return?” I more or less asked him. But I was most uncomfortable with the man’s behaviour.

The next day my relatives came to see me. It was only from them that I was able to find out that my arrest had not been any coincidence but was something well- planned. Moreover, my arrest had not just been down to Turkey but had been a joint operation between the Dutch and Turkish governments. What followed thereafter was ample proof that this was indeed an international conspiracy and that the Dutch government which at every opportunity claimed to be a defender of human rights and the rule of law sought to finish me off in its prisons, resorting to the very methods of the Turkish state. The Turkish government preferred to remain out of view behind the curtain during the actual operation but immediately upon my arrest, Turkey stopped at nothing to publicise this news as a victory.

### **Breda**

Exactly 13 days after my arrest, I was transferred from Breda Central Police Station to Breda Prison. Only now from prison was I able to call my wife and children for the first time since being arrested. My family were living in England. Everything had happened so suddenly that everyone had been taken by surprise. I had been caught off guard also, but I didn’t submit and began to think instead about what further steps needed to be taken in my own special war.

### **Yucel Yesilgoz and Frank Bovinkirk**

When I was in Breda Prison, a law professor from Utrecht University, Frank Bovinkirk and a Doctor of Criminology, Yucel Yesilgoz, made it known that they wanted to meet me about a book they were preparing. I met them after having been informed that Yesilgoz was a highly trustworthy and reputable person. Professor Bovinkirk was a most courteous individual. I felt reassured by the manner and attitude of them both towards me. I met them at least twenty times. I can say they knew a great deal about the Turkish Mafia State.

After I got out of prison, they gave me a text regarding our meetings saying they were going to publish details of what we’d been doing. There were some errors in transcription from the cassette recordings and I made some notes on this. The things I’d been saying about the Dutch government were not included anywhere at all. Acting as civil servants for Holland they’d also made no mention of a name I’d given them of an individual working for the Turkish government involved at the highest level in the illicit drugs traffick. Others operating all manner of illegal activities in Holland in the name of the Turkish government had also failed to get a mention. The language used in the text I’d been given was highly circuitous and flexible when it came to interpretation. Gaps had been left open for the Turkish State to be able to redeem itself. Moreover, there was no reference at all to what I really thought or believed true. Naturally enough my suggestions had also been neglected.

I spoke with them expressing my thoughts on the matter and said, “In a sense you’ve actually tried to whitewash the Turkish government.”

They laughed and claimed this had not been their position.

“You’re telling me the section I’ve read is also going to be included in your book. I’ve told you what I think. In Turkey there are gangs operating but those who’ve set up, organised and directed these gangs is none other than the government

itself. They annihilate whoever mounts any opposition to their policies. In other words, the opposition has no chance of staying out of the dirt because the State won't give them that opportunity. All this is the work of the State. Its synthesis of Turkish-Islam and Pan-Turanism is part and parcel of its ideology of world domination. I know this from experience. Moreover, in my meetings with you I observed you to be even more fully informed of this than myself. The Turkish government has killed a number of people across Europe including in Holland: the *Susurluk Report* published by the Prime Ministry draws upon the government's involvement in bombings, arson attacks and acts of sabotage but it hasn't made this section public for reasons of national security," I said as I pointed to it. "You haven't mentioned any of these things at all. These same sections were even covered by the Dutch Press.

They said they were aware of this too and shaking hands we parted.

I still haven't read the book which they wrote.

### **The Kurdish people didn't forget me**

When I was in Breda Prison I had no problem establishing contact with people outside. I was able to phone wherever I wished. During this period a number of Turkish government officials proposed meeting me and I saw some of them.

At no time whatsoever did the Kurdish people of the Kurdish political circles forget me. KAWA gave me their heartfelt support although I didn't really know them and had no former relations with them. The leaders of the PSK (Kurdistan Socialist Party) came to see me and helped me. Political entities from east and south Kurdistan also paid a great deal of attention to the situation I was in.

At the same time as this exemplary, respectful solidarity was going on, others who sought to contaminate this relationship resorted to all manner of lies and intrigues. These same people

succeeded in vilifying and wearing down these same good relations. Afterwards I learned that these unscrupulous characters had been put to work by the Turkish gangster state but the onslaught turned to our advantage. Kurdish circles know just who these people are. But because I don't consider it morally right to engage against Kurdish people, I'm not going to expose their names. On the other hand, I do see it as my duty to thank those who took a well-intentioned interest in me and maintained contact with me motivated solely by feelings of solidarity. And this includes the representatives of political parties.

My friend Ali Qazi demonstrated an exemplary solidarity and constantly came to visit me. I have the utmost respect and admiration for his idea of solidarity, his maturity and his tolerance. Ali Qazi is also a most capable diplomat.

Members of my family stood by me as one and showed me an astonishing solidarity, aside for Mele Emin and a few opportunists who even went as far as changing their surnames, like Giyas and Naif. But my brothers and sisters exerted themselves day and night for my sake and I saw how my wife showed a sensitivity and level of support exceeding all expectation. I felt real pride and pleasure and raised my hopes lifted to a new platform. Along side her inherent understanding of her responsibilities as a Kurdish woman, she was able to ask herself 'what should I do to be most effective.'

Those of my children still in their babyhood were able to take advantage of being at a distance from such troublesome events.

The PKK behaved in the manner of a government towards one of its citizens.

Kurdish circles set up the "*Huseyin Baybasin Solidarity Committee*". Within a short time they gathered almost 40,000 signatures in a demonstration of their solidarity. The signatures on this petition were gathered in the name of thirteen different Kurdish organisations and political parties which also staged

demonstrations out in front of the various Dutch Consulates right across Europe in protest against the government's actions. This solidarity constituted a stand in the name of Kurdishness. It was independent of any notion of profit, any relations or past obligation of any kind and came as a slap in the face to those saying, "there can be no solidarity and unity amongst the Kurds.

A number of Turkish circles also showed their support for me throughout my first period of detention in Holland. Civil servants risked their necks to attend my court hearings saying they wanted to help, while others supported me through what they wrote. Members of some Turkish organisations also took an interest. *Evrensel* (Universal) newspaper mounted a serious enquiry into the affair. Following up whatever I said, they documented how true my statements had been. They behaved with real sensitivity and determination. It was most interesting when *Aydinlik* succeeded in exposing details of JITEM (Gendarme Intelligence) and its corruption for the first time. The matter of Demirel and the army however was kept in silence. Of course, I have to repeat as was so often said to me, "*Everything has its time*".

At the time, there were no serious divisions within the *Ozgur Politika* group...

Huseyin Kalkan and one of my young brothers came to see me in prison. We held a long meeting and I gave them a number of texts and documents. They ran a weekly series but the content was not what I'd expected. They published a number of inaccurate names, addresses and events. Whereas they should constantly have contacted me and sought my help, instead they published a lot of nonsense. One of the things that upset me most was how a number of cassettes, documents and photographs I gave them came to be lost when this series was being prepared. During my meeting with Huseyin Kalkan he made known *Aydinlik's* request to see me. "With pleasure," I'd replied. "I'm indebted to them: it's my duty to see them."

At this same time I'd been refusing all the requests coming from the Turkish press to meet saying simply, "I don't trust you." I'd turned *Hurriyet* and *Sabah* down. I'd also refused a number of requests from publications belonging to religious (Islamic) groups. I did see *Yeni Yuzyl* (New Century) because a close friend acted as intermediary and I also spoke with *Radikal* because of my faith in Reha Maden's integrity.

Having accepted *Aydinlik's* request, Mehmet Salih Ceviker came to see me. Without my having asked he brought me a whole stack of books and magazines. He also brought greetings from a number of my friends. Included amongst the material he brought were a number of back issues of *Aydinlik* in which earlier statements I'd made had been published, as well as numerous copies of *2000'e Dogru* (Towards 2000) magazine.

### **Nothing remains secret...**

There were a number of articles about me published in *2000'e Dogru*. One of these shocked me by what I found inside. At that time, if I'm not mistaken over the date - it must have been some time around the end of 1990, beginning of 1991 - a team headed by one of the Ankara bosses by the name of Ahmet (perhaps the Chief) came to Istanbul to see me. The team worked for the Ministry of Intelligence and Smuggling Department.

Haci Capan's elder brother Ahmet Capan and someone by the name of Oguz, Ismet Yarikkaya's partner, had collected me from my office for this meeting. We went to a two-storey place in Zeytinburnu which they said was being prepared as a showroom for office and home furnishings. I carried out some intelligence of my own in advance and discovered that Ahmet was head of one of a number of teams given unlimited authority. I made a few precautions on the basis that if anything were to go wrong nobody would get out of there alive, although I felt that nothing was going to wrong by the way in which they'd approached me, so off I went to the meeting.

When we met they were much more nervous than I was. Ahmet said, "We've come to you in friendship, in a spirit of brotherhood, and with a favour to ask you."

"If that's the case, there's no problem," I said, and we shook hands.

To this, Ahmet began saying "We're trying to turn the State into a real state." We know how difficult this is. During a time like this we need people like you. It will be very good if you work with us."

I told him we didn't really know one another yet and that for me to become part of such an endeavour I needed to trust them, and that this was every bit as difficult as it was necessary. He accepted the truth of this.

When the meeting was coming to a close, Ahmet stopped me saying they had one more request to make. "Please, go on," I said.

However, I was most taken aback when he said, "It's to do with Ahmet Osmanoglu. He's one of National Security's most important operatives and he's vital to us. Whatever the problem is, let's try to fix it."

"I have no involvement with him so what can I do, or say?" I responded.

"According to the intelligence we've received you're planning on killing him. He needs to be left alone to get on with his business. This decision of yours however has bound him hand and foot. It's brought our work to a standstill."

This surprised me even more and I reacted strongly saying "What's this about me going to kill someone, brother?"

But he simply carried on in the following manner. "Osmanoglu bought a Mercedes sports-car from your sales yard but didn't pay up in full. You've grown angry and have given the order to have him killed."

It was true that Osman Ayanoglu had bought a Mercedes sports-car from us but there was still a valid term for payment.

Even though I knew this, I still took the precaution of calling the office to have it checked out. Having clarified the position in front of them I told them, "You've got it all wrong. Not only has no such decision been taken, I have no such intention of doing so either. It's true he has a debt outstanding but he still has an agreed term in which to repay it. He's paid part of the money and another instalment remains. I get a lot of cars back when the money isn't paid up on time, but a man doesn't get himself killed over it."

They wanted to pay off the balance of what Osman owed but I wouldn't accept it. "Pay it on the due date. If you still say you want to pay it now, then we'll have to take into account the fixed term and make proportionate deductions. It's my accountant who handles this side of the business, not me... But there's something more to this affair, isn't there? Someone or other is going to kill Osman. They're just paving the way for it right now. Because of this, I'm pretty sure my name is being circulated. Whoever it is that passed such intelligence to you, only he knows the truth," I warned them.

They became very nervous. This time they said, "We're asking you to protect Osman. He's necessary to us and to the State."

I cut it short. "Osman has his fingers in everything and I don't trust him. This business is a headache for me."

After this we went out separate ways. I even promised them not to tell anyone about it. The meeting was going to have remained a secret but here was Ceviker bringing me a copy of *2000'e Dogru* magazine where the whole business was spelled out almost down to the letter.

I asked Ceviker how such information had come their way.

"We find most things out" he said briefly.

This affected me considerably. It was really most important because afterwards Suleyman Basgor had come and spoken with me at *Club 12*. "Ayanoglu is going to be killed and it's going to be pinned on you," he said. "If you don't do a deal with us,



you're not going to have a very nice time of things."

Recep Ordulu (a retired provincial policeman and former assistant to Hayri Kozakcioglu when Kozakcioglu had been Chief of Police in Istanbul in 1980) was a friend and my lawyer. To my mind, he was also the whitest of all the police in Turkey. Ordulu brought this matter to the attention of Hayri Kozakcioglu speaking as governor, and through the auspices of the Istanbul Police Department to Necdet Menzir. We also spoke about the affair and other matters with Ismet Sezgin and Salih Alintas who was close to both Recep Ordulu and Ismet Sezgin. But how unfortunate it was that despite all these conversations it still didn't prove to be enough to protect Osman Ayanoglu. Ayanoglu would be killed in the most blatant manner.

When Sari Celal told the press, "*Huseyin Baybasin killed Osman Ayanoglu*", his superior had been that same Suleyman Basgor who'd been threatening me at *Club 12*.

When the *Kismetin-1* belonging to Osman Ayanoglu was sunk, it was exactly a year from the day that Ayanoglu had been killed. The three tons and one hundred kilos of drugs on that ship had belonged to me.

I met Ceviker. It was a meeting in which I felt a real freedom of mind. If I'm not wrong we enjoyed the chance to meet for two days on end and some nine or ten hours all told.

The publication of our interview struck fear into the heart of the mob.

I also observed at the time that the mob within the Turkish State was very much frightened by the *Aydinlik* group and in particular by Dogu Perincek.

Mehmet Agar was the Minister of Justice during this period. Prior to the *Aydinlik* group publishing the interview, Agar had made a show about his decision to prevent publication by the newspaper's printing house by employing a group of lawyers but although this tactic wasn't legal under Turkish law who gave a damn? After all it was the gang who determined what

the laws should be and Agar was one of the Demirel mob's top boys.

I exposed the exploitation committed by people like Sulcyman Demirel and his family, Mehmet Agar and his family, Tugrul Turkes and his circle, Ismet Sezgin, Ali Sen, and Necdet Kucuktaskiner in the name of running the country and how they were taking advantage of the civil war for their own profits. But most important of all, I exposed how they had organised the world's most important drugs traffick, giving the places, the times, the routes and the names.

Rather than attacking me directly, these men had gone after the press who'd published what I'd revealed and had their publications closed down. As for me, they neither denied what I said, nor started any legal proceedings against me. Actually, I hadn't left them a single loophole to be able to accuse me of lying but even so if there was anyone against whom proceedings should have been taken, it should have been me. After all, it was me who was talking and if anyone was to be held responsible then it should have been me.

### **The State's dirty laundry is exposed**

At this exact point in time, a most interesting development occurred in the guise of the "Susurluk accident". The Susurluk accident proved to be a real stroke of luck for me. It must have been God's grace that such a thing should happen. I'd already exposed the names of Abdullah Catli and a few others as being members of the Mob. A number of media groups, but chiefly *Aydinlik*, had also given space to these revelations. While the right-wing press in Turkey tried to pass it off as an "invention" the democratic and left-wing press pursued events with real determination. *Evrensel* (Universal) newspaper - which later changed its name to *Emek* (Labour) - had no intention of showing me any disrespect. I was to witness in them an honest and highly principled consensus and a forthright, courageous

humanistic approach. Mehmet Ulger, Mustafa Yalciner, and Semih (whose surname I can't recall) were among those friends whom I'd spoken with.

I have to emphasise that before my arrest in Holland I'd not personally known any of these journalists. Mehmet Ulger had struggled for months to meet me. He'd written letters making contact with me through my lawyers and I'd replied. Finally we'd met and I've been pleased that I did ever since.

The Susurluk Accident tore apart the fabric which cloaked the Mafia State. The fabric of lies was ripped asunder and the people of Turkey beheld the Mafia State in all its nakedness. Abdullah Catli had been one of the most important bosses of the mob within the State. At one time he'd acquired the nickname, "Boss" when he'd led and organised one of the fascist "*Ulku Ocaklari*" (right-wing extremist) associations. He'd also been involved in the drugs traffick, most significantly in Holland and France, but also in Germany, Greece, Switzerland, Austria, England, Canada, America, Italy and Belgium, as well as having carried out a number of bombings and assassination operations in these same countries.

Kenan Evren who'd led the military coup in 1980 and who now sat entrenched in the President's seat had assigned Catli to perform an operation against ASALA in the course of which a number of Armenian businesses were bombed and destroyed and several Armenians killed. These operations were conducted in several European countries and were carried off by the gang which was headed by Catli. Serving a prison sentence in France for drugs, Catli's name was also mixed up with those who'd planned the assassination of the Pope. Giving evidence in Rome alongside Mehmet Ali Agca, accused of the attempted assassination, Catli was later sprung from prison after having been detained in Switzerland on another drugs charge and was then assisted to escape by the Turkish State.

The car in which Catli had been killed in the Susurluk accident

belonged to Sedat Bucak, head of a Kurdish tribe turned village guards, an MP with the DYP. Bucak was wounded at the same time, however until an appropriate alibi could be found for him, he claimed conveniently to have lost his memory!

Naturally this excuse served the purpose well, and even today he doesn't seem to be able to remember just what he was doing in that car! Bucak was a member of parliament. The driver of the car at the time of the accident had been an old acquaintance of mine, Huseyin Kocadag, a prominent police chief exposed by virtue of the accident as the gang's active wing in the police.

A Turkish diplomatic passport was found on Abdullah Catli issued in the name of Mehmet Ozbay and signed by Mehmet Agar, along with an identity card, driver's license and a special security operative's pass which placed him above arrest and above interrogation by any other security official in the whole of Turkey. This same pass also authorised him to carry the weapon of his choice. Mehmet Agar's signature was found on all these documents.

At the time of the accident, Mehmet Agar was an MP for the same party as Sedat Bucak and was also the Interior Minister. After the accident, Agar was removed from the Ministry. In the same period his connections with Ciller's gang were revealed and comments appeared in the press concerning a fall out with the army. At first sight, Agar appeared to have fallen from grace, but within a short while he was selected as an independent MP on the wishes of the inmost echelons of the State. At the time of writing, further bold steps are being taken - again on the express wishes of the State - for Agar to be able to take up the post of General Secretary of the DYP (True Path Party).

"What a pity it will be for the esteemed Pasha"

When I was in Breda I issued some statements in which I said, "*the State had Hulusi Sayin killed.*" Because of this *Dev-Sol* (the Revolutionary Left) reacted against me. The reason given for it

was that my statements had made them uncomfortable, whereas some time before I'd said on MEID TV as well as to a number of Turkish media organisations that the State had had Hulusi Sayin killed. The main people in *Dev-Sol* knew me well. Quite a number of those behind *Dev-Sol* had had contact with me, but none of them had ever brought this subject up.

In this same period as I was making such statements, the Turkish gangster state began to shake and was turned upside down. Some of the fascist associations and the State-controlled press began publishing and distributing various material about me, including some leaflets. Mehmet Agar went public using some of his close contacts and claimed I'd been speaking in this way because I was upset and he wanted me to say there was really no truth to any of it.

On the other hand, this same Mr. Agar was also knocking at every door to try to have me killed. It was clear that the Turkish government was prepared to deploy all its resources to have me annihilated. I don't just mean physical annihilation but to utterly destroy my reputation too.

In such a climate *Dev-Sol* also came out against me although when I'd claimed the government had had Hulusi Sayin killed I'd been relying on credible first-hand witnesses. There was more than just one other witness to the incident which had involved me. None of these witnesses ever spoke up to say, "No, nothing of that sort occurred."

One day Mehmet Agar, Nedim Oser, Hulusi Sayin Pasha and myself had taken lunch together at the Beyti Restaurant in Florya. Throughout the lunch, Agar and Oser had constantly grilled Pasha. The subject had been the Kurdish Question and the possible means to a solution. Pasha was from Elazig and he'd responded to Agar by saying, "So who's Turkish that we go and kill people for saying: '*We're Kurdish*'? Our people are worn down and under a great strain out there. Some solution has to be found."

Pasha claimed it was necessary to support Ozal and that he wanted to see the problem solved insisting, "the Kurdish issue will be the end of Turkey!"

As Pasha carried on in such a vein, Nedim Oser's colour was constantly heightening. Oser had retired from the board of the Central Bank and was managing the Diyarbakir Assistance and Solidarity Association. I was on the management committee of the same organisation. Mehmet Agar was an old acquaintance of mine and at that time was head of Istanbul Police. We'd made the reservation. The meeting had been arranged between Agar and Oser and Pasha had been invited along. Oser and I had left the Association together and gone to the Beyti Restaurant in my car.

When we separated after lunch it was obvious that Oser was troubled. He'd turned to me and said, "It will be a pity for our esteemed Pasha."

From that day on, it was clear to me that by these words Oser knew Pasha was going to be killed or he was privy to some serious debate on the subject. He'd been uncomfortable as a result.

Some time afterwards Hulusi Sayin was killed in Ankara. According to the information I gathered later, just before he was killed his bodyguards had been given "time off" and had gone and left him. This took place a timely two hours before he was killed. The moment I heard the news I telephoned Oser. Before I'd had a chance to speak or Hulusi Sayin's name had even been mentioned, Oser said in a peculiar tone, "Let's meet, my dear fellow!"

We did in fact meet. He quipped along about things quite openly: "It was bound to happen! Kurds and what not! What's the need to go making such differentiations?"

At the same time he didn't stop from warning me saying, "Stay away from those Kurdish evenings. *Newroz-Mewroz*, whatever it's all about! The State is not going to look kindly

upon such matters!”

By his words and by his behaviour it wasn't hard to see why he'd been feeling so uncomfortable just before Hulusi Sayin's death. It was maybe just that kind of discomfort which might arise from knowing about a killing before it happened.

Nedim Oser always enjoyed intimate relations with those of every rank running the State. The inner circle – key people like Mehmet Agar and Hayri Kozakcioglu – even nicknamed him “big brother” and would fasten the buttons of their jackets as a mark of respect whenever they encountered him. Nedim Oser enjoyed close relations with both MIT and the Chief of Staff. The information Oser had so openly given me was that Hulusi Sayin had received his fitting punishment from the State. And the reason he gave for it was that Sayin had strayed away from official ideology where the Kurdish question was concerned.

But Hulusi Sayin was no Kurdish patriot and I knew this full well. He'd been a most judicious supporter of the State but in recent times he'd started to say that the Kurdish problem could not be resolved by military means: “*If the armed struggle continues, it will give rise to a situation which will mean the end of Turkey. A political solution has to be found to the Kurdish issue for the benefit of Turkey, the Turkish people and the Turkish State.*”

It's debatable whether or not Hulusi Sayin was a good person, or whether he'd led a decent life in the past but he too must have been affected by the stage the war between the PKK and the State had reached, just like everybody else. The path to a solution that Hulusi Sayin had advocated was the same solution Ozal had been proposing. In the final analysis, it was also the route to peace which the PKK supported. Everybody wanted a solution except from the war mongers and the gang headed by Demirel who profited most from the war against the Kurds.

When Hulusi Sayin was killed the event was blamed on a number of different groups and organisations. Some quarters even tried to project it as having happened over a woman.

In an interview with one newspaper I was asked this same question. I told them, “*If you ask me, the State had him killed,*” placing my emphasis on the fact that the reason he could have been killed was because he'd sided with Ozal's group.

These things were reported in the press a number of times. During the period in which I first raised my head against the State in a one man war, I enjoyed the support of sincere democrats and progressives – those within the State as well as those on the left with any integrity. But despite this, *Dev-Sol* began an unsparing attack upon me using *Kurtulus* (Liberation) magazine as a tool between me and the Mafia. A number of friends in the leadership of both *Dev-Genc* (Revolutionary Youth) and *Dev Sol* came and told me how upset they were by all this.

### **My contradictions with *Dev-Sol* deepen**

*Dev-Sol* was also critical of my revelations about the Pasha Guven affair and accused me of lying. Although this same matter had been followed up by a number of media organisations, for whatever reason it had only just caught the attention of *Dev-Sol*. It was claimed that I'd known Pasha Guven since 1975. I'd said “*We were both in Sigmalcilar Prison together in 1976.*” *Kurtulus* magazine however asserted: “*Baybasin claimed that in 1975-76 Pasha Guven wasn't in prison and these were Pasha Guven's childhood years.*”

In 1976 Pasha Guven had been staying in the left-wing prisoners' ward on Sigmalcilar Prison's right-wing section. He had a great big bird of a moustache on his face and in no way looked anything like a child. At the time *Dev-Sol* did not even exist. Pasha Guven had been leader of *Dev-Genc* (Revolutionary Youth). Ibrahim Sahin, Pasha and I were all good friends.

At that time, Murat Aydin another of the leaders of *Dev-Genc* was also in prison and he is a living witness to this friendship. (Aydin currently lives in Germany). He came to see me a number

of times in prison over the matter appearing in *Kurtulus* magazine and told me “Don’t let it destroy your morale. Those who’ve written this are neither revolutionaries nor real politicians. They don’t know what they’re talking about. They’ve written something which runs contrary to those who support them.”

A number of other people like Murat also came to see me on this affair and said the same thing. It was always possible to talk with Murat. After I got out of prison he came and spent a night with me and we talked at great length. He called up a number of old *Dev-Sol* people and I spoke with them too. They all said how sorry they were about the article.

In 1976, a photograph of Pasha Guven had been printed on the front page of *Gunaydin* (Good Morning) newspaper and even though in the picture one of his arms was bandaged he’d said, “*I wasn’t tortured.*” When he was first sent to prison he also said, “*I didn’t suffer any torture.*” He was stout and had a big gut. Palestinian Mehdi mocked him unsparingly saying: “*The police don’t torture people! It’s the revolutionary who’s out of line! The revolution is out of line!*”

At that time, Burhan Yildirim of *Halkin Kurtulusu* (People’s Liberation) was also in Sigmalcilar Prison. I can say of him that he was a truly courageous revolutionary. Salman Kaya and Mehmet Ali Eren were also in the same prison at the time in connection with robbing a bank. Salman and Mehmet Ali were acquitted, Burhan was sentenced. He’d accepted the charges in any case. But Mehmet Ali and Salman took no interest in Burhan and he was murdered by the fascists in Edirne Prison.

Pasha Guven was a mean and low person, but I should also add that at that period of youthful ignorance he’d been my friend. There’s a lot I could say about Pasha.

The matter in question developed from some replies I’d made to a journalist who knew of my acquaintance with Pasha. It’s not my way of doing things to go about putting people down for the sake of it and it’s equally ridiculous to think I might

have some ulterior motive for smearing *Dev-Sol*. I’ve never spoken falsely about anyone, nor ever will. However, there’s a lot that I didn’t say and a number of matters and events that I didn’t feel to be necessary to speak of. The aim of the revelations I made was solely to try to bring about the end to the gang structure in Turkey and to play a part in the establishment of a state which could truly represent the people.

If those representatives of *Dev-Sol* and *Kurtulus* magazine behind the attack on me in the articles they wrote want to put themselves in the same box as the Mafia State then that’s their problem. People should know I have no fear of God, and no axe to grind against anybody. Nor am I under any obligation to anyone.

### **The hearings are a mere formality**

I was constantly going back and forth from Breda to attend hearings. There are two types of hearings in Holland: hearings which by due process of law justly examine and cross examine the relevant events and circumstances so as to reach a verdict whether it be a light sentence, heavy sentence, heavier sentence, an appeal, hearings without settlement or the Supreme Court... but there are also formality hearings and these hearings are laughable, and just as they are laughable so too are they irrational in their workings.

According to Dutch law, you can be held for up to six hours when first detained. Thereafter you must be brought before the assistant prosecutor. He can only extend the period of detention for a maximum of two days after which time you must appear before the prosecutor. The amount of time the prosecutor can allow you to be held for is confined to four days. Thereafter, you must appear before an examining magistrate who can increase the detention period to ten days at most. After all these stages have been completed you appear in court. The court can order you to be bound over for thirty days and this can be

extended for a further three periods of thirty days. The authorisation given to these officials to detain you legally amounts to a period of one hundred and six days in total. Naturally, within this same period your rights in the case are linked to any decision. If after the period of one hundred and six days no verdict has been given, on the request of the prosecutor the period can be extended twice more for two three month periods, and in this way you can be detained for more than nine months all told.

When I was detained I saw neither the deputy prosecutor, nor the prosecutor, nor any examining magistrate. From the moment you are detained it is your right to see a lawyer, but here they are masters of the art of relieving you of this right: for example in my case, by the way in which my right was taken away in respect of my request to see a lawyer by pretending I hadn't wanted one.

On the fifth day I saw both the judge and the prosecutor. Up until then however, I hadn't even spoken with an interpreter. The only people I'd seen were soldiers and police.

The first occasion that I saw the judge he immediately gave me twenty days detention. After that I was brought before a court consisting of an individual holding the file, three judges and a prosecutor. I was to find out that the judge I was seeing there for the first time was also the Chief of Court. As for the first prosecutor, well he was from the same place as the official holding the file. I never set eyes on him again, but the same judge oversaw the trial until the day I was finally set free on 24 December 1996.

Throughout this time the police would come and take me to court and a whole host of procedures were carried on. Once you're actually brought before the court, a whole lot more paperwork is involved. After your appearance, the prison police take you back to prison again. Once you're back in the prison another flurry of paperwork takes place until finally you are

shut back up in your cell...

These are the things which define the workings of the formality hearing. But before you even go to court, before the presiding judges even take their seats, the lawyers already know what the decision is going to be. A number of days beforehand they come to you saying, "On such and such a day, at such and such a time, you are going to attend court as a formality."

On the back of it they warn you, "In any case as it's just a formality what do you really have to go there for?" The lawyers tell you by way of warning that really it's unnecessary for you to go to court as it's only a formality.

There's also the matter of appeal which is a complete and utter tragic-comedy. There is no pre-defined legal period in which you can discover the answer to any appeal application. The term in question can be prolonged for this, or the other reason. When you make an appeal application, a strange period of bargaining begins. In the appeal period, officials from the Ministry of Justice will come to see you and your lawyers separately and try to bargain with you saying, "Withdraw your appeal and let's try to reach an agreement over the length of sentence."

Let's say, for example that you were sentenced to nine years imprisonment and that in the course of this you have to serve six years. But in any case you've already served four years of the sentence and you're still waiting on the answer to the appeal. That's the precise point at which they'll come and try to strike a deal with you.

"Withdraw your appeal" they'll say, "and we'll reduce your sentence to four years and let you go."

Nor do they refrain from threatening that if you keep them waiting your sentence may even be increased, because if you insist on pursuing the appeal you'll be showing that domestic laws have been violated and that you can therefore go to the European Court of Human Rights. The likelihood of this

happening makes them most uncomfortable and they try to block your path accordingly. In any case, you've already done four years and you're fed up. Accepting the deal is a way out in one sense and it offers peace of mind. You'll tell yourself in such a situation that it's always the strongest who wins anyway, and it's unnecessary to pursue your rights for the sake of it.

Let's say you've made up your mind to serve that extra two year stretch and you insist on pursuing your appeal. In that case, they'll be sure to poison you. You'll be sent somewhere special and be subjected to all sorts of measures and provocation tactics that you hadn't previously encountered. In the final event you'll probably be pushed into committing some offence in prison. They'll punish you day after day with special reports and with confinement to your cell. In fact, they'll do such things to you that you'll have no idea of what's going to happen to you next, nor how you'll eventually wind up.

### **The political asylum drama:**

#### **I withdraw my application**

If you're a foreign national in Holland, the law will always work against you. In such situations there's no question of human rights, or international law and the like. In this position whether it's a straight forward court case, or a matter of political asylum guaranteed under international law, it's all the same.

The issue of political asylum in Holland is fraught with drama. If world leaders possess any real respect for human honour, if they truly believe in the right of individuals to live as human beings then it's vital that they safeguard the rights of those who have no other option than to live as refugees and stay in countries like Holland. To be able to provide such safeguards, it's also necessary that countries signatory to the 1951 Geneva Convention monitor the signatory countries. The right to asylum is afforded to all human beings and such persons who claim it have the right to take advantage of those same safeguards

which the convention proscribes. Or more precisely they should be able to make such claims upon these rights. Those countries which signed the agreement proscribed such guarantees.

There are also camps in Holland, as in a number of other European countries, where persons who apply for asylum may stay. But the camps set up in Holland for this purpose fall far below even the most basic standards in which a human being can actually live. Until their claim for asylum is accepted it is forbidden for the applicants to seek work. They may leave the camp if they have relatives outside prepared to take responsibility for them but whether they stay in a camp, or outside with their relatives the outcome of the application is generally negative anyway and no efforts are spared from deporting the asylum seeker. In such a way they push a person who finds himself in this situation towards doing what is unlawful.

Another aspect to the issue is the matter of the formal and informal agreements between the Dutch and Turkish governments. Your application for political asylum cannot be accepted on political grounds. The laws of asylum are quite clear and although it is plainly understood what the Kurdish people suffer in Turkey and how their problems manifestly arise from being a Kurd in Turkey they are not accepted as valid grounds for asylum under Dutch asylum law.

Accordingly, they'll tell the person: "Ah, so you come from the east of Turkey! Well then, you can go and live in the north; you can go and live in the west!"

If you've been able to prove that your whereabouts is being sought in Turkey on political grounds then they'll resort to informal methods of harassment. For example it could be years before you are given permission to work. When this happens it's unavoidable that you'll have to resort to unlawful means to survive so that they'll have good reason to deport you, and this is precisely the underlying intention of it all.

When I was in Breda I applied for political asylum. My

extradition lawyer was a woman named Lian Manhaims. I appointed her on the basis of some recommendations from a number of my fellow Kurds. This woman told me: "Let's take on a lawyer for you who has expertise in asylum. This is of vital importance."

I accepted what she said. As a result, a lawyer named Carl Evarcart came to see me saying he'd been sent by Ms Manhaims. After Evarcart had interrogated me in a manner resembling a police interrogation more than the questions of a lawyer he asked "If that's the case, why are you being held in detention?"

"You're the lawyer! Go and ask those responsible!" I replied.

We met two or three more times. The fellow kept on asking the same questions over and over. What's more he'd only come on inappropriate days at inappropriate times. For example, on a Sunday. After a while he started to come even more frequently. I complained about this situation to Ms. Manhaims saying, "I'm feeling uncomfortable because he comes and goes from here for nothing."

She laughed and said she'd speak with him about it. But afterwards things carried on just the same as before.

The statements I'd made for my asylum application were taken down completely wrongly or else they were entirely mistranslated. When this situation became known, my statement was taken down a second time and this was embellished with different fabrications. Now, your application will be refused on the basis that you've not told the truth if you make two contradictory statements and you can be deported instantly as a consequence. Both my lawyer, Mr. Evarcart and Mr. Boscha had told me all about such things happening all the time as if it were something completely normal.

A week before I was arrested the second time, we went to the Hague to see the Commission about the matter. Gathered in the room where we met were seven members from the Commission, myself, my new lawyer Mr Koppe, the asylum

lawyer appointed because he was an expert on the issue, my English friend Brian Jones as a witness and two interpreters. All the Commission members insulted me in a most cocky and underhand manner. They tried to get me to say that I'd been lying. My lawyer, Mr Koppe interceded. So they insulted him too and most of all they insulted my witness.

The head of the Commission was a woman who kept glancing at her watch as if she wasn't paying any attention to us. In short, they'd already made up their minds and the rest was just a formality. They couldn't refuse my petition outright because then I'd be able to go to the European Court. Their aim was rather to put so much pressure on me that I'd leave Holland voluntarily. Because of all this I decided to withdraw my asylum application. If I had to, I could go to Angola or Uganda or some such place but I certainly wouldn't be staking my existence on these loathsome creatures amongst whom I found myself.

When I instructed my lawyer to withdraw my asylum application he said it wasn't necessary to do such a thing and that "we'd definitely win".

I replied that to live in a country such as this as a political refugee didn't sit well with my principles as to what it meant to live as a human being and was an insult to my integrity. It was impossible to accept such a thing. "If I have to, I'll go to Uganda," I told him, "but I certainly won't stay here!"

My lawyer said to me "Don't think that all Dutch people are like that."

I responded by reminding him about the way in which the case had been pursued and said that he knew better than I. "You didn't have to be a lawyer to be able to see that from the beginning the reasons that had been given for my apprehension were highly illogical.

Finally, I withdrew my asylum application. "I applied for asylum so as to be able to live with human dignity in Holland. Having since understood that there's no possibility of such a



thing here, I've withdrawn my application. Now I'm going to try to find a country where living conditions make it possible to live with self-respect," and with such words I made known my decision. In so doing I felt a sense of relief at being able to spit back in Holland's face. I could have had no idea of what could possibly happen after this. I only knew that it was vital I didn't allow myself to be complacent about such events and that the situation didn't originate from me. I couldn't have imagined that even greater humiliations might be lying in wait for me. To my mind it was simply a case of having said that I was a human being and that accordingly it was necessary to live as one and that I didn't fail to react against Holland's ploys. In doing so I was able to make peace with a part of myself.

But what about the asylum seeker who has no economic stability to fall back upon? Just thinking about things like that turned my thoughts inside out. Gnawing away at the back of my mind was the overwhelming sense of not being able to find any way out. When I reflected about my people who were refugees and fellow Kurds who were economically disadvantaged by their predicament as refugees my anger towards the Turkish state increased bit by bit. Work has to be done on the refugee issue. At least I can do some such work in my own right. The Kurdish people must be saved from this plight of being refugees. When the total Kurdish population amounts to close on fifty million people and we're forced to live in an even more degrading manner than being slaves on our own soil in a European country like Holland, how great is the disgrace that we bear?

To be able to bring a case before the European Court of Human Rights you must have a lawyer and you must have funds. What can you do if they throw you into prison and impound all your money, or if you have no capital in the first place? Can you imagine the other option of languishing in prison for a number of years whereby in the normal course of

things it would be your right to take your case to the ECHR but having even that right taken from you? Can you stomach all the harassment, the underhand ploys aimed at undermining your resolve over a period which can take as long as some four or five years, maybe even longer? There's a saying in Holland you hear all the time: "There might be a loophole in our justice system sometimes." In other words everyone finds it natural that the system can sometimes be infringed. As far as my own case was concerned it was not just a little loophole but a great gaping hole as wide as the Straits of Gibraltar. What's more, the Dutch press, the police, the judges, the prison officers, the lawyers and all the people in the legal profession are intimate witnesses to the fact.

The loophole in the refugee situation in Holland indeed is on such a scale that it's like trying to cover up the hole in the ozone layer! But there seems to be no kind of value attached to it as no one is particularly concerned about it.

The situation in Holland for a refugee is just one in which people who've taken holy vows in a mosque or church were to be raped for example. So, what if you when you go into a place of worship you happen to see a person of the cloth being raped and you remain a passive bystander? So, what if refugees in Holland are being subjected to human rights abuses?

When talking about the vile state of things in Holland I'm not exactly saying that it's a bed of roses in other European countries. I know full well that where the Kurds are concerned the situation in other Western European countries is of the same ilk. But Holland's attitude is utterly insidious. As far as my own experiences are concerned it would be a great thing to be able to expose this low-down approach.

### **Provocation after provocation –**

#### ***“They wanted me to escape”***

As I said before, when I was in Breda I'd had no difficulty in establishing contact with the world outside. I could meet people or speak on the phone with several media organisations. Even though the Turkish government was crowing about how it had had me thrown into prison, I was still exposing the gangster state within. In this front, I was transferred from Breda to the normal category wing of Fught Prison. On the morning after my arrival in Fught I was brought to the exit wing and told they were going to take me to court. When I said that it had only been a week since my last appearance they said, “that's our orders.”

Although I protested that I'd had no time to shave and that my lawyer had not been informed about the situation no one paid any attention to what said although the hearing in question was ostensibly a mere formality and it was my right to be present. A different van and different officers from usual were waiting outside. Pushing and shoving they got me into the van. There were two other prisoners inside apart from myself. I didn't recognise either of them so they must have been from another prison.

At the exit from Fught Prison there's a sharp turn. As the vehicle took the bend the back door flew open and we had to try to hold it closed with our hands. Outside it was windy and raining. Shouting out to the officers we tried to tell them about the situation but they paid us no attention. The van carried on, going down all the back roads where there were a lot of traffic lights. We continued on in this way as far as the Breda courthouse. Down at the basement level of the building we asked the officers why they'd left the door unlocked.

“We forgot about it,” they replied.

### **They confiscated everything including my archive**

With my transfer from Breda to Fught Prison all my writings, my reading material, books and archive were impounded. I suffered a great deal in the process of trying to get it back. Indeed, I was being subjected to special treatment. For example, letters sent to me were not given to me and those I wrote never reached their destination. The lawyers were highly indifferent, yet even the letters they sent me were being opened. My visitors were sent away at the door of the prison on the excuse that it was not my visiting day and I was told that my visitor had never arrived. One time I fell ill and they knowingly gave me the wrong medicine. I was in a wretched state. My stomach couldn't take any food. I'd be vomiting blood from the inflammation. I came down with various allergies and my head spun. I felt very weak. Nothing my lawyers did made any difference. Because of it all I dismissed them.

After this, Mr Koppe came from Ms. Manhaim's office. He seemed decent but because he came from the same firm I rejected him on the basis that I had no need of a lawyer. At this juncture, some of the prison officials spoke out against the way I was being treated. One guardian by the name of Jan called for a meeting and spoke up saying “Such things can't be allowed to go on in my country! I won't have anything to do with such a system.”

As the positive concern for me increased the prison administration must have become so troubled by it that I was transferred to Grave Prison.

Even though I hadn't wanted a lawyer Mr Koppe came along again. I turned down his services. He came back again.

He told me, “ I quite accept that the necessary interest has not been shown in your case. I can also see that what is being done to you is quite unfair.”

In the end, Mr Koppe politely saw to it that I instructed him to act for me and in such a way we began to work together.

In the beginning, conditions in Grave were good but the stink of the Turkish State's gangs quickly became apparent. There were several wings to the prison, all comprised of three storeys. New arrivals were detained on the first floor then were in turn sent on to other levels or sections. Those on the upper floor enjoyed more privileges such as recreation, open air, unlocked doors, the use of the phone and so forth... Under normal circumstances the duration of one's stay on the first floor would be a matter of some four weeks or at most six. However, those arriving much later than me were being sent on to other levels and sections while I was kept in the same place. No matter which officer I turned to nothing changed. It was as if an unseen hand were guiding events in the midst of it all and was constantly busy with me.

When visitors were due, everybody was taken out of the wing twenty minutes beforehand. Not only was the visiting room far away, in order to get there you had to get through a series of doors and so it was quite normal to give a twenty minute lead time to accomplish it all.

Your visiting hours were notified a day in advance via a list posted on the wall. In this way we knew what our hours were supposed to be. But when the time for my visiting hour came about my door would remain locked. I kept my finger pressed on the bell but they wouldn't come. As precious time leaked away I'd start pounding on the door with my fist to make myself heard. These same guards who couldn't hear the bell then made out a punishment charge against me because I'd been pounding at the door. I was always late for my visits and on a number of occasions I didn't make it at all.

When it was time to go out into the open air they wouldn't open my door either, and more often than not simply made the excuse that "we forgot." Finally, at one point I complained about the situation to the "External Commission" the name given to the highest institution. They came a few weeks later. The director,

as they called the person responsible for the prison, and the first superintendent were also present. I voiced my complaint to the four people comprising this Commission.

The director began by saying "There's been a mistake."

I got angry. Citing examples of the sort of thing I'd been exposed to everyday I made the situation clear.

He said, "You may only speak about the substance of the complaint of which you wrote."

I replied that to be able to explain just how the matter I'd written and complained of was no "mistake" I'd given examples and then I gave a further one.

"When I'm speaking with my children by phone, my calls are suddenly cut off and afterwards I'm told it was by accident or that "we didn't know about it." By that point time will have lapsed and I won't be allowed to speak any more."

I told the Commission that I was being subjected to various provocations on a daily basis and that it was high time to put a stop to it.

The director begged my forgiveness. Eyeing up the prison officer, the head of the Commission asked me "Do you want to bring a case?"

"I'm not making a complaint with the intention that individuals be punished but so as to stop these underhand tactics from being pursued. What I want is for an agreement to be reached on this," I replied.

The head of the Commission said, "I understand" and thanked me.

However, all of this was nothing more than a show. Because in any event these officials and their officers at every level knew only too well the harassment I was being subjected to.

One day I met the one they referred to as the team leader - one of the people responsible for the various sections.

I asked him, "People who arrive long after me are being sent on to the normal sections whereas I'm not able to go there. Do

you have a special case against me?"

The blood drained from the man's face.

I went on, putting one question after another: "Why if you have nothing special against me are all these things going on? If this were Afghanistan I'd have nothing much to say about it but being Holland aren't you ashamed of the things you're doing? Since the system of dispersal here runs according to the date of arrival, how is it that those who are arriving four or five weeks after me are going on to other wings and I'm not?"

In the course of this conversation everybody was listening to us.

"Let's go and take a look at the list and then we'll go back to your cell and I'll discuss it with you" the officer said, leaving my side. Guards and prisoners alike having gathered all around us he'd found himself in a bit of a squeeze. He went off to take a look at the lists and then said to me, "You're right!"

After this, a meeting was held to address my complaint. In the aftermath of the meeting which lasted two days the same officer came and apologised to me and I was in the first division of those to be moved on ... and this after thirteen weeks.

In a different section of the ward I was staying on there were a number of Turks. They looked to me like fascists. Because we were in different section, when our doors were closed, theirs would be open. However, when I went for a visit, if their doors were open I was able to see them, or when our visiting hours coincided we could see one another. Aside from this there was no other possibility to be in the same place at the same time. After a while they were moved off this section. It was rumoured that they'd been plotting to escape. One of the people from the same section had heard talk of them planning to bring in a gun and escape and had complained. The person who'd made the complaint was also moved to a different wing of the same prison.

### **The International Court of Justice in the Hague**

My case had reached the stage where the matter was finally sent up to the High Court of Justice in the Hague. According to the information that reached us the High Court was going to hear such a case for the first time. The case had become a serious issue of debate pertaining to the Dutch legal system. Everybody was taking considerable interest in the case yet nobody was regarding me as a human being.

On 17 December 1996 we were told of the International Court of Justice's decision. In a sober and uncompromising tone the Court reminded the Ministry of Justice of the relevant aspects of the law article by article. In the decision given the reason why I could not be sent to Turkey was stated in a most forthright manner. As a result the Court in the Hague recommended to the Ministry of Justice that I not be sent to Turkey. In such a way, everything that I'd been unable to impress upon anybody until that day was verified by the International Court.

My lawyer commented that the content of the judgement was weighty and very clear and that following this decision they would have to let me go. Within a short time the Court's judgement exhibited its influence. First of all I was taken in a stampede from Grave to Arnhem Prison. A week later they set me free. Interestingly, the decision to set me free was taken by the Breda Court, the very same court as had taken the initial decision to detain me.