

Part Three

I'm out

I left prison on 24 December 1996 after having spent exactly a year inside for nothing. This year was a lost year which left me with a gut-wrenching sense of injustice. All through it I'd lived with the feeling that tomorrow, or the day after, or the week after that I'd be set free. My lawyers expected the same thing. Nobody in any of the prisons that I stayed in could see any sense in the reason for my arrest. Even the wardens would comment, "*such a thing is impossible...*"

But there was one point on which everyone was agreed and this was that my trial should not be held in Breda. The Breda court was the nightmare of every foreigner. The court had been established specifically to deal with foreign nationals and every time I went there it was only foreigners whom I saw. Whenever I told anyone my case was going to be heard in Breda it was generally seen as "unlucky". My first lawyers, Ms. Manhaim and Mr. Evareart commented matter-of-factly that if my case was heard in any other court than Breda I'd most likely be released within two months and that this what the law in fact proscribed. But most interestingly - and at the same time most deplorable - was the fact that no written warrant had ever been produced to say "you are being detained under such and such an article."

In response to every application I made I'd just receive the

reply – "the interests of Holland are more important than your being in prison," and in so saying, that Holland did not wish to suffer any political backlash likely to damage its interests. The prosecutor also consistently resorted to this same tack. At first glance it may not seem worthy of great notice but based on my experience, a country which defends human rights and seeks to portray itself in such a guise was clearly exhibiting double standards here. The worst part of it all was that the lawyers saw this supra-judicial situation as normal.

It was evident that there were also differences between the various courts of justice, and that the scale of abuse also differed between them even though the laws in use were the same and the country was the same country. Those who commented that the Breda court was bad wouldn't omit to add, "*it's only bad for foreigners*," because if you happened to be a foreign national they saw you in a prejudicial light in any case. If you were foreign and you also happened to land in the lap of the Breda court, your case acquired a dual significance. This conspicuous disregard for justice was practised against foreigners to an alarming degree.

All four prisons in which I stayed were run according to different systems. Each prison had its variations over matters of visiting, the use of the phone, clothing, the canteen, and passage to and from your cell. Because you'd obtained your food-supplies, drinks, shaving equipment and toiletry articles from the prison canteen upon your leaving Breda everything would be confiscated and you had to obtain the same supplies all over again from the next prison you were sent to because you weren't permitted to take what you had already out of Breda. Any fresh fruit or vegetables you had would be thrown away – you couldn't even give them to your visitors. The same applied to the electric appliance you'd used for making tea or coffee. You were not even allowed to use it in Fught Prison.

Prisons existed where the prisoners were not kept on wards

in keeping with the nature of their offence. In some prisons there was no such thing as a good or bad situation. The prisoners were simply divided up according to whether they were nationals or foreigners. In some of these places they provoked the inmates to try to wear them down and undermine morale, or to incite them to commit some offence.

Everyone was aware of just how conducive an environment this was.

Full-grown men pick on my children

I'd just been released from prison but I still wasn't allowed to leave Holland. I missed my children a great deal and although I was able to speak with them by phone as much as I liked now, above all I wanted to be able to see my new baby. "Since I can't go to them", I told myself, "then let them come to me!" And so saying, I began to make the necessary preparations.

At exactly the time when my children were about to come to Holland, the Dutch authorities again did something completely underhand and refused my children permission to enter Holland.

The Dutch Ministry of Justice made negative responses in answer to the applications we made on this basis. Finally we were left with no other alternative than to take the matter to court. In the course of the hearing the representative for the Ministry of Justice committed a formal breach of conduct when he claimed, "we didn't say that Baybasin's children couldn't come to Holland", whereas my lawyer had spoken in person with these same Justice Ministry officials on this matter. My lawyer reiterated this situation to the judge. After the judge had expressed his concern in no uncertain terms to counsel for the Ministry of Justice, my lawyer asked that the Ministry provide us with a statement in writing saying they were refusing the Baybasin children entry clearance for Holland. The Ministry of Justice did not take kindly to the idea of furnishing us with any such document.

My children were living in England. The Dutch Consulate in London had taken a stand of opposition even worse if that were possible than that of the Turkish mob. I'd never in my life witnessed such a masquerade before. Here they were, telling my wife and children they couldn't go to Holland, yet just like the Ministry of Justice they wouldn't put this down in writing officially, nor would they endorse their passports in this respect. They just said, "the Dutch Justice Ministry is considering the matter. When the enquiry is completed they will inform us of their decision and at that time we will contact you." Where we were openly saying, "then put it in writing," they were coming back and saying, "we can't give this to you."

In the end, I had no other option but to bring my wife and children to Holland covertly, via France, but because I was being kept under surveillance they were soon spotted. When it was discovered that they'd entered the country from France the French Consulate was contacted. A request was made that they no give permission again. Following this, they contacted my English friend, Brian Jones, and issued a veiled warning by asking him, "what kind of assistance are you providing them with and what are you getting out of this business? Kindly put it in writing."

Brian Jones responded by saying, "you put this request of yours in writing and then let me reply, otherwise don't call me again."

My children were at school. Therefore, even if only clandestinely, we could still just meet up during their school holidays. My children and I spared no efforts in making the most of the holidays despite the vile tactics of the Dutch Ministry of Justice, the Dutch Consulate in London and assaults by the Turkish mob. During every school holiday period I always found some way to bring my children over.

I had phone numbers so as to be able to contact my lawyer whenever necessary regardless of the time of day. I also had

numbers for his wife so that if any problem arose I'd still be able to establish contact. It wasn't until a year later that we found out that it wasn't actually legal for officials from the Dutch Ministry of Justice or Dutch Consulate in London to intervene in seeking to prevent my children from travelling to Holland.

My wife and children's' original ID cards issued by Turkey had been transferred in exchange for British Travel Documents valid for one year. We also had British residence status and as there had been no court decision to say they couldn't enter Holland, the stand taken against my wife and children was on a par with the tactics of the Turkish Mafia State.

Daylight-robbery by my lawyers and a message to "leave the country"

When I got out of prison, I wanted to settle my accounts with my former lawyers, Ms. Manhains and Mr. Evareart. One of my countrymen had told these lawyers how my family had money, but it was necessary to sort out the accounts.

Mr. Evareart was still acting as my asylum lawyer. He said, "let's take a look at the situation and talk it through."

I told him I was ready and that anytime was fine for me, he had only to name the day.

I was staying in a hotel at the time. I'd established contact with a Ms. Kety who worked from the information bureau adjoining the offices of Mr. Evareart and which handled matters of accommodation, banking and other advice services. I agreed with her on a figure of 2000 guilders for her to locate a house for me to live in, and to arrange to open a bank account for me. Despite searching for an entire week and looking everywhere, Ms. Kety was not able to find the sort of place I wanted. I understood that after much fuss and no result I was just being messed about with.

At this same period in time I discovered to my surprise that Ms. Manhains was actually married to Mr. Evareart. Ms.

Manhaims had recommended Mr. Evareart to me on the basis that we needed his services and she'd made an agreement with him on my behalf. I'd been irritated by his coming and going all the time needlessly and had warned Ms. Manhaims on several occasions, but she too had evidently just been messing me about. Finding out that they were husband and wife made me most uncomfortable. Because of all this, I told Ms. Kety "you don't particularly want to find a property for me anyway, so stop wasting my time."

She appeared not in the least unsettled by this. Sometimes after having just viewed nine or ten houses Ms. Kety would say to me, "Ah, they've been giving me a lot of aghi bahji" but by that point that whole day would've been written off.

When the task of trying to arrange for a bank account to be opened for me also ended up in a pickle, my doubts about Ms. Kety doubled. Eventually I discovered that Ms. Kety's company had relations with Mr. Evareart and that they had a variety of personnel in common. I said to Mr. Evareart, "Come on and let's discuss the situation..."

We fixed up an appointment and then met. He asked what my thoughts were on the Kurdish Question and I expressed my views. He went on to ask my opinion about the PKK and again I gave them. He was asking, "What do you think the outcome of the Kurdish issue will be?"

"In the end, it will favour of the Kurdish people," I replied.

"In what way?"

I reminded him how a number of peoples had gained their independence after past occupation and severe hardship. I cited the example of the Palestinian-Israeli conflict, and also spoke of how at one time Hitler's forces had occupied Holland. I went on to talk about the recent situation in Russia. I told him how the Kurdish people's war of national liberation had attained an advanced stage and that its political and military strength had developed to the extent that it could safeguard such a

liberation; that the various Kurdish groups were seeking to establish a national congress and once this stage was achieved unity could also be realised, thereby accelerating the liberation of the Kurdish people.

Suddenly acting the wise-guy he said, "In any case it's of no concern to me..."

"So, why did you ask about it if it didn't concern you...? I went into it all solely because you asked me. I wouldn't launch off on the issue with just anyone who stepped up and asked me," I replied.

He was a bit taken aback and muttered, "Shall we discuss the matter at hand?"

I said I was listening.

"Your children are in England. The Dutch Ministry of Justice wants you to go on to England too."

When I responded saying, "But it's forbidden for me to leave Holland. How do they expect me to go to England?"

He said, "The Dutch officials and I will accompany you as far as England. You can instruct a new lawyer over there. It will be much better for you. We will also withdraw your application for asylum here. In this way your extradition case against Turkey will also be disposed of."

"Are you giving me this advice or is the Ministry of Justice getting you to say it?"

"Whether I'm advising you, or they're telling you, what difference does it make? It's the Ministry of Justice which will take the decision, not me."

I asked him whether or not he'd spoken with Mr. Koppe on this matter. He said he hadn't. Telling me then that he wished for me to think it over he said, "They'll make things very uncomfortable for you..."

"Why? Is Turkey going to pay Holland off?"

"It may not be a matter of money but of something else," he replied.

When I pressed him further saying, "Like what exactly? Are you saying there's some kind of agreement like you do this for us and we'll do that for you?" he found it sufficient to say, "That's how it seems. In Holland they won't leave you in peace."

I wasn't at peace in Holland by any stretch of the imagination. I said I'd leave of my own free-will in any case once they'd brought my extradition case to a close. Mr. Evareart warned me once again about leaving before the decision came from the court. He said they wouldn't formally remove me, but they didn't intend to leave me alone either. My curiosity was aroused.

I asked him, "So just what can they do?"

"Well, they won't let you have a passport. They'll apply pressure to every aspect of your life. In short, they'll do just what they please."

I was riled.

I made my excuses and left.

I then called up Mr. Koppe and said, "Mr. Evareart no longer represents me as my lawyer. Will you please finalise my account?"

I also said that Ms. Kety should no longer look for a house for me so as to solicit some appeal from him.

Mr. Koppe answered that asylum was not one of his fields of expertise and it would therefore be necessary to instruct another lawyer. He warned me saying, "it will take a lot of time for your new lawyer to familiarise himself with all the particulars of your case and it will also cost you a lot of money."

"You go and speak with this fellow Evareart about my bill and I'll call you tomorrow about a new lawyer and to find out exactly how much it's going to cost me." I requested an appointment for the following day.

When we met the next day and he told me that he'd still not spoken to Mr. Evareart I became angry with him and was most upset. Mr. Koppe had waited till he could see me to face to face believing it would be helpful if I were to reconsider my decision.

When I came back with, "My decision is final! I asked you to

look into settling my bill because I don't want to see that man again," he simply replied, "very well then."

I then told him about the discussion which had taken place between Mr. Evareart and myself. Mr. Koppe refrained from making any opinion saying only, "It's a surprise to me, but don't worry we'll definitely win the case. Put your mind at rest."

Mr. Evareart presented me with a bill for more than 60,000 guilders and an additional account amounting to some 6,000 guilders for Ms. Kety, whereas I'd initially reached an agreement with her for 2,000. She was to have found me a house and opened an account for me but she'd done neither. On top of this I'd already given her 1000 marks in advance. The bill would therefore have come to more than 7000 in total.

This was the way in which modern daylight robbery went on.

In my opinion, both Mr. Evareart and Ms. Kety had formally just robbed me. Venturing my thoughts on the matter to Mr. Koppe I made it clear how I felt and said, "Mr. Evareart did absolutely nothing for me, and the agreement I reached with Ms. Kety is quite clear."

He told me, "I have the bill in front of me. I'll give you a copy."

After coughing up the 60,000 guilders I got over the nausea I felt for them. Mr. Evareart hadn't earned the right even to five guilders and I wished from the bottom of my heart he'd choke on the money.

Ms. Manhaim had consistently delayed my case. I terminated her representation because she hadn't behaved in an open and accountable way, but her bill was in order. I have no complaint to make about the amount I paid her even though she didn't pursue my case in a straightforward manner; still the sum I was obliged to pay her was reasonable. At least she'd appeared on my behalf at a number of hearings and consequently every penny she got from me was recompense for her work.

When I let Ms. Manhaim go, Mr. Evareart spoke with me

twice about what a good lawyer she was. He said, "But if you still insist on her going, I have other colleagues in the firm expert in this area and can recommend them to you -"

I politely refused his proposition.

I'd told Ms. Manhairs on numerous occasions how wary I felt towards Mr. Evareart. Keeping from me that they were actually married, they'd resorted to all sorts of clever tactics to get me to stay on with them so that the money which flowed from my case would remain in the hands of their firm.

Now, Holland is a civilised and developed country. It naturally behoves such a civilised fraternity to rob a person like me who's a citizen of a backward nation. Still, I took some consolation under the circumstances that I hadn't had a gun put to my head and that it was just my worldly goods that I was being robbed of and not my life.

The Dutch Ministry of Justice had pursued a policy of intimidation against me from special treatment in the prisons to leaving the back doors of the van unlocked en route to court to tempt me into escaping, and even for my so-called defence lawyer to bargain on behalf of the Dutch state and threaten me to leave the country before the outcome of the court's decision - all to please the Turkish Mafia State.

Every scrap of information, every document we submitted to the Dutch Ministry of Justice would be published in the Turkish press that same week. We even found out through the Turkish press that the Dutch and Turkish governments were holding secret talks over my case. For example, we discovered that during a short visit to Holland Tansu Ciller had spoken with the Dutch Ministry of Justice on the '*Baybasin issue*' and that when all necessary procedures had been completed, Baybasin would - in the not too distant future - be deported to Turkey.

What's more, Mehmet Agar made frequent statements when he was working for the Turkish Ministry of Justice and when for the Interior Ministry saying, "I've spoken with the Dutch

authorities. Baybasin is definitely going to be deported."

On one occasion, Mehmet Agar went so far as to say, "the Dutch Ministry of Justice has given us a firm promise. They're going to hand Baybasin over to Turkey."

The Dutch Ministry of Justice's decision didn't reach my lawyers and I until after Turkey's statements, such that it imparted a quality of truth to them. Conversely, I'd not even been able to get any reply to the request I'd sent them from Breda Prison. And here again when a formal decision was in force providing for me not to leave Holland, the Dutch Justice Ministry was trying to make me leave the country illegally.

I could not officially acquire a house, open a bank account, buy a car nor even rent one. I'd obtained my driver's license in Turkey in 1980 and had never had an accident. Yet the Dutch government which stood back from condemning the practices of the Turkish gangster state ironically didn't recognise the driving license issued by that same country and therefore wouldn't acknowledge its validity within its borders. Because I was not being allowed formal residence in Holland, I could not take the Dutch driving test. The Ministry of Justice should have issued me with a formal document to be able to go and register as a resident under any of the local authorities, but every letter I wrote on this matter was just put off with delaying tactics. One of the most frequent answers I'd receive was, "we're considering the matter and will respond in due course."

In Turkey, our people were being taken from their homes and after interrogation in the police stations or gendarme posts they'd be murdered and their bodies dumped down the side of the road.

Some 3,000 villages had been razed. According to the government's own figures four million Kurds had been forced to leave their homes. Their villages, hamlets and houses had been destroyed, but the real figure for the number of people evicted once their houses had been razed was closer to eight million.

In an exemplary show of irresponsibility in the face of these realities the Prime Minister of the day, Tansu Ciller, claimed “the PKK are burning down the Kurdish villages.”

When the newspapers reminded readers that the villagers had been bombed by helicopter she responded: “Those helicopters belonged to the PKK,” exhibiting the same deceit and immorality so that even the Chief of Staff was left speechless. When the Ministry for the Chief of Staff issued a statement saying, “the PKK has no helicopters” it plainly told the Prime Minister, “you are lying.”

But Madam Ciller did not stop short from saying that the PKK had acquired its helicopters from Armenia!

Everyday people in Turkey were being executed at the hands of the State. Eighty percent of the population was either hungry, or half-fed. The greater part of this percentage was made up of Kurds. When tens of thousands of my people were fighting under the most formidable odds in the mountains, when millions were homeless and suffering all kinds of problems, my aim in writing here is not for the sake of talking about what I suffered personally under the constraints of the Dutch government. What I’ve been subjected to has never undermined me, did not dissuade me, nor made me consider taking a backwards step. I’m satisfied just to be able to point the finger at the conduct of the Dutch government. Relying solely on the facts and the documents my aim in disclosing these things is so as to be able to inform my own people and awaken their interest as to how Holland violated its own laws in the name of the Turkish state in its efforts against me.

The Susurluk Accident - the debates

I was now at liberty in Holland, but I had no official registration papers. In one sense I was living in Holland yet I was not officially living there at all. This situation always reminded me of Haldun Taner’s play, *“More Dead than Alive”*. We thought such tragi-

comic things only happened countries like Turkey - which were backward in every sense of the word - and viewed such matters as having to do with this backwardness whereas, in actual fact, the system was put into practice so as to be able to penalise certain people as we’d learned from experience.

What can be said about such a system? You could say it’s a disgrace, or that it’s reprehensible... You could say a whole lot of things, both good and bad. But what does the Dutch Ministry of Justice have to say on the matter?

The Susurluk incident was still fresh. When the accident happened, all eyes were on me. The moment I got out of prison, I phoned MED TV - the one channel that belonged to the Kurdish people. MED TV was special to me for having been the sole broadcaster to have run what I had to say openly whereas the broadcasting giants had been too afraid to transmit what I’d had to say. MED TV refused to show any sign of anxiety and in having listened to me gave an example of their integrity and sense of responsibility and this reflected in every area of its work. As a result, I turned to them first.

I phoned Oktay Yildiz and he told me we could meet the next day. Two days later he said again, “tomorrow.”

Leaving him a contact number I said, “Call me when it’s convenient and we’ll meet up then.”

The last time we’d seen each other had been when he’d come to Grave Prison to visit me with Tuncay Dogan and Riza Dogan. Riza was the representative of *Ozgur Politika* (Free Politics) in Holland and Tuncay of *Ozgur Politika*’s head office in Frankfurt. As I had only Oktay’s phone number in my book, I’d asked him to pass on the details to *Ozgur Politika* for me. At the same time I’d also called Mehmet Ulger, the representative of *Emek* newspaper in Holland. As he wasn’t available at the time I left him a message. Following this, I called Mehmet Salih Ceviker, *Aydinlik*’s Frankfurt representative. He seemed very pleased and said he’d wrap up what he was doing and come right away.

After being “freed” (!) I also called Murat Oztemir who’d often come to visit me, and I called Ali Qazi who I looked upon as an elder brother. Throughout my detention without thought for rain, hail or snow, Ali Qazi had taken to the icy roads and travelled to see me.

During this same period after my release, it was not just journalists I called but everyone close to me whom I respected and had missed so much.

I called Serhat Bucak who was like an uncle to me – Serhat who’d selflessly and productively devoted himself to helping the Kurdish people. During the most dangerous periods in Turkey he’d worked as a lawyer, a journalist, a politician and an activist – he was an icon for us and a most open-minded, forward-looking and knowledgeable person. Whatever I might say of him can never be enough, so high is my regard for him.

After Serhat and I had spoken by phone he came straight to see me and ended up staying overnight. He made a number of bold suggestions to me.

I called Sertac Bucak too. I called up a whole lot of my friends and spoke with my relatives. I called my family, my brothers and sisters, and my cousins. Beyond the ties we shared of blood, they’d stood by me selflessly and honourably and I’ll never forget what we went through as long as I live. My uncle Haci Ali’s children in particular maintained the closest solidarity with me without any thought for themselves and stood steadfast and this was most important to me. These people always put my well-being and welfare before their own and I knew they did so without any thought of return and as something springing from their hearts.

I didn’t have a phone connected and so no one was able to reach me.

A number of media organisations had tried to contact me through MED TV. When MED finally got in touch, I asked after Oktay and said “why didn’t he call me?” only to be told by

his colleagues that he was away filming in Spain. When Oktay had said he wanted to come and interview me he’d omitted to tell either his colleagues at MED TV, or the journalists who’d been calling there, that I’d made contact with him. When the numbers of journalists calling MED TV from the Turkish press trying to make contact with me increased, MED TV finally tried to get in touch with me whereas the entire time I’d been waiting for Oktay to call, and by extension they themselves. In the end, the people at MED TV finally managed to get hold of me through Ali Qazi and my brothers and sisters who passed me on their message.

“Is there something wrong with us that you don’t call us?” was the kind of reproach I was now having to listen to.

Not only had I found nothing wrong with MED TV, I felt proud of them; I felt indebted to them far beyond any sense of gratitude to them for the service they’d performed for our people. Moreover, they’d broadcast what I’d had to say without changing it. MED TV had been the sole media organisation to reach people in this way.

Going over and over all this in my head, I asked myself what could be going on. The situation finally became clear after I’d spelled out my reproaches to Oktay and we agreed to meet near Amsterdam.

Selahattin Celik came in the name of MED TV to Amsterdam. I knew him from the past. He’d been a member of the PKK Central Committee, had engaged in the armed struggle in the mountains for the sake of the Kurdish people, had lost a brother and a sister in this struggle and had also a number of other relatives amongst the martyrs for Kurdistan, including some of his nephews. All of these young lives had been lost in service of the cause of Kurdish liberation, freedom, and independence, in fighting for their sacred soil, and the martyrs were cherished in their people’s hearts.

Selahattin Celik expressed his deep-felt emotions to me as a

fellow human being. It was apparent straight away how very well-informed he was, but he didn't yet seem to have got beyond a socialist ideology with its worker-peasant concepts. He'd use expressions like '*Capitalist*' and '*bourgeois*' and become heated every few moments. He was someone who always seemed ready to argue. My friend Selahattin understood the Kurdish reality very well, but in order for that same Kurdishness to be able to go on to tomorrow he wasn't clear as to exactly what was required. Moreover, he was very much affected – and justifiably so – by the negative aspects of the period at hand in which our political progress was slowly evolving. He wanted to be seen as a writer-researcher, but this definition was a kind of strait-jacket for him given the sort of burdens he laboured under.

I'd approached him often in the past for information on various subjects and I'd always come out with the correct facts which were at the same time, comprehensive, well-motivated, progressive and satisfying. I felt that our Kurds, our intellectuals, and our artists were not yet sufficiently mature either in their political structures or class sense to be able to understand Selahattin Celik and our friends in his position. This however is a time-bound constraint and I believe the day will dawn when this can be overcome, but until we get beyond this stage with regard to our Selahattins – and our Selahattins towards us – we'll keep on suffering until we fully understand one another.

Selahattin leapt straight out of his car and came towards me beaming energetically, "It's all over now, ya! All the best to you!"

He was genuinely delighted that I'd been let go. This was apparent by his enthusiasm right away. Once, long ago, at a time when I'd been upset about something, Selahattin had picked me up in his car and driven me round Belgium for a day and a night. In his sincere, straightforward manner he succeeded in calming me down and eventually even got me to laugh.

I'd never forgotten that occasion, and this was the first time we were meeting again since that day.

"We're going to make a programme for MEI TV. I'll be making the interview," he told me.

"Good, good!" I responded.

Our colleague Sinan was with him. I'd seen Sinan on TV and spoken with him by phone but this was the first time we were actually meeting in person. Above and beyond the smiling face and sympathetic manner he seemed to me to be more of a bureaucrat. But in a heartfelt manner he said, "It's good that it's all over!"

We all went to the hotel I was staying in together. Sinan was carrying more than one mobile phone on him and we had to keep quiet during all his phonecalls. When the phone finally let him be for a few moments he'd question me and shuffle through all his old notebooks. What was there that he didn't already know!

"How come you took a week to call us?" he said by way of reproach, not willing by any means to acknowledge that I'd been waiting for word from them. Aside from saying, "You could have reached us if you'd wanted to" he then passed no other comment.

Sinan was a little overweight, very zealous in his questioning like a person who had to know everything, thinking he'd missed out on life and would chide himself if he didn't know something, trying to make up for lost time and as a result refusing to become tired. He left me with an impression of being a very self-possessed Kurdish activist, throwing himself at everything to do with the Kurds and the world he believed in, energetic and broadminded. When still a student in England, his son had gone and joined the guerrillas. A year on from this meeting his son had fallen martyr in his country's mountains.

When I first heard about it, I couldn't sleep all night and had to keep taking cold showers. I asked myself over and over until morning came, "Are we worthy of our children, of our young people? What are we doing for them? Isn't it time that these

brave young souls were allowed to live. What are we doing? Are we doing what we should be doing? What do we think we're achieving by sighing about things and hammering out a few old clichés every time we get together?

While doing the interview with Selahattin and Sinan, we called in to MED TV and I also took part in a live broadcast by telephone. In the course of the programme I invited MED TV to make a more comprehensive programme at a future date. But later on when I understood that the interview Selahattin was planning to do was serious I said, "In that case let's call the cameraman."

Tuncay Dogan arrived first. His first words were: "We thought you didn't want to see us!"

I then told him what had transpired with Oktay and he found it odd. He said, "What he did wasn't good, it was remiss of him."

I said by way of answer, "While we're suffering the growing pangs of becoming a nation, why shouldn't your organisation also suffer a few teething problems?"

He made light of it. "Don't you go becoming a journalist, and most certainly don't become a politician, or there'll be nothing left for us to do!"

Tuncay had been to see me in Grave Prison for *Ozgur Politika*. Now he was here beside me once again to do an interview for the same paper. Tuncay took a lot of photographs throughout the interview. By 19.00 hours the cameraman had also reached Amsterdam. We were staying in the biggest suite in the *Crown Plaza Hotel* in Amsterdam's Hefdorp district. We shot the pictures from this side and we shot from that. Selahattin shouted, I shouted. But where Tuncay was concerned, well he went on about his work quietly and professionally and aside from putting the occasional question to us or commenting about our situation with a smile, he didn't interfere. He attached one end of the cable to me and another to the camera. Selahattin was at his best and a

master of himself. We finally reached the end of the interview at around 5.30 in the morning, but by then we'd had it too.

The day after I'd taken part in the live broadcast a lot of people called MED TV. Our good friend Mehmet Ulger set out on the road to come and see me afterwards. He'd been waiting for Mustafa Yalciner. Mustafa had wanted to do the interview himself. By this stage *Evrensel* (Universal) newspaper had changed its name to *Emek* (Labour) but their courageous hearts were still in the same place. Above and beyond his political beliefs, Mustafa had also spent many long years in prison and was a tolerant, mature and modest person - a true activist. He went over what I had to say thoughtfully and after carrying out some careful and comprehensive research he both documented and then published everything I'd had to say.

We met in the bar then went on to their office. Our discussion lasted until the early hours of the morning. It felt just like being at home. Mehmet Ulger had visited me in prison in any case and we'd kept up a correspondence by letter.

For the first time Altayli surprises me

Mehmet Salih Ceviker came along that same day. We chatted at length, then went out to eat together. Ceviker said that Fatih Altayli had made a request to meet me. While I was still in prison, Fatih Altayli had tried a number of ways to reach me but I'd refused to see him. On one occasion however, he pulled it off.

Altayli's assistant had phoned up the prison. I was called to the phone and had been allowed to talk. We'd spoke for half an hour and I still haven't gotten over my surprise about it. The administration had called me to come and take the call specially. It wasn't the sort of thing that routinely happened. Forget about my family not being able to talk with me - not even my lawyer could speak for such a long time nor so comfortably, and certainly not in a furnished room from an armchair, or in other words, from the room belonging to the administrator himself.

Expressing my surprise I'd asked "How did you manage that!"

He'd said only, "Well, we managed it!"

Fatih Altayli had made a programme in 1995 with Atilla Aytek³. Throughout the programme the pair of them behaved like a couple of cheap whores. Aytek was saying: *"We've proven that ASALA is a drug cartel and with the help of our allies - or rather, Europe and America's help - we've been able to finish ASALA off. Now the PKK has taken ASALA's place and the PKK is a drug cartel."*

He made my uncle out to be a 'colonel' with the PKK and said of him, "He's actually from Lice's Muradiye District" - whereas my uncle was not from Muradiye at all, but from Kale and clearly there's no similarity between the two names. Throughout the programme Aytek tried to show how clever he was and therefore he drew no line between what was true and what was not.

There is no such thing as a position of 'colonel' in the PKK. But in Aytek's head, no corner of his brain was capable of evaluating this. He simply repeated parrot fashion what he'd already rehearsed.

My uncle hadn't lived in Turkey since 1983. He was a religious man who prayed five times a day and was at odds with the PKK. Moreover, he was a very wealthy man. It wasn't his religiosity that set him at odds with the PKK, but rather his outlook. In 1981 in the Meltem Hotel in Aksaray, Aytek had remained standing as a mark of respect to my uncle, and would take his cut from him. My uncle was one of Diyarbakir's most prominent aghas. In either 1981 or 1982, Kenan Evren had dined as a guest at his house. Turgut Sunalp⁴ had presented my other uncle with his own special edition 14 cylinder handgun

³ Atilla Aytek was the chairman of the department for the policing of smuggling.

⁴ Turgut Sunalp was a retired general and president of the MDP (Milliyetçi Demokrasi Party), the Nationalist Democracy Party.

as a gift. The same uncle whom Aytek and Altayli had implicated had refused to allow the village-guard system to be operated from his village believing it to be wrong and it was because of this that he'd fallen foul of the government. Altayli knew this just as well as Aytek did.

I called in by phone. In the course of the programme and made it known that I wanted to talk but in no way would they connect me with the studio. I also sent in a fax which Altayli made space for a few days later in his column in *Hurriyet*. He proposed speaking with me in this piece.

Such was the past we shared in common.

In reply to Mehmet Salih Ceviker's insistence I told him I wouldn't meet Altayli for personal reasons. Altayli had an uncle involved with foreign exchange. He was an old friend of that same uncle of mine whom Altayli had vilified. A long time ago this uncle had shared a past with a woman called Ms. Seven. The affair was personal and Altayli lay at the bottom of it. Because of this, I'd cut things off with Altayli, I said.

Thankfully, Ceviker didn't insist any further. Altayli then tried to reach me through MED TV but I didn't talk with him. Then suddenly, a week later, an interview broadcast on MED TV a year and a half before appeared out of the blue in 'One to One' (*Teke Tek*). To be frank I was really surprised. Altayli said: "As we all sat in our homes aware of what was going on, Baybasin spoke out and said the gangs were running Turkey," and to emphasise his claim added, "Baybasin wasn't so respected at that time as he is now."

The Deputy Chief of Istanbul Police, Suleyman Basgor, appeared on the programme and threatened me in a theatrical manner saying, "Baybasin will get what's coming to him."

Altayli displayed considerable integrity in this programme. I reconsidered my decision on account of his behaviour. They called MED TV that same evening and said, "Altayli accepts his past mistakes and wants to make good."

It had a ring of truth about it. Just as it popped into my head, I said "I've also made mistakes in the past."

Altayli came from Van and was aware of the region's problems. I thought to myself, well if he wants to pull himself together and do something useful then we should help him out. In the days that followed Mehmet Salih Ceviker phoned. Altayli had called Dogu Perincek and asked him "Will Huseyin do an interview with me?"

He'd got the word of his boss that there'd be no monkey business on the programme. "Let him watch the programme today and then take part in the programme the following week by phone. Afterwards, I'll go and see him. Let him talk about whatever he wants and I'll see that it gets broadcast just as it is," he'd said.

I accepted without further ado.

Dogu Perincek was a reliable reference for me and, above all, I saw it as my duty to tell people in Turkey just what I knew. I had just an hour in which to do it and to try to get my views across.

I watched the programme. Necdet Kucuktaskiner took part by phone and made a whole string of lies adding, "*Huseyin Baybasin is a mouthpiece for the PKK.*"

Necdet had come to see me with someone by the name of Huseyin Coban. I hadn't known this Coban person before and hadn't heard his name either. Necdet had sent Sukru Balci along to see me. On the *One to One* programme Necdet said he was my lawyer and carried on by saying, "When I visited him in England I understood he was with the PKK and so I didn't see him again..."

I wanted Altayli's team to locate Huseyin Coban. They found him... Coban appeared on the same programme as me. We exposed Necdet's lies to the public side by side. Necdet was disgraced.

I was taken aback by this bold and brave stand on Altayli's

part. In addition he published what I'd had to say in his column in *Hurriyet* the next day. Thereafter he also made space in his column for statements in support of me. One day he announced, "I'm going to go and meet Baybasin."

It was true. We'd agreed to meet at some future date. But according to news I received by a roundabout channel we'd previously established and through which this same news now arrived, a day after Altayli had announced he was going to meet me, the Chief of Staff had summoned him to Ankara and told him, "*You are not to write Baybasin's name again!*"

Altayli explained the situation to me. He apologised and said he couldn't come to see me and that they were in a tight spot because people had already heard about the proposed meeting. He also sent me a special message saying, "The tables here have turned against Huseyin. He should be aware of this." As if previously it had been in favour of me! Indeed, Altayli didn't mention my name again, nor did he write to me again.

My old friend Sevkettin Okant from *Channel D* came to see me and we chatted. I'd always be happy to see him. Vedat Yenerer came from *Star TV* via some friends and we spoke. He put together a frank sort of a broadcast and the price they paid for it was the one day closure of *Star TV*.

NTV tried every means to try to reach me but I refused to see them. In the end they used Ceviker as a go-between - their previous intermediaries hadn't been safe.

I told Ceviker, "If they'll broadcast what I have to say about Cavit Caglar I'll agree to see them."

They neither called nor sought me out again.

Cavit Caglar's yacht '*Caglar*' had been moored next to mine in the yacht harbour at Kalamis. I'd known Caglar from way back, but Kalamis was witness to a whole heap of goings-on and I was witness to a whole lot more. In front of a load of people Caglar was to make a present of that same yacht to Suleyman Demirel.

Reha Muhtar - a clown without make-up

Show TV used my friends at *Aydinlik* magazine again as go-betweens so as to speak with me. I met up with Reha Muhtar and I lost my temper.

In response to things I said he'd come back with, "Dear brother, would the State do such things? Wouldn't it be appropriate to ask you what you think you're actually saying?"

I retorted, "Huseyin Kocadag was Chief of Police, Sedat Bucak an MP and as for Abdullah Catli, well he was wanted by *Interpol* in connection with drugs offences. Despite being on the wanted-list in Turkey in connection with a number of political assassinations he was issued with a diplomatic passport and carried an identity card as a special security operative. Was it me who got all these people together in the one place? Was it me who assigned duties to the diplomats, senators and MP's who were arrested in Europe? Were the police who killed Omer Lutfi Topal working under me? Did President Suleyman Demirel open his bank in Northern Cyprus on the salary he was paid by the State? These are just a few examples! Mehmet Agar, Tansu Ciller - they're all in the same boat. Did their wealth, the investments they've made derive from their salaries as civil servants, or did they use my money to make these investments?"

When Reha Maden shut his ears to what I was saying and began to play the wiseguy I began to see red. I set down the receiver saying, "I'll show you!"

Five minutes later Mehmet Salih Ceviker called from *Aydinlik*. It was clear from his voice how distressed he was.

"We're all most upset by this situation," he said, and referring to Reha Maden, "he says he's very sorry and he apologises to you. We're asking you as friends just to call him back so he can apologise to you in person."

"There's no need," I said. "After these low-down, underhand tactics, it's not *Show TV's* job but somewhere else which needs to take him in hand!"

Ceviker was very stalwart. He said, "Our boss is also most upset. But I'm asking you as a brother: Reha Maden is openly saying, '*I played the wiseguy and I came off the worse for it*,' I spoke with him personally."

Ceviker kept me talking for half an hour and eventually persuaded me to call that monkey back again.

I phoned in and before he'd even said 'hello', he launched into, "My dear brother, you misunderstood me. I was trying to get across that if I broadcast this they'd shut the television down. My dear brother, we know all these things already" and he was still dancing and prancing around the issue.

"You smart-arse! These friends of mine who asked me to call you are people with principles. They know my character and they know my principles too. Had they not asked me, there's no way I would have called you, or even given you the time of day!"

"Dear brother, I know your principles too. My tongue ran away with me - I didn't make myself properly understood. Please overlook my mistake -" he was going on and on but I interrupted saying, "first learn what it takes to be a decent human being, then ask to speak with other human beings. Turkey's problem is that spineless specimens like you are in a position where they're allowed to act as spokesmen!" I hung up in his ear.

Mehmet called back and said all over again how sorry he was.

"This is our mistake, Mehmet," I said. "To have left the country in the hands of absurd, thieving, mental defectives like this!"

"You're quite right! Do you agree if we put the subject behind us now? I'm truly sorry, brother, but our people are really embarrassed and just want to hear whether or not we've brought the matter to an end."

"Please don't let your people be upset, and please pass my best respects on to them. I shake you by the hand. Let's just pretend this never happened. But I'm asking you specially not to let them make me waste my time again like this with such worthless types as these."

"We're all very sorry. We didn't think it would turn out this way."

Show TV and show-host Mehmet Ali Birand had tried through all sorts of people to establish contact with me but I wouldn't speak to them. I didn't have any problem with *Show TV* itself, nor any bones to pick with them, but the channels they'd gone through to try to contact me were not at all reliable.

A friend from MED TV, whom I'm not going to expose, called me up a number of times in the course of a single day: "Cuneyt is coming from *Show TV* and I gave my word to him thinking you'd see him. My colleagues said you'd refused to meet Birand -"

He said he felt that this young guy whose name was Cuneyt Ozdemir was highly talented and he liked him. I accepted to meet him conditionally. I had him and his cameraman brought straight from the airport to the place I'd previously arranged for them to be ready to film right away.

He went about his work like a true professional. Giving me his phone number he said, "Please take part in the programme by telephone as well. We don't want anything to go wrong." He also visited MED TV and got copies of their footage and of certain documents. I replied to all the questions he put to me by phone. In fact, Cuneyt behaved sincerely right up until the final hour of the show.

Mehmet Ali Birand certainly got the programme off to a fine start - Necdet Menzir was sitting there as his guest!

Once the programme had began, Hayri Kozakcioglu called in and declared without the slightest hesitation, "I don't know Huseyin Baybasin!"

On the screen behind him at that moment footage of the two of us chatting was being shown. After this little chat of ours, we went into the Operations room and there I was, walking in front of him. Next we were to be seen chatting over our drinks in the salon, right in front of people. Special telegraphs which Hayri Kozakcioglu had sent me were also being shown

on screen. But in the face of it all Kozakcioglu was so thick-skinned as to be able to say he didn't know me.

I immediately called Cuneyt up.

He told me, "For technical reasons we can't get disrupt the programme, brother. Birand had given his word to Necdet Menzir that you wouldn't take part in the programme. Otherwise Menzir wouldn't accept to go on."

"I talked about it with you. I had your word - not the word of someone like Birand!" I replied.

Cuneyt was very refined and polite. I felt like breaking his heart but he was one of those people I just couldn't do it to. Despite what I felt about it all, I didn't utter a single word.

Kozakcioglu's German marks were held in my safe

When Kozakcioglu was transferred from the State of Emergency Regional Governorate to the Istanbul Governorate we met up with Nedim Oser. Photographs of this meeting appeared in the papers. At about this time, Kozakcioglu had left some 300,000 marks with Nedim Oser. For reasons of security Oser wanted this money to be kept in my safe. We'd called Kozakcioglu in Istanbul about the investment of his money. I had some luxury villas in Cinarcik and we took a look at them. When Kozakcioglu's son opened a car yard on the Yildiz slope in Besiktas on Kozakcioglu's request we gave his son 60,000 marks from this money. Some time later Oser retrieved the money from me and returned it to Kozakcioglu. There were a number of such incidents which I wanted to recall, but they wouldn't link me in to the studio.

There were also a number of questions I wanted to put to Nedim Menzir, and I wanted at least to be able to ask "*How many times did Ismet Sezgin speak with you on my behalf?*" and to swear by it.

I would have asked, "*How many times did Recep Ordulu and Musa Gunes speak with you?*" I would have put questions to him

about the *Kismetim-1* and the *Lucky-S*.

And to Kozakcioglu - "When Recep Ordulu spoke with you, didn't he tell you about the incidents with Suleyman Basgor and Fuat Bolat? When Fuat Bolat was acting as your special bodyguard didn't you have him moved into the Besiktas Police Directorate?"

In front of Recep Ordulu, Bolat had asked me for a pay-off, or more precisely, to pay him protection money. This money would be paid - or given - ostensibly to take care of some business or other, or to cover up some other transaction. Fuat Bolat was the Chief of the Besiktas Police at the time this incident occurred. He'd arrange some meeting on his territory and then collect protection-money from everyone on his patch.

I had a business based in Etiler with some thirty employees working for me. One day Bolat interrupted them and had them all placed under arrest. I asked if a lawyer had been sent there. Bolat said, "Drugs are being sold on the premises."

Kozakcioglu was Governor of Istanbul and close to us and Bolat was one of his most intimate aides. There shouldn't have been any question therefore of any plot against me. Accordingly I interviewed all my employees at work but not one of them had anything different to say than any other. Either they were all guilty and they'd kept it from me, or they were all clean. For the sake of my so-called peace of mind I relieved them all of their employment. A short while later Fuat Bolat put all my new employees under arrest in the same way as before.

To get to the root of the matter, I went and spoke with someone from the police whom I trusted. I met this official in this same business location in Etiler. We carried out a general appraisal of the situation so that the cops under the Besiktas Police's authority brought me face to face with Fuat Bolat.

Fuat Bolat said, "Why didn't you come to see me before? Your place is on my patch. How many times did I have to go and arrest your staff before you wised up?" and then he asked

what business I had with the cop who was with me.

Upon hearing this he then laughed, "He's with MIT (the National Security Agency). The ball's in our court!"

He considered himself as a member of Demirel's circle, and viewed MIT as the toy of the military. He was saying therefore said that the real power lay with them and: "You'd use the word of a piece of shit like that!"

In 1980 when Kozakcioglu had been head of Istanbul Police, Recep Ordulu had worked as his deputy. At the time when Fuat Bolat had spoken these words with me, Recep had retired from his position as Chief of Police and was working as a lawyer. He was both my friend and my attorney. Fuat Bolat had blurted out all these things in front of him. He'd gone on about dolly-birds and high-class restaurants, about getting himself a luxury apartment and buying a Mercedes, like some wise-guy.

Recep had been most irritated and had told Kozakcioglu all about it. During the same period, Necdet Menzir had been Istanbul's Police Chief. These were the sort of things I wanted to remind Kozakcioglu and Menzir about because Recep Ordulu had told Necdet Menzir all the same things.

I would have given Mehmet Ali Birand Recep Ordulu's phone number and said, "Why not let him take part in this programme too!"

Recep Ordulu had passed on details of a whole raft of incidents like that of Fuat Bolat and Suleyman Basgor to both Menzir and Kozakcioglu. But whatever ended up being told to them they'd just become more petty and aggressive.

There were pictures being broadcast of me with Mehmet Agar, but just as with Kozakcioglu, Agar was also claiming, "I didn't have any special relations with Baybasin."

But I was saying, "Agar and I have known each other since the Seventies."

To this Agar responded, "Be fair! I was in Police College in 1970," changing the sense of the words I'd made.

Had I been able to take part in the programme I would've said, "Really it's Mehmet Agar who should be fair! The people of Turkey understand quite well what's meant by the seventies, not the year 1970. The footage shown had been taken at the opening of my hotel in 1982 and other pictures dated from an evening I'd organised in 1990. I would have made mention of a few other special memories too. I could have said, "Did you get that luxury home in London for your singer-lover and the mother of your illegitimate child, that bank of yours in Northern Cyprus, and your trillions in Turkey from your father's salary as a policeman? Apart from your income as a civil servant, you don't have any other wages. Did you accumulate all this wealth by saving your salary, Mehmet Agar? It's you who should be fair!" but Mr. Birand blocked me from speaking.

Abdulkadir Aksu, Unal Erkan and Ramazan Er also called into the programme. I had nothing to say to these individuals. Nedim Oser called in and there were several things I'd liked to have reminded him of. For a start, I would have asked him about those matters to do with Kozakcioglu's money and his investments; certain incidents involving Mehmet Agar and, in particular, the Hulusi Sayin affair. I also wanted to demonstrate why I felt the need to make such statements as this. Aside from asking Nedim Oser about the time Hayri Kozakcioglu had proposed allocating me a force one thousand strong, I'd have reminded him of how he'd said, "You'll earn at least a hundred million dollars a year. You'll be there with us too. We'll give you all the military, police, judicial, educational, village operations and the State's pickings in the region, and all the contracts. It will be a done deal. All the contracts in the region are under my authority and I'll pass them on to you. Not only will you be earning, but we will be too," and I'd have said, "Now let all of Turkey hear how both of you were present when these words were spoken."

It was to have been an opportunity for me and for people to

able to hear things for themselves.

There were a number of additional matters I wanted to raise questions about and hear the answers to. But the guarantee Cuncyrt had given us, the right to reply, and the possibility of being able to raise new issues had all been superseded by Mehmet Ali Birand's having Necdet Menzir take part in the programme, despite prior agreement.

As for Birand, well naturally he knew everything better than anyone else anyway. Even when he was holding a whole sheaf of documents in his hands taken from us and when all those implicated were ministers of state and all the facts pointed to them he was still saying, "But you didn't know Baybasin, did you?" and was making special efforts to ensure that the facts were obscured. In saying this it was as if he was apologising to them all. On top of what they'd done, I was being vilified instead as if it was I who was ruling Turkey, and as if it was I who had taken the decision that allowed such things to happen. It must somehow have been overlooked that while they were running the country, tens of thousands of people had been killed and these shameless thieves were plundering the state's coffers. But because I'd spoken out about all these things they were very angry at me. Still, I believe that the day will come when I'll find myself face to face with Mehmet Ali Birand....

A glance at the composition of the Turkish state

In reaction to the fall-out from the Susurluk Accident, Mehmet Agar resigned from his post as Minister of the Interior but hung on to his status as a parliamentarian. The DYP (True Path Party) and Refah (Welfare Party) established a coalition. Erbakan was made Prime Minister, Ciller his Deputy. Erbakan was calling the dirt thrown up at the State by the Susurluk Incident "*poppycock*" whereas it was Erbakan himself who was all poppycock and time proved this to be so. As for Ciller, her claim that "*Whoever fires a bullet for the State and whoever takes a bullet for the State is a hero*"

openly publicised how she stood fast with the killers and those responsible for carrying out the massacres.

The RP and DYP who had been slinging mud at each other unstintingly only yesterday were today forming a coalition government. Where Ciller had been saying of Erbakan, "*He's a registered heroin smuggler*", Erbakan had been saying of her and her husband, "*These thieves! The waterside-mansion Mafia!*"

Just a short while ago, the Welfare Party had started a motion calling on the TBMM (Turkish Grand National Assembly) to investigate the True Path Party and Ciller for abuse of office. But now when the time was at hand and the motion was put to the vote, Erbakan and his party used their vote to reject their own motion, thereby registering their own lack of credibility.

In return, Madam Ciller also overlooked Erbakan's "registration" as a drug trafficker and with her vote and that of the party rewarded him with the office of Prime Minister.

This was Turkey...

Here the meaning of the words, "It's impossible!" altered according to the time and place and the boundaries of supply and demand. Hereafter, Demirel and Ozer Ucuran Ciller began to squabble over the division of the True Path Party's spoils and as a result under the chairmanship of Demirel's former baggage-keeper and servant, Hisanmettin Cindoruk, these former co-defendants and partners in corruption established a new party under the name of the DTP. Ismet Sezgin, Necdet Menzir and the celebrated rapist, Rahmi Gurbinarlar, gathered together under the auspices of this new party.

Numbers of people left the True Path Party. At the same juncture, Suleyman Demirel struck an alliance with the military and initiated the phase which came to be known as the decisions of 28 February, and in a neat manoeuvre, distanced Erbakan and Ciller and brought Mesut Yilmaz and Bulent Ecevit together with the backing of the army. A number of vultures who'd been waiting in the wings since way back when, and who'd gathered

in Ecevit's party surrendered to Demirel in order to take advantage of the redistribution of the spoils of war. By all these means, and with the useful addition of external support from Deniz Baykal, it was not difficult to form a new government.

In the ensuing interim, a great deal of time went by and then once again this same Tansu Ciller introduced a general question in Parliament concerning the government and alleged that the Susurluk Incident had not been adequately investigated!

What sort of carry-on was this! What had happened to "he who fell by the bullet, and he who shot the bullet?"

If we were to say, "It's amazing!" What would that mean, and to whom? Yes, this was Turkey...

I watched Rahmi Gurbinarlar, Deputy Chair and Spokesman of the DTP formed under Cindoruk's custodianship on a programme called '*Political Arena*'. At the time Madam Ciller's DYP was in government with Erbakan. Gurbinarlar was still with the DYP and was minister of state and government spokesperson. It was under this same guise that he took part in the programme. He was voicing his opinion on the worker's demonstration backing a pay rise, asking, "Is this march legal? I'm one of the workers. I come from a background as a worker and of being employed as a civil servant. We have to seek our rights by legal means."

A short while later, video pictures of this same man were broadcast showing him caught in the act of prostitution. When asked by the press what kind of conduct this was, Gurbinarlar's reply was 'Good God! I was being so careful that I didn't even see how it happened!'

There was no reaction from even a single reporter of the kind: "Lord, man! You're a parliamentarian for Turkey. You're a minister of state and a government spokesperson! You're a respectable married man. If you can't stand up for your own integrity then how can you represent this country and the rights of its citizens?"

The moral aspects of the story are an altogether different kettle of fish but under Turkish law, adultery is a crime and seeks

punishment. The workers and civil servants were asking for a pay-rise from the government to be able to buy bread for their families in recompense for the sweat of the brow. Rahmi Gurpınarlar had not considered the demonstration lawful despite their aim, but as an adulterer he enjoyed the last word!

Here you are: these were the kind of men who were running the country.

Interviews with the international press

As I've said before, I'd given interviews to a number of media organisations both at the time I lived in Turkey and when I was abroad. The American and Russian press gave considerable coverage to my interviews. The Arab world's international television desks broadly took up what I'd been saying. But Europe followed official policy not to upset or damage Turkey or threaten their interests.

Germany publicised one verdict of court. They revealed that Ciller's family was involved in a case focused upon drugs trafficking. The judge declared his decision in open court. The same judge stated: "We've been able to prove that Hüseyin Baybasin and the Cillers had very close links. At this time *Aydinlik* and *Ozgur Politika* newspapers published some photographs of Ozer Ciller, a Turkish General, Aydın Dogan, and a smuggler taken when they were all together in Germany. The papers made reference to organising the smuggling of some nuclear component and had taken the photographs when following their leads on the story. Despite the picture, the German press tried to protect the Turkish government and said that the image in question had been fabricated. I have a copy of that same photo and having had it analysed can vouch for the authenticity of the original.

Despite speaking with ZDFARD and FOCUS on the matter and despite all the documentation, these same media organisations sought to play the matter out and to scapegoat

me instead. German security officers and various parliamentarians had come to me for information at different times. I gave them various documents having considered these people to be substantial and well-respected.

All the German press, security officials, intelligence agents and parliamentarians were well aware of Turkey's policies, of its corruption and its abuse of human rights and were ill at ease as a result, but the German government would just say that they wanted to see Turkey straighten herself out, that they believed in this happening, that they had a number of joint interests and that because the government's approach to the issue was made within this framework they did not wish to interfere with the policy. I reminded them that instead of helping Turkey, they were aggravating the problem and that they had more than enough information to be able to reach such a conclusion themselves.

The Dutch press was particularly insensitive. The programme-makers from *Channel 1* and *Channel 3* spoke with me but reflected the views of the Dutch Ministry of Justice. In all their interviews they took great pains to depict me as a drug baron. *Vonksgat* newspaper gave considerable space to events. *NRC Handelsblad* wrote things up in a more balanced manner. Afterwards, what I'd had to say appeared in all the Dutch press.

A programme in Holland dedicated to foreign audiences set things on their head by having a Turkish woman to interview me. There can't have been a door that they hadn't knocked on, or kicked at, to reach me including that of MED TV. Finally they made an in-road by getting my lawyer, Mr. Koppe, to agree to talk with me.

Mr. Koppe told me, "I promised them I'd talk with you about it, however it's up to you whether or not you do the programme."

I didn't want to see them because I'd heard they were a religious group.

Mr. Koppe said, "It's not at all as you think."

Accordingly I went to Mr. Koppe's office one day and said, "Call the woman up but don't say that I'm here."

The woman arrived fifteen minutes later. She was highly approachable and most sincere. She behaved as if she'd grown up with me.

"I said that I'd meet you and look, here I am! I obtained the consent of the place where I work to make a two-part programme with you and I'll broadcast it as is. I'll go wherever you wish to. With your personal security in mind, you may decide the time and place for the meeting and don't even tell me about it."

She was a former Turkish Communist Party member. She'd claimed asylum in Holland and had been naturalised. She wasn't religious, or anything of that sort either. The journalist's name was Saadet Metin and she was of Caucasian stock from Samsun. That same day we made a two hour programme and true to say, the programme was broadcast in the most direct fashion.

In Turkey it was like boiling water, in which the media were the bubbles on the surface. The mob had spun out of control and the gangs were falling on one another tooth and claw. As for the Dutch Ministry of Justice, well they were just using me as a bargaining chip with Turkey. Having heard a variety of things on this account, I decided it was necessary to get hold of some more precise information and so I set about doing so.

I spoke with some Swedish television journalists. They left me with the impression of being very cultured, well-motivated people. Other representatives of the press and television from various Scandinavian countries also came and saw me. And there were a number of intelligence agents amongst those who'd sought me out under the guise of journalists.

I asked one Danish TV crew: "Are you agents, researchers, or what? If you tell me what your real identity is, we can speak more comfortably."

They must have been embarrassed because they replied, "Our

objective is to obtain more extensive information."

From that moment on we enjoyed a frank discussion.

Cumhuriyet newspaper betrayed Ugur Mumcu

I'd met Mehmet Salih Ceviker in 1997 when he was working on a story for *Cumhuriyet* (Republic) newspaper. We'd met on the repeated insistence of *Gorusme* (Discussion) newspaper. Ceviker was essentially a writer for *Aydinlik* (Enlightenment). *Cumhuriyet* newspaper had pleaded with Ceviker to talk with me, and he'd pleaded similarly with me. Our exchange went on over the course of a week and Ceviker gave the paper the full story on Ugur Mumcu. *Cumhuriyet* got the story in its hands and told Ceviker what day they were going to run it. They said they liked the article a great deal and thanked him for it. Pleased with this Ceviker also thanked me.

"It's our duty," I responded.

I carried a sense of responsibility towards Ugur Mumcu and had been deeply upset by his murder. How often I'd said, how I wish I'd never spoken with him. It would be hard to fill the gap he left behind. People like him cannot be abandoned, they must not be forsaken, because in a sense it's more than just an individual human life which has been taken but a humanitarian mission which has been betrayed. Mumcu was someone who stood up in defence of justice. It's very hard for me to describe the pain I feel. He was a man who supported the State, yet who was also a democrat. Moreover, he was a very wise man. May he rest in the light, what else can I say?

The day the article was to have appeared in *Cumhuriyet* instead of Ceviker's piece they ran a story with the headline: "*Huseyin Baybasin is a British agent.*"

We were stunned. I might even say speechless! These were people who knew me closely and who had had every opportunity to be able to speak with me. But instead of publishing the interview, for them to run a story accusing me

of being a British agent made it hard to understand just who was after what. On a different page the same day another item ran under the heading, '*Mumcu's killer was Canturk!*'

On one TV channel I said how I'd met a lot of government officials, had provided information about events in Turkey, and was able to do the same for anyone who was interested. I could also meet and talk with any serious and trustworthy Turkish official. I was doing this on the basis of my personal grasp of human values and as far as the unfortunate types were concerned who felt that this was just a matter of vested interests, well they were justified in not being able to understand me. In their view you had to be someone or other's agent. To link the Mumcu affair to Canturk was a straight-forward blinding tactic. It would be enough for me to say, "No one could know the details of Mumcu's murder better than Baki Tug. What's more, it shouldn't be forgotten that nobody in Turkey could carry out such a task, nor would they carry it out without Suleyman Demirel knowing about it."

Cumhuriyet deliberately stated that Behcet Canturk had killed Ugur Mumcu and they were also doing this using Mumcu's brother Ceyhan Mumcu. I share, and understand Mumcu's brother's suffering, however it must be just as clearly understood that whoever killed Mumcu was the same one who killed Behcet Canturk.

In his official capacity as Assistant Chief of Istanbul Police, Mestan Sener had told the press, "*Huseyin Baybasin killed Behcet Canturk*" yet now speaking in the name of the State, they were saying that the gang within the State killed him. The people who were putting Behcet Canturk's name across to Mumcu's family knew very well who killed Ugur Mumcu. It was just the same as when they'd said "Huseyin killed Behcet" when they knew just who it was who had killed Behcet, and how...

At one point they'd also made the claim: "*the PKK killed Ugur Mumcu.*"

The PKK would certainly never have killed someone like Ugur Mumcu, nor those like him. They PKK would only be responsible for the killing of the torturers like Esat Oktay Yildirim, and then they would come out in the open and claim responsibility and say, "We did it."

Up until now, the PKK had claimed responsibility for every such action it had carried out, be it right or wrong. It is another matter whether or not you consider the PKK wrong or right; whether you oppose it or not; love it or despise it. But on this matter as with others it's practical to accord right where right is due. Why should Mumcu be killed when everyday people who went beyond the bounds of what is moral and polite were ceasing to attack the PKK? It leaves you with the fact that if the PKK had carried this out they would certainly have claimed responsibility for it.

Today perhaps more than anyone, from the bottom of my heart I want some light to be shed on the murder of Ugur Mumcu.

The arrest-warrant *in absentia* issued against me by the Turkish government corresponded exactly with the timing of the statements I'd made on MEI TV. These same statements started a tremor throughout the gangs such that everyone fell on everyone else.

After that, they launched their attack on me. But I didn't keep quiet and never shall do so. Even if I'm in my grave I'll still be compelled to talk so that these gangs are suffocated by their own filth. And that's precisely why I'm talking about these things here. If my fate should be to die in prison, it won't matter a jot - it will have been worth it.

What I'm doing is neither heroic, nor is it based on any ulterior motives. But by revealing the true inner face of Turkey and the scope of its influence, I ended up as their Number One target, as well as that of their international partners. But it was not just myself - I also became the cause of the suffering of all the individual members of my family. I knew from the outset that this could be

a possibility and had kept all these possibilities clearly before my mind. But there was no other means by which one could have fought in this swamp. To be able to expose the real face of Turkey, for the people in my country to discover the truth and to be able to live as decent human beings within an integral system, I also wanted to play my part in giving it a start.

Here was a real possibility of creating a truly genuine democratic state system which alone could provide the guarantee of future security for my people, as well as for my own relatives, wife and children. This was my belief and in accordance with it I began to speak out. A State cannot and should not be governed by resorting to the same wiles and intrigues as the Ottomans.

Women were brought as slaves from all four corners of the earth and turned into courtesans in the palaces of the Ottoman sultans. In order to retain power the Sultans used every foul means at their disposal including murdering and locking one another up in their dungeons. On top of it the padishahs undertook the mantle of the Caliphate of Islam. The foul activities they carried out in their palaces and in the countries under their power, the oppression and the massacres were ratified by the officials of the state in the name of Islam and in this way their sins were purified. Ultimately the sultans which brought together Asia, Europe and Africa within the bounds of their empire lost that empire altogether and fell into such a state of degradation that they could no longer sustain their own lives or that of their families. Each was finally sentenced to a life of exile. The people were left behind to their own misery and suffering.

In the present period there is a new sultanate and a new troupe of sultans. Suleyman Demirel was absolutely one of these sultans. Cavit Caglar, Ismet Sezgin, Husamettin Cindoruk, Tansu and Ozer Ciller, Mehmet Agar and their circle, the sheikhs, the dervishes, the religious clerics and the so-called nationalists.

The National Intelligence apparatus had been spliced into

forty pieces and the same could be said of the police... If this did not entirely apply to the army, still it was under the control of Demirel's gang. If the military saw fit the army would intervene in matters of religion; if it saw fit it would forcibly impose religious education and it also took money from *Rabita*. After 1984 when the PKK turned the military budget on its head they established the Hizbullah-contra squads. They paved the way for a religious flood and pumped all sorts of religious organisations into existence. During this period scores of people were being slain every day. But the accounts in no way balanced.

For example, Turgut Ozal was saying, "In Turkey, a real structure for the State must be established," and he did what he saw to be necessary. In so doing he came to represent a threat for the Mafia gangs. Had a truly credible structure been established upon which to base the State as Ozal was implying, it would have meant the end of the gangs. But Demirel used all his power to eliminate Ozal; they took shots at Ozal. He didn't die. Demirel and his gang did everything that came their way so that the existing system would not be altered, but Ozal carried on just as before showing no sign of fear of the Mob.

Before the 1991 elections, Demirel professedly confessed his sins saying: "I've finally woken up. I'm not the same old Demirel as before - I want to help my people. We are going to give everyone two keys. And we're going to introduce unemployment insurance."

And not stopping there, Demirel effected a stand on the Kurdish issue. In response to Alparslan Turkes having said: "It's dangerous to say there are Kurds," he replied, "For years we've said there was no such thing. What did it achieve? Thousands of people are dying. Is this easy to live with? Now we accept the reality of the Kurdish people," and so saying he made a significant new departure.

However, beneath it all, he was just trying to establish a more secure base to be able to make things more comfortable for

himself and for the mob. All he was really announcing was his new make-up. And beneath this new make-up lay an even more aggressive Demirel than before. It was as if during the period he'd been out of power he'd become more blood-thirsty. That was how full of venom and violence he was. Despite this, Ozal was fully aware of just what lay beneath these words and virtually tack for tack wanted to debate the possibility of the creation of a Kurdish federation. Demirel and his gang were upended by Ozal's initiative and as Ozal was speaking of a serious change when they saw that he'd attained the strength to realise this they did away with this valuable person and poisoned him. In this way Demirel and his Mafia became the sovereign power behind the State once more, lock stock and barrel.

Demirel then set himself up as President and installed Tansu Ciller in the chair of Prime Minister. Once they'd taken power they pursued a course of massacres, the razing and depopulation of villages, the annihilation of the democrats and the patriots and through the hand of the state enabled the Mafia to legitimise murder. In this period neither the democratic forces within Turkey nor the Kurds, nor the Kurdish institutions could do very much at all. Influential Kurdish intellectuals were simply killed off one by one. Each new murder was covered up with ever more laughable and deceptive tales such as, "*Baybasin was responsible for Behcet Canturk*" And to account for what had happened to the Kurdish lawyers Yusuf Ekinici and Medet Serhat, it was said, "*They were killed because they were Behcet Canturk's lawyers.*"

Under these people's control Turkey became the scene for a great destruction. Decent people in Turkey, democrats and those with sensitivities were outraged. The fabric of the State was effectively ripped apart. Outdoing even the Ottomans dominance there was a great backslide into corruption. Everyone tried to fill their own pockets.

Demirel and his mob who had taken control of the country

once more or less occupied Northern Cyprus – and this situation remains the same today. Northern Cyprus which had a population of only 100,000 people had become home to more than a hundred new banks and almost all of them were under the control of Demirel's gang. The island became a centre in which to launder the proceeds of the international black market and transfer the profits off the drugs traffick. Northern Cyprus became the stop-over for the setting down and reloading of drugs. The civil servants who controlled and organised it all were obliged to work for the Turkish State's mob because in one way or another they were people who'd been already been bought by it.

Azerbaijan was also under the mob's control. People there used the term *bozcakallar* (Grey Jackals) instead of the usual *bozkurtlar* (Grey Wolves) as the name they gave the mob's assassins and money racketeers. When Haydar Aliyev came to power the mob and the Grey Wolves got stomach cramps. Just as in Ebulfeyz Elcibey's time the horse could no longer run free out in the open. Aliyev was an experienced and skilful man of state. He knew full well what the Grey Wolf was all about and what the Grey Jackal was made of. He knew just what was going on in the country and was determined to go after it. He understood that in order to be able to counter the activities of the jackals his best shot was to develop and improve relations with the Russian Federation so as to abort the efforts of the Turkish state. Demirel and his mob were not slow in grasping what was afoot and made an attempt to stage a coup against Aliyev. But when the force opposed to Aliyev became weaker and when within a short while certain central points were taken by him and it was seen that the mob was going to be disappointed, the moment Demirel saw that Aliyev was in the stronger position he back-peddled and made an effort to appear as if he was helping him. In the Turkish press and television under Demirel's presidency he stated that he was aware of the attempted coup

against Aliyev and how at the last minute Aliyev didn't give away the goal.

When the mob lost its breath with Aliyev in Azerbaijan they made attempts to establish a new milieu in different regions of other countries, foremost in Turkmenistan and Kyrgyzstan and within a very short space of time sank good roots into Turkmenistan. I'm certain that in the period ahead they'll try to foment all manner of intrigues in these countries using pan-Turan fascism, Turkishness and brotherhood as the excuse. Other states in the region like Turkmenistan and Kirgizistan were being targeted by the mob such as in Afghanistan where the leader of Ozbek origin, Rashid Dostum was taken well in hand and by this means kept control of the narcotics trade. In the same way in recent years Dostum was forced to flee the country and was kept out of sight in Ankara for a considerable period in the guise of undergoing medical treatment.

The Turkish Mafia sent numbers of soldiers and weapons to Chechnya. Of course their real aim was not about helping the Chechen people. It was the desire to keep Armenia under threat and alongside this to foment intrigue and create instability amongst the states emerging from the former Soviet Union. Naturally included amongst its aims in addition to safeguarding petrol pipelines and putting their Trojan horse within the Federation states was the wishful thinking to serve Pan-Turan fascism. The Turkish gangster State also continued to send hundreds of religious fanatic militants to regions like Bosnia-Herzegovina and Kosovo where war was breaking out. I spoke about all these things in detail on MED TV. Even though the Turkish government tried to cover this up by saying that MED TV was the broadcasting organ of the PKK and I was someone working for the PKK it was absolutely certain that they experienced a serious tremor amongst themselves. As a consequence I received a number of messages of congratulation from a number of top officials from within national intelligence,

the army and in particular from the police and organs of the judiciary. A number of political parties and political organisations proposed working with me. I'd drawn from my personal experience of things I'd lived through in the thins I spoke of about what the mob was organising within the Turkish state and those who listened to me knew full well that these things were true.

A number of press and television reporters established contact with me with the same aims. Moreover, and here I underline the word - certain personnel from the army, from MIT and senior police officials made appointments days and weeks before wanting to come to Europe to see me. I saw the ones I could trust; others I wouldn't see at all.

A world of contradictions

We behave with great sensitivity so far as animals are concerned yet turn a blind eye to our fellow human beings. Developed countries allocate a huge budget to research and funding for the protection for certain animal species. At first glance this endeavour appears altogether nobly motivated but when the profits from the resources allocated to the killing of human beings and the production of tanks, bombs, rockets and nuclear weapons - which have no other function than taking human life - are used to fund the other things, just who is kidding who? Are arms manufacturers people from a different planet? Not only are weapons produced which are designed to wipe out other human beings, but with the profits made from the sales you attempt to undertake the protection of certain endangered animal species. What sort of logic is this? What kind of attitude does it reflect?

In particular those arms-producing/arms-supplying organisations and institutions - like those internationally linked to the UN - sell their arms to other warring countries then later seek to play the role of peace-maker and reconcile them.

Sometimes the countries selling the weapons tell the buyers, "You're not actually permitted to use such weapons as these." But even if they were to refund the money and retrieve the weapons in any case they're not permitted to be used.

Are those who are playing a role in this comedy really human beings? Are the nations which figure in this game actually responsible for ruling over other human beings? Are those of us who say "we're human" still going to do nothing but stand on the sidelines and applaud? We who stand up at the air shows and clap our hands at the killer jets whose sole purpose is just to kill other people, are we really human beings? Can those who are utterly disinterested in and insensitive to, or those who praise the increasing sophistication of lethal weapons and advertise them really entitled to say, "*I'm a human being*?" Do we even stop and ask ourselves these things? or in our struggle just to breathe do we think that those who are ruling the world come from outer space?

My mother's prayers kept me on my feet

In Grave Prison I suffered a great deal because of the administration's provocation. My nerves were all but shattered. When speaking with my children by phone I struggled to control my tone of voice but my state of mind showed with every waver of tone. Because I was aware of my own state of mind but didn't want to reflect my unease to my children I made efforts to speak with them as little as possible. I realised too that I sometimes upset my brothers and sisters. In the same manner I took pains to speak with my wife as little as possible. I endeavoured to keep conversations with my nephews and their wives to a minimum. The telephone is a very cold means of communication and the short exchanges I was permitted prevented me from reaching out to anyone and from communicating my feelings effectively to anyone. My mother was both understanding and moderate. She'd say, "*It will pass*,

son, it will pass."

Her voice had the effect on me of that of a psychologist. My mother was unique. If there were such a thing as an angel then my mother should belong to that order of being. Patience, respect, affection, well-meant advice and consideration for other people were her attributes. She was someone who loved to help others and who cared deeply for her country. I find it difficult to find adequate words to sum up my mother. She was someone who would give whatever money had come her way to help the poor and to help people who had no means of their own to be able to get whatever treatment they needed for their illnesses. I have to be frank and say that the feelings I have of responsibility towards my own people and which in my view should come before anything else I inherited from my mother.

Meetings with the Intelligence Services

I have in my possession all the documents concerning my meetings with the intelligence services. I could meet up with any of their agents any time I wished. The reason I'm addressing this issue as to why I'd meet intelligence agents is because in my efforts to reveal the inner face of the Turkish state and my Kurdish identity I was perceived by a number of officials from the various countries as an enemy of Turkey. Where this were so they made this known to me. What I understood as a result of such exchanges with these officials was that Turkey had created its own imaginary enemy and the various mobsters – particularly Demirel's group – felt a need to maintain this impression.

The Greek Security Service agents made an impression on me of being altogether odd. It was as if Turkey was an egg and it was the task of the Greek Intelligence Services to protect it. But in the process of safeguarding that egg it was as if they were reluctant for anyone to see them at it. They had comprehensive information on a whole range of matters and every other sentence they would ask me if I wasn't afraid. They'd say: " "

Turkey's instability is not good for us. We want Turkey to pursue a system which will ensure its stability. An attitude of stable administration and a stable state is to the benefit of both ourselves and Turkey. They said that this was an absolute must in this century and underlined that such was the policy of Greece. When I said to one of them, "Very well, do you believe that Turkey can establish a stable system and reflect this in the composition of the State?" I received the reply: "I have explained the Greek government's policy on Turkey to you."

The other participants said, "There are some good politicians in Turkey and if they want to they can create a stable system and structure of State," and so saying backed what the first speaker had said.

Their main anxiety stemmed from Turkey not actually wishing to pursue a policy of stability and I was very much affected by what I was hearing and at the same time taken aback.

Very well, then who is Turkey's external enemy? When we were in Turkey we were always told, "Greece is an enemy. It wants to carve Turkey up. They're drilling our well." But here were members of the Greek Intelligence Services standing bodily before me and telling me plainly that this was not their country's attitude. Everyone I met said, "There must be stability in Turkey. The Greek, the British, the French, the German, the American, and the Canadian ...

The Canadian Intelligence agent I met had conducted special military training in Turkey. He was sixty years old and he knew Turkey even better than I did. He was saying, "The Kurdish Problem must be resolved before the human rights problems can be solved and democratisation begin in Turkey. If the Kurdish Problem could be resolved, then human rights, the economy and democratisation could all be straightened out in turn - but that's if they wanted to."

In his view the instability in Turkey was not good for we Kurds either.

"Very well," I responded, "So what if with under the issue of resolving the Kurdish Problem, Turkey should not actually wish for the creation of stability?"

He smiled meaningfully.

He replied, "In any event, that's where the real problem lies!"

As far as the British were concerned, well they were certainly optimistic about the situation in Turkey.

They'd say, "Slowly, slowly, things will get straightened out!"

Somewhere between 20-50 people were being murdered everyday and everyday different settlements were being emptied and torn asunder and moreover, new settlements were not being made available to the people who were being forced out of their areas.

When I asked, "Won't this matter reach breaking point?" the only reply I got was silence.

If we inspect the history books and what they have to say about the Ottoman period and we evaluate this sensitively we can see that even at the height of the Empire we can see even that the sovereign concept was corruption and thievery. The various factions either blamed one another or accused one another of treason from without or within. The need to cloak the untenable reality within was always governed by the need to create the "enemy within" or the enemy outside. In the final period in which Abdul Hamid ruled as sultan such a system of rule had become the order of the day. It would be this same structure which would also bring about the final downfall of the Ottomans.

While the outside world tried to preserve the crumbling empire the Sultan would be busy throwing his own brothers into the dungeons. The capable and knowledgeable satraps would frequently be replaced with other administrators and then the former satraps would be brought back into service again. Such methods would be perpetrated even against the members of their own family. They would have spies brought into the kitchens and these same methods were pursued whether on

duty or out in the open. The guests and close friends of each and every ruler would be named and kept on file. Various other ethnic nationalities and the different religious groups would be set against one another and made to feud amongst themselves and with one another.

The nationalist extremist Turkish fanatics today still claim that such things were only done in the interests of maintaining balance.

One of the darkest spots on our (Kurdish) people's history was the establishment of the Hamidiye regiments as part and parcel of that same period. Ultimately, the Ottomans become a part of ongoing history. Seventy-five years on, in what manner have things in the Turkish Republic today diverged from those of the Ottoman Empire? In various reports, laws seem to have been changed while in essence they've remained fundamentally the same and then these same laws are still assiduously pursued; efforts are kept up to maintain the fantasy of the "enemy without"; functionaries are installed in power and removed at will; laws are introduced to support the creation of spies and secret agencies and the village-guard system becomes all-pervasive; there is an ongoing provocation of the nations outside; every change of law or the introduction of some new law is hailed as a great success. But yet both ourselves and the outside world stand back and watch with baited breath to see whether or not the new law passed will actually be applied in practice.

Suleyman Demirel who of everyone had mounted the greatest opposition to Turgut Ozal's proposal: "*Let us debate the ministerial system*" was here suddenly advocating this same debate himself. When Ozal was touring through the South American countries with those aiding them Demirel had been criticising, "*What can he be looking for way out there?*" but after Ozal had been done away with in a truly Ottoman manner, Demirel began touring these same countries himself and was making statements to the press like, "*There's a whole world out there and it's impossible not to*

recognise this!"

Even though this farce was even more apparent than in the last days of the Ottomans a minority of well-intentioned individuals aside, everybody else was only concerned with serving their own interests. The situation was altogether grave.

If we Kurds do not establish an environment in which we could be our own masters and if we do not take our own problems into our hands and try to bring take under control by our own strength we will not be able to save our people from a variety of dirty forces and foremost amongst them pan-Turan fascism.

Growing pains in evolving institutions

Throughout my interviews with the press my thoughts were constantly preoccupied with the question, what could we have done for our people? Even more importantly, would ought to have been done? The matter of establishing an economic base was critically important. All the Kurdish people's consumer needs were under the control of their enemies. Before I was put in prison initiatives were just underway to create a Kurdish trade union. Those involved were well-intentioned, but in terms of ideas, the need for concrete proposals and general expectations, they were far, far behind. I expressed my views in great detail at the time. We had all kinds of disagreements. Again at the time of writing the work marches apace with the same kind of ready-made arguments. My meetings with the media aside the rest of my time was devoted to these matters. In my private life in any case there was little time left to sleep beyond a few hours and even less time for my family. In terms of my personal business involvements I'd almost exceeded myself.

It is a very difficult thing to understand our Kurdish politicians. The Turkish State had stuck its nose into the Kurdish groups from all sides and it has affected all the Kurdish movements and hindered all their efforts.

The unique aspect particular to the Kurdish institutions has in its most developed and strongest aspects extended beyond the realm of a party to constitute virtually a semi-state. But together with the factor of the political and social institutions was the underlying weakness of the economic basis. The press, television and information co-ordination aspects were excellent. These institutions had become master of the time's most advanced technological components. But the most significant and valuable element which sustained all the various aspects of the party and the other endeavours was the existence of the guerrilla forces. The Kurdish people held the guerrilla movement in high esteem and they were right to do so. Even the outside world could see that they were half-way to becoming a nation and had accepted it. The only side who was not aware of this was the PKK itself. The Kurdish people were also fortunate that in terms of its leadership Abdullah Ocalan had stood back from setting ordinary Turks against ordinary Kurds defending as the ultimate solution the equal and honourable partnership of the two peoples. This is important.

The life of Kurdish people was based on their belief in freedom and the awareness and determination to be masters of their own freedom and to be safeguard the creation of a New World geography under the Middle Eastern sky. I learned this from my own experiences in this period.

I struck at the heart of the gang within the State

I have to say that by exposing to world opinion the relations in which that those governing Turkey had immersed themselves in this period, I was able to wreak havoc upon them. The Turkish State attacked me back through the gangs. Various groups were established to find out what I was up to and what I was planning to do next. Special teams had been forged and were hard at my heels trying to kill me. But my intelligence network was strong. Thanks to my brave friends I was able to find out straight away what the Turkish state's plans were towards me. The State had

indeed turned into a mob and I was exposing this in its naked truth to the eyes of the world.

The mob did not remain still. The Prime Minister and his Ministers met frequently and made just as frequent announcements. These were aimed at pulling the wool over people's eyes. Prime Minister Erbakan was saying, "*Some fifty or so gangs have infiltrated the state in Turkey and one of these is Baybasin.*"

I was going about making statements saying, "*Erbakan is a practising charlatan. He forgot to include himself on the list*" and "*there's just one mob in Turkey and that's the state itself.*"

The Justice Minister, Sevkettin Kazan appeared on *Channel D's* "Circumstances Programme (*Durum Program*)" hosted by Guneri Civaoglu and without so much as a blink, lied openly. At a time when two Iranians had just disappeared he was saying, "There was a raid on Huseyin Baybasin's brother, A. Baybasin's summer house and traces of blood were found on the floor."

The Refah Party (Welfare) as an entity had been vilified but still I could not accept that a Minister of Justice could stoop so low. I called *Channel D* up on the phone to exercise my right to reply to the Minister's slander telling them, "Alright, connect me with the programme". I could hear Civaoglu's voice through the receiver. I stayed on the line until the end of the programme but Civaoglu didn't give me the opportunity to speak. In such a way the programme came to an end. I called *Channel D* back again and voiced my complaint saying "Isn't what you just did a disgrace?" As I enjoyed good relations with *Channel D*, I couldn't understand why they should be so disrespectful. They could have said, "You can't take part in the programme" but they hadn't said this. Instead they replied, "We passed on what you said to Guneri Civaoglu and he said we shouldn't connect you. Claiming it was no fault of their own they thought it enough to tell me that what Guneri Civaoglu had done was unpleasant and apologised for it."

I said to them, "The Minister of Justice claimed my brother's

home had been raided and traces of blood found on the floor. I'm stating for the record that the Justice Minister lied. If he's not lying then let him disclose the details of his raid and of the search warrant for it. Request the document for yourselves in the name of your organisation."

They said the sole thing they could do was to inform Civaoglu of what I'd said because his was the sole power of decision as far as the programme was concerned. Like some unfortunate slave to the system, naturally Civaoglu did not make a squeak.

Side by side with such announcements, the mob brought out a leaflet headed "*Who is Huseyin Baybasin?*" and put all sorts of nonsense out on the Internet. The state had deployed all its diplomatic means to topple me. All the details of this reached me as indeed the state had become very petty and things had reached the point where it was laughable. At the same period Lice also suffered intense repression and the village guard system was forcibly imposed upon it. A clown by the name of Erturk Yondem declared thereafter on State television, "*Lice has fallen!*"

Killers on my tail

Alongside a raft of similar events, various groups would come to Holland with the intention of assassinating me. Whether it was K group or H group however, we got wind of them all. The Turkish press began simultaneously to run blinders. Threats from the mob were implicit in the views these put forth. In Parliament a phoney commission was set up going under the name of the 'Susurluk Investigative Commission'. When the names of certain of its henchmen became known to me I made a statement saying it would not be the investigative commission but the cover-up commission. In the end that's what went on.

Using the lawyers as a counterfoil the Dutch authorities had been pressurising me to leave the country in secret and when I replied that I wouldn't resort to illegal means they then wanted me to at least refrain from making further revelations

against Turkey which they made clear in a threatening sort of way. While trying to concur in this respect a Dutch official told us, "Watch out for yourself. A group under the control of a person called Mustafa Sahin has entered Holland with the intention of killing you."

I was living in Holland. I did not have permission to carry a gun. I had not bodyguards. I wasn't allowed to leave the country. I had no means of protection against any attack perpetrated by the Turkish state. I only had threats and warnings over my speaking out against Turkey...

Henceforth the subject of how I'd become a bargaining chip between Turkey and the Dutch Ministry of Justice was reported in *Ozgur Politika* drawing upon secret documents. Various official documents emanating from the Dutch Ministry of Justice which had come my way were clear proof the bargaining that was going on. An incident in Fenlo (the name may not be correct) resulting in the death of a Turk led to Turkey issuing a warrant for the arrest of a Dutch policeman. In the document in question the Ministry of Justice in the case of the policeman in its service expressed itself in terms of an order saying: "We are using Huseyin Baybasin against Turkey. Delay your decision over Baybasin."

Both this and the issue of the assassination plot became a topic upon which a number of Dutch MP's put questions in Parliament for the Ministry of Justice to respond to. Throughout this period the Turkish press continued to publish stories full of lies and deceptions. In their reports the sources quoted were by and large Turkish police officers or officials but every now and then the Dutch authorities were also quoted as being the source. Now on the matter of my not speaking!

My lawyer Mr. Koppe spoke with some reporters. All the various press organs showed an interest in the matter and above all, *Handesbland*. We held a press conference through my lawyer. A number of journalists took part in the meeting, in particular

reporters from America, Canada, Britain and Germany. Journalists from the German FOCUS magazine came along as a group. They conducted special interviews. A Mr. Orhan from the Turkish daily, *Milliyet*, was also present. Saadet Metin was there too.

Cahit Mervan a sensitive journalist working for the *Sela Sor* show on MED TV also came. Whenever I see personable, forthright talented Kurds I feel a sense of pride. I felt this same pride when getting to know Cahit Mervan and observing his thinking, his working methods, and his general tempo. Cahit Mervan held a meeting with my lawyer. A special broadcast was prepared on the subject and a detailed programme transmitted in which I also took part by phone. I heard afterwards that the programme was very well received. People praised it. The various Kurdish organisations and institutions stood by it and a clear message was given that they would support one another at all times and if any of them should go beyond the law they would respect any legal decision, but beyond this they would not fail to react if necessary. Of the programme it was generally said afterwards that "this was the best so far".

An operative from JITEM (Gendarme Intelligence Organisation) had come to Holland to try to arrange an assassination attempt against me. Two other JITEM agents had met up with a Dutch official and told him about it in the event that it be brought off. The JITEM operatives who went to see the Dutch official describing what the assassin looked like, stating the date that he'd entered the Netherlands and who his connections were had said, "We don't know Huseyin Baybasin, but neither do we want him to be killed. People like Huseyin are necessary for Turkey. Everything he has been saying is true. We're also uncomfortable about the things that are going on in our country. We feel that with the presence of people like Huseyin who are prepared to take risks, an upright and authentic State system can be established in our country. JITEM is a very

powerful organisation, but it is highly unfortunate that it's under the control of the mob." So saying, the official was astounded.

Whereas on the one hand the Dutch authorities had been appraised of the situation of the agent and his mission so as to make a possible intervention, on the other hand they hadn't seen fit to even warn me of it. However the Dutch agent in question was a sensitive individual. He called upon a highly trustworthy journalist and told him of the matter. Afterwards accompanied by the reporter he visited my lawyer and made the matter known to him. When my lawyer called me up his voice was very nervous and excited. I wanted to see the agent in question. He had also been present at the press conference in which Cahit Mervan had taken part. Special interviews were given to journalists from FOCUS magazine, from the US, Canada and Britain but permission was refused for filming or for photographs to be taken and the affair was brought out into the open. I thanked the Dutch official heartily and indirectly those who had passed on this information to him and said "I'd like to talk to the people who tipped you off and thank them myself."

I said that this could be done by phone.

The agent was carrying out an investigation into the drugs traffic and related crimes of its organisation. He said he had benefited a great deal from my disclosures. Reminding him of how the Dutch authorities were ill at ease because of me I asked him, "Why are you trying to help them?"

He said, "My government has a relationship based on common interests with the Turkish State. I have no such interests personally speaking.

In response to my question as to whether this approach might also make the authorities ill at ease or not, he smiled and said by way of answer, "Hasn't what you've done made your government uncomfortable? You should be rewarded for it. I'm ashamed of the stand which my country has taken against you.

The Turkish State is doing everything in its power to have you killed and isn't it highly conspicuous that on the back of this some Turkish agents have entered the Netherlands with the aim of assisting me."

"Where do you know them from and how?" I asked him then.

"They'd pass me information from time to time. They're sound people. I discussed your disclosures with them and they were able to verify what you'd been saying. They too want to see a viable system of State established in Turkey."

These same words were delivered in English by my lawyer Mr. Koppe to the American, Canadian, German and British journalists. They put additional questions to him. This same Dutch official had not drawn back from providing written minutes by way of a statement either. Afterwards Professor Bovinkirk also met to discuss the matter. We had done some homework as to the credibility of the Dutch agent and had gotten back the response that he was a highly trustworthy and reputable person. Professor Bovinkirk also gave us a written answer about this same agent.

We were able to establish who the individual by the name of Mustafa Sahin met with in the Netherlands, in Germany and in Belgium. Once the matter had been carried by the press we tried to track him down but discovered that the Dutch Police had deported him and hushed the matter up.

I spoke again with the agent who'd tipped us off and we discussed a few things. For me to have stayed quiet about what the Dutch authorities had done would have been tantamount to surrender... Accordingly, I decided to forgo the agreement I'd reached with them about not speaking out against Turkey and back to back began to make statements to the press again. The Dutch Ministry of Justice had not made a single reply to the questions the Dutch MP's had raised in Parliament. It was very difficult to fight against the combined forces of Turkey and the Netherlands together but it would have been even more

difficult and unattractive for me to have given up and sacrificed my ideals and understanding. I had never believed just how difficult a thing it was to live in accordance with one's wishes to be a human being. I therefore imposed a condition on myself that rather than bow down I would continue to put up resistance and carry on doing so for as long as possible keeping ever before me the prospect of an honourable death.

There was no question of playing lackey to the Turkish State as the Dutch government sought to make me into. They were able to collaborate with Turkey within the bounds of their mutual interests. This would not have been confined to my situation alone. With this thought in mind we undertook some active research and ooooooh what else was going on!...

On the other hand the mob within the state was sending me word almost without interruption on "collaborating" with them. In the true sense of the word the state was no longer even a reality and its business had declined to a game of tipcat. I was more or less thinking "What a pity it is for 60 million people" It really was a great pity. I didn't condone this situation at all and in the final analysis it was my country that we were talking about.

We conducted a fresh interview with MED TV. In this interview I found many possibilities for responding to a whole host of events. In addition we broadcast a number of previously unseen documents. The Turkish press once again started buzzing over there. The state the Turkish media was in was tragi-comic. There were some people with integrity amongst the press but these people had no possibility to be able to work with the same sincerity. In my view for a person to have to voice the claim, "*I'm straight!*" reflected that in his or her own mind that they had doubts about it. As the various Turkish press and television journalists competed with one another as to who was the most straight when they made statements saying they were the straightest of all it was again a statement that they were not straight at all.

In the programme made for MED TV as I've said we made fresh documents known to the public and showed some new footage. Through this programme I found the means to respond comfortably to a number of allegations. The show's producer was Riza Dogan. He'd also attended the hearing in the High Court in the Hague. Because of his beliefs Riza had spent many long years in prison in Turkey. He was living in Holland and writing for *Ozgur Politika*. He also represented the newspaper in Holland. Riza was a typical Kurd. He was a fighter with good manners. In other words he was a warrior who didn't fight. He'd developed himself personally and was highly informed. In addition to Dutch he also knew and spoke English and German very well. But he hadn't learned to read or write in Kurdish. His learning had not served the Kurdish cause. He could see the shortcomings of those who were less well-informed and couldn't help himself from expressing his reactions to them. He criticised everyone. He'd say, "Everyone should do what's right." He wanted people to develop themselves. He was right in that too. But was it sufficient just to express his reactions?

The programme that we put together with Riza plunged the mob into even tighter straits and paved the way for them to take a more tactical stand against me. They used some of the influential people I had relations with from certain political parties as mediators. We were supposed to struggle on a just platform against the gangs. But even if this approach appeared logical enough the scent of the gangs wafted off from it.

I more or less responded in this manner saying, "When Demirel is still in Turkey how are we to wrestle with the mob and is it even possible to consider putting an end of the gangs if Demirel isn't involved in doing it?"

Interests between Turkey and the Netherlands

The dirty collaboration between the Dutch and Turkish States wasn't confined solely to official levels. A number of Dutch officials had summer houses in various parts of Turkey. Many among them rented these properties out. In addition Holland sold a high percentage of military hardware and chemical compounds to Turkey. It was revealed in its own official documentation that when a certain company was exporting chemical compounds these were not going to be used in Turkey and a condition was attached that they were supposed only to transit through Turkey to third countries. By doing this not only were expenses kept down but it also made it easy to elude international controls. All this business was conducted from a single business centre. The Dutch company, the company in Turkey and the so-called country of transit through which the compounds were to pass – all these companies were run from the same office.

We learned from irrefutable source documents that the Turkish mobs within the State ran the narcotics trade quite freely in Holland and the Dutch police turned a blind eye to it. And where it was shown that the by-products of the chemical substances were being sold to Turkey the profits were disappearing into the pockets of the warmongers. The chemical wastes in question were toxic wastes requiring that the key elements be destroyed. Holland was obliged to spend money to see this accomplished.

This ultra-civilised account settling did not adhere to the demands being made in protest by Dutch environmental, human rights groups and social service agencies. Instead of giving them such an account as to how and where these noxious elements were being destroyed it was altogether more simple just to register the business under or this or that item which was to be exported to Turkey. In any case the Turkish administrators were waiting ready for it like hungry wolves. The chemical wastes

were then either dumped into the sea off the Turkish coast or burned. Nor was the formal end of the business neglected at that point either, but was conveniently dispensed with.

Prime Minister Ciller and her husband purchased five star hotels in the US for a total of some 10 millions of dollars. Just in the same way as Ali Sen had been successful in setting up the Fenerbahce Sports Club the vampires like Demirel, Agar, Turkes and Caglar fobbed the people off with notions like “the enemy within, the foreign enemy, race and the Kurdish Problem.” But what was the threat to them? The money was being laundered in Cyprus and in any case Turkey was parcelled out. But the day would come when people would get to their feet and in preparation for that eventuality their bolt-holes had to be ready. Thus in the name of the state this so-called waste was taken and they carved up the money between them.

It was well-known in Holland by those concerned with the Turkish State’s drugs traffick that it was carried out in the Turkish mosques, Turkish cultural associations and Turkish sports clubs. It was impossible in any case that government officials in Holland could be ignorant of such matters. But we now found out through their own documents that they had this information and that they protected it all. The *Masjid-i Aksa* mosque’s telephone was tapped and the Izmir narcotics Branch despatched drugs directly to this same mosque. We came across documents which showed that they had spoken directly with Alparslan Turkes (since deceased) and that they followed his instructions. A quantity of heroin was seized from the same mosque and subsequently the Turkish Embassy intervened and as we discovered, they succeeded in protecting the name of the mosque. We also found out that the matter was closed by mutual consensus through the prosecution of a single individual named Ahmet Aydin who received a twelve year prison sentence whereas other names never even made it as far as the court and that a number of Dutch officials were very troubled on this

account but the orders had gone above their heads.

We came across documents on a whole host of similar matters. Eventually it became part of our daily activity to gather up this kind of information and the documentation which accompanied it.

The Susurluk Investigative Commission: *Mehmet Agar is my saviour*

A commission was set up, as I have said, by parliamentarians to cover up events unfolding within the Turkish Parliament. This commission was given the name of the Susurluk Investigative Commission. The so-called Commission was supposedly created to investigate matters and pave the way to bringing the guilty to justice. A number of media organisations sought my views on the matter and went on to broadcast them. I was saying that the Commission would not busy itself over finding a “solution” but rather in resolving how best to cover things up, because as everyone knew the gangs in Turkey were still in action and to be precise on this, Suleyman Demirel could not be touched. Thus matters would go round and round in circles and stop far short of ever reaching him. In the guise of President, Demirel was head of the most powerful of all the gangs and as a consequence the duties of the Parliamentary Commission would be restricted to serving the gangs, and so such of my beliefs I clearly made known. In the final analysis this is precisely what happened. Military officials did not even give their statements to the Commission. It was quite clear that Mahmut Yildirim codenamed ‘*Yesil*’ (Green) was the hitman for a gang under the command of Brigadier-General Veli Kucuk. Kucuk was the gang’s most significant name yet he formally refused to make a statement to the Commission.

So far as the mob was concerned the Deputy Chief of the Intelligence Department, Hanefi Avci, provided the most frank information and behaved with the utmost integrity. Ultimately, they made an example of him and he was sent to prison. At the time, Mesut Yilmaz was Prime Minister and the larger partner in the coalition government. Ecevit was the second largest – although termed “left-wing”, in essence he was a fascist. As for the third partner, this was the DTP and consequently, Cindoruk. But the government was still a minority government and in order for it to stay in power Deniz Baykal and the CHP’s support was critical.

The CHP put all its support behind Hanefi Avci and backed him all the way. CHP MP’s visited Avci in prison. Because the CHP was essential to the government Hanefi Avci was saved, the question over him and the CHP’s support being pivotal. Had the CHP not stood behind him no one could have done anything for him and he would have languished in prison a whole lot longer than me. In one television programme Demirel formally threatened Avci. He bore down hard saying, “You’re betraying a State secret. I won’t permit State secrets to be exposed.”

Very well then, under such circumstances just what was the Commission for?

The Parliament establishes a Commission and in due course the official who must be best informed is called upon to provide information. He then states what he knows.

Do you know Hanefi Avci at all? I don’t know who he is to who. But the moment I read the statement he gave I thought to myself, well that means that in the State’s administration there are the sons of human beings like Mr. Avci who possess integrity and who are not just thieves or solely in pursuit of their own interests. He made open answers to the questions put to him by the members of the Commission. Just whom and why did he help in this way? Or was it really the case that he finally needed to talk. I don’t know. He stated his views

openly saying, “I don’t consider what is going on to be correct procedure. Such a carry-on will finish this country.”

All the things I’d been shouting out about and calling on people for during all those years were being repeated and with documentary support from the most influential source and new information given in detail. But whereas such a stance should have been applauded instead he was thrown into prison on the grounds that he’d revealed “state secrets”.

It is my sincere belief that Hanefi Avci left his children the most honourable legacy of all by his stand and consider him a forthright and accomplished human being. It is possible for people to live in Turkey as human beings and for a proper system of government to be established in Turkey through the efforts of people like Hanefi Avci. When people are in a position of strength and power is concentrated in their hands if such an attitude as that adopted by Hanefi Avci can be taken then it must be said that reputable people exist.

A non-commissioned officer by the name of Huseyin Oguz also made a highly reputable statement. He revealed via documents the dirty business of the soldiers and of the JITEM in the State of Emergency region – and particularly in Hakkari. Through such documents he exposed the collaboration of the village-guards, the soldiers, JITEM, Special Teams and the Parliamentarians in the drugs traffick, the massacres, the forced expulsions conducted, the seizure of people’s money and property and he also provided the names, the places and the dates. The full scope of the events stretching from Yuksekova to Izmir, Kocaeli, Istanbul, Ankara and Sinop and how his superiors had accounted for all these things happening and how when this was going on he had been obliged to protect himself. Despite being a non-commissioned officer he told openly and in full just what the State had been intent upon.

He’d said, “I am a Turk and my nation should not be acting in this way.”

Mehmet Agar endeavoured to respond in an altogether masterful fashion but his cowardice was quite apparent. In many of the answers he made he just repeated, “*I don’t know*” “*I didn’t see it*” “*I don’t remember*”. He tried to pass over the questions that were put to him about me. On *Channel D’s “One to One”* programme an MP asks Mehmet Agar: “Did you watch Huseyin Baybasin?”

“I don’t watch TV, Sir,” he replied, making a truly comical answer.

Whereas the MP could have come back to him saying, “But you immediately called into the programme by phone and you also sent a statement, so how can you say that you didn’t watch it?” he didn’t say this. The MP asked, “What’s the name of his lawyer?” and again the answer from Mehmet Agar was that he didn’t know. But the MP skilfully leaned on Agar and succeeded in ruffling his feathers by asking, “I require the name of Baybasin’s lawyer, will you assist me?”

Agar replied, “It will be Necdet...”

The MP then asks, “The very same as is speaking on the programme? In other words, Necdet Kucuktaskiner?”

“No doubt” Agar says, and adds, “Sir, we took Huseyin Baybasin in owing to a particular matter. Following these same events his lawyer came and told us, ‘I’ve come to make a request of you on behalf of Huseyin Baybasin.’ And you replied to me, does it befit you to take an interest in this man? You were right.”

Wasn’t this the same Mehmet Agar providing such details about me who just a short while before had said “*I don’t know Baybasin*”?

The same MP then asks, “Wasn’t there another lawyer? There should be another name too.”

And Mehmet Agar responds with, “Ilhan Ongan” and adds, “his personal lawyer.”

Of everything that he said this was the one true statement. Yes, Ilhan Ongan was my lawyer. And Mehmet Agar must have understood that he’d spoken too plainly because he went on to say,

“We were more or less obliged to take Baybasin in, Sir,” then supplied another fabrication saying, “that’s why he’s hostile to us.”

Trying to save himself from the situation he went on, “Whoever Huseyin Baybasin falls out with, at whoever’s hand he suffers, he exposes their names and speaks out against them. My position is quite clear. I’ve been part of thousands of operations but I haven’t done this just for myself – all the right quarters were in the know. It would not be lawful for me to make this public as it constitutes a State secret. If I reveal what I know it will be damaging to the State,” he says by way of sending a message to the right quarters and avoiding having to answer further.

This was Agar upon whom all the underworld connections relied, underlining the notion that the buck did not stop at him but was the very business of the State and this was exactly the same line that the Commission did not cross either.

Perhaps the most startling statement made to the Susurluk Commission was that given by Oral Celik. Celik specified what they’d been up to in Europe.

The details that he gave were extremely interesting. “We carried out eighteen operations in Holland, France, Greece, Germany, Canada, Lebanon and the USA” he said.

Reputable writer and journalist Veli Ozdemir provided full minutes of the Parliamentary Investigative Commission report in book-form under the title of *‘The Susurluk Investigative Commission: Reports I & II.’* Everyone – and in particular those concerned with the situation in Turkey – ought to read this book.

Mehmet Agar claimed that I spoke out against people I’d been damaged by. Let me tell you a little more about the matter Agar referred to when he’d said they had to take me in. This event unfolded in the following way:-

In 1982 (or maybe it was 1983) there’d been a misunderstanding between me and the owner of a furniture factory. The owner had undertaken to supply me with furniture

for a hotel I was having built at the time. He effected all kinds of short-cuts, dishing up things in a state of take them as you find them and failing to provide accurate costings. We had also paid up in full. So off we went to Merter to conclude affairs. When this fellow started playing the wise-guy I gave him equal lip. Then I retrieved my cheques and my cash. Four of five of the fellow's staff and his lawyer were present. What's more his father-in-law was a prosecutor and he had relatives in the highest quarters in Ankara. He obtained a health report from his doctor valid for 21 days – under such circumstances a report of such duration can be very important. Using both this report and his influential contacts he issued a complaint about me. I was arrested and kept overnight by the Atakoy Team Command on account of it. Then I was set free by the court.

Once I got out, I went around to the man's factory but he wasn't there. I manhandled the man who first came at me. The owner was lucky that he hadn't been there at that moment because had he been so he would almost certainly have eaten a bullet. At bottom it was he who was at fault. In other words not only had he taken my cash but he hadn't carried out the task which he'd been contracted to perform and he had not completed the work on time either. On top of it all he didn't even know when he was going to be able to finish the job, yet he wouldn't refund the money I'd already paid him. Most important of all however he had threatened me. The arrow had sped from the bow. At our first meeting I played with the man like a ball in my hand. He should certainly have counted himself lucky to be alive. Now he had gone so far as to have me arrested. He should have been dead. When I was still looking for him a special order had come from Ankara demanding my arrest and this had been sent by Mehmet Agar's special protection team. Heading them was someone called Kazim. There was also a Commissioner-in-chief from Erzincan by the name of Ibrahim Caglar who was close to me. Agar had sent him along saying he

should make me aware of the situation. At that point Agar was head of Istanbul's Second Police Division. When they came and got me from the hotel I was still armed. I asked Kazim if I ought to leave the gun behind but he said it wasn't necessary. At that time the Second Division was located in the famous Sansaryan building. When we got to the Second Division headquarters Mehmet Agar was waiting for us. He explained things to me. He said, the Martial Law Command had called up; MIT called up; and to top it all off the head of the district council called up and they were asking "is this Istanbul or is it the mountains?"

The head of the council was someone called Tirtil Pasha. Agar says to me, "Why are you going around threatening anybody. Let me send the kids around to sort it out." The situation was very serious. The fellow in question had called upon some very important players in the game. On top of it all he'd obtained a 21 day sickness report from the forensic institute. He'd given a statement to the effect that, "Huseyin Baybasin struck me over the head with the butt of his gun. He beat me until I was unconscious. He claimed I'd said, "If you weren't worth a bullet I would have shot you." Because I'd laid a complaint he assaulted one of my workers. He besieged my workplace and tried to find me. He is planning to kill me."

There had been five witnesses and one of them was a lawyer. The man said that he'd stayed in the home of his relative, the prosecutor, he'd been so afraid and he'd been shouting out "*now, where's the State?*"

His relative, the prosecutor had confirmed everything he'd said. At this point my gun had been secured in Mehmet Agar's safe but this had not been put down in writing. The man had said that he would not see me face to face. He was too frightened. His witnesses had come forward and I bawled at them in the presence of the police, "Low-life scum are you looking to get killed or what?!"

In the end Mehmet Agar wanted to make peace between us. Still the man wouldn't come, insisting he was afraid. In response Mehmet Agar got angry with me. "What kind of man is this? What did you let him go for?"

Sometime later the fellow came along with the prosecutor. At the first sight of me the hairy ape fainted.

Finally everyone laid the burden of the matter on Mehmet Agar. He showed me a way out.

"You spent the night in the police station after a traffic accident in Gaziantep. That's how we'll write up your statement. The rest will be easy to take care of."

And that's how it got written up. I repeated the statement Mehmet Agar had drafted in court. We were taken into custody. To satisfy everyone Mehmet Agar had also provided me with two accomplices. All told we spent six days in prison. Mehmet Agar met up with a judge by the name of Sakir something or other (I didn't find out his surname) in the Bakirkoy court of justice and he fixed the verdict for our release. Six days later I was set free again. I went back to the Second Division Headquarters and collected my gun. At that time Abdullah Percin was head of the Wrongful Seizure desk. We chatted and drank tea and spoke with Agar by phone. That same evening we celebrated the occasion in the Pink Pavilion Casino with a number of senior officers and officials from the Second Branch including Chief Commissioner Kazim. Gonul Tansel was on stage that night.

Because the factory owner had fainted at our second meeting he'd gone back to Agar again and sought his help in making peace between us. I didn't see him but I gave my word to his lawyer that I wasn't going to kill him. I said to his lawyer, "In honour of Mehmet Agar I forgive him," and so saying celebrated Agar.

On top of all this the man paid up in full for the damages we'd incurred. At this period in time such an event carried a prison sentence of sixteen years eight months. Agar had saved

me from this sentence with a stretch of only six days. Yet now, here was this same Agar saying, "We took him in, that's why he is angry with us." He was under some pressure at the time.

That same year Mehmet Agar saved me again in another situation. This matter was much more important. I'd fired a shot at the son of the General Manager of Customs and he'd been hit in the face. The reasons behind the event are altogether of a different nature. Of the incident it had been said that the individual in question had been up on the top floor of the Zincirlikuyu Packet Pastry Shop in Mecidiyekoy and died and the one who took him to the Sisli Etfal Hospital had remarked, "We were going along the road by car when a gun went off outside but we didn't see who fired the shot."

The moment he'd reached hospital in a faint and losing blood from his injury where the bullet had clipped his chin he'd said, "Huseyin Baybasin shot me."

This man had been going about with Dunder Kilic's boys and was one of Kilic's bodyguards. This was Kilic's most fatuous period.

Pashas, MIT directors, regional governors, police chiefs, MPs and ministers would wait their turn in line to see him. I'd witnessed this at Kilic's place in Kurtulus. The reason why I'm telling about Dunder Kilic's position at that time is so as to be able to explain that this fellow took Dunder Kilic's shot.

As the injured man was taken away to hospital the police arrested everyone on the premises and virtually established a police station on the spot. Everyone was hunting for me. We informed Agar about the situation. After Agar had intervened the wounded man was arrested for having shot himself. He went straight from hospital to Bayrampasha prison. The police put me down as a tall blond male from Tekirdag and they threatened the injured man saying, "Say one word and the next time it won't be a bullet you'll be decapitated."

It had been Agar who'd sent the police along. The whole

affair was taken care of in the Mecidiyekoy Police Station. The station is not there anymore. It used to be inland off the main road. On both matters Ilhan Ongan had acted as my lawyer. The matter is recorded on file and whomsoever is interested can go and check it out. The chief of Mecidiyekoy Police Station at the time was someone named Asim. I don't want to cause anyone pain after such a long time especially those who were unjustly treated in the two incidents. But just as I've said that both matters were recorded in the files of the Istanbul Justice Court and the police stations named, so too can whosoever wishes to research the matter further go and check it out. Above all I'm sure that the witnesses to these incidents will recall them.

Such things were happening around us week in and week out. It was Mehmet Agar who sorted them all out. My relations with him went way back. You could write forty books about my friendship with Mehmet Agar and the things I did. I maintained contact with Agar up until the point that my close friend Behcet Canturk was murdered. I warned Agar via the press about bringing the matter of Behcet out into the open. Mestan Sener (who couldn't go to the toilet without Agar knowing about it) had accused me in a statement he made to the press after Behcet was murdered. Supposedly in this way they were going to distort things. The Behcet affair was the prime reason for the break in my relations with Mehmet Agar. What I wished to convey was that Agar had not openly caused me any harm and on a number of occasions he had actually been valuable. It is quite natural that he should try to protect himself by lying to the Commission and to the press. But I'd like to recall that just as a liar's candle burns only until the hour of the sunset prayer so too does this apply to Agar. What's more the evidence captured on film showing us eating at the same table in 1989-1990 and 1991 is sufficient proof if any were needed that we were still meeting right until that time.

Referring to me in the television programmes Mehmet Agar

took part in claiming he'd told Necdet Kucuktaskiner back in 1982 "don't get involved with this man it doesn't befit you" was just hot air. We discussed the matter with him on TV. But Necdet Kucuktaskiner did not so much as flinch from lying in the face of the whole of Turkey on *Channel D* backing Agar's lie by saying, "I didn't see Huseyin Baybasin again after Mehmet Agar's warning to me."

The matter in question was in 1982. I then piped up and asked him saying, "Very well then! What do you have to add about visiting me in prison in England in 1986 and 1988, and additionally, visiting me in Bayrampasha and Metris Prisons in 1989 and in that same year along with Mete representing my brother as his solicitor?" thus exposing his earlier deceit. Revealing certain documents to the public by means of the press he was gagged, in the true sense of the word.

Necdet had come along with Mete Bozbora to the prison where I was being held in England and he also conveyed Mehmet Agar's greetings to me, just as Ilhan Ongan had done. Why have I revealed the names of these and other state officials? When I returned to Turkey from England a violent conflict was raging between the PKK and the Turkish state. The PKK claimed to be fighting on behalf of the Kurdish people. Being a Kurd myself I took an interest in the developments. What's more the education of which I'd availed myself in British prisons and the administrative methods of British government which I'd observed had signified a new awakening for me.

I had been arrested on 2 May 1984. The PKK had undertaken its offensive that same year on 15 August. The date of my return to Turkey had been 7 December 1988. I said in my meetings with State officials how the situation in Turkey was deteriorating; that if it continued on in this way the country would go under and that we needed to learn from the example set by advanced European countries. We'd discuss matters within such a framework. In this sense I was optimistic about Turgut Ozal.

But as far as the State was concerned it continued down the same road behaving like the Mafia in the most blatant fashion. I considered these procedures utterly erroneous. As a result the state labelled me with the PKK and sought to kill me. On two occasions I came under specific attack. I believe it was only my mother's prayers that saved me. Meanwhile the Turkish press and television constantly reported that I was involved in the drugs traffick on behalf of the PKK. I spoke out stating the truth and providing back-up evidence, ultimately proving the State's gangster-like behaviour.

Indeed it was this which had prompted me to speak out. From this point onwards a relentless war would go on between myself and the State. If the State was embarrassed about going to war with me on the basis of its being the State I would have fought back anyway. I said,

"rather than bow my neck and help the filth, I prefer to die with honour." I got to know the State even better in this period of war between us and also had the opportunity to get to understand the PKK. But the Turkish press no longer gave space to my statements.

The Dutch government took Turkey's side in the battle and officially I became a bargaining chip. In a two hour live programme broadcast on Holland's *Channel One* television I exposed the documents and information I had acquired as the fruits of my research into the ways by which they were trying to hurt me.

Someone called Mehmet Ali Cakir interviewed me on *Channel One* but typical of all the Dutch media organisations the programme was broadcast designating me as its prime target. The programme was packaged in keeping with the wishes of the state keeping subtle tabs on things. The day that the programme aired with the participation of some Dutch journalists and MP's the High Court decision against my being deported to Turkey came through. Because of this I took part

in a number of programmes including one on MED TV.

To be able to put their programme together I was grateful to MED TV's directors in that they showed me special consideration and went and hired a studio in Holland's Hilversum city as it was forbidden for me to leave Holland. Masallah Ozturk was the programme's producer. The studio guests included journalists Tuncay Dogan, Mehmet Salih Ceviker and myself. Nurettin Guven also took part in the programme by phone. I was able to expose a number of documents and the findings of my research on Masallah Ozturk's programme even if I found it stressful. I said on this programme how Mesut Yilmaz had taken the people in. At that time he'd appointed prosecutor Kutlu Savas to prepare the Susurluk Report. He claimed that he'd call for account to be given in accordance with the final outcome of the report. While the report was in preparation parts of it were made public. Both the Turkish and Dutch press sought my views on the report. I made a statement to the National Press Agency. *Emek* newspaper was one of the media sources to reflect my views most fairly and accurately as set forth in my statements at that time. In this same interval *Hurriyet* newspaper depicted me in all its reports as the head of the Mafia and a man being sheltered by Europe. At one point in one of *Hurriyet's* publications, *Hafta Sonu* (Weekend) magazine an utterly baseless story ran bearing the authorship of Sevinc Yavuz. Everyone who read the piece came back and warned me to watch my back. They said "this story signifies the preparation of a new phase of attack against you." I too was aware that the ground was being readied for a new assault against me. Sevinc Yavuz was an accountable journalist and also knew me. I understood the real meaning behind the situation I now faced given that this wasn't the manifestation of how a reputable journalist usually acted.

A friend we had in common contacted Sevinc Yavuz and asked why such a story had run and saying that it didn't make

sense. Right after this conversation the same friend called me back and urged me to call Sevinc Yavuz. I did so. From the tone of voice down the end of the line it was altogether clear just how sorry and ashamed the journalist felt about the situation. The circumstances in which the press was functioning in Turkey was explained to me. I was told, "*I didn't write that kind of story and it ran without my consent or authority*" thereafter providing a place for my disclaimer, reports and statements fairly and squarely.

Around the same time a magazine named *Arti Haber* (Positive News) ran an interview with me published as if we'd actually spoken. Some friends sent the magazine to me and I was really surprised when I read it. When I saw in the column that the editor of this magazine was Rusen Cakir I was even more taken aback. Rusen knew me well and was a forthright person and former supporter of *Dev-Sol* (Revolutionary Left). On the cover of the magazine was a headline made to look like reported speech with me saying, "*The Mob wanted me to kill Behcet Canturk and Dursun Karatas!*"

It was stated in the report that the Turkish Prime Minister had instructed Kutlu Savas to prepare that "*Behcet Canturk was killed because the State did not have control.*" Again in the report there were statements to the effect that the State provided a green diplomatic passport and money and assigned Tarik Umit and Mustafa Guven to have Dursun Karatas killed. In his article Sevinc Yavuz made space for me statements on this issue. I called up the magazine at once and spoke to Rusen. Rusen replied, "*It seems our colleague put this together without actually speaking with you. I think his name is Ali Boratav*" and he spoke with the general editor. We held a conversation and he was also surprised. He called the reporter responsible for the piece over and put him on the line to me. I used all the most exacting swearwords in my vocabulary. I then spoke with Rusen again and officially disclaimed this story which they duly published.

In my view the story had been planted in line with the wishes

of the State. Dursun Karatas and his group had formally in a magazine called *Kurtulus* (Liberation) – at exactly the point when my attacks were inflicting the most damage on the mob and Mehmet Agar's intermediaries were being despatched to reach some agreement with me – they too had adopted a surprising position and launched an attack against me. At the same time the fascist associations published some leaflets in which they made statements like: "*Huseyin Baybasin is with the PKK, he's a terrorist, he's a communist!*" and the like. All the fascist press and the TV stations went on the attack against me. In the same interval those in Dursun Karatas's circle in particular both in *Kurtulus* magazine and in leaflets they published in Holland sought to make me the brunt of their attack. There were a number of different fronts inside *Dev Sol* but it was Karatas' circle that was responsible for this particular assault against me.

All these things that were happening were some farce. *Kurtulus* Magazine criticised what I'd said about Pasha Guven and was able to say that 1976 had been back in Pasha Guven's youth. There must have been some reasons why at the time *Kurtulus* Magazine and its directors should have wanted to attack me. For *Arti Haber* to have run a cover story full of fabrications about me was to my mind an extension of the same outlook. The aim was to foment speculation and confuse people, to initiate some kind of controversy and bring me head to head with certain others.

It is necessary to sit down and take stock, not just once, but several times about the attitudes being expressed by those who claimed "*I'm a revolutionary and I'm struggling for the liberation of the people.*". Now, I'm from Lice and I'm Kurdish. I am every bit as much a human being as I am a Kurd. In other words, I am Huseyin Baybasin. I see myself as someone open-hearted, able to see my own faults, refusing to bow my neck despite every means of force and compulsion and able to reject every kind of offer which centres solely upon personal gain, placing every

kind of obstacle squarely before my sights in the name of being able to live with human dignity. Hence becoming the target of all Turkey's mobsters and racketeers and their allies in fascist circles meant placing my life out in the open towards this same goal. At the same time, for the other lot to mount an attack on me in the name of "revolution and the people" when they knew me well was indeed something significant.

In the Susurluk Report prepared by Kutlu Savas a certain section was to be kept classified on the grounds that it constituted a "State secret" and, because persons named in this section were still considered useful to the State in carrying out this or that other business in its name – Prime Minister Mesut Yilmaz stated that they didn't wish persons so named to be exposed. Thanks to a close friend of mine this classified section was sent on to me. A State secret in Turkey is a secret all the way to the heart of the fabric of the State and like it will remain secret. And yet here was this 12 page section of the report in my hands. I distributed it everywhere I could and foremost to the Dutch press. There were some very serious matters contained in the report. The Turkish State had undertaken a number of bombing operations and murders and these included within Holland and this report confessed to all these operations. I contacted the press by phone as well as anyone affected in any way by the murders, the bombings and the arson attacks and provided them with the requisite information.

I knew my phones were being tapped but I had not been aware that it was being done under the auspices of the Turkish State. Some of my friends had warned me on this point but I hadn't heeded them. More correctly, I hadn't actually set any store by the Dutch government actually allowing itself to be used at this level. I wouldn't have thought that Dutch officials would have listened in to my calls to discover whether or not I was up to anything unlawful in Holland. Under normal circumstances such a situation would not have been under consideration in any case. Hence I told such

of my friends who were warning me that I regarded this situation as another "*fabrication of the Turkish State who feared the worst so far as I was concerned and whose officials had come up with such fabrications in the past.*"

They'd tended to put out statements like, "*We've reached an agreement with Holland and I have just signed the papers. A special team has been dispatched in a military plane to go and collect Baybasin.*" The Turkish media ran abundant stories of this sort. Naturally it made my friends uneasy and they took things seriously when a Minister of State made such a statement and this was then taken up with a full hue and cry by the press and television companies. Some of my friends even felt it necessary to come all the way to the Netherlands to warn me about it. They would say, "*The Turkish State is doing everything in its power to destroy you.*" I'd been expecting this in any case but I wouldn't have thought they could pursue me in Holland despite the Dutch government. Even had I considered it, I wouldn't have thought it credible. Mulling over the warnings I'd been getting within this framework I kept the various attempts on my life before my eyes as an example of what might happen.

The passports of those sent to kill me wind up in our hands

At around this time I got news that a group which was well-known to Holland had an agreement with Turkey to kill me. It was being said that the Dutch police had given them full information about me. I didn't take this matter very seriously either. At some point I learned that a three man special team had arrived in Holland. A trained killer – a man with curly hair – had come to the Netherlands with the group on the guise of official business but with the express intent of killing me. The hitman – the one with the curly hair – must have been the leader. Because we constantly got this kind of news I hadn't considered making any additional precautions to those already

in place. So saying, I'd heard that some strange types had been looking for me. I cancelled all my meetings and had my phone numbers changed. I warned everyone in my circle whom I had contact with about it and scarcely left the house. It was March 1998. I'd moved house in February, just a month before. My new house was only known to some of the officials from Interpol and a friend who worked for the British establishment who'd stayed a couple of nights as my guest. The officials from Interpol came and went frequently. In this way we'd exchange information. I'd also see the Germans, the Americans, the Russians and the French, but the British officer had only come to my new house the one time and the Interpol officials a few times more. Because I considered it risky to go out to meetings I found it more convenient to invite my friends to come to my house instead. My assistant, or driver, would take them a certain part of the way and then someone else would bring them from that point the rest of the way to my house.

A friend from Turkey called Nevzat Sozer was among the guests who'd come to my new home. Nevzat and I were old friends and he was a former left-winger. He was working as a lawyer in Germany. He also had cases in Holland. Whenever he visited the Netherlands he'd stay as my guest. He also took care of some of my legal matters. A relative of mine whom I held in high regard and who acted as an advisor in some of my business enterprises had also stayed in my new home as a guest. Whereas there were not usually any police cars to be seen in the vicinity suddenly they began coming to the area frequently. This struck me as most odd. But as I've said, I had no reason at all to feel uncomfortable about the Dutch police. I was concerned about the strange-looking people who'd been asking after me.

So saying, some of them had been going and making enquires about me at a restaurant by the name of *Alaturka*. The owner of the restaurant was Kurdish and as a consequence I'd sometimes go to the *Alaturka*. At one stage I'd even thought about taking it

on as a business concern. The owner and I would meet up and I'd see who came and went from the place. A message had been left for me saying I should telephone the restaurant. I called them back. Someone by the name of Mehmet Marsil came to the phone.

"I'm from Diyarbakir," he said. "*Boze Kemal sent me. I want to see you.*"

It was clear from the sound of his voice that he was someone easily bought. I told someone from the restaurant, "*Go outside and call me*" or "*I'll call you*", I can't remember which, saying that one of them should leave that individual waiting there and come out to talk with me. I also told him, "*Let these men leave their ID cards with you and go off somewhere. Then let them sit down and wait for me.*"

The picture they gave me fitted the type I'd heard about who'd been asking around after me. I seemed to need further looking into. The name of *Boze Kemal* that he'd given was a name for Kemal Yildirim, a fine person from my hometown in Diyarbakir and a friend. I'd always addressed him with respect as *Agabey* (elder brother). He owned the Royal Hotel in Istanbul and was also involved in the petrol business. He was a close friend of Suleyman Demirel. Moreover he was close with Mehmet Agar too and had been the "godfather" for his son's circumcision ceremony. Despite all these other relations of his I still liked and respected Kemal Bey. I'd frequently met Agar in his hotel.

I'd hesitated now because Kemal's name had been used in connection with this matter. I got an even bigger surprise when I was able to examine the contents of the men's ID's. Mehmet Marsil had a green diplomatic passport and was a Turkish policeman. The other fellow was someone named Mehmet Malkoc, and he was an *ulkuu* (extreme right-wing nationalist) from Kayseri with Dutch naturalisation. I'd said they should leave their ID's there and giving either a phone number or address, that I'm make contact with them. Even if reluctantly, the men went off and their ID cards remained behind.

I called one of the people close to me, Tahsin Ekinici, who worked as a lawyer in Istanbul and who was a retired judge. I addressed him respectfully as "Uncle" Tahsin because he was a knowledgeable man and a reputable Kurd. Yusuf Ekinici, the lawyer who'd been murdered in 1994 had been Uncle Tahsin's brother. The mob within the State had also inflicted great hardship upon them, as upon all the people of Lice. I can say hand on heart that Tahsin Ekinici and I were real friends and that he was someone who'd often come to see me. I outlined the situation to him and asked him to talk with Kemal Yildirim and find out who Mehmet Marsil was and let me know. We spoke in the afternoon next day. Uncle Tahsin told me that Kemal Yildirim had been laid up at home in bed ill over the past year and had hardly seen anybody, nor did he know of such a person. In such a way the real reason behind this Marsil's enquiries became clear.

I travelled immediately to Amsterdam. I had an office in the Hofdorp district. I took the documents from the restaurant to the office and faxed them from there to Turkey. My friends there didn't know of Mehmet Malkoc but they confirmed that Mehmet Marsil was one of the group come to assassinate me. I took their documents and went to my lawyer's office. Telling him about the situation I said, "Let's inform the police about this."

My lawyer replied, "We've told the police about similar incidents and we spoke with the prosecutor but they didn't show any interest. They just said, 'Let Baybasin watch out for his own head.' They'll say the same thing again now."

Insisting I asked him to make further applications and said, "If they don't take it up this time, then I'll look out for myself."

We immediately informed the prosecutor about the matter. Because the address the men had left was in Rotterdam my lawyer informed the Rotterdam district prosecutor. He said he'd take the matter up if I supplied a written statement. I said I'd certainly provide one. But the prosecutor then put us off for

a whole week despite all our efforts and insistence with the excuse that he wasn't the duty officer.

Certain individuals had come to kill me under the orders – and service of the Turkish State. We'd caught them out and complained to the Dutch prosecutor but the officials just put us off.

In the course of that week we made the necessary connections and delayed these men. At the end of the week my lawyer and I saw the Rotterdam police. Underlining the situation to them we told them where one of the men stayed, whom he lived with and gave them the address and phone numbers. We'd established that the fellow named Malkoc was a wild card and that he was being used. We expected the Dutch police to arrest the men the following day after speaking with them but instead just then, the man took sanctuary in the Turkish Consulate and was then sent to Turkey under special protection and with special documentation. The other men left a day after Marsil did, returning to Turkey on the 11.45 flight.

Now Turkey is a State. Holland is also a State and according to these two States, I'm a criminal! Indeed once upon a time having occupied Holland, in Hitler's eyes the Dutch were also criminals. In this same situation isn't it just as if Holland is in Hitler's shoes and myself in Holland's as at that time?

At this juncture the commission which was to evaluate my asylum application called me – my English friend is a witness to this. We stayed together at a hotel in Amsterdam. The plainclothes police took me in their car to court. The 'court' I refer to was the so-called commission mentioned earlier and this institution was really quite a comedy.

I can say quite openly here that they couldn't send me to Turkey despite the collaboration of the Dutch and Turkish governments. Nor, in addition to my highly disciplined and organised life-style could they kill me in a cheap and easy fashion. They'd sent Marsil and his team to me as bait. Had I called

Marsil and the others so as to meet, I would have been killed but so would have they. It would then have been said that we killed one another over some illegal business.

This was the real game in my view. In the hope that this game would be carried out the Dutch police had ignored my complaint and toyed with me for a week. They were on standby at that point and asked my lawyer whether or not I was going to meet the men. I'd said earlier I was going to see them on Saturday. The date that the police had given me to see them was Monday. On the Saturday when my lawyer called to ask, "*Did you speak with them?*" I told him that I'd put it off till Monday. On the Monday my lawyer again asked about the date of the meeting. When I said, "*Why do you ask?*" I received the answer: "*the prosecutor is asking.*"

I told my lawyer,
"*I will not see these men before I make my statement. I know who these men are. What! Am I supposed to ask them, 'Why have you come to kill me?'*"

At this stage the police said that there would be nobody on duty on the date they had previously given me and because of this postponed the date till Wednesday.

Finally when we met on the Wednesday, the man and woman who took down my statement were clearly highly trained and were experts on the subject. As our dialogue progressed the male officer asked, "When are you going to meet them?"

I said, "You arrange a place, put in a camera and listening devices, sit down with my lawyer in the next room and provide the necessary security and I'll get these men to talk."

The same officer rested his elbows on the table, fastened his hands beneath his chin and thought for a while. After that he got up and left the room and then came back in twenty minutes later. What I gathered was that my suggestion hadn't gone down too well.

"We can't do such a thing. We'll contact you later," he said.

The game had backfired.

Finally the hit squad was obliged to return to Turkey.

The Dutch authorities immediately tried to cover up the affair. While they were busy with this matter I lost no time but exposed the matter to the press and informed them about the statement I'd made to the police.

The responsive section of the Turkish press took the matter on board and wrote it up. *Emek* in particular gave considerable space to the story and as usual wrote it up seriously. The coverage it received in the Dutch press was even more serious. Whether on the left or the right, almost all the newspapers and magazines reported the incident and the television channels broadcast it to the public.

The Prosecutor in Rotterdam called my lawyer, "*Baybasin is not right to give this affair so much exposure in the press. This situation is not to his best advantage. It can't be of any benefit to him whatsoever,*" he said.

When my lawyer called me and relayed the prosecutor's conversation I asked, "What? Are they threatening us?"

"Let's not take it as a threat, let's consider it to be a warning," he said, and added "the prosecutor is a well-intentioned person."

Panorama magazine which was published in Rotterdam had called for an appointment to interview me through my lawyer but on account of the warning we were obliged to cancel it. We also rejected a number of other requests from several magazines and newspapers for the same reason.

Turkey was in a very difficult situation. A CHP MP from Sivas, Mahmut Isik, put a question to the Turkish Grand National Assembly (TBMM) for Mesut Yilmaz to answer and the Turkish fascist press began foaming at the mouth. *Aksam* (Evening) newspaper ran the story under the heading, "*A Strange Claim*".

The men had escaped but the green diplomatic passport which the Turkish government had provided for one of them was still in our hands. Why should the claims therefore be strange? What was "strange" was what the Turkish government had done. But

now its honour was held to ransom. It was up to the democratic sector in Holland to make sense out of the way the Dutch authorities had acted over this affair in becoming a side to such an ugly business as this.

Even though MED TV had been the first media organisation I contacted not a sound was heard from them. Ten days later when the matter had rocked both the Dutch and Turkish media and when both parliaments had taken the issue up the people from MED TV called and complained to me, *"What are we then?"*

Of all the Kurdish institutions and establishments – and chiefly the political institutions – because they'd grasped the notion of "Kurdishness" late, they were in the habit of doing things in a half-crippled way. They were also in the habit of putting themselves in the right in relation to Kurdish individuals, and pursued a line of coming down on them as if from a superior vantage point. When these friends asked *"What are we then?"* I responded by saying, "We're suffering a phase from the stresses and strains of forming a nation so late and establishing our institutions late."

At that time Sinan was responsible for the television channel. Sinan was a very bright person altogether. But in authoritarian tones he said, "We've been waiting to hear from you!"

I more or less retorted, "So, I made the express point of speaking with you and you all said you'd send your colleagues along. I told them they should call me back when they got to Holland and I'd take them along to see those low-life creatures, and you all said, 'Okay.' So just what news are you expecting from me now then?"

Expressing the discomfort he was feeling, Sinan managed: "This means to say there's been some misunderstanding. No one should have broadcast this news before we did."

After that I spoke by phone with Cahit Mervan. He said they wanted to make a full-length programme and to take the documents and passports. "We'll also get your views on Kutlu Savas's Susurluk Report," he said.

The classified sections of the report Kutlu Savas had prepared had been taken from the safe of the Turkish Prime Minister and had found their way into my hands. We had taken the Turkish State's secret documents and exposed their crimes to the eyes of the world. The Turkish authorities had become rabid and wanted to restore their shaky prestige and right at that time Semdin Sakik was handed over to them like a cure-all even if just a tiny morsel, but what a pity it was for him.

What ever the reasons and the circumstances behind this affair, Semdin Sakik should never have fallen into this trap. He was a courageous person and he had the sympathy of the Kurdish people. For fifteen years he had directly supported the cause of the Kurds. Had he said, "I'm no longer going to fight," the comrades should not have agreed. Such a situation as this should never have arisen. It was not Semdin Sakik's place to destroy the heroic tales by which he was known as "Semo" and "Fingerless Zeki". But he did. On top of it all he appeared on Turkish television and called upon the guerrillas saying *"Don't fight"*. This was equal to spitting in the face of the Kurdish people. This was the Semo now saying, "Syria has a historical claim to the province of Hatay. They made the Kurds fight against the Turkish State and supported the PKK. Because of this. It was our ignorance which led us to follow Apo."

He claimed he was making these statements because some of the PKK's press organs had come out against him.

I felt that the comrades made too much of the Sakik affair. The PKK could have put an end to it all just by saying of Semdin, *"He served our struggle for fifteen years. For right or wrong he is the child of this house and no longer wants to serve, he wishes to leave the nest. This is his right."*

That is how I would have liked it to be. Semdin Sakik was seen as the military might of the Kurds. It was in this sense that the Turkish authorities made the Sakik affair known claiming, *"The PKK's military strength is finished"*

On the one hand they were saying, "*Semdin Sakik is the PKK's military strength*" and on the other they were telling the public, "*Huseyin Baybasin and his family are the PKK's economic strength.*"

I made an appointment to meet Cahit Mervan who was to produce the programme for MED TV on Friday the 27 March 1998 at 10.00 in Eindhoven. On this programme I was also going to express my views on Semdin Sakik. Appearing as a guest on the '*Sela Sor* (Red Chair) programme I was also going to touch on my work in the name of my country considering its charitable activities to be "*Strategic Research*".

All these issues were discussed beforehand by phone. In the course of the phonecall I advocated that those who'd fallen victim to crimes committed by the Turkish State as specified in the classified section of the Susurluk Report commissioned by the Prime Minister should call in and be informed as to how to be able to bring their cases against the State for compensation. I would have appointed lawyers on their behalf and was working towards making it possible for all the victims to act in collusion. The Dutch authorities could have been listening to my telephones but my initiative was conducted within an entirely legal framework. I had no involvement in any unlawful activities such that I should be held back from doing anything.

MED TV's broadcast of such a programme would start an earthquake. We were also going to document how Turkey had carried out various criminal activities in Holland and that although the Dutch authorities were aware of it, they'd not brought a single legal action. Five hours before my Friday appointment scheduled for 10.00 am with programme producers of *Sela Sor*, the Dutch authorities raided my home.

Having reached this point of the discussion anyway, I'd like to say here that as far as the notion that "Semdin Sakik was the PKK's military arm and Huseyin Baybasin its economic arm" went it would be useless for Turkey to mobilise all its forces.

Turkey knew the PKK's strength well. She also knew that as far as Semdin Sakik or Huseyin Baybasin constituted a force to reckon with the PKK would not be overly affected by either.

By taking such a line in fact, the Turkish State was just serving the interests of the PKK. Kurdish minds were aware of what the Turkish State got up to and had fully understood the import of their own freedom to the extent that this exceeded the PKK. The Kurd and his country which had once seemed weak, ignorant and unable to put two coins together had metamorphosed into a vigorous, well-informed and manifestly well-endowed strength able to claim the attention of the outside world. Underlying all of this was the force behind the actual struggle. Every Kurd knew it, including KDP (Kurdistan Democratic Party) leader, Massoud Barzani, and PUK (Patriotic Union of Kurdistan) leader, Jalal Talabani. Nor would the Kurdish people allow this wealth to be squandered.

Following the Sakik affair, the State pursued "Huseyin Baybasin" with the express purpose of winning prestige. They'd been able to take some people in and make them bow their necks but thousands of others had taken up the struggle and were racing towards freedom.

The PKK and talks with the State

At this stage of my enforced residence in the Netherlands, I got word through the leader of one of the political politics from Turkey whom I trusted that a military intelligence officer wanted to meet me.

When I asked those who'd brought this news at what level and with what aim this proposal was being delivered I received the reply, "From the highest levels of the General Staff. No one else has the courage to approach you in any other way, nor would put such a proposal to you, as you are viewed as a risk."

It was logical enough.

No single unit within the General Staff's office would have been able to propose the idea of meeting with me without the express knowledge of the upper ranks of the General Staff itself.

The individual acting as intermediary was the leader of a political party and the top-dogs in his party were also aware of the matter. It was therefore unlikely that this was just a manoeuvre. In the message it was said, *"Those who are to meet you will discuss the matter directly themselves."*

Again here, I felt the need to warn them saying, *"If a solution is to be considered to the Kurdish Problem and if my assistance is sought within these parameters, then I'm all for it, but if this is just a manoeuvre then it can only prove damaging to the State."*

Unless the Kurdish political circles – and foremost the PKK – were included in any would-be resolution of the Kurdish Problem it would not get anywhere I said, but bringing an end to the conflict would also be of benefit to the Kurdish people and I said *"I would lay down my life if necessary towards this end."*

At a meeting some time later on I received word that my message had reached its intended destination and that within a short time the meeting would go ahead. I immediately spoke with the PKK so as to make the situation known to them. That same day I received a response that they were of the same mind as I was. They told me, *"We will reply to any proposition put to us. And they warned me saying, "It will be advantageous for you to talk with them, but be careful."*

The first exchange took place in England towards this end via my brothers. The person who wished to speak with me directly and who spoke with my brothers was someone I knew from the past, and a Staff Colonel. Pursuant to a telephone call we would soon meet and I would welcome him to Holland. I hadn't thought that this would be a formal meeting.

The individual in question arrived in the Netherlands. I met him at Rotterdam Airport and we settled him into a Five Star hotel. Then we went out to eat. Reminding me of the previous

discussion he said,

"They've spoken with you. The General Staff and the PKK will talk and discuss how to resolve the problem and after having attained a specified stage they wish to leave the matter with the political circles. Your family is well-known. We consider it important that people have developed a sympathy with you, and your character is also known. The military wants the Kurdish problem to be resolved and expects your support bearing this goal in mind. They have taken a positive inference as to your answer from the discussions you've had."

Having stated the purpose of his visit in this way, the Staff Colonel declared that the General Staff was anxious as to the PKK's position. The military wished to learn whether or not Syria would stand in the way. He also asked me some questions and added that the gangs in Turkey were opposed to the matter being resolved.

I was not prepared for such a discussion. I told him, *"It's the PKK which must answer these questions. I can't talk in the name of the PKK, but I can put you in contact with them."*

He told me he would relay the proposition to the General Staff but that he could only act in the capacity of his orders and added, *"At this point my orders are only to meet with you."*

To this I replied, *"Neither Syria nor any other State nor outside power can influence the PKK. The PKK has already stated they'd be prepared to meet Turkey to discuss the resolution of the Kurdish Problem and had said, "Turkey cannot resolve the problem by appearing not to have spoken with us. In that situation the Kurds are left with no alternative but to fight."*

On the back of this I added, *"This is quite true."*

When the Staff Colonel said that the General Staff was worried that the PKK would abuse this meeting I said, *"They must weigh up their concerns with the realities. The PKK has not fallen from the sky, nor descended from the realm of the spirits. If the PKK uses this meeting at all, it will use it for peace. If the*

General Staff seeks peace in the name of the State, then why should the PKK abuse it?"

He said, "They say the PKK can wear down the State."

I responded by saying "The PKK may wish to wear the State down by having them sit at the table, but should they sit down at that same table then why should they want the State to be worn down? The PKK leadership is committed to both the proposal and the answers. There can be no question of manoeuvre. Come on, let's say that such a thing happens: in that case, the problem will be resolved without the PKK and it will be to the PKK's detriment. But the PKK is a side in the conflict and is a structure which the people trust in. If I were the State and I wanted to resolve the Kurdish question, I would definitely avail myself of the PKK's help. If you ask me, this problem can't be resolved without the PKK. If the State is not just executing some manoeuvre in a greater game and is sincere, then it must talk with the PKK."

After having spoken at great length we left him at the hotel. He'd been accompanied by another person but this second person had not participated in the meal. I had also brought a relative with me but at his own request he did not take part in the meal either and this historical conversation took place face to face.

I got back into contact with the PKK and made the situation known to them. The following day we met with our guest again. He said they were ready to meet officials of the PKK.

Calling the PKK back, I said: "*My guest has received instructions to meet you.*"

That same day, the PKK's European representative, myself and my guest met all together. I introduced each side by name and by their position to one another and explained the situation to both sides over again. I said that the proposal had come from the Turkish General Staff, stating that the PKK side had accepted this proposal. I thanked them for showing sensitivity to the

PKK side and sharing in the meeting. I also said that if the two sides wished, I could leave them alone. Both sides stated they wished for me to remain present.

My relatives and the persons who had accompanied the PKK functionary organised the matter of security and seeing this I was very pleased. Two Dutch police cars had also been following us. I'd thought they'd been following us but the PKK comrades said, "They were here before your car arrived. It's quite certain that they pulled up there to be able to observe the meeting. The PKK side had called me to rearrange the venue of the meeting. I thought the Dutch police might have come because my phones were tapped. The PKK comrades said, "Our phones are also listened to."

After one of my relatives had brought us the drinks the meeting got underway. I here relate the content of the meeting down to the letter. (Our statements on this meeting have already been published in *Ozgur Politika* and neither of the two sides refuted the meeting). The meeting was conducted in Turkish.

The Turkish side: "I'm a military man. My duty is to inform you of the orders I have received and to obtain your answer."

The PKK side: "Please go ahead."

The Turkish side: (Taking a piece of paper from his pocket and displaying it): "Firstly, the General Staff wishes to sit down with you and discuss the resolution of the Kurdish Problem in direct talks."

The PKK side: "-You mean to say, the Ministry of the Turkish General Staff?"

The Turkish side: "Yes, yes."

The PKK side: "Go ahead."

The Turkish side: "Secondly, when you sit down at the table will you be presenting your demands for an independent Kurdistan? Thirdly, do you have any precondition for sitting down at the table? If so, what might this be, or do you have any condition on which you'll consider no compromise. Fourth,

are there differing views within your party? If there are, we wish to know them. Fifth, as a precaution against future provocations, is it possible in this regard for future meetings to remain secret?"

(At the bottom of the page he showed us were the names and signatures of the commanders who had sent him. Emphasising the seriousness with which the Turkish command viewed the subject he read the names aloud individually and later submitted this document to the PKK side.)

The PKK side: "I am also a military man (smiling, he indicated his foot); "what's more I am a *Gazi* (one of the wounded) of this war. We also think it necessary to meet directly. This is convenient for us. This war is being fought between ourselves and the Turkish General Staff. Of course, we know the sufferings of the war better than anyone. From this point of view, it will be healthy if we take up the resolution of this conflict with the Turkish General Staff. Our demand for an independent Kurdistan will not be a matter for bargaining. We have no preconditions for sitting down at the table with the Turkish General Staff. All conditions can be discussed at the table. There is no condition we cannot discuss, nor any position from which we will not move forward. Our commitment to the decisions of our leadership and our organisational discipline cannot be called into question. For this reason there can be no question of any different view, or voice, amongst us."

The Turkish side: However in so saying, "During the cease-fire phase unarmed soldiers in Bingol ..."

The PKK side: (Firm but smiling) "Let me finish—" he said by way of warning.

The Turkish side: "Of course, I apologise. Please —"

(The PKK side's spokesperson had not interrupted the Turkish side at any stage while he was speaking and it was only when the Turkish side said, "the General Staff" that there had been any need to clarify with the interjection, "You mean to say the...")

The PKK side: "We also consider it convenient if the meetings be kept secret and remain confidential. We will await word from you about the next meeting following this. We will not fight unless in a phase where it's absolutely necessary," and concluding what he had to say, "Seek the reasons behind the Bingol affair from the soldiers in your own JITEM."

I then thanked both sides. I felt the need to say that at any time should the duty fall to me I would always be ready to respond, but should there be any question of there being a plot afoot — while not allowing for such a likelihood — I will stand up and shout out about it with all my might, even if the price be death. I said I trusted the Turkish General Staff; I felt that if the Turkish State were to erode further it would also be to the detriment of my people; that the commander in our midst had delivered the Turkish State's message and I had nothing adverse to say about the trustworthiness of those individuals named in the message but I did not however, trust or believe the Turkish State.

The Turkish side: "It's a question of a decision having been taken. Had there not been one I would not have been sent. Let us do our best together and let there be an end to the needless bloodshed. There is no other fruitful way forward for our peoples. I personally believe that my commanders are decided upon this matter."

The PKK side: "What can be the problem then if your commanders have taken a solemn decision to resolve the Kurdish problem? We are ready. Let's make your task easier; let's immediately stop the war. Since you are ready to meet, we are ready too. Our peoples are brothers. Let them not die in vain."

The Turkish side: "I believe I'll be calling you with good news very shortly."

The meeting lasted two hours. We shook hands in a friendly fashion and parted. Before the meeting the Turkish commander had been uncomfortable, on edge. After the meeting however,

he appeared completely at ease and quite content. He must have wanted there to be peace as much as I did.

I do not wish here to give the names of those who took part in this meeting, nor the names of the Turkish commanders on the list, the venue, nor the name of the hotel or room number where the Turkish commanders stayed. Nor will I reveal these things while there is no need.

Afterwards I frequently met this same commander and made the subject of these meetings known to the PKK side. A military delegation went from Turkey to the United States on the issue. Detailed information was provided to us about it. A list of the commanders – those likely to be changed and those who'd be permanent were also furnished to us and the PKK's view sought as to whether they had any suggestions to make about it. The PKK responded by saying they had no problems with this and therefore no suggestions would be made.

It was said that Mesut Yilmaz and Bulent Ecevit were united in seeking a solution. Afterwards however we received word that Yilmaz was behaving in a cowardly manner and that where Ecevit was concerned he was proving unreliable. On the back of this, following a meeting held in Istanbul they wanted our assistance in support of a solution advanced by the civil authorities. The PKK responded saying,

"This message can best be conveyed by the military. Let us see some signs – only then can we properly evaluate the situation."

Remember that at this same period the Chief of Staff was touring the (war) region with a group of journalists. Informing us of the tour participants with a list they requested the suggestions of the PKK. The PKK repeated that they could not make any comment without seeing that some serious steps were being taken.

After this, some politicians names were given to us. They came and we met. The PKK stated they were still waiting for a sign that a serious step was to be taken. This step was then taken.

The meetings were continuing in an intensive fashion to the effect that it was suggested I go to Turkey. The PKK said they thought this was alright. Their response was sought in connection with the step being taken.

After thinking the matter over for a week, the PKK informed the highest levels of the other side that they considered the step to be most valuable and supported it. That same night the political protagonists telephoned me and asked me to pass on their respects and their thanks to the PKK side.

A short while later I began my preparations to return to Turkey. The meetings carried on face to face in my absence. Both sides were hopeful. The PKK comrades asked what I thought.

I told them: "The gangs in Turkey are still a force to reckon with and are trying to steer us off (and I mentioned some names) but the people we are meeting think the same as we do. I believe this but I see darkness ahead of us."

At the time I said this, the meetings were continuing unabated. But in order to obstruct my return to Turkey the powerful mob were working on the State to attack me.

Here it's necessary to stress how the side wishing to meet with the PKK was that of the Ministry of the Turkish General Staff. Again, it was the Turkish military and political officials who were saying that that the Kurdish problem could not be resolved by fighting and that the war was advancing to the benefit of the PKK so that in the final analysis it would prove detrimental to Turkey. If not in fact destroy the country altogether. Finally, it was this same side which was saying the Kurdish problem could only be resolved around the negotiating table and that to delay this further could only prove damaging to Turkey. The same side was also telling me that both the United States and Europe wished to see the Kurdish question resolved through discussion between the Turkish State and the PKK and that this was unavoidable. They'd tell me that when Turkish parliamentary delegations were visiting Europe they would

openly be asked questions such as, "*Have you have any project towards the resolution of the Kurdish problem? And if not then what are you after? Don't you realise you're driving your country to the brink of collapse?*"

With the fascist-minded circles saying, "*The State will not talk with terrorist organisations,*" does one not remember that it was the Ecevit government in 1977 which when Palestinian militants attacked the Egyptian Embassy in Ankara bargained with them to reach an understanding? The operation ended with the Ministry of the Interior kissing the activists following their agreement and congratulating them so that the operation was concluded in this fashion. According to the agreement they reached, the PLO would no longer conduct its operations in Turkey; Turkey would also lift the status of the organisation as a terrorist organisation and would acknowledge it as a political party and would recognise the right of the PLO to political struggle in Turkey.

Today, however, these same circles behaved as if they had forgotten all this. Together with informing the public about my knowledge of the Turkish State holding meetings with the PKK, I also feel a responsibility to tell the village-guards and collaborators, "*Open your eyes.*"

My main aim here however is to show an open door to those who send their young men off as soldiers to fight the guerrillas so they can grasp the realities. Essentially, the rationale to fight stems from the thieving, immoral people who coiled themselves around the head of the State. Everyone in Turkey ought to give these matters their most serious attention. Should the Turkish General Staff and political circles refute this, then I'm prepared to provide even more detailed information on the issue in future.

I'd make the suggestion that Turkish people who reject Kurdish people speaking Kurdish ask themselves what sort of harm the use of this language could do to Turks? If people were to tell Turks, "You cannot speak your language," would this be seen as

a correct approach? Would there be anything right about this? What are the reasons why Kurds should not speak their own languages? If the Turkish people should say, "*There is nothing undesirable about Kurdish being spoken. As far as we are concerned the Kurdish people must speak their mother tongue*" – and this is the most natural thing which can be said – then they must also ask themselves, what is this war for?

In Holland I constantly met the media, Turkish officials, Kurdish political circles and Kurdish business people. Some of them still hadn't grasped the situation.

"You've got everything. Why are you getting involved in such things? Why are you giving yourself a headache," they'd say displaying some very cheap attitudes.

Some would come out with nonsense like, "The PKK will use you till they've used you up."

To the ones who said I had everything I'd say: "So what do we have!"

On one occasion, a Kurd from my hometown said this same thing. Yes, indeed the Kurdish people were hostages to fortune and without freedom and independence just what could we really be said to possess?

To those who claimed that after the PKK had used me I'd be dispensed with I'd say: "If only the PKK had used me. If only I could make my wealth and my energy valuable to them!" After saying this I asked, "Or is it you have used up the PKK?"

I said I was worried about when such unfortunate people would really become true human beings and when they'd feel it necessary to be a proper human being when they seemed to be everything but – numbed by illusions and slave to selfish interests. It was comical that they should think I did what I did because the PKK wanted me to!

During this period I witnessed how a lot of people and groups who'd gathered in the name of the Left would say, "*I'm a revolutionary*" when they had no knowledge at all of the Left, or

of revolutionary activism. I also saw how this type of person and such groups exploited the good-will of the people and took advantage of their best intentions and resources. They could provide no logical response to questions such as, "What is Utopic Socialism? What is Scientific Socialism? What is Dialectic? How did Socialism emerge? Why could it not show any development? Why did it collapse?"

And in response to questions I'd put like, "Very well, so what do you want?" They would come back parrot-fashion with slogan-style answers like, "*We want the power of the people.*"

Those who said, "Russia was unable to bring Socialism to life, but we will," when asked, "How?" would stumble and falter and show that in their attitudes to life dictatorship began and ended with themselves. These were the same people who saw equality as behaving like barbarians towards their children, their spouses and their own intimate circle; they'd made nothing of their own lives but had acquired the special skill of being able to ride on the backs of others. These were society's most deadly viruses who in their own sloth and corrupt attitudes to existence would place obstacles in the path of those who'd worked hard all their lives and who shared the fruits of their labour with those around them. Whatever I might say would still not be sufficient explanation for them. What I do want to say is the sensitive and courageous sectors of the population must not remain ignorant of the tactics of those well-known circles under discussion here.

Those who've been exploited and driven from pillar to post are at last starting to stand up for themselves in answer to their own expectations. They should make no allowance for those oppressing them, intimidating them, and exploiting their good natures. The moment we bow our necks and forsake our true demands, or stand back and feign disinterest or apathy in the face of the fascists, or their lap-dogs telling the wily gangsters, "*Heaven forbid, it's not coming from me*" or "*Trouble, don't come near*

me", then on our heads be it!

Once, whoever spoke the truth was "driven out of nine different villages," but now, it's not enough just to drive a person from their village but also to fill the prisons and torture-houses for the sake of civilisation! When you exhaust the patience of the civilised societies (like Turkey, like Holland) they'll go one better and show you a resting place in the graveyard.