

Part Four

My second arrest

At exactly the period I was describing, on 27 March 1998 at five in the morning, myself, my brothers, my relatives, my most esteemed friends – amongst whom was a British security officer – were taken from our homes and placed under arrest. Even if the accusations against me should appear serious they were pure nonsense. My friends were arrested as to what the nature of their business was with me. But the arrest of my nephew and brothers and sisters in England was in the full sense of the word, an immoral act. In a statement made by the Turkish Interior Ministry just a few hours after we were arrested they so much as said, “Here you see, this is how the mob in Turkey does it”. Which means to say that I was quite justified in feeling ill at ease about the Turkish government. This was same Interior Ministry which had asked that I meet the PKK and bring them together that was now accusing me of “*Having relations with the PKK.*”

The date is 13 July 1998. Since my second arrest I have been held in the special section of Fuhgt Prison. I had been in four different prisons in Holland previously and have given a number of statements and particulars concerning my various cases as above. I had also kept a journal. In addition to all these documents I had a large archive filling four bags which included my family

albums. The Dutch police confiscated the lot.

As I explained before I noticed how the police were patrolling around my house. My new home was a delightful place. It was situated within ten hectares of land and ring-fenced. There was a small swimming pool in the garden. The house was single storey. I had been at home all the time of late. That day some documents had arrived at my office. I was going to go to the office to collect the documents and meet the Antalya representative of *Sabah* newspaper arriving from Turkey and my business friend Mehmet Kesim. I later gave up on this idea. Mehmet Kesim was a person I was very fond of. He had printed a story of mine correcting an article full of slander about me from the mouth of Necdet Menziri cobbled together by a low-life reporter from *Sabah* newspaper by the name of Fehim. I'd decided to go after him. He was on holiday in Antalya with his wife and with a guest who was staying in a different place. Fehim would come and go between the wife and the friend. I was going to take him and make a gift of him to the mother Mediterranean. Mehmet Kesim had pleaded and pleaded with me and succeeded in putting me off the idea. Now, Kesim was in Holland and we had arranged a meeting as friends do. I was going to have met up with him on the Friday but that same day I had an interview scheduled with MED TV. Moreover, the evening of that same day my wife and children were due to arrive from England. I thought to myself, well I'll meet with Mehmet Kesim at the weekend instead. I called the office about the documents. A Kurdish friend of mine named Ali Torunlar assisted me with the office work and when it was necessary also acted as my driver. I asked Ali to go and bring the documents. The contract for the house was written in Ali's name. Ali was the only person who knew where the house was aside from my foreign guests.

Ali arrived at the house at 1.00 a.m. in the morning. I needed to sit down and read through the documents. Seeing when

three o'clock struck that I wasn't going to get through them all and that I'd have to carry on the following day I gathered them up and left them lying on the top of my table. In the period before I went to bed seeing that Ali wasn't asleep yet either I decided to finish my reading of the diary. We were just about ready to go to sleep when all of a sudden I heard noises. Taking up my gun I sprang to a safe corner of the room. I heard three or four explosions one after the other and those outside began shouting and ranting like a pack of drunkards. There were evidently a lot of them. I understood by the noises and the detonations that it must have been the police. I immediately put my gun away back beneath the pillow - no one other than the police would have had the courage to enter my garden. Had anyone else come into the grounds they would not have made such a noise. You didn't have to be a seer to know that. Thinking, "let's wait and see," they'd got the doors and windows open in a "civilised" fashion with all the speed of a rocket. Opening the door of my room I yelled out "What's going on!?" Ali was crying out in a terrible way which meant that they must have been hurting him a great deal. And at that point they came straight for me and pushed me roughly to the ground and sat down on top of me. Pushing my face down into the bed they handcuffed me from behind. Not once did they come up with the word "police." My hands were handcuffed from behind and because they'd done them up very tightly it was very painful. One brute of a policeman pressed his knee down into the back of my neck and planted his other foot on my back. Another policeman squatted down on my feet. They were hurting me. The most painful sensation however came from the handcuffs. All this even though I had quite willingly opened my door and showed myself in the open. There was no excuse for them to behave like this. In English I said, "Okay we've got the message that you are the police but you're hurting me to the core. There's no need for it. Why are you doing this?"

One of them shouted back, "Don't talk!"

Up until that moment they'd been speaking in Dutch amongst themselves. It was the first time anyone had said anything in English. I gave my name and asked what their problem was but there wasn't a squak from them. Suddenly one of them grabbed me by the hair and hoisting up my head slipped a piece of paper in between my eyes and the bed.

He said, "this is a warrant for your arrest. I asked the reason and at that same moment the policeman kneeling on my back got off. The other one also got off my feet. My head had been left free enough to be able to turn and look about me. I could see that all the men were masked; two of them aimed their guns at me. At this moment an unarmed individual entered the fray and stated that he was a judge. Immediately before he'd spoken up I had called out to say I had a gun beneath my pillow.

I asked the one who'd said he was a judge, "What's this all about?"

The judge's behaviour reminded me of the village guards back in my own country. Instead of replying to my question he asked, "Are there any weapons, or drugs, in your house?"

"No," I answered.

He asked, "Can we search the house?" whereas in fact they'd already searched every nook and cranny.

"Take a look," I said.

"Is there any other weapon in your house?" he said.

Some time later they blindfolded me and took me out to a waiting car. I could sense how many people there were there. As Ali told me and my lawyer later there were more than fifty of them. Ali asked the judge "Why are there so many of you for this?"

The judge answered saying, "Just thank God you are still in your chair that you should be sitting there and piping up!"

They'd quite plainly come to kill me. I'd probably been

described to the police as "*very dangerous*". This was the hit squad which had been despatched to carry out this raid. It was highly thought-provoking that there were so many of them. Two explosions had gone off outside. With the first there had been three or four explosions. I didn't count the number of charges that went off in the second detonation but it had been sufficient to wreck the windows and doors. Had we grabbed our guns in the daze of sleep it would have given them sufficient ground to have fired back and killed us. Had we not sensed that it was the police who had arrived we could have opened fire... No one had said by way of giving any warning that they were in fact the police and on top of it all these men were masked.

I suppose that in behaving as we did we blew their game once again. My mother's prayers had again saved me. My fine mother, the embodiment of all goodness of the world!

After being removed from my house I was taken to the regional police station. The weather was very cold and they had taken away all my clothes. At nine o'clock someone calling himself the deputy prosecutor arrived in uniform.

He asked, "Do you want anything?"

"Give me my clothes," I said.

One of the policeman said, "We don't have any animal hides suitable for you."

But after he who had called himself the deputy prosecutor had spoken a few words in their own language they brought my clothes back. I asked the deputy prosecutor why I had been brought here.

"Did they not tell you?" he said.

"No, nothing," I answered. He seemed a bit surprised.

"I'll come back and speak with you again," he said. I asked for my lawyer too and he said we'd speak when he got there. At twelve o'clock they took me to another room.

There were two civil servants in the room – one of them a woman, and an interpreter. I didn't like the look of the

interpreter at all. He was plainly Turkish. Not being a Turk who spoke Turkish, I asked for an interpreter who spoke Kurdish or English.

“Where are you from?” I asked the interpreter.

“I’m from Istanbul,” he answered.

“Where are you from ‘*originally*’ – your roots – before Istanbul?”

Again he said he was from Istanbul.

The female civil servant intervened saying, “You wanted an interpreter who speaks English but we prefer one who speaks Turkish.”

“It doesn’t have to be English. It can be Turkish or Kurdish. I speak all three languages well,” I replied and said that I had not wanted a Turk to interpret for me. When they asked the reason why I said that I didn’t trust Turks.

“More accurately, I *cannot* trust Turks whom I don’t know and they cannot be trusted to translate for me,” I said.

They asked then, “Are the Dutch more trustworthy?”

I responded by saying that there was no reason why a Dutch person should hold any special negative view against me but there were numerous reasons why a Turk would take up a negative position towards me and concluded, “I do not therefore consider it reliable for a Turk to translate for me with regard to my case.”

But whatever I tried, still I could not stop that interpreter from interpreting for me. In my view they had special reasons for insisting that this interpreter be there.

At 13.00 hours my lawyer arrived. He warned me not to say anything. I’d told them that I wouldn’t speak in any case aside from in relation to the interpreter. The man looked to me most unlike an interpreter. He looked far more the pimps which dress up as managers.

The uniformed official said to be the assistant prosecutor then spoke with me and my lawyer in another room. He said, “I’m giving him two days.”

I asked “What two days?”

My lawyer said, “They want you to remain in custody two more days. What the deputy prosecutor has mentioned is the correct procedure. It is just a formality.”

I reminded them that the deputy prosecutor was going to have explained just why I’d been arrested.

“It is alleged that you wanted to organise a way of bringing drugs from Turkey to Holland. You intended to kill an Iranian national in America. You intended to kill another Iranian in Canada. You had planned to kill some Turkish police officers and their friends and you formed a group so as to carry out these crimes,” he said.

I laughed incredulously. “Can you be serious! Are you crazy? Are you having me on?” and I would have gone on and on but my lawyer cut my flow.

He said, “They are very serious. This officer can have no idea whether or not what they have claimed is true or false. As I’ve explained to you, this is just a formality”.

The deputy prosecutor asked whether or not I’d understood what had been said to me.

“No, I haven’t understood,” I’d started to say when again my lawyer interrupted.

“I understand,” he said.

“In that case explain it to me! What is their problem?” I asked him this time.

“Their problem is trying to put you away and these explanations are a formality,” he said.

Afterwards I met with my lawyer in another room.

“Had there been any offence committed they would have said so, but they’re just telling tales. Nonetheless, there is nothing we can do about it in this situation. They are obliged to provide us with copies of all their documents but we have no idea just when they’ll do this. It could take a year but we’ll struggle on. Don’t answer any questions whatsoever, and don’t upset

yourself," he told me.

He also said he would do whatever necessary, including issuing a press statement.

With the departure of my lawyer the same civil police and interpreter came back and started asking ridiculous questions. This went on until evening and then later on that evening they took me to Newmerghen Police Station.

The following day, the same policemen and pimp of an interpreter came back again. It was most odd; I could no longer see them as ordinary people. They'd started to look like some kind of repulsive creature and I viewed them like cheap, tarted-up whores. They didn't seem worth two pennies but were just decked out to take a person in and pass on some kind of deadly AIDS type virus. It was like the interpreter was trying to tell me that this virus was good for me. The officials and pimps twisted and twined around me like snakes. They really reminded me of the snakes which attack little children who are dozing beneath the trees in the heat of summer days.

When I was a child I was entrusted with the duty of keeping an eye on the babies left in the shade of the trees in Pilolog. These would be my tiny brothers and sisters, my small cousins, and the children of our guests.

We grew up in Lice's Kale district in the hamlet of Pilolog. In this hamlet there were many orchards, gardens and streams. All my grandfather's children, my father and uncles stayed in the same house. There was no lack of guests. My grandfather's guest-room was known as "the parliament". Our windmill, the fields which stretched as far as the eye could see, and our animals were our childhood joys. The sound of the water bubbling in the stream and the days spent in Pilolog are unforgettable memories. I shall never forget the sound of the birds either. When the season arrived for gathering the honey I loved to sample it. I followed the production of the dried and roast meats at harvest time with great interest. I loved, too, the making of

the kibbled wheat. When the wheat was boiled, melted butter would be dribbled over it and then it was given to us. The taste was wonderful. When the bread was being baked outside in the tandoor ovens special small little rounds of bread were made for us kids. In later years I constantly sought these same flavours. The name we had for it was *kilor*. I travelled through many countries and tried the cuisine of most of them, but I could never again discover the tastes of my childhood in any of them.

When the lambing season arrived we felt a special happiness. To my eyes, lambs were the sweetest of all creatures and should never have grown up. We named it *firo* after the sheep, goats and cows had given birth to their young. After the birth you could never have your fill of the taste of the first milk.

There were abundant almond, walnut, mulberry, and plum trees, pomegranates, quinces, pears and grapes in our vineyards and orchards. I remember quite plainly the planting season in the vegetable fields, the time when the crop was sown, the season when the nuts ripened. I'll never forget the way that my grandfather planted the nut trees close to the side of the road so that those who happened to pass could eat from them too. There were sweet-scented roses from red to pink, from pink to white in our garden. We called it the rose paradise, our place there.

"Would you like a cup of coffee? Do you drink coffee?" they asked, and stood by waiting. As these low-life snakes said this I came back to my senses. I had even guarded the babies of the visitors to Pilolog from the snakes. I'd guarded the babies in my own family from the snakes. Would the snakes have ordered coffee? So just why did I liken these people to snakes - I was no longer a child. This wasn't Pilolog. These were the Netherlands' officials. The interpreter had said "I'm a Turk." Thereafter, who would I guard against them?

In response to all their questions I repeated the reply, "*No comment.*" The interpreter laughed and said, "It's started to

become like a poem.”

As he laughed, he would thrust out his tongue. Just like a little serpent ...

The woman officer asked again: “Would he like to drink coffee?”

‘I’ll have some tea,” I said.

That’s how I’d last left Pilolog. But now the Turkish government had cut down all the trees and sewn the entire area with landmines. My mother could no longer visit the graveyard: they would not even give us permission to visit the graves. Now the Dutch government was in cahoots with the Turkish government and they were going all out to silence me. When I was a child I’d seen a lot of snakes in the place where our graveyard was. They wouldn’t harm us but escaped on sight. Now, at this moment, it wasn’t right for me to liken these people to snakes – it would be unfair to the snakes. So why did I so liken them, why had my childhood and Pilolog at once sprung to mind? When the female officer asked why I wouldn’t reply to their answers, I’d said in response: “Why do you not give permission for my lawyer to be here?”

The woman had said, “The problem is your problem, not your lawyer’s.”

I answered saying, “It’s true that there’s a problem here. And it’s a most ugly kind of problem. All of you are the problem – these are not just my, nor my lawyer’s problems.”

This time the woman officer asked, “So what is it – this problem of ours that you refer to?”

“The Dutch government has made many agreements. It’s plain for all to see that there have been infringements on the part of the military and that there are profitable relationships at stake. There’s also the matter of Baybasin sitting here. Now turn things around this way and that, try to use them, it still won’t wash – an attack won’t work, intimidation doesn’t work, turning up the heat doesn’t work. This time it’s you who are thinking about

what’s going to happen. You have the luxury of this Holland of yours. So this is a problem for you. What you are doing is committing an act of oppression and it’s vile” I was saying, until finally the tea arrived.

The woman’s colour had changed. The interpreter was taken aback. The male officer sat with his hands clasped beneath his chin facing me squarely and appraising me.

The woman asked, “Are you married?”

“Is the tea hot?”

“I asked you, are you married?” she said, but I left the question unanswered.

Then she asked, “Do you have children?”

I said by way of answer, “Are you working for the Turkish government?”

The woman was startled. She shouted, “I’m asking the questions! I said, do you have children?”

“I’m also answering as I choose to,” I said, and carried on by saying, “Look, your ministry and your government know me very well: what I have, who I am – you know it all. I’ve come here and you’re toying with me. I’m answering according to your position. What do you want from me? Ask me questions like proper human beings and take the answers like human beings.”

They gathered themselves up and left. They’d turned into spoiled children who’d had their toys taken away. That same day my lawyer called. Telling me that my brothers and sisters had also been arrested he said, “I’ll find out exactly what the situation is and come to you see you”. He also said that he’d obtained a visiting order for the following day and told me not to worry.

I was rooted to the spot. Which of my brothers and sisters had been arrested? What for?

That night I didn’t sleep a wink.

In the morning, the police came back. They left howling like

dogs.

Afterwards, my lawyer arrived. My brothers Apo and Shirin had been arrested at the same time as me. My brother Mehmet hadn't been at home but because Mehmet, my nephew, was at home he was arrested. In addition, my close friend Brian Jones who worked for the British government was arrested. My cousin, Nizamettin, who lived in Germany was arrested. My friend Ali Qazi was arrested. Another of my nephews, Giyasettin, who lived in Belgium, was arrested. A number of my relatives were arrested in Turkey.

My lawyer said,
“ I took part in a television programme with a Dutch professor and we said that this constituted an assault by the Turkish government. In actual fact it was not necessary for me to say much at all because the professor said in a very succinct fashion that this attack was one launched by Turkey. I presented a number of examples. I said it was not a criminal matter, it was rather a question of war between Huseyin Baybasin, my client, and the Turkish government and I said that the Dutch government was being used.”

I asked my lawyer to tell everyone that I wanted them to keep calm. After he left the police returned. I spoke neither a word of greeting nor a word of farewell: I didn't speak at all. They showed me a whole lot of photographs. Still I didn't speak. They were enemies in my eyes. Yes, the enemy. They'd become a flank of the Turkish government. That made them enemies too.

I passed that night with great difficulty. I was wracked with insomnia. My nerves were on edge. My wife was pregnant; my children had a fortnight's holiday and were going to have come to visit me. Now they couldn't come. Nor did I have the opportunity of telephoning and explaining anything. Now, too, the house had been raided; my brothers and sisters and nephews had been arrested. My son, Cagdas, had just turned 13. My other children's full names were Hazal, Hasan Ferhat and Tangur

Renas. My nephews' and nieces' names were Zclal, Nusin and Serok. The eldest was 7. My brother Mesut's education was going to be interrupted. Mesut was studying political economy. This was to have been his last year. On top of it all, my brother Apo was ill and was undergoing daily treatment. Now he'd been arrested too. And why should Mr Jones be arrested? And then Ali Qazi? What sort of business was this? Nizamettin was the kind of person who would not even pick up money lying on the street if he were to find it there. Why should they be arrested? Why was Giyasettin arrested? Was there anyone there to look after his wife and children: his sons, Azad and Hebun, and his new-born daughter, Helin. The children were devoted to Giyasettin. His wife was not well and he took care of the children. The kids had become very attached to him because of this. What sort of situation did they find themselves in now? I was very angry.

Ali Qazi was a very fine Kurd. He had close relations with the German authorities but I didn't know the precise details nor the level on which this relationship operated. If I'm not mistaken about the date, in 1979 Ali Qazi was going to Iran and we helped him out. He stayed as a guest in our home in Diyarbakir. Ali Qazi was the sole surviving son of the founder of the Kurdish Republic of Mahabad, Qazi Mohammed, martyr of the Kurdish nation. We'd been concerned when Ali was our guest that the Turkish government might cause some harm to befall him. The German government claimed that they'd obtained an official guarantee from the Turkish government that they wouldn't touch Ali Qazi and said it was not necessary for anyone to worry. Ali Qazi felt a great affection for Iran. Proud too of Germany he would never speak out against her. He was a German citizen. Our relations with him were based entirely on our fellow feeling as Kurds and as human beings. Ali had behaved with sincere human friendship towards us and had given us some well-meant lessons for the future. At once

period, the German parliament had invited his mother to a dinner held in her honour every year. Now his mother was dead.

There was no question of there being any unlawful partnership between myself, my siblings, my cousins, my nephew, Ali Qazi, and Brian Jones that we should all be arrested at precisely the same hour of the same day. There were no economic links between myself and my cousins. We had no joint business. Apart from our being related as family members, there was nothing else whatsoever between us. It was impossible that my siblings should have been involved in any manner of criminal activity. And my nephew Mehmet was a person who shone with virtue. Mehmet was the son of my elder sister. They were cousins of the same Hikmet Cetin who'd been made a minister of the Turkish Grand National Assembly. My nephew's full name in fact was Mehmet Nesip Cetin. As well as being a good Kurd, my nephew was also a master of Kurdish folklore.

In addition to all these arrests, a number of our acquaintances had also been arrested. It was clear that this was a very deliberate attack. And I found out about it all while I was in the cells. I experienced a terrible sense of impotence at being unable to do anything to help my siblings, my family and the people near me who'd suffered this injustice and had been plunged into such difficulty. The anger this roused in me almost drove me out of my mind.

Ocalan: "Sorry to hear about your bad luck!"

A development I had never expected was that Abdullah Ocalan, the PKK General Secretary would make reference to me and wish me well on a programme screened by MED TV thereby making a statement about me. This person who belonged to us as one of us was the hope of millions of our people for life and for freedom at that time. He had made a superhuman struggle whether in the arena of war or whether politically attempting

to resolve our problems of economy, health, education, and issues of lifestyle such as the organisation of the family. He had shouldered all these responsibilities selflessly to the extent that he had my full respect as leader of our people. Most of all, it moved me deeply that engrossed as he was, he should take the time to consider my position and make it public. What's more this conduct reinforced me in my commitment to stand firm by my principles and the pursuit of the goals we sought to attain - no matter what the circumstances and with no thought of recompense. I give my heartfelt thanks, on my own behalf and in the name of our people in expression of our debt of gratitude. And here again, I want to say that I believe that the degree to which the Kurdish people stand up for their principles in that same degree will they develop and flourish.

During this period my countryman, Dr. Sirac Bilgin, a writer as well as a political figure in his own right composed a piece in his column in *Ozgur Politika* under the heading, "*Well done, Huseyin Baybasin!*" and evaluated my line of stand both frankly and fairly. I give him my most respectful thanks. I also wish to express my thanks to all those who were so sensitive as to assess my behaviour and the line I had taken as being the correct one. And I believe, accordingly, that the many who paid them attention would be graced for having listened.

From praying five times a day to railing against God

I was a helpless witness to the spectacle of disaster wrought by the earthquake in Lice in 1975 which left many dead beneath the rubble. Why did I cry out against God at that time? In those days I'd been a very staunch believer. I'd prayed five times a day and now I wanted God's help to save the people trapped beneath the wreckage wrought by the earthquake, yet He was doing nothing to help whatsoever. People were dying right before my eyes writhing in pain and I was saying, "O, God of mine! If the sin of all these grown people be so great, then what are the

sins of these children, these tiny babies?”

Six thousand people died in the earthquake in Lice of 1975. Of these five thousand were women, children and the elderly.

On the day of the earthquake the weather had been very hot. Because of the heat the babies and young children were all napping in the middle of the day. During those same hours the women would be busy with the housework at home. The elderly were at home in any case. In general, most of Lice's men went to work outside Lice. Lice people wouldn't send their women out to work. This ran true to Kurdish custom but it was at the same time a tradition founded on respect for womankind. Yet because of this same situation, in the earthquake the majority of people who met their deaths were women, children, babies and the elderly. This was why I cried out against God.

The scope of my religious devotion can best be understood to the extent that I had acted as an *imam* for the prisoners in English jails. But the things I saw in these same prisons and the books I was able to read there which were forbidden in Turkey became a new source of information for me and as a consequence of the time spent in research on religious matters my own beliefs underwent a grass-roots transformation. In prison I read those books considered most sacred to Islam, to Christianity, Judaism, Buddhism and to the Hindu faith. Once I was released from prison I continued my research into these same religions. I travelled through the Arab countries, through India, the Far East, Indonesia, Malaysia, Singapore, Thailand, Vietnam, Kampuchea and through most of the African countries and in the course of my travels in these same lands I met with various men of religion. I arrived at the conclusion that all the religions served a system, that they were exploited in order to hold people in check, and that all the world's wars had erupted because of clashes between the various religious beliefs and that for this same reason, religion was more dangerous to mankind than drugs. What was more none of the religions had

any relations with God. Once I'd discovered the possibility of seeing the ugliness behind those systems which exploited religious belief what made me most angry this time was my own former ignorance.

At the time of the Lice earthquake my level of knowledge had been entirely limited to what the Turkish state had taught us. But with the onslaught of the earthquake I had railed at God out of my helplessness. In all truth, we had known that Lice lay on a fault-line long before the earthquake struck. But the Turkish state had consciously taken no precautions at all and as far as ordinary people were concerned they'd remained oblivious to the situation sufficing to say "*God's Will be done*". However, when confronted by the spectacle created by the earthquake I found myself shouting out, "*Well, God, is this Your Will?*"

Now, again, I was experiencing the same sense of impotence at being unable to help my family and those close to me. I knew the ways of the world very well. I knew that this assault upon us was not one from God. It was an attack based exclusively upon the mutual profits of the Dutch and Turkish governments. For years now the Kurdish people had been forfeiting their lives in such attacks. Their homes were being burnt and destroyed. Villages and towns were being razed to the ground. People who spoke up saying they were Kurds were murdered. The Turkish government did all these things out with the weapons it got from countries like Holland and its government. At this particular time, the Dutch government was siding with Turkey and assisting its endeavour to undermine the economic and diplomatic strength of the Kurdish people.

Ali Qazi was an outstanding Kurdish diplomat. He had acted as mediator between the German government and the PKK, and had brought the two sides to an understanding. He'd helped bring a number of warring Kurdish groups to make peace with one another and to find an agreement. At the present period

he'd been working to create conditions for a lasting understanding between the KDP and PKK. He'd worked with us towards the organisation of Kurdish tradesmen and businessmen and during this same period we'd met up a number of times.

My good friend Brian Jones had compiled a number of reports for his government. We'd met several British officials. Jones would tell his government that sooner or later the Kurds would get organised within the countries that they lived and he'd say, "The British government must stand up for the Kurds." Jones would say the geographical area encompassed by the Kurds would in time become a far more formidable situation than that in South Africa, and that the British government which had once considered the leader of the PLO as a "terrorist" had been obliged to take that same leader on board at the highest levels. What's more, Britain bore a historical responsibility for the colonisation of Kurdish territory starting with Mesopotamia. It was important to remember this. Jones would meet a number of British officials and discuss matters within such a framework and would then call me up to relay the main points occurring in these discussions. Despite this, I had no special, nor personal business dealings with Mr Jones of any kind. The discussions such as we had were all undertaken in the name of the British government, and I believe that the substance of all our exchanges was relayed equally to Her Majesty's officials. I spoke regularly by phone with both Ali Qazi and Mr. Jones. There was nothing secret about it. Nor did we have any kind of business afoot which needed to be kept secret from the Dutch, German and British governments. We, and they, knew full well that all our telephone conversations were listened in to. Despite this, the Turkish government ought not to have been privy to our doings.

That these two friends of mine should be arrested on the wishes of Holland showed quite clearly the extent of the Dutch government's collaboration with Turkey. At any time that I might

have been arrested neither Ali Qazi, Brian Jones nor my cousins would have neglected me. It would be just as natural for my siblings to take a stand on my behalf and for my friends to mobilise all their resources for me. Therefore, in such a way, an unequivocal message was being sent to Ali Qazi and Brian Jones that whoever supported Kurdish politicians would be punished. The message intended for me was simply, "*we'll annihilate you!*" This situation might seem interesting when you consider that the Dutch government had provided the possibility for the Kurdistan Parliament in Exile to be inaugurated on its soil, but it is necessary to see that particular issue and the matter to do with me hinged upon altogether different interests.

I was thinking about these things in my cell and suffering the mortification of being unable to lift a finger to help any of the members of my family or friends. And soon, again, it was daylight. In the morning they took me off to court. It was 30 March 1998 - the basement floor of the Breda courthouse in a small cell whose walls were covered with writing. It was a place I knew.

I felt nauseous.

They brought me up before the prosecutor.

All the way to court my eyes had been kept blindfolded. There was a single table in the room where the police brought me and the prosecutor sat behind it on his chair. He said, "You have not given a statement."

"What statement? There hasn't been any accusation."

"He said, 'Are you saying you are not concerned in any way?'"

I felt my throat constricting. The demeanour of the prosecutor was of a person caught in the act.

I said, "I have not even been informed as to what I'm being accused of."

I was taken back to my cell and then brought before an examining judge. Some 8-10 civilian officials marched alongside me. It was a shameful situation.

During the judge's questioning the police remained standing. The prosecutor was seated. My lawyer was also present. The judge asked a few names. I said for my part that this meaningless charade was not the right way to carry on. Then the prosecutor began to recite my crimes! Murder, hostage-taking, setting up a drug cartel and organising its traffick.

My lawyer said, "The Turkish government has got you reciting all this parrot-fashion!"

The interpreter was a Dutch woman. She was refined and behaved professionally. I respected my lawyer's reaction and felt a sense of relief.

An Iranian had been killed and I was hearing his name spoken for the first time. Suleyman Sadik Oge had been killed and they had told me about his death afterwards. I knew of him, but I did not know about his murder. It was alleged that I had had both of them killed in settlement of some score over drugs. I had abducted an Iranian and was to have got 15 million for it. I'd sought to kill another Iranian in America and Canada. I had wanted to kill a Turkish policeman in Holland and two Romanians arrested back in Turkey had been caught carrying twenty kilos of heroin. Had the pair not been arrested, they would have delivered the cargo to me. I could have summed up my answer in a single word, but I wished to preserve my dignity as befitting a Kurd.

I tried to explain the situation to the judge.

"Speak with the police," he said.

My lawyer said by way of warning to me, "They won't listen; they don't want to listen. Forget it!"

After a short meeting in court, he left saying he would come back the following day. They blindfolded me and handcuffed my hands behind my back. The blindfold was taken off once we got onto the motorway. Five vehicles escorted us. I found such a show utterly repulsive. The following day when my lawyer

arrived he said that Mr. Jones had been released but was forbidden to talk with me. Of Shirin it was being said that "Italy wants her." Apo had been arrested in England on the grounds that a gun had been found in my house and he was accused of being an illegal alien. My nephew Mehmet had also been taken in on this same basis of being in the country illegally.

The repression gets greater and greater

Saying that Italy wanted Shirin could have been a blinder. But neither Mehmet nor Apo were in any way illegal aliens. All of which meant that various excuses had been dreamed up so as to be able to arrest everyone. I asked my lawyer to take on some additional reliable solicitors able to go to England and Turkey and find out exactly what was going on. At the same time, I was being subjected to new prohibitions. Newspapers, radio and television were forbidden to me. I was not allowed to see anyone. I was to be kept in a cell. It was also forbidden for my lawyer to speak with anyone else in my name. Apart from my lawyer, nobody was able to visit me.

The situation went on like this for six days. I was suffering some pain in my arms and sores from the handcuffs which had been clamped on me during my arrest. My back ached. I wanted to see a doctor. The doctor arrived a day later. I made my complaints. He wrote down that I had some sores caused by the handcuffing. Of the numbness in my arms he said, "there must have been some reason why they put the handcuffs on you so tightly."

"I don't want to debate the reasons," I said. "What I want is to alleviate my suffering."

Saying, "you're right", he shook his head, then made a gesture of opening his two hands to express his regret. "I will write a report saying they fastened your hands too tightly and handcuffed them behind your back," he said.

Of the injuries and the pain resulting from the ill-treatment

during my arrest he merely commented, "it's not lasting."

After the doctor's visit, when I went to court they handcuffed my hands in front of me and attached a special, permanent belt-like fixture around my waist. I was taken from the police station to Arnhem prison. Those who witnessed the massive police escort were stunned. They couldn't understand why I should have been blindfolded and asked, "what's that for?"

I joked about it saying, "They've taken a fancy to the idea, I guess. If it makes them happy, then let them enjoy it!"

The officers knew me and found the situation quite unnecessary. After all, I had been released from this same prison. Now, it was forbidden for the officers to talk one to one with me: there had to be at least two people present in order for there to be any conversation. The prosecutor had stipulated a period of six days. Once this period had ended we went up before the court again. There was the same judge ...

I was very angry with the prosecutor.

"The prosecutor is lying," I charged. "You and this court know the situation between myself and the Turkish government very well. There is a matter of there being an offence in the open, yet it appears as if this is unimportant, as if it didn't exist. These case files have been prepared by the Turkish government; there is no issue of any real crime, but rather just one of an attack being made against my Kurdish identity and my political position. This the prosecutor knows even better than I do. It is a political stance and you all know this too. It makes no difference whether I speak or not because the prosecutor says, 'We're investigating and we need time'. Is there any need to speak at all?"

The judge did not look at me. Turning to the prosecutor he asked, "Is there anything you wish to say?"

The prosecutor was in great confusion. He could not sit still. His face had grown red. My lawyer sought leave of the judge saying I needed to communicate with my relatives in England

and their lawyers, and with my lawyer and relatives in Turkey. The judge said in their decision they were not opposed to what I had to say. And by saying so, it was clear that all the prohibitions heaped upon me had been down to the officiousness of the prosecutor and examining judge. We agreed that my lawyer would speak with Arnhem about going to Turkey and England.

Later, in another meeting with my lawyer, I found out that all my property in Turkey and in England had been impounded. What's more my siblings, cousins, Ali Qazi, Mr. Jones and all those relatives with whom I was in contact (those I spoke with by phone and others such as relations between us could be proven) had also had their property impounded.

In my home in England and of my siblings, every item of ornament right down to our engagement rings had been impounded. All the decorative furnishings in Mr. Jones' house had been impounded too. There was no reason whatsoever for this vile act to be perpetrated. The Turkish and Dutch governments had submitted all manner of deceptive documentation to the British authorities to get them to act in such a way.

On 9 April, I was suddenly taken from the cell block and transferred the next day to the cell block in Rotterdam Prison. They took all of my clothes away, pen and paper, whatever I had - I used pen and paper to write notes for my lawyer. Just the trousers and the T-shirt I stood up in remained to me. I was taken to Rotterdam Prison on a Friday. Sunday was a holiday. On the Tuesday, officials came and spoke with me and said: "We've taken the decision to keep you in isolation for your own security. If you exhibit good conduct within the period of one month we shall give you your clothes back. Aside from this one decision, we have no further authority to make any decision in regard to you. When we meet you there will always be three officers present. When you go into the open air area or the visiting room this number may increase."

“Up until now the Dutch government has shown no special concern over my security. What has happened that they should suddenly set such store by my welfare?” I asked.

“Such is the notification we have received in writing. Our sole duty is to carry out our orders and to inform you of the situation,” they replied.

Asking them, “So what connection do my clothes have to my security that they should be taken and for that matter, why am I not even allowed given pen and paper?”

They responded saying, “Such are the rules here.”

“It is forbidden for me to telephone outside. It is forbidden for me to see my visitors. It is forbidden to write. It is forbidden to change my clothes. It is forbidden to read magazines and newspapers. It is forbidden for me to mix with other prisoners!” To say that this is all being done to ensure my security is little more than a sophisticated new means of torture.

Yet without the slightest embarrassment they did not refrain from reminding me, “You have the right to appeal against all these restrictions. You will apply in writing in Dutch. You may have to wait several months for a response but throughout this period you will be obliged to conform to these prohibitions...”

I realised that by subjecting me to psychological torture of this kind they were hoping to provoke me. When my lawyer came to see me on the Friday, I recited the whole list of prohibitions to him.

He said, “They are doing this to crush you, to provoke you! Don’t be concerned about it!”

“How can I go about in the same clothes for an entire month – a person begins to smell!” I appealed.

My lawyer noted down what I’d said and told me he’d make an appeal and requested I make an effort not to be unduly influenced during this period.

My lawyer brought newspapers. Included among them was an edition of *Sabah* which had published a whole barrage of lies about me. In this same edition I also found out about my new crimes. On the morning of the day I was arrested, the Turkish Interior Minister, Murat Baseskioglu, had held a press conference. Events had reached such a stage that before the Dutch government had even made a statement, Turkey was doing so at ministerial level. In the conference called by Baseskioglu it was claimed that they had conducted a special operation, “We’ve arrested Huseyin Baybasin and all his relatives,” he went on.

One journalist put the question to him, “What are the offences they have committed? Why have they been arrested? Were drugs involved?”

“Huseyin Baybasin is so wealthy that he is beyond control. We have been able to prove that he has given substantial amounts of money to assist MED TV and the so-called Kurdistan Parliament in Exile. He constituted the economic underpinning of the PKK. Now we’ve brought this business to a halt,” he answered.

In this fashion, the Turkish Minister said in the name of the government and his own how Huseyin Baybasin had been annihilated and the PKK exhausted. Thereafter what did any of the details matter to him? Was there a question of any crime or not? What did that mean? Here you had it in a nutshell! The men had been arrested and had been destroyed – what more could you wish for?

Very well, honourable minister, honourable Mesut Yilmaz, then let it be ... I had not wanted to destroy either you, nor your government. I’d said, “*The destruction of the state would be to the detriment of myself and my people.*” We had worked to bring about the possibility of everybody being able to express themselves freely and to accomplish this in such a way that no other person’s rights would be violated in the process. We had wished to establish a system within which the state would be held

accountable and to base the very foundations of state upon this. To realise this we had addressed you and your party. We had also addressed other Turkish political leaders and their parties in just the same way as we had addressed you. We had worked in solidarity and with mutual understanding. We addressed your military authorities. And all this meant was that you want to destroy us. So, let's wait and see ...

A new world: Rotterdam

Rotterdam came to represent a whole new world for me: my isolation cell and I. I guessed that I was held up on the fourth, or fifth floor. I had a window but it was closed fast. Right above, there were some tiny openings to permit ventilation. All I could see was the prison courtyard. Closed in on all four sides, one of these sides was comprised of the wall of the block in which I was held. From my window, I could observe the other prisoners as they exercised out in groups in the yard. Amongst them, the people from my homeland were at once distinguishable. One dark-skinned, dark-haired pipe-smoking individual looked at me and pumped his breast, "*It breaks my heart for you to be in there*" he gestured. I couldn't hear a sound. They knew the place I was being kept in was an isolation unit. Everybody looked up at me. Someone from Dersim who I knew from Grave Prison never looked in my direction. Everyday he just ran. But I felt proud of his athleticism. I didn't even know his name.

There were cameras were positioned on all sides. It was forbidden even to signal back and forth.

They'd warned me saying, "If you exchange any signals with those in the yard the camera will record it and you'll be punished."

I protested saying, "What more can you do to punish me? Will you put me in prison? Will you throw me into isolation?"

With a straight face the officer replied, "There's more we can

do than this..."

I would be taken down a very dark and narrow corridor to what was intended to be a place to take the air, some two metres wide and three metres long – for half an hour a day. Aside from this, 23.5 hours were spent behind the closed doors of the cell. The top of the "open air" space was covered with a thick iron grill.

I had the right to take a shower every second day, but that too – in the words of the officers – was "if there was time in practice"... A month passed in this way. My clothes and my coat remained in the cupboard right opposite the cell door. One day on the way to the fresh-air area, a female officer asked whether or not I wanted my coat. I said that would be good. It was April, but the weather was still very cold. From time to time there would still be frosts. Generally, it would be rainy, but they still wouldn't give me my coat. Now this woman was offering it to me. I put the coat on. They took it back from me when I returned from the fresh air area again. The following day I thought they would give the coat to me again. I asked for it. "We can't give it to you," they said. They said the action of the previous day had been a mistake. Their aim in fact was to make me crack and to provoke me. Sometimes three, sometimes four, sometimes even five officers would walk at my side. We were up on the fifth floor, there were walls on all sides and the doors opened and closed both automatically and under a lock and key system. On top of it all, everything was monitored on camera... Didn't these people have any other work to do? I asked myself.

When I went to the visiting room, five or six officers accompanied me there. What went on in the visiting area was an utter farce. Scores of officers crowded into a room like a tiny cell of which the visiting area was composed. One of the walls was made of glass and it was evident that other officers were stationed behind it and that all our conversations were recorded.

Sometimes we were even able to hear their voices. In actual fact, my only visitors were the lawyers as permission was not given for anyone else. On one occasion my lawyer said it was not legal for them to listen in to our conversation.

When I asked, "Is there a place which takes any notice of the law?" he gave the reply, "Unfortunately, in your case, the laws are being contravened."

However as it came to pass one day they said, "*The special circumstances have been lifted*". They told me I could use the telephone and call my visitors. It seemed that the lawyers must have applied a lot of pressure otherwise it wouldn't have bothered them in the least. They wanted me to give them the names and phone numbers of the people I wished to have visit me and I provided them.

Two weeks went by.

Every time I asked, "What's happened?" they would say, "We are still waiting for a response from the prosecutor."

One day I got riled. I didn't spare a soul the blasts of my tongue - not governments, not prosecutors, not the police, not even kings and queens.

There was an officer who well-intentioned and who behaved very respectfully towards me. He enjoyed our chats. One day he said, "Your file is very interesting. If your lawyer comes down hard enough, you'll get out."

I answered, "The prosecutor makes the excuse that they keep needing more time to investigate and because of this they don't let me go."

"We say of the Dutch legal system that there can sometimes be a small loophole, but your case far exceeds the small loophole factor and this is making us most uncomfortable as officers. This is not a normal situation for Holland," he said and expressed the discomfort he felt faced by my situation.

The day that I'd shouted and sworn, this same officer had said I was right, "We're also very upset," he'd remarked. Had we not

behaved like this the matter might have escalated further and could even have erupted into a physical fight between us. Even though I'd lashed out at all sides they hadn't show the slightest reaction.

That same day this officer said by way of warning, "Call your lawyer up and have him call the prosecutor and our director and ask why this matter has been so prolonged."

I was able to call my lawyer twice a week in any case and I had already called on two occasions that week. Despite this I was able to call him, and outlining the situation I said it was necessary that he call the prosecutor, the director and my children. After that I shouted and called for my lawyer. After I'd done all these things I felt sorry about it, but because of if that same day I gained the possibility of being able to call home. Which meant to say that the rules, the system, was nothing but hot air. The following day I called home again, but this time I was so outraged I was unable to speak.

That same week the representative for *Emek* Magazine in Holland, Mehmet Ulger, and an acquaintance called Ali came to visit me. I explained the situation to them.

Mehmet said, "This situation is a great disgrace to Holland."

Later the British lawyers came too.

My brother Apo and nephew Mehmet had been arrested on the allegation that they were illegal aliens. As far as my sister Shirin was concerned, it was being alleged that some "witness" had said she was in Italy in 1986 when something or other had happened and had made a statement full of false accusations. That particular year, my sister had been a student at the Cavusoglu College in Bakirkoy, Istanbul. Since then, twelve years had passed, so what was all this in aid of?

The lawyers said, "*This is a war. That's how we see the situation. This is an extension of the war between the Turkish government and the PKK. All the political circles share this same opinion.*"

Yes, this was a war. The Turkish government wanted to score

a psychological victory by giving the impression, "*Semdin Sakik and his relatives have surrendered. We've destroyed Huseyin Baybasin and those close to him, and the PKK is finished.*" Whereas in actual fact, this tactic was not at all to the detriment of the PKK. Rather it paved the way for them to get into an even stronger position.

I know the Kurdish people very well. My people can be duped, but they'll never bow their heads. Whether the Turkish state would teeter and collapse or not it was we Kurds who were keeping it up on its feet! The Kurdish people had never stopped saying "the Turks are our brothers". We were putting up a formidable fight to prevent the Turkish state from collapse. In Turkey's population distribution, economic, military, political, arts and cultural arenas if we correctly appraise the Kurdish contribution, we can see that it was the dynamism of the Kurdish people which kept the Turkish state propped up and that they were the sole source of its staying alive. The most important duty of Kurdish political circles is for them to enshrine the principle within their institutions of the Kurdish people's right to determine their own future.

All the crimes being imputed to me were sheer nonsense. I felt utterly at ease that not a single accusation had any bearing to me. But the Dutch system was very devious. The prosecution could accuse a person of any offence they wished and bring a case against him. For example, they could attribute some crime to you when there was not a single shred of evidence to prove it. In such a situation they could say, "we're carrying out an investigation" and request a certain period of time in which to do it and then take such a period of time in the guise of accomplishing it. They also had the authority to be able to hold you in custody for that period. While the official period is said to be 106 days, this same period nonetheless allows Holland to be regarded as a civilised country by the international community. They can come up with new accusations against

you at any time. For each new accusation which the prosecutor brings, there will be another 106 days, another 10 months. On the excuse that the investigation is continuing, they can keep you in prison for years... If finally you are acquitted, you have the right to take a case against them to be repaid 150 guilders a day, and this case can also take years.

On one occasion I asked my lawyer, "How can they have a person arrested on such flimsy accusations as these?"

"Unfortunately, that's the way it is. For example, they can detain you for years on the accusation that allegedly you wanted to kill the Dutch monarch. We know many an unjust affair like this. But your situation is manifestly beyond the ordinary," he said.

The cells in Rotterdam Prison are a squalid affair. They can keep you in such a cell legally for 14 days. In order to be able to hold you in such a cell for longer than that as a form of punishment, you need to have committed some offence in prison. Although I had not perpetrated any offence whatsoever, at the conclusion of each 14 day stint they would take a decision in my absence to impose a further 14 day period and I was then informed in writing that this decision was a formal requirement. In strictly legal terms, to be able to hold you in a cell for even a single term required that a statement be taken from you. Despite my being held constantly in the cells I had not made a statement on even a single occasion. The only thing my lawyer could do about it was to appeal, and the reply to this appeal was always ready at hand. It was for my so-called "security"...

Holding me in a cell under the guise that it was for my protection was not a matter of legal procedure, nor was the excuse in any way credible. Suffice it to say that giving the reason for holding me in the cell as being a matter of my security should have meant that I was entitled to make some statement on the subject. Whereas, any such response aside, from the outset

I'd been complaining against it. In the final analysis, not only was it unlawful to hold me in the cells, the real aim behind it had nothing to do with my security. The aim was to cut my ties with the outside world, to prevent contact with my family, and to break me psychologically. Naturally enough, throughout this period, all manner of slanderous articles were being published about me which I was unable to respond to. My lawyer shared my views on this. However, in Holland, lawyers were also just a formality. Their role consisted solely in writing, making conclusions, and talking.

Aside from being affected by the situation I was in, I did not go to pieces nor did I become depressed. For example, I started to exercise a lot more. In this way I spent a month in my cell and from now on I had pen and paper too. By day I'd take up my pen and write. I began to get books from the woman who worked in the library. I read, wrote, and kept up a physical routine. I had the right to a bath every second day and I never let this opportunity pass. If on occasion the officers said they had too much work to do so as to try to keep me from it, I would always insist.

They would frequently ask me, "Aren't you bored?"

I'd reply making various jests. In those first days there had been a coldness between the officers and myself. But later on they started to treat me sincerely and with respect. They'd use terms to my lawyer to describe me like, "a modern prisoner, a civilised person."

We made all the necessary applications to have the conditions of isolation and being kept in a cell lifted, and with every application the officials of those institutions to which we applied would say that we were right. At around this time, I received written notification to say that this last extension would be the final period of detention in my cell. I believed that this message sprang from the pressure we'd been applying. But they had not run out of means to keep the pressure on. On this occasion,

before the 14 days were up, the first officer and a load of others came together to my cell and presented a new decision in writing to me. According to the decision, "*I was said to be very dangerous*" and "*I had been planning to escape.*"

When I had been in Grave Prison in 1996, I had thought of escaping and even of acquiring a gun. What's more, when going from Rotterdam to the Breda court it had been suspected that that there might be some attempt to abduct me. In short, when being escorted from Rotterdam Prison to the Breda court, a decision was taken to step up security around me as they felt some vehicles looked suspicious and there might be an attempt to bust me out. As a consequence, my detention in the cell and in isolation was to be maintained. And as an additional precaution, before leaving my cell I was to put my arms through the slot in the door to be handcuffed; I was to speak with my lawyer from behind a glass partition, and moreover my personal visitors and telephone calls would be reviewed. Neither myself nor my lawyers had been expecting any such decision.

Dangerous thoughts

I never went to the Breda court from Rotterdam as matters would have it. The most tangible justifications would simply be swept away. All the grounds used as justification were based on hearsay and conjecture, devoid of any hard evidence. It was nothing less than nonsense and malicious imputation. But here again, by virtue of appealing to such reasons, the decision was taken for detention in my cell to be prolonged and under the same conditions of isolation. Such a decision was a very good indication of the real make-up of the Dutch government and of its attitude to justice and developments thereafter were even more laughable. They would handcuff me from behind before opening the door of my cell. There was a slot in the centre of the door and first they'd open this slot and then they'd open the door from there. As I emerged from the cell I would be

subjected to a search. The search was ludicrous. The officer would firstly squat down on his heels and search my legs. Following this he would take off my shoes, check inside them and finally put them back on me again. Within the prison walls, in handcuffs, I would be escorted between five officers. Although the distance between the bathroom and my cell was only ten metres even when I went there the same procedures would be observed.

After the long winter the weather had begun to warm up. In the world outside, spring must gradually have been warming up the soil. In the cold days of winter when they had not given me my coat to wear out in the fresh-air area, they were now going to give it to me.

"You wouldn't give it to me when it was cold and now that I don't need it what am I supposed to do with it?" I asked.

"We're just doing as we've been told," they'd say thus pre-empting further discussion.

This was the Dutch government's system of psychological torture and provocation. Even the officers found the reasons given for this decision laughable. They'd joke about it saying, "because of you the loophole in our justice system is getting wider even as it widens."

They knew full well that I hadn't gone from Rotterdam to the Breda Court nor to any other place.

One day my lawyer from Turkey, Berzan Ekinici, two British lawyers and my Dutch lawyer came to see me all together. Berzan was most surprised. He said, "You mean to tell me that you have to meet your lawyers from behind a glass partition! They come to Turkey preaching of human rights, the law and I don't know what and yet they're blind to their own corrupt goings on. I'm going to have this put on the agenda."

As for the British lawyers, they sufficed to say, "It's very ugly."

After this visit it was forbidden for me to meet my lawyer coming from Turkey. Moreover, on the back of it I was transferred to a new top security isolation unit in Tebi, the name for Nieuw

Vosseveld, a prison within the grounds of but separate from Vught Prison. It was June 26th 1998, a Friday. In this way the three month stretch in isolation in my cell in Rotterdam came to an end, including the time spent in the police station and in Arnhem which was all spent in the cells too. What a joke! Three months kept in a cell and they called this "Holland's justice!"

Both in Rotterdam and in the cells where I'd been detained prior to this I kept a physical work-out routine which I went through on a daily basis. This consisted of physical fitness exercises, jogging on the spot, jumping up and down, press ups and the like... After the decision had been made in Rotterdam to subject me to additional pressures I increased my physical regime. The officers couldn't understand it.

Humiliating searches

Fught-Ebi is a world in itself. It bears no relation to the rest of Holland whatsoever but is exactly like a Dutch colony. This here was a prison within a prison.

At the main entrance you would be stripped naked, searched, and then taken by minibus to the Ebi wing. The minibus would meander about the place for a bit then would reach the special unit. This was doubtless done so that a new arrival wouldn't know how far it was located from the main entrance. But because I'd stayed in this prison before, back in 1996 I knew where the special unit was situated in relation to the main entrance.

When you got out from the minibus at what they called Ebi your hands would be handcuffed behind your back and an officer would take hold of the middle section of the handcuffs like a little tail behind you. Two other officers would walk to the right and to the left of you. Another officer would scan your body with an electronic monitoring device.

All the doors are electronically operated. Firstly, the door is unlocked electronically but in order for it to open completely it must also be unlocked by a separate key carried by an officer.

After this door closes again the electronic element of the next door is opened and the officer again uses his own key in the same way and the succeeding doors are opened. You proceed on in this fashion to the next section where the cells are situated. There you are body-searched once more. Again you are stripped naked, your hair is inspected, they search the inside and outside of your ears, inside your mouth, above and below your tongue, beneath your arms, around the penis, between the testicles and above and below them, between your legs, your anus, the inside of your hands and between your fingers, under your feet and between your toes...

This type of intimate body-search is an affront to your dignity and is some "civilised" form of molestation. The officers had already searched you at the entrance in any case yet five minutes later having never left your side these same officers are searching you again! You are defiled in this way for no good reason, yet they just say, "that is the system." Your clothes are searched separately and you are made to put on a pair of overalls. You are put in your cell in this state. Your clothes are brought in to you later. This search episode is repeated once a week or should they feel it to be necessary they can search you more than the once.

There is a total system of isolation here. Telephone calls and visits with family members are cut off. In the name of carrying out an investigation enquiries are made all over again into the people you wish to speak with by phone and who are to visit you, and this scrutiny can go on for months. On top of it, no answer may come at all or you may receive a refusal in relation to the people you nominated to speak with by phone or to have come visit you. You do have the right to appeal against the refusal of these visitors but there is a high probability that the response to your appeal will be "nothing".

At the time I was brought here all my calls to my family, including my children, were stopped. The body-search

arrangements were humiliating and senseless despite the officers being polite. In fact, there was no basis for comparison between them and those in Rotterdam Prison. But it was unfortunate they were allowed no initiative. Every conceivable space was fitted with a camera. There was a window in the cell but it had been constructed in such a way that you could not view the outside. The cell was far more functional than that in Rotterdam but it was also very airless. When you went into the bathroom the bathroom door would close and from an aperture within the door, soap, shampoo and a towel would be dispensed. When you had taken your shower you would return these items in the same way. This time a mop would be dispensed for you to be able to wipe up after you and then you'd return the mop. After that the door would open and you would step outside into the corridor.

There were also sports facilities with a treadmill, a bicycle and electronic body-building equipment to work out your chest and your feet. You were allowed to use the sports facility twice a week for half hour periods. You could also workout with a punch-bag and the cycle in this same section. There was a table-tennis table as well but because the space was narrow and the ceiling low it went largely unused. A kitchen was located at the end of the room. Behind the kitchen lay the area where the officers were stationed. There was a small aperture between the kitchen and the place where the officers sat and the door to the kitchen was situated within the sports section. Three people could go inside the sports facility at any one time but only one could go into the kitchen. To go from the sports section to the kitchen you would press a button so that the door would open automatically for you to go inside. Once you'd gone inside the door would close by itself, it would lock and the door to the opening between the kitchen and the area where the officers sat would open.

Tea and coffee were dispensed from this section and you would

After this door closes again the electronic element of the next door is opened and the officer again uses his own key in the same way and the succeeding doors are opened. You proceed on in this fashion to the next section where the cells are situated. There you are body-searched once more. Again you are stripped naked, your hair is inspected, they search the inside and outside of your ears, inside your mouth, above and below your tongue, beneath your arms, around the penis, between the testicles and above and below them, between your legs, your anus, the inside of your hands and between your fingers, under your feet and between your toes...

This type of intimate body-search is an affront to your dignity and is some "civilised" form of molestation. The officers had already searched you at the entrance in any case yet five minutes later having never left your side these same officers are searching you again! You are defiled in this way for no good reason, yet they just say, "that is the system." Your clothes are searched separately and you are made to put on a pair of overalls. You are put in your cell in this state. Your clothes are brought in to you later. This search episode is repeated once a week or should they feel it to be necessary they can search you more than the once.

There is a total system of isolation here. Telephone calls and visits with family members are cut off. In the name of carrying out an investigation enquiries are made all over again into the people you wish to speak with by phone and who are to visit you, and this scrutiny can go on for months. On top of it, no answer may come at all or you may receive a refusal in relation to the people you nominated to speak with by phone or to have come visit you. You do have the right to appeal against the refusal of these visitors but there is a high probability that the response to your appeal will be "nothing".

At the time I was brought here all my calls to my family, including my children, were stopped. The body-search

arrangements were humiliating and senseless despite the officers being polite. In fact, there was no basis for comparison between them and those in Rotterdam Prison. But it was unfortunate they were allowed no initiative. Every conceivable space was fitted with a camera. There was a window in the cell but it had been constructed in such a way that you could not view the outside. The cell was far more functional than that in Rotterdam but it was also very airless. When you went into the bathroom the bathroom door would close and from an aperture within the door, soap, shampoo and a towel would be dispensed. When you had taken your shower you would return these items in the same way. This time a mop would be dispensed for you to be able to wipe up after you and then you'd return the mop. After that the door would open and you would step outside into the corridor.

There were also sports facilities with a treadmill, a bicycle and electronic body-building equipment to work out your chest and your feet. You were allowed to use the sports facility twice a week for half hour periods. You could also workout with a punch-bag and the cycle in this same section. There was a table-tennis table as well but because the space was narrow and the ceiling low it went largely unused. A kitchen was located at the end of the room. Behind the kitchen lay the area where the officers were stationed. There was a small aperture between the kitchen and the place where the officers sat and the door to the kitchen was situated within the sports section. Three people could go inside the sports facility at any one time but only one could go into the kitchen. To go from the sports section to the kitchen you would press a button so that the door would open automatically for you to go inside. Once you'd gone inside the door would close by itself, it would lock and the door to the opening between the kitchen and the area where the officers sat would open.

Tea and coffee were dispensed from this section and you would

say what you wanted and could speak to the officers. You would also go there if you wanted to work out in the sports facility. "Recreation" they called it and every second day people would come together and hold a meeting sometimes for one and a half, sometimes up to two hours.

The fresh air area was a purpose-built cage and looked like the monkey-cages at the zoo. The floor was asphalt and the four sides were constructed of an aluminium grill.

They'd want you to turn on your light before you came out of your cell. You had to leave your comb, your pen and your toothbrush lying side by side on the shelf of the washbasin in such a way that they could be seen. After they had checked to see that you had nothing in your hands the door would open and you would place your hands on the wall opposite your cell door. Two officers would stand to either side of you. You would first display the palm of your right hand to the officer on your right and he would look inside it and between your fingers. Then you'd rest your right hand on the wall again and starting at the wrist the officer would search you all the way down to your ankle and finally check under your foot. When he said, "okay" the officer on your left would carry out the same search procedure down the left side of your body. Before the search began, the officer on your left would check your shoes. Then officer on the right would open and close the door. When the search was concluded, your hands would be cuffed behind you and one of the officers would take hold of the centre of the handcuffs and follow behind you. The second officer would use his key to open the doors once the mechanical section had opened. In such a way you would go wherever you had to go. Every time you left your cell these procedures would be followed and the entire operation would be monitored on camera. When you went to the fresh-air area, a door opened and after it had closed, you would find yourself in the fresh-air section. You put your hands out through the gap in the door and the handcuffs

are unlocked. Thereafter, the second door opens automatically and you push the door and go inside the cage. Two people can go into the cage at any one time.

You go to the visiting area in the same fashion. The visiting area has been partitioned with walls of glass and inside a camera and listening devices have been installed. This is the place where I meet my lawyer. It is said that it is not official practice to listen in or to observe meetings with the lawyers but they are lying. This place is like no military camp, no hospital, no concentration camp. The Dutch state constructed this place known as Ebi to cater to the criminal and the psychologically complex type and it is run like a colony. There is not a single Dutch person here. Everyone is foreign.

When I first came there were five people in the place. Exactly a week later they were moved to a different part of the same building. There too the same system and organisation is maintained. There are six people here in all and all of them are foreign. Even though the officers behave very well they never step outside the administration's orders. Ninety percent of the procedures are provocative and are aimed at getting you to commit some offence. For example, what you can obtain from the canteen is put in writing but they won't get you what you want. When post arrives it takes 15 days before they give it to you. Even the letters sent to me by my lawyer from Amsterdam take 8-20 days to be given to me. When letters come from my children in England they only find their way into my hands 15-20 days later, whereas as everyone knows, wherever you are in Europe a letter should reach its destination within a matter of a couple of days or so at the most.

A comparison with Bayrampasha

Despite the visiting room being the worst room of all, it's still yours and your visitor or lawyer's and you can make yourselves easily heard. I've been speaking about the bad conditions in this place, but whether you intend to or not, Turkish prisons come to mind. In Bayrampasha Prison which they say is 'turkey's best (the press jest about it as being the "Hilton Hotel")' you get a 15 minute visit and as there are glass partitions and an iron grill between you and your visitor you can hardly see your visitor at all. Fifty-four visiting booths are situated end to end and as visits go on simultaneously it is very hard for you to understand one another.

In Bayrampasha although bunks are provided in the ward for forty people, in almost every ward there are some one hundred and fifty inmates and from time to time this number rises. Forget about there being a separate bunk for each person, there isn't even a blanket between you. Despite the numbers there are also only two toilets and no shower. There is never any hot water. Between two lengths of wood held apart by razors the prisoners would fix a length of electric cable which conducts electricity and an electric light so as to heat water in some plastic jerry cans to be able to wash. In a single twenty four hour period the water could only be heated five times which meant that within this same period only five people could wash. In general, priority was given to those who were going up to court or to the hospital so that they could go in a clean state to wherever they were going.

The food was delivered in vats in what was known as the caravan and it wasn't like food fit for human consumption. What's more the quantity was only adequate for 15-20 people. I saw how numerous people in Turkish prisons without money could not eat adequately and because they were malnourished they came down with all kinds of illnesses. The deplorable hygiene in these prisons was also a source of many of the diseases. In

addition to the water-heating being dangerous a number of accidents and errors resulted in deaths. And as for the torture, well that began when you were still in police custody and carried on in a systematic way regardless until the day you walked free. Some of the officers collaborated with certain inmates in selling various kinds of drugs, running a gambling operation and carrying out extortion against anyone known to have money to the extent that the system became institutionalised. In recent times it had been reported in the press how the prison directors had played a critical role in Mafia account-settling in Bayrampasha Prison. The difference between Turkish and Dutch prisons can be expressed in thousands of examples like this. But when I compare the Dutch and English prisons I can truly say that England is a hundred years ahead of Holland. In English prisons they feed you three times a day and the food is filling. In Dutch prisons you are only fed in the afternoon, that is, once a day and the food is not enough to fill you. In the evenings you'll be offered a slice of cheese or salami as thin as rice-paper so that those who aren't in absolute need don't even bother to take it. The conduct in English prisons, and that of its officers is aimed at deterrence and to impart a lasting impression that it is shameful for a person to commit a crime. In Holland however, it is quite the reverse; constantly provoking a person to transgress they imbue you with malice and hatred such that they end up turning you against the system. The officers in England behave as if they do not lie and carry out the rules and regulations accordingly in a way that is of benefit to the inmates. In Holland, the officers blatantly lie and place the prisoners in a very different kind of situation because of these lies, or they simply punish them. In England they will not put any obstacle in the way of you seeing your lawyer. You can speak on the phone everyday if you wish to. But in the section here where I was being detained I could only speak with my lawyer once a week for a ten minute interval and that was only on condition that you applied by

completing a form the day before. Of course, this was also tied to whether or not the officers had time!

Here social workers were just a formality whereas in England there were educational resources available and you were encouraged to pursue an education. Here, education and such personnel were just for show. I could cite hundreds more such examples to explain what this hundred year difference really means. Another important point: in England if a prisoner possessed no clothes, shoes and clothes were provided. Here they handed you out a pair of overalls and most of the time these were tattered and torn and the likelihood of them being the right size was remote. In England search procedures were civilised and at pains to be respectful to the person and the code of dignity.

Previous experiences of Holland

I had two past experiences of Holland. During the Lice earthquake of 1975, 6,000 people had lost their lives. International relief was carved up between the Turkish officials and sold on the market. This did not go unreported in the press. People were at the end of their tether. The Dutch arrived and within a single day they rained down provisions and erected hundreds of tent shelters. Everybody was very pleased. That same night a wind sprang up, uprooted the tents and swept them away. The people were left helpless out in the cold in the middle of the night. The following day the Turkish papers praised all the help the Dutch had given, which just goes to show that Dutch and Turkish collaboration goes back to then you could say.

My other experience of Holland actually took place in Mozambique. If I'm not mistaken, I was in Mozambique around 1992 or 1993. The communal taxi drivers carried passengers for 500 *metikash* in the local currency. Then one day they decided to put up their prices one hundred percent and charge their

passengers a fare of 1000 *metikash*. We landed at Maputo airport in the capital city that same day. People had taken to the streets in protest and it was just like a war zone, but there were neither police nor soldiers anywhere to be seen. We were very lucky not to be stoned to death that night.

Because of the general uprising our friends who stayed in a detached house out yonder had not been able to come to collect us. When we tried to make our own way there the car we were riding in came under the rain of stones, its windows were shattered and were hit about the hit and various parts of our bodies by the stones. All along the road we came across dead bodies. Vehicles had been set on fire, Telephone and electric poles blocked the middle of the road. But we had no other thought in our minds than to make it to the house and finally we got there. The Dutch Consul and his wife had also found themselves caught out in the open like ourselves and managed to make it just as far as our house. They ended up staying overnight with us. We served them with our best food and drinks. There were four of us living in the house and we gave our guests the best room and kept watch throughout the night with our guns in our hands. When morning came we escorted them as far as their own home. During the evening, we'd spoken about the Kurdish Question. They'd said, "We'll be very pleased if we are able to help out in return one day."

The villainy and injustice I witnessed in the Dutch courts always brought these two experiences to mind.

Today in Holland they are using seven year old kids in porno films. In Holland you are allowed to sell porno films showing eight to ten year olds side by side with those under seven years of age. These films are advertised everywhere you look, including the Internet. Some circles in Holland were complaining about the situation and it was reported that the police had made some arrests. It was in fact true that there had been some arrests but those who'd been behind the business were arrested primarily

for tax evasion. Some of the key players in the porno industry had fallen foul of one another and some people had ended up getting killed over the division of the profits. The police took an interest in the matter because of the tax issue, but they were always silent when it came to the question of minors being caught up in the business.

At around this time another topic had grabbed the attention of the press. The Dutch army had gone into Bosnia to contribute their assistance but Dutch soldiers had been said to have drugged and then raped some underage Bosnian girls. There's no need really for me to write another word about Holland: they and the Turks can be said to suit one another down to the ground. In so saying however, let me make it clear that by this I mean the Dutch and Turkish governments.

The Dutch government tried to present itself as some highly cultivated flower. When I reflect on the Dutch government and what it has done to me I see before my eyes an image of the nun turned prostitute – that nuns who symbolise purity and virtue might succumb to prostitution – that sort of an image. I have no religious belief left but I feel an empathy for the nuns. They are good people. I don't like to have use them in such an example but I felt that only by so extreme an example could I truly express my view of the Dutch government. I can only regard a country which forbids me from seeing my three, six and seven year old infants – and which still calls itself civilised – in this way.

Kurdish names are banned

In England, prisons of this same category do not restrict your reading of newspapers, magazines and books. Here, however, you could only find those books in Turkish recommended by the Turkish Consulate. You could put in an order for any books you liked but they'd always answer you saying, "We have none of that title in stock." In response to this feeble excuse that the

books were not in stock I made an application saying, "let my lawyer send me the books for me to read, inspect them, then give them to me. After I've read them I'll give them to the library."

On this occasion they refused permission on the grounds that "no such prior procedures were in place."

Personal names given to Kurdish children born in Holland must conform to names listed by the Turkish Consulate. If the name does not appear the registrar in Holland will not register your child's name. In other words, it would not be possible for Kurdish family from the north of our land to give their children names in Kurdish. I hadn't believed that this could be true. Then one of my relatives gave her daughter the Kurdish name, "Helin". The Dutch registrar would not formally register it. Moreover the Dutch officials said that they wouldn't register a name unless they had a piece of paper in the affirmative from the Turkish Consulate. As is clear the attitude of the Dutch government to the Kurds did not stop short with those in prison or those it had branded as criminals. It was also in a position where it picked on a new born Kurdish infant. Everything was handled officially within the framework of their relations with Turkey.

The other prisoners

There was a French citizen of Basque origin in the section where I was being held named Balderas. It was alleged that he'd planned to rob a vehicle carrying the cash belonging to an Amsterdam bank. The crime was one of attempted robbery. But he himself claimed that no such thing had happened. The police were said to have seen this individual out in front of the bank from which the vehicle was to have picked up the money and claimed "We were tipped off". They'd fired three shots at him. The man had fallen to the ground and as he lay there, seeing he wasn't dead the police had fired two more shots. A metal florin lying just above his heart had saved his life. The

bullet had been deflected by the coins. Some while later the man had come to, raised his head and wanted help. A crowd had gathered. The police had whacked him in the mouth with a truncheon and laid him flat. The ambulance was sent to take him on the basis that he was dead. The ambulance attendants only understood that he hadn't in fact died as they drove him away. From that moment, the police were unable to intervene further.

Baldaras would say, "Even as the pain after the operation lessened the pain from the injury inflicted by the police baton still throbbed. Two of his top teeth had been knocked out by the baton blow and the two teeth beside the two broken ones and four lower teeth were all loose. He'd received a six year sentence and been inside for eight months.

They'd told him, "Give up the appeal and go back to France. You'll be able to see your children in France every week."

He'd say, "I will not give up the appeal. If I'm not acquitted by the appeal court I'll take my case to the European Court of Human Rights."

If after the appeal would be heard his sentence were to exceed a year, they said that they would fix his teeth. For the last eight months the poor man was unable to chew his food and could only swallow. One bullet was still lodged in his body. Some nights he'd be crying out till morning. When the pain struck he'd be very uncomfortable. The other day they put Baldaras "behind the door." Here this is an additional form of punishment. You are left alone and deprived of sports and other privileges. Generally, this practice is applied against those who commit an offence in prison. They used it against Baldaras giving the justification "you are said to be dangerous". In addition all communications including telephone calls were prohibited. This because he appealed. If he had been content to abandon the appeal and serve the remainder of his sentence in France he could save himself from this situation.

Aware of what they were trying to do Baldaras would say, "No problem."

He was a very interesting man. Having been kept behind the door for three weeks, his family publicised the situation on the Internet in protest. Three weeks later they put him back on the normal routine. He came back together with us. His antics were far, far more comical than Charlie Chaplin and he should have been a comedian but he'd become a criminal. He didn't like the officers at all. He'd been inside for eight months and there hadn't been any lapse in discipline. I didn't know what his life outside was like but he seemed to be a man in charge of himself. Baldaras was just one example. I encountered many such examples in Dutch prisons.

They had also planted someone there beside me who was there for rape. They did this with the aim of provoking me and getting me to create some incident. Despite bringing the matter to the attention of the officers, the director, the social worker and my lawyer countless times, and with some insistence, they kept the man right there next to me. In general terms, he should have been held somewhere apart from us. But to provoke me they put him right there beside me. He too was up-tight. He kept expecting me to attack him. If I were to knock him down, I'd kill him while I was at it. In my view the things such low-life types had done were real crimes. He had raped and killed two Turkish women, four Arab women and a French woman. He'd also raped a sixth. I cannot tolerate or condone such a thing in any shape or form. Even in time of war this is the worst of all crimes. Such disgusting behaviour is unacceptable. In a democratic country, laws should be able to punish a person. In my opinion, people like this are perverted and should be kept under treatment in hospital. Because the authorities knew what kind of person I was they deliberately planted this man alongside me. They also knew how difficult it was for me to hold myself back from giving him a hiding. If I couldn't hold

myself back and was to aim a blow at him the cameras on all sides would record it and use it as concrete evidence for them to be able to keep me in prison for the rest of my life. Even the officers here were angry over the situation and said they didn't consider it to be right. However, short of saying "These are the orders we've received," their hands were tied.

According to Dutch law, if there is any problem between inmates the officers are obliged to sort it out. It's a crime for someone to take the matter into their own hands and attempt to resolve it. If you make a problem known to the officers in your role as a detainee, they have the burden of getting to the root of it and eliminating the problem. This is just what I did, describing the problem to the officers. But everyone of any influence just repeated the same thing: "You're right. It shouldn't be like this."

I learned afterwards that the orders came directly from the prosecutor. I'd described the problem to the officers but the authorities were using the officers in a negative way. In this situation should any problem manifest the authorities would not be responsible. There was but a single reason why they should plant this perverted man beside me and that was to incite me, to provoke me, to try to get me to commit some offence. Whatever might happen, this was after all a civilised country. They would not carry out an act of torture directly. Even if I raised my voice against this man the officers would fall upon me with their truncheons.

The officers here may have been unaware of any such plot. Most of them were pleased just to have work to be able to support their families and were working people trying to execute their duties with care. It were not as if there those amongst them who were ignorant about themselves, immoral and sadistic, but it was an exception, the majority were of good character. If a report were laid down in front of them saying, "*Baybasin is very dangerous and when headed for an argument disable him at once,*

"if the officers did not respond as required they would be held responsible. This would mean they would be deprived of their jobs and no European wants that. Of these officers (one of the best of them) warned me saying, "If you get yourself tangled up with this man you'll suffer an onslaught so forcible such that you can't imagine and you'll get hurt."

When I responded by asking, "Are you aware that you're provoking me?" he was both surprised and embarrassed.

"We here - those of us working here - don't like this situation at all. You're right. What I've just been telling you is meant as a warning to you, not as a provocation. But should think I'm provoking you're also right. Under normal circumstances this man should not be there with you. All of which puts you in the position of saying: "There'll be a problem if I remain with this man." We should be thanking you and holding this fellow somewhere else. But instead we're standing by waiting for some incident to happen. If you pick a fight, it's going to be serious. The moment we are aware that's happening we'll be obliged to carry out our orders and won't be able to do a thing to prevent it. However, I'm actually doing something I ought not to be doing now and warning you. I believe that you're a good person. Secondly, I don't like this vermin either, but our every action is being observed, do you understand? You're an intelligent fellow," he said.

I'm certain that this officer's words were spoken frankly and sincerely. Now, those wanting to put me at odds with this officer, goading me to commit some offence while I was detained here were none other than the officials from the Dutch Ministry of Justice and they represented the state as well as the workings of justice. So much for the state and its concept of crime. These were the very people who made and enforced the laws in order to reform the crime and the criminal. These were the ones with the right to manufacture and sell weapons and then criminalise the one who used them. You manufacture every

kind of heavy armament, produce chemical weapons and sell them to Saddam Hussein. Saddam uses these against the Iranians, goes on to kill 6,000 Kurdish civilians without thought as to whether they are women or children, young or old, but just executes them, maims thousands of others, and still you behave as if it was no concern of yours. To top things off you don't even react. In the interim years go by and Saddam is now seen as being detrimental to the interests of the Middle East's vultures and so you forget everything that has gone before and attack Saddam. For what reason? So called human rights and democracy: when you were handing over the guns and the chemical weapons did these actions conform to human rights and democracy? Where was the United Nations when Saddam massacred the Kurds? It was forbidden for Saddam to kill the Kurds in south Kurdistan, but right before the world's eyes the Turkish government burnt and razed Kurdish towns, villages and all settlements under its control; destroyed the means of production; burnt the cultivated lands and the forests; killed the livestock; executed people at gunpoint at will; tied their victims behind German and Dutch tanks and dragged them while they were still fully alive until they were dead; posed for photographs they took after decapitating the heads of human beings like animals and grasping these heads in their hands grinned at the camera; forbade the Kurds they'd left behind from speaking their mother tongue; tortured those who did not applaud these fine acts and hauled them off to prison; incessantly crossed the borders into south Kurdistan and murdered the Kurds their with their tanks, bombs, missiles, jet fighters and chemical weapons - was it all just a form of entertainment for the states which ruled the world? Did these governments compete with each other as to who could sell Turkey the most weapons just for the money? Or is the real tragedy that indeed this is just entertainment for these people? Do they drag this situation out so as not to put an end to the entertainment?

My children are investigated

I completed my first two months here. There were no visits, no phone calls. But even as I said this, the decision reached me saying that I could talk with my wife. Without losing an instant I sprang into action. At the precise moment that I was going to speak on the phone they said I couldn't talk with my children. It was not within my power to take this coolly. They began to talk nonsense saying the investigation into my wife was completed but that that into my children had not yet been so. There are limits to shamelessness, to a lack of principles, but this can't be said to apply to Holland. Don't say, what can there possibly be to investigate about some three year old, six and seven year old children? Remember we're speaking here of a state which condones their children of the same age being exploited in the porno industry. But of course, too, their other aim was to provoke me.

A week after I'd spoken with my wife, they told me that the forms I'd filled out so as to be able to speak with my children had been lost. I had to complete new forms for them and send them to my wife. My wife would have to sign these and return them to me. After this, the forms would be sent on to the Dutch police; from the Dutch police to the British Consulate; from the British Consulate to the British police ... the British police would go to my home and see my children and would investigate whether or not they had any past convictions. After establishing whether or not any enquiries about them were ongoing and if everything was in order the forms would follow the same route back again and be despatched to the prison administration so that I could speak with my children.

They knew that as far as my children were concerned I could not be pushed. So they were determined to go after them in this way and prevent me from speaking with them. They wanted to use the lack of contact with my children as a means to provoke me. I guess they were of the opinion that I could only be made

to crack by this one thing which I lacked.

One day, the chief and a number of officers suddenly plunged into my cell. The chief asked, "Do you have a daughter?"

"Yes, I do."

"How old is she?"

"Seven."

"Is this her handwriting?"

They held a card out towards me. I looked closely and recognised my daughter's handwriting. She'd written in English.

"Yes, it's her writing."

Waiting for them to give me the card, he went on in a chilly tone of voice and said, "Yes, the card has come from your daughter, but we can't give it to you."

"Why can't you give it to me?"

"There is an obscured section beneath the pieces of paper glued on to the card and we cannot therefore submit it to our control procedures."

"In that case, rip the bits of paper off and look underneath."

Telling me, "We can't do this. There is no such rule to allow it," he passed the card to another officer and this time extracted a letter from the same envelope.

"Is this your daughter's handwriting?"

"Yes."

"Even so, we cannot give this to you either."

"For what reason?"

"Because the card and the letter have both been sent in the same envelope. According to the regulations, we either give you all of it or none of it."

"You are joking no doubt?"

Remarking, "What joke!" they approached the door ready to leave.

"Very well then, what if you were to give me a photocopy of the letter?"

"No," they said and departed.

The letter had been written in English. My seven year old daughter, Hezal, who didn't know I was in prison had given the letters to her mother who had posted them to me. My daughter had glued red, green and yellow strips of paper – the Kurdish national colours – on to the card. Applying the justification that some undesirable ingredient might lie beneath the strips of paper they had not given me my little child's letter and thereby used a tiny little girl's communications with her father as a means of provocation. Despite speaking with my lawyer and the social worker to get the letter, there was no change in the situation.

It is forbidden to speak Kurdish

I suffered stomach cramps for days on end because of this incident. While suffering the stress of this meaningless and despicable behaviour they also came and told me, "*You will no longer be able to speak in Kurdish with your wife.*" I exploded. This is what these curs wanted in any case. They wanted to provoke me to the extent that I'd fly back at them. I hadn't created a problem over their not giving me my child's card and letter but I'd used my legal rights to appeal. At the time when they'd told me I could only speak with my wife but not with my children again I had not responded to the provocation as they'd anticipated but had again pursued the legal avenues to be able to speak with my children by phone. Now I was face to face with the disgusting and cheap initiative that "*you will not speak in Kurdish.*" But this tactic did not destroy my inner resolution to resist either. On the contrary it strengthened my resolve to rebuild and re-establish my country.

I narrate these events coolly here and now but you should have seen me at the moment the officers said this to me!

That the Director should say to me, "In any case Kurdish is only a dialect, isn't it?"

"Dutch is essentially a dialect of German. Of the 15 million

inhabitants of the Netherlands, five million are foreign nationals. My country has a population of fifty million people. Before Holland and the Dutch language, Turkey and Turkish came into people there was a Kurdistan and the Kurdish language. Such is history. If you are not aware of this go and visit the library and read the books written by your own Dutch experts on this subject," I said.

Without so much as a murmur, he simply turned and left.

As far as the English are concerned they have no such cheap complex as this. Where these people would not fix Balderas' teeth even though they had broken them themselves in English prisons they would even make a gold crown for the prisoners' teeth; the prisoners would remove the gold and send it outside, and again a new crown would be made for them. The officers laughed at this situation but they didn't try to impede the prisoners' fantasies. I asked one of the inmates prisoners in England's Parkhurst Prison: "This gold won't fetch you much money, what are you doing it for?"

He'd said, "I enjoy it."

Because over there it was possible to do it.

The British gave my brother a three year prison sentence for unlawful possession of a weapon. I was very upset. Not only had the gun belonged to me but it was also a very light hand-gun (being only 22 calibre) and it had been found in the house in a place my brother did not know about. This sentence was deliberately imposed on my brother. I was nauseated. When speaking about the conditions in English and Dutch prisons I consider it valuable to point out that their behaviour towards their own nationals is very different from the way they treat foreigners. If Balderas, the French citizen held here had been a Dutch citizen his teeth would long ago have been fixed. And although I consider the conditions in the prisons in England to be better I also think it desirable to make it clear that there is a practice of discrimination in place in terms of how a British

national is treated in relation to a foreign national and this situation works to the detriment of the foreigner.

Despite all these things in England they would not do such ridiculous things as to say you cannot speak your mother tongue and you cannot talk to your three year old child. You would not suffer such a tragedy there.

In the prisons in Holland there was provision for a television to be installed in your cell, but it was in return for payment. There would be no television for someone who didn't have the money. But as for the imposition of isolation there would be no television at all. In the cells in this section you could find a television on condition that you paid 13 guilders a week. But the TV would be switched on from the administration centre at five in the evening and switched off at one at night. Over the weekend it would be on all day.

In Holland detainees stay in the same wards as sentenced prisoners. On the ground that there is overcrowding in the sections of the prison where whose crimes have been proven and accepted, on other words, the sentenced should be incarcerated they are held instead alongside unsentenced detainees. This situation can be maintained in this way for years on end and the sentenced person can complete their term in this fashion. In addition a lot of decisions in writing are used against the prisoner. At the end of these decisions in the small print they give reasons such as "if in practice it is suitable" and according to the circumstances the officers may behave alternatively in practice" in such a way that it is used entirely to the detriment of the prisoner.

In the little book of rules it is stated that I am entitled to one hour of fresh air a day. Despite this decision in writing sometimes I would not be taken out into the fresh air at all and on those days when I am taken out, they would always say that the period of time allocated to me for fresh air was a half hour. There were days when they even kept this under half an hour. The three

month stint in Arnhem and Rotterdam Prisons passed entirely in this way. As for the famous Vught-Ebi here, the right to fresh air was complied with. Up until the present time of writing we did not encounter a situation where fresh-air time was restricted. Here it was very important to get fresh air because there were no windows and you couldn't even see the open air. In addition to the iron bars on the windows, they had been insulated with tinted glass. Was the fresh air the key thing in this section or to accord with the rules of discipline I don't know, but the fresh air was never put off with an excuse and this was something very positive for us.

The previous week the German police had paid an authorised visit to my nephew Nizamettin who was being held in Germany. They told him, "if you make a statement against your brother, Giyasettin, we'll let you go."

Giyasettin was resident in Belgium and now because of me Holland had resorted to some fit-up sort of justifications to bring accusations against him and hold him. The date for his hearing was approaching and they didn't have a scrap of evidence against any of us in their hands. Not even recognising its own legal system the Dutch government continued to pursue an extrajudicial course of action against us to fabricate some crime that could be attributed to us so as to punish us. In so doing they would satisfy the Turkish gangster state. The German police had spoken to Nizamettin without the knowledge of his lawyer in such a way that this was also beyond the bounds of German law. It's my feeling that their telling him that if he spoke against his brother he'd be set free was not just against German law but contravened all written legal codes. No lawsuits had been heard against Giyasettin in Germany whatsoever. The request for Nizamettin to speak out against his brother Giyasettin was for the case in Holland. The unlawful visit by the German police to Nizamettin where he was being held in prison just went to show the dimensions of the collaboration against us. As a

consequence this conspiracy is the most open proof of our innocence. Moreover it is a clear indication of the real view of these countries on human rights and of a decent civilised society. From this point of view it represents a most important example for me.

At last I'm going to get to hear my children's voices

After months of intense psychological torture and when the provocation which went this failed to produce the desired result permission was finally given for me to be able to speak with my children but on the condition that Kurdish was not spoken... My small son knew no other language than Kurdish. We appealed to the highest courts against this but as yet have had no response.

Requests made by my friends Selahattin Celik, Mehmet Salih Ceviker and Mehmet Ulger to speak with me were refused. No reason whatsoever for this refusal was shown. A court decision was taken prohibiting me from making any press statements. In actual fact this wasn't a court decision but a decision passed by the examining judge I'd come up before. The decision was entirely aimed at silencing me. The refusal of permission to these friends of mine from being able to talk with me was taken with the aim of preventing my voice from reaching the public. Once again I took pains to keep myself on the ball. The day will come, the harvest will be reaped... If I live I will certainly be seeking an account for this filth.

At the time of writing within one week I will have spent six months inside. The Dutch government is trying to wear me down, to cut off my contact with the outside world and to continue to provide its assistance to the Turkish gangster state. Whether they do this willingly or whether its against their wishes, I don't know but by supporting Turkey's mobster administration they are driving Turkey towards its own destruction. I know this is what the Turkish Mafia government wants but I'm not so sure about the position of the Europeans.

Their fundamental objective was to destroy us. If they couldn't destroy us they wanted to pacify us. If they couldn't do this then they would silence us. Of course too they also planned on handing us captive to the Turkish gangster state. They had succeeded in doing only one thing and that was in subjecting us to a very great and unjust attack with serious repercussions. In any case, we had kept all these things clearly in front of our eyes when we first started this business. It is necessary to display these sufferings in order to live as a decent human being and in a free country. At the present time it looks as if it will be down to history's mature sense of responsibility to determine who will pay the price for what our spotless children with no knowledge of anything have had to go through.

Part Five

FROM MY JOURNAL

Welcome, little Keyqubat

19 September 1998, Saturday

Today was a different kind of a day for me. I received the most moving news. They came in the afternoon and passed on a message from my lawyer. A child had been born to me. We had been expecting my wife to give birth since early September. I was worried as the birth had not happened by the normal date. If by September 17, my wife had still not given birth they were going to have to operate. Today I got the news that the birth had been without complications. Tomorrow is the day when I'm allowed to phone. I'll get more precise information. The birth took place at five o'clock in the morning and it was a healthy birth. Since September 8th I'd been feeling very irritable but with this news comes a great sense of relief.

Life continues in opposition to the Turkish mob and Holland's double-crossing. My fourth child has been born. A boy. I was present at the births of my other children. But it is on account of the Dutch government's unscrupulousness that I was not able to be there for the birth of this child of mine. This has upset me greatly. Every father must be there with his children from the time that they're born until they come of age and in