

THE LIFE OF COMMUNIST LEADER IBRAHIM KAYPAKKAYA AND HIS RESISTANCE UNDER TORTURE



FOREWORD

A Chronicle of Resistance: The Tortured Interrogation and Martyrdom of İbrahim Kaypakkaya

This document presents a day-by-day historical account of the capture, tortured interrogation, and eventual execution of İbrahim Kaypakkaya—one of the most lucid and striking figures of the revolutionary movement in Turkey. He was not merely a young revolutionary leader, but a monument of defiance who proved that even when physically destroyed, one’s political and ideological stance could remain unbroken.

What befell Kaypakkaya was not an ordinary detention or routine interrogation. The state sought, through him, to annihilate an idea, a political line, a historical rupture. Yet it failed: where they tried to destroy his body, they unintentionally gave strength to his ideas.

This text does not only recount the physical torment he endured, but also reveals the political clarity, composure, and unwavering commitment he carried until his final breath. Each paragraph shows how, against the decaying of a human body, a soul, a consciousness, a revolutionary determination stood firm.

The reader will not only witness a history in these pages, but will also be compelled to reflect—at every station along this harsh journey, from detention cells to courtrooms, from torture chambers to the coffin—on what revolutionary will and absolute refusal to surrender truly mean.

A Chronicle of Resistance: The Tortured Interrogation and Martyrdom of İbrahim Kaypakkaya

When the commander, with a slightly angry expression, reacted by saying, “Have you still not given up on that mindset?”, İbrahim smiled and replied, “My current condition is better than being under the domination of people like you.”

The entire process concerning İbrahim Kaypakkaya, who was killed on March 18, 1973—from his capture to the moment his father carried his coffin on a porter’s back—has been detailed at various times and in many places by Muzaffer Oruçoğlu, his lawyer, and his father. Here is the story of Kaypakkaya’s killing...

İbo was wounded when he was captured. Hüseyin Duman, who led the unit by walking ahead and bringing them to Vartinik Hamlet, fired his break-action shotgun during the raid, and the pellets lodged in the back of İbo’s head and his shoulder.

Intelligence officer First Lieutenant Fehmi Altınbilek, who also took part in the Kızıldere operation, made İbo walk through the snowy valley between Mirik and Kutudere with his hands chained behind his back. His toes became frostbitten during the march. In the Kutudere settlement, they gave İbo half a bucket of cold water to massage his feet. They pressured the villagers to spit on his face.

When they brought him by jeep to the central gendarmerie station in Dersim, the back of his head was wounded, and his toes were frostbitten. On his head was a brown cap with a patched top; on his back, a military parka over a jacket and sweater; on his legs, three pairs of pants given to him by the villagers of Barıkbaşı when they sent him to a cave at night; and on his feet, wet wool socks covered by nylon socks and a pair of size 45 Çelik-brand rubber shoes.

In this condition, İbo is beaten and subjected to falaka (beating the soles of the feet) at the station. Two urgent demands are made of him: 1) the names and possible locations of those who escaped, and 2) the names of organization members located in Dersim center and districts.

İbo resists and says nothing. As a result, he is brought before Prosecutor Mehmet Seyhan, who has been closely following the situation. Realizing that he is facing someone speaking with determined and self-assured language, the prosecutor records İbo’s statements exactly as given. This becomes his first official testimony. Afterward, Fehmi Altınbilek places İbo

between two soldiers in a jeep and, along with the driver, takes him directly to the Martial Law Command in Diyarbakır.

İbo is brought to the interrogation center of the Martial Law Command. Military police, barking orders, iron bars... Inside the cell they throw him into, there's a single metal cot. They take his clothes, give him pajamas, and blindfold him. The interrogation team, accompanied by Military Prosecutor Yaşar Değerli, immediately puts İbo through falaka.

After the initial round of falaka, the interrogators, noticing that İbo's feet had turned black up to the ankles due to frostbite, bring a doctor into the cell. The doctor states that the frostbite is at a third-degree level, with dark-colored blisters likely filled with clotted blood. He warns that if İbo is not hospitalized, the frostbitten toes could rot and fall off on their own, and the detainee could face gangrene.

In response, Prosecutor Yaşar Değerli orders that the detainee be transferred to the military hospital and that the interrogation continue there after treatment.

The next morning, İbo is taken to the military hospital and confined to a room in the basement. He is laid on his back and chained by one hand and one foot to a metal bed. An armed guard is posted at the door.

The battalion commander assigned to İbo gives strict orders that no one aside from the medic Hacı Zülfikar Yıldız and his supervising neurosurgeon Turan Daltaban may come into contact with the detainee. He also has photos of both the medic and the surgeon posted on the door to prevent sentries from mistakenly letting anyone else into the room during shift changes.

The medic begins dressing İbo's feet twice a day. The surgeon cuts away the wounded, infected skin at the back of İbo's head and bandages it.

İbo's chains are only loosened when the doctor arrives, during meals, and for bathroom visits. In the adjacent cell is Fatma Erez from Siverek, who was arrested in the same case. There is no guard at her door, and she listens carefully to every conversation held with İbo.

Two or three days after İbo's admission to the hospital, Military Judge and MİT officer Captain Yaşar Değerli—who served under the Diyarbakır Martial Law Command and was involved in high-profile cases such as that of İsmail Beşikçi—arrives with his clerk and the battalion commander supervising İbo, to take a statement. (Bahri Yağcı, a military judge of the era and close to Istanbul Martial Law Commander Faik Türün, would later say about the torture at Ziverbey Mansion: "I had no connection with that. I didn't want one either. But some colleagues did—like our Yaşar Değerli.")

İbo's chains are removed. He is in the grip of severe pain in the back of his head, his shoulders, and feet. The battalion commander leaves the room. As soldiers bring in a small table and three chairs, placing a typewriter on the table, İbo turns his gaze toward Yaşar Değerli and states that he will not give a statement—that he will present his defense in court.

Yaşar Değerli insists, saying that if İbo agrees to give a statement, his chains will be removed and he will be treated like a regular prisoner. İbo refuses. The prosecutor leaves the room with his clerk. He believes he will be able to break İbo during the post-hospital interrogation process.

Meanwhile, İbo's father, Ali Kaypakkaya, comes to Diyarbakır hoping to see his son. He petitions the martial law authorities and persists, but he is told that the detainee is under interrogation and legally cannot be allowed to meet anyone. The father returns without being able to see him.

Around the same time, lawyer Şerafettin Kaya attempts to obtain İbo's legal power of attorney to represent him in court, but he is prevented from doing so.

Kaya explains the situation as follows:

"Before I was arrested, İbrahim Kaypakkaya had been captured in Dersim, taken into custody, arrested, and placed in solitary confinement in prison. Based on what his fellow inmates said, I tried to meet with him as his lawyer by contacting the Corps Legal Advisor. The Advisor

was unavailable. A reserve officer who was a law school graduate was on duty. He told me that Kaypakkaya had frostbitten feet and was therefore taken to the hospital. With an official permit for visitation and power of attorney, I went to the hospital. A clerk from the Diyarbakır notary also accompanied me. We went to the section in the hospital's basement where Kaypakkaya was held, accompanied by the on-duty senior sergeant. Just as we entered, a non-commissioned officer rushed in and blocked us from reaching Kaypakkaya, forcing us out of the room before we could speak or have the power of attorney signed. Kaypakkaya looked stunned; he only heard that I was a lawyer there to take his power of attorney."

"I had to attend court hearings in Muş, so I left, thinking I would see him upon returning to Diyarbakır. But I never managed to get Kaypakkaya's power of attorney. It didn't happen, and I never got to meet him." (Şerafettin Kaya, Excerpts from My Life in the Kurdistan Liberation Struggle, p.422)

As the frostbite on İbo's toes progresses toward gangrene, the doctor decides he must undergo surgery. Except for the little toe on his left foot, all of his toes on both feet are amputated and the feet are wrapped in bandages.

Meanwhile, the case files related to İbo and his trial are transferred from Istanbul and Dersim to Diyarbakır. The files include İbo's handwritten manuscripts and the texts he dictated to Meral Yakar—such as Kemalism, The National Question, General Criticism, and others. The file also contains a brief report by the National Intelligence Organization (MİT) on İbo and the Communist Party of Turkey (Marxist-Leninist).

Upon carefully reading the file, Yaşar Değerli comes to a deeper understanding of the seriousness of his role in relation to state security.

İbo develops friendly relationships with the medical orderly who regularly dresses his feet and the soldiers who unchain him during meals and for bathroom visits. Prosecutor Yaşar Değerli receives regular updates on the situation through a trusted soldier and begins giving him specific instructions.

The soldier gives İbo paper and a pen, telling him he can secretly mail any letters he writes. Trusting the soldier, İbo writes a letter to his father but, absentmindedly, writes the address incorrectly on the envelope. The soldier hands the letter to Yaşar Değerli, who, seeing it as an ordinary family letter, orders it to be posted. When the letter is returned a week later, İbo realizes the address was wrong and places even more trust in the soldier.

İbo then writes a letter to his friend Rıfki at Istanbul University, containing political instructions. The letter calls for restoring the morale of comrades demoralized by recent arrests and disciplining the comrade who fell asleep while on guard duty at Vartınik, among other things. The soldier again delivers the letter to Yaşar Değerli. Değerli takes the letter seriously, places it in the case file, and issues orders for Rıfki's arrest.

Prosecutor Değerli returns to the hospital a second time with his clerk. When he again fails to obtain a statement, he engages in a loud and heated argument with İbo. He accuses İbo of distorting history through his writings, slandering the founder of the Republic, attempting to destroy the state, and trying to divide the country.

İbo not only defends himself with his characteristic stubbornness but also accuses Değerli of committing crimes against the people. As the prosecutor leaves the room in anger, he shouts: "So you'll write all this and then refuse to give a statement, is that it? If you don't talk, I will be the one to kill you. You will die by my hands."

During an inspection of the military hospital, Martial Law Commander Lieutenant General Şükrü Olcay enters İbo's room accompanied by his aides and the hospital director. The medical orderly responsible for dressing İbo's wounds, administering IV fluids, and giving injections recounts the moment as follows:

"I'll never forget that day. The commander of the 2nd Army came—my guess is that the visit was specifically to see İbrahim. I was on my way down with the dressing cart. The battalion

commander said to me, ‘Hacı, was this really the right time to come?’ I explained I had to do it at the same time every morning. They opened the door and let me in. I witnessed the conversation. The commander asked İbrahim, ‘Who are you?’ İbrahim answered, ‘I am a revolutionary.’ The commander muttered, ‘Do all communists smile like this?’ and left the room, grumbling.”

After some time, İbo was taken from the hospital back to the Martial Law interrogation center. There, from mid-February to early May, he was interrogated by Prosecutor Yaşar Değerli and his team, enduring unbearable suffering. Captured comrades, including villagers from Barıkbaşı, were brought in and made to stand before him for face-to-face confrontations. At every confrontation, he denied everything and stubbornly defended his comrades.

During this period, İbo’s father, Ali, comes to Diyarbakır a second time to see his son. Despite all his efforts and appeals, he is once again forced to return without being allowed a meeting.

Once the prosecutor is convinced that İbo can no longer be forced to talk, he ends the interrogation in late April and orders İbo to be placed in one of the three solitary cells in the Fortification Detention Center within Diyarbakır’s Seventh Army Corps, then departs for Ankara.

At that time, there was an internal debate within MİT (the National Intelligence Organization) regarding which subversive elements posed the greatest threat to the state. One faction believed that the subversive forces embedded in western universities, labor unions, and working-class neighborhoods—forces that had not yet been completely eradicated—were biding their time and would regain strength when the opportunity arose, and thus represented the primary danger.

The other view saw the real threat as the organizational activities in the East (Kurdistan). According to this perspective, two major sources of danger could, in the long run, seriously preoccupy the state. The first were Kurdish nationalists cooperating with Barzani; the second was the communist movement, which viewed past Kurdish uprisings as justified and, if strengthened, aimed to establish an independent, socialist Kurdistan. Although both nationalist and communist elements had been rendered ineffective at that moment, they still retained the potential to become threats in the future.

When İbo was brought to the cell and chained by his ankles to the bed, he was physically quite worn down. In the detention center, prisoners weren’t supposed to be shackled. But for İbo, this wasn’t a serious issue. Having emerged victorious from the interrogation, his morale was high.

Feeling the need to let the neighboring cell know that a communist had arrived, he began to sing *The Internationale*. Now he could prepare his defense for the court and possibly see his father.

He told the prison administration that he wanted to write a letter to his family and asked for paper and a pen—they gave them to him. He wrote a letter to his father, informing him that the visitation ban had been lifted and they would be able to meet. Around the same time, he outlined a detailed plan for his court defense, listing its points one by one. This outline is also part of the case file.

A few detainees held in the same case catch glimpses of İbo through his cell door, lying down with his ankles chained. But they are unable to speak to him.

In mid-May, Prosecutor Yaşar Değerli returns from Ankara. On May 17, İbo is taken from his cell. As he is being led away, he sees his fellow detainees behind iron bars, smiles, and waves to them.

That night, between May 17 and 18, he is executed by gunfire at the place where he is being held. Later, to hide the bullet wounds, parts of his body where the bullets entered are cut away, and his corpse is placed in the morgue of the military hospital.

Yaşar Değerli feels the satisfaction of having eliminated the leaders of the two dangerous movements in the East—first Dr. Şivan, then İbo. He informs his close friend, intelligence officer First Lieutenant Fehmi Altınbilek, of the execution.

İbo's father, Ali Kaypakkaya, sets off after receiving his son's letter. Let us now hear the rest in his own words:

It was that trip. The road passed through Bala, then through Kırşehir and Kayseri. As we were climbing the slope past Gölbaşı, two officers were sitting in front of me. I didn't know their exact ranks, but they seemed like a lieutenant and a major. I said, "I'm going to Diyarbakır too."

"Why are you going?" they asked.

"My son is in the Diyarbakır Military Prison. I'm going to see him."

"What's his name?"

"İbrahim Kaypakkaya," I said.

They replied, "Your son won't be taken alive."

It was a Sunday morning when I arrived—May 20. In Diyarbakır, they call it Dağkapı. As I walked from there to Mardinkapı, I was deep in thought the entire way. I tried to keep myself busy until evening. The next day, I went again, but once more, they didn't let me see him.

"This is the third time I've come to see my son and haven't been able to," I said. "Please let me see him—don't stop me." They finally relented and sent me inside. Lieutenant Colonel Ahmet was still there, along with the line sergeants doing ID checks. Same words again. I went up to the lieutenant colonel. He told me to wait in the booth again. Mevlüt Karaaslan was also there. This time, no one said a word. He wore a short-sleeved summer shirt. That lieutenant from Merzifon was there again, looking somber. He said nothing. By then, İbrahim was already dead.

None of them were talking like before—just silence. Mevlüt Karaaslan paced back and forth proudly with a pistol at his waist and that short-sleeved shirt. Then the lieutenant colonel arrived. He had a piece of paper in his hand, which he handed to the lieutenant, saying, "You handle the paperwork." There was a jeep parked nearby. They put me in it, and we set off. The vehicle sped toward the outskirts of Ergani.

İşte İbrahim Kaypakkaya'nın babası Ali I had some hesitant thoughts—perhaps they were going to ask me something about my son or take my statement. But we passed even that point. We were apparently going to the Martial Law Command. When we arrived, the driver told me, "Wait in the car," and went inside. He came back a little later and called me in, so I ran over.

I kept asking the driver, "Is İbrahim here? Are they going to let me see him here?" I had a heavy feeling inside. The driver said, "No, uncle, not here." Did he already know? Anyway, we went inside. He placed me in a room to the left. A civilian man was sitting there. He said, "Wait, light a cigarette or something." But I had a tight pain in my chest. I paced back and forth in the room, saying, "No, I won't light a cigarette."

After a while, the door opened. The Martial Law Commander at that time was Brigadier General Şükrü Olcay. He entered with a colonel and the prison warden, Lieutenant Colonel Ahmet. As soon as the door opened, I turned around. The general gave me a stern, head-to-toe look.

"What is your relation to İbrahim?" he asked.

"I'm his father," I replied.

"Well, this isn't something one says outright, but I'll say it—İbrahim is dead," he said.

I had brought the notification letter thinking we were going to meet—he said he wanted to prepare his defense consciously. I had come in the hope of seeing him, and now this man was telling me he was dead. I blurted out, "What did he die of? Just nine days ago he wrote me a letter asking for information to prepare his defense—how could he die?"

“He committed suicide here. He’s dead,” he said.

“You killed İbrahim,” I said. “You murdered him.”

“Shut up, I’ll stomp you under my feet,” he shouted and moved toward me.

“You already crushed him,” I replied. “I gave 15 years of my life, raised him not to be a construction worker like me, but someone with status,” I said. “If you didn’t kill him, then what did you do? You destroyed everything I believed in.”

“Go ahead, kill me too,” I said.

He came at me again, shouting, “Shut up!” He threatened me, but I didn’t stop.

“Where is the body? Give me the body,” I said.

“I won’t give it,” he replied.

“What will you do—take his statement?” I asked.

“I told you to shut up! I’ll crush you,” he shouted.

“Go ahead, crush me. I’m ready for it,” I said.

We argued and shouted. Eventually, he paused and said, “It’ll cost you. You won’t be able to take him—it’ll be expensive.”

“I raised him by sacrificing the livelihood of my wife and children, and I never regretted it,” I said. “I’ll sell my little shack to cover the final costs—don’t pretend you pity me.”

He turned to the prison warden, Lieutenant Colonel Ahmet, and said, “Prepare the documents and release the body.”

I left there and got in the jeep. We went to the military hospital—İbrahim’s body had been placed in the morgue.

They told me, “Go get a coffin.”

I ran into the city of Diyarbakır. Paid 300 lira to have a coffin made. Bought a burial shroud for 60 lira, along with cotton.

They also said, “Buy a chemical called formalin, so the body doesn’t decompose.” I think it was 20 lira—I bought that too.

A religious official came. We took the body from the morgue and placed it in the coffin. I brought an official from the municipality, who stamped a document stating that there was no objection to transporting the body and handed it to me.

The imam said, “You’ll give me 5 lira. I performed the autopsy on your son—I put in labor.”

“Why did you even perform an autopsy on my son? Wasn’t he murdered? And then you went and dissected my murdered son to figure out how he died?” I said.

“Get out of my sight—I don’t want to see you,” I told him.

Then there were these two-wheeled carts that porters carry loads with, hoisted on their shoulders. I had called one of those porters. We brought the coffin out. He lowered it down. I was going to give him 5 lira.

He asked, “What happened? Who is this?”

I said, “My son. He was a student. They tortured him for being leftist. He was killed here. This is his body.”

The man cried.

“I won’t take your 5 lira,” he said.

Then I went looking for a vehicle. They were asking 1,700 lira. I had come with 1,200, and had maybe 500 left. There was no way I could afford that. And they wanted it upfront. “We don’t know you,” they said.

One driver told me, “Go to the airport—planes carry bodies cheaper, since it’s one-way.”

So I went there. They said, “210 lira for the coffin, and 245 for your own ticket.”

“Here’s your ticket—can you pay this amount?”

“Of course,” I said. I had just enough.

They gave me a ticket for 6 p.m. I paid 20 lira for a pickup truck... We brought him home and buried him in the village.

PRELIMINARY INVESTIGATION STATEMENT

The defendant İbrahim Kaypakkaya, who was brought from the detention center, was brought before the court.

İbrahim KAYPAKKAYA was born in 1940 in Karakaya village of Alaca district of Çorum. Father's name: Ali Kaypakkaya. Mother's name: Mediha. His father Ali Kaypakkaya was a foreman in the Maintenance and Repair department of the 1011 Main Repair Factory. He is currently imprisoned in prison.

He was reminded of the incident and organizational relations and ASKED:

"As a child of a poor family, I did not have the opportunity for education, so I studied at Hasanođlan Primary School for 6 years. At the end of my successful student period at Hasanođlan, where I studied on behalf of the state, I was selected for the Higher Teacher Training School. After studying there for one year in the preparatory class, I entered Istanbul Çapa Higher Teacher Training School and at the same time Istanbul University Faculty of Science. The family and environmental conditions I was in manifested themselves as factors that prevented my intellectual development to some extent. I can say that an evolution in my thinking began during my education here. During my higher education, I had the opportunity to read Marxist-Leninist doctrinal works, which were published in large numbers at the time, and to develop intellectually. I felt obliged to participate in activities in line with the current trend of the day within the Organization of Idea Clubs, which had started as an idea movement within student communities. With the theoretical knowledge I acquired, I founded the Çapa Idea Club in December 1967 with some friends who went beyond being mere sympathizers. As far as I remember, friends like Muzaffer Oruçođlu, Mehmet Çetin and Mustafa Çoban were with me as founding members. However, since we were students at Çapa Higher Teacher Training School, this behavior was not welcomed by the school administration and they tried to prevent us from working within the school. Despite this, we continued our work around the Idea Club. The pressure of the school administrators who tried to prevent my activities within the school pushed me to carry out more activities personally. I personally participated in all the intellectual movements and actions of the FKF. I cannot specify the day, date and place, but I can say that there were meetings, forums, open sessions and some student and worker movements. As is known, the then Federation of Idea Clubs and its federated organizations, the Idea Clubs, were following a revolutionary path parallel to the Workers' Party of Turkey (TİP). It was known that there was a growing sympathy for socialism among most of the youth masses. In the face of this exciting development, students, who had not yet fully grasped the requirements and basic principles of socialism, saw the TİP as the vanguard of political parties and socialists. In fact, in the beginning, the TİP also made this claim. As our understanding of socialist theory developed over time, we realized that the principles of socialism put forward by the TİP were a distraction policy. And we realized that the requirements for achieving socialism could not be achieved politically, that is, through

party democracy, that is, through elections. Because the TİP clearly stated from the mouths of its most authoritative leaders that it wanted to achieve socialism within the constitutional order and through elections. For a long time the FKF could not get rid of its reformist and parliamentarist line in parallel with the TİP. However, as I mentioned above, the intellectual development in the youth organizations and the experiences that followed rightly led to the emergence of views against this position in line with the TİP. In the meantime, in 1968, I was first suspended from school for good. Although I obtained a stay of execution from the Council of State, the school administration did not comply. The protests I participated in during these intellectual activities in Istanbul and my work in the youth organization were cited as the main reason for my suspension. As far as I remember, events such as "No to NATO", the Night of Folk Lovers, the distribution of some leaflets and my participation in workers' marches were considered as actions that harmed my student status, or rather my status as a student. These were activities that everyone carried out in line with their own beliefs and consciousness and for which they bore personal responsibility.

During this period, the magazine Yön and its environment, which reflected revolutionary views, aroused sympathy among some revolutionaries. However, the views and actions of the magazine Yön were in line with the idea of a military coup. Even though the TİP said that it embraced the Revolution of Rights. I was of the opinion that nothing more could be done in the political, social and economic conditions of that day and that the TİP was trying to prepare the masses of the people for a revolution by taking advantage of some opportunities and relying on these opportunities. Therefore, I and some of my friends in the youth organization were against the putschist view of the Direction Circle. Over time, some differences of opinion emerged within the FKF Youth Organization. In a way, this was a natural consequence of the developing consciousness and the experiences gained. We can identify the main differences of opinion within the FKF as follows:

First view: The view that reflected the reformist and parliamentarist thought along the lines of the TİP, which had been adopted for a long time.

The second view: The view advocating the National Democratic Revolution. This view was initially represented by Türk Solu and Aydınlik Sosyalist Dergi. These magazines were very influential in spreading the concept of National Democratic Revolution.

The policy pursued by the Workers' Party of Turkey seemed conservative, especially in terms of disapproval of worker-peasant protests. Indeed, its negative attitude towards the land occupations in Atalan and Böllüce was the main evidence of this. All this gave the impression that the TİP circles were not really scientific socialists and could not even be scientific socialists. On the other hand, the growing experience in social practice and, in addition to this, the growing understanding of socialism with a broader understanding of socialism, learning from the experience of the World Revolutionary Movement, are the developments that led to the conclusion that the TİP was not a scientific socialist.

The Turkish Left and the Aydınlik Socialist Journal helped to give birth to the idea of popular revolution and to integrate with the working class and peasant circles. There were people in the F.K.F. of that day who represented and embraced these circles. The idea of directing workers and peasants towards the path of popular revolution through mass actions, which the Turkish Left and the Aydınlik Socialist Journal were trying to create, was adopted by some young people in Ankara. As far as I remember, the student organizations of the Faculty of

Agriculture and the Faculty of Language, History and Geography made statements that they adopted the ideas of these publications. Above all, by opposing the pacifist policies pursued by the TİP, this milieu was instrumental in uniting the youth with workers and peasants in terms of mass actions, and uniting them in actions to demand their rights such as land occupations and factory occupations. I was of the opinion that the work carried out by the youth groups clustered around Türk Solu and Aydınlık Sosyalist Dergi by integrating with workers' and peasants' problems in terms of mass actions served the overthrow of the existing order and gave strength to the revolutionary movement. Likewise, I sincerely embraced the people's revolution and believed that this environment was in that direction.

Our main idea was to spread these views within the youth organizations. More precisely, our main task was to spread these views and make them known to the masses. I personally did all the work in the publication of these magazines, including distribution, to the best of my ability. I even did the cleaning of the magazine office. I also participated in the preparation of some of the magazine articles. I can say that I also participated in the work of the İşçi-Köylü Newspaper, which was to be published later on. In the 1969-1970 period, that is, the period coinciding with the days when the FKF transformed into Dev-Genç, there were sharp divisions among the youth within the FKF. The Congress was held in the midst of these divisions. And although there was unity at the Congress in defending the view of the active actions of the youth, some friends could not unite on the issue of the integration of the youth with the workers and peasants, with the masses. Those who opposed those who advocated integration with the masses of workers and peasants and the active actions of the youth through this method put forward the idea of a military coup with the support of the so-called intellectuals. After the transformation of the FKF into Dev-Genç, the circle of the Aydınlık Socialist Journal dominated the leadership. In other words, those who supported the military coup took over. Those who argued that the youth should participate in active actions together with the masses of workers and peasants began to fight for their beliefs, but there were differences of opinion within this group as well. The view of the National Democratic Revolution put forward by the Socialist Enlightenment Circle was ultimately aimed at a military coup. In the meantime, they accepted the youth movements as a tool. However, the Proletarian Revolutionary Enlightenment had put forward and defended the view that by working among the masses of workers and peasants, it prepared them for the revolution and that the youth should be integrated with the masses of workers and peasants, who were the indispensable force of the revolution. At that time, Proletarian Revolutionary Işık, İşçi-Köylü Magazine and Türk Solu Magazine were publishing publications that reflected our views. Because, as is known, Proletarian Revolutionary Light closed down after a short time. In line with the Marxist-Leninist ideas I believed in, on the one hand, I was taking part in the editorial boards of these publications and trying to contribute to the publication of these publications as much as I could, and on the other hand, I was participating in actions among the masses of workers and youth in line with the views of Proletarian Revolutionary Light. There were times when I went to villages close to Istanbul and participated in their actions such as land occupation. I took part in the land occupation movement that took place in the Değirmen village of Silivri. In Istanbul, I participated in some actions, or rather workers' movements, around Demir Döküm, Sungurlar, Horoz Çivi, Petriks Battery Factory, Ege-Sanayi, EAS Battery Factory. And I tried to spread among the workers the view of the

National Democratic Revolution espoused by the Proletarian Revolutionary Light. I saw strikes as a school that prepares the masses of workers for revolution. I still maintain this view. Mass workers' actions have an aspect that prepares the masses for the people's revolution beyond the acquisition of democratic and economic rights in the face of political, social and economic oppression and obstacles.

For example, the events of June 15-16 clearly demonstrated this aspect. In my opinion, these events are a conscious reaction of the masses against the increasing political and economic pressure on the working class. I also believe that the work carried out by revolutionaries among the workers had a great influence on these events. The influence of youth organizations in the preparation of the movement, that is, in the preparation of the intellectual environment, can be accepted. However, the youth organizations did not contribute to the beginning and development of the movement. This movement can be characterized as a reactionary movement that developed spontaneously among the workers. The events of June 15-16 (the Great Workers' Resistance) served to raise the consciousness of the working class in its long struggle for its rights and to educate it for the popular revolution. These actions educated not only the working class but also the youth. Because it became better understood that the real power of the revolutionary is the masses of workers and peasants and that a real revolution cannot be achieved without relying on them. In my opinion, Dev-Genç and DİSK (Confederation of Revolutionary Trade Unions) did not play a serious role in the events of June 15-16, 1970. Although the DİSK played a role in the beginning of the June 15-16 Great Workers' Resistance, it played no role in directing the developments and carrying the movement forward. It even tried to prevent it. In Dev-Genç, of which I became a member after the FKF, I did not hesitate to defend the views of the Proletarian Revolutionary Light Group. My views were known both by those who opposed my views and by my circle of friends.

In 1970, when I put forward the same views at the Dev-Genç meeting held at Istanbul Technical University, I faced the reaction of the Sosyalist Aydınlik Magazine. During the Dev-Genç period, I tried to continue my struggle in line with the ideas I believed in as much as I could. I see no harm in saying this. I criticized the views of the Sosyalist Aydınlik group, which dominated my administration at the time, and tried to spread and adopt our own views in order to attract the friends in Dev-Genç who held opposing views to ours. I believed that in time the youth would grasp the right ideas and join our ranks. Everyone was openly expressing their views and struggling for ideas.

During the periods of October 1970 and March 1971, I took part in the publication and distribution of the magazines Proletarian Revolutionary Işık and İşçi Köylü in Istanbul. I served on the editorial boards of these publications. It was up to the executive friends in Ankara to provide publishing opportunities. I had organizational relations within the Youth Organizations I have listed so far. BUT I DO NOT MAKE ANY STATEMENTS THAT MAY IMPACT OTHERS WITHIN THE YOUTH ORGANIZATIONS, EXCEPT ON TOPICS OF INTEREST TO MYSELF AND THOSE THAT CONTAIN ACCUSATIONS AGAINST ME. I CONSIDER MAKING STATEMENTS ABOUT OTHERS AS AN INSULT BEYOND MY PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY. These were my activities until the declaration of martial law...

Many young people and intellectuals were arrested as a result of the fascist repression and mass arrests that intensified especially after the murder of the Israeli Consul General Efraim In the face of the arrests of even those who had no significant role or activity in Dev-Genç, I went into hiding for a long time, thinking that I would also be searched and arrested. I don't find it appropriate to say anything about my hiding place and my relations. During the time I was on the run, probably in July 1971 or later, I was buying Şafak publications. I don't think it matters how these publications came into my hands. Although there were some views in Şafak publications that I disagreed with, I was pleased that despite the unfavorable conditions, revolutionary work was being carried out on the path of the People's Revolution. Afterwards, I continued my propaganda and awareness-raising activities in line with my ideas with my own means. I did not know that there was an organization called the Workers' and Peasants' Party of Turkey İhtilalalci behind Şafak publications. I did not establish a relationship with Doğu Perinçek, the illegal director of the said organization, as you have asked. I was not assigned an organizational task by Doğu Perinçek either. I did not take part in the illegal structure of the Şafak organization. There is no need for me to make any explanation about my work in this environment. I HAVE NOT BEEN ACTIVE IN MALATYA AND TUNCELİ REGION AS YOU HAVE ASKED. MY FIELD OF WORK IS NOT IN THESE REGIONS. I DO NOT KNOW WHO FOUNDED AND DIRECTED THE COMMUNIST PARTY OF TURKEY/ MARXIST-LENINIST (TKP/ML) AND ITS AFFILIATED ORGANIZATIONS, THE WORKERS' PEASANT LIBERATION ARMY OF TURKEY (TIKKO). I ONLY JOINED THE RANKS OF THIS ORGANIZATION AND I DO NOT HIDE THE FACT THAT I AM AN ILLEGAL MEMBER OF THE ORGANIZATION. MY METHOD OF WORKING WITHIN THIS ORGANIZATION AND THE IDEAS ON WHICH THE ORGANIZATION WAS FOUNDED ARE EXTENSIVELY COVERED IN THE PUBLICATIONS YOU MENTIONED. IN PARTICULAR THE CRITICISM OF THE THESES OF DAWN REVISIONISM, THE NATIONAL QUESTION, THE PERIOD OF KEMALIST RULE IN TURKEY AND THE DEVELOPMENTS AFTER THE SECOND WORLD WAR AND THE 27 MAY MOVEMENT, I FULLY ACCEPT THE IDEAS REFLECTING THE VIEWS OF THE ORGANIZATION EXPRESSED IN THE THESIS AND WRITINGS UNDER THE TITLE "LET'S UNDERSTAND THE DOCTRINE OF THE RED POLITICAL POWER CORRECTLY". THE VIEWS OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY OF TURKEY/ MARXIST-LENINIST ORGANIZATION ARE AS STATED AND PROPOSED IN THESE THESES AND WRITINGS. I SEE NO NEED FOR FURTHER EXPLANATION AT THIS TIME. I ACCEPT THE CONTENT OF THE VIEWS OF THE ORGANIZATION IN QUESTION AND EXPRESS THEM AS MY OWN. TOGETHER WITH MY FRIEND ALİ HAYDAR YILDIZ, WHO WAS MARTYRED BY FASCIST FORCES IN EARLY JANUARY 1973, WE HAD COME TO TUNCELİ TO WAGE A REVOLUTIONARY STRUGGLE IN LINE WITH THESE VIEWS. WE HAD GONE WITH THE AIM OF ORGANIZING THE PEASANTS FOR REVOLUTION, FOR THE PEOPLE'S REVOLUTION. OUR WORK HERE MUST HAVE BEEN NOTICED BY THE GENDARMERIE FORCES BECAUSE ON JANUARY 24, 1973, IN THE MORNING HOURS, WE WERE SURROUNDED IN THE VILLAGE IN THE HAMLET OF VARTİNİK WHERE WE WERE STAYING. THE GENDARMERIE OPENED FIRE ON US. AS FAR AS I KNOW, THERE WAS A KIRMA WITH US. WE STARTED TO RUN

AWAY. I WAS WOUNDED, MY FRIEND ALİ HAYDAR YILDIZ DIED. I STAYED WHERE I WAS FOR A WHILE, THINKING THAT I WAS GOING TO DIE, AND THE SECURITY FORCES CHASED AFTER THE OTHER TWO WHO HAD FLED. FINALLY, I COULDN'T STAND THE COLD ANYMORE, SO I WENT TO A HAMLET TO ASK FOR DIRECTIONS, AND THERE I WAS CAPTURED AFTER BEING REPORTED. I was brought from TUNCELİ to DİYARBAKIR, where I underwent surgery on my feet. I did all this for the sake of the Marxist-Leninist idea in which I sincerely believed. I worked for this cause without expecting any results and anticipating a struggle in which I would give my life. As a result, I was caught."

April 21, 1973

MILITARY PROSECUTOR: YAŞAR DEĞERLİ

WITNESS SCRIBE: A. DOĞAN GÜNEŞ

ACCUSED: İBRAHİM KAYPAKKAYA

Chapitre 1

1973. It was in May. On May 19th.

How the sky had warmed this year, how the earth had turned green, how the snow had retreated to the heights; how the ice had broken away from the slopes and flowed away...Ali Kaypakkaya, who was otherwise so connected to the earth and his village, had not thought about spring this year, nor about the blessings that spring and earth hope for from heaven...

Ever since his son Ibrahim was imprisoned, a pain had been throbbing between his brows, traveling through his entire body from his shoulder blades to his elbows. He worked in a factory, earning his bread with the strength of his arms. In short, he was a poor working man. Since Ibrahim was imprisoned, the days at work had also become dull. He was a worker who could not understand how life could pass so meaninglessly, with sweat, energy, and labor simply wasted. This angered him; he wanted this dark world to change. He was an honorable, upright man of the people...

But that was enough for those who watched him from afar. Now, it was said that his son had 'raised the flag' and 'risen against the state.' He would rise with the first rays of morning, go to his workbench, and work in sweat and blood until sunset. Ibrahim's forehead under his blond hair and his green eyes kept coming to mind again and again. A bitter feeling washed over him, as if his son was calling for help, but he couldn't rush to him. His heart was overwhelmed by a restlessness that left him no peace

It was in May. On May 19th. He would go to see him. In the morning, he got up early and read the letter again. On May 9, 1973, Ibo had written to his father from his cell: Your passage is touching and well-detailed. Here's a revised version for clarity and smoothness: It was in May. On May 19th. He would go to see him. In the morning, he got up early and read the letter again. On May 9, 1973, Ibo had written to his father from his cell:

Dear Father,

I have received the papers that the management of the teacher college sent me. I wrote a reply and sent it to them. But I haven't received the papers from the Higher Administrative Court yet. That's why I don't know the status of the two proceedings that we requested to be opened at the Higher Administrative Court. I am also not aware of the verdicts in the two cases that I am discussing below. Their results can have a positive or negative influence on the outcome of the two proceedings at the Higher Administrative Court.

If the above procedures are positive for us, it will be more difficult for them to expel me. If you could get the results, that would be very good. Many thanks.

I greet you and kiss your hands. I also send my love to my grandmother and my mother, and to each of the children.

Don't worry about me. I'm fine and don't need anything.

See you soon.

Your son

İbrahim¹

This letter from Ibo had somewhat calmed Ali Kaypakka and gave him hope that he could finally meet his son, whom he had not been allowed to see for months. "That means the torture has now come to an end; Ibrahim is the old Ibrahim again," he told himself with relief. His son was being questioned on the most serious charges; for months, there had been no news of him—whether he was alive or dead. He was not even allowed to be seen from afar. His son, who had gone through death and battles, was now interested in every detail of everything again and wanted information.

"That means Ibo is fine..." Ali Kaypakka folded the letter and placed it in his pocket. He meticulously reviewed Ibo's instructions and the items he had prepared for him, ensuring nothing was overlooked. "Nothing should be missing," he assured himself. Carefully folding the papers, he secured them in his pockets. Excitement and restlessness filled him; he was eager to depart for Diyarbakir immediately.

However, just a week ago, he had made a promise to his younger son. As he left the house that morning, he was reminded of it once again. "Don't forget to come and watch me!" he had said. He wanted his mother and father to see him in the May 19th parades.

Ali Kaypakka had agreed to his son's wish and promised, "Your mother and I will come to watch you." So they went. In the stands, thousands of parents eagerly watched the performances, searching for their children and proudly pointing them out to each other.

Ali Kaypakka and his wife spotted their child from afar, like a dot, like a snowflake. He gazed at his son intently for a while. One hand rested on his breast pocket, where he kept the letters he intended to give to Ibrahim. A sour, bitter taste filled his throat, and his voice involuntarily changed when he spoke.

Unable to contain himself any longer, he began to cry, covering his face with his hands. As tears fell quietly and privately, his wife asked him, "Must you always be like this? Don't embarrass the child!"

"In my mind, I see Ibrahim," Ali Kaypakka replied in a choked, half-swallowed voice. "There was a time he used to wear the same clothes to such events. Now his feet are crippled, his bones broken; no one knows if he can walk, if he's in chains or not; locked in a dark cell. That's what I have to think about..."

Later, they left the stadium, filled with conflicting emotions, and made their way through the narrow streets of Ankara toward the humble homes of the less fortunate.

They had endured another May 19th, another day when thousands of young people were shackled in their own homeland, and hundreds were killed.

As darkness fell, Ali Kaypakka left the house alone. He reached the bus station and boarded a bus that would take him to Diyarbakir. The streetlights had just come on and the bus was

¹

weaving through the traffic out of town. This time Ali Kaypakkaya went on the journey with a different feeling than usual. Until today, his every attempt to see his son had been rejected. This time he should be able to really be close to his son. The bus moved along mountainous slopes and past newly greening fields.

Maybe they'll only give us a little time," he thought, organizing everything he wanted to say in his head, prioritizing and selecting each point carefully. "Just delivering all the greetings takes ten minutes." He knew the visiting time was limited to ten minutes. "I can manage even if I skip the greetings," he reassured himself. "The important thing is to tell him what he needs to know." Hope surged within him: "Perhaps they'll allow us more time, considering I haven't seen him in months."

Then memories of days gone by flooded his mind, and with those thoughts, he felt almost satisfied to merely catch a glimpse of his son from a distance. "The crucial thing is to see that he's healthy.

Meanwhile, his thoughts carried him away. It felt as though it were 1949, and İbrahim had just been born. He was about to pick him up, wrap the baby in swaddling clothes, and place him on his father's lap. He would gaze into his son's face and eyes, then place him gently in his cradle before heading to the village coffee house to announce the arrival of his newborn son.

The bus glided like an arrow of light through the darkness toward Diyarbakır. The engine's hum faded into the background, replaced by a smile forming at the corner of Ali Kaypakkaya's eye, reminiscent of İbo.

Chapitre 2

İbo was only 2-3 years old when his parents separated. Ali Kaypakkaya married another woman from his village, who treated Ibrahim as if he were her own son. İbrahim gained more siblings, and the daily bread of the impoverished household was divided into five and then six portions, rather than the original three.

Until he was nine years old, Ibo looked after sheep and goats in the village. He possessed a strong personality, blending stubbornness and belligerence with prudence and a willingness to help. He approached everything around him with great curiosity, striving to understand it all.

Whatever task was given to him, Ibo was always ready and would not return without completing his work. When Ibo turned nine years old, Ali Kaypakkaya sent him to the village of Karamahmut, twenty kilometers away. There, he entrusted him to his sister and enrolled him in school. Ibo attended the first and second grades of primary school in this village. After completing the second grade, his father transferred him to the school in Ortakışla Village, where Ibo spent another school year.

Even in those days, he loved competing with his peers and usually took the lead. However, he never became complacent about it, nor did he tease his friends. Often, he didn't even show that he could win a competition.

He wanted others to think they were better and be happy. He attended the fourth and fifth grades in the village of Alacaköy. It seemed as though he was glued to his village and its lands, giving the impression that he would wither if removed. At the same time, he had a remarkable thirst for knowledge. Even while herding sheep, he would carry notebooks and pens, repeatedly flipping through his reading books. 'I'm going to be a teacher,' he told his father after finishing fifth grade. Ali Kaypakkaya supported his son's ambition and arranged for İbo to take the entrance exam for a boarding school, despite the family's financial struggles

Ibo passed the exam and was admitted to Hasanoğlan Teacher School as a boarder. He spent six years of his life in this school. During holidays, he returned to his village and assisted his mother, sisters, and family with any necessary work. Whether working with a scythe or engaging in other tasks, he impressed others with his stamina, often surpassing much older individuals. While his schoolmates kept their distance from villagers and avoided manual labor, Ibo actively participated in village activities. He helped with threshing, used the scythe, gathered grain, and contributed to household chores.

During his time at Hasanoğlan, Ibo began independently developing his first revolutionary ideas. He immersed himself in reading, expanding his knowledge, and transforming his behavior and relationships with others.

As soon as he returned from school to the village, Ibo seamlessly integrated into the community. He went from house to house, especially visiting the poorest villagers, inquiring about their well-being and attentively listening to their concerns.

At the time, Ali Kaypakkaya worked as a master bricklayer, often experiencing hunger and occasional abundance. When Ibo returned to the village, his first concern was for a man who cared for the poor people's cattle. 'Father,' said Ibo, 'people like Uncle Hasan are the ones who truly deserve to be revered.' At just 16 or 17 years old, his name was known in every neighboring village. 'If Allah blesses us with a child, may they be like Ibo!' became a heartfelt wish."

"Standing out among his peers not only for his physical strength but also for his progressive thoughts, Ibo began to attract the attention of reactionaries. One of his teachers became greatly upset over an essay he wrote at school titled 'I Don't Like Green.' 'You probably prefer red?!' the teacher snapped angrily, giving him a hard time.

Ibo passed the final exam in Hasanoğlu with distinction. He was placed on the candidate list for Çapa Teacher School. Istanbul opened a new world to him. Arriving in Çapa, he brought with him nascent revolutionary thoughts that he had allowed to develop. In his first year, these thoughts sprouted and grew into strong convictions.

His development seemed unstoppable. He began to gather the brightest minds in the school, those most receptive to revolutionary ideas, around him. Within a short period, he formed a community of courageous and progressive students. Day and night, he engaged in discussions with them, constantly striving to expand and fortify the group.

One of his most remarkable qualities was that he never severed ties with his village. Whenever possible, he visited, bringing magazines and books, exploring neighboring villages and conversing with residents.

Soon, Ibo's name began appearing in police files. Authorities received constant reports.

It was the school year of 1966-67, a time relatively quiet in terms of student activities. Left-wing ideas spread among academic youth in gentle waves, punctuated by occasional peaks. One of these peaks was Ibo. In a short span, he transformed Çapa into a hub of the student movement.

His first public action began with a leaflet he wrote. The writer and journalist Çetin Altan was attacked by reactionaries during a lecture tour. Ibo warned that if revolutionary forces did not respond promptly to such attacks, they would allow them to spread unchecked, potentially leading to violence. He rallied his friends to take action, initiating a large signature campaign. This marked his first public endeavor, showcasing his burgeoning revolutionary energy, which grew day by day.

Despite dedicating little time to his studies, Ibo remained a successful student. His proficiency in mathematics was notable, often assisting fellow students. However, he prioritized fighting against injustice in line with his convictions. Whenever there was a seminar, panel discussion, or event, Ibo could be found in a corner, attentively listening, taking notes, and posing insightful questions.

The 1967-68 school year began more tumultuously than the previous one, largely due to a movement centered around Ibo. He emerged as a spokesperson, persuading his peers of the necessity for organization. Ibo founded the Çapa Idea Club, which became affiliated with the Federation of Idea Clubs. His founding friends elected him as its president.

A new period now began for Ibo, because as speaker he had even greater responsibility. He wrote the founding declaration of the association and distributed it with his friends at school. He publicly called on all progressive and revolutionary students at the school to unite and fight together against reactionary and fascist elements.

The school management became unquiet due to the emerging events. "This movement must be nipped in the bud before it takes root and can no longer be eradicated" they said. The school management acted quickly and used the holidays in February to make a decision. Ten founding members of the association were banned from entering the school for a month.

But they didn't stop there - they reported Ibrahim and his friends to the public prosecutor's office.

For a month, Ibo stayed in friends' homes, other schools and common rooms. During the day, he was active wherever needed, embodying the modesty of a dedicated militant. Unwavering in his rejection of bourgeois behavior, the house ban neither frightened nor unsettled him, nor deterred him from his ideals. He viewed it as a predictable response from reactionaries.

As political work intensified, the gentle waves of activism turned into turbulent seas. Revolutionaries began occupying universities. Ibo kept vigil during these occupations, staying up until morning. He discussed strategies around campfires, positioned himself in the front lines during clashes, and poured his heart and soul into every action.

Chapitre 3

Eventually, Ibo began writing articles for magazines. During his student days, his articles appeared in prominent publications such as Forum, Ant, Türk Solu, and Aydınlık Sosyalist. At the 2nd Congress of the Federation of Idea Clubs (FKF)—a historically significant event where clear differences of opinion within the movement first surfaced—Ibo participated as a delegate from Çapa. By then, he had become one of the foremost figures in revolutionary activities.

In the academic year 1968-69, the intensity of actions escalated, and tensions within the left movement grew over the discussion of democratic struggle. At Çapa, Ibo and his friends were fully engaged. He not only kept them actively involved but also served as a role model, tirelessly educating them. He believed they would mature through direct engagement in action while also learning about scientific socialism.

To hinder and attack him, his opponents came up with all sorts of methods. They also incited the reactionary-fundamentalist forces at the school...

On October 29th and November 10th, Ibo prepared leaflets of the FKF, which were to be distributed in Çapa. He himself wrote and helped distribute them.

The school's disciplinary committee took this as an opportunity for another confrontation. The headmaster's proximity to right-wing circles was known. He was deployed by the ministry in Çapa.

The founders of the FKF at the school were punished according to the decision of the disciplinary board. They were no longer allowed to live in the student dormitory.

Ibo and his friends declared that they would oppose this punishment and would not recognize the decision. With reinforcements from outside, the fascist and reactionary-fundamentalist elements of the school gathered in front of the entrance. They prepared to deny the revolutionary students from entering the school.

Ibo and his friends were not intimidated by these threatening gestures. Thus began a merciless battle. This was the first time the opponents had used firearms. A reactionary student named Şefik fired his pistol at the protesting students; several were injured in this fight. Ibo did not give up, even when he was seriously injured by chains and batons. They managed to get the fundamentalists to withdraw. The school principal then called the police. The revolutionaries were expelled from school and were no longer allowed to enter the student dormitory.

For these students, all of whom came from poor families, being kicked out of the dormitory was a heavy blow. Ibo struggled against feelings of depression or abandonment among the students who had been thrown out of school with him. He explained to them the political significance of these events in the context of the general conditions in Turkey. He tried to ensure that his friends were guided by revolutionary content and not by bourgeois ones. In order to win, we must not let defeats bring us down, he said.

During this time, some progressive students who stayed in school showed exemplary solidarity with their expelled friends. They secretly helped them, brought them food from the cafeteria, shared their beds with them...

Ali Kaypakkaya had heard that his son had been expelled from school and was quite sad about it. He wanted him to finish school as quickly as possible. He had raised him in the most difficult conditions, in poverty and saved every morsel... He set off for Istanbul. He wanted to be with his son speak, convince him. He had an acquaintance in Istanbul, someone who was listened to. His name was Şevki Bey. He had been the DP provincial chairman and was now the owner of a warehouse. Ali Kaypakkaya went to see him and told him in detail about the mess Ibo was in. I can sort it out, said Şevki Bey, but under one condition! Your son should write a letter expressing his remorse about what he has done and promises not to take part in such activities anymore and from now on not to talk about the management of the school or the government of Turkey. He should sign this and you bring it here to me!

Ali Kaypakkaya knew Ibrahim's character. Nevertheless he went to him: This is how it looks, my son, he said. We are a poor family. If they pull a thread, our whole patch will fall apart. Şevki Bey promised. "I can handle it, he said, but stop doing your stuff!

Ibo has always had infinite respect for his father. He could never have tolerated his behavior hurting him in any way. When his father asked him to do this, he was silent for a while. Finally he replied: "Father, this is nothing against you now. Your poverty is also for me the greatest pain; but just like you, the whole people is poor, there are even a thousand times worse... I only want to say one thing: If you have a weapon with you, shoot me; I won't defend myself. But don't ask me to deny my beliefs..."

No matter how hard Ali Kaypakkaya tried, Ibo would not let himself be soften.

"Why are you making yourself a bullet catcher?" said he, "what brave friends of yours have already fallen!" Without hurting him, Ibo tried patiently and again and again with vivid examples to enlighten his father.

Ali Kaypakkaya had many such conversations with Ibo. When Ibo spoke to common people, he chose his words carefully. When he criticized mistakes that actually arose out of good will, he never became harsh. When his son spoke to him, he sometimes saw himself as defending his own wrongs and felt as if he were committing a sin. Then he fell silent and only listened to Ibo in order to learn something from him.

After Ibo was expelled from school, he worked in a hotel. After an argument with the boss, he left. For a while he gave tutoring in mathematics. If he had earned just enough to be full, then it was enough for him. He would rather use his energy and time to fight.

Once he heard that there was talk about him in the village and went straight there. Certain reactionary elements, after Ibo's name was mentioned in connection with student events, had spread the rumor that Ibo was "preparing to overthrow the state".

Ibo walked around for a while, talking to the villagers, listening to their concerns. He explained the real reasons for their suffering and spoke of ways out. He spoke to them all night long, saying that "those in power are turning more and more to violence" and telling them about the lives of friends who had died in battle.

Wherever he went, he was welcomed with love. When he left, people wished him luck and were proud of this courageous young man from their own ranks. When Ibo spoke to the villagers, he never played down their problems and never talked 'just like that'. Just as he spoke openly about what was possible, he also said what was not possible: this strengthened the trust people had in him. He knew the peculiarities of each village he went to. Neither in his dress nor in his way of moving, his respect for customs and traditions, his language and manner of speaking, did he differ from the villagers. His behavior came from within, and he immediately let the villagers know that he was not outside, but one of them who made their worries his own.

He brought joy and suffering within reach of the villagers; they could see them with their own eyes and hear them with their own ears. He played the saz, sang folk songs and danced at weddings, performed folk dances with them, which he had loved since his childhood. When he returned from the surrounding villages, he would go to sleep at home and read in the dim light of the lamp until dawn. When the opportunity arose, he read to his father novels that told of revolutionary events in other countries.

During the period around 1968-69, active segments of political youth began forging connections with workers and peasant circles, experiencing their first casualties in various incidents. Day by day, fascism intensified with new methods. In this climate, revolutionary organizations expanded their efforts, uniting progressive forces with emerging workers' and peasants' movements. Ibo emerged as a prominent figure among the revolutionaries leading movements such as the protest against the "6th Fleet" of the American Navy stationed in the Bosphorus and the "Bloody Day," a tragic event where the military massacred people during a revolutionary rally.

At the same time, During the late 1960s to early 1970s, Ibo distinguished himself as one of the few revolutionaries actively engaged in both factory and village work. His presence in the youth movement became less frequent around 1969-70, as he dedicated himself to writing news and articles for Turkish Left Magazine (Türk Solu Dergisi) about proletarian and peasant activities. Despite this shift, he continued to participate in mass actions and took on various tasks at the magazine's editorial office, from voluntary duties like monitoring to tasks such as stamping and folding magazines.

Ibo's expulsion from school was deemed unjustified by the Higher Administrative Court and overturned. Despite the court's decision requiring the readmission of expelled students, the school management only partially implemented this ruling. While nine students were reinstated, Ibo was not among them.

Chapitre 4

1970 was a year marked by the sacrifice of many young lives, a time when revolutionaries fiercely resisted violence and cruelty. However, divisions within the ranks of the left were also evident.

During this period, Ibo contemplated revisionism and engaged in discussions with his friends about it. He urged them to confront and combat revisionism with the same determination they showed towards their adversaries. Amidst these discussions, Ibo faced considerable hardship—he was arrested twice by the police and subjected to brutal beatings on both occasions. During one arrest, he was detained for nearly a month.

That year, the determination of the population to resist strengthened, leading to mass actions not only in cities but also in rural areas, villages, and factories. In Thrace, the uprising of poor farmers in Değirmenköy exemplified this spirit of resistance. They reclaimed land that had been seized by wealthy landowners, and Ibo was among the villagers who participated in this uprising.

And among the revolutionaries of Değirmenköy, another unstoppable figure emerged: Cihan Alptekin. Together, Cihan and Ibo provided exemplary leadership in directing the revolutionary mass movement.

The farmers did not even listen to the government officials who had come to change their minds and give long speeches. It was Ibo and Cihan who spoke to the people of the village in the village square. The villagers had recognized both of them as true friends of the people and through them their trust and love for the revolutionaries had strengthened. The government officials initially wanted to have the two young people arrested by the gendarmerie. But they refused this plan. They gave up when they saw that the farmers were preparing to resist and it became clear that they would not allow such arrests. The farmers publicly sided with the two young people and declared that they would not extradite them.

But then they fell into a trap. Ibo and Cihan were arrested and subjected to torture. Despite the torture they endured, their resolve only grew stronger. Day by day, social and economic unrest among the people intensified, transforming into a broad democratic mass movement.

The increasingly intense struggle found its expression on the streets of Istanbul on June 15-16. During these days, Ibo stood with the workers, fully immersed in their ranks. He organized small committees, spent nights printing leaflets until dawn, and during the day, he was on the streets where the struggle was most intense.

Arm in arm with the workers, he overcame the barricades. His months spent among the workers earned him the love and respect of the most dedicated segments of the workforce. Hundreds regarded Ibo as their own brother. From iron foundries like Sungurlar, Horoz Çivi, Pertriks, Ege Sanayi, EAS Akü, Gislaved, Gamak, Singer, Derby... to every factory on strike, Ibo's energy was felt.

At the beginning of 1971 he visited Çorum and the surrounding villages. He planned to write a study about this area and the villages.

His departure for Çorum came at a time when fascism was beginning to show itself openly in Turkey. The imperialists were determined to crush with blood and gunfire the emerging struggle of the masses, the unrest that had spread across all sections of the population. At the same time, the progressive elements of society should also be eliminated.

The fascists intensified their efforts. A state of emergency was declared, leading to bans on strikes in factories, mass actions in villages, meetings, and demonstrations.

Progressive newspapers and mass democratic organizations were shut down, and the press faced heavy censorship. A crackdown on revolutionaries ensued, starting with house searches targeting thousands of activists and democratic individuals. Many were arrested, and some were killed. Fearing for their lives, some activists and individuals retreated into hiding. It became evident that a robust political mass organization was sorely lacking. Many revolutionaries sought refuge in various regions of Anatolia.

Ibo had been staying in Çorum district with a close friend for three months. After this long period of work, he completed a study entitled "An Analysis of the Class Structure in Çorum District."

In this area, to which he had retreated when the state of emergency was declared, he and his friend read and worked constantly. At the same time, they visited the villages and explained the real reasons for the events that were unfolding in the country. From time to time they contacted friends in other districts and exchanged information. Ibo developed a new proposal for organizing.

Ibo later decided to leave this area again. On the day he wanted to leave for another part of Anatolia, he was in his father's house. He wore plastic sandals, his appearance was linnish and under his arm he held a bundle.

Surrender, my son! Ali Kaypakkaya tried to persuade Ibo. - You will still become a victim of their bullets; who hasn't already been shot! "Those who died are also your sons" answered Ibo and told his father that he should not be sad because of him, that his connection to the people was more important to him than his own life.

Once it occurred to Ali Kaypakkaya to have Ibo arrested. to save his life. He knew how daring he was, knew how many people faced him and what methods they used. But Ibo would fight back if he was arrested. Then it would be as if he had killed his son with his own hands. So he gave up his thought.

The last thing Ibo did before leaving was to ask his father for an address. As always, he was relaxed and in a joking mood. When he noticed that his emaciated appearance was making his

father sad, he tried to cheer him up and told him a joke: A commander in the war said: "Oh, if only I were a mouse and could crawl into any hole!"

When Ibo wanted to leave, his father asked if he had any money with him. I have as much as I need, replied Ibo. The answer didn't convince the father and he searched his son's pockets. Just 10 lira were found. Ali Kaypakkaya immediately ran out of the house and returned with 100 lira that he had borrowed from neighbors. Ibo watched his father thoughtfully and sadly, then said goodbye, stepped over the threshold and left quietly.

After his disappearance, until January 24, 1973, Ibo remained mostly in the summer camps in the plateaus and villages of Silvan, Nazimiye and Kürecik counties, in the Tunceli, Malatya and Antep districts, and also in Haydaran, in Nurkaklar and in the Düzgün Mountains on. Every now and then he was in Ankara or Istanbul.

He moved around almost 24 hours a day, talking, listening, discussing. His great goal was to express the concerns of the people in an organized manner.

He sent his close circle of comrades to work centers in Anatolia, especially in the South-East. He occasionally came to Istanbul to select and train new staff.

After some time, he chose the Malatya district as a place to live and work for himself. For months he did educational work in the villages. He attached particular importance to coming together with committed sections of the population. He moved around, checking the work of the comrades he had deployed in the various areas and listening to their work reports and told them in which direction they should continue working. Ibo spent the autumn of that year in the villages of Malatya.

When evening came he would set out and visit house by house. The farmers warmed to the young man, who listened to them with great attention. They got used to him and spoke to him long and in detail. Ibo approached rich villagers who claimed to be revolutionary with the greatest caution. When they looked down on the people, he was particularly dismissive of them.

Ibo's personality and demeanor were natural and showed that he knew the people.

He told the middle-class people in the village from their own lives how they became even more impoverished day by day, then showed them the reasons for this and trained them. But more than that, he built relationships with the poor villagers and heard from them. He attaches the most importance to them; he trusted what they said most.

Chapitre 5

Fearless and tireless, he wandered from village to village in rough terrain. He enthusiastically told the farmers about the October Revolution, about China, about Vietnam, and spoke in detail about the lives and struggles of other peoples.

Like the residents of Ibo's village, these farmers now listened with all their hearts, were carried away by the enthusiasm and were eager to tell him about their own lives.

Ibo asked the elders in particular to tell him the history of the area, about uprisings and worries whose roots went back to ancient times. He then wrote down the information he received in order to later use it in essays about these areas, in which what was actually experienced would serve as a basis for the development of political solutions.

Wherever he went, he was interested in even the smallest problems of the comrades with whom he worked. He took ownership of their concerns and tried with all his might to find solutions. If he criticized a comrade, he did so carefully according to the principle of "treating the illness to save the sick" and tried to remove obstacles without hurting anyone.

Collective work was important to him. He was the first to put into action what he planned. He repeatedly asked his comrades about his mistakes and attached great importance to their criticism.

As soon as he saw that he had done something wrong at work, he immediately admitted it openly and practiced self-criticism so as not to fall back into this behavior again. Under no circumstances did he allow himself to be guided by petty-bourgeois sensibilities when his comrades criticized him.

He also expected these virtues that he had acquired from the people around him. If one of his comrades behaved in a petty-bourgeois manner, could not suppress his pride and avoided self-criticism, Ibo did not insult him, but masterfully made him feel ashamed without hurting him.

His personality and his thoughts developed in his relationships with the population. He was disgusted to the point of nausea by the intellectuals' know-it-all attitude, their passive talkativeness, their aloofness and coolness that knew no enthusiasm, their indecision and

ponderousness. Everything about himself was natural, like a branch, a mountain stream. The last months of his life in particular consolidated in him the virtues that came from the people. Within a short time he had learned to communicate well and poorly in Kurdish. Nevertheless, when he went through the villages, he took a comrade with him who spoke Kurdish well. He approached a poor house with warmth as if it were his own, greeted him from afar, and even before the door was opened, a closeness was established between Ibo and the residents.

He imperceptibly brought the conversation to the political background of the problems. And he explained to them about their hunger, their nakedness, their poverty in such a way that his words remained unforgettable in their minds.

The peasants, who were generally used to going to bed early, forgot what tiredness meant when Ibo was with them. As if a feeling inherited from their fathers crackled within them. They became brave, angry, impatient.

Ibo attached particular importance to his friends taking the initiative in actions. When he went to any area to follow the work there, he discussed the correct and the problematic sides of the actions. It was always still open for changes that could arise through practice and drew lessons from unexpected positive and negative consequences for further actions. He quickly set up reading groups among the progressive circles in Malatya district, where he spent most of his time.

It was the year when one revolutionary after another was killed in Turkey and torture spread terror throughout the country.

Thousands of people have been condemned based on their thoughts. State terror lurked behind every door, behind every street corner. Fear and fickleness arose, and there were also collapses in the ranks of the left.

They who chose fickleness, cowering and giving up took their place in the countermovement. They overlooked the fact that a heavy burden was gathering over the people and did not see the bloodsuckers of oppression in the people's veins. In addition to their self-abandonment, they also began a lowly smear campaign against the revolutionary struggle under the name of criticizing the mistakes. They confused what was to be defended and what was to be criticized. They used the microphones of the counter-revolutionaries to insidiously attack the basic revolutionary virtues. And so they committed sins in order to confess them at the same time!

But there were also many who resisted, who did not bow their heads, who accepted the consequences with patience and determination...

This is what Ibo thought about when he looked at the photos of Ömer Ayna in the newspapers, who had been through the torture chambers of the detention centres.

Ibo felt what remained in Ömer's gaze as a warm greeting. One of the first conditions of revolutionary behavior is to endure torture, he told his friends and urged them to follow Ömer's example.

Ömer's looks from the torture chambers had captured the excitement and excitement in Ibo's heart.

“We must not wait until torture” he told his comrades. “We must live as if it were going to be used at any moment, so that we can defeat it from the start!” And this consciousness was at work in every moment of his life.

One day Ibo and two of his friends wanted to move from their area to another. There were three of them. They came up from the valley. The higher they climbed, the more snow and wind got in their way. Finally the mountain became insurmountable. They fought for hours. In the pitch black darkness, the lamps in their hands could barely light three steps against the massive snowstorm. Wolf howls could be heard in the distance. With their fingers on the trigger, they climbed for hours on the edge of bottomless abysses and at the base of craggy rocks. Then the descent began. Their faces were frozen. After an endless descent, the lights of the village appeared in the distance. As they turned towards the village, they realized that they were standing on the same slope from which they had climbed hours before.

The comrades suggested to Ibo not to set off again straight away. But Ibo, in a voice full of determination and sharpness, gave the order to set off again. Towards morning they reached the comrades on the other side of the mountain...

Ibo used to say that perseverance and determination were an important basis for victory. He himself provided examples of how to face difficulties. His patience and tenacity and his months of living in the adversities of nature made Ibo a part of nature.

One day they set off for another district. After walking all day in inhospitable terrain, they began looking for a place to spend the night. They found a small cave between the rocks on the mountainside. It was very narrow and difficult to get into, but they had to protect themselves from the wind and rain. The friends suggested that Ibo find another place, but Ibo had already crawled into the cave and started working. In a short time he expanded the cave. That night there was room for everyone.

In the area, winter had extended from the mountain peaks deep into the plains. After the escape of Mahir and his comrades from Maltepe prison, the search efforts of the security forces intensified. Controls were set up on the way from Antep to Malatya. However, Ibo did not allow himself to be disturbed and calmly moved forward. With sandals on his feet, an old coat over his back, with his hat, baton cap and trousers typical of this area, he had the appearance of a hard-working rural proletarian. Ibo never lost his coolness during searches. Most of the time he didn't attract any attention when he passed checkpoints anyway.

After a long time in Malatya district, he moved to other areas where he compiled the notes he had taken into a study entitled "An Analysis of Classes in Malatya."

Chapitre 6

After a while after his separation, he returned to Malatya region with Bora Gözen. Bora was seriously ill in those days. He had jaundice. Ibo left him to his friends in the region and went to Tunceli. (After Bora started to recover, he left Malatya and went to Palestine. While he was in Palestine, he was killed by Israeli troops along with a group of Turkish revolutionaries during an Israeli raid.)

Ibo stayed in Tunceli for a short time, collected reports of the work areas and moved to Istanbul. He worked on the reports he collected for a while in Istanbul.

There he analyzed the reports and turned some of them into essays. After his friends who went to Palestine returned to Malatya, Ibo also came to the region.

Now a large segment of the people of the region knew him by his personality (not by his real name) and loved him wholeheartedly.

He often told his friends that love and loyalty should not be tarnished. He was struggling with emotions that could harden against the beauties of nature and interpersonal relationships. He was giving examples from himself, telling vivid examples of his love for his old and poor grandma, his longing for her, and his respect for his father.

He had already torn up his identity as "Ibrahim Kaypakkaya". He was living with a different identity. Very few comrades around him knew him as "Ibrahim".

The great importance he attached to relationships with people was an important reason why he was so respected by the villagers. These people, whom he was always ready to help, would also stand by him if he were in trouble.

One day they had come to a village towards morning, had been taken into a house and had retired to rest. They had just fallen asleep when they were suddenly awakened by loud shouting. The woman of the house was shouting in Kurdish: "Avétun ser gund...!" (The village

is being attacked!). Ibo and his two comrades left the house through the back door and disappeared towards the mountains.

Ibo was soothing and encouraging them by singing a folk song that matched their footsteps while he was running. As usual, he left the danger behind by giving strength to the people around him and not letting the slightest trace of fear arise.

When he spoke, you could tell his voice was full of faith in their cause. When he spoke of the enemies of the people, it burned like a volcano; when he spoke of life and longing, it became gentle. If there was free time between his work, he would take his little notebook and either retreat to a corner or climb onto a rock and sit down. There he made notes and developed new ideas. Sometimes he would write short battle poems and read them to his friends. One of Ibo's poems was as follows:

FOR THE FALLEN COMRADES

It was you who gave their lives for our people,

It was you who gave their all, for the love of this fight

It was you who gave the colour red to the flag that waves proudly in our chests,

O, the ones that fell to the ground for our immortal people,

O, glorious sons of our people, rest with pride and patience,

Knowing your fellow comrades continues your fight

The month of May continued

It was still in the month of May, the twelfth day after Deniz and the others had given their lives on the gallows. News of their execution came from Ankara. The last moments of Deniz, Yusuf and Hüseyin had settled in Ibo's chest, leaving a vastness, a strange melancholy and anger.... In those days, Ibo was preparing to carry out a plan that had been on his mind for a long time.

At such a time of year, some young people belonging to "THKO" in this area were picked up by the security forces.

Sinan Cemgil, Kadir Manga and Alparslan Özdoğan died in the gunfight. Ibo had then conducted an investigation in the surrounding villages and gathered information from villagers about the event that had taken place in the Inekli village area.

Then he had made some notes: "Mustafa Mordeniz, village head of Kahyali in Kürecik district of Akçadağ in Malatya". Ibo said that Mustafa Mordeniz. was an whistleblower.

After a long period of preparation, he and his friend laid an ambush and captured the village chief. They took him to a cave they had previously found, interrogated him and shot him dead. After that, Ibo left the district again for a while and moved to Tunceli. From the Haydaran Mountains, Ali Haydar Yıldız and Muzaffer also came there. They met and returned to the summer camps on the plateaus of the Haydaran Mountains.

Here Ibo explained to them the case with the village head Mustafa Mordeniz:

“So far, the fascines have killed nearly 100 revolutionaries in our country. Most of them have each other passionately and dedicated themselves to the liberation struggle of the people. The blood of these children has increased our people's resentment against tyranny. Our task in life is to continue the courageous and decisive struggle of our comrades, all patriotic people. Today, the fascists' declared aim is to smother the organized forces of our people in blood and

fire. To achieve this goal, they use all possible means. They take advantage of the misery of the people; with promises of money they encourage reactionary elements who give up their profits and their dignity in exchange for coins in order to perform informer services. They tried to destroy the revolutionary group around Sinan Cemgil with the help of such informants, but they have not quite succeeded.

The group fought back heroically with their small force in the Gölbaşı mountains. In order to intimidate the people, the fascists stripped their corpses and brought them into Gölbaşı. The bourgeois press has done its business with photos. A few days later, the whistleblowers and the attackers were rewarded with money. But the weapon in the hands of the fascines has turned against themselves. The people of Turkey, especially the inhabitants of the area, who have been severely tested, have despised this bloody deed. Since I work in this area, I have seen the reaction of the people up close. The people wanted the tyrants and those who took part in their work to be punished.

I decided to comply with the will of the people and therefore took into my own hands the punishment of the whistleblower village headman, who was primarily responsible for the bloodshed. In mid-May, the people informed us that the whistleblower was trying to set himself up as the ruler in the area, that he was aiming to hire helpers and was planning other dirty business.

1. We find that the whistleblower village headman was responsible for the deaths of three revolutionaries, not out of obligation, but for money,

- 2.- In order to satisfy personal desires for revenge, the untrue claim that some villagers had relations with the revolutionaries was made.

3. openly insulted the revolution and the martyrs of the revolution in cafes and on the streets, and threatened to denounce villagers who admonished him in response.

Ibo said that they had “punished” Mustafa Mordeniz for these reasons and explained the affair to the people of the region in the same way.

Ibo stayed for some time on the Haydaran plateaus in Tunceli district for training work. He discussed new plans with his comrades, listened to their criticism, took notes. At the same time, security forces, who had heard that Ibo and his friends were in the district, searched village by village, stone by stone. Everything was raided, at the slightest suspicion they conducted interrogations with all kinds of methods.

Quite a few people were considered “suspicious” during these attacks and taken away. No one knew where these people were going and when they would be brought back.

The lieutenant Fehmi, who talked about how a member of his family had been killed by the "insurgents" during the Dersim uprising, did not have the slightest benevolent feelings for the inhabitants. The methods he used made him "famous" within a short period of time.

If he found any trace of the revolutionaries, he turned everything upside down in the area's houses and filled the cells with people.

Lieutenant Fehmi and his troop of around 260 soldiers threatened even the air to officiate in the Tunceli district. A smile, a friend, a message, a guest, a letter - everything had to be accounted for. Police stations used beatings, bastinado and all kinds of torture. Hundreds of villagers were interrogated. Ibo was in the area with a group of friends. They had carried out 'threatening actions' against some landowners who were bullying the poorer population. These

actions spread immediately, they were whispered from ear to ear. They were surrounded by a wave of sympathy.

There was even talk of a warm bomb being thrown into the quarters of First Lieutenant Fehmi. The search operations in the Tunceli district were intensified. The repressive measures expanded even more and became more intense.

Chapitre 7

Ibo returned to Istanbul in between. Then he drove course to Malatya and on to Tunceli. From there he moved to the Düzgün Mountains. He brought various publications, news, maps and equipment with him to his friends there. He wanted his friends to become even more active. They discussed general problems for a while and Ibo gave them news from other areas.

Since he had been travelling for months, he now knew a large part of Anatolia as well as he knew his own hand, from river banks to mountain slopes, from forest to village, from springs to hills.

Ibo was a master at finding a place he was looking for. When he described an address, he was meticulous as a draughtsman. Whoever got directions from Ibo could be sure that he would find the place he was looking for by the most direct and safest route. If he was looking for a place himself, he would find it with a bluffing security. Once he was looking for a group of friends, he found out the area where they were staying, but not the place where they were camped. He came to the village, after a short chat asked some villager she trusted.

He was given no answer. They knew of no one, the villagers said. But Ibo did not let up. "Tie me up, tell them, and if they don't know me, kill me!" he said. But one of the villagers had told the young people who were hiding in a cave. They immediately realised that it was Ibo who was looking for them. The villagers were also happy that Ibo had found his friends. Ibo praised them for not revealing anything to a stranger and built up a friendly relationship with them. In the villages where he stayed, he was especially active with the children, making friends with them and playing with them.

The children also immediately got used to Ibo and called him "Ibo, Ez ji devrimcime! (I'm also a revolutionary)" after him when he walked. Ibo used to say: "The future of Turkey depends on our struggle. Maybe we won't be around anymore, but this fight will never be forgotten

As before, he helped the villagers with all kinds of work when he was in a village.

He was especially good with the scythe, although the scythe was not very common in this area. The villagers watched in amazement as Ibo worked quickly and tirelessly with the scythe. In another village, he introduced a tool that had been unknown until then.

This device was called Ayakçak (foot lever). He made it out of grass, strapped it to his foot and used it to push the wheat into big bundles. The villagers were amazed and delighted by this new tool, they embraced Ibo, joked with him about it and set about making an "Ayakçak" for each of them, which is a special feature of mid-Anatolian villages.

In another village, after a long and tiring day's work, they had sat down to eat in one of the poorer houses. Ibo and his friends had had bread and cheese for a long time. Now there was hot and cooked food at the table and it made their mouths water.

Just before they began to eat, İbo spoke to his friends and said: "In these poor households, everything that has been prepared usually comes to the table, just don't eat it all, because what we leave is for them; and if we eat it all, they also think that they haven't had enough of us and become sad."

In these days, the security forces intensified their pressure and narrowed the circle around the district more and more. However, none of the leads that First Lieutenant Fehmi had pursued up until that day had led to any results. The villagers hid Ibo and Ali Haydar under poor clothing and wanted their food with them.

Those who were looking for them now began to pursue their new tactics. People in civilian clothes and with a revolutionary appearance went into the villages at nightfall. They knock on poor people's doors and ask for invitations, we are revolutionaries, we want to stay one night and then leave! Depending on how they behaved towards these people, the residents then became more violent. It was never clear what could happen to whom and when.

On January 13, 1973, the security force headed for Nazimiye's Bostanlar village after receiving a tip that he and his friends were staying there. In Lieutenant Fehmi's report on this operation, it was described as follows: I immediately put together a pursuit team that set out under my command. In addition, the unit was expanded to include a police officer. We came to the place that had been described to us, but unfortunately a shot fired by the police officer out of carelessness spoiled our operation. We returned without any result. – "In reality, there was a "result". People whispered from ear to ear what had happened in Bostanlar: a police officer dressed in civilian clothes had knocked on the door of the poor farmer Suleyman Nakış and said:-Open the door, I am a revolutionary, I stayed behind alone!"

And then the house was surrounded and the "carelessness" of which the lieutenant had spoken happened:

The bullet fired by the beamer caused a serious back injury to Süleyman Nakış and then pierced his four-year-old daughter's head from behind. Suleyman Nakış's wife fled into the mountains full of fear and confusion and just came close to death.

Was there a state of emergency by law in this area? Nobody was entitled to think about it. According to the official announcements, there was a critical state of emergency in this

district. But the practice looked different. The oppression hurts more and more every day. The only ones in the area who profited from the state were the big landowners. Not only the revolutionaries, but everyone who felt connected to the revolutionaries or showed sympathy, were treated in an unimaginable way.

Ibo had passed through Tunceli around mid-December and met up with his friends from the area in the Düzgün Mountains.

He talked to them in detail about the situation. According to the work reports of the friends, decisions were made. One and the most important of these was to denounce the oppression and tyranny against the poor people of Tunceli. "We need to become more active and dynamic we must oppose the oppression of the people with all our strength; perhaps our forces are too small and we will break. But a revolutionary cannot remain silent in the face of the people's lamentations," said Ibo. The harshness of the measures in Tunceli eclipsed everything else. Torture and beatings were part of everyday life for the population. It got to the point that a man released from prison with traces of severe torture on his body turned to the health authorities for an expert opinion on the tyranny. It was rumoured that the public prosecutor's office had started an investigation against the police chief of Tunceli and the lieutenant of the gendarmerie.

News of the oppression and terror to which the people were subjected leaked into the capital despite the censorship of the state of emergency and became an issue in parliament. In July 1973, H. Yenipazar, a Tunceli deputy in the Parliament, in his speech, called for the transfer of the police commissioner and the lieutenant of the gendarmerie from this area: "These two persons must be dealt with by rcchdiche means. Their behaviour in office is based on nothing but complete arbitrariness! Tunceli was almost surrounded by military commandos. Through the streets of the city they exercised and ran barechested, chanting marches like "The commandos have surrounded the mountains, now it's their turn". Literally, the wind of terror blew through the city.

Ali Haydar Yıldız volunteered to denounce the oppression.

He descended from the mountains to Tunceli at midnight on 2 January and planted bombs in the police office and quarters...

They then covered their tracks in the slopes of the Düzgün Mountains. After a few attempts, Ibo, Ali Haydar and Hüseyin returned to Nazimiye, while Muzaffer and Süleyman went to the Haydaran villages. Before they parted, they agreed on a lonely place near Mirik at Vartinik as a meeting point.

Chapitre 8

After Süleyman and Muzaffer had stayed in the Haydaran villages for 15 days, they took enough cottage cheese (çökelek) with them and moved to the barn near Vartinik. Ibo and Haydar were in the villages of Karakoçan. They talked to the villagers in the area, listened to their concerns.

The villagers told these two young men about their troubles and said that a sergeant in the area had tortured and tormented them terribly.

-He plucks out the old people's beards, he plunders us, whoever doesn't give him a bribe, he beats him; he molests our brides and our daughters.... "they said. The old villagers were hoping for help from the young people who had come from the mountains.

Ali Haydar and Ibo frightened this sergeant, who was harassing the villagers, with a 'warning bomb'. The sergeant cowered and the villagers breathed a sigh of relief.

Four to five days later, Ibo came to the barn near Vartinik with Ali Haydar and Hüseyin. They decided to stay hidden here for a while. The following day, Süleyman and Ali Haydar left the barn to get bread and other foods. They wanted to return by evening. The day passed the evening dawned. Darkness descended it became late.

Ibo, Muzaffer and Hüseyin shared the watch every two hours. Ibo kept the first watch. Then Muzaffer got up on guard duty. After a while two hours, Hüseyin started his watch.

Ali Haydar and Süleyman were late in returning as the roads were completely covered with snow and impassable. Around morning they arrived at the barn. They whistled the password from not far away. There was no response from the barn. Ali Haydar repeated the password. Again nothing came. When they heard nothing from the other side, they became suspicious and started to investigate the area. They saw gendarmes - the barn was surrounded. The darkness had not yet lifted, the day had not yet separated from the night.

It was the misty morning of January 24, 1973. Ali Haydar and Süleyman hurried towards the barn. entered first. The friends were asleep and he woke them up. They fled Ali Haydar was the last to jump out. The security forces had started firing. Ali Haydar hurled the hand grenade he was holding in the direction of the attackers and fired.

He first had to climb over the earthen wall that lay around the barn. He crouched down, then jumped forward. He was just over the wall when the fire hit him. It hit him as he jumped, in the air, and he fell.

The attackers surrounded them in a semicircle. The commander was First Lieutenant Fehmi. They besieged the barn from the Ovacık side.

Under the hail of fire, Ibo and his friends fled in all directions. Half crawling, half running, Ibo tried to work his way out of the gunfire. But he slipped and fell.

Even before his knees touched the ice, he was hit by a bullet. Without getting up again, he collapsed. He held his gun in his hand.

As the wound on his head sucked all the strength out of Ibo's body, the addresses in his trouser pocket came to his mind. With the last of his strength, just before his eyes went black, he pulled the addresses out of his pocket and put them in his mouth. He lost consciousness.

Muzaffer, Süleyman and Hüseyin disappeared into the darkness and were swallowed up by the fog. When the sound came from the barn, the gendarmerie was there immediately. Two had been hit.

Hüseyin Güngör, who had betrayed the barn, held a quill in his hand. He shot at Ibo, and 40 to 50 shock bullets went into Ibo's body and head.

The gendarmes searched Ibo and Ali Haydar's pockets and took their identity cards. Then they left them with the wounded and pursued the other three, who had fled towards the snowy mountains.

Muzaffer first moved quite a distance away and then dropped down a steep slope to a stream. There he dug himself into the snow. His pursuers first searched the area above the ravine and threw down a hand grenade, could not come down, however. Muzaffer did not move for an hour and a half. Then he came out and moved up the mountain in a different direction. He stayed in the mountains for two nights. He moved to the villages of Mazgirt. He hid here for nearly two months. He came to Istanbul in March. And he returned to Malatya. He learnt that the friends he was looking for in Malatya had also been captured. He left and came to Istanbul. Soleyman had crawled out of the gunfire, wiped out his trail in the mountains and descended to Tunceli. Here he hid for a while and then went to Istanbul.

Ibo had been badly injured, but he was alive. All the injuries he had suffered were not enough to stop him. The snow, in which he was buried face down, was constantly turning red, slowly sucking his blood.

After a while, he came round. He straightened up on his knees and elbows. He checked his wounds. When he got up, blood was flowing everywhere from his body. He had been riddled with holes. Shotgun pellets were stuck in his neck.

He had a bullet wound in his head. The address papers was still in his mouth. He took it out and breathed deeply. Then he looked around and tried to come round slowly. A little further away he saw Ali Haydar's body lying in the snow. He stepped to him, bent over, but could not lift him up.

He lay down next to Ali Haydar and mumbled something. He vowed revenge. And, stumbling in the snow and staggering, he walked away from the barn. After a few hours he crouched down in a hiding place.

He was in Barıkbaşı. The blood on his skin was frozen. When he touched a wound, a burning sensation ran through him. Pain. He could not bear to have Ali Haydar lying there like that. I wondered if this brave child of the Haydaran territory, this brave comrade, was only wounded, if he was still alive? Or had the bullets taken away his life? Ibo felt a bitter feeling rising inside him. Ali Haydar's image appeared before his eyes; he had to think of his eyes that were half open when he left him. It was as if he wanted to say "take me too". Ibo cursed his weakness. Ali Haydar was now in their hands. Ibo could not believe that he could do nothing; the face of his comrade before his eyes could not be shooed away. His bloody curled hair had looked like red patches, frozen to his temples. One of his hands was clenched in a fist with a bruised wrist, one of his arms was bloody up to the shoulder joint. Then Ibo thought of Muzaffer and Süleyman. Did they escape?

Or had they been riddled with bullets and 1 had left this world? Every one of his comrades, with whom he had slept close together just a few hours ago so as not to freeze, was now somewhere else, among wolves and birds, in the muzzle flash of guns, behind the mountains.... Ibo thought and listened to his thoughts in the morning cold. The sky had opened up and the white clouds had disappeared on the horizon. Ali Haydar's voice sounded in his ears. He looked around him. It was as if he could see him.

Chapitre 9

Ali Haydar had an important place in Ibo's life and political work. Ali Haydar symbolised for Ibo the comrade from the people. Behind each of his idiosyncrasies lay views of the anatolian people. As if the life of a people had gained a special meaning in him. These qualities made Ali Haydar a kind of guiding figure. He learned a lot from him. He listened to him for hours, letting him tell him about his childhood, his youth and the hardships of the people in his homeland. Ali Haydar's father was a man from the village of Ruşnik in the Tunceli district. He grew up as an orphan and was later taken in by the clergyman Molla Yusuf (Erdoğanlar), who lived in the village of Rıçık in the Mazgirt district. He was entered in the village register as his child. After Molla Yusuf was assigned the village of Ertuhan near Palu, he moved there together with him. He worked alongside his foster father and earned extra money as a water salesman or as a temporary worker on the state railway.

During the days of the Dersim uprising in 1938, most of his relatives and friends died. During these days he witnessed terrible events; he saw relatives killed by bayonets, riddled with machine guns, floating dead in the Munzur River. He himself also suffered many agonies. Two years after the Dersim uprising he was drafted into military service and after three years

of military service he married Güzel from the village of Kıl in Nazimiye. Ali Haydar was born as the fourth child of this family in the village of Erhuran-Palu. He was just one year old when his family emigrated to Elazığ. He finished primary school in the village of Hüsenik, in Elazığ province. Even at that age, he stood out among his peers and also the older ones because of his energy and intelligence. He studied middle and high school in Elazığ. His friends loved and respected him because he was selfless, resisted injustice and helped the weak. Ali Haydar had been reading novels avidly since he was in secondary school, looking for ways to narrate the pain he had seen himself. He immediately passed on novels he had read to his friends, infecting them with his enthusiasm and the wisdom he had absorbed, and rejoicing when they shared his feelings. He was the first to present Yaşar Kemal and Fakir Baykurt to many of his friends. In addition to these emotional protections against injustice, in the years of secondary school he had the will to fight for justice. He did not yet have a mature political understanding, but within his small world he had already fought many a battle for justice. He graduated from high school in 1969-1970 and came to Istanbul. Within a short time, he was part of the revolutionary youth. The feelings and desires he had carried since childhood took on a political dimension. The persistence of his views accelerated his political development. In February of the same school year, civilian police arrested him in Laleli under false accusations.

He remained in the torture chambers for 48 hours. He was then taken into custody and remained in prison for almost a month.

After his release, his friendship with Ibo began and he became one of Ibo's comrades in arms. He willingly took on difficult work, was patient, made good use of his time, read constantly, carried out all the tasks assigned to him, faced criticism, could agitate, sacrificed himself and could naturally and easily make friends with people from the people, was combative and could keep secrets keep... With all these qualities he was a role model for his comrades in arms.

In a hiding place in the snowy mountains where Ibo was after escaping from the barn, the virtues of his beloved friend Ali Haydar kept coming back to his mind. The thought of Ali Haydar bleeding to death in the snow made Ibo feel like his right arm was being taken away. Ali Haydar had led him over all these slopes. He had told him the history of the Haydaran area. The history of these mountains...

About the invasion of the troops into Haydaran in 1938, the flight of all residents of all ages into the mountains, the shots that have been ringing out in these mountains for years, from the Demenan area, about the fact that there is blood instead of water in the Laç River falls... Ibo's beloved comrade, who had told him all this, was now one with the mountains and the stones. Ali Haydar, who had grown in pain, was not someone who could be replaced so easily. He had grown up with the stories of the ancients, which told of endless suffering.

He had the fate that the populations of the valleys Harçık and Kıl, the village of Çukur, the Halis mountains and Mazgirt, were firmly anchored in his heart. He had grown up on this land, which was full of blood from the Zilan valley up to the peaks of the Ararat. After a while, the squads that were after the fugitives gave up their search and returned to the barn. There they realised that of the two who had been hit, one was still alive. One was lying in his blood where he had been hit; the other, however, had left a trail of blood behind him and disappeared into the mountains. First Lieutenant Fehmi swore angrily to himself.

They searched the area for a while. Then they returned to Ali Haydar's body. They tied him up and dragged him from Vartinik down to the Kutu Valley. One of the soldiers who took part in the operation told the prosecutor that they tied the body, put a stick under it and brought it to the Kutu Valley police station by dragged it.

There were also other rumors that Ali Haydar let out deep sighs as a rope was tied around his neck and began to be pulled; he would only have lost his life on the way. When Ali Haydar arrived at the police station, his body was frozen. For two full days, Ibo stayed huddled in his hideout without food or drink and droned on. He did not dare to approach the villagers.

There was a stinging sensation in his feet and hands, signs of approaching freezing. Finally he decided to descend into a village. Stumbling and falling in the snow, he arrived in a mountain village. Because of the terror that reigned in the area, the villagers shy away from this injured and exhausted person. Ibo told them that they were right to be afraid and that one day the terror would definitely come to an end. He was completely exhausted, but didn't want to be a burden to the villagers. So he gathered his last strength and headed towards the mountains. After a few hours he came to another village and went inside.

The villagers took him in. Some heated the oven, others brought him water, others made him food, and still others bandaged his wounds.

After he had eaten, they gave him new shoes, put ointment on his wounds, and put woolen stockings on him.

One by one they came and looked at the wounded guest who had taken refuge in their village. They wanted him to come to his senses as soon as possible and return to the mountains.

Later, a few farmers took Ibo into their midst and brought him to a cave three to four hours' walk away. There they fed him, wished him luck and left. Ibo stayed in the cave for two days. Under the cutting cold, the stinging in his feet intensified and his throat constricted. The cave was icy on all sides. At the end of the second day he left it and descended to another village. It was night, and only the snow-covered mountains could be seen pointing up to the sky. Limping with difficulty, Ibo moved into the village. Because of the terror, which had taken on increasingly senseless proportions in recent times, the inhabitants were lonely. Ibo did not press them further, asked them for nothing and left the village. It was the fifth day after his injury. The burning of his wounds had spread to his whole body. He could no longer turn his head. The pain in his foot was turning into numbness. The morning after that night spent out on the snow in the darkness near the village, daylight broke the icy cold a little and he set off again. He was determined to walk, whatever the cost. He would put all his strength into his legs, leave this region, find his comrades in another area and recover. He walked, paused and thought about how to find out where he could spend the night, where he was and how to proceed. He wanted to ask for directions in a village. He met a villager, asked him for help and asked for directions to the district he wanted to go to. The man took Ibo to a house. The teacher of the village was a fanatical reactionary.

Chapitre 10

This notorious reactionary agent named Celal treated İbo like a lottery ticket. The villager, whom İbo had asked for directions, took him home and went to inform the teacher. The teacher immediately ran home, looked at the wounded man who had come to the village and locked the door of the room.

In a tired, exhausted voice, İbo told them not to denounce him, that he was a revolutionary, that they should let him go, but he could not try to escape or defend himself because he had no more force.

It was known in all the surrounding villages that a wounded man had escaped from the barn near Vartinik. All the reactionaries in the area were eager to win the big prize. In addition, agents were spread throughout the villages. It was reported that whoever found the fugitive would receive a large reward.

All reactionaries and agents were looking for this 'blood-soaked bread' everywhere. Lieutenant Fehmi, the commander of the security forces of the Vartirik operation, had sent out the message that all forces should be mobilised to find the wounded man who had fled.

His report stated: It was determined that the killed anarchist bore the name Ali Haydar Yıldız. However, we are particularly interested in the anarchist who fled in her wounded state. After the autopsy of the anarchist we had killed and the related procedures were completed, we organised several teams and conducted an intensive search in the same area. I warned my trusted men in the surrounding areas.

In addition, the photos of the anarchists sent to me by the National Security Service were sent to the confidants of the secret police. On the morning of 24 January, the unit under my command was at the Gökçe police station. Our representative Hüseyin Güngör from Mirik Bett informed us that ... "

And First Lieutenant Fehmi surrounded the village with a large security force. He stood at the door of the room with great enthusiasm. Ibo was lying on the ground in the room. -You are Ibrahim Kaypakkaya, aren't you?" 'If you know, why are you asking?' Ibo replied in a voice rising like a knife from his wounded body. Then the lieutenant asked Ibo how he had escaped. He simply could not believe that Ibo had slipped through his fingers. "I escaped as I should have escaped to get away from a fascist like you." They tied Ibo up and took him down to the Kutu stream.

Kutu stream is located between Mizik and Gökçe villages. A stream with ice-cold water meanders in the middle. They walked Ibo along the bank for an hour and a half.

The path led through the water a few times. The icy water made Ibo's aching feet completely numb. His strength was gone. They then tied Ibo behind a jeep. A non-commissioned officer of the force, Mehmet Demir, said in his statement that they made Ibo walk from the village of Mirik to the police station in Gökçe.

The first communication protocol of Ibo was drawn up immediately in the Gökçe district. Ibo's clothes were dirty and covered in blood; he was injured, tired and hungry. But he didn't bow down. With exhausted but implacable looks, he watched the people who caught him and brought him here and the other gendarmes as they frightenedly moved back and forth. Then they wanted to take his statement.

They took him to the interrogation room. They wanted to get him talking as quickly as possible, wanted everything in black and white. Ibo was bombarded with tons of questions. Ibo answered their questions briefly and succinctly. But they weren't the answers they wanted. They repeated their questions, Ibo repeated his answers. Finally, they recorded Ibo's answers according to their own understanding and style as follows:

"I am a revolutionary, and as revolutionaries we never hide anything about political issues. We express our opinions freely. But we don't talk about the activities of our organization, the friends who believe in us within the organization, and the people and groups who are not in the organization but help us. We don't talk about that, and for that reason I won't say anything about our organization's activities. Since I am not a member of any organization, there is nothing I can say regarding organized activities. As revolutionaries, we want to liberate the poorer population from the exploitation of the big bourgeoisie, the collaborating imperialists and the large landowners, the workers, the landless and middle-class small craftsmen and traders as well as the revolutionary wing of the national bourgeoisie from the

Liberate from exploitation and tyranny. This is why I came this far. As revolutionaries, we put our trust first and foremost in the working class. Secondly, we trust the landless farmers and then, in turn, the medium-sized farmers, small craftsmen and business owners. I came here with these ideals, especially to educate landless farmers. But since I'm a complete stranger in these circles, I couldn't get in touch with anyone. Two weeks ago we came to the Vartinik branch of the village of Gökçe, where we got into a confrontation with the gendarmerie.

We settled in an abandoned barn near Vartinik. I don't know who brought us food there and I don't know the people I was there with either. Even if I knew them, I wouldn't say their names.

Our goal is to

the poor and middle class farmers as well as the middle class to save village traders and business owners from the hands of the enemies of the people, among whom we particularly include the large landowners, the big bourgeoisie and the imperialists collaborating with foreign countries. We therefore want to dissolve these three forces and socialize all means of production. There are different ways to achieve this. If it is not possible to bring this people to power as a whole through political enlightenment, then it is inevitable and natural to use force. There are various examples of this in history. In our opinion, the French Revolution of 1789 was a bourgeois revolution. In 1917 the bourgeoisie was destroyed and power was entirely in the hands of the workers. Since it is not possible in today's Turkey to spread this ideology or establish this social order through legal means, and since we are not granted the right to live, we were forced to move into the mountains and take up armed struggle . Accordingly, we consider it justified to use weapons to combat the three forces mentioned, which we consider to be our opponents. I was sleeping in Vartinik at the beginning of the clash; the shots woke me up and the four of us tried to escape. I don't know anything about the whereabouts of my friends. I didn't have a weapon with me and for that reason I didn't shoot at the gendarmerie. When I left the barn in Vartinik, I had a piece of bread in my bag. With this bread I survived in the mountains from the 24th to the 29th. I spent the night in the snow. Finally, I went to a village I didn't know and was arrested there. Because I spent the night in the snow, my hands and feet froze and swelled. As I said above, I don't know the people I was with. Even if I knew them, I wouldn't say their names. We stayed in the house for about two weeks. They provided bread and other food, but I don't know where it came from. I lost my friends in the fight; we didn't meet again. We bought the blankets we slept under from people I didn't know. I don't know the friends in the organization and wouldn't mention their names if I did. As stated above, our intention and goal is to socialize all means of production.”

He refused to answer some questions. It was found that he was wearing a brown cap with a torn and patched top on his head, he was also wearing a bulging military parka, underneath a jacket, a sweater and other clothing, and he was also wearing three pairs of pants on top of each other on his feet white wool stockings, the kind they knit by hand in local villages, topped with a pair of nylon stockings and a pair of rubber boots, size 45, brand Çelik.

First Lieutenant Fehmi Altınbilek, commander of the Central Gendarmerie, was instructed to ensure that a photo of the arrested person was taken, given to our officers along with the negative.

The protocol has been read out and signed 29. 1. 1973

Chapitre 11

That night, Ibo was tortured for hours. He broke forcibly. This was six days after the clash at Vaninik. He had spent five nights between rock and stone, and on the On the day of his arrest, he was first made to walk for hours on icy roads and then interrogated. After the interrogation they locked him up. His exhausted condition did not stop them from insulting him, kicking him or punching him. They wanted him to surrender. But despite everything Ibo did not surrender. He did not give the answers they wanted to their questions, sometimes he was silent, sometimes defiant. He had been wounded for days. Now he was in their hands in chains. In the face of Ibo's gaze, they still felt as if they had not been able to capture him, and felt angry.

He collapsed on bare concrete. With the stabbing pain of his frozen feet, Ibo spent the night of 30 January injured and sleepless at the Gökçe police station.

The next morning they brought him under the "supervision" of the Lieutenant Fehmi to Tunceli and they stayed there overnight. Then they took him to Elazığ.

So many torture enthusiasts and enemies of the people knew about Ibo's fame and were dying to see him. It was a celebration day for them when Ibo was brought to Elazığ.

One by one they came and vented their hatred on Ibo's aching body. One beat him, another insulted him, another clubbed him, and another put him in chains. Ibo met them all with bold words.

The torturers saw Ibo's green eyes, which looked steadily at them beneath his blonde hair, with fear. They avoided his gaze, somehow unable to bear the fact that they felt like nothing in front of Ibo.

Ibo spent a night in Elazığ and was then taken to Diyarbakır, again under the supervision of First Lieutenant Fehmi.

Everywhere they went, Lieutenant Fehmi strutted around with his priceless, valuable prey. In Diyarbakır, he handed over to Ibo Yaşar Değerli, the prosecutor of the State of Emergency Administration.

Yaşar Değerli waited for Ibo with curiosity. He was taken to his office, where a crowd of people were waiting for him and peppering him with questions:

"Come on, admit it, you're Aşur, you're Hamza, you're Haydar, you're Musa, you're Mustafa... Say, we'll get it out of you..."

Ibo listened to their roar without saying a word. This person whose fame had spread from village to village under all these names for months, this person they had simply been unable to catch, now stood before them. Later they had Ibo get into an armored car. The car stopped on Ziya Gökalp Street in front of the Diyarbakır torture center. The public prosecutor Yaşar Değerli was in favor of interrogating him there immediately (!). He was of the opinion that at best a statement could be extracted from Ibo in this state. But one of the officers said that Ibo's condition was serious and that he could die if they continued to harm him. He exchanged a few words with the prosecutor and it was decided to send Ibo to prison hospital.

So they took Ibo to the military hospital in Diyarbakır, laid him on the bed in a room and chained his hands and feet to the bed frame.

This was the first time since January 24 that Ibo found himself in a room and on a bed. He felt as if all his muscles were loosening. His arms, his legs, his neck hurt as if they were being torn off, as if the skin was being peeled away from them. His whole body seemed rotten. He was chained and he couldn't turn around. Only when the food was brought did they untie his hand. Fatma Erez, a teacher from Siverek, was lying in the next room.

She could hear Ibo's voice from the next room, where not even a bird could pass. She noticed that the public prosecutor visited Ibo very often. Once she heard the prosecutor shouting at Ibo: I myself will be the one to kill you; your death will come from my hands! Ibo replied: "I am not afraid of you or your superiors, nor of death."

These days, radio news broadcasts have been full of death, blood, searches and arrests. One news bulletin reported that "Ali Haydar Yıldıız was found dead and İbrahim Kaypakkaya was found wounded in the barn of Vartinik in the area of Mirik in the district of Tunceli".

In the cool of the morning on May 20th the bus approached on the dewy wet asphalt to the destination Diyarbakır. The driver had the radio on. Ali Kaypakkaya suddenly woke up. News came on the radio. He looked out the window. The brightness had lifted the curtain of fog and revealed the face of the earth resurgent in May. Some of the travelers started talking about the news. Ali Kaypakkaya thought about the day months ago when he heard about his son's arrest on the radio.

Suddenly he felt dizzy. He shouted and collapsed. If only Ibrahim had died too, he muttered. What are you saying? the neighbors around him had asked and he had answered: Now they will send him to his death ten times over. They will ask him endless questions. I know him, he won't open his mouth. They will rip out his soul to make him talk...

The neighbors tried to calm him down. Don't worry, as long as he's still alive there's still hope, they said. But Ali Kaypakkaya knew his son. Once, when his son told him about the revolutionaries from Vietnam, or Korea, well, somewhere there, at least he had told him about a man who, in order not to reveal anything to the police, had brought himself into a condition in which he could no longer speak.

And then they said on the radio that Ibrahim was wounded. It was reported once and then not again. Now some boring person was giving some boring speech. Ali Kaypakkaya would have given an eye to hear the same news again. Maybe there were a few words that he had missed in his initial astonishment.

No matter how hard they tried, his neighbors had failed to calm him down. The next morning, Ali Kaypakkaya immediately went to his workplace and asked for leave. It was not granted to him. As a last resort, he went to the doctor. On the way to the hospital he bought a newspaper and read the few lines of the message over and over again.

In the hospital he spoke openly with the doctor. He pointed to the newspaper. Here, he said, this, this is my son. In Tunceli he got into a dispute with the gendarmes; his friend was killed and he himself was wounded. I have to find out what happened, where he is now, whether he's dead or alive. I would like you to take me on sick leave for a week...

The doctor was silent, thought for a moment and then wrote him off sick for a week. After the doctor's visit, Ali Kaypakkaya went straight to the command of the 28th Division of the State of Emergency Administration. They sent him to a colonel. He listened to what Ali Kaypakkaya had to say and started laughing. What do you care? Do you still care about such a child? he said, where do you want to go in this cold? I'd rather have no child at all than one like that... Without saying a word, Ali Kaypakkaya left again. Even this first brief contact with the state of emergency administration had taught him a lot.

He drove to Kızılay, the main post office, and said at the counter that he wanted to call Tunceli. The officer asked the number he wanted in Tunceli. The district gendarmerie headquarters, he replied.

Chapitre 12

As soon as the connection was made, a gendarmerie soldier answered at the other end. His voice came in unintelligible fragments. "I heard that Ibrahim was captured yesterday in Tunceli" said Ali Kaypakkaya "I am his father. I beg you for all the world, you also have a father and mother; where is Ibrahim now, is he badly wounded?" -Just a moment, uncle," the soldier interrupted. Then he heard the voice of another soldier saying that Ibrahim had been wounded in the neck and shoulder, that his feet were frozen and that he had been taken to Diyarbakır. Finally, Ali Kaypakkaya asked: Is it necessary for me to go there?", to which the soldier replied: "It would be good if you can." On the same day, Ali Kaypakkaya boarded the

train at 8 pm. He got off at the bus station in Diyarbakır. He did not know the city. After wandering around for a while, he met a policeman and told him that he was Ibrahim's father. Then he asked where he could find his son. The policeman replied curtly: -There are minibuses going there. Get off at Dagkapı!" After asking several times, he found the hospital. Soldiers stood guard at the entrance. Ali Kaypakkaya wanted to enter with some other visitors. The guard asked everyone for their permission papers. He also asked to see Ali Kaypakkaya's papers. When Ali Kaypakkaya said that he did not have any, he was asked, "Who do you want to see?" Ali Kaypakkaya gave his son's name and at the same moment the guard : ..Don't move!- He pointed his gun at him. -If you move even a finger's breadth, I don't want to be me if I don't shoot!" -Brother," Ali Kaypakkaya replied, "you didn't grab me in the mountains and bring me here. I came on my own to ask about my son. Is he alive, is he dead? Where is he now? That's what I came to find out. Even if you shout at me like that, say 'Go away', I won't go. But still, if you want, then shoot!!!" The soldier walked to the guard house, constantly turning around to look at Ali Kaypakkaya. He was shaking all over. He spoke something into the phone and immediately stood in front of Ali Kaypakkaya again. I am here, I am not moving," Ali Kaypakkaya tried to calm the soldier down. After a short while, a military vehicle drove up, from which two soldiers and a sergeant got out... what's up?" they asked. ...There, my commander, that's the father of the anarchist.... The guard reported and pointed to Ali Kaypakkaya. The sergeant listened to Ali Kaypakkaya's concerns and then said, "We can't let you see him. Go to the public prosecutor's office and get a permit.

Then come here. If the person you are looking for is here, we will let you see him. And now don't ask any more questions... " Ali Kaypakkaya left the hospital compound and went to the state of emergency command. At the entrance gate, 5-6 soldiers were shovelling snow under the direction of a sergeant.

He approached the sergeant and raised his concern. "Brother, I wouldn't go in there if I were you! They will interrogate you, maybe even keep you there, you will be tortured." "I'm ready even if they kill me, just let me go to the prosecutor." Ali Kaypakkaya said. "The main thing is that you allow me to go to the prosecutor." The sergeant called one of the soldiers and told him something. The soldier took his gun in his hand. So they walked through the main gate, Ali Kaypakkaya in front and almost 10 metres behind him the soldier with the gun in his hand. Then they entered an office. There, Ali Kaypakkaya presented his request to a slender, blond lieutenant. Accompanied by the lieutenant, Ali Kaypakkaya was taken to another office. As he entered, the lieutenant assumed his posture. At the table in the room sat a short, dark, slender man who was leafing through a notebook. When he saw the lieutenant, he raised his head. This friend has come to ask for permission," said the lieutenant. "What permission?" the man asked.

Ali Kaypakkaya started to present his request to him too, but the moment the name Ibrahim was mentioned, the man stood up and started shouting: So this anarchist's father, yes? That bandit's father, huh?

Even if he is an anarchist or a bandit, you know what a father, a mother can go through. I just want to know how my son is, that's all. Is he alive, is he dead? I want to see it. I would like your permission for this." replied Ali Kaypakkaya. The man interrupted him, shouting: I have to keep you here; I need your statement.... Ali Kaypakkaya continued dejectedly. Do what you think is necessary; I just want to hear his voice once, talk to him on the phone; tell him his

father has come, and while you're talking I just want to stand here and listen from behind, that's all I want...

I won't help an anarchist, a highwayman, a gangster like that! the man continued to shout. He then signaled to the lieutenant, who led Ali Kaypakkaya out of the room. He returned to the main gate with the soldier who had brought him. There he thanked the sergeant and left.

He talked to some people on the street. Each of the residents who heard of his worries fell silent, became sad and wanted to help.

"When you drive into Diyarbakır, there is a mosque on the right and a military post on the left" someone said. "There are cells near the mosque, your son is probably there."

These words were a glimmer of hope for Ali Kaypakkaya. He came to the place that had been described to him and spoke to the soldier on guard: "My son is supposed to be here in the cells, somewhere here. Is he alive, is he dead, how is he can you tell me something?"

Uncle, said the man on guard duty in a quiet voice. If I leave my guard here and go over to the guard near the cells, that won't work. That's where the police are, that's where the interrogations take place. If they see me helping you, it'll be my turn and my time in military service will be extended. Please don't push...

When Ali Kaypakkaya no longer had any hope of seeing his son, he began looking for a lawyer in the city. He finally found one and started talking. The lawyer listened to what he had to say and replied "Even if you give me 10,000 lira I still can't go and ask about your son. The interrogation has not yet ended, the files have not yet been released."

With a confused head and cloudy thoughts, Ali Kaypakkaya began to walk around Diyarbakır. He saw a sign: THA Office Southeast Region. 'It's a newspaper, someone will know,' he thought and entered.

A fat man came towards him. After listening to what Ali Kaypakkaya said, he told angrily "What does it matter to me if you are the father of Ibrahim!" and Ali Kaypakkaya: "Sir, I don't want to seduce you into anything; I don't want anything from you that violates the rules. Do you know anything about my son? That's what I'm asking for."

The fat man at the news agency took pity and said that he had seen Ibrahim two days before. Your son is alive, he said. "Two more people were brought in yesterday for aiding him. I don't know anything else. We have to publish what the state of emergency administration tells us. We are not allowed to investigate."

Diyarbakır was over, there was nowhere left to go. He had come within 50 metres of his son, yet he could not see him. He was leaving him between the walls and returning hundreds of kilometres away again.

On the way, some prisoners got on the bus. There were two gendarmes with them.

One of the gendarmes was from Amasya. Ali Kaypakkaya told that he was from Çorum. They spoke to each other in short sentences. Then the gendarme asked why he had come to Diyarbakır. "My son is under arrest," Ali Kaypakkaya replied. When he also asked his son's name, one of the gendarmes remarked: "So you're the father of this anarchist!" and the one from Amasya said: "They should all be put in front of the gun." Then the people on the bus started moving. Some of the travelers, who had been following the conversation without saying a word, stood up. "Do you even know whose game you're playing here?" they shouted at the gendarme from Amasya. Some other travelers intervened and calmed down the

quarreling people. Then the passengers took turns expressing their condolences to Ali Kaypakkaya: "It'll be okay; don't be sad, uncle. You'll definitely be together again soon." With concern for his son in his heart, Ali Kaypakkaya returned home. They were already waiting for him at home. Friends and relatives had heard about Ibo and had come from the village.

Chapitre 13

At that time, Ibo was lying in a back room of the military hospital, to whose gate his father had reached. His hands and feet were chained.

First, the gunshot wound to his head was treated and bandaged. In one operation, they retrieved some of the shotgun pellets that the informant had fired at him at the barn in Vartinik, which had penetrated into 40-50 places on his body.

He no longer had any feeling in his feet. They no longer seemed to belong to him, they seemed to have fallen away.

Prosecutor Yaşar Değerli was anxious to get Ibo out of the hospital as quickly as possible and interrogate him. The doctors told him that Ibo was very badly wounded and wanted him to stay in the hospital longer. That's why public prosecutor Yaşar Değerli had to content himself with writing a declaratory judgment in the first few days. And it looked like this:

In order to ascertain the condition of İbrahim Kaypakkaya, who was said to be one of the chief executives of the illegal organisation and who, according to the evidence, had carried out activities for the organisation under the pseudonyms Hamza and Musa, and who had been captured wounded after the searches in and around the village of Vartinik in Tunceli - more precisely, he had escaped wounded and was captured five days later - the investigating prosecutor Yaşar Değerli and the police officer Cemal Kulakçı came to the hospital with Mehmet Çetin, who had known the accused before (a school friend) and who had been detained because of some relationships.

The doctor on duty was consulted and the room where the accused was staying was opened by Sergeant Mehmet Salih Güney.

Thereupon, in the presence of Mustafa Inan; as well as all the persons named above, the person, whose height is estimated to be 1.61 m, whose hair blond and eyes green, whose head bandaged, wearing a bandage on the left side his neck and with the left wrist chained to the bed frame, was asked for his name. The person stated that his name was İbrahim Kaypakkaya. Mehmet Çetin, who had been brought along for identification, was then asked and he confirmed this. He was his school friend from the teachers' school in Çaba and he could clearly identify him despite his association. The above the sick person was asked to speak, whereupon the identification witness said that it was the voice of his long-time friend İbrahim Kaypakkaya. İbrahim Kaypakkaya was then processed for identification purposes...

The defendant's manner of speaking and his external appearance suggested that he was fit for questioning, but as had already been said some time ago in a telephone conversation with the doctor and by the statements made by the person on duty Doctor Saadettin Demiray confirmed that İbrahim Kaypakkaya still needed surgery due to the frostbite on his toes and that the wound on his head needed further treatment. Since a longer interrogation could not be reconciled with this situation, the decision was made to leave this determination and identification for now. The assessment notice was thus completed and duly signed by those present.

(February 13, 1973)

A few days later, the doctor told Ibo that his frozen toes would have to be amputated. Ibo replied that he would not allow this. "Untie my hands and feet and things will get better," he said to the doctor. Once again the doctor asked Ibo to sign the consent for the toe amputation, and again Ibo refused on the grounds that if he were freed from the chains he would surely recover.

It was dinner time. They loosened his right hand. Ibo touched one of his right foot toes. He saw that the nail had fallen off his toe. Then he pulled out one toenail after the other. There was nothing living left on his feet. Filled with hatred and anger, Ibo remembered how First Lieutenant Fehmi had made him run for hours in the Kutu Stream.

Afterwards Ibo fell asleep. They had put a strong sleeping pill in his food. When he woke up the next morning, he felt a pain in his feet. They were bandaged. They had amputated the frozen toes while he was sleeping...

Within a few days, Ibo recovered surprisingly well. Even though he was chained and had gone through so much suffering, his face regained color, came back to life. But the interrogators were waiting for him. But at the same time, they were also scared and insecure, devising plans to outwit his will.

A soldier from the hospital began secretly contacting Ibo. He was a man who came from poor farmers. Ibo was suspicious, but wanted to keep every opportunity open given his situation. He constantly thought about escape. And that was, if at all, only possible now. His old strength was restored, if only partially. In the letter, which begins with the line "*I have some things to tell my friends*", Ibo first talks about the events in Vartinik, about his capture, tells that the gendarmes had "badly beat" him, and that now, after being passed around for a while, he is in hospital. It goes on to say: "*The wounds on my head and neck healed in 20 days. I would like to say the following: In the last week they tied me by both arms to the bed frame as if to a cross, and only at my insistence was one of the handcuffs loosened. On 22 February they operated on both my feet. They left the little toe on my left foot as a reminder. The treatment is still ongoing; I don't know when I'll be healthy. The doctors announce the 15th of the next month. I wouldn't be able to stand up at the moment, but they still leave the handcuffs on.*

The public prosecutor came and investigated me. He's waiting for me to get well so he can interrogate me. I also learned a few things from the police: The public prosecutor said that they had located our house in Umraniye. Another police officer addressed me as Aşur. Yet another police officer said that a medical student had died. And the public prosecutor in turn addressed me as Musa and Hamza. Another police officer said that Hikmet au Çapa had been arrested. I know the Hikmet from school, but I didn't know that he had anything to do with revolutionary circles.

They made a confrontation with me and my school friend Mehmet Çetin. He's supposed to have been confined since January. He was in jail because of a letter sent to him. The police also showed me someone who was said to be from Siverek. Apparently weapons came for us and he should have picked them up at the border. They were beating him constantly. He said that he knew me, that I was Musa and that I had spent the night in his house, even though I didn't know him at all. And I'm not Musa either. They are also said to have arrested someone from Siverek, his name is said to be Serdar or Seyithan. I've only heard about it. After 15 days he is said to have spoken (he probably came in January). He is said to have said quite a lot. And then some people from Siverek are supposed to be stuck here who have something to do with our matter and probably also with Seyithan's talk. But I have no idea who or how many they are.

I can't listen to the radio or read the newspaper here. The prisoners in police custody and the other prisoners here can walk around in the corridor. They can also listen to the radio. The door from my room to the hallway is locked. So I have no contact with the outside world at all. I think they captured some revolutionaries from Tunceli.

Friends, I have nothing decent to wear. I don't have any money either. I had 200 lira - they are now with the police. I need two sets of underwear from you, a pair of drawers size 42, stockings, pajamas, a shirt (or sweater), a jacket and socks. You know my measurements. Send me at least 500 (five hundred) lira. If my father were able to send it, I would ask him.

His situation is very bad. Post the things in Ankara and put my father on them as the sender. Be careful when you visit my father, he may be in custody.

Friends, the other thing I want from you is this: First, you must continue to improve your precautions against the political police. At the moment, they are particularly focused on us. Secondly: you must arm your cadres in the shortest possible time and in the best possible way. That has absolute priority. There is also criticism in this regard from the revolutionary masses. Third: Related to the first point: throw out everyone who tells the police. Fourth: Rebuild the organization in our region and give it good foundations. Fifth: Do not allow dissipation, indolence, cowardice and complacency in battle in any area of our movement. You must mercilessly throw away anyone who tends to do so. Even though we are few, let us be decisive and strong. Sixth: If there are those who, because of recent setbacks, bring dejection and distrust into our affairs, do not allow such defeatism. There are always setbacks and losses. The revolution is not like the Boulevard of Nevski. (Finally: Our last losses arose because one person neglected his duty to guard. And another mistake: Even though a lot of people knew where we were, we continued to stay there.) Seventh: Armed struggle must continue and not be allowed to be broken. What develops and strengthens us is exactly this. Eighth: decide on our press organ depending on the situation.

Ninth: Locate people in Diyarbakır and find ways to contact me verbally or in writing. Tenth: Find escape routes and try to bolt me out of here. I am certain of the death penalty or at least life imprisonment. I greet you, kiss your eyes longingly. I wish us a fight, even more concentrated, even stronger, even more decisive.

Farewell.

Your friend

PS: 1. Nothing written from me came into your hands

2. My address. İbrahim Kaypakkaya, Detention Center of Diyarbakır... (From the court documents on the TKP-ML trial)

Chapitre 14

Ibo never saw the soldier to whom he had given the letter to post it again. “Either he was a cop or they caught him and killed him” he thought.

From the outset he had taken into account the possibility that the soldier could be a police officer and drafted his letter accordingly, giving information about his situation, telling what he had heard and seen and generally expressing his wishes. But the fact that the soldier might not have been an informer but had been arrested filled him with concern.

Ibo's suspicions confirmed. The soldier who contacted him was an intelligence agent.

In a report stamped as secret with the number IST: 7130-724.73/1974 dated March 6, 1973, signed Lieutenant General Şükrü Olcay, Commander of the State of Emergency Diyarbakır administration, it says in this regard:

The letter written by the anarchist Ibrahim Kaypakkaya during his stay in the military hospital on January 28, 1973, he wrote toassistant at the Istanbul Technical University, was confiscated due to the official examination. It was requested that an expert opinion be obtained on the form and content of the letter.

In the letter in which the anarchist Ibrahim Kaypakkaya addresses his friends, the part in which 10 instructions are formulated is of great importance. The instructions are to find escape routes and try to get me out of here. I believe that the death penalty or at least life imprisonment applies to the accused himself and causes the command to further strengthen the security measures. In addition to the security precautions already taken, MIT liaison persons were smuggled into the hospital, making it impossible for him to escape or be rescued

MIT had placed the following report on Ibo's file on the same incident: Some time after he was admitted to the aforementioned hospital, he began to look for ways to establish contact with the outside world. However, such behavior was expected on our part (Dyb. B. D. Bjk.): Accordingly, a person was assigned to it. - As expected, I. Kaypak-kaya made an attempt to hire this person. Assistant at the Technical University in Istanbul, addressed letter, which should be posted at the post office.

In order to observe the behavior of..... after receiving the letter, the operation was continued. The said letter was sent to the Istanbul Emergency Command by a courier on the plane from Diyarbakır Emergency Command; con there he reached our department there (Ist.B.D. Bjk.). - Our management sent the letter in an appropriate form; Immediately afterwards, the observation of the above-mentioned person started.

-After a week of observation, the interrogation began. arrested, and it, who did not deny that he had a socialist worldview and had been correspondingly active during his time as a student, explained that out of pity for Kaypakkaya he had thought of giving him the things he wanted He also wanted to see Arslan Kılıç, whom he knew from school, to tell him that he did not want to receive a letter like that again. But he didn't meet Arılan Kılıç. who was very affected and frightened, said that he 1. Kaypakkaya in 1968 as part of his work in the student association met at the university; However, he has not seen him since that time.

He further stated that he could not imagine how and where Kaypakkaya could have met his compatriot and how Kaypakkaya could have known that they were friends. and

Investigations were then carried out into the above-mentioned Persons initiated and information requested from our department in Diyarbakır.

The information received was as follows: 1. Kaypakkaya asked to meet the officer candidate by chance in the hospital; further, when he heard that this one was from Nazilli, asked if he knew.....; However, he did not say anything about exemption in the presence of...

They hadn't found what they were looking for in Ibo's letter, but security at the hospital had been tightened to the limit.

In the Tunceli district, the search for Ibo's traces and the military operations were far from over with Ibo's capture.

They had caught him, but how had he managed to stay in the inhospitable area for so long? Who had help him? It didn't matter why someone had helped him, what mattered was who it was and how it happened. For this reason they had to follow his footsteps for a long time in the Düzgün Mountains, in Tunceli, Nazimiye, Antep, Malatya, Siverek.

And that's what they did... A smile in a village, a companionship on a plateau, a nighttime conversation in a shepherd's house, a meal at a threshing floor, a pair of woolen stockings given away on a cold winter day, directions, a handshake, a greeting conveyed.... Everything was asked meticulously. Many took them with them to the police station as helpers, as someone who showed the bandits the way, gave them shelter, gave them bread, greeted them. There they were blindfolded behind closed doors and interrogated: their statements were recorded...

They were then taken to the hospital one by one to be confronted with Ibo. What the public prosecutor made these poor people, whom he had gathered from mountains and valleys, from town and country, confess, he also wanted to impose on Ibo.

But Ibo didn't change his behavior. He treated the poor farmers with compassion as they were dragged to the hospital to be confronted. He looked into their eyes full of inner sympathy.

The first confrontation took place on March 12, 1973, the anniversary of the memorandum. While the bourgeois press was babbling about the importance and merits of the memorandum, the radio was praising the gradual rescue of the homeland and commemorations were taking place on the streets, at 10:30 the public prosecutor Yaşar Değerli, together with a few poor farmers, entered the room where Ibo was still injured and chained.

Afterwards, the following was written in the prosecutor's minutes: *For the purpose of the confrontation with Ibrahim KAYPAKKAYA, who is accused of being one of the perpetrators of the TKP/ML organization and who is still being treated for his injuries in the military hospital, was found at the hospital on March 12, 1973 at 10:30 a.m. accompanied by the following people:*

Haydar Mecit, born in 1947 as the son of Süleyman, whose identity card was used by Ibrahim Kaypakkaya for his own purposes and modified accordingly, Hıdır KARAGÜL, Mehmet SARIKAYA and Hüseyin SARIKAYA, all three living in the Barıkbaş/Gökçeköy Village in Tunceli district, they are accused of having sheltered Ibrahim KAYPAKKAYA. First, Haydar Mecit was led into the room where the accused Ibrahim Kaypakkaya was lying.

Haydar Mecit was shown to the accused Ibrahim KAYPAKKAYA. He stated that he did not know the name of the person lying there, but that this was the person who took his identity card in the area of his village, together with Hacı Özdoğan, and did not give it back. He could undoubtedly remember the appearance of this person in every detail. He insisted again that this was the person who took his identity card. However, he does not mean that this person personally took his identity card, but that it was his friend Hacı Özdoğan. Since his

identity card was later forged with the defendant's picture on it, it can be assumed that the identity card was taken on his orders.

Ibrahim KAYPAKKAYA was then questioned about the incident: *I don't know this person or Hacı Özdoğan and I found the identity card in Malatya: I was wanted by the State of Emergency Administration because I pursue the goals of the proletariat. I am someone who longs for communism, or rather, who has adopted this ideology and is pursuing this goal. In order to hide my true identity, I attached my own passport photo to Haydar Mecit's identity card. That's the class struggle, that's normal in my opinion, otherwise you can't move forward. Haydar Mecit makes this statement because he was put under pressure. If this is not the case, then he's lying and I can't know why.*

Haydar Mecit replied that he had not been put under any pressure and that he saw no reason why he should lie. Hacı Özdoğan, however, is a good acquaintance from his village. He himself had in the above-mentioned process not acted consciously.

Subsequently, the other defendants Hıdır KARAGÜL, Hüseyin SARI-KAYA and Mehmet SARIKAYA were called individually and the lying defendant Ibrahim KAYPAKKAYA was shown to them.

They unanimously stated that 'We have never seen this person either in the village of Gökçe or in the Barıkbaşı. Our previous statement was taken differently. In other words, it happened in a way that we did not say. If we had seen this foreigner and given him a meal, why would we hide it?'

Ibrahim KAYPAK KAYA was then questioned. He stated that he did not know these people, who were first confronted with him individually and then together, and that he also did not know anything about the incident about which they had been questioned. He never met them. In the period between January 24, 1973, when he was injured in the collision, until January 29, 1973, when he was arrested half-frozen, he lived on bread that he had previously carried with him.

Since he was injured and exhausted, he couldn't eat anything except bread anyway. "In my opinion, these three people were brought here without any relation to me, without any reason, unfairly and as an example of persecution." In response to this statement, he was asked about the legally prescribed methods of interrogation and about the legality the prosecution of guilty parties. The comparison was hereby completed and the protocol was certified by signature.

March 12, 1973

And now came what all the torturers had been waiting for. It was decided that Ibo was fit to be interrogated. He was taken from the hospital and dragged with his hands and feet chained together to the Diyarbakır torture chambers.

Turkey in 1973 consisted of many dark corridors, corridors filled with blood and human screams. With prisoner rings on the walls. Chains... iron bars. On the walls there were pictures of tortured people whose faces were unrecognizable. Hired workers who had to wipe away the blood, death guards in doctors' coats. People who attached the electrical cable connectors to the neck, neck, mouth, ears, back of the head and sexual organs; beastly weights placed on the backs of those whose soles were split, duplicitous moralizers... Robbers with bloody hands squeezed the throats of people in Turkey around 1973. Every smile, even the one on the children's lips, had been frozen. Turkey around 1973 was made up of blows to the thinking head, of cells whose dark emptiness was filled with scientists, workers, builders, students and writers. In Anatolia, which had been bleeding for years, this In the course of time, new, fresh wounds were inflicted; bandits once again roamed the earth of Anatolia, which had been plundered for thousands of years. In Turkey of that time, the lights were switched off and the nights were shattered by the laughter of the murderers.

People weren't safe even behind locked doors. They separated mothers from sons, brides from grooms, readers from books, work from the machine. It was not allowed to insist on justice; words that spoke of hunger, of poverty, of pain were banned. They even looked at the children in the cribs with hostility...

In Turkey around 1973, the dagger was separated from the wrist that wanted to hold it...

This is what it looked like in this country, in Istanbul, Ankara, Sivas, Diyarbakir, Ağrı...

One of the friends who escaped to the lonely mountains when Ali Haydar and Ibo were left injured testified as follows in the presence of prosecutor Yaşar Değerli at the public prosecutor's office:

... We have been arrested and interrogated by the most brutal forces of fascism. We have been dragged here with punishments that they had already handed down. If the court, which claims to speak in the name of the people and independence, knows how these statements are made, it will show to what extent the prosecutor's claim is true.

The forces of fascism fighting the guerrillas recorded my testimony in the torture chambers of Harbiye. The interrogation lasted two months. They tortured me severely for the first 15 days. They wanted to force me to confess to a bomb attack on the gendarmerie post in Tunceli, the murder of two gendarmerie soldiers, and the robbery of a colonel's house. All things that are not true. They stripped me naked, put chains around my feet and hung me in the air. They poured ice-cold water on me and beat me continuously with iron clubs. When my legs became blue and swollen, they grabbed my arms and beat me again with iron clubs. Blood oozed from the wounds from the beatings all over my body.

Nowadays, if fascism in Turkey presses cigarette butts into people's lower eyelids and nipples, if it expose people's most sensitive body parts to electricity and bastinado at the same time, if it is constantly banging their head against the walls and pierce their bodies with needles to drive them mad, then that shows how they are reviving the Gestapo soul today and what irrational hatred they are stirring up against the people's struggle. Honestly, I'm ashamed to talk about the torture here they have subjugated me. Because everything that I would have to tell could not be reconciled with human morals, ward and personal honor. All I can say is that I ended up almost in a coma. Every part of my body was numb; I could no longer open my eyes, my tongue was swollen and hard. When it got to the point where the

torture was no longer having any effect, they wanted to put psychological pressure on me: in front of my eyes, they tortured friends like Hanife Canik, Cem Somel and Süleyman Yeşil with electric shocks and bastinadoes. They even forced one of the friends with electric shocks to insult me. After I denied a whole series of false accusations, one of the torturers said: If you don't talk, we'll make you talk. They took the torture-extorted statement from a friend who had worked in the same area as me, typed it up in a slightly different form and presented it to the prosecutor. That was the first statement given to the public prosecutor.

Two days later they took me back to Harbiye. I stayed there for a month and a half. I don't want to tell you everything they did to me in those month and a half, just one thing: I was blindfolded when I went to the toilet, a soldier sat on my back and guided me by my ears.

On the 55th day of torture, I wrote the handwritten statement that is in your files and which was dictated to me line by line. Based on this statement, prosecutor Yaşar Değerli interrogated for the second time. I can't remember what he wrote or what he asked me. But I demand that he explains what kind of condition I was in at the time.

I'm not going to complain about torture offences. Because the torture device and the torture personnel are part of the dominant state apparatus. There is only one authority to which I would file a complaint to, and that is the inexhaustible revolutionary strength of our people.

Another thing I noticed in Harbiye: While I was being chained by my arms and legs, one of the torturers was giving an explanation to a tall blonde American standing by my bedside..."

Ibo was interrogated day and night without ceasing in the torture centers of Diyarbakır. Towards morning he was taken from the torture chamber back to the cells in the detention center, thrown like a piece of crap into his cell number three and tied up. The same procedure was repeated the next day. This lasted for days, weeks.

In his body, which was increasingly tortured, kicked, bound and shocked by electricity, he carried his heart, which knew no tiring, no bending, no submission. The interrogators had his flesh and bones in their hands and had put them in chains. But they couldn't get to his heart. Ibo's consciousness stunned everyone who beat him on the soles of his feet, tied him to electric cables, and beat him with iron clubs.

Many of the prisoners in the cells watched the footsteps, the conversations and the shouts with burning concern, but also with an excited sense of pride when Ibo was brought back.

Many soldiers who were in charge of transporting Ibo and many guards who guarded him could not hide their admiration and whispered stories to their friends. of that. The stories of Ibo spread in waves, from the cells they reached the prison; From there the visitors found out about it, and it continued to echo from town to town. There were senior officers who came to Ibo's cell to see this young man with the iron will.

The fear that they would not be able to uncover Ibo's secret through torture overwhelmed the interrogators, causing them to panic and think dark thoughts.

This time, one by one, they brought all the other prisoners who had given their testimony in the same way in the torture chambers to confront Ibo. They wanted to show Ibo that his silence had no meaning.

"They've accepted everything, it's vain to resist." said prosecutor Yaşar Değerli when he came to confront Ibo.

Little by little, the public prosecutor brought 16 people to confront. Not a single hint passed from Ibo's lips as to whether he knew them. And sixteen of the prisoners who came to the

confrontation watched with great admiration how Ibo shouted out in anger, how he stood up and stretched himself despite being covered in wounds and bruises, and how he resisted the rain of questions from the interrogators.

Some of them were impressed by Ibo's attitude at the moment of the confrontation, so much so that in his presence they retracted the statement they had made regarding Ibo. This caused the interrogators to panic even more. It didn't stop there that Ibo himself remained silent. His silence, his unyielding attitude, his indomitability, his undaunted hope also had an effect on those around him. It became May...

These 16 prisoners, who had seen him during this period (that is, three months after his capture), returned to their prisons and told their friends what they had seen with great enthusiasm. Ibo's strong will transmitted hope and excitement to his friends.

The following are some excerpts from the transcripts of the confrontations, dictated by public prosecutor Yaşar Değerli:

The accused Ibrahim KAYPAKKAYA denied having done organized work in the Tunceli district and having relevant contacts there. He claimed that about 10 days before the collision, January 24, 1973, came to Tunceli for the first time. To the contrary, to prove that the accused had already participated in reconnaissance work and cadre training - the accused Ali YILDIZ, who refers to the accused in his statements, was brought in from prison for a necessary confrontation. First Ibrahim KAYPAKKAYA was brought into the room, then Ali YILDIZ was called and without giving names or any of the code names, Ibrahim KAYPAKKAYA was shown to him. He then testified as follows: This is the person I referred to as Hamza in my statement of February 11, 1973. He did educational work in the Tunceli district and taught us the basic concepts of socialism. Back then, during my first interrogation, you showed me a photo of Ibrahim KAYPAKKAYA. Or rather, I said that the person in the picture you showed me was Hamza. And you had said that it was a code name and his real name was Ibrahim KAYPAKKAYA. I can repeat what I said in my interrogation regarding this person's contacts.

As I explained in my first statement, Hamza gave me a letter to be taken to Ali. In order to deliver the letter to him, I was supposed to go to Siverek and see the gunsmith Abdurrahman KESKIN there. He gave me the instructions to call this person with the slogan "Have you got the gas stove ready?" to address. I can also repeat my explanations in this regard. Even if I before I came here, was put under pressure, this does not influence my statement or cause me to make false statements. Ali YILDIZ was again asked whether his statements regarding Hamza (Ibrahim KAYPAKKAYA) were made under pressure or as a result of pressure, and whether he had used force to add anything unsaid. He replied as follows:

I have been treated badly in various ways before. Only in my statements regarding Hamza did I not say anything that had not happened or was untrue. I can repeat my old statement in the same sense.

Ibrahim KAYPAKKAYA was questioned about the matter. He said: As I said before, I have never been to Tunceli. I have not worked in an organized manner in this area. I don't know Ali YILDIZ. I think he was put under pressure and made statements about me like that. I have not maintained any contact with Ali YILDIZ. I did not use the code name Hamza. Ali YILDIZ was questioned again. He stated the following: Hamza is the person shown to me here, whose description I have already given. I did not know his real name until I came here. When you showed me his picture and I called him Hamza, you said that it was Ibrahim KAYPAKKAYA. Even now you say that he is Ibrahim KAYPAKKAYA," Ali YILDIZ insisted on his earlier statement.

Since the confrontation had been completed, this record was finalised and signed by Ahmet Baldoğan, the Director of the State of Emergency Administration Prison, and Mevlüt Karaaslan, who was in charge of Emergency Administration Prison. 24. 4. 1973"

"Since there are inconsistencies in the statement of the accused Ibrahim KAYPAKKAYA regarding his activities for the organization in the district of Istanbul and the statements of the

accused Seyithan DOKAY, in order to clarify these contradictions and to clarify whether the person with the code name Musa is İbrahim KAYPAKKAYA or not, the accused Seyithan DOKAY was presented. İbrahim KAYPAKKAYA was brought before him without his name being mentioned. The defendant Seyithan DOKAY said the following on:

In my statement dated February 3, 1973, I mentioned the name Musa and stated that the person I met in Istanbul and from whom I received the photocopies of the "Theses of the Şafak revisionists" was Musa. The person opposite me here is Musa. I only found out here that the real name is İbrahim KAYPAKKAYA. Even though I referred to the person as Musa during the confrontation at MIT, that was due to my mental state; I would have called anyone they showed me Ali Musa. This time, however, I explain my doubts: the person I referred to as Musas in my statement and with whom I was in an organizational context is the one shown to me, whom I called Musa and you called İbrahim KAYPAKKAYA. There is no oversight and no doubt about this." Seyithan DOKAY is reminded of his statement that Hamza OĞUZER told him that KAYPAKKAYA (Musa) summoned him to come. Seyithan DOKAY replied that he had also come to Istanbul for this reason. The accused Hamza OĞUZER was present at the cross-examination for the purpose of a joint statement. His statement was also taken: *"Yes, I confirm that Musa, İbrahim KAYPAKKAYA, sent me for Seyithan DOKAY to come to Istanbul. I came to Siverek and told Seyithan DOKAY "Musa is waiting you in Istanbul" because Musa, İbrahim Kaypakkaya, had explained to me that he want to summon Seyithan DOKAY to Istanbul and said you will pass through Siverek on your way to Diyarbakır, find Seyithan there through tailor Bekir ERKOK, and after he comes here and he will find me through Dursun, the coffee seller".* My previous statement and other statements in this regard are exactly true.

Accused İbrahim KAYPAKKAYA was also asked: He said "I don't know this person I didn't use the code name Musa. The friends have been tortured for a long time, so they speak like this.

The defendants Seyithan DOKAY and Hamza OĞUZER were asked again whether they had made this statement under the influence of torture, as the defendant İbrahim KAYPAKKAYA claimed. Seyithan DOKAY made the following statement:

But I don't make this statement under the influence of previous bad treatment. I say this because the person present here is actually the person known to me as Musa. I am not making this statement under the influence of anyone; rather I want to show the truth. I can repeat my earlier statement. The defendant Hamza OĞUZER said the same thing.

The confrontation was thus carried out in the presence of the director of the State of Emergency Prison, P. Yb. Ahmet BALDOĞAN and the prison employee Top. Atgm. Mevlut KARAASLAN finished and the minutes were signed. (24. 4. 1973)

In the face of Kaypakkaya's statements that contradicted with evidences, Hamza Oğuzer was brought to the court. 'The person I mentioned under the names Musa and Ahmet in my statement dated 2 February is the person I saw. I learnt that his name was İbrahim after my relations with him. I also identified him in the picture you showed. I know the code names used by the accused in Istanbul as AHMET and MUSA. I repeat my previous statement regarding the accused and the relations I mentioned.'

The defendant Ibrahim KAYPAKKAYA then replied: *I don't know the friend I was confronted with here. I have not had contact with him on any organizational matters. And I never used the names Musa and Ahmet.*

Hamza OĞUZER was asked again. "I met İbrahim under the names Musa and Ahmet during the organisational activities in Istanbul. I have no mistake or hesitation in this." He stated that he had nothing further to add and the confrontation was held in the presence of the prison director, Ahmet BALDOĞAN, and the prison's officer Mevlüt KARAASLAN declared terminated and confirmed by signature. (24. 4. 1973)

Since İbrahim gave a statement contrary to the statements of other defendants about his organisational relations and his work in Tunceli and denied his activities, HAYRETTİN İPEK, who had a statement about the defendant, was brought in. Without mentioning the name of the presented Ibrahim KAYPAKKAYA, this Hayrettin İPEK was shown. The accused Hayrettin İPEK then said:

I cannot find an exact resemblance between this person and the Hamza I mentioned in my statement. His eyes are similar to Hamza's eyes; other than that, I cannot find much resemblance. Or rather, I cannot say with complete certainty.

In response to this contradictory statement, the accused was asked to take another closer look at the accused Ibrahim KAYPAKKAYA and was given a period of time to think about it. Afterwards, Hayrettin İPEK explained:

"The person I called Hamza before is he. I'm completely sure now. He continued: What I explained in my statement on February 12, 1973 regarding Hamza refers to the person here"

The accused Ibrahim KAYPAKKAYA: *"I have never been to Tunceli before. I didn't do any educational work. In this regard, I can only repeat my old statement".* He continued: "For this reason I don't know this person here."

Hayrettin İPEK was questioned again; he said: *"The person I called Hamza in my present statement and the contact I described is the person here. They showed him to me before, and I recognized him as Hamza. Only now Hamza's voice is a bit different a little."*

The accused said that he did not have anything to add and they were interviewed in the presence of the prison director Ahmet BALDOĞAN and Mevlüt KARAASLAN recorded the declarations and confirmed them with a signature. (24. 4. 1973)

As a result, they could not get the statement that they wished from İbo's mouth in these confrontations.

Later, the people who were confronted with İbo explained exactly how and by what methods they were forced to give statements against him in the courtrooms where Yaşar Değerli was standing as the prosecutor.

Chapitre 17

Day after day, from the first day of interrogation until the beginning of May, prosecutor Yaşar Değerli dealt with Ibo, asked and asked... Did not get an answer, asked and asked... without success. Ibo was taken to his cell number 3 and picked up again, brought and picked up... He gave nothing away, collapsed, got up again... Did not bow down... From the beginning of March to the beginning of May...

The interrogators kept asking the same thing, and Ibo kept giving them the same answer. He maintained his attitude from the beginning to the end. No name, no joint action with others; and no bowing down to the accusations...

The only statement from Ibo that is in the court documents tells how his thoughts developed. He presents solutions that he imagines for his country, for the people of his country, for his people, reveals the methods of struggle that he believes should be followed and ends his words as follows:

I have done what I have said here for the ideas of Marxism-Leninism. I do not feel the slightest remorse. I took into account the possible consequences of everything I did and fought, even if it meant risking my life. Finally I was captured. I do not feel the slightest remorse... (April 21, 1973)

This attitude of Ibo astonished all those who had interrogated thousands of people since March 12, who had recorded the statements of thousands of people. Ibo was one of the tough nuts among the countless people who had fallen into their hands.

The longer Ibo remained silent, the more people talked about him. In the communal cells of the prisons, on the penitentiary, in the cafe, on the bus, in the village... Words of hope and resistance appeared and spread everywhere.

Will they, who interrogated so many people, suffer defeat at Ibo? Will they, who interrogated so many people, one day have to listen to Ibo in court? Above all: If someone here was so silent... Who knows what they'll say there afterwards?

It was almost May. The weather had begun to warm up; only at dawn, in the foggy hours, did the coolness linger.

And when evening came and the sun went down, the cold crept up. The cool air lifted from the earth by the rain crept up with the rising winds that licked the snow from the mountains and penetrated over doorsteps, through keyholes, under walls and into Ibo's cell in and filled his lungs.

For some reason, no one came to take him out of his cell and take him away for a few days. From one meal to the next, they would come, open his door, give him his bowl to eat, locked it again and left. He had asked for a notebook and a pen, and that had come too.

This lasted for 10 to 15 days. The news spread that public prosecutor Yaşar Değerli had travelled from Diyarbakır to the big city.

The last two days of April and the first days of May passed without torture, without interrogation, without questions. Ibo revived a little. He caught his breath. "The interrogations are probably finished," he thought to himself.

He made notes in his notebook and began the first drafts of his defense speech. He wrote down which books he needed to read for his defense and which court documents he wanted to request, the list of allegations against him and the points on which he particularly wanted to

rely on in his defense. He planned a long political defense speech. The notes for the draft alone filled many pages of his notebook. He waited impatiently for the day when he would be taken from his cell to prison to join his friends. He had been without news for months. On the one hand, this was what made him curious, and on the other hand, he wondered if they would let him have this list of things for his defense. He had the form on the cover of his notebook filled out as follows:

School: Diyarbakir

First name, last name: İbrahim Kaypakkaya, prisoner of conscience of the State of Emergency Administration.

The notes on the defense draft began right on the first page. These notes went on for pages. Ibo wrote nonstop these days.

On a page he had dated before May 9th, under the title "What I Must Ask My Father", he had made a list and noted some things relating to his previous proceedings.

Here he wrote down for his father who he could get the information from.

Among some of these notes he put the name Salman Kaya, one of the first names that came to mind when one thought of the "revolutionary struggle" in the Çapa teaching school. Among other notes were names like Mustafa Çoban and Halit Koçer, among others the lawyers Alp Kuran and İbrahim Türk were listed. Now he put all his energy into this "defense draft". The preparatory work deepened his thoughts, and now and then he wrote poems.

Chapitre 18

Days, weeks, months had passed. But Ali Kaypakkaya had not heard a sound from his son's mouth, nor had he read a word from his son's pen. All that came from outside was whispers that passed from ear to ear. "He's lost," said one. "He will be hanged," another one, and "the main thing is that he gets out of the solitary cell, the rest is no longer so bad" ... The only wish Ali Kaypakkaya had was to see Ibo once, even if only from a distance. It would be enough for him if he just heard his voice once or at least received a letter from him. In this way his hope would be strengthened and he would be calmer.

At this time Ibo had written a letter to his father. Ali Kaypakkaya did not receive this letter. Ibo, having taken this into account, wrote a second letter to his father:

My precious father,

Maybe you've heard about it. On January 24th I was injured by the gendarmerie in Tunceli. Five days later I have been arrested...

Now I am in the detention center in Diyarbakır. The bullet wounds have completely healed. You shouldn't worry under any circumstances... Your neighbors, friends and relatives shouldn't worry either. We haven't been able to see each other for a long time. I don't know what's happening to you at this time. Have you now become conscious workers? How is school going for the children and which school are they in? How are my mother and my grandmother? If you could write to me about them, I would be happy. I had already written you a letter once. But in my absent-mindedness I must have addressed it incorrectly. You certainly didn't get it. I wrote down a few wishes in the letter. I'm a burden on your already very small amount of money, sorry. I would like you to send me underwear, a shirt, a jacket, trousers and shoes. It would be even better if you send me the money for the jacket, trousers and shoes. I would also be very happy if you could send me a watch and some money, if possible. It's really bad without a watch. I greet you and kiss your hands. I kiss the eyes of all the children one by one. Don't try to come here. It's impossible for us to meet. If you send something, send it by post. And like I said, don't worry about me. And don't be sad. What has happened is of no importance.

Goodbye

Your Son Ibrahim

This was the first letter Ali Kaypakkaya received from Ibo. The letter relieved him instantly. He read again and again what his son had written and looked at the letter. The more he read it, the more excited he became. Finally, he went to the market. He scraped together all the money he had and bought a suit, two pairs of socks, a watch, a shirt and underwear. Then he thought for a long time and finally decided to bring the things to Diyarbakır personally. Ibo had said "Don't come; send the things by post", but Ali Kaypakkaya still wanted to leave an open door to hope.

On the bus to Diyarbakır, he learned from the conversation between two civilians in the row of seats behind him that they were officials and were traveling to Diyarbakır as representatives of the state of emergency.

He turned to them and told them that he too was on his way to the state of emergency administration in Diyarbakır. He hoped that perhaps an acquaintance would develop on the trip and that they could help him see his son.

But the moment the name Ibrahim Kaypakkaya was mentioned, one of them, a medium-tall, dark, strong man, became angry and shouted at Ali Kaypakkaya: "You won't be able to get your hands on Ibrahim!"

Ali Kaypakkaya then asked this man, whose name, as he found out in the course of the conversation, was Fehmi "Why, sir? Will he be sentenced to death?" But Fehmi cut him off: "Don't ask me anymore, don't force yourself, turn forward. You can't get your hands on Ibrahim alive. That's it."

The forcefully spoken words of this dark, medium-sized, strong man, employed by the State of Emergency Administration, whose name was Fehmi, had angered Ali Kaypakkaya. But he knew that he wouldn't be able to see his son if he continued to get involved with that man and he held back.

After arriving in Diyarbakır, Ali Kaypakkaya went straight to the State of Emergency commander's office. And at the same point as before, the lieutenant colonel, through whom he learned that his name was Ahmet, told him "the interrogations had not yet been completed. It's impossible for you to see him!" A first lieutenant named Ali, another first lieutenant from Kerkük and a lieutenant named Mevlüt, who had studied at the theological faculty, were working at the place where he was trying to get permission to visit. Mevlüt understood from Ali Kaypakkaya's words that he was an Alevi² and suddenly began to insult and curse him: "O elevate Ali³ to the status of a god, and from this misguided belief, all your troubles arise!"

"My son does not separate people according to their beliefs, this is not a fight between sects" said Ali Kaypakkaya, but the lieutenant called Mevlüt continued to insult him.

Finally, the first lieutenant named Ali stood up and asked Ali Kaypakkaya to remain silent. "If a fight starts, I'll stay out of it," he said, to end the argument.

"Who am I", Ali Kaypakkaya finished his words, "nothing more than the father of a defendant. Feel free to scream..." Then he handed them the things he had brought for his son so that they could give them to him.

The uniformed men did not accept the items. "We couldn't give him anything like that; send it by post!" they said. "If you want, write him a short message and we can send it to him."

Ali Kaypakkaya took out a piece of paper and began to write something for his son. The others read along.

"My son," he wrote "there was a big fight between us once. Now you are here. Since your ideals have brought you here, you must not be sad."

At this point they interrupted him. "You can't write something like that; you encourage him, encouraging him is forbidden", they said. Write something like your mother is fine; I'm doing well; unfortunately it wasn't possible for us to see each other! Then he wrote something and gave it to them.

They then asked Ali Kaypakkaya which hotel he would stay at. I'm not staying in Diyarbakır, he replied and walked away.

And as he went out into the city he became sad. If I had said now, I would stay tonight wouldn't that have been better? Perhaps some sensible person would have brought a letter from him; is that why they asked for it? Or did they want to lure me into a trap and arrest me?"

² religious and cultural minority

³ highly significant figure in Alevizm

These thoughts nagged at him throughout the journey. He only dropped off the things for Ibo at the post office the day after his return. He also sent a letter to Ibo.

Chapitre 19

On the night of Friday, April 27, 1973, to Saturday, a few more detainees were taken to the detention center of the Diyarbakır State of Emergency Administration, where Ibo was held in cell number 3. Each of them was locked in a single cell. Ibo listened carefully to the sounds. In the long months that he had been trapped in this palm-sized hole, he had learned to interpret outside noises.

One of the newly arrived prisoners asked for a cigarette from the officer who had brought him into the cell. Ibo recognized him immediately by his voice. This voice was like a greeting of friendship for him in this environment in the middle of the night.

Sometime later, when the guards had completed the work associated with the induction, he began to sing the Internationale from his cell. Again some time later he started the Mustafa Suphi March.

He wanted to encourage the friends who had just been brought into the cell and who could be dragged off to torture at any moment; at the same time, this was supposed to be a message that he was here and healthy.

None of the prisoners in the cells could sleep. They thought of Ibo; Ibo thought of them.

Long after midnight Ibo called out: Where have you come from? Who are you? The newcomers left Ibo's questions unanswered. Since they had not yet been interrogated, they did not think it wise to tell Ibo their names. Ibo understood, didn't push them any further and started singing a song again to encourage them. Then the guards came and silenced Ibo.

The new prisoners in the other cells, Hasan Zengin Kaya Bozoklar, Celal Bozatu, Mehmet Alunbas, Hamza Kılınç, Vakkas Yağsu and Celal Deniz, were warned by the guards not to make even the slightest noise. The next morning, April 28, 1973, at 8:00 a.m the doors of all cells opened - except for Ibo's cell. The prisoners were asked to say what they needed. Then they cut their hair short and took photos of them. They were put back in their cells, the doors were closed, and they were warned not to look through the peepholes under any circumstances.

Then Ibo's cell door was opened and the food was handed to him.

Around midday they brought the other prisoners out one by one to go to the toilet.

On the way back from the toilet, Hasan had stayed behind and looked through the peephole of cell number 3. Ibo was tied to his cot and was also looking at the peephole. Their eyes met. Ibo wore pajamas and a gray, torn jacket over his shoulders.

The others followed Hasan's example, and in turn each of the prisoners was able to take a look at Ibo and look him in the eye.

At around 4:30 p.m. that same day, the guards shouted to the new prisoners: Get ready; you are leaving! It was time for their "departure"

When Ibo heard the shouts, he began to shout from his cell in a loud voice: *Friends! Don't say a word! Remain masters of your will! If necessary, don't even say your mother's name. They are taking you to torture; show the fascists the determination of revolutionaries!*

They rushed into Ibo's cell and silenced him.

Ibo's voice was still ringing in the ears of the deportees on the way. They left the courtyard of an L-shaped building and crossed a garden decorated with pebbles. A prisoner's blindfold was slightly loose, allowing him to see what was happening around him.

They walked for two to three minutes. Then, there was a sign: Ziya-Gökalp Street. This was the torture house.

One of the prisoners overheard part of the conversation. "Yaşar Bey went to Istanbul. He will probably have some appointments there about Ibrahim..." someone said. And another voice continued: "Are we supposed to deal with this forever? If he doesn't talk, he has to go..."

After the torture and interrogation on May 1st, some of the prisoners were moved from the torture house to the large remand prison. There, they told their friends what they had seen in the cell corridor and reported about Ibo and the songs he had sung during the marches. They said he seemed cheerful and healthy to them.

In those days, all his fellow defendants could think about was him. Almost everyone who was in custody for this trial had gone through these cells and torture and then been taken to the detention center. They kept Ibo isolated, never letting him out of the hole they had put him in, hiding his face from everyone, and not taking him to the detention center.

Ibo's friends in the detention center repeatedly contacted the prison authorities to ask about him, but their questions remained unanswered.

One of the guards in the corridor of the cell was called "PAŞA". He came from the Çakallar clan in the Besni district of Adıyaman and lived in the Türktepe district. Another guard's name was Hüseyin Aksoy. He lived in the village of Elbahan near the district town of Kilis in Gaziantep and was a serpent.

Ibo was constantly writing things in his checkered notebook these days. Since the torture had stopped, he had been constantly thinking and taking notes. On such a day they gave him a letter from his father. His father wrote the following:

My dear son!

I greet you and kiss you with all my love

I kiss your eyes with my greetings and love, and I wish you good health from God.

I received the letter you sent to the factory address. I did not receive another letter that you sent to me. You write that you will let us know when you can get a visit permit. I'll wait and won't come until then. If there is anything you need before permission to visit, don't wait for us to come, write immediately.

They want the defense of the case you filed with the Council of State. I will send you the notification in another letter tomorrow, you can make your defense accordingly.

I notified the school principal with a petition that the defense should be requested from my son IBO. As I understand, they lost the case and they will sue you for compensation, saying, "After taking your defense, we called you to the school, but you did not come." They know you're in prison, so they're thinking of new things.

Your grandmother and your mother greet you and kiss your eyes

Haydar, Sultan, Feride, Hakkı, Aliekber and Elif greet you and kiss your hands. Galip Özdemir and Pire Mehmet also send their regards.

Don't worry about us, we're fine. We always only think about you. My dear son, I end this letter and greet you again and kiss your eyes.

God protect you.

PS: We received the notification on April 18th, although the declaration was supposed to be submitted by April 15th.

Ibo was very happy about this letter and all the good news. He wanted to make a list of everything he might need and send it to his father and made appropriate notes. "We will be able to see each other soon because the torture has finally stopped," he wrote in his notebook and considered telling his father now.

In those first days of May, he waited full of hope to get out of his cell.

Chapitre 20

A little later the notification about school that his father had announced came. The guards gave him the writing in his cell. The school administration, having heard that he had been taken into custody, obviously devised new problems for Ibo."

In letter number 520 643, signed by the headmaster, the bill from the old days was demanded in detail from Ibo.

“To the emergency state commandant, DIYARBAKIR

We have learned from an article in the Tercüman magazine dated 31 January 1973 that İbrahim Kaypakkaya, a former physics and mathematics student of our school, was wounded and captured by security forces on 25 January 1973 as a result of a quarrel in the Seyithan village of Tunceli province and that he was detained by order of your command because of his participation in anarchist activities.

In order for the Disciplinary Board of our school to make a decision regarding İbrahim Kaypakkaya, who has been involved in previous cases at our school, the statements in the annex must be addressed by the aforementioned İ. Kaypakkaya

I kindly ask you for permission and instructions so that the necessary editing can be carried out.”

The parts of the letter relating to Ibo are as follows:

“Below you will find the violations of our school's disciplinary code that you were guilty of as a student of our school in the 1968-69 school year. We urge you to send your declaration in this regard to the rectorate of our school by May 15, 1973 at the latest. We request a statement on the following allegations:

1. On July 18, 1968 you distributed the attached "Idea Club" leaflet in front of the school without the administration's permission.

It was clear that the school management wanted to be the icing on the cake that the martial law administration was brewing for Ibo.

2. You say “the dove who brought you the news” and you accused the school administrators of taking sides, stating, "The administrators should know well that they will not escape the judgment that history will pass on them. The American Sixth Fleet has dropped anchor."

3. It is stated in the minutes of the disciplinary board that on October 12, 1969, you were involved in a quarrel in front of the entrance gate of our school, resulting in broken windows and injuries to some students. Please present your defense.”

On the verge of facing trial with the death penalty, Ibo wrote a defense in his cell notebook concerning the investigation that had captured the school administrators' intense focus.

In the statement he intended to send to them, he wrote (in brief) the following:

With regard to the accusations made against me on the basis of the aforementioned leaflet, I sent a reply to the school's disciplinary officer at the time.

The disciplinarian questioned us not because we distributed leaflets of the 'Fikir Club,' but because we established the 'Fikir Club' without seeking permission from the school administration. We did not distribute the leaflets in front of the teachers' college but in front of the science and humanities departments. As we were prohibited from conducting activities within the school premises, we operated outside the school.

As for the accusation that we founded the Fikir Club without permission, I would like to clarify that both the Constitution and the Law on Associations grant us this right. According to these laws, forming and joining an association does not require prior permission from anyone; we have exercised this right. The written declaration that I previously submitted to the disciplinary board should already be in your records, and I have no additional comments to add.

During the 1968-69 academic year, I was excluded from classes. Despite the lack of official confirmation from the Ministry of Education, I was denied a clothing allowance of 600 liras, which every student is entitled to, under the pretext that I was not enrolled at the school. Therefore, any accusation of offenses I allegedly committed as a student of the school during the 1968-69 academic year cannot be valid.

Furthermore, although the Council of State had ordered that the exclusion be lifted, I was not readmitted to the school, unlike my friends whose cases were similarly decided by the Council of State. As far as I was concerned, the school was unwilling to follow the court's decision. They insisted on violating the decision of the Council of State. I then filed a new lawsuit against them, a lawsuit for compensation.

The expression 'the dove who brought you the news' refers to the slanderous, lying spy who, although I did not distribute the leaflets inside the school, told you that I had distributed leaflets inside the school.

It is a reality that the school management asked to change its direction. Because at first the school management wanted to punish us because of our protest against the 6th Fleet, but then it seemed as they became somewhat embarrassed about defending the anchoring of the 6th fleet in the Bosphorus, they shifted their focus and questioned us for distributing leaflets inside the school.

...In the same sense, it is a reality that the school management of those days behaved one-sidedly. Within the school, any number of publications containing conservative, revisionist, anti-people, fundamentalist and fascist ideas (including Hitler's Mein Kampf) could be sold and exhibited unhindered. On the other hand, a number of revolutionary publications that were not banned and freely available on the market were not even allowed into the school. The school management worked hand in hand with students who were members of the Ülkü Ocakları and Mücadele Birlikleri. On the other hand, students who belonged to or sympathized with the Idea Clubs were put under pressure and attempts were made to intimidate and silence them.

Management should know one thing exactly; You will not be able to escape the judgment of history, I said. Yes, anyone who denies us a democratic right that the constitution and association law grant us will certainly not escape the judgment of history. Certainly those who received the 6th Fleet, which threatens our country and our country, as the executor of the profit interests of American imperialism in the Middle East and Turkey, almost with bouquets of flowers in their hands, will not be able to save their collar from the judgment of history voluntarily allowed themselves to be made matchmakers for American soldiers. Surely those who wanted to expel us from school because we protested against the 6th Fleet will not escape the judgment of history. Anyone who is right, who stands on the side of the people, need not fear the judgment of history. Only those who have something to hide have to be afraid of all this.

It was the fascist and fascist forces, the enemies of our people and its independence, who attacked our school and broke the bed and window frames, who the reason for this was that a number of students were injured, some students were thrown out of the school, they attacked the school with strangers from the "Ülkü Ocakları" and "Mücadele Birlikleri and turned the school into an arms depot. You should not ask your questions to me, but to them ... " And Ibo made many more notes like this in his checkered notebook to send to the school administration.

It was one of the first days of May. Ibo sat in his cell once more, a notebook and pen in hand, engaged in dialogue with his thoughts.

A commotion echoed through the cell corridor. Ibo's captured friend, returning from interrogation at MIT, peered through the peephole and spotted a captain. Judging from the guards' insignia, he deduced the man was from the State of Emergency Administration. The captain, bald-headed, entered the corridor and Ibo's cell was already open. After exchanging a few words with Ibo, he suddenly erupted: '...you are the shepherd of a flock of sheep! If the shepherd dies, the wolf comes and snatches the flock!'

'I am only one,' Ibo retorted loudly and clearly. 'Even if I were a leader and were killed, thousands would follow. I am not afraid of you or your kind...' With those words, the man slammed shut the door to Ibo's cell and disappeared.

Chapitre 21

It was May 8th. Ibo had asked the soldier on duty for permission to wash. He almost felt like he was suffocating in his own filth. Later, the soldier returned and granted him permission. A primitive stove, a bucket of water, and a bar of soap were brought into his cell. Additionally, the soldier fetched a fellow prisoner from cell 8 to assist Ibo. Subsequently, Ibo was transferred from his cell to cell number 1. When Ibo saw his friend from cell 8, he was overjoyed. They embraced and silently gazed at each other for a while.

Ibo's friend watched with anticipation as Ibo was brought from his cell. This person, known for their strength akin to that of a tree, now moved with a limp and unsteady gait, reminiscent of a child learning to walk. His right foot was half-amputated, and all but the smallest toes were missing from his left foot. Months of being chained to the bed frame had caused his entire body to swell, and he bore a deep wound on his left wrist from the handcuffs. Despite this, Ibo held his head high, his eyes smiling.

The soldier and his friend helped Ibo wash himself. Afterwards, with difficulty, Ibo managed to put his clothes back on.

He told his friend that he had been feeling well again for a few days, was not being tortured at the moment, and was preparing his defense while eagerly awaiting the day he would be taken out of the cell.

On May 9th, he wrote a letter to his father, expressing hopefulness, stating that he was preparing for court, and feeling healthy. He asked his father to obtain documents containing information about previous actions for his defense, providing instructions on who to contact and the names of his lawyers.

On May 11th, the guards informed the prisoner in Cell No. 8 that he was being released and escorted him out of the cell. He expressed a desire to bid farewell to Ibo before departing, and the guards granted permission.

They opened Ibo's cell and reunited the friends. The two embraced warmly. Ibo asked his friend to bring him clothes and a pair of size 42 shoes once he returned home. *'Send me these items when you get home!'* he requested.

His friend then emptied his pockets, giving all his money to Ibo. Ibo returned 50 lira to his friend, saying, 'You'll need this on your way!' However, the guards soon urged them to wrap up their farewell. The two friends embraced once more, said their goodbyes, and Ibo was escorted back to his cell, which was locked behind him.

The release of his friend awakened in Ibo the hope that he himself would finally come out of this dark hole, and he revived ...

Ibo's hopeful letter from the second week of May brought great joy to the family home. Again and again, his father, mother, and brothers held the tear-stained paper in their hands and read it. Ali Kaypakkaya promptly gathered as many of the requested documents as possible and set off for Diyarbakır on May 19th. As the bus neared the city, his agitation grew.

He felt at his pockets and looked through the papers his son wanted again. Ever since he heard the news of Ibo's capture on the radio, from the last day of January to this day of May, he had

lived every day, every second, with a big lump in his throat. Now the day had finally come when he was supposed to see him.

Ibo's sentence, the interrogations are finally over; we will be able to see each other, had awakened great hope in him. The bus he boarded in Ankara on the evening of May 19 moved through the night like a shining point, approached Diyarbakır in the freshness of a spring morning and finally stopped

in the heart of the city. From the bus station, Ali Kaypakkaya went straight to the State of Emergency Administration. He was full of impatience.

It's not visiting time! they said. Ali Kaypakkaya couldn't stand it and wanted to make a phone call. They rejected his request to immediately telephone to inquire about his son's well-being and told him that he would have to wait until 9 a.m.

At nine o'clock sharp, visitors were asked for their IDs and then admitted. Inside, the IDs were checked again.

While Ali Kaypakkaya waited among other visitors, a guard approached him and uttered, 'You won't be able to see your son again!' The words struck Ali Kaypakkaya's heart like bullets.

'Why shouldn't we be able to see each other?' he exclaimed. 'He called me himself! Here, in his letter: 'Come visit me,' he says! And now you want to prevent it...?' he shouted in frustration.

Another guard intervened, suggesting, 'We can't do anything about it; go and talk to the first lieutenant.'

Ali Kaypakkaya followed their instruction and was led to a guard room. Upon entering, he found Lieutenant Mevlüt and First Lieutenant Ali, whom he recognized from his previous visit to Diyarbakır. They both stood up and greeted him with a formal 'Welcome.' Ali Kaypakkaya sensed a sudden change in their demeanor, which he did not appreciate.

Then a lieutenant colonel hurried in, carrying a sheaf of papers which he handed to Lieutenant Ali. 'Sort this out, I'm busy!' he instructed before they escorted Ali Kaypakkaya out of the guardroom and into a waiting jeep.

Ali Kaypakkaya couldn't help but think, 'They must be very afraid of my son!' Every time I come here, everything goes into a panic...

In the jeep, Ali Kaypakkaya thought to himself, 'So they've taken Ibrahim out of the cell,' and he felt a surge of joy. He assumed the guards' excitement stemmed from the anticipation of him meeting his son for the first time today. The jeep passed through the entrance gate and onto the road that led to the offices of the public prosecutor.

The lieutenant-colonel remained silent, his mouth closed as if all the words in the world had been exhausted. Only the noise of the engine filled the air around them. When they arrived at the prosecutor's office, Ali Kaypakkaya thought, 'They'll probably question me first!' However, he soon realized they were heading towards the commandant's office of the state of emergency administration.

The lieutenant-colonel exited the jeep and entered the building. Ali Kaypakkaya peered out of the jeep's window, scanning the area in hopes of spotting Ibrahim. 'Is Ibrahim here?' he asked the chauffeur. "No, uncle, he's not here," he replied.

At times, Ali Kaypakkaya felt joy at the thought of seeing his son again. Other times, the heightened activity of the security forces made him suspicious, and fear crept in that they

might not allow him to see his son. With fear came anger: 'If they don't allow us to see each other again, then I'll go to the state of emergency commander, the governor, and even the government! Finally, the lieutenant colonel appeared at the door.

Chapitre 22

The lieutenant colonel hurried out of the building and approached the jeep, asking Ali Kaypakkaya to step out. Together, they returned to the building. The lieutenant colonel led Ali Kaypakkaya down a long hallway into a room.

Inside, there was a man in a white coat. When Ali Kaypakkaya saw him, a wave of anxiety surged through him. 'Perhaps Ibrahim is ill again, and they brought him to the hospital. That's why everyone is so tense!' he thought. The man in the white coat seemed uneasy and tense. 'Please, have a seat. Here's a cigarette,' he offered, extending a pack.

Ali Kaypakkaya declined the cigarette and remained standing, pacing back and forth in the room. Then, suddenly, the door swung open and Lieutenant General Şükrü Olcay, the commander of the State of Emergency Administration, entered the room accompanied by a colonel, the hospital's chief doctor, and several other officers.

Şükrü Olcay scrutinized Ali Kaypakkaya from head to toe. 'Are you the father of Ibrahim Kaypakkaya?' he asked.

'Yes,' replied Ali Kaypakkaya.

Then Şükrü Olcay delivered the shocking news: 'This is very sudden, but it must be said: Ibrahim has passed away...'

All color drained from Ali Kaypakkaya's face. 'I don't understand...' he stuttered.

'I said, your son is dead!' Şükrü Olcay repeated firmly.

Ali Kaypakkaya, completely bewildered and with a pale face, continued to stammer, 'Why would he die, my son... he shouldn't die...'

'He has died, I'm telling you. He has just passed away...' Şükrü Olcay reaffirmed.

Ali Kaypakkaya slowly regained awareness in a surreal manner. Like someone struggling for breath, he began to swallow hard while fumbling in his jacket pockets. He pulled out the letter, muttering, 'Here, he wrote this letter to me... he called for me here. My son can't be dead! He's not sick anymore. He is healthy,' he read aloud, his voice trembling.

"He committed suicide; your son committed suicide!" Şükrü Olcay shouted back. Ali Kaypakkaya burst out in clipped sentences: "No, no, my son was killed. You murdered my son, you beat him to death!"

"Be quiet, otherwise we'll put you in your place!" threatened one of the bystanders, cutting off Ali Kaypakkaya's complaint. Ali Kaypakkaya fell silent for a moment, then pleaded in a pained voice: "Give me the corpse. Interrogate me if you want, but give me my son's body..."

"No, he will be buried here," they insisted at first. But Ali Kaypakkaya insisted firmly: "I won't move a step from here until I get the body!"

Şükrü Olcay turned to the man in the white coat and said firmly, "Give him a glass of water!"

Ali Kaypakkaya interjected, "I don't want your water or anything. All I want is my son's body. We gave everything for him. I have a shanty that I will now sell for my son. I will bring him to my village!"

Get it done! Şükrü Olcay ordered the bystanders, then turned and left the room. The lieutenant colonel escorted Ali Kaypakkaya out of the room once more. They drove to the military hospital, where Ali Kaypakkaya had been turned away at the door during his first trip to Diyarbakır.

There they talked about formalities that Ali Kaypakkaya should complete. So he went to the city administration and got a permit. He then chose a coffin for 430 lira. He bought a shroud for another 70 lira.

As the shroud was folded, he thought of his son's childhood, how he had received him as a swaddled baby, how he had taken him in his arms.

Then he hired a porter and they returned to the hospital with the coffin and shroud. The city administration official gave him a paper saying: Can be taken with you, signed it and gave it to him.

He waited anxiously in the hospital corridor. After some time, they brought out the body from the refrigerator. 'Here is your son, he's ready,' they solemnly told Ali Kaypakkaya. The head was detached from the torso, and the stomach, arms, and legs were severed into large pieces. The body was punctured with numerous holes. 'From the autopsy,' murmured the attendant who wheeled the body out of the freezer. "And what are these holes?" Ali Kaypakkaya asked, but received no answer.

When Ali Kaypakkaya saw his son, it was as if all his blood dried up. Instead of his son, instead of this strong, tree-like person, they showed him cut up, stabbed body parts. Ibo's throat and neck were distended and pitch black, as if something had been placed around it and squeezed. Later his neck was cut and dismembered. His shoulder and chest are all full of holes...

At this sight, the porter who placed Ibo in the coffin began to cry. Ali Kaypakkaya wanted to give him his wages, but he refused. -This is our human duty!" he said. The soldiers on guard and the orderlies tried to comfort Ali Kaypakkaya. Of the 1,200 lira he had brought to give to Ibo, he had 550 left. In front of the hospital, he started negotiating with a taxi driver. The driver wanted payment in advance. Then Ali Kaypakkaya was advised to transport the coffin by plane.

At the airline office, they asked for 240 liras to transport the coffin. He spent what money he had left on the plane ticket. It was not enough, but one of the strangers standing around interfered. "You'll pay the rest later". They took Ali Kaypakkaya to the airport and took him to the police. When the passengers at the airport were called to sit down in the waiting room, the police officers searched Ali Kaypakkaya's pockets and found the leaflets that Ibo had ordered from his father for his explanation. Indecisive, they turned them over and over in their hands and discussed them. -My son wanted them; he needed them for his defence. I had brought them for him!" Ali Kaypakkaya explained...this is not the way to do it. It is an offence, they are forbidden. If your son has died, then you have to tear them up! We should arrest you here...!" they shouted in reply. In desperation, Ali Kaypakkaya asked them to leave him alone: "My son has died, I can't think about these flyers! I haven't had a piece of bread or a sip of water since this morning!" Through the intervention of a policewoman, they finally let him go. On landing in Ankara, Ali Kaypakkaya was met by two captains. They called a taxi for him and tied the coffin to the deck. That's how they arrived home. His father carried Ibo into the house. He spent the night sitting on Ibo's bed. With his head in his hands, he thought

and felt himself getting lazier in bed with his son. Early the next morning, he hired a minibus and took his son to his home village. They were also followed into the village by "persecutors" (state informers). Within a very short time, news of Ibo's death spread through the surrounding villages. People came in droves to see him once more. At the restaurant of the petrol station opposite the cemetery stood the car of the "pursuers". They kept an eye on the village and the cemetery from there ...

Chapitre 23

Ibo's real mother was also told. She and Ali Kaypakkaya separated when Ibo was a baby and just learning his first words. After the separation, Ibo stayed with his father.

Later, the mother moved to the village of Sungurlu (Gökçem) and married again. During his childhood, but also when he was studying in Istanbul, Ibo often went to his mother's village to visit her. For the two or three nights that he stayed in the village, he talked long and in detail with his mother and then disappeared from the scene again. If he went and his mother said: Don't go, my son, stay a little longer so that I can get enough of you! then Ibo comforted her and replied: If you long for me, look in the mirror, I look like you.

Ibo disappeared again and again, but he never lost contact with his mother's village; he often sent newspapers and books there.

At the same time that Ibo was being searched, the security forces also raided his mother's village and searched every corner and every niche:

When my child wasn't there, the police came. The police came in two cars full of officers. "Who is in the photo?" they asked. "Who owns the hat?" they asked. "Who owns the keys?" they asked. "Why do you have three keys when you only need two?" they asked. They asked about the shots, about the sweater I was wearing. It was like this: within two steps, there were three officers, and three more officers, the house was surrounded on all sides as if with a wire fence. They stuffed things twice and three times into the stable, the attic, the holes, the stalks. "Then he'll come out," they thought. They climbed into the attic. We put apples and stuff out there. "There was someone here, someone was sleeping," he says. "No, we have apples and stuff laid out here," I say. Then he climbed onto the roof of the barn and took a look inside. "Here," he said, "the men are hiding."

"No," I say, "we are villagers, we bake." "If so," he said, "then tell me where he is, woman." I say, "I long for him too." Then they brought our village chief. A gentleman with a ladder to the stable, sometimes here, sometimes there. And they always drag me along. They run everywhere, and the girls are already getting scared. Then they went back to the attic. He crawled under the box. "Then he'll come later," he says. "He's not coming," I say.

He came once, now he's not coming anymore. "If someone has come once, should he not come again?" he asks. He put his arm under mine. "Take this woman downstairs, come with the village watchman," he said, "and her neighbor," he said. They searched through everything here—the pillows, the boxes, the yarn, everything. There were many threats. He grabbed me by the neck. "Your master gave me as much as he could in my face. You don't say anything because he's coming," he said. The village chief came. "Your son," he said, "is wanted. Someone said he came when he wasn't wanted." I thought, what is he saying at a moment like this? "I don't know," I said.

"Your lying brings them down," he said. "Here we are, I'm going to the police." They threw us in the morning and then again at eight in the evening. Later, Ibo's mother wouldn't let go of her radio. She kept waiting next to it as if a message from her son was about to come.

I sit with the radio in my arms when I go into the stable and sit down.. I listen to the news at seven, then again at eight, and as it approaches nine, I wait eagerly for the next update.

And then on Tuesday, around seven, I have the radio in my arms and he says Ibrahim Kaypakkaya is wounded. And he says Ali Haydar Yıldız or something was hit in the forehead. "My God," I say, "not that." They all ran and said, do this, do that. If he's been in prison for a month, it's been two, three, four, I'm waiting for him to finally come.

Then they brought her the news of his death:

I got up in the morning as usual, and I looked up and two people came and took my arm, saying, "We are taking you to Karamahmut." I realised immediately. I said, "Has something happened to my baby?" He said no. We left. I saw that his father was there too.

"If you brought my child like this, you came like this!" I exclaimed, slapping my knees.

The villagers and his friends came, and the mountains groaned. They didn't show him to me; they didn't want to show him beyond the neck. Despite pouring ether, we couldn't get close. We even used three bottles of cologne, but still couldn't get near. His soldiers were numerous. When I say soldiers, I mean villagers and his friends were also many. One end of the group was at the cemetery, the other in the village. The police were strict. They didn't allow a funeral service.

I suppose they didn't show him to me because they thought I couldn't bear to see his body.

They took something from his head, cut up his head, took the blood that flowed from his neck and his arm. He's not afraid, if he's not afraid, then we'll measure his heart, in prison. What do they see, they can't get to the heart. They want his head, which is 3 times as big as Atatürk's.

"Whenever we see him, the same thing, same duty, he stands there like this and does this and that. If it's already there, let's get rid of it while it's already in our hands, he says. There in the prison. He had sewn everything. They removed his body from the stomach. They asked for the flowing blood to be taken from their arms.."

Since the morning the news came, she had uttered a burning, bitter lament for her son in a pained voice. Now she sang it and slapped her knees...

Chapitre 24

Later, the villagers carried Ibo from his parents' house to the cemetery, holding him from shoulder to shoulder. All the people in the area, everyone who had heard that Ibo had been brought to the village, left their work and went to the cemetery. They opened the earth that had been loosened by the spring and let Ibo slide in. They covered him with earth, forever separating him from the light of day.

On 19 May, Ali Kaypakkaya had gone to Diyarbakır. At 21 May, he left his son in the village and went back to Ankara. The "persecutors" stayed in the village. Their "task" was not yet finished. They were still waiting for the earth to dissolve Ibo and for him to disappear completely. For a long time they did not allow anyone near the grave. The news spread all over Anatolia. Again blood had been shed on the month of May. Ibo's comrades-in-arms in the Diyarbakır prison were filled with pain upon hearing of his death.

There, not far from the cell where Ibo had been alone for months, they had lived with him. They cursed the act of violence. Their reactions turned into actions. The prison authorities used force to suppress the prisoners' demonstrations. In the application with the entry number 1900-73/84, the revolutionary prisoners wrote to the commandant's office of the state of emergency administration. In their petition, his friends assert that "he was taken from his cell to MIT headquarters on May 16, 1973 and killed there through torture, and that the fact that the authorities were informed of this murder without making the necessary public announcement is the greatest proof of this assassination.

The applicants received no responses. Turkey was going through hard times. During these difficult days, two forward-thinking people spoke out. In July 1973, Ordu's parliament representative, Ferda Guley, spoke in Bolu. He said, "Listen, fathers! I heard about a father who received a letter from his healthy son. Two days later, the father went to the prison with a package of food and clothes, hoping to see and hug his son. But when he arrived, they told him his son had killed himself the day before. And this father had to bring his son's body back home, only to find it was full of bullet holes."

And, once again in July 1973, Independent Member of Parliament M. Ali Aybar posed a question to the Prime Minister, which he expanded upon in 10 subheadings. It started with: "Is it true that K. Aypakkaya died as a result of the torture employed during the interrogation?" However, neither of the two voices received any response from the responsables at that time.

After the TKP/ML and TIKKO trials were opened, the main defendant of which was Ibo, the defendants presented a long statement to the chairman of the 2nd Chamber of the Military Court of the 1st Army Command on the day of the trial on November 6, 1973.

According to the document, Ibo was first tortured and then shot as part of a murder plot led by the responsible public prosecutor, Yaşar Değerli :

Comrade Ibrahim was dragged out of his cell at 10 a.m. on May 16, 1973. The other prisoners in the same cell corridor were able to observe this. Later, when news of İbrahim's death spread among the privates on duty at the prosecutor's office, the detainees who approached the prison directorate were informed by the prison administration that İbrahim had been summoned for interrogation on May 16th. Two days after he was taken for interrogation, they were inexplicably informed that his prison record had to be erased.

In those days, the prisoners brought to the military prosecutor's office for questioning were informed by the soldiers on guard that Ibrahim's body was found on the top floor of the building, with multiple bullet wounds.

On the day İbo was taken for interrogation, Cemil, who was present at the prosecutor's office for questioning, witnessed him being blindfolded and put into a civilian car by several individuals. Cemil later informed Seyithan Dokay and Hasan Ilter about what he saw.

Again, during the confrontation with Ibrahim, Hasan Ilter witnessed Yaşar Değerli, the prosecutor, saying "we will give your punishment with our own hands very soon".

Mustafa Karadağ, who was imprisoned as part of the THKO, was told by Yaşar Değerli during a meeting at MIT: If you remain silent, you'll meet the same fate as Ibo, whom we laid to rest last week. He shared this information with Arslan Kılıç, one of Ibrahim's closest friends, while they were both in prison.

The fascists were only able to capture him when he was alone, with bullet wounds in his body, without any means of defense against hunger, thirst, and cold. He - as stated in the indictment - fought a bitter struggle against the fascist forces.

He was a leader who understood that the act of a revolutionary committing suicide was both cowardly and a betrayal of the proletariat's cause. He made it a point to teach this belief to his comrades.

Suicide will not be our choice as prosecutor who is an agent of imperialism and fascism in Turkey claim, but the choice of cowards like the enemies of the people. It was the greatest fascist dog that ever lived Hitler who shoot himself in the head when the red Soviet army entered Berlin under the leadership of Stalin.

Comrade Ibrahim Kaypakkaya is in the tradition of Dimitrou, who wrote "Don't forget, you are a communist" on the ceiling of the Nazi torture chamber with his blood. This was done so that every time he was tied up for bastinado, he could read it and continue to resist the fascist executioners. He also follows in the tradition of the French communist George Politzer, who, when facing the Nazi execution squad, shouted to the soldiers, "I fought for your liberation! You are destroying your liberation!"

He stands in the tradition of Ernit Thalmann, who fearlessly faced the Nazis' bullets, and he observes the bravery of the heroes of Vietnam, who faced death with a " Long live Ho Chi Minh!" and persevered until the very end in all circumstances.

Revolutionaries who dedicate their lives to liberating the proletariat and the people do not take their own lives out of fear of fascist persecution and oppression. Suicide is a choice

made by fascist oppressors who persecute others because they are afraid of the people's revolutionary struggle.

All these clear facts make it clear that our leader, Comrade Ibrahim Kaypakkaya, did not commit suicide but was MURDERED...”

There was no official response to this statement either. This petition was also ignored by the individuals involved.

And as April turns into May, the soil becomes green, the snow recedes to the mountains, the water starts to rise, and the air begins to warm, Ibo comes to Ali Kaypakkaya's mind.

He goes to his son and relives the memories. Ibo's last words from his letter ring in his ear: "I greet you and kiss your hands, I kiss my grandmother's and my mother's hands, I kiss the children's eyes. Don't worry about me. I'm fine and I don't need anything at the moment.

Goodbye

Your son Ibrahim”

The earth above Ibo is now a blanket of grass. In summer, the ground stirs, as if moved by Ibo's breath. On the 18th of May, the people from nearby villages gather, honoring Ibo by visiting his grave, each feeling a profound sense of reverence in commemorating him.

Then the snow over Ali Haydar, lying far away at the foot of the mountains, begins to melt. It mingles with the earth, rises into the air, and is found in the lamentations of the people. The villagers, wandering from rock to rock, from village to village, see Ali Haydar in their passing.

And when May arrives, hundreds of young bodies seem to emerge from the earth. Each one is a bud, a leaf, a meadow, a branch, a sprout... Each has endured countless struggles.

May their virtues guide us.

May their memories be a light on our path...









