

Amnesty International

TURKEY
TESTIMONY ON
TORTURE

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*Testimony on
Torture*

Turkey Report

Errata

Page 2, line 8: 'from 1971 to 1973', not 'from 1970 to 1973'
Page 7, line 16: '*Yeralti Maden Is*' not '*Yeralti Maden F*'
Page 34, line 25: 'another room' not 'room'
Page 65, line 3: 'detained in Antakya', not 'detained in Ankara'



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The illustrations on pages 42 and 43 were drawn by a former Turkish political prisoner.

Introduction

"I loosened the blindfold and looked around. The scene was horrific. People were piled up in the corridor waiting their turn to be tortured. Ten people were being led blindfold and naked up and down the corridor and were being beaten to force them to sing reactionary marches. Others, who were incapable of standing, were tied to hot radiator pipes

"An old man of about 50 had been stripped naked and was being made to hand out bread rations. The same man was forced to watch while his children were tortured, and vice versa.

"Those lying on the ground were kicked and punched by passing torturers. The torture never let up Even when they stopped torturing you physically, the screams of the others began to torment you psychologically. After a while I was able to pick out which torture was being applied – from the screams." (Former political prisoner's testimony to Amnesty International in June 1984.)

Torture is widespread and systematic in Turkey. Anybody detained in the country for political reasons is at great risk of being tortured, and very few detainees are not subjected to some form of ill-treatment in police stations, security forces' interrogation and detention centres and prisons.

These conclusions by Amnesty International are based on thousands of reports of what has happened to prisoners under all administrations in Turkey from the early 1970s up to the time of writing in May 1985. The reports have come from a wide range of sources and have included numerous first-hand testimonies by former prisoners supported, in a number of cases, by medical examinations showing consistency between the findings and the tortures alleged.

The reports have included also accounts of courtroom statements by prisoners that they had been tortured – on a number of occasions press photographs have shown the apparently poor physical condition of some of these prisoners in court. In October 1984 a Turkish Govern-

ment Minister made serious allegations of torture by the police, telling Parliament he had documents proving that the allegations were well-founded.

★ ★ ★

Torture of political detainees was already a major concern of Amnesty International before the military coup of 12 September 1980. The number of such allegations at any time appears to relate directly to the number of people detained. During an earlier period of military intervention, from 1970 to 1973, when several thousand people were seized and held, Amnesty International received hundreds of allegations of torture and believed torture to be widespread and systematic. Fewer allegations were received during the mid-1970s, when there were comparatively fewer political prisoners, but after the introduction of martial law in some provinces in Turkey in December 1978 and the subsequent increase in both the number of detentions of political suspects and the length of incommunicado detention (to 15 days), Amnesty International once again began to receive more allegations. In May 1980 Amnesty International sent a research mission to Turkey. As a result of this mission Amnesty International concluded that most people detained by the police and martial law authorities were tortured, and in some cases tortured to death.

After the military coup of September 1980 thousands of people were taken into custody by the security forces. According to the Turkish newspaper *Milliyet* of 21 September 1984, 178,565 people had been taken into custody by the security forces for preliminary investigation since the coup. The length of the incommunicado detention period was immediately increased to 30 days and then, in November 1980, to 90 days, which it remained until September 1981 when it was reduced to 45 days. In April 1985 the length of the incommunicado detention period was still 45 days in the 23 of Turkey's 67 provinces which were still under martial law. These included all the major cities, such as Ankara, Istanbul, Izmir, Diyarbakir and Adana.*

The number of torture allegations and of reported deaths as a result of torture increased dramatically immediately after the military coup. In subsequent years the number of allegations, including those of alleged deaths, gradually became fewer, but only relatively. Throughout 1984 Amnesty International continued to receive allegations of torture and of deaths caused by torture and believed that any person detained for suspected political offences was in danger of being tortured. Continuing reports of torture during recent months point to the fact that the pattern

*In May 1985 the period of incommunicado detention in the 23 provinces still under martial law was reduced from 45 days to 30 days.

has shown no significant change during the first part of 1985.

Amnesty International's detailed information on torture relates mostly to political prisoners, but the organization sometimes receives reports of ordinary criminal suspects being tortured, in order to induce confessions, and information received over many years strongly suggests that the torture of criminal suspects is routine in Turkish police stations.

In most cases torture is reported to have been inflicted by the police in police stations, but Amnesty International has received detailed allegations of people being tortured in prisons and other establishments run by the armed forces, including the military prisons of Diyarbakir and Erzurum, and of Mamak, near Ankara, and Metris, in Istanbul. Severe beating of political prisoners has also been reported as routine in the special "E-type" civilian prison of Malatya, one of several prisons established in recent years specifically for political prisoners and arms smugglers; and in Buca Prison in Izmir.

The main purpose of the beatings which take place in prisons appears to be the maintenance of discipline. This was made explicit after the death in custody of the detainee Ilhan Erdost on 7 November 1980, when the Commander of Mamak Military Prison, Colonel Raci Tetik, made this statement to the Ankara Martial Law Prosecutor:

"I had given orders that after the preliminaries were completed all prisoners with the exception of the aged, women and children, the lame and the diseased, should be struck with a truncheon once or twice each below the waist in their rude places [buttocks] and on the palms of their hands and they should be warned not to come to prison again. I am not going to deny my order. My aim is to ensure discipline."

The main purpose of torture in police stations appears to be the extraction of information and confessions. In both military prisons and police stations intimidation and humiliation of prisoners is an important element and this is clearly illustrated in the detailed allegations of torture contained in this book.

Methods of torture include electric shocks, *falaka* (the beating of the soles of the feet), burning with cigarettes, hanging from the ceiling by hands or feet for prolonged periods, punching and kicking, and beating and assaults with truncheons, sticks and iron rods on all parts of the body, including the sexual organs.

Amnesty International also knows of instances of prisoners having been taken again for interrogation and subjected again to torture, even after several years in prison.

Mümtaz Kotan, a 41-year-old lawyer who was adopted by Amnesty International as a prisoner of conscience, was imprisoned from April 1980 until May 1985. He is said to have been tortured during

his interrogation and repeatedly throughout his imprisonment in Diyarbakir Military Prison. He was sentenced in July 1982 to eight years' imprisonment for belonging to a Kurdish organization and for alleged secessionist activities.

Mehdi Zana, also an adopted prisoner of conscience, is serving a 31-year prison term, reportedly in connection with alleged Kurdish secessionist activities. He was detained immediately after the September 1980 coup and he, too, is reported to have been tortured repeatedly throughout his imprisonment in Diyarbakir Military Prison.

In May 1982 Amnesty International asked to be allowed to send a team to check on reports that nearly 100 Kurdish prisoners in Diyarbakir Military Prison were in poor health as a result of torture and harsh conditions.

One of the people it named at the time, Kurdish lawyer Hüseyin Yildirim, was later released and left Turkey – he gave a horrific account of tortures he said he and other Kurdish prisoners had suffered, including being beaten and given electric shocks on sensitive parts of the body while tied to a wooden cross. Three of these prisoners are known to have died in custody. The authorities acknowledged one of the deaths: they said the prisoner had committed suicide.

There have been repeated hunger-strikes by inmates of prisons in different parts of the country in protest against torture. In July 1983 Amnesty International received reports that approximately 2,000 prisoners in Metris, Sultanahmet, Sagmalcilar and Kabakoz prisons in Istanbul were on hunger-strike in protest against prison conditions, executions, torture and restrictions on access to lawyers. During the hunger-strike, which lasted for a month, an Amnesty International delegate visited Istanbul to seek information about the treatment and condition of the prisoners.

In September 1983 a hunger-strike by political prisoners took place in Diyarbakir Military Prison in protest against torture, bad prison conditions and restrictions on access to lawyers. On 8 September Amnesty International expressed concern to President Kenan Evren and the Martial Law Commander of Diyarbakir, General Kaya Yazgan, about reports that prisoners on hunger-strike had been tortured. The strike ended after the authorities had reportedly given assurances that torture would be ended and conditions improved.

Another hunger-strike began only months later, at the end of December, and lasted until 3 March 1984. Once again the authorities reportedly agreed to prisoners' demands for a halt to torture, and the restoration of concessions granted after the September 1983 strike but then withdrawn.

At least two people died directly as a result of this second hunger-strike and 45 were taken to hospital, many reportedly in a critical condition.

In January 1984 an Amnesty International delegate had visited Diyarbakir and on 16 February the organization had called on the head of the Turkish armed forces to account publicly for seven people reported to have died in the prison in unexplained circumstances in January.

In reply the authorities said one prisoner had died of a brain tumour and one after an operation for cancer of the pancreas; the names of two were not known to the prison authorities; one named prisoner was still alive; and the other two had committed suicide.

Prisoners at Mamak Military prison went on hunger-strike from 22 February 1984 to 4 April 1984 in protest against alleged torture and ill-treatment.

Between April and June 1984 inmates of Metris and Sagmalcilar military prisons went on hunger-strike in protest against, among other things, torture and bad conditions. The authorities acknowledged that four people died during the prisoners' action.

In January 1985 Amnesty International received reports that more than 400 political prisoners in Mersin Military Prison had begun a hunger-strike in protest against torture. The news agency *Agence France Presse* reported on 23 January 1985 that according to relatives the hunger-strike had started after "inhuman treatment" of the prisoners began with the arrival of a new prison director. Forty-two parents of prisoners were reported to have signed a protest petition which was sent to the Ministry of Justice.

Over the years Amnesty International has continued to receive reports of a number of prisoners having died in custody after torture. One such case is that of Mustafa Hayrulloğlu, who was detained in October or November 1982.

In December 1982 Amnesty International was informed that he had been tortured and was critically ill. On 9 December it asked the Turkish Ambassador in London, Rahmi Gümrükcuoğlu, for information about him and called for an investigation into the allegation that he had been tortured. No reply was received, so on 5 January 1983 Amnesty International sent its inquiries to the Turkish Foreign Minister. No reply was received.

On 5 April 1983 Amnesty International received information that Mustafa Hayrulloğlu was dead. After months of trying to discover his whereabouts his family finally learned that he had been buried in Kasimpaşa cemetery in Istanbul. They subsequently received two letters from the authorities:

- The Martial Law Prosecutor for Istanbul stated that Mustafa Hayrulloğlu had been detained on 21 October 1982 and had committed suicide on 26 October.

● The Public Prosecutor for Istanbul stated that he had been detained on 5 November 1982, had become sick on 16 November and had died on the way to hospital.

On 11 May 1983 Amnesty International wrote again to Ambassador Gümürküoğlu, asking to be informed if any investigation had taken place into Mustafa Hayrulloğlu's death. No reply has been received.

Since the September 1980 coup Amnesty International has submitted to the authorities the names of more than 100 people alleged to have died in custody since September 1980. In reply Amnesty International has received information from the authorities concerning 82 of these cases. In some cases trials or investigations were said to be in progress. Other replies indicated deaths as a result of suicide, accident or illness or referred to lack of information or any record of detention. In nine cases the person concerned was still alive. Where no replies have been received Amnesty International does not know whether any investigations took place.

On 16 March 1982 the Minister of State, İlhan Öztrak, acknowledged publicly that 15 people had died as a result of torture since 12 September 1980. However, a report issued by the Chief of the General Staff's Office on 29 October 1982 stated that investigations into 204 deaths alleged to have been caused by torture had determined that in only four cases were the deaths caused by torture. Twenty-five deaths were said to be from natural causes, 15 had been suicides, five people were killed while trying to escape and 25 had been killed during clashes.

In 1984 the Prime Ministry Directorate General of Press and Information published the following information in a document titled, *The Human Rights Situation in Turkey*:

As of 24 July 1984:

— Total number of alleged cases of torture and ill-treatment	897
— Cases under investigation	153
— Cases declared without ground for further investigation	584
— Cases referred to competent courts	46
— Cases finalized	114
— Number of suspects under arrest	9
— Number of suspects tried, not yet under arrest	69
— Number of suspects acquitted	218
— Number of persons sentenced to various terms of imprisonment	102

The Turkish authorities have repeatedly denied that torture is

systematic. They maintain that all complaints of torture are investigated and that when torture has occurred those responsible are prosecuted. From time to time official figures are published of investigations which have taken place, prosecutions, convictions and acquittals. Amnesty International is informed of many cases in which complaints of torture have been made, very often by defendants in court during their trials, and no investigation of any kind appears to have taken place. The organization believes that the number of torture allegations which have been investigated by the authorities is very small compared with the number of allegations made.

In the Turkish press alone there have been reports of hundreds of defendants in political trials retracting statements which they allege were made as a result of torture. F.H. Koers, a Dutch lawyer who attended hearings in three mass trials in Turkey in January 1983, on behalf of the Netherlands Trade Union Federation (FNV), the Netherlands Council of Churches and *Yeralti Maden I*, a mine-workers' union, reported that in each trial defendants said that the statements being used as evidence had been obtained by torture. At the opening session of the trial known as the "Fatsa trial" on 12 January, one of the defendants refused to cooperate in establishing his identity until the court first heard his complaints concerning treatment in detention and during interrogations. The spokesperson for the court said that complaints should be filed at "the appropriate place" and that they were not in order at that time. The defendant replied that up to that time the many complaints made by the detainees had yielded no results. Many of the original 53 defendants in the DISK, Confederation of Progressive Trade Unions, trial made statements alleging ill-treatment during detention, but as far as Amnesty International knows no investigation into their allegations has taken place.

On 21 March 1984 *Agence France Presse* reported that Mustafa Kemal Kacaroglu, a political prisoner in Mamak Military Prison in Ankara who had given evidence of torture before a military court, had been charged with "insulting the army" during his testimony. The military prosecutor asked for an eight-year sentence. Mustafa Kemal Kacaroglu was sentenced to one year and four months' imprisonment in May 1984.

In another similar case a prisoner (whose name is known to Amnesty International, but is withheld at the request of his family) made a detailed statement in court in April 1983 alleging that he had been tortured. Following this he was informed by the prosecutor's office that proceedings would be opened against him on charges of false testimony and insulting Turkish officials. The prisoner in question informed his family that proceedings had been opened against all defendants in his trial who had made torture allegations in court.

The testimonies contained in this book describe torture alleged to have occurred from immediately after the September 1980 coup up to early 1984. In April 1985 Amnesty International received further allegations that people in detention were being tortured, but was not able to obtain detailed statements. It is usually only when a prisoner has been released that Amnesty International receives a full account of his or her treatment and in most instances only when former prisoners have been able to leave Turkey clandestinely.

Only exceptionally does confirmation of torture follow soon after the initial reports. One such case is that of Sevgi Kiliç. In February 1984 Amnesty International received reports that she and other teachers were being tortured at Police Headquarters in Ankara, one of the places most frequently cited by former prisoners as a torture centre. The First Branch of the Ankara Security Directorate operates from these headquarters and is reputed to use as a holding centre a building there known as the *Değerlendirme ve Arastırma Laboratuvarı* (DAL), Evaluation and Research Laboratories.

As soon as it received the reports about Sevgi Kiliç, Amnesty International issued urgent appeals for the authorities to ensure her safety and that of the other teachers.

Amnesty International was subsequently informed that eight teachers, including Sevgi Kiliç, had been held incommunicado in the DAL and that they had been tortured between 23 January and 11 February when they were transferred to Mamak Military Prison. On 16 March they appeared in Military Court No. 2 in Ankara, facing charges connected with organizing and participating in demonstrations and belonging to banned organizations. The court acquitted them, reportedly ruling that the only evidence against them were statements they had made under torture.

In a letter to her husband who lives in exile abroad, Sevgi Kiliç stated that she and her co-defendants had been tortured while detained at Ankara Police Headquarters. She said she had been kept blindfold, beaten, kicked, given electric shocks and subjected to *falaka* - "I wanted to die," she said.

Confirmation of her release and acquittal came from the Turkish Embassy in Austria, which wrote in May 1984 to Amnesty International there:

"Following a campaign initiated by Amnesty International, we have received letters stating that Sevgi Kiliç has been arrested and ill-treated and that there is concern about her whereabouts.

"Sevgi Kiliç was placed in pre-trial detention on 24 January 1984 because of her membership of an illegal underground organization. According to a decision of Military Court II in

Ankara to continue trial proceedings against her while she was at liberty, she was released on 13 February 1984 and was acquitted on 16 March 1984."

There was no reference to the court's ruling on torture. Nor does Amnesty International know of any investigation into the allegations of torture at Ankara's Police Headquarters which prompted the court's ruling.

Extracts from a long letter Sevgi Kiliç wrote to her husband in France in February 1984, following her release, are included in this report. Sufficient information has reached Amnesty International during 1984 and 1985 to indicate that the practices described in the statements by Sevgi Kiliç and others contained in this report have not ceased.

In late June and early July 1984, 31 adherents of the Jehovah's Witnesses religion were detained in Ankara and eventually charged under Article 163 of the Turkish Penal Code with attempting to change the secular nature of the Turkish state. During their detention at Ankara Police Headquarters it is alleged that they were subjected to severe beating, including *falaka*, and were forced to stand, blindfold and handcuffed behind their backs, for up to 15 hours — in some cases for five hours on one leg. Some men had their testicles squeezed or beaten with an iron bar. These allegations are consistent with the continuing pattern Amnesty International has monitored over the years.

The organization received verbal reports of widespread ill-treatment and torture carried out during security operations in Eastern Anatolia, following attacks by guerrilla groups on military and police posts in August 1984. Large numbers of the local civilian population were detained and interrogated, allegedly under torture. However, Amnesty International was not able to obtain detailed information about specific cases: the area is remote and the local population is alleged to have been intimidated.

During the latter part of 1984 reports appeared in the Turkish press about the apparent torture of high-ranking customs officials in the course of an investigation into alleged smuggling activities at the customs post of Kapikule, on the border with Bulgaria. The Turkish English-language weekly *Briefing* reported on 29 October that six days earlier the Minister of Finance and Customs, Vural Arıkan, had made accusations in the Turkish Parliament that the police had tortured customs officials and that the Minister of the Interior had protected the police from public scrutiny. He was said to have claimed to possess documents, based on the complaints by relatives of those in custody, proving that the police had used torture. A government spokesman, State Minister Mesut Yılmaz, stated in reply that the Ministry of Justice was investigating the torture allegations and that a report had been

presented to the Prime Minister. Subsequently the Minister of the Interior, Ali Tanriyar, resigned — when Vural Arıkan refused to resign, he was dismissed. On 8 November in an opposition censure motion against the government it was stated that the removal of Vural Arıkan from his post should not prevent the accusations made by him from being discussed in parliament. Speaking in support of the motion, the opposition National Democracy Party deputy Kamran Inan referred to the allegations of torture arising from the Kapikule investigations and criticized the government for their insensitivity to the seriousness of these claims which, he said, were damaging Turkey's image abroad (BBC *Summary of World Broadcasts*, 12 November 1984 and *Briefing*, 19 November 1984).

In late January 1985, 46 customs officials went on trial in Military Court No. 4 of the Ankara Martial Law Command on charges of bribery and corruption. According to the Turkish daily newspaper *Cumhuriyet* of 5 February, one defendant, Numan Baha Eskiingil, said he had been interrogated under torture at Police Headquarters in Ankara:

"I shouted, 'Enough! Have you no fear of God?' They asked, 'Who's that?' They were torturing me. Their breath smelled of *raki* [a Turkish liquor]."

Cumhuriyet said all the other defendants alleged that they had been tortured at Police Headquarters and forced to sign statements.

While welcoming any steps by the Turkish authorities to stop torture, Amnesty International believes that they are totally inadequate so far, particularly in the light of the extent of the human rights abuses in most police stations and military prisons.

In view of the recurrent and detailed reports of torture in Turkey over the years, Amnesty International believes that the Turkish Government should indicate its commitment to stop torture and uphold human rights by implementing the following measures:

- The highest authorities in Turkey should issue clear public instructions to all officials involved in the custody, interrogation or treatment of prisoners that torture will not be tolerated under any circumstances.
- Safeguards should be adopted to ensure that incommunicado detention does not become an opportunity for torture. The government should ensure that all detainees are brought before a judicial authority promptly after being taken into custody and that relatives, lawyers and doctors have prompt and regular access to them.
- Relatives and lawyers should be informed promptly of the where-

abouts of detainees. No one should be held in secret or unacknowledged detention.

- There should be regular independent visits of inspection to places of detention to ensure that torture does not take place.
- The Turkish Government should establish an impartial body to investigate all complaints and reports of torture. Its findings and methods of investigation should be made public.
- Steps should be taken to ensure that confessions or other evidence obtained through torture may never be invoked in legal proceedings.
- In every case where it is proved that an act of torture has been committed by or at the instigation of a public official, criminal proceedings should be instituted against the alleged offender, as called for in the United Nations Declaration against Torture.
- It should be made clear during the training of all officials, including members of the armed forces, who are involved in the custody, interrogation or treatment of prisoners, that torture is a criminal act. They should be instructed that they are obliged to refuse to obey any order to torture. The United Nations Code of Conduct for Law Enforcement Officials and the Standard Minimum Rules for the Treatment of Prisoners should be widely distributed.
- Victims of torture and their dependants should be afforded redress and compensation for their material and moral sufferings, without prejudice to any other civil or criminal proceedings.

Chapter I

The following excerpts come from interviews in 1984 with a couple from Artvin, northeast Turkey, who were arrested on the morning of 12 September 1980 and detained with many others in the provincial police (*jandarma*) headquarters in the city.

Enver Karagöz, 37, a teacher and at the time head of the Artvin branch of the teachers' association TOB-DER, and Isilay Karagöz, a civil servant, say that they and other detainees were interrogated under torture at the *jandarma* centre, which was formerly a teachers' training college. The tortures alleged include savage beatings and electric shocks. Enver Karagöz says he was also sexually abused and had hot water poured into his mouth. He says he heard his wife screaming under torture in an adjacent room and once she was given electric shocks beside him, while interrogators threatened to assault her sexually.

She says she heard his screams under torture and that once when she managed to see him "his entire chest had become encrusted [with burns resulting from the application of electricity]. His feet looked terrible, all burst open. You could see the bones. . . . It was terrible beyond description".

Isilay Karagöz was released after 45 days in this place. Her husband was kept there for 40 days, then moved to another police centre between Kars and Erzurum. He says he was tortured during the next 30 days he spent there and that the torture continued when he was moved to Erzurum Military Prison. By then, he says, "I could no longer walk . . . we thought there would be no torture in this prison, but torture went on there as well. . . . All these practices . . . lasted until I was released on 3 January 1984. They continue today without interruption [stated during an interview with Amnesty International in March 1984]."

In March 1981 Enver Karagöz was found to have cancer of the throat and spent six weeks in Gülhane Military Hospital, Ankara. Doctors there "gave me a certificate stating that I would die of cancer" – but he was sent back to Erzurum Military Prison, "where they continued to torture me every day, although they knew about the certificate".

In May 1984 an ear, nose and throat specialist in the Federal Republic of Germany (FRG) who examined Enver Karagöz stated in a medical certificate: "His condition was, according to the [military] hospital's written report, considered to be generally fatal and Mr K was informed accordingly. The [hospital's] treatment was meant to be palliative without any prospect of further improvement of the disease. It is, however, well known that with proper treatment and regular follow-up there is a reasonable chance of cure."

Enver Karagöz says he was taken to court for the first time 18 months after arrest. "In court we all described the tortures we had been subjected to in the prisons. I made an application for steps to be taken to end our torture, as my life was at stake.

"The judge responded: 'We do not try torturers here; we are trying you . . . you must complain to another authority. I am not interested whether you are tortured or not. That is not my business.'"

After his release on bail on 3 January 1984, he managed to leave Turkey.

Testimony

Enver Karagöz: I was a teacher in Artvin from 1975 until 12 September 1980. In 1978 I was the Chairman of TOB-DER in Artvin. We were active in this association over teachers' problems, the democratization of the educational system and getting more democratic rights for teachers. I assume that because of these activities I have always been watched by the police . . .

The police and *jandarma* arrested me together. They searched my bookshelves and confiscated two bags full of my books. Then they took me first to the *jandarma* headquarters in the town. It had previously been a teachers' training college so it had large rooms. There were also similar rooms in the cellar.

That day they brought hundreds of people to this building – women, children, old people, teachers, members of all professions. We were all in these rooms. We stayed there for about one week – without being interrogated – without blankets or anything on the bare concrete floor. During this week we got no food either. I think that they wanted to soften people up physically . . .

After a week they took me away for interrogation. First they said: "Talk". I replied: "What am I to say?" Then they said: "Tell what you know." I started to tell them what TOB-DER is, what it does; that it's a legal association that does trade union work, tries to make the educational system more democratic, fights for teachers' rights, etc. Then they said: "We don't want to hear that. You must tell us about Dev

Yol [a militant left-wing group]." I was alleged to have been the Chairman of Dev Yol in Artvin. I said: "I am not responsible for Dev Yol. I don't know about Dev Yol and can't tell you anything about it." Then they said: "Strip." I said: "Why? I won't."

They immediately assaulted me and tore off my clothes until I was naked. Then right away they started with electric shocks. They attached a wire to my toe. I lay naked on the concrete floor and they poured water over me. They kept alternating: cold water, electricity, cold water, electricity. That lasted for about three to four hours. All the time they kept saying that I was the chairman of Dev Yol and that I had to talk.

Then they put on my trousers (without underwear) and gave me a pullover. After that they handcuffed my left hand to a heating pipe high up so that I had to stand and could not sit down. I remained like that for two days, without being given any food or water. I was blindfolded the whole time.

After two days they took me for interrogation again, always asking the same questions. They wanted to force me to admit that I was the Chairman of Dev Yol, but I refused to.

Then they started the electric shocks again. The voltage was increased and they again attached wires to my toes, and also to my penis and tongue. This, again, lasted for three to four hours.

After the electric shocks they tied my feet together with a piece of cloth, pushed a stick through it, pulled my feet up and hit me on the soles of my feet. I screamed and swore at them, so they jammed a piece of cloth soaked in salt-water into my mouth.

During this torture I lost almost my entire physical resistance, but my head remained clear.

Afterwards they took me to the toilet (we have toilets which are a hole in the floor), pushed my head down so that my mouth was in the hole, opened the tap above me and let cold water run over my back. Then they locked the toilet and said: "Now you must remain like that." I don't know how long I was left like that, but it was a very long while before they came back to get me.

They put me naked on a piece of canvas for a short while, then they hung me again handcuffed to the heating pipe. I lost all sense of time. I didn't know whether it was day or night because they took my watch away.

While I was hanging from the heating pipe... I could hear the shrieks of other people, including women and children, being tortured. I recognized a woman teacher by her voice. She was pregnant. She cried and begged them not to harm her unborn baby. This is something I still can't get out of my mind.

All this time I received neither food nor water.

In between - I was blindfolded - they brought two glasses. There was

water in one and they kept pouring it from one glass into the other. I could not see anything, but I could hear the sound of the water. I kept nearly passing out from hunger and thirst.

Then I was tortured again. The beating on my soles had made my feet swell and under the ensuing lashes they burst open and became open sores. At this time they also pushed a police truncheon into my anus.

At the same time they tortured my wife with electric shocks in the adjacent room. I heard her scream. They told me that they had stripped her naked...

They undressed me and began to apply the current. One of the wires was attached to my toe - they applied the end of the other to my earlobes and nipples. They applied another wire to my anus.

They brought my wife beside me and put her under the current, threatening me, saying they would assault her if I did not talk...

While I was semi-conscious they forced my mouth open with a spoon and poured hot water into it. This they repeated later several times.

There was not a spot on my body that wasn't injured. I had burn marks from the electric shocks all over. My feet were in shreds. They couldn't find a spot on me, where they could still torture me. I was totally finished anyway - that is why they started using the water.

Isilay Karagöz: By that time I had told some lies and thus managed to see him.

I myself saw that his entire chest had become encrusted. His feet looked terrible, all burst open. You could see the bones and you'd have had to see it to believe it. I couldn't believe he would survive. Even the police and the doctors were surprised he survived. They, too, had thought he would soon die.

Enver Karagöz: About this time the police spread a rumour through the entire building that I had died. The building is near a river. They said that I had tried to escape and had drowned in the river, because they themselves didn't believe I would survive, so they prepared for this by spreading this rumour.

In the course of a month they drove me several times by car outside this building with my hands and feet tied. Each time the police and *jandarma* shot at my hands and feet. They shot from above saying: "Now we're going to shoot you. Tell us now where the person we're looking for is. You must tell us what the others have done. You must admit that you are the Chairman of Dev Yol." They threw me into the river with my hands and feet tied and said: "Now we will let you drown and be washed away by the river."

We were tortured by soldiers of every rank. Artvin has a population of approximately 13,000; everybody knows everybody else. I was a teacher in that town. Although I was blindfolded, I recognized the Artvin military commander by his voice. He said to me: "Enver, just say what you know, why don't you talk? If I were captured in a war against Russia, I myself would not say anything, but we aren't a communist army, we aren't the Russian army. You must tell everything now, because that's why we came, to stop fascism, as you say."

I don't know the military ranks, but when he said that he was commander in Artvin and later he became general.

In the end [after 40 days] they were informed that we were to be transferred to Erzurum. They tried to heal the wounds and burns on my body within a few days. But in my condition this was not easy. Because of the open wounds on my soles I could not walk. They allowed me to have crutches.

And early one morning we set out for Erzurum. We were continuously beaten and insulted on the way. The police and army officers told us that no one could now call them to account for anything they did to us, that we were going to be shot. With me were a woman teacher, a retired worker, two retired teachers and colleagues from the school at which I taught. They had all been savagely tortured. The woman teacher fainted several times on the way, but they did not undo her handcuffs. There were 16 of us. I thought they were going to hand us over to the prison in Erzurum but I was mistaken.

At the 9th Army Corps and Martial Law Command in Erzurum we were handed over to the Political Police and taken to the Regional Traffic Department between Kars and Erzurum. I had heard this was the torture centre of the Erzurum region.

It is a single-storey building, quite simple, but pretty. From outside it looks perfectly harmless, but there is a multi-storey cellar where we were put in single cells.

From above I could hear the terrible shrieks of the people under torture. Patriots from Erzurum, Kars, Agri and Artvin were being interrogated a second time here.

The place was so crowded that they could not torture me more than four times in a whole month.

At the door of my cell I was blindfolded. With the aid of my crutches and following the directions shouted by someone I climbed the stairs into the torture chamber. As they knew my weakest point was the terrible condition of my soles, I was beaten and given electric shocks on my feet.

In the same building there were others from Kars, Artvin and Erzurum . . . In all about 50 people.

Then [after 30 days in the second centre] I was taken to the military

prison in Erzurum. As I could no longer walk my friends carried me to the toilet. At first we thought that there would be no torture in this prison, but torture went on here as well. Here they started off with military training. For half an hour every day we were taken out into the fresh air and during this half hour we had to sing military marching songs. We were allowed to use the toilet only once a day, and then only during this half hour. We still had to queue for the toilet for 15 minutes, which left us only 15 minutes in the fresh air. We were not allowed to smoke a single cigarette without asking the guard for permission. During this half hour we had to stand; we were not allowed to sit. Everything had to be done to order. We were not allowed to move unless ordered to do so. We were also not allowed to walk freely, but had to march.

I applied several times to the prison doctor and the military hospital for a medical certificate stating that I had been tortured. I never got one, as it is "state torture"; that is, it was policy to inflict torture and torture went on everywhere. I didn't find anyone who would certify my tortures; my applications were all rejected.

The first time I saw a doctor was at the military hospital. However, the doctors there just looked at my injuries, they did not prescribe any medicines or ointment; the wounds healed on their own.

Then I began to lose my voice. My neck became swollen on one side. Three or four times the doctors said this was due to tonsils; I had caught a cold. In March 1981 cancer of the throat was diagnosed at the military hospital in Erzurum. So I was sent to Gülhane Military Hospital in Ankara. I stayed there in the prison ward for one and a half months and received treatment. They gave me a certificate stating that I would die of cancer. Then they sent me back to Erzurum Military Prison where they continued to torture me every day, although they knew about the certificate issued in Ankara. I got the same treatment as before.

One and a half years after my arrest I was taken to court for the first time. In court we all described the torture that went on in the prisons. I made an application for steps to be taken to end my torture and the others, as my life was at stake. The judge responded: "We do not try torturers here; we are trying you. We are not interested in that. This is a different matter. You must make a different application about torture; you must complain to another authority. I am not interested whether you are tortured or not. That is not my business". The court was in league with them; they did whatever was asked. It was always agreed in advance, what should be said, when and what should be done. Many defendants showed the judge the injuries caused by torture. This was recorded in the minutes. As we kept showing our torture marks, they adopted a new approach. During the trials women and children were present and so they thought we wouldn't display our bottoms publicly. Consequently we were tortured on this part of the body so that there

should be no marks on other parts. For instance, they would inflict 50 to 100 lashes on the bottom until it was black and blue, so that one couldn't sit down any more. All the same many of my friends exposed this part of the body, and this too was recorded in the minutes.

What I am telling can be read in the trial records. These tortures are still going on to this day.

They always find a reason to torture people. For instance they say: "You aren't to walk from here to there," and immediately start torturing. Or they take letters written to relatives and say: "What does this word mean? Why did you write this word?" and one is immediately taken away to be tortured. So they always find a reason; torture is still going on.

In all political trials the "evidence" submitted by the prosecution is only what has been obtained by the police using torture as a method of investigation. Though the judges in trials are perfectly aware of this fact, they still try to force defendants to admit the "truth" of what has been extracted from them by the police. Defendants who refuse to do so are again tortured either on their return to the prison or in the police department where they are sent back, in violation of the regulations.

Despite the fact that I was physically ill and had been in prison for nearly three years, I was taken, on 30 August 1983, from prison together with two friends and delivered to the police department. There they tortured me again to force me to admit a crime I had not committed, but had been accused of by another prisoner under torture.

Nothing had changed in these three years . . . [In a number of prisons, including Mamak and Erzurum military prisons,] a hunger-strike was started to protest against the denial of our most fundamental rights and the terrible conditions prevailing in the prison. For instance, we were daily subjected to mass beatings by the soldiers. The reason was said to be our not standing to attention during the daily roll-call. Those of us who resisted being beaten were taken away to be tortured. They were struck with heavy sandbags and then thrown into solitary confinement cells.

Very frequently our daily half an hour open air exercise was dispensed with. When we were allowed out of the wards we were forced to do military drill and to sing military marching songs. We were again beaten most savagely because we refused to do it and not allowed for days into the open air . . .

At the end of the first week we were attacked by the police and a special commando unit. Teargas was used to force us to come out of our ward. We were cruelly beaten by the police and the military. It lasted for hours . . . After a month the prison administration promised there would be no torture and that some conditions would be improved . . . But only 15 days later torture began on a wider scale . . . We were beaten with

sandbags or on our private parts so that we could not show any evidence of torture. We had no choice, therefore, but to strip off our clothes and show the sore patches on our backsides to the court.

All these practices, designed on purpose to humiliate us as human beings, lasted until I was released on 3 January 1984. They continue today without interruption.

Islay Karagöz: We were detained together. The women were put with pregnant women, old women and children. After one night they put me with five friends in an empty classroom and stood us in one corner. We were not allowed to talk; we were given no food or water. We had to stand in the corner and look at the white wall . . .

For five days we had to stand like this without food or drink. Then they took us to be interrogated.

They asked me about my husband, about our home. I am a civil servant and they asked about my work. They tried to make me confess things which we never did - things my husband or I were alleged to have done. Meanwhile, they beat me.

During interrogation I heard screams. After a short while I realized that they came from my husband . . . I said: "That's Enver's voice." Then they said: "No, that is not Enver's voice, that's the voice of an animal." Then they took us back into the classroom. We had to stay there for several days; then they took me back to the interrogation room. Each time I was blindfolded with a wet cloth . . . My hands were handcuffed behind my back. I had to sit tied to a chair. They attached electrodes to my thumb and little finger, then poured water over me so that the electricity would go everywhere. Then they applied electricity . . . That was terrible. During the electric shocks one is shaken with the entire chair. They had to hold the chair otherwise it would have fallen over.

I recognized the voices of the men from the political police from before. They said: "We will kill you". At that moment somebody entered and said: "My commander, Enver Karagöz is dead. We buried him. We finished the job." They said to me: "It's all over now. Listen, we will release you now and then you can go home. If you just admit everything, then everything will be all right." I had heart trouble. They were then rather scared because my condition deteriorated. After this interrogation I could no longer move my arms. For 15 days I was unable to eat. I couldn't even put my hands in my pockets. At this time I was back with the other women - they fed me.

I asked the lieutenant who was responsible for this department: "What's all this for? What have we done? You are killing my husband." . . . During these days my husband's condition had deteriorated. He had

just been taken to the Martial Law Command and had been given some milk for two days . . .

One day they brought a student of about 15 or 16 from the gymnasium into the classroom. She cried. We asked her why she was crying, what they had done to her. At first she didn't want to say. She had just left this lieutenant. Those who arrived here always came from his room. In this room he had touched her, caressed her face. Such things happened frequently . . .

The screams which I heard coming from his room still ring in my ears. Screaming, crying, at the same time they play loud music. One can hear the torture screams of the others. . . .

During interrogation the lieutenant sat with his knees pressed close against mine. When I refused to answer his questions he threatened to lay me on the floor and rape me. He used swear words; I can't repeat them here now. You come to believe they would do anything, even rape you. They want to get you to think that all is now lost, so you can't do anything any more, then they order you to tell them whatever they want you to.

For instance, we had to stand upright facing the wall, arms outstretched with our fingers touching the wall. Our knees had to be quite straight. If you bent your knee after an hour you were beaten with a stick . . . We thought we would die . . .

Then we were taken back to the classroom, where we were not tortured, but had to wait. Then a friend came into the room crying. Her father is an old, retired worker. He has a daughter and two sons: all three were at the interrogation centre. My friend was a teacher. She said they had stripped her naked in front of her father and had become physical. They had done that to get the old man to confess something . . . After release, the father couldn't speak to his daughter for months, because he was so ashamed.

They got a certificate from the gynaecologist about this woman which stated that she was no longer a virgin and had been deflowered by revolutionaries.

Another example: one day they brought in a young girl. She was unconscious, could not walk; they carried her. For the first few days she couldn't speak; later she said that she had been given electric shocks on her genitals and nipples. It was like that all the time.

I was under interrogation for 45 days. Then my dossier was sent to the Martial Law Command in Erzurum and as there was nothing in it - I had said nothing - I was released. Then the Martial Law Command in Artvin protested about my release. After three to four months, when I stayed with Enver in Erzurum because he was in such bad condition, another order for my arrest was issued. I learned about it, but did not return to Artvin but went into hiding instead. For three years I lived like that in Turkey, unable to help my husband . . .

Chapter II

In February 1985 Amnesty International received the following statement from a former political prisoner who had fled Turkey the previous year. His name has been withheld at his request. He had been arrested in August 1982 and held for 12 days in the Ankara Security Department, and then for 25 days in the Istanbul Security Department. He says he was repeatedly tortured in both places; the tortures he describes include deprivation of food and water, electric shocks and beatings. He was later transferred to Metris Military Prison where, he says, his ill-treatment continued. He remained there until his release in August 1983. He left Turkey in 1984.

Testimony

I was seized on 12 August 1982 in Ankara while I was in the office of a friend whom I had known for some time. I had gone to Ankara to get my university entrance card . . . As I entered the office . . . a man came from behind and grabbed me by the arm. He was fat, with blondish hair and a moustache. He said he was a policeman, asked to see my identity card and searched me. . . . Then I had to go with two others, a driver and a guard, in a civilian Renault car to Ankara Security Department. I was taken to the fifth floor and registered, after which my money, my belt and keys were taken and put in a cupboard. At that moment I saw that some of our close family friends were there as well - many members of the same family, almost the whole family. The policeman in charge of me went out briefly and I had a moment to exchange a few words with them.

Afterwards I was blindfolded and, with orders like "Turn right", "Turn left", "Bend your head" and "Stop!" I was guided into a room. From under my blindfold I could only see the tips of my feet, but as I passed along a corridor I managed to make out a number of people in trousers and shirts who were standing or sitting against the walls.

I was led into a room and told to undress immediately. I think there were about five or six people in the room to interrogate me. Their first

words to me were: "Will you talk like a human being or shall we make you talk like a human being?" Before I had a chance to reply they pounced on me, one shouting and the other ripping off my clothes. Within a minute I was lying stark naked on a bed-like thing which they called "workshop". They put some quilted pads around my arms and then tied me down with thick cord In the meantime they were continuously cursing, swearing and beating me. One of the policemen shouted: "Bring the water with *kezzap* [a strong household cleaning acid]." When they poured that *kezzap* over my body I noticed that it wasn't acid, but ordinary tap water. The reason they poured water over me, as I soon discovered, was for easy conductivity of the electric shocks they were about to give to me. As far as I could see from under my blindfold, there were two men on my right and one on my left. I guessed the others were sitting at a table taking notes. The policeman standing at my feet connected the electric cable to my small toe. Turning on the current they started asking questions. They kept increasing the voltage. Naturally, I began shouting with pain.

They asked me to give the whereabouts of close family friends, to tell them about people I did not know, to own up to activities I had nothing to do with and to give statements against my father and a friend of his. They kept torturing me to give them this information. My interrogators used military ranks when addressing one another - "my commander", "my captain" etc.

When they saw that one electric cable was not enough, they connected a second cable to my penis. Meanwhile they were saying things like: "My son, you are still young. Why ruin yourself? You are a young man. Look and think well; so many people have died in these workshops; there isn't much life in you anyway"

At one point the shocks were so great that I tore my arms free. The interrogators thought I was going to take off my blindfold and, fearing I would see them, turned their faces towards the wall. But the first thing I did was to rip off the cables.

Two of the policemen grabbed me, laid me down again and tied me down more securely. Then they put the second cable to various parts of my body - my teeth, my lips, my earlobes and my forehead and continued torturing me for another half-hour.

Eventually they took me off the "bed" and said: "Don't drink any water, or you'll die!" Then they made me do some gymnastic movements, before taking me out into the corridor, where the other people were still standing, and depositing me in a heap next to a pillar.

All this happened in the first two hours of my detention. They gave me nothing to eat [at lunchtime]. . . . In the afternoon, they allowed us to go to the toilet only once. There I secretly drank a few drops of water from the toilet. Those under interrogation and torture were forbidden to

drink water. The guard rushed us back to the corridor.

I was taken for more torture that night, at about 2 am. After a radio conversation between the Ankara and Istanbul police, my interrogators stepped up my torture. This time I was given electric shocks and subjected to the "tyre method" In this type of torture you are doubled up and forced through a lorry tyre, like a monkey . . . then they start rolling and bouncing the tyre . . . give electric shocks and beat you with sandbags. With this type of torture, the superficial damage is minimal, but one's inner organs really do get smashed up! I passed out. When I came round I was lying on the floor in the corridor, blindfolded.

On the second day, new people were brought in. Most were women, either wives, sisters or close relatives of people wanted by the police but not yet apprehended. The police were holding these people as hostages for those who were still on the run. My interrogation and torture lasted three more days. Two sessions a day, morning and evening, of beatings, electric shocks, tyres, sandbags, hunger and sleeplessness.

I think they were satisfied with my answers, because on the sixth day they put me into the cell on the orders of the head of the interrogation team. It was a single cell but there were three of us in it. One of them was . . . a defendant in the Ankara Dev Yol trial . . .

During the period of my interrogation and torture on the fifth floor of Ankara Security Department I met many people who had been severely and systematically tortured.

The three of us remained in the cell for six days. We had one blanket. All we were given for food was a bit of dry bread, some cheese and jam. We were allowed to go to the toilet twice a day, once in the morning and once in the evening

On the 12th day, a team from Istanbul came and took me, Y and his fiancée [to Istanbul by bus]. Y and I were handcuffed with cuffs that automatically tightened with any movement. During the eight-hour journey the police team in charge of us constantly abused us Our journey . . . with the handcuffs getting tighter and tighter making our wrists swell, ended at the Second Branch of Istanbul Security Department. We were signed in; Y's fiancée was put into the wireless room and he and I into a bloodstained single cell smelling of urine and blood

The policemen who handed us over said: "You should be thankful that our interrogation team is not here at the moment, otherwise you'd be bent!" That night we were left alone [at about 8 or 9 am] the door of my cell opened and I was thrown out by the scruff of my neck. Later I learned the name of the policeman who did this to me . . . he was working at the Second Branch . . . spoke Kurdish of the Kars region, wore metal-rimmed glasses and squeezed the throat and the testicles during torture sessions.

He took me to the head of the team conducting our operation. (He

is from the Black Sea region. I learned later that he was transferred to Agri Security Department in 1983.) At that time he was deputizing for the head of the Second Branch . . . [who] was on leave.

He asked me a few questions, then he told me that two of my relatives were in their hands and that they had set up a station in our house in Istanbul; with that he handed me over to [another interrogator]. Up to then I had not been blindfolded that morning. [Then he] blindfolded me and took me straight to the torture chamber . . . on the top floor . . . behind the cells.

I guess there were about five or six people there when I entered. They made me sit down on a bench. They put a plank on my shoulder. A policeman (I learned his name later as well) tried to tie my arms to the plank, but he must have done it incorrectly because another torturer scolded him, saying: "What on earth are you doing? You still haven't learned to do a straightforward tie!" and did it himself.

This torturer, whose name I learned later . . . was tall, with a pointed nose, bald around the forehead. In 1983 his photograph appeared in the daily *Gunes* alongside the Governor of Istanbul on the roof of the Governor's Office building.

The torturers hung me between two big metal filing cupboards with my arms tied to the plank. While I was suspended like this, they tied an electrode to one of my toes and another to one of my fingertips. I was given electric shocks in this position for half an hour.

This is the most horrible torture [called *aski*], hanging and receiving electric shocks at the same time. Meanwhile the torturer whom I mentioned earlier kept squeezing my testicles. During this process I was asked in particular to give a statement about my father, who was in a military prison, and a friend of his. . . . The aim of the police was to extract a statement from me accusing my father and his friend. The true statements I insisted on giving did not satisfy them. They wanted fabrications from me but I refused to give fabricated statements - so they continued torturing me . . .

They took me down from the *aski* . . . [then made me do] some physical exercises, then took me to my cell. A few hours later I was blindfolded and taken to the torture room again. This time it was just crude beating. . . . two or three torturers beat and kicked me left, right and centre, then threw me against the wall. . . . It lasted for about an hour. Every now and then the torturers stopped and asked me questions. They went on when they did not like my answers.

Four policemen were involved in this session: one, who took me from my cell and blindfolded me; one asked the questions during torture; one from the Second Branch - he is from Bursa, has no teeth and the other torturers addressed him as "The old one"; and one other.

All of the above worked at the serious criminal offences section of the

Second Branch of Istanbul Security Department in August 1982. They tortured me and many people who were in detention at the same time as me.

They subjected me to the *aski* torture twice more within the next three days. [Then they stopped] because I repeated my initial statement and because I had been interrogated in Ankara as well . . .

From the names I give above [withheld by Amnesty International in order to protect those concerned] M in particular was very severely tortured in front of me. His neck still has bilateral swellings, that is, his shoulders and his ears are on the same level. M and J tried to commit suicide because of the tortures inflicted on them - but their torture did not end: it continued under a doctor's supervision . . .

One month after we had been taken prisoner, they started taking our written statements. In fact, they wrote them themselves including things we had never ever mentioned. We were forced to sign these statements blindfolded, without reading them. When we demanded to read the statements they had prepared on our behalf, all the torturers pounced on us and beat us with fists and kicks. Because of the fabricated nature of the statement, I did not sign it with my real signature, the signature I use in all official procedures or documents, but with another false signature I had never used before . . .

I remained in custody at the Ankara and Istanbul Security Departments for a total of 37 days. I spent nine days in the military prison at Selimiye. On the 46th day I was brought before the military prosecutor of the Istanbul Martial Law Command, who formally arrested me and sent me [back]to Selimiye prison . . .

In the dormitories [at Selimiye prison], our first instructions came with fists, kicks and truncheon raps. We were not affected by these beatings somehow, because they were not much compared to what the police had put us through. The soldiers read out our names one by one and gave us a good beating one after the other . . .

[After about a week] they transferred us from the detention dormitories to those for prisoners proper. Meanwhile, we were beaten twice a day (morning and evening) and truncheoned continually in order to get us to conform to the military-style education, to sing racist . . . marching songs and shout their slogans . . .

When we were first brought to Selimiye . . . the military doctor noted in his examination book all signs of torture on our bodies and the methods of torture used, *aski*, electric shocks, beatings, etc. However, whenever we sent a petition stating that we had been tortured either our petitions got "lost" or we were sent for medical examination at the coroner's between six and 12 months later, that is, after the traces of torture had disappeared completely. We remained at Selimiye prison for about three weeks. Not a single day passed without our daily ration

of beatings . . . twice a day.

We were sent to Metris Military Prison three or four days before the Kurban Bayrami [a Muslim religious festival]. Before our arrest we had heard that resistance by the Metris inmates had ended successfully, so we were full of confidence when we arrived there . . .

This period of truce between us and the prison authorities lasted until the end of April 1983. From 1 May onwards commandos . . . together with specially trained teams . . . started carrying out operations . . .

On the journeys to the courts we were continuously beaten and truncheoned. In addition we and our families were beaten during the family visits. The number of executions increased suddenly . . .

In July 1983 we started an open-ended hunger-strike, demanding an end to the tortures and the return of our rights. This resistance action . . . soon spread to the Sağmalcılar, Diyarbakir, Sultanahmet, Mamak, Adana, Canakkale, Buca and Bartın prisons . . .

At the end of 27 days [however] we were back to square one, without any new rights. If anything, things got worse . . .

I was released on 17 August 1983. They took me to Gayrettepe First Branch Headquarters . . . They blindfolded me and took me to the interrogation room. My interrogators followed me into the room.

"Why did you take part in the hunger-strike? Haven't you had enough? We know how to make you obey. Beware if you come here again. A man who comes here twice will never leave here alive."

Nine months later, on 30 April 1984, the political police started detaining the people who had been released but in the meantime had been involved in political activity. I had a very narrow escape from these operations and had to flee my country.

Chapter III

Sevgi Kiliç, mother of two, was one of a number of teachers arrested in Ankara on 23 and 24 January 1984 and taken to Police Headquarters in Ankara. She was reported to have been tortured. In March she was acquitted by Ankara Military Court No. 2, which is reported to have ruled that the only evidence against her was her own signed statement, which she had retracted in court, saying that it had been obtained under torture. In February, after her release from the women's section of Mamak Military Prison, Sevgi Kiliç wrote about her ill-treatment to her husband, who lives in exile in France. The following are extracts from that letter.

Testimony

Dear Ali,

For a long time I have been unable to write to you . . . about my arrest and torture. I still have a headache, because the police hit me on the head a lot, and that is why I haven't been able to write.

First of all I want to explain to you how I was arrested by the police and brought to the torture centre.

It was 1.30 am on 24 January 1984, and the doorbell rang . . . I was in the bedroom, not yet asleep; I heard a noise but couldn't tell exactly what was going on. I got up and met the police, they asked me for an identity document and I showed it to them. "That's her", they said.

[They spent two hours searching the Kiliç home and removing books which they put into three large bags.]

We got into the car and drove off towards the police headquarters [Emniyet Sarayı]. Once there we went up to the sixth floor. This housed the political headquarters of the torture centre . . . They blindfolded me, and . . . After half an hour, I was taken for questioning.

The police used vulgar language and slang [saying]: "We'll give you the stick in your _____", and they also said: "Don't think just because you're a woman you'll get tortured any less. Your husband isn't here,

either. Just tell us at once what political grouping you belong to. You know, several members of the central committees have been made to talk here." I told them I belonged to the Republican People's Party (CHP). They didn't believe me . . . [and] attacked me ceaselessly with kicks and blows, pulling my hair out and constantly bashing my head against the wall. They tried every method of torture. It lasted over an hour. Then they brought me back into the room blindfolded, and left me standing in front of the wall . . . all night long.

They tormented me like that, and repeated more than five times, cross-questioning me, [asking about a group called the "Road to Freedom"] . . . However much I was tortured and beaten, I finally convinced them that I didn't know anything . . . They kept on asking questions about you. "Tell us, what political group does your husband belong to?" I replied that you belonged to no political grouping, and were simply a good philosopher. They took away the snapshot of you that I carry in my wallet . . .

After that, they showed me a list on which I saw the name Ali Kiliç: it was a list of the founders of the Kurdistan Socialist Party of Turkey (TKSP). I don't think it was you, because his place of work was at the hospital or university of Hacettepe . . . I replied: "My husband works at the Cumhuriyet University in Sivas, and that is 430 km from the other university". They didn't believe me, and asked me the following questions:

"Where did you get to know this evil Kurd, who is the enemy of our state and nation? Why did you marry such a Kurd? Why? Were there no young Turks in your native town?" And again they asked me: "Tell us what demonstrations and meetings you have taken part in".

I gave no reply.

This time they gave me electric shocks . . . this was something horrible, unbelievable and terribly painful. As they stepped up the voltage they kept asking me the names of teachers who had left-wing tendencies. I didn't give their names, so as not to put their lives at risk . . .

We eight comrades stayed at the torture centre, blindfolded on the flagstones for a fortnight, [always] facing the wall. They treated us as "traitors", "enemies of the motherland".

For the first week, all they gave us was a piece of bread; the second week we got a piece of bread and some jam as well. That's how they let us live. We didn't die in the end, but for my part, I tried to die . . . It happened one night – my blood pressure dropped. When my comrades were subjected to the *falaka* I fell . . . to the ground. The torture centre was in commotion because of it. The head of the political section called for an end to the torture. It was the first time this had happened. They laid me on a bench. My face was as yellow as a painted wall. The comrades took my blood pressure. It had dropped to 38 – 44 is usually fatal.

Because of all this, my torturers gathered at my side and suggested I go to hospital. I categorically refused the suggestion. I said no, I don't want to go. Torturers are like that, you know. They torture you to death but they don't want you to actually die. Anyway, after this they didn't do anything much.

After a fortnight we were taken to Mamak prison. I stayed there two days in the military prison for women. Next we were summoned before the military procurator for interrogation, and after that, we were released. But the military procurator requested that four of us be sentenced to five to 12 years' imprisonment under Article 141 (para. 5) of the Penal Code.

At our house, out of 328 books they found 28 that were forbidden. Among them was the Program of the Communist Party of Turkey. I didn't know we had it at home.

Now we are awaiting sentence . . .

I have lived through some terrible days. I can't sleep at night. Because of it all I am afraid, and always think they're coming to arrest and torture me . . . My dreams at night are nightmares . . .

That's all I can write to you for the present. My writing is poor, but I can't write any better . . . When I said "I love my husband" under torture, they tortured me all the more, but I do love you very much.

Chapter IV

The following excerpts come from an Amnesty International interview with a former political prisoner in April 1984. He had worked at a state factory in Ankara for 12 years when he was arrested at his home in the capital in March 1982. He says he was blindfolded, beaten and driven to Police Headquarters in Ankara and held there for 36 days. During this time, he says, he was denied food or drink and tortured constantly for 13 days, being beaten, given electric shocks, hung from the ceiling and tied to a wooden cross. On 20 April 1982 he was moved to Mamak Military Prison, where, he says, the torture continued. After 13 days there he was released for lack of evidence against him. Although he is now outside Turkey, his wife and children remain in the country. He says they are constantly on the move, changing addresses frequently for fear of arrest and torture. He has requested that his name not be disclosed. His left elbow was broken during his detention. His left arm is now 5 cm shorter than his right. He says his legs are still painful because of what happened to him.

Testimony

My house was raided by police on 14 March 1982 at 2.30 am as a result of an informant's report. They pulled out their guns and searched the whole house. They were infuriated when they could not find anything. They started to threaten my wife and ask her questions: "Where is *Devrimin Sesi* [Voice of the Revolution]? Where does your husband keep it? Who comes to this house? Who stays in this house? Where does your husband go? What time does he come home at night?" When she said: "I don't know anything!" the Police Chief...pounced on her, grabbed her by the hair and laid her down on the floor and ordered her to "speak or we'll kill your husband and we'll take you to the First Branch [political police]".

When my wife kept screaming, our three children got out of bed, came to the room and flung themselves upon their mother. The

neighbours were woken by these cries and they all saw what happened.

The police took me out to a white Renault car parked in front of the house, blindfolded me and pushed me into the car. They took me to the sixth floor of Ankara Police Headquarters. They made me stand on one foot, still blindfolded. They pinned a notice on my back. On it was written that I was not to eat, drink or sit down.

That night they took me to the torture chamber. They undressed me. There was something like a specially prepared stretcher with electrical connections. They made me lie down on it and tied me with leather straps by my arms, legs, and waist. They said: "Answer our questions. If you don't we'll kill you. Where is *Devrimin Sesi* printed? Where is it distributed? Who prints it?"

When I told them I didn't know they started giving me electric shocks. They carried on with the electric shocks and vile abuse. They got me into a terrible state. It went on for hours. Then they dressed me. They told me to stand against the wall again. Blindfolded. On one foot. No bread. No water.

They took me to the toilet once in the morning and once in the evening. They wouldn't remove the blindfold. They beat me with their truncheons going to and from the toilets. They left toilet doors open so that I could not [try to] drink any water. They never allowed me to drink water.

Then they took me to the second torture chamber. They undressed me and made me lie down. They started giving me electric shocks, on my tongue, earlobes, toes and fingers. Then they administered shocks to my rectum and penis. I could hear them count the voltage, they started with 15 volts and went up to 65 volts. Blood gushed out of my mouth and nose. Then they... dragged me to the wall. They removed the blindfolds from the revolutionary youths by the wall, showing them the blood all over my face, and told them: "We'll do the same to you if you don't talk."

After a while they made me get up and stand by the wall again. Still no bread; still no water.

They continued torturing me day and night... They hung me by my feet from the ceiling... made me stand against the wall again on one leg (I was still blindfolded). Then they said: "Just own up to what we are telling you; there is no other way out of here!" They "crucified" me [tied him to a cross]. I remained on the cross for three days. Still no bread, no water. Continual torture...

On the ninth day they threw a man called Satilmis, who was a worker at Hacettepe [university and medical complex in Ankara] and father of four, out of the window. Our eyes were tightly blindfolded and we couldn't see him, but we heard him shouting: "They're throwing me out of the window, and they're torturing everyone." They threw him down

the back of the building. Then they took me to the same window on the sixth floor and removed my blindfold. I looked down and saw him nailed to the ground. They told me that they would do the same to me if I refused to talk. Then they blindfolded me again and started giving me electric shocks. It went on like this. On the 13th night I fainted. They took me to another room. When I came round they took me to cell No.7 and started giving me bread and water. But I was too weak to eat my bread. They carried on with the tortures inside the cell. They started giving electric shocks to my penis and squeezing my testicles. For the next four or five months I bled from the mouth and there was blood in my urine. I was also tied and beaten on the feet for days on end. They blindfolded me and took me from my cell to the torture chamber where women and girls were undergoing inhuman tortures. They were all naked and the police were harassing them sexually and doing all sorts of things and what was worse, they did it in front of others. It was great psychological torture for me . . .

I had been detained on 14 March. I was moved to Mamak Military Prison on 20 April. I remained at the police station for 36 days.

[In Mamak] they put me in an iron cage in Block A. I remained there for two days. We were forced to obey orders day and night: "Sit down. Get up. Sing this marching song. Sing that marching song . . .". They would beat us if we were not loud enough . . .

Then they . . . put us in dormitories. The torture continued day and night . . . They took us out for air only when they felt like it. And that was for only 10 minutes. The food was awful. No washing . . .

When the prisoners were being taken to court they were continuously beaten and warned that if they mentioned any of this in court they would be put in a cell. And they certainly carried out their threats. Those who mentioned any of the ill-treatment in court were immediately taken away to be beaten till they were unrecognizable and then thrown into a cell for days on end. No newspapers, nor even pencil or paper. They set their dogs on us. They sent anyone they chose, arbitrarily, back to the police to be tortured . . .

Chapter V

The following statement, received by Amnesty International in 1984, was written by Yavuz Budak, a former Kurdish political prisoner who is now living as a political refugee in the United Kingdom. He was released while his trial continued and then escaped abroad. He has since been sentenced *in absentia* to eight years' imprisonment. He states that he and other detainees were tortured in a secret centre in Diyarbakir and in Bağlar Prison [Diyarbakir Military Prison No. 5].

Testimony

I was among those who were detained on 16 September 1980, four days after the military takeover, during an operation by the martial law forces at my school. I was handcuffed immediately, put into a vehicle and taken to Yenisehir military station. The same day I was handed over to the First Division Political Police. I remained at the Police Headquarters for two days. At the end of the second day they took my personal statement. The police chief who interrogated me asked me to tell him why I had joined the People's Revolutionary Cultural Association (DHKD) and what sort of activities I was involved in at school. I told him that DHKD was a legal organization and it was my legal right to join an organization. The police chief was...furious and said: "I'll ask you again during interrogation!"...

Finally they put me in a black Renault car and took me to the Martial Law Command. A plainclothes policeman . . . told me: "Yes, you've had it! You are going to be in detention for a few days!"...From there I was taken to Detention Centre No. 5, where hundreds of [Kurds] . . . were being held . . . Many of them were wounded, scarred, bruised etc. Because there were no empty beds in the dormitory, many of them slept on the concrete floor. And those from Diyarbakir who had not been tortured yet were called in to be tortured. Every day new torture lists

were read out. [His name was on a list of 12 read out in mid-October.] Some time later we were called outside one by one and taken into a pitch-dark room. There were plainclothes policemen inside. Each one of us was tightly blindfolded with a specially made eye-band. They put us in a row . . . and asked everyone to hold on to the jacket of the person in front of him. Then we were led away by a policeman.

[They were put into a vehicle and taken on a journey lasting 15 to 20 minutes.]

They took us down to a place with a concrete floor. It was very quiet. . . . Inside we were searched one by one. Our money, watches, belts etc. were confiscated. Afterwards we were taken into the torture room and made to squat down, with our backs against the wall. It smelled of sweat, dampness and something terrible, difficult to define. We could hear the screams of a woman: "Don't! Don't do it! I am not guilty!" . . .

I tried to put my head between my knees. I did not want to hear her screams. But I couldn't manage it. It really was hair-raising. I could not define my emotions. Everything was in an upheaval. As far as I could tell from the sound of coughs and moans, there were more than just 12 of us in this room. All were listening to the woman's screams, which became weaker and gradually died away.

The torture room was rectangular, with two facing doors. People were led to torture through both doors. The one facing south led to the toilet and the dining room.

At about 3.00 pm a civilian policeman led me through two doors into room. . . . They started beating me with truncheons, fists and kicks. I was trying to protect myself with my arms, but could not move my arms quick enough to shield the blows. Every blow they dealt hurt very much. After a while I fell on the floor. While I was lying on the floor they started hitting me with what I thought was either a sandbag or a rubber bag. They kept asking me: "Why did you join DHKD? What sort of activities did you carry out? What do the Kurds want to do? What did you talk about at school with your fellow students? What were your seminars on? etc., etc." Endless questions. Finally one of the torturers said: "Chief, take this away!" So two of my torturers lifted me by the arms and carried me back to the hall.

That evening we were taken to eat. The dining room was approximately a dozen steps away from the torture room. We were told to lift our blindfolds only enough to allow us to see what we were eating. After dinner we were taken away again . . . Our hands were tied behind our backs. We were made to lie down on the concrete floor with our faces down. We wanted to put our shoes under our heads, but the soldier refused it . . .

We were kicked awake by soldiers' boots. We waited for our breakfast until 8.00 am, but there was none that morning. The torturers

were already there. It was another day in the torture chamber. I was trying to contemplate how I could get away from here without being killed or disabled. One realizes the value of life somehow better while one's life is in danger or under threat. I was engrossed in such thoughts when somebody wearing ordinary civilian shoes approached. They dragged away the man next to me. He remained inside for about 90 minutes. The sound of the beating with the sandbags echoed in the whole building . . . This man remained in the torture centre for three months, blindfolded, and sometimes tortured continuously for five hours a day. When he emerged from the torture chamber that morning, the policemen told us all to face the wall, while the man was dragged along and dumped in the middle of the hall. All his clothes were torn and he was unconscious.

I was taken into the torture chamber with a friend called V.G. (who is still in prison) . . . and had to wait a few minutes. It was terribly quiet - then all of a sudden they started to kick and beat, left, right and centre, with truncheons and wooden sticks. Minutes later they took V.G. away. They made me sit on a chair and ordered me to take off my socks, trousers and underpants. They attached wires to my toes and my fingers. After a few minutes they gave me an electric shock which made me feel like vomiting. They turned the voltage up: it gave me a prickly sensation all over my body, a terrible pain and convulsions . . . At one point I lost my balance and fell down with the chair and all. They straightened me up with kicks and curses, and carried on. That day I received electric shocks for 30-40 minutes, on and off, sometimes on my earlobes, lips and nostrils. On succeeding days, I was given more electric shocks and the following tortures were inflicted on me:

Falaka: I lay on the floor and had my feet tied very tightly together and raised up. Then they beat my soles with either truncheons or wooden sticks. Meanwhile one of the police officers stepped on my chest with one foot, making breathing even more difficult.

Hanging from the ceiling: An I-shaped iron bar hung from the ceiling. They used to tie my wrists to this bar, then pull the rope so that I was fully stretched with my toes just touching the ground. When I was left in this position for a long time my arms ached as if they were being torn out of their sockets and my neck felt as though it was going to break.

Beating with a sandbag: This is one of the most widespread tortures, inflicted on the majority of prisoners, because the beatings leave no traces, bruises etc. I was often beaten with this sandbag . . . while hanging from the iron bar. It hurt like hell. I had difficulty in breathing, and it felt as if my lungs were about to burst . . . Sometimes they made me lie face down on the floor and beat me on the back with these sandbags. After a session of beatings I invariably collapsed in a heap.

On the ninth day of torture, my hands were once more tied to the iron bar and I was given repeated blows on my back. Sometimes my torturer came round to face me and dealt heavy blows and slaps on my face. The questions they asked were always the same. Finally my hands were undone and I collapsed on the floor. My arms were numb. I tried to collect my mind when I heard the sound of typing. They were typing my "statement". After a while I was taken to the hall.

A short time later they summoned Mehdi Zana, the Mayor of Diyarbakir . . . Mehdi Zana was tortured only two or three doors away from us.

His greatest "crime" was to be Kurdish and have a Kurdish surname. To top it all, he was the Mayor of a city like Diyarbakir, which has a predominantly Kurdish population.

There were no laws in this place except the law of the police truncheon and the soldier's boot.

On the 10th day I was taken to the torture chamber again. They only beat me and kicked me this time – nothing more. They kept asking me questions and were typing something . . . After a while they pushed my chair towards the table and told me to sign where they indicated.

On the 15th day I was driven away from the torture centre [to an as yet unknown detention centre]. They handed me over to the soldiers. At the entrance to the detention centre a soldier ordered me to undo my blindfold . . . At first I blinked because the daylight was too much for me . . . then I saw that this was Detention Centre No. 5 again.

I was held there for two days, then taken to court, after which I was formally arrested. Four other prisoners were with me. After our arrest we were taken to a cell in a prison known as "No. 2", just beyond the trachoma clinic. For 20 days the five of us were kept in a tiny cell which had only two beds. Afterwards we were transferred to Bağlar Prison (Prison No. 5).

I remained in this prison for about 11 months. The torture and violence here was even worse than in the police centre. Torture in the Bağlar Prison became continuous and systematic about three or four months after the military takeover. Commandos took the prisoners out to the yard for air and made them go on all fours for hours on end and sing military marching songs. Then they beat and tortured them, again for long periods, with whatever they could lay their hands on: truncheons, sticks, iron rods . . . After these "airings" many of the prisoners were carried into the dormitories unconscious. One prisoner completely lost his mind, but was never taken to the doctor; instead he was constantly tortured. (He was a prisoner called Hüseyin Kızılcım from a village in Kızıltepe District, Mardin province, where he used to drive a combine harvester.)

In my dormitory there were many defendants in one TKSP trial who

were continuously tortured, mostly by the commandos . . . Sometimes the prisoners were tortured in the corridor and their screams could be heard in the other dormitories . . .

Nazif Kaleli got his lumbar bones broken during torture in the police centre . . . He was maimed for life and could only walk with a stick. Even so, he was often tortured both inside the prison and outside in the police detention centres . . .

If a prisoner did not shout or march well enough, did not sing the marches loudly enough or did not crawl properly, he was beaten right there and then in the presence of the other prisoners until he collapsed or fell unconscious.

There were sometimes common or joint punishments for a whole dormitory. There was a hole, about one metre in diameter, in the middle of the yard, with a metal cover. The prison's waste water was piped through it . . . Prisoners were ordered to dip their heads into that water, one by one. If a prisoner did not dip his head in completely, a soldier would step on his head and push it into the waste water . . .

Visits: . . . On Fridays prisoners who had a visitor were called out into the corridor, lined up . . . and marched to the section for visits. There were small booths there. In each the prisoner was flanked by two soldiers. If the prisoner spoke of or even hinted at any ill-treatment during the visit, he was immediately taken back to the cell and tortured for days on end . . .

Medical attention and doctors: There are precious few healthy inmates in Diyarbakir prison. Most prisoners bear traces left by the torturers . . . Prisoners who undergo torture continuously spit out blood and many suffer from tuberculosis. None of these prisoners is allowed to see the doctor, nor do they receive any medical attention. There is only one doctor in the whole prison and only one sick-bay. When it comes to "exercise sessions" even the most critically ill who cannot lift themselves out of the bed are taken out to the "exercise". A prisoner has to be virtually taking his last breath before he is taken to the military hospital . . .

Defence and courts: We were given the indictment prepared by the military prosecutor only shortly before the trial started. It was impossible to prepare a defence statement in prison because we were not allowed pens or paper. During that period they were very anxious for us not to see our lawyers . . . All prisoners were warned by security officers inside to keep their speeches to a minimum and not to complain about anything. If a prisoner even mentioned [in court] the practices inside the prison, his life would really be at stake. As soon as the prisoners returned to the prison, those who "spoke" in the courtroom would be taken into small special cells and then tortured until unconscious. The torture team used to sit in the back row in court and

Torture is widespread and systematic in Turkey. Anybody detained in the country for political reasons is at great risk of being tortured...



Sevgi Kiliç with her two children.

Sevgi Kiliç (left), a teacher, was arrested in January 1984 and taken to Ankara Police Headquarters. In a letter to her husband, Sevgi Kiliç wrote: "For a long time I have been unable to write to you about my arrest and torture. I still have a headache, because the police hit me on the head a lot, and that is why I haven't been able to write to you... They gave me electric shocks... This was something horrible, unbelievable and terribly painful. As they stepped up the voltage they kept asking me the names of teachers who had left-wing tendencies... I have lived through some terrible days... my dreams are nightmares... When I said 'I love my husband' under torture, they tortured me all the more, but I do love you very much." *Testimony, page 27.*

Islay Karagoz (right), a civil servant was arrested with her husband Enver on the day of the military coup in September 1980 and taken to the police headquarters in Artvin, north east Turkey. "They asked me about my husband, they asked me about my work... They tried to make me confess things which we never did... Meanwhile they beat me. During interrogation I heard screams. After a short while I realized they came from my husband... They attached electrodes to my thumb and little finger, then poured water over me so the electricity would go everywhere. Then they applied electricity... that was terrible... The screams that I heard still ring in my ears." *Testimony, page 19.*

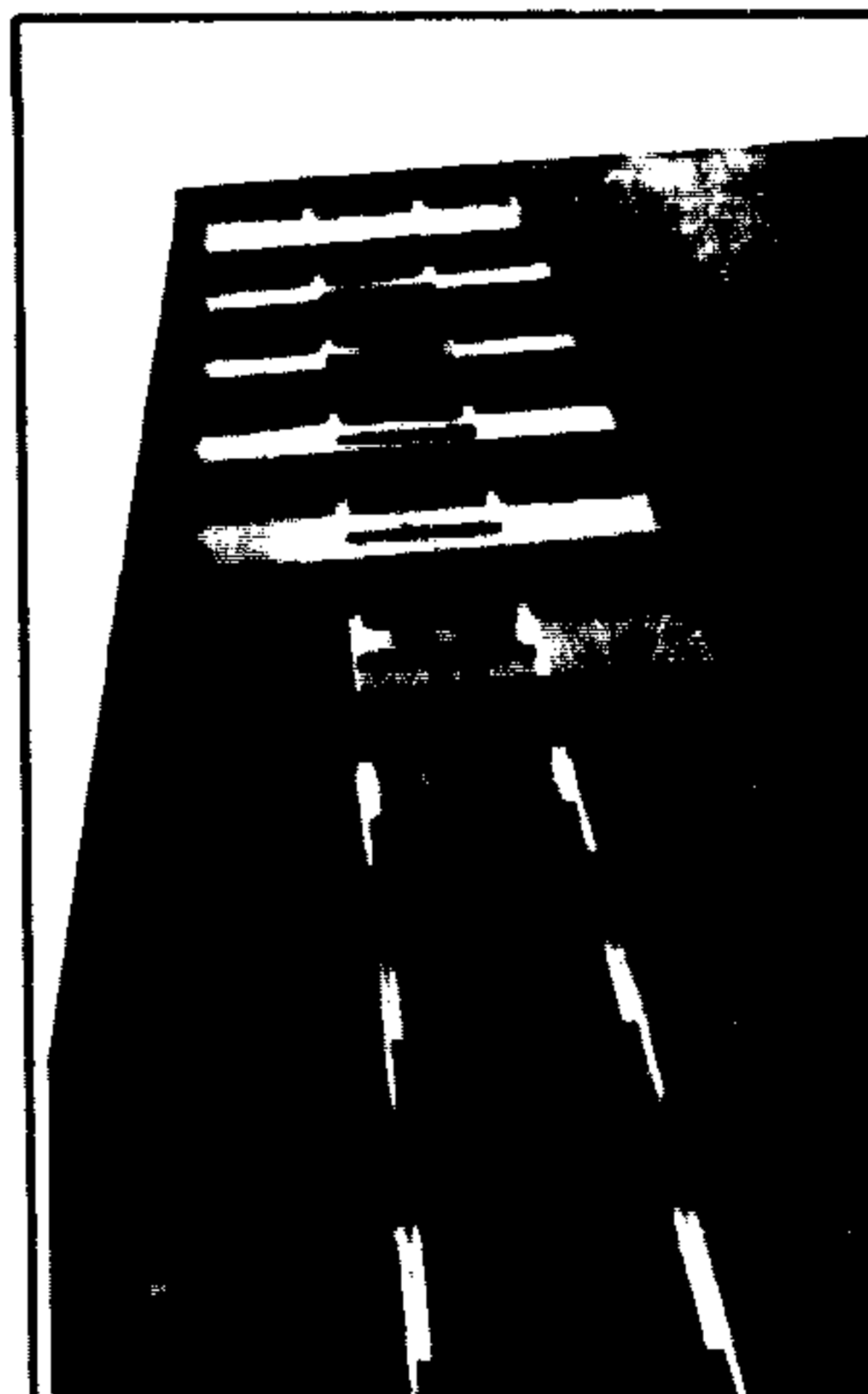


...In most cases torture is reported to have been inflicted by the police in police stations. Its main purpose appears to be the extraction of information and confessions.

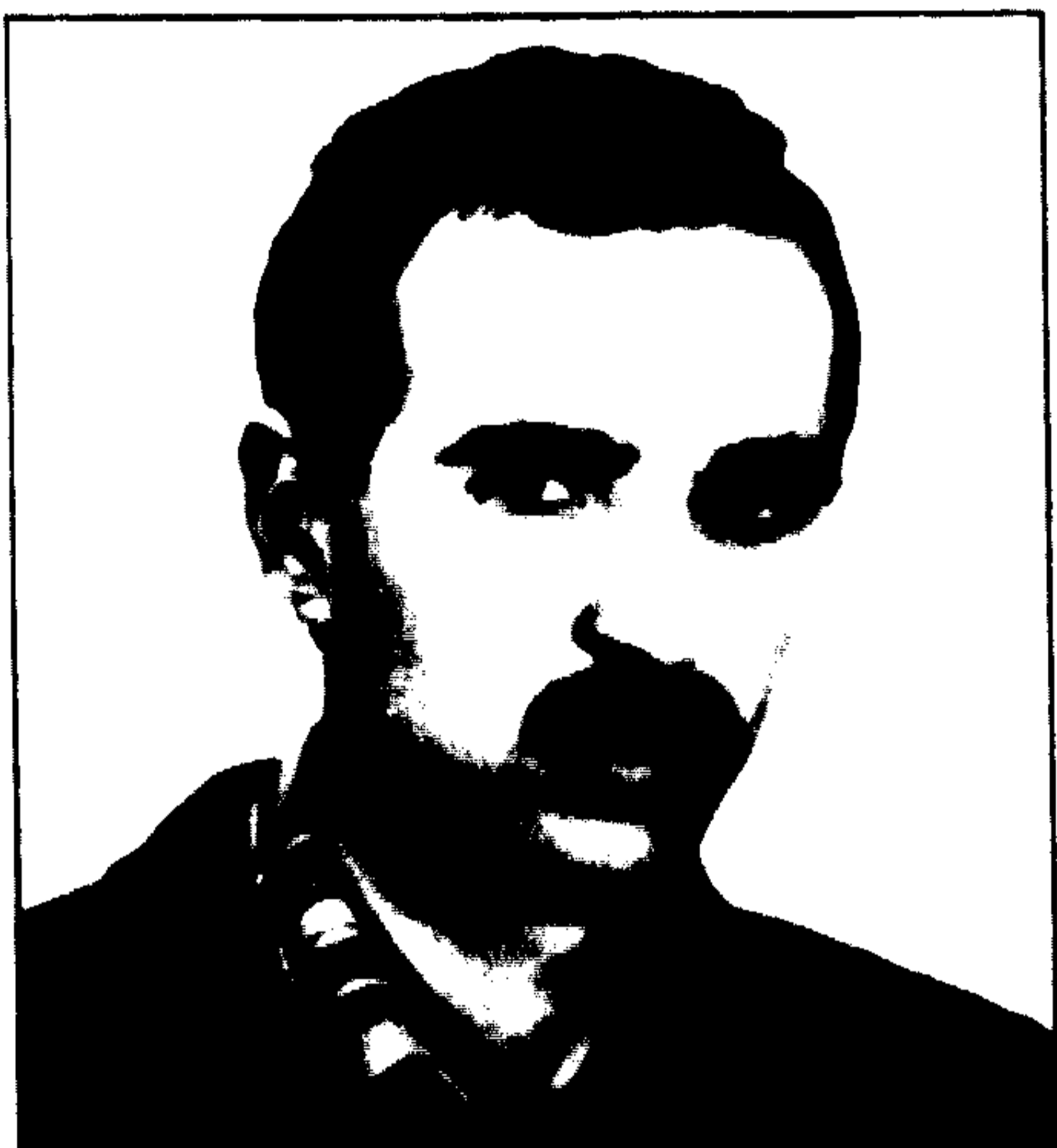


Inside a Turkish police station (above) prisoners suspected of guerrilla activities are held at gunpoint. Amnesty International has received verbal reports of widespread torture during security operations in Eastern Anatolia, which followed attacks by guerrilla groups on military and police posts in August 1984.

The Ankara Police Headquarters (right). On 17 May 1985 Vedat Aldogan fell to his death from the sixth floor. The police stated that he was being taken to the site of his alleged crime when he escaped and jumped out the window. "They threw a man called Satilimis out of the window (of Ankara Police Headquarters). Our eyes were tightly blindfolded and we couldn't see him, but we heard him shouting: 'they're throwing me out of the window and torturing everyone'. Then they took me to the same window on the sixth floor and removed my blindfold. I looked down and saw him. They told me they would do the same to me if I refused to talk." *Testimony, page 30.*



Amnesty International has also received detailed allegations of people being tortured in prisons and other establishments...



"Torture in the Bağlar prison became continuous and systematic about three or four months after the military takeover. Commandos took the prisoners out to the yard for air and made them go on all fours for hours on end and sing military marching songs. Then they beat and tortured them, again for long periods, with whatever they could lay their hands on: truncheons, sticks, iron rods. After these 'airings' many of the prisoners were carried into the dormitories unconscious. One prisoner completely lost his mind, but was never taken to the doctor; instead he was constantly tortured." *Yavuz Budak (left), page 33.* "One day as I was being taken to the toilet, I loosened the blindfold and looked around. The scene was horrific. People were piled up in the corridor waiting their turn to be tortured. Ten people were being led blindfolded and naked around the corridor and were being beaten to force them to sing reactionary marches. An old man of about 50 was stripped naked and made to hand out bread rations. The same man was made to watch while his children were tortured and vice versa." *Sema Oğur (below, left), page 50.*



...Intimidation and humiliation of prisoners is an important element of torture in police stations and prisons.

"Countless hours of the most unimaginable affronts to human dignity began with the first kicks as I was bundled into the police car. I was blindfolded. The policeman next to me pushed my head between his legs and began beating my back. 'We are going to what you might call a beauty parlour,' he said, 'you go in looking like this and you come out a different shape.'"
Mervem Şendil Çolakolu (right), page 56. "We were taken to Iskenderun prison on the road to Adana. The four of us were put in a room facing 15 soldiers with clubs. They beat our palms and wrists until they were bruised and bleeding. We were ordered to lie face down on the floor and were hit on the head and all over the body. We were ordered to scream so that other prisoners might hear and be intimidated... Torture was a daily occurrence..."

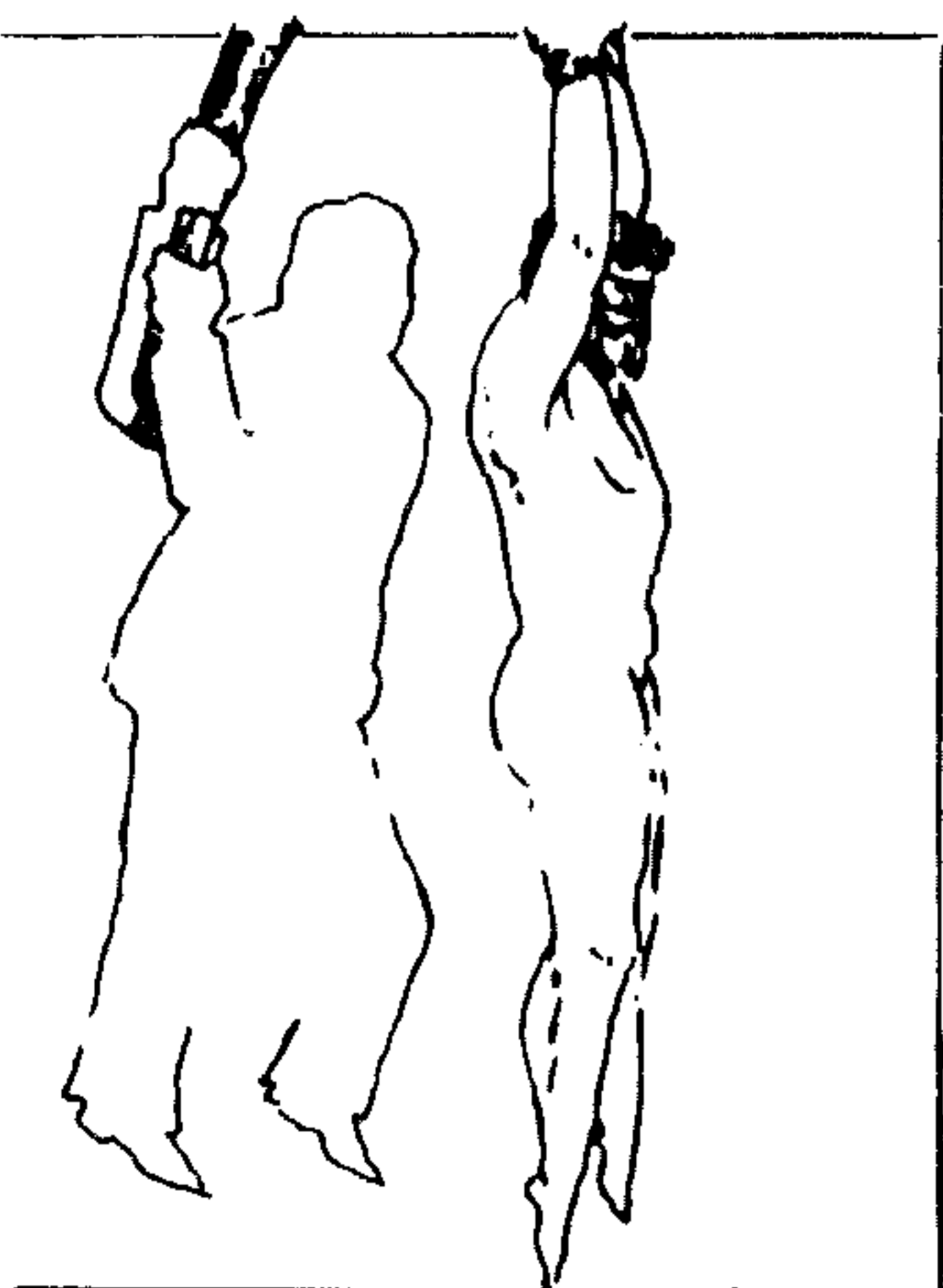
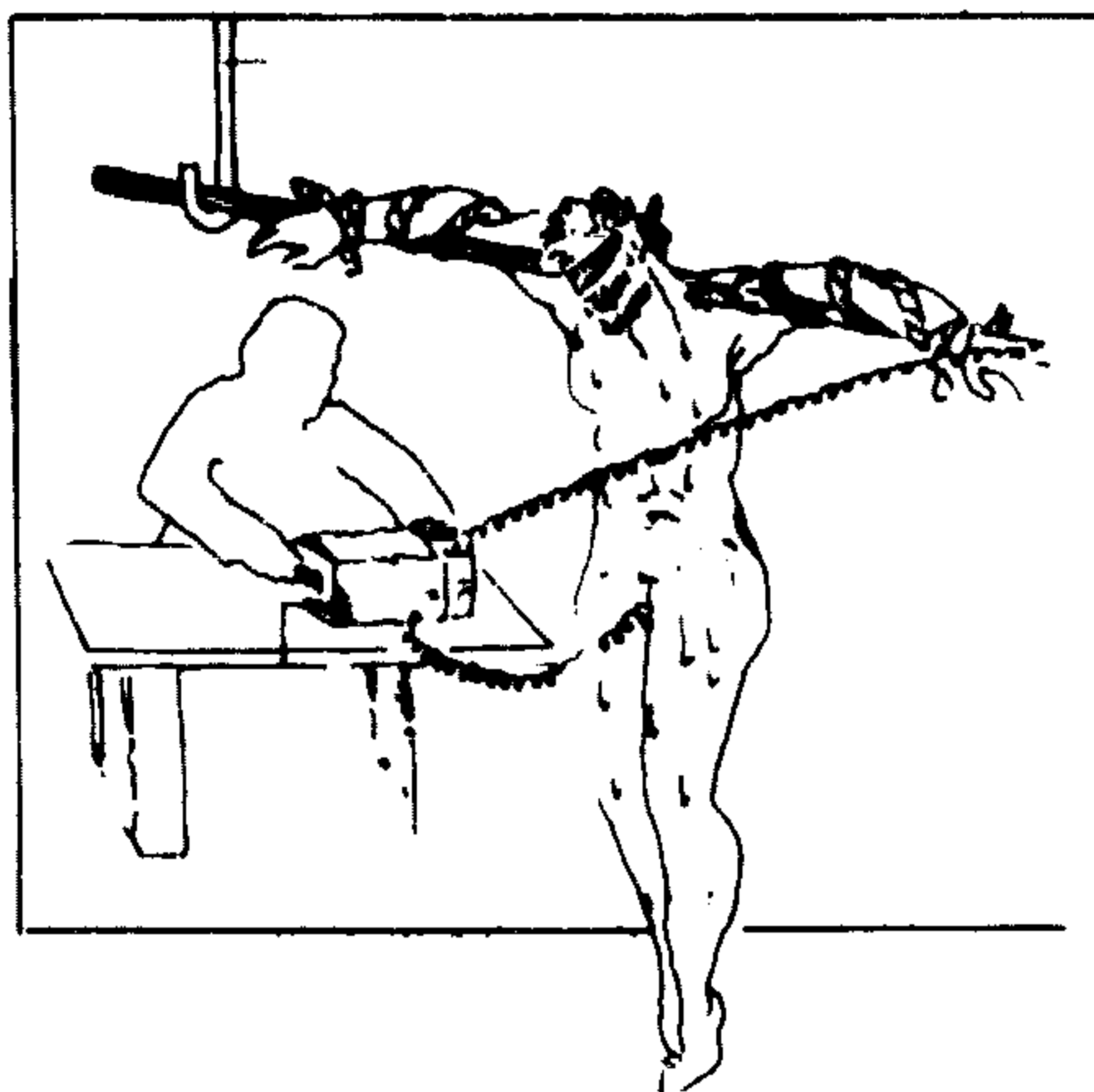


There was hardly a day when we did not hear the screams of the tortured." *Sahabeddin Buz (right), page 57.* "They made me watch while my fiancé was tortured. They hung him by his wrists. His body would not stay straight — it arched — I suppose because of the pain. He was blindfolded and his trousers were undone. They had given him electric shocks to his penis." *Nursal Yılmaz (left), page 55.*

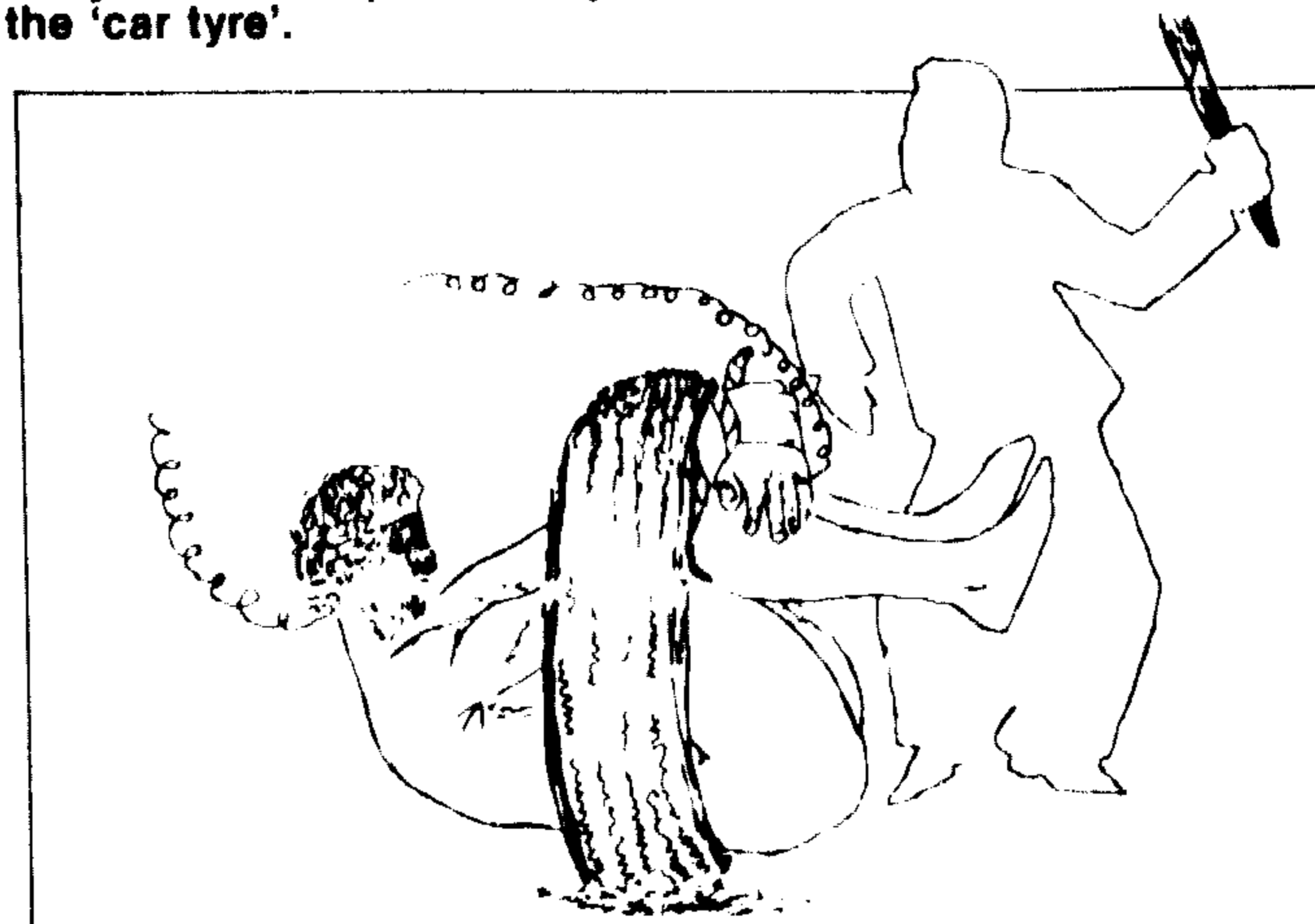


Methods of torture include beating the soles of the feet, burning with cigarettes, hanging from the ceiling by hands or feet for prolonged periods, assaults with truncheons, sticks and iron rods...

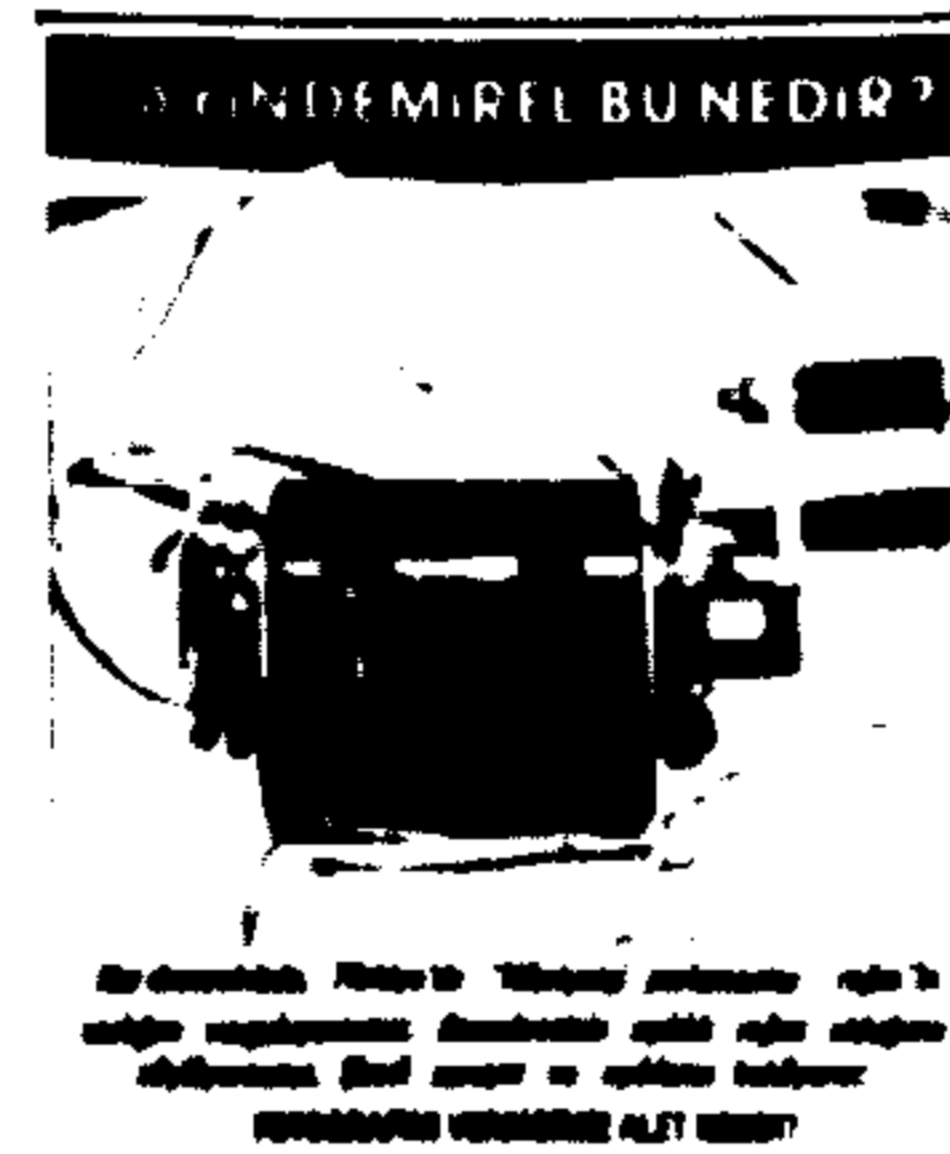
"The torturers hung me between two big metal filing cupboards with my arms tied to the plank. While I was suspended like this, they tied an electrode to one of my toes and another to one of my fingertips. I was given electric shocks in this position for half an hour. This is the most horrible torture, called *aski*." *Testimony, page 21.* "They took me to the second torture chamber. They undressed me and made me lie down. They started giving me electric shocks, on my tongue, earlobes, toes and fingers. Then they administered shocks to my rectum and penis. I could hear them count the voltage. They started with 15 volts and went up to 65 volts. Blood gushed out of my mouth and nose." *Testimony, page 30.* "He grabbed my hair and began to hit my head against the wall. He lost his temper and started to beat and kick me. When I fell down he trampled on me. Later he stopped and, speaking quite calmly, said: 'Look my daughter, you are very young; you have a good life ahead of you.' I was 16 then. 'If you accept these accusations you will live a happy life, otherwise it will be hell for you.'... They asked me again whether I accepted the charges. As I replied they started to hit my hands with their truncheons. My right wrist was bleeding. The skin had started to peel off. This time they hit my fingers and nails. They laid me on the floor and started *jalaka*. I lost consciousness after a while... They brought in another girl. She too was naked. Her whole body was covered in black bruises and her genitals were inflamed and torn to shreds from electric shocks. In this place human beings were distorted and deformed. None of the men or women here looked like a human being. One day they brought a girl into the torture chamber. They grabbed her by her breasts and started to drag her along the floor. The girl made sounds as though she were being strangled. Then they undressed her, put her in a lorry tyre; they bent her feet and tied her by the knees to a wire, then they started to stick truncheons in her vagina." *Gulhan Tomak, page 65.*



...administering electric shocks to sensitive parts of the body while suspended by the arms as if crucified, and the 'car tyre'.

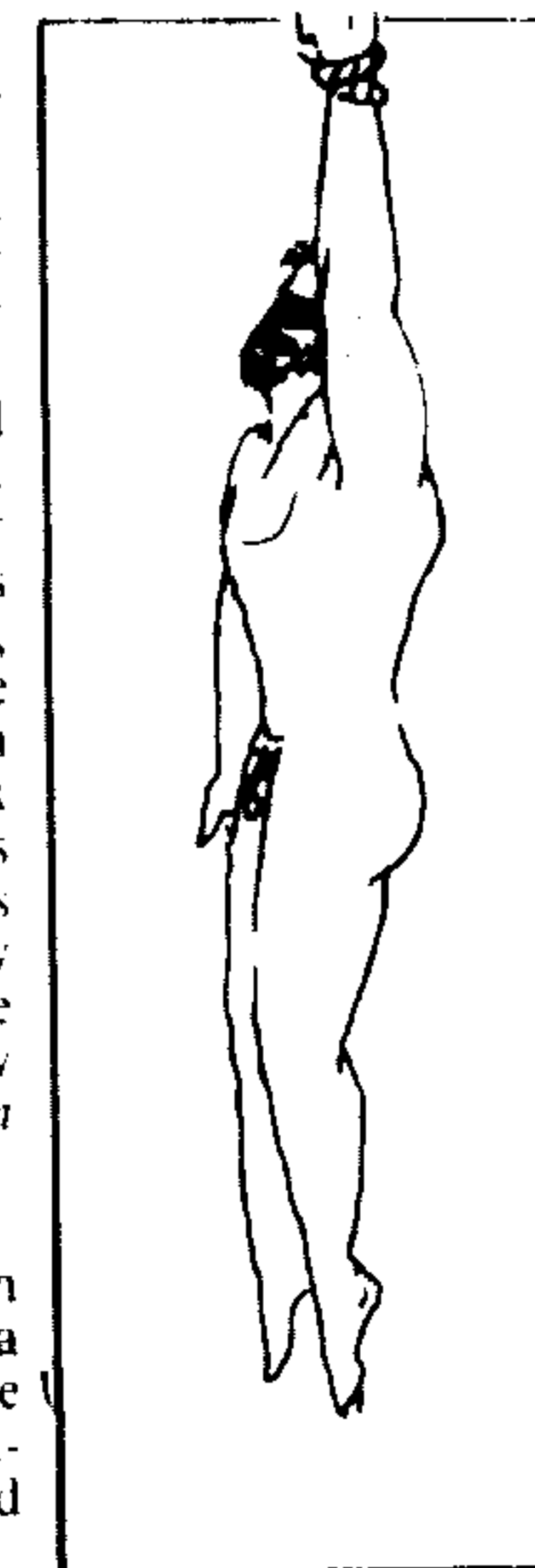


"They sat me inside a car tyre, pulling it up so that I was stuck. They tilted the tyre so that my head was on the ground and my feet in the air, and began beating the soles with a thick stick. I had made the acquaintance of *falaka*. For a long time the blows were rhythmical. When I could no longer feel the blows for numbness, they broke the rhythm. This brought the pain back. I felt as though I would never be able to stand on my feet again. In the end I could no longer breathe for screaming." *Sema Oğur, page 50.* "I was taken to another room; it had an iron bar from which hung several butchers' hooks. I was stripped naked and hung by my wrists. I was hung like this for four days and nights. I was given neither food nor drink, was not allowed to use the toilet and was threatened with being forced to eat and drink my own excreta. I was punched and beaten with fists and hard blunt objects. My testicles and penis were squeezed and pulled while they insulted me." *Şahabeddin Buz, page 58.*



In May 1980 *Democrat*, a Turkish newspaper, published this picture of what it believed to be a machine for electric shock torture made in a government factory.

"In Diyarbakir Military Prison it is a luxury to be beaten with a truncheon — they use the handles of shovels and pick-axes, thick wooden sticks and chains." *Testimony, page 61.*



Some prisoners have been taken for interrogation and torture even after they have spent several years in prison...



Mumtaz Kotan (*left*), a lawyer adopted by Amnesty International as a prisoner of conscience, was imprisoned from April 1980 until May 1985. He was sentenced in July 1982 to eight years' imprisonment for belonging to a Kurdish organization and for alleged secessionist activities. He is said to have been tortured during his interrogation and repeatedly throughout his imprisonment in Diyarbakir Military Prison. Mehdi Zana (*below, centre*) is also an adopted prisoner of conscience. He is serving a 31-year prison term, in connection with alleged Kurdish secessionist activities. He too is reported to have been tortured repeatedly throughout his imprisonment in Diyarbakir Military Prison. "They summoned Mehdi Zana, the Mayor of Diyarbakir. Mehdi Zana was tortured only two or three doors away from us. His greatest 'crime' was to be Kurdish, and have a Kurdish surname. To top it all, he was the mayor of a city like Diyarbakir, which has a predominantly Kurdish population. There were no laws in this place except the law of the police truncheon and the soldier's boot." *Testimony, page 33.*



...There have been repeated hunger strikes by prisoners in different parts of the country in protest against torture.



"A hunger strike was started to protest against the denial of our most fundamental rights and the terrible conditions in the prison. For instance we were daily subjected to mass beatings by the soldiers.

Those of us who resisted being beaten were taken away to be tortured, struck with heavy sandbags and then thrown into solitary confinement cells. Frequently our daily half an hour open air exercise was dispensed with. When we were allowed out of the wards we were forced to do military drill and sing military marching songs. We were again beaten most savagely because we refused to do it.... At the end of the first week of the hunger strike we were attacked by the police and a special commando unit. Teargas was used to force us to come out of our ward. We were cruelly beaten by the police and the military. It lasted for hours. After a month the prison administration promised there would be no torture and that some conditions would be improved. But only 15 days later torture began on a wider scale." *Enver Karagöz, page 13.*

Enver Karagöz: (above), on 24 March 1984, three months after his release, (below), on 11 September 1980, the day before he was arrested.



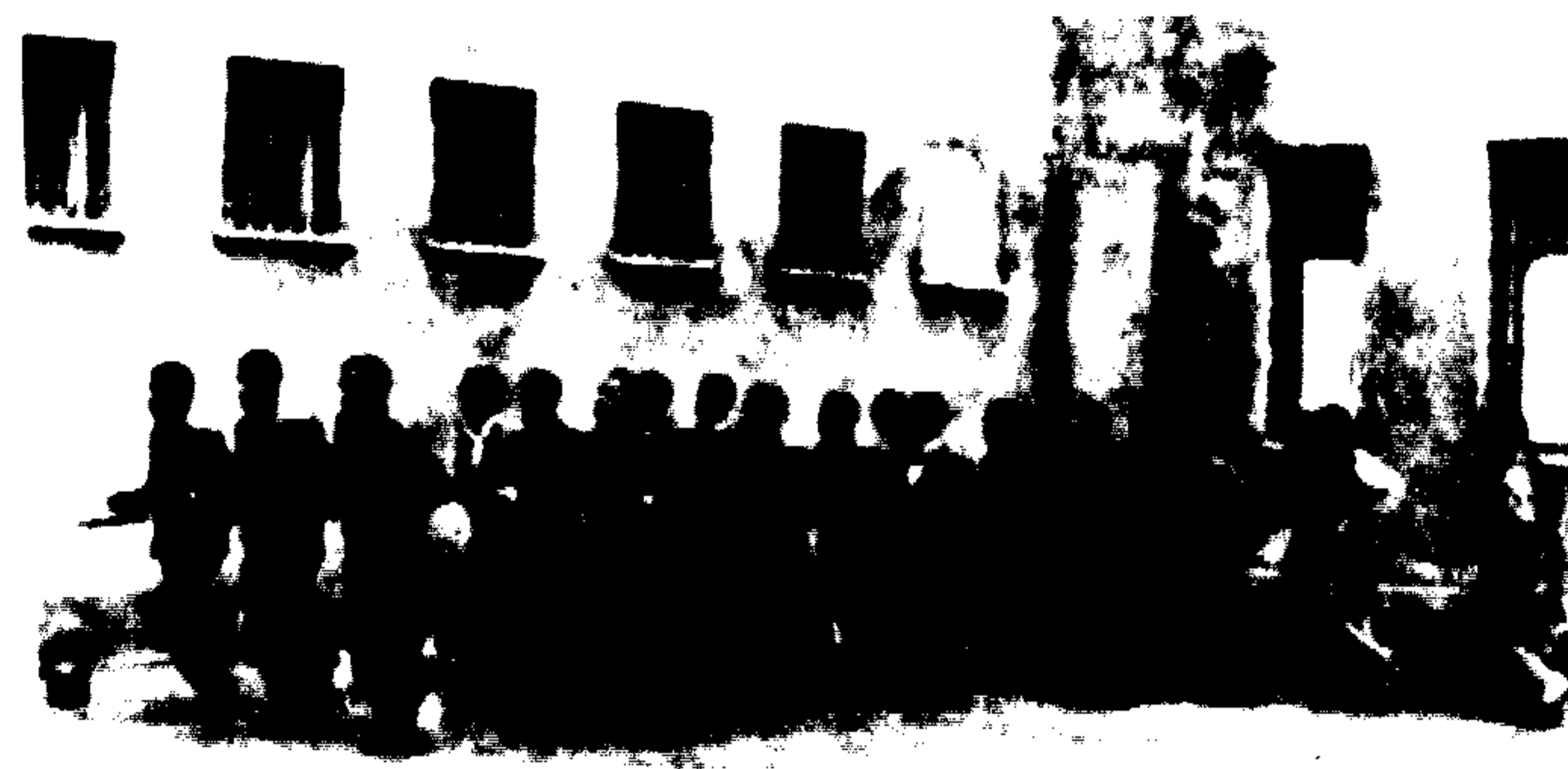
A report published by the Turkish authorities on 29 October 1982 stated that investigations into 204 deaths alleged to have been caused by torture had determined that in four cases deaths were caused by torture. Twenty-five deaths were from natural causes, 15 had been suicides, five were killed while trying to escape and 25 had been killed during clashes.



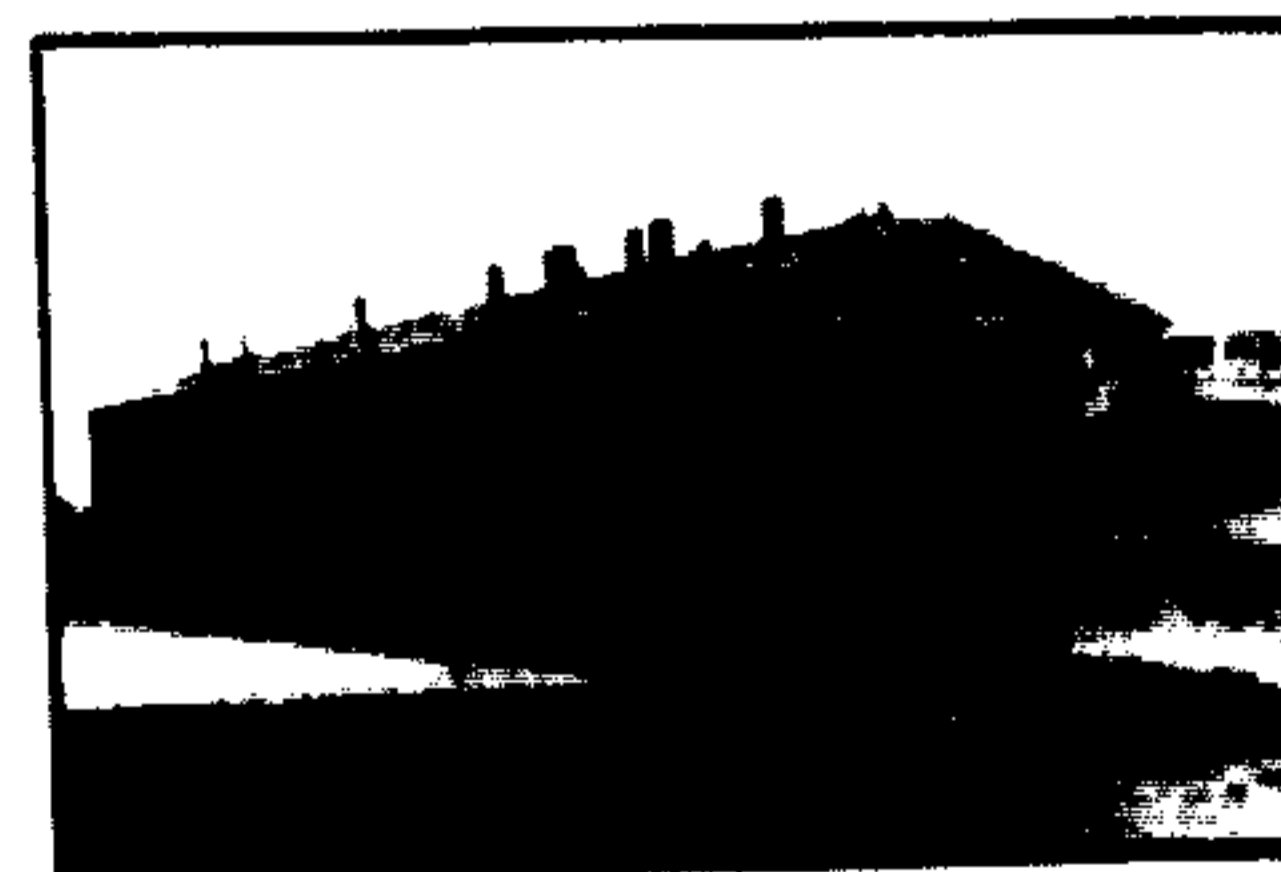
This photograph of Suleyman Cihan (below) was taken after his death in custody on 29 July 1981. According to the authorities he committed suicide by jumping from the fifth floor of a building in Istanbul.



In May 1982 Amnesty International asked if it might send a team to investigate reports that Kurdish prisoners in Diyarbakir Military Prison were in poor health as a result of torture and harsh conditions. One of the people it named, Kurdish lawyer Hüseyin Yıldırım (left), was later released and left Turkey — he gave a horrific account of tortures he and other Kurdish prisoners had suffered. Three of these prisoners are known to have died in custody. Amnesty International has submitted to the authorities the names of 100 people alleged to have died in custody since the military coup of September 1980 and received information on 82 of them. In some cases trials or investigations were said to be in progress. Other replies indicated deaths as a result of suicide, accident or illness or referred to lack of information. In nine cases the person concerned was still alive. "They had tortured a 42-year-old man accused of smuggling. At first they administered electric shocks...then they stuck thin sticks down his fingernails. This went on for hours. He fell on the floor unconscious. The head sergeant who was supervising the torture couldn't control himself and started to pull out the man's fingernails — then realized he was already dead because he didn't utter a sound. This incident too was kept secret." *Gülhan Tomak, page 65.*



Prisoners in the exercise yard of Diyarbakir Military Prison (above, and below left). Prisoners marching in Mamak Military Prison (right). One of the five blocks of Diyarbakir Military Prison (bottom left).



watch and listen to the prisoners, earmarking them for further torture on return to the prison. And indeed they would take them back to the torture chambers and beat the hell out of them.

It is absolutely forbidden to look at the press, the audience or the defence lawyers. The prisoners have to sit "according to the regulations" and look only ahead.

These are the torture centres in or near Diyarbakir that I know of:

1. One centre is just behind the Martial Law Command buildings and the courtrooms, about 250m to 300m away from them. All kinds of torture are carried out at this centre. The screams of those under torture here can be heard by the Martial Law Command as well as the courts. Sometimes the doors of the torture chambers were shut tightly and music was played very loudly in order to prevent the screams from being heard outside. And sometimes the prisoner under torture was gagged so that he could not utter a sound During torture, the prisoner's hands are tied behind his back. At this centre hundreds of people were subjected to barbaric tortures both before and after 12 September 1980. This torture centre is known to prosecutors and judges who live near there as well as the Martial Law Commander himself Anyone who visits the Martial Law Command buildings or the courtrooms can see the exterior of this torture centre. It's an old-looking building with a flat roof. It is surrounded by young trees, about 1.5m to 2m high. Near it there is a high tower with a water tank on top. During the day the guards are usually inside.

2. Kurtoglu Barracks: This is about a kilometre from Diyarbakir, on the right of the road leading out of the city. Follow the road to the centre of Diyarbakir, past the Martial Law Offices, courtrooms, the polygon (where they practise shootings etc.), the military vehicles and the military football ground. The last building on the left is the barracks, with red and white painted iron bars in front. Two soldiers are posted on each side. The doors are kept shut. It is an enormous building and quite old. Only the front and side are visible from the road. On the lower floor there are dozens of small cells. This centre is also called the Military Discipline Centre. It is impossible to hear tortures from outside - because the walls are quite thick and victims are tortured in the inner rooms

3. Deve Geçidi (Camel's Path) is another torture centre in the area. It is about 15km to 20km outside the city. Troops are stationed here.

4. Yenişehir Military Station: This is in the Ofis District of Diyarbakir.

5. Prison No. 5 in the Bağlar District of Diyarbakir: The most terrible tortures took place here after the 12 September coup. Many people were killed here, and many were maimed Torture is carried out by police and military personnel. The lives of the prisoners here are at serious risk

Chapter VI

The following extract comes from a statement and interview with Sema Oğur, who was a student when she and her husband were arrested in Ankara in February 1981. She told Amnesty International in February 1984 that she was tortured and ill-treated every day for a total of 47 days in a detention centre in Ankara, and beaten and subjected to continuous cruel, inhuman and degrading treatment for 14 months in Mamak Military Prison. The tortures she alleges include being given electric shocks, kicked, punched, beaten with truncheons; subjected to *faiaka*: being hung by the arms from ropes attached to ceiling water pipes, tied to hot radiator pipes, and hosed down with icy water under high pressure.

Her torturers threatened to sterilize her with electricity, she says, and, in her husband's presence, threatened to rape her.

She says that her husband was tortured – with electric shocks applied to the genitals – in front of her; and that she was tortured with electricity in front of him.

Sema Oğur's testimony about both the detention centre and Mamak Prison is consistent with testimonies received by Amnesty International from two other former detainees held in these places at about the same time and also now living outside Turkey. These two others are Nursal Yilmaz and Meryem Sendil Colakoglu. The three were sentenced *in absentia* in May 1983 to six years and eight months' imprisonment for belonging to a prohibited organization. All three testimonies are consistent with other information about both places which Amnesty International has received in the past.

Testimony

On 15 February 1981 my husband and I went to visit some friends at their home. The door was opened by three armed people we had never seen before. Our friend had been captured and the police had staked out their flat to apprehend and question visitors. When they learned that I

was still a student and that my husband had graduated from the Middle East Technical University, they said: "You must have engaged in political activity, we are bound to find out something when we get there." So they blindfolded us and put us in a car. They pushed down our heads so that people could not see that we were blindfolded. At that stage I did not know where we were going. Shortly before the car stopped we went down a kind of ramp. I heard a roller-type garage door opening.

We got out in front of the door and were led a few metres to the left into a glass cubicle. (I was still blindfolded but I saw these details later when I was taken to and from hospital on two occasions without the blindfold. A few times I was also able to loosen the blindfold and see where I was, what was going on and who the torturers were.) This was a sort of registration area. They removed all our personal belongings except our clothes

Leaving this room we walked about 30m inside the garage, between the cars. The faint sound of screaming that I had heard when we first entered became an intolerable piercing screaming as we went down a single step and through a door which we had to bow our heads to go through. I immediately realized where we were. This was the notorious torture centre known as the DAL [*Değerlendirme ve Arastırma Laboratuvarı*, Evaluation and Research Laboratory], attached to the First Branch of Ankara Security Directorate

When I was there, there were about 200 prisoners and some were sleeping in the corridor, so full were the cells.

Every single second of my 21 days at the DAL was spent under physical and psychological torture. . . .

When I first arrived I was made to wait for one hour on one foot with two fingers against the wall. The slightest shift in my position and they beat me. I was on the verge of collapse, my fingers numb from pain and my head swimming from the screams around me, when they dragged me into the torture room opposite Cell No. 1.

They began by kicking and punching me. Then they stood me up on a stool (I was still blindfolded) and tied straps around my wrists. They tied these around my jumper sleeves so as not to leave burns. The straps were attached to a pipe on the ceiling. I was in the crucifixion position when they kicked the stool from under me and my arms were left to support my whole weight. The ache soon turned into an excruciating pain. It was as if my arms would come off. To increase the pain they rubbed under my arms and swung me to and fro. The pain became so bad, my screams drowned their voices. When they failed to get the information they wanted from me, they became even more hostile and loosened one of the straps so that now I was suspended by one arm. I hoped that my arm would come off so I would be rid of this terrible pain.

... [Afterwards] my hands were purple and my wrists were bleeding . . .

About four or five hours later they came back again to take me out of the cell. They beat me all the way to the torture room, where they tied my left arm to a radiator pipe behind me. I felt something being tied to the little finger of my right hand. Suddenly my whole body shook with the electric shock. They constantly varied the current. By the time they returned me to the cell, I could barely stand . . . There were five other women in the cell with me. It was impossible to sleep because of the endless screaming and shouts of the torturers. This in itself was a psychological torture.

Next day I thought I heard my husband screaming . . . the door was flung open and I was again taken blindfolded to the torture room opposite. Once inside, they took off the blindfold and sure enough it was my husband.

He was lying naked under a black-tiled wall. His hands were tied behind his back and they were administering electricity to his genitals. After showing him to me they retied the blindfold and in a voice that my husband could hear, threatened to strip and rape me. They wanted us to reveal our address. [The couple did not want to do so for fear of endangering friends.] They said I could save my husband if I gave them the address.

On another occasion I was again suspended from the ceiling and electricity was being administered to my toes. I was semi-conscious when I heard them bring my husband in. They also told him that he could save me if he talked.

Another torture was to strip you naked and hose you with pressurized cold water. Your jaws would lock and the effect was one of shock.

Twice during this period I was removed to hospital as I was unable to stand. On one of these occasions I stayed overnight in the hospital and had to be given a drip. The hospital they took me to was the emergency ward of the Ankara Faculty of Medicine Hospital. I do not remember the date on which I was admitted . . . The police prevented any mention of torture marks being made in the hospital report . . . I showed the doctors the marks on my wrists and asked them to record these, but they put down what the police told them to write [that she had fainted] . . .

On my return from hospital the torture continued, right until I was transferred to prison.

One day as I was being taken to the toilet, I loosened the blindfold and looked around. The scene was horrific. People were piled up in the corridor waiting their turn to be tortured. Ten people were being led blindfolded and naked around the corridor and were being beaten to force them to sing reactionary marches. Others, who were incapable of standing, were tied to hot radiator pipes.

An old man of about 50 was stripped naked and made to hand out

bread rations. The same man was made to watch while his children were tortured and vice versa. Those lying on the ground were kicked and punched by passing torturers. The torture never let up . . . Even when they stopped torturing you physically, the screams of the others began to torment you psychologically. After a while I was able to pick out which torture was being applied – from the screams . . .

My husband, in his court statement, told of the torture known as the "Palestine method". This involves being trussed up by the hands and feet from behind and being suspended thus from the ceiling from these four limbs, face down . . .

[On 7 March 1981 she was moved to a women's prison and spent another 25 days there before being released.]

My husband, however, was formally charged and arrested. After my release, I began to visit him once a week, for five minutes. At every visit I saw that his hands were swollen. Apparently they were regularly beaten with truncheons . . .

[On 17 November she was rearrested] . . . two of them grabbed my arms and another one stuck a gun in my back. They immediately hustled me into a car and blindfolded me. As soon as we got in they began punching and kicking. When the car stopped I heard the familiar garage door open. We were back at the DAL again. They dragged me all the way to the torture room, kicking and punching me all the while. I did not even have a chance to ask them why I had been taken there. Blows were coming down on my face from all sides and I could not hear for the howling in my ears.

Inside the torture room they sat me inside a car tyre on the floor, pulling it up so that I was stuck. Then they tilted the tyre so that my head was on the ground and my feet in the air, and began beating the soles with a thick stick. I had made the acquaintance of the *falaka*. For a long time the blows were rhythmical. When after a time I could no longer feel the blows for numbness, they broke the rhythm. This brought the pain back. I felt as though I would never be able to stand on my feet again. In the end I could no longer breathe from screaming. When they saw this they stopped. To prevent permanent marks from forming they walked me around the corridor. The swelling on my feet lasted 10 days, during which I was unable to stand on them . . .

I was left in solitary confinement for 26 days. To be alone in a pitch-dark stone cell for that period of time is very disturbing. I was taken to the torture chamber several times a day . . .

One time, I was again taken blindfolded to the torture chamber. One of them tied my ankles. I thought they were going to hoist me up again, but . . . Instead they tied my arms, and one of them took down my skirt. They wet the inside of my crotch with water and began applying electricity. One of the torturers shouted: "If you don't give us what we

want we'll continue to apply electricity to your ovaries and sterilize you." Again they were varying the current. This went on for about an hour. By the time they dragged me to the cell I was barely conscious.

They also brought my husband from the prison to the DAL and tortured him for a week, mainly to bring pressure to bear on me.

I witnessed and experienced the same tortures as the first time, so I will not repeat the details here . . .

After 26 days I was taken to prison, after being formally arrested by the court. From 11 November 1981 to 22 December 1982 I spent in the Ankara Mamak Special Military Prison, A-Block, Ward 1. During the 14 months I was there, I experienced more tortures . . .

On arrival I was kept for two days and nights in a cage outside A-Block. (This was exactly like a lion's cage.) We were given only one blanket and had to sleep on the bare stone floor. After two days we were put in our respective dormitories . . .

Because I refused to submit to the rules I was beaten with truncheons for days. Visits from my family were banned for four months, and I was deprived of tea, cigarettes, newspapers and books for eight months . . .

The only ventilation in the dormitory was through tiny windows which they later fitted with iron shutters. With 50 people to a dormitory we were virtually suffocating. Many people contracted lung infections . . .

We staged a 10-day hunger-strike. During this protest 20 of us (myself included) were incarcerated in the so-called "death cells" in the basement of A-Block. These were tiny stone cells, measuring four hand spans by four hand spans (about a metre square). They put two or three in a cell which would normally not accommodate one person comfortably. There was a small ventilation hole at the top and a drawer for a toilet. For 10 days we squatted in the darkness, without food, for we were determined to complete our hunger-strike, despite the vile conditions. And we did. When they let us out we could not recognize each other, we were so exhausted . . .

At my trial I told the panel of judges about the repression in prison and expressed my wish to make a formal complaint against the prison administration . . . But the judges did not want to know and cut my statement short . . . Because of this speech I was confined to the cage and beaten heavily. A truncheon blow came directly onto my right thumb which is now slightly larger than the left.

Although my husband and I were in the same cell-block, we were not allowed to see or write to each other for 14 months.

Morning and evening inspections were the scene of daily beatings. They hit you for the slightest infringement of the rules: looking sideways, not shouting out your name at the top of your lungs, not standing straight, not stamping your foot like a soldier, etc. These beatings took place in the presence of the prison doctor, who was among

the inspection team. Our bodies were constantly bruised black and blue from these beatings so we would prepare bowls of salty water beforehand to ease the pain after inspection was over. Some of the bruises are still visible on my legs.

When the beatings were particularly brutal, and it showed, they prevented us from attending our trial hearings . . .

Every day of the 14 months I spent in Mamak was torment. This torment finally ended on 22 December 1982 when I was released from custody by the court . . .

The testimonies of Nursal Yilmaz and Meryem Çolakoğlu catalogue much the same brutalities inflicted on prisoners as Sema Oğur's: each describes how she was beaten, kicked, punched, given electric shocks, hung from ceiling pipes (including by the "Palestine method"), subjected to the "car tyre", *falaka* torture and hosed down with icy water.

Nursal Yilmaz was arrested with her fiancé (whom she later married), his sister and a friend on 12 February 1981. All four were tortured at the DAL, she says. She was held there twice, for 25 days and, after rearrest in October, for 23 days. She was subsequently moved to Mamak Military Prison, where she was held for 14 months. Her husband is still there, serving a 25-year sentence.

Testimony

Nursal Yilmaz: I was subjected to the torture . . . of being suspended by the wrists three times . . . Once they made my fiancé watch while I was being tortured . . .

Similarly they made me watch while he was being tortured. They hung him on the wall by his wrists . . . His body would not stay straight . . . it arched . . . I suppose because of the pain. He was blindfolded . . . and his trousers were undone. From this I deduced that they had given him electric shocks to his penis . . . He later confirmed that this had been so. For a long time he passed blood with his urine because of the severe torture . . .

One day . . . I saw from under my blindfold that they were doing something to his leg in the corridor. When I came closer I saw that they were washing a gaping wound across his ankle . . . open to the bone.

Meryem Şendil Çolakoğlu says she was held in the DAL for 23 days, from 17 October 1981, then moved to Mamak and detained there for just over a year, until her release on 24 November 1982.

————— *Testimony* —————

Countless hours of the most unimaginable affronts to human dignity began with the first kicks as I was bundled into the police car ... My demands to know what was happening, where I was being taken, were met with kicks and punches. Once in the car I was blindfolded and the policeman next to me pushed my head between his legs and began beating my back - "We are going to what you might call a beauty parlour," he said. "You go in looking like this and you come out a different shape."

[Of one period of her detention in a DAL cell]...I was unable to distinguish day from night....The screams never let up. Doors were constantly opening and shutting, prisoners were taken out and others thrown back in, in a flurry of kicks and abuse

I lay there semi-conscious until they came back for me Then they dragged me out in my bare feet, as my shoes no longer fitted me, and carried me to the room where I had first been tortured. [There] a male colleague . . . was under the *falaka*. They were beating him with all their might, while at the same time saying and doing things to me which should not be done to a woman — in order to put pressure on him.

Chapter VII

The following statement was given to Amnesty International by Şahabeddin Buz, who was imprisoned and tortured after his return to Turkey from the Federal Republic of Germany in September 1982. Following his trial and acquittal he was released and eventually left Turkey clandestinely. He now lives again in the Federal Republic of Germany.

————— *Testimony* —————

On 4 September 1982 I went back to Turkey to do my military service, which I was due to begin after 1 November 1982. At about 1.00 am on 19 September 1982 about 20 members of the *jandarma* surrounded my father's house in Gümüşgöze and began to search for illegal books and weapons. They found none. They then explained to my father that I had to accompany them to the headquarters in Antakya to give a statement.

I was taken in a military vehicle by the *jandarma* unit of Harbiye district to the police station. On arrival there I was blindfolded and then forced to get into another car, in which I was driven to an unknown place. After a journey of about 15 minutes I was led into a building and then pushed into a room in which three Afghan refugees were held.

The following morning an officer of the political police entered and asked which of the detainees came from West Germany. I identified myself and was immediately punched in the face and given blows with the ball of the hand on the chin; I was told that this was because one had to get up when a member of the police entered the room. The officer left the room and returned a few minutes later. After all detainees had jumped to their feet, he hit me again, this time asking why I had got up. Other members of the political police then entered the room at irregular intervals, hit me in the face, on the head and all over the body, and kicked me as well. This treatment continued until late in the afternoon.

Towards evening I was taken blindfolded to another room. I was asked whether I knew why I was there. When I said I did not know,

several plainclothes policemen hit me all over the body until I fell to the ground. Then I was taken back. I was told that I had a few hours to think why I had been brought to the centre. In the late evening they fetched me again, blindfolded me and put the same question to me. The same brutal torture followed: I was hit and kicked as I was pushed from one policeman to the next. When I lay on the floor they kicked me. One of my teeth was knocked out and I eventually lost consciousness. I woke up next morning in another room. I could hardly see. My body was swollen all over and I could not move. I was given no food or drink all day.

Around 10 o'clock that night - torture always started at 10 o'clock - the beatings started again and went on until I fainted. Cold water was poured over me to revive me. I was taken to another room; it had an iron bar from which hung several butcher's hooks. I was stripped naked and hung by my wrists, which were tied with pieces of cloth, in such a way that the tips of my toes just touched the floor.

I was hung like this, naked and blindfolded, for four days and nights. I was given neither food nor drink, was not allowed to use the toilet and was threatened with being forced to eat and drink my own excreta. During this time I was punched and beaten in sudden assaults on the face, chest and abdomen by several officers who used their fists and hard blunt objects. In addition, my testicles and penis were squeezed and pulled while they insulted me.

In between, I was accused of having travelled to the German Democratic Republic five times (this was untrue). I was also questioned about the structure of the Turkish Communist Party and its leading cadres. I was told to write down the history of the Turkish left from 1965 until 1982. To this end I was taken down from the bar and seated on a bench. One of them pushed a writing implement into my hand, hitting me repeatedly with his fist on the forehead; another interrogator played with his pistol in front of me.

At the end of the fourth day I must have become delirious and lost consciousness. When I came round I lay on the concrete floor and did not recognize the other detainees who had hung there with me. I could neither stand nor walk because my legs were so swollen.

As I was unable to give any statement, *falaka* was begun. I was stripped naked and made to lift my right arm. A car tyre was put round my head and right arm and I was laid on the floor, my feet fastened . . . While two police officers held my legs, two others hit the soles of my feet with wooden and rubber sticks until the soles burst open and I lost consciousness.

Every time I fainted they poured ice-cold water over me and started to beat my soles and to kick me all over again. When I came round I had to tread in salt water in a corner of the room. When I could not continue

standing, two officers would lift me up and down forcing my feet into the water.

After 12 to 14 days of *falaka* and other physical and psychological tortures - always carried out at night (only on weekends was I tortured also during the day) - I was taken for interrogation again. I was made to sit on a chair naked while the head of the political police kicked with his pointed shoes against my knee caps until they bled. Sometimes I had to stand up blindfolded while they punched me in the abdomen and on my forehead.

One police officer wrote on a piece of paper the names of the left-wing political organizations in Hatay before and after the military coup. I was told to join one of the organizations. I was warned that I would not leave the police premises alive if I did not join one of them; this was the rule for all detainees. When I refused, I was ordered to write a report of my life from the time I left Turkey until 1982. I did this.

Each stage of my torture was supervised by a different police officer, and when I passed from one to the next my dossier was passed with me.

After about two weeks in detention I was presented with two pages of accusations written by the police. All were totally unfounded. I denied them all . . .

[Later] I was told that I would be given electric shocks, and that the voltage would be increased until I either lost my virility or died. They came on a Friday evening at 10 o'clock and tortured me all night and all weekend until Monday morning. Again, I was stripped naked, had a car tyre placed round my head and right arm, was laid on the floor and had electrodes attached to my nose, ears, penis and toes, sometimes one, sometimes several at a time.

For two days and nights they applied electricity at irregular intervals, increasing the voltage - they knew exactly how far they could go - and asked me whether I was now willing to accept the accusations. I refused.

All this time I lay on the wet, cold concrete floor. Frequently I lost consciousness and then ice-cold water, chilled in a kind of freezer, was poured over me.

On the second evening the head of the political police came into the room - other detainees were there as well - and told me, while I was lying on the floor, that this was my last night and that I had until midnight to decide whether I accepted the accusations. If I did not, my dead body would be found in a sack on the mountains of Antakya early next morning. As I had to take this threat seriously, I agreed towards midnight and signed this so-called confession without being allowed to read it.

The following day I was taken to a doctor at the state health centre in Antakya. Without examining me, he certified that no traces of ill-treatment had been found on me, although I was not even able to put on

shoes because my feet and legs were swollen so much. With this medical certificate I was brought to a detention centre in a military compound in Iskenderun, to which police had access at all times.

During my time in police detention I had twice been taken at my request to the state hospital in Antakya by the police, who ordered the hospital staff not to enter my name in the registration log – so there was no official record of my visits.

At the Iskenderun detention centre I asked to be taken to a doctor in hospital. When a doctor came 10 days later, most of the swellings and traces had disappeared.

At this centre we had to get up at 5.30 am, wash and sit down until 9 o'clock at night. When we talked or laughed too loud, we were beaten. Although I and others were ill, we were not allowed to lie down during the day. My request for permission not to put on shoes was never granted although my feet were swollen and the soles split open.

At the beginning of November I was presented to a judge, who issued a formal arrest order. Then we were taken to Iskenderun prison, which is in a military compound on the road to Adana. The four of us were put in a very damp room facing 15 soldiers with clubs in their hands. They beat our palms and wrists until they were bruised red and, in some cases, bleeding. We then were ordered to lie face down on the wet floor and were hit on the head and all over the body. We were ordered to scream so that the other prisoners might hear and be intimidated . . .

Torture was a daily occurrence in the prison. Although I was privileged due to publicity abroad about my case, I was still tortured three times . . . once because I had not sung the national anthem loud enough, once because I had not shouted "Here, my commander" during roll-call, and once for no reason at all. There was hardly a day when we did not hear the screams of the tortured, when no one was selected from our midst to be taken for torture.

Three court hearings took place in my trial – I was allowed to attend only one. On 29 March 1983 I was acquitted *in absentia* due to lack of evidence, apart from my "confession". My release was ordered and I was allowed to return home on 1 April.

After my acquittal I was constantly threatened during my attempts to have my passport returned. I was shown a dossier documenting all activities which had been undertaken abroad on my behalf during my detention. Some torturers were cynical enough to invite me to tea when meeting me in my home town, in an attempt to find out if I recognized them . . . I was refused permission to leave Turkey; no reasons were given.

Chapter VIII

The following account is by a former Turkish prisoner who was released while his trial continued and is thought to be in hiding. His name is known to Amnesty International but is being withheld for his protection.

Testimony

I was seized in one of the most crowded streets of Ankara.... Suddenly I was surrounded by a plainclothes team . . . Two of them took me by the arms . . . [and] pushed me into a white Renault car . . . Inside, they blindfolded me with a dirty rag. The two men sitting on either side of me in the back of the car started hitting me with their fists and with wooden canes. They kept telling me that they were going to take me to Mamak and hand me over to a military unit there. But I know Ankara's streets and roads quite well . . . [and] the car stopped at what I guessed was somewhere behind the Police Headquarters . . . [There] two of them, taking me by the arms, took me somewhere where they "hung" me. While I was in this "hung" position, I could hear the screams of those under torture and the voices of the torturers and their questions . . .

Suddenly I received heavy blows on my face, back and abdomen. Blood started streaming down my face. It was impossible to defend myself against the blows or to change my position to evade them, because I was handcuffed to a rail at the wall and dangling from there with the tips of my feet just touching the floor. I was just like a sandbag in a boxing training saloon . . . When I was half-unconscious they took me down from the railing and dragged me by the arms along the floor into a small and narrow room . . . [where] they started my first interrogation. I had to stand while being questioned. At the same time they beat me with their truncheons. Then they connected a wire to my little finger and started electric shocks. They kept asking me who were in the leading cadres of *Devrimci Halk Kültür Derneği* (DHKD) and *Ozgürlük Yolu*

[Kurdish organizations] and whom did I know among them. I told them I did not know any of those people and I had nothing to do with them whatsoever. The questions were asked not by those actively torturing but by two others who seemed to be the "specialists" [The others then] hung me again as if I was being crucified. They stripped me naked. At the same time they beat me continuously, hitting me on the face with their fists. Then they put wires to my toe and to my penis and started electric shocks

When they stopped, blood was streaming down my face and my whole body was numb. They untied my hands and arms from the "cross" and I collapsed on the floor. They dressed me. The man who probably was their head and who was sitting at the same table said in the same voice: "Apply all the measures necessary to soften Mr Take him away now. If he poses problems like this again next time, we'll kill him."

So they took me by my arms . . . and finally they brought me somewhere where they hung me again by my left arm in such a way that only my toes touched the floor. After a while they came again and they pinned something onto my back

At the beginning of the next shift one of the torturers spoke in a loud and coarse voice: "I am Captain Gestapo. Have you ever heard of the name Gestapo? You will all die soon." He started beating us with a thick wooden cane. Afterwards his accomplices splashed us with cold water from a hose

They took [the others] to the toilet, one by one, starting from the first cell. When they finished with the cells, it was the turn of those "hanging" in the hall. . . . I said: "Don't forget me." I heard the now familiar loud voice of Gestapo say: "There is a big notice pinned on your back, my son. You'll be allowed nothing. You'll be dying soon anyway!"

Soon afterwards they started delivering heavy blows to various parts of my body

[They then dragged him to another room.] There were different torture instruments in this room. They immediately hanged me by my two arms They tied a very heavy object to my feet which were dangling in the air, so my wrists had to carry this additional weight. I could not even feel the pain in my wrists because the muscle fibres were paralysed and my hands and my arms felt numb. They beat my swinging body with sandbags

They started interrogating me all over again As my replies were unsatisfactory to them they undressed the lower part of my body. They connected wires to my fingers and my penis. The electric shocks caused unbearable pain. The durations of the shocks were almost the same. This session lasted for about 15 minutes, then they untied my arms and

took me down. I was unable to dress myself. I could not even walk alone. They dressed me, then two of them took me by the arms to where I had been hung before . . . and, after some beating, they went away, leaving me hanging

[During a change of shift he managed to rip off the notice on his back.] I had to look through a narrow slit underneath the blindfold to see what was written on it. This is what I could read: "To be banned from water, bread, sleep and toilet." It was impossible to hide or throw away the piece of paper. If they saw it, God knows what they would do. The best thing I could think of doing at that moment was to swallow it. And so I did.

[He was later beaten unconscious for removing the notice.]

Once, I was the "starter" for a new torture session immediately after a change of shift. Two men dragged me into a torture chamber. The torturers had already taken their places and were waiting for their victims. God only knows in which country they had been trained, how many years of their lives they had given to master all those torture methods. In their coarse and loud voices they told me: "You son of a bitch, you take up too much of our time and you worry us a lot. There are only two things that you can do: either give us decent, correct answers, or you die!"

This time they produced a different question, or rather statement. They told me somebody had already told them that I was a member of the Socialist Party of Turkish Kurdistan (TKSP) I told them that I had no idea what they were talking about They undressed me again, took off everything I had on and made me lie down on a big piece of ice. Then they poured ice-cold water all over me, and started beating me again with truncheons and wooden canes. I was completely numb all over my body. I could not feel the pain of the ice, of the ice-cold water and of the beatings

My body was gradually losing its normal balance due to the days of severe tortures, hunger, thirst and sleeplessness. My hearing was impaired. I could not feel any pain, or felt very little pain and almost forgot about my other needs. I could gather from the voices, screams, groans and moans that I heard that I was by no means the only one in this position. There were many who had lost their mental balance, who were not aware of what they were saying and did not know who and what they were facing. Somebody with the initials P.E. had been struggling with death on the concrete floor for days

I did not know any longer when and how the shifts changed. I was exhausted. I woke up when the next shift started the tortures

When I opened my eyes I was lying on the concrete floor of a cell. My whole body was swollen and felt like a wooden stick. There I was lying on the floor, alone with my wounds and scars. It seemed I had been

promoted from continuous hanging to the cell, which was relatively better . . .

In the cell, we were given a quarter of a loaf of bread, two or three olives and occasionally about one ounce of halva once in 24 hours. We had to pay 100 Turkish lira for this food. Every day more and more people were brought in for torture. Every day one or two were taken to my cell. I did not stay in the cell for a long time. The last day I was there seven of us were in the cell . . . Sometimes they blindfolded us and ordered us to sign some documents of which we did not know the contents.

[In mid-December 1980 he was transferred to Mamak and after that to Diyarbakir Military Prison. Beatings in both places were routine, he says, but Diyarbakir was "much worse".] All practices there were absolutely ruthless and pitiless . . . In Diyarbakir Military Prison No. 5 hundreds of prisoners had their bones broken . . . [there] it is a luxury to be beaten with a truncheon - the truncheon isn't used. Instead they use the handles of shovels and pickaxes, and specially-made thick wooden sticks and chains for routine daily beatings . . .

Chapter IX

The following statement about her detention, torture and imprisonment was made to Amnesty International by Gülhan Tomak, a former prisoner who was detained in Ankara when she was 16. She says she was tortured at a centre used by the First Branch (political police) and later in civilian prisons in Iskenderun and Antakya.

Testimony

I was apprehended by the police on 13 June 1981 in Antakya. This is what happened. We, as a family, were invited to a wedding. I was at home with my father and four children; my mother was not at home. I didn't want to go to the wedding because my father was ill but, as he wanted me to go, I went with my elder sister who is married. About 20 minutes after our arrival my brother came and told me that my father wanted to see me. I was very worried in case he had died. My brother, who was 11 years old, looked very frightened and pale.

As soon as I was out of the house I was surrounded by a number of police. They hurriedly put me in a police car. I didn't understand what was going on. I didn't know why they were seizing me. They had frightened my brother so badly that he hadn't told me the police were waiting outside the building.

They started to swear at me and harass me in the car. When I asked why they were apprehending me and what I was accused of they said that I would find out at the First Branch [security police]. We went to a police station first. They said that I had better accept everything they said otherwise things would go very badly for me. They phoned the Martial Law Command, the Governor and a few other places and told them that they had seized an anarchist.

The police superintendent approached and handed to me the accusations: producing and handing out leaflets, communist propaganda, membership of an illegal organization, insulting the leaders of the state, agitating etc. I told him that I rejected them all because I had never been involved in any such activities. When he heard this he was

furious. He grabbed my hair and began to hit my head against the wall. He lost his temper and started to beat and kick me. When I fell down he trampled on me. He shouted like mad. Later he stopped and speaking quite calmly said: "Look my daughter you are very young; you have a good life ahead of you." (I was 16 then.) "If you accept these accusations you will live a happy life, otherwise it will be hell for you." He put a sheet of paper in front of me with 20 questions on it and gave me until 5 o'clock in the morning to answer them.

They came in the morning and read the papers. They didn't like my replies. "So you don't understand the meaning of words," they said. "It's up to you, you'll face the consequences." We left the police station and went to the First Branch. The first thing they did was to blindfold me. They asked me again whether I accepted, that is, accepted the charges or not. As I replied as before they started to hit my hands with their truncheons. I couldn't open my hands any more; my fingers kept closing. My right wrist was bleeding. The skin started to peel off. This time, they hit my fingers and nails. They laid me on the floor and started *falaka*. I don't remember how long this went on. I lost consciousness after a while. When I came round and opened my eyes I saw five or six of them in the room. I was still lying on the floor. One of them was massaging my swollen feet.

When they saw that I had regained consciousness, they blindfolded me again. They forced me to run around the room for some time then started up the *falaka* again. I lost consciousness yet again. When I came round they told me I could think it over until next morning. If I did not accept, they would go further with torture. Then they handcuffed me to the water pipe on the wall, my feet barely touching the floor. Then they left me and went into another room to torture other people. I could hear hair-raising screams.

I tried to prepare myself for the morning session, but I was so exhausted I couldn't stand; most of the time I was left suspended by the wrists. In the morning they brought a 19-year-old youth into the room. They undressed him, hung him on the wall and started to hit him with their truncheons. They hit him hard on the shoulders, arms and legs and especially on his penis and testicles. He screamed as though he were being torn to pieces. After a while they stopped hitting him and started administering electric shocks to various parts of his body - ears, lips, tongue, armpits, nipples and penis. Sometimes they increased the voltage, sometimes decreased it. The youth could not stand it and fainted. They took him off the hook from which he was hanging and laid him on the floor. All over his body where the electric shocks had been administered were burns. I knew that in a minute I was going to go through the same thing. They took him away; then it was my turn.

They took me off the hook. After undressing me, they started

inflicting the same tortures, one by one. Sometimes I lost consciousness. The inner parts of my body hurt as though they were about to break apart. I felt very thirsty because of the electric shocks which burned various parts of my body. I still have the burn marks on my fingers and other parts of my body. I couldn't stand upright. They pushed me into a corner of the torture chamber. They brought in another girl. She too was naked. Her whole body was covered in black bruises, parts of her body were inflamed and her genitals were inflamed and torn to shreds from continuous electric shocks.

In this place human beings were distorted and deformed into other beings, anything but human. None of the men or women here looked like or in the least resembled a human being. Other people were brought into the torture room, one after the other. They were tortured before my very eyes then taken away. After each session they asked me if I had changed my mind, and when they heard my negative answer started torturing me again. Sometimes they kept me on the hook until I fainted; sometimes they administered electric shocks until I could neither shout nor scream. Later they used fresh methods: they started to stub out their cigarettes on my feet and cut my soles with razor blades. The marks of all of this are still there on my feet. For six days I didn't eat anything. I probably looked like a living skeleton. My teeth were clenched; they couldn't open my mouth. And when they couldn't get my mouth open they cursed me, saying I was deliberately not opening my mouth, and beat my head against the wall. This caused a large wound on my forehead which can still quite clearly be seen.

Finally they told me that that was the end of me. They rubber-stamped my hand and sent me to the maternity clinic. There I had to undergo a virginity test. They started trying to preach and influence me with moral arguments. Then they threatened me with rape. They continually abused me, both verbally and physically. The degree of torture increased each day. One day they brought a girl into the torture room. They grabbed her by her breasts and started to drag her along the floor by the breasts. The girl made sounds as though she were being strangled. Then they undressed her, put her in a lorry tyre and started to turn her with the tyre. After a while they stopped doing this. They bent her feet and tied her by the knees to a wire; then they started to stick their truncheons in her vagina. It was intolerable.

People were denied food and water. Screams and groans could be heard everywhere. A youth who had been at the centre for over two months knew his end had come. His ribs were broken and his lungs were torn. He was continuously vomiting blood. In a final session they hung him again on the hook and burned cotton wool under his feet so that his soles got burned and swollen. Then they took him off the hook and made him stand and run on the blisters under the soles of his feet. His voice

was just a faint moan. Next to him there was another young man in much the same horrible condition. They were both taken from that centre to the centre at Maraş.

Periodically my condition got worse because I had not eaten any food. I had black marks all over my body. I was eventually taken to hospital, but was soon brought back to the centre. Finally they fabricated a statement on my behalf and sent me to the Martial Law Command. I had spent 17 days in detention in the centre.

At the Martial Law Command I was put in a dormitory with 17 other women and girls aged 15 to 55. A 15-year-old girl was paralysed as a result of what she had seen at the centre. The others were trying to help her to walk. They [the police] were pursuing the 55-year-old woman's sons. They couldn't find them so they were holding and torturing the mother instead. Her arm was broken as a result of these tortures. The wrist of a 19-year-old girl had burst open due to continuous truncheon beatings. She tried to bandage her wrist with the help of some other women. The fingers of the 42-year-old woman were covered with black marks - electric shock burns.

The police could come any time to the Martial Law Command, pick out anybody they chose and take him or her back to the centre to torture. They took two girls from our dormitory. They returned completely done in. They screamed at night in their sleep because of the tortures they had undergone. The two youths who had been taken to the centre in Maraş previously had been murdered there. This incident was thus described by the press and television: two terrorists were found frozen to death during a search in some caves.

After two months at the Martial Law Command my arrest warrant arrived. I was removed and sent to prison. There were 45 of us in one room. The political prisoners had particularly restricted sleeping space, so they took it in turn to lie down to sleep. Five didn't fall asleep until 5.00 am when five people got up to make space for them. We had put two bunks side by side for eight women; each woman had to lie on her side and not move until morning.

In prison torture was inflicted by soldiers and sergeants. The prison torture chambers were under our dormitory. One day they started torturing somebody at 11.00 pm; this person was screaming so horribly that we started crying. The screams continued for five hours until 4.00 am, then they stopped. Two girls, aged 14 and 15, fainted with horror at the sounds they heard. Later that morning we gathered from the guards, who had themselves taken part in the session, that they had tortured a 42-year-old man accused of smuggling. At first they administered electric shocks. They increased the voltage when he kept repeating that he was not guilty, then they stuck thin sticks down his fingernails. This went on for hours, and at last he couldn't stand it any longer and fell

down on the floor unconscious. The head sergeant who was supervising the torture couldn't control himself and started to pull out the man's fingernails - then realized that he was already dead because he didn't utter a sound. This incident too was kept secret.

As political prisoners we were taken every day to the prison authorities on some pretext to be beaten up one by one. Sometimes the head sergeant was drunk when he came into the dormitory, and took us all out into the yard, drew small circles on the ground and ordered us all to step into them. As we couldn't do the impossible he beat and beat us. Finally I and my nine friends were thrown into a cell. One of us had had tuberculosis for a long time. We were not allowed to go out to the toilet. We had to do it in a small gutter in the cell. We had no food while we were in the cell. We got only water. My friends stayed there for five days, I for seven. While there two of us became very ill. They took these two to hospital, gave them some serum and brought them back.

Before our time was up they took 15 more political prisoners from our dormitory to the cell. Because the cell was full, they put these people in the cubby-hole where they stored coal for the winter. When the five days were up my nine friends went back to the dormitory; I was left alone in the cell. So they put some of the others in the cell. We were obliged to lie on the floor, with our heads over the toilet gutter and our feet piled on top of each other. After two days (that is, at the end of seven days) they took me out of the cell and to the prison authorities. The head sergeant and the prison governor started to beat me as soon as I set foot inside the office. Then they inflicted *falaka* - beat the soles of my feet - for a while then took me back to my dormitory. My punishment was over for the time being.

A week later my nine friends and I, the first 10 to be thrown in the cell, received our court orders for exile. We got ready and we were taken to another town the same day. The new prison was no improvement on the previous one. The police could remove any prisoner they chose - he or she either died under torture or returned to prison with broken ribs, arms or legs, or a smashed face. Conditions were extremely bad. There were no bunks in the men's dormitory; everybody lay on the floor. As it was winter it was freezing cold. One of the prisoners with tuberculosis died there. All of us had various illnesses. I couldn't look at light. Sometimes my eyesight got blurred and I couldn't see at all. Later I had blood clotting in my legs. And my breasts were inflamed.

Finally I was brought to court where I described everything I had undergone and produced as evidence the medical certificates, obtained by my lawyer when I was in hospital, stating that I had been tortured. I told the court I was not guilty and did not accept the accusations. I demanded my release. The court had to release me.

Chapter X

A mother of two sent the following testimony to Amnesty International in 1984. She describes the arrest of her husband in September 1980 and his condition when she saw him 18 days later in hospital. He died there the following June. The widow's name is known to Amnesty International but is being withheld for her protection.

— Testimony —

On 12 September 1980 a military lorry full of soldiers came to our house. They took away my husband. When I asked them: "Where are you taking him? Why are you taking him?" they said: "Go and find out from the Martial Law authorities. We were ordered to take him away." I subsequently went to these authorities and repeated my questions. "Where is my husband? Why did you take him?" The captain on duty told me that they had orders to take away all TÖB-DER [Turkish Teachers' Association] leaders. They took my husband to military prison. When I went there, they wouldn't let me see him. They said: "He's not there. He's been taken to the political police." They told me he was to be interrogated.

I saw him 18 days later [in hospital]. He was unrecognizable. They had beaten him with sandbags and given him electric shocks on various parts of the body. They tortured him for 18 days and nights. His crime was to be the Chairman of the local TÖB-DER branch and a member of TSIP [Turkish Socialist Workers' Party - legal before the military coup].

He had lost so much blood that he had to be given serum . . . the doctors told me: "Don't bother, or you'll be in trouble as well. Your husband is going to die. We have been ordered not to do anything to save him."

[In June] I was talking to my husband for the last time. I couldn't keep back my tears. He asked me: "Why are you crying?" then added: "Who are we?" I told him that we were husband and wife and that we were

human beings. He looked around to see if there were any soldiers about, then with his head indicated the fire bucket standing in the corner. I went up to see what was there. I saw that the initials TSIP had been written in the sand in the bucket. When I came back to his bedside, he said: "What does it matter if another bit of flesh and bone is gone. They cannot kill humanity. Be brave. Take care of the children. I know that I am going to die."

Now I am left with two children, aged three and five . . .

My children, before they even started to live, began asking questions like: "What is death, Mum? Why did our father die? Isn't he going to come back at all? Why did the soldiers kill our dad?" They keep asking and asking!

Amnesty International — a worldwide campaign

In recent years, people throughout the world have become more and more aware of the urgent need to protect human rights effectively in every part of the world.

- Countless men and women are in prison for their beliefs. They are being held as prisoners of conscience in scores of countries—in crowded jails, in labour camps and in remote prisons.
- Thousands of political prisoners are being held under administrative detention orders and denied any possibility of a trial or an appeal.
- Others are forcibly confined in psychiatric hospitals or secret detention camps.
- Many are forced to endure relentless, systematic torture.
- More than a hundred countries retain the death penalty.
- Political leaders and ordinary citizens are becoming the victims of abductions, "disappearances" and killings, carried out both by government forces and opposition groups.

An international effort

To end secret arrests, torture and killing requires organized and worldwide effort. Amnesty International is part of that effort.

Launched as an independent organization over 20 years ago, Amnesty International is open to anyone prepared to work universally for the release of prisoners of conscience, for fair trials for political prisoners and for an end to torture and executions.

The movement now has members and supporters in more than 160 countries. It is independent of any government, political group, ideology, economic interest or religious creed.

It began with a newspaper article, "The Forgotten Prisoners", published on 28 May 1961 in *The Observer* (London) and reported in *Le Monde* (Paris).

Announcing an impartial campaign to help victims of political persecution, the British lawyer Peter Benenson wrote:

Open your newspaper any day of the week and you will find a report from somewhere in the world of someone being imprisoned, tortured or executed because his opinions or religion are unacceptable to his government. . . . The newspaper reader feels a sickening sense of impotence. Yet if these feelings of disgust all over the world could be united into common action, something effective could be done.

Within a week he had received more than a thousand offers of support—to collect information, publicize it and approach governments. The groundwork was laid for a permanent human rights organization that eventually became known as Amnesty International. The first chairperson of its International Executive Committee (from 1963 to 1974) was Sean MacBride, who received the Nobel Peace Prize in 1974 and the Lenin Prize in 1975.

The mandate

Amnesty International is playing a specific role in the international protection of human rights.

It seeks the *release* of men and women detained anywhere because of their beliefs, colour, sex, ethnic origin, language or religious creed, provided they have not used or advocated violence. These are termed *prisoners of conscience*.

It works for *fair and prompt trials for all political prisoners* and works on behalf of such people detained without charge or trial.

It opposes the *death penalty* and *torture* or other cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment of *all prisoners* without reservation.

Amnesty International acts on the basis of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and other international covenants. Amnesty International is convinced of the indivisibility and mutual dependence of all human rights. Through the practical work for prisoners within its mandate, Amnesty International participates in the wider promotion and protection of human rights in the civil, political, economic, social and cultural spheres.

Amnesty International does not oppose or support any government or political system. Its members around the world include supporters of differing systems who agree on the defence of all people in all countries against imprisonment for their beliefs, and against torture and execution.

Amnesty International at work

The working methods of Amnesty International are based on the principle of international responsibility for the protection of human rights. The movement tries to take action wherever and whenever there are violations of those human rights falling within its mandate. Since it was founded, Amnesty International groups have intervened on behalf of more than 25,000 prisoners in over a hundred countries with widely differing ideologies.

A unique aspect of the work of Amnesty International groups—placing the emphasis on the need for *international* human rights work—is the fact that each group works on behalf of prisoners held in countries other than its own. At least two prisoner cases are assigned to each group; the cases are balanced geographically and politically to ensure impartiality.

There are now 3,341 local Amnesty International groups throughout the world. There are sections in 43 countries (in Africa, Asia, the Americas, Europe and the Middle East) and individual members, subscribers and supporters in more than 120 other countries. Members do not work on cases in their own countries. No section, group or member is expected to provide information on their own country and no section, group or member has any responsibility for action taken or statements issued by the international organization concerning their own country.

Continuous research

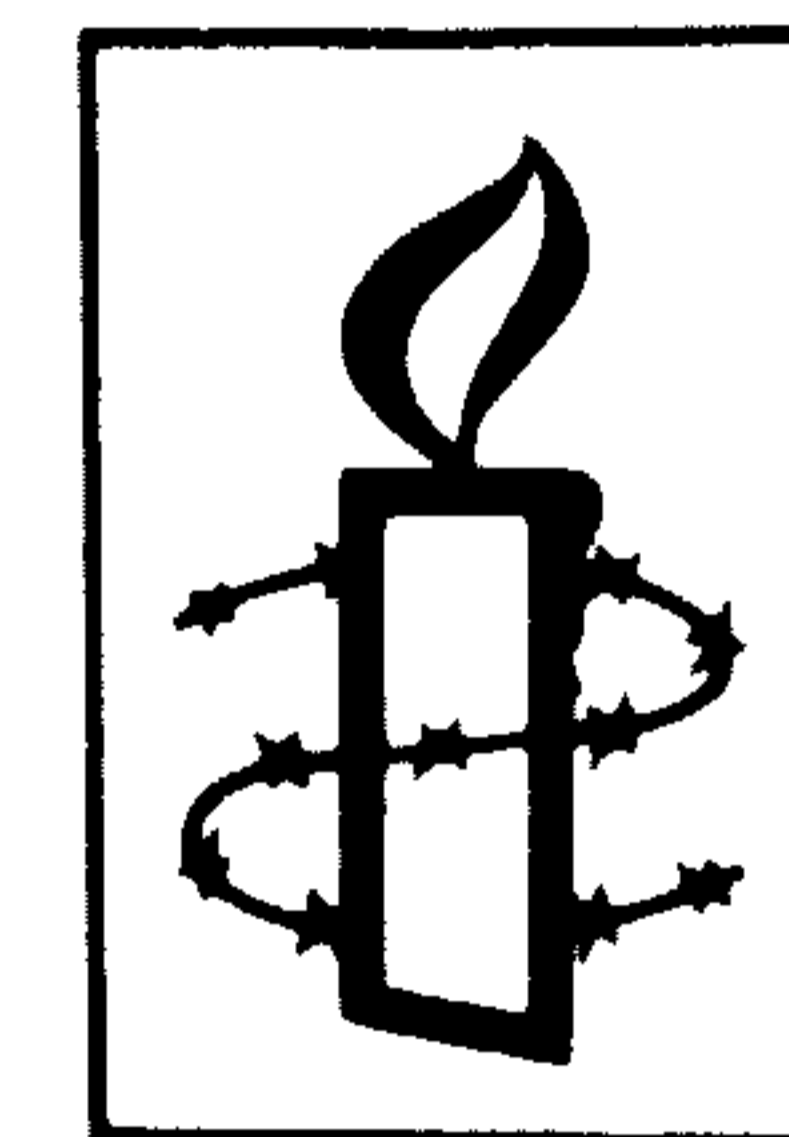
The movement attaches the highest importance to balanced and accurate reporting of facts. All its activities depend on meticulous research into allegations of human rights violations. The International Secretariat in London (with a staff of 175, comprising 30 nationalities) has a Research Department which collects and analyses information from a wide variety of sources. These include hundreds of newspapers and journals, government bulletins, transcriptions of radio broadcasts, reports from lawyers and humanitarian organizations, as well as letters from prisoners and their families. Amnesty International also sends fact-finding missions for on-the-spot investigations and to observe trials, meet prisoners and interview government officials. Amnesty International takes full responsibility for its published reports and if proved wrong on any point is prepared to issue a correction.

Once the relevant facts are established, information is sent to sections and groups for action. The members then start the work of trying to protect the individuals whose human rights are reported to have been violated. They send letters to government ministers and

embassies. They organize public meetings, arrange special publicity events, such as vigils at appropriate government offices or embassies, and try to interest newspapers in the cases they have taken up. They ask their friends and colleagues to help in the effort. They collect signatures for international petitions and raise money to send relief, such as medicine, food and clothing, to the prisoners and their families.

A permanent campaign

In addition to case work on behalf of individual prisoners, Amnesty International members campaign for the abolition of torture and the death penalty. This includes trying to prevent torture and executions when people have been taken to known torture centres or sentenced to death. Volunteers in dozens of countries can be alerted in such cases, and within hours hundreds of telegrams and other appeals can be on their way to the government, prison or detention centre.



Symbol of
Amnesty International

Amnesty International condemns as a matter of principle the torture and execution of prisoners by *anyone*, including opposition groups. Governments have the responsibility of dealing with such abuses, acting in conformity with international standards for the protection of human rights.

In its efforts to mobilize world public opinion, Amnesty International neither supports nor opposes economic or cultural boycotts. It *does* take a stand against the international transfer of military, police or security equipment and expertise likely to be used by recipient governments to detain prisoners of conscience and to inflict torture and carry out executions.

Amnesty International does not grade governments or countries according to their record on human rights. Not only does repression in various countries prevent the free flow of information about human rights abuses, but the techniques of repression and their impact vary widely. Instead of attempting comparisons, Amnesty International concentrates on trying to end the specific violations of human rights in each case.

Policy and funds

Amnesty International is a democratically run movement. Every two years major policy decisions are taken by an International Council comprising representatives from all the sections. They elect an International Executive Committee to carry out their decisions and super-

vises the day-to-day running of the International Secretariat.

The organization is financed by its members throughout the world, by individual subscriptions and donations. Members pay fees and conduct fund-raising campaigns—they organize concerts and art auctions and are often to be seen on fund-raising drives at street corners in their neighbourhoods.

Its rules about accepting donations are strict and ensure that any funds received by any part of the organization do not compromise it in any way, affect its integrity, make it dependent on any donor, or limit its freedom of activity.

The organization's accounts are audited annually and are published with its annual report.

Amnesty International has formal relations with the United Nations (ECOSOC), UNESCO, the Council of Europe, the Organization of African Unity and the Organization of American States.

Torture is widespread and systematic in Turkey. Anybody detained in the country for political reasons is at great risk.

Tens of thousands of people have been taken into custody since the military coup of September 1980, and the number of torture allegations and reports of death as a result of torture has increased dramatically. Today, five years later, , the worldwide human rights movement, continues to receive such reports.

"I loosened the blindfold and looked around..." , a former political prisoner told the organization in June 1984, "...the scene was horrific. People were piled up in the corridor waiting their turn to be tortured. Ten people were being led blindfold and naked up and down the corridor and were being beaten to force them to sing...others, who were incapable of standing, were tied to hot radiator pipes."

This report presents the detailed case histories of seven women and six men who give their harrowing personal testimony.