TRACING THE "DOCUMENT"

GENDER OF "REALITY" THROUGH THE SEPTEMBER 12 COUP

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Thesis Abstract

Hazal Halavut, "Tracing the 'Document': Gender of 'Reality' through September 12 Coup"

This thesis concerns the relationship between power and the document. Based on one-to-one interviews conducted with former members of illegal political organizations of the September 12 period in Turkey, it argues that there is a structural link between power and the document. Starting with the question "what do the documents document?" and then tracing the meaning of the document in various fields, it claims that there is always a gap between the document and the "reality" which it claims to document. This gap can never be closed but can be made invisible through various forms of power. For this reason the main problem becomes, who has the power to document. By tracing the document in the axes of the state, narrative and body, this study argues that the reality constructed by the document is always gendered and always masculine. Drawing on three stories about encounters with the state, it considers the state as a magical power which makes the gap between the document and reality invisible. Then, analyzing interviews about document forgery within leftist organizations of the September 12 period, it illustrates that not only the documents but the state itself was forged by these organizations. Comparing men's and women's interviews, this thesis demonstrates that men claim to document the reality of September 12 in their narratives. However, women are rendered invisible in such public narratives, and their own narratives, which cannot count as documents due to women's position in the margins, narrate silence and invisibility. As a result, the thesis imagines women's bodies as archives on which layers of documents, narratives, and violence are inscribed.

Tez Özeti

Hazal Halavut, "'Belge'nin İzinde: 12 Eylül Darbesi Üzerinden 'Gerçekliğin' Toplumsal Cinsiyeti"

Bu tez, iktidar ve belge arasındaki ilişkiyle ilgilenmektedir. 12 Eylül öncesi Türkiye'sinde, illegal politik örgütlenmelerde yer almış kişilerle yapılan mülakatlardan yola çıkılarak, iktidar ile belge arasında yapısal bir ilişki bulunduğu tartışılmaktadır. "Belgeler neyi belgeler?" sorusuyla başlanıp, çeşitli bağlamlarda belge'nin taşıdığı anlamın izi sürülerek, belgeyle, belgenin belgelediğini iddia ettiği gerçeklik arasında her zaman bir boşluk olduğu iddia edilmektedir. Bu boşluk hiç bir zaman kapanmaz; ancak çeşitli iktidar biçimleriyle görünmez kılınılabilir. Bu nedenle tez, temel olarak "kimin belgelemeye gücü var?" sorusunu sorar. Belgenin izini devlet, anlatı ve beden eksenlerinde süren bu çalışma, belgenin kurduğu gerçekliğin her zaman toplumsal olarak cinsiyetlendirilmiş ve erkek bir gerçeklik olduğunu iddia etmektedir. Öncelikle, devletle farklı bağlamlardaki karşılaşmaları hikâye eden üç anlatıya dayanarak, devleti belgeyle gerçeklik arasındaki boşluğu görünmez kılan büyülü bir iktidar olarak ele almaktadır. Sonra 12 Eylül öncesi sol örgütlenmelerdeki belge taklitçiliği anlatılarını analiz ederek, sadece belgelerin değil, aynı zamanda devletin de bu örgütler tarafından taklit edildiğini göstermektedir. Örgüt üyesi erkek ve kadın mülakatları karşılaştırılarak, bu çalışmada, erkeklerin, anlatılarında 12 Eylül'ün gerçekliğini belgelemeyi iddia ettikleri; kadınların ise bu tür kamusal anlatılarda görünmez kılınırken, marjinlerdeki pozisyonları sebebiyle belge sayılmayan kendi anlatılarında, sessizlik ve görünmezliği anlattıkları tartışılmaktadır. Sonuç olarak tez, kadınların bedenlerini, üzerlerine katman katman belgenin, anlatının ve şiddetin kazındığı arşivler olarak tahayyül etmektedir.

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER 1

INTRODUCTION

document
- *noun / a piece of written, printed, or electronic matter that provides information or evidence.*
- *verb /to record in written or other form.*

— ORIGIN Latin documentum 'lesson, proof', from docere 'teach'.

Oxford English Dictionary

This study concerns the relationship between power and the document. Based on one-to-one interviews conducted with former members of illegal political organizations, I argue that there is structural link between power and the document. Starting with the question "what do the documents document?" and tracing the meaning of "document" in various fields, I will try to display that there is always a gap between the document and the *reality*[1] which it claims to document. I will argue that this immanent gap between the document and reality can never be closed but can only be made invisible through various forms of power.

Seventy years ago, in 1939, Benjamin declared that "There has never been a document of culture, which is not simultaneously one of barbarism". I will argue that the document as a mean of constructing the reality -rather than as an evidence of it-, simultaneously becomes a mean of domination and exclusion. Therefore, the

[1] Throughout this study I will use the concept of reality as a discursive construction. Since the document provides information or evidence for a certain event, the document also provides the mentioned event to be *real*. Hence, rather than their Lacanian conceptualizations , I use "real" as a discursive claim and "reality" as the sum of dominant discursive claims of the "real".

question of "who has the power to document?" takes the place of the question "what do the documents document?"

This study is an ethnography which traces the document in the realm of the state, the narrative and the body. I will try to *document* this tracing, by my own story of constituting the subject and content of this study. Starting from my initial concerns about the documents, I will narrate the changing meaning of the document due to my experiences in the field, step by step, in a consecutive order. Putting my research concerns and experiences in sequence will create my sense of reality for this study.

Studying "The State" Through the Military Coup

In recent years, there has been a wide discussion of the state in academia. Within social science literature, "the state" remained as an object of political science studies for many years. Mitchell (2006) examines post-war American political science literature and unites various discussions about the state under two main approaches: the political systems approach and the state-centered approach. The systems approach of the early 50's pointed to the difficulty of drawing clear boundaries of "the state" and attempted to eliminate the studies of the state in favor of a wider idea of "political systems". But the social and political climate of the 1960's brought a return to the idea and study of the state reviving the Marxist instrument theory of the state. All state-centered literature share a conception of the state "as a distinct entity, opposed to and set apart from a larger entity called society" (Mitchell 2006, p.147).

Actually it wasn't until Foucault's analysis of power that the idea of the state as a unitary center of power was vigorously challenged. "The discipline of political

science, along with other social sciences, in analyzing and describing the phenomenon of the state, has participated in discursively constructing 'the state' as a distinct entity with particular functions" (Sharma and Gupta 2006, p.9). Foucault challenged the notions of the state and the political by examining the system of power beyond the state. He asserted that "the State does not have an essence. The State is not universal; the State is not in itself an autonomous source of power. The State is nothing other than the effect, the outline, the moving cross section of a perpetual process of State formation, or perpetual processes of State formation" (2004, p.79). His analyses of bio-power and governmentality enabled a new understanding of power as a field of multiple forces. And this new understanding opened a new field of research for everyday forms of power which was neglected by state studies before.

Starting from the 80's sociologist and other scholars reflected on the state as an object of study by a remarkably different approach. One reason was that the effects of globalization and neo-liberalism challenged the traditional functions and roles of the state. The increasing dependency of national economies on transnational entities also helped strengthening the idea that modern states are weakening and decomposing. On the one hand, neoliberal transnational corporations, non governmental organizations (NGO's), security companies or aid organizations started to take up the state's role in the economy and politics scene (Troillot 2001, Gupta and Ferguson 2002, Gupta 2006). On the other hand shadow states, paramilitary death squads, criminal networks started to challenge the monopoly of state violence (Nugent 1999, Ellis 1999, Aretxaga 2000). However, recent anthropology literature on the modern states in the age of globalization revealed that "there is not a deficit of

state but an excess of statehood practices: too many actors competing to perform as state" (Aretxaga 2003, p.396).

Hence statehood or stateness became a field of focus in the studies of the state. How does the state become a screen for political desire? What kind of a political imaginary makes the state imitable? What kind of an imagination of the state renders the statehood a form of subjectivity? These questions both engender from and lead to the discussions about the concept of sovereignty, since the notion of an absolute sovereign was no more sufficient in order to explain the "intimate" relationship between the state and people. Foucault's concept of governmentality asserted a new kind of sovereign power dated to 18th century which depends on ordering and control of bodies and populations by a system of institutional regulations and practices instead of the formerly dominant concept of the absolute sovereign. He argued that, new institutions such as the clinic and the prison, new techniques of calculation such as statistics, surveying or census, the new tactics of discipline and punishment, the discourses about security and health; all of which has as it's target the population, and aim at making bodies legible and controllable (1991). So in order to understand and analyze this new form of sovereignty everyday life became one of the scenes of state studies since the encounters with state regulations and practices happen daily basis.

Another aspect of sovereignty has been discussed in terms of the Law. The conceptualization of the state of exception started with Schmitt with respect to his famous definition of the sovereign as "he who decides on the state of exception" (1985 [1922]). An idea of the sovereign that stands outside the Law by deciding on the state of exception was challenged by Benjamin in his "Theses on the Philosophy of History" by asserting that "the state of emergency in which we live is not an

exception but the rule" (Benjamin 1968, p.257). Agamben (2005) advanced the theory of state of exception by formulating modern states as the establishment of permanent state of emergency, so that lawfulness and unlawfulness became indistinguishable. In his theory, sovereignty presents itself as the law, which stands outside the law. "In this sense, to claim state sovereignty is to embody a juridical order that cannot be held accountable. The state in this sense is and is not the law" (Aretxaga 2003, p.405)

Based on this literature which I summarized very briefly how can one study the state in everyday level in a state of exception period? This was the initial question of this study. In a country like Turkey which has experienced three military coups in the last 50 years, is it possible to study the state during a military coup period by its mundane governmental routines? What kind of a state is constructed during the last military coup, 12th September 1980, with respect to one of its governmental routines, namely documentary practices?

September 12 Period

12th September[2] 1980 is obviously a crucial day in the history of Turkey, the day of the last military coup. The political atmosphere of the period, the high social tension, powerful struggles of workers and students and the increasing power of left organizations, parties and unions before the coup; and afterwards, the declaration of the state emergencies and the coup itself denotes the period as a "break" in the recent history of Turkey. I will argue that what seems as a break at first glance was actually the establishment of a coherent permanent state of emergency.

[2] Throughout this study, by the "12th September" expression I will address to the time period that covers before and after the coup, as the way it is commonly used in everyday language today.

Before the 12th September military coup, in December 1978, the government declared state of emergency in thirteen cities.[3] Until the coup six more cities were added to this list.[4] In 12th September 1980 the military government declared the state of emergency in forty eight cities until March 1984. Forty eight cities were under the state of emergency for almost 4 years. Although he defined the state of exception "as the suspension of the entire existing juridical order" Schmitt (1985 [1922]) argued that "the state of exception is always something different from anarchy and chaos, in a juridical sense, an order still exists in it, even if it's not a juridical order" (p. 13). If there was any order during the 12th September, it was the order of a "law-making violence".

Benjamin (2006 [1921]) defines two types of violence: law-making and law-preserving. "The law itself is somewhat about the monopoly of violence. Law's interest in a monopoly of violence vis-à-vis individuals is explained not by the intention of preserving legal ends but, rather, by the intention of preserving the law itself; that violence, when not in the hands of the law, threatens it not by the ends that it may pursue but by its mere existence outside the law" (p. 239). When one considers the official justification arguments of the military coup Benjamin's statement appear quite clear.

The military explained and justified the coup mainly by the discourse of chaos and anarchy. Left wing and right wing political groups were in armed conflict with each other. "Tens of people were dying in armed conflicts everyday". "People were afraid to walk in the streets because of the conflicts". "One had turned on to his

[3] Adana, Ankara, Bingöl, Elazığ, Erzincan, Erzurum, Gaziantep, İstanbul, Kars, Malatya, Kahramanmaraş, Sivas, Şanlıurfa.
[4] İzmir, Diyarbakır, Hakkari, Mardin, Siirt, Tunceli.

own brother". "The country was in total chaos and anarchy".[5] These were the main justification discourses of the military government.[6] Law was in danger because people were making their own law. In order to preserve the law the military took over the government. It doesn't matter how much violence they used in order to control the violence which leftists and rightists were using against each other. Since the violence is in the monopoly of Law it was already justified.

The military coup period can be considered as the scene of law-preserving violence at the beginning but in time it also gained the characteristic of law-making violence. Once the military took the monopoly of violence again and accomplished its law-preserving mission, it started to enhance permanent technologies of repression. Forty eight cities under the state of siege for four years obviously mean more than law-preserving. "Security controls" was one of the main technologies of law-making violence since the security control could be held in any time any where during the state of siege. New laws dictated a perfect obedience to the authority and constant security control was a constant reminder of this very fact. Bodies were divided into legal bodies and illegal bodies. Security controls (id checks) aimed to capture those illegal bodies. Since more than 1.5 million people are considered to be blacklisted during the coup period these security controls, id checks appear as a crucial process in order to understand the everyday experience of the state of exception.

In light of Schmitt's, Benjamin's and Agamben's arguments one can say the 12th September, as a state of exception period constituted its own order. Despite the fact that the juridical claim of the coup was "preserving" the law it was actually a

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[6] T.C Devlet Başkanı Orgeneral Kenan Evren'in Söylev ve Demeçleri – 1981. Başbakanlık Basımevi, 2000.

period of making the law. The new law that the military established by means of "exceptional" ordering of everyday life was "elimination of entire categories of citizens who cannot be integrated into the political system"(Agamben 2005). The new order that the military constituted depended on the creation of a permanent state of emergency.

How was this permanent state of emergency established, in which ways? I have already noted the significance of security controls which (re)produces legal versus illegal bodies over documentary practices. This is one of the main concerns of this study. Despite many other regulative technologies to render the state of emergency new order, naked power revealed itself by mass arrests and mass custodies, disappearances, imprisonments, prevalent torture and murders. However, dealing with the 12th September only by the physical violence that was exercised might prevent us from understanding the subjectivities of the political agents that were constituted in this process.

The 12th September comes up quite often at media, at cinema, literature, at civil rights organizations' campaigns or meetings and at academia in the recent years. There is a public discourse about "confronting the 12th September" which involves unearthing the "truths" about the coup and rehearsing its damage on people and society. Tens of novels, prison memoirs, torture narratives concerning the 12th September are written and published. There are many movies and even soap operas about the 12th September. There are numerous civil rights organizations which aim to confront the 12th September, and one of them is indeed called the "Confrontation Organization" (*Yüzleşme Derneği*). Journalists, politicians, academics are examining the period from various perspectives in their publications.

Two common aspects of these various fields all of which aim to "confront the 12th September" are significant to cover; one, the idea that there is a "hidden reality" behind the coup that must be uncovered, that must be reached. And two, the dead bodies, the tortured bodies, the imprisoned bodies, dispersed families, namely the victims of the military coup must be rehearsed one by one, so that the society comes to confront what had happened then. Such a powerful discourse has concrete effects. First of all, the idea of some secret information, some hidden reality behind the closed doors of the state that can/should be reached, reproduces and augments state's mystifying power. Secondly, the rehearsal of the victims of the coup through a victimization discourse, by ignoring their political subjectivities, objectifies these people before the one and only subject, the State.

It is true that during the 12th September period hundreds of thousands people were arrested, thousands were tried, tortured, hundreds of people were killed, over five hundred people were under the penalty of death and fifty of them were executed, more than seventeen thousand people were deprived of citizenship and more than thirty thousands people are considered to have escaped from the country, most of them by "illegal" ways (Çelik 2008, Mavioğlu 2006, Kürkçü 2005). When the people and lives are "numbered" and listed consecutively like this they create an effect. Moreover, people who were involved in politics before the 80's and suffered in various ways from the military coup are commonly represented as innocent, hopeful and rebellious, in media, television and cinema. These popular culture products create a representation of political agents of the 12th September as "good fellows". In other words, their political beings are framed by an apolitical discourse. When this representation of good fellows comes together with the numeric confrontation with

the 12th September they together victimize and thus objectify the political actors of the period.

For these reasons, the starting point of my research was studying the state in the 12th September from a different perspective; a perspective that could enable me to involve political agents to the study.

Towards A Thesis Subject

What's one's relation to official documents? "How these documents become embodied in forms of life through which ideas of subjects and citizens come to circulate among those who use these documents?" (Das and Poole 2004, p. 19) In Turkey starting with birth registration, identity card becomes the main official document in one's life. One can register to the school, go to the hospital, get driving license, open a bank account, enter various institutional exams, get married, get divorced etc. only after showing her/his identity card. For example, TDK (Turkish Language Institution) gives examples of official documents as following: release document, education document, certificate of authority, poverty document, employment certificate, identity card, residence certificate, character evidence, student certificate and service compliance certificate.[7]

Despite the fact that every state depends on documentary practices to a certain degree, states have their own systems of documentary practices. In case of Turkey and Turkish state documents that are in circulation among the citizens are numerous. In order to have a specific service from a specific state institution one has to prove one's position of being able to get that service with a certain amount of

[7] Aklama belgesi, öğrenim belgesi, yetki belgesi, yoksulluk belgesi, çalışma belgesi, kimlik belgesi, oturma belgesi, iyi hal belgesi, öğrenci belgesi ve yeterlilik belgesi.

documents which are given by different institutions of the state. For example in order to get a poverty document one has to get poverty document application form the headman of the district (*muhtar*), a special kind of certificate from the birth registration office which shows the applicant's whole family members' statuses (*vukuatlı nüfus kayıt örneği*), stamps proving applicant's in needy position taken from real estate recording office, the office of the mayor, tax department, one of the social security institutions and police department. One has to go to seven different state institutions and get the "signature of the state" from each of them in order to apply for poverty document.

What do these seven different state institutions do with their stamp on a poverty document application form? I argue that rather than merely proving one's poverty, they create a category of poverty. Each stamp is an official signature. Since a person has to get these seven signatures in order to apply for a poverty document, rather than a signature being a sign of the state's witnessing on person's "reality", signatures function as making the state's witnessing the only "reality." The state doesn't ask for the proof of poverty by documents. It creates a certain type of poverty in which one has to fit in order to get a poverty document. The person that is applying for a service is not legible to the state in terms of her/his actual existence. What is legible to the state is its own reality that it creates with a stamp.

Troulliot (2001) suggests that "the state's legibility effect is the production of both a language and a knowledge for governance and of theoretical and empirical tools that classify and regulate collectivities" (p. 126). And the state keeps this language and knowledge only for itself. Not only applying for certain services of state institutions but also researching and studying them necessitates state's signature. Zengin (2007), in her master thesis about women sex workers in İstanbul

notes the difficulties she had when talking to licensed sex workers and state officials. While constituting her thesis upon the silence she encountered she describes how she was asked for official documents which prove that she's eligible to talk to women and the impossibility of getting these permission documents. She argues that "not only the knowledge that is produced as a result of various institutional practices, but also the knowledge that would be gained by a direct relation with women is considered as an asset of the state. The ownership of that signature determines who can speak of the matter and who cannot and produces and reproduces institutional hierarchy." (p. 20)

There is an incline about considering everyday governmental routines outside of the political sphere. In contrast everyday governmental routines such as documentary practices have a crucial role in the very construction of the political sphere. "In what ways do people talk about and act on these forms government practices? Through what genres are narratives and knowledge of the state or the government circulated? How do these genres relate to more elaborate languages of political contention and the style in which state and governmental authority is imagined" (Hansen and Stepputat 2001, p. 9). If everyday governmental routines such as documentary practice have such effects and outcomes, what about forgery? What are the effects and outcomes of document forgery in terms of state's power? While starting to the fieldwork my aim was to engage with discussions about the state and its *mythic* power by looking at the documentary practices of 12th September period, as they were used both by the state and illegal organizations.

However rather than this theoretical framework, the field itself determined the subject and content of this research project. It is often said that in a good research the data should call for the theory rather than vice versa. I don't know if it is ever

possible for any researcher to stick on the initial questions and assumptions after facing the field. In the next chapter I will describe my field experience from the very start as a process which slowly constituted the subject and content of this study. Even at times I was sticking on my initial assumptions stubbornly and not really hearing what people were telling me, the data of the field was inherently accumulating somewhere in my mind, waiting for me to act upon. When at last I started to hear the people and the field, I faced the difficulty of doing justice to what I heard.

CHAPTER 2

"THE DOCUMENTS" IN THE FIELD

Field Entry and the Methodology

In the beginning, I wasn't really sure if I was going to find anyone that will accept to talk to me about her/his own experiences of forgery even though these experiences occurred thirty years ago. I didn't know where to look at, whom to contact with. I knew that my uncle who was a former TKP (Communist Party of Turkey) member was somehow involved in the forgery process within TKP. My mother enjoys saying that we still have one or two stamps somewhere at home remaining from those times. She was a member of İKD (Progressive Women Organization) which was the women department of TKP and my father was a member of İGD (Progressive Youth Organization), the youth department of TKP. They weren't really interested in politics; rather they were following my uncle who has a strong charisma in the family. I remember that my uncle was bringing people to our house. They were staying with us for a while and leaving. The years must have been 1986-87. It wasn't until I was 12 or 13 that I figured out that those people were staying with us while their documents were being prepared, before leaving the country. At the time it was an exciting, mysterious discovery for me, and one more reason to admire my uncle. I don't know how much this family background led to this research topic but it certainly was the reason for me to recognize the presence of

document forgery as an issue within the illegal leftist organizations of the 70's and 80's. However, I didn't want to talk to my uncle about forgery when I started the research. I knew he likes to keep things for himself; his mystique is the essence of his charisma. But he indirectly helped me with the research because stating my family's involvement in TKP before beginning the interviews eased my conversations with former members of TKP and also of other organizations. I was often introduced to people by statements like "her uncle was from us" or "her parents were from TKP".

As a start, I informed some friends who were involved in politics at various organizations or parties about the fact that I was looking for someone to interview, who forged documents or used forged documents during the 12th September period. I also informed people whose parents were members of illegal organizations before 12th September. But I couldn't get any results until a friend of mine, Mehmet told me that he personally knows Veysi Sarısözen -who is a publicly known political figure within the Left- and that he could ask for his help. Veysi Sarısözen was one of the leaders of the TKP. He had to get out from Turkey after the coup, and lived abroad for years. He continued his political career after returning to Turkey in different organizations and is still involved in politics. When Mehmet asked him for his advice he willingly helped and gave him a contact number. That's how I met Ali[8] who became the central figure of this study and an important character in my life since then.

It was June 2007 when I first met Ali. Mehmet and I went to his workplace in Bayrampaşa, Veysi Sarısözen had already informed him about our visit. Ali runs his own business in a small textile atelier. He welcomed us in front of the door and invited us to his small office separated by a glass panel from the five workers who

[8] Throughout this study I will use pseudonyms except for some publicly known people I interviewed.

work in there. Before starting the interview he ordered tea for all of us, and then opened his small notebook. While waiting for the tea he asked us some questions and wrote the answers carefully down to his notebook. He first asked how we knew Veysi Sarısözen, from where. Mehmet replied him. When he found out that I was the researcher, he started to ask other questions: my name and surname, my father's and mother's names, the town I was from, my department at the university, the name of the professor that I was working with. When he looked at the notes he took, my surname and my hometown matched with some social codes he had in mind, and he asked me if I was an Alevi. When I said "yes" he asked me if my parents were leftist. This is the time that I opened my treasure box and told him about my family's background. There was clearly something softening in the air. He wrote my uncle's name down. Then came the hardest question; he asked the purpose of my study. At the time I didn't know that this question was going to be the toughest part of my fieldwork. But the choice I unknowingly made that day while answering this question became my way of handling this difficulty throughout the whole field work. In order to explain why I wanted to learn about document forgery I needed to explain the whole theoretical process about the state studies that led me to the forgery issue. So, I did.

Starting with this first interview, I explained the purpose of my study in detail before starting my interviews. When the purpose of my study started to change I started to explain it from my beginning point and narrated how and why my project has changed. At times I was confused about my thesis subject, I tried to explain the reasons of my confusion. This was one of my strategies to handle the troubles of my position as a researcher. Simply, I was trying to be honest. This strategy sometimes worked well, and opened up fruitful discussions. And sometimes it just didn't make

any sense. On one occasion, for example, my informant said “I didn’t understand the half of what you said”. I had two main difficulties in explaining my study subject. First of all I had to explain why documents were important for me and why I wanted to hear about them, whether real or forged. Secondly, I didn’t want to intervene people’s narratives by questions, and push them to my study subject. My solution was explaining my concern about the documents as the way I had it in my mind before the interview started and then let them tell me whatever they wanted. I will dwell on this issue wider in the following parts.

Let me go back to the very first day that I met Ali. After I explained the purpose of my study Ali seemed relieved. Later, I found out that he had a bad interview experience with some journalists which made him suspicious about interviews. But he talked about the significance of Veysi Sarısözen for the country; he mentioned his theoretical genius and respectable personality. He clearly stated that he was going to help me as best as he can for I had a reference from Veysi Sarısözen. Thus this reference that I got from a person whom I never personally met enabled me to get in a network of political subjects of the 70’s and 80’s.

Our interview lasted for 3 hours. Soon I got used to long interviews. Every interview that I conducted in this first network, developed around current political issues of Turkey. Also, starting from the very first day by Ali’s interview my study subject started to change shape. Ali was a former TKP member. He was in charge with document forgery. After the military coup he ran out of the country and lived in East Berlin for ten years. That was all I could get about his personal story. Other than that, he told me about the TKP and the political atmosphere of the period. Actually his narrative was an evaluation of the TKP, its structure, its accomplishments and its

failures. Moreover, his narrative was a critic of the leftist movement in Turkey. Often quoting Marx and Lenin he also reflected on how such struggles should be handled.

In the end of three hours when I thanked him for the interview he replied me "there is nothing to thank yet, we have just started". Before I asked for it, he offered to arrange some other interviews and wanted me to be at his office at the same time the next day. The second day, when I got there another former TKP member was waiting for me. He used to work in laboratories of the TKP that was founded for forgery in the beginning of 70's. Ali was kind enough to leave us alone during the interview. He later told me that he doesn't want to have any influence on other people's interviews so that *real* problems can come out. It was surprising to see how similar my second interview was with Ali's interview, in spite of hi s absence. The same day Ali wanted to arrange an interview with another TKP member. I asked him if he could arrange an interview with any other organization's member. He phoned someone from HK (Organization for People's Liberty) and told him the "purpose" of my study: He said that I aimed at "uncovering the reality of 'their' movement". I must note that I wasn't self-conscious or critical about what was going on then. My concern was that Ali understood me and my study wrong. And so he was imposing me the responsibility of uncovering the reality which he felt had remained hidden. I had to fix this misunderstanding immediately.

I told Ali that my purpose was not reaching at some reality about left movement but rather understanding the operation state power in 12th September period, maybe from an unconventional perspective. He responded to me by explaining the significance of my study for them. And by "them" he was mentioning a specific group of people, all former members of the TKP, gathered together in the e-mail group of TÜSTAV (Organization of Research of Turkey's Social History). In

the e-mail group -which Ali wanted me to join- they were holding discussions about the TKP. I never became a member of the e-mail group, but from that day until today Ali keeps forwarding me all the e-mails that he finds important. Some of them were really helpful.

After two more interviews arranged by Ali, one with a former member of HK and the other one with another TKP member I had to give a break to my fieldwork for I was going to Canada with a student exchange program. Before I left, Ali wanted to introduce me to Ömer who was also a former TKP member, and who is much respected in their environment for not having breaking down (*çözülmek*) under severe torture. We met at a coffee shop in Taksim. I noticed that Ömer already knew about me and my study. There, Ali wanted me to describe Ömer the recent theories on state studies which I had described him on the first day of our interview. Although I was surprised and got nervous I tried to do my best. Ömer took notes while I was talking. Then he asked some questions and we started a discussion about the state. I found out that he was writing a book and that's why he wanted to know about the recent theories of the state. But he also advised me to depend on the "basics" and recommended me to read Marx and Lenin.

Both Ömer and Ali were "improving themselves" -this is the way they put it-, and wanted to know about what the "youth was doing" –again their statement-. They wanted me to bring them some translated articles and books about recent theories of the state. I was excited and happy for being in that kind of exchange relationship with them which –I thought- was helping me to overcome the troubles of my position as a researcher to a certain degree.

While I was in Canada for eight months Ali and I kept our contact by e-mails. As soon as I returned to İstanbul in August 2008 he wanted to see me. There had

been some serious discussions within their e-mail group when I was away and he wanted to inform me about them. TÜSTAV has been publishing a set of books under the name "Yellow Notebook" (*Sarı Defter*) which are all memoirs of former TKP members. As far as I understood the discussions stem from the nature of the memoir. When a new memoir is published it doesn't only involve the writer's experience but also involves many others', from the perspective of the writer. Some of the discussions I witnessed were about persons who have broken down in torture and gave information about the organization. The other ones were about goals that were accomplished or were failed to be accomplished. There exist serious divisions in relation to around these issues. Although at some point I did realize that these divisions were not only about the memoirs but had deeper background within the TKP, I must admit that I still don't know about the background. I only know that the persons that I was introduced to by Ali, were sided with Ali, in their evaluations.

I conducted two more interviews that were arranged by Ali, one with a former DEV-YOL (Revolutionary Way) member and the other with another TKP member. After these two interviews I started to feel some ambiguity about the study and about my relationship with Ali. I started to feel like I had lost my autonomy. I wasn't able to interview the persons I would like to but rather I was circulating in Ali's network of people. All my interviews were somehow similar to each other. I was gathering narratives about the histories of organizations, the problems of the leftist movement, the direction of true Marxism and Leninism. The stories about documents were only covering ten or fifteen minutes of the three-hour long interviews. The personal experiences were only a tithe of the interviews. I was feeling like I lost my direction if I ever had one, but I still wasn't able to express the reason of my disturbance.

In December, Ali invited me to a brunch meeting at Taksim. TÜSTAV was organizing the event. The ninth book of the Yellow Notebook was published and there was going to be a discussion about the book with its writer. Because I am going to describe this meeting in detail in the fourth chapter, I won't dwell long on it here. There were almost a hundred people at the brunch. Groups of people were sitting together at the tables. While Ali was taking me to some tables and introducing me to people, I was noticing that there were certain tables which we weren't stopping by. After the brunch, the writer of the book gave a short speech and then the discussion started. I stayed there for almost four hours. And I lost all my motivation to continue my research in those four hours.

The atmosphere of the brunch meeting is vivid in my memory. I can name certain things that bothered me there but I can't really explain the feeling of it. However, the feeling was so strong that I didn't want to see or talk to Ali and other people I knew through Ali for sometime. At this point, I won't go into the discussions about the position of the researcher, or about her/his necessary distance to the "object of study". I believe in the validity of these discussions as far as the researcher's intervention to people's lives go. In that case the researcher's position or distance can be and should be problematized and discussed. However, I don't believe in a professionalism which rejects the researcher's emotional or personal attachment to people with whom s/he is conducting the research or her/his attachment to the object of study. Throughout this research I had personal/emotional attachments to the people I interviewed and with to my subject of study. Instead of ignoring these personal experiences I prefer to include them into the study. To be honest, rather than theoretical schools, my personal experiences determined the path of this study.

I had started my research by the intention to understand state power in terms of its documentary practices. In that brunch meeting, when people around me were discussing for four hours who had broken down under torture and who had not, who did accomplish the unionization in *his* region and who did not, who was drawing information to the police and who was more loyal, I lost the sense of time and place. I knew some of those people for more than a year; I had conducted interviews with them about “the state”, I intended to understand “the state” through their experiences. And the state had never been so present for me as it was in that room. But there was something else in that room which bothered me, which covered all the space in the room and left no space to breath. Masculinity was materialized. And it isn’t just because the only woman involved to the discussion was the writer’s daughter and she was silenced immediately as I will describe in detail in chapter four. Masculinity was materialized in the language in such a way that any woman in that room could never have any access to it.

The holy union of the state and masculinity that I witnessed in the brunch meeting led me to women. I hadn’t conducted a single interview with women since I started the research. The main reason for that was that there were no women in charge of document forgery in any illegal organization, at least as far as Ali knew. Anyway, I got numbers of some women who were involved in politics before 12th September. My friend Senem with whom I was sharing my entire field and research experience got these women’s numbers for me from Nilgün Yurdalan who is a feminist activist. I mention certain names in purpose, because I came to understand by this research the particularity and subjectivity of the network of people that one

situates herself/himself in. In the beginning of my research I got into Ali's network of people and I had a certain experience with them. The women I reached through Nilgün also constitute a network, a certain network of women who were involved in politics during 12th September and who are still involved today. I had a totally different experience with these women.

The first woman I contacted was Leman Yurtsever who had worked for İHD (Human Rights Organization) for many years and is now working for an office which gives judicial support to the people that were raped or sexually harassed under police custody (*Gözaltında Taciz ve Tecavüz Hukuki Yardım Bürosu*). We met in her office. I told her the story of my research from the beginning. I told her my very first concern about documents and forgery, and how I thought I could understand state power through them. I told her the structures of the interviews I have conducted and how they all depended on organizational histories, involving very little personal experience. I told her about the dominant issues that came up in my interviews such as breaking down in torture or "resisting" the torture. And at last I told her about the brunch meeting and how I realized the masculinity of the language and of the discussing subjects. After listening to me carefully she said "of course, who was man enough, that's the whole issue". She also said that she would be pleased to help me for finding women to interview so that I could find out the 'truth'. I had become so familiar with the discourse of reaching or uncovering the truth or the reality (they are both used) since I started to my research that I didn't raise any objection to her expression. However, I was getting closer to consider the document as a metaphor which helps to understand the relationship between power and *reality*.

Leman told me about their office. It was founded in 1995 by four lawyers in scope of the Project of Judicial Support against Sexual Harassment and Rape in

Police Custody (*Gözaltında Cinsel Taciz ve Tecavüze Karşı Hukuki Yardım Projesi*). Eren Keskin who is a lawyer and a publicly recognized advocate of human rights came up with the idea of the project as a result of her experiences in political trials. In Turkey, sexual harassment and rape in police custody is not a rare situation, it is indeed a common form of torture. Although the victims are mostly women, there are also men who are victims of harassment and rape. In Kurdistan region rape and sexual harassment are systematically applied forms of torture against Kurdish women as a war strategy in the last 30 years. Since the judicial support project started in 1995, most of the applications to the office are from Kurdish victims. However women sex workers, transvestites, transsexuals, gypsy women and activist women are also commonly harassed and sometimes raped under police custody.

Although the stories of sexual harassment and rape during the 12th September period are not publicized or commonly acknowledged, it is known that pervasive and heavy torture also involved sexual violence against women. Leman claimed that all the women that were taken in custody during the 12th September were sexually harassed if not raped. But they could never declare sexual violence even when they declared other forms of torture that they have been through: "These women are the victims of patriarchy as much as they are the victims of the state". She explained to me that the essential purpose of their project is to create a public consciousness among women against state-based sexual violence. Today, still the majority of women cannot testify rape or sexual harassment that they have been through.

"All of the women applied to us, were telling that they hesitate to talk about the harassment and rape they have been through; they were afraid to upset their fathers, husbands or brothers or they were ashamed. In the 10 years of this project, I have never met a woman who has been through sexual violence and kept it to herself

with the fear of 'upsetting her mother''' (Keskin 2006, p.13).[9] This quotation is from the book named "All is Real: State-based Sexual Violence" which was published by the office in 2006. I will dwell on this book and some others in chapter four.

The book named "All is Real", Ali's and his friends' wish of reaching the "naked reality" of the leftist movement and Leman's reference to "finding out the truths" by interviewing women; all these were pondering my mind. I started to feel like I was surrounded by different realities, each pulling me to its side by claiming to be the *real* reality. But it was only after I started interviewing women that I realized that there 'really' was a competition over *reality.* The women I interviewed with were not involved in this competition.

My first interview with a woman devastated me personally and everything I had in mind about my research, structurally. However, I will not use her story in this study for the reasons I will discuss in chapter four. After this interview I started to search for books on 12th September that were written by women writers. I collected novels, prison memoirs, torture memoirs, all kinds of published narratives of women. There were only a few novels and one single collective of women's narratives among the loads of male narratives. A significant part of the published literature on the 12th September consists of torture and prison narratives, mostly written in a genre of "confrontation" aiming at uncovering reality. The *reality* is that people went through unbearable torture and violence in the 12th September period. These memoirs were written in order to publicize this violence.

There was only one book on women's personal narratives. Didn't women pass through the same violence that men did in the 12th September? What kind of

[9] Bize başvuran tüm kadınlar yaşadıkları taciz ve tacavüzü açıklamaya çekindiklerini söylüyorlar; babalarını, kocalarını veya ağabeylerini üzmekten korkuyorlar ya da en çok onlardan utandıklarını söylüyorlardı. Ben 10 yıllık bu çalışmada, cinsel şiddet yaşayıp da bu mağduriyetini, "annesini üzmekten korkacak" diye açıklamayan hiçbir kadın tanımadım.

confrontation is happening in the absence of women? How is the *reality* uncovered when women do not exist in that reality? These are not questions to ask to the male writers of the 12th September literature. They are not responsible for the absence of women in that literature. Men wrote and women did not. Men *documented* their experiences about 12th September by loads of books about organizational histories and about the history of the left movement, and personal narratives or memoirs. Weren't women's experiences worth *documenting*?

I interviewed the writer of the single book I mentioned above, Mukaddes Çelik. In her book "Üç Dönem Üç Kuşak Kadınlar: Demir Parmaklıklar Ortak Düşler" (Three Generations of Women in Three Periods of Time: Prison Bars Common Dreams) she gathered the narratives of revolutionist women who experienced the 12th March 1971 military coup, the 12th September 1980 military coup and the events of the 90's[10] in prisons.

I'm not going to describe my encounters and experiences with women one by one as I did in the first part of my field entry because I set the chapter five for that. But in order to continue my story towards a thesis subject I must dwell on some differences of women's interviews from the men's. All of my interviews with women are shaped by their personal, subjective stories of their involvement and participation in the leftist movement. Women told their own experiences of the Left and of the 12th September military coup. Before the interviews, I told them the development process of my study. I also narrated my experience in the field while interviewing men. Women responded me by giving special attention to issues of documents and masculinity within their stories.

[10] The book has women narratives about the important political agendas of the 90's such as death fasts started in 1996 and the conditions of the prisons during the time, the operation of the police to the prisons in 2000, which is named "Returning to Life" (*Hayata Dönüş*) ended with the death of 32 prisoners and heavy injury of the many others.

Why did men tell organizational histories whereas women told personal histories? Why were men's narrations from the point of "we" whereas women's were from the point of "I"? The answers of these questions are very much related to the different positions they situated me as a researcher. While interviewing men, despite all my objections, I ended up as a researcher in search of *reality*. None of the women I interviewed with imposed that kind of a responsibility on me nor did they invite me to a journey to reality. Despite the fact that some of them emphasized on the unspoken aspects of the 12th September they didn't define or claim to represent "the" reality.

Thus my thesis subject started to acquire a shape around the notion of reality and how it operates hand in hand with the notion of power. My feelings and disturbance about the interviews I conducted with men and about the brunch meeting were stemming from my insufficiencies as a researcher. I was so focused to hear what I was asking for that I couldn't hear what they were telling me. I stubbornly stuck on my initial concerns and assumptions about the state and its documentary practices. I couldn't realize the meaning behind their focus on *real* problems which should be studied, the *reality* which should be uncovered, and the naked *truth* which should be reached. I could only come to realize the meaning of these reality discourses when I encountered the absence of them in women's narratives.

Men were identified with the organizations they were working for in a similar way that state officials are identified with the state. Although they are narrating their stories in a genre of self-criticism, the criticism is restricted to the failures of the left movement and the organizations they were involved in. The "selves" were the organizations and the left movement. That was why they were speaking through the pronoun "we" but not "I". That was why at times when I tried to push the narratives

to personal experiences I was refused. That was why they were pushing me to study the *real* matters, to uncover the hidden *reality*. They wanted me to *document* their history because there is a *reality* in which they believe and which they claim. The discussions around published memoirs were crucial because the memoirs were *documenting* the *reality* in a wrong way. They were writing a false history.

All the women that I have interviewed started their stories from childhood. At least at one point they mentioned their fathers. Although they too narrated their experiences in leftist movement in a self-criticism genre, the selves they were referring to were their personal selves, not the organizational ones. The two women I interviewed didn't even mention the name of the organizations they were involved. I have conducted six interviews with women. One with Mukaddes Çelik, the writer of the book I mentioned above, the other with Gönül Dinçer who is one of the founders of İKD and who was the only woman in the TKP's central committee. These are the two women I will mention by their real names since they have public recognition. Gönül Dinçer has the highest position in organizational hierarchy compared to all men and women that I have interviewed. The other four women are from the Communist Party of Turkey (TKP), Communist Party of Turkey/ Marxist Leninist (TKP/ML), Organization for People's Liberty (HK), Revolutionary Left (Dev-Sol).

Since Ali became an important person in my life after the day we met, and since he appropriated this study as his own, he wanted me to inform him about its development occasionally. I was uncomfortable about telling him the conclusion I have reached after talking to women. However, when he invited me to his office to talk about my study I went there and explained him my latest discoveries. He wasn't happy to hear what I was telling. In fact, he suggested me to study women issue as a PhD thesis and go back to my *real* subject which is the relationship between the left

movement and state. When I insisted on telling him the masculinity of the state and also of the leftist movement he gave up and came with another suggestion. He said "if you want a *variety* in your interviews I will arrange it for you".

A few weeks later, he called me and asked me to be in Zeytinburnu at 12 a.m the next day. He didn't say anything else. The next day, when I went to the spot he told me, he picked me up from there by a car. There was a man sitting next to him. Ali introduced me to him. But still, he didn't say anything about where we were going. I started to get nervous about the mystery and started asking questions. Ali said "you'll see". Finally, we stopped in front of a small diner. Ali and the other man got in and headed towards a table. I was following them nervously.

A man was sitting at the table. He welcomed us, but seemed also surprised. Then the owner of the diner came to our table. I couldn't say or ask anything but kept sitting there in silence for a while. At one point, Ali decided to introduce me to the men. He said that I was a reliable researcher and I wanted to learn about the experience of PKK. That's how I met four former PKK members.

However, since I didn't even know that I was going to meet them that day, I had no questions to ask them. Besides, the men were not waiting to see me either. Maybe they did not want to talk. And even if they did how were we supposed to talk in a public place? Within such an ambiguity I asked a few very broad questions and they replied each one. For various reasons I will not include this interview to this study. First of all, I don't intend to make an analysis of PKK. However, that day I also met Oğuz whom I'm going to describe in detail in chapters three and six.

This is the process which constituted the subject and content of this thesis. The meaning of "the document" changed step by step throughout it. The following chapter will begin with the story of fictional Oğuz and continue with the real Oğuz's

story. In chapter four I will trace “the document” from the circulation of official documents to the pervasive forgery of them. I hope to open up questions about reality, fiction and the document in terms of statehood.

In chapter five, *The Narrative as Document*, I will begin with my own narrative of the brunch meeting and ask “who has the power to document?”. I will discuss the reasons why certain narratives can be documents whereas some other ones can not. And finally in chapter six, I will try to imagine the body as an archive on which layers of silence and other people’s documents are inflicted.

While tracing the document in various fields, I will try to explain it’s relation to power. Since there is always a gap between the document and reality which it claims to document (as I’m going to theorize in the next chapter), various forms of power by various actors such as the state or statelike leftist organizations are used in order to close this gap. However I argue that this gap can never be closed because it’s immanent to the claim of reality.

Therefore, I begin by accepting that there are also gaps between the *reality* and this thesis as my document. Although I’m not claiming that this thesis is *documenting* the reality, since this is a thesis, it is already a document. Throughout this thesis, I have the power to construct *my* reality as a document. I will be using certain tools such as theory, interviews, and observations in order to close these gaps. But I am aware of the fact that they can never be closed. They can only be invisible to the degree of “magic” of my arguments.

My need of making justice to the narratives pushed me to the point I am now. I still cannot claim any kind of justice. But I never come to so close to recognizing the impossibility of understanding experience. The experiences of people would not fit in any kind of category or any kind of theoretical framework that I could possibly

use. The stories I listened to, have more direct influence on me than it has on this study. I never expected this research process to be this devastating personally. By looking at forgery and documentary practices of the state I was supposed to stay away from the sorrowful stories of the 12th September. But the field destroys all the assumptions. And now, I know what cannot be assumed in the beginning of a study in Turkey; staying away from sorrowful stories.

CHAPTER 3

OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS

They took him from his room. They interrogated him for months, but he didn't break down. No matter what they did, they couldn't break him. He said nothing except, 'My name is Ahmet.' No matter what they asked, he said he didn't know and that his name was Ahmet. They asked about Sadi, Adnan, Canan and Coskun. Not a sound from him. They showed him the journals he kept and asked, 'Didn't you write all these?' 'Maybe,' he said, 'I don't know.' They caught Canan and brought her to him. She fainted when she saw him. He merely said, 'I've never seen her in my life.' They caught Coskun, and he breaks after a while. He didn't just tell everything he knew about Oğuz, he squealed on the whole organization. When they confronted each other, he claimed not to know Coskun either. If only he had accepted the name on the identity card, if he had said, 'My name is Oğuz' and 'I wanted to do it, so I did it,' maybe they would have left him alone. But as long as he claimed to be Ahmet, they were really losing it. The scenarios they created about him were a dime a dozen. In the end they backed down. He went before the court. Neither did he refuse the accusations, nor does accept them. 'I don't know,' he stated, 'I don't remember.' When the judge asked for his name in order to identify him, he replied: 'Ahmet.' The judge shook the identity card in his face. 'Oğuz,' he bellowed at him, 'Your name is Oğuz.' Once again he replied, 'I don't know anyone named Oğuz.' And the judge lost his temper too. 'Put him in prison,' he sneered, 'Imprisonment for 8 years.' (Uyurkulak 2002, p. 79) [11]

[11] "Alıyorlar odasından, kim bilir ne sandılar, ne yaygaralar koptu yukarılarda. Aylarca sorguluyorlar, çok yükleniyorlar, çözülmüyor. Ne yapsalar çözemiyorlar, çünkü adım Ahmet diyor, bake birşey demiyor. Ne sorsalar Ahmet diyor, hatırlamıyorum diyor. Şadi'yi, Adnan'ı, Canan'ı, Coşkun'u filan soruyorlar, bunda tık yok. Tuttuğu defteri gösteriyorlar, bunları sen yazmadın mı diye. Olabilir diyor, bilmiyorum diyor. Canan'ı yakalayıo getiriyorlar, yüzleştiriyorlar, Canan bunun halini görünce yıkılıyor yere, beriki hayatımda görmedim diye kestirip atırıyor. Coşkun'u yakalıyorlar, Coşkun çözülüyor. Oğuz hakkında bildiklerini anlatmakla kalmıyor, bütün teşkilatı ele veriyor. Yüzleştirdiklerinde Coşkun'u da tanımıyor. Kimlikteki ismini kabul etse, adım Oğuz dese, canım öyle istedi yaptım dese belki bırakacaklar yakasını. O Ahmet dedikçe herifler iyice çileden çıkıyor, yazılan senaryoların bini bir para. Sonunda pes ediyorlar, mahkemeye çıkıyor. Suçlamaları reddetmiyor, kabul de etmiyor, bilmiyorum diyor, hatırlamıyorum. Hakim kimlik tespiti yapacak, adını soruyor, Ahmet diyor. Hakim kimliğini sallıyor bunun, "Oğuz, senin ismin Oğuz" diye bağırıyor. Bu "Oğuz diye birini tanımıyorum" deyince hakim de küplere biniyor. Atın bunu içeri diyor. Sekiz yıl ağır hapis..."

Does it really matter if we know who Oğuz is? Does it really matter to know that he attempted to kill the leader of MIT (the Turkish National Intelligence Agency)? That he knifed him 10 times when he came across him in a small hotel room? And that small hotel was his new shelter after leaving his town, his home and his pregnant girlfriend behind? Does it matter if we know that he left everything behind after the murder of a friend by MIT, the murder of a friend who was a political and a life companion? On the one hand, of course, it does matter. It matters because only by knowing details can one understand why Oğuz refused to be Oğuz. On the other hand, however, it doesn't matter because none of these explain why the interrogators and torturers were so riled up for months, why the judge became so infuriated in the court and why Oğuz was imprisoned in the end, and for which crime. In the short passage quoted above, from Murat Uyurkulak's novel "Tol," Oğuz's refusal to be Oğuz requires a broader context to be better understood. But do the attitudes of the interrogators, torturers and the judge towards Oğuz's refusal need any other context, or a more comprehensive context, than this short passage provides?

What if one refuses to be legible to the state? Torture, confrontation, evidence in writing and an identity card are the only tools through which they try to make Ahmet's uncanny body legible in their terms again. The identity card has a significant role in the story: "If he had accepted the name on the identity card, maybe they would have left him alone." Because Oğuz's body is a recorded item, they know how to read him, how to categorize him, and how to punish him. They can read him through his birth certificate, identity card, criminal complaints and court papers; they can read him and so easily categorize him as an "enemy of the state," and then they can punish him without hesitation. But what can they do with an unrecorded item?

As we recall Bauman's famous analogy (1991), to which shelf does this unknown book belong in the strictly organized library of the modern state?

Two dimensions of this short passage are significant for this study. One is how Oğuz renders his body illegible to the state by claiming to be Ahmet, and the second is the state's moment of ambivalence towards that illegible body. The judge shaking the identity card in the defendant's face is the juncture at which these two dimensions overlap. The juridical system as a function of the state loses its ability to function when confronted with an unknown, unreadable and unimaginable object. The solution to this seemingly insurmountable problem lies in the small identity card which the representative of state holds in his hand. The judge shakes the card in the face of the unidentified object refusing to be read, because the judge knows that this dark moment of ambivalence will be illuminated as soon as that uncanny body acquiesces to be the Oğuz recorded on the identity card. But as long as Oğuz claims to be Ahmet, Ahmet's body remains outside of the state's sovereignty.

Since the state is inherently sovereign over the entire space of its territory, Ahmet's body becomes a hole in that space. They interrogate him, torture him and place him before the judge, but they don't know what to do with his body. They physically own his body, since they possess the arbitrariness to do whatever they want to his body; however, they are at a loss about what to do with it because, by existing beyond their sovereignty, his body is simply illegible to them. This passage thus depicts a rupturing of the sovereignty of the state by making one's body illegible to it. Uyurkulak dares to ask a very simple question: what if one refuses to be legible to the state? The role of the identity card in the story reflects the magical nature of the state's sovereignty. I argue that displaying the conflict between the corporeal

existence of a man and his inscribed existence on the state's terms (simply a piece of paper) breaks the sovereign state's magic spell.

Uyurkulak's story is about one's illegibility to the state. But what about the state's illegibility? In his book *A New Criminal Type in Jakarta,* Siegel (1998) discusses how the state enters "the locality" and transforms "the local" into "the national," citing Marulam's story as an example. Marulam, who was living in a Sumatran village, was arrested for killing an eight-year-old boy and attacking another. When he was interrogated he confessed that he killed the boy because "he hated the boy's grandfather," who was the headman of the village. Marulam had held a bitter grudge against this man, for the reason that he had once asked him for an identity card and was denied on the grounds that even though he lived in that village, he was officially registered in another one:

> He has no identity card and cannot get one for reasons he does not understand. He asks for one from the headman of the village where he lives. But, for the purposes of the state, he does not live there; he lives elsewhere. All he needed to do was to go to Bunungtua Pandoptana Village where, at least if things went as they should, he would have no trouble getting an identity card. He does not understand the difference between himself in his corporeal person and himself as inscribed in the books of the state. (p.67)

After Uyurkulak's *fictional* story about a man's illegibility to the state, here is a *real* story about the state's illegibility to a man. The state is simply illegible to Marulam. He asks for recognition but is denied. He does not understand that in order to be recognized by the state, he has to be a recorded item rather than being Marulam as an actual person. Marulam has an identity but he doesn't have an identity card. When he tries to get one he is confronted with a "gap" between his actual identity and his official identity. This "gap" between his actual and official identities is the very space where the sovereign state produces and reproduces its magical power in

everyday life. Marulam's story enables us to demystify that magical power, just like in Oğuz's story.

At this point it will be helpful to take note of two writers who treat the state as a magical form of being. Das (2007) argues that "the state is neither a purely rational-bureaucratic organization nor simply a fetish, but a form of regulation that oscillates between a rational mode and a magical mode of being" (162). She defines the local practices of the state, through which it acquires a presence in the life of community, as magical. For her, the magical aspect of the state arises precisely because the state can be mimicked, literalized and embodied "in ways that break open the limits within which theory expects it to function" (183).

On the other hand, in his book *The Magic of the State*, Taussig attempts to grasp the aura of fantasy and superstition surrounding the state, discussing the ways in which abstract concepts such as the economy, the market and the government take on magical life forces of their own. This chapter argues from a perspective that the state's power and sovereignty indeed have a magical nature, but takes a conceptual approach to the term "magic" which differs from Das and Taussig.

The gap arising from a moment of ambivalence, when one's material existence is in conflict with one's official existence as regards the state, is an important space to examine to bring to light the magical power of the state. It's an important space because it's forgotten the moment it's realized; it's an important space because it slips out of recognition the moment it's grasped. Since there is no way for a total identification between one's corporeal existence and inscribed existence to occur, one has to face those kinds of gaps quite often during encounters with various kinds of governmental regulations and practices. Actually most encounters with these regulations and practices are incumbent upon efforts to render

actual reality legible to the state, or conversely to make the state legible to one's own actual reality. In their influential work *Anthropology in the Margins of the State,* Das and Poole (2004) point out that despite the fact that the state is often thought to be somewhat about legibility, "there are many different spaces, forms, and practices through which the state is continually both experienced and undone through the 'illegibility' of its own practices, documents and words" (p. 12).

The magical power of the state can be grasped in these seemingly conflicting spaces, moments or situations that one encounters in the illegibility of the state's own practices, documents or words. Confronting this kind of a gap in everyday life, one tries to fit in with the limits of the state's legibility. In other words, all of those encounters with the gap result in an erasure of the actual self, and one performs as a recordable, inscribable item of the state until the moment that the gap is closed. The naturalization of the gap becomes a moment in which the magic of the state is produced and reproduced each and every time. The absurdity of the gap between one's corporeal existence and one's inscribed existence in the state's ledgers remains unnoticed because of the very existence of the gap itself; correspondingly, the magic becomes empowered by encapsulating the absurdity. The gap is forgotten the moment it is realized, slipped out of recognition the moment it's grasped - not because of the existence of the gap, but because recognition of the gap becomes the absurdity. In other words, the state renders the gap invisible. That's the reason why Marulam was represented in the newspapers as the ignorant crazy villager.

The act of killing a child would have made him a monster if his confession hadn't already turned him into a crazy villager in the eyes of the public. Marulam's rage against the child's grandfather is actually his acknowledgement of the "gap"; he recognizes the gap between his corporeal existence and his official existence and

pins it on the unfairness of the headman of the village. He is called ignorant and crazy precisely because of his recognition of the "gap," in the act of which he acknowledges something invisible. The magical sovereignty of the state is premised upon rendering the gap invisible. Therefore the state's legibility constantly requires an ignoring of these gaps, which entails ceasing to be actual individuals and acting like numbers, words, signs or stamps.

Fictions of Reality

Taking into consideration Oğuz's story, the reason that Oğuz's body becomes a hole in the state's sovereignty is because Oğuz creates a moment in which not only Oğuz becomes illegible, but in which the state as well becomes illegible to itself. The interrogators, torturers and the judge are confused about what to do with his corporeal existence because this time, they themselves become aware of the "gap." The state is not concerned about its legibility to its citizens; rather, it is concerned about being legible to itself. When we think of all the documentary practices of the state, it becomes clear that documents circulate within institutions, from one institution to another, and from one state official to another. These documentations, registrations, identifications and categorizations are necessary to render people legible because the state becomes legible to itself as an "entity" only once that process has been completed. The separate and differentiated institutions, regulations, practices, procedures and processes can come together and become (or claim to become) the entity known as the state only if one institution, regulation or practice is legible to another. Therefore when Oğuz makes his body illegible to the state, he also makes the state illegible to itself because the juridical rules and practices of the state

can only function if they are in accordance with other regulations and practices of the state - which in this case, is identification. The magic is broken for a second.

Both Oğuz's and Marulam's stories open up a space for questioning the magical power of the state, and both inspired the subject of this master's thesis. They led me to seek out the magic of the state in its documentary practices. Marulam is a *real* character that was publicized as a crazy villager in Indonesian newspapers. Oğuz, in contrast, is a *fictional* character from a brilliant Turkish novel about the 12th of September military coup. It seemed prudent that I should always keep Oğuz's fictional story in mind when conducting interviews with individuals who forged documents or used forged documents for political reasons and also who had similar encounters with the state. But it didn't take long to realize that one person's fiction brushes up against another's reality. After a series of interviews conducted with members of illegal political organizations, I met someone whose encounter with the state paralleled Uyurkulak's fictional character's encounter so neatly that it completely shattered the supposedly distinct categories of fiction and reality. For this reason, I will refer to him as Oğuz, the *real* Oğuz, and without him, this study would not have been possible (a later chapter recounts his entire story). At this point, however, a brief fragment of his story will be helpful in explicating the concept of the state being illegible to itself when it encounters a 'citizen' who refuses to be readable to the state, just like the *fictional* Oğuz.

Oğuz is a member of the PKK (Kurdistan Workers' Party). He was not a legally registered citizen after the 1980 military coup and he got by with a number of identity cards, all of which were counterfeit, for the next 12 years until he was caught by the police in 1992 with other PKK members. The police tortured him for 4 days, broke his back, broke his right leg in 16 different places, broke his ribs and asked one

single question throughout this excruciating violence: What is your name? Oğuz did not tell them. When they finally intended to kill him, his life was saved thanks to a Dev-Sol member who was being tortured in the same place as Oğuz. The Dev-Sol member shouted out Oğuz's name at his public trial on the fourth day of torture and so made public Oğuz's identity. When the police heard about the situation in the trial, since they now knew his name, they compiled a fake testimony for Oğuz in which he 'confessed' to being a member of the PKK and to being a leader of a series of 'terrorist' activities. The question "What is your name?" gave way to the command "Sign this" - which Oğuz refused to do. Meanwhile his comrades telegraphed various media institutions, politicians and national and international NGO's informing them about Oğuz's situation, a commonly-used strategy to prevent the disappearance and murder of 'missing persons' which the state is responsible for. The strategy succeeded and Oğuz was taken to the hospital and immediately underwent surgery. While he was regaining consciousness from surgery - but still under the influence of anesthetics - the police were there, holding a piece of paper, the *fake* testimony, asking him to sign it, and still threatening him.

> I said to the doctor who was going to put me under: "Do it with local anesthesia." The reason why is that I wanted to remain conscious. Then they started the surgery. After a while, the anesthesia wore off. I said: "Do another round," but he refused, saying that he would have to give a general anesthetic. "In that case," I said, "I ask of you just one thing, don't take me out of the operating room before I regain full consciousness" Because I know them, right? They'll come when I'm in that state and then they'll have me sign the statement, I know. Anyway, the doctor promised me. I had the surgery under general anesthesia. Then, I remember, the doctor touched my arm, and asked me: "Okay?" I said: "Okay." I was coming to. They took me out. The men were there. They put the papers on top of me, and one of them tried to make me hold a pen. When they realized that I was conscious, they started threatening me. After the surgery, in Cerrahpaşa, at first I was in a private room, and they kept threatening me to make me sign the statement. The doctors put me in a public ward, so that I would have

> some security among people. Still, there were constant threats there, too.[12]

Oğuz did not sign the statement and he stayed in the hospital for 7 months. For the next 2 years he was half-paralyzed. Since he had not given testimony and since there was no evidence proving that he was indeed a member of the PKK, the lawyers told him that he could only be sentenced for not declaring his identity. But since the torture he had been through was documented and as he was hospitalized for 7 months, the lawyers and Oğuz were expecting exculpation. On the day of his trial, however, he was imprisoned for the crime of aiding and abetting the 'terrorist' organization the PKK. Oğuz stated, "They had neither evidence nor statements. They put me in jail because they broke my leg, for sure, because they tortured me. Vural Savaş[13] issued a document about my torture. I got a six-month torture document. After I got that document, they wouldn't let me go, because then, they would have tortured me for no reason, right?"[14]

This is a point in which the difference between fiction and reality becomes definitively blurred. The fictional Oğuz from the novel *Tol* and his fictional story are embodied in the real Oğuz whom I personally met, and whose real story which

[12] Bana narkoz veren doktora dedim ki lokal anestesi yap. İstememin nedeni yani bilicim yerinde olsun. Sonra ameliyat yapmaya başladılar, bir sürü sonra lokal anestezinin etkisi geçti. Döndüm dedim bana bir tane daha yap. Olmaz dedi, bu sefer genel yapması lazım. O zaman dedim senden tek bişey istiyorum, bilincim tam yerine gelmeden beni ameliyathaneden çıkartma. Çünkü onları biliyorum tamam mı? Ben o haldeyken gelirler, ifadeyi imzalatırlar biliyorum. Neyse, doktor bana söz verdi, genel anestesiyle ameliyatı oldum. Sonra hatırlıyorum, doktor dokundu koluma, tamam mı dedi, tamam dedim, geliyodum kendime, çıkardılar. Adamlar ordaydı. Kağıtları üstüme koydular, biri bana bi kalem tutturmaya çalıştı. Bilincimin yerinde olduğunu anlayınca tehdite başadılar. Ameliyattan sonar Cerrhapaşada tek kişilik odadayım önce, beni sürekli tehdit ediyorlar ifadeyi imzalatmak için. Doktorlar beni kalabalık bi koğuşa aldılar ki, insanların etrafında biraz güvencem olsun. Orda da sürekli tehdit.

[13] Former judge, member of Supreme Court of Appeals, was appointed as the head prosecutor of the Supreme Court of Appeals in 1997. He is publicly known for presenting the cases of shutting two political parties down during the 28 February period.

[14] Hiçbir delilleri yoktu veya ifade de yoktu. Beni bacağımı kırdıkları için hapse attılar, kesin,işkence yaptıkları için. Vural Savaş benim işkenceme belge verdi. 6 aylık işkence belgesi aldım ben. O belgeyi aldıktan sonra beni bırakamazlardı. O zaman çünkü bana ortada bi sebep yokken işkence yapmış olurlardı. Değil mi?

resulted in imprisonment for a fictional crime. For both Oğuz's the difference between fiction and reality starts and ends with their illegibility in the eyes of the state. Both of them refuse to be legible to the state; one, by not accepting his name on the identity card and the other, by not telling it to the state. Their acts are acknowledgements of the gap between their corporeal existences and their inscribed existences in the ledgers of the state. This gap constitutes the reason why the fictional is truly not that fictional, and why the real is truly not that real. In both stories the documents are busy rendering the fictional 'real' and the real 'fictional.'

Oğuz did not tell the police his name because he was rejecting a certain type of reality constructed by the state. Namely, the (unquestionable) reality for the state is that the PKK is a terror organization, and therefore members of the PKK are terrorists. This reality is *fictional* for Oğuz who believes that the *real* terrorist is the state. So when Oğuz encounters the state, there is a clash of these two different realities and two different fictions, a clear example of the gap discussed above which typifies one of the sources of the state's magical power. At this point, both Oğuz and the state, as the actors of this encounter, have certain strategies at hand to close this gap. The state's strategies are rendered in crisp distinction in the passage I quoted from Oğuz.

The blatant efforts of the police to force him to sign the fake testimony are tacit indicators of the dependency of the state on documents, signatures and technologies of writing. Oğuz knows about, uses and reveals this dependency. The strategies available to Oğuz to close the gap are the ones he refuses to use. He could tell them his name, he could give his testimony, or at the very least he could sign the fake one. During these kinds of encounters with the state usually people have to supply what is demanded and pretend as if they adhere to the reality of the state,

which in fact is a complete fiction for them. Although the state's dependency on documentary evidence to maintain its hold on the law may seem astonishingly absurd when compared with the amount of violence it uses to obtain a signature for a piece of paper, the same amount of violence simultaneously shows that the situation is far more than absurd. For reasons to be discussed in subsequent chapters, instead of using one of these strategies to close the gap and stop the torture he had been through, Oğuz unceasingly continued to acknowledge the gap.

When the police learned his name, they still couldn't prove that he was a member in the PKK, as he had been changing identities since he joined the organization. Nonetheless, his refusal to give his name was read as an act of complete illegibility and a rejection of the "reality" which is constructed by the state. Moreover, his act represented a rejection of the state as a reality. As early as 1940, Radcliff-Brown wrote:

> …the state is usually represented as an entity over and above the human individuals who make up a society, having as one of its attributes something called "sovereignty," and sometimes spoken of as having a will (law being defined as will of the state) or as issuing commands. The state in this sense does not exist in the phenomenal world; it is a fiction of the philosophers. What does exist is an organization, i.e. a collection of individual human beings connected by a complex system of relations (Troillot 2001).

Oğuz's story of rejection reveals two things. First, the magic of the state as a distinct coherent entity over and above society loses its claimed coherence when one of its citizens stands outside this imagination. Secondly, this magic of the state is sustained by a complex system of institutional regulations and mundane practices of authorization and recognition - upheld under the guise of political legitimacy and law - and also naked power, which expresses itself over and through people's bodies.

This complex system operates by producing and preserving an imagining of the state as a coherent entity over and above society.

However, the state is not only a fiction of philosophers, but also of state officials. Those identified as within the state: the police, torturers, prosecutors and judges are also identified as a specific kind of state which coherently exists over and above society. So as state officials, they too are above society, over the life and death of citizens. The torturers torture, the prosecutors prosecute, and the judges judge in order to realize this fiction. Oğuz's story reveals the lack of distinction between transgression and execution of the law. This lack, which is materialized through Oğuz's body, is the spectacle of explosion. The conceptual categories through which we are forced to imagine the state and society explode when Oğuz voices his story.

Just like the fictional Oğuz in the novel, the real Oğuz renders the state illegible to itself by making himself illegible to it. The law cannot prove Oğuz guilty, so the juridical system cannot punish and imprison him. But it did. There was neither evidence against him nor there any testimony. Oğuz's body was literally torn into pieces so that the juridical system, the law and the state could operate. His body was rent asunder to assert the reality of the fiction. His body was ripped apart to preserve this fictional reality of the state as a supposed coherent entity, as the one and only imagining the state, and to preserve the law as the legitimate will of the state which, in theory, produces justice for its citizens.

The law operates within a web of institutions, regulations and practices, all of which depend on technologies of writing, namely documents. Every single part of this web has to be legible and accountable to the others. When state officials cannot identify a citizen with a certain document, the whole web of the law fails to operate the way it should. Oğuz's act is a rejection of the state as a reality because it proves

that the state's coherent entity is nothing more than a magic spell. Not just the state, but a certain imagining of the state is proven fictional. However, since the state's main concern is about rendering a single imagining of itself as "real," Oğuz's rejection becomes the rejection of the state as a reality. Thus, Oğuz's story not only reveals how the state is produced through naked power, through law and through documents but it also reveals what kind of a state is produced through these.

These stories present a type of state which claims "reality" over and through imagination, pointing to the state as a power which defines reality and then produces and owns that reality. This ownership over reality by means of institutional regulations, everyday practices and arbitrary violence constructs a 'real' which "breaks the parameters and assumptions of ordinary reality" (Aretxaga 2003, p.401). And again this ownership over "reality" renders the state attachable to various forms of authority and power, enabling a genre in which power is distributed and organized through the ownership of reality, since if there is a *reality* there will be people who are aware of it and others who are not. This genre makes the state producible and reproducible in everyday life and individuals, groups, institutions, organizations and even social movements can take up or claim "stateness." With this genre of stateness a certain claim of "reality" which excludes and fictionalizes everything other than itself is produced; this genre of stateness constitutes the core of this study, which will be explored in detail in the following chapter.

All three of the stories discussed above illustrate the state's dependency on documents to sustain its magical power, which are the tools through which the state renders bodies legible to itself. This chapter discussed those outcomes of moments of ambivalence when a "body" rejects being legible to the state. But what happens when bodies counterfeit the state? Aretxaga argues that the question is not "to

demystify the state as an illusion, not just to identify heterogeneous micropractices that give it materiality; the question is how the state as a phantasmatic reality operates within a political imaginary to constitute political reality and political experience and produce concrete effects" (Aretxaga 2000, p.53).

CHAPTER 4

FORGERY: THE STATE AS "DOCUMENT"

The magic of the state not only pertains to documentary practices, but, as Hansen and Stepputat (2001) argue, it is actually sustained by the rather mundane practices of authorization and recognition carried out by the state: "The acts of authorizing marriages and registration of deaths and births, the recognition of deputations or representatives of communities or interests as legitimate and reasonable and thus entitled to be consulted in policy matters, state certification of institutions, professions, exams, standards, and so on" (p.21). Such practices reproduce the magic of the state by literally implanting in millions of people's lives, as revered documents carefully stored or proudly displayed on walls, such items as stamps, permits, titles of entitlements, symbols of social status and livelihood and identity-constructing signs. If documents have such a crucial role in sustaining the magic of the state, what are the effects of forgery? How does the state deal with the issue of document forgery? Das (2007) argues that "if the written sign breaks from the context because of the contradictory aspects of its legibility and its iterability, it would mean that once the state institutes forms of governance through technologies of writing, it simultaneously institutes the possibility of forgery, imitation, and the mimetic performances of its power" (p. 163).

Forging Documents

States utilize specific formats in the production of official documents. The type and color of the paper, the font of writing on it, the official stamps and the specific organization of a given document are all planned and calculated according to these formats. Although each state has its own patterns and formats, and technologies of writing vary in terms of certain security codes, once a particular document is produced it simultaneously institutes the possibility of forgery. Since the state does not possess a monopoly over technology employed in the production of documents, the issue at hand becomes a matter of access. Who has access to a certain technology utilized in the production of documents? Because of the advancement in technology used today, such as unique color scans, placement of barcodes, holograms on documents or security codes which can only be seen under ultraviolet light, forgery has become an issue of money. Increasingly rigid security regulations and practices employed by states, which go hand-in-hand with neo-liberalism and globalization, also increases the difference between "developed" and "underdeveloped" countries in terms of the expense of the technologies used in these regulations and practices.

Foucault's concept of governmentality, (1991) which explicates an ordering and control of bodies and populations, today is sustained by astonishing techniques for rendering bodies legible. Aside from advanced technologies employed in the production of official documents such as passports and identity cards, facial, retinal and fingerprint scans are used in order to read bodies. New forms of governmentality objectify bodies to a greater extent than any other time in history by literally making one's body a source of legibility. The uniqueness of a person's fingerprint can be turned against her/him as a weapon used in the ordering and control of her/his body.

Citizens of so-called third-world countries are “checked” by these bodily and documentary techniques of control in order to gain access to ‘first-world’ countries. Who has access to these high-technology security techniques, and against whom can these techniques be employed, are the essential questions that need to be answered to comprehend the nature of new forms of governmentality which have emerged in the neoliberal world order.

In the case of Turkey, even though processes of neo-liberalization have been at work since the early 1980s, technologies utilized in the production of official documents such as identity cards, driving licenses and passports have not yet substantially changed. To give one example, compared to an American passport Turkish passports are still much more inexpensive to produce and easier to forge. However, a number of other techniques of order and control have begun to be put to use, particularly after the year 2000. With the computerization of records, the collection of population data into databases and the simplification of searches via national identification numbers, the Turkish state has constructed its own monolithic system of population control.

Today, via the GBT (General Information Scanning) system the police have the right to stop anyone at any time and request her/his identity documents and perform screens on the spot via transceivers. Police need only to suspect a given person to perform a check, hence it is not surprising that some bodies are ‘suspect’ while others are not. To cite one example, in the İstiklal District of Istanbul, a popular entertainment area, groups of police patrol constantly throughout the night stopping people for GBT checks. Personally I have never been stopped, but I have witnessed GBT checks on my Kurdish friends on a few occasions; I am not sure how the police can so readily identify who is Kurdish during their routine patrols, when

most of the time I am not able to tell if someone is Kurdish just from their appearance. However, the signs that the police see on individuals' bodies are peculiar to the state; they read these 'signs' just as they read passports under ultraviolet light. While I may not be able to discern the hologram on a passport without an ultraviolet light, or read the signs on people's bodies the way the state does, they can - because they are the ones who place the signs on these bodies, just as they place holograms on documents. As Sara Ahmed (2004) argues, the sticking of signs to some bodies is not independent from past history; it generates its effects in every repetition of stickiness. Every sticking produces a reference (a history) for the next sticking.

A seemingly ironic situation regarding identification regulations came about as the result of an amendment made to the Turkish Criminal Code (*Türk Ceza Kanunu*) in 2005. As discussed above, starting in the year 2000 new strategies of control were implemented with the issuance of national identification numbers and on-the-spot GBT checks. With these techniques, the state secures further control over the population by rendering bodies more explicitly legible. In 2005, however, the crime of "not declaring one's identity" (*kimliğini bildirmeme*), which hitherto could be punishable by a prison sentence, was removed from the Criminal Code and relegated a place in the Minor Offenses Code (*Kabahatler Kanunu*): "Upon demand by a state official, any individual failing to provide information pertaining to her/his identity and address, or who makes false claim, shall be punishable with a monetary fine of 50 Turkish Lira by a presiding state official" (Article 40, Item 1).[15] While it may initially appear ironic that on the one hand the state has increased its control over citizens via identification technologies, on the other it has diluted the

[15] Madde 40 - (1) Görevle bağlantılı olarak sorulması halinde kamu görevlisine kimliği veya adresiyle ilgili bilgi vermekten kaçınan veya gerçeğe aykırı beyanda bulunan kişiye, bu görevli tarafından elli Türk Lirası idari para cezası verilir.

punishment of prison into penalty monetary fine for those refusing to divulge her/his identity.

The new Turkish Criminal Code has been paraded as an important step taken in the process of compliance with E.U. accession norms, presented as a body of law which recognizes and respects individual's rights and freedoms to a greater extent than the former. This is true to a certain degree. However, this change does not reflect shifts regarding identity-extraction practices used against citizens. Although the crime of not declaring one's identity was removed from the Criminal Code and demoted to a minor offence punishable by a fine, this is only a shift in appearance: an individual who refuses to declare her/his identity is required to pay 50 Turkish Lira *after* her/his identity has been determined. The second and third items of the same article in the Minor Offenses Code state, "The person will be taken in custody, or be arrested if necessary, until her/his identity has been determined."[16] Hence, the change in the legislation is simply this: according to the former legislation, an individual who refused to declare her/his identity was imprisoned and treated as if s/he had committed a crime, while according to the new legislation an individual who refuses to declare her/his identity is imprisoned as a "necessity" of the state - the necessity to render the person legible - and treated as if s/he has committed an offense. Neither pieces of legislation mention what is to occur if an individual insists on refusing to divulge their identity; and, both laws assume a moment in which the person will cease refusal and state her/his identity or validate

[16] (2) Açıklamada bulunmaktan kaçınması veya gerçeğe aykırı beyanda bulunması dolayısıyla kimliği belirlenemeyen kişi tutularak durumdan derhal Cumhuriyet savcısı haberdar edilir. Bu kişi, kimliği açık bir şekilde anlaşılıncaya kadar gözaltına alınır ve gerekirse tutuklanır. Gözaltına ve tutuklamaya karar verme yetkisi ve usulü bakımından Ceza Muhakemesi Kanunu hükümleri uygulanır. (3) Kişinin kimliğinin belirlenmesi durumunda, bu nedenle gözaltına alınma veya tutuklanma haline derhal son verilir

the identity thrust upon her/him. The law does not recognize or discuss cases of utter refusal, but we already know what happens then, as in the cases of the two Oğuz's discussed above.

To sum up, on the one hand the state continues to improve its techniques of governmentality as technologies advance. On the other hand, as in the case of Turkey, it behaves as if it is improving recognition of and respect of individual rights and freedoms. However, despite the implementation of national identification numbers and GBT checks, document forgery continues to be an issue in Turkey. During the time of writing, a man going by the nickname of Yeşil (*Green*) has been in the news for the past fifteen years, alleged to have been involved in numerous murders and state-level scandals. It is publicly known that he was charged with paramilitary activities, mostly concerning the Kurdish conflict. Although he has been in the headlines for the last fifteen years, his identity has not been publically proclaimed; he is a ghost, for it is not even known if he is dead or alive. Together with other famous paramilitary "heroes" such as Haluk Kırcı and Abdullah Çatlı, Yeşil's name has filled judicial files and cases in addition to newspaper columns, which largely concern document forgery. These issues have yet to be resolved: which passports did this group use to depart Turkey, and which were used to return; what names did they use on the identity cards they carried; under which name did one of them commit a specific murder; one of them met a politician, and another was found dead in a car accident. This secrecy, this ghostly existence has excited a public desire to know who these individuals really are, and the spread of rumors concerning their *real* identities has only served to fuel this urge to know, and the vicious cycle continues to turn; the more mysterious they are, the more desirable they become and

the more desirable they are, the more mysterious they become. So it goes with the state.

Hence, nowadays the forgery of identity documents has come to the fore within the network of mafia-police-paramilitary activities and their relation to the state. In contrast, 30 years ago document forgery was a common strategy employed by illegal leftist organizations in resistance to the state. As argued above, the crucial question is thus: who has the access to technologies of document forgery? This is not sufficient, however; there also must be a claim of challenge to autonomy in the process of forgery.

In the era of the 12th of September coup, thirty thousand people fled abroad as political refugees. It has been estimated that actually up to fifty thousand people left Turkey, most of them illegally, with thousands of people using forged passports to leave the country. Within the leftist movement, this issue is quite controversial, as today many people believe that this exodus marked a fissure in the leftist movement, because the massive departure enabled the military coup to attain its goals by weakening the movement's momentum. Another aspect of debates that flared up concerning this exodus was that the state condoned these departures, which served to purge the country of unruly subjects.

I conducted interviews with former members of the TKP (Communist Party of Turkey), the TKP/ML (Communist Party of Turkey/ Marxist Leninist), the TİKKO (The Army of Turkey's Workers and Villagers) the HK (Organization for People's Liberty), the DDKD (Revolutionist Democratic Culture Organizations) and the DEV-YOL (Revolutionist Way), who forged official documents or who used them during the 12th of September coup. It should be noted that the TKP interviews tend to outweigh the others in quantity, for reasons detailed in the field section (I was

in the TKP network for quite a long time). This constituted an unforeseen boon for my study, because the TKP utilized document forgery more extensively than other groups as an efficient strategy for illegal organization. Immediately following the 12th of September military coup, nearly five thousand TKP members left the country with forged passports. Nonetheless, all of these organizations were forging official documents long before the coup to conceal their members' identities during the "illegal" struggle.

The TKP had its own laboratories for forging documents, in which worked specialists whose profession was to forge documents. Ali, a former TKP member, told me that the TKP had set up its laboratories in the early 70's and started forging documents at that time. Differently from the other organizations, TKP had a broad international network since it was connected to other communist parties in socialist countries. In the 1970s, the TKP was forging identity cards and passports mainly to send its members to receive education in "party schools" in socialist Soviet countries. Ali stated, "Although it was legal for a person to go these countries, we didn't want the state to know that this person was going to a socialist country because then he could attract suspicion." The TKP was thus forging documents in order to avoid attracting the state's attention prior to the coup. But Ali also stated that forgery serves a function of cloaking to a certain degree, because "if the state knows someone" (*devlet birini biliyorsa*), it is only a matter of time before she/he gets caught. He said that they were taught in the "conspiracy class" in Soviet party schools that "if the state knows you" you have, at best, 6 months before getting caught - which was later proven by experiences in the coup of the 12th of September.

Prior to these events, in the 70's forgery arose as a strategy to hide a person's *real* identity while s/he was engaged in political activities. The TKP had a certain

degree of autonomy in forging documents and sending their members to Soviet schools to receive classes in "revolution strategies." In Ali's narrative, the repeated phrase "if the state knows someone" necessitates closer attention. What does he mean by "the state knowing someone"? He means that if the police know that someone is engaged in illegal political activity, they will find her/him, whether or not they use forged documents. But the phrase "if the state knows you" reflects even more. The phrase is an expression of the imagination of the state and of the people. It reflects a dichotomy between the state and society; it also reflects the magical nature of the state as a distinct entity over and above society; it further reflects the attributions of the state discussed in previous sections. The bodies, the individuals, become knowable items under the surveillance of the state.

Although the other organizations were not systematically forging documents in the way the TKP did, all of the illegal organizations operating in the 70's were forging documents to a certain degree in order to prevent the state from knowing who their members were. For the reasons I will discuss in the next chapter, former TKP members described document forgery as a specialty carried out by professionals in laboratories while members from other organizations stated that they themselves forged documents when necessary. Nonetheless, the techniques that were employed were quite similar for both professional and home-made forged documents.

Most of the time identity theft is the first step of forgery, as it is much easier to change the photograph and information on a *real* identity card or passport compared to making a new one with the same paper quality, information, stamps and so on; the latter was only used in times of emergency when an original document was not available. Organizations asked members for "clean documents," meaning documents belonging to persons with no political history. Clean people with clean

documents might be friends, family members, or relatives from a home town. Sometimes identity cards were requested from people based on their attitude about the leftist movement, and on occasion they were stolen. It was also important that identities cards be obtained from people with clean histories who were unlikely to go abroad, as upon being issued a *real* identity card, passports were processed according to the information on that card. On occasion people were asked to obtain a state-issued passport, and then only the first page upon which was affixed the holder's photograph needed to be altered.

Mustafa, a former TKP member, told me that they calculated every detail. When they forged a passport it had to seem old and used. They artificially aged the pages, and since passports contained the stamps and visas of many countries, they created a history for each passport and also for its holder. For example when Mustafa needed to go to Germany, the passport they forged for Mustafa had to show a history of having been to France or Greece before. After the passport was made, replete with the visas and stamps of 'previously visited countries,' a reasonable story was created for Mustafa based on that passport. The outcome of such processes is quite ironic.

When people are born, they are entered into the ledgers of the state. Depending on this registration, people come into possession of various official documents, some of which are obligatory like identity cards, and others are obtained on request. The state *reads* individuals according to the official documents that s/he holds. A person's history is thus purportedly 'traceable' by these documents, such as her/his education documents, work documents, marriage documents, health documents, traveling documents, and so on. An individual acquires legibility and citizenship via these official documents. When a person refuses to declare her/his identity to the state, s/he is imprisoned until her/his identity is determined; this claim

of knowing people, reading people, and tracing their histories snakes through the trails of official documents back to their initial registration in the state's ledgers at birth.

However, when Mustafa takes Mehmet's identity card, a Mehmet who has never been out of his village, and makes a passport in his name with a certain history of travelling, he not only forges Mehmet's documents - he also creates a history for Mehmet through which the state will read and trace him. If Mehmet is confronted by the state for some reason, according to Mehmet's reality he has never been out of his village, while according to the state's reality, based on the official records he has been to France, Greece and Germany at various times in his life. And if anyone asks about Mustafa, who has never been abroad, according to the state records he has been living in Germany for the past 5 years. This introduces certain complications regarding the state's power to know and the implications of that knowledge on structures of legitimacy; as Das asks, "How does the state then claim legitimacy in the face of obvious forgeries, corruption within its own procedures, and the mimesis of its structures?" (2007, p.177). Before moving on to address this question, it will be helpful to cite a few more examples of the absurdity which emerges from processes of forgery.

A former HK (Organization for People's Liberty) member, Aysel lived with forged identities from the 12th of September military coup until the day she left the organization in the beginning of the 1990s. As a woman, she was not able to hold high positions within the organizational hierarchy, and for that reason she claimed not to know about processes of organizational forgery. However, as a committed member of HK, she never ceased struggling for her beliefs, and even at times she lost contact with the organization for months. Aysel had quit medicine school "in order to

work for the revolution" before the coup. She was married to a HK member and worked in suburban areas to organize women workers. After the coup, when most of the HK members were arrested, and the few remaining were constantly changing addresses and identities for security reasons, she decided to work in a factory in which she could more easily contact female workers. She wasn't known by the state by her real name; at that time, however, the factory she wanted to work in was only hiring women with elementary school degrees, as a high school degree was considered excessive qualification. So she came into possession of an elementary school certificate and changed the name on it. This was her first forgery.

Over time, as she constantly changed addresses and identities, she became highly skilled in forging documents. She stated that it had ceased to be serious for them anymore, however. Once she obtained two identity cards from a married couple, one for herself and the other for her husband. The couple's surname was 'Tepe.' One day, while sitting at home and thinking about which name to choose, they decided to make fun of the situation. Aysel took the name Zübeyde and her husband took the name Rıza.[17] "We became Ataturk's parents" she says. They lived with these identities for almost a year, as Atatürk's parents.

Aysel and her home-made documents demystify the magical power of official documents more than any other story. Distant from organizational authority and hierarchy, Aysel created her own autonomy while forging the documents. Her act of choosing Atatürk's mother's name for herself represents the recognition and acknowledgement of the absurdity of the magic power that such documents acquire in modern forms of governmentality. It is also an inversion of this power. In all other interviews that I conducted, forgery was either narrated as professionalism or not

[17] The names of the parents of Mustafa Kemal, founder of the Turkish Republic, which are learned early on in the Turkish school system.

narrated as an issue bound to mystery. In both ways, just as the state attaches a magical power to the documents it issues, the former members of illegal organizations attached a magical power to the act of forgery. Only Aysel took up a position of power for herself rather than relegating it to the documents themselves or to the forgery process - by making fun of them. In other words, only one woman described the forgery process as a narrative of her own, rather than situating it within an organizational history.

One other important point about documents and forgery is the information they hold. The information contained in documents operates as signs of legibility. It should be no surprise then that the most significant of these is the hometown information on the identity card. During the time of the 12th of September coup, regions populated by Kurds and Alevis, or places identified with the leftist struggle such as Fatsa, were disadvantageous as home-town records on identity cards. ID checks were held everywhere, at any time of the day, and having an ID card which referenced these areas constituted grounds to be taken in custody.

A former Dev-Yol member reported a vivid memory about an ID check which turned out to be far from ordinary. Ferhat is from Dersim, highly undesirable during an ID check.[18] He didn't know if his real identity was known by the police, but he wanted to have a forged ID card to prevent the risk of being taken into custody. He was very excited that day, because he was going to get his very first forged identity, and he met his contact in Mecidiyeköy. They pretended as if they had run into each other on the street by chance and during the conversation the contact placed the identity card in Ferhat's shirt pocket and told him to look at it later, whereupon he was stopped by the police with some other people walking in the

[18] Dersim is a Kurdish-Alevi region.

street. The police asked for their IDs. There was one person in front of Ferhat, and the police took his card, and asked where he was from by confirming the information on the identity card with his answer. Ferhat vividly recalled that the man had said he was from Malatya, and Ferhat grew frightened because he hadn't had a chance to look at his new identity card; he didn't even know the name written there. He said that the only thing he could think of was to play dumb when the police asked him for information. When it was his turn, the police took the identity card, and after a quick glance gave it back to him, without further questions. He said, "I thought I was the luckiest man in the world. After walking for a while, I took the card out of my pocket to memorize my identity, and then I saw, I saw that I was from Ankara. I wasn't the luckiest man of the world - I was from Ankara."[19] There are also advantageous places to be from, as well as those more disadvantageous.[20]

İbrahim, another former member of HK (Organization for People's Liberty), stated that the documents that they forged were mostly identity cards and passports. However, he also said that sometimes they forged marriage and drivers licenses in addition to the others if they wanted to "create a safer identity" for someone. When an individual had difficulty in renting a place because he was single, the organization appointed him a fake wife with a corresponding fake marriage license. Stories of how women were used in processes of identity forgery were indeed shocking, and in subsequent chapters I will discuss in detail how women were objectified and silenced in various ways within leftist movements.

Another story, this time not from the 12th of September coup but rather from the 2000s, was narrated by a former PKK member. He related how he was sitting at a

[19] Dünyanın en şanlsı adamıyım ben gibi düşündüm. Biraz yürüdüm, sonra hemen cebimden kimliği çıkarttım ki ezberliyeyim, çıkarınca bi baktım, Ankaralı'ymışım. Dünyanın en şanslı adamı değilmişim yani Ankaralı'ymışım.
[20] The capital city Ankara doesn't signify any "dangerous" identity.

coffee shop with two of his friends on a summer day, carrying a forged identity card. Someone had tipped Nedim off to the police. When the police came to their table, they knew that one of the three men sitting at that table was holding a forged identity, and the police asked for their identity cards. Nedim explained, "A friend had a passport, and he gave his passport. They took our IDs, from the other two of us, and did a PBC (police background check). My friend has a history going back to the August 15 events; he served time in prison, and he was tried, facing the death penalty. They checked the PBCs, his came up with a lot of stuff. Mine was all clean. They reasoned, thinking, 'If his was a fake, his PBC wouldn't be like this.' That left me. So they're not stupid, you know."[21] The story reflects the differences of the GBT interrogation system compared to the events of the 12th of September crisis; with the new system, it is much more difficult to get away with a forged document. Nonetheless, document forgery has retained its usefulness and continues to be put to use in illegal organizations.

Returning to Das' question, how does the state then claim legitimacy in the face of obvious forgeries, corruption within its own procedures, and the mimesis of its structures? Das (2007) finds the answer in a realm of excuses and infelicities. The state becomes implicated in a realm of infelicities by creating excuses for the forgery of its documents and the mimesis of its structures. Borrowing from Austin, Das argues that in ordinary life excuses are linked to the realm of language and the vulnerability of human actions. One may be quoted out of context, or her words can be reproduced. In ordinary life, this is the realm of human vulnerability: "In the life

[21] Arkadaşlardan birinde pasaport vardı, o pasaportunu versi. Bizim ikimizin kimliklerini aldılar, GBT sorgusu yaptılar. Arkadaş da 15 Ağustostan kalma bir arkadaş, hapiste yatmış, idamla yargılanmış. GBT'lere bi baktılar, bi dolu şey geldi onunkisinde. Benimki bebek gibi tertemiz. Akıl yürüttüler. Bununki sahte kimlik olsaydı GBT'si böyle gelmezdi dediler. O zaman ben kalıyorum geriye. Yani aptal değiller.

of the state, that very iterability becomes not a sign of vulnerability but a mode of circulation through which power is produced" (p. 178).

The realm of state excuses involves the law. The recognition of document forgery as a crime in the Criminal Code entails the recognition of the iterability of the state's own practices by that very law, and this recognition brings the state into the realm of excuses. At the same time, however, that same iterability empowers the state; the state punishes those who forge documents or use forged documents. The law on forgery states: "A person who forges an official document, or who alters a real official document in a way to deceive others, or who uses forged official documents shall be sentenced to imprisonment for 2 to 12 years"[22] (Turkish Criminal Code, Issue 204, Item 1). The poignancy of the crime of document forgery in the law is expressed as forgery's "capability to deceive" (*iğfal gücü*) in the former Criminal Code, which the new law expresses as "a way to deceive others" (*başkalarını aldatacak şekilde*). This is not as complex as it appears: if a forged official document is not capable of deceiving people as it is *real,* according to the law it is not punished since there is no evidence of crime. Hence the evidence of crime is not the forged document but rather, its capability to deceive. The state does not punish the amateur who forges; rather, it is professional mimicking which is considered to be the crime.

Via either real or forged documents the state is multiplied in everyday life and enters the lives of the people. The stories discussed above illustrate that a subject's identity can never be fully assumed in an encounter with the state. However, the state penetrates the lives of the people by its iterability, which creates a mode of circulation in everyday life, and the state becomes a social subject in everyday life by

[22] Bir resmî belgeyi sahte olarak düzenleyen, gerçek bir resmî belgeyi başkalarını aldatacak şekilde değiştiren veya sahte resmî belgeyi kullanan kişi, iki yıldan beş yıla kadar hapis cezası ile cezalandırılır.

the kind of reality it acquires as a result of its iterability: "The state cannot exist without this subjective component, which links its form to the dynamics of people and movements" (Aretxaga 2003, p. 395). State documentary practices thus acquire a life in the practices of people: "It is the iterability of writing, the citability of its utterances that allows a whole realm of social practices to emerge that even resisting the state reproduces it in new modes" (Das 2007, p. 234).

The previous chapter discussed, via its documentary practices, how the state defines, produces and claims a certain type of reality which excludes and fictionalizes everything other than itself. This ownership over reality also creates a language for demanding power and thus makes the state attachable to various forms of power and authority. The desire and struggle for stateness is very much linked to this ownership over reality. In this section, document forgery also revealed that the iterability of the state strengthens the state's position as a subject in everyday life. Thus individuals, groups, movements touch or are touched by the "reality" of the state, either by being subject to it in their everyday encounters or by reproducing it as subjects by their mimetic performances. The next section will focus on the mimetic performativities of stateness during the era of the 12th of September coup, relying on interviews I conducted with former members of illegal organizations.

Forging the State

> Do you know the story of Dimitrov? Once upon a time while Georgi Dimitrov was going from Germany to Austria with a fake ID, he was forced to get out of his vehicle at the border. He had a Jewish ID. The officers asked him to make a list of ten of his Jewish relatives, to test if he is really Jewish or not. By the way, he had company, a German guy, who was traveling with his real ID, watching this exchange anxiously. Dimitrov wrote ten names on a piece of paper and handed it over. The SS officer took the paper and left. After a while, he came back and

> said: 'I dropped the paper you gave me. Write down the ten relatives again.' Dimitrov again wrote them down and gave him the paper. When the Nazi got the new paper, he took the previous one out of his pocket and compared the two lists to see if they were both the same. Of course, he let Dimitrov go, thinking he had told the truth. His German friend asked him: "Comrade, how did you manage to remember all the names you wrote on the first list and write them on the second list? Dimitrov replied: 'I wrote the names of my Jewish neighbors one by one in the order that they lived near my house, from closest to farthest. That's how I remembered all of their names.' We've always had this kind of method, this kind of logic in our work. That's where the professionalism comes from. We all knew about this incident.[23]

This story was related to me by Ali, a member of the TKP who escaped to Germany after the coup and lived there for 10 years. He got out of Turkey on a forged passport and lived with a forged identity for 10 years in Germany. The point of his telling me this story was to explain the professionalism of forging official documents: "The admiration is not for getting away with forgery, for defying authority. It is for creating a sort of authority for oneself. One has one's own rubber stamp. It explains the lack of rancor" (Siegel 1998, p.57). Not only in Ali's narrative, but also in the other interviews I conducted, forgery was described in a context of claiming and creating a sort of authority for oneself. In this way, the subject of the forging of documents by illegal organizations in the 1970s is inextricably bound to the organizations themselves.

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[23] "Dimitrov'un hikayesini bilir misiniz? Georgi Dimitrov bir seferinde sahte bir kimlikle Almanya Avusturya arasında geçiş yaparken indiriliyor araçtan, üzerinde bir Yahudi kimliği var. Gerçekten Yahudi mi değil mi diye test etmek için ona diyorlar ki bize on tane Yahudi akrabanın ismini yaz. Bu arada Dimitrov'un yanında da ona refakat eden bir Alman var kendi kimliğiyle, Alman refakatçi endişeyle izliyor durumu. Dimitrov on tane ismi bir kağıda yazıyor, veriyor. SS subayı kağıdı alıp gidiyor, birazdan geri geliyor, "Ben senin yazdığın kağıdı düşürdüm. Tekrar yaz on tane akrabanı" diyor. Dimitrov tekrar yazıyor, kağıdı veriyor. Nazi kağıdı alınca elini atıyor, cebinden bir öncekini çıkarıyor. Karşılaştırıyor iki kağıdı, bakıyor ki hepsi aynı. Tabi bırakıyor Dimitrov'u, diyor ki demekki doğru söylüyor. Alman refakatçi Dimitrov'a soruyor: "yoldaş, sen nasıl ilk kağıda yazdığın isimlerin hepsini aynen aklında tuttun da ikinci kağıda yazabildin?" Dimitrov diyor ki "Ben bizim mahallede bizim eve en yakın olma sırasıyla Yahudilerin isimlerini tek tek yazdım, yakından uzağa doğru. O yüzden hepsini aklımda tuttum." Bizim çalışmalarımızda da böyle bir yöntem, böyle bir mantık hep oldu. Profesyonellik buradan geliyor. Hepimiz bu olayı bilirdik."

There are many organizational differences and oppositions among groups in the leftist movement, which renders it impossible to describe a homogeneous 'Left' and thereupon analyze the state in reference to this. As a result, this section will rely on select personal interviews to discuss forgery of the state. The statement "being a state unto itself," sums up the implications of this forgery, which is the focus of this section. For this reason this section will employ the totality of interviews in which the claim of being a state was found.[24]

The forgery of official documents is more or less concerned with claims of autonomy. Ali put this succinctly at the beginning of the interview: "At those times we [the TKP] were the state for ourselves" (*biz kendimize göre devlettik*). He described the organization of the party, its functions, activities and its strategies for revolution with reference to this first claim. Being a state for itself was the key statement of his entire narrative, because he connected every story to this very first claim. In order to understand this claim of statehood we need to ask again: What is the state? What is the state, if and when Ali claims statehood for TKP? Moreover, what kind of a state is that?

Ali refers to a genre when he claims to be a state, a genre through which we learn how to organize authority and power:

> Stateness does not merely grow out of official, or "stately," strategies of government and representation. The attribution of stateness to various forms of authority also emerges from intense and often localized political struggles over resources,recognition, inclusion, and influence. Whereas certain forms of state intervention may be loathed and resisted, other and more egalitarian forms of governance, or being forms of authority, may at the same time be intensely desired and asked for. (Hansen and Stepputat 2001, p. 9)

[24] Obscure forms of state forgery will comprise the subject of the next chapter.

Ali described the activities of the TKP as a struggle to eliminate the state by replacing it with the TKP. He went on to say, "If your aim is to eliminate the state you have to be the state. Otherwise you cannot struggle against it." In this way, the state comes to existence as a phantasmatic reality which is both rejected and desired at the same time in Ali's narrative.

In his influential book *Mimesis and Alterity* (1993), Taussig employs a "spirit boat" narrative to exemplify mimesis. In this narrative, Choco Indians went on a journey to the Congo River by canoe and there they saw a colorful boat, "luminous with pure giringos abroad." They wanted to catch up with the boat but no matter how much they rowed, they couldn't. The boat produced noisy mechanical sounds and smelled of gasoline. The shaman in the canoe said, "Let's go back. This is not a boat. This is a work of the devil." Upon their return, they became violently sick, so the Shaman oversaw a healing ritual. He showed people how to work with wood and paint, and together they constructed a model of the boat with its crew in it; the captain lacked a head, another crew member had no feet, and others were missing organs. Taussig describes this process thusly: "He has boldly decided to take initiative and acquire the gringo spirit-crew for himself, to capture them so to add his stable of spirit-powers. And how does he do this? He makes a copy of them" (p.15). By proposing the elimination of the state by having the TKP stand in for the state, Ali's statement, "If your aim is to eliminate the state you have to be the state," is reminiscent of the Choco story. Although the Taussig story is rooted in a different context, in which one can protect oneself from evil spirits by portraying them, the assumed power acquired by the "magic of mimesis" is quite similar: "In some way or another the making and existence of the artifact that portrays something gives one power over that which is portrayed" (p.13). This was true for the world of Cuna, but

can we claim the same for our world? Can we claim that Ali was expressing this kind of magic of mimesis while talking about the state? Or did the TKP acquire power over the state through its acts?

In answering these questions, it should be duly noted that the acts of the TKP and other illegal organizations which this section will examine within the rubric of 'state forgeries' do not fall within Taussig's conceptualization of mimesis. Taussig's conceptualization of mimesis relies on Benjamin's work, for whom mimesis is the human faculty to copy, imitate and render themselves similar to their surrounding environments. Benjamin notes that people's "gift of seeing resemblances is nothing other than a rudiment of the powerful compulsion in former times to become and behave like something else" (1978 [1933]). With regard to the Cuna Indians' rituals and everyday practices, Taussig conceptualizes mimesis as a form of magic through which the distinction between self and other becomes porous and flexible. Taussig takes mimesis as a form of engagement with nature which does not demand domination of it, and thusly the Cartesian dichotomy between subject and object is not valid for Cuna Indians who render themselves similar to something other, by mimetic magic.

Based on this conceptualization of mimesis, the claimed similarity of illegal organizations to the state in the 12th of September era cannot be treated identically to Taussig's mimesis. Nevertheless, I have opted to employ the expression "the magic of mimesis" to define the relationship between the copy and the copied. Taussig argues that "all the examples of magical realism in which image and contact interpenetrate must have the effect of making us reconsider our very notion of what it is to be an image of something, most especially if we wish not only to express but to manipulate *reality* by means of its image" (p.57). As this study aims to question the

relationship between the (ownership over) "reality" and power through the metaphor of document, Taussig's imperative to reconsider the very notion of what it means to be an image of something else is essential for this study. In this way, the act of forging the state by various means, which will be examined in the following pages, can be conceived of as mimetic performances of stateness rather than mimesis of it. The state as a form materializes "power" in itself through the constant reiteration of this form. Subjects repeat and mime this legitimizing form of the state when they claim autonomy and power for themselves.

The question of how the state as a phantasmatic reality constitutes political reality and political experience can be answered, to a certain degree, via these mimetic performances of stateness. In order to reveal how this performativity operates, one must focus on subjects and how they take up positions of being a subject, how they repeat and mime legitimizing norms and how they become subjects of their own subjection. In Ali's narrative, since the state is both rejected and desired (in the claim of being a state for itself), Zizek's notion of "fantasy" can be put to use to unravel this duality (1997). Zizek uses the concept fantasy to explain the maintenance of "ideology," demonstrating the ways in which subjects take up the subject positions that ideology constructs: "The standard notion of the way fantasy works within ideology is that of a fantasy-scenario which obfuscates the true horror of a situation" (p.6). This true horror is typified by the antagonisms that traverse society; subjects indulge in the notion of society as an organic whole instead of a full rendering of these antagonisms. In order to unveil these antagonisms that are obfuscated by fantasy Zizek, firstly deals with the fantasy's "transcendental schematism," asserting that a fantasy constitutes our desire and provides its co-ordinates, and in effect it literally "teaches us how to desire."

Cowie (1997) makes a similar argument about fantasy. She writes that "fantasy involves, is characterized by, not the achievement of desired objects, but the arranging of, a setting out of, desire: a veritable *mise-en-scene* of desire" (p.361). From this perspective, Ali's fantasy of the state is the root of his claim to being a state in itself. The fantasy of the state, as an entity over and above society, operates to constitute subjects' desires and teaches them how and what to desire. The sovereign state thus becomes the object of desire because it is the only "form" through which subjects learn to claim authority and power. In this way, Ali is able to describe the relative autonomy of the TKP by referring to exclusive knowledge about claiming authority and power.

Ali's argument about the necessity of "being a state in order to eliminate it" also reflects the same fantasy. Zizek argues that "there's a kind of trans-ideological kernel, since if any ideology is to become operative and effectively seize individuals, it has to batten on and manipulate some kind of trans-ideological vision which cannot be reduced to a simple instrument of legitimizing pretensions to power" (p.21). Fantasy operates by creating a distance between ideology and itself. In other words, in order to be operative, fantasy has to remain "implicit," it has to maintain a distance from the "explicit symbolic texture" sustained by it, and to function as its "inherent transgression." Zizek theorizes fantasy with respect to its relation to "ideology." In the same way, I argue that fantasy operates within the "political imaginary": Ali creates his distance from the state by rejecting it as the source of authority and power. But he (re)produces it as a desired form of authority and power. To put it another way, while the state is desired as a form of authority and power it is simultaneously rejected as the source of authority and power. The desire for the state

as a form becomes the essential component of the political imaginary and thus constitutes concrete effects.

Another TKP member, Murat, concisely explained these effects. When I told him about Ali's claim of "being a state," he agreed and said: "True, we were the state. We had labs where we made our own documents, like I said. We had our own security system. Since our organization was a cell-type organization, it had layers; I mean there was hierarchy based on duty. At that time each of us had our own expertise. For instance, we had members who were only responsible for translation. Now when I look back, I see the mistake, of course. We placed the translator in a secret house. Once a week, we gave him new translations to do and picked up the ones that were finished. We forgot about those people in those houses. Imagine, the guy has no contact with the outside world, and he's translating for the revolution. So, how is he gonna feel it?"[25]

Murat's description of "being a state" involves both the functioning of the organization and the distribution of authority. In his narrative, the TKP appears as an illegal political organization which mirrored and replicated state structures. Here, it is not only the performativity of stateness by the reiteration of its legitimizing norms that is described, but also a mimicking of the state within the structural base. Hence, not only the state's documents were forged but also the state itself.

In his article about illegal political networks in Northern Peru, Nugent (1999) argues that the stability of state rule was crucially dependent on the vitality and

[25] Doğrudur, devlettik. Kendi belgelerimizi yaptığımız laboraturalrımız vardı işte dediğim gibi. Kendi güvenlik yöntemimiz vardı. Şimdi örgütümüz hücre tipi örgütlenme olduğu için katman katmandı, yani göreve göre hiyerşi vardı. Kendi uzmanlıklarımız vardı sonra. Mesela sırf çeviriyle görevli üyelerimiz vardı. Şimdi geriye bakınca hatayı görüyorum tabi. Adamı gizli bi eve yerleştirmişiz. Haftada bir gidip yeni çeviriler veriyoruz. Bitenleri alıyoruz. O insanları o evlerde unuttuk biz. Düşünsene, adamın dış dünyayla ilişkisi yok, devrim için çeviri yapıyo. E onu nasıl hissedecek bu adam?

viability of political networks deemed illegal and illegitimate: “For these illegal networks, even though persecuted and harassed, organized the population into categories, involved them in relationships, and accustomed them to forms of discipline and rule upon which state organization itself depended” (p.92). The illegal networks which Nugent describes do not precisely parallel those of the TKP or other leftist political organizations of the 70’s, his analysis can nonetheless be applied to them.

The cell-type organization which was pervasively adopted by leftist organizations in Turkey depended on a certain system of hierarchy. Each cell had a leader called a “secretary,” who was assigned by the central committee of a given organization. The cell members didn’t know or meet the other members of the organization, nor did they meet with the central committee. They worked solely under their cell secretary. In other words, the central committee, which was comprised basically of the leaders of the party or organization, made decisions and determined strategies. They were responsible for assigning secretaries to the cells and charging them with certain tasks. Secretaries were responsible for keeping the cell together and mediating between cell members and the central committee, and also for reporting to the central committee. This system was adopted mainly for security reasons. However, such a hierarchy has concrete effects. When secretaries were arrested during the coup, many cells fell apart. Cell members didn’t know how to contact the central committee nor did the central committee know how to contact cell members.

After the coup, when organizations began sending members out of Turkey with forged documents, the effects of this hierarchic structure become readily apparent. Thousands of people left Turkey on forged passports. But a crucial

question to ask is, who decides who will leave the country and who will stay? In the case of the TKP, party leaders decided who would stay and who would go, with priority given to "people the state knew." Union leaders, intellectuals and public figures were the first group to leave the country, followed by people high up in the ranks of the organizational hierarchy. Most of the members of the party committee also left, but there was the issue of leaving a core leader group behind to manage the party. In making this decision, Ali said that they chose people they could depend on, people who would remain loyal: "For instance, in these organizations, not only in ours, when a large number of these administrators left, they took care to ensure that people who supervised members who stayed on in Turkey were people who remained loyal to them in every way, in terms of the party's headquarters, or the organization's headquarters. When they sent some members abroad, they did so accordingly and kept the remainders, the ones that they found dependable, the ones that would remain faithful to them."[26]

During the military coup, it was announced that thousands of citizens had been identified as "illegal." People who belonged to political organizations and parties, and people who participated in protests and demonstrations became "wanted bodies." People ceased being real individuals and were transformed into names on blacklists. The country became a huge checkpoint. In spite of this absolute authority, however, illegal political organizations were taking advantage of their relative autonomy to send their members abroad. In this tumult, there were state officials entrusted with the power to determine which bodies would be "illegal," and

[26] Mesela bu örgütlerin içinde, yani sadece bizde değil, bu örgüt yöneticilerinin önemli bir kısmı dışarıya gittiği zaman içerde insanların başında bulunan insanların, kadrolarının parti merkezleri açısından, örgüt merkezleri açısından kendilerine her koşulda bağlı kalacak insanlardan oluşmasına da özen gösteriyorlardı. Dışarıya çıkardığı zaman ona göre çıkarıyor, geriye kalanları da, kendisine göre sağlam olanı, kendine bağlı kalacak olanları içerde tutyorlardı.

simultaneously there were organization leaders who had the power to decide whether those bodies would remain in the country or leave.

Siegel (1998) argues that forgery reinforces the idea of power possessed by those with access to the relevant techniques:

> The state does not claim to be the site of rationality guarding its citizens against irrational. On the contrary, here the state relies on this irrationality. The assumption is that it cannot only use but magnify this power. The state thus puts itself in a position of possible rivalry with its citizens for control of this force. (p.60)

According to Ali's and Murat's narratives, the TKP was in possession of the means to access techniques of forgery, which helped thousands of people flee from the terror of the coup. However, as Siegel argues, forgery reinforces the idea that power entails access to certain techniques because by indicating a genuine strength, it makes feasible the possibility that anyone can govern an occurrence. As seen in the case of the TKP, the question becomes a question of how that will applied. Since TKP leaders decided who to send abroad and who to leave behind, forgery reproduced the mythic power of the documents and their holders. Rather than trying to debate the ethical aspects of leadership or evaluate the validity of the strategies of leftist movement, I am simply proposing that the outcome of forgery is similar to the outcome of the official documentary practices of the state: they both (re)produce the same form of power by laying claim to access to techniques of knowledge production and means of control.

As discussed above, the TKP was the major producer of forged documents, for which there are two reasons: first, the TKP and Dev-Yol were the two most powerful leftist organizations in the 1970s. Secondly, the TKP was the only political organization that decided to send large numbers of members abroad, as they had connections with other communist parties in Soviet countries. Murat reported that

they also forged documents for other organizations upon request. The members of HK and Dev-Yol that I interviewed criticized the TKP's decision, focusing on their own choice to stay and struggle:

> While the organization was assigning certain duties to certain people, or classifying people, they did this according to their skills, in whichever area they are skilled. This had to be that way. Finally, yes, violence shouldn't be exaggerated. Yes, unnecessary processes of terrorizing should be avoided. But in the end, you are an organization that has a claim to change a system. And no one will say to you: "Okay, sure, come and change this system." Here, definitely, things will come to conflict and bilateral force. So you inevitably have an obligation to keep your organization at this level of firmness. This is a dilemma that the system imposes upon you. And within this, undoubtedly, the need for a gunfight or to make a fake ID for a friend will arise. No doubt, a necessity to transfer a friend of yours who was uncovered in zone A to zone B will arise. You will need to move a friend of yours who is in town A and about to be caught by the police at any time, to town B. And for this, there'll be an organization and specific units within this organization, that is, an armed unit, an economic unit, a popular unit, a unit for forgery. Things like that. If it's a serious organization, these have to exist and they did.[27]

Ibrahim, from HK, talked about this situation within a context of division of labor in his organization. The idea of eliminating the state by being a state, which came up in the TKP interviews, here once again acquires a structural basis in HK's case with the existence of an armed unit. İbrahim emphasized the necessity of armed struggle, but he also mentioned the failures of such an approach, and his critique focused on the

[27] Örgütün insanlarını belli görevlerle görevlendirirken, ya da tasnif ederken onun yeteneklerine gore, yani bunlar daha yetenekli olduğu alana gore yapılırdı. Örgüt kişiyi en yetenkli olduğu analana gore görevlendirirdi. Bu olması da gereken birşeydi. Sonuçta evet, şiddeti abartmamak gerekir. Evet, gereksiz terörize oluş süreçlerinden uzak durmak gerekir. Ama sonuçta siz bir sistemi değiştirmek iddiasında olan bir örgütlenmesiniz. Ve kimse de size tamam, buyrun gelin bu sistemi alın değiştirin demez. Burda, mutlak suretle meseleler çatışmaya, karşılıklı güce dayanacaktır. Sizin de örgütlenmenizi bu sıkılıkta tutmak gibi bir zorunluluğunuz ister istemez oluyor. Bu sistemin size dayattığı bir açmaz. Ve bunun içinde şphesiz silahlı çatışma, aranan bir arkadaşınıza sahte kimlik yapma ihtiyacı doğacaktır. Şüphesiz A bölgesinde deşifre olmuş bir arkadaşınız B bölgesine aktarmak gibi bir zorunluluk doğacaktır. A şehrinde polisin her an eline geçecek bir arkadaşınızı B şehrine aktarmanız gerekecek. Bunun için de bir örgütlenme ve bu örgütlenmenin içinde kendine özgü birimler olacak. Yani bir silahlı birim, ekonomik birim, bir kitle çalışması, bir sahtecilik birimi. Buna benzer şeyler. Eğer ciddi bir örgütlenmeyse bunlar olmak zorunda ve vardı da zaten.

aims of armed struggle. Rather than struggling against 'the system' and 'the state,' the circumstances of the day 'forced' them to struggle with the 'fascist civil organizations.' Although they recognized this mistake at that time, they couldn't explain it to their own people.[28] He mentions this situation in reference to a revolutionary form of romanticism:

> In fact, a substantial number of our friends who joined the struggle in those days lacked the necessary responsibility towards the public, or a strong faith that the world needed to be changed. It was rather adventurousness, a youth fad, you know, and excitement and all that drew them. We can only educate such people over time. You need time to improve their theoretical perceptions. But until then, you can't dull their excitement, and you can't tell them to drop the gun.[29]

Just as with an imagining of the state as an entity over and above society, the organization is also imagined as a distinct entity, independent of the people that comprise it. İbrahim identifies with the organization in such a way that he uses the phrase 'our own people' while referring to individuals who are involved in the organization and thus he is referring to himself as an organizational self. The same holds true for Ali's and Murat's narratives concerning the TKP, and Ferhat's from Dev-Yol; there exists a powerful identification with organizations they belong to. Since the organizations are narrated in a genre of being a state unto themselves, there is identification with an imagined state authority and power. Mimetic performance of stateness explains the "being a state unto itself" argument to a certain degree. Furthermore, Zizek's 'fantasy' reflects on the ways in which the subjects take up

[28] Biz o zamanlar bunun fakında olsak da bunu kendi insanımıza anlatamıyorduk.

[29] Aslında o günkü günlerde mücadeleye katılan arkadaşların önemli bir bölümünde gerekli halka karşı sorumluluk durumu ya da dünyanın değiştirimesi gerekliliğine güçlü bir inanç yoktu. Daha çok serüvencilik, gençlik hevesi, işte heyecan filandı onları getiren. Böyle insanları ancak zamanla eğitebiliriz. Onların teorik algılamasını geliştirmen için zamana ihtiyaç var. Ama o zamana kadar da heyecanları yok edemezsin, silahı bırak diyemezsin.

these subject positions determined by mimetic performativity. But how can we explain the being of the state as the only desirable form of authority and power?

Previous sections of this chapter have discussed the state as a subject in everyday life in addition to the kind of reality that the state acquires by being a subject in everyday life, in people's lives, in terms of the links binding the state's form to the dynamics of people and movements. At this point, I argue that the state is also an object of desire. These two positions of the state are in fact not conflictive. Rather, the state acquires power from this positional duality; it is both an object, and a subject. The state as object of desire constructs and strengthens it as a subject in everyday life; similarly, the state as subject in everyday life constructs and strengthens it as an object of desire.

Aretxaga (2000) argues that "the state, whatever that is, materializes not only through rules and bureaucratic routines but also through a world of fantasy thoroughly narrativized and imbued with affect, fear, and desire, that make it, in fact, a plausible reality" (p.52). Rather than just considering and analyzing the state as a fantasy, the aim here is to understand how this fantasy acquires reality. Hence I argue that this dual position of the state, by being both an object and a subject, is the source of the state's plausible reality.

The state becomes forgeable by being an object/subject which determines the forms of both objectivities and subjectivities that are imagined in everyday life. In the narratives of persons who are identified with their organizations, the organization is imagined in the same way that the state is imagined. The organization acquires a value by itself, free of the persons and relations that actually form it. However, the mimetic performances of illegal political organizations and the complete

identification of organization members with the organization also point to the subjectivity of state-being which is desired in order to acquire power and authority.

Just like documents are forged by illegal organizations in the context of claiming autonomy and power, the state is forged by being both objectified and subjectified in the context of claiming autonomy and power. Hence the state becomes the document of a power which is forgeable, for it is the only imagined information and evidence of power (if we recall the dictionary meaning of the document). The state not only institutes the possibility of forgery and the mimetic performances of its structure by instituting governmentalities dependent on writing technologies and documents, by defining and owning reality and rendering itself as the sole reality, it acquires the nature of a document (as it imposes a magical power over documents by rendering them the evidence of reality). In other words, it institutes the possibility of forgery and mimetic performances of its structure by rendering itself the document of power. Hence it is strengthened by its very iterability.

What then are the outcomes of this mimetic performance of stateness for those who are not identified with organizations? Moreover, why are some persons identified with organizations while others not? “Once the mimetic has sprung into being, a terrifically ambiguous power is established; there is born the power to represent the world, yet that same power to falsify, mask and pose. The two powers are inseparable” (Taussig 1993, p. 42-43). According to this view, it should not be a coincidence that among the people I interviewed, those not identified with the organizations were women. The next chapter will examine the kind of state that was thus forged with this lacuna; that is, a masculine state.

CHAPTER 5

THE NARRATIVE AS "DOCUMENT"

After the torture, this ringing in my ear continued. That's why, after I got out, I couldn't read anymore, because that's when I hear the ringing in my ear. Silence is something unbearable for me. You know, before going to sleep, it's awful. I have to fall sleep immediately, or else that silence becomes horrible for me."[30]

It was a cloudy Sunday in December 2008. We were to meet in front of McDonald's on İstikal Street[31] at 11 a.m. There I was, waiting for Ali. A few days before I had interviewed Ali's brother, who was a police officer during the coup. We were at Ali's office in Bayrampaşa, which I had visited a number of times after the first day I went there in June 2007, and where Ali had subsequently arranged several interviews for me. He had also invited me to his office a few times to share some new ideas about my research or about politics in general. That day he had invited me because he wanted me to interview his brother. But his brother didn't have much to

[30] İşkenceden sonra kulağımda çınlama kaldı benim. Mesela o yüzden çıktıktan sonra kitap okuyamaz oldum. Çünkü o zaman kulağımın çınlamasını duyuyorum. Sessizlik yani benim için dayanılmaz birşey. Uykuya yatmadan önce filan çok fena. Hemen uyumam lazım. Yoksa o sessizlik çok kötü oluyor benim için.

[31] İstiklal Street is the main street of the Beyoglu district, which is famous as an entertainment center where hundreds of cafes, restaurants and pubs are gathered. It is also one of the main art and culture centers of Istanbul with its numerous movie theatres, art galleries and concert halls. In recent years, many well-known clothing and cosmetics brands have opened shops on the street, which has transformed the street into an open mall. However, another significant aspect of the district is that the offices of most of the political organizations (leftist, feminist, LGBTT, environmentalist, and so on.) are located on the back streets of the district which makes Beyoglu also a center for political demonstrations and protests. One can easily run into more than five different demonstrations/protests on İstiklal Street on an ordinary Saturday. Furthermore, although İstiklal Street is presented as a fancy urban center, the back streets of Beyoglu District have maintained an uncanny image because of the resident 'marginal' population involving sex workers, transvestites, gypsies and the lowest-income dwellers in certain areas, such as Tarlabasi.

tell. He seemed quite uncomfortable about talking to me. So when Ali left us alone, I told him that we could end the interview, which he gladly accepted.

While I was leaving, Ali invited me to a gathering which had been organized by TUSTAV. Mehmet Celik, a friend of Ali, had written the latest memoir of the "Yellow Notebook" set. The name of the book is "Drops from Yesterday" (*Dünden Damlalar*). The gathering was a celebration for the most recent publication of the Yellow Notebook set and "an opportunity to gathering together with old friends."

I was nervous while waiting in front of McDonald's, as Ali had told me that he was going to introduce me to many 'important people' in the gathering, which was a great opportunity for my research as I would be able to meet new people who were involved in the leftist movement during the 1970s; but I was uncomfortable about being the outsider, a researcher in an intimate environment. While I was rehashing what I would say to explain my research topic in the shortest way, I saw Ali approaching. He came up quickly and said, "We have to hurry." It turned out that there was a collective brunch before the gathering starting at ten o'clock.

After rushing along for a short while, Ali stopped in front of an arcade which I knew quite well. An old friend of my parents - whom I used to call grandpa - had a shoe-making atelier in an apartment in that arcade. The trips we took to visit him were adventures in my childhood, taking me from our bright, safe house to a dark, scary place full of 'weird people.' The arcade connected two back streets of İstiklal to each other, both of which were eerie and dangerous, according to my mother. When I used to say that I wanted to see my adopted grandpa, my mother would tell me that we couldn't go there on our own without my father. The memory of the arcade evokes dark and dank memories, scary but exciting. The big, old apartment in

which the shoe atelier was located was even scarier than the arcade. We used to rush up to the second floor as if someone was going to waylay us.

So I was surprised when Ali stopped in front of the arcade, and then walked towards the "uncanny" apartment. It was an awkward moment; entering the scary apartment of my childhood with Ali, following him up the stairs, looking around to try and crack the secret of the building. In the end, there was no secret. It was a big, old apartment; dark, dirty and smelly, just like many other Beyoglu apartments. We rushed up to the third floor. The meeting place was a pub named Pen Café.[32] People were smoking in front of the entrance, chatting loudly. Ali headed towards one of them.

A man was sitting on a chair, holding a glass of tea in one hand, and a cigarette in the other. He had a weary expression. When he talked, his voice sounded wheezy, as if he was having difficulty at breathing. Ali introduced me to him as a PhD student and said, "She is doing a research about us." The man didn't seem interested, but he smiled. He asked me if I smoke and said, "The people inside are too old smoke," and smiled again. As I lit my cigarette, Ali went into the pub. People were smoking and talking to each other at the entrance, greeting new arrivals and making jokes about each other. The man on the chair was friendly and jovial, cracking jokes about people who had put on weight or had gone bald. He winked at me a few times between his jokes, all of which were about getting old.

Ali came back with the head of TUSTAV and introduced me to him. He welcomed me. Before I had a chance to say anything, he told me it was a great pleasure to meet "young people like me" and that they have helped many students who were conducting research about the 12th of September era. Ali started talking

[32] http://www.pencafebeyoglu.com/

about the resources I could get access to in the TUSTAV office, since the largest portion of the TKP archive was kept there. It was hard to focus on the conversation. Everything was happening too fast. People were coming, people were leaving. Ali was telling me the names of the people we saw and giving me information about them, whispering in my ear.

Before we went into the pub, Ali chided the old man on the chair for smoking too much. The man didn't care. Whispering, Ali told me that the man used to be in the central committee of the TKP, but was dismissed from the party because he broke down under torture. When he got out of prison, he tried to sign up again to be a member; they forgave him and approved his membership. Ali went on to say, "He is an alcoholic. He got out of the hospital just a week ago, and now he is smoking like a chimney; he is throwing his life away." There was no compassion in Ali's voice, just pure cruel condemnation. During our interview he had mentioned the difference between the breaking-down of an "ordinary man" and a "member of the committee," in telling about their attitudes towards those who couldn't hold up under torture. Maybe he had been talking about this man.

I was speechless. While Ali was whispering in my ear, it occurred to me that the man on the chair had heard Ali. Or, maybe he just felt that we were talking about him. Or maybe it was just my imagination. But his face suddenly struck me as very sorrowful. I wanted to do something to put things right; I wanted him to know that I didn't think like Ali, that I didn't share one bit of his condemnation. But there was nothing I could do. I just kept standing there, trying not to look at the man's face.

Embarrassed, angry and upset, I went into the pub with Ali. I was no longer motivated or enthusiastic about the gathering, as if Ali had forced me to go. To make matters worse, my first glance at the pub wasn't helping matters at all. The place was

packed and claustrophobic. All the tables were full of people; some were standing in groups in different parts of the room. The whole room still reeked of alcohol from the previous night. The meeting I imagined was a far cry from the meeting that was actually underway.

Ali pulled me out of the daze I was in and showed me a table where some old men were sitting side by side, watching the crowd. Unlike at the other tables, nobody was sitting across from them. They looked like a jury for the brunch gathering. Ali whispered, "This is the council of elders (*ihtiyar heyeti*) of the TKP." It was a joke, but the old men really were the oldest TKP members still alive and their presence marked the room with a sense of oddness. Everybody who entered the room stopped at their table and greeted them.

After visiting the council of elders, Ali took me to some other tables and introduced me to the people there. He kept up a steady supply of information me about the backgrounds of some of the significant men we met, providing me with details about the positions they used to hold in the party, the work they have done, how they resisted in prison and under torture, and so on. But some tables we didn't stop at and Ali didn't talk to certain people, averting his gaze when they passed each other.

When we finally sat down at the author's table, I was still under the influence of the man on the chair and the expression on his face. I decided to take notes in order to calm myself and focus on why I was there. There were very few women among of the gathering of men. The room was gloomy, and the crowd just made the dim room even dimmer. The brunch was almost over and the waiters were gathering empty plates from the tables as Ali chatted about the importance of the 'Yellow Notebook.' Mehmet Çelik autographed his book for me. The woman sitting next to

me teased him about his handwriting. It turned out that she was his wife. I asked her if she was a former TKP member as well, to which she replied that she hadn't been, but said that she had "suffered at home as much as the men suffered outside." She referred only to men as TKP members; I grew curious about the other women in the room. How many of them were former TKP members? Once when I had asked Ali if I could interview a woman, he said that he had a lot of female friends from the TKP, but told me that none of them could talk to me about "this kind of stuff," meaning "forged documents."

I was watching for an opportunity to talk to the woman next to me again, but the editor of the Yellow Notebook came to our table and suggested that the meeting commence. All nine memoirs of the Yellow Notebook were written by men. The editor, surprisingly, was a woman, however. She and Mehmet Çelik moved to a small table next to the 'council of elders,' which was allocated for the speakers. They waited for a while, reviewing their notes, until the room fell silent.

I can't remember the first hour of the meeting very well. The impact of the discussion partially erased the author's and the editor's speeches from my memory. But still, the main theme was the significance of unearthing history to leave behind a legacy for future generations. Mehmet Çelik gave a brief summary of his book and talked about his experiences in the TKP and in the Petrol-Is Union.[33]

When the discussion part of the meeting began, the first person to talk was Ali. He exalted the author and his book by emphasizing how objectively written it was, saying that Çelik had done justice to every person he mentioned in the book, and that he had transmitted history to the new generations correctly and objectively, "Unlike some other memoirs in the Yellow Notebook." You could cut the tension in

[33] Petrol-Is is the oil workers union. Mehmet Çelik was a one of the directors in the Batman office of the Petrol-Is Union.

the air with a knife. *We* were sitting at the author's table. *We* were at his side. Ali was drawing the contours the discussion would follow and along which lines sides would be taken.

The next speaker, as expected, disagreed with Ali on the 'justness' of Çelik's book, claiming that some people who had betrayed the TKP and the struggle were portrayed in the book as heroes. He gave some names of people who he claimed had been spies for the police (*ajan*[34]). The next three hours continued on in this fashion. Conflicting arguments were expressed by conflicting groups within the former TKP. People were talking in a language embedded in a common history. The names or events they referred to were common to everyone. As the discussions drew out, I was becoming more and more distant from the conversation. I was thinking, 'What does it matter? All of this happened thirty years ago.'

Some of the discussion topics were: being loyal to the TKP or betraying the struggle; accomplishing organizational duties or failing to have the proper revolutionist attitude; being in solidarity with comrades or being individualist; breaking down under torture or resisting torture; and even, *really* loving the working class or pretending to love it. I use the word *love* because the author Çelik started this argument about love by saying, "Some people's love for the working class was in fact just platonic love." He was referring to some men who came from middle-class families and never sincerely merged with the working class people but "loved" them only in theory. This was, apparently, platonic love. Or so I thought. As an outsider, it

[34] *Ajan*, which means "spy" in Turkish, is commonly used and has a long history in the leftist movement in Turkey. Leftist organizations have always been suspicious about police spies that could be among them. In fact, there really were spies involved in the organizations. However, the concept of *ajan* embraces much more than the word *ajan* literally means. The history of the leftist movement is full of these accusations. For instance, breaking down under torture can be a reason for such an accusation. Giving information to the police can be the criteria for being an *ajan*, even without taking torture into consideration.

was difficult to follow the discussion. But the author's argument nonetheless set off a long discussion on the nature of true Marxism and the true revolutionist attitude. Marxist concepts, historical references, quotations from Marx and Lenin, mistakes made by the Soviet Union - all of these were being interpreted and re-interpreted, just like in my interviews.

During the three hours of discussion, only one woman spoke. She started off by saying, "As many of you know, I am Mehmet Çelik's daughter." I was surprised. She talked about the difficulties of growing up in Batman[35] with her two sisters and the difficulties her mother had while raising them on her own, since Mehmet Çelik was always busy. She mentioned feeling anxious every night, wondering if their father would come home or not. The men who were yelling at each other five minutes before were now listening to her with smiles on their faces. It was the kind of smile that men adopt when a woman talks or that elder people assume when a young person talks; that 'respectful' smile, as if they were *letting* the person talk.

After relating the difficulties of her childhood, she astonished everyone by stating that in reaction to her father, she hated "this work" and that she had hated books all her life. Saying that she has read only two books in her life, one of them being Ayşegul Külin's[36] novel and the other her father's, she chastised her father for never mentioning in his book how their mother suffered from "this work" and never even writing about their mother's struggle to raise three daughters in a place like Batman. She concluded her speech by saying that for these reasons, she didn't think that her father's book was "just."

I glanced at the woman next to me. She was peeling a tangerine, apparently utterly oblivious to the fact that her daughter was speaking, and speaking about her.

[35] Batman is a town in the Kurdish region.
[36] Ayşe Külin, the author of several best-selling books.

In the tense silence of the room, for a moment I almost thought that this wasn't a spontaneous reaction, but rather that it had been planned by the women in the family. A man then stood up and scolded the woman as if she were a child, saying that her words were "inappropriate" and he asked her how their family issues were related to "their issues." The author Mehmet Çelik had a prudent, considerate look on his face. He intervened by saying that it was ok and that his daughter was right, but at that moment the editor interrupted and scolded the daughter for her impudence, arguing that Çelik had been sufficiently self-critical in his book concerning his family issues, and she gave a page number, which I wrote down. Upon inspection, I found a paragraph about Women's Day in which Çelik discussed the heavy load of labor that his wife had carried.

Five minutes later, the discussion went on as if the writer's daughter had never spoken. That was it for me. I told Ali that I had to leave and I bolted out of the pub. By the time I reached the street, my motivation to continue my research had vanished. I could no longer see any point in conducting a study on false documents. What was the point of my research? Everything struck me as meaningless.

Whose "Real" Is More Real?

The brunch meeting changed the path of my research. While it may initially seem inappropriate, dedicating this much space to the feelings and personal experiences of the researcher as they pertain to the research at hand plays a crucial role in the study itself - precisely because it is about "documenting reality," the main problematic of this project. For a long time, I had great difficulty explaining my research topic when I was asked. Each time, I started off with an explanation of false

documents and sequentially described my field experiences up to the point of the brunch meeting. In other words, I used this brunch meeting narrative as a justification for changing the direction of my research. Although I wasn't able to articulate the reasons for my emotional reaction, I could distinguish two issues that engendered it. One was the discussion about events that had occurred 30 years ago, which were mulled over as if they happened only yesterday. The other sticking point was the overbearing masculinity which left no space for women. For quite a while I wanted to extract myself from this environment. I took a break from fieldwork and avoided the people I had met in the course of my research.

"What is the point of discussing all of this?" I asked myself, struck by this question during the brunch meeting. The place was becoming increasingly claustrophobic as I became more and more alienated from the discussion. These people were not members of an organization any longer. Even if they could arrive at some kind of agreement through the discussion, they weren't going to utilize it for any future experience. It was as if all of those men, arguing so heatedly, were imprisoned in a certain time period, and as if I were a visitor from the future; I kept repeating in my mind, "None of these discussions matter anymore."

Conversely, they certainly did matter. Thirty years ago "they were the state" and the fight over whose "real" was *more* real was so full of meaning and important for them in terms of *documenting* this statehood. Every *man* was standing up with this attitude. The state was in the room, almost tangible; and if, once upon a time, "they were the state," it was a masculine state, for sure.

Almost intuitively, I decided to interview women. I didn't know what to ask them since after the brunch meeting "documents" were not a relevant research topic for me anymore. Therefore, when I started to look for women to interview, I was

ready to change my research topic. This time I informed my friends that I needed to interview women who were involved in illegal political organizations before the September 12th coup. My friend Senem obtained several contact numbers for me from Nilgün Yurdalan, is a feminist activist.

The first person I contacted was Leman Yurtsever, who had worked for İHD (Human Rights Organization) for many years and is now working for an office which provides judicial support for people who have been raped or sexually harassed while in police custody (*Gözaltında Taciz ve Tecavüz Hukuki Yardım Bürosu*). When I called her, she said that she would be pleased to help. I went to her office with the intention to conduct my first interview with a woman. However, it turned out that she had agreed to see me in order to direct me to "relevant women," and so I was unable to ask her any personal questions. Instead I tried to explain why I wanted to interview women. Starting from my first concerns about documents and forgery, I told her about the structures of the interviews I had conducted with men and how they all were based on organizational histories, involving very little personal experience. I narrated the brunch meeting in detail, portraying it as the scene of my awakening about masculinity as it pertains to my research.

Leman began to talk, explaining that their office was founded in 1995, and for that reason they didn't have any "reports" on sexual violence during the military coup. However, she was sure that all of the women who were taken into custody during the 12th of September coup were sexually harassed, if not raped. But they never able to report this sexual violence even though they had reported other forms of torture which they had been through: "These women are the victims of patriarchy as much as they are the victims of the state," she said. Since Leman was working for

the Project of Judicial Support against Sexual Harassment and Rape in Police Custody, her main concern was sexual violence.

She said that she could arrange several interviews for me with women who were actively involved in politics before the coup. "My research was very important in terms of giving voice to the *real* victims of 12th September," I told her. I seemed to be again in the middle of a misunderstanding. Once again I said, "I was going to unearth the truths of the coup period." That day Leman gave me their book named "All is Real: The State-based Sexual Violence" which was published by their office in 2006, in addition to the phone numbers of two women. These two women were not imprisoned for a long time and "got off lightly" (*hafif atlattılar*). But today, they were very critical about the leftist movement in which they were involved at the time. Hence, they could help me to structure my concerns about the masculinity of the movement.

A week later, I had an appointment for an interview with one of these women, and I went to her house. She was very friendly. I told her about the adventure of my research, from the beginning to end. She laughed heartily at my brunch meeting narrative and said that she had had hundreds of meeting experiences like that. Then, we started. I had been interviewing her for an hour when she suddenly stopped. I thought she was tired, so I said, "We can continue later if you are tired." But it wasn't tiredness. She stopped to make a decision. She looked at me, then at the tape recorder on the table. I turned it off. She started to talk. The morning she was taken into custody for the very first time, she was eighteen. She was kind of happy when they were taking her to the police station. She thought, "I had become an important person at last. *They* were going to take me more seriously from now on." She was

raped while in custody that day, several times. Twenty-nine years later, she was talking about this for the first time.

That's all I'm going to relate about her because one month after the interview, she called me and asked that I not use the details of her story in my study. She said that she knew I would neither use her real name nor publish this study, but still, she hesitated out of fear of being recognized by the details of her story, such as by the name of the organization she was involved with or the place she was taken while in custody. She knew the name of one of the rapists; the man is famous for being a cruel torturer. On the phone she warned me about not using his name. She said, "If you give his name, they catch on that it is me." I do not know who *they* are that will discover her identity if I give the rapist's name. Nor do I know how her identity could be recognized by the rapist's name, since she is probably not the only woman that this man raped. But I know that she regretted what she had told me that day.

This interview devastated me personally and structurally it destroyed everything I had in mind about my research. But I was more devastated when she called to ask me not to use the details of her story. Her fear of being recognized through the name of the organization she had belonged to, or via the rapist's name, or any other detail that reflected a universe in which everything only signified the rape. Then, how was it possible to keep this rape secret for almost thirty years?

For a moment, with a sudden decision she broke that silence and regretted it the next moment. What kind of a reality does silence create? The book named "All is Real"; Ali's and his friends' wishes of reaching the "naked reality" of the leftist movement; and, Leman's suggestion to "discover the truth" by interviewing women - I was surrounded by different realities, each pulling me to its side by claiming to be the *real* reality. But it was only after this interview I realized that there was a

competition *for* reality; and, some people were not involved in this competition since silence could not document any reality.

Carefully Crafted Silence

In his article, "Walter Benjamin's Grave," Taussig (2006) mentions a letter written to him by a Spanish friend (p. 19). In the letter his friend writes, "Franco, what a character. Nobody talks about him and his crimes, and that silence seems to keep his shade alive." After that, Taussig writes, "What my friend described as 'the silence that seems to keep his shade alive,' that you must ask yourself whether such carefully crafted invisibility of the public secret is not the most significant monument imaginable. What real monument of stone or glass, people's names or lofty literary quotation, can compete invisibility?"

The first woman I interviewed told me that she was happy to be taken in custody, as she thought that "she had become an important person at last. *They* were going to take her more seriously from now on." Then she told me that *they* could recognize her if I used the rapist's name, the name of the organization she was involved with, or the place she was taken while in custody. Who are "they" in her narrative? It must be the people who shared similar experiences with her, people who have a common history, for the place of custody or the rapist's name to signify certain things; and, if there is such a common history and similar experiences, doesn't this make her secret a public secret? Let me put it another way: is her rape story a secret because she doesn't tell it? I don't think so.

After this interview, I started to search for books on the 12th of September which were written by women writers. I searched through novels, prison memoirs,

torture memoirs - all kinds of published narratives by women concerning the 12th of September. There were only a few novels and one collection of women narratives among piles of male narratives. Men *documented* their experiences about the 12th of September in stacks of books about organizational histories and about the history of the leftist movement, in addition to personal narratives or memoirs. Why didn't women document *their* experiences?

If the reality was that people underwent unbearable torture and violence during the coup of the 12th of September, and those memoirs were written in order to document this reality, where are the women's narratives? Didn't they undergo the same violence that men did? I argue that the absence of women's narratives is the very gap between the reality and the document in terms of 12th of September literature; and the leftist movement has no magical power to make this gap invisible.

Since this chapter attempts to examine the narrative as a document, I began with my own narrative of changing the direction of my study. In a broader sense the whole thesis is my narrative. I'm using selected parts of interviews, selected experiences from the field, selected theories from scholars and selected observations as documents of my narrative. In the meantime the whole thesis is my document. I'm using various parts of various narratives (both my informants' and mine, such as the brunch meeting) *consecutively* in order to construct my narrative as a document. I am creating my sense of reality by putting things in sequence and then explaining this sequence through which my narrative becomes a document. I have the power to render my narrative a document since I use various tools such as theory, interviews and selected narratives to close the gap between the document and reality.

The differences between women's and men's narratives suggest that the structure of a narrative is very dependent on the claim to represent reality. In her

book, *Landscape for a Good Woman*, Carolyn Steedman (1987) has written about class consciousness as an uneven and complex position in the world, learned rather than acquired, often through the exigencies of difficult lives. In order to understand working-class subjectivity, Steedman looks at the subject's landscape. She opposes the narrative as a means of understanding subjectivity because she argues that the working-class is by definition excluded from the realm of narrative. Hence, in Steedman's book, the narrative emerges as a means for demanding power for oneself.

In this study, my approach to the narrative is constructed largely on Steedman's argument. I conducted six interviews with women, all of which were based on personal stories of their involvement and participation in the leftist movement. While interviewing men, despite all of my objections, I ended up as a researcher in search of *the* reality, whereas none of the women I interviewed imposed such a task on me. While interviewing men, I couldn't grasp the meaning behind their insisting on the 'real' problems which should be studied, *the* reality which should be uncovered, and the naked 'truths' which should be reached. I could only come to realize the meaning of these discourses in reality when I encountered the absence of them in women's narratives.

Since women had no claim to represent or lay bare reality through interviews, they don't have gaps which need to be closed by certain means of power. I consider narrative as one of such means of power. There are certain structural features of these kinds of narratives through which they create a sense of reality.

Although the men I interviewed narrated organizational histories, (re)interpretations of the Left rather than personal stories, most of the time their narratives had a chronological order. Each time they described things, I already knew

about them. Conversely, most of the time women didn't have any chronological order in their narratives. They narrated their personal stories without any linearity, telling various memories as fragments - for example, in a given narrative, a memory from childhood followed a memory from prison. They mentioned certain names or events without any explanation, as if I was informed about them.

White (1987) argues that there is nothing natural about a chronologically-ordered presentation of events: "Not only is the chronicle code in terms of which the events are ordered culture-specific and conventional but the events included in the chronicle must be selected by the chronicler and placed there to the exclusion of other events that might have been included if the time of their occurrence had been the only operative consideration" (p. 176). Chronologically-ordered narrative creates a sense of reality. What narrative does is to put things in sequence and explain that sequence. In chronicle form, reality becomes the sense of an ideal.

All of the men I interviewed spoke with the self-confidence that they were documenting history. It was as if they had the burden of historical responsibility on their shoulders while talking. The sequential order of their narratives was based on their claim that they were unearthing reality. However, as White argues, the events they included in their narratives were placed there to the exclusion of other events. One can find many exclusions if s/he searches. In this study, my concern is the exclusion of women, as seen in the brunch meeting: a man scolded the writer's daughter, asking how such family issues were related to their issues. In fact, the boundaries distinguishing the fields of the political and the domestic are and were never fixed as such. However, the discursive boundaries of the Left were strictly fixed: "We are all communists. We are all revolutionists. There are no dichotomies of woman/man, Turkish/Kurdish. A communist is only a communist." This fixation

on identity only favored Turkish men of course, men who were oppressed or excluded because they were Turkish or male.

As a result, men were identified with the organizations they were working for in a similar way that state officials are identified with the state, which is why while narrating, they were speaking through a "we," but not an "I." That was why at times when I tried to push the narratives to personal experiences my efforts were resisted - because the "personal" is deemed neither worthy nor important. That was why they were pushing me to study the 'real' matters, to uncover the hidden 'reality' about the leftist movement. The reality they were referring to was similar to the 'reality' of the state.

In the previous chapters I discussed how the state claims 'reality' over and through imagination. The state as a magical power defines reality and produces and owns reality, and by means of institutional regulations, everyday practices and arbitrary violence creates the Real which "breaks the parameters and assumptions of ordinary reality" (Aretxaga 2003, p.401). I argued that this ownership over 'reality' makes the state attachable to various forms of authority and power, enabling a genre in which power is distributed and organized through the ownership of reality. Various actors who demand authority and power adopt this genre of claiming reality.

Durucilla Cornell (1993) argues that "part of the political struggle is to shift reality through shifting the meaning of our shared symbols. Politics is not just about power but also about the very basis of what can become 'real' and thus accessible to consciousness and change" (p. 194). This is why it is crucial to pay attention to how the collective imaginary operates. Aretxaga (1997) notes that we should ask how political subjects come to be formed, "and not just formed in abstract, general ways

but within systems of ethnic, gender, and sexual difference that are particularly configured within local places" (p. 9).

My concern is not political subjectivity. In light of these arguments, I'm concerned with the system of gender and sexual difference within which political subjectivities are formed, and how the silence and invisibility of women are carefully crafted by this system. In the introduction, quoting Asli Zengin I noted that "the state renders its actors silent via *his* signature." In this chapter, in the case of the 12th of September (involving both illegal organizations and the state), I argue that as a discursive construction 'reality' renders women silent via *his* signature. Even if they narrate their experiences, women's narratives cannot be documents of reality as the reality is gendered and it is masculine.

Silencing Mechanisms

Taussig (1984) argues that although "to an important extent all societies live by fictions taken as reality what distinguishes cultures of terror is that the epistemological, ontological and otherwise purely philosophical problem of reality-and-illusion, certainty-and-doubt, becomes infinitely more than a "merely" philosophical problem. It becomes a high-powered tool for domination and a principal medium for political practice" (p. 49).

Social amnesia is one of the key concepts concerning discourses on the 12th of September. The assumption is that the society has forgotten what happened, or does not want to remember. The 12th of September engenders discourses confronting the 12th of September. Testimonies, memoirs, films, novels and TV series attempt to *recapture* the state terror of the coup in the mind and conscience of the society. I

oppose this idea of social amnesia because there is nothing to be remembered since there is nothing forgotten.

In the same way that the Left[37] renders women invisible while constructing *his* reality, the state renders the tradition of the Left invisible while constructing *his*. As discussed in the previous chapters, reality is a matter of power. The state oppresses the Left; the Left oppresses women by using 'reality' as a means of domination and exclusion. Therefore, the reality of the Left has never been the reality of society. Taussig's argument above reflects this dual nature of reality: both as a means for domination and a principal medium for political practice.

Women were situated in the margins of political space as they were in social space. Their narratives are the narratives of the margins. Their sex determined their political involvements and exclusions. I therefore will discuss the mechanisms that rendered women silent/invisible, and which rendered silence/invisibility non-documents in terms of women's gendered experiences. In order to discuss these I will use excerpts from their narratives as my *documents*.

The Structure of Organizations / Women as "Bacı"[38]

I began this chapter with the narration of the brunch meeting of former members of the TKP, discussing the structure of the TKP in the previous chapter in terms of statehood. The meeting was significant in the sense that it displayed the gender of this statehood. In this section I want to start with the TKP again to analyze experiences of women who could not demand this statehood since they could never be identified with the organizations they belonged to.

[37] Although we cannot discuss a homogenous Left, by "Left" I refer to a movement which has a certain tradition that is homogenous in terms of masculinity.
[38] Bacı means sister in Turkish.

Gönül Dinçer was the only woman in the central committee of the TKP. Her narrative is significant in the sense that it explains the exclusionary mechanisms inherent in the structure of the organization, such as illegality and vertical hierarchy. Gönül describes their introduction to the TKP with a few friends after the TİP (Turkish Workers' Party) collapsed:

> We went there but who was a manager, who did what, we didn't know, there was a total gap. At TIP at least we saw each other, we knew who was what, we said what we liked or didn't like. Here, someone comes, makes you an offer, then gives you the statute and program. Then they say: "Do you accept?" and you get all in the mood, being in a secret organization and all, wow. Back then, it was Nazım Hikmet's[39] party for us, Mustafa Suphi's[40] and all... There are all these big, grown up cadres at the top. And they have chosen us, you know. Wow! That's what we thought and that's how we joined in. You know, like I said, that's the way the secret organization is. You don't know who's who, where, how many people. It turns out we are a total of 20 people in all of Turkey. I thought we were huge. I found that out years later. I was flabbergasted.[41]

Secrecy as a requisite of illegal organizations emerged quite often in interviews in diverse contexts. In men's narratives, it was an important point of self-criticism. They emphasized both the necessity and the complications arising from it. In the previous chapter I gave examples of these self-criticisms within the context of a cell-type organization. Men's approach to secrecy was based on organizational troubles of illegality. However, in the case of women it emerged as part of the attraction to

[39] Nazım Hikmet was a famous poet and a member of the TKP.
[40] Mustafa Suphi was the first chairman of the central committee of the TKP. In 1921, he was murdered with his fourteen comrades in a boat. There is still ambiguity about who gave the order for the execution.
[41] Biz gittik fakat kim yönetici kim ne, bilmiyosun, tam bir boşluk. Tip'te hiç değilse birbirimizi görüyorduk, kim nedir biliyorduk, yani beğendiğimizi beğenmediğimizi söylüyorduk. Burada birisi geliyor, sana teklif ediyor, ondan sonra tüzük program veriyor. Ondan sonra kabul ediyo musun diyor, sen de böyle gizli örgütte böyle bi havaya giriyosun, vaay yani. O zaman gözümüzde bi de nazım hikmetin partisi, mustafa suphiler bilmemne.. büyük bir böyle erişkin yetişkin kadrolar var yani tepede. Bizi de seçmişler yani. Vay vay. Öyle zannetik de girdik yani. Diyorum ya gizli örgütün şeyi bu. kim kimdir, nerdedir, kaç kişi var bilmiyosun. Meğerse ben girdiğim zaman toplam türkiyede 20 kişiymişiz. Ben zannediyorum ki biz çok kalabalığız. Bunu ben yıllar yıllar sonra öğrendim. Hayret içinde kaldım.

organizations. Women frequently mentioned this feeling of "being an important person."

In Gönül's narrative she felt important because she was chosen by senior cadres to join the party of Nazım Hikmet and Mustafa Suphi. In other women's narratives, the names were as different as Deniz Geçmiş[42] or Mahir Çayan.[43] Since all of the legendary revolutionists were men, women stepped into the political arena with male role models. The imagination of the true revolutionist was embodied in these legendary men's names; women began their revolutionist struggle one step behind.

Secrecy, which attracts women to organizations with its overtones of thrill and excitement, was used by men to dominate women. The TKP used it as a strategy to dominate and even dissolve the İKD, which was its own branch for women. But before explaining this crucial event, it will be helpful to first present an overview of the development of the İKD.

The İKD, as a branch for women in the TKP, was founded by the party in 1975. It was the first women's organization within the leftist movement. Gönül, as one of the founders of İKD, described that in the beginning their only aim was to attract women workers to the party. She states, however that:

> As we set out to focus on women's issues just to attract women, with a very opportunistic attitude, we started realizing that these issues that are also ours are very important, that these are not just workers' problems. Neighborhood problems, living conditions, electricity, water. I mean, they are about women's daily life, because they live there. In fact, there was a drug factory; we had a protest because poison was coming out of its chimney. But the party issued a message that said: "Deviating into municipality communism corrupts." They despised this as municipal communism. So they warned us: "Don't go astray." But we grew more

[42] A legendary revolunist and founder of the THKO (People's Liberation Army of Turkey). He was executed by the governement in 1971.
[43] Another legendary revolutinist and leader of the THKP-C (People's Liberation Party-Front of Turkey). He was shot during the armed conflict in 1972.

> and more as we rallied. Our branches spread all over. Ours is the first women's organization that was organized in all of the neighborhoods in Istanbul, in Diyarbakır, Van and the Kurdistan region. It really grew. For instance, we had women representatives to write articles in unions' papers to voice women's problems, you know. Slowly, all of the papers of unions started having women's pages. So, like I said, we understood the importance of it when we got into it and it seemed to us as a very important and serious thing, we gained an identity. Our confidence increased, both in ourselves and in each other, there was a solidarity and trust among women. I mean, today still, if there are two people in the same position, a man and a woman, I trust the woman more. I trust her apprehension, her common sense, namely her potential. I wasn't like that before. When I chose engineering, for instance, I had an idea like, "Let me be like a man too, this is the way power is, let me get there and save myself." I had thought that I'd be saved if I was like a man, namely by choosing a man's profession.[44]

The İKD grew so quickly and spread so pervasively that the party started to see it as a threat. There are two significant points in this process. First of all, as seen in Gönül's narrative, through the experience of the İKD women started to become aware of issues about gender and their own power. The journal of the İKD, "Woman's Voice" (*Kadının Sesi*) sold fifteen thousand copies, an astonishing number. Secondly, the party was disturbed when women started to become aware of issues about gender, and it immediately intervened.

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[44] Sırf kadınları çekelim diye onların sorunlarına eğilelim derken, yani gayet oportünist bir tavırla, biz kadınların sorunlarına ve kendimizin de olan bu sorunları çok önemli olduğunu farketmeye başladık. Bunların yalnız işçilerin sorunları olmadığını. Semt sorunları, yaşam koşulları, elektrik, suyu. Kadınların gündelik hayatına yönelik yani, çünkü orda yaşıyorlar. Hatta bi ilça fabirakası vardı, bacasında zehir çıkıyo diye eylem yapmışız. Fakat partiden belediye komünüzmine sapmak çürütür diye yazı yayınladılar. Bunları belediye komünizmi diye küçümsediler. Yani ikaz ediyo bizi, yoldan çıkmayın. Ama biz bunları yaptıkça çoğaldık, yaptıkça çoğaldık. Şubelerimiz her tarafa yayıldı. İstanbulun bütün semtlerinde, diyarbakırda, vanda, kürdistan bölgesinde örgütlenmiş ilk kadın örgütüdür bizimki. Hakkaten büyüdü. Mesela sendika gazetelerine kadın temsilcilerin yazı yazmalarını sağladık. Böylece kadınların sorunlarını, onlara bir söz hakkı yani. Giderek bütün sendikaların gazetelerde kadın sayfaları olmaya başladı. Yani dediğim gibi işin içine girince biz önemini anladık ve bize çok öenmli ve ciddi bir iş geldi, kimlik kazandık. Güvenimiz arttık. Hem kendimize hem birbirimize. Kadınlar arasında bir dayanışma ve güven. Yani ben şimdi de aynı statüde iki insan varsa biri kadın biri erkek, ben kadına daha çok güvenirim. Anlayışına, sağduyusuna yani potansiyeline.. önceden öyle değildim. Kendim mühendisliği seçerken mesela erkek gibi olayım ben de, iktidar böyle oluyomuş, ben de buraya kendimi atayım kendimi kurtarayım düşüncesi vardı. Erkek gibi olursam, erkek mesleği seçersem yani kurtulurum diye düşünmüştüm.

In Gönül's narrative, another striking issue emerges, which is peculiar to women's narratives: after telling about the rapid growth of İKD, she immediately associated it with her personal transformation. Gönül is the only woman that narrated her stories through a "we," for she had a certain identification with İKD. But still, while narrating her İKD experiences from a perspective of "we" differently from men's narratives, she constantly attached the "we" to the "I."

Returning to the TKP's anxiety concerning the growth and empowerment of the İKD, the organization's masculinity blatantly comes to the fore. When the party started to see İKD as a threat, it used secrecy and vertical hierarchy as means of domination. Gönül stated that the party started removing women from the İKD and assigning them other positions within the party.

> They take you away, saying that there are too many cadres, since the women's movement is unimportant. Then how did we bring up these cadres? It was because of this movement; this movement made them good organizers and good declaration writers. If it weren't for the women's movement, these would dry out. They took me, too. They moved me to the central committee. "The ideological section is much more important. Let's transfer you there," they said. So they gave me a more important job and they took me out of the women's movement. It's as if they were honoring me. They did the same to the others as well. It was contempt. I mean, "These cadres are too much for here" - because women don't matter.[45]

Since secrecy was the rule, a woman who was assigned to another position could not explain it. She had to suddenly quit the İKD, without any explanation. In Gönül's case, when she was "upgraded" to the central committee, she wasn't aware of the underlying reasons. However, her experiences within the central committee

[45] Kadın hareketi önemsiz olduğu için bu kadrolar burda fazla deyip alıyorlar. Peki biz bu kadroları nerden yetiştirdik? Bu harektten dolayı, bu hareket onları iyi örgütçü, iyi bildiri yazan hale getirdi. Bu kadın hareketi olmasa bunlar sonunda kurur. Beni de aldılar. Merkez komiteye aldılar. "İdeolojik seksiyon çok daha önemli. Seni oraya nakledelim." Yani daha önemli biş iş verip beni kadın hareketinden aldılar. Sanki onore ediyolar. Diğerlerini de öyle yaptılar. Bu küçüseme. Yani bu kadrolar buraya fazla. Önemi yok çünkü kadınların.

demonstrated to her the hierarchy of gender within the party. On the one hand she was never taken seriously in the meetings. Men listened to her when she spoke, with "respectful" smiles on their faces. She was always the last person to talk in these meetings because women's issues were the least important. On the other hand, although she was in the central committee she didn't participate in decision-making. Her new position was more or less a fraudulent one.

When these fraudulent position assignments didn't eradicate the threat these women posed, the TKP came up with a final solution. The TKP, as an illegal organization, shut down its legal women's branch, the İKD, in 1979. The reasoning given by the party was astonishing. Since state control was increasing, the İKD was supposedly becoming a threat to the secrecy of the party. Since the İGD was not closed, it became obvious that women, for the sole reason of being women, were considered a threat.

Aretxaga (1997) gives similar examples of militant women of the IRA: "They were militants and as such had – like men - risked their lives, been arrested, and were organized in the same military structure; but, when it came to decision making, their organization slipped into a hierarchical system of gender difference within which they were not peers, but simply, women." (p.76) Aysel, from the HK (Organization of People's Liberation), gave a lucent example of this slippage from peer to woman: "They said: 'We won't make tea, we won't do the cleaning because new people come to the organization. A man who makes and serves tea cannot organize people. This would destroy our charisma.' We were furious. We objected, a few of us. The high-ups and the middle level held a meeting. As a result, we agreed on this: they would make the tea and we would serve it, because they couldn't go out in public with a

tray in hand."[46] Since the HK was also an armed organization, Aretxaga's argument about the militant woman seems to neatly overlap. However, a more probing glance will show that the slippage from peer to simply woman is not possible in Turkey's case, because women were never seen as peers.

In the Leftist movement, men called women *bacı* (sister). *Bacı* means 'sister,' but the word connotes more. Calling a woman *bacı* was considered to be a sincere and safe act of speech. However, it has very significant functions. First, by situating women within the category of sister, it renders women's gender and sexuality invisible. And secondly, since women don't call each other *bacı* but only men do, the word *bacı* marks whose *bacı* you are. Thus, by calling women *bacı* men (re)produced their own gaze on women. Feldman (2000) argues that the male gaze is blind to itself: "The eye and the gaze are split. To the extent that it obliterates its gendered, embodied, and positioned origins, the male gaze establishes its realist, transparent, and naturalist truth claims" (p. 62).

This male gaze which renders women's gender and sexuality invisible in the meantime is capable of constructing absence rather than presence as the condition of political agency:

> We used to hang a bag out of the window of our association and there'd be weapons in that bag, because, at the time, since there was the anti-fascist struggle, it was very ordinary for revolutionists to carry a gun. At the "Organization of the Liberation of People," women were not really involved in that weaponry and all, they were in the background. Back then, women weren't searched; there were no female police officers. When they needed to get something into universities, women would do it,

[46] Dediler ki biz çay yapmayız, temizlik yapmayız. Çünkü örgüte yeni insanlar geliyor. Çay yapan, veren bir erkek insan örgütleyemez. Bu bizim karizmamızı sarsar. Biz çok sinirlendik. İtiraz ediyoruz bikaç arkadaş. Bir toplantı yaptılar en üst kademeyle orta kademe. Toplantı sonunda şunda anlaştık. Çayı onlar yapacak, servisi biz yapacağız. Çünkü halkın önünde ellerinde tepsiyle çıkamazlar.

> as rear service. You know how *Nene Hatun*[47] used to carry bullets, that's how we used to carry weapons and bullets.[48]

In a similar example from Belfast, Aretxaga asserts, as regards the soldiers who didn't search women, "what the soldiers see is precisely what they miss" (39). Even though "militant" does not indicate sexual difference, it is already marked by it. Within political practice, in the face of women, the male gaze (of the soldiers or of "comrades") recognizes absence rather than presence.

Moreover, the statement "rear service" in the above narrative precisely expresses the positioning of women within organizations. Woman as *bacı* were positioned within organizations via the traditional social task of *bacı*, which is serving the brother. In the Leftist tradition, women were not servers of their comrades but they were the rear service of the organizations as the fronts were reserved for men. If we recall Gönül's narrative, even when a woman is promoted to the central committee, she is seen as a rear service within it.

In addition, the women who are objectified under the male gaze and whose genders and sexualities are rendered invisible by the discursive power of *bacı* had to struggle in order to stay within the political sphere:

> I had a boyfriend. We were planning to live together, you know, because I left home. Then came a decision; they said: "He'll rent a house with somebody else." I was devastated, overwhelmed by this. That's how the decision that came out of the organization was, since somebody else needed it more. The brother of the one in need was in some position (high-up); I think there were such parameters. I cut off all my relations for a while, because I was very much affected. My parents were looking for me then. Then there was my handover ceremony, you know, from the

47 A legendary woman that carried munitions to the front line during a war in the 19th century Ottoman Empire.

48 Derneğimizin penceresinden bir torba sarkıtırdık, o torbanın içinde silahlar olurdu. Çünkü o dönem zaten anti-faşit mücadele olduğu için devrimciler için de silah taşımak çok olağan birşeydi. Kurtuluş örgütünde kadınlar çok öyle silah külah işlerine karışan bir durumda değildi, arka plandaydı yani. O zaman kadınlar aranmıyordu, kadın polis yoktu. Okullara bişeyler sokulması gerekitğinde kadınlar sokardı. Geri hizmet olarak. Hani mermi taşırmış ya Nene Hatun, biz de öyle silahları mermileri taşırdık.

> organization to the family. We're at one side of the street and my parents were on the other side. They said: "Go ahead and cross to their side."[49]

As discussed in the previous chapter, this narrative reflects that "with the magical power of replication, the image affecting what it is an image of, wherein the representation shares in or takes power from the represented" (Taussig 1993, p. 2). Just like the state, the organization renders itself as the only subject by objectifying its actors. Otherwise, how would it be possible for the organization to decide who is going to live with whom? Besides, in this case, the organization intervenes in an intimate relationship; it separates a couple, decides who needs what, and who needs more.

As a final point, I would like to point out that the expression "handover ceremony" most lucently explains women's objectification under the roles of *bacı* to her comrades, and daughter to her family, which will be examined in the following section.

Between the Family and the Organization – Women as Daughters

All of the women I interviewed started their stories from childhood. At least at one point they mentioned their fathers. On the contrary, not a single story of childhood or family emerged from men's narratives. This difference leads me to conclude that men, who identified with the organizations they belonged to, did not feel the need to give any other account of who they were. Throughout the interviews

[49] Erkek arkadaşım vardı, birlikte yaşamayı palanlıyorduk işte, ben evi terkettiğim için. Sonra karar çıktı, o başkasıyla ev tutacak dediler. Ben çok kötü yıkıldım, çok etkilendim. Örgütten karar öyle çıkmış, başkasının daha çok ihtiyacı var diye. İhtiyacı olanın abisi bir yerlerdeydi, bence öyle etkenler var. Ben bütün ilişkimi kestim bir süre, çok etkilenmiştim çünkü. Annemler babamlar arıyorlardı o sırada beni, devir teslim törenim oldu, işte örgütten aileye. Biz caddenin bir tafındayız, annemler öbür tarafında. Geç hadi onların yanına dediler.

they were subjects that spoke, criticized, and evaluated the Leftist movement. Women, whose roles and positions were determined according to the telling, criticizing and evaluating subjects that surround them, tried to give accounts of who they really are. That's why all of them began their narratives with childhood. That's why they often mentioned family members, friends and told their stories within their narratives. Women constructed their subjectivities through all of these:

> When I was arrested, my schoolmates found my younger sister. She barely spoke to my father. He came to Bayrampaşa Prison. We were talking through barbed wire. My dad's a military man, so we used to act like soldiers around him. We didn't show all those emotions, like exuberance, and so on. He got a bit angry with me. I said: "Dad, they try to treat us like soldiers here," and I cried a little bit. I mean, I was very offended by this.[50]

What does it mean to cry in front of a military father, saying "they treat us like soldiers here"? If she used to act like a soldier around him, why does she cry because they treat them like soldiers in the prison? Why does she tell this to her father? I would argue that she is talking from the only possible position that can enable her words to reach her father. On the one hand, a military father can understand what it means to be treated like a soldier. On the other hand, a military father who treats his children like soldiers can be hurt by hearing that *they* took his place, in the sense that his daughter is obliged to another's power and domination. The sorrow he feels for his daughter's position merges with his loss of uniqueness in his daughter's life:

> When I was taken into custody, I was really scared. But why? Because of my dad. If my dad hears about it, he'll destroy me, I thought. How am I going to go back home? It was forbidden to go back home after 8, you

[50] Tutuklandığımda okul arkadaşlarım kız kardeşimi bulmuşlar. Kız kardeşim güç bela babamla konuşmuş. Babam bayrampaşa cezaevine geldi. Tel örgünün arkasından konuşuyoruz. Babam asker ya, biz de onun yanında asker gibi davranırdık. Böyle duygularımız, taşkınlıklarımız filan olmazdı. Biraz kızdı bana. Ben dedim ki baba bizi burada asker gibi görmeye çalışıyorlar, ve ağladım birazcık. Yani bu benim çok zoruma gitmişti.

> had to be home by 8. I was dead scared - but not of the police, of my dad. Luckily they let me go before 9. I called home immediately and said: "Dad, there was an English course, that's why I'm late. I'm coming". He said: "Ok." I was so happy, walking on air, going home. My older sister's eyes were swollen from crying, because she felt responsible for me.[51]

"The 12th of September was an economic project in order to speed up the transition to neo-liberalism." "The fatal failure of the movement of the Left was a failure to retaliate against the coup." "Lenin's model of organization couldn't be accomplished in Turkey." Are those statements from men's narratives more *real* than Aysel's fear of her father? Are those statements "political," whereas Aysel's are "personal"? If Aysel's "political" experience is shaped around her "personal" fear of her father, then how does the political differ from the personal? I'm not trying to rediscover the feminist motto, which states that the personal is political. Rather, I'm trying to show that although the personal is political, it doesn't have the power to *document* itself as reality.

What Aysel's fear tells us is that although women's genders and sexualities were rendered invisible by the discourse of *bacı* within the organizations, they had to struggle with their families even to be able to acquire an ungendered *bacı* status. How could they possibly become aware of issues of gender and sexuality while being defined and having to perform as daughters and *bacılar (sisters)*?

Another family story shows that even if women's sexuality was recognized, it was recognized as a threat. The ungendered *bacı* status was thus desired, as a means to overcome this threat:

[51] Gözaltına alındığımda çok korktum. Ama neden korktum? Babamdan. Babam duyarsa beni perişan eder. Ben nasıl eve döneceğim? Çünkü eve sekizden sonra dönmek yasaktı. Sekizde evinde olacaksın. Öldüm geberdim yani. Ama polisten korkumdan değil babamdan. Allahtan dokuza doğru bıraktılar. Hemen evi aradım, baba işte ingilizce kurs koymuşlar, onun için filan, geliyorum. İyi kızım dedi. Ama böyle mutluluktan uçarak gittim. Ablamın gözleri ağlamaktan kan çanağı. Çünkü kendini benden sorumlu hissediyordu.

> I'd gone out putting up posters. I was late getting home. There was this neighbor, she said: “I wonder if something happened to her. We should take her to the doctor when she comes.” My mom said: “No, my daughters do not do such things.” I came in, they were all sitting there, very worried. The neighbor said: “What happened? Let's go to the doctor immediately. Did something happen to you?” She went on and on like this. I said: “I'm a revolutionist. I was out putting up posters.” My dad said: “Your uncle was a revolutionist, too. He rotted in jail.” My mom got upset and cried. But they never beat me up, for instance. “Ok,” said my dad, “You'll pay for this.” But, once I told them I was a revolutionist, I gained confidence. At least, they wouldn’t think something else was going on. But when I came home late the second time, my dad didn't open the door. He said: “Go back to where you were.” So I sat on the stairs. I heard sounds of fighting from inside. My mom and sisters were saying, “Don't,” and things like that. But when I talk to my dad today, he says: “I never even thought you'd ever go someplace else.” He thought that I'd go to my aunt's or something, at the most, but I didn’t go there, because we were from different fractions. They were with the Worker's Party. I went and found a phone, and called someone. They came and picked me up at night and took me to a house. It was a strange place; it didn’t look like revolutionists' homes. I got up in the morning and said: “I can't stay here.” I don't like staying just anywhere. The next morning, they took me to an orphanage.[52]

The neighbor voices the threat, repeating the phrase “if something happened to her.” Her solution was to take Hülya to the hospital, possibly for a virginity test, but the mother refuses: “My daughters do not do such things.” When a ‘woman’ is late coming home, her otherwise neglected sexuality immediately appears as a threat, not only for her but also for her family - and, even for the neighbor. Woman’s sexuality

[52] Afiş asmaya çıkmıştım. Ben eve geç kaldım. Bir komşu vardı işte, o başına birşey mi geldi acaba, gelince mutlaka doktora götürelim filan demiş. Annem yok demiş, benim kızlarım yapmaz öyle şey. Ben eve girdim, hepsi oturuyorlar. Çok kötü telaş içindeler. Ne oldu dedi, komşu, hemen doktora gidelim, başına birşey mi geldi, böyle konuşuyor da konuşuyor, hep bu türden ama. Ben devrimciyim dedim. Afişten geliyorum dedim. Babam “amcan da devrimciydi” dedi, “hapislerde çürüdü”. Annem üzüldü ağladı. Ama dövmediler mesela hiç. Tamam dedi bamam, bundan sonra görürsün sen. Ben ama bir kere devrimci olduğumu söyledim ya, güven geldi. Artık başka birşey olduğunu düşünmeyecekler hiç değilse. Ama işte ikinci kez geç geldiğimde babam kapıyı açmadı. Geldiğin yere git dedi. Ben de merdivenin oraya oturdum. İçerden kavga sesleri geliyo. Annemle kardeşlerim yapma diyor filan. Ama bugün babamla konuşunca “ben hiç düşünmedim bile senin başka yere gideceğini” diyor. En fazla halama giderim diye düşünmüş ama halama gitmiyorum. Çünkü halamın kızlarıyla ayrı fraksiyonlardayız. Onlar işçi partili. Gittim, bi telefon buldum, birini aradım. Geldiler, beni geceleyin aldılar. Beni bir eve götürdüler. Ev acayip birşey. Hiç devrimcilerin evine benzemiyor. Sabahleyin kalktım, ben burada kalamam dedim. Beğenmiyorum yani öyle her yeri de. Ertesi gün beni bir çocuk yuvasına götürdüler.

is under a magic spell which renders it invisible beneath the magicians' gaze. But the magic spell is broken when a woman exits the field of that gaze. She is threatened by the visibility of her own sexuality in such a way that she seeks to enter another magic spell when that of the family is broken. Hülya told her family that she was a revolutionist and her confidence went up, because "at least, they won't think something else was going on." In this way, being a revolutionist staves off the threat of her sexuality.

While women oscillated between these two magical gazes, through which their sexuality was rendered an invisible threat, what happened when they met the gaze of the state in the 12th of September events?

Women as Sexual Beings

Aretxaga argues that women's sex is an inescapable dimension of their political experience, "for it is primarily there that intimidation and punishment are inflicted" (p. 51).

Except for Gönül, who was never arrested, all of the women I interviewed were sexually harassed while in custody and two of them were raped. In the next chapter, "The Body as an Archive," I will discuss the issues of rape and harassment, but this section will focus on the silence that invaded those experiences, as this chapter concerns the narrative as a document.

I encountered this silence in my first interview, and since silence became an unexplainable reality for me with this first interview, I intended to listen to all narratives from the point of view of this originary silence. What were the silencing mechanisms? As Aretxaga argues, "It is precisely the confining limits of

representations of femininity that produce, for Drucilla Cornell, the experience of silencing for actual women" (1993, p. 77).

The women who were daughters of their fathers, the *bacı* of their comrades, were introduced to their sexualities for the first time while in custody, which was used as a weapon against them. They were stripped, touched, harassed and raped. Even if they had intimate relationships, they did not exist within those relationships as sexual beings:

> I really didn't know about sexuality. It seems very backward now. How come? If somebody had done something to me, I wouldn't have known, that was how unaware I was of sexuality. Now, it may seem hard to believe to you. But really, that's how it was. There was someone I loved, I was with him. He would touch me a little, hold my hand, and that's all. But I knew nothing except for that. Really.[53]

> I had a relationship with someone from the organization, but I was only 19. We got a bit close, he held my hand and I asked him: "When are we getting married?" because, after he holds my hand, there's no other option. And he said: "Ok." I went home and told my older sister: "I'm getting married". There was no in-between, like dating or anything. We were to have our wedding on May the 7th, but I was taken into custody while handing out leaflets.[54]

In these narrations resides the answer to the question asked earlier: "How is it possible to keep a rape secret for almost thirty years?" The answer is embedded in yet another question: What does it mean to recognize your own sexuality for the first time by harassment or rape? Of course, every experience of harassment and rape is devastating. But getting to know your own body through sexual violence, through hate at first sight, is "life-destroying." Another aspect of life-destroying violence

[53] Ben hakkaten cinselliği bilmiyorudum. Çok geri geliyor şimdi. Nasıl olur. Bana birisi birşey yapsaydı bilmeyecektim onu, o kadar habersizdim cinsellikten. Şimdi sana inanması zor gelir. Ama gerçekten. Bir sevdiğim var, onla birlikteyim, o bana küçük küçük dokunuyor, elimi tutuyor filan. Ama bunun dışında hiçbir şey bilmiyordum. Gerçekten.

[54] Örgütten biriyle bir ilişkim var ama daha 19 yaşındayım. Adamla biraz yakınlaştık, elimi tuttu, ben ona dedim ki ne zaman evleniyoruz. Çünkü elimi tuttuktan sonra başka ihtimal yok. Tamam dedi o da. Eve gittim, ablama dedim ki ben evleniyorum. Ortası yok yani, sevgililik filan. 7 mayısta nikahımız vardı, gözaltına alındım bildiri dağıtırken.

emerges with the concepts of being broken-down (*çözülmek*) under torture, versus *resisting* torture, which will be discussed in the next chapter, with regard to the body.

If we thus say that rapist state officials are another issue altogether, who is to blame for rendering sexuality an invisible threat as such?

The Narrative as a Non-Document

In the previous chapter I argued that there is always a gap between the document and reality which it claims to document. In the realm of official documents, I treated the state as a magical power which makes the gap invisible most of the time. In the case of document forgery, I argued that not only the documents, but the state itself was forged by former members of leftist organizations. Thus the state becomes a document which is forged by individuals and groups as the only imagined and desired form of power.

Former TKP members claimed statehood in their narratives. I used this claim of theirs as a document of forging the state. All of the men I interviewed spoke about document forgery for ten or fifteen minutes, at most. The remaining two and sometimes three hours were about politics, critiques of the leftist movement, organizational failures, and theoretical evaluations - just like the brunch meeting. It didn't matter what I asked about. They spoke about the things which they thought mattered. While inflicting the task of "unearthing the reality behind the 12th of September" upon me, they were taking the task of *documenting* this reality on themselves as my informants.

Via the brunch meeting narrative, I argued that the statehood which the TKP claimed was a masculine statehood. For this reason, the reality that they try to

document is also a masculine reality. Not only the TKP, but the Leftist tradition in general claimed to document the reality of the 12th of September in publications such as memoirs, testimonies, novels and in my interviews. However, since the Left has no power to render the gaps invisible between their documents and reality, gaps remained blatantly open and visible. This is why instead of dealing with today's "reality," they are unable to get beyond documenting the reality behind the 12th of September, as at that point in time they were close to a position of power which held the potential to dominate the realm of reality.

Although women were actively involved in politics before the 12th of September, they were never as close to positions of power as men. Women were situated in the margins of political space, just as they were in social space. It is for this reason that I discussed the mechanisms which rendered women silent/invisible in terms of women's gendered experiences.

At this point, I would argue that the same silencing mechanisms render women's silence/invisibility a "non-document." In the beginning of this chapter, I reflected on the ways in which the narrative becomes a document. I discussed the ways in which I construct my own narrative as a document through this research, and the ways in which men's narratives create their sense of reality and circulate as documents through a public discourse of confronting the 12th of September.

Using fragments of women's narratives as my documents, I next argued that the gender and sexuality of women are rendered invisible through the magic spell of the male gaze. This magic spell of invisibility was broken during the 12th of September, when women came to recognize their sexuality for the first time - as a weapon against them by the state. However, not only the state, but also society and the Leftist movement, are gendered and masculine. Although these three have

different realities (i.e., are in conflict with each other) they unite in terms of the masculinity of their realities. Therefore reality renders women silent via *his* signature.

When women narrated their experiences of the 12th of September (without a chronology, as scattered fragments of memories) they narrated a silence/invisibility which was carefully crafted. Within the realm of hegemonic realities women's narratives of silence/invisibility cannot document reality. Therefore, I would term women's narratives *non*-documents.

There is a book on my desk as I write these lines, which was published by the Council against Sexual Harassment and Rape under Custody in the year 2000. It is titled "The Voice and Courage" (*Ses ve Cesaret*), and is dedicated to "all honorable persons who did not stay silent against sexual harassment and rape while in custody." If I were to dedicate this study, I would dedicate it to "all honorable persons who were *forced* to stay silent against sexual harassment and rape."

CHAPTER 6

THE BODY AS AN ARCHIVE

"My knowledge of you marks me."

- Stanley Cavel

Our mysterious trip to Zeytinburnu ended in a small diner owned by a Kurdish man. Since Ali did not tell me anything about where we were going and why, I wasn't prepared to conduct a collective PKK interview in a public diner and so I asked a few very broad questions which they replied to one by one. Ali, Mehmed (the man who came to pick me up from the meeting spot), the owner of the diner, Ömer and I were sitting at the table, watching the news on the TV about the "wedding massacre" in Mardin[55] when Oğuz walked in. We had already finished our awkward interview. Actually I was watching for a sign from Ali signaling for me to leave. But he kept drinking tea after tea. When Oğuz came, I realized that *we* were waiting for *him*. He was tall and serious and you could tell from the way the others greeted him that he was a respected man.

Ali introduced me to him, and he asked me a few questions about my research. I understood that he was the main informant that Ali had chosen for me. After about ten minutes Ali suggested that we leave and we got back in the car. Again, I had no clue where we were going. At first we went to a small atelier which

[55] On the 5th of May 2009, in Mardin, a village wedding turned into a massacre with 45 dead. Several men who were village guards committed the attack because of a family feud. But the event had definitely multidimensional reasons related to the normalization of violence due to state practices and decades of violent conflict.

was owned by a friend of them, which wasn't an appropriate place to conduct an interview because there were bound to be interruptions. After drinking the tea we were served, Oğuz suggested that we leave. We left our car in front of the atelier and took a cab to another small atelier nearby, which was empty. We began the interview immediately.

Oğuz was a PKK (Kurdistan Workers' Party) member. He was an illegal resident after the 1980 military coup, until he was caught by the police in 1992. He refused to give any testimony, whereupon the police began torturing him. That day they were trying out a new form of torture, and Oğuz was their experimental victim. The new technique basically involved bending and contorting the person, making the victim smaller and smaller by bending her/his arms, legs and whole body. Oğuz said that when they had twisted him as far as he could go, his feet were where his shoulders should be, and his shoulders were where his feet should be, whereupon they put him in "something," forcing him to stay in that position for a long period of time. When they unbound him, his right leg was twisted one hundred and eighty degrees from its original position and his toes were bent backwards and his right leg dangled freely from his body.

They continued torturing him for four more days. When he was finally hospitalized (he was finally released because his plight had been publicized), his right leg was broken in sixteen different places, and he had a broken rib and broken back. After a series of operations he was hospitalized for seven months and was half-paralyzed for the next two years. Since he did not give any testimony and since there was no evidence proving him to be a PKK member, the lawyers told him that he could only be sentenced for not declaring his identity. However, on the day of his trial, he was imprisoned for the crime of aiding and abetting the "terrorist"

organization the PKK. Oğuz said, “They had neither evidence nor statements. They put me in jail because they broke my leg in sixteen different places, for sure, because they tortured me. Vural Savaş issued a document about my torture. I got a 6 month torture document. After getting that, they wouldn't let me go because if they did, they would have tortured me for no reason, right?”[56]

While describing this inconceivable torture Oğuz was simultaneously animating it with small body movements. At one point he started to hold his right leg. At first I thought it was an unconscious reaction. But then he started to massage his leg slowly. While talking about the operations he has been through, he pointed to his leg and showed me the size of the titanium plates and screws within his leg.

Although I had switched the subject, he kept holding and massaging his right leg. Little by little his discomfort increased, and he no longer was hiding that he was experiencing pain in his leg. He stood up and walked around the room for a few minutes, whereupon I suggested that we end the interview. He replied that it wasn’t anything serious. We continued the interview; his leg continued to hurt him. By the time we were finished, he was limping. Had he been limping before? Surely not, I would have realized it. The moment he entered the diner, the time we walked side by side to the car, our short visit to the atelier… I tried to recall the times he had been walking or standing, and he wasn’t limping in any of them.

In chapter three, I wrote: “Oğuz did not tell the police his name because he was rejecting a certain type of reality constructed by the state. Namely, the (unquestionable) reality for the state is that the PKK is a terror organization, and

[56] Hiçbir delilleri yoktu veya ifade de yoktu. Beni bacağımı on altı ayrı yerinden kırdıkları için hapse attılar, kesin,işkence yaptıkları için. Vural Savaş benim işkenceme belge verdi. 6 aylık işkence belgesi aldım ben. O belgeyi aldıktan sonra beni bırakamazlardı. O zaman çünkü bana ortada bi sebep yokken işkence yapmış olurlardı. Değil mi?

therefore members of the PKK are terrorists. This reality is *fictional* for Oğuz who believes that the *real* terrorist is the state. So when Oğuz encounters the state, there is a clash of two different realities and two different fictions, a clear example of the gap discussed above which typifies one of the sources of the state's magical power. At this point, both Oğuz and the state, as the actors of this encounter, have certain strategies at hand to close this gap." The state's strategies, therefore, are clearly predicated on methodologies which attempt, via torture, to render their reality the *only* reality, to erase any and all gaps.

Since the state couldn't render the gap invisible via its magical power, it used brute force to inscribe the gap into Oğuz's body through an extreme form of violent torture. By appropriating the body, it nullifies the existence of the gap. Now that Oğuz's body has been marked by the state, it has also been marked by the *magic* because the mark of the state is invisible to the others. The state thus condemns Oğuz to an intimate relationship with itself.

The state is in Oğuz's right leg. He carries the state in his right leg as titanium plates and screws. The magic rendering the state which is inscribed into Oğuz's body begins to break down and come to the surface as he tells his story; i.e., Oğuz's leg began aching as he narrated his story. I was able to perceive the mark of the state on his body by and through his pain. However, I would argue that it is neither through narration nor through pain, but only to the degree that his pain becomes mine, that the magic can be broken. Only after that can he be liberated from his intimate relationship with the state to which he is condemned, a situation which Wittgenstein discusses:

> Suppose I feel a pain, which, on the evidence of the pain alone, e.g with closed eyes, I could call a pain in my left hand. Someone asks me to

> touch the painful spot with my right hand. I do so and looking around perceive that I am touching my neighbor's hand… (Wittgenstein 1965)

Das (2007) argues that the pain in Wittgenstein's rendering is "not that inexpressible something that destroys communication or marks an exit from one's existence in language. Instead, it makes a claim on the other-asking for acknowledgment that may be given or denied" (p.40). Inspired by Das, Cavel interprets Wittgenstein differently, stating: "my knowledge of you marks me; it is something that I experience, yet I am not present to it..." (p. 40).

The possibility that my pain could reside in your body generates the meaning of this chapter, since this chapter seeks to *imagine* the body as an archive from the point of view of women's experiences. However, after defining women's narratives of silence and invisibility as a non-document in the previous chapter, my concern here is neither to give voice to the voiceless nor to recover narratives of violence. On the contrary, I think that if testimony could challenge silence/invisibility on its own, we would experience to some degree radical resistance in the realm of politics since we are passing through a time so marked by the abundance of testimony.

I began this chapter with Oğuz's story because I witnessed how his right leg began hurting as he narrated his story, and the appearance of this pain created an opening for a means to nullify the magic spell of invisibility. This witnessing raised an unanswerable question: Where do women feel pain when they narrate their stories of silence/invisibility?

What is Archived *on* the Body?

Wittgenstein's conception of pain is concerned with imagination; pain is neither narrated nor expressed *to* an 'other,' but experienced *on* the other's body. The

experience of pain Wittgenstein discusses is in the realm of silence rather than speech and he imagines a possibility of the body through which one is marked by the knowledge of the other. The potential of the body to be political agency cannot be discussed within the scope of this thesis; however, recognizing such possibilities, this chapter will attempt to ask questions about the body, rather than strictly define it.

One such question is that of women's pain. I will not try to find or locate women's pain on their bodies, as I did for Oğuz. Rather, my concern is about the difference between Oğuz's and women's narratives. What existed in Oğuz's narrative that focused my attention on bodily pain? What was missing in women's narratives which led us to talk about "the body" for hours without really recognizing it?

As the state could not render the gap between the document and reality invisible in Oğuz's case, it inscribed the gap onto his body. During the interview Oğuz had a story to tell. His story had a beginning and end, and he knew what to tell. Ricoeur (1981) argues that narrative is a particular kind of discourse which has its own rules. He asks a basic question with the aim of raising these rules to the surface: what makes a narrative? First of all, he insists on the concept of plot. The story has a series of actions, situations change, and then the character must adjust to new situations. The story ends when the situational change is either accepted or rejected by the character. In other words, stories are narrated from the end. Oğuz's story had a plot. His story about the torture he underwent was "part" of this plot and his story as "whole." His bodily reaction to his own story was completely spontaneous. But his bodily reaction was also related to the coherence of his narrative because this coherence of the narrative is what creates the meaning.

The different parts of his life story which Oğuz decided to narrate constitute a meaningful whole. Bruner (1991) calls this relationship between the parts and the whole in narrative "hermeneutic composability." He argues that narrative coherence can be achieved through the relationship among the parts of the narrative and the whole narrative. This relationship between the torture story, as a part of Oğuz's narrative, and his resistance and survival narrative, as a whole, created the meaning of the narrative. I didn't recognize or discover the idea that the state inscribed its gaps onto Oğuz's body by alone. Rather, Oğuz's narrative had already created various meanings about the state, reality and the body. In this sense Oğuz's narrative was a document - as I use the term in this study - because his narrative has the power to create meaning and thus create a sense of reality by its coherent structure.

In the case of women's narratives, however, I cannot discuss coherence or linearity as done in the previous chapter. The two exceptions for this, however, were the interviews with Gönül and Mukaddes. The feminist tendency in Gönül's narrative and the leftist tradition in Mukaddes's were points of view through which they created coherence via closure. Even though they too narrated their stories as fragments, the feminism in Gönül's narrative and the leftist tradition in Mukaddes's were references through they bundled these fragments into a coherent whole. At the very least, they created coherent narratives by their closures, one situating herself within feminism and the other within the Left.

In particular, narratives containing sexual violence were incoherent and the female narrators did not attempt to construct a relationship between the parts and the whole. They narrated the stories independently from one another and independent of their bodies. As discussed in the previous chapter, not only the state, but also society and the Left are inscribed onto women's bodies by the immanent gaps between their

masculine realities and women's experiences as "non-documents"; non-document narratives have no closure at all. One of my interviews took seven hours. We met three times to finish the interview. Each time stories were told as fragments, and each time we started our interviews with a fresh start because each meeting lacked a coherent closure. Ultimately, that meeting still has not concluded.

Fragments of stories and experiences which cannot exist as documents cannot circulate in public space and cannot lay claim reality - these are inscribed onto women's bodies. In these non-document narratives I realized that (aside from the masculine state, society and the Left) what is primarily inscribed onto women's bodies are their own non-document experiences.

Commenting on Derrida's *Archive Fever*, Steedman (2002) asserts that "the archive that is the real Archive in 'Archive Fever' in not and never has been the repository of official documents alone. And nothing starts in the Archive, nothing ever at all, though things certainly end up there. You find nothing in the Archive but stories caught halfway through: the middle of things; discontinuities" (p. 45). My interviews with women consist of stories "caught halfway through." This is why I attempt to imagine women's bodies as archives on which layers and layers of non-document experiences, masculine realities, gaps and violence are inscribed. However, I must point out that my aim is not to define the body as an archive, but rather to imagine it as such. As I will discuss in the following pages, I do not want to enter a reality contest in social science literature through "the body." The following section will thus attempt to peel away the layers of inscriptions on women's bodies by relating their accounts of sexual violence which are "caught halfway through."

Stories "Caught Halfway Through"

In Turkey, sexual harassment and rape are common forms of torture. Although the victims are mostly women, men are also victims of harassment and rape. The Project of Judicial Support against the Sexual Harassment and Rape in Police Custody (*Gözaltında Cinsel Taciz ve Tecavüze Karşı Hukuki Yardım Projesi*), which was started in 1995, exposed and publicized state-based sexual violence. In the region of Kurdistan, rape and sexual harassment have been systematically applied as forms of torture against Kurdish women as a strategy of war in the last thirty years. For this reason, the majority of applicants to the office have been Kurdish. However, female sex workers, transvestites, transsexuals, female gypsies and female activists are also commonly harassed and sometimes raped in police custody.

Although stories of sexual harassment and rape dating to the era of the 12th of September coup have not been publicized or commonly acknowledged, it is known that pervasive and severe torture also involved sexual violence against women. Mukaddes Çelik, who lived through the 12th of March military coup, the September 12th coup and the deadly prison hunger strikes in the 90's related that sexual violence against women was used in all of these events:

> March the 12th was a difficult time. There were women whose psychological state really went downhill. Some turned out schizophrenic, or severely ill. I didn't realize it so much back then, but I picked up on it later on. Many of the women of the March 12th era underwent severe torture and, I mean, other things, too. Torture is like this: When you're a woman, they start out by swearing the moment you enter. I mean, you don't have a normal name, or a normal human identity. You're a sexual object. It's disgusting. They throw all sorts of swear words at you. Numerous women were raped but none of them declared it. For example, there was a woman in a cell who attempted suicide. She was also someone with a strong personality. She said she attempted suicide in order not to break down. Another woman said: "No, she was raped, along with me." She denied it, saying: "No, I wasn't raped. If I had been, I would say so." In particular, most of the women in Ankara had been

> raped, but this was completely kept secret. It was kept secret during the September 12th coup as well. After 1990, this began to be referred to as torture.[57]

As seen in Çelik's narrative, sexual violence starts with words, with swearing. The male officers' assaults can be interpreted as "both an institutionalized attempt to discipline through punishment and an assertion of male dominance on the bodies of women" (Aretxaga 1997, 130). In a patriarchal society in which the sexuality of women is strictly controlled and female sex is objectified and rendered alien to women themselves, punishment is applied sexually. Women who were taken into custody or imprisoned during the coups were thought of as "having lost their honor." The discourses of "loss of honor" or "defiled honor" indicate two things: first, they reflect that state-based sexual violence is a "public secret" which is known but not talked about. And secondly, honor is basically a filter which objectifies women and their sexuality by dividing them into two groups: one, which is 'untouched' and the other, which has been 'touched.' Thus, women are punished for being women when they are taken into custody; and they are punished for being women when they are released.

[57] 12 mart çok şiddetli geldi. Kadınların psikolojik durumlarında çok ciddi bozulanlar vardı. Şizofrenik hasta olanlar çıktı, ağır hastalar çıktı. Ben o zamanlar bunu çok anlamış değildim ancak sonraki süreçte değerlendirdim ama. 12 martın kadınlarının çoğu ağır işkencelerden geçmişlerdi. Yani başka şeylerden de. İşkence şöyle birşey: Kadınsın ya, girdiğin anda küfürle başlıyorlar. Yani senin normal adın yok. Normal bir insan kimliğin yok. Cinsel objesin. İğrenç bişey. Her türlü küfrü savuruyorlar. Çok sayıda kadın tecavüze uğramıştı ama hiç biri açıklamadı. Mesela hücrede intihara teşebbüs eden bir arkadaş vardı. O çok kişilikli bir kadındı aynı zmanda. Çözülmemek için intihara teşebbüs ettiğini söyledi. Bir başka kadın hayır dedi, o da benle beraber tecavüze uğradı. O reddetti, hayır dedi, ben tecavüze uğramadım. Uğrasaydım açıklardım. Özellikle ankara'daki kadınların çoğu tecavüze uğramıştı. Ama tamamen gizlendi bunlar. 12 eylülde de gizlendi. 90'dan sonra tecavüz işkence olarak açıklanamya başlandı

"That Womanhood Thing"

Immediately following the narrative which led into the above discussions, Çelik made a contradictory disclosure:

> For example, they took our female friend upstairs for interrogation. But we knew it wasn't interrogation. She went, without objection. Nowadays we'd give the cops hell about that, but back then we had no means to do so. She came back, her legs all bruised. The man took her for his own sexual toy. It's hard to be a woman, in torture as well. It's like that because of the way we see things; you realize that later on. It's not that big of a deal when you realize that this is torture just like the bastinado, electric shocks or strappado. But that womanhood thing, honor, the drive to protect the genital organs really leaves women weak during torture. It's a very important element. And it's good that the new generations overcame this. But in the period that I'm talking about, revolutionary women would put up with anything but rape. At that time it was very easy to break them down.[58]

While pointing out the perception of honor as a source of weakness against sexual violence, this narrative reproduces another perception: masculinity as honor. There was that never-ending discussion topic among members of the Left: Who was broken down? Who resisted? In previous chapters several accounts of such discourses from the TKP brunch and from the Left were discussed. These discourses assume and attach a magical power to the "revolutionist." The statement "breaking down" (*çözülmek*) holds one responsible for her/his actions under torture as if s/he is in control of her/his body. In her inspiring book, *The Body in Pain*, Scarry (1985) demonstrates that torture systematically prevents the prisoner from becoming the

[58] Mesela yanımdaki kadın arkadaşı geceyarısı yukarı çıkardılar sorgu diye. Ama biz sorgu olmadığını biliyoruz. Gitti, ses çıkarmadan gitti. Şimdi adamlara dar ederiz ama o zaman böyle şeyimiz de yoktu. F. geldi, her tarafını bacaklarını filan morartmış. Kendi cinsel şeyi için götürmüş adam. Kadın olmak çok zor, işkencede de. Bu bizim bilincimiz nedeniyle böyle, bunu daha sonra anlıyorsun. bunun da tıpkı seni falakaya yatırır gibi, elektirik verir gibi, filistin askısına alır gibi bir işkence olduğunun bilincinde olduğun zaman o kadar önemli değil. ama o kadınlık şeyi, namus, cinsel organları koruma dürtüsü kadınları gerçekten işkencede zayıf bırakıyor. Çok önemli bir öğe. Ve iyi ki bu yeni kuşaklar bunu yendiler. Ama benim anlattığım dönemde devrimci kadınlar herşeye dayanıyorlardı, tecavüze dayanamıyorlardı. Çok kolay oldu o zaman yani çözmek.

agent of anything and forces one to simultaneously pretends that s/he is the agent of at least some things. Thus, "the person in great pain experiences her/his own body as the agent of her/his agony" (p.45). The discourse of 'breaking down,' which was adopted by the Left, mimics the performance of torture by perceiving the prisoner as the agent of some things.

Furthermore, Çelik situates sexual violence among other forms of torture such as the bastinado, electric shocks or the strappado, without differentiating it from the others. However, within her two narratives quoted above, she emphasized the difficulties of being a woman under torture since women are punished precisely for being women. In her "closure," being a woman under torture suddenly transforms into "this womanhood thing."

Although the Left was blind and deaf to women's experiences, it nonetheless produced certain discourses for them: "Sexual violence is just a form of torture, similar to other forms of torture such as the bastinado, electric shocks or the strappado." The previous chapter argued that by referring to women as *bacı*, men were reproducing their own gaze towards women while rendering women's gender and sexuality invisible under this "magical" gaze. However, with sexual violence, women's carefully crafted invisibility of sexuality begins to fall away. Men have maintained this "magical" gaze via discourses which do not acknowledge sexual violence as "gendered" violence. If sexual violence were acknowledged as "gendered," then women would by force of necessity be recognized as gendered as well.

However, Çelik's internalization of these discourses is another point that should be taken into consideration. Defining official, authoritative truth discourses as that which cannot be represented but only transmitted as "pedagogical discourses,"

and when these discourses are internalized and have become part of a speaker's own discourse, Bakhtin refers to this as an "internally persuasive discourse." In Çelik's narrative, the discourse of being broken down because of "that womanhood thing" appears to be an internally persuasive discourse since she employs it as a closure through which she reproduces her belonging.

"I Fall to Pieces When I See Him"

In the previous chapter it was argued that many women who were the daughters of fathers and the *bacı*s of their comrades came to discover their sexuality for the first time while in custody, and their sexuality was used as a weapon against them. Nakedness, the baring of the sexual female body, was also used as means of torture for women:

> The strappado is the worst in terms of pain. But the worst is when they touch your body and you're completely naked - imagine that. They put the men in front of you there. For example, I often meet one of them now. He uses the megaphone all the time [at demonstrations]; he's from *Eğitim-Sen.*[59] They brought him there and put him in front of me during my interrogation. I fall to pieces when I see him. My friends say: "Forget it already, that's how it was then." But it's not like that. He saw you there in that state and said to you: "There's nothing you can do, why go on? Come on, talk." Now he plays this bit, like he's all tough and stuff. I mean, I don't bear a grudge but I can't make peace with him. It's something else.[60]

What is it that Hülya cannot forget? Why does she fall into pieces when she runs into the man who saw her naked thirty years ago? Why can't she make peace with him?

59The biggest labor union in the field of education in Turkey.

[60]Askı en kötüsüdür acı anlamında. Ama en kötüsü senin bedenine dokunmaları ve çırılçıplaksın düşünsene yani. Orada karşına adamları çıkarıyorlar. Mesela şu anda ben birisiyle kaşılaşıyorum sık sık. Devamlı megafon kullanıyor, eğitim-senli biri. Benim sorgumda benim karşıma çıkardıkları biri. Ve ben çok kötü parçalanıyorum onu gördüğümde. Arkadaşlar diyor ki unut artık, o dönem öyleydi. Öyle birşey değil ki, seni orada o halde gördü ve sana dedi ki "bitti artık, niye devam ediyosun, konuş işte". Şimdi böyle havalarda, sert filan. Yani kin duymuyorum ama ben onla barışamıyorum. Başka birşey o.

The answers to these questions are embedded in another question: What was inscribed onto her body thirty years ago, while standing naked in front of that man? Shame was inscribed onto her body. Her body which she covered and hid, a daughter's body, a *bacı*'s body and an invisible body, came to came to represent, in her mind, the *enemy*. Her sexuality gained visibility by the rendering of her body as an enemy to herself.

How can Hülya make peace with that man? He is a witness; a witness of her shame, a witness of her humiliation. When she sees him, the inscription of shame rises to the surface among hundreds of layers of inscriptions. Her friends, who tell her to forget, perhaps aren't aware of the fact that what is inscribed cannot be *de*-inscribed. Das argues that women's bodies are surfaces on which texts are written and read: "But the subsequent act of remembering only through the body makes the woman's own experience displace being from the surface to the depth of the body" (p. 55). With each inscription on women's bodies, women's suffering as a result of that inscription is simultaneously inscribed.

Derrida (1996) argues that archives keep an order and give an order for thinking about the past, the present, and the future. Hülya's body as an archive on which shame is inscribed, among many other things, is her reference of point for thinking about the past and the present. Once, her body was naked in front of a man's eyes, and today when she encounters the man, her body is still naked. It remains naked under the spectator's gaze; and this constitutes Hülya's gaze onto her own naked body as well as the spectator's gaze across her nakedness. Hülya's gaze is fixed on an image of her own body from the past, and that image is carried down to the present in each encounter with the spectator.

Derrida also notes that "since the archive doesn't consist simply in remembering, in living memory, in anamnesis, but consigning, in inscribing a trace in some other external location, there is no archive without some location, that is, some space outside." When the body is imagined as an archive, narratives of sexual violence indicate that external location of the archive, which Derrida discusses, and it may become various spaces which the body encountered in its past subjections. Past and present ceases to be mere indices of time; rather, they become *locations*, since the past is not the past and the present is not the present in these encounters.

"Something Like Snot"

> During the interrogation, they said: "Strip." I said, "No." I said something to the effect of: "Don't you have a daughter? How would it be if she was asked such a thing?" They tried to take off my pants, but I was tied up, I had no control. They unzipped my pants; I had stockings underneath. They shocked me with electricity, they stripped everything off. I was completely naked. And men came, they brought men to look at me. I was completely naked. I couldn't look any of them in the face for years to come. He then apologized to me, he said: "My wife was pregnant, they said they would torture her, that's why." I was apparently fainting all the time. There was someone called *Tahta Kemal* from Dev-Sol. He was kept there for days with his bowels hanging out. He was in the interrogation room, chained up. He apparently heard my screams. For days, he heard not only me, but everyone and everything in Gayrettepe. The shocked my genitals during the interrogation and during this, they never took me off the rack. You don't feel any straps after a while. When they took me down, I was worn out. I was very thin, I weighed like 52 kilos. The fact that they had done that to my genitals had utterly crushed me. I, who can't even bathe near my mom... I mean, how dare they, how dare they touch me there. I mean, when they touched my body, I felt really bad. It was like life ended for me. There was a girl downstairs, she had committed suicide. I wondered: "What did they do to her?" That day was my strappado day. They put me on the rack again. They shocked me again. There was something there on the table, they were turning it. Then you find out that it's a magneto, of course. One day they beat me up terribly. There was no end. Meanwhile they were running about, some of them saying: "She doesn't know anything," but then they beat me again. I wanted to go to the toilet, but they wouldn't let me. They said: "You won't drink any water," and they splashed the water on me, they wet me all over. There was a bamboo chair there and there was someone sitting

there, inanimate. There were people in corridors, chained in rows. One day, they took me again and laid me down on something. They bastinadoed me. I had socks on and they struck my feet. It was so bad I fainted. One day, they came and took me in the middle of the night. Again, I got beaten up terribly. There was a fatherly one, he always had this fatherly attitude. He said: "I couldn't sleep and I came here at this hour. Look, who knows what state your mother is in now. C'mon, spill it." As he was talking, he laid me down. He was touching me down there. I said: "Don't," but I didn't exactly know what he was going to do. I didn't know anything about that stuff. Of course, I had heard things when I was in custody; there was this girl, and they raped her, I heard such stuff. But what rape really was, that I didn't know exactly. So, this man was doing some stuff like that on top of me. He was leaning against me, rubbing against me and all. Then there was some kind of wetness there on my skin. The guy left his stuff on me, but I didn't know what it was. Something like snot. Later on, I found out that it was semen. So he left his stuff without exactly doing it. The guy left me there and I stayed there like that, that night. He had pulled my hair so much that my hair was all over his hands."[61]

[61] Ben sorgudayken işte soyunacaksın filan dediler. Hayır dedim. Sizin kızınız yok mu diye bir laf ettim. Onlara yapılsa böyle bir şey nasıl olur? Pantalonumu indirmeye çalışıyorlar. Bağlıyım,hiç bir kontrolüm yok. Pantolonumu açtılar, çorap var içinde. Elektrik filan verecekler, herşeyi soydular. Çırılçıplağım. Ve adamlar geliyor karşıma, yüzleştirmek için adamlar getiriyorlar. Ben çırılçıplağım. Bir tanesinin yüzüne hiç bakamadım yıllarca. O sonra benden özür diledi, "eşim hamileydi, onu işkenceye alacakalrını söylediler, o yüzden" dedi. Ben hep bayılıyormuşum. Tahta Kemal diye biri vardı dev-soldan. O bağırsakları dışarıda bir şekilde günlerce bekletiliyordu orada. Sorgu odasında, zincirdeydi. Benim çığlıklarımı duyuyormuş. O sadece beni değil, herkesi herşeyi duymuş günlerce Gaytrettepe'de. Sorgu anında cinsel organımdan elektrik verdiler. Askıdan hiç indirmiyolar bu arada. Zaten askı diye bir şey hissetmiyosun bir süre sonra. İndirdiklerinde pelte gibi oldum. Çok zayıftım, 52 kilo filandım. Cinsel organıma onu yapmaları hiç utanmadan, beni çok kahretmişti. Annemin yanında banyo yapmayan ben yani, nasıl yaparlar, nasıl dokunarlar orama. Yani bedenime dokundular ya benim, çok kötü oldum. Benim için sanki hayat bitti böyle. Bir kız vardı aşağıda, intihar etmişti. Ona ne yaptılar acaba dedim. O gün benim askı günümdü, bi daha aldılar askıya. Bir daha elektrik verdiler. Orada masanın üzerinde birşey var çeviriyorlar, daha sonra manyeto olduğunu öğreniyorsun tabi. Bir gün beni feci dövdüler. Sonu yok artık, bitmiyor. Bu arada koşturuyorlar, bazıları bu birşey bilmiyor diyo filan, yine meydan dayağı. Tuvalete gitmek istiyorum. Götürmüyorlar. Su içmiyeceksin dediler, suyu attılar benim üzerime, ıpıslak yaptılar. Orda bambu bir sandalye var, onun üzerinde cansız biri duruyor. Koridorlarda insanlar sıra sıra zincirlenmiş. Bir gün yine beni aldılar, birşeyin üzerine yatırdılar. Falaka yapıyorlar. Çorap da var, çorap ayağıma yapıştı. O kadar beter oldum, bayıldım. Bir gün geceyarısı beni aldılar. Yine feci bir meydan dayağı yedim. Babacan bir tane vardı, hep böyle babacan tavırları vardı. Ben dedi uyuyamadım, bak geldim bu saatte dedi, bak annen evde ne durumdadır dedi, söyle hadi dedi, bir yandan konuşurken bir yandan beni yere yatırdı. Böyle önümü filan elliyor, ben yapma yapma diyorum ama ne yapacağını da tam bilmiyorum. Hiç bişey bilmiyordum ki, gözaltındayken kaç günde duydum tabi işte, bir kız vardı, ona tecavüz etmişler, duyuyordum öyle şeyler. Ama tecavüz nasıl oluyo, tam bilemiyordum. İşte o adam böyle birşeyler yapıyor üzerimde. Bana abanıyor, sürtünüyor filan. Önüm filan ıslandı benim. Adam şeyini üzerimde bıraktı. Ne olduğunu bilmiyorum ama. Sümük gibi birşey. Sonradan öğrendim meni olduğunu. Yani tam şey yapamadan bıraktı şeyini. Adam beni orada bıraktı, o gece öylece kaldım. Saçlarımı öyle çekmişti ki, böyle saçlarım ellerinde kalmıştı hep.

In this narrative it is impossible to understand how many days go by, from beginning to the end. Or is it a single day? Apparently not, as she says "the other day" a few times. The narrative's temporality, on the hand, completely grabs and pulls us into itself, but on the other hand it utterly excludes us. Days of devastating torture are narrated in a single breath. Instead of following any chronological order, she narrates events as she kept them in her memory. Is it unbearable torture that cannot be narrated linearly? It should be recalled that Oğuz was able to narrate his story in a completely linear fashion. He started off with his first custody experience, and from there continued his story step by step. The plot of his story was his encounters with the state a Kurdish man, his resistance against it and his survival under very difficult conditions.

As can be seen from the above narrative, there is no linearity; the temporality of the narrative is very hard to follow and define. Following these experiences of torture and sexual violence experiences, the narrator flashed back to her childhood to describe the thickness of her hair at the time, and then she changed the subject to the *hamam*s (turkish bath) in her neighborhood. The relationship between the parts and the whole, as Bruner suggests, for the coherence and sense of "reality" of the narrative does not exist - such a whole simply does not exist.

Returning to the above quotation, the narrator describes the different kinds of torture she underwent, her feelings against harassment, her fear of being touched, some people she met there, some things that were talked about among women and her state of mind in those days; all of these varied items are narrated as one single item. Every item in her narrative is so intertwined with the others that the police custody process, in front of us, appears as a scene. Rather than a definable temporality, her narrative creates a sense of space. This is another common aspect of

women's narratives - the home, an organization's office or a cell - these places are described in vivid detail, or when they are not describing any particular space, these female narrators still narrate their stories according to a sense of space rather than time. This sense of space is acquired in narratives by descriptions of other people and encounters with them, by witnessing rather than mere experiencing, or by hearing things together with what is seen. All of these are usually narrated almost in a "stream of consciousness" style. Since the stories are not ordered linearly from the end point, but are "caught halfway through," these female narrators usually reflected on their thoughts and feelings while going through the stories.

I argue that there is a significant difference between narratives which create a sense of time and temporality and those which create a sense of space. Men's narratives, whether they are organizational histories from the point of view of a "we," or personal stories such as Oğuz's, are marked by this sense of temporality. According to Ricoeur (1981), this is why the narrative is an immensely powerful way of making sense. Narratives make us understand what it means to exist in temporality. Even narrated from the point of "we," men's narratives construct a subject within time, within history. They are *subjects* who describe, narrate, criticize, evaluate and create meaning, as well as make claims.

Women's narratives are narratives of subjection, rather than *subject* narratives. The lack of plot, coherence, and linearity in the narratives indicate that the stories are not narrated from the point of view of a "historical subject." The sense of space takes the place of temporality, because since closures could not be made in the narratives, the time frame under discussion is neither of the past nor of the present. Describing space becomes a way of expressing the experiences of the body without really

mentioning it and in particular as regards cases of sexual violence, the body is talked about without really talking about it.

"The guy left his stuff on me. But I didn't know what it was. Something like snot. Later on, I found out that it was semen." What does rape or sexual harassment inscribe on women's bodies? Is the rapist inscribed on women's bodies too? Or is it just the act?

I would argue that with acts of sexual violence, not only the violent act but also the actor/violator is inscribed on women's bodies, a proposition borne out by the narratives women related in our interviews. They described the torture they went through in detail and such vivid accounts of different kinds of torture were given, in order to define the different forms of physical pain they engendered. Some women even expressed preferences of torture: "For example, the electric shocks were better. There, I could gauge the current, but the bastinado was unbearable."[62] They defined, described and made sense of torture through their own bodies. However, in describing rape and sexual harassment, they described these through the bodily presence of their rapists and harassers: his fatherly attitude, his smelly breath, an expression on his face, a sound he made, or the snot-like stuff he left on a woman's body.

(…)

> They came and took me from the cell again one night. I used to get very scared when they took me at night. There's no describing the fear that came over me there, no matter how much I explain. They touch you. I mean, the fact that they touch you without you willing it...and there's nothing you can do. It's indescribable. I lived it very deeply there. The guy came at night, at first he was compassionate; he said he thought of his daughter when he saw me. He reeked of alcohol. He was drunk. "I live on the other side, I came for you" and all… Can you imagine? The fact that I learned about it there like that, when I knew nothing... I mean,

[62] Mesela elektirik bana daha iyi gelmişti. Orada akımları sayıyordum ama falaka dayanılır gibi değildi.

> who knows how I was going to learn about it in life. But I didn't speak about it with anyone, of course. In one's life, torture has very different aspects when questioned in terms of women. Torture is a bad thing, no matter who it's done to, but women's can be different, the thing they live through their bodies. Back then, it was something repressed in the leftist groups.[63]

What I argued earlier can be recognized in this narrative more clearly. She's talking about rape without really talking about it. The (rapist) state official again approached her in a fatherly way, and by telling the woman that she reminds him of his daughter, he reveals another desire, which is quite clear in the act that follows. His following act? (…) The ellipses explain that act. The ellipses explain what happened to the woman. The silence in the interview becomes the (…) in the written language. Both the silence and the ellipses mark an absence.

In the case of the South Africa Truth and Reconciliation Commission, Ross (2000) argues that, taken as a whole, "women's testimonies illustrated the gaps in women's public speech: absences and silences that, for the most part, had to do with representation of their own physical experiences of violation" (p. 253). In these testimonies that Ross mentions, women narrated the things happened to the people they knew or the stories about their families or communities. On the one hand, those were their own experiences of violation since the families they belonged to were torn apart, destroyed or their beloved ones were hurt. On the other hand, the language

[63] Gece gelip hücreden aldılar yine bir kere. Gece aldıklarında çok korkuyordum. Orada o bedenim üzerine yaşadığım korkuyu ne kadar anlatsam da tarifi yok. Sana dokunuyorlar. Yani senin istemin dışında sana dokunmaları.. ve yapabileceğin hiçbir şey yok. Tarifsiz bişey. Ben onu çok derin yaşadım orada. Gece adam geldi işte, önce bana şefkat gösteriyor filan, beni görünce kızını hatırlıyormuş korkunç içki kokuyordu. Sarhoştu. Karşıda otuyorum ben, geldim işte senin için filan (...) Düşünebiliyo musun? Hiçbir şey bilmezken, benim onu öyle öğreniyor olmam, orda öğreniyor olmam. Yani kimbilir hayatta ne şekilde öğrenecektim. Ama kimseyle konuşmadım bunu tabi. İnsanın hayatında,işkencede kadınlar açısından sorgulandığında çok başka boyutları var. işkence kime yapılırsa yapılsa kötü birşey, ama kadınlarınki başka olabiliyor, kendi bedenlerinde yaşadıkları şey. O zaman ama işte sol gruplar içinde bastırılmış birşey.

through which such violations could be expressed ceases to be a communicative tool when it comes to women's own *bodily* violations.

What makes the body a realm of silence for women? In the previous chapter, I discussed some of the silencing mechanisms employed in society and utilized by the Left as a result of their "masculine realities" in which women's experiences were not represented. Furthermore, I cited examples of such experiences in order to show that it is primarily the body and sexuality which cannot be represented. Moreover, these experiences of bodily violations are not only unrepresented in dominant public narratives but also cannot be expressed by women in the existing language of narration. One has to pay attention to the silences, absences and discontinuities in women's narratives to recognize such bodily violations. I argue that these silences, absences, discontinuities stem from the "derealization" of women as gendered, sexual beings.

Butler (2004) argues that because of constructed power and relations of domination, some lives are real whilst some are "unreal": "Those who are unreal have, in a sense, already suffered the violence of derealization… The derealization of the 'Other' means that it is neither alive nor dead, but interminably spectral" (p. 33). Women who were subjected to sexual violence during the events of the 12th of September coup were also subjected to a derealization of their experiences. This is why they lack the language to talk about their harassment and rape stories from the perspective of their bodies; rather, they narrate things about their rapist/harasser or they keep silent. Language is always already present in the realm of the discursive reality which I have been discussing throughout this thesis, and therefore, while there is a lack of means for women to express their experiences, the language

simultaneously renders these experiences "unreal."[64] Unreality is not something expressible.

Throughout much of his *Selected Writings,* Dilthey (1976) deals with the problem of experience. He makes a distinction between mere "experience" and "an experience." Experience alone is not something open to communication nor is it something definable; experience only becomes meaningful when it is expressed. In order to express experience, we assign it a beginning and an end, and thus *create* experience, "an experience." Experience is thus by definition a sociocultural product. Dilthey's argument is significant for my argument in this regard in that it demonstrates how expression is never a mere expressing of experience but is also a performative act which constructs the experience.

In the light of the discussion above, I argue that experience alone is "unreal" and it needs to be "an experience" in order to be real. However, the only way to make experience "an experience" is through the realm of language, which is always already constructed upon (and which simultaneously constructs) dominant public realities. For this reason the experience of the body becomes silence/absence or (…), as in the above examples of women's narratives. The problem of making experience "an experience" is a problem of translation. How can bodily experience be translated into language and become an experience? What is lost in translation?

The silences, absences and discontinuities in women's narratives reflect that which is lost in translation. If so, what is the significance of testimony in cases of

[64] At the beginning I had noted that, throughout this thesis, I use "real" and "reality" as discursive concepts, apart from Lacan's conceptualizations of the terms. Similarly, my argument about the masculinity of language is not related to Lacan's argument about the issue. He evaluates language as the symbolic order which a child is born into, and which is always already masculine for it is the realm of the "know of the father." Here, I argue that language is masculine because it is always already in the realm of the discursive reality for it is through language that the "real" is expressed. And what is unexpressed remains "unreal" and simultaneously becomes inexpressible by the very "unreality" of itself.

violations? The problem here is not just that women's testimonies are negated as documents and that these testimonies are structured by this negation. Rather, the problem is what is the significance of testimony if it is not capable of translating bodily experience into the realm of language? And what happens to the body within this inexpressibility?

From Document to Archive: From Testimony to Body

Foucault (1998) wrote:

> I shall call an archive...the series of rules which determine in a culture the appearance and disappearance of statements, their retention and their destruction, their paradoxical existence as *events* and *things*. To analyze the facts of discourse, in the general element of the archive is to consider them not at all as *documents* (of a concealed significance or a rule of construction) but as *monuments*. (p.310)

Drawing on the quotation above, Nichanian (2007) proposes a conceptualization of "testimony as monument" rather than "testimony as document" concerning Armenian testimonies about the genocide in the final years of the Ottoman Empire:

> A document is always already instrumentalized, it is always for something else: for a possible biography, for revealing trashed and maimed existences, for restoring a context, for describing a larger set that would encompass the particular events documented in the document. A monument is only for itself. It is on the basis of I offer an abridged account of the production of Armenian testimonies in the twentieth century read as monuments and not documents. (p. 45)

Foucault's "archive" is almost contrary to the ordinary idea of an archive which is "considered to be a document of any kind, a concrete record that transmits information as registered by past generations" (Ahıska 2006, 12). Nichanian argues that Foucault's usage of the term archive carries profound dangers, as well as advantages. He thinks that Foucault makes an equivocation between document and monument, by using the word archive "both to describe the general element in which

monuments appear and to refer to the collection of documents" (p. 45). Since Nichanian's aim is to advance a testimony theory dependent on Armenian literature, he stresses the role of the reconstructing gaze when testimony is taken into account as a document. Therefore conceptualizing testimony as monument becomes a way of getting rid of this gaze, which makes it function as evidence.

Nichanian's argument is inspiring in the context of instrumentalization of testimony. However, in the context of this study, my approach to the concepts of document, monument testimony and archive depend on the very problem of reality. Agreeing with Nichanian's argument about the role of a reconstructing gaze when testimony is taken into consideration as a document, my main concern is rather the *operation* of testimony or document or monument in the realm of reality. I use the concept of archive in terms of the body in order to reflect the effects of all of these *operations* on the body which render some bodies unreal.

Therefore, my differentiation between document and monument is related to their places in a contest for reality. In the previous chapter, after narrating the silence I encountered during my first interview with a woman, I quoted Taussig and asked "whether such carefully crafted invisibility of the public secret is not the most significant monument imaginable. What real monument of stone or glass, people's names or lofty literary quotation, can compete with invisibility?" The crafted invisibility of the public secret that Taussig refers to concerned Franco and his crimes: he wrote that nobody talks about him or his crimes and "silence keeps his shade alive." Here, my argument differs from Nichanian's in that the "monument" is not something for itself when it is a monument of invisibility; rather, it is as significant as document in terms of its role in the domination and oppression of certain groups.

Public secrets monumentalize a magical power which renders silence/invisibility a public secret. In the context of this study, the public secret that women were systematically subjected to sexual violence during the 12th of September coup monumentalizes the magical power of masculinity, since the masculine state, a masculine society and a masculine Left together comprise the masculine reality in which women's experiences are negated. This public secret renders women's bodies "unreal," and it is for this reason that they cannot talk about their bodies. As Butler (2004) argues, "violence is done against those who are unreal. But they have a strange way of remaining animated, so must be negated again (and again). They cannot be mourned because they are always already lost, or rather, never 'were'" (p.33).

This chapter began with a discussion about pain. Through Oğuz's story I discussed the possibilities of communication that "pain" creates between one person and another. I asked why women's pain was always invisible, while Oğuz's gained visibility before my eyes in such a material way. Butler's argument about mourning also offers answers to my question about women's pain. I have cited many examples of women's invisibilities in different contexts, but the most significant is the invisibility of women's bodies in their own narratives. The masculine reality in which women live not only renders their bodies invisible, but it also makes them unreal - *before their own eyes*. The pain of unreal bodies cannot rise to the surface as Oğuz's did, because in every attempt to narrate or express the experience of the body, only the negation of the body is reiterated.

Hence, by imagining women's bodies as archives, I claim that what is archived *on* these archives is not at all documents, but rather monuments of public secrets, non-document narratives, violence and gaps, all of which reflect the realm of

"unreality" rather than reality. I argued that there is always a gap between the document and the reality that it claims to document. While some bodies are marked as documents, and thus real, some bodies are marked as archives on which gaps are constantly inscribed, and thus marked as unreal.

Testimony, at this point, whether it is a document or non-document, is always already situated in the contest for reality. Moreover, it is not capable of translating experiences of unreal bodies into the realm of language by any means. Within the limits of this study, I cannot advance any solution for this crucial problem of political agency. But I can at least propose that any resistance against the dominant, hegemonic reality has to take into account the bodies that are rendered unreal by that very reality, while advancing its strategies. That is to say: focus must be put on the "unsayable" as much as "unhearable" and the "unsaid" as much as "unheard." Testimony, via its claim to give voice to the unheard, carries the danger of "derealizing" the unsayable. In every attempt to deconstruct the hegemonic reality, the body therefore, has to be imagined by its possibilities and impossibilities.

CHAPTER 7

CONCLUSION

This thesis set out claiming that there is always a gap between the document and the *reality* which it claims to document. In the realm of official documents, the state becomes a magical power which is mostly capable of making the gap invisible. The document as a means of constructing the reality - rather than as evidence of it - simultaneously becomes a means for domination and exclusion. While conducting interviews about document forgery with former members of illegal political organizations, I realized that not only documents but the state was also forged by these organizations while demanding power via a genre of statehood that claims "reality" and excludes/fictionalizes everything other than its own reality. All of the *men* I interviewed, while constantly inflicting the task of "unearthing the reality behind the 12th September" on me, were taking the task of *documenting* this reality on themselves as my informants. Since the Left has no power to render their gaps invisible any longer, I was supposed to close those gaps with this study.

However, in my first interview with a woman, I realized that women *were* the gaps between men's narratives (as their "documents") and the reality they claim. The tradition of the Left, in general, claims to document the reality of the 12th of September in publications such as memoirs, testimonies and novels - and, in my interviews as well. When women narrated their experiences of the 12th of September (without a chronology, as scattered fragments of memories) they did not claim to document any reality; rather, as I argued, they narrated silence/invisibility.

While oscillating between two magical gazes - one belonging to the families, and the other to the Left - which both rendered their sexuality an invisible threat, women suddenly met the gaze of the state in 12th September. The women who were daughters of their fathers and the *bacı*s of their comrades, were introduced to their sexualities for the first time while in custody, with their sexuality used as a weapon against them. They were stripped, touched, harassed and raped.

I termed women's narratives "non-documents" which cannot circulate in public space and which have no claim to reality. As a discursive construction "reality" renders women silent via *his* signature. Accordingly, not only the (rapist) state, but society and the Left are also inscribed onto women's bodies by the immanent gaps between masculine realities and women's experiences as "non-documents."

Moreover, women's experiences of bodily violations are not only unrepresented in dominant public narratives but also cannot be expressed by women in the existing language of narration. Since the fact that women were systematically subjected to sexual violence during the events surrounding the12th of September coup is a "public" secret, the silences, absences and discontinuities in their narratives reflect the "derealization" of women as gendered, sexual beings. The magical power of masculine reality - in which the masculine state, masculine society and masculine Left neatly mesh - renders women's bodies "unreal" when those bodies appear as gendered, sexual bodies.

In the last chapter I proposed an imagining of these unreal bodies as archives in order to draw attention to the necessity of excavating the hundreds of layers that are inscribed on women's bodies. These inscriptions are "unsayable" rather than "unhearable" because of the masculinity of the existing language. Testimony, in this

sense, is an insufficient tool for the deconstruction of a hegemonic reality as it is always in the realm of language that it claims to testify.

In consequence, this ethnography of "the document" proposes a series of questions in order to contribute to feminist thinking. If reality as a discursive order is always gendered and masculine, how should feminism deal with the problem of reality? Can reality be remade? Considering the insufficiency of testimony to deconstruct hegemonic reality, what tools can be employed in the capture of the "unsayable?" How can the "unsayable" be prevented from being the "unreal?" How should feminism define or imagine bodies that are rendered "unreal?" And what kind of a methodology should be developed in order to break the dichotomy between testimony as the realm of "sayable" and the body as the realm of "unsayable?"

These questions have resulted from this study on the ethnography of the document. I traced the existence of the document in various fields and reflected its relation back into the discursive construction of reality. On the one hand, this thesis has an arithmetic between the document, reality and power that it carries on in every chapter. On the other hand, stories of people are at the center of this arithmetic.

Üstündağ (2005) wrote that "the distance and the closure that one puts on the field experience for purposes of writing-up has real consequences in terms of the relationship one develops to one's past and experience. During the writing process, the everyday of the ethnographer is slowly transformed along with her imaginary—a shift of her identity from the ethnographer to the scholarly writer" (p.300). Although this thesis progressed upon a search to do justice for the unexpected stories I encountered in the field, I always felt an uneasiness, and in a way, guilt, for my attempt to construct an arithmetic upon these stories.

However, my arithmetic also involves me as an ethnographer and as a scholarly writer, and also includes this thesis as the document of my "reality." Since there is always a gap between the document and reality, this thesis as an academic document has its own immanent gaps. Based on my arguments within this thesis, I came to understand scholarly writing to be a process in which the writer tries to render the immanent gaps within her/his document (work) as well as the reality which it claims to document the invisible via various tools, such as theory or selected sections of interview. These mechanisms are not that magical for the most part, and the gaps remain open for careful eyes. Even though I personally don't claim to document reality, this thesis, like any thesis (as a constant rationalization for itself) is always already present in the contest for reality.

By analyzing stories of forgery and the documentary practices of the state, I had intended to keep a distance from the grievous tales about the 12th of September coup and develop an unconventional perspective for dealing with those events. In the process of researching and writing this thesis, however, I have learned well that this is not an assumption to make while beginning a study in Turkey. Whatever you aim to scrutinize, you see violence, pain, and sorrow. But upon closer examination, you see that the violence that some people have been through, some people's pain and sorrow, are more "real" than some others. And not surprisingly, women's place is located in the deeper strata of the hierarchy of pain.

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