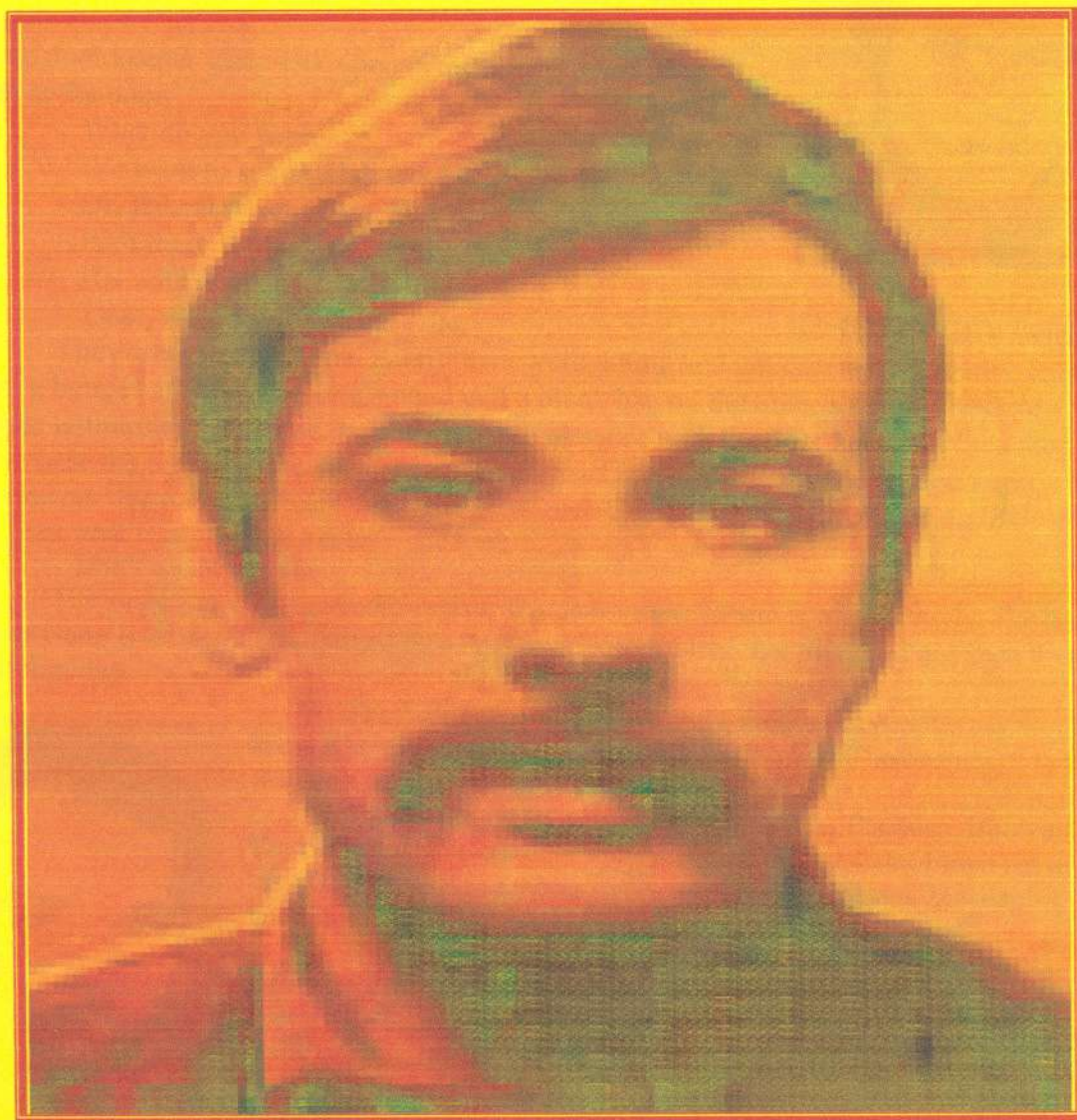


**FOLK  
SONG  
OF ISLANDER**







**MAHİR ÇAYAN**

## FOLK SONG OF ISLANDER KIZILDERE (Red Stream)

17 may monday  
It is eleven o'clock

A lazy spring sun is heating streets. Young man entered from the door of flower shop.

-I want four red and four white clove.

- Do you want to buy as bouget or like that? Florist asked.

- As bouget

Florist ömer Çetin wrapped up cloves with gelatin by decorate in usual movement. He didn't take one's time, didn't hurry too. He didn't look at his customer, carefully, this wasn't his custom. Here, he was a

young man. Who knows, which girl's eyes would light a little later.

Young man gave the money, wished good day, went out. The owner of flower shop joining harbiye arcade forgot his young customer, after two second. The young man came to the bus stops in Taksim ground, a little later. He greeted with the other young man who is the same age with him and there is a black bag on his hand at the bus stop, Than, they left from bus stop together.

They were in front of an apartment house's enter, a little later.

The door keeper garip Işık opened the door and asked to the man at the door.

- What do you want?
- We want to see Dr. Jak Eskenazi!
- Dr. Eskenazi isn't here, he went to Israel.
- Isn't there anybody at home?
- His wife is here.
- Than, we want to see his wife,

They were tree persons. All of them were young and get dressed, regularly. There were a bouget of flower on one's hand and a black bag on the other's hand. The door keeper withdrew, they came in. They went to elevator with the door keeper. When they come near the elevator, the young man who his hand is empty took the door keeper's arm. The door keeper was startled. He felt that a gun barrel pushes his abdomen, at the same time. Before he can't say what is happening, a calm voice said;

- Don't shout, be calm!

The voice was calm but authoritarian. The door keeper submitted conciliatoryly. The door keeper Garip Işık hasn't recognized three persons, too. He had not met, had not seen them until that day.

The door keeper Garip Işık and a millions of peoples too, would know who they are, only just that day don't finish. Their names wouldn't be forgotten after that day.

Three young man was; Mahir Çayan, Ulaş Bardakçı, Hüseyin Cevahir, they have came for kidnap Israel Consul Efraim Elrom not to visit Dr. Eskenazi to Seyhan Apartment house at Taksim, Monday's noon in 17 may.

They learned from door keeper that joining department is General Rafet Bele's who was a commander of liberation war. They opened the door. They told persons in the department to be calm, not to make noise, there isn't a proplem about them. And they controled apartment house's enter.

Then they opened the outside door and get other combatants who wait outside, too. While Cevahir passed to division of door keeper for get whoever come to apartment house, Ulaş waited at the head of hostages.

Everybody who knock the door was waited in Rafet Bele's department, until Elrom enter the apartment house.



**HÜSEYİN CEVAHİR**



**ULAŞ BARDAKÇI**







Elrom was seen outside door at 13.30 o'clock. He rang the bell, the door was opened. He came in headed to stairs to his department. Cevahir with a gun on his hand, approached to Elrom and said him to enter to Rafet Bele's department. Consul resisted. Mahir summarized the condition in English to Elrom, while defused him by hit his head with handle of the gun in his hand.

-We are Turkey people salvation combatants, don't resist any more and come with us!

They took Elrom to department. Mahir went on his explanation in English, while massage his hand and face with cologne and supply to regain consciousness.

- our goal is to be set free our friends in prisons by take you hostage.

Everybody's hands and feet were tied and their mouth were banded.

They gave order of clothes, wrapped up Elrom with blanket and Perihan Bele's furcoat, put into a suitcase which is used to carry things.

For spectre doesn't make suspicious, they take peddler hostage's suitcase, too and put it together the other suitcase in car which Ulaş brings at the door. The peddler hostage's suitcase was put in the baggage and the suitcase was put on the back seat of car.

Elrom's driver was waiting over there Consul to go out from building. They went by him.

Then, a man telephoned to Harbiye broadcasting studio, to Milliyet Newspaper and to Turkish News Agency, informed that Elrom was kidnaped by THKP-C. He said that they leave the reason of kidnap's action and targets of their organization on definite places in front of this association and hung up.

One of this communique was bulletin number 1 of THKC'S. The other one was the communique which was named "road of revolution" of THKP and it was telling the revolution strategy.

At the same time, it was the declaration of foundation of THKP-C.

"Workers, villagers, soldiers, patriot brights, our peoples..." Here, the bulletin number 1 of THKC was starting with this call out, it was starting with this call out, was telling the truth of our country, was arranging in order front's actions and was recording the slogan which would be remember with the names of persons who realize this action to the history.

"Fight until salvation!"

After kidnap Elrom, a communique which starts with "to collaborator of USA minister committe" and tells the requests response to Elrom, with THKC's signature is posted to a lot of place. The echo of action is great as will be guess.

Istanbul martial law commandership publishes one after the other three communique in the same day. Then, at 22.45 bulletin of TRT, a government's communique that answers requests is read.

The person who reads the communique is the assistant of prime minister Sadi Koçuş, personally. The requests are answered with theat. Furthermore, the government doesn't recognize any legal limit and explains that would start the terror of house arrest against the whole in telligentsia and persons connected with organisation closely or distantly if immediately Elrom doesn't set free. The THKC's actions and explanations cause a panic on government.

They were always in practical until action of Elrom's kidnap but the base feature of this process was cleared the road of Turkey revolution. They readed searchedthoroughly debated. And particularly, they tested everything which wrote, said in practical. Only thousands page of theories, bright, ornamented words haven't realised the revolution. At Mahir's leadership, many person who form the activity were member of TİP at begining. But, they were seing that it wouldn't arrived any place with parliamenterism. "Mahir's basic proplem in 1969 was to make deep thesis of MDD, to become a united whole this thesis with Marksizm against TİP, against opportunist thesis of merry sosyalism of Aren, Boran, Aybar who were at the head of TİP and were representing it. For that he was reading, working always."(Mahir, Turhan Feyzioğlu, p.108)



The way of revolution was being clear step by step.

They were interfering the practical as they clear.

Any more, the end of talkativeness, chattering and showroom socialism had came.

Everything had been just named, any more.

Any more, the persons don't fight for revolution wouldn't be named socialist.

Kidnap of Elrom was one of the important bend of that long walking.

This people who fascism said about them "a few adventurer, excitable young men" have started with students activity and have reached this point from the breathless run which has been determined the strategy of people liberation war.

First, they started to talk the problems of youth.

Then, they understood that these result from exploitation and imperialism.

They did boycotts, walked for their people and for independence

Then they saw that none of these problem are only youth's problem; they saw that their people were sentenced what kind of fate.

They became organized. They set up opinion clubs. They set up revolutionary youth and introduced to whole country. They realized hundreds of anti-imperialist action. They were added to land occupations of villagers and resistances of workers. That whole actions had fitted into the second half of 1960.

But it hadn't been so easy to make room for themselves.

They saw coshs over their heads. They started to see their friends had been shot and bloody. So, this fight would be tooth and nail, and bloody.

Difficulty front of them wasn't only police and fascists.

Firstly, passivist, reformist who named leftist themselves tripped them.

But they didn't dread. They insisted on everything they know as true.

The true they know was necessity to fight against exploitation and oppression. <sup>which</sup>

The true they know was marxism-Leninism isn't a dogma, it is an action guide.

They would carry on that fight which they know as true in "Turkey of the world."

They walked correctly on this way which they know as true.

This way was the way of revolution. The way of revolution was the way of islanders.

While the way of revolution communiques which were reproduced with a duplicator pass from hand to hand in İstanbul, Ankara, while house arrest glut is started directed at whole revolutionaries progressivists; Kızildere (Red stream) was flowing thin, long, curled. Kızildere was named Red because the soil of water bed was red. In every spring, when snows melt and waters overflow from it's bed, this red solid was solved and flowed straight rivers by paint the water red.

Kızildere was flowing thin, long and silent between Tokat mountains like thousands of stream of Anatolia. Kızildere was going forward, meeting other streams and sources, was being bigger and arriving to rivers.

And Kızildere (Redstream) was watering very green solid by unintentionally would give own name to an epic.

Islanders were dangerous for people's enemy and false friends of people. They were very sharp. Their lines have to been soften a little. They were very cross. They have to be formed a line and have to been easy going. They were combative, stubborn and they weren't listening to advice. They had to be taught to obey and to show respect to old-gun.

There were a lot of person who teach and show the "way", shortly. Everbody, from M.Ali Aybar to Sadun Aren, from Behice Boran to Doğu Perinçek and Mihri belli were saying that themselves are true and were trying to pull this dynamic, selfless, brave youths to own side.



Dominant classes were right to be frightened.

They have started to fight in the youth organizations and they have owned widespread relations in whole country by that organisations. But it's necessary more.

Only, the organisation which would make such power fight can arrive to revolution.

Worker, student, willager staffs of revolutionary youth which Mahir, Hüseyin, Ulaş take part in it set up party in december 1970. Turkey people salvation Party- Front was burnt like that.

The party's target wasn't a few armchair in parliament, it's target was the power. It wasn't legal, it was illegal.

Sovereigns didn't endure this.

All right, some leftist write and say like this thing, but they do these only supposedly. But they? But they are fighting formally. Independence, freedom, power... They will ruin us family, What if villagers who are masters of this country say that "this lands are our", in that case what would happen their conditions? Already now, when they see them, were standing up and were saying "our Revolutionary youths have come" and were being delighted.

What have to be said about the workers of this country say "We are producer, we will be director too", go out in large numbers to streets go on strike everyday, leave work, walk, their loud slogan which says worker youth hand in hand, they receive with open arms to Revolutionaries?

That was meaning that they were wanting the power.

It wasn't important them to say wanting to enter to parliament, to oppose little. But their target was the power. Was it incredible, where was the going on?

This exploitation, this pillage this luxury life which living on would be gone.

Since they have shown themselves, there weren't comfort. What if we lose the power?

This probability was been shaken the sovereigns like a leaf.

They call to account. Anyhow, were they saying that they will call to account? So, what happens, if they wait? But they aren't waiting to call to account. We can't escape them. But, if they have set up their legal party, if we have taken on them our lap, don't we make them men loy turning over and over. We do, but they aren't the kind of leftists who sit on lap. They are different. They are naming themselves People Liberation Fighter.

### **ORDER IS FROM USA MEMORANDUM IS FROM TURKISH ARMED FORCES!**

Really, neither the parliamentarism of Turkey worker party, nor the dreams of "leftist junta" could stop revolution's flow.

The revolution's way was clear, the target has been put forward.

They were representative of the great trials can't be measured with their ages, of stability which they cramped the whole buildup of the world revolution's history in to their heart, mind.

Still, there were some body who dreams "leftist junta".

Yet, in july 1970, Mahir was saying that;

"A junta under the guise of Kemalism will come, but this will not Kemalist, this will be a fascist junta. The base target of them will be to neutralize revolutionaries of that period. Armed resistances against attacks of counterrevolution haven't been exist in Turkey; we have to start this.



-Let you come and write at our newspapers. Let's make you members of our party. You can't be listened Yourself with weapon and bamb. Your way is curued, the blood Jumps on your skirt, nobody loves you. We waylay you. Your rebellion spreades out all around, you remain alone...

They destroy you...

The answers of Islanders are short and clear.

Mahir summarizes their answers... They would walk on the way which they know as true, to the last.

Islanders were indifferant against the attacks and believing. Their after careful calculations an bargainings were nonexistent. Their ideals were so strang that these couldn't be sacrifice to neither an assistant ship armchair nor a district presidency of a party nor a board of directors of an association. Once, the light of true has opened their eyes.

They were fond of freedom and independence like mountains which their heads reach to sky stubbornnes to the calm of endless lowlands.

They have dewted themselves to natian's liberation. From new on return of revolution's way was nonexistent. Perhaps they wouldn't live until their hairs get white at mill of inconstancy, perhaps they would be shot tomorrow and be martyr, but they never would turn from revolution's way.

They didn't turn.

They were faithful on their word, to the last.

They started the tradition that they do everything they say and they defend every thing they do.

They threw the whole dila pidated, rotten structures on their way, one by one, neither TIP(Turkey Worker Party) remains in front of them, nor TKP, nor the persons detend MDD (National Democratic Revolution)... They walked by paint every kind of opportunism and reformism with their own colours.

They grew like an avalanche.

They won people's heart with demanstrations and occu pations. Firstly, they were "youth like giant", then pioneers of people Liberation war. First, they started to tell their dreams at universities, then they spread out to cities, towns, villages. They changed faces of every place which they step by their speaking, sacrifice, modesty and bravery.

They set on fire of longind of a world which there isn't oppression calculate own benefit and scary darkness. They propagandized that it's necessary to get the power for coming true this dream power... The Islanders were wanting the power and fighting for this. The greatest fear of people's enemies was that people want the power and fight for this.

Dominant class was grumbling.

They have infuriated the executioner of darkness. As İsmet İnönü says, "would they be discouraged by a few children who challenge to government", would they clase one's eyes to swing their sultanete armchair much more gradually.

Who were they, what boldness was that?

From who and from where were they getting this power?

They have occupled universities, reversed and burned vehicies, thrown ambassadors and presidents from schools.

Yesterday, by saying "Yankee Go Home", they have rained molotof on fleets of "a friend and ally country".

Everyday , they have beated their dear idealist sons and thrown them from schools and dormitories. Furthermore, what were that land occupations and nationalization passion meaning? What were the words of socialism, power, war and so on? Their intention was seriw.



We have to create a resistance tradition. Lots of us, perhaps all of us can die in this resistance, but we leave a resistance tradition to next generations..."(Mahir, Turhan Feyizoğlu, P.258)  
very much time didn't go by. Uncle Sam roared from Pentagon. "Shut them up, any more", "Finish these dreams of independence", "stop this madness of freedom", "crush everybody, everything resist."  
If gun, gun, if authority, authority, if support, support. But, if our orders don't fulfil, you calculate this. Sold again, we don't give the power to anybody.

People exist to crush, people exist to be exploit.

People exist to be torture, people exist to be deceived, to be misled.

People exist to give vote only per four-five years. People exist to be make us comfortable.

If whoever works to ruin this, destroy them...

Because, if people wake up, there isn't comfortable for us..

\* \* \* \* \*

Kızıldere has given its name to a calm, little village.

Neither its name is known, nor it is seen as the head of pin on maps. Neither it pokes one's nose into others' work, nor others poke one's nose into its work Nobody comes here even in the time of election. It is a secluded, lonely village in Tokat.

But now, there is somebody come and go. There is somebody come and go from village to city, more often. The legends about "youth like giant" have arrived to that calm village. The wind of anatolia's revolution which starts to blow have skimmed over Kızıldere. But the base storm would broken out in there. The life uninformed storm has gone on in Kızıldere.

### 12 March 1971

Majör General Musa Ögün and two colonel came to Ankara information Center and left a little note. They stayed in information center for a short time, they wanted to be do the necessity of note.

At 03.00 news, the note with signature of four commanders in chief of armed forces was read. At the same day memorandum was read in assembly, Süleyman Demirel who is the general chairman of justice party took his hat and went out. He offered his resignation to president Cevdet Sunay.

Demirel retreated. He retreated to make room for generals with soldier hat. After this stroke which make history as 12 march memorandum, the chiefs of fascist junta have confiscated the administration of country actually.

The chairman of general staff Memduh Tağmaç,

The commander of land Forces Faruk Gürler,

The commander of naval Forces Celal Eyicioğlu,

The commander of Air Forces Muhsin Batur have signed memorandum.

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12 March junta has been concocted to choke the revolution fight which grows up from day to day, to digest opposition of people and solve the contradictions in oligarchy in monopolist bourgeoisie favour.

It would be killed two birds with one Stone. Either revolutionary action which defends this country's fate will change with armed fight, which it's means and methods is clear, which wins more supporter gradually and which forms more strong organisations would be scattered, or crowd of people who have been effected from independence slogan which this



action raises would be digested. Crowd of people's organisation would be scattered, anti-imperialist staffs stil exist in government mechanism would be cleaned. In addition, the collaborator monopolist bour geoisie in agreement of dominant class would be stiffened, shortly, presence and stability for sovereigns would be obtained.

A scary darkness collapsed above Anatolia, the drive stared. All of the intellectual, writer, trade unionist association director, proffessor, student who say independence, freedom, revolutionary, salvation, people have been started to be taken from their home late in nights. Tortures have been spread out endless nights in darkness, dirty vestibule the prisons got full. Cities, towns, villages changed to open air prions by martial law was declared in a lot of city.

The government which Nihat Erim is the president increased threats and then started the "sledgehammer operation". Revolutionaries were invited submission. "Wanted" posters were existing in the open places, any, more... "Hit order" about wanteds!

In this driver, Deniz gezmiş, Hüseyin İnan, Yusuf Aslan who were the leaders of Turkey people liberation Army which defend armed fight were captured while they g oto rural area in 16 march 1971.

Islanders didn't hesitate. Arms had been spoken, not words during the time of fight. They entwined their arms' handle, more tighty. They wouldn't submit junta, would show that the fight of freedom wouldn't kneel down.

Actions went on, continuously. Every step was the expression that revolutionary will, wouldn't submit agains fascism, every action was to challenge.

While epic was growing, the ways were becoming shorter.

## HERE IS İSTANBUL MALTEPE

All of the armband power of the state tailed after THKC.  
22 May 1971, saturday, at 13.00 o'clock.

The communique number of 22. which was published addressing Istanbul people with signature of componder of first Army and İstanbul martial law Faik Türün was read on radio:It was informed that, Between saturday night 24.00 o'clock and 23 May 1971 sunday 15.00 o'clock, going out is prohibition and whole plases would be look for one by one. The same day Faik Türün's communique number of 22 is readed on radios, İsrail Cansul Efraim Elrom who hold as a hostage at Hamarat Apartment house an Rumeli Street in Nişantaşı was punished and the house was left..



The whole Istanbul was pulled to shreds with the name of "storm operation", even graves were looked for by bayonet was stucked in its. The posters of Islanders were decorating walls.

At the same time, Faik Türün's name was starting to come to the fore. Fascist general was saying that "ideological and dividing movements have brought Turkey to dangerous bend... We waged war against them, this war will be win" at assembly with responsible director of newspapers and he was drawing the frame of ideological and psychological war of contr-guerilla. There was Faik Türün at the head of hunting dogs in pursuit of Mahir, Ulaş and cevahir.

On the one hand, they have to continue the fight, on the other hand they have to remain outside as possible as. They stayed at cinema artist Yılmaz Güney's home in Levent at the night of day when they cover which is opened to skeleton at güney's home. They thought that it would be reasonable to stay at skeleton. Elrom's corpse was found at Hamarat apartment during night, searching. The next night, Güney's home was searched too, together with thousands of home. Nothing was be found.

At next years, Güney was saying about this searching that " I acted my life's role" and



was telling like that; "They knocked the door, I opened, they looked at everywhere, then asked that are they here, did you hide? 'as a joke. I answered yes' and said 'they are upstairs' by show the cover, calmly. They said that 'good night, excuse us to disturb you' and went."

But their remaining here was risky. More safe places was necessary... Every place where they might go was searching step by step, the ones who they know were put under house arrest one by one. THKC's members were listening police radio-set and finding out the homes which are busted. They leaved the place where they hide and went to another home because they learned at last listening that their some friends' homes who knows their place were busted.

While Ulaş Bardakçı was arrested in Erenköy in 28 may 1971, Mahir and Cevahir succeeded to escape from fascism'in ambushes. They started to stay at a connection's home in Küçükyalı. But the home which they stay called curious neighbours attention and they informed police this case. One police, one noncommissioned officer, two watchman and district's headman came to apartment's door. They knocked the door long and long, nobody opened. They tested the door, saw that it was locked from insede. The noncommissioned officer and the police went to get addition force. The district's headman saw an acquaintance and went far for a short time. The watchman İbrahim Keskin stayed at the door as person on duty. When loud noises at the door was cut, Mahir opened the door a little to understand if they go or don't and came acroos with the watchman

Mahir – What's the matter, what do you want?

The watchman – Why didn't you open the door? Do you came to police station for a minute?

Mahir – There isn't a case to go to police –station, why will we go?

The watchman – They said me that, you have to come to police station.

Mahir – All right, let me change my clothes.

He entered indise, put on his gun, opened the door. There is Cevahir near his.

They said "don't move" to watchman. The watchman tried to escape, Mahir shot.

While the watchman collapsed on the pavement by scream that " I burned, my mother!" "Cevahir and Mahir went out to the street with a suitcase filled with gun and bullet.

Everything was chest tochest, any more. They withdrew with their guns on hands by protect eachother. While the men who chase them increased, they either have withdrawn by fire or have shouted slogan as "complete independent Turkey". The circle shrank. Cevahir and Çayan entered to 8 number of apartment on Küçükbağ street, Maltepe Orhangazi main street. They jumped from the garden wall and opened first floor's door. There was an old woman, her daughters and grandchildren at home. They lodced at scary the two young men with guns on their hands. Mahir told the old women not to be frightened, they wouldn't damage them and to go with children. After got them out, the short fight started.

They went out up<sup>s</sup>tairs because they thought the downstairs isn't safe. The home<sup><-|></sup> was belonging to commender Dinçer Erkan. They set free commender's wife and son, kept his daughter Sibel. They set up barricade in front of the enter door by pull things. They said the men at outside that wouldn't damage Sibel Erkan.

Revolutionary was living in principle. One of the principle was not to damage people.

Revolutionary lives for their principle in everywhere, when they succeed in this, the principles were be tradition. The front created tens of tradition from beginning of fight.





Although the building was be surrounded, although MIT, polices, soldiers, all of them heaped up to kill them, they was thinking Sibel's safety. After years, other sibel's would be carry on this tradition.

Today, a lot of tradition's tracks which make front different from others and form a wail can't be climb over against whole demagogy take us to Maltepe. Here we are there, again. The commander of first army and martial law Faik Türün, the governor of İstanbul Vefa Poyraz the chief of police Muzaffer Buğlar, the commander of second Armoured Brigade, Brigadier General **MALTEPE** Celal

Bulutlar were there too. They were guiding the murders. Brigadier general Bulutlar invited with megaphone;

"I'm warning you. The home which you are in it is a commander's home. If you submit, you will not be subjected to bad treatment, otherwise, I will deliver you to people."

Çayan and Cevahir answered this words like that;

"We will never submit. Our deods get out from here. We will not harm the child. The child only can die with your fire. We will never deliver our guns, too. Brave man doesn't deliver his gun. If you come to take delivery of us, our guns will turn to you."

Are you hearing?

This voice are coming closely. Look, Sabo is speaking. This voice is Sabo's voice, this voice is niyazi's voice... look, Güner's is speaking in Bağcılar, Sibel's is speaking in Okmeydanı. Are you hearing, Erhan and Mehmet is speaking from Balkıca. Look, are you seing, the seed of tradition and feature is planting now. This voice will increase and will be bigger as hundreds of...

The Islanders started their folk songs.

The whole barrels was silent with the Islander's folk song.

"At Maltepe, their environment was surrounded with dwarfs of darknees/ two Islanders who sing marc/ The guns are silent at singing marc of two Islanders/ A deep silence covers Maltepe's centre/ The Islanders' brave man voice spreads out environment in waves/ That moment, everything is erased at two islanders eyes/ millitants of darkness make small and small/ As if, the thing which are thrown just now aren't tomson bullets/ they are finger dwarfs' tiny arrows/ that moment neighter thousands of security forces, nor police/ nor armoured brigade/ nor tomson nor mac hine gun/ Everything is unimportant, small and ineffectual for two Islanders/ The Islanders ' chorus creates a panic for dark dwarfs/ Tracks of oppression, confusion and a little shame is read/ On their faces."

Commandos were trying to enter from skeleton. But they withdrew because they are afraid of fires of Mahir and Cevahir. Hours went by, the weather got dark. They illuminated surroundings of home. Sometimes, it was fired mutadal, accasionally Mahir's called out to persons come together at outside, sang marches, shouted slogans. They were calm and, they weren't in hasitation. They told insistently that they wouldn't damage the girl, security force's to put the surrounding away, they wouldn't submit were the persons who sell the country and people to imperialism.

At the late hours in the night, they turned up radio an found out that Sinan Cemgil and his two fridens were martyred at Nurhak mountains. The silence broke down, Mahir called out to people by rush out to balcony; "We are fighting for you, foor poor people. Our bodies are falling into ground for you, for your children and for independent Turkey."

That night, until morning, they sing marches and folk songs of independence.

What is the friendship? And then, trench comradeness...

Look, Islanders are writing what the friendship and trench comradeness are. But not with gilded words. They are testing either friendship or enmity on warmth of fire by have fight and risk their life...There aren't gilded words in their book. Everything is very simple and clear.



That night, Islanders shouted slogan that “ Damn with imperialism, long live whole independent Turkey” from behind Sinans. Here they were seeing the martyrs at Nurhak off by a resistance which will be an epic. They bade fare well by fight their comrades who were be martyr by fight. Fascism’s hangmans who there are a lot of stars on their shoulders were helpless. It was impossible to take delivery and to turn back that men. They were unable to make head or tail of how the heart is, how the passion is, how the belief is. But they are humans, too. They was a weakness of every one, absolutely. CIA experts who knows all the answers have taught them at courses to have to catch weakness of every body...

They weren’t stone, absolutely they were effected something. One of the general said that “ bring their family”. First, they brought Hüseyin Cevahir’s uncle under the balcony.

Uncle Cevahir said to Hüseyin Cevahir; “ my son, submit, they will not torture you.”

Hüseyin Cevahir; “ uncle, don’t interfere, go from here.” Uncle Cevahir: “my son, you are a good child, leave the girl. If you kill the man near you and deliver him, then they will forgive you.”

Uncle is speaking in kurdisch for Mahir doesn’t understand. Cevahir shouted and swore by get angry this offer. He expelled his uncle because he insisted on not to understand. He said that delivering his friend to enemy is dishonour, he would not make a dishonour like this, it doesn’t take part in their traditions.

Mahir was standing behind Cevahir. He didn’t understand speaking but understood the subject and smiled.

“my island is thickly wooded / the forest of friendship, comradeship. Truth / covers my whole island / the sun of virtue illumines my island for 24 hours / We, islanders don’t know darkness”

This time, they brought Mahir’s mother under the balcony. The enemy supposedly was trying to catch the most weak side of leaders of THKP-C. They hurled their bullets to their weakness by suppose it is exist and they saw that they were mistaken.

– Mahir, my son, submit.

– Don’t interfere this, mother.

– Submit, you can’t be saved,

I beg you. I don’t give up mother’s right to you.

– We will show all of you who revolutionary is. We will show how the surrounding cleaves. Long live whole independent Turkey. Either death, or victory...

Enemy withdraws mother, uncle and every acquaintance. The game has kicked back, has more increased anger.

Mahir’s have broken off connection with regime for a long time. Before years, while they discuss with revisionist, they were saying that “ we are young, there isn’t our any connection with regime” and they have finished outstanding accounts with regime as clear.

Their eyes were on next beautiful days,

Their eyes were on whole independent Turkey. Their futures, their life and their happiness are that...

Just before months from junta, while they discuss that junta was coming at Turkey, Mahir has said that; “All of us can die on this way, but we leave so resistance tradition to next generation, our fight increases although we aren’t exist” and so, he has expressed THKP-C’s choice...

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The tradition was increasing, this fire would wrap up long years.

This tradition would be the name and oath of people liberation fighters.

At 1 June Tuesday morning, the home’s around emptied completely. Hangmen of



darkness were wanting to see blood, any more. They leant the fire stairs against kitchen's window, secretly. Fascist commander Necdet Asker and commander Cihangir Erdeniz took up a position at home joining the building as see the kitchen.

Around noon, Cevahir explained that they will set free Sibel and went on fight. While Cevahir explains that, he was shot in his chin. Corresponding fire started.

Soldiers, polices crowded into home from all sides.

Cevahir is martyred, Mahir is wounded, seriously. Leter, newspapers write that there were 25 bullet in Cevahir's body.

While policemen were at the head of Cevahir, Mahir didn't want to leave his comrade lonely and pulled out his gun. But he couldn't reach target, he was arrested as wounded.

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Fight went on 51 hours.

They fitted in 51 hours all their feelings and lifes.

They challenged to very big army for 51 hours.

They leant against eachother with pure love and trust under the surrounding for 51 hours. The Islanders was fearless, bold and plucky.

They didn't hesitate. They didn't pay attention to barrels, threats, intimidations, begging of their relatives, they embraced belief of next beautiful days. And they called out to Turkey peoples with brave, deep voices of next beautiful days...

"Long live whole independent Turkey!"

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Blood was falling on revolutionary. The flag which front has waged was being red with blood. Red isn't only o colour, any more. Cevahir has shot with dirty trick in İstanbul-Maltepe. The flag waved, angry.

Kızıldere flowed by froth... Meeting time was approaching. Meeting time is near as a moment. It is making longer it's arms with a silent hum. Kızıldere is flowing towards it's longing by curled.

Party- Front is decided in Karadeniz. There isn't any dauntness in their lines. Only, they are worrying about their leader. They know that here is one of their most organized region. They know that there are a lot of work to do.

## A LONELY MAN IN CELL, İSLAND

12 August 1971... The lonely man who isolated in a cell of Selimiye Military Barracks is writing letter. He will try to send it outside, secretly.

The lonely man in the cell , Mahir. He came to here by carry Cevahir in heart.

They kept him at the hospital for a time because he was wounded. Then, they didn't take him to places which there are the other prisons. They brought him to Selimiye Military Barracks. They put him in a cell, all alone. And hand cuffed him to bed. He was under the supervision at any moment.

The man in the cell is going on his letter. He is saying that " they are having on evil intention. Their target is to execute us, certainly."

He is writing the most important question in his mind and then explaining his thoughts about a probable kidnap action for saving them. He is writing these, finally;

" What are friends at outside doing? How is friends condition?

If they aren't strong enough to do this, surely don't try.

It isn't important that or this person to live, it is important .



THKP and THKC to live. (...) I am watching for an opportunity to escape.

Death isn't important, but a revolutionary have to fight in every condition and to the last. The probability of escaping is one pe cent. I will use this one per cent at all costs."

( Mahir, Turhan Feyizoğlu, p. 440 )

The man in the cell is lonely, but he is never single.

The lonely man scribbles poems on the white paper;

" My room is crowd, traitorous cell In Sierra-Maestra, In Falcon, In Vietnam, In Mozambik, In Angola, In Sina Deserts the men who sing the song of freedom ..."

All of them are there. They fight together against oppression.

Mahir walks around the world's revolutions with them. He knows the world's revolutions in that places. He specializes in recognizing the thing which is universal and special to country.

Nothing , four wall, handcuffs chain him to bed can't imprison him in cell. He goes to his island, always.

He is Islander. They are Islanders.

Islanders is cell. Islander is country, , islanders, islander is world.

Islander is world of revolutionary and comradeship.

## ISLANDERS CAN BE CAPTURED, THEY DON'T SUBMIT

12 march terror was going on, brutality. A lot of staff and fighter of front have been captured. But for front these captivities weren't meaning the fight to finish. There could be defeat at some fronts of war, but never submit. Their most clear character was will. They never waited a victory which come spontaneously. They weren't showroom socialists who bely on the conditions get ready and the people rebel spantaneously. They weren't petit bourgeois intellectuals who think to close temporarily the struggle, come to an agreement with enemy at a little difficulty.

They had captured, but this wasn't meaning everything finished. They would show to enemy at law court, at prisons, too that they couldn't take delivery. Even that oppression regime was strong as physical, it was baseless and worthless as morale and ideolgal. They would show that whole world.

At the first trial, they explained that they didn't submit to fascist junta and from now on even only one member of Party-Front wouldn't submit. Every trial changed to chair which crimes of fascism were told. Dispute of wills were went on in different dimension. They left a tradition about the attitude of revolutionaries at law courts. Until that days, the law courts were the places which the state's assertions were listened, suspect treatment was accepted. But Party-front changed the law courts into chairs which fascism was judged. Every trial went on with discussion, fight, threat on to be thrown from law court room and being thrown...

At first trial, they retesed to give evidence and ideintity for protesting tortures and Mahir's to be held separate. Enemy was holding leaders of THKP separete, because there were enemy's calcula tions. A lot of speculations were did to be fell the leaders from favour.

Still, Mahir Çayan was alone in a cell Selimiye Barracks. Either Mahir Çayan or their trial comrades made a lot of petition to be take Mahir to Kartal-Maltepe prison. At last, Mahir was took to Kartal-Maltepe prision in 1 November 1971.

He had tried to escape before going to Kartal-Maltepe prison, but this enterprise had appeared. There were fight which waits to him and accounts which would called at outside. At all cost, they had to go out and go on the struggle. There were words which they promised to martyrs and dreams which daydreamed together Cevahir. They had to pierce this walls.



When he went to Kartal-Maltepe prisons in 1 November, he saw that the captives of THKO and THKP-C were waiting for him. Cihan Alptekin, Ömer Ayna, Ulaş Bardakçı... Tens of captives of each two organisations were waiting for Mahir.

They were waiting because, they had done a lot plans, and preparations to escape. But, it was impossible if Mahir wasn't there.

Maltepe military prison was in a big military barrac's. But their boldness was more bigger. The freedom action was speeded up. The possibilities from inside and outside were mobilized.

The tunnel was going for ward from <sup>day</sup> to day. Each bag which full of soil from tunnel was meaning to get closer freedom. They were doing match or were having fun to camouflage tunnel working.

When they do match <sup>in</sup> train, their clothes were getting muddy and this was camouflaging the mud of tunnel.

In 29 November, Mahir Çayan, Ulaş Bardakçı, Cihan Alptekin, Ziya Yılmaz and Ömer Ayna entered to tunnel. The cover of tunnel was closed behind them. Every body's hopes were with them. Breaths were held, minutes werestarted to be counted. When five went their comrades who stay behind understood that therewasn't mishap and they felt relieved. War slogan would rise at outside.

They went out from the centre of big barracks and went to wards the place which they have to reach. There was nobody at home. They leaved a note and come back. "We are waiting you at Sebil Teahouse". They had cut their moustache not to be recognized. Their lawyer went to Sebil. Teahouse to get them. Later, the lawyer tells that meeting like that; "We asked how they escaped. They answered that by dig tunnel. The chat went on with jokes. It they had been noticed, they would killed, immediately. But they were carefree and jogenous..."

## YOU HIT US FROM BACK

Any more, they were <sup>outside</sup> outside. Their first job was to settle outstanding accunts with treachery. Treachery... It is the twin of press and obligation.

It was be giving martyrs and captives under the press and pursuit conditions.

When Cevahir was martyred and Mahir and Ulaş captured, two member of central committee Yusuf Küpeli and Münir Ramazan Aktolga tossed about violently. They inter rogated everything which they "didn't interrogate" until that day, "to learn Marxizm" in an apartment house. The thing which they interrogate was revolution.

They were unbelieving.

They were frightened as not to say that "we were frightened"...

They theorized their fright.

They had determined that; in fact, THKP-C didn't have a quality for being a party, the actions which they that day were wrong and untimely, it couldn't be arrive any where with armed struggle, the things which THKP-C defends weren't appropriate with Marxizm-Leninizm, shortly everything done until that day were wrong. They produced new theories. But, before Mahirs captured, their decisions were to increase the struggle, to make known the name of party by actions, to fight against junta more strong-willed, more programmed. The one who remains outside would apply this program, would increase the fight in a line include city and counry querilla.

But Münir Ramazan Aktolga wasn't a man of his word. He captured for a short time. While he escape from Yıldırım District prison, he said that the organisation wanted only himself, there wasn't any passibility to employ the other staffs. And so, he had hindered escape of THKP-C's staffs who could increase the fight. When he captured again after one



year, at first trial he would explain the reason of escape alone like; I escaped to hinder provocation at outside. "Provocation which he said that THKP-C increases the struggle, again. The fickle had slowed down the struggle, had stopped the armed actions, had liquidated the organization had scattered staffs.

Now, it was the time of paying the bill.

When Mahir went out tunnel, they saw nobody to wait them, some how. Yusuf Küpeli would come to get them, but he hasn't come. So, they went to their connections who they know, they trust instead of the given address.

Mahir meets to staffs of party front, firstly. And he writes letters about this treachery in party to staffs of party-front in Ankara.

As result they come to a decision about the two fickle who try to liquidate the organization on the revolutionary line that; "you tricked us, you aren't our comrades, any more".

They have been tricked, they struggle which for the sake of they devote their life and the values which for the sake of they give martyrs have been crushed. In their island, one of them was for all of them. They were leaning against each other's shoulders, unsuspectingly and were trusting strength of place which they lean. They have never shot their friends from behind. Friendship and enmity too were manly. The pain of bullets of enemy was more light from the pain of treachery of friends. They couldn't forgive such treachery for own words, for martyr who they set their heart to the same way. How they didn't hesitate against enemy, they so didn't hesitate against old friends.

As Mahir says, the some things have to be in the same place, the different things have to be in the different places. The way had to departed from the persons who close temporarily the fight and trick their comrades. The two struggle deserter were exported from party by explaining their cowardice and their agreement. Mahir said that; "everything are us. Actions, party, writings, traditions... We created them, we developed, we daimed. Our ways will departed from now on. You will not mention our names."

Executions were in agenda. Decision of executions of Deniz, Hüseyin, Yusuf was at the council. Islanders either would think about only their lifesx and move like this as would step ahead. At the one side, themselves, their life, their future, at the other side, hopes, dreams and expectations of millions of people... And martyrs... Words they gave... Struggle which they shared like share a mouthful... Marches they sang, their oaths... Men who live under the shadow of the loop... That was a big love. Once, they have promised. To break their promise doesn't suit them

— We will keep our word. We promised to our friends. We will leave new traditions which don't be defeated, don't submit, don't kneel.

— We didn't turn back to struggle until today. We didn't think us before the others.

We promised, we will never deliver our arms.

— Gallowses are setting in secluded. Oily ropes are being made for our friends, execution shirts are weaving on workbench. It will be a big crime, if we escape while they go to death, fearlessly. If they are executed, we will be accomplice. We are neither so unjust nor so cowardly. We will not sink our fingers to blood of our friends. Death will be defeated against our barrels. Liberation is all together. We will never give up our dreams.

Brave islanders walked on treachery and death.

While Ulaş staid to collect together İstanbul, Mahir went to Ankara for the purpose of getting strong to hinder the execution of Denizs to collect together the old connections. Ertan went to Karadeniz to from suitable conditions for guerilla. The struggle had to gone on and increased in every conditions.



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## A RESISTANCE BASE IN ARNAVUTKÖY

In 13 february nigth, the two of Maltepe fugitive were guests at Ülkü Ahmet's home on Levent Menekşe street. One of the fugitives was Ulaş Bardakçı. It was six o'clock p.m.

Ulaş would go to on other home. He had collected his things and was waiting his friend who would come to take him. The person who is waited was late. Meanwhile, they heard a loud noise from outside. Ulaş pointed out the mistress to open the door and to control. Ülkü Ahmet opened the door a little looked out. There were a lot of men dressed in civilian clothes and they were whispering by showing the basement. Then, bull of them started to run to the door of basement.

Ülkü Ahmet understood who the men were, shut the door, slawly and said that;

\_ They come.

Ulaş didn't ask who the men were. He didn't get flurried didn't think what to do. he was the man of surroundings. He had recognized the footvoice of his enemy in tens of actions, in tens of fight. He was ready to meet his enemy, everytime. His hand was on trigger. He never has thought that "if I submit, am I saved." He go out from ambushes by fight doesn't put in the shade on traditions.

Behind of Ülkü, Ahmet, a voice which says "she shut the door" was heard. The bullets started to beat the door. Ulaş answered back from inside. There were hand grenades on him, he threw one of them but the bomb struck the window and fell to inside. Ulaş didn't think himself, he was covered on Ülkü Ahmet. The bomb didn't explode. The fight went on. Gun of his friend was spoilt, he repaired it.

There are firstly his friend for him, then himself. He thinks first the safety of his comrade, then his.

He decided that it is necessary to split surrounding, he went towards window and jumped. Superintendent of police Kemal Saridoğan who waits at the side. Where Ulaş was fried to hinder Ulaş's escape. Ulaş opened fire. While a voice which says "my mother!" come from the place where police was, Ulaş withdrew in darkness.

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In 19 February saturday, it was seven o'clock p.m... A cold winter day... The streets of Arnavutköy was desolate...

The door of home number 8 at Üvez street was knocked. Polices were convinced that there was nobody there by looking the basement of joining building, before they knock the door. Soldiers and polices had encircled home.

Alican Özgenler, Reşat Okutan, taner Gürbüz, Turan Koçak knocked the door, mistress was lale Arıkdal. She opened the door, slowly.

\_ What do you want?

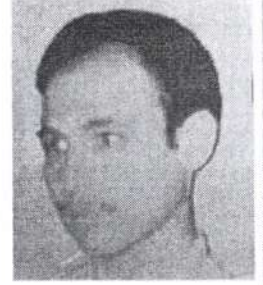
\_ We will search home. Who are there at home?

\_ Noboyd. I'm alone.

They entered inside, pulled to shreds all around of the little apartment house. While they went out, from inside, the policeman Reşat Okutan's voice was herad.

\_ There is a man jacket here. Ulaş was waiting in wardrobe for finishing searching. When he understood that policeman noticed the jacket and would lengthen searching, he opened fire. The two of executioners were wounded. Bullets rained on him... Ulaş immortalized.

Ulaş was one of the brave son of this country. Ulaş was fearless, pure, clear, decided and leader... While oppression increases with its whole wildness. He embraced his belief,







things which he defends, his comrades, more tightly. He lived by be conscious of that he is representative and leader of a traditon and was martyred. He was tied to this country to death. He was very fond of people on this country. While he was walking around the villages, was organizing resistances, he had more felt the pain on this country, he was so very fond of people that all of the arms of world couldn't destroy this love. "Our comrades died so..."

While bravery forest's braves were falling down to the ground like drops of rain, rivers overflowed one by one, the ground swelled, split as fertile.

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Mahir was trying to find out the connections in Ankara and to collect together one by one. The problem wasn't only collecting together connections, it was necessary to supply rigging and organization for struggle. Meanwhile they found out that the guns which they put in the skeleton of a theatre where they use in the past didn't caught. They had to take them. But the owner of theatre was changed, a person who they didn't know had bought the theatre. But they needed that guns.

In that period, a young member of THKC whose name is Koray Dogan was supplying connections between Mahir and the other staffs. Koray was told has to be took guns. Koray said to his friends, who works in theatre that there were guns at the skeleton and they have to be take them. And then, it was easy. Koray took the suitcase full of guns and delivered to Mahirs. Koray was clever and practical. He was producing different meeting method not to damage Mahirs because of connections who he would meet. He was taking pains not to smear any pursuit from meetings. He had determined different meeting places with every connection and had nicknamed each meeting place. He was calling up to the person who would meet before one or two hours from meeting and was saying the meeting place in cipher. For exemple, he was saying that "let's drink tea." At that time, the person was understanding that he would meet him at that place...

Calendars were showing 6 march. Enemy had covered whole streets. Soon, they noticed Koray and pursued him. They were in pursuit of him step by step. Koray felt the pursuit after a meeting and didn't go to his home, spent the night at home of his filance. Next day, at an other meeting, he warned his friend to be careful and then he didn't go to Mahir. Next day, once again he went to an appointment, but he noticed to be laid an ambush and started to escape. Police was thinking that koray was connected with Mahir and didn't want to miss him. The policeman ran after koray and grabbed his jacket. Koray took off his jacket, threw it and went on runing. He thought that hasn't to submit. Later, as the persons who know him say, Koray was most frightened to damage to his leader and comrades by being beyond his power. He ran. The policeman understood that he couldn't catch him and shot. Koray was shot. He was took to hospital but after two days, he was martyred.

The war was increasing with sacrifices of revolutionaries. The thing which makes the belief of future endless was that soul of sacrifice and conscious of sacrifice. Persons were being shot, were falling and were being immortalized. New persons were learning the conscious of struggle and sacrifice which they leave, were carrying the flag more forwards. After Koray, the operations expanded in Ankara. Policeman were treading every place where Mahirs could go and was putting everyone who they have a suspicion could help Mahirs under house arrest. Mahir had to be found, absolutely. If they were outside, the hope would go on to increase. This was clearly lost of prestige for 12 march junta. In addition, junta was in a panic because didn't know when and where front would hit... if they don't destroy Mahir, junta never would succeed and junta's terror wouldn't be useful. THKP-C was hope. But it was prohibited flowers of hope to grow in the slaughter house of fascism. Whole flowers had to fade on by one. Everywhere had to be painted with grey, the sun had to be darken. They had to hurry. Everybody were hasty.



Sometime, they were changing a few home in one day. Sometime they were staying unsuitable place.

Still, they weren't thinking themselves, they were thinking how would hinder the execution of denizs, were searching the most suitable and effective action to collect together their powers. To assume a true attitude for Denizs was the turning point for struggle. Junta would execute Denizs, because was wanting to destroy the independence war against to imperialism. Junta was wanting to destroy the prestige of revolution. It wasn't important that they were in different organization.

The persons who name themselves "leftist", "revolutionary" wasn't even saluting to their friends. If they meet them, was changing the way. Here, in these days, they put forward their life to save denizs life. This was the revolutionary unity and solidarity which could be seen only very little even later.

### TOWARDS KIZILDERE

Mahir buries his comrades in his heart on by one. He knows that, his each step is very important for the fate of country. He knows that, the most hard surroundings split by fight.

He knows that, there isn't to interrupt work, to get tired, to hesitate in the book of honour, pride, virtue and revolution. Besides, how can he hesitate;

Are they the persons who have scattered their most dear friends to dear country like a seed.



Are they the persons who have taken an oath on struggle until footprint of occupation wiped out the country,

They are plucky.

They are bolt upright against whole attacks. They haven't submitted, haven't gone back. They either will embrace freedom, or will plant the freedom seeds on this ground with their body.

Any more, it was necessary to go towards mountains.

Any more, all of the ways were going to karadeniz mountains.

Yet, Kızılder was uninformed that its name would increase as worlds. The sun was shining the snow was melting and leaking drop by drop to Kızılder's (Redstream's) bed.

Once, when the spring comes, Kızılder was foaming and was flowing towards rivers by burble.

Once, when the spring comes, Kızılder was growing impatient, was getting enthusiastic, was flying by develop wings from slopes to down. Every spring, it was more turning red. Now was the impatience time of Kızılder.

Now, mahirs were impatient; Denizs were getting closer gallows, everyday.

Enemy was impatient to set up gallows and to destroy Mahirs.

Impatience was walking to Kızılder as caravan.

Now, Kızılder has been all ears, has been waiting for a long time. It is hearing the voices of guerilla's boots which go forward in mud with difficulty.

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Mahir Çayan, Cihan Alptekin, Ömer Ayna set out towards karadeniz by a lorry loaded with Macaroni.

Calenders was showing 16 march.

In 18 march, towards evening they arrived Ünye. Then, they went to Mehmet Atasoy's home in Yapraklı village. Mehmet Atasoy told to Mahir that everybody who helped



escape from operations would meet at Karadeniz.

Meanwhile, execution decisions of denizs had been accept at council and the file had come to president Cevdet Sunay for approval.

There wasn't even one second to wait for doing something.

The target was imperialists who occupy this country.

They decided to take English technicians who work at Ünye Radar Base hostage.

In 26 march 1972, they kidnaped three English technicians who work at Ünye radar Base. After they kidnaped technicians, they posted a communique with that headline; " To Turkey Republic President, parliament and government."

They has wanted to be stop executions in recompense to English agents.

İsmet İnönü said that, for kidnap of Englishes; " Englishes whi waor in our country are under the guarantee of honour of nation. Killing them will stain whole nation. We have hinder this murder. Every person who is connected and isn't connected either has to follow persons who kidnap, has to find their track as helper of official like defending country."

In that country which occupy imperialism, willing servant of imperialism was naming claiming enemies of Turkey people as guarantee of " their honour." They were inciting Turkey peoples to inform against their leaders, were trying this to show as necessity of landlord.

Minister for Internal Affairs Ferit Kubat, Brigadier General in Gendarma General commandership Vehbi Parlar, Ankara centre commander Tefik Türüng came to Ünye. The district blockaded from air and land. All around was started to pull to shreds by units from Ankara, Tokat, Amasya.

Guerillas arrived home of Emrullah Aslan who is chief of Kızıldere village, in 28 march. Saffet Alp, Sebahattin Kurt, Ömer Ayna, Sinan Kazım Özüdoğru had come before a few days.

During searching, the vehiche which three Englished was kidnaped was found around Tokat. Massacre gangs were coming closer Islanders.

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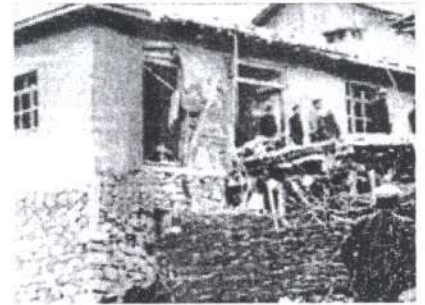
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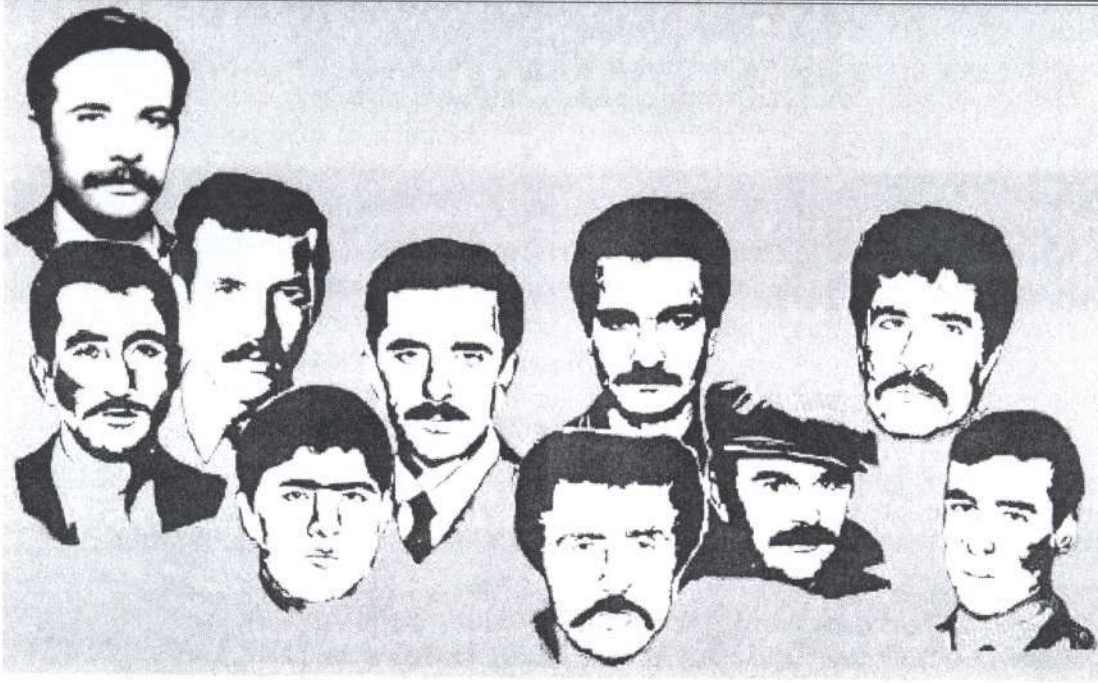
In 29 march night, it is 23:30 ...

Soliders came Kızıldere village. Any more it was 30 march. At about five o'clock a.m. , two soldiers came closer villager chief's home. The home was double floor and adobe. Guerilla who stand guard upstairs saw soldiers to come closer home. He informed comrades.

The fighters said the chief Emrullah Aslan to go out and to learn why the soldiers come. The chief had taken the guerillas in his home, but he had thought how would acquit himself against state at a raid, beforehand. He would takepart with whoever win. For this, before soldiers came he had prepared a letter which he wrote that guerillas entered to home by force, he accepted them for he was frightened, in fact he was ready to help. He had hidden this letter in hisbosom. If guerillas win this fight , he would say that; " look, I took you in my home , I shared my bread with you." The chief went out and handed the letter to soldiers, traitorously, stealthily. He said that took refuge in state. He said the soldiers to save themselves from this "anarchists." Guerillas saw the chief's treachery. They had understood that all around was surrounded. They prepared their base to last fight. They went upstairs, completed necessary preparations. They made holes on skeleton to shoot. They decided who would speak to enemy. They strenghtened the ground floor's door by set up barricade, looked over water and food stoks. Yes, they couldn't remain alive but enemy couldn't win, easily too. At each bullet, they would make enemy feel sorry for enmity. At each bullet, they would write a line of an unforgotten epic on this ground.







At that moment, they heard a dirty, saucy voice which says that "they are taking refuge behind children." Until today, they never had tried to save their life by taking refuge behind anybody. They hadn't given permission anybody to be damaged even in the most hard conditions. Which children would they take refuge behind?

Suddenly, they remembered that there were grandchildren of the chief. The chief hadn't taken the children while he went. If so, the children for, found and let go them. Enemy was there with whole power. Police, army, mit, contra-guerilla...

Rivals of war was on the earth.

One side; guards of darkness were crowd. Crowd and with lots of guns. Crowd and fearful. Crowd and miserable.

One side; Islanders...

Ten resistants who had surrounded in adobe village home.

People's hope was ten brave men.

On side oppressive,

One side the voice of oppressed. In one side's hand, arms patented USA. They are trying to take courage from coldness of arms.

The power of the other side is love to their country, dependence to their people, belief and, trust to their value. At the back of one side, there were rotten laws of oppression and despotism. At the back of one side, there were yearning, pain, grief, anger screams of no standing peoples since thousands of years.

In that day, at that hour, there is nobody on the earth who is more strong, more free, more bravery than ten islanders. Now, Kızıldere is eye, ear, pulse, breath of the whole world...

Now, ten men who start out to do revolution in Turkey was creating a brand-new world at the side of Kızıldere. Their mind and their heart was like pure, clean, clear, white water. And they were bolt upright, were challenging to all of the barrels, all of the killers of imperialism by fuss over enemy. Full general Semih Sancar, Tevfik Türüng, Nihat erim, contra-guerilla chief – official of MIT- killer of Ulaş – Hiram Abbas, contra Mehmet Eymür, Kuyucu Murat's, Beyazid Pashas' hangmen were there, were in the war.

The war in Kızıldere was between a few collaborator of imperialism, exploiter, monopolist bourgeoisie and Turkey peoples.

They were turning round of adobe home like vultures which had smelled blood. They were wanting blood of Islanders to carry to palace of Dehak. They never could stand against revolutionary by oneself, so they were coming on under the shadow of thousands of soldier policeman, hunting



dog and mean barrels. They had come with blood Marks of massacres at Arnavutköy, Maltepe, Nuhak Beyazıt, Ankara streets, with blood Marks of their fortures. The enemy was a cursed gong. They had been cursed with pains of centuries to endless.

The voice of called with megaphone;

\_ Submit!

It was startled with response;

\_ Nobody will submit! If you don't accept our stipulations, Englishmen will be shot.

Oppression wasn't only feraful, it was mean, too. It was baseness and characterless. It was protitute, it wasn't respecting even bravery. Lying, hypocrisy had become a part of its character.

\_ If you submit, nothing will be done, we promise you.

They didn't hear that lies, for the first time. Once again, they were disgusted. Mahir called;

\_ We will not submit, you will put away surrounding. Whole world is watching here. If you don't put away surrounding, don't accept our stipulations, we will shoot Englishes.

They burned whatever on them, money, identity, note. A smoke increased to sky. They will not leave even one chip which can be useful for enemy.

\_ Submit!

The leader of revolution, Turkey people liberation Party Front answered;

**“WE CAME HERE TO DTE, NOT TO TURN”**

Darkness can't take delivery us.

Dishonour can't take delivery us.

We will not submit to dishonesty, to prostitution.

They called their enemy with their names one by one.

\_ Semih Sancar, Tefik Türüng, Mehmet Eymür, Hiram Adas! You will account for your crime, sooner or later. We will bring you to account for selling country, for marketing our people, absolutely.

They song folk-songs, marches.

They had come to Kızildere by embrace values which this country created. They had come from heroism epics of Bedrettins, Türkmen rebellions, swashbucklers, liberation war, revolution which had been spread out hundreds of years. They had learned honour, dependence, sacrifice from epics which had written on this country. They came from villages, from towns, from cities in which honour is the most high valve. They had taken everything which create themselves from this country, from this people and had combined these with Marxizm- Leninism.

For this reason, they were so plucky, so faithful, so selfless, so bold. For this reason, they were so wise that they were knowing what for they live, were differentiating their friends and their enemies.

They know that whose for these bullets are. They know, in fact who are tried to be destroy by destroying them. Who will knell in this war, who will come to an end with each bullet...

Helicopter was flying over them, bullets were raining. They answered back with bullet to bullet, with slogans and marches to submission invitations.

**“LONG LIVE WHOLE INDEPENDENT TURKEY!”**

**“LONG LIVE OUR RESISTANCE!”**

Voices of bullet increased. Bullets which riddle skeleton sink into their bodies.

First, Mahir fell down,

Cihan,

Ömer,

They fell down one by one...

They punished Englishes in this infernal fight until last bullet, until last breath.

Kızildere had been painted with blood when arms were silent.

From now on, it would flow in blood colour. It would carry their song to whole grounds which it watered. It would flow more dense, more furious towards rivers.



That little village, Kızıldere which nobody knew its name would be remembered as the name of the most splendid resistance of Turkey revolution.

The persons who killed the ten Islanders were hopping that the fight had been finished to endless. But their desire was in vain. Each flower which would grow on the side of Kızıldere would grow in blood colour, from now on. Trees would be in blood colour, homes would be in blood colour. Red corn- poppies, speeds, boughs which put forth shoots, roots which put forth shoots were whispering like that;

“ we came here to increase, not to die!”

Water of Kızıldere increased. Islanders were increased.

In every spring a hun increased from bed of Kızıldere to mountains;

“ WE CAME HERE TO OVERFLOW IN WAVES!”

The hum of Kızıldere more increased gradually.

A long, song which burns hearts wound all around...

Kızıldere was flowing. Its bed is clear.

While it watered places which it pass through, mountain woke up, trees woke up.

Kızıldere flowed to Çiftehavuzlar, to Toroses, to Dersim, to Adana, to Ankara, to Okmeydanı, to Gazi, to Death Fasts, to war positions, to resistance fronts. It opened a new canal on every inch of ground which it watered and lengthened a new arm. It embraced many brave men with its arms. The men who open flag, sing folk song in every resistance were Mahir, Hüseyin, Ulaş, Islanders.

They could be die, but war was until liberation.

AND THEN; “ FORWARD ON THE WAY OF KIZILDERE MANİFEST!”

Yet, the chiefs of 12 march junta couldn't enjoy fully “peace and stability” which they get by “ their victory.”

They wouldn't, too.

Anatolia couldn't be the spineless rose garden of oppression and exploitation. Front never gives permission this.

The Island increased to surface from bottom of oceans, again. It greeted to day with their green, dense forests.

New young fires burned in the middle of darkness. Young peoples named themselves as Islanders.

All of us are Ulaş, Hüseyin, Mahir. We are Cihan, Saffet, Hüdai, Sinan... we are Kızıldere...

They were determined. They said that; “we come to you, too, Kızıldere.”

Island hadn't disappeared, as the leader of islanders says.

They opened a road between fickles, terrifieds and old guns.

First, they named themselves as

LIBERATION GROUP

Then they were be FRONTİST...

REVOLUTIONARY-YOUTHS...

In 1978, there was revolutionary left. Islanders were revolutionary leftist, from now on.

There were tens of groups which want to share inheritance of THKP-C. It was be created a great theoretic confusion about thesis of THKP-C. Practical was cleared up everything step by step. Ficles, liquidatist, astrays went to their real place.

Islanders struggled on the way of Kızıldere. They lived juntas, created resistance epics. They saw treacheries. But their walking never finished.

In 30 march 1994, they declared the name of hope:

In 30 march 1994, they wrote their names on history as Revolutionary people liberation Party- Front. They were on track of THKP-C.

They added new ones to THKP-C's value, principle and tradition. Kızıldere wasn't end. Frontist went on to write epics.



They claimed the persons who sacrificed themselves.

THKP-C is total of traditions.

The way of Turkey revolution,

Importance of armed struggle,

Necessity of guerilla war,

The tradition of not to submit in fights,

At law court, attitude of changing the chair of fascism to chair of revolution, freedom actions in prisons, revolutionary solidarity, internationalism,

The principle of not to damage people,

The conscious of justice, not to compensate,

All of them increased at revolution front with seeds which THKP-C planted.

They were be Mahirs, Sabos, Sinans, Niyazis, Hüseyins, Ulaşs increased.

Kızıldere, Arnavutköy, Maltepe increased.

The tradition got bigger from Çiftehavuzlar to Dersim, from Bağcılar to Çaytaşı, from Toroslar to Gölge.

From THKP-C, to Revolutionary left, to DHKP-C, the fighter and the staffs increased assertion of revolution and power.

At every resistance, the words of "Kızıldere isn't last, the war is going on" were wrote with blood, with marches, with folksong, with flags...

This was the power assertion of people who had been crushed since centuries, this was people Liberation war. It has to be win, it would be win...

For win, it was necessary to fight. It wasn't necessary to say many words, every words had been Said, the rows had become perceptible. This was the war of thousands years. This was the war of hunger, of pain, of oppression, of poverty.

This was the war of honour, pride, the words and traditions which weren't be crushed against oppression.

This was the war of socialism, of ideal of independent country.

They took their arms with belief, with yearning and went revolution songs.

Kızıldere was a big power for them.

Kızıldere was the manifest of Turkey revolution, was the way of revolution. They went on this way...

They didn't stop. They said that; "Our way is the way of çayans" and went on nonstop.

They didn't forget the killers of their leaders.

People had sung songs for them. The killers would be destroy. This was the rule of history. Today or tomorrow. Sooner or later! Islanders found killers and punished them. Yet, it hadn't spent even ten years over 12 March "slendgehammer operation", president Nihat erim was punished by justice of people.

A MIT MOSSAD agent Hiram Abas who run after the Islanders like hunting dog came across frontist justice of people and get his deserts, in 1990 October. The one of the fascist general of 12 March, Memduh Ünlütürk couldn't escape to account for.,

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After Kızıldere, we re turned to life and comeback struggle.





MAHİR ÇAYAN



HÜSEYİN CEVAHİR



ULAŞ BARDAKÇI



ULAŞ BARDAKÇI AND MAHİR ÇAYAN





DENİZ GEZMİŞ, HÜSEYİN İNAN, YUSUF ARSLAN



SINAN  
CEMGİL



ALPASLAN  
ÖZDOĞAN



NADİR  
KASIRGA