

Li Dû Man

Winter 2019

What is left behind?

Zehra Doğan's installation for Who Are We? at Tate Exchange, Tate Modern, told the story of lives displaced by conflict. Áine O'Brien, Jane Wells and Dijana Rakovic report on a collaboration that fuses art and activism.

Last spring, we invited the Kurdish artist Zehra Doğan to create an installation at Tate Exchange, Tate Modern, a space that explores the relationship between art and society. Counterpoints Arts, a charity that works with refugee and migrant artists, was already planning a series of events for its programme Who Are We? at Tate Exchange in partnership with the Open University. It included a focus on artists at risk and artists who risk, so Zehra's arrival in London, after her release from prison in Turkey, was a great opportunity for all of us.

It was clear from the start that Zehra, as an artist, journalist and activist, sits in a space known as 'activist', the fusion of art and activism. She is one of many artists, academics, writers and journalists who have been jailed in Turkey for doing no more than exercising their right to freedom of expression following the crackdown after the coup attempt in 2016. In Zehra's case, one of her own paintings was used as evidence against her. What makes her work distinctive is her passion for journalism and the crafting and telling of stories of people who have been silenced, displaced and erased from history. Her journalism slides easily into activism and vice-versa and is often transformed through the practice of participatory and collaborative art.

While many of our initial meetings with Zehra were mediated by translators and others, we began to connect more meaningfully when listening to her talk about what she wished to present to a public in London. Zehra's quiet insistence that her contribution be equally understood as art and not narrowly framed as activism was memorable in our very first meeting.

Our challenge for Who are We? at Tate Exchange was to install a piece of work that might respect all of the different forms in which Zehra worked, while, at the same time, engaging and including – through layers of participation – a visiting public. And so the participatory installation, Li Dû Man (What is left behind), was born. At the heart of Li Dû Man is an archiving impulse: a desire to record and give witness, to protect, preserve and tangibly perform and make present events, objects and the experiences of others. In the context of Who are We? at Tate Exchange, Zehra wished to bear witness to the suffering of the Kurdish communities, specifically those in south-east Turkey who had either fled their homes and were displaced or had been killed in the conflict with Turkish troops.

Like other artists before her – the Chilean Cecilia Vicuña or the French-born Christian Boltanski – Zehra sees rare human value in collecting and displaying small, intimate and everyday things (evocatively described by her in this publication on pages 4-5). But when the objects that Zehra had collected in Turkey arrived in London and were first laid out on the Tate Exchange floor, it was both moving and unsettling for everyone involved. The key question in everyone's minds was: how to protect the dignity of the people and the experiences that the objects had touched upon and given witness; equally, how not to turn this deeply sensitive material into mere 'art'.

The collaborative nature of how we curate and produce for Who Are We? and the experimental

ethos of Tate Exchange allowed us to navigate and plot the many faultlines and layers of Li Dû Man. These layers included the stark evidence and placement of the 'objects' on the floor – meticulously laid out to evoke the ground in which they were discarded and found. The many stories and records written by Zehra and her colleagues at the Zinba feminist Kurdish news agency were available to the public to read out loud at certain points each day. There was also a letter-writing campaign to artists, journalists, academics and activists currently imprisoned in

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Witness to oppression

Zehra Doğan (journalist/painter)

Shortly after I was released from prison I suddenly felt intense loneliness. No matter that this is called freedom, it upset me deeply to leave friends with whom I've shared every moment for more than two years. Something indefinable ruptured within me after the guards shouted for me to prepare for release. I felt my belly sink. If the price of freedom was to never see these friends again, I did not want it. But I couldn't stay any longer. My time was up. I was escorted out to showers of applause and chants of 'Women, life, freedom!'



After I crossed the threshold, there now lay a difference between us. I was 'free' and they were prisoners. Yet a moment ago I was a prisoner too. I looked at them one last time in those two seconds. I was leaving, but I had taken a part of each of them along in my heart. I could read this in their eyes. In each of them I had also left a piece of myself. In that moment I realized, so long as all the things I left behind remain part of me neither am I really free nor are they fully imprisoned.

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Painting by Zehra Doğan, used as evidence of 'terrorist propaganda' in her trial

Objects from the ruins

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Fragments and stories of home collected by Zehra



Children in prison

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Tales of children in three prisons



Less is more: transcending bans

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Techniques of resistance against prison rules



Voices from the inside

[on pages 10-11](#)

There are still many imprisoned writers, artists, academics and journalists in Turkey, don't just talk about them, talk to them! Read inside to find out why your voice matters and how you can take action.



Acts of resistance

Ege Dündar's family was torn apart by the crackdown in Turkey. He considers Zehra Doğan's parallel story and makes a call for collective action.



Dilek Dündar confronts gunman who attacked her husband Can outside Istanbul courthouse, 6 May 2016 Credit: Can Erok - Reuters



Ege Dündar
Editor, Li Dû Man

I first heard about Zehra Doğan's arrest when her partner Onur Erem informed me of her detention. She had been imprisoned for her artistic and journalistic work in Turkey, just one among the escalating numbers of arrests following the crackdown on freedom of expression after the coup attempt in 2016. The country now holds the title for the biggest jailer of journalists worldwide.

Though it's no comparison, I was no stranger to what Zehra had been through. As a writer and son of the Turkish journalist and editor Can Dündar, my family had also suffered for speaking the truth. Zehra had been a fearless journalist, starting the world's only all-female news agency JINHA when she was just 19 and covering women's issues across the region. My father was the editor-in-chief of Turkey's oldest oppositional daily, Cumhuriyet, and was jailed for reporting the illegal smuggling of arms into Syria by Turkish intelligence in 2015.

Zehra is a Kurdish painter and journalist whose only weapons are a paintbrush, camera and words. She wrote, photographed and painted, reporting on human rights violations in the region. Her own town Nusaybin was destroyed by the Turkish army in the conflict in south-east Turkey. She has had to bury her own

friends, jotting their names down on bits of paper which she tucked inside bottles and placed under their necks so that whoever found them would know their identities.

I can't imagine what that must have been like. Just as I could never have imagined my own father being threatened on live television by the president of Turkey and then jailed. The prosecutor demanded two life sentences on grounds of espionage for my father after President Erdoğan declared in a broadcast: 'The person who made this story will pay a heavy price for it, I won't let him be.' My father was arrested in November 2015, on the day of my parents' wedding anniversary, and detained for 92 days. He was released thanks to a judgment from the Constitutional Court which ruled that his rights had been violated.

As Zehra observed: 'Every act of oppression creates its own resistance.'

At 27, Zehra was jailed on terrorism charges, a common tactic used against journalists in Turkey. One of her own paintings was used as evidence against her. It depicted the town of Nusaybin in ruins, decorated with Turkish flags hanging from derelict buildings, with soldiers pouring out of the mouth of a large, dark scorpion, representing the 'Scorpion' tanks deployed in the area. It was a stunning painting. It was, in fact, a copy of police photos released by official accounts, which showed the tanks and flags in exactly the same positions. When the prosecutor asked in court if she had made the painting Zehra replied, 'No, you did.'

While she was imprisoned, and I was completing my politics degree in London, a gunman approached my mother and father outside an Istanbul courthouse and shouted 'Traitor' before pulling the trigger. My mother, Dilek, restrained the gunman, courage that amazes me to this day: she has always been my hero.

After the attack, fearful for his life and the growing likelihood of arrest, my father had to leave the country. When my mother wanted to visit him in September 2016, the authorities confiscated her passport arbitrarily. It was three years before she was reunited with her husband – and with me.

I was thinking of the parallels between Zehra's experiences and my own when we met in London for the first time this year at the Index on Censorship awards ceremony, where she was honoured with the Freedom of Expression Arts Award. She had just been released from prison, after serving a sentence of nearly three years, and had accepted a residency at English PEN.

PEN International, where I now work, had campaigned for Zehra. This resulted in many acts of solidarity, one of which was perhaps the simplest: writing letters. Zehra later said that receiving the letters 'felt like a globally choreographed performance piece with envelopes showering into the cell, turning into colours, decorations and morale'. Her campaign was led by a giant network of NGOs and influencers, including the artists Ai Weiwei and Banksy.

Surrounded by other artists, journalists and activists who were also being honoured for their courage at the awards in London, we were like two children who had found each other in a crowd far from home. We were in the company of some of the most remarkable networks beyond our borders that we had ever seen, who were all being recognized for their courage in the face of threats against their right to freedom of expression: Bihus.info, a group of investigative journalists who are exposing the corruption of Ukrainian officials; the Centre for Investigative Reporting of Serbia, which is struggling to get the truth out in a country where three journalists were murdered last year alone; the fierce journalist Mimi Mefo, another English PEN resident like Zehra, who is single-handedly battling intimidation to inform her people in Cameroon and ArtLords, who are

standing up to the violent Taliban in Afghanistan. As Zehra observed: 'Every act of oppression creates its own resistance.'

Not long after we embraced, in moments I will never forget, she smiled and told the guests around her from the different NGOs: 'Your solidarity meant the world to me.' She said that her partner Onur had told her how my father had used newsprint and fruit to make colours for painting in prison. She tried the same and came up with 'a few more ways', some of which are described in this publication.

This is as much an attempt to foster an exchange between our audience and artists, as it is a test for a type of communal, citizen journalism

After the coup attempt, I had produced a very similar newspaper called Derman, meaning remedy in both Turkish and Kurdish. Zehra was one of the writers I commissioned to write a piece in prison. A delegation of PEN International writers distributed the newspaper on a solidarity visit to Turkey in January 2017 to protest the crackdown on journalists and writers.

As we entered the hall for the awards ceremony, Zehra whispered to me that the fee of £50 we paid her for the piece did wonders for her. I was surprised and asked why. She said she was very skint in a cell of 15 women and their money was largely spent on cigarettes.

When she received the payment from PEN for her piece, she was able to order all sorts of painting utensils, enough for a makeshift painting class. I was astonished that a 'rock thrown in the dark' from London, as my father used to say, caused ripples in a jail cell in south-east Turkey, giving life to colour and expression. It moved us both to be standing together chatting about it, as people were still painting and writing poems day and night back there in a jail cell.

Turkey can only emerge from this period of paranoia by offering a new human-based narrative that values co-existence. Through this publication, we are suggesting two ways of taking action: to exchange and engage. In the spirit of exchange, we have collected the insights and responses of visitors to Zehra Doğan's installation at Tate Exchange. It's an exercise that is deeply coupled with the values Tate Exchange stands for and stems from: that the audience matters.

This is as much an attempt to foster an exchange between our audience and artists, as it is a test for a type of communal, citizen journalism that aspires to archive responses to an ongoing dire situation in Turkey in a unique setting for contemporary art and community in London.

The second way of taking part, engagement, is the most crucial and the most simple. We organized a letter writing booth at the installation at Tate Exchange for visitors to reach out to five free thinkers in prison in Turkey: Musa Kart, Nedim Türfent, Özlem Seyhan Dılbirin Turgut and Ayşe Düzkan (two of whom have since been released).

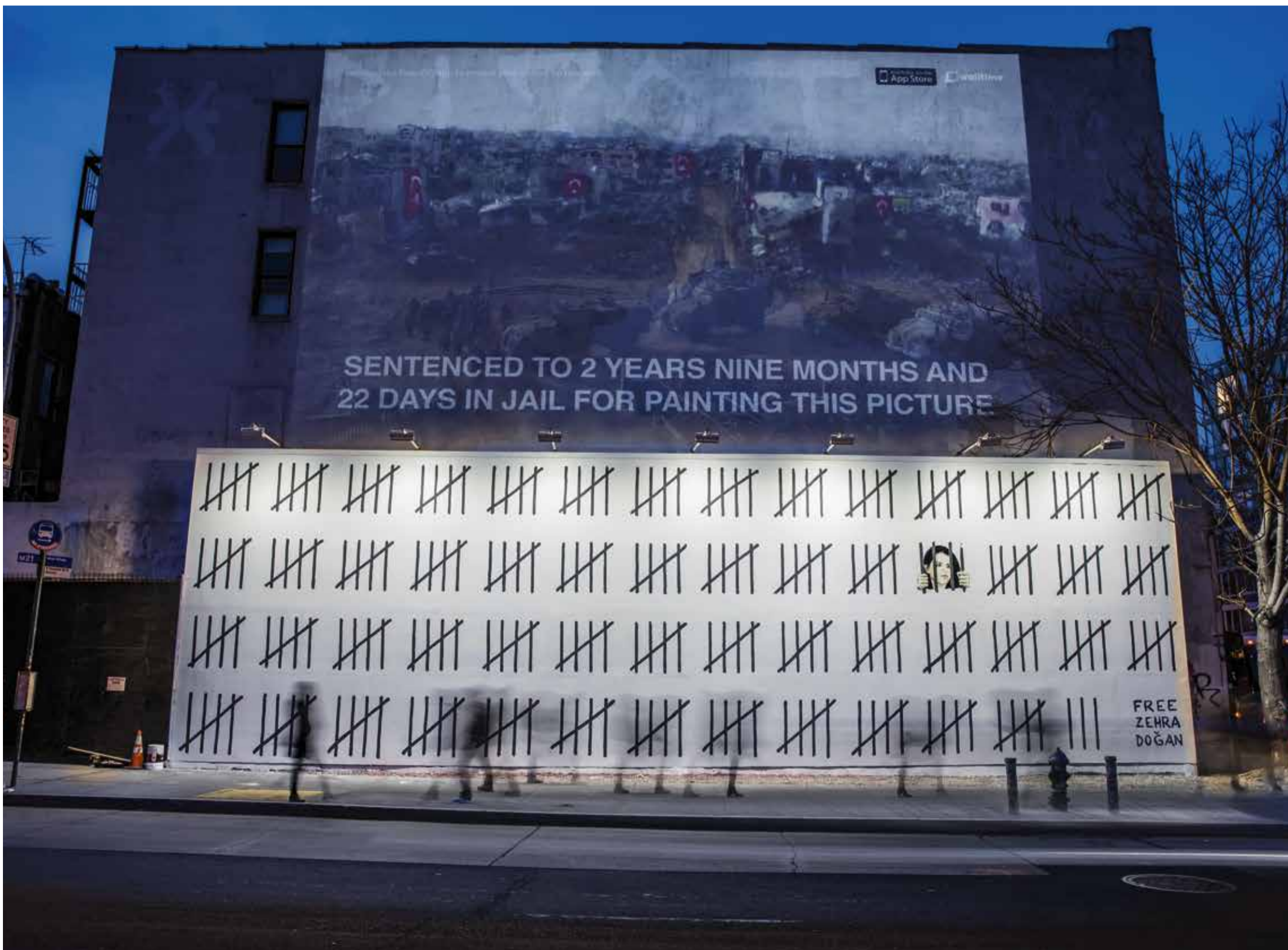
You can still take part – don't just talk about them, talk to them. Write, paint and raise your voices. But do not pity them. Remember, the battle they are fighting is to keep their spirits up. I know from my own experience that displacement feels remote until it happens to you. Yet our lives are in fact not so radically different from each other: we all share love, hate, loneliness and joy.

Increasingly, what we do on one side of the planet affects the other and we can collectively extend the narrative for diversity in the face of exclusion. This can apply to climate change as much as the fight for human rights, making it more obvious we share the same space. So in a sense, Li Dû Man, what's left behind, the title of Zehra Doğan's installation, may not be all that matters, but all there is.

We are inevitably moving into a wider awareness of life on our one blue sphere or to put it in other words: 'We are already in space, it's just we haven't built that into our perspective yet.*' The more politicians say we are not citizens of the world, the more we should prove that we are and start actively addressing problems collectively. Because it does make a difference.

**Frank White, Overview Effect – Space Exploration and Human Evolution, (Houghton-Mifflin, 1987) (AIAA, 1998)*

Banksy's mural in Manhattan, New York, which displayed Zehra Doğan's artwork in protest at her arrest. Credit: Tony Cenicola/The New York Times



Witness to oppression

Zehra Doğan (journalist/painter)

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I left with a small nylon bag that contained letters and a few drawings. I was all alone now, everything I had become used to had been changed by the state's decree, just as when they had arrested me a few years back. Everything was inside: my painting materials, inspirations and workshop, only I had got out. What use would I be alone?

However, I had forgotten that I had left with a crowd. So I pressed on, carrying the spirit of hundreds of jail breakers within me and got to work. They had jailed me, yet I had learnt a lot on

Mothers who took to the streets, in peaceful protest for their sons on hunger strike in prison, were beaten and arrested. Today, even a call for peace can be registered as a 'terrorist activity'.

the inside and was determined in what I had to tell. The state had wished me to give up, but had not taken the flood of international solidarity into account. Thanks to this, I am now stronger. And there's much I want to recount. Now I can better describe what's been happening in Kurdistan, divided by barbed wire and mines between Turkey, Syria, Iran and Iraq. A lot of my work speaks to this, my witnesses, inner ramblings and struggle.

In 2015, the Kurds declared self-governance in Turkish Kurdistan. Following this, the Turkish government went on the assault. Kurdish people then formed barricades on the streets and the young took up arms. Violent conflicts escalated every day. Hundreds of civilians were killed by state forces, including a baby, just 35 days old. Thousands were displaced in clashes that also saw members of the security forces killed.

In the war that continued until 2016, thousands of houses were burnt in Nusaybin, Cizre, Derik, İdil, Dargeçit, Yüksekova, Şırnak and Sur. Many people were left homeless and on the street. As if this was not enough, thousands were arrested, charged with membership of terrorist organisations, while the violence continued to escalate.

Mothers who took to the streets, in peaceful protest for their sons on hunger strike in prison, were beaten and arrested. Today, even a call for peace can be registered as a 'terrorist activity'. Thousands of academics, artists, writers are currently jailed for similar reasons.

What is left behind?

Zehra Doğan's installation at Who Are We?, Tate Exchange, displayed possessions abandoned by Kurds who fled their homes in south-east Turkey or were killed in the conflict. She tells the story of the remnants collected in the ruins.

Following the Treaty of Lausanne in 1923, the region of Kurdistan was split into four parts, partitioned between Turkey, Syria, Iran and Iraq. Kurds were not only denied an identity, but also had to endure their homeland being divided by barbed wire and landmines. Between 1957 and 1998, Turkish forces laid 615,419 antipersonnel mines along the Syrian border 'to prevent illegal border crossings'.* Not only are the borders littered with landmines, but also areas within the borders. Between 1984 and 2017, there were 1,269 deaths and 5,091 injured. According to the most recent figures, the majority of casualties are children.**

After the Kurdish declaration of self-rule in 2015, we witnessed a different kind of devastation. The Turkish state imposed suffocating curfews on the Cizre and İdil districts of Şırnak province; the Nusaybin, Derik and Dargeçit districts of Mardin province; the Yüksekova

district of Hakkari province and the Sur district of Diyarbakir. The curfews continued for months and for over a year in some areas. Electricity and water supplies were disconnected and towns were flattened by heavy bombardments. Thousands lost their lives.

According to a report published by the Euro-Mediterranean Human Rights Network and the International Federation for Human Rights there were 200 fatalities between August 2015 and January 2016, including 42 children. Open-ended curfews affected 1.5m inhabitants. The report found that the Turkish government had disregarded basic legal obligations under international human rights and humanitarian laws in its conduct of military operations and their aftermath, and to have subjected inhabitants of the affected areas to collective punishment.***



A baby's cardigan This scorched cardigan was found in Cizre. Many babies the height of this cardigan were killed as a result of their homes being shelled. The children included Tahir Yaranmis aged 35 days and three-month-old Miray.



Carpet This carpet is from a house reduced to ruins after heavy shelling. The curfews in the town of Derik lasted nine days and there were many casualties, including fatalities. Schools were used as military bases and the exact number of those killed is still unknown. Many Armenians used to live in Derik. Thousands were massacred during the 1915 genocide in remote corners of this city. Today, the only Armenians who survive in Derik are an elderly couple. This carpet is just as colourful as the different peoples who call this land home: Armenians, Kurds, Arabs, Syriacs, Chaldeans, Mihelmi.



A woman's clothing

Purple is a woman's colour, representing her resilience and strength. When a woman's dress is purple, no words can express her beauty. This dress was found in the ruins of the Nusaybin district of Mardin province. What happened to its owner is unknown, but more than 2,000 civilians were killed and 30,000 lost their homes.**** Perhaps it was the dress of Dîlşah Ak who was killed clasping the hand of her daughter. Who knows. Perhaps it belonged to Selamet Yesilmen, who was shot at point-blank range from an armoured vehicle, or to Emire Gok or one of the other women massacred. Who knows. Maybe this dress belongs to all of them like their common destiny.

Barricade blanket

There are times when a possession can have multiple functions. Sometimes it wraps itself around you and sometimes it shields you or hides you away. This blanket is one of those possessions. In the Nusaybin district of Mardin, residents hung hundreds of these across the streets to obstruct the view of snipers and reduce visibility for armoured vehicles. Thanks to these blankets, many people survived and managed to commute even if it was for short distances.



Domestic utensil

This item was found among the ruins. It had been deformed under the rubble. Who knows how many times food was cooked with it? Or how many were fed from it and how many handled it? It was used by those fighting behind the barricades to distribute food to the different fronts in the area.



*<https://www.hrw.org/news/2014/12/02/syria/turkey-landmines-kill-civilians-fleeing-kobani>

**<http://staging.monitor.lastexitlondon.com/en-gb/reports/2019/turkey/casualties.aspx>

***<https://euromedrights.org/wp-content/uploads/2016/06/Turkey-Human-Rights-Under-Curfew-ang.pdf>

****<https://www.crisisgroup.org/europe-central-asia/western-europemediterranean/turkey/243-managing-turkeys-pkk-conflict-case-nusaybin>

Less is more: transcending bans in prison

Zehra Doğan's tactics of resistance in order to keep expression alive



Zehra Doğan's prison-painting techniques in action Credit: Onur Erem

Making colour from fruit

Painting materials are banned in Turkish jails. Throughout my imprisonment, I tried to make colour from rotten food, medical supplies, make-up utensils, blood, paint and many other materials. For any unfortunate, and hopefully unlikely, future event of an imprisonment, some of these techniques were as follows:

Green: crush rocket leaves. Pomegranate peel is also a very effective source of green: spread the pomegranate peel in boiling water and let it simmer. Filter it once then boil it a while longer. After it becomes rigid, the process is complete and it's ready for use.

Black: crush olives, the cheap ones served with prison food, in a bowl. Mix with cigarette ash. After a few hours add coffee grounds and more ash. Give it a shake and it's ready to go.

Fuschia: boil rosehip tea for a long time and then strain.

Purple: cut dark lettuce into little pieces, dress with salt and crush by hand for 20 minutes until its pulp comes out. The juice is then collected in a separate cup and ready for use.

Blue: spread the purple gathered from the dark lettuce on paper. Transfer the juice on top, keeping it moist with the help of a handkerchief. The remaining juice turns blue as it dries.

Brown: an easily accessible colour, it can be made from tea and coffee.

Yellow: crush turmeric and mix with boiling water. The same technique can be used with lemon peel.

Red: blood and tomato sauce.

Painting with blood

When the authorities confiscated a friend's belongings on yet another search, they also continued to confiscate my painting materials. One of the days this happened, I couldn't resist, sat down and cried. We had a friend called Nezahat who started vomiting and angrily beating her legs. 'May Allah's curse be upon them – what do they want from this little girl? She is on the point of painting with her own excrement!' She said this with remorse and in full seriousness. Another inmate called Berna approached me and said, 'You should paint with menstrual blood too. Don't worry, that's the best colour in you. They could never confiscate that,' and laughed. Of course I replied that I had never thought of trying that and started to do so. It symbolized the disgust placed on me primarily for my femininity, as well as for my work and ideas, as an imprisoned outcast. And yet here I was, continuing to use them to good purpose.

Colour from postcards

My friends would send me postcards washed in dye. I would then dip them in boiling water, separating the colour for use.

Body painting

Just as the prison authorities didn't allow painting materials, they also confiscated many of my paintings. I had to get them out somehow. So I illustrated the waists of women getting released, who would then photograph and archive them after they got home.

Illustrating clothes

I tried my best to smuggle my paintings out of prison. My mum and sister helped a lot with this. Ahead of every visiting day they would sew material onto skirts through the

whole night. They would come in wearing the skirts. I would then unpick the material, paint on it and send it out once again as a skirt. This was just one of the methods we thought up due to the lack of utensils in prison. I smuggled many paintings out like this. Same with bedsheets.



Zehra Doğan's artwork on her mother's dress



Paintbrushes made from human hair Credit: Zehra Doğan



Özgür Gündem Zindan, liberated news from the dungeon

Making paintbrushes from the hair of fellow inmates

I've made many paint brushes from my hair and that of my friends. I would cut the hair and attach it to the tip of a pencil and sew it tight. I would also gather bird feathers from the courtyard and attach it to a pencil to paint.

Masterclass: a prison newspaper

We got together as inmates at Mardin E Type Closed Prison to produce a newspaper named Özgür Gündem Zindan (liberated news from the dungeon). This was a protest act to show solidarity with Özgür Gündem newspaper which was shut down following the coup attempt in Turkey and was one of the last remaining Kurdish, oppositional papers in

print. We compiled an eight-page newspaper on 12 September 2016. It covered a wide range of issues, focusing on interviews with women in prison, pressures against them, news of detentions and human rights abuses. In the culture and arts section, we covered music and painting courses we set up in prison. In the ecology section, we reported on the benefits of garlic and parsley and how the water in the prison may be contaminated.

One of the funniest moments was when this newspaper received coverage in the Turkish press. The prison governor was furious and called up the prison authorities, ordering them to put a stop to the newspaper. Petrified, they then stormed our cells, searching for a printing press. I'm not joking. They thought we had a big machine in there that made newspapers. How could I tell him that it was no 'machine' but my own hands that made them?



Children growing up in prison

More than 700 youngsters are imprisoned with their mothers in Turkey



Ayşe Arıkboğa

‘Through my journey in three jails, I met quite a few children and we bonded. I want to introduce three of them for you to spare a thought as they grow up in prison and to witness their beauty and innocence,’
Zehra Doğan.

Ayşe Arıkboğa

Ayşe is at Tarsus T Type Closed Women’s Prison with her mother. She is two and a half years old. Her mother, Şemal, was imprisoned after she was convicted for ‘membership terrorist organization’ following her participation on a march in 2006. Şemal, who had to leave one of her children outside, took Ayşe with her, who was then just a few months old. Ayşe has never seen the outside. She does not know what trees, flowers, the sun, houses, anything you can think of, are. All the while I knew her, she kept asking ‘Tell me what a tree is like, flowers, a bee and ants...’ Ayşe is still calling out from the prison bars, every night, ‘Birds

Ayşe has never seen the outside. She does not know what trees, flowers, the sun or houses are.

come fly me away from here. I cannot come out of here, my head is too large to cross between the bars. Come and take me out of here.’ What Ayşe wishes for most is to receive letters. To keep her from crying, we used to write fake letters for her. If you wish, you could write to her via her mother Şemal Arıkboğa. Just get in touch with us at liduman2019@gmail.com

Dersim Ruken Yağmur

Dersim is two and a half years old and his mother was also punished for ‘membership of a terrorist organisation’ due to her participation in a march for Kurdish rights. He too has never seen the outside world. Dersim sings impressively well despite his young age, even though he has never heard the originals of the songs he sings. It’s illegal to listen to Kurdish radio in prison, so women sing at certain times every day including their favourite songs from

their past. Dersim has learnt to sing them all, one by one. His favourite thing is to watch the moon. Every night he tries to locate it in the sky and pleads for us to read him stories. When you look at the moon, remember a small boy in prison in Turkey watching it too, listening to stories. If you wish, you could write to Dersim via his mother Safiye Yağmur. Get in touch with us at liduman2019@gmail.com

Arin Mirkan Yüksel

Arin Mirkan hadn’t even turned one year of age when she was jailed along with her mother. She is now four and like some of the others, she doesn’t know what the outside is like. Her mother was imprisoned for making ‘propaganda for a terrorist organization’ because she shared the photo of her brother who was killed by soldiers before she was born. Now she is locked up with her two daughters Avesta and Arin Mirkan



Dersim Ruken Yağmur

in Bayburt prison. As Avesta got older, it became harder for her to stay in prison. Every time her mother sent her to see her father, she said, ‘I’ve been released!’ And each time she returned she said, ‘The state arrested me again. I will be released when my sentence is complete.’ Worried for her daughter’s wellbeing, her mother sent Avesta to her father never to get her back again. Arin, however, who stayed, loves to paint and to write letters. You can write to her via her mother Vesile Yüksel. Get in touch with us at liduman2019@gmail.com

Statement from the Human Rights Association of Turkey



Avesta (right) and Arin Mirkan

Following an application by Şükran İrge, imprisoned with her two children in Diyarbakır E Type Closed Prison, to the Constitutional Court of Turkey, the court accepted her application and ruled that legal reparations are due. However, hundreds of children are continuing their lives in incredibly unhealthy conditions.

We would like to reiterate that prosecutors’ decisions to incarcerate mothers and deny their release, especially with sickly children as in the case of Avşin Usanmaz and her mother Hülya Usanmaz, are in clear breach of international treaties of which Turkey is a signatory.*

*<https://anfenglishmobile.com/human-rights/ihd-there-are-743-children-with-their-mothers-in-prisons-34205>

Artists in solidarity

An excerpt from the letter exchange between Ai Weiwei and Zehra Doğan, part of PEN International's campaign for the artist's release

Dear Zehra Doğan

I received word of your imprisonment under the Turkish authorities. Although I come from an authoritarian society where freedom of speech is limited, it came as a shock to hear that an artist was imprisoned for making a painting reflecting the reality of today. If a state can sentence an artist, journalist or writer in such a fashion then we are truly living in a dark age where no ideas or creativity can be protected and flourish. Such a society cannot possibly cope with today's conditions where knowledge and ideas are freely exchanged all over the world, where open discussions and criticism are absolutely necessary for a functioning democracy. Only societies that protect freedom of speech and expression can meet the challenges presented by globalization and have any chance of a positive future.

People have paid a price in the struggle for freedom of speech and expression, which is unfortunate but also necessary. I am impressed by your work and I wish you well. I hope the Turkish government understands the wrongful action they have taken towards artists, journalists, writers and professors and release all prisoners of conscience. I call for your immediate and unconditional release.

Ai Weiwei

'Only societies that protect freedom of speech and expression can meet the challenges presented by globalization and have any chance of a positive future,' Ai Weiwei



Zehra Doğan Credit: Şeref Özdemir, T24

Dear Ai Weiwei

I thank you for the support you have shown me since my arrest and all through my imprisonment. As you say, the most fundamental of all rights is that of freedom of expression and of identity. Unfortunately, demanding democracy in those lands which are at the bottom of the class in terms of human rights, and where everything is done to denature the world and transform it into a universe

of weapons and war, is equivalent to a death sentence. And, what is odd, the one who demands it is declared a traitor to the homeland, considered a 'terrorist' and sent straight to jail.

Inside, there is a high level of persecution. Meanwhile, oppression continues against artists. Their drawings are confiscated, their notebooks filled with poetry are seized, as are drafts of authors' novels. This is going on at the moment. Many artists are subjected to

'If persecution exists somewhere, always, there also exists a dynamic against it. And art is the finest of those dynamics. I hope to go on breathing with this conviction,' Zehra Doğan

these oppressive measures. Despite everything, we managed to transform the jail into an art workshop. And we managed to do this with the help of many people, including you, Ai Weiwei. This can happen thanks to the collective struggle.

Dear Ai Weiwei, the country where you were born is also an oppressive country in matters of human rights. For this reason, I'm convinced you understand very well what I have attempted to express. You never gave up either. If persecution exists somewhere, always, there also exists a dynamic against it. And art is the finest of those dynamics. I hope to go on breathing with this conviction. I thank you again for your support.

Zehra Doğan

Ai Weiwei, 2009. Image courtesy of Ai Weiwei Studio.



Voices from the inside

There are more reporters and writers imprisoned in Turkey than anywhere else in the world.

Zehra Doğan reports on two women journalists she met in prison

At least 200 media outlets and publishing houses have been closed down since the coup attempt three years ago.* Although the situation has deteriorated dramatically, freedom of expression in Turkey has long been under attack and as many as 30 journalists were behind bars before July 2016. In July, the Constitutional Court ruled that the Turkish judiciary had violated academics' right to freedom of expression by charging them with terror offences.

Kurdish culture and language continue to be harshly repressed. Most pro-Kurdish and Kurdish language media outlets have been closed down, including the pro-Kurdish Dicle News Agency, DİHA, while dozens of journalists of Kurdish or pro-Kurdish outlets are in prison.

Özlem Seyhan

The Turkish authorities have also persecuted Academics for Peace, a diverse group who signed a declaration calling for peace in south-east Turkey in January 2016. Some members have been convicted of spreading terrorist propaganda, others remain on trial.

Type E prison in Diyarbakır. It was two years ago, in winter. Leyla Güven, who was then the co-president of the Democratic Society Congress, a Kurdish umbrella group, joined us. She told us: 'Özlem is in custody, they will soon bring her here also.' But days went by and Özlem didn't come. We thought she might have been liberated. Despite the fact that we experience the worst every moment,

In prison, Özlem always used to say: 'If there is something you want to express, it will always find some way to be understood and find its proper place.'



Özlem Seyhan with Leyla Güven

with stubborn optimism, we go on thinking the best of things. Sometimes this excessive positive spirit in women drives me crazy. But is it necessary? Yes, quite obviously. Days later, suddenly in the middle of the night, the sinister creaking of the door split our ears. The shrill voice of the guard resonated against the walls: 'Laaadies, I've brought you a new frieeeennd!' As if she might expect a reward for bringing such good news. Özlem entered. They had held her in custody



Dilbirin Turgut with Zehra Doğan in prison

for days. Even we had forgotten her. She did not get to eat much during her custody. Her tall, slim body had diminished.

Özlem is a journalist from whom I learned many things on the outside. She worked at the news agency JINHA when it was being established. She took care of each and every correspondent, and worked with them, one by one. As JINHA was a brand new agency, there was much to be done. Its office consisted of just a few tables and chairs. And since we had collected these from different institutions, nothing matched. Articles about JINHA noted: 'The decor matches women's lifestyles, in every colour.' Even if the reality was quite different, our agency was a good match for

None of us wanted to believe that Özlem would be convicted and we hoped she would be liberated quickly. But she was sentenced to nine years and eight months in jail for 'belonging to an illegal organization'. She is currently incarcerated in Type E prison in Diyarbakır.

Who can confirm Özlem's true status as a journalist against the government's claims of her activities? The government and its courts or us, her journalist friends who worked with her for years and who learned so much from her? In prison, Özlem always used to say: 'If there is something you want to express, it will always find some way to be understood and find its proper place.' Perhaps there are people today who do not want to hear what she is saying, but as she says, some day the fact she is a journalist will be understood and what she wants to express will find its proper place.

Dilbirin Turgut

I met Dilbirin in Tarsus prison through an unusual route: by communicating through the drain that connected our cells. We were in different sections at that time. Before my liberation I changed sections in order to spend some time with her and other friends. As Dilbirin and I were both from Mardin, we talked about it at length: 'A feast by day, fine scenery by night.' We promised one another: 'Some day, whatever the cost, we will go to the fortress in Mardin and drink contraband tea at night.'

Dilbirin worked for the Kurdish service at JINHA and wrote several articles about the region in Kurdish. At the same time, Dilbirin was the muhtar (official) for her village. This is why the authorities targeted her. They sentenced her, stating: 'In your village, you support and help an illegal organization.' She has been incarcerated for two and a half years.

Dilbirin went on hunger strike on 5 January until 26 May 2019. She suffers from extreme weight loss and muscular weakness, as well as hepatitis B. At her sister's last visit, Dilbirin sent us a message: 'I would like to take part in the future peace. Upcoming difficulties do not frighten me. If my isolation ceases, that will be good enough for me.'

our editorial line with its recycled decor. During that time, Özlem brought more furniture and equipment to the agency, to the point of emptying the production firm where she worked. So our women's agency became even more colourful.

Özlem brought her dynamic and entertaining spirit to our office. Our friends called her the 'mountain goat' because of her energetic manner and clear eyes. The nickname stuck.



Nedim Türfent

News editor and reporter Nedim Türfent, a correspondent for the pro-Kurdish Dicle News Agency (DİHA) that was closed down by an emergency decree, was sentenced to eight years and nine months in prison on trumped-up terrorism charges following an unfair trial in 2017. Twelve out of 13 witnesses said they had been tortured into testifying against him. Prior to his arrest, Türfent was covering Turkish military operations in south-east

Turkey. He spent almost two years in solitary confinement in harrowing conditions. His sentence was upheld on 19 June 2018 and his lawyers have lodged an appeal to the Constitutional Court. Determined to keep writing, Nedim Türfent started composing poetry in detention. PEN International believes that Nedim Türfent is being imprisoned solely for the peaceful exercise of his right to freedom of expression and calls for his immediate and unconditional release.

Find out what you can do as part of PEN International's campaign for Nedim Türfent's release

Send appeals:

- Urging the Turkish authorities to release Nedim Türfent immediately and unconditionally;
- Calling on the Turkish authorities to end the prosecution and detention of journalists simply on the basis of the content of their writing or alleged affiliations, and to immediately release all those held in prison for exercising their rights to freedom of opinion and expression.

Write to: Minister of Justice, Abdulhamit Gül, Ministry of Justice, Adalet Bakanlığı, 06659 Ankara, Turkey

Send copies to the Embassy of Turkey in your own country. Embassy addresses may be found here: <https://embassy.goabroad.com/embassies-of/turkey>.

Nedim Türfent sent his thanks for the support at Zehra Doğan's installation. He wrote: 'The unity and cooperation both warmed my heart and my "living space" stuck between four tight walls – a mandatory spot for residence. The flowers and trees that have begun to fade have been reborn from their ashes despite autumns stubborn persistence... Literature meets reality so long as the world of poetry and words make life more beautiful, the sky more visible and encompass everyone.'

'No matter what the price or consequence might be, we will never compromise the magical creations of writing and of the written word,' Nedim Türfent

Please send messages of solidarity in English, German, Turkish or Kurdish, to:
Nedim Türfent, Van Yüksek Güvenlikli, Kapalı Ceza İnfaz Kurumu, Koşuş A53, Van, Turkey

Please keep us informed of your activities via PEN International: for further details contact aurelia.dondo@pen-international.org

What is left behind?

continued from page 1

Turkey, which was initiated by PEN International, and participatory journalism workshops facilitated by Zehra and Ege Dünder. All have found final form in this publication.

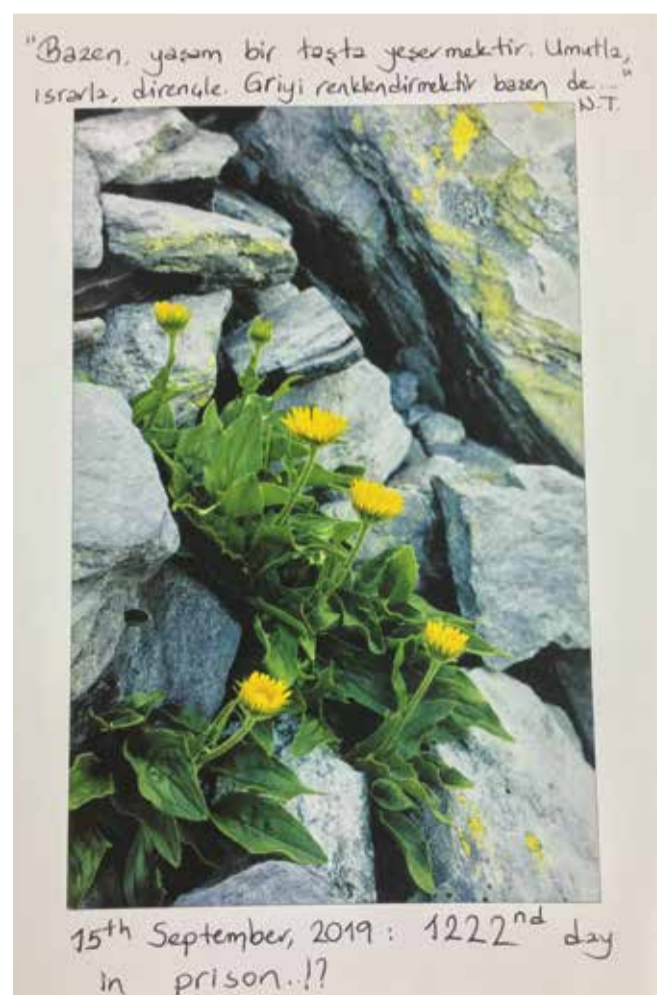
An interview with Zehra at a learning lab titled 'Artists who risk and artists at risk' allowed the public to hear how Zehra's time in prison has further fuelled a belief in art as a medium for social change and the urgency of freedom of speech and expression (about which you can also read here).

Our thanks to everyone who collectively made Li Dû Man – especially to Zehra who continues to be a creative and passionate agitator of what philosopher Hannah Arendt once called the 'right to have rights'.

Áine O'Brien is co-director of Counterpoints Arts. Jane Wells is programme manager at Tate Exchange. Dijana Rakovic is producer at Counterpoints Arts.

Who Are We? is a programme in partnership with The Open University.

<https://counterpointsarts.org.uk/>
<https://whoareweproject.com/2019-programme>
<https://www.tate.org.uk/visit/tate-modern/tate-exchange> <http://www.open.ac.uk/>



Nedim Türfent's message of thanks

Let my heart give life



Painting from prison highlighting the case of Kemal Kurkut, shot dead by police on 21 March 2017 Credit: Zehra Doğan

Nedim Türfent

Can Versin Yüreğim

Yanardağ olsun yüreğim
lav selleri akıtsın
karamsarlığın soğuk yüzüne,
eritsin kalpler arasındaki
buz dağlarını
veya soğuk bir duş etkisi yaratsın,
ülkenin üzerinde dolaşan kefenden
hayaletlere.
mesken olsun yüreğin
saadet zinciri için
dövüşenlere
direnc olsun
sorgu odasında tutsağın.
sabır olsun
sayılı günleri olanlara.
mutsuzların ağızlarını
koca koca gülüşlerle doldursun.

kocaman olsun yüreğin
içine umut dağları sığınsın
yeryüzü olsun yüreğin
can suyu versin damarlarına.
toprağa bereket getirsin,
Kaf Dağı'nın ardındaki pınarlardan.
toplanan ekinlerin sadakası dahi
yaşamın çözüm anahtarı olsun
köylüye,
marabaya,
ırgata...
reva olsun yüreğin
darda olana,
deva olsun.

merhem sürsün
kuşların kırık kanatlarına.
göz kulak olsun
imece usulü çalışan karıncalara
berrak olsun yüreğin
su renginde,
su gibi aziz olsun.
kuruyanı yeşertsin
her daim...
süt emsin güneşin apak memesinden
ve emzirsin ihtiyacı olanı.
yaşamın efsunlu tınısıyla
cansız kalana
can versin yüreğin!

Van High Security Prison, 5 February 2018

Let my heart give life

Translated by **Ege Dündar**

Let my heart be a volcano
Pouring streams of lava
Upon the cold face of pessimism.
Let it melt the mountains of ice
Between our hearts
Or give shock effect
As a cold shower
To the mummified ghosts
Roaming over the country

Let your heart be a remedy.
For a chain reaction of happiness.
To those who fight
Let it be resistance,

To the captive in interrogation,
Let it be patience
To those with a set of days left,
Let it fill the mouths of the unhappy
With heaps of laughter,
Let your heart be so mighty
That it shelters mountains of hope.
Let your heart become the earth
And pour elixir into your veins
Bring fertility to the soil
From the springs behind the mountain Qaf.

Let the benevolence of the crops
Be the silver key to life
Let your heart soothe
The farmer,
The peasant
The day laborer,
The distressed
Let it massage the broken wings of birds
With ointments
Let it grant refuge
To the ants, working collectively, in solidarity
Let your heart fill with generosity
Giving butterflies an extra day of life, even if in
dreams
Let it be a lifeline
Like the womb
Let your heart be crystal clear
As clear as water
Spring to the barren,
For ever...
Let it suckle milk from the sun's pure breast
And feed the needy
Let your guts give life to the lifeless!

Life against war: responses to Li Dû Man

Visitors to Zehra Doğan's installation at Who Are We?, Tate Exchange, were invited to contribute their impressions to a communal newspaper in the spirit of the event's aim to exchange and engage as a means of taking action. **Ege Dündar** introduces some of the submissions below.

Zehra Doğan once remarked to me that the solidarity shown to her by freedom of expression organizations such as PEN International, English PEN and Index on Censorship meant the world to her. With this firmly in mind, Zehra and I wanted to reach out to our fellow colleagues, writers and artists who are still imprisoned in Turkey through the exhibition at Tate Exchange. We selected five cases of writers in prison as part of the space at

Tate Exchange, and we organized a letter writing corner, where the visitors could sit down and have a detailed read of the information provided about the cases on large placards placed on empty chairs. We also left blank postcards designed by Zehra Doğan specifically for the purpose of the exhibition, so that visitors could write messages to the journalists in prison and show solidarity.

More than 300 postcards were collected and sent to all the detainees whose cases are detailed here so you may also write to them. One of the cases at the time of the installation, Ayşe Düzkan, is not included, for she was thankfully freed shortly following the exhibition at Tate Exchange. Journalists from the newspaper Cumhuriyet also featured as part of the campaign at the installation and have since been released, awaiting acquittal.



Participant reading at Tate Exchange Credit: Marcia Chandra

I saw a man speaking very passionately at your installation yesterday. To the point of being moved to tears when describing a charred cardigan from the exhibit. And then I saw Ege consoling him at the tea station. These images stayed in my mind all day and came back to me again today. The thoughts around my emotions go like this: 'If we care, we show it.' Your act of showing your scars, that you care about this, is contagious. I cannot but care. My father was a political prisoner too and the consequences for him as for others are devastating. Enough to retrench and realise that home, for me, is in my heart, in a place that I cannot move from. I have been living away from my birth place for long enough to understand that everything can be taken away from me but one thing: my soul, which is not mine, it's yours to suffer and laugh with you.
Carlos Montoro, 46

It is rare and precious to be able to witness the experiences of refugees without the interruptions of the mass media, without stereotypes being thrown down your throat. Seeing the impact of oppression, war and violence so vividly and sharing in the emotional experience is not just moving. It is life changing. Hearing, seeing and experiencing your stories, and what is happening in my homeland breaks me into a million pieces.
Anonymous

Slav Hevalo,

My heart is broken after seeing the destruction of Kurdish cities by the Turkish government. Sometimes, I feel hopeless and that I cannot do

anything to change this situation, but this is not productive. I am proud of my people and I am inspired by them – there are many ways we can elevate our situation and our emotional state.

Home is where there is water and mountains. Both. Not one or the other.

A lot is left behind, not many people may remember us, but they will see what is left behind – and then they might understand. How bize Kurd u Kurdistan.
Anonymous

My land is my identity

Cemo, a painter who was jailed in the 1990s, was at the exhibition space almost every day talking to people and raising awareness about freedom of expression in Turkey. Zehra Doğan introduces his story, followed by the artist's submission.

Fifty-year-old painter and brother Cemo joined the guerilla forces in south-east Turkey as a very young boy and was captured shortly afterwards. In the 1990s he faced many pressures in prison, including torture. Regardless, he started painting and slowly building his own technique. In all of his paintings he has a firm hold on daily political events. Brother Cemo, who defines the geography he lives in with dense colours on his canvas, reflects the longing of years in exile in his paintings.

Cemo's insights:

During the exhibition, I faced the fact that the clothes I looked at were used by people who are not alive now and while listening to the conflict and bullet sounds on the video [set up as part of the space] I thought about the conditions those people lived under and if it is a crime – and it is a crime to invaders and colonialists – to be Kurdish and to live upon your own land. I thought they had committed no other crime.

There lay in front of me people who were brutally murdered by fire and bombardment, their houses, villages, towns, cities and ultimately their sense of country, knowingly razed to the ground. For me, the concept of a country spiritually, culturally and historically is the land on which I belong. Every individual is shaped by the earth he or she belongs to, the geography and its weather, and thereby differentiated from other people. In a geography I don't belong in, no matter how good the living conditions are and how safe I am, being separated from the lands I was born in has always been an incurable wound for me. My land is my identity and existence.

There is a concept such as truth. People's physical eradication, the destruction of villa-



Painter Cemo at Tate Exchange Credit: Ege Dündar

ges, towns, and cities, even countries, do not annihilate the existence of truth. Something cannot be unmade from being made. The structuring of a nation and identity takes thousands of years. Denial does not eradicate this identity and history. By the same token, a fake nation with a fake history also cannot be created relying solely on power.

There is another truth: for something to turn from being abstract to tangible depends on whether the struggle will result in victory or not. If there is a fight for that truth to turn tangible, then there are those that are left behind and many of them, too. The struggle means life. In a fight, being right is not enough, one must also fight back with skill. In order to reclaim the stage of history, getting organized and united upon common ground are impeccable conditions for success.



Cemo's submission to communal newspaper

My name is Ali from Turkey.

I am a refugee in Britain because of political reasons, since the late 70s.

I couldn't go back to Turkey for 16 years till the mid-nineties and we all hear and listen to sad stories of our comrades and friends who have been in the prisons of the military government in Turkey, especially from south-east Turkey where Kurdish people live. The terrible stories of torture and oppression in Diyarbakir prison made us more active to fight back and expose what's going on in Turkey.

Now 39 years have passed since the military coup on 12 September 1980. Here we are again: we hear the story of Zehra. A fearless fighter and a kind person like a flower. A young woman who has witnessed horrible activities of ruling people to keep their wealth and to stay in power again. We need to work harder for real democracy and peace.

Ali



Visitor at Tate Exchange Credit: Marcia Chandra

I feel drained! As soon as I came into the room and stood in front of these objects I was transported back to Lice in November 1993. Then we walked through the ashes of this city that has been burnt to the ground by the Turkish army and I saw exactly the same items, burnt carpets, clothes, shoes as well as children's school books. Here we are, 26 years later, Nusaybin, Sirmak, Cizre, Sur, more Kurdish towns and cities burnt to the ground. This exhibition represents Turkey's brutal racist war against the Kurds in Turkey. But it also represents hope! This project is a collaboration between a Kurdish artist Zehra Doğan and a Turkish writer Ege Dündar. It is a scream, a defiant show that Turkish and Kurdish people can struggle together against the racist agenda of the Turkish state. It is this project to help Zehra and Ege to amplify the voices of those in the shadows and ashes. In my opinion this profoundly moving exhibition should be given much more prominence than it has been given as it is extraordinarily important and significant at this time. Thank you Zehra and Ege for putting it on!

Mark Campbell

A shattered house lives in front of me. Burned and shiny at once, glitter of the dress, softness of the wool and velvet.

This house, burnt down, black, bring us back to the streets of Diyarbakir, Cizre Nusaybin, from far away. My home is a bit here, a bit in France, another bit in Turkey. And more than all in between, between those spaces, on the way, on the move, unstable, in the body.

Clémence Scalbert Yucel

Open up a gallery in Turkey. Yüksel Arslan has

also been forced to live in France for long years. Her country did not own up to Zehra, but she is also not alone! She found Turkish-Kurdish, Armenian and beyond that a transnational solidarity. The exhibition at Tate Modern is an expression of this. I think this is simply the beginning! Even her next step of collaborating with an Iranian musician that she casually mentioned to me is an expression of her reach. Today we are here as the Gökkuşağı (Rainbow) Painting Club. You see, such togetherness is so very important and must not be viewed as simply artists' sensitivity.

While this exhibition is ongoing in London, detentions, pillaging and destruction continue in Turkey. What we call 'Nusaybin to Tate Modern' is also a source of sadness not just for Zehra but for many others. How dangerous can this exhibition be? But the mentality in the country can't tolerate anything and won't shelter anyone that doesn't live or think like it does. Their fate then becomes either exile or

incarceration, both of which Ege's father and Zehra went through for their work, and that is the best case scenario still.

This is why what people like Zehra do matters immensely. Living in resistance despite the increasing pressure. Zehra is out now but do you believe she is a lot more free? She is giving the struggle of staying standing in a place like London. Her struggle continues to reach further and perhaps be liberated further but so far a safe foundation hasn't been created upon which she can produce and exhibit her work as she wishes. This is why these kinds of gatherings and chains of solidarity will get stronger. Not just it, but all of us along with it!

I have been looking forward to this day but it didn't turn out as I expected. Because I, just like always preferred to write rather than talk. This is my own arrest. With wishes for better days when we get over making arrests and detainees can find their release.

Sezen Kızılgül



Children painting at installation Credit: Ege Dündar

A drawing by Arin Zehra Doğan reports on a memorable meeting

It was a busy day. The space was like a kids' playground at the weekend. Mothers had come along with their children. On that Saturday I realised how children and the works exhibited were incompatible. Children make up the sweetest part of life. A jubilant view. Whereas the things we were telling focused on the most painful moments. There were remnants of war in the space. Each object reminded you of death. Should children be there? Why had their mothers brought their kids?

As I was pondering these questions, the children started to paint with pencils and the turmeric, pomegranate, rocket leaves and coffee I left on the floor. They picked up birds' feathers and all of them started drawing and making gifts for each other. The space floating along in gloom was showered with joy. The children transformed that atmosphere to something completely different in an instant. Everyone was laughing, running around and chatting. Whereas what was shown was a picture of destruction.

The children transformed the atmosphere to something completely else in an instant. Everyone was laughing, running around and chatting.

Ege Dündar stood in the corner of the room with Arin and Gonca. Mother and child were painting together. Their little hands, grayish blue looks. How beautiful and sweet. 'She loves to paint,' said her mother. 'She likes to express things by drawing them.' Arin and her mother Gonca and I spent some time together as if we had known each other for years.



Arin's artwork

Much later I found out from Ege that Arin's mother Gonca was the sister of British-Kurdish documentary maker Mehmet Aksoy who got killed in an Islamic State attack in Rakka, leaving behind half a movie. Just like his movie, our lives are also left in half. Some of us have left them behind while crossing borders in countries we have had to exit hurriedly, some of us made it out but couldn't quite manage to carry our lives out of those four walls or from under the ruins. So a part of us is always missing, left in half.

Should those children have been there that day? What about this: should we have had to go through all this? Our childhood was wasted in the midst of ruins. One side covered by the truth of war, the other with the piercing laughter of children. We all lived in the whole of the truth. Maybe that missing part we felt had been left half-way was filled in by the children that day. Their voices echoing against the ruined objects, tenaciously advocating for life against war, were completing the picture. The paintings of Arin and the other children that day were creation against destruction.



Zehra Doğan with Arin Credit: Ege Dündar



Visitors at Tate Exchange Credit: Marcia Chandra

Visitors and participants at Tate Exchange who showed solidarity with jailed writers

- | | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Grule | 30. Leyla Sen | 59. Belgin Ozzursun |
| 2. Vedat Aran | 31. Ege Dündar | 60. Yuksel |
| 3. Angelus P. | 32. Cat Lucas (English PEN) | 61. Tina Ellenkee |
| 4. Noelia | 33. Zehra Doğan | 62. Gonca |
| 5. Jessica Chen | 34. Ingrid | 63. Arin |
| 6. Sema Thompson | 35. Ttaben | 64. Cemo Wenekar |
| 7. Inci | 36. Laia | 65. Hatice Kaya |
| 8. Gabriela | 37. Irene | 66. Sezen Kızılgül |
| 9. Carles Torner | 38. Çağdas Canbolat | 67. Aynur Çimen |
| 10. Aurélie | 39. Çınar Altun | 68. Carlos Montoro |
| 11. Maura Sánchez | 40. Simone | 69. Çınar Altun |
| 12. Iain | 41. Ryan Gilbey | 70. Ekin Bernay |
| 13. Mark Campbell | 42. Rosie | 71. Haben |
| 14. Sandra | 43. Carlos | 72. Marta |
| 15. Sofia Karim | 44. Zehra | 73. Burak Çaplı |
| 16. Sahar | 45. Onur Erem | 74. Lara Puigi |
| 17. Shahidul Alam | 46. Dourett | 75. Maura Sanchez |
| 18. Julie Ward | 47. Winnie Pritchett | 76. Aurelia Dondo |
| 19. Kermni Beser | 48. I. Sahin | 77. Aaliya Ahmed |
| 20. Can Cenk | 49. Neyla Coskun | 78. Mike Halmshaw |
| 21. Onur Erem | 50. Birgul Cigdem | 79. Ingrid Brandvik |
| 22. H. Kenya | 51. A. Kayar | 80. James Dowsett |
| 23. Tutu Arel | 52. Ozge | 81. Cathy McCann |
| 24. May | 53. Aledin | 82. Rebecca Sharkey |
| 25. Sofia Karim | 54. Tugce Arel | 83. Perla Hinojosa |
| 26. Cemile Canbolat | 55. Sue | 84. Antonio Byatt |
| 27. Bektaş Canbolat | 56. Shahin | 85. Hannah Trevarthan |
| 28. Anna | 57. Haben | 86. Rebecca Vincent |
| 29. Debbie | 58. Selan Olsu | 87. Steve Tiller |

Many more visitors engaged with our exchange activities and submitted to our communal newspaper and/or wrote postcards to jailed writers anonymously. Although only limited space was available to publish a selection from all the pieces in full, we also thank them for their moving testimonies of support and solidarity.

Turkish journalists and writers in prison

At least 116 journalists and media workers are in prison in Turkey, either in pre-trial detention or serving a sentence. Turkey is ranked 157 out of 180 countries by Reporters Without Borders

Abdulkadir Turay , DİHA reporter	Hanım Büşra Erdal , Zaman reporter and columnist	Mutlu Çölgeçen , Millet, newsroom coordinator
Abdullah Kılıç , Habertürk	Harun Çümen , Zaman former managing editor	Mutlu Özay , Cihan reporter
Abdullah Özyurt , Zaman reporter	Hasan Bozkurt , Bugün reporter	Mümtazer Türköne , Zaman columnist
Ahmet Altan	Hasan Duman , Özgürlükçü Demokrasi distributor	Nadir Yücel , Çorum Yıldız local newspaper editor-in-chief
Ahmet Feyzullah Özyurt	Hasan Hüseyin Örs , former TRT production-broadcast operator	Nedim Türfent , DİHA
Ahmet Memiş , Haberdar news website	Hasan Taşar , former TRT Ankara reporter	Nuh Gönültaş , Bugün columnist
Ahmet Metin Sekizkardeş , Zaman	Hatice Duman , Atılım newspaper owner and managing editor	Nuri Durna , TRT
Ahmet Yavaş , TRT (Erzurum)	Hidayet Karaca , Samanyolu Media Group president	Nuri Yeşil , Azadiya Welat Dersim bureau chief
Ali Ahmet Böken , TRT News coordinator	Hüseyin Aydın , Cihan reporter	Nurullah Kaya , Gaziantep Zaman representative
Ali Akkuş , Zaman	İbrahim Halil Öztürkeri , former TRT production-broadcast operator	Oğuz Usluer , Habertürk former broadcasts coordinator
Ali Aşık , Azadiya Welat	İbrahim Varlık , Cihan news agency prime ministry correspondent	Osman Yakut , Zaman Antalya
Ali Ünal , Zaman columnist	İdris Okur , Cihan New Agency Çorum reporter	Ömer Oruç , Cihan newspaper
Ali Yüce , TRT Radio broadcasts chief	İdris Sayılğan , DİHA	Özcan Keser , TRT reporter
Arafat Dayan , Demokratik Ulus	İsmail Çoban , former Azadiya Welat managing editor	Özden Kınık , TRT
Ayşenur Parıldak , Zaman, Haberdar	İsmail Ersan , Anatolia news agency	Sait Gürkan Tuzlu , Cihan reporter
Aytekin Gezici , journalist/writer	İsmail Evren , Nokta magazine news director	Sami Tunca , Mücadele Birliği magazine managing editor
Aziz İstegün , Diyarbakır Zaman representative	Kamuran Sunbat , former DİHA Çukurova reporter	Sedat Laçiner , Haberdar news portal
Bayram Kaya , Zaman reporter	Kazım Canlan , Cihan news agency Ankara news director	Semiha Mete , Özgürlükçü Demokrasi reporter/distributor
Beytullah Özdemir , Zaman Düzce bureau chief	Kenan Karavil , Radyo Dünya editor-in-chief	Serhat Şeftali , Zaman regional bureau chief for the Med region
Burçin Dokgöz , former Zaman and Çorum reporter	Mehmet Ali Ay	Serkan Aydemir , Bitlis Aktüel reporter
Cemal Azmi Kalyoncu , Journalists and Writers' Foundation	Mehmet Ali Genç , Atılım newspaper responsible managing editor	Sertan Önal , Halkın Günü reporter
Ceren Taşkın , Hatay Ses	Mehmet Baransu , Taraf columnist/reporter	Seyid Kılıç , TRT News
Cuma Ulus , Millet newspaper's publications coordinator	Mehmet Emin Demir , freelancer	Seyithan Akyüz , Azadiya Welat Adana bureau chief
Cüneyt Seza Özkan , Samanyolu TV	Mehmet Güleş , DİHA07.	Şahabettin Demir , DİHA reporter
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Hakan Taşdelen		
Halil İbrahim Mert , TRT (Erzurum)		
Hamit Dilbahar , Azadiya Welat columnist		
Hamza Günerigök , TRT		



Li Dû Man (What is left behind)



Credit: Zehra Doğan

Ege Dündar

I asked,
 What is being carried to this gallery?
 When I first walked up to this floor.
 In two suitcases Zehra carried with her petite, firebrand
 frame
 Is it what remains or what's lost? Objects or fragments of
 home?
 What was the scent that permeated through our breathing?
 Was it discomfoting?
 Was it slaughter or war?
 Displacement or death of another sort?
 Could these carpets, scatters, drapes and bloodied woollies
 for babies
 Be revived? Can we look through the burn holes, and what
 would we see?

Are these victims of impossible causes or military
 impunity?
 Are they what survived the ruins?
 And is it the parts that stuck on, ruptured nonetheless
 That makes us remember
 Or the parts ripped off and burnt
 Like flesh and bone.

Do they not embody, as they are, what they once were?
 Or is that for us to make out and give life to by care?
 Are these fallen artifacts half the people that once owned
 them?
 Are they alive if 'they' are slain?
 Are they so distinctly theirs,
 That they could never come to hold the same sense of home
 For you?

Maybe you're here by chance,
 Can this not just be your home, too?
 And the tattered textiles on our scorched, communal carpet
 Are all made of our own colours and shapes in unison,
 Over the earth?
 That's what Zehra thinks anyway.
 But you,
 You have a very particular way to look at the world.
 So see how you feel,



Make up your own mind.
 As these scarred artifacts of home swerve all around me
 From Nusaybin, Turkey
 To the Tate Modern gallery,
 Towering over the river
 Leading out to the boundless sea,
 I see faces, young and old
 Sprung from London and all abroad
 Inspired to listen, tell and bridge the gaps they learnt to
 mind,
 I've come to believe that they are indeed still alive.
 Like Zehra, still they are an integral part,
 And a palette of where they once had been.

Home is never truly lost,
 So long as fragments or
 A soul endures,
 And lives to tell others.

7 May 2019

Written for the *Who Are We?* programme Tate Exchange
 exhibiting 20 household objects and clothes collected by
 jailed writer and painter Zehra Doğan from her home-
 town of Nusaybin, which was razed to the ground by an
 inhumane military operation

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