

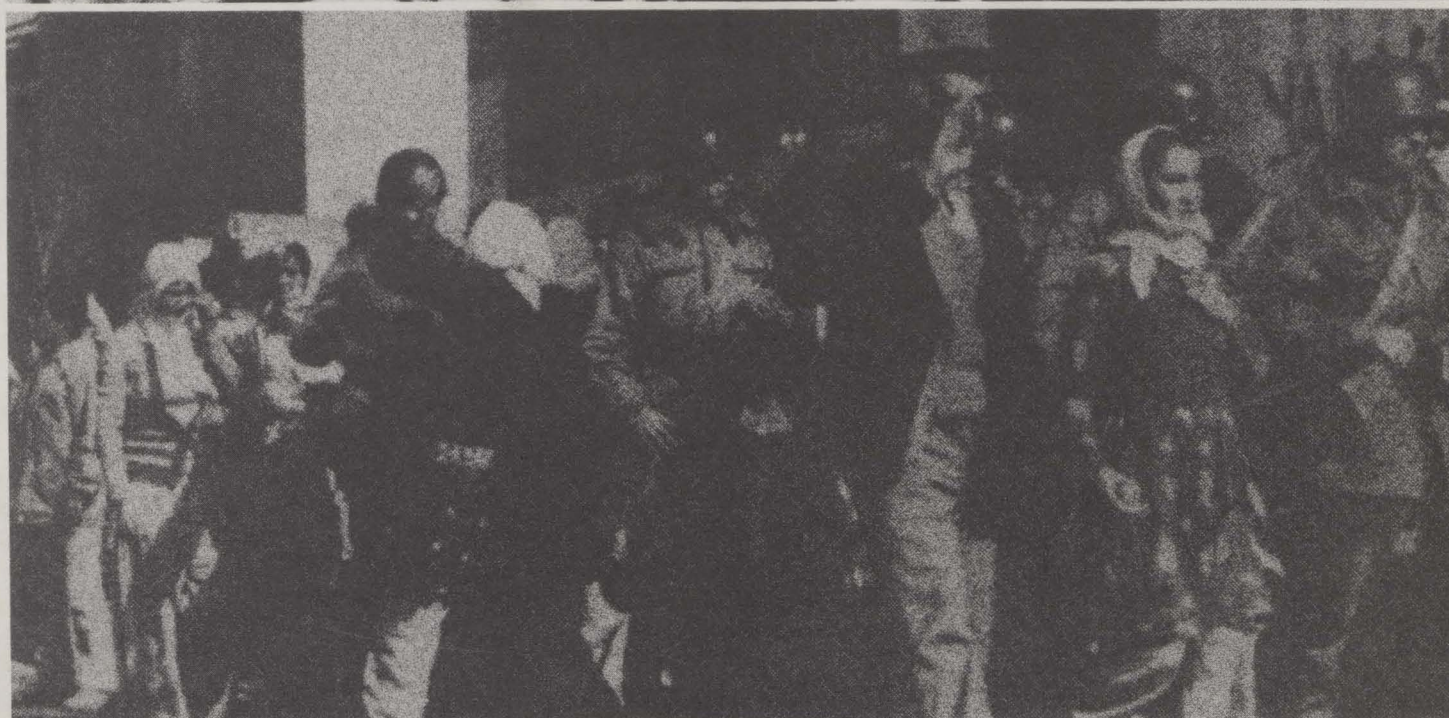
STEREO
FOLKWAYS RECORDS FSS 37705

SONGS OF FREEDOM FROM TURKEY

BEHIND THE IRON BARS

Sung by MELIKE DEMIRAĞ

Lyrics and Music by SANAR YURDATAPAN



COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FSS 37705
STEREO



Melike Demirağ

RETURN TO ARCHIVE
CENTER FOR FOLKLIFE PROGRAMS
AND CULTURAL STUDIES
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

SIDE A

1. ELLERINIZ (Your Hands) 3:53
2. KADINLARIMIZ (Our Women) 3:40
3. BU MEMLEKET BİZİM (This Land is Ours) 3:50
4. PERVANE İLE İSİK (The Moth and the Light) 4:50
5. SAZ (The SAZ) 3:20

SIDE B

6. HASRET (Longing) 3:09
7. KURBAN (Beloved) 4:27
8. NİNİ (Lullaby) 4:06
9. SAVAS TÜRKÜSÜ (War Song) 2:35
10. ELELE (Our First and Last Word-HAND IN HAND) 5:32

Producers: Sanar Yurdatapan
Melike Demiraz

Technician: Mei Ilcekb

Recorded in Köln, Germany, Dec. 9, 1981

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SONGS OF FREEDOM FROM TURKEY

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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STEREO

Songs of Freedom from Turkey — behind the iron bars

„... In order to put an end to fratricide and save the land from civil war, the army has assumed power. . . the parliament has been dissolved, and the activities of political parties, trade unions and associations banned until further notice. . .”

In the early morning of September 12, 1980, the Turkish radio and television audience was treated to this announcement amidst martial music. . . Out on the streets, tanks, army jeeps and armed personnel carriers hurried to and fro, working class districts were put under siege, houses were stormed, and people were loaded onto military vehicles and taken to undisclosed locations.

A great majority of the people — except for conscious workers and intellectuals — breathed a deep sigh of relief and initially supported the junta. . . Finally the mounting terror and the anonymous assassinations would end, and peace and quiet prevail over the country. . . People were going to be able to walk in the streets without fearing for their lives. . . At least they hoped so. . .

The time which has elapsed since then has shown why the military junta has taken over, what it really wants, and on whose side it really is. . . But once the iron bars descend onto the people, they are not raised easily. . . Those who did not show their opposition when there still was time now regret their inaction, but it is too late now.

— All parties have been permanently closed and their property confiscated. Many parliamentarians are still in custody and under trial.

— Trade unions (except for „yellow ” ones) have been closed. Their leaders are imprisoned, and the death penalty has been requested for some.

— Peasant organisations and various producers' and consumers' associations are in the same situation

— Leaders of professional associations have been arrested.

— The radio, television, press and the artistic and cultural life has either been put under state control, or have been taken under strict censorship.

— Youngsters have been executed, and 2.500 death penalties have been requested by the military prosecutors. More than 600 people have been killed — allegedly, „they fired first”. Thousands have been tortured, and close to a hundred have died from it. . . More than 200.000 have been acquainted with the junta's prisons. . .



— The oppression over the Kurdish nation living in Eastern and South-eastern Anatolia, which has always existed, has virtually turned to occupation. Villages have been stormed under the pretense of searching for weapons, people have been beaten or tortured. These regions are under constant military siege.

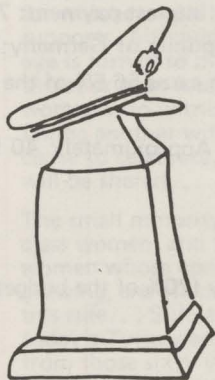
Throughout history, art and culture in Turkey flourished with the works of artists who did not bow to injustices. On this recording, you will hear some songs which follow in that tradition.

Fraternally,

Şanar Yurdatapan

Melike Demirağ

How to SALUTE !?



According to a Pri-ministerial order from the 7th, June, 1981 :

- Citizens have to stand still when they see the head of State, (Gn.Evren)
- Turn their faces toward him,
- "Stand ready" and give him a salute,
- Remain in this position until he has passed by,
- Keep following him with head and eyes as he passes...

Your Hands

The hands that grasp the plow
The hands which sow the grains
Your hands all cracked
Your hands like the soil
And who will save the soil ?
Your hands. . .

The hands that build the factory
The hands that wield the hammer
Your hands all blistered
Your hands like iron
Who will give life to the machines ?
Your hands. . .

Giant buildings, paved highways,
Bridges, hotels, inns,
Those who handle the mortar and the brick
Your hands. . .

The red apple of Amasya. . .Who picks it? Your hands!
The fine rug of Isparta. . .Who weaves it? Your hands!
Your hands skilled
Your hands like labour
Those who will realize labour
Your hands. . .

Letters on paper. . .Who writes them? Your hands!
Presses print books. . .Who typsets them? Your hands!
Those who shed light to darkness
Those who are taken prisoner by handcuffs
Your hands. . .

Long live your hands,
Which cook so they can eat!
Who will change this unjust world?
Your hands. . .

(Lyrics & music: Şanar Yurdatapan)



Some statistics on today's Turkey

Population	45 million (of which 56% live in rural areas)
Working population	14 million
Unemployment	16.1%
Emigrants	2.5 million
Government budget	15.9 billion Dollars
Foreign debt	18.6 billion Dollars (annual interest payment: 7.5 billion Dollars)
Per Capita GNP	1.114 Dollars (Federal Republic of Germany: 7.328 Dollars; Greece: 2.795 Dollars)
Income distribution	Top 20% of the population earns 56.5% of the total income
Minimum Wage	Approximately 80 Dollars
Rent	Gecekondu (shantytown): Approximately 40 Dollars; average apartment 80 Dollars.
Price of meat	3.60 Dollars/kg
Price of shoes	30 Dollars/pair
Political disposition	Member of NATO
Military expenditures	3.2 billion Dollars annually (20% of the budget)
Administrative system	Military dictatorship

(Source: State Institutes of Statistics, 1980)

Our Women



In the following poem, taken from his „Epic of the War of Liberation“, Nazım Hikmet tells of women who carry ammunition to the front on a hot night of August 1922.

Ox-carts were advancing under the moon,
Over Akşehir, towards Afyon. . .
The land so infinite,
The mountains so distant,
As if those journeying
Would never reach their destinations. . .

And the women,
Our women,
With their fearful and holy hands,
Their fine, small chins, and huge eyes,
Our mother, our wife, our lover

And those who die without ever have lived,
Who are below the oxen at our dinner table,
Our women. . .

Now, under the moon,
Behind the ox-carts and the cartridges,
Like carrying amber ears of corn at harvest time,
The same peace in their hearts,
And the same tired habit
And children with slender necks were sleeping
In the hollows of the shrapnel
And under the moon ox-carts
Were advancing over Akşehir towards Afyon. . .

(Music: Sanar Yurdatapan)

Until the proclamation of the Republic in 1923, women in Turkey were hardly considered human. Education, professional careers, the right to vote and be elected, were all ensured by laws promulgated after the Republic. Still, a woman's employment or journey out of the country were until recently tied to her spouse's permission, and the head of the household was recognized by all laws as the husband. It is ironical that it was up to the junta to correct this age-old inequality. But will this change on paper be reflected into real life?

Health care services are extremely limited in Turkey (a physician to 1.685 people, a hospital bed to 965), and infant mortality stands at 15%. The majority of women, especially in rural areas, are usually taken to faith healers rather than doctors. . .

The total literacy rate is around 60%. In the case of women, this proportion plunges down to 30%; and in the East and Southeast of Anatolia, it barely reaches 10%. . . Almost everywhere

in Turkey (and even at times in cities), bridegrooms are asked to pay money to the bride's family. . . like a tractor, an ox, or any other means of production — and indeed, the woman is regarded as one. The husband's wishes are the wife's commands. If a battered wife turns to her father for protection, she will be told „go home, he is your husband, he is the one who feeds you“. They vote at national elections, but for whichever party the husband supports. Although it is illegal, a blind eye is turned to men marrying two, three, or even four wives. . . and the woman who witnesses her husband taking another wife even has some cause to celebrate, for now the burden will be shared. . .

The small minority of worldly ruling class women, and the working class women whose consciousness is daily growing, are of course exceptions to this rule. . . Still, the women of today's Turkey are not very different from those sixty years ago, as told by the great poet Nazım Hikmet.



This Land Is Ours

The War of Independence: 1919 - 1922

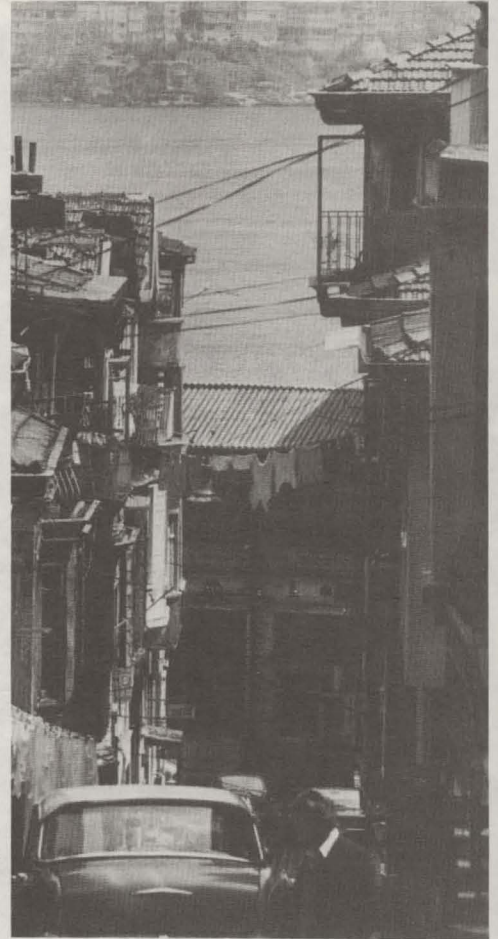
The Ottoman Empire, which fought in the First World War (1914 - 1918) on the sides of Germany, was defeated and lost the sovereignty of all its territories. The truce of Mondros (1918) and peace treaty of Sevres (1920) also made provisions for the distribution of all the land within the present-day borders of Turkey.

At the conclusion of the First World War, the victorious alliance offered a large portion of Anatolia to Greece. Sparked by the "megalo-idea" of reviving Ancient Greece, the Greek ruling classes wasted no time in hurling its armies into the heart of Turkey. The resistance which started spontaneously here and there against Greek occupa-

tion was eventually organized by a cadre led by General Mustafa Kemal (later Atatürk). The tired French and English soldiers swiftly withdrew from the occupied territories. The bloody battles waged against the Greeks on the Western front were finally concluded in victory during August 1922. This military success was confirmed by the peace treaty of Lausanne. The sultanate was abolished and the Turkish Republic was proclaimed (1923).

The abrogation of the Capitulations which had enslaved the Ottoman economy, however, took some more years, and the young Turkish Republic continued to pay back the empire's debts until 1956.

The poem below is from Nazım Hikmet's "Epic of the War of Liberation."



This Land Is Ours

Galloping from far Asia
And stretching into the Mediterranean like a mare's head,
This land is ours

Wrists bloody, teeth clenched, feet bare
And the soil, like a silk carpet
This hell, this heaven is ours

Let the doors of the masters close never to open
Destroy the slavery of man to man
This call is ours

To live alone and free like a tree
And in brotherhood like a forest
This longing is ours

(Music: Sanar Yurdatapan)

Nazım Hikmet (1902-1963) was one of Turkey's greatest poets, and possibly, along with such names as Pablo Neruda and Yannis Ritsos, one of the greatest poets of his time. In 1938, a frameup resulted in his imprisonment for "enticing the army to rebellion". He stayed in prison for 13 years. In 1951, he was freed thanks to the general amnesty. When he learned of planned attempts against his life, he escaped from Turkey and lived in exile until his death. Nazım Hikmet's poetry has been translated into countless languages and published in every corner of the globe; but in the Junta's Turkey, it remains banned.



The War of Dependence (1922 - ...)

The political independence won through the War of Liberation did not survive for long, neither could it have. . . For it was hoped that Turkey would develop by the capitalist path. Yet, the Republic had inherited a mass of foreign debts and capitulations, and a country in ruins from the Ottoman Empire. The capital accumulation necessary for development was not present, neither were in industrial nucleus, the necessary cadres, or the required technology. Still, it was hoped that a "national bourgeoisie supported and reinforced by the state" would be able to achieve the impossible.

An economic congress was organized, and all sorts of experts (!) were brought together. In accordance with the resolutions of the congress, laws were passed to develop a national capitalistic class. Of course such luxurious as trade unions or the right to strike were out of question. The Labourers (as the only resource that the bourgeoisie could exploit) were put to work under difficult circumstances akin to the conditions in the first stages of Western capitalism. Yet, the young capitalist class which thus sprang up did not even care to be „national“. Instead of performing its historical task, which was to liquidate feudalism, it allied itself with the feudal forces in the country and, in order to achieve more

profits faster, soon became the agent of foreign trusts in Turkey.

At first, it was faced with a single obstacle: the Republican cadres, loyal to the traditions of the War of Independence, and anxious to protect Turkey's political and economic independence. While the struggle continued between these two forces, the working class grew in size, and started organizing. In particular, the considerably democratic conditions provided by the 1961 Constitution, which followed the military takeover of 1960, workers started making their voices more forcefully. This constitution allowed for the establishment of free trade unions, as well as collective bargaining and striking. Despite parts of the Penal Code originally taken from the fascist laws of Mussolini's Italy, the political movement of the working class continued to gain momentum. In 1965, the Turkish Labour Party won 15 seats in the National Assembly.

The forces of darkness lost no time in reacting. On the one hand, attempts were made to divide the worker's movement, while on the other, various provocations resulted in the creation of a reign of terror throughout the

country. A coup by rightist generals in 1971 did curtail some democratic rights, but did not last long. The elections of 1973 proved that the people were at long last using their democratic rights in their own interests. Provocations and terror mounted after that, until the man in the street had enough. Until everyone started worrying about whether or not they would make it safely through the night, whether or not their children would make it safely back from school. And when the conditions were ripe, on September 12, 1980, General Evren's Junta had no difficulty in tipping the scale.

These times are years during which thousands of patriots gave their lives for their people. Whatever their views were, we pay our respects to them.

The Moth And The Light

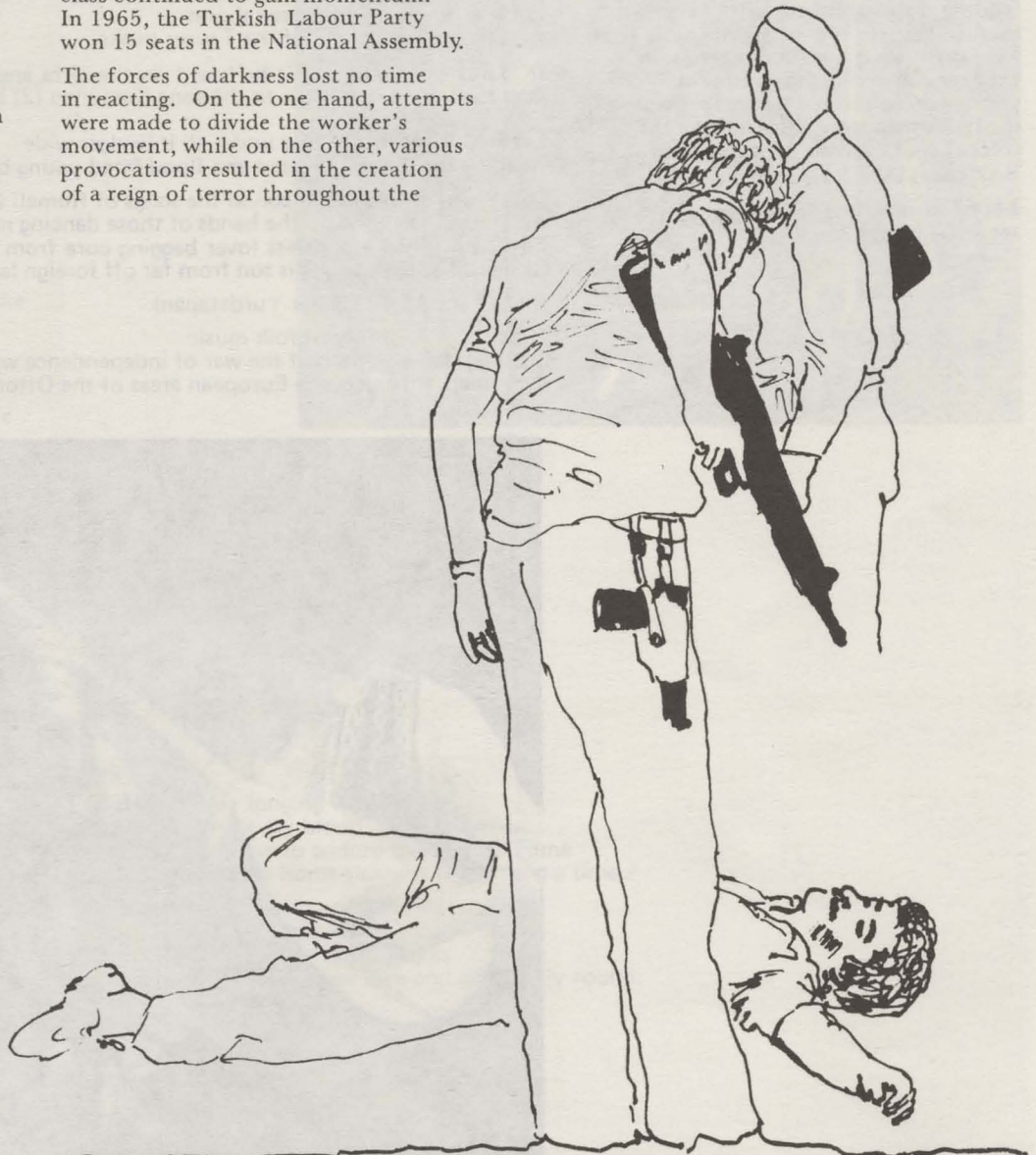
A moth was flying
Flying towards the sun
It knew, it had faith
That all were wrong save itself
If it could only reach and grasp
If it could bring back that light
All the moths would experience
The light on the earth

On the day it was hatched
Its eyes were dazzled by that light
Its tiny heart was aglow
Flaming with this great love

The moth was flying
All alone towards that light
Though they had said that light
Would burn it without mercy
It flew and flew towards the light
Till its eyes could see no more
Just as its frail wings
Had touched the light, . .

The little moth is no more
Countless moths
Have preferred death
To a life of darkness
It is they who light up
The pitch dark nights
At every light that I see
I remember the moths

(Lyrics & music: Şanar Yurdatapan)



The „SAZ“

The „saz“ is the common musical instrument of the peoples of Turkey. The many civilizations which were founded in Anatolia and influenced each other have, throughout the centuries, molded the culture and art of this area of the world and have naturally given birth to a wide variety of musical instruments. The SAZ however has remained as the shared musical instrument of every region, every nation, and every ethnic minority; the peoples' tragedies, joys and hopes have been.

Culture and art in Turkey has throughout the ages shown a dualist structure. For centuries two cultures, one defending the established order the other bringing to the force the demands and hopes of the masses have struggled against each other. While those defending the established order have lived in luxury, the artists of the masses have spent their lives in dungeons, in exile, and many lost their lives at a young age. In the end however it was the latter who were able to make the voices heard over the centuries. Our SAZ plays their lyrics, their songs.

Let us strum strings of our saz and see what it says ?



SAZ

Pluck the strings of that saz so that it play a lyric tune,
Folks young and old listen to it and cheer in unison „Encore!“
Pluck the strings of that saz so that it sing a weeping dirge
And singe the hearts in distant lands with homesickness bemoan.

Let it play a heroic dance and sing the epic of the brave,
Let it praise in festive notes the bright red robes of their girls;
Let it echo on the black sea shores
And the snowy valleys of the Taurus peaks.

In Barak's (1) guise let it be heard on the Urfa and Maraş heights
And the young lads listen to the song Karayılan (2) bravely chants;

Let Red River madly roar under all its bridges wide
Weeping for the star-crossed and flood-fated young bride.

Let it turn into a red falcon in the songs of Rumeli (3)
And burn as candles on the hands of those dancing merrily;
Let it turn into a hopeless lover begging cure from his coy mistress
Or a mother expecting his son from far off foreign land.

(Lyrics and Music: Sanar Yurdatapan)

- 1: Barak — A variety of folk music
- 2: Karayılan — A hero of the war of independence who led a guerilla band
- 3: Rumeli — Thrace, the European areas of the Ottoman Empire



Migration, exile, longing for one's home. . . these themes have a special place in our culture and art. The Ottoman Empire has dealt harshly with those who have rebelled against its rule by first subjugating and then exiling them to far away places. Our folk songs tell the tales of these exiles. With wars lasting through centuries the Anatolian peoples' have been forced into exile in foreign lands. It is their folk songs that we find their longings for their homes. . . After the founding of the Republic, the Kurds were sent into forced exile.

However even bigger migrations with numbers reaching into the millions started in the 1950's with the beginnings of a perverted and foreign dependent industrialization policy. With the hope of a better life, a bigger loaf of bread, millions migrated from their villages to the cities. The environs of all our large cities are surrounded by oceans of ghettos which we call „gecekondu"s where 8-10 people live in structures of 8-10 square meter. The „Honorable Laboring Citizen" of whom we hear in the speeches, lives in these areas - 16 million of them.

In the 1960's a longer migration wave starts. . . from Turkey to the advanced industrial countries. Today including the families of our workers, two million of our people live abroad (1,5 million in West-Germany). Naturally they work in better conditions than they did in Turkey. But compare them to the native population (not that you could since they work at jobs that the native labor forces would not do and which they prefer to leave to the foreigners while they collect their unemployment pay meanwhile the foreigners live almost totally isolated from the mainstream of life in these countries), Ghettos have sprung up in large Western cities. The GASTARBEITER's (guestworkers) are mostly from the rural areas of Turkey, a society distanced by 200 years from the areas in which they reside now. Their languages, religions, and traditions are totally different from those of their hosts and since the necessary precautions weren't taken seriously Western society excludes them. So they find security in establishing yet closer ties among each other and holding on to their traditions and religions in an even stronger fashion. . .

Teachers in the Kreuzberg area of Berlin are at a loss for what to do: 60% of their students are Turkish. . . A worker in Berlin goes back to Turkey for his vacation. His villagers ask him how he likes Berlin. He responds: „Well, it's nice, but there are too many Germans!"



You may laugh at this joke but if you saw the conditions of our 2nd generation children who are neither German nor Turkish you would choke on your laughter. The lumpenproletariat of tomorrow's Germany are not children anymore. Who is going to pay the price of the crimes that they have started committing and which no doubt they will increasingly continue to commit?

Longing

I have a terrible longing from home,
A longing burning my blood.
Tell me freinds how to endure this foreign clime
That burns me with home-sickness for so long a time ?

What if my land is poor and in ruins
With wild fires all around ?
I have a terrible longing for my folks
Those who curse, laugh and love and go merrily round.

I'm like a fallen autumn leaf
Loitering idly in the wind,
My friends take me where I belong
If I die on this foreign soil alone.

(Lyrics: Şanar Yurdatapan/
Music: Hakkı Yücel)

Beloved

With love to the sister nation:

The film "The Herd" was filmed in the mountains Pervari district of the Siirt region in South Eastern part of Turkey. In these mountains nomadic Kurds graze their sheep. During the nights they sleep in large tents which are open to the elements on one side. For weeks we lived as they do. . . An accident happened while filming and I started loosing blood. They took me to Pervari. A health center had been built but there was no doctor, no medicine, not even a packet of cotton balls. . . only empty rooms after the other. . . They thought about taking me to Siirt. It was only 90 km. to Siirt (app. 50 miles) but the road was in such bad condition that it would take four hours by car or one day on horseback to get there. At any rate we learned later that it would have been useless to go to Siirt too. . . there is a government hospital there but there is all of one doctor for a population of 300.000 . . .

If I am still alive today I owe it not to a miracle but to the medicine that my doctor in Istanbul prescribed after information on the symptoms of my sickness he received by telephone and to the fact that my husband was able to get the medicines to me personally by plane, car and jeep. . . And now let me tell you about the realities of life for the Kurdish people through the experiences of a Kurdish woman whose baby became ill on the mountains of Pervari.

On the subject of the Kurdish nation

in Turkey: In Turkey's Eastern and South Eastern regions there live the Kurdish nation whose population is estimated at 10 million. We are unable to give an exact figure since their existence is officially denied and in censuses they are classified as Turks. (It is a crime to state that one is a Kurd).

Şerafettin Elci a former parliamentarian has been imprisoned for stating the fact that he was a Kurd. Their language, Kurdish, is also denied and is presented as a degenerate form of Turkish. (In fact the grammatical structure is totally different). If Kurdish children find the opportunity to go to school there they have to learn a foreign language-Turkish—first. Otherwise the child will be punished by his or her teacher for speaking its mother tongue. Kurdish culture and art is denied and every attempt at assimilation is made. (What is written in this single paragraph would be enough to send people to jail for years under the crime of "divisiveness"!) What about those that make these decisions, what about their crime ? Is it not one against humanity ?



Beloved

In my womb I have carried you
For nine months given you my blood and soul.
With my hands I've cut your chord (1)
When I gave you birth under the blazing sun.
We took the road to Mount Süphan
Before you sucked your mother's milk.
We wrapped you warm with the cow's dung
When you suffered a bitter chill.

O my rose-faced little one, little one,
My soul is yours, open your eyes, my only one.

He's been so silent for so long,
It must be evil eye.
The mother's milk is his cure,
He will not touch any more.
To the wise dervish (2) I took him,
Alas, no cure in his prayer.
You're my last hope, o learned physician,
In the end I'm at your door.

O my rose-faced little one, little one,
My soul is yours, open your eyes, my only one.

(Lyrics: Şanar Yurdatapan/
Music: Traditional-Kurd)

1: In many places in Anatolia women give birth by themselves and they themselves cut the umbilical cord in the fields, in the mountains.

2: Take a person to see Dervish — a religious position — The sick are taken to these people who are believed to have religious power with the hope that the sick will get better through the prayers of these religious people.

An underdeveloped nation's mass media also is forced to remain underdeveloped consciously. . . people are put to sleep through various tales so that they will not be aware of what is going on in the world. The films that are shown in our country make our people long for the "consumer society" of advanced industrial societies. In this they are led to spend the few cents that they make on consumer goods of no use to them. . . this is presented as "living like human beings". While children go barefoot in the streets beautiful models can be seen on television. While childrens hair is matted, television is full of shampoo commercials. The songs that one hears on radio and television tell people to "Forget the world", to "laugh" have fun. . .".

Our press is more of the same only worse. . . Our newspapers with the largest circulation are not different from the scandal sheets of Europe and America. They are printed in color with huge photographs on the front page. Inside, they are full of photo-novels and dear abby columns. If you take out these and the advertisements you are left with at the most half a page of news. The articles are full of chauvinist provocations and primitive boasting. . . here are a few examples from the headlines:

- We gave a lesson to the world
- Is there anybody stronger than us?
- The world talks of us
- 2 Turks beat up 300 Armenians
- We are magnificent
- We are sick of the two-faced Greeks

Here are a few „revisions“ of history from Hürriyet, one the largest selling dailies.

“The French, who now demand visas from us, once were crying at our doors to be let in . . .

When Suleiman the Magnificent sent Barbarossa to Rome, The Pope had escaped to the mountains in fear. . . French women like Turkish men. . .”

„Master“ Reşat İleri, Hürriyet, 29.9.1980



Lullaby

Sleep my child, my little one, let me lull you to sleep,
With lullabies and sweet lies let me soothe you to sleep.

Sleep pretty baby, sleep and grow up quick!
When the baby grows up, she'll know how to sing this trick.

Sleep dear listener, let me put you to sleep,
With these silly pop tunes let me rock you to sleep.

Sleep dear spectator, let me ease you to sleep,
With these sexy, sleezy movies let me lull you to sleep.

Sleep dear reader, let me hush you to sleep,
With these gulling sale coupons let me gull you to sleep.

Voice: Hey, what sort of a lullaby is this?
The girl either beats the drums or the tambourines.
Some lullaby! The baby can hardly go to sleep!

Sleep my pretty darling, let me kiss you to sleep,
With black eyes and sweet sighs let me rush you to sleep.

Sleep pretty child, sleep and grow up quick,
One day the child will grow up and won't listen to all this shit.

(Lyrics & Music: Şanar Yurdatapan)



The War Song

The hot summer days of 1974 brought bloodshed, fire and tears to the beautiful island of Cyprus in the Eastern Mediterranean. Two communities lived on the Island: Greeks and Turks. These two communities which had lived side by side in peace for centuries had enmity brought between them in the latter part of the 20th century. Imperialism not wanting to lose its strategic interests in the island succeeded through various provocations in starting a blood feud between the two communities. When in 1974 Cypriot fascists supported by the Greek Junta took over the government, Turkey landed troops on the island. As always is was the people who suffered. People were killed, the island was divided into two and families lost their homes.

The Turkish and Greek nations were presented to the world as enemies. In fact we resemble each other very much. Our songs and dances are brothers. When we get mad we scream as they do. . . When they are happy they laugh in our manner. There is no reason for enmity between Niko and Mehmet and Ayşe and Eleni.

Sooner or later Turks and Greeks will live together as friends, our children will play together without fear. . . In Turkey, Greece and Cyprus. . . One day. . . for sure. . .

With our sincere love to all Greek brothers and sisters and especially to our artist friends who have been struggling without fear for the friendship of our peoples.



The War Song

Come my warm blooded brother
The Aegean is our cradle
We are like twins
Brought up in the same cradle

Our laughter, our tears
Our joy and our grief
Our bouzouki, our bağlama
Our songs and ballads are the same

Ferhad drilled through the iron mountain
With the fire of Prometheus
The gushing waters flowed
And tore down all the borders

We, their children
Are tired of fighting
We come for peace
From Amasya and Olympos

The time has come
To stop those
Who have made us kill each other
And spill kindred blood

Come my slender beauty
Come maria, come Eleni
Your sister, Ayşe, Fatma
Stretches her friendly hand

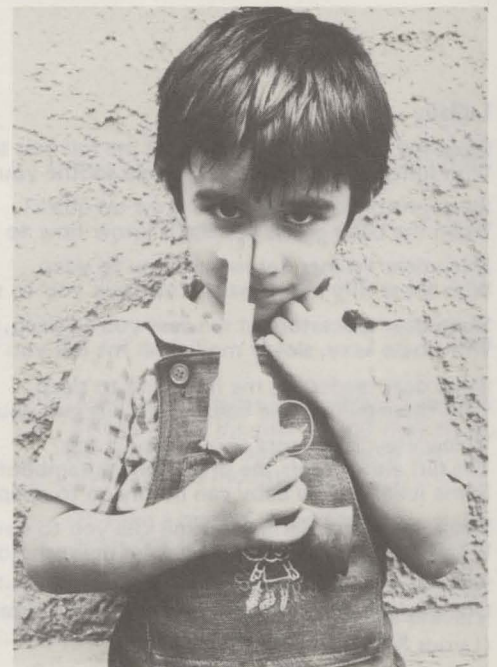
Let us take oath not to sacrifice
The men of our households
For the profit
Of Azrael, merchant of death

Look, this angel in the cradle
Will one day grow up
He is no foe to yours
He will call him his brother

We, the children of the Aegean
Are tired of fighting
We come for peace
From Amasya and Olympos

The time has come. . .

(Lyrics: Şanar Yurdatapan/
Music: Atilla Özdemiroğlu)



Our First and Last Word: HAND IN HAND



The songs you have listened to in this record which tell the story of Turkey but naturally these tales are not only those of Turkey. . . In every corner of the world millions of people share the same misfortunes and hopes. . .

For the hopes millions and billions of people from every race, every nation and every religion to be realized is dependent on their being able to join hands. . . It is dependent on us being able to struggle against oppression, exploitation, chauvinism, fascism and imperialism as „One Body, One Heart”. . .

We are singing our last song with and for this hope. . . And we are calling upon our colleagues in every corner of the world to sing this song in their language and to have their people sing it too. On radio, television, records, cassettes and in concerts and demonstrations let us the millions and billions shout out loud:

Hand in hand, hand in hand, hand in hand. . .

HAND IN HAND

United with one hope here we stand, hand in hand
Freedom and peace are our demand, hand in hand
We are one, beat with one heart
Millions of hopes, that's what we are. . .
No exploitation, no more tears, hand in hand
No more oppression, no more fear, hand in hand

Perhaps a hundred or thousand now, hand in hand
We'll grow to be millions, hand in hand
From Africa to the Far East, from the south pole to the north
Black, white or red, we will all be hand in hand
Members of One Great Family, hand in hand. . .

Men, women, children, young or old, hand in hand
We'll stop the wars, „cold” or hot, hand in hand
Earth will be a peaceful planet
We'll work and sing, share what we get
Come brother stand by my side, hand in hand
Come sister join me, share my pride, hand in hand
(Lyrics and Music: Şanar Yurdatapan)



Artists „Out of the iron bars“

Şanar Yurdatapan: 1941, the composer and lyrics writer of almost all of the songs in this album, has been involved with music for the last 24 years. Over a hundred of his songs have

been in the charts in Turkey. (The junta has banned all of his works including totally apolitical love songs). Secretary of the Democratic Artists' Community.



Melike Demirağ: 1956, singer, film actress.

Her career started in 1974 with a starring role in "Arkadaş" (The Friend) a film by the famous Turkish film maker Yılmaz Güney and continued in the field of music with the theme song of this film. In five years she came out with 6 hit singles and 3 LPs. In 1978 the film "The Herd" in which she played the lead won many international awards. She is married to Şanar Yurdatapan and they have a three years old daughter, Melike Demirağ who left Turkey after the coup has given many concerts in almost all of European countries and has also appeared in numerous TV programs (in November 1981 they came to New York and gave a concert with Pete Seeger, Ferderick Kirkpatrick and Anna Paidoussi).



Loss of Citizenship:

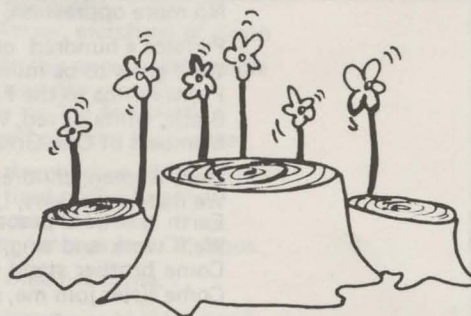
In January 1981 the junta declared them to be traitors and stripped them of their citizenship. The reason was that they had attended the Turkish, Greek and Cypriot Friendship week. This decision of the junta also affected little Zeynep who at the time was all of 18 months old. Based on article 9 of the new law regulating citizenship promulgated by the junta she too lost her citizenship.

DEMAR: Democratic

Artists' Community — Turkey

This organisation which was the secretariat of the Turkish democratic artists came to an end with the coup. It's foreign relations are being overseen by Şanar Yurdatapan from Germany.

Adress: DEMAR,
Vermeerweg 17, 5077 Wesseling
B.R. Deutschland
Tel: W.Germany — 2236 / 17 86



FOLKWAYS Records

AND SERVICE CORP., 43 W. 61st ST., N.Y.C. 10023
Long Playing Non-Breakable Micro Groove 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ RPM

SONGS OF FREEDOM FROM TURKEY

— behind prison bars —
with Melike Demiraz,
lyrics and music by Sanar Yurdatapan

SIDE 1

FSS 37705 A

- | | |
|----------------------|------|
| 1. ELLERINIZ | 3:53 |
| 2. KADINLARIMIZ | 3:40 |
| 3. BU MEMLEKET BIZIM | 3:50 |
| 4. PERVANE ILE ISIK | 4:50 |
| 5. SAZ | 3:20 |

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FSS 37705 A

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SIDE 2

FSS 37705 B

- | | |
|------------------|------|
| 6. HASRET | 3:09 |
| 7. KURBAN | 4:27 |
| 8. NINNI | 4:04 |
| 9. SAVAS TURKUSU | 2:35 |
| 10. ELELE | 5:32 |

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