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**ANNE(X)**

The Temporary Modern Museum of Women (Nakiye Boran)

Female Sisyphus (Gülsüm Çakır)

What Should A Poster for A Women's Festival Be Like? (Gülsün Karamustafa)

In Time / On Ground (Çağla Özbek & Merve Elveren)



# THE TEMPORARY MODERN MUSEUM OF WOMEN AND HER JOURNEY TO GET THERE IN NAKIYE BORAN'S MEMOIRS

Nakiye Boran

## A) "WOMEN'S MARCH AGAINST BATTERY"

May 17, 1987



The 1980s were the period when feminism bloomed, got into motion and came alive in Turkey. I am Nakiye Boran. Because I was studying abroad between the years 1979 and 1987, I only learned about the women's studies and feminist struggle taking place in Turkey in that period by following them from a distance or by hearing about them from my friends in person on occasions when I came to Turkey for holidays. There are many women in my close circle of friends who have expended an intense amount of effort on this issue: the late Şirin Tekeli, Gülnur Acar Savran, Banu Paker, Sedef Cankoçak, Stella Ovadia, Canan Arın, Şahika Yüksel, Hacer Ansal, Füsun Ertuğ, the late Nural Yasin, Handan Koç, Vildan Erozan and Filiz Kerestecioğlu are my oldest feminist friends.

After 1987, I met and made friends with many of the women who have been involved in the women's struggle/feminist struggle since the early 80s. Some of those were from left-wing movements, some were women who joined the struggle as a result of independently questioning their status as women.

Many women, my old friends among them, set out in the early 80s with "Consciousness Raising Meetings" and by drawing lessons from their own experiences; they expressed the need for serious work to be done to address inequalities regarding women who were being ignored in society. The concept of "patriarchal society" became a current issue and studies were conducted along such lines.

Women had started to state in the 70s that rights like the freedom to receive an equal level of education as men, to become professionals, and to vote and hold office, which had been introduced to women with the Republic, and which many of our mothers took advantage of and speak of with gratitude -including my mother, who was a teacher- remained highly insufficient. Thereby, in the late 70s and early 80s, the women's struggle crossed a threshold; women came to question the inequalities they were experiencing and the violence and harassment they were being subjected to in daily life. Women's groups formed that brought into question the submerged inequalities, the rights still to be gained, and the androcentric cultural values in the patriarchal society. The path of feminism in Turkey was cleared.

The first **WOMEN'S ISSUES SYMPOSIUM** was organised by women of what, in today's nomenclature, is the 2<sup>nd</sup>-Wave Feminist Movement, in April 1982 via Yazko (The Authors and Translators Cooperative). Later, in affiliation with the *SOMUT* [Concrete] magazine published under the aegis of Yazko, feminist women wrote articles in *4. Sayfa* [4th Page], created by feminists in 1983, turning new pages in the field of gender inequalities. Young women, in turn, were influenced by these breakthroughs, and feminist awareness and organisation expanded. In March 1984, women formed the first independent press channels of their own, and Women's Circle Press, Services and Consultancy Inc. was created.

The debt to the magnificent women who have carried out this work and struggle in the 80s cannot be repaid. While among them are very close friends of mine, most of the others I know as well, if only by name. In this memoir, however, I will commemorate only one person among them: Şirin Tekeli, our dearest friend, one of the first feminists of Turkey, whom we lost in 2017 and who now lives in our memories and our hearts.

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By the year 1987 when I returned to Istanbul, the women's movement had become much more widespread and the number of women who called themselves "feminists" had progressively grown. In that period, when television penetrated all the way into rural towns, incidents of violence against women had also become heard of more. Women of every profession, especially lawyer friends, in the women's struggle had, in turn, started to closely follow incidents of violence against women. Then, with feminist lawyer friends publicising it, a case related to violence against women in 1985 led women to finally raise the banner of revolt. The incident was as follows: A judge refused a woman's demand to divorce her husband for being subjected to his violence and, moreover, he referenced an old folk saying, "Do not spare the woman's back the stick, and her belly the child", to support his decision, which caused women to rise up. In reaction to this horrendous event, in order to have their voices heard by the entire public, women first objected to





The Women's March Against Battery, 17 May 1987

the decision through a legal petition, and then decided to hold a mass march/public meeting.

In this manner, **THE FIRST PERMITTED MASS DEMONSTRATION IN PUBLIC SPACE AFTER THE 1980 COUP WAS HELD BY WOMEN ON MAY 17, 1987. WOMEN PARTICIPATED IN THIS MARCH AND PUBLIC MEETING IN ENCOURAGING NUMBERS.**

Many men also came to the public meeting area, behind the women, and lent their support. Women made speeches at the public meeting, defending the rights of women who were subjected to violence and announcing that they would continue the struggle on this issue – including our dear Şirin.

The masses shouted out the song “**WOMEN EXIST, WOMEN ARE EVERYWHERE**” written and composed by Filiz Kerestecioğlu. My heart still skips a beat whenever this song is sung.

The **WOMEN'S MARCH AGAINST BATTERY** is a cornerstone. The march sparked hope because of the very wide scale of participation achieved. Many feminist and women's rights activists who gathered at the space of the Women's Association Against Discrimination, in Kurtuluş, Istanbul, decided to hold an event titled “Women, Solidarize Against Battery!” After the march, there was a discussion as to how to sustain and further spread this struggle.

## B) “THE ‘WOMEN, SOLIDARIZE AGAINST BATTERY!’ FESTIVAL”

**The Chora Museum square October 4, 1987**

Since I had returned to Turkey and had started to work in Istanbul by then, I also used to attend those meetings. As the search for a new activity after the “March Against Battery” public meeting was ongoing, Şirin Tekeli sparked new excitement in all of us by talking about how the feminist women's movement was organising successful festivals in France. We decided that if we were to organise a festival too, it would allow us to reach many more women. As someone who is very fond of Istanbul's historical places, I suggested the square in front of the Chora Museum.

On October 4, 1987, women all together –through *imece*, [traditional communal work] to use my term– organised the **Solidarity Against Battery Festival** at the Chora Museum square.

Our artist friend, Gülsün Karamustafa, created the work on the poster titled *Venus in a Jar*, and her late photographer friend, Tülin Altınar, took its photograph. Sertaç Ergin did its graphic design (see page 9).

The aim of this festival was, by bringing women together, to raise and spread consciousness against the violence and battery women were subjected to, to make the public aware of this issue and, in line with this goal, to inform women about their existing but little-known legal rights; in addition, to emphasise the importance of solidarity for solutions to these dire problems.

Women of letters and women artists who were sensitive to women's issues and who supported the campaign bolstered the festival by making speeches or appearing on stage. They allowed us to observe, with contentment, the presence of women in such important fields:

- \* Şirin Tekeli made the opening speech.
- \* Feminist lawyer Canan Arın's talk about divorce law was very informative. It was illuminating for women who were in a state of fear about getting a divorce.
- \* With Q&As in a ‘Speaker's Corner’ style, women informed each other about topics they were interested in.
- \* A chat took place with Pınar Kür.
- \* With their pleasurable music, women musicians, the Ayşe Tütüncü-Sumru Ağırürüyen duo, Gülbeniz



Şirin Tekeli is making a speech in the opening of the festival



Feminist lawyer Canan Arın's talk



Deniz Türkali's solo theatre play performance called *The Holy Family*



The Ayşe Tütüncü-Sumru Ağırürüyen concert



The Feminist Wishing Tree



## C) THE TEMPORARY MODERN MUSEUM OF WOMEN

Sentay, Maria Rita Epik and Deniz Türkali boosted the morale of the women struggling against violence. \* There was also quite a large attendance at the festival by neighbourhood residents. Women arrived with their young children. A day-care centre-like system was created for them. Our young friend Serpil made it possible for children to play and have fun in the building across from the Chora Museum.

Deniz Türkali performed the solo theatre play *The Holy Family* by Dario Fo and Franca Rame.

Upon my suggestion, we made the tree in the square into the Feminist Wishing Tree, upon which cards containing wishes concerning women's rights could be attached.

The wishing tree was a belief system that I knew very well from my granny's culture. Most of our women friends knew of this custom anyway; bachelorette women and/or their mothers would write their marriage wishes on pieces of cloth – on rags – and hang them on a tree called "the wishing tree". (In the 1970s, there was even a wishing tree still being used somewhere close to Rumelihisari.)

In reference to this tradition which forced women into marriage, we, as the feminist women who organised the festival, ironically took this custom in a feminist direction, and placed white cards attached to purple strips under the tree.

We kindly asked the women to write down their wishes that state our demands for freedom and equality in every area and our unequivocal stance against violence and to hang them on the tree.

Indeed, many cards expressing women's various demands for rights were attached to the tree – including demands of freedom for sexual identities.

We set a table with snack foods we who organised the festival and our friends and family had brought. Stands were set up for handicrafts made by women. There were also stalls where books of the Women's Circle Press and other books concerning women were exhibited. These were put up for sale after the talks and demonstrations had ended.

With the income from the festival, the booklet titled *Shout! Let Everyone Hear* was printed on March 3, 1988, and distributed to as many people as possible. The book was printed quite some time after the festival, right before the founding of the Temporary Modern Museum of Women, and was deemed to be a form of action in its own right.

Both the **Women's March Against Battery** and the **Solidarity Festival Against Battery**, taking place in 1987, had serious reverberations in society. These actions brought a large number of women and many men who were women's rights advocates together in the struggle towards ending violence against women.

Feminist women's movements, however, did not want to limit their demands to being only against violence. Other inequalities and problems faced by women that went unnoticed also had to be brought into question. Whether workers at jobs outside the home or housewives, women were the ones responsible for doing housework and taking care of and raising children. **All this labour would not be counted as work, would go unappreciated and be characterised as 'the normal flow of life'**. Thus, one important issue in the women's movement in Turkey in the 80s was **'women's invisible labour'**. Articles were written and books were translated on this topic, but there had not been an action or event in public space.

Following the solidarity actions and other work against battery which were given urgent priority due to the gravity of the issue, it was decided in the autumn of 1987 at the meetings at the Women's Association against Discrimination that the next activity should be organised around the theme of "women's invisible labour". We asked each other for activity suggestions on this topic.

I suggested the **"Temporary Modern Museum of Women"**. So, how did this occur to me?

It was right after the festival at the Chora Museum in October of the year 1987. I was resting at home due to a seasonal allergy. Because I didn't feel like doing anything at all, I was staring out the window. Suddenly, I caught sight of the balcony of the building across. It was an Indian summer in those days and everyone was on the balcony.

**But this balcony was very, very different.**



The stand for the Women's Association against Discrimination



On the balcony were two small divans placed across from each other, with laced covers laid out on them, a small table in between, and a round oven and small gas cooker on the table – and on top of the cooker was a teapot. Behind the divans were pots suspended from the outer wall, the flowers in them still unwithered. All in all, there was at most 7 or 8 square meters of space on the balcony. Two middle-aged women were sitting on the balcony. Pastries or similar must have been baked in the oven, for from between the two, the woman who was sitting further from the table was eating some out of the plate on the coffee table next to her. I guessed that the woman close by the table was the landlady. She in turn was busy rocking the child she had placed in a small pram back and forth with her hand – probably to put the child to sleep. On the other hand, however, she was chatting with the woman who was her guest in, I believe, a low voice. The woman who was the host was both being hospitable and looking after a grandchild. There were freshly washed bedsheets hanging down from the balcony.

**“These women are incredibly creative. Arranging such a small space in a way that an entire life can fit into is more than the best architect or decorator can pull off”**, I said to myself. Moreover, a woman who has done the laundry, baked pastry, made tea, and is looking after her grandchild and hosting a guest! **Neither the onerousness nor the creativity of this labour was being seen or talked about by anyone.** I came to appreciate the idea of our feminist women friends for a **“women’s invisible labour”**-themed event much more, and an idea for an exhibition came to my mind.

Let’s exhibit works that tell of and show housework and the difficulties women experience in their home and private lives and the burdens they carry, I thought. And I shared this idea first with Şirin. She was really into it. Right away, I told friends in the Women’s Association Against Discrimination about the balcony story and my idea for an exhibition it gave birth to. They, in turn, very much embraced this suggestion that was based on women’s creative labour. When the exhibition became part of it, we debated whether we should get support from our artist friends.

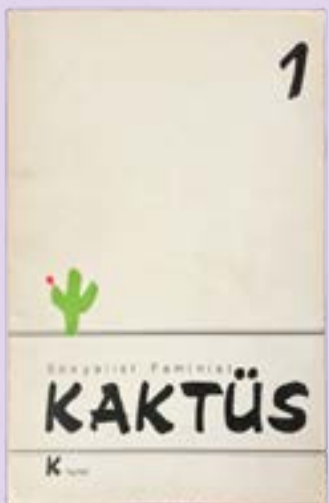
We concluded, however, that “it’s best if all of us together do it ourselves, otherwise the aesthetics and style of art will be at the fore”, because we wanted works that communicated a message directly related to the theme of the exhibition. We set out to find a title for it. Because I was very fond of art and a frequenter of a lot of exhibitions and museums, I wanted it to have an interesting title. It occurred to me that there were no women’s museums at the time and I began to entertain the idea of whether we should name it the women’s museum.

Because a museum is a permanent institution, I began to develop the idea, on my own, that the name could be “The Temporary Women’s Museum”. As the works that we were going to produce would not be of the classical type, I thought that adding the adjective “modern” would be good, thereby completing my search for a name, and suggested the title **“THE TEMPORARY MODERN MUSEUM OF WOMEN”** to our friends. The name was well received and we all together set out to work.

First, we sought to find a space. Our women friends found an empty flat in Cağaloğlu in the building of the Istanbul Advertisement Agency and had it allocated to this project as a favour. We immediately started working there.

**We didn’t want the theme “women’s invisible labour” to be expressed at the Temporary Modern Women’s Museum solely through art. We decided that it should be an event with a broader scope:**

- \* There was a section in which the Women’s Association Against Discrimination promoted its own goals and activities.
- \* A corner was reserved for our friends who had begun to put out the magazine *Feminist* at the time. The first issue of *Feminist* had come out on March 8, 1987.
- \* A display stand was given to our socialist-feminist friends who were at the starting stage of a publication called *Kaktüs [Cactus]-Socialist Feminist Magazine*. The first issue of the magazine came out in May 1988.
- \* The Radical Green Movement that began to get organised in the early 80s, with İbrahim Eren among its vanguard, also opened a stand. This movement had an ideology and goals that called on environmentalists, antimilitarists, atheists, feminists, those who demanded equality for all sexual identities (LBGTI+ in today’s terms) and sex workers to come together and struggle together. These were quite new ideas for the period.
- \* Deniz Türkali held a concert and finished the concert with the song “Women Exist, Women Are Everywhere”. The entire crowd in the concert hall joined in the singing.





The Stand of the Radical Green Movement, 1987



## WORKS THEMED “THE INVISIBLE LABOR OF WOMEN”

The task of drawing up and creating these works was taken up by all our friends who organised this event and all the works were once again created through an intense *imece*. Not only did our friends do the work, but they also found and brought all the materials needed to create the works. They managed to get the mannequins from one of the mannequin rental shops in Kasımpaşa for a week for free. There were those who brought their own wedding gowns, their grandmother’s console table, or their mother’s inlaid kitchen apron. Everything seen in the works, from pots and pans to a baby’s crib and feeding bottle, to a tweezer, tampon, sanitary pad, bra and washtub were objects constantly used by women and brought from homes.



Women’s Intellectual Activity on a Sunday

### 1. WOMEN’S INTELLECTUAL ACTIVITY ON A SUNDAY

Sundays were my childhood nightmare. It was the only day off for my mother, who was a teacher, and washing us children and ironing were all her duties. She would wash us in a small dark bathroom, with water poured into a bucket from a bath stove heated with firewood. She would wash and iron our school uniforms and ribbons, and starch our and my father’s white collars. There would be complete pandemonium in the house on Sundays and we would try to finish our homework because we would have to go to school the following day. When I told of these memories of mine to our friends, we found out that almost all of them had similar memories, and subsequently we came up with this idea for an artwork that described the state of women on Sundays.

### 2. IS IT EASY?

In that period, we all found gynaecological examinations to be difficult because our feet would be virtually cuffed so that we wouldn’t move on the bed we were made to lie down on for the examination. Stella Ovardia found and brought an old type of gynaecological examination table. Because gynaecology was deemed to be a very private area, we surrounded it with plastic curtains and named the work *Is it Easy?*.

### 3. THE JAR ORCHESTRA: THE LENTIL SYMPHONY

We wanted to highlight the fact that an important part of women’s lives is spent cooking and that picking the stones etc. out of legumes and putting them into jars and other similar tasks also take up an important amount of time. Due to the intensity of housework, women usually did not have the strength left to go to concerts and listen to music. The symphony that they would be able to listen to could only be made of the sounds produced when these jars were filled and emptied! Thus, an ironic work of art was born.

### 4. EVERY YOUNG GIRL’S DREAM

Marriage used to be presented in society as an ideal that every young girl was dying to realise. According to the general tendency, the white wedding gown and bridal veil were the stuff of young girls’ dreams. Not wanting to get married was an unacceptable situation for the families. (This belief is still the case in an important section of society.)

The work and responsibilities that marriage imposes on the woman would never be discussed. There would especially be no mention of the possibility that the woman might be subjected to violence in a marriage.



Every Young Girl’s Dream



This work was produced to describe the dreamlike marriage that is supposed to come along with the white wedding gown and bridal veil in an ironic manner. The bridal veil that one of our friends brought was attached to the head made of transparent nylon stockings and this was suspended from the ceiling along with her wedding gown, which she also brought. Red dishwashing gloves were suspended from the ceiling too. These were gifts that came along with the white wedding gown and bridal veil in marriage! Ornaments would be pinned to the dream wedding gown, but never the gloves indispensable for the kitchen chores that come along with marriage. So, we in turn pinned kitchen gloves to the bride as ornaments.

## 5. THE FEMALE SISYPHUS

In this work that our friend Gülsüm Çakır created using the patchwork technique, she makes reference to the myth of Sisyphus, which has an important place in Greek mythology. Sisyphus was punished by the god Zeus and condemned to carry a very large rock up a very high hill forever. Gülsüm inscribed her work with stories that established parallels between Sisyphus and women's labour and that described the world of women.



Monument of the Unknown Women

## 6. THE MONUMENT OF THE UNKNOWN WOMAN

This work was created with inspiration from two monuments erected in front of the St. Lazare train station in Paris in 1985. The artist Arman had produced one of these works of his by stacking old leather suitcases and the other by stacking old clocks of various sizes on top of each other. He had thereby aimed to exhibit the relation between train travel and time.

We, in turn, created this work by stacking tools that women use for housework on top of each other. Because this work symbolised the invisible labour of all women, we named it the *Monument of the Unknown Woman*. And so, these kitchen tools and equipment told of women's relationship to time.

**The Temporary Modern Museum of Women** remained open for a week. We had had 5,000 invitations printed, which we ran out of. Probably at least as many people visited. And the gallery was overflowing with people during the events. With the ironic artworks we created all together, the information provided at the stands, and the panel talks, '**women's invisible labour**' was rendered visible, at least to an extent. And with the concert, the enthusiasm for struggle was invigorated. Our wish, which our dear Şirin Tekeli shared too, is to realise the second Temporary Modern Museum of Women.

### An Important Note:

I was unable to provide the names of a large number of women friends who performed intense work for the actions and events I described above, who provided much labour and who still continue the struggle on this path as feminists/women's rights defenders. And concerning the women's movement in the 80s, I conveyed only the process as it resided in my memories. I hope that, with a more detailed oral history study of "The Women's Movement in the 80s" to be conducted in the future with contributions by women who carried out the struggle of those years, that their names will also be written down, and that the study will be published in book form.

In any case, from the late 80s up to these days, those women carried the struggle forward in remarkable ways. They founded the **Mor Çatı [Purple Roof Women's Shelter]**, and are still ensuring it lives on today. They wrote articles explaining the issues of women and the struggle. They published and are publishing magazines, newspapers and books. With the participation of younger generations as well, they sustained and increased their feminist actions/actions for women's and LBGTI+ rights and ensured that these actions reach the broad masses.

This struggle still continues and will continue. Right up until the gender discrimination that women have in their crosshairs ends in every field, and violence-harassment-abuse towards women disappears completely.

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*As far as I know, the photographs that I used in the article were taken by Füsün Ertuğ, İbrahim Eren and Enis Rıza Sakızlı. Some of these photographs reside in the archive of the "The Women's Library and Information Centre Foundation".*

# FEMALE SISYPHUS

Gülsüm Çakır

That day was once again an ordinary one. I had been beaten up nicely in the space of “whenever he feels like it”, acquired my fresh bruises, and was desperately hoping someone would hear my screams, when my eyes caught a glimpse of the women on TV marching in Yoğurtçu Park with cute placards and posters in their hands and I started to hear them; like me, those women too were saying “NO TO DOMESTIC VIOLENCE AGAINST WOMEN”.\* When I cried in my mind out of the pain of not being able to join the women, as I was screaming internally with the shame of my purple eye, helpless, I suddenly went silent and decided to reach those women I had watched in the news, and I decided on one more thing: No one was ever going to be able to beat me up again. If he or any other were to attempt to beat me up, I would not freeze solid but retaliate in kind. I felt strong. I looked, I searched and I found. “Seek and you shall find”, they say after all... The first time around, I had sought, married and found my match, and if this time it was time to find salvation, I indeed had... On the top floor of a burger shop on a street near Valikonağı in Istanbul, I found myself heatedly explaining the shittiness of my life to a woman whose appearance was my complete opposite. Looking back at that table from today, I also see that I did not neglect to present the protest poems that I had written. I see one more thing; the things I spoke are fresh in my mind as if it was only yesterday. I am grateful to that woman for not becoming scared and sad and running off saying “What’s it to me?” after being subjected to the conveyance of my violence-laden memories. Dear Handan Koç, live healthily and happily. It’s me, I’m “That Woman”. How fortunate that you exist, how fortunate that you came into my life.

Never mind being beaten up, no male violence was ever able to touch me again. I participated in house watches kept so that other women would not get beaten up. In those years, raping prostitutes was unfortunately not a crime; I participated in efforts to have it recognised as a crime. I became the first woman to appear on the TRT television channel and present a testimony so that violence against women did not remain hidden. On the program, I said “what happens at home does not stay at home, it shows” and unlike on programs today, I never felt like a ‘test tube’ there. All those women who were on air with me that night whose names I cannot write for the sake of keeping the article from running too long, may you live healthily and happily!

The Chora Museum festival was going to be held and everyone was contributing a lick of work. I was bewildered and also a little faithless, caught up in a “What can I even do?” thought spiral. Right at that moment, the ‘work of art’ which I was only able to notice when dear Nakiye, whom you are now frantically searching for a decent photo of to put in your newspaper, characterised it as such, emerged in me. At that moment, amidst the tumult of that flurry, the images of the march at Yoğurtçu Park on TV, the beatings I took being slapped and kicked, the houses put under watch, the abuses I suffered in my childhood, my observations in Tarlabası, Cihangir and Zürafa Street, my friend who was the girl next door in Yüksek Kaldırım, the “make headway, start over” tasks and the lives of women who kept making headway and starting over, my flesh that would heal but get bruised anew, my organs, and Sisyphus, whom I don’t know from where I heard of and learned about and whom I believe my grandmother was a relative of as well, and his curse/cursed rock flashed before my eyes. It was as if the lives of women were cursed too. Whatever the social status of women, it was as if in the unchanging cycle of the curse we were each a FEMALE SISYPHUS. Again, there in that moment, amidst that turmoil, but at a cove of the blue Aegean, in the bosom of the sea that was as calm as a millpond, took place the discovery in my personal story that “ONE DAY OF A WOMAN IS ACTUALLY HER EVERY DAY” for which I planned every object in my head one by one. I wanted to immediately paint it, but FEMALE SISYPHUS would have turned out very ordinary if painted... I thought about how I could do it using the tailorship that was in my genes. After all, my grandmother, my mother... We had all made money from tailoring and from sewing. Furthermore, in addition to sewing and cutting, I was also drawing. As my heart pounded, I was telling everyone there something along the lines of “I can do this, I’ll do it” so that they would give me permission. Whereas it was a women’s meeting and non-hierarchy was the principal to the extent possible, it was difficult to get rid of old habits; I was thinking of myself at meetings where the hegemony I was used to was in effect. Change was difficult, but possible.

Most jaycloth is synthetic, meaning it is the life imposed on women. The very small amount of cotton in the texture of jaycloth, however, is the woman and it symbolises the barring from existence of the woman within the life being imposed. The Female Sisyphus board was actually an artwork that was formed by the emergence of the momentum that the women’s movement in those years had created, in one woman. I am so lucky for it to have been in my destiny. That was an artwork that the women’s movement of those years made me produce. It is an artwork, a board and a sociological output. Fortune smiled upon me. I have always enjoyed seeing myself as the first child of the women’s movement of those years. Like every child, I also was a fruit of the light that the women’s movement which started at Yoğurtçu Park, Kadıköy, Istanbul contributed to these lands. If the 106 children of mine that I acquired today have got the chance to live their own lives the way they wanted to, even if it’s I who is known as the one who touched their lives, actually, those women who marched in Yoğurtçu Park, who put in the work, who racked their brains for that march, have also contributed to this. The only antidote to oppression is light. But which light? Of course, usually the light of women is a must. In my opinion, when the light that emanates from the spirals of social change and transformation worked on by feminist ideology shines through, violence gets muted. I am the most flesh-and-bone witness to this. I, who in my life prior to the women’s movement of those years was a helpless, poor woman, evolved to assume an entirely different identity after the women’s movement, touched my own life and other lives, got involved with forms of benevolence, never again was beaten and never identified myself with an insect. I am happy, because that myself is now a second-year sociology student at age 65, and as I find the money to do so, I will pay tuition, finish school and earn the title of sociologist. But I am already a thinker... A life without hierarchy is in fact possible.

\* Women’s March Against Battery, May 17, 1987



# WHAT SHOULD A POSTER FOR A WOMEN'S FESTIVAL BE LIKE?

Gülsün Karamustafa

I became interested in the feminist movement when I was a student at the Academy of Fine Arts, reading Simone de Beauvoir's books. In the 1970s, I became involved with the Revolutionary Women's Association (DKD), which was founded by the feminist woman writer Suat Derviş. At one of its meetings, I even had the opportunity to meet Suat Derviş.

I also spent time in England during those years, which allowed me to develop a better grasp of feminism worldwide. I even participated in the first major women's liberation march in London on March 6, 1971.

Such a beginning provides me with a good memory to see how far the feminist movement has come in addressing today's gender issues.

I have been passionate about being an artistic supporter of the women's movement and contributing in any way I can since my undergraduate days. In line with my closeness to and belief in the movement, I made drawings, illustrated stories, banners and posters for events when they were needed. One of them is the Women's Festival poster held at the Chora Museum in 1987.

I am not sure who was the first to contact me about this poster. I believe that when I returned to the workshop after a long meeting, I thought that the poster should feature a powerful and striking image. It didn't take long for me to find what I was looking for: a tiny statue of Venus on my desk that I had dropped and broken while doing something else. It was a kitsch figurine purchased to decorate an empty slum in the 1980s, expressing the aspirations and tastes of the new immigrants to the city from the village. There it was, staring at me.

This is how the idea came to be. I placed the broken Venus in a pickle jar with a crimson lid. I twisted the lid on and took it to the workshop of dear Tülin Altılar, who is sadly no longer with us, to be photographed. Graphic designer Sertaç Ergin converted the shot into a simple poster. This small piece, named *Venus in the Jar*, is still in my portfolio as one of my works.

When I presented the poster to friends, there were two conflicting views. Some argued that the poster was claustrophobic, that the lid should be left open, and even that Venus should reach out and raise her fist outside the jar. After much deliberation, it was decided to leave it as it was.

The poster is still up for discussion. I would love to know what would be thought about it if it were today.



The work *Venus in the Jar* that is on the poster is a work by Gülsün Karamustafa. Photograph: Tülin Altılar. Graphic design: Sertaç Ergin

# IN TIME / ON GROUND

## I

“One only becomes an egg in retrospect, when one has hatched, and the chick has emerged.”

Grace Lavery<sup>1</sup>

Our predecessors have secret lives that continue to flourish through their manifestations in the future; they survive again and again through the images and dreams they impart to us. Perhaps this is precisely why temporalities of solidarity tend to work a little differently, and why we continue to remain coevals with previous generations on different planes. In her seminal autobiographical essay “A Sketch of the Past”, Virginia Woolf describes the past as having a spherical, semi-transparent structure whereby remembering the past is much like the act of lying on the floor and looking out through the pale-yellow outer membrane of a single grape. It is possibly due to this image encountered at a formative age that I often liken looking at the past, and moreover, the memory of having been a singular, thinking, feeling and producing body among many at some moment in time to being a single grape. In my mind, this vision of longing to be both translucent and individual within a multiplicity also translates to settling inside a crowd, both singular and disparate within a cluster, imagining and projecting various degrees of transparencies both inwards and outwards. On the other hand, this idea also hopefully translates to the liberty to finally break off from the bunch, hit the ground with a wet thud and rot independently as one single and coherent entity—only to regard one’s own kind through an entirely new chemical and spatial configuration. Developed throughout a period defined by the closures and hesitant re-openings dictated by the pandemic, our research project *In Time / On Ground* seeks to generate novel strategies in constructing and regarding feminist archives. Our inquiry builds on the idea of purposefully dissolving the boundaries between critical research and autobiographical accounts, of resisting a linear and singular narrative order; it aspires to both expand and break the existing canon. Its guiding principle is to follow historical fault lines and to affirm that moments of solidarity are defined by parting ways as much as they are by agreements. *In Time / On Ground* is propelled by the possibility of activating feminist archives in order to constitute timely cartographies instead of a vertical, coherent and timeless whole; I sincerely hope this approach pursued in our research project will render possible the opening of space and historical context as intellectual space itself.

Çağla Özbek

It was in 2016 that I visited the Women’s Library in Istanbul for the first time. I had previously contacted and conducted a brief interview with Füsün Ertuğ, the former chairwoman of the Women’s Library and Information Centre Foundation. Following this, SALT digitised Ertuğ’s personal archive, which consisted of the documentation of the women’s movement during the 1980s and would be on view as part of the exhibition *How did we get here* (2015) held at SALT. While some of the digitised photographs were displayed in the exhibition, all of the files were also shared with the library. Since it was the exhibition that had prompted me to meet Füsün Ertuğ in the first place, I didn’t conduct a more in-depth archival research at the library afterwards. We kept in touch with Füsün Ertuğ via text messages and e-mails for a while, catching up and exchanging impressions of the exhibitions we visited. When I and my colleagues met with Füsün Ertuğ at the library in 2016, our main focus was on digitising the archive and building resources in order to render them accessible to the public. The subsequent meetings on this topic soon evolved into various collaborations. As a result, in the years 2016-2017, we ended up co-organising a series of events under the title ‘KEKsevenler’, with the collaboration of Merve Akar Akgün, Farah Aksoy, Duygu Demir, Melek Gençer and Eren Su Kibele Yarman. It was thanks to the *In Time / On Ground* project we carried out with Çağla that I found the opportunity to freely navigate through private archives, oral history records, videos, newspaper clippings, posters, periodicals, theses, and article collections of the library – which some of us were not even aware of or had never visited, even if we had heard of it – so that I could grasp how rich its resources and how extensive its archives were. Acknowledging that researching and scanning the archives in such an institution –the archives of which grow day by day and which has been operating on a voluntary basis for 30 years, and in cooperation with the Istanbul Metropolitan Municipality (IBB) – is a continuous process has also paved the way for me to rethink every sentence I have recited without thinking for various reasons. Therefore, I began envisaging the movement as a relay race. *In Time / On Ground*, in my opinion, is an experiment that revolves around the Women’s Library’s archives, but harbours the potential to expand its sphere of influence within the continuity of handing and taking over.

<sup>1</sup> Grace Lavery, “Egg Theory’s Early Style,” *TSQ: Transgender Studies Quarterly*, Vol. 7, No. 3, 2020, p. 383-98.



Kerime Nadir is with her friend Peymanizer Bakırcı at Maçka Palas, 28 January 1963. Women's Library and Information Centre Foundation Archive, Kerime Nadir Private Archive.



## II

In *Time / On Ground* was born from the invitation extended to us by the 17th Istanbul Biennial as a collaborative effort between the Women's Library and Information Centre, Istanbul and Nepal Feminist Memory Project. The project was designed to bring together moments of inner reflection that are historically hard to categorise and thus usually classified as 'miscellaneous' in the Women's Library Archive; it brings together resources and documents regarding women from the Ottoman period to the present day, and showcases these materials with a speculative perspective. Another aim of the research is to seek and create permeable spaces between collective initiatives like the Women's Library, Istanbul and the Nepal Feminist Memory Project, as well as possible personal archives and albums, with an eye towards expanding the said materials by opening them up to one another.

Taking its title from Şirin Tekeli's reference to flexibility as a basic condition of both solidarity and of life in her article '1980'lerden 2000'lere Kadın Hareketi Üzerine Birkaç Eylem' ("From the 1980s to the 2000s: Some Observations on the Women's Movement"),<sup>2</sup> *In Time / On Ground* began reaching out to various collective and personal archives with the following questions: What could be the representation of the woman documented/displayed in an act of resistance reaching beyond the typical, historical image, at times contradicting it — in short, what are the representations of women which are thought to correspond to the archive's 'miscellaneous' folders? Is this a familiar image? Is it any different from the image of the women we know from our close circles, whose daily lives, concerns, and passions we are already acquainted with? Where in the archive can we locate these instances when we confront both our respective interiorities and each other, mentally and spatially? How can these images be

recognised, classified, and expanded? As we communally experienced the mandatory quarantines and isolations of this past year, a period which underscored moments of 'idleness' and 'contemplation' in interior spaces as the ultimate privilege for women once again, with varying degrees of sacrifice, to where do women's subjective experiences, as well as iconographies of feminist movement(s), correspond within the archives, and to where may they lead? How can we map the various representations of both togetherness and divergence, or rather, continued intergenerational dialogues or lack thereof existing within the feminist movement, knowing full well that these moments continue to proliferate relative to their 'time' and 'ground' (context)? These are only a few of the questions we pursued predominantly through our individual and shared instincts, as well as through our daily curiosities as part of *In Time / On Ground*. Our approach is energised by the idea of multiplying these questions through the possibilities that the archives continue to offer, and expanding them through different responses, positions, and propositions.

Departing from these considerations, the archive project, which we've been working on since January 2021, attempts to read the history of both solidarity and art through instances of flexibility, adaptation, mergers and breaks, scattering and disintegration, rather than linear breakthroughs and recognisable 'signs of progress.' The project aims to explore the extensions of the past through the slippery, uncanny and, at times, ambiguous nature of both time as well as the ground,— it is an attempt to delve into history as it has come to be shaped within the 'miscellaneous' folders that have not yet been labelled and remain difficult to label, the chronologies of various geographies, the imaginations of different subjects and personal albums.

<sup>2</sup> 'One of the common themes frequently covered in the press is the claim that, despite having made a breakthrough in the 1980s, the feminist movement has faded away and has nothing to say to the society. However, those who discuss this topic overlook a sociological fact: No social movement stays the same, doing the same things; it changes with *both time and ground*. The fact that there is no longer a public demonstration, as

there was a few years ago, does not mean the movement has come to an end. On the contrary, the movement may have gone deeper, crossed a threshold, and tackled issues in less visible but more effective ways.'—Şirin Tekeli, '1980'lerden 2000'lere Kadın Hareketi Üzerine Birkaç Eylem', Şirin Tekeli Archive, Women's Library [italics added].



In this way, the research delineates the ‘inactive times’ that were selected and digitised as an inherent part of the archive in order to be shared with the public. By bringing together photographs, letters, manuscripts, audio and video recordings, various ephemera, and printed materials from the Women’s Library’s personal and main archives, it seeks to develop an ahistorical or non-linear map of women who have been resisting, thinking, and producing outside the public sphere for decades.

### III

‘Ms. President and Distinguished Guests,

Jale Baysal presented a thorough explanation of the purpose of the foundation of our library in her address. In addition, I would like to make a few points regarding some other aspects of the initiative to establish the Women’s Library and Information Centre that seem important to me.

The Women’s Library and Information Centre works to preserve women’s collective memories, namely their history, which is in danger of disappearing or being doomed to invisibility. The concept of women’s collective memory or history became important with a women’s movement that has always been on the rise in history; like the Phoenix, it was resurrected from the ashes in parallel with the rise of the movement, only to be forgotten once again when women were unable to protect their gains. One way to break this ‘bad luck’ is to assert our history firmly, consciously preserving its traces, documents and works. The knowledge gained as a result of this accumulation is one of the most essential means in the struggle to secure women’s rights.

Our library, which was founded primarily to implement this idea, would not have been possible if the women’s movement in Turkey had not been on the rise, reflecting its commitment to change women’s fate through increased awareness of their rights and the injustices they suffer. This movement has been on the rise for the past few years, as

we have all seen with our own eyes. So this is the first point I’d like to make: This library arose from the women’s movement, and it has been revived by the movement’s material and moral support; if it is to live on by developing and prospering, it will be because of its close ties to the movement. The movement will feed the library, and the library will provide information to the movement. Therefore, my first thanks go out to the women who supported the library’s establishment, many of whom are among us today, and to the men who did not abandon them in their endeavour.’ —Şirin Tekeli, excerpt from the opening speech for the Women’s Library and Information Centre, April 14, 1990.

The idea of constituting the memory of the women’s movement within a library atmosphere and thereby creating a resource first emerged in 1988. After contacting institutions in other countries that served similar functions, the Women’s Library and Information Centre was opened on April 14, 1990. During the tenure of Mayor Nurettin Sözen, with the support of Istanbul Metropolitan Municipality, a two-storey 18th-century building in Balat, restored by architect Cengiz Bektaş, was allocated for the foundation as a library space. Originally, there was an exhibition space in the building in addition to the reading and study rooms, archives, and publications provided by the movement’s partners. In her opening speech, Şirin Tekeli highlighted that they had envisioned the place as a ‘cultural centre’ that was both ‘lively and alive’.

In this regard, the building in which the library is located was brought to life as part of the programme of re-functionalising the vacant spaces of the historical peninsula, which was developed in collaboration with the Istanbul Foundation for Culture and Arts during Mayor Sözen’s tenure; the sole building in use as it had been originally envisioned. With the support of representatives from the women’s movement, organisations, and other stakeholders, the library and the archives it holds have expanded since April 1990. Currently, it is the only institution that preserves the memory of the women’s movement from the Ottoman period to the present day in Turkey.





#### IV

The idea of writing this text for *Anne(x)* came about as a result of our conversation with Oda Projesi. What piqued our interest in such an invitation was the opportunity to put into writing the idea of the ‘miscellaneous’ which we had been working on for months, i.e., a project that is both difficult to define and to categorise, and thus difficult to convey in a concise manner. It was important for us to test our compatibility (or lack thereof) as two individuals who had been collaborating on this project for a number of months, and to evaluate the results of this lengthy archival research which had been defined by the limitations of the pandemic, bringing together a juxtaposition of disparate images, documents, videos and sound recordings. What is more, the issue of motherhood, which Oda Projesi was focusing on, was naturally one that we had encountered time and again throughout the history of the feminist movement within the archives. Furthermore, motherhood as a phenomenon was a striking example illustrating intergenerational convergences and separations, perhaps pointing to moments of rumination and imagination as a common thread running through different generations.

In her article titled ‘From Feminist Politics to Feminist Historiography’,<sup>3</sup> Aynur Demirdirek mentions the desire of women in the movement to locate and learn from their past counterparts in order to make sense of their own current positions. And, even though these women who had struggled for their rights in the past were appropriately called ‘our grandmothers’, Demirdirek refrained from referring

to them as such, as she considered them rather as her ‘feminist friends with whom she identified’. So, when it comes to motherhood, how far does Demirdirek’s sense of togetherness that breaks the hierarchical structure between generations extend?

Regarding the newspaper clippings that we encountered during the research, it was quite difficult to reconcile the notion of ‘motherhood’ reflected in short-term events organised directly or supported by a specific agenda by the state and the understanding of ‘motherhood’ proposed by independent structures within a single definition of motherhood. At this point, we agreed that it would be meaningful and exciting to contribute to this issue of *Anne(x)*, which problematises the suggestion that motherhood and artistic production are two opposing states of productivity, to represent the aforementioned diversity. Selected materials from the Women’s Library archives accompanying this article bear witness to the evolving aspects of care and motherhood policies through newspaper clippings. For example, is it possible to regard the call for ‘a nursery in every workplace and neighbourhood’ by Adana Branch of Progressive Women’s Association, the ‘Motherhood: Friday Mothers against Saturday Mothers’ issue of the Pazartesi magazine, the volunteer project implemented by the “I Want Children Solidarity Association” (ÇİDER) with the participation of the then Minister of National Education Nimet Çubukçu, the telegraph of Peace Mothers to then Prime Minister Bülent Ecevit to ensure social peace separately, or merely as individual consequences of continually changing government policies?

<sup>3</sup> Aynur Demirdirek, ‘Feminist Politikadan Tarih Yazıcılığına’, in *Modern Türkiye’de Siyasal Düşünce 10: Feminizm*, ed. Feryal Saygılıgil and Nacide Berber, İletişim, 2020, pp. 23-26



Ekin Güneşli'yi gören İKİ'lerin, Akademi'ye ve yeni partinin Ekin Güneşli'ye her iki kampanyasında da desteklerini gösterdikleri görülüyor. Fotoğraf: ADANA

**İlerici Kadınlar Derneği Adana Şubesi, yurt çapında açılan kampanyayı sürdürüyor:**

**"Her işyerinde ve mahallede kreş istiyoruz"**



Devlet Kabineleri Derneği Adana Şubesi, Kadınlar Derneği ile bir araya gelerek "Her işyerinde ve mahallede kreş istiyoruz" kampanyasını sürdürüyor. Fotoğraf: ADANA

"Her işyerinde ve mahallede kreş istiyoruz," [We want nurseries in every workplace and in every neighbourhood] *Halk Haber Ajansı*, 1970's. The Women's Library Information Centre Foundation Archive, Women's Organizations and Organs, İlerici Kadınlar Derneği Archive



The cover of *Pazartesi* magazine, no: 18, September 1996. The Women's Library Information Centre Foundation Archive, Ayşe Durakbaşı Private Archive

**Tercüman** 27 Kasım 2005 Pazar

# Sevgi Anneleri işbaşında

Çocuk İstiyorum Dayanışma Derneği'nin çocukların bakımına yönelik hayata geçirdiği **gönüllülük** projesi, Bakan Çubukçu'nun da katıldığı törenle imzalandı

**Türkan YILMAZER / İSTANBUL**

**M**ALATYA'daki Çocuk Yuvası'nda yaşanan "İleri Mücadele" olayının ardından çocukların bakımına yönelik ilk somut adım atıldı. Çocuk İstiyorum Dayanışma Derneği'nin (ÇİDER) girişimi ile başlatılan "Sevgi Anneleri" projesine start verildi. Projenin yürütülmesine yönelik anlaşma, Bakanlık Sosyal Hizmetler ve Çocuk Esirgeme Kurumu Başkanı Vekili İsmail Barış ile ÇİDER Başkanı Sibel Tuzcu arasında, Devlet Bakanı Nimet Çubukçu'nun da katıldığı törenle imzalandı. Sevgi anneleri ilk resmi toplu ziyaretlerini Edirne Çocuk Yuvası'na yaptı.

**Projeye destek**

Sevgi Anneleri Projesi, Türkiye genelinde yasalarda kalan 0-12 yaş çocukların sevgi ihtiyaçlarının "gönüllü annelerle" giderilmesi, yaşadıkları yuvaların çağdaş koşullara uygun hale getirilmesi, psikolog ve pedagoğlarla beraber çocukların sağlıklı ruhsal ve sosyal gelişimlerine destek verilmesi, hayata hazırlanmaları, sosyal aktivitelere katılmalarının sağlanması, koruyucu aile sistemlerinin Türkiye genelinde doğru anlatılarak birçok ailenin yanına ihtiyacı olan çocukların yerleştirilmesi çalışmalarını kapsıyor.

"Sevgi Anneleri" projesinde görev alacak kişiler, çalışmalarına başlamadan önce İstanbul, İzmir ve Ankara düzenlenen eğitim kurslarından geçecekler ve sertifikalarını aldıktan sonra çocuk yuvalarında görev yapmaya başlayabilecekler. Dernek, projenin yürütülmesi aşamasında

Çocuk Esirgeme Kurumu'na bağlı çocuk yuvalarının maddi ve zımnî olanakları ile işbirliği yapacak. Sevgi anneleri, halka açık organizasyonlar yapacak, çalışmalar raporlanacak.

Protokollü törenin ardından "Sevgi Anneleri", Çocuk Esirgeme Kurumu'na

bağlı Edirne Çocuk Sitesi'ni ziyaret etti.

**Hüzünlü ziyaret**

Dernek Başkanı Sibel Tuzcu, ilk ziyaretlerini şu sözlerle anlattı:

"Bebekler, pupucular, baylıklar, genç kızlar, adlarını hatırlayamadığım küçük erkekler grubu yemekhaneleri odalarını banyolarını dolaplarını gördük. Çocuklarla oynadık genç kızlara hatıralarını söyledik. Binanın tavanlarının ve su borularının tavrına, kapılarının dolaplarının yenilenmesine, kalorifer peteklerinin çözdürülmesine, yeni çamaşır makinelerine, bol personele ve elektrik şebekesine ihtiyaç vardı. Bu kadar büyük binanın hiç elektrik şebekesi yoktu ve çalı şebekesi kullanılmadığını söylediler. Genç kızlar kendilerine özel küçük elektrik şebekesi istedikler ve bir de kata çamaşır makinesi. En kısa sürede her şeyi bayıncığımızı ve bu ihtiyaçları hallietmeye çalışacağımızı belirttik."

"Sevgi Anneleri İşbaşında," [Mothers of Love in charge], *Tercüman*, 27 November 2005. The Women's Library Information Centre Foundation Archive, Women's Organizations and Organs, I Want Children Solidarity Association Archive



Serpil Çakır, Jale Baysal, Füsün Ertuğ, Şirin Tekeli and Aslı Davaz, Fener Men Coffee Shop, April 1990, Women's Library and Information Centre Foundation Archive, Visual Collection

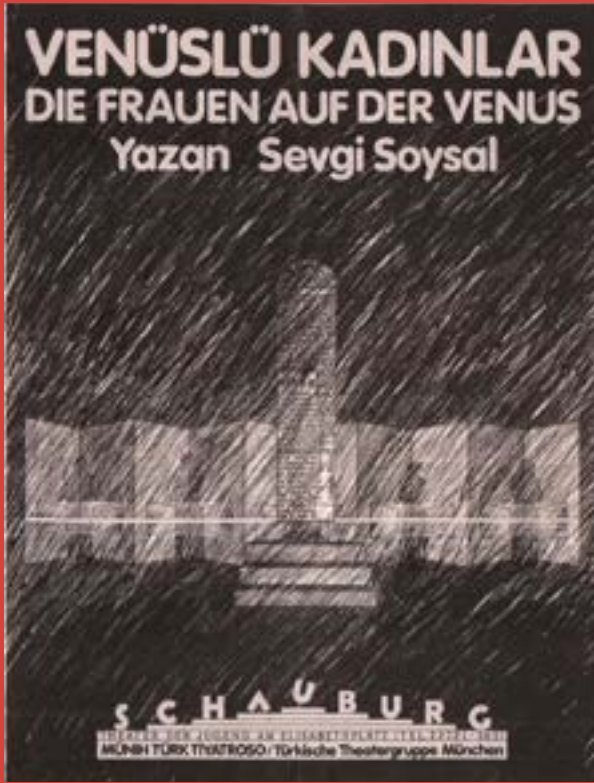


‘[My mother] hadn’t stepped out of her room for days. One evening, when I walked into her room to check on her, as I do almost every day, I saw her brand-new style glass-spruce cabinet, packed with strange objects. Little semi-rusty metal boxes, cheap cast-glass vases, a kaleidoscope whose cardboard cap covering the entire funnel structure had come loose from the eyepiece, discoloured broken fans, a few painted and cracked porcelain trays, and a sugar bowl with a faux-crystal lid filled with blackened buttons. The sporadically scaly, gold-washed handle of the sugar bowl, a pile of unframed yellowed photographs at the back of the cabinet, a pair of men’s gloves in coarse, brown leather with pierced ends. [...] As if she sensed the unease those plainly cheap objects had given me, my mother was speaking with that same old, weary smile: “Isn’t this my room, Şemsigül Şerazat? I also asked you not to let anyone come in and out... [...]” As I leaned down to look at the group shot she was showing me, I could recall only with difficulty one of those never-ending days of my first winter, years before. With her finger, my mother introduced each person in the photograph to me. She was so invigorated that it appeared as though her blood pressure had gone up all over her body. She painstakingly listed the names of each person and gave a thorough description of them. I didn’t know most of them though. [...] Her only consolation was her past that she carried into the room. [...] I often proudly thought that my mother was not like me at all, or that I was not really like my mother at all.’ —Füruzan, ‘Second Summer Songs.’<sup>4</sup>

While we were working through the archives of the Women’s Library, an institution which aims to preserve its diversity, not unlike

a ‘seed bank’, our initial contact with the Nepal Feminist Memory Project departed from our exploration of the ‘miscellaneous’ folders focusing on previous generations and their representations in the archives. Our main goal for this cooperation is to bring archives, which have been shaped by binary oppositions such as the institution and the individual (or interior and the exterior, us and them, etc.) and various negotiations, into a dialogue. We understand, however, that merely perusing the Women’s Library and Nepal Feminist Memory Project archives will not be sufficient. A parallel reading based solely on similarities and archival nostalgia, without considering cause-and-effect relationships and mapping political, economic, and cultural breaks, has its own risks. For this reason, we envision *In Time / On Ground* as a project that can contribute to the discourses on the myriad ways archives are accumulated, stored, transferred, and made public, all the while re-evaluating their limitations, and which can expand with the collaboration of different intermediaries. What does the miscellaneous folder correspond to in another collective’s (or person’s) archive, and what sort of dynamics and relations shape it? How do we pursue and find answers in a personal archive? Does the lack of one archive enrich another? What and whom do these miscellaneous folders exclude? In light of these questions, *In Time / On Ground* is still being shaped together with its current partners and collaborators, while imagining various destinations and other archives that can diversify both these questions and the answers it pursues; in this sense, our research strives to make a cast of passing time, delineating its nooks and crannies from an inverted point of view.

<sup>4</sup> Füruzan, “Second Summer Songs”, *A Summer Full of Love*, YKY, 1999, pp 201-3



The poster for *Venusian Women* staged by Erman Okay at the Munich Turkish Theatre in the year 1983

**MAN:** You wouldn't be able to make sense of it.  
**WOMAN:** You wouldn't be able to do so one bit.  
**MAN:** I am smarter than you.  
**WOMAN:** Not at all.  
**MAN:** I am, you see. (Flexes his muscle)  
**WOMAN:** Tell that to the hand.  
**MAN:** If you don't believe me, look at the inscription on the monument documenting it.  
**WOMAN:** But it doesn't say that women are more stupid than men there.  
**MAN:** It says they are.  
**WOMAN:** It doesn't.  
**MAN:** It says women don't count, see.  
**WOMAN:** Whatever.  
**Man:** Would you look at that... Look what she's saying about the holy document, the monument inscription.  
**2<sup>nd</sup> Man:** Silence her.  
**3<sup>rd</sup> Man:** Insolence.  
**Man:** She is speaking ill of our historical leaders.  
**2<sup>nd</sup> Man:** We are smart.  
**3<sup>rd</sup> Man:** You are stupid.  
(The mutual insults have caused a stir;  
as women and men walked up to each other  
they knock over the monument.  
A momentary silence upon the monument toppling over.)  
(Women and men all together respectfully re-erect the monument.)  
**Old Wise One:** The counting is done. That there are 20,000 men, meaning 20,000 Venusians...  
**WOMAN:** What are we?  
**MAN:** Venusians?  
**WOMAN:** Then count us too.  
**MAN:** But you are Venusians that don't count.

Sevgi Soysal, *Bütün Eserleri* [Collected Works] 11 - *Venüslü Kadınların Serüvenleri: TRT Günleri*, [The Adventures of Venusian Women: The TRT Days] ed. İpek Şahbenderoğlu (Istanbul: İletişim Press, 2017), 41.



Astrid Noack, *Woman with a Cloth*, 1944  
Holstebro, Denmark.