

ANNE(X)

Annex Gazetesi Issue 7

Mother Patience, Mother's Voice to 'mother' identity, Mother Lullaby, Mother's Right, Volunteer Mother, Good Mother, Mother Cat, Mother Lion, Mother Bird, Mother Earth, Mother Nature, "What is a mother or what kind of person is she?" I would answer completely differently, Mother Hearth, Mother Womb, Mother Homeland, Mother and Daughter, Mother and Father, Mother and Father, Mother Mother Mother, Father Mother, Slave Mother, Master Mother, How many adjectives to the institution of Mother Who gives these adjectives Why and to what Mother is human in essence, perhaps even beyond human and non-human beings Bad Mother, Devoted Mother, Mother Tenderness, Angel Mother, Holy Mother, Beautiful Mother, Stepmother, Angry Mother, Nice Mother, Angry Mother, Angry Mother, Ugly Mother, Young Mother, Old Mother, Child Mother, Mother Half, Mother's Yoghurt, Mother's Lap, Mother's Warmth, Mother's Milk, Mother's Heart, Mother Beating, Mother Slap, Snow White "I am a mother," Emotionless Mother, Mother Fear, Cowardly Mother, Brave Mother, Mother Giving Birth, Mother Starving, Mother Heirloom, Mother's House, Mother's Word, Missing Mother, Mother Lack, Mother Heat, Working Mother, Mother at Work, Mother at Home, Mother in the Market, Mother on the Street, Mother in the Forest, Mother in Nature At a young age, I had two close experiences with witchcraft: When I was about 10 years old, in the theatre we played among friends at the site where my grandmother's summer house was located in Çınarcık, strangely, fathers played an active role in the preparation of this theatre, did I choose to be a stepmother, an evil queen, or did this role fall to me, in this play we played right in the forest, I looked in a mirror and asked the question "Mirror mirror, tell me, is there anyone in this world more beautiful than me." I'm wearing a toilet my mother wore in her childhood, on 23 April Children's Day: slightly stained, but white and long. The Queen has supernatural powers. When the question "Who is she?" is asked, motherhood becomes an identity, even transforms. When we say "Who is a mother?", we make motherhood the centre of our being, rather than a part of it. family cares I think this is one of the most fundamental problems of motherhood today. The identity that we have developed for 20, 30, 40 years with care, struggle, sweat, dreams, tears, laughs and tears falls into the background as soon as we become a mother; motherhood comes to the centre of our existence and our actions "The new queen was very beautiful, but a very evil woman. She had a magic mirror that could talk," then we ask ourselves "Who is a mother?", we ask around us, we ask the society and they ask us. As if it is a question with an answer, but as if no one has told us yet, we try to get clues from each other to solve this puzzle. I think I had the opportunity to recognise my childhood with my child. I remembered that I am a human baby, I remembered that I am a part of something. I experienced more that we are connected not only to my child, but also to each other. The relationship I have established with the world that we dragged from childhood has become a natural relationship that is not that big of a deal. Although I was going to pass by saying that (male) artists are often (male) artists, "It must be a cultural thing," but many more questions immediately arose. "Was it the mother who was the nucleus of the nuclear family? Does the mother take care of the family? What would happen to the mother if there was no family?" and many other questions. On the one hand, I can't believe that I hadn't thought about these things before. I see that I have not asked these questions and searched for the answer, even though I have grown up with this anxiety inside me and I see that this anxiety has covered my personality. I have grown up with this anxiety inside me and I see that this anxiety has covered my personality. "What will happen to me?". She hugged the child next to her and tried to feel crowded by saying "we". What is a nuclear family? Why is it called "nuclear"; is it because it is small? The mother is the pillar, the centre of this nuclear family. Ideally, the family should take care of itself, and everyone should take care of each other, both as if looking in a mirror and loving and protecting each other wholeheartedly. But there was a misunderstanding and the mother started to take care of the family. Why is that? What would happen to the mother without the family? She is a big family on her own - she is full, crowded inside the mother. The family is not an institution. An institution is boring. That's why you can't say "my child" if the family becomes an institution. If the family expands and blurs, it becomes a family. It is boring and constricting, like a sharpener, it sculpts. It raises the child according to what it wants.

As Oda Projesi, we published the first issue of the Annex newspaper in the year 2003. The conditions of people who had lost their homes and who couldn't fit into the container homes given to them following the Marmara earthquake of August 17 1999 and their potential to create new lives while under those conditions had spurred us into action. Behind Annex, meaning behind the idea of an "annex", is the possibility of the 'annex' transforming the 'thing' and assuming a different state alongside it. Indeed, in the subsequent issues, we discussed topics like shanty towns, green spaces, spaces of art and urban space as 'annexes', and we took a fresh look at the structures with which they articulate and into what the 'annex' transformed them.

The subject of *Anne(x)*, which is the 7th issue of *Annex*, on the heels of the six editions published so far, is in the "Mother" hidden in the word. (*Anne* means mother in Turkish). In this issue, we look at motherhood as a condition articulated with the woman or the person. We ask the questions, "What is 'Mother-hood'?" and "How can we view the condition of 'Motherhood'?" and we discuss the potentials of this form of being an annex. In addition to this, we hope that this publication, in which we investigate ways of escaping motherhood as an institution, identity and gender role, can thereby allow a viewing of motherhood from a certain distance. While focusing on motherhood, we also added other women who may or may not be mothers to our chain of thought.

On our path, we happened upon news, reports and slogans and we became associated with a precious space, The Women's Library, and thereby with the sole archive and history in the geography of Turkey that belongs to women.

Anne(x) is a body of relations we knitted together loop by loop. It is a whole made of multiple parts which we have attached together with strings by which we try to carry the memories of the past into the present. We are trying to bring together the personal and public history of perceptions, times and spaces and we are trying to render the wild, impalpable state of motherhood a little more visible in *Anne(x)*.

Oda Projesi, 2021

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ANA Timeline

2013

25 June–18 July

"ANA", Astrid Noack's Atelier (ANA), Copenhagen, Denmark

13 July

Picnic in collaboration with "M/other voices" project, Hareskov, Copenhagen, Denmark Deirdre Donoghue (Rotterdam, Netherlands), Oda Projesi (Istanbul, Turkey), Witte de With Centre for Contemporary Art (Rotterdam, Netherlands) and Astrid Noack's Atelier (Copenhagen, Denmark)

Face to face meetings

2014

15 February

Salt Galata, Istanbul, Turkey
Gülçin Aksoy, Esra Aliçavuşoğlu, Selda Asal, Canan, Emre Koyuncuoğlu, Aylin Önel, Oda Projesi, Hale Tenger

29 March

Salt Galata, Istanbul, Turkey
Sema Aslan, Banu Cennetoğlu, Biray Kolluoğlu, Defne Koryürek, Burcu Serdar Köknar, Oda Projesi

18 October

Depo Istanbul, Turkey
Seçil Yersel-Erden Kosova, Didem Özbek-Osman Bozkurt, Oda Projesi, Selim Birsell-Mürüvvet Türkyılmaz

2015

8 March

Depo Istanbul, Turkey
Didem Danış, Leyla Gediz, Beyhan İslam, Yasemin Nur, Melisa Önel, Oda Projesi

2018

12 May

Depo Istanbul
İlkay Balıç, Aslı Kıyak İngin, Ekin Özbiçer, Zeyno Pekünlü, Oda Projesi, Arzu Yayınış

1 June

Dünyada Mekân, İstanbul, Türkiye
Ayça İnce, Nazlı Eda Noyan, Ekin Saçlıoğlu, Özlem Ünsal, Oda Projesi, Derya Yücel

Online Meetings

2020

26 May

Banu Cennetoğlu, Ayça İnce, Aslı Kıyak İngin, Bilge Kalfa, Esra Sarıgedik Öktem, Aylin Önel, Ekin Saçlıoğlu, Zeyno Pekünlü, Oda Projesi, Arzu Yayınış

2 June

Didem Danış, Balca Ergener, Esra Sarıgedik Öktem, Melisa Önel, Oda Projesi, Mürüvvet Türkyılmaz

11 June

Gökçen Ataman, Emre Koyuncuoğlu, Aysuda Kölemen, Yasemin Nur, Ekin Özbiçer, Oda Projesi

23 June

Esra Aliçavuşoğlu, Sema Aslan, Biray Kolluoğlu, Didem Özbek, Oda Projesi, Sibel Yardımcı



22 September–3 November

"Care, Sisterhood and Witchcraft as a transformative power", Oda Projesi Workshop, SALT Working Groups

Exhibitions

2016

13–22 May

ANA #2, A.N.A. AIR - Astrid Noack's Atelier, Copenhagen, Denmark

2017

9 May–4 June

"Bize Ait Bir Oda" [A Room of Our Own], Ark Kültür, Istanbul, Turkey Curators: Günes Terkol, Sevil Tunaboğlu, Arzu Yayınış

2018

05 April–02 June

Oda Projesi exhibition, Ariel, İstanbul, Turkey
Conceptual frame: Norgunk A booklet composed of the conversation between Oda Projesi and Canan, Selda Asal, Gülçin Aksoy, Aylin Önel, Hale Tenger, Esra Aliçavuşoğlu, Emre Koyuncuoğlu that took place on 15th February 2014

Printed Publications

2015

Mobile Autonomy: Exercises in Artists' Self-Organization Middelheim Museum, Antwerp, Belgium Editors: Nico Dockx & Pascal Gielen Valiz Publications contribution with the transcription of a conversation between Oda Projesi and Sema Aslan, Banu Cennetoglu, Biray Kolluoğlu, Defne Koryürek, Burcu Serdar Köknar that took place on 29th March 2014

Online Publications

2016

Oda Projesi, M/other Voices
<https://www.mothervoices.org/column/2016/3/2/february-2016-oda-projesi-tr>

2021

Oda Projesi, Witte Rook
<https://witterrook.nu/artikelen/oda-projesi/>

Annex 1 *Structures of Survival*, 50th Venice Biennale, Venice, Italy, 2003
Annex 2 *Poetic Justice*, 8th İstanbul Biennial, İstanbul, Turkey, 2003
Annex 3 *Proje4L* exhibition, Tensta Konsthall, Stockholm, Sweden, 2004
Annex 4 *Migrating Gardens*, Mostings Hus, Copenhagen, Denmark, 2009
Extraannex (Annex 5) Extrapool artist-in-residency programme, Nijmegen, Netherlands, 2012
Annex 6 *On faillllled tales and talyllors*, Tabakalera, San Sebastián, Donostia, Spain, 2019

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THE PANDEMIC

Being unable to travel for my affairs brought a different dynamic to the home. I grew apart from issues other than those related to basic needs and a few solidarity groups. I'm actually not complaining that much; I had been dreaming of this quarantine for a long time. Of course, when I go outside of my own small world, everything is very harsh. I am trying to use Corona as an opportunity and to hold on to myself. Each of my days is unique, it seems. We are in a period of getting used to things. I lost track of how many times a day I hear the word "mother". I miss the workshop and being left alone to relax the most. When you make a decision for your child, you feel guilt

MOTHER

regarding the decision you made. I found myself in the process of mourning which began with Corona and continued with the loss of one of my family members, and I found myself in writings on mourning. I thereby began to also mourn [with the help of the other cases of mourning] for the loss of my old self, which came about as a result of motherhood. With our emigration, I also began to be able to mourn for the friends who came and for the loss of the country. I realised I was so burdened. Maintaining my relations with my students was very good for me. My workload increased further because we were expected to produce digital content; we continue to receive care support; otherwise, it would have been impos-

In the years 2020 and 2021, during the pandemic, and especially in the period of frequent lockdowns, Oda Projesi hosted online chats with women labouring in art and culture. Excerpts from these chats, at which we talked about the effects of being locked into homes as a woman or a mother during the pandemic period, were assembled and transformed into a standalone text by being rendered anonymous, as if spoken by a single woman.

Oda Projesi, İstanbul, 2021

mic and the condition of staying at home brought along with them a distancing from my own habits. I am happy in my own small world but I am also feeling the responsibility and burden of the outside world weighing down on me. The personal and the institutional injustices further crystallised. It is normal to feel guilty in this situation, but how can we turn this into something proactive? The diversity of the forms of coping is amazing. I had been trying to make space for myself for a long time already; that became even more concrete now. It looks like there will be a more aggressive return to life with the new normal. It has been hard on me because I'm someone who likes to go out, I am not domestic at all. Because this was about the home, all the responsibilities fell on me. It turns out everyone needed this lockdown a bit.

FROM A WOMAN TO A WOMAN

Question: **What kind of cloth is motherhood?**

Aylin Önel I have been living between Spain and Turkey for the last 15 years, producing and carrying out experiments on sustainable models of family, production and life by performing motherhood and housewifery.

I had been working at a regular job for 3 years. That already constituted a new regime, but when the pandemic summoned us home, I had to establish another. It is very tiresome to have to say what is to be done. Going outside again provided an experience to me. I was already working from home. I came to see myself as more of a mother.

tiring. Living through adolescence and the process of forming one's own shell was easy in this period. But we inadvertently transferred our fears. During these times I just wrote; I wrote and wrote a lot. I found online education to be very difficult. I had to re-establish my own home regime. The first two weeks went by trying to establish a system. But education created an order, we had to get up at certain hours. New spaces opened up within the home; it turned out there were spaces within time too, and I opened those up as well. I happened to see myself against the backdrop of a quarantine, and this process itself, in turn, came to look like however I was. I felt disappointed. I realised that spaces in which I performed my different kinds of work were putting me in different roles too. These roles collided when all the separate spaces gathered inside the home. There is no escape inside the home. I do not believe that the illusion of the modern woman collapsed in one moment. We need to ask how we can emerge from this stronger. What affected me the most in my quarantine experience has been my motherhood. Quarantine is actually a mental thing. One's home is one's mother; I realised that with the loss of my mother. That's why quarantine was good for me. My only problem is that I cannot be alone. I didn't have much of a social life here anyway, so few things have changed. I couldn't perform much motherhood anyway because I got sick. When I placed myself in quarantine, I missed my child immensely, even though we were in the same house.

NOTES

sible to finish the work. Labour is not invisible at all these days; it is quite visible. Everything aside, the sense of injustice is very dominant and very bothersome. I want to connect with the outside world, but at the same time the 'new normal' is worrisome, because it is something imposed on us. Just as in the case of this dilemma, the whole process comes in waves. Because we are inside it, not much awareness can form. There is a lot of increase in housework because everyone is at home. Here, for a month, people have been living like there is nothing going on. We took a risk to come here at the beginning of the pandemic. I had already shut myself into the home a little bit for personal reasons, and just as I transitioned to a period of opening up, we went right back to lockdown. I am the only one in the house not banned from going outside; I go out for walks. I sometimes worry that the ban will be lifted for children. The pandemic is tough in the city centre. There isn't much open space. The only things I do these days are to keep a diary and to be part of a solidarity group, even if I can't be very active. For someone like me who has been working for years, staying at home became legitimate with the pandemic; it's as if it became a deserved piece of time. The home is under invasion; I spent a lot of time in the toilet so that I could be alone. The pande-

I had to return from my sabbatical. I had gone somewhere else for this sabbatical for the first time since I had my child; at first, I was very sad, then it was very calm, it was very good for me; everyone created their own space inside the home. It felt good that everything was under control. I got the feeling that 'I am in the world'. Our relation to the interior of the home changed a lot, but so did our relation to urban space. I realised that I could work at home, and that provided me with an insight. I am going through days in which I experience great fractures. I am unable to establish anything from a distance. I am unable to establish the new normal. I am very bored of communication via monitor. I have been writing for the last month and a half. Before that, I was in a state of paralysis. Then I re-established a connection. We needed wider spaces: the kitchen and pantry. The cleaning system changed. The perception of space and the conditions of space-making changed. I am also discovering the hidden rooms within me. Passing the time by ascribing new meanings and functions to a slew of objects, the burden of planning, the cycle of time. Being responsible for the decision-making part is

Response:

wrap up and blanket
night/day
seasonless
end(less)

cut, slice, sew
(put on take off wash dry
fold iron put away take
out)
end(less)

flex(ible)
hand plant
(shell cocoon skin)
end(less)

end(less)
inside out
straight skewed
long short
thin thick
end(less)

change - get used to -
change - get used to -
change - get used...
end(less)

The order of the house did not rely on me. I'm at home anyway, I did not have much difficulty. I did see it as an opportunity, but I wasn't able to take advantage of any such opportunity either. I had started to be able to work after I had my child anyhow, so being at home did not change anything. Everyone felt the reality in Beckett's Endgame, meaning the sense of loss of reality. Only women feel 'inadequate'. Exhibitions had to be closed down; putting on an exhibition began to be scary for me. I was only able to relax by reading a book and by drawing during this process. I am constantly expected to perform emotional labour. In reality, there is no absolute happiness. It was as if I was pushed out of a fast-moving train; I am still staggering. I feel like I am the person who sets the clocks. Will there be a change, a transformation? What is precious?

WOMEN OCCUPIED THE KASIMPAŞA STADIUM



In November 2021, hundreds of women occupied the Kasimpaşa Stadium together with their children. Aggrieved by ongoing intensive construction development, the women complained that buildings, roads and vehicles had left them with no space, and stated that they had nowhere left to breathe in the city with their children. Complaining that their lives had become increasingly difficult in every way under the pandemic conditions which had been in effect for about two years, the women said they had no other option but to resort to this occupation.

Having converted a large section of the stadium into a vegetable garden, the women are able to save on their food costs by meeting their daily vegetable needs. The occupiers, who set up a playground and mobile library near the vegetable garden, also arranged the covered terraces of the stadium for children to be able to comfortably follow their online courses. The women began to plant trees in the remaining part of the stadium that they found

to be too 'naked'. The uncovered terraces are filled with children playing games and women chatting while knitting. The occupying women state that they are contented by being able to have more time to themselves thanks to the division of labour they have made among themselves. The women, who take turns cooking food in the common kitchen that they occupied, say that they would not leave the stadium where they are able to socialise freely by maintaining social distance in the open air, under any circumstances. Via baskets suspended on ropes, they give the food that they cooked to their husbands, who turn up at the gates of the stadium for dinner, but by no means do they let them inside. The Istanbul Governorship has taken measures to protect the other stadiums in the city from occupation by women. All football lovers are in bewilderment, foremost among them the Kasimpaşa Sports Club players and fans, who can no longer use their stadium. It is feared that the occupation might spread to all stadiums in the city.

Annex News Agency – ANA

As if they are zombies that will eat me:

"Mother. Mother. Mother. Mother. Mother."

Question: Who looks at (after) the mother?

Beyhan Gültaşlar: Born in 1976 in Istanbul, Beyhan Gültaşlar is a graduate of the Department of Architecture at Mimar Sinan University. She continues to work on and learn about architecture, early childhood learning, and how to render early childhood learning visible.

Response: The mother had to read the question a few times to understand it. Repeating "Who is looking at (after) me? Who is looking at (after) me?" did not produce an answer either. Something interesting happened, however. Just as this question was asked, 'mother' got sick. She became Covid+. A process began which required that justice be done to the phrase "to be looked after" in a concrete sense. Once the option of the mother to take refuge with her own mother was foreclosed, the issue of 'the mother's care work' emerged out into the open in all its actuality. Who will look after the mother? How is the mother to look after her child when she can't look after herself? Who is going to look after the mother and the child? In such situations, it is required for the mother to have a 'spouse'. Spouses, as the term implies, match each other in duties and responsibilities and have the property of being interchangeable. Even if this is not so, I find it easier to define it in this way, to be honest. Fortunately, even if this mother did not have a spouse at hand, the child had a father who could meet the care needs of the child that would become an issue should the mother be unable to. Via the situation of the child, a door opened to the mother as well. The ex-spouse was able to look after her too.

That I have cherry-picked singular meanings of the phrases "to look at (after)" and "to be looked at (after)" and explained [them] through a concrete example cannot hide the fact that I did not provide an answer to the question of who looks at (after) the mother, I know. I was not able to expound on the phrase "to be looked at (after)" in

all its meanings and I won't. The example I gave confronted me with the question "Does the family look at (after) the mother?". I am proceeding from there. When writing this, I always felt the need to think about the mother and the child within a nuclear family. I thought about what it is to be a family. The image of the mother-child-father triangle came to my mind, but for some reason, the mother was not on one side of the triangle. I was surprised as to why, to my mind, the mother was not equivalent to the spouse. I was about to brush over it thinking "it's probably a cultural thing", but many more questions immediately swarmed over me. A bunch of questions like "Is the nucleus of the nuclear family, in fact, the mother? Does the mother look at (after) the family? Or does the family look at (after) the mother? What would happen to the mother if the family were to not exist?" On the other hand, I can't believe I hadn't thought about these before. Despite seeing that I have cultivated a concern for them within me and that this concern has pervaded my personality, I see that I have not asked these questions, nor sought their answers. It turns out that I have left the mother within me all alone like that, with her worry of "What will become of me?". And she has, in turn, tried to feel a sense of company by clasping the children at her side and dubbing them "us".

Conclusion: The 'Mother' will dwell a bit more on these questions.

Question: Is the nucleus of the nuclear family, in fact, the mother? Does the mother look at (after) the family? Or does the family look at (after) the mother? What would happen to the mother if the family were to not exist? If the family is an institution, is motherhood (fatherhood) a status?

Seçil Yersel: Seçil Yersel is an artist who works both individually and with Oda Projesi. While she uses photography, sound and writing in her solo works, she

is engaged with process-involvement and relational creations with the Oda Projesi. She focuses on the spaces left in-between. She has a 14-year-old son and this seems so unbelievable and mesmerising to her.

Response: What is the nuclear family anyway? Why is it called a "nucleus"; is it because it is itsy bitsy? The mother is like the mast and the centre of this nucleus. The ideal case is for the family to look at (after) itself, and for everyone to look at (after) each other – both like looking at a mirror and by genuinely loving, protecting and watching over. There has been a misunderstanding, however, and the mother has begun to look after the family – the female bird, the nest etc. Why so? What would happen if the family were not to exist? Nothing would happen. The mother is already a huge family on her own – her insides are packed; the mother's interior is crowded. The family is not an institution. Institutions are boring. If a family becomes an institution, it won't work. The family only becomes such if it expands, if it becomes blurred. Otherwise, that's an institution. That's boring and narrows things down; it's like a pencil sharpener: it whittles and all. It raises the child according to what's demanded. You know, like an institution.

Question: What kind of a person is a bad mother; can one be a bad mother?

Aslı Kiyak İngin: After my education in architecture, I did my masters on understanding traditional cities and their logic of development. Over the years, I have closely followed lighting design and production processes. As an activist, researcher and educator active in the subjects of the city, design, artisanship, production, transformation and sustainability, I have maintained my practice mostly through shared works and sometimes through solo approaches. The Made in Şişhane Project,

‘Desirable’ mother, ‘so-called’ mother

How many types of motherhood are there in the world?



Political Motherhood

There are many examples of motherhood emerging as a means of resistance in periods when political turbulence and repression dominate the geography of Turkey. It is clearly evident that these examples come one after the other without pause or allowing a breather. We'd like to commemorate, here, some of the communities of mothers with the most visibility in the public sphere, who have lost their children who were soldiers, civilians or guerrillas in conflict zones, whose children were imprisoned, had their rights violated or were subjected to forced disappearance under political pressure: The “End The Grief of Losing a Child” Public Meeting of the 1970s / The Relatives and Mothers of Arrestees of the 1980s / Saturday Mothers; Friday Mothers; Peace Mothers of the 1990s / Gezi Mothers; Diyarbakır Mothers of the 2010s.

Environment Mothers

Mothers have been at the forefront in the ecology movement of the last ten years that has mobilised against various construction projects that may result in the destruction of nature. Images of these resisting women are featured frequently by social media and alternative media institutions, mostly in a manner in which they are indiscernible from the larger environmental movement. In this context, one of the figures who became a symbol was Mother Havva, who expressed her reaction to the gendarmerie by saying “Who is the state? We are the people; the state is only a state by virtue of us,” at the resistance action that took

place in Rize against the Yeşilyol [Green Highway] project in 2015.

International Motherhood

Skype Mothers: Mothers who emigrated from the Philippines to foreign countries as care workers end up having to leave their children in their home countries, in order to be able to work in different parts of the world, often illegally. Approximately 2.5 million Filipino children and mothers maintain their relationships over long distances. They perform their home routines before going to bed or school via screens. These women who are care labourers are called “Skype Mothers”. Additionally, a very large number of women in Turkey employed in care work, who came from various Eastern Bloc and Ex-Soviet countries, mostly from Turkmenistan, also practice ‘Skype Motherhood’ in the same way.

Immigrant Mothers: Most of the mothers in different diasporas of Turkey establish solidarity and mutual aid networks called “Immigrant Mothers” or they become members of such groups. They engage in acts of mutual aid, mostly concerning the education of children, but also concerning daily and bureaucratic life in general.

Drawings and writing: Özge Açikkol

References:

Ayşe Düzkan and Filiz Koçali, “Yeni Politik Malzeme Annelik,” [Motherhood; The New Political Material] *Pazartesi: Kadınlara Mahsus Gazete*, [Monday: The Newspaper Exclusive to Women] no. 18, September 1996, 2-3.

Kristel F. Acedera and Brenda S.A. Yeoh, “When care is near and far: Care triangles and the mediated spaces of mobile phones among Filipino transnational families,” *Geoforum* 121 (2021): 181-191.

of architecture and landscape design. Plants, soil, knitting, drawing and cooking interest me. I have recently started to live in Berlin.

Response: Over time, I focused on looking at life and our living environment holistically. This perhaps intensified further very recently. I strive to view not just tasks related to motherhood but also routine tasks I need to do in life, which are at times very boring and time-consuming, at least the same way I view other tasks as well. I chose the way of doing whatever I am doing with the same appreciation. This also affected how I view care work. I think I deal with such feelings by not devaluing in my own mind the tasks that we need to do in life which are simple, but which can be boring, or I just do not experience such feelings often. If I come across such a case of devaluing, I try to remain calm and calmly explain the situation. It sometimes works for me.

Question: Do you experience the dilemmas created by the condition of being a parent and realising that your child is a different individual? If you do, in what situations do you experience them? How would you describe your feelings?

Esra Sarigedik Öktem: I have been working in the field of contemporary art in different countries, in-

stitutions and structures for over 25 years. And for 9 years of this period, I have been a working mother.

Response: I thought that a photograph of me with my child left from the summer would make a very good response to at least the first part of this question. It was Defne's 9th birthday; we were at the pool and we posed for my friend, who approached



us while we were fooling around and playing. I am pressing her tightly onto my lap, almost like in the position of giving birth - there is water between us. This time of the year, this day of the month, this feeling in my stomach is very familiar. But it is also very different. She is an individual almost my height. As I draw her toward me, she

resists and presents her own pose. She has long separated from me physically; I am both proud that she has grown to the same height as me and at the same time it is as if I am saying amidst the water of the pool that wraps around us, “oh, please do not go, we were so good here at this level of intimacy”, as if she were in the mother's womb again. I believe that her mind works separately and better than mine, but on the other hand, I am trying to protect her with my parental mind. Or should I call this life experience? Taking into account the point my generation and the prior generation have brought the world to, it gives me hope to put my trust in her mind. But is this not a very large responsibility we are placing on them? When I participate in the climate strike, when I make my own placard and place hearts next to it, do I feel pride or do I feel shame as a member of the generation that put her in this situation where she has to view participating in a strike at this age as a solution? Of course, I do... I press her tightly against my belly, I am sure she will be a better swimmer than me. But I would not want to slow her down with my weight, nor be afar if she needs me... Like being in an ocean where I do not know what to say tomorrow, which I would not trade for the world...

Question: You know how motherhood involves easing worries, calming and healing;

well, how will we save our children from worries, who are feeling anxiety for the future in the face of aspects of the climate crisis that are becoming increasingly visible each passing day – when we ourselves are experiencing anxieties about the future?

✕ End of the 1st chain.

Question: What does it mean to be a mother?

Mürüvvet Türkyılmaz: Mürüvvet Türkyılmaz is an artist on the journey of becoming herself.

Response: “Not those who speak the same language, but those who share the same feelings can get along.

My heart desires a silent word that is without noise, without commotion, without letters and without sound.

Not more than these three words make up my life;

these three words make up its entirety:

I was raw, I got cooked [I matured], I got burnt.”

Mevlânâ Celaleddin Rumi



Mürüvvet Türkyılmaz, *Yaşam Kaynağı* [Source of Life], 30 x 40 cm, from the album "For Ege".

Question: What does it mean to be unconditionally in love?

(Continued on page 11)

THE CRIME OF DISSUASION FROM MOTHERHOOD

Four women who had decided to become mothers later dropped the idea after talking to their own mothers. These four women, who became founding members of the Association of Women Who Renounced The Idea Of Becoming Mothers, are wanted across the country for the crime of dissuasion from motherhood.

Annex News Agency – AHA



THE MYSTERY OF THE SUSPICIOUS TRACKS IN THE BELGRAD FOREST SOLVED

A group of women and children who managed to live on the run in the Belgrad Forest for a year caused astonishment.

The Istanbul Regional Directorate of Forestry made the following announcement regarding the matter: “As a result of an examination and investigation effort initiated for the purpose of following the suspicious tracks that forest rangers had been coming across for a while, a group of women and children were encountered living in the thick forest region on the eastern border of the Çatalca Peninsula. The women interrogated stated that they had taken to protecting themselves

by hiding in the forest with their children. The fugitive women stated that they were subjected to domestic violence and that they had had to resort to this in order to protect their own lives and the lives of their children. They added that they had lived until that time by eating mushrooms, wild herbs and fruits that they gathered in the forest, that they grew their own food in the forest by planting the seeds they had brought with them, that they slept in tree hollows and that they were very happy in the forest. The fugitive wild women demanded to the officials that they not inform their husbands of their whereabouts and that they leave them in the forest. They stated that this was their final demand of the statesmen who had never protected them from the violence of their husbands.”

Annex News Agency – ANA



Drawing: Güneş Savaş, 2019
Notes from a meeting between invited women and Oda Projesi during the pandemic lockdowns.

→ AİTİ ← İNA → EMA MOER ← MAMNİKA → MAJKA ← MATİ → MARE ← MAJKA → MAE MATKA AHM

ANNE → MUTTER ← MAM → ME ← AMMEE → MATİ ← MAMMA → MZAA ← MZA

“I am a mother but I am not chaste.” We do not accept ‘imposed motherhood’!

We do not assume motherhood roles! **Motherhood: As if it doesn't exist at all...**

Speak Out Your Motherhood. **MA: Mothers Anonymous!** I was just about to become something. That's when I became a mother. That ambition, shall I say, or something else...

has triggered me to become more hardworking. So, has it on the one hand also given me strength? —

Not feeling like a mother in the period in which we very comfortably share the same life, but feeling like a mother when they declare their independence and say “I’m not coming”. So, is motherhood a negative thing, is it a cloud?

– YOU BECOME A MOTHER WHEN THE CONFLICT BEGINS. **Sometimes, 3 men don't add up to 1 woman.**

I HAD A CHILD; I DID NOT BECOME A MOTHER “HOW’S MOTHERHOOD GOING?” IS NOT A VALID UTTERANCE!

You haven't quit anything. You are still continuing to work. You are trying to keep up with everything. On top of all that, you are looking after a child at home too. Why do we not see ourselves there when struggling for the rights of other women?

It may be that we are feeling societal pressure, and when I say society, I mean something like the pressure of our close environment too. I, for example, experienced that a lot. I and all my friends around me were at a very young age, and I used to feel very embarrassed even when telling them. I was embarrassed even when saying “I am having a child” and that notion of the fit mother, the

mother who works at the same time, the mother who does something else

simultaneously... I was feeling so much pressure on myself...



SüperMOM!



A very small bit of research data:

According to a piece of research conducted among women working at a bank, the performances of women who return from maternity leave are, at a very frequent rate, much higher compared to before. However, when spoken to, this is what turns out to be their perception regarding themselves: I'm doing very badly. I can't concentrate. I can't keep up.

MAMMA ← MATHAIR → NYOKAP ← BIAN → IBU ← FU → ANYA ← MAJİ → MA ← M

ZI → MADRE ← MAMĬ → MAMA ← MATKA → MAJKA ← MAICA → MAĬ ← MATAJĬ

Recently I made an arrangement with a friend; from now on I will go and sleep at theirs. Because I want to sleep in a home. Perhaps I can rent a hotel room too, I don't know. I want to lie down and sleep all day.

Your mother is a witch,
my little one!

A HOTEL FOR MOTHERS. MOTHERS' HOTEL.

By becoming a mother, I turned into a space open to intervention. That is, I became public. After you get pregnant, your body becomes a sort of public property.

They will suckle all day. Why didn't you tell me that? I was crying "why did no one tell me anything about breasts?"



Illustration: Frank T. Merrill, *Little Women*, 1896

What happened? Our people love holy motherhood. "They must be holding all the doors for you," they said. Well, in my case – I don't know if it's about how I dress – not at all. On the contrary, I feel like I am being met with disapproval on the street. Baby carriage, mini skirt, low-cut top etc. It seems people don't really like that. I am also really sick of my mother's interference. I get really sick of people interfering on the street too. **Just leave me to my own devices a little.** Don't interject about whether the child is cold. I think the fear of the word "mother" is precisely due to this. The concept of the mother is very one-size-fits-all. When we talk about a woman, for example, we can imagine a slew of varieties, but when we talk about a mother, suddenly they all become cast in the same mould.

The Director of Religious Affairs said:

"No profession can be assumed to be more important than motherhood!"

"Don't you dare produce a work on motherhood."

That's what they told me when I went to the opening of the exhibition with the baby. I don't feel like it at the moment,

but what's it to you?! Someone really has to say this.

→ MAICA ← MATKA → MEDR ← MAMMAN → MOR ← ANNE → MOTINA ← MATER → OKAASAN ← MADRE

MAKUAHINE → MANMAN ← MANA → MĬTERA ← MUTTER → MAMAN ← MERE

MEME → NENE ← MOEDER → ANNE ← DEDA

“No offence, but you cannot work here with children’, they said.”
“After becoming a mother, it began to feel like I was stretching some things too thin; so, I wanted to think about the present condition.”
“Does [the child] have to come along with me everywhere I go?”
“Is the child something that accompanies me?”
“I protected my child from my work too. An artist’s child does not become an artist. When they are very immersed in art, they begin to distance from it.”
“Along with the kid emerge the traumas of the couples too.”
“If only [the child] were to go to sleep so I could take a breather, I say.”
“We didn’t think about [the child] starting school when giving birth. If we had thought of school, we wouldn’t have given birth.”
“My daughter’s comfort object was my breast, so I came with my breast. When we say motherhood, the only thing that comes to my mind is the breast.”
“I carry my son like a bag.”
“I have to overthrow myself.”

“In art circles, if you have a child, you are not to let people sense the existence of the child, you are to act like the other, male artists, like you do not have a child.”
“I was producing still-lives throughout the duration of my pregnancy.”
“Once I moved away, as I was founding my business, I confronted my motherhood.”
“I decided to start over. If I have a child, if I am a mother, so be it, whatever I am experiencing will come out.”
“This is an issue of imposed identity.”
“Is it necessary to protect the child from the workshop?”
“The desire to live with my family emerged in my head, body and mind.”
“The desire to be left alone is one of the most valuable things, which I realised after becoming a mother.”
“What changed in my works after becoming a mother?”
“Instead of an artist with a child, can we think about the concept of an artist who lives with a child?”





Question: What is it to be unconditionally in love?

Yasemin Nur (Erkalır): I was born in 1976 in Istanbul. I reside in Istanbul. I am the mother of Bade Nil Toksoy and Lara Aral Toksoy. They are twins. They were born in 2004. I have been a member of the Department of Painting at the Mimar Sinan Fine Arts University Faculty of Fine Arts for about 20 years. I started as an assistant and acquired the title of associate professor. On top of that, I became the vice dean of the FFA. At the moment, I am teaching with Can Aytekin at the Department of Painting Gravure Application Workshop. I have love and respect for making and doing. These days, searching for niceties, I want to let myself be at traditional crafts, the appreciation of handcraft, and drawing, thinking and making and doing with these methods. But sometimes I hold back as well.

Response: The link in the question chain that fell to me came just at a time when my 16-year-old twin children, who are plural in their own singularities, have been tearing me up and ripping me apart with their mood swings. I transcended myself. The question you directed at me in these days when I am being ripped apart, reminded me of a poem that I love very much. A section of Edip Cansever's poem "Gravitational Carnation" was saved on my computer. Instead of writing up the poem as it was, I wanted to photograph it off of the screen, with the files around it. In these days when I am asking "How many people am I?", I thought being at the desk, the desktop, would be good. Then - I don't know if I can provide two photographs - My gaze immediately drifted to the side, off the screen, and saw those figurines. The one which is holding two babies to her belly has a beautiful story too: The mother of one of my close friends wanted to buy me a gift after the birth of the twins. She entered a shop in the Netherlands that sells figurines of Mary and Jesus. By begging and pleading, she got them to add another baby to the figurines that are actually supposed to be just one baby and the mother. She had to coax them quite a bit to get them to transform the figurines, which were actually a Mary-Jesus depiction. I found myself thinking "What would have happened had Mary had twin babies?". And the other one was left in a box when I moved to the home that I am living in now, by my cousin who lived here before me. Nourishing a passion as it passes from hand to hand...

Speaking of hand to hand,
I wrote to you in a manner of jumping from
one thing to the other.



Photograph: Yasemin Nur (Erkalır)

Question: What do you do to convince yourself that you are not divided and to stay as one? Are you kind-hearted towards yourself?

Aslı Duru: Aslı Duru lives in Berlin. She conducts para-academic studies on the topics of the city, space, gender, violence, memory and the future. If she is not at her desk, she is mostly in the kitchen and/or she is probably hanging out with her daughter.

Response: I frequently find myself divided and when in that state, I cannot persuade myself. I do not listen to reason. In that cloudy environment of the mind which I believe is my actual climate, my own soil; my mind sharpens as it divides me up slice by slice, pixel by pixel. Communicating with it through speech is like catching a falling knife. It pierces me. Only when placed on a lap and released does it feel the need to perceive gravity and that it is inclined to fall around it (vulnerability), but that it does not do so (safety) and that it has been calmly released, and I even feel the need for an experience that corresponds to finding that safe experience play-like. I search for an encompassing environment that will sensorially remind me in a unified way that I am living this life, that I am original and whole. It can be a hot shower or a hug from my loved one. Sometimes, conversely, losing someone dear or a disaster - an earthquake, for example - has led to my sudden and outright perception of my existence and the cleansing of my voids by clearly exposing life's centre of gravity. In the appendix is what was left from a clear moment loaded with feelings of selfhood that I had experienced when I learned that a dear one was preparing to fight breast cancer at such a time, when I was preparing for motherhood.



Photograph: Aslı Duru

Question: Do you parent yourself? Is there someone or something that inspired you, that influenced you, that played a role in changing your perspective in a positive or negative way regarding self-parenting?

Anita Sezgener: Anita Sezgener was born in 1971 in Istanbul. She comes from a Sephardic Jewish family. Her poems, writings, interviews and translations have appeared in various magazines. She translated Anne Carson's *Short Talks* (Nod Press, 2018), Raymond Federman's *Voice in the Closet* (Nod Press, 2018) and Jennifer Martenson's *Xq28(1)* (Nod Press, 2015). She draws archetypal thingies for books and book covers. As a women's visibility project, she has been putting out the culture-art-literature zine *Cin Ayşe* since 2008. At the same time, she is one of the editors of the *Moero Zine*. She has been Alina's mother since 2017. Some of her published books are *Ambush Knower* (Norgunk, 2008), *The Sound of Many* (Heterotopya, 2015), *Tikkun Olam: Poems of Walter Benjamin* (Nod Press, 2017), *Pulse Registry* (Nod Press, 2020) and *Arrhythmia Corridor: Collected Works* (Everest Essays, September 2020).

Response: I first heard about natural parenting, then I heard about slow parenting, which sounded nice to me. Actually, the warning phrase "Hook up the oxygen mask to yourself first, then to your child" on flights got inscribed in my mind first. If I were not well, how could my child be? Our process of attaining a child was long, it took about 3.5 years. Following an exciting, highly controlled, cautious process of pregnancy, a miracle child came into the world. We actually entered parenthood tired; they call the situation those like us are in "late parenthood". It would be more accurate to say that I self-suggest rather than self-parent; when the child gets stuck at stages they need to get over, I receive assistance in the form of therapy. It's as if I am the one failing to get past those stages; if I could pass them, they would as well. We were to work with an expert for sleep training; we started, but when my anxieties surged, we postponed. I continued for a long time to put them to sleep on my breasts; when we ceased doing that in a sweet and affectionate manner, they were by then ready to sleep on their own anyway. It's like nothing happens the way you planned ahead or in the way you feared; children adapt more quickly to changes than their parents. Us parents can get stuck in the thickets we've been dragging along with us since infancy, since childhood; once this is noticed, the necessity arises to realise the change within our own selves first. I have friends whom I consult, confide in and receive support from on issues I get stuck at; bless them. But still, because every child develops and does things at a different speed, it can become necessary to on the one hand guide the child, while on the other hand wait for the time when they are ready. I follow "Attachment Parenting Turkey" constantly. I like it a lot, it makes me come to my senses.

THE CHILD POPULATION IN TURKEY FELL BY HALF OVER THE LAST 50 YEARS!

While the child population which, according to the United Nations definition, includes the 0 to 17 age group, constituted 48.5% of the total population in Turkey in 1970, this rate fell to 27.2% as of the year 2020. According to the Address-Based Population Registry System (ADNKS) figures, as of the end of 2020, 22 million 750 thousand of the 83 million 614 thousand people who made up the population of Turkey were children. 51.3% of the child population were boys, while 48.7% were girls. The province with the highest proportion of children in the population in 2020 was Şanlıurfa, at 45.3%. The three provinces with the lowest proportion, meanwhile, were Tunceli, at 17.3%, Edirne, at 18.1% and Kırklareli, at 18.7%. According to population projections, it is predicted that the child population rate will fall to 26.6% by the year 2025, to 25.6% by the year 2030, to 23.3% by the year 2040, to 20.4% by the year 2060, and to 19% by the year 2080. That this rate fell by half over the last 50 years also indicates a drop in the number of mothers.

Does this data show that women have mostly begun to make the decision to give birth to a child by themselves?

Source: TÜİK

Question: What would you like to oppose or add to the argument “Motherhood affects the practice of art negatively”?

Asako Iwama: Born in 1975 in Tokyo, Asako Iwama lives and works in Berlin and Tokyo. Her background as both cook and artist has led her to organise a number of experimental workshops and field trips that explore the social dimensions of eating. Her more recent practice further investigates historical and technological shifts in relationships between natural elements and the body as material and subjectivity through physical engagement, including (re) modelling, sampling, tracing, and research.

INTERNATIONAL MOTHER LANGUAGE DAY

February 21, which UNESCO has accepted as International Mother Language Day, is the day a demonstration against the imposition of Urdu as the official language on the Bangladeshi people was suppressed by force of arms in Pakistan in 1952. 39 languages are spoken in Turkey, a country with a profound diversity of mother languages. 40% of the languages spoken on Earth are under threat of extinction. More than 7 thousand languages are spoken and more than 5 thousand ‘indigenous’ cultures and more than 370 million ‘indigenous’ people live in the entire world.

Response: I continue to feel uncomfortable with the word "motherhood".

I have never personally felt that motherhood comes naturally to me. Maybe never will. It's more about the time distribution issues of care labour, the nature of a child's need to always be watched by grown-ups, that made me think of the constant fragmentation of time and memory.

Its issue is more about the fact there is the idea that being productive is a good thing, and I guess that's the problem with using concentration and persistence as quality criteria. And all of this is deeply attributable to the contemporary social structure, which of course affects my mentality and own artistic practice and production. I think care work is a completely invisible labour that makes it difficult to share and have understanding.

“Motherhood”

is myths created by society for the sake of the economy;

like the expression “mother nature”, etc...

Question: Do you think motherhood comes naturally to a woman?

Would you do it again if you knew now?

Nadin Reschke: Nadin Reschke is an artist and single mother. In my work, I use fabric and textiles from a feminist perspective to focus on social issues and work with people outside the art world. My daughter has become part of a lot of my works.

Response: Being a mother is something strange. I remember vividly the moment when my daughter just dropped out of me – lying between my legs – and I suddenly realised I was crying – that I would never be independent me again. It came as a shock to me, and felt like a

loss. One hour later, I was in hospital because the midwife helping me to give birth suggested that my daughter needed medical treatment after a 22-hour-long labour. The first thing I was confronted with was the (male) doctors telling me what kind of a mother I would be, giving birth at home – taking such a risk for my child. Now it might be too late. My daughter survived and got well, but Motherhood did not come naturally to me and I guess it's like this for a lot of women.

Now some 9 years later– I am not available all the time. I am not lovely, cheerful, grateful all the time. I am not attached to my daughter all the time, I don't make her priority number one all the time. I don't want to and I guess I can't. Like right now –I am on an Artist Residency in another city. My daughter stays at home with my mum while I am working here. She calls me every day – sometimes I call her. We chat and give each other kisses over the telephone. I love her and motherhood is something that I perform every day– I want the idea of motherhood to change in a powerful and empowering way.

Question: Imagine your child being a parent! What do you see?

Kija Benford: I am Kija Benford, 24 years old and a mother and artist. During my third year at art school, I became pregnant with my son. When I started my graduation year after his birth, I was confronted with the taboo surrounding motherhood in art and the invisibility that I experienced as a mother at St Joost. The study on motherhood in art that followed, resulted in the birth of Vrouwenmantel Art Research Group.

Response: When my son and I fought for his birth, a new woman arose from that birth. A mother who is an autonomous artist in which the transformation to motherhood is an enrichment instead of a defect that has to be overcome, no matter how often (male) artists make it appear that way. When I announced that after the birth of my son I would start my fourth year at the art academy St Joost in Holland, I received reactions of surprise from my environment; people had not expected that or thought it was very impressive that I was going to 'try' to finish my education.

How surprised people were at this choice; I was amazed at their reactions. It had always been obvious to me that I would continue with art school after the birth of my son. My art practice is inextricably linked to who I am and it is therefore inconceivable for me to say goodbye to it, even impossible. My art practice is the attitude to life that I want to pass on to my son, namely the infinite fascination and inquisitive attitude towards what amazes you.

Should my son have a child of his own in the future, I hope that I have been able to pass on to him that becoming a parent does not mean that your identity disappears with the birth of your child (or that the artist in you fades away). You don't change beyond recognition. Yes, I became caring, loving and concerned through motherhood, but my new nurturing role was unimaginably wider than the cliché that still

surrounds us in the art world. Parenting is an addition to who I was before I became a mother and I hope it will be for my son too, should he become a father.

Question: What did 'the maternal' mean to you before you became a biological mother?

Libia Castro: I'm Libia Castro, born in Madrid, and growing up in the 70s in Bilbao and between '11 and '17 in Nerja in the Province of Málaga, in the south of Spain, where part of my family comes from. After that, I lived in a commune and studied object design in Germany in Dortmund, and flamenco dance at the Folkwangschule. I then continued with visual arts in Milano and finished my studies with the master of visual arts in Groningen, where I started my artistic collaboration with my partner Ólafur Ólafsson (Iceland), with whom I have a child, Ísar, born in 2012, in 1997 in Berlin. Since '97 we have worked and lived together, have been based in The Netherlands, and travel quite a lot with our work, staying temporarily in different places and countries, always working site-related and often forming temporary collectives and/or different collaborations with people of all walks of life.

Response: "The maternal", to help me start, I will translate first into “lo maternal o lo materno” in Spanish, my mother language. In concrete and abstract it meant all that is from the mother, concrete like “your maternal aunt”. But, as I say, it also had a much more abstract meaning, as a (big and cosmic) generic adjective, and when used in different contexts and combinations it included in its meaning other positive adjectives and substantives, which were and are its synonyms, such as softness, protective, warmth, support, anchor, caring, nurturing, defensive, like when we say “Qué maternal” (“How maternal”), and we mean how loving and caring, all warmth... Also, in relation to “instincts”, like “maternal instinct”, which I understood more as protective and ready to defend and fight for those you care for. Though this one could also include a horror feeling and meaning to it, as for a concrete person becoming obsessed with her offspring and over-controlling... In a subjective way, the maternal is related to my mothers – my mother and grandmothers and great grandmothers – and on the other hand, in concrete, it was also a word with a somewhat distant meaning for me, who did not think of having any children for a very long time and did not identify much with it in general.

Question: How did you feel right after giving birth?

Özge Açıkol is an artist and has been a member of Oda Projesi since the year 2000. Her practice is shaped around collectivity, art production, housework, publishing, translation, volunteering in solidarity groups, 'motherhood', reading/writing and sometimes all of these intertwined.

Response: I felt I was being tied up in chains. In fact, this began with my pregnancy: I realised that I had started to form a different kind of bond with the women in my family with whom I unfortunately only got the chance to form a very short-term relationship, meaning I started to very frequently talk to my paternal and maternal grandmothers who were no longer alive in that period; during that

process, I related more to these women who did not physically exist than to my own mother. As for right after childbirth, it was as if I felt the presence of a grandchild as well. I remember being very surprised at this fast-forwarding process. I think this spiritual bonding also gave me the strength to be reborn as a mother, to exist as a mother; I was able to welcome both Rona and this new “me” calmly. These were what I felt ‘right after’; had you asked about a bit later, it would take forever to tell.

Question: Are you able to maintain your integrity? What do you do to be able to?

Ruken Kaplan: I have been working as a music teacher for 12 years. I write poems; my poems were published in Norgunk’s Aç Yazı magazine between 2015 and 2019. In addition to that, a verse from my poem “A Nothingness that is a Bed of Roses – Cover” was used as the title of an exhibition by Ariel Art in 2016. I have been Ozan’s mother since January 27, 2020.

Response: To me, ‘maintaining integrity’ is about our body, everything begins where the body ends: maintaining/being unable to maintain integrity, drifting, changing place... Our own map, between us and the galaxy. And that is only possible by maintaining your place.

How do I do that? By narrowing my field of movement and by slowing down. At the same time, I am maintaining my integrity too. Where is that place? The first place is the mother’s womb. That is an area where we are whole or complete, after that it is chaos. In order to be whole again, one needs to fall into ‘language’.

Question: How do you maintain your place?

✕ End of the 2nd chain

A LOOK AT TURKEY FROM MARS

In Tokat, which is one of the 12 provinces in Turkey where no femicides were committed in the year 2020, Volunteers of the Women’s Branch of the Turkish Red Crescent thanked men for their sensibility and distributed carnations to them.”

Question: Who is the mother?

Aysuda Kölemen: I am a political scientist. I have a 9-year-old son and I work and live in Germany with my family.

Response: This is a very difficult question. Actually, an impossible one. If the question was “What is the mother or what sort of person is she?”, I would have completely different answers. When the question is “Who is?”, motherhood becomes an identity, or even the ‘main [mother]’ identity. When we say “Who is the mother?”, we make motherhood into the centre of our being rather than a part of it. I think this in turn reflects one of the most fundamental questions of motherhood in our day. Our identity, which we developed over 20, 30, 40 years, through struggle, by the sweat of our brows, falling and getting up again, laughing and crying, recedes into the background as soon as we become mothers; motherhood comes to occupy the very centre of both our existence and our actions. We say “I am a mother”. Then we ask ourselves, we ask those around us, we ask society “Who is a mother?” and they ask us back. As if it is a question that has an answer and some people know the definite answer to this, but no one has explained it to us yet, and we try to get clues from each other to solve this riddle. Then we miss that non-motherhood identity, those identities of ours. We worry about how motherhood can be reconciled with them, or if they can be reconciled at all; we fear whether not letting go of them is to give up our child. But we cannot become mothers by giving up on ourselves, because we cannot become anything by giving up on ourselves, and we aren’t. Who is a mother, then? I am. A single woman, in all her uniqueness and deficiency, with all her experiences and actions before and after motherhood; it is me who has added motherhood to her thousand and one identities outside of motherhood.

Question: If I were to say “not every negative thing that happens to your child is your fault”, could you truly believe that?

Ayça Ince: I am celebrating the learning process between when I became a mother and when I became conscious that I had become a mother. I can define this experience, which has lasted for 5 years so far and has turned all forms of learning upside down, briefly as “unlearning”. I’m not talking about forgetting what I read and heard from other mothers, including those transmitted down by the patriarchy, but running them through a filter unique to us and making them ours again. Coming to exist again and anew, at times with me, at times with my daughter and at times with me and the girl inside me, is very precious.

IT IS ENOUGH THAT
YOU’VE USED
YOUR HAIR LIKE A BROOM
RISE UP WITH
YOUR BROOM! EMBRACE
YOUR OWN REVOLUTION!



Care, sisterhood, witchcraft

The Banality Of Care

Özge Açikkol

When the notion of care is considered in all its aspects, ranging from the hierarchical and disproportionate relationship produced by the act of care to ‘support’ and ‘solidarity’, two questions emerge: Who determines a person’s needs? How to become a subject?

Since we have been confined to our homes due to the pandemic, and care, which is essentially a ‘reproductive’ work, has pervaded life with all its might, I have realised that it was something that I did more ‘naturally’, that is, without thinking or noticing, in our prior ‘normal’ life or because I considered that life normal. However, in the world order that the pandemic has turned upside down, domestic reproduction has increased so much that it has become unnatural. Thus I, possibly tactically, felt the urge to detach myself from this act.

As I went through the process of motherhood, which is not separate from both highly personal and environmental variables, I started to think about how I could extend the act of care both theoretically and practically. I hoped that by doing so, I would be able to break free from the gender roles that had been imposed on me as a biological mother, as well as from institutionalised motherhood. In 2012, when my son Rona entered my life, and afterwards, we were thrust into a period of social and political turmoil. My first year as a mother coincided with the Gezi resistance, and more complicated periods followed. Meanwhile, I began to wonder why enacting motherhood and doing care work are limited only to our own households, what can we do to spread this out, whether I am the mother of just my own child. These questions coincided with the rise of post-Gezi solidarity groups. Then, also as a result of my experience thinking about ways to develop face-to-face relations with communities, which I gained through the Oda Projesi, I began to take part in various solidarity groups. I was even more excited when I came across a similar approach in the preface to Silvia Federici’s *Revolution at Point Zero*: ‘[I]t is through the day-to-day activities by means of which we produce our existence, that we can develop our capacity to cooperate and not only resist our dehumanisation but learn to reconstruct the world as a space of nurturing, creativity, and care.’¹

Care has two almost diametrically opposite sides that can turn into one another at any

moment. When does care as an act of ‘loving, sustaining, supporting’ become interference with existence and even domination of the care receiver? Or how can we provide care without getting lost in it, without giving up our own subjectivity? Although motherhood oscillates between these two poles, this issue is rarely addressed since we regard care as absolute.

The title of the article alludes to Hannah Arendt’s *The Banality of Evil*.² I would like to draw a parallel with Arendt’s argument here. Because I believe that the fact that care is an act open to abuse has something to do with its banality. In *The Banality of Evil*, Arendt covers the Jerusalem trial of Adolf Eichmann, one of the Holocaust’s leading figures, attempting to follow Eichmann’s steps towards the Holocaust and analyse the defence. Arendt states that his actions are related to ‘such remoteness from reality and such thoughtlessness’: Every action that becomes banal ‘can wreak more havoc than all the evil instincts taken together which, perhaps, are inherent in man’.³

Now let us turn our attention to the polar opposite aspect of care, ‘invisibility’, and the loss of the subject in motherhood. Treating care as a routine task is also devaluing it. In response to this devaluation, the International Feminist Collective (IFC), which was initiated in 1972, launched the ‘Wages for Housework’ campaign. IFC argues that women should also be paid for housework. ‘The fact that housework is unwaged has given this socially imposed condition an appearance of naturality (“femininity”) that affects us whatever we do.’⁴ Is it possible to measure the value of care? Domestic labour, even if waged, is one of the jobs with the highest risk of being ‘exploited’. Because a strike is possible at the factory but not at home. From a conscience standpoint, for example, it is impossible not to feed or cook for your child. This mechanism of conscience is also active in women who work as professional caregivers, that is, women who make a living by providing care for people other than their own families. It is clear that the caregiver, whether paid or unpaid, is extremely vulnerable to abuse. As long as the act of care is considered ‘banal’, the danger of abuse always lurks alongside it.

In 1969, artist Mierle Laderman Ukeles proposes an art practice that she calls ‘Maintenance Art’. In her manifesto⁵, she declares that she



Mierle Laderman Ukeles, *Washing/Tracks/Maintenance: Outside*, 1973
Performance scene, Wadsworth Atheneum Museum of Art, USA

will bring the housework to the museum space, go there every day and do household chores such as cleaning or cooking, thereby rendering domestic labour ‘visible’. In 1973, she does so in *Washing/Tracks/Maintenance: Outside*, a nearly 4-hour performance at the Wadsworth Atheneum Museum of Art. Most of the museums to which she has previously proposed the project have declined to show it. Is it true that art has the power to render everything visible? The subjects of motherhood and invisible domestic labour remain taboo. Care, housework, or motherhood have no place in this field, despite claims that ‘life and art’ are inextricably intertwined. ‘In our novel, excessive devotion to or severe resentment toward the mother is never questioned,’ comments Adalet Ağaoğlu.⁶ So, it is necessary to re-evaluate what kind of life it actually is that is claimed to be intertwined with art. Why is it that the act of care, which is fundamentally the maintenance of life, is disguised beneath another appearance of life, as if it does not exist at all? If we can make it more visible, we might be able to develop new techniques to disseminate the act of ‘care’ as ‘support and solidarity’ to other areas of life, and we might be able to gain the capacity to transform care into a means of struggle and resistance.

¹ Silvia Federici, *Revolution at Point Zero*, PM Press, 2012, p. 3. ² Hannah Arendt, *Eichmann in Jerusalem: A Report on the Banality of Evil*, Penguin, 2006. ³ *Ibid.*, p. 288. ⁴ Silvia Federici, *Revolution at Point Zero*, p. 34. ⁵ Mierle Laderman Ukeles, “Maintenance Art,” Queens Museum, 1969, <https://queensmuseum.org/wp-content/uploads/2016/04/Ukeles-Manifesto-for-Maintenance-Art-1969.pdf> (access on 12 October 2021). ⁶ Adalet Ağaoğlu, *Göç Temizliği* [Migration Cleaning], third edition (İstanbul: Yapı Kredi Publications, 2000), p. 221.

Response: Yes, with all my heart. Like the time that passed between when I said she is the best thing that ever happened to me and when I came to know what that meant, it took me quite a while to learn that everything that happens to her also has a reason. This does not mean that

the life paths of the two of us do not overlap, intertwine or affect each other. Especially in the period of infancy, it was as if our hearts were beating together. At the same time, I can see that in time we can part and grow differently. While secretly I wish that moment would come as late

as possible, I wish to learn to surrender to the magical harmony of the inevitability of this situation and of everything happening at its own proper time. Perhaps this is something about becoming a mother in my 40s: I am more patient concerning life and what it brings with it.

Care, *sisterhood*, witchcraft

A Passage Through

Güneş Savaş

Conflict or rivalry among women, masculinisation of women, women's circles, witches, profound empathic bonds and common destiny, the solidarity of the oppressed, feminism... Various femininities with various facets. The luminous passage through which I will attempt to navigate: the sisterhood. To be the branches of a massive tree growing in separate directions. Being subject to the same set of rules and requirements, but reaching toward the light in diverse ways. Side by side, yet with a certain distance. Just like the Oda Projesi collective that I am a part of. (Growing in a collective consisting of women.) The whole space that a tree occupies from top to bottom, layer by layer, harbours various forms of life and being. The relationships between these multiple levels and modes of being are delicate — just like the relationships between women. And it is from this delicate balance that sisterhood arises.

That captivating glimpse of the stance that you catch on the mother of your child's classmate, the woman sitting in front of you on the bus, or the peasant women who resist the establishment of a mine on the bank of a stream. Women comprise women. There are intriguing parallels between the early years of youth and motherhood. In both periods, you must find sis-

ters for yourself, otherwise walking this challenging road alone would be painful.

We perform the given role of 'Motherhood' even unconsciously. Thus, it is necessary to open up a passage through. To be true to yourself, not to give up being yourself. That is, having a child and not giving up on yourself. You should look at and to other women, in the sense of both seeing them and taking care of and providing care for them, and they should do the same to you. Mothers are the women who tailor time, pursuing the seemingly impossible. What if this mother is an artist as well? This artist mother continues to produce her own art together with a lot of invisible daily work. And her Motherhood is also invisible in her art. Because this is not a favourable subject to discuss. While the paternity of a 'Great Male Artist' has never been an issue in question, the impact of a woman artist's motherhood on her art is, of course, off the table. Both mother and artist? Come on, are we still talking about these, in this century? Yes! Creating just like cooking? While cooking or creating, you need someone to keep you from going insane. A mother – a sister. You need someone you can talk to about art and Motherhood. Thus, as the Room Project, we have been in dialogue with

a wide range of artists and cultural workers, interviewing and documenting since 2013.

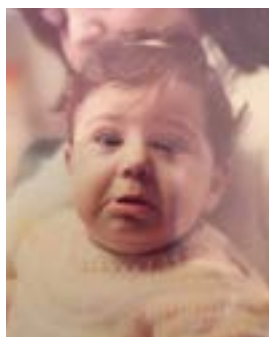
Since 2013, we have been developing 'ANA' (meaning 'mother' in vernacular language). By way of this project, we have been experiencing and contemplating Motherhood and artistic/cultural production. This journey began in Denmark in June 2013, when we participated in a project and guest artist programme together with our sons. We began talking with other women about how becoming a Mother affected our daily lives and artistic practices, how motherhood influenced our production, etc. The name of our project, ANA, which means 'mother' in Turkish, is also an abbreviation of Astrid Noack's Atelier, which invited us. We resumed our meetings despite the current pandemic. Through this project, we entrusted ourselves to the women in our immediate and distant surroundings, and we embraced their tactics to resist the hardships of life as a guide. While taking on the burden of the women who participated in these conversations, we set our hearts on undertaking their care, even for a short time. These intentions may be a little ambitious for an art project, yet they seem somewhat possible when it comes to sisterhood.

For me, the days are still very long, the years very short. For now, I am enjoying our togetherness as much as she, and fulfilling my responsibility towards her as a parent/caretaker. To the extent possible, instead of handing over my own baggage, I am offering my child the life skills I have acquired and am newly acquiring (from growing our food to pickling, from walking barefoot in the forest to expressing my emotions openly). Everything I know is real up to now. And I learned this from her.

Question: What would you say if I were to say "The child within you is also growing along with your child"?

Sibel Yardımcı: I have been a member of the Sociology Department at the Mimar Sinan Fine Arts University since late 2004. In recent periods, I have been doing readings in fields that can be summarised as post-human debates. And I have been trying to find my way as Deniz's mother since 2018.

Response: This question reminded me of these two photographs. When we first saw this expression of Deniz's, we were quite surprised and we laughed. Later, we came across the same expression in my old photographs. Childhood is of course many things, but probably also the following: immediately, directly, uniquely making it clear to the world that we are hurt when it disappoints us.



Sibel, around one year old.
Photographs: Sibel Yardımcı archive



Deniz, 1 year 2 month

Question: Where would you like to travel with a child?

Yağmur Yıldırım: I am an architect and faculty member researching social and ecological justice, gender and reproduction practices with a focus on spaces.

Response: A natural history museum. In fact, it would be so good if we could enter a room full to the brim with botanical and zoological drawings from the 19th century. Observing a child's response to the 'scientific' methods of identification and classification of modern systems which define themselves by means of what they exclude could perhaps open the door to precisely the new relationalities and possibilities we need under the climate crisis.

Question: Can you share a text, fact or experience regarding the repairing, protection or care practices of womanhood (or motherhood) that are fit for our time that you have recently read about, observed or listened to and which made an impression on you?

Katarina Zdjelar: 1979 Belgrade, SFR Yugoslavia, based in Rotterdam, NL is an artist, mother, daughter, granddaughter, friend, colleague and art pedagogue. Working mainly in the medium of moving image and sound, her work explores the way one body encounters another as a site of resistance and possibility, pointing to the fragile agency of collective action in the present. Voice, music, sound and language have been the core interests throughout her practice. Her most recent works look at potentials and legacies of feminist practices, including those of Käthe Kollwitz and Dore Hoyer.



Käthe Kollwitz, *Maria ve Elizabeth*, 1929
Photograph: Katarina Zdjelar

Care, sisterhood, *witchcraft*

Sleeping Witches

Seçil Yersel

This piece was written as if making a potion. To a certain extent, its content is gathered in a cyclical, remembering and being-in-the-present style, rather than within the frame of a linear narrative that takes into consideration cause and effect. Please ensure that the twig you brought is within your ‘field of view’ while reading this text. In a world where everything interacts with every other, I believe that the twig has something to say as well. As Oda Projesi, when we decided to elaborate on motherhood, I wanted to dare to go to the dark side and explore the positive effects of the first association from a different angle. My intention is not to romanticise witchcraft or make it look sympathetic, but to approach it as a power, potential, a new way of living and perceiving the world. When we look at the etymology of the word ‘witch’, we see that it was translated into Turkish *cadı* through Persian *cadu*, which in turn is based on the Sanskrit *yatu* (sorcerer, evil spirit); and the western equivalents of the word come from the Germanic *wicker* (fortune teller). The term is usually reserved for women. In passing, the following poem by Didem Madak comes to my mind:

The Poem of the Grown Child

to Hülya

They call me grown-up now
Do not dip your bread in the salad dressing
I am a grown-up now Füsün
After all those years, I became Harry Potter in the mansions of the rich
The crows of Istanbul are as big as the city itself
A man called shouting has established his rule here
İstiklal Street, while walking among numerous tunes,
Carries me to Tomtom District
I am not walking Füsün the street is walking
This is how I know I am a witch
I do not support any group but the group of stars
You know, men are Ursa Major, and women are tiny coffee pots
Today, a letter entered my atmosphere, igniting and burning
This poem will look like a black wedding dress
One of those long-tailed ones¹

.....

This poem by Didem Madak reminds me of Federici’s following statement: ‘The world had to be “disenchanted” in order to be dominated.’² In her book *Caliban and the Witch: Women, the Body and Primitive Accumulation*, Federici explains how capitalism emerged from the spirit of the Inquisition and describes the witch figure as follows: ‘the embodiment of a world of female subjects that capitalism had to destroy: the heretic, the healer, the disobedient wife, the woman who dared to live alone, the obeah woman who poisoned the master’s food and inspired the slaves to revolt’.³ ‘The body had to die so that labour-power could live,’ writes Federici.⁴ Women’s struggle for rights, efforts to use power, rejection of patriarchy, self-expression, having a say over their bodies, being visible outside the home, or refusal to marry are all punished. From this point of view, and as Federici commented, we might think of the ongoing witch hunts and the rise in femicide all around the world.

I am a woman of a generation who grew up with sexist tales like Hansel and Gretel, Snow White, Cinderella, and Rapunzel. At a young age, I had two experiences with witchcraft: When I was ten, we staged Snow White among friends at the site where my grandmother’s summer house was located in Çınarcık. Strangely enough, I recall the fathers being actively involved in the preparations. I am not sure whether I intended to be a stepmother, an evil queen, or whether the role was just thrust upon me. But from the staging of this Grimm tale, which describes the new queen as ‘a handsome woman, but proud and overbearing, and ... She had a magic looking-glass’, what stuck in my mind was that I was looking into a mirror and asking the following question: ‘Mirror, Mirror on the wall, Who is fairest of us all?’ I was wearing a dress that my mother had worn when she was a child on April 23, Children’s Day: lightly stained, white and long. The Queen has supernatural powers. The magic mirror reflects the masculine discourse that women should be beautiful. When I look in the mirror, is it through the male gaze that I see myself? Even if I were Snow White instead of the evil queen, I would survive by serving seven male dwarves before being killed by my jealous stepmother, and then being resurrected by the handsome prince, and getting married in the castle.

My other experience is related to Rapunzel. From 1978 to 1985, I used to listen to tales from records before going to sleep. Of these tales that I knew almost by heart, it was Rapunzel that impressed me the most: the old witch who ripped Rapunzel from her family, the tower in which she was imprisoned because of a promise once made, her hair hanging from the tower down to the ground and, of course, her rescue by a handsome prince. Whether the woman is bad like the old witch or good like Rapunzel, only a male figure can change her life. In these tales, the female witch, who has the power to actively change and guide life, is invariably punished for her actions. I learned at a young age that changing and altering life is subject to punishment. Happiness is contingent on saving the good, innocent, and beautiful. In her book, *Women Who Run with the Wolves*, American writer and psychoanalyst Clarissa Pinkola Estés argues that these tales are part of a larger whole, and that ‘there is strong suspicion that the informants (storytellers) of that time sometimes “purified” their stories’.⁵ Since there are Russian tales that have not been purified, she speculates, the Grimm brothers must have done some cleaning. Estés also encourages us to reconnect with our wild side: Reading fairy tales and stories with her awakens an unknown, unfamiliar side of ourselves, unlike in our childhood.

As women who are vilified, who are expected to be virtuous and holy in society, and who have paid and continue to pay a heavy price for this, we inherit a ‘memory of being’ that has been attempted to be erased throughout history. I wonder if it is possible to act with this at the back of our minds all the time. Encouragement of the caring, sweet, nurturing mother; the portrayal of an innocent, getting-by mother who survives no matter what; and the attitude that imprisons, denies and defames our instinctive, animalistic, savage side – we need to look at how women are depicted socially, economically, and religiously, as well as the image of women that is promoted. The fact that the woman who instrumentalises herself is satisfied to the point where she feels useful and is unable to exit this role as long as she is satisfied encourages the family, the child, to abuse the mother at some point, intentionally or unknowingly.

How does a woman avoid instrumentalising herself as a being?

¹ Didem Madak, *Pulbiber Mahallesi*, Metis, fourth edition, 2013, p. 15 ² Silvia Federici, *Caliban and the Witch*, Autonomedia, third edition, 2009, p. 174. ³ Ibid., p. 11. ⁴ Ibid., p. 141. ⁵ Clarissa Pinkola Estés, *Women Who Run with the Wolves*, Ballantine, 1992, p. 18.

Question: Could you please describe a situation in which you felt supported as a working mother by an art institution?

Didem Özbek: I am Didem Özbek, the artist and designer mother of Tayga Bozkurt. I am among the founders of the PiST/// Interdisciplinary Project Area. In my art practice, I realise long-process and multi-layered conceptual art projects that I construct on printed material.

Response: Although my collaboration with art institutions has been shaped according to Tayga’s schedule in the last 5–6 years, especially because he has started going to school, we travelled extensively with Tayga before school started. For example, when I went to a conference organised by Witte de With in Rotterdam, The Netherlands, Witte de With had arranged a ‘guest baby program’ at the day-care centre on an adjacent street for Tayga, where he stayed

for days, so that I could comfortably attend all events. I used to run in between the events to the day-care centre and back to breastfeed Tayga. Meanwhile, for the evenings, a babysitter had been arranged for the hotel room so I was able to socialise comfortably. And the room we were staying in was of a size appropriate for living with a baby and specially furnished accordingly; all details had been handled by the institution and the stressful thoughts of a

mother – “how will I manage there now?” – were relieved. At our exhibition at the Madre Museum in Napoli too, accommodation with conditions suitable for living with a baby was arranged. Meanwhile, during exhibition preparations and meals, Pelin Uran, who was among the exhibition curators, acted as Tayga’s volunteer caretaker. Once again, when

I went to London on the invitation of Tate Modern as a speaker at a conference, the accommodation conditions were arranged to be baby-friendly, and the Tate gave us an allowance to hire a babysitter during the daytime.

Our home at the guest artist program in which we participated in Copenhagen, Denmark, was arranged to be on the ground floor because we were with children, and additionally a bicycle with a basket suitable for carrying a child was provided to support our freedom of movement.

Again, the hotel we stayed at in Amsterdam for the War Zone Amsterdam project workshop and the bicycle used were arranged to be ‘child-friendly’ sizes by project curator Brigitte van der Sande, who was a mother herself, without us even asking.

Among all this support, only during the March Meeting of the Sharjah Biennial in the United Arab Emirates had Tayga, his artist mother and his father been taken outside in 50-degree heat and not allowed into the space because the prince was opening the exhibition. Meanwhile, at the dinner reception on the same day, they had not wanted to allow Tayga in for the reason he might cry; but with the intervention of the Tate curators, we were able to sit somewhere near the door and experienced an unforgettable night.

Question: So, as an ‘artist mother’, has there been a situation in which you were not supported by an institution or by art professionals? If yes, can you tell about it?

LIFE ON EARTH:
BEING A MOTHER

According to news from Earth, the female creature who gives birth to a child, or who adopts a child she has not given birth to herself and assumes the task of caring for, is called a mother or a mom. Women who adopt a child or who perform motherhood for the children of their spouse who are not hers are called “stepmothers”. This term used in the definition may not be preferred by the children or parents. In that case, the person in question is called a “mother” whether adoptive or not. The mother whose egg cells are used to bring a child into the world and who usually performs that task herself is called the “birth mother”, and in medical terms the “biological mother”. Meanwhile, the person who does not provide the egg cell and who brings another mother’s child into the world is called the “surrogate mother”. Surrogate mothers usually relinquish their motherhood rights and go through this process either to help someone they are close to who cannot have children or for material gain.

Gülçin Aksoy: I am a labourer of art, let’s say. I have been continuing my art production since the early 90s. Then there is the teaching part too. It’s all one whole.

Question: If I were to say “The child inside you also grows along with your child”, what would you say? (Ayça İnce, see page 13)

It seems that with my child, I got the chance to know my childhood. I remembered that I was a human child, that I was part of some things. I further experienced not only that I was connected to my child, but that we were connected to each other. The relationship I formed with the world became a natural relationship, not to be exaggerated that much.

During that growing-up process, in which I at first watched with surprise, I recorded the first words my child spoke and produced such a work in between my own adult conditions.

My child was speaking and I was trying to keep up.



Gülçin Aksoy, *ıı hıh hı*, 1998
A video scene

Question: Have you ever been alienated from the words “my child”?

Bilge Kalfa: I live in Berlin. I am an architect and simultaneously I am trying to develop a brand called The Keep that collaborates with women designers and produces carpets out of recyclable cotton. I have been teaching at the Berlin International University for 3 years.

Response: I have been a mother for 20 years and 16 months of my motherhood has gone by during the pandemic. Therefore, I believe I didn’t really have an environment in which I could be alienated from the words “my child”. When I first read this question, I thought of how long it took for me to get used to the words “my spouse”, and then the places where I used them. For example, you come across an old friend you haven’t seen for a long while and say “my spouse”. It seems I didn’t run into anyone and say “my child”. I only regularly met with my closest circle. Moreover, even though it was sudden, like the condition of being a ‘spouse’, I spent much more time with Leyla than a nor-

WHEN “WHAT IS A
MOTHER” IS TYPED INTO
THE SEARCH ENGINE

- Phrases regarding what a mother is
- The roots of the word mother
- What does *zıkkım* [a literary term for poisonous fruit] mean
- What does it mean to go on a tirade
- What does the root of *zıkkım* mean
- What does father mean
- The duty of motherhood
- Mother tv series

mal mother-child relationship would involve, again due to the circumstances. But now, for example, in writing a response to this question, I preferred to say “with Leyla” instead of saying “my child”. I feel that the reason for this is something other than alienation; if I were to underline both my unending problematic relation with the possessive suffix and that I possess a child, it seems like I feel the unspoken eye-rolls I would feel in my social environment. Just like how in the past being unmarried was an issue for a woman, today in some groups, having a child or frequently talking about it is also perceived as a problem. In summary, I do not feel alienated from the words “my child”, but I feel like I was rendered alienated from them. And I thank this question for causing me to realise this.

Question: When was the last time you spent a day fully for yourself? Or a period of time?

Pelin Başaran: I have been living in a country other than Turkey for the last 8 years. I am working as a curator in the field of performance arts. I have an 8-year-old child.

Response: Because of pandemic conditions, in order to be able to return from Istanbul to the country I live in now, I had to go to a third country and wait for 11 days. I ended up going on an unplanned vacation, alone, at this place which I couldn’t really come to like, despite it being a Mediterranean city. Despite dreaming of a vacation alone for years, it became a time in which I was not able to find the peace of solitude, because I had buried my mother before arrival. My mother, with whom I quarrelled my whole life, but whom I met anew and to whose affection I abandoned myself with the birth of my son. After childbirth, I was no longer myself; then my mother pulled me together and prepared me for the new life. And on this vacation, I prepared her for her journey – or I prepared myself. I said “my dear mommy” to myself every day,

so that I wouldn't forget how to say it, how it sounded to the ear. I had striven for years not to be like her. This time, instead of noticing the moments I resembled her and running away from those moments, I enjoyed them. I laughed at that a lot. I thought of my grandmother and how my mother ran away from her. I got my hopes up that maybe I could have broken this cycle with my own child. When she had lain down to die, I gathered the stones that looked like those she would keep to do her good. I also believed these stones would do me good; I brought them home. I walked on the streets and, as I walked, I passed through a void. The place I always reached was infinite affection, intimacy and love. When I gave birth, I thought how unique an experience such an ordinary event actually was and I was surprised. My feeling towards death was like that too. How ordinary it was; of course, my mother was going to die, but, you know, it was my mother. I don't think I will ever go to that Mediterranean city again.

Question: What cycle would you like to break?

QUESTION OF THE YEAR

Who is the politician who said "women are sometimes the compassionate pat on our backs, sometimes enlightened ones, sometimes beacons for truth seekers" and which country do they live in?

Olcay Akyıldız: I am a flora/fauna enthusiast who has become an academic instead of an explorer as I should have, living in Istanbul and 50 years of age as of this year. I teach at the Department of Turkish Language and Literature at Boğaziçi University. I think from now on I will to a very large extent only work on women writers and continue to gather pieces of broken glass and ceramics off seashores.

Response: There was a narrative essay titled "Sequence Stories" that I wrote once upon a time. If there wasn't a word limit, I would share that as the response to this question. Even if they don't appear to be directly related, there are two cycles I would like to break for sure: One of them is the pity cycle, which most of the time can turn into a vicious circle. The other is the unhappiness cycle that women of different generations hand down to each other, which frequently contains within it the feeling of guilt. And the feeling of guilt is perhaps what stokes the feeling of pity.

I will break two links off the sequence chain and add them to this response. A mother-daughter narrative of the thickest sort:

"A small, scrawny baby. Is it six months old or nine? Or has it turned a year old? It's constantly crying but its weakly voice gets mixed and lost among the women's lamentations in the house. The women are crying without pause. The men are smoking in the courtyard. The children continue to run about. It is evident that there is an extraordinariness but it is as if they are in a world of their own concerns. The small girl, meaning the scrawny baby, is not sleeping at all. There is a constant howl in the house. Her older brothers - one is three, the other is six years old - are puzzled. They want to leave the house.

The house is howling, the house is ominous. Is that why both would later leave this house at the first opportunity? If it wasn't for their mother and their sister, perhaps they wouldn't have looked back ever again. They made themselves different lives, they became different men. They didn't even know how exactly to love each other. Always worries, always fear, always life, always responsibility. So, the baby? Her name wasn't even decided for certain yet when her father died. Why did they name her Nevzat? They already had two male children. They should have been happy that the third turned out to be a girl. Yet they gave her a male name. Why?"

"Did she ever feel happy for having given birth to a girl too, pray wonder? That scrawny baby grew up and was married off to a man she didn't want to for not even an apparent reason why. The rest was misery. The misery of the marriage lasted a short time, but both the times before it and the times after it were also always complex and partly cloudy it seemed. Every time the sun comes out and it is about to warm her bones, and a smile is about to spread across her face, suddenly a huge cloud moves in front of the sun. Just like in the memory of a picnic she has from her childhood. Her recollection of the cat eating her egg and making a mess of the picnic basket in full detail... So, what did she pass on to her daughter? Perhaps everything, perhaps nothing. Now as she has lain down to die and has virtually become the embodiment of lying down to die, the daughter has virtually become her mother. In everything. Does everyone lie down to die in the same way or is this something else?

The daughter was always a fighter, always combative, and just as strong. She got her affection from her grandmother, her authoritativeness from her mother. Her beautiful clothes and ribbons from her mother. Her prohibitions from her mother, her guidance from her aunt. Her criticism from her mother, her appreciation from her uncle. Just

then, just then... A fragmented love it seems, like a kaleidoscope. Perhaps that's what tired her, who knows? Or does cancer also get transmitted from mother to daughter, like misery? Which thing from which one and while insisting on her own feet and what she says... Then a soft, love-filled area. But always, a struggle. Joyful, angry, assiduous but always full of struggle."

Question: Anything you wanted to give up but could not say goodbye to?

Şifa Girinci: I was born in 1985 in Muğla. I graduated from the Muğla Fine Arts High School in 2003 and from the Painting Department at the Anadolu University Education Faculty in 2007. I've been living in Berlin since the year 2017.

Question: What are the situations/moments that you were stuck in between "my conscience does not allow it" and yourself?



Şifa Girinci, *That I can't farewell*, 2021, from the balcony wall, Berlin, Germany



B: Yemek yapan bi'anne mi?
Sarılan bi'anne mi?
S: Sarılan.
Acıktım ama
sevgiye daha çok acıktım.

B: A mother who cooks?
Or a mother who hugs?
S: ... hugs.
But I am more hungry
For love

Girinci
2021
İstanbul

Drawing: Beyhan Gültaşlar

Cemre Baytok: Cemre Baytok was the coordinator of the Commission to Prevent Sexual Harassment at Boğaziçi University between the years 2016 and 2021: Her job as co-ordinator was terminated by the appointee rector for being a "radical feminist". She has been in the feminist movement since 2008. She is also in the Çatlak Zemin team.

Response: Certain points in my relationship with my mother: While I would not have taken a step back in debates critical to me and compromised at some moments if I were with another, when I am with her, I force myself to respond to certain situations that I don't feel like doing so, from her perspective; and I take a deep breath and try to put this into practice. I am not sure, however, that I am very satisfactory, in her view, when I act according to my conscience as I see it; therefore, the result in my opinion is not being stuck between my conscience and myself, but instead can be a kind of incompetence.

Question: How is your attitude towards your mother's practices of denial or refusal to confront?

✕ End of 3rd chain



S: The soup is ok
B: Thank you
S: Hmm. Not bad reallyyy!
B: Oh Thank you
S: I won't anymore say that my grandma cooks better than you.
B: Hmm. Ok. Merci :)
S: What shall I do with the non-cooked lentils?

Drawing: Beyhan Gültaşlar



TWO MANİFESTOS

Ana F[act]s

To wake up
thinking about the plan of the day
To prepare breakfast
thinking the summer camp workshop
To be unable to go out
while trying to go to a park
To think of lunch
and still trying to make a plan for the rest of the day
To breastfeed
and try to concentrate and relax
To create a game
while the other goes to the workshop and the other cooks
To find the right milk at the market,
while thinking the participants of the sewing act
To search for a toy shop
and avoid buying one for yourself
To avoid him eating too much ice cream
and imagining lying down and just closing your eyes
To keep an eye on the playground
thinking of the list of unreplied-to mails
To cook dinner
while talking about the ANA project
To clean shit and change nappies
trying to stay calm and not to lose your hope
To create the right moment where all three go to sleep
while finding the balance of the chaos
To try to eat after all
while refreshing and restarting for work
To stand up every time the baby cries,
while reading the "maternal interruptions"
To try to work, read and imagine after all,
one step forward two steps back

2013

Fine, but how are we to proceed?
Again and again
By getting up in the morning and preparing breakfast for example
By continuing with your day from right where you left off
By discovering that the parts of life that look like they are separate
Are actually pieces of a whole
Or by accepting
By establishing connective links between
Tasks that surround the day which seem not worth a fig, and art
Fatigued by masks, disinfectant and social distancing
The child back home from school hungry
Thinking about yourself anew
Rethinking 'mother'hood
Rethinking yourself
Becoming an incompatible piece of a whole
Remembering that there is no children's mask at home
Preparing supper
Having what food will be had on one's mind
What is left of ourselves at the end of the day?
The thinness of the line between conscience and guilt, the permeability
The guilty feeling always taking form through another person
Pausing in hesitation when you notice you are feeling
Putting yourself in someone else's shoes without ever putting yourself in your own
The dizziness caused by the time difference between interior and exterior space
Imagining that daily life is a fiction
Not knowing what's behind the door that slams in your face
Not knowing what you are, having the courage to live your freedom
Remembering that your umbilical cord has been severed
Reminding yourself to yourself
So is all affectivity, all oscillation
Because we are mothers? But why?

Mooooooooom maaaaa mooooooooooom!
Yes?

2021

Kadın Çocuk ve Kadın Hakları Derneği Adana Kent Konseyi Kadın Meclisi Adana Kadın Dayanışma Merkezi ve Sığınma Evi Bilge Kadınlar Kooperatifi Çağdaş Yaşamı Destekleme Derneği Çukurova Şubesi Kadın Grubu Ev Hanımlar Dayanışma ve Kalkındırma Derneği Güney Adana Kadın Kooperatifi Kadın ve Demokrasi Derneği KA-DER Adana Şubesi Kıvılcım Kadın Kooperatifi Meryem Kadın Kooperatifi Mor Dayanışma Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Türk Kadınlar Konseyi Derneği Türk Kadınlar Birliği Verim Kadın Kooperatifi Adıyaman Kadın Yaşam Derneği Adıyaman Genç Kuşak Girişimci Kadınlar Derneği Adıyaman Kadın Eli Derneği Bethesna Kadın Girişim Üretim Ve İşletme Koop. Kadın Merkezleri Vakfı Türk Kadınlar Birliği Şuhut Kadın Kültür Evi Çay Kadın Kültür Evi Kültür ve Sanat Evi Kadın Merkezleri Vakfı Günebakan Kadın Girişimi Üretim ve İşletme Kooperatifi Hamidiye Alaca Tatar Ekmeği ve Yöresel Ürünler Kadın ve Sevgi Derneği KADEM Aksaray Aksaray İş Kadınları Derneği Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Aksaray Amesia Arı Kadın Kooperatifi Taşova Hünheri Eller Kadın Kooperatifi Türk Kadınlar Birliği TOBB Amasya Kadın Girişimciler Derneği Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Amasya Antakya Kadın Dayanışması Samandağ Kadın Dayanışma Derneği Anka Kadın Girişim Üretim ve İşletme Kooperatifi Anadolu Kadın Girişimi Üretim ve Kalkınma Kooperatifi Antalya Kadın Danışma Ve Dayanışma Derneği Ahatlı Kadın Kooperatifi Antalya İş Kadınları Derneği Çiğdem Çiçekleri Kadın Kooperatifi Döşemealtı Nar Kadın Kooperatifi Gazipaşa Kadın Girişimi İmece Kadın Dayanışma Derneği Kadın Girişimi Üretim ve İşletme Kooperatifi Kadın ve Demokrasi Derneği Antalya Kadın Kadın Kooperatifi Mor Dayanışma Antalya Türk Kadınlar Konseyi Derneği Antalya Türk Kadınlar Birliği Antalya Alanya Koza Ürünleri Şiddeti Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Antalya Anadolu Bacıları Kadın Kooperatifi Ankael Kadın Kooperatifi Ankara Kahraman Kadınlar Ankara Girişimci İş Kadınları Derneği Altınellerimiz Kooperatifi Aramızda Toplumsal Cinsiyet Araştırmaları Derneği Bala Afşar Kadın Koop Birleşmiş Kadınlar Kooperatifi Cinsiyet Eşitliği İzleme Derneği Çubuk Birtik Kadın Kooperatifi Demir Leblebi Kadın Derneği Engelli Kadın Derneği Ev Eksenli Çalışan Kadınlar Çalışma Grubu Fibula Koop. Gündül Kadın Kooperatifi Günebakanlar Kadın Kooperatifi Ankara İnsan Hakları Derneği Kadın Komisyonu Ankara Kadın ve Demokrasi Derneği Ankara Kadın Çalışmaları Derneği Kadın Dayanışma Vakfı Kadın Dernekleri Federasyonu Kalecik Hanımeli Kooperatifi Kadın Eğitim ve İstihdam Derneği Kaos GL Kadın Grubu Kırmızı Şemsiye Cinsel Sağlık ve İnsan Hakları Derneği Kızılcahamam Lonca Mamak Kadın Girişimi Üretim ve İşletme Kooperatifi Mor Dayanışma Ankara Pembe Hayat LGBTİ+ Dayanışma Derneği Türk Kadınlar Konseyi Derneği Ankara Uçan Süpürge Vakfı Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Ankara Yeryüzü Kalkınma Kooperatifi Zeytindalı Ardahan Kadınlar Derneği Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Ardahan Kadın Dayanışma Platformu Ardanuç Kadın Kooperatifi Artvin Kadın Girişimciler Turizm Geliştirme ve İşletme Kooperatifi Aydın Girişimci İş Kadınları Derneği Didim Kadın Girişimi Üretim Ve İşletme Kooperatifi Didim Kuem Efeler Diyan Kadın Girişimi Üretim Ve İşletme Kooperatifi Güneşin Kadınları Nazilli Mor Dayanışma Aydın Kuşadası Kadın Girişimi Üretim ve İşletme Kooperatifi Söke Kadın Sığınma Danışma ve Dayanışma Derneği Türk Kadınlar Konseyi Derneği Aydın Yenipazar Kadın Koop Güneşin Kadınları Edremit Sil Baştan Derneği Kadın ve Demokrasi Derneği Balıkesir Kadın ve Demokrasi Derneği Balıkesir Mor Dayanışma Balıkesir Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Balıkesir Bartın Kadın Platformu Selis Batman Kadın Danışmanlık Merkezi Kadın Merkezleri Vakfı Batman Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Batman Kadın ve Demokrasi Derneği Batman Bayburtlu kadınlar dayanışma merkezi Bayburt Kültür ve Yardım Derneği Kadın Kolları Kadın ve Demokrasi Derneği Bayburt Anadolu Kadınları Yardımlaşma ve Dayanışma Derneği Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Bilecik Kadın ve Demokrasi Derneği Bingöl Kadın Merkezleri Vakfı Bingöl Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Bingöl Girişimci Kadın Derneği Kadın Merkezleri Vakfı Bitlis Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Bitlis Bodrum Kadın Dayanışma Derneği Türk Üniversitesi Kadınlar Derneği Türk Kadınlar Birliği Bolu Türk Kadınlar Konseyi Derneği Bolu Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Bolu Kemer Asarcık Kadın Kooperatifi Türk Kadınlar Konseyi Burdur Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Burdur Mor Salgını Kadın Dayanışma Derneği İnegöl Kadın Girişimci Koop. Koza Kadın Derneği Gürsu Kadın Kooperatifi Her Dem Kadın İmece Kadın Dayanışma Derneği İmece Kadın Dayanışma Derneği Kadın ve Demokrasi Derneği Bursa Kadın ve Demokrasi Derneği Türk Kadınlar Konseyi Derneği Bursa Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Bursa Bozcaada Kadın Kooperatifi Bozcaada Kadın Kooperatifi Karabiga Kadın Kooperatifi Karabiga Kadın Kooperatifi Çanakkale Türk Kadınlar Birliği Çanakkale Kadın ve Demokrasi Derneği Çankkale Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Çanakkale Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Kadın Danışma ve Dayanışma Derneği Çorum İş Kadınları Derneği Çorum İş Kadınları Derneği Hitit Güneşim Kadın ve Demokrasi Derneği Çorum Mecitözü Kadın Girişimi Puduhepa Ailesi Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Çorum Zerafet Kadın Kooperatifi Ayasofya Kadın Girişimi Üretim ve İşletme Kooperatifi Denizli Koryucu Aile Derneği Kadın Haklarını Koruma Derneği Merkezefendi Kadın Kooperatifi Mor Dayanışma Denizli Acıpayam Çameli ve Serinhisar İlçeleri Kadın Kooperatifi Kadın ve Demokrasi Derneği Denizli Türk Kadınlar Konseyi Derneği Denizli Türk Kadınlar Birliği Denizli Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Denizli Didim Kadın Platformu Kibele Kadın Danışma ve Dayanışma Derneği Diyarbakır Barosu Kadın Hakları Danışma ve Uygulama Merkezi Rosa Kadın Derneği Diyarbakır İş Kadınları Derneği Mor Dayanışma Diyarbakır Kadın ve Demokrasi Derneği Diyarbakır Kadın Merkezleri Vakfı Diyarbakır Lice Kadın Kooperatifi Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Diyarbakır Denizati Kadın Dayanışma Derneği Olimpik Anneler Kadın Girişimi Düzce Kadın Çevre Kültür ve İşletme Kooperatifi Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Düzce Edirne Kadın Merkezi Danışma Derneği Edirne Belediyesi Zübeyde Hanım Kadın Lokali Edirne Belediyesi Zübeyde Hanım Kadın Lokali Dr. Fatma Şahir Memik Kadın Merkezi Türk Kadınlar Birliği Edirne Mor Dayanışma Edirne Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Edirne Kadın Merkezleri Vakfı Elazığ Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Elazığ Elazığ Emek ve Demokrasi Kadın Platformu Kadın ve Demokrasi Derneği Elazığ Katre Kadın Erzincan Girişimci Kadın Kooperatifi Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Erzurum Kadın ve Demokrasi Derneği Erzurum Kadın Yardımlaşma ve Dayanışma Derneği Kadın Girişimliliğini ve İhtidamını Geliştirme Platformu Erzurum Kadın Meclisi Erzurum Kadın Kooperatifi Türk Kadınlar Birliği Erzurum MorEL Kadın ve Demokrasi Derneği Eskişehir Türk Kadınlar Birliği Eskişehir Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Eskişehir Eskişehir Kadın Meclisi Eskişehir Belediyesi Kadın Danışma Dayanışma Merkezi Kadın Adayları Destekleme Merkezi Eskişehir Demokratik Kadın Platformu Eskişehir Nar Kadın Dayanışması Kadın Savunma Ağı Odunpazarı Kadın Girişimi Gaziantep Kadın Hareketi Kadın Savunma Ağı Gaziantep Kadın Hareketi Gaziantep Demokratik Kadın Platformu Gaziantep Kadın Çevre Kültür ve Kalkınma Giresun Kadın Danışma Merkezi Giresun Kadın Mücadelesi Giresun Kadın Hareketi Giresun Kadın Platformu Türk Kadınlar Birliği Gümüşhane Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Gümüşhane Hakkari Kadın Hareketi Hakkari Kadın Kooperatifi Hakkari Hatay Altınöz Zeytin Emegi Kadın Girişimi Antakya Mor Dayanışma Kadın Derneği Hatay Kadınlar Birlikte Güçlü Hatay Kadın Hareketi Iğdır Kadın Meclisi Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Iğdır Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Iğdır Gönülden Kadın Kooperatifi Gülümse Kadın Kooperatifi Senirkent Kadın Kooperatifi Yalvac Pisidia Antiokheia Kadın Girişimciler Kooperatifi Avukma Üreten Kadınlar Kooperatifi Aliaga Kadın Kooperatifi Balçova Kadın Kooperatifi Beydağ Doğal Ürünler Kadın Girişimi Üretim ve İşletme Kooperatifi Bornova Kadın Girişimi Üretim ve İşletme Kooperatifi Buca Kadın Girişim ve Üretim Kooperatifi Ege'nin İncileri Kadın Girişimi Üretim ve İşletme Kooperatifi Gaziemir Kadınlar Kooperatifi Gümöz Mandarin Kadın Girişimci Üretim ve İşletme Kooperatifi S.S.Hıdırlık Tarımsal Kalkınma Kooperatifi Kadının Emek Dünyası Gazete İzmir Kadın Dayanışma Derneği Kadın ve Demokrasi Derneği Kahramanmaraş Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Kahramanmaraş Karamanlı Kadın Girişimci Üretim ve İşletme Kooperatifi Türk Kadınlar Birliği KAGİKADER Kadın Merkezleri Vakfı Kars Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Kars Kastamonu Sanat İşleyen Eller ve Yöresel Lezzetler Kadın Kooperatifi Sarı Konak Kadın Kooperatifi Taşkoprü Köy-Üret Kadın Girişimciler Kooperatifi Ekmek ve Gül Kayseri Kadınlar Derneği Kayseri Kadın Platformu Ravandallı Kadınlar Derneği Türk Kadınlar Konseyi Derneği Kilis Kadın ve Demokrasi Derneği Kırıkkale Şiddet Önleme ve İzleme Merkezi Kırıkkale Kırklareli Kadın Hareketi Türk Kadınlar Birliği Kırklareli Kadın Savunma Ağı Karamürsel Kadın Girişimi Üretim ve İşletme Kooperatifi KARKAD Bacıyan-ı Meram Kadın Girişimi Kimya Hatun Kadın Kooperatifi Sürdürülebilir Doğal ve Adil Yaşamı Destekleyen Kadın Girişimi Üretim ve İşletme Kooperatifi Kutahya Kadın Hareketi Kutahya Kadın Platformu Üretken Eller Kutahya 3K Kale Kadın Girişimi Üretim ve İşletme Kooperatifi Malatya Gülşehir Kadın Kooperatifi Yeşilyurt Kadın Kooperatifi ALAKOOP Salihli Kadın Girişimi Üretim Ve İşletme Kooperatifi Yrca Hanımeli El ve Ev Ürünleri Akhisar Kadın Kooperatifi İpekyolu Kadın Kooperatifi Soma Kadın Kooperatifi Akdeniz Renkli Eller Kadın Girişimi Üretim ve İşletme Kooperatifi Hayat Ağacı Kadın Kooperatifi Mersin Mezitli Üretici Kadın Kooperatifi Mersin Bağımsız Kadın Derneği TEKKOOP Tarsus Emekçi Kadınlar Kooperatifi Begonvil Kadın Girişimi Üretim ve İşletme Kooperatifi Güneşin Kadınları MAKKO Kadın Girişimi Üretim ve İşletme Kooperatifi Avanos Kadın Girişimciler Kooperatifi Ev Yemekleri Restoranı Kadıncık Ana Kadın Girişim Üretim İşletme Kooperatifi Kapadokya Kadın Girişimciler Derneği Ordu Kadın Güçlendirme Derneği Düziçi Kadın Kooperatifi Osmaniye Girişimci ve Üreten Kadınlar Derneği Ardeşen Kadınlar EL Sanatları Tarımsal Kalkınma Kooperatifi Kalayık Kadın Girişimi Üretim ve İşletme Kooperatifi Amazon Kadın ve Yaşam Derneği Samsun İş Kadınları Derneği Göbeklitepe Girişimci Kadınlar Üretim ve İşletme Kooperatifi Mezopotamya Kadın Çevre Kültür İşletme Kooperatifi Urfa İl Kadın Platformu Yaşam Evi Kadın Dayanışma Derneği Sinop Kadın Emegini Kalkındırma Derneği Sinop Kadın Platformu Gürün Hanımeli Kadın Girişimi Üretim ve İşletme Kooperatifi Hafif Kadınlar Kooperatifi Kadın Kooperatifi Gölve ve Köyleri Yıldızlı Kadınlar Kooperatifi Geleceğe Işık Saçan Sırnak Kadın Derneği Karadeniz Kadın Dayanışma Derneği Yaşam Kadın Merkezi Derneği Ovacık Kadın Girişimi Üretim Ve İşletme Kooperatifi Aile Danışma Merkezi, Kadın Danışma ve Dayanışma Merkezi Star Kadın Derneği Van Kadın Derneği Van Kadın Platformu YAKA-KOOP Altınbelde Altınova ve Beldeleri Kadın Girişim Kooperatifi Kadın Cinayetlerini Durduracağız Platformu Yalova Yalova Kadın ve Aile Dayanışma Derneği Aydıncık Kadın Girişimi İşletme ve Üretim Kooperatifi Devrek Güneşi Zonguldak Kadın Platformu Mor Çatı Kadın Sığınağı Vakfı Çocuk İstiyorum Dayanışma Derneği Kadın Emegi ve İhtidam Girişimi Kadının İnsan Hakları Yeni Çözümler Derneği Kadınlarla Dayanışma Vakfı Cinsel Eğitim Tedavi ve Araştırma Derneği Sosyal Politika Cinsiyet Kimliği ve Cinsel Yönelim Çalışmaları Derneği Kadın Adayları Destekleme Derneği Boğaziçi Üniversitesi Cinsel Taciz Önleme Komisyonu Türkiye Kadın Girişimciler Derneği Gülsuyu Gülsunu Kadın Dayanışma Evi Beşiktaş Mor Dayanışma Derneği Kartal Mor Dayanışma Derneği Potlaç Kadın Kooperatifi İmece Kadın Dayanışma Derneği Yoğurtçu Kadın Forumu İstanbul Kadın Müzesi Kadın Emegini Değerlendirecek Vakfı KEDV KEİG KİH_YÇ Gazete Kültür ve Siyasete Feminist Yaklaşımlar KADAV Lambdaistanbul CETAD Spod Türk Kadınlar Birliği KADER SES Feminist Gündem Feminist Mekân Yoğurtçu Kadın Forumu Kadın Savunma Ağı CİTOK İstanbul Sözleşmesi Bizim! Kadın Haklarını Koruma Derneği Mor Mekân Gülsuyu Gülsunu Kadın Dayanışma Evi Beşiktaş Mor Dayanışma Derneği Kartal Mor Dayanışma Derneği Potlaç Kadın Kooperatifi KAGİDER Afganistanlı Kadınlar Sosyal Kültürel Yardımlaşma ve Dayanışma Derneği İmece Kadın Dayanışma Derneği Havle Kadın Derneği Kadınlar İçin Cinsel Sorunların Sistemli Feministe Kız Başına Reçel Blog Sebuka Kadın Cinayetlerine İsyanDayız Sosyalist Feminist Kolektif KADES KAHDEM Lgbti Sağlığı Çatlak Zemin Sığınaksız Bir Dünya Demeyiniz Kadınlar Birliği Kadınlar İçin Cinsiyet Eşitliği Gerek Derneği Kadınlar Cinayetlerine İsyanDayız Kadın Meclisleri EŞİK Platform Kadın İşçi EŞİT 17+ Alevi Kadınlar Kadınlar Birlikte Güçlü Beden Olumlama Hareketi Ekmek ve Gül SİMURG Barış İçin Kadın Girişimi Kırkıyama Kadın Derneği Kadın Meclisi SÖNMEZ Çocuk ve Kadın Derneği Adana Kent Konseyi Kadın Meclisi Adana Kadın Dayanışma Merkezi ve Sığınma Evi Bilge Kadınlar Kooperatifi Çağdaş Yaşamı Destekleme Derneği Çukurova Şubesi Kadın Grubu Ev Hanımlar Dayanışma ve Kalkındırma Derneği Günebakan Kadın Girişimi Üretim Ve İşletme Koop. 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Association → Cooperatives ←
Solidarity →
Centers → Communities →
Women's Networks →

