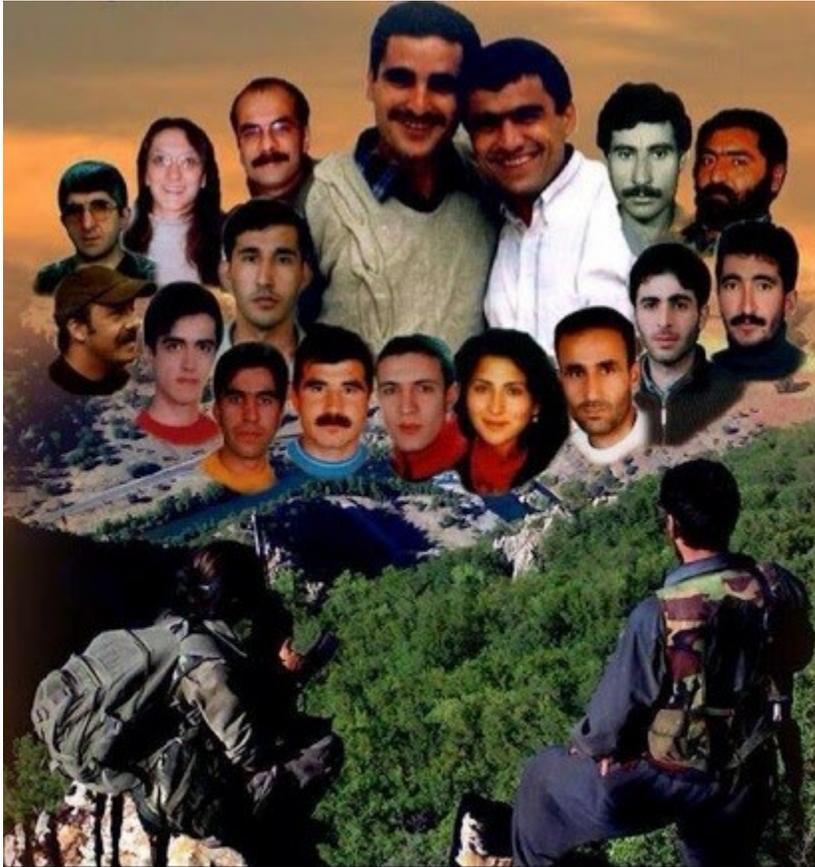


MKP: OUR 17 COMRADES ARE IMMORTAL IN OUR PEOPLE'S WAR!



FROM VARTINIK TO MERCAN: TO OUR IMMORTAL 17 COMRADES...

It is important to what extent the narratives coincide with the historical facts. For example, emphasizing, highlighting and interpreting the political aspects of an image or literature is of course what is needed. But even more important is the historical context in which the events were established, how they were handled and explained, and the message they conveyed to the reader. The opposite attitude will unfortunately blur the values we created at the cost of life. There are such experiences in our history that each one of them are still and always in our memories with the heat of a shrapnel. In this sense, we can say that as the successors of those who left their mark on history, we live in the place of those whose pain we carry in our hearts and anger in our consciousness. In this walk, we breathe for them as well. Because, due to our ideals, we are determined to be locked on the same target and hitting the target!

Writing history is not a way to get rid of the weight of the past. In our opinion, even writing and narrating a section of history is a necessity of commitment and continuity. The first spark in Vartnik and the slogan: "This History is Ours!", raised by our 17 comrades, the architects of our 1st Congress, were immortalized on the eve of our 2nd Congress. Undoubtedly, the fact that the perspective they have presented contains aspects that can be underlined, emphasized and applied and brought to the fore from our point of view, today this is accepted by large sections of our mass base. Far from envisioning a bloodless revolution, our party was inspired by the October Revolution, which was built on a bloody civil war... And the Maoist party, declared with its foundation that it was the product of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. According to the fascist military dictatorship, our 17 comrades were no less dangerous than a bomb or a rifle. Because, according to their perspective, the peasantry, who are the infantry of the movement, and the workers, who are the operational power of the metropolises, are the soldiers of the army, which is the weapon in the hands of the proletariat party. This perspective advocates, in a universal sense, the dictatorship of the proletariat as the only key to preventing capitalist restoration and to a principled steady advance towards communism.

Our 17 comrades, knew very well the costs of being in a fight and prepared with a foresighted determination against what will happen, they were able to overcome the challenges they were tested with, the pains and massacres they experienced in the historical direction. They faced the Diyarbakir No. 5 Torture Cells, Mamak Military Prison, the simultaneous attacks on 20 prisons across the country on 19 December, the massacres that took place, and many more in history... And for one last time, they took to the mountain roads towards our 2nd Congress, to add to the already existing knowledge based on experiences... Undoubtedly, they arrived at this conclusion on the basis of the laws of social development. They had great goals in their minds for the cause of humanity. They did not envy the lame words of their former comrades, who were arrogantly advancing on this road and saying, "Let others struggle instead," abandoning our historical march and moving in the opposite direction. Just as our 17 comrades had agreed 3 years prior, they took to the Mountains, towards Munzur, with the joint effort of a common goal. When they arrived at Mercan, they were besieged due to a devastating flaw. The enemy, who realized that they could not decipher those codes, began to attack Koçboğazi-Haramidere with the goal of total annihilation! From that hour onwards, the enemy forces carried their most distinguished mechanized battalions from Erzincan province to the Mercan region all day long with aerial support.

The closest you are to reality is when you are on the edge of the abyss.

How? Just like having to travel for hours in the pitch-dark after passing the twilight of the evening, and having to cross that blurry dawn interval to arrive at tomorrow's light. On the one hand, this interval is actually the message of a clear day. But on the other hand, it is the last plain where death has laid an ambush since the night. If this passage is crossed without any accident or loss, know that after the darkness that recedes with the rising day, death will remain naked on the ground. And soon the sun will catch up and blockade it with its rays!..

Time is pretty short around here, probably due to heartbreak. The visible sides of the secluded areas are slightly shaded. Our comrades were trying to move away from the bottom of the rock where they stayed the night before. It was still too early. Time has been able to adapt itself to the style of the guerrilla here. And it is broken down into short units on the smallest scale possible. Time was passing by, clearly showing the moment-to-moment difference in the light-shadow dichotomy in the empty world of

objects. Our comrades, on the other hand, had passed this test of time and walked with a forward-looking motion. Of course, we are in an era where money is bronze and people are bastards. Some who have been caught in a treacherous trap pay for the bowl of water they drink from the fountain of the state, by following trails in the mountains as bounty hunters. Of course, when the day comes, after the state is convinced that they have been used enough, they are crumpled and thrown aside. What is honorable is to serve the people...

It was the beginning of summer. The trees shed their leaves day by day just like calendars in the autumn season. These trees, which reached May with their dry winter branches, came to an end with the cautiously advancing spring and turned green. Just like the Siberian region, Munzur has a unique winter, there are mostly Juniper trees. Cedar tree in Siberia, Juniper in Munzur... These mountains have been a shelter for some and a battlefield for others since time immemorial. Many oppressed and wise people have come and gone. Many armed forces, who rebelled against the order and attempted to revolt, whose nobility was read from their actions, took years in these mountains, risking to pay the price with their lives! The tyrant, on the other hand, knew very well that the people of this land are not so docile as to submit to the blow of a whip, for example, and be dragged into a harness. Therefore, the mountainous geography of this harsh climate has been persecuted since time immemorial and it rains tyranny from the sky.

Our 17 comrades, each of whom reached today by fighting the enemy armies in different dates and places, traveled for a while parallel to the hills covered with sporadic juniper trees and large rocks. They were on their way close to a stream whose bed was narrow and deep. It was close to noon. It was almost 10 o'clock. The helicopters taking off for reconnaissance focused on tracking. But it was impossible to hear the sound of the helicopters because of the roaring river. The name of this river was Mercan. It received its name from the Mercan Valley, where it cuts through the middle of the Munzur Mountains like a sword to mix with the Munzur water.

The month was June, the 16th. In this season, the snow melts on the high mountains and acts against the rule of secrecy from the rock heads. Here, those huge boulders, reinforced by snow, dislodge and drag into the unknown once the snow melts, making such a sound that would make anyone think the mountain is collapsing.

Our 17 comrades travelled a little further in the opposite direction to this roaring river. At that moment, the reconnaissance helicopters above noticed them. The cobra-type attack helicopters, which arrived in the area shortly after the coordinates were announced, began to strike at exactly 10 o'clock! Our comrades, advancing in two groups, used a rock as a shield in this land where they were besieged. The unfavorable terrain conditions were added to the inequality of weapons. Time was also against the guerrilla, but regardless of this makeshift situation in the balance of power, there was no option but to fight back. Now the roar of the raging water was mixed with the clatter of guns and the clatter of helicopters. It was as if the air was suddenly torn by the sound of rockets hitting the rocks and the echo of that sound! Each rocket fired as a result of the air attack, the scorching napalm bombs and all kinds of chemicals that decomposed the flesh and melted the bone, had the effect of lightning in the cloudless sky. To put it mildly, it was worse than the breaking of the cables of the high voltage line due to an exploding transformer, scattering sparks and burning the surrounding forest and houses into ashes in a short time...

Meanwhile, a juniper tree, which had shared the solitude of the snowy mountains for years, was suddenly hit by a rocket from its greenest spot! It was not enough, the juniper tree was riddled with 20 millimeter anti-aircraft bullets fired from the cobras. It was not enough, it was cut off from its branches and as if it was pruned. Its body, riddled, with bullets, fell into the depths of the abyss, just as a bird of prey clings to a rock with its claws, being ripped from the roots it clings to. Its leaves were vibrating and fluttering like irregular heartbeats with the force of the wind, which was filled with the smell of gunpowder, hot shrapnel and burning flesh, which this asymmetrical war blew with all its brutality. This juniper at the bottom of the abyss was slowly quarreling, just like the 17 eagles of our party whose limbs were severed and all the blood drained from their bodies...

The extreme severity of the class struggle is of course due to the irreconcilable nature of the deep contradictions between us and the political enemy. The reflection of the bourgeois ideology on the military line for the ruling classes can undoubtedly be brute force, naked violence and moreover, murderous. As prisoners of war for years in these places, it is possible for many of us to witness such situations up close, both in the mountains and in the dungeons. It is very well known to us and our people that these bloody enemy forces, which spread their brutality with horror, are at the same time a flock of bloodthirsty legionnaires who have destroyed all human standards. It preserves its place in our memory with all its freshness, that they burned our wounded civilian people from the Kurdish nation alive, who took shelter in the basements of Sur and Cizre, in the cities of Bakur that were just recently destroyed, by pouring cans of gasoline. The enemy was thinking of instilling fear in our families by severing the heads of Asmin, Rosa and other comrades in Ovacık, Dersim, but the enemy was in fact afraid of the glances of their mothers.

It was only possible to recognize our 17 comrades when their first-degree relatives were able to recognize the bodies, which were massacred and dismembered by destroying all the criteria of humanity, as a result of long efforts...

Our 17 comrades, the vanguard detachment of the Revolutionary forces in the Kaypakkaya movement, were sent off to immortality on June 17, 2005. The presence of this force continues to increase, just like the pomegranate tree planted many years ago by our martyred comrade Cüneyt Kahraman in reference to Ali Haydar Yıldız, giving "one life for a thousand" as he walks. Their numbers are not known exactly. It cannot be said "more or less this". It is impossible to count them anyway. Attempting to count them is the same as trying in vain to count the stars in the sky. Those stars whose number is equal to the grains of sand in a desert and it is impossible to count them just like the stars. To even consider trying to count them, even if it is possible, would be the most useless attempt made against the shortest unit of time, the moment.

From Vartinik to Mercan, our 17 comrades, the marchers of this historical fight fought and resisted on the 16th and 17th of June 2005. At the end of the second day, there was no one left who had not joined the immortals, together with those who were wounded and executed while still alive. Unfortunately, more details are not known on how their last 48 hours passed in the face of the enemy's military build-up. Were our comrades prepared for an operation likely to be drawn into the field, based on the available data? Were there any activities related to these preparations alone? If so, at what level? It's all a secret... Because no one survived that siege. Those captured alive were also executed on the spot. 17 of them were burned, scorched and shattered by napalm bombs, chemical weapons of various smells and colors, rockets, bullets of different caliber, just like in Halabja...

Our class enemies, who know very well that they cannot prevent thoughts, try to take their opportunities with a primitive impulse by attacking the bodies of our comrades, torturing and tearing them apart. The truth for us is that; As advocates of the cause of humanity, as long as we fail to keep the thought alive, we will continue to be held captive by backward beliefs such as keeping the body alive. The reason why we say our 17 comrades are “immortal” is that they continue to guide our historical walk with their thoughts.

Because walking in front of history is a job that can be done by giving direction to history. The opposite attitude makes it inevitable to fall behind history. An equation whose data has been set wrong from the very beginning will never give a correct result. After all, even a broken clock can be right twice a day, but that doesn't mean it's working. Besides, these things are not like a mechanical attempt like hitting the bird of the sky with the stone of the earth. There is a need for historical accumulation and at least an ideological quality as much as historical accumulation.

As a result; From Vartnik, our first war trench, to Mercan, there is a long march spanning 32 years and each stage taken with perseverance. Our 17 immortal comrades, including our cadres who made the 30-year historical account of this march with the Congress in 2002, are those who knew how to shape history in this sense. The deep void that the liquidationist-revisionist line opened up in our party was closed, although it took a long time. The Maoist party masters in catching the truth with each beating of its jugular vein and it eliminates the injustice done to it one by one. Our comrades must understand that the process of rebuilding the Maoist party means we are challenging the anti-MLM ways of thinking that emerged in Turkey and Northern Kurdistan, also in the ICM. Let us put all forms of the People's War into practice in the struggle for power of the proletariat. Keeping our word to our 17 comrades and many more immortal comrades is to be a friend to a friend and a sharp sword to an enemy.

-OUR 17 COMRADES ARE IMMORTAL!

-PEOPLE'S WARRIORS ARE IMMORTAL!

Maoist Communist Party – Central Committee Political Bureau

MKP-MKSB

