



## A Letter to You and Them

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### ABSTRACT

Letter from outside to the inside.

### KEYWORDS

*Letters to the imprisoned, Political prisoners, Turkey, Everyday life, Paris*



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## A LETTER TO YOU AND THEM

There are at least two layers of Paris that I know of.

One is the metro I get on at 6 in the morning with all the blue collars...

The other is at night, with those who ask which language I speak... Both 6 in the morning and the night are equally uncanny. If you ask about my experience, it is safer at night, or I, me, I am safe at night...One morning I got on the metro, there was only one place next to one person. He looks uncanny, not white, not like white. We now say "from our neighborhood" here, probably, he is Arab...What goes through my mind is endless...These are my daily hesitations about women and being a woman. I am most upset that they are stealing your/our daily life (I would also like to tell you how upset I am about this. There is a group called Peyk. Have you listened to it? How can I send you a melody? Irfan passed away before you could listen to him or before I shared his songs with you.)

Let's leave this parenthesis for later... I sat down next to him hesitantly. With reference to racism and discrimination, sheroically, I act as if I'm not worried. It is around 20 past 6 in the morning. As a blue-collar worker I am also a little surprised that the wagon is full of people who look like "passengers". I think there must be a holiday. Remember you mentioned about the state of 'being a foreigner' in your letter. Let me put a word on this and leave it for another time. Being and staying a foreigner is about fighting, I mean not being able to argue. Sara Ahmed advises us, immigrants not to smile. She is right. Let's come back to this later another time.

Let me open another philosophical parenthesis about daily life. Cavarero In her book "In Spite of Plato", talks about Western metaphysics. While making a feminist reading on the history of philosophy and its beginnings, she says that the history of philosophy as we know it is a metaphysics and that its basis is "fear of death". This is a magnificent text. When it comes to daily practice, this type of knowledge has been expelled from the stage of philosophy; it is not even considered knowledge. It is the knowledge of experience, and I think Aristotle is at the top of the hive, while Cavarero tells us that a possibility emerges in Plato. By re-reading the stories of women in myths, the narrative about women... If read them after Caliban and the Witch, it is delicious. One targets Marx's deficiency, the other directly targets philosophy itself. Thus, philosophy itself drives away the knowledge of experience, and turns towards a more sublime metaphysics. Experience, everyday experience, are the things that interest us, the mortals, women, the deficient. Thus, the entire history of philosophy turns into metaphysics. Until Marx, and until his deficient reading, philosophy is in the grip of idealism. As men write from within masculinity, I think we are living a revolution that we are witnessing now, which is being reduced to nothingness with a thousand and one manipulations. Oh, if we could talk face to face, if I were to pour the tea, brother, if you were to pour it into the glasses...

Let me finish the parentheses and get to my sheroism. Anyway, I stood up and walked towards the metro stop. He was actually sitting. Just as I was getting off, he got off too...I turned right to the other line, he turned left. I was angry with myself, with my suspicion. As the subway direction was drifting, I looked behind me, there he was again. I went in the direction I wouldn't normally go, he's coming...He passed me, it's crowded...I got off and went back in my direction, which is so desolate at this time of the morning...I went up the stairs, I looked across, as soon as he saw me there, he went back to the stairs. I was sure now. There is almost no one in this direction at this hour, but there is an exit. I hurried out of there, throwing my purple shawl in my bag and taking off my glasses. Then I ran towards work. Maybe it's not something to talk about or write about, and according to philosophy not at all...Nowadays they call it feminist ethnography; it's inherent to feminist epistemology... Everything, but nothing at the same time. Of course, I don't accept the discourse of victimization, and please don't worry you know I can fight.

In one of the rides, dear Fatma was here, it was at night, we were returning home on the subway. A woman (I assigned the womanhood) asked about the language we speak, and from there we had a conversation that opened up to the world. My French is still not enough for me to speak well, but I understand.

I can carry on a dialogue. In the second one, a man (another assignment) asked me what language it was, around 12 o'clock. Again such a cozy conversation. And until I went home from the subway, "the name was violet"...

As I said, I have at least two layers, and then there are my cycling moments. One morning at 6:30 in the morning, I put on my beanie knitted by Neema, my thermal tank top and set off. At the end of our street I reached the Val de Marne river. Only pedestrians and bicycles cross the bridge. In the dark of the morning, and what a fog. I stood on the bridge, a freighter was passing by. Slowly, in a great silence, the dew was falling; it was dark, no one was there...Guess what was playing on my headphones: Ahmet Kaya sings "We passed through dark roads". Ahmet Kaya can be listened to in the mornings, in the mornings of the expatriate country, the effect is different, he holds us and we hold him, he holds on us and we hold on to him. I came across Gülsen Kaya a while ago, she says, he was complaining of the rains; "I'm fed up with the rain in Paris". How many rains did he see? Whenever it rains in Paris, I say we put Ahmet Kaya in his grave at Pere La Chaise; he, the flower of my two eyes used to be tired of the rain too. We have a grave here, I say, why not it is home, the rest is death, what harm it would do if we died... Let me add the Vincennes forest to this cycling moments. Nowadays I go to work and Paris mostly by bike, I often go into the forest; sometimes I raise my voice loud enough to reach you. I know you can already hear my voice, the more desolate I go, the closer I get, the louder it gets...

Let's come to the violet, that is, 'the name is violet', feminist epistemology and all that, it's all related. The song starts like this:

In the squares of this city  
At the station  
On the quay  
The absence of you never leaves my side  
At all the stops, in the cafes  
of the big and small lies  
It turns around and hits me  
Suddenly hits me on the ground  
I destroyed the crystal mirrors where you used to swing  
Now it's time for long sleeps  
I covered loneliness like a quilt  
Love never came here this year  
Up to this point, the song goes like a regular Sezen Aksu song. Of course it corresponds to the daily life of most of us, but how can I tell you the melody of this one? You hear well, you listen well, that's why I was always nudging you to send me what you listen to... I always wanted to be a part of your daily life, now it is stolen by a meanness. Those who have made a habit of theft and extortion has no idea about what is love... Sometimes I think love should be this, when I look at those who made us to fall in love, those who are part of a great story, with that story and with its love...

*It shall be offered to a people without forests,  
As a forest.  
And to it, refuge shall be sought*

We are at another nodal point, they don't name the nodal point in literature or other arts; but this is a letter after all. A letter to a captive. I am curious about it too, I know there are many people who read it, there are even people who check whether it has been read or not. Does anyone understand/learn/sense it?

The rest of the song is actually our nodus, Meral Okay wrote it, Sezen sings, she says:

*Let my mark be erased, let my nothingness remain on the street  
Burn my shadow, let this world ignore me  
I entrusted everything you left  
I said, don't leave the violet without water.*

Cavarero says that philosophy, which she sees as western metaphysics, is based on the fear of death. However, the unknown should be, it is life and

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birth. As long as this life and birth from women remain an unknown, men have built philosophy, or rather the masculinity built the philosophy, the philosophy of masculinity, on the fear of death.

Let's continue with the epistemology of this philosophy, it wants to leave his mark, the fear of death wants the immortal, it is all the fear of disappearing and becoming nothing...

I listen with all my sincerity, shouting in the mornings and at nights of Paris, Paris that I saw in a city museum burning in a magnificent way. I say it will burn again, it is doomed to burn. With all my body and experience, let my trace be erased, let my nothingness remain on the street...  
When I reflect on nothingness, I find myself remembering Aydıns sometimes...

But I keep calling out to those who are caught in a love, to a love, the trace of which can never be erased. Always to them, my every sip is for them, the violet will not be left without water, those who do not leave the violet without water....

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