

reports from Yeni Sabah, 23 July 1962

A terrible sex crime,

a murder of suppressed passion, has been committed by Noel Soris who lived with his two sisters at Defterdar Akusunda Arsinlar apartments, Cihangir. While he was doing his military service at Erzincan, Soris first noticed, and became obsessed by, a woman who lived in the same apartment block at Flat 14. She was the daughter of Raymond Dumas, the former Consul General of France in Izmir and Ambassador to Prague at the time of the incident.

The lady, whose name was Jocelyn, was married to a Levantine named Vivana Kalomenni. Soris had come home on leave from his military base on Saturday 14 July 1962. Showing great cunning, he persuaded the beautiful and charming 30-year-old woman to go with him to Flat 11 in the same building, which belonged to the Baldini family, away at their summer house, where he first raped her and then cut her throat.

It happened like this. Soris, with cold-blooded daring, persuaded Mme Jocelyn to follow him from her flat, where she was busy in the kitchen while her husband read a book. After a time her husband became worried about her and started looking for her around the building. He discovered spots of blood in the corridor below (the murderer cut his hand in the act of killing). So he called the police, who forced open the door of Flat 11 and found the naked body of Jocelyn in the bathroom with a wound stretching from her neck down her back.

Primary evidence against the murderer came when his bloody underclothes, which he'd thrown away on an area of scrubland,

were found by the police. Soris, meantime, had returned to Erzincan. He was tracked down at the Park Palace Hotel, where he was sleeping, and arrested on the spot. He was taken back to Istanbul on 22 July and confessed to his crime in the following words:

'The Kalomennis moved into our apartment building while I was doing my military service. I met Jocelyn for the first time in the lift. She looked me up and down and said something to her maid jokingly, making fun of me. She wore provocative décollete blouses and shorts. I fancied her.

On the day of the murder I went to Bukada to visit relatives. The cleaning woman was in our flat so I thought I would bring Jocelyn to Flat 11, whose owners I knew to be away at their summer house. I had forced the catch with a special screwdriver normally used to test electricity voltage. I told her someone was ill at Flat 11 who needed her help, and she agreed to go. She went ahead and I followed. We entered Flat 11 and I closed the door behind. We went into the bedroom. She was surprised to find nobody there and asked where the ill person was. I replied: 'There is no patient. I love you madly. I brought you here because you are very beautiful.'

She replied: 'I understand what you are saying, but I'm a respectable woman.' She turned to go. I grabbed her by the waist and pulled her towards me. She began to scream Au secours! I put my left hand over her mouth. We started to struggle and fell to the floor. When I realised she was about to escape I grabbed the knife I had put there earlier. I stabbed her twice in the buttocks. She kept struggling so I stabbed her in the throat. Then she said: 'Don't kill me, do whatever you want.'

I put the knife down and undressed her. By that time she had fainted. After I'd satisfied myself I slowly began to realise what I'd committed. So I said to myself: what's done is done, I'll have to kill her. I slit her throat. During the murder act I'd cut my own fingers. So as not to leave fingerprints on the body I carried her to the bathroom and washed the corpse thoroughly, wearing some rubber gloves I found there. Then I washed myself and my clothes, but gave up before I got to my underclothes. I then cleaned the knife and left it where I had found it.

I'd intended to return to my own flat but gave up on the idea when I heard Vivana Kalomenni calling from upstairs 'Jocelyn'. I walked slowly downstairs, took a taxi and went to the Markiz Cafe to meet my sisters.

I want to say that I was crying the whole time I was washing Jocelyn

in the bathroom. It was the first time in my life that I had been with a woman - and I killed her. My sisters were surprised to see me wringing wet with bleeding hands. I told them I'd fallen into the sea while returning from Prince Island. We all went home together. As we entered the apartment building the concierge told us that Jocelyne had disappeared. I said: 'Don't worry. She must have gone out for some fun. She'll be back..'

We went upstairs. Vivana Kalommeni was still looking for his wife. It was the first time I'd met him. I took another bath at our flat, Number 12. Shortly afterwards the door of Flat 11 was broken down and the body of Jocelyne found. Her close friends, the police and journalists all crowded into our flat. Her husband was also there. I said to him: 'May this grief pass'. The police and journalists were using our phone. My elder sister Ferideh was very suspicious of me. I denied everything. The next day I went swimming, then left for Erzincan by train.'

This bloody incident will be of interest to criminologists and psychiatrists. "I never had a girlfriend but always wanted to fall in love with a woman", Soris said. "I never succeeded because of the strict, disciplinarian way my sisters brought me up."

At the time of writing the murder trial has still to start. Psychiatric reports state that Soris is completely sane. The Cihangir murder has caused a great commotion in Istanbul.

Reşat Ekrem Koçu (1905-1975), a *sui generis* Ottoman historian. Famous writer and editor of the incompleated *Istanbul Encyclopedia*.