

ellectuals, apparently only to intimidate them and caution them not to exceed the limits of what could be written. Rupen Mashoyan attests that some of these intellectuals were summoned to the Turkish Secret Service offices in Istanbul and questioned about a piece of their writing which had already been translated into Turkish and was lying there on the desk of the interrogating officer, awaiting the accused.⁵ Haygazun Galustian was one of those intellectuals; the composition in question was his poem, “Irigune” (The evening):

Now
a woman
is waiting for her jobless husband
now
the flames of ripped-up papers
will turn the leaves of cabbage
she collected from the sidewalks in the outdoor market
into a meal
and the bread-cutting knife on the table
waits for bread, bread, bread.⁷

This scene could have been occurring anywhere in Istanbul, and the woman could have been Turkish or from any other ethnic group. Galustian defended himself by saying that the poem was a picture of a real-life situation. Later, he confessed to his friends that the woman collecting wilted cabbage leaves from the street was his own mother. Even if the

⁵ Mashoyan, *Yev aysbes abretsank* (1998), p. 96.

⁶ Haygazun Galustian was born in 1920 in Istanbul. He repatriated to Armenia in 1965 and died there in 1985.

⁷ For this poem in the Armenian original, see Mashoyan, p. 95.