

Leafing through the pages of Istanbul Armenian periodicals and volumes of poetry, plays, and short stories, one can only find expressions of nostalgic reminiscence of a birthplace, a town or a village in the erstwhile Western Armenia. Gourgen Terents (Tursarkissian, 1888–1972), an Istanbul Armenian poet born in Hajen, expresses his wish:

Take me one day, like a miracle,
To the sweet days of my slipping childhood
And with screams of joy and happiness
I would try again my crazy childhood games.⁸

Or, in a more abstract image, A. Shavarsh (Aram Pehlivanian, 1917–1979) laments over his life away from his homeland:

Who would know the pain of a tree,
And its immense yearning for its native soil.
It will die far and lonely,
Uprooted and taken afar, away from its native soil.⁹

Gourgen Terents and A. Shavarsh both knew that they were dreaming the impossible. There was no return for Armenians to the sacred soil of their homeland where all was in ruins, where the houses of expelled Armenians were made unrecognizable by Turkish or Kurdish usurpers. Another

schools. These and many other similar cases exemplify the infringements on Armenian minority rights in Turkey.

⁸ Cited in Toranian, *Istanbulahayere ke kanchen* (1997), p. 34.

⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 33.