

offspring of Armenian survivors, Arsen Janian¹⁰ of Musaler, subtly reminds us that this is the Armenian land, and historic Armenia belongs to Armenians. In a poem titled “Aghbiur” (Spring), he writes,

Spring, what should I call your waters?
 Here, see, I found it.
 Spring, I will call them holy *miuron*
 Because when I looked,
 Spring, in your waters, I saw the honest sweat
 Of my forefathers.¹¹

Migirdic Margosyan (b. 1938) paints an idyllic landscape of his hometown and the simple country life in the *Gâvur Mahallesi* (Quarter of the Infidels) in Diyarbakir, but he never touches upon the reasons why the Armenians migrated to Istanbul or abroad and why the traces of Armenian presence, the meager remnants of the large Armenian communities in the interior of Turkey, were being eliminated. Their abandoning homes and belongings has become a vexing memory, and life in Gâvur Mahallesi an old story that grandmothers tell their little ones: “Once there was, once there was not a kingdom....”¹² “Yes,” adds Migirdic Margosyan,

¹⁰ Arsen Janian was born in Vakfele, an Armenian-only village in Cilicia, in 1938. He was brought to Istanbul in 1953 and given an Armenian education.

¹¹ For this poem in the Armenian original, see Kalfayan, *Bolsahay nor banasteghtsutiune* (1998), p. 223.

¹² This is how Armenian fairy tales begin. It is equivalent to the English “Once upon a time....”