

“the four noble feelings: glad, sad, bad, mad,” freely and without restraint. Even the embroidered bedspread in her Istanbul hotel room reminds her of her grandmother’s handiwork. During this trip for the purpose of attending the Hrant Dink Memorial Workshop at Sabanci University, she is gradually exposed to the likeness and the difference, and she is ready “to learn to love that,” perhaps to the point of giving up the category of nationalities and making humanity her nation. She feels the need to connect for the sake of “reflection” and “harmony” but she is baffled by the question, “is what one does with the past, the future?” At the end of her sojourn, still searching for an answer, she answers that question with another: “What do I do with remains?”

Her sojourn in Konya is pleasant. She navigates in the Turkish language as if it were an inherited but temporarily forgotten treasure. Strolling in the streets and enjoying the sights, she has the feeling of coming back to familiar but long forgotten places. She returns transformed. Another cultural connectivity, another component is added to her cultural identity, resulting in the conclusion, “I am culturally unlocatable.” She joins her voice with that of the Turkish poet, Taranci: “I want a country ... let there be an end to brothers’ quarrels ... I want a country ... let living be like loving from the heart.” She returns home to the United States, to her “place in the sun.”

*Ben kendimi gelistim* [I have improved myself] in Turkey. I developed, moving from unknowingly being Armenian Turkishly to knowingly becoming American, Armenianly.