

not irritate the Muslims, who despised the non-Muslims and looked on them as the enemies of their homeland.

The pattern Mintzuri tried to describe is repeated here with more intense colors. The paradigm has remained unchanged from a pre-Genocide setting to even the very recent past. Here in the Diyarbakir of the 1980s, even the dead are deprived of a cross on their grave, lest it set them apart from others and underline their Christianity. Margosyan's mother now lies in her grave in the Armenian cemetery in Shishli, Istanbul. There Armenians are permitted to erect a cross and to have Armenian inscriptions on the graves tombstones of their dead. If she were to see this, Margosyan ponders, she wouldn't believe it. "This is a dream," she would say in her heavy Tigranakerttsi dialect, "this is not true.... This can't happen. Your mother dies, and a cross is erected on her grave and her name is written on it in Armenian. Can this be happening? It can't...."<sup>25</sup> The thoughts that Margosyan expressed in the name of his dead mother were the most explicit terms in which the author responded to the utter repression exerted in the interior of Turkey where the last of the small Armenian communities dragged out their existence.

The inhabitants of *Gâvour Mahallesi* also knew how to keep a safe distance from their Muslim neighbors, never entering into intermarriage with them:

Giving a girl in marriage or taking one from the Kurds or Muslim Turks? No! No! To pose such a question was already a big sin. To think of such a thing or imagining it was impossible and unforgivable.... A Christian family on one

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<sup>25</sup> Ibid., pp. 150-1.