

massacres, the Kurdish people were called “Mountain Turks.” The enlightened Kurdish intellectuals could not live with that aberration.

Significantly, in the past decade, as the Kurdish Question has intensified, so has the government’s denial of the existence of the Kurds, and of any unresolved issues pertaining to Kurds in Turkey. They are now called Southeasterners (*Güneydoğulu*) and the Kurdish issue is addressed as the Southeast issue.

One day, in that “northern country” Mehmed Uzun had migrated to, he heard about an Armenian film, *The Color of the Pomegranate*. His nostalgic recollections of the pomegranate trees of his childhood compelled him to see the movie. Watching it, he learned “the story of the swords and the blood that they spilled, unfortunately of the same color as the flowers of the pomegranate tree.”³² The film, by the famous Armenian cinematographer, Sergey Parajanov, was about the life of Sayat Nova, and the songs Mehmed heard in the film, he now remembered, were the ones that Vardan had sung, weeping, in those pomegranate gardens by the Tigris River in Diyarbakir.

Vardan never spoke about the past, Mehmed Uzun recalls. Neither did other Armenian inhabitants of the Quarter of the Infidels. Mehmed Uzun’s description of life in that secluded quarter of Diyarbakir repeats and reinforces Migirdic Margosyan’s meticulous recording of his childhood memories of that little ghetto, that small island surrounded by Islam.³³

³² Ibid., p. 44.

³³ Margosyan, *Mer ayd koghmere* (2005).