

Guests in the Homeland: Transnational Heritage Tourism in Greece and Turkey

by

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DEDICATION

To William

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This project would not have been accomplished without many forms of support from many different places. I cannot begin to acknowledge them all adequately, but that will not deter me from making an attempt.

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PREFACE

Anthropologist as Guest

Anthropologists are in many senses guests in the field, and therefore especially equipped to recognize the conditions of guesthood in a particular cultural context. This was certainly my experience in Mustafapaşa, where tourists were numerous but few foreigners lived long-term. Following my arrival, I was treated as a guest for a very long time. The Jordanians in Andrew Shryock's work inform him that guests are prisoners of their hosts (2012, S23), and I certainly found my position to be one of disempowerment as much as exaltation.

It was months before my research contacts allowed me to pay for anything. If I'd been out to lunch with four other women, they would brush me off as they divided the check into four, saying, "You are our guest." This was awkward, but not as uncomfortable as hospitality offered in the form of food. As a guest in new acquaintances' homes, politely declining food was impossible. My hosts, visibly hurt, would respond, "You didn't like it?" Gracious phrases to reject food in America, such as "I'm fine, thank you", were meaningless in this new context. Being "fine" had nothing to do with whether or not yet another plate of food should be accepted. The locally more common, "Thank you, but I'm *very* full," was only sometimes successful. Turkish friends at the table could get away with it, but as the foreign guest, I was expected to enjoy the honor of finishing any remaining food that the host had prepared, and hosts always prepared huge amounts of food. The responsibility was sometimes physically painful. If I visited a friend shortly after eating my own lunch but she was just sitting down to hers, I was compelled to eat; however politely the offer was made, my eating was required. This is characteristic of

being a guest, where one is bestowed the honor of being served, but has little control over the particulars of the service.

Over many months, I learned how to have more control as a guest and still be polite. “I wish I could stay, but I have work,” was a magic ticket to declining an invitation made in passing, whereas excuses about friends waiting, being late, or bus schedules were dismissed or caused offense. Because my apartment was situated on the very edge of town, I had to pass by many shops on my way to hotels in the center of town. One was owned by Burat, who pressed me to stop for tea every time I passed, multiple times a day. If I rushed by, giving a half-hearted wave from the other side of the street or pretending to talk to someone on my cell phone, I was rebuked the next time we met. “Leigh, you rush around like a *tourist*,” Burat’s son accused me, disdain drawing out the last word. By paying attention to my friends, I finally learned that “I have work”, however vague, was an acceptable reason for not stopping every time. For my friend Katya, “work” was a favorite soap opera that came on every weekday at 1:30. At 1:15, she would announce to our group, “I have to go, I have work,” and no one would stop her. Suddenly, armed with “I’m so sorry, but I have work”, I could go places without leaving 30 minutes early to accommodate determined hosts.

I also learned how to politely reject food. Over time, and as I became closer with research contacts who frequently hosted me, I began to mimic others by clearing my plate when I was finished eating. Practically, removing the plate precluded any more offers of food, but the action also signified a change in my status. By entering the kitchen and helping with the cleaning by clearing my plate, I indicated to my host that I was more familiar than a guest, freeing both of us from certain obligations. This practice was only appropriate in homes where I’d become well acquainted with the host, though. In other situations, where responding directly to pressures to

eat more usually failed, skirting the question could be successful. I learned from watching friends, to place one hand on my chest, bow my head slightly, and respond to inducement to seconds and thirds by saying, “Everything was wonderful, health to your hands.” This sequence brought an end to the feasting.

Hardest of all was learning how to leave, to end the hospitality event. Often evening meals would drag on into the night. Even when the after-dinner tea or coffee was long finished and conversation lulled, hosts who had been yawning moments before would straighten up and beg, “It’s still so early. Stay a little longer. Just a few more minutes. You just got here!” Unwilling to offend my hosts and unsure how to avoid it, I gave in to these performances. Tactics I’d learned as an American Southerner failed. In North Carolina, we’d say, “I should let you go now” to release our hosts of the responsibility of continuing to talk on the phone or have us stay in their homes. But intimations that my Turkish hosts had anything better to do than continue to sit with me were met with scandalized expressions. Gradually I discovered that leaving was a slow dance, and using the right words was paramount. First I might say to the host, “Hasn’t it been wonderful to sit here?” I would turn to everyone else gathered on the low couches by the stove, “Haven’t we sat well?” All would agree that it had been a wonderful afternoon sitting together. Then I might turn and say to the friend I’d come with, “Shall we get up pretty soon?” It was important to use the verb *kalkmak*, to stand or rise, to get up, rather than verbs for “leaving” or “going”. My friend would agree, “Yes, we should get up.” Our hosts would protest, but within minutes, we would be out the door, repeating our thanks as we traded the house slippers for our own shoes and made our way out the door. I was relieved to have learned these conventions, and I suspected that weary hosts were, too.

I also learned to say in parting, “I’m also waiting for you.” Gradually, this offer of

hospitality became true, as I developed the cultural capital to host friends in my own home. This established reciprocity in some relationships, but never equality; even when I stopped being a guest, I remained a daughter, niece, or little sister to many of my friends and research contacts. I was also dismayed to find that Turkish women were expected to *always* be ready to host. I never perfected this role, but I tried. With my vacuum cleaner by my side, I waged a constant battle to keep the house free of the fine dust put out daily by the coal-burning *soba* stove. I learned to brew passable tea and Turkish coffee, though I never quite mastered the fine balance between “just dark enough” and “far too bitter” that my Turkish friends seemed to innately know. I kept baked goods in the freezer, ready to thaw at a moment’s notice. But the mental and emotional capacity to be constantly ready eluded me. I recall at least one occasion where I—deeply engaged in my field notes, seated amidst a heap of scattered papers and half-empty mugs, and still wearing my pajamas late into the morning—fled to the shower upon the unexpected arrival of a friend and research contact. There, at least, I had an excuse for not hearing the doorbell and receiving my friend.¹

Over the many months spent in Mustafapaşa, acknowledgement of my capacity to act as host (however overwhelming) signaled a shift in my position. Of course, I would never be fully assimilated; I was a foreigner, my sojourn was temporary, my language was riddled with mistakes, and I always stumbled through certain steps of the intricate hospitality dance. But as I was “adopted” into families, and expected to act as host, my guest-ness in the local community began to wear off. Any competence I gained in my local environment, however, did not impact my status as a guest in the Turkish-nation state.

¹ Despite these difficulties, when I returned to America I was surprised to find how accustomed I’d grown to friends stopping by without prior notice. The first months of my return were marked by an inexplicable loneliness and irrational uneasiness that I’d somehow offended my local friends.

Anthropologist as Foreign Resident

I was repeatedly reminded of Turkey's sovereignty as I made preparations to live there. My applications for a Turkish research visa, necessary for me to do long-term research in the country, were denied more than once. I received no feedback about why. A friend who made calls was finally able to track down someone in the Ministry of Culture and Tourism who advised me to change my project topic and try again. Eventually I ventured to Turkey on a short-term tourist's visa, hoping that I could work things out in-country. In the nearest city to my field site, I was told that I couldn't apply for a research visa until my tourist visa expired. Of course, at that point I would be in the country illegally, and I risked fines and the confiscation of any research materials I'd collected.

In the meantime, I had applied for a Fulbright-Hays grant and the welcome news came that it had been awarded. It required a return to the US to begin the visa application process again, this time with the assistance of the well-known Fulbright program. After three months in the field, I left for home, telling my new research contacts that I would be back in 6 or 8 weeks. I visited the Embassy in DC for guidance, and then made my research visa application again, this time with a detailed, Fulbright-approved research plan and financial backing. A few months passed. Word arrived that my application had been denied. Fulbright officials in Turkey were confused. They issued an immediate request that all Turkish consulates in the US release visas to any Fulbright applicants awaiting them. They included a list of names in their memo. Mine was not on the list. Fulbright-Hays scholars were screened differently than other Fulbright awardees. Following new advice, I added letters of support from the Turkish Fulbright Commission and applied again. More months passed. Once again, the application was rejected.

A research visa application to Turkey goes to six different offices: the Ministry of Culture

and Tourism, the local police department where the research will be conducted, and so on. The director of the Turkish Fulbright Commission finally learned that the application was being denied by the Ministry of the Interior, the Turkish ministry responsible for national security. That was all anyone could learn; the Ministry of the Interior does not provide explanations. But the message was clear: I was an unwanted foreigner, and the Turkish state was unwilling to host me.

Finally, an official at the Turkish embassy conceived another path, one that did not require the approval of the Ministry of the Interior. A Turkish university department agreed to take on the responsibility (and liability) of “hosting” me. They assumed the burden of monitoring me by agreeing to provide an institutional home and track my progress. Finally, eight months after returning home, I was permitted to enter Turkey.

Entry into Turkey did not equate to unconstrained mobility within the country. It was another three months (and more assistance from the Turkish Fulbright Commission, whose officer conveyed me all over Istanbul one afternoon, until all of the required documents had been translated or fabricated) before I was granted a residence permit that allowed multiple re-entries. I laughed when I realized that the Turkish word for “to apply”, “*başvurmak*”, translates literally to “to hit one’s head”.

I had barely begun making inroads in the few months I’d begun my research in Mustafapaşa before I’d had to leave. I was worried that after eight months away and numerous visa rejections, initial contacts would be distant or mistrustful. I was therefore astonished and baffled when I did return to the village and was welcomed with the warmth of a dear and long-lost friend rather than the new, professional acquaintance I’d been when I left. I was hugged and kissed and treated to tea by women who had not known my name prior to my departure. “I heard you’d be returning. Welcome back,” they said, pinching my cheeks. How had this transformation

occurred? Was it possible to build rapport in absentia?

I noted this transformation each time I left Mustafapaşa and came back. Months into in my stay, I left to do work in Greece for a week. When I returned, I surprised an interlocutor by crying as I related the harassment I'd faced as a lone woman in my tour group, and she surprised me by gathering me in her arms and calling me her daughter. Later, I returned after a year of research in Greece to find that I had lost my guest-ness completely, so much so that an informant left her hotel in my hands while *she* went on a short vacation. Suddenly I was playing host in the places where I'd always been a guest.

I spoke about this phenomenon with an advisor, Dr. Fehervary, when I returned to campus. She told me that my experience was not unusual. Many researchers go somewhere, get what they need, and disappear. To return is something different. It shows commitment.

My experiences living in Turkey gave me a small—and very privileged—taste of being a foreign guest in a sovereign (and suspicious) nation-state. I was extremely careful in my movements and activities, always conscious of the university that was “hosting” me and was therefore accountable for my actions. I came back to Mustafapaşa infinitely more grateful for the privilege of doing fieldwork—a gift, I'd learned, and not a right. I had newfound empathy for the struggles of friends who, as Turks, faced great difficulties acquiring visas to visit their homelands. I had learned the importance of return.

At its heart, this dissertation is a story about return, about the nation-states that get in the way of it, and the exchangees who manage it anyway, by relying on the hospitality of strangers.

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ABSTRACT

Drawing on over two years of ethnographic fieldwork in Mustafapaşa, Turkey, and Thessaloniki, Greece, this dissertation explores the identity politics, heritage preservation efforts, and transnational homeland tourism of descendants of the Greek-Turkish Population Exchange. The 1923 Population Exchange forcibly expelled Ottoman populations to Greece or Turkey on the basis of their religion. Today, their descendants work and travel across a politically charged border that separates not only two hostile nation-states, but two world regions, Europe and the Middle East, that are often portrayed as antagonists.

Exchangee heritage tourism is an ideal entry point for exploring intersections of memory, consumption, hospitality, national sovereignty, and the politics of mobility. I employ hospitality as a useful paradigm for considering how interactions with “others” are managed in intimate household settings and via exchangee heritage tourism. Typically, hospitality interactions rely on clear designations of guest and host. Here, histories of empire, displacement, and resettlement create spaces of hospitality in which the home of the host today is that of the guest in the past, introducing new vulnerabilities and possibilities in the guest-host relationship. To manage these risks and maneuver around national prejudices, Greek and Turkish exchangees rely on an exchangee *etiquette of reconnection* and the commercialization of hospitality through tourism to clarify their rights and responsibilities as hosts and guests. The establishment of this industry coincides with economic downturns and frustrations with Eurocentric regional paradigms in both nations. The Aegean regional affiliation constituted by the exchangees’ mobility, consumption practices, and communal identity offers a salient alternative. As one that crosses national and regional divisions that place Greece (a member of the European Union and Christian West) and

Turkey (a Muslim nation of the Middle East) at odds, this Aegean community destabilizes the coherence of existing geopolitical borders that are intensely, and often violently, protected.

My dissertation contributes to a body of literature examining the increasingly transnational practices that shape everyday practices, and takes seriously the possibility for everyday practices to also shape transnational politics. Further, it provides insight into refugee futures by demonstrating the durability and heritability of the trauma of relocation, as well as possibilities for homeland returns and reconnections. Just as the Population Exchange set a precedent for forced relocations of Cypriots, Palestinians, Muslims, Hindus, and Sikhs in India and Pakistan, Albanians, Iraqis, Kurds, Somalians, Sudanese, Tibetans, and many others, the cooperation between Greek and Turkish exchangee descendants serves as a model for reconnection after ethnic, national, and religious conflict. Exchangees reject nationalisms that inspire hatred, turning instead to family memories, local monuments, and the imagined imperial past for alternatives that allow for reconnection with lost homelands and neighbors. They operate at interpersonal, local, and transnational registers, structuring their everyday encounters with national others through shared cultural patterns and hospitality rituals that hold political conflict in abeyance.



Figure 1. Map of Greece and Turkey, highlighting the places connected to Mustafapaşa (Sinassos) through the Population Exchange

CHAPTER 1

Introduction: Removal and Return

*Character Sketch: Gülbahar Teyze*²

Gülbahar *teyze*³ was old when I met her in 2014, one of the oldest women in the Turkish village of Mustafapaşa. Her skin was thin, with deep lines around her eyes that crinkled like newspaper when she smiled. She smiled often, a gesture that was always accompanied by the quick jerk of her hand, jumping to cover a single front tooth in a wide expanse of empty gums. Gülbahar wore *şalvar*⁴ and loosely wrapped her long, white hair in embroidered headscarves. Sometimes when I stopped by, she and her sister were busy upstairs with their five-times-daily prayers. At other times, I found her entertaining tourists on her deck. Her house was on the road to the old Greek Orthodox monastery, a popular touristic site in the village. The monastery, carved into the soft volcanic stone characteristic of the Cappadocia region, housed visitors as well as clerics in Ottoman times. During my fieldwork, it again welcomed visitors spending a few hours as they toured the region. Gülbahar would shout “Hello!” and “Guten Tag!” to all of the tourists that passed. She only knew a few foreign words, but she employed them bravely, bringing people from all over the world onto her patio. There, she would treat them to a Turkish coffee and, if they shared a language in common, a fortune read from the thick grinds that coated the edges of the cup after the coffee was drunk.

² Names of people and places in this dissertation have been changed.

³ *Teyze* is the Turkish for “maternal aunt” and is also used to denote respect or intimacy with a woman who is a generation older than the speaker.

⁴ *Şalvar* are wide, baggy pants traditionally worn at home by many older women in rural Turkey.



Figure 2. Gülbahar reads a coffee fortune

Gülbahar *teyze*'s parents didn't speak Turkish when they arrived in Mustafapaşa. She liked to tell the story of her education, how she marched to the nearest town with her sister to register for school without her uncle's permission, lying about her age so that she and her sister would be in the same class. Years later, they left the village together to train as nurses, eventually working in Turkey's biggest cities before returning to the village. Gülbahar and her sister were among the first women from Mustafapaşa to have jobs outside the home. One night, late in the evening, she told me about the American ships that used to dock in the harbor at Izmir, full of soldiers. She and the other nurses would shout and flirt with them from the windows of the hospital, but their gestures were insincere. Once, when the soldiers came running into the hospital to meet them, she and the other nurses had to flee and hide.

Gülbahar was not just an old lady in town, but over time she became The Old Lady in town. Documentarians and researchers like me that wanted to learn about the village's history were often sent to her. She spoke Macedonian in her childhood household and still knew it, so

she sang folk songs in her native language for the cameras. She made “immigrant baklava” to celebrate the *Şeker Bayramı*⁵ at the end of Ramadan, and often educated me in the history and customs of the exchangees of Zakoni. Sometimes when I asked her questions, I had the feeling that she’d given the same answers to the same questions several times before. One evening, when a formal interview carried over into conversation at dinner, she ended her explanation of each old custom by asking, “*İşim bitti mi?*”—“Is my job finished?”

Gülbahar visited her parents’ homeland in Northern Greece for the first time a few years ago. By then, she had long since retired from nursing and had begun spending winters with her family in Ankara, away from the cold, snowy winters and coal stoves of the village. In the springtime, after the weather had warmed enough that the stove only needed to be prepared and lit once a day, she and her sister would return to the village and pass their days growing vegetables in their garden, visiting family and friends, and telling the coffee fortunes of passing tourists. Each time that she went to Ürgüp, the nearest town, to do her grocery shopping, Gülbahar bought lottery tickets, week after week. Her niece, Selma, told me what happened when she finally discovered her aunt was buying the tickets.

“What are you thinking, wasting your money on lottery tickets?” Selma asked her. “At this age, what will you do with the money if you win? Will you go on the hajj?”⁶

Without a moment’s hesitation, Selma told me, Gülbahar *teyze* responded, “If I win, I’ll go to the homeland.” Anxious to help, Selma went to the mayor’s office where she worked and began filling out every application she could think of to win funding for Gülbahar to visit her ancestral homeland, now in Northern Greece. She submitted projects to European Union funding agencies and national exchange organizations, and even wrote to television shows. Finally, a

⁵ *Şeker Bayramı* is the “Sweets Holiday” marking the end of the month of Ramadan fasting, celebrated in Turkey with visiting and the exchange of candy and baked sweets.

⁶ Pilgrimage to Mecca.

documentary TV program called *Yaşayan Bellek (Living Memory)* chose her proposal, arranging an episode featuring Gülbahar's return to the village her family left in 1923. Cameras followed her as she found the house her ancestors had lived in and spoke with the village's current leader, a Turkish-speaking descendent of the Population Exchange whom Gülbahar still called "*muhtarımız*", *our* village head, when she spoke about him. Later, I helped Selma screen the show for members of the regional exchangee organization. All around me, second and third-generation exchangees wept as they watched another exchangee on the program bury the scarf and tie of his grandparents in their homeland, where they had wanted their bodies to be buried. The camera cut to footage of Gülbahar accepting grapes from the *muhtar* and taking in the village landscape. Selma leaned towards me.

"Here, do you see where she's laughing a little in this scene?" she whispered. "It's nerves. She told me that after all of those years hearing about the homeland as if it were a magical place, she was thinking, "All of *that* was for this little place?""

The Population Exchange

The Greek-Turkish Population Exchange was mandated as part of larger negotiations to formally settle World War I conflicts between the Ottoman Empire and the Allied nations, including Greece. Decided at the Lausanne Convention, it removed unwanted "others" from emerging nation-states, reshuffling the diverse populations of the defunct Ottoman Empire into more "appropriate" nations. Orchestrated on the basis of religion, Muslim populations were forcibly removed from former Ottoman territories recently acquired by Greece, and Greek Orthodox Ottoman populations of newly Turkish lands were expelled from Turkey. Following the violence of the previous decade, this "unmixing" was intended to solve the "problem" of

multireligious populations living amongst one another as they had for centuries, a now untenable situation in the new nation-state (see Brubaker, 1995; Clark, 2009; Hirschon, 2003).

This forcible and permanent expulsion of the Greek Orthodox populations from the newly founded Republic of Turkey and the Muslims from the expanded Greek nation in 1923 was named the “Exchange of Populations”, a moniker that implies greater symmetry than actually existed. It is also a euphemism that obscures the trauma and great losses suffered by those required to leave their homelands, endure a dangerous journey, and resettle in unfamiliar and frequently unwelcoming lands. When referring to the policy, I use the capitalized Population Exchange. During my fieldwork, most Greeks and Turks used this term, in their local languages, to refer to the event. Still, it is important to recognize the policy for what it was; a measure of religious cleansing intended to homogenize burgeoning nation-states. I will also use terms like “expulsion”, “exile”, and “removal” to refer to the experiences of the exchangees.

The years preceding the Population Exchange had been marked by violence between Greece and Turkey. During World War I, Greece fought with the Allies against the Ottoman Empire. After the war, Greek troops were assigned to patrol portions of the Ottoman Empire along the Aegean Sea. In 1919, they took advantage of their position to begin an incursion into Anatolia that sought to reclaim lands lost by the Byzantine Empire to the Ottomans centuries earlier. This irredentist dream was known as the *Megali Idea*. Mustafa Kemal gathered together the remnants of the Ottoman army to fight the Greeks, ultimately pushing them back to the Aegean Sea by 1922. These events became known as “the Great Catastrophe” in Greece and the “War of Independence” for Turks. Greek and Turkish accounts of the war tend to be one-sided, each emphasizing the barbaric cruelty of the “other” and the victimization of the self (see Adivar, 1924; Economos, 1922; Horton, 1926; Itzkowitz 1996; Stuckey 2009). The recent conflicts

between Greece and Turkey overshadowed centuries of multireligious coexistence in the Ottoman Empire, and the permanent separation of the Muslim and Christians of the former Ottoman Empire was deemed necessary by the European, Greek, and Turkish leaders present at the Lausanne talks.

The decision to carry out this policy also reflected notions about who should be included in the new Greek and Turkish nation-states and who should be outside of them. The Turkish state was beginning to define Turkishness in ethnic terms, situating itself in the Anatolian homeland, ascribing racially Turkish roots to the people living there, and naming the Anatolians as the carriers of the true Turkish culture (Göçek 2002, 33). While Atatürk initially defined a secular nation according to territory and language, without considering ethnicity or religion necessary to belonging, “By the time of the new Turkish nation-state’s formation in 1923, most political elites conflated Turkish nationality and Muslim religious identity—a conflation that remains hegemonic in Turkish political culture today” (Tambar 2014, 61; see also Akturk, 2009 and Aslan, 2007). Thus, the Anatolian Christians, even those who spoke Turkish and considered themselves ethnically and culturally Turkish, were included among those expelled in the Population Exchange (Akturk 2009, 896). Adherence to Islam was a necessary condition for inclusion in the Turkish state despite its secular values, a contradiction that remains central to political and social conflicts in Turkey today. The Population Exchange was one of a number of at times brutal measures enacting this religious homogenization, including the deadly deportations and massacres of Pontic Greek and Armenian Ottomans. By the foundation of the Turkish Republic in 1923, the percentage of Muslims in Anatolia had risen from 80 to 98 (Tambar 2014, 61).

The first article of the “Convention Concerning the Exchange of Greek and Turkish Populations” states: “As from the 1st May, 1923, there shall take place a compulsory exchange of Turkish nationals of the Greek Orthodox religion established in Turkish territory, and of Greek nationals of the Moslem religion established in Greek territory. These persons shall not return to live in Turkey or Greece respectively without the authorisation of the Turkish Government or of the Greek Government respectively.” In the year that followed, the Greek Orthodox Christians of Turkey and Muslims of Greece were brought on foot, by horse and cart, and by train to the Aegean coasts, where they were transported by boat across the sea. The exchangees who survived these perilous journeys were quarantined upon their arrival before continuing long and arduous overland trips to the villages and towns that would be their new homes. Many did not speak the language of their new nation. They arrived without the skills they needed to make a living in unfamiliar landscapes. They faced discrimination in their new homelands, where natives called them “infidel” and derided them with derogatory names. Such were the circumstances that Gülbahar’s parents faced as they were relocated from Zakoni village in Northern Greece to the small Turkish village of Mustafapasa.

Mustafapaşa was called Sinasos during Ottoman times, when it was occupied by a large Christian population and a smaller Muslim population. It is located in the Cappadocian region of Turkey. The ancient eruption of Kayseri’s Erciyes Mountain left clouds of ash that slowly settled and hardened, forming the soft tufa landscape that draws so many tourists to the region today. Rain and wind erode the stone, creating otherworldly “fairy chimneys” that rise up from the landscape alone and in small groups. Early Christian ascetics settled in these stone towers, carving small rooms at the top and living in isolation. Later, entire churches, monastery complexes, and underground cities were chiseled into the landscape, where religious minorities

could be protected from persecution. In the centuries that followed, Christians and others continued to inhabit the region and carve dwellings into the soft stones of Cappadocia. Structures were built by mining downwards and inwards rather than upwards; to create was to excavate, to build was to remove.

In the 1923 Population Exchange, it was the Christians of Cappadocia who were carved from the landscape and deposited elsewhere, bringing an end to the multi-religious life of the region during Ottoman times. Sinasos was one of many Cappadocian villages stripped of its Greek Orthodox population as a result of the treaty. The Sinasites were sent to Euboea Island, a few hours north of Athens, where they founded the village *Nea Sinasos*, or New Sinasos. Many of the Sinasites, who had been involved in shipping and fishing trades in Constantinople, quickly moved to Athens. The headquarters of the Nea Sinasos Association is now located in Piraeus, the main port of Athens. Near the end of my research, I mentioned to a prominent member of the Nea Sinasite community that I was hoping to travel to Nea Sinasos in a few weeks. He exclaimed that I might beat him there! In his more than seventy years, he had lived and studied all over the world, but he had never visited the village assigned to his parents and their neighbors in the Exchange. The lost homeland of Sinasos was what remained central to his community, whose prominent members were largely located in and near Athens even as they organized themselves as the “Nea Sinasites.”⁷

Gülbahar *teyze* was the child of one of the Muslim families brought to Sinasos and resettled in the homes of the expelled Christians. Her parents had lived in Zakoni, a small Ottoman village in what became northern Greece after World War I and the Greek-Turkish War. There, they had practiced animal husbandry and sold the village’s plentiful wood to inhabitants

⁷ The headquarters of the Nea Sinasos Association was in Piraeus, for example, not Nea Sinasos.

of the large towns nearby. They got along well with their Christian neighbors until inter-religious “gang” violence broke out during World War I and the subsequent Greek-Turkish War.

Following these events, Gülbahar’s family and their fellow villagers were forcibly relocated to Turkey. The *yerliler*, or “native” Turks already living in Sinasos, were surprised to find that the newcomers, though Muslim like them, spoke Macedonian and practiced different customs. They called them “*gavur*”, just like the “infidels” who left, and the two populations kept largely separate for decades.

Gülbahar grew up hearing about her wonderful homeland from family members struggling to make a new life in an unfamiliar environment with no forests and few animals. The lost homeland remained central to Gülbahar’s identity, and visiting it became a priority as she aged. When she finally arrived, Gülbahar was confronted with a scene both familiar and strange. The stories her parents, aunts, and uncles told her left her expecting a magical place of great beauty and advancement, but she found a village smaller than the one where she’d grown up. Her father’s house and the family mill were still standing, but the graves of her ancestors had been paved over. The village had been renamed from Zakoni to Ayios Dimitrios, but she found older villagers there speaking Turkish in their homes and requesting “Turkish” coffee in the village café. Their parents had been exiled from homelands in the Black Sea region of Turkey in the Exchange. Gülbahar shared the Turkish language with the older villagers, but the language of their homeland was not the language of her ancestral homeland, but rather of her current fatherland.

Scholars and activists sometimes think of the descendants of the 1923 Greek-Turkish Population Exchange as a bridge between Greece and Turkey, but the “exchange” was not direct. Village populations did not switch places across the Aegean, but were moved to any place that

had lost populations in the Exchange. Because the Population Exchange was uneven, with more Greek Orthodox people coming to Greece than Muslims who had left it, resettlement was chaotic. Christian exchangees to Greece were often crowded together waiting for permanent housing to be built, while there were many empty villages across the Aegean and Black Sea coasts and across Asia Minor. The result of this is that today, a returning exchangee finds in her homeland village a population connected to a different place than her current home. Triangles, not bridges, crisscross the Aegean to link the exchangees to their homelands and to each other.

Exchangees after 1923

The Population Exchange was not memorialized in Turkey. It was (and remains) absent from most textbooks. A museum in Edirne dedicated to the Lausanne Treaty makes no mention of it. It simply did not become part of the national narrative describing Turkey's foundation. Instead, it was part of a program of "administered forgetting" practiced as the new republic built a new national identity focused on the future rather than the Ottoman past (Özyürek, 2007; Neyzi, 2008). Immediately following the expulsions and resettlement of those impacted, the state took measures to discourage the politicization of exchangee identity. Early exchangee organizations were closed and banned, and in November of 1924 the Minister of Internal Affairs and gave a speech telling the new Turkish nation that the Population Exchange was over and the "schismatic" activities of refugee organizations would not be tolerated (Alpan 2012, 209). A distinct exchangee identity was seen as threatening to the new Turkish national identity, and politicians accused exchangees of creating the kinds of tensions that had only a few years earlier led to violence between Muslim and non-Muslim Ottomans. The Population Exchange was to be immediately relegated to the past, and calls for exchangee rights in the new nation were silenced.

After these events, many first-generation exchangees were careful to hide their distinct cultural practices, native languages, and ties to a foreign homeland. Rüstem, a businessman from Turkey who would go on to open Cappadocia's regional exchangee organization during my first year of fieldwork, did not know of his exchangee heritage until the 2000s. As a child, he shared a bedroom with his grandmother, an Albanian-speaking Muslim exiled to Turkey with the Exchange, but she had never spoken to him of the ordeal that she experienced. It wasn't until after she died that he began to research his family history, finally uncovering the reason for the mournful Albanian folk songs she occasionally sang late at night.

For many like Rüstem, the early 2000s marked a turning point in public awareness of the Population Exchange. I heard many explanations for this timing. Selma believed that the first and second generations had barely managed to survive following the trauma of exile and resettlement in lands where they had no jobs or connections and little familiarity with the native language. But the third-generation learned Turkish in elementary school and many went on to college, finally reaching the level of education she felt necessary for the exchangees to begin to preserve their history and promote their identity. In Greece, a prominent scholar of the Population Exchange argued that the subject was just too painful for first and second-generation exchangees to confront; only the third generation had the emotional distance to begin to process it academically. Sefer, the leader of Turkey's national exchangee association, pointed to two severe earthquakes that struck Turkey and Greece in 1999, after which the members of the two nations exchanged aid, as a turning point in Greek-Turkish relations and an opening for new transnational exchangee initiatives. Other scholars felt that the shift reflected a growing interest among all Turks in their family heritage and a new acceptability for diverse *cultural* backgrounds (see Çolak 2006; Iğsız 2018; Tambar, 2014).

This period also marks a renaming of the exchangees in Turkey. Before this shift, those who had been exiled from Greece and resettled in Turkey were called *muhacirler*, a broad term for “immigrants” that is still used by many exchangees today. Later, academics and exchangee organization leaders began to popularize the term *mübadiller*, referring specifically to people expelled in the Greek-Turkish Population Exchange.⁸ In Greece, exchangees call themselves πρόσφυγες, which means “refugees” and highlights their permanent displacement from their homeland. Terms referring to specific places of origin are employed by both, like “Asia Minor Greeks” or “those of Selanik [Thessaloniki]”. Following those committed to specifically identifying this population, I primarily use “exchangee” in this dissertation. Descendants of Greeks and Turks impacted by the Population Exchange describe themselves as “immigrants”, “exchangees”, and “refugees”, only rarely distinguishing that they are second or third-generation. I specify “first-generation exchangee” to identify those with first-hand memories of the homeland, but often refer to their descendants simply as “exchangees”, as they do.

Greece and Turkey as National Enemies

Being in the unique position of having both defeated one another for national independence (if the Ottoman Empire is understood to be “Turkish”), Greece and Turkey built their national identities in opposition to one another. In addition to the imagined shared rituals and pleasures of belonging that bind them to their nations (Anderson 2006[1983]), Greece and Turkey also rely upon the shared, public hatred of the collective other to foster national attachment (see Schmitt 2007[1932]). Political relations between Greece and Turkey remain tense, despite a brief period of rapprochement following the earthquakes in 1999. Conflicts in Cyprus and competing claims over resources in the Aegean Sea are sources of ongoing tension, occasionally flaring up over incursions by military planes into the airspace of the other, for

⁸ For a detailed consideration of the Turkish terms for “immigrant”, see Köker and Keskiner in Hirschon 2003.

example. This posturing has not led to direct military engagement in recent years, but the two countries point to the threat of the other to justify their military budgets. Norman Itzkowitz identifies the durable animosities between Greeks and Turks as the result of a “psychology of ethnic conflict” characterized by historical grievances, strong associations between the self and the nation, a rhetoric of self-victimization, and transmission of prejudices against a demonized, largely unknown other from older generations to the young (1996, 36-37). Pondering a possible end to these intractable national hatreds, Itzkowitz writes, “We cannot kill all the grandmothers, so we must start with the children and educate them at very early ages to forestall their being infected by the bitterness of ethnic conflict” (37).

Unfortunately, the children’s education in Greece and Turkey is another arena in which they are taught to hate the national other, as documented by Turkish filmmaker Nefin Dinç and Greek-Turkish Relations scholar Hercules Millas in their recent film *The Other Town*. To make their film, Dinç and Millas traveled to a small town in Greece and one in Turkey to speak to locals about their perceptions of the national other. They recorded classroom lessons, spoke to local officials, and interviewed residents from multiple generations, including small children. The film is telling. In the opening scenes, an older Turkish man laughs at the idea of a Turk being friends with a Greek. “*Aman aman!*” he smiles, shaking his head. “Heavens no!” Millas translates. Another recounts, “We have a lot of hate inside us. Aren't the Greeks just the same? They still can't stand us Turks!” The children’s comments reflect the views of their elders and teachers: “They invaded our country once, and now they say they're friends. I don't know. I don't see them as friends,” explains one Turkish adolescent. Millas's questions to the smaller children are simple: “Are we in any danger?” he asks. A young Greek boy responds in affirmation. “In what way?” presses Millas. “If the Turks invade,” answers the little boy. Children are

indoctrinated into this viewpoint by teachers and lessons that reinforce conceptions of Greeks and Turks as barbaric infidels and fearsome enemies. Officials in the film seem more circumspect. The mayor of the Greek town assures Millas that things are improving: "We don't say the Turks killed us or hanged us as we once used to." However, positioned prominently in his office, just behind his head as he says this, is a picture depicting the hanging of Greek Orthodox Patriarch Grigoris V by the Ottomans in 1821, rather subverting his intended message.

Scholarship of Greek and Turkish textbooks, lessons, parental admonitions, and children's games reinforces the findings of *The Other Town*. These are the mechanisms by which young Greeks and Turks are enculturated to hold negative attitudes of the national other (see Millas, 1991; Spyrou, 2002; Theodossopoulos, 2004). Greek teachers use terms like "massacre" and "slaughter" to describe military actions by the Turks (Spyrou, 2002), and prejudices taught at young ages persist in adulthood, even as schoolchildren grow up and become aware of the nationalist bent in their education (Theodossopoulos, 2004). There has been little progress in this area recently; Millas informed me in 2015 that a recent campaign to make the language about Turks in Greek textbooks more neutral failed. He began to use *The Other Town* as a pedagogical tool in teacher training courses aimed at reducing the proliferation of Greek-Turkish prejudices.

Overcoming Animosity through Hospitality

Hatred between Greece and Turkey is a central problem for exchangees who became active in preserving their heritage and identity in the early 2000s. The accomplishment of their goals requires collaboration with exchangees across the Aegean—people who are thought to be their national enemies. While many exchangees grow up hearing stories of cross-religious friendship in the Ottoman towns of their ancestors, they are also educated in national public schools that construct Greeks and Turks as enemies. They are anxious to reconnect with

ancestral homelands and other exchangeees, but contemporary models for cooperative Greek-Turkish interactions are few. Greek and Turkish exchangeees create their own, by drawing upon hospitality practices shared across the hostile Greek-Turkish national border and by looking to a romanticized multi-religious Ottoman past as an example.

Typically, hosts determine the terms of hospitality: how long it will be proffered, where in the home it will occur, who will arrange it, and what the guest must do to deserve it. These responsibilities are not often decided by the personal feelings of the host alone, but rather by much wider ethical, religious, and juridical demands and norms that circulate in the society of the host. When exchangeees return to their homelands, they travel in two countries where hospitality is a national value. The association between hospitality and the Mediterranean region is long established, particularly its ancient Greek lineage (Derrida 2000; Herzfeld 1987; Pitt-Rivers 2012(1977); Reece 1993). Hospitable-ness is not only a personal quality, but, as Reece argues in regards to Homeric antiquity, “a fundamental institution of civilized society” (1993: 165). To welcome guests in an appropriate way does not only speak to one’s own generosity in ancient Greece, but also to one’s place as a member of a society.

In Greece and Turkey (and elsewhere), hospitality is a system based upon reciprocity. Greeks give generously of what they have (but are not expected to part with things that are dear), and expect the favor to be returned. Even (or especially) when it is not, they acquire moral superiority through properly initiating the hospitable exchange (Herzfeld 1987). Balanced reciprocity is likewise paramount in Turkey, visible especially in the social groups women commonly form that rotate visitation from one host to the next. Relationships are damaged when guests are not equally entertained within an appropriate time frame (see Aswad 1974). The centrality of this reciprocity is clear in the phrase by which guests in Turkey commonly take their

leave: “We also await you.” Exchangees make offers of return hospitality and exchange telephone numbers even when traditional, direct forms of reciprocity are unlikely. Further, understanding that the Population Exchange did not directly “exchange” villages, they act as hosts to any incoming exchangees in hopes that they will likewise be hosted in the places that matter to them. Reciprocity is enacted on a more collective scale.

As exchangees return to their homelands today, their hospitality practices are also informed by an imagined, idealized pre-Population Exchange context in which Muslims and Christians peacefully coexisted. For Ottomans, “the entertainment of a guest was a sacred duty, no matter how unexpected his arrival” (Lewis 1971, 118). The Turkish word for hospitality most commonly used in my field site was “*misafirperverlik*”, from the Turkish for guest (*misafir*) and a Persian verb meaning to nourish, to care for, to worship (*pervardan*).⁹ Definitions of hospitality that highlight its sacredness and gesture to worship illustrate how Ottomans conceptualized their hospitable treatment of religious others. Doumanis articulates the manner in which Ottomans in multi-religious towns viewed the compassionate treatment of the other as enhancing rather than damaging religious piety and conviction; a Muslim who could be kind and charitable to Christians and other non-Muslims was in fact a better Muslim (2013, 63).

Ottomans also counted among their values *komşuluk*, or neighborliness. Rebecca Bryant distinguishes neighborliness from hospitality; the latter depends on strict boundaries between insiders and outsiders, whereas neighborliness was predicated on the blurring of the boundary between “ours” and “theirs” (2016, 21). Neighborliness prioritized locality over religious or ethnic distinctions. Understood as an obligation, it was practiced through routine exchanges of greetings, pleasantries, and gossip across religious boundaries, what Bryant calls “everyday

⁹ Many thanks to Gottfried Hagen for his expert translation of the Persian affix

diplomacy”. Highlighting the fact that their ancestors were neighbors in the past, exchangees also suppress religious and national differences and highlight their shared connections to particular locations (the lost homeland of the guest, and the current home of the host).

The next three chapters of this dissertation explore these dynamics in the Turkish village of Mustafapaşa. Chapter Two demonstrates how exchangees in and from Mustafapaşa (Sinassos) turn to memoirs and photographs to understand the multi-religious life of the town in Ottoman times. Sinassites who documented the history of their town paid particular attention to the warm relationships between Muslims and Christians, highlighting their shared connection to a common landscape despite disparities in wealth and relative power. Their memoirs and photographs capture a powerful love for the lost homeland and are themselves beloved today, as key tools for maintaining affective ties to the ancestral homeland and Sinassite community. Chapter Three demonstrates how the “neighborliness” that characterized Ottoman life in multi-religious Sinassos came to an abrupt end with the Population Exchange. Co-religionist natives in the village rejected the incoming exchangee population, and the two groups remained isolated for decades. In these conditions, Mustafapaşa exchangees maintained many cultural practices brought from Zakoni village in their homes. When the history of the Population Exchange re-entered Turkish popular culture and public awareness in the late 1990s, Mustafapaşa exchangees also gradually presented their cultural traditions to wider audiences, Turkish and touristic. The opening of Mustafapaşa to outsiders as a touristic site and locus of well-preserved exchangee heritage (both Zakoni cultural and Sinassos architectural) brought visits from descendants of the Sinassite Christians expelled in the Population Exchange. These Nea Sinassites began to participate in the renovations of their ancestral hometown even though their ancestral properties had been long since “inherited” by exchangee families allocated them in 1924. Chapter Four traces the

competitive incorporation that occurred as current and ancestral residents of Mustafapaşa negotiated how to best preserve and represent this cultural heritage. Nea Sinasites sought to revive the town as it was before the Population Exchange and memorialize Greek Orthodox Ottoman life. Zakoni exchangees hoped to preserve their own ancestral traditions by exposing tourists to their domestic traditions. Mustafapaşa natives and outsiders hoped to profit economically by commercializing any heritage that brought tourists to the village. The old houses strain to encompass inward-facing but divergent ancestral traditions and outward-looking touristic aims, bringing the three populations into close but competitive relationships centered on property.

Hospitality as an Analytical Tool

The transnational exchangee community includes members of different religion, linguistic background, and nationality. Their ancestral properties across the Aegean are often what bring them into contact with one another, forming a sort of “house society” akin to the medieval noble estates elaborated by Levi-Strauss (1988). Because houses are at the center of many trans-Aegean exchangee relationships, so is hospitality. Greek and Turkish exchangees welcome one another into their ancestral homes as hosts and guests in a particularly tense terrain, where past ownership claims, national animosities, and current geopolitical circumstances are divisive impetuses. Exchangee hospitality practices—domestic, commercial, and both at once—structure cooperative relations despite these sources of animosity.

Hospitality is at once a set of conventions Greeks and Turks draw upon to develop relationships based on something besides divisive nationalisms and a useful framework for exploring the conditions, stakes, and consequences involved in the building of a Greek-Turkish exchangee community.

Conventions and Obligations: Placing Conflict in Abeyance

In everyday life, hospitality is a series of practices that manage risks involved in welcoming strangers into intimate spaces, especially domestic ones. It has a particular sequence and particular rules to govern it that vary according to place and time. In Homer's ancient Greece, a guest arrived at the threshold of a home and supplicated his host, who raised him up (often literally as well as in status, from a kneeling or prostrate position to a seated one, from a beggar to a guest), fed him, offered him bath and bed, and escorted him to his next destination (Reece 1993, 6-7). The guest, in return, blessed the host at the feast, answered his questions and identified himself at the appropriate time, and again made a blessing upon his departure. Thereafter, the host and guest were involved in a reciprocal relationship of hospitality, wherein, at a later date, the host could expect to be extended the same courtesies he had extended. These were the conventions of ancient Greek hospitality.

Hospitality involves imitating intimacy and extending trust before it is really earned, by welcoming into intimate spaces those who are not yet intimate. Displays of trust and intimacy by hosts are admired, as when ancient Greeks welcome guests without even asking their identity or Biblical figures offer their daughters (true intimates) to be raped before exposing their guests to danger. Good guests do not take advantage of this trust. The ancient Greek guest, for example, would not sleep in the house, but immediately outside of it, far from the place where the host and his wife slept (32). By behaving appropriately as guests and hosts, particularly in reciprocal exchanges of hospitality, strangers can develop trust and convert into true intimates (Selwyn 2001, 9).

Chapter Five presents the conventions specific to Greek-Turkish exchangee hospitality, an *etiquette of reconnection* that is designed to avoid conflict and promote cooperative

interaction. While Greek and Turkish national narratives highlight the differences between Greeks and Turks, and their past political antagonism, exchangees work to reverse this tendency. They are careful to avoid politics, place blame for problems between their nations on others, and focus on the things they share in common, whether the suffering of their ancestors or common cultural practices. The goal of these practices is what all hospitality aims to accomplish: “It imposes order through an appeal to the sacred, makes the unknown knowable, and replaces conflict by reciprocal honour. It does not eliminate the conflict altogether but places it in abeyance and prohibits its expression” (Pitt-Rivers 2012(1977), 513). With typical, nationalistic forms of hostile engagement in abeyance, exchangees develop new patterns of interaction and cooperative engagement.

Commercializing Hospitality

In literature and in anthropological scholarship, there are also very many examples of bad guests and hosts, ones who fail to adequately perform their obligations. In *The Odyssey*, Homer negatively evaluates both guests who overstay their welcome and hosts who unnecessarily detain their guests (Reece 1993). Of particular concern are situations in which the roles of guest and host are unclear, or when bad hosts or bad guests reject their appropriate roles: “This refusal is most likely to occur when guest and host cannot agree on who controls the space of interaction, who is sovereign, who belongs, and who owes or should offer respect” (Shryock 2012, 30). In the final scenes of *The Odyssey*, Odysseus returns home to find Penelope’s suitors acting like hosts. With the aim of penetrating the interior of his home (and his wife), they have stayed too long and helped themselves to the resources of the home, and, especially despicable in Homeric hospitality, rudely treated Odysseus disguised as a beggar seeking shelter. In short, the guests have taken the role of the house’s master. Odysseus’s bloody vengeance is seen as justified not

only because the suitors have disrespected his family and possessions, but because “they have shown their disregard for, indeed perversion of, a fundamental institution of civilized society by displaying abusive behavior toward him as a guest” (Reece 1993, 165).

Proper hospitable exchanges are also threatened when guest/host roles are inappropriately assigned. Certain relationships, for example, are not suited to hospitable exchanges, like those of relatives and very close friends who chafe against the notion of being treated “like a guest” rather than “one of the family”. There is something inappropriate, at times even dangerous, about being a stranger or guest in one’s own home. The story of Oedipus is a classic example. Oedipus, when he unknowingly returns to his own homeland as a stranger, is simultaneously kin and foreigner. The boundaries between the two, typically protected by hospitality practices, collapse. Oedipus kills the master of the house (his father) and takes possession of the house and wife, becoming at once husband and son of Jocasta. Years later, upon the revelation of these boundaries crossed, Jocasta commits suicide and Oedipus blinds and exiles himself. He has broken the rules and entered intimate spaces to which he should have been denied access, as either a foreigner or as a son. The result is his displacement and disemplacement.

The shared history of the exchangees introduces similar vulnerabilities into their relationships as guests and hosts. Exchangees cross national borders to find the homes of their parents and grandparents, or, for a few very old exchangees, their own childhood homes. When they are successful, they are hosted as guests in their own ancestral homes. In this situation, who is master? The exchangee whose family was allocated the home upon their resettlement in 1923, or the descendants of the family who built it and lived in it until they were forced to leave? There is legitimacy to both of these claims, but successful hospitality requires clear demarcations of host and guest.

Greeks and Turks are aware of the anxiety caused by this tension. It comes through in their jokes, like the one Mert told to a group of Turkish exchangees visiting Greece. We were watching as Yunus and a few others bent to the ground to kiss the earth of their homeland village and scoop it into plastic bags. They would later place this earth on their grandparents' graves. Mert explained to us that Bulgarian fighters kissed the ground before retreating from Thessaloniki, sending the message that the land belonged to them and they would return to it. Then he turned to Yunus and the others, and said, "Don't take this earth, friends, give up this habit! The Greek politicians will see you and say, "Look, the Turks have set their sights upon our lands!"'"

Mert was not the only one to hint at fears that exchangees might try to repatriate or reclaim their lost homes. Others told me straightforwardly that when the Greeks first began returning to visit Mustafapasa, locals worried that they would lose their homes. These fears speak to real uncertainties about which parties had more valid claims to the properties.

As Sophocles and Homer show, it is inappropriate and dangerous when guests act like hosts and hosts like guests. The outcome is violence. Exchangees visiting ancestral homes create a situation where these roles are unclear. The commercialization of hospitality mitigates this risk. Heritage tourism clarifies the confusion brought by ancestral claims to lost properties. Typically, tourism is understood as inappropriate and inauthentic, a perversion of traditional hospitality (Herzfeld, 1987; Shryock, 2004). While reciprocity is central to hospitality, it is a delayed form of reciprocity in which hosts can expect to be hosted by the guest at another time in the future. The immediate cash repayment expected in a tourism setting brings hospitality practices out of the realm of morality and into the realm of commerce; hospitality is commodified (Herzfeld, 1987). Further, studies of tourism have long been concerned with debates about the authentic or

contrived nature of heritage when it is offered up for the consumption of tourists (see Tucker 2003 for a compelling complication of this simplistic dichotomy in Cappadocia). Questions about whether touristic encounters and commodified cultural products are “real” or “fake” once compensation is introduced miss the point: “In its *lived* manifestations, cultural identity appears ever more as two antithetical things at once: on the one hand, as a precipitate of inalienable natural essence, of genetics and biology, and, on the other, as a function of voluntary self-fashioning, often through serial acts of consumption. It is, in other words, *both* ascriptive and instrumental. *Both* innate and constructed. *Both* blood and choice” (Comaroff and Comaroff 2009, 40). Following this scholarship, this dissertation understands tourism as a form of hospitality that is not (only) perverted, inappropriate, and consumer-oriented, but also enabling, authentic, and empowering of hosts.

Commercialized heritage allows groups to produce and feel their cultural distinctiveness, define their identity and preserve their way of life, participate in the marketplace, and gain recognition. Exchangee heritage tourism as a form of hospitality enables warm, uncompetitive relationships between Greeks and Turks. It diminishes the risk of hosting a home’s former owners by making the roles of host and guest quite clear. In Mustafapasa, many exchangees whose families had acquired Sinasite mansions in the Population Exchange converted them into hotels, restaurants, and shops. A hotel might be the same physical structure as a Greek ancestral home, but a hotel is a different kind of space than a house. Whereas ownership, inheritance, and family legacy—questions central to defining the “master” and host of a hospitable encounter—are wrapped into houses, hotels are leisure spaces where hospitality practices are mimicked but not reproduced exactly.

Chapter Six analyzes the enabling characteristics of exchangee heritage tourism,

proposing that the ancestral home as hotel is an alternative space, one where Greek and Turkish exchangees can focus on memory and everyday domestic practices, traditions, and heritage without confronting questions of inheritance and rightful ownership. When descendants of the expelled Greek Orthodox Sinasites visit, they often receive special attention, but ultimately they are paying guests in the hotels and shops they frequent. As customers as well as guests, they accede mastery of the house to its current owners and ensure the temporary nature of their stay, reducing the chance of visitors becoming bad guests. With this guarantee in place, tourism professionals as hosts are able to offer more traditional forms of hospitality, like free meals or long hours of evening discussion over free cups of tea and coffee—niceties not typically extended to non-exchangee guests. These kinds of gestures are returned, and exchangees have built warm, durable friendships free from worries about repatriation or repossession.

Guests, Hosts, and Power

While the exchangees' *etiquette of reconnection* locates their interactions within the scope of hospitality in order to downplay areas of potential conflict, and exchangees are often quick to categorize their efforts as apolitical, this dissertation attends to the differences in class, power, and geopolitical position that determine the terms of hospitable exchange. In addition to a shared social value, hospitality is a power relation predicated upon inequality and hierarchy: "Host and guest can at no point *within the context of a single occasion* be allowed to be equal, since equality invites rivalry" (Pitt-Rivers 2012, 509, emphasis in original). Instead, hosts, by being "at home", occupy a space of power. They are their own social world, where they are familiar with the requirements of hospitality, where their emplacement is secure, where their connections are nearby, and so on. The host has authority over the space of the hospitable encounter; that is what makes him the host and not the guest (514). Derrida writes, "It does not

seem to me that I am able to open up or offer hospitality, however generous, even in order to be generous without reaffirming: this is mine, I am at home, you are welcome in my home, without any implication of “make yourself at home” but on condition that you observe the rules of hospitality by respecting the being-at-home of my home, the being-itself of what I am” (2000a, 14). By opening one’s home to a guest, the host reclaims it as his own; and his home is only his own insofar as he has the ability to host there. For Derrida, the sovereignty of the home requires the arrival of a guest and the offer (or not) of hospitality. The relationships are interdependent and, as Derrida reveals, hosts, despite being “masters”, are hostages like their guests.

Guests are also simultaneously vulnerable and powerful. According to many traditions, hosts are expected to protect their guests from harm, even if the guest is an enemy. Guests are served, often elaborately and even irresponsibly, by hosts. But that service reinforces the subservience of the guest; after all, it is the host who controls how and where the guest is served (Herzfeld 1987, 77). In this way, as described by Jordanians in Andrew Shryock’s work, guests are “prisoners” of their hosts, who control their movement within the home and access to proffered resources (2012: 23). But guests are not powerless. In societies that value hospitality, the reputation of the host is in the hands of the guest, who can speak to his generosity and honor (or lack thereof).

Thus, situations in which different exchange families have ancestral versus current legal connections to a property are problematic both in terms of defining the appropriate behaviors of the occupying and visiting families, but also in terms of defining who, especially as domestic spaces transform into touristic ones, has the right to determine the representation of the homes.

Power is implicated in hospitality encounters at more levels than the interpersonal. As Derrida demonstrates, the host is the one who is at home—but that home is situated in a nation-

state that also plays a role in determining what outsiders will be permitted to be guests, and on what terms. In general, a requirement of hospitality is that it is temporary. Guests who stay for long periods are expected to assimilate into society, thereby relinquishing any expectation of hospitality. Even Kant, with his utopian ideal of universal welcome stemming from each man's "common possession of the surface of the earth", understands hospitality as "a right of *temporary sojourn*" (1795, emphasis added). In most scholarship, the right of temporary sojourn is the *only* right associated with hospitality; guests, in principle, do not have rights. Those who demand rights in a foreign land give up their status as guests (Pitt-Rivers, 2012 [1977]: 509).

Like all hosts and guests, Greek and Turkish exchangeees encounter one another with differences in wealth, education, and other forms of social and economic capital that impact their relative power within and across the categories of host and guest. Chief among these differences is the differential geopolitical position of Greece and Turkey within the global hierarchy.

Guests in the Nation, Guests in the Region

Hospitality is a temptingly scalable framework. It has been employed to describe practices of welcome or closure extended to outsiders in private family homes, villages, sovereign nation-states, and communities of states (Candea and da Col, 2012). All states exercise control over incoming outsiders, and the Greek and Turkish nation-states have many reasons to be hostile to projects of exchangee heritage and identity preservation, and the transnational travel essential to both projects. Like Oedipus who kills his father on his path to reunite with his mother, the efforts of Greek and Turkish exchangeees to reunite with a long-lost Ottoman motherland are threatening to nation-states (fatherlands) that have spent nearly a century denying Ottoman inheritances and prioritizing ethnic and religious homogeneity (Herzfeld 1982 and 2016; Sula 2009; Tambar 2014). Many exchangeees actively publicize the history of the

Population Exchange, which the Turkish state silenced for decades, and preserve cultural identities distinct from national ones. Further, exchangees build connections between nations that are antagonistic. Some exchangee organizations engage in political endeavors demanding governmental initiatives to protect their heritage across the Aegean and easier access to their homelands through changes to visa protocols. These conversations begin to veer into the realm of rights, a realm denied to temporary sojourners and threatening to states that do not wish to incorporate national others as permanent residents.

Expanding the scale one more step, transnational exchangee heritage tourism sheds light on larger geopolitical distinctions between Europe and the Middle East. The Aegean and land borders that the exchangees cross to visit their homelands mark the division between Greece and Turkey, but also between Europe and the Middle East, and the Christian West and Muslim Middle East. Though Turkey's bid for inclusion in the European Union and its predecessors spans decades, the EU has remained unwelcoming (see Gürsel, 2009). The 2015 refugee "crisis" further demonstrated the impermeability of this border, as many European nation-states fought against appeals to welcome unwanted outsiders into their sovereign states, even as small children died in desperate attempts to cross to safety. Ultimately, the vast majority of the refugees were housed in Turkey.¹⁰ Promises that in return, Turks would enjoy visa-free access to the EU as tourists went unrealized. The refugees, overwhelmingly Muslim, were kept out of the European Union, and visa regulations continue to limit and control even the temporary movement of Muslim Turks in Europe. Still, just the threat of an influx of Muslim refugees led to the increased activity and popularity of conservative, nationalistic, and xenophobic political parties across Europe (as in the United States), further hardening Western borders against outsiders. Refugees

¹⁰ See Dağtaş 2017 for an important account of official and traditional "*misafir*" (guest) policies impacting Syrian refugees in Southeastern Turkey.

of conflict in the Middle East found the European Union to be decidedly inhospitable, just as the refugees—needy, unfamiliar with local norms, and likely to overstay their welcome—were assumed to be very bad guests. The border separating them was protected.

Throughout Chapters 5 and 6, I attend to the ways in which Greek and Turkish national policies and regional geopolitical positions differentially impact Greek and Turkish exchangees' abilities to reconnect with their homelands in the ways that they would like. Ultimately, though, homeland tourism is as destabilizing to the importance of these boundaries for exchangees as these boundaries are destabilizing to exchangee homeland tourism. Many Greek and Turkish exchangees who crossed this border found that the differences between the people on one side of it and the other—differences between Christians and Muslims, Europeans and Turks—are not as stark as they imagined. As they are welcomed into the homes, hotels, shops, restaurants, museums, and concert halls of the national and regional “other”, many are surprised to find many things familiar: foods they are served, offered with a few words of their own native tongue; mannerisms they share in common, like the way older women pat your arm as they chat with you; the requirement of pairing coffee with a cookie or a piece of chocolate. These small similarities are evidence of a shared Ottoman past that structures the most intimate of Greek and Turkish domestic practices. The concluding chapter proposes that by recognizing and celebrating these similarities, past and present, exchangees offer an alternative to Greek-Turkish animosity, and to Eurocentric regional frameworks that place them at odds.

A transnational community?

The Population Exchange was intended to constitute a form of rupture—between Turkey and the Ottoman past, between multireligious Ottoman populations, and between people and homelands considered inappropriate in new national contexts. By returning to visit their

homelands and connect with the people who live in them now, exchangees explicitly attempt to undo these ruptures. To do so requires new breakages in time and space. Like hospitality involves a certain kind of abeyance, exchangees endeavor to disrupt their connections to nation-states by traveling to ancestral places—journeys that require movements across borders and into past times in which that same space was arranged differently. In one sense, exchangees form a transnational community that spans and travels across Greek and Turkish national borders. In another, they form a trans-temporal community that connects their current lives with pre-1923 ancestral lives, but exists within a single political space—the Ottoman Empire. Of course, the Ottoman imperial landscape upon which they ground their interactions is collectively imagined and mythical, but it is one in which national borders are not, in fact, crossed. In this sense, the community is not transnational. The monuments that make exchangee sites of return like Mustafapaşa touristically valuable are also those connected to this past. Exchangees are therefore doubly motivated to revive and, in some way, inhabit this past.

Taking seriously the exchangees’ attempts to occupy a past time as they move into spaces important to their identity through past familial connections, as I do in this dissertation, is important for a number of reasons. First, it forces considered deliberation of what makes the exchangees a community. They are not connected by religion, ethnicity, or nationality, as are many diaspora communities. They are also largely not composed of first-generation migrants, refugees, or mobile businessmen concerned with maintaining traditions and connections to former or multiple homelands, like many communities understood as “transnational” (see Basch, Glick Schiller, and Szanton Blanc 1994; Ong, 1999; Smith and Guarnizo, 1998). Instead, what ties them together, as they elaborate and I discuss in Chapter 5, is the shared trauma of their forced removal from their homelands. This trauma is, however, again located in the past. Thus,

for the exchangee community today, it is the shared trauma suffered by their ancestors that is the foundation of their communal sense of belonging.¹¹ These connections are central to the identities of many exchangees; as with other transnational and border communities, at times “the people who share these cultural forms have more in common with each other than they do with the majority populations in their states” (Donnan and Wilson, 1999: 80). This is particularly important in Greece and Turkey, where the boundaries between the nation-states that divide Greeks and Turks are also the boundaries of the geopolitical regions of Europe and the Middle East. Such regions are understood as inherently different, and the borders of Europe have recently been heavily, violently policed to prevent the entrance of unwanted others considered incompatible with European ways of life. Taking seriously exchangee narratives about reviving the past or interacting cooperatively across boundaries in ways that are understood as Ottoman thus also does important work in highlighting the recentness of political boundaries now understood as logical and impenetrable. For exchangees in the present, drawing upon the recent past allows them to question the coherence of these boundaries today. Granting these shifts in time both reflects exchangee conventions and sharpens analytical categories.

Throughout this dissertation, therefore, it can seem as though time slips from the present (Mustafapaşa) to the past (Sinassos) in ways no longer common in contemporary anthropology. The discipline has, I hope, foreclosed any kind of analysis that posits that a people “lives in the past.” At the same time, exchangees express desires to do just that, and do things to try to accomplish that goal—whether by restoring a crumbling ruin, using a place’s Ottoman name instead of its current one, or rejecting nationalism in favor of local or imperial affiliations that are both anachronistic and mythical. In many ways, the “times” and “places” exchangees visit

¹¹ See Carsten, 2007, for other examples of such communities, including descendants of Holocaust victims and populations resettled in the partition of India.

and talk about exist neither in the present nor in the past, but are constructed from memories passed down, romanticized stories written after the fact, and present reflections on how the past ought to have been.¹² Further, most exchangee descendants would not actually wish to leave their current homes and return to live in their ancestral homelands.¹³ Their calls to return to the past reflect their search for a model for cooperative Greek-Turkish interaction in the present and current desires to protect their heritage and identities in national contexts that threaten them. Places like Mustafapaşa (Sinassos) are palimpsests in which multiple layers of time, real and imagined, are simultaneously visible and important (see Iğsız 2015). Exchangee communities can in this way be at once grounded in the local—a small village like Mustafapaşa—and also transnational—encompassing populations connected to that place in the past and present, which today includes members of Greek and Turkish nation-states. These slippages thus represent the ways in which contemporary residents of Mustafapaşa and ancestral residents of Sinassos spoke about and understood their village.

Though exchangees were primarily concerned with events that occurred in the past, their experiences offer insight into migrant and refugee futures. The exchangees with whom I worked demonstrate the long duration of sentimental attachments to lost homelands, even those lost by parents and grandparents. Exchangees often identified a sense of loss and longing among the cultural traditions and stories passed down from their ancestors; they carried this pain as their

¹² This is common of recent “neo-Ottomanism”, “Ottoman pluralism” and “Ottomania” trends in Turkey in general—nostalgic popular and political celebrations of the Ottoman legacy reflect present agendas far more than past realities (see Çolak, 2006 and Zencirci, 2014).

¹³ I asked some exchangee descendants about this outright, and none expressed desires to repatriate (or, more precisely, to return to the birthplaces of their ancestors). Many lamented the fact that the Population Exchange had happened at all, all wished to more easily be able travel to their homelands, and some expressed desires for this to be achieved through a reunion of Greece and Turkey. Exchangees used notions of “homeland” fluidly in ways that reflected dual attachments. On one bus trip to Greek exchangee villages, a Turkish participant who had for days expressed her excitement to be in her “homeland” sighed with contentment as we crossed the border back into Turkey and said, “Ah, how nice it is to be back in my homeland.” Indeed, the entire bus had erupted into cheers and shouts of “Olé!” when we reached the half of the bridge painted red and white to mark the official entry into Turkey.

own and behaved in ways in the present that sought to assuage this past, inherited trauma. This dissertation seeks not only to share the model that exchangees have developed for interacting cooperatively after violent conflict and its subsequent relocations, but also to demonstrate the need for such models. War in Syria and economic and political violence in many other places require populations to move, often against their wishes. The traumas resulting from these removals are intergenerational. The Greek-Turkish exchangees demonstrate a way forward, and call upon nation-states and supranational organizations to support the conditions necessary for their success.

Fieldwork: Mustafapaşa and Thessaloniki, 2012-2015

To study how and why exchangees managed trips to their homelands, I spent two and a half years working with Greeks and Turks who were deeply involved in exchangee heritage tourism. In the first year and a half of my ethnographic fieldwork, I lived in Mustafapaşa (Sinassos), a village in the Cappadocia region of Turkey.

Mustafapaşa was dusty, dry, and hot in the summer, and snowy and quiet in the winter. Anywhere in the village could be reached in no more than 15 minutes by foot, apart from the fields arranged at the outskirts. The front yards of family dwellings often featured collections of construction materials (accumulated over time, to be used to build additional floors when sons married), 4-ft piles of chopped kindling (to light the coal stoves in the winter), and *tandır* ovens (clay-lined pits in the ground used for baking bread). There was no grocery store or bank in Mustafapaşa, but the village center did boast a post office, a pharmacy, and a small health clinic open a few afternoons a week for routine care (though closed for long periods in the winter). It was difficult to buy a newspaper in town. To conduct most important business, like paying a bill, arranging for internet, or buying fresh fruits and vegetables from a weekly market, required a trip

to Ürgüp, the nearest town. Ürgüp was about 5 kilometers (3 miles) away from Mustafapaşa, and a white van made the trek back and forth every half hour for a 2 lira fee (at the time, about \$1.50). From Ürgüp, one could by bus reach the larger cities of Nevşehir (20 km), Kayseri (65 km), and Ankara (290 km). Residents of Mustafapaşa lamented the necessity of traveling constantly to Ürgüp, especially those who had read or heard from Nea Sinasites about the historical competitiveness between Ürgüp and Sinasos. In the past, Sinasos had been the place people traveled to in order to find the market, specialized doctors, the butcher, and so on. After the Population Exchange, the situation reversed.

Mustafa Özer, Mustafapaşa's mayor from 1999 – 2009, worked to revive the importance of his village. He oversaw the opening of a trade school in the town and its entry into the regional tourism industry. These years marked a monumental shift in the village, which had been a small, quiet place where most residents worked in agriculture. I was told that electricity first came to the village in the 1980s, but it was years before it was reliable or ubiquitous. By 2013, most cafes and hotels had wireless internet available to guests, at least in the lobby, and many homes did, too. This was in part to meet the needs of the technical school students. Mustafa's plan had been very thoughtful. In the busy summer months, the old Greek mansions that residents converted into hotels with the help of municipal funding and loans were filled with tourists. In the winter, some rented rooms to students studying to be flight attendants and learning other trades at the school. Many hotel, shop, and café owners also tended fields, at least supplying their own homes with fruits and vegetables. A neighbor passed through town on his donkey with the same regularity that massive tour buses crept under bridges barely wide enough to accommodate them each afternoon in the summer. Hotel owners served their guests jam, pickled vegetables, and grape syrup made from the bounty of their gardens. At the sight of

villagers engaged in these preparations, tourists marveled that visiting Mustafapaşa was like visiting the past. If they'd come a few weeks later, they probably would have been surprised to see hordes of 18 and 19-year olds, awash in cologne and perfume, scanning Facebook on their cell phones as they made their way to their classes, the girls in mini skirts and high heels.

I chose to center my research project in Mustafapaşa because of the rich architectural heritage left by the Greek Orthodox of Sinasos and the active exchangee communities, Turkish and Greek, connected to the village. The residents of Mustafapaşa preserved many of the town's churches and Greek mansions, recently converting them to hotels, restaurants, cafes, and school buildings. As a result, many Greeks visited the village, and the Nea Sinasites returned to it often. The Muslim exchangees of Mustafapaşa did much to preserve their own heritage as well, and the town continued to celebrate exchangee holidays, cuisine, and music—amongst themselves and for visiting tourists. The exchangees of the village maintained significant ties to their own homeland of Zakoni in Northern Greece, traveling there occasionally, keeping in touch with important local figures, and referring to it often in their daily lives. Therefore, Mustafapaşa was key to both of the exchangee projects that most interested me: it was a central hub of exchangee cultural preservation and an important site of return in exchangee heritage tourism. Additionally, as home to a prominent, well-educated class of Orthodox Ottomans, the pre-Exchange history of Sinasos is unusually well preserved through memoir, photographs, and a few scholarly sources.

In Mustafapaşa, I built relationships with two groups of sometimes overlapping individuals. The first were the exchangees active in preserving their exchangee heritage and sharing their family memories and cultural practices. Selma was my first contact in the field. She introduced me to other exchangees in town, spoke to me about her family history and the history of the village, invited me to participate in her family celebrations, taught me to cook exchangee

foods, brought me into her circle of friends, and joined me as I developed a larger exchangee network in the region. She was an invaluable resource and, over time, one of the women who considered herself a Turkish *anne* (mother) to me. The second group with which I developed relationships was the community of tourism professionals in the village. Some members of this group were exchangees. Many others were not, descending instead from the population of Muslims who had lived alongside the Greek Orthodox before the Exchange, or coming to the village in later years from other places in Turkey. I spent time in their hotels and shops, especially when Greek tourists to the town visited them, and interviewed them about the history of tourism in the village, their position in that history, the products they sold or used to decorate their properties, their relationships with incoming Greeks, etc. I visited and patronized many of their shops, cafes, and hotels regularly, also chatting about issues of daily life, village and national politics, religion, differences in *yerli* (native) and *muhacir/mübadil* (immigrant/exchangee) identity, or differences in Turkish and (universally maligned) American culture.

The following year, my home base was in Thessaloniki, Greece, but my research was mobile and multi-sited as I “followed the people” engaged in homeland heritage tourism (Marcus 1995). Thessaloniki was a convenient base because it was an easy train-ride from Athens, where I could visit the headquarters of the Nea Sinasos Association and meet with scholars involved in Population Exchange research, a quick flight to Istanbul, where I could observe the everyday activities of Turkey’s national exchangee association, and a stop on almost every Turkish exchangee homeland tour to Greece. These journeys were the primary focus of the second year of my research, and I joined many bus tours that passed through the city on their way to exchangee villages throughout Greece. By commuting between Istanbul and Athens in advance

of exchangee heritage tours, I was able to witness the planning and preparation phases of return tours before I joined them. On tours, I participated in all tour events, formally interviewed and chatted with other tour members, helped translate everyday expressions of welcome and cordiality between Greeks and Turks, photographed people as they were united with their ancestral homelands, and spoke with the leaders of these tours. By joining multiple tours arranged by the Lozan Mübadilleri Vakfı (or LMV, Turkey's national exchangee association discussed in greater detail beginning in Chapter 3), I became close with the leaders of the LMV and was sometimes invited to join more intimate gatherings arranged to coincide with heritage tours.

This ethnography is centered in Mustafapaşa, and as such is a Turkish village ethnography following the tradition of much of the early anthropological scholarship of Turkey (Berkes, 1942; Delaney, 1991; Stirling, 1965; Yasa, 1957; and many others).¹⁴ However, in the present and in the pre-Population Exchange past, the two time periods of interest to this study, Mustafapaşa (Sinassos) was not a very remote, isolated community. Because of the tradition of Sinassite men working in Constantinople in the last decades before the Exchange, fashions and news traveled from the capitol to the village regularly, reflected, for instance, in the architectural style of the mansions and the commitment of local leaders to the advancement of education in the village. The Sinassites were well-informed of happenings in Ottoman and European centers, and even kept in touch with villagers who had left in previous years for America. Their involvement in Constantinople's fishing and shipping industries supported the maintenance of these networks. These connections were lost with the expulsion of the Christian Sinassites, but the establishment of the trade school and the development of the tourism industry in the 1990s once

¹⁴ See Magnarella and Türkdoğan, 1976, for a more complete accounting of early Turkish anthropology.

again brought outsiders to Mustafapaşa, including students from all over Turkey and foreigners from across the world. I attend in particular to renewed trans-Aegean connections between the Nea Sinasites and Mustafapaşa residents, especially as they are enacted via on-the-ground interactions in Mustafapaşa (and between Greeks and Turks in other exchangee villages in Greece). In this way, this ethnography departs from much of the recent scholarship of Turkey, focused primarily on the nation-state, secularism, Islam, and the legacy of Mustafa Kemal Atatürk and located in Istanbul and other urban centers (see, for example, Babül, 2017; Navaro-Yashin, 2002; Özyürek, 2006; Tambar, 2014; White, 2002, 2014). Exchangees with whom I worked built transnational connections by drawing together communities of different nationalities that were connected to the same local sites at different times; this dissertation follows their lead.

Greek and Turkish Political and Economic Landscapes During and After Fieldwork

From 2012-2015, when I conducted my fieldwork, the regional economic and political terrain on which exchangee returns were carried out between Greece and Turkey shifted dramatically. Turkish exchangees stood in lines to enter touristic sites in their homeland towns while Greek citizens stood in lines to extract their daily allotment of 60 Euros from corner ATMs. Exchangees crossing the Greek-Turkish land and sea borders in buses, boats, and airplanes traveled routes similar to, though far safer than, those utilized by thousands of refugees and migrants desperately fleeing Syria and other parts of the Middle East and North Africa. Turks continued to face difficulties acquiring visas to enter Greece, a European Union member-state, while Greeks found the costs of travel to their homeland increasingly prohibitive as their salaries and pensions were cut in the face of new austerity measures. These factors influenced the

ability of Greek and Turkish exchangees to return to visit their homelands, and shaped their experiences while there.

Since my departure from the region, the terrain has not stabilized. Greece began to implement a new program of difficult austerity measures and, in return, obtained bailout funds from European authorities and promises of debt relief in the future. Meanwhile migrants continued to flood into Greece, especially from Syria, Afghanistan, and Iraq, and images of a drowned Syrian toddler, Alan Kurdi, sparked international outrage. Eventually, European nations agreed to accept tens of thousands of refugees and proposed a deal with Turkey to stem the flow of migrants from Turkey to Greece in return for funds to aid in hosting the refugees. The terms of this deal included visa-free travel for Turks visiting Schengen nations, a measure that would have greatly eased a primary difficulty faced by Turkish exchangees trying to reconnect with their heritage. This portion of the deal was to be enacted by June of 2016. However, July's attempted military coup in Turkey made that possibility extremely unlikely, and the start date for visa-free travel has been repeatedly postponed. It is difficult to predict the myriad long-term consequences of the coup, but it seems likely that Turkey and its current president, Recep Tayyip Erdoğan, will continue to turn away from the West and the European Union as Erdoğan tightens his control over the country and silences dissenting voices.

Homeland Hosting and Travel during Economic Crisis

One of the first measures many Greeks took to tighten their belts as their incomes shrank was to eliminate international travel. Spyros, the leader of the Nea Sinasos Organization, noted a marked reduction in the number of exchangee tourists who could afford to make the trip back to their homeland in recent years. When I first expressed interest in joining a tour, he said, "If only I

had met you years ago! Now, I tell you, it's not many Sinasites going to Sinasos...It's very expensive. It's for 7 days and close to 700 [Euros]. Who has 700 to spend?"

Spyros had led tours of Sinasites since the Nea Sinasites first began returning to visit their homelands in the early 2000s. In the early days, his buses were full of descendants from Sinasos, numbering around 180 on the first trip. After 2008, fewer and fewer Greeks could afford to make the trip back, and he was forced to advertise more widely to find any Greeks, of Sinasite heritage or not, to join the trip. In 2015, the group numbered 26, and only a handful traced their roots to Sinasos.

Further, Spyros himself felt the financial strain of leading the trips, as small fees like payments for bus parking or tea often fell to him. In the past, such costs were insignificant, but now they were a burden.

This was an experience shared by other Greek hosts of exchangee heritage tourism. When I went to visit the Greek homeland village of my Mustafapaşa friends in January of 2015, I met Mixalis, the former village head and the man who had played host whenever Mustafapaşa exchangees visited. They loved him, and spoke fondly of his tendency to bellow when excited. I met a much more subdued Mixalis. When I inquired about the Mustafapaşa villagers' intentions to visit Zakoni in the spring, he expressed anxiety. In the past, he had arranged a very favorable rate at a beautiful nearby hotel and had personally toured the group around the entire region, visiting Thessaloniki and Kavala as well as Zakoni. He spoke gloomily about the efforts and hours he alone had expended. I tried to lift his spirits with flattery: "Well, surely no one else could do it as well as you!" "There are lots of people who could!" he assured me. "They won't, because when you do, you end up treating everyone and it's expensive." Since the crisis, Mixalis

worried about the financial demands of offering good hospitality, and he viewed his role as exchangee host with increasing bitterness.

On the other hand, the Greek economic crisis made travel to Greece newly feasible for many Turks, and record numbers began making their way across the Aegean for touristic purposes. Many of the Turkish exchangees that I accompanied on homeland tours found Greece to be fairly cheap, especially for tourists. Visiting Turks especially enjoyed commenting on the low price and huge portions of restaurant meals in Greece; tour leaders made a point to warn their group members to prepare themselves for a weight gain of a few kilos over the course of the 4-day trip. Over one lunch, group members joked that while visiting Greece, all one does is eat, drink, and sleep—just like the Greeks, which is how they found themselves in the economic crisis! Turkish tourists enjoyed shopping for cosmetics and alcohol at prices lower than they found at home. This consumption occurred as banks were closed and many Greeks fretted about how they would purchase basic necessities. The contrast was stark.

The Impact of AK Party Leadership in Mustafapaşa

Even as Turks had more power as guests abroad, national and local party politics restricted their ability to properly host exchangee heritage tourism at home. In Mustafapaşa, the shift from ANAP (Motherland) to AK (Justice and Development, the party of Turkey's authoritarian president Erdoğan) party leadership was marked by a drastic reduction in exchangee heritage projects in town.

ANAP-affiliated Mustafa Özer was elected mayor of the Mustafapaşa municipality in 1999. Özer was the child of one of the first native-exchangee intermarriages in Mustafapaşa, and he was invested in preserving the history and culture of both of the town's populations. He immediately created a position for Selma, his cousin, to create a written record of the history

Mustafapaşa and its inhabitants. Her work came to include organizing the local archives, recording and publishing local exchangees' memories, and collecting and publishing local recipes. She made connections with the newly-founded LMV, and Mustafapaşa was chosen as the site of a 2004 conference focused on the preservation of exchangee architectural heritage. This conference brought exchangee association leaders, historians, preservationists, architects, and interested exchangees from across Greece and Turkey to Mustafapaşa. Local residents were also deeply involved in the activities, attending lectures and photograph exhibits set up for the conference. Özer printed and displayed a series of posters advertising the town in Turkish and English in hopes of increasing tourism to the town (a project that had by this point begun through cooperation with Spyros, as described in Chapter 6). The posters were developed with input from the Sinasite community, and detailed the Ottoman Greek history of the town as well as that of its current exchangee and native inhabitants. During his years in office, Özer and Spyros brought groups to visit one another regularly, developing a lasting friendship. When the Sinasites visited Mustafapaşa, Özer arranged festivals with food and dancing, and the visitors were treated to tea and small meals by many local hotel and shop owners.

All of this came to an end in 2009, when AK Party candidate Levent Ak defeated Özer to win the mayoral election. When I arrived in 2012, my contacts lamented that I had not begun my research a few years earlier. They explained to me that the current administration had different priorities; they had no interest in activities that would bring change or get people out of their homes.¹⁵ They were especially uninterested in celebrating or preserving exchangee heritage. One project already under construction—the joint Mustafapaşa-Nea Sinasos project to renovate the

¹⁵ Many of my closest contacts were those in town that had worked hardest to preserve exchangee heritage through these events, and had the most negative things to say about Mayor Ak. However, their opinions were echoed by natives as well, who felt that the mayor's office had done little in general to improve the town. They complained that AK party officials enjoyed the prestige of the office—wearing suits, eating fancy meals, and riding around in nice cars—but responded to resident grievances with platitudes rather than actions.

St. Nicholas Monastery—was completed, and the former leadership was bitter to see Ak take credit for the culmination of something they initiated. Little else was accomplished. Plans to restore vacant Greek mansions in danger of collapsing fell to the wayside, much to the distress of visiting Greeks and locals living near these structures. Those who had already begun such projects found their progress slower and less efficient; one expressed suspicions that his restoration project was stalled while a new hotel expansion moved forward because a sizable donation had been presented to the mayor in return for expedited permissions. Another exchangee learned that a Greek visitor had brought information about the former conditions of the homes, but these documents weren't shared. Furious that Ak had "hidden them away" in the municipal archives, he'd been forced to sneak in and make a series of illicit photocopies. Özer was sorry to see the cultural and social events he had worked hard to establish come to an end: "We gave high priority to these things," he explained to me over *çay* one quiet summer afternoon, "but we are sad that it was left half-done. They [the current municipal leaders] don't do them anymore."

Returning Greeks noticed the change. Part of the financial strain that Spyros experienced began when the Özer's term—and the hospitality his office has always offered incoming Sinasites in the form of tea and meals—came to an end. When I asked him about the festivals of the past, Spyros was diplomatic: "You see, sometimes it depends on the leader." He still sought out Özer when he brought visitors to Sinasos, and together they toured the village and asked residents to open their homes for quick visits from the descendants of their former owners.

Hope for the Future?

The AK Party was democratically elected to local leadership in 2009, winning 58% of the vote over Özer's 41%. At his election, Ak and his party must have had the support of the town.

By 2013, though, the town was united in fury over the recent external decision to demote Mustafapaşa in official categorizations from a township, with its own municipal leadership, to a village.¹⁶ As a village, Mustafapaşa would elect a *muhtar*, or village head, but all important decisions would be made by leaders in Ürgüp. The demotion was blamed upon national AK Party gerrymandering that intended to ensure the party's success in regional elections by combining towns like Mustafapaşa with municipal districts where AK Party support was more certain. Outrage was pervasive and for months any afternoon tea break was an opportunity to lament anew how Mustafapaşa, a town with a vocational school, tourism industry, rich history, and active civil society, could "fall" to a village.

I happened by Selma's hotel one afternoon just as Sevim *teyze*, a friend of hers, was making her way out. Excitement was visible on their faces, and I asked what had happened. Selma explained that they had just had a visit from Levent Ak and other politicians who were campaigning for the AK Party in the upcoming regional election. Sevim *teyze* is elderly and she wears a white headscarf and *şalvar*, the baggy pants commonly worn by older and more conservative female villagers. By appearances, she looks like an AK Party supporter. Following their campaign spiel, the AKP officials asked her confidently, "So, do we have your vote?" Sevim *teyze* calmly delivered a measured response: "You've reduced the strength of the republic, you don't like Atatürk, you've reduced democracy, you've participated in thievery and unlawfulness -- how can I give you my vote?" Selma jumped in to add, "And you've made this town into a village, it's essentially been *sold*!" Ak never uttered a syllable, and the men left hastily.

¹⁶ Official terminology does not reflect how the people of Mustafapaşa referred to their home; it was almost universally called a *köy*, or village, in everyday conversation. However, most felt that the trade school and tourism industry in the village earned it the right to a municipal government with local authority over its affairs.

The anger of Mustafapaşa residents had no impact upon the decision, however. In my final weeks living Mustafapaşa, the administration of the town was gradually handed over to Ürgüp. The regional administration's first project was the updating of the Mustafapaşa sewage system, and as they ripped up roads, shut off water, and left formerly neatly-bricked roads in muddy disarray, it seemed as if the whole town were being dismantled alongside the municipality. The shift to Ürgüp management also made it even more difficult for locals to get permissions for restoration and other projects, as the Ürgüp officials were unfamiliar with Mustafapaşa residents and unconcerned with the improvement of another town.

Özer alone was optimistic about the town's prospects following its assignation as a village. I was amazed—this was the mayor who had done so much to build a local tourism industry, develop relationships with the Nea Sinasites, and preserve exchangee heritage, and who had watched all of that disappear in recent years. But he explained that this was an opportunity. They might have less power, but as a village, Mustafapaşa would also have less oversight. He saw this as an opportunity for the founding of a new form of civil society that could take on the tasks that he had managed as an official as the local government, tasks that had lost favor under the AK Party. I saw some signs of this when I returned to the village a year later. The elected *muhtar* was from the exchangee community, and the former mayoral office was humming with activity when I entered. They were in the midst of reorganizing the archives, where Özer's old posters documenting the history of the town had been rediscovered and installed for tourists to peruse in the old church in the central square.

Unfortunately, tourists to the village became very few. Following terrorist attacks and the attempted coup in 2016, foreigners were wary of traveling to Turkey. Hotel owners in

Mustafapaşa were distressed. “There is nothing to be done,” wrote Selma. “We are waiting. God willing, the situation will improve.”

Reflections on Mobile, Multisited Fieldwork

My fieldwork experiences in Mustafapaşa and Thessaloniki were not symmetrical, and this asymmetry is reflected in this dissertation. In Greece, I spent a great deal of time studying Greek at a local university, but I was told I spoke with a Turkish accent and I never learned to communicate in Greek as well as I could in Turkish. Many Greeks preferred to speak to me in English, which they knew well. I did not develop as intimate relationships with Greek exchangees as I those I’d built with Turks. This was surely related to my subpar language abilities, but it also had something to do with the urban setting. In Mustafapaşa, I could not avoid socializing even if I wanted to; if I retreated to my apartment, friends and research contacts knocked on the door or called my cell phone over and over until I answered. (Most cell phones, including mine, were not equipped with voicemail.) In a sprawling city like Thessaloniki, I did what I call “ethnography by appointment.” I arranged to meet with scholars and attended exchangee organizations’ publicized events, but participating in these activities required much more active effort and were more temporally contained than in Mustafapaşa, where much of my daily life included events and conversations central to my research.

Still, my work with Greek exchangees was crucial in identifying transnational patterns to exchangee identity-building activities and heritage preservation projects. Further, my experiences of mobile, transnational fieldwork were shared by border-crossing Greek and Turkish exchangees also struggling to communicate across linguistic differences, and helped me

to understand their interactions. I believe the stories they told one another in these settings reflected their strongest commitments as exchangees, because they were undoubtedly difficult to tell. Many of these stories reflected strikingly similar exchangee experiences across the Aegean. However, the ability to participate in transnational heritage tourism was not equally shared by Greeks and Turks. Differences in their socioeconomic status and positions within a global hierarchy impacted the ways in which they could express and foster their exchangee identity, particularly through travel. These differences were clearer to me as a result of my time spent in each nation and my experiences traveling with both Greek and Turkish exchangees.

Preserving and reviving exchangee identity and heritage is a project that occurs in multiple kinds of spaces. Exchangee descendants speak ancestral languages and cook traditional dishes in their everyday lives in villages like Mustafapaşa (and in many homes in other places in Greece and Turkey). This is one aspect of preserving exchangee identity. They also attend events put on by national and regional organizations, follow exchangee Facebook pages, research family histories in archives, organize, attend, or present at scholarly conferences about the Population Exchange, join choruses or dance troupes that perform exchangee customs, and, once or a few times in their lives, travel to visit their ancestral homelands and convene with others, Greek and Turkish, who do the same. These activities are everyday and unusual, constant and delimited, automatic and intentional. Both registers are necessary to the fostering of a transnational exchangee community and feelings of belonging within it. The combination of traditional village ethnography and urban, mobile “ethnography by appointment” that comprised my fieldwork is therefore representative of the arenas that exchangee descendants move between to create and maintain personal, interpersonal, and transnational connections with their exchangee identity.

CHAPTER 2

The Prenational Past

Part I: Sinasos

Visions of the Past

Filiz’s hotel was one of the uppermost in Mustafapaşa, and her terrace offered a stunning view of the entire town stretched out below. Selma and I often made the trek upwards in the evening, from one hotel to the other, to share tea and friendly conversation and to watch the sun set. Filiz and Selma were certain that their hotels were connected by underground tunnels carved into the rock between the cave rooms in each. Were the tunnels still open today, it would make for a shorter trek between the two hotels. Instead, the road was frighteningly steep, and Selma and I always stopped halfway to “admire the view”—and catch our breath.

On this January evening in 2014, as on so many others, the conversation when we reached Filiz’s terrace turned to Mustafapaşa of the past. Filiz sighed and expressed her sadness that we did not live in the Mustafapaşa of 100 years ago, when it was called Sinasos and the view in front of us would have been one of “arches upon arches.” At that time, Sinasos was known as “the Athens in the East,” and travelers came from afar to admire its beauty (Λεύκωμα 2001[1924], 5). Filiz and Selma had worked hard to bring this vision back to life when they

renovated their hotels, transforming them from rocky ruins to functioning reproductions of the original structures. They expressed their hope that, *yavaş yavaş*,¹⁷ all of the old houses would be renovated and the town would begin to look as it had in the previous century.¹⁸



Figure 3. View of Mustafapaşa from above

This desire was fueled in part by Evangelia Balta's book, *Sinasos: Images and Narratives* (2009[2004]). The weighty, hard-backed tome was available in Greek, Turkish, and English, but its words were of little importance to many of my friends, each of whom owned a copy. Selma's copy was in Greek, a language incomprehensible to her, but that didn't matter. The value of the book was its images, copies of the photographs that Serapheim Rizos commissioned in 1924. These photographs document the splendor of the village almost a century ago, capturing long-

¹⁷ "Slowly, slowly," a word almost always repeated in this way.

¹⁸ It is important to note that these expressions about returning to the past were primarily concerned with how the village *looked*, rather than who occupied it or what daily life entailed. Few would truly desire those kinds revivals of the past. Further, it is impossible to divorce this discourse from the present-day value of the old monuments as touristic sites, even though locals rarely made this link explicitly. The renovation of the village was described as positive in and of itself, because it would be beautiful, but should also be understood as financially in the interest of the villagers.

demolished ornate facades in addition to the celebrations, costumes, and community leaders of the town's former Greek Orthodox population. Originally, the photographs were assembled in an album entitled *Sinasos, Diamond of the East* and distributed to the families who had been expelled from Sinasos during the Greek-Turkish Population Exchange of 1923. Third-generation Sinasite exchangees told me of their original family albums with pride; the albums served as a record of the lost homeland, a way to visually locate the stories of their ancestors, and a symbol of their membership in an exclusive community.

For residents of Mustafapaşa today, Balta's reprinting of the photographs served other purposes. The photographs were used as a reference when old buildings were renovated, particularly when they were converted into hotels. I was told that the municipality required that any building with a corresponding photograph be renovated according to the 1924 image. The book was also used by many hoteliers to show visiting tourists what the town had been like; Mustafapaşa's touristic value lay in the architectural heritage of the Asia Minor Greeks, and hotel owners flipped through the book with tourists, stopping to point out recognizable buildings and locate the hotel's own past image. Together with the Asia Minor Greek exchangees and their descendants, the book was used by Turkish villagers to mourn the decline of the once renowned town. Their own ancestral homeland was located miles away across the Aegean Sea, but the architectural legacy of Sinasos was important to them as a touristic attraction, a monument of exchangee heritage, and the history of their current home.

A few months after our January conversation, Selma and I again made the trip to Filiz's hotel. We found Filiz perusing Balta's book. Her version was Turkish, and so Filiz was also reading the text. She turned to a page that she had flagged, where Balta translates the Greek text printed on the gate of the old Rizos mansion. The sign reads: "Man, if you were born a friend,

enter with joy, if an enemy and ill-intentioned, keep away from this gate. Today mine, tomorrow another's, never no one's, in the year 1853" (Balta, 2009: 150). Filiz found the message compelling, and she wanted to have the text printed in English and hung from the gate of her hotel. My time in Mustafapaşa drew to a close before I saw the realization of her plans, and before long I received word that Filiz had sold her hotel and was working to renovate another of the town's old ruins into something worthy of her vision of centuries-old Sinasos.

The 1853 epigraph proved remarkably prescient for her and for the Christians of Sinasos. Within a few decades, the Rizos home—indeed the whole town—was "another's," emptied and resettled in the 1923 Population Exchange. Still, almost a century later, the Sinasos left behind by its Christian population continued to inspire local inhabitants, and romanticized visions of places like Ottoman Sinasos drew the descendants of exchangees back to their ancestral homelands. When they visited these places and reconnected with the locals there, they commemorated a time when nationalism and war had not yet divided the Ottomans. By returning to visit their homelands and working across the Greek-Turkish border to preserve exchangee history and heritage, they sought to protect and temporarily reinvigorate the lifestyles lost by their ancestors. Thus, memories and accounts of life before the Population Exchange are crucial to understanding the motivations and efforts of second and third-generation exchangees today.

Texts as Guides

Balta's photographic account is the primary book that Mustafapaşa residents used to imagine the village's glorious past. A few weeks after moving there, I quickly sent off for my own copy from a bookstore in Istanbul. Within days of its arrival, it was covered in notations and sticky notes flagging images I could not place in the landscape of the modern village. I'd smiled when I read that Balta had consulted Selma as she hiked around the village trying to connect

1924 photographs with contemporary structures. I also planned to turn to Selma for help; she, Balta's book, and Rizos's notes form a triumvirate of expert knowledge about Mustafapaşa, present and past. I followed Mustafapaşa residents and Nea Sinasite descendants in relying primarily upon their three texts to generate an impression of Sinasos of the early 20th century, when Rizos and his family were expelled and Selma's grandparents arrived.¹⁹

While the 1924 album with the Rizos-commissioned photographs was valuable within Nea Sinasite families, Balta's 2004 book was the first to bring Rizos's account of life in Sinasos to a wide audience that included Turks. A few years later, in 2007, the Center for Asia Minor Studies in Athens, where Balta served as a researcher for a number of years, painstakingly typed, edited, and organized his notebooks for publication in Greek. The result was a two-volume tome titled *Sinasos*, in which Rizos describes everything from the situation of the town's neighborhoods to the proper reception and placement of a visiting guest's footwear. When Nea Sinasite leaders toured Greeks through the village, they repeated Rizos's account of the village and multi-religious interactions within it. When the LMV gathered conservation scholars and Greek and Turkish exchangees together in Mustafapaşa to discuss how to best preserve their monumental heritage, Rizos's photographs anchored the conversation. When Filiz and Selma sighed about the condition of the village, it was Rizos's representation of the past that fueled their disappointment. I, too, draw extensively from this text to better understand Sinasos's multi-religious pre-national past (or more precisely, exchangees' post-1923 renderings of it) using the same means that exchangees connected to Mustafapaşa do.

¹⁹ These were not the only books that I acquired about Sinasos. Prominent Nea Sinasites often gave me books when they heard about my research—a photocopy of the original *Diamond of the East*, a 1985 collection of scholarly essays about Sinasos (so dear that the president of the Nea Sinasos organization was relieved to find I'd already been given a copy, as only fourteen remained in the association archives), a coffee table book on the Greek Orthodox artwork of Cappadocia, and so on. Many of these books were given to me as gifts from the Nea Sinasos Association, which trusted that I would use them to further knowledge about the village. They were invaluable to me but did not circulate widely in Mustafapaşa in the way that these three did.

Relying primarily on Rizos to uncover the details of daily life and Muslim-Christian relations in Sinasos is not unproblematic. Rizos was unusually well-educated and well-traveled even among the sophisticated community of Sinasites, and his Turkophone mother likely enabled him to form cross-religious friendships that were not characteristic of all Sinasites. To my knowledge, no records exist documenting the experiences of the Muslims of Sinasos, and so the Christian point of view is favored.²⁰ Further, Rizos documented his village when he knew he would be leaving it and after his expulsion to Greece. His memoir is undoubtedly colored by nostalgia, as are so many accounts produced by first generation exchangees, and for this reason it is especially helpful in revealing the meaning and meaningfulness of lost homelands after exile. Of particular interest are Rizos's descriptions of Muslim-Christian relations in the town, as exchangees refer to examples like these to demonstrate current possibilities for reconnection.

Rizos's Sinasos

The early Christians of Cappadocia were a vulnerable population, too far from Constantinople to benefit from Byzantine protection against outside invaders. Cappadocia was beset by non-Christian invaders, including Seljuks, Turks, Tatars, Persians, Arabs, and Kurds. Christian communities were forced to convert to Islam, or to band together in remote places where they could hide from enemies. Synasos (now spelled Sinasos) emerged in this way through the union of six Christian settlements that joined together to maintain their Christian faith, escaping foes by retreating for months at a time to underground hideouts carved into the volcanic rock formations particular to the region.²¹ This is the origin of the town and its name, Rizos explains, "as our ancestors were always saying" (7).

²⁰ The photographs taken of the village in 1924 also did not include any Muslim monuments (Güvenç 2004, 38).

²¹ See De Tapia, 2017 for a more detailed examination of underground cave uses in Cappadocia in the 19th and early 20th centuries.

Against the mythology of the Greek nation-state,²² Rizos argues:

"I don't believe that everything of ours comes from the ancient Greeks and nothing else. We were native people and we have our own history...I say, our social, national life was formed according to our environment. Thanks to this secret of those unforgettable rocks that offered themselves as the first line of passive defense, as hideouts to the ones being hunted, my village was created, Synasos, which joined together (σύναξε) our hunted fathers and gave them a home and kept them safe. This is what tradition says" (7).

In his conception, Synasos is a place of sanctuary, where the peculiar landscape of Cappadocia wrapped within its stone embrace a group of local Christians banded together to escape danger and religious persecution. These three elements—local cooperation, external threats, and the environment itself—continued to shape the trajectory of Sinasos in the centuries that followed.

Sinasos was a multi-religious town, with about one third as many Muslims as Greek Orthodox Christians living there. Exact numbers are difficult to ascertain because of the Christian Sinasite men often left to work abroad, especially in Constantinople, during their adult years. About half of the Sinasite households subsisted in this way, while the other half made a living in through agriculture. They exported apricots, walnuts, apples, and opium, while grapes and grains were grown for household use (Stamatopoulos 1985, 53). In Constantinople, Sinasites worked in general stores and fishmongers, supplied ships, or sold preserved fish, caviar, and fish roe (57). Because of this work pattern, Sinasos was “a place of return, reference, and identity” for many Sinasites (Pimenidis 1985, 10), just as it is for the Nea Sinasites today.

“Our Turks”: Muslims and Christians in Sinasos

Today, Nea Sinasites speak with pride about the relationship between the Muslims and Christians of Sinasos. They always say that the warmth of this relationship is evidenced by the fact that Rizos calls the Muslims of the village “our Turks” when he writes about them. Rizos

²² For discussion of the centrality of ancient Greece to contemporary Greek national identity, see Gourgouris, 1996, Herzfeld, 1986, and Sutton, 1998.

does characterize the relationship between the two populations as largely convivial, and Sinasos can be understood as site (among many others) of Ottoman multi-religious accommodation (see Bryant, 2016 and Doumanis, 2013). He documents many occasions of cross-religious sharing, especially in the mutual recognition of holiday celebrations, sacredness of sites of worship, and efficacy of curative rituals—Muslim and Christian (2007a 107, 123, 350; see also Stamatopoulos 1985 for a particularly illustrative account of the Sacrifice Holiday rituals, incorporating Orthodox, Muslim, and distinctly Turkish elements). Rizos also cites the Cappadocian landscape as something that united the community: “Romioi and Turks, we didn't stop having smooth and good relationships always. We needed them and they needed us. Even though we were separated by our religions and our languages, our needs and our environment, natural and manmade, brought us together” (2007a, 430).²³ A scene of playful intimacy as the Muslim and Christian girls of the village gathered after snowfalls to clear the paths to the central fountain and coax the frozen water to flow is included as evidence of the landscape’s unifying capacity (225).

However, the Christian Sinasites’ use of “our Turks” as confirmation of harmonious relations should be interrogated more critically. Rizos’s own writing captures a quite complicated relationship between the Muslims and Christians of Sinasos, one that is important to establish in order to more accurately contextualize current Greek-Turkish exchangee interactions.

²³ Scholars of Sinasos--and indeed Rizos himself--interchangeably use "Christians," "Romioi," and "Greeks" to refer to the Greek Orthodox Ottoman population of the town. The Muslim population is referred to as such, or as "Turks." Many of Rizos' notes were compiled after the Exchange, and it is difficult to know if the national categories "Greek" and "Turk" were assigned after the fact. (Ottoman scholar Nicholas Doumanis notes the troublesome nature of these categories, asking, "Who exactly were these 'Greeks'? And why were the Romioi called 'Greeks'? Part of the answer lies in the fact that Westerners could only read the Ottoman world in terms of familiar ethnic categories. For them, Ottoman Anatolia consisted of Turks, Arabs, Kurds, Armenians, Jews, and Greeks, with each group defined by its unique qualities and character flaws" (2013, 28). On the other hand, Ottomans made distinctions based on religion rather than ethnicity, and the Greek Orthodox population was designated by the term *Rum* (closely related to the Greek Romioi employed by Rizos and others, likely stemming from a mistaken association with Rome or Romans [Millas 2002, 15]).

First, it is important to attend to the differential access to power and resources that defines the relationship between the Muslims and Christians of Sinasos. When Rizos writes, “We needed them and they needed us” (above), he is describing the convention whereby Sinasite Christians employed local Muslims to work for them (430). He is dismissive of official Ottoman categories that alluded to non-Muslim subjects as slaves and Muslims as masters; in Sinasos, the Christians were the masters and the Muslims were hired laborers who farmed their lands, cared for their animals, and performed manual labor.²⁴ Rizos explains the local hierarchy matter-of-factly: “The reason why the Turks of our village were not financially and socially at the same level as us were: they didn't own any land, like we did. We had big properties, because we immigrated and had money, and we bought many properties from them” (2007a, 67)²⁵. The Christian community took care not to flaunt their wealth in front of their Muslim neighbors. Rizos writes that this rule, though unspoken, was followed “from the least popular to the most important Christian, rich or poor, priest, teacher, or Elder, as if they were informed by a superior official authority” (311). This was done in the interest of community harmony, so that the Turks would not be offended, and to avoid theft or seizures that might result from envy.

The Christians were secure in their sense of superiority. Their preferred moniker for their neighbors, “our Turks”, might have indicated regard, but it also carries an undeniable tinge of condescension. This patronizing tone is carried through in many of Rizos' descriptions of his neighbors. For instance, Rizos writes: “The Turks were happy with their fields, self-sufficient in their harvest, blissful with their five-times-a-day “ναμάζι” (*namaz*, or prayer), and their “γησμέτ” (*kismet*, or fate); they didn't move around with curiosity, to take a look around them, to get away

24. Natives living in Mustafapaşa today, descended from the original Muslim population, assert that many of the first Muslims in Sinasos were stone-cutters, builders, painters, and craftsmen that enjoyed a higher social standing than those working in agriculture (Güvenç, 2005: 40).

25. “Immigrating” refers here to the practice of Sinasos Christians spending their adult years in Constantinople, discussed above.

from their land, to see others places...The Turks were slaves to the state and everything was thought and done according to the state. They weren't thinking of anything apart from food, their prayer, "γησμέτ", and the certainty that the shadow of the prophet Muhammad, the sultan, would take care of everything: "Αλλάχ κερίμ" (*Allah kerim*, "God is Great") (396).²⁶ The sophisticated Christians, on the other hand, "Even though the same people, born and raised in the same land and environment, it was as if they were suffocating in their surroundings, as if someone was squeezing their neck; they tried to get away by any means possible, to take a breath, and to come back" (396). In other sections, Rizos returns to this theme, noting that there were no evident phenotypic or personality differences between the Greeks and Turks in the village; beauty, ugliness, cleverness—all were found among both populations. But in his conception, the simple Turk was satisfied by his humble farm life, content with his state and his religion, while the cosmopolitan, ambitious Christian was interested in the wider world, compelled to travel and explore, and unfulfilled by village life alone.

The presumed cultural and indisputable financial superiority of the Christians corresponded to their greater power in local affairs and community decision-making. Sinasos was governed by two Councils, one representing the Muslim community and one representing the Christian. These councils worked together to decide common issues, such as water supply, pastures, field guards, and more (Balta, 2009: 118). Each council had four members, and each community theoretically had an equal say in local politics. However, the economic power of the Christian community guaranteed their political dominance. Rizos writes, "Our Turks were always compliant, and they always backed down against the wishes and suggestions of our own [leaders], because they were sure of the sincerity of the Christians towards them, and that they

²⁶ The translations in parentheses are Rizos's; Andrew Shryock more accurately proposes: "God is generous, in the sense that God will provide."

would protect them and spend money without asking them for contributions" (2007b, 153). In most local decisions, wealth disparities between the Christian and Muslim populations meant that the will of the Christian community took precedence.

Further, while Rizos's memorialization of his town is characterized by cooperation between the two religious communities, he also recounts everyday occasions of prejudice and conflict. Turkophone Christian women in the village were teased by Greek-speaking women for having too many "Turkish mannerisms" and being less civilized, for example (Rizos 2007a, 316). One primarily Muslim neighborhood was colloquially referred to as "Loulas of Miskinmegle," the "disgusting, poor neighborhood" of Loulas: "It's true, this *mahala* was disgusting, "μισκίνοϋς", because very few houses were found to be worthy. Almost all of the residents lived in shacks carved [into the rock], with small yards. The residents themselves—old and young men and women—were unclean, dirty, unwashed, with torn clothes and no shoes, and with pale and sickly faces, causing sadness and disgust" (66).²⁷

There were also limits to appropriate interaction between Muslims and Christians. While inviting one's close Muslim friends to the wedding of a son or daughter was common practice, it was considered an unacceptable transgression for that daughter or other female kin to marry a Muslim man. Legends about such intermarriages, which were common, assumed they were the result of foul-play rather than mutual admiration or love. Rizos recounts the following story about a Muslim man called Mehmet Efendi: "He was married, with a wife and small child. His wife was the daughter of an elite Turk of Arapousoun. However, he left his legal wife and his

27. Interestingly, Rizos goes on to note that the Sinasites encountered similarly destitute Greeks after the Population Exchange brought them across the Aegean: "We were surprised at the sight of the Vistritsa farmers. They were farmers that didn't own any farms, their clothes were torn and they were without shoes but with *τσαρούγια* instead. Their children were awful, pale, skinny, dirty, without shoes, and unwashed, exactly as the children in Miskinmegle" (2007a, 66). (*Τσαρούγια* were a type of footwear decorated with pom-poms on the toes that likely originated in Byzantine times. They were worn by Greeks in the region until Greek independence in the early 1800s, after which they were considered backward.) Rizos wrote that such conditions did not result from Muslim or Turkish qualities, but were tied to poverty.

small child and married one of ours, a poor but beautiful girl, after Islamizing her. The Islamization of an infidel was considered a divine act in the Koran. We don't know if he threatened her with death to Islamize her. But this fear of kidnapping our girls prompted our Elders to avoid by any means possible the coming in and out of young Turks into the Christian homes, not our prejudice" (2007b, 187). Of course, fear of intermarriage indicates prejudice, though Rizos later admits that events like Mehmet Efendi's forced conversion of his Christian bride were not seen in his time but only heard in the stories of his grandparents. Even so, "they caused in us a vague fear and sense of adventure" (189).

Most of the narratives of Muslim-Christian animosity or fearsome enemy Turks that Rizos includes in his texts are myths, legends, or stories told about the past. The people in them were unknown, and the events described were ones that Rizos did not witness "in his time". However, when Rizos writes about the relationship between Christians and Muslims in Sinasos, the friends and enemies he describes are people he knew intimately after years of routine interactions in the community. He writes of Hanife *Abla*, who came to his house to help roll baklava or cut *mantidia* (μαντήδια);²⁸ sweet Fetik who spoke to the Christians in Greek; and *deli Oumouse* (νελέ Οουμουσέ, or Crazy Oumouse), a Turkish woman who was so known for silliness that others in town behaving foolishly would be teased: "Silly, you crazy Oumouse!" (2007a: 432). The short, fat, elderly Tobilis, who toured the village freely in short "σαλβάρι"²⁹ and an unironed fez selling small housewares, introduced a new term into the local dialect: the adjective "tompilis" referred to any person both short and round (432). Rizos introduces Papa-Vasilis senior, a priest in the village who went out in the night throwing hand-woven textiles into the homes of the poor, without making a distinction between Turks and Romioi (433). He also

28. A regional noodle dish topped with yogurt sauce.

29. *Şalvar* in Turkish; baggy trousers customary to the region and still worn by elderly Turkish men and women in Mustafapaşa

described his "late and unforgettable" mother-in-law, who immediately burned incense and sprayed holy water from Epiphany around the room after a Turkish poet and dear friend of Rizos spent two nights in it while visiting the family (172). Good and bad, tolerant and prejudiced, Rizos represents them all, and religious affiliation did not seem to determine his friendships. Rizos writes that their shared landscape "made us brothers" and, like brothers, their relationships included harmony and disagreement.

Patterns in Rizos's books are reflected in many Greek and Turkish exchangee interactions today. They also highlight religious flexibility, shared landscapes, and everyday contact as unifying in the past and today. Like Rizos, Greek and Turkish exchangees also tend to downplay differences in wealth and power in favor of broader messages about the shared exchangee experience. Central to this narrative is the human suffering wrought by the Exchange, experienced on both sides and embraced as a central component of a transnational exchangee identity. The discussions of the contemporary setting in the chapters that follow are better understood in relation to the conceptions of the past that inspire them, housed, in the case of Sinasos, within texts.

Books like Rizos's, as well as Balta's text and the album upon which it is based, are also important tools of community identity formation for the Nea Sinasites. The conceptions of the Population Exchange and lost homeland contained within provide clues about how these places remained so significant for the children and grandchildren of those exchanged. Until recently, most of those people had never even visited their ancestral birthplaces. Rizos's book and the photographs contained in the album served as a link to Sinasos and a primary means by which second and third-generation exchangees imagined belonging within a Sinasite identity.

Memorializing the Population Exchange

News of the impending Compulsory Exchange of Populations arrived early to Sinasos. Unlike many minority communities in Greece and Turkey, their connections with ex-pat Sinasites in Istanbul and even Athens meant that they had time to prepare and even organize their departure. Serapheim Rizos' brother, Konstantinos, describes the scene: "Dang-dang the bells of our two churches and Saint Nikolas [monastery] are tolling! They notify the Sinasites that these are their last tolls. In a while, they will be taken down and we won't hear their voices ever again. We are given a month to leave our country, the place we first saw the light, the place where our fathers' bones are resting...the horror! What great disaster" (*Sinatiki Foni* 2015, 4). With a month before their exile, Sinasites across the former Ottoman Empire and abroad began their preparations. Four committees were established to oversee the relocation of the Sinasos Christians, one in Istanbul, one in Sinasos, one in Piraeus (Athens), and one in America. The Sinasites in America, being so far away, were responsible only for sending money to aid in the relocation and rehabilitation of the Sinasos refugees. The Istanbul Committee "directed the project" until the Sinasites reached Piraeus. In Sinasos, the committee took on the massive project of listing, wrapping, and overseeing the transport of any valuable public and private objects, such as the church icons. They also took care to ensure that the land and sea journey of the refugees was safely managed and sufficiently provisioned. Finally, the Athens Commission was responsible for the reception of the refugees in Greece and their temporary housing and care upon arrival. It was also the job of this committee to determine a new homeland for the Sinasites, in cooperation with the Greek government (*Λεύκωμα* 2001[1924], 54). Following the Exchange, this Committee converted to the Η Νέα Σινασός association, which is still active today.

The Sinasites were unusual to experience such an organized departure and to have some input in the choice of their new homeland. (Before settling on a village in Evvia, which they

would name Nea Sinasos (New Sinasos), a number of other options were considered and rejected.) They were also unusual in their ability to bring so many of their village monuments and prized personal possessions with them. Rizos was even able to collect the bones of his grandfather and his parents and bring them to be buried under the new church in Nea Sinasos; this was an impossible endeavor for most exchangees, deeply saddening many (2007b, 77).

The relative privilege of the Sinasites does not mean that their journey was not difficult and their forced separation from their homeland not traumatic. Testimonials of the Exchange during the event and long afterwards describe the heartbreak of the Sinasite villagers, Christian and Muslim alike. Konstantinos remembers their final morning in Sinasos on September 25, 1924. He and his family had stayed awake the previous night, listening to restless dogs howling "as if they were sensing the disaster" and contemplating the night sky, feeling as though the stars "were wondering what would be waiting for us in the unknown" (*Sinatiki Foni* 2015, 4). Stamatopoulos describes "stirring scenes of farewell" between the Christians and their Muslim neighbors, many of whom accompanied the caravans as far as Mersin to protect them from bandits (1985, 41; Rohides in Guvenç 2005, 89). Even so, the Sinasites' journey was an ordeal, and Konstantinos records the harassment some in his party suffered at the hands of the cart drivers and *han* staff in the early days of their trip,³⁰ when they left as a small group before the rest of the villagers. This included excessive interest in the women of his group and an alleged rape of one of them (*Sinatiki Foni* 2015, 4). Following their journey, the arrival of the Sinasites was also challenging, and many suffered from malaria and poverty in their new home, which they found far inferior to the old. While Sinasos had been fairly distant from Ottoman city centers, the Sinasites had brought many elements of cosmopolitan Constantinople life to their

³⁰ *Han* refers to Seljuk structures built along trade routes in Anatolia to provide resting points for merchants and travelers.

town. They found Nea Sinasos to be rural and disconnected in comparison, and themselves unprepared to succeed as farmers. Many quickly left for Piraeus, where they joined the Sinasos fish merchants who had previously established themselves in Athens, and other parts of Greece.

The album of photographs and customs published and circulated among Sinasites shortly after their exchange portrays the trauma of the Population Exchange in this way:

“The disaster of the war, like the force of a torrent, twirled us around and threw us in strange coasts and seas. We were sent away from our holy and father's land, which was inhabited by our ancestors for thousands of years, who had glorified it and made it so progressive, without being asked. We were uprooted from our holy grounds, which were mixed together with our blood, where our fathers' bones were buried and our sacred heirlooms were located. We left our country behind, with all its goods and fortunes, on October 2nd, 1924, a black day for us, with tears and heartache...

So only in drawings in this album will we see it [the homeland], and we will be consoled. It will seem like a far away dream. We will only remember the innocent joy and the nice childhood and young memories, that stayed deep in our minds, of the religious celebrations and the festivals, the family ceremonies and the feasts. The memory for this generation of every carved rock, every peak, every monument, will pull a sensitive string in our heart and will cause a strange feeling, like nostalgia, like desperation in our soul" (*Λεύκωμα* 2001[1924], 5-6).

Such dark, dramatic characterizations of the Population Exchange are common in Sinasite accounts. By emphasizing the magnificence of the lost homeland and the trauma of being separated from it, texts like Rizos's and *Sinasos, Diamond of the East* guarantee its lasting significance. Exchangees' ancestral expulsions are particularly traumatic because, until the early 2000s, the homeland existed only in text and memory for most exchangees and their descendants. Nea Sinasites who clung to their albums and passed them down to their children and grandchildren affirmed their connection to a place they would never see again and reinforced their identity as Sinasites.

In official discourse, the Population Exchange served to sort members of religious communities into their rightful nation-states, into the places where they belonged. The

personal memories of those required to leave their native lands, like the Sinasites, provide a counternarrative. They felt that they were being expelled from the places where they belonged, and their feelings of loss were considerable. These feelings were shared by many who were forcibly exiled during the Population Exchange, including the Zakoni villagers, the Muslims that ultimately resettled in Sinasos following their forced separation from their own homelands.

Part II: The Muslims of Zakoni

Sinasos was unusual among multi-religious Ottoman towns because of the wealth and connections of its Greek Orthodox population. However, many features of everyday life in Sinasos before the Exchange were also found in other settings. One such place was the Ottoman village of Zakoni, located in Northern Greece and now known as Ayios Dimitrios. After the Population Exchange, the Macedonian-speaking villagers of Zakoni were expelled to Sinasos, which was eventually renamed Mustafapaşa. The villagers of Zakoni did not immediately memorialize their homeland in text and photographs the way that the wealthy and educated Sinasites did. To my knowledge, there is no memoir describing Ottoman life in Zakoni. Süreyya Aytaş recorded the memories of the still-living first generation exchangees of Mustafapaşa in the early 2000s and published them in 2007. Many of the memories shared in this chapter come from that book (the translations are my own), or from stories descendants of exchangees told me that they heard from their parents and grandparents. As with Rizos's encapsulation, these memories are colored by time and distance from the homeland and the Population Exchange, and longing for lost birthplaces or ancestors. As demonstrated in the chapter that follows, texts are not as important to the identity-formation of Zakoni exchangees as they are to the Nea Sinasites, though family memories and stories remain paramount.

Across the Aegean: Zakoni Village

After almost a year in Mustafapaşa, I had the opportunity to travel to Zakoni. Before I left, my friends in the village called a close contact there, the former village mayor who had also hosted Gülbahar and others. They remembered him fondly, bragging about their long friendship and laughing about the way he is inclined to shout on the phone, as though distance could be closed by volume rather than radio waves. It was this man, Mixalis, who picked me up in Kastoria and transported me to Zakoni. Kastoria is an old Ottoman town situated beautifully on the edge of a large lake, known for its large, cream-colored *gigantes* beans, if anything. Mixalis speaks no English, and my Greek was very limited then, so we both turned to Turkish. Mixalis learned his Turkish growing up; his ancestors were exchangees from Sinop, on the Black Sea, and Turkish was spoken in his home until his grandmother passed away. Our drive to Zakoni passed quickly as I gave him updates on our common acquaintances, and soon we arrived to the ancestral village of many of my Mustafapaşa friends and contacts.

I was immediately struck by the stark differences in the landscapes of Zakoni and Mustafapaşa. Zakoni was densely forested, with a small river running just below it. The sky was cloudy and rain threatened throughout my visit. The frequent precipitation resulted in lush green surroundings, and blooming flowers decorated every corner. In Mustafapaşa, the stone houses, dusty roads, and volcanic landscape share a sandy beige color. It rained so rarely in Mustafapaşa that when it did, I had an eerie sensation that the old stone might crumble and wash away. After only a few months in the village, I'd keenly felt the loss of tall, leafy trees and grass lawns. Glimpses of green were rare. It is difficult to imagine how shocking relocation must have been for the Zakoni exchangees, who left a richly blanketed natural environment for the dusty volcanic landscape of Cappadocia. It is no wonder that one of the exchanged famously

complained, upon arrival in Sinasos, “What kind of country is this? Everything is stone! My pillow is stone, my blanket is stone!”

In Zakoni, surrounded by trees, many of the village men made a living selling firewood to nearby towns. They complained that life was much harder in Mustafapaşa, where trees were few. Kamile remembered, “There, the stove burned constantly, we threw big pieces of wood into it; here there are not big pieces of wood like that” (Aytaş 2007, 25). The Zakoni villagers also practiced animal husbandry, and meat was plentiful: “When guests came, we immediately killed a lamb and we made *koripoparani*. My wife makes it here, too, but it doesn’t have the flavor it had there” (Özbay in Aytaş 2007, 32). Rukiye recalled how much easier life was for women in Zakoni: “We were very good there, we did the housework but we didn’t go to the fields. Women never went to the fields, we just went to the river to wash the laundry, we didn’t leave the house to do any other work outside. The women there, they were pale white, they didn’t go out in the sun (25). Like the Sinasites who unfavorably compared their new home to their homeland, exchangees from Zakoni tended to share rosy depictions of their lost homeland and denigrate their new surroundings.



Figure 4. The outskirts of Zakoni village

Muslims and Christians in Zakoni

Though there were few Christians living in Zakoni, the Muslim villagers encountered them frequently in surrounding villages and in their trade dealings in Kastoria. For many years, their interactions were largely peaceful and friendly. Like the friendships Rizos describes, children in Zakoni also made friends with their neighbors of different faiths. Selma told me of her grandfather, who helped with the family shepherding as a young teenager, and spent a lot of time in the mountains with the animals. There, he met a boy from the nearby Greek town with the same job, and they became best friends. Selma's grandfather wasn't fond of *aşure*, a Turkish dessert made by cooking together a number of grains sweetened with sugar and topped with dried and fresh fruit and nuts, and he refused it when his family made it. (Selma put it plainly: "He'd rather throw it on the floor than eat it!") But he learned that his Greek friend loved the sweet, and so he would take it to the mountains and share it with him. Selma said that whenever they made *aşure* in Mustafapaşa, her grandfather would become very sad, wishing his friend were there to share it with him (personal interview, 10/12/2012). In everyday life, Zakoni villagers built close relationships across differences of faith, and the Muslims were sad to leave their homeland and their Christian neighbors. One exchangee remembered, "The village's Greek *bakkal* (neighborhood market) owner gave us *lokum* (Turkish delight candy), and everyone was very pleased. We could not forget that friendship. There we were wished a safe journey, with friendship, and here we were up against one another as *gavur*" (Aygün in Aytas 2007, 41). Resmiye's recollection hints at the relative ease with which the Muslims of Zakoni interacted

with local Christians, across religious divides, in comparison to the tense relationships the exchangees had with fellow Muslims in their new home in Turkey.

Unlike in Sinasos, the outbreak of World War I brought violent conflict between Muslims and Christians in Northern Greece. In stories about this time, “gangs” from Bulgaria and other parts of Greece tormented the Muslims in Zakoni until, as one second-generation exchangee in Mustafapaşa related, “there was no tranquility.” Gang members burned the Muslims stables and murdered members of their community. One woman told me how these gangs desecrated her great-grandfather's death rites, pouring gas on his coffined body as it was laid out in the mosque courtyard, and lighting it as the time for the funeral prayers approached. Her uncle, renowned for his lovely voice, was killed atop the minaret as he sang the call to prayer. However, the Zakoni exchangees maintained that those who perpetrated the violence were not their local Christians, who often ran to warn them when gang members set foot in the village. The violence left many Zakoni villagers anxious for escape and immediate relief. Many did not believe their move would be permanent, however, and all mourned the loss of their beloved homeland when they were forced to leave.

Exile from Zakoni

Zakoni villagers remembered their removal from their homeland and journey to Turkey as traumatic. It began on foot or horseback. Zakoni's inhabitants gathered only what they could carry to begin their trek to Thessaloniki, where they would board a boat to Turkey. Many people visited the graves of their ancestors before embarking on the months-long journey. Rukiye describes the scene:

"We went to the graveyard one last time. Oh, my mind still goes to that moment. Those screams, those who fell upon the graves, those who threw themselves on the ground... What shall I say, my girl, how should I explain, the things I saw. The screams of the women echoed in every corner, they didn't want to leave. Everyone lay down upon a

grave. I don't know how much time we passed there but after a while a voice said, "Come on, we are going." But it wasn't possible, no one got up, no one had the strength, but we were going to go. My mother had lain upon her mother's grave and she wasn't getting up. I remember; my father slapped her a few times and most of the women were forced to get up with a few slaps. I can't explain what a thing it was, it was the end of the world, my girl, the end of the world!" (Aytaş 2007, 25).

Their hardship didn't end when they arrived in Thessaloniki. The exchangees were forced to wait at the harbor for ships that would transport them across the Aegean. When the ship finally did arrive, many exchangees were already weakened from hunger, fatigue, and illness, especially the old and very young. Conditions on the boat were cramped and unsanitary, and the journey proved deadly for some. Many descendants of exchangees still recite with horror stories of corpses unceremoniously thrown into the sea. Two stories in particular circulate in Mustafapaşa about events on the ship *Gülcemal*. One begins by describing the toilets onboard the ship, which were open holes over the sea, over which one could squat. A mother took her small son to the bathroom, waiting for him behind the door. When her son failed to respond to her knocking, she opened the door to find that he had fallen through the hole and into the sea, where he was swept away. The second story is even more frequently recounted, and with greater anguish. Again, the story involves a mother. Her baby died in her arms, but she refused to acknowledge the death, knowing that the infant's body would be thrown in the sea. She clutched him to her breast for five days, pretending to nurse him. Finally, officials discovered that the child had died, and tried to take him. Refusing to be parted from her baby, the woman threw herself into the sea with her child still in her arms. The *Gülcemal* ship carried many exchangees to Turkey, not only those from Zakoni. I heard these two stories many times, from exchangees across Cappadocia. They are also preserved in the oral testimonies published in Aytaş, 2007 (see page 29, for example). Over time, they seem to have become emblematic of the suffering endured by the exchangees.

At the culmination of this tragic voyage, the Zakoni exchangees arrived into Izmir, where they were quarantined. Then, they set off via train for central Anatolia, finally completing their forced expedition to Sinasos on foot and horseback. There, they faced unfamiliar conditions in their new environment, the frustrating inability to communicate with native Turks, and animosity from their new neighbors. Many believed that their sojourn was temporary. They had interpreted an ambiguous speech by Mustafa Kemal Atatürk as a promise that they would be able to return to their homelands, "either in 40 days, or in 40 years." So, Aliye explained, "We waited 40 days, we didn't do anything. We just slept at night and in the morning we gathered up our beds like we were waiting to take to the road" (Aytaş 2007, 31). A third-generation exchangee told me that his grandparents always kept "*yol parası*," travel money, to be prepared for the day that they could finally make the journey back to their home (personal interview, 8/13/14). However, no first-generation exchangees were able to repatriate to their homelands, and most died without even returning for a visit.

Memories of the Lost Homeland - Sinasos and Zakoni

Sinasos and Zakoni of the early 1920s were worlds apart in almost every sphere of daily living. The Christian Sinasites were wealthy, well-educated, and maintained close connections with Constantinople and other urban centers. They lived in relative harmony with the village Muslims. Their homes were large and impressively-furnished, and their village was known for its many rock-hewn churches and monasteries. Zakoni was a small mountain village and its inhabitants were neither particularly wealthy nor well-educated. Their village was not known at all. Even so, the loss of both villages was mourned with equal despair and longing.

Selma reported that her grandfather often said the following to her, about Zakoni:

"Whenever I saw a bird, I thought that it came from the homeland. Whenever I saw a mountain, I

thought my homeland was behind it. Whenever I saw flowing water, I thought it flowed from the homeland. Whenever I held bread in my hand, I imagined it was cooked in the homeland. Whenever I took an apple in my hand, while peeling it, I imagined that the homeland would emerge from beneath the skin. Whenever I dreamed of the homeland, I imagined that tomorrow I would go there" (*Ekim Kesriye Bulaşması*, 2010, translation my own). He complained that the daisies in their new home might be lovely, but they did not smell as sweetly as they did in the homeland. There might be baklava, but it did not have flavor the way it did homeland. (On hearing this, his wife apparently got mad at him and said, "The butter that was there, is it here? If it were here, I'd make it. There we had honey. If we had honey here, I'd make baklava! Ungrateful man! Bring me honey and I'll make it!"

Conclusion

Stories of the homeland look back to a lost time and place, with a romanticized version of events.³¹ As tales of happiness, heartbreak, and longing were shared with future generations, and places like Sinasos and Zakoni became like fairy-tales for the children and grandchildren of the exchanged. They were enthralled not only by stories of majestic homes and honey-sweetened baklava, but also by accounts of Muslim-Christian friendships and intercommunal cooperation for the greater good. These stories are local examples of the practices of accommodation documented throughout the Ottoman Empire. In the remembered pre-national past, frequent contact provided the necessary conditions for many Christian and Muslim Ottomans to develop individualized relationships with others rather than the monolithic stereotypes that today divide Greeks and Turks. Religious and linguistic differences, though significant and durable, could be

³¹ Doumanis finds this tendency widespread in exchangee descriptions of lost homelands, which he understands both as an indication of nostalgic longing and as a way of claiming superiority over natives in the new nation: Once the refugees realize that they will never be able to return to their homelands, their descriptions of Anatolia become more and more embellished. They see the need to exaggerate their personal wealth as a way of dealing with their immense losses, but also to impress the humble locals with bogus claims of high social status" (2013, 54)

superseded by shared local experiences and values, even in the face of emergent nationalism and war.

Today, desires to return to these lost lifestyles and values animate efforts towards exchangee identity preservation and return tours to visit the lost homeland. The past stands in this case not only for a particular historical moment or a lost society; it has become a model for the types of interactions that many Greek and Turkish exchangees are working to recreate today. The descendants of the Exchange use the example of their ancestors, reimagined at a distance, as tactics for productive cross-religious interaction. Differences in wealth, power, and connectedness to regional and global urban centers continue to impact how Nea Sinasites and Mustafapaşa exchangees are able to reconnect with their homelands and one another.

CHAPTER 3

Exchangees at Home



Figure 5. Selma visits a first-generation exchangee in a neighboring town

Character sketch: Selma

Selma was raised by her grandparents, exchangees from Zakoni village. Her father left to find work in Germany when she was a child, and her mother labored in their fields during the day. Her grandmother never learned Turkish, and so Selma grew up fluent in her ancestral tongue, Macedonian. As a child, she was fed the foods of the homeland alongside stories of its greatness. “It was like a fairy tale to me,” she told me.

Perhaps this is why she was always so interested in her cultural heritage. Selma married very young, returning to finish high school and then college after her two daughters had grown up a little. She became a teacher, working at the local school. Selma often explained her determination to preserve her Macedonian identity and the history of her ancestors by telling a story about her students. I heard the story many times, and recorded it at least once.

One day, Selma assigned her forty-five students a writing assignment to document the story of their families' journeys from Zakoni to Mustafapaşa as *mübadiller*, or exchangees. She was distraught when, the following morning, none of her students had completed the assignment. Her students defended themselves: "There are no *mübadil* here," they said. "There are *muhacir*."³² Selma was very upset; her students knew only that they were immigrants to the village, but they knew nothing of their specific ancestral history as descendants of the Population Exchange. Selma had grown up hearing her grandmother's stories about Zakoni, their homeland in Northern Greece, and had even written down a few of them. She had wanted her children to know about their history. She had raised them with the stories, foods, and songs of the homeland that her grandmother had shared with her, but her students had not received the same cultural education. Selma came home that night from school, read the stories of her grandmother, and began to cry. She was sad that her students did not know about themselves, about their own history. This sadness prompted her to begin a degree in sociology, to conduct more serious research with the remaining first-generation exchangees in the village, and to work in the mayor's office recording and publishing the history of the village's exchangees.

Selma was my "key informant", acting as my host, teacher, and chaperone during my research project. When she introduced me to new friends and I explained my research project to

³² *Muhacir* is a generic term for "immigrant", commonly used in Mustafapaşa to refer to exchangees. Selma preferred the more specific term *mübadil*, referring only to those resettled with the Population Exchange.

them, they would nod knowingly. “You’ve come to the right place. Selma is the expert.” After a few months, she began to introduce me to new people by saying, “She’s researching me.” This statement was not wholly inaccurate.

She’d been my first contact in the village, arranging housing for me even before I arrived. From the earliest days of my fieldwork, I spent many afternoons sitting in the sunny porch in front of her hotel, reading, studying Turkish, taking orders from the odd tourist searching for a coffee, and chatting with Selma. Often we busied our hands cracking walnuts or rolling stuffed grape leaves into impossibly thin, delicate cylinders that she’d later serve to hotel guests. Later in our friendship, I teased Selma that she liked to collect the village curiosities and surround herself with them. Most in her close circle were independent women like herself. There were village friends from her childhood: boisterous Zeynep, a mother of two who spent her days spoiling her high school-aged son and caring for her demented mother and, at evening parties, belly-danced with artistry and enthusiasm rivaling any popstar, and Irem, a retired engineer who had never married, recently returned from Istanbul to take care of her aging parents. And then there were the outsiders—Hatice, an opinionated fellow hotel-owner with a famously sharp wit; Filiz, a painter from Ankara who renovated a hotel in the village almost on a whim, complained about it constantly, and lit cigarette after cigarette while plotting to sell the hotel and “escape”; Nadia, the Russian teacher at the village technical school who walked the dusty streets of the village in high heels and had “work” to do every afternoon at exactly the hour that her favorite Turkish soap opera aired; and me, the *Amerikalı kız* (American girl). Those were the women with whom I passed many afternoons and evenings in Mustafapaşa. Selma was not the loudest or most outgoing among them, but she was at the center, bringing us together.

Selma was no longer employed as a teacher when I came to the village, but she did a lot

of teaching nonetheless; it was the reason she had opened a hotel. The lifestyle of a boutique hotel owner let her spend her time educating tourists about the Population Exchange and telling her granddaughter about the family's heritage. She also taught me a great deal about her exchangee heritage, often calling me in to help prepare an exchangee dish or witness her make arrangements for a special holiday. Together, we visited almost every notable and lesser-known site in the region. Selma made me try everything. She would watch on from a short distance, having encouraged me to clamber up through the tunnels to the upper portions of the cave mosque just like her grandmother had, or to ask locals wherever we were about the history of some noteworthy practice, or to taste some unusual food on offer. If the conversation came to the Population Exchange, though, Selma took over. She had a narrative she recounted with ease after many, many recitations; after a few months by her side, I could almost deliver it myself. Still, she never tired of educating people about her family's history, beginning with their arrival in Mustafapasa.

Introduction: Exchangees and Natives in Mustafapaşa

The Zakoni villagers were initially ambivalent about the Population Exchange when it was decreed. They were unhappy to be forced from their homes and their beloved homeland, but some first-generation exchangees also talked about the violence their community had suffered at the hands of neighboring Greeks in the final months of the Greek-Turkish War. They were heartbroken to leave, but afraid to stay. And, when “[Mustafa Kemal] Atatürk brought them to Turkey”, (the language many of them used to personalize the Population Exchange), they expected to be welcomed warmly. In some places, they were, or they settled into villages completely emptied of their inhabitants. The Zakoni villagers, though, remembered a much colder greeting from the Muslims left behind in Sinasos (later Mustafapaşa) after the expulsion

of its Christians. This is the story that second and third-generation exchangees told me about their forebears' arrival:

The *Zakonililer*³³ arrived in Cappadocia in October, following long journeys by horse, boat, train, and finally foot. As they approached Sinasos, the men turned towards the center road to reach the village and the women and children stopped and waited on a nearby hill. Locals approached them but, upon seeing their light complexion, blue eyes, and blonde hair, they called them *gavur* (infidel), and retreated. A while later women came with trays of food to share with them. The exchangees, most of whom knew no Turkish, began to thank them in their native Macedonian language. The native women looked at one another and said, "Aha, these are truly infidels," and took their pans of food away again.³⁴ In a culture where food sharing is central to hospitable welcomes and was an everyday part of multi-religious life in the town prior to the exchangees' arrival, the retraction of the gift of food is a telling rejection of the newcomers.

This event marked the beginning of tense relations between the Zakoni exchangees and the natives in Sinasos. They harbored animosities over how the expelled Christian Sinasites' properties were distributed by government officials. Exchangee families were given properties that were meant to be commensurate with what they had lost, but natives felt it was unfair that the newcomers were given mansions while they continued to live as they had. One exchangee remembered, "I don't know what we had that they were jealous of, my dear, our empty houses or our empty grain cellars or our empty kitchens or our empty stables, I couldn't understand. Thirty years passed like this" (Aytaş 2007, 30). Exchangees elaborated their own suffering at length, but never mentioned how hard it must have been for the natives to lose their livelihoods when the Christians left, and look on as lands they had tended for generations were allocated and then

³³ People of Zakoni village.

³⁴ See Aytaş 2007, 40 for another telling of this story; yet another appears in the documentary program *Yaşayan Bellek* (Baloğlu 2011); the version here is a composite of those told to me in person.

ineptly managed by foreigners unfamiliar with the landscape and climate. For decades, the exchangees and natives did not intermarry. They called one another names in school. A third-generation exchangee reported that this problem was not solved until her teacher began regularly requiring students to pair off across these divisions, fifty years after the Population Exchange. Others explained that decades of watching the exchangees attend mosque finally convinced the natives to accept them as Muslims and countrymen.

Because exchangees rarely interacted with native Turks, few among the first and second generation learned Turkish. They struggled to buy groceries at local markets because of their poor Turkish.³⁵ They did not learn from locals how to coax crops from a dry landscape so different from their lush, wooded homeland. In the few weeks they had between their arrival the beginning of winter, they were not shown how to effectively heat their spacious new homes, and resorted to chopping down garden fruit trees and wooden upper floors to stay warm that first year, to the long-term detriment of the homes. The natives were furious to see the destruction. Amid these tensions, the exchangees retreated into their homes. The village was divided into native and exchangee neighborhoods. The populations stayed *ayrı*, “separate”, I was told by a second-generation exchangee; “Their jobs, their language, their food; everything was separate.”

The long-lasting division between the two groups and the relative isolation of the exchangee community, especially in the first decades following their resettlement, meant that their language, their music, and their traditions were carried on far longer than those of many other exchangee communities. At home, in stone houses carved into a barren volcanic landscape vastly different from their wooden homes amidst Zakoni’s dense forest, they preserved their way of life.

³⁵ More than 90 years after the Exchange, I was once erroneously complimented for speaking Turkish that was better than the people of Mustafapaşa. My flatterer accused them of still “mixing things up when they talk.” The compliment to me was an insult to my friends and neighbors, and demonstrative of lasting prejudices.

Exchangee Börek and Suitable Brides

Selma's exchangee heritage was always present in her home and hotel in some way—bubbling away on the stove, filtering through the speakers, or adorning her hair or body. She spent afternoon hours with her granddaughter Ayla, singing Macedonian folk songs, hopeful that they'd be remembered. Ayla sang happily with her during the first summer of my research, but groaned and begged off to browse Facebook or wander with her friends by the following summer. Instead of music, with me Selma focused on exchangee foods and holiday rituals around food. She was not the only one; exchangees were constantly asking if I'd tried one dish or another from their homeland. Before the *Şeker Bayramı* (the Sweets Holiday marking the end of Ramadan), exchangees set about preparing large, round trays of baklava that they would then stack one on top of another, spreading a thick layer of sweet cream between them. "Had I ever tried such an extravagant treat?" They all wanted to know. Proud husbands let me know that their wives were among the few who still made the traditional chickpea-flour bread baked in outdoor ovens like the ones used by their ancestors. Those who did not bake for one reason or another, placed their orders well ahead of holidays or family weddings. I rarely conducted an interview that didn't also involve tasting an exchangee treat and I was invited to many an afternoon gathering purely for the purpose of trying a particular dish, especially after Selma pressed me into service translating her exchangee cookbook into English.

Exchangees in Mustafapaşa made "immigrant" foods routinely in their homes, without fanfare.³⁶ While I lived in the village, Selma made a point of calling me when she had prepared her lunch so that I could sample various exchangee foods. Lunch was the meal that she did not serve to her hotel guests, so she often prepared simple and familiar family dishes, like pasta with

³⁶ Exchangee foods in Mustafapaşa were often called by their standard Turkish name with the generic word for immigrant, *muhacir*, added in front.

yogurt sauce where the noodles were made ahead from a particular exchangee recipe and dried, or *tarhana* soup with stale bread “dumplings” where the *tarhana* was the regional recipe brought from Zakoni. Often these foods varied only in small ways from similar dishes made by native Turks. For example, Turkish *börek* and “immigrant” *börek* dishes both featured layers of thin, flakey dough stuffed with meat, cheese, and vegetable fillings, but the “immigrant” version had a softer, chewier pastry more akin to the version still prepared by Greeks in northern Greece. Selma believed that food traditions survived the longest because the flavors one loves the most are the hardest to lose.

Except for the LMV’s page, the four or five exchangee Facebook groups that I followed revolved almost entirely around food.³⁷ Exchangees often posted photographs of foods they had just made, calling on group members to “Guess the dish!” Groups were often regional, and exchangees would post food names in Turkish, Greek, and Macedonian, correcting one another until finally the original poster revealed the name of the dish as he or she knew it. Exchangees also used these pages to ask one another about dishes they were making or family heritage objects they had found but could not identify, or simply to show off and admire one another’s cooking or homeland travel photographs.

Maintaining exchange families through marriage was one way of preserving food traditions. Erhan is one who considered these factors when he wed. A third-generation exchangee from a small village near Niğde, Erhan had lived many years in Adana, where he had career in the air force. When I knew him, Erhan split his time between Istanbul and his small birthplace village in Turkey, where he had taken to overseeing an apple orchard as a hobby. He’d had an important career and traveled widely, but told me that he had wanted only three things

³⁷ Exchangee organization Facebook pages like the LMV’s were more often used to advertise events, post photographs of events, and circulate articles about the Population Exchange.

when he searched for a wife: that she be exchangee, that she be from his village, and that she be able to make his ancestors' special *börek* pastries. He told me this as his wife pulled the aforementioned dish from the oven, having prepared it for him and his guests even though she was fasting for Ramadan and would not eat anything for many more hours.

I sat with a local family one afternoon while they discussed suitable potential brides for their son. Though they debated the merits of a number of candidates, all were in agreement that she ought to be from the exchangee community. Witnessing their conversation, a recently divorced man among our party that afternoon wondered aloud if his marriage would have been more successful if he'd sought out a wife of exchangee background, too. The women chimed in with their opinions. They thought certain qualities, like a more cosmopolitan, European outlook thought to derive from ancestral ties to multicultural Ottoman towns, distinguished exchangee communities from native ones. So, of course the young couple would have understood each other better if they were both of exchangee descent.

When exchangee descendants get married or celebrate other important life changes, these events are grounds for negotiations as families and young couples seek compromises between current fashions and exchangee traditions. Summer was wedding and circumcision season in Mustafapaşa, and I attended a number of celebrations. Typically, the whole village was informally invited to attend, with information about the location and timing traveling by way of mouth. Sometimes a drummer made his way through the village announcing a wedding feast as it occurred, inviting all who could hear to come and share the meal. These events were like large street parties centered in the house but spilling out into the surrounding neighborhood. Long tables were arranged in the home's garden and piled high with simple foods, sometimes prepared by the family and sometimes ordered from a local bakery in large quantities. The former might

include lentil soup, rice pilaf, beef, and salad; the latter was often cheese *pide* (similar to a small white pizza) served with ayran (a salty yogurt drink) and baklava. As people finished eating, they gathered into gendered groups to dance or to sit in plastic chairs arranged in the street and watch the dancers.

As wedding season began, several older women in the village took me aside to describe the exchangee weddings of the past and mourn the lost traditions. They spoke of week-long affairs where families exchanged meals, trousseaus were shown off with hourly outfit changes, and brides were stolen, lost, and captured again through a series of games and parties involving all of the members of both families. One bride's great-aunt hoped that I'd at least see the custom of welcoming wedding guests with accusations of small crimes or transgressions until they paid a little "fine" to the new couple for admittance into the festivities, but I did not. Instead, many of the weddings I attended were not very different from others I'd witnessed in Turkey's larger cities in previous years. They were held in "salons", large indoor or outdoor event halls with tables encircling a dance floor. Soft drinks and snacks like nuts and dried fruit were served, and guests amused themselves by chatting at their tables or dancing. They lasted just one evening, or a full day if the exchangee bride's family also offered a traditional midday meal at their home.

Even so, exchangee weddings were distinguishable by the music and dance traditions that contemporary brides and grooms maintained at these events. Zehra, a fourth-generation exchangee woman in her late 20s, was the leader at many of the local weddings. As a child, she had taken a particular interest in learning the steps, recipes, and songs of her ancestors. She told me that her aunts had always occupied their nieces and nephews with these activities in their homes, but only she had been so dedicated to learning. Zehra wondered if she felt a responsibility because she was the oldest sibling, or if she enjoyed it because she had a naturally

curious disposition and an interest in her roots. In any event, the younger generation turned to her to lead the women's exchangee dancing at the weddings, and she enjoyed the role. Her uncles did the same for the men's dances. Roma musicians came to the region from the Balkans each summer to play throughout the wedding season. The steps were familiar to most exchangees from other weddings, and were simple enough that everyone could join in. Zehra felt that the fourth generation would manage to carry these things on and she was determined to do her part. Her aunt wanted me to do my part as well, serving as a self-appointed ethnographer's assistant with shouts of "Come, take a picture" and "You should record this!" It was clear that while isolation had helped many families to maintain their exchangee identity in the early decades after the Population Exchange, and foods remained important, other traditions were beginning to disappear. Bridal aunts were anxious that I record what was left.

March 14: A Family Holiday

I spent the afternoon of March 13 at Selma's hotel, where preparations were underway for the big "March Holiday" that she and her family would be celebrating the following evening. In the calendar their ancestors had followed in Zakoni, the New Year began on March 14th by today's calendar. Family members had begun to arrive from Ankara and nearby towns. As her family visited with one another, Selma had me take out my notebook to record the customs that they would perform the following day. Many of the foods had particular meanings, or reflected a sort of imitative magic. For example, they would eat a version of *börek* pastry with white beans in the filling, the beans signifying the gathering together of the family in one place. They would eat corn kernels that Selma had been preparing over the past weeks. She first roasted them in the ashes of her coal stove until they were hard and dry, then she boiled them for a very long time until they were again soft, fat, and light in color. Her family would eat them in hopes that the

new year would bring plenty and their families would grow like the corn had. Each person would eat a clove of fresh garlic, in order that for the rest of the year, their mouths would not have a bad smell and they would stay similarly clean and healthy.³⁸ She would set out pickled cabbage to eat so that summer's bugs wouldn't bite them. After the meal, each person would consume a spoonful of *pekmez*, a grape syrup she made each fall with fruits from her vines, to ensure a sweet year. And everyone would choose two whole walnuts to press together until one burst; a good, clean walnut inside would indicate a good year, while a withered one foretold difficulty, especially at work.



Figure 6. The table set for the holiday meal



Figure 7. Cracking red eggs

Red hardboiled eggs were central to exchangee holiday celebrations in Mustafapaşa, including this one. The custom had been adopted in Zakoni from Greeks who used them to celebrate Easter, often occurring not long after the March 14 holiday. Just like her ancestor's Christian neighbors had done—and many Greeks today—Selma collected the outer skin peeled

³⁸ In actual fact, only I consumed the clove of raw garlic, as occasionally happened when Selma educated me about exchangee practices with which others in her circle had long dispensed. I alone held the taste of garlic in my mouth for days.

from red onions to dye the eggs, boiling them together until they took on a deep rust hue. Then they were used in an elaborate game to determine who would be the strongest and luckiest in the upcoming year. Family members cracked the ends of their eggs together, resulting in one cracked egg and one whole one. The cracked egg would be surrendered to the owner of the stronger, winning egg, and this process continued until a single egg was triumphant. The eggs were then returned to their original owners for eating. At least, this was the process that Selma explained to me in advance of the holiday. On the day of the celebration, Selma's family cracked eggs around haphazardly, turning them on their sides to present clean surfaces when both ends had already been smashed and not bothering to keep count of wins and losses. Another family I interviewed admitted that though they still hardboiled and dyed the eggs, they didn't remember their meaning anymore and just gave them to their children to play with during the day. Married couples could use the eggs also to divine the sex of any baby they would conceive in the upcoming year by slicing the eggs in half using a thin string and searching, with Selma's help, for particular patterns in the yolk. Customs involving red eggs also demonstrated the cross-religious exchanges of the Ottoman period, during which, as Rizos described, Muslims and Christians partook in one another's holiday celebrations and adopted traditions across religious boundaries.

There were other Zakoni rituals included in the exchangees' March 14 holiday—red and white bracelets we tied to our wrists and did not remove until the seasonal summer birds returned, and clay pots filled with coal ashes that one could break upon a neighbor's doorstep to ensure that bugs crawled into his house and not yours—but those given the most attention at Selma's celebration were those that were edible. Following our consumption of the meaningful foods, Selma served out heaping dishes of her brother's lamb *güveç*, a meat and vegetable stew he had spent all day preparing before bringing it to the municipal ovens for baking. The rest of

the night was passed with eating, gossiping, drinking, and eventually, music and dancing. Selma's brothers led the way, initiating the exchangee line dances that were first limited to men and eventually included everyone. By the end of the evening, the party's jokes had become ribald and the Macedonian folk singing maudlin. Prior to the celebration, Selma had instructed me that the morning after it, I was to get up early but not leave my house until I had seen someone else out on the streets. That person would take the bad things coming to my life that year, and I would be saved from them. I suspected that most of the holiday-goers appreciated this part of the ritual, with its enforced laziness, given the amount of alcohol that was consumed during the evening.³⁹

Selma's holiday celebration included 2nd to 5th generation exchangees. Throughout town, others were conducting smaller family celebrations in their own homes. Few were likely as diligent or knowledgeable as Selma, but many of the ritual practices of the Zakoni exchangees were being transmitted through the generations via holiday celebrations, exchangee marriages, and especially the making and eating of exchangee foods. In this way, exchangees maintained connections to homelands lost decades before, of which they had no personal memories.

Her celebration also, for the first time, included tourists. As I wrapped up my notes on the 13th, Selma had told me that the March 14 holiday was typically an event for families. She would make do some years by inviting friends and people like me, but this year her family was coming and the holiday would be more traditional. I would be included, as family. I was therefore very surprised when, on the day of the celebration, I arrived to find her setting a table for two American tourists! Selma explained that they'd stopped by the hotel while she was preparing for

³⁹ About 20% of Turkey's population reports drinking alcohol (World Health Organization, 2014). In Mustafapaşa, as in other places in Turkey that I've lived, many in my research and social circles drank occasionally and casually, even those who fasted for Ramadan and considered themselves faithful Muslims. They did not comment on this practice, but were often well-traveled or more intentionally "Western" in other areas of their lives as well.

the holiday and she'd invited them to have the holiday meal at the hotel as (paying) dinner guests. She set the table for three, so that I could have a glass of wine with them and explain the holiday traditions before joining her family at the main table. I complied, explaining the meaning behind the small dishes elegantly arranged for the couple to sample. Selma brought the dishes out all at once, slightly before her family gathered at the table. Her American guests were delighted to be brought into such an intimate and "authentic" family celebration, but treated it as a meal, appropriately leaving before the party began in earnest. Later, I asked Selma why she'd offered to include them in what she'd described to me as an intimate family holiday. Selma explained that she'd seen it as an opportunity to show outsiders her unique cultural background and earn a little money for the hotel. The hotel had just opened the previous year, and while family members stopped by often to drink tea and exchange gossip, this was the first holiday that she had hosted there. The hotel was a convenient setting—centrally located and equipped with a dining room large enough to comfortably accommodate all of the local and out-of-town family who had come to celebrate the holiday. But the hotel had also a slightly different feel and function than her house; it was a more appropriate space to include tourists than her home would have been.

In Mustafapaşa, exchangee heritage was not lost in the decades after the founding of the Turkish nation state as it was elsewhere. Instead, it retreated from the hostility of the natives and the nation-state into the protected space of the home and neighborhood, where exchangee identity remained a remarkably durable identification. In the early 2000s, the acceptability of diverse cultural backgrounds changed in Turkey. With the help of nongovernmental organizations (NGOs) like the History Foundation and the LMV, Turks began to explore their roots and make their family histories public (Iğsız 2018). This change was reflected in

Mustafapaşa. Zakoni exchangees began to more openly express their identity, both by bringing outsiders into their homes (often newly transformed into hotels marketed to foreign and heritage tourists) and by participating in popular culture productions celebrating their heritage.

Heritage Lost and Found

The Zakoni exchangees of Mustafapaşa were somewhat unusual in the degree to which they preserved their heritage and claimed their identity, though similar communities are found in smaller villages throughout Asia Minor. In cities and towns, though, most exchangees acquiesced to national pressures to assimilate following World War I and the Greek-Turkish War. Many exchangees did not teach their children the Greek, Macedonian, or Albanian that they had spoken in their homelands, and often 3rd-generation exchangees did not know their heritage. Selma is a 3rd-generation exchangee; she explained the early atmosphere as one in which it was necessary for everyone to say “We are Turks”, learn Turkish, and assimilate into the new nation. Early attempts at collective exchangee activism were shut down by the government, and the Population Exchange was officially spoken about as an event in the past, to be relegated to history (but left out of history books) (see Alpan, 2012).

Many 1st-generation exchangees were anxious to forget the tumultuous years in the recent past and fit into the new nation as Turks, and they did not always share their native languages or background as exchangees with their children. Akhan, a 2nd-generation exchangee and member of a recently opened Cappadocian regional exchangee organization, spoke about this late one evening at a meeting I attended. At the end of the meeting, as people gathered their belongings and official business devolved in casual conversation, Akhan delighted attendees by staying late to sing emotional Albanian folk songs. Many in attendance lamented that they had not learned Albanian from their parents as Akhan had, but he offered a different perspective, one that I later

heard from others. He said that however many languages you speak is how many people you are. To him, this was a difficulty that he and his generation experienced, not an advantage. He did not teach his children Albanian because he did not want them to experience this dissonance; he did not want them to feel “mixed up”, like he felt. Now, he was one of very few Albanian-speakers left in the city.

By the early 2000s, though, many 3rd and 4th-generation exchangees were upset that their parents and grandparents had kept their history and languages from them. In those years, interest in the Population Exchange and the cultural heritage of the exchangees began to grow, sparked in part by a period of rapprochement between Greece and Turkey following an 1995 earthquake that devastated both Aegean shores. Exchangee heritage slowly moved outwards from the homes, neighborhoods, and isolated villages in which it had been contained to reach wider publics. New interest in exchangee origins at this time followed a wider national and global trend towards exploring diverse origins and celebrating cultural diversity (see Çolak 2006; Iğsız 2018). In Turkey, this period was marked by critiques of Kemalist modernization, which was criticized as “ a patriarchal and antidemocratic imposition from above that has negated the historical and cultural experience of the people of Turkey” (Bozdoğan and Kasaba 1997, 4). Kemalist reformers had, in the early decades of the republic, envisioned a linear modernization process aimed at the creation of a secular, civilized, Western, and ethnically homogenous nation; by the 1980s, the Turkish people had begun to search for the histories and cultures that had been erased through this process (Kasaba 1997, 16-17). In the 1990s, critiques of Kemalist modernism took the form of a neo-Ottomanist multiculturalism that also sought to correct the lingering failure of Turkish official ideology to incorporate the diverse cultural, ethnic, and religious background of its citizens by drawing upon (revised and reinterpreted) understandings of Ottoman pluralism

(see Çolak 2006). This period coincided with developments in Turkey's EU-accession bid that brought pressure for Turkish reforms around minority rights and freedom of expression.

Renewed interest in the Population Exchange reflected these shifts. Social organizations, literary and documentary film productions, museums, and scholarly conferences dedicated to the Exchange proliferated in the early 2000s. Funding for these projects came from the EU, from organization membership dues, from the municipalities where projects were undertaken, and, in 2010 from Istanbul's European Culture Capital funding. As with other cultural identities "celebrated" at this time, exchangee identity was accepted only provided it remained within the realm of "culture," and much of its expression was initially within the realm of popular culture.⁴⁰

Population Exchange in Popular Culture

The slow entry of the history and human experiences of the Population Exchange into public knowledge began with the publication of Kemal Yalçın's *Emanet Çeyiz*, a transnational collection of exchange journey stories, in 1998. Aware that it might not be accepted as an historical work, Yalçın marketed the book as a less controversial genre – a novel (see Iğsız 2008). In 2004, Louis de Bernieres published an English-language work of historical fiction portraying the years leading up to the Exchange in a small multi-religious village on the Ottoman coast. His novel introduced the story to Western readers—and tourists in particular—and it was often featured in guidebooks to Turkey within the "Read Before you Arrive" recommendations.

The story of the Population Exchange also came to television and movie screens. Greek-Turkish tensions were a source of dramatic and comedic material in the popular 2004 Turkish soap opera *Yabancı Damat* (The Foreign Groom), about the star-crossed romance of the Turkish Nazlı and her Greek boyfriend Niko. It aired in Greece as well, under the Greek title *Ta Sónvora*

⁴⁰ See Iğsız 2015 for a discussion of this phenomenon in the case of Turkish exchangees, Tambar's 2014 *The Reckoning of Pluralism* for similar themes with regards to Turkey's Alevi community, and Brown 2006 for a wider discussion of the depoliticization underlying official liberal discourses of "tolerance".

της *Αγάπης* (The Borders of Love). A few years later, the Turkish soap opera *Elveda Rumeli* began. It depicted Ottoman life in a small village near Skopje in the years leading to the Balkan Wars, and the displacement of many Balkan Muslims to Turkey. (Mustafapaşa exchangees were particularly fond of the serial because this series showcased their foods, customs, and music. Parents told me that they made their children watch it to educate them about their cultural identity, and they were sorry when it moved to a time slot so late at night that they could not continue to follow it. They felt that it well portrayed the suffering of the exchanged people, even if it was not exactly about the Population Exchange.) The 2011 film *Dedemin İnsanları* (My Grandfather's People), directed by the popular and well-regarded Çağan Irmak, traces a nationalistic young grandson at first ashamed by his heritage and his exchanged Cretan grandfather's vocal nostalgia for his homeland, and then spurred by his death to seek out the beloved places his grandfather had always described. In 2003's *Bulutları Beklerken* (Waiting for the Clouds), audiences learned that the main character Ayşe is the daughter of Black Sea coast Greeks who left her safe in the hands of Muslim neighbors when they were expelled from the region, afraid that the small child would not survive the journey. In the final years of her life, Ayşe rediscovers the heritage she had hidden for many years and finally embarks to find family members in Greece. The slow and poignant film was honored at the Istanbul Film Festival.⁴¹

These fictionalized accounts were matched with more scholarly and historical renderings of the Population Exchange in documentaries that began airing as culture segments on popular television channels. The Lozan Mübadilleri Vakfı (Foundation for Lausanne Treaty Emigrants, or LMV) played an important role in the creation and publicization of these productions.

Founded in 2001, one of the LMV's first projects was the development of a bibliography listing

⁴¹ When I screened it for exchangee friends in Mustafapaşa, one said, "It won awards? Well that explains why it was so boring!"

the Turkish, Greek, and English-language publications about the Population Exchange. LMV leaders were dismayed by the lack of Turkish popular and scholarly attention paid to the exchangees and their heritage, and they began a campaign to record the memories of the first generation of exchangees before they passed away. They also sponsored and funded publications and conferences dedicated to transnational discussions of the Population Exchange, and opened a museum dedicated to the Population Exchange in 2010. Finally, they began bringing groups of exchangees to their homeland villages in Greece. As they prepared for these trips, they conducted research about Ottoman and Muslim sites in Northern Greece, and they learned what they could from locals Greeks and exchangees with roots in the places they toured. Soon the leaders of the LMV were among the most knowledgeable experts of the Population Exchange, and Sefer, its Secretary General, was almost always featured in the documentaries that premiered on public channels or were privately commissioned. Even when he did not appear, he and the LMV were often thanked in the credits for their help with the project. The LMV has an active website and Facebook presence, announcing to its audience whenever these shows are airing on television or radio channels and providing links to streaming options whenever they are available.

In this way, the LMV emerged as the primary Turkish conduit for information, organization, and celebration of exchangee history and heritage. Its goals—which include the documentation of exchangee stories and preservation of exchangee monuments, improved Greek-Turkish relations, and sponsorship of exchangee students and research about the Population Exchange—were also adopted by the regional and local exchangee organizations that sprang up in the years following the LMV’s foundation. Leaders of these smaller associations mentioned the direct link between the model offered by the LMV and their own aims. Many

believed that the LMV's mission contributed to large-scale interest among exchangees in reconnecting with their homelands and building stronger trans-Aegean relationships with Greeks of similar heritage. Their organizations could have easily been Turk-centric or focused on their own victimization, if not for the model of the LMV. The LMV's influence was powerful, though, and local projects often mimicked those with LMV involvement.

Zakoni Exchangee Culture Leaves the Home

In Mustafapaşa, exchangee heritage was not lost in the decades after the founding of the Turkish nation state as it was elsewhere. Instead, it retreated from the hostility of the natives and the nation-state into the protected space of the home and neighborhood, where exchangee identity remained a remarkably durable identification.

The drive to bring knowledge about the Population Exchange and the cultural traditions of the exchangees to wider audiences through popular culture productions filtered down to villages even as small as Mustafapaşa. As usual, the LMV was involved in some of these projects. In 2007, it co-sponsored a documentary called *Yastığım Taş Yorganım Taş* (My Pillow is Stone, My Blanket is Stone). In the film, exchangees describe their journeys from the homeland to Mustafapaşa and their welcome upon arrival. They are also captured making traditional foods, singing Macedonian folk songs, and celebrating the *Hidrellez* holiday that marks the start of summer. The documentary was publicly available on the LMV's YouTube channel, and while I lived in Mustafapaşa, Selma also held periodic viewings at her hotel for exchangee organizations and visiting tourists.

This was not the only production to document the Mustafapaşa exchangees' experience. As discussed in the introduction, Selma capitalized upon the market for exchangee heritage content on television to realize Gülbahar *teyze*'s dream of traveling to her homeland. While

applications for funding from various organizations in the EU went unfunded, and Gülbahar herself did not have good luck with her lottery tickets, Selma's pitch to the documentary series *Yaşayan Bellek* (Living Memory) was successful.

In 2014, while I was living in Mustafapaşa, local exchangee heritage once again made its way onto local and national television screens via the popular competitive cooking show *Yemekteyiz* (We Are At Dinner). On the show, five home cooks were selected to cook dinner for one another, judging the cooking and hospitality of the other four. One episode (meal) aired each day, with the 2-hour sections stretching over the course of the week. Participants were polite throughout the dinners, performing as good hosts and guests, but the one-on-one voting interviews at the end of each segment delivered the expected cattiness and fussy critiques that made the show a success. Cappadocia was selected as a regional focus, and four Mustafapaşa residents were among the five contestants chosen. One was my friend Filiz, and all four were among the group with which I socialized. I'd been hosted for a meal by each during the course of my fieldwork, before they acted as hosts for the show.

Filiz was first. She was not a Mustafapaşa local or of exchangee heritage, but was from Gaziantep, a region famous for its food. However, as the filming date approached, she sought out Selma and asked to learn an exchangee dish to prepare for the show. Filiz thought that it would be strategic to highlight a local dish for a show dedicated to the Cappadocian region, and Selma agreed to help her. As we three watched the show air together a few weeks later, Filiz was nervous that she'd made a few mistakes in her preparation, but Selma was supportive. On air, the other contestants rated the dish poorly, protesting that a general Turkish audience would not be interested in seeing exchangee foods that originated in faraway places. Over the next days, though, we watched as two other participants followed the same path. One contestant's entire

menu was made up of exchangee dishes; she even hired local musicians to perform Macedonian folk songs as she welcomed her guests to dinner. (Her guests complained again that Turkish audiences would not be interested in hearing lyrics that they could not understand.) In the final episode, the last Mustafapaşa contestant cooked *koripopareni*, an exchangee specialty made for occasions. She was depicted shopping for her ingredients at the market and butcher in the nearby town, where she quizzed shop owners about the dish. Only the butcher had heard of it.

When *Yemekteyiz* aired, the whole town watched. We gossiped about who among the four villagers featured was particularly nasty in her critiques, and commented on the food and presentation just as the participants had. This was part of the appeal of the show; we could all relate to the experience of preparing an elaborate meal for guests, and especially to picking one apart with intimates in the car on the way home from one prepared by someone else. During the show, we were all virtual hosts and guests, and spent time imagining what we might have prepared or criticized. It was particularly fun to know the contestants and to watch with Filiz, who shared insider tidbits about the show's production. In the weeks after the show, Filiz organized visits with three of the other contestant hosts to sample the meals they had prepared on TV. Four of the contestants had remained friendly after the show; the fifth was considered quite harsh and overly affected by the spotlight. It was too small a community for such airs.

Selma was proud to see that exchangee food featured so heavily in a program dedicated to regional, Cappadocian cuisine. The only participant not currently residing in Mustafapaşa, a native of Göreme with no exchangee background, made the regional Cappadocian kebab specialty. But Mustafapaşa exchangees felt it was significant that exchangee heritage was represented as such an integral part of Cappadocian culture. For many decades, it was kept

hidden and apart from Turkish culture. *Yemekteyiz* provided a format where it could be embraced as a distinctive and valuable addition to the regional food culture.

Conclusion: Lasting Divisions, Durable Identities

While a regional exchangee organization opened in Cappadocia while I lived in Mustafapaşa, there was no exchangee society in the village itself. When I mentioned this to Selma, she said that there had never been need of one. They were a majority in the village, and they had kept their traditions alive. She felt that organizations were for exchangees who were trying to revive their heritage and rebuild their connections to one another. She may have been right; the regional association that began during my fieldwork was located in a city and led by Rüstem, a 3rd-generation exchangee who had only very recently discovered his heritage. After just two or three years of activity, including a very successful, collective *Hidrellez* holiday celebration and a local documentary TV show featuring their cuisine, it became defunct. Somehow, Mustafapaşa was different.

A few weeks after watching her lead the exchangee dances at her cousin's wedding, I spoke to Zehra about her sense of connection to Zakoni. She was a fourth-generation exchangee and had never traveled to visit her ancestral homeland, though a few of her family members had. Zehra did not have a clear answer when I asked her to identify her "homeland". She was born in Mustafapaşa but had lived most of each year in Ankara since she was a baby, returning to the village with her aunts each summer. In some ways, Mustafapaşa felt like a homeland. But she did not deny that Zakoni was also a place with which she identified, because it was so central in the stories her family told to her. She said that she felt different from other Turks, as if she also had grown up in Zakoni and then come to Turkey, as if she had brought something from there, as if there was still something of the land, and the air, and the water there that was in her blood.

Other Turks labeled her as different, too, primarily from the way that she spoke. She didn't mind; Zehra felt that it added something different to her as a person, that to be of two cultures was a kind of richness. She was committed to preserving this richness and doing what she could to pass it on to her future children.

The long-standing tension between the exchangee and native populations in Mustafapaşa also contributed to the durability of the exchangee identity there. The separation between the two communities continued to the time that I lived there. Everyone in the village could identify the members of each community. At times, as Selma explained to me who someone was, she would shrug and say, "But you don't need to remember so-and-so, he's native." In local elections, villagers voted along heritage lines. Exchangees fretted that they might lose the *muhtar* (village head) election while I lived there because they had put up a number of candidates, while the natives had collected behind one. On the other hand, I also saw quite a few friendships across the communities, and many people assured me that the differences between the two groups were no longer important. Ibrahim, a shop owner in town, once insisted that even if he could categorize every village child into exchangees and natives (all 5th-generation at this point), he loved them all the same. A native himself, he assured me that he would still help an exchangee child in need. These defensive assurances only served to highlight the fact that meaningful divisions remained. Members of the two communities noticed and commented when I was spending lots of time with one or the other. When I asked Ibrahim, a native about the story the exchangees told about their cold welcome, he was angry: "I never heard that, never in my whole life, not from anyone! Who told you that? Selma?" He then corrected the tale: "The history that the exchangees don't tell you is that they arrived here poor and sold everything they were given and destroyed the churches to get to their valuables."

While the rest of Turkey was establishing a national identity in opposition to Greece, the Zakoni exchangees in Mustafapaşa were carving one out in opposition to their local neighbors, through their lasting *connections* to Greece. Even generations after the Population Exchange, exchangee grandchildren explained their difference from native Turks as a certain superiority in sophistication, education, and politeness. This was said to derive from their European ancestry. Mustafa Özer, the former mayor of mixed parentage, aligned himself with the exchangee community and described their distinctiveness this way: “Our customs, our traditions, our lifestyle, cuisine—we are very advanced. We lived and continue to live this. These are the things that our grandfathers brought in the exchange when they came, the culture that they taught us when we were growing up. I think there are very big differences in this. We always say, “It is the culture of the other side of the water [the Aegean].”

Other exchangees confirmed these views, telling me often that “our roots are in Europe.” Gülbahar *teyze* once described her ancestors’ culture and clothing like this: “But the bride’s costume was very beautiful! I remember they dressed very beautifully. They had such beautiful clothes, such distinctive clothes. It was clear they had come from Europe. Afterwards, when they came here, my grandmother never wore *şalvar*, never in her life. Until she died, she never wore them, and my mother’s family only got used to them with difficulty. Our people didn’t have *şalvar* in Selanik [Thessaloniki].” *Şalvar*, the baggy pants characteristic of rural Turks including Mustafapaşa natives are used by Gülbahar to signify their backwardness in comparison to her ancestors’ sophisticated European dress. Even third-generation Selma characterized herself as being both European (exchangee) and Asian (Turkish) when asked by foreign visitors. She admitted, “There’s something like this (*şöyle bir şey var*), our exchangees always said, “We are Europeans” in order to brag a bit.”

It is difficult to know if the first generation of exchangees would have characterized their culture as European, and some of the exchangees' presumed sophistication may have come from cosmopolitan Ottoman exchange as much as origins on one side of the Aegean or the other. (It is notable that Greek Orthodox exchangees to Greece from Turkey *also* characterized themselves as superior and more sophisticated than their "provincial" new neighbors in Greece (Hirschon 1998, 2006).) These airs may have been a way that exchangees compensated for material wealth lost as a result of their exile, or a reaction to natives who also initially rejected them. In any case, exchangees today associated sophistication with Europeanness and aligned themselves with both, in opposition to the Turkishness of their native neighbors.⁴²

Because the communities remained at odds, they tended to marry insularly and to keep separate, perhaps slowing the process of assimilation that occurred in many other places, especially urban centers. Mustafapaşa residents were also surrounded by the monumental heritage of the Christian Sinasites, buildings that served as constant reminders of the Population Exchange, especially when they were also the family homes of the Zakoni exchangees. Within those homes, exchangee traditions persisted, and being descended from the people of Zakoni was important to many Mustafapaşa residents.

This was the situation when the history of the Population Exchange re-entered the national stage. Mustafapaşa was quickly identified by the LMV, in part through Selma's work, as an important carrier of exchangee heritage. Soon, it was also a destination in the emergent heritage tourism industry that coincided with new interests in cultural roots. Exchangees began crossing the Aegean to visit their ancestral homelands, affirming their cultural identity and finally seeing for themselves places that they had only heard lovingly described by their parents

⁴² Their attitudes also reflect awareness of a global hierarchy in which Europe and the West are valued most highly.

and grandparents. Mustafapaşa was both a place of departure, for exchangees like Selma and Gülbahar who finally traveled to Zakoni, and a place of return, for Nea Sinates who began returning to visit in large numbers in the early 2000s. This meant that as Mustafapaşa entered the heritage tourism industry, exchangees, natives, and Nea Sinasites were all involved in debates about how to preserve and present the monumental heritage of the village and the cultural heritage of the exchangees and natives. The significance of homes that had for decades been isolated, intimate sites of exchangee heritage perpetuation was newly contested as exchangee identity moved beyond families and domestic spheres and into wider public and touristic arenas.

CHAPTER 4

Inherited Heritage: The Sinasite Houses

Character Sketch: Andreas

Andreas was at the Greek Mansion Hotel, engaged in a serious game of backgammon with the hotel's owner, Murat when I first met him. He was enjoying a cigarette, a small glass of brandy, and a plate of thinly sliced *pastırma* (cured beef) as he considered his moves and gauged my qualifications. I spent half an hour explaining my research interests, my contacts in the village, and my initial thoughts. It wasn't until I mentioned my Fulbright funding that Andreas paused in his game and turned to fully face me. "Why didn't you say that from the beginning?" he asked. "Then we would have been on the same page."

Andreas was wealthy. We never spoke about his business, but online research indicated that he was a genuine Greek shipping magnate. There was a lot of gossip in the village about his means and how much it must have cost him to buy and renovate his uncle's mansion. I heard that he had donated a substantial sum to the restoration of the St. Nicholas Monastery in addition to taking on the restorations of his private dwelling. I heard that he'd said his heart broke a little bit every time a tour bus rumbled through the main road, hastening the demise of a beautiful mansion already crumbling. I heard that he wanted to fix that one up next. I heard all kinds of things about Andreas—that he was wealthy and snobby; that he was wealthy but treated everyone like family; that he had paid bribes to obtain building permissions; that locally he only