

# WOLFGANG WAMLEK

Master of Arts, Professor

Teacher at the High Schools of Zams and Landeck, Tirol  
1947 – 1957

Teacher at Avusturya Lisesi / Österreichisches St. Georg's Kolleg, Istanbul  
1957 – 1986

Headmaster of the Girls's School at the Austrian St. George's College, Istanbul  
1984 – 1986

Lector at Bogazici Üniversitesi / Bosphorus University, Istanbul  
1987 – 1989

Lector at Innsbruck University  
1990 - 1999

Awarded the Decoration of Honour in Gold for Services to the Republic of Austria

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## Wolfgang Wamlek

I, Wolfgang Wamlek, was an Avusturya Lisesi high school teacher.  
Do not look surprised. Do not feel sorry for me. Do not pity me.  
Do not offer me your condolences. I went there on my own accord.  
Do not pat me on the back, shake my hand, or speak of my bravery.  
They gave me gold. But I got rewarded, from within.  
Do not ask me if I received combat pay. Or wore a bulletproof vest.  
Do not ask me whether I ever planned to get a job back home,  
Or what my first career path – paratrooper at seventeen – was.  
Do not assume as arts graduate my head was in the clouds  
And that I had no grasp on reality. Try not to cheat! You'll fail. You know.

Do not sympathize, or ask me why I came, and stayed for 32 years.  
Do not ask if my parents were teachers. They were.  
Do not ask if a great-uncle of mine had already taught at St. George's,  
Do not assume that I was a saint, naive, innocent,  
Searching for my childhood, living for summers off, home by 2:15 -  
You know I used red ink, going through those long long tests you sat.  
Do not assume I wished for glorious days of past, 'tis now that counts,  
Or whether I would rather have taught where I could \*really\* teach.  
I stayed for long. So did my wife. Ask not what she gave up, or got.  
Istanbul the birthplace of my sons. Immigration! Aha. You know.

I was an Avusturya Lisesi high school teacher  
Ask me why I chose to be a teacher.  
Ask me what my students learned in class. And used thereafter.  
Ask me if my students had books, supplies, and chairs.  
Ask me my opinion of Demirel, Erbakan, and Ecevit.  
Reminisce with me at Strudeltag about your favourite classmates,  
Tell me about your favourite projects and trips.  
Ask me what my former students are doing by now.  
Gasp when I say how many students were in each of my classes.  
Gasp when I say how many I saw in a week.

Cry with me about Ahmet sleeping on the bus, Selim losing his father,  
Inci thinking she's pregnant, and Müfit dropping out of school.  
Remember my classroom being toilet papered,  
And the tires of my car lowered so I had to pump them up again.  
Marvel with me over my students' intelligence  
Achievements, diligence, creativity, and strength.  
Cheer with me as they took their university entrance tests.  
Soar with me as they got their university acceptance letters.  
Ask me about the qualities needed to become  
An Avusturya Lisesi high school teacher.

No more. Was long. 'tis over.  
Good-bye my students and my friends.  
Was it good? Was it rewarding? Was it worthwhile?  
Those that asked, they know.  
Those that know, remember.  
Those that remember, live on.  
Adieu, my friends. Take care.  
Adieu.

20.3.1922 – 13.6.2003

In Memoriam - Wolfgang Wamlek