

Helene's mother, already a teenager, was one of those orphans who were then sheltered in an old monastery in the mountains some 40 miles northeast of Beirut, later known as the Ghazir orphanage.

Feelings of resentment and aversion are not rare in the children of survivors toward their strict, uncommunicative, and stone-cold parents. In *Passage to Ararat*, Michael J. Arlen (b. 1930, London) remembers hating and fearing his father, although at the same time he confesses that he loved him. He admits that his hatred must have been due to the fear he always felt "of being exposed in some way, or pulled down by the connection," that is, the connection with his Armenian background, the Turkish massacres of Armenians, and everything pejorative that came with it.³⁷ In later years, long after his father's death, when he came to a full realization of the Armenian past and his personal connection to it, he wondered, why all the camouflage? Why did his father, a successful writer himself, avoid the "collective unconscious" of his racial past which was his identity, "the one solid piece of wood that any writer has." And he thought, "If only he could have told me about this! Then what? What would I have done? I realized I would have done nothing, except be more afraid. Besides, he hadn't known it himself" (250).

³⁷ Michael J. Arlen, *Passage to Ararat* (New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1975), pp. 11-12. For a biographical sketch, see David Stephen Calonne, "Michael J. Arlen," in *Forgotten Bread*, ed. Kherdian, pp. 299-303. For a list of Arlen's publications, see *ibid.*, p. 457.