

among those intellectuals who were rounded up and either executed outright or exiled to the interior, to be eliminated on the road. Armanoush knows the details and, later in the novel, on a surprise journey to Istanbul where she visits the family of her Turkish stepfather, she makes a point of telling them the story.

My grandmother's mother was a widow now. Finding it difficult to stay in Istanbul with the children, she sought refuge in her father's house, which was in Sivas. But as soon as they arrived, the deportations began. The entire family was ordered to leave their house and belongings and march with thousands of others to an unknown destination. (p. 162)

She continues her story, recounting the details she has learned from the Armenian side of her family. She is telling this story for the first time to her stepfather's family, and guardedly watching their reactions. Her emotional account signifies the wound that still hurts and the closure or healing she seeks in this faraway city of her grandmother's past.

Armanoush's aunts, the generation born to survivors of the Diaspora, did directly pass on the memory of their mother's ordeal. They were the active transmitters, but their example is atypical. The generation born in the Diaspora, especially in European countries and in the U.S., for the most part had a different outlook, different from the generation that preceded it, and different from its counterpart born in and still

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that "Many of the Serb paramilitaries who committed the worst atrocities in Bosnia were also criminals, released by Serbian President Slobodan Milosevic to do the regime's dirtiest work." See *The Nation* (March 19, 2007), accessed at <http://www.thenation.com/doc/20070319/lebor>.