

Transmitted images of the Old World, from nostalgic reminiscences to horrifying stories of rape and murder, subconsciously influenced the makeup of the Diasporan Armenian identity. The memory was transmitted. Alicia Giragossian, whose father was a survivor, writes,

...Being an Armenian
is having an obsession
for the world to know
how hard it is to survive
with the memories
of our lost ones
still fresh and vivid
in the folds of our minds.¹³

An Armenian born in the Diaspora is a survivor of that great Catastrophe, irrespective of any family connection to those who perished.

"I am, whether I like it or not, a descendent of a massacred people," writes Gérard Chaliand. He is grappling with the memory of his loss, not the memory he lived, but the one he inherited and tried to forget. His childhood recollections were shaped by his grandmother's harrowing tales: "The old women in black of my childhood reminisced: these unburied dead were their dead for ever."¹⁴ The echo of their stories left

¹³ An excerpt from the poem "To Be an Armenian," in Moussa, *Stormy Seas We Brave* (1998), p. 15.

¹⁴ Gérard Chaliand, "Memory of My Memory," *Armenian Review* 4:1 (Spring 1978), pp. 1, 5. This passage is translated differently in *Memory of My Memory* (2006), p. 14: