

recalls, "but its thousand-year-old churches still stood in all their splendor" (Pamuk, p. 20). Pamuk would interject at every opportunity as he describes each corner of the city: "the three-story Armenian building that now housed the city council" (p. 163); "the one-story Armenian house, its windows boarded up" (p. 163); "one of those Armenian houses no one's lived in for eighty years" (p. 54), "the main iron door [of the religious high school; dormitory], where the fine Armenian craftsmanship is visible to this day" (p. 169); "a hundred-odd years ago, when this fine long Armenian building housed an Armenian hospital" (p. 180), now the police headquarters with a few prison cells in the basement. He does not forget to mention Armenians among the multiethnic population of Kars, "gone now," those "who had made this city a modest center of civilization" (p. 132). He even recalls that the "poor romantic Armenian girls who could afford only the cheapest tickets had once watched theater troupes, acrobats, and chamber groups from Moscow," when describing the dilapidated and poorly maintained theater house in Kars. Then there is the description of a meeting, the assembly of the representatives of opposition organizations, to formulate a joint declaration to be sent to a German newspaper from the people of Kars who are repressed by their own government. Here, among the snippets of reactions, Pamuk records, "A defeatist in the crowd slyly asked, 'And whatever happened to the millions of Armenians who once lived all across Anatolia, including Kars?'.... But feeling pity for this man, the informer-secretary did not write down his name" (p. 278).

The skeleton in the closet threatens to show its deadly visage in an unexpected moment, disturbing tranquility,