

turn to pass the memories on. This effort is symbolically staged in the final scene. As Vartan and his son, Tomas, retrieved from an Armenian orphanage in Geneva,<sup>5</sup> pose for a photograph, Vartan remarks, "They're standing behind us!" And to his astonished son who looks around and sees no one, he explains, "Our forefathers, my father, his father. You're the end result of dozens of generations who have created the culture which is your legacy. You must learn about it and enrich it so that it will never die. That way your ancestors can live on" (pp. 537-8).

As waves of persecution, escalating from time to time, hit each and every Armenian generation in Turkey, every occurrence ensured the continuum of historical memory through effortlessly accumulating new layers. In Yalçın's *You Rejoice My Heart*, Varpet Sarkis had lived the memory of the forced deportation. As a young man, he had experienced World War II as a *gâvur*-soldier. Then, on the night of September 6, 1955, he stood guard, ready to defend his home and his elderly mother from the attacks of the Turkish mob in Istanbul. "Come out mother. Thank God, we outlasted this catastrophe too," he called to her after he had managed to convince the mob that they had the wrong address, that this was a Turkish household. His mother's response speaks of the

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<sup>5</sup> Tomas was brought to this establishment by a Swiss-German missionary who had found him wandering in Baghdad. Associating the orphan's name with that of Vartan Balian who signed articles in an Armenian newspaper in Paris, the director of the orphanage sent a letter to the newspaper. The letter was relayed to the Committee for Aid to Constantinople and the Near East, which in turn notified Vartan of the discovery of his son.