

The memory of the father had come back to accompany the son. An orphan at fifteen, Chaliand's loving Hajentsi father had walked all the way to Constantinople to find freedom. He eventually ended up in France and married another survivor of the Genocide, but hid the blood of his past and never uttered a bitter word.

In a conscious move to shape his own identity based on selective memory, Chaliand was able to wipe away the weight of that "masochistic burden" his folks had carried and to assimilate the pride of those, his maternal uncle among them, who defended Hajen until the last bullet and who never surrendered to the Turkish army besieging the town. He adopted the vigilance of the *fedayees* and the psyche of a combatant to fight the new fight for the perpetuation of Armenians and Armenianness in the Diaspora.

Chaliand's imaginative journey to the past was a necessary undertaking to find his identity, to come to terms with the burden of memory that was his father's and that had now become his. With a similar drive, but more than that, in order to celebrate his roots, William Saroyan physically journeyed to his father's birthplace, Bitlis. Saroyan's visit to Arpiar Der Markaryan, his father's compatriot in Istanbul, is both symbolic and evocative. Ara Karmirian, Der Markaryan's son-in-law, remembers the evening they met, and his disappointment at the sight of his father-in-law showing less and less enthusiasm as the evening dragged on. With a vodka bottle lying empty on the table, it was as if Arpiar too was being emptied of his life and the last dregs of happiness he should have felt in the presence of his important guest. Thinking back years later, perhaps after his father-in-law's