

It is evident that for many hitherto hidden Turkish-Armenians, today the silence about their identity is broken, whether they are part of the Istanbul Armenian community or living in a free country outside Turkey.

At the age of 83, Ohan Özant will not leave Istanbul, his home away from Amasya. But he too has decided to break the silence, leave his fears behind and speak up. He wants to tell the world about the ordeal of his life and his Armenian origin (pp. 125–6).

Those who lived through the horrors of the Genocide and survived, whether they continued their life in the Diaspora or in Turkey, had one thing in common: the memory of that experience was omnipresent in their minds, with daytime flashbacks giving way to nightmares at night. It was impossible to forget. They continued to live the trauma and passed it on to their offspring if circumstances permitted. For these survivors and the generations born to them, speaking up about that traumatic experience, opening their tormented soul to the world and freely expressing their identity worked as a means to alleviate the pain, a means they sought for cathartic effects. But not many were offered or chose that catharsis. The pain grew sharper with time as the imposed silence pressed harder on their soul.