cur in isolation but rather was an integral part of a much broader phenomenon in Turkey,that of questioning established norms and narratives. The more spirited of the Armenian writers could dare to shed the mantle of oblique universal themes for contents having specific relevance and reference to the traumatic experiences of the Armenian people. Topics that had been taboo for so long cautiously made their entry into the public arena, stimulating a conscious revival of Armenian identity.

Historical memory, too, gradually resurfaced both on the side of the victims and the side of the perpetrators of 1915. This development extended to the secret, hidden Armenians as well as to Islamized and often entirely unaware Armenians who had to overcome the shock of learning of their Armenian bloodline, a stigma against which they had been carefully guarded by the older generation. FethiyeÇetin, with her story of Heranush in My Grandmother, perhaps best exemplifies the amazing process of self-discovery by a perplexed but steadily transforming generation.

Despite the widespread attempts at camouflage, there is outside the strictures of official history an enormous reservoir of memory in regions from which the Armenians have been virtually eliminated. On a personal note, for many years I declined to travel to these areas, not wanting to see what I knew would be the case, that is, a vanishing Armenian landscape. Yet when I did begin my journeys in the eastern half of Turkey in the twenty-first century, I was surprised to discover just how much memory had survived and was perpetuated through transmission from generation to generation. The Kurds, who now populate much of that land, were ready to admit with remorse their role in the Armenian massacres, to point out the former fields, shops, and