in order "not to dirty, not to corrupt the race" (Çetin, p. 76). But a bigger problem was the fact that, in the words of Methiye, an acquaintance whose mother was Armenian too, "In our region, there is hardly a family whose roots aren't from that 'corrupt race.' There is no one whose race has remained unspoiled" (Çetin, p. 77). Seher's children, typical of the generation born to Armenian girls in Turkish or Kurdish homes, tried not to share their past or the history of their ancestry—about which they themselves did not care to find out more—with their offspring.

Seher's grandchildren knew nothing about that dark history and were brought up as true Turks. Fethiye found out much later, after she was let into her grandmother's inner world, that her mother and aunts knew something about their mother's experience, although not as detailed as her grandmother had told her (p. 72). Seher herself cautiously lived like a true Turk—the *namaz* (prayers), the fasting, the traditions. Then where did her Armenianness show forth? Aside from making *choreg* (a special cookie that Armenians make during Easter) in a special ritual once a year with a few women like herself (Islamized Armenian survivors), where did that Armenianness reveal itself?

Many a time Seher had mentioned to Fethiye that she and her uncle Mahmud took after her side of the family (p. 33), but Fethiye had never thought to ask her where her family was, who they were. Patience and feigning acceptance have their limits. Heranoush had to set her conscience free. And at the age of 70, believing she had reached the end of her road in this life, she decided to speak, to reveal an identity that refused to remain suppressed and concealed, albeit an identity that had