

Vergeen's companions, lured her away from the tribal encampment and raped her. The wretched thirteen-year-old tried to run away and was caught several times, but finally managed to escape to Aleppo where she found work as a nurse's aide. In 1920, Vergeen made contact with Armen, to whom she had been betrothed when she was eight years old and he was eighteen. Armen had immigrated to the United States before the war and now he arranged for her to join him there. They married in Milwaukee in 1921 and later moved to Southern California. Vergeen began writing her memoir more than half a century after coming to America: the horrible images were still gnawing on her soul. It would have been inconceivable to forget them, and the tattoos on her face were a constant reminder and a source of embarrassment and depression. She finally got rid of them through a lengthy series of surgical procedures, but she never got rid of the burden of her memories of the past.

At the end of Vergeen's story, Derdarian appends a short chapter of "Historical Notes" on Armenian history, the process of the Genocide, and quotations from non-Armenian eyewitness accounts (259-64).

Hatred and revenge, the burning feelings passed on from the survivors of inconceivable Turkish atrocities, are continually being fueled by Turkish denial. The irony is that the unyielding stance of denial is bolstered not only by "historical facts and documents" but with new strategies asserting that Turks and Armenians both suffered and died, and unearthing and sometimes inventing stories of good Turks who rescued Armenians and showed benevolence toward them. These ever-flourishing biases have an influence