

the record: of my mother, of me" (xix). At least this is what she wants to believe: just a record of two lives impacted by the Genocide. She is in constant conflict with the psychic imprint upon her soul. She feels guilty questioning her mother and making her relive her painful memories. But perhaps this is a subconscious effort to process the fear and the hatred. "Could it be that I had lived with this story for so long that I was enjoying the act of fearing and hating Turks?" (180-81).

There is a pejorative term for those of us who delve into the catastrophic and painful past of our people. I remember an occasion when I told someone about my academic field of interest and research and was called a "masochist." Margaret was apprehensive about that label and that state of mind, but she had her own answer: "Yes, it's good to be able to block things out. But maybe the terrible images persist for a reason: to tell the truth" (185). And she was brave enough to break through that barrier and confront the ravaging memories. With a sense of her obligation to remember and the burden of remembrance she carried, she traveled to Turkey with her American husband under her married name. She visited the land where her ancestors had lived and were subjected to that most heinous crime called genocide. She even quietly put up with the distorted information their Turkish guide gave them about Greek and Armenian cultural vestiges (184-5).

But the fear persisted in Margaret's life, which is quite understandable. This generation has heard stories of ordinary Turks and Kurds, next-door neighbors, a business partner, taking part in the mayhem. The destructive feelings of fear and hatred are therefore felt not toward a particular killer, rapist, or looter, but toward the entire population, toward