

acquired new ethnic characteristics from decades of intimate coexistence with the “other.” Thus her metamorphosis, from the time of the forced adoption of an alien identity to the great revelation, was marked by hidden yearnings, suffering from persistent nightmarish memories of the Genocide, a subconscious decision to cling to them all her life, and a naturally occurring acculturation that brought with it elements of ethnicity from the “other” side.

After her grandmother was gone, Fethiye asked herself, “This woman with such strong willpower to protect her children and fight every obstacle in their way, how could she be so helpless where it concerned her true identity?” (Çetin, p. 71). As to Fethiye herself, the hidden identity, the suddenly revealed secret at first causing a paralyzing shock, a sense of shame, and a yearning for truth (p. 59), gradually implanted in her the will and the determination to seek out her grandmother’s relatives, her cousins in the United States. In doing so, she was searching for her own roots and the hitherto hidden components of her own identity. And then writing the book as a testimony to a painful experience impossible to forget, a personal story that was also the story of thousands in Turkey, and finally, a catharsis for the writer herself, exorcising the nightmarish images, the soul-consuming sorrow, anger, and frustration that was her grandmother’s and became hers to bear. Tuba Akyol’s observation in her review of Çetin’s and Shafak’s books certainly testifies to the power of stories. She writes, “stories can do what large numbers or