

Rodosto, continuing to practice her *métier* in the Armenian community, enjoying the admiration of the men and enduring the contempt of women. She finally ends up in the house of an older bachelor Turkish banker in Constantinople, serving him as his mistress, despised and discarded by her fellow Armenians.<sup>11</sup>

Who knows how many Armenian Filors disappeared without a trace into Turkish society, with no novelist to tell their story. Filor's story could very well be the story of many surviving Armenian girls after the Genocide. Who knows how many of them perished, lonely and miserable in the cruel grip of street life or Turkish harems, without leaving a trace or a name. Was that "survival"? Wasn't that more painful than expiring on the deportation road? They lived out their lives with a macabre silence shrouding the fate they were condemned to live, their life stories, and their identities.

The situation in Turkey has changed in recent years. The wall of silence is breached. The Turkish intelligentsia, especially those living abroad, are questioning the government-sponsored idea of a religiously and ethnically monolithic Turkey. Scholarly research and fiction are giving voice to Alevis, Jews, Arabs, Armenians, Kurds, Laz, Suryanis (Assyrians), Yezidis, and still others. Moris Farhi's novel, *Young Turk*, is significant in this regard. Üstat Vedat, an

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<sup>11</sup> Halfway along in the novel, a man shows up at the orphanage and insists that she is his sister and that her name is Hermine. She refuses to go with the stranger, but his words stay with her until much later, when she begins to remember some images from her past, and her Armenian name, Hermine, begins to sound sweet and familiar to her.