

The **ARMENIAN**
REVIEW



WINTER, 1951

SPECIAL

VARDANANTZ

A FREEDOM WAR

by

Vartouhie C. Nalbandian

also

Alan Hovhanness

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“Armenian Life Abroad”

Poetry, Harbord Mission, Reviews



THE ARMENIAN REVIEW

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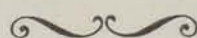
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VARDANANTZ

A FREEDOM WAR IN THE FIFTH CENTURY

By VARTOUHIE CALANTAR NALBANDIAN



During the year that is drawing to its end Armenians throughout the world celebrated with fitting ceremonies the Sesquimillennial Anniversary of the Vardanantz War. Armenian Protestants and Catholics as well as members of the national Apostolic Church of Armenia took part in the celebration, as did members of the various Armenian political parties. Not even the Iron Curtain could keep the two main sections of the Armenian people, the Western and the Eastern, from joining spiritually in the commemoration of the great and hallowed event. It can truthfully be said that, in the Armenian sense of the word, the tribute paid to the occasion was unanimous and universal.

To claim such unanimity in a disrupted world and even more disrupted nation a historic event must be of extraordinary importance. Does Vardanantz rate such a place in Armenian history? The answer lies in the Armenian national character.

Armenians are a strange breed. They hold spirit — unashamedly writ large — above matter. To them a moral victory is more glorious than a real one. Nay, more real. From a great power in its prime occupying a vast area in the Near East, the nation is now reduced to the status of a small people, with a tiny area in the extreme northeast corner of its historic homeland for territory. Its influence in world politics, and even in the determination of its own destiny, is virtually nil. But Armenians refuse to admit that this sad state of affairs is in any way related to their unworldly nature. On the contrary they are convinced that the idealistic attitude adopted by their ancestors some 1700 years ago, has redoubled the nation's life span, and is responsible for everything worthwhile it has achieved.

Hence it is not Tigranes the Great, the most renowned of Armenia's kings, with his empire extending from the Caspian to

the Mediterranean, whom the Armenians extol in home and church and press and school, every year on a special day. It is not the memory of that King of Kings' victories over Rome, duly recorded by the Romans themselves, that they celebrate with pride and boasting. Nor is it of any other worldly victor or victory in Armenia's long career.

The greatest date in Armenian history is June 2, 451. The proudest memory of the race, a memory transcending every social, political and denominational difference among its members, is the *Battle of Avarair*, an obscure encounter with the Persians 1500 years ago, in which the Armenians were defeated. The national hero of the Armenians is, and for the last fifteen centuries has been, the slain commander of the defeated forces — Prince Vardan Mamikonian. The incident is not recorded by any non-Armenian historian. We do not know whether it was mentioned in the annals of the Persian empire.¹

The battle of Avarair is significant because it is the culminating point, at which its beloved great leader died, of a memorable war waged by the Armenians for their faith and their liberties — the four freedoms would be the modern term. It is significant because it succeeded in impressing a powerful and ruthless enemy with the futility of applying force where an idea is concerned. In Avarair the Armenians, outnumbered 3 to 1 but fighting as only men fighting for freedom can fight, showed the Persians that spirit cannot be killed with swords, or trampled down with elephants. There would be other encounters, of which the most decisive was that of *Orjnahagh*, before the determined foe would fully ab-

sorb these truths, and give up its plans for forcing an alien ideology on the Armenians. But somehow after Avarair Persian advantages were nullified, Persian will was weakened, Armenian will took on new strength. It was as though the spirit of the defeated and slain commander had at last prevailed over that of the living and victorious. This Armenians call a real victory, and consider Avarair, actually a suicide mission, the most glorious episode of the Vardanantz War, as they consider the War itself the most glorious episode of Armenian history.

* * *

Vardanantz was not a purely religious war, though that is the popular conception of it. Its causes are so complex, they defy analysis. We may say that Armenians, having lost their national independence in the course of their long struggle with the resurgent power of the Persians, were now fighting to preserve what was left — self-government, culture, family-pattern, language. The outer ramparts of the country gone, the people were fighting inside Armenia for these bulwarks of their identity — *the Armenian way of life*. A short time ago Christianity had become not only a part of the Armenian way of life, it had reshaped and invigorated it. So the Armenians fought for it as item one on their list.

However this is only one, the international aspect of the Vardanantz War. It had also, and unmistakably, a social aspect. It was a popular revolution directed against the feudal lords of Armenia — a reaction against their ineptitude, disunity and general lack of character which had made possible the loss of the country's independence, and were now permitting the further rape of its identity. Shaken awake from their centuries-long slumber Armenia's people, serf and peasant, artisan and merchant, foreigner and slave, realized suddenly that they, too, had a stake in the national heritage, and were responsible for its preservation. For the first time in Arme-

¹Records of the Persian Empire were deliberately destroyed by the Arabs when the latter conquered Iran in the 7th century.

The main Armenian sources for the Vardanantz War are Elisha Vartapet and Lazarus of Pharbe. Translations have been made into the English, Italian and French.

had gained human dignity through their conversion to Christianity, and inclusion in the body of the Church, took social action, learned the use of arms, took part in a war.

It was Vardanantz, too, that ushered the Armenian woman into public life. During it women — women of the common people as well as aristocrats—took part in politics; preached, organized and fought on the side of their menfolk, prodding them on when they weakened. They, too, had gained citizenship as a member of the Church, and felt responsible for the nation. The Vardanantz War thus marks, and is the result of, a profound revolution in Armenian society.

Closely viewed, the Vardanantz War was also a clash between the interests and ambitions of the old and powerful houses of Siunik and Bagratounik, and the house of Mamikon "the Chinese."² The Mamikonians, comparative new-comers, had wrested the hereditary rank of General of the Armies from the Bagratounis. They had doubled their domains and enhanced their prestige by marrying into the house of Gregory the Illuminator closely connected with the reigning Arsacid-Parthian dynasty, and were looming as a potent rival of the Siunik as pretenders to the Armenian throne. Vardan Mamikonian, a grandson of Sahak Partev (the Parthian), Supreme Head of the Church, and a great-great-grandson of Gregory, not only was resented as a Mamikonian, but as a tool of the Church which was getting too powerful for the half-heathen oriental princes' liking. It is only fair to add that some of the higher Christian clergy who had fallen heir to the social

and political position of the pagan high priests, as well as to their rich fuedal estates, were naturally interested in the status quo.

Finally, and this is again an external aspect of it, the Vardanantz War was a phase of the eternal conflict between East and West.

It was not a tyrant's whim that made Yazdagerd II want to force Persian religion and customs on Armenia, Iran's weaker neighbor. He had prime political reasons for it. First, there was the geographical, the modern term would be geopolitical, factor. Armenia (modern Turkey west of the Euphrates to the Lesser Caucasus Chain, including Soviet Armenia) is a mountainous country, a natural stronghold situated between the West and the East, and commanding the Mesopotamian lowlands to the south of it, as well as the age-old trade-routes from Asia and Europe that met and crossed in this area. It was then as now a highly coveted strategic point. The Persians meant to keep it.

Then there were the Armenians themselves: brave mountaineers with an excellent fighting tradition. The Armenian Cavalry was celebrated throughout Western Asia, and was highly valued as an ally or a subordinate by foreign powers. Moreover the Armenians were at the head of a coalition of northern peoples — Georgians, Albanians, Alans, Lepins, etc., who went to battle on Armenia's side, and generally recognized it as their cultural and political leader. Armenians were likewise in friendly relations with the Black Huns living beyond the Caucasus Mountains, and were in a position to harass the Persian Empire merely by opening the various Caucasian Gates (passes) before these barbarians. And again they were able to protect the Empire by standing guard at those Gates.

For these reasons Romans and Persians had fought over Armenia for centuries, try-

²Armenian historians report a tradition according to which the Mamikonians were descended from a Chinese nobleman who had immigrated with his family to Armenia in earlier times. His name was Mamgoon. We do not know, of course, whether this is legend or history. It is true, however, that the Mamikonians were not liked by the natives, who considered them as outsiders, despite signal services rendered by this family to the common defense of the country.

ing to attach it to themselves to the best of their ability. Armenian kings and princes, on their part, had endeavored to maintain a balance between the major powers, and to secure the independent existence of their people. They had been successful in this to a remarkable degree. So successful that one of them could boast to a powerful king of Persia that he, the Armenian prince, was a giant with one foot on one mountain and one foot on another — whichever foot he chose to press down, the mountain under it sank. Asked by his puzzled interlocutor what the mountains were supposed to represent in this figure of speech, the arrogant Armenian answered grinning: "But of course Rome and Iran."

Deep in its heart Armenia's sympathies had been with the West from the beginning. Whatever the origins of the Armenian people, Armenia was early permeated with Western influence due to its proximity to the Greek world in Asia Minor and Pontus, and later as a result of the Macedonian conquest and Hellenization of western Asia. Still later Rome's appearance in the East had made possible the restoration of the twin Armenian kingdoms, and their subsequent consolidation in a Greater Armenia in the 2nd Century B.C. On the other hand Persians were not hated by the Armenians as were their later Asiatic masters the Turks. The Achaemenians had been enlightened rulers, and so were the Parthians who themselves were more than tinged with Hellenism. Also, Persian religions and cultural influence was naturally strong in the Armenian provinces bordering on Iran. Last but not least was the fact that the reigning dynasties in Persia and Armenia belonged since 113 A.D. to the same Parthian-Arsacid family, the king of Armenia holding second rank in the Persian monarchy. As a consequence of all this, public opinion in Armenia — that is, that

of the feudal class — was perennially divided into two parties: the *Western* or Romanophile (previously Philhellen), and the *Eastern* or Persophile. The power in Armenia, and with it Armenian foreign policy shifted from East to West according to the comparative strength of these parties, even Arsacid kings ranging with Romans against their kindred Parthian kings.

However, in the period concerning us, two new factors had entered Armenia's old situation: 1) The Arsacid dynasty on the Persian throne at Ctesiphon had been replaced (226 A.D.) by the Sassanid. The liberal rule of the Achaemenians and Parthians had given way to the fanatical and despotical regime of the Sassanians, descended from the Mazdeian high priests of Fars, and determined to restore Magism³ to their new empire. The Sassanids believed this to be the best way to fuse the heterogenous peoples of the Persian Commonwealth into one well-knit nation, and to create the dynamism necessary to expand its boundaries once again to the Mediterranean. An important point of this plan was to expel the Arsacid kings, along with all Parthian and Greek influence, from Armenia. 2) The teachings of Jesus of Nazareth preached underground in Armenia since the beginnings of Christianity had become the official religion of the country (300 A.D.). Approximately at the same time (313 A. D.) Christianity had gained citizenship in the Eastern Roman Empire now called Byzantium. The political estrangement caused by the fall of the Arsacids in Persia and their continued rule in Armenia was now further complicated by this new bond between Byzantium and Armenia.

There is no doubt that the Armenians were temperamentally suited and by evolution ready to embrace Christianity and fall

³A corrupted form of Zoroaster's teachings, including Sun and Fire worship.

in love with it as they did. But it is also true that they flew to it as to a supreme refuge, just as they used to fly to their skyscraping fortresses on top of inaccessible mountains every time an enemy drew near. Christianity for them became a citadel, to be defended against all comers. It became identified with Armenian love of Fatherland. Thus, centuries later, the Persians themselves would embrace the *Shia* sect of Islam, as a shield for their identity against the onslaughts of the *Sunni* Arabs and Turks.

From the marriage of Christianity and Armenian patriotism was born Armenian literature, religious and historical, the source from which the nation's spirit has fed ever since. The Armenian religious leaders, educated in the West — Caesaria, Constantinople, Athens, Alexandria and Rome — told him that his salvation, both spiritual and secular, lay in the West. In a short time, overwhelmingly, public opinion in Armenia (now become really public) had veered toward Byzantium, the Christian Great Power that would protect Armenia from the heathen barbarians of the East. For good or bad, Armenians were from that day committed to this orientation (or rather occidentation) of political thought.

But then as later Armenia was destined to bitter disappointment. Emperor Theodosius II and his successor Marcianus were only the first of a long series of Christian-Western sovereigns who, for lack of sufficient strength, foresight or sense of responsibility would abandon their brave little brother to the terrifying ocean of eastern humanity.

Background

In 429 A.D. the Sassanids had succeeded in their long-cherished plan of expelling the Arsacids from the Armenian throne. Armenia was now partitioned between

Persia and Byzantium, so that Artashir III, the king dethroned by Bahram V of Persia, was no more than a viceroy or perhaps less. Persians had decided that the country thenceforth would be administered by Marzpanes (governors) appointed by the Persian king of kings, just as the Byzantine portion was governed by prefects appointed by the Emperor. Fortunately however the feudal lords were allowed considerable independence, and the Cavalry and Infantry under their command were still organized in a national army with an Armenian "General of the Armies" (a combined minister of War and Supreme Commander) at their head. What is more, the Armenians still retained their religion and culture. It is these last bastions of Armenian nationality that Yazdagerd II (440-457), son of Bahram V, set out to conquer. He knew that this was an arduous task fruitlessly attempted by two predecessors, but Yazdagerd was a relentless man of great ability, and was confident that he would succeed where the others had failed.

The Persian king was secure from the West. A sudden attack on the Mesopotamian possessions of the Greeks with attending sacking of Nisibine and other cities and destruction of the Christian churches had brought the Byzantine general Anatole running to his feet. A treaty had been signed (441) which stipulated that the Greeks would no longer fortify the cities bordering on Persia. Theodosius would assume half of the burden for the reconstruction and maintenance of the Albanian Gates (Darband). He would deliver to the king of kings all the Christian subjects of Persia who had fled (in 419) the persecutions of the Mazdeian priests, and taken refuge in Constantinople and other localities of the Byzantine Empire.

The Kushan Campaign

Yazdagerd next turned to the East to crush the Huns and the Indo-Scythian

Kushans which were a constant threat to the Empire, and could interfere with his plans concerning Armenia. Unfortunately the Armenian princes had to join this war against their friends, knowing full well that it was against Armenia's interests to do so. They did not dare refuse a power which even Basileus had deemed wise to placate. Besides, they were independent no more — an order from the King of Kings was an order, which short of insubordination had to be obeyed. With posthumous wisdom the writer has often wished that Armenia's rebellion had started then and there while the nation's armed forces were still in the country. But this evidently was not feasible with disunited princes and divided counsel.

Having answered the call of Yazdagerd the Armenians fought with their customary gallantry from 442 to 449 until the Huns were thoroughly smashed and subdued.

Garegine First Martyr

During these seven years in the Persian Royal Camp the Armenian princes and their Georgian and Albanian allies were exposed to intense propaganda, and pressured to renounce Christianity in favor of Mazdeism. Armenian classical writers depict the Persian King of Kings in frequent theological debate with the Christian princes at dinnertime. As he was a great Magi himself and well-versed in Mazdeism, this may not be a figment of imagination of the Christian writers. The King, an "immortal" — these Asiatics sovereigns were worshipped as divine beings — could not abide the thought of another man being worshipped as God within the borders of his empire. "How can a man who was arrested, tortured and put to death be divine?"; "How could a God permit himself to be manhandled and insulted?"; "Are you out of your minds?" Again and again the questions were hurled to the Armenian princes. The Armenians stood the abuse

until a young prince, Garegine by name, could endure it no more: "I am afraid," he said with quiet dignity, "that His Majesty is not well-versed on the subject." The king reassured the youth that he had the Scriptures — "those aberrations" he called them — read to him, but he could not silence Garegine. "You should have them read to you to the end, Sir" he replied still more quietly, "then you would have learned the rest of the story. Our Lord rose from the dead, revealed himself to many, and went up to Heaven to His Father. And He has given us His promise that He will return, resurrect us from death, and sit in judgment over us." He paused, then added: "Each of us will get his just reward." Somehow the last words sounded ominous. The monarch sensed this but chose to ignore it. He laughed uproariously and said, "what a swindle!" to which the young man rejoined: "you seem to believe the first part of the 'swindle' Sir." The king, losing self-control, ordered Garegine be seized and thrown into the dungeon. The Persians tortured him for two years, deprived him of his hereditary estate, and finally sent him to the chopping block. He was the first martyr of the Vardanantz war. There were to be many, many others, but this young prince, with his rapier-like mind and courage, is closest to my heart.

Armenian Princess Detained

Yazdagerd soon realized that to extirpate this heresy among the Armenians and their fellow-Caucasians was not an easy task to be accomplished by argument and persuasion. Therefore on the successful termination of the Eastern Campaign he embarked on a policy of coercion. He ordered that the Armenian, Georgian and Albanian armies be forbidden to return to their countries, as they were wont to do after each campaign, and that they be detained in the region of Balkh, virtually prisoners of the State. He was sure that those left at home,

deprived of their defenders, and anxious for their safety, would be more amenable to reason. At the same time a royal decree was issued exhorting the King of Kings' subjects in Armenia and the allied lands to abjure their errors, and embrace the true religion, Mazdeism. The Christian princes in captivity having refused to cooperate with the king, Yazdagerd reduced their rations, sent them on dangerous missions or to frosty and torrid spots where, scantily equipped, they were sure to meet death. But the princes never failed in their loyalty to their earthly lord, nor did they yield an inch when he asked them to betray their Lord in Heaven. Often they came back from the dangerous missions with new exploits to their credit. But the frowning King of Kings did not even recognize them.

The Denshapouh Mission

While Yazdagerd thus put the heat on the princes he sent a high official of his court, Prince Denshapouh, to Armenia with the mission to disorganize and weaken it politically and economically. Denshapouh's ostensible job was to take a census of the population and make a general study of the country as a basis for a tax reform and a proposed reduction of the Armenian quota of troops for the Armed Forces of the Empire. But his secret instructions were to pauperize and disrupt the Armenian communities, and disperse the Christian "sects." Den-Shapouh summarily dismissed the universally loved Armenian Hazarapet⁴ Vahan Amatouni, and appointed a Persian functionary in his place. He likewise appointed a Persian Chief Justice of the country. He then proceeded to impose exorbitant taxes on the churches and monasteries as well as on all "property." Mountains, uncultivated lands, forests, even old ruins, everything was counted as property and heavily taxed. The Armen-

ians paid without a murmur, redoubling their efforts to keep their homes and churches and economy from collapsing. Even the extortioners were amazed at the spectacle of "a country so utterly dispoiled still being a going concern." But the Armenians were only too happy to buy the most precious privilege on earth, their religious liberty.

The Mihrnerseh Letter

Soon however the King of Kings was to resort to harsher methods. He prefaced them with a Letter, signed by Mihrnerseh his Vizir, "Supreme Commander of Aryans and non-Aryans (Iran ou Aniran)," and addressed to the "Grandeas of Armenia" (according to another interpretation "Greater Armenia" or "Armenia Major"). In this letter Yazdagerd's minister expounded the Mazdeian doctrine and principles in their purest and most elevated form, gave a picture of Christian creed and theology as he understood them, then exclaimed: "The Romans because of their ignorance and extreme stupidity have fallen in this error and have deprived themselves (of the blessings) of our perfect religion—let them do onto themselves as much harm as they please. But why should you follow these people into perdition? You have a master — hold on to his faith, especially since he feels responsible before God for your souls." The Vizir then ordered the Armenians to answer his letter point by point, or else to appear personally before him at the Imperial Porte (at Ctesiphon).

The Artashat Meeting

To answer this letter and its challenge a special session of the Assembly — of ecclesiastical leaders and nobility — was convoked early in 449 in the Capital Artashat. Archbishop Hovsep of Ararat i.e. the Catholicos (Head) of the Armenian Church presided. Seventeen bishops, eighteen great-lords, and a great number of lesser princes, nobles, monks and priests took

⁴Minister of Treasury and Public Works.

part. The oldest and most prominent among these was the priest Ghevond (Leontius), the immortal *Ghevond Yeretz* of legend and history.

After a solemn and profoundly moving ceremony, in which everyone present took oath on the newly translated Bible to remain faithful to Jesus in life and death, the meeting formulated a reply to Mihrnerseh some passages of which are among the noblest human documents in spirit and wording. It reassured Yazdagerd that his Armenian vassals would not exchange him for any other suzerain on earth and stated forthwith: "nor would we exchange Christ for any other lord in heaven." Then came the point by point refutation requested by the Persian. The letter was concluded with these brave words which every Armenian boy and girl learns by heart at school, and which have been recited by many a grown-up man and woman in the face of their various persecutors since that time: "FROM THIS FAITH NO ONE CAN MOVE US — NEITHER ANGEL, NOR MAN, EITHER BY SWORD OR FIRE. OUR FORTUNES ARE THINE TO DO WITH AS THOU PLEASEST AND SO ARE OUR PERSONS. FROM THEE TORTURE, FROM US SUFFERANCE. THY SWORD OUR NECKS." The letter was signed by Bishop Hovsep of Ararat, and all the religious and lay leaders.

The sufferance of which the Armenians spoke was not the passive virtue, but a deadly weapon. At the end it would triumph over the Sassanian's willfulness.

The Armenian Princes at Ctesiphon

As was to be expected the reply of the "rebels" infuriated Yazdagerd. His advisers poured oil on his flames by saying: "The Emperor (of Byzantium) does not dare to disobey Thee, and the Huns are reduced to Thy servitude. Who are these Armenians to defy Thy will?" An imperial decree deposing the Armenian Great Lords

from their several posts and commands, and from the rule of their own territories was issued in the spring. The decree ordered them to proceed at once to Ctesiphon expressly naming by name the leaders of the two political factions, Prince Vasak of Siunik and Prince Vardan Mamikonian. Others summoned were: Nershapouh Art-srouni, Artak Rushtouni, Gadisho Hor'horouni, Artak of Mock, Manedge Apahouni, Vahan Amatouni, Gute Vahevouni and Shmavon Andzevatzi. Some of these princes were still in Persia with the King of Kings — heroes who had helped him conquer the Huns. Others were stationed in Kushan, the country of the Huns, where their troops formed part of the occupation army. The rest was in Armenia.

The Armenian princes reached Ctesiphon the week of Easter. It was perhaps Friday. The King received them without customary honors — the Persians used to send out a special welcoming delegation and the King received them immediately in his presence — the following day. Coldly he put before them this alternative: On the morrow they would with him kneel before the Sun and confess Him God, or he would exile them to Scythia (Siberia of the Persians). Provoked by their silence he elaborated on this theme, heaping threat on threat. The mildest was to have their wives and children trampled to death under his elephants' feet.

Vainly did the Armenians appeal to the monster's reason and conscience: "Do not, Great King — the sun is not a god. Why, it is not even a living thing . . . The Church is not a building you can demolish. . . ." Yazdagerd was adamant. The Armenians were handcuffed and thrown into jail. That night, after long debate, they decided to temporize. It was imperative that they be free and back in their own land to defend and protect it. Morning found them in the ranks of the worshipping crowd, duti-

fully paying homage to the Rising Sun. The King, delighted, returned to them their power and privileges, rewarded them with new honors and gifts, and sent them back to their country. Careful, however, to press his advantage, he sent along a cavalry division or two, and seven hundred magi and hundreds of fire-altars with express orders to convert Armenia to Fire-worship in a year's time. The Persian military and clergy had these more specific orders:

To close and seal the churches, and to confiscate the holy vessels; to forbid priests preaching and officiating; to instruct the wives, sons and daughters of the nobles in the tenets of Mazdeism; to forbid the wearing of special garment by monks and nuns, and to order these back to normal life; to abolish monogamy and return to the custom of many wives and concubines to further growth of the population; to allow and encourage union of daughters with fathers, sisters with brothers, mothers with sons, and grandchildren with their grandparents. The order also included a number of minor Mazdeian prescriptions: Only the meat of sacrificed animals could be eaten; hands should be washed with cow's urine (as water was held sacred by the Zoroastrians, and should not be polluted); certain animals of the forest should be preserved, household pests exterminated, etc.

The Reaction in Armenia

Revulsion and rebellion in Armenia were instantaneous. News of the princes' "apostasy" had preceded them, and spread like fire from one end to the other of the country. The Armenian clergy, feeling that the leadership of the people and now thrust upon it, stepped forward and took charge. It issued a clarion call for "Faith and Fatherland." Bishops and priests were dispatched to the farthest corners of the land and into the mountain-fastnesses to rouse every man and woman, freeman or peasant,

priest or hermit. The response was overwhelming. It enabled the Church to establish a theocratic government with this terrible law: "The hand of the brother shall be raised over his kind who has betrayed our Lord. The father shall not spare his son, nor the son have pity on his parent. The spouse shall fight her spouse, and the servant rebel against his master. The Divine Law shall rule our affairs; Whoever transgresses he shall receive (maximum) penalty." In a short time a volunteer army was organized composed of "brave men and manly women," "armored and helmeted, sword in belt, shield in hand," ready to resist the Persian troops and those under the "apostate's" command.

There is a materialistic-economistic interpretation of the Vardanantz War which maintains that this resistance movement was engineered by the Armenian high clergy in order to retain its vast holdings wrested by force from the old pagan priesthood at the time of Armenia's conversion to Christianity. The answer is, of course, that most human actions have mixed motivation — whether the lower motives be conscious or unconscious — and that the will to riches and power of individuals and classes always is a prime historical factor. However these "realistic" critics should be reminded that Christian clergy in Fifth Century Armenia represented a progressive element — was indeed the progressive element which had pioneered and led the great Armenian Golden Age. That it had invented the Armenian alphabet, translated the Bible and the Greek classics, founded a national history and literature, and was the embodiment of the highest and most inspired form of Armenian patriotism. Without these "clerics," and without what they created and left as priceless legacy to future generations, there would be no Armenian nation today. It is therefore highly improbable that such men in fighting the ex-

ternal and internal enemy, had only their stomachs and their vanity in mind. It is highly improbable, too, that self-seeking propagandists and instigators would possess such propulsive power over the multitudes as did the bishops and priests in the Vardanantz War. To possess such power a group must represent the most vital interests and higher passions of a people. The Armenian clergy of the Fifth Century was such a group.

The historian wishes that it could be said of every prince returning from the Persian Court that he now was ready to throw away the cloak of pretense and reveal himself in his true role of defender of his people. In fact a distinguished historian, N. Adontz, maintains that the princes of the Eastern party who betrayed their people in the Vardanantz war were as good patriots as Vardan and his fellow-princes of the Western party — that they acted in the best interests of the nation, as they saw it. However this is a mere assertion, without a fact to support it. The sad truth is that the feudal class, once the backbone of the nation, had begun to disintegrate under the strain of long wars with Rome and Persia, and also as a result of Persian and Roman intrigues. And the fact remains that a large part of the Armenian nobility, and the most important among them — Tirotz Bagratouni, Gadisho Horhorouni, Manedge Apahouni, a segment of the Art-srounik', as well as the princes Palouni and Gabeleni sided with Vasak, Great Prince of Siunik and Governor of Armenia, *in advocating and practicing appeasement and desertion*, and that *some of them crossed over at the decisive hour*. The fact remains, too, that it was the House of Mamikonian, a non-native princely family, long slighted and discriminated against as "foreigners," who assumed leadership of Armenia's war of salvation, and did save Armenia by the supreme sacrifice of its bravest and ablest

sons — notably Vardan, Hamazasp and Humayak, the magnificent trinity. Fortunately there were other princes of old stock whose vision and patriotism had not been affected by politics, and who became a bulwark of strength for Vardan, the Commander of the Armenian Armies. These were Arshavir Kamsarakan, Lord of Shirak; Artak, Great Prince of Mock, an "unassuming but highly intelligent and courageous man"; Vahan, Lord of Amatounik, "a genius in counsel"; Nershapouh Artsrouni; Tatoul of Vanand and others.

Then there was what men like to call the distaff side of these princely families — the wives and mothers and daughters of the nobility. After seven years of separation from their women folk the Armenian returning warriors, many of whom were glamorous heroes of Kushan War, expected some warm welcome and rejoicing in their homes. They found them instead literally hung with crepe, drawing-rooms and music-rooms locked, sleeping chambers empty. They found home-loving and conservative Armenian princesses crowded in churches and squares bewailing the fate of their people, or silently praying for the souls of their apostate husbands. The women spent days and nights in those public places, refusing food, refusing to come home to them. When there were no tears and fierce recriminations, when they finally faced their men, there was worse—haughty, stony, hostile fronts. Children were taught to shun their doting fathers, to look askance at them. It was this, most of all, that drove Armenian men to insane urges such as "falling upon their daggers to end it all." Others, healthier-minded, demanded that something be done, and naturally their eyes turned to Prince Vardan, the head of the Western Christian Party, and Commander General of the Armies.

Vardan Mamikonian

Vardan Mamikonian was one of those

figures that nations produce to serve and command them in their great moments. His father was Prince Hamazasp Mamikonian, before him General Commander of the Armies. His mother, Princess Sahakanoush, was a daughter of the great Sahak Partev, and last scion of the house of the Illuminator. Made of this highly idealistic stuff, and reared in the military and religious traditions of two illustrious families, Vardan was the man to guide Armenia's destiny in its supreme hour. He was endowed by nature with great intelligence and a generous heart and his maternal grandfather, Sahak, had lavished on him his treasures of mind, finally bequeathing him his immense fortune. Vardan had early inherited his father's position at the head of Armenia's armies and been honored by the title of *Stratelat* by the Basileus, and the title of *Sipahsalar* by the King of Kings. Now, at the end of 20 years as Commander-in-Chief, twenty years studded with victories as a general, and personal deeds of heroism, Vardan enjoyed a king's prestige at home and abroad, and was particularly adored by his people as a "Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche."

But Vardan was no visionary. He was a sober, farsighted man with an abiding sense of responsibility. He knew that it would be folly for Armenia singlehandedly to defy the Sassanian Empire. And he knew that outside help would not be forthcoming — that Byzantium, for various reasons, could not be counted on. He knew also that a large segment of the Armenian lords, especially those of Eastern Armenia, was inclined to take the line of least resistance because, in case of a Persian invasion, their lands and people would bear the brunt. Besides, some of them seemed to have a sneaking liking for Fire-worship and the loose morals that went with it. Finally he

knew only too well that the older princely families had always regarded the Mamikonians with suspicion and envy and could not tolerate their leadership. So he thought long and well before coming to a decision. Once decided on his course Vardan worked hard to bring about a reconciliation of the two parties, and the creation of a bipartisan foreign policy. Failing in this he tried, by a desperate act, to shock the princes into operation: he gathered his household, all the members of his large family and his servants, and *bade goodbye to Armenia*. He said he was going to Constantinople "where he could live poor but free." He said he was shaking off his person the dust of the Fatherland and with it all responsibility for its security. This gesture⁶ sobered the princes as nothing could. Vasak, Governor of Armenia and head of the Eastern or Persophile party, sent a special delegation after him, pleading with him to return and promising full support of his policy. Vardan returned in triumph to assume leadership of the Rebellion.

The Popular Resistance

In the meantime the popular Resistance had already registered a few victories over the magi and the Persian cavalry divisions sent by Yazdagerd to establish the Mazdean cult in Armenia. The first encounter between these and the Armenian peasants, from which the Resistance was mostly recruited, had taken place in a town called *Angl*, in the province of Bagravand. Here on a Sunday, in July 549, Mass was being celebrated behind closed doors in the great Cathedral when the Great Magi, accompanied by lesser magi and a detachment of soldiers, had tried to storm the sanctuary, and install by force the Fire-Altar in the place of the Christian altar. The officiating priest, the aged and ailing Leontius of Vanand, had alerted his congregation at the first sign of attack by raising the cross

⁵Saint Sahak of the famous team Sahak and Mesrop, chief translators of the Bible and leaders of the Armenian Renaissance.

⁶I have never believed that Vardan meant to escape his manifest destiny.

in his hand in a pre-arranged manner. In a matter of minutes the faithful had clubbed and stoned the desecrators to death, or thrown them out of the church. This had been the first overt act of insubordination on the part of the Armenian common people, the first warning both to the alien master and their own princes that the conscience of the Armenian could not be violated. From that day there was a second leader of the Rebellion marching beside Vardan the Prince. It was Ghevond, the Peasant-Priest.

The Council of Shahapivan

Vardan's return restored confidence to the country. The princes resumed their conferences at *Shahapivan*, the Armenian Pentagon and State Department combined, to determine Armenia's policy and strategy. However Vardan and his followers had a hard time in getting full and enthusiastic cooperation from the opposition, even in the face of open provocation from the Persian enforcement troops. Here once again the Armenian clergy intervened as spokesman of the exasperated people. One day the bishops crashed the military-foreign affairs conference carrying with them the Holy Bible, and demanding an end to the lengthy deliberations. They demanded that each member of the high body declare himself for or against the "Faith and Fatherland" aims. Fired by the eloquent speech-sermon of the Catholicos, the princes swore on the Bible to defend the Faith, and to fight and die for a free Armenia. The lone, and lowly, member who abstained was stoned to death by the excited populace gathered outside. And so action, armed rebellion, was decided upon.

Vasak, Prince of Siunik

Vasak, Prince of Siunik and head of the Persophile Party was not among those present at *Shahapivan*. His duties as Persian-appointed Marzpan (Governor) of Armenia had kept him with the Great Magi and

the Persian enforcement army in Bagravand, lending them as much aid and comfort as he dared. Never too faithful or cooperative, he was soon to show where he really stood.

It is idle to speculate, as those with a taste for specious argument have occasionally done, whether Vasak was a patriotic or unpatriotic man. Patriotism is a natural feeling, an instinct, and most traitors have been endowed with it. The difference between a Vardan and a Vasak lies in the quality of their patriotism. Vardan loved his country for its own sake — was ready to pay, if necessary, the supreme price for its salvation. Vasak loved his country for his own sake — wished it well, wished to free and aggrandize it — provided he was its leader and king. If it were necessary that Armenia be enslaved and be made to bleed, he was ready for that, too — provided, again, that he became "king." No doubt he deluded himself in thinking that the old dream of the Siuni family to become the reigning family of Armenia was consistent, and even identical with, the best interests of the country. Nevertheless, when the issues were clearly defined and the choice came, he did not hesitate to range himself on the side of the enemy. There is no other test or formula for treason, and that has been the verdict of the Armenian people ever since.

Vasak was not one of these uncouth and untutored feudal lords. He was a cultured man and a patron of education. Brainy and charming, he had been loved by everyone when he succeeded his uncle (410) as head of the House of Siunik. But he was inordinately and unscrupulously ambitious. Ctesiphon, aware of this and hoping to use him some day, had soon granted his desire to be appointed Marzpan of Armenia. Vasak had thus set foot on an inclined and slippery plane. By 442, when the Armenian and Caucasian princes were order-

ed to join the Imperial army for the campaign against the Huns, Vasak had already made a secret deal with Mihrnerseh, Yazdagerd's minister, to further the Persians' plans concerning Armenia, receiving in return the promise of a crown.

Now Vasak, fulfilling his commitments, not only was aiding and abetting the magi in their mission, but had become the soul of the vile work. It was he who, after the massacre of the magi at Angl, had prevailed upon the Great Magi to lay aside a report to his sovereign in which the discouraged missionary advised the king to give up his plans for Armenia's conversion. For, he said, "how could we hope to defeat Armenia's regular army, when we were unable to cope with unarmed men?" Vasak had calmed the disturbed Persian, had sent for some crack regiments from his own private (Siuni) army to reinforce the Magi's troops. He had then launched a political campaign, engaging himself in all sorts of political intrigue, which was his specialty. Approaching the several princes, some with clever propaganda, others with gifts and promises, and still others with lascivious parties, according to each one's known weakness, he had persuaded quite a few to open their homes to the magi, and to permit fire-altars to be installed in the family chapels. And now he was camping close by the pagan priests in Bagravand, confident that he had succeeded in destroying the unity of the country in paralyzing its will.

The decision of Shahapivan would have come to him as a surprise, if Vardan had permitted it to reach him. Moving swiftly, the general commander of the Armenian army surrounded the Magi army composed of the Siuni crack regiments, the Persian enforcement troops and some Caucasian mountaineer retainers which was under the general command of Vasak, and asked the prince of Siunik whether he was with his

fellow-countrymen or against them. Beaten in this first round but ever resourceful, Vasak fell to his knees before the bishops accompanying Vardan, asking for clemency. He swore on the Bible and assured the good fathers that he was one of the faithful, and had always been, hinting that all his apparent blasphemy had been intended for outside consumption, and promising to fight with the others for the Cause. The bishops decided to overlook this first lapse — Armenia so needed unity, and success was so sure with Vasak and his allies siding with them! Armenia, if all the princes cooperated, could easily raise an army of 250,000 at that time. The army that actually fought at Avarair, generally put at 60,000, was only a fraction of Armenia's potential.

Massacre of Zarehaven

With Vasak's surrender the magi camp was dispersed. After a while the magi and the Persian soldiers reassembled in Zarehaven around their sacred fire-altars, some of which had been salvaged from the Angl riot. Soon, however a so-called "People's Army," well-armed and acting on its own, attacked the magi's new camp. The fire-altars were thrown into the water, most of the magi and their guards were massacred. The "People's Army" then stormed the various fortresses in the country in which Persian garrison troops were stationed, massacred the soldiers and took prisoner their commandants, to be used as hostages against the numerous Armenian hostages of noble birth held by the Persians. In a short time the Persians were thrown out of Persia, and Armenian control of the land was reestablished. Thus a religious conflict had grown into a war for freedom and then, unexpectedly, into a war for independence.

Armenia's Allies

At that time an Albanian delegation headed by lay and ecclesiastical chiefs ar-

rived in Armenia bearing bad news. Persian troops, coming from the Albanian Gates where the Persian empire kept a sizeable army, had entered their country bringing with them three hundred magi to convert the Georgians and Albanians to Mazdeism. The Persians were occupying Albania and Georgia to facilitate not only the work of forced conversion, but in order to prevent the Georgian and Albanian armed forces from joining the Armenian army on the southern front. The Caucasians were asking for quick help.

Armenia herself had asked for help from Byzantium and was waiting for it to materialize. But the Armenians felt that they could not leave their little allies to their fate — or leave their northeastern flank undefended. They therefore divided the Armenian army into three Corps. The first Corps, under the command of *Nershapouh Rumbosian* of the Artsrouni clan was sent to Azerbaijan on the Armeno-Iranian border where the enemy was most likely to open a second front. The second Corps, by far the largest numerically, was put under command of Vasak Siuni. It was to stay in Armenia to defend the country, and supply reinforcements when and where needed. This arrangement was made upon the insistence of the Marzpan himself, Vasak acting obviously in bad faith and Vardan making the impardonable mistake, a mistake for which he paid with his precious life, of trusting him.⁷ The third Corps, a closely-knit body of heroic and seasoned warriors, the standing army of Armenia under the command of Vardan Mamikonian, was dispatched to the Georgian front which was in immediate danger.

Vardan had hardly departed when Vasak, Prince of Siunik, Governor of Armenia,

and Commander of the Army's organized and trained reserves sent word to *Sebouh*, the commander of the Persian invading forces in Georgia and Albania, that Vardan was coming. He told the enemy commander to make short shrift of Vardan's corps and to hurry to Armenia where the main body of the Armenian forces under his, Vasak's, orders would help him to conquer the country. He assured *Sebouh* that he had already done much to destroy Armenia's unity. And indeed it was a fact that he had won to his way of thinking some of the richest and influential princes: *Bagratouni, Khorkhorouni, Apahouni, Vahouvouni*, etc., thus immobilizing the largest portion of Armenia's reserve strength. He himself had retired with his troops to his own castle in the mountains of Siunik, leaving Armenia wide open before the aggressor.

Battle of Lopnas (450)

Vardan's swift victory over the Persians in Albania, however, put an end to Vasak's dreams of easy success. Meeting *Sebouh* on the banks of the *Lopnas* near *Khalkhal* (south of the Kur river in Georgia), Vardan crushed and wiped out the enemy's army — those who escaped the sword were driven into the river, where they drowned. The Armenians then looted the luxurious Persian headquarters and its rich stores. After that Vardan took back every fort occupied by the Persians in Georgia and Albania and restored them to their lawful owners. He then proceeded to the Albanian Gates, demolished the fortifications built at such expense by Yazdagerd, and exterminated the guard. The Black Huns living in the plains north of the Caucasus chain, impressed by the Armenian victory, signed with Vardan a treaty of mutual assistance. Leaving the Huns to take care of the Persian contingents assigned to this sector, Vardan hurried back to Armenia. He had in the meanwhile liquidated the

⁷I have often wondered whether it was not the Church leaders who made the mistake so inconsistent with Vardan's character. Authority is often partial to those who know how to feign flattery. And besides, did not the Bible itself set the example for favoring the prodigal son?

Magi mission in Albania, cleaned the Christian churches of fire-altars already installed in them, and restored Christianity in the sister country.

In the latter part of the Caucasus campaign reports had been received by Vardan urging him to return, and informing him of Vasak's betrayal and base behavior. Not content with desertion, he had started actively to sabotage the national effort. So Vardan had cut short his stay in Albania and, leaving behind the rich loot taken from the Persians, had forced his tired troops to cut back in one month the distance of 700 kilometers between Albania and Armenia. He was late. The country was in complete anarchy and civil war. Vasak had taken and razed numerous forts and cities of the province of Ararat — *Armarvir*, *Yerwandakert*, *Garni*, *Eramais*, *Vardanashat*, *Oshakan*. *Artashat* itself, capital of Armenia, lay in ruins. The churches everywhere were demolished, the priests were in jail. Vasak's soldiers had set fire to the rich reserves of food of the country. The male offspring of the Faithful princes were imprisoned in the dark dungeons of Siunik, or sent as hostages to the Persian court. Their families, wives and daughters were captives in Vasak's hands.

Vardan's wrath was terrible. He immediately ordered Siunik, virtually a mountain-island, blockaded and cut off from every communication and supply. Then he launched a merciless campaign against the traitor and his people — man, woman, child. Witnesses report that Vardan gave the orders for this *Schrecklichkeit* with tears in his eyes, his whole being revolting against the necessity of the evil. We are inclined to believe that he was sincere, considering his early generosity and trustfulness. However it might be, the Faithful troops penetrated the mountain fastness of Siunik hunting out, killing destroying, looting, taking prisoners with grim determina-

tion. Soon everything was under the control of Vardan and Vasak, not a brave man, was reduced to a trembling fugitive in his own corner of the Armenian earth.

Now Vardan could turn to the root of all the evil, the hated alien master who had thus set brother against brother, and covered Armenia with blood and ruins. But Vardan was no warmonger. He shrank from unnecessary blood, especially from fratricide. Also, he was too good a soldier to risk war with a major power, if it could be avoided. He therefore sent a captured Persian grandee to Yazdagerd with a message. In it Vardan stated once more that the Armenians had no political objectives — that they would remain loyal vassals if allowed freedom of worship. He denounced Vasak — for the first time — as the one person responsible for the King of Kings' reverses in Armenia, and Armenia's suffering. He said that the Marzpan had misled his master with promises he could not fulfill. He finished his message with a simple statement: "Our war is defensive," he said. "Let us alone, and we will not cause you any trouble."

Vasak, curiously enough, had suggested the same thing to his sovereign. Only, in his presentation, the Armenian clergy was the real villain. He argued with Yazdagerd that a decree granting religious freedom to his Armenian subjects would effect an estrangement between the religious leaders and this flock. Vasak probably counted on a general let-up which he meant to encourage by propaganda aimed to discredit the clergy as false-alarmists. Once disarmed and dispersed, the People's Army, a terrorist group, would become harmless, after which it would be easier to force fire-worship on Armenia. Yazdagerd followed his agent's advice, and issued a decree loudly proclaiming freedom of worship for the King's Armenian subjects. Vasak immediately proceeded to make the most of this

piece of paper. First he sent home the Georgian and Albanian contingents telling their commanders that religious freedom, the common objective of their efforts, was now a fact and they were no longer needed. Then, using the same argument, he released from the "Christian Pact" the princes of the semi-independent sections of Armenia — Aghdznig, Korduk, Tmorik, Khaldik, etc. Finally he used a Mamikonian prince, another Vasak, to persuade the Armenian princes of the Greek zone to withdraw from the Pact. Marcianus, the successor of Theodosius on the Byzantine throne, had not only not favored the Armenians' request for help with a reply, he had advised Ctesiphon that he did not intend to assist the Armenians in their venture. So that the Greek-Armenian princes were only too glad to be released from their Christian Pact obligations.

Vardan and the other princes comprising the Pact were quick to realize that the Freedom Decree granted by Yazdagerd was not the real thing, but a trap. The use Marzpan Vasak was making of the document as a weapon for "dividing and ruling" made it apparent. They refused to be lulled by a false sense of security, and to leave the arena to a proven traitor. Their attitude of watchful waiting was soon vindicated when early in 451 messengers brought the news that a Persian had rebuilt, fortified and garrisoned the Albanian Gates to prevent the Black Huns, Vardan's allies, from rushing to his assistance. Simultaneously, Vasak's appointment as Special Assistant and Advisor to Mihrnerseh was announced. This was tantamount to a declaration of war by the Persians. Vardan immediately issued an Emergency proclamation and an order for general mobilization.

While Vardan and his companions were thus preparing to meet the menace from the east, a courier dispatched from the

southern front in *Hare* and *Zarevand* (modern Persian Azerbaijan) reported that another Persian army commanded by *Mushkan Nisalavourt* had entered Armenia, and had already reached Zarevand. The Persians, the report said, had pitched camp and were entrenching themselves in the vicinity. The news, arriving on Easter Sunday (April 13, 451), caused general consternation in Armenia.

soon, answering the general call to arms, the private armies of the Faithful princes and the newly formed Volunteer Corps assembled in Artashat. They were 66,000 in all against an estimated 200,000 under the enemy's flag. Were Armenia's lord united, Armenia could have produced an army at least three times as large. Were Vassak's peculiar genius cooperated with Vardan's brains and valor, complete victory over the aggressor, and even complete liberation and independence could be achieved. Unfortunately, half of the princes were cowards enough to stay away, some traitorously crossed the foe, and the unspeakable Vasak chose to become the evil genius of the enemy strategy.

Quantity, however, is not everything. Intensity counts more, even in physical phenomena. In the year 451 of our era there was in Armenia a minority of princes determined to see that their people stayed on the path of higher civilization which it had entered two centuries earlier. The spectacle of the peasant volunteers, poor devils without clothes, shoes, weapons or adequate training, but burning with the strange desire to fight and die for their newly acquired human dignity, inspired the lords no less than their higher concepts of knighthood and patriotism. All knew that they had little chance to win, but they hoped by their sacrifice to achieve what they could not accomplish by staying alive. Here is a partial list of the immortal idealists who knowingly went to the slaughter,

and by so doing made Armenia safe for Christianity: Vardan Mamikonian; Nershapouh Artzrouni; Khoren Khorkhorouni; Artak Palouni; Vahan Amatouni; the Vahevouni regiment; Tatoul Dimaksian; Arshavir Arsharouni; Shmavon Andzavatsi; Tajat Gntouni; Atom Gnouni; Khosrov Gabeghian; Karen Saharouni; Humayak Dimaksian; and another Dimaksian, Gazric; Nerseh Kajberouni; Parsvan Mandakouni; Arsen Undzayatsi; Airouk Slkouni; Wren Tashkatsi; Aprsam Artsrouni; Shah-khurapet royal(?); Khurs Survandztian; and the Koliank, and the Acheans, and the Turpatounis, and the Rushtounis. These were all, of course, princes — historians have preserved no commoner's name.

Catholicos Hovsep, Head of the Church, and the "decrepit but intrepid" Ghevond Yeretz personally led the martyr army.

Vardan had decided to meet the enemy as far from the province of Ararat as this was possible, to spare the political and cultural center of the country a second devastation. He therefore marched his army south to *Artaz* (modern Maku in the north-western corner of Iran), a district of *Vaspourakan*. *Artaz* was not far from *Hare* and *Zarevand* (modern *Khoy* and *Salmast* resp.) where the enemy lay entrenched. The battlefield the Armenian commander selected was a "vast and flower-strewn" field called *Shavarshan*. A little river called *Tughmut*, a tributary of the *Araxes*, traversed it. Somewhere nearby was *Avarair*, a small village.

It is hard to explain why Vardan chose the plain of *Avarair* for his battlefield, when fighting in the open had never been Armenians' forte. Had he kept his forces in the mountainous zone of Armenia and waged guerilla warfare in which the Armenians excelled, he could have harassed and exhausted the Persians by a long-drawn

and inconclusive war and won the victory as his kin, the famous *Vahan Mamikonian* did in the following generation. We have no information on this point and, in any case, this writer is not equipped to discuss the military phase of the *Vardanantz War*. Her inexpert guess is that the *Battle of Avarair* was conceived as a *Kamikaze Act*, a suicidal mission rather than a regular engagement. Its aim was to inflict heavy damage on the enemy and, by so doing, make possible a future success.

Vardan's army reached *Avarair* toward the end of April. It was composed of armed cavalry, heavy and light, and infantry — bowmen, spearmen and swordmen. Their number was, as mentioned, 66,000 counting the Volunteers. It was distributed in four divisions, the first commanded by *Nershapouh Artsrouni*, the second by *Khoren Khorkhorouni*, the third by *Tatoul of Vanand*, and the fourth by the General Commander, *Vardan*, having for principal aides *Hamazasp Mamikonian*, his brother, and *Arshavir Kamsarakan*.

It appears that *Mushkan Nisalavourt* made a last effort to avoid a shooting war with the Armenians. He may have been sincere in this. Vardan and his comrades-in-arms had been among the most valuable and valorous of *Yazdagerd's* generals, and it would be a pity to lose them, just because of their foolish adherence to a Jew's teachings. Also, considering the damage they could do, it was cheaper to effect a reconciliation by ruse and persuasion. Protracted negotiations could be useful, too, for propaganda and conspiracy purposes. So for a month *Vasak* shuttled between the two camps conducting "peace parleys." The Armenian leaders would discover later that he had been busy planting fifth columnists in the ranks. The negotiations finally broke, *Vardanank* proving unyielding on point: no Mazdeistic propaganda having

for aim the violent overthrow of Christianity in Armenia would be tolerated. The Armenians should be let alone to worship as they wished.

Last Vigil

The evening of June 1, which coincided that year with Pentecost, Armenians began an all-night vigil. The Commander-in-Chief first spoke: He reminded his fellow-soldiers of the many battles they had fought together. He reminded them that more often than not they had been victorious in these, and had won for themselves the reputation of heroes, and great honors and grants from the King of Kings. All that, he said, was nothing in his eyes for, sooner or later, they would all die; both those who had received the honors, and the king who had bestowed them. For he, too, was a mortal. He then told them that, in a few hours, they would be engaged in a new kind of battle — would fighting for The Immortal King. Without fear, because what was there to fear? If they succeeded, they would have saved Church and Fatherland, and an immortal name would be their share on this earth. And if they succumbed, the Kingdom of Heaven was waiting for them. Very few, he said, had been privileged to die for so much. Then he reached for the Bible and read to them passages from the books of the Maccabees.

After this came prayers and a sermon by Ghevond Yeretz. Finally every soldier, from the Commander down to the last man, filed before the bishops and priests who had come down with the army, and was administered the Sacrament. When the day broke Vardan calmly disposed his forces. The historian reports that the soldiers, who had fasted and gone sleepless all night, indulged in an all-night orgy of exalted but exhausting emotion, were serene and steady in the morning. That during the engagement the Persians were unnerved by the very expression of beati-

tude that still lingered on the faces of the Armenian wounded and killed.

The Battle of Avarair (June 2, 451)

The Persian army under Mushkan Nisavart variously estimated at 200,000 to 300,000 had three advantages: numerical superiority, a host of elephants which, like tanks, were especially suited to level-ground warfare, and a thorough and complete Intelligence furnished by Vasak. Vasak himself participated in the battle — on the side of the enemy of course — with 60,000 good soldiers, part of whom were Armenian apostates and traitors. The rest of his army was composed of Caucasian mercenaries.

The fortunes of the battle were at first with the Armenians who fought like inspired men. At one point Vardan, seeing his left wing weakening, attacked the right wing of the enemy with such force and created such confusion that the Persians were thrown under the feet of their own elephants and trampled to death by thousands. He also scored a great victory over the Persian crack regiment called *Matian* holding the center, and forced it to leave the battlefield in shameful disorder. However the Persians had great reserves to draw upon, and constantly threw fresh divisions on the field to replace the tired and decimated. That their casualties were three times that of the Armenians made no difference — life was cheap for them, especially the lives of the savage non-Persian tribesmen from which half of their army was recruited. In the late afternoon Vardan finally met the end he had so ardently desired — they say he had not forgiven himself for having abjured Christianity, even if it was done to gain time and means to defend it, and felt that only death could really absolve him — he died in the thick of the battle. Most of the commanders under him including his brother Hamazasp, met the same fate. The number is put at 1036. The enemy lost 3544

in that battle, nine of which are reputed to have been noted generals, personally known to the King of Kings. The Armenian historians assure us that the encounter ended in a stalemate, that no one was or could be considered victorious. In fact, the Armenians continued to fight after their commanders were killed, and even after the defection of a sizeable contingent — presumably those of peasant volunteers — late into the night. And even then they withdrew, fighting, in the hills surrounding the plain of Shavarshan, never conceding victory.

The Persians were disgusted. Mushkan long hesitated to report the “victory” to Yazdagerd, for the price in terms of Persian blood, noble and otherwise, had been exorbitant.

The Battle of Orjnahagh

What Vardan had neglected or spurned to do, his brother Humayak was quick to realize and execute. Reverting to the traditional military tactics of his people, he reorganized the general resistance movement on guerilla warfare lines. In this he was enthusiastically supported by his countrymen whom Vardan’s and his comrades’ sacrifice had finally aroused to full cooperation. The impenetrable forests of Khaldik, the impregnable citadels of the Tmorik, Taik and Korduk, the fortresses of Ararat and Artzakh, and the strongholds of the Blue Mountains became centers from which continuous raids were launched on Persian occupation headquarters. Soon the guerillas became so bold as to make incursions on Persian territory, and to sack and ravage Imperial towns. Finally the Persians decided to make a major show of force and to capture Humayak who, with a number of other princes and commoners, had made Khaldik his main headquarters. The Pers-

ian expeditionary army composed of a strong Persian division and the private army of Vasak met the “rebels” in the province of Taik, south of the province of Khaldik, near the small town *Orjnahagh*. It was some time in the Fall of 451. The encounter was long and terrible. The Persians were mowed down almost to the last man. Humayak himself lost his life. But this time the Armenians succeeded in breaking the tyrant’s will. Yazdagerd at last gave in.

Freedom of Worship Granted

By the King’s order Mushkan Nisala-vourt issued the celebrated decree to which I have already alluded at the beginning of this article. It proclaimed the inalienable right of the individual “to worship what or whom he chose to worship.” The Persian vice-roy went further: he ordered the Armenian apostates to return to their church. “No belief adopted under duress,” he said, “could be sincere, and our great gods would not accept such fraud — they would even punish us for accepting.” It was complete vindication.

There is little to add, except that Vasak was ignominiously punished by the foreign masters he had served with so much zeal and so little honor. The Bishops, too, were made to pay for the humiliation they had inflicted on the king. Hovsep, Ghevond and the rest of the heroic galaxy perished in tortures, far from the beloved Church and Fatherland they had defended and saved. They have all been beatified.

I wish to finish this article with Vardan’s comment on the Macabeens that so beautifully fits him and his companions:

«Զի թէպէտ կատարեցան մահուամբ,
սակայն անուն քաջութեան նոցա եկաց
մինչեւ ցայսօր ժամանակի» . . .

“For, although they died, the fame of their valor lives to this day.”



RESURRECTION AMID RUINS

AN ESSAY ON THE ART AND SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF RAGA
AND TALA IN ARMENIAN MUSIC

By ALAN HOVHANESS

Armenian music belongs to the ancient world when raga, melody line, and tala, rhythm line, were the main pillars of universal music. When music was melody and rhythm, when each melodic combination was an attribute of the gods, each rhythmic combination was a mantram to unlock a key of power in nature. Then music was one with mysteries, of the elements, of the planetary systems, of the worlds visible and invisible.

Nerses Shnorhali (Nerses the Gracious) Armenian saint, poet and musician, instilled into the music and poetry of the Christian church the pre-christian mysteries. Over the whispered drones of principal or secondary notes sound the majestic ragas of timelessness.

Certain ragas and rhythmic and interval structures are falsely traced to the Mohammedan conquests. Those who pretend to a solemn scholarship, who wish to be dignified and hold themselves aloft in false pride and pedantic snobishness trace all sensual excitement to the Mohammedans.

The ancient Phoenecians used all the sensual ragas and talas later adopted by the Mohammedans and they in turn borrowed these ragas and talas from earlier civilizations. 2000 years before Christ, India had colonies established on the Asiatic coast of Africa. Musicians were in contact

with India and Indian music was practiced widely. There were 200 talas and 500 ragas then in existence. These included every raga and tala now known and many more. The music was made by a singer, a drummer, a reed instrument, and a harp with 19 strings. Drones were held. Also a single stringed instrument was used, a plucked string pushed from side to side to vary the pitch. The African instrument now known as the orphan's wail is its descendent. The Ancients understood the inner laws of music, also the inner forces of nature.

The cycle of Western civilization since the Renaissance has developed the outer laws of music and the outer forces of nature. This knowledge is limited. It pierces no veil, and brings no well being to the inner life — it offers no remedy for the disaster of inward disintegration — it leaves the human nucleus unthreaded, uncentered, unraveled, with no hope of recovering the form or central sun of existence.

The laws of raga and tala bring about attunement with the inner forces of nature, freedom from the limitation of consciousness of life and death, indifference to the storm of broken threads. If it be the end of a cycle, it is nothing. There have been and will be far nobler cycles. The higher aspects of each cycle are preserved in the

electrical structure that envelopes the world. Machines will be created to reactivate knowledge from far distant times and places in the universe.

From the pre-historic worshippers of the goddess of the wind (in the Hebrew bible symbolized as the breath of life animating the dust of the earth) and from the worshippers of Lord Krishna, and the worshippers of the sun, visible and invisible, the heritage of religious music has traveled on the breath of life from generation to generation, from nation to nation, from religion to religion. Thus was it delivered from the shrines of Anahid to the thousand Christian churches of Ani—and now it is a voice rising amid ruins of a lost glory.

Armenian religious music includes the Sharagan, Yerk, Dagh, Megheti, Kantz, Tapor and other forms.

Sharagan grew from antiphons of psalms or paraphrases of psalms.

SHARAGAN is a hymn during the hours. 1st hour — night is *orhnoutioun* or praise (moderato). 2nd hour — morning includes *hartz* "O God of our fathers" (lento), *med-zatzoutze* — magnificat (allegro), *vorghormia* "Lord have mercy" (allegro), *der Hergnitz* "Lord in heaven." 4th hour — midday — *jashou sharagan*, glorification, antiphon of psalm changing 8 times for 8 raga days (allegro). 5th hour — evening — "I raise my eyes unto the heavens" (lento or moderato).

YERK is a song during the liturgy. DAGH is a feast day eulogy based on popular poetry in praise of an event or person. MEGHETI — background melody — very free — may be extended to any length. KANTZ — long litany in florid style sung during feast days. TAPOR — processional. sional.

In order to analyze the immense variety of structures inherent in this music it is necessary to borrow terms from classical

Indian musical systems. Raga defines melody structure. Tala defines rhythm structure. Tala will be analyzed later.

Raga includes: scale of ascent, scale of descent, principal note, secondary note, starting note, ending note, highest note, lowest note, notes used frequently, notes used infrequently, important motives, scales with 6 notes, scales with 5 notes or less. Mixed raga includes: two or more scales of ascent, two or more scales of descent, two or more principal notes, two or more secondary notes, two or more shifting of tonal centers.

Ragas is to be applied to the Sharagans of the 8 changing days. These Sharagans are divided into 8 ragas and labelled according to the Armenian alphabet. The 8 Sharagan ragas are similar in principle to the 8 modes of the Byzantine church. These Sharagan ragas change with every Sunday until 8 weeks have past, each Sunday having its own raga. After 8 Sundays there is a return to raga No. 1 again and a new cycle is begun. The Sharagan ragas are:

1. *aip tza*
2. *aip gen*
3. *pen tza*
4. *pen gen*
5. *kim tza*
6. *kim gen*
7. *ta tza*
8. *ta gen**

It will be seen that raga No. 1, *aip tza*, raga No. 5, *kim tza*, raga No. 6, *kim gen*, and raga No. 8, *ta gen* have preserved a structural integrity, a survival of a definite form where as the other Sharagan ragas seem lost in confusion, with many variants and little uniformity in structure. The ancient

*In deference to the author's wishes the editors have refrained from altering his translations from the Armenian.

system shines forth most clearly in "aip tza," "kim tza," "kim gen," and "ta gen." Now it is necessary to consider the shara-gan ragas in order.

Raga No. 1 called "aip tza" in the limited tempered system approximates G, A sharp, B, C, D, E, sometimes rising to F natural, sometimes descending to lower F sharp. Sometimes A sharp is changed to A natural — principal center is G — secondary centers are B or D. Occasionally the note A natural is used as a final. This is true of the Jerusalem style.

Raga No. 2 called "aip gen" has so many forms that its original structure appears to be lost. Some of the approximations are as follows:

G, A, B, C, D, E, — the principal note is G, the secondary note D — sometimes C becomes C sharp — sometimes a descent is made below G through F sharp, E, D, using E as an ending note — this is a Jerusalem "aip gen."

Another raga under the "aip gen" label starts on D with A as principal note, C, D, E, as secondary notes and low E as ending note. The other approximations are from the high D or E descending through C, B, A, G, F sharp, E. There are also Shara-gans listed under "aip gen" which have little or no visible difference from an "aip tza" raga.

Raga No. 3, "pen tza" has many variations. It may be partly identified by an opening curve around or below one of the principal notes. One approximation is G, A, B, C, touching D as ornament — A is

principal note. Below G is F, E, D, — D is ending note. F becomes F sharp in some ascending passages, B becomes B flat in some descending passages. Another type of "pen tza" is G, A, B, C, D, E, with B as beginning note — G and D principal notes and A the ending note. Above E an occasional ascent is made to F sharp or F natural. The curving motive centers around C and D.

A very different variant of "pen tza" has a short introduction with the curve motive around G rising to A — tones used are F, G, A, B, C, — B flat is used for descent — D above C is used as ornament — A is the principal note — F is the ending note. After a brief phrase in this raga the raga shifts to G, A, B flat, C sharp, D with F sharp used for the descent below G — A remains the principal note — the later structure is strictly adhered to throughout the rest of the Shara-gan — in other words after a brief introductory raga a new raga path is opened along which the rest of the journey takes place. This is probably not the true "pen tza" but it is an important structural principle or form in Armenian religious music. It might be called the changing path raga, except that in this form, only one change takes place, and that happens near the beginning. Also it is a very striking change.

Another "pen tza" includes the curve around A rising to B. Approximately the notes are G, A, B, C, D, sometimes high E and often below G is F sharp and low E — the principal and ending note is G —

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Alan Hovhaness, the distinguished young Armenian American composer and authority on Oriental music, was born in Somerville, Mass., March 8, 1911, and was educated in the Arlington (Mass.) school system, Tufts College and the New England Conservatory of Music. He early showed his musical proclivities, composing two operas while in lower schools, and being generally bruited as a piano prodigy of promise. Mr. Hovhaness is a prolific and versatile composer. His compositions have been performed by outstanding American and other musical organizations. Long a resident of Boston, he is at the moment doing special work in New York. He intends the accompanying article to be a part of a formal work on the general subject of Armenian music. Mr. Hovhaness is the son of Professor Harutune Hovhaness Chakmakjian, of Arlington.

secondary notes B and D—often G becomes C sharp. The extreme end shifts to B and around it is C natural and A sharp.

The Jerusalem “pen tza” starts on D with the curve motive rising to E — above are notes F sharp, G, descending from high G (sometimes high A as an ornament) are F natural, E, D, C, B, A, low G. A is the ending note. The F sharp is used seldom, mostly F natural is used, both up and down — principal note is A. — Secondary notes are D and E.

Raga No. 4 “pen gen” approximates G, A, B, C, D, — A is ending and principal note. High E and low F sharp are touched as ornaments. This is also A form of the Jerusalem “pen gen.”

Another important “pen gen” includes a strong descent to low F through F sharp. The principal notes are A and E and C — ending notes are E and C — the entire scale includes E, F sharp, G, A, B, C, D, E. — the extreme end centers around C — with D becoming D flat.

Another “pen gen” of great beauty starts with majestic upward skip of a A minor 6th, E to C followed by a curve around C. The tones used are from low E (rarely touching low D) F sharp, G, A, B, C, high D, (occasionally high E, usually used ornamentally). Principal and ending note is A. Near the endings the G may be raised to G sharp.

Raga No. 5 “kim tzah” is the familiar E, F, G sharp, A, B, C, D. The upper portion often shifts to A, B, C sharp, D, sometimes rising to E and even F sharp in the high register — F sharp G sharp may appear in the lower register also. When C sharp becomes very important, B may become B sharp — in the lower portion the descent is often made from A down through G sharp F natural, E, D, to C sharp. This low C is nearly always C sharp. Principal centers are E and A — occasionally G sharp becomes G natural.

Raga No. 6 “kim gen” has the principal notes of A and E, the secondary note is C — the approximations are G, A, B, C, D, flat, often rising to E, and F, often descending below low G to low F sharp.

Today the D flat which was usually only about one third of a tone flat has become D natural in modern Armenian churches. The Jerusalem form is about one fifth of a tone flat.

Raga No. 7 “ta tza.” A wide ranged “ta tza” approximates G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G starting note is C — principal notes are D and A, ending note is D — as endings are approached C becomes C sharp — a characteristic leap of an octave from low G to high G is an outstanding feature. Another variant of “ta tza” starts on D. A smaller range of A, B, C, D, E, occasionally high F and rarely low G appear. D is the principal note. The extreme ending is also on D but E becomes E flat and C becomes C sharp.

Another quite different “ta tza” starts on D but ends on B. The principal notes are D and B — the approximations are G, A sharp, B, C, D, E, — A natural is often used also. This variant approaches “aip tza” raga 1.

A similar variant to the last one of “ta tza” begins on B and ends on B using notes A, B, C, D, E, — principal note is B — secondary note is D.

Another complex “ta tza” begins on C and ends on A natural. The notes used are G, A, or a sharp, B, C, D, — principal notes shift from A to B and back to A. The extreme end descends into a new raga ending on low D. B becomes B flat. A descent is made through A, G, F sharp, E flat, ending on D. The Jerusalem “ta tza” starts on B and ends on B, D, or G. Approximate notes are G, A, B, D, E, F sharp or F natural. Principal notes are D, B, G.

Another variant of the “ta tza” has A for starting, ending and principal note. It des-

cends to G, F sharp, E, (D ornamental). It rises from A to B, C, D, E. In the final ending, B becomes B flat, C becomes C sharp, G becomes G sharp, A remains the principal and ending note.

Another very different "ta tza" is one whose principal note is G, around which groups of various structures appear: first D, E, F sharp, G, A, B flat, later G, A, B natural, C, D, or G, A sharp, B natural, C D. The ending note is G.

Raga No. 8 "ta gen" centers around G its principal note and its ending note, also generally its beginning note. The approximate notes are D, E, F sharp, G (the center) A (temporary subordinate center), B, C, D, E, (usually an ornament). A may become A sharp when circling around B. A is also at times a central point. G is always principal, A is subordinate. A gliding motive of descent in conjunct movement is a strong characteristic motive of this raga of "ta gen." This raga approaches the European major scale in its outward structure although the spirit is far more flexible.

A Jerusalem "ta gen" uses the same notes but centers on A as its principal note. A is also the closing note. The gliding motive of conjunct descent is also a feature in some parts, but not as much as in the "Etchmiadzin" "ta gen."

However there is another Jerusalem variant of "ta gen" which centers on G using notes D, E, F sharp, G, A, B, C, D, E. A sometimes becoming A sharp. G is always the principal note, D is the subordinate note. This variant is the closest approach to a major scale we have, but the rich ornaments and untempered intervals save it from any suggestion of major scale vulgarity.

Continuing the analysis of religious ragas beyond the 8 ragas of the Sharagans there are many miscellaneous ragas, found in the chant Yerik, Dagh, Megheti, Kantz and Ta-

por.

A common raga is A, B, C, D, — principal notes are A, and C — ending note is C except last phrase where A is the ending note — the low G is also used but less frequently.

Another common raga uses the same notes A, B, C, D using C as starting note and A as ending note — the very last phrase uses C as ending note. Principal notes are A and C.

Another common raga is based on the motive B, C, E flat, D. The principal and ending note is D. Many chants are based on this motive but the raga may extend down and up using G, B, C, D, E flat, F sharp. This and the following ragas are used in the great entrance. This is a mixed raga. The notes C, D, E, F, G, A, are used for an introduction phrase with D as principal and ending note, a shift is made to B, C, D, E flat, F sharp (high G as ornament) with D still retained as principal and ending note. Another temporary shift is made to a lower gamut G, A, B, C, D, E natural, with G as principal and ending note. The center shifts back to D again with D as principal and ending note using B, C, D, E flat, F sharp, G. Another shift sometimes is made descending from E flat, D, C, B flat, A, G, down to low F sharp. — The principal and ending note becoming G again. Sometimes this downward shift descends to low D. In this shift D remains principal and ending note. However in this raga a return is made to the form G, B, C, D, E flat, F sharp, (high G ornamental) with D as principal and ending note.

Another mixed raga is a 3 part form containing the notes G, A, B, C, D, E, F, using low F sharp less frequently — principal notes are G and D — ending note is A bringing a shift of center to principal note A. There is a striking shift in part two with A, B, C, D, E, flat, G, A, B, C, E, F using low F sharp less frequently—with A as the ending note—principal notes are G and

D, shifting to A for the ending. This raga is deeply fluid and includes many possibilities of variation.

Out of the immense number of mixed ragas only a few are selected here for comment.

LENT RAGAS:

A beautiful raga sung during lent is based on G, A, B, C, D, (E ornamental) — A is the principal note — B is an ending note in middle cadences. There is a striking call from D to C sharp to D — then a return to A, B, C natural, D. The final ending note is A.

Another beautiful lent raga has for its central note A, using G, A, B, C as main notes and A descent below G through F sharp, E, to low D as a subordinate group. Then the center shifts from A to G sharp using the surrounding notes F sharp, G sharp, A, B, C, to high D. The cycle returns with the center shifting back to A, with the surrounding notes F sharp, G sharp, A, B, C, D as highest note, also G natural to A as cadence.

Another lent raga begins on A, C, B, A, G, F sharp, E, D, — G becomes G sharp to A — C becomes C sharp to D — E becomes E sharp to F sharp. A is principal and ending note.

A most sublime raga of lent begins on D, E, F, G, A, — D becomes D sharp to E, below D natural is C, B, A, low G — a remarkable downward swoop, G, F, E, D, C, B, A, low G skipping up a minor 7th to F, then gradually descending to low A. Then higher G to A — notes A, B, C, D (top) — then descending B becomes B flat A becomes ending note. A flat changes to A natural, again D becomes D sharp to E, then descending A, G, F, E, D natural. Then E becomes E flat, F becomes F sharp, then B and B flat becomes interchangeable. D and D sharp interchangeable. A and A flat etc. Later the music rises to high level. High E, D, C, B, A, then D, C, F flat, A,

G — B flat becomes B natural, A becomes A sharp (motive on G, A sharp, B) then it rises to high E — descending B becomes B flat. Important passage based on B flat A, G, C, B natural, A, then D, C, B flat, A, G, F, E—F ending note—. Then descending A, G, F, E, D, C sharp, D ending note — D, E, F, G, A, B, C natural when rising — low C is C sharp to D — D is ending note. The entire cycle of shifting tones and centers is gone through several times rising through high E (F ornament) and descending to ending note on low D.

A rarely sung version of "Hair Mer" (The Lords Prayer) based on D, E, F, G sharp, A, B flat, C sharp, (high) D, E, F (top), approached a certain phase of Byzantine expressiveness. D and A are the principal notes. G sharp becomes G natural, C sharp becomes C natural, E becomes E flat at times of certain forms of descent. D is the starting and the ending note.

As has been partially demonstrated there are different types of mixed ragas: The raga where a new path is opened after which there is no return, raga with two or more forms of scale constantly shifting back and forth, raga with one striking shift to a new scale structure followed by a return to the original structure, raga with two or more striking shifts to new structures, during different sections, returning again to the first form — the raga within three part form is an ancient equivalent of exposition, modulation, and recapitulation of European sonata form but it contains a spiritual principle. The opening is the first awakening consciousness of the raga, of its main and secondary centers, ornaments and foundation. It forms a supplication, a desire to evolve. The modulation or shift in center or centers brings wonder, awe, revelation. The return is not repetition as in European form, but is the attainment of higher aspects of the raga, the glorification of its true meaning and soul. The spiritual form and

significance is "question — astonishment, realization" or "prayer annunciation, outpouring." Part I, "the people's prayer rises," Part 2, "appearance of angel, promised from God, people surprised," Part 3 "encouraged by appearance of angel, people burst forth with open hearts in unified expression, with renewed hope of salvation." The words in quotation marks are by Hermon Di Giovano.

The realm of religious music has been divided into ragas. With the approach to secular music, it is necessary to consider the other term borrowed from Indian classical music, "Tala." Since raga is melody plan, tala is rhythm plan.

Tala contains several groups of beats combined into a fundamental structure which may be repeated as a main rhythmic pattern. The number of beats within each group may vary, may be regular, or irregular. The structure may include any combination of numerical groups of beats. The structure may include many or few groups of beats. Traditional talas may be used or new talas may be invented. Also cross rhythms may be introduced against a tala creating a war of rhythmic structures finally resolving when they again coincide at the beginning of the fundamental tala. This rhythm war is a principal source of contrapuntal excitement in Indian music.

In creative music it is possible to introduce raga wars in similar manner by superimposing two or more ragas simultaneously. In creative music it is also possible to allow the tala to be a counter-point of rhythm against the melodic rhythm throughout the entire movement. Also it is possible to allow tala to be gradually and continuously altered by addition or subtraction of beats or groups of beats thus producing an ever changing or waxing and waning melodic line of rhythm. — Thus rhythm may become melody.

In the villages the following fascinating talas are the basic rhythm patterns of old street tunes —

2 2 2 2 3
2 2 2 2 3
3 3 2 3
3 3 2 3

Each line makes eleven beats.

Another tune based on a pagan legend is a tala 4 4 3 3 4. Repeated, this tala equals 18 beats.

A tune "Haigo Djan" has a complex meter:

1 3 3 3 2 3 2
1 3 3 3 2 3 2
4 4 4 3 2
4 4 4 3 2

Each line equals 17 beats.

A tune "Bagh Aghpiuri Mod" has a delightful refrain touching the dance pattern:

3 2 3 3
3 2 3 3

A tala of eleven beats. "Loilum" is:

3 2 3 3 2 3
3 2 3 3 2 3

A tala of 16 beats.

A village dance tune contains a complex tala:

3 3 3 2 3 2 3
3 2 3 3 2 2 2

Each line equaling 19 beats.

Another dance has:

3 2 4
3 2 4
2 4 3

Each line making 9 beats.

A typical village dance tune "Hed-Arach" is based on one of the most popular talas:

2 2 2 3

A 9 beat pattern repeated.

Other common talas include:

3 2 2 3
2 3 2 3
3 2 3 2
3 3 2

3 2 3

3 2 2

2 2 3

A rich and fascinating tune repeated over and over revealed this strange pattern:

3 2 3

3 2 3

2 2 3

3 3

3 3 3

3 2 2 2

The entire pattern is repeated indefinitely. The beat in troubadour music and in many village tunes can only be broken down into 5 mikro beats of 5 sixteenth notes. The rhythmic group of the dotted eighth note, sixteenth note, eighth note, (3 1 2) is usually a European conservatory misconception or mis-notation of the subtler eighth note sixteenth note eighth note group, (2 1 2) based on the principle of 5 which is often behind the pulse of nature music.

The possibilities of tala are nearly endless once the barriers of conventional thought and limited practice are transcended. My "Farewell to the Mountains" is based on the tala principle.

PART ONE

3 4 4 3 4 2 (20)

3 4 3 3 4 2 (19)

3 4 4 3 2 2 2 (20)

3 4 3 3 4 2 (19)

3 4 4 3 2 2 2 (20)

3 4 4 3 4 2 (20)

3 4 4 2 2 2 3 (20)

3 4 3 3 4 2 (19)

PART TWO

2 2 2 3 4 (13)

2 2 2 3 4 (13)

2 2 2 3 4 (13)

2 2 2 3 4 (13)

4 4 3 4 (15)

4 4 3 4 (15)

PART THREE

4 3 3 2 4 3 2 2 (23)

4 3 3 2 4 2 4 2 (24)

These two rhythm lines are repeated 4 times.

PART FOUR

4 4 4 2 3 (17)

4 4 4 3 2 (17)

These two rhythm lines are repeated 5 times. Numbers in parentheses are the total beats in each rhythm line.

In the application of ancient principles to modern instruments such as the tempered piano, the instrument is handled monophonically (one note at time) or in dissonant organum or with dissonant drone — dissonance used to effect an approach to the notes between the notes — a clashing vibration aiding the ear to imagine or pick up true intonations or ragas by imagining and thereby creating nonexistent sounds. — The drones may be activated by tala — dissonance intensifies by making possible the selection of the true pitches of the soul, thus by creating through dissonance a vortex of sound energy concentrating into a single moment, a lifetime of pain or joy. In the same way the use of various levels of pitch lines in writing for groups of instruments, called polytonality, creates a vortex into which whirl sounds from non-existence wherein, the listener may discover the true key or ideal center. Speed for fluidic motion aids in producing this phenomenon, although slowly moving clashes may also produce this phenomena if the lines possess intensity.

The ideal structure of the tower of sound and silence reaching from earth to heaven awaits resurrection from ragas and talas of Ancient Armenia.

I have never tried to discover my own music, but only to discover the music of the people — the ageless, measureless, endless melodies of the human heart. I am only a beginner in this quest, a child who scratches the surface, seeking to find the music of the soil, of plants, of animals, of people, and of God.

THE NATIONALITIES PROBLEM IN RUSSIA

By REUBEN DARBINIAN

One of the thorniest problems confronting Russia, now known as the Soviet Union, undoubtedly is the question of the future of the nationalities of that vast empire.

Unfortunately, not only many foreigners, but even the Great Russians themselves fail to clearly realize that the Soviet Union is an empire and consequently cannot escape the fate of all other empires.

It is a singular and striking fact that even the most liberal and democratic Russian political leaders and factions are reluctant to become reconciled with the idea that all the nationalities of Russia have as much right as the great Russian people to be free and independent, and to secede from Russia if they so desire. And those who really become reconciled with the idea do so reluctantly and with reservations. Even the most liberal and democratic Russian leaders look upon the secessionist tendencies of non-Russian nationalities of Russia as a great offense and vigorously oppose such aspirations. No less worthy of attention is the fact that in all of them there is a deeply-rooted idea of the *indivisibility* of Russia, or the Russian state, which they consider the greatest blessing not only for the Russians themselves, but for all the non-Russian nationalities, which they are reluctant to relinquish, although in doing so they render difficult, if not impossible, the formation of a united front of all anti-Communist nationalities against the Soviet tyranny.

The problem of course is not so much what particular solution of the question can be more advantageous for all from the economic, military or other viewpoints. Whether the partitioning of Russia into independent states, or their unification under one federal government? National liberation causes are never solved by laws of logic, dictates of reason, or pragmatic considerations, but eminently are resolved by the psychological and ideological irresistible motives of the nations who aspire to freedom. If this were not the case, today Indonesia would still retain her union with Holland, Burma would not have seceded from England, India would have not become a republic, Egypt would not insist on the removal of British troops from Suez, and countless other nations would not be striving to independence but would be satisfied with mere autonomous status.

No one can deny that Austro-Hungary, England, France and Holland treated their subject nationalities incomparably more humanely than the Soviet government. And yet, if the subject peoples of those empires preferred independence, and those who failed to achieve their independence are still striving for it, it is very natural that the nationalities who have tasted the "benefits" of Tsarist and the far worse Soviet tyrannies should also strive to win absolute independence.

* * *

Russian leaders who are inoculated with

liberal and democratic ideals are reluctant to admit that Russia, or the Soviet Union, is a sort of colonial empire. In justification of this reluctance they argue that the Russian people themselves have suffered equally under the Tsarist and Soviet yoke as have suffered the non-Russian nationalities.

But this is only partly true.

It is quite true that under the Tsars, with the exception of the Jews, almost all the other nationality groups suffered almost equally from the evils of despotism. It is also true that under the Soviet regime all suffer almost equally, both the Russians and the non-Russians.

But if the Russians under such regimes, as a *people*, or as *individuals*, have suffered alike with the others, as a *nationality* their suffering was and is incomparably less, and they have enjoyed, and still do enjoy privileges which are denied to the non-Russians.

A typical example is the case of the *Russian* language which was forced on the other nationalities. The Russian language has dominated and still dominates all the other state institutions. Under the Tsarist regime foreign nationality languages not only were discouraged but they positively were not tolerated by the Government; the language of all state institutions was Russian. The schools of non-Russian nationalities were subjected to persecution, even the teaching of the Ukrainian language was prohibited for a long time.

It is quite true that under the Soviet regime the languages of all the other non-Russian nationalities were formally recognized in schools, in the courts, and in other state institutions. But in all this time the Russian language never lost its dominant position, while after the last war it has steadily fortified that position, and through its vocabulary and terminology not only has it vitiated the purity of other languages but it is slowly supplanting them. Mos-

cow's recent tendency to destroy the other languages through various false and frivolous pretexts and to make the Russian language the common language is altogether too obvious.

The same is true also, although in a lesser measure, of Russian literature, the press, and the national culture, whose steadily growing influence is subordinating the literature and the culture of other nationality groups.

The Government of Moscow is flooding the press and the literature of other nationalities with translations of Russian newspapers and books. There is a systematic effort to force these nationalities to copy Russian manners, customs and prejudices, to force upon them various aspects of Russian culture, to inspire them with Russian epical heroes, to see the superiority of the Russian in everything, and to make them feel indebted to the Russian people for their existence and progress, and to seek their salvation exclusively in the fraternal bond and the paternal protection of the Russian people.

Another byproduct of this systematic policy of *russification* is the loss of individuality of the non-Russian nationalities of the Soviet Union abroad as a result of the authority and the glamor of the name of Russia or the Russian people which completely overshadows them in the eyes of the outside world. The effect of this glamor is so great that the people of abroad almost ignore or forget the fact that Russia does not consist of Russians alone, and that non-Russians are no less in numbers than the Russians if not a little more.

How then can it be contended that the Russians and the non-Russians of the Soviet Union are on an *equal* footing as nationalities, or that they have suffered alike?

* * *

The Russian liberals also do not wish to take into account a fundamental difference

between the Russians and the non-Russians in their attitude and psychology toward the Soviet dictatorship.

According to Russian leaders, the Russians and the non-Russians are equally responsible for the Soviet regime. But this is not all true.

It is true, of course, that in the establishment of the Soviet regime and in its preservation to this day, Russian and non-Russian *individuals* have played an equally active role; the riffraff of all nationalities have participated in the establishment and the preservation of that regime. It is true that in the present supreme body of Russia, the Politburo, there are non-Russian members who are as influential, and even more influential than the Russians themselves in the person of Stalin, Beria, Kaganovich and Mikoyan.

Nevertheless it may be confidently stated that the non-Russian Bolsheviks would never have succeeded in establishing the Soviet regime, and maintaining it in their own regions and their republics if it were not for the decisive intervention of the Russian Red Army and the Russian Cheka, beginning with Ukrainia to the Baltic countries, as far as Northern Caucas and the peoples of Trans-caucasia and Transcaspia. And this was accomplished precisely in the same manner as the European countries of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria and Albania were sovietized. There can be no doubt that that regime will be easily overthrown once the Russian army and the Cheka are removed from the scene.

With the same assurance it may be stated that, with the exception of Russia proper, in all the non-Russian nationality regions the Soviet regime in all probability will be overthrown in less than 24 hours once the Russian armies and the Russian Cheka are removed.

The historical evidence and the informa-

tion which we possess in regard to the present leave no doubt that, the way the non-Russian nationalities feel, the Soviet regime is a rule which was imposed on them by Moscow by force of arms, established by Russian bayonets and subversion, and preserved to this day by brutal force. And since the non-Russians have suffered and still suffer under the Soviet regime such as never before except in times of war, therefore they do not wish to tie their fate with that of the Russian people which although has also suffered from the Soviet tyranny, but is regarded by these peoples as chiefly responsible for that monstrous Soviet scourge.

If formerly, under the infinitely more mild Tsarist regime and immediately after its overthrow the non-Russians did not seriously consider separating from Russia but were inclined to be satisfied with mere local broad autonomy or to be associated with the Russian people with federal ties, today, after the infernal experiment of Bolshevism, these same people want to win their freedom and to insure their peaceful existence by separating from Russia and becoming completely independent. And this all the more so because these peoples have no assurance that even after their emancipation from the Bolsheviks the Russian people will be able to establish a truly liberal and democratic government like the Western democracies, and will not, under a new name or form, be converted into a new tool once again to oppress them.

As a matter of fact, there is no guarantee that the Russian people, once rid of Bolshevism, will not relapse into a new form of Fascistic-nationalistic dictatorship.

Why the Plebiscite is Inadmissible For the Solution of The Question of Independence

After the last war when the Soviet became openly hostile to her former Western Allies giving free rein to her imperialistic

policy, Russian anti-Communist political leaders in Europe and America made several attempts to create a united front against the Soviet dictatorship. They formed certain "leagues" or "unions" but these were very limited and did not include the non-Russians. Too, they did not even include all the non-Russian anti-Bolshevik factions.

To remedy this defect new attempts were made this year to expand the organization to include the missing members.

The first attempt was made in the town of Fuessen, Germany, some ten months ago, but it did not give the expected result. A second attempt was made later in Munich which was more successful. Four or five "leagues" united in a merger and agreed upon a Central Executive Body whose aim shall be to organize "A Council for the Liberation of the Russian Peoples." This body which consists almost exclusively of Russians has made certain concessions to attract the non-Russian nationality groups.

While admitting that after the overthrow of the Bolshevik regime a federated democratic republic offers the best form of government for the peoples of Russia—a union of free and equal peoples — the "Central Executive" has issued a resolution which permits the non-Russian nationalities to secede from Russia if they so desire and to become completely independent provided, however, that plebiscites under the supervision of the United Nations be held in the several regions and the result is favorable for said separation.

Unquestionably this is an important concession, at least on paper, on the part of Russian democrats because until lately, together with non-democratic Russians, they stubbornly championed the view of a "United and Indivisible Russia." Unfortunately, however, this concession stems not from conviction but from *contingency* because

in their negotiations of the past few years with the non-Russian political leaders the Russian democrats became convinced that without this much of a concession it would be impossible to form a united front against the Soviet.

It is painful to say that this concession will scarcely suffice to satisfy the non-Russians as clearly seen from the attitude of Ukrainian nationalists, an attitude which assuredly will be shared by the other non-Russian nationality groups.

The reasons for this are very plain.

First of all the right of a nation to become independent cannot be the subject to a popular vote. That is a *natural* and *inalienable* right, much the same as the right of the individual to be free, prosperous and happy.

Indeed, if the question of the independence of non-Russians should be a matter of a plebiscite, the question arises as to why, by the same logic, other questions too should not be submitted to a popular vote, such as the question of whether or not these peoples (including the Russians themselves) should vote on the freedom of speech, the press, and similar political freedoms. In a word, do they want a really democratic government or do they prefer an old form of the monarchy or a new form of Fascistic order?

The proposal of a plebiscite would be partly understandable if the Russian democrats would submit *all* political questions to a public referendum and would refrain from deciding *beforehand* the form of the government which shall prevail in Russia after the overthrow of the Bolsheviks. But we are democrats of the Western sense and we cannot conceive of putting the question of a nation's independence to a referendum, much the same as we would not think of submitting to a vote an individual's civil rights and the fundamental political question of democracy.

Secondly, the Soviet despotism, with its Iron Curtain, its perverted education, its false propaganda, and its unexampled system of terror has so distorted the psychology, the mentality and life of the peoples whom it has subjugated that it will take quite some time before they can recover their normal state of mind to be able sanely to solve such questions as freedom and independence in a manner which shall be commensurate with their own best interests. As seen from those who only recently have escaped from the Soviet Union, even the most rabid anti-Bolsheviks among them often unconsciously express ideas which bear the mark of Bolshevism, or unconsciously approach their problems like Bolshevists even when they arrive at anti-Bolshevik conclusions. The supervision of the United Nations or living for a few months under a non-Bolshevik government will not suffice to insure for these peoples, newly-emancipated from the Soviet yoke, the defense of their inalienable rights even if such a decision would be carried out through a plebiscite.

Third, through its mass deportations and mass exterminations, the Soviet dictatorship has made far-reaching changes in the population of non-Russian regions. For example, in the three Baltic countries an important part of the population was deported to Siberia and the vacated areas were repopulated by other racial groups from European and Asiatic Russia. A new deportation in the opposite direction will be far from satisfactory. A crying injustice of this sort will never be rectified adequately.

Under these circumstances is it possible or permissible to expect that the result of a plebiscite will be just for the Baltic peoples? Moreover there are whole regions like Crimea and the mountaineers of Northern Caucasus which have been completely erased of their natives and their places

have been taken by Russians. What is the worth of a plebiscite in such regions? Then there is Ukrainia and Belo-Russia both of which were subjected to large scale mass deportations and mass exterminations during the last war, and similar deportations took place in Ukrainia and Northern Caucasus years before the last war when Stalin was carrying out his policy of communization or kolkhozisation of agriculture. Lastly, there have been great dislocations in the populations of Armenia, Georgia, Azerbaijan and the Transcaucasian countries, always to the detriment of the indigenous populations of the regions. All of which go to prove the futility and the farce of a plebiscite even if it is carried out under the supervision of the United Nations.

Fourth, it is natural to expect that after the overthrow of the Bolshevists in Russia there will ensue such a period of turmoil and confusion that it will be very difficult to take plebiscites within such a short time. In all probability there will come into existence a situation very similar to 1918 in all border provinces of Russia. In all probability there will develop spontaneous secessionist movements in all the non-Russian republics whose peoples will separate themselves from Russia and will proclaim their independence without waiting for any plebiscite. Where will be the power which will stop them at a time like that?

In other words, there should be no plebiscite on the question of the independence of Armenia, Georgia or Ukrainia, but there could or should be plebiscites to settle the territorial disputes, between Armenia and Georgia on the region of Akhalkalak or between Armenia and Azerbaijan on the question of Karabagh. The same should be applied also to settle the territorial dispute between Ukrainia and Russia or between any other states.

The right of non-Russians to secede from Russia is often disputed by foreigners also. George Kennan, former adviser of the State Department who is regarded as the foremost authority on Russia is unreservedly opposed to the independence of Ukraina on economic considerations. In his opinion Ukraina is essential to Russia economically as Pennsylvania is to the United States.

National problems, however, are not solved nor can be solved by economic calculations. If that were the case few nations today would be independent or would aspire to independence. There can be no question that the preservation of big nations is far more advantageous economically and militarily. But we have seen with our own eyes the partition of the Austrian and Ottoman Empires as well as the colonial empire of Great Britain, although the latter still maintains a nominal bond with her former colonies with the exception of Burma and Ireland.

In national liberation movements economic considerations play a secondary role. Nations, first of all, are distinct collective spiritual entities, it is to preserve that collective individuality that they aspire to become independent even if such independence is disadvantageous for them economically or militarily. They prefer to live in their own *hut* rather than to live in the *palace* of others. The tendency of a nation to absolute independence, therefore, cannot be stopped by economic or military considerations.

There are other political objections against the secession of non-Russians from Russia. Chief among these is the argument that the dismemberment of Russia will be a reactionary step, namely, a sort of *Balkanization* which is not considered as desirable.

What we cannot understand is, why the dismemberment of other empires have

never been considered as a reactionary step in the history of nations but, on the contrary, it has been considered as a progressive step because only in this manner can oppressed nations recover their lost freedom and independence.

It is true that, from the economic or military viewpoints, the existence of small nations is not advantageous. Yet today the plight of big nations from many viewpoints is not much better than that of the small nations. Today not only such small nations as Holland, Belgium, Norway, Denmark, Greece or Portugal need outside aid to maintain their existence, but such great nations as France, Britain, Germany and Japan. Moreover, even such giants as the United States and Soviet Russia are in need of outside aid in order to be able to insure their existence.

To surmount the economic and military difficulties the big nations, like the small nations, are obliged today to resort to mutual aid, mutual cooperation, friendship pacts and even collective regional agreements.

Regional pacts, mutual alliances, and federative ties, for great or small nations is a common necessity for *all* and is not restricted to the non-Russians of Russia. When the latter acquire their independence they too undoubtedly will resort to the same means to insure their existence, whether among themselves or with outside nations.

Furthermore, when the non-Russian nationalities of Russia are independent it will mean that the Soviet monster has been destroyed, and that, not only themselves but all the other nations of the world will breathe easily and will be free to unite in a World Federation whether that comes about through the revamping of the present United Nations or the creation of an entirely new world organization.

III

Why Should the Russian Empire be Dismembered?

It is interesting to note that even the Bolsheviks have admitted in their Constitution the supreme right of nations to secede from Russia and their right to absolute independence. This admission is made without any reservations, although they are ever ready to shoot any one as a traitor who is simple-minded enough to take the assurance seriously.

It is likewise interesting to note that even the most liberal-minded Russian democrats, whenever there is any talk about the secession of non-Russians, retaliate with their pat argument of the worse alternative. "If the non-Russians try to dismember Russia," they argue, "they will drive the entire Russian nation into the lap of Stalin and force them fanatically to defend the Soviet regime to prevent such a catastrophe."

Through this sort of reasoning, however, the Russian democrats flout the Russian people's love of liberty because their contention amounts to saying that the Russian people prefers slavery under Stalin to their absolute freedom when confronted with the emancipation of non-Russian peoples at the cost of Russia's dismemberment.

It is one or the other. Either those who think like the noted Russian journalist Y. Kuskova are right, who constantly insist that the masses of the Russian people are behind the Soviet Government and therefore their responsibility cannot be separated, or those Russian and foreign democrats are right who make a distinction between the Russian people and the Soviet Government, hold the latter responsible for its deeds and regard the Russian people as its first victims.

We believe that the latter view is the correct one and that really the Russian

people is the first victim of the Soviet tyranny which aspires to freedom no less than the non-Russians. Consequently, we can never seriously share the view of expatriated anti-Communist Russian leaders who claim that once the non-Russians try to secede from Russia the Russian people will resign from its aspiration to be free, will prefer the Soviet regime, and will support it for the sake of the preservation of Russia's territorial integrity.

It is quite true that in the creation of the vast Russian Empire, beginning from the Tsars down to the present Soviet despots, the chief inspiration which has guided the Russian people was the idea of expansion of the Russian state. It is true that, since the last war, Stalin has studiously and with an unprecedented momentum supported and nurtured this feeling in the Russian people. However, the Russian people, as a *people* and not as a *nationality*, having suffered as much from the monstrous Soviet regime as the non-Russians, cannot refrain from striving to be free any less than the latter and therefore cannot relinquish its aspiration for freedom for the sake of its expansionist instincts especially because as a *people* or as *individuals*, it gained nothing by the cherishing of such sentiments and ideals except to become one of the most unhappy peoples in the world.

But if the fear of expatriated Russian leaders is valid that the Russian people will prefer the preservation of Russia's territorial integrity to its freedom, what guarantee is there that after the overthrow of Bolshevism it will not find itself in the role of supporting a different form of despotic nationalistic government which will not be bent not only on preserving the present empire but even on its further expansion?

In other words, in such a case, what assurance can the Russian democrats offer

driven by its worship of a large state, will not erect a Fascist-nationalistic state on the ruins of Bolshevism and will not strangle all the dissident nationalities which oppose such tendencies?

Russian democrats and their foreign advocates must understand the fears of the non-Russians from the Russian people — fears which are not imaginary but which stem from their bitter experience of the past and the present. They must understand that the non-Russian nationalities of Russia have no assurance that, after the overthrow of the Bolsheviks, should they tie again their fate with the Russian people, they will not become the victim of a new type of despotic rule.

That these fears constitute a powerful factor in the present secessionist tendencies of non-Russian nationalities is seen by the striking fact that, in the days of the Tsars, and even immediately after the fall of the last Tsar, non-Russians of Russia, with the exception of the Polish, had no desire to separate from Russia but were perfectly willing to be satisfied with a broad autonomy, with democratic order, and to be associated with Russia with Federative ties. It was only after the triumph of Bolshevism in Moscow and Petrograd that they began to follow the road to secession. And today, more than 30 years after the creation of the Bolshevik hell, they are so afraid of taking a chance with the Russian people that they demand their absolute independence.

Right or wrong, in their consciousness Bolshevism is inextricably linked with the Russian state. Right or wrong, they believe that, once they are rid of the Russian state they will be rid once and forever not only of the Bolshevik evil, but of a new type of great state despotism against which they have no security nor the Russian democrats can offer them this guarantee.

When during the last war Churchill declared that he could not preside over the liquidation of the British Empire many were disturbed. Even his great friend President Roosevelt was displeased with this avowal of colony worship. Churchill is a liberal, democratic and progressive leader but his patriotism has attained the extreme of colonialism. The same unfortunately must be said also of the patriotism of the Russian liberal-democratic leaders and even the socialists which is not much different than Churchill's colonialism although it is well cloaked in a much nobler disguise.

Indeed this idea of a *one and indivisible Russia* has become their sacred creed, a sort of *fetish* to be exact, which no one may touch. And they want to make this fetish the sacred slogan of the non-Russian nationalities of Russia as the basis of the common political fight against the Bolsheviks.

It is true that the recent meeting of anti-Communist leaders in Munich made a conditional surrender of the idea of the indivisibility of Russia when it accepted the right of non-Russians to secession provided such action is endorsed by plebiscites. Unfortunately, however, the concession is couched in such a form and circumstances which render its practical value rather doubtful. Otherwise they would not have made the right of the nations to independence the subject of a referendum.

No one of course wants to deprive the Russian democrats of their right to be fanatical nationalists or patriots. But unfortunately such patriotism and nationalism overstep their bounds and often, unconsciously, they become a sort of colonialism which refuses to recognize without reservation the same right in the other nationalities of Russia, and this for no reason at all except that they have had the misfortune of being subjugated by the Russians and, willingly or unwillingly, being

forced to tie their fate with that of the Russian people.

Many Russian democrats are disturbed when others repeat the words of the noted Russian revolutionary A. Hertzzen uttered one hundred years ago that Russia is a prison of nations — an utterance which even better fits the harsh reality of today. They are disturbed and they even try to prove that Russia has never been a prison of nations, neither in the days of the Tsars nor under the Reds. As proof they adduce the fact that (with the exception of the Jews in the days of the Tsars) the non-Russians have enjoyed equal rights with the Russians and often have, and still do occupy important positions under both the Tsars and the Bolsheviks.

But those who say this forget that, although the non-Russian nationalities of Russia, as a people and as individuals, have enjoyed equal civil rights with the Russians (although not always and not all of them), yet, as a nation, they have never been the equal of the Russians *politically* and *culturally*. Not only they have not been politically free, but they have also been restricted in the development of their national culture, their language and literature. The Russian *state* has more or less satisfied the Russians only, in their national and patriotic sentiments, their demands and aspirations, but it has never done the same to the non-Russians. On the contrary, it has always striven to restrict or to strifle these sentiments in them.

From the national viewpoint the important thing is not that a Count Loris Melikov of Armenian descent became the Premier-dictator of Russia, or an Armenian Delianov became minister of education, or that the Armenians as individuals were just as prosperous as the Russians in the days of the Tsars. The important thing is that Armenian schools were persecuted and were even closed by the Tsar's govern-

ment, the Armenian young generation was obliged to seek its education in Russian state schools where the Armenian language was never heard. The Russian government did not spend a single kopek of the taxes exacted from the Armenians on the Armenian education of their young generation but even went so far as to seize the Armenian church estates to prevent the Armenians from carrying out such a program on at least a modest scale.

In other words, the Russian Government used the means at its disposal to *russify* the Armenians as well as the other non-Russian nationalities.

The present Russian Government which is called Soviet is doing, or trying to do, the same thing in a different, far more clever, and disguised manner, and there can be no doubt that the method of russification employed by the Red Russians will attain its end far more easily than the method of the Tsars. And if by some miracle the Soviet Government should last 50 years longer, assuredly all the non-Russian nationalities in Russia will have disappeared, due not only to the spiritual dissimilation, but to the means of political extermination, namely, mass deportations, the terror and the exile.

As seen, Russia is even more than a prison of nations. For non-Russian nationalities it has become a slaughter house, morally and physically.

It is true that Russia is also a prison for the Russian *people*, and has become a slaughter house under Stalin. But there is a big difference here which unfortunately has escaped even the most liberal Russians. That is, while both under the Tsars and the Soviet regime Russians and non-Russians as peoples and as individuals have suffered alike, yet the Russian nation, as such, has never suffered as much as the non-Russian nationalities.

Indeed, while the Russian nation has

had a more or less steady cultural growth supported by the government, the non-Russian nationalities on the contrary, unsupported by the government, have lost ground in their cultural development as a result of being under the constant dread of deadly spiritual and physical perils.

Actually the masters of the state, the Russians have been greatly benefited from the spiritual and physical resources of non-Russians in the enrichment of the Russian national culture. The non-Russians, on the other hand, *as nationalities*, have only lost. There is no doubt that if these peoples had been independent or even autonomous, as for example the Finns were in the days of the Tsars, *as nations* they would have been far more advanced than they now are from every viewpoint.

Just why, by what sort of logic, the vast Russian state-empire necessarily should be preserved is difficult to understand when it presents a perpetual menace to the liberation of nations, to democracy and civilization, and the progress and peace of the world. Not only for the whole mankind and the non-Russian nations of Russia, but for the very Russian people themselves it is advantageous that Russia be dismembered and her component nationalities become independent states. When Russia too, like many other nations, is confined to

her natural boundaries only then will it be possible to put a stop to her expansionist tendencies in all directions at the expense of her neighbors, and only then will she be in a position to become a truly liberal and democratic state which will respect the rights of her neighbors.

It would seem that the Russian liberals would be the first to work in this direction. The fact is, as we have seen, all the political factions of the Russian people, not only the monarchists, the Fascists and the Bolsheviks, but even the most broad-minded liberals and democrats unfortunately are imbued with this ideal of a *great Russian state* and therefore they are incapable of being sufficiently generous-minded, astute, farsighted and conciliatory toward the non-Russians of Russia.

The time has come when in the name of the freedom of all nations and their peaceful cooperation the Russian liberals and the democrats should abandon once and forever their dangerous attachments to the idea of a great state and without any reservation or any demand for plebiscite admit the other nationalities' right to complete independence in order finally to facilitate the creation of a common united front against the monstrous Soviet evil which has now become a deadly menace to mankind.



What is a Writer?

By P. K. THOMAJAN

*He is a man of words
syllables and letters
he re-arranges the dictionary
into combinations that
capture passing moods
he listens to the wind and
to silences garnering the
overtones of utterances
sifted of their drossities
to the form and feel of words
he gives stylized fitness
he is sensitized to phrases
and their subtle associations
often wielding idioms into
potent double meanings
he finds in off-hand expressions
verbal missiles that hit dead-center*

he is a human seismograph

rhythmically recording

surrounding vibrations

he responds to spontaneous impulses

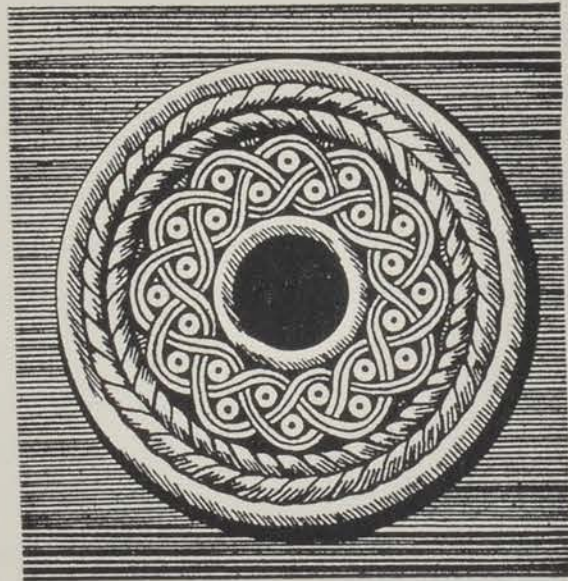
seeking to snare reflexes on rebounds

he is all things to all people

and often nothing to himself

he is happiest walking barefoot

with bare thoughts.



THE ROMANCE OF BROTHER MARCOS

By YEROUKHAN

(Translated by James G. Mandalian)

Marcos Aghbar, that is Brother Marcos, was a poor man past his sixties who, if we are to believe him, was a very prosperous man once upon a time but the blighting finger of misfortune had brought him to this sorry pass. No one knew where he came from when one day, suddenly he dropped from a clear sky and started to beg right and left for an opportunity to do light chores in their homes so that he would not die of starvation. He was a little off in the upper story which made him extremely gullible. And he had made his debut in the homes carrying water, mopping the floors, sweeping the rooms, and carrying loads. The women and the girls of the precinct took a liking to him and kidded him with their jokes and pranks and even made fun of him. However, Marcos Aghbar, rather than resenting their well-meant pleasantries, inwardly was thrilled by these intimacies of the beautiful sex and frequently he himself provoked the thing by hurling his jibes at them, accompanied with a shrewd side glance at some girl or woman all of which ended in general laughter in which he himself joined with an impish chuckle. In the mornings, the minute his gawky figure was seen stalking the streets, the children, and the girls and the women of the precinct would rush to their windows and would shout "Good morning, Marcos Aghbar," which salutation he

would acknowledge with noddings of the head, and with comical and grotesque gesticulations. A moment later he would reappear, carrying in each hand a water pail on his way to the fountain. Mischievous boys would kick the buckets spilling the water, thus forcing the poor man to return to the fountain to refill them, always grumbling under his breath. In the evenings, after the toilsome labor of the day, he would sit down on the threshold of some door to rest his tired bones when he would instantly be surrounded by the little girls of the street who warbled around him, chuckled, kidded him, pulled his *Fess*, hit him on the nose, pulled at his mustache, and teased the poor man with their mischievous coquetry.

"Will you take me for your wife, Marcos Aghbar?"

"No, he is going to marry me."

"No, I want him for myself."

"He likes me best of all."

And the poor moron, quite confused, had only one answer to their jealous demands.

"All of you, I will marry all of you."

At that time the expression on his face was something to see. A wishful passionate fire shone in his rolling eyes, the lines on his face were softened, his lips — those loathsome slimy lips would open, exuding a sort of voluptuous air, and they would infuriate him so much that, his patience all

exhausted, in the sudden inflammation of an extinguished passion, he would reach out, would grab the first one he met, and would implant on her rosy cheek an insipid kiss with those loathsome lips, and then would let her go.

Marcos Aghbar loved best of all Koharig Hanum's home — a well-to-do family of five — a mother, two daughters, a son, and an old grandmother.

The eldest daughter Miss Sourpig was seventeen, with lovely black eyes, a milk white skin, and thick eyebrows; the other was scarcely ten. The son was twenty-two years old and had succeeded his deceased father in his business firm. It was a gay and happy family which had adopted Marcos Aghbar as the chief object of their enjoyment.

Miss Sourpig, a girl who was precociously endowed with woman's intuition and wiles, exerted a tremendous influence upon Marcos Aghbar, fixing him with bold and provoking glances, exposing to his gaze her luscious round arms, beckoning him from the distance as if she was his sweetheart, winking at him over the shoulders of others, and finally employing all her feminine weapons to shackle that poor moron, to storm his heart, and to expose him to the flames of a futile and illusory romance. In the afternoons, after their housework was over, the neighboring women would gather at the home of Koharig Hanum and would send for Marcos Aghbar who would race like a galloping horse to join their company. At those times Sourpig always took her seat next to Marcos Aghbar, dripping with her perfume which intoxicated the poor moron. One can only imagine what all may transpire in a gathering of six or seven evil-minded women where one lone man, an idiot, a moron, and poor, is made the plaything of their impish enjoyment. Marcos Aghbar, now wholly confounded and bewildered, would look at each of

them in their order, muttering inchoate, inarticulate sputterings in reply to the blush-provoking shafts which showered upon him from every side. They all had unanimously decreed to give Sourpig to him in marriage, a proposition to which Marcos Aghbar agreed with innocent and pitiful gestures of the head and the eye, meanwhile fixing the beautiful girl with a suspicious but ardent look.

Miss Sourpig often would corner him when he was alone, and pressing his face with her hot intoxicating breath, would ask teasingly:

"Will you marry me?"

And Marcos Aghbar would almost swoon. "Akh, my little dove," he would sigh, "of course I will marry you, of course."

He would transfix the young girl's lovely eyes with such an ardent and passionate look and would sweep the provoking ripples and the curves of her body that she felt an involuntary shudder, not so much from fear as from a deep sense of abhorrence. A broad flabby smile would break a huge blood-red mouth, creasing his face in half, revealing two long rows of broken, delapidated teeth invariably plastered with a coat of foamy slime, and twin spare and grayish mustaches, mottled and faded from the dirt, which started from the nostrils and ended in the mouth. In this loathsome and comical pose, he would chase the girls away, saying:

"The Devil take you."

Poor Marcos Aghbar took seriously this intriguing girl's coquetry and a sort of pride swelled his chest palpitating his heart, his cheeks would color, his eyes would shoot out flames of fire, his shoulders would stick out, and like the bellows which swells and then shrinks, so our moron would heave a deep sigh, putting into it the whole expression of his ardour and passion. This would be followed by cruel, biting giggles which would drench him like cold, icy waters.

The matter of the fact, however, was that the moron was convinced they would give Miss Sourpig to him in marriage—a moron's conviction which nothing in the world can take away from him.

"Oh yes, yes I know," he would murmur, "they will marry me to Sourpig, and why not? wherein am I lacking? where will they find a better man? . . . Ah, but what a plump thing, what a lovely girl!"

And day by day this sweet and golden hope took deep root in the consciousness of Marcos Aghbar, filling his entire being, and bracing his sinews, reinforced by those thousand and one illusory and deceitful flatteries which this cunning girl lavished on the poor man, — flatteries which were punctuated by the following sarcastic remark of the mother:

"Don't give a hang, man. Why should you worry? I am going to marry you to my Sourpig. Enconce yourself in my home, eat, drink, and take life easy. Where can you find a more comfortable home than mine?"

Each of these words, coming from his future mother-in-law, sent an electric tremor down the spine of the moron. Utterly astounded, his mouth agape, he drank in each word as if it were a message on which depended his entire fate. Yes, he listened, and as he listened, he cast a penetrating look at the woman who was badly fooling him for the sake of a vile and unholy pleasure.

Thereafter Marcos Aghbar concentrated his thoughts only on this thing, summoning his intellectual powers which he consumed in the boundless and manifold emotions aroused by such an expectation. He thought about it day and night, giving flight to his imagination which did not transcend the bounds of a sensation which comes from the satiation of a foolish pleasure, a filthy, sordid and suddenly awakened pas-

sion whose miscarriage was bound to be something terrible.

One day Marcos Aghbar approached his future mother-in-law taking advantage of their privacy. With a timorous and hesitant air he mumbled a few unintelligible words like a simpleton. Suppressing her smile, the woman came closer:

"Tell it, Marcos Aghbar," she encouraged him, "tell it shoutingly, why are you ashamed?"

"No, I am not ashamed, . . . but only this . . . I was going to say . . . well . . . when will the matter be settled? . . ."

"What matter?" the woman asked, coming closer, as she scarcely suppressed a chuckle.

"*Off*, can't you understand? . . . that is, the thing, . . . the engagement. . . ."

"What engagement? . . ."

"Well, . . . the engagement I say . . . we ought to have it over with as soon as possible. . . ."

Saying it Marcos Aghbar took his hand to his hip pocket and pulled out a big parcel. It was a large handkerchief which he had wound up into a ball with a thousand knots. He started to unloose the knots, his chin firmly pressed against his chest, his hands trembling, while the woman, enthralled with curiosity, kept looking on, a boundless smile playing on her tense face which was tinged with an ever so imperceptible expression of pity. . . . Finally, all the knots having been unloosed, the end of the handkerchief reached the floor, while the other end which held the last and the strongest knot which he was obliged to unloose with his teeth, revealed a round, red shining ring. With infinite care and tenderness he held the ring between his fingers, as if reluctant to soil or tarnish its luster, and reverently extended it to the woman who took it with a mechanical gesture and started to look at it with profound astonishment.

"What is this, Marcos Aghbar?" she asked.

"What else should it be? It is the engagement ring," the moron said, turning his head away and blinking his eyes.

"Very well, come over tonight and we will talk about it," the woman said sending him away. Then she rolled over on the sofa, bursting with laughter.

As a matter of fact, that very night a few of the neighbors gathered at the home of Koharig Hanum for the ceremony of engagement. Marcos Aghbar had assumed a seriousness befitting the occasion which lent force to the comedy-farce — that unconscionable, cruel comedy. A boundless, infinite delight had filled all the guests who did their utmost to make the ceremony realistic, suppressing the irresistible outburst of their laughter. Ah, Marcos Aghbar was a sight. His face was a little pale from the inner perturbing emotions, he was dressed a little better than usual, he was clean shaved, so much so there were many bloody lines on his bare, wrinkled skin, the long ends of his mustaches had been trimmed, and his long gray hair had been plastered on his temples and the nape of his neck underneath his faded filthy Fess. His heart was dancing with delight, before his mind were unfolded colorful and shining horizons whose sparkle blinded his sight, preventing him from seeing what was going on about him.

"To your health, Marcos Aghbar."

"May your dreams come true, Marcos Aghbar."

"*Inshallah* — By the will of God" — the moron murmured, reverently taking his hand to his heart.

Marcos Aghbar's engagement ring passed from hand to hand, evoking exclamations of admiration. They praised the bridegroom's good taste in selecting this precious, twenty *Para* ring for his beautiful and gracious fiancée.

After the party every one hastened to his home, eager to get out of there in order to give vent to his pent-up laughter.

The fact of the matter is, Miss Sourpig was really engaged to another. A twenty five year old eligible handsome youth, attracted by the young girl's beauty, had asked for her hand and he had been willingly accepted and in a short time both the informal and formal engagement red tape had been over with.

Who would have thought of Marcos Aghbar?

While these operations had been going on, Marcos Aghbar was in his seventh heaven, lullabying himself in his passionate dreams, satiating himself, intoxicating himself, without the slightest inkling of what was going on about him, without suspecting anything.

"*Okh*," he sighed every evening as he entered his room, "the engagement is over, this is great, they are crazy about me, on the other hand, where could they have found a man like me? She is a lucky girl all the same . . . and now there remains the biggest thing of all . . . the wedding . . . Hmmm, the wedding itself . . . strange that I had never thought of it . . . if I ever take Sourpig to myself . . . O, O God . . . Sourpig . . ."

And he kept dreaming of Sourpig.

However, his former mode of life was completely changed now. There was a sort of arrogance about him, he longer wanted to be the object of the public contumely, he spoke very little, he performed his daily chores in silence, and only after he was through he went to the home of his fiancée to relax and to see the face of Sourpig.

These women really are unconscionable. Sometimes, on Sundays, when Marcos Aghbar called on his fiancée, he saw a stranger there, a handsome youth whom he scrutinized with a displeased look, driven by an

inexplicable premonition. He had asked about him several times and they had told him that he was a distant relative. But was he really convinced?

"Why does this wolf come to this home?" he would ask himself in his bed, "I don't like his looks . . . a pox on him, Hmmm."

Doubt sprung in his heart to which he paid no attention, having firmly attached himself to his hope, his faith.

"When are we going to have our wedding?" Marcos Aghbar asked Koharig Hanum one day.

"We will have it on the first day the wedding season opens," the woman answered.

And, as a matter of fact, the home was busy with the preparations for the wedding. The young girl was feverishly at work on her dowry, two seamstresses were working on the bride's wedding gown and four other dresses. The linen and the silk of the rooms was being changed, as well as the draperies and the rugs. The house was alive with a feverish activity. Sometimes, in the daytime, Marcos Aghbar would drop in, and watching these wonderful preparations with astonished admiration, he would murmur to himself:

"All these are for me."

He would go near his fiancée whose former ardor for joking was gone and who no longer wished to look at Marcos Aghbar. He would feel the piece of cloth she was sewing as if to ascertain the quality, and one day his examination lasted so long that the girl, now clearly out of patience, shouted at him:

"Leave me alone, man, go get lost."

The moron trembled, he thought his head was spinning, his eyes darkened, and receding a few steps he stared at the girl, then stammered:

"You are saying it to me, Sourpig? To me?"

There was a ferocious note of anger in his voice which alarmed the young girl,

something like fear seized her heart and by way of allaying his anger she said:

"Forgive me, Marcos Aghbar, I was wrong, my mind was somewhere else."

As the poor man was slinking away, her heart somewhat at ease now, the girl cast a long contemptuous look at him and spat out:

"You fool!"

Finally all the preparations for the wedding were completed. The wedding season at last had arrived. And Marcos Aghbar no longer trod on solid earth. He was floating on the soft fiery clouds, wafted by an infinite and inexplicable delight which saturated his heart, a delectable feeling which tingled his senses, and a provocative foolish vibration on the strings of his mind.

"Come over Sunday night," they had said to him.

"For the wedding?" he asked with boundless ebullition.

"What else? What else?"

There was a huge jostling, surging crowd of curiosity seekers in front of the house on the wedding day. The evening dusk was about to settle. A powerful southerly wind whipping from morning till evening had swept the skies clean of the clouds and the azure blue was being lit by countless blinking stars which competed with the pitch darkness which like an infinite inky torrent was flooding the earth with its ugly black. Like a fiery pillar the home of Koharig Hanum stood out in the blackness of the night. Inside the house there was an indescribable animation, competed by the outside where, on either side of the house stood rows of women, girls and children, awaiting the signal to begin the ceremonies. There was a whisper, insistent and ever growing, which instantly spread from one end of the crowd to the other. Suddenly someone cried out:

"Marcos Aghbar!"

And several scores of lips echoed the ex-

clamation — "Marcos Aghbar!"

And of a truth Marcos Aghbar was coming to the wedding, preceded by a shabby urchin holding a lantern in his hand. Marcos Aghbar, dressed in a faded black suit, followed the lad.

"The groom, the groom," a few of the mischievous-minded shouted.

With firm steps, shoulders erect, and without paying any attention to the distracting shouts, Marcos Aghbar walked to the house and knocked on the door.

The door instantly was opened and Marcos Aghbar entered in. The poor moron was disappointed, however, at the cold reception he got. "It is Marcos Aghbar," they said indifferently, and each returned to his work or pleasure. He surveyed his surroundings hesitantly and proceeded, not knowing how to explain this strange indifference towards their bridegroom. All the same, floundering from astonishment to astonishment, like one who had lost his mind, he ascended the steps and found himself in a hall across which were two rooms filled with wedding guests.

"Strange thing," he murmured, leaning against the door of the room where the bride, buried in the foams of a white crepe wedding gown, was seated in a corner of the sofa, her face covered by a silver-lined veil.

The moron stood there, dazed and senseless, without realizing what was going on around him. He looked pitifully at the bride and had an irresistible urge to cry. They passed him by without even looking at him as if no one was there. For a moment, his patience exhausted, his heart filled with anger, the blood fiercely coursed through his numbed veins and he wanted to do something decisive, but the minute he made a move someone passed before him — a handsomely dressed youth whom he had seen there a number of times — who swept him with a contemptuous look,

and that look made him tremble, he again grew weak and cold. Another time when Koharig Hanum was passing by, Marcos Aghbar suddenly grabbed her by the hand.

"Are you crazy, man? Is this the time? Leave me alone, behave yourself," the woman rebuked him.

Marcos Aghbar let out a feeble sigh and dropped the hand of his future mother-in-law. He had only one word on his lips:

"Strange thing."

His natural idiocy had now become a superidiocy. Why did they not honor him? Why did they not treat him like a bridegroom? Why all these things were not done? Why?

Hours passed thus and it was already midnight. They were getting ready for the wedding ceremony. There was a great flurry, they went upstairs, they came down, they talked, they whispered.

The priests had risen to their feet, the bride had come down from the sofa, everyone stood at attention, there was a sudden silence. The priests already had started their chanting, the bride was confronted by the same youth, dressed in black, his eyes lowered, and beside them stood another youth, holding in his hand a huge, ornamented candle.

Popeyed, swallowing his spittal from his agitation, Marcos Aghbar muttered to himself:

"I wonder if this is the wedding."

The prayer was interrupted, everyone was filled with astonishment. Marcos Aghbar had seized the bridegroom by the throat and was choking him, moaning, sobbing the while. But this condition did not last long. From all sides they ganged up on Marcos Aghbar and threw him out of the room. The moron kept bellowing, wallowing, seized by an uncontrollable fury.

"I am the bridegroom," he kept shouting.

But no one listened to him, they threw

him down the stairway, they dragged his body, and after showering him with many blows, they flung him out into the street.

The moron fell on the pavement, prostrate and motionless. A few silhouettes still were visible in the dark, a gentle breeze was sweeping the air, stars kept blinking gently.

Marcos Aghbar was on his feet now.

He no longer bellowed now. He was cry-

ing, bitterly crying, his eyes covered in his hands, sobbing pitiously and walking in the dark with his head bent low, imparting his sorrow and lamentation to the space through which he passed and which was carried away by the waves of the gentle breeze. And he kept walking, faltering, with the regularity of the rise and fall of his shoulders, sobbing like a little child, and at times muttering:

"They fooled me."

Somewhere Between

*Between the raising of the web-like fingers
and the touch of ivory no elephant can
boast,*

*Between the connection of keys never made
and the invasion of time waves*

*No instrument, not even the heart, has
recorded,*

*Somewhere, oh somehow, between the two
(the keys that do not exist, the sounds
that were never created)*

Is the note, the music I never hear.

*Out of the chaos of disordered chords the
ear of my fingers quickens in the know-
ledge of the one pure note it weakly
perceives,*

*Distilled out of shadows
cast by a net of dim overtones*

*Diffusing before the most brief conden-
sation to a grave of mist in a soft in-
terference of inaudible air*

Fading echoes of the music I never hear.

—ANAHD THOMASIAN

THE ARMENIAN LANGUAGE AS A SOURCE OF HISTORY

By BISHOP H. S. KOGY

I

Aside from ideas, detecting history and cultural stages in the words of a language is no new discovery. Language, as a source of history, was known to Greek philosophers, and many ancient authors have tried to profit from the advantages it offers.

The idea itself was correct, but ancient philology could only lead to incorrect conclusions.

Legends of historical events, even of whole dynasties, transmitted to us either by foreign or Armenian authors, both Herodotus and Khorenatzi, owe their existence to the popular analysis of ancient philology and words. The words *Hark*, *Tzronk*, *Akori*, *Nakhitchewan*, and *Marand*, when interpreted according to the ancient idiomatics, bring to light charming episodes of immemorial centuries.

It was by this same principle and the same philology that the Armenian was proclaimed the first language and was eulogized to the skies. The Armenians had no more nor less right to do this than those who linked the history of mankind with the Flemish, the Basque, and especially the Hebrew. (Pinard de la Boulaye, *L'Etude Comparee Des Religions*, I, 5, Paris, 1929, pp. 162-74).

It was Leibnitz, the erudite, who ridiculed the priority given the Hebrew, but he also proved the value of languages as a source of historical bonds concerning which no source exists. (*Opera Omnia*, et

Dutens, Geneve, 1768, Vol. VI Part II, p. 232).

It took one hundred years before Leibnitz' thesis was accepted with the appearance of Bopp's comparative philology and the erection of the magnificent structure of Indo-European languages. Later they discovered countless legends and languages started the exploration of unwritten but no less authentic history.

Starting from this thesis I shall regard the Armenian language as a definite source of Armenian history. Even if we had lacked the Armenian or foreign chroniclers whose value it is not my intention to deny, or even if we were unable to decipher the Assyrian, Hittite and Urartuan inscriptions which have opened an entirely new world before us, I assert that the Armenian language would have been enough to tell many things about that people or peoples who have created and used it, in regard to historical stages through which they passed, and in regard to cultural heights to which they have attained. We do not of course find in language everything which the ancient chroniclers have transmitted to us, but we find many things which they have not transmitted or have transmitted erroneously.

In this linguistic source of Armenian history we do not find those facts and figures and names which constitute the glory of historical writers. But there is something infinitely more valuable which especially

the ancient authors have ignored, namely, the people. The language mirrors the people's life — their origin, their development, their growth and diminution, their refinement and their debasement. In language, like in a motion picture, come to light all shining and stately aspects of the nation, its intellectual capacity and sensitivity, its vigor and lack of courage, its pathological and ethical symptoms. Language is the faithful echo of a people's history inasmuch as language is the Nation. In language are engraved the deeply-etched essence of the nation, its living moments, the strides of its intellect, the palpitations of its heart, its cultural gropings and its achievements. The philologist's telescope and his magnifying glass bring to light one of the most ancient nations of the world, its moral and religious conceptions, its economic and political conditions, its failures and its achievements. Under the philologist's microscope one can see the living and active Armenian peasant and the nobleman, the soldier and the artisan — the Armenian man.

Let us suppose that we had no books which might tell the story of the past 700 years — massacres, oppression, persecutions, deportations, and the uprooting of the homes, and the exile of the Armenian people. The new language, deprived of purity, mixed with alien elements, accents and words — would cry out in ringing tones: "The land of Armenia is in ruins, the Armenian people is scattered to the four winds, there has been a terrific dislocation, a volcano has erupted, spreading death and ruin."

Indeed, a vigilant and observing explorer who travels from land to land — Russia, Iran, the Balkans, America — everywhere he will come across newcomers whose language points up to their native land — Ani, Van, Kharpert, Moosh, Karin. And if the Armenians of these strange lands

were to speak to a learned linguist, the latter, without hearing their heart-rending stories, by only analyzing their enunciation and accent, the words they use, would at once grasp that these are plants which have been uprooted from the native soil, and have changed more or less by the influence of alien races.

What is the meaning of the presence of Tartar or Turkish words in the Armenian language, or the use of a foreign word after each two or three Armenian words, whether it is Polish or Russian, English or Georgian, unless it indicates the presence of a strange and unnatural situation, a tragedy which has rocked the foundations of the nation? It is only of secondary importance to know the dates of the catastrophes — whether it is the mass slaughter of 1915 or the fall of Ani in 1063, the massacre of Lengtimur in 1401 or the Persian deportations in 1605. The essential thing are the catastrophes whose bloody traces have been preserved in foreign names and words, their accent and their form. They are linguistic monuments of barbarous atrocities on the Armenian race. The names Ivan, Mischa, Sascha, James, Jack, John, Lukachevich, Shayinov, Yedinjian or Yarianian are denominators of cataclysmic upheavals of Armenia's history in recent centuries. (See foreign names, Ajarian, "An Examination of the Dialect of Agoulis," Erivan, 1936; book review in *Hairenik Monthly*, 1936, No. 5, pp. 172-6; *ibid*, Proper Names, "Vostan," A. 1911, pp. 765-775).

The Armenian language has recorded not only the distressing features, but also the glorious and cheering aspects of Armenian history. Despite the badge of slavery which the Tartars and the Turks have pinned on the Armenian, despite the long chain of atrocities and oppression which was sprung by Toghrul Bey (1021) and continued during the dominance of

the Seljuks, the Mongols, the Turkomans and the Osmanlis up until the Twentieth Century (Ajarian, "Armenian Words Borrowed from the Turks"; Emin, "National Assembly," III., 1902, 1-377), these races have been unable to destroy the Armenian language nor the Armenian nation. A few Armenian villages have been Islamized but they have preserved the Armenian language. Or, the language has been lost here and there, but instead, the national consciousness has been intensified to the point of rabid nationalism. What harm is there in some 4200 Turkish words which ramble in the dialects of Western Armenia when scarcely 42 of them have succeeded in infiltrating the literary Armenian (Ajarian, ARR, 1902, 64-68). It is a glorious tribute to the Armenian language that, inspite of the political slavery, the Armenian has acquired a spiritual freedom and, through his literary conquest, he has created a new classicism in various fields. The vigor which created this classicism is greater than the old classicism of Armenian dynasties.

The second glorious testimonial pertains to the Armenian spirit and religion which has been preserved uncontaminated by the Turk during the period of their slavery. There may be some objection to Turkish names which have supplanted the family names of the ancient natives, and yet, the language testifies that these have never been replaced by Mohammedan religious names (Ajarian, Vostan), and the Turkish names which have been adopted, invariably all of which are the translations of the old names, are affixed with the ineradicable Armenian seal — the suffix "IAN." From the viewpoint of Armenian culture and national consciousness, this phenomenon is highly significant.

I consider the suffix "IAN" at the end of surnames, which cries out to the world

that the name is Armenian, as a reaction, a linguistic means of self defense against the Turkish influence. The suffix was not generally used by ancient Armenians. It was the property of the nobility and the princely houses (Kurdian, Book Review, HAIRENIK MONTHLY, 1937, No. II, pages 173-4). But when the Armenian princes fell victim of a disastrous catastrophe (705), when their generations were dispersed and the nobility disappeared, the Armenian people slowly adopted the suffix. And when dissimilation like a nightmare parked on the breast of the Armenian people, the nation clung all the more tightly to its language and names, and added the suffix with greater resolution as the Turkish pressure of dissimilation increased.

The Armenian language tells us that the Armenians have maintained relations and certain bonds not only with their oppressors but with friendly European nations which promised them freedom. This is an entire history in itself which has kept pace with Turkish crimes. On this point the Armenian language carries us as far as Greater and Lesser Armenias (Cilicia). The Armenian language, like the Armenian cities, Sis or Nakhitchevan, Adana or Erivan, has been the meeting ground of the Italian, the French, the English, and the German. Some of these nations have tried to get acquainted with the nation. Some of them have transported goods, others have introduced ideas. They have approached the Armenians with the rituals of the Armenian court and the church. There are traces by which we can determine that foreigners have come and gone. Of the 860 words which they imported scarcely 50 have been assimilated by the Armenian language. The others have disappeared as a living testimony that Europe neither wanted to help the Armenians nor to understand their pain.

II

It is universally known that the Armenian language has two important divisions: The Grabar (classical), and the Ashkharabar (the modern). This division in itself embodies an entire history, enabling us to divide the Armenian literature into two parts. The Grabar belongs to the period of Armenian royalty and the nobility. The Ashkharabar is the direct product and the natural continuation of the post-classical popular dialect which belongs to the Arabian Era when there was no longer any Armenian kingdom but there were Armenian kings by the grace of the Arab Caliph. The land of Armenia, with circumstances unfavorable to her unity, together with her provinces is represented by the popular dialect which, without severing its basic ties with the old language, lunges into new paths of conjugations, declensions, condensations and complex expressions.

The era of the popular dialect embraces no less an honorable period than the classical era. An inglorious language is the truthful witness of those atrocities which wiped off Armenian cities, churches, monasteries and schools. And yet, the spirit which comes to light in the popular dialect is something wonderful. The language is completely free of Arabic influence. The approximately 100 words which appear in translations of Arabic medical works are of no significance. These have never managed to come out of the seclusion of books, they have never become a part of the Armenian vocabulary, except a few words like Azap, Ajparar, Bagla, Muzkit, Mukrat, Nopa, Sunduk.

It is this virile popular dialect which appears on Armenian architectural monuments. The five centuries of the popular dialect under the supremacy of the Arabs are centuries of Armenian classical architecture. The fatherland was surrounded by a network of magnificent Armenian

churches. These monuments are also articulate with their inscriptions, and where the classical Armenian is defeated, the popular dialect is virile and triumphant.

The language of this period presents a puzzle. It is an extraordinary phenomenon in the history of nations, observes Ajarian, that two religiously hostile peoples should borrow from each other religious words. Such Armenian words which smell of Arabic are: Abulgharib, Abusahil, Hamam, Mleh. This inexplicable phenomenon, however, projects all the more strikingly the fact that the Armenian language has remained free of Arabic influence.

However, the Armenian language is not a sheaf of mere enemies and enmities. The Armenian language has much to say about friendly nations. Not necessarily political friends, but as cultural friends, we notice in the Armenian language such nations as Greeks, the Assyrians, the Iranians, the Achaemenides and the Parthians. The Sassanian constitute the exception.

The Armenian language has sculptured in flaming letters the proof of Greco-Armenian cultural friendship, as witnessed by the classical literature of the Fifth Century. Our classical Armenian, with its choice vocabulary, its rich and regular conjugations and declensions, and its precise context, is a grateful witness of the close bond which brought together the Armenian and Greek intellects and tastes. The wonderful thing about this is that the Armenian was not enslaved, nor the Greek was tyrannical.

It was a friendship based on mutual respect and freedom which enabled the Greek to put his rich literature, at the disposal of the newly-budding Armenian literature, leading it to literary beauty and religious truth. Had this friendship been abused the Armenian language might have been stifled by foreign elements, as happened two years later when one school

exchanged this friendship for slavery, and permitted the infiltration of 500 Greek words into the Armenian language. Such was not the case with the classical Armenian. An imposing literature was in the making in 405-460, and yet scarcely 50 Greek words have found their way into the language, and those were welded into the Armenian with exquisite taste and in perfect accordance with the Armenian spirit.

The Armenian language has preserved the memory of an even older and a more decisive cultural friendship in which, at the beginning, the Greeks and the Assyrians proceeded side by side.

I have in mind the period of the advent of Christianity. In this respect the Armenian language is an even more faithful echo of the real history than our ancient chroniclers. While these, driven by their Grecophilism, ascribed the Christianization of the Armenians to Greek preaching, the Armenian language gives the Assyrians a share of the labor. Missionaries had come to Armenia not only from the Greek but also Assyrian centers.

The Armenian people were pagans and their language was suited to pagans. Together with the Armenian religion, it was also necessary to introduce changes in the language, to lend it new ideas and words which the old religion and the language lacked. What is more natural than to suppose that Greek missionaries introduced Greek words, while the Assyrians Assyrian word? And when we quite naturally use the words "Yegeghetzi" (church), "Yepiscopos" (Bishop), "Qugher" (clergyman) "Cathoghikos" (Catholicos), "Kyraki" (Sunday, or the Lord's Day), "Canon" (Canon), "Martyros" (martyr), "Matoor" (chapel) etc.; and on the other hand the words: "Kahana" (priest), "Tzom" (fasting), "karo" (sermon), "phirkel" (to save), "khmor" (leaven), "patarak" (High

Mass) etc., in the first instance we invoke the Greek, and in the second instance the Assyrian preachers who brought to our ancestors the religion of Christ, the church and the holy mysteries.

Unfortunately, the Sassanian Dynasty wanted to profit from Assyrian cultural friendship both culturally and politically. The Sassanian kings wanted to reduce the Assyrian words into links, to shackle both the Armenian freedom and the language with the Assyrian grammar (Hubschmann, *Arm. Grammar*, I, 2814. H. A. Vardanian, XXXI, 1913, 1929), but they did not succeed. The danger of enslavement was prevented thanks to Armenian vigilance. The Armenians erected a barrier and mitigated the Assyrian threat by enhancing their literature (Hubschmann, I, 282).

The Sassanian Dynasty was in constant contact with the Armenians from 226 to 634. This was the period of the Sassanian Sapers, Yezdigerts and Khosrovs, and the Armenian Tiridates, the Arshaks (Arsaces) and Vramshapoohs, as well as the Vachens, the Musheghs and the Manuels, the Vahans and the Sumbats. In this period are found the Mroogh and the Tsirav, the Avarayr and the Nuarsak. It was in this period that Armenia was divided into two parts, 386-7.

What then is the verdict of the Armenian language in regard to the Sassanians? It is negative. The Sassanians were alien to the Armenian people. They could not dominate either the Armenian mind or the heart. The decisively repellent attitude of the Armenian people is recorded in the Armenian language with a cold silence which is tantamount to rebellion. The Armenian language has not adopted a single word from the Sassanian (Hubschmann, *Ibid.*, 12). The few words which found their way with the ancient chroniclers bear the stamp of alien origin. There are names and words whose ancient forms

have been rejected as alien (Hubschmann, *Ibid*, 13). The Sassanian power could not break the Armenian will and to change Gourgen Vrgen's "Havitian" (forever) into "Chavitian," his "Askharh" (the world) into "Shtahr."

Although the Sassanians were the successors of the Parthian-Pahlav Dynasty, (250-226 B.C.) which was the continuation of the Medo-Achaemenide Dynasty (612-331 B.C.), and yet how different were the bonds with the Armenians! The Sassanians had ascended the throne over a wave of crimes, trampling underfoot both the Parthian and the Armenian kings. The language never forgot this regicide. Christianity opened a new chasm between the Armenian and the Sassanians. Such chasms never existed before the Sassanians when the Armenian language, like an overflowing fountain, incessantly advocated the creation of a cultural bond which would bring the Armenians and the Iranians together. The Armenian language fully establishes what Tacitus (XIII, 24, *Katerjian*, *Universal History*, II, 90-91) had written: "The Armenians are very close to the Parthians by geography and by the similarity of their customs. They are linked together by marriage and birth." On the political arena there have been clashes, their national interests have not always coincided, but under the pressure of making a selection between two powerful neighbors, the Armenians were more inclined toward Iran. The bond which brought them together was intimate and deeply-rooted. The Medes of Iran had invited the Armenians to the left bank of the Euphrates where they were subjected to Iranian domination for centuries. Achaemenide monarchs organized the country and the army and promoted the arts and commerce. In 400, Armenian girls spoke the Persian language and called their fatherland Armenia (Xenophon, IV, 5, 34). The old

bond is strengthened whenever a Parthian sits on the Armenian throne (66-428).

Thus, for centuries Iran's cultural influence penetrated the Armenian people. Persian-Pahlav intellectual, religious and moral ideas seeped into the land of the Armenians. Their whole life was transformed.

The only incorruptible eye witness of this historic fact which still lives is the Armenian language. In the Armenian vocabulary we have an imposing group of 750 words which Lockhart wants to raise to 1100. These words reflect all phases of Armenian life — spiritual and physical, individual and social, home and government. They have completely shed off all foreign appearance and have become so Armenianized that only a language specialist can detect their foreign origin. In all probability these words found their way into the Armenian language through the royal court, today they are used by our best writers and to this day they have preserved their aristocratic origin. They have become so Armenianized that authors invariably use them with native prefixes and suffixes, altering their form somewhat.

The proof of the Armeno-Iranian cultural bond offered by words is augmented by the support of proper names. All names ending in "kert" (built), "shat" (many) and "stan" (land) — Yervandakert, (built by Yervard), Manazkert (built by Manaz), Tigranakert, Artashat, Yervandashat, Armashashat, Mardastan, Sarastan, Haiastan, likewise the proper names of Tigran, Drtad, Vardan, Vahan, Arshak, Kosrov, Kisk, Anoosh, Ashkhen, Artashes, Artavazd, Vramshapoo, which compete with the Greek Ghevond, Grigor, Gevorg, Sarkis, Kirakos, Stepan, or the Biblical names of Moses, Hacob, Sahak, Hovhannes, Mariam, all testify of the intimate relations between the peoples of Iran and Armenia.

The Armenian language also makes an-

other important revelation in regard to this period. The Armenians are known as clever merchants. In this respect Herodotus is generally cited. And yet neither the newcomer Armenians were merchants nor are they mentioned by Herodotus as such. The Greek historian speaks about wares which were brought from Armenia but the merchants were Babylonians. The Armenians were not merchants by nature. It was the Achaemenide Dynasty which awakened in them the instinct for commerce and before long they were recognized as respected and competent traders. There is no doubt that the Armenians knew the words "ar ou tzakh" (buy and sell), "gin" and "gnel" (price and to buy), but by their contacts with the Assyrians and the Iranians they became "vatjarakans" (merchants), specialists in "sak" (rate), and "bazh" (to distribute), "maks" (customs), and "vtjar" (to pay). During this period was domesticated the word "tour-yev-ar" or "ar-ev-tour" (give and take, trade, business, commerce), and its kindred word still bears the impress of foreign influence, because "dram" (money), and "dahekan" (piaster) link us with the Persian monarch, for before their time the Armenians were accustomed to weigh gold and silver.

An even more significant revelation is the fact that the Armenian language discloses the role which the Armenians played in their new fatherland. Strabo tells us that during the reign of King Artashes (189-160 B.C.) the countless tribes of Armenia—the Hittites, the Haiasas, the Urartuans and the Medes — started to speak the Armenian language. It means that the newcomer Armenians, during their domination of three to four centuries, had succeeded in subjugating the natives and had forced their language not only on the aborigines, but on the Asiatic, Caucasian, and even Semitic races who had migrated there

before them. The Armenians forced their Indo-European language, which at times sounded like the Greek, the Albanian, or the Slavic, on the Haiasa-Urartuan natives who were not accustomed to it and never wholly submitted to the Indo-European accent, the emphasis, and the grammatical variations. The result was that the Armenians imposed their language on the Hittites, the Haiasas, the Urartuans and countless other minor tribes while the latter put their impress on the language of the Armenians. The Armenians lost or altered so much from their ancient language, and adopted such elements, that presently the new language began to sound more like Caucasian or the language of Asia Minor than Indo-European. In the Armenian vocabulary there still are 4500 words which are subject to etymological analysis. If not all, at least an important part of these words belong to those tribes, especially the Haiasas, who were absorbed by the Armenians to form the new nation.

According to the testimony of the Armenian language, the Armenians settled in their new homeland so completely that they even forgot the memory of their being strangers. Their own name was preserved by the kinsmen of abroad, but they adopted the name of the Haiasas, and like them, considered themselves natives. Not only they forgot their origin and name but also every word which might betray their foreign origin. This fact is one of the greatest revelations of the Armenian language.

We have seen that the Armenians forced their language on the Haiasas of Asia Minor and the Urartuans of the Caucasus. This monumental fact was not accomplished by a mere edict of King Artashes, nor was it done by the schools which did not exist at the time, but by marriages, by public cohabitation and by mutual cooperation. The original hostility between the newcomers and the natives slowly died down,

the coolness between them melted, and the process of fusing started. In this process of assimilation, the Armenian language was dominant, by assimilating many elements, root words and forms which were to constitute the contribution of the vanquished to the Armenian language.

There is a linguistic objection against this thesis. The Armenian language has 6500 root words (Ajarian, 1902, 60). Of these root words scarcely 400 word groups have been recognized as native Indo-European (Meillet; *Esquisse D'une Grammaire Comparee de L'Arm. Classique*; Vienne 1936, 141), but against these there are 4500 words which have not been deciphered. The question is, is this not a rash conclusion in regard to the victory of the Armenians?

When the question is presented in this form, the conclusion seems rash. But the question takes an entirely different complexion when we consider that these 400 Indo-European words groups are confronted by many uninterpreted words how many of which are Indo-European no one knows. The Indo-European 400 word group which constitute approximately 1500 words, belong to one race, namely the Armenakan, while the still undeciphered 4500 will have to be distributed some day over those countless tribes whose memory has survived in the names of Armenian provinces and princely houses.

The Armenakan vocabulary seems the winner not only in point of numbers but especially because of the grammar. Only a victorious people, as the ruling class, could have preserved its vowels and consonants, its conjugations and declensions, and its countless grammatical details, and could have spread it among the alien races. In the light of the Indo-European grammar the 4500 words, especially if someday they are recognized to be of non-Indo-European origin, are so many proofs of the dominance of the Armenians, inasmuch as all these

words have been subjected to the Indo-European grammar which was the property of the Armenians.

In this Armenakan vocabulary and the grammar is to be sought the secret of the origin, the fatherland, and the culture of the Armenians.

What do they tell about the Armenians?

Before we answer this question, it is necessary to revert to the uncertainty of our subject, the distance in time — so that we shall be cautious in our steps, without going into extremes either in our affirmations or our rejections.

When we have Armenakan words, it is natural to suppose that there were corresponding ideas and cultural stages. But when we lack the words, does it necessarily follow that ideas were lacking? Or when we find foreign words, is it proper to conclude that the Armenians owe these ideas and cultural stages to the natives? It is plain that non-Armenakan words with Indo-European content and character may have been lost, forgotten, or been replaced by foreign roots.

The reasons are not known but such a phenomenon can be seen in all the Indo-European languages. The Armenians are not the exception. For example, when the Armenians used to number from 1 to 99 with their Indo-European roots, and then suddenly continued with "haryoor" (hundred), and "Hazar" (thousand) (one of them of uncertain origin and the other borrowed from the Iranian), it would not be correct to ascribe ignorance in regard to these numbers to the Armenians. We must admit our ignorance in regard to the causes of such borrowing. Or, when the Armenians borrowed the words "gooyñ" (color) "yerang" (hue), "karmir" (red), "kapooyt" (blue), "spitak" (white) etc. that does not mean that they acquired the variations of vision from their Iranian kinsmen, but means that

we do not know why they have forgotten them.

They say that the Armenians did not come from the south, Babylon, but came from the west, Europe. That they are not of Iranian descent, but like them, and like European races, they are the branch of a common stock. The common stock is called Indo-European. The Armenakan, or Indo-European words and the grammatical forms carry us back into the centuries, beyond the influence of any foreign race, and link us with the Indo-European great family whose cradle probably was the northern and western parts of the Black Sea.

Since 2000 B.C. brother races have successively departed from their original homeland. Pushing one another, they have spread to the east and the south, Asia, to the west and the north, Europe. Driven by the Achaean invasion (1400 B.C.) the Armenians too descended on Thrace. During the Doric invasion (1200) they crossed over to Asia Minor and in 500 years, partly by force and partly by peaceful infiltration, they reached the Euphrates, beyond which they found their new habitation, the new fatherland.

During the second millennium before Christ Asia Minor and Mesopotamia had reached a high degree of civilization, thanks to the Hittites, the Assyrians and the Urartuans. These were the victims of the Indo-European invasion whose vanguard were the Armenians. What did they represent as compared to the victims of their arms? Were they illiterate barbarians? They were illiterate and remained so for a long time, but they were not barbarians. Their language attests to their cultural level.

The language shows that the Armenians were men of the village and the family. Therefore, they were equipped with the only solid foundation of a decent and ideal

culture. They believed in the home, the *window*, and the *light*. They liked to see their *fire* never extinguished — the symbol of life and religion. With tender care they have preserved the Armenakan words which denote blood ties. A rich vocabulary, to show the native that the Armenians' family is the Indo-European. Such words are: "ayr ou kin" (husband and wife), "hair ou mair" (father and mother), "yeghbayr ou kooyr" (brother and sister), "tal ou takt," (sister-in-law and brother-in-law), "kesoor yev aner" (mother-in-law and father-in-law), "hars" (new bride).

The Armenians had a clear idea of the human body for each of whose members they had a special word. They have neither learned from the Hittites, the Hittites or the Iranians, nor had they any need of learning. Today when we pronounce the words "achk" (eye), "oonkn" (ear), "lezoo" (tongue), "votk" (feet), "ayt" (cheek), "atam" (tooth), "oos" (shoulder), "tzoong" (knee), "dserk" (hands), "ar-yoon" (blood), "herr" (hair), and the organs which rule over all these, "liard" (liver), "sirt" (heart), and "mitk" (mind), — we pronounce words which proclaim the European origin and the culture of the Armenians.

Civilized herdsmen (andevord) and brave hunters (vorsord), the Armenians were familiar also with the life and the bodies of the animals. In the stables (gom) and in the fields (arter), subject to the tender care of the shepherd (hoviv) were the cow (cov) and the ox (yez), the calf (hort) and the kid (ool), the goat (aytz), the ewe (mokin) and the lamb (gar). They knew how to use the words horse (dzee) and donkey, ass (esh), but not camel (ooght) or elephant (pigh). They are fed on eggs (dsoo) and milk (kat) and butter (karag). They were friends of the dogs (shoon). They felt the suffering which was caused by the mouse (mook)

and the ant (mrdjoon), and the flea (loo). As hunters they chased not only the birds (trchoon), the hen (hav), the eagles (artziv), not only the foxes (aghvess) and the wild oxen (yez), but also the devouring animals. They chased and trapped bears (ardjer), wolves (gailer) and leopards (indz). They had to do with snakes (odz) and vipers (izh). But it was a long time before they knew the lion and the tiger.

Their proficiency in the trades was modest, just enough to take care of their essential needs such as simple clothes (zgest), furniture, and they also knew how to weave (hiusel). Words like carpenter (hiusn), the weaver (ostaynank), needle (assegh), thread (thel), potter's wheel (doork), whet-stone (hesan), awl (herioun), anvil (sal), are indicative of their proficiency in the use of these tools. The locksmith (darbin) was not unknown, but in the other trades they had much to learn and inherit from the Hiasas and the Urartuans.

When the Armens arrived at their new fatherland they already had advanced agriculture to a high state of development. They were familiar with the plough (herkogh aror), the spade (brogh bah), the yoke of oxen (yezneroo lootz). To sow (sermanel), to harvest (hundzel), to grind (aghal), to crush (malel) were essential labors of the tiller. They had brought with them seed grains (armtik) and cereals (undeghen), but they came to know many new varieties in the new fatherland, especially fruit trees.

They were closely tied to the soil and the air. They had observed and defined the revolution of the seasons. The hottest season (chermacherm) they called summer (amar), the coldest season (sarnasarn) was called winter (tzmer) or the season of snow. They bridged the space between these two extremes at a later date; one of them in Thrace which they called rain-

bearing spring (andzrevaber garoon), and the other in the new fatherland which they called autumn (ashoon).

The land, the home, the cattle must be defended, sometimes with the aid of weapons. How do the Armens stand as warriors? It is difficult to deduce this quality from the language. The Pahlavi language has concealed the Armenakan elements but we still have the words "martik" (warrior), "kutritj" (brave), "soor" (sword), "sulak" (arrow), "aghegh" (bow) which indicate the martial quality of the Armens. To think otherwise is unnatural. Otherwise, how could they have advanced from Thrace to the Euphrates unless they were valiant fighters?

Religion is the noblest part of a people's culture. What does the language of the Armens say in regard to their religion?

The language which has come down to us says very little about the first religion of the Armens. What is called the "ancient religion of the Armenians" is nothing but the religion of Iranian races, with its Aramazd and Vahagn, Anahit and Tir. Persian-Pahlav, as well as Assyro-Aramiac elements have influenced the religion of the Armens which, undoubtedly, was identical with the Indo-European religion. The primitive form of the Indo-European religion was monotheistic (L. Schrader).

In the course of time monotheism slowly disappeared, and as the Indo-European tribes broke up they gradually adopted the religion of polytheism. Each race creates its own gods, major or secondary. The chief diety of the Armens probably was Ara the Brave. The memory of his dominant role is still preserved in names of persons and places.

Like the language, the religion of the Armens was influenced by the Hiasas and the Urartuans. Tir, the original god, disappeared, Ara and Armen were relegated to the rear. In return for so many sacri-

fices, the Hiasas finally imposed his name on the new nation which consisted of the Armen and the Hiasa. Moreover, the Haik of the Hiasas became the national hero of the mixed nation.

This is not the last word on the Armenian language but I shall end here, with

grateful acknowledgement of all those learned philologists who converted the Armenian language into a source of Armenian history. Future Hubschmanns and Dervishians, the Meilletts and the Ajarians shall someday recapture the historical veracity of many points which remain vague to this day.

Death in a D.P. Camp

*Sad is the day, dark is the moon;
Life is a farce doomed to end soon.
Lonely it goes, songless, unseen,
Heavier life never has been.*

*Drifting alone, cold and in pain,
Happiness, joy, never to gain.
But the tired heart falters at last,
Silently life flees from the past.*

*Sad is the day, dark is the moon;
Brief is a life ended too soon.*

—NUVER KOUMYAN

BAREFOOTED IN THE RAIN

By LARRY MARTIN

It was raining heavily all that day and now as the Express-9 bus labored into the terminal at the edge of the small town, the rain came down in torrents. When the passengers alighted — there were not many — leaving their baggage in the bus, they loitered about the station, some of them peering inquisitively into the flooded streets. Word got around that the entire township was flooded, blocking passage of vehicles, so that cars and trucks stood disabled at close intervals along the road. Up ahead the bridge joining the main highway was temporarily closed to traffic.

Robert and Suzanne stood in the doorway under the little marquee of the terminal, watching the rain, their hands clasped.

"Three days and already the honeymoon is over," Suzanne teased, smiling.

"The honeymoon'll never be over," Robert said, leaning over and giving her a little peck on the cheek.

"Darling, people are watching," she said coyly, pulling away.

"I can't help it," Robert said. "Everything is hopping inside me." And he leaned over and kissed her once more.

This time she didn't pull away, instead she pressed his hand. "No one feels the way we do, do they Robert?"

A young Negro couple were strolling into the terminal coffee shop, the fellow's arm around the girl's waist.

"They do," Robert said. "They feel as we do."

"Yes," she agreed. "They got married before boarding the Express 9."

"They seem to be so much in love," Robert said. "That's one thing no one can take from them."

A strong wind came and blew the rain inside the open doorways. Closing his eyes, Robert let the rain fall softly against his face.

"Darling, you're getting wet," Suzanne said, and pulled him back.

"I was just thinking," Robert said. "I was practicing in my mind. It sounds nice: 'Meet my wife Suzanne; this is Suzanne, my wife; have you met my wife Suzanne?' The first thing they'll notice are those tender eyes and your beautiful red hair."

"You're my darling, my one and only," Suzanne said, and she reached up and gave him a little kiss.

"There are people," Robert said, and they both laughed.

A rather elderly, gray-haired man and a young girl in a pink sweater passed by, their shoes in their hands, and stepped outside, barefooted, under the rain and into the flooded streets.

"Where are they going, I wonder?" Suzanne said. "There's nothing around here."

"They're just walking barefooted in the rain," Robert said. "The old gent must be in love to do that."

"Everybody's in love this year," Suzanne said.

Across the road an old Chevy came to

a halt and the naked feet of two young couples were revealed, stepping into the deep pool of water.

"The whole world is full of lovers," Robert said.

They stood there a while and then went inside to the waiting room, where a pleasant wrinkled-faced woman with a pince-nez sat behind a caged window, and they asked about the bridge. The woman said the bridge would not be open for traffic before early next morning, even if it stopped raining right now, she added. They asked about what was doing around town and learned that there were no movie houses in the vicinity and no taverns or ice-cream parlors where they could sit and listen to the juke-box. These places were about a mile down where the town's shopping district was. Robert and Suzanne decided a mile was too far to wade through the flood — even though they were in love, they laughed. But there was a hotel, they discovered, two blocks down, the only one around — and that an old tumble-down building, the woman said.

They loitered in the little waiting room, undecided what to do. It was damp and chilly. Most of the passengers with whom they had journeyed were there, lounging about, some of them reading magazines or little pocket-sized books. In the corner, sitting by themselves, were the colored newly-weds, laughing. Playing at love, the young Negro was poking his wife between the ribs and she was giggling. Robert and Suzanne went to the back where the bus was stationed and asked the driver for their small overnight valise.

Barefooted, their hands joined, they waded, like fishermen in a creek, through the flooded streets under the rain, and headed toward the hotel. When they got there they mounted the rickety stairs and at the top of the flight stood the clerk's desk.

"Do you have any room?" Robert asked.

"Plenty rooms," the clerk chuckled, looking Suzanne up and down. "How many do you need?" And he gave another laugh. He had a round fat face with a long narrow nose which didn't fit the face. A short stub of a cigar was screwed into his mouth.

"Just one," Robert said, not realizing the man's joke. "We're married."

"Don't care none about that," the clerk said, giving Suzanne a broad smile and surveying her once more. "Just so you sign Mr. and Mrs."

As Robert registered, the clerk noticed Suzanne's discomfort, her soaking dress clinging tightly to her body.

"For another half dollar," the clerk said, "I could let you have this heater back here." He took the short cigar from his mouth and spat tobacco juice down at his feet.

When they left the desk, two little pools of water remained where their naked feet had been. The room was alongside the clerk's desk, a small dingy-looking room, with dirty wallpaper coming down and the calcimined ceiling stained and pealed in spots. Robert bolted the door and gazed about him.

"At least the sheets are clean," he said.

They put on the heater and slipped out of their wet clothes in the small room and got into pajamas. Suzanne stooped over the heater and let her long red hair dangle over it to dry. Robert threw his arms round her waist, kissed the nape of her neck. The rain beat against the window.

"Everything is leaping inside me," Robert breathed.

Almost at once she turned and pressed her face against his. "It'll always be like this, won't it, Robert?"

He picked her up in his arms and held her this way a while, for no reason but to have the full weight of her supple young

body in his arms. But when he put her down it was on the bed.

Later they sat propped up in the bed, smoking, listening to the music of the rain on the window.

"Doesn't the rain look sad, Robert?"

They heard sounds coming from the next room through the thin partition. A man's heavy voice again. "You little devil," and the young girl tittering once more.

"Just having some fun," Robert said, as though apologizing for his sex. "It's the old gent and the young chick."

"That's naughty."

They heard voices again, this time from the clerk's desk: more registrants.

"They're all coming in from the Express 9," Suzanne said.

Robert gave a little laugh. "There's nothing else to do when it rains around here."

"Freshy." She leaned over and rubbed her nose against his.

Robert took her long red hair and gave it a little tug. "Mrs. Robert Randall.' Just listen to it: 'Mrs. Robert Randall.' The best music in the world. It sends me dizzy."

"You're my darling." They kissed.

"Robert, others can't feel love as we do, can they?"

"Of course they can, darling. Everybody's got the same emotions. They suffer the same pain and enjoy the same pleasures."

"Say they can't."

"But they can."

"They can't."

"They can."

"Anyway not just like us. We're different."

"We're exactly the same as anyone else." He bit her earlobe.

She chuckled. "Even Chinamen?"

"Even Chinamen and Cherokee Indians."

He lifted her head and kissed her mouth. "You know what?"

"You're my little baby. I adore you."

The heater had broken the chill and dampness of the room and now it was quite comfortable. They lay there awhile and then she said cheerfully, "I know what let's do." And she sprang out of bed and hopped over to the valise and took out a hair brush. "You're going to brush my hair."

"You're my beautiful naked dancing doll."

She stood by the stained mirror and looked at him through it, running her slender fingers down her long hair.

"You're my poet," she said.

She made him sit up in bed, Indian style, and handed him the brush. Then she got on the bed herself, face down, dropped her head on her arms over his legs, her long red hair spread before him.

"Stroke it hard and watch how soft and silky my hair will get," she said, her voice muffled.

He began to brush her hair.

The room was quiet, save for the splashing of rain against the window behind them. Then voices came, the clerk's ribald laughter. "Rooms? Sure, I got five left. How many do you want?" More laughter.

But Suzanne was not listening, instead she was up to mischief. Hiding her smile, she stealthily moved her hand down along Robert's leg and relentlessly tickled his feet, making him howl. Then she stopped and became solemn.

"You know, Robert," she said pensively, "I feel guilty being so happy. I wish the whole world were as happy as we are. I wish the whole world were in love. Even Chinamen and Cherokee Indians."

In another minute there were more voices from outside, clear and distinct.

"Sorry, no rooms available."

"We're married."

"We just been married this morning before we got on the Express 9."

"Makes no difference. No rooms available."

Robert stopped stroking his wife's hair. He stared into space. Suzanne raised her head. "They're the Negro couple we rode up with," she said.

"Yes, darling." He hugged her head against his chest.

"I could show you the license," came the young bride's voice from outside. "We just got married."

"Makes no difference," the clerk said flatly.

"Maybe you got an old dirty room nobody else wants," said the young Negro husband.

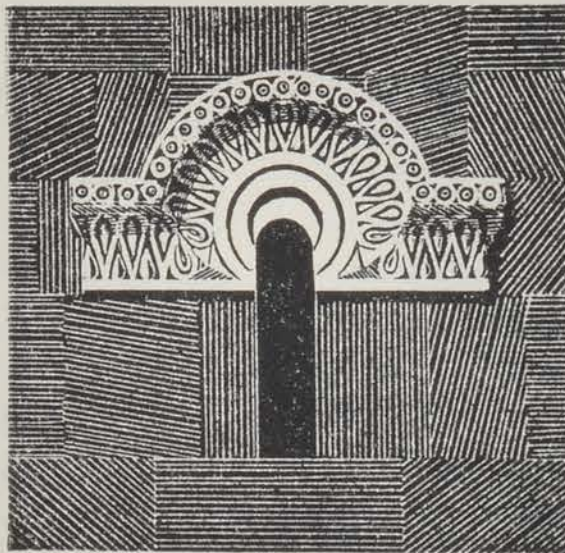
"We got no dirty rooms here," was the curt reply.

"We just been married," the young husband insisted fatuously, his voice trembling. "There's no place else to go in this

rain and the streets are flooded and I sure would like a room bad and —"

"Now you just take that money away," the clerk said stridently. "You can't bribe me with no dirty ten-dollar bill. There's no room for you here and that's all there is to it."

There was silence and Robert sat listening to it. Then came footfalls disappearing on the squeaky, rickety stairs. Robert sat still a long while, his wife's young breasts pressing on his leg. As he listened to the downpour pounding against the window, he saw in his mind's eye the young Negro newly-weds lumbering back barefooted in the rain to the almost empty terminal. He looked down at his wife, their eyes met, and, because they both knew there were rooms available, they saw for the first time since their happiness together the world in its ugly reality.



HOW THE SOVIET WRECKED ARMENIA'S INDEPENDENCE

By JAMES G. MANDALIAN

When on March 15, 1917, Emperor Nicholas II abdicated the throne of the Czars the event marked something far more consequential than the mere termination of a dynasty. It marked the beginning of a great imperial disintegration. Within the brief space of 14 months a host of subjugated nationalities of the Russian Empire seized the opportunity created by the interim of Alexander Kerensky's Provisional Government and the ensuing Bolshevik Revolution to declare their independence. These included the Baltic states of Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia, the Ukrainians and the Belo-Russians, and the Caucasian peoples of Georgia, Armenia and Azerbaijan. Armenia declared her independence on May 28, 1918.

Practically all these nations once upon a time had been independent. They were not Russians but they had been incorporated in the Russian *body politic* by conquest. Some of them traced their origin to remote antiquity, antedating the Russians by one or two millenniums. Each of them was a distinct ethnic group, with its unique language, history and culture. Some of them were related to the Russians by racial kinship, while others, such as the Armenians, the Georgians and the Azerbaijanians, were wholly unrelated. They all possessed all the requisites and the qualifications which go into the making of a nation and were entitled to all the rights and privileges of a nation. They all had a right to

be independent. Their secession from Russia in the hour of opportunity, therefore, was not an act of desertion, or treason, but an assertion of their natural rights.

How the Armenians, one of the oldest and noblest nations of history, with their rich historical and cultural background, after six centuries of slavery to the foreigner, came to recover their independence is an entirely different story, clearly beyond the limitations of this essay. How they happened to lose that recovered independence within the brief period of two-and-a-half years is, however, highly important, because the manner of that overthrow, the factors which contributed to it, and the authors of Armenia's execution, constitute the gist of the Armenian Question.

The Armenian Question

The Armenian Question has best been summarized by a policy slogan of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation — the nationalist-democratic Armenian patriotic organization which was chiefly instrumental in the creation of the Independent Republic of Armenia in 1918. This slogan stands for a *completely free, united, and independent Armenia*. For an adequate understanding of the Armenian problem it is necessary to bear in mind that, after the advent of the Ottoman Turks in the Fourteenth Century, historic Armenia was partitioned among three major powers: The Turks, the Persians, and the Russians. With the steady conquest of the Caucasus by the

Russians in the 18th and 19th centuries, eventually Persia was crowded out and Armenia proper was partitioned between Turkey and Russia, the former being known as Turkish Armenia, and the latter, Russian Armenia.

The Federation's ideal of a free, united and independent Armenia came to a successful consummation with the signing of the Treaty of Sevres on March 10, 1920, by Turkey, Armenia, and the belligerent Powers. The Turks recognized the independence of Armenia and agreed to submit to the arbitration of the President of the United States the determination of the boundary between Turkey and Armenia in the disputed provinces of Erzerum, Trebizond, Van and Bitlis. On November 22, 1920, President Wilson rendered his verdict, assigning to the Independent Republic of Armenia a territory approximating 40,000 square miles including Russian Armenia and the abovementioned provinces of Turkish Armenia.

The Treaty of Sevres, however, was never destined to be carried out. A new Turkish nationalist movement under Mustafa Kemal Pasha, which refused to recognize the central government in Constantinople and eventually took over the power, took a firm stand against the dismemberment of Turkey, refused to recognize the Treaty of Sevres, and openly defied the League of Nations.

Meanwhile the victorious powers began to show signs of war weariness, their wartime solidarity had long since disappeared, and they were torn apart by mutual jealousies and conflicts of interest. The Italians and the French had ambitions in Asia Minor, the British threw their weight on the side of the Greeks in their adventure in Asia Minor but later refused to go the limit and betrayed the Greek army, culminating in the debacle of Smyrna. The United States played a lone hand in trying

to assist the Armenians but the United States' Senate rejected President Wilson's proposition of an American mandate over Armenia. The League of Nations passed laudable and high-sounding resolutions in behalf of Armenia but was unable to enforce them because of the lack of an effective enforcement agency. The Council of the Big Four was generous in its assurances to the Armenians and went through the motions of cowering the Turk into submission, but when the chips were down it always avoided the issue and Turkish intransigence grew increasingly arrogant and unyielding.

It was under these gloomy circumstances that in the fall of 1920 Turkey, with the connivance and the active support of the Soviet Government, attacked Armenia. The tiny Republic, abandoned by her wartime Allies, was no match for the combined Turco-Soviet armies, and after a valiant but futile resistance, was compelled to capitulate.

The Treaty of Alexandropol, signed on December 2, 1920, between Turkey and Armenia, reduced the Armenian territories from the Wilsonian boundary of 40,000 square miles to a puny 12,000 square miles. Yet, even before this treaty, the Soviet already had sold out Armenia by the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk signed with Germany on March 3, 1918, which was later confirmed by the Treaty of Moscow on March 16, 1921, and still later by the Treaty of Kars signed with the Turks on October 13 of the same year. The final chapter of this infamous deal was written by the Treaty of Lausanne signed between the Allies and Turkey on July 24, 1923, which scrapped the Sevres Treaty and left the Armenians stranded.

The Role of the Soviet In the Overthrow of the Armenian Republic

With the signing of the Lausanne Treaty

the case of Armenia was closed.

When in the spring of 1917 The Provisional Government took charge of Russia the remnants of Turkish Armenia were enjoying a brief breathing spell. The Turkish deportations of 1915 had worked havoc among the Armenians. From a total native population of approximately two-and-a-half million, over one million had perished by the sword, the epidemic, and starvation, while the remainder had been forced to seek refuge in friendly neighboring countries. In the easternmost provinces there was a huge army of refugees which had been rescued by the providential arrival of the Russian armies which at the time occupied the Turkish Armenian provinces.

At the time the idea of independence was far from Armenian minds. During the past two years the Armenians had been fighting for their very survival and they were in desperate need of protection. The presence of the Russian armies, therefore, was imperative to their safety until the peace and the final settlement of the status of the Armenian people. In view of these considerations, on April 26, 1917, the Provisional Government decreed that, "until the final settlement of the fate of the Turkish Armenian provinces, the conquered territories would enjoy an autonomous status, independent of the regional Caucasian Government, and directly subject to the Central Government in Petrograd."

The Russian Bolsheviks vehemently opposed this measure. Having for their slogan "No indemnities, no annexations," they criticized Kerensky's Government for ulterior, imperialistic motives. "Withdraw the Russian armies from Armenia," they clamored, "or else you will be no different than the Tsarist Government."

"We must first satisfy the Ukrainians and the Finns," Lenin wrote, "and insure for them and all the alien races of Russia absolute freedom, not even excepting their

right to secede. And we must do the same in regard to the whole of Armenia. We must withdraw our troops from Armenia and the occupied Turkish territories."

In vain Alexander Kerensky argued that the withdrawal of the Russian armies at the time would mean certain extermination of the remainder of the Armenians, that the Government had no intention of obstructing Armenia's independence, and that the presence of Russian armies was needed solely for purposes of protection. The Armenians themselves begged the Russians not to desert them and leave them at the mercy of the Turk. But Lenin was obdurate. It is obvious therefore that Lenin's primary motive was neither the preservation of the Armenian people nor their independence. For the sake of the world revolution he was ready to throw an entire people to the wolves.

When the Bolsheviks took over the power they lost no time in evacuating the occupied territories, and the defense of the vast eastern front from Van to Erzinga was left to the hastily-formed Armenian divisions and volunteer units who faced a revamped and freshly reinforced Turkish army. The Armenians were unable to defend the vast front, and within a few months the forces of the Vehib Pasha reoccupied the whole of Turkish Armenia, spreading fire and destruction in their wake.

The Turco-Soviet Friendship Pact

In evacuating the Turkish Armenian provinces at the peril of the Armenian people Lenin and his associates had a special motive. One of the major aims of the early Bolsheviks in combatting the so-called Western Imperialists — an appellation to which they have tenaciously clung to this this day — was the alignment of the Moslem nations. There was a vast Moslem world which, if rallied to the banners of the world revolution, could be an effective force in breaking the back of Western Im-

perialism. In this respect, Turkey which was the seat of the Caliphate, offered a special attraction to the Bolshevik leaders in their design of winning the sympathy and the cooperation of the entire Moslem world. The presence of the Russian armies in the Turkish provinces naturally would be resented by the Turks whom the Bolsheviks intended to use as a lever in the execution of their Pan-Islamic plan.

It was no wonder, therefore, that the very next day of Turkey's defeat the Soviet established friendly relations with the Ittihadist leaders Enver and Talaat, Djemal Pasha, Dr. Nazim, Behaeddin Shakir, Bedry Bey, Djemal Azmi, Dr. Fuad, Kutchuk Talaat, Khalil Pasha, Djavid Bey and others — all executioners of the Armenian people who had been condemned by the Allies and who had found refuge in Berlin. The Soviet gave these assassins sanctuary in Moscow to issue Pan-Islamic manifestos and to promote revolutionary conspiracies in the Transcaucasian countries, Afghanistan and the Caucasus.

Immediately after the conclusions of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty the Caucasus became the center of Turkish activity. It was here that Nouri Pasha with Soviet funds and equipment organized his Islamic Army which later featured in the massacre of the Armenians in Baku in September of 1918. It was also here that Khalil Pasha organized his Turkish army consisting of former prisoners and volunteers from Crimea, Kazan, Oufa and Turkestan, which later joined the forces of Mustafa Kemal to give the death blow to the Armenian Republic. The Soviet Government provided the entire cost of the equipment of this army, arms and ammunition, down to the quartermaster corps. There is a voluminous amount of literature on the subject of Turco-Soviet collaboration by Bolshevik, Turkish and neutral sources, but the most authentic and devastating of them all were the confes-

sions of the Ittihadist leaders which was brought to light in the famous Ankara trials of 1926.

The Armenian Bolsheviks

After the October Revolution the Soviet Commissariat of Nationalities created an adjunct called The Armenian Division which was headed by a notorious Armenian Bolshevik by the name of Avanesov. This was the first official recognition of Armenian Bolsheviks by Moscow which paved the way for the Communist infiltration into Armenia. By 1919 Communist cells in Armenia had attained to such strength that, although not a serious menace, nevertheless they presented quite a problem to the Government with their underground subversive activities. In the summer of 1919 the Communist Transcaucasian Regional Committee held a conference in Erivan, the capital of Armenia, consisting of responsible comrades from all the regions, which formulated a basic policy of action for Armenia and created a central executive body called The Committee of Armenia. The motto of this conference was: "The establishment of a Soviet Republic in Armenia." The Armenian name of this committee was *Armenkom*.

The *Armenkom* maintained contact with Moscow through the Transcaucasian Regional Committee which supplied funds, literature, instructions and field workers into Armenia. Meanwhile the Armenian Bolsheviks impatiently awaited the arrival of the Russian Army in order to raise the banner of rebellion against the Government of the Republic.

Insurrectionary uprisings occurred in several regions in the beginning of May, 1920, culminating in a manifesto issued by the Revolutionary Committee of Alexandropol declaring Armenia a Soviet state. The Government of the Republic had long since been aware of these Communist machinations but in view of its eagerness to

avoid a civil war, and considering the pitiful numbers and the unpopularity of the Communists in Armenia, had followed a policy of moderation, hoping to avoid needless bloodshed. The open revolt left the Government no other alternative but to snuff the movement in the bud.

Meanwhile, the Government of the Republic, eager to improve its relations with the Soviet, on May 20, 1920, sent a delegation to Moscow headed by the noted Armenian educator Levon Chanth to negotiate a friendship pact. Chicherin and Karakhan at first were inclined to sign such a pact with Armenia when a second delegation of Armenian and Turkish Bolsheviks prevailed upon them to relegate the negotiations to Erivan. Accordingly, the Moscow Government sent a new delegation to Erivan headed by Legran the plenipotentiary, to resolve the entire Armeno-Turkish controversy.

Legran took his time about arriving in Armenia, thus providing ample time for the Turkish and Soviet armies to prepare their contemplated attack on Armenia. Heading his Islamic Army which had been equipped by the Soviet, Khalil Pasha then started for Turkey to join the forces of Mustafa Kemal. Meanwhile divisions of the Russian 11th Army marched on Armenia from the north and by August of 1920 Russian troops were in possession of the Armenian region of Zangezour. Desirous of making an end of the useless bloodshed, the Armenian Government appealed to Moscow's mediation, and on August 10 in Tiflis, a temporary peace agreement was signed between Legran and the representatives of the Armenian Government whereby the Armenian-populated regions of Zangezour, Karabagh, and Nakhitchevan were ceded to Azeraibjan.

The Armeno-Turkish War

When on October 11 Legran finally arrived in Erivan Armenia already was at

war with Turkey. Obviously he did not come to Armenia in order to help the Armenians. He had deliberately procrastinated his arrival to enable the Turks to attack and defeat Armenia in order to pave the way for the Soviet's intervention which would be tantamount to Armenia's sovietization. And that is precisely what happened.

The Armeno-Turkish war was of short duration. The army of the tiny Republic was no match for the combined Turco-Soviet armies. Armenia had been deserted by all, her Allies gave her no aid, Georgia being friendly to Kemalist Turkey remained neutral, the Azerbaijanians were openly hostile to Armenia, and so was the Soviet which helped the Turk in every way possible. By the end of November the Turkish army was at the gates of Erivan and Kiazim Karabekir was threatening to occupy the city unless the Republic accepted his harsh terms.

Thus the Republic of Armenia, betrayed by her Allies, deserted by the whole world, and defeated in a hopeless war, was caught between two fires. On the one hand was the Turk with his ultimatum, on the other hand was the Soviet with her ultimatum. Finally, in desperation, the Government of the Republic appealed to Legran. The latter, who had done his utmost to bring about this catastrophe, now took full advantage of his opportunity. On December 2, 1920, an agreement was signed between the Soviet and the Government of the Republic whereby Armenia was turned over to the Soviet.

The Soviet had been pacified, but there still remained the Turk who was well advised of what was going on in Erivan and was bent on enforcing the harsh terms of his ultimatum. In the contrary event he threatened to march on Erivan. The Government of the Republic realized the fearful consequences of such a contingency

which would mean fresh massacres and the possible extermination of the remainder of the Armenian people. To prevent the catastrophe, the Government finally authorized its delegation which for several days had been negotiating with the Turks in Alexandropol to accept the Turkish demands.

On the same night (December 2, 1920) was signed the Treaty of Alexandropol between Turkey and the outgoing Government of the Independent Republic by which Armenia was forced to renounce the Sevres Treaty, declared the Armenian regions of Sharour and Nakhitchevan under Turkish protectorate, and in addition surrendered to the Turk the Russian Armenian regions of Kars and Ardahan.

What the Soviet Has Cost The Armenian People

The preceding Soviet record in relation to the Armenian people proves the following incontrovertible facts insofar as they effect the fate of Armenia since the emergence of the Bolsheviks.

1 — That the Soviet poses as the champion of small oppressed peoples in their struggle for independence is false, insincere, and a consummate fraud. This was demonstrated in 1917 when the Soviet withdrew the Russian armies from the occupied Turkish Armenian provinces, at a time when the Armenian people were in certain danger of extermination, and yet returned these armies in 1920 to overwhelm the Independent Republic with her Turkish Ally.

2 — The Soviet was willing to sacrifice the entire Armenian people for the sake of the world revolution and the so-called Cause of the Workingmen.

3 — When at the end of World War I the Turk was prostrate, the Soviet bolstered him up, assisted in his recovery militarily and diplomatically, enabled him to crush Armenia, and at Lausanne helped him scrap the Sevres Treaty, stripping Armenia clean

of what she had won in the war at such a colossal sacrifice.

4 — By supporting the Turk, by connivance, and by force of her own arms, the Soviet despoiled Armenia of her natural territories of Kars, Ardahan, Akhalkalak, Nakhitchevan, Surmalu and Zangezour, thus shrinking the Wilsonian Armenia of 40,000 square miles to the pitiful 12,000 square miles of present day Soviet Armenia.

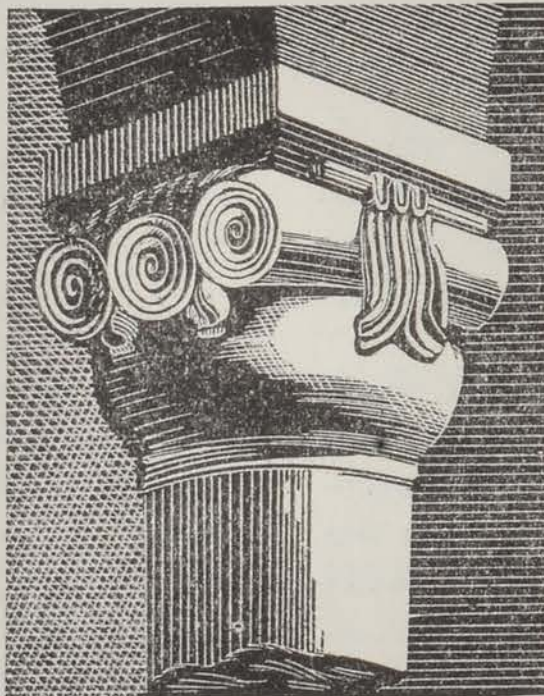
5 — Through infiltration, conspiracy, sabotage, intrigue, deceit, and armed force, she undermined the democratic morale of the Armenian people and their army and eventually brought about the downfall of the Independent Republic.

6 — Finally, the Soviet brought to Armenia the worst evil which could befall any people — the Soviet slavery. Like all enslaved peoples within the Iron Curtain, for the past 31 years the people of Armenia have been groaning under the worst tyranny the world has ever seen. They tasted the dregs of the disastrous kolkhoization of the farmer and the artificial famine of the 20's. They went through the horrors of the repeated purges of the Thirties. They saw the product of the labor of their hands shipped elsewhere while they lived undernourished, underclad, and undersheltered. For 31 years they have been trembling under the dread Cheka. Their moral fabric, their self-respect, their human dignity, their faith in mankind and their spiritual fortitude has been shattered by the abominable system of universal espionage. Their church has been destroyed, their clergy exterminated, their civil rights abrogated, and their sense of dignity debased. The people of Soviet Armenia are not the masters of their souls. They see no hope, no ray of light, no source of inspiration. The people of Armenia are in need of liberation.

Patriotic Armenians of the world regard the Soviet ideology as a foreign importa-

tion which was imposed on the people of Armenia against their wishes and will. They regard the Soviet regime as a tyranny which was forcibly enforced on Armenia. They look upon the Soviet as chief obstacle on the path of Armenia's liberation. They regard the Soviet as a world evil, a destroyer of human freedom, and a menace to world peace.

To them the Case of Armenia is still unfinished and unsolved. The Armenian dream of centuries for a free, united and independent homeland is in as much need of realization today as it was in May of 1918. They see no way of realizing this dream unless the Soviet regime is destroyed.



THE BICYCLE

By HAIKAZ MARCAR

Johnny stood outside Mr. Taylor's hardware store and stared at the shiny bicycle. People went up and down the street; the other school kids came and passed him; his friend Bobby called out to him, but he did not seem to hear. The red and blue bicycle was all that he would see. It had taken hold of his childish being.

Ever since Johnny was old enough to ride a bicycle he had wanted to have one of his own. He was ten now and nearly every boy of his age had a bicycle. Even some of the girls in his small home town had bicycles.

Mr. Taylor had seen Johnny for the last three years watch the bicycle in his store to and fro from school. Johnny would linger longer and longer as Christmas approached closer and closer. On Christmas Eve, he would stand on the pavement for hours watching the bicycle without saying a word until Mr. Taylor would close his store and walk him home.

Mr. Taylor had come to know Johnny's mother during the war years. She was a poor widow; in fact, very poor. There was neither an ice-box nor a decent stove in her house. She had lost her husband in the war and the little money she received from the government was just enough to pay for the bare necessities. There was nothing left for Christmas gifts for Johnny, and this year especially, with the cost of living increasing day by day, it seemed that she would not be able to get him a Christmas gift.

Johnny had never been a trouble to his mother. In fact, he was a great help to

her. He would help her clean the house and carry some of the groceries home. Johnny had never asked his mother for money or gifts; he had accepted what she gave him. But all the same, Johnny's mother knew too well that the boy needed to have some sort of a gift some time. All she had been able to save this year was a little money for an electric iron. She needed an ice-box even more than a new iron, but she could not pay for an ice-box. She did not believe in installment payments, nor did she want to borrow; she wished to pay for what she needed then and there.

Every year, a fortnight before Christmas, the teacher in Johnny's school would hold a small party for the school boys and girls in which the children exchanged Christmas gifts. Everyone would bring a small gift and all the gifts would be pooled together. After they had refreshments and played a few games the teacher would distribute the gifts at random but would make sure not to give any gift back to the one who had brought it.

For the past three years Johnny's mother had bought him candy to take to school and he had come home with a toy. Johnny did not care for toys or other Christmas gifts, however; his heart was set on the bicycle. Sometimes during class he would imagine himself riding the blue and red bicycle down the main street. He would not stop at the signal; he would go on and on. He would keep ringing the bell and pedal on. He would pass Mr. Taylor's store and wave to him. Then he would let his hands go off the handlebars, fold them

on his chest, and show off before the other kids. It was so wonderful, so thrilling, and so out of this world.

It was the last day of school. They had had their refreshments, had played their games, and now they were going home, not to come back until after New Year's Day. There was joy and laughter in the faces of all the kids. They had opened their gifts and showed them to each other, wished one another Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and went home.

Johnny, too, was happy. He was happy not because he had received two water guns nor because it was Christmas vacation, but because now he really believed that sometime he would be able to ride the red and blue bicycle down the main street.

He walked up the main street thinking very seriously over what the teacher had said, and he blamed himself for not doing what the teacher had said in other years. It was now clear in his mind that he must first "want a thing very much," and second, "work hard to get it." That's just what the teacher had said and it was as easy as that. He wanted the bicycle very much, but how was he going to get it? His mother had no money, and he himself never had any, and he had never worked. His mother would not think of letting him sell papers on the street; that was unthinkable. She was a proud widow. She would work hard herself and let her son help in the house, but would never let him go out in the streets to shine shoes or sell papers.

But then Johnny remembered something else the teacher had said, "Santa Claus does not bring gifts for selfish boys and girls." He kept remembering this all the way until he reached Mr. Taylor's store. Then he stood there and looked at the bicycle in the show window. It was red and blue, and it was shining better than it ever had before.

Johnny stood outside Mr. Taylor's store

for a while; then, when he saw that there were no customers in the store he walked in shyly, dragging his feet and biting his nails. His hair was still neatly combed, and he had the usual yearning look on his face, but there was a new joy and gleam in his eyes.

"What do you want, Johnny?" Mr. Taylor asked kindly, putting his hand on Johnny's shoulders.

Johnny did not say a word. He was still biting his nails, but now his eyes were no more on the bicycle but on a small ice-box, white as snow. Johnny kept on staring at the little white ice-box.

Mr. Taylor offered him a stick of chewing gum; Johnny took the gum and thanked him. Then Mr. Taylor asked, "Would you like to help me around here for an hour and then I'll walk you home?"

"Yes," said Johnny with a big smile.

For one hour Johnny helped Mr. Taylor, but he kept a constant eye on the little ice-box. Now and then he glanced at the red and blue bicycle and smiled a pleasant smile. He was feeling good. He was being useful. He was helping Mr. Taylor. He was dusting the pots and pans. He loved to see them shine until he could see his smiling face reflected in them. He loved everything that was smooth and shiny. It gave him a special thrill and sensation to feel shiny things. He had even felt the little white ice-box. Now he wondered how the red and blue bicycle would feel to the touch. Johnny loved to be near the bicycle; he would come every day if Mr. Taylor would let him.

That afternoon, when walking home, Johnny asked Mr. Taylor if he could come and help him in the store every day for the rest of the Christmas vacation, and Mr. Taylor replied, "I'll be glad to see you around the store if you'll keep out of mischief and get your mother's permission."

"I promise, I won't be any trouble, Mr.

Taylor; I'll just help you and do as you tell me," pleaded Johnny.

"You better tell your mother about this; otherwise she will spank you for staying out all day," warned Mr. Taylor gently.

Johnny knew only too well that if he had to do the asking his mother would say "no." But if Mr. Taylor were to ask she would agree because then she would know for certain that he would be in safe hands.

They were now about two doors from Johnny's house when Johnny asked, "Mr. Taylor, would you please ask my mother if she would let me come and help you in the store? Please, Mr. Taylor, I'll be a good boy."

"I'll talk to her tomorrow morning and in the meantime you be nice to her," Mr. Taylor replied kindly, after a short pause. After saying goodbye he walked to his home across the street from Johnny's house.

Next morning when Johnny got up from his sleep he saw Mr. Taylor chatting with his mother in the kitchen over a cup of coffee. He dressed in a hurry, had his breakfast, and half an hour later he was in Mr. Taylor's store shining and dusting the pots and pans.

He especially liked the shiny little dishes that reflected the entire store. Of all the objects reflected in them he could see the little white ice-box and the red and blue bicycle most clearly. They seemed to stand out most.

Every day until the day before Christmas, Johnny helped Mr. Taylor in the store. He liked his job; it gave him an opportunity to be near the bicycle and the ice-box. He had dusted practically everything and he knew every little corner in the store. He knew the right place for everything. He was neat and reliable like his mother. And most of all, he was very quiet. Mr. Taylor began to like Johnny very much. He treated him like a son.

By now Johnny had dusted the ice-box more than a dozen times. The ice-box was clean; it didn't need any dusting, but it gave Johnny a great thrill just to open and look at the inside over and over again. He would open the ice-box about a dozen times a day and feel all the parts inside. And while he did this he thought how wonderful it would be if mother could have that ice-box. She could keep all the groceries in it. Yes, thought Johnny, it would be wonderful; mother would be so glad to have the ice-box.

Only once did Johnny have the opportunity to go very close to the red and blue bicycle. In fact he was so close that he yearningly rubbed his hands over the handlebars, over the seat and the fenders. That half an hour in the show window, near the red and blue bicycle, was the happiest moment of Johnny's life. What else was there in life? Johnny could desire no more; now, he was by his bicycle. It was a pleasant world, he thought. He put the palm of his right hand on its little bell, and rang it once, then twice, and then three times, and continued ringing until Mr. Taylor reproached him silently. The tone of its bell was so sweet and rich that Johnny thought it was the best music he had ever heard. It was out of this world. Johnny began dusting the bicycle with the greatest care and he made sure that he did not miss a single spot. He divided the bicycle mentally into four different parts and dusted them part by part.

After he thought he had dusted the bicycle, he stood close to it and looked at his face reflected and distorted in its shiny handle. Then once again, for the last time, he gently caressed the handle bars, then the seat, and last, the fenders. Once he held both handles at the same time and stood in position as if he were going to ride it. He stood that way for a couple of minutes until his thoughts carried him and

his bicycle from the store out into the street. This time he was riding down the main street on a Christmas day. It was snowing. The streets were covered with snow. There was nobody in the street but Johnny himself riding in the snow. That seemed to be a perfect Christmas.

Johnny was still holding the handlebars when Mr. Taylor walked up to him. He stood close to Johnny and putting his hand on his shoulders smiled gently, then in a tender tone he said, "You've been a very nice boy and a lot of help to me, so I'm going to let you pick yourself a gift from the store."

For a minute Johnny thought he did not hear Mr. Taylor, then Mr. Taylor repeated again, "You can pick any one gift from my store. Just name it and I'll let you have it."

Johnny's eyes went from the bicycle to the ice-box and back again to the bicycle. For two full minutes Johnny stood there, now staring at the ice-box and now stealing a yearning look at the bicycle. Then Johnny hung his head low as if in shame, and biting the fingernails of his left hand he caressed the bicycle, rang its bell for the last time, and walked reluctantly from the bicycle to the ice-box. Standing before it, he silently pointed to it.

"You don't mean the ice-box, Johnny, do you?" Mr. Taylor asked in complete bewilderment, as he came out of the show window and stood near him.

"Yes," replied Johnny, sadly but firmly.

"Why, don't you want the bicycle?" Mr. Taylor asked, hoping that Johnny would change his mind. But Johnny remained silent. He had made up his mind. He wanted the ice-box. He wanted it for his mother. The teacher had said that selfish boys and girls were not liked by Santa Claus, and he wanted to make sure that he wasn't selfish. He wanted Santa Claus to like him.

"You want the ice-box for your mother, Johnny? Is that right?"

"Yes," replied Johnny softly.

That afternoon Mr. Taylor walked Johnny home, but they did not exchange one word with each other. Mr. Taylor was so impressed and touched by Johnny's sacrifice that he thought it best not to make the boy talk for fear he might burst out crying any moment.

Johnny hung his Christmas stocking from his bed as he had done on past Christmas Eves and went to sleep. Next morning he got up early from his sleep and looked into his Christmas stocking. As usual, it held some candy and a few toys. He never cared for candies or toys. He tossed them on his bed and dressed in a hurry. From his window he could see that it had snowed, so he put on his rubbers and slipped out on tip-toe to the street from the back door.

Johnny walked straight to Mr. Taylor's store without looking around. For the past three Christmas mornings he had stood outside the store and watched the red and blue bicycle. It was the best thing on earth. That was his world. That was his Christmas. That was his joy and pleasure. The red and blue bicycle was a paradise on two wheels. It was Johnny's paradise but all he could do was to look at it through a show window. Even that was sufficient; even that much was a great thrill for Johnny.

When Johnny reached the store he stopped and looked to see the bicycle but the show window was covered with snow. So he came closer and removed a little of the snow and peeped in through one eye. He still couldn't see the bicycle. Then nervously, as if sensing the danger before it was there, he wiped enough snow from the window to be able to see the whole store. But to his disappointment there was no bicycle to be seen anywhere.

For a moment Johnny felt miserable. Suddenly everything looked ugly and cruel. Now, unlike other Christmas days, he had been deprived of the only joy he got in life. The joy of just admiring the shiny bicycle. But now there was no red and blue bicycle. Mr. Taylor's store did not look the same. Main street did not look the same. His little home town was not the same. The world had changed with the disappearance of the bicycle.

Mechanically, he turned away from Mr. Taylor's store and walked back home thinking all the while that Mr. Taylor must have sold the bicycle. How he had hoped and prayed every day that Mr. Taylor would not sell the bicycle, but it had all been in vain. The bicycle was not in the store any more.

As he walked home, Johnny thought that there was not another boy in the whole world half as miserable as he was on that Christmas morning. He walked home slowly and silently, rubbing his hands in the cold.

When he reached home he saw Mr. Taylor standing on the porch talking to his mother and smiling as had never smiled before.

"Merry Christmas, Johnny," said Mr. Taylor as he blew out the smoke from his pipe with complete satisfaction.

Johnny did not say a word. How could he say anything now? What was so merry

about a Christmas in which he couldn't even see the bicycle he had watched and longed for three years?

Johnny went straight to his room and fell on his bed ready to burst into tears when his mother took hold of his hand and taking him to the living room, said, "You have been a nice little boy and Santa Claus has brought you a nice gift."

But no gift in the world would make Johnny happy. His red and blue bicycle was gone for good. It was not in the store any more. He felt lost and lonely without it.

"Now close your eyes and don't open them until I tell you to," said his mother. Johnny closed his eyes obediently. Then she lighted the Christmas tree and said, "Now you may open your eyes."

When Johnny opened his eyes he thought he was dreaming. Behind the short branches of the Christmas tree he saw the little white ice-box and beside it the red and blue bicycle. With tears of joy rolling down his cheeks he caressed the bicycle and then rubbed his hands on the ice-box. Then, as if he remembered something very important, he left everything and ran out to the street. There was no one in the street. There was no one in the street but the familiar figure of a man walking down the street in hurried steps as if he was running away from something he had done. From the back Johnny thought he looked like the real Santa Claus.



STATURE OF THE ARMENIAN PEOPLE

By VAHE A. SARAFIAN

Stature has, in the past, been considered of some significant value in determination of racial classification. Ripley discussed lucidly the question of its actual worth, summing up: ". . . it would appear that stature is rather an irresponsible witness in the matter of race. A physical trait so liable to disturbance by circumstances outside the human body is correspondingly invalidated as an indication of hereditary tendencies which lie within."¹ Buxton believed that the environmental features which appear to have an effect on body height may be considered in categories, as follows: "climate, locality, food which is naturally related to the two first, health in relation to the group, and the influence of social selection."²

Climate

The actual effect of climate on stature is moot, as certain of the tallest classes of mankind exist under diverse climatic conditions. Likewise, short stature, with the exception of the pygmies, cannot be confined to particular latitudes or zones. Though scattered around the world, the direct pygmy stocks are found confined entirely to the tropics, where, generally,

they live alongside taller races; it would be hazardous to correlate their stature purely with climatic conditions. In Central Africa, for example, within nearby areas live the tall Watussi and the African pygmies; other examples are frequent. Following Buxton's view, it would appear as a general rule that extreme conditions rather tend to be associated with diminished stature, but no valid view shows this to be the effect of climate per se.³ It is of interest, in this connection, to note in passing the very old Armenian tradition that in Armenia two populations were in a symbiotic, protective relationship, both a short and tall people being involved.

Locality

Buxton holds that locality in itself and its indirect effect, by variation of food supplies, would seem to have a valid effect on stature.⁴ It has been claimed that the stature of mountaineers tends to be shorter than that of lowlanders; Buxton finds the testimony to be very conflicting, and, "it is possible that the influence here is not the direct result of altitude so much as the effect either of different climatic conditions, the highlands being relatively colder, or of food supply which is usually more scanty

¹W. Z. Ripley: *Races of Europe*, London, 1899.

²L. H. Dudley Buxton: *The Peoples of Asia*, N. Y., 1925; p. 22.

³Buxton, pp. 22-23.

⁴Buxton, p. 23.

on the hills than on the plain."⁵ It would appear from Armenian studies that in the Near East we face a reversal of this finding.⁶ Coon, basing his reference mainly on the detailed study by Byron Hughes, found that "the eastern Armenians, from Van, Erivan, Bitlis, and Erzerum, are considerably taller than those in the (lowland) west, who come from Sivas, Kaisarie, and Marash, while those geographically intermediate, from Kharput and Diarbekr, are intermediate in stature as well. The extremes are the Van people, with a mean of 169 cm., and those from Kaisarie and Marash, with means of 164 cm."⁷ Kherumian verifies this finding, stating, "One notes that the highest stature (1 m. 70) corresponds to the Armenian plateau and to adjacent lands, and that height decreases in the plains and in the regions distant from historic Armenia."⁸

Food Supply

Buxton further holds that "There can be little doubt that food has an important effect on stature. As a general rule those races whose food supply is scanty or unsatisfactory are shorter than their neighbours. It is not impossible that the pygmies of the tropical forests may be the result of a racial starvation of this sort. . . . How far however the continued effect of generations of starvation can influence the race is uncertain, and the evidence at our disposal would suggest that the influence is more likely to be individual than racial."⁹ Collignon and Ripley have pointed out the existence of "misery spots" where, because of inclement surroundings and semi-starvation, the people are of notably shorter

stature than more fortunately located neighbors. Buxton feels that the European evidence suggests that when people migrate from the misery spots to richer locations of food supply the stature of children reattains the normal. This could explain Boas's finding (which concerns too few individuals to be considered a legitimate sample) that American-born Armenians exceed parental height.¹⁰ In this regard, it should be born in mind that differences in given features may appear racial when they can equally logically be explained in terms of environment, and vice versa. Consider the fact that, since 1828, the condition of Armenians in the western part of Turkish Armenia, especially Cilicia, has often been depressed below that of eastern Armenians, more generally established in wholly Armenian or Christian towns and quarters.

Disease

Buxton considers next that, "There seems to be good reason to believe that the stature of a stock is affected by the general condition of health which prevail, and it has been suggested that such diseases as malaria may cause the average stature to deteriorate. Here again it would appear that such weakened vitality was to be considered rather a part of the individual than of the stock."¹¹ Unfortunately, there has as yet been no adequate survey of the prevalence of diseases and parasites among the different localities in Turkish and Caucasian Armenia. According to Soviet figures for Soviet Armenia incorporated by Kherumian, in 1926 "among contagious and endemic diseases, the greatest number of deaths were due to pulmonary tuberculosis (5.5%), to measles (3.9%), and to malaria (2.05%)."¹² It is known that malaria has been a problem equally in the south Cili-

⁵Buxton, p. 23.

⁶It is my personal view that international evidence rather supports the view that mountain peoples tend toward greater stature.

⁷C. S. Coon: *The Races of Europe*, N. Y., 1939; p. 626.

⁸R. Kherumian: *Les Armeniens*, Paris, 1943; p. 32.

⁹Buxton, pp. 23-24.

¹⁰F. Boas: *Changes in Bodily Form of Descendants of Immigrants*, Washington, 1910-1911.

¹¹Buxton, p. 24.

¹²Kherumian, p. 138.

cian area, especially around the Bay of Iskenderoun (Alexandretta), as well as sporadically throughout the whole of Armenia. This parasitical disease, which rages in an endemic form in certain areas of Soviet Armenia,¹³ while taking only 2.05% of the death total given, was far more common than the rate of death would indicate. Kherumian's analysis of the various maladies which attacked the population of Soviet Armenia from 1922 to 1927 shows that, among epidemic and endemic diseases, malaria held far and away the first position; "Of the total of endemic and epidemic diseases it constituted:

In 1922	96.4%
In 1923	87.4
In 1924	81.1
In 1925	71.8
In 1926	72.7 ¹⁴

Among other major diseases of the area, it is worthy of note that the effect of syphilis, widely prevalent throughout Turkey, seems rare among the Armenians, occurring almost entirely in sporadic cases in cities and towns outside Armenia Major and Armenia Minor. Pulmonary diseases, in particular bronchitis and tuberculosis (the white scourge of Turkey), have, on the other hand, been consistently serious in prevalence among the Armenians; even in the relatively abundant life in America, the Armenians have been acutely susceptible to damage to the lungs. In France in 1936, of 5,194 consultations at the Armenian dispensary of the Red Cross in Paris, almost 17% were respiratory in nature; while in a six month period in 1935 at the Bagneux dispensary 18.6% were for respiratory ailments.¹⁵ Soviet sources show that principally young adults were attacked by pulmonary tuberculosis; 46.5% of the deaths

caused by that illness were produced among people from twenty to thirty-nine years in age.¹⁶

Tuberculosis, in fact, was spreading in Soviet Armenia, rising from 16.3% of the number of non-epidemic and non-endemic afflictions in 1924 to 21.1% in 1926, then falling slightly from that peak to 20.7% in 1927.¹⁷ Of diseases which particularly struck down children less than five years of age in Soviet Armenia, pulmonary congestion again ranked near the top.¹⁸ The remarkable prevalence of tuberculosis under the Soviet regime, of course, can be considered an indication of poor nutritional conditions which could, conceivably, have a short-term effect on the average height of Armenians there.

Social Selection

Beyond the previous factors which possibly affect stature, social selection may, no doubt, exert a considerable influence. Buxton contends that, "In dealing with Asia we are faced with rather a different problem from that of Europe, because among the majority of the population the desire for children is very great and there is therefore a great prejudice in favour of fertility. Sterile marriages are the result of disability not of social causes. . ."¹⁹ This is certainly reasonable regarding the Armenians of Armenia proper, at least, for they were an extremely fecund and child-loving population. "Vigorous strains have therefore every chance of surviving, and it seems that not infrequently stature, which is not excessively abnormal, is correlated with a vigorous strain. There would therefore be a tendency for selection to increase the stature. Another way in which selection may have affected the population of Asia

¹³Kherumian, p. 139.

¹⁴Kherumian, p. 139.

¹⁵Kherumian, pp. 134-136.

¹⁶Kherumian, p. 139.

¹⁷Kherumian, p. 140.

¹⁸Kherumian, p. 139.

¹⁹Buxton, p. 24.

is even more difficult to verify at present. Certain parts of that continent (and certainly Armenia among them) have been subjected to great catastrophes which have destroyed millions. Usually the original catastrophe destroys both the weak and the strong. It is however not infrequently followed by a famine in which the strongest who (may) tend to have a stature above the average, survive. The great loss of life leaves the area less densely populated, and therefore the stature of the race, other things being equal, tends to increase slightly.²⁰ While this seems at first glance to be non-applicable to the Armenian historic situation, it merits considerable thought in understanding the continued vigor and racial strength of the Armenian people.

Systems of Stature Classification

Following Kherumian, two classifications only will be touched upon in this article, namely the system proposed by R. Martin and the rather simpler one of Topinard.²¹ The following two charts display the Mar-

R. MARTIN'S SYSTEM:

Height	Males	Females
Dwarf	Less than 129.9 cm.	Less than 120.9 cm.
Very Short	130.0-149.9	121.0-139.9
Short	150.0-159.9	140.0-148.9
Low-medium	160.0-163.9	149.0-152.9
Medium	164.0-166.9	153.0-155.9
High-medium	167.0-169.9	156.0-158.9
Tall	170.0-179.9	159.0-167.9
Very Tall	180.8-199.9	168.0-186.9
Giant	200.0 over	187.0 over

TOPINARD'S SYSTEM:

Short	Less than 159.9	Less than 139.9
Low-medium	160.0-164.9	140.0-152.9
High-medium	165.0-169.9	153.0-157.9
Tall	170.0 over	158.0 over

tin and Topinard classifications of human stature:²²

Coon places the Armenians in the medium range of Martin and credits them with a national (male) mean of 166cm.²³ Basing his remarks on Hughes's study of Armenian-born Americans, Coon feels that the Armenians "are men of medium stature . . . this varies extensively in accordance with geography. . . ."²⁴ Kherumian,²⁵ together with Twarjanowitz,²⁶ Ivanovsky,²⁷ Hrdlicka,²⁸ Deniker,²⁹ and Chantre,³⁰ would, on the other hand, place the Armenian national male mean in Martin's high-medium range, their means being over 167.0 cm.³¹

Kherumian gives the following figures as the mean of 154 Armenian females studied by him: MEAN—154.5 with a MINIMUM-MAXIMUM RANGE of 137.2-172.0.³² This would indicate that Armenian women fall

²²Comparison table between metric and inch measures:

4' 8"—142.24 cm	5' 6"—167.64 cm
4' 9"—144.78	5' 7"—170.18
4'10"—147.32	5' 8"—172.72
4'11"—149.86	5' 9"—175.26
5' 0"—152.40	5'10"—177.80
5' 1"—154.94	5'11"—180.34
5' 2"—157.48	6' 0"—182.88
5' 3"—160.02	6' 1"—185.42
5' 4"—162.56	6' 2"—187.96
5' 5"—165.10	6' 3"—190.50

²³Coon, p. 626.

²⁴Coon, p. 626.

²⁵Kherumian, p. 29.

²⁶ through ³⁰ Kherumian, quotations, p. 29.

³¹*Armenian Male Height by Different Authors:*

AUTHOR AND ORIGIN OF SUBJECTS	No of	Mean:	Min.-Max.
Weissenberg	20	164.6	_____
Anservo <i>N. Nakh.</i>	114	165.5	151-178
Pittard <i>Dobrudja</i>	76	166.1	153.9-189.6
Seltzer <i>Various</i>	101	166.16	154-186
Kossovich <i>Asia Minor</i>	234	166.4	140-182
Ivanovsky <i>Erivan Pr.</i>	—	166.6	_____
Ericson <i>Caucasus</i>	—	166.8	_____
Boas <i>Various</i>	75	167.04	_____
Twarjanowitz <i>Tr. C.</i>	105	167.1	153-174
Ivanovsky <i>Caucasus</i>	946	167.1	_____
Hrdlicka <i>Various</i>	25	167.4	_____
Kherumian <i>Various</i>	313	168.04	150.5-186.7
Deniker <i>Trans. C.</i>	192	169.4	_____
Chantre <i>Various</i>	239	169.44	150-182
Boas <i>Various</i>	75	170.0	157.0-189
Boas <i>Born in U.S.</i>	9	171.2	161-178

³²Kherumian, p. 29.

²⁰Buxton, pp. 24-25.

²¹As quoted in Kherumian, pp. 28-29.

in Martin's "medium" classification and in Topinard's "high-medium," with little difference from the relative position in mankind of the Armenian male, barring a possible slight depression.

"The general mean or mean of the means derived from 1,521 measurements (Anserov, Pittard, Seltzer, Kossovich, Twarjanowitz, Hrdlicka, Kherumian, Deniker, Chantre, Boas) is 167.6 (neglecting the figures given by Ivanovsky as not resulting from his own researches, but from the means of various authors)."³³ My own findings on the mean of the means (average mean) is slightly different, being based on partially different available statistics. I have utilized the figures given by those used by Kherumian in the above quotation, together with measurements by Weissenberg, and Byron Hughes. (The figure I have used for Boas' finding is 170.0 taken directly from his book.³⁴ His findings were reported differently by Kherumian and Seltzer, as noted in the footnote table below.) Based on 2,641 measurements, my average mean is 167.05.

COMPARATIVE STATURE TABLE³⁵

PEOPLE:	AUTHOR:	No.:	Mean:
Greeks	Pittard	124	166.4
Bulgars	Pittard	200	166.74
Bulgars	Hasluck & Morant	100	167.92
Northern Albanians	Coon	1065	169.71
Asia Minor			
Iraq Jews	Weissenberg	37	164.1
Arabs	Mochi	29	164.28
Greeks	Neophytos	42	165.5
Takhtadji & Bektashi	von Luschan	50	167.7
Turks	Pittard	300	167.9
Turks	Hasluck & Morant	200	167.92
Iraqi (Kish)	Buxton & Rice	159	169.56
Kurds	Pittard	48	170.7
Samaritans	Szpidbaum	27	171.07
Caucasus			
Georgian Jews	Weissenberg	33	163.6

³³Kherumian, p. 30.

³⁴Boas; *Bermerkungen uber die Anthropometrie der Armenier*, Zeitschrift fur ethnologie, Berlin, 1924.

³⁵Seltzer: *The Racial Characteristics of Syrians and Armenians*, Cambridge Mass., 1936. p. 3 (Adaptation).

Lesghians	Chantre	11	164
Caucasus Jews	Weissenberg	20	164
Georgians	Dzhavahov	900	165.5
Aissores	Chantre	22	166
Syrians			
Total Syrians	Seltzer	251	167.19
Lebanon	Seltzer	162	167.28
Alawiya	Seltzer	44	166.76
Damascus	Seltzer	19	166.59
Homs-Hama-Alep	Seltzer	17	169.41

The Distribution Curve Plot

When the results of Kherumian's, Chantre's, Kossovich's, and Pittard's series are plotted on graph pattern, it is at once apparent that the samples of the population involved do not represent the normal distribution curve, but rather that, in each case, at least three peaks exist. Unfortunately the largest series studied in detail, that of Byron O. Hughes, has not been plotted on graph, nor have separate values been listed for each of the individuals included in his series of 1,100 adult males.³⁶ Kherumian lists these peaks as follows:

AUTHOR:	Principal peak:	Secondary peak:	Secondary peak:
Kherumian	170	165	161
Kossovich	166	162	171
Chantre	168	170	165
Pittard	166	172	160 ³⁷

Presuming, as most social scientists do, that the normal curve of distribution is in fact valid for chance sampling in any given population, it becomes at once clear that we are dealing with at least two, and probably more, distinct racial elements in the Armenian stock tested.

The Question of Heterogeneity

Whether the hint given by the distribution curves can be verified becomes a major problem, of course, for, if it can be shown on other grounds that it is reasonable to suppose we are concerned with a statistically and actually heterogeneous stock, we shall not be in the position of making or

³⁶Nevertheless, Hughes has done an excellent job of analyzing out from his series divergent racial strains, primarily through intricate statistics.

³⁷Kherumian, p. 31.

building a case on false, statistical assumptions. It has been recognized for some time past that statistical treatment of Armenian samples is at best extremely variable when the given samples are relatively small or from a limited locality. Byron Hughes's regional samples ranged in number from 77 individuals for Caisare (Gesaria) to 214 for Kharput; equally his ascertained means varied from 163.91 to 169.11, as will be seen in the table given later.³⁸ The suspicion is inevitable, whenever we are faced with results which appear significantly different, that the larger the sample is, the less chance there is for sampling error; certainly, it would appear that large samples ought to be less influenced by such factors as family links,³⁹ possible occupational involvements,⁴⁰ age effects,⁴¹ or the unconscious selection of a specialized population because of the irregular pattern of relocation involved in emigration from the parent land.⁴²

Since the presence of at least two divergent or separate racial elements among the Armenians has been recognized by almost every writer on the subject, the three latest major studies have each sought to analyze out the sub-groups.⁴³ Kossovich, in 1934,

³⁸Byron O. Hughes: *The Physical Anthropology of Native Born Armenians*, unpublished Ph.D. thesis, Harvard Univ., 1938; I, 21.

³⁹As evidenced in E. Chantre: *Recherches Anthropologiques dans l'Asie Occidentale*, (Archives du Museum d'Histoire Naturelle de Lyon, Memoir, v. 6, 1895).

⁴⁰Kherumian, pp. 37-38.

⁴¹Age is, apparently, an item of great importance in stature determination, varying in a direct relationship with such difficult to determine factors as inherited age of full maturity, degree of physical weakening and aging, starvation in growth periods, crop conditions in rural areas, etc.

⁴²Hughes has pointed out in an analysis of Seltzer's study that Seltzer's Armenian sample was drawn predominantly from the Central (Kharput) area.

⁴³Namely, the series of Seltzer, published in 1936; that of Byron O. Hughes in 1938, still unpublished; and that of Kherumian, published in 1943.

had already pointed out an apparent disparity between two stature groups in the Armenians, one measuring 171 cm. or more, the other 160 or less.⁴⁴ Even earlier, Pittard, in his study of Balkan Armenians, had found approximately 25% of the Armenians to be vary tall and around 20% to be short-statured; to him, this indicated the existence of two important elements.⁴⁵

Seltzer's Analysis of Heterogeneity⁴⁶

Seltzer, in introducing his general analysis of the Armenian material, states:

*It is increasingly evident as we proceed with the description of the material that our Armenian series does not represent a perfectly homogeneous group. Despite the fact that this series exhibits many definitive anthropometric and morphological characteristics, there exists adequate evidence for the presumption of the admixture of several foreign elements in the population. The detection and identification of these foreign elements, in addition to an investigation of the characteristics of the relatively pure original Armenoid population, therefore, become the important problems that must be considered. . . .*⁴⁷

Dividing the Armenians into three categories, those with dark brown eyes, those with light brown eyes, and those with mixed light eyes, Seltzer found that stature seemed to vary slightly, as well as other metric features. The light brown-eyed individuals were shortest in stature, the dark brown-eyed were intermediate, and the mixed light-eyed were the tallest.⁴⁸ Proceeding, further, Seltzer concluded that "*the basic element in this Armenian series is the light brown-eyed type*" (italics Seltzer's),⁴⁹

⁴⁴N. Kossovich, *Contribution a l'etude anthropometrique et serologique des Armeniens*, *Rev. Anthr.*, 10-12, 1934; as quoted in Kherumian, p. 31.

⁴⁵As quoted in Kherumian, p. 31.

⁴⁶Seltzer, pp. 56-68.

⁴⁷Seltzer, p. 56.

⁴⁸Seltzer, pp. 56-57.

⁴⁹Seltzer, p. 62.

which is found to be "... a generalized 'Armenoid' racial type" (italics Seltzer's).⁵⁰ Sorting out from this generalized grouping, Seltzer then found an "ultra-Armenoid" type on the basis of 25 morphological criteria; the ultra-Armenoids differed significantly from the total series in stature, with a mean of 162.89 cm. as against 166.16 for the total series.⁵¹

Hughes' Analysis of Heterogeneity

Byron O. Hughes has analyzed in a more expanded and complex way than Seltzer. Utilizing a far larger sample, 1,100 individuals as against 101 for Seltzer, he has taken into consideration geographical differentiation as well as random differentiation throughout the series. All his regional classifications except "Istanbul" are composed of males who were at least fifteen years of age before coming to the United States and whose parents were also born in the same locality.⁵² The Istanbul sample fits the age standard, but parents were not necessarily from the same area,⁵³ as was to be expected since the Armenian population of Constantinople has been a fluid one immigrant from the provinces. Hughes found that the total series fairly readily could be separated into two broad divisions on a geographic basis: the first division, which he terms the "Western Division," was composed of Erzerum (Garin), Marash (Germanicia), Gesaria, Sivas (Sebastia), and Kharpert; the "Eastern Division" comprised Van, Diarbekir (Dikranagerd), Bitlis, and Erivan.⁵⁴ Istanbul (Constantinople) was kept separate from both divisions inasmuch as the parents were derived from several different sources.

Regional stature was found to vary notably, as is seen in the following table:⁵⁵

GROUP	NO.	RANGE	MEAN
Total Series	1100	143-187	166.05
Caesaria	77	155-181	163.91
Marash	80	152-178	164.25
Kharpert	214	146-181	164.58
Erzerum	129	143-181	164.84
Istanbul	86	155-178	166.71
Bitlis	83	143-184	167.31
Sivas	143	152-187	167.43
Erivan	98	152-187	168.06
Van	132	149-187	168.69
Diarbekir	58	158-181	169.11

Analyzing, then, the interrelationships of the various districts, Hughes found significant relationships on a statistical basis. In stature, Kharpert showed significant deficiencies toward Van, Sivas, Istanbul, Diarbekir, Bitlis, and Erivan, as well as with the total series.⁵⁶ Van showed significant excess in height over Kharpet, Erzerum, Istanbul, Marash, Gesaria, and the total series.⁵⁷ Sivas was significantly excessive over Kharpert, Erzerum, Marash, Gesaria, and the total series.⁵⁸ Erzerum was significantly deficient to Van, Sivas, Istanbul, Diarbekir, Bitlis, Erivan, and the total series.⁵⁹ Istanbul was deficient to Van and Diarbekir, while it was excessive significantly over Kharpert, Erzerum, Marash, and the Gesaria.⁶⁰ Diarbekir showed significant excess over Kharpert, Erzerum, Istanbul, Marash, Gesaria, and the total series.⁶¹ Marash was deficient to Van, Sivas, Istanbul, Diarbekir, Bitlis, Erivan, and the total series.⁶² Bitlis showed significant stature excess over the total series, Kharpert, Erzerum, Marash, and Gesaria.⁶³ Gesaria was deficient to the total series, Van, Sivas, Istanbul, Diarbekir, Bitlis, and Erivan.⁶⁴ Erivan showed significant stature excess over the total series, Kharpert, Erzerum, Marash, and Gesaria.⁶⁵ The total series it-

⁵⁶Hughes, I, 171.

⁵⁷Hughes, I, 174.

⁵⁸Hughes, I, 177.

⁵⁹Hughes, I, 180.

⁶⁰Hughes, I, 183.

⁶¹Hughes, I, 186.

⁶²Hughes, I, 189.

⁶³Hughes, I, 192.

⁶⁴Hughes, I, 195.

⁶⁵Hughes, I, 198.

⁵⁰Seltzer, p. 66.

⁵¹Seltzer, p. 67.

⁵²Hughes, I, 4.

⁵³Hughes, I, pp. 4 and 11.

⁵⁴Hughes, I, 152.

⁵⁵Adapted from table on Hughes, I, 21.

self was excessive over Kharpert, Erzerum, Marash, and Gesaria; deficient toward Van, Sivas, Diarbekir, and Erivan.⁶⁶ Thus, Hughes' results indicate that Caucasian Armenia, Van, and Diarbekir are high stature areas of Armenia, while Erzerum, Kharpert, Gesaria, and Marash are a depressed stature area, with Sivas forming an island of higher stature in western Armenia.

Byron Hughes found that racial factors were evident in 303 individuals (of his series of 1,100) who had mixed light-dark eyes or entirely light eyes.⁶⁷ Blue-green eyed persons had a mean stature of 168.69 cm., as against 165.47 cm. for the rest of the total series when separated out.⁶⁸ Sifting further, he isolated 113 persons who were "pure Armenoid" in nine detailed and nine general features in combination; these "pure Armenoids" showed an average stature of 164.27 cm.,⁶⁹ as against 166.05 for the total series.

Kherumian's Analysis of Heterogeneity⁷⁰

Kherumian has attempted to disclose not only geographical variation in stature, as Hughes, but the influence of age and professional status as well. Kherumian has divided his total series into two general divisions, East and West, which are of some value in a historic sense. In his East Armenians, he includes persons from Transcaucasia, the provinces of Kars, Erzerum, Trebizond, Erzinga, Khozat (Dersim), Kharpert, Moush, Bitlis, Van, and Persian Armenia;⁷¹ in effect, the East Division comprises the heartland of Historic Armenia. Diarbekir, Armenia Minor, Cilicia, Syria, Turkey, and Thrace are a part of his West Division.⁷²

The Western Division has been sub-

divided into *Thrace* (European Turkey), *Central* (Sivas, Angora, Gesaria, Amassia, Sinope, and the area of the Halys-Kelkit River Valleys west of Shabin-Karahissar), and *West*, which includes Cilicia and other areas of Turkey and Syria not otherwise noted. *Thrace* shows a mean stature of 168.4; the *Center*, 167.4; the *West*, 165.6. Kherumian's Eastern Division, on the other hand, has not been sub-divided, and shows a mean stature of 170.1⁷³ The application of large regional groups to any Armenian sample is, at best, an unsure process, for Armenians appear to vary greatly within the regional limitations, as might be expected when concerned with a folk long domiciled in its area and living in a very mountainous land with poor communications. Kherumian points up this problem by noting the extreme divergence between some centers in Cilicia of mean stature of 163.1 with Zangezour's (in Russian Armenia) mean of 175.0, as well as by indicating the appearance in Cilicia, a low stature zone, of high stature localities such as Hadjin, with a mean of 172.4.⁷⁴

Height differentiation between the Armenian heartland and the other centers of Armenian settlement appear to hold good among women equally. While the total of Armenian women measured (154) had a mean stature of 154.5, those of the Eastern Division (30) had a mean of 156.9, in contrast to a mean of 153.9 for the 124 women of the Western Division.⁷⁵ Armenians colonized in old times in lands away from Armenia and Turkey appear to be shorter than persons from the homeland. Anserov's figure for the stature of Armenian men from New Nakhitchewan, on the Don River north of the Caucasus, is 165.5.⁷⁶ Pittard's figure for the Armenians of Dobroudja (Bulgaria) is 166.1⁷⁷ These figures may

⁶⁶Hughes, I, 168.

⁶⁷Hughes, II, pp. 467-480.

⁶⁸Hughes, II, 468.

⁶⁹Hughes, II, pp. 503-504.

⁷⁰Kherumian, pp. 30-40.

⁷¹Kherumian, pp. 31-32.

⁷²Kherumian, p. 32.

⁷³Kherumian, pp. 32-33

⁷⁴Kherumian, p. 33.

⁷⁵Kherumian, p. 33.

⁷⁶Kherumian, p. 33.

⁷⁷Kherumian, p. 32.

indicate merely a localization of migration source, since both figures can be duplicated within the local means in Armenia proper.

The Armenians are a people who generally tend to be tall or high medium in height in comparison with all mankind. Following the Topinard classification, 80% of those from the Armenian heartland are more than 164.9 cm., 57.39% are more than 170.0 cm., while 5.13% are over 180 cm. and so fall into Martin's very tall class. The West Armenians of Kherumian are shorter, but still tend to high stature; 61.44% are more than 164.9 cm. in height, while 34.22% are over 170 cm., and so fall in the tall category.⁷⁸

Analyzing the possible effect of profession on Armenian stature, Kherumian has found notable differences, as is apparent in the following table:

<i>Manual workers (East)</i>	168.3
<i>Non-manual</i>	171.8
<i>Manual workers (East)</i>	168.3
<i>Non-manual</i>	171.8
<i>Manual workers (West)</i>	165.7
<i>Non-manual</i>	172.5 ⁷⁹

In the non-manual group, only 3.1% are less than 160.0 cm., while in the manual class 16.5% fall below this height.⁸⁰ In the tall class (over 170.0 cm.) the manuals have only 32.6% against the non-manual's 67.7%.⁸¹ Whether racial and/or family inheritance is involved in part in this division of labor rank and stature is untested at this time. It would seem a profitable new line of analysis for Kherumian to equate his professional status data with his racial data.

Age has been analyzed at some length in connection with stature by Kherumian, but not significant results have been found which can be definitively explained, with

two minor exceptions. In both East and West Divisions, stature falls in the ages over 60 years; this is normal and of no basic importance so long as the sample is not overweighted by a disproportionate number of aged being included. However, there is a very significant deficiency of stature in the age group of 26 to 40 years in the West Division;⁸² this conforms with the expectation of those familiar with Armenian history of recent times that the deportations and poor nutrition suffered during the massacres and planned genocide in Turkey and Turkish Armenia by growing children would be found to have a permanent effect on their health.

Concluding Table

Inasmuch as we have been dealing with moderately complicated figures and analyses, it seems advisable to present here a concluding table, incorporating important results of the several authors' studies:

<i>AUTHOR:</i>	<i>SUBJECTS:</i>	<i>No.:</i>	<i>Mean:</i>
Kherumian	Females, West Div.	124	153.9
Kherumian	Females, various	154	154.5
Kherumian	Females, East Div.	30	156.9
Ivanovsky	Erivan, after famine	88	157.2
Seltzer	Ultra-Armenoid		
	Armenians	18	162.89
Hughes	Gesaria Dist.	77	163.91
Hughes	Marash Dist.	80	164.25
Hughes	"Pure Armenoids"	113	164.27
Hughes	Kharpert Dist.	214	164.58
Weissenberg	—————	20	164.6
Hughes	Erzerum Dist.	129	164.84
Hughes	Excluding blue		
	green eyes	—	165.47
Anserov	New Nakhitchevan	114	165.5
Kherumian	Asia Minor, excl. of		
	heartland and Halys	—	165.6
Kherumian	Manual workers, West	—	165.7
Hughes	Total Series	1100	166.05
Pittard	Dobroudja	76	166.1
Seltzer	Mainly Central		
	Armenians	101	166.16
Ericson	Caucasus (in Hughes)	103	166.18
Kherumian	Manual workers, total	—	166.2
Kossovich	Asia Minor	234	166.4
Kherumian	Asia Minor, excl. of		
	heartland only	236	166.6
Ivanovsky	Ervian Prov.	—	166.6
Hughes	Thrace (Istanbul) Dist.	86	166.71

⁷⁸Kherumian, pp. 33-34.

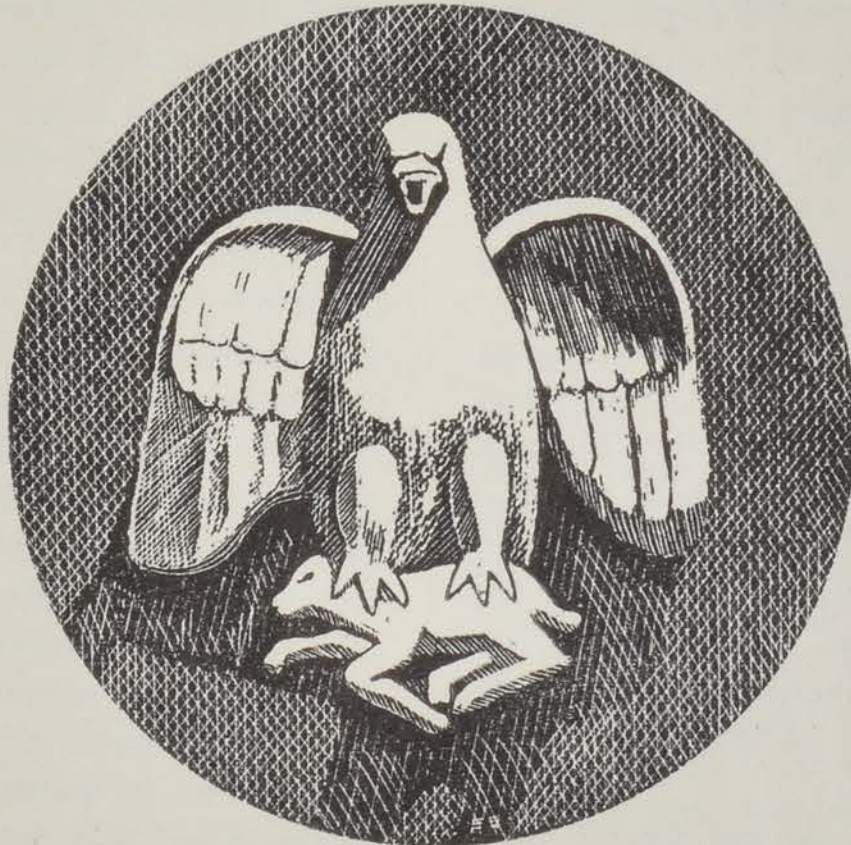
⁷⁹Kherumian, p. 37.

⁸⁰Kherumian, p. 38.

⁸¹Kherumian, p. 38.

⁸²Kherumian, pp. 39-40.

Ericson	Caucasus (in Kherumian)	—	166.8	Hughes	Erivan Dist.	98	168.06
Boas	Asia Minor (in Seltzer)	75	167.04	Kherumian	Manual workers, East	—	168.3
Sarafian	Consensus, various areas	2641	167.05	Kherumian	Thrace (Istanbul) Dist.	—	168.4
Ivanovsky	Erivan, before famine	88	167.1	Hughes	Van Dist.	132	168.69
Ivanovsky	Caucasus	946	167.1	Hughes	Blue-green eyes	—	168.69
Twarjanowitch	Caucasus	105	167.1	Deniker	Caucasus	192	169.4
Hughes	Bitlis Dist.	83	167.31	Chantre	Caucasus	239	169.4
Seltzer	Mixed light-eyed Arm.	24	167.38	Hughes	Diyarbakir Dist.	58	169.11
Hrdlicka	Various areas	25	167.4	Kherumian	Armenian Heartland	115	170.1
Kherumian	Sivas & Halys	—	167.4	Boas	Born in U.S.A.	9	171.2
	Kelkit Valley	—	167.4	Kherumian	Non-manual		
Hughes	Sivas Dist.	143	167.43		workers, total	—	171.8
Kherumian	Consensus,			Kherumian	Hadjin in Cilicia	—	172.4
	various areas	1521	167.6	Kherumian	Zangeuezeour in Caucasus	—	175.0
Kherumian	Total Series	351	167.75				



ARMENIAN AMERICAN GRANNY

By GARABED EKSOOZIAN

She is all of seventy but still her hair has not turned completely gray, while a rosy pink continues to linger upon her cheeks making her seem younger than her years. She is clean, like a flower fresh with dew. When one sees her walking about in her poverty-stricken but immaculate home, her back bent but her head held high, the low ceiling overhead seems to be higher. And when she speaks, there is warmth and sweetness in her voice. Her conversation is filled with varied and colorful stories. This is the Armenian-American granny, our "Hazarvard"* — granny.

She was born in Armenia and in one lifetime had been through two bloody and horrible massacres. She walked the path of the exile with those of her relatives who had survived and with an indomitable will had raised two orphans, one in the "old country" and one here. And now, all that remains of her is centered about her only grandson, the last ray of hope out of her once large family.

This grandson now in the service, was to leave shortly for the front. I felt that I should visit granny and cheer her a bit. I found a few men and women seated about her little living room. Granny was standing up and was talking to them. Much to my amazement, I found her in neither tears nor sorrow.

"Good evening, granny," I said, cutting

into her conversation. "You are always on your feet, it seems you never tire. You look even younger and better than when I saw you the last time. You must have a secret. You tell us so many things but never divulge that secret."

"May all good things be with you, my son," answered granny. "Here, sit down and rest yourself and then I'll tell you the secret. It has been a long time you have not seen me; the secret lies therein." We both sat down and granny continued with her story.

"Where were we? Oh yes, everyone in that kingdom was happy. The young were respectful towards the old, all the neighbors lived in harmony, food was plentiful and there was vegetation all year around. Well, it was like paradise. But, as they say, all good things have their enemies, this good city also had, in the form of a fiery snake. It would come upon the city like a dark cloud and fiery sparks would come from its mouth. 'Give me what I desire, else I will have you all turned into ashes.' The priest of the church, the daughter of the king, and all the infants in the city are what this heartless snake desired to have."

At this point, a young lady brought in served small cups of Armenian coffee. Granny took one, tasted it and nodded in approval. After giving her blessings to the young woman, she continued her story.

"So, what could the king do. He in-

*A name, meaning a thousand roses.

vites all the men of the city, the old and the young, to a meeting on the palace grounds in order to find some means of ending this catastrophe. The first to speak is the priest. After making the sign of the cross and blessing his people, he raised his eyes towards heaven saying, 'I am ready.' The king's daughter speaks next, a girl as beautiful as the rising sun. Kneeling before her father, the king, she says, 'it is my duty.' Thereupon, the king waits for the third person to come forth and speak. But no one stirs. Suddenly, there is great commotion amidst the crowd. It seems to gain momentum and then, like a burst of lightning, a youth comes forth and laying his sword at the king's feet, he exclaims, 'O king, my lord, my father has been sacrificed while fighting that monster in the far-off land where I was born. This sword is my father's, my only inheritance from him, his blood drops are still upon it. I am indebted and forever grateful to this city which has been so kind to me ever since I have lived here. Now it is my duty and privilege to vindicate my father's ill-fortune and to help in the preservation of the things which are close to our hearts which the horrible monster is attempting to take from us. It shall be an agonizing and absurd battle but one which will be worthy of honor whether in defeat or victory.'

"The king is silent. The young man repeats his request.

"Thereupon the king asks, 'who is the mother of this boy?'

"'I am,' answers the boy's mother who was standing near by bowing her head.

"Did you hear what your son just said?' asks the king.

"'Yes, I did,' answers the brave boy's mother with pride. 'I have raised him up for this day. May his words be acceptable to his king and to his God.'

"Then all the youths flock around this

brave hero and acclaim him with great excitement and rejoicing. At sight of all this enthusiasm and courageousness, the king gives his consent for their attack. Before nightfall, the city is saved.

"Now you will ask," continued granny after a brief silence, "who was this brave lad who performed this miracle. I'll tell you, but if you stop and think you will see that he is my grandson, your son, his son, all the Armenian boys, all the Irish, Lithuanian, Italian, Syrian, and Polish boys. This time they will put an end to the monster that is haunting us at our very door."

"God bless you, Hazarvard granny," exclaimed Uncle Elisha who had been listening intently, "you spoke right from my heart."

"What you just said were not mere words, granny," spoke up another soldier's mother, "it sounded like from the Bible and gave me comfort."

But granny seemed not to heed their words and continued.

"Wasn't it such a monster, in the form of the Turk that drove us Armenians from our homes and sent us to the four corners of the world? And isn't the Soviet an even worse monster today which has taken over our fatherland and has enslaved our brothers and sisters? Armenian boys are brave; let them go not only to vindicate past injustices towards us, but in order to perform that which is their duty. And what about the Armenian mothers, weren't they courageous? Have women of other races been through the fire and sword which has been our lot?"

"That is true," said Mrs. Anna, "but . . ."

"But what?" broke in granny briskly and somewhat surprised.

"We brought them here away from death only to send them on to face death again. So, what is the difference, only added torture and misery."

I looked at granny, who, with kindly

eyes was gazing at Mrs. Anna. She was silent for a moment as if deciding just what to say, then spoke.

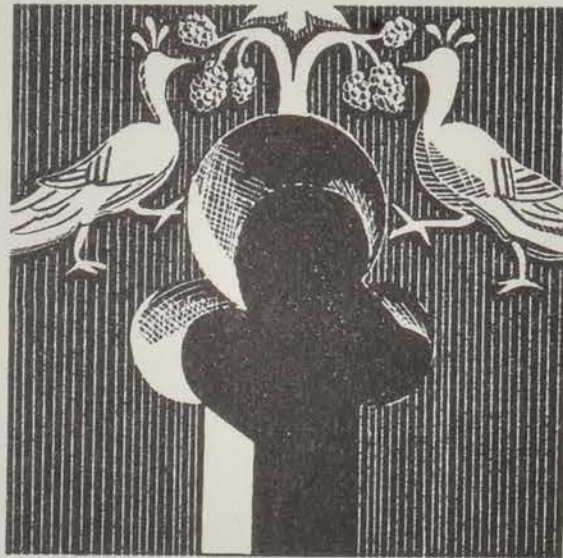
"Annik,* my dear, you came here from the old country with one child. You remarried and had another child. You have now given both to this country. It is hard, I know, but don't you feel that you owe it to his country? Remember that day in Aleppo, (Syria) when we were walking through the streets and the ruins, hungry, tired and half-naked under the burning sun, you said to me, 'if it were not for this, my child, I would rather die than live.' But I have got to raise him, with God's help, so that some day he can vindicate the atrocities suffered by his father and the entire family. It may be that you have

*Loving nickname for Anna.

long forgotten what you have said but God has not. You have no cause for complaint. When I pass away, always remember granny's words. The day is not far off when our boys in their line of duty and with the strength of justice will reach our great enemy and *that* day justice will have been done. The God of the Armenians is there waiting for them to come."

Granny could not finish her words. Mrs. Anna had the hiccoughs. Suddenly, granny's young grandson ready for military service, came into the room. We all seemed to be awakened from our sleep. With smiles and rejoicing, we all arose to greet him.

(Reprinted by courtesy of Charles Garabed Aramian, the original Armenian Edition publisher of Mr. Eksoozian's "Drollery of Life," in which this story originally appeared.—ED. A. R.)



THE POLISH ARMENIAN COLONY

Part IV

(CONCLUSION)

By H. ZAVRIAN

XI

The Armenian Artisans*

In all the trades which had made Lwow famous from the beginning of the Twelfth Century the art of goldsmithing occupied the chief place, especially the manufacture of arms and military supplies, the decoration of cold weapons with gold and silver, their ornamentation with engravings and precious stones, and generally, the manufacture of various gold and silver objects, and finally, the art of diamond cutting.

In the beginning of the XVth Century (1407-1419) when the art of goldsmithing had just begun to flourish in the City of Lwow, of the 18 goldsmiths 6 were Armenians, one Polish, and the remainder were Germans (natives of the city). But by the end of the XVIIth Century the number of Armenian goldsmiths had increased to 30, more than half of all the goldsmiths of Lwow, and these had attained to a high degree of importance by virtue of their skill and power.

The art of goldsmithing in Lwow declined with the general material fall in the first decade of the XVIIth Century.

As non-Catholics the Armenians were not permitted to join the trade guilds and any Armenian who wished to make his living by goldsmithing was obliged to seek

*This chapter is taken from W. Lozinski's work entitled "Zlotni Lwowski," Lwow, 1912.

employment in the service of the King or some wealthy family. Even after the merger of the Armenian Church with Rome and as late as 1654 there was not a single Armenian in the guilds. Only in 1654 by a royal decree were the Armenians permitted to join the guilds, and that no more than four, and on condition that they would never be eligible to the rank of guildmaster. However, by 1678, when the decree still was in force, an Armenian by the name of Grigor Latinovich already was head of one guild.

This fact is important because seven years later when the guild elected the Armenian Nerses Mosesovich as its guildmaster, the municipal administration called him to account for his act. The goldsmiths explained that they had made this selection "at the insistence of the powerful Pans," however, it would be closer to the truth to suppose that patronage of the wealthy and Mosesovich's arrogant and repellent personality had more to do with the Municipal Administration's adverse attitude than the violation of the guild's constitution and by-laws.

Two judges, Andrei Shimonovich and Dominic Vilchek wanted to examine the guild's rights and prerogatives. They verified "what was accepted by the guild" and claimed that the guilds have no right to

elect as guildmaster or a functionary any foreigner (namely, the Russians and the Armenians), or any schismatics, and that, the guild was permitted to admit four Armenians as members. In accordance with the findings of these examiners, the Municipal Council forbade Mosesovich to take the oath of guildmaster and arranged for the selection of another. Meanwhile the Council fined the guild in the amount of 60 Krivnas for having violated the royal decree. (Acta Consul, 1658, p. 875).

This harsh intervention of the city authorities, instead of preventing the steadily increasing excellence of Armenian masters, produced the exactly opposite effect. It paved the way of the eventual elimination and complete disappearance of the above-mentioned restrictions on the Armenians.

To the will of "the powerful wealthy families" against which the guild was helpless, was added another power which was unchallengeable and whose decrees were final — because there was no other court of appeal — namely, the King's will. By his edict of June 6, 1685, in Warsaw, King John III Sobieski gave the Armenian goldsmiths complete equality with their Polish fellow-craftsmen.

"We see that this work is useful and no less necessary," the royal edict says, "in the interest of the City of Lwow, because the entire Armenian nation which for several centuries has been living in Poland, is a believer in the holy Catholic Church, and has been permitted to enjoy all the rights and privileges which are enjoyed by the Polish population. For that reason Armenian goldsmiths are subject to no restrictions and they shall enjoy equal rights and freedom with the Catholics. Besides, we should remember the valor and the heroism of those men who belong to the Armenian nation which they have displayed during their stay with us for so many centuries, in the defense of the fortresses

of Kamenetz, Yazlovitz and Lwow. We must remember and appreciate those benefits which the City of Lwow has received from them, and we must not forget that the flourishing and the prosperity of our city is the result of Armenian participation in our commerce, and generally, to their settlement in our city. In view of all this, it is imperative that we encourage that nation and keep Armenians in our royal cities, as well as in Poland. Therefore, based upon our plenipotentiary powers to enact laws and issue licenses and permits, we think that that point of the license pertaining to the art of goldsmithing in Lwow which limits Armenian membership in the guild to four, should be interpreted in a manner which shall be advantageous both for the city and the guild, and, impelled by legal considerations, we deem it proper to nullify that point as contradictory to the other articles of that license, for the sole reason that it contravenes the needs of the welfare of the City of Lwow.

"For this reason we annul, invalidate, and consider as non-existent that particular point in the license. So that, thenceforth, the goldsmiths guild of Lwow may include in its membership not only four Armenians but as many masters that now exist and as many as shall exist in the future, without any exception or objection as much on the part of the guild as on the part of the City Council. In the contrary event, they shall be subjected to a fine of 200 gold Zlotis which shall be collected by the virtuous and noble Prosecuting Attorney of the royal courts.

"Simultaneously, we proclaim and decree that every Armenian goldsmith — no matter what their number in the guilds — shall have full right to keep as many apprentices as are required by the amount of the work and the time, as well as the right to keep fellow-craft masters. Likewise, these

masters who are endowed with equal rights, along with the masters of other nationalities, especially with the Catholics, shall have the right to join in the elections each year — as was the custom formerly — and they shall be legally eligible for the office of guildmasters.” (The original of this edict, inscribed on a parchment, is kept in Pschylpy, in the collection of Count John Scheptiktzy).

The victory and the jubilation of the Armenians was complete. They had emerged victorious in the royal court, and no less in the city. They had won *de jure* equality and a prominent *de facto* position in the realm. Nor was it difficult for them to acquire this leadership in this particular trade because they were insurpassable not only in initiative and skill but in point of their numbers. We can cite a long list of names of Armenian goldsmiths which is important not only from the viewpoint of Polish-Armenian relations which existed in Lwow but as a reminder of a lively and active Armenian life which has completely disappeared today, losing with it one of the liveliest colors which once enriched the iridescent and ornate rug of Polish social life. The following Armenian masters of the art of goldsmithing flourished in the latter part of the XVIIth Century (1688-1700): Petros Martirosovich, Thoros Seferovich, Andrey Sahakovich, Lazar Hariutovich, Girgor Kamenetzky, John Pedrosovich, Shimon Avgustinovich, Peotre Avgustinovich, Christof Girgorovich, Cyril Girgorovich, Nerses Mosesovich, Grigor Boktanovich, Joseph Madatovich, Philipp Muradovich, Christof Ter-Nersesovich, Christof Mooghtafovich, Nichola Antoniovich, Stephen Balsamovich, Bogdan Ovanis Yacobovich, Gaspar Zachariashovich, Melko Seferovich, Nerses Nersesovich, Nichola Giragorovich and Ibrahim.

Between 1682 and 1700 there were 28 Armenian masters and fellow-craft masters

of the goldsmith's art but that figure does not represent the whole because this list is taken not from the records of the guilds — which have not come down to us — but are gleaned from records of commercial courts, city books, and especially from judicial documents. It is impossible to suppose that all Armenian goldsmiths were involved with the courts or made appeals to the City Council.

As if trying to forget the oppressions of the past or to revenge themselves on Polish goldsmiths for all the hardships caused by the guilds, the Armenians now started to conduct themselves with unheard-of impertinence and domineering arrogance. By mass attack they took over the leading position in the trade and through their skill and talent they succeeded in winning over the most powerful and profitable buyers. The Armenians took over the inlaying of precious weapons which at the time was considered the most important branch of the goldsmith's art. They ignored the guild and its ancient rules, would stand no back talk, and on the slightest provocation would resort to their swords or wooden sticks. By overbidding their competitors they won over the fellow-craftsmen and often they seized them by strong arm tactics by making use of the musclemen of wealthy families and set them to work in their shops. Unable to fill the large orders with the means at their disposal, they made use of foreign help, especially the master goldsmiths of the East, and they even gave employment to the Jews. Complaints or criticisms were met by rude answers, or an immediate appeal to the protection of the governors, the hetmans or the King. And indeed their buyers included some of the most influential men. Among these we meet King John III who had a private shop in his palace and who employed the same Armenian master goldsmiths. We also meet the great Hetman Stanislaw Iablonov-

sky, Stanislav Beldektzy, Belsku Kashteliani, the Zamouyskis, Chernoviki Kashteliani Fregin and others.

The patriarch of Lwow goldsmiths was Petros Martirosovich who remembered the worst period of Armenian goldsmiths when as yet they were not admitted to the guild, and who, beginning with as early as 1650, had suffered countless indignities at the hands of the guild. His specialty had been the outfitting of magnificent horse trappings which he inlaid with gold and precious stones. Petros gave another Armenian by the name of Nichola Hazarov two magnificent sets of trappings worth 4,317 zlotis as collateral for a loan — quite a substantial sum for the times. When we consider that the loan was scarcely over half the real worth of the collateral goods we may easily suppose that each set was worth approximately 4,000 zlotis in contemporary money which today would be equivalent to 20,000 Austrian kronins — approximately 5,000 dollars in pre-First-World-War money.

The value of similar objects depended more on the skillful and artistic inlay rather than the price of the jewelry which ornamented it. Thus, Hazarovich admitted before the court that the worth of the trapping lay not so much on the intrinsic value of the materials which went into its making, but the master's skill in its design and workmanship.

Petros took this priceless trapping to Cracow hoping to find a buyer there from among the assembled nobility and the wealthy on the occasion of the coronation of King John Casimir. At that time Petros as yet had no right to avail himself of the laws of Lwow, because when in the course of the controversy with his creditor Hazarovich it came to light that the case was not subject to the royal court and he asked for a trial in an Armenian court, Harazovich objected arguing that the defendant, "as

a Turkish Armenian, had no right to appeal either to the laws of Lwow or the protection of Armenian law."

An even more interesting, and judging from the very meager mention of official documents, a more accomplished master goldsmith was another Armenian by the name of Petros Zachariashovich. From the City documents we learn that King John III founded a trade shop in his Lwow palace where Petros worked exclusively for the King. As late as 1690 he lived and worked in the royal palace of Kornatkovsky, while we first hear about him in 1670.

Priest Sadok Barontz knows him by the name of Petros, and based on Armenian documents, he was called the jeweler of the King's court. From the same documents we learn that Petros Zachariashovich was promoted to the rank of King's Secretary — the highest calling which could come to a bourgeois at that time. This much is enough to conclude that he became the King's favorite and, thanks to His Royal Mercifulness, he attained to such a high rank in his trade. In all probability it was he who improved the hilt of the King's sword which had been moulded in Florence according to Cosimo Bruneti.

None of his objects of arts has come down to us, however, we know for a certainty that it was he who decorated with gold the sword of the Viceroy of Chernikov and who once took his objects of art to Gdansk. In the trial of the goldsmiths guild to which we referred above, the name of Pan Petros is mentioned with great reverence as a most important personality, and neither the City Court nor the witnesses involved him in the trial despite the fact that both sides pressed the trial with ruthless vigor.

Another well-known but less respected Armenian goldsmith was Thoros Seferovich of Lwow who supplemented his trade with another occupation which was even

more profitable, — the trade of human beings and the exchange of Tartar prisoners. In the municipal documents of Lwow his name is linked with the sale of a certain Tartar of Nanov whom he wanted to buy from Shaniavsky.

“Pan Shaniavsky told me,” Seferovich confessed, “that he had a Turk for sale. He showed him to me and asked me to buy him. I offered him one hundred Levs (Rumanian money), an ebony-framed mirror, several pieces of silkcloth, and promised to make two or three rings for Shaniavsky, himself furnishing the gold. I also made him a halter inwrought with my own silver. It took me three days to buy this Turk named Mehmed from Shaniavsky.”

Seferovich was not respected by the Armenians. Guildmaster Grigor Latinovich who was always contemptuous of him, once went to see him accompanied by two witnesses to check on the quality of his silver. It turned up that the silver was spurious. However, Seferovich had powerful protection in the person of the nobility, and finally, the head of the Castle of Lwow not only defended him against the guild but he even threw guildmaster Latinovich in jail.

From the same document we learn that Seferovich, aside from horse trappings, also made axe blades and melted silver, therefore, it is assumed that he too, like the other Armenian smiths, was engaged in preparing weapons for the nobility.

Another Armenian artist who was generally known as a specialist in ornamenting weapons and welding various objects for the knights was Grigor Latinovich who is referred to in the documents as “*Armenus aurifix civis leopolinesis*.”

From a hereditary work of Chernikov's Viceroy Fredro we learn that Latinovich once gilded a wooden quiver for him for which service he demanded of Fredro's heirs 80 gold ducats, partly in bullion and

partly in zlotis, claiming that he had put into the work altogether 200 gold ducats. Of this gold, aside from the quiver, he made for Fredro a pitcher, gilded the chain of the quiver, in addition to a hunter's quiver which together with its ornamentation was estimated at 300 zlotis. The ornamentation was of gold thread.

As we have seen, Latinovich had undertaken to make a hunter's quiver for Fredro which was ornamented with gold. But apparently he did not know the art of ornamentation, and as it seems he turned the job over to a specialist who could not have made much of a profit from such a transaction. Armenian goldsmiths controlled these ornamentors, set the price of their labor, and regarded the art of ornamentation as a part of the trade. By doing this they stirred up a hornet's nest because the greater part of the ornamentors' guild was Armenian. During the hottest period of the competition the ornamentors' guild passed the following resolution: “It is plain that, while causing great harm to the ornamentors' guild, the Armenian goldsmiths on their part are making huge profits by soliciting and receiving orders from the wealthy and the nobility which really is not their job but belongs to our fraternal guild. They get these orders for themselves, drive their bargains, then come to bargain with us about the price, and in this way they cause us great losses while they insure for themselves huge profits. To put a stop to this vicious practice we passed the following resolution — that henceforth no member of our guild dare to accept any orders from the Armenian goldsmiths for such jobs, as for example the ornamentation of saddles and quivers with Venetian gold, with the exception of such jobs whose cost does not exceed 50 zlotis, the lumber and the ornamenting gold included.”

Among the other eminent Armenian

goldsmiths, worthy of mention is Grigor Kamenetzku whose workmanship—a horse trapping — reached from Lwow as far as Valachia as seen from the hereditary work of Theodarashko Stanovich, His Royal Mericfulness' knight of Khachvar, Valachia. Grigor delivered one or two sets of trappings, but he never delivered the other two, one in gold, and the other in silver spray.

Another noted Armenian goldsmith was Chrisstof Mooshtafovich, likewise from Kamenetz, who worked for the royal officer Babonabek of Armenian descent and Governor of Kiev Pototzku; and Peotre Augustinovich who likewise was engaged in the production of horse trappings and weapons. He turned out such a set for the coronation which took place in Cracow —“a gilded set for a Cossack's saddle, equipped with big gilded buckles, completely white and in folds.”

Most prosperous of them all, however, were two Armenian goldsmiths by the name of Ariuton (Haroutioun) Dadoorovich and Norses Moisesovich. More than all others they excited the envy of their colleagues with their wealthy customers and with their luxurious mode of life. There was real ill feeling toward both of them. All the non-Armenian goldsmiths united and declared war against them for their arrogance and daring based on the favors which they enjoyed by the wealthy families. The matter reached as far as the Municipal Court in 1690. The records of the trial give us many interesting details. It appears that both were in the service of wealthy families, as testified by the witnesses. They worked on swords and various kinds of knight's weapons. They had so many orders that they could not meet them with their own means and often were forced to turn over part of the work to other goldsmiths, and sometimes even to non-Armenians.

Moisesovich is the man whose expulsion from the guild was the occasion for the King to rescind the abovementioned decree in behalf of the Armenian goldsmiths. He is chiefly known for his specialty in making swords, and perhaps he was the last master who preserved the tradition of that trade, something in which the Armenian goldsmiths of Lwow were so famous.

Although the art of goldsmithing included many specialties, however, we have no definite proof of the specialty of these two noted artists — Hariuton and Norses, as they generally were called in Lwow. We may presume, however, that none of these specialties were unknown to the Armenians, because all these branches of the art flourished in the East, whereas, all the Armenians who entered the trade, presented themselves first of all as apprentices from the East.

The goldsmiths of Lwow in their complaint against these two Armenian masters, their privileged character and their arrogance — and such complaints often reached the Municipal Court — always asserted that Hariuton and Norses made swords for His Royal Highness and the most distinguished families. King John Sobieski and Hetman Stanislav Yabonovsky had patronized the two with substantial orders. Norses received so many orders from the nobility, the goldsmiths claimed, that he was unable to fill them all and was obliged to employ foreigner Greeks, and he even employed three Jews as his assistants. Confident of protection of the nobility, Norses went so far in his audacity that he even employed musclemen to enlist employees of other shops, such as the goldsmith Bakhchinsky, and he even had the audacity of demanding workers from the Royal Jeweler Petros. But when Petros refused to surrender his employees, “he attacked His Royal Highness' palace by force where-

upon the King, incensed, ordered Norses to be jailed in the City Prison." (Acta Consul, 1690, p. 345).

Norses who was a handsome man, always stepped out dressed in Oriental splendor. And not only was he himself dressed lavishly but he insisted that his journeymen do the same in order to dazzle the public of Lwow. He employed five Fellow-Craftsmen all of whom were dressed at his expense in French and Damascus silks. But when the other masters rebuked him for spoiling his workers, he answered haughtily:

"Why don't you do the same, if you can?"

It is nothing to be surprised at that Norses and Hariuton should have aroused the ire of the other goldsmiths. The guild accused them of arbitrary acts and even cheating. However, it should be said that there was more envy in these complaints than truth. They accused Hariutov of having made an inscription on the King's golden sword and thus having cheated him by a few gold zlotis, thus having brought shame on the guild's good name. They accused Norses of having cheated Viceroy Belzetzky in one of his orders, and they immediately added that "there is not one master in Lwow who is capable of turning out such perfect work as Pan Norses." The Court found that the arrogance of the two Armenians should be restrained, and in the interest of the guild it decided to sentence Norses Moisesovich to three months of confinement in prison and a fine of 300 Krivas, and Hariuton Dadoorovich to three months and a fine of 200 Krivas. In view of the charges and the guild's arguments, this was an exceedingly severe sentence. This severity can be explained only by the fact that the Court had not forgotten that when Norses was stripped of his rank as guildmaster, there immediately followed the King's edict forcing the

Court to accept the equality of the Armenians in the guild. The Court knew well that the expedition of that edict was the King's reply to the Court's verdict which could have been insured only through the intercession of Norses' protectors, namely the wealthy families.

That is what we know about the Armenian goldsmiths, all based on the testimony of Polish archives. Naturally, there is much which we do not know but the little which has come down to us from these documents is enough to prove that the Armenians gave Lwow not only many goldsmiths, but that they won distinction in the most perfected art of those common trades, an art which, by virtue of its magnificence, its complex and advanced manifestations, its beauty and refined taste, was best adapted to bring to the fore the Armenian genius and their proficiency in this particular art.

The names of King John III, as well as long series of other shining names, which have been preserved by the documents on the one hand, and the fact that mention of the work done by the Armenians is exceedingly meager, on the other hand, excite the imagination about the development and the flourishing of the art of Armenian goldsmithing in the latter half of the XVIIth Century. It should not be forgotten, however, that the commemoration which we find in these documents, although authentic, nevertheless are random, and the few which we meet are but the trifling reflection of what actually took place.

* * *

APPENDIX

The Protest of Lwow Armenians Against N. Thorosovicz Presented to Moses Catholicos

(*Zachariasiewicz. Wiadomosc O Ormianach
W Polsce, Lwow, 1842*)

Most holy and blessed Father. We humbly kiss the holy feet of Your Holiness.

With deep grief and weeping, truly, with blood tears dripping from our eyes, we the grief-stricken sheep of Your Holiness' flock, whom our Lord Jesus Christ has submitted to your rule, are constrained to offer our complaints for all those misfortunes and unheard of persecutions to which we now are subjected for the sake of our true and Christian Armenian religion, for the which formerly, in this Polish Christian country, we and our ancestors who were here and lived here this several hundred years, and we ourselves hitherto had never had any oppression nor any unpleasant incident, but have always lived in perfect peace, preserving our ancient religion, and the ritual of our Armenian Church, always under the proper protection of the holy See of Etchmiatzin.

(But the cause of all this is none other than the present head of the spiritual administration of our Armenian religion, about whom we write below). We have decided to write to Your Holiness, the Holy Father and our Patriarch, and to inform you who, by the mercy of Almighty God and the grace of the Holy Ghost, has been elected by all, whether the clergy or the laymen, as Patriarch and Catholicos of All Armenians, and is enthroned in the capital of our ancestors, the apostles Thaddeus and Bartholomew of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ, and their successor Gregory the Illuminator, the seat which now is called Etchmiadzin. As the humble servants and the sheep of their Shepherd, we are praying, and we never cease praying unto the Lord God, to keep and preserve you in His mercy on your throne, together with those spiritual counsellors and the holy doctors of divinity who are endowed with high wisdom and the grace of the Holy Ghost, who stand beside your Holiness, to the multiplication of the praise of the glory of God; and we pray with all our hearts that He shall keep You and give you

strength to protect the sheep of Your Holiness and bless us in mercy.

Wherefore, in great obedience and in humility we beseech you, that Your Holiness shall deign to listen to our writ, and learn how great are the oppressions which we suffer and how much they persecute us, and behold we have been suffering for almost one year. We believe that Your Holiness, as father and shepherd, by virtue of his Patriarchal vow and in his own mercy, will vigorously defend us and will not let us perish. For, our Armenian Bishop, the accursed Nicol Thorosovicz, who was accidentally ordained Bishop of our mother church of Lwow, contrary to custom, and contrary to the laws and the canons which were established by the predecessor of Your Holiness Patriarch and Catholicos Melchisedek — openly denied and repudiated the throne of Gregory the Illuminator on which Your Holiness is now enthroned happily, and went over to the throne of St. Peter's Roman Church, recognizing its head, and on October 22, 1630, together with a few of his spiritual partisans, publicly espoused the Catholic Church. Then he appealed to the protection of the spiritual and lay authorities who belong to the Roman creed who at the time willingly accepted him and began to defend him despite the truth and justice and are defending him to this day.

And because all the churches of Lwow, both in the city and the suburbs, were closed before him as an apostate and as one who disobeyed the Holy Etchmiadzin, the spiritual and lay authorities of Lwow, to our great grief (would that we had never lived to see such a misfortune, would that the ground had swallowed us up), forcibly, and with the use of force and the authority of the Government, they broke the locks of the church doors, forced their way in, and gave that accursed (Thorosovicz) full authority over both the churches

and their effects — made of gold, silver, pearls and precious stones which had been donated to our churches by our ancestors whose souls may God illuminate.

With a few spiritual and lay partisans of his, Thorosovicz has been holding services in these churches, he deals with them as he wishes and is wasting away the wealth of the church. On the other hand, he has denied our clergy, which did not join him and is still loyal to Your Holiness, not only a single church, but he has forbidden, and has raised every obstacle, so that no services shall be held for us who are the orthodox believers. All this happened in the days of Father Khachatour Vardapet, the beloved in Christ, Archbishop of Ispahan and the Nuncio of Your Holiness who had been sent to us, and in the presence of other ecclesiastics who were with him, who saw with their own eyes the scandalous acts of (Thorosovicz) and our great affliction and grief, and who with us have been lamenting the great calamity which befell us. We think that the Exalted God has brought all this upon us because of our sins, but we have put our trust in Him and keep waiting so that He shall comfort us even as He caused us to grieve. We are convinced that the holy Father Khachatour Vardapet, who returned to Your Holiness long since already has given you an oral report of all the details and has enlightened Your Holiness in regard to the great lawlessness and the arbitrary rule which befell us and which still afflicts us, both the living and the dead, for he (Thorosovicz) has forbidden us the living to avail of the services of the church, burying our dead, and he is steadily getting worse in his treatment of us. As to those priests who did not submit to his authority, he beats them up, having chained their necks throws them into foul dungeons, tortures them and will not release them unless they repent and accept the Roman creed.

Thus, he does as he pleases and no one punishes him because he is supported by the spiritual authorities, especially the Jesuits, and the lay authorities.

We really appealed to His Royal Mercifulness, our compassionate Lord, and told him about the oppression and the persecutions which we suffered at the hands of said Bishop, begging him to have us, his sincere and loyal subjects, out of the mercifulness of his royal hand. At the time His Royal Mercifulness ordered his secretary to issue a summons to the opposite side, namely the Bishop, to be tried for having forcibly seized the churches and confiscating the holy vessels. The two sides presented themselves before the supreme court of His Royal Mercifulness, however as their views clashed the Court of His Royal Mercifulness did not render any verdict and the Royal Chancellor gathered all the information with all its details in order to make a report to His Royal Mercifulness, but the latter, due to the absence of senators on the one hand, and to the late decease of His Royal Mercifulness' Queen on the other hand, did not render a verdict, and God knows when the trial will resume. But even if the King had made a solution of the case, we doubt if we would have succeeded because the Papal Nuncio who is always at the Palace, and the remaining ecclesiastics, especially the Jesuits, stand solidly behind this accursed Bishop and are defending him. Thus, when we called on the Papal Nuncio and recounted to him this Bishop's crimes and lawless acts, adding, incidentally, that he was once excommunicated by the church, the Nuncio told us that all that meant nothing, because, for example, even as the original sin is cleansed by baptism, so he (the Bishop) was cleansed of all his sins when he accepted the Holy Union with the Roman church.

Then, when with zealous insistence we

beseeked the King and the Nuncio to give us, those who were outside the Union, at least one church, and to permit our priests who did not submit to the authority of that accursed Bishop to hold our services as Christians, so that we would not be forced to wander like dumb animals, but under no circumstances neither the King, nor the Papal Nuncio, nor the Roman clergy relied on the canons according to which would grant us our request. And in this each church follows its bishop as its spiritual head. Likewise, they denied us the right to build new churches because they want to force us to join them, so that, finally, we shall follow the Bishop and express to him our allegiance. We do not want to do this thing and seek our protection in Your Holiness, as our supreme head and shepherd, asserting that we can do nothing without the assent of our Patriarch, arguing that it is not for laymen to examine and to decide the question of the union, but that that question must be examined and decided by our spiritual head the Patriarch together with the Pope of Rome who likewise is the head of a church. As to ourselves, we should obey the command of our Patriarch.

All these circumstances lead us to believe that the King will not see our case through and restore the peace by his verdict. He deliberately is procrastinating and tormenting us. We have before us a striking example, because he has shown the same attitude toward the Greek church by dragging out a similar case for nearly twenty years. He does it in order to exhaust our patience, so that, in our desperation, we shall accept the union. God save us from taking such a step.

Now we must explain, as we mentioned above, who is the cause of this entire misunderstanding. The first guilty man is your predecessor of happy memory, Melchisedek Patriarch and Catholicos; he was

a real advocate of the unity as early as the time of Pope Paul V. The latter had sent to Catholicos Melchisedek his Nuncio Zacharia Vardapet, then Archbishop of Constantinople, as established by the printed papers in the Latin works of the same Patriarch Melchisedek. In that document, a copy of which we affix to this letter, Melchisedek recognized the Pope of Rome as his superior and offered him his allegiance. The second proof (of Melchisedek's being an advocate of the Union) is that when in 1625 Catholicos Melchisedek was with us in Lwow he showed us a letter of Pope Gregory XII, addressed to him, and written in Latin, in which it was seen that Melchisedek had submitted to the Pope. This letter of the Pope was delivered to Melchisedek by the elder priest Hovhanness of Chugha whom Melchisedek of happy memory had sent to Rome as his emissary; we likewise attach a copy of this letter. The third proof is what we have heard with our ears, because when he ordained bishops during his stay with us here in Lwow, he ordered them to read the creed of the Roman Church, namely, that part of the addition which pertains to the emanation of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son. Besides, the same Catholicos Melchisedek was the chief cause of all our evils because when we asked him not ordain that wretched Bishop Nicol Thorosovicz, a bishop, and gave him our reasons, namely, that he is too young, is uneducated, has already committed many crimes and therefore he is unworthy of being our bishop, and that he has brought to us hatred and division, that is what the Catholicos and those bishops like him who were with him said to us: "That is just what we want, that there shall be division and disruption among you, behold this is the sword which is laid between you." Thus, he realized his plan and ordained him (Thorosovicz) against our will and contrary to the law

and the canons, meanwhile ordering us, under threat of excommunication, to accept him as the Bishop of the capital (Lwow). Let Your Holiness be the judge whether or not it was the job of the Supreme Shepherd deliberately to doom his flock to destruction and turn them over to the mercy of the devouring wolves.

We do not wish to recount his and his bishops' other deeds all of which were calculated to promote a great scandal among us. We leave all that out of this communication lest Your Holiness gain his information from these persons, for he (Melchisedek) is standing before the judgment of God, let God judge him and give him absolution of his sins. We, however, wishing to escape the Catholicos' excommunication, as well as the spectre of the probable union with Rome, reluctantly accepted Thorosovicz as Bishop of Lwow, believing that he would be a conscientious leader, stand firm in the orthodox Armenian faith, and would be subject to the throne of Etchmiadzin, even as he promised to us, and sealed his promise with an oath. That was the way we came to an agreement with him.

Before long, soon after these happenings, there came to Kamenetz Archbishop Grigor Vardapet of Caesarea who was the cause of no less disunity and disruption among us. He found our bishop in Kamenetz, quarreled with him on various accounts, and without a trial condemned him and sent a writ of excommunication with many severe expressions, after which he left for his diocese. And he did this without the semblance of legality, without calling a trial, contrary to the canonical rights, without even being a nuncio of the Patriarch, and generally without having received any authority from any one, because at the time, due to the death of Catholicos Melchisedek, the Patriarchal throne was empty.

To some of us this anathema of Thorosovicz seemed important but others regarded it as inconsequential. However, to remove all misunderstanding, we persuaded our Bishop to go to Grigor and lift the anathema from him and from us. We paid him for the expenses of his journey which he was making in order to set us at ease. He reached as far as Brusa but being unable to proceed farther sent his man to Caesarea with presents, and humiliating himself he asked Grigor to lift the anathema. But Archbishop Grigor Vardapet of Caesarea, instead of lifting the anathema, sent him the confirmation of the excommunication, thus upsetting us, who already had been at ease, even more, so that we completely broke away from our Bishop. As to the anathema, we began to demand of the Bishop to try to lift this condemnation both from himself and from us, in order to gain time and to avoid those dangers which threatened us from the viewpoint of religion and in which we had fallen. We consciously played for time hoping that, by the will of God, a new Patriarch would be elected for the holy throne of Etchmidazin who might send us a wise and virtuous emissary to heal our wounds and to comfort us.

And behold God granted our wish and we were visited by the wise, gracious, god-fearing and virtuous nuncio of Your Holiness, the glorious Vardapet Khachatour. Howbeit, being unacquainted with the character of the people here and with the claws of this government, he let a few of the clergy and the laymen of our nation prevail upon him, and he wanted to deal sternly with that bishop and to try him, because his counsellors had driven him that far, and had convinced him and made him believe that the matter will never go so far as to cause any change in the situation. The Nuncio believed them and when he wanted to try the Bishop, Thorosovicz, fear-

ful of the trial, and suspicious, lest the Nuncio strip him of his episcopate, resorted to the abovementioned means, rebelled, and refused to submit both to the Nuncio and to Your Holiness. Then, he dishonored and insulted even more the said Nuncio to our great mortification and regret. No less a negative attitude in the Nuncio toward the Union was engendered by the letter of Your Holiness, written together with Aristages and Khachatour Vardapets to the contemporary Pope of Rome Urban VIII, by which Your Holiness confirms and admits that the See of Rome is your superior, citing that affection and the unity which existed between Gregory the Illuminator and Poppe Sylvestrus of Rome. The copy of this letter, in which all this is related in detail, we send to Your Holiness. And thus, we beseech Your Holiness not to be angry with us for mentioning all this, for, our grief and affliction force us to write. Finally, as if our grief and pain were not enough, here came Hovhanness Vardapet, who is called Khool, and who was Archbishop of Constantinople for about 22 years. He joined ranks with that accursed Bishop (Thorosovicz) and gave his assent and approval to all his deeds, urging us to accept the Union the which we cannot do and do not want to do without the permission of Your Holiness. For this reason we are sending Your Holiness, our Holy Father, our representatives, the loyal servant of our Lord King of Persia, the valiant Baron Sefer Muradovich and Father Simon Nicolaevich who shall communicate to Your Holiness all the details of this affair. We fervently beseech Your Holiness to believe them. If from this our letter, as well as the letters of the erudite Doctor Zacharia Bernatovich, our beloved brother, orthodox champion of our Armenian holy faith, a peer of the City of Lwow, and son of the onetime illustrious Thoros Bernatovich, and the testimony of the men who we have re-

commended above (namely, Sefer Muradovich and Simon Nicolaevich) it becomes plain to Your Holiness all our disunion, by reason of which we are perishing, for men are being left without confession and Holy Communion, while others die without baptism, and pitying us, his sheep, and bearing in mind his shepherd's duty, (it is our hope and trust) that without delay Your Holiness will take proper steps and hasten to our aid and will not let us perish.

Your Holiness can easily do this, if he will turn his face to us the sufferers in love and pity. In regard to events so important, so new, and as yet never occurred, it is important to form a serious council consisting of the advisors who are with Your Holiness, learned spirituals, and doctors of divinity who are endowed with the grace of the Holy Ghost, and to send a delegation to the See of Rome, chosen by Your Holiness, such men who are swift in their answers, active and learned, to see the Pope who, like Your Holiness, is a Patriarch, may God grant for long years.

We present this our petition to the wise verdict of Your Holiness.

And then the Lord God will help to the end that Your Holiness too shall come to a loving agreement with the Pope pertaining to the matters which are stated in this letter. The Pope should be asked to defend us, and write to the Senate of His Royal Highness. We believe that when we get the news that Your Holiness has sent his delegates to Rome, we too shall at once send a delegation to Rome, namely, our beloved brother Doctor Zachariaia (Bernatovich) who is well acquainted with the customs of this country, knows the language, and is well known to the people, who there, in Rome, can come to an agreement with each other, and by joining their forces, discover the means of reconciliation.

Otherwise, if Your Holiness will not deign to take care of us (which we don't

believe) and does not find a speedy salvation for us, then, inspite of our will, the Lord God will carry us where we shall turn our faces from Your Holiness and we ourselves will try to come to an agreement. It is difficult for us to leave this country where we have our women, our children, movable and immovable property, as well as a definite way of life. Besides, we have here many helpless people, widows and orphans.

And behold we again importunately and humbly beseech Your Holiness, according to your pastoral love and duty, not to desert us, but hasten to our aid, otherwise we shall die without the Holy Communion which is sin. Behold we perish unless we have the protection of Your Holiness. And

you shall be obliged to answer for us before God.

Nevertheless, we hitherto have remained, and we wish to remain in the future in our Armenian ancient and glorious faith and subject to Your Holiness. We await the merciful decision of Your Holiness and we pray God that Your Holiness will turn his whole attention toward us, inflame his heart in love toward us, his unhappy children, and save us from the Egyptian bondage.

We again kiss the feet of Your Holiness, our spiritual Father.

Lwow, the day of July 25, 1631.

THE END



THE DERVISH

By JACK KARAPETIAN

A dusty road between Teheran and Qum. A Persian night with wakeful stars, and a yawning Ghahvekhaneh-cafe in the middle of the lazy road. Inside the muddy walls the smoke of opium and tobacco are dancing heavily around the broken kerosene lamp, and there is a growing melancholy spreading over the night, on everything.

During the night when thick darkness falls upon the Persian roads, passengers and drivers stop at the first cafe in the middle of the dry and vast country in order to find a peaceful haven; for Persian nights are unusually dark and long. Especially in these days when the country is reigned by trouble and fear.

In the cafe a group of passengers, probably thirty of them are scattered around the large, basement-like room and are gazing solemnly at the dervish. All of them are drinking their tea from small glasses or from their saucers. Hassan Agha, an agile small man is rushing from group to group and is serving them the bitter, dark tea that Persians are so fond of. On the opposite wall there is a large ill-proportioned picture of a battlefield and just next to it, between two flowerpots stands a bright painting of a nude woman with over-sized breasts. And then more pictures and more flower-pots all over the walls. Everything haphazardly decorated and crowded.

A Ghahvekhaneh is one of the few cafes lost in the vast wasteland of Iran, where the passengers of the East and West, North and South meet each other, drink a cup of tea, wash the dust off their faces, say

their Namaz-prayer and continue their trip to God knows where. But a Ghahvekhaneh is not a mere cafe in a Western sense. It is also a restaurant, a hotel, a haven. And often it also serves as a central place for public discussions and political gatherings.

"Ya hakk, ya hakk!" shouts the strange dervish in Arabic, sways his heavy staff and walks majestically up and down the platform. He is barefooted and his toes are covered with thick crusts of dirt and dried blood. The passengers, the truck drivers, and the devoted beggars of Qum and Isfahan are listening to him with utmost attention and astonishment. Because a dervish's presence is more than a word of wisdom. It is the wish of Allah, it is a message from Mohammed, the Prophet. A person who takes vows of poverty and austerity, who wanders eternally for the search of truth must be a Saint, the chosen man of the Creator.

The dervish stood erect, raised his brown-skinned face to the ceiling, and his eyes, big black impressive eyes flashed with a burning intensity. He looked like Tiglath-Pileser, the Assyrian Emperor. His long, stringy hair was mixed with his over-grown curly beard.

"Bessmellah-Rahman-Ol-Rahim, in the name of Almighty God," he pronounced the opening of his speech in Arabic, then he spoke in classic Persian; "Ay passengers of the world, citizens of towns and people of mountains and deserts, in this dark night of Ordibehesht I am warning you that the Wheel of Fate is collapsed, that the dove of Justice is dead before the sunrise, that

you are walking towards the black kingdom of Sheytan, the Satan . . .”

He paused for a few seconds. The listeners were greatly impressed and they were nodding their heads to each other approvingly. The dervish's words had magic effects upon them. Some of them were smoking narghiles, some of them were inhaling the dark-blue smoke of Persian tobacco through their long native pipes which is called chibough. And the air of the cafe was getting thicker and thicker with every sort of pleasant and unpleasant smells.

“Ya people of Ajam and servants of Mohammed,” continued the dervish, “listen to my words! The Final Day is coming, the end of the world is closer than ever, for the time is pregnant with evil, misery and destruction, for there is no more foundation left in the world, for I see the kings and the beggars walking together, and I see the friendship of faithful Moslems with liars, traitors, atheists and common-place whores . . . Hey passengers of Qum and Teheran, listen to this lonely dervish! I have walked from Chinu-Machin to Mecca, I have crossed the deserts of Arabia and have prayed with Hindus and Pakistanis. I have shared bread and salt with Christians and Jews and believe me, passengers of dusty roads, there is no more foundation left in this world. Everything is going to destruction and devastation. And the Sheytan is smiling with contentment and satisfaction . . . Death with the evil, death to Satan. . .”

The dervish pounded his staff thrice on the stony platform and shouted, “Ya Hakk! Ya Hakk!” His ragged, dusty clothes were so faded that no one could define their original color or form. The Ghahvekhaneh had turned into a temple of protest and justice. The passengers lifted their arms and shouted, “Ya Hak, O truth, O truth.”

Outside, on the main highway silence was reigning, and you could feel Debussy's

and Rimsky-Korsakov's music kissing the monotonous horizons of the Orient. The black, thick darkness was sitting there on the road from Paleolithic times and telling nothing, just nothing. In Asia one who talks is either as wise as Confucius or he is a bottomless vagabond from the West. To Persians silence is the mother of knowledge, and Orientals talk with their expressive eyes.

When you see a Ghahvekhaneh somewhere in the middle of Persia you have to stop, for it is a sin to see a sign of civilization and not to pay a tribute to it. The doors of these cafes are always open for the passengers, as are the doors of Paradise for every faithful Mohammedan. So, you enter the cafe, bow to your stranger brothers and say, “Salam-aleykom”. Soon someone offers you his chibough or narghile for a puff as a sign of welcome and friendship. Then you feel that you belong somewhere, you even forget the melancholy of lonely roads, and you begin to feel alive and communicative all over again.

The dervish put a few burning pieces of charcoal in a copper pot which is called Keshkul, spread some incense over it, and when the smoke began to rise, and fill the room with a pleasant aroma, he walked towards the people and kept repeating; “Allah-Taala, God is Almighty . . .” The passengers opened their money bags and gave some silver Rials to him. He collected the coins, tied them in an old rag and hung it from his belt. The dervish performed this act very solemnly as part of the necessary ritual of his sacred message.

A man and three women entered the cafe. They were coming from Shiraz and the man had a very tired look on his face. They came close to the platform, on an old, wooden bench. The women were wearing black veils, so nobody could see their faces. Hassan Agha without waiting for orders, immediately brought four glasses of tea

and a fresh set of narghile and put them in front of them. First, the man took several deep puffs and then handed the pipe to the woman next to him, who in her turn, after using the narghile gave it to the other woman.

The dervish banged his staff on the floor and gazed absently at the dim ceiling. His face became somber and his shadow remained still on the opposite wall. The big, brown samovar was exhaling steam and charcoal smoke. The dervish lowered his eyes from the ceiling and stared attentively at the faces of the astonished passengers. There was a mystic atmosphere in that small, lonely Ghahvekhaneh amid the dusty road of Teheran and Qum.

"Ay faithful Mohammedans! Ay people of glorious Iran, the knife has reached the bone, the blood has turned to sour vinegar in our veins, and the cup of patience is filled with rage and hatred . . . Ay people of Holy shrines, Ay passengers of Qum, Isfahan and Teheran, listen to me, to the old dervish, the end of the world is closer than ever, and road of justice is getting darker with the sins of strange foreigners and unfaithful aliens . . ."

From the first row a tall, skinny man stood up and shouted; "Death to all the foreigners, death to all those who do not follow the clean steps of the Prophet. . ."

Suddenly a wave of unrest moved from one end of the cafe to the other. Some of the men raised their fists and exclaimed feverishly; "Death, death to the unclean foreigners!" Hassan Agha, the owner of the Ghahvekhaneh got so excited that he dropped the tray he was holding and shouted;

"This is our beloved country. We do not want any foreigner in this soil of ancient glory. . ."

The dervish rubbed his beard nervously for a few seconds, then swung his staff in the air and thus spoke;

"Be silent, be quiet and have a little

patience for the old dervish has not finished his speech yet."

A man sneaked into the cafe, looked around cautiously and made his way to the dark corner of the room.

"Ya Moslems of Ajam, successors of Rostam and Sohrab, open your ears and listen to me for I know that the Wheel of Destiny is turning against us, that the dark blindness is nesting in our faded souls. Awake Iranians! Awake from the deep sleep of numbness and protect your faith, your homes and your great country . . . For three-hundred years we have been sold to the foreigners, to the kings of England and the unfaithful emperors of Russia . . . Awake Iranians! Now is the time for us to remove the rusted chains of slavery from the throats of our people and prove to Allah that we are clean followers of Mohammed."

Under the dim, yellow light of the kerosene lamp the eyes of the passengers were shining with a contagious excitement. The dervish's voice was the message of God to them. He was the servant of the Prophet who spoke nothing but the truth.

An old, under-nourished man wearing a brown turban, raised his hands and protested;

"Allah! Allah! Cut the hands of the foreigners from Iran. Let them be punished in the fires of Hell for they are the cause of our misery and starvation."

"Ya Hakk!" said the dervish and everybody in the Ghahvekhaneh answered:

"Ya Hakk, Ya Hakk . . ."

Somebody shouted dramatically; "Death to the British, death to the Russians . . ."

Hassan, the owner, climbed on the platform, swung his fists with rage and screamed;

"Death to the betrayers of our country, death to the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company who are sucking the wealth of our motherland. . ."

While the people in the cafe were shouting angrily and demonstrating their fists with fanatic emotion, the dervish stamped his heavy staff several times and declared;

"Ya Musulmans, Ya faithful people, listen to the old dervish, your hearts are filled with truth and justice, but the truth is that while you are talking in this far Ghahvekhaneh, there is bloodshed in the streets of Teheran, I was there last night and I saw blood of a brother Mohammedan in the dirty pavement of the Place of Majlis. There is killing and assassination in Teheran and the blood of our noble compatriots is being spilt everywhere like a call of vengeance. Awake Iranians! The rich and the members of Parliament are serving the foreigners, they are the servants of England and America. They want to sell our country, they want to enslave us to the capitalist Sheytans. Let us revolt against the government, let us sweep these rich traitors from this land of ancient glory, let us punish them, let us march on Teheran and help our clean Moslem brothers"

In the darkness none of the passengers noticed how a dark shadow cautiously entered behind the curtain and went to the corner of the room.

The dervish's face was dominating the whole atmosphere of the cafe. There was something fearful in the expression of his eyes. Suddenly, he threw down his staff, ferociously tore his aba and showing his hairy chest, hit it with his fists and cried;

"I would rather die in the presence of my Moslem brothers than to be a slave in the hands of dirty foreigners."

Then the dervish resolutely walked down the platform, leaving his torn garment on the floor. The frenzied people rushed to him shouting;

"Oh man of God where are you going? We are coming with you."

The dervish stopped in the middle of

the Ghahvekhaneh, looked around and said with a tragic voice;

"Road to Teheran, to save my Moslem brothers . . ."

The passengers followed him.

"Let us go to Teheran . . ."

"Let us rebel against the rotten and corrupt government."

"Death to England, death to the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company," shouted the newcomer from the corner of the room.

Then they all began to swing their fists in the air creating more anger and emotion. It was an unusual scene in that lonely cafe, in that late hour of the night.

The dervish standing there bare-chested kept shouting; "Ya Hakk, Ya Hakk, curse on those who will disobey the call of Allah. To Teheran, to the help of our brothers."

And then the dervish marched towards the dark road. In one second every soul in the cafe was following him.

"Revolt, revolt against the dirty foreigners . . ."

"Death to British Oil Company."

"End to the bloodshed and betrayers."

"To Teheran, to our bloodshed capital."

From the far distance among the other voices, the voice of the dervish was clear and distinguished.

Long after midnight when Hassan Agha was getting ready to go to bed, he suddenly heard a few repeated knocks on his door. First he was annoyed and decided not to open the door for this untimely passenger, but when he heard that they were two gendarmes, he changed his voice and rushed to the door.

"You people must be coming from Teheran."

"No, Hassan Agha, we are from Qum and are looking for a tall dervish. Have you seen a dervish lately?"

"A dervish? Why, yes. He was here a few hours ago. Why are you looking for him?"

"You said he was here? Where did he go? What direction?" asked one of the gendarmes quite anxiously.

Hassan Agha looked more surprised than the gendarmes. He showed the road which was leading to Teheran and said;

"He went to Teheran with thirty men following him. They wanted to join the riots against the infidel foreigners, I wish I could go too."

"When did they go?"

"About three hours ago," said the owner of the cafe and asked;

"But why are you looking for such a Saint and true Moslem? What has he done except spreading the words of Allah. . ."

"He is a Russian spy, he is a dangerous agitator. Now do you understand why we are looking for him?"

Hassan Agha opened wide his eyes and mouth and became speechless.



CONSULTING ENGINEER SARKES TARZIAN

By ARAM MARKARIAN

About two years ago, the press of the nation began noting the activities of one Sarkes Tarzian, a Bloomington, Indiana, engineer and electronics expert, who had set up a television station in that comparatively small city against almost enormous odds. Tarzian's station, WTTV, prospered, became a community function and pride, and an example for other small communities bereft of TV because of size and distance from the national TV channels.

Of late such nationally syndicated columnists as Robert Ruark have taken cognizance of the Tarzian venture, and have written extensively about the man and his work. Sarkes Tarzian has become a man of note, and it would behoove us to consider his background and career if only to manifest once again the glorious opportunities in America for him who would work hard and long towards a cherished dream.

Sarkes Tarzian, engineer and manufacturer, was born in Kharput, Turkish Armenia, October 5, 1900, son of Bedros and Agnes (Lulejian-Garabed) Tarzian. His father, a weaver, brought his family to this country in 1907 and settled in Philadelphia. Sarkes Tarzian attended public schools in that city, at Northeastern High School winning a Simon Muhr Scholarship, only one of its type in Philadelphia, upon graduation in 1927. He was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania as a B. S. in 1924, and, M.S. in 1927. In the former year he entered the employ of the Atwater Kent

Manufacturing Company, in Philadelphia, as a design engineer. Then for four years he was chief engineer in Buenos Aires for RCA Victor Argentina, S. A., a foreign subsidiary of the Radio Corporation of America, and also during this period was European consultant.

Returning to the United States in 1940, he went to Bloomington, Indiana, as chief engineer of a new plant there which he helped to organize and which in its first full year (1941) produced 1,100,000 receivers for table and automobile radios. He continued in this post until 1944 and also during the latter two years was Production Manager in charge of RCA'S proximity fuse project which amounted to over \$50,000,000. Mr. Tarzian directed from Bloomington the total RCA production of the proximity fuse which was to mean so much in winning the war. His direction included activities in several other RCA plants outside Bloomington.

In June, 1944, he started in business for himself in Bloomington, organizing the firm of Sarkes Tarzian, a partnership, which later in 1949 was incorporated, with himself as president and his wife, a trained specialist in international law, as secretary-treasurer of the corporation. Originally, beginning business to function as a consultant in electronic engineering, he also undertook development work in various electronic devices used by the armed forces during the Second World War.

Among the firms for which Mr. Tarzian and his associates did consulting work during this period were the McQuay Norris people in St. Louis (a U. S. Navy project) and the Polaroid Corporation, of Cambridge, Mass.

Following the conclusion of hostilities in 1945 Mr. Tarzian enlarged his operations to include the manufacture of television parts and equipment, introducing in 1946 a television tuner, in 1947 a variable air condenser, and in 1949 a cathode ray tube and a selenium rectifier. As of 1951 Mr. Tarzian's enterprises included the operation of three electronic parts plants in Bloomington, which employed about 1200 persons and had a payroll of over \$2,500,000 as well as a plant in Batavia, Illinois, making sixteen and nineteen-inch television tubes, and a factory in Philadelphia, producing television tuners.

A large number of the television equipment manufacturers in the United States in 1950 used the Tarzian tuner, basic patents on which are held by Sarkes Tarzian. In that year the Bloomington and Philadelphia plants produced a maximum of 5500 tuners daily, and the selenium rectifier plant in Bloomington, which began operations early in 1950, was designed to turn out 4,000,000 Centre-Cooled rectifiers annually.

As early as 1936 Mr. Tarzian became interested in static-free high frequency radio broadcasting. His experimental station, W9XHZ (later KS2XAP), which went on the air in June 1946, was the first of its kind in the United States using a new type of broadcasting known as HiFAM (high frequency amplitude modulation). The object of HiFAM is to transmit broadcasts through a part of the spectrum relatively free of static and most man-made noises. In March 1949, he inaugurated broadcasting on a standard radio station, WTTS, a 500-watt regional broadcasting news, music, sports, and special events twenty

hours daily. Regional radio station WTTS was the first full-time regional radio voice in the Bloomington area, and in October 1950, became the first station in the area to broadcast regular national network programming as an affiliate of the American Broadcasting Company. Indiana University designated WTTS its official sports station. Recognized in national periodicals as a leading community-type station, WTTS won the coveted Sigma Delta Chi national award in 1950, as the one station in all of the United States having contributed most in the field of public service journalism. In addition to supplying the equipment and building these two stations, Mr. Tarzian entered television broadcasting in 1949, when his station, WTTV, the first in Indiana to apply for a broadcast license and channel assignment, began operations. It was also the first commercial TV installation in a city the size of Bloomington, whose population was about 30,000 at that time. Long a pioneer in electronics and the public service field of broadcasting-telecasting Mr. Tarzian's television station, WTTV, pointed the way and was the actual pattern for small community television. This was at a time when most of the emphasis, construction and programming was for the large metropolitan centers. As the focal point for small community TV, the station received inquiries and visitors from coast to coast, Turkey, South America, and other countries.

The WTTV television operation became so important to the future growth and expansion of TV generally that many periodicals, including Newsweek, Variety, and American magazine, sent reporters to do stories later published. (Dec. 25, 1950 NEWSWEEK: Sept. 20, 1950 VARIETY: July 1951; AMERICAN).

Operating on television channel 10 in the VHF (Very High Frequency) band, station WTTV gives to Bloomington and surround-

ing area a television service which has been compared to the clear channels of radio. With his extensive background and experience in electronics, Mr. Tarzian was one of the few people to foresee and take action on securing a television station construction permit. While others debated, he secured for his community a television service which only three other Indiana cities, all large, would later have. Most of the materials and equipment for the TV station, including the studio and a 250-foot antenna tower, were manufactured in the various Tarzian plants in Bloomington, the system requiring two years to assemble. In the planning of programs to be presented on WTTV Mr. Tarzian has considered first of all community service and community participation. Although he subscribes to major film services, such programs as originate from the Bloomington High School and the University of Indiana interviews with prominent citizens, cartoon shows involving local talent, and new programs prepared by journalism students at the university are predominant. He encourages local talent. (See AMERICAN Magazine July 1951, page 46.) He built a microwave relay link to Cincinnati to get live network programs to Bloomington, Indiana.

Mr. Tarzian has a number of electronic inventions to his credit. While an engineer with the Atwater Kent Company he helped develop the first commercial single dial receiver and the first receiver to operate in a metal cabinet. He also developed a low-cost converter which may be attached to standard radio sets to bring in programs transmitted in HiFAM. He designed and built the first small low cost television tuner for the television industry.

Mr. Tarzian was the first engineer to predict in 1945 that commercial F.M. broadcasting will not replace our present standard A.M. broadcasting. He predicted the failure of F.M. broadcasting, because low



SARKES TARZIAN

price, reliable F.M. receivers cannot be built.

The Sarkes Tarzian, Inc. organization in 1951 included all four of the important operations required for an electronics group to most effectively contribute its talents and products to an advancing civilization.

These four major phases were (1) Research, development and consulting engineer, (2) Electronics manufacturing, (3) Standard A.M. broadcasting, and (4) Telecasting. His bringing together the required personnel and his consolidation of these four separate operations have added materially to the Bloomington community financial growth, to local educational advancement and to very real progress in the social and political life of the city and area.

Through these changes in Bloomington, due to various aspects of the Tarzian electronics organization, communities in many other states were in 1951 already taking definite steps to follow the pattern for change and growth.

Columnist Robert Ruark wrote in his June 14, 1951 column: "Sarkes Tarzian is an exemplification of the American dream that does not need man-pressure or socialization of everything to keep bread in basket and illumination in the community."

While widely known as an industrialist, and having an international reputation as an electronics engineer, Mr. Tarzian's close associates and the many communities who were planning to emulate his WTTV television operation, had tagged him as being first of all a thoroughly outgoing individual, a man with tremendous vision and energy, a dynamic sense of action and buoyant leadership.

His radio and television stations were in 1951 already demonstrating that in all phases of community life — news, entertainment, education, radio and television

were fast emerging as the most powerful media for the common good.

Lincoln had said, "Let the people know the facts and the country will be saved." Of Sarkes Tarzian, Columnist Ruark, said, "he stands for illumination, electronic illumination, and was using real leadership to make it work."

Mr. Tarzian is a member of the Bloomington Chamber of Commerce, Etta Kappa Nu and Tau Beta Pi fraternities, and the Bloomington Rotary Club. In religion he is an Episcopalian, and in politics a Republican. The study of foreign affairs is his hobby, and his favorite recreation is swimming. He was married in Geneva, Switzerland, July 23, 1930, to Mary, daughter of Bedros Mangigian, of Philadelphia, a weaver, and has two children: Thomas and Patricia Joyce.



AMERICAN MILITARY MISSION TO ARMENIA

Part XII

By JAMES H. TASHJIAN

A NOTE

Part II of the interesting article written by Major General James G. Harbord for "World's Work" is presented herewith. The Harbord article is one of consequential interest to the story of the American Military Mission to Armenia, which visited Asia Minor and the Caucasus late in 1919 with the express purpose of examining conditions in that area with an eye to America assuming a mandate of the region. General Harbord was the chief of the Mission.

INVESTIGATING TURKEY AND TRANSCAUCASIA

By Maj. Gen. JAMES G. HARBORD
(Part II)

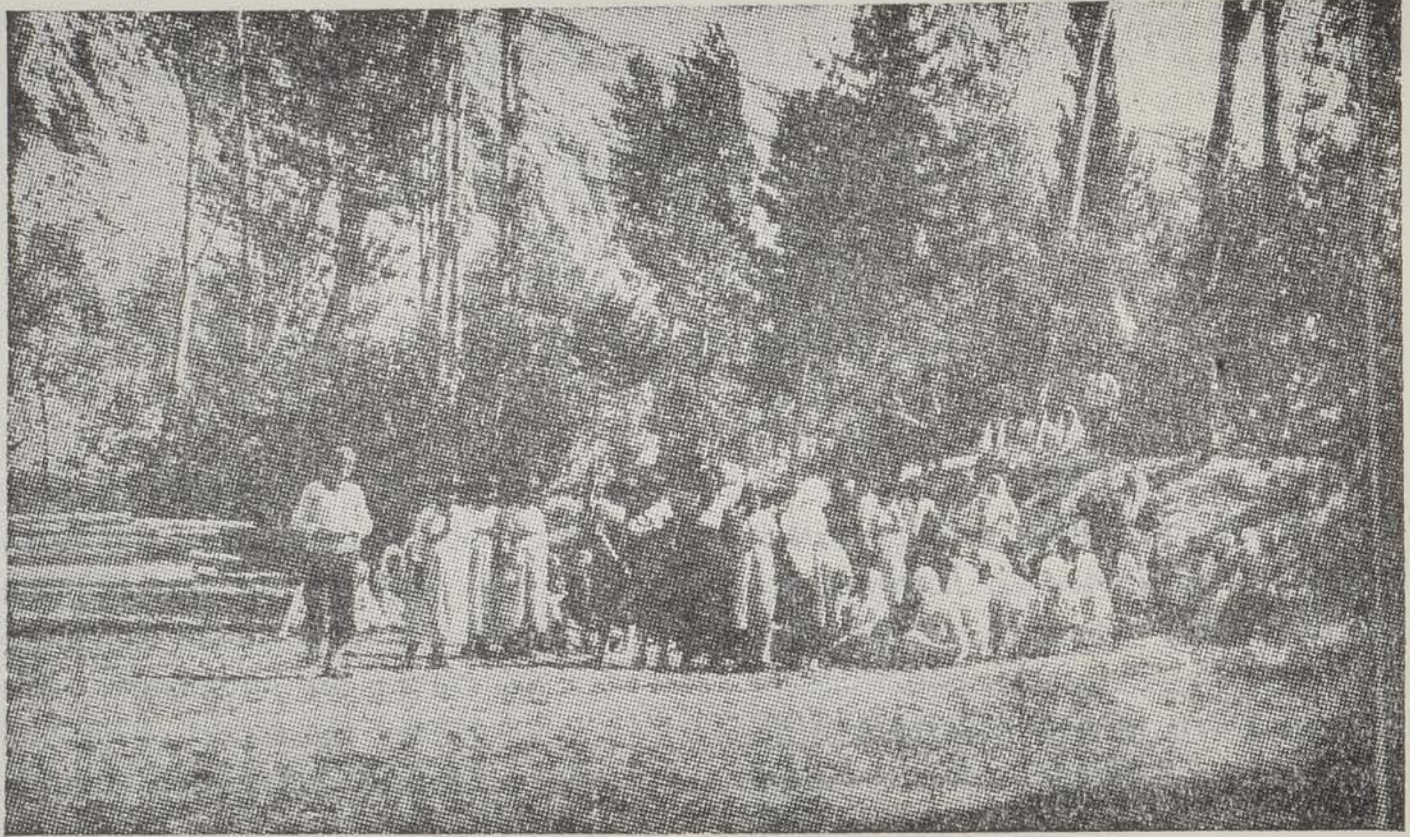
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The principal interest of our mission centered around the Armenian vilayets of Turkey and the provinces of Russian Armenia. Our journey was therefore planned with the double purpose of paralleling the old international boundary to satisfy ourselves whether or not the Turks were massing troops in that region, and to see as much as possible of that Armenia which the Armenians are still hoping to see erected into a separate state. Cilicia we crossed by the Anatolia Railway, and Adana, where we spent several days, is its principal city. Our motor car itinerary was arranged to take us into four of the six Armenian vilayets of Turkey. No roads over which motor cars

can be operated now reach Van and Bitlis. The time at our disposal at the end of the dry season with winter fast approaching, did not permit us to make the journey to those provinces on horseback. We had with us however the report of an American army officer who had visited them but six weeks before our arrival in Turkey, and its description of conditions corresponded very closely with what we saw in the other four vilayets, Diarbekir, Sivas, Erzerum, and Mamuret el-Aziz.

We planned our motor car journey in four stages: From Mardin through Diarbekir, Kharpout, and Malatia, four hundred miles in a general northwesterly direction to Sivas; from there eastward through the heart of old Turkish Armenia, three hundred and twenty-five miles to Erzerum; thence across the frontier to Kars and Erivan in Russian Armenia, now the little Republic of Armenia, about three hundred miles north and east; the fourth leg of the journey being from Erivan north to Tiflis about two hundred and ten miles. A glance at the map will show how completely we covered the country in the time available.

The automobile journeys consumed three weeks including stops. We considered it quite a feat in logistics to cross Asia Minor with seven motor vehicles; a distance of about thirteen hundred miles, arriving at our destination on the day originally scheduled, all cars in serviceable condition and



ARMENIAN GIRL REFUGEES AT SIVAS—In a refuge conducted by Miss Graffam, an American missionary, there were sheltered these 150 girls who were rescued from enforced marriage to Turks.

with no casualties in a party of more than thirty persons. We took into Eastern Asia Minor the first closed cars that had been seen in that region, carried or arranged for our own oil and gasoline supplies, transported our own food and bedding, visited some fairly untamed people who were not expecting us, and introduced some standard cars to some very wild highways. We invariably camped by clear running streams which were numerous even at the high altitudes — I know of no country more splendidly watered. The water of such streams running directly from melting snows in an Asiatic September is cold enough to give some zest to a morning plunge.

It was late in the afternoon of September 13th when we enjoyed our last view from the citadel which crowns the eminence above Mardin. The prospect south over the Mesopotamian plain is incomparable. It is a brown desert in autumn, where here and there Arab villages, camel caravans, donkeys, cattle, goats and sheep, figuring in a landscape otherwise unbroken to the

distant horizon. Delays, false starts, shifting of loads, adjustment of brakes, and much free distribution of advice by veteran soldier chauffeurs, characterized the last hour in Mardin before we straightened away over the dusty hills for Diarbekir. Our first camp was under the full splendor of an Eastern moon, and during the night we were several times disturbed by passing caravans. One detachment of Arab horsemen in white, trotting by in single file, looked very businesslike.

Few Americans, except missionaries, have ever been seen on the Mardin-Sivas highway except when remote from settlements. We were as unconventional and interesting to the native inhabitants as they were to us. There are no secrets of the toilet nor of any of the ordinary processes of life in a motor car caravan halted near a village in Asiatic Turkey. Yet we met with nothing but courtesy, kindly courtesy and genuine hospitality. Motor car and tire troubles in a land that looks not unlike our great Southwest of the central plateau of

northern Mexico, reduce romance to commonplace until the people begin to appear. When the Turks, Armenians, Kurds, Assyrians, Syrians, Arabs, and a few miscellaneous Persians, Tartars, and Teztedies gather around and talk in chorus all the tongues of the Tower of Babel, while wearing all the picturesque rags and colors that are reproduced with such effect in the splendid rugs of that country, it is easier to realize that the lovely green valley stretching away to the north and east is the historic Tigris instead of the Rio Grande or the Brazos. One gets back to modern times again when he finds that the Tigris Valley produces as good watermelons and canteloupes as Georgia or the Imperial Valley of California, and that September 15 is the height of the season.

Diarbekir stands on a high hill that overlooks the valley of the Tigris and is visible for many miles as you approach it from the south. Its black basalt walls with their numerous round towers and very elaborate gates were built when the city was an outpost of Rome two thousand years ago. The tradition runs that they were repaired by Constantine in the Fourth Century of our era, and have since been held successively by Arab, Saracen, French Crusader, Mongol, Seljuk, and Ottoman, the stone cannon balls of the latter still hanging over the gates in token of conquest. The gates bear inscriptions in Arabic and Greek characters so ancient as to bear no more resemblance to the modern tongues than the English of Chaucer to that of Kipling. There is a fine old bridge over the Tigris here which dates from Roman times and is still in use. In fact, throughout this whole leg of our journey Roman bridges were to be seen.

From Arghana Maiden there is a steady climb northward for many miles over a very fine mountain road, a monument to a Turkish Vali of pre-war times, which some day should be one of the world's

great scenic routes for tourists. It drops several thousand feet in a very few miles into the upper valley of the Tigris with many stretches of zig-zag closely parallel to each other.

Kharput, like Diarbekir, sits on a hill overlooking the Tigris Valley. For many years prior to 1915 American missionaries maintained the Euphrates College at Kharput, but it was broken up by the Armenian deportations and massacres of that year. It is still an important missionary center, however, and here as in many other places in Turkey, American missionaries are doing splendid work.

Our good-looking host, of Mardin, Lieutenant Colonel Kanin Bey, commanding the 5th Turkish Division, which was responsible for order in the general vicinity of the Mesopotamian border and the territory through which we traveled on our way to Sivas, had told us of his uneasiness concerning political unrest around Malatia. According to his statement, foreign influences had been endeavoring to stir up the Kurdish population, which is in the majority around Malatia, by holding out the lure of an independent Kurdistan. The local Mutaserriff of Malatia, a man of Kurdish origin, had abandoned his post and "gone to the hills" with a few bold spirits, accompanied by the foreign officer to whom our Turkish commander attributed the unrest among the Kurds. There were among them several men released some time before from the Diarbekir prison. Several semi-educated Kurdish boys who had been sent to school in Constantinople and had later taken up writing radical literature and preaching self-determination for the nomadic Kurds, were promising them a Utopian independence in a kingdom, under a prince of their own race. It is this region where Enver Bey has since been figured in the dispatches as King of Kurdistan, a very unlikely contingency considering his power and influ-



MARKET PLACE IN ERIVAN—The above scene greeted members of the American Military Mission to Armenia on their visit to the capital city of the Armenian Republic.

ence of his old time rival Mustapha Kemal Pasha. We know that Kanin Bey had gone to Malatia to look into matters and we met him at Messereh and Kharput. There was also at the luncheon given our party at Messereh a Lieutenant Colonel Bell of the British Army, one of those fine upstanding types which Britain so frequently stations on her outposts of the empire. He was in the region by way of straightening out the political difficulties at Malatia. He invited two others of our mission and myself to be present at an interview with Kanin Bey and the acting Vali of Mamuret el-Aziz to which jurisdiction Malatia pertains. His manner and bearing gave a fine example of British methods of administration in contact with subordinated races, as he assured the Turkish authorities that he would answer for it that if Kanin Bey would withdraw his troops there would be no trouble in Malatia. Within the last three months the dispatches have reported the murder of Colonel Bell.

It was with this interview with Colonel

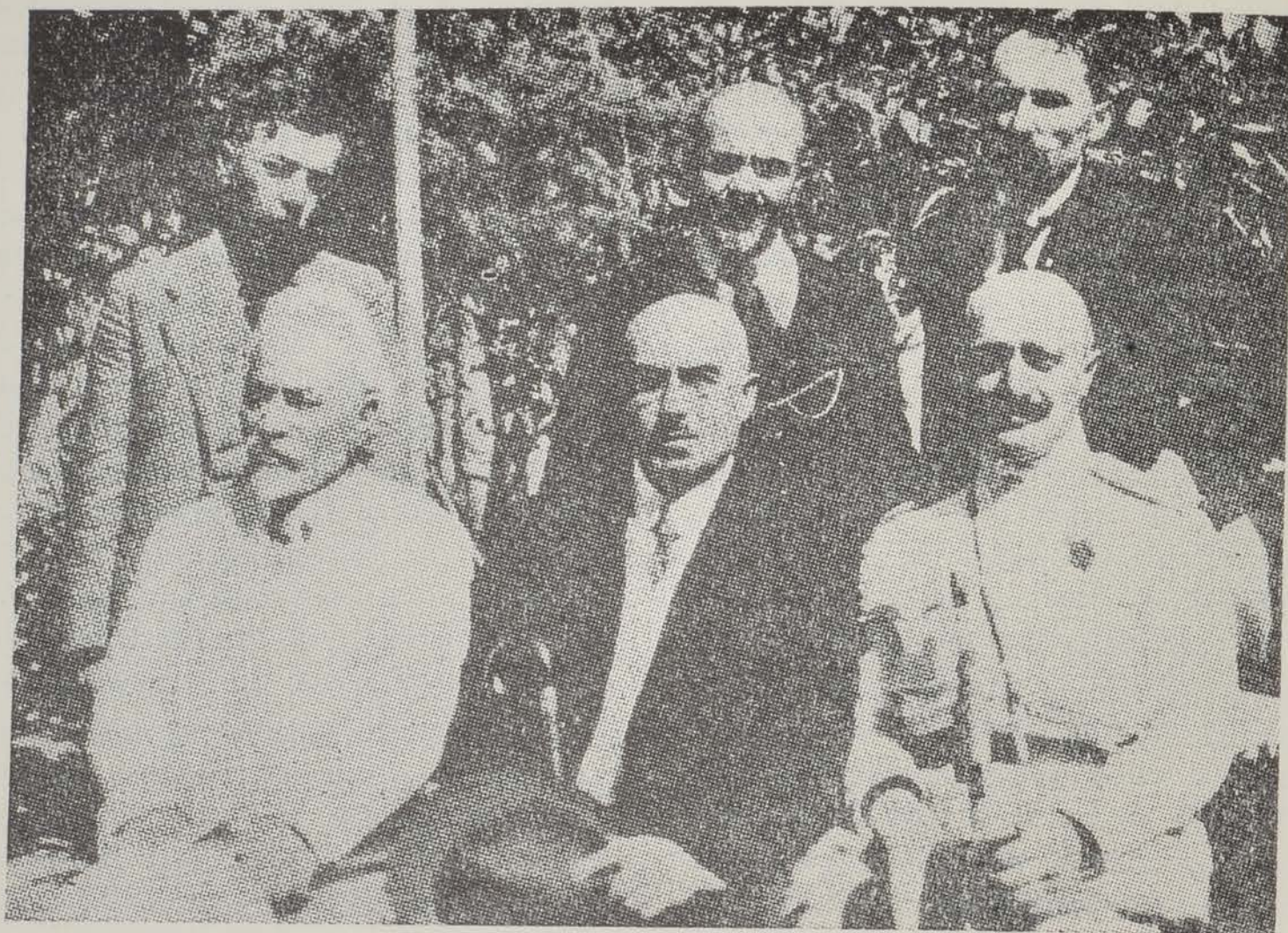
Bell and the Turkish Commander fresh in our minds that we drove over the rugged hills that divide the valley of the Tigris and the Euphrates, and across the latter stream toward Malatia. This is the center of the apricot and raisin industry of Turkey and fine fruit and melons abound. There were many rich irrigated fields. The region between Kharput and Malatia was in higher cultivation and showed more signs of industry than any other through which we passed — possibly due to the Kurdish character of its population. The road from Kharput to Malatia is very picturesque and drops suddenly into the valley where the Euphrates narrows down and pours through a wooded gorge on its way south. The bridge over the Euphrates which we crossed rests on piles hand driven, and a single motor car passing over its loose flooring sounds like the march of a regiment of cavalry. The opportunity to swim in the Euphrates comes very seldom to the American Army, and we halted and spent an hour in putting that feat on the record.

Malatia with sixty thousand people is but a day's march from that Marash which has since our visit figured so tragically in the dispatches, a fact which had added to the uneasiness we felt at the time over the fact that the only Americans in the city were two Smith College girls, who had arrived in the East in June and without speaking or understanding Turkish were in charge of an orphanage in the outskirts of the city for 700 Armenian children. They seemed quite self-reliant and unafraid but to keep them here, if seniors in the Relief service were available, did not look like wise administration to me and looks less so as I read further dispatches purporting to describe conditions in Marash. To add to the delicacy of the situation the fugitive Mutaserrif when he fled to the hills with the Kurdish malcontents had left his very young Kurdish wife with these two American women for protection.

The people of Malatia had a wilder and less civilized appearance than any others we had met in Turkey. They are principally Kurdish — our Aryan cousins — handsome in a sinister sort of way, with the bold erect look of a wild nomadic people. Though they are Moslems the women go unveiled, but generally wear a distinctive head-dress that indicates the religion. They are not at all bad-looking, though very ragged and dirty. Many have black hair with the combination of fine gray eyes. Undoubtedly they are better material for people than the Turks, being a purer race. The Turks are very much mixed. Aside from the peasants of the interior plateaus who are dark and of Mongol type, the Turk as a pure race hardly exists. For five hundred years their harems have been recruited from the women of every race they have dominated, the children being raised as Turks. One encounters among them almost any racial type in Europe and Asia.

Sivas had an especial interest for our

mission. In the early part of the summer of 1919 many stories had come out of Trans-Caucasia regarding a great congress of the Nationalist Party of Turkey which met at Erzerum in July. Its meeting was foretold as a Pan-Turanian movement calculated to unite all of Turanian blood in common cause, and again as Pan-Islamic intended to bring together representatives of the Moslem faith from all over the world to preserve the Turkish Empire and protect the Caliph in his ancient seat at Constantinople. Mustapha Kemal Pasha, an officer of high reputation in the Turkish army who had commanded an army corps with distinction and great gallantry at the Dardanelles and Gallipoli, had, after the Armistice, been sent as Inspector-General to Anatolia and the Armenian vilayets, charged with the responsibility for the old international frontier between Turkey and Russia and the command of the troops in the eastern region. His headquarters were at Erzerum. The Congress was duly held. Delegates from countries far outside Turkey were supposed to have been in attendance. Some saw in the movement a revival of the Young Turks' Committee of Union and Progress which had so disastrously controlled the Empire during the war. Some said the movement was inspired from Constantinople and the Sultan's Government; others that the Government stood in terror of the Nationalists and could not control it. Mustapha Kemal presided and apparently controlled the Congress, and soon after its adjournment to meet at Sivas in September, he resigned his commission in the army, alleging the necessity of devoting himself to the new movement. The meeting at Sivas was in progress when our mission left Constantinople and we were officially commended to its head when we should arrive in the vicinity. It had been quite evident to us that the purposes and possibilities of the movement were not clearly known and



THE CABINET OF THE INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC OF ARMENIA — (Left to right, seated) Avetik Sahakian, Prime Minister Alexander Khatissian, General Araratian; (Standing, left to right) Nicol Aghbalian, Abraham Kulkhankanian, Sarkis Araratian.

Gen. Harbord found the Armenian leaders ". . . neither Oriental nor backward. They are the executive head of an ambitious Christian republic."

were causing considerable anxiety to the various foreign representatives at the capital, and we were warned against possible danger from it.

From the time of our arrival at Mardin, however, it was plain that the entire hierarchy, both civil and military in eastern Turkey, were committed to the Nationalist cause, except the interests at Malatia to which I previously referred in the story. Army officers and civilian officials were alike receiving orders from Sivas, and while official life was apparently proceeding in its accustomed channels the responsibility was to Sivas and not Constantinople. Kanin Bey from Mardin, after his interview with Colonel Bell at Mesereh had gone through Malatia and preceded us to Sivas. We were in some necessity for gasoline and expected

to have it sent out from Sivas to meet us between there and Malatia, but were told that it depended on the orders at Sivas. Official telegraph service between Constantinople and the eastern vilayets had been suspended.

By the time we left Malatia on September 18, the Sivas congress had adjourned, leaving an executive committee in charge. We had assurances that the Nationalists would welcome the American mission and be glad to facilitate the purposes of our visit. As I did not wish our official welcome to be complicated by the presence of the leader of a movement almost revolutionary toward the Constantinople Government, an intimation was sent out that we did not wish Mustapha Kemal Pasha to be featured on that occasion.

We reached Sivas about noon of the 20th, the road curving into the valley from the mountain range a few miles out and giving a view that is unsurpassed. The city is situated on a river that empties into the Black Sea and is crossed here by an old stone bridge dating from Roman days. Sivas has been a city on the caravan route from Baghdad to the Bosphorus and beyond, since before the Turk or his religion were known to history. On a plain near the river a tented pavilion carpeted with rugs had been erected and a detachment of infantry and cavalry drawn up in line in our honor. With the old Roman bridge and the swiftly flowing river as a background, the scene was very effective. Besides the usual group of civil and military officials, there were present the chiefs, except Mustapha Kemal Pasha, of the committee holding over from the National Defense Congress as the recent Nationalist meeting had been styled. Several of them were men of prominence in the Empire. Raouf Bey, who, as captain of a Turkish cruiser, had made a very daring and spectacular raid at the end of the war with Italy, and who as Minister of Marine had signed the Armistice the previous October, was present, speaking excellent English, and giving the impression of aggressiveness and force. The March, 1920, dispatches indicate that Raouf Bey has been deported from Turkey by the British. Another was Rustem Bey, formerly Turkish Ambassador in Washington and well known in the diplomatic and social life of our capital. He was given his passports by President Wilson in 1913, having ventured to commit the diplomatic solecism of criticizing America for her lynchings in a very clever letter defending the Turkish Government. He is a Pole by blood, born a Christian, but embracing the Moslem faith as a young man. He seemed very happy to use his excellent English with Americans and I fancied he was just a little

hungry for news of the old life on the Potomac where he had quite a vogue among hostesses of a certain stratum. An older man was Bekir Sami Bey, a former Vali of Beirut and Aleppo, who had resigned his post rather than carry out the Armenian deportation orders in 1915. While the Turkish Government has in times past, notably in the matter of Armenian massacres, loudly disavowed movements for which it was responsible, Rustem Bey informed me that both he and Raouf Bey had left Constantinople in disguise and with false papers to attend the National Defense Congress, and that the Government was really much alarmed by the movement.

The troops at Sivas were the best we had seen in Turkey. Their soldiers wear a sort of homespun which looks like a very dirty example of what in America is sometimes called a "Palm Beach" suit. Often they are ragged and without shoes, but those at Sivas were better equipped and clothed than at other stations. At the pavilion, we had the usual tea, coffee and cakes. One good thing is to be said for the frequent Turkish refreshments with which we were now becoming quite "fed up", and that is that they were strictly non-alcoholic and consisted largely of fruit. Once arrived in the city, we went to the American compound and having had no meal since breakfast the day before, did ample justice to a good American meal at the home of Dr. Partridge and his sister-in-law, Miss Graffam, both missionaries of many years' residence in Sivas. It was late and we went directly from luncheon to our official call on the Vali where to my great discomfort, we were confronted with another heavy luncheon which, to comply with the proprieties in the Near East, we had to eat.

Before we left Constantinople we had been asked if we realized that our mission with its proposed itinerary touching Sivas

was one of "great danger." The demeanor of Turkish provincial officials between Mardin and Sivas had shown much respect to the leader of the Defense Congress not unmingled with some awe. A Pasha seems to count for a good deal in rural Turkey. With all this preliminary advertisement, we looked forward with considerable interest to the meeting with Mustapha Kemal Pasha. Naturally no mission looking into conditions in the Near East could disregard the nationalist movement or its leader. A meeting with him had been arranged for me at a club, to take place just after the official luncheon with the Vali. There were present Generals Moseley and McCoy, our interpreter, Professor Hussein Bey and myself of our party; and Mustapha Kemal Pasha, Rustem Bey, Raouf Bey, and Bekir Sami Bey of the Nationalist Committee. Mustapha Kemal Pasha is a slight, erect soldierly looking young man of thirty-eight, with cropped brown mustache, cold gray eyes, light brown hair brushed straight back, high cheek bones, and evidently has Circassian or other blond blood in his ancestry. He was very neatly dressed *en civile*, and differing from the usual Turk who wears his fez in the house as well as out, sat bareheaded during our entire interview. We had an especial interest in the General from having heard that while commanding an army corps at the Dardanelles, his exposure of himself had led to complaints from his German staff. As the senior, his recklessness called for an equal disregard of danger by the members of his staff and the Germans did not believe in it. Our conference lasted about two and one half hours with Mustapha Kemal doing most of the talking. I initiated the conversation by telling him through Hussein Bey that much hysterical news of the Nationalist aims, intentions, etc., had reached the outside world and asked him to tell me of them.

He talked very easily and fluently. His marshalling of his facts through the interpreter was orderly and logical, though he was apparently under considerable strain and continually drew a string of prayer beads through his rather good-looking hands, never keeping them quiet a moment. Afterward, I learned that he had recently been suffering from malaria and had fever at the time of our interview. His personality easily dominated his associates of the committee.

He explained the origin of their movement after the Smyrna atrocities committed by the Greeks, a number of small National Defense Leagues being formed throughout the Empire which their Congress was designed to coordinate and unify. Briefly, the movement stands for the integrity of the Ottoman Empire under the mandate of a disinterested great power, preferably America. Their Congress had passed a resolution which had been cabled to the President asking that the Senate send a committee to look into their claims. Their idea of a mandate differs from ours, however, in that they conceive it as advice and assistance from a big brother, with such slight exercise of authority as not to interfere with their interior government or their foreign relations. During the discussion, I reminded the General of the standing of his country before the world as shown in the very stirring words of M. Clemenceau to their delegation in Paris in June, 1919, in which he had said that the Turks had never shown themselves capable of consolidating in peace what they had won in war, and that no people had ever passed from their domination without immediate betterment of its condition; and I told him that no self-respecting nation would accept responsibility for their government, external or internal, without complete authority. Further that, as he said, murders and other crimes were committed in Ameri-



A SIGNAL CORPS PICTURE OF THE CITY OF KHARPUT

ca, France and England, but that no nation but the Turks stood accused of the murder of eight hundred thousand of its own citizens. He deprecated the Armenian massacres but was inclined to balance against them the murders and other atrocities committed by the Greeks at Smyrna, committed, as he said, under the eyes of the Allied representatives and under the guns of their fleets, instead of by a small committee which had usurped the government, as had the Young Turks in the case of the Armenians. He was very insistent that foreign intrigue was responsible for Turkish woes and accused the Damad Ferid Pasha cabinet, then in power, of being very pro-British. He avowed complete loyalty to the Sultan, whose aide-de-camp he had been, but insisted that the cabinet must fall. The statement was made that they believed that the cabinet was withholding from His Majesty the Sultan, the communications the Nationalists had sent him, and that they had finally made a test case through a channel on which they knew they could depend, giving the ultimatum that if there was not

a reply by a certain hour, telegraphic communication with the interior would be cut off, and had carried out their threat. There was much reference to the integrity of the Empire and the death-before-dishonor attitude if the Peace Conference dismembered the Empire. I pointed out that nations as well as individuals could commit suicide, and reminded them that if they could not win with Germany and Austria on their side, they had little prospect of surviving a contest undertaken alone against the Allies.

The interview was extremely interesting and I am obliged to say that I came away with an impression of the extreme patriotism of Kemal Pasha and his immediate associates. At the signing of the Armistice, Turkey knew it was beaten, but the delays of more than a year and the events of Smyrna which every Turk considers to have been a violation of the terms of the Armistice, have cheapened every Christian life in the Turkish Empire and have made patriotic Turks desperate at the thought of the dismemberment of the Empire and the dis-

honor of the Sultan and the Caliph. Mustapha Kemal assured me that their movement did not portend violence to the non-Moslem races of the Empire and promised to allay Armenian fears by an announcement to that effect—a promise which he kept. He was asked to submit a brief of the statements made to me which I might append to the report of our Mission, and agreed to send it to Samsun if I would call there a few weeks later from Trans-Caucasia, which agreement was carried out.

The Damad Ferid Pasha cabinet fell on October 2, 1919, and a Grand Vizir, satisfactory to the Nationalists was chosen to form a new cabinet. Within a week after our interview with Mustapha Kemal, the Kurdish Mutaserrif of Malatia, who had fled to the hills under alleged foreign influences, leaving his young wife with two helpless American girls for protection, was captured by the Nationalists, tried by drum-head court for inciting the Kurds to march on Sivas, found guilty and executed. Somewhat later, the dispatches have reported the murder of Colonel Bell, whom we had met endeavoring to settle the unrest at Malatia. Evidently the Nationalists must be considered in the settlement of the Turkish question.

The Nationalist movement had an easy initial victory in the fall of the Ferid Pasha cabinet. Its declarations of policy couched in terms of defense sound a somewhat defiant note and are evidently intended for an audience far beyond the Ottoman borders — for the Moslem millions of India, Mesopotamia, Persia, Arabia and the Central plains of Asia, and for the Peace Conference. They imply discussion instead of acceptance of peace terms. There is a somewhat amount of bluff in this attitude and something for political consumption at home, but Mustapha Kemal Pasha is no cheap political adventurer. He is a military leader of proven skill, and many mil-

lions of Moslems are unquestionably interested in the preservation of the Ottoman Empire.

Previous to the deportations of 1915, there was a large Armenian population in Sivas, which has, since the Armistice, been one of the principal stations for distribution of American relief. Dr. E. C. Partridge, one of the American missionaries, is the director there for the American Committee for Relief in the Near East. Dr. Partridge and his sister-in-law, Miss M. F. Graffam, have been in missionary work in Sivas for more than eighteen years. There is in connection with the present relief work quite an American colony in Sivas numbering twelve ladies and five men. It is no disparagement of other zealous and efficient missionaries to say that Miss Graffam is the outstanding missionary figure in this part of Asia. She was the head of the Sivas Teachers' College which, before the war, was training native teachers. She remained at her post and for a long time during the war was the only American at Sivas. Her knowledge of the Turkish, Armenian and German, all of which she speaks with fluency, her fine education received at Oberlin College, of which she is a graduate, and her forceful character, have combined to make her one of the strong influences in this whole region and have enabled her to play a part in the stirring events of the last six years which has probably never been equalled by any other woman in the chronicles of missionary effort. She was in Sivas when the Armenian deportations took place; as hundreds of her Armenian women friends started away and said the last good-bye to many of the massacred men. When the actual deportation eventually reached her school, she walked with her Armenian girls to Malatia, more than one hundred and twenty miles distant, doing her best to cheer and sustain them and interceding with the Turks to save them, but in vain.



THE FIRST TRANS-CAUCASIAN CONFERENCE—Armenian representatives identified are: Stepan Mamikonian (extreme left, lower row), Samson Haroutunian (next to former); Siragan Tigranian (fourth from left, lower row); Nicol Aghbalian (second from left, standing). Representatives of Georgia and Azerbaijan are also included in the group.

Her experiences have never been duplicated in the story of womankind. She saw her life work in the Teachers' College ruined, and is now giving to thousands of orphans and refugees the same skilled administrative supervision that distinguished her at the head of the school. We visited several of these institutions, notably one where there are one hundred and fifty "brides", Armenian women of an average age of seventeen who were forcibly married to Moslems at the time of the deportations and have since been rescued. Many of these are still no more than children, and the stories of the treatment received by these little girls of tender years would be beyond belief in any other part of the world. Teachers and students alike of the once flourishing normal school have been scattered throughout the East, outraged, starved, and murdered. One of the teachers, a gentle, refined Armenian girl, speaking English well and knowing music, a

young lady attractive by the standards of any land, was forcibly married to the Beg of a neighboring Kurdish village — a filthy, lousy white-bearded Kurd, old enough to be her grandfather. She has since borne him a child and is still held by him. He is the half-civilized under-chief of a nomad tribe and a murderer and efforts to rescue the unhappy girl have so far failed. The baby complicates the situation. She does not wish to abandon it; the Turkish law gives the child to him, and he says unequivocally that he will kill her if she goes away. It is a situation that could exist only in Turkey.

The Germans occupied Sivas by representatives during the war. With her ability to speak German, Miss Graffam was able to lease and secure an option to purchase a farm in the hills above Sivas, which is owned in Germany and is popularly supposed to belong the former Kaiser Wilhelm II. It controls all the water power in the

vicinity, enough with its present crude development to operate five grist mills. It is a valuable piece of property capable of great possibilities, and with the optimistic view that when the Peace Treaty with Turkey shall eventually be signed, life will again run in the old channels, Miss Grafam looks forward to building on this land an agricultural school. For the present it is on this property that are housed the pitiful little "brides" rescued from Moslem masters.

The work that has been done here and elsewhere by American Missionaries is of the kind that makes one proud to belong to the country that sends them. America entered the Turkish mission field in 1920, it being allotted to the Congregationalist denomination, and their work has been continuous since. In many cases children grow up, speaking the native vernacular from boyhood, have been educated in America and have returned to carry on the the missionary effort begun by their parents. There are families whose third or fourth generation are still doing missionary work in this fertile field. Every seventh year they are entitled to a leave of absence and these widely separated visits to America serve to keep the American spirit flaming high in these, her exiled sons and daughters. The veteran, Dr. Christy, a soldier of our Civil War, in which he was a First Sergeant of a fighting light battery from Minnesota, has been forty years a missionary at Tarsus. Dr. Chambers, thirty years at Adana, is another veteran missionary. Miss Fenanga, at Mardin, has given eighteen years to the work. Dr. Mary Mills Patrick, the accomplished and greatly beloved president of the Woman's College of Constantinople, began her teaching career in the mission schools of Kharput more than thirty years ago. Dr. Barton, the head of the American Relief in the Near East, Dr. Usher at Erivan, Mr. Riggs at Khar-

put, and many others have devoted their lives to this splendid work. The value of missionary effort in the single field of medical endeavor alone cannot be measured. Their experiences and devotion in the massacres of 1915 and those that periodically preceded them, are quite beyond any words of mine. There is nothing in my knowledge of history that quite corresponds to them. The part they are taking in the distribution of American relief is constant, important and efficient. The orphanages so numerous in Turkey and so tragically reminiscent of the horrors of 1915, are almost entirely under missionary management.

* * *

September 22 saw us traveling the high mountain road eastward to Erzinjan, over very beautiful hills and valleys.

Erzinjan, with an elevation of 5,000 feet, had before the war, 23,000 Moslems and 3,400 Christian Armenians according to Turkish figures, while now the population is 17,000 Moslems and 200 Armenians.

At Erzinjan, we had reached a region devastated by the war. No crops have been raised near there for several years. When the Russian army went to pieces in this neighborhood, after the fall of the Empire, the soldiers destroyed many villages, and the Turks claim that thousands of Armenians who had accompanied the Russian advance, took the opportunity to destroy Turkish villages, which seems not unlikely, human nature being what it is. This has been for several centuries a treeless region, though it is said that it was well-forested before the destructive rule of the Turk. The snow falls from a depth of from fifteen to eighteen feet in winter, and the question of fuel is always a serious one, the usual fuel being dried cakes of cattle dung and straw. The houses are usually dug-outs or half-dugouts in the smaller villages, and animals are taken in with the family in win-

ter for the benefit of their bodily health. To meet the necessity for fuel during the war, many mud villages from which the inhabitants had fled, were destroyed to get the floor beams for firewood; timbers that no doubt had originally been brought great distances by toiling peasants. This particular locality of Erzinjan had not been reached by the American relief distribution and the outlook for the rapidly approaching winter was very gloomy. The Turkish Government was making some effort to meet the situation by distribution of wheat from more fortunate regions for seed for the fall sowing, this being a country that grows winter wheat. The problem of subsisting the people during the winter was not solved. The wheat and any other supplies had to be brought in by pack and araba wagon transportation from Black Sea ports, a distance of nearly two hundred miles. Naturally, the conference at Erzinjan dwelt principally on the question of food, and with the solemnity and seriousness due a situation where many members of the community must in a few months die of starvation if relief did not come from outside sources. The blind faith of these people that this mission as a few Americans could help them both materially and politically was very touching, and our impotency in such an emergency was difficult to explain. When the final decision was made that we as a nation will take no part in solving the problems of this region which are so inextricably interwoven with the motives that sent us into the World War, and are so inevitably the forerunners of future wars, if not righteously solved, there will be no member of our American Military Mission to Armenia who will seek the duty of explaining our attitude to a wondering world. Someone who has not

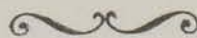
seen the horror of starvation and the abomination of desolation in this war-worn region can more satisfactorily present the virtue of our adherence to the non-entangling advice of George Washington, and inquire as did Cain in this same neighborhood — "Am I my brother's keeper?"

As we approached the city we saw a great display of tented pavilions and awnings on a level plain, and many banners flying. When we reached it the troops were drawn up in two lines to meet us, two companies of infantry and a troop of cavalry. There were also two companies of little orphan boys dressed in uniforms similar to the soldiers and armed with broomsticks. All staff officers of the Army Corps Headquarters, which is located at Erzerum, were also in line. Two bands played and many "notables" were present. We walked the length of the lines and after listening to a speech of welcome from an impassioned young orator, evidently a local pride, entered through a much beflagged gate the field where the pavilions were. A feature of the gate decoration was a sign in purple and white acclaiming "*les principes de Wilson.*"

It was arranged that we should drive to points of historic interest for an hour and then call on the Vali and later take luncheon with Kiazim Pasha and his staff at the Officers' Club.

The luncheon with Kiazim Pasha was a very nice affair, during which a good military band played outside and after which three of his officers with flute, violin and piano, played several selections of familiar music, including *Sobre Las Olas*, a waltz which was popular with us in 1891.

(General Harbord's article will be concluded next issue.)



THE TRAMP

By SADEGH HEDAYAT

(Translated from the Persian original by Aghasi Hovanessian; Retranslated from the Armenian by James G. Mandalian)

The marketplace of the Village of Varamis was a public square, with a few small bakeryshops, grocery stores, a barber shop, and two coffee houses. The people in the square, beaten by the rays of the burning sun, and completely exhausted, were longingly looking forward to the evening breeze and the shadowfall of the night. The men, animals, even the trees and the shops were dead tired, flagged out, as it were. The suffocating heat rested heavily on their bodies and heads like a huge, weighty object, motionless, and perfectly still. The space was filled with thin clouds of dust which became thicker and hotter with the frequent passage of the automobiles.

In a corner of the square, under the shade of a huge hoary poplar tree, beside a small wooden stand loaded with dishes of rice pudding and pumpkin seed, stood two small children, vending their wares in shrill, staccato voices. The thick murky water of the little creek which crawled in front of the coffee house was dragging itself sluggishly. The only building which struck the attention of the observer at first sight was the historic castle of Varamin which shot in the air with its cracked sides and half-demolished dome. The birds were perched in the cracks and between the loose bricks of the shaky wall of the fort. It seemed they, too, were drowsy from the suffocating heat, and had snuggled silently on their perches.

Wowooo, Wowooo, Wowooo

It was the howling of a lone dog which intermittently broke the silence in space. He was a Scotty, a dirty tramp with broad ears, a wooly tail, and shaggy hair. However, deep in the eyes of this dirty tramp, it was a human soul, you would say, which moved and lived, and especially in the expression of those good wise eyes, suffering had stretched its wide and sorrowful wings, just like the melancholy look of the wounded fawn at the parting of the soul.

People would not understand him, would not feel his suffering, even though his sad eyes told everything. Near the bakery shop, the apprentice would flog him, and the butcher's apprentice would pelt him with stones and chase him away from the premises. And if ever he lay down in the shade of an automobile and wanted to rest his tired bones, the spiked heel of the driver was sure to sink in his head or sides and make an end of his momentary comfort.

They all beat him, persecuted him. Even the little boy who sold the rice pudding persecuted him, as if he sought some kind of spiritual satisfaction in that persecution. And each time a piece of rock hit his side, and his painful howl pierced the skies, the men near the little vendors chuckled with glee, calling the poor creature "a base cur", an "ownerless tramp." There was a natural and justifiable reason for persecuting and torturing him. Did not the religion of Islam regard the dog as Haram, a cursed

creature? That the dog had seven souls and that persecuting him was an act of kindness?

To escape the chasing of the lad who sold the rice pudding, the persecuted animal was forced to run away in the direction of the old castle, and from here he wended his way to the creek and snuggled there in the shallow water, his empty stomach and all. Here, feeling himself quite safe, his tongue hanging out, he settled his snout on his two paws, and half awake and half asleep, he began to feast his eyes on the sea of vegetation which spread before him. Oh how tired he was, how all the members of his body ached!

In the limited atmosphere of the creek he felt comfortable for a moment. It seemed the pains in his body, and especially in his sides, which had made him so uncomfortable, were lightened a bit. Besides the damp and unpleasant odors of the various objects which grew in the creek, there was the maddening scent of the lush vegetation of the fields which, mingling together, revived confused memories in his mind. Each time he watched intently the rippling verdure of the fields, his benumbed instincts came to life again, and he relived his old memories, one after another. But this time the instinct which was awakened in him was so powerful that it seemed someone was whispering in his ear, and urging him to spring, and go frolicking in the greens, up and down, up and down.

It was the hereditary instinct which was speaking in this most persecuted and most despised all animals. Had not his ances-

tors been brought up in the lush fields of Scotland? The fact of the matter is, his body was so insensible from the many beatings that it was impossible for him to make the slightest move. In that weak, powerless, and exhausted body of his, suddenly there had come to life such forgotten feelings which revived and revolutionized his entire living being.

Life had imposed on him certain routine duties. The minute his master called, he had been obliged to stand in instant readiness. He had had to chase away the strange, suspicious-looking man, or the strange dog who ventured inside the threshold, to entertain the children of his master by playing with them, how to welcome the known guest, and how to treat the stranger. He had been accustomed to dine at certain hours, and at certain hours he enjoyed the adulation of his master. And now, all the customs had been forgotten and all the duties had been lifted from his shoulders. Now his whole attention was centered on one point, how to get hold of something to eat which he fearfully and reverently sought in the rubbish heaps. The rest was to get beatings and to howl with an empty stomach. The latter, he had chosen in his desperation, as the sole and the best means of his self-defense and his consolation.

How changed were the times! Formerly he had been so daring, so brave and care-free. But now he was flabby, cowardly, and so impotent. Everyone who came along thumped him on the head. The slightest sound or movement terrified him. He was even frightened from his own voice

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Sadegh Hedayat, the author of this story, was a budding young Persian writer who with his novels and short stories had established for himself an important position in the contemporary literature of Iran. His stories have been translated into several European languages, including Russian and Swedish. Tragically enough, a few months ago Iranian literary circles were shocked by the sudden and quite unexpected news of his suicide in Paris. His tragic demise is said to have been mourned by the entire Persian people marked by public services organized by various organizations in Teheran.

and trembled bodily. Besides the dump there was nothing left for him. He was even too lazy to chase away the fleas in his body, or to lick the dirty parts of his body for a moment. Notwithstanding all this, he felt that he was an inseparable part of the dunghill, and that something precious, something good in him was forever dead.

Already two winters had passed from the day he fell into this hellish place. And in all this time he had never had a square meal, never had a sound, restful sleep, and what was most important of all, passion was completely dead in him. Not a soul commiserated with him, no one was helpful. In all this time not one soul had patted him on the head, no one had shown him any affection.

Although people here apparently looked like his master, it seemed there was a world of difference in their natures and feelings. It seemed the men he had befriended in the circle of his master understood him much better than the men in this place. O, how good and happy were those old days!

Of all the scents which invariably struck his nostrils, it was the smell of the rice pudding set before the children which made him dizzy most of all. This milk-white sticky substance, which was so like the milk of his mother, reminded him of his childhood days which he pictured in his memory, one after another. He remembered when as yet he was too little, how he used to cling to his mother's teatsies and suckled the warm, life-giving fluid, while his mother licked his helpless little body ever so tenderly. And all this happened in the bosom of his mother, side by side with his brother. Once he had his fill of his mother's milk, a most exquisite and stupifying feeling shot through him, from one end of his body to the other. At that moment, he would settle his head, heavy with the sleep, on the shaggy body of his brother, and would surrender himself into the sweet arms of Mor-

pheus. Then came the sharp scent of his mother's bosom, or the frequent but pleasant stirrings which he felt in his sleep. Ah, how could one imagine a greater, a more delightful sensation as when, involuntarily, and without any trouble at all, your little paws brushed against your mother's breasts, and your lips, hanging from those teatsies, suckled that sweet, life-giving juice!

And carried away by those illusions of the past, the poor animal recalled the rubbing of his shaggy brother, the yearning voice of his mother, and especially that wooden shed from which he emerged to scamper and frolick in the green garden. O happy childhood days, so full of love, pleasure, and tenderness!

Thereafter, he had found an entirely new playmate in the person of his master's son. He used to chase him in the garden, tumbling, rolling over, biting the tips of his clothes, and then barking, barking. He could never forget his master's caresses, and especially the candy which he used to snatch from his hand. Still, he was even more attached, more devoted to, and more intimate with his master's son, because the latter was his constant, inseparable companion.

Later on, one day, he lost his mother and brother. All that was left to him was his master, his son who was his playmate, the Mistress, and the old servant woman. And why should he not cherish them? Did he not know them one by one by their foot-falls? Did he not differentiate each from his scent? During lunch and dinner hours they would assemble around the table. There was the tinkle of knives and forks. Then cautiously, but yet somewhat reverentially, he would circle around the table, sniffing the various dishes as they were served one after another. Sometimes, despite the master's objections, the Mistress furtively would cut off a choice morsel as

his portion, and a little later, the old servant would call him, "Blackie, Blackie," and would serve his meal in a separate dish.

Once Blackie became intoxicated and this proved his undoing. It was the beginning of his misfortunes. The master had forbidden Blackie to come out of the house and chase the female dogs. By a coincidence, one autumn day his master, together with two companions, both of whom Blackie knew intimately, got into the family car and gave Blackie a seat with them. This was not the first time that Blackie was riding in a car. He had accompanied his master in the car on many an occasion. But this time, no one knows how, Blackie was unusually excited, quite intoxicated. After several hours of driving, finally they arrived at the Square of Varamin and got out. At that moment Blackie felt the scent of a female dog which intoxicated him to the point of madness. Instantly he followed the scent and finally landed in a garden near the creek. Toward evening, he suddenly heard his master's voice calling him.

"Blackie, Blackie."

Was it really his master's voice, or was it an illusion? And although the echo of his master's voice awakened a strange feeling in him, — a feeling of duty to his master, nevertheless a superhuman power outside of him kept urging him to stay with the she-dog. Thus, subject to his passion, Blackie spent a few vague and foolish hours. This vague situation would perhaps have lasted longer, had not suddenly a few men, armed with sticks and spades, appeared on the scene, and chased him away from the garden.

Tired, but at the same time feeling much lighter, Blackie snapped out of it, and immediately began to look for his master. He covered the length and breadth of all the streets, trying to pick up the scent of his master, but all in vain. There was no mas-

ter nor any trace of him. Finally, mentally registering all the streets and places he had searched, he headed for the marketplace where he found that his master's scent had mingled with the crowd. Panicky, and frantic, he began to take stock of the situation. Could it be that his master had left him and gone home? But was it not a fact that he could not live without his master? To him, his master held the position of God. His master was his God. Notwithstanding his gloomy outlook, there penetrated into his mind a vague hope that, somehow, his master would return, would look for him, and find him. Fortified by this hope, he resumed his search, chasing up and down the streets.

Blackie's master had abandoned him and gone home. After a long search, weary and utterly exhausted, he returned to the marketplace and again made a few rounds of the neighborhood, but there was no trace of his master. At that moment he again thought of the female dog, and after a little hesitation, he directed his steps toward the creek, only to discover that the entrance to the garden was blocked by a stone fence. He applied himself vigorously to the task of opening a new entrance, scraping the ground with his paws, but his efforts proved fruitless. Finally, exhausted and desperate, he stretched himself on the ground and fell asleep.

It was considerably past midnight when Blackie woke up by the sound of his own piteous cry. Then, like one who had lost his consciousness, he began to wander in the streets and sniff the walls one by one. After long wanderings, suddenly he felt a pang of hunger. Perforce, he returned to the stores in the marketplace where, in addition to the various hot dishes, there was the smell of meat left over from the previous night, of newly-baked bread, and Madzoon.

Blackie felt he was a sinner now, away

from his home, and trespassing on the property of another man. Moreover, he was compelled to beg now from totally strange men who, nevertheless, looked just like his master. He wondered if he might find a new master among these men and serve him. Timorously, and reverently, he approached the bakery shop which had just opened the doors. There was a hot smell of baked leaven in the air. Just then a stranger, holding in his hand a piece of bread, came out of the shop and called to him, "Get up there"

The strange man's voice sounded so unusual and unattractive to Blackie, even though the man tore a hunk of the loaf in his hand and threw it before him. Blackie reverently approached the piece of bread and swallowed it in one gulp. And why not? He even wagged his tail to the strange man. The stranger put the rest of the loaf on the shelf, approached Blackie, then, hesitantly patted him on the head, and slowly removed his collar. With the removal of his collar, it seemed he shed off all the duties and responsibilities which had been wrapped around his neck, once and forever. By way of expressing his gratitude, he approached the strange shop keeper and began to wag his tail. But at that very second a powerful kick in his side sent him hurtling several feet away. He rolled over from the excruciating pain, then got up and slinked away from his newly-found friend, whimpering, as the stranger, a little way off, squatting on his heels at the creek, washed his hands with religious meticulousity.

From that day on, Blackie saw nothing from the men of this place except kicks, sticks, and peltings. It seemed all were his bloodthirsty enemies. What had he done to them that they should find such pleasure in torturing him? He felt he was in an entirely new world now where men did not understand his feelings. The first few days

were exceedingly rough for him, but gradually he became accustomed to his new life, especially as a new rubbish pile was raised in a corner of the street where, among other things, he could rake up pieces of bone, lard, fish heads and similar delectable morsels. After he was through with the rubbish pile, he spent the remainder of his time in front of the bakery, preferably the butcher shop, his eyes always fixed on the movements of the butcher's hands. The trouble was, he got more beatings than pieces of meat.

All that was left to him from the past was a handful of shattered moments, confused recollections, and some familiar scents. In his moments of distress, these recollections were revived and relived in the world of his memories.

In all this, the thing which tormented him most was the lack of affection. Blackie was like those orphan children, the fire of whose feelings, despite the ashes of a cruel fate, still was unextinguished. Blackie felt the need of affection in order to face his unsufferable hardships. To get some of this affection, Blackie's eyes were verily begging for mercy. He was ready to sacrifice even his life, just so someone showed a slight token of affection toward him, just so he patted him on the head. He wanted by all means to show someone his boundless love, his doglike loyalty. But no one wanted to take him under his protection. On the contrary, the expression in men's eyes was full of malice and hatred. Any attempt to approach men and to attract their attention infuriated them all the more.

All these flashed on the screen of the poor animal's imagination as he snuggled there in the atmosphere of the little creek, half awake, half asleep. He shook himself awake. Oh what a deep and chaotic sleep he had slept! And as to his hunger? It seemed this last pang made him forget all his other aches, especially when, just a

little way off, the air was filled with the smell of the hot barbecue. With great difficulty Blackie raised himself, and always respectfully, he dragged his steps in the direction of the marketplace.

Just then, an automobile pulled up at the square with a grinding squeak and in a whirl of dust. A man stepped out, approached Blackie, and began to stroke his head. No, he was not his master, of that he was sure. He knew well his master's scent. The thing which puzzled him was how there could be anyone who would want to stroke his head with his hand? Wagging his tail, reverentially he approached the stranger. Could this be another trap? But if so, was he not without his collar now? His reverence was changed into surprise as the stranger again patted him on the head and started to lead the way. Blackie followed his newly-found friend to a large spacious room. The place was familiar to him. It was from here that the smell of the hot dishes came.

Cautiously squatting on front of the long armchair near the wall, Blackie watched with ecstasy as they set before him the different courses of bread, Madzoon, eggs and other luscious morsels. A little later, the new friend started to dip pieces of bread in the Madzoon and threw them in front of Blackie. Blackie voraciously devoured the delicious morsels, one after another, but as he kept eating, he slowed down his pace, and gobbled the morsels with no apparent hurry.

How could he resist rejoicing, expressing his gratitude and loyalty, how could he resist turning his importunate look to his new beloved friend? And although his tail was wagging at a furious clip, he was wondering lest this were another dream. Could it be true, really true, that he was at last having a square meal without a beating? Had his boundless longing at last come true? Had he really found a new master?

Despite the burning sun, the man stood up and directed his steps toward the street of the castle. He paused for a moment, surveying his surroundings, then started walking again, while Blackie followed him step by step through the crooked, winding streets, until they landed near the ruins outside the town where Blackie had lost his master. And as the stranger was watching the ruined walls of the castle, a little way off, standing there in the shade of the walls, Blackie was wondering if these men, too, were looking for the scent of their females.

Again they returned to the marketplace, and again the strange man patted him on the head. Then, after a short stroll, he got in one of the automobiles in the square and took his seat. Blackie followed him to the car but did not dare get inside. He was satisfied to stand there near the car and stare at his new, sincere friend. Suddenly, the car started off in a swirl of noise and dust. Without losing time, Blackie dashed after the receding car. No, under no circumstances was he going to lose this man. Pantingly, disregarding the pain in his sides, he was galloping after the car with every ounce of his energies. The car shot through the village and came out into the open space. Blackie caught up with it several times, but again lagged behind. He made one supreme effort, putting everything he had in it, but he was no match for the machine, and finally lost it.

Blackie's calculations went awry. Not only he could not catch up with the car, but he slowly weakened, leaving a big gap between him and the car. Suddenly he felt his body burning in pains, he was unable to proceed further. The members of his body no longer obeyed him. It meant his effort had been in vain. In vain had he followed the car. Where was he now? He could neither proceed nor return.

Breathless and exhausted, he came to a stop, his tongue hanging out, panting

incessantly. It seemed his eyes were in a complete blackout. In this tragic state, he could scarcely drag himself out of the road and finally collapsed in the waters of the creek beside the fenced wall. On his belly, sunk in the damp warm sand, he felt he could never raise himself from this spot. It was his animal instinct which was speaking, the instinct which never lied.

Blackie's condition steadily grew worse. He became dizzy. There were excruciating pains in his stomach. Suddenly, in this nerve-twitching, dizzying pain, his feet

went numb and a cold perspiration soaked his body. After the sweat, a mild and exceedingly delightful chill tingled his body, from one end to the other.

Toward evening, three starving vultures were soaring above Blackie. One of them, cautiously swooped low, came close, but seeing Blackie was still alive, again flapped its wings and flew away.

Three vultures were soaring over Blackie, to devour his body, and to gauge out his eyes.



The Dance of Time

(RONDO CAPRICIOSO)

By JACK KARAPETIAN

*The frowning columns of glorious Niveveh,
Golden and dusty,
Alas! fainted tragically
In the womb of dreadful centuries.
And the colossal walls of Panthenon,
Like a disastered, pale prostitute,
Wounded in heart,
Caressed the skull of great Socrates
In the bosom of a deep, lonely night.*

*And the night before I was there again
With a Greek girl . . .
And time and space and mortality
Had gone forever from the forehead
Of classical Athens.*

*I remember you, as I remember the seven strings
Of bright sunshine.
A barefoot infant, spirit of Time, with sad, vacant glance,
You looked above to the wide skirts of floating clouds,
And a shower of questions in your eyes,
Told me that somewhere in the highways
Of old Persepolis,
You had seen my death, my great agony,
In an infinite abandonment.
Then you suddenly, with your dreamy hand,
Took my mortal arm,
And the deep echo of your ancient voice
Echoed profoundly,
In the breasts of sparkling stars.
"Ah, I have seen you,
In the kingdom of almighty Atom,*

*When the streams of Relativity
Had floated the brain of poor Einstein,
Comet of the mind."*

*Now, like a stubborn, soaring wing of light,
Your soul is ploughing
The time of my life;
And past and future
Like a column of abundant smoke
Are transforming into the present
By an unknown and mystical process.
From golden road to golden road
Space is a clustering stream of waves,
Having the masque of stony Sphinx
Or an eternal current of motion.
And Zoroaster has climbed now
Upon the walls of New York and Shanghai
And in the lake of his wise, pagan palm
Birth, life, dream of death
Have become a fog of perpetual dust.*



SEVEN O'CLOCK

By A. J. MEZOIAN

The day was perfect for April as Kate got out of bed. The sun poured through her bedroom window and onto the newly-waxed floor. On the floor there were several small scatter rugs which broke up the lustrous glare that the sun made. Kate dressed swiftly, tucking her slightly gray hair into a neat little pug on the back of her head. She stuck a few hairpins into the bumpy pug as though it were a pin cushion. Then, softly she began to hum.

Kate was up early this morning because she knew it was a big day. Yes, it was "Chuck's" birthday. "Chuck" was her favorite and only nephew. After leaving the bathroom, Kate opened "Chuck's" door. She could tell he was asleep because he had the covers pulled up over his head. Ever since the day his mother died and she had come to live in the large white house on Elm Street, "Chuck" always slept that way. How many times she had heard him say his prayers, then watched him jump sprightly into bed and pull the covers over his head! It was a habit he never grew out of in the seven years Kate had lived with "Chuck" and his father. For seven years she had been living with the two, content as she watched "Chuck" grow up and look more like his father day by day. She had quit her job at the insurance office, given up her cozy three-room apartment over Berry's Drug Store in town, and had come to live with "Chuck" and his dad.

Kate entered "Chuck's" spacious room and walked over to the open window. After pulling the window half-way down, she picked up a blue checked sport shirt which had fallen off the back of the chair. The shirt was a gift from his dad on his last birthday. She picked up his crumpled socks and tossed them into the small duffel bag that "Chuck" used to put his dirty clothes in. She tip-toed over to the other side of the airplane-cluttered room. Picking up a green striped necktie off the floor, she placed it back on the rack and quietly left the room.

Then Kate started down the circular staircase as the large front hall clock struck the half hour. It was six-thirty.

In the kitchen, she filled the coffee pot half-full of water. It was enough for four cups. One for "Chuck," two for his dad, and one for her. Kate knew "Chuck" liked pancakes so she began to whip up a batter after she had set the table and gone to the front door for the morning paper.

She heard the front hall clock strike seven and upstairs she could hear the jerky kissing sound of her brother-in-law's slippers as he walked towards the bathroom.

Minutes later the griddle was hot and the smell of pancakes brought "Chuck" out of his drowsiness. Even though he was the last one up, he always came down before his father.

"Hi, Auntie," "Chuck" said as he clattered

noisily into the kitchen sniffing and twitching his nose like a hungry puppy.

"Morning, 'Chuck'," she answered as she flipped a large pancake over on the griddle.

"Sure smell good, Auntie," he said, as he neared the white gas stove and swiped one of the smaller pancakes from the platter. Kate knew he did this often and that was why she made a couple of small ones.

"Get away from those pancakes," she said, as though she really didn't mean it but had to say it because it was the right thing to say. "Breakfast will be ready in a minute," she added after she poured the last spoonful of the batter onto the griddle.

"Morning, Kate," said "Chuck's" father as he entered the kitchen, sat down, and began to read the morning paper which Kate had neatly folded beside his plate.

"Morning, John," she answered to her brother-in-law.

She poured his coffee, then went around to the other side of the table. "Chuck" sat on the edge of his chair and began to break the four layers of pancakes which were smothered with butter and molasses.

"Happy birthday, 'Chuck'," whispered Kate as she slowly poured the coffee into "Chuck's" cup.

"Thanks, Auntie."

"What'd you say?" interrupted "Chuck's" dad who looked up from his paper.

"Your son is fourteen years old today, John," ventured Kate as she proudly looked down at "Chuck."

"Yes . . . oh sure. That's right, Kate," "Chuck's" dad muttered knowing he had forgotten.

Placing the coffee pot on the steam pad on the table, she left the two who were debating what "Chuck" should have for his birthday. Upstairs Kate dusted the three bedrooms and made the beds. Her whole afternoon would be devoted to baking and frosting a cake for "Chuck." He hadn't said anything about a cake, but she knew

he really wanted one. No one was ever too old for a birthday cake, she thought as she began to dust the front hall letter-table in silence. After placing the long antique letter-opener back on the table, she halted as she heard "Chuck's" voice.

"Yow, dad, what a rock."

"Pretty nice, eh, son? I thought you'd approve." Her bother-in-law's voice was smug.

"Do you suppose she'll like it dad?"

"She ought to. It's the best diamond they had."

"Must have cost a lot of money," "Chuck" said seriously.

"So what?" Kate could almost see the arrogant way her brother-in-law was looking at his son.

A moment later "Chuck" came rushing out of the kitchen and ran upstairs skipping every other step.

"I won't be home for dinner tonight, Kate. I have an important engagement." Her brother-in-law's voice was full of dignity.

"Very well, John. But it's 'Chuck's' . . ."

She was interrupted by his commanding voice. "Chuck's old enough. He understands, Kate."

"Yes, of course," she added softly.

Kate walked quietly up to her room. She closed the door softly behind her and sat down at the dressing table. She looked at herself in the mirror.

Miss Strong, that's who it was. That was who the diamond was for. Helen Strong was the fast type who was always seen with the night club set in town. She knew Helen Strong because they both belonged to the same club when Kate worked before she came to live with "Chuck" and his father. Helen Strong was a competent secretary and a woman who kept herself well. She wore the smartest clothes, and men were forever wrapped around her little finger. The two times she had been invited

to her brother-in-law's home, she seemed as though she had "Chuck's" father right by the neck. Now it was over for Kate. Helen Strong would be given a diamond tonight. Tonight — on "Chuck's" birthday. Kate would move out of the big house which was full of so many pleasant memories for her. She'd move to some small apartment back in town. Maybe they'd give her her old job back.

Slowly the morning passed as Kate dusted and cleaned the large living-room without listening to her favorite morning soap operas. This morning she didn't care what happened.

* * *

After a light lunch Kate turned on the gas oven while she sadly gathered all the ingredients for the cake. She didn't know what to do when John said he wouldn't be home for dinner. Oh, well, they'd make the best of it. "Chuck" and she could have a quiet dinner, then maybe she'd take him to a movie. Anyhow, he'd wait and see how things turned out.

When the square devil's food birthday cake was cool enough, Kate poured on the banana frosting that "Chuck" liked so much. She was sorry he wasn't there to scrape out the last few drops of frosting. Slowly and cautiously she spread the dark cake with the yellowish icing. Placing the cake on the cabinet next to the cake mixer in the corner, Kate straightened out the kitchen. They'd eat in the dining room tonight by candle-light just the way they had done on "Chuck's" last birthday. Kate took a fresh new tablecloth out of the bottom drawer of the buffet and placed it on the fine mahogany-top dining room table. She'd use the best china tonight and the monogrammed silverware she had given her sister and brother-in-law as their wedding present. "Chuck" would sit at the head of the table and she'd sit opposite him. She'd try

and make this the finest birthday dinner he ever had.

After the table was set, Kate went upstairs and brought down the matching socks and tie set she had knit "Chuck" for his birthday. After last Xmas when she knit him the scarf and mitten set he was so pleased with, she had been working in her spare time on the socks and tie set. Now it was completed. From the desk drawer in the den Kate took out a small white card and addressed it. Next, she placed the gifts and the card on the chair on which "Chuck" would sit in this evening. When he pulled his chair out to sit down at dinner, he'd see his presents.

Back in the kitchen, Kate inspected the half-cooked chicken in the oven and stuck a fork into the potatoes to see if they were done. It was close to five and "Chuck" should be home from school. Although he usually got out at two, for the past three weeks he had had lunch at school so he wouldn't be late for baseball practice. While Kate carefully placed the small pink candles into the cake the telephone rang. It was "Chuck"

"Sorry, I won't be home for dinner, Auntie," "Chuck's" voice seemed so domineering.

"Oh, 'Chuck'," Kate could hardly keep the tears back.

"The coach thinks I can pitch tomorrow, so I've got to learn a few of the catcher's signals. Then we're having a rally tomorrow morning at school. I've got to make a speech and Marilyn Hammond is going to help me with it tonight. Don't hold up dinner for me. You go ahead. I'll be home about nine."

She placed the phone back on the receiver and sat down on the small hall chair confused. Then quickly she got up and rushed out into the kitchen. The potatoes and chicken were done. She turned off the gas. Now she wouldn't have to open up

the can of peas and dish out the strawberry ice cream. No, the phone call didn't spoil her appetite. She just wasn't hungry. Slowly Kate walked upstairs to her room. The room was dark, but Kate didn't bother to turn on the light. The twilight from her window was enough for her to see all she wanted to see. She threw herself across the bed and buried her face in the satin pillow roll. A moment later the front hall clock struck the hour of six and Kate was fast asleep.

It was nearly seven when the front door silently opened.

"Kate, oh Kate, where are you?" rang out two merry voices.

Upstairs Kate startled by the voices got up. It sounded like John and "Chuck." How long had she slept, she wondered, as she turned on the tiny lamp next to her bed. Quickly, in front of her dressing mirror, she brushed her hair several times and patted both cheeks with a powder puff. Coming out of her room, Kate straightened her dress.

But as soon as she reached the head of the stairs, she stopped. At the foot of the

circular staircase stood "Chuck" and his father.

"Happy anniversary, Kate," said "Chuck" as he held out a small package neatly wrapped in white tissue paper with a blue ribbon. John was loaded down with six beautifully-wrapped boxes. Slowly Kate walked down the stairs.

"Open it, Kate," said John smiling, "because you've got six more to go."

"But what . . .," Kate began to say.

"Open it, Auntie," "Chuck" begged.

Slowly Kate opened the box, after she carefully untied the blue ribbon.

"A diamond," she burst into tears.

"That's not all, Kate," John spoke seriously, a little ashamed of himself. "Here's some more gifts we brought you. One for each year you've been with us. "Chuck" and I want you to know we haven't forgotten you Kate, and we don't want you ever to leave us, Kate. Never."

The rich tones of the front hall clock stuck seven. But it didn't mean seven o'clock to "Chuck" and his dad. The seven clear tones were for the seven faithful years Kate had lived with them in the corner white house.



THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER

A Short Short Story

By DIKRAN AKILLIAN

How beautiful it was he thought, just to lie down on the grass and watch the beautiful river flow past, and not have anything special to do or think about but watch the river and feel its beauty.

It made him feel young to watch the river. The river had been going past here for years and years and would for years and years, and all the time it was beautiful and always changing. Of course he couldn't see it changing but he knew it did. Yet it didn't take its beauty away so what did he care. It wasn't anything to worry about. All he wanted to do was just lie there and not do a damn thing but watch the river.

The autumn sun was nice and warm and he felt very drowsy; but he didn't want to fall asleep because the river was so beautiful he didn't want to miss a minute of its beauty.

But his eyes kept closing and he had to fight to stay awake. Then he dozed off anyway for a few minutes and he awoke with a curse for dozing off and not watching the beautiful river flow past.

But just watching the river hypnotized him with its beauty and he dozed off again. He slept longer this time and when he awoke the sun had disappeared below the horizon and a slight breeze was blowing across the river which made him feel cold.

The river didn't look so beautiful in the dim light of the dusk, and he cursed himself bitterly for not watching the beautiful river. And now it was too late. There was no sense in watching the river when it wasn't beautiful; and he cursed again and wished it wasn't so cold so he could get back to sleep.

THE END



ARMENIAN LIFE ABROAD

A digest of recent happenings among the Armenian settlements in diaspora.

United States:

"Voice of America Program" Adds an Armenian Language Section

The voice of free America is now being directed to people of Armenian descent in the Soviet Armenian republic and elsewhere behind the Iron Curtain. On June 24, 1951, the official U. S. State Department-sponsored "Voice of America" inaugurated a regular series of broadcasts in the Armenian language. The programs, which are heard twice daily, emanate from Voice of America facilities in New York City.

Secretary of State Dean Acheson himself opened the inaugural "Armenian Voice" broadcast with a brief but effective speech in which he bade people of Armenian descent to listen daily to the "Voice" for the truth on world conditions. The Secretary of State termed the Armenians a "virile and magnificent race" and lauded the patriotic record of Armenian Americans.

Abbot Oulohodjian Bids United States Farewell

After a visit of several months in the United States, during which he visited most of the large Armenian communities in this country, Bishop H. Oulohodjian, Abbot General of the Armenian Roman Catholic Congregation of Venice, Italy, departed from these shores on July 10. The Abbot showed a good deal of interest in establishing a Mekhitarist-sponsored school of higher education in the States. He received promises from prominent Armen-

ian Americans that financial aid would be forthcoming to such a project should Abbot Oulohodjian gain the approval of his Congregation to the establishment of such a school in America. Strangely enough, on embarking on his ocean liner at New York, Abbot Oulohodjian found that he would have as his fellow-passenger Mr. Aram Sahagian, en route to the Middle East from an assignment of two years in United States as field worker of the A.R.F.

California State Legislature Passes Resolution on "Vardanantz"

On May 26, 1951, the California State Legislature passed a Resolution of congratulation on the occasion of the 1500th Anniversary of the Armenian Vardanantz Wars, which some historians claim were the first examples of war in defense of the Christian religion in the world annals. The Resolution was introduced by the Honorable Mr. Wallace D. Henderson, of the 34th District, and was widely reprinted in the Armenian press of the nation.

George Mardikian Receives Top U. S. Civilian Award

George Mardikian, head of the American National Committee for Homeless Armenians, and a prominent San Francisco restaurateur, after completing his third Army-sponsored trip abroad in the interests of the preparation of food in Army camps, was awarded the "Medal of Freedom," the nation's highest award for civilians, at a special ceremony held at the Presidio, South Army Headquarters in San Fran-

cisco, September 12. The Medal, awarding of which was authorized by President Harry S. Truman, was presented by Major General Swing, Commanding General of the Sixth U. S. Army. The award was given specifically for "meritorious service . . . in Far East Command from June 5 to July 8, 1951 . . . which contributed to the success of the armed forces." During that period, Mr. Mardikian visited army mess facilities in embattled Korea. It is believed that Mr. Mardikian is the second Armenian American in history to receive the "Medal of Freedom," one Hurach Abajian having been given the important award for services with the armed forces in the Pacific Theater of War during the tail-end of World War II.

First Lieutenant John Najarian, Fresno, Given Distinguished Service Cross

Another Armenian American serviceman has been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, the second highest military decoration of the United States. He is First Lieutenant John Najarian, of Fresno, California, and one of the top fliers in the Korean action. An "Albatross" flier, Najarian has consistently hit the news with daring rescue operations of Allied civilian and military personnel in the war zone. He was given the DSC specifically for evacuating an American flier downed by enemy fire deep in Red-held territory.

Argentina:

Argentinian Armenians Give Important Gift to Argentinian Charity

In manifest appreciation of the hospitality tendered them by their adopted country, Armenians of Argentina recently raised 400,000 pesos as a gift to the Argentinian Benevolent Association, of which Mrs. Eva Peron, wife of the President of Argentina, is the head. A check for that amount was handed Mrs. Peron by a special all-Armen-

ian delegation which visited her some months back.

France:

Cardinal Aghajanian in Visit to Paris

Following the invitations of the Government of the Republic of France, Cardinal Grigor Petros Aghajanian arrived in Paris, June 20, whence he started a round of visits in France. He opened his mission in the country with a visit to the Mooradian Academy, in Sevres, and said mass at Madelaine Cathedral before a large number of Armenians and others. Cardinal Aghajanian is known to be the first Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church of Armenian parentage. A recent dispatch from Rome speculated on the possibility that he might be raised to Pope in the event of a vacancy of that high ecclesiastic post.

Subsequent visits were made by the churchman to Lyon, Valence and Marseille, where he was met officially by representatives of the Armenian communities.

The Matter of Armenian Language Schools in "La Belle Republique"

An unfortunate result of the last world war was the drop in emphasis as to the Armenian language among Armenian residents of France. The trouble was that paper shortages in the country prohibited the appearance of the usual books and publications in the Armenian language, with newspapers especially being hit hard. Having not much to read in the Armenian language, Armenian French readers naturally had to go to other languages for literary sustenance. Even members of the senior generation were beginning to turn to other language publication, while the younger people were almost totally neglected. The trouble was heightened too by the lack of spirited champions of the Armenian language among the French colony. There

was a lissome "laissez faire" attitude which boded ill for the future of the Armenian tongue in France.

Of late, a movement has been started by French Armenians to make better use of existing French Armenian school facilities. In addition to the Mekhitarist institutions in France, Armenians have started, though on necessarily modest scales, small informal language classes in the various communities.

Italy:

Professor Totomiantz Now a Member of the Italian Colony

One of the world's leading authorities on the cooperative movement, Professor Vahan Totomiantz, recently took up residence in Italy after having spent some years in impoverishment in lands behind the Iron Curtain. The Italian press has hailed the arrival of this learned man in Italy. A prolific writer in his chosen field of study, Prof Totomiantz has also served as a professor at a number of universities in Europe. He recently published a work entitled "The Role of Armenians in World Civilization" (in French). He is a linguist of parts.

Mekhitarist Press at St. Lazare In Fresh Activity

The Press of the Armenian Mekhitarist Congregation at St. Lazare is showing signs of new vitality. Long a power in the Armenian literary world, the Venice Mekhitarist Press will soon embark on a program of publication of a number of new volumes of translations from the works of many non-Armenian writers.

Lebanon:

A Special Album Published on the 60th Anniversary of the A.R.F.

A veteran member of the Armenian Re-

volutionary Federation, Mr. Vardan Shahbaz, recently compiled a special album on the moment of the 60th Anniversary of the world's leading patriotic organization for Armenians, the Armenian Revolutionary Federation. The album carries more than 300 pictures of people and places intimately connected with the story of the Armenian movement for freedom.

India:

A Statement on the Armenian Colony In India

According to information recently received from abroad, there are about 2000 Armenians residing currently in India. 1700 of these people are in Calcutta, 300 in Bombay, 35 in Madras, 20 in Dacca (Pakistan). All four communities maintain Armenian churches. Most of the people are busy in commercial lines and the Calcutta Armenian Junior College boasts 100 students. Fifty girls attend the Davidian Girls' School. These are two Armenian community centers in Calcutta.

An Armenian In Court Case Against the Aly Khan

Hovsep Madatian, an Armenian Indian hotel owner, recently filed court action against the Aly Khan, one of the wealthiest men in the world. Madatian asks 1,950,000 francs from the Khan for having sold him an ailing racing horse.

Turkey:

Former Locum Tenens of Istanbul, Arch. Arslanian, Passes Away

One of the stormy petrels of recent Armenian Church history recently passed away in Istanbul. He was Archbishop Kevork Arslanian, former locum tenens of the Istanbul Patriarchate, whose post-war term of service as locum tenen was punctuated frequently by the protests of his con-

gregation in Turkey. Arch. Arslanian passed away in late June at the age of 86. He was ordained a priest in 1907. He became Istanbul locum tenens with the death of Patriarch Naroyan, in 1944, and served until 1950. He was known for his absolute rule of Church affairs under his jurisdiction, and made a host of enemies within his congregation. He was succeeded by Archbishop Khatchaturian, formerly head of the Armenian Church in South America, following elections in Istanbul. Arch. Arslanian passed away during a continuing storm of protest against certain financial transactions he is said to have executed during his term as locum tenens.

Turk Government Promises to Return Church in Alexandretta to Armenians

After studying a petition presented it by Armenian residents of Alexandretta, the Turkish Government has promised to return the Armenian Church in that city, which from 1937 on had been impounded by Turkish Mohammedan Governmental

Committee on Religion (the Evkaf), to the control of the Armenians.

England:

English Armenians Observe 1500th Anniversary of "Vardanantz Wars"

The two chief Armenian colonies in England are found in the cities of London and Manchester. Though news of Armenian affairs in Manchester continues scanty, there are number of reports from London which manifest the growing interest of London Armenians in national affairs.

On the occasion of the 1500 Anniversary of the Armenian "Vardanantz Wars" two London Armenian organizations — the Armenian General Council and the Armenian Cultural Association — joined forces to sponsor a public affair in observance of that event.

Besides speakers, a chorus of eighteen people sang a number of Armenian songs, a three tabloids on scenes from the Vardanantz Wars were enacted.

ROUBEN DER MINASSIAN, LEVON CHANTH, PASS AWAY

News of the deaths of two of the greatest figures in modern Armenian history — emancipatory fighter-intellectual Rouben Der Minassian, and educator-patriot Levon Chanth—reached the editors of this publication while this issue was on the press. Rouben Der Minassian, who served as Minister of the Army of the Independent Republic of Armenia, passed away in Paris November 27. He was followed to immortality by the venerable Levon Chanth just two days later, the latter's death occurring in Beirut, Lebanon. Both were veteran members of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation.

SAMUEL

A Historical Novel
Of Armenia 366 - 400 A.D.

By **RAFFI**

Translated from the Armenian

A SUMMARY OF WHAT HAS PRECEDED

The story begins in the latter half of the Fourth Century A.D. In his contest with Byzantium for the mastery of Armenia, King Sapor of Persia has treacherously seized King Arshak (Arsaces) of Armenia and his Commander-in-Chief, Prince Vasak Mamikonian, and has confined them in the Fortress of Anoush. Two powerful Armenian princes, Meroujan Artzrouni and Vahan Mamikonian, have gone over to the Persian side in return for promises, one of the throne of Armenia, and the other, the post of Commander-in-Chief. Lady Mamikonian, the wife of Vahan, an ambitious woman of Persian sympathies, is a vigorous supporter of her husband's conspiracy. Samuel, her son, an intensely patriotic youth who is loyal to King Arshak, is shocked by his parents' infamous conduct. Four youthful leaders who are loyal to the Armenian King, Sahak, the son of the High Priest, Mesrop, the future inventor of the Armenian alphabet, Prince Mushegh, the son of Prince Vasak, and Samuel hold a secret conference to form an interim government and to organize the resistance against King Sapor. Mushegh, who has been appointed Commander, sets out to organize the army, while Samuel, with a retinue of 30, proceeds to meet his father who is expected to invade Armenia with a Persian army. Meroujan and Vahan, at the head of Persian armies, have ravaged the land of Armenia, while Queen Pharantzem has taken refuge at the Castle of Artagers. Repulsed at the gates of Artagers, King Sapor retreats to Persia, leaving his lieutenants behind to complete the conquest of Armenia. Prince Mushegh surprises Sapor's army at the gates of Ctesiphon and inflicts upon it a crushing defeat. Elated by Mushegh's victory, and confident of holding the fort, Queen Pharantzem, against the sane advice of her commander Mushegh commits the fatal error of insisting on sending him to Byzantium to bring back her son, Crown Prince Pap. During Mushegh's absence, pestilence and famine decimate the Queen's forces and she herself is taken captive by Meroujan. However, Princess Vormizdoukht, the sister of King Sapor who has been held as a hostage, scorns Meroujan's love and takes the Queen under her protection. Meanwhile, Samuel has contacted his father in Armenia and has discovered that he and Meroujan, with a huge army of captives, are on their way to Persia to render a report to King Sapor and to receive their rewards. Prior to their departure, Vahan and Meroujan arrange a hunting party for the benefit of Samuel and his retinue in a small island of Arax River called "Princes' Islands." During the hunting Samuel kills his father, while his men finish off the attendants of his father and Meroujan. The latter is wounded but manages to cross the river and barely reaches the safety of his camp. The two sides prepare for the decisive battle. Just before the battle, however, Meroujan's mother sends him a messenger, offering him forgiveness if he will only turn back from his mad course, but the latter rebuffs his mother.

BOOK III

CHAPTER V

The Mother

"And they erected shrines to the Sun in many places, and men obeyed the laws of Mazdeism; and many built their own shrines and taught their sons and kinsmen the teachings of Mazdeism. Thereupon the son of one Vahan, named Samuel, smote and slew his mother."

—FAUSTUS

Along the River of Nakhidjevan, like a black cloud, a dark concourse was pushing its way onwards, and the nearer it came, the larger it loomed in magnitude. It emerged from the thicket which covered the banks of the river and rapidly pushed its way toward the Persian army. It was a multitude of mountaineers consisting of light armed bowmen and spearmen. They were led by Prince Garegin of the Rusthunis. As they drew near, they came to a halt some distance from the Persian camp and stood there motionless.

Meroujan's eagle eye caught the enemy. "They have started the attack," he thought, and turning to one of his aides he commanded:

"Tell General Karen to deploy a few regiments of brave bowmen and shield-bearing spearmen."

His command was instantly executed.

At the same time like a swift storm which is carried away by a powerful wind and which, in the course of its fury wipes off all obstacles from its path, there appeared several companies of horsemen with a terrifying impact. The roar of the beating drums, the shouts and the shrieks which precedes the attack, all these presaged a daring onslaught. With the speed of lightning the company struck the Persian army, and piercing it, emerged at the other end of the camp. It cut through the huge army

more by tumult and spreading confusion rather than causing it any harm, and instantly disappeared behind the neighboring hills.

Meroujan was watching the unique maneuver.

"It was quite a successful maneuver," he said, smiling. "I wish I knew who was the leader of these daring horsemen."

"It was Samuel," they answered.

"Samuel?" exclaimed Father Mardpet, shaking his head solemnly, "it is not bad. He received this golden steed, the gift of King Sapor, as a gift from his father, and now the same steed has struck confusion in the King's army. That steed, with the white star on his forehead, was known to be endowed with auspicious qualities. But now success has come to the son and not the father."

As a matter of fact, Samuel's sudden and furious appearance had so shaken the ponderous Persian army that everyone had been confounded.

"But where did he get lost?" asked Father Mardpet.

"Why are you so impatient?" answered Meroujan. "He will show himself again, and perhaps very soon."

Meroujan was awaiting the enemy with complete coolness, waiting until he was quite close. His swift-running spies had spread in all directions, watching the movements of the enemy and keeping him ad-

vised. He did not miss that Samuel had pierced that part of his army where the caravan of the prisoners was encamped. That was not without a purpose. He understood it and issued instant orders to have his troops hold the prisoners in a firm chain and to prevent them from having any contact with the enemy. But within the chain which surrounded the prisoners there was a man who lazily made the rounds among the prisoners with furtive remarks. A man who knew him could have recognized in that disguised person the very servant of Samuel — Malkas.

The battle first of all started on the road which leads to Artashat where the natives of Sassoun were hidden behind the small hillocks. The Persian soldiers were being led by Father Mardpet. His huge steed trembled and shook under the outlandish weight of the monstrous rider whose entire body was protected by an armour of bronze and steel. His foe was Prince Nerseh of Sassoun, who challenged him with profound contempt:

"Having abandoned your office of Chief Eunuch in King Arshak's harem, O Father Mardpet, have you now become the leader of Persian troops? That seems quite extraordinary to me."

"Why? O brave Nerseh?" answered the Eunuch in a throaty voice. "A change of roles is not a bad thing at times."

"But the business of a eunuch must be with the women where gentleness and tenderness are the order, and where the bloody weapon is altogether out of place."

"Let us try and you shall be convinced that a eunuch of women can also deal with the braves of Sassoun."

With the last words the two champions, aiming their ponderous spears, made at each other with all the force of their steeds. Father Mardpet's spear scratched the armour of Prince Nerseh and passed by harmlessly, but Prince Nerseh's spear met the

foe straight on his ironclad breast, and as if having stricken a rock, it was shattered. His armorbearer instantly brought him another spear and the two foes drew apart to renew the combat.

The soldiers on either side, standing motionless, were anxiously awaiting the outcome of the mortal combat between their leaders.

The second clash was even more furious. This time the two spears receded, then clashing on each other's steely armour, they missed their aim. But instead the armoured breasts of their steeds crashed against each other with a resounding impact. Father Mardpet's steed shook on its haunches then fell on its knees. At that moment the Prince of Sassoun aimed his spear against his foe's throat but just then his horse reared himself on his hind legs and the thrust again missed.

Thus the two mighty champions continued the duel for a long time and both were invincible until the Prince of Sassoun spoke:

"I confess, O Father Mardpet, that the Eunuch of King Arshak's women is also a brave warrior."

This was the signal for the two armies to join ranks. The Persian shield-bearers were distinguishing themselves everywhere, while the warriors of Sassoun showered them with arrows. The mountaineer, the valor of nature was fighting against trained and disciplined courage. The air was thick with the dust of the battle. The clash and the roar of the arms and the armour drowned all other voices. Blood was flowing in streams.

While here the battle was in its fury, on the other side of the field the Rushtounis, led by their patriarch, Prince Garegin, had locked horns with General Karen's Persian troops. Meanwhile Meroujan, surrounded by his aides and guards, was racing from place to place, watching the course of the

battle. Wherever he turned, he seemed to take with him terror and consternation. The Persian troops, animated by his presence, were working wonders.

Seeing that General Karen's side was steadily giving ground and the Rushtounis had started to raise shouts of victory, Meroujan drove his white steed in the direction in a hail of arrows. His surprise, as well as his perturbation was great when from a distance he saw old Arpak, spear in hand, and altogether like a sturdy youth, was engaging a Persian officer. He turned to General Karen, saying:

"Do you see, Karen, the old Arpak whom you killed has been resurrected."

Karen was confounded with shame and could not speak. Meroujan reminded him of how he had boasted in the morning of how in the Princes Island he had killed old Arpak.

"Arrest this liar," he commanded. "To the Commander of the King of King of the Aryans, as much as it is unpardonable to be cowardly, it is even more unpardonable to be a liar."

His command was instantly executed.

Meroujan's appearance animated the Persian soldiers who started to repel the enemy with unimaginable ferocity. Just then the eyes of Meroujan and Prince Garegin met, and Garegin was the first to speak:

"Meroujan," the venerable Prince spoke, "this is the second time that the unfortunate events of our fatherland bring us together. Once in the City of Van, and now near the ruins of Nakhidjevan. At that time you were sound in body, had killed my wife, and escaped me. And now you are a sick man and I don't know how you are going to deal with me."

"You shall at once see," Meroujan replied with profound scorn. "There is no need of asking questions."

With the last words he fell upon the

Prince, but the latter did not make a move but merely said.

"I refuse to fight you. To fight a sick man is like fighting with a corpse, no matter how deeply he has offended me."

Meroujan was furious at the insult. "O Lord of the Rushtounis," he shouted, "your magnanimity is even more insulting than the blow of your spear, if you might be so lucky as to enjoy such a glory. Yes, it is true that I had your wife killed and sacred revenge imposes a duty upon you to demand of me the blood of your wife. For this very reason you are duty-bound to fight me."

He again fell to, but the Persian soldiers intervened, shouting,

"Let our blood put a limit between you and the Prince of the Rushtounis," they said. "The fight now belongs to us."

Meroujan receded, and the battle was resumed between the two armies, again there was heard the death-dealing clash of arms. Some with spears and some with naked swords were hacking one another; The mountaineers of the Rushtounis were defending themselves with light shields coated with thick hide while the Persians were protected with heavy shields of steel.

After having replaced General Karen with one of his valiant aides, Meroujan left the battle in its very heat and hastened toward the ruins of Nakhidjevan where, behind a hill-shaped elevation, her mother had taken her station. He was accompanied by several companies of well-armed horsemen. The thick dust, like gray clouds, had enveloped the road along which his mighty cavalry passed. He was proceeding with great speed, without stopping at any place for rest.

Gourgen, the old General who was guarding the Lady of Vaspourakan, noticed from the distance Meroujan's swift advance toward their position and instantly hastened to report to his Lady. His face lit with

a smile of surprise, and shaking his hoary head, he said:

"Do you see, my Lady, I was not mistaken. Meroujan is advancing against us. He is coming to fight against his mother and his own subjects. If he should be so lucky as to win the victory he surely will take you prisoner, Madame."

"Where will he take me?" the afflicted woman asked in sad voice.

"He will take you to Persia, where in the Fortress of Anoush the King of Armenia is groaning just now. The same place where the Queen of Armenia was exiled. He will take you to them."

"Can he be that cruel?"

"Like his ambition his cruelty has no bounds."

The unlucky woman's heart was torn between the two conflicting emotions of maternal pity and the grief which her son's cruelty had inflicted upon her. Her eyes were filled with tears as she turned to her old commander and said:

"Blessed be the will of the Lord. Whatever He has ordained, no mortal man can change. Let the ingrate march against me. Fight his soldiers but raise no hand against him."

The gloom of displeasure on the face of the old general vanished and his deep thoughtful eyes were inflamed with anger. But he restrained his emotion and said gently:

"We would have been loath to raise our hand against our Master, Madame, had he not killed everything which is sacred to us. But he is fighting against our very existence, against our religion and our state."

"The virtue of Christianity," the Lady observed gently, "imposes upon us a duty, Gourgen, to forgive the misled many, many times."

The old General reluctantly held his tongue. The lad Artavazd who was near and had been listening to the conversation,

could no longer restrain himself and exclaimed:

"I will shower him with my arrows. I know how to shoot an arrow."

He came pretty close to divulging his former error which had taken place in Princes Island when as yet he was not advised of Meroujan's secret armour. The Lady looked sadly at the indignant lad but said nothing. The spirit of Armenia's revenge was boiling in his infant heart.

Meroujan with his mounted companies already had arrived at the base of the escarpment where his mother had taken her position. He made a quick survey of the surroundings then turned to the side where a precipitous ascent led to his mother's stronghold.

Having left behind a company of guards to defend the Lady, old Gourgen hastened to meet the enemy with the rest of the warriors of Vaspourakan. The battle took place near the ruins of Nakhidjevan which had been burnt down by Meroujan. Within minutes the warriors of Vaspourakan had raised a formidable barricade of the stones of the ruined city and they started to shower the enemy with arrows and sling shots, but Meroujan, contemptuous of all this, kept pressing forward with his warriors. His horsemen were armed with javelins and swords only. As a defensive armour they carried shields. Their weapons were effective only at close quarters and that was the reason why they were in a hurry to close in. But the natives of Vaspourakan were so furious that they overwhelmed the horsemen with their missiles, and forgetting their Lady's command, they would not even spare her son.

The lance and the sword, the arrow and the battle axe very likely would be ineffective on Meroujan's heavy armour. He was an adept in the art of fortifying his body. And yet, the shower of sling shots which burst upon him like bombs were liable to

bury him in a few moments. Notwithstanding it all, he commanded his horsemen to pierce the barricade.

The horsemen fell upon the barricade with reckless fury, trying to raze it and to fight at the same time. Meroujan hurled himself into the very thick of the fight. Just then a sling shot missile smote his horse on his forehead. The animal reeled and stumbled down senseless, throwing his weight on Meroujan's wounded leg. In the general confusion Meroujan did not feel what had happened to his wound. But the impact had released the bandage, rubbing the wound against the ground and causing the blood to flow freely.

The mother noticed the fall of her son from a distance and the whole world dimmed before her eyes. Descending from her throne, with loud lamentations and with beating of the breast, she rushed toward her son, reproaching her men: "Merciless men, cruel men." It was with great difficulty that they quieted her down, explained to her that it was the horse which had fallen and not her son.

She calmed down when she saw the horse rise and Meroujan mounted him. But the blood of his wound which had steadily been flowing already had drawn several long winding streaks on the horse's white belly. One of the guards noticed this but thinking it was the horse that was bleeding said nothing about it.

After Meroujan remounted his horse the battle was resumed with greater intensity. His horsemen had broken through a part of the barricade, threatening the flank of the enemy. The warriors of Vaspourakan gave a little ground but continued to pour their missiles from a distance. Just then one of Meroujan's aides called his attention to a new development, saying:

"There is an uprising in the army."

Meroujan looked in the direction indicated. "I expected this," he roared and

his face paled. "The prisoners are fighting there."

Leaving his mother alone, Meroujan now rushed toward the prisoners. Samuel who had pierced this side of the Persian camp with his mounted troops earlier in the day, now returned with even greater reinforcements. Having cut through the chain of the troops surrounding the prisoners with amazing swiftness, he threw himself into the very heart of the caravan.

"The hour of salvation has arrived," he shouted, "shatter your bonds."

Upon this the prisoners, like revenge incarnate, threw themselves upon their guards, some fighting with their fists and some with the chains on their feet. Many of them rushed into the camp, wrecked the tents, and seizing their poles, they attacked the soldiers. The entire camp had turned upside down. They spared nothing but the crimson-colored tent of Prince Mamikonian where reposed the casket of Samuel's father. Men, women, the old folk and the children, they all were fighting. Even the few churchmen who were among them joined in the dreadful ordeal of the massacre. Thousands of hands of thousands of prisoners were raised against their captors.

Samuel was everywhere with incredible alacrity and valor. He streaked through the agitated stormy caravan as the lightning sears the reeds on dry land. When the massacre was at the crest of its fury and the blood ran in streams, he gave the command:

"It is enough. You may now chain your captors with your own chains. God has delivered them into our hands. This time we will take them captive into our country."

Meroujan arrived on the scene at the very moment when the army was rocking in the orgy and all the prisoners, having rebelled, were fighting their tormentors furiously. But he could not get close to

the prisoners because Prince Vahram of Moks, who until then had been waiting motionless in the swamps of Arax, intercepted his path. The appearance of the warriors of Mok was so unexpected that Meroujan's dark face suddenly was lit with the customary ironic and sinister smile which generally appeared in critical moments.

"Now that you are here, everything is complete, O demons and satans of the mountains of Mok," Meroujan said jeeringly.

"The sorcerers have no fear of demons or satans," Prince Vahram replied.

The imprecations of the two men were founded on a public belief. The natives of Mok were known as a demonic people, while Meroujan was recognized as a veritable sorcerer. But this time his witchcraft was to prove futile.

The sun had set long since and the darkness of the night had settled on the shattered camp. The night was peaceful and silent. Only at times one could hear the cries of victory. The battle still was raging in several places. Like one gone mad, Meroujan did not know where to turn. The ominous cries of the wounded were beating on his ears, his heart was pounding with fury, and yet he had hopes that he would somehow recover his lost glory. His aides had lost him in the darkness of the night and the general confusion of the fight. He did not even notice that he was all alone. But he felt a sort of weariness, a sort of killing inertia. He felt sick. His head was dizzy and his eyes became dim. He could scarcely keep himself erect on his horse. Like one drunk, he did not know what was happening to him. The horse carried him at will, and the reins already had dropped from his hand.

Finally, his exhausted body slowly leaned on one side and he fell headlong from

his horse. The smart animal sensed what had happened and stood there still. And yet Meroujan was conscious enough to realize that his feet still were in the stirrups. He struggled for long until he disentangled his feet and fell on the grass. His horse stood beside him. For a few moments he remained senseless and motionless like a corpse. The horse took his snout sadly to his head and began to feel his forehead and face with his warm nostrils to see what had happened to his beloved master.

When Meroujan came to, the events of the past few hours appeared before him like a jumbled dream. He saw the black inexorable regiments of the enemy pressing his cohorts, he saw the formidable luster of the swords dripping with blood, he heard their savage howlings. He also saw his mother's menacing face:

"Away, keep away from me," he shrieked, raising his head. "I don't want to see your afflicted face."

He remained seated. His head was in a flame, and as to his heart, it was as if burning in fire. "Achl!" he sighed deeply, "if only I had a drop of water," and he began to grope around him with his fingers. His hand came in touch with some liquid, a sort of moisture, and he was overjoyed. "Water, I have found water," he exclaimed, as he tried to scoop it in his hand. But the thick liquid only wet his hand, as he took it to his burning lips and started to lick it voraciously.

He was licking his own blood which had formed a pool on the ground

From the moment when he had fallen from his horse in his advance against his mother, his wound had reopened and there had been a steady flow of his blood. The shaking of his horse on the one hand, and his constant attacks on the various parts of the battlefield on the other hand, had increasingly accelerated the flow of blood. He had been so absorbed in his opera-

tions on the battlefield that he had not noticed what was happening to him until his blood was completely drained and he fell down exhausted.

While the iron man was suffering in his death throes, Samuel, who had achieved his goal, had freed the prisoners, was hastening to his father's crimson tent. He was bent on saving his father's casket because he was afraid that the mountaineers, in their incontrollable fury, might attack the tent and revenge themselves on his corpse by tearing it apart and scattering it on the battlefield. He was hastening to pay his last debt and respects to his father. Although all his wishes had been fulfilled and he had every right to be joyful, on the contrary, he was very sad. He was sad because he was to meet the mournful casket which cradled the body of his father whom he had killed with his own hand.

But instead of his father, on his way he met Meroujan. As he was proceeding with his retinue, suddenly, through the darkness of the night, he heard the neighing of a horse, so pitious as if the poor animal was calling for aid. As Samuel turned in the direction of the sound he saw Meroujan's familiar steed who was clearly visible in the darkness because of his white color. He turned to his company, saying:

"Light a torch at once."

The lad Houssick lit a torch.

Meroujan was wallowing in his blood.

As Samuel saw him he was filled with an astonishment which springs at once from a joint feeling of intense joy and intense anger. He dismounted from his horse and for a few moments stood there motionless, watching the dying hero, and in his stormy indecision he did not know how to deal with him, whether to put an end to his suffering, or to leave him alone.

The sudden tramping of the horses hooves aroused the dying man somewhat.

"There are men here," he murmured,

trying to lift his head which again fell on the ground.

"There are men here," Samuel replied.

"How did the battle end?"

"The enemies won the day."

"They won?" he exclaimed, again trying to raise his head.

"Yes, they won," Samuel repeated.

The ominous news so shook his confused brain that he was completely awake. For a few moments he was silent — the bitter silence of the disappointed heart and the soul which is in struggle. He opened his moist eyes but could see nothing.

"I am Meroujan," he finally said in a faint voice. "All is over for me. I want to kill myself but I am unable to do it. If you are one of my loyal soldiers, if you love your Commander, bare your sword and give me rest. I want death, and I want to receive it at the hands of my beloved soldier, and not at the hands of my enemies."

He fell silent, and in a few moments he became delirious.

Samuel came closer and in the light of the torch having examined his flabby body, he saw that the blood was flowing from the wound he had received in Princes Island from a arrow of the lad Artavazd. He instantly bandaged the wound and turning to his men asked:

"Is there any wine left with you?"

"I have a little left in my goatskin," the lad Houssick said.

"Fetch it over."

shoulder. Samuel took it and slowly poured the wine in the dying man's mouth. Then he turned to his men and commanded:

"Dismount, cover the wounded man with your shields and stand guard over him. Let no one come near until I return."

His command instantly was carried out.

He again mounted his horse, and taking with him a part of his warriors, he hastened to his father's crimson tent.

Old Arpak, who at the time was in Samuel's company, seeing his magnanimity,

shook his hoary head solemnly and mumbled to himself.

"I cannot understand this kind of pity. What is the meaning of letting the wounded dragon live?"

CHAPTER VI

THE FORTRESS OF VOGHAKAN

The autumn was gone, and gone was the bleak Armenian winter.

A green carpet of newly sprouting grass had just begun to cover the vast meadowland of Taron and the newly arrived swallow, the harbinger of spring, had just begun to warble his glad tidings. The storm was silent, and silent was the bleak Boreas, replaced by a sweet breeze which swept across the velvety meadows with its gentle waves, spreading life and energy on every hand.

It was the first morn of spring.

That morning the Fortress of Voghakan presented an exceptionally attractive appearance. The walls and the window fronts, both inside and outside, were covered with green shrubbery and fresh leaves. The servants, the waiters, the maidens and the concubines, all preened in their festive apparel, their hands and hair dyed in red, were scurrying hither and yon, busy with the preparations of the day.

With the first rays of the sun the palace orchestras crashed into a resounding symphony. The Fortress of Voghakan was celebrating the arrival of Spring which at the same time was the Persian new year. That was not the Armenian beloved Festival of Navassard, the Armenian New Year which was wont to be celebrated each year in the festooned temples of Ashtishat in the presence of huge throngs. That was an entirely alien and strange festival for the Armenians which for the first time was be-

ing observed in the Castle of the Mamikonians.

That was a Persian festival.

How many things had been changed, how many innovations had been introduced from that day that Samuel had left that fortress! The old servants and the handmaidens who had been loyal to the ancient rituals and customs no longer were there. Some had left of their own will, others had been removed by Samuel's hard-hearted mother. The new servants and the handmaidens wore Persian apparel and spoke the Persian language. Many of them were Persians. No Armenian priest had access to that fortress any more. Instead, a Persian Magian took charge of the religious service. Even the domestic teachers, the tutors, and the nursemaids who used to bring up the children in the spirit of Christianity, had been replaced by newcomers. Their functions were now fulfilled by Persian Magians who educated the children in the religion of Mazda. Even the food and the drinks had undergone a complete transformation. Changed were the interior decoration of the chambers, the furniture and the fixtures. The old traditional customs had been replaced by the new order — the Persian order. Instead of the ancient traditional custom and order whose beauty lay in their simplicity, there now reigned Persian luxury and licentiousness.

Gone, too, were the other inmates of the Castle. The family of Mushegh Mamikon-

ian had been transferred to the Fortress of Yerakhan. Vardan Mamikonian's widow, Lady Zarouhi, together with her children likewise lived in the Fortress of Yerakhan. Gone was beautiful Vormizdoukht — Samuel's step mother. She had gone to Persia when Samuel left the Fortress. Only Samuel's own mother, Lady Tajatouhi, had remained behind, who at the same time was the Mistress and the Queen of the Fortress.

This morning she was alone pacing in the great salon of the Castle, critically examining each object, each detail, to see that each thing was in its proper place, that nothing was missing. Her dress was resplendent in gold and precious jewels, and her lovely face was radiant with happiness. Meroujan's haughty sister shared her brother's handsomeness but she lacked the sublime expression of his face.

The salon was magnificently set, befitting the occasion of the festival. The floor was covered with precious rugs and carpets. The walls were bedecked with delicate embroideries and colorful silken. In the windows stood beautiful procelain flower pots of newly-blossoming flowers and evergreens. Even the vessels of water, wine and sweet drinks which were arrayed on the table were woven with wondrous greens. Everywhere could be seen the touch of green, of verdure and smiling flowers — the gifts of the new spring. The entire salon was sprinkled with sweet-scented rose water and delightful perfume.

To sweeten the new year there had been prepared various kinds of delicate confectionaries spiced with oriental condiments. From the native products, an assortment of seven different dried fruits, piled up in huge colorful trays, stood temptingly on the massive table.

Although the festival was altogether new and alien to the Armenians, but Samuel's mother, who was the queen of the festival, possessed enough grace and good taste to

lend it quite a fitting and attractive aspect. That was the reason why many were ready to participate in the event, more from curiosity, rather than willingly. Yet there were those, whose number was not small, who were willing to participate in the celebration with genuine pleasure. The old pagan customs and the deep traces of the old worship had not as yet been completely eradicated from Christian Armenia. While others participated from compulsion, fearing the Lady's revenge. Meroujan's sister shared her brother's cruel nature, but she was devoid of his magnanimity.

She still was pacing the magnificent salon all by herself, which was ready for the visitors who would come to congratulate the new year. She was inspecting the wealth of the surrounding objects and admiring them. Yet her admiration was so short lived and so momentary every time she reverted to her inner heart, her real feelings. For a long time she had had no news of her husband nor her son Samuel. Too, she did not know what her brother Meroujan was doing. For five long months, the bleak winter had cut off all communications, so that she was unaware what calamities, what tragic deeds had been perpetrated in the northern parts of the land of Armenia. And yet, with her inner dull instinct she felt something and that something was not pleasant.

Among those who surrounded her there already had spread a sort of whispering, low murmurs which they were trying to conceal with scrupulous secrecy. She had noticed it and her stormy heart had been disturbed with suspicious thoughts. On the other hand, she had noticed in her subjects a kind of coolness, a sort of forced humility which they showed her quite reluctantly. What could all this mean? She was loath to give an accounting of it to herself.

The news of her brother Meroujan's de-

feat and the death of her husband at the hand of her own son had just reached Taron but the people still were uncertain about the actual happenings. Some would not believe it, while others who believed were afraid to divulge it to others. Nevertheless these rumors caused deep sorrow among her subjects, although no one as yet dared to give free expression to his feelings.

She accomplished more than was possible to accomplish. These new and alien innovations which her husband and her brother had been unable to introduce by sword and fire in the land of Armenia, she had introduced in the peaceful home of the Mamikonians without any bloodshed, — in that very home which, from ancient times, had posed as a model of Christian piety. How happy she was, and how gratified with her successes! She already counted the soil as ready, with the seed sown, and herself waiting for harvest. How pleased her husband would be when upon his return home he found everything ready and in order!

But what was the thing which was driving this ambitious woman into the circus of religious matters — a thing which was the job of men of greater genius? As a matter of fact it was nothing. And if her husband and her brother had various political motives for their lawless operations, she, on the other hand, did not even share their aspirations. She had no solid religious convictions. But, as a woman, and a lover of innovations, she did possess something. She was noble in the true sense of the word. To her, whatever came from above, whatever was done above, — all was good. Having had bonds of kinship with the royal family of Persia, she had had frequent opportunities to appear at the Persian Court and was well acquainted with the family of King Sapor. The Court had fascinated her. And as the apparel and the ornaments of Sapor's women appealed to her,

even so she was attracted by the religion which Sapor worshipped. She was trying to imitate them. She was trying to teach her children the same language which was spoken at the Court and to give them the same high education which was befitting to the Court. Whatever was national, whatever was Armenian, seemed very trite to her and even shameful. Why should she blush every time she was with the Persians? Why should she be lacking in something? These thoughts disturbed her.

She walked to the window and looked at the sun. Why are they so late, what is the meaning of this? she wondered, and there were signs of anger of her impatient face. Could it be that all her elaborate preparations were for nothing?

The servants kept shuffling in and out one by one, bringing in and taking out various objects. Presently the Chief of Eunuchs, the voluptuous Bacchus, with his beardless and lascivious face, made his appearance. And although Bacchus enjoyed his Lady's profound loyalty, still the Lady deemed it beneath her dignity to confide in him her apprehensions that the celebration might lack the magnificence and the beauty which was desirable. But the shrewd eunuch who understood well his Lady's disposition, at one glance on her face perceived the thing which was agitating her ambitious heart and with a simulated smile said to her:

"One or two things should be taken out, my Lady."

"Why?"

"Because there will be no room for all the guests."

"In this huge salon?"

"But the multitude of the guests also is huge."

The Lady was pleased but she concealed her secret joy and turning to the Eunuch said with pretended anger:

"They must get used to law and order,

Bacchus. It is not necessary for each guest to linger in the Salon and crowd the place. They come in, offer their felicitations, receive my blessing, then retire to the adjoining room. When the reception is over, then they can join me to go to the shrine of the Sun, to worship the holy fire and to be present in the sacrificial ceremonies. Do you understand? Go tell the shrine-master, he knows well the proper decorum, let him arrange the rituals in such a manner so that everything will be proper and in order."

The Chief Eunuch bowed and with the perpetual smile on his face made his exit. A quarter of an hour later one of the chamberlains came in to announce that the dignitaries and high ranking functionaries are ready to offer their respects.

The Lady crossed to the upper part of the Salon and took her seat on a precious throne. When she was seated, instantly the high ranking palace guards took their stations around the throne. They all were attired in their festive apparel, all were armoured with gold-bedecked weapons.

In came the dignitaries and the high ranking officers of the castle. They bowed very low and stood silently near the wall. With unique pleasure the Lady turned to her guests and said:

"All glory to the resplendent Aramazd who made me the happiest of the happy, and I have the good fortune, O my beloved peers, of celebrating with you this solemn and stately day which is being observed by all the universe. The bird and the animal, the wild flower and the giant evergreen of the forest, today are happy because the new spring has brought them a new year and a new life. Man, likewise, must mingle his joy with the general delight of nature. The winter with its deathly glacial cold is gone, gone is the reign of gloom and mist. A new day has dawned for us with its bright warmth. The holy fire has

descended from heaven, granting new breath to the frozen universe with its energizing power. The dead earth has received new power, the sleeping trees have awakened. Everywhere breathes the spirit of God, everywhere dead life is being reborn. With the general resurgence of nature man's labors have begun. The tiller has taken his plow to the field and the worker in the vineyard has started to scratch the damp earth. The shepherd's sheep are spread on green meadows. Work has begun to seethe over just like the inspired and rejuvenated earth. Not only it is necessary, O my beloved peers, but, as the most intelligent of all creatures, and as the greatest beneficiary of all the bounties of nature, it is the sacred duty of man that he, before he begins his labors, offer his gratitude and thanks to the giver of all gifts. To this end our worthy of memory ancestors have established the Festival of Spring. But we, ungraceful followers of our forefathers, made an end of this beautiful custom. Let us restore the just and the true, let us return to the natural, O my beloved peers. Behold, in yonder unextinguishable shrine of the Sun, burns the fire divine — the creative power which gives life and warmth to the whole universe. Let us go and with due solemnity and in a spirit of sacrifice offer our affection and gratitude to that power which is the most sacred example of inaccessible and inscrutable God on earth, and blessed be His glory and honor."

The Lady's speech left such a deep impression on the spectators that they all repeated in unison: "And blessed by His glory and honor."

Then each of the guests approached the Lady, knelt before her, kissed her hand, and offered her his felicitations of the new year.

On the right and left of the Lady's throne there stood two large platters in the form of a round receptacle. The one on the

right hand was made of gold and was filled with gold coins, the one on the left was made of silver and was filled with silver coins. These symbolic coins, as a sign of good fortune in gold and silver, had been especially coined for the new year. Only the Resplendent Persian King had the right to dispense such coins at the beginning of the new year. But Lady Mamikonian, as Queen of Taron, reluctant to leave any of the accepted customs unfulfilled, had permitted herself the luxury of such a privilege. When the peers approached to kiss the right hand, she took her hand to the two platters, scooped the coins, shuffled them together, then handed them their portion with her reciprocal congratulations and best wishes.

Attendant pages, carrying colorful golden phials, poured aromatic rose water into the palms of the guests, with which they anointed their faces and their hair, then the guests approached the table loaded with confectionaries to partake of the bounties of the new year. Chief among these was the pile of dried fruits of seven kinds — the bounty of the native land's nature.

A company of servants in magnificent attire and crowned with roses stood at servivce, each holding in his hand huge silver vessels filled with delicious sweet drinks and wines, constantly filling the glasses and offering them to the guests.

Outside could be heard the music of the orchestra and the melodious singing of the minstrel.

The felicitations lasted for quite a long time. The multitude made its appearance in groups, and after receiving the Lady's gracious blessing and her gifts, retired to the adjoining chamber where they waited for the solemn ritual of the sacrifices. Here too they were accorded all kinds of generosity and honor. They felt more at ease here, and surrendered themselves to thier

enjoyment and pleasure. They talked and laughed freely, unrestrained in the expression of their joy.

After the reception of the men folk, the turn came to the ladies. The number of the latter was not too large. Only the women who served in the Castle and a few high ranking ladies had made their appearance.

The ritual at the sacred shrine of the fire already had started.

The Persian shrine of the Sun had been constructed on the site of an old Mamikonian family church in one part of the fortress where, in a series of cells, the High Priest together with his assistants held his residence and all of whom ate at the Prince's table. Samuel's mother had razed that church and had erected the new shrine in its place. The cells of the Christian clergy-dence and all of whom ate at the Prince's Chief of Magians and his assistants.

In the center of the tall, pillared temple, on a rectangular marble altar burned the flames reaching the arched ceiling of the holy fire of Vormuzd, its inextinguishable spacious temple. The Magians, clad in their white vestments, and anointed with fragrant oils, rang the little bells which they held in their hands, and chanting hymns, held a procession around the fire. The huge throng, knelt under the arches of the temple, listened to the incantations and worshipped with awesome piety.

There were one hundred hefty and spotless rams, with snowy fleece and gilded horns, who had been kept near the temple for the sacrificial offering. All the spectators were obliged to partake of the sacrificial flesh from the altar of the holy temple.

When the ceremony of slaughtering started, Lady Mamikonian, surrounded by an elegant company of her guards, made her appearance. She approached solemnly the holy altar of the temple, and entering in

with profound piety, she knelt before the fire, then she rose and circled the altar three times.

At that moment a murmur passed through the throng, a sudden stir which later burst into joyful shouts. All eyes turned in the direction of the Castle where the gates were being opened.

A tall youth with impatient steps was making his entry, followed by a large company of armed attendants.

"Samuell!" The name rang from a thousand lips, and the throng receded to make way for him.

The youth approached the temple.

"Samuell!" exclaimed the mother, and rushing out of the temple embraced her son.

The meeting was most touching and at the same time very tragic.

"Ach, how glad I am, how happy I am, dear Samuel," sobbed the longing mother, clinging tight to her son, "that you have arrived at your paternal castle at such an auspicious moment when your mother is observing the Festival of Spring. Your presence, dear Samuel, will lend a new lustre to this celebration."

The mother held him by the hand and entered the temple.

Samuel looked sadly at the fire and at the Magis. The change was exceedingly uncomfortable. He reflected that the present shrine was the old church where his ancestors had worshipped and in whose holy basin he had been baptized.

"Mother," he said in a voice which tingled with emotion, "I consider myself very unfortunate that upon my return to my ancestral castle I find all order and sanctity so subverted. If you wish that I remain your son, please extinguish this fire."

The mother's eyes flashed with anger. "I cannot be a killer of God, Samuel," she replied. "If you are my son you must

kneel before the sanctity which your mother worships."

"Then I will kill your god, Mother."

"You dare not, Samuel."

The Magis and their chief drew aside from their fear and were instantly surrounded by Samuel's men. The multitude of worshippers were watching the drama with breathless tension, waiting to see how the battle between mother and son would end. A few of the Lady's guards took their hands to their swords, and defiantly waited for her command. Samuel's men noticed this and they too took their hands to their swords.

The unhappy son was filled with uncontrollable fury. At that moment his menacing face was terrible. With deep emotion he turned to his mother and said:

"I repeat, Mother, extinguish this fire."

"It is impossible, Samuel."

"I repeat, extinguish this sacrilege otherwise . . ."

"Otherwise what?"

"I will extinguish it with your body."

"You worthless brat."

"Let your men call me worthless, let men call me a villain, here is the sword which killed the traitorous father, it will kill the apostate mother too."

With the last words he reached for his mother's head, seized her by her long locks and dragged her before the altar. The sword flashed and the hot blood spurted before the altar.

The multitude rang with shouts of joy.

"She deserved it."

THE END



NOTE — With the exception of the first chapter of this story which was translated by James H. Tashjian, the remainder of Samuel was translated by James G. Mandalian.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

H. Kurdian, Reviewing Editor

Sac. Gregorio Petrowicz: L'UNIONE DEGLI ARMENI DI POLONIA CON LA SANTA SEDE (1626-1686). Orientalia Christiana Analecta, 135. Pont Institutum Orientalium Studiorum. Roma, 1950. XVI, 334.

(With due acknowledgment to *The UKRAINIAN QUARTERLY*, Spring, 1951)

This history, "The Union of the Armenians of Poland with the Holy See" during the years 1626-1686, is written in Italian by the Rev. Gregory Petrowicz not only on the basis of many published sources, but also of various unpublished documents which that author found in the Vatican Archives and in the archives of the Congregation of Propaganda. The work concerns the Armenians living on the Ukrainian territories and especially in the City of Lviv (Leopoli), the see of their archbishop.

In the first part of the book the author describes the personal union with Rome of the Armenian Archbishop Nicholas Torosowicz, his profession of the Catholic faith (1627) and the opposition of the Armenian people to their Pastor and the Union (1626-1663). In the second part he shows how the Union of the Armenians with Rome was finally accomplished (1664-1686)

The principal opposition of the Armenians to the Union was caused by the liturgical differences introduced into the Armenian church of Lviv by their attachment to their oriental traditions and to the moral authority of the Patriarch of Etchmiadzin (Armenia). In the opposition of Rome to the retention of all the peculiarities of their rite this union differed from the union with Rome of the Ukrainian Church (Brest, 1595) to which all the oriental traditions and characteristics of rite had been guaranteed and left intact. The Armenians wanted the Union in the same terms as the Union of the Ukrain-territory (the diocese of Lvov) became Catholics but "this magnificent result had been attained by ians. In the final result the Armenians in this sacrificing more and more the genuineness of the Armenian rite" (page 315). Thus this union of the Armenian diocese instead of becoming a "bridge that would annul or at least diminish the distance between the Roman Church and the Armenian (of Armenia), had instead augmented

them" (page 316). (As we know, the Armenian diocese of Lviv already before the Soviet occupation had been almost completely latinized). The author himself states that the liturgical reforms of the XVIIth Century in the Armenian Church superfluous and nocuous (206). Of course today the attitude of the Holy See towards the oriental rites is more liberal than it was in those times (214).

In the conclusion of this review we would like to quote what the Rev. G. Petrowicz says justly about the Ukrainian Kozaks: "The Kozaks in 1638 had been conquered and massacred by Koniecpolski and Potoki because of having tried a revolt in the defense of their own rights, after ten years of horrible slavery and oppression by some Polish noblemen, at once rebelled against the yoke, elected for their leader the above-mentioned Bohdan Chmielnicki and began to teach a terrible lesson to the Polish nobility" (128-129). It would also be advisable to use in the book the modern term "Ukrainian" instead of "Ruthenian (Ruteno)" which is today only a historical name of the Ukrainians.

The book is very interesting, easy to read and to understand, prepared with scholarly care and of very great interest to all who are studying the problem of the union of the Oriental Churches with the Holy See.

—Reviewed by BOHDAN LONCZYNA

* * *

CUPIDYLLS. By P. K. Thomajan. Privately published, paper bound, illustrated, unnumbered pages. 544 Hackensack Street, Carlstadt, New Jersey. Price \$1.50.

P. K. Thomajan, author of "Hades & Jades" and other treasured collections of poems and epigrams, has just published his fifth volume of poetry, "Cupidylls." Undoubtedly it is destined to become another collector's item in short time. For P. K., the idyllic poet, reaches in his audience through imagery *par excellence*. He eschews the conventional metrical stanzas and rhymes; as an imagist, he writes in a continuity of phrases or images, which in context with one another, crystallize an emotion, establishes an association vivid and personal for the reader.

"Cupidylls" is a collection of some 60-odd ecstatic short poems — some of only a few words — which reveals the man of the heart address-

ing his beloved. Unlike P. K.'s other volumes of lyrics (including "Beaux & Arrows," "Hymns to Her," "Djinns & Bitters"), here there is no bitter-sweet poignancy or lack of fulfillment. "Cupidylls" is a fervent avowal of love . . . emotion expressing its thought with assurance and ecstasy. Stylistically, P. K. Thomajan has intellectual gesture in his vocabulary and manner, but with an artless styling carrying overtones and reverberations.

if my heart
skips a beat
that's because
it's dancing
for you
you lift
me across
glorious new
thresholds
carrying me
into unvalled
abodes that are
my spirit's home

Dedicated to his wife
for: Charlotte
these lines
written on
angel's wings
out of my
heart's blood

this new and intimate volume of poems is a series of contrasting images of subtle rhythmic symmetry that provide for the reader a meandering but picturesque adventure in the realm of romance. Many of these idea poems are fragmentary, like short glimmerings; but there is a structural continuity of rhythm. These are finely-wrought word pictures of a master imagist; personal poems showering encomiums of love that are swift and direct as cupid's arrow. As such, they carry conviction and integrity.

The volume is beautifully illustrated and designed. Drawings of angel cherubs, reproduced from rare Italian folios, accentuate its pages. "Cupidylls" is a jewel-box of precious highlights in metaphor and simile — a rare experience in a trivial and literal age.

—Reviewed by LAWRENCE TERZIAN

IMMUNO-CATALYSIS, and Related Field of Bacteriology and Biochemistry (Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged); by M. G. Sevag, Ph.D., Assoc. Prof., Dept. of Bacteriology, Univ. of Pa., School of Medicine; with Preface by Stuart Mudd, M.A. M.D., Prof. of Bacteriology; Published by Charles C. Thomas, Springfield, Ill., and simultaneously in British Commonwealth by Blackell Scientific Publications, LTD., Oxford, England, and by Ryerson Press, Toronto, Canada.

* * *

The discovery and use of bacterial vaccines and other substances for preventive treatment of diseases started the new science of Immunology in the nineteenth century. With the development of this science medicine won many victories over

small pox, hydrophobia, diphtheria and several other infectious diseases.

Bacteria rendered non-viable and toxins (poisons) innocuous by mild chemical or physical treatments injected into animals (man, rabbit, horse, hen, etc.) produce a new variety of serum globulin known as *antibody*. The antibody molecules are to be found circulating in the blood stream and fixed in tissues. They exercise the ability of specifically combining with and neutralizing the bacterial toxins. They also combine with live bacteria and render them subject to *digestion*, or being "eaten" by a certain variety of white blood cells (or fixed endothelial cells, etc.) known as *phagocytes*. Thus the bacteria which produce an infection in a host simultaneously stimulate the formation of "antidotal" substances or specific antibodies which in turn together with the phagocytes destroy the infecting bacteria and terminate the infection. The sera of the convalescing patients are rich in antibodies and can be prophylactically used to cure patients suffering from the same infectious disease. Also the serum of a horse or rabbit immunized (vaccinated) with the same infectious agent can be used prophylactically.

All those substances (non-viable bacteria, toxins or poisons rendered innocuous, serum, egg, and vegetable proteins) which are found to be capable of stimulating the formation of antibodies are known as *antigens*. It must here be pointed out that an antigen produces an antibody specifically reactive only with itself and not with any other antigen, unless antigens are chemically related in which case an antibody can react with chemically related antigens. An antibody which is produced by inoculating animals with diphtheria germs will not react or combine with, for example, typhoid germs.

Many thousands of articles, books and volumes of scientific journals have been published on this subject, nevertheless the nature of the stimulation of antibody formations in response to an injected antigen had remained obscure. It has been known that the amount of antigen used for immunization is, in general, very small when compared with the amount of antibody produced. In fact, an amount of antigen which may weigh less than one-millionth of a gram is often adequate to produce such an amount of antibody which is several hundred thousand or million times greater than the amount of antigen injected. A second characteristic property of an antigen is that no part of its molecule is found in the antibody molecule. That is, unlike the usual chemical reactions where the reactants, or parts thereof, enter into the composition of the reaction products no part of an antigen molecule has been found in the antibody molecule.

By analysis and integration of the available data with the use of his profound knowledge of chemistry and enzymology, Professor Sevag has brought some order out of the isolated and scattered observations of many scientists and shed light on the chemical nature of the processes of immunity and the production of antibody and related factors. In view of the above discussed

properties of an antigen (vaccin) he formulated the theory that antigens function like catalysts, and the antibodies are the specific inhibitors of the antigens. The catalysts which are synthesized in the living cell are proteins and are called *enzymes* or *ferments* or *biocatalysts*. According to Dr. Sevag's theory, antigens manifest the same properties as manifested by enzymes or catalysts in general. In reactions catalyzed by enzymes, specific inhibitors likewise are produced which inhibit the enzyme or strongly slow down its activity. In this respect also, antigens and enzymes, and antibodies and inhibitors as respective counterparts behave alike.

Since all antigens are of protein nature and antigens function as catalysts, Professor Sevag has further proposed that all proteins must possess biocatalytic activities. At first this concept appeared unorthodox or heretical to those who were accustomed to conventional thinking. However, others enthusiastically regarded Dr. Sevag's book as a masterpiece.

In accord with this concept is the fact that also enzymes stimulate the formation of antibodies which likewise specifically neutralize or inhibit their enzymatic activities. Among the enzymes those which mediate the oxidative metabolism of microorganisms and which because of their labile nature require much experimental care are being investigated by Dr. Sevag and his co-workers. These investigations are directed with a view and purpose of determining the role of antibodies produced by inoculating microbial oxidative enzymes in relation to the mechanism of immune defense against microbial invasion.

The essence of the vast array of material and theoretical discussion in this book can be described by quoting the following statement from the preface by Professor Stuart Mudd: "The fullness of the integration possible between the fields of enzyme chemistry, immunochemistry and the mechanism of infectious diseases, has, indeed, in the writer's belief, been indicated for the first time in this volume by M. G. Sevag, "Immuno-catalysis," and the following paragraph from a review and appraisal of this book in the *New England Journal of Medicine*: "The whole work possesses three distinct values: a reservoir of references dealing with the relation of antigens and antibodies, a synthesis of engaging simplicity and finally, a catalyst that will certainly increase the velocity of immunochemical research."

Professor Sevag is serving humanity through science and, incidentally, the good name of Armenians.

Reviewed by PROF. H. H. CHAKMAKJIAN

TRACY'S TIGER AND ON REREADING WILLIAM SAROYAN

Bill Saroyan has a new book out, a lovely little fable written in a clean, lucid, economical style, in which he returns to one of his original manners. It's another plea by him for innocence and faith, and for those old fundamental illusions

we need and which in their mysterious essence are the real realities, after all. It's a charming thing, somewhat strange, as perhaps it should be, a sad, sly, delicate commentary on human life, full of sadness and that odd, slightly cockeyed, rakish-hat-on-the-head Saroyan humor. A poem in prose, poignant in its casual understatement, its gossamer pattern holding a shining structure of wisdom.

It's a book for special tastes, and the kind of story that grows on you after you read it — or rather, the story behind the story, which is the author's aim. Saroyan, fundamentally, is a writer of fables, and this is the genre in which he excels — but to me, his most interesting fable is that of his own life in a frankly autobiographical vein. Fragments of it are scattered in his books.

Recently I have been reading or rereading the earlier fragments, and discovering one gem after another. This morning, for instance, I read "And Man" in his first book, *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*. It's the story of a walk he took in the country when he was fifteen — a wonderful story, great prose. I could cite a score of other titles, and every passionate reader, no doubt, can make his own collection of favorite Saroyan pieces.

What surprised me on re-reading William Saroyan was that nothing he has ever written sounds dated. If anything, time has brought out their characteristics in sharper relief — to me at least — and endowed them with new beauties. I am not equally enthusiastic about everything he has written: such prodigious output is bound to be uneven. He is at his best in the short autobiographical lyric, when he is most amused by himself, of his own comedy, the wonder of his existence upon this earth when he was a boy. And next he is best when he writes about other children, those who have caught his fancy in one way or another and whom he remembers with his tender heart. He is a magnificent poet of earth-moods, of the farm valley of home, as he calls it. And he is a writer who always makes you smile, or chuckle to yourself, for he likes to cut up, being fully aware of the obligation of the serious writer and the serious man to be amusing. His gayety, his spoofing, adds to the fresh, personal charm of his work.

Personally, I wish Saroyan would write nothing but the unending fable of his own life, as he proposed to do in his earlier work. A book like Tracy's *Tiger* is a gem too, but I've become extremely partial to the story of his Armenian boyhood in California, or on his way to New York and back, with his hat cocked on his head at that devilish angle. I'm willing to listen to him as long as he cares to talk about himself, for when he talks about himself he's most like you and me, like all men — he's the universal and eternal boy. I don't want him to make any attempt at writing fiction, in the third person, though he can write about himself in the third person on occasion, as he has done with great effect. I mean I object to the fictional, imagined, or cerebral element in his work. I want him to write only

with his own Armenian heart, and sing like the bird singing on the tree.

I consider the most personal element in his work its enduring part. He is, fortunately, a very personal writer, but I want him to be even more personal, because he can't ever go wrong when he's personal. Take his book, *Razzle-Dazzle*. Short plays. I haven't read all the plays in it, but I've read all the prefaces with extreme delight, for he talks about himself in the prefaces, how and why he wrote the plays, and the prefaces are great prose.

To me at least, Saroyan is the most readable and charming Armenian writer. I am not speaking as his friend, nor because he wrote the introduction to my first book: this is an objective, technical estimate of his work. Saroyan is not fully discovered and understood yet; and among most Armenians he is known more by his American reputation than by personal knowledge and appreciation of his works. He would be an extremely difficult writer to translate into Armenian, because the style, the manner is all-important in his case. I'm afraid a certain degree of literary sophistication, and a full command of the English language is necessary to really appreciate Saroyan.

Meanwhile, we Armenian Americans, and Armenians everywhere, can thank our lucky stars for having this writer. He has been of tremendous propaganda value to us, has given a world-wide charm and dignity to the Armenian name. Some printed remarks about him that he is not a "good enough Armenian" are silly. He is *very* Armenian, both as man and as writer, and as man, the older he gets the more Armenian he becomes. We must never for a moment forget what Saroyan has done for us. Every Armenian American has benefited from his reputation; we can never repay him the debt we owe him. He is a great writer to be sure, a great American writer, but he is also one of the great Armenian patriots of all time, and as a writer he is great because he's an Armenian patriot, an American patriot, and a world patriot.

No one can predict the ultimate standing of a writer, for time is cruel, time is ruthless. But I've a hunch Saroyan will be re-discovered from time to time, and if I could edit a collection of his "Armenian" tales it would be the one book I'd bet would never lose its charm and of all the American books published in our time would stand the best chance for survival.

—LEON SURMELIAN



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