Whereas the education of the Armenian youth is a necessity for the progress of the Armenian Liberation Struggle, and by taking into consideration that a large number of the Armenian youth living in the western United States is more fluent in English than Armenian, the Haytoug Editorial Staff has made the conscious and time consuming effort to translate some of the Armenian articles into English.

However, by also realizing the importance of the prolongation of the existence of Armenian culture in the Diaspora, the Haytoug Editorial Staff asks its readers to consciously take the initiative of also reading the articles in Armenian—even if this could require an extra effort.

The Armenian articles are not printed for decorative purposes.

The Haytoug Editorial Staff would also like to bring to the attention of its readers that in the case of the articles printed in two languages, the language of the larger title, is the one which the article was originally written in. The translations could sometimes alter the original meaning of the article. Hence, the official views of Haytoug and/or the authors are contained in the articles written in their original language.

Haytoug is published through the volunteer efforts of AYF members. Any donations will therefore be greatly appreciated in covering printing costs.

Donations may be made payable to AYF C.P., and they may be sent to the following address:

Haytoug
Armenian Youth Federation
419-A W. Colorado St., Glendale, CA 91204
It was seventy years ago that the Armenian people lived through the indescribable days of the Genocide. Yes, this April 24th is the seventieth anniversary of a crime perpetrated by the Turks.

As was the deplorable act itself, the scar left by the 1915 massacres upon the culture and other aspects of the Armenian national consciousness is indescribable. Our people were forced to desert their ancestral lands and to lose a great number of its offspring. Our people were forced to disperse throughout the world and be spiritually subjected to the cultures and laws of other nations.

Thousands of families were destroyed, and deep wounds were opened in the souls of yearned for mothers, fathers, and children.

Unfortunately, the tragedy of the 1915 massacres does not end here. Today, seventy years later, many nations, such as the United States who preach democracy, continue to deny recognition to the 1914 genocide, just as the criminal itself, Turkey, denies the fact. Even the United Nations, that international establishment which is unable to exercise the authority to implement its own decisions, refuses to include the issue of recognizing the 1915 massacres on its agenda: ironic, unbelievable, and yet bitterly true.

At the threshold of the seventieth anniversary of the Genocide just as for the past 69 years, we once again come to realize that both the west and the east, the north and the south, all continue to deny the harsh reality of the genocide of our people and the existence of the Armenian Cause, in order to benefit their immoral political gains. Those powers intoxicated with this mentality were probably very surprised to see that the sons of our people now realize that morality does not exist in the politics virtually all political actors in the world. Only politics...

"To this day, the Armenian diaspora is recovering from the bloodbath of 1915, Armenians in Lebanon, Turkey and other parts of the Middle East are still suffering from ancestral hatreds and discrimination."

President RONALD REAGAN
in a letter to Hairenik Publicistica, Boston, Mass., dated April 15, 1980
The scheme was nothing less than the extermination of the whole Christian population within the Ottoman frontiers... Nothing remained but to use the opportunity and strike a stroke that would never need repetition. “After this”, said Talaat Bey, when he gave the final signal, “there will be no Armenian Question for fifty years”.

(“The Murder of a Nation”)

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

British historian
ՀԱՅՐԱԿԱՆ ՊԱՐՆԱՍՏՐԵՂՈՒԹՅՈՒՆ ՀԱՏ

ԳԱՅՈՒԹՅՈՒՆ — Հայրապետական պարսական հայոցերի հանդիսատես և սահմանադիր։ Պարսական ազգային գործողությունների հաջորդականությունն է։

Անդրեյ 24-րդ մարτի առաջին հավաքածու, որում պատմության ընթացքում կանգնելու էմպասիսային տեղ

Հայրապետական պարսական հանդիսատես և սահմանադիր է։ Պարսական ազգային գործողությունների հաջորդականությունն է։

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We were peaceful like our mountains,
Yet you invaded our land like a tornado.

We stood against you like our mountains,
Let you howled like gusty winds.

But we are eternal like our mountains,
And you will disappear like the wild wind.

H. SHIRAZ
Taniel Varoujian and Siamanto, poets of the early 20th century, represented, along with other major and influential figures of the Armenian literary movement (Khachatur Zohrab a definite major figure), the hope and light for their nation in an age of darkness and oppression. Unlike scores of other Armenian youth fortunate enough to leave their homeland to study at various European centers of higher education (Varoujian in Venice, then at Orient in Belgium; Siamanto at the Sorbonne in Paris), and planning to return to their respective villages, and educating their people with the new ideas they had acquired, breathe life into the Armenian populace, reduce illiteracy, and attempt to bring an end to the state existing there by means of a "cultural renaissance". Krikor Zohrab had looked upon the matter in a light-hearted, yet very cynical and biting manner.

I have noticed that some of our young men who travel all the way to Europe to complete their education, leave our city as ignoramuses and return as imbeciles... what are these young men but apes of their European counterparts, completely useless to their people as workers to humanity.

But there was no mistaking the actual existence of a veritable cultural renaissance, the "project" of an entire generation of Armenian scholars. This "project" however, was cut short, never fully realized — it was strangulated by the bloody hands of the Turks.

The following translated poems represent the agony, frustration, and fury of the Age. They speak to us now with the same force, in the coming age, here in our present stage of the struggle, here in our 70th year, world-wide dispersion...

Note: The following poems — "The Dance" by Siamanto, "The Red Soil" by Varoujian — were translated by Diana Hayvanesian (Anthology of Armenian Poetry). Zohrab's come translated by Ara Baloyan, is quoted from Baloyan's latest book Zohrab. Both of the aforementioned are available at the AYF Saraban Bookstore.
THE DANCE
Translated by Diana Der-Hovhannisian

Her blue eyes, drowned in tears,
the German witness to the horrors tried
to describe the ashfields where Armenian life had died:
"This untellable thing I’m trying to say
I saw with my pinless human eyes
from the hellish window of my safe house.
While I gnashed my teeth in terror and frustration
my eyes stayed open and pitiess.
I saw a garden city change into ash heaps.
Corpses piled to the tops of trees.
And from the waters, from the springs,
from brooks and from the roads,
the roar of your blood.

It is the voice of that blood that still speaks
in my heart. Don’t be disgusted,
but I have to tell this story
so that people understand the crimes
men do to men. Let all the hearts of the world hear.
The morning with death’s shadows was a Sunday,
the first useless Sunday to rise over those bodies.

I had been in my room all night, tending,
from evening until morning, a girl I knew
stabbed by knives. I bent over her agony
wetting her death with my tears.
Suddenly I heard from a distance
a black mob of men, whipping, leading twenty girls.
Twenty young women, pushed into my vineyard
while the men sang lewd songs
‘When we beat the drum, you dance!’

And their whips began to crack ferociously
against the flesh of the Armenian women
who longed for death. Twenty
of them, hand in hand, began their dance.
‘Tears flowed from their eyes, as if from wounds.
And I envied the dying girl
who could not see, but who cursed
with her harsh breathing, the universe,
poor beautiful Armenian girl
Giving wings to her dove white soul,
while I shook my fists in vain against
the mob below. ‘You must dance, faithless heathen beauties. Dance, with open breasts, to death,
smiling at us without complaints!

Fatigue is not for you. Nor modesty.
All the way to death, dance, with lust, with lewdness.
Our eyes are thirsty for your forms and for your deaths.

Twenty handsome girls fell to the ground exhausted.

‘Stand up’ the roar thundered behind the swift whirling swords. Someone brought a bucket
then, of kerosene. Oh, human justice
I spit at your forehead. Then they
doused those twenty brides, shouting
doused those twenty brides, shouting
“You must dance. And here’s a fragrance
Arabia does not have.’ And with a torch,
set on fire the naked flesh.

The charred corpses rolled toward death
through the dancing. From my fright
I shuttered the window as if against
a hurricane. And asked the dead girl in the
‘How shall I dig out these eyes of mine, I

Adom Yarjarian, better known as Siamanto, was
born in Agn, 1876. He attended local elementary school
and later went to the Berberian school in Constantinople
1896, he left for Egypt and later to Paris, where
he attended the Sorbonne (1897-1900). He returned to his
homeland in 1908 only to leave 2 years later for the
United States on a “campaign” to coax Armenians living there
to return to their homeland and take part in the “cultural
renaissance” in Armenia. Siamanto soon returned
too, in 1915, became a martyr of the first gende
of the 20th century.

***

"You ravaged the land with fire and sword,
We hopefully changed that into sunshine;
You spread havoc and death through
We give birth to beauty and goodness."
Երկու պատմություններ ուղղությամբ էնթուսիաստակ էին աթոռսկ: Ավանդության մեջ էին տեղ ունեցեին նաև կարծիքները, որոնք երկար ժամանակ էին կանգնում և մեծ էին ազդեցություն ունեցեին ընդարձակ ժողովածուների վրա.

Պատմությունը հիմնված էր երկու պատմության վրա, որոնք երկար ժամանակ էին կանգնում և մեծ էին ազդեցություն ունեցեին ընդարձակ ժողովածուների վրա.
THE APRIL 24 MASSACRES

The Armenians have undergone great trials and tribulations during their history, but they have never suffered as greatly as they did under the Turks during the genocide of 1915 where the Turks implemented their long cherished plan to destroy the Armenians.

At the beginning of 1915, they jailed and killed the primates of Dikranagerd, Garin, Papert, and Yerzenga. After these treacheries, during the night of April 24, in the capital and elsewhere, the Turks jailed the Armenian intellectuals i.e., writers, poets, doctors, lawyers, teachers and all other important people in and around Turkey. These people were deported and killed after undergoing unspeakable tortures.

After the massacres of the Armenian intellectuals, the massacre of the Armenian soldiers took place. At the beginning of World War I, the Armenians fulfilled their patriotic duties by enlisting in the Turkish army. Armenian doctors and nurses volunteered to help the wounded. But, the government in its pre-arranged scheme separated the Armenian soldiers from their units and placed them in work battalions. These soldiers were deported and killed. They suffered the same fate as did the intellectuals.

This was not enough for the Turkish government, massacres took place in the interior parts of Turkey. A group organized by the government, consisting of criminals and the like, dispersed into the Armenian provinces and implemented the government’s pre-arranged plan. These special units entered the Armenian communities and demanded weaponry and money in such large quantities that the Armenians were forced into purchasing guns in large quantities from other Turks and Kurds in order to turn it over to the Turkish government.

After the massacre of the intellectuals and soldiers, murder and looting took place with the utmost ease.

The genocide was planned and carried out by the Turkish government after the intellectuals and soldiers were removed. The Armenian population was deported into the Arabian desert. In this manner the government attempted to destroy the Armenian nation by removing it from its historical homeland. The plan for exile had the Armenian population divided into three geographical parts:

1. Cilicia, and northern Syria
2. Eastern Anatolia
3. Western Anatolia

In the first area, the cycle of exile and deportation began at the end of March and continued to the end of the same year. The provinces where this occurred were Zeit, Adana, Antioch, Kessab, Alexan, Aintab, Marash and other areas.

Armenians were deported in the second area from the end of May until August. These areas involved Trabzon, Samson, Garin, Sepa, Kharpert, Tikranagerd and other areas.

In the third area of exile,
deportation lasted from the beginning of August until the end of September. These areas included Nigomitia, Brousia, Cesaria, Kaghdia, etc.

The Turks carried their plan with foresight so that minimal opposition would be encountered. It followed this pattern:

1- The government announced that only the followers of the Apostolic church would be removed and no harm would come to the remaining population.

2- Then they announced that only Catholicos would be removed.

3- After that was completed, a similar path assisted the Protestants.

No one was spared, be they revolutionaries or accommodators, Catholicos or Protestants, old or young. Anyone who was Armenian was forced to leave without their possessions and even bedding or food. They were forced to walk hungry and without water, every day encountering new hazards, from Eastern Anatolia to the ocean city of Rakka, from Cilica to Ras-ul-Ain, from Gabatovgia to the Der-Zor desert.

Thousands died under the rays of the sun. Only one tenth of the population reached the destination. Talaat Pasha ordered the eradication of the remaining Armenians at Der-Zor by Turkish irregulars. Only those who got to Damascus, Aleppo and the Golan Heights were spaced by hiding in the homes of the total population such as the Arabs and Jews. The remaining few who escaped the genocide in their historical country experienced the loss of billions in property, libraries and churches, values that cannot be calculated. The nation lost its intelligence, 1-5 million people were murdered, and a portion of their historical homeland was confiscated.

The Armenian people and the bulk of the intellectuals considered the arrests and killings as sporadic events and not part of a pre-arranged plan, therefore no general plan for an uprising or rebellion was contemplated or devised. By the time the nature of the Turkish government's plan became evident, they knew they were deceived but it was too late.
... perpetual genocide ...

... Somebody had mentioned that hayrig used to be a painter, a good one at that, but it was hard to believe. We had seen him serving coffee too many times. He did not look, nor dress, nor talk like an artist either. Actually, he only spoke rarely and about things that no one seemed to understand.

On a cold and raining night, I went to the center for a meeting. No one was there. I was the first.

"Hi, hayrig, how are things?"
The coffee was on the fire. The old man was sitting in his usual place, but today he has reading. He slowly looked up.

"Hello."
I was feeling bolder than usual.

"Hayrig, I have heard that you were once an artist, a painter... it is hard to believe. Is it true?"
The old man gave me a long look. It seemed to me I had interrupted his deepest thoughts.

"Be careful when you use that word... it carries a heavy responsibility... very few men have been able to stand under its weight."

"Hayrig, if you were an artist, what happened to you?"
Hayrig stood up and took the coffee off the fire.

"I was never an artist. I couldn’t..."

"You couldn’t what?"

He gave me another long look.

"Do you want to know?"

"Yes, hayrig. Why did you stop?"

He reflected for a moment, then motioned me to follow him. With slow steps, he walked through his office to the back of the building to an old wooden door. He opened the door and went up some worn-out steps, what seemed to me an attic. One small, dim light illuminated it.

We could hear the rain falling on the roof. On the floor, leaned up against the walls were paintings of girls hungry and dying. Of men being massacred, of women crying over corpses, of burning villages, of being raped, of death and destruction. But, over the years, hayrig’s style changed. The colors and lines began blending into each other. The horrifying reality of the faces and scenes turned into an abstract horror of colors and shapes. Eyes, heads, legs, arms, clothes, swords, cries, screams fused together in chaotic scenes of devastation. Following a slow progression, the pain became engrossed in black. The figures became echoes of what seemed like human beings still in the midst of horror and destruction. Black and blackness transformed the paintings. Just as slowly, the blackness grew and the paintings were engulfed in a frightening horror and devastation persisted, the faint figures suffering in a reddish hell. Slowly, the shapes were reduced to mere lines and all the colors overran each other in yet another display of devastation, horror, and desperation. The rest of the paintings were made of the same abstract lines and colors, and they expressed a thousand times over the devastation and despair.

I looked up at the old man.

"Hayrig, why did you stop? This stuff is great. Especially the beginning paintings are really good."

He wasn’t looking at me. He spoke very softly.

"An artist’s greatest struggle is between his past and present... his past oppresses and chokes him, robs him of all his breath, it wants to create his present... an artist must reject and destroy his past, so that he can create the present... I tried desperately to sever all ties with my past, I tried to demolish its oppressing presence so that I could breathe... but I couldn’t..."

I had to stop painting...

I picked up a painting of a mother with a small child in her hands.

"But, hayrig, this painting is a masterpiece. Why aren’t you hiding it up here?"

The old man was silent.
I heard some noises from downstairs.

"I have to go hayrig, the meeting is about to start."
I put the painting down and ran down the stairs.
VOICE YOUR OPINION...
A DAY OF REMEMBRANCE

In an effort to stop "the passage of House Joint Resolution 192, which calls for the U.S. to designate April 24 as a Day of Remembrance for all victims of genocide, specially the victims of the Armenian Genocide of 1915," the U.S. department of state has engaged in gullery, and in a policy of deceptive persuasion.

A little ferreting into the annuals of early twentieth century history will show to any curious observer that indeed there was a 1915 genocide, and that it was not a chimera as the Turkish government claims it to be, but a tragic event that truly occurred. Surely, the National Security Council with all its resources could not have blundered in distinguishing between an absurd creation of the imagination and true fact.

There is an offense less serious than the denial of truth but equally tainted and rank. United States representatives Don Edwards (D-Cal.) and Patricia Schroeder (D-Colo.) fall under this category. Schroeder states, "I have not rejected the facts of the Armenian Genocide," and Edwards goes on to say, "Let me assure you that my position on commemorative bill procedures has no bearing on the facts regarding the history of the Armenian people." What's so controversial about this resolution? Why does it require careful consideration?

Perhaps, I'm being a bit emotional. After all, the U.S. has serious security considerations to take into account, and the passage of this resolution threatens its national interests. Whether Turkey is a trustworthy ally of NATO or not becomes less significant when nations that have interests within that area realizes that it represents a very sensitive and strategic region vital to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

If we were to speak objectively, would it be just to denounce the U.S. government for not passing H.J.R. 192, and for pursuing a policy that is not predetermined by this or that administration but by pure pragmatic interests or Realpolitik? Voice your opinion in a letter to the Haytoug Editorial Staff.

Viken Berberian

... it was the first day after a long rainfall. The streets were still a little wet, the air was clean and crisp and the sun shone brightly. Vectors claim their victory on days like this. There was a breeze in the air and we watched it blow a girl's skirt up to her bare thighs.

"Where are you headed?"

"Faculty center."

"What's there?"

"A group of Soviet Armenian scholars are visiting the campus for a symposium. They are having lunch."

"Soviet Armenian scholars?"

We saw one of the prominent local scholars walking with a small, hunchbacked man.

"Is that one of them?"

"Yeah... you know a whole generation of Armenians are like that man. The ones that barely escaped the war and massacres. A whole generation grew up in poverty and undernourishment... they were not able to grow properly."

There was a pause.

"I have a class... I have to go......

by Ara Oshagan

"The great massacres and persecutions of the past seem almost insignificant when compared with the sufferings of the Armenian race in 1915."

HENRY MORGENTHAU

United States Ambassador at Constantinople during the First World War.
From "Ambassador Morgenthau's Story"
AND ON THIS APRIL 24...

I think it has become a rather pretentious task for articles written on the occasion of April 24 to voice opinions as to how this day should be regarded, commemorated or viewed.

Vigils, candlelight, the domination of black and red, and vivid pictures of the atrocities have always reminded and prod: us that it is a time to recall a horrid past; it is a time of solemn grief no matter how clear it might be that we are in the midst of a rejuvenating struggle that will once in all give April 24 a new perspective. We may have a particular purpose in exhibiting photographs and detailed descriptions of the horrors that took place seven decades ago. Perhaps, specific images still have to be implanted into people even if only to infuse some drama and intense emotion through their lives. This approach clearly designates April 24 as a day of mourning.

Then there are others who proclaim that April 24 should not instigate tears anymore. They say it is a time to renew our struggle; it is a time not to dwell upon the past, but to clearly revive our intentions to bring justice in the future. Why should Armenians go into mourning during the month of April when what prevails now is the fact that we have survived, overcome, and will be stronger? So they say.

I do not wish to contradict myself by offering yet another point of view or show my inclination to one attitude or another. One can shed a few or many, many tears on this day in April. Another may review and strengthen his convictions to what needs to and must be resolved. Some will take a day off and others are confused about how they should feel on such a day. There will also be the concerned who feel even more disturbed on this day because the Armenian people are losing their national identity. Each time another April 24 event is attended by the same people as the years before- some of those being people who feel their heritage only when the commemorations are televised.

Whatever the case may be, this April the 24 should make us look at past ones and see if we have any reason to view it in another way. Do we have one to be enthusiastic about a forthcoming April 24? Were we more hopeful one year ago? Perhaps every person should only inquire about themselves; whether they have done anything to have the right to feel they can be pessimistic or optimistic.

Seventy years is not a long time. To the "connected", as I will call them, consecutive years of downheartedness; and glimpses of hope may seem to never end. But forgetting about viewpoints mentioned, the only thing which remains clear is that there is work to be done. Work done and compromises to be made with no particular rewards.

For those who have made a difference, (even if that difference is merely to satisfy an unstable conscience) they have no need to identify their perceptions to anyone; they have their own feelings about April 24. For others who think it is so very appropriate to feel sad on this day, that notion alone will not make the next year more encouraging. For them, the day should serve one noble purpose- an attempt to make them realize that they must do more than feel they have to shed a tear on a particular day. Perhaps this will take more than several years.

"A clear conscience begins with a poor memory, and unfortunately there is who still need to be reminded that tears are not enough."

Talin Garabedian
ABOUT ARMENOCIDE
AND
AN ARMENIAN

I am sitting at my table, looking at a pocket size calender. A former classmate of mine, sent it to me from Beirut, Lebanon. On one side of the calender, on the background of the word "Armenocide" among other things, the following is written:

70th Anniversary of the Armenian Genocide
Anytime, everywhere, by all means,
We struggle against Turkey for the Armenian Rights.
On the other side, the month April has exclusively red background.
Since my childhood, April 24 has been a special day for me, and probably as for every Armenian living...
anywhere on this world.

Learning about the Armenian Genocide is an ongoing process.

From my childhood to those days I've been learning about it from my family, relatives, teachers, books and periodicals. A week doesn't pass before I find out something more about the Genocide. Learning about the Genocide is analogous to the on-going copying of the survivors of the Genocide (as described in the Autumn 1984 issue of the Armenian Review). And just like the survivors, I have to cope with the effects of the Genocide on me, as an Armenian living in the diaspora.

The small calendar reminds me why I haven't even seen the mountains, the plains and the rivers of Armenia. The land from where my grandparents were driven away; The land where the 1.5 million victims of the atrocities resided; The land where Armenians lived, worked and died for 3000 years.

The little calendar explains to me why I had to grow up in foreign lands, at the same time belonging to a sub-culture.

And then, everytime I read in the papers about an "alleged" Genocide, my emotions override my logic. The word "Genocide" has come to mean a lot of things to me.

I do not consider it a "claim" but a statement that an injustice was done and is being done to a people, and I'm one of them.

Anonymous

**GENOCIDE, OFFENSIVE, and the Counter Offensive**

"There was no genocide committed against the Armenians in the Ottoman Empire before or during WWI. No genocide was planned or ordered by the Ottoman government and no genocide was carried out. Recent scholarly research has discovered that the stories of massacres were in fact largely invented by Armenian nationalist leaders in Paris and London during WWI and spread through the British intelligence." [Assembly of Turkish-American Associations, *setting the Record Straight on Armenian propaganda against Turkey*, Washington D.C., 1982].

In the midst of escalating terrorist activity (forces of Armenian youth demanding their peoples' rights to justice and self-determination), and pressure from the West for Turkey to acknowledge the genocide it perpetrated, Turk revisionist "scholars" resorted once again, (in the above isolated event, widely distributing pamphlets published in Washington, D.C.) to falsify history and continue the ‘Crime of Silence.’

And once again, 2 years later, a Turkish delegation presented its arguments to the Permanent Peoples' Tribunal's session on the Genocide of the Armenians (April 13-16, 1984; Paris, France) continuing its "refutation" of once again, that this "alleged genocide" never took place. The Turks maintained that nothing was systematically executed as regards the Armenian population within Turkey, but that "casualties" are a result of the war effort. They went so far as to claim that a genocide was carried out against the Turk regime.

The results of the Tribunal's findings as well as continuing Turkish propaganda efforts, are nothing or surprising to us. But do those occasionally vocal sympathies for recognition of the Genocide (Read: France's Mitterand, etc.), and the Tribunal's and others such "findings" deal a heavy blow to the Turk regime?

Perhaps, but nonetheless not a crippling blow which the international arena. Foreign powers continue the breath life into the repressive regime, economically "with moral" support, so that the picture of the 20th century "Sick Man of Europe" has not really changed all that much.

Today, Turkish-Armenian groups are continuing their public relations efforts, funneling hundreds of thousands of dollars (nearly 1 million) into U.S. law firms such as Gray and Co., Hilden-Kronlin and other As a result, the pocketbooks of some Americans willing to help them in their efforts to stifle justice and spread Anti-Armenian propaganda are fattening considerably as well.

The already decade-old force of youth returning utilize terrorist tactics in regaining the rights of people not only worked to bring Armenians out of their "slumber" or service-subject-passive mentality, but to them potential actors in the political world. More importantly though, it worked and works to produce panic anxiety and tension to the Turkish government, bringing the to the fore of international attention via mass media coverage. The atrocities they committed and continue commit today in "modern Turkey," not to mention the "White Genocide" of assimilation plaguing Armenia because of the fact that we are scattered throughout the world, far from our homeland. The Turkish government is in one way or another forced to deal with the crimes they have tried to keep hidden in their filthy, vast closet.

And especially this year, on the 70th anniversary of the first Genocide of the 20th century, when survival will meet to exchange with the young generation stories of sorrow and sadness with their silent elders perhaps for the last time in their lives. And one has to wonder what the Turkish "Counter-Offensive" will do up to this year, especially during the programs scheduled to cover a week in Washington, D.C. Whatever it may be they can rest assured that the Armenian "offensive" is undaunted. This is both a physical and "spiritual" offensive. And it will remain so until the just rights of Armenian people have been secured.

Vartush Malevos
FROM GENOCIDE TO ARMED STRUGGLE

1915 1975

1985