

bombarded? How were my wife and daughter coping? I knew the majority of the Turkish population had no friendly feeling toward Armenians, to say the least. That unfriendly feeling had now surfaced. A few times along the way, fleeing Turks stopped our carriages and tried to force our drivers to throw us out and give them the carriages. We were returning to our homes and belongings and they were on the run, leaving everything behind. They saw us as their enemies. "Those people are going to their friends and we are escaping from them," they reasoned, referring to the Russians as our friends and their enemies. That was a deep-seated impression among the Turks, always seeing us as Russophiles. Fortunately, our drivers were honest people. They didn't flinch.

We were on the outskirts of the city when a car stopped. I heard someone shouting, "Doctor, where are you taking those children? The city is on fire, destroyed, blood is flowing." It was Colonel Beglari, the same man who had assured me that morning that nothing was happening.

As we approached Tabriz, we saw no fire or bombs dropping. The city had sunk into an ominous calm. My brother Asatur met me at the city limit and assured me that there was no danger to anyone and the Armenians were calm and cautious.

Our apartment was located on Pahlavi Avenue in the heart of the city. I was advised to move my family to Lilava, the Armenian quarter.³ We moved to Gurgan

3 Lilava is a distorted form of Leiliabad, the name of an Armenian quarter in Tabriz (see chapter 2, footnote 6). Legend has it that a Muslim girl fell in love with an Armenian boy, and in order to escape the fury of her coreligionists, she fled to an Armenian neighborhood which later expanded and was named after the girl.