

He never spoke about the ordeals he went through to anyone but his wife, and the stories he wrote, the profiles he painted of his students, colleagues, and friends, did not reflect the pain he carried all throughout his life. I page through the collection of his writings that were published posthumously in 2006, only insinuations. In his nostalgic reminiscences of his native village, he speaks of the church where, as a little boy, he believed many saints had taken up residence. “The saints are dead now,” he writes, implying the fact that the village was depopulated, massacred, and the saints abandoned and left to die.¹⁷

In his sketchy autobiography, he virtually skips over the years of the Genocide and starts from after the armistice.¹⁸ He avoids writing about these years. When sketching the lives of those he knew and loved, he pauses before the catastrophic years and bridges the future with one word: “The Catastrophe.... In 1919 we found each other never to part again.”¹⁹ In another instance, describing his relatively carefree life as a student, he compares it to his present life—he dates it June 1937—and labels it “a posthumous life, without a smile, without dreams, a life suppressed by the shadow of death.... We carry the scars of old wounds on our face, and a new wound is cut in our hearts, a deadly wound that can’t be

¹⁷ Der Markaryan, “Mankutians orer” (The days of my childhood), in *Ardzagank yev Antsorde* (2006), p. 42.

¹⁸ Idem, from the title story “Antsorde,” in *ibid.*, p. 200.

¹⁹ Idem, from the sketch titled “Dokt. [Dr.] Baghdasar Manuelian,” in *ibid.*, p. 177. Der Markaryan uses the Armenian word *Arhavirk* with capital A to define the events of 1915.