

ALI AKBAR

ARTUSH AND ZAUR
(textbook of conflictology for adults)

If there is a cross in the blood, I watched the reed,
I did not find you, you are just a villain, an Armenian.

Imadeddin Nasimi

Azerbaijan, which inspired me with its existence to write and publish the book,
With deep gratitude to the masses of Armenia and Georgia.

author

MEETING

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*You have made me miserable, O Armenian,
I became an Armenian slave in the way of love.*

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Tbilisi greeted him with a golden autumn and a light wind. Dirty concrete from the fourth car of the Baku-Tbilisi train stepped towards the wide stairs leading to the lower floor. Every time you come to this city, a strange spicy sausage The smell hit his nose. Today, the same smell was mixed with the smell of rainy weather. Similar to Acar khachapuri smoking in small ponds on the platform, unable to decide whether to evaporate in the weak rays of the sun stumps upset. The stumps were reminiscent of white sailing ships that had lost their direction at sea. On the roof of the platform in order The crows scream shamelessly, as if to those who got off the train in the crow dialect of Georgian "Welcome!" - they said. A three-legged dog quickly ran away from Zaur. Apparently, his right hind leg was under the train.

Most of the Karabakh taxi drivers standing on the platform were Azerbaijanis. They are both Georgian, Russian and Azerbaijani For some reason, those who got off the train in Armenian were promised a very cheap and high-quality taxi ride. Conference the organizers did not send a car after him. In fact, Zaur didn't need it. The bag was not heavy- because he slept on the train and fell asleep, a short walk, a spectacle to Tbilissi, which he had not seen for half a year He wanted to make spiritual contact with the city.

He had just stepped on the stairs when the gypsies cut him off and demanded money from him in Azerbaijani. Zaur Nervously, the fifteen-year-old gypsy girl pushed with her hand and said:

- I escaped from Baku at your hands, and here you are cutting me off. Where can I get rid of you ?!

Zaur said these words and began to descend the stairs. At that moment the gypsy girl mocked and from behind an angry voice was heard:

- Get rid of Bayila!

Zaur stopped. He turned and looked at the girl. The girl, seeing how much her words affected the stingy young man, laughed out loud, Zaura was open. Six gypsy girls who looked like him joined him and laughed, pointing to Zaura.

Zaur shook his head in disgust and continued to descend the stairs. Gypsy girl there was something terrible in his words. I wonder what these words mean ?! Is it an offer to go to Bayil? or was he warned that he was leaving? Maybe the gypsy had cursed him ... He didn't understand Zaur. He could not understand. The gypsy girl's words were no different from those of Buddhist monks who had reached nirvana. This is it

he has to ponder over the sentence for days, to understand its meaning. These words are wise, addressed to Zaura it was a riddle. Zaur unequivocally decided that the gypsy girl was a far-sighted and wise being. And the last step after falling, he leaned back again. The gypsy gang was no longer visible. His blood was black.

He went out into the street and looked around. Golden Autumn, in all its splendor and splendor, embraced this ancient city, the sky seemed to cling to the ground. He no longer wanted to walk. He looked to the right and to the left. 10 meters away, yellow. An old, poor man was reading a newspaper in the old 011 Jiguli. Zaur approached the half-open window of the car he said:

- Hello, uncle. How much will you take to the mayor's office?

The man came to life and threw the newspaper next to the gearbox. It was as if he was sure that Zaur would get in his car as, in a confident voice:

"4 lari," he said.

- I still have to spend money ...

"Look, son, do you see the green window on the left in front?"

- Yes.

- You can spend your money there.

Zaur nodded to the old man and hurried to the green window. Challenging the dollar for years and two The Georgian lari, who replaced the president, insisted on maintaining a two-state solution. Zaur in a narrow and awkward pavilion, He handed \$ 100 to a fat, mustachioed, fat Georgian woman who could barely fit in a chair.

dive in," he said. She held the banknote in the sunlight with her thick fingers, then spit on her thumb and counted the lari.

He was counting slowly. Zaur was angry. Finally, he took the money, put it in his pocket without counting, and ran to the car. The back door He opened it, threw his bag on the seat, and sat down in front.

"Let's go," he said.

The old driver tried to start the car in Georgian, but like the driver himself, the old car the engine is whimsical, not in a hurry to obey the owner's orders. The old man, after two or three attempts, suddenly "Allah, Muhammad, or Ali," he said, turning the key again and starting the engine with a characteristic roar. Zaurun his eyes went to his head. Jiguli moved and was taken to the city center. Zaur could not stand:

- Uncle, how do you know this prayer?

- Which prayer, son?

- I say "Allah, Muhammad, or Ali".

The old man laughed, showing his teeth yellowed by cigarette smoke.

- Yes, son, it seems that you are from Baku.

- Yes, I am from Baku.

- This prayer was taught to me by an Azerbaijani. "Before you drive, say these words, do it

It will be avand," he said. Although many years have passed, I still remember this reminder. Every time he has a hard time, he comes to my aid. Earlier

I often went to Kvemo-Kartli. You call that region Borchali. Azerbaijani in the Devil's Market in Tbilisi

fruit sellers used to go home in this veteran car of mine several times a week.

The old driver said this and hit the steering wheel several times with the palm of his hand.

- Now I do not have the strength to travel long distances, nor in my car. We are both old.

Zaur looked at the lazy Georgians who were walking hard along the sidewalk.

- I understand...

- Are you my son? Did you come for a walk in Tbilisi or not? ..

- To participate in the conference.

- What kind of conference is that? Does it belong to Baku-Tbilisi-Ceyhan?

Zaur smiled.

- No, it's not. It is an event related to the conflicts in the South Caucasus.

The old man shook his head and nodded. The watchman looked at Zaura and said:

- May God punish these politicians. Dogs, the people are wandering. With our war, conflict

What can we do with it? All the republics are mixed with each other. We do not like the Soviet era, but even then

things did not happen. Peoples had friendship and brotherhood. And now ... look ...

Saying this, the man extended his hand in an indefinite direction. Zaur carefully to the side where the hand is stretched -

To McDonald's, to the flags of the European Union fluttering in front of office buildings,

looked at boutiques. Perhaps the man held out his hand in such a way that he did not mean anything or anyone. Or so

perhaps he was protesting against Westernization and Americanization. Zaur did not want to clarify this. Just asked:

- But there is no sin in nations, uncle? Is it only the fault of politicians?

The man, unprepared for such a question, looked at Zaura intently. He had never met such a young man.

Everyone who talks about the conflicts in the South Caucasus always agrees with him, and all his acquaintances are the same

swearing at politicians. It was the first time that he blamed not only politicians, but also the people

Azerbaijani, saw.

- There is truth in his words, son. But there is another side to the issue. For example, the Karabakh of Azerbaijanis

What could be wrong with the war? I'm sure you will say, "We were not guilty, the Armenians were guilty."

In fact, you are right, the fault lies with the Armenians. But if we ask an Armenian who is guilty, he will say the opposite.

Maybe not?

Zaur disagreed with the man:

"I wouldn't say we're innocent," he shrugged. There is no such thing as an innocent, flawless human being, and indirectly, a society.

The Karabakh war has reached this level, perhaps due to certain mistakes we made.

But, of course, the first to start were Armenians. First they wanted to unite with Armenia, then they demanded independence

them. The result is obvious. They could not unite as human beings and establish an independent state. They stayed

Zaur couldn't believe his ears. Was he the one who said these words? It's to have a long conversation with a taxi driver was not customary. Now he was trying to speak in simple sentences, turning to profanity. Driver tribe, traders, prostitutes, the police were social groups and professionals he hated. He doesn't communicate with them unless he has to, in a word would be so greedy. Now about the Karabakh conflict with a taxi driver, whom he looked down on he spoke seriously.

The man nodded, pointing to the City Hall three hundred yards away.

- We are reaching. You are an interesting interlocutor, son. Let me tell you something ... - The man seemed to hesitate and speed threw the transmission three. Zaura looked around and continued. - I know better than anyone how many Armenians that idbar nation. They are a gypsy people. Georgians have a scientist, Chavchavadze. It's about Armenians you must read the book he wrote. He beautifully reveals his Armenian character and greed. They still claim Javakheti they do. Where they live for almost a century, they want to master it. Sometimes they succeed.

Zaur smiled. "By cursing Azerbaijanis next to Armenians and Armenians next to Azerbaijanis, It is an old tradition of Georgians to show themselves well," he told the man. But the old driver's next words, Zauru was distracted.

- I am a Yezidi Kurd. I was born and raised in Yerevan. About the beginning of the Karabakh conflict Three years later I moved to Tbilissi (Tbilisi). I wouldn't say it's a paradise, but it's a thousand times better than Armenia. - Man saying these words in front of the mayor's office. - What could be your fault in the Karabakh conflict? Each things did these bastards! And now they are claiming Georgian land. My son, if you give your hand to Armenia, your arm will be torn off. I agree with you, the nations are also to blame. Abkhazians, Ossetians, Georgians, Armenians, as well as you. Amma az- There are many issues though. Not everyone is equally guilty.

Zaur opened the door on the one hand and said on the other:

- Uncle, you should have been invited to our conference. You think like a real conflictologist.

He paid the money and got out of the car. He opened the back door and took his bag. From the open window of the front door to the man "Goodbye," he said, turning his face to the City Hall.

In the small garden in front of the City Hall, neatly arranged bronze benches, trash cans, fountains and the palm trees looked like eyes. This elegant composition was spoiled by only one detail - a pair of artificial, light trees. The entry of these tasteless, ugly trees, which are everywhere in Baku, into Tbilissi (Tbilisi) and the face of this beautiful city change, Zauru regretted.

After watching the City Hall for a few minutes, Freedom Square, he walked down the street. Each Once in Tbilissi (Georgia), he would schedule all his meetings in front of the city hall. He still works at the Caucasus House and call Shota Carbedia, a friend who has to take Zauru to the hotel where he will stay, and invite him to the mayor's office. was. But he was in no hurry to call. It was eleven o'clock in the morning, and probably the poet Shota had been drinking a lot of wine since evening, now also the innocent baby slept alone. Zaur, who did not feel the slightest tiredness, wanted to take a shower. In the bathroom, warm he trembled with pleasure, imagining the moments when he would lie in the water. To make Vusal sweeter, delay this taste a bit he dreamed. Now he wanted to find a cafe to feed himself, and then take a walk in old Tbilissi.

Entering the street to the right of City Hall, he stopped in front of the first cafe he came across, and the giant looked inside the shop windows. The place was more like a McDonald's fast food than a cafe. He pushed open the door and went inside and the first thing that caught his attention was the plastic trays stacked next to the cash register. Self-service cafe- The same system worked here. Go back, go out of your mind, but the cafe

two waitresses standing in the middle like a column and a tall boy standing behind a cash register, maybe an empty cafe Zaura, who was also her first client, stared at him intently, making her undecided. Finally, the "curse of the devil" in his heart - he said, choosing a table by the window; put his bag, laptop and jacket on the seat at the checkout approached. Ordered two hamburgers, a serving of french fries and cola. He paid the bill and one of the girls He took the food he had put in the tray and returned to his table.

This evening, he was ready to speak impromptu and take an active part in the discussions. For the first time at such conferences did not participate, had experience. Also, the topic of his speech was very simple: "The role of NGOs in conflict resolution." The topic was simple, but everyone, including the organizers, knew that NGOs could not be involved in resolving conflicts. does not have a role, can not be, has not been, will not be.

He took a big bite out of the hamburger and took his laptop out of the bag. One of the girls in the cafe approached him Russian:

- Do you seem to be from Baku? he asked.

Zaur looked at the medium-sized, black-eyed girl with interest. She was the girl who had just placed her orders in the tray. Your hair neatly gathered behind. The mini skirt fell slightly above the knee caps. Your face and body her beauty was ruined by the rough, working hands.

- Yes, I am from Baku. How did you know? He asked indifferently, focusing on the monitor. Build a dialogue, he was not interested in talking to anyone.

- My intuition is strong. You know, my aunt also lived in Baku for many years. He was married there.

Having said that, she wiped the already clean table with one or two hands. Zaur's eyes on the monitor separated and watched the girl's excited and meaningless actions. After valuable information about the girl's aunt, something that is, there was a need to answer it somehow.

- What a wonderful. Doesn't he live now?

The girl looked straight into Zaur's eyes. There was emptiness and sadness in those eyes.

- When the Armenians were expelled from Baku, he died by force. She and her Azerbaijani husband went to Krasnodar and from there They moved to Canada.

Zaur bit the hamburger and took a sip of cool cola.

THIS YOU'RE ARMENIAN

THIS WAS NOT A QUESTION, BUT A CONFIRMATION OF THE FACT.

- Yes, I am an Armenian from Tbilisi. You may not believe it, but I have been to Yerevan only twice. This street straight from the bottom of old Tbilisi, Maidan begins. There are baths there. Armenians, Georgians and Azerbaijanis. There are neighborhoods around those baths. My father was fluent in Georgian and Azerbaijani. There in peace for years

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we have lived and live. Cursed be those who start this senseless war. I always come to Baku as a child I wanted to. But this dream was not Chinese. Fate is not ...

Zaur opened the file he needed on the computer. He raised his head again and looked at the girl. He was silent. That the girl hindered him although he understood, he was in no hurry to leave. Zaur had no desire to listen to him or share his memories. From such conversations was damaged. Everyone addresses some amorphous political circles and figures as the culprits of the war blamed, cursed. The clichéd excuses bothered him, and today was the second time he had met such a meaningless interlocutor. faced.

- Can I ask you a word? She said timidly.

- Of course.

- How much are these laptops?

Zaur put the hamburger on the plate and fixed his eyes on the girl's face:

- You're right. There has always been peace and friendship between us. Now what happened, where this war came from, I understand I do not fall.

He finished his sentence and turned his face back to the monitor. He chews his hamburger with appetite and moves his nipples. was reading an e-mail he received last week.

The niece of the Armenian aunt, who fled from Baku, saw that the conversation was not taken, and indifferently said "good morning" - he said and walked away.

Zaur never saw him go. He was already eating his second hamburger.

In Baku, Zaur Jalilov, project coordinator of the Caucasus Center for Peacekeeping Initiatives (CFPP),
The following e-mail was received four days ago, on November 8th.

"Dear friends, colleagues,

As you know, on November 12 at 18.00, Marriott, located at 13 Rustaveli Avenue, Tbilisi.
at the hotel, organized by the Heinrich Boell Foundation of Germany and Azerbaijan-Armenia-Georgia NGOs and the media
with the participation of representatives - "Conflicts in the South Caucasus - prospects for resolution" or "Conflict resolution
A three-day conference on "The role of NGOs" will be held.

...

The guests from the South Caucasus republics will take part in the event:

Regional Cooperation and Globalization Center (RCRC) - Armenia

Caucasus Center for Peacekeeping Initiatives (CCITP) - Azerbaijan

Caucasus House - Georgia

Public Union "No to War" - Georgia

"168 hours" newspaper - Armenia

"Modern Musavat" newspaper - Azerbaijan

"Magnificent Azerbaijan" newspaper - Azerbaijan

Sakartvelo Respublika newspaper - Georgia

"Aykakan Jamanak" newspaper - Armenia

Asaval-dasavali newspaper - Georgia

Alia newspaper - Georgia

Participants are asked to stay in Tbilissi (Georgia) until 18.00 on November 12
Let them stay in the rooms reserved for them at the ATA Hotel, located at 17 Leselidze Street.

Please arrive at the Marriott Hotel, where the conference will be held, on time.

Sincerely,

Ernst Kopf

Director of the Henrich Boell Foundation for the South Caucasus.

QSTM was not registered, but outside the country, especially in a number of European countries

He is well known and has attracted the attention of international donors with his interesting projects. Zaurun has been operating in the ranks for two years

The chairman of this NGO is a veteran of the Karabakh war, who studied for a year in Poland on conflictology.

Akif Tagi was known for his peacekeeping activities in the Caucasus. The organization is regularly visited by France, England, Germany and

It receives financial support from US funds in all of the South Caucasus, except Armenia and Nagorno-Karabakh

on the spot, even separatist regimes such as South Ossetia and Abkhazia, which are conflict zones, ruled

He also implemented projects and prepared reports in unrecognized republics. Zaur is also part of these projects

He has visited South Ossetia and Abkhazia once, and a number of Russian-language newspapers in Azerbaijan

had written articles. The organization did not have a firm position not to visit Nagorno-Karabakh and Armenia.

Even Chairman Akif Tagi himself visited Armenia twice. But other members of the organization, as well as Zaur himself

NGOs and others who are afraid of public criticism, the pressure they will face after returning to their homeland, and the opposite position.

They were afraid of being attacked by the media.

The purpose of the Caucasus Peacekeeping Initiatives Center was known to everyone in Azerbaijan. Organization Mountain

He denies the possibility of a military solution to the Nagorno-Karabakh conflict and says, "The Nagorno-Karabakh conflict is a military solution

It cannot be solved by "at every opportunity. Zaur is also the territory of the Republic of Azerbaijan by military means

The integrity of the Nagorno-Karabakh conflict continued even after the war

thought he would.

Akif Tagi often said: "The Nagorno-Karabakh conflict cannot be resolved by cave principles. That's why

We combine the notion of "Nagorno-Karabakh conflict" with the notion of "occupation of the territory of the Republic of Azerbaijan."

we must be able to distinguish one from the other. The Nagorno-Karabakh conflict is not just a military issue, but a deeper problem. This is it

That is why we, the Armenians of Nagorno-Karabakh - the citizens of the Republic of Azerbaijan - are armed

we must convey to the public the futility of going. Our position is that not Nagorno-Karabakh,

"Armenia and the cave states behind it must be blamed."

Zaur had finished his meal. It was twelve o'clock, and Shota could be called. Turn off your laptop and put it in your bag

put on, and then put on his jacket. He nodded to the people in the cafe and headed for the door.

As soon as he went outside, he saw an internet club across the road. All inscriptions on the big window are in Georgian

It was written, but it was clear from the glass decorated with pictures of computers, mobile and landline phones that

It is both an internet club and a call center. Zaur crossed the road and opened the door of the club. Aquarium-like

He approached the girl sitting in a glass booth and said he wanted to call.

- Do you call on a mobile phone?

- Yes.

- Please tell me the number.

Zaur took out Shota's business card and handed it to the girl:

- Come on.

The girl dialed the number with her fingers as fast as a machine gun, put the support to her ear, and two or three seconds later with her eyes pointing to the end of the hall, he said, "Switch to the second phone." Zaur approached the device shown to him and raised his support. He heard Shota's sleepy, bald voice.

- Hello.

- Shota, it's me, Zaur. I am in Tbilisi.

- Oooo. Zaur, how are you my dear? "Shota came to life a little, and after thinking for a few seconds, he asked, 'It's too late.'

did you call. What time have you been here?

"What's the point, Ashi?" When can you be in town?

- I'll be where you want in half an hour, 45 five minutes. Where are you now?

- I will go down to the old city from the City Hall. Find a cafe there and have coffee with you

I want. Then you take me to the hotel.

- Wait a minute. Are you on Leselidze Street? Ask those out there.

Zaur turned to the girl and asked:

- Excuse me, is this street called Leselidze?

- Yes.

- Thank you ... Do you hear Shota? I'm on the street you say.

- Your hotel is not ATA?

- That's right.

- You are right next to the hotel, you don't know. If you go down a penny and look to the right, you will see the hotel. Get there. Put your bags in and take a shower if you want. Then go to the old city. There is a "Proud Georgian" cafe there, whoever you ask will show. The coffees are excellent. I'll be there in 45 minutes.

Zaur straightened his laptop bag sliding over his shoulder:

"Come quickly," he said. - Or in the morning two people told me about the importance of peace and cursed the war.

My brain is damaged.

Shota laughed rudely and put his support.

Zaur paid the girl a lari 40 tetri bill and took a deep breath, taking the air of Tbilissi (Tbilisi) to his lungs.

filled. There was always a feeling of intimacy and closeness in this city. Tbilisi seemed dear and native to him.

He himself did not understand the reason for this. Maybe if he had lived in this city for a long time, or if he had a Georgian lover, this heat-yin, the reason for love was also understood. But none of this happened. He looked at the girls passing by and smiled: "Georgian darling ... How absurd it sounds ..."

He hurried down the street. He entered the first right turn and, as Shota said, five stories high

read the word "ATA" written in capital letters on the building. He pushed the heavy iron door and went inside. With stairs

He went up to the second floor and opened the door with the word "Reception." The young girl was chatting on the Internet. Seeing Zaur, great gave him the necessary smile with his mouth.

- I hear you.

- My name is Zaur Jalilov. I...

- I understood. Welcome to the conference?

- That's right.

She looked at the papers on the table and said:

- You will stay at number 304. This is the key.

He handed Zaur a black leather swinging key with the number "304" written on it:

- Please give me your passport.

He took the passport, hurriedly copied the information on paper and returned it to Zaur. With a smile:

"You can go up to your room," he said.

- Thank you. Has anyone else come from our team?

The girl looked at the papers again.

- You know, two girls had to come from Azerbaijan. They have not come yet.

- Yes, I know them. They are journalists.

The girl listened and continued:

- But two people have already arrived from Armenia. They are in their rooms. And now we are waiting for someone.

- Is he also from Armenia?

- Yes.

- It's clear. Thank you very much.

The girl opened her big mouth again and laughed:

- Thank you too.

Zaur went up the wide stairs to the third floor. He found the number 304 on the right side of the corridor and opened the door.

The room was in stark contrast to the hotel's appearance and stairwells. Zaur in many countries

he had been on trips and had even forgotten the number of hotels he had stayed in. But this room is the hotel room he has seen so far

was one of the most handsome and comfortable among them. What was missing in the spacious room - a spacious bed, LCD TV, mini bar, dresser with large mirror, desk, comfortable office chair, two in front of the window with a beautiful blue curtain

a soft chair and a small, shallow glass drink table between them. Put the bags on the bed and take a bath

he jumped into his room. Divine what a beauty it was! Large bathroom-jacuzzi with blue tile walls, pearl white

they created an eye-catching harmony.

He wanted to take a shower, but he immediately changed his mind - he didn't have much time. Still old

He had to go to Tbilissi (Georgia) and find the "Proud Georgian" cafe that Shota called. He glanced around the room again and went out into the hallway and the door

connected. He hurried down the stairs, pushed the iron door and threw himself into the coolness of Tbilissi (Tbilisi). embarrassed by the roar of the iron door. He stopped, breathing. He straightened up and walked slowly down his face.

He headed for old Tiflis. Along the way he watches the green trees, the colorful people, his heart would open. He was very happy that Capremont had escaped from the dusty, congested, stinking Baku where he had gone. He was so engrossed in the magic of the surroundings that he did not know when he reached the narrow streets of old Tbilissi.

Old Tbilisi is not only the national architectural treasure of Georgia, but also the oldest part of Tbilisi. Here, There is a collection of very ancient and unique buildings, which are considered the pearl of architecture. Just like Icheri Sheher in Baku, Old Tbilisi, It is divided into many neighborhoods, which consist of amazing narrow streets and roundabouts. Here is the cafe one of the baths mentioned by the Armenian girl. The people of Tbilisi often relax in the baths, especially in the sulfur baths loves.

Zaur never tired of watching these scenes, where history sinks into the walls and time seems to freeze. he was not satisfied. 30 km like a thin strip leaning against the mountains along the banks of the Kura River. This beautiful, ancient stretching in the distance loved the city. Carved wooden balconies, which retain the features of medieval buildings, were further renovated. looked pretty. Remains of Narikala Temple, Stone Anchishati Church, Metexi Church, Zion Church, Shah Rostom's baths, Tbilisi Friday mosque ... There were so many places to see and walk in this Old City. I wish it was time it would have happened.

Going down one of the narrow streets, he asked the Georgian boy about the "Proud Georgian" cafe. It turned out that If Zaur walks straight down the street for fifty meters and turns right, he will see the cafe. Thanks to the boy, from right to left across the street he looked at the line of gift shops and cafes.

After a while, as he was really turning right, Zaur saw a cafe. Great on the yellow sun of the cafe "Proud Georgian" was written in Georgian in blue letters. He opened the door with a bell and went inside. Retrospective paintings adorning the walls of the empty cafe took people to the cheerful Tbilissi of the 1960s. Zaur surprised - unlike traditional Georgian cafes, this cafe has wine on the walls for some reason, the faces of the drink The paintings of the Georgian princes, which were deformed under the influence of the Soviet Union, were not hung. Most surprising of all, it is the paintings did not match the name of the cafe. At this point, her large breasts, which are not typical of Georgian women Playing up and down, a girl stood in front of Zaur.

- Come on. "Welcome," he said in Georgian.

Zaur got a shy face, in Russian:

"I'm sorry, I don't know Georgian," he said. - Is this the "Proud Georgian" cafe?

- Yes.

- I will meet a friend here. We will drink coffee.

Ignoring the girl's shoulders:

"Come and sit down," he said. Where your heart desires.

Zaur chose a round table for two at the bottom of the cafe, in the twilight. The sun's rays of the old city it never seemed to fall on this street. Zaur, who feels that the melancholic atmosphere is slowly getting tired was rolling into inertia. He lazily took off his jacket and hung it on the wall, with a questioning look on his face. came face to face.

- A cup of coffee. Please give me an ashtray.

The girl left again with an indifferent expression, "this minute." It took him half an hour to call Shota. He had to come somewhere. He wanted to take off his shoes, but he wasn't sure his socks would smell. One lit a cigarette. He recalled the conference to be held in the evening. He wasn't excited, but he still had to be careful. Mrs. employees of "Modern Musavat" and "Magnificent Azerbaijan" newspapers he knew he would be transferred to Baku immediately. The bottom of the QSTM was already smoky. Wake up a bit here too - if this side talks, If he does not restrain his peacekeeping, the cave nationalists will make a fuss in Baku, and Akif Tagi and would attack the organization. Zaur sent his daughters to Tbilissi (Georgia), Dilara from "Magnificent Azerbaijan" and "Modern Musavat's correspondent remembered Sevda. He smiled involuntarily when he remembered the latter. "It simply came to our notice then What could be more natural than for an ugly, ugly being to remain a virgin and speak honestly? There is no demand on the ground, what proposal can we talk about? I wonder if he is aware of his ugliness?" He thought.

Here comes the coffee. To a strange young man who smiles as the cigarette smoke comes out of his mouth and nose He looked upside down, placed the cup on the table, and returned to the back of the counter to read a magazine in Georgian. started.

When the door opened and the tall, long-haired Shota entered the cafe, Zaur was already bored. For many years When he saw his friend, he jumped up and approached him with big steps. They kissed and met. Shot a little every time he saw stretched out, increased in height. The poet-inspired Shota opened his mouth wide and shouted:

- Why didn't you tell me in advance, I would meet you at the station!

- What is the need for this? We met. And you already knew I was coming by train today. That's it don't give me that number.

Shota whimpered like a horse:

- Well, that's enough! Do not make me ashamed.

Zaur continued to attack:

- After all, you all sleep at this time. Georgians are very lazy. If not Borchali Azerbaijanis, in the 90s you would starve to death.

The proud Georgian girl took her eyes off the magazine and looked at Zaur angrily. Even a tall Georgian whom he did not know was angry. Because instead of giving a share of this shameless Azerbaijani's mouth, he agreed with him:

- God bless them. Our potatoes, onions, fruits and vegetables come from you. And we in the morning we drink wine in the evening. Let's sit down.

Shota turned to the table and said something to the girl in Georgian. The girl, on the other hand, did not change her expression turned his face and went to the kitchen.

- What did you tell him? - Zaur asked.

- I said that I would like to drink a beautiful coffee from a beautiful girl. Yes, my friend, learn our language now! Fifty times a year You're coming to Georgia, - Shota hung his jacket behind the chair, curled his hair and spread it behind his shoulders. and he continued, glancing, "there are no holes left in Georgia that you haven't entered." You also went to Abkhazia run.

Zaur smiled and lit a cigarette.

- Abkhazia ... By God, it is the most meaningless place in the world. I do not know why you do not give them independence.

Shota shook the table with a thunderous smile.

- So, give freedom to the Armenians of Karabakh!

Taking Zaur seriously:

- My dear, there is already a mistake. In a sense, your bread comes from the Nagorno-Karabakh conflict. You are in it you shouldn't be interested. Here came our coffees.

With indifference to the Georgian hospitality, the girl put the cups on the table and even slapped the customers in the face. returned without looking. Zaur shook his head:

- It seems that I wanted to rape my daughter. He made such a face that ...

He took a sip of Shota coffee, half-jokingly, half-seriously and asked:

- Don't spin the conversation. Why does our bread come from Karabakh?

Zaur looked at Shota in surprise:

- Or are you upset with me?

- What offense? I'm just curious.

- If you haven't heard, it's a popular conversation. Armenians and Azerbaijanis who are parties to the Karabakh conflict always meet in Tbilisi (Georgia). In a sense, Georgia plays the role of a mediator, a bridge. International organizations too They open their offices here, they meet us here with Armenians. That is, the money stays with you. People's diplomacy tourism-you make a lot of money. Now I, too, will spend at least \$ 300-400 in Tbilisi. Still I have gas and oil I'm not saying that the pipelines will pass through Georgia. If it weren't for the war, of course, the route would be 600 kilometers they were shortened, the pipes would pass through a more profitable way - Armenia. And now Baku-Tbilisi-Akhalkalaki-Kars

draw the railway line. However, there is a ready Gyumri-Kars railway. You just need to open it. I mean, Thanks to the Azerbaijani-Armenian conflict, not only the Borchali community, but also international NGOs They have also implemented their projects here and are pouring money into your country. There is no question about coffee, - he said Zaur muttered with pleasure and turned to the girl, "It's great coffee, thank you."

The girl, who had been listening to Zaur's words and chewing on the chain from his hand, hoped for help from Shota. He looked at his compatriot with demanding eyes. If he had a chance, he would answer Zaur himself, but here is a Georgian Because he was a man, the answer to the uneducated Azerbaijani had to be given by a Georgian man, not a girl.

Shota didn't smile. He took one of Zaur's Camel cigarettes and lit it. Smoke

He let go of the ceiling with pleasure, closed his eyes, and began to speak calmly:

- We hit the rest of the children yesterday. We had guests from France. In a restaurant with 5 employees of Qafqaz House we sat until three in the morning. We also talked about your conflict. You are right somewhere. I agree that not only Borchali residents ... Our coffee paxmeli produces bad, right?

- When you say "our coffee", it is Turkish coffee. Have you started to become Armenian?

Shota lowered his mouth:

- Well, that's enough! Turkishness catches the vein?

Zaur put out his cigarette and looked back. Blue shirt with small white flowers, khaki pants, white boots. Small

The big nipples, which are ready to tear a white shirt with flowers at any moment, are also in place. The girl could be a symbol of bad taste.

But it must be admitted that Georgians dress more and more tastefully than men and women, Azerbaijanis. Shota Zaurun

When he saw where he was looking, he said methodically:

- When God created woman, he did not expect such a thing to happen. Are you shot to be?

Zaur looked at Shota with condemning eyes.

- He hears slowly. I'm disgusted. From you too.

- Don't worry ... Our coffee is over. Do you drink again

- No, thank you very much.

- Tell me about your plans now.

- I have to come to my senses at the hotel, change my head and go to a conference at Marriott in the evening. My plans that's it.

- There are also guests from Ossetia. There will also be Abkhazians living in Tbilisi. Who comes from Karabakh?

I wonder?

- I do not know exactly. But Ernst's list did not include anyone from Karabakh. Apparently they are will not stay in our hotel. Anyway, we'll meet them tonight anyway.

"A separatist party is being formed," said Shota, laughing out loud and asking the waitress for an account in Russian.

The girl brought the bill very quickly, as if she had already signed the check and kept it ready. Take a look, without giving Shota Zaura a chance He took the money out of his pocket and put it on the table. They put on their jackets and went outside. Stone of the old city paved, winding streets made their way to the ATA Hotel.

Along the way, Shota spoke about the construction work in the city, Saakashvili's activities, the opposition spoke of incompetence. He felt satisfied with the president. Anyway, because the Golden Rose is in the revolution he was one of those who climbed the barricades. When Saakashvili took the presidency, there were three "rose" youths in Tbilisi They drank wine and had fun in an Ossetian restaurant for three days and nights. At the end of the third day, Shota and his two friends

He was taken to hospital with a diagnosis of poisoning, his stomach was washed.
It was two o'clock when they arrived at the hotel. They agreed to meet in front of the hotel at 5.30 pm and left. Zaur ran to the third floor and opened the door. The mother undressed and began to come naked in the room. Alone, or She also enjoyed walking naked when she was with the person she loved. She hung her clothes neatly on the dresser. All After packing, he went to the bathroom. He filled the tub and immersed himself in the hot water.

He closed his eyes and remembered the people he saw today, one by one. Taxi driver, Tbilisi Armenian girl, Proud single waiter in "Proud Georgian" cafe ...

Zaur began to tap the surface of the water with his hand. Soap bubbles rising into the air are matte glass in the bathroom it shone in the sunlight streaming in through the window. He wanted to go to sleep in the bathroom. Stay in the water, the possibility of drowning made him laugh. He still had more than two hours to meet Shota.

After taking a shower and drying, he lay down on the bed. It wouldn't be bad if he could sleep for two hours to kill time, but he could not sleep. He did not like watching TV, he stayed on Georgian channels. He remembered the book in his bag. He lit a cigarette, opened the book on page 38, and began to read.

The book he read with interest was Andrei Platonov's novel Can. That his fate is not the same as Chagatayev's According to him, Zaur considered himself quite happy.

As agreed, Shota called Zaur's number at 5.30pm. When the phone rings, the book is over He was reading page 61. Shota's cheerful voice was heard:

- Are you coming down?
- Wait five minutes, I'll get dressed. Or get up to the room if you want.
- No, it is not necessary. I will go out and wait for you.

Surprised by Shota's accuracy, Zaur said that he never left the front of the hotel, maybe half past six.

He thought he was waiting for three hours in one of the cafes in front of the road. This possibility that comes to mind he laughed himself. He was hungry, but he wanted to wait until dinner after the conference. Dum- in the mirror looked straight at his stomach. He was willing to starve to stay in shape and protect his body from obesity.

Shota was standing on the side of the road smoking. He raised his head, it was impossible to know where he was looking. Mariott They came to the hotel on foot, talking. When they entered the beautiful hall through the giant doors of the hotel, it was six o'clock ten minutes left.

The event, scheduled for 6 pm in the conference hall on the top floor of the hotel, is typical of Caucasians started with a delay. Participants came and went in front of the hall, some were smoking, some were drinking tea or coffee. Zaur saw the girls from Baku. Walking together like Siamese twins, holding hands, going in and out of the toilet together, for a moment however, they did not separate from each other. Twenty-four years old, medium height, skinny, long nose and hair of the 90s Dilara, who cut a square in accordance with the fashion of the past and was a girl with a poison bottle, said at the event, "Magnificent Azerbaijan "newspaper. His girlfriend Sevda was the face of the "Modern Musavat" newspaper. Twenty-two The young girl, despite her young age, had already been promoted to deputy editor-in-chief. Zaur dry greeted them. He greeted dryly.

Armenian journalists arrived five minutes late. Employee of "168 Saat" newspaper, well-known When publicist Louise Vanyan came in, Ernst Kopf looked at his watch nervously. Zaur approached Louise met. They met last year in Tbilissi (Georgia) at an event of the Helsinki Citizens' Assembly. In short, Louise, with curly hair, gray eyes and a hazel nose, is more depressed and menopausal than an Armenian. she resembled a French feminist who spent her time. He laughed in a hoarse voice and greeted Zaura. They caught the situation. Two stones He said that he wanted to emigrate to Europe and was tired of this meaningless life. Zaur is from the whole Caucasus He told Louise that it was hell and that if he stayed, everyone who was smarter than Baku would be beheaded and run away. bowed.

Journalist Artush Saroyan, who represented Aykakan Jamanak newspaper, turned his face to the window. he smoked and was not interested in what was going on around him. He seemed lonely and indifferent. The boy is quite familiar with Zaura though he came, he could not remember where he had seen him. He wanted to ask Louise, but she was already Georgian colleagues He was probably talking to them about his plans to emigrate. Armenia Regional Cooperation and Globalization The chairman of the center, Stepan Melkonyan, tried to communicate with Azerbaijani girls. Girls Stepan they did not understand. Only one question was read on their faces: "How dare this shameless Armenian, lowly occupier talk to us does it?" Stepan realizes that he can't hear kind words from the girls who look at him with hatred and hug each other. and Ernst approached Kopf.

Shota, who had gathered Georgians, Ossetians and Abkhazians, shouted and tried to prove something to them. One Looking at them for a while, Zaur asked how far he had come from the Georgian-Abkhazian and Georgian-Ossetian conflicts. he realized that he had only a formal interest in these conflicts. He knew Alan Shobrebov from the Ossetian gang in Tskhinvali met. Alan was a war invalid and was now a peacekeeper. When he saw Zaur, he left the group and went to him approached. They hugged.

- How are you Zaur? You're lost. You do not write a letter.
- By God, I do not wake up from work. What is in Tskhinvali and what is not?
- Everything is fine. Did you meet everyone?
- I know some of them. There are also strangers. You don't know who came from Karabakh?

"Of course I know," said Alan Zaura, glancing back and slowly turning his face back.

people stopped. Do you see a man with a big mustache? His name is David Arutunyan. It is Stepankertli. Previously involved in the war He has created his own NGO and has been helping for centuries. I met him once in Yerevan. Stand next to

The young man is a philosophy teacher named Gurchen Agajanyan. He teaches at Stepanakert University.

Zaur shook his head.

- What happened to you? He said. First you take a weapon and kill people without blinking, and then as soon as the war loses its urgency and a ceasefire is signed, you become peaceable. It seems to be in the South Caucasus has become fashionable.

Alan looked at Zaura indignantly. Disagreed:

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- To see the meaninglessness, ugliness and horror of war, you must go through that hell.

Your mouth seems to be in a warm place. If you heard a single bullet, you wouldn't talk like that.

Zaur regretted what he had said. Alan was not a bad person and would not want to hurt him.

- Please do not offend me. I do not doubt your sincerity ...

Alan interrupted him:

- Do not doubt the sincerity of David.

"Do you think I'm the difference between David and you?"

"Won't you?"

- No, I do not. You are all the same to me.

Alan looked at Zaura with suspicion.

- What sense?

- In every sense.

Zaur had just finished when Ernst Kopf's voice was heard. In a rough German accent, Ernst greeted the guests in Russian applied.

- The hours are 18.15. Please, everyone, take your place in the conference hall. We are already 15 minutes late.

For a German, a 15-minute delay was a tragedy. Even he is German, for a long time in the South Caucasus even if it had been erased, it would not have affected his genetic memory.

The participants went to the conference hall and sat down around a huge round table. Each participant Name of the participant, which media or NGO is represented on the folded A4 paper in front of him / her it was written. Pen and notebook were distributed to everyone. Almost all the guests were businesslike and serious. However, they knew how meaningless they were. In addition to representatives of the South Caucasus, looking at Caucasians through the eyes of exotic fruits at the event; who regard their weak, meaningless conflicts as amusement Europeans - representatives of the British, French and German embassies were also present.

Zaur looked carefully at Arthur Saroyan. He has never had a dialogue with anyone, he walks around everyone, he is around Arthur, indifferent to those who gave, ate Zauru with his eyes. It's like remembering something, in the depths of your brain he tried to relive a stuck memory. He was suffering. But Zaur remembered him ... Suddenly he remembered ... I wish I could not remember ...

Suddenly he felt short of breath and lost his ability to judge. Nabeglavi took a sip of water. He thought that he was exposing himself with his excited actions, that everyone was looking at him. However, maintaining his composure No one looked at him except Arthur. On the face of Arthur, a man looking for a solution to a complex equation expression; there was water in his large, speckled eyes. How could you forget those eyes? These eyes have been with Zauru for years on the ground, anbaan followed. And now these eyes were fixed on him here, in Tbilissi. No! This is Arthur, be that Arthur can't! And ... And the surname ... Saroyan ... The eyes are those eyes ...

Arthur had similar thoughts in his mind. This sympathetic representative of the hostile country was not only familiar to him, even native was coming. Wide forehead, black eyes, small nose, not typical of Caucasians, long eyelashes. Artushun There was no interest or excitement in his marble face - just and only a question ... Question, hesitation and doubt ...

Ernst Kopf, director of the Heinrich Boell Foundation for the South Caucasus, once or twice pointed his finger at the front tapping the microphone, he began to speak:

- Dear friends, dear guests. In fact, you are all in your own land, in your own homeland. This is the South It is the Caucasus, and despite all the conflicts and bloody events in history, the Caucasus is your common home continues to remain. That's why it's not you, but me.

There was thunderous applause from the hall. The participants agreed with Ernst. Ernst smiled at the audience He thanked and continued his speech:

- Yes, we are Europeans. And you are all of the European family we have established, the Council of Europe are your members.

The guests interrupted Ernst again with applause. Just this time, separatist regimes Representatives did not join the applause - they had nothing to do with the Council of Europe. Inspired by the applause, Ernst stated resolutely:

- The European Union in recent years, especially Azerbaijan, Armenia and Georgia in the EU's New Neighborhood After joining his policy, he became more active in the South Caucasus! In 2007, the EU Together with the countries of the South Caucasus, the program called the European Neighborhood and Cooperation Tool will begin to develop projects to benefit from. In addition, starting this year, the EU's South Caucasus Ambassador Peter Semneby is also particularly active in resolving the conflict. AB It has also begun to make more political statements about the hotbeds of conflict in the region in recent years. Probably The EU is a tool of the European Neighborhood and Cooperation for various projects related to conflicts in the region to initiate the allocation of funds by the fund. In this regard, South Ossetia and Abkhazia

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Georgia for strong political support from the European Union to help resolve conflicts has demonstrated successful lobbying activities.

After Ernst's words, Alan and Shota, who were sitting next to each other, began to whisper to each other. Ernst told them He did not pay attention and continued his speech.

- In general, the EU's capacity to resolve the conflicts in the South Caucasus is growing. But This does not mean that the EU is militarizing rather than assisting through the implementation of political statements and projects will use force. I believe that the best EU assistance to the Nagorno-Karabakh conflict is its OSCE. would be a member of the Minsk Group. However, I am not authorized to solve these issues, only on my own I express my wishes.

To resolve the conflicts in the South Caucasus, all parties must sit at the negotiating table and it is difficult they must be ready to compromise. Look, we are here today, talking to each other for about two hours, talking to each other we will get to know each other better. Starting tomorrow, we will hold our conference for two days. Armenian, Georgian, Abkhazian, Ossetian, Azerbaijani - today we are all together, but pay attention, there are no problems between these peoples no matter how kind and generous they are to each other. So, if conditions are created, they are at peace they are also ready to live with each other. For two days we, as civilized people, will express our problems, we will openly discuss what is in our hearts.

There is a great need for trust and interaction between the parties to the conflict. All South Opportunities for refugees and IDPs in the Caucasus to return voluntarily to their pre-war homes must be created. Both sides must believe that there is more to conflict resolution than war will benefit, especially in the field of economic development and trade. If the South Caucasus region as an economic zone If it operates, then more foreign investors will be interested in working in the region. The main thing is three The governments of the republic and the unrecognized republics quickly militarized their citizens in conflicts do not promise to solve it by the way!

The Azerbaijani journalists laughed sarcastically and shook their heads. Ernst looked at them.

- Do you have a word to say? If so, join.

Dilara Manafli from the "Magnificent Azerbaijan" newspaper began to speak in ruined Russian:

- Of course, we support a peaceful solution to the conflict. But if this is not possible, by military means we are able to liberate our lands. That is, we are ready to fight if necessary. Armenia sent its occupying army to the mountains There can be no economic cooperation unless we withdraw from Karabakh and liberate our lands.

David looked at the girls sarcastically, half-loudly:

- We really needed your economic cooperation ...

Ernst intervened, realizing that he could lose control.

- Please, do not throw remarks. As the moderator of this event, I am the media in conflict resolution and demand that the role of NGOs be discussed and not go beyond the framework. And now, I would like everyone one of you talk about the history of your conflict, the cause-and-effect relationship. From the first day of the war to the present day Let's discuss the processes that have taken place so far. Share with us what you lost and what you gained. I would like to Zaur Jalilov, a representative of the Caucasus Center for Peacekeeping Initiatives, should start first. - Ernst laughed and added - simply because the Nagorno-Karabakh conflict has caused losses not only in the region, but also in the entire USSR It was the first ethnic conflict on a large scale. Please, Mr. Jalilov.

Zaur took a sip of water, thanked Ernst Kopf, greeted the guests and began:

- As Mr. Kopf noted, Armenia gained independence immediately after the collapse of the USSR The Republic supports terrorism at the state level, making terrorism one of the main tools of aggressive policy turned. But I would like to bring to your attention that the Nagorno-Karabakh conflict did not take place after the collapse of the USSR. started three years ago. As for Armenia's support for terrorism at the state level, there are many about it There are facts, court materials. Terrorist acts against the civilian population of Azerbaijan by the Armenian government funded by, was carried out by the special services of this country.

Armenia, in fact, started an open and unjust war against Azerbaijan. Armenian military units violated the borders of Azerbaijan, entered Karabakh and with the Armenian separatists of Nagorno-Karabakh united and began to occupy Azerbaijani lands. Armenia and Nagorno-Karabakh of the USSR Armed Forces Parts located in the Autonomous Region also joined them.

Arthur, who had been listening to Zaura with a slight smile on his face, suddenly interrupted him:

- The Armenians of Nagorno-Karabakh simply wanted to be independent and free. It was their right, and it is their right now fees. Today, what can an Armenian expect from Azerbaijan, which violates the rights of its citizens and Turks can you You would have destroyed the Armenians already. You raised weapons against the Armenians of Nagorno-Karabakh. So you own you broke your citizens.

Ernst interrupted him nervously.

- Mr. Saroyan, I said that replicas are forbidden. I invite you to discipline.

Zaur took the floor:

- Mr. Kopf, I do not object. Arthur can speak. It is also interesting for me.

Ernst reluctantly agreed:

- But I ask the participants not to make it a tradition. Please, Mr. Saroyan.

Arthur smiled and said:

- Thank you. So far so good. Let Zaur continue.

Zaur said "thank you" and continued his speech:

- The claims of the Armenians against the Azerbaijani lands, including Nagorno-Karabakh, are "Great Armenia was part of its "strategic plans to create" what they called Western Armenia. They also claim the east of Turkey. This is already a pathology. Throughout history, Armenians, remaining faithful to their "traditions", they have always struggled to implement this plan as soon as the conditions are right. In the USSR in 1985 with the coming to power of the pro-Armenian Gorbachev, the Armenian separatists became more active. Therefore, the conflict is not a conflict between us and Nagorno-Karabakh. Because we do not recognize such a subject. This is the war between Azerbaijan and Armenia.

Zaura was thanked in the eyes of Dilara and Sevda. They are such a harsh statement from Akif Tagi's man they did not wait. Ernst raised his hand and said:

- Mr. Jalilov, it is enough to listen to your words to see the scale of this problem, the conflict is. You are still a representative of an organization known for its peacekeeping activities. Anyone with such harsh words he could say. But shouldn't a peacekeeper be different from an ordinary citizen and have an enlightenment mission?

The separatists in the hall burst out laughing. An expression of support for Zaura on the faces of Shota and other Georgians was read. Arthur did not lose his composure and indifference.

"I understand you, Mr. Kopf," said Zaur. But you yourself are the cause and effect of the history of our conflicts. You wanted us to talk about the relationship. I also take a tour of history. Armenian and Karabakh guests are needed if they know, they will correct my words. Agreed?

Ernst closed his eyes and raised his head to the ceiling.

- Well, come on.

- I would like to draw your attention to the Khojaly tragedy that took place on the night of February 25-26, 1992. That night the most tragic event in modern history took place. Armenian military units are the 366th motorized shooter of Russia in Khojaly together with the soldiers of the regiment committed a terrible genocide against Azerbaijanis.

You are talking about European values and laws. That an unjust war was waged against Azerbaijan, the United Nations that its territorial integrity has been violated and that its lands have been occupied by Armenians. He also approved the organization. UN Security Council calls on Armenian armed forces to occupy Azerbaijani territories. It adopted 4 resolutions on leaving. However, the Armenian occupiers still do not implement these resolutions.

But we accept that the potential for peace is not yet exhausted, that we must work hard for peace. Thank you. You know, Azerbaijan is a small, ethnic country in the Caucasus, in fact, a citizen created the concept of a unique national unity - Azerbaijanism. Azerbaijan has never does not go to his peers with a gun. We believe that the people of Azerbaijan want peace in the Nagorno-Karabakh conflict should solve by. We have the opportunity to do so. The Azerbaijani people are not a nation created by ethnic nationalists. The Azerbaijani people are a nation formed on the basis of national unity created by great Azerbaijanis. Every ethnicity there. There is a place for the group - Russian, Jewish, Talysh, Armenian, Lezgi ...

David laughed and interrupted.

- But the Armenians of Karabakh do not want to see themselves on this list, they do not want to be citizens of Azerbaijan. You need to understand this once and for all! The people of Karabakh have the right to determine their own destiny ...

- If they do not want, then they can go to any country. For example, Armenia. Karabakh is a part of Azerbaijan is part of. Of course, every nation has the right to determine its own destiny, but remember that Armenians have this right and created a state called the Republic of Armenia. So, those who do not like Azerbaijani citizenship any Armenian can move to a country founded by his people.

Zaur, who saw the Georgian eyebrows beginning to reach when he said his last sentences, did not spend them at all. The heads of Abkhazia and Ossetia, who are slowly moving up and down in the sense of consent, also proved it was doing. But the long-held view of how meaningless these conferences are is based on this idea convinced not to worry about.

Ernst took a sip of water and said:

- I think that if the football teams of your countries play in Azerbaijan and Armenia, it will be will create a basis for the rapprochement of your peoples.

Arthur pursed his lips.

- You think like a real European. It is not difficult to understand you. But keep in mind that sports in our countries has never been accepted as a symbol of peace. It can not be.

Zaur also took the floor:

- We have more than a million refugees and IDPs. Parents, brothers, mothers and sisters of some of the refugees was killed by Armenians. Give no guarantee when holding such a mass event in front of their eyes. We do not know whether anyone will enter the field and hit or beat the Armenian footballers. 20 of our lands. We cannot raise the flag and sing the anthem of a country that has occupied a percentage. This is our firm opinion. We do not agree that the match between our national teams should be held in Baku or Yerevan. Azerbaijan to UEFA stated his position. Games can only be played on a neutral field.

Arthur interrupted him. He spoke calmly:

- You are a representative of an NGO, Mr. Jalilov. Your lexicon is from the lexicon of politicians and ordinary citizens should be different. I completely agree with Mr. Kopf. We are talking about civil society, peacekeeping we talk, and then we attack each other with mutual accusations. This is not a knightly arena. My colleague I know what is behind Zaur's accusatory speeches - what could happen in Baku afraid. I wouldn't want him to have a problem either. Therefore, I ask everyone to understand it.

"Magnificent" Dilara replied to Arthur:

Azerbaijan is not Armenia to beat and kill dissidents there. Yours being shot anyway

You have a parliament, not ours.
- Did we Armenians kill Elmar Huseynov?

At that moment, Nino Dumbadze, a correspondent for the Asaval-Dasavali newspaper, shouted:

- It seems that today we will listen only to the problems of Armenia and Azerbaijan. Note that here

There are other issues to be discussed.

Gurgen Agajanyan interrupted Nino and protested:

- Zaur and Dilara talk about aggression and occupation. Which occupation? The people of Karabakh remain part of Azerbaijan did not want to and decided to leave. Azerbaijan did not want to allow it. They were forced to take up arms they answered with a gun. What could be more natural? Now we are talking about the culture of living together. we

How can we live with these people? Understand their attitude towards the Armenians of Karabakh

To fall, it is enough to look at the crusaders destroyed in Gazakh region, Nakhchivan, our ancient churches.

Historical architectural monuments belonging to Armenians are systematically destroyed in Azerbaijan. He erased the Armenian trace everywhere they want to shoot and they succeed. I am talking about the destruction of the Church of St. Sarkis in Gazakh. Ora

located in the area near the border. If we take into account that vandals do this using technology, then so be it

that this is deliberate vandalism at the hands of the state. The Gazakh district executive power is said to be unaware of this he says. St. Sarkis Church has a great historical and architectural significance. This is the Taush region of ancient Armenia.

is one of the oldest monuments of It was built in 1163.

Sevda from "Modern Musavat" jumped up:

- Know what you're talking about! Peacock no peacock! This city is an ancient Turkic land and I am from Tovuz.

It never belonged to Armenians!

Unaware of this, Zauri made the first argument that came to mind:

- I do not know anything about it. But even if there is a church in that area, it is most likely an Albanian church.

There are no Armenian monuments in Azerbaijan.

Arthur laughed:

- Since the sixties, you have been trying to describe the Church of St. Sarkis as an Albanian monument, - he said. Let's talk with logic; After the VII-VIII centuries, when the Arab Caliphate set foot in the Caucasus, a state called Albania, The existence of the so-called Albanian people has come to an end. A nation that embraced Islam en masse suddenly, five centuries later, Why should a flea think of building a church? With such thoughts, he allegedly hides the fact that Armenians live in these lands will you know So if it is an Albanian church, not an Armenian one, why do Azerbaijanis demolish it? In Nakhchivan, They also destroyed the crusaders in Juga. There are photos and videos confirming this. The Azerbaijani government does not allow international experts to enter.

Stepan corrected:

- Not the Azerbaijani government, but Azerbaijani oil. If there was no oil, the experts would go where they want they could.

Dilara joined the conversation:

- First of all, if there is barbarism in Shusha and various parts of Karabakh, even now you call Armenia ancient You have also destroyed our monuments in Western Azerbaijan, the Turkic-Oghuz land. If you started first, who else If we get into the argument that it has destroyed a lot, you will probably lose.

Gurgen smiled:

- Madam, who do you mean by "we" and "you"? What kind of Azerbaijani monument should be in Armenia? can you After all, the state called Azerbaijan was in 1918, and the so-called Azerbaijani people in the 30s of the 20th century created ...

Zaur approached the problem from another angle:

- As for the international experts who could not enter Nakhchivan, I would like to say that we are not in Nakhchivan we can not enter. Do you know who Vasif Talibov is? [u](#) he wants us all, look, here in Tbilissi (Tbilisi) in the center, along with the hotel.

There was a big laugh in the hall. Against the background of people smiling, kneeling and paying attention to each other The two pairs of looking eyes, the two serious faces never smiling, looked very mysterious and amazing. Most of the faces of Zaur and Arthur not even a small statement was read. It was not known what they were thinking. They were looking at each other ... As if they were looking at each other again they tried to get to know each other ...

After a 15-minute coffee break where Zaur and Artush did not approach each other and did not stop talking, given to Ossetians and Abkhazians. They are also free, because they have the right to determine their own destiny They talked a lot and caught Georgia. Although Aggressive Shota tried to interrupt them, after the recent massacre sane Ernst did not allow him. In the meantime, Karabakh Armenians to support the Ossetian and Abkhazian "brothers" they wanted. Ernst prevented them too. Amalli's head was red and sweaty. God knows in his heart, he said, "With these monkeys to those who forced them to work. "

The world was confused and the sect had disappeared. Only Arthur and Zaur kept their cool. Nothing to them did not care. They heard nothing and no one. They were offended, as if frozen. It was good no one paid attention to them. One ... Except for Shota.

Shota has long been watching his Azerbaijani friend with his Armenian counterpart. What happened he didn't understand, but he would love to unravel this mystery.

The event ended at 20.10 in the evening. Ernst invited the guests to the restaurant of the Marriott Hotel and ran to the toilet himself. Stepping in from the edge of the restaurant, Zaur only felt hungry now. The hamburger he ate in the morning he was on top and worms were howling in his stomach. The restaurant is dominated by a home atmosphere, the wedding palaces in Baku it was like the small halls in most of them - selfish and intimate. Here is a large buffet that combines 4 tables they opened. Different alcoholic and non-alcoholic drinks on the round tables on the right and left, and near the windows

was lined up
Zaur approached the window, filling his plate with pieces of meat, chicken, and cheese that had been thrown into the trash. Here, too, he added orange juice to vodka and began to eat while watching Freedom Square. Shota, meanwhile, from the toilet was talking to the returning Ernst. Then David joined them. Dilara and Sevda finally find a language with an Armenian. they were. He was talking to Louise, and they were even smiling. Silence from beginning to end during speeches, Louise, who did not get involved in the controversy, probably won the sympathy of the girls. Arthur, who was talking to Alan, was in the middle he was staring at a Zaura. They often came face to face. Zaur finished his meal and drink and returned to the buffet approached. This time he filled the jar halfway and made himself an orange-vodka cocktail. returned to his place on the edge. In a place where you can chew roasted meat in a hurry, in the native language from behind He sighed when he heard the word "hello." He turned around at lightning speed and looked back.

Arthur's eyes were smiling. Her lips were pressed together. Rubbing the beer glass he held with both hands again:

"Hello," he said

"Hello," said Zaur hesitantly. He put the glass by the window and held out his hand to Arthur. He also took her hand squeezed. The inside of his palm was soft and warm. Arthur added a careless expression to his face and asked in Russian:

- Are you from Baku?

They both understood the absurdity of this question. Zaur smiled:

"No, I'm from Nakhchivan," he said.

Arthur laughed heartily.

- Excellent ... Then you don't seem to know me ...

Zaur lowered his head. Of course he knew. I wish he was as brave and confident as Arthur. A place of doubt was not left. It was him. That Arthur. That man. Brands, albums, first cigarettes, first ...

He raised his head and looked straight into her eyes. They stared in silence for a long time. These views are the answer to Arthur was. Shota walked away from Ernst and David, looking at them with a glass of wine in his hand. He had no idea what they were talking about. To be honest, they never talked. But they were watching. Shota was dull. What is the sincerity between the two eternal enemies? could it be? Or was it no sincerity at all? Was it more? ..

Unaware of a pair of eyes fixed on them, Zarula wondered who would be the first to break Arthur's silence. Finally Arthur he said.

¶ Vasif Talibov - a superhuman, metaphysical being in contact with cosmic forces, inspired by the sky. To the Nakhchivan Autonomous Republic is headed.

- In any case, there are many topics to be discussed.

- Yes.

- So?

- Here?

Arthur looked around. Shota rolled his eyes when he saw her turn back. Zaura returned again:

- Do you stay at ATA hotel?

- Aha.

- Me too...

- I know.

- Won't you object if I come to you?

- ...

- If you don't want to ...

- No, no ... Of course you can come ... When?

- I'm leaving now. You come to the hotel after half an hour. Can they?

- Yes ... I need to talk to Shota for a while ... Then, with our girls ... How can I explain to them that I'm leaving soon?

- My head hurts, you say I'm tired. I don't think there will be a problem. How many rooms are you in?

- 304.

- See you.

- Well ... Arthur.

Zaur was smoking and cleaning his room. Nervous and tense.

When the clock struck nine, he said to himself, "There will be a knock at the door." "I will open the door for him," he said I will see. Smooth shaved face, big eyes, pearly teeth. He will smile and open flowers on his face. He will bend his neck a little and extend his hand to me. We will hug ... Not at the door. After closing the door firmly- ra ... "

Zaur grabbed the wall for fear of fainting from the lust that hit his brain. "Where have you been ... Where ..."

There is a knock at the door. Slowly knocking on the door, the guest demanded. He was very demanding.

He straightened up and hurriedly put his cigarette in the ashtray. He picked up the scent of Ultraviolet on the table sprinkled on it, ran to the door.

He opened it.

He passed the root.

Wrangler jeans that swell body lines down to the smallest detail, Heavy Metal written dark green T-shirt, pinty hair combed back ... God, what a terrible, dangerous energy! What a power it is so?! What do I see, what is the number?!

Arthur slowly went inside and closed the door. Zaura held out the bottle in her hand.

- Five-star Ararat. In honor of our meeting.
- Arthur ... I ...
He looked at Zaur's cheek.
- I am no less excited than you. I force myself.

What is love? What is this beauty if this event is not touched or seen? Or life to us is the most beautiful surprise he has prepared? Is he the conqueror of our hearts? Suddenly he attacked us and took control of us is the force? Why compose long sentences to express love? Everyone understands him. His language is one - it knows no borders, no nation, no race, no enemy. When will he come, when will he leave our collar unknown.

If life is an old lie, the only truth in so many lies is love. Apparently what as elegant and beautiful as it is, it is in fact so harsh and ruthless. It is the shining sun, the most starry on earth is close. It is as bitter as poison and as sweet as honey. You need to be afraid of both bitterness and sweetness. Blind love. It is a fog rising from the burning "sighs" into the sky.

Right now, tears are flowing from the ATA hotel to the heavens, tears are flowing love. Meaningless war Love is the curse and rebellion of the two lovers. Going through all the obstacles, the fire, he said, "I loved you,

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I love you, I will love you. "Love is a song that flows from the tongues of lovers. Homosexual As for love, the Anglo-American writer Christopher Isherwood, still sexual at the heart of the sexual orientation. he said that it was not feelings, but romantic feelings. If a man is really blue, a man is deep able to love. And this love is a higher and higher feeling than having sex with that man.

From the filth of the past years, months, days, from the propaganda they have been exposed to, from the evil eyes, they had to be cleansed to escape the condemnation of the years. In a pearl white bath, under warm water they hugged each other. Drops trembled on Arthur's lashes. Unable to break the offense of his black eyes Zaur hugged his girlfriend tightly. It was as if he was afraid to leave again. Arthur helped her undress did. He took off Zaur's shirt and threw it on the ground, bent down and touched his nipples lightly with his tongue. Electric the waves hid Zaur's body. The cruel Armenian, stroking Zaur's body, slowly knelt down, began to kiss the rising castle under the fog. Zaur also grabbed him by the head and helped and stimulated him.

The castle was ready to explode. Zaur took her by the arms and lifted her to her feet, clinging to her lips. Armenian athletics on her body, the drops looked like rubies. Zaur was jealous of her. Arthur, tearing his lips spread fragrant shower gel on his body. Arthur came to tickle, laughed with a cingulate. Suddenly he became serious. He bent his neck Zaura looked up. The suggestion "take me" was read in these eyes. Then he leaned his hands on the white cafe and watched Zaur's dreams for years opened the magical door that adorns and envelops his heart. Zaur entered the door trembling.

- Ahh.

These sighs, the most beautiful song ever heard by both of them, the most magnificent anthem, the reunion of two lovers was a spontaneously composed symphony in his honor.

The symphony was now playing at the ATA Hotel.

...

Two young men came out of the bathroom, hugging and kissing each other. they looked like mummies. They lay down on the bed and gasped. They were silent for a while. Suddenly Arthur began to laugh. He laughed quietly at first, then flashed like lightning.

Zauru also laughed. Surprised:

- What happened to you? He asked.

- Do you know what came to my mind?

- Yes?

- I thought that when Zaur attacked me, he was probably taking revenge on Karabakh.

Zaur stopped laughing. He looked carefully at his lover's face. Arthur's big eyes, long eyelashes, plump it was as if he was looking for an answer to the question that bothered him.

- Do you really think so? - He was offended.

Arthur laughed again and shook his head.

- Never! What are you talking about I'm joking. There was such a song in Azerbaijan, maybe you will remember?

Don't try your boyfriend,

Do not condemn if you try.

I'll be back,

Come to my mother.

Zaur was impressed by the fact that an Armenian who left Baku as a child still remembers this bayat. His eyes filled. But now was not the place for sentimentality. To make the conversation a joke, he said:

- Don't worry, Arthur. You will never be my mother's bride. In general, we are our mothers yellow did not bring good luck. We will not be lucky to bride them on hand. If only we had brothers, they would not let our mothers down. "He thought for a moment and added," but you don't know him either. Maybe our brothers if they had, they would have been like us.

Arthur stood up and protested sternly:

- I hate that word! Azerbaijani children in the neighborhood always insulted me by calling me a pickpocket.

Zaur closed his eyes and said wearily:

"Whether you hate it or not, our name is a scapegoat," he said. - Do not understand this as an insult.

Arthur put his head on Zaur's chest, as if admitting his helplessness in the face of this argument. The navel

began to caress the rare, delicate hairs growing around.
- Well, let me tell you ...

Zaur closed his eyes and stroked Arthur's hair with his right hand.

- Zaur ...

- Yes my dear.

- Have you been to Karabakh?

- I've been. Don't you remember, I went to Shusha at 88? In class, Samad Faigovich asked me about Karabakh for us

When he asked about the importance, I told him about going to Shusha.

- I first went there with my father three years ago. A friend from Stepanakert was getting married to his son. Two in Stepanakert
We stayed for a day and then went to Shusha. There are still traces of war in Shusha ... People are terrified at night ... Zaur.

- I hear.

- Is this city very dear to you?

- Of course ... Shusha is considered the cradle of Azerbaijani culture. The art of mugam reached its peak there. Nightingale, Jabbar
Geniuses like Qaryagdi oglu, Seyid Shushinsky; Facts such as the murder of Gajar confirm this. If the city of Shusha
If there were Armenians, at least one of them would sing mugham.

Arthur raised his head and politely protested to Zaura:

- Unlike the conjuncture historians like Ziya Bunyatov, who call all our churches Albanian churches.

what is? It follows from your words that almost from the very beginning of the world, in the territory of today's Azerbaijan
Azerbaijanis, or more precisely, Turks and Tatars lived there. This is a white lie. After all, Azerbaijanis are not avant-garde! To you
Stalin named the Azerbaijani. You have to thank him.

Zaur smiled and grabbed him by the neck and pulled him yellow:

- When you get angry, you are very beautiful. You are Armenian, you are Armenian. You say what you say. Let them put it in your car, -
he said and kissed Arthur firmly on the lips.

- The great friend of Azerbaijan, the late Tur Heyerdahl, said, "Humanity came from apes.
Norwegians are Azerbaijanis. And you tell me about autochthony.

Arthur quickly hugged Zaur, stretched himself on his back and pulled his girlfriend to him.

- If I were a real Armenian, what was wrong with me here? What was I walking in the arms of an enemy like you? So are you
You are not Azerbaijani. In fact, you were right ... We do not have a nation ... No, I am wrong. One of us
We have a nation, and it is the receiver.

As the morning sun peeked out of the hotel room window, he was embarrassed to meet the tired, naked bodies of the two young men.

The crushed bed cover was wet with sweat. Arthur did not like the morning, because he was indifferent in the morning. He kissed Zaur on the cheek.

Zaur beat his eyelashes like a child. Arthur looked strange, as if trying to figure out where he was

filtered. He wrinkled his forehead so sweetly and so funny that it looked like the most innocent baby in the world.

beautiful being passed to kiss again. He leaned over again and kissed Zaur on the lips. This kiss made him

enough to bring. Arthur did not stop. Zaur bit his nipple, kissed his eyes, forehead, nipples,

his tongue touched his throat and slid to his navel. Zaur sighed lightly and folded his knees.

- What is this?!

Arthur's eyes were annoyed by the small drops of blood on the white blanket. Zaur shook his head when he saw that he had lost himself
like people with nausea and colds, with a cut voice:

"You hurt me a lot last night," he said. - I have never felt such pain in my life.

Arthur "What are you talking about ?!" he said, bending over her body. He began to kiss every inch of her body often. Kiss,

On the other hand, he apologized: "I'm sorry, my dear. Forgive me "... Now in the world more cruel, more sinful than himself,

there was no more cruel man. When he saw Zaur's peaches at night, he could not help but cry. Eye

his tears were dripping on the tip of his battle-ready dagger. He put his dagger, soaked in tears, into Zaur's scabbard

had dropped. He was sorry now. "Why didn't I use Vaseline or cream?" Why this rudeness?

Tears are sublime, the juice of the heart, but they cannot replace the cream. He can't give! " Want to scream

yirdi. "Divine, where does this love that encompasses my whole self come from !? How this endless love

Does it fit into the confines of my narrow universe? "

He began to cry again. Zaur did not calm him down. If she cries, then she needs it, you can't stop her.

He only stroked his head and neck and did not listen. He knew that crying comforted not only women but also gays.

...

I wonder how old he was when he first saw this forbidden thing? .. Those years seem to be long gone today.

However, not even twenty years have passed. One hot day in Baku, at Artush's house, his parents are at work

When they were, the two children tasted forbidden love. The keys were baby, and so were the holes in the locks. They played the game

they believed. It all started with this unconventional game. Two little members of two hostile nations, a baby

They united their bodies and challenged "I'm coming!" to discord, hatred, enmity, war ...

Those who did not want to be enemies and did not know what enmity was were not given the right to choose. Judgment is heavy
was - separation!

But what could they have to do with this discord? Land claims, weapons, bloodshed - far from them.

Very far.

RETROSPECTIVE

*I did not see any fairy or man in this picture,
Are you a paradise or an Armenian?*

Baku.

Although it is an Asian city, it is the capital of Azerbaijan, which opened its heart to Europe. Ancient located on the shores of the Caspian Sea and a beautiful city. A land of fire for people who embody the values of Asia and Europe. Baku's magic brother-the air lives forever in the memory of those who once saw this city. Those who were born and raised in this land are without this city. They can't live at all ... Therefore, regardless of nationality, Baku is the home of all - Russians, Armenians, Jews, It was a city of Azerbaijanis, Georgians, black students from Africa, selfish people of all nations.

At the beginning of the century, Baku attracted different nations with its oil, which has a special place on the world map is a city. In 1847, the first mechanical well was drilled in the Bibiheybat area of Baku. Most people in the world do not know that it is shown. It was after this that the inflow of foreign capital into the Baku oil industry began. landed. If in 1879 there were 9 drilling rigs in Baku, in 1900 their number reached 1710. Baku oil is the world came out on a scale. Along with the oil industry, other industries began to develop in Baku; mechanical plants, workshops, tobacco factories, and steam-powered mills were established. New banks, trade and industry companies opened.

Magnificent historical monuments such as the Palace of Shirvanshahs in Baku, the walls of the Old City with oriental patterns decorated houses, buildings created by famous architects in the Gothic, Baroque and Rococo styles; both Flemish, there are also buildings built in the Mauritanian style. Baku, narrow streets and balconies of the Old City dilapidated houses, as well as Baku Bay, lit by ships and the Seaside Boulevard at night, as an amphitheater. It is a city formed by wide avenues surrounded by a circle.

There is a moral category in Azerbaijan included in the "Red Book" - Baku people! Many of them today. Although scattered around the world, they remain Baku. Baku, two like East and West. It is a nation with a unique culture, formed by a mixture of huge and completely different geographies. Yes, you read that wrong - it is the nation! There is even a song by Baku residents: "There is such a nation of Baku residents they say. Another sentence that is not lost on the people of Baku is: "Baku, it is Baku in Africa as well."

Selfish Baku - nationality, religion, color of hair, eyes and skin, as well as current. It is a union of all people who love their hometown, regardless of their place of residence.

There was a time when the inhabitants of this city lived without sorrow, joy and kindness, a thousand and one to celebrate every day they would make excuses. Baku people love their national cuisine, prepare delicious pastries, sweets, national they joked and formed mixed families. While raising glasses full of wine at weddings, he proudly said, "Long live Baku and Baku people! .. "they would say.

He is of Jewish descent and lives in the Republic of South Africa in the Russian-language Echo newspaper recently published in Baku. A letter from a Baku resident was published. He wrote with heartache: "When I was asked how I came to Africa, I shrug. If you do not live in your homeland, Baku, where do you live - what difference does it make ?! In fact, I have built a comfortable life for myself in Africa. I have a wonderful family, a successful business, comfortable living conditions. What else does a person need to live without grief in old age? Let's say that tears often flow to my cheeks at night. I wake up from the heat: my lonely heart, longing for the Baku sun, the Baku sea, cries ... We, the people of Baku, often here see you. Even when we slapped our wives at home, in Azerbaijani: "Oh wife, talk less!" we say. Look we drink to the health of the nation. However, we do not touch our glasses, as in a dead place. Because we know ... We know that Baku nation will not be created again. He is long dead! "

You can hear these words from a former Baku resident of any race who moved from Baku. Indeed it is people, jealous guardians of Baku traditions, loyal carriers of unique Baku folklore ...

While visiting Baku, the guests were shown the films "Amphibian-Man" and "Diamond Hand". proudly shows places, quotes from these films. The guests coming to Baku, in turn, are Baku residents. They say that they are very hospitable and salt-and-bread people. "Once you fall into the hands of the people of Baku, so do you. They will feed and fatten you so that even your mother will not know you "- these words of the guests returning from Baku. It has become a habit to tell relatives and friends. If you really visited a Baku family, know that it is here you may go hungry for a few days after eating. The secret of Baku's uniqueness is simple - they are the sea. The smell of waves, oil and fragrant fruits, the glamorous scent of the city they reach.

Nargiz cafe in Baku is also the subject of a separate conversation. Here is a scene from the movie "Amphibian Man" was drawn. This cafe with a "blind" type roof was built in 1961 from patterned metal and wooden structures. In the center of the cafe there was a small hall with a kitchen, buffet and glass pavilion with tables for customers, on the left and an open pavilion selling cocktails, ice cream and various fruit juices and carbonated drinks. Just this pavilion. The manager was an Armenian man, irreplaceable Uncle Rachik. No restaurant in the city is comparable to "Nargiz" in terms of service could not be. Nargiz cafe is the favorite of Baku residents for a short time since its commissioning became one of the places. Eating and drinking in this cafe would last until the morning. Usually sitting until morning customers would say goodbye to the waiters who wanted to go home, and put money in their pockets. In the early hours of the morning when they left, Uncle Misha, the guard, would clear the tables.

Nargiz cafe often had fights. One evening there was a big fight in the cafe. Containers broke, tables overturned. The protesters saw the approaching militia from afar and fled to one side. The militia came. Interrogation began, witnesses were questioned. Meanwhile, Uncle Misha was sitting quietly on the sidelines, smoking a cigarette. Dissatisfied. The militiamen angrily attacked him: "Why do you let the hooligans in through the door?" Uncle Misha. After sifting through them for a while, he replied sarcastically, "Look, is there a door here?"

The following poem, written by a Baku Armenian, has become a practical Baku anthem:

Street, TORGOVAYA, - cute native.
I remember, as we walked there, we do not know the care.
On the corner of Karganov to meet with friends,
Slow walking to Gosbank.
A thousand smiles, a hundred hello ...
Look at the third passage, - the problem is solved
And various attacks have disappeared.
In the restaurant in the basement, opposite Masloprom,
You look at your friends as if you were at home.
With a girl with a favorite hand buying tickets,
You hurry to Vetena's passage
Listen to music, treat ice cream,
And, having seen a little in the role of a gentleman,
In the semi-dark hall ...
And so on...

...
Yes, Baku is a mysterious world for everyone, a sacred address where dreams come true, dreams come true.
was. The "black gold" extracted from the blue bosom of the city, the sun of which is born in the Caspian Sea, is transported from Baku to Ceyhan, and from there
shines on the world. Baku is not only loved as the capital of the republic. He is also very much eager for hearts and emotions
dear city. In the songs that join in the glory, this love smells like a flower, spreads its wings like a bird to the world
spread:

Baku, dear city, kind land,

I was happy to have grown up in his arms.

Hearts have always been moved by the effects of this happiness. Of course, this city is destined for the people of Baku
is innate. Because the newest dreams, the most beloved children, the most happy weddings, the ones that rise to the top
Roads, like life itself, are connected with Baku. Flying from its warm bosom, foreigners wandered around Baku.
After three or five days of separation, as the wheels of the plane that brought them back hit the ground,
they did not know what to do. Maybe that's why many songs and poems have been written in Baku in different languages
joined.

Now Baku has changed a lot compared to the city of the last century. The visible and invisible faces of this change are good
and there are downsides. At the end of the last century, the city itself became a sea of turbulence. Breaking in the sky waters of the Caspian Sea
The hurricanes lay near the storms in the streets and squares of Baku.

2

: Fountain Square has now been built on the site of this cafe. Nargiz cafe is mixed with history.

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It is the 9th B of the Russian-language school of mathematics No. 2 located in the center of this international city.
Of the twenty-two students in the class, eighteen were Azerbaijani, one Armenian, two Russian, and one Jew.
Twelve Azerbaijanis were boys, six girls, and all students of other nationalities were boys.

Calendars In the second half of the day showing the cold November of 1989, the Azerbaijani language lesson in the classroom
was held. Until that day, there was no distinction between Armenians and other peoples. But now Samad Faigovich is weak
speaks to students about the Armenian-Azerbaijani conflict, Armenia on the map of the USSR hanging on the wall
He is expanding the territory of the USSR to the lands of the Nagorno-Karabakh Autonomous Region with a board in his hand, which is unfair
He spoke of demands, the collapse of internationalism, communism, and the danger of the homeland.
The disciples sat quietly and listened intently.

- Friends and brothers of yesterday can become enemies today, children. Armenians in Stepanakert and Yerevan
They shout strange slogans and claim the lands of the Azerbaijani SSR. Pay attention to the map! Of Nagorno-Karabakh
Does it apply to the Republic of Armenia in general? No! These lands belonged to Azerbaijan! Whatever the Mountain Ga-
Armenians also live in Rabag? Now, therefore, should our lands be annexed to Armenia? Now I have a question for you
var. If such a thing happens, that is, if they take away our lands, how will you treat the Armenians?
children?

The teacher's self-satisfied smile did not escape anyone's attention.

The students were puzzled by the sudden heavy burden of questions on their backs. To answer this question
it was not so easy. Almost the entire class was looking at the third row of seats where Arthur was sitting. Kimisi
with irony, and some with pity for him. Only Zaur reached out from under the desk and rubbed Arthur's cold fingers
took into the palm of your hand. It was a gesture from a friend who wanted to comfort him.

Kamran, sitting in the back row, raised his hand and said:

- Samad Faigovich, Karabakh is ours. We will not give it to Armenians! We are not like Armenians at all.

They were not circumcised.

There was loud laughter in the classroom. Some of the girls blushed with embarrassment. Kamran is in the seventh grade for two years in a row
When the Armenians began to claim Karabakh, the patriotic Azerbaijani teachers and
was transferred to the ninth grade when he was not awarded by the principal. White dot under a black double-breasted suit

Azerbaijani language teacher Samad Faigovich, wearing a blue tie, frowned and smiled:

- So Kamran, you say Karabakh is ours? One step forward. Can you justify the idea?

In fact, you are right, Karabakh is really ours. But Armenians, not us, should understand this.

Samad Faigovich looked at the watchful Arthur. Arthur was sitting with his head down, his cheeks flushed.

Zaur squeezed his fingers tighter and looked at Kamran with disgust.

Kamran's mouth was open, his forehead was wrinkled, and his gaze was meaningless. After getting a little stronger, he said with a sigh:

- We have Bulbul, Natavan, mugam, tar, kamancha. All of them are from Karabakh

came out. But the Armenians had nothing in Karabakh. They are guests there and must live as guests.

If they do not want to live, they can be rejected wherever they want.

Samad Faigovich's eyes sparkled. He combed his gray hair, combed it back, and said proudly:

- Well done to you Kamran! Where did you learn them?

- My father speaks at home. He has been telling us about the cunning and arrogance of the Armenians for a year now. My father

It is from Aghdam. He knows them well, - said Kamran Artush.

While Kamran's words pleased all Azerbaijani students, including teacher Samad, Zaur shook his hand raised and said:

- Samad Faigovich, I do not agree with Kamran.

- Zaur ?? Don't you agree? Let's go ahead - Samad Faigovich stretched his lips forward and said in his heart Zaura, like Zaurkimi, cursed synthetic Russian speakers. Then he coughed and said proudly: - At least you have your own opinion can you justify What doesn't satisfy you in Kamran's words?

- Yes, I can justify! We are all brothers. Armenian, Russian, Azerbaijani - what's the difference? In Armenia,

For the actions of one or two idiots in Karabakh, the Armenians here are Artush, one of the best students of our class is not responsible!

- So ... Do you know what Karabakh means and what it means for our Azerbaijan? For example

Have you been to Shusha for?

- Yes, I was! I was there last spring.

- Well, did you not feel yourself in the real Azerbaijani city there, did you not feel the Azerbaijani spirit?

- I am a Soviet citizen and I am proud of that! I do not believe in the Azerbaijani, Armenian, Russian and Jewish spirit. I

I believe in the Soviet spirit.

- It seems that you were not brought up differently from the communist family. This is called "betrayal". Sit down, Zaur!

It was clear from the looks of many Azerbaijani students in the class that they were thinking about Zaura.

Samad Faigovich was not angry. This man, Zaur, who regularly goes to the secret meetings of the Bozkurds

He understood that he still had to work hard to make mangroves like humans.

Samad Faigovich suddenly asked:

- Well, did any of you go to Yerevan? He heard the "Soviet spirit" that Zaur was talking about

has it happened Why only we, Azerbaijanis, should carry the Soviet spirit, and Armenians should be nationalists, to us should they look down? Why shouldn't we have nationalist organizations and Armenians should have Dashnaks?

Russian Vyacheslav Sapunov raised his hand and said he was in Armenia three years ago. Lake Sevan is there talked about the pork kebab he ate at one of the resorts on the coast. His words are Azerbaijani students evil angered. The mention of the pig upset a student named Mirsaleh, a descendant of Sayyid, and even made him sick. Teacher Samad allowed him to leave the classroom to go to the toilet and vomit. Thus, the Armenian-Azerbaijani The bell rang because the confrontation ended.

Teacher Samed passed away without leaving the classroom. All the students left the classroom after him.

It was a big breath. During the big break, everyone ran after something. Some of the boys are outside the school,

was smoking behind the building where labor classes were held. Some boys chase after girls and eat them.

in the tavern, cocoa and sausage sandwiches were served, and excellent students recited poems dedicated to the girls.

Zaur pushed Arthur into biology class and then slammed the door.

For Zaur, the most beautiful man in the world, he was now red with anger and embarrassment. She was ready to cry, her lips were trembling.

"You must be strong, Arthur," said Zaur. - Don't pay attention to them. You see, everything will be better than before will be good.

- Zaur, I do not need to be comforted. Nothing will be good. My father explained everything to us in detail yesterday.

Armenians launched a practical attack. There is already bloodshed in Karabakh and Armenia. They hide everything from here. Moscow is covering up everything.

Zaur understood that he had lost. What can be said about the right word? This is really meaningless, started by Armenians conflict could separate Zaur from the most beautiful man in the world and deprive him of his most beautiful eyes. Arthur is no longer an eye unable to hold back her tears, she began to sob. Zaur bent down, Arthur's salty cheeks, big he kissed her eyes longingly. They hugged. They began to kiss passionately.

- What happened in Karabakh? Why did Armenians become our enemies?

An ordinary Soviet engineer, the father looked sympathetically at his son's face. He put a cup of tea on the table, a chair leaned back.

- Armenians want to unite Karabakh with Armenia. They say that these lands are ours. In fact, Karabakh

It is both the land of ancient Azerbaijan and this action of the Armenians contradicts internationalism. You know, son, I am

Again, I do not believe that all Armenians are bad. Ashot, my friend of twenty years, said that all these conversations were nonsense he says.

Zaur was not satisfied with this answer.

- I still do not understand - why do Armenians want to take Karabakh?

Dad smiled. He answered calmly.

- Because Karabakh is a beautiful and prosperous place, my son.

- Did ours or Armenians go there first?

- I repeat - Karabakh has historically been ours. Even in ancient times, our mighty ancestors one day found themselves

When they first set foot in this land, which will be called a place of great honor and horror, they said: "Look!

There is snow!" they shouted. When he approached the mountains and saw the untouched forests, he shouted, "Black Garden!" he said

they shouted. Indeed, the slopes of the mountains looked like a black tortoise. Karabakh has been in this land ever since

is called. My son, know that this land is very ancient and famous.

- Father ... Like your friend Ashot, I have an Armenian friend.

- You mean Arthur? He is a good boy. Be firm in your friendship. Such meaningless quarrels hinder you should not be.

Zaur lowered his head:

- Dad ... After all, everyone at school insults him. Arthur says they will have to leave Baku. If he leaves ... me what do i do

The father stroked his son's hair. His son's torment pierced his heart like a dagger.

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- Son, listen to me. No one will go anywhere. Do you understand? Arthur was born in Baku, he came to this city aiddir. Talk to him and explain. Tell him not to worry about anything. No one can touch him or his family. Our nation is not cruel, not oppressive. The people here are not responsible for the actions of the Armenians in Karabakh ... Well, don't worry. It will be fixed.

Arthur, on the other hand, was convinced that nothing would change.

His parents visited a kind, Azerbaijani family living in the neighborhood. This is a Russian-speaking, old Baku family, He was worried about Artushgil's fate. Boris told Arthur's father to leave the city, if possible, far away they offered to live in a rented neighborhood for a while. But Boris did not agree. At 136 Vidadi Street Boris was disturbed by unknown, black-clad men walking in the evening around their homes. was decisive.

- I am not leaving my city. I do not need Karabakh or Armenia. I am from Baku

I am a child, I was born in Baku, I will stay in Baku - he said.

Arthur's heart fluttered like a bird in a cage, and the teenager could not find a place for himself.

He put on his jacket and went outside. The streets of the city, the buildings, the faces of the people - it's all the end as he had seen once - he looked greedily. He rode Azmi, rode a bicycle, played ball, broke glass on the streets? Now Arthur was the stranger to the city. He felt this peculiarity with his blood and soul.

I came to the Old City on foot. He did not want to go to Zaur and disturb him and his family. Ancient city He walked through the winding streets and came to the Governor's Garden.

Loved this garden. It is rare to walk here under the sad trees, on the paved paths he was not satisfied. He walked for about ten minutes along the ancient castle wall, which stretched to the right. Trees when tired sat on one of the benches lined up between. The reddish rays of the setting sun through the palm trees was filtered. The fountain with a huge pool in front of the domed teahouse did not work. Coming to play in the garden with their mothers The babies threw small stones into the pool and clapped their hands happily when they hit the target of their choice.

The pale sun shone on the gray castle wall, and the shadows of the trees behind Arthur grew longer.

Zaur's face stood in front of his eyes in the setting sun.

Zaur ... this name is the most beautiful Azerbaijani name for him. It is the most beloved name in the world. Zaur's dark, pleasant face Under the long black lashes, there are smiling, sparkling spotted eyes. Not only such cheerful, but also knowledgeable eyes occurs in Azerbaijani boys. The profile of Zaur, with his thin, crescent-shaped eyebrows, was reminiscent of the profile of the ancient Greek gods. push But a boy like him, to the gods, a symbol of the mysterious and incomprehensible ancient Greek culture could be compared.

The leaves that Esen Khazri tore from the trees flew in the air and mixed with the treasure on the ground. Arthur is deep, with love watched this scene with a passion. He closed his eyes. As he washed, he heard a cheerful laugh behind him:

- The knight waiting for his lover seems to have fallen asleep!

He jumped up. Zaur was standing right behind him. He was wearing a navy blue sex school uniform.

The red pioneer tie around his neck was the color of his lips. It passed kissing, biting, fluttering lips from within. But here, in a park with a lot of people, he couldn't do it.

- How did you find me?

- I came here for a walk.

Zaur sat down next to him and put his hand on Arthur's shoulder. Anxiety, excitement and doubt in Arthur's wet eyes was read.

- I missed home. My father and I talked a lot.

- About what?

- From Karabakh, from Armenians ... Specifically from you.

- From me?

- Yes, from you. My father has a good opinion of you. He says we must be strong in our friendship. Think of nothing

we should not give.

Zaur said the last sentence with a smile. Arthur smiled too.

- What did you expect him to say? Should you say be strong in your love?

Zaur frowned and laughed. He pinched Arthur's shoulder.

- Don't talk stupid. - He looked around. - You can hear. Poor man, his heart explodes when he hears the news.

Arthur shook his head:

- Sooner or later he will not learn anyway?

Zaur pulled his hand from Arthur's shoulder and said nervously:

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- Are you crazy? What to learn ?!

- Be quiet. I'm talking about probability.

- Probably not. Not necessary.

- But also know that most people are jealous of the happiness of the blues, and that's why they seeks to punish. It's just ordinary jealousy. What ... What else did the father say?

- He said everything will be fine. Armenians in Baku will not go anywhere. No one should touch them can't. They are citizens of Azerbaijan. We have been cutting salt and bread for years.

Arthur looked at Zaur with strange eyes, as if seeing him for the first time. He stood up. Smiling bitterly, rubbed the leaves with the tips of shoes. In front of Zaur:

- Are you crazy, Zaur? He said.

- My father says this, not me. Do you mean my father is crazy?

- Nobody calls his father crazy. But he does not know how close the tragedy is as much as I am.

Maybe he doesn't really have a problem with Armenians. "But it's our street," said Arthur, pointing to the parapet

- morning and evening are full of strange-looking people. They come and go, it is impossible to know what they are looking for

they ask. They walk in black leather jackets. There is hatred in their faces and anger in their eyes. They talked to my mother yesterday, do you hear Anama!

Zaur also stood up. He took her by the arm and shook her.

- Come to yourself! What are you shouting Are you going to throw your house and clothes away because two or three vagrants are walking in your neighborhood with rifles? This is your city. You belong here. You can't live without Baku. You can't forget the smell of this sea.

- You don't know much yet. Azerbaijani children in our streets are following me, "taking", "son of a bitch", "Armenian" they shout. They insult step by step. However, they were friends with me until yesterday. Each other's bikes we drove, we played football together. We would go to Shikhov beach, eat watermelon ...

- But what you see is nothing compared to the games played against Azerbaijanis in Armenia!

Arthur froze his right foot in front and his left foot behind. He opened his eyes wide as if caught in an electric shock.

His mouth parted. Behind her pearly teeth, her delicate pink tongue was motionless. Tears streamed from his wet eyes was ready to fool. Handan-hana regained consciousness and grabbed his forehead with his hand.

Zaur was at least as proud and lost himself. He slammed down on the bench. He lowered his head:

"I'm sorry," he said.

Arthur's hoarse voice was heard in the distance, at the bottom of the well:

- Why?

- ...

- Maybe you are right.

- Arthur, I ...

"Shut up!" Do not be hypocritical. You think so. You always thought so. So defense in the classroom

When you got up, you were insincere! Knowing that your people are being persecuted in Armenia, because of the relationship between us, You were singing a different song to Samad Faigovich.

- I am still following my words. My father says ...

Arthur interrupted him:

"I don't care what your father says." Don't you have your own opinion? What happens when you don't see yourself?

Blood flowed in Stepanakert and Aghdam. What are you talking about!

Zaur jumped to his feet:

- Yes, it did. What to do now? I'm on what I said! Whatever happens in Armenia, Karabakh, here

Nobody will harm Armenians. Our people are not able to do that! What is your fault?

- Were you so naive? Were you so blind? What are you talking about What people? What can't you do?

Arthur raised his voice. Three women sitting on the right bench, two talking with their arms outstretched they leaned towards the teenager. The ball of one of the children playing in the park came straight to Zaur's leg.

Yupyumru running after the ball, a light green girl in a light green thin coat, white on her head

had a tissue hat. The ears of the hat swing from side to side in a funny way, the child learns to walk.

he looked like a baby rabbit.

Zaur smiled, bent down and picked up the ball. He sat down and caressed the girl who approached him:

"What's your name, lamb?"

- Rose.

- Where are your parents?

"They're sitting there."

The girl showed her young parents sitting on one of the benches next to the fountain.

- Buy the ball, is it better not to run too far? Play with your parents.

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Then, without knowing why, he kissed her on the cheek.

Arthur, who had been watching Zaur's strange behavior with interest for a long time, hugged the girl's ball tightly and ran away.

then asked:

- What happened to you? Have you ever dreamed of becoming a father?

- Don't talk nonsense. I love children. Lenin also loved children.

Artushu began to laugh. He snapped:

"What is Lenin?" Who was Lenin? How long are you going to wear that tie? Are you from home

Why didn't you take it out? Is your head damaged?

Zaur sat down on the bench again, offended.

"You don't have any left." I like it. What are you wearing over my head? Go sit down!

Arthur sat down next to Zaur without stopping to laugh. Ali put it on his knee.

- Have you taken offence from me? You have no right to that. I know how deep, intelligent and loving you are

I know. I hate myself for not being as kind and sincere as you are.

- What are you talking about? What are you wondering about? Is my haraam wise, full of love?

Arthur glanced at Zaura and pointed to the other side of the pool:

- Do you think I didn't understand why he punched her so hard with that girl?

Zauru was intrigued.

- Why?

- So that the conversation between us doesn't grow, so that we don't say harsh words to each other, so as not to harm each other, you throw that girl's ball.

You prolong the return, raise the child, and behave like a real "pope."

Zaur's meaningful eyes wandered in the face of his lover. Now they had only one dream in their hearts - like a savage

kiss, make love, reach the peak of pleasure.

- It is very strange Arthur ...

- What is strange?

- Now we are required to be enemies, aren't we?

Arthur shrugged:

- Probably so.

- Then it turns out that it is common for two men to take up arms and kill each other in war. But theirs falling in love with each other ... is abnormal.

...

The catastrophe was fast approaching.

It was mid-December 1989. No more than a month since the lovers met in the Governor's Garden had not passed.

Schools were about to end. Only a week later, the students had to go on winter vacation.

The walls of the school were cold and icy. Classroom windows with icy patterns on the outside was decorated. Window patterns were the only decoration of the city, where the air and breath were icy.

In fact, a lot has happened these days. A new principal has been appointed to the school, a teacher of the Azerbaijani language Samad Faigovich was sent to school number 134. The number of those who look down on Armenians has not only decreased, but even decreased doubled. Even teachers who used to be known for their internationalism and tolerance are now tolerant of Armenians. they were speechless. The number of refugees and IDPs expelled from Armenia and Karabakh is growing in the city every day was increasing.

Baku was pregnant with bloody events.

The wall calendar in the classroom showed Monday, December 25, 1989. Arthur last week he had not come to class for two days. Kamran and others in the class, who harass him every day the patriots celebrated their victories. Resisting until the last moment, not wanting to miss classes Arthur was defeated, Zaur, who could not defend him and could not hear insults every day, was also thrown after him. had not reacted to the hawks. His family supported Arthur's decision not to go to school. Not only he was also forbidden to go to school, to go out, to meet Zaur. Homes seized in Armenia, Azerbaijanis, whose relatives were burned alive, flocked to Baku and Sumgayit and retaliated. they were burning.

Baku was pregnant with bloody events.

On January 13, 1990, at his home in the Old City, Zaur, unaware of everything, read Edgar Burroughs's "Boxer Billy" and admired the steadfastness, determination and courage of the protagonist. In those minutes, The doors of Artushgil's house at 136 Vidadi Street, black leather jacket calling itself the Popular Front

was broken by girls and boys. Finally unable to withstand the strong pressure of the six patriots at the door, overturned into the house. But the patriots could not find what they were looking for at home. Arthur and his parents in the neighborhood They hid in the house of cosmopolitan, Russian-speaking Azerbaijanis. Patriots in leather jackets do not find Armenians at home- They began to break dishes and windows. Twenty unknowns from 10 minutes The man and the woman were already inside the house and carrying whatever they could get their hands on - TV, refrigerator, video, washing machines, blankets, and furniture were leaving their homes and real owners one by one. Home emptied in the blink of an eye. Except for hundreds of books that no one needs and are trampled underfoot. Broken icy wind blowing through the windows, torn Dostoevsky, Gogol, Main Reed, Jack London pages on the wings taking them and inviting them to dance. Some of the pages circled harmoniously in the empty, large room. to the happy and excited faces of those who fly to the walls, trees, and rush home with loot in their hands stuck.

Fifty-year-old Rustam, the owner of the house where Arthur and his parents were hiding, stands on the street and smokes. heartbreaking spectacle for war victims and conflict opportunists who came out of the door with their arms full of booty was doing. He threw the cigarette butt in the middle of the road and returned home.

Arthur, Arthur's mother, wept silently. Boris tries to calm him down:

- We are in a safe place. Do not worry. Let the events calm down, we will leave without any problems, he said.

- I knew. I knew that the events in Sumgayit would be repeated here. Divine, what a tragedy! ..

Arthur looked very cool and relaxed. He rolls his eyes and looks at his mother and father, Rustam's consolation he did not hear his words. Suddenly the man interrupted and asked:

- What happened in our house?

- Arthur ... The main thing is ...

- Uncle Rustam, what happened in our house?

- They took everything. Probably nothing left.

He said them in one breath.

When Arshalyus heard Rustam's answer, he cried out louder. Boris took his wife's hand:

- Be quiet. Are you worried about money? We are safe. We have already taken the money and gold.

- What about my brands?

Everyone turned their faces to Arthur. The mother wiped her tears with the back of her hand and looked at her son in astonishment. Eight Arthur began philatelic at an early age. Zaur's favorite pastime was collecting stamps. It's a hobby moreover, it had already become a way of life for them. As he remembered the about fifty stamps that Zaur had given him, the boy was even more broken, he couldn't find a place for himself.

Rustam's wife Mehpara sat next to the boy:

"You will still have many brands, Arthur," he said.

- I need my own brands.

Rustam approached the boy and put his hand on his shoulder:

- If you want to go and look, I do not believe that anyone needs them. Where did you put the brands?

Boris stood up:

- Rustam, you are crazy, what? Where are you going? His eyes do not drink water from you already.

Rustam laughed bitterly and stroked Artush's head:

- Our young philatelist needs stamps. If I go, nothing will happen. Maybe I'm one of them, they respect me because I want to take something home.

"Don't make such a joke, Rustam," said Boris, and approached his son. "Forget the stamps, too." The people littering.

- I want my brands!

Her eyes were full and her lips were trembling. She was ready to cry. Unable to bear his son's condition, Arshalyus, begged her husband:

- Be a victim to you, somehow find them. You know how dear the brands are to him.

Rustam walked resolutely towards the door:

- I'm coming at this hour.

Wearing his coat:

- Arthur, where was the house of brand albums?

Arthur was embarrassed and apologized:

- On the bookshelf in the living room. I collected three albums in a row.

- Excellent! I'll bring it now, 'he added, looking around the room.' If the women go to the kitchen and cook. not bad.

To comfort people who lost their homes and everything a few minutes ago, as if a little later the holiday table This generous man, who tries to give women optimistic instructions about eating and drinking, as they gather behind man's attempts to soften the atmosphere were indeed commendable.

He went outside and took a deep breath. The icy air that filled his lungs made his head spin. "I have to quit smoking immediately" thought and lit a cigarette.

He crossed the road, walked twenty meters along the left sidewalk, and stood in front of the high doors of the three-story house. Inside entered undecided. He went up to the second floor and went through the door to the house. Sounds were coming from inside. Smoking turned it off, opened the door a little and entered the apartment.

He has been to this house many times. Boris and I drank cognac and wine and played backgammon until morning. And his wives repeatedly cooked them the most delicious dishes in the world, songs in Armenian, Russian and Azerbaijani they read. Now this icy house is soulless and lonely. As you approach the living room, the light filters through the door saw. The voices could be heard more clearly now.

The man was standing by the window, smoking. The woman knelt down and spread paper on the parquet. kuguzi, rummaged through books. The man slammed the ashes of his cigarette on the floor and said lazily:

- Aaz what's going on there document? They took it one hundred percent.

- Ay Garib, what will happen without documents?

The man opened his mouth to answer and saw Rustam.

- What do you need, brother? There is nothing left. We also occupied the house.

Rustam went into the room. She stood up and slapped him. She looked at her husband, a Rustam. Then his face aggravated, repeated her husband's question:

- What do you need, brother?

- To me? Eeee, I came to look at books.

The man grinned and laughed. He looked at his wife. They started laughing together. A man with tears in his eyes, Rustam approached.

- What are you doing with the book? The community carries furniture, TV. There are as many Armenian houses left in the streets as you don't want.

Rustam repeated without changing his expression:

- I am only interested in books.

The wife returned to her husband:

- Ay Garib, take the books, what do we need? Very good.

- Aaz, let him take what I say.

Unable to control himself, he laughed again.

- We ... when we came here, there was nothing left but this paper. I have been lucky for a long time does not bring. Two streets away, the Sisian refugee entered a four-room house. If you hit the ball, it won't fall apart. We have an empty house "Good luck," he said, his face serious. "The empty house was a trophy." Better a poor horse than no horse at all.

Rustam collapsed in the middle of hundreds of books scattered around the room, among which were branded albums. looking around, he asked:

"Where are you from?"

- From Masis.

Rustam raised his head and looked carefully at the man's face.

- From Armenia?

- Where else is Masis? Yes, from Armenia.

Rustam was once again among the books.

- Where did you stay in Baku?

- We rented a house in Krupski. Thankfully the owner did not take a penny from me. In the cold of this winter with my three children I would stay on the streets.

The wife added to her husband's words:

- Look at the houses in Baku where the Armenians lived. Pimps set fire to our house, my brother's family killed. The baby did not feel sorry.

Rustam was happy to find one of the albums. He put it aside and continued his search:

- I just heard that you were looking for a document. What kind of document is that?

The man lit a new cigarette and rolled his eyes.

- You ask a bad question, cousin.

- You don't want us to talk. I asked the same question. Maybe I can help you.

- I do not need a document. My wife says that since we are moving to this house, we should have the documents.

What am I doing with the document !? The Armenian expelled me from my house, and all three of my children are still unable to sleep because of fear. found the disease. These idiots are holding a sofa for my nation in Masis. I'm not talking about Sisian yet. Now I, this Do I have to enter the house of Armenian puppies with a document? This house was mine again! Gone are the days. Whose ass reaches, come take this house from me. Dirty puppies, look at the houses where they live in Baku!

The man looked around the room. He shook his head and added:

- Were there more Armenians than me? Now I will live in this three-room apartment in the center of Baku. My family will live!

The man said the last sentence so firmly that it was as if a man, stuck among the dusty books on the ground, had thrown him out of the house. had come to expel.

Rustam found one of the albums and put it on top of the first one. Meanwhile, the woman stepped on the books He approached Rustam.

- What are you looking for, brother?

- I said - a book.

She bent down and picked up one of the albums. He opened it. Her husband also approached her and looked at the marks on her shoulder threw.

- Brother, where was this book? You're not a little salty either!

Rustam, who has no children, lied:

- My son collects stamps. I saw that there are brands here, I thought I would find them first.

The wife closed the album and put it back. The man hissed his cigarette out of the broken window and asked firmly:

- Will you take the books too?

Rustam raised his head. They came face to face.

- Do not worry. I'll call a car tomorrow and take them all. Not a single one will be left.

- Oh thank you. May God help you. God bless their children. Save our lives from this rubbish. Then we delete we start sweeping from the other rooms. We still need to find furniture. In addition to broken furniture in the kitchen, at home

they did not leave any trash.

Rustam got up, finding his third album in the pile of books under the window. Knees dusted. He taped the albums under his arm:

"God forbid," he said. - I will come tomorrow and take all the books. Don't throw them away.

The man shook Rustam's hand and was happy:

"Let me be your victim," he said. - We do not know what a book is? Can I throw the book? Just read the book now it's not time. I have to relocate my family and children. Come and take them, you god.

Rustam glanced at the empty room for the last time and left the apartment. He went out into the street and crossed the road. When you open the door of your house, inside felt full of joy. The man who coped with the difficult task had peace of mind in his heart.

Arthur saw him and jumped up like a firecracker. He hurriedly approached Rustam. He took the albums from him, one by one checked the pages. None of the stamps was lost. The young philatelist looked at his neighbor with grateful eyes. He hugged her and kissed her on the cheek. Mehpara approached the boy and stroked his head.

- You see, Arthur, the brands have arrived.

Then she looked at her husband:

- Why are you late, Rustam?

- It took a long time to find. All the books were on the ground. I found it among them.

Arshalyus laid the plates on the table. He reacted calmly to what Rustam said about the books:

- To their chagrin, we have already read them all. After that, they want to set fire to the books.

She said this and laughed at her words. Everyone in the house joined him. There was an incredible sight at home.

For the Armenians who are thinking of leaving Baku as soon as possible and for giving them shelter in their homes Merciful, for whom traitorous Azerbaijanis laugh heartily at the outrage of unimaginable events in the city they were rejoicing.

Boris leaned over to his son, who cherished the albums, and asked quietly:

- Do you want to talk to Zaur? Shall we call him?

- I don't want. In any case, if he needed to, he would be here with me. Does he not know what is happening in the city?

After the women laid the food and salads on the table, Mehpara clapped and invited the family to dinner.

- Everything is ready. Come to the table. Happy New Year.

Although Zaur's parents were aware of the massacre in the city, they hid it from their sons. Inside A strange silence threatened the city.

In the depths of the night, Zaur closed his book and turned off the light in his room, and lay down on his bed. Behind the clouds he watched the gloomy moon, sometimes hiding and sometimes showing his face. You can see the hill behind the buildings in front looked at the silhouette of the legendary Maiden Tower. The views behind the castle are completely dull lead-colored, incomprehensible The Caspian Sea was asleep. Behind him, the twinkling lights of Ahmadli and Zyg looked at Zaura. This is a landscape was the most beautiful view of the world for him. Zaur is a flat sea, the flat roofs of the Old City, this ancient city is very much loved. But this love did not prevent him from falling in love with an Armenian.

Arthur thought. They haven't been in love for a long time. They couldn't afford it. Ali involuntarily quilt slipped to the bottom. He squeezed the hard iron. Close your eyes to smell your lover, moisturize your lips, he tried to feel the taste of the salty drops dripping from his almond eyes. A handful of juice gushing from a baby branch, It spread to his stomach and navel and wet the blanket. Zaur collects the juice with his palm, his hand under the bed several times rubbed. Now he could go to sleep.

Anxious Baku, on the other hand, was preparing itself for greater tragedies.

Half of the class, mostly non-Azerbaijanis, did not attend classes. Most of the students, even the teachers there was a shadow of fear and anxiety on his face. Arthur's place was empty. I can't stand sitting behind this desk without it Zaura, who did not know, the world seemed narrow, the classroom seemed a dungeon. Kamran, laughing heartily at his dreams, separated him. If the boxer was as strong as Billy, he would hurt Kamran and blow his nose and mouth. Unfortunately, neither he nor Billy was a boxer. Even if he could, Kamran was a patriot and he was a cosmopolitan. Undoubtedly right or wrong - he would become the object of criticism himself.

- Friend Arthur, was rejected and left the city. Early in the morning, the treacherous neighbors saw them off.

Zaur returned to pour hot water on his head. He said in a trembling voice:

- You lie! Lie!

- If you don't believe, ask Seymour 9 A.

Arthur's neighbor Seymour lived at 142 Vidadi.

- When I came to class in the morning, I saw Seymour on the road. He told me everything. Do you see ?! I told you about the Armenian will not be friends? He never called you. Refugee families now live in their homes.

Then he leaned over Zaur's ear and added:

- Our struggle will continue until the last Armenian dies or leaves Baku. Eye to eye, tooth to tooth.

Do not forget the Azerbaijanis killed in Masis, Sisian and expelled from Karabakh Zaur!

- What does this have to do with Arthur? He asked with wet eyes. She wanted to cry, but Kamrana was weak did not want to show.

- What has that got to do with it? - Kamran shrugged and straightened up. - Armenians are good and bad in Karabakh and Armenia It kills all Azerbaijanis, no matter what. How long will we endure? How long are we will we divide Armenians into good and bad? - He thought for a while and said, - I see you are very disappointed Zaur ... You are a bad boy. you are not lan But an Armenian is not a friend. The sooner you understand this, the better for yourself.

A stone was cut where Zaur was sitting. He could no longer hear Kamran. This is the lover who left the city forever thoughts next to him.

He somehow sat in class until the big break. He could not hear the teachers, he could not see anyone.

As soon as the bell rang, he closed his bag and jumped out. Face down Bunyad Sardarov Street, towards Baksovet metro station he hurried. He looked at the pale faces of Baku residents, who had difficulty understanding what was happening in their cities along the way. With tears streaming down his face, he reached the gates of the Old City. He stopped. He was moved to go home He turned to the governor's garden. The bare trees in the park looked lonely. Lonely cats in the park as far as the trees they wandered aimlessly, and the townspeople who passed by quickly did not understand where and why they were in such a hurry. Zaur, who was as sharp as a razor, was not in a hurry like cats.

Slowly he came to the shore, to the boulevard. Here, too, no one but crazy lovers looking for solitude did not see. Sitting on one of the cold benches, he looked at the island of Nargin, which was barely visible on the horizon. Your tears he did not know how or when he allowed her to be released. With your hands when the warm drops start tickling your chin wiped his eyes, his cheeks. The Rhodopi box they bought with Arthur, but didn't get a chance to smoke took out of his bag. Trembling with excitement and cold, he opened the box with his fingers and took a cigarette. He put it between his lips, lit a match and brought it close to the end of the cigarette. The first slave coughed at him. A little break drew the fog a second time after giving. This time he was careful. After you finish smoking, this he wondered why the poison was so popular with adults. Could not find the answer. He is just sad and nervous He had heard that smoking relieved a person. His father did not smoke, but his uncle smoked two boxes a day he often repeated that he could die of nervousness if he did not smoke.

He really felt a little better. Not everything is over yet, one day of the war is definitely over He thought that it would end and that Arthur might return to Baku again.

"Why not?" This hostility cannot last forever. If he doesn't come back, I'll go to him. Growing up I'm leaving ... "

When he began to feel the cold work on his bones and freeze, he got up and made his way home.

...

Of course, it did not happen as expected. The conflict did not end, nor did Arthur return. But hopefully had to live. Hope was the only place of refuge. No one could comfort him or share his pain. It's like that. It was love to talk about him, to share it with someone, to end Zaur as a person, as a human being, could cause it to run out. In this region, even in the whole USSR, he would find someone who would understand him could not.

Zaur came home and wrote his heartfelt words in a clean notebook. It was an oath, a cry. He wrote and kept it for years. Here are some lines from a letter he never sent:

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"... The flame of love in my heart will never go out. Maybe someday it will turn into a fire, but it will not go out!
I will love you forever, I will live with eternal love, those eyes are always alive in my eyes
I will hold you, I will be your best friend, my dearest lover, I will never be cold and lonely,
every time i'm not there and i need to be there, i'll wrap you up like a crazy wind every morning of my life
the first time I woke up in love with you, the first time I held her hand slowly, in fear,
I will always experience the excitement that surrounds my body every day, I will see you in all the seas, it will swing on the rainbow
I will build and mix your color into 7 colors, I will write you in every line, I will add one to the chain of unforgettable moments
I promise to add a new ring, to love you because you are "YOU" Arthur! "

On the night of January 20, 1990, the air smelled of blood. Not a single leaf moves in the trees, the dog in the streets and the cats were invisible. Even the moon was painted a strange, reddish hue. Lenin and the XI Red Army the squares had surrendered to the flood of people. At about 22.00 the roads from the micro-districts to the city center- There were bonfires, buses and trolleybuses lined the highways, and barricades were erected.

After returning from school, Zaur did not leave his locked room for five hours and did not eat. His mother, with flowers wiping her eyes with the tip of the towel, her husband:

- I do not like the condition of this child. What the hell is going on? He said.

He took his eyes off the screen and looked at his wife with critical eyes.

- I told you not to worry, everything will be fine. Divorced from a friend, what could be more natural? The man's cat When he dies, he does not recover for several days. And where and when will he see him go?

The woman sobbed and sat down on the edge of a sad chair.

- What will be the end of this work? Heybat?

Heybat, who is waiting for the news program to learn what is happening in the republic,

He rolled his eyes at the TV again and said in a nervous tone:

- This is the end of the month Gandab! What happens before and after that? I just talked to Sarkhan. He says, all the way they set up barricades and cut off the Russians. This is nonsense! How to prevent tanks with ordinary machines can you buy If the tanks really want to enter the city, they can crush these shields in two seconds.

- The child does not eat bread ...

Her husband interrupted her:

- No one has died of starvation yet. When the time comes, he will come and eat.

- You can find the disease!

- He won't find it, don't worry ... They pushed the world together. We lived like flowers. See what a state of this size put on the day.

Gandab got up and went to the kitchen without specifying who her husband was cursing and accusing. Dolma He put the pot on the gas and approached the door of Zaur's room.

- Zaur, my son, you are starving! That's enough to ruin yourself and us. Let's eat a piece of bread.

The door opened suddenly. The teenager's face was cut white and there were no drops of blood on his face. Female child only now did he realize that he had weakened and turned to straw. He held his head with his hands:

- Boy, do you want to kill me ?!

Suddenly the boy hugged his mother, hugged her tightly, pressed his head to his chest:

"I'm scared, I'm scared," he whispered.

The mother lost herself. He bent down and kissed his son's head. The last time I was a baby, when I had a nightmare and jumped out of sleep he hugged his mother like that.

- What are you afraid of, baby? Talk to me.

- I don't know ... Everyone leaves ... They leave ... They are replaced by others. Strange people are coming. Nobody does not recognize. Everything has changed a lot mom.

Gandab did not understand his son's words. He did not understand what he meant. He was shocked.

- Be a victim, don't take it to heart. Will be fixed ...

Zaur left his mother and took a step back. His eyes were empty, expressionless.

"Mother, nothing will be fixed ... Nothing ..." He thought and suddenly said, "Well ... let's make some bread and eat it," he said. went to the living room.

Gandab did not know what to do because he was happy, he spread his wings like a bird. Run to the kitchen and greens from the fridge, took out the yogurt. He broke bread. He took a 3-liter strawberry compote bottle out of the cupboard.

Heybat asked his son without taking his eyes off the screen.

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- What is at school and what is not?
- Nothing. More than half of the class does not come to class for several days.

The father looked at his son:

- Why?

Zaur shrugged.

- How do I know? They do not come. It is said that there will be a massacre ... Eventually, everyone came to the Russian city will shoot.

It was obvious that he was afraid of the expression on Heybat's face, but he tried not to show his fear. Again also said:

- They talk nonsense, and you believe it. Will such a thing happen?! Even if they come, the people on the far street go home will chase.

Gandab's cheerful voice was heard:

- Great, the table was ready. Zaur, my son, look how delicious your mother cooked for you.

At that moment, cars were crashing in different parts of the city, people were taking to the streets with loudspeakers, they called on the people gathered in the squares to help. One of such cars Icheri Sheher stood up to the noise when lifted, the clocks showed 22.30.

"People, come out, you have to come out, you have to go to the square to help! There are tanks, they kill people ... The Russian Empire wants to stifle free Azerbaijan, they do not want to give us freedom! "

He threw his jacket over his shoulders, listened to his wife's moans and pleas, and went out into the street.

Dozens of men and women stood on the small castle street. Men smoke, in a low voice about something among themselves and the women were shaking their heads, holding their mouths with one hand on their right side and their other hands. Bad kids They ran around their parents and shouted "Freedom, Freedom."

The great neighbor approached Agakerim and asked:

- What news from the city?
- What will be the news? We gather and go to the square. If you come, come.
- What does that mean?

"Are you scared?"

- What did he say?!

- It turns out! All the people are on the streets, are we sitting at home? Was it masculinity? Tanks are coming. Let them see that no what we are not afraid of.

- It is not difficult for them to crush people!

- They do not have the courage to do so. They can't crush, they can't shoot. Who will they shoot? To their own citizens? Armenian fortress Why should they hit us?

The sound of the first shell was heard from afar. Although the sound is weak, everyone standing on the street of Little Castle nodded at once looked up at the sky.

"It looks like we're late," said Agakerim, in a hoarse voice. The majesty heard him with difficulty.

- It seems ...

...

Special units and internal troops of a large contingent of the Soviet Army are already on the streets of Baku they started the massacre.

In the blink of an eye from the Salyan barracks, tanks spilled onto the roads at extraordinary speeds, passing cars to the "fireworks" that crushed the caterpillars and painted the blood of those who gathered in the squares, the passengers of trolleybuses and buses they started. The contingent deployed in Baku is, according to some reports, strong enough to carry out a "combat mission."

was a large army of 60,000 psychologically trained soldiers. No matter the number, to which nation The soldiers, whom Baku residents call "bearded", took to the streets of the city with human blood. they were embroidering. The lanterns were no longer lit in the dark streets. Suddenly, the population, homeless by the volcanic fire, filled their balconies. The Soviet city of Baku was shaken by Soviet army shells. This is unbelievable was.

The tanks were already moving along Bakikhanov Street. The roads were cracked, bullets roared on all sides flew. These bullets smashed the windows and killed the faith of the people in their homes night (in fact, the belief in the friendship of peoples was long dead). Tanks crossed Baku roads at lightning speed and followed they left, with severed arms, torn limbs, and ownerless coats and hats. Kalashnikov weight Using centrifugal 5.45 caliber bullets, bullets were fired at anything and everyone that moved.

The roar of tanks and the sound of shells drowned out my ears. Aliyal's people are caught on the couch, under the tanks they were thrown down and crushed. Many people who do not understand the scale of the incident, in front of the tanks

they sat on the ground and lay down. They hoped that this would stop the movement of military equipment. And the technique not only did it stop moving, but it accelerated and crushed them to the ground. Hang a pot in the kitchen for the family a mother who cooks, babies, sick people who go out into the street with noise, even the elderly are drenched in blood, killed they were doing.

Beliefs, beliefs, hopes were shot, cut, shattered, shattered that night ... High school students, Workers, boys, girls, brides and young people, the elderly, Azerbaijanis, Russians and Jews were killed. Lenin the square was surrounded by military equipment.

He lost his mind in horror in the darkness of the night, illuminated by red lines and "light bullets" flying in the air. people were swarming here and there. The darkened "death machine" continued to bleed the city. People fled, bullets flew behind them. It was a miracle to survive the siege. People on the street, in cars, they perished in their homes. Every minute of the tragedy, the death toll was steadily rising.

At the barricades set up near the 11th Red Army metro station, a man throws a bottle of gasoline into tanks When he wanted, the bottle came to his friend. His pants and legs began to burn. The wife of a man groaning in pain, she slipped under her armpit and began to drag her husband. Right next to the subway, in an alley surrounded by trees At the crack, the woman saw several tanks approaching them from the Shamakhinka side, via the Sumgayit road. Running the way passed. Three wounded were lying on the sidewalk. They were thrown yellow. Her husband and two wounded on the other side of the road, bonfires passed to him. When he ran to the third wounded man, the tank came out on top of the man. The woman was so injured approached, and the man's blood splashed directly on his face. The woman fled in terror, leaving her two wounded and her husband, Jiguli helped to sit down. Her husband could not speak. But he could point to his wife's bloody face.

- It's not my blood, Khalil, don't worry. It is the blood of the wounded ...

On the other hand, young lovers (perhaps couples) cross the road and enter the neighborhood where there are five-story houses. they wanted. The boy lost his temper and stopped. It had dried up from the shock. He did not understand what was happening around him did not fall. Your face was pale and your tongue was numb. She grabbed him by the arm and shook him: "Tanks are coming from the front, this way run away!" Then he looked up at the sky for some reason. The sky was lit up with fireworks resembling fireworks. This trip the boy began to pull the girl. Her legs did not listen to her, she could not escape. People who have lost their heads and heads it was impossible to know where they were fleeing. The boy took her by the hand and led her to the neighborhood. Tall The girl, who was trying to reach him with her heels, was now most afraid of falling. They crossed the road and reached the roof of a building that the boy suddenly let go of the girl's hand. "What happened, why did we stop?" He looked back. The boy stumbled at first, fell on his side. A cry rose from the girl's chest. He looked at the girl, who shrugged his shoulders, with strange, empty eyes. She fell to the boy and hugged him. He fell and escaped, because at that moment bullets roared over his head spent. He called, called, called the boy ... There was no sound from him, he did not answer. Yellowed body in the yard began to drag. He did not believe he was dead. "We will put him in one of the apartments and look at his wound. Call an ambulance-riq ... "he thought. He was still hopeful.

At that time, a forty-year-old woman ran to the subway on Avakyan Street, near the Oncology Hospital He stopped when he saw that the tank was spinning, crushing everything in front of him and everyone. Tank men was moving towards the bonfire where he had gathered. The woman's brain was hot. He lost control of his movements and picked up two stones threw the tank. In any case, the people in the tank, thinking that the woman had explosives in their hands, turned the barrel to her. they also caught the projector in his face. At that moment, the woman seemed to wake up and come to her senses. He began to flee. Bullets flew after him. He threw himself on the ground next to a bus. The shattered windows of the bus fell on the woman's head. That's it fainted.

The old man, who was running towards the cycle track, was trying to protect himself from the bullets that were whistling behind him. wanted to enter the open phone hatch in the middle of the sidewalk. Suddenly, for some reason, he changed his mind and struggled he hid himself in the concrete ledges on the high wall of the bicycle track. The soldiers who ran towards him were lying on the ground. they shot and killed them. One of the soldiers approached the hatch and filled it with bullets. Hidden darkness The old man, who was watching the scene from the corner, cried inwardly, realizing what would happen if he entered the hatch. This is it the tears were both the joy of survival and an explosion of tension. He was holding his mouth with his left hand and crying. Soldier he saw a blackness ten meters away. Maybe the old man heard faint sobs. He aimed his machine gun into the darkness, emptied the whole comb. The old man's body was spread on the asphalt with a ring and a tap. The soldier is satisfied with his work He spat at the body and whistled away.

Shortly before these events, a statue in front of their televisions with the desire to hear a little news Hundreds of thousands of people were shocked by the sudden darkening of the screen. The radios were also silenced. Azerbaijan It would be known the day after the power block of the television and radio was blown up. And now no one, nothing did not know.

At that moment, ambulances rushing to take the wounded to the hospitals were also fired upon. the lights were turned off.

Every second a light, every minute a human life was extinguished.

On the morning of January 20, Baku residents took to the streets to witness a horrific scene - with blood and emotion. darkened streets, disfigured corpses, bullet-riddled houses, cars ... they were looking for their relatives. New corpses were brought to hospitals and morgues in mosques.

The coffins of the 131 people killed that night on their shoulders, the black and red kernels of the endless sea of people reminded me. It was decided to bury the bodies in one of the highest points of Baku. Later Martyrs in the Mountain Park, which will be called the alley ...

Thousands of people left a large bonfire that day from burned party tickets. Communist Heybat too, with Zaur

together they came to Lenin Square and set fire to the party ticket there.
"Is it all over, father?"

- It's all over, son.

Zaur took a deep breath. Perhaps the end of "everything" would open new beginnings for him. To Artush would connect.

Not only was everything over, it was just beginning.

... Most of those who burn their party tickets in a hurry, then realize the reality and buy party tickets again stood in queues at the gates of the relevant offices.

*But who tried to see the thin beauty,
You did not soften in the slightest, O dungeon of the heart.*

1

North wind, walking towards Rustaveli Avenue and ATA hotel, looking at the toes of his shoes Arthur's face was slapped violently. It was getting dark, and Tbilisi was getting ready for twilight. Forecasters promised showers. Arthur's cellophane bottles contained six bottles of Kazbeki beer, Lays chips, white tum and three kilos of oranges. O now he was in pain to get to the hotel without the rain.

He raises his head and looks straight ahead, as if trying to make sure he's not lost his way. he laughed when he remembered the impossibility of losing his way on the avenue. The collars of his coat lifting, expelled the chill in his soul. The wind that razed his face and pierced his eyes reminded him of his childhood and the years of Baku. ladrdi. Zaur hurried his steps, thinking that he was waiting for him in a warm hotel room.

He did not worry about being in the city for two days and away from his family. Once He called his mother the first day he arrived in Tbilissi (Georgia). So yesterday morning. Armenians who are usually separated from Armenia, they are feverish and harassed by the nostalgia of their ancient homeland. Arthur did not miss his homeland. In general, If it was a question of homeland, he thought that his homeland was Baku, not Yerevan. The idea seemed ridiculous to him. He put his hand in his pocket and tried to take out a cigarette. Very close to the people passing by like a shadow he sees the toes of his shoes as they pass, alone in this city until the next shoes appear he was overwhelmed.

From the day he met Zaur, Baku never left his mind. What connected him to this city except Zaur? I wonder? This question bothered him a lot. Every time he admits that he is addicted to the boulevard, Torgovy Street, Kirov Park However, he knew that his love for Zaura was based on his love for Baku. The most beautiful of childhood Kirov Park, the famous giant statue and dense trees stood in front of his eyes. Spectacular The park has become a graveyard of martyrs today due to the Armenians. He was even more embarrassed. Karabakh conflict In fact, this love should not overshadow the majesty of love. But to belong to an aggressive nation, Arthur was still embarrassed, bowing down in front of Zaur.

Zaur and Arthur, who were teenagers in those years and had nothing to do with the conflict, involuntarily became involved in this conflict they became victims. Therefore, they knew what loss and separation were, perhaps even better than the older generation.

If their love was ordinary, heterosexual love, it would be half the pain. To explain this to someone again if possible, the reunion of the two lovers could take place. But their love is both Armenia and Azerbaijan was considered a disgrace in their societies. None of these societies understand or understand such sexual misconduct that he was not ready to forgive. It would not be! Even Arthur declared that he recognized the territorial integrity of Azerbaijan Even if he did, Azerbaijani society would not reconcile with their love.

Arthur understood that. Their love was politicized to the last detail. Maybe the only one

if the obstacle is removed, ie if the territorial integrity of Azerbaijan is ensured, if the occupied lands are liberated, If refugees and IDPs return to their native lands, Azerbaijani singers and singers will perform in Shusha, Ji- If they had given concerts in the plains, their happiness could have been given the green light. Even some of these singers, If Arthur and Zaur had a blue wedding, they would sing at it.

Although Arthur agreed to all this yesterday, he was helpless because he could not overcome the obstacles had to reconcile with.

When he reached the hotel, it was starting to rain. He opened the door of the room and saw Zaur lying down. Blanket it slid an inch down from its navel, and in the dim light of the streetlight, the tiny hairs on its groin were painted silver. Arthur put the bags on the table and undressed. He stayed in his underwear and went to the toilet. He looked at himself in the mirror. Long he rubbed his eyelashes with his fingers, stroked his hair, worked, and returned to the room, washing his hands and face.

Zaur was still asleep. Without turning on the light, he took an orange from the closet and put it on the shoulders of the plaid on the chair throwing, orange soy-soy approached the window. He leaned his forehead against the cold glass and closed his eyes. On the one hand peeled the orange.

Don't walk in these last days of autumn, when the last lightning strikes, when the last rains fall, even when it turns to showers. in the streets of this city, if you don't get caught in this rain, don't you get wet? As if autumn does not want to leave this world, on the ground fights with the sky; shakes a finger at people, those who are waiting for the belly. "No," thought Arthur, "from head to toe." In this ancient city, where everyone is a prince, a nobleman, not on the street during the rain, look here, your lover you have to be there, you have to look out the window at the street. I live the most beautiful moments of my life divine! Please My God, do not separate us! "

The road was littered with rubble and rubbish, and the road was littered with rubbish and rubbish. at the edges, neatly arranged every two meters into the sewer holes. Earlier, it was in the Soviet era

sewer cracks were placed every ten meters. But the West has indisputable, unshakable priorities who instilled values such as democracy, liberalism, pluralism, and human rights first in himself and then in his people Democrat President Saakashvili has put an end to bribery and corruption, rooted out these negative developments. Later, he improved the sewerage system and restored the city's infrastructure. Tbilisi is already stinking feces Unlike Baku, the capital of the brotherly Azerbaijani people, cleansed of its odor, it was ashamed. As a rule, the feces of the Georgians were sent to the brotherly people of Azerbaijan via the Kura River.

He was practically shaking his head. Separating his forehead from the glass he was leaning on, he was on a cobblestone road soaked in rain He watched in contrast to the neon lights of the ATA Hotel. Sometimes under the wheels of cars passing over this opposite The lost red light immediately reappeared on the hood of the car, then on the roof, and then in the trunk the tomb fell on the stones and was established in its native place.

- Have you come? Why didn't you wake me up?

Arthur wrapped his shoulders tightly in a blanket and turned his face to the bed. He did not see in the dark, but his voice to his lover:

"I love this city," he said. - I wouldn't say it reminds me of Yerevan, it just has its own color ... Even are you offended ...

He was silent. He felt a chill pass through his soul. Maybe the sound of her lover waking up warmed her heart. Plate to the ground throwing, came to bed.

Zaur sitting in a semi-reclining position:

- Why should I be offended? Let him come. Give me an orange too.

Arthur took an orange from the table and sat down on the edge of the bed. Hesitantly:

"I think this city is more beautiful than Baku," he said with a sigh.

Seeing Zaur staring at him in surprise, Arthur excitedly corrected his "mistake":

- But Baku is much more beautiful than Yerevan. I know that too.

- My dear, I also know that Tbilisi is more beautiful than Baku. At least because it unites us, from Baku, It is better than Yerevan. You seem to know me badly. Except for me, the person who suffers from Baku do i look like Although I have not seen Yerevan, but if you want, I can say that it is more beautiful than Baku. Aren't you ashamed to compete with me in the cities?

Saying the last sentence, Zaur grabbed Arthur by the neck, kissed him on the lips.

"Give me an orange," he said, narrowing his eyes.

Arthur hands the slices of orange to Zaur, who passionately squeezes them between his teeth to give them fragrant, yellow drops. It splashed on Arthur's face, chest, and bed. The room smelled of orange. Two minutes apart without separating, they kissed the taste of oranges. Their lusts had become unbearable.

They fell in love with the taste of oranges.

Sperm ejaculated under pressure, dyed orange. Breathing heavily, they lay on their backs on the bed.

They laughed heartily at the taste of oranges.

- It seems that Shota knows everything.

Arthur sighed:

- What do you mean?

Zaur reached for the bedside table and took a cigarette. He burned it and took a deep breath.

- Don't you see how he looks at us during the conference, during the meal? Doubt and deep interest read from his eyes. I think so understands everything. At least it feels.

Arthur took a deep breath:

- To understand does not mean to feel, to know ... My heart was almost in my mouth. Don't make such jokes. Yeah, I have not forgotten.

Arthur got up, took something from the pocket of his jacket, which he threw on the chair, and went back to bed.

- Did you bring your mobile phone to Tbilisi?

- Aha, it's in my bag.
- Excellent! I also bought a SIM card for both of us. This is yours, he said and handed one of the packages to Zaura.
- Thank you very much, but what was the need for that? I don't need a cell phone here.
- How is that not necessary? Shota, you, me, other acquaintances ... We have to keep in touch with each other often.
There is a lot of balance, so use a tax phone. What's wrong with you
Zaur asked resolutely, without taking his rebuked eyes from Arthur's face:
- How much did you pay for it?
- Don't talk stupid! I paid a penny. It is better to talk about our plans. Conference tomorrow
is the last day. What do you think?
Dazzling with cigarette smoke, Zaur put the SIM card pack on the bedside table:

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- You are my plan. If you agree to stay in Tbilisi for a few days, I will stay too. Waiting for you in Yerevan
do you have
- Who can wait for me except my family? True, I have a lot of work to do and I still have a lot to write. But things work
it doesn't matter to you.
Zaur looked at Arthur gratefully. Unexpectedly asked:
- Have you ever had a boyfriend?
- In Armenia?
- Yes.
- Of course it was. But you can't call them love. Temporary love affairs ... To meet the needs of the body
I had a calculated relationship. Finding a partner in Armenia is not an easy task Zaur. Many
we have a patriarchal society. Your Muslim country is ahead of us in this regard.
- Isn't it difficult to live without sex?
- Of course it is difficult ... It is very difficult not to have a relative Zaur. It is not a matter of physical pleasure. Just talking
you can't find anyone to do it, to open your heart. When I look back today, I realize that in fact all
My friends stayed in Baku. I have not yet been able to create a different environment for myself in Yerevan. Why did it happen, Zaur ?!
What was our fault? .. It's good that you came Zaur!
He hugged Zaur and put his head on his chest.
- That tragedy in Baku, the raids on Armenian houses, our looted house ... Only save my stamps
understood.
- Really?
- That's right. Our neighbor, Uncle Rustam, went and brought it. What about your brands?
- As of that day, they are safe. I can't imagine myself without them. The Olympics, your gift
The collection is on the first page.
- The stamps you gave me are also very dear to me ... There will never be a day when my poor mother remembers what happened that day.
let him not remember, let him not curse the war. I am ready to forgive and forget everything ... Only my past days
they would return.
Zaur stroked Artush's head and whispered in his ear:
- Let's not talk about it, my dear ... Let's not remember them. Let the war be far from us. Us
Let's not allow zombies. Let's be different, let's be different ...

The last day of the meeting was marked by heated debates. Sevda and Dilara take turns - before David
They argued with Harutyunyan, then with Stepan, and then with Nino Dumbadze. Louise's peacekeeper
Just as his efforts failed, Zaur's attempts to pacify the quarrel failed.
Tired of calling the debaters to order every minute, Ernst leaned back in his chair and drank.
Arthur's change of position also angered the girls. It is nice to have a sudden change of Armenian with Zaur
Arthur, who did not want to endanger his friend because of his relationship,
They thought that he was insincere in his position, and that was the Armenian character. So often to him
They said, "You didn't say that on the first day. What happened to you?"
In the end, Ernst, thinking that the debate could get out of control, was forced to intervene:
- I have a question for Azerbaijani women.
Everyone was silent and turned their faces to Ernst. The girls looked at him with greater interest.
- My question is this. Are you communicating with Armenians for the first time? So far you have seen an Armenian,
did you talk
The girls answered "no" in unison and for some reason.
- Very nice. Or rather, very bad. How did you decide to participate in this conference?
Dilara answered this question:
- Your proposal has reached our editorial offices. The editors-in-chief also sent us to Tbilisi. Why did you ask?
- No, that's right ... Well, if you haven't met Armenians live, then you have a connection via the Internet
was it, wasn't it?
The girls looked at each other first, and then it seems that as a result of this look they came to a common decision, again
they said no.
Many in the audience were stunned. Zaur put his head in his hands, detained,
He looked at Arthur, who was writing something in his notebook.

Ernst, who seemed ready for such an answer, asked the next question without losing his temper:

- Why don't you correspond with Armenians? The Internet as a means of communication is widespread throughout the world. The Internet is a tool that destroys borders.

Dilara put her chest forward and proudly said:

"We do not correspond with Armenians, because our computer can be infected," he said.

This German, who saw every face of life, unlike the audience, did not laugh at Dilara's answer.

Instead, he looked at the girls with very serious eyes over his glasses. Ernst, 65, originally from the Sudets, lost his father in World War II, and his mother, who had not seen a woman's face for years, became a savage.

He committed suicide by throwing himself into a river to avoid being captured by Soviet troops. Ernst, who was brought up in a boarding school Azerbaijani, as a direct witness of the war, one of the most brutal wars in the history of mankind

He could understand this angry attitude of the girls towards the Armenians, whom they considered enemies. But still, the virus was horrified by the issue.

"All right, let's finish this conversation," he said. We still have a lot of work to do and great distances to cover. God bless us let help. Now let's move on to the main issue on the agenda. David Harutyunyan Democracy and people in the region spoke of their rights, but the ladies did not allow it. Come on in, take a look.

David bowed his head, thanked Ernst, and began:

- As I mentioned earlier, we are ahead of Azerbaijan in building a democratic society in Karabakh

We are holding free and transparent elections, which is confirmed by international observers. Therefore, human rights

to an integral part of Azerbaijan, where democracy has been trampled on, where corruption is rampant

It is absurd to talk about transformation. The achievements of these years have suddenly disappeared

we can not allow it to go. We are required to be connected to Azerbaijan. For seventy years the Communists forced us

they tried to reconcile, they forced us to live together. What happened in the end? The people did not lose their memory of blood,

did not forget his Armenianness. Of course, I am for peace, but peace does not mean that Azerbaijan will support us

to crush, to destroy.

Zaur, who has always maintained his composure and did not join the controversy, could not bear it:

- At every opportunity, you declare that you have established a black state in Karabakh. What kind of state is it?

Has no one, not even Armenia, recognized it? How can such a so-called state hold elections?

Which "international observers" are you talking about? You have the highest autonomy status within Azerbaijan

is offered. Remember that the Azerbaijani army is able to liberate its occupied territories if necessary.

The people of Azerbaijan will never accept the loss of their lands. Our patience is not inexhaustible!

The girls applauded and expressed their support for Zaura, who enjoyed her performance. Laugh at the increase had caught. When he and Zaur came face to face, he covered his mouth with his hands so as not to laugh out loud.

Louise was also sly.

Finally, the conference ended at ten minutes before eight o'clock in the evening. Including Zaur 6

The text of the protocol prepared by the commission consisting of representatives was put to a vote among the conference participants and was unanimously adopted and signed in the presence of invited journalists at the end of the event.

The protocol, which contains general statements, focuses on the importance of maintaining peace, the economic and social aspects of war consequences, the role of NGOs in building civil society, and the potential for peace to the end

the need to benefit was noted. Representatives adopted a protocol consisting of a set of words, far from specific

They voted unanimously in favor of the text, and Ernst announced that the conference was over.

and invited everyone to a buffet at the restaurant.

Fursheta from about twenty NGOs operating in Tbilisi; Germany, France, England and the United States

guests from embassies were also invited. In the restaurant, sometimes Armenians, sometimes Ossetians, sometimes Azerbaijanis

Ten or fifteen journalists stretching the dictaphone literally strangled everyone. Sonda Ernst

loudly tending to let go of the guests' collars from the press and break under the weight of the food

asked to pay attention to the tables.

Despite Ernst's request, the Caucasus Info journalist, who wanted to approach Zaura for an interview,

The Georgian girl asked him, rolling her eyes:

- Were you satisfied with the conference?

- A lot. Our peoples, tired of wars and victims of politicians' profit games, are now at peace require. They want peace for themselves, their families and their nation. I think such events have been apart for years to establish a dialogue between isolated peoples who are alienated from their neighbors, to establish a culture of tolerance

serve. It was very useful for me to talk to Armenians and exchange views for three days.

I conveyed to them our unchanging position - the status of the broadest autonomy within Azerbaijan.

- How did they react to that?

- Of course, I did not expect them to agree with me. But Armenians still have time to think. I am one

I repeated that if necessary, our army ...

The girl interrupted him:

- Have you been to Armenia?

Zaur glanced at Arthur, who was walking alone in the hall with a glass of beer in his hand.

- No, I haven't. But I would like to be. I do not see any obstacles for this. If I receive an invitation, of course

I'm leaving.

After turning off her dictaphone and thanking Zaura, she ran to Alan, who was eating a mushroom salad.

Everyone was divided into small groups and talked and laughed. Azerbaijani girls seem to be suitable for them

they missed finding a partner. They wanted to talk to Louise, but she was from the Karabakh gang

They did not approach him because he was standing next to him. It was impossible to talk to Zaur. As usual

they whispered something to Arthur, who was standing in front of the window.

The drink was already beginning to show its effects. Representatives of embassies speak loudly, sometimes in a hurry

they laughed. Abkhaz women have a heated argument with Michel, a spokeswoman for the French embassy

they tried.

Shota, a little intoxicated by the influence of wine, came to Zaur and Artush and said in a happy voice:

- Those who leave go, the rest stay. There is a holiday in Tbilisi tomorrow. It is my cousin's wedding. Both of you are there

I want to see. Finally, my life is saved from these Europeans. No problem with such meetings already

we will not find. Engaged in idle pursuits. The safest way is to meet, eat, drink and have fun. The most sincere

this is the dialogue. There is no place in our meetings for debates and formality allowed in official meetings. Georgian

only wine and poetry can be spoken at their meetings.

Shota laughed out loud, holding up a half-full glass of wine. Zaur and Arthur were silent.

They just smiled lightly. Shota is a little worried about the eyes of the young people who look at him with indifferent eyes

It happened. He placed his glass by the window and tapped them both on the shoulders.

"I am very happy to see an Armenian and an Azerbaijani so kind," he said.

- Why? - Zaur asked.

- I don't know ... Anyway, because I hate war ...

Shota had just finished his sentence when Louise Vanyan and Ernst Kopf approached them. Ernst:

- Friends, why did you step aside? You don't even eat! Louise gave you an article on your site

Zaur to read to me. I liked it very much. You write that Armenians lost Baku twice in a century. It was very interesting to me.

Zaur took a sip of beer and asked:

- How well do you know the history of our conflict?

Shota, Arthur and Louise were shocked. They did not expect Zaur to ask such a sharp question. Ernst did not break the stack, calmly replied:

- I think I know enough. But he systematized this information, and the Armenians twice visited Baku

I never thought of losing them. You write that Baku looks unnatural without Armenians. His

cosmopolitanism has been damaged. It was quite a bold post.

Zaur protested:

- I do not agree with that. Before me, our famous director-screenwriter Rustam Ibrahimyov wrote in this style

wrote. If he had not been my predecessor, I would hardly have written that article. It turns out that in his shadow

I took refuge.

Ernst drank his champagne by the fire. He emptied his glass and placed it on the round table next to him.

- In any case, it was still a bold article. Use courageous and confident resources of peacekeeping

do you. Do you think our three-day meetings have benefited you? Louise, what do you think?

Louise smiled, gathering the strands of hair on her face with her right hand behind her ears.

- People's diplomacy is not calculated. People's diplomacy is a process. If we think about the result, then we have to sit with our hands on our arms.

"I agree with Louise," said Shota. - In three days we found a very good language with Ossetians. So this is when you want becomes possible. If we can get out of the shadow of politics, there will be no problems between nations.

There was a contradiction between what Shota had said earlier and what he was saying now. Zaur and Arthur looked at each other and smiled.

The buffet lasted until eleven o'clock at night. First of all, the Ossetians left. Then Armenia Karabakh people with representatives. Azerbaijani girls were waiting for Zaur. Zaur's inattention to them, not talking made the girls very angry. In the end, they couldn't stand it and approached him.

"Divine, they should get married soon. Where are these, where is peacekeeping? Parents are this agrarian mindset I wonder why they let their children go to Tbilisi?" Zaur thought and smiled at Dilara and Sevda, who came towards him. Leaving the group, he took three steps towards them.

- Today's speech was a success. You are a real son, - said Dilara.

Shame on Zaur:

"Thank you," he said, and asked to change the subject. "Don't you miss it?"

As if Sevda has been waiting for this question for a long time:

- Of course we miss you. That's why we're leaving, "he said. Are you still there

- Yes, I will stay ...

Dilara nodded to Arthur:
- Will you go with him?
- For example...

The girls looked on. A cowardly house that does not understand the meaning of the strange friendship between the two enemies, afraid of the shadows their daughters, of course, would never know where the problem lay.

- Then you go. Then it will be too late. Do you want to transfer you ...
Zaur separated the girls from their thoughts and brought them back to reality.
Sevda entered Dilara's arm and said in an offended voice, but firmly:
- Not necessary. Keep having fun. We are walking.
Zaur smiled, albeit forcibly, to soften the atmosphere a little.
- Look, there are a lot of people on the streets of Tbilisi at night. If they say a word, give them their share.

Do not be afraid.

Pulling Sevda Dilara's arm:
"Don't worry," he said. You don't look like you're worried anyway. I do not know what you found in this Armenian?
The girls hurried through the middle of the empty hall, approached the door and disappeared.

Zaur looked after them until the door closed. His heart sank. Maybe handsome, smart, educated like him that he didn't give a chance to girls who competed with each other to get a boyfriend, to win his love because he considered himself guilty? "It's impossible!" This is not within my capabilities! Even women fall in love even if I was in power, I would not sympathize with these backward intellectuals ... "

He turned around. Arthur, Shota, Louise, and Ernst were arguing over their arms. In the restaurant almost there was no one left but them. From the conversation of the quartet, Zaur heard fragments of Russian words: "Peace", "frozen conflict", "border", "refugee" ... He closed his eyes. Now the heart of these words and topics it was cloudy. There was only one need - to fall in love wildly, to love and be loved ... When he opened his eyes, Arthur's care saw him looking at her. The Armenian was watching so that those around him would not see.

"We are afraid to look at each other ..." Zaur thought. "This is not a pimply region, this is not an immoral mentality! Yes how long should we live in fear!? Don't we have the right to love and be loved? "

Zaur approached the group and said:
- Everyone's gone. Maybe we should go out and walk in the city?
Except for Louise, everyone agreed.
- I'm sorry, friends, I have to move to Yerevan early in the morning. Arthur, are you staying?
Arthur replied reluctantly.
- Yes. I still have work to do in Tbilisi for a couple of days.
Shota did not ignore how he was bored by this question.
- Let's go outside and take Louise to the hotel. Then we walk ourselves.

...

The sky of Tbilisi was decorated with millions of stars. The city resembled a dense forest. Every tree in this forest, the stone, the cat and the dog had their own names. Each tree is either an uncle, or a cousin, or a cousin, or an aunt, or was her aunt's daughter. Zaur said that street names in Tbilisi (Tbilisi) rang in people's ears like the sound of an old oak ax. he thought. Arthur leaned over and listened to what came to his mind. Arthur laughed slowly and a little sadly, a little love, a little more longing, rolled his eyes at Zaur's profile.

After escorting Louise to the hotel, they sailed along the Kura River until half past two in the morning. They were tired, but no one wanted to go home, to the hotel, to sleep. Tomorrow, entirely theirs they wanted to walk until it fell, because it was at their disposal.

Shota asked Ernst, who kept his eyes on the dirty water of the Kura:

- What are your plans for tomorrow, Mr. Kopf?
Ernst sighed. He looked softly at Shota, who separated him from his dreams.
- We will start working on the report tomorrow. What is that?
- I would like to invite you to my cousin's wedding.
"Oh, thank you," Ernst said. - Believe me, it would be an honor for me. But I really don't have time.

I admire your weddings and cuisine. You must forgive me.

Shota did not seem to be embarrassed that his invitation was not accepted. He smiled and said:

- I understand you. But believe me, call me if you want to come to a wedding that will last three days, three nights just hit. You will be welcomed at the VIP guest level.

Zaur whispered in Artush's ear:

- We have to go to the wedding tomorrow. Don't you remember?
- No, it did not come out. But to be honest, I'm not very interested.
- So do I ... We just have to go ...

When the legs of all four began to hiss, they decided to disperse. Shota is a taxi passing by stopped and addressed Ernst:

- Come on, I'll take you home.
- Please.

- What is that word, come on. And you guys, don't you ride?

Without waiting for Zaur's answer, Arthur said hurriedly:

- Thank you Shota, we are going on foot. Our path is not very long. The weather is also mild.
"Then see you tomorrow."

Shota hugged them and sat in the front seat. Now it was his turn to say goodbye to Ernst.

Ernst spoke more fluently in Russian, and his father caressed their hands one by one.

- I am very glad to meet you. Arthur, Zaur, I hope this will not be our last meeting. Request
Please send the materials you will write about the event to my e-mail address after returning to your countries.
Be safe.

- Good morning, Mr. Kopf.
- Good luck, Mr. Kopf.

As soon as the car disappeared, Arthur put his hand on Zaur's shoulder. Slowly, without haste, they made their way to the hotel.
They were silent for a long time. Minutes alternated. Strange for days between the two
a high, impenetrable wall of events seemed to make them silent and think about it now. This is it
for the first time in the day they were alone, and no one dared to break the silence. In between, passing cars and
If it weren't for the proud Georgian dogs barking in the upper neighborhoods, they would feel lonely in this city.

On the way to the hotel, Arthur stood in front of the market and asked Zaur in a low voice:

- Need to buy something? From beer, from water?

"No, I don't need it," said Zaur. - I want to go to bed early. I'm tired like a dog. But something to himself
If you want to buy, buy.

Arthur waved his hand and frowned.

- You are right. I will not buy either. Then I can't sleep until morning.

When they entered the hotel, it was two o'clock. They went up to the third floor and Zaur, two doors to the right
He said to Arthur, "Good night."

- Good night ... Arthur answered indecisively. - You mean the bed?

- Yes, Arthur, I want to sleep. I don't feel well.

Arthur also knew that they needed time to analyze what had happened between them for two days in a row
in fact, but he could not overcome his feelings, his fierce lust, and his passion. More than sleeping separately tonight
Although he understood that it was acceptable, he could not do it by himself.

They went to their rooms, where they would be left alone with their dreams and captivated by loneliness.

Zaur closed the door and undressed. After going to the bathroom, he lay down on the bed and stared at the ceiling, hissing
listened to the screams of his feet. Thoughts on the one hand, and the pain in his legs on the other, occupy his mind
did not let him sleep. He set his phone to 11.00 in the morning. He knew that if he lay down on the other side of the eleven, his head would be bad
it would hurt, it would be sluggish all day.

Arthur could not sleep. He was thinking about his relationship with Zaur, and as he thought about it, he seemed to breathe. "It simply came to our notice then
what strange events am I experiencing?! What terrible things am I doing?! What love am I in?! Divine, you yourself
help me! .. show me the way yourself".

When they both fell asleep, all the hours of the world showed half of the separation, the longing, the tragedy, the misery.

Although Zaur hung up the phone at 11:00, Arthur's longing woke him up at 9:30. After taking a shower and a half hours
After blabbering on like little boys do, they gradually became less talkative, slipping into drowsiness.

After the third signal, Arthur's cheerful voice was heard:

- Hello.

- Are you awake?

- It's been a long time. I do not know why, but I feel very cheerful and sleepy. I enjoyed myself.

- Well, we didn't drink much last night. Otherwise, our heads would be like pots now.

Arthur laughed and said:

- What's good? Today we will make a practical start at the Georgian wedding.

"Woe to us ..." Zaur said, thinking for five seconds, and added, "Shall we not go to dinner?"

"Where?"

- I don't know ... If you want to go to an Ossetian restaurant, there are beautiful khachapuri.

- Do you know the ratio?

- I have been a hundred times.

- Good. Ten minutes later, go out into the corridor.

By eleven o'clock, they were already sitting in the Ossetian brewery "Alan" in the Square. Decide
they didn't know whether to eat breakfast or have a one-time dinner. Although the waiter had already approached them once,
he saw the indecision of the customers and returned. In the end, after much deliberation, the great Ossetian khachapuri and Ossetian
ordered beer.

"It's going to be a strange meal," Arthur said, looking at the huge loaf of bread in front of him.

Zaur took a big sip of beer, sighed and asked:

- Why? If you do not like something ...

- No no. Everything is fine ... To your health - raised his glass. Although you have already started drinking. Not at all

There is no point in waiting for a person.

Zaur frowned:

- Is it very important to collide? I'm tired of this habit. Caucasians clap their hands and talk slowly
they become unbearable when they start. These are the moments when they are the most meaningless. Moreover, Georgians do not clash with beer
I know ...

Although Zaur whispered, he collided with Artush, who was looking at his lover with a smile in his eyes, and put him on the table. He tore a piece from his khachapuri and chewed it with appetite.

- I have an offer to eat our food and walk in Tbilisi. The weather is beautiful today.

Arthur nodded in agreement.

- Absolutely. We are not with you anywhere except the conference hall and the hotel room. This city for each of us dear. And each of us has our favorite places in this city, memories of this city. Put them together walk, will be very exciting and unforgettable to see.

They ate their khachapuri in silence for a while. In the meantime, sparse customers of a restaurant, their orders they looked at the waiters who ran here and there to deliver. Zaur is a young man sitting at a table next to him separated from the lovers and looked at Arthur. Arthur was cutting the last slice of khachapuri with a knife. Make love from the heart passed, wanted to make love wildly. Shaha tightened his legs to calm the shield horse. Other than your attention it was necessary to concentrate on one point, to block the flood of lust, to engage the mind in something. Suddenly asked:

- Arthur, I have a question for you.

A strange formality in Zaur's appeal, Arthur was surprised by the dryness. Surprised lover's face looked.

- Of course. Ask here.

- Why do you Armenians fear paranoia? You are really all around you

Do you believe that he is an enemy, that he has plans to crush and destroy you at any moment, or is it ours? are our exaggerations?

Arthur smiled. It is unlikely that Zaur would have asked such a question, but on the other hand, to a person who is ready for this question looked like.

- In fact, there is some truth in his words. You Azerbaijanis are both members of a large-scale union of Muslims Because you rely on Turkish unity, you consider yourself a great nation. Practically alive as an ethnos You are sure that you will stay and you do not worry about the possibility of destruction.

He took a sip of beer and continued:

- But we ... Although we have joined the Great Christian Union, according to our confessional specifics, there is a separate one among them. we take place, we consider ourselves a unique ethnos. For a long time, mainly in non-Christian environments and historical conflicts Because we live in such conditions, we have a stable idea that we are a small ethnos surrounded by the enemy we are constantly in danger of destruction. I would even say that this element is present in the Armenian mentality, Karabakh played an important role in the emergence of the conflict and, in particular, to reach the current stage. That's why, We do not find convincing that the Azerbaijani side guarantees the security of the Armenians of Nagorno-Karabakh.

- To you?

- Yes, to me too. We are not talking about Armenian bigotry. Your own rights in Azerbaijan are a step How will you ensure the rights of Armenians?

- Don't the same illegalities apply to Armenia?

- You spoke like a real Azerbaijani. Of course it applies. Who denies this? But we are talking about you right now - From Azerbaijan, which wants to see Karabakh as part of it and considers Karabakh Armenians as its citizens. Security for them it is not possible to provide a guarantee. Maybe fifty or a hundred years from now they will believe you. It is also difficult ... Now I have a question for you verim.

Zaur was amused.

- Excellent! The three-day conference is a minority for us. Otherwise, we would not return to this issue. Ask what to see if you ask.

- How do you see the possibility of war? But please do not speak in cliché sentences. "If necessary, Our army ... ", I am fed up with rhetoric.

"Do you know, Arthur, that war is ultimately for peace, or that it is necessary to justify it?" is earned. But what should this peace be like? Probably it should be fair to the victims of injustice, or even himself so as not to cause a new war after a certain period of time. War, new mines under the future If so, then we are passing the responsibility on to future generations. I do not want that. But the possibility of war I do not believe.

- Why can you ask?

- Yes, but don't ask again. I do not have a logical answer. Or rather, my feelings outweigh my logic.

- Who was right and who was wrong?

Arthur looked at Zaura with demanding eyes. He had to answer, be sincere, not talk about stereotypes.

- Believe me, I don't know Arthur ... Of course, I have to say "we are right". I have to say that. But this is my answer I know you will not be satisfied.

- How do you know?

Zaur's answer was not late:

- If he is satisfied, then I say "we are right".

- My situation is not different from yours, Zaur.

- I know, my dear ... I know and I understand your situation. Thysself.

Arthur lowered his head in agreement, then called out to the waiter:

- Please bring the account.

Zaur was surprised:

- Are we going? he asked.

- Didn't you tell us to visit Tbilissi today? Let's go to Shota's damned cousin's wedding let's walk to satiety.

Zaur closed his eyes and slapped his forehead:
- Wow wow wow. How I forgot the wedding ... You shouldn't have remembered. I have a feeling that something the end of this wedding will not be good.

They crossed the square and went to the narrow streets of the old city. When he reached the church of Zion, Arthur stopped. To the church entered. The inside of the church was dark and damp. Inside hung a cross made of vines. To Georgia St. Nino, who brought light, brought this vine from the west, where he first visited. In front of Arthur's chair approached, raised his head, and looked at the picture of the holy guardian hanging above. Zaur raised his head there looked. His eyes merged into a pale icon.

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In the light that filtered through the church windows, Zaur saw Arthur's old eyes.
"Let's get out of here," he said.
Arthur obediently left the church. They walked silently. Finally, Zaur said:
- Do you believe in God, Arthur?
- It is a difficult question. I don't seem to believe it. But I go to church ... I find comfort there. Sometimes I pray.
- What sins do you ask God to forgive when you pray?
- You, Zaur.
His voice was sad and tired.
- Why? Zaur asked curiously.
- Because you are the biggest sin of my life ... What about you?
- Do I believe in God or not?
- Aha.
- The existence of the South Caucasus and the peoples living in it is a sign of the absence of God. Preach to us God, the Merciful, the Almighty, the All-Knowing, the All-Seeing, such meaningless, dishonorable, dishonorable creatures could not create. I also conclude that there is no God. If so, then what they created looks like. Better a poor horse than no horse at all.
As Zaur spoke, Arthur shook his head and laughed.
- You also have words!
There is no time for Georgians to fill their cafes to the brim and drink coffee and wine. Choir sounds from somewhere was coming. Just below, the Kura River was bubbling. Arthur looked far away. It's as if he's far away
He was looking for his past, dreaming of crossing the borders of Tbilisi and traveling to Baku.
"What do you think?" Asked Zaur.
- You and all that happened.
Although he understood what he meant, he still asked:
- What happened between us is so terrible?
Arthur stopped and began to speak:
- If you want to travel all over the Caucasus, talk to people. It will understand our relationship in geography.
Can you find someone to support you? No. This region is a completely different world. And we have forgotten ourselves, Europeans act like. I do not understand what courage this is. In fact, we belong to the West, we should not be here.
Zaur glanced around slowly and carefully took her hand:
- Arthur, I will do what you want for you. We can also go to Europe. I'm ready to go wherever you want.
- Eh, Zaur ...
Arthur leaned against a damp, cold stone wall and rested his hand on the stone. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. It was as if he was intoxicated by the moisture of the Kura.
- Do you know why I love you, Zaur?
- I don't know. It is not important that I know this.
- I love your eyes, your voice, your scent and your gait. What more could there be?
I love only you. What is called love is the same in Armenia as it is in Azerbaijan.
- Love of the great Georgian poet Rustaveli to Queen Tamara, where we stood a thousand years ago recited poems. Do you know how similar his poems are to Iranian rabbis?
Arthur said thoughtfully:
- Of course, Rustaveli is in fact a part of the great oriental poetry, or more precisely, the Iranian poetry in terms of style is part of. Maybe such a great love poet Sayat Nova also stood here ... But the love of Georgians the king had beheaded him for singing in his poems.
All these conversations darkened Arthur's blood.
- Zaur, what about you ... Why do you love me?
As soon as Arthur finished the question, he started crying in the middle of the street. Large tears dripping from his cheeks the drops had turned him into a small child. Zaur grabbed him by the shoulders and shook him lightly.
- Arthur, I love your soul, you hear, your soul! I love you just because you are. Yes, I am
I'm crazy. We are both crazy. But who cares? We all stood in the middle of the street and could cry
We are mad lovers who can forget and love their enmities and wars.
Arthur stared longingly into Zaur's big, old eyes and asked:
- After all, I am a small part of Armenia, which you hate, and I belong to it.
Zaur was confused and did not understand his words:
- What are you talking about? You belong to my childhood, you belong to Baku. Armenia is foreign to you. Do it yourself you know

Two cheerful Georgian girls walking down a narrow street talking to each other in amazement at two young men whispering at the bottom of the wall. and they passed by. Arthur wiped away the tears, smiled, and bowed his head.

- I wish it were the truth, not the beautiful words spoken for the sake of consolation.

"I'm not comforting you, I'm telling you the truth."

Arthur looked reluctantly at the children playing on the roof of the ivy-decorated building on the right:

- Well, let it be as you say ...

- Let's go, Arthur ... There is no point in stopping here. I'm already cold.

In a small tourist square in old Tbilissi (Tbilisi), a black Kurdish girl was fortune-telling. They're the girl they passed him quickly. Now the least they wanted to know in life was their future. With the subconscious they knew that their future was dark and that there was no sign of hope in the end. About ten minutes they continued on their way without interruption. Suddenly Arthur stopped and asked in a cheerful voice:

"Shall we ascend Mtatsminda, Mount St. David?"

- What is there? I've been a hundred times.

- What are you talking about!? You can get up for the hundredth time. From there, a magnificent view of the city opens up you feel on the seventh floor. Is it small?

Since it was not a matter of principle for Zaur to climb Mount David, he agreed, and they agreed.

they turned to the side street and went to the funicular. After a while, the little wagon they were riding in did not hurry, but heavy David began to climb the mountain. There were other foreign tourists in the car. They went, a young man with braided hair The Georgian girl began to tell the story of the establishment of the famous monastery on the top of the mountain, where languages were memorized:

"Many years ago, holy David lived on this mountain. There was a princess in the city. She is a girl

He flirted with the prince and sinned against him. One day the prince gets tired of the girl and throws her away. The girl is pregnant. This is it Upon learning of the incident, the king became very angry and learned the identity of the man who had seduced his daughter. The girl's lover He is afraid to say his name, so he uses the name of St. David instead. The angry king orders David to do so let them bring him to his palace. After bringing David to the palace, the king summons his daughter. The king's daughter is her father's he repeats what he said in his presence. St. David touches the girl's belly with the base of his hand and suddenly a miracle happens. The child in the girl's womb speaks and names the real culprit. Then the hands of holy David He prays to heaven, and the girl gives birth to a stone instead of a child. Now from the bottom of that stone is the water of the holy spring of David squeaks. And childless women bathe in this spring to have children. "

The lovers stood by the wall surrounding the monastery and looked at the city. Cur the bank of the river was covered with a blue mist. The domes of the churches visible from the roofs of the houses are lonely islands reminded. To the east and west of the city stretched the gardens and parks where the people of Tbilissi rested. Black in the distance the visible Metex tower was rising.

- Do you hear Zaur? If criminals like us were caught a hundred years ago, they would be imprisoned in the Metex fortress.

"I'm ready to live with you in that castle until I die."

-?

- I am very serious.

"It's a pity I can't kiss you here."

- Learn to be patient.

3

At 6 p.m., ATA was driving a Nissan Sunny driven by a fat relative named Shota Dodiko. Zaur and Arthur were waiting in front of the hotel. Dodiko, a stocky, naughty man, despite the cold weather he was sweating profusely, complaining to Shota.

- Where are they? We are waiting for fifteen minutes. The meeting is starting.

"They're coming now, aren't you?" They are going to a wedding, they have to dress up.

Chewing on the cigarette filter, Dodiko rolled his eyes.

- Do girls dress up? He asked.

- They acted like a girl.

Dodiko coughed at the unexpected response and wiped away her tears.

- What do you mean? Petuxdular?

Shota laughed.

- You decide for yourself. In fact, they do not look alike, but there is something strange between them. I doubt it.

He glanced at Dodiko and added:

- What else can unite Armenians and Azerbaijanis? Another meaning to their kindness and sincerity can not give.

They appeared at the door less than three minutes later. Zaur came out first. He raised his head and looked up at the sky, the air was clear. He smiled with pleasure when he saw that. Then Arthur went out into the street. Talk about something slowly, they stepped towards the car. Shota got out of the car and met them. They hugged and kissed.

- Are you ready for a Georgian wedding, friends?

Zaur turned and punched him in the chest:

- What is it? Does a Georgian wedding require special preparation?

Shota smiled and opened the back door.

- You'll see now. I see that you are very confident. Georgian wedding is neither Armenian nor does not look like Azerbaijani weddings.

After closing the door, Shota took the front seat, and as soon as the car started moving, Arthur and Zaur's relative presented.

- Meet friends - my cousin Dodiko. He got married last year. He is a very unique person - thirty years old, but so far neither in Armenia nor in Azerbaijan. But he has seen Russia almost from beginning to end.

Zaur:

- I was very happy. My name is Zaur. I'm from Baku, - he said.

- I am also Arthur. Nice to meet you.

Dodiko sniffed his cigarette out of the window and said:

- He told me a lot about Shota. Before you came to Tbilisi, your friends from Baku and Yerevan he said the future.

"Thank you, Shota, he is always looking forward to showing Georgian hospitality," Zaur said.

He looked at Arthur. Arthur, on the other hand, listened intently to the conversation in the car and looked out the window.

Dodiko:

- Shota also told me your interesting story. You were both actually from Baku. When Arthur started the war you moved to Yerevan, and then you met here in Tbilisi (Georgia) three years ago, many years later.

Arthur took his eyes off the window and looked at the profile of Shota, who was sitting in front of him, said:

- Tbilisi is a city that unites the divided and builds bridges of peace between the peoples of the conflict.

Dodiko, a typical Georgian, was proud of Arthur's words and said happily:

- You're right. Neighboring and friendly in Azerbaijan or Armenia before the conflict

Azerbaijanis and Armenians meet here from time to time in Tbilisi (Georgia) and remember the past.

- And the politicians who are the culprits of this war are cursed and cursed.

Zaur said these words. This time the irony was obvious. Shota, who had been silent for a long time, turned and looked back.

- It follows from your words that politicians had no role in our conflicts. I take your position

I know - you put all the responsibility on the people. But what is the people, or who are they? A flock of sheep isn't it. Wherever you direct the flock, it will obey obediently. The crowd is everywhere, my dear.

Zaur was silent and did not answer, thinking that the argument was out of place. Everyone is already in their position would remain. But Arthur joined the conversation.

- I partially agree with both of you. This means that there is sin in both - in the masses and in politicians.

You can say a lot to a person, you can provoke him. Would it be good if they incited you against your brother or your father?

I don't think so. Because you know your brother and father better than anyone. But politicians are two peoples of each other they whispered so much that we could not get rid of the hatred that had been instilled in us so far. Every Armenian Turk from birth must be the enemy. Every Azerbaijani child is taught that an Armenian is an enemy. Someone says I'm still in Baku,

I have to take Nakhchivan as well, and the other one misses Sevan Lake and Iravan Khanate. And the people in these matters, Politicians also move shoulder to shoulder and show solidarity.

Dodiko:

"You speak very well," he said. Before the war, I also had many Abkhaz friends. We lived as brothers.

Now, at best, I have to go to the border to meet. He is often not allowed.

On Orbeliani Street, Shota interrupted his relative and said:

- We have reached the restaurant. It is considered one of the most prestigious restaurants in Tbilisi. His name is Tamada. The wedding is very selfish. A total of 60 people have been invited. The groom wanted to celebrate the most memorable moments of his life with his closest friends.

One of the great features of this restaurant is that you can see how the hair is prepared here, even in the process it is possible to participate. There can be no question of national cuisine!

Dodiko parked the car in the parking lot of about twenty cars:

"Welcome to the Georgian wedding," he said. We went.

When all four of them got out of the car and set foot in the lush garden of the beautiful restaurant, a Georgian trumpet sounded from the restaurant. the voice was coming.

"The Kakhetians are playing Mravalayaver," Shota said. The groom was a very national boy, according to our traditions depends.

They had just stepped out of the restaurant when the Lilo dance of the Khevsurs began to play. In an instant Zaur and Arthur were shocked to see themselves among the players. Drunk Georgians dance wildly around them they jumped up and down, raising a cloud of dust. Someone trampled on Zaur's foot for a long time, howling like a horse. The bride in a white dress emptied her glass of wine into Arthur's jacket and apologized, slapping her ankle. willingly fled.

Seeing Shota and the guests next to him, the drunken man hugged Arthur and Zaur tightly and kissed them on the cheeks.

- Welcome brothers! You are Shota's greatest gift to me today!

Then, turning around and drinking wine, the tall, thirty-five-year-old singer shouted and ordered a song:
- Drink less, puppy! Mqali Deliya! Especially for our Armenian and Azerbaijani guests!

Zaur later learned that Mqali Delia was a song from Mount Iveria. As the song began, everyone fell into a trance, was feyzyab. Taking advantage of the temporary calm of the Georgians, Arthur and Zaur, with the help of Shota, set the tables. They found a place in one and sat down. The young girls and boys, who were their table neighbors, immediately poured wine for the guests, they began to fill their plates with large pieces of meat and khinkali. A tall boy with squint eyes is special for something he was zealous, laughed incessantly, and asked them if they wanted something. Artush
When I inquired about his identity, it turned out that the squint-eyed boy was the groom's Kazakh friend, known in Moscow. As a result of this acquaintance, they opened and operated three facilities for their partner.

- My name is Talgat. I am from Karaganda.

- I am very pleased. I am also Zaur. I'm from Baku.

- My name is Arthur. I am from Yerevan. I'm glad.

- What a wonderful! We in Kazakhstan also think that Armenians and Azerbaijanis are enemies. They're having fun, honey they hear.

Zaur's face dropped. Arthur coughed and smiled. According to Talgat's stupid statement had regretted. To change the subject, he said:

- I have been in Tbilisi for a week and I seem to have gained fifteen kilos.

Zaur pointed to the groom dancing with a dagger in his mouth and asked:

- Does the groom seem very hospitable?

Talgat put a glass of wine on his head and said:

- Hospitality is also a word !? What are you talking about! I am in the Caucasus for the first time and it is over after coming here

I realized that I had lived in vain for thirty years. I am here for courage, zeal, honor and dignity,

I have never seen generosity anywhere. I am sure that the situation is the same in Armenia and Azerbaijan.

Arthur looked at Zaur for a moment and turned his face to Talgat's round face again:

- That's right. The whole Caucasus is so brave, hospitable and zealous.

Talgat poured wine for everyone, stood up and raised his glass:

- Then to the eternity of the brave Caucasus! Long live the Caucasus!

Arthur and Zaur were forced to stand as everyone at the table joined in and stood up. Glasses collided, drank to the eternity of the Caucasus.

Shota had been missing for half an hour, and Zaur and Arthur were, in the true sense of the word, Georgian and Kazakh hospitality. were taken prisoner. Alazan and Kakheti wines replace each other, kebabs and motal cheeses

Relatives and friends of the bride and groom guarding the Georgian hospitality are Armenian, Azerbaijani and they competed to say "welcome" to the Kazakhs. Everyone approaches them one by one, and so do they under duress, they clashed with everyone.

Suddenly, one of the agile Georgians fell in the middle of the field and began to dance "Davlur". Zaurgilin
The Georgians sitting at the table jumped to their feet as one. Somewhere in the back
Shota, who appeared, put his hand on the shoulders of the lovers and shook them:

- Won't you dance?

Zaur thought, "That's not enough," and said firmly:

- No, it's not. I can't dance.

Arthur also protested:

- What are you talking about? It is better to watch Georgian dances than to play.

Although Shota was disappointed, he did not reveal it.

- Talgat, don't you want to play too?

- No, brother, thank you very much. I can't do it already. Why should I be ashamed of myself?

- Good. You can see for yourself. I also went and hit with relatives I had not seen for a hundred years. Don't you miss it?

Arthur immediately replied:

- No, no, don't worry. We are not bored. Everything is great.

Shota smiled in agreement and disappeared again.

Zaur raised his glass of wine:

- To our health! In honor of the friendship of the peoples of Central Asia and the South Caucasus!

Arthur also took his glass and collided with Zaurunki:

- To our health!

Talgat also raised his glass and said gratefully:

- Although Kazakhstan is not considered a Central Asian country and we already play in UEFA, I would like to thank you.

I join.

...

Minutes alternate minutes, hours change hours, the wedding drags on, the wine jugs empty one after another, and so on. was smirking. Listening to the anecdotes told by the Georgians sitting at the table, Zaur,

Arthur and Talgat were intoxicated. The sound of his music was coming from somewhere far away. Similar to the anthem from a Georgian named Irakli, who was sitting next to Zaur, as the drunken guests began to sing in the choir.

asked:

- What are they reading?

- This is our ancient anthem. "Stop, Queen Tamara, Georgia is crying for you!" is called.

Zaur looked at Arthur, who listened intently to Irakli's answer, and leaned over and whispered in his ear:

- Every day I am convinced once again that all Caucasians are bad from the beginning.

- There is no cure for our disease. That was the tragedy ... But God, don't tell Talgat. See

how he talks about us with admiration.

It was twelve o'clock at night. Arthur was pale and his lips were pale. As you drink, it becomes more beautiful, spring he was as cheerful as a sheikh. His eyes were smiling, his lips were not tired of talking. Zaur also refused to be with him, he never tired of smelling and hearing his cheerful voice. Very happy, but a few days of happiness then he thought it would end.

Zaur immediately looks at Arthur when his mind is occupied with pessimistic thoughts, and all his worries are relieved, and his sorrow was happily replaced.

At 13.20 the next day, when Artush's doorbell rang, he fell out of bed, holding his pot-like head with both hands. He was wearing a checkered woolen shirt and jeans. How to get to the hotel, when to return, how to go to your room and bed did not remember entering. When he opened the door and saw Shota, he shook his head.

- Where have you been?

Shota was puzzled by this question:

"... Right here," he said. I stayed at the hotel at night.

"How," said Arthur, rubbing his sleepy eyes with the fingers of his right hand and looking intently at Shota's face. Go inside, why are you standing at the door

Shota entered the room and lay down on a chair.

- Did you spend the night at the hotel?

- Aha. I slept on Zaur's room, on the sofa.

Arthur sighed. Gozucu looked at Shota and approached the window and opened the curtains. Stingy autumn in the light As the sun had been waiting for this moment, it filled in and dazzled Arthur.

- We came to your room first. He read something in Armenian loudly, lay down on the bed and immediately fell asleep you're gone Then we went to Zaur's room ... Can you imagine, like a fool, we each drank two bottles of beer.

Poor Zaur was trying to prove to me that the song you sang was, in fact, the ancient Azerbaijani folk song "Yellow the bride." Then he ran and vomited the toilet. According to him, when I came out of the bathroom, I was already in my seventh sleep I was. I do not remember anything.

Shota leaned his head back in his chair and closed his eyes.

- My head is shaking, do you believe? What a night it was ...

- What time did the wedding end?

Shota opened his eyes with difficulty:

- It seems that the three were approaching. I do not know exactly.

- What is Zaur doing now? Sleeping?

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- No, he woke up, - Shota suddenly stood up, took orange juice from the mini-bar and greedily put the bottle on his head drew. - Chimir. I missed him, I came to him.

Arthur shook his head quietly:

- You're right ... you can't sleep that much, he said and went to the toilet. His head was as heavy as lead. Al-his feet were worn out, as if he could never feel them. When he looked in the mirror, he lost his radiance and lost his color saw an adjective.

Shota rang the phone as he sat back in his chair with the bottle in his hand. Heavily pull the device out of his pocket and display it looked. The caller was Dodiko. He was interested in his relative's condition.

- Hello. What are you doing, where are you?

- Where will I be, at the hotel. And you?

- We are leaving the house.

- Who are you going out with? With your wife?

- No husband, no wife. Talgat stayed with us at night and I want to take him for a walk. He is going to Moscow tomorrow.

Let's go?

Shota leaned forward a little and asked in surprise:

"Who was Talqat?"

- Kazakh guest at the wedding.

- Yes. I remembered. All right, let's have lunch. I'm dying of Paxmel.

"But you don't tell me," said Dodiko, moaning. Somehow, I'm coming.

Half an hour later, they were driving along the left bank of the Kura in Dodiko's car. That the days are Saturdays According to him, the damp streets of Tbilisi were empty. Dodiko looked at the guests behind the mirror and said hesitantly:

- Have you been to sulfur baths?

Shota, who did not expect Dodiko to ask such a question, opened his eyes in surprise.

"Bath?"

Dodiko rejoiced:

- Why not? He looked back in the mirror. "Have you been to the sulfur baths?"

Arthur and Zaur looked, and it was clear from their eyes that they had no sulfur bath experience. While Talgat since he had never heard of these baths in general, he said:

- No, not only have I not been, I have never heard of it. But I would like to go. It's like in my head captured by the storm. My bones hurt too.

"I'm on that day, too," Arthur said, squeezing his chin to the right and left with his hand and tapping his neck. - Really Kakheti wine was a liquid fire.

Shota sighed deeply:

- I agree ... But no one is hungry except me? Will we go to the bathroom on an empty stomach?

Dodiko was glad to see that the offer was accepted. He turned his car to the right and headed for the sulfur baths.

- Don't worry Shota. You take a bath in the bathroom.

In the entrance hall of the bath, a relic of the 18th century, a truly beautiful table was set for them. Everyone around He was undressed and covered with navels below the navel. Zaur and Artush have not yet entered the water and have not steamed themselves he feels that all his tiredness and weakness are slowly passing, and from thanking Dodiko they were not tired.

- You see! Shota began, but did not finish. Because it's just a word "you see", everything expressed. Pride from the sulfur baths of their countries, "damaged" by Georgian hospitality A sense of care and responsibility for the guests was expressed by this word.

Fifteen minutes later, three people joined the banquet. One was Shota's acquaintance and the other was Dodiko's acquaintance. This is it Naked Georgians came to their tables, throwing wine bottles at them as weapons. This is no longer a bath, more clubs, cafes or gatherings of naked, funny people, carefree, smiling people was. After everyone got acquainted, Dodiko yawned and said:

- Indeed, our country is an unusual, beautiful country. Tbilisi and its sulfur baths, Kakheti wines! Look at the globe still flowing through the city. Being Georgian is really a strange thing. Russia wants to blockade us and break us. But despite this, our rivers still flow with a murmur, our gardens are flourishing, and our people are playing.

When the meal was over, everyone went to the big bathroom. The salon was very large and warm. Stone floors naked people were lying on it. Large square holes in the floor, with evaporating hot sulfur water was full. Talgat rejoiced more than anyone, threw himself into the water like a child, his squinting eyes shone.

- What a wonderful place! I am more and more attracted to this beautiful country!

Shota saw the admiration of the guests and told the story of the sulfur baths:

- In ancient times, a king went hunting. He is a bird of prey on a forest rooster. Kral ov waiting for the bird to return with the hunt. But neither the bird of prey nor the rooster returns. Finally, the king begins to look for them. He comes looking for a small forest. Sulfur water flowed in this forest. King he sees both a bird of prey and a rooster drowning in a sulfur river. After seeing the royal sulphurous waters He laid the foundation stone of Tbilissi (Tbilisi) near the same place. Now, the forest rooster bath is here. O balaca The forest is also located in the Meydan neighborhood of the city.

The domed building was filled with sulfur vapor, and the hot bath smelled of sulfur. It's like the smell of a loose egg was coming. Everyone's bodies were glistening with sweat. Arthur rubbed his hand on his chest, rubbed it on his body.

- Stop it, get out of there. Go for a massage. You can also move to the second hall.

Shota's voice woke them up. Arthur and Zaur slowly got out of the sulfur water and went to the next room impatiently they lay on the stone floor. Talgat, who has been lying here for five minutes, is a big man brought massage to Georgia. Arthur sighed and asked him:

- How are you?

Talgat, crushed under the giant fists of a Georgian wrestler, took a deep breath:

"How will I be ..." he said. It was as if Teymurlang's army had passed over me.

"I'm on that day, too," said Zaur, impatiently laying on the hot marble floor.

Dodiko heard them talking and shouted with all his might:

- Mekisse, Sandro!

Two idiots entered. Mekisse and Sandro, who were called by Dodiko, were bag-makers and masseurs. With quick movements, they stretched Arthur and Zaur on their faces and jumped on their backs. Dancing on a soft carpet they skillfully trampled their backs like dancers. Then he fell from his back and put his fingers on the flesh like us they drowned. They twisted their arms and legs so that their bones could be heard crackling. Shota sitting next to him, he shamelessly gave them advice.

"Mekisse, get on his back again." Yes, that's good. Sandro, you are also the head of his slaves ovxala.

After the massage, all three barely got up. The work of masseurs was not in vain. They felt that power returns to all the muscles of their bodies. They went to the next room and entered the cold sulfur water of the pool. Suddenly- As the fleas entered the cold water, they held their breath for a moment, but after a while their muscles began to soften. felt. Shota and Dodiko are swimming in the water with them, and on the other hand, they are looking at each other and laughing. they shouted.

When the five of them returned to the great hall dressed in whistles, the table was set for them again. Talgat seriously "I'm very hungry," he said, and sat down. In fact, everyone was hungry and thirsty. Organisms, happened last night he forgot his giver and was ready to receive wine again.

Talking about politics, conflicts, the problems of the Caucasus, the steppes of Central Asia, what they witnessed they laughed, saddened, and hoped for interesting, funny stories. It was ten o'clock at night, but to them it seemed that they had arrived an hour earlier, and the baths and rest were still a long way off.

Apart from them, there were no customers left in the bathroom. All the workers left. Only Vamesh There was a guard named Shota, who, after receiving a gift from Shota and closing the door, was in a small coma near the bathroom. was taken to bed. Before going to bed, he asked them to call him and open the door.

They did not intend to leave soon. He took off his cloaks and stripped them of their clothes sat around a low table. As the wine bottles become empty, they start to get worse than last night was smirking. Now they looked at each other differently. A reference, expectations, questions, hesitations and in these views even ... there was passion.

It's as if everyone is swirling in a whirlwind of emotions they haven't experienced before, and

they were waiting for the terrible spark, the moment of truth.

The moment of truth was not delayed ...

Tonight, a ceremony of endless, sublime love, the feast of love, as endless as the blue sky and the blue sea, It was no coincidence that he lived here in Tbilissi (Georgia) and connected the geographical area called Central Asia with the Caucasus.

Tonight all borders had to be erased and were erased.

All enmity, hatred, and conflict evaporated and rose to the blue sky. Conventional enemies united bodies challenged wars and territorial claims. Instead of weapons, they are more humane, noble and sacred instruments - they took each other's keys to peace. These are the keys to peace, along with their mouths and backs he found his way to their hearts and minds. These keys brought anger, hatred, blood, fear, and tears from their hearts.

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Joining lips, joining bodies, joining keys and locks. Love flowed like a flood, erupted like a volcano. There was an echo in the dome of the bathroom. Sprayed on the walls, the moans of pleasure returned to them. In the bodies The beads of sweat were not from the bath, but from the warmth of hearts. Ninety degrees bent bodies, all tulips opened with beauty and charm. Obese bees thirsting for love, brown on the tulips.

Was this scene terrible? Never! They challenged the horrors of the South Caucasus for years in fact. What about the so-called 69 in the West, but the pose of the unity of the two butans in Azerbaijan fit! These lunatics, who are watching Amur weeping from the heavens, change each other and take different poses. they challenged each other, wherever possible, wherever possible.

Politics was challenged, ancient and modern history was challenged. Turkish, Georgian, Armenian, even Kazakh that her anus was tested by true love and friendship; acidic sperm erupting on the face, eyes, lips on this blessed night to customs, daggers, khimis, zeal, honor, national-moral values, lands, white-tailed deer, elders, eagles, old horses, necroculture, macroambia, microeconomics indicators, oil flowing through millions of tons of pipes, gas, saz, dombra, kamancha, tara, balabana, khachapuri, dolma, ancient princes, choral music, the first Christian country, genocides, mass cemeteries, andrans, the status of the Caspian Sea, churches, mosques, Shiites, Sunnis, all false religions, traditional sects, buta, baklava, şəkərbura, wine, mugam, cognac, syrup, kebab, national treasures, statues, borders, longings, Araza, Kura, Goychay-Sevana, dried Aral lake, Amir Teymur, Turkestan steppes, Turkmenbashi, Nazarbayev, Haja Ahmad Yesevi, Yerevan, Tabriz was challenged tonight.

It was a dark night. The bright light was in their eyes. Whispers from the throats of everyone, in the history of mankind The most beautiful piece of music composed, offered to the peoples of the South Caucasus and Central Asia, and the world in general was an oratorio of humanism and pacifism.

4

"Where are we going, Zaur?"

- Let's go wherever you want. It does not matter to me.

The weather was quite cold. The lovers left the Alan restaurant where they had lunch in the middle of the square they stopped. They looked to the right and to the left, unable to decide where to go.

- Then let's go to Griboyedov's grave.

Zaur raised his eyebrows and buttoned the collar of his jacket to his neck.

"What's in his grave?"

- Nothing ... Wouldn't you like to see the tomb of a genius of that size? It is already in two steps, on the funicular side.

Let's go.

As he turned to the right and passed by the walls of the monastery, he became obsolete due to neglect. approached the tombstone. On it, Griboyedov's wife Nina wrote, "Your mind and deeds are for the Russian people It's unforgettable, but why has Nina's love lasted longer than yours? " the words were engraved.

Arthur bent down and picked up a pebble. He struck the gravel and pulled his hand away. The gravel fell to the ground and rolled under his feet. Arthur sighed deeply.

- This is one of the old superstitions of Tbilisi. If someone hits a wet gravel stone with gravel, and the gravel stone for a moment If it sticks, then that person will get married that year. But I didn't get it ...

Arthur looked disappointed. Zaur looked at his embarrassed face and laughed:

- You see, we will never be able to get married.

Arthur said, "I still don't know."

Without haste, they went thoughtfully to the funicular.

- What can you say about those who were in the bathroom yesterday? He was like a Kazakh, where did he come from, what did he want?

Arthur put his hand on Zaur's shoulder and asked. Zaur pursed his lips, looking up at Mount Mtsmind he said:

- I do not want to think about it. I still have to come to my senses and analyze what happened.

Arthur pulled his hand from her shoulder and put it in his pocket. He took out a cigarette and lit it. Mouth and in cold weather the fog from his nose seemed thicker.

- You were right Zaur ...

- About what?

- You were right when you said that Shota knew everything ...

- He not only knew everything, but also wanted it. - Zaur couldn't help but laugh. Dodikonun, Did you notice Talgat's shy, indecisive actions yesterday?

Arthur rolled his smiling eyes at the pale walls of old Tbilisi and said:

- Apparently, it was the first or second time in their lives that they fell in love with men. Do you think Shota will appear? day?

Zaur answered without thinking:

- No! It is impossible. He also needs time to come to his senses for a few days. O He probably won't see us for a long time, not even Dodiko.

Arthur threw his cigarette on the ground and crushed it with the tip of his shoe.

- He can. What is there to be ashamed of?

- That's right ... Especially if you make love with such skill.

Laughing heartily, they both approached the door of the funicular and got into the carriage. waited for it to pass.

- The conflict will end sooner or later. What will we do next? Zaur asked.

Looking out of the window, Arthur said sadly at this unexpected question:

- Do you think it will end someday?

- It can't be forever. There is nothing eternal.

- Sometimes it seems to me that there is - an eternal God, and our conflict.

- Don't talk nonsense. First of all, there is no God, and secondly, there have been more brutal conflicts in history, and that's all also ended peacefully.

Zaur sighed and added: - But if you think we will not see this peace, then I have something to say.

no.

The carriage moved and slowly began to climb the mountain. Arthur put his hand on Zaur's hand and said:

- For some reason, we often return to this issue.

- What issue?

- The possibility of peace, when the war will end ... If our peoples want this meaningless conflict they can continue until the Day of Judgment, but this should not concern us at all. How come no ...

- You're right, Arthur. But I do not approach this conflict from the perspective of our relations.

Arthur immediately cut him off.

- Wrong! That's the way to approach our relationship. No one but us should not care. Let them all be broken to pieces.

Zaur was silent and did not answer. What would you say in the face of the right word? Indeed, the war, Karabakh quickly it was inappropriate to quickly remember the conflict and its victims. All this, to the pure love of two young men the shadow cast a distance between them and hurt their hearts.

Arthur put his hand on his knee, looking out the window again. He felt the heat of his feet under his jeans. As the car climbed up, he put his head on his shoulder and wanted to see the scenery of Tbilisi. Three or five strangers in the car If it weren't for the man, maybe he would have kissed her burning.

"You know, Arthur, I didn't expect you to remember me when we parted years ago, I didn't believe it."

For years I have kept the purity and innocence of our innocent, baby love the most lonely, intimate of my heart on the spot. We were both young, on the first page of our excitement, we saw each other at a time when our blood was boiling, we loved I've been sleepless all night thinking of you, I've had the most beautiful excitements, the most beautiful looks in you. We both know that we were separated by war. I'm afraid to leave again, to lose you. Maybe that's why I often remember the Karabakh conflict.

Arthur said without taking his eyes off the window:

- I continue to think. In those years we were children, we were reluctant, we were defeated by the distances between us we had to be. Now the situation has changed. No one can stop our love anymore. Time has stopped we will live our lives as we want. Neither to the eyes that look sideways, nor to the foolish fools who are hostile to us we will live roasted in our own fire, expanding the boundaries of our love. I have true love in you I tasted, will I ever leave you after that?

He said the last sentence, looking straight into Zaur's eyes. Zaur smiled:

"After the end of the war, we will walk around Baku with you," he said. We will even visit our friends We will travel to Karabakh together and cook kebabs on the Horse Plain. The future is ours, Arthur, I believe in it ... But ... if the war does not end and our peoples, as you say, choose the path of eternal enmity, it will be with you. we are leaving the region. Will we be able to do that?

- For example, where?

- We will go to Paris, Berlin, wherever you want. If you want, we can live in Tbilisi, but this perspective is me does not open anything.

The car had reached the top of the mountain. They went down and walked for a while, watched Tbilisi from a bird's eye view, the cold wind they satiated their lungs.

When they came down half an hour later, they decided to walk to Shota Rustaveli Avenue. Prospectus they walked from beginning to end. When they were tired and hungry, they ate mushroom pizza in a restaurant and returned to Freedom Square.

- Shall we go to the hotel? - Zaur asked.

- Do you think Shota can call today?

"I just said I don't believe it," said Zaur. See you anyway. What's here? What do you say, to the hotel let's go?

- Well, let's go. It's going to get worse, 'said Arthur, looking up at the sky.

They went upstairs to the hotel and entered Arthur's room. They took off their jackets and lay down on the sofa. Artushun his face was sour as his feet squeaked. When he had that expression on his face, he looked like a baby bear. Zaur on a he helped take off his socks, rubbed his heels on his knees. In the meantime, tickles the soles of his feet, Arthur's cheerful laughter spread throughout the room. After finishing the massage, Zaur took her face in his hands. He kissed her lips. His cheeks were soft and warm. They looked into each other's eyes and kissed. Zaurun his face was already thin and serious. They took off their clothes. In the room where the curtains are drawn, the bodies of both are yellow it shone like agate. He hears each other's heartbeats and even the murmur of blood flowing through his veins. countries. They were like two dolphins playing in the blue waters. Arthur smelled of forest, coffee, tobacco, and sweat. The smell of sweat did not bother Zauru at all - because at this time, it is more interesting to have sex with him, sharper, more would be extreme.

As expected, the weather suddenly turned sour. When the clouds cover Tbilisi, the hotel room is a bit too plunged into darkness. They already did not need light. In this twilight hotel room, their bodies merging it shone brightly.

Finally, the bodies of young people, tired of kissing, united.

Hands and feet joined. The stars merged. Storms broke out, rockets took off, fountains hit, fireworks were fired In room 306 of ATA hotel.

The earth and the sky shook, the streets and roads were flooded.

The floods mixed the globe and stirred the old river.

Ancient Tbilissi (Tbilisi) was sobbing.

MARRIAGE AND SEPARATION

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*Cover the face of the moon, who sees the fountain-non-mahram,
Or many Muslim Armenians who renounce their religion.*

1

I wonder if my heroes, Plato, prefer homosexual love to heterosexual love did they know In any case, the support of their sexual orientation by such a genius is small for my heroes though it would be a consolation. Plato really like to try to return homosexual love to a common identity, to primacy writes, he sincerely believed it. According to Plato, love for a woman is a "passion" that is felt against a man homosexual feelings were a divine longing. That is, he believed that homosexual love was "spiritual," "sublime." Of course, it is debatable, but these are the words of Plato, one of the ancestors of thought in the history of mankind. thoughts - not mine!

The arguments of homosexuals are not limited to Plato. For example, a giant like Socrates is gay and the normal approach to these relations in ancient Greece, greatly inspires the blues. Really Greek There was ample reason for homosexual tendencies in culture. At that time, women were submissive, lowly were considered creatures. Despite democracy, there was gender and class discrimination in society. Labor activity It was considered inferior to women and slaves. Therefore, such a social lifestyle, It was inevitable that homosexuality would spread and flourish.

To be honest, at this point in my story, the lyrical and philosophical rhetoric, the subjective considerations of the reader's mind I would not want to get tired. I know that all of you are interested in the continuation of an unfinished love affair in Tbilisi, in a hotel room. But dear reader, if you allow me to be a little angry, I will pretend to draw psychological portraits of my heroes.

If not here's a new product just for you! Because, any analysis we do and the brain gymnastics we do will be stuck in the inaccurate images created by our consciousness, and in our imagination they will be deprived of reality. Distant psychological portraits will emerge.

You have already read about a third of the book, probably on a topic that is banned for third countries. Do you want to know the reasons why I work? I'm sure of it. It's like "why?" I'm like hearing the question. All I can say is that human relationships, especially when they are so extreme, are the most practical. becomes an interesting object, and these relationships cannot escape the attention of a marginal like me.

I do not know that despite the brutal war in which tens of thousands of people died, two enemies belong to the people. What are the reasons that make my heroes fall in love with each other and embrace each other? This is terrible for me. I don't know about the series of reasons for love, and it can't be. I simply break my head over the probabilities, I can try to understand them and maybe, with your permission, forgive these two young people.

Any word about people like Arthur and Zaur can be heard. Let everyone talk about them. There is a word, a judgment to give, and a narrow tree to hang. Nobody knows what conditions and circumstances caused them does not care.

Sometimes it seems to me that I am trapped between mental clamps that are different from my general mass. My heroes consider heterosexual love to be a "feeling sin" and run away from it. It should not be understood that the violent absolute nature of the Caucasian mentality has made my heroes inclined to blue love. Because they each transcend the narratives of things and everyone, of all values and societies.

The geography to which they belong has not officially recognized regional homosexuality and will not do so for many years to come. But whether the old Caucasus knows them or not; whether it accepts it or not, homosexuals in every age and every it is an undeniable fact that it exists in society and will continue to do so. Both people like Zaur and Arthur. There are thousands in both Armenia and Azerbaijan, and most of them live in hiding, hiding their sexual orientation are forced.

Homosexual tendencies among these young people have been manifested since childhood. At a time when it is banal it is impossible to say love. At best, their relationship can be called an instinctive multiplication. Also I am convinced that neither Zaur nor Arthur played the role of a tactical ideal, an active unifier, as a bare abstraction; therefore, unified violence and unified dependence apply to society, including *erosa* they did not know it was done. That is, none of them is the socio-philosophical view of homosexuality, which is the scariest choice (?) Of their lives. were not aware of the basics. They put their physical and mental aspects face to face, among these aspects created a confrontation and as a result were dragged into homosexuality.

In fact, in our eastern tradition, how great a sin sexuality is, in the first experience of masturbation appears. When a child first "discovers" himself, when he reaches sexual pleasure with the help of his own hands, his parents faces reprimand. I believe that if we can get to the depths of any homosexual's heart, She was ashamed of her masturbation experience and had a secret, latent hatred for her mother in her heart. we see that he has grown taller. The same mother who was the object of fantasy for her in her first masturbations ...

The difference between the sexuality of a child and the sexuality of an adult, with the child's attempts at self-affirmation and completion characterized by. It can also be called self-admiration, self-love, which manifests itself in the form of masturbation. The sex of the hands. As a result of contact with the body, the circle closes and it becomes clear that the object of love of the homosexual, his subconscious is its own firmly established image. It is no coincidence that we often see gay couples resembling each other. Boys who showed homosexual tendencies in childhood, naked in front of a large mirror, It is also common for them to kiss their reflections in the mirror. Even in a young man's sexual relationship with an older man, the older man is younger he sees in the boy his inexhaustible youth and energy. It is in this context that the act of masturbating homosexuality reveals a great resemblance to. In other words, in the sense of self-aggrandizement, every homosexual finds himself in someone else seeing, in fact, loving himself.

The fact that mothers enjoy sex while breastfeeding has also been confirmed. There is nothing to be ashamed of just as there is no harm in enjoying it. But mothers sometimes have to achieve sexual pleasure they also use their children as sexual objects. Leonardo da Vinci's orphaned mother is probably a baby. Leonardo's sucking reflex reached orgasm. Mona Lisa, who has fascinated people and art lovers for centuries. In the background of her delicate smile, perhaps, is this pleasure, sexual pleasure. It is a smile of sin and joy. An expression frozen on the lips of the Mona Lisa. Could it be that Leonardo was breastfeeding in his mother's arms? remembered the phrase and years later described the Mona Lisa, that is, his native mother? What can you know?

If there is some truth in this possibility, then Leonardo's sleeping with a woman is an incest in his world. It was like having sex with his mother, and that's why he had no choice but to be gay. there was no left. The role she played in her childhood, she is now an adult, becoming a mother herself, that is, another penis reaching the orgasm by pushing it into the man's mouth. Leonardo was a mother, and the man who knelt before her and asked for her instrument - child!

Let's admit that Freud put us face to face with him and slapped the truth on our faces with all his nakedness. we hate him. Until Freud, we did not know that our dreams were a phenomenon that revealed our imperfections. we didn't think about it. You mean, men who experience sexual insatiability, as a last resort, have their own dreams they took their penises in their mouths. It is their subconscious dreams that haunt them in their dreams. Taking a man's penis in his mouth is a means of self-fulfillment, self-affirmation and self-sufficiency. She's sexy satiety, pleasure, attempts at ejaculation without the need for a woman, a neurotic who fears women subconsciously specific to men.

But under what conditions do the reflexes associated with the fixation of the anus arise? When a mother enchants her child - Didn't he have symbolic sex with a child? Of course, the mother's intentions are pure, and the enema is necessary for the child's health can be. However, the sexual symbolism of this procedure remains. Spelling in accordance with the rules has not harmed anyone yet. But every time a child has difficulty going outside, it is called an enema

will definitely lead to complications. Mothers who feel their authority over their children, their female excitement sublimated over the child through this procedure. They insert the tip of the needle into the child's anus, inwardly, they secretly provide for themselves sexually.

Often a mother's incestuous love for her son arises from a woman's inadequate sexual life with her husband. is coming. In such a situation, a mother who is emotionally disturbed transfers her sexual feelings to her son. This is it although not intentional, the fact remains. The boy spends most of his time with his mother, his feelings, they become partners in life, and physical intimacy takes place between them. All this in a sense "tames" the boy. And he thinks that "his son is a being who is compelled to fulfill his desires and wishes." The mother wants her son big, too be a great man. That is, thanks to his mother, he conquered the peaks. These are hopes, expectations, extreme intimacy and love - the son turns into the mother's lover.

In this case, as the boy becomes attached to his mother, he takes his father's place. Often a mother invites her son to bed makes, sleeps with him. As a result, the boy is confronted with a sexual impulse that he cannot. He did not give up his mother, nor his own unable to satisfy sexual reflexes. From killing his own body, from rebelling against his physiology, and he has no choice but to bury his wild feelings.

In this type of family, the father is usually as neurotic as the mother. Often the father who rebelled against the woman's actions reaction turns into hatred for his son. A father should look at his son as his opponent, whom he thinks has shaken his position begins. The boy is confused. He is looking for ways to eliminate this hostility, but he cannot find it. From his father often hears the insult of a "midwife." Strange as it may seem, these words often share the truth, because the mother He raises his son as a girl and separates him from his father. If in such a family the father is a despot, a drunkard and a tyrant, then The situation is aggravated - the mother becomes the only support point for her son.

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Let's not say that neither Arthur nor Zaur suffered any of the psychological traumas, incests, etc. listed above. past childhood, etc. There are no negative cases such as Also, mine in my teens no one harassed my heroes, no one tried to rape them. In fact, for the first time in a pornographic film they looked at homosexuality at the age of 14, a year after their sexual experiences. Each parents of both, far from stereotypical norms applicable to gay families, culturally and intellectually were people. Therefore, there was no question of violence or bad upbringing in these families. We can say for sure that Arthur and Zaur spent their childhood as the childhood of all normal people. Although they are not excellent, they are often good, sometimes they received adequate prices. They had their hobbies - they liked to read books, often went to the movies, theaters ...

Against this background, it seems strange that Arthur and Zaur tend to be homosexual. After all What happened in their lives that the baby's body was suddenly faced with a difficult choice? Theirs too their lives are as carefree and painless as the lives of millions of their peers and peers, and their orientations are traditional. couldn't you Rebellion against the values and norms of an entire society, an endless struggle to intervene, to lose blood in this struggle, to endure the pains that work up to the spine, to shed tears of pleasure and pain Should the discharge be their foreword?

Perhaps...

2

One of Arthur's locks, who took his first steps in philately, always took a light brown bag, eagerly inside. The tip of the red album that filled the stamps is visible. Because I never smile. Passes and sits in place, He shakes Zaur's hand. They meet like big men. He takes a red album out of his bag and opens it, from the last pages one shows Zaura:

- My father gave me three manats yesterday and I bought an animal collection.

Zaur looks with interest at the images of predators on the stamps.

- I congratulate you. Excellent.

During the break, a brand game begins with the children gathered at the end of the corridor. When the manager sees all the brands will take from their hands, and then will not return. They have to be careful. Arthur slaps the marks with the palm of his hand hitting, turning them all on their faces and winning. He first fills his pockets with the stamps he wins, then returns to class to vote. collects on the album with the league. Seeing Zaur looking, he chooses five of the stamps for a ball and hands them to his friend.

- This is your share.

Zaur is stunned by this gesture.

- You swallowed them! Why are you giving it to me?

- I already play better than everyone. I will win again ...

Zaur says, "Thank you very much," picks up the stamps, breaks the math textbook, and puts them in the middle of the book.

...- Zaur, you hear! What else did you think? ..

The loud voice of the math teacher brought Zaur back to reality, to the gray walls of the despairing class:

- Yes ... Yes ...

- Tell me, what happened again? Why do you dream of looking out the window? Tell us so.

- No, that's right ... I was watching the rain.

The class is laughing. The girls show special zeal.

Zaur was lying. His eyes were fixed on the window, but the dream was with Artush.

December 1990 was a rainy month. Now the month is coming to an end and the rains have intensified.

When Arthur and I sat behind this desk for the last time, they were 9B students. About a year after the separation pass. To be thrown into the dustbin of history in a week or two, as if to disappear in the blink of an eye from embarrassment The 90s, which are being prepared, will be engraved in the memory of the people as the bloodiest and most painful year.

Now, even though the class is the same class, there is one empty seat at Zaur's desk ... For those who are already playing stamps in the corridor There is no interest in this hobby. Arthur also took the students' favorite pastime with him.

It is raining in Baku. The rain actually falls on his hesitant notebook of poems. Baku is rugged in the streets, jumping over ponds and running into memories. After class with Bunyat Sardarov Street It's raining to the strange, incomprehensible excitement of tenth-graders hurrying upside down.

His eyes fill. Artush, Artush, Artush ... This name has long been a sad music in his language. He has so far told her He wrote about twenty letters that he could not send and that Arthur would never be able to receive or read. Zaur him understands that he has lost forever. If hundreds of people die every day in the war, if not a single Armenian is left in the city, Er-

If there is not a single Azerbaijani living in the mansion, if the stuffing has become a subject of controversy - then everything is over. There is no going back.

There is an unchanging symbol of New Year's festivities, or rather the smell of mandarin. Now alone in previous years This perfume does not hop on the walls of the school. Corridors are not littered with Gulliver's candy wrappers. Maid Firuza aunt also does not harass children, who raise a cloud of dust at school. Compared to previous years, it is now even older All the lower classes already know that Santa Claus is not true. Those who try to kiss for the first time, girls The number of those who pull their long braids and embarrass them with rude words has also decreased. Inertia collapses school, city, to the whole country. Famine - cigarettes, bread and sausages - made people forget to laugh and rejoice.

However, only a year ago, the world's dearest man sitting next to Zaur bit the tip of his pen. broke his head over it. Zaur takes a deep breath and looks at him, and when they see each other, he laughs and shakes his head again they leaned over the books. It had been a year since they had opened their hearts to each other, but still inside They could not calm down and look at each other's gestures and movements, their faces and eyebrows calmly and without excitement.

They are afraid to get close to each other during respiration - as if a baby's heart will be reduced to ashes by an electric shock. It was so bright and radiant that it was as if thousands of stars were shining around them. The sun is a chestnut eye sinking in their dolls, the spring green was jealous of their rainbow colors.

Divine, what sufferings they suffered until they confessed to each other, how many nights they slept! ..

Sports lesson. Arthur, who was left alone in the locker room, took Zaur's shirt and brought it to his face. Sweaty and cheap he filled his lungs with the native scent of cologne and forgot himself. This is his, the wild Zauru is a fragrance. Anger clogged his throat, and baby Ararat got up. Couldn't stand it anymore. Run to the toilet, Zauru different shape and imagined in poses emptied. "Zaur, Zaur ... I want to belong to you, drink and eat until the last thorn. Be mine, only mine ... "Arthur was cannibalizing, losing his mind.

When he returned to the gym in a hypersexual atmosphere, he joined the boys talking about girls. hypocritically. Fictional stories, fake sex heroes, anal and oral tales. All without exception The boys had sex at this school. Sports teacher Valery Mikhailovich Yen's children pours on top:

- Stop talking nonsense! We're climbing the wing, come on! Come on!

As if he was having a very interesting conversation with her, Zaur slowly scolded his teacher, gnashing his upper teeth. he spits under pressure and runs towards the wing, climbing to the ceiling with a thick rope. Arthur's breath caught again. Zaur's every move, swearing, spitting between his teeth, now small, round The swell of his ass and the climbing of his wings bring him to his senses, and a burning "sigh" breaks from his heart.

As the boys change their clothes in the locker room, Zaur suddenly turns around and comes face to face with Arthur. Glanced eyes to the navel, then descends further. A dot at the end of a hill rising under a white mist There is moisture in the height. No matter how much you shake after urinating, a drop of urine will always remain on the tip. Where is Arthur Zaurun excited to notice what he was looking at. "Or? .." The light of hope fills him, he turns from joy to madness. She is so happy that he does not feel the instrument rise, the magma move. Suddenly he regained consciousness, quickly turned his face to the wall, he wears his pants. Sparks of passion hide his body, looking at what is happening behind the mirror. Here it is, still Zaur did not take his eyes off him. In his innocent eyes, a strange curiosity is read. About twenty in the locker room Although they are disciples, none of them feel the silent dialogue between them, the communication established with their eyes, the whisper.

They both realized that day that they belonged to each other.

The day of confession was not delayed. A week later they opened up to each other. In the school yard, where labor classes are held Zaur was leaning against the wall of the high-rise building, his head down, unable to look into Arthur's eyes. Heard from him Although the words were heartfelt, he did not dare to open his mouth. Arthur is talking, and his eyes are on Zaur's face, waiting for a reaction from him, looking for an answer on his frozen face.

"I love you" - these magic words also slipped from Arthur's tongue, and Zaur's face was adorned with a smile, woke up sad on his cheek. He raised his head and looked at Arthur, who was still talking excitedly. Already he didn't listen to her meaningless, incoherent words, he just watched her first lover, her first eye pain.

Finally, Arthur was silent. His cheeks were flushed from the frost, and his lips were trembling. He was waiting for an answer, and Zaur was silent, he continued to look into her eyes. Zaura was slapped, brought to him, and talked to from the mind.

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"Why are you silent?" thought tormented. "Speak up and be a victim, say a word!"

The answer to the flick of the crystal vase was lonely, clinking, and sweaty:

- Me too...

Two days later, in Artushgil's house, they got to know each other better, expressing their innocent love through the language of their bodies. further strengthened.

Ekran in Buzovna was the first and last pioneer camp the two went to together. Large dose worms this summer night, when the scent of warm evenings tickles the nostrils, the sea in a thin line intersected with the ground. Children gathered around the burning bonfire, on the one hand, whistling at the base of their ears. On the other hand, Oleg, who is from a large group, plays the guitar "Vzveytes kostrami siniye nochi, mi pioneer deti They sang the popular pioneer song "Rabochikh" in chorus. Dedicated to the children of the workers, the empire itself This huge song took over the whole of Absheron. For Arthur and Zaur, this song is also about love, he called them to make love.

Absheron evening was full of love.

People around them do not see that boys, whose love grows and blossoms day by day, are often left alone. even if they saw it, they did not understand. Behind the low cliffs between the coast and the town road, a private place they found. The sound of singing from a very close distance drowns out the passionate moans of the two teenagers. created conditions for comfortable lovemaking.

A starry night fell into the world of fairy tales.

He spent the whole day in class, daydreaming, staring blankly at the rain hitting the window. When he returned home, he did not talk to anyone, did not eat, did not drink, and his parents, who had long been accustomed to this, were sad. Accompanied by his gaze, he went to his room and slammed the door. He threw himself on the bed without turning on the light. Kind of He wept as he looked at the Maiden's Tower, which was slowly eroding from the intensity of the rain.

Artush could not sleep in Yerevan either. The machine-building plant where he and his family temporarily settled one eye in the dormitory was in the room, squeezing his mouth with his palm so as not to hear sobs. It did not cross my mind, dear man. He could not forget their love, their looks, their laughter, the warmth of their hands. Like an unstoppable flame grief grew day by day. Zaura could not forgive herself, at least because she could not say goodbye.

The last time he regretted not talking to her on the phone, he did not hear her voice. However, his father offered him Call Zaura. He now understood that pride had no place in love.

"You must know that I have buried our love in my heart, Zaur. I've always dreamed of you, I've always dreamed of you I will think. Every day I do not hear his voice, I do not see his face, I will have the torment of hell. Piece by piece, ruin I have a broken heart now. Even in those ruins, there is no place for anything and no one but you ..."

3

... A long, very long train. Lights, houses, comas, which are felt through the window. Urine on the walls of the drum There are traces. Arthur and Zaur, sitting in a two-seater compartment called SV, drinking Shota's wine, they listened to the knocking of the train, which broke through the darkness, and sometimes broke the silence with short dialogues.

Conversations on the road, especially on the train, become more private. Probably the reason is when people are on the road they are beyond time, they have become a separate substance of the theory of relativity. B from point A.

What the subject is doing along the way is not written in the mathematics books. So that's it it doesn't matter. It's also the same for lovers traveling from Tbilisi to Poti it didn't matter. Let them be next to each other, to maximize these moments of equality.

They love to travel. This passion is lost, more than the need to be alone, to be able to make comfortable love it comes from the desire to find time, to run away from themselves.

- Arthur, let me ask you a word. I've been wanting to ask this question for a long time, but for some reason I always forget.

Arthur poured the wine on his head and emptied it. Zaura looked under her eyebrows:

- I wonder what interests you so much? He asked.

- Armenia...

Arthur raised his eyebrows.

- I understand you...

- There is no need to quarrel. More precisely, the attitude towards homosexuals in Armenia.

- Do you know that you are treated badly? - Arthur could not hide his surprise.

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- You're right, I know. But how and in what forms does this bad attitude manifest itself?
 After sipping wine for both of them, Zaur took his plastic cup and put it on the head of the bed.
 leaned on the pillow. The wine had practically captured both of them, and they were delighted.

- In what form? .. What can I say? .. There are various manifestations of this.
 - For example, do you have gays in your victorious army? Said Zaur sarcastically. Arthur heard the sarcasm in his voice
 he smiled.

- Don't worry about our army. In any case, he occupied the land at that height.
 Zaur closed his eyes and muttered to taste the wine better.

- It was not your army, but the Russian army. But still, thank you for agreeing to the fact of occupation.
 Arthur jumped to his feet and sat down next to Zaur. Zaur stood up and opened his eyes.

- What happened?
 Arthur placed his hand on Zaur's bulging hill under his jeans and began to rub lightly.

- You are not correctable. Like every Azerbaijani, the fact that Armenia has defeated you makes you mad.
 You find the solution, the victory, in writing on Russia's feet - he said and bent down and kissed Zaur on the lips.
 Zaur put the wine on the table, grabbed Arthur by the neck and pulled him to himself.

- You are not corrected either, son of a Dashnak dog.
 - Don't swear, barbaric Turk ... Ahh ...
 - Mmmm ... Shall we turn off the light?
 - Wait ... wait ... It's too early. - Arthur broke his lover's lips and took the wine from the table and
 he's back to his place - we're going for six hours, and you can't stand it. Leave our comfortable bed in the pot, in this narrow compartment
 why are we making love
 Zaur took the wine, took a sip, and rolled his eyes at Arthur.

- Shota finally appeared ...
 - Yeah. He did not grant our request. I never expected him ...
 - Me too.
 Arthur relaxed and asked:
 - Do you still feel ashamed of what happened in the bathroom? If you think about it, he lowered his head at the station. His
 I do not understand the complexes.
 - If he is ashamed, then he is a fool. Probably the Georgian principality has taken root. Do not throw the conversation itself. Just now
 what did I ask you
 - Yes?
 - The situation of the blues in the Armenian army. Did you forget?
 Arthur rolled his eyes and looked out the window. After thinking for a while, he said:
 - A lot can be said about this. For example, let's start with such a call. The conscript confessed during a medical examination
 If he says, "I'm gay," the doctors will immediately report it to the chairman of the commission and the military commissar. From him
 and then ... God forbid.
 - What happens after that?
 - The boy is taken to all the rooms of the military commissariat and shown to everyone. Shame on the conscripts
 they insult. In the end, they were diagnosed with "homosexuality" and sent to a psychiatric hospital. Military Commissar
 also communicates to parents, workplace or university.
 Zaur opened his eyes and listened to Arthur. He could not believe what he heard. He was terrified.

- What are you talking about? After all, this is the greatest insult to man!
 - Of course it is an insult. What am I saying? I had gay acquaintances - Mamikon Ovsepyan and Misak
 Kocharyan. What I told you happened to them. The military commissar announced to the university where Misak was studying that
 "This student is blue." The doctors of the commissariat diagnosed him as "homosexual" and sent him to hospital.
 There, they confirmed this diagnosis without analysis and examination, and took him to outpatient treatment, not inpatient.
 The hospital reported that the man had "sexual perversion." Finally, add the necessary column to the military ticket
 After that, they released him from the army. He is still registered at a mental hospital.
 Zaur rubbed his forehead and said:
 - It is impossible! In 1991, the World Health Organization unequivocally declared homosexuality international
 removed from the classification of diseases. Doesn't Armenia, a member of this organization, know about this?
 - Maybe there is, but Armenian health is very different from world health.
 "What are they doing to him in the hospital?" Is homosexuality treated?
 Zaur laughed at his question. Arthur continued to maintain a serious expression on his face:

- What treatment? The doctors received a verbal order from the Ministry of Defense about such conscripts - do whatever you want
 but don't let gays into the army. A homosexual who really belongs to the army, head for his commander
 is a pain. If they hit and kill him, who will be responsible?
 - Do you hide your orientation?
 - Suppose he was able to hide. What if there are people in the property who know this?
 - What happens then?
 - How does that happen? They report to the military unit from outside - that's what happens! After that, insults and humiliation
 begins. He is brutally beaten, and the soldiers refuse to eat with him in a cafeteria. Once soldiers
 they rebelled that there was a blue man in the unit and that all the utensils in the dining room had to be changed. That's the best

you confess yourself. Then they may not beat, but they will still insult. They don't put it in the dining room, they are always in the kitchen they send it. Apart from washing the dishes, all the dirty work is given to him.

Zaur listened to Arthur in horror and asked:

- What is the situation in Karabakh?

- It is the same in Karabakh. The situation is even worse there. Blue soldiers to the houses in the surrounding villages they send. They are often beaten and insulted. After being beaten, they are not allowed to go to the sanctuary.

- Why?

- There is an unwritten law in all military units - gays cannot stay in the same ward!

Zaur poured wine into empty glasses. He was shocked by what he heard. Watching his wine filter carefully

Artush:

- Maybe tell the guide to bring tea? He asked.

Zaur raised his head and examined Artush's face.

- Are you crazy? What is tea?

Arthur laughed and put his elbows on the table and clenched his chin with his fists.

- But everything is not as bad as I said. In one of the military schools, the authorities gay a man the trainee was given two conditions - either to leave school or to pay. The cadet is three thousand dollars He became an authority in the school.

Arthur had just finished his last sentence when Zaur burst out laughing. Canister power table with trouble lay down and lay down on the bed. He coughed and laughed, tears welling up in his eyes. Arthur saw this state of Zaur before he laughed out loud, and then frowned.

"You ... what are you ... talking about?" Really ... became an authority?

Zaur asked the question with difficulty and laughed even louder.

- Don't you believe it !? I swear by whatever you want! Began to water the square at the military school. One day he woke up is exposing and beating homosexuals.

Zaur's face was red. He hits his knee with one hand and the other with his hand to prevent coughing it worked.

There was a knock on the door. Arthur got up and stumbled to the door and unlocked it. He put his hands on his hips

The old guide looked at Arthur's reproachful eyes, or at Zaur's, who was lying on the bed, and said:

- I hear your voice in my compartment. Imagine what draws passengers. Do you know the time?

Arthur shook his head and looked at his watch. The flea was five minutes away. Zaur somehow regained consciousness and calmed down. Durub sat in place.

- Uncle, be a victim, forgive us. All the blame is on Georgian wine.

The guide smiled and looked at the unfinished canister under the table.

- I understand that Georgian wine is the most beautiful drink in the world. But there is a place and time to drink it.

Zaur put his hand on his chest and said:

- We promise, uncle, we will behave well. But I have a question for you.

- Come on, son.

- There is George W. Bush Street in Tbilisi.

- Yes, son, you are right.

- In 2008, Bush will no longer be able to be elected in the next presidential election in the United States, because he is twice president was. But what will happen to that street when someone else is elected president? The name will still be George W. Bush, or that street Will the new US President be named?

The old guide looked at Zaur with disgust, at Arthur. The smell of milk in his mouth filled the two children, the old man he was furious.

"Calm down, please," he said, and slammed the door.

- What a bad thing you are, Zaur. Now that old, proud Georgian will not be able to sleep until the morning - said Arthur, and instead sat down and stretched his legs forward. - My head is spinning. How r u

Zaur squealed and lit a cigarette. Arthur shakes his head:

- Don't be silly! Do you want to hear the word again?

- He says he eats pox. I bought a SV ticket for a six-hour trip to smoke a drum?

I want to draw here. Then I open the door, don't worry. Let me ask you a word. In Armenia

Is there a substance for homosexuality?

- Why not? What is Article 116 of the Criminal Code of Armenia? True, the substance itself exists, but

They do not arrest anyone, because we are members of the Council of Europe. Husband, this article did not happen, the attitude to gays we will not change. Maybe after two or three generations.

Zaur smashed the ashes of the cigarette and asked:

- If you burn, burn. You won't smoke on a drum that smells of urine!

Arthur shook his head and agreed:

- Well, let me tell you. The gas chamber will return here now. - He lit his cigarette and asked, - And in Azerbaijan how is the situation

- We also have Article 113. Under this article, you can be sentenced to three years in prison. But you need a man's sexual instrument hold it in another man's anus. This is not an easy task. That's right, the man is an expert

they can send him, or force him to confess in the same department. A man caught by the police in Azerbaijan, in Auschwitz he may also admit that he burned the Jews alive. Money solves everything - don't be blue, be whatever you are - give your money get out.

Arthur smiled bitterly and said:

- How similar are we to you ...

- But lately, gays have become very literate in Azerbaijan. ILGA ¹. Such as the UN, UNESCO, the Council of Europe write appeals and complaints to influential organizations. This is why ILGA is increasing pressure on the Council of Europe. The organization should be active in ensuring the rights of homosexuals in Azerbaijan.

Arthur asked half-mockingly, half-seriously:

- Does it help?

- No, what help ... But looking at Armenia, our situation is much better. At least suffering in the army they do not.

Arthur took a deep breath, shook his head, and expelled the smoke from his face.

- Somehow ... It seems that we talked a lot about other people's problems. We do not know what will be our end, we suffer the community.

Zaur said, "You're right," put out his cigarette under the bed, pressed it to the iron, and put it on the table:

- I throw it when I go to the toilet.

- You are really a barbarian - a pint, a nomadic Turk.

- Although I am a nomad, I love the train.

- What about the ship?

- I boarded a ship once in my life, when I went to Turkmenistan. I was a child, now I forget. Only he I remember my mother vomiting all the way.

Arthur put out the cigarette butt under his shoes and put it on the table.

put next to him.

- When I was little, I made a big balloon and wanted to fly to distant lands. Jules Verne, Dumas I read his novels and imagined myself as a knight at the epicenter of terrible adventures.

- Arthur!

- What is?

- I love you.

- ...

- I love you more than anything and everyone in the world.

He got up, sat down next to Arthur, and stroked his cheek. Then he hugged and kissed her, his tongue parted from her lips put it in his mouth. The warmth of his mouth, which smelled of warm wine, intoxicated him.

Arthur stretched out and unbuttoned his shirt to create a smooth, fragrant body, small button-sized nipples. he kissed. Then he squeezed her so hard that Arthur was in pain. "Artush ...". The name had magical power. With the magic of this name Everything that was real disappeared in an instant. Only two large Armenian eyes that lived out of this reality and everything - fear, there were moans of pleasure, passion, and happiness.

Their agile body movements were reminiscent of the rain-soaked earth's cries for help.

¹International Gay and Lesbian Association.

In the valley, surrounded by golden trees, a strange view opens from the stone balcony of the house: an eagle soaring over steep cliffs and breezes. It spreads its wings

the eagle seemed to be made of stone. The rocks are stacked on top of each other

was formed. The four-cornered houses looked out over the river at the bottom of the cliff. Here

It is a mountain village of Poti, one of the most charming corners and port cities of Georgia. Arthur and Zaur stayed

The inside of the house is dark, the floors are carpeted and the mats are lined up.

They lay on comfortable couches and looked into the distance, at the high mountain between the two rocks. Zaur He took two handfuls of the drugs Shota had given them, inhaled the smoke, and passed the cigarette to Arthur. Of the two their nostrils were as cold as ice, their hearts were pounding, and they felt cool in their chests. Rejoice in the weak wind spreading the smell around.

Two hundred meters ahead, women and children passed through the village road, their faces tense and tired. They had bags and baskets in their hands. They hold their precious treasures in their hands like a treasure chest they carried.

Zaur scratched his nose:

- I wonder where they come from? He asked.

Arthur looked at the villagers and dreamed, and suddenly shook his head often and said:

- I know. They are going to war.

- Maybe they will return?

- What has that got to do with it? I say they are leaving, and you say they are coming back. So your goal is to argue with me is to do. The time and place you choose to argue with me is very meaningless. In general, why argue you have to

Zaur felt cold and pulled the blanket lightly to his knees. He lay in silence and happy for a while looked at the villagers. Arthur broke the silence:

- Why did we come here, Zaur?

- You talk a lot, but I will answer the question again. My goal is to argue with you No, that's why we didn't come here. When you ask why we came here, your goal is to talk to me, me had to sting. It's as if I brought you here to argue with you. However, this is not my goal. Sa- If I wanted to argue with Nin, I would do it in Tbilissi, why did we come to Poti again? We lay here so stretched,

we came to look after the villagers.

Arthur took a banana from the ground, peeled it, and began to chew with appetite. Zaur speaks, and the voice as he speaks tone was falling. When Arthur finished eating the banana, his voice could no longer be heard. A gap in Zaur's wide-open eyes there were, and those eyes were fixed far, far away. Arthur buzzed the banana peel out of the window into the yard robbed the second one.

- Zaur, I think that if you eat a banana, you will see better everything you want to see in the distance. Banana man strengthens vision. That is why all the prophets ate bananas.

Zaur pointed with his eagle eyes, which floated in the sky and froze like a statue, and asked in a straight, monotonous voice:

"Do eagles eat bananas?"

"Does an eagle have the strength to eat a banana?"

- Then why do they see so well? When they see a mouse the size of a dot in the distance, they jump on it.

Arthur held the banana in Zaur's half-open mouth. Zaur took a bite of the fruit and chewed hard. On the one hand continued his considerations:

- You did not answer my question, but I remember that I asked you a question. Eagles bananas Because they eat, they see so well away?

Arthur looked at the eagle and said:

- Maybe they eat. Eagles in Africa eat one hundred percent.

- Why?

- There is nothing in Africa but bananas.

Zaur began to laugh wildly. His mouth was open, his chin was tense, and he was flushed. On the one hand with his right hand rubbing his chest. An outsider might have thought that he was in shock or paralyzed. About half froze in this position for about a minute. Handan-hana came to his senses with broken "ha-ha-ha" he laughed. Then he suddenly fell silent and said:

- Armenians also eat bananas.

Arthur did not object:

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- Yes, they eat.

- That's why they were as far-sighted as an eagle.

Arthur liked this idea:

- Thank you very much for calling Armenians eagles, my dear.

- No, I'm not talking about eagles to Armenians. I say far-sighted. Are your people far-sighted?

- Yes, he is far-sighted. How did you know?

Zaur laughed heartily again and said:

- Armenians are such a far-sighted people that they came from Baku and made Karabakh their own.

they did not know. Why did this happen? Out of greed. If it weren't for Karabakh, he would be living in the most beautiful parts of Baku now. they ran the oil business.

Arthur took a bite of a banana and said indifferently:

- What do I have, who lost what? I don't need oil. I do not need Baku either. I do not need Yerevan either.

There is no need for an eagle floating in the sky.

Zaur got up and sat down, opened his arms and shouted at them:

- What did you need?

Arthur sat down and said aloud, shaking the unfinished banana.

- You! I need you!

"Do you need me, a lifeless thing?" I didn't ask, "Who do you need?" I asked, "What about you? needed!" Can I be the answer to the "what" question? You mean I'm not human !?

Instead of answering, Arthur approached Zaur's warm breath and looked into his glowing eyes.

Then he hugged her, and it seemed to Arthur that for the first time in his life he was embracing her. Zaur's muscular body, she had soft, fragrant skin, and her teeth, which were visible through her lips, shone like white pearls. Zaur tez-quickly blinked. Her long and delicate lashes touched Arthur's cheek, and his aggression disappeared in an instant a caressing look appeared in his eyes.

He put his chin in his palm and raised his head. Soft face, moist thirsty lips and semi-closed looked into his dreamy eyes behind his lashes.

- Zaur, if it weren't for you, I wonder if there would be any meaning in life?

Arthur took the cake from the pan and put it on the plates:

"He texted me in the morning to be there in the middle of the day," he said, turning off the bottom of the cupboard and going to the kitchen door. approached, - Do you hear?

Zaur, leaning neatly against the walls, asked without looking back:

- Do they come by car?

- Of course, you can't bring a man of that height by bus.

Zaur spread his hands sideways and said:

- They like income.

- Enough of playing with pillows, come and help me.

Zaur went to the kitchen after putting in the last muck and correcting the slippery spot.

Shota wrote the SMS at eight o'clock in the morning and announced that they would be in Poti at about one o'clock. Each

The matter had been discussed and agreed upon in Tbilissi (Georgia) before leaving for Poti. Shota, help him. Although he was a little surprised when he heard the crazy plan of the young people who wanted to, he calmed down at that moment and promised to help.

In a cafe at the Tbilisi railway station, Shota turned his face to the young people and said, "Both heterosexual and homosexual love "It is the most beautiful, the sweetest sin committed against life." "You want me to share in this sin. To you I can't say no. Indeed, do not reconcile with this sin, do not embrace it - do not be afraid of it, do not run away from it I understand that it is very honorable. To attack this sin, to defeat it, and pure love need to perpetuate. Denying love is, above all, injustice, disrespect and betrayal. "

Today, Shota, keeping his word, is a kind and close person of the First Lady of Georgia Sandra Rulov. his spiritual father came to Poti with the Dutch priest Klaas Hendrikse. It seemed that years of suffering, separation who feels the unbearable pain in their hearts and who never loses hope of meeting in spite of the war who doesn't fall and doesn't really care if they're married or not, but if it's possible to do so, let him fulfill the request of Arthur and Zaur, who do not want to miss the opportunity.

In the South Caucasus, home to latent homosexuals, this would be the first gay marriage. This marriage is for young people air was needed like water. They understood this three days after the meeting in Tbilissi (Georgia). This is an unbelievable step by throwing, perhaps on the day of their marriage, November 18, not only in the South Caucasus, but all over the world

to the remarkable history of homosexuals, to the gay Valentine's Day, or rather to "Klaas Hendrix Day" they were turning.

Arthur dipped the bread into the cake and asked:

- Have there ever been people trying to get married in Azerbaijan?

Stirring the sugar in the Zaur River:

"There was only one couple I knew," he said.

Arthur, who was not expecting a positive answer to his question, opened his eyes with interest and asked:

- What are you talking about? Did you know them?

- No, how can I recognize them? Both work in the oil sector, at BP. The press is about them

wrote a lot. Their names are Eldar and Mansur. They have been living in the same house as a married couple for several years now. Application for marriage In October, they applied to the present-day Yasamal District Civil Registry Office.

- What did VVAQ answer to them?

- Definitely rejected. And now it has gone through all the courts in Azerbaijan, and finally in Europe want to go to court.

"It's very interesting ..." Arthur looked out of the window at the sparrows playing on the fir-tree branch. draw:

- I wonder if it will be useful? He asked.

- The European Court may have ruled in their favor. So far, the European Court of Human Rights has not looked, and if he does, it may be what I thought. In this case, Azerbaijan with this decision will have to reckon.

Arthur nodded:

- Do you see? Again, Azerbaijan! If you talk about homosexual marriage in Armenia, then you they kick and kick. Cursed country! He called himself a Christian!

Zaur laughed:

- Well, don't get upset. The Caucasus is the Caucasus - neither Christian nor Muslim? None of these broken nations are human nor will it be.

Dodiko, who drove the car, easily found the village house where the lovers stayed. It would be half past two. Zaur and Artush they walked in the yard and smoked.

"Dodiko's here, too," said Zaur, glancing at Arthur.

They went outside and met the car. Zaur opens the back door, in contrast to the image he creates in his brain about Klaas beardless, 40-45 years old, helped a slightly fat priest get out of the car. Half of the priest's hair shed, broad forehead slightly enlarged.

- Welcome, Reverend Priest.

Arthur tossed his cigarette on the floor and hugged Shota and Dodiko in turn. The priest also met with Klaas.

- Wasn't it difficult to find a house? - Zaur asked Shota.

- What can be difficult for a person who often rests in this village? - Shota and Dodiko also hugged Zaur.

Arthur stepped forward and entered the yard and invited the guests home with his hand:

- Come on, come on.

The five entered the house and took off their jackets and shoes. Guests are in a room without a chair and sofa They sat on the floor, on the mats. A priest who has not yet opened his mouth, only smiling

Klaas stroked the carpet with his hand and shook his head with pleasure. Apparently he liked the carpet. Arthur immediately went to the kitchen He went and lit the bottom of the kettle, took the cups out of the cupboard, put them on the saucers, and fluttered them with excitement.

Without looking at Zaur's face, he said:

- What? Can't find a place for yourself?

"I don't get married every day, Arthur." With the man himself. So there was nothing strange about my excitement.

The priest was pleased with the quality of the carpet in the room.

Arthur listened to Zaur's last sentence and asked:

- What will the guests drink - tea, coffee? Maybe you will learn?

No need, of course they will drink coffee. Turkish coffee.

Arthur smiled and looked at Zaura.

- Not Turkish, but Armenian coffee. Ancient Armenian coffee.

- Well well. Let there be ancient Armenian coffee. "Hurry up," he said, and returned to the room. Rev. Klaas is still on the walls looks at the hanging countryside with interest, from the ceiling of the room to the mattresses on the floor, look at everything carried. Zaur approached Shota and said slowly:

- What a good Dodiko came.

Shota smiled wryly:

- There must be two witnesses.

Zaur slapped his forehead lightly with his hand:

- Really! I never thought of that.

Dodiko looked at either Zaura or Shota with smiling eyes:

- Even if you forget, we remember. Priest Klaas also said that marriage would not be possible without witnesses he said.

Klaas Hendrix looked at the young people, realizing that the conversation was about him. The question was read in his shining eyes.

Shota said to him in English:

- Zaura, I was saying how important the issue of testimony is.

The priest often shook his head and said:

- Yes, it is very important. Marriage is not acceptable to God without witnesses. But also that one of the married is a Muslim. In Islam, two witnesses are obligatory.

Zaur thought that the priest had surrounded them, looked into his eyes with suspicion, and tried to see if he was joking.

But the priest's eyes said nothing to him. He simply asked:

- Are you renting this house?

- Yes, dear priest.

The priest clarified:

- How much did you take?

After a brief glance at Shota and Dodiko, Zaur said a little more anxiously:

- Fifty lari a day.

The priest pursed his lips and shook his head.

- Excellent. Very nice.

When Arthur enters the room with a tray in his hand and begins to arrange coffee in front of the guests, Zaur tells his lover began to help. When everyone had their coffee, Arthur wanted to go back to the kitchen so that the priest Klaas would take him grabbed his wrist:

- Sit down, son. "Sit down, too," said Klaas to Zaura.

They both sat down and stared at the priest's beardless, white, radiant face.

- A person should look for happiness not in another place, but in the person he loves. This is the highest truth. Decided to get married I heard from my friend Shota that you gave. To be honest, I found it very strange - Armenian and Azerbaijani homosexuals I never thought about the possibility of getting married. But since you have made such a decision, only you I can congratulate you.

He took a sip of his coffee and continued:

- About twenty homosexual marriages so far, as many as I forgot the number of natural marriages I cut. I must admit that for the first time I feel so comfortable, free and free. Your marriage is mine the priest will become the most significant event in my life, the most blessed marriage. Congratulations once again, long life, dear I wish you health.

But before you get married, I will give you some advice on marriage, my sons.

The priest relaxed, took a sip of his coffee, and began to speak in a straight, monotonous voice:

- Do not criticize each other for small or big flaws. You can't be perfect, you can forgive.

When arguing, don't exaggerate what happened in the past, the Karabakh conflict that worries both of you don't talk Ignore the small flaws that each other makes. Remember that your marriage is love and friendship You can achieve eternal happiness when you build on it. Do not allow any misunderstanding to last long. Finish the matter well in a short time. Don't be an idealist. Try to compromise and the other side is a miracle don't wait. Express your love for each other by all means. Do not give in to difficulties. Look forward to life. Let your face always smile. Ask your spouse for what you want for yourself. You think of yourself Think of it that way. Don't dwell on past problems or worries about the future.

Both parties need to know that marriage is a sacred union and a promise to God. Therefore, you will throw step should not disappoint you. Measure a hundred and reap one. Your close relatives, neighbors, friends and do not allow your people to interfere in your marriage. Solve your own problems as much as possible try to do. Do not be quick to correct what you see in your mate. To correct some defects need time. Do not magnify small flaws. Understand the challenges and responsibilities of family life and

You must take on this responsibility by believing in yourself. As much as possible from misunderstandings and disputes stay away.

Zaur and Arthur looked at each other and smiled. To this day, they have followed the priest's advice in excess.

Still, hearing that counsel gave them confidence that they were on the right path.

Arthur looked respectfully at the priest's gentle face and said:

- Dear priest, our love is forbidden. Our societies are enemies, our peoples are bloody. From us even if one of them was a girl, our marriage would not be allowed. I mean, it doesn't matter if we're gay does not change, even complicates the situation. We will probably have to hide this marriage for the rest of our lives. Therefore ... I want to ask you something.

- Ask here, son. You can ask any question you want.

Arthur looked at Zaura. There was hesitation in his eyes. She bent her neck as if hoping for help from her lover.

Zaur realized that he was in trouble and asked the question himself:

- Dear priest, we are interested in a question. Our marriage is the first homosexual marriage to be secretly performed or not?

The priest first thought. After rubbing his chin a lot, he suddenly decided on both of them

He looked resolutely and said:

- Yes. Well, at least I didn't go down without explaining myself first. Such a problem in Europe no, so gays don't need to hide it from anyone when they get married. I hid that for the first time I break up a homosexual marriage. It's like I'm committing a crime. However, what you and I do, is the most sacred act.

Shota translates what the priest said to Dodiko, and Dodiko shakes his head and listens to Shota. he looked at Zaur and Arthur with a smile and compassion.

Zaur and Arthur were also happy with this answer. Unable to restrain himself, Zaur interrupted the priest and said one said the breath:

- So, can we say that the day of our marriage can turn into a kind of gay Valentine's Day?

The priest was surprised at first. Since he did not expect such a question from Zaur, he did not know what to answer. Taking his hand to his chest He took out a cross from his collar and began to caress it. On the other hand, he thought so. In the room for about a minute There was silence. No one dared to break the silence. Finally Klaas miraculously raised his chin as he read, he began to speak.

- You remembered Valentine's Day ... In fact, we would not be wrong to compare. As you know, For heterosexual lovers, the start date of Valentine's Day dates back to the ancient Roman Empire. In ancient Rome, February 14 was an important day for all Roman people. Because today the king of the Roman gods- it would be a strike out of respect for Juno. Juno is both femininity and marriage by the Roman people also known as the god. On March 15, the feast of Lupercalia began.

This holiday was very important for the youth of the nation. Luperkalia, which young man will be lucky girl was known on the feast. Young Roman girls wrote their names on a small piece of paper and threw it into a bowl. And the boys they would take one of the names from there. Thus, they celebrated this holiday together with the girl whose name was written on the paper. Combined Most of the young people got married after the holiday.

The Roman emperor Claudius II was a tyrant. Finding a soldier to fight in the army is the biggest for him had become a problem. According to the emperor, the reason for this was that Roman men left their loved ones and families they did not want to.

Therefore, he forbade all marriages in Rome. Valentine was also a monk living in Rome at the time.

Together with Marius, a monk like himself, he secretly married young people, despite the emperor's ban. continued. After a while, the news reached the emperor. Valentine arrested for marrying young people is done and then killed. Valentine's funeral took place on February 14, 269 AD.

Today, November 18, is the day of your secret marriage. Then it turns out that ... - Laughing at the priest caught. Everyone in the room began to laugh. Suddenly, Klaas's face tightened, he took a deep breath and said, "That's it." It turns out that November 18 should be celebrated as "Holy Claus Day" among gay people around the world? After all, me for that they should be executed. You mean, like, saltines and their ilk, eh?

Everyone in the room began to laugh heartily. Klaas joined them and laughed out loud.

Arthur spread his hands and asked:

- Do you think it is possible to establish such a day?

Klaas added a "maybe" expression to his face and tilted his neck to the right. Sometimes Artusha, sometimes Zaura looking and said:

- But history and people will decide, not us. Now let's get married without wasting time.

Everyone looked at each other first. Shota translated what the priest said to Dodiko. Arthur said confidently:

- We are ready, dear priest. You can start.

Arthur, Zaur, Shota and Dodiko stood up. Zaur reached out to the priest and helped him to his feet.

The priest kissed the cross on his collar three times, placed it over his eyes, opened the Bible he had taken out of his pocket, and shouted aloud. He read a few verses and passed by Zaur and Arthur, who were standing next to him, and first asked Arthur.

- What is your name?

- Arthur Saroyan.

- Your religion?

- I am Gregorian in the ethnic sense. But I do not consider myself religious.

- I understand, you are a monophysite. May God guide you and guide you to the path of truth. You marry this gentleman are you sure you want

- Yes, I am very sure.

The priest held Zaura's face:

- What is your name?

- Zaur Jalilov.

- Your religion?

- I am an ethnic Muslim. But I consider myself an atheist.

- May God guide you to the right path and give you faith in your heart. Hurry to the path of truth. Artush

Are you sure you want to marry Saroyan?

- Yes.

- In the presence of witnesses, I have a question for both of you - in a difficult day, in a happy day, in illness and health, to die Do you promise to support and love each other as much as you do?

Zaur and Arthur said "Yes" in unison.

"Then I ... declare you married." You can kiss each other.

Although the couple hesitated for a moment, Arthur quickly regained his composure, raised his head and firmly put it on Zaur's lips. stuck.

After the wedding, Rev. Klaas sat for another half hour, talking to the young people. Next After drinking coffee, Klaas said that he had to return to Tbilissi (Georgia) immediately, and met with First Lady Sandra Rulovs tomorrow. together he apologized and stood up, announcing that he would attend the opening of a newly built orphanage in Barjomi.

- Today we have to hold the last meeting with Sandra about tomorrow's event. Add the last bars to the program need to do.

Unable to restrain himself, Zaur asked:

- Will the orphanage opened in Borjomi be religious?

Klaas smiled sarcastically and said:

- Suppose it will be religious. What is wrong with preaching our religion to children?

Zaur pursed his lips in regret and gave a sad expression:

- Of course, there is nothing wrong.

Shota called the priest to the door with his hand and said, "Come in," and with filthy eyes he rubbed Zaur's head.

When everyone was out in the yard, Shota left the priest in front and approached Zaur.

- Did you turn off your cell phone?

- I turned it off, what is it?

- Akif Tagi called me. He was asking you. Concerned. Did you tell him you were in Poti?

Zaur listened indifferently to Shota.

- No, it's not.

- Wrongly. I also said that I do not know where he is. The phone has not answered since yesterday, maybe something else went to town. So if you call him, my lies will not be exposed.

- Do not worry.

Dodiko opened the back door and waited for the priest. Klaas met Arthur and Zaur one by one and hugged them.

- I hope to meet again, God willing, my children. I wish you a happy life and your people

I am preparing for peace. Azerbaijan and Armenia, which have peace pigeons like you, have survived the one-time war. they must renounce enmity and begin to live as brothers. Thank you!

"Good-bye, dear priest," said Arthur, shaking Klaas's hand.

Zaur extended his hand to him:

- I am very glad to meet you. Thank you for everything.

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After Zaur and Arthur also met with the Georgians, the car doors closed and the Nissan Sunny sped away. was taken and made his way to Tbilissi (Tbilisi).

"That's the end of it," said Arthur, looking sadly behind the car.

Looking at his wife's disappointed face from the profile, Zaur laughed:

- Nothing is over. Everything is just beginning. We are already a married couple.

Arthur took his eyes off the road and looked at Zaur strangely, as if seeing him for the first time.

- You are right. But we do not know who the husband is and who the wife is.

- These categories do not belong to us, Arthur, so do not tire your brain with such unnecessary thoughts. Let's go inside - he said, grabbing Arthur's arm. - I started to get cold.

- Arthur, do you remember the sports field in the school yard?

Arthur, the third drug addict, murmured his drunken eyes without taking his eyes off the roofs of the village houses:

- Yes. What is that?

Zaur took the narcotics from his hand, inhaled the smoke into his lungs with a fire, and coughed lightly and closed his eyes:

- The most difficult was the spiral semicircular staircase. From the beginning in a suspended position, clinging to its steps

I always had trouble moving forward to the end. Sometimes when I'm not strong enough, you take my arms and legs

You clung to me and pushed me to the other side so that I could finish. I would run out of energy on my wrists,

my hands would be empty. Once I dared to climb up to a certain height. But down I did not continue for fear that I would fall, even though it was soft ground, and you took me down the stairs you downloaded.

Arthur looked at Zaura with wet eyes, looked at the roofs of the village houses again, and asked:

- Why do you remember them now? To torment me?

"Why should I torment you?" That's why I remembered that the same stairs have not changed, with more difficulties has been replaced. With ladders, labyrinthine ladders of life ... These ladders are different from sports ladders. But my wrists ache as I cling to the stairs, and I run out of energy. Again, it is difficult to look down I'm careful. Because it is no longer soft soil, but abyss and black depth. Difficult and heavy though I have to keep going up the stairs, otherwise I have to roll into a dark abyss. Sometimes getting tired I want to skip the steps, I say - that's enough. For some reason ...

The end of this maze is unknown Artush ... The end is unknown ...

Nervously, Arthur took the last of the narcotics and extinguished it in his ashtray:

- Did you start again? Again, fear, anxiety about the future, the threat of losing each other ... Everything is ours don't we have What are you afraid of?

- In the morning you say to me "good morning", in the evening "good night". That's it between these two sentences we say that ... Why aren't we fed up with each other? I do not want all this to end one day. I'm afraid so.

- Do not be afraid, Zaur. Our dear, precious memories, full of pain and sorrow, like the memories of the past years var. As I look at them, I think it's good that we lived through them in time. The price of sweet if you do not taste the pain you can't know This is so. There is no need to be afraid of separation. Love is not cheap, the taste stays on the palate sometimes there must be separations for the sake of.

His eyes filled with tears, his voice trembled as he looked at the magnificent profile of Zaur Artush as if out of the hands of the sculptor. asked:

- Do you believe what you say?

- I believe Zaur. You know that our separation will be very short. We have already found each other. Even though we are already a family. You are in Baku, and I am in Yerevan we can live in the country. Right here in Georgia.

Three more days were left, sad and happy, full of love, tears and laughter.

Life was good and young people wanted to live. When passing through the streets of the village, going to the market-shop they looked at people and smiled. People looked at them and smiled. Everyone seemed happy. Both Zaur and Arthur felt unparalleled. Even all their lives here, in this charming corner agreed to spend.

Zaur opened his phone and occasionally called Akif Tagi from Baku.

"Aren't you coming yet?"

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- No, I am very comfortable here. I also have some work to do.

- What can you do in Poti? Or is it wrong to fall in love with someone?

- It can be said so.

- Wow wow wow. So do we. Georgian girl?

Zaur sang an Armenian folk song and smiled at Artus, who was sitting in the kitchen.

- No, not a Georgian girl.

- Who was it?

- Akif, can we talk about this in Baku?

- Well well. What time do you come? Everything aside, but our work has been spilled. Call from the Norwegian embassy

They accept our project.

Zaur got up and began to walk around the room:

- This is very good news. "I'll be in Baku in three days," he said, and turned to look at the kitchen. Artush

He leaned against the cupboard and smoked, listening to Zaura with an expressionless face. Zaur repeated without taking his eyes off him. Yes, I am in Baku in three days.

He turned off the phone, put it on the window sill, looked at the children playing in the street, and turned his face again.

He turned to Arthur.

- So you are in Baku in three days?

Zaur rubbed his forehead:

"You know the Azerbaijani language better than I can imagine," he said.

- Don't change the subject. Are you going straight

"Should we both go one day or not?" You didn't say it yourself, will there be a short separation? Do this

What does it mean to delay? My work in Baku is incomplete. Akif has just said that one of the Norwegian embassy Our project has passed. I have to deal with it. Go home and do your work. See you whenever you want we will know already.

Arthur shook his head and went into the room.

- In fact, you are right. I do not know why your words made me so mad. Just my email

I don't check for a week. Probably a hundred letters. How long can a person stay in this village?

Zaur took two steps towards him and stroked his cheeks.

- We are out of drugs.

~~Yes, we are out of drugs. We should have asked Shota.~~

Zaur took his hand from Arthur's cheek and went into the kitchen and said to the glasses of wine:

- Does Shota owe us anything? It is enough to buy two boxes at once. We have been shooting like wild for several days. Sabah

We are leaving for Tbilisi in the afternoon. No objection?

- No ... If you promise to make this parting night unforgettable, I do not object.

Zaur returned to the room with glasses in his hand:

"Which of our loves has not been unforgettable," he said, handing the glass to Arthur.

To the health of a bad adventurer!

Tbilisi has never been so gray. Black clouds ready to explode and plunge the earth into the water they waited on the horizon ready to attack the city. Although the wind is light, the weather is icy the man was out of breath. Winter was already feeling practical.

Had it not been for the miscarriage, Zaur would have said that even nature was saddened by their separation. According to the idea that comes to mind he laughed to himself. Arthur saw her slippery lips and asked:

- What happened, why are you laughing?

- Now we are separated from you not as a lover, but as married people. I am leaving my wife in Tbilisi.

- How do we get married without rings on our fingers?

Zaur looked at his face carefully to see if he was serious. He saw that Arthur was smiling too also laughed.

- Three other people in the world know that we are married.

- Do you trust Shota and Dodiko?

Zaur shrugged.

- In any case, they are not indifferent to men. In that case, how logical is it for them to expose us?

They were sitting in the "Alan" Ossetian restaurant. Zaur's train was to leave for Baku at 20.35. And Arthur Early the next morning he decided to take a comfortable bus to Yerevan. So one night alone in Tbilisi would remain.

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- Do you think you are doing the right thing by not calling Shota? - Put a piece of khachapuri on Arthur Zaur's plate. asked the rock.

Zaur tried to stop him with his hand.

- Don't put too much, I'm not so hungry. No, I'm not doing it right. But I wouldn't want to see him now, at this hour.

I do not want to see or talk to anyone but you.

- I understand you...

- After I get on the train, you will call and apologize on my behalf. If you want to meet today you can.

Zaur said this and looked at Arthur with inspection eyes.

- What, are you trying to stop me? You could openly ask me if I wanted to meet him.

- Do you think I'm jealous of you?

- I do not think so, I'm sure.

Arthur laughed and added without giving Zaur a chance to open her mouth:

- But I like to be jealous. No, you can be sure - I had no intention of sleeping with that Georgian.

In general, I will not belong to anyone but you. Never.

Zaur cut a small piece of khachapuri and began to chew.

- I have no doubt about that, Arthur.

- Somehow ... It seems that we can't separate as human beings. The train leaves an hour later. What time do we get up?

- Let's sit for half an hour, please.

- You say sit down and sit down. I'm worried about you.

Zaur took a deep breath and lit a cigarette. He looked nervous and tense. He looked around several times bil was looking for someone.

- What happened to you? Arthur asked and leaned forward a little.

- As the train approaches, I realize that I can't say goodbye as a person. My feelings

I can not pass. God forbid, it's very hard for me ... I have a request from you, Arthur.

- I hear you.

- Don't come to the station with me.

- ...

"You must understand me, Arthur." I hate the images of lovers waving their hands after the train. Come here with you let's leave the restaurant ...

Although Arthur hardly:

"I understand you," he said. "Let it be as you wish."

SOMNAMBULA

*I have no decision for Isaiah-Maryam,
You make me cry, my heart is Armenian.*

1

In addition to Zaur, two women and an old man were going to Baku in the compartment. All three were Azerbaijanis. Twelve o'clock but no one thought of sleeping. Lying on the second floor, Zaur left unfinished in Tbilisi. He started reading Platonov's novel "Can" from where he was, to the conversations below, from bags and panties he ignored the fried chicken, tomatoes, pickles, and Coca-Cola on the table. Twice to him. Although offered a "snack," Zaur politely turned down the invitation. Roots, dense fingers. The woman, whose rings were shining, saw that Zaur could not speak, and looked at the other woman sitting next to him. But this woman. When he did not receive a positive response from Zaur, the old man joined the conversation.

- My son, the first one does not read a book while lying down, your eyes will be damaged. Secondly, the road to the morning we will go, you will starve to death!

- Thank you very much, uncle, I'm not hungry, I ate enough before boarding the train.

The fat woman ordered Zaur in a loud voice:

- Come down, baby, you've had enough! There is a meal for fifty people here.

Zaur is even tougher this time:

- I don't want. "By God, I don't want to," he said. "I'll go down and eat all your food, I promise."

Disappointed, she shrugged.

- You know, son. It was an offer from me.

The man greedily tore off a large thorn from the chicken's thigh and stammered his tongue.

- Today's young people are not like the young people of our time. People are reading books on the train. We don't read books and we knew the location of the food. The book is read at home, in the library, not on the train!

At the age of fifty, sitting next to a fat woman, a dark-skinned woman, made in China, cheap, tasteless, dark green. There was a blouse skirt in color. The "green" woman protested to the man:

- Is there a place to read a book? I wish all the young people were reading a book. For example, my son.

I put his neck on the ground, just as he put my neck on the ground.

A fat woman who passed half a tomato to her stomach without chewing, turned her mother upside down, complaining about her son asked:

"Why do you say that, sister?"

The "sister" sighed deeply:

- Don't ask, sister, I was in great pain.

The woman, who was in great pain, lowered her head and stroked the dermantin cover of her bed.

The man asked:

- Maybe we should get acquainted? Do we need to know each other's names as we travel? My name is Tofiq.

The fat woman also introduced herself:

- Bribery.

Asmar's wife ran her eyes and hands away from the dermantine bed and looked at a Rushviya and a Tofiq:

- My name is Gazelle.

"What's your name, son?" The man leaned forward and tried to see Zaur. However he saw Zaur's elbow. - Why are you sleeping baby?

- My name is Zaurdu.

"Very well, Zaur," said Tofiq, leaning against the wall again. - I have a great hair, I don't know what to do now. Ladies probably not a drinker. Zaur Bey was reading a book.

The gazelle, seeing Tofiq's questioning gaze on him, often shook his head:

- No, brother, I'm not a drinker. Not for me.

The bribe narrowed his eyes and made the man dull with his answer:

- I drink and spend it. I have never seen a drinker like me - neither man nor woman!

Unable to finish a page in ten minutes, Zaur said that the meaningless conversations below would distract him.

Realizing that he could not read, he folded the end of the page, closed the book, and went down.

When Tofiq saw the young man's legs swaying from above, he shouted, "Ahsan!" he shouted. Zaur fell next to him sat down:

- I can only drink. I will not eat because of the seed.

- Zaur, did you offend me, God?

- No, why should I be offended?

- I assure you, people will enjoy it, not the book. Although Ms. Jeyran does not agree with me.
Tofiq poured three plastic cups of hair and three glasses of cola and lifted his hair:
- In honor of our acquaintance. Passengers need on the road!
The bribe-drinker took a deep breath, parted his lips, and "fuu" to bite the chicken's wing.
was set.
Tofiq drank cola over his hair, cleared his throat and stared at Jeyran.
- Sister Gazelle, it seems that you are burnt by your son. Today's young people are like that ... You shouldn't pay attention.
Gazelle's pain opened:
- How can I pay attention, brother, I say, he pushed me to the ground and embarrassed me. And you say the idea
not to give.
The bribe-giver looked at him:
- What happened to your son? How are you, sister?
The gazelle nodded and shook its head:
- God, I don't know how to say ... He was so embarrassed that I was stunned. I'm ashamed to say thank you.
Tofiq asked the next child verbatim:
- Are you a debtor?
- Yes, I am from Bolnisi.
Tofiq raised his plastic cup again and said:
- To the health of the great Turkish country, Borchali district! If you exist, Sister Gazelle!
Bribery also joined the health and pulled the hair on his head. Zaur emptied his drink into two sips and leaned against the wall
He prepared to listen to the story of the reasons behind the sadness on Jeyra's face.
"Yes, forgive me, sister," said Tofiq. - It is not without this poison. Tell me, what happened to your son?
How old is he?
The gazelle took out his handkerchief and wiped the tips of his eyes:
- The puppy is 15 years old, let him see if he survives to 16 years old.
Drunk, Rushviya punched Jeyra lightly on the shoulder:
- Aaz kiri, damn it!
The gazelle said, "Ah, ah, my pain is great," and wiped his eyes with a towel.
- Boys often gather on our streets, fight and play football. My undead son is also ours
led the street gang. It was a three-month conversation, what a headache. When arguing, sit next to the crowd
They promised with their boys that ... By God, if the place is separated from my shame, I will enter the ground.
Listening to the woman with interest, Tofiq wanted to say "I spit on your embarrassment", but he restrained himself and gritted his teeth.
from:
"Sister, we're here," he said. - A companion also means a confidant, let me tell you. Why are you prolonging Thai.
The gazelle shook his head in agreement and said, "Yes, yes, brother, you are right," and continued his story:
- They promised that the leader of the losing team and the leader of the winning team ... he will solve the problem.
The bribe widened and clarified:
- What is "that issue"?
The gazelle was beginning to lose its temper. He pleaded with the bribe-taker:
- Understand, girl, that's the problem ... How can I say ... from the branch ...
Tofiq sifted through his hair, sniffing and sniffing. The bribe was cleared by clapping his hands together
He looked at Tofiq, who was dripping hair from a one-liter Fanta bottle, and rolled his eyes:
- Look! Look at the shame! What are today's children aaz! Vuuyu.
Jeyran nodded in agreement with Rushviya:
- You are right, sister, give birth to a child, live with him in the same house, grow up, let him do the same
hold on! Does anyone expect such a disorder from their child? I am a high school math teacher.
My son was brought up in front of me from the first grade. Now I am ashamed of the whole district, the school
I can not go.
Tofiq, Rushviya and Zaur drank their hair and put their glasses on the table.
"Speak, sister, open your heart," said Tofiq, taking a sip of cola.
- What should I say when I speak? My orphan's team won the game, the opponent took the leader of the team
took to an old inactive farm. There, he raped my 14-year-old son from behind. There was blood on the way,
He could not hide at home and was taken to hospital. I was sitting at home in the evening and saw the police breaking down the door. The child
They took him, handcuffed him and took him to the unit. Look ...
Tears welled up in Gazelle's eyes. Zaur looks at the woman with heartache, holding a glass of cola in both hands
in his palms he was twirling from side to side.

- There was a trial, they gave me a job for 6 years and put me in a children's colony. I also go to my relatives in Baku.
Grapes to go out in the area? I have to stay in Baku until it calms down. I also wrote my resignation letter.
The bribe turned to Jeyran and asked:
- But you don't have a husband?
- No, sister, no. Eight years ago, while driving a tractor, the tractor suddenly caught fire, burning to ashes. Right
if it were, perhaps these would not have happened to us. Geda saw something of upbringing.
The bribe-taker turned his head and said:

- God bless her husband, but there is no such thing. It should be in the child's blood, yeast. So it's yours there was a plague in his son's blood. Don't risk it.

The gazelle begs:

- Don't add salt to my wounds, sister, what's my fault?

The bribe was a practical blow - his cheeks were swollen, his lips were moist, and his eyes were red.

- Aaz, what is my fault? You can't stand Tifil, why do you give birth to Thais? The boy of the congregation Why are you making your child unhappy?

Although Tofiq intervened and tried to silence Rushviya, who was putting pressure on the poor woman, Rushviya wore a gold bracelet. He put his thick wrist forward and motioned to her, "You don't have to." Gazelle cried and cried:

- What could I do, sister? That's what happened. How did I know that my son would do such a thing?

Tofiq poured cola into the weeping woman's glass and handed it to her:

- Drink, drink. Don't pay attention to the bribe - then he turned his face to the bribe and rebuked her: - Why do you say that? sister? Man will be God. What is the mother's fault?

The bribe exploded:

- What is the sin? How is that? When you raise a boy, you have to eat! He is fifteen years old and hot!

The bull is a tall man, looking for things to stand on.

The gazelle looked at the people in the compartment one by one with confused eyes and begged for help.

kept on makeup face:

"What can I do if it's hot?"

The bribe salted the chicken's breast and said with a sneer:

- What could you do? If you were a counselor, you would turn around and relax. The more unhappy the child of the community What to do?

Zaur stood up and spread the cola on his knee. Tofiq covered his mouth with his hand and opened his eyes in horror. Gazelle with both hands He slapped his face and began to growl, scratching his face:

- Booyo, booyo! Aaz what are you talking about aaz! What do you mean, men?

The bribe squinted and put the salted chicken breast in his mouth, chewing:

- What a man! The man remained at 41-45.

Although Zaur did not care what he said about men and masculinity, this word touched Tofiq firmly:

- Sister bribe, we started well, but here you are. If you haven't met a man, he's yours

It's a problem, not ours. There are two men sitting in front of you, and look at what you are saying. I'll catch you and fuck you, you see how a man is!

Although the bribe was too much, he realized that he had gone too far and corrected his mistake:

- You need to forgive me. I couldn't help myself. When I see what time we are living in, I am relieved.

"I understand you, sister," said Tofiq, glancing at the weeping Jeyran. - In a word I agree that the times are bad. What was it like to covet a boy in our time? This poison has happened is going now. Each side was petux-metux. In our time, there was pure love, as they say, romance. For example Although I am now 65 years old, I still remember my first love.

Tofiq smiled at the next cup of tea.

- Let's do it for the health of our first love.

The bribe-taker took a deep breath, frowned, and pulled the cola over his head. Zaur took a small sip was satisfied. He was already happy and his head was foggy.

- Yes. "The first love regiment is something, sister," said Tofiq, sniffing the pickles. - So far, this song is my slice memorize:

*One first spring I loved it,
He left me in the blizzard.
When every wound heals and is forgotten,
The incurable wound of first love.*

In September 1958, while attending the first course at the Baku School of Commerce and Culinary Apprenticeship, Among the girls, my eyes annoyed a girl named Almaz with long hair. At first glance, I fell in love with him I felt. As I looked at her long braids, I realized that my love for her had grown.

The gazelle wiped its eyes and calmed down. She listened intently to the man. The bribe was chewing the chicken bone. He licked his fingers after making a "hoop" sound and swallowing the marrow.

- During classes, I wanted to sit on a bench with him and go to a brigade for production experience. Since we go through the first week of production experience one week and the second week of production practice, sometimes we take it home when we return home. I would say goodbye. As his family lives in Guba, he lives in a one-story house on Almaz Lermontov Street. remained. Later, those houses were demolished and a waterfall garden was built in front of the current Cabinet of Ministers. He was very worried when he sent her home. He was afraid to see his relatives.

After a while, I felt that if I didn't open my heart to her, the flame of my first love would burn me. Thus, I opened my heart to her as she drank tea with sweets in the student cafeteria and told her I loved her madly. Seeing her silence, I felt reassured, and I accepted her silence as a sign of approval.

In January of the first year, we had to take exams in three subjects. I got excellent marks in two exams. The third exam was on "Sanitation and Hygiene". We both booked tickets. Diamond ticket He asked me to help him because he did not know his questions well. I was warned by the teacher several times I helped him though. As a result, the teacher invited me to an interview ahead of time. All

because I did not behave well in the exam, although I answered the questions and at the same time additional questions. The teacher wrote me a "good" grade. I fell in love and this was the first victim of my first love.

However, my love is about to hit a rock.

So, when I came to class in the second semester, I never saw Almaz again. I looked for him. And in our group one of her close friends, who reads, said, "Diamond is engaged to her aunt's son, there will be a wedding soon. To read it her fiancé doesn't allow it," she said. I was very disappointed, I tried to forget it. But forget my first love I did not know. To this day, I still remember her long braids ...

Tofiq finished his story, wiped the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand, and took a sip of cola. Zaur looked at the man in pity. The bribe-taker rubbed his cheeks with his greasy hands and asked:

- And then what happened to Tofiq? Didn't you see your daughter after that?

"I got married 10 years later," Tofiq said, looking at Rushviya under his eyebrows. His voice was trembling. - Mrs. Khumar also came from Guba. But I never told her about my first love,

because he was very jealous of me. Mrs. Khumar talking to my sisters a year after her death I talked about my first love several times. Although 48 years have passed since then, my first love My heart trembles at the memory, I dream independently. Refrigerator for over 40 years I work in a factory, but I have never met a girl with a long braid like Almaz. I didn't have a daughter. I asked him to extend the braid. Sometimes I wonder why our girls do not stretch their hair and braid. After all, the beauty of a girl with a long braid becomes more attractive.

Tofiq couldn't help but cry. The bribe could no longer prevent his sobs. The gazelle, on the other hand, wept silently and stingily, for her tears had run out as she told her story. Zaur in the compartment one by one he looked at the people sitting there, his heart pounding. Tofiq continued:

- Lately, I have been confusing my dreams because I often remember my first love. One day I dreamed of a white wedding dress I saw a woman with long hair in her dress. Her hair was as white as a dress, but still had two braids. O When he approached me, he saw that she looked like that girl: "I often remember our first love lately. You are worried, what will happen, this is a fate," I said. He approached me and said, "You know, then I fell in love with you I didn't answer, but I was very sorry later. It's too late to tell you that I'm crazy then I loved her, but as an Azerbaijani girl waiting for honor, I was ashamed to express it in words. I love you now I love you, but I'm in someone else's house," he said.

I lost myself in my sleep. For a moment, I regained my composure: "Because Ms. Khumar passed away do you want to take my heart I live the rest of my life with my children, daughters-in-law and grandchildren. I don't need anyone," I said.

"I did not want to harm you. I also have children and grandchildren. Let us all have children and let the grandchildren be happy. Goodbye, I have to go now," he said, holding out his right hand to me. I shook his hand, his hands were shaking. At that moment, I woke up covered in blood and sweat. I haven't had a good night's sleep since then.

The bribe-taker wiped his red eyes with a napkin and said:

- Ah Tofiq, ah! You practically shook me. You say you're old. But even though you are older, you are still a man. And I My wife takes me away from my youth every year. To grow old, to see my homeland today as you get older it makes me very sad.

The gazelle comforted the woman by calling her "sister." Crying, he approached Rushviya and wrapped his hand around her neck. he kissed her on the cheek. The women kissed and hugged. Tofiq was happy for the women's reconciliation:

- Look at that! Intestinal women's health! Were it not for them, we would not be here!

Zaura also wanted to strain, but she said that she still had tea in her glass and did not want to drink. Tofiq:

- Son, don't be so passive anymore. It was not a drink, it was medicine!

- Uncle, I don't want to, I drank a lot in Tbilisi.

- You know - Tofiq lost interest in Zaura and handed the glass to Rushviya.

- Sister Rushviya, do it too! Let's see what happens to us.

With trembling hands and lips, the bribe picked up the glass, pulled it over his head, and began to cough. The gazelle is his. After slapping him three times on the back, Rushviya signaled to him, "Enough, stop."

- Thank you very much, sister, it's good. Do not let your hands hurt. Brother Tofiq's story shocked me. Generally my heart especially in the fall, he becomes fragile and crying like a pampered child. What if I peeled it off to rub it The wheezing stops, what tears dry. Last year, autumn was as fragile as my heart. The garden was yellow with care, A cloud of clouds crept across the gloomy sky.

For some reason, the bribe-taker blinked at Zaur and said in a hoarse voice without taking his eyes off him.

- One day, when I wanted to join the clouds and cry, I suddenly gathered and went to the village. Me in such moments it can hold nothing but the village. My feet are on the ground so that I don't get lost in the wind in the autumn, my hands should be on the tree branches. The village embraced me like a strange mother to her child. It's like two longings had met. The sky was clear. In the gardens still yellow leaves on the branches of pomegranate and quince trees took refuge and hid. The taste of the last bar of the tree is sweeter and dearer than all other flavors. Almost every tree, every branch I will not change the pleasure I get from walking in the garden with love and kisses. The autumn in the lowlands is very beautiful and becomes inspiring. After the scorching heat, the melancholy nature turns golden-yellow, the roads are covered with dust, People who are tired of hard work and heat, when they rest, their faces open, their eyes laugh, and all this is in a person. creates enthusiasm, happiness. I'm not talking about weddings yet. As the summer cooled in the village, the hands and feet gathered then the weddings begin. While urban weddings are distinguished by a rich table, rural weddings are distinguished by rich festivities and beautiful customs is selected.

Having said this, the bribe suddenly raised his right side and let out a roar of gas. The coupe hit a- to each other. The gazelle quickly got up from him and jumped to the door, took refuge in the wall and looked at Rushviya with fearful eyes.

looked. Zaur understood the situation and quickly opened the door. Tofiq, on the other hand, pays attention to the stench of heavy acid that fills the compartment. mining, the elder said with wisdom:

- Drink not only relaxes the heart, but also other organs, such as the intestines. Go on, sister, there is nothing to be ashamed of.

The bribe-taker looked at the people in the compartment one by one with grateful eyes and said:

- Thank you friends. Thank you. In my youth I traveled to all the socialist countries of Europe, I have seen. It is not a shame to release gas there. We also have a word - throw away the bad aspects of Europe, the good had to take aspects. I also consider it a good thing in Europe to have comfortable gas in public.

What, where was I?

Tofiq helped him:

- You said that village weddings are rich.

- Yes, yes. Fortunately, a wedding party was held in the village every day. I was invited to almost everyone.

They also asked to bless the young people. I also tried not to endanger the people, to follow their wishes let me It would be a lie to say that I have always enjoyed these weddings, and you will not believe it. From this noise, there were more moments when I was tired of the confusion.

But I didn't want to break anyone's heart, I just sat at weddings, said words and danced.

But in any case, I was happy to be with Obama and talk to them.

I had to leave early because the next wedding was my close relative's, and I had to attend until the end, whether I wanted to or not. Toy I couldn't stay in the cave for long. I would go to places where tea was boiled and cooked, and I would talk to my relatives.

Women roll up their sleeves and go to bed with great enthusiasm, to provide timely and decent care to visitors.

they were zealous. It is in my heart to fall from the dry, official life of the city, into the life of a private, native village it made me feel so sweet, so fragile, that I felt as comfortable as in heaven. Suddenly the sound of the wedding cave the noise caught my attention. Curiosity brought me to the cave. A tall, young boy like a hot tiger in the middle he pounded, pushed the nearest one from his chest, and shouted at the musicians:

- Blow my air, hurry up, or I'll bleed here.

Although he was afraid to come forward, he tried to calm him down from the outside:

- Please, tell me the name of the weather, let these poor people know what your weather is.

The boy did not sleep because he did not sleep:

- They should know, why don't they know! Be quick, play my air.

Someone in the crowd said, "Call his mother, maybe he can breathe his son." Quick front apron

They brought a humble prominent woman who was washing dishes to the cave. I didn't know this woman, so it was ours they were not from the village. It seemed normal to me not to know the boy, because I could not know the young men in the village, but I knew all the old people. I asked one of my relatives who he was. He said that they were refugees,

They came from Lachin region and took refuge in the neighboring village. The mother was waving in the middle of the cave, rubbing her poor hands on her apron approached his son:

- May God punish you, boy, you embarrassed me again. Let your face be black, why make me sad he began to pull her out of the cave.

Toybeyi:

- Sister Gizbes, if you know the name of her mood, let them play, let her play, - said the mother miserably:

"Boy, I have a song called 'Lachinim', play it," he told the musicians.

The musicians began to play the song "Lachinim". The boy began to spin around. Each time you turn the smell of sour sweat swirled around the cave. This is a yellow-yellow sweat stain on the sleeves of his white shirt it was impossible to stand next to the young man without holding his nose. After a while the boy shouted again:

- Why don't you read? Your tongue will not swell if you say Lachin, you read.

The poor singer began to sing. The singer sings aloud, and the drunken boy shakes his hand was playing. There was a leak, a pain in my heart and I felt sorry for Lachin. This unfortunate land is under Armenian occupation there he groaned, and here he endured our insults. His mother brutally took the boy out of the wedding hall and took him away.

A group of young people waiting for the turn of the game came out. Honestly, they played nicely. After playing a lot There were only two young people left, and they bowed to the people and the musicians. One of the two to the musicians gave money and ordered a song:

- Aga, play a "Jimi" and read.

Although I didn't understand what it was at first, the music was played by Mithun Chakraborty, an Indian.

I knew it was a song from the movie. One of the boys jumped up and down like a monkey, and was crushed, and a snake. twisted like. The poor singer reads three or four words over and over again, and the boy sometimes:

"Oh, straightforward reading, how is that reading?" He shouted again.

This scene suddenly changed my previous mood. It was as if two hands were holding my heart tightly.

I gasped and threw myself out of the cave like a bullet. Our house was close to the wedding house. Come to our house, in the garden I vomited at the bottom of the pomegranate tree. I was afraid, I was afraid that our sons should take land from the enemy and protect the homeland All of them come out of their vagina while playing in the air of "Jimi", enter a foreign henna, freeze and forget the name of Karabakh, forget the smell of the soil. He stretched out his hands to the sky:

"God, help yourself," I said.

The bribe-taker raised his hands and began to pray to God in tears.

Although the smell of oysters had already left the compartment, Zaur felt a headache and nausea, and went to the drum. came out, put his head out of the open window, closed his eyes, and began to swallow the fresh air greedily.

The pessimistic, lazy Baku, whose wrinkled face never changed, was dull under the June sun. The hot sun of the city it rained fire on his head, burning the face of a hot man rising from the melting asphalt underfoot. Break the boiling on the roofs. The smell of sour sweat and the smoke of cars permeated the city walls and rocks. Black mist black boys bathe in fountains set up in different parts of the city, and although the police chase them away, five minutes later, they returned and dived again. In the seaside park, he can't hear the noise, he wears black glasses, provincial boys in black pants and white shirts harass girls with make-up on their faces, sometimes even pointing at them they were throwing. As a rule, the sisters of the boys of this province are in bars in Baku, such as "Mars", "Piraniya", "Coral". for prostitution, harassing the girls they see on the street, and taking revenge on their fate not left. The disgusting smell of doner sticks to the clothes and bodies of passers-by, sweat mixed with the smell. Dust raised by workers undressed to the belt during construction and restoration work in the city the cloud penetrated the lungs of passers-by, and those with asthma began to cough. Roads and sidewalks As the asphalt pavement and stone floor are changed every three to four months, pedestrians sink to their knees in mud and sand, the machines did not allow the dust in the air to fall to the ground for a moment. Smelling kilka to drink warm beer, People crawling into air-conditioned cafes, after a while, smelling cheap beer and fish, left the city. they were dying. He wore black embroidered shirts and scarves around his neck. rosary-bearded, mustachioed city-dwellers squealing in the heat

Beggars in black veils begged for money in the name of "Hazrat Abbas" and "Imam Hussein" with nervous cries. Green and black flies, insects and donkey bees buzzing on the rubbish bins full to the brim, in the dump Dogs and cats looking for food clung to the faces of homeless people, especially Russians. Bomjlar hands them After a couple of seconds, the insects attacked the poor again, this time more resolutely. they were drawing. Cars crashing into the narrow streets loudly to the music, with signals to the head of the city had taken. A bus and a microbus stuck in traffic jams in Baku, the capital where half of the traffic lights do not work buses in the water from head to toe, breathing in each other's sweat and various odors Baku residents and guests of the city curse the smoking driver, stick their heads out of the windows trying to cool off, the unshaven wives under their armpits began to quarrel and swear, finding a small excuse. Drivers do not stand idle either, cursing their passers-by with their mothers and sisters, their brides and bridesmaids. they would remember. Pocketers working in groups of two or three also used basabas, and mobile phones were taken from people's pockets. they were flipping phones and money. Thousands of trees planted during the Soviet era and cut down annually during independence The poor population of Baku is trying to find shade and cool down with a thousand misfortunes, some people are covered with mosquitoes, dust. Some of the population has a ten-centimeter layer of oil on Shikhov beach. they hit the Caspian Sea, where sewage was discharged. To the dignified ladies who enter the water in bathrobes on the beach, eating hot corn sold on the beach, gnawing on the stalks, watermelons and throwing their shells on the sand to the flies there were also people who gave banquets.

After returning from Tbilissi (Georgia), the days turned into weeks and the weeks into months. During this time in the world, Many things had happened in the country, in the region and in Zaur's life. The days lengthened, the nights shortened, and all fled weight fell on his shoulders. Zaur continued where he left off. The Norwegian embassy is close to a year old The project was finally approved and approved by the Caucasus Center for Peace Initiatives, refugees in the South Caucasus and Four of the two-volume collection of stories told by IDPs, "My Chaotic Refugee," won a grant of 50,000 euros for publication in the language.

Of course, after this money, Zaur's financial situation also improved significantly, and he became completely involved in the project. His only contact with Arthur was the MSN program. They talked for hours on the computer, fell in love with audio-visual. They told each other that the separation would be short and that they would soon meet in a third country, such as Georgia Although their inability to keep their promises for some reason shook them deeply, they did not lose hope.

Only at night, when he is in a deep sleep, does his soul leave his loving body and be reunited with his lover's soul. and soon he was returning to his body from the passionate journeys of the night. The sun was shining in the mirror hanging on the wall As he spread into the room with a squeak, Zaur got out of bed with a heart attack, thinking that this day would pass without Arthur. She covers her erection with her hands and runs to the bathroom so that she can't see her parents, singing lyrical songs. He washes his hands and face, shaves his face, and looks in the sweaty mirror, looking at the blurry reflection, "How much longer, how long will it take? longing?" he thought.

The parents seemed reconciled to the fact that their son would not marry. International Relations Zaur, who graduated with honors, is fluent in English, in his father's Ministry of Foreign Affairs, or oil Listening to his insistence and advice to work in one of the companies, the NGO sector was aimed at. Why Zaur, problems of Georgian, Ossetian, Armenian, Abkhazian and Akhiska Turks, conflicts in the region He was interested in, why he made sharp statements in the press, he was face to face with everyone and himself Neither Zaur's mother, nor his father, nor any of his relatives understood that he was in danger.

- These conflicts have always been in the South Caucasus and will continue to be so. It is up to you to solve them my son Said his father. - There is no money or respect in the work you do. Your straightforward career, too will not. Only risk and danger! The number of enemies is growing day by day. Akif Tagi is an adventurous man. His he had no choice but to win a grant and eat the waste of foreign intelligence agencies. A penny in front of you- throws a penny.

- Dad, I love my job! I earn a lot a month, a month less. What is the difference? The main thing is that I am free. I travel around the world, meet new people.

- I see how you walk. You go to Tbilisi for three days and return in ten days. Call once and tell the news You don't say that my father and mother are safe. And here we eat the heart.

Almost once a week, Zaur had similar dialogues with his father. Both of these dialogues

they had already memorized it. This morning the tradition was repeated.
After drinking a cup of tea and carrying his backpack on his shoulder, Zaur slammed the door and left the house near the Sahil metro station. He came to the office of the Caucasus Peacekeeping Initiatives Center on foot.

There was no one in the air-conditioned office except Akif Tagi - Secretary to go on vacation. He went to Antalya, and the second coordinator, Teyyub, was at a conference in Kiev. Zaur prepared Nescafe for himself, went behind his desk, turned on his computer. Akif did not take his eyes off the monitor:

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- How is it going? He asked.

- How will it be? The man damaged my brain again in the morning.

- He is the father. He also has the right to want to live well and earn money. You have to understand it. No father he does not want the evil of his child.

Seeing an e-mail from Arthur, Zaur did not hear Akif's last words. Open the letter, eagerly began to read.

"... As the days fall to my feet like yellowed leaves, I turn my eyes to the darkness every night. I stood and waited for your clarity. Thus, autumn, winter, and spring are over, and we are now in the throes of summer. Two last week I had to go to Tbilisi for a day. I did not write to you not to worry. I knew he had given up his job you will come I took thousands of steps in the streets of Tbilisi. I visited every corner. Memorize every park, every tree I did. I looked for your name everywhere I was painted in love. It was as if the walls of the houses were falling on me one by one. As I writhed in the intensity of the pain of love that fell on me, I looked for the hands that would pull me out of this pain. Hicran I wrote poems to you. I cried out to the darkness, longing. I waited in vain for you to hear my voice. It will come from you I missed a single news. Hours came to me like captives. My body tired of looking for you I lay in the arms of darkness all night. Sleep in the ATA hotel to open in the blink of an eye in the morning I wanted to go. I couldn't. In the morning I opened my eyes without closing them. I listened to footsteps every night, maybe coming so that you will be. Every morning sadness fell on my heart. The sun was a symbol of loneliness for me ... Everything you are

Zaur took a sip of coffee, trying to hide his tears.

- What's going on? What else did you get into the computer?

Zaur raised his head and looked at Akif.

- I have a letter and I need to write an urgent answer. Let me take a minute.

"Come on, come on." I have nothing to do with you, that's what I asked.

He took a sip from Nescafe and began to write.

"... I understand you very well, Arthur. I wish you would tell me, I would come to Tbilisi. I do not know why did you As for longing ... I got wet every season without you. Spring flowers have opened When he said welcome to spring, I knew he didn't like it at all. It does not come after long winter months I waited to return to Baku with the migratory birds I thought. But you were not among them. Anonymous I went to the towns to find a trace of you. I hoped for the endless waves of the sea. I was waiting on the boulevard you Ships without you approached the ports. But not a drop of salty tears flowed from my eyes. Eye because I keep my age for you. I can not open my heart to anyone. What a great injustice you know it well. I am looking for a harbor, a place to lie down. The moon is falling apart every night. Every night the stars are questioned one by one. I want you to fill the palms of the stars and bring them to me. Like the sun I want to be born and enlighten this dark world. But you are not with me ... You are not with me. "

After Zaur sent the letter, he asked Akif Tagi, who was stuck between the folders on the shelf:

- Akif, you were in Yerevan. How did this city make an impression on you?

Akif turned to Zaur, his eyes smiling. The folder in his hand approached him:

- We have talked about this with you many times. You know both of my trips by heart.

- True, we talked. But I forgot to ask you the most important question.

- What is that question?

- How did you feel there? What feelings did you have in your heart?

Akif added a thoughtful expression to his face and said, tapping the folder on his palm:

- What I hid, I had strange feelings during both visits. Both very close and the farthest in the world I'm stuck in the country. You know, it's a very unusual, incomprehensible feeling. The man himself is there he cannot understand unless he sees, unless he sees.

- So you always felt surrounded by enemies?

After thinking for a while, Akif said:

- Of course, I did not forget it for a moment. Armenian special services around me

There were guards, and they never forgot that I was in an enemy state. Maybe they are If it weren't for me, if I could walk the streets of Yerevan, of course, without announcing my identity, these feelings, these feelings I would not have. I even told the organizers of the event in Yerevan that my bodyguards, security measures

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Otherwise, it would be no different for me from Tbilisi. Offended by me, but put a word in front of this word they did not know.

Zaur got up in front of the computer and started walking around the room. He lit a cigarette. Suddenly he raised his head Akifa watching him:

"As the most active employee of our NGO, I have never been to Armenia," he said. Doesn't that sound strange to you?

Although Akif was not surprised by his question, he shrugged.

- Brother, if you have never told me about this, how do I know that you?

Do you have a dream to go to Armenia?

- Until now I did not want, but now I want.

- Probably there is a reason for that?

Zaur smashed the ashes of the cigarette into a paper cup and said:

- Yes, there is a reason. In Tbilisi, I met people with very interesting and original approaches. They also have this conflict think about it almost like we do.

"You mean Louise?"

"Both Louise and Arthur." Both were quite educated, non-standard people.

Akif looked carefully at Zaur's face. It was as if he was looking for answers to the doubts on his face.

- Are you sure you want to go to Armenia? He asked.

Zaur:

"Why not," he said. - I think there is nothing wrong with my departure if peacekeeping activities will be useful.

Is not it?

Akif looked out the window. His eyes were drawn. He pursed his lips and said:

- You are right. Live communication with Armenians, of course, from sitting in the office and corresponding with them, preparing projects abroad more useful than sending to donors. You have been in direct contact with them in Tbilisi (Georgia), Kiev and Moscow. Now and that society interests you from within. What could be more natural?

Zaur was glad to see that he was understood. Akif's respect and love increased even more.

- Is there any benefit to our peacekeeping? Or are we really getting grants?

Akif's lips parted and he shook his head:

- The event you call peacekeeping has not yet received a clear definition. But there is a truth peacekeeping is going through hard times now. And this fact is not only in the South Caucasus, but in the whole world refers to conflict zones. Do not solve ethnic problems militarily, starting with the former Yugoslavia. Its effectiveness creates the illusion that peace dialogue and people's diplomacy have no prospects.

- What do you think are the reasons for this?

- The anti-terrorist operation launched after September 11 is a new political rhetoric for the South Caucasus confrontation brought. The governments of the three republics are reaping dividends from the game of terms, settling conflicts to strengthen the monopolies that deprive people's diplomacy of any support in the negotiation process began to take credit for. In the run-up to the elections, the ceasefire is often violated in both republics, the authorities and the population threatens war. This conflict is a conflict, a tragedy for us. It is a business for the authorities. I do this I'm tired of participating in the game. Peaceful toasts and brotherly rhetoric bothered me.

- Do you think that the governments of all three republics follow the same line?

- Anyone familiar with the situation in the republics of the South Caucasus, the political situation in the region can unequivocally understand that there is an astonishing similarity between the regimes. True, Georgia is a leader in democratic reform in the region, but in general, all of these regimes are conflict-only. They are more or less successful between the conflicting foreign interests in the region and these interests is stable because it is balanced. It seems that they are involved in the conflict or its resolution. All parties agree on the need to conserve the situation and further freeze the conflict is. This creates the illusion of the inevitability of stabilization of regimes and their protagonists.

Zaur listened intently to Akif. In the face of this man's deep intellect, judgment and analytical talent always admired. And now Akif is big, not in the office, not in front of Zaur, but in the magnificent conference hall was speaking in front of an audience. Zaur is also aware of the political situation in the region asked to show that he did not work in vain in the organization:

- You always know what interests me, Akif? A structure like the Minsk Group is a mediator in our conflict. However, the relationship between the United States, Western Europe and Russia to the conflict is largely mutually exclusive contradicts with. Is it possible to solve the problems in the South Caucasus in such conditions?

Akif answered this question without thinking:

"Of course not," he replied. - Everyone is disappointed with the Minsk Group. Both governments and NGOs imitates peacekeeping. The political, economic and demographic situation is practically the same in all three republics.

Despite the revolution in Georgia, authoritarian regimes in all three republics are trapped in corruption the economy is in the throes of an impending demographic catastrophe.

Zaur spread his hands to his sides and sat down.

- I do not know when this will happen, but someday Armenians and Azerbaijanis, Georgians and Abkhazians and Ossetians must coexist peacefully and co-operate where they once lived together

will learn.

Akif continued:

- Or these countries have been destroying the region for decades, constantly fighting with each other? will produce. Information that consciously divides people in our region and hinders their cooperation blockade reigns. What to do with frozen conflicts and uncontrolled zones? Here is the exact answer to this question not yet found.

- What do you think about the Armenian people in particular, Akif? I want to be honest, give me a clear answer ver. This is very important for me.

This question was unexpected. Akif lit a cigarette and sat in one of the chairs.

- Although I am engaged in peacekeeping activities and there are many people in Azerbaijan who do not like me Yes, I am still first of all Azerbaijani. Just as my colleagues in Armenia are primarily Armenians, even in most cases they are hard Dashnaks.

Yes, in my opinion, the Armenian nation is the enemy. There is no word on that. If we look at the history, we have reconciled with the Armenians many times. We have always been victims of deception. At different times, either voluntarily or by force, they force us to make peace have done. But the hatred of the Turks in the genes of the Armenian nation has not disappeared. On the contrary, it has intensified. The last peace in the USSR was forcibly created by the establishment of. What was the result? Again, we were the losers. Nagorno-Karabakh was occupied. Of course, There is no denying the negative role played by the Russians. It is not arbitrary for the Armenians to occupy anywhere.

- Earlier, Azerbaijanis and Armenians built tens of thousands of mixed families and gave birth to children. Even today some of them live among us. In general, what we achieve as a peacekeeping organization do we want Are we eating grants or is our goal to achieve peace among nations?

- I would like to reiterate that I am not a supporter of the war. Karabakh Armenians are ours are our citizens. But first of all, we must build a strong economy and a strong army, so that the Armenians are Azerbaijan they should not fall in love with living in the territory and show separate tendencies. If the state is a state, there will be no separatism. But we need to be careful with the Armenians, no matter what they say. Frankly, I told them I do not trust.

- Why? - Zaur stood up, put his hands on his hips and leaned back: - This is between the two peoples. How much larger will the abyss grow? How long will we remain enemies?

- You know, Zaur, everything lies in the psychology of our peoples, who look similar from the outside, but are very different. There is courage and monotony in Turkish psychology. In general, if we list the qualities of the Turks, first of all, halal and we can show that we do not tolerate injustice. Asif Ata, the founder of Absolute Faith, said about the quality of the Turks: "A Turk rides a horse, becomes Koroglu, falls from a horse, becomes Fuzuli."

Zaur was shocked at what he heard. I still witness that Akif spoke about Turkism, Turkism since he was not, this pathetic speech shook him greatly. Akif, on the other hand, raises his right hand and sighs incessantly spoke:

- Turks have always managed to combine elegance and grandeur in one hand. But he never spared anyone did not hit from behind. People like Sahl Sumbat, who sold his commander, and Bald Hamza, who stole and sold the brave man's horse He did not come out of the Turks. This is an Armenian quality, an Armenian quality. There is a snake in the heart of an Armenian. Snake-like man

- He fell, begged, got up and rang. Armenians, the blood of the weak, the slaves of the strong, a thousand and one per our people led to calamities. If we live in Baku today, if we have a city called Baku, 90 years ago it was a Turkish sword due to abrasion. I can't forget them.

Zaur silently sat down again. He looked at his leader with confused eyes, trying to digest what he heard. It was Akif himself who separated him from his dreams.

- As for your desire to go to Armenia, I support it, because I support dialogue. Yerevan Boris Novosardyan from the Press Club offered us a project. Now I'll find it and give it to you, you look. Turkey-Azerbaijan-Armenia-Georgia journalists to take part in "Turkey-Azerbaijan-Armenia-Georgia media." I'm not going to go A three-day conference entitled "The image of the enemy in the Azerbaijani-Armenian-Georgian media." I gave up because I had a lot of work to do and the topic seemed uninteresting to me. But you can go if you want. They cover all hotel, food and travel expenses.

Zaur looked away from Akif and stared at the monitor:

- Who is financing the project?

- Caritas France organization. I will send Boris's e-mail to you now, you will correspond with him. If the conditions satisfy you, you go

All of Baku, the house in the Old City, the workplace, even Zaura's body was cramped. To Boris Navasardyan two days ago Zaur, who has not yet received a reply to his letter, has different thoughts in his mind and doubts in his heart. Unable to find him, Akifi kept asking endless questions: "Maybe the event was canceled?", "Maybe Boris is my Do you not agree with my candidacy? ", "Is there no other way to go to Armenia? "

He has never said a word about going to Armenia before, and is not interested in this issue at all Akif did not understand why the man suddenly wanted to go to Yerevan. Ask Zaura this question he was afraid of harming the boy. But he was sure of one thing - when Zaur returned from Tbilissi then it had changed a lot.

Zaur, who heard Arthur's whispers and felt his warm breath, smell and wetness of his kisses, 2 He did not understand how he came to the door of school number. He never planned to come here, that's about it he never thought about it. One day he noticed that he was standing in front of the school building involuntarily. He knew that

All schools were on summer vacation, schools were closed and it would be difficult for him to enter. Still lucky wanted to try.

Leaning his forehead against the glass, he saw an old guard at the end of the dark foyer, weaving something in his hand. He knocked on the glass. She rolled her eyes and looked at who had come, and she got up and began to rub her feet. opened the door to the driveway.

"What are you looking for, son?"

- No aunt, I want to go in.

She opened her eyes, extended the vowel at the end of the second syllable, and asked:

- Why?

- I graduated from this school, aunt. I came to remember my past days.

- I understand, but I can't let you go, son. There is no one at school. How a stranger enters

let me go

- I'm going abroad for a few days. I want to see my school for the last time. Maybe I never came back

To Baku - Zaur made it up and blushed with embarrassment.

- I repeat - I can not leave! If something is lost in the classroom, I am responsible!

Zaur took the woman's hand:

- Aunt, if you don't believe me, let's walk the corridors and the yard together. But do not return to the field of sacrifice.

Now, if Aunt Naida, the old guard, was here, Zaur would be able to enter easily. But sanitary five years ago

After retiring from the hospital where she worked, the woman who became a school security guard, of course, could not recognize Zauru.

For the first time in his life, he saw a man begging at the door to see his school for the last time. School,

teacher, at a time when the concept of education is declining, the value is falling, to meet such a person

had left the woman dull. On the one hand, he really did not have the authority to let anyone in, and on the other hand

he understood that it was unfair to prevent a young man from saying goodbye to his hometown and school.

- Well, come on, son. But you have fifteen minutes! Sometimes someone from the management comes and takes the document. You if you see inside, I'm out of work.

Zaur was happy and kissed his belly on the cheek and hurriedly put a five manat note in his pocket:

- Thank you, aunt.

As soon as he stepped through the door, he climbed the stairs to the second floor. The dead silence of the school, which went on strike he stood in the middle of a long, sunken corridor, leaning right and left. He couldn't decide where to start, stood still. Finally, he approached the door of the classroom where he had been studying for the last four years and took a deep breath and opened the door burdu.

The same desks, the same board, the same teacher's desk. The only change that has taken place here is that of Russian writers

His portraits were removed from the walls and replaced by pictures of Azerbaijani poets and writers. Soviet

The windows of the period have not been replaced yet. Dust accumulated between the double-glazed windows

Well, it looks like it was dusty soil ten or twenty years ago. Here is the third-row desk he shared with Arthur for four years.

He went and sat down, and, like the students of the lower class, joined his hands on a dusty table. Now

the place was too narrow for him, his body barely fit between the table and the bench. Zaur had grown up.

"Look at that," he thought. "Finally, after many years, the same class, the same desk ..."

When to shed tears from your eyes, dripping wet on the table, elbows

Zaur did not feel the beginning. He also woke up to the fact that his rebellious, screaming physique was just a teenager.

began to feel like in his time. A familiar, native lust broke out of his groin. It's as if the person he loves has landed here, sitting next to him. He could feel her sweat, the warmth of her breath on his face. The only exclusive property he was ready to sacrifice his body for that love. Because only his body is full of hormones and sparks of love it was too big to belong to.

He recalled that the woman had given him 15 minutes. He wanted to leave the classroom, but he agreed to walk. It didn't happen. It was as if the desks were calling to him, demanding that he spend those years in his mind again and again. And the walls they said not to go. The plaque shouted, "Stop, stay, dirty me with chalk for the last time."

Unable to bear it any longer, he stood up. Her lips were trembling. Anger stuck in his throat, flowing silently prevented her tears from turning into sobs. He stood in front of the board. A small piece of chalk hit the eye. He took the chalk and played with it in his palm, thought for a while and threw it in his pocket. To go out to the school yard went downstairs from the back and opened the door. Behind the labor class building, Arthur and I opened our hearts to each other, came to the place where they secretly kissed. The sycamore tree growing here continued to cast a shadow around. Two under the tree sat on a piece of wood placed in the middle of the cubic stone. This plane tree does not heat up today, as it did in childhood protected from the sun's rays. He leaned his back against the wide trunk of the tree and closed his eyes, and for some reason the last call remembered the day.

That day, the needle would not fall on the school yard. And there was no one she loved that day. From the gang No one noticed Zauru, who was sitting alone under this tree, and his classmates did not look for him. For the first time, Zaur realized his unnecessaryness on vacation. He cried a lot and saw tears approaching was not. He could not hear those who spoke into the microphone, he thought about how quickly the years passed. The souls of teachers Everyone was happy that it would end and there would be no need to wake up early every morning. Get a certificate, a new exercise Zaur also liked to be thrown, but from that moment on, the last material that tied him to Arthur, reminding him of Arthur, The school where he lost his connection and had unforgettable moments was erased from his life after a while it tormented him to know he was leaving. "After Arthur, this school has no taste left," he said. He consoled himself and thought that he had said goodbye to this school in 1990. Again, one last step here it seemed strange to him, as if he had an unfinished business, a word to say to someone.

In a few minutes, the symbolic bell will ring for the last time, and this squeaky sound, which he hears every morning for 11 years, will touch Zaur's body. he would break through and leave her life once and for all. He waited patiently for that moment.

He remembered very well the day he started first grade and met Arthur. Cowardly and insecure two boys - Azerbaijanis and Armenians were seated side by side. The fact that Azerbaijanis and Armenians can be classmates, one at the beginning of the eighties, when it was common for them to be able to sit behind a desk, only a few years later, two hostile peoples. Unaware that they would become friends, Arthur and Zaura needed less than a week to become close friends. In the first two years of school, children with not so wide interests gathered dozens of bottle caps they played games, and the whole class envied the one who had the most bottle caps.

Interest in philately arose in both after the third grade.

He put out his cigarette under his shoes and stood up. He had to leave with a stone in his heart. He came He turned back through the door, passed the stairs, and approached the guard from behind.

- Thank you very much, aunt. I will never forget your kindness.

The woman passed the last loop and raised her head.

- If you come to school before leaving the country, then you are a worthy son. I wish all young people would be like you.

Zaur sighed and said:

- Aunt, I did not come to see the school, but to remember my first love. Probably me you will understand.

She smiled and said:

"You're wrong," he shook his head. "Did you break up with your first love?" Where is that girl now?

Zaur looked out of the window at the cars passing through Bunyat Sardarov Street and said:

- We were separated by war.

The woman would not have understood Zaur's answer and clarified:

- What do you mean?

Realizing that he made a mistake, Zaur:

- His father was a soldier. He was martyred in Karabakh - he said in a hurry. The girl and her mother moved to Kazakhstan, relatives.

Zaur was just discovering for himself that he could lie with such skill and without embarrassment. This is his began to like.

The woman said, "Wow, wow," and shook her head.

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- God bless you baby. Glass, in life. Death was the world of dogs. God bless our remaining children and youth goodbye Let there be no bloodshed, let the people not be broken. It was a pity for this nation, it was a pity.

Having said this, she got up heavily and dragged her feet to the door. Zaur also slowly his On the one hand, he was looking at the school walls, posters and slogans hanging on the walls for the last time. Earlier Lenin's "Read, read, read again!" slogan, now school principal Irada Dastarkhanli's "Education is a priority area for us."

He said goodbye to the woman and went outside. For some, it was full of hatred and anger. Instead of trying to recover, they wallow in their sadness and thus, experience more failure it was even more annoying. Eat steps, face down, indifferent or cowardly people coming to his he saw that they had disappeared before they reached him, that they had evaporated. It was as if everyone was running away from everyone. "It's mine Baku of my childhood," he thought. Where is the "Plombir" ice cream? Why don't people laugh anymore? Why the streets now dark and dirty? Why is everything destroyed? "

There is nothing better than being a child forever and never growing up when you go back to school then he understood. He realized that he and Arthur had stolen each other's childhoods as a result they also grew up prematurely.

The fact that his parents were not at home made Zaur, who needed solitude, happy and calmed his anger. He still has to get his parents' consent to go to Yerevan - if Boris responds positively. if he couldn't get it, he still had to work hard to do what he knew how to do. When the subject of Yerevan was opened, probably his mother- His heart would beat several times, and his father's blood sugar would rise. But no matter what, nothing from the way of Zauru could not keep.

He went into his room and took off his clothes. One of the six framed photographs on the old chest of drawers shows his school with Arthur. was the last picture he took in the yard of the bin. He stroked the black-and-white reflection under the glass with his fingers. "It simply came to our notice then It's hard for me and for you ... We shouldn't be imprisoned, we have endured enough, we have submitted to this system. " He took the frame and threw it in front of the chest of drawers, over his underwear, and smiled for the first time during the day. "Me no war, no conflict can stop. From now on I will not look for consolation in the pictures. See you. Definitely We will meet. "

Increased confidence in the future; he had found peace of mind. It is not clear at this time whether it belongs to a boy or a girl a voice was heard from the street.

- A saucer, a saucer, a glass, a glass. If you hit a stone wall, it doesn't break, if you climb on it, it doesn't break.

Curious, he looked out the window. He was a young boy. Standing next to two full baskets, the glass in his hand is concrete he hit the wall and repeated.

- If you hit a stone wall, it doesn't break, if you climb on it, it doesn't break.

When he saw that he was looking out of the windows and balconies, he put down his glass and began to stand up. Really it was not broken. No matter how hard the boy tried, there was no buyer. Suddenly he cut off his voice and leaned towards the basket. He shook his head, picked up his load, and walked away. Now his voice was coming from afar.

- If you hit a saucer, a glass, a stone or a wall, it doesn't break, if you climb on it, it doesn't break.

Zaur stood in the middle of the room, thinking about what to do, and finally decided to go online to cover his head gave. Eight letters arrived in the mail and ... one was from Boris Navasardyan. He was overjoyed lost and grabbed his head with both hands.

Boris Zaur was invited to the event, but it was necessary to prepare a two-three-page report on the subject he wrote.

"I believe that your participation in our conference will be very effective and useful. Mr. Akif Tagi's organization We have had projects with him before and we are happy to work with someone he can advise. I ask you to focus on the topic of our conference - "Azerbaijan-Armenia-Turkey-Georgia" quadrilateral Prepare and send me a report on the relationship, the reality and prospects of this relationship. Please enter your passport information. As the conference will be held on July 7-10, you must be in Yerevan on July 6. Arrived in Tbilisi (Georgia), then drove to Sadakhlo, Georgia-Armenia you have to come to the border. We will meet you there. All the expenses you will incur on the way are up to you will be paid ... "

Zaur immediately wrote his passport information to Boris, adding that he would prepare the report in a day or two After sending the letter, he called Arthur at MSN. Arthur wanted to write a letter before appearing offline, but

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she was glad that her lover appeared a few minutes later. Put on your headphones and put the microphone to your lips brought closer.

- Hello.

Arthur's voice was intermittent.

- Hello Zaur. I've been here before. I was hungry and went to eat. What are you doing?

- Bye. I went to school. Open the camera.

Arthur also appeared on the screen, connecting the camera connection. His face was smiling.

- Do you seem to be alone at home? - Arthur asked.

- Yes, of course. Ours has gone somewhere.

- You just said you went to school. Our number two?

- Aha.

Arthur leaned his chin into his fists, brought his face closer to the camera, and asked indifferently:

- How did?

Zaur did not know what to say.

- What was "like"?

- School? What are you doing there?

- Nothing special. I remembered the past. Do you remember our plane tree? Look, I sat under it for a while. In our class

I visited and sat at our desk.

The indifferent expression on Arthur's face did not change:

- Very Good.

- It doesn't seem to interest you.

- Why should Zaur care? You are the brightest memory of that school. Almost everyone with you see you today After the conflict at school, the pressure on us became unbearable. That's what school is neither loves nor hates. I'm sorry I can't share with you how you feel today.

Zaur shook his head and agreed:

- You are right. I can't argue with you. Then let me make you happy with another news.

Arthur's eyes sparkled with excitement:

- That would be great! Let him come!

- The answer came from Boris Navasardyan. He invites me to Yerevan.

Arthur blinked at the camera and looked at Zaura. He could not find the words to say.

- I am coming to Yerevan Arthur! Do you hear

Zaur started laughing out loud.

- How will you come? That was the question Arthur asked after a long silence.

- From Tbilisi to the Armenian border, Sadakhlo. They will meet me there. Armenian special services and Boris Navasardyan will come himself.

- When are you leaving?

- A week later. I have to be at the border on July 6. The event starts at seven in the morning.

- I also want to come.

"Where?"

- At the border.

- Not necessary. Don't let your security guards see you. I will call you when I get to Yerevan, to the hotel where I stayed you come If you come to the border, they will not understand it. Be patient, be a little patient.

When his parents came home in the evening, Zaur thought, "The evil of the morning is better than the good of the night." He did not tell them that he was going to Yerevan. He got up from the quiet dinner table and said, "Thank you very much." not to mention his father's traditional advice on how to make money, be a man, and get married He went to his room and worked on the computer for about two hours. He lay down where Sorokin's novel The Way of Bro was When he began to read, it was twelve o'clock. Only two hours later I finished the book and put it neatly on the shelf

Let's take the next book to be read - Peter Acroyd's "Legend of Plato" and hurry up the first two pages as usual read and slept.

His sleep was disturbed. In her dream, the night sea is green, looking down to live like a woman in a headscarf with the magical charm of his eyes he drew her to a mysterious and magical world, and there, a black door When it opened, Zaur saw his black-eyed happiness behind the door. Increase.

Silently, feeling the night sea pass through his chest in a hoarse voice that broke away from his chest woke up in sweat. He froze and waited. It didn't take long, and the sea seemed to ache at night

as a living being who wants to take his life, this time again with a deeper and more muffled roar passed his chest. Although there are two days left until the beginning of July, the winds do not want to leave Baku, often in storms. turning and overcoming the fragile trees, lifting the waves to a height of meters.

Zaur jumped up and approached the window. It's like a sea of night, a tiredness that lasts all day pain, stinking energy of pox, urine, semen and phlegm stuffed into the sewers Zaur leaned his forehead against the window and soaked into the soul of the sea.

he wanted to imagine his fatigue, but he felt that all the devices he had built in his dream were shaken.

The night he was enchanted by the roar, he left the sea with an incomprehensible commotion. out the window. He went to the kitchen, took the Bonaqua water from the refrigerator and poured it on his head. His heart ached. To your room He returned and fell asleep.

The trip to the Georgian capital began on July 5 on the Baku-Tbilisi train. Fortunately for international flights air conditioners installed at the end of last year in the carriages of departing trains, at least a little passenger saved from the storm. There was only one person in the compartment besides Zaur - this old man who introduced himself as Mohlat The man complained of high prices and remembered the cheapness of the Brezhnev era. Finally speaking after two hours he lay down tired.

Zaur woke up early in the morning when the guide knocked on the door. The deadline has long been in place was sitting. She combs her hair with an old, small-toothed Soviet comb, looking out the window for grass on the gray plain looking at a flock of sheep.

Employees of the Azerbaijani customs service and soldiers of the border troops filled the carriages. Zaur He took his passport out of his bag and put it on the table. Two people stood in the doorway of the compartment and said, "Good morning. Please take your passports ... "Zaur was shocked by the courtesy he witnessed. They respite and his After checking their passports, he entered the compartment again before the train left, asking them questions and disturbing them. did not happen.

- A few months ago, people were checked to the waist, they asked stupid questions. So when you want we can be human. We were not admitted to the Council of Europe for no reason, - said Mohlat. pulling.

Zaur replied, pursing his lips and staring out the window.

- My son, I see that you look like an educated person. I am a poet myself, three of my books have been published. Alexander If you don't know the block. He said that the main quality for a poet is to feel the way. By that he means wanted a person who is a poet to know or find the main direction in his work, to always hold the end of the bundle in his hand so that it does not go astray, but develops. When I was in high school, I started writing poems. My first poem was then It was published in the "Socialism Village" regional newspaper published in Tovuz. My father was a blacksmith. Poems related to this profession I wrote.

- Did you have any poems about city life? - Zaur himself did not understand why he asked this question.

- Is there life in the city, my son? Even the French say that the most beautiful thing about the village, about nature works appear in the city. That is, even if you live in the city, you have to write from the village. First of all, let me tell you about my childhood fell in the war and post-war years. After graduating from primary school, 7-8 from our village every day I used to walk to and from the Yanikli school, which is a kilometer away. After all, these roads are from the mountains and valleys, from nature passed through his arms. I hardly remember my father. He died in the war. We found my uncle, who was a surrogate father I grew up under his care. My mother carried a pentagram on her back and a pentagram on her shoulder. Secretary of the Collective Farm Party Committee was. As a child, I felt hunger, cold, and fear.

I once saw a violet under a bush while running after a frosty road.

I remember. Although it was the first spring, it was covered with snow everywhere. At the bottom of the arm was a purple head. Imagination are you doing

Although Zaur said "I do", of course he could not imagine, he did not even want to do. Delayed man, from Zaur's answer Inspired, he stood up and, after pulling back the curtain of the window and closing the door of the compartment, suddenly Zaurun knelt in front of him.

- My son, I bleached my hair for the sake of this people, for the sake of the homeland. Three of my books have been published. Granddaughter I am the owner. I am old and lost, and I lost my wife ten years ago. Sacrifice to you, son, let me fuck you sorum. Forgive me, forgive my son ...

It was as if something in Zaur's heart was shattered and scattered on his chest. Her legs and lips trembled. In fact, yesterday He had something in his heart that night, and he felt that his journey with this man would result in an unexpected event. Oral

Mohlat, who was humiliated for sex and knelt down in front of him, called him a teenager in Sorokin's "Heart of Four". He closed the floor in front of him, reminiscent of an old man begging for his mouth. When you read this book, such a thing he did not believe it could happen in life. "So it's blurring the line between literature and reality," he said weakly but the man did not hear her. Zaur has no time to think, to decide, the events are already his he was well aware that he was out of control. The man saw Zaur's hesitation and did not wake up from the shock he unbuttoned the young man's jeans, watching his movements with heartache. The old man's wrinkled, there were small scars on his veins-covered hands. Delay Zaur's thing with difficulty greedily pulling the hot breath out of his nostrils into his groin and testicles. began to suck. Zaur, who has not had sex for a long time, did not have an erection for long. Physiology Zaur was amazed at his victory over his feelings. He wondered why he did not resist, but to the question could not find a logical answer. About three minutes had passed. Although Zaur feels that he is about to be divorced, to the man he didn't say a word about it, and with a slight sigh he emptied it into Mohlat's prosthetic mouth. Delay coming to light in his eyes, he swallowed the sperm, squeezing it into his mouth with pressure, choking and choking.

Perhaps the shortest "sex" in Zaur's life was over. The man got up and sat down and sighed. He took a deep breath and said, "Thank you, son." He took two sips of warm Borjomi.

Zaur closed the buttons and stared at the man who drank Borjomi, sometimes swollen and sometimes disappearing. He was not satisfied with sleep, had a slight headache and drank a large cup of coffee, slept in a comfortable bed for two or three hours, every wanted to forget things. The man saw her self-closing eyelids and said:

- My son, take a nap. You stop when the Georgians stop the train.

Zaur murmured something in gratitude to the man, threw his head on the pillow and immediately fell asleep.

When the Georgian train stopped in Gardabani, Zaur jumped up. The carriage had begun to revive.

Georgian wives run here and there, entering each other's compartments with their hands full, leaving empty-handed, and some, on the contrary, empty-handed. they entered and returned full-handed. Zaur did not understand the meaning of this fuss before. He looked at the deadline.

- These were traders. They deliver goods from Baku, from the airport ticket office to Tbilisi. Georgian customs are also goods. The old man shook his head. - The dirtiest man in Azerbaijan even so, it is dearer to me than millions of good foreigners. Let me be a sacrifice for the good and the bad of my people. The handle itself. If you see the axes from the people, they turn black and curse their nation. I hate such people. Homeland is the homeland, the people are the people, my son. Let me be a victim of my people, my nation, my state.

At that moment, Georgian customs officers and border guards got into their car and literally screamed. At the beginning, Zaur thought that the wave of the "Rose" revolution had not yet reached the Azerbaijani-Georgian border. Insulting travelers to sunny Georgia, rudely demanding to show documents, open luggage. By their actions, the Georgians shattered the myth of Caucasian hospitality. The strange thing was that along with Azerbaijanis, they insulted their own citizens, ie Georgians. Even the share of Georgians. The amount of swearing was many times higher than that of Azerbaijanis. Goods bought by women traders from Baku on the platform customs officers who spilled on it, trampled on the shirts and underwear they took out of bags and sacks, they undressed the women and checked whether they were wearing blouses and shirts on top of each other.

The guide who saw Zaur's confused eyes watching the events on the platform with disgust and horror:

- It happened after Saakashvili. He said we would be stuck here for at least three hours now. - At least he paid a bribe before spent quickly. Now they do not take bribes, but they annoy people. If you want, you can take a taxi to Tbilisi for an hour. The price is not expensive either - said the guide, pointing to the cars waiting for customers standing at the end of the platform.

Zaur thanked the guide for his advice, and for the first time in his life, crossing the compartment, the bribe was also positive. thought the role could be. So if these people took bribes, passengers would not waste time, civil servants smiling, cultural levels were rising. Zaur prophesied that the guide would wait for three hours in Gardabani. Although he did not want to believe his "promise", the chasing hours showed that Zaur's suspicions were unfounded and unfounded. was the proof. The air conditioners no longer worked, and the merchant wives had to wait in the heat for their goods. Sweaty passengers often fall on the platform and wash their hands at the fountain near the smoking kiosk. traders filtered with hatred.

Finally, when the inspection was over and the screams of traders and customs officers had subsided, the train began to move. Customs wives who lost the battle by paying their dues to the last penny, entered their compartments and shouted at the customs officers were cursed in Georgian. After their clapping, Zaur reached Tbilissi (Tbilisi). Although he wanted to snooze, after smoking on the drum and then visiting the toilet, the train reached Tbilissi (Tbilisi). Thinking that there were minutes left, he gave up sleeping and called by putting the SIM card of the Georgian operator on his phone began to wait.

The call was not delayed. Exactly ten minutes later, at the request of Boris Navasardyan, he will meet Zauru at the Tbilisi railway station David Chikhladze, a Georgian participant in the Yerevan conference and an employee of the Georgian Realities newspaper, called. He asked Zaur for the number of the car and told Sadakhlo that they would go by car.

Before the train arrived at the station, the saleswomen dragged their large bags and purses to the door. directed. Zaur, too, followed them, tired and sleepy, and said goodbye to Mohlat. As he got out of the car, he saw David stealing his phone.

He met David in Baku in 2005, on the eve of the parliamentary elections in Azerbaijan. Elections

David, who came to cover, waited with all his eyes for the revolution to take place after the election, so ten days he stayed in Baku. However, as the revolution did not take place, he returned to Tbilisi (Georgia). David

He put the phone in his pocket, approached Zaur, tapped him on the shoulder and said:

- Hi, brother. Welcome.

- Greetings David. Nice to meet you. Thank you for coming.

- Let's go, let's go. What a pain! I'm already going this way to Sadakhlo. But I'm offended by you.

When you came to Tbilisi last year, you never looked for me.

Zaur was caught. It was not good for David not to call or see him. But in Tbilisi that the few days he spent were more precious to him than gold, and he was forced to dedicate every second to Arthur. How could he explain that to David?

"Forgive me, David." Believe me, I did not have time.

When they came down the stairs and out into the street:

- There is nothing to apologize for here. That's what happened. But don't do it again - he smiled. - For the first time

Are you going to Yerevan?

- Aha.

- Are you excited?

- Of course. I am also hungry.

- I understand. But if you could stand it, we would have dinner in Marneuli.

Zaur thought that David's proposal was logical and agreed with him.

- Then let's go. I'll be patient.

David points to a green BMW 525 parked on the side of the road:

"Come on," he said.

After David was in the front and Zaur was in the back, David introduced him to the driver:

- Meet, my friend Mamuka. It's the police. It will take us to the border.

Zaur reached out from behind and squeezed Mamuka's wet, rough hand. Curly, dark and broad-chested Mamuka was more like an English-speaking manager of a foreign oil company operating in Georgia than a police officer. Then David introduced him to Zaur.

- Zaur Jalilov was one of the well-known NGO members in Azerbaijan. He is going to Armenia for the first time.

Zaur said from behind, "Don't raise David. Was it forbidden for me?" he muttered, as if neither Mamuka nor him David did not hear his weak voice. After Mamuka started the car and left the station, he laughed:

- Are you excited to go to Armenia for the first time? He asked.

Hearing this annoying question for the second time in five minutes, Zaur shrugged.

- Of course I'm excited. But this excitement is more likely to happen to me when I return because of the anxiety I feel from the events. Otherwise, I do not believe that I will face a problem in Armenia itself. The KGB will not allow a single hair to be missing from the head. I heard from those who went there.

- If there were no guards in Yerevan, would someone do something to you? - Mamuka was interested.

- Maybe or not. I can not say exactly.

David was confused.

- Do you mean that you will face problems after returning to Baku?

- It is inevitable. Almost everyone who goes to Yerevan is attacked after returning.

David turned his face away:

- Why? What's here?

Tired of the road, Zaur did not want to talk about it, so he gave a short answer:

- How do I know?

David understood and told Mamuka:

- Zaur is hungry. So do we. You probably know a good place in Marneuli.

Unlike a boy who eats and drinks from his body, Mamuka, like a real gourmet, came to life from this question:

- I know an excellent restaurant. The owner is also Azerbaijani.

Leaning his head against the glass, Zaur closed his eyes and said with difficulty:

- Keep in mind that the famine is not a ceasefire agreement and cannot last forever. If I starve, you are responsible

He said and went to sleep.

An hour later, when the car began to vibrate on the rough roads of the Azerbaijani village, Zaur he opened his eyes and looked left and right, trying to figure out where they were coming from. David yawned when he saw her wake up he said:

- We have arrived.

There was a two-story restaurant in the middle of a cool, eye-catching, huge garden surrounded by greenery.

He kissed and hugged Mamuka, a short, slightly fat man with a mustache and a mustache, named Ruhulla. In the middle, sat around a round table in the shade of a glass. Ruhulla took orders and reviewed them in the restaurant. After disappearing, Mamuka said in a low voice:

- He is a strange man. The cook was Armenian, one waiter was a Chechen girl, and the other waiter was Azerbaijani. His own hand There can be no question of ability, kebabs.

Zaur washed his hands and face with cold water flowing from the pipe under the meyna tree, gymnastic exercises he gritted his bones. David looked at him and said aloud.

- No one can cook kebab except Azerbaijanis.

In the face of this compliment, Zaur simply shook his head twice in approval and smiled.

Fifteen minutes later, the table bends over the weight of drinks, salads, pickles, juices and dishes, burgundy wine water

flowed instead. Although Mamuka repeatedly invited Ruhulla to join them, the restaurant owner put his hand on his chest he turned down the offer, saying, "I've lost my job." Zaur is such a customer

Although he wondered what Ruhulla's "work had been spilled" in the restaurant, he said something to those at the table. he did not say, for it was in his heart that Ruhullah should not join them.

An hour later, all three were amused. He listened to Mamuka's meaningless Georgian jokes and was violent Zaur's facial muscles ached from smiling. David got up, went to the bathroom, and returned five minutes later As he sat down, he put his hand on Zaur's shoulder and bent over his ear.

- Azerbaijanis enjoy this country.

Although Zaur did not understand the meaning of this confession, he said:

- Very good.

David saw that he did not understand, that he could not arouse interest in Zaur in his own words:

"Follow me and see for yourself," he said, and stood up.

Mamuka's head was busy eating. Zaur looked at him, then at David, and obediently followed David is gone.

- Look at me, your police friend said bad things. Will he be able to drive?

David looked at Zaur with an offended expression and said:

- May God hear your words. When he is drunk, Mamuka becomes more skilled. You can be sure of that. Come dive in, see what I show you.

He and David came out into the courtyard at the back of the restaurant. Ten meters under the brick fence

It was four meters long and four meters wide, surrounded by iron bars. Follow David

Stepping on the grass through the door, Zaur immediately understood what the Georgian journalist meant. Kneeling in Boston information about the hemp bush growing up to, the restaurant owner has an alternative source of income and entertainment would give. In fact, this "source" was literally trampled underfoot.

Zaur asked:

- Does the police friend know anything about this?

- You can call him Mamuka.

"All right, Mamuka." Do you know that? - He pointed at the grass.

David shrugged.

- Of course there is. He also drew. One or two stalks?

- What are we going to do?

- How are we going to do that? Will we not miss Yerevan for three days?

Zaur's eyes widened in terror, and his drunkenness fled:

- What are you talking about? Do you want to transfer the grass to Armenia?

- What do I like? Don't worry.

Zaur made the following argument:

- After all, the grass is fresh and wet. How will you dry?

David:

"I'll find a way to dry it," he said, bending over and stroking two large stalks. It looks like hemp leaves they bowed their heads in grief at the loss of their native branch, and began to fade.

Excited, Zaur leaned back to see if anyone was coming, and then to David's ear he whispered.

"Keep me out of this." I'm not afraid, but this is my first visit to Armenia. Armenians

How long do you imagine the apocalypse will break out if Azerbaijanis are caught with drugs?

- I told you not to worry. Everything will be fine. It would be more interesting if they caught you could.

Zaur, enjoying his joke, left David alone in the garden and returned to the table. A glass in Mamuka's hand he looked back, looking for his comrades. When he saw Zaur, he shouted:

- You bastards! Why did you leave me alone? Am I an alcoholic?

Zaur sat down, took a glass full of wine and took a deep breath.

- To your health. Nice to meet you - he said and emptied the glass.

After drinking, Mamuka stared thoughtfully at the cat, which was rubbing the trunk of the teapot with its fingernails. he said in a monotonous voice:

- In the past, people who kept the pulse of time were called wise. Now those who can catch the moment are called wise. Buratino was made of wood. It starts to burn when two pieces of wood are rubbed against each other quickly.

When Mamuka saw David approaching, he said angrily:

- What are you doing there for two hours?

When David heard what he was talking about, he tried to divert the conversation.

- I have looked at Buratino twenty times, but so far I have not understood anything. This movie itself shot for children. I'm sure the director who shot Buratino was a drug addict. You can't watch this movie awake, you have to shoot well.

Although Mamuka glared at his friend with suspicious eyes, David did not break the stack, he looked away from him. liver kebab was put to chew.

Half an hour later, when they called Ruhullah and asked for an account, Zaur tried to put his hand in his pocket, but David told him. prevented.

"Don't worry, I'll get the money for the food from Boris, he won't leave me," he said to Zaur.

bent down and added - I crushed it well and put it in my pocket. - David hit his right pocket twice with his hand. - They did not find, Do not worry.

"Let me tell you," Zaur's voice sounded distrustful.
- I just talked to Boris. They are waiting for us at the border.

Saying goodbye to Ruhulla, who escorted his customers to the car, Sadakhlo made his way to the border gate.

The distance was shorter than Zaur could have imagined - the Azerbaijani village where they ate, with Armenia located two steps from the border. At the border, Zaur stops Mamuka's car to buy a cigarette asked.

A woman watching Zalimkhan Yagub's speech on AzTV via satellite in a narrow shop with a piece of cardboard in her hand he was shaking himself. "There are Azerbaijanis here, too," thought Zaur, addressing the woman in his native language, a box Kent asked for 4 cigarettes.

- How is the aunt? How are you doing?

The woman handed Zaura a cigarette, took the money and threw it at the cash register.

- It will be a month, baby. Somehow we live. May God destroy the house of this war. Breaks the crowd to each other.

We lived comfortably in the Soviet era. Now everyone is an enemy to everyone.

- Aunt, the Soviet government was also created by the Russians. That was not the case then.

"She was different then." There was no bloodshed because everyone obeyed them. But the republics are independent like, they tore us apart. What do I have to do with Armenians and Georgians !? We cried and cried for each other always.

To see a Georgian citizen of Azerbaijani origin living one or two kilometers away from Armenia, Zaur was aroused by melancholy feelings. He said goodbye to the woman.

When he returned to the car, he apologized to Mamuka and David for waiting for them and went to the Armenian border. none spoke again.

Seeing the Azerbaijani passport extended through the narrow window, the Georgian border guard's face bent and his eyebrows raised. He looked up at the passport holder and asked in a tired voice:

- Where are you going?

Zaur leaned his forehead against the glass and said eagerly:

- Ulan Bator.

Listening to Zaur's joke, the black-fronted Georgian asked the next question:

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- Are you sure you want to go to Armenia?

It was common for Azerbaijani peasants, citizens of Georgia, to bring fruit and vegetables to Armenia from time to time.

However, the border guard, who has been serving here for half a year, was the first to visit an Azerbaijani citizen who wanted to cross into Armenia encountered. The Georgian, who received a positive answer from Zaur to his last question, rudely stamped his passport and ignored it. He returned it to Zaura and asked with an unexpected smile:

- Aren't you afraid?

- Imagine that I am afraid, but I have no choice but to leave.

Zaur thanked the border guard, smoked a cigarette next to the BMW and waited for Mamuka and David approached.

- After returning from Armenia, I would like to meet and talk with you. Impressions are for me

It would be very interesting - said Mamuka.

- Why not? See you of course. I will go to Baku from Tbilisi anyway.

David threw down his cigarette and said sternly:

- Not from Tbilisi, but from the transit point. After the Karabakh conflict, this city was inhabited by Armenians and Azerbaijanis has long been called so.

All three laughed. Mamuka reached out first.

- Well, I won't keep you any longer. Passengers need on the road.

After Zaur and David hugged him and said goodbye, Mamuka got in the car and said, "Get out of the window." he said, glancing at them and walking away.

- He was a good man. It is hard to believe that he works in the police.

David Zaur is proud of his words:

"We have a growing number of such police," he said. - Saakashvili pursues a policy of rejuvenation of the police system. Didn't you know that?

Leaving David's question unanswered, Zaur took his first step on the bridge over which the river flowed. On his knees, He heard a faint hint of footsteps on Armenian soil, and when he reached the middle of the bridge

he grabbed David's arm, afraid to stumble. The Georgian journalist, who understood his excitement, pursed his lips

"Everything is fine, come on, come on," he said. Zaur, in turn, thought, "I do not need consolation," but did not face.

When Zaur reached the pole where the Armenian flag was waving, two tall, handsome men approached him with David.

began to come. They were followed by a tall, stocky man with glasses and short stature. Terrible

despite the heat, they wore black linen suits. Both looked like typical Azerbaijanis. David,

Zaura looked at the people approaching them with a marble-cut face, without blinking, and bowed her head.

"It's Boris Navasardyan, the woodcutter," he said. "These two were probably your guardian angels."

There was a long, chaotic queue in front of the border checkpoint. In this turn it was not known who was the first and who was the last. For the first time in his life, Zaur saw so many Armenians together.

This idea was ridiculous. "Guardian angels" with their hands on their waists as they approach the barrier

they were already waiting for them. They greeted Zaura dryly and demanded her passport, and after receiving the document, she and Zaur

They passed David by the barrier and walked away. David met Boris and hugged him. According to the report,

Laughing, he said, "I delivered your guest safe and sound," and went to the window and joined the "struggle."

Boris shook Zaur's hand tightly:

- How did you come?

- Thank you, we came very comfortably. David had to meet me. Thank you very much.

"Come on, let's stand outside for a while," said Boris Zauru of the willow trees growing ten meters away.

brought to the shadows. A large army of traders, tourists, customs officers and border guards surrounded the administrative buildings he was in a daily routine - some were trying to get their passports out of the narrow windows, some were shouting at the border guards.

demanded something, and the soldiers shouted even louder and called for discipline. With special service staff

Except for two or three border guards who were talking, no one was looking at Zaura. His lack of focus, what

for three, Zaura paused. But he still had incomprehensible, amorphous feelings. The country has been at war for twenty years

He now understood what it meant to cross into the territory of a state in which he was. He looked to the right and to the left. So stressful

Nowadays, smoking is no longer fashionable, so you can't find another job to suppress your anxiety.

He thought he was. The black dog, wagging its tail, wandered a short distance, annoyed his eyes. Whistle to the puppy

he called, and sat down to caress her, and whispered something in her ear.

It is strange that stray dogs, who have never been caressed or caressed by people, take care of them.

they get tired faster than people who approach or even whisper something in their ears. Apparently the dog ate from Zaur

was waiting. Or that he is not sincere in his caresses, just to get rid of his anxiety

he was offended when he realized he was calling. After the ungrateful dog ran away, this time Zaur needed to talk.

He wanted to talk, to talk, to slap his chin without stopping.

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David thought about the precious "burden" that David carried. That's why he was worried. Georgian
It was the journalist's turn. The soldiers opened the bag in his hand and looked inside, and the border guard looked at his passport
He sealed it and returned it to David. If they checked their pockets, tragedy would be inevitable. Zaur that the danger has passed
saw and took a deep breath.

Finally, when the guards returned and returned Zaura's passport, she was anxious to check the pages.

started. There was no stamp or stamp on the passport to enter Armenia. But Georgia

Because he had a stamp in his passport stating that he had left Sadakhlo, anyone who came across him could not enter Armenia.

he could understand. He put his passport in the pocket of his bag and reached for the height of the guards.

- Zaur.

- Arthur.

Zaur was caught.

- Arthur ... Your name is very similar to Arthur's.

Trying to ignore the guard asked:

- Did you meet Arthur?

- Even now.

The dark green Ford minibus that would take them to Yerevan had already received its first passenger -

David, who was sitting by the window, was talking to the driver about something, and sometimes he was looking at Zaurgila.

Arthur approached Zaur and Boris, who were walking towards Ford, and asked them to stop.

- I will have a word or two with Zaura.

Boris shrugged.

"Come on," he said, and started tapping his phone.

Arthur, looking straight into Zaur's eyes, said in a monotonous voice:

"You can't go anywhere without our permission," he said. - It is also forbidden to take pictures. Always our eyes
you have to be in front. It's all for your safety. That evil will not hurt you from the beginning
we can not guarantee.

After Zaur shook his head twice and said he accepted the terms, everyone packed up and drove off.

fell. Arthur was sitting next to the driver, and his colleague Seyran was sitting in the seat next to the door. Zaur is bored
Boris, seeing that, to comfort him:

- Do not think about. For the first time, Azerbaijanis are always warned in this way. But after a day or two,

You will see for yourself that you will be given a lot of freedom," he said.

- It does not matter to me.

It really didn't matter to Zaur. They can now watch the sunset, which has a mysterious view - the mountains,
they passed through villages and settlements surrounded by valleys and forests. As charming as this landscape is, the charm
amazed people with. It has preserved its natural beauty, fresh air and transparency for centuries
to live with Arthur in places, to feel the freshness of the dawn, the calm of the evenings and the silence of the nights
they would not be lucky. This made Zaura suffer.

In the distance, a waterfall flowed between two rocks. Sparkling water is poured at the foot of the rock with a large river
merged. Boris parked his car at the entrance of a small village with a waterfall overlooking all the houses, the villagers
took two pounds from which he sold in buckets.

- These are very tasty apricots. Which of Armenia and your oil is famous?

Zaur took the large apricot offered to him and said with his palms:

- I know. Even your film festival is called "Golden Apricot".

Zaur bit the Armenian with appetite. It was really delicious. On the one hand, he eats, on the other hand, he looks around
was doing. The perfect asphalt cover attracted attention. There was not a single hole in the road. "It seems Armenian
The diaspora is stronger than Azerbaijan's oil money," he said.

Boris threw the seed out of the window, pointed to David, who was drowsy, and asked Zaur:
 - Did you drink a lot?
 - No, it's not. We drank a liter of wine each.
 - We have Georgian wine and cognac. What alcohol was popular in Azerbaijan?
 - We are a Muslim country, we have no tradition of brewing. Azerbaijan is the second world with alcohol culture became acquainted after the war. But Caspian caviar has made us famous in the world. You are in Baku during the Soviet era Aren't you Boris?
 - No, unfortunately I was not. But I would like to go and see. They say it is a beautiful city. This is true?

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- Look at your beauty criteria.
 - After the peace between us, I will definitely come to Baku.
 - Do you hope for peace?
 - If not, why did I hold these events?
 The road from the border to Spitak, a few where Azerbaijanis once lived compactly in Armenia passed through the settlement. Interestingly, their names - Ayrim, Alaverdi and Pambak - are the same was preserved and unchanged. It united Armenia with Russia, which was built during the reign of Tsarist Russia The rusty railroad, now generally inactive, was previously accompanied by a straight line to the Ford, and then zigzagged and disappeared behind the hill.
 Zaur suddenly asked:
 - What does peace mean in Armenian?
 Boris finished the second apricot and squeaked out of the window.
 "You're right."
 - How, how?
 "You're right."
 Zaur scratched his head, looked at Arthur, a Boris, who listened to their conversation with an indifferent face, and asked anxiously.
 said:
 - Can you repeat it once more? But do not rush.
 - You can call me "you". Listen carefully - ha-ga-qu-tyun.
 Zaur laughed.
 - This means a real war! Does the word "khagagutyun" also mean peace?
 Boris giggled and laughed, almost stuck in his throat. Arthur turned his face to the window by the side of the road began to look at the dense pine forest that stretched to the depths of the forest. Boris saw that he was angry with Zaur he said in his ear:
 - Do not think about. They have no sense of humor ... Did you know Gulay Erdem before?
 Gulay Erdem, correspondent of the Turkish Cumhuriyet newspaper, flew from Vienna to Yerevan last night. had come. He is now waiting for Azerbaijani and Georgian participants at the hotel, according to Boris missed.
 - No, we do not know each other. I first came across his name in your project.
 Boris nodded at the roadside sign in Armenian:
 - We're going to Spitaka.
 The first buildings of the city of Spitak, which collapsed after a strong earthquake in the late eighties, appeared. Along the way, one- and two-story houses built of tuff, shops and parks stood out. When they reach the city center Zaur asked Arthur to stop the car to see to what extent the consequences of the tragedy were eliminated did.
 - I want to see the city.
 All passengers except David got out of the car on Spitak's main street and looked around they started.
 Zaur asked Boris:
 - In what year was the city restored?
 - A lot of time and money went. I don't know if you have news, but Spitak used to be a bigger city,
 After the earthquake, the scale decreased. We were able to carry out the restoration work with the help of the diaspora.
 They took cigarettes and water from the kiosk and left again. It was getting dark, and the lights of a city were on the horizon.
 Zaur stretched his neck forward:
 - Yerevan? He asked.
 - No, there is still a little to Yerevan. What do you eat
 - Thank you very much, I'm full.
 The driver, who had been listening to Russian pop music for an hour, took out the disc and replaced it with Armenian national music. Under the sounds of kamancha-balaban filling the hall, the car left without entering the city that Zaur had just compared to Yerevan. turned and began to drive at high speed on a wide road resembling the Sumgayit highway. Less than half an hour later, Boris announced:
 - Welcome to the capital of Armenia.
 First appeared gas stations, and then multi-storey residential buildings, markets and they passed by cafes. People waiting at the bus stops of the city covered with gray clouds, they were anxious to reach their homes without rain. They arrived at the center in five minutes. The driver left the car

turned and climbed up a little and stopped in front of the Anais Hotel, where Zaur would stay for three days. On the creek The Razdan River flowed thirty meters below the hotel.

It started to rain as soon as they entered the hotel. Little by little, black-eyed Armenian girl David and Zaurun While registering, Zaur and Boris stood in front of a large window, pouring rain on the asphalt. they watched the rain.

- After the summer rains, a rainbow forms over Yerevan in the afternoon. The summit is snowy Ararat The mountain is right in the middle of this colorful arc," said Boris, looking at the drops that hit the glass. - Ancient Armenian According to legend, whoever passes under the rainbow changes his gender - a man becomes a woman, and a woman becomes a man.

Zaur stood up from Boris's sudden words and looked at him through the glass. Their views met. Boris teeth he was white and smiling.

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Room 205 in the hotel. A figure that doesn't mean anything, it doesn't make sense. At least in Zaur's life There was no school No. 205, no vehicle No. 205, and no salary in 205 conventional units. in Baku There is a numerologist friend named Rasim, maybe he can understand the meaning of this number?

Zaur, who took a shower, blamed the Baku-Tbilisi-Yerevan route for the slow thoughts that came to his mind. loaded on fatigue. "It's weird, I'm in no hurry to call Arthur," he whispered and turned to face he clenched his lips so that the warm water would not run into his mouth. Arthur's cell phone number is like a prayer repeated in his mind.

He could not get used to the fact that he was in Yerevan, the capital of Armenia. It was as if his legs were hanging in the air did not step on the ground. "It simply came to our notice then. I am in Yerevan. It can't be !? How am I in Yerevan? Artush and two was he stepping? .."

He came out of the bathroom, put on his clean clothes, combed them, and sprayed UV scent on his shaved face and body. Boris said we would meet at the restaurant an hour later. It would be over in an hour. Last time he looked in the mirror, handsome, even thought it was beautiful. Zaur, a masculine beauty, was devoid of feminine features. For some reason this fact makes him inspired and entertained.

Boris was walking in the corridor smoking a cigarette. Changing clothes, brown pants and the words "Stop AIDS" Zauru, who was wearing a white T-shirt, smiled.

- I can't recognize you, Zaur.

Zaur closes the door:

- What sense? He asked.

- There is no sign of fatigue ... You are a sympathetic boy, Armenian girls will be shot when they see you. What is it is the scent?

- Ultraviolet.

- It is very beautiful. This perfume suits you.

They began to descend the stairs. Zaur smiled and said:

- The fragrance is beautiful ... it sounds beautiful.

The woman who spoke English loudly with David in the restaurant was supposed to be Gulay anyway. Gulayla from David As they approached the big table where the other three were sitting, Boris Zauru was with a Turkish journalist and three Armenians introduced. Two tense guards sitting at the next table, as if an Azerbaijani guest, an unexpected move at any moment They were watching Zaur intently, as if they were going to shoot a gun from right to left.

Two of the three Armenians Zaur met were political experts working with Boris's organization, Paruyr Manvelyan and Georgiy Vardanyan, and the third was Sergei Strekalin, an employee of the French embassy. Before Zaur He thought Strekalin was Russian. However, the dark-skinned Sergey did not look like a Russian and had typical Armenian features on his face there was. It later emerged that Sergei's grandfather, who lived in Ukraine during the Soviet era, was in the country By renouncing the Strekalyan surname in order to become "his" and to be integrated into Ukrainian society, wrote Strekalin's surname in the passport. Zaur sat in an empty chair next to Gulay and talked to him in Azerbaijani. caught the mood. The woman blinked and asked Zaur:

- Are you in Armenia for the first time?

- Yes, for the first time. What you?

- Me too. Believe me I'm very excited? You probably feel the same way. Armenians are ours how it looks like a nation. I did not expect to meet such an interesting person here.

She was very happy to find an interviewer who could speak and understand her native language.

- I do not understand why we have to live in a cold war with Armenia? We are two neighbors state. There is an Armenian diaspora in Turkey. We have a centuries-old common history. It happened at the beginning of the last century tragically, how right is it to remain an enemy to this day? Armenian cuisine is similar to ours.

Our music is almost the same ... I think Turkish intellectuals united because of the 1915 tragedy

He must apologize to the Armenians and this conversation must end.

Salads, hot meals and drinks came to the table. Gulay did not stop talking. To seduce a woman

Zaur:

"It seems that we talked a lot in Turkish, Armenians can be offended," he said and smiled violently.

It turned out that Gulay will drink vodka for the first time in his life today. The Armenians were happy to hear this and the woman they began to inspire. After the first two glasses, Gulay was already happy. Turkish journalist from the region, He talks about the problems of the Caucasus, the war in Iraq, Turkey's current policy, Erdogan's government sharply criticized. Although what he said about the Turkish government was not of great interest to those at the table, for the sake of politeness, everyone listens to him, or seems to have listened to him, who has made swearing of power commonplace, and still is. they tried to be empathetic towards Gulaya, who was in their eternal role.

Suddenly Boris leaned over and whispered in Zaur's ear:

- Tomorrow our event starts at 10.00 in the morning.

- I know. Whatever?

- That is, take this into account when drinking vodka.

Zaur looked at Boris upside down and poured vodka into glasses.

- Do not worry. After the Russians, no nation can reach the Azerbaijanis in terms of drinking vodka.

Gulay, who reconciles Prime Minister Erdogan as an ignorant, radical Islamist and incompetent politician, Erdogan When he claimed that he was leading Turkey into the abyss, Zaur said in English that the Armenians should understand:

- I have been listening to you since morning and it seems to me that you are doing a great injustice to your prime minister. After all, so do you You know very well that the Erdogan government has brought Turkey out of the economic crisis and prevented sharp inflation. At the same time, Erdogan has exposed major corruption groups in the country and brought them to justice. You are now will you deny them?

Gulay looked at the Azerbaijani guest, who had been content to listen to him for a long time, with suspicion:

"No, I don't deny it," he said. - But you should know that not everything is as simple as it seems. Erdogan created a corrupt regime in the country for himself and his relatives. All tenders are won by his people. His government The Armenian issue has completely failed, especially in the field of foreign policy. Time has shown that Moving away from Ataturk's ideas leads Turkey to the abyss. If not for Ataturk, our women in general they would not see the face of the university. But now these bastards want to send girls in hijabs to universities.

- What about the Cyprus issue? Other successes in foreign policy? There is no denying that.

Zaur noticed that the Armenians, who heard the word Cyprus, rolled their eyes and looked at him with interest, but paused without giving said:

- His political steps have accelerated the resolution of this issue. At the same time, America to Iraq to keep Turkey out of this war as much as possible during the intervention and to plunge his country into the swamp of Iraq did not allow. International against the government brought to power by the Palestinians in a democratic way He also expressed dissatisfaction with the embargo in various ways. That is, he expressed his position.

- I don't understand, are you a Erdogan ?! - Trying to add a serious expression to the eyes of Gulay Khumar he asked. However, his attempt to look serious failed, and Gulay returned to his former appearance. he put a meaningless smile on his lips.

- No, I am in favor of objectivity.

Sergei Strelkin intervened in the dispute between Zaur and Gulay:

"Please end this pointless argument," he said. - The only thing left was the Azerbaijani and the Turkish Let them kill each other in Yerevan.

Everyone at the table, including Gulay and Zaur, laughed. Indeed, the Azerbaijani and the Turkish The possibility of a fight in Armenia sounded very absurd.

As the bottles of vodka emptied, the acquaintance became a feast for old friends. Still

"Who is to blame?" More of these people puzzled over the question of Russia

Although it is natural and traditional for him to curse his northern neighbor, Boris was also involved in the conflicts in the South Caucasus. Yes, the drunken Zaur was surprised that the CIA claimed to have a finger. And David is with him disagree:

- Russia is witnessing these separatism, conflicts and fratricidal massacres that are metastasizing in our region day by day and offered to raise the next body to Saakashvili's health. Armenians are the president of Georgia they drank reluctantly to his health.

A 50-year-old man sitting at a table next to him for half an hour drinking coffee, Saakashvili's health is still violent drinkers Taking the opportunity not to come to them, he got up and approached his desk:

- Can I join you friends? He asked in Russian.

Boris and other Armenians agreed:

- Of course, what did he say. They said, "Sit down."

Immediately after the man sat down and relaxed, the waiter approached the table and put a fork, knife and plate in front of him. and put a glass of vodka.

- I apologize to all of you, I have been listening to your conversations involuntarily since this morning. My name is Ara. I understood that we have guests from Azerbaijan and Turkey. This is a wonderful thing. My house Since it is nearby, I have lunch and dinner at the restaurant of this hotel almost every day. I live alone. Ma- Because I have a sore throat, I eat light foods. Yogurt, refrigerated potatoes and so on. I am glad with Armenia

Citizens of the two troubled countries had a drink with their Armenian friends here today in an atmosphere of peace and friendship. rejoice.

Zaur raised his glass over his head and protested:

- I apologize for interrupting you, but I must correct one point - our countries

There is no problem with Armenia. But Armenia has a problem with both countries.

Gulay, who did not understand the conversation in Russian, saw that Ara's face was sour after Zaur's words.

bent over his ear.

- Translate for me too. I do not understand.

- This man's name is Ara. He asked permission to sit at our table, and Boris did not object. He tells us

very glad to see. His heart is full, let him speak, and I will translate slowly.

He put a piece of lshkhan fish floating in Lake Sevan on the middle plate and lifted the vodka that had been filtered for him:

- With your permission, I want to say toast. Although the Azerbaijani guest did not agree with me, in his words

I also accept that there are certain truths. From the sidelines, it really seems that Armenia is all

is hostile to its neighbors. In fact, we are interested in the problems of states and politicians with each other.

is a midwife. Ordinary people want friendship, they want peace. In honor of the peace that will sooner or later be established in our region!

Long live the friendship and brotherhood of the peoples of the Caucasus.

Zaur drank a sip of vodka, beat the so-called toast lashes and translated it to Gula, who was looking at Ara. Women

He smiled and took a sip of vodka from his glass. After throwing a large piece of fish in his mouth and chewing it, tie it

He untied the knot a little and said:

- If the Turkish lady is not offended by me, I would like to tell you the story of my family.

Gulay, who understood Ara's request in Zaur's translation, shook his head and closed his eyes seriously.

He gave a signal that meant, "Come on, talk, I'm not offended."

He blinked at the green plastic tray in the middle of the table and began to speak in a low voice.

- Our Azerbaijani friend said that Armenia has problems with both countries. As I said earlier,

there is some truth in these words. But did our young friend ask himself the question "why"? With Azerbaijan

we all know how, when and why our problems started. This is a very recent date. But the young dos-

I wonder how much you know the essence of our problems with Turkey?

Zaur tried to translate what he said to Gula. Aran's white hair, big nose, wrinkled forehead

The Turkish journalist, who did not take his eyes off him, shook his head from time to time and listened intently to his "translator." David

but he focused on the fish's tail and was not interested in Ara's story.

- If it weren't for the headache, I would like to tell you about the tragedy of my family.

Boris held out his hand to Ara and lowered his eyelids:

- Come, my dear, speak. We listen to you.

- Thank you. My father was born in 1912 in Bitlis. Because he told us

He lived a very quiet and comfortable life in Bitlis. My grandfather had a two-story house. Like a stable from the first floor

In this barn, cattle were kept in separate compartments, goats and pigs in separate compartments. Stall

the doors looked out into the woods. There was an arched monument-spring in the north of the village. And the river flowing from the foot of the mountain,

spinning our mill.

My father said that Bitlis's winter would be very harsh. During one of these cold winters, the snow in the mountains slipped closed the roads of our village, and even our house was covered with snow. When my grandfather visited the stable in the morning, he saw that all the animals perished.

We also had a beautiful, self-contained church in our village. Our people were religious, religious, pure-hearted people.

My grandfather was also a very kind person. He built guest houses on the roads to Bitlis, where tourists come in the winter let them find ready food and get hot. That's why he regularly collected food and firewood for these houses.

During the Van War, my grandfather and his sons built a weapons workshop in a cave and sacrificed themselves there made rifles and weapons for. The head of the martyrs, my aunt's husband Gnel, was a very handsome man.

One night, Gnel and his group arrived at a mountain pass closed by the Turks. Turkish in the darkness of night destroyed his troops and opened the way to Van. Do you know how much we were oppressed by the people of Bitlis? Ours is alive they burned alive. The survivors began to move to Van. Gnel went with them to Van.

In 1915, our people moved to Iran. There were also those who went to other countries. Between 1915 and 1917, that is, two years my father stayed in Iran. When they learned that the Russians had reached Bitlis, they returned to Van. From the Bolshevik revolution then the Russians retreated and took us with them to Vagarshapat.

My father said that he and his sister Sirbukhin were hidden in a bag. Because my grandmother's legs were swollen, they put him on a mule. The Kurds of Zilan together with the Turkish army attacked us near the Khoshaba River they started genocide. We have suffered great losses.

The Kurds took us captive and asked my grandmother where she was from, and my grandmother said she was from Khizan. The Kurds heard this:

"If you are from Khizan, you should also know the sheikh there," they said.

My grandmother replied, "The sheikh there is Sheikh Sandal."

When the Kurds heard that name, they stopped killing my father. But rob them of everything they had they did.

Thus, we went through the persecutions, were scattered in different countries of the world, and finally we came to Yerevan. I was born in this city. However, if there was no genocide, I would have been born in Bitlis, in my homeland.

He finished his story, raised his head and looked straight into Gulay's eyes. The woman bowed her head. From the beginning Armenians stared at Araya carefully, even David, who did not raise his head from the meal, reacted to Gulay they turned their faces to him to see. Paruyr Manvelyan, Georgiy Vardanyan, Sergey Strekalin, Boris and

the guards at the next table were broken and angry. Gulay lightly holding his eyes with his right palm it was obvious that he was crying from his rising and falling shoulders. Here are the first drops to sip through your fingers, began to flow from his cheek. Tired of translating what Ara had said, Zaur whispered to Gulaya "Take care of yourself," he said, lighting a cigarette. Dead silence fell on the table. No one listens, no one speaks did not dare to open the first. Zaur was the first question that came to mind, fearing that this frightening silence could last a long time gave.

- What is the attitude to sexual minorities in Armenia? I would like to write about it when I return.

Boris returned to lightning. His mouth was open and his ears were suddenly red. Shrugged shoulders with friends pulled, spread his arms. David, too, could not cope with Zaur's sudden question. His eyes were on Zaur's face he walked, as if searching for the answer to his question on his face. Gulay wiped away her tears and looked at Arai:

- I was very upset by your family's drama. But you should know that it was not the Turks who killed you, but the Kurds. Their murder character. And now they are killing our people. But gentlemen - said Gulay, one by one checking the table looked - I was also interested in Zaur's question. I also know about the attitude towards gays in Armenia I would like to know that.

Everyone was curious - I wonder who will talk about it? Even the guards sitting outside are confused and ashamed they seemed. Boris looked away from Zaur angrily, as if begging his friends for help. looked at their faces. Sergei Strekalin broke the silence and said in English:

"Anyway, I'm the most knowledgeable person at this table about gays," he said.

Everyone stood up and looked at him. Gulay threw a piece of motal cheese into the mouth, then bit the lavash and said to Sergey:

- Probably there must be a reason for that?

- What?

- Be the most informed.

- Yes, I understand. Indeed it is. Last year, I conducted a monitoring for a French NGO. myself

I am from Gyumri. Gyumri is a patriarchal city, very close to traditions. There is a great hatred for homosexuality. I can say that Gyumri is a city of homophobes.

Zaur:

"Then it turns out that there are a lot of latent homosexuals in Gyumri," he said. This is not a question, but a statement of fact sounded.

Sergei hesitantly:

"I wouldn't be so categorical," he said. - But radical homophobes are mostly homosexuals is also a fact.

Although it can be read from the faces of Paruyr and Georgi that they wanted to protest and start an argument, this At that moment, they thought it would be inappropriate to interfere with Sergei.

- During the monitoring, I accidentally learned that eight gays gathered in one of the cafes in Yerevan, the first in the country. will once again discuss the prospects of establishing a committee to protect the rights of sexual minorities. I'm gone side by side, I talked. I was told not to live in an atmosphere of intolerance in Armenian society explored alternative ways. Interestingly, not a single one of them was gay from Yerevan. Four came from the region - Gyumri, Ijevan, Gorus and Echmiadzin. I tell them why the capital is gay When asked if they had joined, they said that Yerevan residents were afraid to go out and be recognized. Echmiadzin- 23-year-old Gregor, who is not afraid to openly shout that he is gay, to declare his homosexuality told me he was ready. "By hiding our sexual orientation, we achieve tolerance in Armenian society we can't be. "

Unexpectedly, Boris interrupted Sergei:

- Last time I visited the website of ILGA France. There was a call for Armenian gays. One of them It was suggested to meet with each other, get acquainted, discuss their problems together and look for solutions.

- Why do you visit ILGA's website? Paruyr asked sarcastically.

Boris did not lose his temper:

- I am the head of an NGO and all the information and facts about social problems in Armenia I have to learn, I have to research. What's here?

Boris's argument would have convinced him that Paruyr smiled and lowered his head.

Zaur joined the conversation:

- In Azerbaijan, gays feel more free. Of course, Azerbaijani society is also patriarchal, but we don't put as much pressure on gays as you do. At the same time, our homosexuals are more organized.

Sergei confirmed Zaur's words:

- I have also heard that gays live in a more free environment in Azerbaijan. Unfortunately, ours gays do not have such a chance. First of all, their number is not as high as in Azerbaijan. The second Our society is not ready to accept gays like Azerbaijanis.

- How do gays communicate with each other in Armenia, where do they get acquainted? - Gulay asked.

- Of course via the Internet. But when they get acquainted with the Internet, they do not rush to meet immediately - on the opposite side they are afraid of people, they are afraid that suddenly there will be a trap. For example, sociology of Yerevan State University Karen, a graduate of the same faculty, once had a similar experience - a boy she met on the Internet he went to a meeting and was raped. In a country house on the outskirts of the city, three people fell on him in turn had sex. Karen is still under the supervision of a psychiatrist and continues her treatment.

Gulay covered his mouth with his hands and cried out:

- Oh my God, how can this be! We live in the twenty-first century! Didn't Karen call the police?

Sergey smiled bitterly:

- If he had appealed to the police, he would have been tortured at the police station and raped there. Then

they would inform their parents and the workplace. The last hope remains for international organizations. But we are monitoring Kristina Mardirosyan, who works at the OSCE Office in Yerevan, said they had not received any complaints about gays told me. They only expect something from the Helsinki Citizens' Assembly. This organization trusts most gays is the institution they do. Mikael Danielyan, chairman of the Armenian office of the Helsinki Citizens' Assembly appeals are received. The gays in the police immediately call him, and he goes and takes them out of the office.

- But I do not hope that someday in the Armenian society there will be a tolerant attitude towards gays.

Our people cannot have a good attitude towards a man or a woman who does not participate in the growth of the generation. It's forever
It will be so - said the guard Arthur, who said these words. The pity in his eyes and the shame he felt for his people was read.

- Good evening.

- Can not be.

- You see, it happens when you want.

- ...

- What happened? Where did you sink?

- I can't believe my ears. No, of course I was waiting. I knew you would come. But still believe

I don't know ... The number is also Yerevan's number ... Where are you?

- At the Anais Hotel.

- On the river Razdan?

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- Yes ...

- I would like to hear your first impressions of Yerevan.

- You have to visit the city first. What can I say now. But you can be sure that it is objective

I will appreciate.

- I do not doubt your objectivity and temperament.

- How can I not be objective, even if I have a subjective reason like you?

- Ha ha. Thank you very much. Exactly when did you arrive?

- It will be a few hours. We have been in the restaurant for a long time. I met a Turkish journalist and Boris's people.

- Did you drink a lot?

- Not so much. I have translated a lot just for a Turkish journalist. My jaw hurts. It's like two hours

I blew non-stop. We start discussions tomorrow.

- What is left to be discussed?

- I don't think there is anything left. But should peacekeeping be imitated or not?

- Probably necessary ...

- Do you want to come to the hotel?

"Who's there but you?"

- How, that is, who is there? Single.

"Didn't they give you a bodyguard?"

- They did. They are sitting down. You will see when you come. Two people are naughty. They both have pistols.

They follow me step by step.

- Just like presidents.

- Aha. Now I understand what presidents and ministers draw.

- That's right. Their lives are very difficult.

- Yes, what did you decide? Are you coming

"Do you think I should come to the Anais Hotel and see those bastards?"

- Are you saying there may be a problem?

- Don't you think so?

- Was it a problem for my friend to come to me?

- Do you think that the special services are not interested in having an Azerbaijani friend in Yerevan? Mine

They will not investigate who I am and my family?

- Suppose they will investigate. What is your secret?

- I do not want my family to be disturbed. So am I. Communicating with them is a pain for me.

- So it seems that now they are listening to our phone conversations?

- I do not exclude.

- Then, if you want, let's finish the conversation here. Then there will be a problem for you.

- I understand that it is tense. But you have to understand me too. Don't you think it's natural for me to be careful?

- I understood from his words that we will not meet at all. We don't have to talk on the phone. you

do you call it natural

- No, it's not. But this is the reality. The risk must arise out of necessity. We do not need to meet.

- So there is no such need !?

- Of course not. Try to understand me a little more. Don't think of the answer you will give me when I speak, mine

think what i said What is the point of meeting knowing that we will have hundreds of eyes on us? Their us

should we allow them to be humiliated? We will be like the actors in a porn movie. After you leave, maybe

I'll have to explain to them before you leave - how long have I known you?

We have relations, what is the nature of these relations, what do I think about Azerbaijanis ... These are for me

needed?

- But we did not talk like that ...

- How did we talk? When you write to me that you are likely to come to Yerevan, then you will definitely come
When I said, "I'll see you"?

- ...

- Did I say?

- No, it's not.

"Then what do you accuse me of?"

- You're right ... So you knew everything in advance? .. You knew that our meeting would probably not happen.

The guards will be around me day and night.

- You knew that too. But for some reason you didn't take it seriously.

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- So what is my purpose in coming to Yerevan?

- Are you asking me that?

- I had only one goal - to meet you in the city where you live. You know that too.

- Unfortunately, this is not possible. I cannot turn a blind eye to the humiliation and insults of these bastards.

We ... we are not weak enough to meet in such difficult conditions, to put ourselves at risk. Thankfully, Tbilisi was at our disposal.

- They can listen to us. Aren't you afraid of that?

- Listening is a possibility. Maybe they don't listen at all. But if we meet, they will darken our blood.

If I come to your room, one of them will want to sit next to us. You can be sure of that. Boris, you don't care
can't help it. I remember well, was Boris there?

- No, go ... Arthur?

- Yes.

- If I knew it would happen, I wouldn't come ... What does it mean to be here without you? You told me nothing about it
you didn't say Why?

- Maybe because I want him to come to Yerevan.

- I do not understand you.

- What's wrong? I wanted to see this city. We do not have to meet.

"You've lost your mind, Arthur ..."

- I lost my mind in Baku, many years ago ...

- We will go to the city tomorrow evening. Maybe we should meet somewhere?

- That's what you say. What is the difference between meeting in the city and meeting in a hotel?

- I want to see you from afar.

- Don't be so weak. Take care of yourself. What did you say to the family?

- I did not understand.

- You said I'm going to Yerevan or not? ..

- Somehow I understood the situation. My mother was very upset, cried and left. My father was mad too.

But now I am not interested in them. How long do I have to live thinking about them? My own life

I have the right to live as I want.

- You don't live the way you want already?

"You mean to live?" Do you really know what came to my mind? I say maybe we are already dead and now

do we live in hell

- What sense?

- We are here in a place called the world because of the sins we committed in our previous lives. You are on the front
on the obiri line, and I am here. It seems to us that we live. We live in the world and someday we will die ... However
we are long dead.

- What happened to you?

- I don't even know ... I seem to be slowly getting depressed. Yerevan is depressed. Life
and ... I think it's a simulacrum.

- I agree with that - life, wars, cars, skyscrapers, supermarkets. The largest
and simulacrum is our relationship. Yerevan's depression is in place.

- Is there anything changing in our relationship?

- What did that mean?

- I'm asking. Maybe there's something I don't know? You can say openly.

- You are gradually becoming paranoid. Nothing changes, nor can it.

- But your voice is not as usual. His blood feels black.

- My aunt died yesterday. I loved him very much.

- Did you have an aunt in Yerevan?

- Yeah. Our motherland is Yeghegnadzorlu.

- I don't know what to say ...

- You don't have to say a word. My aunt Sirusho was very supportive of us when we became refugees. Life is already very hard
lived. She could not get married. From the eighth grade, she started working as a milkmaid on a farm next to my grandmother.
He was a laureate of the Lenin Komsomol Prize. He spent his life in the state farm "40 years of Soviet Armenia".

"I understand you, Arthur."

"I know you're trying to comfort me, but you're unlikely to understand me."

- You are right...

- Take offense me?

- No no. I just did not know it would be so hard.

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- What will be difficult?

- That's what will happen - we will not be able to meet, we will have to pay attention to our words, even when talking on the phone.

I understand your grief, but I had a different idea of my visit to Yerevan. I planned differently everything.

- You thought that we would visit Yerevan, visit the sights of Armenia together, even me I'll stay with you at the hotel. Hotel expenses will also be borne by Boris.

- I thought so. You are right.

- You thought so wrongly ... We can meet in Tbilisi.

- When?

- In a month I will be able to finish my work and come to Tbilissi (Tbilisi) for two weeks, if necessary. And you?

- Can be. So I'll have to wait another month to meet?

- You know that if I had a chance to come sooner, I would come.

- Good Arthur. Whatever you say.

He threw the handle angrily and approached the window. He watches the lights of passing cars, on the one hand she was sobbing. In Baku, he took the chalk he had taken from the classroom of school No. 2 out of his pocket and hunted it in his hand. scatter the dust on the ground.

Yerevan did not suit him.

At eight o'clock in the morning, Zaur's sleep was interrupted by a knock on the door. Arthur, an Azerbaijani, knocked on the door woke the guest up for a snack. After a telephone conversation with Arthur, Zaur, who slept restlessly at night and had nightmares, was in his heart Although Arthur spoke, on the one hand he was glad that he had been awakened from a painful sleep. He opened the door with red eyes Arthur looked:

- I'm at the restaurant half an hour later. I will fall myself, do not suffer. I'm not running away.

Arthur scoffed:

- It is already impossible to escape from here. We have people on the street.

Having said that, he strode up the stairs.

When Zaur arrived in Yerevan, he cursed himself first and then Boris and knocked on the door.

"Really, what am I doing here?" I have never had such a meaningless trip in my life. Arthur also caressed himself put If the death of his aunt, right-winger Sirusho, affected him so much, then the situation is much worse than I thought. It was difficult. "

He took a shower and put on his clothes. He was in no hurry. He even went out on the balcony and watched Yerevan for a while. Mount Ararat, which was a mountain for the Armenians, was rising on the horizon in all its glory. "Armenians will see Ararat, but not him They will not be able to come close, "Stalin's words were still relevant. One last look in the mirror squeaked and left the room and hurried to the restaurant.

Apart from him, everyone, even Paruyr, Sergey, Boris and Georgiy, who did not stay at the hotel at night, were in the restaurant for twelve. They sat around a huge table and ate with gusto. Arthur saw Zauru and nodded with pleasure lowered and continued the conversation with the guard partner. Gulay, sitting between Sergey and Boris, saw Zauru and laughed:

- Why is my translator so late?

Zaur approached the table and, without looking at Gulay, said "good morning" to everyone and sat down on the empty chair next to David. sat down. Although Gulay's face changed, Zauru did not say a word. He was ashamed. Put the cream in the bowl with your head down began to worm.

After the waiter brought Zaur's tea, David leaned over and whispered:

- I put the grass on the balcony, under the sun. It will dry until the evening. We will shoot far tomorrow.

- Maybe not? It's very risky - Zaur's eyes were worried.

- Don't talk nonsense. What if you don't smoke in Yerevan? Don't you see what's interesting here? My heart explodes yesterday. Here comes the victim of genocide. Get ready to translate for Gula - the door with David's head pointed to the side. When Zaur looked in the direction indicated by David, he saw the man of yesterday, Ara. His blood was black.

- We have work to do. And now it will poison our breakfast. You look at the enthusiasm in it. Early in the morning to the restaurant.

Realizing what they were whispering so angrily, Boris looked at both of them.

- Do not worry. He will not be allowed to talk much today. Even if he speaks, I will do the translation.

David said, "We'll see," and put a spoonful of fruit yogurt.

When he reached the corner of the table for 12 people, he said "good morning" to everyone and sat down without asking permission. Sorry was. If you hit the knife, there would be no blood. The waiter called and asked for milk tea.

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Gulay with the care that came from the embarrassment of the divan that his ancestors held for the Armenians in 1915 asked:

- Look, something happened? You look so sad.
He looked at Gulā with a sigh.

- What can I say, by God ... The next day I met a very dear, native man, the woman of my life.

I lost. Last night, after leaving here, I received the news of his death.

David Zaura looked at him and said slowly, "You see, tragedy has happened again." In the meantime, add tea and sugar and mix.

- Sirusho was a woman with a very big heart. I've been milking since the day I met him, in the seventies was. He was a laureate of the Lenin Komsomol Prize. It would not be a lie to say that he understood the language of cows.

Everyone listened intently, and Zaur coughed. His eyes were teary and he covered his mouth with both hands he was coughing. After David punched him three times in the back, Zaur regained his composure thanked and:

"I'm sorry, honey is in my throat," he said. - Come on, keep going.

He began to speak without taking his eyes off Zaur's face, full of sorrow and grief:

- We met him in Yeghegnadzor, in the state farm. She was a girl with real Armenian beauty. First of all

He had a hard time milking 1,600 kilograms of milk per cow per year. I was also a young boy from Yerevan

The Komsomol organization sent me to Yeghegnadzor. We met, the second night we realized that we already love each other.

When I told her about my family, who was a victim of the genocide, she sobbed and said that she loved me.

he said. Then he told me that he had difficulty communicating with cows, that he had less than 1,600 kilograms of milk.

He asked what he should do to get more products. Each of the cows he cares for

I advised him that he had a different character and that each of them should be treated separately. Then

I went to Yerevan. When he returned to Yeghegnadzor two months later, Sirusho had already drawn a curved line to the right of the table.

had reached the figure. This was not a bad indicator for a hand-milker. Everyone in the state farm respects this business girl

was doing. One day I received a letter from him: "Dear Ara, can you imagine, I am Marina with 3 Lenin orders on her chest?"

I work next to Nakhchivan. He is a member of the Supreme Soviet of the Armenian SSR, an honored cattle breeder of the republic.

If you only knew, how right-handed he was! " Sirusho did not leave Marina for two years, he looked at her work and learned.

At the beginning of the eightieth year, he finally saw the fruits of his labor. To Sirusho for his achievements in labor

They were awarded the "Badge of Honor". Two years passed and Sirusho milked 5,100 kilograms of milk in Moscow, Victory Flag

was honored to take a picture in front of him. He was then awarded the Order of the Red Banner of Labor. He each

He even named the cow Hasmik, Suli, Svetka, Aykush.

The first day my first eye pain Sirusho closed his eyes to life after a long illness. Between us

the love lasted more than twenty years. But we didn't get married - neither her time nor mine

I did not have the courage to get married.

He finished his story and asked the waiter for a second tea. Gulay wiped her tears with a soft napkin

he was cleaning his nose. Boris rested his disks on the table and held his head with both hands. Zaur lit a cigarette and

He shrugged his eyes at David, who was staring at him in horror.

He wanted her. He wanted to cry, to shout, to hit his helpless head on the walls, to fly alone. She

to hold, to hug, to squeeze, not to let go again, to breathe, to kiss - with passion, anger, rage

kissing - squeezing his chest, holding his legs and crying on his knees, feeling the fullness of his tears, forgetting himself

in the sweaty world, he wanted to be distracted to touch every inch of his trembling body, to hear his sweet and faint voice.

He loved it very much, he loved it wildly. He read that homosexual love is more cruel, but that's it

he did not believe. He believed now.

He left the two-day conference with difficulty. Yerevan - Opera Square, Abovyan Street, Vernissage

he had visited the fair, Matandara, without it. Nowhere did he taste it. Boris was saying something, David

He was taking pictures somewhere, the guards did not leave him for a moment, Gulay also talked to people on the street

He tried to find out their views on the future of Turkish-Armenian relations. Everyone was busy -

except for one Zaur. He did not see or hear anything. The story that Boris told him at the opera house

he later recalled by rapping his brain. And because he didn't laugh after remembering, because he embarrassed Boris

had regretted.

- Let me tell you a legend about this Opera Square. Square protesters in the late eighties

was boiling. The people were shouting "Karabakh, Karabakh". During the rally, a taxi driver passed by

stops the car and asks the protesters:

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- What happened here? What are you shouting

- We want to buy Karabakh.

The taxi driver's face is sour:

- Dear Akhper, what are you doing in Karabakh?! Take Sochi, Sochi is better ... - he says and hits the gas and disappears.

Zaur was walking thoughtfully through the streets of sunny Yerevan, not hearing Boris speak.

- How is it? Did you like Yerevan?

Boris's voice was coming from afar. It was a question, and it would be rude to leave it unanswered.

- Comfortable, cozy, pink and most importantly compact city. In any case, it has a more urban impact than Baku

- both the city itself and the people. But this is also the result of the war ... From Karabakh and Armenia to Baku

mainly agrarian elements flowed. The face of Baku has changed. Now Baku is a big Mardakert, Amasya, or whatever

knowledge is Lachin.

- Thank you very much for the objective price - Boris, who is proud of his capital, was smiling.

In the park called Poplavok, two of them were sitting in one of the cafes with big red umbrellas with Coca-Cola.

Gulay and David went shopping. The guards are thirty meters away, Arno Babacanyan's strange they walked beside the statue.

- But, of course, there are more new buildings, foreign cars, expensive boutiques in Baku than in Yerevan - Zaur himself did not know why he was making such a stupid comparison. He regretted it, but it was over.

Boris Yerebuni took three sips of beer, sighed and asked:

- Dear Zaur, where do you live in Baku?

- In the Old City, in the center of Baku.

- Where is the Maiden's Tower?

- That's right. Even half of the Maiden's Tower can be seen from our window. But now the eyes of an oil company on our house fell. We will probably have to sell it and buy an apartment in one of the remote districts of Baku.

Boris lit a cigarette. Zaura also offered.

- Dear Zaur, I know very well that you have an apartment in the magnificent skyscrapers being built in the center of Baku, There are no villas on the Caspian coast, no expensive cars and no boutiques. Maybe never

will not. Am I right?

- Yes, probably never ...

- If the dollars from oil and gas do not concern you and the victims of the time like you, you and

If we are a toy in the hands of oligarchs who rule us all, like you - in this case, built in Baku

to be proud of skyscrapers, villas, expensive cars crashing on the roads and boutiques of famous couturiers

isn't that stupid I'm sorry, of course ... Just ...

- No need to apologize Boris. I was not offended by his words ...

Boris paused. Then he regained his composure and continued his cruelty.

- Young friend, I know you are a boy reading a book. An instructive sentence in Victor Pelevi's novel "Ampire V" var. The old vampire teaches the young vampire a life lesson and says, "You have to be a clown of the giver." Student "I don't want to be a clown," he says. The teacher's answer is very interesting and meaningful: "The clown of the giver If you don't want to be, then you will become a clown. You have no third choice. "

For the first time in his life, Zaur felt terrible pain from his servant. Then, as if submerged in the left side of his back the cold dagger found its way into his heart and stabbed him in the aorta.

Zaur had long known that he had to choose between two options - the book in question a few months ago after reading ...

Feeling a terrible void inside, Zaur did not leave the state of prostration until Lake Sevan. Françoise He remembered Saga's novel "Hello sadness". Sadness along the way to everything - mountains, crops, large and small horned animals, even pink pigs. Rising from the chimneys of houses hidden in the woods fog, drizzle summer rains exacerbate melancholy, according to Arthur for three days Zaur, who did not know and heard his voice only once, was angry. In the morning, ironing Zauru before leaving David, who was a guest on dried marijuana and was still under the influence of marijuana, stopped his car and drove off. Everyone laughed as he tried to catch the pigs wandering around. Zaur also tried to smile. But on the face expression rather than a smile, to the facial expressions of a person who suffers from toothache but tries to hide it looked like.

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When they reached Sevan, Zaur noticed that the lake was also unhappy. Sevan - God from heaven to earth it looked like a huge piece of blue marble he had thrown away. They walked on the shore of the lake for ten minutes and got back in the car. The gap continued.

They did not linger at the border. It was easier to leave Armenia than to enter this country. The day he arrived he was no longer excited, but his eyes were still looking for the black dog. The dog had disappeared. Maybe it's a dog's function three days ago to run to Zaur and allow him to caress himself to relieve stress, then was to disappear ...

Due to the lack of water at the Georgian border post, Georgian soldiers went to Armenia to bathe spent.

South Caucasus - a freshman in the Baku Academy of Arts, new steps in painting it looked like a poor-quality caricature coming out of a brush.

*I'm afraid I'll leave the religion to the dervish,
As concluded by Zunnar Sheikh Sanan, an Armenian*

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- Stop pimping! Stop being reckless!

The sound was coming from behind. Although he did not know to whom the appeal was addressed, he resisted any possibility. Why do it he did not know what he was doing. After all, there was no enemy in this city who would consider him worthy of such severe insults. It's getting dark, Icheri Crowds had gathered on the streets of the city. He wanted to look back and see the Jiguli 07 model standing right next to him. Two bastard boys got out of the car, twisted Zaur's arms and pushed him into the back seat of the car. The driver no one was sitting next to him. Zaur, who was standing between the two idiots, was sitting on his right, his face full of seriousness and sadness asked the boy:

- Excuse me, who are you? Where are you taking me?

- The one who takes the soft cube! It is our duty to fuck your mouth!

"What have I done to you?" Maybe you misled me?

- We made a mistake !? Mother of the moon, who else but you went to Armenia and fucked the pimp Dashnaks?

He put his mustachioed, big-mouthed mouth close to Zaur's face and began to laugh. Zaur's heart

he felt nauseous and lowered his head. At least he had time to think until he got "to the apartment."

Who could kidnap him because he went to Armenia? The police? No, they do not look like the police. MTN? No, MTN it doesn't work that primitively. Or? ...

Karabakh remembered the Freedom Organization. This organization usually threatens and beats those who come and go in Armenia members become. KLA Chairman Arif Yunusov has repeatedly stated that "those who go to Armenia are ours at all times may be attacked by young people. We declare this openly, without hesitation. To Armenia Those who travel will not be forgiven! "

He raised his head and looked out the window. They came to a place that resembled the dark streets of the Papanin neighborhood. He looked at the profiles of those around him. There was not the slightest emotion in these faces. Occasionally, upcoming A thin scar on his cheek was visible as the headlights of the cars fell on the face of the boy with the mustache sitting to his right.

The car, advancing through the dark and indirect roads, finally stopped in front of the blue gate. Zaur, close your eyes Separating from his face, he looked ahead. The gate opened and the car entered the yard.

- Dream, take it! - whispered on him and grabbed Zaur by the arm and pulled him out of the car.

At the end of the thirty-square-meter courtyard, three or five pomegranate and fig trees stood out. The left wall of a simple two-storey house covered with meyna leaves. The door of the house opened and ...

Arif Yunusov comes straight to the car to meet Zaur in person and as if "this is the end" he laughed as he wished.

- Hello young boy! Love to the young NGO!

Arif Yunusov approached Zaur and stroked his head.

- Arif bey, why did you bring me here?

Instead of answering him, Arif turned his face to the boy with the mustache:

- Put this low in the luxury room. Now I'm coming myself.

Zaur quickly realized what a luxury room was - a damp, semi-dark, concrete-walled and tiled room.

In the middle of the room was a stool for the residents of the "luxury room". He was placed on this stool and "Arif

Wax until the teacher arrives." Arif Yunusov arrived 5 minutes later. What came! As you enter the room

Without a word, he punched Zaur in the chin and pushed him to the cold, concrete floor.

- Pimp !!! Giver !!!

- Well ... what did I ... do !?

Instead of answering his question, Arif Yunusov kicked him in the stomach.

- Yes, why don't you listen? Talk to you soon!
 Zaur touched his hand to his lips, looked at the blood on his fingers and shook his head.
 - You don't allow me to open my mouth. I do not understand why I was brought here ...
 - Ah you don't understand !?
 Arif's ironic ringing was as sharp as a razor.
 - Yes ... I don't understand.
 - Lift him up, sit down!
 The boys lifted Zaur from the ground and put him on a stool.
 Arif put his hands on his hips and walked around the room:
 "So you don't know for what crime we brought you here?" He asked.

- I really do not know. If it is because I went to Armenia, then I have no words. To visit Armenia
 If it is a crime, isn't it you, not the law enforcement agencies?
 - In fact, you are right - your visit to Armenia is not illegal. A law prohibiting such visits, article
 no. But even though it is not legal, you have committed a moral crime! For this reason, not the police, but ours - that is, the people
 you will have to answer in front.
 Arif carefully sifted through Zauru and suddenly started laughing. He cleared his throat and said:
 - Actually, you are not a bad boy, Zaur. You are young, promising and educated. You speak English. The most important
 and you are my Azerbaijani! You just made a big mistake, you visited the country of the occupier. Do this
 I don't know why you did it, I don't want to know. Or rather to hear nothing about Armenia and Armenians
 I don't want. But if we don't punish you, tomorrow you or someone else will do the same. I repeat,
 There is no personal issue here - everything is for the homeland and the nation! I have already said that every Azerbaijani is mine
 is dear and native to. But as the fathers said today, if we do not sit crooked and speak straight, tomorrow will be too late. Each of us
 His thoughts, goals, principles, beliefs must be the bearer of the people, the homeland and this sacred idea and concept.
 But you have to be able to deal with the realities, not to resort to emotion, violence, to the solution of problems.
 we must trust in his power and find a way. In such a way that in the end we will not lose what the people and the country have gained, we will succeed
 let's put success on top. From the hatred of the nation, which is an enemy to itself, from the hatred of the Armenians, who are the enemies of one another
 The fire of my trembling heart is not extinguished by the tears of my eyes. United Azerbaijani people,
 his valuable, worthless, useful to the motherland, the nation, useless, his heart, his conscience beating with love for the motherland, the nation, his personal
 it consists of people who sacrifice not for their own interests, but for the common good. That's enough, we're divided, that's enough, us
 we were the toy of the breakers. That's enough, friend, enemy, we know the back! That's enough, we have become a prisoner of money! That's enough, one-
 we denied one of us! That's enough, they threw ashes on our heads with our own hands! My great and powerful people! He killed himself
 science-obam, it's not too late, let's think. Let's find out what we did and where we went. To ourselves
 Let's choose the path of progress, integration, the path that provides our present and future. Let's listen to the voice of centuries, from the lesson
 let's take a lesson. Consider our history: how many states have we created in an area we call Azerbaijan. Present every day
 As I think about the situation, I feel like waves crashing against the shore and returning to the sea in frustration.
 My relatives are far away, strangers are far away, grief is coming to me. When will this pain and trouble end?! Oh, my troubled head!
 Arif was crying like a child, tears were flowing from his eyes. Zaur was shocked. The state of mind of their chairmen
 The youth of the KLA also began to cry. A boy with a mustache and a scar on his face, through tears,
 his voice trembled and he stretched out his hands towards Arif.
 - Arif Bey, how emotional and fragile you are. Our hearts beat with love for the homeland and the nation.
 Each of us, individually or collectively, serves the same purpose. Difficulties for each of us on the way to this goal,
 obstacles and deprivations await, but we will not be discouraged and will overcome all obstacles! Because we
 We are people who have considered everything for the bright future of the world and we are sure that the path we are on is the right one. Homeland
 we need sons who think like you. The homeland is for those who think like you and can sacrifice themselves when necessary
 will rise on the shoulders of men.
 Arif wiped his tears with the back of his hand and said:
 - You are right, brother. But scientific and technological progress, the rapprochement of nations, happening in the world
 Integration processes, along with socio-economic development, dictate the cruel laws of globalization.
 It is one of the biggest and most important tasks facing us at a time when globalization is becoming irreversible
 preservation of national values.
 Zaur himself unexpectedly joined the conversation between the two KLA members.
 - Friends, although you arrested me and brought me here by force, but I know that you are real sons of the fatherland.
 I see and appreciate. Indeed, the purpose of the processes taking place in the modern world
 I admire you, Arif Bey, for your foresight. You are right of national-mental thinking
 You consider it a very important task to protect it and not to lose moral values. Give us the term "dead nations" from history
 known. They are assimilated with other nations because they cannot protect their spiritual existence and national values
 are extinct nations. Because a nation is only its language and name, or a state is only its borders
 does not live. If so, the Latin people would live like the Latin language. Or a sign of empires rocking the earth and the sky
 would remain. For the existence of a nation, first of all, its morality must live. The word spirituality at the moment
 it should not be taken as an abstract concept. The nation that took the yeast of that word out of love for the land
 constitutes all sublime feelings until love. Ulu Dada Gorgud said, "If you do not protect the land, it is not worth planting,
 If you do not cultivate the soil, then it is not worth protecting it."
 Arif held his breath in astonishment. When Zaur finished his speech, he reached out and hugged him.
 - Thank you, brother. Such depth and wisdom can only belong to our people! I'm that Dada Gorgud
 I understood the true meaning of the word more deeply when I was a participant in the battles for Karabakh. Bullet
 I went ahead, I faced death, I was hungry and thirsty for days, but I did not complain in the slightest. Because,

I understood that I was fighting for the land and the Motherland, and now, many years later, I still have those sublime feelings - I cannot forget the sacred feelings of the moments when I fought for the homeland.

It was in those battles that I realized once again that we often overestimate our greatness we don't know As a result, the Armenians destroyed our historical monuments, cuisine, music, art, they name our culture, and sometimes they achieve it. We are now an independent state and no one is holding our hand can not close. Unless spiritual thieves are prevented, those who occupy our lands will invade our spirituality will do.

A well-known example says that if you shoot at your past with a pistol, the future will catch you. It's a secret to no one It is not that the most progressive people in the Muslim East are our people. We have built the first democratic republic in the East. First we created the theater. We published the first newspaper. As they say, the first of many human values is our destiny fell. Since all these are historical facts, of course, no one can erase these primaries from our history.

Everyone who is Azerbaijani should know that our morality belongs only to our people, we must enrich it, we must protect it. Because everyone who is Azerbaijani is only the Republic of Azerbaijan He is Azerbaijani not because he lives in the so-called geographical area, but because of his morality.

- Arif Bey, it would be interesting for me to hear your military memories. I do not know those years well.

- Of course! How do you know we've been in those years for months? You were still a child then.

Arif approached the young men standing at the door, kissed them one by one on the lips and turned his face to Zaura. he said in a full voice:

- The battles in the direction of Fizuli did not stop. The occupation of Aghdam is a kind of defenseless, helpless region had put. Taking advantage of this, the military opposition is carrying out provocations among the people, the determination of the people to fight would break. This disgusting method of coming to power was tried in the Khojaly tragedy, in the shame of Shusha and Lachin. Even now, they are dishonorably trying to use that method.

One month after the fall of Aghdam, on August 23, Fizuli was occupied. Thus, other south-western regions

- The occupation of Jabrayil, Gubadli and Zangilan took place.

These losses and defeats did not suddenly overwhelm us. Military-political opposition, internal traitors to our people they approached it step by step. They brought grief upon grief. Then the traitors within us, The greed for power tried to address these scandals to the people. But time will tell In this way, the true faces of the "heroes of the nation" were revealed to the people.

The flames of the war were already burning in Fizuli's face. People were armed. But, unfortunately, the state is effective did not take action. Self-defense forces were struggling to find weapons. There was a great need for experienced commanders. However, the Armenians were provided with modern weapons - both attack and defense were carried out by experienced commanders. carried out with unity. As a result, at the end of the year, the Armenians launched attacks along the frontline expanded. On December 24, residents of I Arish, Jamilli, Khalafna and Garadagli villages left their homes they did. The village of Cuvarli was besieged. Of course, there were those killed and injured.

The year 1992 was even more bloody. Ayaz Mutallibov's head was involved in maintaining power. And the opposition he used his weakness and indecision to commit greater provocations on the front. Or rather, Armenian they created opportunities and conditions for the expansion of their attacks. Khojaly will remain as an incurable wound of history genocide is proof of this dishonor. And three days before this bloody tragedy - on the night of February 22-23 Armenians occupied Yukhari Veysalli village. The village was looted, 200 houses were set on fire, 15 people were killed, 20 people was injured.

After the Khojaly tragedy, the Armenian armed forces relatively stopped their attacks and built a strong defense On March 16, they used the first air strike in the direction of Fizuli. Jamilli and Garadagli villages fighter jets were shot down. Then my comrades and I blew up one of the helicopters, and for years then I received an order of bravery and zeal for this action. Yes, I'm not talking about that. Many houses were destroyed that day, and the dead were injured. On the same day, the district center came under artillery fire.

Now the fighting has intensified again. Violent fighting broke out in the village of Hoga on March 19-31. Occupy the village was burned to the ground, 16 people were killed and dozens were injured. In those days, the city of Fizuli was always was kept under artillery fire. There were ruins and losses every day.

Finally, on April 1, the Azerbaijani Armed Forces counterattacked. How long has this news been in all circles was discussed. That is why it failed. Instead, the Armenian attack expanded. Fizuli city was subjected to great destruction by artillery. On April 11, after artillery training, Armenians they attacked along the entire front. They occupied Jamilli. The enemy attack was stopped in Gajar village, Armenians were pushed back and the village of Jamilli was liberated.

After the Khojaly tragedy, the country was in fact headless. The traitor A. Mutallibov was removed from power,

tried to find. There was nothing good about it. The country wants a strong hand, an experienced, determined leader is-changed. However, those who turned Azerbaijan into a broker market did not allow it. Mutallibov was re-elected on May 14 returned to power, but he fled at night. The next day, the Popular Front of Azerbaijan staged a show. Armed They marched on the Supreme Soviet building, where no one was in the group, and shot at the building.

Arif was angry. He wiped his nose with his hand, shook the storm off his fingertips and threw it to the ground. At the door One of the boys stood, unbuttoned the other's trousers, took out something and stroked it. Arif thought of them Without giving up, Zaura's eyes widened in horror and she continued to look at him compassionately:

- ... Chemicals were found in the shells fired by Armenians in Fizuli on May 25. so long-standing rumors are confirmed. However, no state has commented on this. Where is Azerbaijan, the voice of truth is not heard. Our loneliness is already felt at every step. Those who seized power did so accelerated. They made the countries of the region more dissatisfied and alienated them. This is the hand of the Armenians opened more. The shells fired at Fizuli on July 15 were re-inspected and it was reaffirmed that they contain a chemical substance.

The sons of Azerbaijan fought bravely and sacrificed their lives. But the provocations on the front are one another watched. The army was politicized. Troops sent to the front to help local defenders are provoking, disrupted offensive operations and spread fearful rumors among civilians. For example, our Armed Forces Successful attacks on the Red Market on June 25 and on the village of Tug on July 28 were thwarted as a result of provocations.

In the fall, the fighting intensified. There have been several successful attacks by the Azerbaijani Armed Forces. Our military units, which attacked on September 7, captured several strategic heights. Three military in Martuni they destroyed the weapons depot. They fought for the height of Gadik. Already on September 23, Khojavend settlement cleared of Armenians.

Unfortunately, due to incompetence and inexperience, no defense measures are taken, at the expense of the blood of our soldiers. The liberated positions were returned to the Armenians. On the day of Khojavend's liberation, with a counterattack by the Armenians all luck was drawn. Moreover, the villages of Muganli, Admirals and Kuropatkino fell into enemy hands. The enemy expanded the attack. These attacks were stopped only on October 12. After that until the end of the year only position battles continued.

Armenians are already clearly observing the incompetence of the AXC-Musavat duo and the quarrel between them they expanded their attacks along the entire front. The Azerbaijani army was not formed. AXC's, Etibar Mammadov, Alikram Humbatov, Rahim Gaziyeu, Surat Huseynov ... had armed groups. However, this they did not come out in front of the oil. They created an illusion. As soon as possible, put each other forward and besiege the enemy He occupied a part of our lands "with his hands", and then the "propaganda machine" was launched. So-and-so they looked down on each other to come to power. In general, these private armed groups are not public, served personal ambitions. Let's also admit that these servicemen have become a toy in the political game most of them had become toys in their hands. After all, most of them were zealous sons.

Somehow, this painful period of Azerbaijan's history continued. 1993 began with even greater catastrophes. In Baku, people could not walk freely on the streets. They harassed his mother and sister. Already on January 6, Fizuli the city came under artillery fire. The Azerbaijani Armed Forces are strategic to gain the upper hand they fought for the heights. Started on the night of January 14 for the Uryandag heights the battles were of this kind. However, I repeat, betrayal and negligence nullified all victories. Already There was a time when the attacking boys were worried about the bullet in the back. Zealous our runners were shot from behind. But despite this, they set themselves on fire, the defense of our lands they sacrificed their lives for it. Preventing the Armenian attack on April 2 with great advantage is proof of that. Lower Divanlilar, Gajar, Kovshatli were occupied. Our soldiers counter-attacked Kovshatli liberated and entered into a life-and-death struggle with the enemy. But there is no help from behind, provocations from the right and left he wouldn't. Therefore, a considerable advantage of the enemy's power was at work.

Thus, our heroes fighting on the front line are left alone, back in battles against the many superior forces of the enemy. they were forced to retreat.

On the night of April 4, the Armenians captured the Mangalanata plateau near the city of Fizuli. Disaster is approaching. A day later, the village of Govshatli again fell into enemy hands. At this enemy speed moving forward. It will reach 1 km of Fizuli on April 14.

Negotiations are underway. There is relative calm. It is agreed to suspend the fighting. But from time to time position battles continue. The Azerbaijani side does not take any measures, does not hold trainings, it is necessary does not provide a front line of forces. In Baku, the fighting is intensifying.

At this time, the known June events are taking place in Ganja. From the military opposition raised by the AXC-Musavat duo

One is that Surat Huseynov is threatening the current government with death. An armed confrontation ensues. There are losses. Now the country faces civil war. Rahim Gaziyeu - Surat Huseynov - Alikram Humbatov triangle to the country brings disasters. Authorities are fleeing in fear. The country is in a whirlpool of disaster.

Heydar Aliyev, who came to Baku from Nakhchivan at the insistence and request of the people, prevented the fratricidal massacre. However Former government officials who survived the real collapse are reactivating. Or rather, foreign masters they begin provocations with provocations and demands. They hope that "Khojaly, Shusha, Lachin option" again can return to power.

At this point, I must also note that the main forces fighting in the summer of 1993 were individuals was subordinate. The orders of the Ministry of Defense did not work there. At the decisive moment of the battle, someone, for example, Gaziyeu, Huseynov, Mammadov, Humbatov withdrew their detachment, the Popular Front Party withdrew its battalions, and everything turned upside down on the front. would be. For example, in Agdam, Surat Huseynov drove the fighting groups out of their positions and then looted the city. handed over the oil. Now it was Fuzuli's turn. That terrible moment was approaching ...

On July 2, after extensive artillery training, Armenians became more active in the direction of Fizuli and Jabrayil. attack throughout. In August, Fuzuli's tragic days are approaching. Cuvarli and Khalafsha on the 3rd of the month villages are burned. On the 5th of the month, the Armenians reach 500 meters from the city. There are fierce battles. The next day With a strong counterattack by the Azerbaijani Armed Forces, the enemy was repulsed - a day later to Mangalanata The height is liberated, the battles for the height of Uchtapa begin.

UN Permanent Representative to Azerbaijan Mahmoud al-Said will leave for Fizuli on August 12. Condition sees with his eyes. After that - on August 18, Dovletyarli village, a day later the Kurds, Yukhari Abdurrahmanli and Ishigli villages are occupied. Fizuli is already under siege. On August 20, the local garrison left the city is.

Betrayal was doing its job. There were still strategic heights. There were forces that used force against the enemy. However how come they were again in the hands of traitors, those who preferred their position to the Motherland ...

... That is why another dark day was written in our history: August 23 - the day of Fuzuli's fall.

... And after these failures and defeats, the Azerbaijani Armed Forces are an honorable, proud one

There is also a history. Successful counterattack of our army on the Fizuli front in the first days of 1994. It was a time when

Continuing the war with politicized militias would lead to greater defeats. That's why

On November 2, 1993, Heydar Aliyev addressed the people. He said the country was in danger. Hundreds-

However, thousands of people came to this call. Because people already had faith.

Volunteer battalions were established in different districts. They immediately began training. Shortly after some of them were sent to the Fizuli front. And on the night of January 4-5, 1994, they counterattacked.

In just one day, Armenian military units were pushed back 25 kilometers, 22 villages and the settlement of Horadiz were occupied by Armenians.

cleared of bandits. This is also what the Azerbaijani Armed Forces did when the Armenians agreed to a ceasefire

The significance of the victory was great.

This successful counterattack began, but did not end. Armenians agree to a just and peaceful settlement of the conflict

if not, this attack will continue. The Azerbaijani Army, the Azerbaijani soldier is capable of that. In both cases

The day when our lands will be liberated is not far away!

Arif finished his speech, turned his back on Zaur, bent down a little and snorted.

Zaur listened to Arif's enthusiastic and sincere monologue without breathing and asked:

- Arif Bey, do you rule out a peaceful solution to this conflict?

This time the fist was heavier. Zaur made a long flight to the corner of the room where the stool was mixed. Duman

He saw Arif's hazy face behind the curtain, as if he heard a voice coming from the bottom of the well.

- Giver! What a shameless, bloodthirsty man you are! You still do not understand that it is national to go to a dishonorable peace

one that does not meet our interests, does not fit into our national mentality, tarnishes our glorious history and rich heritage

is an event !! Pimp son pimp! Now I'm going to cut you to pieces, and so are you!

- Arif bey, don't be a victim! I'm ready to do what you want. I promise to visit Armenia again

I will not ...

"Shut up!" You cannot wash away your guilt by not going to Armenia again. Another punishment for you

we thought.

Zaur got up with difficulty and sat on his knees, wiping the blood from his mouth and nose and asked:

- What is that punishment?

Arif turned his face to the young people and shouted angrily:

"Sit him down!"

After sitting on the stool, Zaur practically brought his face closer to him and whispered:

- You will appear on AzTV, "Azerbaijan Realities" program.

Zaur did not understand:

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- What's in that show?

Arif straightened up, put his hands on his hips and shouted:

- There is a monster in that program! You will go on the show and wash away your sins. You will expose the Armenians. To Armenia

you will say you regret that you traveled! No, if you don't do what I say, find you wherever you are

we will squeeze a bullet!

Zaur extended his open palms to Arif and begged:

- It is not necessary, it is not necessary. I will appear on the show. I will definitely go out - he thought for a while and asked - I went myself

To AzTV that I came to the program?

Arif shook his head with satisfaction:

- No, it's not. They will call you. Wait.

- Dolma ... The one who stole the dolma, an ancient Azerbaijani dish, and described it in the world as "his"

What to do with Armenians? Yes, "Azerbaijani realities" dedicated to the current problems of the Azerbaijani people

The program has come to the next meeting with you. Good evening, dear audience.

Host Hamid Herischi greeted the audience and adjusted his glasses:

- As I said at the beginning of my conversation, today's topic is called: "Our national cuisine and Armenian

cunning". I would like to welcome our guest, the coordinator of the Caucasus Center for Peacekeeping Initiatives, recently

I would like to introduce Zaur Jalilov, who visited the enemy country, Armenia. At the same time bring it to your attention

I would like to say that in addition to his peacekeeping activities, Zaur is also a very good publicist and victim.

Zaur bey, thank you for taking the time to visit our studio.

- I also thank you for inviting me here. I should also mention that you have a lot of programs

I love and I am your regular spectator.

- Thank you. I want to ask you my first question without wasting time. In your opinion, Armenians are our Azerbaijan Does the fact of stealing stuffing worry our society enough? And what about NGOs in this regard carry out activities?

- Your question is deep and painful. You spoke about the facts that we all know. Armenians are our hospitality As a result of the infamous mistake of a famous Russian classic in our region, the whole world appeared 200 years ago he knows.

- You mean Griboyedov

- Yes, you got it right. Then it became clear that the Armenians were not only Griboyedov, but also the South Caucasus and the East They also managed to deceive the peaceful Turkic peoples of Anatolia. Armenians in the lands of Western Azerbaijan They settled and named this ancient Turkic territory "Armenia". They lived in these lands for a short time. They have mastered almost all the cuisine, music and culture of our people.

- We would like you to talk in more detail about stuffing.

- As you know, Armenians do not just use dolma, our national dish, openly They spread all over the world that they belong to Armenian cuisine.

- But the whole world knows that the word "dolma" is derived from the Turkish verb "dolmaq", "to fill" and that He knows that the food is a real Azerbaijani dish.

- You're right. We are all active in Armenian propaganda and numerous Armenian lobby organizations we must fight.

Hamid Herischi put his hand to his ear and interrupted Zaur:

- **Our** studio received the first phone call. Come on, you're on air.

- Hello. I have a question for Zaur Bey.

- Come on, we hear you.

- Zaur bey, I am a student of the Faculty of Philology of Baku State University. My name is Ilgar. Modern As a representative of the Azerbaijani youth, I often use the Internet and there with Armenian propaganda I meet. Armenians try to convince readers who are not aware of the issue in their propaganda materials there that Azerbaijani Turks could not invent dolma. Because they were not engaged in viticulture and sedentary life style later. How do you think we can respond to this Armenian propaganda?

Zaur took a sip of water from a large cup with the AzTV logo on it and said:

- This is a really important issue. We all know that Armenians cheat and distort the facts are masters at their job. Especially when it comes to history, the history of the Azerbaijani people.

Hamid took the initiative and added:

- Thank you young man for this wonderful question. He rightly raises the issue of Armenian propaganda. Sorry that this is true. Armenians are trying to appropriate everything they have stolen, and ridiculous, meaningless arguments are being put forward they drive. They say, "How can it be, because nomadic and semi-nomadic Turkic peoples are engaged in viticulture? Let it be ?!" It is a ridiculous and absurd claim! But Armenians can be understood ... as they say, straw in water sticks to the trash. But, as Ilgar said, we must respond to any of their lies!

Zaur took the floor:

- Absolutely true! We, the Azerbaijanis, must convey the truth to the Armenians themselves. Ordinary Armenians own They are under the influence of nationalist ideologues - Echmiadzin, Dashnaksutyun. It is known that the Armenians By exposing their ideologues, we can also change the unconstructive position of the Armenian people. This That is why we must fight against the most absurd ideas of the Armenians and show our truths to the world, to our people. and also to the Armenian people. No one will do it except us! After all, this is an aggressive and thieving people If we are forced to live together, we must understand this reality and be careful.

- I would like to remind our listeners about how we should respond to the Armenian propaganda he asked.

- I'm sorry, it seems that we deviated a little from the main point. Yes, about the migration of Azerbaijani Turks We must respond to the meaningless claims of the Armenians. Armenians should know that they were ancient Azerbaijanis in those distant times there was already a division of labor between them. The Albanian ancestors of the Azerbaijanis lived a sedentary lifestyle and they were engaged in viticulture. Azerbaijani Turks were created by their ancestors through the rich Turkish language they put names in the kitchen. In that historical period, the Albanian ancestors of Azerbaijanis cooked beautiful food, Azerbaijanis named these dishes. Dolma is one of such dishes. That is the generous Caucasian sun stuffing created from the combination of young sheep's tender meat with the leaves of the vine growing under the is a symbol of strong friendship and mutual trust between Albanians.

- There is another call to our studio ...

- I'm sorry, I want to add something to what was said. Armenians will never make friends with other nations did not know. That is why they are jealous of our friendship with the Albanians.

- I understood that dolma, a joint invention of Azerbaijanis and Albanians, belongs to the Azerbaijani people conveys a multicultural and tolerant nature.

- That's right. You are absolutely right.

- We have another listener on our phone line. Hello!

- Hello, my name is Samir. I always watch your show and want to ask: how does it happen?

Armenians have been able to deceive everyone for years? How should we tell the world the truth about stuffing? And you yourself, Are you ashamed to go to Armenia?

- **The** question is for you, Zaur bey. In general, how can these people, who came to our peaceful region only 200 years ago, can cover the whole world at your fingertips?

- We have indisputable facts about the abduction of Armenians, and we are in front of the world community
 We must expose the inside of the Armenians.

- Why don't we do that?

- Because our diaspora works poorly. If we, like the Armenians, can work in an organized way, we will succeed in counter-propaganda we can. As for whether I should be ashamed or not ... Of course, this was a big mistake made by me.
 Stepping on the land of the occupier is a real rudeness. You know, in fact, I went to Armenia to expose them
 I went. What I said here, I said there. I forced the Armenians to buy dolma, tar, kamancha,
 Let them recognize that balaba belongs to Azerbaijan.

- Did they really admit these truths?

- Of course they did. What was I doing there for three days? In fact, not only Armenians, but also Greeks bought dolma also mastered.

- So we have to prove to the world that our stuffing was stolen by the Greeks?

- Of course! It is the stuffing that unites the Armenians and the Greeks. This fact unites them,
 brings together, fraternizes.

- But ... maybe we will follow the example of the Armenians to our allies, ie other Turkic peoples
 apply and ask for support? The word "dolma" is derived from the Turkish verb "to fill" and means
 means to place and wrap. This is an undeniable fact, and we also support the Turkic world - Kazakhstan,
 We can apply to countries such as Turkmenistan and Kyrgyzstan.

- Yes, we must work with our Turkish brothers. I even fit into this list by expanding this area a bit
 I would include Turks, Tatars, Kalmyks.

- Hm ... Can't we declare dolma an all-Turkish dish? Thus, against the huge Armenian lobby
 we will have a powerful weapon.

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- What are you talking about !? It is impossible. Dolma is an ancient Azerbaijani dish! Just Turkish
 Our brothers must confirm this and propagate to the world that the dolma belongs to us. Azerbaijan Day-
 strengthens its military budget and potential. Time works in favor of Azerbaijan and we are Armenians every year
 we gain an advantage over. All this is for a just solution to the Karabakh conflict and for Azerbaijan
 raises our hopes for recognition in the world as a dish.

- Dear viewers, I offer to end our program on this positive note, and since he came to our studio,
 Thank you again to our guest ...

- I also thank you.

- Today's "Azerbaijan Realities" program ended in the same way. Our next program is about the ancient land of Azerbaijan,
 It will be dedicated to Tabriz, or Tabriz carpet, which is currently under the occupation of Iran and Persian chauvinism.
 Don't miss it! Until new meetings on the air!

2

What invisible force brought him to the Echmiadzin Church on a warm September evening;
 Arthur did not know whether he had come here with his feet or his head. In any case, Echmiadzin after resignation
 he did not think about what he was doing or where he was going when he got on the bus. Casinos lined the road from the window
 He did not wake up when he was seen moving away from the city center and crashing in the direction of Zvartnots airport.
 and he did not ask himself why he was leaving.

As he climbed the cracked stone steps to the door of the church, he felt his hands sweat, despite the cool air.
 In the church, which smelled of antiquity and Armenianness, a group of women were weeping and lighting candles. Voices per church
 had taken. A sad chorus could be heard coming from somewhere. Two gray doves flutter under the dome of the church
 they fluttered. The torn feathers fluttered downwards. A young boy in a military uniform stands in the center of the temple
 He knelt before him and kissed the golden bible.

Arthur came to the arch where the giant cross hung, put his hands on the cold bronze railing, and bowed his head.
 bowed, tried to feel the spiritual atmosphere in the church with his heart. Jesus watched from above what was happening in the church with indifference
 is, missed.

He closed his eyes and stood in front of Zaur's face - this image was so vivid and bright that Arthur shook hands
 stretched out and wanted to touch him. Zaur was standing two steps away from him. Traces of rebellion, pain, despair on his face
 was read. Arthur realized that he had committed a great sin and had committed an unforgivable sin. This morning
 He received Zaur's letter and told him that what had happened to him in Baku had been forcibly aired.
 learned. His beloved was tortured and trampled on in Baku. And he is special
 He did not meet Zaur in Yerevan, fearing the authorities, and behaved like a real coward and selfish. These
 the more he thought, the more he hated himself. He gave freedom to tears. But that did not help him. On the contrary, when you cry
 his heart ached, the burden of grief, and his self-loathing grew alone in the snowdrift.

As he opened his eyelids with difficulty, he met the priest's pale, smiling face. His face is almost internal
 it was illuminated by a light - it did not look like an ordinary person's face. It's like a sacred image created by medieval artists
 was. His gray beard, strange as it may seem, added a little childlike purity to it. Arthur was terrified. His body
 hid. Though tears were ready to flow a second time, he restrained himself. Separate your gaze from the priest
 he didn't know, he was sinking in her deep eyes. The priest held out his hand to Arthur, a cold that did not suit his mild nature
 said in a way:

- Broken hearts are acceptable to God. People who change their attitude toward sin are acceptable to God. Jesus
 He said of the tax collector, "This man has gone home clean." It is also clear from the Bible that it is arrogance
 Caused the death of Lucifer. Man must always consider himself a sinful servant in need of God's help.

I see that the situation is serious. But it is good that you came here with strength and courage.

-?!

- What? Or am I wrong? Give me your hand.

Arthur reluctantly reached out to the priest. His hand was warm and soft, unlike his voice. From the hands of Rev. Arthur grabbed him and led him to the left. They entered the narrow corridor and entered the corridor without being seen by the women who lit candles and cried they went to a dark room of five or six square meters at the end. This room has a small round top full of books nothing but a table, as if two low chairs set for them and a pale icon hanging on the wall
There was no.

"Sit down, son," said the priest, sitting down first and pointing to the chair to the right of the table. Still hesitant Arthur sat staring at the cold walls of the room, his hands on his knees.

"What's your name, son?"

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- Arthur.

- And mine is Mesrop. What are you doing?

- I am a journalist. I am a correspondent of "Aykakan Jamanak" newspaper.

- Very good. I'm listening to you, son Arthur. In the sight of God, without fear of anyone, without fear of anything you can open your heart. Here, fear is far from human. Hearts find peace.

Arthur, who did not know why he came to church and did not set any specific goals, now felt he was beginning to realize that the situation was being scripted by a supernatural force. It means to be silent and pampered was not left. From speaking openly, from opening this light to a priest whom he does not know but trusts in his heart there was no other remedy. He took a deep breath and said with a sigh:

- I am a person with a non-traditional sexual orientation. In other words, I wear it.

- May God forgive you.

The priest spoke so quickly that Arthur reluctantly stopped. He raised his head and came face to face with the priest.

- Do you think I need it?

- Don't you think you don't need it? - The priest seemed to doubt that the answer to this question could be negative looked carefully.

- So I'm guilty? Is it such a great sin for a man to love a man? Why?

"Why did you come to church?"

- I don't know.

- I know. God brought you here. Do you feel God?

- I feel somewhere ... It is a great force that brought me here.

- He is God himself. It is not too late for you and the man you love to repent.

- It is impossible.

It was as if this answer was the most unbelievable word the priest had ever heard. Surprised, he asked:

- Why?

- I do not think I am guilty. My boyfriend is an atheist. In general, he is ... Azerbaijani.

Mesrop digested the latest information more easily. At least he didn't bend his face when he heard the word "Azerbaijani", his eyes did not open with terror. He just shook his head and said:

- Everyone, regardless of nationality or belief, is a servant of God and needs repentance. I

I am ready to forgive your sins and take them upon myself.

- On yourself?

"Yes, I will take your sins upon myself and pray for you," he said, waving his right hand.

He stretched it out, put it on Arthur's head, and closed his eyes and began to whisper something. Sweat dripped from his forehead, Arthur's hand trembled.

Mesrop finished his prayer and withdrew his hand.

- God forgive you both, son ... How did you get on this path?

- Which way? Arthur asked, playing with his fingers.

- You know what I mean. How did you become a homosexual?

- Believe me, I never thought about it ... It's as if I was born that way. From the moment I realized myself, to my gender I'm inclined. And ... unlike you, I don't believe homosexuality is a sin.

- Don't you believe it or did you convince yourself that it costs you so much?

- No, I do not believe. I did not come to church to repent. I don't even know why I came ...

Mesrop took a serious look by joining his arms to his chest:

- Do you think I haven't thought about it? Is homosexuality a sin or a physiological inevitability?

has been a concern for me for years. Unlike you, most blues are guilty or sick accept that they are. They reconciled with that. There are those who consider themselves holy and chosen. You are this do you belong to this category?

Arthur spread his arms and smiled:

- No, no. What are you talking about? There is no claim to choice or holiness.

Mesrop lowered his eyelids and smiled wisely. Her lips kept a smile on her face for a long time.

Then he suddenly opened his eyes and became serious again.

- Unlike the postulates dictated by religious dogmatics, I have my own views on this. You are here you have not only come to open your heart, but you have been sent to help open my heart.

Arthur looked at Mesrop in astonishment. What the priest said did not reach him completely.

- How was I sent? To whom will you open your heart?

- To you. Why do you look like that Can not be? You are also a servant of God. What is the difference from me? Like you a powerful mechanism of resistance against homophobes, where people have been persecuted and oppressed for centuries

created. Instead of holding a complex, gays are looking for ways to justify themselves. They chose themselves and therefore I remembered the blues, which I considered holy. Feelings of shame and fear, each person from external influences, encourages self-defense from enemies. Man is in pain of self-affirmation. He has only one search - self-assertion. Our bodies are focused only on physical requirements. And our souls are pure love, attention, care, in search of caress, courtesy. Homosexuals usually have the body of the same sex they wish. They hunt to meet their physical needs. The desires and demands of the spirit are either completely ignored or ignored is also thrown into the background. On the one hand, they become the object of public criticism, requiring them to love girls, not boys are. In fact, there is such hypocrisy in this demand. But you are not insured against hypocrisy. For example, you Do you really love or is it to satisfy the physical needs of the mind?

Arthur shook his head and listened to Mesrop. As soon as the priest finished his sentence, he protested:

- I am talking about true love, love. We love each other!

- The basis of homosexual love is eros. It is also the foundation of loneliness and pleasure.

- You can not have any alternative opinion, except for the norms dictated to you by Christian teaching. The church prohibits it. However, you are currently trying to create the image of a liberal priest, a tolerant person.

- It is true that our teaching condemns non-traditional sex. But I have my own opinion on this. you you think so wrongly of me. What is homosexuality? We all know that the feeling of love is from heaven arrived. Love is the genetic code we all have for the pleasures of heaven. In the commercials for Bounty Chocolate as is. Adam and Eve were naked in Paradise. It is when he is naked that he tastes all the pleasures of Paradise. he lived his love to the fullest, he had unlimited freedom.

"But they weren't in love," Arthur said incredulously.

- How do you know, son? Were you with them?

- After all, they were ashamed of their nakedness when they tasted the forbidden fruit. Then they were expelled from Paradise and had children.

- The tendency to intimacy is assessed as our transgression. To think so is the greatest crime!

How mechanical, monotonous, boring life would be if people did not want each other!

Our interest and love for others motivate us to be open and attractive to them. Thus

we know each other. God created man in his own image. He first created man and gave him woman endowed with qualities. It is Eve's feminine feelings that create Eve.

- Do you mean that God is also a man?

- If Jesus is a man, then God is also a man, and the fact that men are attracted to men is as beautiful as the first man in paradise.

moments are re-dreaming with genetic memory. Man remembers his communion with God with this genetic code. Only By communicating with God, man was able to reach the highest peak of happiness in paradise. But from the first sinner then, animal senses were also revealed to man. Humans, that is, Adam and Eve, rebelled against God by eating the forbidden fruit gained knowledge and experience. They have mastered the science of evil. Dreams and feelings are beyond their will began to manifest. Only then did they begin to feel ashamed of the feelings and inclinations they could not control. they wanted. Man was also caught in a state of insecurity and fear.

It seemed to Arthur that the priest entered his heart through his eyes, read his heart, destroyed his existence, he underwent a Freudian analysis. A silver tremor struck him. The temperature of his cheeks with his hands checking, he put his hands on his knees again. Mesrop continued:

- The purest, purest love is the love of God. Everyone needs to love Jesus Christ

loves man - no matter what his sins. To love a man madly is to embody God in him. you

After being ready to sacrifice his life and property for the sake of God, concepts such as homosexuality and heterosexuality will take a back seat, lose its significance. All this will become a detail.

Arthur rolled his eyes and looked at Mesropa suspiciously. He asked:

- Do you mean that if you have a strong belief in God, you can have a non-traditional sexual orientation?

- In fact, the main dilemma in the life of each of us is a simple question posed by the Bible: "The taste of fruit to look or not to look?" The attraction is strong ... for a thirsty traveler ... But not to taste - it means not understanding. I wonder how Adam and Eve felt when they tasted the forbidden apple did they spend? Feeling embarrassed? Was that really the case?

Arthur asked if the question was addressed to him, or if Mesrop himself was asked to answer it he did not know. He looked at the priest, waiting for an answer. Mesrop did not take his eyes off Arthur. Finally Arthur shrugged pulled out and said:

- Do you want me to answer this question?

- Can you give?

- No ... I can't.

- Then let me ask the question: why are you not inclined to women?

Arthur stared at the floor. The lack of a concrete answer to this question puts him in a desperate situation would lower. "I have to think a little," he thought. Mesrop didn't seem to be in a hurry, Arthur as much as he needed to was ready to wait. Arthur did not wait long for an answer, so that he could express his views more impromptu decided.

- I think a woman is an incomplete and disgusting creature. I can't see it as a sexual object, that's it I'm having a hard time. Rather than sleeping with a woman and waking up in the morning with a great sense of responsibility, love a man in every way it is more profitable to be free. Over the years, I have struggled with myself, my rebellious body, and my body. Years I have suffered for a long time. My body did not listen to the word, it rebelled after rebellion. I never stopped following this Holy Father, I am weary of rebellion. I don't have the strength to talk about my crazy self. This is it it doesn't depend on me. A woman disgusts me with her vagina, clitoris and breasts. One or two for women I tried to approach him once - his genitals smelled nauseating. From an incomprehensible, chaotic vagina I'm both disgusted and scared. I know it's a life-giving organ, I don't deny it, but to him I have no interest in it. I wasted and wasted the energy of men to get a woman I count. A woman is an intelligent, meaningless, stupid creature who is played with tenderness and tolerates every whim.

Mesrop listened to Arthur with a mocking smile on his lips and shook his head from time to time. Arthur is the end After completing the sentence, the priest said:

- I do not agree with the idea that women are a life force. The life-giving force is the unity of man and woman. Separate separately, none of them is capable of giving life to a new person. After all, we are all men or women we are born. This means that our existence is not perfect in advance, it is fragmentary and incomplete. We - women and men - we communicate in a naqis format with our gender consciousness and the world around us. Gender differences are not limited to body and physiological characteristics. Apply to understand the world There are also fundamental differences between the modes we use. One of these modes is necessarily dominant transformation leads to distortions in the understanding of the world. The imperfection of the reality around us is imperfect-dualistic resulting in standing in front of us in appearance.

That's why sometimes women condition their creation with your being. Armenia from head to toe full of latent homosexuals, but they are afraid, they can't come out. Unable to provide for themselves potential homosexuals become homophobes and begin to hate themselves.

Arthur interrupted the priest:

- I do not want to be one of them, holy father. I am also afraid of this fate.

Mesrop nodded in approval:

- You are right, son. A self-respecting person never denies himself. Sexual minorities in Armenia their rights are not allegedly restricted by state law. But look at the attitude of our feudal society to you is ahead. Simply subjected to criticism for their choices, and in some cases to physical and moral humiliation Exposed gays are doomed to live in isolation from society. Again, Armenia forgets that Any right recognized by sexual minorities will automatically lead to a more free life for sexual minorities. No one can rule out that these people, who are constantly criticized by society, will retaliate tomorrow they will not take any unpleasant steps.

Arthur was dry in his seat. He felt his legs numb. He opened his mouth and breathed heavily.

Mesrop smiled when he saw that he had lost his ability to judge in astonishment.

- What, you didn't expect? Do you think that a priest must be homophobic?

-!?

- I understand you. You know, my son, who has a general structure, values and ways of expressing them, any social group living within the general cultural boundaries of society sooner or later has its own subculture will form. After all, in the absence of social and legislative support that will protect homosexuals, you own you will create your defense systems. Armenian society cannot destroy you by denying you. That's right between casual homosexual intercourse and consciously accepted "lifestyle" homosexuality there is a big difference. I also understood that you belong to the second category.

"Yes," said Arthur, swallowing.

- Where did you meet your Azerbaijani lover?

- I am from Baku. I was born there. We studied in high school. A few months ago in Tbilisi again we met

Mesrop rubbed his forehead and looked at the icon on the wall for a while.

- How do I understand you, son ...

- What sense?

- In every sense - Mesrop suddenly turned and looked at Arthur. - Understand me correctly - I understand you, not our church.

I have a simple principle of life - do not judge so that you will not be judged! A large part of society

He is convinced that he has the right to accuse others by forgetting this sentence in the Bible. Studies proves that heterosexual men are more likely to commit physical rape and sexual offenses. But still homosexuals are considered dangerous. I do not understand this double standard.

Mesrop was silent. He looked carefully at Arthur's sweaty forehead, hair, nose, and cheeks.

- When will you meet him again?

- Zaur!?

- His name is Zaur?

- Yes.

- When will you meet him next time?

- In fact, he recently visited Armenia. Engaged in peacekeeping activities. See you here we did not know, for the guards did not leave him. They would not let us be alone.

- That's why you couldn't meet. I understand ... Do you love him very much?
 "Very, very ..." Arthur sighed. - We are even ... married.
 The careless smile on Mesrop's face froze on the edge of his lips.
 - How did you do it?
 - In Georgia, a Dutch priest performed our marriage.
 Mesrop shook his head.
 - Now I understand ... What can I say? .. God bless you. Such a marriage is performed in our church
 It is not possible. Even if you asked me to, I couldn't help you. But you never know. Perhaps
 I would ... At least I would go down in history in Armenia.
 Arthur pursed his lips and listened to Mesropa. Imagine meeting such a kind person in this church
 would not do so. It was a miracle. In Echmiadzin, you belong to the Gregorian sect, but you are not homophobic.
 - Did you run away from Baku as soon as the conflict started?
 - No, a little late. In the early 1990s.
 - Would you like to see Baku again?
 Arthur came to life. For some reason he remembered Poxluder.
 - Of course. But this is not possible. The doors were closed for Armenians.
 Mesrop thought. From time to time he comes face to face with Arthur, then immediately rolls his eyes and warms up about something
 he thought, he had difficulty deciding. As his hesitations affected Arthur, so did his anger
 felt he was starting to lose. Yamanca wanted to smoke, but in a cramped room where he couldn't even breathe,
 he thought it was impossible to do so in the church, so he did not appeal to the priest.
 In the end, Mesrop turned his tired and gentle gaze on Arthur and wanted to penetrate him
 looked into his eyes.
 - I can help you, son.
 - About what?
 - Going to Baku. Wouldn't you like to?
 Arthur's frustration was suddenly replaced by excitement and confusion.
 - How can this be possible?
 - The world wrestling championship will be held in Baku at the end of September. Do you have news?
 - Yes, I heard something about it.
 - Armenia will also be represented in this championship. As far as I know, the delegation still includes 30 people.
 But you can add one or two people to this list.
 Arthur realized that he was faced with the suggestion that one or two of these people be himself. Still Mesropun
 he could not understand exactly what he meant.
 - What can I do in the wrestling championship? Why should they put me on this list?
 - Aren't you a journalist?
 - That's right.
 - What is the problem then? We can send you to Baku as a journalist.
 - How will you do it?
 - One of the wrestlers, Arman Gegamyan, who competes in the weight category of 96 kg, is my nephew. Close to the coach
 I have a friendship. I believe I can attack you on this list.
 Arthur looked somewhere, at an icon, at Mesrop's face.
 - Why are you doing this?
 - To help you. Could there be a more serious reason?
 - I don't know what to say ... I wonder what I did to deserve such kindness? - Arthur Mesropun
 looked straight into his eyes. - Or what should I do?

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No, he was not required to do anything. "It is a great reward to unite two loving hearts," said Mesrop.
 He advised Arthur to "keep his heart as ice" and promised that with God's help everything would be fine.
 Indeed, the next morning he called Arthur himself and asked his nephew, wrestler Arman Gegamyan's coach Levon-Melik.
 He added that he had met with Shakhnazaryan, and that a younger journalist was on his list of media representatives to go to Baku
 asked for help in the matter. Arthur's joy knew no bounds.
 - I do not know how to thank you, holy father ...
 - No need to thank. Levon also told me that there was no problem in this case. Fortunately, we moved quickly.
 Because if the list was sent to Baku, then it would not be possible to add anyone there. But so do you
 Become Beware. As far as I know, in Baku you will not be given the opportunity to meet and talk with anyone you want. Zaur da,
 you have to take that into account too.
 - I will definitely take into account, holy father. I didn't have much hope to meet him already. The main thing
 that I will see Baku, I will breathe its air.
 - Don't say that. You can also meet with God's permission. Yes, write Arman's number that I haven't forgotten, with him
 call. I also gave your number to Levon. Today, tomorrow to the Olympic Committee and the Wrestling Federation
 will call and meet.

Mesrop's nephew, wrestler Arman Gegoryan and Artush are located in the center of the city, on Abovyan Street.

They decided to meet at the Smak cafe. Medium-sized, swallowing orange juice in a large glass with great appetite, Arman, with a broken nose and broken ears, looked at Artush from head to toe and asked him, "How do you know my uncle?" "Do you want to go?" "Have you ever written about sports?" he began to ask heartbreaking questions. Arthur is his friend. He answered all his questions calmly and did his best not to doubt the wrestler:

- Our newspaper once prepared an extensive report about Echmiadzin. We got acquainted with that occasion for sure ...
- I was born in Baku, so I really want to see this city ...
- No, I did not write about sports, and now I do not go to write about sports. My impressions of Baku

I plan to write ...

Arman, who listened carefully to Arthur's confident answers, unexpectedly offered to drink.

- Beer does not go bad now. How do you know
- Well ... I drank too.

Smak, which was full to the brim at lunchtime, emptied considerably after three o'clock. Four glasses each. After drinking Yerebuni beer, they left the cafe and walked around the city for a while. Next to the Armenian Moscow Theater He bought Almadovar's "Bad Education" from a DVD store.

- I have wanted to watch this movie for a long time.

Arthur smiled and said:

- I looked. It was a great movie.

The sky of Yerevan surrendered to the black clouds. The rain was pouring down on the city. Arman without taking his eyes off the sky:

- I am staying in Bangladesh for [4 years](#). Shall we go? He asked.

Arthur shrugged:

- It does not matter to me. Do you want to go ... Are you alone?

A gentle smile on the tip of Arman's lips filtered Arthur.

- Yes, I am left alone. "No one will bother us," he added, thinking for a moment.

Still in the cafe, when they met for the first time, they did not open their mouths, did not cut their words, looked into each other's hearts. they read. In Bangladesh, Arman's two-room apartment in a five-story building is in love. it was mechanical, even conditional - no feeling, no emotion, especially love, of course.

Arising from the bed covered in blood and sweat, Arthur strode into the bathroom. Wash and go back. When he returned, Arman was still playing his erect instrument, staring blankly at the ceiling. His muscular, her flat stomach was pink. When Arthur tried to light a cigarette in front of the window, he muttered:

"Please don't smoke in the room," he said. Go to the balcony.

Arthur frowned:

†Bangladesh is a district far from the city center, which is named after the people of Yerevan.

- You athletes are very boring people.

He put on his trousers and T-shirt and went out on the balcony. Bangladesh was shrouded in gray mist. Dolan the clouds looked nervous and tense as they struggled to clear.

Zauru thought. He did not have the slightest remorse because he did not believe that he had betrayed him. It's just a long time ago had met his unmet physical needs. Maybe Zaur was forced to do it from time to time he would meet. This possibility did not make Arthur jealous.

They left as they met Arman. Undoubtedly, the only advantage of this athlete is the man in front of him was to understand. Arthur hugged her and kissed her on the cheek.

- Thank you very much for everything.

- Will we be able to meet again?

"I don't believe it," Arthur said hesitantly. - Maybe we met ... but it's hard to make love.

- I understand. Is there a person you meet regularly?

- No - he gave this answer immediately, without thinking.

Arman shook his head:

- We suffer the same as you. How similar are our destinies ... The most interesting thing is that my wrestling friends more than half are blue, but none of us dare to open our hearts to each other. It's like wrestling we just touch each other on the mattress and look at each other greedily while taking a shower.

Arthur laughed heartily and curled Arma's hair:

- No, I do not suffer so much. Your work is very difficult. My hand and eye contact with men every day but then my heart explodes if I can't do anything.

When he got home, he was working at one o'clock in the morning. He connected to the Internet, found Zauru on MSN and made a video connection with him. Zaur greeted Arthur with a cold, indifferent face like marble, and told him that he was coming to Baku, and that the priest. When he listened to Mesrop's story, his expression did not change. After returning from Yerevan, he repeatedly chatted on video. Although they write, Arthur clearly feels how cold he is, every time he apologizes for what happened in Yerevan, and Zaur. He changed the subject by saying, "It's over, it's over." Even now, when you receive the news, short answers such as "very good", "let it be" was content to give.

- I understand you, Zaur. Are you still offended by me ...

- Let's not start this conversation.

- What happened in Baku shocked me deeply ... I feel guilty.

"It's not your fault, don't talk nonsense." I had to answer for going to Yerevan. I gave it.

- But even now I have a visit to Baku and I do not know what awaits me on this visit. Maybe with you we will never be able to meet, it will not be possible.

- Anything can happen. You saw it again, we were able to meet.

- Do you think that a provocation can be prepared against the Armenians?
Zaur took a small yellow apple from the plate in front of him and bit it.

- I don't believe it. Because this is an international championship and the government has taken all security measures. That's right, There are also disputes in Baku. It's not a joke - for the first time since the conflict, Armenians of this size are coming to Baku. If they are short of hair, FILA and international organizations should impose sanctions on Azerbaijan can.

- So they will protect us from morning till night?
- Along the road from the airport to the hotel, police and soldiers will line up. I looked at the news yesterday. Arthur smiled bitterly.

- In this case, what kind of sport, sports holiday can we talk about?
- I am not yet talking about the possibility of raising the Armenian flag and singing the anthem. From yours This is exactly what will happen if you win. This was a disgrace for Azerbaijan. And all your athletes they will wrestle in tense conditions. If it can be called wrestling ...

- Today I met one of them. His name is Arman Gegorkyan. Mesrop's nephew.
- What does he say? Ready to come to Baku?
- He did not say a word about it. But I'm sure it's exciting, "Arthur said, taking his eyes off the monitor looked at the camera. In doing so, he allowed Zaura to look straight into his eyes.

- Do you know how much I love you?
- I have no doubt about that ... I'm just tired. As if we had to go out. We made plans in Tbilisi. We were going abroad. At least we would stay in Tbilisi. What happened? Why not?
Arthur lowered his eyes and adjusted his sliding headphones.

- It's my fault, I know. To explain this to my parents ...
Zaur interrupted him:

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- It's clear. We continue to live for others.
- Others are my family. You have to understand me too.
- I understand you very well. But I demand the same of you. Arthur and I found you years later now I see that day by day we are still desperately moving away from each other. I could not see you in Yerevan, maybe we will not be able to meet in Baku. It was foolish of you to stay there and I to stay here. This is it it is not the cities that unite, but the dividing. These cities bring tragedy, not happiness. Love cannot be experienced in these cities, it is the concept had no place in them. Again, believe me, I do not know what is the force that keeps us in these cities. Let's not deceive ourselves with excuses such as parents, homeland, land. Come and see Baku. Come and remember dearly witness his murder.

3

Gagik Tsarukyan, chairman of the Armenian Olympic Committee, will leave for Baku on September 11 Along with journalists, a number of public figures gathered in the conference hall of the committee and spoke:

- In the last 20 years, none of our athletes has set foot in Baku. Wrestlers set foot on Azerbaijani soil are our first athletes to step on. You should all try to raise our flag there, our anthem let it sound. This is not such a tournament! You will get an invitation to the Olympic Games there. There will be a serious battle. Armenians all over the world will watch the struggle of our wrestlers. Every athlete should understand that on the mattress, he protects the zeal and honor of his race and people. Therefore, fight with double determination until your last breath you have to take. I would not want an Armenian wrestler to lose in Azerbaijan, but if it happens, it is necessary to lose as a man, to fight with honor. I wish you all good luck and hope When you return, we will welcome you at the airport and celebrate.

Then the head of the delegation Razmik Stepanyan briefed on those who went to Baku. Known There were 15 wrestlers in the 31-member squad and they will fly from Tbilisi to Baku. First The wrestlers will be Greco-Roman wrestlers. Razmik Stepanyan, like Gagik, was tuned to patriotic notes. O, guarantee that they will win in Baku with a confident voice, and the security of the Azerbaijani state and the Armenian staff noted that.

- Everything will be fine, my dears! God is with us.
As Razmik stepped down from the podium to applause, the editor-in-chief of the Aykakan Jamanak newspaper shook his hand. He touched Arthur's shoulder. At the age of 50, Solomon Ter-Avanesyan, full of love for life, self-satisfied and quick as a wolf, he still could not understand why the Committee had chosen Artush from the Aykakan Jamanak newspaper.

- It is clear that you will see your hometown again in many years.
Arthur turned reluctantly and looked at Solomon.

- Thank you very much.
- But I wonder why the newspaper's sports commentators chose you?
- You should have asked them that. Probably they read and liked my reports and want Baku in my style
I write my notes.

When the plane took off from Tbilisi and landed at the Heydar Aliyev Airport in Baku, the air turned to lead was painted. He was holding a light gilavar.
A black-glass Mercedes bus sent by the Olympic Committee to take 31 people to the hotel

12 police motorcycles and 7 cars would accompany. Mustache, belly, resembling the negative characters in Indian movies
The official collected the passports of the Armenians and left with a mocking smile on his face. Two MNS officers invited them to speak they did. When they went outside, Artush thought he would faint from the smell of fuel oil and Baku gardens.
he struggled to his feet. He lit a cigarette. All the Azerbaijanis around - police, border guards, customs
Although his colleague and plainclothes men looked at the Armenians with interest, he was saddened, but now he is a native of his hometown. was enchanted.

Arman Gegamyan approached him from behind and whispered:

- Think about how they look. It is as if a circus has come to the city.

Arthur let the smoke out of his nose:

- It was like a circus.

Arman laughed and patted Arthur lightly on the shoulder and walked over to his friends.

The Armenians closed their eyes after passing the police who surrounded the bus they stared out the windows. Hundreds of cars lined up in the parking lot a short distance away, and here and there in a hurry nothing could be seen except the fleeing police. Ten minutes later, two plainclothes men with passports they got on the bus. The negative character was not visible. One of the passports of the civilians is the head of the staff Razmik He gave it to Stepanyan and said in fluent Russian:

- Please distribute them to their owners. For now, I ask everyone to listen to me carefully.

It is no secret that both you and we are nervous. The excitement is extreme. Two nations after the conflict Representatives are meeting for the first time at such a large-scale event. So that the Azerbaijani government does not have a problem took all necessary measures.

Now they take you to the hotel. Located on the seafront, the hotel is called Crescent Beach. Every day the bus takes you from there will take it to the sports complex. All your needs will be met. Provide timely meals you will be. If you have any additional needs, you can contact the accompanying MNS staff. On its own It is strictly forbidden to go anywhere, to buy something in a shop, to make contact with anyone other than employees of the Ministry of National Security. Let's all try to return safely from this city to your country.

Roman Amoyan, Khosrov Melikyan, Arman, represented in the Greco-Roman wrestling team of Armenia Adikyan, Arsen Julfalakyan, Denis Frolov, Arman Gegamyan, Yuri Patrikeyev; in freestyle wrestling Vagan Simonyan, Armen Karapetyan, Jirayr Hovhannisyanyan, Ruslan Kokayev, Vadim Laliyev, Ednar Enokyan, Ruslan Basiyev, coaches Grant Yenokyan, Levon Julfalakyan and members of the press in deep silence, carefully they listened to a man in civilian clothes.

Looking at the faces of the wrestlers who can see Arthur's profiles, what they think, what they feel he tried to imagine what they were going through. They opened their mouths and took off their civilian clothes, as if they were not even breathing they were listening. Arthur laughed for a moment, but he restrained himself, afraid of being misunderstood. 96 pounds of weight- According to the Armenian Wrestling Federation, he had a shoulder injury

He remembered Shamil Gitinov, who could not come to Baku. Arthur thought that Shamil, who was an ethnic Tatar and a Muslim, probably He did not come to Baku as part of the Armenian team because he supported the territorial integrity of Azerbaijan.

Civilians did not get off the bus. They sat in the front two empty seats with the Armenian delegation they made their way to the hotel. The bus leaves the airport to the center, accompanied by motorcycles and police cars The wrestlers who saw Baku for the first time, even the coaches who came to this city during the Soviet era He also opened his eyes to the billboards lined the road, portraits of the president, pine trees, cars. They were watching the gas stations. Every detail they see is interesting, different and unusual it seemed. They are excited to be in the capital of the enemy state, because of the construction work going on everywhere they also looked greedily at the cloud of dust rising into the air. A man in civilian clothes was built near the Azizbayov metro station Pointing to the bridge, he said aloud:

- Our city is flourishing and improving day by day. Many bridges are being built in Baku now. More than half of them is ready and made available to city residents. What is the income from oil in the construction work going on in the city indicates that it is used as efficiently as possible. We understand that the road is a key indicator of economic recovery.

When the bus reached Neftchilar Avenue, Artush's heart began to pound and his lips began to tremble. Throat dry, his eyes filled with tears. People with their hands on the glass and their eyes on the sidewalks, expensive boutiques, most The foundation was built on the Boulevard, in the Caspian Sea, which he had not seen for years. He rode on the swings in the seaside park, had he eaten ice cream with his parents and classmates here? Zaur leaned against the railings and stared at his teeth. He spat into the sea. He wondered how far the island of Nargin and the horizon were to them they were arguing ...

The dream of Baku of his time and childhood came to life. Arthur's Baku is ancient and along the coast during the day it remained like a city in its new streets and avenues, with an uninterrupted flow of people, and at night it became a sea of light remember It was as if that old Baku, a bright city, had been cut with scissors from the starry sky. Now it is a work from Baku Although he was no more, the joy of being in his hometown still made him cry - "My care!" he whispered longing to see his beloved city. He realized that Baku was the pure song of his loving heart again.

Behold, the Maiden's Tower appeared. The walls of the castle ... The kind face of a hundred-year-old grandmother in the streets is a single wrinkle Icheri Sheher ... There are bitter and sweet memories of history in every stone, in every corner, in every corner. Zaur lives in the old city. Inside Zaur walks through the streets of the city.

When the bus reached Azneft Square and started going in the direction of Shikhov beach, it was involuntarily He looked to the right, to the road to the Baksovet metro station. They often met with Arthur and talked at length. he saw the tall, beautiful trees of the Governor's Garden, where they revealed the most intimate secrets to one another.

He felt his breath catch, and he would sob if he couldn't control himself. He gritted his teeth and calmed down.

The bus had passed Bibiheybat when the weather was practically dark and the roadside lights were on. Shikhov from afar a long strip of beach appeared. This beach was also one of the brightest memories for Arthur. This beach also has two loving hearts had witnessed its pulsations many times.

Now, Arthur, a hotel built on this shore, is staying for a few days and looking out of the window at the dear sea. It would give him the opportunity to watch to the fullest.

As the bus entered the courtyard of the hotel, Arthur thanked God for the first time in many years.

Although more than 850 athletes from 103 countries took part in the championship in Baku, the security is strengthened. Everyone understood that their events were connected only with the arrival of Armenian wrestlers in Baku. Of the championship Internal Troops forces besieging the Heydar Aliyev Sports and Concert Complex and Baku police officers working in an intensified mode are constantly on the lookout for citizens who come to watch the competitions. The pressure had taken sports fans by surprise. Security service with fans who can't get into the hall even if they buy a ticket. Clashes between employees almost overshadowed the competitions on the tatami. Zaur, good luck. He was among those who brought it - after arguing with the guards for about a minute, he was finally able to cross the hall.

To be able to see Arthur from his seat in a palace full of people, even a special lodge reserved for Armenians it did not seem possible to determine. Zaur looked at those sitting next to him. I wonder what the hall of the Armenians. Was it worth asking them if they were part of? After a short hesitation, Zaur asked no one decided not to ask and turned his eyes to the wrestling mats below. If you meet Arthur, face to face. If they were destined to come, they would meet anyway. You need to ask more questions and make others suspicious was not.

He never admired wrestling, he was not interested in this game. However, in his opinion, wrestling is quite homeorotic was one of the sports. Zaur considered this sport to be a model for the crooked structural connections in existence. No matter how strong the sides are, they win without looking for weaknesses in the opponent, without deceiving the opponent it was impossible to come. Hands, feet, torso twisted, twisted, twisted, twisted, twisted, twisted, twisted, twisted, twisted, twisted, twisted, looking for ways to catch, or get out, or push. This kind of athlete, who is also strong in wrestling the need for curves is less. If it is possible to knock the opponent to the ground with a straight line, What do people need? But on the other hand, one of the wrestlers will be stronger and the number of curved structures will be minimized. If it goes down, wrestling can lose its drama and care.

One of the Armenians, Roman Amoyan, an Azerbaijani wrestler, while Zaur was immersed in such confusing and philosophical thoughts. Rovshan Bayramova lost.

Zaur, watching the joy of victory of the Azerbaijani wrestler and the Azerbaijanis in the hall, is in the world of objects also thought the situation was similar. Objects also often "wrestle" because their strengths are close to each other. are forced. One object has to look for indirect ways to find a way to another object, to "stick a goal" burur ". The regularity of wrestling is also reflected here: the impact on strong, indirect lines, curved structures needs little to do, does its job on the principle of straight cartoons. He stared at the wrestlers curled up on the mattresses Zaur, who looks at, but is in his own world, the spatial, contact with the bone, joint, muscle structures of most biological organisms he thought it was formed to gently conform to its curves. Weakness of the biological organism in the face of the world. It became increasingly clear to him that he had created a soft substance, a flexible structure.

Freud's principle of pleasure is that when power comes to the body, many obstacles arise, and the organism's principle of reality he wrote that he often gave up the principle of pleasure for the sake of it. According to Freud, beauty is at the root of my passion inhibits sexual desires. As wrestling is a sport, the metaphor of love is the most latent is an expression.

First, wrestlers gently touch each other, check each other, to understand, to discover they work. Then they hold their necks and hands, come head to head, breathe in each other's warm breaths. they do. Wrestlers in various poses create the most magnificent composition in the world. Spiritual body. It is the moment when the boundaries of the world are confused and indeterminate. Ancient Greek philosophers had their own youth. The games they play with students are as elegant and beautiful as wrestling.

By the way, Greece and Rome - two great, giant cultures that cultivate homosexuality were. Greek and Roman wrestling is the only sport that combines health and pleasure. This is a sport and love are twin brothers. There is violence and meekness in both wrestling and love. Both wrestlers and lovers while they are rivals, they are also in need.

Wrestling is so popular in the South and North Caucasus, the qibla of latent homosexuality. The presence is not accidental. Even in the North Caucasus, in Dagestan, all young men are specially trained by doctors. They break their ears under anesthesia and become brave soldiers of the "broken ears" army. Ukrainian wrestler of Armenian origin Suren Gevorgyan, Armenian wrestler Khosrov Malikyan dombaldanda, Zaur He pursed his lips and pulled up his jacket over his knees so that he could not see the glittering things covered. Armenian Khosrov lost to Suren, representing Ukraine. Unfortunately, the audience They could not applaud Suren, who laid Khosrov on the floor. Because he was also an Armenian.

Defending himself from those who attacked him, Oscar Wilde said: "Unfortunately, blue love, self-proclaimed and love that cannot be expressed."

In fact, the blues today live and continue to live the love that underlies Plato's philosophy. Bluishness It can also be found in Michelangelo's works and Shakespeare's sonnets. This attachment is as much as other types of love it is pure, pure and sublime. Blue is the noble love, the most delicate, the most tender of loves.

Of the hundreds of thousands of people who could not express themselves in the Old Caucasus, only two were Arthur and Zaur. In captivity, to live indoors, to be roasted in agony, to live in unconsciousness, facelessness and selflessness the ideals of young people, who are forced to falter in the society of those who choose the formula, with dumb observation What could they do but watch him fall? This is because they are not where they need to be they were reconciled to the infamous injustice, in a word, to the unsuccessful forewords.

Their only "fault" was that they had to choose between gentle but weak, strong but rude. In the early days they themselves did not understand what was happening. The events took place so fast that they were in each other's arms they realized they were. They were realists, they wanted the impossible and they succeeded. Their societies Is it a victim of the time or nature of young people who are trying to throw the responsibility on their shoulders? we can not say that. All we know is that their hearts were full of love and devotion. That's how he was born they lived. They were different, and this "difference" entered their lives without their knowledge or permission. If so I wonder who has the right to judge them?

But from time to time, they also met honest people who understood them and extended a helping hand. Take, for example Priest Mesropu. While writing the book, Arthur and I contacted him through my colleagues in Armenia I told him that I had written Zaur's story and asked him how he felt about his name being mentioned in this work. In fact, it is I had not the slightest hope that he would allow it. But this is a generous man, a move worthy of a true clergyman He was glad to see his name in the novel, saying that he had done it and that he was not afraid of anyone but God. had stated resolutely that it would. "I just helped two young people in love. If it is a crime, it is I am ready to commit fifty crimes a day." These were the last words of the priest Mesrop to me.

Although it is not possible to meet clerics like Mesrop and Klaas in the Muslim world, Zaura was helped in Baku. I must admit that there is a person or persons who created the conditions for his reunion with Arthur. No one Unfortunately, I do not have the right to risk my life, so I can disclose the names of this person or people I dont know.

...

On the third day of the championship, Zaur entered the administrative unit on the right side of the complex through a narrow corridor passed, went down the stairs and turned right. This was the corridor where the dressing and shower rooms were located. Talk to you soon because if anyone sees him, he will get out of the situation himself, helping him, guiding him and instructing Arthur would not name the person. At the end of the corridor, when Arthur appeared with a small backpack in his hand, Zaur stopped to cut a stone. Her heart was pounding with excitement. Sweat dripped from his nostrils. Both dried for a few seconds stood in the situation and looked at each other. First Arthur woke up. First with indecision, then with confident steps Zaura was right. To the left of the corridor, without cutting a single word and turning towards the stairs leading to the upper floor they headed for the exit door on the wing. Zaur opened the door with the key given to him by a kind man, and lovers they set foot on a windy autumn evening.

The rain had begun, and it was time to get worse. Sometimes when the moon comes out of the dark clouds for a moment, the scene of the rainy night was seen for a moment with its terrible charm, and then disappeared. In the hands of a little ahead no one was visible except for two plainclothes men smoking umbrellas. Zaur and Artush turned left they fled to villas surrounded by dense olive groves.

- "We are free," Zaur said hoarsely. - After going to the side of the villas and going to the driveway, we are free.
- They will start looking for me soon.
- When they notice your absence, we will be far away. Do not worry.

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As they passed through the olive groves, they stopped for a moment and sighed. After the rain curtain A Daewoo taxi appeared. Zaur raised his hand and held it, and they both threw themselves into the back seat. - Good evening. We are going to Razina - said Zaur after closing the door. As a sign of consent, the driver bowed his head and pressed the accelerator. Zaur saw Arthur's eyes wandering and turned to him. - Has anything happened? - Do you live in Razin now? "No, we're going to my uncle's house," Zaur whispered, putting his mouth close to Artush's ear. - My uncle has been in Ufa for three years lives. The keys were in our house. I took them with me today. Don't worry, nobody comes to that house. A two-room apartment on the fourth floor of a nine-story concrete building next to a large park

In the renovated apartment, a thick layer of dust covered all the items. Zaur kitchen to change the heavy air of the house and opened the windows in the living room, the water and semi-finished products from the market under the house to the refrigerator filled. The cool rain air that lifted the tulle curtains to the ceiling filled the rooms without hindrance.

- My mother used to come here often and clean it. He doesn't have time now. Sorry for the dust ...

Before completing Zaur's sentence, Arthur grabbed him by the waist and turned him towards himself.

First anxious, timid, then fiery, deep kisses. The smell of rain and moisture in her hair, in her breath the heat of passion. The silent cries of trembling bodies, torn to pieces by pain and pleasure, set the boundaries of the universe. He ascended to the surface of the cosmos, where the human mind did not mature and where God did not exist.

The streets of Baku were flooded like a mad river.

The rain, which lasted until the morning, covered the rubbish and rubbish of the mountainous neighborhoods of Baku. flowed to the center. Arthur woke up to the sound of drops trembling in the windows and looked at Zaura. Her lover's right palm He laid it on a raised branch and slept soundly. Pressing his fingertips not to interrupt his sleep went to the kitchen, looked out the window at the incessant rain. Your favorite city has been flooded since yesterday, the sun is on its own he did not show his face for a moment. However, it is right for him to darken his blood due to a natural phenomenon. Although he realized that he was not, seeing his hometown in such a gray color was heartbreaking and disturbing.

He also knew, he knew, that sooner or later they would be caught. Arthur left the sports palace on his own. There was nothing illegal in his departure. He simply interrogated her for several days if she was caught. They would send it to Armenia. What about Zaur? Arthur closed his eyes and lowered his head. If Zaura wanted to interfere yesterday could be. Why didn't he say no to this adventure? Did his love blind him so much?

He opened his eyes and looked at the foaming ponds on the ground. Wet sparrows sit hard under dense branches were protected from drops. Women with headscarves in their hands, jumping over the ponds they hurried home with food.

Arthur wanted to return to the room, saying "whatever happens" in his heart, and Zaur's cell phone rang.

Zaur leans on his pillow and presses the phone to his ear, often shaking his head and listening to the caller. hung up. Suddenly he raised his head, stood at the bedroom door and looked at Arthur, who was looking at him. Lips wrinkled.

- I understand ... Thank you ... Thank you very much.

He threw the phone in the middle of the bed and stood up. He approached Arthur.

"Something happened," Arthur asked. He dipped his hand into Zaur's disheveled hair and rolled it back.

- They are looking for you, what else can happen? The world hit each other. The press does not know yet. Great to escape keep it as a mystery. Employees of the Ministry of National Security, police and prosecutors took to the streets.

Arthur with a violent smile:

- What will they do to me if they find me? He asked.

- That's right ... Zaur said indecisively. - But to find out who he ran with and who stayed with him they will oppress you.

- Will they torture?

- I don't know ... I can't say exactly.

- Well, then let's see what we will do?

- What sense?

- How long will we stay in this house?

- If you want, let's go. It's raining too ... I don't know what to say ... I'm confused.

Arthur grabbed Zaur by the waist and pulled him yellow. He hugged her and put his head on her shoulder.

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- Do not worry. Everything will be fixed. Our life and death are in our hands. Let's go. Baku for the last time I want to see to my heart's content.

Zaur stroked his head and asked:

- Where do we start?

- From the inner city. Let's start there and finish there.

Twilight was approaching the autumn evening. Khazri became stronger, and the clouds covered the face of the moon. It's all raining severely flogging the flat roofs of the Old City, embassy buildings, representations of foreign companies. The foamy water overflowing from the Navalchas was gushing in the bends and valleys, making the tombs swell.

On one of the streets, two men appeared, getting out of a taxi and starting to walk face down. Heads she was open, her wet hair mixed with the wind.

They stopped for a moment, looked carefully at their surroundings, then Arthur raised his head, looking at the flat roofs of nearby houses. reviewed. It was as if he was wary of the police hiding on the roofs. Seeing his concern, Zaur said in a low voice:

- It is unlikely that they will look for us in this rain.

They turned left and passed under a glass balcony hanging over a very short, very narrow field. Zaur's house was on the right. Without turning right, they passed a half-finished fence made of unsawn stone. Right The minaret of an ancient and small mosque, lying on the ground, rose to the sky. Tini turned and stood on a small field- they wanted. The Maiden's Tower stood in front of them in all its glory. Dark clouds were gathering over the ancient building.

They crossed the wooden bridge over the ancient market and approached the gate of the Maiden's Tower. Logged in, they got tickets. The old woman who sold the tickets looked in surprise at the two young men who came to the Maiden's Tower in the rain, but did not say a word. They hurried upstairs. Slowly, as if trying to memorize each stone- they would lay down.

When they finally reached the open terrace of the Maiden Tower, they saw that it was empty. Rainwater rapidly rocks it crashed to the floor and shattered into millions of tiny droplets.

Zaur approached the stone railing and raised his face to the sky. Water seeped out of his face and into his throat, and from there flowed through his clothes to his chest.

- I recently read that according to French and Swiss biologists, some genes in the human body are mutated. suicidal tendencies intensify when exposed.

Arthur, who was one step behind him, smiled at the President's Office.

- How does this happen?

Zaur suddenly turned his face to him and said:

- These mutations disrupt the neurotransmitter serotonin nerve cells that control many human emotions. produces.

- You were a doctor that we did not know.

Zaur pressed him to his chest and whispered:

- These were nonsense. We know what we are doing.

Unexpectedly, Arthur began to sob:

- This was my hometown! It was my friendly city! He shouted. - My biggest dream was to die in my hometown always. I loved this city, and I still love it. Do you hear Zaur?

- I hear. Be quiet.

- We have no other way out, right?

- I do not see light at the end of the tunnel.

- Do you see it on the slope of the Maiden's Tower?

- Are you kidding?

- No, I ask.

- Do you have any hope? Find out why to run, hide, be careful until the end of our lives should we write? I do not want to live like this, Arthur. This is not a life worthy of us.

Arthur tore off Zaur's lap and combed the wet hair that had fallen on his face. To him with serious and determined eyes looked.

- Then you say let's go?

Instead of answering, Zaur hugged him tightly and pressed it to his lips. The last kisses of this kiss

Young people who knew that they could not break away from each other for minutes. At the end of the kiss, one last time they looked into each other's eyes. From these glances, they penetrated each other's hearts. Heart palpitations

they heard. They saw the pain of their hearts. Well, after a few seconds all the pain, sorrow, even throbbing they would end up in eternal peace.

"It's pointless to procrastinate," Arthur said, smiling.

Hand in hand, they climbed the half-meter-high fence. There was a terrible, unimaginable picture - everyone there was a smile on their faces. They were laughing at death.

Two bodies with long beards of the Wahhabi sect coming out of the Lezgi mosque in the distance saw a member. The Wahhabi was shocked first, then calmed down, spat on the ground, opened his green umbrella and held it over his head. and whispered to himself:

- You have committed a great sin. You committed suicide. You will burn in Hell forever, you disbelievers.

Rainwater foamed the blood of two lovers and turned yellow on the stairs to Neftchilar Avenue. was dragging.

I wonder if the Azerbaijani and Armenian societies believe that Arthur and Zaur, who died at a young age, will be able to see and appreciate the peacekeeping resource, the potential of friendship and brotherhood, which is the basis of the peace process? For years, the enmity between the two peoples has been exacerbated, and both states have taken it cheap will the establishment, the politicians, continue to be spectators to the drama of the two neighboring peoples? Lessons from this tragedy, Will they be able to learn a lesson? Unfortunately, we are not able to answer these questions accurately.

We did our duty simply by telling this story. Everyone loves this legend is responsible for disseminating knowledge. The tragedy of Arthur and Zaur should be a saga and a legend.

And we, in turn, say again, look good! Watch carefully! In your history books, it's with blood is a written page. Those who come after you will turn the pages of this book and when they see this page, they will remember you and say: tfu to your face!

Tfu to your face!

author

