

misguided and eventually murderous late years of the 1980s. Though the primary purpose of this Preface has been to introduce the book, not the man, I cannot end it without speaking of my friend Hagop. He was born of Ayntabtsi parents, turcophone genocide survivors, in Aleppo in 1933, the eldest, followed by Silva in 1935 and Roupen in 1937. Hagop attended the Gulbenkian elementary school and then the Karen Jeppe Jemaran or high school from 1948 to 1953, at a time when my father, Minas Tololyan, was its founding principal and my mother, Kohar, a teacher. They both saw ability in him, and spent time with him, which is how I, as a child, came to regard Hagop as a member of the extended family of the Jemaran. After graduation, Hagop, who wanted to teach in Armenian schools, had to work instead in a local bank to meet financial obligations. In 1960, he went to the US as a student at San Francisco State College, received his Bachelor's and Master's degrees in Business Administration and Finance, and went to work. He married his wife Anayis (after they met at my mother's instigation) and settled in beautiful Marin County, where they remained until 1971. But Hagop had always been fascinated by Armenian history and Anayis supported his ambition to become a scholar and teacher. They left for New York, where Hagop attended New York University for a year, then Columbia. After receiving his PhD, in the middle of the tragic Lebanese civil war of 1975-1990, he went to Lebanon to become a Professor of History at Haigazian College. He was kidnapped and almost certainly murdered at an unknown date, leaving behind his wife Anayis, his daughter Nanor, his siblings Roupen and Silva, and many grieving friends who for years could not reconcile themselves to his premature end. His work, at least, did not come to an abrupt end, as the publication of this volume demonstrates.