

The book that was prepared for printing more than 400 years ago but never issued has recently been published with a short interval by the independently working editors. The first publication was prepared by researchers from the University of Salamanca and published in the series by the University of Oviedo. In collaboration with arabsa F. Mañio Salgado, a specialist in the field of Spanish grammar and lexicography E. B Perez performed major work on editing the book. Accurate and thorough kind of activity is very important, but in this case his contribution could be much larger.

The book consists of an introductory research and publication of Guadix’s dictionary. In introductory remarks E. B Perez tells about the publication prehistory and difficulty of work with the manuscript. At the same time she gives credit to index compilation, since it actually represents the last editing version and allows for certain doubts to be removed.

The research itself begins with the biography of Diego de Guadix and the history of his work. On the basis of a single source it can be stated that the author was born in Guadix (the date of birth is unknown). He was a Franciscan monk in the 14th century. Later he stayed in Ubeda and in the Canary Islands, worked as an Arab interpreter at the inquisition tribunal in Granada, lived in Italy where he wrote his dictionary. On returning to Spain he worked as a professor of theology, censor, and an evangelizer of Moriscos. Diego de Guadix died in his home town in 1615. His book got imprimatur status in 1593, but was never published for unknown reasons.

In the course of the research E. B. Perez tries to define the sources used by Diego de Guadix, since any lexicographical work is usually only an element in a chain of loans. Finding no predecessors and stating that the etymology entries are written either by him or by his contemporaries (with or without signature), the researcher concludes that the work of Guadix is completely original.

In section “The Repercussions of Diego de Guadix’ Work” E. B. Perez analyzes Spanish lexicographical publications from 1601 till 2003 and comes to a conclusion that the text of Guadix dictionary was hardly known to anybody. Even those, who claim to know it, quote it in an absolutely distorted way.

The study of the text allows for the publisher to define that the first and actually the only part was supposed to be followed by two more parts, devoted to male and female anthroponymy. After thorough examination of Guadix’s methodology some of the etymologies are found unacceptable.

The analysis ends with a description of manuscript stored at Biblioteca Capitolar de la Fundación Colombina Sevilla. Not being an autograph copy, but still having author's correction, the manuscript was meant for publishing house. There were no inscriptions on it but one possessory mark and one library note. The type of publishing chosen by E. B. Perez is philological.

The bibliography of the given book is wide-ranging, but it includes no Arabic dictionaries, except for one contemporary research on Arabisms in Spanish.

The research is followed by Guadix’ text perse with indices or, more precisely, with lists in the end: Arabisms according to the country, onomastic index, thematic index of non-homonyms, words and expressions that present special interest from grammatical or lexicographical viewpoint. Unfortunately, there is just one index missing — that of the Arabic words.

The second book published by Jaén University is a thesis of a specialist in the history of Spanish language and literature. The book consists of two parts: the analysis and Guadix’ text itself. Unfortunately the book includes only some of the materials from the first part of the thesis.

Being a preliminary research this first part includes many facts that coincide with previous publications, but it also shows a clash of opinions. In the section devoted to Guadix’ biography all facts are certainly the same, since there is only one source. However, there is also an argument that the Spaniards studied Arabic not only for the purpose of reading in it, but also in order to evangelize the Arabs and other newly conquered lands. Morazans took on the language from Arabs and kept using it even after the Reconquest, which explains a large amount of Arabisms in Spanish. At that time it was the language of the court and only a few nobody were speaking Arabic and give definitions to the words they were using. In the introductory remarks addressed to the readers Guadix also refers to the story of Babel tower when describing a mixture of languages and distortion of the original Arabic word form. Guadix admitted that he could make mistakes, since he was the first to realize Latinity and tries to consult authorities. He gives ten warnings: (i) the Arabic language could borrow neither from Spanish, nor from any other language, since Arabic (“a distorted Hebrew spoken by Adams”) is more ancient. Other languages did borrow from Arabic, but there was nobody to note that of. For him Arabic was almost a mother-tongue, because he learned it in childhood. Latin also borrowed a lot from Arabic, which had happened long before Islam, when Arabs had lived in Arabia before Abraham; (ii) a word is borrowed from that language, in which it can have a meaning in both languages, but the meaning can be different; (iv) there are places, where Muslims have never stepped, but Arabisms can still be found there; (v) there are places, where there is more evidence to the ancient character of the Arabic language; (vi) about mixed words and distortions, because people didn’t know the language of others and vice versa; (vii) about pronunciation of lam before solar consonant; (ix) about Spanish demonstrative verbs (derived from Arabian names); (x) Arabic “b” is an equivalent to Spanish “p” or “p” like we use “d” in Latin: “I like having a little.” or like the second “d” in the word skdeo (it is strange that none of the publishers paid attention to this interesting phonetic description); “z” and “z” are explained descriptively. The author ends the introduction with some marks on the composition of dictionary entries.

Now let us consider the author’s etymologies performed with straightforwardness of modern deconstructors. Even if the whole scope of lexical material is outside the purpose of this review, but a few examples will be enough to illustrate that one can find some quite accurate etymologies in Guadix’ work. As for already mentioned proper names Mexico and Peru, the first word can be written as “dgo” (“your dwelling”) and the second as “dz” (“this wasteland”), though we should notice that it is not its phonetic transcription. The author claims that he knows Arabic almost as well as his mother-tongue. If, according to the author’s opinion, “Arabism is composed of (Arabic) (Arabic) (Latin); “his laurel”), then, how an article “J” can also be here? He considers that toponym Glesasa is composed of “y”
IN MEMORIAM

KAREN NIKITICH YUZBASHIAN
1927—2009

I. Wojewódzki

In the Fall of 1982, in the golden Armenian autumn when the air is sweet and cool and all is touched with rose and sun and tastes of the ripe fruit of the harvest on the plain of Ararat, a charming scholar whose Russian sounded like a good 19th century classic and whose Armenian was Ishakyan's and Tumayan's, this scholar with a smile like the golden autumn, gave a lecture in the halls of the Matenadaran, the temple of manuscripts facing the snow masses of Ararat floating in the air above Erevan, and after his enchanting text, on the merchants' secret argot called Rahtuni lezu, we began to talk as though we had always known each other. Those were days of repression but also of ease and wealth. Armenian scholarly books were printed in fine editions, there was food and coffee, you could have a long late breakfast and walk to the Matenadaran and spend the day in good conversation with your friends. The butcher's bill for the militarized economy and the static social mess in the Soviet Union had not come in just yet; and the doddering dictator passed inane laws. I had just bought an armload of books when one of these laws cackled over the radio: no books to leave the USSR. (I got them out anyway. Soviet law was mostly a joke except when breaking an enemy.) Karen Nikitich Yuzbashian, the scholar, and I, the younger guest, stood outside the Matenadaran and I said, la éto prosto ne polrnu, "I just don't understand it". About the law. And he, with a sweeping gesture taking in the Land of the Soviets, A ostal'moe vs posnimetu? "And the rest of it you DO understand?"

Thus was born our friendship, and when this native of the Caucasian cosmopolis of the fabulous and scary 1930's Tiflis and son of the Karabagh Armenians before that became a member of the Karabagh Committee to liberate the Armenians in the Azeri enclave, and was elected to the flegding Armenian parliament, and as the crazy winds of freedom, chaos, resurrected history, swept the country and blew down statues and drowned out propaganda, in those epic times Karen came to New York and Nina Garsoian declared me his guide while she assembled the karasum tel, the forty-layer fish pie, and the roast lamb, and the army of red wine bottles for her massive Easter party that night, and we tramped happily around Manhattan and got back a little late to be scolded like two mischievous boys, and we traded smiles, because Nina was the grande dame of the Russian, French, and American Armenologists and by late that night when the pompous official guests were gone and the core of our lot were crammed into her small studio with its books and antiques and heavy old wooden furniture, "les aristes chez eux" as she called us, and we bashed in that, there would be tiny glasses of very cold vodka.

Columbia University's Middle East department expelled its dirty Jew. A petition from many Soviet scholars was to no avail. My life in New York, the city of my birth, ended. I went to work in a colder and unfriendlier place; and as the
years of exile in the ice and dirty states of New England, the intellectual frigidity and provincialism, the horrible weather and donnal light, the evil personal isolation gradually tore apart what was left of my life, yearly trips to St. Petersburg became my only link to authentic culture and human warmth. I stayed often at Karen's apartment on Orbelli Street, and as he relined his chaise longue we had long and intricate conversations about Russian and Armenian literature and politics. Roundabout midnight Karen would rouse me from my reading: *James, je ne regrette rien?* "Dear James, will you have supper?" and we'd sit down in the tiny kitchen for a snack and a glass of vodka. Karen was thin as a rail. I write these lines in a bed in Jerusalem, Israel, where I am recovering very slowly from a terrible motorcycle crash. Gradually I am restoring the muscles of my shattered leg; but when the poor thing was first released from its casts and bandages and stared in horror at its mismatchstick proportions it reminded me of Karen's skeletal limbs. He used to look up from his meals and tell me he had the zapansei appetit blokadnus, "the reserve appetite of a Leningrad blockade survivor".

Karen was not just a warm friend, not just a captivating scholar, not just a fascinating Russian Armenian intellectual. He was also the center of a large circle of friends that began in Petersburg and radiated outward across the planet. His goodness warmed more people than he knew. That warm heart has ceased to beat here on earth, and this is a colder place for it. Karen believed always in the essential affinities of Jews and Armenians. After all, he grew up in the Soviet Union, not the Middle East. He was entirely free of the anti-Semitic, hyper-nationalist virus that has disfigured Armenian life and scholarship in recent years; and despite his venerable stature and imposing credentials, the yellow press in Erivan attacked him. His friendship with foreigners was a mark against him. "James", he used to tell me, "Our enemies have everything on their side... except the truth." Karen visited Israel and liked that country. In the last couple of years he was far too weak to travel; so my hope of his visiting the home here I hope to have will be one more item for the days of the coming of the Messiah, I guess.

Dear Karen, may the earth, as Russians say, rest as lightly as a feather over your earthly remains. And for all of us left behind, slow the sword—an "slain by grief."—God grant us strength to live out our lives in the light of his bright memory and he granted the consolation of being reunited with his enfranchised soul in the regions of the truth beyond space and time.

バラエティ・デイバイ・ハーエメット. Blessed is the one true Judge.

James Russell
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**Front cover:**
Plate 1. Sacrifice at a home altar of ancestors before a wedding ceremony. Watercolour on pith, 33×21 cm, China, 19th century. MAE RAS, No. 311-1-12 (7e). Photo by S. Shapiro. Courtesy of the Museum.

**Back cover:**
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*Barkh Dayan ha'Emet*. Blessed is the one true Judge.

James Russell

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**Notes to Contributors**

Manuscripts must be written in English. Manuscripts must be clearly typeset with numbered pages, double linespacing and wide margins throughout. The title should be as brief and informative as possible. The institute at which the work has been done should be indicated at the head of each paper. Authors are requested to include their e-mail address.

**Submissions**

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