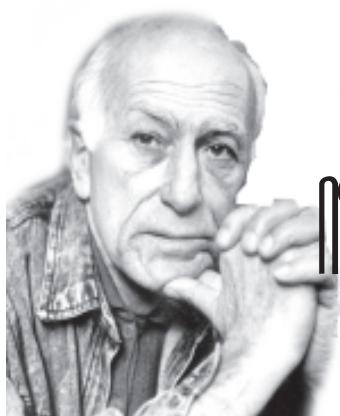


ორი ფალი თევანე სამსახურში

სიტყოფ კურტჟას
ჭავჭავა სამსახურში
მარტინ - ჭავჭავა
ჭავჭავაშვილი
რომელი
„დაწილებული?



მისი მიზანის გაცილება!



* * *

მიწას სამშობლო ჰქვა,
თუ მისთვის გიცემს
გული,
თვალის ჩინივით უკლი
და მიგაჩნია წმინდად,
მაგრამ ყველაზე ძვირად
ეს მიწა მაშინ გიღირს,
როცა გიფივთ ყვირი:

- შინ

დაბრუნება
მინდა!

საქართველოს

კაიკაცობის მძიმე უღელი
ყოველთვის მედგრად გამიწევია,
არ დავცემულვარ, მუხლმოუხრელი,
სიმღერით სევდა დამიძლევია.
შენს ქვიან გზებზე - აქაც და იქაც -
სიმართლის მეტი რა მიძებნია?..
თურმე რამდენი სიმღერაც მითქვამს,
სუყველა შენთვის დამიწერია!

რელაციონის რჩეული კუთხი

ბარდია ერთოვალი ერთოვალი

უცემ ცესლ გულზე დამაფექს ფეხი,
როცა მედა მომგლივეს მკრდით.

და... მძერის მოქლო უქრეიდნი
ქართულ ჩონგურზე ქართული ენით.
უცემ ერთოვალით, ნუსხურ-მთავრულით
ბოლოსის ქვაზე ჩემს ვარამს ვწერდი.

ხელში ატის ფრთით, გამლივ ტრატზე
მე სიყვრულის პომის ვწერდი.

ჩემი სატა, გულს მახატა:

იყლოთ, გრემი და აღვერდი.
ზე გულზე შემდება მე თუმურ ლენგი,
კოჭილი ფეხებით როცა გამტელა,
მშინ მმულის საკუთხის ველზე

ჩემი თოთხი გრო სანთლებად.

მე თავი მედო გატენილ თოფზე,

და მიღვეხი ზოლობდი, მე არ მეტანა.

ხან თერინში და ხან სტამბოლში,

როვორც სამჯელს მყრდინ მე ქირად.

ერთხელ ვარსებრი თმებით მათრა,

გრუქერნები დამრჩია იარა.

მწამა და ვერ გადამრკეულა,

მოქლა და კერაქებს ვერ მაჲარა.

გაზით დამგლივეს ათვევ ფრჩხილი

და წამეტლი მწოდა სალხმა,

თუმც კაცი რაა, სიკვდილის წინაც,

მე დამოქადი ვერავინ მაჲა.

ჩემს დამოქებას ნურცინ მოელის,

უტეხი სული ჩემი განძია.

ასე ავაგე სკეტიცხოველი

და გამოვევო აკლეში კარიბა.

ჩემს თვითუელ ქას სიმღრა ჰქვა,

ჩემი ციხნა ძლევის სმბია.

გულში მრავალკერ მომარტყეს ტყელა,

ზურგში, - არც არგის უმზებია!

მე ტყვე კოფა ძლინი ხშირად

და არ ვიციდა, რა იყო მანა.

თან წამოვდე ფერებილში

ჩემი ქართული სიტყვების კონა.

ვერ ამომგლივეს პარიდმ ენა:

შენთით, წამებით, მუქარით, ძღვირით

მომავალ ნომერში:

ნომ ხაგალაშვილის რეართაში

ჭურიანი ჩინეთიდან

ჭურიანი ჩინეთიდან

30 მეტრის კვირს,
ჩინეთის ნებისმიერი

ეუდგენ კაცი ემამულის იუბილე

ძვირფასო მკითხველო,
გგონია ვერ ვხვდები,
თუ რა მოუსვენრობით
ხსნი ფოსტის ყუთს ჩემს
მოლოდინში? ან ვერ ვხე-
დავ, გახარებული იქვე
რომ გადამფურცლავ და
მადლობის ნიშნად გულში
მიკრავ?

მე ისიც ვიცი, თავშენა-
ხულობას რომ მიზეზობ,
ნელა მკითხულობ და
ჩემს ფურცლებს ხვალ და
ზეგ წასაკითხად ინახავ...
შენი ფოსტალინის ზარ-
მაცობის გამო რომ დამაგ-
ვიანდება, მესმის, რომ ჩემი
ფურცლების წაკითხვას
ტელეფონში გიწყებენ მე-
გობრები...

არ მკითხო ახლა, სა-
დან იციო?

- მოვიდა სიგნალი!

თქმა არ გინდა, გეცო-
დინება, მაგრამ მაინც

შეგახსენებ: 30 ოქტომბერს, კვირას, ბრუკლინის რესტორან „ნაციონალში“ ჩემი
იუბილის გამართვა განუზრახავათ, - ხუმრობა ხომ არაა, ორი წლისა ვარ! თანაც
„მართლა“ ქართული პოეზიის, ქართული სიმღერის და ქართული სულის
ზემობა იქნებაო, ყური მოვკარი, ერთმანეთს ეუბნებოდნენ.

ხოდა, შეიტანე წვლილი ჩემი გადარჩენის, გაზეთად დარჩენის საქმეში და
ეწვიე ჩემი იუბილისადმი მიძღვნილ საქველმოქმედო საღამოს.

ხო, მართლა, სტუმრობისას შენს მაჯის სათზე ისრები 4-ის გასწროვ უნდა იყოს!

კაცითა ნიუბი

□ მსურს შევუკვეთო „მამულის“ იუბილეზე
დასასწრები ბილეთი — ცალი

სახელი და გვარი ბეჭდური ასოებით

კუჩის მისამართი და აპარტამენტის N

ქალაქი, შტატი, საფოსტო კოდი

საკონტაქტო ტელეფონი

ჩეკი ან მანი ორდერი **M. KATCHAKHIDZE** სახელზე
გაფორმებული უნდა გამოაგზავნოთ შემდეგ მისამართზე:
P.O. BOX 13121, JERSEY CITY, NJ 07303,
პილეთის ვასი 50 ლოდარი, გთხოვთ
აუცილებლად მიუთითოთ გილების სასუ-
რაველი რაოდენობა.

თავისი

მონიშვნების შემენა
შეგიძლიათ შემდეგ მისამართზე:

კართული კარი

265 Neptune ave

Brooklyn, NY (718)332-8082

კართული კარი

277 Brighton Beach ave

VIP Wireless

1619 Grant ave, Store 16
Philadelphia, PA (215) 676-2302



მომავალ ნომერში:
ნომ ხაგალაშვილის რეართაში

ჭურიანი ჩინეთიდან

Motherland

of Georgian

On the fourteenth day of the month of October, when autumn is already the color of gold, and summer and winter are still in combat with each other, Mtskheta - the ancient capital of Georgia is crowded with the people of Millet. Mtskheta (Mtskheta day) and Svetitskhovloba (Svetitskhoveli day) is a festivity that brings together believers and nonbelievers alike. Once a year the town hosts more guests than on any other day of the year and everything looks like it used to in the early ages. The Mtkvari and the Aragvi rivers still flow into one another, the Sargineti mountains and the Jvari monastery still overlook Mtskheta and the Svetitskhoveli cathedral still stands calmly. The believers who come for this day are plentiful as are the candles that they light in celebration of this day. Thousands of entreaties reach the Lord just as they used to right in the very beginning when the foundation of the first Christian wooden church was laid at this very spot and for the first time the words "The holy temple, the lifegiving pillar, the tunic of the Lord" were heard as a prayer.

Svetitskhoveli - a separate world with thousands of marvels, mysteries, noblemen, and a unique play of colors; an illustration of the pureness and the history of Georgia's Christianity and a reminder of the place of Christianity in our nation. And who knows, perhaps it is true that the "radiance and light" of our epoch end at the wall surrounding the cathedral? Maybe it really is true that it changes at dawn and at sunset and in Konsstantine Gamsakhurdia's words: "In the morning it is of a lizardlike color, lit up by the untiring sun. By dawn it is gold-embroidered and by the mournful fall of night when the starlit sky sets eyes upon it, you will see the sky become coloured by the richness of its harmonious lines"... It seems that it is possible to imbue stone with soul - it is true that the Svetitskhoveli has proved to be even more immortal than "the souls of the hundreds of thousands of mortals".

Perhaps it is true that the miraculous good must protect you and help you to overcome time, withstand earthquakes, combat your enemies again and again and stand proudly in silence, having so much to say and having such a great past... The people

will never be short of parish and you will always let the needy find comfort within your walls, ordinary people dedicating their verses to you. How many of such poems, legends, unbelievable stories has the time preserved for the Svetitskhoveli temple erected in the name of the twelve apostles, the temple that has retained the name of the miraculous from the very first day of its construction. "The diseased would come and get healed in it until the king made a wall around the live column and separated it from sorrow", so said "Moktsevai Kartisai"

Legends are always created about something extraordinary, something mysterious. Usually, these are unbelievable beautiful stories that appeal to you so much that you want to believe in them. You memorise them as such and pass them on to next generations... This is how the legend about Svetitskhoveli has reached us today.

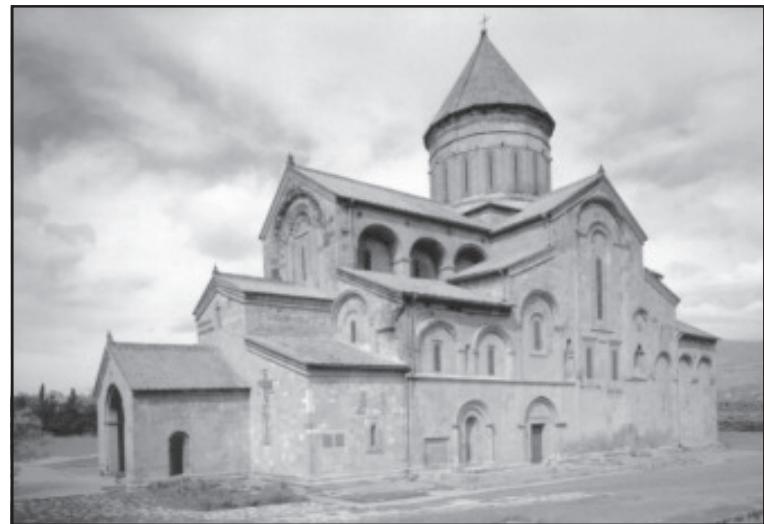
It happened that part of the Lord's tunic fell into the hands of a Mtskheta dweller, Eliazar, who had witnessed the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. Eliazar brought the tunic to Georgia. In Mtskheta he was met by his sister, Sidonia, an ardent martyr and believer in Jesus. Crying she strained the tunic to her breast and gave her soul to God. No one could take the precious thing from Sidonia's hands and therefore she was buried holding the tunic close to her breast. On her grave a miraculous tree grew under which "colourful, sweet-smelling flowers bloomed throughout summer and winter" ("Moktsevai Kartisai"). This is not the end of the story. Miracles happened not only in Christ's time but also after his crucifixion: then they were more numerous and occurred in more places and led to the number of Jesus' followers increasing day by day.

Time elapsed and in 337 Christianity was declared the state religion of Georgia. The first Christian king Mirian asked St. Nino: "Where shall I build the house of God?"

And Nino replied: "There, where the mind of the king is firm".

And, thus, the construction of the cathedral commenced on the very spot where the Lord's tunic had been buried. Seven columns were made from a miraculous tree that grew on the grave. Six of them were planted in the ground but the seventh did not

touch the ground but hung shining in the air emitting a wonderful smell. This is what was known as the lifegiving pillar which was the name given to the cathedral which began its life as a wooden church. Scholars of the subject suggest that King Mirian later brought in masons from Greece to build the stone church the construction of which lasted 20 years. The second Svetitskhoveli building collapsed in the first half of the 5th century during the reign of King Archil and it was King Vakhtang Gorgasali who built the first actual cathedral. During the reign of King Giorgi I, Svetitskhoveli was fundamentally renovated un-



You are Svetitskhoveli



der the auspices of Kathalikos Melkisedek.

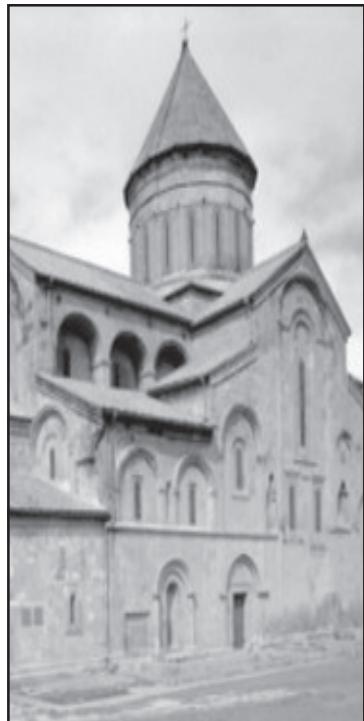
Traditionally however scholars claim that the first construction on the site of Svetitskhoveli began only in the 9th century.

Time passed and in the 15th century an almost completely demolished cathedral was renovated by Alexander the First. Svetitskhoveli reached our time bearing the ornamentation and paintings of those days. The fresco of Eustate of the Antioch is still preserved on Svetitskhoveli's walls. The fresco shows the High Priest handing over the Bible to King

Mirian and blessing the temple of Svetitskhoveli. There is also a well-known zodiac circle: this fresco is the only one of its kind in the whole of Georgia. However, experts believe that the paintings on the walls belong to the 16th and 17th centuries. The faces and the clothing of the saints are Georgian and the inscriptions are Georgian and Greek. They used to tell the time here as well using the sun clock depicted on the wall of the cathedral.

With time even more new legends were born... It seems that the Georgians were not satisfied with the ancient tales and by the 11th century Arsakidze, the architect of Svetitskhoveli, was made to fall in love with the woman chosen by the King. The young master had surpassed his teacher and his hand was cut off for his impudence. "They seized me and cut my hand off because I have built such a temple", Arsakidze later uttered in the verses that were created in memory of this legend. The righthand portrayed on the northern facade of the Svetitskhoveli really does bear the following inscription: "The hand of thy slave Arsakidze, God forgive him." Ordinary visitors believed in this beautiful legend for centuries, contemporary scientists, however, have a different theory.

The righthand portrayed on the wall of Svetitskhoveli is holding a small axe - a construction tool. Scientists assume that the hand which was cut off would not have been made to hold



a tool. The righthand holding an axe is more likely to be a token of the builder's input, his workmanship.

Today the parish of Svetitskhoveli exists. King Vakhtang Gorgasali, Erekle II, Giorgi XII are among the Kings that found peace and rest within the sacred walls of the temple. In 1787 King Erekle ordered a wall to be built around the cathedral.

**Like your most ancient roots,
your most ancient language,
the power that will protect you.**

EKA KEVANISHVILI

JOKES ABOUT GEORGIANS

for a moment and then took out a dollar bill and put it in his driver's license and gave it to the policeman! When a Georgian policeman opened the documents, he smiled and happily replied: And you were saying that you don't know Georgian! You have already written your note!

* * *

A policeman stops one Georgian driving in Volga car! - Can I have your drives license please! - Here you go, sir-replies the driver! Policeman looks at the license and replies: Do you

know that this license is for driving an airplane TU-154? The Georgian replied- Well, what the hell do you want from me? I bought the license that was available to be bought!

* * *

A Georgian man's wife is having a baby at the hospital. All happy and excited the husband asks a nurse:

Well, is my wives labor over? -Yes,-implies the nurse-Is it a boy? -Asks the Georgian,- No-say the nurse-Then what the hell is it?

Listen! Do you see that tree? Can I take a picture- implied a Georgian guy to a photographer! Of course you can! Where exactly do you want to stand? Underneath, next to or on the tree? - Asked photographer! Georgian replies: "NO! I want to take a picture behind the tree! And send that photo to my mother, so when she sees the picture she won't see me on it and she will be wondering where am I and then I will jump out of the tree and surprise her."

* * *

A certain Georgian goes to a newspaper headquarters to

write a note about the death of his wife! When he gets there he asks about the fee per each word! It turns out that service charges 5 bucks per word. With sad face the guy pulls out a ten-dollar bill and tells a clerk to write two words: Tamara died!" and left the room. Editor-in-chief saw a sad face on the man and decided to grant him 5 or 6 extra words for free. Next thing, a happy Georgian guy comes flying into the room to thank the director: Thank you my dear friend! Can you just add to the first two words that I am also selling my car (Zhiguli) and it is

in a great condition and looks brand new!

* * *

One Soviet comrade was driving through a mountainous road! A Georgian military policeman stops him and says: -Hey, you were driving fast, I need you to write a self-explanatory note! The Soviet replies-what do you mean by the note? Georgian replies: Well you have to write a note and in Georgian language! The Soviet says: I do not know Georgian language, for I cannot write that note! Policeman insisted: Well write the way you know then! The Soviet thought

She was "Sesilia"...

And that was all. Anyone in Georgia knows this name. And, as a token of tremendous esteem and worship we will always add the word "Mrs" and she will always remain the inimitable and only one – the person that people, by their own will, have conferred the rare right and honour of addressing solely by her name.

-Mrs. Sesilia, may I give you a ride, please?"

-Thank you, but I am going too far and I'd rather take a taxi.

-May I still insist on driving you to where you are going?

-All right! Don't take so much trouble persuading me!

-Where do you want to be taken?

-A close friend of mine has died. I thought the funeral would be at her home, but the ceremony has been transferred to a club. What do you think of a funeral being turned into a performance? And they say Sesilia is an eccentric woman!

-You can't do anything about it. It's not easy to be a Tbilisian.

-Not easy, you're saying! We can't even fit into our own skin! Can you explain what's going on?" She raised her brows, scrutinizing me very closely. "Have you turned mute? What's the matter with you? Can't you answer?"

From REZO KLDIASHVILI's memoirs

Sesilia... Mrs. Sesilia.

They say she used to repeat these words frequently, and then she wrote the following:

"I have lived, I have worked and my road has come to an end. Please do not make my funeral procession from the theatre. If you do as I ask, the number of deaths in the theatre will drop. A guard of honour is unnecessary, neither are the speeches. Don't make the people bored. I don't like the Didube Pantheon. Please find two graves for me at the Saburtalo cemetery.

I say two graves because I want someone who will follow me from my family to be buried next to me so that I am not alone. I beg this on my knees: please commit me to the earth quietly and peacefully."

Last wills mean a lot... As do the deeds and the entire life ...

Obviously, not everyone would be able to write like this.

It seems that an idea like the kings' modesty exists.

Or the modesty of those whose destiny entitles them not to be mod-

est at all.

"Please commit me to the earth quietly and peacefully..."

We failed to execute your will, Mrs. Sesilia... You must forgive us. Your funeral day in Tbilisi and in the country was neither peaceful nor quiet. And once again, during that very time, we rediscovered a strange truth – an extraordinary warmth arising from the unity of sadness and pain, the greatest pleasure in being joined together by love.

A pompous bearing-out of the deceased, a prestigious piece of land. It's probably really funny... You've already had something that is really precious in this world.

No one knows how all this is achieved... I mean, love. No one knows how an artist is formed as such. A person, not only exceptional, but truly belonging to her people...

Her friends recall that Mrs. Sesilia was obsessed with one question: What have I done to deserve such love and what must I do not to lose it?

Perhaps this is both the question and the answer.

Sesilia Takaishvili's first role was "Kristine" in Shalva Dadiani's famous play "Ninoshvili's Guria".

"No, my dear," Mrs. Sesilia told me, "I performed my first role in Shalva Dadiani's play "Kakali guli" in the 1928-29 theatre season. Later on, Kote Marjanishvili entrusted to me the role of the maid "Tiko" in a comedy... I played the part of Tiko as a Gurian girl, thus imparting this supporting role with a character and flavour of my own. I have never tried to avoid playing a supporting role. I recall that a brief chat with Ushangi Chkheidze (Vizhinidze) provoked such a lively reaction and laughter that the spectators almost fell out of their boxes".

From NANA GHVINEPADZE reminiscences

Our generation does not remember her first role and can hardly recall her on the stage. However, we have memorized every word of Vassia, Asineta and Maradia. It seems



forever that the word "grandmother" has been associated solely with her image.

Sesilia Takaishvili left the stage rather early.

She made up her mind, and left. This was just like her...

At that time, no one could understand or explain the reason for this.

"It's more difficult for an actor to leave the stage than come to the theatre...

I had personal reasons for quitting the stage, even though active, creative impulses were still alive in me. But here, I encountered a worldly contradiction: an acute sense of age on the one hand, and a keen feeling of eternal youth which never leaves a person in peace, on the other. Personally, I have taken age into account", said Mrs. Sesilia in one of the interviews.

Of her stage roles, she herself was most of all fond of Queen Eliza-

beth in Shiller's "Mary Stuart". They say she was inimitable there. Unfortunately, we can only try to imagine it. But thanks to the movies we know her second most favourite role - granny Olga in "Grandma, Iliko, Ilarioni and I" almost by heart.

It was not only movies and the-

but before every concert they still felt so nervous.

From MARINET TBILELI's reminiscences

Our dearest Sesilia. Special, always different and always equally good. Generous, humorous, improviser, everyone's grandma and a real Vasasi.

The unique, inimitable...

"The door of our house was always wide open. A great many people used to come to visit us. Misha Tumanishvili, Erosi Manjgaladze, Gogi Gegechkori and others lived in the same building. This was the actors' house. I very well recall that Mr. Erosi had a dog, called Tango. In the mornings he and his Tango used to do exercises. Imagine that the dog was deaf and limp. When Tango died grandma and Dodo Abashidze sent Mr. Erosi a telegram with their condolences: "Don't forget to call us for a funeral repast. Your well-wishers." Erosi found out who the authors were and wouldn't speak with my grandmother for a long time".

Humorous and cheerful and a strict and demanding mentor at the same time. Her word and her appraisal had a special value. Actors recalled that whenever she went to a theatre, a rumour about Sesilia's presence at the performance would go from one floor to another, from one make-up room to another... She would never leave anyone without advice or words of praise.

She had indeed what to say...

For her, personally creating a role or an image was as easy and simple as breathing.

When Giga Lordkipanidze offered her Asineta's part, she chose her clothing at home in a flash. She put on Nata's (her granddaughter's) warm leather waistcoat, found an old skirt and when Giga Lordkipanidze came to see her, she greeted him with a "salute" dressed up in this fashion. Everyone who was watching this scene nearly died from laughter. The image was ready.

Sesilia Takaishvili was a star... That time, however, being a star was considered a bad thing and no one would have dared to address Mrs. Sesilia as "a star".

Now the times have changed...

EKA KEVANISHVILI

Openhearted, hugehearted generosity, sense of community and sharing... Maybe this only happens in fairy tales, but that is how Kakheti is the long suffering and picturesque province in eastern Georgia.

The long horizon of blue mountains, expansive valleys, gardens, forests, the Alazani River flowing at a leisurely pace, golden space enveloping you in its warmth... you are tranquil, unhurried and it seems that nothing can trouble you. You are in Kakheti.

The Kingdom of Kakheti, the Principality of Kakheti... the status of Kakheti, an integral part of Georgia, has changed many times throughout history. It has attracted an excessive number of conquerors and is one of the regions in Georgia that suffered most harshly from foreign invaders. Kakheti was ravaged to devastation many times, yet always remained a pil-



КАХЕТИ, ОН КАХЕТИ

lar and breadbasket for the whole country. "Rich in grain, wine, fruit, live stock, fur, feather and fish", wrote Vakhushti Bagrationi.

Tsvigombori Mountain divides Kakheti into Inner and Outer Kakheti.

The former was called Kakheti, the latter Ka-kheti. The Inner Kakheti is watered by the Alazani River and the Outer by the Iori.

The shortage of rain and water has always been the biggest problem in

Kakheti. The two rivers cannot satisfy the vast vineyards and grain fields. Yet this cannot compare with the devastation inflicted by the enemies destruction, forced deportations, religious suppression, the uprooting of ancient vineyards. Kakheti was always the first to face the enemy, and fought heroically to stop their advance to save the rest of Georgia from destruction. Its people fought, toiled and never lost faith.

"Sincere, openhearted and straightforward, Kakhetians detest slyness and flattery," wrote Iakov Gogebashvili. Vakhushti Bagrationi describes Kakhetians as "handsome, light, joyful, proud, loyal and perseverant."

A unique and robust humor is seemingly in their blood. But the sad Urmuli folk song or Kakhetian Chakru-lo and Mravalzhamieri heard in the Alazani valley speaks most eloquently of the Kakhetian nature. These songs bring a lump to your

throat, fill you with pride for being a Georgian and inspire you to great deeds.

Perhaps it would be worthwhile to travel by foot throughout Kakheti's terrain.

It would take many days to see and reflect on everything, rather like a voyage in time be it to Telavi or Lagodekhi, Kvareli or Sighnagi, Akhmeta or Gurjaani with all their history. But it would pay to imprint them all in mind and soul.

Telavi is the oldest and central city of Kakheti. Houses nestled against the northern slope of the Gombori mountain, ancient Christian Church of the Lord, the palace of King Erekle, and his famous baths which used to be adorned with magnificent mural.

Sighnagi another townfortress and a living history museum. There is the beautiful Nekresi monastery, where Ka-khetians are known to sacrifice pigs and jokingly call it the invitation

Next page please...

1912...

Upon his arrival in Georgia, Nicholas the Second of Russia was introduced to many Georgian ladies. Unable to conceal his admiration, the Emperor exclaimed, "What beauties!" and then addressed one of them directly, "It is sinful to be so beautiful!"

These words were addressed to Meri Shervashidze, very soon to be the Emperor's mother's maid of honor. As her father, the Major General, Prokophy Shervashidze, was a member of the Russian State Duma (State Council), the family lived in Petersburg.

The maids of honor in the Emperor's court were selected because of their special beauty and noble descent, but not everyone was granted such an honor as Meri had been.

At the funeral of the Emperor's mother, Maria Fyodorovna, Nicholas the Second counted only three maids of honor when there should have been four. "Who is missing?" he inquired and was told, "Meri Shervashidze!" At that very moment Meri appeared and calmly took her place. It was inconceivable that anyone would enter the hall after the Emperor.

This Georgian trait accompanied

Meri until the end of her life. She was always late but wherever she appeared - at parties, receptions or in church, she captured the attention of the community, everyone wanted to catch sight of her - so beautiful, sophisticated and majestic she was.

After Meri's father died the family mainly lived in Kutaisi, although they used to visit Grigol Mkheidze, Meri's grandfather at Senaki. He had a big house and was so wealthy that he built a railroad from Poti to Senaki.

In 1918, Meri's fiancé, Gigusha Eristavi, aide-de-camp to Nicholas the Second came to Kutaisi from Petersburg. They soon got married in Mtavangelosi church.

Meri Shervashidze was a descendant of an Abkhazian prince, a spouse of the Eristavi and a former maid of honour. It is a paradox but, in 1921, at that most difficult time, unlike many others, she calmly and legally boarded a ship sailing from Batumi. She was traveling to France, joining her husband in Constantinople, Turkey on the way. It was here that Meri took part in a beauty contest and won.

And in Georgia... many such ships were seen off in Georgia.

And everything was forbidden...

Everything that was a symbol of the Bagrationi blue blood, a noble family, a proud and noble descent, an image of a woman "frozen on the breeze of a lady's fan", sophistication and refinement were all forbidden, and, more importantly, the history of Georgia until 1921.

...And many ships left the shore taking many things away with them for so many years but they left something more essential behind, they left hope and great dreams behind...

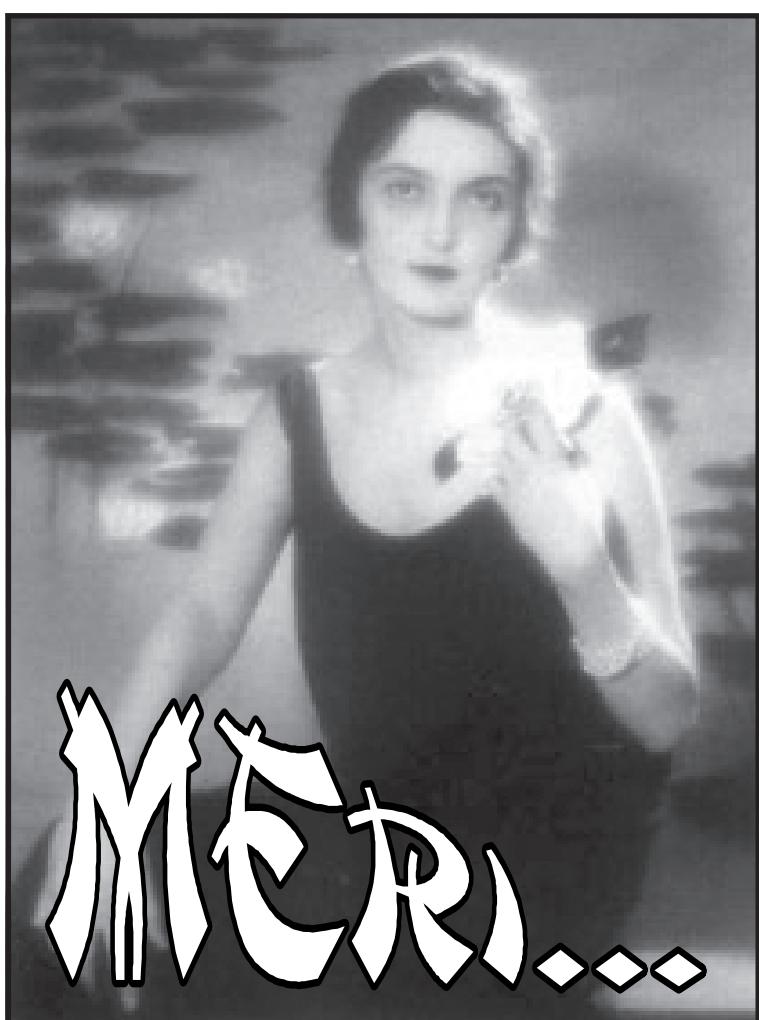
"You got married that night, Meri"... Nobody knows precisely who this poem was dedicated to ... Nobody really wants to know except scholars...

Every Georgian associates the image of Galaktion's "Meri" with Meri Shervashidze's name. This is strange though because she was neither a wellknown public figure nor did she fervently attend the meetings of Georgian emigrants. But she has become a token of lost Georgia, the ideal taken away from the soul and the beauty. She has become a real image that the poems should have been dedicated to and poets should have dreamt of.

Alexander Dumas said, "A person's descent is apparent in the hands, legs and hair; in our understanding aristocracy implies to a great extent refinement, education, spiritual balance and nobleness." Meri Shervashidze's personality was the embodiment of all these character traits. She is remembered as being tall, well built with dark straw-colored eyes and chestnut colored hair, never laughing, only smiling. She had a very narrow circle of friends but everyone who knew her noted her modesty, humbleness and gentleness.

In Paris, Meri Shervashidze settled down in the prestigious sixteenth district in the Rue de La Tour near Boulogne forest in a modest but comfortable apartment.

For a while the family endured hardships. Meri's mother, Nino Mkheidze and her twin sisters, Elene and Tamar lived together with Meri. Nino began to work at one of the famous sewing workshops. After some time the family managed to open a saloon of their own. At this time Meri Shervashidze became the Coco Chanel model. The worldly Parisians particularly noted Meri's style of dress as well as her ability to manifest the beauty bestowed on her by God. Meri's portrait, painted by the famous artist Saveli Sorin,



hangs in the palace of the Prince of Monaco (even though the painter had dedicated the picture to the Georgians).

Her face was also depicted on one of the frescoes in Guria after it had been restored.

The world famous artist, Man Ray, renown for his photography, took Meri's portrait. Eka Japaridze, one of Meri's descendants, gave the photo to us from Man Ray's album.

In 1935, in France, Galaktion Tabidze happened to see Meri Shervashidze by chance. She was sitting in a park in front of the Louvre and was even more beautiful than ever. After this, the poet dedicated a number of poems to "Meri", for us to Meri Shervashidze...

Time passed.... In the eighties the "Sukhishvili" dance ensemble arrived in Paris. One of the solo dancers was the daughter of Meri's cousin, Marina Mkheidze. A meeting was scheduled between them after the performance.

"I came out on the stage from behind the scenes standing in a row together with other dancers and.. The entire row was looking not towards the front, but at the audience. I too looked in this direction and in

the centre of the hall I saw Meri, late for the performance, seating herself..." recalls Marina.

Then, as always, she was beautiful, elegant and majestic...

Gigusha Eristavi passed away at an early age, leaving Meri with no heirs so she raised her sister's children, Constantine and Nino. Unfortunately, "Kotsiko" also died while Nino got married in Nice.

Meri Shervashidze spent the last years of her life in a nursing home. There she had everything; a bright room, a telephone, a nurse who took care of her and even an admirer who presented her with flowers in the dining room every day.

Meri died at the age of 97, retaining her beauty, nobleness and statelessness until the last day of her life.

Everything beautiful is another sign of the manifestation of the Divine. We, human beings, are in eternal search for beauty and ideals here, on earth.... And if you are a little more than a human being you may not have patience and start looking for it somewhere else, even if you have to throw yourself off the second floor to find it.

"And yet, nowhere could I find you, Meri" TEA TOPURIA



From the 8th page please...

tion to the pig's wake. There is the Shatili Monastery which was a safe haven for women and children during times of invasion. There is David Gareja, where one of the Assumption Fathers, St. David, settled.

The small town Ujarma was built in ancient times and used as a residence of Yakh-tang Gorgasali. Gremi is a ancient ruin which many foreign travelers have written about. Alaverdi, a beautiful eleventh century church. Alaverdi is one of the greatest religious centers uniting Kakheti and all Georgia.

In the Academy where Arsen Ika worked in the 12th century and the second most important educational center after the Gelati Academy.

Tsinandali is one of the most romantic places in Kakheti and home of the Chavchavadze family.

Kakheti is one of the provinces richest historical monuments and ancient artifacts found here. An

old Georgian coin discovered in the village of Sakobiano has a special significance in the history of Georgian numismatics. This coin bears resemblance to the coin of Limizma-khe, the King of Trakia and dates back to the third century BC.

There is so much to be seen and explored in this blessed land, churches and fortresses, soaring mountains disappearing into the mist, relics, and the fertile, even medicinal, soil. Yet the main wealth of Kakheti are the colourful Kakhetians themselves. No one can leave Kakheti without first trying chakapuli or khashlama with hot shoti bread.

Throughout the region you can knock on any door for directions and find yourself invited in. Here the fairy tale really begins when one begins to feel the pleasure of drinking the Kakhetian wine. Kakheti and vineyards are inseparable. Wine was even offered here as a sacrifice to God. This wine was called zedashe.

Zedashe means "guardian angel" and at the same time an intermediary between God and man. Zedashe kvevri (clay amphora) was never removed when the family moved to a different place to live, as the Kakhetians believed that this would bring misfortune and a curse upon the family. Zedashe was always a red wine.

Many foreigners have been fascinated by the excellent Ka-khetian wine.

There are eighty different grapes in Kakheti, among them are Saperavi, Rkatsiteli, Mts-vane, Budacheri and Tita. The Kakhetian wines have won numerous international awards, yet the wine seems to taste best in the marani where wine has been pressed.

When you think you have said everything about the province, you realise that it would indeed be impossible. How can one indeed? Kakheti must be seen and loved...

EKA KEVANISHVILI



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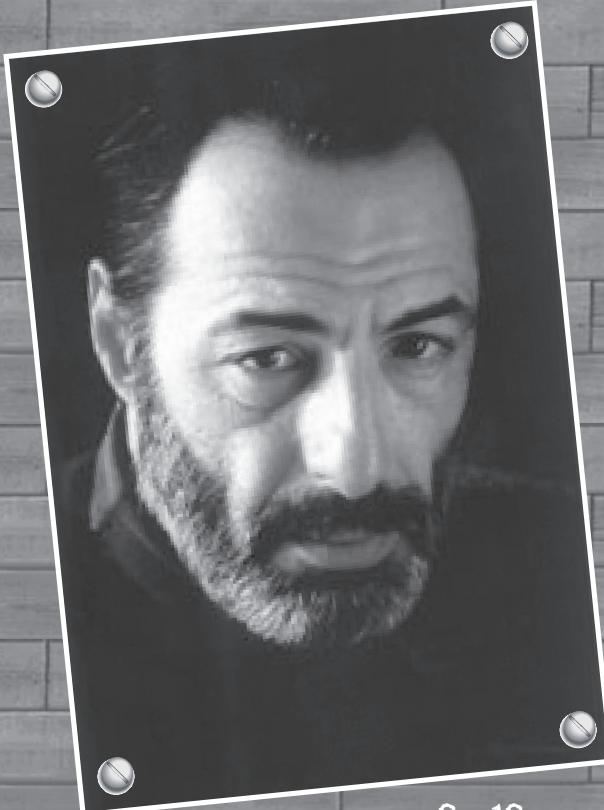
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