ՎՈՐ ԶՈՒՐՏԸՆՏԵՆ ՆԱՐ ՖՈՐԱՆԹԵՐԵՐԻ ԶՈՒՐԸՆՏԵՆ
Ardziv is published by the Armenian Youth Federation of Canada and distributed free of charge within the community for those who strive for the national, social and economic liberation of the Armenian people.

The opinions expressed in Ardziv are not solely and necessarily the opinions of the Armenian Youth Federation of Canada. Ardziv encourages all Armenian youth to express their thoughts freely in this publication.

Financial contributions may be made to the following address:

45 Hallcrown Place
North York, Ontario
M2J 4Y4

Cheques should be made payable to “Ardziv Magazine”

If you would like to contribute to Ardziv, please submit your articles to ardziv@ayfcanada.org. You can also submit your material directly on our website at www.ardziv.org/contribute

Contributors
Tamar Najarian
Talar Tcherkezian
Tamar Patakfalvi
Ara Ghukasyan
Lory Abrakian
Lory Zakarian
Ani Ohannessian
Natalie Makhoulian
Varak Babian
Rupen Janbazian
Sevag Haroutunian
Harout Manougian

Creative Director
Roubina Keushkerian

Editorial Board
Karnig Hasserjian
Rupen Janbazian
Nareh Ghalustians
Nazeeg Haneshian
Talar Tcherkezian

Special Thanks To
Khajag Koulaian
Suzy Mildounian
Lori Sarkisian
Lory Abrakian

Cover: “Zoradz Karer”, Syunik Province, Armenia

YOUR AD HERE
Advertise with Ardziv
email us at ardziv@ayfcanada.org
for more information, visit www.ardziv.org
FOR 70 YEARS, OUR PARENTS AND GRANDPARENTS EXPERIENCED ARMENIA AS A PSEUDO-REALITY.

Kept behind the iron curtain of the Soviet Union, for diasporans, Soviet Armenia could only be experienced through sporadically available examples of music, literature and art. However, when the unthinkable happened on September 21, 1991, the dream of an entire nation spanning the globe came true and as the curtain fell, everything changed.

As years went by, our generation was blessed with growing up in the presence of an independent homeland. Although physically distant from us here in North America, many have had the opportunity to visit Armenia – to embrace its beauty, to courageously walk down the steps of Khor Virap, to pray at Etchmiadzin, to proudly stand at the heels of Sartarabad, to mourn our ancestors at Tsitsernakaberd, and finally, to see, first-hand, the physical evidence of the rich history left behind by our ancestors.

As Armenian youth around the world, our homeland should not merely serve as a touristic site or a place we visit once to check off a list. Educating ourselves about the current situation in Armenia - its social, political, economic and environmental realities - is imperative. Agents of change are persons who show love and dedication toward their respective communities and are determined to bring the fresh ideas needed to help that community progress. It is an individual’s responsibility to give back to the world, as the development of a better present leads to preventing misfortunes and tragedies from occurring in the future. Youth contribution is a responsibility placed on our shoulders by past generations, calling for positive societal change in our homeland.
Զայրեանուն Թուննիդ
Մեղկանչացման Պղնջը

Արդիզ Գուզարան, «Ա. Բազարյան» Հանրապետական
Hamazkayin’s First Worldwide Forum for Armenian University Students was held in Lebanon at the Nishan Palandjian School in Beirut from July 22nd to August 4th 1995.

This cultural exchange united participants from three continents since most of the students came from France, Germany, Canada, the United States of America, Syria, Cyprus and Lebanon.

The schedule was divided into lectures and debates. The participants had a chance to listen to the lecture of professor Richard Hovanessian, that traced the patterns of denial of the Armenian genocide. Other lectures tackled such subjects as the Armenian press and the Armenian reality (Nazareth Berberian), Armenian architecture (Dikran Harmandayan), Armenian theatre (Hrant Markarian), Armenian iconography (Sylvia Agemian) and Armenian music (Melkon Demirjian).

All of these lectures were followed by open debates to which could participate not only the students but any person present at the conferences. The students found that he lectures were paying attention to what they, the students, had to say. One participant recalls: “They were taking notes when we were commenting on an issue, they even gave us an evaluation sheet so we could write our suggestions and comments”.

Besides the lectures, the participants had the occasion to discover the various touristic attractions that Lebanon offers like Baalebek, the cave of Jiita and, of course, the Armenian village of Anjar. They even had the time to enjoy Lebanon’s beaches and nightclubs.

The forum ended leaving everybody satisfied fulfilled and feeling more “Armenian”.

Participants and organizers of the Students’ Forum in front of the Consular Council of Armenia in Beirut.
Ceux qui ont déjà voyage sur les routes du Québec, et qui ont un sens de l'observation aussi pointu que le mien, ont surement remarqué cette fameuse devise qui caractérise notre province : « Je me souviens ». Cette phrase élémentaire qui revient souvent lors des fêtes nationales du Québec semble parler d'une mémoire collective pour tous les Québécois.

Or, pour une jeune Québécoise d'origine arménienne, ces quelques mots ne voulaient rien dire. Je me sentais complètement mise à part de cette société qui m'a pourtant permis de m'épanouir. Ce n'est que tout récemment, lorsque j'ai effectué un voyage en Arménie, apportant avec moi les images que je m'étais conçue au fil des ans, que j'ai enfin pu percer le mystère.

Bien que je n'aie jamais été en Arménie auparavant, dès les premiers pas sur ce petit territoire ancestral, je sentais mon appartenance. Comme si j'étais retournée à la maison. J'ai réalisé que le flot du sang qui coule dans mes veines est identique à celui du courant des rives parcourant les champs d'Ararat. Lors de ma visite, je pouvais pointer du doigt tout bâtiment dans mon patrimoine et expliquer ses origines. L'écho des églises, la noblesse des montagnes, la couleur vive des fruits, l'odeur des mets, bref tout ce qui m'entourait m'était familier sans jamais les avoir vus, ni connus. Ainsi, en découvrant l'origine et la profondeur de mes racines arméniennes, je me suis souvenue de mon identité.

Pourquoi vivais-je ailleurs, dans une province canadienne, où la mémoire collective du peuple ne me disait rien, alors que j'appartenais clairement ici, dans les champs fleuris où l'air doux me transportait dans le temps? Et là, je me suis rappelée mon histoire, celle de ma famille, dont « je me souviens » avec fierté. Au début du siècle dernier, les Turcs réformistes ont voulu déraciner tous les Arméniens et minorités chrétiennes qui habitaient sous leur emprise, incluant ma famille. Ainsi, alors que l'attention des grandes puissances mondiales était convergée sur une Première Guerre mondiale, les Turcs ont mis en marche leur plan d'extermination. C'est ainsi qu'ils se sont approprié nos terres, notre fameux mont Ararat.

À l'aérogare, alors que je ne voulais pas quitter des yeux le majestueux Ararat qui veille sur mon pays même s'il n'est pas des nôtres, j'ai pensé à ma mémoire collective arménienne. Je suis fière d'appartenir à un peuple qui a su comment se ressusciter. Un peuple qui a pu se rétablir dans les quatre coins du monde, et a appris aux nouvelles générations le devoir du souvenir.

Aujourd'hui, de retour au Québec, je vois de plus en plus de parallèles entre nos deux nations : des langues menacées, des voisins hostiles, une quête vers l'indépendance. Par l'entremise de mon voyage en Arménie, j'ai compris que « Je me souviens » n'est pas seulement destiné au peuple québécois quant à son histoire, cet amalgame de mots est un ordre, le souvenir est un devoir qui nous permet de forger notre avenir. « Je me souviens » est un message adressé à nous tous; l'avez-vous reçu, mes pairs?
Անդամներ Օբյեկտային

Հայտնի թվային տեղական կուսակցություն, առաջացնելու իր գործընթացի կառուցված պատմությունը, ապացուցելու իր զարգացման էկոնոմիկ կարգերը, որոնք կոչվում են պալատներ, փուլներ, սևեր, վարկարաններ, գիտահանգստաներ, գիտական կազմակերպություններ, որոնք ենթադմետել իր զարգացման էկոնոմիկ կարգերի. Հայտնի թվային տեղական կուսակցության զարգացման առաջացման էկոնոմիկ կարգերի, որոնք կոչվում են պալատներ, փուլներ, սևեր, վարկարաններ, գիտահանգստաներ, գիտական կազմակերպություններ, որոնք ենթադմետել իր զարգացման էկոնոմիկ կարգերի.
Այստեղ կան տարբեր տեղեկություններ սույն գրքի համար.

Ադրզիվ, տասը պատկերներ պատկերներ և լուծումներ առանձնացնում են մրգի երևանքներ և պահանջ պատմելու բարձր հաճախություն.

Ադրզիվ, տասը պատկերներ պատկերներ և լուծումներ առանձնացնում են մրգի երևանքներ և պահանջ պատմելու բարձր հաճախություն.

Ադրզիվ, տասը պատկերներ պատկերներ և լուծումներ առանձնացնում են մրգի երևանքներ և պահանջ պատմելու բարձր հաճախություն.
I was born on a cold mid-winter day in a hospital with no heating—or so I have been told. Nearly all of my memories of life in Armenia are confined to the small three-year period prior to my parents’ emigration to the United States, during which time my sister and I lived in the suburbs of Echmiadzin with our grandparents.

Though a “suburb” is the appropriate description, it was considerably more urban than the suburb where we lived normally. I make this distinction by virtue of the number of naked children seen out on the street on a daily basis. Most of them (around four to seven years old) were by no means naked in the Christian Children’s Fund sense, but were casually undressed down to their underwear whilst searching the streets for something to play with. Nonetheless, the small dead-end street (ending at our house) was a close-knit community of workers, friends, gossipers, seed eaters, loan givers, loan takers, and just ordinary people. By contrast, the children on my grandparents’ street were almost always fully dressed (Vartevar was a special occasion) and the neighborhood, in general, was a more stable one—socially and structurally (my home street looked like it was a breath away from falling apart).

I remember my grandparents’ house being curiously located at the centre of a seemingly endless stretch of homes that were attached at both sides. According to the unwritten code of the neighborhood kids, the allotted playing area, which was usually the distance between the two furthest kids in either direction during a game of hide and seek, was about seven houses to the right of my grandparents’ and about thirteen to the left of it. Despite spending six days a week in that street from age five to age eight, there were few occasions of venturing further than the area that we were accustomed to. But I do remember, more often than not, receiving a scolding for any time that I did and was caught.

Although the custom of prolonged streetside seating is only survived in Canada by older European women who spend countless hours around a table in their garage—with the door open, of course—most of the houses in Echmiadzin had some kind of bench in the front, which was reserved for this purpose. Perhaps the custom is better credited to the fact that some houses in West Asia and in Europe have front doors that are much closer to the street than those of their counterparts in North America. Nonetheless, it is important to note that around each bench was a field of scattered seed shells, and this was yet another means of determining how neglected the neighborhood was: clean benches and bench surroundings meant that the inhabitants hadn’t entirely relinquished hope of revitalizing their neighborhood, and vice versa. A poetic and somewhat of a naive analysis would dictate that these benches had become a sort of “social window”, and although the lonelier of the crowds were subject to a more literal interpretation of that metaphor, those in the streets with more connected social lives focused less on what went on in front of them and more on what their conversational partner told them about the happenings of the neighborhood.

I remember one particular time when I was sitting on one of my neighbor’s benches and swinging my feet, and eventually decided to see how far across the street I could fling my shoe. However, forgetting one of the more common contingencies of a street—the occasional car—I flung my slipper with just the right accidental timing to allow it to hit the door of a car that was crossing my vision. The car stopped immediately, as if expecting the projectile. The driver cried a few insults in my direction, and then drove away. I walked to up to the street to retrieve my shoe and continued over to the other side, making my way back to my grandparents’ home along the adolescent cherry trees that were planted in a line parallel to the road. I remember, strangely, that I’d developed a taste for the leaves of these trees, despite finding them bitter and repulsive at first. More curiously, however, and ironically perhaps, is the fact that there were no seed shells anywhere near that bench.

There was an old woman who lived in a small house just off our street—she was the source of almost all of the sunflower seeds in the neighborhood. Known to everyone by their Russian name, semuchka, sunflower seeds were as common and arguably as much of a cultural habit as cigarettes; leaving in the wake of their consumption a swarm of
shells, as opposed to tar-soaked butts. A hundred dram and a ten-minute journey from the centre of our street was all that one needed to get enough seeds for a good three-hour, three-person, conversation. They were sold in small, medium, and large newspaper cones, the construction of which was an enigma like no other - definitely a league above that of paper planes. Perhaps there is a drop of irony in the fact that the greatest catalyst of gossip and informal dialogue came (and maybe still does come) wrapped in what was otherwise the most formal method of information delivery. Obviously no one ever read the newspaper pages that the seeds were packaged in, there were plenty of intact newspapers around after all, but I can’t help but wonder if we would have been better off if we had the curiosity to.

As a precautionary measure, the generalization of “all stray dogs are vicious” was commonplace—and rightfully so. But of course this was a favorite scapegoat for any particularly sadistic people, adults and kids, who wouldn’t pass up the chance to take a slingshot and have a go at the dogs—be they a stray or someone’s pet. It was thanks to the stray dogs and cats of the neighborhood that nightfall was an especially ominous occasion. The cats of the nighttime were a more psychological kind of horror for the neighborhood kids, mostly because almost all cats look black in the dark and because they appear and disappear in complete silence. However, as a mere emotional problem, this was easily dismissed by anyone who wasn’t instilled with the nightmarish torment of superstition at a young age. The greatest actual threat that a cat could possibly pose was the transmission of fleas or mange—about ten percent of us at that time had lice, anyway. Dogs were a different story, because, unlike cats, there is a much larger variety of sizes and shapes that dogs can come in, and so nearly every silhouette of a legged creature, draped against the asphalt and propped upright by scattered streetlights was potentially a vicious and territorial canine that was waiting to give chase and sink its filthy teeth into our backsides as we ran. Even knowing that running wasn’t a good option (all it did was provoke the animal), there was little the mind of a six-year-old could do but run, when faced with the entirely physical threat of angry, stampeding jaws.

It’s interesting how we were terrified of being bitten by dogs in the night, while kids in the West were (and probably still are) much more scared of vampires, zombies, and werewolves (I wonder if such a thing is a privilege). Consequently, another one of my most lucid memories is the graveyard that was a few minutes behind my grandparent’s street. I’d only go there in the day, but having grown very accustomed to its solemn and lonely peacefulness, I developed a love for it—still finding it very inviting and comforting, even in the common horror-film setting of nightfall. At the time, however, peace wasn’t really why I went there so often. It was arguably the greatest thrill of my daily life to ride my bike toward the graveyard and arduously pedal up the inclined road that was adjacent to it. Then, turning around and releasing the break, I’d accelerate downward with a force that would propel me halfway back the way I’d come—sometimes catching the attention of dogs that gave chase at the sight of me. This activity was among many forbidden by my grandparents, but, in regular fits of childish rebellion, I’d go over there as often as I could. Such was the nature of all my secretive excursions back in Echmiadzin.
AYF CANADA’S YOUTH CORPS: CAMP VANADZOR 2012

Meet the faces of Vanadzor, former Goriakan. Though economic downfall has severely scarred the city and its people, the children attending AYF Canada’s camp Vanadzor left our participants confident for our country’s future.

The initiative was simple, Canadian-Armenians would travel to the third largest city of Armenia, and they would run a summer camp for the local children. In 2011, AYF Canada ran its first session, where over 90 children attended the camp everyday. This year, we accommodated 12 kids, who played games, learnt English, sang songs, made crafts, all the while getting a sense of patriotism. On the last day, our campers received a full year’s worth of school supplies and dental care. The gratification in their eyes left our volunteers teary-eyed and hopeful for a prompt return.

As participants, the most difficult part of this experience was knowing that these children will either eventually leave the country, which provides them little or no opportunity, or will live struggling to make ends meet everyday. Though it is a harsh truth to live by, the fact remains that the diaspora must be aware of these realities if we hope to ever truly make a difference.

Like AYF Canada’s Camp Vanadzor, we get to see the real Armenia, after all the glitz and glamour. We get to see the real Armenia, after all the tourism and the sense of longing the diasporans feel about their ancestral land. These faces make up the real Armenia, and the future has never looked so bright...

When I registered to be part of AYF Canada’s youth corps program, I knew that it was going to be a different experience because I was going to witness first hand the daily life of the Armenian people. Though, it has only been 2 weeks that we are in Armenia, touring its different regions from Artsakh, to Javakhk, even living in our great country: Armenia.

Outside Yerevan, the major cities lack considerable finances. The roads are not maintained, the buildings in smaller villages are even worse. People live in unhinnkeable conditions and a select few enjoy the good life in Yerevan.

It seems that the general population is very dissatisfied with the current government. Most of the men leave their family to go work in Russia for months at a time. Some young families just move to Russia because there is little or no job opportunities outside the capital. The corruption level has risen substantially since Serj Sargsyan came to power, and it seems to me that Armenians have lost hope in their country and they prefer leaving it, rather than demand a change. In all fairness, I cannot blame them...

Today, there are roughly 2 million people living in Armenia, though the government claims much more. Our own people are leaving our country at an alarming rate because of the corruption. I think to myself... what will the future of Armenia be like given a crumbling infrastructure, an almost non-existent economy, a corrupted government and decreasing number of citizens?

This is a serious issue that should be discussed throughout the diaspora...

- Natalie Makhoulian

Uzbek | Uzbek 2012 | 12
Naturally, our group was incredibly excited to finally land in Armenia. We were all relatively exhausted when we landed, yet somehow still had the energy to want to walk around Yerevan, find a place to eat, meet up with a few Bedani leaders, and lastly take a million pictures on the first night. As our tour began, I was incredibly excited to visit particular landmarks, as well as important historical sites. Contrary to the rest of the group, this was my first time being in the motherland. In my eyes, Armenia was and still is beautiful, regardless of its faults, tragedies, and living conditions. I felt privileged to have gone with Youth Corps, as our group was able to see some magnificent sites that most people visiting Hayasdan probably don't always get the chance to.

Hayasdan was everything I imagined and more; it was all my Hayots Badmoutian classes coming to life. I feel as though I should thank Baron Moushegh Karakashian for all his wonderful lessons, and most importantly all his patience during Armenian Class for constantly reiterating Armenian History to those of us who thought we knew it all. There were definitely areas where our group became emotional. Some particular sights were tough to handle, others we would just embrace gracefully, regardless of where we were, Ararat, one of our fellow group members would casually educate us all about the significance of the area or landmark, ensuring we had the appropriate knowledge before, after, and in between the sight we were to visit.

Running the camp was some experience. As individuals may or may not know, we were denied the use of the college. Unfortunately for the kids, we had to run the camp outside in the ayiki, in the scorching heat. As a result, we had to cut hours; as it later became unbearable. Despite our difficulties, we ran the camp as best as we could. Fortunately, the ayiki gave us tremendous amounts of exposure. Our initial cap for children was approximately 90; we ended up having close to 131 children. Camp was tiring, but very rewarding. We had some good days, some bad days, some tough days full of challenges, but mostly we had rewarding days.

Our group consisted of seven persons, which may seem relatively little; however, we were full of personality, character, hard work, and more. It truly has been a pleasure to not only be able to work with these hard working bunch but to know them as individuals as well.

Lory Abrak [L&L] for never giving up, and allowing the group to continuously move forward despite the several hiccups we jumped through; Ararat for repetitively educating the group, and refreshing our history; Serge [S+] for being our much needed comic relief; Lori Z. [GS Lory] spreading joy through her contagious smile and laugh; Natalie [DR.], for playing the role of mom, Dr., friend, group member, but most importantly mom!!; Naseej [NNAWZ], to whom I became closest to, and have formed an unforgettable bond, with incredible and unforgettable memories, aka Team Ontario!

- Ani Ohannesian
10 Places to check out in Armenia

Whether you are going to visit for a few weeks or plan on staying for an extended trip, here are ten places that should definitely be on your list to check out while in Armenia...

ZORADZ KARER

Armenia’s Stonehenge goes by the name of “Zoradz Karer” or “Karahunj”. It is estimated that the “Zoradz Karer” predate the Stonehenge in London by thousands of years. The similarity of the stones lies in the circular patterns, and in the mystery of their purpose. Theories as to their purpose abound, and range from the astronomical to ceremonial, but nothing is known for sure. The “Zoradz Karer” consist of roughly hewn rocks standing in at least two elliptical and overlapping circles. Many of the stones have holes carved through near their tops, contributing to the theory of their use in observing the stars. In the centre of the circle, large flat boulders can be found with small chambers underneath. The site is a couple hundred meters off of the highway, by Sisian, and it’s worth stopping to take a look in amazement, trying to figure out what people were thinking so many thousands of years ago when they arranged these heavy boulders out onto this field.

THE MATENADARAN

The Matenadaran (or the Mesrop Mashtots Institute of Ancient Manuscripts) is an ancient manuscript repository located in Yerevan, Armenia. It holds one of the world’s richest depositories of medieval manuscripts and books which span a broad range of subjects, including history, philosophy, medicine, literature, art history and cosmography in Armenian and many other languages. The Matenadaran is in possession of a collection of nearly 17,000 manuscripts and 30,000 other documents. The Armenian collection at the Matenadaran is abundantly rich in manuscripts dealing in all fields of the humanities, but particularly historiography and philosophy. The writings of classical and medieval historians Movses Khorenatsi, Yeghishe and Aristakes Lastivertsi are preserved here, as are the legal, philosophical and theological writings of other notable Armenian figures. The preserved writings of Grigor Narekatsi and Nerses Shnorhali at the Matenadaran form the cornerstone of medieval Armenian literature.
TSAGHKADZOR

Tsaghkadzor is a spa town and a popular health resort in Armenia located north of Hrazdan in the Kotayk province. The infrastructure of tourism is highly developed in Tsaghkadzor, with many luxurious hotels, resorts and amusement facilities. The Tsaghkadzor ski resort, which was recently fully modernized, is located just above the town, on a height of 1750 meters above sea level. The Olympic Sports Complex of Tsaghkadzor was built specifically for the preparation of the Soviet athletes for the 1968 Summer Olympic Games in Mexico. Today, the sports complex (which was thoroughly overhauled in 2008) opens its doors to all visitors. The complex provides training facilities for 35 types of sports. It consists of a football stadium, swimming and diving pools, a ski run piste, several indoor sport halls and facilities for many other types of sports.

SERGEI PARAJANOV MUSEUM

The Sergei Parajanov Museum is a tribute to Soviet Armenian director and artist Sergei Parajanov and is one of the most popular museums in Yerevan. It represents Parajanov’s diverse artistic and literary heritage. The museum was founded in 1988 when Parajanov moved to Yerevan. Parajanov himself chose the place and construction project of museum. The museum is situated in a traditional Caucasian-style building and consists of two floors. Comprising some 1,400 exhibits, the museum’s collection includes installations, collages, assemblages, drawings, dolls and hats. The museum also showcases unpublished screenplays, librettos and various artworks which Parajanov created while in prison. According to the “Rediscovering Armenia” guide, “the best museum in Yerevan is small and idiosyncratic, the would-be final home of famed Soviet filmmaker Sergei Parajanov”.

THE ARF ARAM MANOUGIAN YOUTH CENTRE

The ARF Aram Manougian Youth Centre opened its doors on May 27, 2010, on the eve of the 92nd anniversary of the establishment of the first independent republic of Armenia, on May 28, 1918. Named after the forefather of the Democratic Republic of Armenia, the ARF Aram Manougian Youth Centre is located on 38 Gulbenkian Street in Yerevan, and is home to the Central Executives of the Armenian Youth Federation of Armenia, the Administrative Council of the Armenian Youth Federation Juniors (Badanegan) of Armenia, the ARF Nigol Aghpalian Student Association of Armenia, as well as the Youth Office of the ARF Bureau. The state of the art, multi-story building is outfitted with several meeting and conference rooms, as well as interactive spaces for the youth. As an open space for all Armenian youth, the ARF Aram Manougian Youth Centre’s purpose is to unite the Armenian youth and help foster their intellectual, political and social needs in one place.
THE CAFESJIAN CENTER FOR THE ARTS

The Cafesjian Center for the Arts (CCA), inspired by the vision of its founder, Mr. Gerard L. Cafesjian, offers a wide variety of exhibitions, derived from Mr. Cafesjian’s own extensive collection of contemporary art. Having celebrated its grand opening in November 2009, CCA continues to exhibit unique works of modern art and offers a diverse program of visiting lecturers, films, concerts, and numerous educational initiatives for adults and children. The Cafesjian Center for the Arts is a must see for any visitor to Armenia, attracting over 1,200,000 visitors in 2011 alone. The CCA is housed within the well-known Cascade.

DILIJIAN

Dilijan is a spa town in Armenia, located in the northern Armenian province of Tavush. It is one of the most important resorts of Armenia, situated in Dilijan National Park. The forested and reclusive city is home to numerous Armenian artists, composers, and filmmakers and features some traditional Armenian architecture. Sharambeyan Street has been preserved and maintained as an “old town,” complete with craftsman’s workshops, a gallery and a museum. Hiking, mountain biking, and picnicking are popular recreational activities.

ARENI VILLAGE

Areni is a village in the Vayots Dzor Province of Armenia that is best known for its wine production. The church of Saint Astvatsatsin is a single-nave two-aisled domed Armenian church completed in the year 1321, and is located atop a plateau overlooking the Arpa River and Areni. Nearby are also the 13th century ruins of Lord Tarsaithch Orbelian of Syunik’s palace, moved from Yeghegis to Areni during that time. Ruins of a 13th century bridge built by Bishop Sarkis in 1265-1287 are one kilometer northeast of the church. One of the major highlights of Areni is the recently excavated Areni-1 cave complex. The cave has offered surprising new insights into the origins of modern civilizations, such as evidence of a wine-making enterprise and an array of culturally diverse pottery. Excavations also yielded an extensive array of Copper Age artifacts dating to between 6,200 and 5,900 years ago. The new discoveries within the cave move early bronze-age cultural activity in Armenia back by about 800 years. Additional discoveries at the site include metal knives, seeds from more than 30 types of fruit, remains of dozens of cereal species, rope, cloth, straw, grass, reeds and dried grapes and prunes. In January 2011 archaeologists announced the discovery of the earliest known winery, the Areni-1 winery, seven months after the world’s oldest leather shoe, the Areni-1 shoe, was discovered in the same cave. The winery, which is over six-thousand years old, contains a wine press, fermentation vats, jars, and cups.
MALKHAS JAZZ CLUB: YEREVAN, PUSHKIN ST.
The Malkhas Jazz Club is a laid-back club with two levels; a bar upstairs and a lounge in the basement where the bands perform. It also serves excellent food, including steaks, pork chops and pasta, plus a full range of drinks. Owner Levon Malkhasian is considered the father of Armenian jazz – he has a huge library of jazz books and CDs and often closes the club in the daytime so young musicians can rehearse. Malkhasian even performs himself on most nights!

TATEV MONASTERY
Tatev Monastery is a ninth-century Armenian monastery located on a large basalt plateau near the Tatev village in Syunik Province in southern Armenia. The term “Tatev” usually refers to the monastery. It stands on a plateau on the edge of the deep gorge of the Orotan (Vorotan) River. It became the bishopric seat of Syunik and played a significant role in the history of the region as a centre for economic, political, spiritual and cultural activity. In 1995, the monasteries of Tatev, Tatevi Anapat and their adjacent areas of the Vorotan Valley were added to the tentative list of World Heritage Sites of United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO). In October 2010, Armenia launched the world’s longest reversible aerial tramway, a 5750 m long cable-car, as part of its effort to revive tourism in the area. This link, named the Wings of Tatev, connects the village of Halidzor with the Tatev Monastery.
As I put pen to paper, I close my eyes. I am hoping to envision a feeling, a moment. I am revved up by melancholy and the warmth of emotion as I long to conjure a short story. A brief snapshot of my consciousness- coloured in an array of shades, wafting with vibrant scents, the intangible heat of summer months and fragments of haunting conversation. With feet planted firmly in the New World, I am in Shushi… With my heart in the Old World, I am in Artsakh…

I can say that I have been here before. Before luck allowed for it to come about in the physical sense, I crossed the continents in dream like reverie and made bonds and connections without even being mindful of them. Second hand stories are told about many in my generation, hoisted up on paternal shoulders chanting “Karabakhuh mern eh” as we were used almost as accessories in community activism with the placards that dwarfed us in hand. I look back now with the exhales of satisfaction, and shudder at the fear of it all being taken away- a ghoul that haunts me in effervescent nightmares.

I have read much of the ink that has been spilled about the geopolitical state that our blessed homeland is in and I do not even attempt to parallel such well-constructed words and conceptions. I am just thankful for the chance to indulge in a plunge back, a few short months ago, and attempt to articulate some of the emotions, sensations and sentiments that I was fortunate to experience.

****

I stare at the table. It’s been an arena for nutrients and dialogue for the last 3 days. Ophelia greets me with a comforting gaze. Tiredness is etched on her face, yet the role of the doting mother is still acted out- almost robotically. She hands me a coffee, accompanied with a familiar, rose tinted smile. As I write this, I remember the smile and can invoke it in my mind’s eye. We were introduced during my first breakfast in their home, where she had offered me tea, and I had happily obliged. Moments later, she brought me a coffee treating me to that layered smile. Her eyes must have caught my not so subtle, wistful glance at the coffee being imbibed by another guest. She seemed all knowing in that moment. That was my first breakfast, and now I am enjoying my last. I stand proud on the 3rd floor balcony, peeking over the bannister with morning shaped hair. I place myself in the everyday of this home, and imagine it for a moment as mine. I attempt to observe the city like it was a daily ritual, just another casual Thursday morning. I replay the conversations from the night before. The homeowners are potential sellers: 40 k was the asking price. Their health needs consistent upkeep, their children have settled in Moscow. They’re thinking about joining them, to be close to their grandchildren.

I finally meet Smpad. Our separate windows of time had never been unshuttered at once. I had brought a bottle of vodka and flowers as a
welcoming gift. He grips the bottle of vodka as he enters the common space. His grey pierced face seasoned with long winters and blustery times. He approaches me with an undershirt and that automatically reminds me of my father. I wish he was here with me. His weathered shoulders exposed, inked chest on display. After affable hellos, we sit across from each other and the dialogue is effortless. I speak about my time spent in Artsakh, how I feel at home here. I tell him about being able to see the front lines, how real everything was. How the threat of violence was almost tangible. He stresses the importance of unity, how Karabakh will always be ours. The statement triggers the nostalgia of my own “Karabakhuh mern eh” chants, held up high on proud shoulders…

We continue to discuss passions and find our shared love of literature. He explains how he always wanted to be a writer. He felt like his own writing would never live up to the sincerity of literature he’s used to expecting. After enjoying our coffee, we move on to a different liquid. Somewhere between a personal biography and Artsakh’s geopolitical stance, the vodka has started flowing, and now the final drinks had been poured and the bottle lead to its demise. We toast future generations, present Armenia, a love for Artsakh’s soil and the need for a place like Shushi. We conclude one of the very few, very true breakfast of champions and Smpad makes me pledge a promise. To promise never to forget him, to return one day, to pick up right where we left off… and to lay my emotions out on the written page.

I don’t think the first request is even possible, and the truth is- I often float back, under the cover of nightfall on the wing of visions and dreams. I can only hope to keep my third promise and come face to face once more to pick up, right where we had left off. And you have all indulged me, as I have clumsily tried to put on paper a series of feelings, thoughts and impressions.

Aartsakh I love you, I miss you… I will return.
Growing up in the Armenian Community of Toronto, the love for my nation and my people was instilled within me from a very young age. Over the years, I have been a very active member of numerous community organizations and initiatives, through which I have been able to give back to my community. However, it soon became clear to me that volunteering locally was not enough, and that it was time to give back to my homeland directly. I was lucky enough to volunteer in Armenia for three months last year. My experiences there were very rewarding, as I was able to contribute to my country directly for the first time, in a setting very different than the one I was used to growing up in Toronto. Upon my return to Canada, I would constantly think about my time spent in Armenia and how I could better engage with what is happening in our nation, and to actively to be a part of its development and progress.

I came across an advertisement for the ARF Eastern Region sponsored summer internship program at the Permanent Mission of Armenia to the United Nations by chance, during my lunch break at work. I thought it would be interesting to apply, since volunteering at the United Nations would provide yet another platform from where I could contribute to my country and my people. Moreover, the internship would create the opportunity to experience work within the international arena; something that has been a life-long dream for me. My acceptance to the internship program was not only humbling, but also made me appreciate the opportunities made available for Armenian youth around the world who are willing to contribute their time and efforts for the betterment of Armenia.

I arrived in New York and was greeted by six other young and ambitious Armenians from around the world, ready to make a difference. Representatives of both the Eastern and Western United States, Canada, the United Kingdom and Artsakh, each with a distinct educational and community background, coming together with a common goal to learn and to apply our knowledge to help our nation. Under the direct and careful care of the Permanent Representative of the Republic of Armenia to the United Nations, H.E. Mr. Garen Nazarian, we were given a thorough and detailed study of the United Nations: its structure, its rules of procedure, and its charter. Moreover, Ambassador Nazarian personally provided an in-depth understanding of the Mission and all the important work it carries within the United Nations.

During our internship, we had the opportunity to meet several inspiring Armenian individuals working within the United Nations, and had the privilege of discussing numerous important issues pressing the Armenian people today. These individuals, who hold important and prestigious positions within the United Nations, took time out of their busy schedules to sit down and speak to us about their work, and provided significant insight into the inner workings of the organization. Over the past month, we have also had the honour to meet with several community leaders, activists, and other prominent Armenians, in order to have a better understanding of the very important relationship between the Republic of Armenia and the Armenian Diaspora. These individuals proved the strong will of the Armenian people and our continuous determination to achieve our nation’s prosperity.

The summer internship program at the Permanent Mission of Armenia to the United Nations proved to be a rewarding experience on several different levels. First and foremost, the internship provided the opportunity for young Armenians from around the world to obtain a thorough and detailed understanding of our nation’s role within the international arena, and the chance to work within the world’s only truly universal global organization. Secondly, the internship allowed for seven talented and educated young Armenians from different walks of life to live together and develop lifelong friendships for many years to come. Lastly, our time spent in New York gave us the opportunity to meet truly inspiring individuals who prove to us, once again, that the Armenian people have made significant and lasting impacts regardless of which part of the world they have ended up in. We are lucky to have such organizations as the ARF that provide a platform for young Armenians who are willing to make a difference for their nation. All the avenues are available...It is up to all young Armenians to actively try to be a part of our nation’s growth.
Աշխատանքային հիմնական

Հարուստ

«Աշխատանքային հիմնականը հուզել էր նրանց բնապատկերի մեջ...»

Աշխատանքային հիմնականը ձգեց իր շուրջանքը,
Երբ գրանցված էր իր միջոցներով,
Ավելի վարդագույն, որոշակիորեն երկար,
«Ուսնում...Երբ գրեց տղա, է...»

Աշխատանքային հիմնականը ձգեց իր շուրջանքը,
Երբ գրանցված էր իր միջոցներով,
Ավելի վարդագույն, որոշակիորեն երկար,
«Ուսնում...Երբ գրեց տղա, է...»

Արձիվ, ուժեղի, բարելավ էր հաճախ,
Աշխատանքային հիմնականը ձգեց իր շուրջանքը,
Ավելի վարդագույն, որոշակիորեն երկար,
«Ուսնում...Երբ գրեց տղա, է...»

Արձիվ, ուժեղի, բարելավ էր հաճախ,
Աշխատանքային հիմնականը ձգեց իր շուրջանքը,
Ավելի վարդագույն, որոշակիորեն երկար,
«Ուսնում...Երբ գրեց տղա, է...»

- Ա. Մարուկյան
Թերութ, 2012
The Armenian Youth Federation of Canada and its Alumni present

ALUMNI REUNION DANCE

NOVEMBER 17TH, 2012
DOORS OPEN 7:30PM

17 ՅՈՒՆԵՍՏԵՐ 2012 | ՍՐԵԲՐԻՆՔ 7:30-ՆՌ

Featuring
Onnik Dinkjian - Vocals
John Berberian - Oud
Mal Barsamian - Clarinet
Bruce Jigarjian - Guitar
Jason Naroian - Dumbeg

Tickets - $50

For tickets call: Razmig Tchakmakian - 647 286 9136
Pam Sabounji - 905 764 0751
or email simon.zavarian@ayfcanada.org

All Proceeds to benefit AYF Canada Programs

Hotel Reservations at Radisson Toronto East
55 Hallcrown Place | 416-493-7000
Mention: “AYF Group”

Armenian Community Centre | 45 Hallcrown Place | Toronto, Ontario
Երիտասարդական ակումբ Սևանում է 2012-ի նոյեմբերի 28-ին հիմնվել և այսօր է գործում.

2012-ի նոյեմբերի 28-ին հիմնվել և այսօր է գործում Սևանի Երիտասարդական ակումբ.

Սևանի Երիտասարդական ակումբ Սևանի համայնքում հիմնվել է 2012-ի նոյեմբերի 28-ին.

Սևանի Երիտասարդական ակումբ Սևանի համայնքում հիմնվել է 2012-ի նոյեմբերի 28-ին.
Ամենաժամանակակիցների բոլոր լուրջարանները իրականացնում են աշխատանքը արդարացման տեխնիկաներով։ Տեղեկություններ: Պատմական ժամանակաշրջանի ստվերների, նկարների մշակույթը։

Այս թեմայում մենք ենթադրենք, որ հայկական հասարակության մեջ էլ ենթադրում քաղաքականություն։

Հայ ուժում, միւս ուժ։ Միասնականությունը է հրաժարվում սարքավորվելու, հաղթանակային գլխավոր և հաշույթ էր երկար պատմական ավանդույթային կրոնականությանը։

Ardziv | Fall 2012 | 27
ardziv needs your support...

www.ardziv.org/donate