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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.

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Summertime is often on the Canadian conscience.

With long stretches of restless weather realities, summer always comes too late and leaves too early. We wait with baited breath for the long days, tranquil attitudes and a certain sense of freedom.

For an increasing number of us summer-starved Canadians, having a passport stamped with EVN isn’t an uncommon reality; a reality that was nowhere near as attainable some twenty-odd years ago. As many of us spend our summers chasing views of Ararat, do we stop and appreciate the reality of our country; our free and independent Armenia?

We certainly appreciate the freedom to come and go as we like and we often appreciate the opportunity to leave our mark behind. Many appreciate the potential of what could be, but so many more draw their appreciation of what was.

We appreciate the reality of this land, but appreciate it as one does from afar: through the lens of childhood memories and beautiful images. We do this through the poems we have learned to recite, the songs we love to sing and the silhouette of Mt. Ararat that we absentmindedly trace onto book covers and empty notepads.

Like summertime in the Canadian jet stream, so often our time with Armenia underfoot is a connection that has been drawn through summer-soaked adventures and experiences, not an organic reality.

The reality would be Armenia without Yerevan’s sun-drenched cafes, but its long winter months that make our Canadian Januaries pale in comparison. So many of us have an Armenia in our suspended reality that begs to ask a million questions that we are not yet ready to answer: Should diasporan outreach be welcomed or could it be a crutch? Should we favour immediate foreign investment or opt for the slow building of infrastructure?

There is an undeniable disconnect with modern Armenia. Are summertime jaunts the only way to keep the connection immediate and under our feet?

Summertime forever… Armenia forever…
Արդզիվ թարգմանիչ իր «Փիլավճեան» ամսագրի, հայերեն գրական ավերածության համար սպասարկումը շատ կարևոր է Արդզիվ թարգմանիչ իր «Փիլավճեան» ամսագրի արդարացման համար այս պատմության ակտիվ մասնակցության համար ենթադրվում է, որ Արդզիվ թարգմանիչը նաև իր աշխատանքի վերջինը պատմություն է պատմում։

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Արդզիվ magazine welcomes mail from our readers. Please feel free to send your comments, ideas, suggestions or concerns to ardziv@ayfcanada.org /Ardziv magazine - 45 Hallcrown Place, Toronto, Ontario M2J 4Y4
By: Lena Tachdjian

When I went to my first farmer’s market in Canada, I did not know what to expect. What I found was a clean and organized system, with labeled produce from every farmer laid out on a table with clear prices. It was a great way to meet people actually growing food, to see what was in season and, of course, to learn about fruits and vegetables I had never seen or eaten before, usually at much better prices.

When I try to describe an Armenian farmer’s market, or shuga, I find that I contradict myself constantly. After a long day of meeting farmers at the shuga to pick up produce for Go Green Armenia, I am sometimes bitter at how disorganized and chaotic they are. People keep their produce on the floor, yell out what they have in the smoke-filled-air, and literally push you out of their way as they rush off to different booths. There is also everyone's greatest fear: the men steering the massive carts to move around heavy produce who have a "If you don't see us coming behind you and move, we will run you over" mentality. I have seen them run over screaming men, women, and children while yelling out “Janabar!” and know that it is just a matter of time before I share the same fate.

When I first began going regularly, I was always a little timid, apologizing when people pushed me around, feeling like I was in everyone’s way, and feeling very exposed as everyone there could automatically spot the non-local and was suspicious as to why I was there. But since my co-worker and I have begun to have a regular presence there, our names are now called out the moment we enter, with farmers asking what we are looking for. I now feel the shugas have a “where everybody knows your name” sense of welcome to them. We still get pushed around, though.

The Armenian authentic shugas (no weekend 2-hour nonsense here) are crowded, hectic, and stressful, and I find myself dreading it when a farmer asks me to meet him or her there. At the same time, Armenian shugas are absurd, fun, and adventurous, and I guarantee they are like nothing you have ever seen before. The people there can be rude, impatient, and often try to trick people about prices and sometimes have fake scales with them. They can also be generous and often give you a little extra, are helpful, and no matter how busy they are, make the time—without fail—to ask my co-worker and I if we are Syrian-Armenians, and welcome us to Armenia. I have also seen people publicly shame those who carry fake scales. They are sometimes in active competition with each other and argue publicly and loudly, and other times work together and encourage customers to shop at their comrades’ booths.

The farmers travel to different shugas every day from their villages, organizing their areas for hours, hoping to sell all of their produce by the end of the night. They are sometimes present at two or three shugas daily, packing up and going from one to the next, depending on the time. The produce they bring is locally grown, at much better prices than any supermarket, and is usually of a much higher quality—with the soil still on the root vegetables. Visiting these shugas is a great way to see what farmers do daily to sell their produce and compete with chain supermarkets, and to see what is actually being grown in Armenia itself. While I will continue to buy imported items like oranges from Georgia every now and then, the experience really set in stone for me that buying an imported apple from a conveniently located nearby shop makes absolutely no sense when they are being grown—and sold—in Armenia.

When someone asks me about Armenian shugas or is curious to go to one, depending on the day and experience, I end up giving them completely opposing ideas, encouraging them to come but also warning them relentlessly. I tell them about the “closed” shuga, the option most tourists opt for that is all indoors, where every person has their own table with their produce laid out. This is where things are neat, calm, have a clear system, and where you will also find items that are in no way grown in Armenia, such as avocados and bananas. I describe this one as the “safe” shuga, where stray cats are even kicked out to keep the area as seemingly clean as possible. I used to think these were the authentic shugas, when a co-worker brought me to one, until I ventured outside and saw for myself the reality of the shuga-unplugged.
I have visited six in different areas, but once heard the rumor of the 24-hour shuga outside of Yerevan, as well as the one that begins at 4 a.m. I knew I had to see them for myself. I went with the only expectation (or hope) that it could not be more chaotic than the ones I had been to, and ventured out with my co-worker in the middle of the night, with flashlights, notebooks, and canvas bags. The 24-hour one was absolutely huge, with most farmers coming with their trucks full of produce, and where trying to buy five kilograms of tomatoes was met with laughter, as they explained that you buy things here in tons, or “meshoks.” The one that began at 4 a.m. was a little eerie, and those flashlights were definitely needed, but I noticed that it also had the “safe” closed option.

I realized one day that my experience with the shugas, and my inability to explain them without sounding like two different people, was, for me, largely representative of Armenia itself. On a good day, when someone would ask me why I chose to stay in Armenia, what I would hear coming out of my mouth sounded like something you would find in a tour guide book—a very romantic image of a place. On frustrating days, when my sister would e-mail me asking about coming to visit, my three-page response would be banned from her work address (company name withheld) because it violated their “language policy.”

To say it is a different experience than going to the ones in Canada is an understatement. However, I find myself somehow preferring the Armenian version, with all of its disorganization and absurdity, as there is something so much more authentic and incredible about it. In many ways, I feel that the contradiction of the shugas represent my entire relationship towards Armenia itself—where you take the positive with the negative, and simply look at it as a real place with real problems, but where, more often than not, spectacular examples of generosity, strong will, and kindness greet you. The shugas are also a harrowing and important reminder of what farmers must do daily in order to sell their produce. This was the main reason behind co-founding Go Green Armenia, where the aim is to support farmers by buying, marketing, and delivering their produce directly to people in Yerevan, making it as convenient as possible to buy locally grown produce.

As chaotic as these shugas may be (they are not for the faint of heart or those prone to claustrophobia), you learn to take the good with the bad and go there for adventure, and begin to understand what the lives of Armenian farmers entail. To those curious to see the shugas first-hand in all of their glory, here’s some advice: Know the Russian names for corn, tomatoes, potatoes, and lettuce. Always carry small change with you. Don’t go in with too much stuff (you will be pushed around relentlessly). Always, always look over your shoulder, and when you hear the word “Janabar!” don’t think twice—just run! □
By: Harout Kassabian, "Simon Zavarian" chapter

"Wikipedia is the best thing ever. Anyone in the world can write anything they want about any subject. So you know you are getting the best possible information" –Michael Scott, The Office

For those who aren’t familiar with the television show The Office, Michael Scott is the naïve and incompetent district manager of the show. He is being serious, which makes it that much more funny to watch.

Wikipedia is off-limits as a source for academic papers, since the very nature of the website, which Michael believes makes it an excellent reference, makes it easy to cast doubt on the degree of accuracy in its articles.

Ignoring the fact that it can never measure up to traditional academic sources, I enjoy Wikipedia. I like to learn new things and Wikipedia is good at answering the random questions that pop in my head. What is the full story of the Civil War of Lebanon? What is the life expectancy rankings based on country? Where exactly do one Ocean end and the other begin? Which film won the most Academy Awards in 1998? It hasn’t failed me yet.

During one night of ‘wiki-hopping’ from one article to the next, I began reading about World War II and quickly gained a much deeper understanding of the multiple dimensions of the war: The build up to the conflict, the many battles that took place on the eastern and western fronts and the eventual collapse of the Axis powers. I went down the rabbit hole of this intense period of history and kept opening new articles until I finally landed on the page of man named Raphael Lemkin.

Most Armenians are familiar with the name Lemkin. He, of course, is the man who first coined the term ‘genocide’. His name and legacy often comes up when countering the common arguments of the deniers of the Armenian Genocide.

How can anyone say that the Armenian Genocide was just part of a conflict, call is a mistake or even label it as a conspiracy by all-powerful diasporan -Armenian lobbies, when Lemkin had this to say: “I became interested in genocide because it happened so many times. It happened to the Armenians and after the Armenians Hitler took action.” These famous words from a 1949 CBS interview are now available to watch for all online.

I had heard Lemkin’s name several times over the years; in my high school Hai Tad class, at the agoump and at countless different gatherings and reading regarding the subject. But when I scrolled through his page and got to the end, I read something that I had not heard before - Lemkin’s funeral was attended by only seven people.

My brows furrowed. This man spoke at the United Nations, was featured on CBS News, was obviously well respected and even had his own Wikipedia article. This must have been a factual error that fell through the cracks of Wikipedia’s open editing system that purists dismiss as the ‘nightmare of academia...’

Alas, my momentary distrust in Wikipedia was premature and unnecessary. It was true. There were indeed only seven people present at a Jewish cemetery in the Flushing neighborhood of Queens, as Raphael Lemkin was laid to rest; a penniless man with barely any possessions to his name.

***

Lemkin was a learned man. He took up studies in France, Italy and finally Germany, earning a doctorate in Theology. He worked as a lawyer and professor at various points of his life. A polyglot - he could speak nine languages and read fourteen.

He started his career in Warsaw at the Court of Appeals as a public prosecutor. He quickly rose through the ranks to prominence for his brilliance in breaking down, interpreting and applying the law. During this time, he started reading about the terrible massacre of the Armenians during the First World War at the hands of the Ottomans. From then, he sought to deter and prevent ‘the crime without a name.’

He attended lectures and conferences and spoke to the likes of Emil Stanislaw Rappaport about his work and theories. He believed peace can be maintained and protected through criminal prosecution. Why shouldn’t those who cause hell on earth be brought to justice and deter the other threats to the world?

In 1933, Lemkin presented his proposal to the League of Nations to create a legal framework to protect minorities from those who indiscriminately threaten them. This international document was never passed. The League did not want to rattle too many cages and get other nations, namely Germany, up in arms over the strong language used denouncing and punishing these crimes. Poland was keen to stay on Hitler’s good side, so the correct political move was to strip Lemkin of his title. He continued in the field of law in the private sector.
History views the League of Nations as a failure, due to their policy of using appeasement to deescalate and avoid another world war (they had one job...and failed!). The rejection of Lemkin’s proposal was the cherry on top of the lopsided, poorly-propped, multi-tier cake that was this international body.

Lemkin knew of Hitler’s aspirations and tried to stop them. Instead he was ignored and Germany took Europe by surprise. Peace was not on Hitler’s mind and his army was soon invading Warsaw, Lemkin’s hometown. He was forced to flee and hide in the forest for six months before fleeing to the United States. Three-million Polish Jews were not as lucky. He later learned at the Nuremberg Trials that this figure included forty-nine members of his own family.

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Lemkin’s life in the United States saw further advancement in his academic career and in international law. At this point of the Wikipedia article, I still wonder how the end of Lemkin’s life was met with little acknowledgement.

He taught international law in various prestigious schools, but continued researching and advocating for the recognition of the new word. As the Nazi horrors unfolding before the world’s eyes, he was persistent and ever more determined to ensure that the crime of genocide was properly identified as distinct from acts of war and its perpetrators were justly punished.

In 1944 he released his most important work entitled Axis Rule in Occupied Europe. The book stated the term ‘genocide’ and outlined the multiple methods and indicators of the crime. This time around, with the Nazi horrors in front of their eyes, the international community accepted Lemkin’s work and sought its enforcement. He became an advisor to the Nuremberg trial chief, where he was able to get genocide added in the list of indictments against the architects of the massacres. The criminals met justice in the end, but genocide was not a punishable offence in international law and Lemkin was only further resolved on his quest to prevent new genocides.

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From 1946-1948, Lemkin’s figure, a man with a tattered briefcase, often with last week’s paper under his arm, was seen daily in the halls and various offices of the United Nations. He was relentless: grabbing delegates, secretaries, advisors in efforts to have a convention passed preventing and punishing acts of genocide (the proposed text was rolled in the old newspaper for quick access). He would plan for weeks to “accidently” bump into ambassadors. He would work his way past security; they didn’t seem to mind after a while. He had no money, nor any assistance or an office to work from. No one was paying him to do this. He was doing it for the greater good of society: “Only man has law. Law must be built, do you understand me? You must build the law!”

Finally, in 1948, fifteen years after his failure at the League of Nations, after his extended family and millions of others in Europe had senselessly been massacred, the Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide was formally presented and adopted by the United Nations. Reporters searched for Lemkin on the day it was adopted; he was found in the empty Assembly Hall, quietly in tears, where he asked for privacy.

The next three years were spent with further lobbying to have the treaty signed by twenty countries and have it ratified, which eventually took place in 1951. Lemkin took on quiet academic positions soon after and eventually drifted into obscurity. He died in 1959, by which time he had been forgotten by most.

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He was an activist. He did not carry signs or hand out pamphlets on the street or hold a megaphone. He was dedicated to the greater good even when he was standing alone. He faced innumerable setbacks and tragedies with increased resilience and resolve.

There is much to be learned from Lemkin’s character for our own personal lives, but also our lives as Armenian activists.

We are often faced with failures and difficulties in life. We work to overcome them simply for the reason that we must. Whether it has to do with our education or professional careers, we are expected to soldier on. You can only be deemed a failure when you give up…

The same applies when it comes to activism for the Armenian Cause. Often times we are the Davids in a constant battle with bigger Goliaths. The factors and chances are stacked against us, but we soldier on. We make sacrifices. Some big, some small, but we soldier on. We can’t expect any less from ourselves when we are working for what is right.

Lemkin was on his own. He faced much more powerful forces. All he had was an idea of what he knew to be true and did not falter until his vision was realized. In the meantime, he lost his home, his family, his wealth and possessions. But in the end, he was right and his vision was realized. He took his last breath knowing that he had done all that he could.

Armenians have similarly lost countless others dedicated to the cause. Many did not see an independent Armenia, or get to step foot in their own motherland. Many more are still waiting for justice to be done for our ancestors from a century ago. We all make sacrifices in our communities. We may lose or sacrifice the little things, but with our individual contributions, we can aim for the highest level of success. We do not look for attention or recognition or instant gratification. Instances of success and satisfaction are way too few and far in between. We relish in our successes only to express pride in our collective strength.

In the end, we must stay content with the knowledge that we give our full dedication to what we believe in. I can only hope that I can use my dedication to the fullest extent as Lemkin did and thus make the world a better place. □
By: Varak Babian, “Simon Zavarian” Chapter

As soon as my key had turned and conquered lock, my arrival home was welcomed with a troubled gaze. iPad in hand and worry knitting her brow, my mom uttered the few words I never expected her to voice: “We have unwanted visitors”. I did a hasty inventory of all those who I had extended an admittedly hypothetical open invitation to, but a grainy, paparazzi like image was handed over for inspection. “Look!”, she said pointing to the screen. “It’s made holes. 3 of them.” Our unwanted guests had clearly upset her. I reassured her that I would take care of it; she had nothing to worry about.

I turned my attentions online, looking for clues and making educated guesses. I spoke to Gus—a gruff, Eastern European exterminator with a robust smokers’ cough. His initial concern was that our visitors were moles. He conveyed a story—“From back in ’83”. Told me it took a crew of three to trap the intelligent and sneaky “sons of guns”. Even then it took him all summer. My worry grew only until it faded after a brief cross examination. It was decided that this visitor was too big to be a mole, and his bushy tail was a sure sign that he wasn’t a possum either. After some more googling and cross-referencing with Gus… we had groundhogs.

I won’t go on about how a nugget of information in a situation that calls for action can begin to swerve dangerously into shades of obsession. I became the groundhog guru: how many in a litter? Behaviours and mating patterns? Relationship with humans? I could go on, and for those days and weeks I surely did. Without getting into tedious details, I decided on the trap and release method—being influenced greatly by my father who is the kind of man who will get cut off by an overly aggressive driver and will explain sympathetically that “They must be in a rush to get somewhere important.”

Admittedly feeling like much more of an alpha male than usual, I spent the next few days procuring and setting up traps and my efforts were rewarded with a furry prisoner a few days later—one that we treated a bit like a science experiment: hustled into the back of a car and drove a few exits north on the 404 to release. This charitable “catch and release” took a bit more work than I had planned on and our prisoner was obviously unaware of our benevolence, leaving us his own special blend of excrement as a parting gift. Delightful.

It was when I was relaying the details of this particular episode when I wondered aloud about the potential of “just killing” the next one we would catch. “It’s really not worth the hassle. You have to hold the cage, of course worried it’s going to pop open, put it in the car, drive…”

– My dad cut me off first with a disappointed look, then a grave assertion: “You’re better than that, no murdering will be done”.

I told him it was just a suggestion, and we both chuckled while reflecting on our furred guests and the highly dramatic tones all of this was taking. It was here when my father repeated a sentiment that he had paraphrased countless times before. “I can’t understand how they did it.”

I knew right away who the “they” was. I knew exactly what he was talking about. He continued on, confirming that I had indeed gotten the reference right: “So many families, so many lives.

Groundhogs to Genocide
Zohrab, Siamanto, Varoujan. So young… Imagine the bodies of work that remained uncreated…”

Not being a wildlife enthusiast or survivalist of any sort, this groundhog episode was the closest I had come to staking dominance over one form of life or another and my father’s disbelief rung in my ears for quite a while after: ”I don’t understand how they did it”. It was this episode and many others that I have felt on my own skin, that is central to my personal commemoration and which keeps the flame burning ceaselessly in my own conscience. The flame commemorating the 1.5 million souls that passed and these everyday and seemingly mundane experiences keep the search for understanding and desire for justice active, even outside the second last week in April.

This encounter stuck around in my mind for quite a while and I was drawn to write about it, think aloud about the connection between two vastly different occurrences. As I gathered and clarified my ideas I wondered as well if it was petty to make the comparison: one groundhog and the sympathy I felt for it as it peered around bewildered after a dark ride in a cage recalling such a dark page in our history.  But as I look back, I can think of countless other personal experiences that undoubtedly sound trivial when retold, but in the moment that I experienced them and felt them on my own skin- these seemingly unimportant occasions are what allowed me to have the slightest, though widely intimate appreciation of my own communal history.  These moments that could be quickly brushed off and seemingly play no major role in one’s psyche seems to me the clearest example of something quite unique to us: Hayou Jagadakir.

Hayou Jagadakir - the path that is laid out for us, that is communally “stamped” on our foreheads for all to see. It’s this “stamp” that colours everything for me in a way that makes me wonder what it would be like to go without. We have all wondered why our Croatian friends don’t scan movie credits looking for their version of “ian” or perhaps have wondered what it must be like to have the nonchalance of our Persian friends and hear Farsi in an elevator without batting an eye. These are only the tip of the iceberg and are incidents that tend to get pushed back into the mundane but every once in a while I experience something a bit more out of the ordinary and I find myself taking an extra moment and seeing that “stamp” on my forehead glow a little brighter.

Pessimists might see it as a chip on one’s shoulder, but I can’t help but draw comparisons when things take a bit of a downturn and inevitably seem to frame my everyday difficulties within the larger context of “our” darkest days. The groundhog that tested my scruples was only one example, and I can think of another recent one: the ice storm that many Toronto residents endured during their Christmas holidays just this past year. While many of our neighbours saw the great inconvenience in having to grab a few necessities and spend a few nights with friends or family, I doubt that my Portuguese friend Mike who lives across the street had the same thoughts I did when we went back after a few days to grab some more blankets and changes of clothes under nightfall. While Mike and his family were probably as annoyed and inconvenienced as I was, I was the one who couldn’t help but imagine the frantic grabbing of a few important bits under Hamidian darkness. The same? Definitely not, but nonetheless our communal Hayou Jagadakir is what draws me to inevitably make comparisons.

It is this ability to dye our everyday experiences with a “greater” search for justice that makes us who we are. We must keep this ability to empathize and remember those brief moments of compassion and outrage so that we can reference back to them outside of official commemorations in order to keep the Hay Tad alive and dynamic.

No one wants to have a chip on one’s shoulder, an inferiority complex or constant thoughts that they’ve been done wrong, but it is this need to remember- consistently, constantly and completely that will ensure our commitment to our communal cause. It is when we look for it in our everyday, in the passing moments that could otherwise go unnoticed and in the small defeats or tiny gains that we keep this fire and this need for justice alive. It seems, Groundhogs can do more than burrow holes.
Արծիւ սերունդներ և դառնալով սփիւռքի նախանձելի և արձանագրած է յաջողութիւններ, դաստիարակելով պահած է բարձր մակարդակ, ընդարձակած է վարժարանի երկրորդ հունձքին և շրջանավարտն է իրողութիւնը ինքնին արդէն փաստ է, որ մեր վարժարանը հակառակ որ ծնած եմ սփիւռքի օտար ափերուն մէջ: Այս առիթով:

Երկորդական Վարժարանի հիմնադրութեան 35 ամեակի Մանկապարտէզի, Գոլոլեան Նախակրթարանի, եւ Թորոնոթոյի Հայ Օգնութեան Միութեան Պապայեան Մեծ պատիւ է ինծի համար միտքերս փոխանցելը՝ 

Տարօն Քէսքինեան, «Ս. Զաւարեան» Մասնաճիւղ

Սառն Բարձրական Պատմութեան և Շահի Զաւարյանի Հայկ, Հայաստան եւ Տիգրան Պատմութեան և Շահի Զաւարյանի Հայկ, Հայաստան եւ Ծառուներ Պատմութեան և Շահի Զաւարյանի Հայկ, Հայաստան եւ Ծառուներ Պատմութեան և Շահի Զաւարյանի Հայկ, Հայաստան եւ Ծառուներ
յաղթահարել, լուծել բարենպաստ կերպով ու յաջողութիւններ արձանագրել:

Մենք՝ շրջանաւարտներս, ապացոյցն ենք մեր դպրոցի առաքելութեան ու յաջողութեան՝ մեր ձեռք ձգած յաջողութիւններով թէ համալսարանի եւ թէ կեանքի ասպարէզէն ներս: Հպարտօրէն կը հաստատեմ որ մեր Երկրորդական Վարժարանի շրջանաւարտները այսօր կը հետեւին իրավաբանութեան, երկրաչափութեան, բժշկութեան, գրականութեան, գիտութեան եւ պատմութեան ճիւղերու, ստացած են մագիստրոսի եւ տոքթորայի վկայականներ եւ առեւտրական ասպարէզէն ներս ստեղծած են անձնական հաստատութիւններ:

Թէեւ մեր մէկ հատիկ դպրոցը եղաւ այս բոլորը պարգեվողը, սակային կարելի պիտի չըլլար այս բոլորին տիրանալ, առանց մեր ծնողներուն ու ընտանքներուն, որոնք հիմնաքարը եղան մեր կեանքի բոլոր հանգրուաններուն:

Ծնողնե՛ր, դուք ալ մեծ դեր ունիք ձեր զաւակներու կրթութեան ու յաջողութեան մէջ, նախ եւ առաջ ամրապնդելով ձեր զաւակին դպրոցէն ստացած դաստիստերադիակութիււնը եւ երկրորդ՝ թիկունք կանգնելով մեր վարժարանին:

Մեր գաղութի ղեկավար մարմինները մեր դպրոցին վարչական պատասխանատուներն են, բայց վարժարանի բարոյական տէրը հայ ժողովուրդն է: Եւ որպէսզի այս ժողովուրդէն ծնին ապագայ ղեկավարները, կարեւորութեամբ կը խնդրեմ, կը պահանջեմ ձեզմէ որ հայերէն խօսիք ձեր զաւակներուն հետ, հայագիտական դասանիւթեան յազանալ գուրգուրանքով մօտենաք, չըսէք «ինչ պէտք ունի զաւակս հայերէնի», «արդեօ՞ք հայոց պատմութիւնը կարեւոր է»:

Ծնողնե՛ր, հայախօսութիւան տեղի կու տայ, արեւմտահայերէնը անհետանալու վտանգին ենթակայ է, հայ դպրոցը ազգի տոկալու եւ տեւելու կենսական շնչառութիւնն է: Մի՛ մտահոգուիք, փաստը մեր վարժարանի շրջանաւարտներն են, որ հայերէն դասաւանդութիււնները ոչ մէկ ձեւով արգելք հանդիսացած են անոց կեանքի ասպարէզին:

Զօրակցեզէ’ք մեր դպրոցի կատարած աշխատանքներուն, որպէսզի լաւապէս կերտենք մեր ժողովուրդի ապագայ սերունդները: Սերունդներ՝ որոնք զինուած պիտի ըլլան բարձրամակարդակ ուսումով եւ օտարացնող հոսանքները կասեցնող հայեցի դաստիարակութեամբ: Սերունդներ՝ որոնք բարձր պիտի պահեն մեր պապերէն մեզի ժառանգած ազգային արժէքները եւ աւանդները, Եւ վերջապէս՝ պիտի ըլլան ջահակիրը հաւաքական մեր իղձերուն ու ռահվիրան ապագայ մեծ ծրագիրներուն:

Եզրափակելու համար, կ՛ուզեմ քանի մը միտքեր փոխանցել մեր վարժարանի աշակերտութեան՝ Առաջին՝ յարգը գիտցէք Թորոնթոյի միակ ամէնօրեայ վարժարանին եւ միշտ զօրավիգ կանգնեցէք անոր սուրբ առաքելութեան: Այնուհետև, վսահ եմ, որ դուք ալ նոյնանման զգացումներով պիտի ավարտէք այս դպրոցը եւ նոյն վստահութեամբ նետուիք կեանքի ասպարէզ: Իսկ Երկրորդ՝ երբէք մի մոռնաք ձեր ազգային պարտականութիւթեան: Իբրեև հայ երիտսարդներ, իրավունք չունինք սովորական քաղաքացիի նման ապրելու: Ա՛յս է հայ ժողովուրդի ճակատագիրը: ձեր եռանդով ու խանդավառութեամբ նոր թափ պէտք է տաք հայ դատի մեր աշխատանքներուն ու Ձեր նոր գաղափարներով յառաջ պէտք է տանիք մեր հայ ժողովուրդն ու հայրենիքը:

Ահավասիկ այս համոզումով է որ կը դիմագրաւենք մեր նոր մարտահրաւէրները: Այս համոզումով կ'ուզենք տեսնել մեր գալիք սերունդներու ապագան՝ փայլուն ու հայադրոշմ:

Մեծ բանաստեղծ սիամանթոյի խօսքերով՝ «իմ անունս է պայքար եւ վախճանս յաղթանակ»: Պայքար՝ հայ դպրոցի ճամբով... Յաղթանակ՝ միշտ հայերէն լեզուով:

Արձիվ Կերպ թաղված, երեկոյան, հուլիս 2014
Այսօր մեծորս հետ էի. ամբողջ օրը իրար հետ անցուցինք: Վաղուց առիթը չէի ունեցած արանձին ժամանակ անցընելու իր հետ: Անշուշտ յաճախ կը տեսնուիք, բայց չէի կրնար յիշել թէ վերջին անգամ երբ երկուքս ամբողջ օր մը իրար հետ անցուցած էինք:

Զրուցեցինք երկար. որպիսութիւն, «հալ-քեֆ», ապագայ ծրագիրներ, և այլն: Խօսակցութեան ժամանակ, մեծմայրս նկատեց թէ աչքերս շատ քիչ կը հեռանային հեռաձայնէս, ուրէմ բնականօրէն, ան հարցուց թէ ինչու:

-Ի՞նչու միշտ կեդրոնացած ես այդ մեքենայիդ վրայ. հարցուց մեծմայրս:
-Որովհետեւ ամէն ինչ կրնայ ընել հեռաձայնս. շուտով պատասխանեցի, առանց հայեացքս բարձրացնելու:
-Ամէ՛ն ինչ:
-Լուրենք այստեղէն կ՛առնեմ, ընկերներուս հետ այսպէս կապ կը պահեմ, երաժշտութি�ւն այստեղէն կը լսեմ...Ամէ՛ն ինչ:

Կասկածոտ, մեծմայրս հարց տուի թէ ինչպէ՞ս այս պզտիկ «մեքենան» կրնար այնքա՜ն տեղեկութիւն իր «միտքը» պահել։ Ու ան բոլորովին ապշեցավ երբ բացատրեցի թէ հեռաձայնիս նոյնիսկ հայերէն կը հասկնար եւ թէ իր սիրած բոլոր պատմուածքները, բանաստեղծութիւնները և երգերը կային անոր մէջ։ Խնդրեց որ Զապէլ Ասատուրի (Սիպիլի) «Խաբողին խաբող ու կէս»–ը գտնեմ։ Քիչ մը պրպտելէ ետք (այսինքն Google ընելէ ետք), գտայ մանկական բանաստեղծութիւնը (որ զարմանալիօրէն երկար էր և ունէր բավական հարուստ բառամթերք)։ Մեծմայրս պնդեց որ ան անգիր կը յիշէ իր մանկութեան տարիներու նախասիրած բանաստեղծութիւնը։ Խնդրեց որ հետեւիմ հեռաձայնիս վրայ ու սկսաւ:

«Կարմիր բբուկ, սեւ սեվ բիտեր,
Լանջքը կանաչ, վրան կէտեր,
Գլուխը վեր բռնած, յոխորտ,
Կտկտալով, կտկտալով,
Տան մ’ աղբիւսին մէջ խորտուբորտ
Ինք իրմէ գոհ՝ կը ճեմէ վէս
Աքլոր մ’ աղուոր ու ոսկեգէս,
Կտկտալով, կտկտալով:
Մէյ մ’ ալ նայիս, կամաց-կամաց,
Գլուխը կախ, սիրտը ցաւ,
Աղուէս մը չոր ոսկոր դարձած՝
Մեր աքլորին մօտեցաւ:»

...Ու շարունակեց. բառ առ բառ. անսխալ. առանց որեւէ շփոթում։ Զարմացած, մեծորս հարց տուի թէ արդեօք ե՞րբ սորված էր այս բանաստեղծութիւնը։ Քիչ մը մտածեց ու պատասխանեց՝
-Կ՛երեւի վաթսուն-հինգ տարիներ
առաջ, տղաս...։ Իսկապէս հետաքրքրական օրեր կ՛ապրինք։ Իրօք, հիանալի են այսօրուայ հնարքները։ Վաթսուն-հինգ տարիներ առաջ ո՞վ կրնար երեւակայել թէ փոքրիկ «մեքենաներ» պիտի պարունակեն այսքան տեղեկութիւն (և նոյնիսկ հայերէն պիտի հասկնան)։ Սակայն ավելի հետաքրքրականն է, թէ մինչ մեծմայրս անգիր կ՛արտասանէր վաթսուն-հինգ տարիներ առաջ սորված այս կտորը, իմ 12-րդ դասարանի ավարտական հանդէսի ընթացքին ասմունքած բանաստեղծութեան անունն իսկ չկրցայ յիշել։ Միայն 8 տարիներ առաջ էր այն հանդէսը...
Գաղթականի բախտնի վերքոտ բախտն է...
Four years ago, I took part in the Genocide and Human Rights University Program (GHRUP) facilitated by the Zoryan Institute and held at the University of Toronto. I was one of the lucky Turkish students who had the chance to meet and learn with a group of young, talented and international students under the supervision and guidance of a number of eminent scholars and activists. These individuals had the expertise and intellectual vigor to explore and analyze one of the darkest moments of human history: the history of genocide and ethnic cleansing. It is not easy to study the history of genocide, especially when coming from a background in which the denial is a harsh, everyday reality. In Turkey, even in highly academic settings, gatherings to explore and discuss atrocities of the past are sometimes vague and misrepresented. It was refreshing to see that the course not only provided such an intellectual venue for the people who have grown up in a post-trauma environment, but it also presents an invaluable international and warm environment to share experiences that seek ways for reconciliation.

I came from a country in which the history of genocide has long been denied. The history we learned was unfortunately consolidated by the Turkish education system; a system quite notorious for reproducing generations of deniers, especially in regards to the Armenian Genocide, one of the most historic taboos in the Turkish political scene. Furthermore, it is possible to say that the policy of Turkish democratization has been plagued by the denialist policies of the Turkish state. The circles of denialism have contributed to the authoritarian character of the Turkish state in various ways at the expense of true democratization. A well-known example of this is the assassination of prominent Turkish-Armenian journalist, Hrant Dink, who was killed in Istanbul by a seventeen year old pawn. As one might possibly assume, in a country in which these realities are suffocating, it is difficult to speak the truth.

Throughout the course, my colleagues and I learned a great deal about scholarly approaches and shared countless experiences with one another. Needless to say, those who lectured and supervised our sessions were seasoned academics and highly experienced in their field. Alongside these highly academic moments and our fruitful course sessions, I can undoubtedly say that some of the most invaluable moments were those spend with colleagues and new friends during those special two weeks. As a result of getting to know each other's stories, triumphs and difficulties- we got to know each other in the most human and immediate way. Something so important when studying such inhumane events, often quite removed from our immediate existence. It is because of these strong bonds that were forged that I consider myself the luckiest Turkish student, given the rare opportunity to be part of such an international family. Each of us from the course that year have proven with our mere existence and close ties to be the truest antidotes of history's genocidal regimes and the seeds of hope for the future. Our success and the success of this program stand witness to their failure.
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99 տարիներ անց, երբ հայտագրվեց "Ս. Զավարեան" Մասնաճյուղ

Գառնիկ Հասըրճեան, «Ս. Զավարեան» Մասնաճյուղ
Այս անհերքելի է: Ցեղասպանութեան մասին բացէ ի բաց խօսի Թուրքիոյ մէջ:
միայն երբ Թուրք ժողովուրդը համոզուի, ընդունի, ու Հայ Դատի ներկայ ռազմավարութեամբ՝ աշխատանքները
մօտենանք տեղի տալու իրավիճակին:
Թուրքիան շարունակէ ուրանալ Ցեղասպանութիւնը, աւելի կը
tրամաբանութեամբ ուրեմն, կը հաւատամ, որ ամէն տարի որ
սերունդ մը որ հրաժարած է իր ինքնութեան մէկ բաժինէն:
Պարզ
Ցեղասպանութիւնը, հարուածած կ’ըլլայ նաեւ մեր գոյութեան:
հետեւանք: Այսպիսով, երբ Թուրքիան կ’ուրանայ
կ’ապրի սփիւռքի մէջ իբրեւ Ցեղասպանութեան ուղղակի
dարձած են մեր ազգի գոյութեան գլխաւոր բաղկացուցիչը,
փորձենք ըլլալ, չենք կրնար անտեսել այս տխուր իրողութիւնը:
իւրաքանչիւր Ապրիլ 24 ոչ միայն ցեղասպանութեան տարեդարձ է,
cը մերժենք ընդունիլ հակառակ այն իրականութիւնը, որ
կը շարունակենք պայքարիլ եւ այդ պայքարը կը նկատենք մեր
իրապաշտ բնութիւնը կ’արձագանգէ «մինչեւ ե՞րբ»: Ու տակավին
պէտք է մէկը, տեղ մը, ազատօրէն արտայայտուի:
սիրոյն, այլ որովհետեւ շատերուս միտքէն անցած են անոնք եւ
Այս մտածումները չեմ արտայայտեր ահազանգ հնչեցնելու
ցեղասպանութեան ընդունումին յաջորդող հանգրուանը:
իրագործուելիք նախաձեռնութիւններէն, բայց ինծի համար
գնահատելի է հազարաւոր կամաւորներու ջանքը՝ մեր Դատը
համար օտար հանրութեան, ու զայն յառաջ մղելու: Իսկապէս
Հայոց ցեղասպանութեան հարիւրամեակի սեմին, մենք մեզ կը
Ապա թէ ոչ, կը վստահեցնեմ որ տակավին համբերութեամբ
dատը ներկայացնենք անոր:
միամիտաբար յուսալ որ օտար երկիրներ պիտի հետապնդեն
dէմ բողոքով ու ցոյցով ընդդիմանալը ալ յստակ դարձած է
cընթանայ Թուրքին ղեկով: Թուրքիոյ իւրաքանչիւր հարուածին
այսպիսի մօտեցում մը պիտի դիմաւորուի զօրաւոր
կ’ընթանայ Թուրքին ղեկով: Թուրքիոյ իւրաքանչիւր հարուածին
Հայոց ցեղասպանութեան հարիւրամեակի սեմին, մենք մեզ կը
Ապրիլ 2015էն ետք, երբ դիմաւորուի հարիւրամեակը եւ
ենք վնաս չհասցնելու եւ փորձութիւններու չենթարկուելու:
կարենանք հարուածը շեղել, ու հակազդել հարուածով: Ինչո՞ւ
անբեկանելի ըլլայ, մեզ շարունակաբար կը պահէ
Մտահոգութիւնս, սակայն, այն է, որ Հայ Դատը, վահանի նման,
աշխատանքի օտար հարուածները, ինչպէ՞ս վառ պիտի
մթնոլորտը «հանդարտի», ու հարցը դարձեալ հեռանայ
Ուրեմն, Ապրիլ 2015էն ետք, երբ դիմաւորուի հարիւրամեակը եւ
իրագործուելիք նախաձեռնութիւններէն, բայց ինծի համար
գնահատելի է հազարաւոր կամաւորներու ջանքը՝ մեր Դատը
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Հայոց ցեղասպանութեան հարիւրամեակի սեմին, մենք մեզ կը
Ապրիլ 2015էն ետք, երբ դիմաւորուի հարիւրամեակը եւ
ենք վնաս չհասցնելու եւ փորձութիւններու չենթարկուելու:
People talk.

This has been a banner year for sports, with the Olympics in Sochi starting us off and many Armenian diasporan communities cheering for their city's successes in a number of professional arenas. The intensity was kicked up a few levels when the world got soccer fever this summer and was busy cheering on “their own” in FIFA’s World Cup. As we see multicultural Canada awash in “flags from home” while sports pundits lament the lack of maple-tinted success on the soccer pitch, many Armenians turned to cheer for teams with an Armenian player (Italy, Iran). As we imagine red/blue/orange kits in the future, we also wonder how we would feel if these very kits squared off against our adopted boys in red and white. When it comes to “picking sides”, who does one root for? How do other Canadians feel about a home vs. new home matchup?

If times were normal, and the country we were born in didn’t need our support, it would be different. There’s a desire to support. My heart tells me I need to support Israel.

I was born in Iran, moved to Canada when I was really young. For me, cheering for Iran makes me feel like I’m not losing touch with my roots. I love Canada though, sometimes more than Iran. How about this, summer Olympics I’d represent Iran, winter Olympics: Go Canada go!

I was born in Canada, so for most things I’m rooting for the red and white. I have tonnes of family in St Vincent/Grenadines, some of them actually play for the national soccer team. I don’t know, tough call.

I can relate on a more provincial scale. I was born and raised in Ottawa, so were my parents. I came to Toronto a couple years ago. I have a strong allegiance to the Senators. I like the Leafs, but Senators all the way. I’m not even that big of a hockey fan. In my heart, I know cheering for Ottawa is the right thing to do. I don’t want to turn my back on the city I grew up in.

I’m new to Canada. I love it here. It is the best place in the world to make something out of yourself. Cheering for Russia in soccer reminds me of my family back home. I miss them. I cheer for Russia because in a way, I’m cheering for my family.

My boyfriend is Greek and his family gets pretty rowdy. It can be quite draining. For my sanity, when they’re around, Greece all the way.

Nathan
Retired Teacher, 66

Richard
Broadcaster, 28

Alina
Painter, 24

Sasan
PHD Social Work, 32

Maria
Student, 19

Danielle
Florist, 26
FEATURED ARTIST: ARMAN AKOPIAN

Born in Soviet Armenia, Arman Akopian moved to Canada in the early 90s. After graduating in 3D Animation at ICARI (currently part of the College de Bois-de-Boulogne) in 1998, he started his career in video games at Ubisoft Montreal. At his time there, he worked as a level artist, character artist, cinematics character modeller, art director and concept artist on projects such as Batman: Vengeance, Tom Clancy’s Rainbow Six 3: Raven Shield, Star Wars: Lethal Alliance. In 2008, he joined the Eidos Monteral studio as a lead character artist on the preproduction of Deus Ex – Human Revolution.

Arman’s work ranges from creating magazine and final game packaging covers to promotional key art and fantasy/sci-fi book covers. But his main job is creating concept art for various projects both for characters and environments and ranging from simple sketches to finalized model sheets. Some of his work can be seen in magazines such as GameInformer, PC Gamer and Imagine FX, and the recent edition of the cult classic game, Thief, from Square Enix.

1. Chimshik Sultan. She was promised to David of Sassoun through an arranged marriage, but David fell in love with Khandut and forgot all about it. As a result he dies from the hands of Chimshikik’s daughter.

2. Queen Armahan. Mher’s spouse. After Mher got bewitched to stay for seven years with Melik’s widow Ismil-Hatun, she swore never to lay with him.

3. Melik of Msyr - the nemesis of Lion Mher. They become blood brothers in the end and Mher takes care of Melik’s family and kingdom after his death.

4. Lion Mher - son of Sanasar and father of David of Sassoun.
**Talk Radio**

The film showcases a Jewish radio personality that tests the airwaves from Dallas, Texas. Barry Champlain, played by Eric Bogosian, is a radio host with a scathing sense of humor, coupled with the ability to offend and be confidently obnoxious with his provocative political views. The film was directed by Oliver Stone, and its directing style reflects the intense medium of talk radio.

Bogosian wrote the screenplay, and the script was almost entirely based on his original one man theatre piece, accompanied with some biographical information about Alan Berg, a Denver based talk show host who was murdered by white supremacists in 1984. Eric Bogosian plays the character with conviction and whipping sarcasm, and it becomes obvious that the script is represented by somebody who believes in it.

**Voices from the Past: Excerpts from Writings of Armenian Revolutionaries**

Ever wanted to read excerpts from the founding fathers of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation (ARF) or General Antranig, but found it inaccessible and difficult to understand? Well, no more excuses. Former long-time editor at the Armenian Weekly, Vahe Habeshian, makes the writings of our leading revolutionaries available for all to read and appreciate. Voices from the Past is a brand new collection of biographies and writings of statesmen, intellectuals, commanders and freedom fighters that were instrumental in the national awakening of Armenians and the creation of the First Republic of Armenia. The carefully selected excerpts, which cover a time period between the 1890s and the 1940s, contain not merely points of view, but larger ideas, ideologies, worldviews, and hard-won life-lessons that provide invaluable insight to all Armenians even today. Make sure to add this book to your library to witness the heroes you’ve heard so much about finally come to life.

**Raffi Khachadorian**

Backgammon does not strictly serve as a recreational dice game for leisure; it can be played for money. In his profile piece for The New Yorker, Khachadorian sheds light and a grasping back story on a man nicknamed “Falafel”, a professional gambler. The game is his only source of income. From Israel to the benches of Washington Square Park where his nickname was conceived, an engaging reflection is served showcasing a rogue degenerate.

Raffi Khachadorian became a staff writer at The New Yorker in 2008. His contribution for the magazine has garnered him a nomination for the National Magazine Award in profile writing. Khachadorian has also written for the Village Voice, The Nation, and The New York Times, among other publications. His work is highly infectious. We're not timid in admitting that we're proud to see a name with such palpable Armenian undertones seal such credible work.
Lena Ouzounian
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