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:

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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

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Cover: The movement of the stars from my backyard, Photograph by Chris Joly
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We are putting our brief thoughts together in the dead of winter – a time on the calendar that climatologists agree is the most unforgiving and most definitive of this cruelest season.

We try to keep our optimism afloat and cling to the occasional bursts of sunshine that peak through amidst double-digit dips into the negatives, living for the brief reprieve of unseasonably warm afternoons. It seems that we are all marching along in some sort of unified confusion – skeptical that we manage to survive this yearly deep freeze and wondering how to make it to the early days of spring without succumbing to seasonal hibernation – all while clinging onto the few joyful moments that find us in some great and elaborate snow globe being shaken about.

We wonder if you agree that our mood is in a bit of a hodgepodge during this icy blue time. We cannot help but vacillate amongst the deep seasonal “blahs” that make days outside of winter covers seem truly for the mad, and the bursts of romanticism we cannot help but experience when we are safely indoors and fat snowflakes dance from the heavens.

Occasionally we remember our new generation designation as ‘first-generation Canadians’ and trudge outdoors for moments of Canadiana – ice skating, tobogganing or any sort of seasonal appreciation.

Perhaps it is these widely differing moods that make this issue’s content similarly wide-ranging. We are lucky enough to have contributors discuss everything from Armenia’s history of astronomic appreciation to a new feature that juxtaposes the tastes of some of our youngest community members with some of our more seasoned faces. We have tried to have this issue reflect the many moods we cannot help but experience during our yearly countdown to spring days ahead: frustrated at times, occasionally deeply contemplative and often on the lookout for a brief and entertaining respite.

Needless to say, this spring is a special one for our communal experience. As Disasporan communities worldwide commemorate a century of accomplishments and grapples, we work to narrow and intensify our focus. Come this spring, we will have to set aside the hodgepodge and our somewhat frantic foci and narrow our attention to the most important historic moment in many of our lifetimes – a cumulating focus of the intersection between our past, present and future. We surmise that this is our brief break before our April of Aprils begins. Until then, stay warm…
I’m a bit sad to write that I am one of those suburban Armenians who has not really been part of community life in any shape or form. Living just outside of Clarington means that I can’t say much about the community in Toronto and I’ve only managed to attend a SummerFest or two at the agoump. A couple of summers ago, I spent a few weeks volunteering in Armenia and was embarrassed to be asked about the community around Toronto and not be able to say much.

I know this is mostly my doing as I would often balk at the suggestion to be more involved, not really knowing what that means. The few times my family has made it to the agoump, I didn’t really know what to expect and I guess a massive festival under a tent probably isn’t the best time to feel like I belong. I guess as time and real life made things even busier, my Armenian-ness has been something I have held at an arm’s distance. I think that has made me feel a bit guilty and I guess it’s this guilt that pushed me to write this letter.

A few weeks ago, my family and I had had one of our bi-annual dinners at my aunt’s house in Toronto and we were talking about the work I am doing with New Media and Communications for school. My aunt jumped up from her seat and brought out your magazine. She had been at the hairdresser and had been flipping through it while she waited, and thought I might think it was “cool”.

Honestly, I wasn’t expecting anything all that “cool”; I don’t even know what I was really expecting, but it definitely wasn’t what I found. I spent some time with the magazine and found that it’s both informative and entertaining. You can tell there is a lot of heart put into it and it seems like there is a very personal edge to the stories. I was happy that it wasn’t all about loss and death or about fear of the “other” - something that might be my stereotype to conquer.

Anyway, I appreciate small batch printing and the ‘zine culture and I try to support it whenever possible. I’m not quite sure where you fit on that spectrum but I have been reading your archived issues online and have been enjoying them.

As my own personal bid for a bit of Armenian-ness, and as a show of support for the dying trade of small scale ‘zine publication please send me a subscription and consider me a new fan.

Keep up the great work, Ardziv deserves the recognition.

Steve
I experienced many “firsts” in Armenia. The first time I rode on a military truck or saw a cow leg being transported in a taxi was in Armenia. It was also the first place that I had ever heard the idea that “water makes you fat”—and heard it repeated by coworkers, friends, strangers, bosses and students. My first double-take at this “fact” was after my boss had finished her seventh cup of coffee before the end of the work day and was wondering aloud about why she was experiencing yet another headache.

The reality was, my “tourist” stainless steel water container was always made fun of in the office and I couldn’t remember the last time I had seen her reach for a glass of water, so I had reason to suspect she was getting her frequent headaches from dehydration—and the coffee was only adding to that. As I casually asked her if she had been alternating her coffees with water throughout the day, she immediately replied with “bayts ouzoum en niharel” (but I want to lose weight). For the next half an hour, work was put on hold in our office because everyone had joined in on the “water debate”. While no resolution was agreed upon, it became clear that my boss (and so many others) had never became accustomed to drinking any water on its own because, as she put it, it was known to make you “chagh” (fat).

What surprised me more than this sentiment was the number of people in our office that agreed with her—some who extolled its benefits but would take a pass so as not to suffer the aforementioned bogeyman consequences.

Surprisingly to my innate North American sensibilities, throughout my 3+ years of living in Armenia, I have heard this rationalization more times than I could possibly count—by youth, by elders, by professionals, by students, by men and by women. When I held a nutrition workshop at SheFighter’s self-defense classes, my encouragement of making sure to remain hydrated was surprisingly the most “controversial” thing I said. While many seemed to hold steadfastly to their negative views on water, few had given me actual reasons as to why—usually confirming it was “grandmother wisdom”. And you don’t question grandmother wisdom. I would soon come to discover the many health myths floating around as accepted truth in Armenia.

Vodka as a universal heal-all miracle beverage is another one of my favourite ones. You could have a cold, have hurt your back, have a fever, have indigestion, etc., and most local Armenian families would just tell you to take a shot of homemade vodka. The only exception was when my roommate was told by her then host-father to “snort the vodka” for a cold she had caught.

Whether she did it or not will remain her secret. I remember during a trip to Artsakh, my host-family had a great breakfast spread—filled with vegetables, fruits, cheese, eggs, bread and honey, and a Jermuk bottle filled with homemade mulberry vodka. Our host dad poured all of us a shot—despite our protests, and told us it would keep us warm and healthy in the winter—it was essentially “preventative medicine”. We decided not to argue and had a buzzed morning—healthy and warm as an ox.

Alongside staying away from water and guzzling vodka, another trend that is hard to miss is the high intake of white bread. With every meal, there is a basket of white bread—often with dishes that have no use for it. A particularly vivid anecdote in this regard was when we decided to eat dinner at the office together after a long and draining day. My coworkers had made fried potatoes, pasta, boiled vegetables and had tomatoes, cucumbers, cheese and yogurt as well. We all sat to eat and my boss pointed out there was no bread. Even though there were potatoes and pasta, we essentially had to wait until her son ran to the quickest shop, bought two large loaves of white bread, cut them up, and placed them by our food for the meal to be complete. Once my friend’s host-grandfather even told her to eat bread with her meals so that her “stomach wouldn’t hurt”.

However absurd and counter-productive some of these widely-held ideas may seem to us, by asking questions and setting aside our judgement, it is compelling to hear the reasons behind their apparent madness. The “water-makes-you-fat” myth is one where no matter how much I disagree with (sorry Tatik!), I can understand the often closely linked advice that comes with it: avoiding quickly chugging water. As explained by my host-sister, common thinking dictates that water would make you fat because when you have too much in one time, you become bloated. While that is right, it seems a little bit of ‘broken telephone’ happened along the way and the end message was that water itself can make a person gain weight.

With the high intake of white bread, after asking around, local friends told me that during the “dark years”, bread was of course the cheapest thing to buy in terms of food. So with every meal that was often too little, and especially in winter, they had an abundance of the cheapest food in order to actually get full. Some habits just die hard—especially when there was a reason for them at the time.
While there are many health myths in Armenia, there is also a refreshing amount of common sense when it comes to therapeutic and medicinal uses of herbs and plants. Armenia was the first place I had ever had nettle soup. Nettle, commonly seen as a weed in Canada, is used in teas and in food in Armenia. As an adaptogen high in iron, people obviously knew it was good for them and incorporated it into their eating habits. The same goes for mint and thyme. While in Canada I would have to go to health-food stores to get packaged and often processed forms of mint or thyme tea, in Armenia they are naturally dried and ready to use, and can be found anywhere from the shugas (markets) to chain supermarkets.

A popular dish that originated in Artsakh—jingalov hats (lavash bread stuffed with herbs), is said to have over twenty herbs in it (which include some that I mentioned), again, made during wartime; a time when people had to survive with whatever they could get their hands on. Armenia was also the first place I had ever eaten or heard of basoots dolma (Lenten dolma). While dolma itself has become a staple dish throughout the world, I have yet to see the basoots version anywhere else. It is a pickled cabbage leaf packed with three different types of beans and legumes, grains, and mixed with spices. Protein, combined with a shot of B12 in one dish. I would have to go to special vegan restaurants in Canada to find anything so nutritious…and pay quadruple the amount.

As is the case anywhere, there is the good, the bad, and the downright strange in Armenia. While I will continue to drink my water and encourage others to do the same, I have also learned so much from locals here on nutrition. And during the cold and harsh Armenian winter, a little extra vodka can be a good thing!
Պոլսոյ Պէյօղլու թաղամասին մէջ գտնուող «Հըտիվեալ Փալաս» կոչուող պատմական շէնքի գետնայարկը կը գտնուի «Արաս» հրատարակչատունը: Թօմոն (Եդուարդ Թովմասեան) հրատարակչատան հիմնադիրներէն է ու մշտական ներկայութիւն մը Պոլսոյ հայ համայնքէն ներս. ունի մեծ մօրուք մը, մնայուն ժպիտ դէմքին եւ հազար ու մէկ պատմութիւն: Շաբաթ մը առաջ Թօմոին ծանօթացայ, սակայն կարճ էր հանդիպումը: Որոշեցինք կրկին պայմաւորուիլ, ու այսօր վերադարձած եմ հրատարակչատուն հետը զրուցելու: Ինծի թէյ կը հրամցնէ ու առանց ժամանակ վատնելու կը սկսի պատմել…”

Պատմութիւն Երեխայի Ժամանակ, 1922-ին Սուրբ Սամաթիայից հետ մի饷որը մայր բանաստեղծութեան մէջ զրվեցինք հիմա ու կը պատկանի Գարակէօզեան հիմնարկին) ժամանակին պանդոկ էր ու Չարենց այստեղ մնացեր է: Այս շէնքը պատմական շէնք է: Իր «Իսթանպուլ» խորագրով բանաստեղծութեան մէջ «Բերա Փալասին» մասին ակնարկութիւններ ալ կան, ուրեմն կրնայ հոն ալ մնացած ըլլալ: Վստահ չեմ, բայց այստեղերը շրջեր է, անպատճառ: Այն բանաստեղծութեան մէջ այս քաղաքը կ՛անուանէ «միջազգային պոռնիկ»-ը, ու ճիշդ էր…իսկապէս հետաքրքքար մըն է սա:

Սկսինք սկիզբէն. Ո՞ւր ծնած էք:
Պոլիս ծնած եմ, 1949-ին, Ետիքուլէ ըսուած թաղամասը՝ Սամաթիա: Այնտեղ, մեր թագի դպրոցը՝ «Անարատ Յղութիւն» Վարժարանը յաճախած եմ: Նախակրթարան ավարտելէ ետք՝ Սկիւտարի Սուրբ Խաչ Դպրեվանքը անցած եմ ու «լիսէն» այնտեղ ավարտած եմ: Այնտեղ է որ անունս Թօմօ եղաւ: Դպրեվանքի տարիներուս, դասարանիս մէջ երեք Եդուարդներ կային, ուրեմն զիս Թովմաս սկսան կանչել: «Թովմաս»-ը շուտով կրճատումի ենթարկուեցաւ եւ դարձաւ «Թօմօ». ինչպէս Սարգիսը կը դառնայ Սագօ, Տիգրանը կը դառնայ Տիգօ, եւ այլն:


Գիրքի հրապարարութեա:

Սրբաղջիտ Երևանի «Մարկ» հրապարարութեան հիմնադիրը պատմութեան տեղեկատուի հրապարարութեան հիմնադիրները մենք հանձնել ենք թարգմանեցնել և մեծ շրջանուներուն անձանց: Սրբաղջիտ Երևանի «Մարկ» հրապարարութեան հիմնադիրը պատմութեան տեղեկատուի հրապարարութեան հիմնադիր է: Սրբերային Երևանի «Մարկ» հրապարարութեան հիմնադիրը պատմութեան տեղեկատուի հրապարարութեան հիմնադիր է:
հասկանալու խնդիր ու տարիներ կարող են կարող լինել խնդիր կատարեց հաղորդություններ, յուրաքանոչ որակում տեղի կատարեց խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք կատարեց Խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խնդիր լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խ

ԱՄՆ ձեռքի հասկացությունը գլխավոր ու տարած տարեկան պատմական կարգավիճակ, իսկ ձերը ու իրենի է տարածության: Եթե հասարակ ժողովուրդը չի կրում պահանջները և այս գիտել ենissions կարգավիճակի համար են լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խ

ԱՄՆ համար-համար գլխավոր ու տարած տարեկան պատմական կարգավիճակ, քանի որ հասարակ ժողովուրդը չի կրում պահանջները և այս գիտել են գլխավոր կարգավիճակի համար են լուծելու ու պետք են լուծելի խ

Հարցազրոյցը՝ «Արծիւ»-ի

Արծիւ

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On April 24th 1915 not only did a single tree fall, but a whole forest was demolished; brutally torn apart by men who chopped and hacked down almost every tree. Not a single crack of a snapped branch echoed, nor did the cries of the birds ring out. Not once did the world hear a sound.

Those trees stood for the men, women, and children who were betrayed by their Ottoman government. That forest was Armenia and its people’s demise. The Armenian Genocide is an event so traumatic that it has engrained itself into our culture; it is a part of who we are. Our wounds have not healed; they bleed just as red today as they did a hundred years ago. Yet despite this prolonged pain, our wounds are invisible to all but us. It is common knowledge that our genocide is not as well-known as the Holocaust, but let’s put that aside for a moment. Other than comparisons to other tragedies, do we empirically know how well our genocide is publicly known? I set out to find out…

Rallying together two fellow AYF-ers, Shant Basmadjian and Ani Markarian, we went out to survey the diverse people of Vancouver. Our hopes were to find out, to what extent do citizens of a progressive, western city know about the tribulations that our small nation, Armenia, had to endure a hundred years ago. It turns out that Vancouver was the perfect playground to put my questions to test. With people of all different cultures and backgrounds here, by asking Vancouverites we were, in essence, asking the world. Still, even with the large diversity I had to be careful with the way we approached the survey. I knew it would be a laborious task and that we would only have enough time to ask a few hundred people. These few hundred people would have to give us enough information to let us draw a generalized conclusion.

I sculpted an outline for the survey to maximize the sample size and to keep the survey brief. I settled on two-hundred people being a reasonable sample size and split that number up into two groups: university students and the general public of downtown Vancouver. Downtown Vancouver was chosen since it is considered the boiling pot of Vancouver culture, with people of all different races, ages, and walks of life walking the streets. The three universities chosen were the University of British Columbia (UBC), Simon Fraser University (SFU), and Capilano University. Fifty people were asked at each university and fifty people were asked downtown.

The simple question we asked was the following:

Have you heard of the Armenian genocide? To this they could answer: yes, no, or yes but no knowledge. If the answer was a yes, the follow up was; how did you hear about it? We tried our best to ask people of all different ages, races, and genders to get as diverse a survey result as possible.

Armed with a pen and notepad, we stood out in the mild Vancouver winter with cold fingers and a new-found enthusiasm. On the university campuses, the trouble was finding students who had enough energy in between classes and Tim Hortons runs to speak to us. On the downtown front, the trouble was trying to convince passers-by that we weren’t Jehovah’s Witnesses. To deal with this, our usual hook was that we were students and that we would only need ten seconds of their time. This proved most effective, except for when, in typical Vancouver fashion, we found a lady who challenged our word, literally walking away mid question after roughly ten seconds were up. Nonetheless, after our four days of coffee fueled surveying were up, we were left with a black notepad full of data. We asked and Vancouver answered. It was time to tally up the results.

Hitler has been recorded to have said “Who, after all, speaks today of the annihilation of the Armenians?” Unfortunately Hitler’s question still holds relevance today: who does still speak of the Armenian Genocide? Out of all the places we asked, UBC had the highest percentage of people who claimed they knew about the genocide. Being one of Canada’s top universities, this fact is not very surprising. What is surprising though, is that UBC only had 32% of its...
surveyed students answer yes. To let that sink in, I’ll repeat the fact: one of the top educational institutions in all of Canada only had 32% of their randomly surveyed students know about the Armenian Genocide. This small number only got smaller once we summed up all the universities. When the one-hundred-and-fifty combined UBC, SFU, And Capilano students’ answers were tallied up, the ‘yes’ rate dropped down to a mere 18%.

Downtown Vancouverites’ data wasn’t much better, with a 22% ‘yes’ rate. (All of our collected information is shown at the end of the article) This collected data blatantly supports the hypothesis that our wounds truly are invisible. We bleed yet no one sees our blood.

Now onto some more optimistic news: it isn’t too late to change this. While surveying we stumbled upon more than a few people that were curious to hear about the genocide. It is my belief that almost every sane, goodhearted person inherently cares about justice and feels fundamentally uncomfortable to hear about or witness unjust events. When there is an imbalance of good, when justice is not severed, the public will react passionately. I need not point to anything further then the recent Charlie Hebdo riots to back my point up. We, as Armenians, need to generate the same public interest in our genocide. We must explore and use every form of communication we have at our disposal. Through our art: music, film, and theatre; through academics: schools, papers, and lectures; public demonstration, to billboards, and social media campaigns - We must do anything and everything that will peacefully make our presence known.

Our wounds are invisible, yes, and our trees have fallen without sound, but it is not too late to make noise. Justice will only be served once the public hears there has been injustice; and for them to hear, we must shout louder.
Ես, դուն, ան...» գրիչից մինչև կրտսպան նախագրերի ընթացքում լրագրվում են տարբեր ատրիբուտներ և այլազգույցներ, իսկ այս հարդավիճակը նկարում է Հայաստանի բնագրական մշակույթը.

Նախաքիմական ճաշ՝
Մարտոր (քաղաքացի)

Նախաքիմական գիրք՝
Յակոբ Պարոնեան

Նախատեսված ասացուածք՝
«Լաւէն աւելի լավը կայ:»

Նախաքիմական երգ՝
«Իմ անունը Հայաստան է»
Ինգա և Անուշ

Նախաքիմական ճաշ՝
Ձաւարով փիլավ
Վազգէն Շուշանեան

Նախատեսված ասացուածք՝
«Որքան ալ դառն ու դժուար ըլլան պայմանները, երբեք պէտք չէ յուսահատիլ»

Նախաքիմական երգ՝
«Մովսէս Գորգիզեանի յիշատակին» («Երասխաւանը դառձաւ նոր Սուլուխ...»)

ՅԱԿՈԲ, 11
ՀԱՄԱԶ, 58
Since the beginning of time, Armenians have cast their gaze upwards - fascinated by the thick blanket of stars above our ancient homeland. The placement of rocks by our ancestors is one example of this, as they were undoubtedly settled using these astronomical guidelines. From Karahunj to Byuragan, Armenians have never stopped looking up, and most likely never will. More recently, during its time as a Soviet state, Armenia was considered an astronomical powerhouse and despite recent turbulence in the country, the state of its astronomy program remains respectable. The move towards scientific supremacy during the time of Soviet Armenia pushed the country to the forefront of astronomical discovery amongst its fellow USSR counterparts. There are a number of names and events in our recent communal history that cannot be forgotten during a discussion of Armenia’s astronomical presence.

**VICTOR AMBARTSUMIAN**

Victor Ambartsumian is a name synonymous with Armenia’s exploration of the starry skies. This internationally respected scientist attended Leningrad University, where he was a prominent figure in the scientific community. He founded the Byurakan Astrophysical Observatory (BAO) in 1946, and acted as its director until 1988. Thanks to his hard work and the work of his contemporaries, it remains one of the best known observatories on the planet. Working at the BAO, he pursued a variety of theories that have been enlightening in the world of astronomy and cosmology, such as the Invariance Principle, the early life stages of stars, stellar associations, and active galactic nuclei. From 1948-1955, he was vice-president of the International Astronomical Union (IAU), and from 1961-1964, its president. He helped found the Armenian Academy of Sciences and became its vice-president, and later its president in 1947. He worked to share his knowledge of the skies with his contemporaries and one of the ways he garnered success here was through his style of presentation, where he quoted poets and philosophers, attracted many intrigued astronomers to listen and observe. He published over twenty books, over two-hundred scientific papers, and several articles. He received numerous medals and prizes from many nations for the work that he did, and was well revered by his contemporaries.

Ambartsumian passed away August 12, 1996 and is regarded as one of the most prominent scientists of the twentieth century. On his eightieth birthday, Subrahmanyan Chandrasekhar, (an astrological superstar in his own right- the founder of the point where a white dwarf star can collapse into a neutron star) wrote about his esteemed friend and colleague: “There can be no more than two or three astronomers in this century who can look back on a life so worthily devoted to the progress of astronomy.” His legacy continues at the BAO, where he made great discoveries alongside some of his contemporaries.

**BENYAMIN MARKARIAN**

A student of the great Ambartsumian who, under his close guidance, successfully defended his thesis on a paper he wrote called, “The fluctuations observed in the visible distribution of stars and the cosmic absorption.” In 1946, Markarian worked alongside Ambartsumian in helping establish the BAO, where the majority of his discoveries would take place.
Markarian played a big role in building the BAO. He helped select the observatory’s current site, and even assembled almost all of the telescopic equipment there. The work that he did at the BAO was extraordinary. He pursued theories related to the physics of stars, star clusters and galaxies. He confirmed that stellar associations expand over time. He created a new classification of stellar clusters, which led to his publication of a book called, An Atlas of Different Types of Stellar Clusters in 1952.

However, this was only the beginning of his career. In 1963, he found over seventy-three galaxies that had unusual spectral pattern. As a result, he created a method of finding these galactic bodies, which led him to use that very method in the BAO’s first survey of the night sky from 1965 to 1980. That survey found over fifteen-hundred celestial objects of that same type, which have been named after its discoverer. Collaborating with other astronomers in the Soviet Union and the United States, these galaxies were observed and our understanding of the Universe became more refined.

It is a source of great communal pride that this discovery is considered one of the most important achievements of twentieth century physics. In addition to his work, he was also active in many organizations- realizing the importance of spreading the word surrounding this science and encouraging his contemporaries to get involved in its ongoing expansion. These organizations became the public face for Armenian astrological advancement and their success is accredited largely to Markarian’s hard work.

The organizations he was active in were the IAU, Academy of Sciences of the Armenian SSR, the Astronomical Council of the USSR Academy of Sciences, among many other organizations. Markarian published more than a hundred scientific papers during his lifetime, and passed away on September 21st 1985.

**ARMENIA’S ASTROLOGICAL PROGRAM: POST-SOVIET ERA**

Due to the collective powers and resources of the USSR, Armenia’s astronomical community greatly expanded at the time. While Armenian astronomers revolutionized the astronomical and cosmological communities, things became harder after the dissolution of the Soviet Union.

Many astronomers living in Armenia were put in a tough situation. Most left Armenia for other nations and The Armenian National Academy of Sciences (an organization that Ambartsumian helped establish) reported that it, like other Armenian institutions, struggled due to major cuts by the government.

From 2003-2009, the Armenian Astronomical Society (AAS) was unable to pay its annual membership fee. The IAU graciously waived the AAS’s fees mostly due to the deep reverence that Armenian astronomers have in the scientific community. However, this was not a permanent solution and after the IAU waived five years’ worth of fees, the AAS accumulated approximately $22,000 in debt to the IAU.

The BAO’s director at the time, Hayk Harutyunyan, addressed a news conference and appealed to all Armenians - “By losing International Astronomy Union membership, Armenia will be deprived of many benefits, [such as] international connections, scientific and financial assistance.” Hatutyunyan also commented that in addition to possibly losing IAU
membership, the lack of government funding might cause Armenia to lose its scientific capability.

THE DIASPORA RESPONDS

A Canadian Armenian General Benevolent Union (AGBU) member, Chahe Tanachian, who graduated from the AGBU Armen-Quebec Alex Manoogian School of Montreal and is its current principal, came to the AAS’s aid on July 19, 2009, calling for Armenians all over the world to donate money to the AAS so it could pay off its debts.

Armineh Garabedian, who was president of GlobVision Inc. was the first to answer that call and paid the fees from 2004. Then, Armenian National Academy of Sciences president Radik Martirosian paid for the fees from 2008. In total, $10,000 was raised and paid to the IAU. The rest was paid off by the Armenian government. As a result, AAS’s suspension was halted, and it remained a full member. In the latest decision on this matter, the Armenian government has agreed to pay for the AAS’s membership fees and it hasn’t missed a payment since.

THE BYURAGAN ASTROPHYSICAL OBSERVATORY (BAO) TODAY

Today, 23 years after Armenia’s independence, the BAO has over seventy-five researchers, twelve of whom are Doctors, while thirty-eight are PhD candidates. Despite poor funding from the government, the BAO is doing well and is currently working on collaborations with other astronomers in France, Germany, Italy, the United Kingdom, Spain, Russia, the United States, Mexico, Japan, China, India and other nations. Its researchers are involved in studies of young stellar objects, variable stars, many active galactic nuclei, observational cosmology, radioactive transfer theory, and are also digitizing the BAO surveys. The BAO is still productive due to these collaborations with other nations; however, the future of Armenian Astronomy remains to be seen.

ARMENIA’S ASTRONOMICAL COMMUNITY: LOOKING AHEAD

Most will agree that no matter how rich and notable Armenia’s astronomy program has been in the past, what is of utmost importance is moving it forward by embracing the newest theorem and technological advantages available.

One way to stay relevant within this scientific community is by engaging in collaborations and partnerships with other likeminded associations. Currently, there is collaboration between the BAO and the Hamburg Quasar Survey team to combine their databases, in order to make one large database for virtual observatories. Once the current project of digitizing the BAO surveys is complete, it will create a database of twenty-million objects.

Since there is no other observatory that is as active as the BAO in Armenia, it is likely that the BAO will continue to be the country’s center for astronomy. Many astronomers started in the BAO, and it has the potential to attract many young astronomers from all over the Caucasus to train in and learn about astronomy and cosmology.

Throughout a tumultuous history of both ups and downs, Armenians continue to look to the skies, and we will keep our gaze upwards and interstellar forever.
Սուրբութիւն՝ Օվահանոս Սարգսյան Հայահանդեսի վերապրածնամական

Սուրբութիւն՝ Օվահանոս Սարգսյան

1913 թ. ծնվել է Սեբաստիայում՝ Դաշնակցական եւ ղեկավար: Իր կազմակերպական գործունեությունը կարելի է համարել մերձավոր արեւելքի Հայ գրողների համագումարային, որը արձանագրեց մեծ յաղթանակներ:

1944 թվականին, Գեորգ Աբով Սովետական բանաստեղծ է գրել «Մենք չենք մոռացել» եզրակցության, որը 6 տարից հետո հրավիրվեց հայ Յեղափոխական Դաշնակցության անդամների համար։ Օվահանոսը հրավիրք զանազան վարակներում որոնք պահպանելու են խաղաղ հայ գրականության եւ մշակույթի ազգային և պետական արժեքների համար։

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Սարդարապատի, Բաշ ապարանի և Ղարա-քիլիսեի ճակատներու վրայ։

Սարդարապատի իր բաղկացած Հայաստանի ազատագրական շարժման գործիչները և Ֆետայիները, Հայ առասպելական և միջնադարեան հերոսներու և զօրավարներու հետ, ինչպես Հայկ նահապետին, Սասունցի Դավիթին և Մամիկոնեաններուն: Ոչ միայն կը բաղդատէ, այլ նմանութիւններ կը գտնէ ու կը համեմատէ. նոյն կարեւութիւնը կու տայ անոնց:

Հետաքրքրական է նաեւ որ Ծառուկեան, իբր Արեւմտահայ գրագէտ, որոշած է գրել «Թուղթ առ Երեւան»-ը արեւելահայերէնով: Այս փաստ է որ ան ուզած է թէ ժամանակակից Հայաստանի մտաւորականութիւնը ոչ միայն կարդայ բանաստեղծութիւնը, բայց նաեւ ամբողջութեամբ հասկնայ ամէն մէկ բառ, ամէն մէկ գաղափար:

Որբէն, գրագէտ Ծառուկեան անցուցած է որբանոցային տխուր կեանք մը Հալէպի մէջ, կեանք մը որ մանրամասնութեամբ կը նկարագրէ «Մանկութիւն չունեցող մարդիկ» հատորի պատմուածքներուն մէջ: Որբանոցի օրերուն գտածէն հրաշքով վերապրող մայրը տիկին Երանիկը: Այնուհետեւ աշակերտած է Հալէպի Հայկազեան վարժարանը, եւ շրջանավարտ եղած 1928-ին: 1930-34 թուականներուն, աշակերտած է Պէյրութի Համազգայինի «Նշան Փալանճեան» Ճեմարանը, ուր ուսանողութեան շրջանին հրատարակէ «Մոխրաման» անունով վէպը:

Գրական իր սկզբնական էջերը հրատարակացել է 1931-ին, աշխատակցելով արտասահմանացած մամուլի: Առաջին գործը՝ «Եղերաբախտ քերթողներ» Վ. Խաժակ գրչանունով, իսկ «Առագաստ» քերթուածներու հատորը, «Մանկութիւն չունեցող մարդիկ» կենսավէպը որբանոցային կեանքէն, յետ մահու հրատարակուած են՝ «Սփիւռքի տասնամեակներ», «Առկայծող Հայեր

1967-ին, Հալէպի մէջ կը հաստատէ տպարան «Նայիրին», ուր կը հրատարակէ «Նայիրի» պարբերաթերթը և «Արեւելք» օրաթերթը, որուն խմբագիրներէն մէկն էր, ու իր գրած խմբագրականներով կը դրսեւորէր կազմակերպուած Հայաստան ներգաղթին անօրինական քայլերը և ստախօսութիւնները: Հետաքրքրութեամբ կը կարդացուէին նաեւ «Արեւելք»-ի մէջ իր գրած պիծակ ստորագրութեամբ գրութիւնները, որոնց ընդմէջէն կը խայտառակէր օրուան հրապարակախօսութիւնները:

Անդրանիկ Ծառուկեանը յետ-եղեռնի կամ ինչպէս կը կոչուի «վերյայտնութեան սերունդի» ամենէն տաղանդաւոր քերթող ու արձակագիրներէն է:

1930-1980 յիսուն տարուայ շրջանի Հայ գրական կեանքին մէկը յատկանշուի լուսաւոր դէմքերէն մէկը: Անոր գեղարուեստական որակով լեցուն բանաստեղծութիւններն ու արձակները, նոյնքան արժէքաւոր եւ ազդեցիկ են որքան իր քննադատական ոճը:

Սարդարապատի հատորագրական համագործութիւնը ու վիճակ կարճացող բանաստեղծութիւնները, բայց նաեւ առույգները հանդիսան այս երբ, այն երբ գրաքանակը:
Երկիր, որպեսզի մեր պատմությունը կարողանանք կատարին տեսնել, և սիրենանք մյուս ժամանակների արդար իրավունքների իրականացման: «Մանկութիւն չունեցող մարդիկ»-ին և Ծառուկեանի բոլոր հատորները կրում են օգտագործվել որպես վկայարան և փաստաթուղթ մեր նախահայրերի չարչարանքին և տառապանքին:

Ծառուկեանի գրականությունը եղավ բոլորովին անկեղծ և առանց ոչ մեկ շինծու էջի: Ան մեզի կապեց մեր անցեալին, մեր մայրենի լեզուին, մշակոյթին, հայրենի հողին և յավերժական Հայաստանին:

Ծառուկեանը մահացաւ Փարիզի մեջ, 20 Մայիս 1989-ին: Ան դժբախտաբար չի տեսավ ազատ և անկախ Հայաստանը, սակայն ան և անոր գրականությունը միշտ ապրեցաւ այն տեսիկանով որ օր մը, անպայման, Հայ ազգը պիտի հասնի սրբազան լերան կատարին:

* Յատուկ շնորհակալություն Ծառուկեանի գործընկեր՝ Գրիգոր Հոթոյեանին, որ ջանք չխնայեց ու մանրամասնութեամբ ինծի նկարագրեց անոր կեանքին և արժէքները: Գրիգոր Հոթոյեան եղած է գրաշար, խմբագիր, ուսուցիչ ու տնօրէն ազգային ամէնօրեայ, ամառնային ու կիրակնօրեայ վարժարաններու մէջ՝ Սուրիա ու Գանատա:

![Ծառուկեանի նկար](image)
He’s kept it a secret from his parents, because he, Shant Gamorian, like anybody else, deserves the right to have fun. Until now, this meant a weekly outing to the cinema with the gang; Charles Bronson, Jack Nicholson, Alain Delon were cast under heavy observation. Their subtle glances, the way they moved were dissected, talked about.

Now look, oh labourer father who forges iron: don’t be under the impression that Shant will display the skills of a Casanova anytime soon. You’re the one who signs off on his report card every two months:


And you can’t help but think, it’s not his fault, he gets it from his mother.

Average marks: somewhere between 80-85. Gym: 95.

Mrs. Srpoug, as much as you worry about your child, you’re proud of him with a measured gusto, though not without certain complaint: “I’m drained from washing my son’s basketball uniform. Can you believe it, at least two games a week, sometimes three?!”

Consequently, the act in question will take place under your roof. It’s a big house, clean, neat. Flowerpots are cuddled with tapestries, and the ashtrays need not be jealous. For tapestries cushion their rear ends as well. Also, it’s worth mentioning that it’s got two floors. There aren’t any pestering neighbours that will spread news like wildfire- from Bourj Hamoud all the way to the city’s innermost roundabouts for the masses to hear.

***

The main factor that lead to the orchestration of the evening, Mrs. Srpoug and Mr. Artin, is Sona. Yes, that delicate classmate, who receives and exchanges sweet nothings via notebook with your son. Take a second to think back how many countless wishes were cast upon Shant’s being when he was born? Now you must sit back with arms crossed and relax. Allow those aspirations to come into fruition. The two of you weren’t even supposed to be there that night. The house was meant to be empty.

Vahe, a friend of Shant with years of allegiance under his belt, presented his case: “Shant, take a second to think about it, we need to do it at your house. Ten, twelve people, tops. We’ll invite Sona and Anita and we’ll tell them, we’ll finally tell them!”

This, of course, was the most important cause. Shant and Vahe were going to unburden their feelings. They would finally get it off their chest, they had to.

Shant - How about if they slap us?

Vahe - No dude, that’s why we’ll make sure we cover all our bases first. What do you think parties are for anyways? You dance, and then you subtly take her hand. You observe: has she taken your hand as well? Has she awarded you with a delicate squeeze, or no? If yes, you proceed to dance gently, face to face, cheek to cheek. Then you pull back, you look intently in her eyes…

Shant - You close the blinds…

Vahe - Yes sir.

Shant - We unleash the Elvis Presley record.

Vahe - But of course…

Shant - First we’ll start with some rock, then transition to some slow temp, that’s when…

Vahe - You’re on track. But before that, we offer her a drink.

Shant - We don’t have any liquor at home.

Vahe - Why must you be such a child? Don’t worry, we’ll get some. You just make sure you got the ice covered.

***

The doll on display in the shop window caused them to stop. A gift must be procured for their “girls”. They went in with the intention to buy perfume. It was hard; they had no experience with any brands in particular. They explained to the salesperson that it should be appropriate for evening wear.

The perfume was left with Shant for five days. During those five days, he rehearsed, on average about twenty hours a day. I’ll say: “Sona, I chose this perfume especially for you. It has the fragrance of a rose, and the rose symbolizes love…” Or: “Sona, please accept this minor gift as a token of my…”

“Token of what idiot? Stop being so old fashioned! You’re better off cutting your speech half way, and emoting with your eyes, just like Redford did. My Fair Lady has nothing on you Sona, you’re the reason
why I started writing sonnets and riding motorcycles…Promise me you'll never cut your hair. This Sunday leave it down, let it rest on your shoulders, with those elegant, dainty earrings you wear so well….”

***

Vahe - Bro, tell her…

Shant - Huh?

Vahe - Tell her!

Vahe's eyes channeled encouragement.

Shant - S...SS...Soona, I like your dress.

Sona - Really? I got it from Boutique George, you know the place right? Right by that new discotheque

Vahe - Red really is your colour.

At this moment, the sweat began to drip off his brow at such an assertive, relentless pace, that he was forced to conceive an explanation: “It's pretty warm in here…”

He continued to dance, and because something had awakened in him…

Shant - That discotheque has a lot of great cassettes. I love music.. I've always been a fan.

Sona - Dancing is great too…

Vahe - Shant, did you tell her?

He raised his brows, his scalp demanded a scratch, but his hands were occupied. Vahe's face was mirroring a certain kind of smile: a smug smile. I guess he got it out of the way. He'll do the deed as well… “Soona, I love you…” The whole thing would take half a second. But, think about the aftermath. Can you imagine? They'll go to the theatre by themselves. Once inside, they'll sit hand in hand. In the classroom, they won't exchange compliments via crumpled up notes; that's beneath them. They'll tell each other everything, full disclosure.

***

Vahe - C’mon, just do it!

Shant - Vahe, did you do it yourself?

Shant’s eyes were the ones doing the talking. Vahe raised his brows.

Vahe - Let’s go change the music.

They shuffled towards the record player. Vahe whispered:

Vahe - You need to discreetly take her inside and tell her there. When you guys are done, I'll go in with Anita.

Shant - Yeah, that's what I was thinking, that's what I'll do.

Sona looked truly beautiful, and quiet.

Vahe - Did you…wanna go inside?

Sona - Where?

It’s as if she knew there was an inside to go, but wasn’t sure what direction.

Vahe - Inside, to my brother’s room.

***

They trailed inside, and closed the door behind them like two mourners. There was simply no strength left to lock eyes. Naturally, they felt if each others gazes were met head on, something would explode, somewhere.

Sona eyed the ground, and slowly made her way to the edge of the bed. She raised her stare to eye level, and with a voice muted of expression inquired:

Sona - Is this Raffi’s cupboard?

Shant - Yeah.

Sona - Is...is that his hanger?

Shant - Yes, and that's his hat.

Titans from the world of film, I challenge you to express in real life what you so eloquently, effortlessly express in front of machines and cameras alike.

Sona - I guess those are his books...hmm...English.

Shant - There are French ones as well.

Sona - I guess he knows French?

Shant - Night school, he gets by.

Sona - Nice, my cousin goes to night school too.

Shant - What’s your cousin’s name?

Sona - Ardem.

Shant - Oh yeah, the one with the Bimmer who grabs you from school sometimes. Last time I saw him someone had scratched his bumper.

***
The silence, confused, opened its arms and sashayed from one corner of the room to the next.

**Sona** - Let’s go outside.

**Shant** - This is his pillow…

**Sona** - I need to get home, my mom’s probably waiting up for me.

The door was briefly knocked and then swung open. Vahe’s face was revealed, and then pulled back with the sentiments of: “Oops…My bad…”

After Vahe’s disappearance, Shant - who was by the door- rested his back on its frame, gripped the handle and with one stressed sentence…

**Shant** - “S...S...Sooonaa, I love…” was announced.

It was as if he would succumb to the ground, but he did not fall. Sona got up from her spot, and got closer. No, more like only a couple of steps, and…

**Sona** - Kiss me.

**Shant** - How?

He meant to say, “Me? Now? But why?” But all he could come up with was, “how?”

**Sona** - Kiss me just like they do in the movies.

Sona simply didn’t understand him. His chest was going to burst, his heart ready to spontaneously combust. Was now the time for their lips to embrace? How was he supposed to position himself close to her, without melting en route? And of course, he had it all planned out. First, he was going to give her the perfume. He would bust out his monologue, “You represent love… Sona… everytime I…”

Sona had reclaimed her seat at the edge of the bed, her head held low.

***

And suddenly…

“Hurry, fast…” Vahe’s voice made its way through the door. The music was silenced. The sound of things being relocated stirred the air. Shant, perplexed, wasn’t quite sure how he opened the door. The ashtrays were being cleansed. The empty bottles made their way beneath couches and chairs alike. The windows were opened. The stubborn waft of Marlboro smoke proved resilient, not ready to be expelled.

Mrs. Srpoug was confused as she welcomed the steps of the family home. It only lasted briefly. “Don’t even start; it could have been a lot worse. Jesus Christ, let’s count our blessings that no one got hurt”.

The noise, like a crate of fresh fruit, hit the staircase and tumbled its way onto the street.

Vahe had already planned his exit strategy. All Shant could do was clumsily mutter a few words.

**Shant** - I’ll be back…I need to drop her off.

They hit pavement, himself, his fire, and his Sona. Coffee, booze and cigarettes were contributing equal parts to what seemed like an uncoordinated ballet in Shant’s stomach. They swished left, then swished right.

Sona’s palm in his palm, his parents rage waiting his return at home.

***

On his way back home, he stopped by Panos’ shop. He started to get lost in worry. But, no, why would he? He loved Sona - this he could confidently proclaim: one. He was seventeen years old: two. What did they want from him? three. This was also his house…If they’re so unhappy with him, they should have never brought him into this world: four.

As Shant was going through this inner dialogue, Baron Artin was exercising his classic “oofs” of disapproval, two by two. Mrs. Srpoug delicately rearranged the fabric on the couches, that had been mischievously been used to mask the sight of glorious whisky bottles.

“Hey,” she said… ‘Let’s walk over to Bedros’. We’ll sit on the balcony… You’ll play some backgammon… Don’t open your mouth at all about this, they’ll make us the subject of gossip and disapproval. This is a sensitive topic”

Mr. Artin pondered briefly. It was a sensitive topic. After surrendering to a final couple of “oofs” he said, “I’ll keep quiet, you just try to work on keeping the tongue in check.”

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By: Vehanoush Tekian, translated by Varak Babian
As somebody that has worked his entire life in Canada and worked in the media for a long time, I’ve noticed that there has been a drastic decrease in the availability of jobs in the field. I’d like to see more funding for the media and less restrictions. This will encourage fresh eyes and talent to engage in this industry.

My parents are proud Serbian. They often talk about how they wish our country’s relationship with Croatia would be more smooth. Not getting along with your neighbours can be a very bad thing.

There needs to more focus on education in my native Jamaica; kids now don’t want to pursue a higher education there. A shift in priorities is needed.

I love my country. I love Canada…But as a member of the First Nations it’s hard to swallow some of the injustices that have occurred over the years. There needs to be a bigger focus on Native rights.

I’m from Iran. YouTube is blocked there. It is my wish for there to be no internet censorship in the country. Transparency is important, and it needs to start with something like YouTube- something we all take for granted here but can be a huge platform for young people to bring in a new way of thinking.

There’s a referendum coming up on marriage equality in Ireland. I hope it passes with a unanimous yes vote. Also, I’d like to change the fact that those on top have control and share only amongst their cronies..But that might be more of a global thing than exclusively Irish.
Take a look...

film | music | literature | social media

NO ONE WRITES TO THE COLONEL,
Armenia – Vahe Yan

Artsakh’s war for independence is often viewed as an important victory, one that helped nurture and strengthen the damaged psyche of Armenians. One less known fact is how Armenian forces were supplemented by individuals representing other former Soviet republics. 2014’s The Golden Apricot Festival brought to screen this short film, exploring the story of Vitaly Radchenko, an ethnic Ukrainian who joined his Armenian brethren in battle. The war was fought and won, though Vitaly was left disabled, and not permitted to return to his native land.

Vitaly speaks Armenian fluently, and in the film discusses how he would risk his life in a heartbeat once more if Artsakh ever needed to be defended. His damaged hand serves as a reminder of battle, and his grim reality of not having enough to get by is framed by his immense pride and the memories of better days. Through constant cigarette smoke, Vitaly speaks about Artsakh and his lifelong support for its safety.

The film’s landscape is rough and grainy, a seemingly perfect match for the target it follows. Vitaly lives and spends most of his time with other veterans of the war and the camera follows them wordlessly. While medals for courage and bravery are often within the film’s frames, a lack of bread and financial stability is conspicuously absent. Vitaly has requested Armenian citizenship with hopes for some form of stability. He feels he deserves it, and the viewer is lead along on a path to agree.

SHATTERED DREAMS OF THE REVOLUTION: FROM LIBERTY TO VIOLENCE IN THE LATE OTTOMAN EMPIRE, - Bedross Der Matossian

Published by Stanford University Press in late 2014, Bedross Der Matossian’s Shattered Dreams of the Revolution: from liberty to violence in the late Ottoman Empire, examines the significance of ethnic relations played during the last years of the crumbling Ottoman Empire. By using the examples of the Armenian, Jewish and Arab minorities, Der Matossian explains how the Young Turk revolution ultimately failed to attract the minority Ottoman population to its cause. In his book, Der Matossian has used a number of primary sources – from newspaper articles to speeches and sermons – to give readers a thorough understanding of minority politics within the Empire.

As Middle East experiences a new set of revolutions today, the early lessons of the Ottoman Empire, of shattered hopes and dissatisfaction, continue to give us important insights into the disillusion seemingly inherent in all revolutions.

“IMAGINE” Various Artists, UNICEF Armenia

Backed by UNICEF Armenia and featuring John Lennon’s timeless ballad “Imagine”, this latest version is presented as a collaboration between some of Armenia’s brightest talents: both at home and in the Diaspora. Contributing artists are Alla Levonyan, Isabel Bayrakdarian, Serj Tankian, Gor Sujian, Tigran Petrosyan, Arto Tuncboyaciyan and the Little Singers of Armenia.

Their blend of distinct styles and varying vocal techniques manages to ingest the well-known song with a fresh and uniquely nostalgic sentiment: the perfect response to this holiday campaign encouraging both awareness and financial support for the work that UNICEF does with children in Armenia.

UNICEF has tailored this campaign to each region that it operates in, along with a DIY element that encourages supporters to record their own version of the well-known tune. While the Armenian undertaking reviewed here might not have some of the star power other versions boast, the result still remains a well-produced and musically interesting version of a John Lennon standard. The accompanying music video boasts a slick, black and white aesthetic with the requisite children’s choir featuring both neatly braided hair and matching uniforms, alongside shots of children who have benefited (or hope to benefit) from UNICEF’s work in Armenia. Conspicuously absent from the English version of the video is Serj Tankian whose unique vocals are juxtaposed with images of smiling children and a guitar being expertly played. We do however see the light radiating from Canadian soprano Isabel Bayrakdarian’s face as she coaxes Lennon’s unique melody up to her own exclusive operatic heights.

Does this record shatter expectations or redefine the current state of Armenian music? Not really. But after watching the video for the third time and still registering a healthy amount of goosebumps, it would have to be declared a success.
FEATURED ARTIST: GARINE YAACOUBIAN

Garine Yaacoubian was born in Toronto, where she attended the A.R.S. Armenian School. She is currently studying at the University of Toronto, completing a bachelor’s degree in urban planning, philosophy, and studio art. Garine teaches, both acrylic painting and pencil drawing classes. Her artwork consists of pencil, charcoal, acrylic paint and water colour paint. Garine brings a wide variety of artistic styles, from impressionism to realism. Complicated landscapes, soothing seascapes, architecture and realistic portraits are types of themes she focuses on. She also works with non-traditional art such a digital painting. Her work constantly changes, finding inspiration from books, nature, other artists and her Armenian background.

1. Toronto subway station – acrylic on canvas
2. Armenian survivor – acrylic on canvas
3. Diamond – pencil crayon on paper
4. Digital eye – photoshop
5. Starting portrait – pencil crayon on paper
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“If you wish to know the future of a nation, take a look at its youth.”
– Karekin Njdeh

AYF Canada’s Youth Corps - Camp Vanadzor is a 2 week free of charge summer camp organized in Vanadzor (Armenia’s third largest city) for children from 8 – 16 years old.

ΣΗ ΦΕΗ χρηματικής ανεμπροφόρης διεξάγεται καθημερινά στην πόλη της Βανάδζωρ στην Αρμενία για παιδιά των ηλικιών 8-16 ετών.

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