

# Haytoug Հայտուգ

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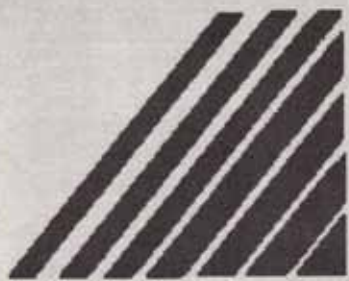
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THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE **A**RMENIAN **Y**OUTH **F**EDERATION  
YOUTH ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMENIAN REVOLUTIONARY FEDERATION OF WESTERN AMERICA

## SPECIAL EDITION



DEDICATED TO  
THE 10TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE KARABAKH STRUGGLE



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*For the social, economic  
and political liberation of  
the Armenian people...*





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Opinions expressed in the Haytoug are not necessarily those of the Haytoug Staff or the Armenian Youth

Federation. The staff encourages all Armenians to write to the editor on issues regarding all Armenians.

If you would like to receive a Haytoug by mail, please write to the address above.



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# **E D I T O R I A L**

## **In The State Of War: We Have a Right to Kill**

In his "Second Treatise of Government", John Locke addresses the fairly new concept of freedom with the following passage:

"He that in the state of nature, would take away the freedom that belongs to any one in that state, must necessarily be supposed to have a design to take away everything else, that freedom being the foundation of all the rest; as he that in the state of society, would take away the freedom belonging to those of that society or common-wealth, must be supposed to design to take away from them everything else, and so be looked on as in a state of war."

The Republic of Nagorno-Karabakh is in the state of war because our enemies have taken from us the freedom to decide our own fate. That person(s) that takes away my liberty would not hesitate to take from me everything else I won, including my family, pride, heritage and even my soul. We have a right to kill, if we can, because the state of war requires us to punish the oppressor for taking us out of the state of nature. Hence, according to John Locke, the father of liberal thought, a state of peace, good will, mutual assistance and preservation is impossible to uphold as long as there is a state of enmity, malice, violence and mutual destruction; and for the information of those who are blind to see the situation in our homeland, we are in the state of the latter.

We have a right to kill our oppressor because he has taken our life and it is a given premise that life

cannot continue (happily) in the state of war. We have a right to destroy those who have robbed the human dignity from right under us, and therefor I plead to the Armenian people to unite as one to take the innocent people of OUR Artsakh out of the state of war and into the state of nature. If our aggressor takes all that is essential for us to live, mainly our freedom, then we are allowed by the right of war to kill the aggressor.

We must all agree that there currently isn't a common superior on earth to put all people in a state of nature, hence, force is necessary to secure the lives that are threatened by the aggressor. In the NKR, humans have a right to destroy that which threatens humans with destruction because with the fundamental law of nature, man ought to be preserved as much as possible and we must not compromise the safety of those preserved. Just like man can kill a tiger, bear or thief because an innocent life is seen as a prey, the aggressor is considered dangerous. Men and women are allowed to reason among themselves and to judge right or wrong. The people of Artsakh believe in self-determination and they are willing to reason and develop among themselves, but that right is being thrown around with no consideration of the state of nature. Locke continues to say that "force without right, upon a man's person, makes a state of war, both where there is and is not a common judge." We, Armenians have no other option than to retaliate against those offending and opposing our right.

Anonymous



# Karapagh Fate

## Entrusted to OSCE Ministers

by Alex Sardar

In what became a turbulent year for Karabakh and its Armenian population, 1997 will go down in history as a year when the Armenian nation continued, in the face of adversity, its struggle for freedom and justice.

While the usual adversaries fought against the Armenian people, new enemies with familiar faces reared their ugly faces. Levon Ter-Petrosyan, on the eve of the December Organization for Security and Cooperation in Europe Foreign Ministers Summit, went public, during his first press conference since the early 90's, with his stance on the Karabakh issue. He called on the Armenian people to resign to the fact that Karabakh would never be independent, and he declared that Karabakh should make concessions in the name of peace.

After the national uproar Ter-Petrosyan's comments generated, he put his thoughts on paper in an article aimed more toward insulting and undermining his critics than answering questions or clarifying his thoughts. The anti-Karabakh sentiments expressed by Ter-Petrosyan and his clique of ministers caused major rifts between the Armenian government and the Karabakh leadership. The Armenian people in the homeland and the Diaspora went on the defensive restating their aims and goals, and decrying the Armenian authorities' defeatist posturing.

Throughout the year, the OSCE Minsk Group co-chairs from the United States, the Russian Federation and France, staged talks with the governments involved, but at all times, the objectivity of the international negotiators was somehow tainted by Caspian oil, and the billions of dollars being waved in front of each respective government.

The Azeri government at no instance during the year agreed to come to the negotiating table with Karabakh, and it managed to dodge the real issues involved in the conflict. Participating in the Organization of Islamic Conference in Tehran, Gaidar Aliyev persuaded the participants to adopt anti-Armenian resolutions.

The most significant and perhaps the most tense portion of the year, however, came in the winter, when the OSCE Foreign Ministers Summit was to convene in Copenhagen, Denmark in mid-December. The international community already aware of the serious discord existing between the Armenian government and the rest of the Armenian nation, began applying incredible pressure not only on Karabakh, but on Armenia to persuade Karabakh.

The United States in an unprecedented move included a \$12.5 million aid package to Karabakh, but it also created a \$50 million fund for the countries of the region who would contribute significantly to the resolution of the conflict. The aid would be available, the conditions stated, if the Karabakh conflict was settled by early 1998.

With such pressures abound, the Diaspora also began actively defending the Armenian nation's rights to self-determination and freedom. The Armenian Youth Federation began a massive petition drive, which spanned over two continents and more than 11,000 signatures.

AYF member in the Western US and Lebanon collected the signatures, calling on the foreign ministers of OSCE member countries to take into consideration the Armenian people's will and promised the officials that Armenians would do all in their power to protect their homeland.

The petitions were sent to Copenhagen just prior to the discussion of the Karabakh conflict. At the summit, Azerbaijan attempted to once again recreate the Lisbon disaster of 1996, when the summit, then, adopted a resolution calling for "the territorial integrity of Azerbaijan."

Once again, a similar resolution was brought to the table, asking to reconfirm the principles adopted in Lisbon. Once that proposal was rejected, the same resolution was proposed to be adopted as a statement of the Chairman of the summit. This, too, was rejected by the participants, making the OSCE summit an event that could have been detrimental for the Armenian nation, but one that did not produce much advancement in the conflict.

Armenian foreign minister Alexander Arzoumanian delivered his speech which in many way contradicted not only Ter-Petrosyan but himself, as well. The defeatist sentiments apparent in the authorities' posturing was non-existent, and Arzoumanian spoke well for the rights of the Armenian people.

1998 promises to be a year in which the international community will once again try to deny Armenians their rights, but with activism and with committed diligence, Karabakh will remain independent, even in the face of familiar adversaries of the worst kind.



# MY FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH A 'CIVILIZED' TURK!

On July 1951, I was traveling by rented automobile from Aleppo to Homs (both in Syria). Two young Arabs were seated in the rear with me and up front we had the driver and a man and a woman. At one point, the man up ahead started talking in very broken Arabic with the Arab young men seated with me. It soon became obvious to me that the passengers up ahead were husband and wife, and were Turks, because the man had a pronounced Turkish accent and that every now and then he would turn to his wife and explain, in Turkish, what was being said.

I was a young man at that time, and the blood started boiling in me unconsciously! It was the first time I was face to face with Turks! I had heard and read sufficiently about them, but had never met one. I thought Turks were different beings; but my God, they looked human to me! But, I wonder, how could human beings do whatever they did to my family, to my nation, to the Armenian people...

Although I spoke both Turkish and Arabic very well, I did not join in their conversation, just listened, until we got to Hama, a town equidistant between Aleppo and Homs. Hama is an almost exclusively Muslem Arab town. One sees all around people attired in typical Arab costume, the women heavily veiled; the city has a traditional Muslem ambiance.

Hama being their residence, the two young Arabs left us, and the rest of us waited for two other passengers to replace them. But for a good half hour no one came to claim the vacant seats. As we were waiting, the man up front, whom I had heard say he was a journalist by profession and his wife a member of the Parliament of Turkey, turned to me and asked me, "Pardon me, sir, why didn't you have anything to say while I was talking to our two Arab friends?" I replied, "I was not asked to say anything, nor were any words directed at me, so I stayed out of it." We spoke in Arabic, of course, since the Turk very naturally assumed I was an Arab. The man then asked me if we Arabs had a national costume. "Of course we have", I remarked, taking the part of an Arab, "Of course we have a national attire. Just look out of the windows of this vehicle and you will see nothing but people in traditional Arab fashion." His answer was quite heated; "Yes, so I have noted! I didn't know that Syria was so backward a country. Why all those out there are nomads! I am proud to say that we Turks-my wife and I are Turks you know-were once like those nomads out there, with fez on head and shalvar as pantaloons; but now we are thoroughly civilized, all this due to the Great Mustafa Kemal Ataturk's (Father of the Turks) modernization."

This raised the hackles on my neck. The Turk 'civilized'! I said, "Look here, sir, suppose we take a wolf (I chose a wolf because it is the national symbol of Turkey) and cover that animal with the pelt of a lion; now does that make the wolf a lion?" This stopped the man dead in his tracks; he hesitated, then turned to his wife and told her what had just transpired between the two of us; the hanum (lady) looked sharply back at me-a ferret caught in a trap.

Finally, the man indicated a passerby on the street dressed in American or European style. "Now then," he asked airily, "could that man out there be an Arab?" I quickly responded, "I don't know who or what he is, but he looks to be a non-Arab; or, he may be an Armenian!" Finally, his response, "Oh, yes, by the way, how do the Armenians around here treat you Arabs?" My answer, "Sir I have no dealings with the Armenians, but I do know that our President Shiukri Kuwatli (then the Syrian leader) often praises the Armenians in his radio addresses to the nation."

The man's entire demeanor suffered a dramatic change at this. His dark face became ruddy with animal rage, and his fists clenched. "What, what!" roared the 'civilized' journalist, "your President praises the Armenians! He's wrong, I tell you, he's wrong. He knows nothing about the Armenians. Ask a Turk about the Armenians, he'll tell you. We have lived for 600 years with that venomous people. They are a disgusting and insolent bunch of animals. Mark my words, it won't be too long before they string up your President and you! Just wait and see!"

**"Ask a Turk about the Armenians, he'll tell you. We have lived for 600 years with that venomous people. They are a disgusting and insolent bunch of animals."**

At this moment, the driver started up our engine and started off up the road to Homs. But the incensed Turk didn't stop his shouting one moment, as I just sat back and let him rave on and on about the Armenians, the swines (khuzur in Turkish) they were, the infidels (giavoors in Turkish) they were, the malodorous infections they were. At one point, he started to froth at the mouth like a cur in distemper. By the time we arrived in Homs, the Turk had exhausted both his wits and his vocabulary, and had spilled out his guts over how evil, how reprehensible, how untrustworthy, how unworthy the Armenians happened to be.

In Homs, as I stepped down the car, I turned to the Turk and his hanum and said to them in pure Turkish, "Goodbye sir, and goodbye madam!" They looked at me in stupefaction. "Why, you speak Turkish" I answered calmly, "Why of course I speak Turkish, sir and madam, and am I am one of those 'venomous' Armenians."

Thunderstricken, the man finally stammered, "Why don't we converse a bit more, this time then in Turkish?" I shook my head, "What in the world would we talk about? About the 'disgusting' Armenians. You sir exhausted that subject with your endless diatribe against the 'unworthy' Armenians, directed, you thought, at a gullible non-Armenian. I've had enough of that ordure! Enough is enough!" All this Istanbul dialect.

Later, I read in a local paper that a certain Turkish journalist and his wife had been lavishly entertained by King Abdullah Ibn Hussein, the grandfather of the present King Hussein of Jordan..."

And the same day King Abdullah Ibn Hussein is assassinated...(July 20, 1951).

January 29, 1997  
Paren Sanentz  
"Kermanig"



**T**H  
As usual, I enter the party late only to be faced with two hundred people gazing at me. Four hundred eyeballs follow my each and ever move to see where I am going, who I am with, and of course my attire. The audience drills their eyes into me like a hawk would it's prey to make their first and lasting impression. After the first impression is made, I become the "X" factor in an experiment everyone enacts to reach their hypothesis. The hypothesis is made at around the same time I reach my table and take a seat. Two hundred people, two hundred conclusions.

Every day, at every hour, we interact with different individuals to create an environment. In every environment, the role we play varies. In other words, the ratios throughout the experience change, but the hypothesis is always the same. But where do the factors come from? Where does all the information we use as facts derive from? Is it even accurate?

Every person is viewed differently through the other's eyes. A person can be a doctor and at the same time a father, a husband, and a rapist. As a father, doctor, and husband, he is seen as a respectable figure. As a rapist, he is seen as a corrupt figure in society leaning towards the negativism of the future. Another person can be a student, a believer in religion and family values, and an outstanding artist, yet at the same time be an abuser of drugs and alcohol.

Now, how can judgements and first impression be made on such people? Which factors are considered when

we make our judgements? Do we consider the good or the bad? The answer is simple. Every individual, at all times, wears a mask. The mask acts as a barrier for the true person.

The mask I wear is what protects my identity from society. The mask has grown on me and covers my true identity. Every day, when I step out of my room, I never forget to put on my mask. My mask is me. The mask is what people know. The mask is what people know because I choose for them to know that.



I have lived with this mask my entire life. This mask contains memories, feelings, hate, happiness, jealousy, respect, and most importantly it carries a barrier for the true me. Now, what will happen if I decide to take this mask off? Will people love me? Will people pity me? Well, I don't need people's love, nor respect, nor pity. I leave the mask on as protection, just like a football player would during a game. The mask protects my true identity. The identity, I and every other individual in this world is scared to release.

This mask is a mask that individuals use to face society. Due to the fact that society has manumitted an

image that everyone tries to portray, an individual uses a mask to fit into this image.

The mask is a barrier for society. An example of this is quite simple. When we go out, certain ethics and values are upheld. Do we yell or use vulgar language toward the elderly? Do we use our hands to eat at a restaurant? No, but have we considered who set these values and what factors these values fall under?

These values are set by society, and the mask we wear helps us face society's wants and needs. We have eyes to see with. We have ears to hear with. We have churches to attend. We have chairs to sit on. We have cars to drive. We have everything needed, but what happens to us if the chair we sit on is broken? What happens if we don't have gas for our cars? Do we stop living? Do we give up on life? No. We go on. Just the same way we deal with society. We put on our masks and go on. We face society stronger and with more confidence.

Everyone wears a mask. Wear your mask with confidence. Wear the mask knowing that everyone else wears a mask. Wear the mask knowing that society impacted how your mask is, how long you will wear it, and why it is there. Learn to live with this mask. Be true to yourself, and do not let stereotypes and litigations reveal your true identity throughout society. Maintain your image and stick to it. And remember, as Vincent Lombardi once said, "The quality of a person's life is in direct proportion of their commitment to excellence, regardless of their field of endeavor."

Haytoug Staff



**Article From Wednesday's 26th edition of The Daily Bruin  
by Barlas, a first year graduate student in film and television.**

This letter is in support of the proposed department of Ottoman and Turkish studies at UCLA. I am concerned that this academic endeavor has come under harsh criticism from members of the student community who are more partisan than they might at first realize and who are burdened with the stock Western image of the Turk: that of a sinister, lascivious and venal barbarian who is the walking antithesis of civilization. Any survey of the literature on the Ottoman empire and Turkey or a visit to Turkey will reveal Turks as tolerant, cultured and honest people.

Unfortunately, however, few Americans will have the chance to make this discovery. Instead, to form their opinion of Turks, they must rely upon *Midnight Express* and the testimony of the former subjects of the Ottoman Empire.

The prospect of courses in Ottoman and Turkish studies disturbs anyone whose idea of history is filling the vacuum of knowledge with ancient vendettas. Some Armenians claim that the Ottomans carried out genocide against them during the Great War. There are several points they obscure in this regard. 1) There is no documentation to support the occurrence of this event other than proven forgeries (such as the "Andonian Papers") and miscellaneous wartime propaganda directed against the Ottomans by Britain and the United States. 2) Eastern Anatolia was in a state of de facto civil war in which Armenians had Russian support and encouragement. Their bitterest enemies in the region were, at any time, the Kurds, not the Turks. As a result of their activities against the Ottoman state, Armenians were relocated to Zor in the Syrian Desert. A process during which 600,000 to 800,000 of them died for reasons that become apparent in my next point. 3) 20% of the population of Anatolia, including roughly 3,000,000 Greeks, had died by 1923 from causes including war, famine, typhoid and cholera. Those Armenians who did not die of war or natural causes were subject to regional attacks from Kurds, and fatalities incurred during their own rebellion against the Ottomans, admittedly, atrocities on a far smaller scale than those claimed by the Armenians whose legitimate grief has led them to unfortunate conclusions. As Orwell said, "Atrocities are believed in or disbelieved in solely on grounds of political predilection. Everyone believes in those of his own side, without bothering to examine the evidence."

## **Looking past misconceptions, stereotypes of Turks History: Opposition to Ottoman studies result of misguided notions.**

Modern Turks admit that the Great War saw atrocities on all sides, the Ottomans not excluded, and lament the fact that their own suffering has been so readily glossed over in the West. The Turkish state is an island of stability in the near and Middle East and, as a member of NATO, so generously houses U.S. soldiers and material only to be compared to Saddam Hussein's Iraq by the sadly informed. The president of the Armenian Student Association was quoted as making this comparison on the first page of *The Bruin*. The government and the military of the United States, who were not quoted, have the opposite view.

All generic deprecations of Turkey rely on the image of the Turk that is on common currency. The Turk is a Turk. It does not matter whether he is a citizen of the Turkish republic, which dates from 1923, or gazi of the 13th century. It does not matter whether he is a Kurd, a Jewish rabbi in Istanbul or an illiterate Tatar immigrant. He is somehow responsible for the purported crimes of his forefathers, whoever they are. This habit of thought is more pernicious when backed by political power. Surely, as thinking people, we would not blame a Russian intellectual for alleged Tsarist atrocities merely because Bolsheviks with guns say so.

At UCLA, as elsewhere, history must not be dedicated by mob, megaphones and party lines. The loudest demagogue at the head of the largest mob must not interdict or dictate the teaching of history at will. The establishment of Ottoman and Turkish studies is clearly out of fashion with the warring knots of narrow-minded ideologies into which some, but certainly not all of the world population has been divided. Let us, then, be unfashionable.



## Response to Mr. Barla's article

By Shant Shekherdimian

Dear Mr. Barlas,

I would like to commend your efforts in putting together the article that appeared in November 26th's issue of the Daily Bruin. More and more we are seeing Viewpoint articles becoming just statements of opinion coupled with blatant insults, with very little or no facts behind them. This article, however, was one filled with researched facts and quotations, which enhance your opinion and make it more attractive to the rational reader.

I would, however, like to share some of my opinions, backed by facts, with you and anyone else reading this response to your Viewpoint article. There are a few minute details you had mentioned within your article, which I would like to present opposing arguments to. Before I get to those however, I would like to express concern over your first sentence, evidently your topic sentence. The rest of your article, if I am not mistaken, supports your original sentence.

"This letter is in support of the proposed department of Ottoman and Turkish studies at UCLA." I feel obligated to ask you who isn't? As far as I know, the Ottoman Empire, like any other empire, was a historical event. And just like any other piece of history, it deserves to become incorporated within the university's department of history. If your statement is aimed as a response to the opposition of several communities, such as the Greeks, Kurds, or Armenians, please be made aware that neither one of these communities is protesting the establishment of a Turkish studies chair. In fact, these groups of people comprise an important part of Ottoman history.

The only thing these minorities are opposing is the endowment of this chair by a foreign government, something I might add, unheard of in UCLA's history.

The controversy of foreign government endowments is not something you touched upon in your article. It is senseless for me to argue the facts, or rather the so called facts listed within the article. Whether or not the Armenians experienced a Genocide or just suffered from a "series of tragic events having little to

do with the Turks" is not what I am trying to dispute here, although rest assured that for the three points mentioned in your attack against the Armenian genocide, historians (not of Armenian or Turkish descent) can supply you and the readers with more than ample evidence proving the Genocide did indeed occur, and that the Turks were indeed responsible for it.

I am wondering whether or not to continue with my argument against your article, considering the fact that I already protested your topic sentence, and thereby protested your whole article. But for the sake of argument, let me continue.

"Members of the student community are burdened with the stock Western image of the Turk." Reading this, I was wondering whether or not your idea of the stock Western image included Amnesty International's annual reports of Turkey's human rights violations since 1993, or the E.U.'s constant denial of membership to Turkey, once again because of its track record on this issue.

"Any survey of the literature on the Ottoman Empire will reveal Turks as tolerant, cultural and honest people." The systematic extermination of the Armenian people (and there IS extensive documentation of it) would be a great example against your statement, but since you have chosen to believe that it is only a figment of the Armenian people's imagination, I will sustain from using examples from literature pertaining to it to refute your quote.

Perhaps you were referring to the literature discussing the persecution of non-Muslims (example Albarians) within the Turkish empire when you were describing Turks as tolerant people. But then again, maybe the Albarians were actually making a big story out of a little event, or even better, maybe it was the Albarians that were persecuting the Turks, right?

"A visit to Turkey will reveal Turks as tolerant, cultured and honest people." I would hope a country so heavily dependent on tourism would not take its visitors to prisons where members of the press are jailed and tortured during interrogations. You, I and the readers all know that tourists cannot, with any objectivity, be exposed to the everyday and especially the political life of the people whose country they are visiting.

Then next column and a half of your article is dedicated to explaining what "really" happened to the Armenians during World War I. However, as I mentioned earlier, I am not interested in initiating a discussion on this issue, even though it would be my pleasure



to share with you the innumerable pieces of literature authenticating the Genocide.

"The Turkish state is an island of stability in the Near and Middle East and, as a member of NATO, so generously houses U.S. soldiers and material." How nice of Turkey to house U.S. soldiers and materials, so "generously", especially since it has absolutely nothing to gain from it. I'm not sure Turkey's government suffers greatly economically and politically, by allowing the U.S. to station its troops within its boundaries. If it is too much of a hassle for the poor Turkish government, all they have to do is return historically Armenian lands to the Republic of Armenia, that way the U.S. troops would be a burden on Armenia, not Turkey.

"The president of the Armenian Student Association was quoted as [comparing the Turkish state to Saddam Hussein's Iraq] on the first page of The Bruin." Dear sir, let me clarify for you what Mr. Artashes Kassakhain said. He said that UCLA accepting an endowment from the government of Turkey is like accepting an endowment from Saddam Hussein, the government of Iraq. Both are countries, and both have had their share of controversy with regards to human rights. What is the problem with this comparison?

Ironically, the next point you make, can be refuted by not looking very far at all. You make the point that it is unfair to hold Turks "responsible for the purported crimes of his forefathers, whoever they are." I was wondering if you got the chance to read the article right underneath yours, "Should the United States government apologize for slavery?" The leaders of U.S. right now are not slaveholders, yet they live with the burden of guilt put on their shoulders by their ancestors. Unfortunately, my friend, this is how life and society works. Men and women are born carrying the burdens, and successes, of their ancestors.

Mr. Barlas, let me explain to you why I, just like the many student communities, are so vehemently opposed to Turkish national government's endowment of a chair at UCLA. First and foremost, I am against UCLA's involvement with any foreign government's money. As Princeton alumnus Steve Forbes said, "(Government funding) has twisted the focus of many universities away from the teaching and towards the goal of securing more funding." I don't want my school to be thought of as Ralph Nader thought of his school, when he said, "The university has long since lost its soul. It's just selling its soul now in more ways, for a higher price." And that is inevitably

what will happen when UCLA steps into the dangerous grounds of foreign endowments. Don't take my word for it, look into the schools that have accepted government money and the controversies they are surrounded with.

Now, I guess, the portion you and the readers, especially the history professors are anxiously waiting to hear, why so many people are opposed to Turkey's government in particular.

Isn't the study of history, after all, the study of the past in an effort to learn from the mistakes made so that they will not be made again and history will not repeat itself? Well, let's look at some facts from the past, in particular facts around the five chairs endowed by the Turkish government in America.

1) No chair has lived without its share of controversy.

2) Heath Lowry, the most infamous of the professors of Turkish studies, had to resign after controversy around him got so heated, that over 100 prominent scholars and writers, most non-Armenians, signed a petition "Decrying Corruption."

3) The professor of any chair sponsored by the Turkish government has to have published works-based on "extensive research of official Turkish archives."

Besides the widespread allegations by prominent scholars of tampered and altered archives, the Turkish government allows only people who "can demonstrate political alignment with the government of Turkey" access to its archives.

What do all these facts add up to? Well, in the words of Princeton professor Richard Falk, "The long arm of Turkish state has enlisted, directly and indirectly, some prominent academic spokespersons (both Turks and non-Turks) who have outrageously muddled the waters of truth by obscuring and distorting the story of Armenian genocide in the 1915-1918 period."

Mr. Barlas, I could go on and on for pages trying to list every single reason why a foreign government endowment is a wrong move for our campus. However, I am confident that I have made my point and have cleared up the stances of your opponents. I sincerely thank you for your time in reading this and welcome your thoughts.



## Վիգեն Չափարեան

### «Շուշիի ապստոլութիւն տեսնել ու մեռնել»:

Նա ծնունդ էր Հայրենիքից հեռու, օտար ափերում: Հանգիստ ու խաղաղ կեանքը կարող էր ապրել Վիգենը իր ծննդավայրում: Բայց եւ այնպէս, կեանքից անկախ պարճառներով լինելով այլ երկրի քաղաքացի, նա ամենից առաջ անշահախնդիր Հայն էր:

Դպրոցում թէ Դաշնակցական իր ակումբում նա սովորել ու ծանօթացել էր Հայ ֆիդայական շարժման հերոսապատումներին, ներշնչուած էր նրանից ու ամբողջապէս իւրացրել ֆիդայու շէնդ ու անվեհեր տիպարը:

Վիգենը «պատերազմի տղայ» էր, տեսել էր քաղաքացիական կռիւների ամբողջ սարսափներն ու դաժանութիւնները: Այս ժամանակաշրջանում էր, որ նա իր ընկերների կողքին գէնք վերցրեց, ոչ թէ իր մասնակցութիւնը բերելու անհեթեթ պատերազմին, այլ ամենայն նուիրումով պաշտպանելու հայկական վտանգուած թաղերը:

Այսօր պայքարի նոր հանգրուան է մտել հայ ժողովուրդը: Շարունակում ենք մնալ իրաւագուրկ եւ ննչուած, այնուամենայնիւ, հպարտօրէն կարող ենք համայն հայութեան եւ աշխարհին քարճրաճայն յայտնել, որ հայութիւնը ծնել է ու ծնում անցեալի մեր

մարտիկների գաղափարական ժառանգորդները հանդիսացող հերոս հայորդիներ, որոնք ամենայն անկեղծութեամբ ու անշեղ ուղիով այսօրուան մեր կռիւն տանում են դէպի համաժողովրդային ու համագգային պայքարի քարճումները:

Արցախի լեռներից հնչող մարտի ու պայքարի ձայնը փոքորկում ու անկոծում էին Վիգեն Չափարեանին եւ իր ընկերների անբասիր հոգիները: Ձեր կարող այս անճնուրաց երիտասարդը անարճազանգ մնալ հայրենակիցների մարտակոչերին, որովհետեւ չմոռնաւ, որ Վիգենների մամ տղաներ «Արարատներ ունեն իրենց հոգիների խորքում», գիւնուրագրուածների գէնքի եւ դրօշի վրայ ուխտել հայրենի հողի պաշտպանութեան համար գնալ գերագոյն գոհողութիւնների:

Ան հասաւ իր երագին:

Ուխտ դրեց Արցախի նուիրական հողի վրայ, եւ, ի՞չ հրճուամքով, լինելով «արի արանց» մարտական մասնակցութիւն բերեց Շուշիի ազատագրմանը. բայց նախքան Շուշի քաղաք մտնելը, նա հաւանաբար մտքով երագում էր «Շուշիի ազատութիւն տեսնել ու մեռնել»:





# Իգոր Ալեխանդրի Հասարակական

Վերջին փամփուշտը Իգորը պահեց իր համար, որովհետև արժիւները գերուելու սովոր չեն։ Ու պոռոկայն լինելու ընկերների եւ Արցախի։

Նա 19 տարեկան էր...

Երկար ժամանակ չգիտէին Իգորի ֆիդայի լինելու մասին։ Այդ մասին առաջինը պատմեց պատմութեան ուսուցիչ հայրը։ Որդին՝ ազատամարտիկ։ Ասել է, թէ մա գնում է կրակների մէջ, որտեղից կարող է չվերադառնալ։ Իր որդին ազատամարտիկ է։ Հայրը, յաղթահարելով հոգու խռովքը, օրհնում է որդու ֆանապարիք։

Այդ օրումնից անցաւ երկու տարի։ Պատանի ազատամարտիկի մասին շատերն իմացան Արցախում։ Զգարմացան շատեր երբ իմացան, որ մա ֆիդայի է, քանի որ մրա գաղափարական համոզմունքները տանում էին դէպի ազատագրական պայքարի առաջին գիծը։

Դեռ 17 տարեկան չկար, մասնակցում էր Խոջալուի մօտ՝ Յովսէփիանի գանազան ուրիշ տեղերու պաշտպանութեան։

Դեռ լոյս չբացուած՝ թշնամին սկսում է գնդակոծել։ Լոռութեան մէջ գրկախառնում են տղաները, երդում, որ մինչեւ արեան վերջին կաթիլը կը կռուեն, եւ գրաւում են դիրքերը։ Աջ թեւում Յակոբն էր, ձախում Իգորը։

Սկսում է անհաւասար մարտը, տղաներին յաջողում է յետ շարտել թշնամուն։ Թշնամին կրկնում է յարձակումը։ Հայկական դիրքերի ուղղութեամբ շարժում էր 33 ծանր տանկ, 60ից աւելի տեխնիկա։ Սկսում է ծանր մարտ։ Մեծաքանակ տեխնիկայի եւ ահռելի հետեւակի

դէմ։ Երկու անգամ յետ են շարտում թշնամուն, դանդաղեցնում մրա առաջխաղացումը։ Նրանց կողմից՝ տանկեր գրահամեմեմաներ, մեր կողմից՝ մի բուռ խիզախ նուիրեալներ։ Հայկական զոհեր տալով թշնամին սողում էր առաջ, սպառում էին մերոնց փամփուշտները, ջոկատը արիւմաքամ էր լինում։ Շրջապատման վտանգն անխուսափելի էր։ - Նահանջել, - կարգադրեց հրամանատարը։

Սկսուեց կանոնաւոր նահանջը։ Բայց Իգորը չնահանջեց։

- Ես կը պահեմ, դու՛ք գնացէ՛ք, - երեւի առաջին անգամ հրամանի չենթարկուեց Իգորն ուխդի քաւորուելով սկսեց գնդակոծել թշնամուն, դանդաղեցնելու մրա առաջխաղացումը, քարձումքի հակառակ կողմը։

Իգորը մնացել էր մեմ-մեմակ՝ թշնամուն երես առ երես-Իգորը վիրաւորում է. բայց իրեն չի կորցնում մինչեւ վերջին փամփուշտը կռուելով, մեծ զոհեր է պատճառում թշնամուն։ Զգալով, որ շրջապատուել է, Իգորը քացադանջեց։

- Յայտնէ՛ք հօրս ու մայրիկիս, որ ինձ թուրքը չի սպանել։ - Եւ վերջին գնդակը ուղղեց իր վրայ։ Կրակեց. իր սրտի մէջ հաւատարիմ մնալով ցնդակրօն կուսակցութեան ծրագրին՝ երբեք գերի չյանձնուել թշնամուն...



## Արարատի Ուղին

«Սրիկաները ինչ խփեցին, բայց ոչինչ,  
դու՛ր կու՛ռե՛ր մի՛նչեւ վերջ, յաղթանակը  
մերն է»:

Արարատի մայրը՝ Լարիսան, օրը ցերեկով, ոչ թէ երագում, այլ բաց աչքերով տեսաւ, թէ ինչպէս թշնամին մահաբեր գնդակով խոցեց իր գաւակին: Երանի տեսածը արթուն երագ լինէր: Բայց մայրական զգացումը սիրտը կանխազգալու վիթխարի կարողութիւն ունի: Աւաղ երագը իրականութիւն էր:

Արարատի հոգում փոթորկեց հայրենիքի սէրը եւ ալեկոծեց նրան: Գիշեր ու ցերեկ քուն չունէր, տենչում էր անպայման գործով մասնակցել, զօրավիգ լինել Ազատ ու Անկախ Հայաստանի կերտմանը, կեանքով պաշտպան կանգնել նրա սահմաններին, կռուով ազատագրել այն տարածքները ու բնակավայրերը, որ գրաւել էր մեր դարաւոր թշնամին:

Քաջասիրտ ու անվախ մարտիկը մասնակցեց Հաղորութի շրջանի

Մոխրենիս, Տումի, Թաղլար, Մարտունու շրջանի Ղարադաղլու, Ասկերանի շրջանի Մալիքէյլի գիւղերի մարտերին: Ինչպիսի ոգեւորութեամբ եւ յոյսով էր խօսում Շուշիի ազատագրման եւ մեր վերջնական յաղթանակի մասին, բայց... հազար ափսոս... Խոջալուի ազատագրման ժամանակ. 1992 թ. Փետրուար 26-ին, թշնամու դաւադիր գնդակը խոցեց նրան: Ընկաւ Արարատը:

27ը չբոլորած երիտասարդին վերջին խօսքերն էին, «Սրիկաները ինձ խփեցին, բայց ոչինչ, դու՛ր կու՛ռե՛ր մի՛նչեւ վերջ, յաղթանակը մերն է»: Դա է յաղթանակի մանապարհը: Դա է մուրեւակների ուղին: Նրանցից շատերն այսօր հանգչում են Եռաբլուրում: Այնտեղ է նաեւ Արարատը...





# Միսոն Յովհաննէս Աջիգկեօյեան

Մահ խնայեալ Անմահութիւն է:

«Ես չեմ ուզում մեռնել անկողինիս մէջ, երապանխ է պէնդ չեռլիս հայրենիիս ապատութեան, անկախութեան հասար թուրի դիմ կուռելիս Կոհուել»:

Ո՞ւմ մտնով կ'ամցնէր, որ տարիներ յետոյ, եւ խորհրդային կոչուող ինտերնացիոնալ վիժումով երկրում մորից հայի արիւն պիտի թափուի, այս ամբամ ազերիների կողմից, եւ մորից հայորդին գէմբ պիտի վերցնէ իր ձեռքը եւ կենալ մահու կոռուով հայրենի հողը պաշտպանի:

Հայրս սիրում էր երգել: Ամէն ամբամ, երբ ընկերների խումբը հաւաքում էր խմբովի սեղանի շուրջը, մա կիթառը ձեռքն էր առնում եւ մեղմ ձայնով երգում էր Հայկական յուզիչ երգեր, որոնց մէջ կար եւ ռամիկի եւ մտաւորականի եւ կորցրած Հայրենիքի, Հայոց աշխարհի երաշք բնութեան կարօտը, հայ տղայի եւ աղջկայ մաքուր սէրը: Բարձրաձայն եւ ոգեւորութեամբ երգում էին դաշնակցական, հայրենասիրական եւ ազատասիրական երգեր:

1990 թ. Յունուարին «Արարօ» երկրապաշտպանական ջոկատի չորս հրամանատարներից մէկը՝ Հայ Յնդափոխական Դաշնակցութեան Հայաստանի «Նրեւան» Կոմիտէի անդամ Սիմոն Աջիգկեօյեանը, Պապը, ինչպէս նրան կոչում էին ամենատարիքովը լինելու համար, վերցրեց ուսապարկը, գէմբը եւ եղբորս հետ մեկնեց Նոյեմբերգի խաչիկ գիւղը, որը յարձակումների էր ենթարկում Նախիջեւանի կողմից: Հիմգ ամիս հորս չտեսամբ:

Տուն վերադարձաւ միայն մասնակցելու համար խորհրդարանի

ընտրութիւններին, որտեղ առաջադրուած էր որպէս երեսփոխանութեան քեկնածու, գիտութիւնների Ակադեմիայի կողմից: Հ.Հ.Մ.Ի յաղթարշաւի շնորհիւ հայրս ընտրուեց, սակայն Հոկտեմբերին մոյմ Հ.Հ.Մ.Մ ասես զգալով իր սխալները, հորս առաջադրեց Նրեւանի քաղաքացի խորհրդի Նրեսփոխան եւ մա ընտրուեց:

Սակայն ոչինչ չէր կարող նրան պահել Նրեւանում, մորից մեկնեց Նոյեմբեր, վարդենիս, մասնակցեց Խեւանի կոնիներին: Մարտին մեկնեց Շահումեան, ստանձնելով Մարտումաշէնի պաշտպանութիւնը:

Որպէս հրամանատար 30 Ապրիլի 1991-ի Մարտումաշէնի Գետաշէնի վրայ «Օղակ» խոշոր յարձակումը, երեք ընկերների հետ դիրք գրաւեց գիւղի տներից մէկում եւ տանիքից սկսեց կրակել: Ուղղութիւնները պտտուելով գիւղի վրայ, դիմացի բլրին տեղակայուած զինուորականներին տեղեկացին հորս գտնուած վայրի մասին:

Տանկերից արձակուած առաջին կրակոցից փուլ եկաւ տանիքը, որտեղ հայրս էր գտնուում: Ներքեից ընկերները ձայն տուեցին, իջնի եւ հեռանալով, քայց մա վիրաւորուած էր եւ հրաժարուեց, որպէսզի քեռ չդառնայ, հրամայելով նրանց հեռանալ, իրենց հետ տանելով, մէկ այլ վիրաւոր ընկերոջ: Մարտական ընկերներից մէկը փորձեց բարձրանալ տանիք, երբ լսուեց հորս ձայնը: Նա կիսապառկած, մի ձեռքով

սեղմելով որովայնի վերքը, բարձրաձայն երգելով դաշնակցութեան հիմնը՝ շարունակում էր կրակել:

Տանկերից արձակուած երկրորդ եւ երրորդ ռումբերը լոցին եւ հորս երգը, եւ զնդացիրը: Տանիքը ամբողջութեամբ փուլ եկաւ:

Գիշերը, Մարտումաշէն մտամ մի քանի գիւղացի եւ փորելով հանցին հորս մարմինը փլատակների տակից: Փայտի կտորներից եւ իրենց սեւ հագուստներից դազող պատրաստեցին եւ երեք օր շարունակ ոտով եւ գրահամբեմալով, ցերեկները թաքնուելով, գիշերները շարժուելով, երախտապարտ գիւղացին՝ Իգոր Մուրադեանի օգնութեամբ հասցուցին հորս մարմինը Շահումեան, որտեղեց ուղղաթիռով Մայր Հայրենիք տեղափոխեցին հորս եւ Գետաշէնում մոյմ օրը գոհուած իր չորս մարտական ընկերների՝ Թաթուլ Կոպէեանի, Արթուր Կարապետեանի, Վալերի Նազարեանի եւ Զարջանդ (Հրայ) Դանիելեանի մարմինները:

Մայիս 3ը համազգային սուգի օր յայտարարուեց:

«Ես չեմ ուզում մեռնել անկողինիս մէջ...»

Նրանի նրանց, ովքեր իրենց երազած մահով զմացին:

Ամթէլ Ազիգկեօյեան



## Նորայր, Բերդաշորի Նորայրը

«Եկան, ապրեցին մեր կողին, լուսատու աստղերի նման  
վառուեցին ու ասուպի պես աննկատ հեռապան՝ խառնուելով  
հայոց սրբապառ անուններին...»

Բերդաձոր, Քարինտակ հասնում էին ոտով՝ յաղթահարելով թշնամու որոգայթները, հայրենի  
հողը լոնցնում էր, անլսելի էր դարձնում նրանց քայլերի ձայնը: Քանի՛ քանի՛ անգամ է Նորայրը անցել  
այդ մահուան ճամբով:

Մի քուռ հայորդիներ հրոսակների վոհմակի դեմ անհաւասար մարտի ելան: 1990թ. Զուլմուարի  
27ին թշնամին, փակելով քուռը ելները, ձգտում էր վերջնականապես լուծել Քարինտակ Բերդաձորեան  
առեղծուածը: Այդ մարտի մասին շատ է գրուել: Թշնամին որոշ յաջողութեան հասաւ, բայց հուժկու  
հարուած ստանալով՝ նահանջեց: Ծանր գնով բերուեց յաղթանակը: Մարտի սկզբում զոհուեցին երկու  
ազատամարտիկ: Մէկը Նորայրն էր:

Ընկերները հերթով գրկեցին մահացու վիրաւորին, առիւծի նման մոնջեցին:

25 գարուն ապրեց Նորայրը, չհասցրեց իր գաւակի առաջին նիշը լսելու: Անկատար մնաց  
ծնողներին տուած խոստումը. «Երբ յաղթեմք ու ազատագրեմք Արցախ հայրենիքը, ձեզ կը տանեմ, ձեր  
աչքերով կը տեսնէք այդ հրաշք երկիրը...» («Երկիր», 18 Սեպտ. 1992): «Բագին» 1993

## Մարտիրոս Արշակի Շահնապարեան

«Նրա ու նրա նման հերոսների արեան գնով է, որ  
ապրում եւ պայքարում է Արցախը»:



Ապրիլի 5-ին՝ Մարտիրոս Շահնապարեանը Արցախեան պապենական աշխարհի գիշերային  
յարձակումից պաշտպանելիս, զոհուեց ՕՄՕնականների արձակած դաւադիր գնդակից. նրա ընկերները  
վրէժխնդիր եղան զոհուած ընկերոջ համար: Այնուհետեւ, վրէժխնդրութեան օրէնքին Հայ ֆիդայու  
հաւատարմութեան մէջ համոզուեցին Արմաիր գիւղի «Նորածիլ հարեւանները», համոզուեց թշնամին,  
եւ նրանք, ովքեր կը փորձեն ձեռք բարձրացնել հայ կեանքի վրայ:

Նուիրեալ հայորդու մարմինը Ապրիլի 7-ին «Վերքերով Լի» երգի ուղեկցութեամբ, ամփոփուեց  
Նոր Երզնկա աւանի 1915 թ. Ցեղասպանութեան զոհերի յուշակոթողի մօտ: «Բագին» 1993



# Թալինյի Թաթուլ



«մնալ եւ մինչեւ վերջ պաշտպանել հայրենի  
հողն ու բնակչութեանը...»

Մեր հրաշք հեքիաթ Գետաշէնի մէջ,  
Առիւծի նման կռուեցիր անվերջ,  
Յանուն հայ ազգի, յանուն վրէժի,  
Ազգիդ արիւնը գայլը չխմի:

Խմբապետ Թաթուլ,  
Վեր առար քո սուր,  
Կռուեցիր քաջ-քաջ,  
Սեւ դեւի առաջ:  
Որ բերես գարուն,  
Զքափուի արիւն,  
Զըմ հոգի արեւ,  
Խմբապետ Թաթուլ,  
Զըմ հոգի ախպեր,  
Թալինցի Թաթուլ:

Արցախն հայոց քաջ ու քանիմաց,  
Քեզ համար ողբաց, արեց սուգ ու լաց,  
Դու ընկար արծիւ հայոց լեռների,  
Քո հոգին յաւերժ թող փարոս լինի,  
Դու ընկար արծիւ հայոց լեռների,  
Համազասպ, ազգիդ քաջին գովերգիր:

Հերոսացած անուն որ  
յատկապէս այս օրերին մեծ  
խորհուրդ ունի: Ապրիլի 21-  
ին պիտի բոլորէր նրա 27  
ամեակը: Փոյթ չէ, թէ լինէր  
մ ա ռ տ ա դ ա շ տ ու մ՝  
զինակիցների հետ, կամ  
գուցէ այդ օրը կրկին լինէր  
Գետաշէնի դպրոցում՝ իր  
աշակերտներով շրջապա-  
տուած, գուցէ եւ տանը՝  
հարազատների, մտերիմների  
հետ. մէկ տարի առաջ  
Ապրիլի 30-ին կեանքի 26-րդ  
գարունը դեռ նոր-նոր բոլո-  
րած՝ հերոսաբար ընկաւ  
Գետաշէնի պաշտպանութեան  
մարտերում: Նահատակուեց՝  
«մնալ եւ մինչեւ վերջ  
պաշտպանել հայրենի հողն ու  
բնակչութեանը...»

Խմբապետ Թաթուլ (Զեռագիր -  
21 Ապրիլ)  
ԳՈՒՍԱՆ ՀԱՄԱԶԱՍՊ

# CRY

# FREEDOM!

# CRY

# SHAME!

Ashure2  
By Ara Katchiadourian

It was a warm August day. On the corner of Hotel Armenia, a crowd had gathered. As I approached the crowd, I heard a woman calling for help. Another demanded the emergency services. When I got closer, I saw a woman in her sixties, foaming at the mouth. She had gone into shock, convulsions and all. She had just emerged from the courthouse a few feet away, where the prosecution had recommended the death penalty for her son, one of 31 people being tried in what has come to be known as the "Trial of 31."

Cries of freedom [A-za-du-tiun] for Vahan Hovanessian and 30 others imprisoned by Armenian authorities rang through the windows. Similarly, cries of shame [A-mot] for the Armenian authorities also rang through, as did patriotic songs, a revolutionary spirit and just simple cries. The mood was somber yet enraged. A rage against a political machine which for almost three years now has violated all legal and international norms and has made a mockery of justice.

Inside the muggy courtroom sat Vahan Hovanessian and 30 of his peers, caged. They were awaiting the conclusion of the prosecution's case against them. The heat was intense, and the odor of perspiration at first clouded one's concentration, only to immediately wane due to the seriousness of the matter at hand.

The Armenian Interior Ministry forces encircled the courtroom and attempted to maintain order in the court. Journalists sat at their designated place, and defendants' family members, who have become too familiar to the court, the courtroom and, of course, the flawed judicial system in our newly independent homeland, filled the room in anticipation.

Mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, grandparents, children, aunts, uncles and other relatives have made what has become a ceremonial pilgrimage to the courtroom every day for the past two years. While, in the larger scheme of things, two years may not constitute a long span of time, it is enough, however, to rigidly discipline one's existence.

This so-called pilgrimage was not planned, but rather forced upon the families who were awakened at the dark of night on July 29, 1995 as the police and special interior ministry forces

entered each of their homes, without warrants, ransacked their belongings and arrested their loved ones.

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Vahan Hovanessian, a member of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation Bureau at the time of his arrest, and a conduit in the Karabakh liberation struggle, was charged with advocating the forceful overthrow of the Armenian government and organizing efforts to assassinate certain high-ranking members of the government. At least, that's what was projected by the authorities immediately following his arrest, when Armenia's National Security Council issued an announcement (copies of which were distributed to international governments by the diplomatic corps) detailing a slew of assassination plots aimed at ridding the world of the creme de la creme of the Armenian government.

Hovanessian's co-defendants were charged with having active or passive roles in the "plot" allegedly masterminded by Hovanessian.

This was the second of such cases brought by the state and aimed at discrediting the ARF. The so-called "Dro" trial ended last December with a verdict which completely contradicted the initial charges brought against its defendants. In this case, ARF leader and the driving force behind the Karabakh self-defense movement Hrant Markarian was being accused of and charged with establishing a clandestine organization, DRO, which performed terrorist acts and was involved in drug-trafficking as a means to finance their alleged covert operations. The court found no connection between Markarian and the state concocted "Dro" group, thus exonerating the ARF from any involvement in that so-called operation. Markarian is currently serving a five-year sentence for illegally bearing arms and traveling with forged documents, which, ironically, were provided to him by the commander of Karabakh self-defense forces Samvel Babayan, currently the defense minister of the Nagorno-Karabakh Republic.

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Hovanessian and his fellow defendants were all brought to the courtroom that day to hear the prosecution's conclusions on the case, which had been investigated for two years and for which these 31 individuals had been serving jail sentences. An exhausting investigation during which physical, mental and emotional pressures were commonplace, and an arduous trial featuring witness testimony from defendants, investigators and so-called experts spanning a period of more than 20 months, was about to reach a climax in the courtroom that day with the prosecution's conclusions.

As state prosecutor Lulibert Charkhifalakian stood behind the podium and read what was perhaps a 100-plus page document, the prosecution's case unraveled. Tension was in the air, as family and friends of the defendants listened attentively and visitors like me attempted to pay attention, while taking in the Armenian justice system for the first time.

Charkhifalakian, a pudgy sixty-something aparatchik, monotonously read the document, which seemed to have been prepared by someone other than himself. His ramblings would be intermittently interrupted by loud cries by co-defendant Manuel Yeghiazarian, the number two key figure in this case.

Yeghiazarian, the commander of the Arapo battalion involved in all important military turning points during the Karabakh war, directed his comments to the prosecution and the presiding judicial collegium. His cries were almost immediately followed by a screeching roar from a woman, his mother. She moaned and cried. She screamed profanities at the prosecution, the judges, the government and its eaders.

I had the opportunity to visit the court, where Hovanessian and his peers are still on trial, twice during my short stay in Armenia. The first time there was a different kind of rage as the families that gather in front of the courtroom before being allowed entry in the building were complaining of the constant delays the case has faced since its first day. They said that the authorities were deliberately delaying the trial for their political gains.

The focus that day was co-defendant Susanna Makarian who is not in jail. The only defendant who is allowed to roam the streets freely. She had not shown up to court for the morning session, which broke for lunch with the aim of finding her and bringing her to court. She did not return.

I approached the barricade in front of Armenia's Supreme Court building, hoping that once the family members were let in,

I, too, would be able to enter the courtroom to spectate this frenzy about which I have been writing and reporting for the past several years. It seems I was too anxious or eager, for I unintentionally bumped into a small-built woman in her late sixties with white hair and wearing a black dress. I promptly apologized. A friend who had brought us there approached us and introduced me to the soft-spoken woman.

"Ara," he said, "This is Vahan's mother."

I was taken aback. I briefly paused and extended my hand. She extended hers. As we were acquainted with a hand shake, this strong woman began to express her gratitude and appreciation for our, the Diasporans', commitment to her son. If only she knew that not all Diasporans cared about the fate of her son and the 30 others. Of course, I did not believe it necessary to enlighten her about this disparaging reality. Our conversation ended with a short embrace. She was visibly moved to see the show of support from us Diasporans.

Our conversation was also interrupted when defense attorney Anahid Yessayan emerged from the building to inform us that the day's session was postponed, since Makarian had not shown up and was unable to be reached.

"That bitch has been set up," yelled one woman from the crowd. "My son's been in there for two years and she [Makarian] is allowed to roam around? Where are the police? Where are the Interior Ministry forces? Why don't they barge into her house in the middle of the night?" another woman exclaimed.

"That slut is a whore." A simple explanation for a complex character. (Rumor has it that she truly is a prostitute.)

A woman turned to me, as if explaining the situation, and informed me that in her opinion Makarian provided information to the authorities, in return for which, she has been allowed to weather this trial without serving a prison sentence.





The demonstrators outside the building began a lively sloganeering. "Freedom," they cried for Vahan Hovanesian. "Shame," they yelled on the government. The crowd slowly moved from around the building to the back, where the interior ministry armored trucks were awaiting the arrival of the prisoners who would return to their cells awaiting yet another day in court scheduled for 48 hours later.

I returned two days later.

The ARF Youth Organization of Armenia had scheduled a demonstration. When we arrived the demonstration was already in progress and slowly picked up as their fellow Diasporan colleagues joined them in demanding quick resolution to this crisis in civil society.

I quickly went to the entrance, where the national security guards had been stationed since the early morning hours. This time, loud speakers were placed outside the courthouse to make the trial goings on available to those outside.

I snuck into the courthouse, walked upstairs only to be met by another set of guards. After a third degree, a search of my bag and an examination of my American passport, I was finally allowed into the courtroom.

As one enters that particular courtroom, the cages housing the defendants are on the right. The court was in session and Charkhifalakian was reading the so-called prosecution's assessment and conclusion, which in Western terms could be loosely equated to closing statements.

A friend, a local, who was already in the courtroom freed a seat for me on the last row. I quickly filed in and found myself sitting next to a woman in her mid-twenties. She turned and said hello, and immediately continued by expressing her gratitude to us.

"As I approached the courthouse," she said, "I started crying when I saw the big group singing the songs and screaming 'freedom' for our boys. Thank you..."

Our conversation was interrupted by Charkhifalakian, who began to read the prosecution's version of the verdict.

"We, the state, conclude that there is no evidence indicating treason... forceful overthrow of the government... planning a

coup d'etat...." And the list went on.

At that point a five year old girl approached the woman sitting next to me.

"Mom," she said.

Shh. They are saying your father's not a national traitor. We'll go home and celebrate. Go get your brother... Your father didn't betray his country, they say... Go find your brother... We are going home..."

Her momentary lapse of happiness shattered within minutes, when Charkhifalakian began reading the prosecution's suggestions for sentencing the defendants. Each name would be read with the corresponding charges and a verdict.

The sentencing ranged from five to 15 years. One defendant, Tigran Avetissian, got the death penalty.

That announcement caused an uproar in the courtroom. The



families began screaming. The defendants rose up in their cages. Yet, the most poignant image of that entire chaos was the panel of judges, who sat unmoved, one smiling and the other smirking.

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It was a Saturday morning in 1995 when I received a phone call from our executive editor who relayed the news of Hovanesian's arrest. I was to go to the office to prepare special news bulletin to be posted on our online service.

"Hovanesian, 30 Others Arrested," was the gist of the story, followed pages and pages of documents distributed to foreign ministers and secretaries of state by members of Armenia's diplomatic corps alleging proof that Hovanesian and the others were involved in an intricate plan to overthrow the Armenian authorities, and in the process assassinate several high ranking



officials, including the defense and interior ministers. With that announcement, the government went on record by accusing these men and women of treason and for two years judged them not in a courtroom but in a circus.

Countless months had passed now, and the state came to say that there was no proof of any overthrows, or assassinations or a coup d'etat. The suggested sentences were for minor obstruction of justice provisions in the so-called constitution and criminal code of the Republic of Armenia, a vestige of the Communist Soviet legal system.

In the process of trying Hovanessian and Markarian, the authorities firmly pushed the sentiment that these two men, with a long resume of service to their country and people, were criminals and traitors; drug lords and assassins. Yet the same apparatus or machine pushing these untruths was unable to present its evidence. In the process, almost 50 people have been incarcerated, families have been torn apart and one person has died in prison from brutal force and mistreatment.

What the authorities also didn't realize was that Markarian and Hovanessian became living national heroes to a people yearning for an identity and frustrated with persecution.

The authorities underestimated the effects of the Karabakh war on the people's psyche and miscalculated the reality that Markarian's and Hovanessian's contributions to the national liberation struggle were far too many to be discounted. The government erred. But, the people didn't win. They, instead, suffered at the hands of a self-righteous and self-serving machine.

"You god damned hooligans. You should be behind bars, not them. Not my son," screamed a woman across the courtroom.

"Go ahead, sentence him to death, but for what? You, yourself, don't even know," yelled out another woman.

And the screaming went on, the shouting became louder and the mood, which was in the beginning one of curiosity and concern on my part, turned into contempt bordering on hatred. I always believed that our national heroes were to be honored and not blasphamed.

Outside, where the gathered youth had heard the announcement, accelerated their pace. The chants of freedom grew louder and decrying the government echoed in the streets.

Across from the courthouse, where Hotel Armenia II's rooms look out onto the dead end street, guests at the hotel, most of them Diasporans, watched the events of the day unfold. Some spotted relatives in the crowd, others just watched, unmoved. I recognized some of them on the balconies and at the entrance of the hotel, standing there, keeping their distance, smirking cynically.

I would find myself in Karabakh several days later. It was

there that the gravity of the war and the true essence of our liberation struggle became firmly ingrained within me. The movement led by the Markarians and Hovanessians of this world found its distant closure in the courtrooms or within the hollow grounds of the three hills, Yerablour, where most freedom fighters rest in peace, but not in vain.

## Freedom For The Prisoners



# STAR WRESTLERS OF AYF

## MELKONIAN BROTHERS

When I was asked to write an article about myself by a Haytoug staff member, my first instinct was to refuse. I thought, what am I going to write? I was worried about seeming conceited. It took some convincing, but I agreed to do it.

You see, wrestling is not a sport where you can be nice or modest, you have to be cocky, ruthless, and as mean and crazy as you can be. When you step onto the mat only the laws of the jungle apply. It's survival of the fittest. It's kill or be killed. In the end, you hope that you are on top of the food chain. On that mat you have no friends-not even a brother. My brother, Vicken, is also a good wrestler and I love him, but once when we faced each other on that mat, I took care of business the only way I knew how. I showed no mercy and took him out in the first round, but he was out to do the same to me. I am a competitor, and I never give up.. That's the way I'm disciplined.

Wrestling is a big part of our lives, that is my brother's and mine. I started in the ninth grade in high school. I knew nothing about the sport, but for some strange reason I was drawn to it. It came to me naturally and it seemed like IT had chosen me, rather than me choosing it. I practiced hard, paid attention, and disciplined myself. I discovered that wrestling is one of the hardest sports on the face of the earth--right next to boxing and water polo. You have to run 4 to 4 miles

DAILY, lift weights, work on techniques, and last but not definitely least-dieting. The coach can ask you to lose or gain anywhere from 1 to 30 pounds to get in the right weight class. The amount of time you have is irrelevant, just as long as you make the deadline. For this you may chose any or all of the "colorful" methods and tricks that wrestlers have. You can starve, sweat, spit, dehydrate, or even shave your whole body; every ounce counts! When I was in the tenth grade, my brother joined the team. He was also quite successful. He had the ability to learn and he tried hard. Together, along with a couple of other teammates, we dominated the upper weight classes



for 3 years. We experienced both winning and losing, but thank God mostly winning!

Wrestling has been very good for both of us. We've been in the newspapers every wrestling season and I've even been on T.V. In all, I've won three city titles in a row for the first time ever in L.A. C.I.F. section and now I am ranked third in the state, on the college level. I'm also a state team champion. My brother still has one more year, and it is his turn to shine. He is the top prospect to win the city title this year and he's gotten good reviews.

I believe wrestling has contributed to us being good AYF members. It has taught us discipline, commitment, and leadership. God gave each and every one of us many talents. I have been lucky enough to find one of mine. If you ever wrestle me, you'll find out what I mean.

Melkon Melkonian



# Pol' Atteu

Pol' Atteu Haute Couture is a dynamic company with an innovative and cutting edge couturier designer, an executive staff eager to push Pol' Atteu into the 21st century, and most importantly gowns and dresses unlike anything ever before seen originating from California. European couturiers have severe competition from Pol' Atteu whose designs are seen in department stores and specialty boutiques.

For two years now, the Pol' Atteu Beverly Hills boutique has been welcomed with open arms and applauded by the community for original designs and exquisite fabrications. But most of the cheers come from those who have had the opportunity to meet personally with designer Pol' Atteu for a custom designed gown or suit. "I have never been complimented so much in my life" are the exact words that have been heard by countless clients and proud owners of an original Pol' Atteu. According to Pol' Atteu himself, "hearing this makes it all worthwhile".

The designer, Pol' Atteu, has made remarkable accomplishments in the field of fashion and is a positive role model for the Armenian community. He has broken the molds and forged ahead on new paths and directions rarely taken by Armenians. His determination and passion for design have fueled his desire to achieve a status as a world class designer. Pol' Atteu has become a household name amongst the Armenian community both here in the United States and abroad.

Pol' Atteu Haute Couture strives for excellence, quality, and innovation. This standard of excellence is upheld by treating each and every garment as if they were precious pieces of art. At Pol' Atteu they are. Attention to detail, impeccable couture tailoring and choosing from the finest resources from all over the world are all part of the commitment Pol' Atteu Haute Couture has in making its mark in the history of fashion.

A major focus for Pol' Atteu is to offer aid to charitable organizations in need through benefit fashion shows and donations. Some organizations benefiting have been the Armenian Relief Society, Asthma & Allergy Foundations of America, Associates for Breast Cancer Studies, American Cancer Society, AIDS Project Los Angeles, Beverly Hills Chamber of Commerce, Beverly Hills Police Officers' Association and Beverly Hills Firemen's Association. It is a company goal to make a positive difference in the community. Future efforts will be aimed at benefiting organizations researching cures for breast cancer which has afflicted thousands of women, especially one very dear to the designer.

# *Serenity After War Or A Calm Before The Desert?*

*By Art Khatchatourian  
Asbarez, September 27, 1997*

My friend in the front seat of the van informed us that we had entered Karabakh—Artsakh.

However, I already knew that. Despite the dark of night which covered everything in the same unlit and blurry hue, I instinctively knew, for there was a serenity, one I would experience throughout my short—yet telling—stay in the Black Garden of the Mountains (the literal translation of Karabakh).

It was a paradox. A place where years before had been the scene of bloody confrontations for national existence and preservation, now afforded an unsurpassed tranquillity I had never experienced.

It was not just the lush shades of green on the mountains amid which I was nestled. Even in retrospect I have not been able to place my finger on what exactly gave me the instinct and the forethought of knowing I was already in Karabakh, before my friend could utter that simple sentence in an attempt to guide us through that unknown territory.

As I awoke with the scorching sun in my face and had the opportunity to take in the larger than life mountains by which I was cradled, I felt that I knew this place. In my long—or short—life I had never felt such a kinship toward a land. I had never felt an affinity toward a place...I felt at home, even before I had had the opportunity to explore the land for which thousands gave their lives, about which I had written at least a hundred thousand words, to which I had never been introduced as a child despite the fact that both my grandmothers were natives of this mystical reality called Karabakh.

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Days before, I was conversing with another friend I had met during the Fifth International Jamboree of ARF Youth and Student Organizations. He was born and raised in Armenia and at the young age of 24, he was recounting an experience the details of which were too familiar.

He described it as the most exciting and difficult time of his short life—the two weeks which shaped his reality as an Armenian and as a soldier. He felt proud—and possibly relieved—that he was able to recount in such great detail the Nagorno-Karabakh self-defense units' efforts to liberate the last Azerie firing position in Karabakh—Mardakert.

"We had to do it," he said, "there was no other option. We had come too far and we knew, that would be our savior."

He explained, in great detail and concise clarity the Karabakh soldiers' move northeastward toward Mardakert. Their capture of the Sarsang Dam and finally their entry and the subsequent liberation of Mardakert. The words are easily placed on paper, but the liberation of Mardakert was one of the most difficult military operations carried out against the Azeris during the war in Karabakh.

Is the pen mightier than the sword? I wonder at times like these.

As my friend recounted his adolescent excursion into the trenches of Nagorno-Karabakh, I recalled the tension that filled the air in our news room generally during the war years, but especially during the more than two weeks during which we reported on the advances toward Mardakert.



We knew, every minute counted. We knew that one wrong move on the part of our fighting brothers could mean the doom and downfall of all military operations. So it was not only with pride when we published the two simple words that said it all: "Mardakert Liberated."

Another friend said in his Australian accent, "I look at this place and all I can wonder is how did they do it? For example Shoushi. How did they manipulate these awesome mountains to liberate the place?"



One of those who actually did it said: "Shoushi was liberated in two days, but..."

"But, Mardakert," I interjected.

"But Mardakert..." our friends from Armenia would exclaim.

Today, Mardakert is among the six districts in Karabakh which have been resettled by their previous inhabitants. The villagers are all too anxious to rebuild their lives, but most importantly to rebuild their homes—not necessarily the structures, but the roots by which one calls a place home. Ironically, in the extremely short time I was in Karabakh, I did not get to see Mardakert, but from explanations and stories, I gath-

ered that it would parallel the awesome hold the rest of Karabakh had on me.

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Shoushi. This one word conveys a thousand realities.

The church perched on top of this natural fortress embodies not only the heritage of Karabakh, but provides a clue to the actual age of that heritage. I am not one to gasp in awe at a religious edifice, but the Holy Savior [Ghazantchetsotz] church in Shoushi is not a mere religious icon it is the sign of survival, perseverance and maybe, of things to come.

A short walking distance from that very church is where we gathered as a group at the Shoushi battalion. Now an army barracks which many Karabakh veterans in the armed forces call home and a place where the new breed of officers is trained. Years before, this place produced heroes. Bedo, who lies, in the center of the battalion is a reminder that the prowess and conviction of our people won a war, which, for many seemed impossible. It is also a reminder that the Armenian Revolutionary Federation has not stopped producing national icons, for Bedo embodies all that is Armenian and all for which the ARF has fought in the past 107 years. It was only fitting then that more than 50 young Armenians would join the ranks of the ARF by taking their oath at the threshold of Bedo's grave, in hopes that they, too, would carry the torch left lit by Bedo and the hundreds like him who gave their lives, not only for Karabakh, but for



our nation.

The soldiers with whom we came in contact at Shoushi were quiet and visibly moved by the ceremony they had just witnessed. They knew, however, that the visit by 670 people was a mere distraction for them.

The bottom line: a strong army is the salvation of our nation.

The gunfire salute and the practices which were taking place nearby didn't shatter the calm and the serenity of Karabakh, they only suggested that the war was not anywhere near over; that anything could happen. This seemed to be indicative of the sentiment throughout Karabakh.

The images that I had seen—photographs, film clippings, video footage—did not do justice to the grandeur of Shoushi. It is often called an "eagle's nest." High up on the Caucasus mountains, Shoushi was the first in a series of Azeri looted territories to be liberated and a great reminder of how the Soviets settled people wherever their politics dictated. The grand structure of Our Holy Savior was used as a large warehouse where at the onset of the Karabakh conflict became an Azeri military depot.

The streets of Stepanakert attest to the historical tales of what the population endured. A block from the government sector and the center of town, buildings, crumbled as a result of fierce Azeri aerial and land

missile attacks, barely stand, awaiting the cranes which one day will reach them. Maybe those cranes should not reach all of them, so those building can serve as a reminder of the wrath brought on by the Azeris. This juxtaposed with the vibrant life of the city can serve as a lesson for future generations, although the children of Karabakh today, know full well where their place is in society: alongside their fathers—some

of them dead, some of them wounded, most of them soldiers. The new generation, too, will experience this, since the mood in Karabakh, while calm, is also alert.

My visit to this land coincided with the latest in diplomatic efforts to resolve the Karabakh conflict. Azeri President Gaidar Aliyev had just returned from his whirlwind US junket, and the Organization for Security and Cooperation in Europe was busy with its shuttle diplomatic efforts to mediate peace in the region. Oil politics was very much a reality. For the people of Karabakh, the war had already taught them that their only salvation was in their perseverance and resilience. They knew they would win again.

The most poignant images of that determination and national will becomes evident when one leaves Karabakh proper heading west to Aghdam—Azerbaijan's third largest city which is now a ghost town. At its entrance sits a tank. The very first which entered Aghdam. Some pacifists often ask, "was this really necessary?" The answer:

"Damn right."

The enormous destruction caused from Aghdam and its geographic vicinity to Karabakh made it an imperative to neutralize that area. The Azeris living there fled. The houses—rather their skeletons—serve as a reminder to all, that those who lived in those palatial edifices advocated for the destruction and the complete annihilation of a people—the Armenians of Artsakh.

The destitute one feels when encountering a war-ravaged building in Stepanakert and Shoushi is overcome by a feeling of relief and pride when walking around Aghdam or Lachin.

Figs were in season, and pomegranates were beginning to show their red vibrance as we toured Aghdam. While abandoned and uninhabited, Aghdam was not silent. It was not serene. There, in fact, was an invisible black cloud which hovered over our heads. This was the place from where day upon day fire rained on Stepanakert. The nights would glow and the days would dim. It was that very cloud which made all the destruction around us seem so apropos.

We passed through Aghdam, once again, on our way to visit the village of Ashan in Karabakh's Martuni district, the site of a construction project which has taken more than 30 young Armenian-Americans from the Western Region to Karabakh every year for the last four summers. The AYF Western Region Youth Corps program initially began in Ashan and has been used mainly to acquaint Armenian-American youth to the ways of life in Nagorno-Karabakh.





Picturesque, it isn't, until one reaches the peak which houses the building currently in construction/renovation and slated to become a summer camp facility for the children of Armenia and Karabakh.

An old school house built in 1914, the building was converted into a barn until recently when the residents of Ashan decided to restore the grandeur of the edifice and allow it to serve its original purpose of educating future generations.

The dirt roads which connect the residents of Ashan are used not only by vehicles but also by the resident pigs, a flock of orderly turkeys, and other birds & animals which roam the streets freely. An abundance of mulberries, which can be picked and consumed on the spot, seems to have made the fruit a staple of Ashan.

The generous meal provided by the Avakian family—Rudik, Naira, Marineh, Hermine and, of course, unger Davit—was not just a show of hospitality, but an invitation—a genuine invitation—for Diasporans to stay in Karabakh. The meal was not just one of three eaten during a regular day, it became a memorial for a fallen soldier, an opportunity for gratitude and a time to reflect for some and to look ahead for others. The table was covered with pork khorovadz, eggplant salad and other delectables made from fresh meats and produce from Ashan; and, of course, the potent and omnipotent *touti oghi*—a fomented berry vodka which causes an inferno as it goes down.

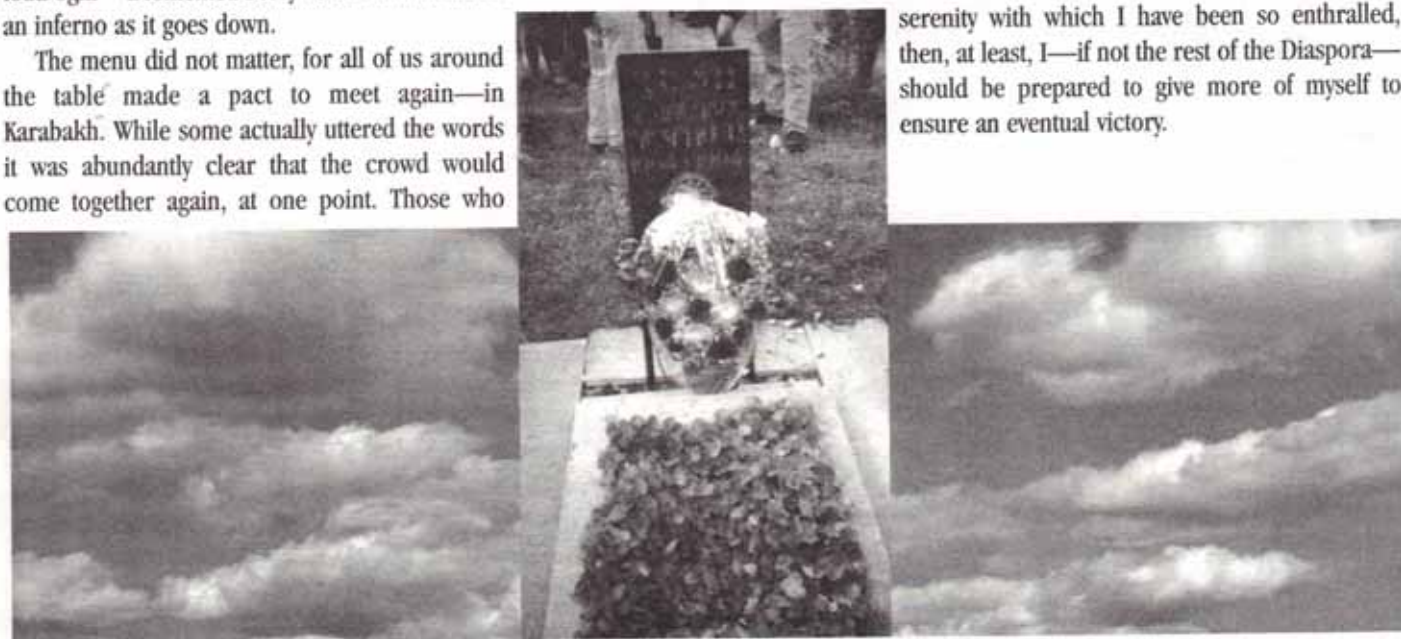
The menu did not matter, for all of us around the table made a pact to meet again—in Karabakh. While some actually uttered the words it was abundantly clear that the crowd would come together again, at one point. Those who

lived there were quite certain that we had found a new home and we were determined to return.

The last night in Karabakh was a festive one. As a band played national and patriotic songs in the main square in Stepanakert, it seemed that the entire population of the city had turned out to bid farewell to this group of visitors. This group which had entered Karabakh in the dark of night, making some locals wonder whether the OSCE peace keeping forces had arrived, would be departing this place in the dark taking with them a renewed understanding of the realities of our people.

The reality, however, is an entirely different ball game. The serenity which was Karabakh could develop into the proverbial calm before the storm. The people of Karabakh seemed prepared to confront anything for they are unprepared to give up their land and their homes. I became convinced that they would persevere in the event military activities resumed. This realization opened a slew of new questions for me as I departed from our black garden in the mountains. The most crucial of those questions was that in the event of war, what would be my role, now that I have had an opportunity to peer through the Karabakh window, because the answers and rationalizations we have used in the past were no longer enough.

If the winds of war are indeed to shatter the serenity with which I have been so enthralled, then, at least, I—if not the rest of the Diaspora—should be prepared to give more of myself to ensure an eventual victory.



# Horoscope

**ARIES**

(March 21-April 19)



The week ahead for you, Aries looks bright and lucky. You will see a great improvement in your work, either in the salary end of it or your general working conditions may be in for an overall improvement. You are filled with the ability to work well with the boss or coworkers thus giving your prestige a big boost. Family life should be quiet and rather subdued since all the hoopla about the holidays is over. Your dreams will be close to visionary at as accurate as possible if you give them the time and thought that they deserve they will point up things to you that you may have missed.

(April 20-May 20)

**TAURUS**



A good week to overhaul your thinking on a matter that will have a lot of significance to you at a later date. You will make some far ranging decisions this week that may affect everything including your lifestyle, so be very careful that you look before you leap into something that you may not have an easy time getting out of if you change your mind. A new Romance is possible for you unmarried Taurus out there. A dream that you have this week should help you make a hard decision if you will meditate on it and its meaning. Your overall dreaming will be along these lines so watch each one for its relevance.

**GEMINI**

(May 21-June 20)



There are two people in your life now that are trying to make you choose between them, and you know this is impossible, so you try to compromise by splitting your time between the two. This will work for a short time but an understanding must be reached and you must tell this other person that family comes first, and always will. Work should not be the hassle that it has been in the past as your new attitude keeps you from vacillating on your decisions on the job. Your dreams this week should be clear and informative and show you how to handle the difficult situations you encounter.

(June 21-July 22)

**CANCER**



February is here and you are gathering together all your tax deductions and income preparatory to filing an early return. This is a good idea for you as you tend to be a worrier if you are uncertain about the outcome of things in general; don't forget that office in the home if you work from home, as that could be a sizable deduction. A call from a long distance friend has you feeling great about a pending visit. Your dreams this week tend to be a little fuzzy, but the ones that are clear would seem to mirror your anxieties and not to be trusted.

**LEO**

(July 23-Aug. 22)



The holidays are over but you may still be celebrating them and this is not cool for this week, as coming to work with a hangover will be frowned upon and may even cost you a good job that it took a long time to get. Minor illness with children may also plague you this week and you spend a lot of time sitting in waiting rooms for them to visit the Doctor. A spouse may be feeling a little apprehensive about your intentions and you turn on the charm and reassurance. Your dreams are mainly unrelated to the week's activities but may contain a warning regarding your personal situation at a later time. Spend as much time as possible in prayer and meditation.

**VIRGO**

(Aug. 23-Sept. 22)



Someone that you are trying to help may not be as interested as you may think but may let you keep on as an excuse not to pay off debt. However, there is a remote possibility that this person is not lying, so you adopt a wait and see attitude. With the holidays over and your nose back to the grindstone you find your business not as far behind as others, because you kept up with the changes as they occurred during the season. Your dreams this week should be paid close attention to as they have a way of warning you of coming events that you need to know about.

(Sept. 23-Oct. 22)

**LIBRA**



A new job is just the ticket for you right now and you decide to work outside your home base to supplement your other income. You will find this turns out to be a very lucrative and far reaching enterprise, that may let you wind up as someday owning the company. Your family is in your corner and you feel very competent this week. Children need your guidance and as always you give it to them. Your dreams this week will be very vivid and informative on the greater part but some will be dim or fragmented where you cannot tell heads or tails of them. Try meditating on the ones that are clear.

**SCORPIO**

(Oct. 23-Nov. 21)



Scorpio's passions run high this week but it will be best to control them as your quick temper could get you in a lot of trouble that you may have a hard time getting out of. An old love that thought that you were well rid of may be the cause of most of your troubles this week but you will soon learn how to deal with this and send this person packing, and along with him/her will go your woes. Your dreams have a funny way of showing you the path to take this week as it is done with puns, or by a play on words, such as a bare chest means to keep your shirt on, or having your head missing...don't lose your head, etc.

(Nov. 22-Dec. 21)

**SAGITTARIUS**



Don't be too quick to judge someone this week as you would have to be standing in their shoes in order to understand why a certain action was taken, thank God that you are you and let it pass. Relatives are also not high on your list of people you would most like to see but it is inevitable that you must see them, so you paste a smile on your face and make the best of it, these things too shall pass. Spend time in prayer and meditation so you will be spiritually equipped to handle a crisis that may confront you at week's end. Your dreams will also be helpful along these lines if you analyze each one in turn.



**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)

Your typical toughmindedness will come in handy for you this week as you are pushed to the limits of your endurance by certain people or circumstances. Don't let loved ones down on a promise you made sometime ago, as they have been looking forward to this event so much that your image could suffer a setback that you may never recover from. A coworker may be able to help you out with out knowing it by simply telling you his woe and how he got out of/over it. Dreams may offer reassurance from the spiritual realm as you dream of long dead relatives or friends who offer to help you in your dreams. These should be meditated on daily.

(Jan. 20-Feb. 18) **AQUARIUS**

Behind the scenes help becomes apparent this week as you see your finances and your position hit new highs. Your helper is someone you would have never suspected but you are nonetheless grateful for this aid. A domestic dispute that you have had going on for months finally reaches a head and you find yourself in a either/or position, you choose the or position and you are very glad that you did. Sometimes calling someone's bluff is all that is necessary in the long run. Dreams are mostly for entertainment and some are hard to remember.

**PISCES** (Feb. 19-March 20)

A child of yours or a close relative that you have worked closely with makes you proud today as he/she wins that coveted award. A family get together may be what is necessary to clear the air over inheritance matter that cannot be resolved any other way. A telephone call makes you glad and a visitor from afar makes your entire week. Be sure to pay close attention to your dreams and try meditating at least a half hour a day on their meaning in your life. Some of your dreams may be prophetic.

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## SPECIAL RECIEPES FOR YOUR COOK BOOK

### Mohamara

- 1 cup bread crumbs (Progresso)
- 6 cups walnuts (chopped)
- 2 to 3 cups olive oil
- 1/2 cup lemon juice
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 TB pomegranate paste
- 2 cloves of garlic (crushed)
- 2 TB red pepper paste (homemade)
- 1 cup powder Aleppo red pepper
- 3 to 4 TB cumin
- Salt to taste

#### Preparation:

Pour lemon juice, water, pomegranate paste, salt, garlic, red pepper and cumin in the food processor. Then pour the mixture on the bread crumbs and mix. Add oil and at last walnuts. If you see it needs more oil, then add some.

### Tira Misu

- 8oz. Philadelphia Cream Cheese
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup Marsala wine
- 3 egg yolks
- 1/2 teaspoon Armenian coffee
- 2 qts heavy whipped cream
- 1 pot French vanilla coffee
- 4 pkgs. of hard lady fingers
- Hershey's unsweetened cocoa powder
- Coffee beans to decorate

#### Preparation:

Make a fresh pot of French vanilla coffee. In a bowl, mix cream cheese with sugar. Then add Marsala wine. Mix all three very well and then add yolks one at a time. Finally add Armenian coffee and set aside.

In a seperate bowl, beat the heavy whipped cream until it gets thick. Add the cream cheese mixture to the whipped cream and mix well. Set the mixture aside.

Pour a cup of coffee in a bowl, dip the lady fingers and layer them on teh bottom fo a pyrex dish. Then spread the cream over them evenly and sprinkle the whole thing with cocoa powder. Repeat the procedure depending on the deepness of the dish. Decorate the top with chocolate coffee beans.





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