

December 22, 2007



# Mihran's Mafia Style

Well known in narrow circles A dream postponed

# Mihran's Mafia Style: Hip, happening, and in your face

GLENDAL, Calif. – Mihran Kirakosian is a dancer who is going places. After touring the world with some of the biggest, most expensive, most popular, and most profitable concert tours – including two with Madonna, Britney Spears, and Kylie Minogue – Mihran recently returned home to Glendale after a tour with pop icon Ricky Martin. Now, the 22-year-old is preparing for the official launch of his own fashion label, Mafia Style. Kirakosian's line is already making a splash with fashionistas and has invited questions – ten of them from the *Armenian Reporter*.

**Armenian Reporter:** What products does Mafia Style offer?

**Mihran Kirakosian:** The line includes T-shirts, hats, sweaters, hoodies, tank tops, and long sleeves.

**AR:** How has the line fared so far?

**MK:** It's already gotten some great results. Madonna has been wearing our hats. I don't think it gets better than that.

**AR:** In terms of design, how is the label different than what is out in the market?

**MK:** Right now it's different in image compared to the other urban lines. It has a hip-hop flavor mated to a fitted look. This way it is suitable for every style and personality. The design represents what the logo stands for, which is Mafia chic.

**AR:** What colors, materials, and what do you work with?

**MK:** Mafia Style features a va-



Mihran Kirakosian.

riety of materials and colors. The logo usually consists of two colors against a background of solid color. More colors, materials, and products will become available in the next few years.

**AR:** Where will Mafia Style products be sold?

**MK:** Through [www.mafiastyleclothingline.com](http://www.mafiastyleclothingline.com). Soon they will also be carried by retail stores.

**AR:** How would you describe the Mafia Style personality?

**MK:** Mafia Style is not just a clothing line. Rather, it symbolizes a certain lifestyle. Everyone can

buy a Mafia Style cap, T-shirt, or hoodie, but it's the way you wear it that matters. I want people to wear our products and feel like they are a member of something bigger – a family.

**AR:** Obviously the name of your label can evoke images of crime and violence. Aren't you worried?

**MK:** Yes, that's very true. The name can have some negative connotations, just like anything else out there in the world. But this is the era of entertainment and our line is not meant to conjure up anything negative. People have to

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**Mafia Style “has a hip-hop flavor mated to a fitted look.”**

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know what's real and what's not.

**AR:** When did you start designing and why?

**MK:** The idea just came to me in late 2004. I'm a big fan of mob movies.

**AR:** What are your ambitions for the future?

**MK:** I would like to see Mafia Style become a leading fashion brand. We are always in the process of working on new designs, so hopefully we will have more stuff out soon.

**AR:** Have you planned any fashion shows?

**MK:** They're definitely in the works. Stay tuned. ☼

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On page C1: Mihran Kirakosian in one of his Mafia Style designs.



Madonna, far left,  
and Ricky Martin,  
left, wearing  
Kirakosian's hats.



Models show  
off Mafia Style  
products.



Mafia Style  
features a variety  
of materials and  
colors. The logo  
usually consists of  
two colors against  
a background of  
solid color.





Lory Tatoulian.

# Voices of enchantment

**Zulal's new album evokes a storied past**  
by **Lory Tatoulian**

Fittingly, Zulal's latest compact disc, *Notes to a Crane*, was launched with a concert at New York's Rubin Museum, on December 14. The event was part of the "Naked Soul" series of shows, requiring the singers to forego microphones in favor of a more direct, organic performance experience inspired by the museum's holdings.

Since bursting onto the world-music scene in 2002, Zulal – Teni Apelian, Anais Tekerian, and Yeraz Markarian – has introduced a quintessential Armenian sound that harks back to village and hearth yet resonates with remarkable freshness. The a cappella trio culls its material from the pages of Armenian folk music, interpreting the classics with layered harmonies that harness the vocal range of the three group members.

With a self-titled debut album, released in 2004, Zulal quickly garnered critical and popular acclaim and went on to perform at a number of high-profile venues, including the Kennedy Center, Carnegie Hall, and the Museum of the City of New York. The group also complemented its core repertoire with a string of original compositions, building on a tradition of folk music defined by colorful harmonies and complex arrangements.

"Whereas the first album had more contemporary melodies, now we have reached out to incorporate far more obscure folk songs and became a little more adventurous," Markarian said, commenting on the tracks included in *Notes to a Crane*. In addition to songs by Gomidas and Sayat Nova, the latest effort includes interludes that



Yeraz Markarian, l., Anais Tekerian, and Teni Apelian. Photo: Kevork Mourad.

were composed by Zulal. They initially wrote these songs for *Stone Touch Time*, a movie by Garine Torrossian. "Interestingly enough," Markarian continued, "our own compositions fit perfectly with the rest of the album. When we create a song, we really try to find the heart and soul of it. Inspiration comes differently to each one of us. We get a melody in our heads for a while, and then the next person will peel off and find another harmony, and then we instinctively find the song together."

When Zulal sets out to select material from the trove of ancient and contemporary Armenian folk music, it does so with the care and curiosity of an archaeologist intent on breathing new life into long-forgotten masterpieces. "We travel to Armenia, we look through old song books, and we listen to all types of folk music," Marakrian explained.

Compared to their debut album, Zulal's latest album digs even farther into the past. "A lot of the songs are rather more obscure," Tekerian added. "We made an effort to find the lesser-known songs."

## The power of storytelling

Critics have noted Zulal's uncanny ability to create a rich, sweeping sound that can rival that of an orchestra. The trio's lilting melodies oscillate between undulations of drumlike percussive beats and wafts of breathy exhales, where each sound cascades into the other with raw, unfettered intensity. Musical prowess of this order serves to bring forth the fundamental element of storytelling in folk music.

On the humorous "Katser em Shugen," one of the 18 tracks featured on *Notes to a Crane*, Zulal creates rhythmic passages that mimic girlish giggles and imbue the background with a touch of effete conversations. "Katser em Shugen" is the tale of three young women recounting stories from a day at the market, where it's the men, rather than the produce, that catch their eye. "One woman goes to buy apricots and instead sees the handsome Mihran," Markarian explained. "She says to Mihran that if his destiny is already written for him and does not include her, she curses him to forever remain wifeless. The second girl wants to buy needles but

a cappella



Apelian, Tekerian, and Markarian, the Zulal trio, whose lilting melodies oscillate between undulations of drumlike percussive beats and wafts of breathy exhales, where each sound cascades into the other with raw, unfettered intensity. Photo: Kevork Mourad.

finds herself mesmerized by the irresistible Parsegh. The third sets out to buy parsley and instead is distracted by the sexy Boghos.”

*Notes to a Crane* also includes the plaintive “Kele Lao,” a song described by Zulal as the resonating voice of the diaspora in its longing for an ancestral home. The translation of the lyrics reads: “Come, let us go, my son. Let us go to the fields where there are healing herbs, where birds sing beak to beak, where sparrows clap wing to wing. Without us, the stones shed tears. Our mothers and fathers are there. Their sweet voices are calling. Can we hear them and

still not go? Come, my son, let us go to our homeland.”

Zulal was formed in the fall of 2002, when three women “accidentally” met each other in New York City. They revealed to one another that they all shared a love for traditional Armenian music and had experience singing in a cappella groups. Apelian, Tekerian, and Markarian went on to casually meet once a week to practice Armenian folk songs in each other’s Manhattan apartments. Since those early rehearsals, Zulal has toured the United States and Canada and earned several coveted awards, including “Best Newcomer” and “Best

Vocal Traditional Album” at the 2005 Armenian Music Awards, and a nomination for “Best Folk/World Album” at the 2005 Contemporary a Cappella Recording Awards.

The women of Zulal have not only transformed their musical affinities into a burgeoning career and produced two sophisticated albums, but also given birth to four babies. “We came together serendipitously and grew together musically, in spirit, as women singers, and now as mothers,” Apelian said. 🌀

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# An ear for greatness

**Music industry veteran Jon Konjoyan shares his stories**

**by Shahen Hagobian**

TOLUCA LAKE, Calif. – Music-industry veteran Jon Konjoyan's mild manner scarcely hints at the fact that he has worked with and helped promote scores of music legends including The Police, Eric Clapton, the Go-Go's, and Herb Alpert.

A native of Fresno, Konjoyan earned degrees in journalism and political science from UC Berkley before moving to Los Angeles and getting into the music business. At 20, he was hired as a national radio promoter for RSO Records, which at that time was home to the Bee Gees and Eric Clapton, and hit soundtracks such as *Grease* and *Saturday Night Fever*. "I was real lucky in getting that position right off the bat," Konjoyan recalls. "I sort of leapfrogged all these steps and got right into national promotions. Incidentally, the guy who hired me got his first big break from an Armenian, so I think maybe there was some sort of payback in that."

## Pioneering alternative music

Throughout the 1970s and 1980s, Konjoyan conducted national radio promotions by contacting heads of radio stations and providing them with artist packages that included music for airplay. When RSO Records closed its doors after the flop of the movie *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, which featured the Bee Gees, Konjoyan moved on to A&M Records, in 1981. Here he worked with such



Jon Konjoyan.

acts as The Human League, which released the hit song *Don't You Want Me*, and the Go-Go's, known for such hits as *We Got the Beat* and *Our Lips Are Sealed*.

**With record labels increasingly pushing spin-off acts that are more fashionable than musically accomplished, the sentimental value and quality of recordings have also suffered.**

"I was one of the first people to get the Go-Go's played on the radio when nobody knew what to do with an all-girl rock and roll

band," Konjoyan says. "It was unheard of at the time, and a lot of the records I worked on over there were very difficult to market to a broad demographic. My job was to get these bands played on the radio, which in turn would make the listener go out and buy the records." These days, of course, record stores are slowly vanishing, mainly as a result of the digital-downloads revolution.

Konjoyan has witnessed the rise and fall of many music trends and one-hit wonders. He attributes the steady decline of record sales in recent years to the inability of corporations to adapt and evolve with the tastes of the public. "In the 80s, the business was more about the music and had less corporate ownership behind it," Konjoyan explains. "Today it's all about

the bottom line, which is why the business has changed so much. A lot of the emotion has gone out of it and the bottom-line numbers are what matter now. A&M was privately owned, so we were more about the artists and developing them rather than trying to score hits – which we did and had to do in order to survive.”

With record labels increasingly pushing spin-off acts that are more fashionable than musically accomplished, the sentimental value and quality of recordings have also suffered. “We have a whole generation now that is growing up with the iPod and MP3s,” Konjoyan says. “These kids are getting used to that sound quality. They have no idea how the fidelity of a vinyl record being played on an analog system sounds like.” As Konjoyan explains, many people don’t know that MP3s and compact discs don’t represent the true sound quality of original recordings; rather, they are digital samples of the recorded material.

## Crossroads

After leaving A&M, Konjoyan started his own promotion company, called JK Promotion, specializing in independent promotions for labels and artists. “My job is to get the artists exposed on radio: to contact the programming directors at the stations and make sure they have the music, make sure they listen to it, and finally see if their station has a place for it,” Konjoyan says. “To help push the records, sometimes we’ll have product giveaways and contests, or we’ll try to get the artist to come down to a given city and give a concert.”

As the music industry has evolved, so have Konjoyan’s tastes. After years of promoting adult contemporary artists like Phil Collins, Gloria Estefan, and Celine Dion, Konjoyan began writing for *Rock City News*, a Los Angeles-based music paper. “I kind of got burned out, so I went out and started seeing metal



bands and writing about them for *Rock City News*. Eventually I started writing for *Pitt Magazine*, which is a totally extreme metal publication,” Konjoyan recalls. “So there are two sides of me. I enjoy both types of music. Later I got into country music as well, and I think if you are a real music fan, you’ll appreciate all kinds of music.” He adds: “You’ll find that a lot of the music you like is the stuff you used to listen to in high school.”

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Konjoyan is also passionate about community activism. “I really believe in keeping up with my community and being a positive force,” he says. In 2006, the City of Los Angeles recognized his efforts with an Outstanding Citizenship and Appreciation for Community Betterment award. Konjoyan was a member of the Board of Directors of the Greater Toluca Lake Neighborhood Council from 2003 to 2006. “I recently wrote a let-

ter to the *Los Angeles Times* about how the city council keeps unanimously voting to build more and more condos in our area without even one ‘no’ vote,” he says. “It’s amazing that in a time when we’re running out of water and traffic keeps getting worse, these people just can’t say no to more and more development.”

Konjoyan’s concerns go beyond his neighborhood. “People really need to speak out, otherwise things will just keep rolling along,” he stresses. “Look at Serj Tankian right now. He’s speaking out and gets press for it. When he’s interviewed for his music, he talks about political and social issues and I think more people need to do that.” Tankian’s recently released solo album, *Elect the Dead*, features several songs critical of the Bush White House.

Konjoyan is currently promoting Captain & Tennille’s latest album, *The Secret of Christmas*, up-and-coming singer Kelly Sweet, and the soundtrack for the new Chipmunks movie, *Alvin and the Chipmunks*. The hugely popular Chipmunks were created by multi-talented Armenian-American musician, actor, and producer Ross Bagdasarian in 1958. ■

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**Brass Reunion...**  
 famed Tijuana Brass trumpeter and A&M Records founder Herb Alpert reunited with label executives recently at his Los Angeles jazz club Vibrato. Pictured, from left, are former A&M Records promotion director Jon Konjoyan, Herb Alpert, Warner Records’ Dave Scherer, and vocalist (and Alpert’s wife) Lani Hall Alpert. Photo: courtesy of Steve Sidoruk.





Gevorg Ter-Gabrielyan.

# Well known in narrow circles

## Karen Gevorgyan and the bittersweet joy of marching to one's own drumbeat

by Gevorg Ter-Gabrielian

Last year one of Moscow's top movie studios, Paradiz, announced plans to make a sweeping epic about Semiramis, the legendary Assyrian queen who built the Hanging Gardens, fell in love with our Ara the Beautiful, and killed him. The film was to be directed by Armenian expatriate Karen Gevorgyan and shot in Syria.

When I heard of this, I wondered how Gevorgyan, a radically independent mind whose career I had followed for decades, would find common ground with a studio bent on making nothing but low-brow blockbusters. Did they expect to make another *Cleopatra*?

When I met Gevorgyan recently, he told me he had parted ways with Paradiz. The studio wasn't interested in giving him the directorial freedom he needed to go ahead with the project. It was, indeed, much like Rouben Mamoulian and *Cleopatra*, except that Gevorgyan didn't even start shooting the movie.

But Gevorgyan was unperturbed. He said the unpleasantness with the studio was behind him, and he was already looking ahead. As always, he had a few surprises up his sleeve.

### Opera Square

Gevorgyan, who began his career as a camera operator, first gained

Gevorg Ter-Gabrielyan recently returned to live in his native Yerevan after a decade and half of studying and working in Europe, the U.S., and Russia.



*Piebold Dog Running Along the Shore* was filmed entirely on Sakhalin Island, where a tiny community of Nivkhs still survived.



Karen Gevorgyan.

public acclaim for his filming of an unprecedented spectacle across Yerevan's Opera Square. The year was 1963. As many Armenian families did not have a television set then, they flocked by their thousands to the heart of the capital



The Nivkhs are fast disappearing from the face of the earth.

to watch a large-screen simulcast of the World Chess Championship match between Tigran Petrosian and Mikhail Botvinnik. Before Petrosian won the match, Gevorgyan's camera captured strong tension in the square, worried faces, clenched jaws, determination in the eyes of the chess fans – Armenian workers and artisans – as if their destiny depended on the match.

The second big gathering at Opera Square took place in 1965, when Armenians marked the 50th anniversary of the Armenian Genocide. These two gatherings were like dress rehearsals for 1988, when Opera Square became the

film



seam at which the Soviet Union started to crack.

The 1963 gathering was, on its surface, about sports. But Gevorgyan had filmed the re-awakening of a nation: people were looking into each other's eyes, seeing each other, many for the first time in their lives

The joy over Petrosian's victory was overwhelming. Gevorgyan went on to document extraordinary public events such as the 1973 victory of the Armenian national soccer team, Ararat Yerevan, in the Soviet championship.

He was particularly interested in the run-ups to the events, filming episodes of mass anxiety, anticipation, and ecstasy.

Experience of this order gave Gevorgyan the confidence to seek to direct his own feature movies, despite the hurdles of obtaining approval from Hyefilm, Soviet Armenia's official film studio. Gevorgyan's first feature was *The Crossroad*, released in 1973. It was followed in 1973 by *August*, based on Hrant Matevosyan's story.

## Actors for a while

A work of sheer poetry, *August* was a four-hour meditation on Armenian village life, featuring peasants playing themselves. It established Gevorgyan as a true master, but the film itself was savaged by the Soviet censors. They ended up reducing it to a one-hour television special. Still, even the crumpled version of the movie could not take away from Gevorgyan's layered, sprawling artistic vision.

It was obvious even from that version that Gevorgyan is the chronicler of slowness, calmness, silence, and time, and of the inner omnipotent power, hidden from human eyes and feelings under the guise of slow and calm nature.

This film registered Gevorgyan's other important capacity as a director: the talent of making art from life around us. Gevorgyan knows how to keep the preci-



sion of a documentary and yet to achieve an art effect. Instead of inviting movie stars to play, he would successfully persuade people in the streets and villages to become actors for a while, and make them astonishingly suitable for their film roles.

## Armenian censors

*August* paved the way for one of Gevorgyan's greatest achievements, *Farewell Is Beyond Reach*, released in 1982. Lusine, who is tired of her parents quarrelling in the narrow Soviet apartment and is fed up with the hypocrisy of her professors, goes out with a middle-aged, married, vulgar, plump "tsekhavik," a businessman of the gray economy of the Soviet Stagnation era. Lusine watches life.

With her, Gevorgyan observes Stagnation-era Yerevan life. He takes the viewer through the entire process of acquiring a car in Soviet Armenia. One had to pay a bribe to be moved up the waiting list, then go to a specially guarded open-air warehouse outside Yerevan where the cars were stored, bribe his way through, choose the car, bribe to be awarded that very car, pay the car's price, reach an accommodation with the road po-



lice, again via a bribe, and finally drive away, giving something to the guy who opens the gate.

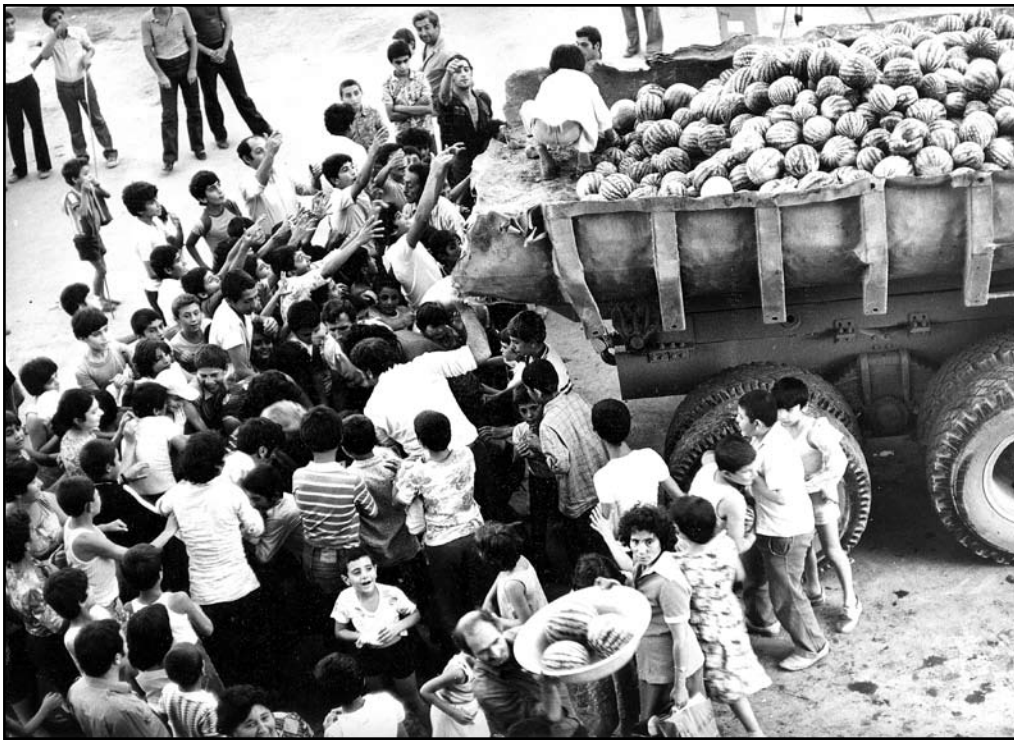
In the film, the new car owner drives out of the gate only to strike another car. Lusine is struck by one of the vehicles.

She is taken to the hospital, where she sees the usual scenes of heroism and suffering of the doctors and patients alike, typical for a Soviet Armenian hospital, full of cockroaches, pain, and the selfless devotion of the medical staff to their work. She comes to appreciate being alive, despite the falsehood of the Soviet lifestyle.

The film was immediately prohibited by the Soviet film censors in Moscow. In such situations Eduard Shevardnadze, then first secretary of the Georgian Communist

*Piebald Dog Running Along the Shore*, which was released in 1991, endures as possibly the only film ever produced about the Nivkh culture.





Above left: In the banned *Farewell Is Beyond Reach*, a guy on a truck has stolen watermelons to sell them. The hero of the film liberates the watermelons, takes the truck to his building's courtyard, and distributes watermelons for free among the neighbors. First they cannot believe the watermelons are free, then agitation ensues. Above right: Lusine Manukyan, the heroine of the film, after the car accident in the hospital. Right: Lusine and the guy who distributed watermelons. His love is unrequited.



Party, would allow Georgian films to play locally. That would save the film and balance the budget.

But Karlen Dallakyan, Armenia's number-two leader (and long in charge of relations with the diaspora), said: "Even if Moscow hadn't prohibited this film, I would do so personally, because it gives a distorted, antipatriotic image of Soviet Armenians and of Soviet Armenia".

These words became famous. They should be remembered.

Karen's film thus was destroyed. No copy of it is left, unless dis-

parate parts are still stored somewhere in Hayfilm.

Gevorgyan left Armenia and started making films in Leningrad (Saint Petersburg). There he made a string of celebrated movies including a five-part series on the great Russian physiologist Ivan Pavlov and an outstanding feature about a small Far Eastern nation, the Nivkhs. Based on a novel by Kyrgyz writer Chingiz Aitmatov, *Piebald Dog Running Along the Shore* was filmed entirely on Sakhalin Island, where a tiny community of Nivkhs still survived. Gevor-

gyan lived with them for several months, befriended them, earned their trust, and convinced them to play themselves on his film.

It was a time when Pasolini's *Medea* was already out, but ethnic exoticism had not yet conquered the world. Films like Mel Gibson's *Apocalypse* were a rarity.

Today, as the Nivkhs are fast disappearing from the face of the earth, *Piebald Dog Running Along the Shore*, which was released in 1991, endures as possibly the only film ever produced about their culture. A huge success with critics and art-house connoisseurs, the movie earned four top prizes at as many festivals in Moscow and Europe. However, it has never been seen by the general public, as the Soviet film-distribution system was crumbling at the time of the movie's release.

In 1990, I published an article titled "Will Karen Gevorgyan Ever Come Back?" At that time, it seemed as though Armenia had forever lost yet another of its talented filmmakers.

However, Gevorgyan did come back to Armenia that year, with a fresh, "patriotic" idea: he wanted to make a film about the early years of Mesrop Mashtots, based on two short stories by Sero Khanzadian. The script is about Mesrop's mission of converting pagan communities to Christianity in the ancient Armenian province of Goghtn. Appalled by the policy of religious conversion on pain of death, Mesrop returns to Vagharshapat and consults Catholicos Sahak Partev. The discus-



sions lead the two men to embark on the project of inventing the Armenian alphabet, as a saner and also more practical way of fostering national unity.

Once again, Gevorgyan's idea was deemed unacceptable by the authorities. Disappointed, he headed back to Russia. But he wouldn't stay there for long.

Soon, Gevorgyan returned to Armenia for good. He travelled to Karabakh in the summer of 1993, where he documented the war. The footage has never been released, though Gevorgyan has plans to make no less than 10 films out of it.

In the ensuing years, Gevorgyan directed and produced a long string of mostly self-financed films, including *Armenian House* (2001–2002), which documented the lives of ordinary Armenians in the post-independence era. He created an unreleased series about border villages in Armenia and Artsakh. The sponsors, after seeing the first film in the series, *Yerashkavan*, stopped financing the project. The film was about the village Yerashkavan, on the border with Nakhichevan, which is still in totally dilapidated condition. In front of it, on the Azerbaijani side, in Nakhichevan, one can see newly risen buildings of a modern city.

He also made the Armenia Fund-sponsored *Wherever There Is Bread*, a documentary about seven Armenians returning home after years of economic exile. It has never been shown publicly.

## Tank making

In addition to filmmaking, Gevorgyan had become a volunteer specialist on defence issues. He constructed a full-scale model of a small fighter plane, suitable for Karabakh's conditions. He lobbies for this plane to be produced in Armenia. Another of his inventions is a small and agile tank, tailor-designed for the Karabakh terrain. None of these inventions has



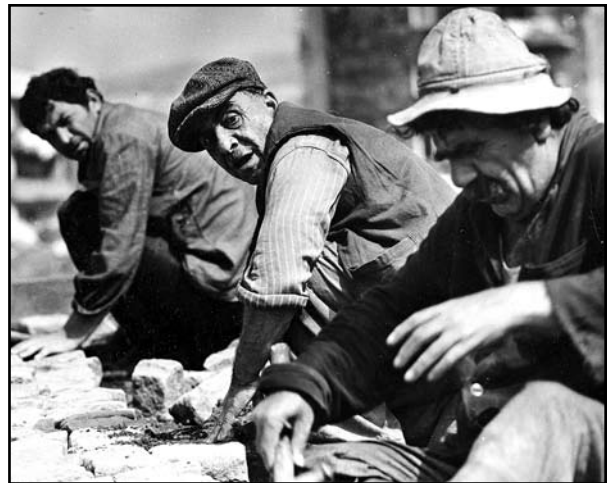
yet found sponsors. After a story about him was shown on the Russian TV, he got a phone call from Israeli businesspeople desiring to have a contract with him for producing the tank. He refused to negotiate: it is the defence of Karabakh that he is concerned with. The work should be done in this country and for this country.

The move into inventing military gadgets has not come at the expense of film making.

Gevorgyan has just finished another documentary – a film about German denial of the Armenian Genocide. But it would be utterly unlike him to rest on his laurels, or take a little breather.

He is now busy thinking up his next feature movie, about a group expedition to the summit of Mount Ararat in search of Noah's Ark. Gevorgyan says his characters will hail from various countries, some will believe the story of the ark and others will not.

I imagine it as a continuation and development of Antonioni's



style in such films as *Profession: Reporter* and *Zabriskie Point*. It will be a life experience for all those who will be engaged in the making of this film. And it will be a great show on the global movie screen, a breakthrough in Armenian art house blockbuster production.

Ever the optimist, Gevorgyan can't help but try. As Grigor Narekatsi would say, "God help me to avoid feeling birth pain and being refused to give birth." 𐎠𐎼𐎷𐎡𐎴

Gevorgyan's first feature was *The Crossroad*, released in 1973.



Adrineh Gregorian.

# Finding the voice within

**Author Mary Terzian's impassioned struggle against the repression of Armenian women**

**by Adrineh Gregorian**

Was growing up in Cairo, Egypt, in the 1930s and 40s and living with two brothers, a father, and a stepmother the ideal petri dish to grow a feminist? Mary Terzian fought for access to opportunity, like feminists around the world have done before and after her.

As an Armenian living in Cairo and the daughter of parents who emigrated from Turkey, Terzian found herself in a quandary that faces many Armenians: where does one's identity lie among all the labels? The identity she sought was constrained not only by ethnicity but also by the narrow parameters allocated to her as a girl and, later, a woman.

Always a bright student, Terzian received encouragement from her teachers early on. She went to an English high school, which, she says, "opened the doors to the world."

Terzian's mother was a strong advocate of education. But she died early, and Mary's father and stepmother inhibited the ideals that were instilled in her from childhood. The two pressured her to be a housewife, do needlework, and remain within the confines of other traditional female roles in the Middle East, which did not commonly include pursuing an education.

Already at age 12, however, Terzian rebelled in her own way through writing and reading. "It was a silent way of opposing the status quo," she recalls. "I always



Mary Terzian.

wanted to write. I used to write poems and keep them from my father and stepmother," she says. "But that didn't satisfy my hunger."

Terzian applied her affinity for literature throughout her career, which included work for the United Nations. She contributed articles to Armenian papers in Egypt and Lebanon. She moved to the United States, where she continued to write – even while she was a single mother working full-time as an auditor for an aerospace company. "Auditing put bread on the table, but writing clarified my soul," Terzian says.

## **The breakthrough**

Terzian sought clarity and self-discovery. Her quest led her to write *The Immigrants' Daughter: A Private Battle to Earn the Right to*

*Self-actualization*, a memoir published in 2005.

In her dynamic narrative of where she comes from, literally and figuratively, Terzian portrays the life of an immigrant family in a time of political tension. She describes her heartbreak over her mother's death and subsequent struggle to carve out an identity of her own, and champions women's education and free thought.

The crux of the book lies in the author's examination of the clashing views between father and daughter, tradition and modernity – a process that began with Terzian's struggle to be educated and came to fruition when she found a job and left for Alexandria. "It was unheard of for a girl to leave home," Terzian remembers. "It's a point against you if you leave."

authors



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### **Hay Aghchga Jagadagir**

The author, a young woman writes about a destiny of a young Armenian woman.

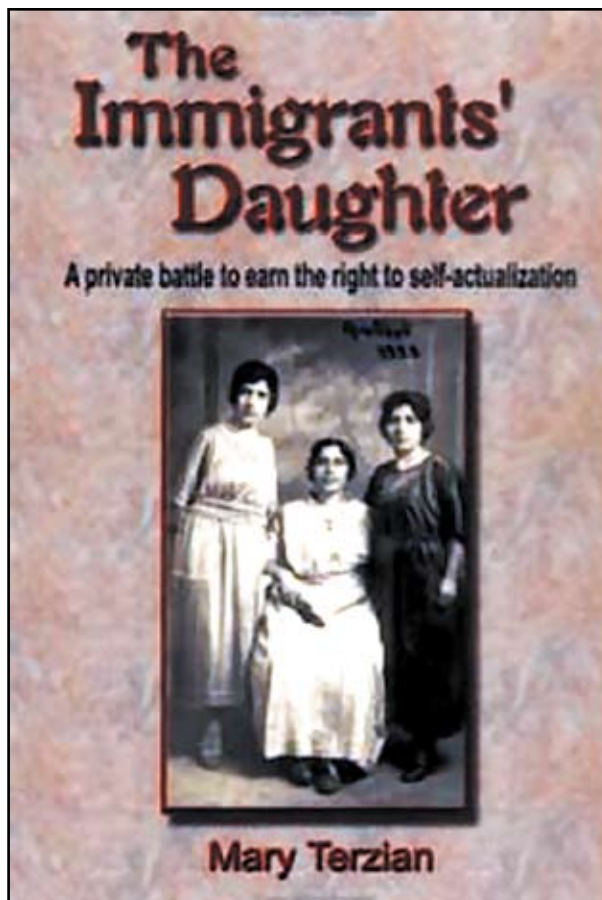
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Top: *The Immigrants' Daughter*, a memoir published in 2005, is one woman's call for a reevaluation of women's traditional roles in Armenian society. Top right: Mary Terzian with copies of her book.

But she says the fact that she left because of work made her move "more honorable."

Terzian eventually came into her own. With the women's movement in Egypt already brewing and given her fluency in English, she began to read books and magazines that addressed the precise turmoil she found herself in. They would help her strike a balance between progressive ideas and traditional tenets and practices.

"I tried every front in order to have a balanced character," Terzian says. "I was not a feminist but I became one. It was never about a fight or a rebellion against men. Rather, it had everything to do with the flowering of a woman to be what she wanted to be – not a housewife, not a servant, not a slave, but somebody who can express an opinion and have a name."

Terzian is not averse to traditions per se, but believes that they must evolve as times and people do.



She says her work as an auditor has taught her to have the courage to detect some things that are wrong and amend them. But "you have to get out of your comfort zone and fight for it," she adds.

## A chronicle of transformation

"There were so many reasons to write this book," Terzian says about *The Immigrants' Daughter*. "It was not only my story. A lot of women, young and old, were in my shoes."

The book has also great relevance to several cultures where women's education continues to be marginalized, boys are given preferential treatment, and women's career choices are limited to homemaking, nursing, or clerical work. "Be what you want to be and not what you have to be to please your parents," Terzian stresses, attributing her zeal for life to her mother.

"Change is nothing to fear; it only expands our horizons," Terzian continues. "Read, listen, see outside the Armenian circle. Keep the culture but be open to your surroundings." *The Immigrants' Daughter* starts off describing Ter-

zian's upbringing, but eventually becomes something more. "I want to bring up the status of women, how oppressed they are within the Armenian circles," she says. "And they still are, believe it or not. The old mentality still lingers in some families."

Terzian passes her beliefs on to her daughter. "There is no point in bringing the past here [in America], where it's a different mainstream, a different culture," she explains. "We all fall into that. We do what our parents did to us, thinking it's the best you can do. But I believe that you can change. And you need to change. The times are changing, technology is changing, and we need to change and adapt ourselves to the environment we live in." Terzian wishes for her readers to pursue their dreams, get an education, and be what they want to be, not what their parents impose on them. "You have to work against the wave," she says.

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**"It had everything to do with the flowering of a woman to be what she wanted to be – not a housewife, not a servant, not a slave, but somebody who can express an opinion and have a name."**

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Terzian also writes on other topics, but her focus remains on social observations and the clash of cultures. Her goal is to touch lives by sharing a common story.

*The Immigrants' Daughter: A Private Battle to Earn the Right to Self-actualization* can be downloaded from [booklogger.com](http://booklogger.com) or purchased at [amazon.com](http://amazon.com). 📖

connect:  
[www.maryterzian.com](http://www.maryterzian.com)





Kay Mouradian

# A dream postponed

Five days in the lap of a wonderland called Yosemite

by Kay Mouradian

For years I'd heard how the backcountry of Yosemite affects one's soul, as if one could reach out and touch the hand of God. That thought never left my consciousness and I longed to make the trip, but family responsibilities and not winning the Yosemite lottery kept the dream on hold.

The Yosemite lottery determines who wins the coveted beds and gourmet meals at the five High Sierra Camps in Yosemite's backcountry. Thousands enter the lottery each year, but I was never one of the lucky few winners. Then destiny extended her hand in July of 2004, when I called to ask whether there had been any cancellations. "Nothing available," the reservation agent said and put me on hold. "I can't believe it," she said when she was back. "I just received a call canceling two spaces for the trip you requested."

Kismet! Are treasures waiting? But then my joy fell muted. Was I too old for such a strenuous trek? After all, I hadn't hiked the Sierras in more than 20 years.

"Is there an age limit?" I asked, my voice resonating with trepidation.

"Yes," was her response. "No children under seven."

Hesitating, I said "Fine." I decided not to tell her I had turned 70 on my last birthday.

My tennis friend Eiko, younger by some 15 years and a seasoned hiker who at one time ventured



The helicopter. Photo: Eiko Amano.

into Asia and wended her way to base camp at Mt. Everest, suggested we start training immediately. I was fit on the tennis court, but Eiko warned me that hiking in high altitude required a different kind of fitness. She suggested our first hike together should be in the heat of the day and that we needed to carry a full pack. Yikes!

Once upon a time many years ago, I had taken a trek in the Indian Himalayas. Porters carried all my gear and at the end of the trek I gave my slipper-comfortable hiking boots to a porter who had been especially considerate with regard to my safety and comfort. Now, with less than three weeks before our departure to Tuolumne Meadows, the starting point of our five-day guided hike, I did not have a pair of hiking boots.

I needed to break in a new pair quickly, knowing that new boots and blisters have an uncanny way of joining together. I didn't even own a backpack and the thought of a pack weighing me down was another cross I had to accept. The only other guided overnight hik-

ing trip I had ever taken was in Oregon, when not-so-friendly llamas carried our gear and the guides prepared gourmet meals on two hibachis. Not a particularly strenuous affair.

**One look at the testosterone-charged youngsters, and I began to wonder if I had made a decision I would later regret. Would I be able to keep up?**

For the High Sierra loop we didn't need to carry sleeping gear or food or bear-protective cans, but we did need rain gear, a minimum of clothes, toiletries, and lots of water. Eiko estimated the weight, including that of the backpack, would be between 15 and 20 pounds. I hoped such a heavy load on my back would allow me to lift my head occasionally to gaze at the marvels of Yosemite.

At once I had to find hiking boots that wouldn't wreck my feet.

story

Kay Mouradian is the author of *A Gift in the Sunlight: An Armenian Story*.



Above: The first trailhead. Right: Yosemite hotel.

Photos: Eiko Amano.



I canvassed every sporting-goods store in the San Gabriel Valley but couldn't find a comfortable pair. Finally, someone suggested I consider running shoes. So off I went to a specialty store in Pasadena, hoping to find sturdy shoes that were friendly to my tender feet. The first pair I tried on fit nicely, and when I put on a second pair, I said, "Ahh." The salesman assured me that hikers said wonderful things about this particular running shoe, and I promptly gave him my credit card. But the shoe's low-cut style provided absolutely no ankle support. I went to REI, another sports-specialty store, to purchase a pair of hiking poles, hoping they would provide the balance I needed to protect my ankles. An experienced salesman helped me pick a pair and then spent an hour showing me an array of backpacks, eventually finding the right one for my weight and size.

I was ready for my first afternoon workout. Eiko and I started at the base of the Mt. Wilson trail out of Sierra Madre, intending to hike a modest three miles. Within the first uphill mile, a very fit older woman, an obviously seasoned hiker, was about to overtake us. Curious about our full packs, she stopped to chat. I mentioned we were training for the High Sierra loop. She said she had hiked it some years ago. She looked at my feet. "Your shoes will never make it up to Vogelsang Camp. That's a killer hike. You'll need ankle support," she said, her voice trailing off as she sprinted ahead.

This fit old woman had the stature and physique of a marathon runner. Did I need to heed her message? I told myself I'd have to pay close attention to every step to prevent twisting my ankle. The only other option was to purchase a new pair of hiking boots that surely would blister my feet and create a miserable me during the entire trek. So be it! Optimist that I am, I decided this could be an



opportunity to sharpen my focus. Mind over matter, I told myself.

I continued to train throughout the next three weeks. My springy running shoes felt more comfortable with each climb, my ankles stayed strong, and I gave thanks to my shoes for leaving my feet blister-free.

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**By mile seven, my backpack began to feel as if it were filled with bricks. In addition, I was so far behind, I could not see anyone in our group.**

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The magic day finally arrived. Eiko and I drove to Tuolumne Meadows, an elevation of 7,600 feet, and registered at the camp's headquarters. We were each given a towel and a wash cloth and directed to a four-bed canvas tent. Trying to find our tent among the many scattered around tall trees, we noticed five ladies, towel and washcloth in hands, standing and waiting one behind the other on the stairs of a building that was obviously the ladies' shower and rest room.

Thank goodness our tent sat in the midst of a cluster of tents some distance from the restrooms. Persons wending their way to the restrooms at all hours of the night wouldn't bother us. As I opened the tent's door, my eyes fell on a pot-bellied stove sitting on the floor at the far end. Eiko immediately started a fire. That was the first of many talents which I didn't know my friend possessed. Her understanding of how to build a fire that would last until morning kept us snugly warm in tents that provided little protection on cold nights, especially in camps perched at 10,000 feet.

After a so-so meal at the camp's dining hall, we attended the evening campfire, where we met Eric, our middle-aged ranger and guide.



Snow at  
Volgelsang. Photo:  
Eiko Amano.

He asked for our names. When I said "Kay," he looked into my eyes and replied, "Oh, I remember that name."

I could feel my stomach tighten. Did he think I was too old for such a strenuous trip? I had intentionally delayed sending the requested information sheet asking about our hiking experience and our ages until I knew it would be too late for the powers that be to invent an excuse to cancel me out.

He asked how Eiko, my Japanese-American friend, and I knew each other. When we simultaneously said "Tennis," he smiled and shifted his attention to others who would be leaving with us the next morning. If he knew how old I was, he never let on then or at

any other time during the five-day hike. For that I was grateful.

The next morning our designated group met Eric outside the dining hall. We were not an especially homogenous group. Our gang of 13, as I called us, included, in addition to Eiko and me, a psychiatrist, a trial lawyer, a judge, their wives, a couple of ladies in their 50s from Arizona, a 35-year-old Pilates instructor, and two teenage boys, all of 15 years. One look at the testosterone-charged youngsters, and I began to wonder if I had made a decision I would later regret. Would I be able to keep up?

I wrapped a scarf around my neck, pulled my backpack up, slid my arms through the straps, and tightened them. With my com-



Our gang of thirteen. Photo: Eiko Amano.

fortable pack resting on my back, a friendly woman standing on the porch of the dining hall asked me where we were headed.

"Vogelsang," I said.

"That's a beautiful spot. It's my favorite camp," she said. "I've been there many times." Her eyes fell on my backpack. "You're carrying too much stuff."

*Too much stuff?* No way was I going to unpack a single item. I needed everything I had neatly stashed into my pack. Then my eyes fell on the teenagers who were directly behind Eric as he headed to the Vogelsang trailhead. The pace was already fast and we hadn't even left the meadow.

I was determined not to be the last in our group. The trail was not yet strenuous and, fresh from a good night's sleep, I kept up with the pace. Confidence began to dissolve my misgivings, and I decided this was going to be a wonderful adventure. My spirit high, I kept up with our fast-moving group. Our guide suggested we stop for lunch before the already rocky terrain got even rockier. And there it happened. I slipped on one of

those rocks, twisted my ankle, and fell. Would you believe that a certain face flashed in front of my eyes at that very moment... that of the very seasoned lady hiker who said my shoes would never make it to Vogelsang? Every curse word I knew shot through my mind – so forcefully that I hoped none of my fellow hikers heard those crude, unladylike thoughts.

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**Every curse word I knew shot through my mind – so forcefully that I hoped none of my fellow hikers heard those crude, unladylike thoughts.**

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Both Eric and Eiko rushed to help. I put on a brave act and said, "Oh, it's nothing!" Luckily, Eric had medical tape and Eiko, who had worked as a therapist at UCLA, taped my ankle with such deft, I was able to continue the hike as if my ankle did not have a sprain. I was lucky. The sprain

was slight and the tape provided all the support I needed for the rest of the trek.

Nearing Vogelsang Camp, our pace increased. The heavy dark clouds above were threatening. Then the rain thundered down as Vogelsang, nestled at the foot of snow-covered peaks, came into view. Eiko and I and the two ladies from Arizona rushed into our assigned four-bed tent. Eiko kindled a fire in the pot-bellied stove, we changed into dry clothes, and, as the rain eased to a stop, we found our way to the dining room. The Yosemite High Sierra camps are known for their wonderful meals, and I must admit I was awed by the gourmet fare that we were served. The chef even created a special East Indian meal for me, as I was the only vegetarian in our group.

A good hour of daylight remained after dinner. We surveyed the camp with its rain-soaked meadow and wended our way to an enchanting area by a tiny waterfall surrounded by boulders. Vogelsang is stunning. I wanted to stay for at least one more day to explore a trail or two along the mountain lakes, but that was not to be. We were scheduled to leave early in the morning to spend the next two nights at Merced Camp.

The next morning, as the sun's rays fell on our canvas tent, we were awakened by the whirring of what sounded like a helicopter. Rushing out, we watched a chopper land in the nearby meadow. As the whirling blades stopped, several young men jumped out of the copter. "A woman is lost," one of them said. "She should have been back at Tuolumne three days ago." After asking our group if we had seen her along the trail and learning that we had not, he and the rest of the men gathered their belongings and spread out onto the various trails.

I found it comforting that Yosemite would send a rescue squad to find a lost soul. I recalled my



conversation with the reservation clerk. She suggested that I buy insurance because, she said, if I needed to be flown out, it would cost \$10,000! Needless to say, given my trepidation about the trip, I did indeed buy the insurance. Then I thought about the lone hiker and hoped she'd be found well and with deep pockets. The next day we learned that the woman had been found and was in good health.

The trail to Merced was downhill, steep, and rocky. Planting my hiking poles in specific grooves gave me the stability I needed to proceed with confidence. But halfway down the trail one of the ladies from Arizona slipped and fell. I gave her one of my poles, for which she was most grateful. She made it to Merced Camp long before I did.

We spent two nights at Merced, did some gentle hiking during our day of "rest", and the next morning we started for the longest trek of the five-day hiking tour. Our destination was Sunrise Camp, ten miles from Merced... all uphill. Until that morning my pack had rested comfortably on my back. But that changed on the trail to Sunrise. The steepness of the trail and the increasing altitude were taking their toll. By mile seven, my backpack began to feel as if it were filled with bricks. In addition, I was so far behind, I could not see anyone in our group. It should have been a wonderful opportunity to have drunk in the quiet of nature and become intoxicated with its beauty, but I was so tired that I just wanted to get to camp and plop on a bed.

Sometime later I saw Eric at the top of the trail, waiting for me. We were still a mile from Sunrise Camp, but fortunately that last mile descended into a lovely meadow, and I began to feel stronger in the lower altitude. That is, until I found myself at the entrance of the camp, where I had to lean forward and push up against my



Relaxing our tired feet. Photo: Eiko Amano.

poles to lift my weary body over two huge rocks. After registering with the camp director, I clumsily tried to find my tent cabin among those spread among the scattered trees. Tired as I was, I was still taken by the beauty surrounding Sunrise Camp. Then a good soul from our group came to my rescue and led me to my tent, where I did indeed crash on a bed.

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**I found a quiet spot by the enormous boulders framing the camp. Resting my body in a relaxed position, I breathed in the solitude of twilight.**

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After a well-deserved respite and another gourmet vegetarian meal at dinner, I opted not to attend the gathering by the campfire. Instead I found a quiet spot by the enormous boulders framing the camp. Resting my body in a relaxed position, I breathed in the solitude of twilight. As darkness fell, the night sky became vivid and clear. I felt wonderfully alone and after a time the brilliant stars became my companions. I

was not ready to leave this awe-inspiring place, but all things come to an end. We were scheduled to return to Tuolumne Meadows the next morning.

The downhill trail toward Tuolumne was another strenuous hike, and with so many people scrambling up, I began to think the trail was becoming as crowded as a Los Angeles freeway. Approaching a mountain lake halfway down, our group took a short break. Relishing the cool water brushing up against our bared feet, Eiko and I decided to linger in the lake's pristine beauty and said goodbye to our trekking friends.

When Eiko and I finally reached the road at the end of the trail, I saw the approaching Yosemite bus that was to take us back to Tuolumne Meadows. Now that the trek was over, I was anxious to find the nearest motel, where I could once again plop my drained body on a comfortable bed. The five-day trek had been an arduous but wonderful adventure. Would I do it again if the opportunity presented itself? You bet! Sunrise and Vogelsang camps are surrounded with such beauty that I'd love to spend several days to take in the wonder of their essence. But I'd prefer being taken there by helicopter!

24 December

### MONDAY

EST	PST	
4:30	7:30	Good Morning, Armenians!
6:00	9:00	News in Armenian
6:20	9:20	The Colour of Sin- Serial
7:05	10:05	PS Club
7:35	10:35	Cool Program
7:55	10:55	The Making of a Film
8:30	11:30	The Armenian Film
9:40	12:40	Music Videos
10:15	13:15	Exclusive
10:40	13:40	The Week
11:05	14:05	News in English
11:20	14:20	Cartoon
12:00	15:00	Teleduel
12:55	15:55	Music Videos
13:05	16:05	The Colour of Sin - Serial
13:50	16:50	News in Armenian
14:10	17:10	Against Clock-Arrow
14:35	17:35	Dances
14:55	17:55	News in English
15:10	18:10	Defence Right - Serial
15:55	18:55	Music Videos
16:05	19:05	In Reality
16:30	19:30	Seven Women - Serial
17:15	20:15	Soul Mate - Serial
18:00	21:00	Express
18:30	21:30	News in Armenian
18:50	21:50	Unhappy Happiness - Serial
19:20	22:20	When the Stars Dance
19:45	22:45	The Making of a Film
20:20	23:20	The Armenian Film
21:30	0:30	News in Armenian
21:55	0:55	Late at Night
22:55	1:55	Evening Encounter
23:25	2:25	The Century
23:45	2:45	Exclusive
0:05	3:05	Cartoon
0:45	3:45	When the Stars Dance
1:05	4:05	Yo-Yo
1:25	4:25	The Week
1:50	4:50	Blitz
2:05	5:05	Express
2:30	5:30	Seven Women - Serial
3:15	6:15	Against Clock-Arrow
3:40	6:40	Dances
4:00	7:00	In Reality

25 December

### TUESDAY

EST	PST	
4:30	7:30	Good Morning, Armenians!
6:00	9:00	News in Armenian
6:20	9:20	The Colour of Sin- Serial
7:05	10:05	Defence Right - Serial
8:00	11:00	Unhappy Happiness - Serial
8:30	11:30	When the Stars Dance
8:50	11:50	Teleduel
9:45	12:45	Music Videos
10:00	13:00	Exclusive
10:20	13:20	Soul Mate - Serial
11:05	14:05	News in English
11:20	14:20	Cartoon
12:00	15:00	Late at Night
13:00	16:00	Music Videos
13:05	16:05	The Colour of Sin- Serial
13:50	16:50	News in Armenian
14:10	17:10	Against Clock-Arrow
14:35	17:35	Dances
14:55	17:55	News in English
15:10	18:10	Defence Right - Serial
15:55	18:55	Music Videos
16:05	19:05	In Reality
16:30	19:30	Seven Women - Serial
17:15	20:15	Soul Mate - Serial
18:00	21:00	Express
18:30	21:30	News in Armenian
18:50	21:50	Unhappy Happiness - Serial
19:20	22:20	When the Stars Dance
19:45	22:45	Teleduel
20:30	23:30	Blitz
20:50	23:50	Music Videos
21:30	0:30	News in Armenian
21:55	0:55	Late at Night
22:55	1:55	Evening Encounter
23:25	2:25	Our victory
23:45	2:45	Exclusive
0:05	3:05	Cartoon
0:45	3:45	When the Stars Dance
1:05	4:05	Jokes
1:25	4:25	Cool Program
1:44	4:44	Blitz
2:00	5:00	Express
2:30	5:30	Seven Women - Serial
3:15	6:15	Against Clock-Arrow
3:40	6:40	Dances
4:00	7:00	In Reality

26 December

### WEDNESDAY

EST	PST	
4:30	7:30	Good Morning, Armenians!
6:00	9:00	News in Armenian
6:20	9:20	The Colour of Sin- Serial
7:05	10:05	Defence Right - Serial
8:00	11:00	Unhappy Happiness - Serial
8:30	11:30	When the Stars Dance
8:50	11:50	Cool Program
9:10	12:10	Music Videos
9:30	12:30	Express
10:00	13:00	Exclusive
10:20	13:20	Soul Mate - Serial
11:05	14:05	News in English
11:20	14:20	Cartoon
12:00	15:00	Late at Night
13:00	16:00	Music Videos
13:05	16:05	The Colour of Sin- Serial
13:50	16:50	News in Armenian
14:10	17:10	Against Clock-Arrow
14:35	17:35	Dances
14:55	17:55	News in English
15:10	18:10	Defence Right - Serial
15:55	18:55	Music Videos
16:05	19:05	In Reality
16:30	19:30	Seven Women - Serial
17:15	20:15	Soul Mate - Serial
18:00	21:00	Express
18:30	21:30	News in Armenian
18:50	21:50	Unhappy Happiness - Serial
19:20	22:20	When the Stars Dance
19:45	22:45	Cool Program
20:05	23:05	PS Club
20:40	23:40	Blitz
21:00	0:00	Music Videos
21:30	0:30	News in Armenian
21:55	0:55	Late at Night
22:55	1:55	Evening Encounter
23:25	2:25	In the World of Books
23:45	2:45	Exclusive
0:05	3:05	Cartoon
0:45	3:45	When the Stars Dance
1:05	4:05	Teleduel
2:00	5:00	Express
2:30	5:30	Seven Women - Serial
3:15	6:15	Against Clock-Arrow
3:40	6:40	Dances
4:00	7:00	In Reality



# Satellite Broadcast Program Grid

## 24 – 30 December



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27 December			28 December			29 December			30 December		
THURSDAY			FRIDAY			SATURDAY			SUNDAY		
EST	PST		EST	PST		EST	PST		EST	PST	
4:30	7:30	Good Morning, Armenians!	4:30	7:30	Good Morning, Armenians!	4:30	7:30	Furor	4:30	7:30	Furor
6:00	9:00	News in Armenian	6:00	9:00	News in Armenian	5:00	8:00	Candid camera	5:00	8:00	Candid camera
6:20	9:20	The Colour of Sin- Serial	6:20	9:20	The Colour of Sin- Serial	5:30	8:30	The Century	5:30	8:30	The Century
7:05	10:05	Defence Right - Serial	7:05	10:05	Defence Right - Serial	6:00	9:00	News in Armenian	6:00	9:00	News in Armenian
8:00	11:00	Unhappy Happiness - Serial	8:00	11:00	Neighbours- Serial	6:20	9:20	The Colour of Sin- Serial	6:20	9:20	The Colour of Sin- Serial
8:30	11:30	When the Stars Dance	8:30	11:30	PS Club	7:05	10:05	Defence Right - Serial	7:05	10:05	Defence Right - Serial
8:50	11:50	Music Videos	9:00	12:00	Music Videos	8:00	11:00	Neighbours- Serial	8:00	11:00	Neighbours- Serial
9:30	12:30	Express	9:30	12:30	Express	8:30	11:30	The Making of a Film	8:30	11:30	Cool Program
10:00	13:00	Exclusive	10:00	13:00	Exclusive	9:05	12:05	The Armenian Film	8:50	11:50	Blitz
10:20	13:20	Soul Mate - Serial	10:20	13:20	Soul Mate - Serial	10:20	13:20	Soul Mate - Serial	9:10	12:10	Our victory
11:05	14:05	News in English	11:05	14:05	News in English	11:05	14:05	Exclusive	9:40	12:40	Music Videos
11:20	14:20	Cartoon	11:20	14:20	Cartoon	11:25	14:25	Cartoon	10:10	13:10	Express
12:00	15:00	Late at Night	12:00	15:00	Late at Night	12:05	15:05	Hot-Line	10:40	13:40	Exclusive
13:00	16:00	Music Videos	13:00	16:00	Music Videos	12:30	15:30	Our victory	11:05	14:05	VOA(The Voice of America)
13:05	16:05	The Colour of Sin- Serial	13:05	16:05	The Colour of Sin- Serial	12:55	15:55	Music Videos	11:25	14:25	Cartoon
13:50	16:50	News in Armenian	13:50	16:50	News in Armenian	13:05	16:05	The Colour of Sin- Serial	12:05	15:05	Hot-Line
14:10	17:10	Against Clock-Arrow	14:10	17:10	Against Clock-Arrow	13:50	16:50	News in Armenian	12:30	15:30	Armenia-Diaspora
14:35	17:35	Dances	14:35	17:35	Dances	14:10	17:10	Seven Women - Serial	12:55	15:55	Music Videos
14:55	17:55	News in English	14:55	17:55	News in English	15:00	18:00	VOA(The Voice of America)	13:05	16:05	The Colour of Sin- Serial
15:10	18:10	Defence Right - Serial	15:10	18:10	Defence Right - Serial	15:20	18:20	Defence Right - Serial	13:50	16:50	VOA(The Voice of America)
15:55	18:55	Music Videos	15:55	18:55	Music Videos	16:05	19:05	Armenia-Diaspora	14:10	17:10	Late at night
16:05	19:05	In Reality	16:05	19:05	In Reality	16:30	19:30	Teleduel	15:10	18:10	Yo-Yo
16:30	19:30	Seven Women - Serial	16:30	19:30	Seven Women - Serial	17:30	20:30	Cool Program	15:35	18:35	Blitz
17:15	20:15	Soul Mate - Serial	17:15	20:15	Soul Mate - Serial	17:50	20:50	Express	15:55	18:55	The Century
18:00	21:00	Express	18:00	21:00	Express	18:20	21:20	Music Videos	16:20	19:20	Concert
18:30	21:30	News in Armenian	18:30	21:30	News in Armenian	18:30	21:30	News in Armenian	18:05	21:05	Cool Program
18:50	21:50	Neighbours- Serial	18:50	21:50	Neighbours- Serial	18:50	21:50	Neighbours- Serial	18:25	21:25	VOA(The Voice of America)
19:20	22:20	When the Stars Dance	19:20	22:20	Fathers and Sons	19:20	22:20	The Making of a Film	18:45	21:45	PS Club
20:00	23:00	Discovery	20:20	23:20	Blitz	19:55	22:55	The Armenian Film	19:15	22:15	When the Stars Dance
20:25	23:25	Cool Program	20:40	23:40	Music Videos	21:30	0:30	News in Armenian	19:55	22:55	Exclusive
20:45	23:45	Blitz	21:30	0:30	News in Armenian	21:55	0:55	Late at Night	20:15	23:15	News
21:00	0:00	Music Videos	21:55	0:55	Late at Night	22:55	1:55	Evening Encounter	20:35	23:35	Jokes
21:30	0:30	News in Armenian	22:55	1:55	Evening Encounter	23:25	2:25	In the World of Books	21:30	0:30	News in Armenian
21:55	0:55	Late at Night	23:25	2:25	Discovery	23:45	2:45	Exclusive	21:55	0:55	Late at Night
22:55	1:55	Evening Encounter	23:45	2:45	Exclusive	0:05	3:05	Cartoon	22:55	1:55	The Week
23:25	2:25	Yo-Yo	0:05	3:05	Cartoon	0:45	3:45	Hot-Line	23:20	2:20	Discovery
23:50	2:50	Exclusive	0:45	3:45	Music Videos	1:10	4:10	Cool Program	23:45	2:45	Yo-Yo
0:05	3:05	Cartoon	1:10	4:10	PS Club	1:30	4:30	Armenia-Diaspora	0:05	3:05	Cartoon
0:45	3:45	Candid camera	1:40	4:40	Blitz	1:50	4:50	Music Videos	0:45	3:45	Hot-Line
1:40	4:40	Blitz	2:00	5:00	Express	2:00	5:00	Blitz	1:10	4:10	Cool Program
2:00	5:00	Express	2:30	5:30	Seven Women - Serial	2:20	5:20	Express	1:30	4:30	PS Club
2:30	5:30	Seven Women - Serial	3:15	6:15	Against Clock-Arrow	2:50	5:50	Teleduel	2:00	5:00	Blitz
3:15	6:15	Against Clock-Arrow	3:40	6:40	Dances	3:45	6:45	Seven Women - Serial	2:20	5:20	Teleduel
3:40	6:40	Dances	4:00	7:00	In Reality				3:15	6:15	Blef
4:00	7:00	In Reality							3:45	6:45	Exclusive
									4:05	7:05	Music Videos



Patrick Azadian.

# The new capital of the diaspora

by Patrick Azadian

Not much had remained of the final capital of the Armenian diaspora. There were no street names marking the existence of this group who at some point accounted for nearly half the population of the city.

Street names were what they'd always been: Colorado, Broadway, Milford, San Fernando, Verdugo.

Ethnic grocery stores had disappeared. There were no more bilingual or trilingual signs. No one could read the second language any more.

Taste buds had evolved.

But the flagship ethnic store was still standing on Pacific. For the last 80 years, Pacific Food Mart had experienced a transformation. It had morphed into a national chain that carried foods satisfying the taste buds of the Midwest and Latinos. The soumagh (Persian-style red spice), lavash (the Middle-Eastern bread), and the marinated kebobs had been replaced by cayenne pepper, tortillas, and hamburger patties.

The older generation was either in heaven or hell. The parks in the south of the city were not buzzing to the sounds of backgammon. You couldn't hear "shesh, besh..."

The building called the "Youth Center" on the corner of Central and Chestnut was now up for sale to the Albanians.

Just like their predecessor groups, they were here to make a new life for themselves in what was once described as the "Jewel City." They also wanted to preserve their identity and heritage.

It was exactly 80 years ago, on December 16, 2007, when the groundbreaking ceremony of the Youth Center had taken place.



I was dressed too warm for the occasion. That's the problem with Southern California; you never know when it's going to be cold, hot, or in between.

I could not complain. I'd just spoken to my cousin Arné in New York City. He had been up all night keeping an eye on the level of snow in front of his family's building. It was the landlord's responsibility to shovel the snow off the sidewalk. I did not envy his morning adventure in the snow.

**Harmandian had been wrong when he'd sang, "Lipanan, im verchin hankrvan." Lebanon was not Armenians' final port of call.**

As I walked into where the groundbreaking ceremony was to take place for the "Youth Center," a teenager got my attention.

"Orartsuyts?" she asked. I had tried to ignore the table, but it was too late. The Armenian Youth Federation was selling calendars filled with pictures of Karabakh. I inquired about the price.

"Ksan dolar" (\$20), I was told.

As an ex-AYFer, I could not say no. Besides, the number of \$20 bills I had spent on short-term pleasure the night before gave me a guilty feeling.

I bought a calendar. The cover said: "Artsakh 2008!"

I made my way through the crowd. Kids in dark blue scout uniforms were running around doing what kids do. Parents had one eye on the orators, and the other on their children.

It was a momentous occasion. The new capital of the Armenian diaspora was finally going to have a com-

munity center. Within two years the center would be able to house many of community's organizations.

Within a period of 30 years, the heartbeat of the diaspora had shifted from Beirut, Tehran, and Aleppo to the Los Angeles area. And the epicenter of this monumental shift was the city of Glendale with its population of over 80,000 Armenians.

Addis Harmandian (a 1970s Armenian pop star) had been wrong when he'd sang: "Lipanan, Lipanan, im verchin hankrvan" (Lebanon, Lebanon, my last resting place/destination).

According to the speeches, the American-Armenian community had now become the most important segment of the diaspora. With its numbers and financial muscle it was installed as the firm favorite to lead the way to a better future for the Armenian people as well as helping the Armenian state prosper.

The groundbreaking ceremony was a new beginning for the community. In years gone by, many such wholehearted ceremonies had already taken place in Beirut, Paris, Lvov, Tehran, Aleppo, and Cairo.

But there were two major differences. First, there was now an Armenian state.

And second, this was now the final destination for the Armenia diaspora. There was no other viable alternative for migration. There was no margin for error.

Standing there, I watched the men in their symbolic construction helmets perform the groundbreaking. In a half a century or so, would this capital be considered the morgue of what was left of the Armenian diaspora, or would it be the catalyst for a brighter future?

History favors the former. But hopefully there are some exceptions to the rule.



my words



# In search of Armenian books

by Shoghig Vardanyan

Mashtots Boulevard, the central thoroughfare of Yerevan, starts from the Matenadaran – the depository of ancient Armenian manuscripts. Upon entering the library, you realize that books have always been something very important for Armenians. Throughout history, Armenia has been invaded by numerous tribes and nations. When fleeing from their enemies, Armenians didn't take treasures or money with them – what they saved were their books, a large number of which are now housed in the Matenadaran. Books helped them preserve their national identity, culture, and language.

Now, at long last, Armenia is an independent state. And what is the situation now? Do we see the same love and respect for books? Do young people in Armenia read much? We often hear that young people don't read books anymore. They go to different places of entertainment, watch TV, play computer games. Often, when you ask young people what was the last book they read, they make a thoughtful face at first and then answer something like *Samvel* by Raffi, which they were made to read at school. It's dreadful of course. But who is to blame for this?

Armenian youths have the right to ask: "What shall we read?" This question shouldn't come as a surprise. Well, let's enter any bookstore in Yerevan. First of all, there are very few bookstores in the capital. As for the regions, I guess bookstores don't exist there at all. Secondly, 90 percent of all the books sold in bookstores are in



A typical selection of books one can find at any bookstore in Yerevan. Most of the books are in Russian with a few Armenian and English titles.

Russian. There are very few books in Armenian – they are mostly textbooks, not even fine literature. Very few books nowadays are translated into Armenian, and they are not very interesting for young people. The other problem is that we do not have good contemporary Armenian writers.

Isn't it natural that we would want to read what young people in other countries do? There are a lot of excellent modern writers, but their books are available in Armenia only in Russian translation. Isn't this the reason why Russian-speaking people are considered to be among the most educated? Their youth has access to novels translated into its native language. For us, it means that we in fact have to speak at least one foreign language to be abreast of world literature.

What must a young Armenian person do if they have already read whatever there was in their school library and in their literature textbooks? Or even if they haven't? Honestly, one can't always read Tumanyan, Dostoevsky, and Byron. I think young people, especially students who are considered to be representatives of the intelligentsia, must be well-versed in modern literature. The classics must be read. But young people also want to read authors

who write about the problems and issues of contemporary life.

I think it would be wonderful if the literature programs of our schools and universities included some good modern books that spoke to the psychology of our youth – give them answers to their questions. For example, young people read Vardges Petrosyan with pleasure because he writes about problems that every young person will face in their life sooner or later.

We have a lot of young specialists in foreign languages who can translate books from different languages. Maybe the Ministry of Culture should give them some financial assistance?

And there is something else. Usually young people like to do what is fashionable. So we must make reading fashionable. It isn't difficult to do when there are so many different sources of information: TV, the Internet, radio, youth magazines and newspapers. When we provide our youth with quality books in Armenian and make them believe that reading is something positive and beneficial and fun, we'll see that more and more young people will spend their free time reading. And when somebody asks one of them, "Do you like Bradbury?" they won't be surprised to hear, "Who's that?"



Shoghig Vardanyan is a student at the Russian-Armenian Slavonic State University in Yerevan.

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