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Organization and Armenian Studies Program

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Fresno Armenians Rally for Karabagh

by Linda A. Abrahamian
Editor

Nearly four hundred San Joaquin Valley Armenians, gathered together in solidarity on Saturday, March 5, in the Fresno Courthouse Park, near the David of Sassoun statue. Last month, up to a million Armenians in Yerevan and in the region of Nagorno-Karabagh demonstrated for the return of the historical territory that was severed from Soviet Armenia by Josef Stalin in 1923. Although the territorial issue of Nagorno-Karabagh is sixty-five years old, it has not been until recently, under Secretary Gorbachev's Glasnost or openness policy, that Armenians in the Soviet Union have been able to actively pursue the issue. Armenians throughout the diaspora, in Fresno, Los Angeles, San Francisco, France, and elsewhere, have rallied together to support the demands of their people in the

Fatherland. The Fresno rally was sponsored by the Solidarity Committee for the Reunification of Armenia, with Dr. Arthur Margosian, Deran Koligian, and Richard Darmanian serving as committee chairmen.

Although the supporters comprised only a fraction of Fresno's Armenian community, their enthusiasm far surpassed their numbers. Four generations of Armenians stood side by side, joined together in song and spirit. Signs, written in both Armenian and English, calling for the return of Karabagh were carried by children and their grandparents alike.

The program commenced with a moment of silence for all the victims of the demonstrations in the Soviet Union. The *Song of Karabagh*, sung by Hratch Soghomonian followed. Representatives from Fresno's political, civic, religious, and academic community were invited to speak; the speakers included Richard Darmanian,

Councilwoman Betty Ramacher, Rev. Datev Tatouljian of Reedley, Fresno County Supervisor Deran Koligian, Asadoor Asadoorian, Linda A. Abrahamian from the Armenian Students Organization, Bryan Bedrosian, Dr. Arthur Margosian, and a representative from State Assemblyman Jim Costa's office.

Support, unity, solidarity, and the reunification of not only Armenia but of all Armenians as well were they key notes asserted by the speakers. Since the Armenian community in the United States constitutes a fairly influential voting block, the speakers also encouraged the demonstrators to utilize their right to lobby: to write letters to their congressmen and President Reagan urging them to pressure Secretary Gorbachev into upholding his Glasnost policy and resolving to territorial dispute over Nagorno-Karabagh. The Solidarity Committee for the Reunification of Armenia has sent such

letters as well as a telegram to Gorbachev asserting Armenia's unalienable right to self-determination and reunification.

Also present at the Fresno rally were Nora Armani and Gerald Papasian, of Los Angeles, actors in the award winning *Sojourn at Ararat*. Both gave overwhelming recitations from the drama that were relevant not only to the occasion, but to injustices perpetrated against all people as well.

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Fresno Premiere of "Sojourn at Ararat"

Hye Sharzhoom Staff

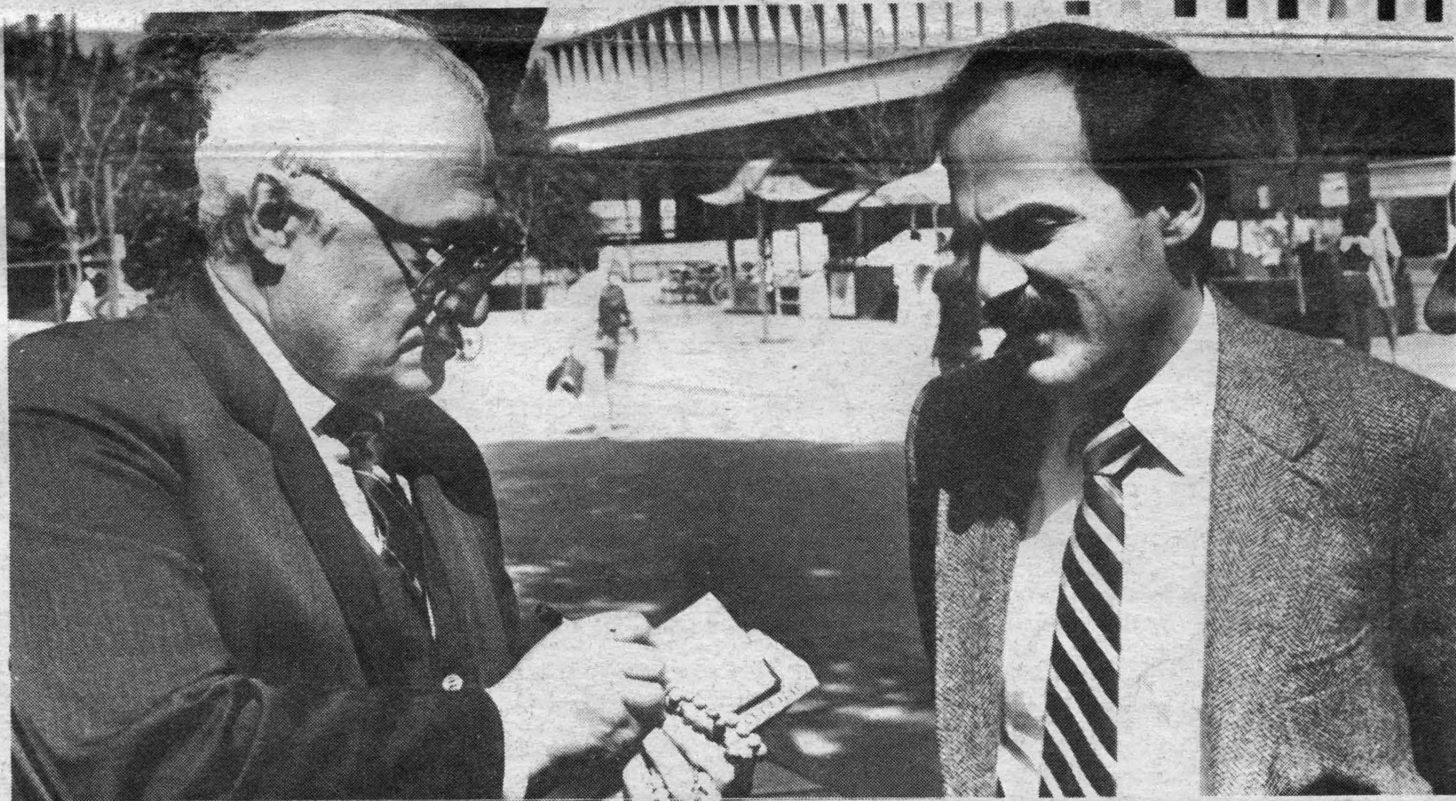
The Fresno premiere of the award winning "Sojourn at Ararat" was a smashing success in the Fresno Memorial Auditorium on Sunday, March 6, 1988. Several standing ovations concluded the theatrical presentation which has earned international honors. Stars Gerald Papasian and Nora Armani of Los Angeles recently returned from a tour of Armenia where they performed "Sojourn at Ararat" before standing room only crowds. They captured on stage the spirit of the centuries-long struggle of the Armenians to create and progress.

Papasian and Armani were the guests of the Armenian Studies Program and the Armenian Students Organization and their appearance was partially funded by the CSUF Associated Students. Their weekend was full of activities as they spoke to a rally in solidarity with the Armenians of Karabagh on Saturday morning. Later that evening they were the guests of honor at a reception held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George and Sonia Keshishian of Fresno. Also present at the reception were Seta Aznavour (daughter of Charles Aznavour), Mr. and Mrs. Vahan and Anoush Chamlian, Dr. and Mrs. Matthew Papazian, Professor Phillip Walker of the CSUF Theater Dept., Ricard Lewis a film make-up artist, Dr. and Mrs. Artin Jibilian, Mr. and Mrs. Darakjian, and Mr. and Mrs. Allan Jendian.

Mr. Ralph Shamshoian Jr., President of the ASO served as a host for the weekend, assisting in the production of "Sojourn at Ararat" on Sunday.

As part of the extensive press coverage of the program Saturday they were interviewed by Mr. Krikor Kohayan of the Armenian Radio Hour of Fresno. They also were interviewed by David Hale of the Fresno Bee.

see Theater Magic, pg. 6



Karlen Dallakian, President of the Committee for Cultural Relations with Armenians abroad is autographing his latest book on the life of Arshag Chobanian for CSUF Armenian Studies Program Acting Director Barlow Der Mugrdechian.

Dallakian Visits FSU

by Barlow Der Mugrdechian
Advisor

The Armenian Studies Program was the host for a visit to the CSUF campus of Karlen Dallakian, President of the Committee for Cultural Relations with Armenians Abroad, on Tuesday, March 17, 1988. Mr. Dallakian visited Fresno as part of a nationwide tour and on the invitation of the Armenian Assembly of America.

Mr. Dallakian was met at CSUF by the Acting Director of the Armenian Studies Program, Professor Barlow Der Mugrdechian. Accompanying Dallakian were the editor of the *Armenian Observer* Mr. Osheen

Keshishian, Fresno representative of the Armenian Assembly, Mr. Allan Jendian, and President of the Greater Fresno A.G.B.U., Mr. Bob Der Mugrdechian. The guests were escorted to the Armenian 1A (Introductory Armenian) class taught by Prof. Der Mugrdechian and where Mr. Dallakian was given an enthusiastic welcome. Many of the students in the class are bound for Armenia in June of this year. After describing the work of the Committee for Cultural Relations and after answering questions the group headed to the Special Collection Department of the CSUF Henry Madden Library where Special Collections Head Ron Mahoney described the Saroyan Collection held by the Library.

Mr. Dallakian later in the evening was the guest of honor at a meeting with community leaders and representatives held in the Armenian Community School of Fresno Social Hall. A warm reception was given to the visitor from Armenia as he described his visit and current events in Armenia.

As part of his stay in Fresno Mr. Dallakian visited various manufacturing and business sites in the Valley.

During his brief stay in Fresno, Der Mugrdechian had the opportunity to discuss with Mr. Dallakian the forthcoming visit of Armenian Studies Program students to Armenia and the prospective course of activities.

Commentary: A Right to Memory

By Barlow Der Mugerdechian
Advisor

The fundamental right of an individual is a right to memory. It is upon the accumulated memories of many individuals that ethnic experience and awareness are formed - and from these culture; and it is in this way that a people exists and continues to exist. Without roots there is no culture. Without this shared recollection there is no future. And when the individual memory is suppressed, distorted or refuted, this can lead to the obliteration of collective consciousness.

In the case of Armenians, the great disruptive force in collective memory was the Genocide and we are living with those results today. Especially when the Republic of Turkey calls into question the validity not only of the Armenian genocide, but also refutes the suffering of the victim. This propaganda campaign by Turkey has recently intensified and the very existence of the Armenians in their historic homeland is

questioned. Also, Turkey today tries to exculpate itself of responsibility for the perpetration of the Genocide and thus attempts to make complete the act begun in 1915.

I remember my grandfather and grandmother who came from Van. I remember seeing in their eyes and through their eyes, Armenia. I am fortunate that I was old enough to have seen grandparents who were born in the old country and who survived the Genocide. I wonder about our new generation of Armenians born to parents whose parents were born here. My memories are sharp and clear and undistorted by the avalanche of disinformation from Turkey. I have interviewed for oral history projects dozens of Armenians whose memories, undimmed by time and space, have transmitted a story of the death of a people on its ancient land.

The campaign of the Turkish government today, and for the past 73 years, is intended to distort and to cause doubt. An American hearing the Turkish point of view and then the Armenian point of view would think that

there must be some validity to both sides since it is impossible to comprehend the enormity of the Genocide. It is almost impossible to believe the stories of cruelty and barbarity reported through the eyes of German missionaries, or American consuls, by eyewitnesses and by survivors. And an Armenian child educated in America, far removed from the immediate effects of Genocide, could perhaps also think that the enormities of the Genocide were actually not so bad. After all, the Armenians have adapted to life in America so easily, life is so comfortable now, that the pain of the Genocide is hardly felt.

Advertisements appearing in college student newspapers the last six or seven years throughout the United States around the period of April 24th, have publicly refuted the memories of our elders, and denounced as a campaign of hatred the simple recollection of Genocide. Why not forget the past? After all both sides suffered. Isn't this what the campaign of the Turkish government is all about. Armenians killed Turks, they say. Some 2,000,000 Turks died as a direct result

of Armenian attacks. Why not have some sympathy for the Turks?

In Constantinople (Istanbul) Armenian schools are closed, buildings are not repaired or even allowed to be painted. Monasteries are dynamited, proud churches demolished, and whose memory is distorted? There will be no evidence left of Armenians in Asia Minor if the actions by the Turkish government are not halted. Armenians will soon be drowned in a sea of silence, driven into oblivion as a people no longer even remembered.

And what can we do? We remember. The American government says we cannot expect a day of memory for our fallen. Turkey refutes all knowledge or responsibility although it is firmly and conclusively tied to the Genocide. Every action by the Armenians is a fight, a fight to keep a sense of justice.

For the Armenians it is a continuous struggle. The right to memory. I have the right to my memories and to struggle to have justice. Our people have the right to memory. For when there no longer is the memory there no longer will be any Armenians.

Editorial:

A Commemoration

Vintage Days could be seen as a celebration of Spring. The festivities usually run from Thursday through Sunday, and is scheduled for the end of April.

April 24, a solemn day of remembrance for the martyrs of the 1915-1923 Genocide, also happens to fall at the end of April. As a result, the Vintage Days celebration has often been scheduled to overlap April 24th.

When Vintage Days overlaps the April 24th commemoration, the results are often disastrous for those Armenian students who wish only to commemorate the victims of the Genocide. However, unlike Vintage Days, April 24th can not be re-scheduled.

In 1979, the Armenian Students Organization (ASO) sent a delegation to the Vintage Days Planning Committee. They presented their case, stressing that the April 24th commemoration symbolized not only a remembrance of the gross human rights violations committed against the Armenians, but also the injustices perpetrated against all people as well.

The Vintage Days Planning Committee recognized the gravity of the April 24th commemoration, and resolved not to overlap the dates.

They, however, did not keep their word, and Vintage Days has often overlapped April 24th since. A root beer chugging contest was scheduled at the same time that last year's commemoration was. The speakers' voices

could hardly be heard over the shouting coming from the contest.

The ASO has repeatedly requested that the Vintage Days Planning Committee abide by the decision they made in 1979, but their requests have not been successful. So, the staff of the *Hye Sharzhoom* felt it necessary to present this issue to the Armenian community with the editorial "April 24th: Celebration or Commemoration" (Nov. 1987).

Vintage Days will not conflict with the April 24th Commemoration this year. Whether this decision not to overlap the two events is the result of community pressures brought about by the editorial is not known, but the *Hye Sharzhoom* and ASO appreciates the decision and hopes that it will be a permanent one. If not, we must do all we can to insure that it will be.

**Support
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Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

This seventy-five year old greatly acknowledges receiving the *Hye Sharzhoom* for a number of years now.

In these days of Glasnost, we of Armenian heritage have a particularly important role to fulfill. We are a people with positive feet in both camps, and therefore have the advantage of using this to our mutual advantage.

Your December issue, in particular Dr. Kouymjian's recent visit to Armenia contained solid foundations for much future action.

You are to be congratulated for having given a prominent place for the Catholicos's recent visit to these shores. Here again we have a unique place in the history of the Christian religion. Instead of having party affiliations uppermost in our minds, let us put a stop to the division of our church in the Diaspora, and make the commemoration of April 24th a joint effort for all Armenians!

Sincerely,

Peter R. Krikorissian
Ontario, Canada

Dear Editor:

I was disturbed by your editorial: "April 24th: Celebration or Commemoration?" regarding the disruptions of the April 24th commemorations since 1980 at the Fresno State University (Nov. '87 issue).

If your first complaint was not satisfied in your favor, you should have given up the next April 24th commemoration or gone to higher authorities to prevail. This subject is too serious for a survivor of the Genocide like me.

Sincerely,

Mr. Nishan Nercessian
Westminster, CA

**Get A Minor
in Armenian
Studies!**

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Hye Sharzhoom welcomes prose, poetry, articles, manuscripts, and other material from its readers. For further information concerning the newspaper or the Armenian Studies Program, call the ASP office (209) 294-2669.

Hye Sharzhoom Staff Positions Available for Fall Semester 1988

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Karabagh, Turks and...

by Barlow Der Mugrdchian
Advisor

The recent outpouring of solidarity and support for Armenians in Karabagh presents another opportunity for Armenians in America to bridge the many divisions which exist in the community today. Karabagh has become an issue as important as April 24th, because it deals with the very heart of the Armenian Question—the question of land and the right of Armenians to live on that land and at the same time for them to enjoy cultural and political rights.

The recent outpourings in Karabagh and in Soviet Armenia have had international repercussions as a test of the nationalities policy of the Soviet Union. The mass demonstrations in Armenia, peaceful and in accordance with Soviet law, have also had a significant impact on the local level. In Fresno, in addition to the rally held in the Courthouse Park, an event occurred which would have been unthinkable only several weeks ago.

On Sunday March 20, at 4:00 pm in St. Paul Armenian Church of Fresno, a requiem and evening service was held for the Armenian victims of the recent disturbances in Karabagh. Present at the service was the Primate of the Western Diocese of the Armenian Church of North America, Archbishop Vatche Hovsepian, and several other local priests of the Armenian Apostolic Church. The significant event was that present at the services was also the parish priest of the Holy Trinity Armenian Apostolic Church of Fresno and several deacons from that church. It was significant because the Holy Trinity Church has spiritual and administrative allegiance to the Western Prelacy of the See of Cilicia. It was the first time in many years that in Fresno a joint activity of this kind was held. Parishioners of both churches were present for the services. Afterwards there was a strong feeling of mutual concern about the Armenians of Karabagh, and this was expressed in the many intimate conversations which took place outside the church.

This was not only an exercise in the art of

the possible, but an example of what could take place on a regular basis.

The important aspect of the Fresno activities is that they represent also a reflection of the genuine concern expressed by Armenians throughout the Diaspora. By actions of a unified nature, the message will

Karabagh Fact Sheet

Official Name: Mountainous Karabagh Autonomous District

Area: 1,699 square miles

Population: 160,000, 80-85% Ethnic Armenian

Terrain: Mountainous

Capital: Stepanakert, population 33,000

Political Status: Since 1923 has been under the administrative control of Azerbaijan S.S.R.

Historical Status: 5th century the area was known a Caucasian Albania, but from the 7th century on known as Artsakh. in the 18th century Armenian meliks maintained their autonomy in the face of Persian domination. In 1805 annexed by Russia.

Recent Political History:

October 1977-Sero Khanzadian, a leading member of the Armenian Communist Writer and a noted author, send a letter to Brezhnev asking for the reunification of Mountainous Karabagh with the Republic of Soviet Armenia.

Sept. 1987- 110,000 Armenians sign a petition asking for the reunification of Mountainous Karabagh with the Republic of Soviet Armenia.

Feb. 1988- Mass demonstration begin by Armenians in Karabagh and later in Erevan.

be clear ultimately to the ears which hear most closely the Armenian demands—not the Soviet Union, but Turkey, the same Turkey which is still responsible for the continuing occupation of Western Armenian lands.

When Turkey realizes that distortion, lies, and obfuscation are no longer effective, then

we can address the most important question before the Diaspora—how and when Armenians can return to their lands, and when Armenians can enjoy the political self-determination promoted by the United States.

We ultimately still hold our destiny in our own hands.

Mid-East Violence Protested

by Linda A. Abrahamian
Editor

"We demand our human rights" and "stop killing our children" were the demands being chanted by about fifty students who were protesting the recent violence in the West Bank and Gaza Strip at noon on Wednesday, March 23. The protest, which marked the mid-point of Palestinian Awareness Week, drew well over a hundred students to the Free Speech area. This protest was the second on the Fresno State University campus since the violence erupted in Israel and the occupied areas.

The purposes of the demonstrations were to raise student awareness in regard to the Palestinian Question, Israel's presence in the West Bank and Gaza Strip, and to the injustices being perpetrated against the Palestinian people who reside in the occupied territories.

It seems that recently, the media has been swamped with horror stories of how Israeli soldiers have been dealing with stone hurling Palestinian protesters. But many students, because of work and study schedules, are not often exposed to the media, so the organizers of Palestinian Awareness Week, and the demonstrators felt it necessary to present the issue head on.

"The military occupation in the West Bank and Gaza has resulted in bloodshed and death on both sides. And it's time for justice and peace," said one speaker, as reported in the Daily Collegian.

"How many more Palestinians should be killed? How many more houses should be burned? We believe it's time for a change."

"There is no word in English for what has happened to the Palestinians. Thousands upon thousands of people have been physically and brutally uprooted from their homes. Perhaps genocide is the closest word that describes what has and is happening," said another speaker.

The protesters generally called for support for the United Nations International Peace Conference so the Palestine Liberation Organization could directly communicate with Israel and the U.S.

"There's only one representative for the Palestinians, and that's the PLO. We don't believe in any other governments trying to solve our problems. The U.S. and Israel should talk to the PLO and not to any other organization in the world."

The Palestinian Question can be considered in many ways analogous to the Armenian Question, to the oppression of black people in South Africa, and to any other people who have been severed, either physically or psychologically, from their homeland or any people who have suffered gross violations to their fundamental human rights.

The Armenians share an even closer relationship with the Palestinians, not only because they are both a people without a homeland, but because Armenians who reside in Israel are considered, although to a different degree, Palestinian. Israeli policies have been interpreted to define all non-Jewish ethnic minorities as Palestinian; which means, Armenians, Greeks, Russians, Arabs, Moslems, and Christians living in Israel are all considered Palestinian. Among other restrictions, Armenians, like all minorities, are denied Israeli citizenship and considered residents of Jordan because they are classified Palestinian.

The presence of an Armenian community in Jerusalem and the surrounding regions dates back to early Christian times. At one time, prior to the 1948 annexation of Palestine, they comprised the largest ethnic minority in the region, numbering some twenty thousand. The Armenian Quarter in the Old City of Jerusalem and the many Holy sites under the guardianship of the

see Protest pg. 6

Armenian Genocide Commemorative Week

April - Genocide Display in Library

April 16- Dr. Dennis Papazian
"Genocide and the Armenian Case"
AH 209- 10:00 am

April 17- Film Showing at Chamlian Stables

April 18- ASO Peda Burger Sale
Free Speech Area

April 20- Armenian Pastry Sale
Free Speech Area

April 22-Rally- 12:00 noon
Shish-Kebab Sale
Armenian Dancing and Music

The Bitlitsi

by Linda A. Abrahamian
drawing by Jeff Tsuda

It was the twenty-eighth, which meant at least two things to me: the restaurant was probably going to be slow, and Charlie would be wanting his monthly cup of bleach. He only cleaned his toilet on the twenty-eighth. The bleach was supposed to keep it disinfected. I once suggested a bi-monthly cleaning. He acted like I asked him to alter his Faith. The subject never came up again, but Charlie did-- twice a day, six days a week. In fact, he was standing outside, talking to the mailman. Charlie knew nearly everyone on Kern Street.

"I've got your mail," Charlie said hanging his hat on the rack. "Bills. Bills. Bills," he said looking through the stack of envelopes. "Got the money to pay them?"

"If I don't," I said, "I'll get it from you."

Charlie laughed. He always laughed whenever the conversation got too personal-- and for Charlie, money was personal.

"All you'll get from me," he said, "is the two dollars for my special breakfast."

The lowest priced breakfast on the menu was \$2.50, but Charlie refused to pay more than two. If I had it my way, he wouldn't pay at all.

"Well," he said. "Are you going to cook or do I have to go somewhere else?"

I cut up a few potatoes, skins included, and fried them with some onions on the grill.

"Break the eggs over the potatoes and baste them."

After three years, you'd think he'd trust me to make it without his supervision.

"Don't forget," he said. "Wheat bread. Lightly toasted."

"Forget? I did. We're out." He looked at me. "Just kidding."

I sorted through the mail while Charlie ate. He was right, they were all bills. One was a twenty-four hour notice from P.G. & E., but I was in no hurry to pay it. Tomorrow, Doug will be in to shut off the gas, and I'll hand him my payment then. It saved me a stamp, a trip to the office, and I made a profit too. Doug always ordered breakfast.

"Time for my complimentary cup of coffee," Charlie said pushing his plate away. "Sit down Anahid, and join me. Just don't smoke."

"Don't smoke? How can a smoker drink coffee and not smoke?"

"Try."

I tried. Leaving my cigarettes on the other side of the counter, I poured two cups of coffee and joined him.

"See those three guys across the street?" he said pointing out the window. "The one in the middle's Armenian."

"Forget it," I said. "You want me to look so you can get the sugar. You're diabetic. Remember? Diabetic."

"Diabetes," Charlie said with disgust. "A woman's disease. After seventy-eight years the doctor tells me I have a woman's

disease. And I'm not even fat."

I handed him two packets of Sweet-n-Low, and he handed them back.

"I'd rather drink it black," he said. "But seriously, the one in the middle's Armenian."

"Forget it."

"He's good looking."

"Forget it."

"Expensive suit."

"Forget it."

"He's probably a lawyer or a stock broker."

"He's probably a farmer."

"He'll make a good husband."

"Okay. Okay."

I looked out the window and saw three men taking part in the latest trend. Since men with body fat just didn't look good in BMW's, young professionals would trade their loafers for Reboks and take two brisk walks daily. Kern Street was on their route.

"The bald one Charlie?"

They were stopped on the corner, probably debating whether to come in.

"The bald one would make a good husband?"

"He's not bald," Charlie said, "his hairline's receding. Besides, he's not the one. I said the one in the middle. The one with the Armenian posture."

Armenian posture? Charlie found Armenian in everything.

"Do you know him?" I asked.

"No."

"No?"

"Are you deaf?"

"Want to bet?"

"Bet? You want to bet a Bitlitsi?" Charlie said with an exaggerated accent. "Bitlitsis only bet when the money's scratching their palms."

Bitlis was a city in historic Armenia. Those from Bitlis were called Bitlitsis and Biltitsis were known for their thriftiness.

"Bet's off," I said. "They're coming in. I guess we'll find out what he is."

The front door opened and they walked in. Charlie, pretending to be the owner, welcomed them with an invitation to sit in the stools next to him. They accepted his invitation, with the one in the middle staying in the middle-- as if he sensed he needed the protection.

He was good looking--with somewhat Armenian features: dark hair, hazel eyes, and although his nose wasn't hooked, it wasn't small either. But Armenian or not, young professionals in expensive suits tended to be too status minded. It showed in their tipping. At J. Gettys, they'd leave at least a dollar for coffee when they'd leave me only a quarter-- just because they were in a diner. He was good looking, but good looks weren't enough.

"Anahid please. Coffee for the gentlemen," Charlie said. Dictating orders was what Armenian men did best. "Anahid please," he said, this time in Armenian-- eyeing the one in the middle for a response.

"The menu's on the wall," I said placing three full cups in

front of them.

I stopped using saucers a long time before. As far as I was concerned, they were just another male invention solely created to keep women busy.

"Let me know when you're ready to order," I said. "You can call me Andee."

"You can call me Andee," Charlie repeated. "Andee smandee. Her name is Anahid. Anahid. She's named after the Armenian goddess of beauty."

"Yeah. But every time I hear the name Anahid, I think of Anahid Obesian."

"The lady who sings in the choir?" Charlie asked.

"Yeah," I said. "Some symbol of beauty."

"Still," he said. "You shouldn't disgrace the name with Andee."

"I'm Armenian," the one in the middle admitted, smiling at me.

If he thought he was saving me with his confession, he was saving the wrong person.

"You are?" the bald one said. "I didn't know Thomas was an Armenian last name."

"Thomas is the cut version of Thomassian," Charlie explained. "And what is your first name Mr. Thomassian?"

"Richard," he answered, "Richard Thomas." Then he turned to the guy on his right and asked him for the newspaper.

"Richard," Charlie repeated. "Did you know that you were named after a famous Armenian king? *Dikran the Great*. Dikran means Richard."

"No, I didn't know that," Richard said taking the Metro section out of the paper. "And you're?"

"Charlie. Charlie Boolootian. But some people call me Garabed."

Booloot meant clouds. The *IAN* at the end meant son of. I sometimes wondered if Charlie was ever accused of hanging in them.

"And what is it that you do Dikran?" Charlie asked.

"I'm a lawyer," he answered through the paper.

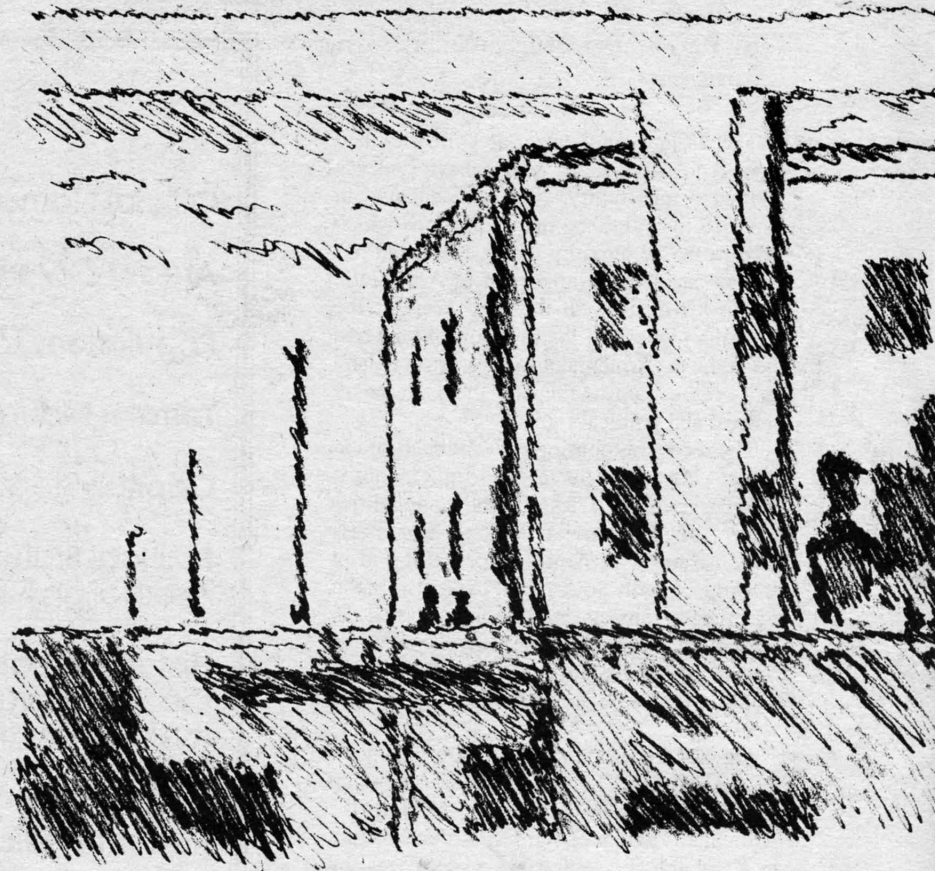
"Oh," Charlie said, "a *pastapan*."

"You mean you're not a farmer," I laughed.

"My dad's a farmer," he replied looking at me over the newspaper.

"I guess he was a little disappointed when I went into law."

"I have a great respect for lawyers," Charlie said.



Richard continued reading the paper.

"Why is that?" the bald one asked.

"Most people think they are all crooks. But not me. In 1946, a lawyer friend drew up my lease."

"For this diner?" the bald one asked.

"No, for my apartment. But this restaurant has been open since 1948. Anyway, my lawyer friend enclosed a special clause in my lease. I don't pay rent in February. Rent's due on the thirtieth. And February has no thirtieth."

"Really," the bald one said. "Unfortunately for Charlie, he had the wrong one hooked. And the contract held up in court?"

"Held up? It's still binding. You should see my landlords face whenever February rolls around."

"You've been living in the same place for over forty years?" Richard said. He put down the newspaper and looked at Charlie. "You've been paying rent for over forty years? Why didn't you just buy?"

Charlie smiled. And I knew that smile. He was like a human tape recorder. That smile or a scratch just above the brow activated his play button, and released a series of lectures. I wondered which one it was going to be? Number seven: *Armenia the First Christian nation*? Or perhaps number nineteen: *The Alphabet*? Anyway, I had heard them all, and Richard, with Charlie's help, set himself up.

"You see," Charlie said. "I never bought because I never wanted to be tied down."

"Tied down?!" Richard said. "The same apartment for over forty years?! Probably the same neighborhood all you life! How more tied down can you get?!"

"Anyone ordering breakfast?" I asked.

Charlie annoyed a lot of people. They thought he was just another rambling old man-- and tried to treat him like one. But I owned the restaurant and had ultimate control. Besides, my break in the action gave Charlie a chance to rethink his approach.

Only Richard ordered breakfast. The other two sipped coffee and read the paper while Charlie quietly counted his worry beads. From the other end of the counter, I smoked a cigarette and watched.

The last few days of every month were usually slow. Most people brown bagged it because they didn't have the money to go out and eat.



But usually was the key word-- something I learned the hard way. So I always prepared enough food for a crowd. If I had any leftovers, Charlie would take them home or I'd drop them off at the Rescue Mission.

I broke up and browned some vermicelli with margarine. Some people used butter, but butter burned too fast making the vermicelli black instead of golden brown.

"What are you making?" Richard asked.

"Rice," I answered adding two cups of water for every cup of rice. "I mean pilaf."

"Is it salty? Or is it swill?" he asked.

"Sometimes salty. Sometimes swill. But usually perfect. What? You've read Saroyan?"

"When I was a kid, I wished my name was Aram. My grandfather read it to me all the time. But he died when I was nine. And I guess I forgot all about Saroyan. Until now. Something about you must remind me of him."

"Not me," I said looking at Charlie. He smiled and nodded me on. "It's this restaurant. This neighborhood. Armenian town. The Van Ness Card Club. Arax Market. Holy Trinity. Valley Bakery. Except for a few houses, we're about all that's left."

"So this is the neighborhood in Saroyan's stories. My grandfather said he grew up in this neighborhood."

"Really," Charlie broke in. "What was his name?"

"Kaiser Thomassian."

"Kaiser Thomassian. I remember him. He was in my older brother Johnny's class. Married a pretty girl from Selma. And bought twenty acres in Fowler."

"He turned that twenty into five hundred," Richard said. "And my dad turned that five hundred into two thousand."

"I heard," Charlie said. "Kaiser the miser. That's what everyone called him. And he did well. But that's because he was a Bitlitsi too. So was Saroyan."

"My grandfather knew Saroyan?"

"I'm sure he did. We all lived on the same block," Charlie said. "So you're Kaiser's grandson. I should've seen the resemblance."

"Everyone says that. But my father looks nothing like him."

"He must've taken after his mother, your grandmother. I think she was a Kharputsi. And

Kharputsis were dark."

"A Kharputsi?"

"But you're a Bitlitsi. And Anahid's an Erzeroomtsi. That explains her blonde hair. But not her haircut."

"Bitlis was a village in Armenia," I explained refilling his cup. "And my grandfather was from Erzeroom. Erzeroomtsis were blonde, blue eyed, and very continental."

"No more coffee for me," the bald one said covering his cup with his hand. "We've got to go. Coming Richard?"

"I'll catch up to you later."

They paid their bill, leaving me a quarter tip each, and Richard alone.

"Do you know when he came over?" Richard asked moving to the seat next to Charlie. "My grandfather? From Bitlis?"

"Don't you know your family history son?"

"My grandfather died when I was nine, and I guess my father wanted nothing to do with it."

"Oh... I'm not sure. About the turn of the century. I think his family came over before mine did. And we came in 1906. But everyone came in waves. Many of the survivors of the 1896 massacres were forced to leave their homes. So they packed up their families and ended up in a place called Fresno California."

"The 1896 massacres? I've heard of 1915 Genocide, but 1896?"

"Most of our history is unheard. As for the 1915 Genocide, Fresno saved us from the horrors of that. While we were building a new Bitlis here, our brothers there were being destroyed. But why dwell on horrors. Our history is prosperous. Your generation is living proof of that."

"Really," Richard said. "I never included myself."

"That's the result of your father's generation. But you really can't blame them. Fresno was hard for them. It was filled with prejudice for immigrants. And their parents were immigrants. They couldn't speak the language. Most could only find work on farms or in packing houses. But your father's generation was born here. Educated. Still, the prejudice carried over. So they changed their names. Lost their language. Their culture. All to succeed in America."

"Yeah," I said, "but not everyone sold out."

"It wasn't selling out. Whatever that means. They did what they thought they had to do. Besides, who are you to talk Andee," Charlie said stressing the *dee*..

"But," I said. Charlie waited for me to finish my sentence-- I couldn't.

"Sometimes she's so quick to criticize," he said to Richard. "So quick that she forgets to see herself."

The rice started boiling. I added some salt, chicken base, and a couple sticks of butter before covering the pot and letting it simmer.

"Pilaf... fortunately many of our traditions still stand," Charlie said. "They've been modernized, but they still stand."

"What?! So now you're getting on me for using chicken base instead of boiling two chickens for days like your mother did?!"

"Anahid please." He turned to Richard. "Women get so defensive. Every remark is personal to them. So personal that it clouds their hearing."

"My grandfather said the same thing. I remember. He was telling me how rain molded raisins, and my grandmother blew up! 'It's the oven, not me that burns the bread,' she said before storming out of the room. My grandfather turned to me and said the same thing you did."

"Wow," I said. "A *deja vu*."

Charlie gave me a dirty look. "Kaiser Thomassian was a wise man," he said. "He was a Bitlitsi too."

"This Bitlis must've been some place," Richard replied.

I couldn't believe it. It sounded like Richard and Charlie rehearsed. Or at least Richard was asking the right questions.

"Yes it was," Charlie said. "Secure. Proud. Happy. Bitlis was home. Still is. And she's waiting for us. Waiting until it's safe enough for her children to return home."

"Sounds like a pretty romantic idea to me," Richard said.

"Maybe so. But it's more than an idea. I believe it. An idea means nothing unless you believe it."

"Yeah, but where does this belief come from?" I asked. "I've never been to Erzeroom. Never even seen pictures of it. But still, I feel tied to it."

"Learning," Charlie said. "I never really saw Bitlis either. I

was born on a ship in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. On my baptism, my father gave me a jar of dirt. It wasn't exceptionally fertile. It needed care and work to produce. But it provided for hundreds of generations. It was Bitlis. And once I was old enough to understand the contents of the jar, I learned everything I could. Every time I talk about it, I learn something new."

"I don't know," Richard said. "I can't believe in anything I can't see."

"That's not important," Charlie said. "What's important is that we finally met. And the fact that Anahid's pilaf is the best in town. You really must join me for lunch one day."

"I will."

"Then you'll be able to judge it for yourself. Good pilaf is the key to a good wife. Unfortunately, I never found it. Until Anahid. If she were only fifty years older."

"I'll remember that," Richard winked at me. I had no choice but to smile back. "Anything else?"

"Yes, yes. But all I'll say for now is that your grandfather would've been proud of you." Charlie placed two dollars on the counter.

I really must go."

"Don't forget your bleach," I said.

"Why the bleach?" Richard asked.

"It's the twenty-eighth," Charlie answered putting on his hat.

"Oh," Richard said. "Which way are you going?"

"Down Kern to N. The duplex on the corner."

"I'll walk with you. My office is in the new complex across the street."

"I know," Charlie said.

Richard paid his bill, and left me a dollar tip. "See you soon Anahid," he said. And I kind of hoped I would.





Nora Armani at left and Gerald Papiasian at right visiting with ASO students at their booth in the Free Speech Area

Theater Magic from Armenian Poetry

by David Hale
Bee Arts Writer

The headlines from and about Armenia are ominous: Demonstrations and violence have erupted in the old country over a disputed border, calling up memories of the way the century began, with massacres and genocide at the hand of the Ottoman Turks.

Unsettling news and related rumors about the past 10 days make the debut of "Sojourn at Ararat", a most timely event.

"Sojourn at Ararat" is a dramatization based on Armenian poetry that offers insights to Armenians and non-Armenians alike on the history and cultural traditions of the land that since 1920 has been a republic in the lower reaches of the Soviet Union.

Still Nora Armani and Gerald Papiasian of Los Angeles, Armenian theater entrepreneurs

and the actors who appear in the production are at pains to emphasize that "Sojourn at Ararat" is not a political statement.

"The idea was never to do a propaganda piece," explained Papiasian by telephone from Los Angeles. "That is why it has had such a broad audience."

"It is not a lesson in history," interjected Armani on the other line. "It is more humanistic, more universal in theme than that. The emphasis is on keeping the culture alive--the roots."

Armani and Papiasian, who were born in Cairo of Armenian heritage, have taken the show as far as Erevan itself.

They were invited there last fall to present "Sojourn at Ararat" to a full house at the Foreign Language Institute of Armenia. They received, among other honors, a standing ovation, with 15 curtain calls.

The pair, husband and wife, met in an acting workshop in Cairo. In 1978 they emigrated to London, where they organized an Armenian theater group. They have worked in Los Angeles theater and television since 1981.

Though they keep busy with solo careers, the pair has a partnership based on their desire to bring the Armenian literature and poetry to a wider, non-Armenian theater audience.

Papiasian got his first recognition in this country in 1981 when he translated the opera "Anoush" and directed its American premiere at Michigan Opera Theater. Together, he and his wife have done what Armani describes as "a lot of Armenian shows," among them "Voices of Armenian Literature," a forerunner to "Sojourn at Ararat."

The pair can't help but be excited about the growing interest in "Sojourn at Ararat." The universal appeal of the piece, they believe, is the powerful statement it makes about the unquenchable determination of the Armenian people to survive.

Asked to cite an example of such spirit in the piece, both are ready with the one name in the program non-Armenians would recognize, William Saroyan.

"Saroyan sums it all up," Papiasian said. "He wrote about 'this small tribe, an unimportant people whose wars have all been fought and lost, whose structures have crumbled, whose literature is unread, whose music is unheard, and whose prayers go unanswered. Go ahead, destroy Armenia! See if you can do it!'"

"You can't help but be a little political because the theme is based on Armenian history," Papiasian said. "But it's like one of the Scottish critics said about the performance we did in the Fringe Festival in Edinburgh--'Take out the word Armenia and put any other small nation in its place and the narrative would be just as valid.'"

"We should mention that there are a lot of humorous moments, too," Armani added. "Without the joy and humor, the tragedy doesn't make sense."

Still the idea of two actors, no matter how accomplished, dramatizing approximately 40 Armenian poems, even in English, may be too close to Readers Theater for some theatergoers.

"Not a bit of it," wrote the reviewer for the Scotsman, a newspaper in Edinburgh where "Sojourn" received its premiere in the Fringe Festival of 1986.

"Gerald Papiasian and the beautiful Nora [Armani], both professional actors, dramatise and sometimes dance and sing, poems which span a period from the pre-Christian era to present-day Soviet Armenia. I have never seen a poetry reading--this is almost an epic play--done better than this."

The play begins at Mount Ararat where Noah's Ark ostensibly landed, a symbol to Armenians of their enduring Christian faith. The actors appear as mythical beings, a couple who are witnesses to the passing parade of Armenian culture.

This is Armenia, the Paradise.

Paradise is lost as the innocent bystanders witness the genocide at the hands of the Turks in 1915. The century wears on with recitations of hardships of a more mundane nature, nostalgic vignettes and moments of comedy.

"Sojourn at Ararat" is economical to say the least, designed as it is to be a portable vehicle for two actors who also function as stagehands, prop-handlers or baggage porters.

Wherever they've taken it, from Edinburgh to Ann Arbor, "Sojourn at Ararat" has reinforced the pair's faith in its validity to Armenian audiences as well as its "crossover" appeal to non-Armenians.

In the Spring of 1987, the first Los Angeles production opened in the Ensemble Studies Theater. "It was supposed to run six weekends, but we finally were forced to shut down after 11 weeks because we had to be in New York," said Papiasian.

One result: Drama Logue, the trade paper for the acting industry, awarded the husband and wife team its prize for Outstanding Achievement in Theater.

Last fall, they put the show back together again in the Ensemble Studio Theater as part of the Los Angeles International Festival.

The fall of 1987 also brought the biggest

**"Go ahead,
destroy Armenia!
See if you can
do it!"**

thrill of all to the young couple--an invitation to Armenia.

"The audience was very warm," Papiasian said, of the response to "Sojourn at Ararat."

"For us, going to Armenia was like making a pilgrimage. Coming back, it was as if we had the official blessing, doing the production on Armenian soil."

The honors are soon to gain a different dimension. In mid May they will present "Sojourn at Ararat" in Washington's Hirshhorn Museum, in a program sponsored by the museum and the International Poetry Forum.

In a way, all this came about, as Papiasian tells it, because his parents insisted that he go to Armenian school as a child, and keep up with his cultural heritage.

"I fell in love with Armenian poetry back then," he said. "Later I started collecting it, whenever I could find an English translation. Good or bad, I'd take it home."

"By the time Nora and I began talking about 'An Evening of Armenian Poetry' I had all my resources--about 10 years worth of books.

"The hardest part about putting the program together was deciding what to use. We went through about 1,000 poems to select about 40. It took us three or four months."

"There is nothing political about it. I loved the poetry."

"In the back of my mind, I always had this idea that there were a lot other people who might love it, too, if they just had access to it. It's like sharing a favorite movie with a friend."

Protest, cont. from pg. 3

Armenian Orthodox Church are evidence of the Armenian influence in the region.

However, although still to a certain extent influential, the Armenian community in Jerusalem, as well as the surrounding areas, is steadily decreasing. Presently, under three thousand Armenians reside in Israel.

Perhaps this drastic decrease in population is due to Israel's policies regarding ethnic minorities. Whether this is the case or not, a solution to the Palestinian Question is necessary. The demands of the Palestinian people must be heard, perhaps negotiated, and resolved in order to instill peace in the Middle East.

Poems

Larry M. Hobson is a sociology major at CSUF, whose poetry is a reflection of his political conviction.

The Hunter

The hunter is in the bushes in the camouflage
Waiting for his prey to arrive
He waits and sits and sits and waits
Soon something will have to die
The hunters in the bushes in the camouflage
His buddy and his dog by his side
Looking in the sky for something to fly
Soon something will have to die

The hunter is in the jungle in camouflage
Waiting for his prey to arrive
He marches and crawls and crawls and marches
Soon someone will have to die
The hunter is in the jungle in camouflage
His buddies and his squad by his side
Looking in the distance for the enemy
Soon someone will have to die

The hunters in a mask in a liquor store
Looking his prey in the eye
He cusses and paces and paces and cusses
Soon someone will have to die
The hunter is in a mask in a liquor store
His accomplice and his driver waiting outside
Looking in the register for something to steal
Soon someone will have to die

The hunter is in the closet wearing pajamas
Staring at his prey in the mirror
He waits and sits and sits and waits
Soon he'll have to die
The hunter is in the closet wearing pajamas
Just a curious little boy
Looking down the barrel, the trigger he'll pull
Soon he'll have to die

A poem for a refugee

They tried to stick a gun in your hand.
Firm and brave you took a stand.
Two choices looked you in the eye---
Kill or be killed
No one knows why.

You thought about your choices,
Turned to your faith.
Through all the smoke---
You found a third way.
Put the babies in your arms,
Took your wife by the hand.
Fleeing your home,
Leaving behind your ancestral land.

Through the campos
the cities
the forests
the hills
Running, running
To only God knows where.

Manifest Destiny

Beat up the niggers
Kill the jews
Slaughter the indians
Abuse the mexicans
Manifest Destiny
The white man's way
Manifest Destiny
The American way
Armenians were slaughtered
The Turks we defend
Jews were massacred
Nazis we took in
South Africans in shackles and chains
Economics makes us play their game
Imperialist bastards all of us
To conquer the world is a must

Vartanantz Remembered

by Greg Eritizian
Staff Writer

The religious feast of St. Vartanantz was just recently celebrated this February in both the Armenian Apostolic (Orthodox) and Armenian Protestant Churches. Its date was Thursday February 11 this year but the feast may have been observed on the following or previous Sunday, for practical purposes. This feast is dedicated to General Vartan Mamigonian and the soldiers martyred during the battle of Avarair in 451 A.D., which was a holy war of the Armenians against the Sasanian (Dynasty) Persians who were trying to force the conversion of the Armenians from Christianity to Zoroastrianism (fire worship) in order to homogenize their empire.

The prelude of this particular war with the Sasanian Persians has its roots in the conflict of the two "super powers" of the world, the Roman and Persian Empires, during the later 4th century A.D. During the 360's Armenia became the battle front between the two powers. The Armenian kingdom (Arshaguni Dynasty) of this era under King Arshag however pledged its allegiance to the Roman Emperor Julius for the reason that Rome had been a Christian empire since the proclamation of Christianity by the Roman Emperor Constantine in 323. The Armenians also shared the same faith, being the first Christian nation in the world in 301 A.D., through the evangelization of St. Gregory the Illuminator.

Because the Persians were Zoroastrian, it was to the Armenian religious and political advantage to ally themselves with the Romans. During the Roman-Persian battles of 363 A.D., Rome's Eastern advance was halted by the Persians at the border of the Tigris river. A treaty was signed partitioning this natural border giving all Armenian lands west of it to the Romans and all the land east of it to the Persians. This treaty was concluded in 384. This treaty meant however that an overwhelming majority of Armenian

lands and population became subject to the Persian rule. The Persians allowed the Armenian monarchy to exist as an autonomous branch of the Persian empire, which usually but not always granted religious tolerance. The Armenian throne however was finally abolished in 428 by the Persians upon the recommendation of the Armenian nobles.

The governing system, known as the Nakharar system, continued but now one of the Nakharars was chosen as Marzban (governor) and was responsible to the Persian king. In order to consolidate his empire, King Yazdigert II of Persia decided that his empire should be homogeneous in religious beliefs. King Yazdigert II also thought he would obtain favor by glorifying the God of Zoroaster by abolishing the "false creeds" of Christianity and bringing the followers to the true God. The King at first did not want to use military force and the sword to convert the Armenians, not because he was a nice guy, but because the land of Armenia was rich and the population acted as a buffer zone between Persia and the Byzantine, Eastern Roman Empire). To help convince the Armenians to convert, oppressive property and personal taxes were imposed on them.

At Artashat in 449 the Nakharars and prominent clergy held a council to decide their religious fate. The council decided that they would keep their Christian faith even though torture and death. King Yazdigert II became furious and called the Nakharars, led by Vartan Mamigonian and Vasak Siuni, and other dignitaries to the Persian capital of Ctesiphon, and gave the delegation an ultimatum. They were to kneel to the Great Sun God, or else their families would be kidnapped and the Persian army would wreak havoc demolishing the churches and the country. The delegation did bow down and agreed to convert their countrymen in order to buy time from the king. On the way back to Armenia, 700 Zoroastrian magi were sent with them as missionaries. However, these 700 missionaries were beaten and clubbed by

a band of Armenian peasants led by Ghevond the priest. The Armenians now armed themselves and prepared for the inevitable invasion of the Persian army. The Armenian Army consisted of three regiments headed by Nershapuh, Vasak and Vartan who had the rank of general in the Persian army and whose family had a tradition of military leadership. Vartan was victorious at first, but he could not obtain help from other Christian Byzantines because of their fear of King Attila the Hun.

In the course of the early battles in 450, Vasak and his 40,000 troops broke away from the Armenian regiments and siezed Armenian lands for the Persians. They demolished many Armenian churches, kidnapped many clergy and Mamigonian nobility, exiling them to Persia. In response, General Vartan retreated and sent an appeal to the Persian king that Armenians would accept Persian political and economic rule and become loyal to the Persian throne providing they could retain their Christian faith and worship freely. The King accepted this proposal however in the spring of 451 and the Persians resumed the offensive. The Armenian army had four wings consisting of 66,000 men. The Persian army on the other hand consisted of 300,000 soldiers including an elephant herd carrying and iron tower with archers and observations posts. On May 26, 451, the eve of Pentecost, General Vartan prepared his troops for battle by reading to them from the Bible followed by a sermon from the priest Ghevond who then baptized those soldiers who were receiving religious instructions and then offered the Holy Communion to the army.

It was on the plain of Avarair where these two armies clashed. Although the fighting was fierce, because of the nature of the combat, mainly one on one, except for the archers, 1,036 Armenians were killed and 3,544 Persians were killed. However many of the Armenian Nakharars perished including General Vartan. Because of the fall of Vartan Mamigonian, the troops lost organization

and without his leadership fled. The Persians had strategically won the battle but the Persian king had sent the Armenians a notice that if the army discontinued fighting, the Persians would permit free Christian worship. King Yazdigert II did fulfill the promise that time but more than likely didn't send troops to religiously persecute the Armenians again because he was suffering other military defeats on the northern portion of his empire and couldn't sacrifice tying up his troops in Armenia.

The Armenian spirit however was not dampened because Vahan Mamigonian, Vartan's nephew, continued to lead the Armenians in guerilla warfare against the Persians until the Armenians regained autonomy in the Persian Empire. This was after he had been previously militarily and politically humiliated by the Persian empire. Armenia became autonomous under Persian rule in 485 with Vahan Mamigonian ruling as head governor of Armenia from 485-505.

The Armenian monarchy however wasn't reinstated until 885 with the Bagratid dynasty. The Persian Empire fell in 652 and this was followed by Arab domination of Armenia.

Armenians remember Vartanantz and the martyrs because if they had succumbed to the wishes of the Persian king (conversion to Zoroastrianism), Armenians would more than likely not be a Christian people today. They probably would have been forced to convert to Islam as did the Zoroastrian Persians after the Arab invasions during the 7th to the 9th centuries.

Go to Church!



Photo courtesy of the Fresno Bee

The William Saroyan Committee has recently been spearheading efforts to honor the late author through historical landmarks and other activities. In the photo at left, Ben Amirkhanian, Chairman of the Saroyan Committee is speaking at the festivities marking the placing of a plaque at the home on El Monte avenue, in which Saroyan lived from 1921 to 1927. To the left of Amirkhanian is Al Garbedian a frequent participant in Saroyan events. The plaque honoring Saroyan is seen to the right of the picture.

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ASP Second Annual Banquet

Hye Sharzhoom Staff

Friends sharing in the intimacy of an evening together. Family gathered for an annual reunion. A cross-section of the Armenian community of Fresno and the San Joaquin Valley in support of the Armenian Studies Program of CSUF. It was a memorable evening at the annual banquet of the Armenian Studies Program, held on Dec. 6, 1987 in the Haig Berberian Social Hall of the St. Paul Armenian Church.

While it is true that in Fresno the Armenian Community often gets together for picnics, dinners or programs, it was a pleasure to see the supporters of the ASP mingling with each other and with CSUF President Harold Haak, Vice President for Academic Affairs Dr. Judith Kuipers, Dean of the School of Social Sciences Dr. Peter Klassen, Coordinator of the Ethnic Studies Program Dr. Robert Mikell, and other faculty and friends from the University. Representatives from the Chicano-Latino Studies Program, Native American Studies Program, the Music Department, the School of Business and the Women's Studies Program were present.

Dr. Dickran Kouymjian, Director of the Armenian Studies Program, was the Master of Ceremonies for the evening and he introduced the keynote speaker for the evening, Dr. Richard Hovannisian, Professor of History at UCLA and the holder of the Armenian Educational Foundation Chair in Modern History. Entertainment for the evening was provided by Gerald Papsian and Nora Armani of Los Angeles. Christine Garabedian of the Armenian Students Organization provided a piano prelude for the evening.

ASO members served the delicious shish-kebab dinner prepared by friends of the ASP.

The honored guests for the evening, the Donors to the Leon S. Peters Business Building and Valley Business Center were awarded plaques for their support of the University.

The proceeds from the this year's annual banquet are to be used towards the Endowed Chair in Armenian Studies for which over \$50,000 has been raised. The Endowed Chair in Armenian Studies will make it possible to have a second full time position in Armenian Studies at CSUF.

Thank you!

The Armenian Studies Program and the Armenian Students Organization would like to thank all of their donors.

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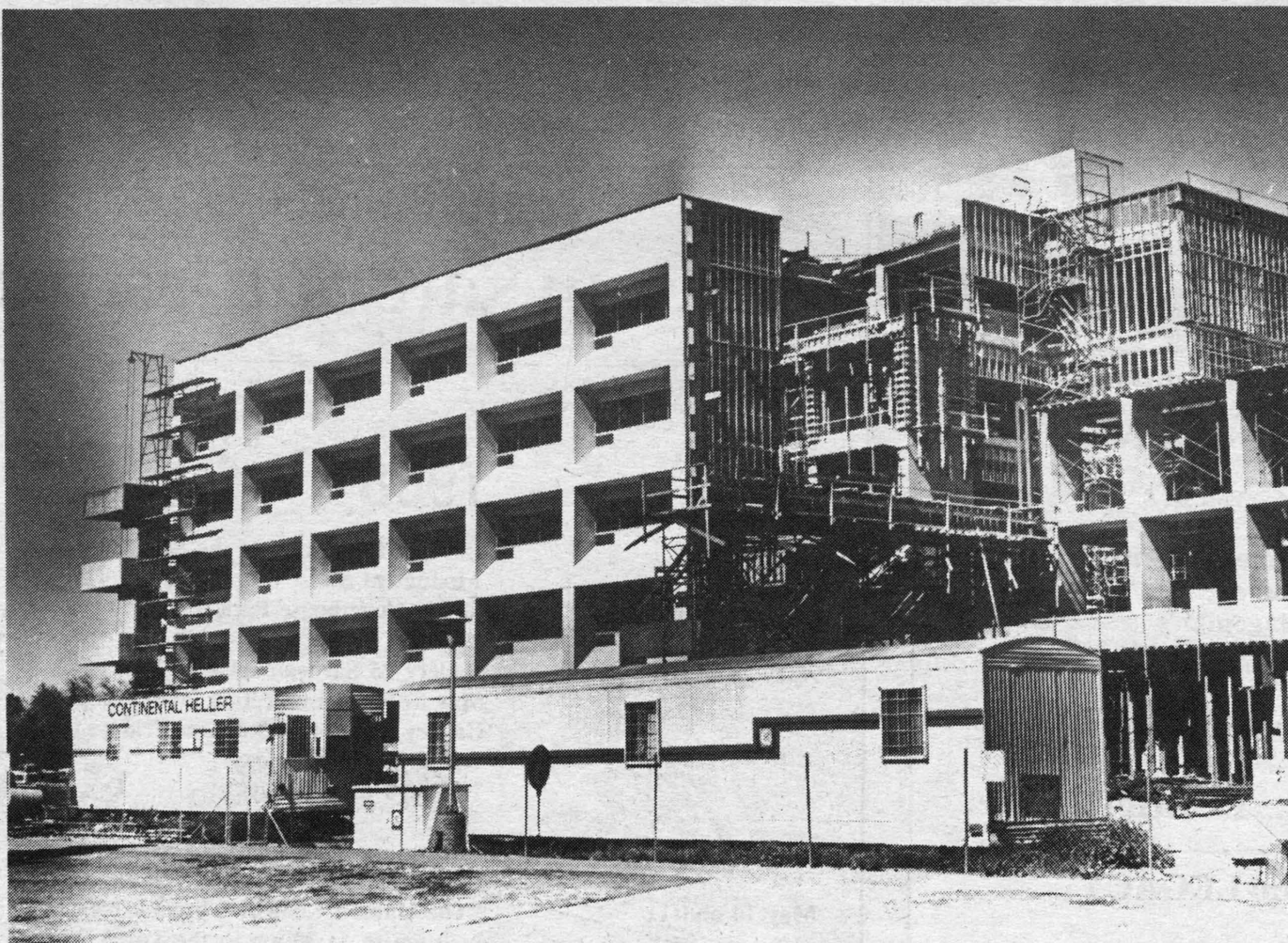
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bbThis class meets two Saturdays only: October 8 and 15

For additional information call the ASP at (209)294-2669



A view of the Leon S. Peters Business Building now under construction on the CSUF campus. Planned completion is in August of 1988. The Armenian Studies Program will have its new offices in the Peters Building as well as a suite of offices in the adjoining Valley Business Center.