

# QAMI JAN

MAGAZINE

# Welcome to QAMI JAN, our eponymous monthly magazine.

With us, you will feel the spirit of the Armenian Highlands. And reconnect to a part of you that's been lost.

## Issue No. 15 | THE GOOD SHEPHERD

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### AND MORE!

Cover photography by Yelena Ambartsumian, including cover photo taken in Tatev, Syunik, Armenia. Images of interviewees provided by the interviewees and used with permission.

**POP-UP**  
**at Yerevan Café**



**Friday, November 15, 6:00-8:00 PM**

**2204 18th Street NW, Washington D.C. 20009**

(Yerevan Café is generously extending its happy hour for  
the entirety of our pop-up event.)



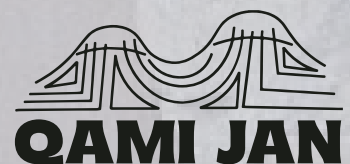
Siranush Yeritsyan is an Armenian artist living in Germany. She creates paintings of letters of the Armenian alphabet, inspired by the writings of monk and mystic Grigor Narekatsi. Each “trchnakir” (bird-like calligraphy) painting is bespoke and unique to the recipient. Visit [QAMIJAN.com](http://QAMIJAN.com) to order in time for holiday gifting. QAMI Club members may apply their discount code to these special gifts.

# Issue No. 15 | the good shepherd

**YELENA AMBARTSUMIAN**

A few weeks ago, a man struck up a conversation with me on the commuter train from Connecticut's Gold Coast to Manhattan's Grand Central Station, as I was starting to charge my phone in the outlet between us. From his Long Island accent, which I instantly placed, coupled with his demeanor, I guessed he was working as a trader. (Sorry to stereotype, but I was right.) During this conversation, we started talking about our iPhones slowing down like clockwork every two years, the amount of cobalt and lithium waste in landfills (and the devastating human toll in unearthing these metals), PFAS in household products, what's in our food (including food dyes like Red-40, literally poisons, which are fed to our children), and pesticides in soil and thus food, particularly products marked "organic" that come from abroad. He was planning to vote for Donald Trump in the upcoming election. I could have guessed that too.

He was curious, however, how so many issues that he only became familiar with during the COVID-19 pandemic, prompted by his wife being forced to receive the vaccine as a condition of maintaining her employment, I had long understood. It seems that for many people, particularly "white" Americans, this was their first experience with their government forcing them to do something they did not want to do.

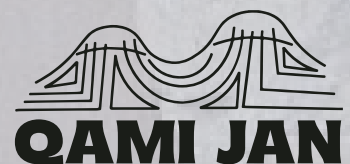


I explained to him that I was born in Azerbaijan in the late 1980s, and during this time there were massacres, door to door, of Armenians. If your apartment had a metal door, you were more likely to survive. If you had a wooden door, you were more likely to be killed. The phone lines had been cut. There was no one to call for help to save you. And there was no response by the Soviet military until it was all over. Some think it was a KGB plot to bring Heydar Aliyev to power, thus ousting the then-Soviet-dissident leader. Either way, I grew up without the illusion that your government would protect you.

Another element to this, which I did not share with him, is that Armenians embody the popular saying of “Think Globally, Act Locally.” We are constantly thinking of the homeland, of our brothers and sisters in Armenia, even though we ourselves have been uprooted and thus forced to tend to our own gardens. Our children’s clubs prioritize service to others. Given our experiences, Armenian-Americans could serve as the effective local organizers, and indeed, many are. Others, curiously, use that distrust of power and thus government to support Trump.

Was it a surprise that Harris lost the election? Not to most people. (2016 was not a surprise to me either.) Of course misogyny and racism are factors. But the bigots unwilling to vote for Harris for those reasons, weren’t going to vote for her anyway.

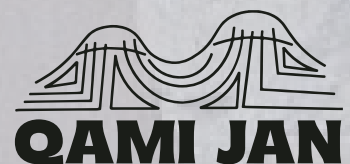
Curiously, the Harris campaign chose to alienate most of its base. It instead prioritized corporate donors and American imperialism over the needs of working class Americans (running a campaign very similar to Hillary Clinton’s).



The nail in the coffin was the day that Dick Cheney endorsed Harris, an endorsement from a war criminal, which she proudly paraded, hoping to capture the votes of fictional “moderate” Republicans, and promising to strengthen America’s military even further.

Sure, there was a lot of discussion from Harris about how another Trump administration would take away our rights, but Democrats regularly campaign on rights and then do little to protect them once in power. (An example of this is Barack Obama, who did not seek to codify *Roe v. Wade*, reproductive rights, but had no problem expanding the suicide drone doctrine.) Democrats also campaign without any plan whatsoever on how they will secure those rights, essentially treating their voters like useful idiots. Plus, the irony of paying lip-service to caring about human rights, while the Biden-Harris administration violates U.S. law to continue supplying Israel with military aid and weapons, is too palatable. Just like this administration overrode Congress’ laws and supplied military aid to Azerbaijan (in violation of Section 907 of the Freedom Support Act) after it attacked the Republics of Armenia and Artsakh.

Meanwhile, our rights have indeed eroded, a fact which Trump capitalizes on, but he expertly leads his supporters to mistake the cure for the disease. The disease is of course neoliberalism. The cure is not more de-regulation and increased corporate profits, which will somehow make us all rich. But, here, becoming a billionaire is the unattainable ideal that Americans strive for (all that is stopping them apparently is immigrants from Haiti!). In a more logical society, anyone exhibiting the avarice necessary to horde wealth while displaying disregard for those exploited in generating it, would be shunned not praised.

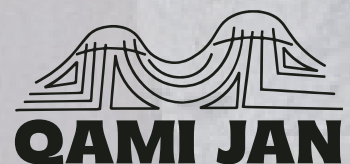


Emotionally, we have been divided and driven to lay blame on each other, rather those those both responsible for and profiting from our conditions. (And before you assume I am only talking about Republicans, take a look at all of the blame from Democrats about third-party voters or Latino men voting for Trump.) Of course, the man I chatted with on the train did not seem to understand what neoliberalism is, or that both Trump and Harris are in fact neoliberals (there is little difference between neoliberals and neoconservatives, the latter simply dress up neoliberal policies with “conservative values” outerwear). And while Trump doubled down, Harris backed down, touting her willingness to consider policies that Trump endorsed, and moving her platform to the right.

As we experience yet another near-80-degree November day in Connecticut (Harris promised not to ban fracking because doing so would ostensibly raise energy costs), I am not enjoying the warm weather. It’s alarming. Instead, I am thinking about how we Armenians can tap into our histories and ancestral knowledge, to build stronger, local communities that may include those outside ourselves, and to be the good shepherds we are required to be. That is the obligation that comes with the privilege of our survival. It’s abundantly clear that neither party, Republican nor Democrat, as currently constituted, will protect any of us, much less our future generations. It is also clear that democracy is not something we can practice only once every four years at the polls.

Not in spite of but because of everything we Armenians have been through, we have an urge to see truth prevail and to fight for justice. Instead of shying away what we stand for, perhaps it’s time to double down. As for QAMI JAN, we are always focused on the niche.

To Eternity,  
Yelena Ambartsumian





## TICKETS FOR CLUB MEMBERS!

QAMI JAN has secured tickets for QAMI Club Members to attend the New York premier of *My Sweet Land*, directed by Sareen Hairabedian (whom we interviewed in the July 2024 issue of our magazine). Contact [info@qamijan.com](mailto:info@qamijan.com) for tickets to the November 16 screening.

# My Sweet Land

A film by SAREEN HAIRABEDIAN



### SCREENING DAYS

NOVEMBER 16, 8:30 PM

NOVEMBER 17, 9:15 PM

### AT VILLAGE EAST BY ANGELIKA

181-189 2ND AVE, NEW YORK, NY 10003

### LINK FOR TICKETS

<https://www.docnyc.net/film/my-sweet-land/>

### DOCUMENTARY FILM SCREENING + Q&A at DOC NYC FILM FESTIVAL

### TICKETS



## TICKETS FOR CLUB MEMBERS!

QAMI JAN has secured tickets for QAMI Club Members to attend the New York premier of *There Was, There Was Not* directed by Emily Mkrтчichian (featured in the [April 2024](#) issue of our magazine). Contact [info@qamijan.com](mailto:info@qamijan.com) for tickets to the November 18 screening.

NY PREMIERE

# THERE WAS, THERE WAS NOT



VILLAGE EAST BY ANGELIKA  
MON NOV 18, 6:45 PM

VILLAGE EAST BY ANGELIKA  
WED NOV 20, 9:00 PM

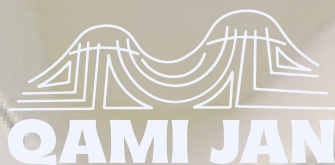
**STREAMING**  
**NOV 19 - DEC 1**



an interview  
with



**ANA HIT  
NIKO GHOSIAN**

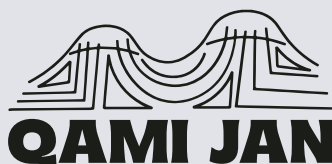


**QAMI JAN: You are among a new generation of women creators in Armenia, many of whom also own and run ateliers. When did you decide to open Niana Art Shop and what motivated this decision?**

**Anahit Nikoghosian:** My interest in the arts began from a young age—as a little girl I was preoccupied with drawing and painting, and had always envisioned myself as an artist growing up. After COVID started in the spring of 2020, and the war began in Armenia, I decided to quit my job as Procurement Specialist. I worked in this industry, which had nothing to do with the arts but was my field of study in university, for two to three years until I decided to quit in 2021, and instead learn pottery—turning a long-held dream of mine into reality.

Growing up, there lived a family of ceramicists a few houses down from ours, and I remember begging my dad to introduce me to them. In visiting their studio, I was able to learn techniques like firing and glazing, and over time with frequent visits I was able to both pick up from their craftsmanship as well as develop my own set of skills as an artist. Once I attended my first pottery class and created my first dish, I fell in love with the process of it all, and knew it was something I wanted to keep pursuing. For me, creating something myself and experiencing the finished piece was like holding a little miracle in the palm of my hand.

I began further experimenting with ceramics in 2020, and in 2021 received my first order of mugs on Instagram. From then on, business grew and I decided to create a separate page for my pottery work in October, [@niana\\_artstore](https://www.instagram.com/niana_artstore).





This was new and exciting for me as the industry was still only budding in Armenia, and customers seemed to really enjoy my pieces—not long after, I was finally able to rent my own studio where I could take solid steps towards my future.

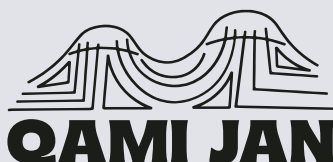
At that point, I knew I wanted to continue learning and working with clay, which led me to open Niana Art Shop in the fall of 2021.

**What was your earliest memory or experience with art? How did it shape you?**

I can't say that I have one specific memory, but my fondest recollections with art involve drawing and participating in exhibitions in school, where I was always crafting things with my hands, making things out of paper, etc. Art was my favorite class in first grade. Naturally, as I grew older and I began my studies in Public Administration at Yerevan State University, my path steered in a different direction. But these early experiences with art helped me discover my passion for creating, which I later embraced as an adult in the form of pottery.

**Your style is identifiably Armenian but also unique to Armenia. I would not describe it as minimal, but rather delicate and romantic. Can you discuss the symbolism in your motifs and what inspires you?**

I think my personality and romantic nature as an individual reflects in everything I create—I have always been drawn to the softer, more emotional and mindful aspects of life, which of course shapes and influences my work as an artist.

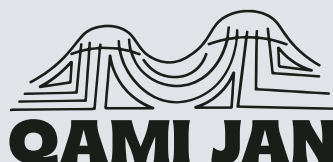


For instance, when making my first set of mugs, I knew I wanted to express my inner world through words and phrases, and seeing as my early work started with making mugs just for myself, seeing and reading these words every day while sipping my morning coffee became a very important ritual for me. In my first mug collection, themes such as love, nature, freedom, and dreams took form in the pieces themselves, and conveyed my message successfully. Essentially, to be able to notice the intricate, the meaningful, and the beautiful in life is something I hold very dear.

Details remain undoubtedly a fundamental, crucial, and inseparable part of my practice; I think that's why my style simultaneously holds romanticism, sentimentality, and minimalism at once. In truth, what inspires me most above all is nature in all of its patterns and forms. Birds in particular hold a special meaning for me, as they symbolize freedom and ascent, as well as the ability to seek, cherish, and nurture the small but pleasurable moments of life.

**You've recently started hosting workshops, where you teach participants how to make and paint ceramics. Some of these workshops look like retreats, like the one in Lori. What sparked the idea to leave Yerevan for these workshops and create in nature?**

The idea to create workshops came to me early on in my career when I had just begun learning how to paint. I would say I had always been intrigued and enticed by individuals' lifestyles and practices overseas, where they seemed to be able to disengage from their routines, create a safe space for themselves, and intentionally carve time into their day to make art.







I wanted my pottery workshops to stand out by giving others the opportunity to engage in this way of life, by offering them a lovely art practice in a lovely environment, surrounded by lovely people.

From the beginning, the main objective of conducting these workshops has always been to create a sense of community where people could step away from their daily routines, spend time with themselves, and tap into their creativity. Since pottery is such a tactile art form that requires mindfulness and connection to one's body, having the workshops in Lori where nature is bountiful and poetic created that necessary space of harmony and calm. Engaging in pottery in nature is one of the best ways to recharge, step away from the daily grind, and feel more connected. Additionally, the goal with this initiative is to expand our team, cultivate strong branding, foster networking between artists, and spark new and exciting projects in Armenia. We have just opened a new studio in Yerevan, where we will be hosting a special workshop this Saturday!

**We have loved working with you on our mugs for QAMI JAN x Niana Art Studio. We noticed you are almost always in the studio, and while we know you love what you do, can you share with us what you do for fun?**

This collaboration with QAMI JAN is one I consider very precious and valuable. I remember our first call together and how well the conversation and energy flowed between the four of us—I was so excited to have such a shared, aligned vision surrounding Armenian art, and it only encouraged me to work even harder, staying up from the early hours of the morning late into the night working on the mugs.



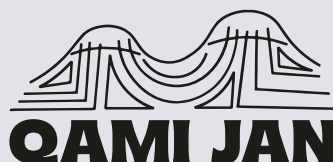


In all honesty, I love immersing myself in periods where work is intense, as I get to create more while gaining new experiences.

While structure, organization, and coordination are key to my process and work ethic in the studio, outside of work I spend my time on other projects, such as a set of ceramic artworks I have just completed that will soon be exhibited at an Armenian gallery in Paris. But if I'm not painting, I'm either immersed in watching films, walking the streets of Yerevan (which I love), or traveling—something that, while I don't get to do very often, energizes and inspires me each time I return from a trip. While I really love the environment I've created for myself in the studio, my favorite activity would have to be traveling—discovering new places. I hope I'll be able to travel more often and recharge in the future.

**At the end of the summer, you moved to a new location on Baghramyan Avenue (congratulations!). What is next for you and Niana Art Shop?**

Yes—we were able to renovate our work space to a studio on Baghramyan, where we settled to start working on our QAMI JAN Taron and Kaspian mug orders. I can confidently say that if Niana Art Shop's vision and path were not clear in the past, they certainly are now, with each new step bringing us more excitement and success for our brand. From our in-person workshops to our showroom where passersby can openly watch our studio process, I sense that people are truly enjoying seeing us do what we do and want to be a part of it (it helps that the studio is so conveniently located!). I had long wanted to have a bigger and brighter studio on my favorite street in Yerevan, and I'm happy we found this space.





  
**QAMI JAN**

The objectives for Niana Art Shop in the coming year are to expand our team, cultivate new connections and collaborations, diversify our products, and create new ceramic collections. Our main focus is on building a strong branding foundation here in Armenia, all while continuing to share our story with others.

**How can our community learn more about you and follow your work?**

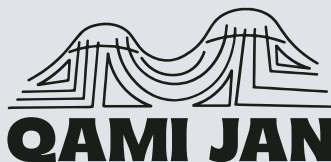
You can follow both our business page and my personal page on Instagram, where I frequently share my experiences and daily life. After moving studios, I am excited to use social media as a platform to share with you the daily studio life at Niana Art Shop, as well as announce upcoming projects.

You can learn more about Anahit Nikoghosian through her

Business  
**Instagram**

Personal  
**instagram**

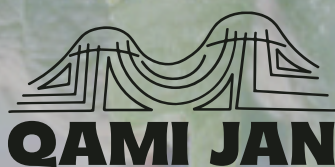
And our collaboration, QAMI JAN x Niana Art Studio, is now available in our online shop!



an interview  
with



**GREEKOR AND ROSE NEMET  
OF  
KAREEN WINE**

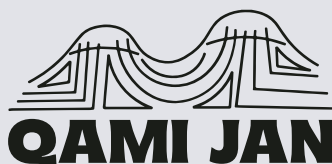


**QAMI JAN: Okay. We need to start with the homeland. I recall your family is from Tbilisi more recently but given the name Kareen, I am wondering if there is a connection to Karin/Garin/Erzurum. What is the story and did it include wine making or agriculture?**

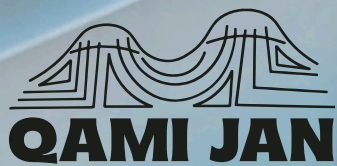
**Greekor:** Yes, our family roots more recently are from Tiflis (I like to use this name because it echoes the rich Armenian culture that built that city. The fact of the matter is so widespread that yesterday, when I was at the Arab Cultural Center in San Francisco, there was an old Arabic map of the Middle East dating to 1957 with Arabic script over Tbilisi that read “TIFLISI”, so that’s that! We ended up in Tiflis from Javakhk (on my father’s side) and Gyumri from my mother’s side. When we were deliberating our company name, Rose and I wanted it to have a distinct Armenian name. We landed on Kareen (we changed it to double “e” instead of the Western Armenian “Garin,” so that the Amerikatsi could pronounce it correctly). Kareen of course being Garin, and Garin remaining today the ethnically cleansed and genocided Armenian city, now called Erzurum in Turkey.

**QAMI JAN: The Nemet family began producing wine in California in 2010. How did this endeavor begin? Was it a family effort from the start?**

**Greekor:** Kareen Wine is a true family effort. I often self-proclaim myself as the creative winemaking force behind the project, but in all honesty, everything we do we achieve in a family discussion often of Armenian nature, if you get the hint. The idea to start winemaking came to me in 2010 (even a bit earlier) when I was still a photographer. I was always confused as to why Armenians came to California and never pursued winemaking—instead, we famously brought yogurt and raisins to this country.





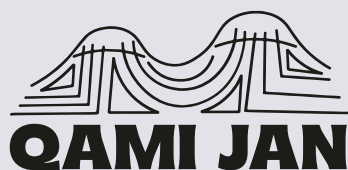
**QAMI JAN**



As an Armenian from Georgia, wine was all around me during my childhood. Armenians famously contributed to the viticultural landscape of Georgia, and as such, if you Google search any major town in Kakheti (Georgia's Napa Valley) you will see a large list of influential Armenians (don't take my word for it Wikipedia Signakhi) but, alas, many Georgian Armenians assimilated—a cautionary tale. In 2010, we started to see the emergence of quality wines from Armenia, thanks to the contribution of diaspora Armenians and efforts of local Armenians.

The idea to make wine stemmed from a few needs and wants; I wanted to be part of this hospitality industry in California and the rest of the world, and I love how varied winemaking is. From the differences in grapes to the climatic variations from region to region, winemaking fulfilled the want and need I had to learn about global viticulture and enology.

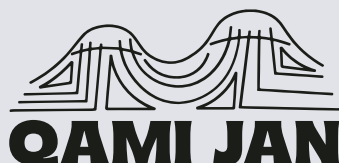
Yes, the origins of Kareen Wine will always be a family matter and will continue to be so for a long time. My nieces and nephews were pressing the grapes with their little feet in the early days of our garage vintages, and my grandfather Megerdich Saakian (a genocide survivor from Kars) was with us in the first two vintages (although, he was more interested in the pomegranates grown on one particular vineyard than the grapes). Wine also possesses this unforgiving demand for respect and precision, because you only have a few dozen chances to make this complex product. All this and more gave birth to Kareen Wine in 2010, and more recently commercially in 2018 (that was our first commercial release).



**You are siblings. Can you please explain each of your roles?**

**Rose:** In our early days, my role was focused on sales and marketing. So everything from planning events to social media content, scheduling posts, lead generation, market research and customer meetings and cultivating relationships. I also manage our wine club of incredible friends, supporters and patrons. With the support of our head winemaker (my brother) and the rest of our fam, I started becoming more involved in production and spending more time in the cellar with Greekor and in the vineyard as well. Outside of learning by doing, I'm continuing to build on my skillset through the WSET program, other certifications, mentorship and seeking out more commercial hands-on training through harvest internships. I recently came back from a harvest in the San Antonio Valley at an organic vineyard in Chile. I'm excited to continue growing my winemaking abilities and bring this back to our winery.

**Greekor:** In short, I am the winemaker for the company and Rose took care of business development in the earlier days. As we move into the future, we will both be heavily involved in the production process. Aside from this, we are also partners in the gargantuan task of wine sales—the most important part of winemaking. We crisscross the state of California, often together and sometimes apart. In 2025, we will expand our sales to the greater United States and beyond. Currently, Rose manages our small but dedicated wine club, and together with our father we are now tasked with fundraising to develop our beautiful 40-acre property in the Sierra Foothills, where the 49ers planted the first zinfandel grapes in the 19th century Gold Rush.



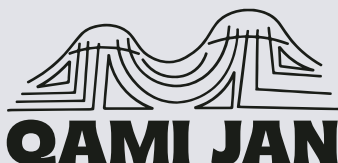


**Can you describe your wines and your family's approach to wine-making?**

**Greekor:** Our winemaking style is very much rooted in structured age-worthy classical wines. My entry into the world of winemaking started from the classically made wines of Napa and other legacy producers of California. But I quickly gravitated towards the early style of California winemaking and away from the wines of 1990s and early 2000s California, which were deeply extracted in high amounts of alcohol. For example, our Malbec is a lighter version of some of its California and Argentinian counterparts. Fast forward to today and I am fully into the low-intervention style of winemaking. I make wines that can age but are not overpowering, and most importantly allow the vineyard to showcase itself. My winemaking philosophy is that good wine is made in the vineyard. I strive to work with organic vineyards and produce wines with minimal additives, if any at all.

**I know you produce a Malbec from a single vineyard, which is a relatively uncommon grape for Northern California.**

**Greekor:** The decision to make Malbec as my first commercial wine was due to a simple calculation of trying to stand out in a world full of Cabernets and Pinot Noirs. Malbec is a Bordeaux grape that was once the darling of that region. Actually, when Napoleon made the famous Bordeaux classification, most of the region was planted with Malbec. Currently I also make Viognier, Chenin Blanc (still and sparkling), Cabernet Sauvignon, Zinfandel, Cinsault (from the oldest planting of this grape in the world - vines planted in 1886), Barbera (from our estate) and will soon release a Syrah and Petite Sirah. I love Malbec and will work with this grape well into the future.



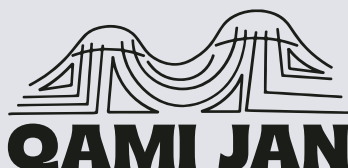
**Can you tell us more about the plot of land you recently acquired? Was this always part of the goal or did you at some point realize you wanted more of a headache rather than exclusively purchasing grapes to produce your wines?**

**Greekor:** I'm Armenian and the connection to land is always in my veins. We originally wanted to plant in Artsakh in an area south of Aghavno, but this will have to wait until we liberate our lands. Yes, I wanted us to be fully integrated in the entire winemaking process from the vines to the bottle. My mother, sister and father were pivotal in making this vineyard a reality. It's a beautiful 40 acres in the lush wine country in the Sierra Foothills in California, where there is significant interest in the soils and grape growing abilities of the area. Our parcel is in an area where there are 50+ wineries, and the industry keeps growing.

Last year was the first time I made wine completely from my own grown grapes, and it was some of the best wine I have made yet. Being a farmer is a challenge especially in this economic downturn (wine sales in the US are down 30% across the board), but I am so lucky to have the ability to see this process. It's a blessing. I am a better winemaker now that I grow grapes as well.

**Do you intend to add any Armenian varieties?**

**Greekor:** Yes. Armenian varieties are central to our plan. I find Areni, Voskehat and Khndoghni (Sireni) to be incredible grapes that can do well in the California terroir. In fact, I would already be planting Areni in the Sierras if it were available in California. We intend on planting them on our recently purchased property. As such, we are currently importing these vines and setting up a nursery to propagate thousands of these Areni cuttings.

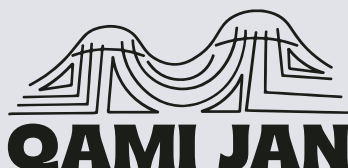


Winemaking is a very lengthy process. Perhaps a 2029 vintage will include an Areni grape made in California. There is this odd ethos in the Armenian wine industry that Areni should stay in Armenia, but I feel this ideology to be shortsighted. In order for the industry to grow, we need to see our grapes in other renowned grape growing regions (I believe it's already planted in Italy, but we need more).

**What does it mean, for each of you, to be working with the land?**

**Greekor:** Working with the land helps me connect to my ancestors. It ties me to the other amazing farming cultures of the area both from the indigenous communities of Miwoks of Sierras and to other agrarian communities of California, including Armenians who are so pivotal to the produce and fruit industry of Central Valley (further south in the Fresno area). Working this land in California is preparing me to eventually be a skilled farmer when the time comes to plant in Armenia. This is a very humbling process. It allows us to be true stewards of the land, not to mention it gives me a better understanding of the winemaking process itself.

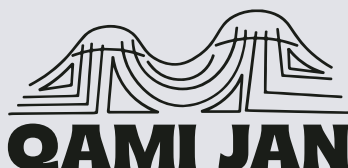
**Rose:** As a self-grown wine company and brand, we knew we would have to take things slowly and step by step (given financial, time and other resource constraints)—so while we couldn't immediately have our own vineyard, a tasting room (retail and hospitality) and production facility all at once, early on in our project we knew that planting roots was a big priority for us. The Artsakh Genocide was happening just as our first harvest began, being in the vineyard and working on the land was an anchor within a very dark period. The fruit can't wait. The land will tell you what it needs and you have to listen and tend to that. Beyond the constant opportunity to learn and deepen my understanding of winemaking—it is a gift and responsibility to honor and steward land.



**What is your connection to Armenia today? Has the loss of Artsakh affected your relationship to what you do?**

**Greekor:** My connection to Armenia is cultural, spiritual, religious and deeply rooted to family. Armenia is always on my mind, and I want to do more for it and our diaspora. Armenia is where I draw my inspiration from. When I say Armenia, I'm not only talking about the current Republic—I am talking from Cilicia to Gandzak, and all in-between. That's my Armenia. But if we are talking about the current Republic, yes I am very connected, I go at least once every 2 years. The recent years have become more problematic with the current regime in power, and I am greatly deterred from the state, but the people, land, and religion keep me humbled and connected.

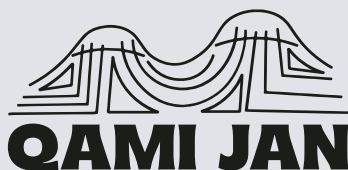
This was the single most detrimental time of my life. I am still dealing with the mental, physical, and spiritual loss of that land. What we lost is incalculable. I've been to Astrakh on every trip to Armenia since 2010, and I am at a loss of words as to what is happening. I feel I have not been able to properly mourn. Late September of 2023 during harvest was when we heard the news of the total ethnic cleansing of Artsakh. I'm in a state of perpetual shock. I'm deeply saddened with the response of my nation to such a tragedy. I am shattered by how ill-prepared our institutions were for this jolt to our core. Artsakh was my future, and it was taken from us. It was a great inside job, and I am still coming to terms as to what to do next. But I will never give up, and now Kareen Wine is my little bastion of Artsakh in a foreign land. Wherever there is Kareen presence will forever be a safe place for all things Artsakh. I carry that land with me in every way I can, and I will not be satisfied until we return.



**Can you tell us something you are currently working on that you are excited about?**

**Rose:** Because of the loss of demand in the market this year, we like other producers faced with a sales shortfall of our grapes this year. This meant that we had access to more of our fruit, and I'm very excited about the experimentation that this has allowed us as a brand and as winemakers. Of course this didn't come without a healthy dose of logistical challenges, but I feel empowered by how we made it all happen. I'm not sure why I'm surprised but that adage "things don't get easier, you just get better" comes to mind and has been ringing in my ears. As a family and sibling run winery we tend to focus on big goals, and it's easy to be hard on yourself to push further and faster, but that was a big moment for me, acknowledging the wins that we don't necessarily celebrate in the midst of pressures. So in short I'm super excited to see how these wines age in barrel and can't wait to share them with our friends and customers. I'm also really excited about our winery events this fall and winter season. We love going out on the road to host events with restaurants, bars and wineshops—cultivating wine community and sharing joyful experiences.

**Greekor:** I feel I am finally finding my true style in winemaking. I am excited about expanding the vineyard from 5 acres planted to 20 acres, with some interesting varietals (Armenian included, of course). I look forward to building a facility on that property and incorporating so much of our culture into that winery and tasting room. I look forward to finding new partners in the venture to come onboard with our family and make Kareen Wine truly an institution. Lastly, I can't wait to produce wine in Armenia sometime soon.





Unrelated to the wines, I want to complete my journey of being a Deacon in the Armenian Church. I am also itching to pick up my camera and start creating visuals. I want to develop the many photographs I took in Artsakh that I was unable to look at since the 2020 Artsakh War. In the meantime, I look forward to being with family and friends in this turbulent time in our world. I pray for peace but long for justice. Thank you.

**You can learn more about the Nemet siblings and Kareen Wine through their [Instagram](#).**



# Did you feel the QAMI JAN?

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\*Please note: annual club memberships are 50% off for residents of the Republic of Armenia, and free for Artsakhsis. Contact us for more information on how to subscribe.



an interview  
with



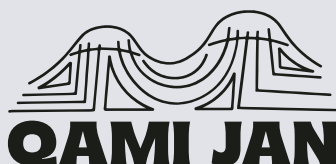
**TARA ANI  
BAGHDASSARIAN**



**QAMI JAN: You're a multi-disciplinary artist, who works across film, music (singing and songwriting), and visual arts. What does each of these media help you to express or convey, or is it the same message that reaches different audiences?**

**Tara Ani Baghdassarian:** It took me a long time to accept that I am a multi-disciplinary artist, but the truth is I've never been able to choose. I go through waves where what needs to come out finds a different path out my body — movements through my hand, gritty belts out my throat, or squinting eyes through a lens finder just before I press record. It's all very cathartic. As humans we are blessed with multiple senses; as an artist I try to pay homage to that by blessing my practice with various mediums. Being multidisciplinary is multilingualism of the heart — fluency of expression. At times, I feel the pressing pangs of societal pressure to specialize. And while committing to one medium is a beautiful path to mastery, it feels like being stuck on a bike — where your legs can only go in one continuous motion. And when I ride a bike, I'll throw a leg out to the side and enjoy a moment of unconventional movement. I relish in tiny rebellions against conformity, and value my freedom of expression far too much than forcing myself to choose.

With that said, I've recognized patterns in my artmaking. When I'm dealing with the rawest, most painful emotions, I turn to music. I sing, cry, strum on the guitar — let words and emotions flow out in its most vulnerable form so that I may transform it into something I can understand, process, and heal from. This is probably why a lot of my songs sound sad. When I paint, I am contemplative, meditative — I imagine characters formed with every stroke of my brush or pen, and think a lot about history and stories.



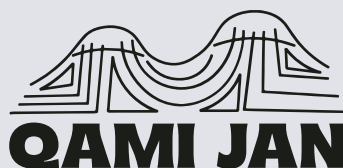
When I'm cutting and soldering stained glass, I feel empowered — like a magician and builder. When I dance, I feel sensual and grounded.

Behind a camera, I rediscover the world for the first time. I am in awe of places I've passed a million times; blissfully observing the fascinating lives all around. Filmmaking evokes the self-assuring, full body goosebumps that tell me I'm doing what I'm meant to be doing on this planet. I cherish it because it has the power to combine all the elements, all the methods in which I create — the holy grail of mediums.

**Tell us about your time in Armenia, what it meant to you in your development as an artist, the friendships you formed, and the projects you undertook.**

Armenia is a land of dreams and nightmares — it's shown me the lightest and brightest aspects of life as well as the darkest depths of its shadows. It's forever changed me, and continues to even when I'm far away.

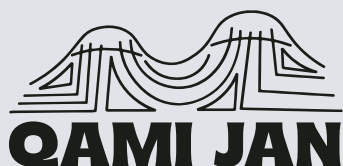
I initially moved to Hayastan (Armenia) in 2017 to do Birthright Armenia's volunteer program — “the journey of self-discovery” — and I must say, their slogan was spot on. I taught shadow puppetry and stop motion workshops at Tumo Studios in Gyumri and Yerevan, explored my love for videography and storytelling, and connected with diasporan and local Armenians that I still consider family to this day.



After my volunteering ended, I was back in my hometown of the San Francisco Bay Area and committed to finding a means to return. I eventually secured a job at Picsart and repatriated to the motherland, where I stayed for another four to five years.

Although all the roots of my family tree originate from Western Armenia (now occupied by Turkey), I came alive in the Armenian Highlands. I scaled its tallest peaks, swam in its rivers and lakes, laid on forest beds. I felt the *hye* spirit surge through my veins in a way it never had. It allowed me to tap into a greater source of spirituality and creation. Like the *pul pulaks* (water fountains) scattered across the country, Armenian words began bubbling from my lips for the first time. My fluency in the language deepened as did my connections with the people around me.

Everything took a turn when the 2020 Artsakh War started. We were all in shock, living our days in existential dread, preparing emergency bags by our doors. We were glued to our phones for updates and ways to mobilize. It was a physical war, an online war, a psychological war. I worked in bursts of action that left me gasping for disconnected stillness. There was so much to do, but internally I felt frozen because my privileged, California-raised mind could not comprehend the horrors being inflicted on my people and indigenous lands while the world stood in silence. My dad's long lectures about the denial of 1915 genocide never seemed so relevant.





**QAMI JAN**

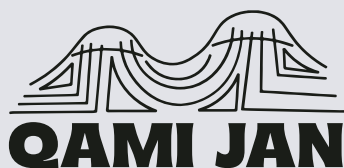
Within a week of the war starting, my close friends, Araz Kekejian and Matthieu Sahakian, started a non profit NGO, All For Armenia. I promptly joined the team and directed my energy into filming and documenting aid distribution by the borders, producing videos for fundraising, and later, archiving stories from refugees and mothers of fallen soldiers. I'll never forget the anguish in their voices, my own suppressed sobs on the other side of the camera, or the shots of Artsakhtsis touching the walls of Dadivank Monastery for the last time, while homes burned all around.

It was the power of community that kept me going. Our collective love and care for one another forged such incredible friendships I am forever grateful for. The healing process is slow and seemingly never ending, but it's my brothers and sisters that continuously make it feel manageable.

The 2020 War was a turning point for myself and many Armenians. In my personal life, it meant no more excuses. Fuck the fear. It was time to do what I was meant to — to create, build, make an impact, and command our voices to be heard.

**I know one of the initiatives you created is Made in Syunik. Did your family's history impact your interest in supporting Armenian rug-making?**

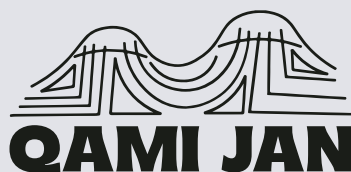
Growing up, my parents dragged my brother and I to Armenian carpet events and lectures. Active members in the Armenian Rugs Society's San Francisco chapter, they invested in planning exhibitions, collecting, and preserving Armenian carpets. It wasn't until after the war, however, that I truly began to value the historical and cultural relevance of what they were doing.







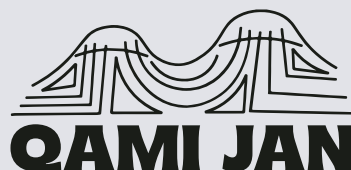
Made In Syunik — an offshoot initiative of All for Armenia supporting women of Armenia’s Syunik Province and Artsakh — was busy with a new project spearheaded by Araz Kekejian. When I saw the product in development, I had to get involved. I worked with the team on branding and directed the launch of KORK Collection — an exclusive tote bag line with upcycled fragments of destroyed, forgotten Armenian carpets. We collected the stories of each seamstress, researched the symbols and origins of every fragment, and included all our findings in each bag (there were forty four, in remembrance of the 44-day Artsakh War).



This was my first hands-on experience with rugs that paved the way for an obsession to come. Since then, I have continued to learn more about the rich tradition of carpet weaving. I am currently in production of a documentary that bridges my hometown of the Bay Area with my homeland of Armenia through this ancient craft. One of my favorite symbols in Armenian carpets is the dragon. The dragon represents the culmination of the four elements; earth, wind, water, and fire. It is a symbol of divine protection, sculpted into stones at the bases of water springs and woven into carpet medallions. At a time when Armenia faces existential threat, this documentary embodies the dragon — a force to protect and elevate endangered stories from Armenia’s past. In the year of the dragon, it felt only right to embark on this journey.

**In the music video for your recent single, *Out Here*, which I saw was shot in Syunik, you sing “Why should we leave here?” Can you tell us about the lyrics and the making of this video? What struck me is that the scenes in the video seemed like scenes you were reflecting on in writing the single.**

In the summer of 2021, I took a week off work and came to Armenia’s southernmost region, Syunik, to reconnect with myself and nature. I taught art workshops at the Francophone Cultural Center in Goris, and stayed with the principal — an incredible local woman, Karmen Apunts. Surrounded by Syunik’s mountains, rivers, historic caves, my debut Armenglish single, “Out Here” poured out like the water that flows through its cities’ streets. It is a love letter to the land — a vessel to express all the love, grief, and anger toward Armenians forced out of their indigenous lands.





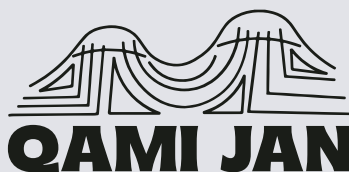
  
**QAMI JAN**

I wrote the song with Syunik. Throughout my life, I had a crippling fear of singing in public, but surrounded by her mountains, I finally felt free and courageous enough to use my voice. I knew while writing it that I needed to film a music video that captured all the awe and wonder it evoked.

A year later, I returned to Armenia to record the vocals, and visited Karmen. She told me that her nine-year-old daughter, Nare Poghosyan, had heard me singing and playing through the walls, and spent the last year begging her parents to buy her a guitar. I was so moved by this. I brought Nare her first guitar and a year later — when it was time to shoot the music video — I asked her to accompany me in the final scene. She was already playing better than I was!

In September 2023, I went to Syunik with a small team of close friends and family. We filmed in Goris, Devil’s Bridge, Dandzaver, and Harsnadzor under the backdrop of helicopter whirrs. The increased military activity in the region felt all too reminiscent of 2020, and we deliberated whether it was safe to remain. We decided to forge forward. Within weeks, Azerbaijan launched a military offensive that led to the complete ethnic cleansing of Artsakh. Over 100,000 Armenian refugees were forced to leave their indigenous lands. The rest of Armenia, particularly Syunik province, continues to face existential threat.

Releasing the song and music video in September 2024 was the cathartic completion of a three year journey. “Out Here” has felt like an educational campaign that’s allowed me to talk about Armenia and causes that matter to me. I’ve been so grateful for the opportunities it’s brought for me to perform in front of crowds and grow as a musical artist. I hope to continue performing, and release even more music in the coming years.

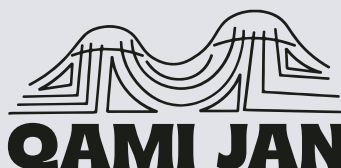


**You're a co-founder of Mother Armenia Bay Area. Can you please tell us about recent and forthcoming events?**

After moving back to the Bay Area in 2022, I felt unbelievably alone and disconnected from my identity. It reverted me back to my fragmented upbringing — as the only Armenian in my school — surrounded by people who didn't understand my language, culture, or ethnic struggle. I experienced reverse culture-shock, and in sad, but simple terms, hated life in America.

Through a series of “coincidences”, I reconnected with an old friend, Elize Manoukian, whom I had met in Armenia a few years prior. We spent a lot of time together and began scheming up ways to unite younger Armenians outside of school or church-related functions. The fire didn't burn until the devastating loss of Artsakh, the start of the genocide in Gaza, and the divine timing of my other best friend and sister, Dea Hovhannisyan, moving back to the Bay Area.

Together, we grieved and stood in awestruck solidarity with our Palestinian brothers and sisters fighting with such resilience and fervor. They inspired us and reminded us that liberation for one is liberation for all. Whatever we were to start, we knew we needed to build a foundation and safe space for Armenians to collaborate with other SWANA cultures.



In November 2023, we founded Mother Armenia, and since then, have hosted six events featuring over thirty Armenian and SWANA artists and guests. Our events span educational cultural lectures to dance parties at some of the most iconic venues in the Bay Area, including Eli's Mile High Club in Oakland and queer bar El Rio in San Francisco. To date, we have raised \$15K for Armenian, Palestinian, and Lebanese relief, and have so much more in store.

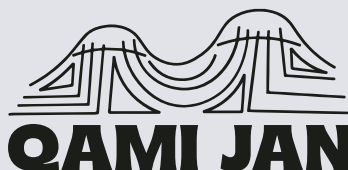
"Stories of the Loom", our upcoming November 17th event in SF, is the continuation of our "Woven History" event from April that featured a live folk music performance by singer and duduk player, Khatchadour Khatchadourian, and panel discussion with the Armenian Rugs Society. For this event, ARS President Hratch Kozibeyokian will come up from Los Angeles to lecture and to decipher the symbols and stories of rugs that people will bring to the event.

Mother Armenia has shown me the sweet fruits of collaboration. I am beyond privileged and lucky to work with and grow alongside such smart, beautiful, and powerful women. I am inspired by them everyday alongside our mission to maintain, transform, and give breath to our cultural heritage.

You can learn more about Tara Ani Baghdassarian through her

**[instagram](#)**

**[website](#)**





# YOUR NOVEMBER PROMO CODE

As we transition to our new platform for the QAMI CLUB, we are moving resources to the “club house,” which you can access [here](#). You may need to first create an account, if you haven’t already. E-mail us at [info@qamijan.com](mailto:info@qamijan.com) for support (or use the live chatbox on our website).

The November promo code, for 10% off all items from the online store, is displayed in the club house and should be applied automatically to your account when shopping logged-in.





# QAMI JAN

## COMMUNITY NOTE



On November 4, 2024, UCLA Armenian Students Association and UCLA Alpha Gamma Alpha held a fundraiser for the Artsakh Relocation Project, a nonprofit organization that provides basic necessities to individuals uprooted from Artsakh. They have raised \$500 thus far and will be raising funds throughout November for this project. For more information, visit: [artsakhrelocation.org](https://artsakhrelocation.org)

Pictured: Lucine Ksajikian, UCLA Philanthropy Chair and Ani Movsesyan, UCLA AGA Philanthropy Chair



# LEARN FOR ARTSAKH

**QAMI JAN is pleased to support Learn for Artsakh, an initiative that translates important books about Artsakh and the Karabakh Liberation Movement into English. Many of these books were suppressed (and the writers punished) during the Soviet period, which is why it is critical that we share this information, even now. Especially now.**

The following text is a continuation of *In Solitude: How My Cries Can Reach the Next Generation* by Leonid Karakhanovich Hurunts (we published the first parts of Chapter 6 in the last publication, and this is now the continuation). Hurunts, a poet, was one of the leading voices of the Karabakh (Artsakh) Movement. This book is a posthumous publication of his writing from 1975 to 1982. His daughter describes it as “essentially the quintessence of the writer’s philosophical thoughts and generalizations, the cry of the soul and pain for his native Karabakh.”

## **PART SIX: REPORTS FROM A HOSPITAL BED (CONT'D)**

Lutak completely disarmed me, again returning the conversation to Sultan Amet-Khan, apparently considering this ridiculous act - not to register twice the Hero of the Soviet Union in his own house in his homeland - a heroic step, confirming his disinterestedness, his party principles. I knew well the name of this illustrious pilot who shot down 64 German vultures in a dogfight. Just in case, I said, "I heard in Alupka there is his monument?"

"It was standing," Lutak snapped coldly. "Now it's not standing anymore."

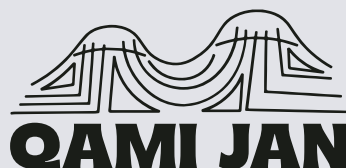
"But why?" I pretended not to understand. "Did he do something wrong?"

"You already know about it. Sultan Amet-Khan is a Tatar," he said firmly. "There is no point in erecting a monument to a Tatar."

Struck by Lutak's cynicism and shameless frankness, I looked at him as if he were a dinosaur miraculously brought into our civilized age. On the face - not a single thought, not a note of regret.

Apparently, Lutak was not going to quarrel with me, the *Izvestia* correspondent. Lowering his voice, he condescendingly but firmly stated, "Do not misunderstand me. We are party soldiers. We do what we are told. We don't deal with bullshit."

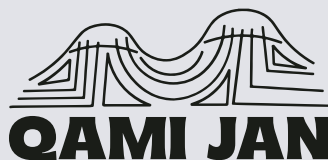
I had no choice but to retreat immediately.



The second time I did not have to go there with the mandate of a correspondent for a central newspaper. They didn't vouch for my life. After all, I stirred up an anthill with my article. 45 people in the case of speculation in apartments were sentenced to various terms, many remained at large. There could be many hunters to teach a lesson to the journalist, through whose fault the whole sensational Simferopol epic broke out. And it's not very convenient: an Armenian will defend his compatriot from Ukrainians. They promised to help. And they helped. In *Pravda* about Parsamov, an article "Honorary Citizen of Theodosia" appeared. After *Pravda*, of course, the old man was left alone. But they did not return to the director's position. His place was taken. It was taken by a man who should not be allowed at a cannon shot at art in general, and Aivazovsky in particular. A retired colonel, a dork and a soldier, who could make such a remark to the staff of the Aivazovsky Museum, "Why are you praising this Armenian? You know that the Armenians, like the Tatars, were expelled from Crimea."

Here I break off my notes. I'm afraid of having a heart attack again. But even interrupting the memories, I can not get rid of a thought that cannot but disturb any of us. Kevorkov and Lutak! Why do these different people living in different parts of the world have such a striking resemblance, a kinship of souls? All the same unknown thread, which, stretching for great distances, does not break, winds on.

If you asked me how to avoid a heart attack, I would advise - expel a person from yourself. I'm sure a heart attack bypasses dumb, emotionless creatures. They are not subject to it. Medicine has proven that animals do not have a heart attack!



The tit goes to bed with its legs up so that the sky does not fall on its head. I remembered this saying, intending to say about one more pain that torments me and does not give me rest. This is what I do, and my favorite pastime is writing.

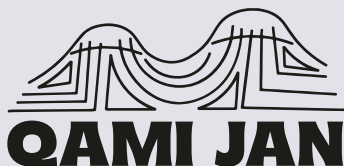
How can you, turning the pages of your life, bypass an occupation to which I devoted only a little less than forty years to? What I live for and never get tired of.

May the reader forgive me for my frequent reminders of the craft of writing. I will answer this in the same way as I answered those who reproached me, saying that I sound the alarm about Karabakh too often. My answer is: stop kicking Karabakh on every occasion, and I will forget the roads to it. I can say the same thing: leave the writers alone, and we will not talk about the Sword of Damocles hanging over each of us who write.

I once read from Hemingway: "Write only the truth, such as you see, the rest is worthless."

There are many such appeals to write only the truth, but I have not come across any speeches calling for writing untruths or deliberate lies. True, there is one term, the so-called "socialist realism," which includes all the tricks of the world, but I do not know it, and therefore I do not take it into account. So, truth-how much is it worth?

We readily quote Hemingway, other great ones too, we ourselves urge to write the truth, but we write lies, leaving the truth in our minds. Such arithmetic. And this arithmetic is in vogue. The name of this arithmetic is socialist realism.



We didn't invent it, it's not for us to decipher it. I will say one thing: I do not remember a single slogan calling for writing a lie. We do not create such slogans, neither verbally nor in print. But untruth marches through our lives without encountering barriers on its way.

Good does not exist by itself. Evil must always be in its neighborhood, so that, opposing it, good is affirmed on earth. How would we define the taste of sweet without tasting bitter?

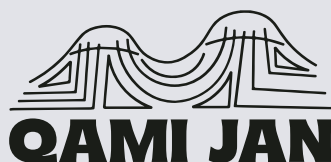
I have a transistor. Every day, in addition to music, I listen to the latest news. My God, what good fellows we are! We're overriding all the plans, we're not giving away anything! Listen to the radio and TV, you might think that we are rolling like cheese in butter. Everything is fine, everything is as it should be!

But the wife comes to the hospital tired from shopping. The more we talk about our successes, the less these successes. Like children sucking on an empty pacifier.

I see the reproachful look of the attending physician, all the "fans" of my health. Including the pleading look of my wife. "For God's sake, at least calm down here! Why bother yourself with questions that have no answer?"

With my mind I understand that this should not be done, it is dangerous, but my heart rebels, does not accept advice. It rebels against the cowardly flight into the bushes, behind the barrier of self-defense.

More recently, heart attacks were treated with complete immobility. Now they no longer adhere to such strictness. But in America they treat with movement.



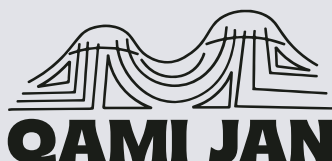
Who knows what is really dangerous for the heart: to hush up what is tormenting you, tearing you to pieces, or throwing out everything that has accumulated in your soul?

I save my heart, I tear all the dirt out of it.

I am actually forbidden to enter Karabakh. So much for that, you disgraced writer. You messed up with your Karabakh, now you are an uninvited guest in it. Dangerous person for others. As soon as you have a word with one of your fellow countrymen, whether he is a relative or an outsider, break a piece of bread with him, and that's it. He is in for a big punishment. Acquaintance with Hurunts, kinship with him will come out sideways. This happened to Komitas Karapetyan in Norshen. Or with the memorable Sara Oganesyanyan, my aunt. This is what happened to Yervand Marutyan in Stepanakert. I stayed with him for only two or three days, and he was tortured with endless calls from high authorities to clarify: "Why did Hurunts come to Karabakh? What does he want here?"

Marutyan, of course, was removed from his post - he worked as an investigator in the regional court - he was transferred to retirement, although he had just turned 60 years old.

I want to tell you what kind of miracle-monster this is - the institution of the "Russian secretary" in the republics. Oh, this is worth a separate discussion! The meaning of this institution, as you can already guess, is to have an eye in the republic, control over the possible manifestation of local nationalism. That's how it was intended, anyway. In practice, it is the most convenient institution for carrying out this very local nationalism, frenzied, terror.



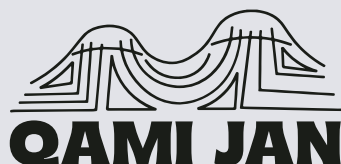
This is visible to the naked eye, but we try not to notice it. Practically the Russian secretary is in the other's, trying in every possible way to please him.

It was after the war. A young Sergei Antonov, a future famous Russian writer, comes to Baku. He travels to the Bays of Ilyich, gets acquainted with the oilmen of the field and writes a book of essays about them. At that time, there were many Armenians among the engineers and drilling masters [2]. Many of them became the heroes of his book. The Central Committee of Azerbaijan found out about it, asked to give it to them to read. Antonov was summoned to the Central Committee. One of the secretaries, Kirsanov, talked to him. He returned the book to the writer, bluntly telling him to remove all Armenian surnames from it. In the manuscript, all these names were underlined in red.

What the Azerbaijani could not tell him, the Russian did. What a convenient reception for a sub-promotion. Try to accuse Kirsanov of Azerbaijani nationalism.

Such a secretary is also under Kevorkov. Just like Kirsanov, he solves the most delicate problems in the region. But this, by the way, had to be said.

A friend of mine, secretly from my wife and doctors, brought to me at the hospital an abstract of a dissertation for the degree of candidate of architecture. The author of the abstract is Avalov Elturan Veli Ogly, Azerbaijani. Topic of the dissertation: "The architecture of the city of Shushi and the problems of preserving its historical appearance."



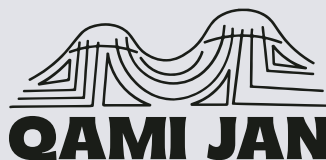


At the end of the essay, someone who read before me wrote down: “Where are the Armenians?” I read the abstract and ask about the same thing. Indeed, where are the Armenians? There is not a single word in the abstract about the Armenians, the indigenous inhabitants of Shushi, or about cultural monuments of Armenian origin, not a single sound about our existence in the entire dissertation.

However, nothing unusual - a new diversion against historical truth. What kind of dissertation is it if it's on lies? If there is no historical truth in it, or it is turned upside down? Don't worry, Avalov will defend his dissertation. Moscow will help. We are no strangers to Shemyakin's trial.

There is no doubt that such sabotage was needed in order to once again, using the support of Moscow, walk through the living. Yes, yes, the living! I do not use this word for the sake of elegance. Many people still remember the living torch lit by the Musavatists in the center of Karabakh. It was Shushi that was burning, its Armenian part, set on fire from all sides. The city burned down and the people were exterminated. The Karabakh Genocide, carried out by a brutal crowd of Azerbaijanis, fueled by the Turks of Ankara.

Now they are writing a dissertation on the architecture of a city that does not exist, that has burned down. What made Shushi Shushi, one of the most beautiful cities in Transcaucasia, turned into ashes. Where is Khanamiryan's theatre, Akuletsi church, the famous school that gave the country eminent people: mathematicians, writers, revolutionaries?



Why did Avalov have to choose such a topic for his dissertation? To reopen wounds, sprinkle them with salt? To once again remind us of what they have done, to mock the memory of the dead, to provoke a new wave of letters from the offended, offended by time, to enjoy their pain, their defenselessness? However, in the abstract there is a hint of the destruction of the Armenian cemetery with the preservation of the graves of figures of Azerbaijani culture, the poet Vagif and others.

Avalov's dissertation was advised by the supervisor, corresponding member of the Academy of Sciences of the Azerbaijan SSR, Doctor of Arts, Professor A. Salamzade. One has only to wonder at the spiritual poverty of this pseudo-scientist, doctor-professor A. Salamzade. In order to fry a scrambled egg from two eggs, it is not at all necessary to turn a large house into a fire. But our friends and comrades, swearing their love in words from morning till night, are actually burning down a big house.

The worst thing is when cruelty becomes a habit, when you have to repeat bitterly after Siamanto: “O human justice, let me spit on your forehead!”

I endlessly hide this notebook both from my kind Aesculapius [doctor] and from my wife, who care about my health. It seems to them that peace is the only balm for a heart attack, a bridge to recovery.

But, firstly, who knows what is more important for health? Silence, unwillingness to speak out, to get rid of what has accumulated over the years in the cellars of my memory? Secondly, I suffered a severe heart attack. It can repeat at any moment and become fatal.



What then? With all this information - to the next world? No, I do not agree. And from the afterlife I will fight with the fools. I'll make them restless on Earth.

I've been in bed for two months now. Try to lie down day after day and not think about anything. I don't know about others, but I can't. I constantly think. In my mind I travel either to the very North, to the ends of the earth, or to the Far East, to many, many regions of our vast homeland where I have been. I restore in my memory the landscapes close to my heart, the people I met and, of course, I do not forget to turn to my Karabakh on the way, with which I am inseparable, despite all the tricks of Kevorkov.

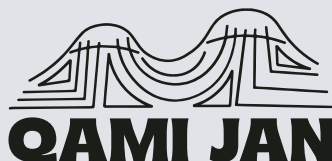
As long as I remember myself, I remember you too, Karabakh. I remember your grievances, your unhealed wounds.

And I love you like that - I love painfully and hard. And to this day you are my strongest and constant love. And not because you are that corner of the earth where I saw the world, where I took my first step - and this, of course - but most of all because you are forgotten and abandoned, that you need my affection, attention.

It's all right that I'll get in trouble for it. I take all the trouble I get for you as the highest reward for my love.

**Footnotes:** [1] *Sultan Amet-Khan participated in the Great Patriotic War (the war of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics against Nazi Germany) and was awarded as a Hero of the Soviet Union.*

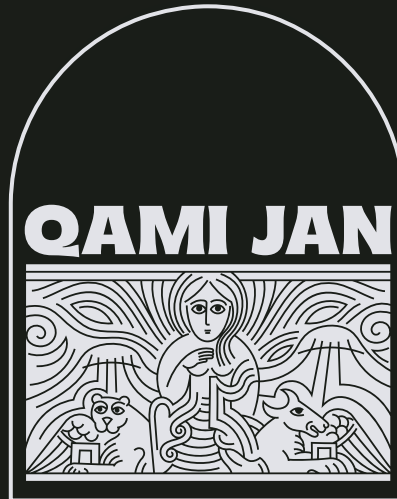
[2] *The first person to ever drill oil in Azerbaijan was an Armenian, Hovhannes Mirzoyan. He founded the first successful oil company in Azerbaijan and is considered the founding father of the Baku oil industry. His company was eventually shut down after massacres against Armenians.*



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