

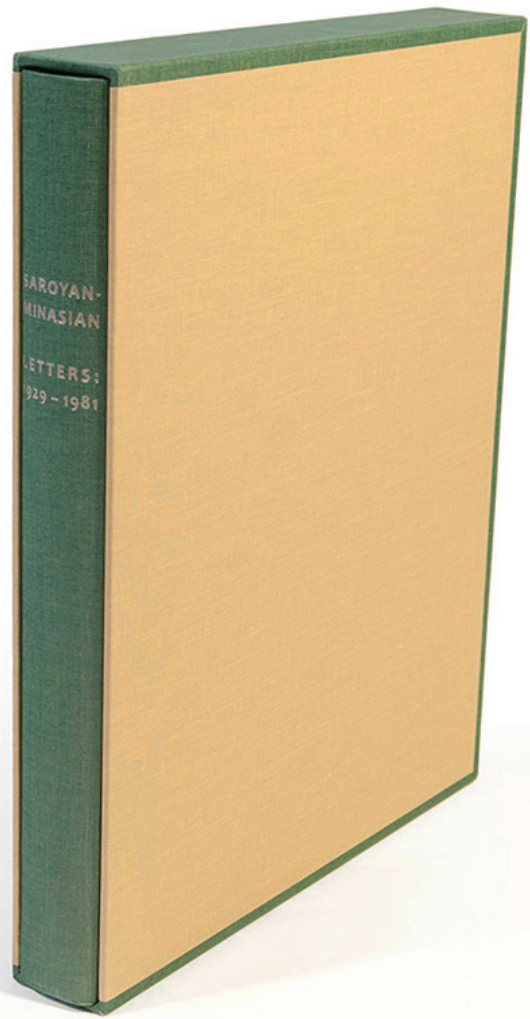
PROSPECTUS

**WILLIAM SAROYAN & ARCHIE MINASIAN:**  
**The Complete Correspondence**  
**1929-1981**

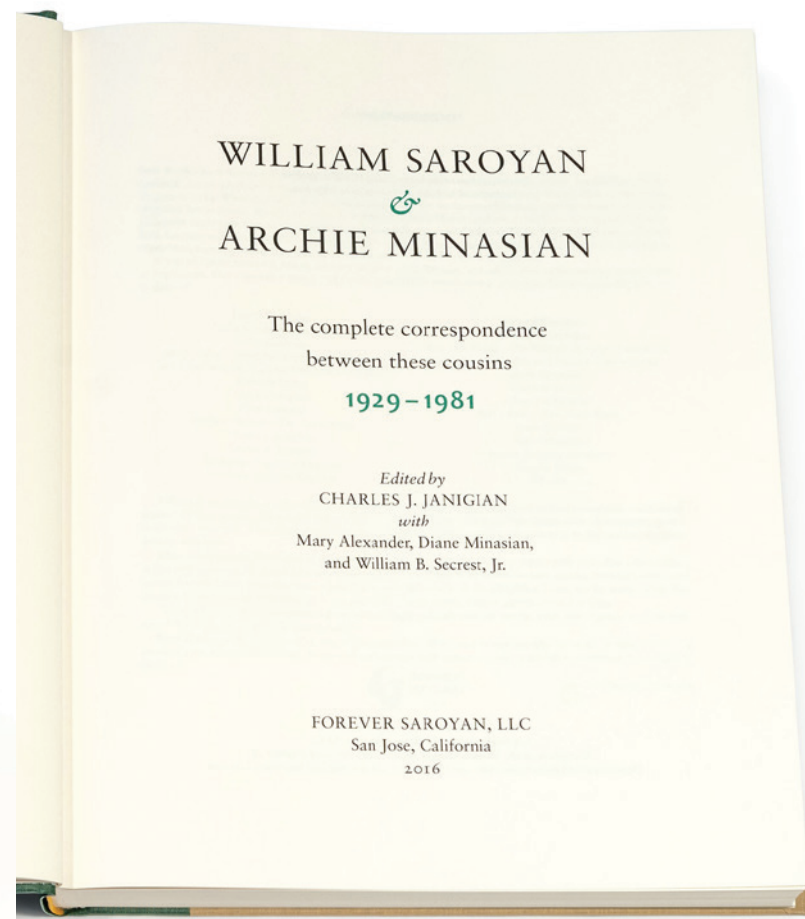
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*William Saroyan and Archie Minasian in the studio of William's 15th Avenue house in San Francisco, circa 1949–1950. Photo by H. Krouzian. (Forever Saroyan collection)*



BOOK WITH SLIPCASE



TITLE PAGE

*You must stick to yourself, your own town, the people about you, the things you see, feel, and dream about. Then your stuff will be honest and sincere.*

—William Saroyan to Archie Minasian,  
April 1930

IN 1930, a teenaged boy named Archie Minasian wrote to his dear cousin in San Francisco that he had composed a poem in only fifteen minutes, modestly downplaying his work with a dismissive “It’s no good anyway. I liked it a little.” His cousin, a struggling young writer named William Saroyan, responded: “I’m damn glad you are writing ... I’m very much interested in you”. Thus began fifty years of personal correspondence between these artists and best friends, chronicling their journey through the tumultuous cultural shifts of the 20th century—the Great Depression, the golden age of Hollywood, World War II, the youth movement of the 60s, and the cynical 70s. As Saroyan established himself as the most popular writer in America and Archie found his voice as a poet, their lives remained connected from Fresno to Hollywood to Paris and beyond through these letters. From artistic recognition to family squabbles, prosperity to poverty, their friendship endured a lifetime of creative and personal highs and setbacks with a deeply shared bond of Armenian character, equally hilarious and heartbreaking. Sourced from the personal collection of Saroyan’s cousin Charles Janigian and the William Saroyan papers at Stanford University, this collection of letters, fully annotated by archivist Mary Alexander, celebrates a friendship like no other.

#### THE EDITION

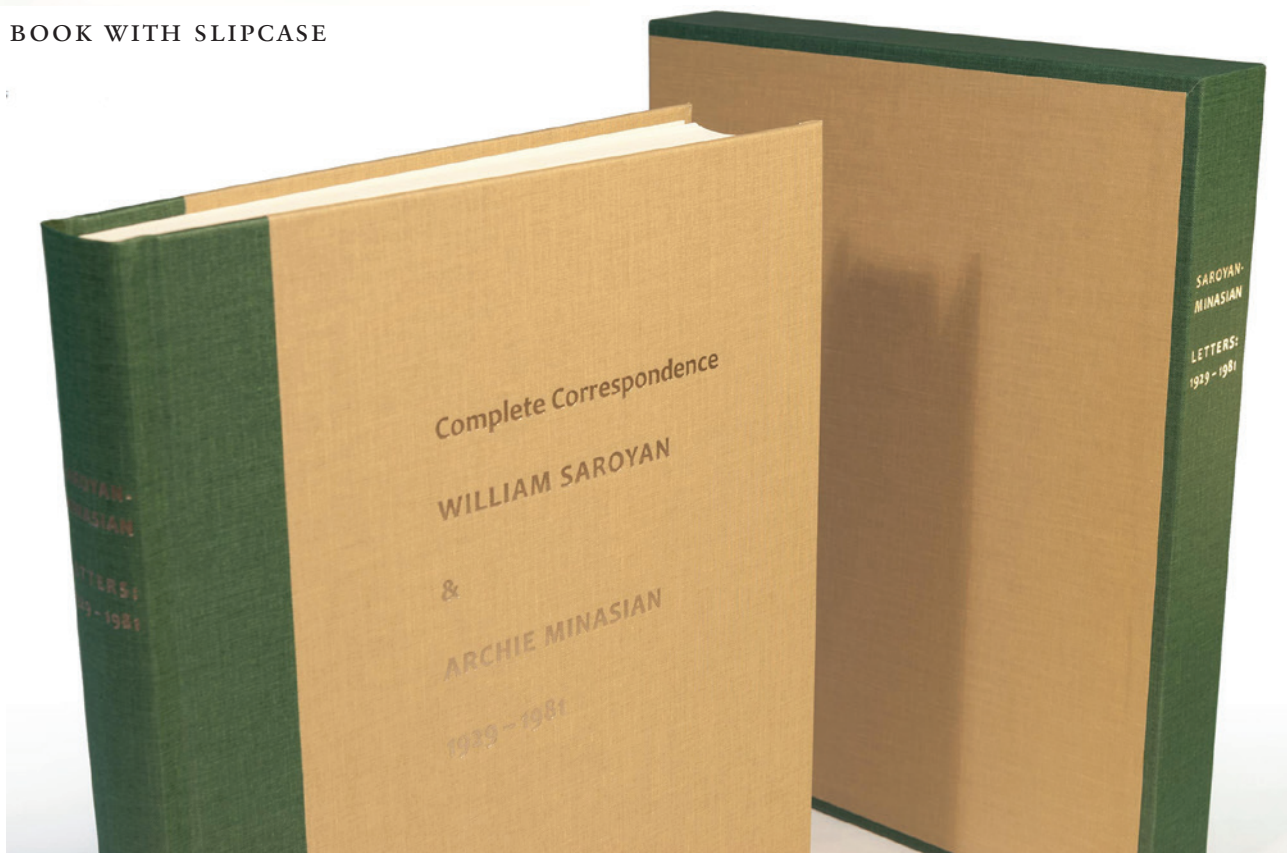
Charles Janigian, Director of Forever Saroyan, LLC, is pleased to announce the publication of a limited edition of 400 copies of *William Saroyan & Archie Minasian: The Complete Correspondence, 1929–1981*. The book has been handsomely designed and produced by the renowned Arion Press in San Francisco which has an historic relationship with both Saroyan and Minasian reaching back over sixty years. In addition to various postcards and charming sketches, this collector’s item is profusely illustrated with twenty-eight medium- and large-scale photographs of Saroyan, Minasian, their family and circle of friends and includes an appendix of artworks from Saroyan’s own art journal. The book measures 12½ x 9¾ inches and is printed in Sabon and Candara typefaces on Mohawk Superfine softwhite eggshell finish in black and green inks. It is fully indexed and comprises 368 pages with an introduction by Mary Alexander and family trees of the clans. The binding is full cloth, green on the spine and tan over the sides, with titling foil stamped in gold on both cover and spine. A matching protective slipcase is included. The cost is \$300; subscribers of the Arion Press receive a 20% discount. Shipping and handling fees are additional. To place an order or make inquiries, please contact:

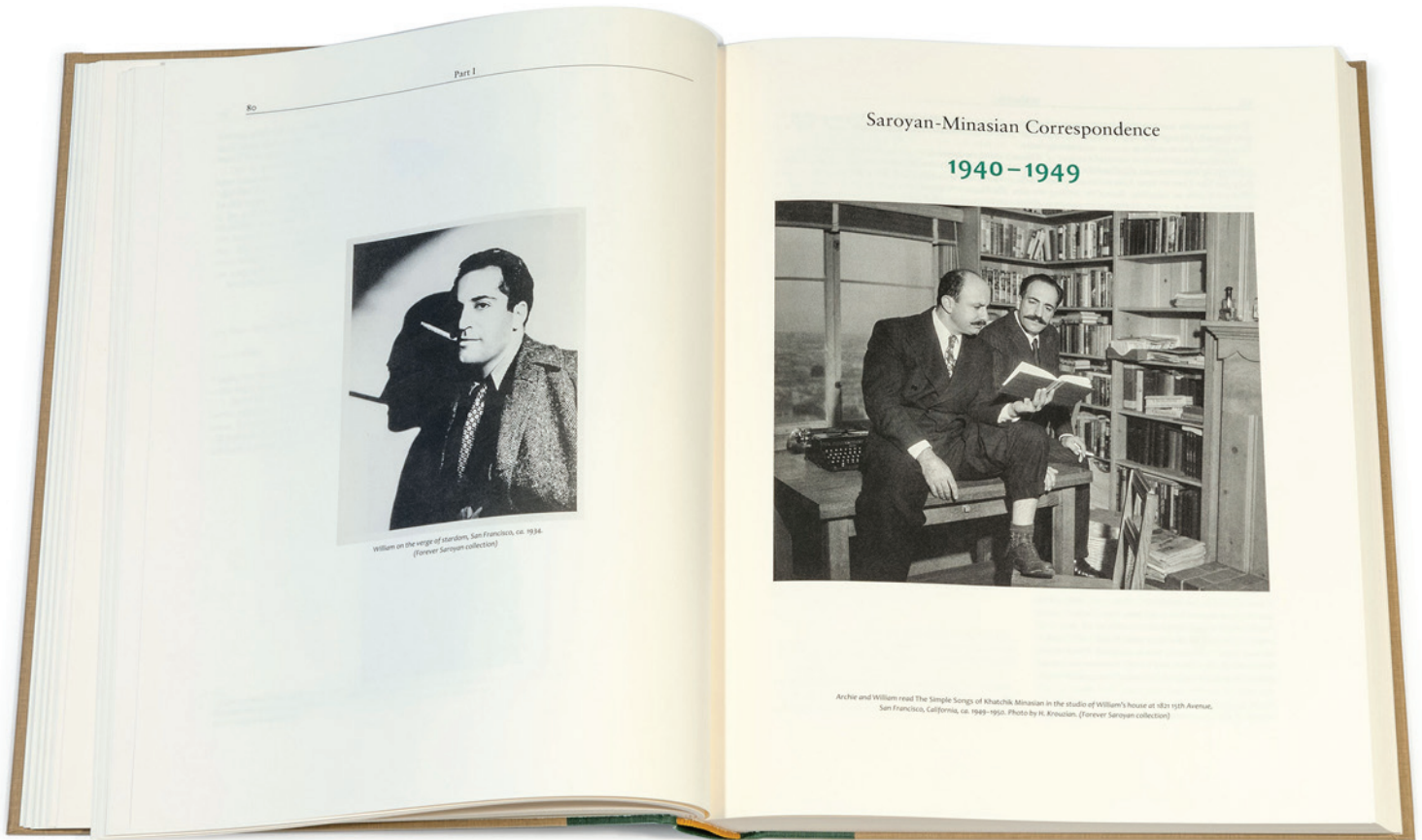
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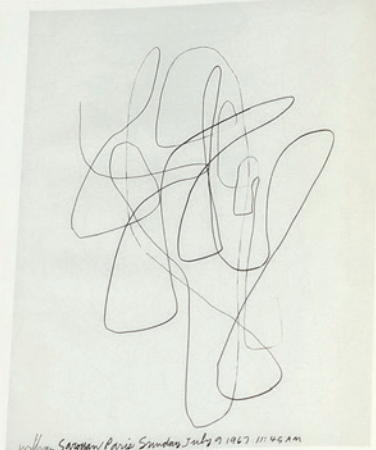
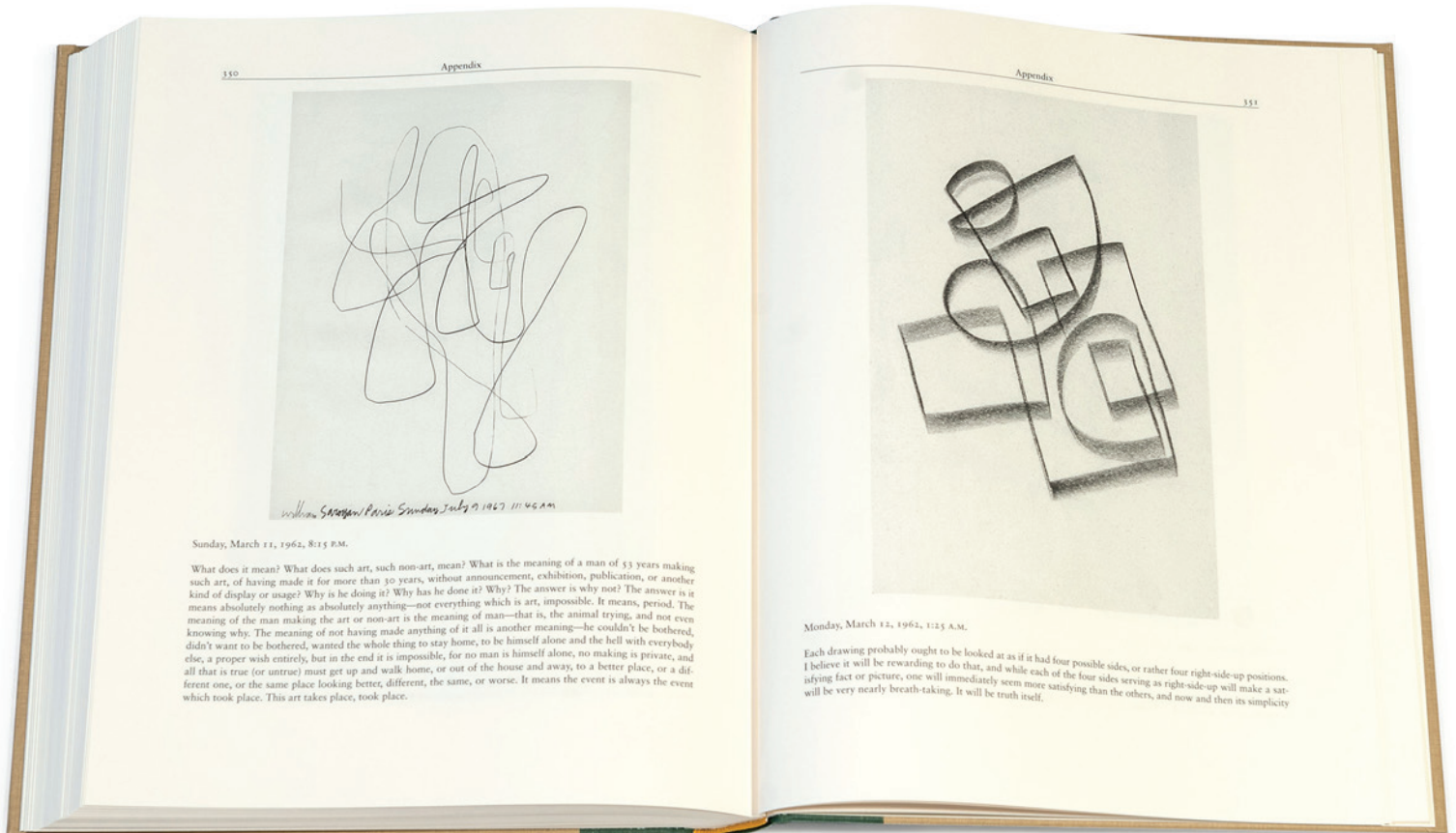
Saroyan-Minasian Correspondence

1940-1949



Archie and William read *The Simple Songs of Khatchik Minasian* in the studio of William's house at 1212 13th Avenue, San Francisco, California, ca. 1948-1950. Photo by H. Kronman. (Forever Saroyan collection)

HALF TITLE PAGE



William Saroyan/Pencil Sunday July 9 1967 11:46 AM

Sunday, March 11, 1962, 8:15 P.M.  
 What does it mean? What does such art, such non-art, mean? What is the meaning of a man of 53 years making such art, of having made it for more than 30 years, without announcement, exhibition, publication, or another kind of display or usage? Why is he doing it? Why has he done it? Why? The answer is why not? The answer is it means absolutely nothing as absolutely anything—not everything which is art, impossible. It means, period. The meaning of the man making the art or non-art is the meaning of man—that is, the animal trying, and not even knowing why. The meaning of not having made anything of it all is another meaning—he couldn't be bothered, didn't want to be bothered, wanted the whole thing to stay home, to be himself alone and the hell with everybody else, a proper wish entirely, but in the end it is impossible, for no man is himself alone, no making is private, and all that is true (or untrue) must get up and walk home, or out of the house and away, to a better place, or a different one, or the same place looking better, different, the same, or worse. It means the event is always the event which took place. This art takes place, took place.



Monday, March 12, 1962, 1:25 A.M.

Each drawing probably ought to be looked at as if it had four possible sides, or rather four right-side-up positions. I believe it will be rewarding to do that, and while each of the four sides serving as right-side-up will make a satisfying fact or picture, one will immediately seem more satisfying than the others, and now and then its simplicity will be very nearly breath-taking. It will be truth itself.

APPENDIX —  
 SAROYAN'S ART JOURNAL