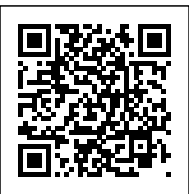


# ARGENTINE-ARMENIAN ARTIST JUAN YELANGUEZIAN

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Doctor Juan Reinaldo Samuel Yelanguезian is a composer, musicologist, poet, painter and an arts instructor at institutions of higher learning in Buenos Aires including the National Museum of Oriental Art, Friends of the National Museum of Fine Arts Association, Faculty of Philosophy and Letters of the Argentine Catholic University, the Greek Institute of Culture and others. His musical, poetic and artistic works have received awards in Argentina and abroad. Dr. Yelanguезian lectures on "Armenian Civilization and its influence on Western culture", a series of courses he has developed. His biography appears in the "National Encyclopaedia of Armenia" (2004). He can be reached at [darson7@yahoo.com.ar](mailto:darson7@yahoo.com.ar)

He translated "Smyrna 1922: Between Fire, Sable and Water" by Dora Sakayan, Montreal 2001 ("Esmirna 1922: entre el fuego, el sable y el agua"), as well as an anthology of Armenian poems (1984) for the Union of Writers of Armenia, that has been published in several literary journals in South America. In addition, he has written poems and articles on art which have been published in Armenian, European, North American and Argentine periodicals.

As a musicologist his research work has been published in Buenos Aires, Athens, Venice and by the Armenian National Academy of Sciences. He is a graduate from the world renowned Yerevan State Komitas Conservatory of Music, Armenia. In 1984 Yelanguезian was awarded the degree of musicologist specializing in Armenian Medieval and ethnic music having as tutors Prof. Nicoghos Tahmizian and Ms. Margarit Broutian. Under the guidance of Maestro Edward Mirzoyan, Yelanguезian successfully completed his Masters of Arts degree (2001) in composition, and subsequently, in 2004, he was awarded a PhD in Composition and Musicology.

Dr. Yelanguезian's poems were recently chosen in an anthology of notable Argentine writers entitled "Poetas y Narradores Contemporáneos 2013" (Contemporary Poets and Narrative Writers 2013"). His watercolors are presently on exhibit at the Centro Cultural Recoleta de Buenos Aires (Recoleta Cultural Center of Buenos Aires). He is currently preparing his first performance of a three-part symphonic poem for full orchestra written in Armenia.

Keghart.com is pleased to present a small selection of his poems.

## **Kilikia\***

To my grandfathers, Samuel Kasparian  
and Ohannés Yelanguезian

I

I sail in my boat in humid Buenos Aires,

he sailed in his boat in the Aegean from Ayas  
to the Bosphorus  
and from the Bosphorus to Piraeus  
then it was a ship and a boat one within the other.

I was dead on the steps,  
I showed my pain and an intriguing ancestral old man  
dressed in white and in straw hat pursues me,  
I drag myself to the marble stairs.  
Under the sun I show my wound  
the sea intensifies its blue,  
Leading me slowly to the sacrificial altar.

How did you manage to sail upon these waters  
and the mountains of Taurus and the Balkans  
you transformed into sea.

Who has been the force of the Medean myth  
that drags itself to my feet  
and warms my thighs rocking me  
in its own waste.

Who has been,  
protecting me in arms  
fleeing on the steps  
from the man in the boat,  
from the little girl in the mist.

Who has been  
your image becoming transparent in the waters of the sea,  
memories become bluer  
among those beheaded and the powder of barricade.  
The warm circle round the flames  
in the house of stone,  
outside the sunset dreamt the sea  
lilacking its temple  
and a maid wrapped in transparent granates  
gathered fruits in penumbras.  
And your kithera dreamt upon the sea,  
whilst a violin slid on a lane in  
Vienna,

that from ancient Guermanike takes refuge  
in mysterious silences  
and sounded in its lethargy like a torture  
the sound of a music mortal.

II

Armenian and Greek children you harbored beneath the stones  
of the dream  
a musical home of hope.

You were a man upon the high peaks that like a  
mythical god  
ordered with his look.

A girl imagines the sea in the mountains and a  
blue-hued wedding  
presents itself before her eyes in a song of images.

I sail in my boat upon humid Buenos Aires  
disembarking and embarking from the vessel  
Olympia,  
with the sweat of time that shadows my gesture  
and I undeceive pain deceiving it with a new love,  
pursued by the tangle of a tardy river of infancy,  
opaque waters and muddiness next to a bed of reeds and  
misery.

I dream like that boy of the stories I took the lead in  
who has now grown up  
so that the adventurous elf of my tiny silhouette,  
facing the bland landscape filled with terror  
and these my small bare feet on the lime,  
that boy bewitched by the sunset on the river  
and this small man that wishes to see it no longer.

Buenos Aires, 1980

## Kilikía\*

A mis abuelos Samuel Kasparian  
y Ohannés Yelanguézian

I

Yo navego en mi barca sobre la húmeda Buenos Aires,

él navegaba en su barca sobre el Egeo desde Ayás  
hasta el Bósforo  
y desde el Bósforo hasta el Pireo.  
Después fue un barco y una balsa dentro de otra.

Yo estaba muerto sobre las escalinatas,  
mostraba mi dolor y un intrigante anciano ancestral  
vestido de blanco y con sombrero de paja me persigue,  
me arrastro sobre los escalones de mármol.  
Bajo el sol muestro mi herida,  
el mar intensa su azul,  
conduciéndome lentamente al altar del sacrificio.

Cómo hiciste para navegar sobre esas aguas  
y las montañas del Tauro y los Balcanes  
los transformaste en mar.

Quién ha sido la fuerza del mito medeano  
que se arrastra hasta mis pies  
y calienta mis muslos acunándome  
en su propio desperdicio.

Quien ha sido,  
abrigarme con mis brazos  
huyendo sobre la escalinata  
del hombre de la barca,  
de la niña de la bruma.

Quien ha sido,  
tu imagen transparenta las aguas del mar,  
se azulan los recuerdos  
entre decapitados y pólvora de barricada.  
La cálida reunión alrededor de las llamas  
en la casa de piedra,  
afuera el crepúsculo soñaba al mar  
alilando su templo  
y una dama envuelta en granates transparentes  
recolectaba frutos en penumbras.  
Y soñaba tu kithera sobre el mar,  
mientras un violín se deslizaba en una calleja de  
Viena,

que desde la antigua Guermaniké se albergaba en  
silencios misteriosos  
y sonaba en su letargo como el suplicio el son de la  
música mortal.

II

Niños armenios y griegos albergaste bajo las piedras  
del sueño  
un hogar musical de la esperanza.  
Eras un hombre sobre las altas cumbres que como un  
dios mítico  
ordenando con la mirada.  
Una niña imagina el mar en las montañas y una  
azulínea boda  
se presenta frente a sus ojos en un canto de imágenes.  
Yo navego en mi barca sobre la húmeda Buenos Aires  
desembarcándome y embarcándome del vapor  
Olimpia,  
con el sudor del tiempo que ensombrece mi gesto  
y desengaño al dolor engañándolo con un nuevo amor,  
perseguido por la maraña de un río tardío de infancia,  
aguas opacas y pardas junto a un yuyal de junco y de  
miseria.  
Sueño como ese niño de mis cuentos protagonizados  
que ha crecido,  
que el duende aventurero de mi silueta pequeña,  
frente al apacible y terrorífico paisaje  
son mis diminutos pies desnudos sobre el limo,  
aquel niño que quedó prendado del ocaso en el río  
y este pequeño hombre que no desea verlo más.

Buenos Aires, 1980.

## **Ancestral\***

I carry the melancholy  
in my ancient look  
of having seen eternity  
the memory of suffering,  
of deep Armenian eyes

and of lofty classical hellenic figure.

Of having bared breast  
to the fathomless mysteries  
and the miracles of the wind  
of my millennial genes.  
I carry my body aloft  
it dances ecstatically  
the beauty of centuries  
ever seeking  
the stellar light.  
Only the revealed enigmas  
of his figure  
bear eternally  
the immortal wheel,  
of a dream  
of mountains and of seas,  
of metals and of stones,  
memories of heavens  
and beyond, beyond.  
I carry gently  
his entire heart  
artistically exhausting  
his intelligent goodness,  
like a soul memory  
in the recollection of time  
that reminds of Paradise,  
the frozen peaks,  
the path of the Flood,  
the overwhelmed seas,  
sunset of the aurora of Masis,  
the coasts of beloved Cilicia,  
the plains of the homeland, needles,  
a Thracian ancestral lullaby  
and having laughed to tears  
beneath resplendent suns  
in a dance of blood  
that comes from chains  
of men and women  
smiling with arms extended

the accord of ages.

I carry like stigma  
an enchanted secret  
the knowledge that I shall  
forever be a creator,  
emerging from the waters,  
fighting in ancient battles  
with the standard of the faith.  
Strumming the lyre left to me by Orpheus  
and the percussive lament of Ardashes.  
Surviving the genocide  
that the perpetrators deny  
and defending the permanence  
of the peoples in their land.

Buenos Aires, April 10, 1994

## **Ancestral\*\***

Llevo la melancolía  
en mi mirada antigua  
de haber visto eterno  
la memoria del sufrimiento,  
de profundos ojos armenios  
y de enhiesto porte clásico helénico.  
De entregar el pecho  
a los misterios insondables  
y los milagros del viento  
de mis genes milenarios.  
Llevo mi cuerpo erguido  
que danza estáticamente  
la belleza de los siglos  
buscando para siempre  
la luz estelar.  
Sólo los enigmas develados  
de su figura  
soportan eternamente  
la rueda inmortal,  
de un sueño  
de montañas y de mares,



de metales y de piedras,  
recuerdos de cielos  
y más allá, más allá.  
Llevo lentamente  
su corazón entero  
agotando plásticamente  
su bondad inteligente,  
como un recuerdo del alma  
en la memoria del tiempo  
que recuerda el Paraíso,  
las cumbres heladas  
el sendero del Diluvio,  
los mares abrumados,  
el ocaso de la aurora de Masís,  
las costas de la amada Cilicia,  
las llanuras del terruño, interminables,  
una nana tracia ancestral  
y el haber reído hasta el llanto  
bajo soles refulgentes  
en una danza de sangre  
que proviene de cadenas  
de hombres y mujeres  
sonriendo con los brazos extendidos  
el acuerdo de los siglos.  
Llevo como estigma  
un secreto encantado,  
el saber que para siempre  
seré un creador,  
emergiendo de las aguas,  
luchando en antiguas batallas  
con el estandarte de la fe.  
Tañendo la lira que me legó Orfeo  
y el lamento percusivo de Ardashés  
Sobreviviendo de la masacre  
que los artífices niegan  
y defendiendo la permanencia  
de los pueblos en su tierra.

Buenos Aires, 10 de abril de 1994

## Samuel Kilikia Artsakh\*

### To my grandfather Samuel Kasparian

Your image wanders among the shadows  
and the scream  
Dreams within the walls of the old house  
a lament  
Like the warrior returning  
you weaved your crown at sunset  
and you danced to the music  
of my body  
drinking the wine of the profound.  
They have put out my eyes  
the barge of death was announcing victories,  
the messenger swaying on the doorstep  
of the house  
opening the doors of the sea  
in the mountains.  
And the angel of sacrifice  
was awaiting in the sunset.  
Of stone was his face  
and knitting dreams in the wind  
that were to burn in the gaze  
of the aurora.

Yerevan, 15 July 1992.

## Samuel Kilikia Artsaj\*\*

### A mi abuelo Samuel Kasparian

Deambula tu imagen entre las sombras  
y el grito  
Sueña en las paredes de la vieja casa  
un lamento trágico  
Como un guerrero que retorna  
hilabas tu corona en el crepúsculo  
y danzabas con la música  
de mi cuerpo  
bebiendo el vino de lo profundo.

Han vaciado mis ojos,

la barca de la muerte anunciaba victorias,  
el mensajero se mecía en el umbral  
de la casa

abriendo las puertas del mar  
en las montañas.

Y el ángel del sacrificio  
aguardaba en el ocaso  
De piedra, tu rostro  
tejía sueños en el viento  
que arderían en la mirada  
de la aurora.

Ereván, 15 de julio de 1992

*\* VII cycle: The Prince of Cilicia,  
From the book: Arian, Poetic Anthology.  
Author: Juan Yelanguезian.  
Buenos Aires, 1994. INDUGRAF S.A.  
I.S.B.N.: N° 950-43-5577-3*

*\*\* Del ciclo VII: El Príncipe de Cilicia,  
Del libro: Arian, Antología Poética,  
Autor: Juan Yelanguезian  
Buenos Aires, 1994. INDUGRAF S. A.  
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