ARGENTINE-ARMENIAN ARTIST JUAN YELANGUEZIAN

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Doctor Juan Reinaldo Samuel Yelanguezian 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. Yelanguezian 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

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 Yelanguezian 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, Yelanguezian successfully completed his Masters of Arts degree (2001) in composition, and subsequently, in 2004, he was awarded a PhD in Composition and Musicology.

Dr. Yelanguezian'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 Yelanguezian

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

Kilikiá*

A mis abuelos Samuel Kasparian
y Ohannés Yelanguezian

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 inmortal 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 Yelanguezian.*
> *Buenos Aires, 1994. INDUGRAF S.A.*
> *I.S.B.N.: Nº 950-43-5577-3*
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> *** Del ciclo VII: El Príncipe de Cilicia,*
> *Del libro: Arian, Antología Poética,*
> *Autor: Juan Yelanguezian*
> *Buenos Aires, 1994. INDUGRAF S. A.*
> *I.S.B.N.: Nº 950-43-5577-3*