



Colors and Words

Haroutune Armenian

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THE BEGINNING

This one is a game started months ago.

An attempt to change colors and hues to words.

Words that try to continue creativity.

This game started a few decades ago, with colors and lines, there, on the shores of the Mediterranean, on a day of war.

There is a story in these paintings that stretches over many years, days and moments of existence. In a variety of places.

Words that attempt to reconstruct memory; an attempt that often expresses a new reality that has already cut its ties from the sources of reminiscence.

This was a journey out of the ordinary. Often trying, yet always enriching one's inner world.

En route, the most fulfilling and peaceful was the time of expression through colors and images. It seemed worth while to live the daily commonplace and all the hardships of the uncommon for the opportunity of this brief effort in creativity.

Today, word trails color.

...and thus, word, sentence, color, tones, a journey of years, creative endeavor,

...and search for meaning.

November 17, 2001



IN YOUR ROOM

Here, the substance of your life is still alive. Your disordered and untidy room in no way reflects the organized mind that was yours.

Your organized mind, nevertheless, had never dulled your sensitivity towards nature, people, and uncommon phenomena; witness your paintings and your poetry.

Can one believe that this day can be terminal for you? We still cannot even fathom the dreadful loss that will be ours during the coming week.

Sitting in front of your bed I try to make you part of the formation of this painting. You smile, as if to say how naive I am.

It is difficult to create depth on a flat surface. Here, we accomplish that in three ways, small and large sizes, shades of colors, and juxtaposition of straight and curved lines.

Here, all existing shapes are connected to your daily



existence; here, nearly everywhere, it is your reality. It is your present here; there is a lot here from your short past. Your future...? Better not to think about it today.

Look, over there, through the curtains, tomorrow the sun will color your room, and it could happen that you may grab your colored pencils once more and convey to us the treasure contained deep inside you.

Wide layers of blue, with their many shades, try to conjure an atmosphere of peace and optimism for us, confronting the scorching colors carrying the assertions of a rapid reality.

Near by, it is a heap of colors, most likely a sampling of books yet to be read. Tomorrow's possibilities.

Tomorrow, in which, you and I have not lost our faith.

August 12, 2001

SNOWY WINTER

Coming to this northern city to celebrate the New Year — in all probability — would not be a desirable choice for most people.

Family, loved ones and warmth sixteen hours a day.

The outside snow makes the warm ambience inside more pleasant.

In the presence of the snow, color values are enhanced. On the other side of the road, it is a feast of reds and yellows. The pine trees are a serene cohabitation of blue and green.

Rising out of the snow here and there, the naked limbs of trees and bushes exhibit the peculiarities of their shapes.

We are all together around the table and thrilled with each other. There are no domestic worries at this moment; the sorrow of illness and pain is far, far away.

Today is a day of good wishes only.

August 14, 2001





AGHVERAN

Autumn mood.

The tranquility of this valley supplants summer activity.
Here and there, guard dogs at rest.

Enjoying this sunny afternoon, several elderly pensioners
who will probably spend the winter in this valley; or,
maybe they are the remaining late-season guests at the
near by hotel.

In the distance, it is the blending of light blue and violet
hues with the pink and yellow ribbons of the hills. The
last flock and herd are already getting set to come down
from the slopes.

Facing us, a sanitarium, and the neat row of yellow-green
poplars bordering the hotel courtyard. On the banks of
the stream, bushes and trees, that still retain the freshness
of the green. Here, the blue has begun to fade into the
gray.

We are late; here and there, the flame of colors is going
out.

Upraised dry limbs, the autumn plea of trees losing their
leaves...

...and the land, fertile with the potency of spring.

November 24, 2001



LUSAKERT

Razdan spreads out here, calm, like a lake.

Lusakert is there, beyond the hill.

It was through random exploring that we discovered this corner last year. The area elicits no particular interests for tourists.

A dry plateau, where the permanence of green is assured by the canals.



There is a resonance of our legends here. The blue and pink of the sky outline Massis on the horizon. The distant blue hills are the emerging presence of the slopes of Mount Ara.

On the banks of the river, the city dweller has built his vacation and rest home. There is no monotony or tedium here; each house is a different disclosure; each home is a creation based on a dream.

There are also unfinished structures here, unfulfilled dreams.

One man has built a tower through his house. Now he can climb up the spire and watch his neighbors from above.

That other house is so spacious, it has enough rooftop to accommodate dozens of people. It reflects dreams of large family and lavish revelry. A dozen scampering, tree-climbing grandchildren, a group of young men congregating around the patio or the barbecue, and the allegro housework ballet of the brides quick-stepping from the kitchen to the outdoor spread of the dinner table.

Here, on this land, in this corner of the country, one feels the possibility of turning dreams into reality.

Witness the ancient structures perched on the heights across the opposite bank of the river.

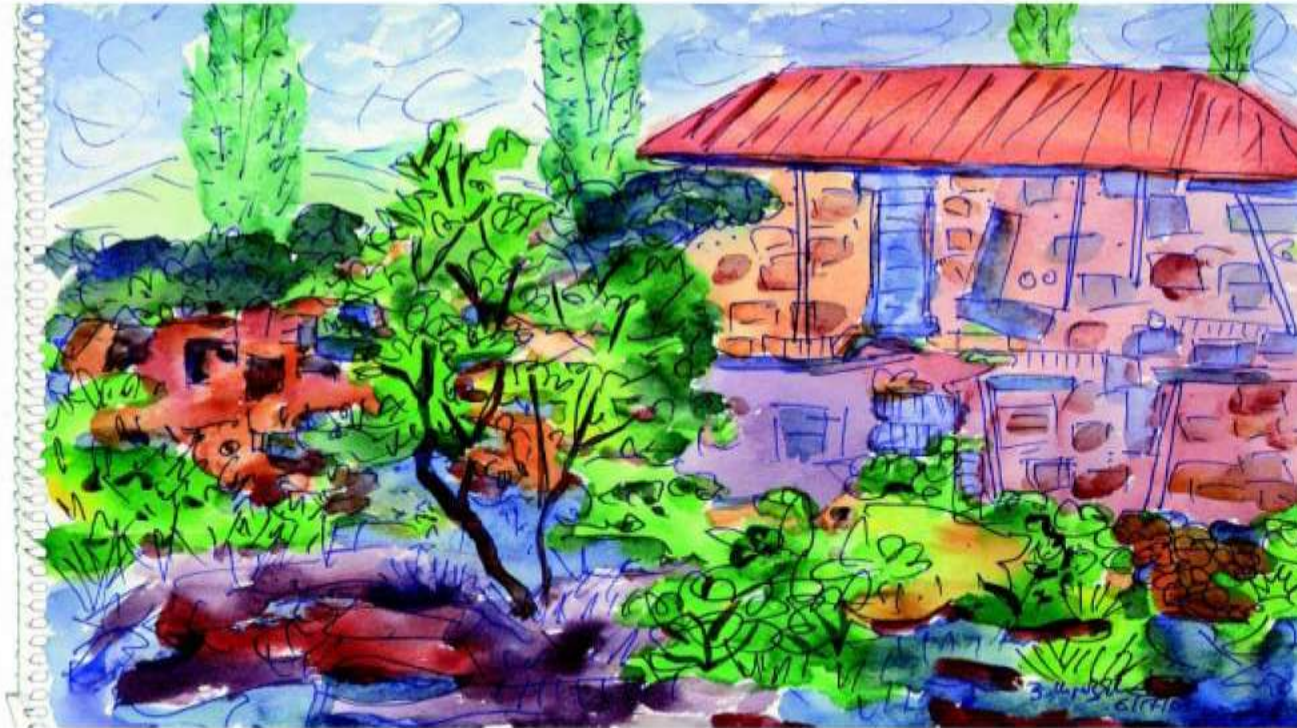
August 30, 2001

THE NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE

The youngster sitting at my side, watching me work, got bored and moved to a far corner of the garden. From the threshold of the house, a little boy approached cautiously and watched from a distance; having satisfied his curiosity, he went back into the house.

From the balcony, the child's father checked out for a few seconds the goings on in the garden and, probably coming to the conclusion that the person sitting there was harmless, left without a word.

A little earlier, our hostess came to warn us that the



barbecue will be ready in twenty minutes. She said a few polite words about the painting and returned to her guests. This one is a patrimonial home. As a building, the house was probably constructed not more than sixty years ago, at the earliest, but it retains an unwritten history that recedes beyond a century. If one were to audit its memory, one could find there massacre and exile, traditions hailing from Moush or Karin, the recollection of fertile fields and full cellars.

Hardworking people have put together this house. You must not look for flights of architectural inspiration or conveniences catering to modern requirements. Each room, each door and window is built in response to a clear need. A new room is fashioned to each newlywed progeny; a new addition has been created for each newborn child.

On the walls, the casual melding of many colored tufa with local stones is part of the history of this house; it is the indicator of the difficulties imposed, at one time, by the process of putting a house together.

These trees, standing in the garden, have hauled several generations of children and adolescents.

These streams, flowing down the flanks of Aragatz, spread around the reviving vitality of greenery.

Here, the poplars give nature an upward lift; further down, at the village center — as well as in the outskirts — it is the scientist that carries people to the moot corners of the universe.

Return to the green and pink reality of the garden.

The barbecue is ready to be served.

August 13, 2001



UP THE ROCKS

The flow of the stream, the wild green growth of grass,
and scattered patches of red poppies.

Up the mountains and through the green, rocks are a
commanding presence here.

The freshness of the yellow, the announcement of the
sunny spring morning and the slices of the blue-gray.

The gorge, opening through the rocks near by, is the open
road to the muffled message of the blue horizon.

A wild highland, but warm nature and a pleasant moment
of existence.

Over the ages, not much has changed on that point. Here,
even man's evolution seems superficial. In the distance,
the monks of the monastery have enjoyed the scenery from
the windows of their cells and searched there for the
signs and expression of heavenly creation.

There, that tree has pierced the rock and reached for the
sky.

The radiant spread of poppy fields and the soothing gurgle
of the creek have conjured the prospect of a new creation
for us.

Lines and dots are the ingredients of a story yet to be
written or a picture yet to be painted.

Somewhere, picture and story merge and become a new,
independent concept.

Today is the search for that merging point.

September 9, 2001





VILLAGE OF GABOUD

Nakhijevan-Vaiq: here, boundaries have created absurd barriers between these people and their history.

Dwelling, barn, mountain-grazing herd, daily struggle in the wild bosom of nature and the will to live and endure on this land.

Here, the horizon is a mountain range.

In the distance, on the heights, surprise is a presence at each step and moment:

"Yesterday, it was the yellow bear under this tree."

Here, the bear and the wolf are the main protagonists of daily episodes.

It is the last week of June and the start of summer. The pastures are still green; soon, it is gleaning time for winter fodder, a chore that requires sweat and must be started from these sides of the mountain.

The red-pink glow contrasts the overall diffusion of the blue-green. The poplars provide a vertical lift to this horizontal landscape. The yellow bridges people and distances.

From the mountainsides to the river valley, it is a world of green; it is the renascent native village here. The children of the households share the daily chores of rebuilding:

"In the winter snow, this year, they could not go to school for ten days."

When the parents are in the fields, the old woman next door is the guardian angel of the children. She is also the memory of the village. Accidents, frictions over water,

and conflict, they are all there, somewhere in her recollection.

Outside the village, at the foot of the mountain, there is a hermitage, a valuable legacy with khachkars — crosses chiseled in stone.

There is a likely harmony of warm and cool colors here. This calm and serene scenery — though a surface look — retains a consciousness of inner struggle.

This village refreshes our memories.

A manifestation of the urge to reach new boundaries.

September 10, 2001



CLEARING

Remember Leonovich.

I didn't get it; was he a Polish political refugee in Armenia or a deportee? My companions, also, were not sure about this man. He was no longer alive. One thing was certain: this marvelous botanical garden, lost in the mountains, was named after him. Starting from the thirties, this man has created this corner of paradise in these distant mountains of Lori, a conception that bears witness to the miraculous diversity of plant life. This is no mere creation; surely, there is also something of the Maker here! Here, we witness the exalted presence of ultimate faith.

This clearing is my favorite corner in this spacious garden. Here I am, on this bench for the second time, enjoying my solitude, communing with the colors, trying to create my own game of colors. There is a lot of Leonovich in these colors, a great deal of the Creator, and a bit of that moment, that now I express with my joy of living.

In the center of the clearing, my sight is focused on the man-sized yellow and orange fir tree that bursts forth from the surrounding green and blue with its life and vivacity.

Almost all around, the red soil reveals its fertile presence to us. For centuries, this soil has preserved great potential in its depths, witness Leonovich's garden and meadow.

Here, the green of the trees climbs towards the sky with shades of blue, giving us a spiritual uplift. The fir trees and the poplars in this corner of the meadow have created an altar of faith, an altar, where prayer for the forgiveness of sins is not necessary; an altar, where only the act of creativity can save us from the quagmire of our reality.

For a decade now, Leonovich's son has assumed total responsibility for the project, scrupulously continuing his father's work.

Today, Leonovich's garden is kept with the same care as it was during his lifetime.

The heavenward thrust of these branches.

Here, faith is the foundation of creation.

Here, in the Lori Mountains, the transfer from one generation to the next has come about with faith, not revolution.

August 20, 2001



PANORAMA

This is our second time here.

Again, we ascended by the wooded paths and I stopped at this meadow. The boys continued their climb up the mountain.

Facing us, is one of the most beautiful natural sites of Armenia, one of its most bountiful plains.

The sky is half covered with clouds. Occasionally, the cool and pleasant shade offered by the clouds is replaced by the ardent sunlight.

From this height, the fields below are symmetrically parceled. It looks like an abundant harvest. Most probably, a bit later, when we go back down to the villages, many of the people will complain of the endemic poverty affecting all. So, is this abundance, visible from afar, only an illusion?

On the right, the green fields rising up the hills crash into the rocks and delineate the western boundaries. The northern mountain range is a highland of its own where, over the centuries, Armenians coming from the southwest and other areas of Armenia found refuge.

Villages, scattered on the mountainsides.

Beyond the mountains, there are other plateaus and plains where nature and the panorama are, probably, just as beautiful.

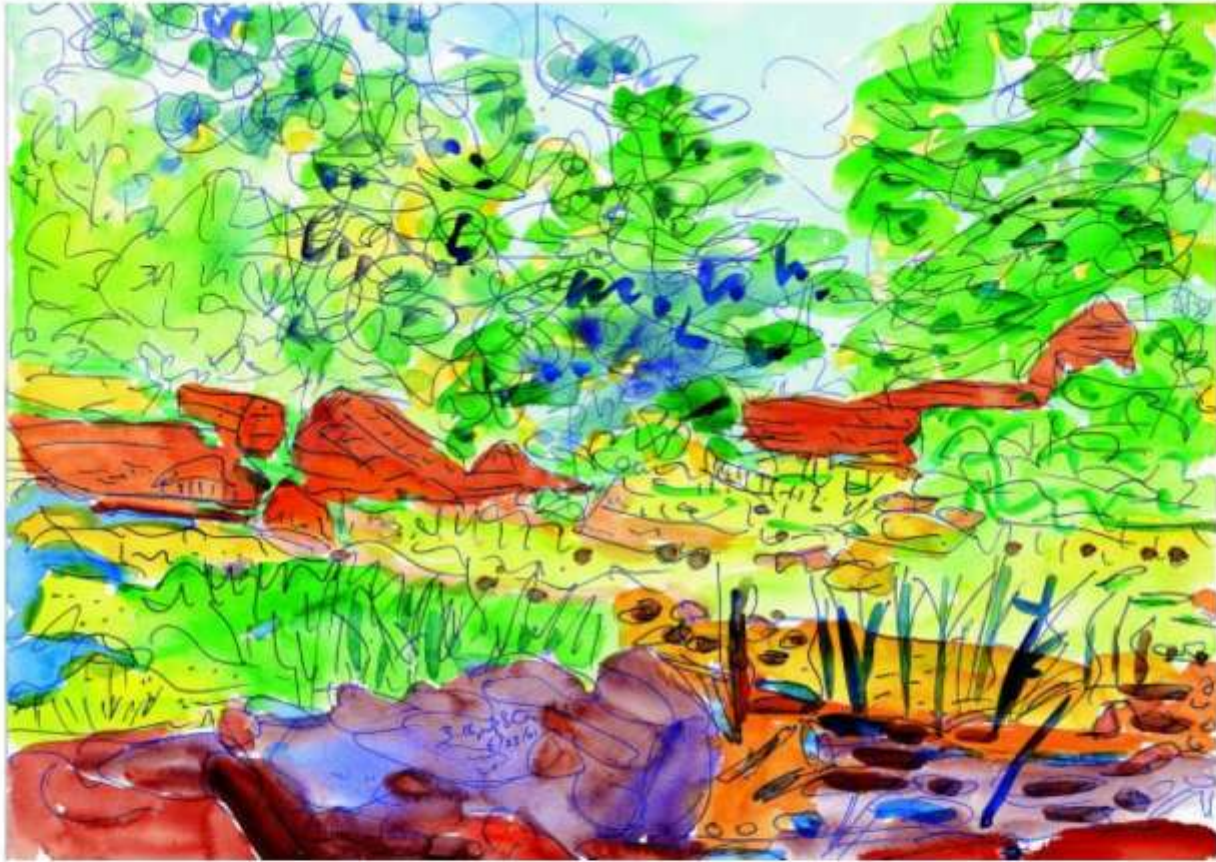
(The above sentence is to be read once more.)

The boys return from the mountains. The colors are already in the bag, and some on paper.

Together, we descend to the woods.

August 20, 2001





REST AREA

The young monk's blessings remained at the monastery, there, at the mountaintop. Now, here in the valley, everyone is busy with the sacrificial offering.

Up the hill, on the rocks, and in the shade of the trees. Below, it is the red roof of the coffeehouse and the fresh green vegetable patch of the villager.

The distant Geghama Mountains are hardly a presence here. The density of the green has covered almost everything. In today's Armenia, this is one of the rare locations that come close to the definition of forest.

At these Sunday afternoon moments, almost everything is permeated with the aroma and taste of grilled meat; is it possible to remain aloof from all this? Up the mountain, within the parapets of the monastery, how does our young monk handle all this? He, who advised us to strive for spiritual values.

"Don't torture the poor animal needlessly, it too has a

soul," he said and reluctantly accepted to perform the blessing of the sacrifice a little earlier.

The café-restaurant — the drinks, the appetizers and the tasty morsels of grilled meet are set on the table. The toasts recited here generate good feelings among those present. Can prayer produce such feelings in this gathering?

Now songs and jokes have taken over; in the shade of the trees, one can meet groups from different parts of Armenia. It seems like the whole country is having a good time today. To make the offering acceptable, the sacrificial meat is distributed to all. An offering donated by an Armenian mother from one of the big cities of the New World, ten thousand miles away from this spot.

Over the past seventy years, a sweeping return has taken place amongst the people here towards pre-Christianity.

Above, on the mountain, it is the search of spiritual fulfillment; there, you find Narekatsi and Shnorhali.

Below, in the valley, it is pagan Armenia, still alive.

August 22, 2001

YEREVAN AFTERNOON

No panorama is visible from this window, nor any horizon. The pink, orange or red hues of the tufa are dominant everywhere; right, left, up, down, it is tufa.

This is not the tufa of our dreams. Without allure, it is used expansively as an ordinary building material. In this country, heir to one of richest architectural traditions in the world, how can we accept this banality and massive monotony covering whole city blocks?

It is careless pile-up, heap, and never structure.

The edifice across is probably a public building. To be rid of the monotony of tufa shades, azure and blue should be added and, why not, yellow as well.

Behold, depth and meaning have emerged here in an urge to move from the ordinary to the unusual, with optimism towards the real potential of this city, of this people.

A few different shades of colors and — there you have it — new harmony, new faith, new future.

White is a space that can be colored or covered with cheap tufa. But, there is a big number here of those who have the dire need of that white; that space that remains uncompromised, pregnant with the potential of new creativity.

Part of the ambiance of this city is the courtyard or hayat, which is also an inseparable part of life in the neighborhood. A singular social structure. This is another space, enriched with the networks of human relationships over the years.

On the flat surface of the land, there are also mounds and chunks of rocks.

Further in the distance, there are other clusters of buildings.

The reality, visible through this window, repeats itself in the same way hundreds of times, all the way to the nebulous limits of the city.

August 29, 2001





AUTUMNAL

Here, more than the green, it is the riper colors.

It is the yield of the land, the fruits of this season.

Piling up, the loops hook up, they form a chain or a bunch; they become heavy, they hang down.

A little further, a group of loops set free from the chain, lightened from the burden imposed by their bunch or group, fly upwards, towards nothingness, towards infinity.

"Towards oblivion," would have said one of the over-ripe plump ones that have found their place of comfort on the lowest level, near the swamp.

At the cost of eternal loss, it is necessary to get rid of the comfort found at the bottom. It is important to maintain the urge to fly, leaving the ordinary behind. It is essential to prove the possibility of soaring. It is faith in the potential of sustained ascent that gives these masses momentum and thrust.

Obstacles created by the masses and nature allow only the very few the chance to soar towards the sky. The last ravine is the hardest to come out of. There, jostling and rivalry have reached new heights.

Out of the gulch, it is the freedom of the sky, freedom to fly in any direction. Freedom to meld with the infinity of freedom.

In this autumn season, there are still green, unripe fruits here and there.

Raw and foolish, insisting on not ripening in spite of the season's demands.

August 21, 2001



SEVAN 1998

The containment of yellow and the simple ethereal.

The placid, bisected orange is dependent on the fertile and green presence of the horizon. The hollow is sealed with the cast amalgam that, over the centuries, reached the horizon from the first crust.

This small space of peace that is ours today, the only place where viable living conditions are created for us. In a little while, it seems, our patience will reach its end and we shall first try to set foot on the blue land, hanging on to the curved docks. Here too, we shall fail; the cast mixture has already covered the blue that was to be our land of deliverance.

At this point, the deep blue dominates. A blue, that takes us all the way to the swamps of green. There, in front of us, reality assumes different slices of forms. Could we survive here? The flora, yes! The birds, yes! But not you and I. It is pure passion, seething out through the depth of the rocks, getting lost there, somewhere, in the quagmire and the blue.

A leap over this last layer of the cast mixture, the last chimera of the peaceful expanse and nothing but the sky is ahead of us. It takes us beyond the horizon.

Far away, on the expanse of ether and yellow, one sees the traces of past attempts.

Journey, normal existence, also fantasy.

1999



SEVAN 2001

The useless efforts to stimulate a creative mood in the morning produced no concrete results.

The scorching sun and the expanse of the blue played their role in the rocky wasteland on the other shore.



Relaxation on the shore of clear waters.

The solid territoriality of fragmented stone.

Here, the tide is not a matter of concern; things have only ebbed here over the last fifty years.

At the first evening hours.

On the way back, break for a meal on this shore. The owner of this cafe-restaurant and his wife, are fast at work, preparing grilled fish.

Under the trees, a wondrous panorama unfolds in front of our table. The hues of the blue are more greenish at this hour and, probably by the evening, a dozen or so color changes will take place on the lake.

This is a world of constantly changing colors; a daily succession of blue and green with all the subtleties of the palette.

One must move fast in order to preserve the essential one that could contain the mood of this moment.

Over there, are the Geghama Mountains; the freshness of the spring green has not left yet those heights. A few horizontal lines along the sides of the mountain and, behold, this age-old village with roots reaching Western Armenia. A bit further, the remnants of those structures where the working masses from distant locations were to spend their yearned annual rest period.

The wild vegetation of the shore, the grayish sand and pebbles create the contrast of freshness and decay.

Near the horizon, the exchange of colors between sea and sky takes place every hour.

Sept. 22, 2001



SUNDAY MASSIS

This morning, it feels like early spring. The sun and its glow are everywhere. It is possible to sit on the balcony and warm up for a few hours.

With the blue shades of bright clouds, one can see the snow covered summit and be uplifted spiritually.

Below, there are boughs and bushes living with the expectation of spring; some of them, most probably, will not get to bear witness to its arrival. For many of the trees, this winter's severe February cold snuffed out any hope of survival.

For many, the bright blue of this Sunday brings a message of optimism.

The sun, the blue;
and Massis in all its majesty.

August 12, 2001



MASSIS THE GREAT

Snowbound and cold. An arrangement and display of cool colors.

Today, Massis is more unreachable for us.

Impenetrable boundaries; ethereal connection only.

Only spiritual communion with the inseparable presence in our lives.

On the left, the monotony of the horizontal arrangement forms the ambiguity of the deep blue cluster. At this point, the barricade of perpendicular tiles shields from our attention the confused state of the masses, who always had the drive to reach the summit.

Drive to reach the heights, but no attempt, whatsoever, to actualize it.

No persistent and focused effort, only jostling in all directions. Hopeless situation.

How simple the road to the summit looks from this distance! A straight line in the direction of Little Massis

and you are already, at least, one-third of the way up the mountain.

From this distance, and from what we see, the large chasm and the rocky obstacles do not seem to be that impenetrable. The snow has covered everything.

The heights are shinier today.

This morning also, summit and sky continue their centuries-old *tete-a-tete*. They exchange colors.

On the right, warm colors attempt a comeback from the palette. The movement for reconstitution has already begun there. Spheres and other physical forms are in a search for originality. Here, the effort to conquer the heights has serious possibilities of success.

More than the physical, the conquest of this summit demands tempering of the spirit.

Without that spirit, Massis reverts to a 5,165-meter high, geographically appraised datum.

August 23, 2001



ARAGATZ



Lake

Beginning of the road, a limpid demeanor at this dominant altitude.

On the opposite shore, the summits appear as humble hills.

Monument rising from the rocks, with traces of pre-historic man. Memory, pain and scent of prayer.

At this moment, on the shores of this lake, building an architectural monument seems meaningless; rocky outcroppings, wide variety of stones, a tangled structure pushing upwards to the heights.

The green of the slopes contrasts the white of the snow.

An evening in June. A few more weeks are needed for the herd to reach here from the slopes.

This evening, it is the sunset's witness from these heights. We are already in communion with the environment and mentally ready for tomorrow's foray.

In the Twilight

While it is still dark, a tasty and appetizing breakfast of fried eggs for our early rising group. The cook of the institute, who had risen even earlier, most probably will return to bed after our departure and get an additional hour of sleep.

Outside the building, a little further, it is the sheep dogs; they are barking wildly. It is a narrow pass; these are our first steps towards the top.

The light will soon permeate everything, reaching every corner, clearing away ambiguities in our perception.

First Rest

We briskly circumvent the lake and climb up the first hill. The group gathers around a steep rock to rest.

The box is open with a variety of colors; but this first scenery unfolding in front of us expresses itself with only three colors.

The white of the clouds and the snow, the blue of the sky and distances and the gray-brown shades of the rocks.

A little further, on the left, is a chasm, on the right an easy descent to the lake.





Second Break

At this height, the scenery turns more interesting.

There is a freshness of color, at this point, the green, the dark blue rock formations, the soil.

In the distance, the mountains of Gegham half cloaked in the mist. Lithesome plays of blue and azure stirring the imagination.

The sun rising with us from the east imparts a pleasant feeling with its warmth, a polarity to the wind blowing from the north.

Here, it is not necessary to knit the colors of imagination; the natural shades of the green surging upwards from the snow are far more telling than the imaginary.

From the Southern Summit

It is a marvelous day to climb this peak, clear and pure sky, visibility of hundreds of miles.

The best panorama of Armenia one can relish today. The joy presented by this moment brings a hint of inebriation with it.

This is Armenia spread around three hundred and sixty degrees. From north to east and east to south, from south to west and return to north.

The mountains of Gegham, Zangezur and Karabagh, the steppes of Nakhijevan and the heights of Ararat; the

Haikakan Par depicting horizons, beyond which stretch Vaspurakan, Taron and Sasun, on the right, the plains of Kars and Shirak, further north, Lori, beautiful as a rural bride, spreading its skirts to the slopes of the Caucasus.

Here, at the summit, there is no competition between, Aragatz and Ararat. Sitting facing each other, they seem to admire one another. The big differences of character between these mountains do not create contradictions. At this point, these mountains seem to complement each other's presence.

Soon, we shall return to our reality below; beyond the beautiful panorama, what is it that we take with us?





Descent

We start our return from the west.

The descent feels like child play; at many places we walk, slide and roll on the snow.

All around, from beneath the rocks and stone piles streams flow towards the lake, towards fertile fields.

At this altitude, the snows on the western shore of the lake accentuate the vacant buildings of the Institute.

The stony orange of the small hill on the lake's shore.

A little beyond, the leaders of the people are sitting around the Sunday Khash table.

Quick preparations in the room, a quick bite at the restaurant and we are already on our way to the comfort of the plains.

Last Station

On the road to the city skirting Aragatz.

The fortress. The warmth of the medieval ramparts of Amberd, plus the petrified presence of history.

Below is the church where, on our last visit, the martyred hero's wife married a man from the west, with the hero's comrades as best men.

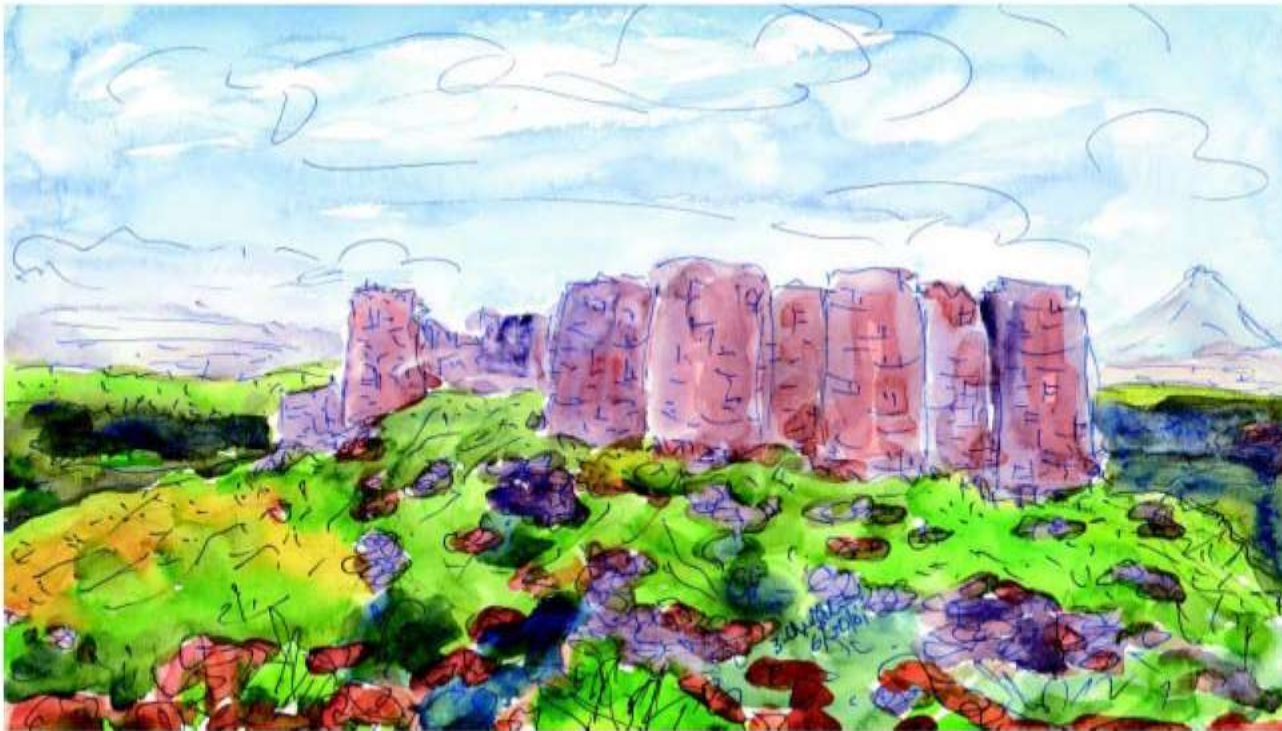
Around the bulwarks, everything is stone and rock piles.

The wild mountain greenery and flowers have managed to multiply where man cannot succeed to grow anything.

Far away, on the horizon, it is Little Massis silhouetted with its conical peak.

We complete our foray into the sensual and the lofty this day.

August 30, 2001



DESERT SCENE

The three round spheres can only rest on a flat surface. These three spheres belong to the realm of flora, they are not metallic. A bit further, another has already sprouted, dissolving into leaves. The sphere is a geometric form but also a beginning of life. The sphere is seed, seed where eons of nature's evolution and memory are condensed. Seed, that can survive even in the harshest environment of a desert.

Here, in the center of the geographic desert, there is very little of the desert. The surrounding greenery is created for the pleasure of man, by artificial means. The green is also fused with blue which reminds us of the presence of the extending ocean yonder.

These structures, at the focal point of our attention, are not merely shape, they are also manifestation. It is possible to be impressed by the dominating presence of bright colors. Colors that could remind one of gold imposing its presence, nearly everywhere, in this society. Or, one could see here the desert and the desolate. It is the scorching desert, overcoming this artificially created green, that has always been the undeniable truth here.

The configuration of green and blue can hardly result in new structures. Maybe someday, that which has already been constructed, could achieve some archeological value. In the distance, and all around, sphere-seed-disc are living the evolving existence of becoming.

July 24, 2001



ELEMENTS

It is a process of formation. There are elements here, but no completed structure.

The blue is the archaic, homogeneous and heavenly, fertile with the miracle of new creations. There are structural concentrations beyond the horizon and the skies are littered with the failed attempts of peoples' imagination. Here, the blue is also a space of peace where one must navigate to reach the appeal of the horizon.

In this place, totally free of earthbound forces of gravity, one sees the centrifugal flight of the elements at the point where feeling and reason intersect, the freedom to transfigure.

Yellow edifices. At the edge of the building, the amorphous stylistic conclusion of oriental ornamentation, and the attempt of the red to proceed beyond geometric casts.

Two domes, frozen in the position of exploring heaven and horizon.

Below, it is a perpendicular computation providing the safe footholds for the descent.

The metamorphosis of the elements will take place here, at the coming phase.

Poetry is more dominant here than architecture.

September 9, 2001

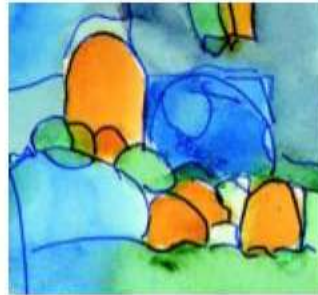




KALEIDOSCOPE

That day, entrance into the room was met with the rich coordination of tropical colors.

Here, the bright yellow, the orange, red and the dark blue are complementary. The green and the shades of blue create distances; they accentuate the shape and substance of other colors that joggle and push each other to secure their presence here.



It is the formation of new appearances on the depth: the amorphous composition of archaic structures clinging to the ground, without threatening the new that is being created there, on the heights.

The orbbed arches, still in a stage of growth and development, can assume the shape of oriental or Mediterranean window or an altar still in search of its faith and believers.



At the bottom, there is life and motion. The red-painted steps return us to the central mass. A little further, the blue and the green try to choreograph the dance of the shapes that, in the future, may contrast the kaleidoscopic reality of the yellow, red and violet.

There is the attempt of a reality that starts as nothing but comes alive with the birth pangs of new wonders.

Here, the expression of beauty is conditioned by these multicolored elements and a coordination of colors attempting to achieve creativity.

August 11, 2001





WINDOW

For centuries, this city has continued to be a window opening on the world. A harbor, opening the plateaus and highlands of North Africa to the world, but also a

display window of colorful internal cultures for the outside world.

One can walk around for hours in the narrow streets of

Assouirat's markets, climb the external ramparts and watch the scenery, or stroll along the harbor and rest in one of the open-air cafes. It is even possible to get to the beach and, like the tourists, take a leisurely camel ride on the sand.

Assouirat gives us the possibility of doing all this and more.

Here, spread almost all around, there is artistic curiosity and urge for creative endeavor.

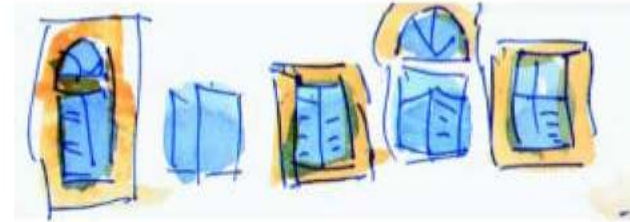
Assouirat is the former Mogador, in days past, probably the most multi-ethnic city in this part of Africa. A haven of tolerance in this continent fertile with fanatical fervor. This one is the most interesting of the high walls surrounding the open square. A large number of buildings and houses share it as a conjoint structure.

Windows of various shape and purpose open on this wall. The semi-circular corner windows remind one of the Mediterranean. The upper window high on the rampart is reminiscent of those in the region around Yemen. There are also windows that are creations of local design. Here, the Renaissance and the Classical have survived side by side.

This wall also bears the various colors of this country, the white and the blue, the Marrakech red and the wet green and blue of the ocean. Over the years, the merchants and ancient travelers of this city have compiled an entire architectural history here, on this extended wall.

But, life here has not come to a standstill with the historic. Today, these windows belong to lively domiciles and active business offices.

Just now, a little girl collected the wash hanging from one of the windows on the right.



All this: the colors, the multicultural past, the city's geographic location are ingredients that enrich the local potential of creativity.

However, there is little in art galleries presenting in a serious manner the rich potential of this city's creative expression. One could question as to what is missing.

This city is a window opened on the world; but creativity demands the opening of inner windows, as well. That, however, must be primarily the result of personal effort and faith.

Creativity is not the result of a simple sum of the presence of positive factors and the absence of the negative. Even scientific discovery cannot be developed solely with the logic of simple mathematics; there have to be flashes resulting from a deep labor of the mind, strong faith in the task, and a bit of a man's soul. Among the scientific papers published by the millions every year, rare are the ones that satisfy these attributes.

This wall has opened in front of us a window on a rich history. It conveys to us the dictum of the past. Here, the road to the future must first pass through the inner core of men.

August 22, 2001

RED VALLEY

It seems the sun and the light are a constant presence here. We were not ready to conceive that in this corner of North Africa, there are summits over three thousand meters high. Somewhere, something was missing in our knowledge of geography.

For us, the essence of this valley can hardly be analyzed. We are outsiders here, taking a casual stroll to get familiarized.

Red is the dominant color here, the mountains, the houses, the dust, all red. The red color is also dominant below, in the city of Marakech.

Compared to the desert spread below the mountains, there is plenty of water here and abundant vegetation. The green contrasts nicely with the red of the soil and the houses.

This small rivulet and the streams spur our imagination. The water spreads, it puddles, and we create a new mirage which, probably, should have been limited to the desert below.

Houses have their stories: human events, situations one can meet a bit everywhere in the world. Matters of woman and man, weddings, fights over water, adolescent brawls, cattle lost in the mountains, etc.

Here, life has its own impetus; perched on these mountains, it is possible to prompt singular solutions to many common problems.

The afternoon brings us down from the heights. In the evening, when we are about to enter the city, the mirage has already vanished.

July 27, 2001

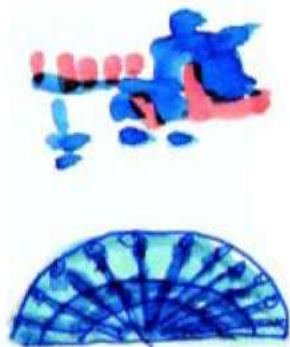


ARCHWAY

Cities have their distinctive dominant colors. Those colors reflect the man-geography-nature relationship.

Here, blue and white are the dominant colors. One can argue that white is not an intrinsic color but the amalgam of all existing colors. However, here, the white, beside the blue, acquires a visage and adds something to the picture, just as the silent pause enriches and gives meaning to a musical composition.

The city's narrow streets are edged with high white walls and, occasionally, with blue, arched doorways. The red flower bushes, hanging down the walls, give rise to a pleasant feeling in one. The small balconies are frail attempts in the search for distant horizons. For these cities, the archway can be heeded as expression of idea. Here,



one may find many kinds of arches, but all of them are unfinished circles.

Look, this one is laced together with different stones. It is an expression of mutual support of separate elements. The interweaving of flat, uniform stones allows the creation of this imaginative archway as an aggregate reaching us from past centuries.

That one, on the edge of the roof, seems not constructed for any practical purpose. Just hanging there, an irrelevant archway strung in mid air. But, it could be, that he who built this arch had another approach. It is possible to conceive, that this arch was the expression of the search for pure art and beauty. An archway opening on the entire Mediterranean, and that, over the centuries, it has bridged peoples' imagination with Europe, evolving beyond the horizon.

There, the other one is the ground floor semi-circular window of the house. An arch that does not bridge, but serves to open a home's inner world to the outside — at the same time, giving that inner world the feeling of the outdoors. (Similar, it seems, to the arch built on the gate of St. Hripsimeh's southern parapet. If you stand in that archway, you find yourself at once within both realms of Ararat and Aragatz.)

This gentle green on the shores of the Mediterranean is a reminder of the historical. Empires were sustained and developed here, as my local friend would put it.

In this city, there is something frozen in time. People do not build archways any more — particularly to bridge the present with the future.

July 26, 2001



FROM THE ROOFTOPS

This city is best viewed from a rooftop.

One can spot the central buildings and the churches by the red and pink rooftops. Here, shades of yellow and green dominate the surroundings.

An intimacy between city and visitor created by warm colors. Here, medieval murkiness no longer exists; this city is renaissance. Every corner, every structure is retrospective here.

Here, the lesson of history is learned not by military conquest, but by the leaps of the mind and culture.

A little further, it is the monotony of newer buildings. There is an attempt to present common traits with the past, but there is an absence of elan and imagination in the new.

The easy road of the accessible. Day in, day out, commissioned architects in global employment. Every day, lost opportunities to create new marvels.

The charm of the past. Here, art-culture-history are so majestic and powerful they can restrain the creativeness of the new.

This city lives through its surrounding hills. The Mediterranean green dominates the hills. It is nature's effort to be creative — the essential are the laws of nature, not of man.

In the distance, the mountains on the horizon outline the past innovative sparkle of the city's architecture.

August 23, 2001





IN FRONT OF THE DINING ROOM PICTURE

After the earthquake at the beginning of the century, the outer parapets were inhabited by people who had lost their homes. As time went by, this temporary arrangement acquired a more permanent nature as, over the years,

succeeding governments forgot about the families left homeless by the earthquake.

Today, this hundred-year-old neighborhood is a long string of houses beneath the shadow of the outer ramparts. The

largest of these houses is painted blue and has green windows and doors. Next door, it is the former jail-house with its high set windows now used as an art studio. A little further, the three story house is inhabited by families of very modest means. Two of the three windows on the first floor have closed shutters, while the panes of the third window, most probably, have never been cleaned. The inhabitants of the top floor moved out four months ago, after covering the windows of the balcony with wooden boards.

Thus, there isn't much left today of the old outer parapets of this medieval city. Here and there, over limited areas, the crumbling arrangement of the dusty red pumice stone is a reminder of past vestiges. A vast public park separates the outer ramparts section from the center of the city. Forty-four years earlier, this park was created to give the people of the neighborhood a place of relaxation, but it has only served to accentuate the rank division that was already arising between the inhabitants of the outer parapets and those of the city's central area.

The structures of the city's center are laid out with basic, programmed, planning. The public establishments compete with each other in ostentation. Alongside ancient buildings, and often integrated into them, are the modern structures such as the public library; this white building stands in contrast to the bright yellow of the surroundings. Its wide glass windows fashion a feast of light for the fortunate readers.

A bit yonder, from the height of its lofty site, the citadel forces its domineering presence on the city. By now, although far from containing the city's centers of power,



it hasn't ceased to be the symbol of centralized authority. All this represents the city's material reality, but far above the heights of the metropolis, clad in heavenly clouds, lives the city's ghostly dream self. There, one finds buildings without entry or window, structures of azure substance raised on reverie, staircases leading nowhere, and imagination construing the delivery of the new.

Below, the city lives its thousand-year old history without being aware of the evolution which is its own every minute. An unfolding that arranges its future image today, in response to a muffled message reaching from the heights.

July 23, 2001

IMPRESSION

Within half-an-hour, this road, rising from the shores of the Mediterranean, brought us to this village which, in the past, according to the travel guidebook, has been a haven for painters in France.

I squat in a corner of medieval walls. In front of me spreads the panorama.

Most probably, from this vantage point, thousands of others before me have enjoyed this view. Shall I be able to see all this with my own eyes today? To see that which, thousands will not have a chance to see — staying hardly a few minutes at this spot.

In the distance, the mountains. The shades of violet and blue.

A little further, the hills host a network of luxurious private homes. From this distance, the orchards and gardens tinted

by a warm sun, prompt only prospects of beauty and opulence.

Nearer by, below in the valley, wild flora proliferate freely. Here, nature is not tended and seems more full of life. The green is denser, the earth redder and the yellow rich with light and sunshine.

Punctuation defines speech. Here, punctuation accents. Commas serve as a means to give wings to the branches and to grasp far-reaching mindsets.

This impression is not mine alone. This one, as is the case with other impressions put down on paper, is communicated to all spectators; even when they do not notice there all that was mine for the duration of this brief moment.

September 5, 2001



MONASTERY

There is bright light here.

White wall; green surroundings; blue sky and sea.

And this orange-laden tree surging from the core of all this. Here, the orange is not meant to be ingested.

The orange is the Mediterranean; it is exultation and richness on the New Year's table.

This orange tree in the monastery's yard is fed on the blessings of the prayers of generations. The bounteous yield is witness to that blessing.

One must watch, ponder and return to the clamor of the seashore.

Here, the truth is the legend that gives wing to our imagination.

I don't know which it is: the place, the moment or the day?

Painting, expression, inner pleasure, enchantment of the surroundings.

September 5, 2001



SUNSET

This is the last moment of a beautiful day's existence.

For a whole day, I have toured and enjoyed freedom on the roads of this Mediterranean island.

It is the last beach on the way back to the city.

The opulence of this sunset, this moment, the feelings, and the attempt and effort.

Sitting on a stone on the ground; the palette, the water jar, the paper, the towel, the pencil, the bag, and the brushes, scattered here and there.

Now, the moment is color.

Moment, that must soon turn to expression.

Moment, that has its mystery.

Moment, that has the genesis of mythology.

Moment, that in a few minutes will vanish and become memory.

The fading blue of the heights, the orange melding with the yellow and the focal blushing are only the depth of the scene now. The dark clouds of the foreground and the blue shadow of the promontory stage their own act at this time.

The sea is ready to cede its role and exit until sunup.

This evening, the picture is concluded with the last flashing of beams of light.

November 24, 2001



VANISHING SEASHORE

A lot has been said about the ravages caused here by the ideological past to save the future man.

Today, the structure created by ideology is no longer there; only the ravages are here.

The former syllogisms do not work any more. From now on, the structures of the past are merely an insignificant presence.

Growth of plant life. New entities a little everywhere. Strange colorings of branches, leaves.

Uncertainties of transition periods. New restraints have not yet been created; there is no new legislation. A unique opportunity to be creative and to try the new.

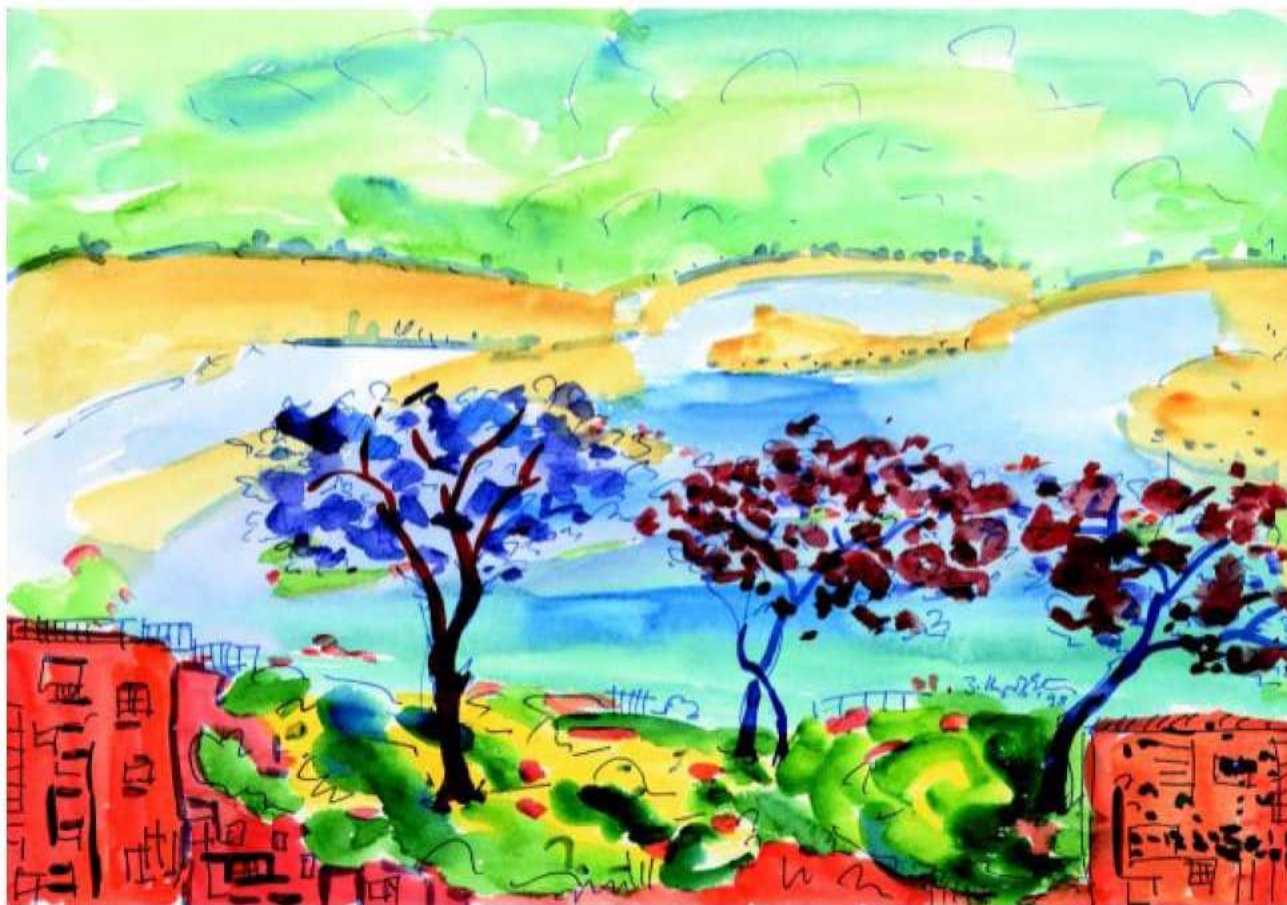
The horizon of the sea is constant. Today, it is only a straight, horizontal line.

From the both sides of the bay we brought enough sand and covered the horizon. Now we have our inner lagoon, with small islets and singular gulfs. We can recover our lost serenity here. Here, we can relive our daydreams.

In the distance, the green flow of the sky accents the uncertainty.

But also the radiant possibilities of a nascent future.

August 26, 2001



EVENTIDE

I don't know what prompted me, at that moment, to settle down on the stool outdoors, and get to work. Inside, within a quarter of an hour, supper would be ready, and I was just starting to work. I probably wanted to show the ones inside how fast I could produce.

The harmony of the blue, the orange and the pink. At this minute, I live the memory of pleasant moments of the past.

Eventide is the nicest time of the day. A time that brings calm and peace to the soul with the last light of the day spread all over. One can submerge, dissolve, vanish in this dreamlike sky.

The branches soaring from the green of the ground to the sky are fertile with the message of spring; the fruits that still stall on the tree, are last year's yield. The landlords have yet to assign time to pick them and, most probably, will not do so this year.

The blue strip creates distance between us and the eventide sky.

The last peaceful scene of a wonderful day.

A momentary impression's evolvment, to which, I shall probably echo from distant but familiar locations.

I finished my task; supper is ready inside.

July 24, 2001







BAY

That morning, the bright spring sun was invigorating and pacifying.

We climbed up the hill conversing and narrating. The search for the intimacy lost thirty-five years ago. Clear weather and return to the Mediterranean shores.

The distance of thirty-five years. In those days, we had so many things to say and tell each other. Every night, we went back and forth, more than once, covering the two kilometer distance between our houses. Ardor stirred in us in those days; it was important for us to have our own opinion about all the burning issues of the day.

At the top of the hill, the bay and the surrounding area bring us today's new horizons. In the distance, buried in the blue, it is the valley where, we are told, the great information revolution on the threshold of the century is staged every day. On the right, it is the big city wrapped up in fog. The green is the bounty and freshness that people try see there.

The bridges, joining the two shores to each other, are not presented here; the sand bar is large enough to create that junction in a more suitable manner.

Nearer, on the hillsides, red earth and green grass convey to us the bloom of the morning.

At noon, the dirt road returns us from the sources of thirty-five year old memories.

July 25, 2001



CHARM OF THE STONE

It is the deserted cove. It is the search for unusual stones and rock fragments in the pleasant warmth of the early morning sun.

Three academic minds and one purpose. But the academic minds are not up to the task of setting these large stones in the boats.

Blue-gray, red hues, the sandy yellow; flat, round, smooth but not polished, triangular or square surface, it is the colorful presence of all this that attracts attention here. Surely, tomorrow, all of this will turn into photographic memory, losing all that our senses suggest to us.

A feeling of lightness; the warmth and the upward surge of the green; the pleasure is almost unreal as the circle completes itself. Far away, the horizon conveys its wait.

On the way back, the rising waves force the disposal of some of the larger stones.

The stone giving meaning to daily existence, with its countenance of the cove.

August 10, 2001



BEACH

This morning, we are almost a hundred miles away from daily chores and tomorrow's worries. We left all of that behind, in the shadow of a tree, after covering the first fifty miles of the trip and moving on.

There is play and merry making almost all around; Bright colors do not need harmonizing here. These colors are brought together here to create a beach atmosphere, not as an expression of high art.

Sphere-ball-discus and links half buried in the sand. Torpid blue.



The boundaries traced in the sand delineate lots of different sizes and different shapes according to the individuals' needs and greed. There are no rights here guaranteed by precedence; here, boundaries are set anew each morning. Those who come first have the widest choice. If you come late, you will have no share in the local sun.

The sea can hardly remain the same color over the entire duration of the creative process of this painting. A little while ago, the tint of green dominated, now the sky blue makes a stronger presence. This is how the central layers are created.

Scattered colors and shapes all over the place, without any structural intent.

People today are free of the bonds of social graces.

At noon, the scorching sun does its thing on the brains. The presence of hallucinations is quite ordinary for many. There, what flies in the air is either a great predator, a flying saucer or a new model airplane. But, it can also be a good joke to be told to our grandchildren or childhood friends.

The colors rising from the depths of the sea and floating on the surface of the water.

Creation knows no limits. There is creation a little everywhere.

Eyes that must see and mind that knows how to analyze. And also the pleasure of the defining atmosphere.

This one is a playful mirage.

August 18, 2001



SUNRISE

This is the last morning of vacation.

It is six o'clock, or earlier. My eyes are open; this day is full of possibilities.

From the window, it is the marvel of a starting day. It is impossible to stay shut in the room in view of this reality.

Down the stairs and, in a few minutes, I am at the river bank-seashore. Paper, colors and articulation of the moment.

The sanctity of the moment, which is conveyed from the sky to the woods on the horizon and the vast surface of the water.

No! In spite of the red and orange of the sky, there is no fire here; these colors are not those of burning flames. At this moment, we are stunned to the core without being scorched by flames of the red and the orange. At this hour of sunrise, there is something in these colors that brings peace to our emotions.

The sunrise, that lives the birth pangs of a newly fashioned day.

The sunrise, that is the comforting lap of a mother for us.

Today, the harbor can welcome the voyager arriving from afar or be the start of an adventure reaching far beyond the limits of our imagination.

August 26, 2001



THE TREE ON THE RIVERBANK

Within half an hour, we will be on our way to the city.

It is difficult to part from this beautiful corner. This house and garden on the high ground and, below, the river and the bay spreading all the way to the horizon.

Quick coloring, without drawing; the blue land of the horizon, the green of the ground, the lawn, the trees and bushes. Yellow, reddish and bluish.

The tree in bloom, the most beautiful of this garden, is crowded and lost among the bushes.

Thus, in the painting, we removed the blooming tree from the bushes and set it down on the river bank.

This was a solution compatible with the feelings of that moment.

August 30, 2001





LIGHT TREE

This tree is the statement of the moment. Instant inspiration and blast of color. A festive ambiance clinging to the core of the gulf.

Along the horizon, the extended layer of land delineates the possibilities of expanding the expression.

The most flexible of the means at our disposal is the color yellow. It covers the gap that exists between various physical structures; it also turns plain space into clear statement. The role played by yellow in the development of this festive mood is undeniable.

Let us not feel constricted by the boundaries created by sea and land over the centuries; let the green and the yellow burst from the depths of the blue, let small structures strive to reach the heights, and, at last, let the sky, abandoning its uniformity, become a medium for the expression of new ways and a foundation for the creation of new structures. A sky, where the pink and the blue no longer just awaken tender feelings, but convey the total attraction of future possibilities.

This day and its festive mood are also contingent to your presence. In spite of that springtime effusion enjoyed everywhere, with humane realism, we return with you to the place where today's dash started for us.

August 11, 2001



HAVRE DE GRACE

This is a Sunday stroll, autumn sun, family, intimacy of friends, a peaceful harbor.

Is it the mood or the lightness of the pure air that has carried heavenwards leaf, color, blue-green-yellow hues, and bubble and substance carried by the wind from distant oceans?

This seaport is one of the new world's old settlements; there is already a few hundred years' creativity here, local myths and a willingness to save former values from the reckless progress of the future.

It is possible to visualize this scene spread in front of us as it is, or try to recreate the moment and its colors. But, where could one set the soul of this man sitting beside me, who is an integral part of this moment's enjoyment?

For the Armenian person this is an Odyssey all too familiar; Istanbul, France, South America, Australia and many other places. One trip to Armenia, during Soviet days, and return to daily life in South America that, already, covers a span of decades.

Probably, he gives expression to his soul in the best possible way by introducing himself, saying:

"I am from Istanbul."

At that moment, the gleam in his eye expresses something

more than just pride. There are well-lived days, but also difficulties he does not like to talk about much; the restaurant of the Greek on the shore of the Bosphorus, the true friends, and his mother who, after the Turkish atrocities of September six, asked her only son to get away from Istanbul. The attraction of the Western Armenian mountains is there, careless days, sometimes on horseback, and service in the Turkish army, where you try to conceal your Armenian origin.

Today, the horizon is a bluish layer and a green ribbon on the edge of the water. The docks on the water seem like futile attempts to connect this shore with the reality of the other side.

The man-made structures on this shore, the autumnal colors, the blue-gray rocks on the shore have created a new harmony. Mixed yet smooth, it is the beginning of an evolvment that you hope to see continued and, why not, someday completed.

In the depths of the blue water, among the dark colors, green and yellow, the new life is taking form.

This moment is autumn, warm and cool shades, memories of good and bad days and an indulgence rich with warm, friendly feelings.

December 23, 2001



LOCH RAVEN

This is the city where the raven is poetic. Here is where Edgar Allan Poe has probably created his poem "The Raven". The raven is honored here; witness the names of this large lake and the football team.

The winter ice has half covered the surface of the lake.

The reflection of the sunset colors on the ice.

The blue is the expression of the cold here; the last reds and yellows from the sun try to change the mood of the cold at this hour.

The naked trees and branches of the little island need protection from the freezing winds of the open spaces.

The light radiating beyond the forests on the horizon heralds the profuse potential of the distant.

Wide open surfaces and space to breathe freely.

The warmth in the memory of spring and summer colors.

A memory of warmth, which keeps souls alive in bodies nowadays.

November 24, 2001



CLEAR WATER

Actually, the seafront buildings here were built over the last decades, except for a few monumental structures, which are remnants of turn-of-the-century architecture.

The enormous pink hotel building spreads its color around, enticing everyone with the optimism of nice vacations.

The sea has its own layering of blue and green. People are layered also, based on age, beauty, color, and on the desire to be tanned by the rays of the sun. The search for pleasure is the common denominator of this people.

Here, it is possible to see only the blue sky, the blue of the sea, and the warm sand. And yet, here, it is possible to look and find details that had been overlooked by cursory detection.

Probably, somewhere in the depths of the water, lie the fabulous treasures that the pirates of these shores have lost in the past.

Land, sky and sea complete each other.

Peace to the bedlam of our daydreams!

August 13, 2001





ORANGE

The gray-blue silt has turned into a vanishing substance here. The yellow and orange flow is on a constant move. A state of constant growth and reconstitution.

Red is no longer a symbol of blood here; the red gives a new identity and personality to the yellow and orange mass. The monotony of the yellow mass can be whittled down by accenting dark colors.

Thus, roads turn up ahead of us that lead nowhere, and climbing paths that disappear somewhere.

The green of freshness and vitality is a deceptive reality that will vanish on a summer day. Green is also a way to come out of this rabble.

The choices, that can be futile for our reality, can acquire meaning as ways of coming out of confusing conditions.

Unfortunately, happy and lively moods, that are conditioned by the presence of blazing green and bright yellow, do not come to clear conclusions and, somewhere, they come to a stop.

The gray of dissolving bodies and shapes is a beginning. Beginning of our biosphere that turns the distances blue.

July 23, 2001



IF IT WERE TO HAPPEN

Yes, this painting would have been different from all the others.

There, one would have found the colors and smells of all those places I have dreamt about, without ever being there.

Of all those places that I still hope to see.

Of places where I hope to live.

The blue, satiated with the green of unlimited depths; the bright green layered with rich hues of yellow; the spot of red that does not respect its limits; the topsy-turvy undulation of feelings and lines yet to be expressed; a round loop that represents eternity yet seeks its prey.

Thus, the colors are there, the aroma of spices from far away bazaars, the sweat, the illusory glitter of gold, displayed in windows... But, foremost, you are there, because this creation is the result of your very own imagination, the harvest of years of dreaming.

This painting is a statement yet to be expressed; there are words here that are yet to be rendered as painting.

This picture is a day yet to be lived, a place never seen, that until today, was sealed somewhere in you.

It is a straw-colored layer with a reddish base; a base that makes the sensitivity of darker colors possible. This is where the dance of perpendicular and upward moving lines attempts to create additional vivacity in this painting.

An expression from the guts.

The essence of violet must be melded with the knot of crimson and red and set there, on the first plane of the painting. Then, make the jump to the distant horizon and create there the dome to be built by architects of the future.

Right now, our problem is volume. Perhaps we need a larger paper for this picture.

Do you think we should restart this from the very beginning?

Remember your statement:

"The important thing is to utilize what you have to the utmost, and not to have the most!"

There, a few small details of colors and lines on the right and left sides of the painting, and we created two more corners giving the picture a boost of imagination and a new depth.

The best moments, lived in the past, dictate our future search and dreams.

Moments of sunset and peaceful dawn yet to be lived, from these heights to the shores of distant islands.

Today, in spite of the violence that permeates almost everywhere, I have the inner urge to create this picture of the future. There is the search for an inner peace here; a

certain optimism for which I do not feel guilty. This is not an escape from the ambient reality.

I believe in the reality of the blue and the deep green. I believe that at this moment, somewhere on our small planet, there exists the majesty of sunrise and, in its opposite direction, some other place, the glory of a sunset's crimson and the serenity of its twilight.

...and the daily miracle of evolving existence.

September 22, 2001

exterior. Equilibrium between the inner reality and the external received through the senses. Here, there are straight lines alongside the arcs, a vision of light blue sky and horizon, which can announce the bright possibilities of a distant future.

The third is space where the peaceful and calm are subjected to the turmoil of past memories. There, one finds the pink of childhood, the first adolescent love, the blue Mediterranean and the first bright yellow of spring. The red of the poppy in the fresh green fields and the moments of joy caused by the gurgling streams are all there. Despair, disappointment, and dead friend who, today, is no more than soul-warming memory are also contained in that space. Past days and years of hardship are piled up here. Trying conditions, war and endless lean days, but also today's awareness, that they all belong to the past and a feeling of satisfaction that, somewhere in time, all of that has enriched you internally.

The fourth is not a formed surface. It is a state of infinity

where it is possible to try an approach with no assurances of success. It is an existence predicated by the previous three surfaces and spaces. The limits of that existence take us from the immediate past to our genes and to our genesis. This is where relationship with the Creator begins. This is where centuries of prayer become meaningful and get embodied, new ideas evolve and channel the future. From here onwards, the survival of outward life and society are conditioned on inner life. There are no colors here, nor melodies, but it is from here, that the most sumptuous of colors and images and the most enthralling music get their start. This is the meeting place of the creative mind, impulsive feelings, unrequited soul and the spirit that seeks its roots in the atavistic. A point, whose internal discovery is worth a lifetime of deprivation and pain.

Today, it is internal exploration and search.

Search for the inner road that will link the past to what is to come.

September 1, 2002

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