




Սկարիչ՝ Պ. Թեփեկյան
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A Miracle Living Among Us

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 n enthralling, most valuable aspect of human life is the secret and highly energizing sensation that some time, somewhere a pleasant surprise will come about. I was exposed to such an experience when I first visited Harutiun Dellalian in his small suburban house in Yerevan. On that day a unique incident happened, I discovered a miracle. The story of Dellalian's life explains why it is a "miracle".

Harutiun Dellalian is 47. He has a charming wife and two daughters. His daughters are students at the Yerevan Conservatory. The elder daughter, Marina, is a future pianist and the younger one, Nariné, is a future violinist. Harutiun was born in Athens before the Second World War. His father was a craftsman from Cesaria and his mother, a most-cultured and educated woman, came from Konstandnopolis. His difficult childhood coincided with the war. In the town when the fascist disaster raged he saw thousands of people starve to death in the streets of Athens and experienced the terror of bombing. His father was arrested and taken to Germany. After the war his reunion with the family was

such a joyful event for young Harutiun that even today he refers to it as the most remarkable experience in his life.

In 1947 when Harutiun was a 10-year-old schoolboy, the Dellalians flew to Armenia. The family was given a plot of land where they started to build their own house. Like all children whose repatriated parents were involved in the construction of their homes, young Harutiun was a helping hand for his newly settled genitors. (As a matter of fact, soon entire districts arose in the deserted areas around Yerevan, and Zeitun was one of them.)

Harutiun experienced the trials of fate when he was still a teenager. After an accident Harutiun's father fell seriously ill, and Harutiun was obliged to leave school and work as a labourer. Later the family lost their mother, and its entire burden lay on its shoulders of the eldest child, Harutiun. After the army he worked as a milling machine operator for many years in the Yerevan Milling Factory. He could no longer think of receiving tertiary education: long ago Harutiun had given up that dream.

Despite the hardships, his inner world was full of love for art. The spark of art was implanted in young Harutiun by his mother when he was still a child. He inherited this inclination with the songs of Komitas, the enchanting stories told by his mother who did not have the slightest idea that a talent was hidden deep in the heart of her son, a talent for perceiving and storing the beauty and calamities of life and nature which had the potential to become inflamed from this spark. Nevertheless, Harutiun himself was not aware of such talent until he was half way along his path through life. He did not suspect the hidden potential, even on the day when he composed the musical setting of a verse written by one of his co-workers. It was a tune which was immediately noted and often sung by his friends. Merely driven by the love of the artistic, he attempted to write poetry and paint. This kind of creative work was a spontaneous enjoyment to him. In the factory where Harutiun worked an artistic circle was organized. Driven by the desire to have enhanced knowledge of great artists or actors, the members of this circle visited M. Sarian, H. Nersisian, V. Papazian. Harutiun especially remembers with excitement of the warm meeting with Papazian, his stories about Varoujan, Siamanto and Komitas and the following words of Papazian: "You are welcome, if after the tiresome work of milling you are driven to come by the love of art".

About 15 years ago a People's Music School was organized in Yerevan. For three years Armenia volunteer composers taught there on a charitable basis. What forced Harutiun Dellalian, a mature person, to apply for enrolment when he had neither musical literacy, nor any idea about serious music. Even the names of great composers were unknown to him. He knew neither Bach or Mozart, Beethoven or Liszt. He knew only Komitas. Why did he apply, driven by great desire and hope but with apprehension, fear-

ing that he might be rejected? Even today it is difficult for Dellalian himself to answer this question. Probably the hidden glow of his talent was beginning to become enflamed through the love of music. Dellalian's musical aptitudes were examined and he was admitted, not only to the People's Music School, but some time later to the Yerevan State Conservatory. The 35-year-old worker was enrolled in the first year course with young school graduates. A mature person who could not swim but dived into the sea of musical edification in order to reach the opposite shore as an adept composer after the five years' full course of complex disciplines.

"Those were sunny times in my life. Every day I discovered a new world", says Harutiun remembering with gratitude his teachers Ed. Mirzoyan, Gh. Sarian, Ed. Baghdasarian, A. Terterian and others who supported and encouraged him during his apprenticeship. He desperately needed such encouragement. While those were sunny days for his growing talent, daily life was full of hardships for a married person with two children. The heavy burden required silent sacrifices and a strong will. At nights he had to work for a living. He used to process two tons of metal every day. His fingers grew stiff and dirty, and before going to the piano classes he had to keep his hands in warm water so that he was able to play, and "not be put to shame in front of the teachers". Combining the job in the factory and education at the conservatory cost Dellalian great endeavour. Eventually, he had to give up the tiresome work of milling and focus all his efforts on the passionate process of learning. This is why I consider his charming wife Herminn so devoted and selfless...

The lava of his talent was pouring out and enflaming in the chamber works which he composed during his musicianship and his graduation work was his First Symphony. In 1979, a year after graduating from the Conservatory, Harutiun Dellalian became a member of the Composers' Union of Armenia. At that time he was the author of some twenty works: sonatas for the piano, violin, cello, clarinet, bassoon, a piano concerto, vocal-symphonic works, three symphonies, organ requiem and an opera for children. In Yerevan several sonatas were performed by the composer himself. Recently he gave a solo concert in the Academic Town of Novosibirsk, Russia. Some of his works are also performed overseas. It is recorded with positive appreciation that he is an extraordinary composer with a distinctive style.

I did not know all these details before one of my readers (who, as I found later, was a member of the artistic circle in the milling factory) suggested visiting a Greek Armenian composer. I gladly agreed, but, to be honest, I was a bit sceptical. So this was a composer who started his musicianship at the age of 35? How unbelievable? I thought she had meant an ordinary amateur.

It was twilight when we went into the yard of an ordinary house. Loud sounds of

music were coming from inside. Was it Sezar Frank's music? This was the first surprise. Later I found out that it was Harutiun's elder daughter who was playing the piece, a fifth year student of the Conservatory. Harutiun himself charmed me with his open-heartedness, warmth, and the kind smile radiating from his face and dark eyes which hid some inner worry, just as did the small wrinkles around his eyes.

In this way we were enchanted from the very moment we heard the piano sonata dedicated to Komitas played from the tape recorder. It was an intense audition from the very start of the piece through to its last tone, and we were overwhelmed with the surprisingly new, highly impressive, picturesque music which also sounded so familiar with its deeply exciting and dramatic national Armenian tunes. At the end of the performance there was long and loud applause. Was the sonata recorded during the concert? Where did the concert take place? It was in the famous Carnegie Hall, in New York. They showed me the programme of that concert: four piano sonatas: Mozart, Beethoven, Dellalialian and Liszt. What a surprising predestination! Twelve years before the worker Harutiun Dellalialian did not even know the names of these great composers. He did not have the slightest thought that his name would be pronounced along with theirs, not only in New York, but also Washington, different cities in Canada, Italy and elsewhere, wherever the sonata was performed...

In fact, it is a unique composition not only for its style, extraordinary musical expressiveness and emotional and contextual inclination, but also for its new technical virtuoso solutions which from time to time give specific musicality to the piano, not merely for the sake of surprising the listener, but rather for more colourful expression of the content. No tone in the sonata is exaggerated. Continuous emotional tension and saturation pass through the piece by means of colliding contentions, thus creating special epical and lyrical dramatics and fullness of the picturesque essence. The sonata starts with collapsing and wavy sounds which create the picture of storm, fire or destruction. There comes the tolling of heavy bells. The main tune which is so Armenian and exciting is never finalized. It is constantly interrupted with collisions, hot eruptions, as if trying to reach us from the world of strivings and become a dominant presence, but it remains there. Eventually, it is transformed into a human voice sounding from the far distance, sad and moving to tears, as if bringing from the highlands the aroma of florescent past feelings. As a matter of fact, the human voice sounded by the pianist, is only four notes which is a technical innovation in the genre of sonata, a solution which is appropriate and therefore, very impressive.

The sonata is entitled *Dedication to Komitas* which implies programmed approach. And this approach becomes clear at the moment when unexpectedly a couple of unearthly, celestial tones are heard with the piano accompaniment of Komitas's "Antouni". This

is the collapsing internal world of Komitas with the home-sick dreaminess and culmination of passions. Owing to this conventional assuredness of the programme the broad emotional-substantive generality is dictated in the sonata: one feels the storming inner world of our contemporary with buoyant sadness, exposures against the hazard of concussion, passionate desire to renew the world. Once you learn the details of the author's life it becomes clear that in the depths of the sonata the experiences of his difficult childhood are present. Assumedly, together with the echoes of the piano accompaniment of Komitas's Antouni, the experiences of Dellalian's childhood, or to be more precise, the generic perception of Komitas music at the young age embodied in the leitmotiv of the sonata constitute the creative pillar of this composition.

On the occasion of one of his performances in Yerevan "Komsomolets" newspaper wrote that it was a vivid composition which the public acknowledged with great interest. After the concert in Carnegie Hall the "New York Times" wrote that the sonata was the most attractive part of the programme, emphasising the technical innovation, characterising the sonata as an emaciating piece of music. This is the exact characteristic, since listening to the sonata cost me a sleepless night when its sounds chased me all night. On the following days I would go to Harutiun's place again and again with my friends who were also impressed.

I also listened to the records of other sonatas for the violin, cello and clarinet. The clarinet sonata which is titled *Meditations* and is also innovative for this instrument made a specifically deep impression on me. "Sovertskaya Musika" magazine wrote that in this sonata "the composer discloses his idea with vivid individuality. ...Dellalian's cello sonata which was created when he was a student, is notable for referring to the live human perception which is so enchanting".

In general, all the works of Dellalian that I am familiar with bear the individualized style which makes the audience listen his music without any critical approach because it conquers the listener with its sincerity. His music is a mere expression of the composer's own individuality. It is not simply a fusion of feelings, thoughts, professional skills, but an artistic blend of past experiences which sometimes resembles the emotionalism of human utterances. It is so unfortunate that I did not have a chance to listen to his major symphonic works which still have not been performed.

One of his recent works is the organ requiem *Requiem Trionfale* dedicated to the 70th anniversary of the Genocide. At first sight the title itself sounds contradictory, but the speculative implications are so up-to-date. It represents another extraordinary abstraction. The piece was created at the request of Perj Zhamkochian, an outstanding American Armenian organist. "A year ago when I listened to Harutiun's piano sonata in his own performance, I asked him to compose a nice piece for me", said Zhamkochian. Thus, in

Boston along with Bach "the nice piece", Requiem, was performed by the organist, which requires an organ with large diapason. Zhamkochian included Requiem Triumphal in his repertoire and was planning to perform in Germany, Japan, China...

I have been trying to understand the phenomenon of the composer, Dellalian. I cannot recall any time in the history of music when someone started as a composer at such a late age and then ascended from complete musical illiteracy to high achievements. Undoubtedly, it is a miracle. The unbelievable became a reality. Daily routine should not prevent one from realizing the fact and giving due credit to it. Normally it is considered a drawback when musicians fail to start their studies in early childhood. In Dellalian's case this weakness has served as an advantage. His inborn talent which itself bears a mysterious meaning, was suddenly revealed at a mature age, as if by geometrical infinity mastering the musical techniques and using them for self-expression of the mature inner world of the composer. At the same time, the 47-year-old Dellalian is referred to as "a young composer". This is a paradox full of meaning. As a matter of fact, when Dellalian was asked to compose something for the organ, he felt uncomfortable to say that he was not familiar yet with this most complicated musical instrument. In a short period he studied organ literature, starting from Bach, and created *Requiem Triumphal*. A year later the composition was already performed by Zhamkochian who this time requested him to compose a concert for the organ and symphonic orchestra.

Sometimes you can see from Dellalian's face that even he can hardly believe how he lived in the past. "I learn continuously, studying the works of great composers", says Dellalian with open and straightforward modesty, just as the worker Dellalian would have said about going to work to cut iron parts. In fact, I have seen musical works of Nerses Shnorhali (the Gifted) on his piano among the notes of great composers which he was reviewing during those days.

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Harutiun Dellalian or fate pierced by a stake

Betros Alahaidoyan*

...Hope was cast ashore,
and the spirit of youth
sailed in the innocent dream.

A. Avagian ("Immersed Sun")

*T*welve years ago, in April 1990 Harutiun Dellalian, one of the outstanding figures of modern Armenian music, died prematurely at the age of 53 in Yerevan. Dellalian is the author of about 20-25 works of various genres. Some of them are still in their initial handwritten form, and the last composition, the ballet *Lilit* is incomplete. When we consider that cruel destiny caused Dellalian to leave school at a youthful age in order to earn a living for his family as a shoemaker's apprentice, labourer, and soldier in the Soviet Army, unable to obtain an elementary music education until he was 24-25, we become aware of the fact that Dellalian is undoubtedly as phenomenal as a miracle.

Dellalian was born in Athens to a family of immigrants from Kesaria. He was about ten when the Dellalians moved to Armenia. Even in Greece, thanks to his sophisticated and well-educated mother, young Harutiun had absorbed the tunes of Komitas and the

sacred music of the Armenian Church: Surb - Surb (Holy-Holy), Hair Mer (Lord's Prayer). Garun a (It's Spring) was anchored deep in his heart before his family was repatriated to the Homeland. He also carried within him the stories and testimony of his parents who had escaped the horrors of 1915. Harutian inherited a hypersensitive, reserved, unselfish and extremely honest character from his parents. Throughout the remaining 43 autumns of his life, before his premature death in 1990, the possession of such a spiritual heritage helped him to face bitter experiences and endure the difficulties of cruel, merciless fate. Countless challenges failed to defeat his staunch, growing determination. It is unfortunate that, by the end of his life, Dellalian did not manage to complete his deepest and most desirable wish: to create a ballet based on Levon Shant's *Old Gods* with ...Komitas the priest as the main character.

Before receiving any musical education, which only came about much later, in Armenia, Harutian secretly mastered two subjects which cannot be taught: the spirit of Komitas and the ineradicable terror experienced by Armenians in 1915. Whatever was created by him later, irrespective of the genre or style, had to bear the stamp of 1915, even if not dedicated specifically to the subject of Genocide. It was as though Harutian had made a treaty with an invisible, vicious, evil force whose epicentre had been focused in the fate of the Armenians, diametrically stretching out from the heart of each Armenian to reach the top of Mount Masis. It was as though he had made a bet with Masis that he should defeat that force against which he fought hard but could never eliminate. The dark force resembled an ugly creature with a bloody snout, squelchy blood-soaked membranes, powerful arms which, all of a sudden twined around the wings of his soul, trying to suck out his blood. Sonata *Dedication to Komitas*, *Requiem Trionfale* or *Topophono* express his struggle against the dark force or his attempts to free himself from it. While in Soviet Armenia both major and minor authors elbowed their way, pushing each other, to abundantly produce Red Army or "pioneer" odes, par excellence tasteless, artless, cosmopolitan and meaningless, Dellalian continued living in his specific homeland and composed eternal works all of which ensue from 1915.

In his memoirs Dellalian confessed that the 50s' were the most difficult years for him, when after the destructive World War Two, poverty and hunger afflicted the Soviet Empire. The harsh, cruel episodes of his life were designated on this grave setting. His studies were unexpectedly terminated when young Harutian was obliged to assume the duty of supporting his handicapped father and younger brother. He put his hand to various crafts, at the same time attending night school, where even the fundamentals of music were not taught.

Later, in 1956 he served in the Soviet Army, in the Belorussian Republic, far from his Homeland. Although Harutian was completely illiterate in music, he joined the Army

amateur choir. Very soon, thanks to his pleasant voice and diligence, he became the soloist of the choir. This success inspired him to dedicate himself to music.

In the 60s', after the army, he attempted to enter the Yerevan Music College after R. Melikian, but disappointment awaited him. At the entrance exam he learned that he could never become a professional singer because his vocal cords had been damaged in the army. Having no other choice, Harutiun joined a factory where he had to do hard physical work. However, his distinguished personality, besieged with music, never changed under the depressing circumstances. As T. Hovhannissian notes, "Music flowed within him. It had deep and remote sources; it sprang out from the other side of Ararat, from his parental home, from the guttural cry of the stork that perched on top of the roof".¹

In the factory he organized an amateur choir together with several other young workers. Abrahamian, a journalist from Boston recalls, "Our group was invited to the homes of prominent Armenians, where we sang the songs from our repertoire. Among those famous people were Martiros Sarian, Hrachya Nersisian, Khoren Abrahamian, Grigor Khanjian... The latter truly appreciated our performances".² Inspired by Vahram Papazian, Harutiun decided to enter the Yerevan People's Music School. This was in 1963. Dellalian was 26, and did not have even elementary knowledge of music. This institution provided musical training for musically gifted young men who had no musical background. Dellalian became the apprentice of the famous composer and pedagogue Edward Mirzoyan. He soon mastered the fundamentals of composition. They say that Dellalian was the most "difficult" student in the history of the People's Music School. In fact, the exclusive musical talent and the tremendous inner potential to create on the one hand, and the lack of knowledge and experience on the other, placed both the student and the teachers in a very confusing situation. It is worth noting that the future composer, in this turmoil, continued his tiring, hard work in the factory, since the responsibility for his family required much time and effort of him. One of the works of this period for voice, guitar and accordion, is called *Dream*.

Soon after finishing the People's Music School, Dellalian entered the Music College after R. Melikian. His teacher there was Edward Baghdasarian. Harutiun was making unprecedented progress, and his first creative attempts were more than promising, while, as T. Hovhannissian writes, "he still continued working in the milling factory, in the blasting noise which was unbearable for the musician's ear. Here Harutiun was indispensable: without the components made with such precision by the hands of this worker, the strictly regulated production process would stop."³

In September 1972 Dellalian's dream finally came true: at the age of 35 he became a student of the Yerevan Conservatory. He was married and had two daughters. However, as he writes, "My fellow students were 17-18 years old, and most of them were gradu-

ates of music colleges. I felt extremely uneasy, and tried to hide from everyone the fact that I was married. I remember I could not put down one of my first songs when I was a student of the People's Music College. A girl, named Nora helped me. I took the guitar, played the tune and she noted it down. The song immediately became popular..."⁴ As a graduation project in the People's Music College, Dellalian wrote the sonata for piano and piccolo. "I can say that the sonata was my first work", continues Dellalian.

At the interview given in July 1988, the composer noted that he was the author of "around" 25 pieces. It should be noted that the last work, the children's ballet *Lilit*, which he started in 1988, was unfinished, and Old Gods, remained a mere plan, an unrealized dream. At the age of 53, at the height of his potential creative activities, when he was dying, Dellalian was almost an unknown composer in Armenia (although he was highly regarded as a teacher). Nevertheless, his creations, rich in the complicated techniques of modern music and unexpected solutions, expressing the outbursts of the sufferings and strivings of the Armenian soul, prove the rareness of his artistic power. The most distinguished of Dellalian's works are the three symphonies, *Topophono*, the Sonata *Dedication to Komitas*, *Death* symphonic poem, *Requiem Trionfale*.

The emerging image of the author is in contrast with the noble, kind-hearted, unassuming character somewhat reminiscent of Vaheh Oshakan, which is seen on a background of permanent volcanic explosions, the dwelling place of the composer's rebellious spirit. Dellalian was among the few composers who broke with both the Russian classical school "Glinka - Tchaikovsky - Rakhmaninov" and the compelling and conventional "proletarian" optimism of the Soviet era. Finally, in modern Armenian music a composer emerged whose focus was Komitas - Genocide (1915) - contemporariness. One does not delight under the influence of passive melodies, full of affection in his music: his style is characterized by utter sincerity and courageous freedom where the worlds of inner perception and awareness collide explosively with each other.

At least three of Dellalian's creations lifted him to the pedestal of immortality, and this is thanks to the efforts of three Armenian devoted musicians. Dellalian remained forever grateful to the latter and called them his godfathers. He owed to the pianist Artur Papazian, the triumphant first performance of the sonata *Dedication to Komitas* for piano and voice (1982), to conductor Aram Gharabekian, the international first performance of *Topophono* in Boston (1986), and American Armenian organist Berj Zhamkochian the *Requiem Trionfale* (1984). The first performance of the *Requiem Trionfale* was to take place on April 25, 1990 with Zhamkochian in Yerevan. The composer was sick and taken to hospital. His close friends and family were anxious to see any signs of improvement in his state of health, so that Dellalian could at least be present at the performance of the Requiem, which had been a major success in many capitals of the world. Dellalian was

infinitely happy. Harutiun was in an elevated mood. But on April 17 Harutiun felt worse. The patient was not allowed to get up from his bed. In despair, he decided that at least his spouse Herminé should be present at the solo concert. Nevertheless, as Herminé was to say later, "God considered it to be too much for him...". On April 22 he was hopelessly unwell, and on the morning of April 23 his heart stopped beating. The concert took place on the day of Dellalian's funeral, April 23 1990... *Requiem Trionfale* became a mourning threnody. It was as if he had created it for his own funeral. Was Dellalian a victim of April 24? Maybe... Since "the world has also become the mockery of God".

How can a requiem be triumphal? Does this question not relate to final reconciliation derived from death? The horrifying roaring sounds produced by the organ burst out from the orchestral depths in harsh, stressing, single-diametric tunes of grandeur, as if stretching out from the centre of an unknown planet. Non-existence or kingdom of initial darkness? Soon thereafter, the miserable thought descends on the dimension of a single high-pitched voice. A nameless prayer gasps the dried tears from inside, which is self-creative and dissolves in the "April" whisper. Silence becomes distinct from the kingdom of darkness, and its presence is demonstrated by its howling tune: it is the existence of pain and suffering, borne in silence. All of a sudden the silence breaks into pieces... The long flow of sounds is heard. The stifled, clustered, thunder-stricken sounds reach us and cling to our throats.

Requiem Trionfale is for restless souls. April 24. Mourning Ararat. However, the Mount, shining in its massive inflexibility should always remind us that death is defeated. That is why requiem sounds triumphant. Requiem Trionfale is a handful of black sun, like a shroud of defeated death.

My first meeting with Dellalian took place on November 16, 1986. It was Sunday, and in the Music Centre (Los-Angeles) Aram Gharabekian's orchestra "Symphonova" was to play in front of the huge audience four pieces written for chamber orchestra, and two of them were composed by Armenian authors. The works were to be performed for the first time on the West Coast. The audience was familiar with Edward Mirzoyan's famous "Timpani", but the name of Harutiun Dellalian was quite unknown to them. The work was called *Topophono*. It had an unusual structure and content: the piano (pianist Avo Guyumchian) and the French horn joined the bow chamber orchestra. During the performance the famous verse of Vahan Terian was to be recited: "In the autumn rain, The shapeless shades, Shiver slowly, Frigid and tiring". The concert was organized by the Armenian Theatrical-Music Association of America. The conductor was familiar with the work: on February 28 the premiere was given in Boston (pianist Artur Papazian).

That evening *Topophono* was a tremendous success. Unfortunately, I was not able to get to know the composer.

TOPOPHONO is one of Dellalian's most distinctive compositions. In it one can never trace the impact of his teachers, Edward Mirzoyan or Edward Baghdasarian, nor is there any hint of Aram Khachaturian's influence. The giants of modern and ultra modern music - Schnittke, Denizov, Pentereci, Ivez, Varez - are prototypes, models for him. He had studied and analyzed them through the prism of his intellect and spirit, while on the other hand, he mastered Komitas and the traditional songs and dances. This is the miracle. How can one bring together these two extremities, merge Armenian music and Western metallic logic, harmonize the evident oppositions in one's works, as the "lamb" under the magic plough of David of Sassoon (Armenian tune) and the "wolf" (complex spheres of Western music). Dellalian was inspired by A. Gharabekian, the conductor of the "Symphonova" orchestra who had heard the *Dedication to Komitas* Sonata at Carnegie Hall. In 1985, in his letter to Dellalian he had asked that the orchestra be honoured by a specially created piece, and promised the composer that the first performance would be given in Boston. Harutjun was most impressed by this offer and left for Dilijan, where Topophonno was composed.

The first and second violins are seated in a semi-circle: the violas are in the first row, in front of the conductor. The cellos are positioned between the violas and violins. The double basses are far off in the depth of the stage. The piano is placed to the right of the conductor, beyond the semi-circle. Where is the French horn?... Silence. The conductor stands motionless. Suddenly the silence is broken by the lonely sound of the horn, heard from the far corner, full of anguish and melancholy, starting a sad tale, inspired by the spirit of Komitas... As we learned later, here, as in any other piece, Dellalian expands on a meditative-symbolic sentiment. The lonely French horn symbolizes the old Father, who remembers his past life in the highlands, fragments of recollections, sad trees, pastoral pictures... Suddenly the remote shrieking of the French horn (heard from the back of the stage) is contravened by the thunderous sounds of the piano: the gruesome tune, like the solemn tolling of the bells, is reminiscent of the terrors of the Genocide. The French horn and the piano contravene thrice, and thus, opposing each other, formulate the beginning of the piece, as if at opposite poles, living the same life, as if the material and ethereal would exist in the living soul in never-ending struggle and complete integrity. A cracking tune bursts out from the keys of the piano, which creates a gap between the intersecting and inter-complementary antitheses. Like a volcanic planet, this work of Dellalian constantly pulsates with the explosions of one-note sounds, which creep in lava and completely absorb our souls into this pulsation. This kind of dark and light foreboding and the sudden fits of horror, swell and burst out on the powerful crescendo. Then the sun rises with the sounds of the solo violin. The dualistic musical elements evolve concurrently. At the end of the first part the harping on the strings of the piano is very penetrat-

ing, accompanied by the long-lasting pulsing tunes of the violins, and the bass accords, emerging from the drumming on the other side of the piano. Their long echoing is the foreboding of the near cataclysms...

The second part of *Topophono* (which has no intervals) is a fear-inspiring series of deliriums, emerging twice between two kocharies (Armenian men's folk dance) which seem to become "dances macabres" with their rotating repetitions, and the brightness of the Komitas spirit shines again. Chopin's familiar Marche Funerale (Funeral March) symbolizes ever-advancing death for all mankind, emphasizing the tragedy of the human being. In this piece the above-mentioned verses of Vahan Terian are cited, as if they are a bunch of enchanting flowers, presented to the absurdity of life. Dellalian's life itself is evidence that on this planet man is destined to live suffering and suffer living. All of a sudden, we hear again the bottomless sounds of the piano, intruding into the disturbing tunes. For the last time the French horn howls out its sorrow, leading us to "Khor Virap" (the ravine of solitude).

One cannot help remembering Penterecki's "Threne", devoted to the victims of Hiroshima: the same "fatal conflicts" and collisions, the same alarming threat of death. However, while the pessimistic accords of the Polish composer symbolize the catastrophe of the Second World War and the shock of Hiroshima, in my opinion, Dellalian's *Topophono* is more "human" with its philosophical message and the pure presence of Komitas.

Dellalian's *Topophono* was awarded with the Golden Wreath and Super Star of the Southern California Motion Picture Council.

Topophono is not the only work that depicts the inner portrait of Dellalian. If *Topophono* is one of the expressions of the ontological nucleus, i.e., characterizes the collision of the meditative-philosophical contradictory phenomena of life, the *Dedication to Komitas* Sonata represents the other side of the ontological nucleus. It is here that the sacred dream of the soul and the secret life of the composer go harmonically hand-in-hand.

The sonata, which consists of two parts and lasts 12 seconds, was created in 1982. The first performance of the sonata was played on April 23 1983 in Yerevan, by pianist Artur Papazian. Again, a mystical coincidence... Seven years later, on the same day the composer died.

If throughout the performance of *Topophono* the audience is filled with the commotion of burning emotion, ready to shout out, in the case of *Dedication to Komitas*, instead of eloquent disturbances, the inner world of the listener is overwhelmed with spirited desire and rousing fever. The sobering of Naroy continues "singing" inside you from the depth of the Unremitting Bell Tower, and you do not ever want to wake up from this

enchancing dream..." In fact, *Dedication to Komitas* was inspired by Paruir Sevak's aforementioned poem: the immortal creation of Sevak is interlaced with the Komitas motives, living in Dellalian. Komitas is present not only as a mystic lighthouse helping to sail towards the crystallized soul of an Armenian: a part of the sonata is woven by the golden thread of Antuni, giving rise to irresistible, but soft, pure exhilaration. It is here that the pianist expresses the bitter weeping of Naroy, closely tied to the song of death and the distressful sounds, flowing out from the strings of the instrument (this stylistic technique is also used in *Topophono*). To rely on the musician to reproduce the sounds of the Armenian tune, the weeping of Naroy (such dignified music on four notes!) is a breakthrough, of hardly audible, ghostly, unpredictable beauty, which takes the breath away and does not fade until the end of the performance.

The aforementioned vocal-instrumental piece is executed at the end of the performance. However, the second part of the sonata starts with masculine tunes, which remind one of the dance music of the Sassoon Province. The composer has tried to revive one of the pictures of the Armenian traditions, such as Barsegh Kanachian's "Nanor": the totemic mystic ritual is followed by Armenian dance and festivity. But here there is only the implication of the dance, and not the revelry. On the contrary, the "Naroy" vocal performance, in the composer's interpretation, tells the audience of the sufferings of the young exile, the only son of the family who is far away from his Homeland. To depict this bitter, but familiar situation, Dellalian does not go into the inorganic stylistic complexities. He is not enchanted by the complicated structures of modern music. Instead, as we observed during the review of the previous work, these new communicative means are applied with refined taste, skilful and reserved techniques, demonstrating his virtuosity. For example, the playing or drumming on the strings of the piano with his palms are accompanied with the most honest intention, i.e., the playing on the strings depicts the image of the light sweeping of the breeze over the damp surfaces, and the drumming with the palms creates an atmosphere of elegy or mystic decline, constantly ambiguous - on the one hand, the picture of nature, and, on the other, the musical expressions of respective states of mind. Dellalian succeeded in creating through this and many other forms the magnetic fields, typical of great works, of which the audience is unaware and eagerly susceptible, and under their influence our magnetic elements are in harmony with the mood of the musical work from the beginning to the end and even after the performance has ended. Thus, we experience an extremely familiar, also mysterious and revolutionary musical emanation of the Armenian spiritual-intellectual soul.

In the composer's note-book we can read the following: "I think that in sonata *Dedication to Komitas* for piano and voice, Komitas symbolizes the unified Armenian character, which is full of suffering. At the same time, this sonata is a musical monument

to the victims of the Genocide. When you perform the sonata yourself, you are overwhelmed with passion... ". In fact, in the Hollywood Hotel, Los-Angeles, during the party, organized for Dellalian in December of 1986, the composer was asked "to take the floor". Dellalian played (and sang) his remarkable creation. "I raised my arms and the audience went silent. At first I played this work, *Dedication to Komitas* on the strings of the piano in a standing position. With a lump in my throat, overcome with the feeling of yearning spreading out from the sonata ...Naroy, naroy, naroy jan... the exiled young man remembers his beloved, who is working in the field".⁵ On another occasion the composer noted the following about this work, "... the beginning reminds one of a curtain of vapour, rising from the mountains and a softly blowing breeze ... which will soon become a vigorous storm. This seemed to be the ecstatic soul of Komitas".⁶ The composer-performer reaches self-creation which is attained thanks to the latter's efforts. It passes to the audience in the stillness and deepest silence. This is something which happens extremely rarely during a performance of modern music. It bears witness to the fact that the sonata is a live and breathing creation, which enlivens, and is not a mere technical trick, with hardly any intellectual and emotional impact.

It was in Los-Angeles, on February 19, 1998, that we last enjoyed this sonata. The Dellalians' trio was invited from Lisbon: pianist Marina Dellalian, violist Nariné Dellalian, the daughters of Harutiun Dellalian, and cellist Levon Mouradian, the grandson of Hayrik Mouradian. The concert was also organized by the Armenian-American Theatrical Musical Socceity. On that day Marina presented us with the sonata. Marina, drenched in her Father's unforgettable memory. She could hardly suppress her excitement, and finished the performance without Naroy. Unable to sing, Marina preferred to complete the piece smoothly. Instead of the four notes of Naroy the silent presence of her father could be heard from the bottom of her storming heart.

These two major works, considered herein, fully represent the composer. But this does not mean that Dellalian's other works are of less value. Among them are three symphonies, which, regretfully, have not been performed yet, and vocal-choir opuses, such as Pepush opera for children (1975), *When Twilight Comes*, a series of vocal works for soprano (1984), *A Minute of Silence*, for women's choir (1986), and others.

The sonata *Meditations* for clarinet and piano (1981) is an abstract work, progressing in complex developments. Like the other sonatas (for violin and piano, cello and piano, etc.), this opus is composed of dimensional investigation and layers: it is remarkable for its techniques and unusual solutions. These states of mood are expressed through a dialogue between Life and Death, which ends in the triumph of Life and Love. This piece of music is a complex work for two performers. There are tonalities of 'questions and answers', and the structure of the work contains frequent variations and pauses.

The work *Medium* for a bassoon (1984) bears witness to the fact that Dellalian can, if he wants, create a complex work, which satisfies the "Western audience". The tremendous capacities of the bassoon are used in it. This is the reason why it was not possible to perform *Medium* in Yerevan. This extremely complicated piece of music, which lasts only ten minutes, was performed at the International Festival in Hanover, Germany in 1990, by Faulkner Tessman.

Immersed Sun, a dramatic cantata for soprano, choir, narrator and symphonic orchestra, was composed in 1988. The author of the lyrics is A. Avagian. Again, violent sounds, drumming resembling those axed to death. Again, there are endless exertion of the lonely, vulnerable voice...The soprano vocalizing is the mother crying over her son who died on the way to exile.

The symphonic poem *Death* is a deeply symbolic and mystical piece of art (1978), motivated by A. Isahakian's similar poem. This relatively early work is mostly imaginative. By using extremely virtuoso techniques, the composer has created various images of Death, sometimes sarcastic, incisive, sometimes terrifying, expressed by "screaming" multi-sound patterns. Is it an ode or a musical apotheosis of death, the spreading of death throughout: depression tolling, the appalling silences, lethargic, sobering, expressed by the rich mixture of wood and brass instruments. Death and death-driven panic precede everywhere, and this mainly represents the 1915 Genocide. "The memory of April 24 never extinguished in his heart. And in each of Dellalian's work there is a particle of this light. And the endless, but burning silence of Ter-Zor has grown into condensed retaliation and fury, into the call of the Sun in every work..." (Herminé Dellalian). In fact, as we have characterized above the tri-unity "Komitas - Genocide - Contemporariness" became the essence of his creative activity, and Dellalian was never disloyal to it.

The symphonic poem *Death* was marvellously performed by the Novosibirsk Academic Orchestra (conductor A. Katz).

Harutiun Dellalian symbolizes the explosive expression of musical-tragedy, the fermenting of inner, ever increasing effort. H. Dellalian changed his dismal and cruel destiny into a bright source of creation. It demonstrates the invisible and never-ending evolution, which, thanks to his unconquerable determination, ensured Dellalian's place in history, bestowing new values on Armenian musical art.

Sounds of Devotion

Herminé Dellalian*

*W*hen I cast a retrospective glance at my past life, when I go back to elapsed episodes, my recollections rise with the silent touch of love and attachment and my heart fills with infinite affection and longing.

I contemplate the happy and sad days of 30 years shared with Harutiun Dellalian. Instead of expressing my experiences as memoirs, I try to picture the live image of a person, his reserved, charming and loving personality... he, who was the loyal friend, companion and support of my life.

Harutiun Dellalian, a composer, teacher and patriot whose personal and artistic life was filled with struggles and hardships, reached the peak of outstanding success owing to his exceptional talent, divine gift and will.

Dellalian died at the age of 53 when he was bursting with energy and creative potential. Like a shining star, he left a luminous trace on the arch of Armenian music.

As a man of strong spirit, optimism and determination, he was guided by the aspirations of his rich inner world. He ignored all hardships and devoted himself entirely to his work and ideas...

Today I try to surmount the overwhelming sad feelings and focus on his artistic work, the rare phenomenon of Dellalian.

In my recollections the image of Dellalian, the bearer of an authentic Armenian spir-

it, continues to prevail. His works which mirror his individuality generate sincere admiration. They are a means of self-expression and self-establishment. They are the product of his original style and personality.

The story of his life as a composer only covered ten years. Nevertheless, during that short period his music was performed for different audiences, and admired by thousands of listeners.

"To create a modern piece of music does not mean to depart from national roots. The composer should have a national outlook even if it is flavoured with variations of modern techniques, which, however, should serve merely as a methodological means, and not be an end in itself. The content should bear the stamp of the Armenian spirit".

Dellalian was a person overwhelmed with love. His rich inner world had a talent for dreaming, for perceiving the secrets of the universe. His kind smile was fed by resolute will and inner strength. He was a person of unique charm. Mediocrity was unacceptable for him. His subtle taste knew how to appreciate the beauty of nature. He admired the earth, the first seedling bursting out of the ground, the first blossom. Ultimately, he was fond of life, light and sun. Dellalian had the power to influence human feelings. He could feel the pulse of modern life.

Dellalian's inner world was a treasury of spiritual sounds, in which the breath and spirit of the Armenian Church were present. He was able to enliven a simple theme, at the same time remaining loyal to national roots, presenting Armenian music to the world with its modern sound.

Our small, but light house was always full of music. Whoever came to see us, particularly artists, stayed up until late at night. Dellalian's work was always composed there, a place which wore the fragrance and breath of the burning candles of his hard life, and where there was a part of reminiscence from the candle of my own life, a beam of light resurrected from my tears...

The ballet *Lilit* was Dellalian's last composition based on A. Isahakian's short story *Lilit*. He managed to complete only 32 pages and the piece remained unfinished. He used to talk about *Lilit* with such enthusiasm. During the last years of his life Dellalian had eyesight problems. His friends would prepare large notepads for him but it did not help... Once he said with distress: "I am brimming over with the tunes of *Lilit*. Once my eyesight is recovered, three days would be enough to put down the music on paper and complete it..."

Harutium dreamt of creating music based on Levon Shant's "Old Gods" drama, but, unfortunately, he could not accomplish this due to constant obstacles because its plot was inconsistent with the ideology of the Soviet times. Nevertheless, Dellalian was full of determination. Obviously, he would never have given up the idea had not the merciless angel of death knocked at his door...



We often visited the Pantheon and put flowers on the tombs of great Armenians. Every time Harutiun would approach the monument to great Komitas, gently stroke his hands and ask Komitas to help him keep moving forward along the hard path that he, Harutiun, had chosen.

In Yerevan Dellalian's compositions were performed at concerts and congresses of the Composers' Union. Nevertheless, April 23, 1983 became the extraordinary day in our life when we witnessed the due appreciation of his talent. On that day Dellalian's *Dedication to Komitas*, a piano sonata, was to be performed by the well-known pianist Artur Papazian in the Chamber Music Hall, together with Schumann and Debussy. ... It was a decisive event in Dellalian's life when his composition was exposed to a large audience. Days, hours, seconds of impatient waiting...

Eventually, the concert began. The sounds of the sonata with its multi-layer colourfulness, pleadings, torments, tolling of the bells poured out in front of the audience... It was a different world. It was Dellalian immersed into the mystic silence of his planet, gradually illuminating the surrounding world with shining radiation.

Dedication to Komitas does not ally with the concept of a sonata. It is a prayer devoted to the victims of the Genocide embodied in the person of Komitas. The harmonious union of Dellalian, Komitas and Sevak comprises the nucleus of the composition. They exquisitely merge into a trinity expressed in the tunes of tender "Naroy" which resembles the light touch of a breeze. The listener experiences pain and revival.

The last sounds, the last murmurs dwindle. Silence. Then, all of a sudden, triumphant applause bursts out in the hall. The composer is received with a stormy ovation...

Dellalian had waited for that remarkable day so long. On that day I saw him abstracted from the world he himself had created... I saw Dellalian bowing in front of the audience with his eyes shining with excitement and... peace.

For Harutiun it was a great victory...

Many spectators were moved to tears. They approached the composer and shook hands with him with obsequious gratitude.

It is impossible to confuse Dellalian's music with any other harmony; it is "inherent"...

One is drawn into the spiritual world of Dellalian by magnetic power and is exposed to the world of philosophical introspection, a dialogue between the earthly and heavenly where life, death and love triumph.

I highly value each of Dellalian's works, but the *Topophono* concerto is special for me.

I remember with love those delightful days and weeks which were full of creative

inspiration when the new-born sounds were set down on paper and we, i.e. me and our daughters, participated in that process by tuning various melodies. Human weeping, pleading and cries were harmonically vocalized... growing into the powerful and triumphant dance of the young Armenians in a pattern resembling the firmness of the mountains, shoulder to shoulder, crying out Kochari...

TOPOPHONO is the culmination of my feelings, and in the depths of its sounds Harutiun's soul, and mine, fly...

When the French horn plays, I forget myself; I do not want to think of anything, I want to take it in my arms, to embrace the melody, seeking spiritual calls, lost faces, values...

In America the first performance had already been given in Boston. It was included in the program of the American Music Festival. Harutiun was invited to that concert, but the Soviet authorities did not allow Dellalian to leave for the U.S.A. The second concert was held in Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, Los Angeles, where, as a matter of fact, the annual Oscar nominations take place. Harutiun received another invitation to participate in the performance of Topophono from the Armenian-American Theatrical Musical Society, chaired by Victor Martirosian. For the second time his trip to the U.S.A. was rejected. The unprecedented success caused a fervent desire to know the composer in person. Again Victor Martirosian arranged an invitation which was not rejected. Together with Eduard Mirzoyan he went on a ten-day trip to Los Angeles.

It was here that Dellalian had his only chance to meet Aram Gharabekian, a gifted musician. He would always refer to that event with enthusiasm and excitement. "I happened to know a musician in person whose personality was depicted for me in his letters", he once said about Gharabekian.

December 7, 1986 was one of Dellalian's special days, a day of appreciation, recognition and warm receipt.

Dellalian was a true patriot. He was committed to Armenia up to the very last day of his life. In the late 1980s', despite health problems, Dellalian participated in the organization of assistance to the Artsakh liberation movement.

At one of the interviews (March 11, 1989) Dellalian said:

"I wish our belief would be revived, peace would settle in our turbulent souls and we took delight in free creation. I wish Armenians would return to their homeland and instead of emigration we had an inflow of our kinsmen. I wish no child were assassinated.

I wish I were Komitas vardapet, but went mad with joy at seeing my people happy."

HORIZON

Literary Attachment No. 4 (212), April, 2002

Dedication to the 65th anniversary of the birth of my husband, the composer Harutiun Dellalian.

Dear reader,

It has been months since I first wrote down my memories... Once again I want to lead you along the path of my recollections, opening the doors on the life of the composer Harutiun Dellalian.

I realize that it is going to be a difficult path with unanswered mysterious "whys" in Dellalian's life... A path which is the golden ring of my memories, chained by unforgettable bygone days...

The tunes sounding inside me never stop...

... The tunes which are the echo of the inner screaming of the soul, the "sedimentary" presence of the turbulent past, the eternity of creation ensuing from sufferings and amassed fire that never stopped burning in his heart.

The aura of spirituality surrounding Dellalian in his childhood when he listened to Komitas' songs in the warm, light room of their house in Athens, from Mary Pashayan, his adorable mother who was educated at the Convent School in Rome, became the foundation of the spiritual development on which the composer was shaped.

Dellalian came to this world to make his outstanding contribution towards 20th century art marked by national spirit and innovative trends.

He was an excellent interlocutor. He had the talent to speak eloquently and listen to others. Moreover, he had the talent to feel the very moment in time... With buoyant spontaneity inherent to artists he responded to events taking place by demonstrating human perception and philosophy in the earthly and heavenly dialogue about life, death and eternity...

"Artists who do not keep abreast with the times, who are not concerned about things happening in the present, cannot be considered contemporary. Clearly, each period has its problems and "whys" which should be resolved by those who belong to that period." ²

He was honest, noble and committed to his principles. He defiantly disobeyed the ideological influence of the governing party. He rejected pretence and flattery. Entirely devoted to his work, he was a man of action rather than of words.

Every single sound of his music echoed the April laments reverberating in his inner world. His music is the presentation of the bitter past of the Armenians emanating from the April tragedy of 1915 but reviving and triumphant, difficult and fascinating, written with contemporary features and spirit that conquer the listener's heart and mind...

The works he composed during his short but productive creative life were performed on stages throughout the world.

Dedication to Komitas, sonata for piano (performed in Yerevan, New York, Lisbon, Los Angeles, Boston, Italy, Japan and Germany, published by Sovetakan Grogh (Soviet

Writer) Publishing House, Yerevan), *Meditations*, sonata for clarinet and piano (performed in Yerevan, Moscow and Lisbon), *Medium* bassoon sonata (performed in Germany), symphonic poem *Death* (performed in Novosibirsk), *Requiem Trionfale* (performed in Boston, Canada, Yerevan, Moscow, Venice, Kohl, Berlin, Tokyo, Kazan); *Topophono*, concerto for string orchestra, piano, and French horn (performed in Yerevan, Boston, Moscow, Los Angeles, awarded the Golden Wreath of the California Cinema and Television Council and Superstar diploma), dramatic cantata *Immersed Sun* (performed in Yerevan), *Minute of Silence* for women's choir (performed in Yerevan, Cyprus, Greece), etc....

The subtle artistic taste, singular style, distinct national outlook helped the composer to filter and purify the tune of each composition through the spirit of the difficult history of Armenian culture, thus, producing works of great value that had repercussions in contemporary music.

Artists used to visit us to listen to Dellalian's recorded music. After hearing the records of the *Topophono* concerto Henrik Malian, a well-known Armenian film director, congratulated Dellalian with great excitement and wrote on the poster hanging on the wall:

"Harutiun, now I know you and it is due to *Topophono*, but I feel like I have known you for years, since my childhood, even before my birth..."

He painted and had been writing verse and prose since his adolescence. He even had the pseudonym "Muraz" and a circle of friends to whom his writings were presented. At that time he never thought that music would become his most cherished type of art, to which he would become entirely dedicated... Music became the expression of his inner world, his faith in good and truth, the stormy outcries, agitation and excitement to an extent that he would cry in the course of composing.

He had amazingly fine handwriting and put the notes down on paper very carefully, with meticulous neatness.

He knew how books were arranged in the bookcase. None of us was allowed to touch the papers or books or even the pen on his desk... He liked to accomplish whatever he did with due care and diligence. I was the first one to comment on his newly composed music. Dellalian appreciated my opinion which was surprising for me because I was not a musician.

1976... Dellalian was a student of the Yerevan State Conservatory after Komitas.

These were difficult times... To work, to meet the needs of the family, and to study, do all the classes, compose and take exams... Sometimes all this resulted in time restriction. He did not like to go to classes unprepared. He seriously studied every subject. However, there were professors who did not try to understand these situations. There was a period when they said that "Harutiun is searching".

This was a challenge for Harutiun when more persistent and intensive efforts were exhorted in order to assert his "individuality". He started two different pieces - *Pepush*, a children's opera, and a *Sonata for Cello and Piano*. He worked tirelessly and hard in order

to finish these pieces for final exams. The examination session was approaching... The presentation passed without any nervousness or tension. The examination commission were surprised to see two major works which were highly appreciated by the commission.

1979... A plenary session of chamber music was held in the Minor Philharmonic Hall in Yerevan where Dellalian's cello and piano sonata was also included in the programme.

It was the first performance of the sonata. Seconds of impatient waiting, a full hall. Famous artists, musicians, friends were present at the concert. It appeared that the performance was going to be his second examination...

...Finally, the concert started... Musician-performers Felix and Nelly Simonians appeared on the stage.

...Velvety and enchanting tones of the cello (solo at the beginning) sounded in the deathly silence beneath the smooth accompaniment of the piano. The music embraced the audience and carried the listener away through the last fading pizzicatos...

25 years have passed since that day... but still I vividly remember the excitement, spontaneous congratulations, thundering ovations and recognition that were given to both the author and the piece. This was the highest appreciation. I saw the warm response and shining faces of the audience... For many people the composer Dellalian who rather belatedly stepped into the world of music, became a mystic Discovery ...

"Harutiun Dellalian's cello and piano sonata is a work immersed in sincere lyrical pathos. This unique music is a praise of deep, pure human feelings".³

The cello sonata was recognized as the best, most impressive and memorable piece of the concert. People approached and congratulated him heartily. They said warm words and wished him further success in his creative development ... Those who had not long before claimed that "Harutiun was searching" were also among the applauding audience. The day was the witness: music executed in the national spirit induced the acknowledgement of Dellalian's unique vision and singular articulation qualifying it as a composition written in the modern sound of the Armenian chamber music trend. In an excited voice Avet Terterian acclaimed several times "You are a Hero".

It was a glorious day since it was more than a victory for both of us: we had passed along the long path together... It was an achievement attained by virtue of the truth which brought broad recognition to Dellalian. In 1979 Dellalian became a member of the Union of Composers of Armenia.

The cello sonata has had a long line of performances and captivated hearts of musicians with each new performance and interpretation.

"We are lucky to perform Dellalian's cello sonata. It has the features of modern, and at the same time, national music. The performance of his works in Novosibirsk was a major event in the city's musical life. H. Dellalian has a vivid individuality with an interesting and singular style."⁴

The sonata was performed in Yerevan, the USA, France, Portugal and Novosibirsk. Yerevan, 1984. There was an event held in the art school where the composer used to work. It was a concert where instructors were supposed to perform after the performance given by students. Dellalian played the *Dedication to Komitas* sonata for piano.

Perj Zhamkochian, a prominent and widely known Armenian organist attended the event.

Impressed by tragic, colourful and dramatic sounds of the sonata he approached Dellalian after the concert, congratulated him and made an appointment. The appointment turned out to be predestined and was decisive in Zhamkochian commissioning a new piece.

When Arthur Meschian, an architect, a singer and a friend of Harutiun, learnt about the interesting order, he kindly made his electronic organ available as its sound characteristics were more favourable for an organ composition.

An interesting, tense and very responsible creative period started which completely absorbed the composer: he listened to tolls of the Armenian Apostolic Church, was guided by emblematic revival of Genocide memories, felt the depth of the theme given the internal requirements of the piece. The piece consisted of sighs and supplications coming from mysterious silence - which were heard from invisible, elusive depths that had become a residue with soul, face and body. It was attached to his soul, which became heavy with the call for revenge and was born in the tears of the eyes of the composer's soul. Every sound of Dellalian's enchanting music reflected the voice of his soul, with variegated colours glowing in the altar of his soul and mysterious things to tell.



Ընտանիքի հետ
With the family

"When you compose, you should first feel the depth of the theme, so that people feel and experience all that through your feelings."⁵

The piece called *Requiem Trionfale* was dedicated to the Genocide memorial. This is a magnificent, deep and exciting work that reveals his mind, and feelings...

The second meeting with P. Zhamkochian took place in our house in a warm and sociable family atmosphere, where famous Armenian spiritual music singer, Lusine Zakarian and Khoren Palian were also present.

I remember this memorable and special evening with love and irreversible feelings: warm and pleasant conversations, listening to music and feeling mutual affinity. It was impossible for any of us to imagine at the time how that Heavenly Message was to mark the end of the evening for the two Great Men, the end of creative friendship between Dellalian and Zhamkochian that had begun so agreeably... a friendship that started in a warm creative circle but lasted only for a short time, physically, while the spiritual aspect accompanies P. Zhamkochian until today with bright memories of Dellalian's personality...

The third meeting did not take place...

The composer waited for that meeting for a long time... with nostalgia and his heart beating fast!... All of us were happy that P. Zhamkochian was in Yerevan again, on a concert tour. The concert was to be held in the Big Philharmonic Concert Hall on April 25, 1990 and Dellalian's *Requiem Trionfale* was among the works to be performed by Zhamkochian. Zhamkochian performed the piece in many countries -- Japan, Germany, Italy, USA, Canada; it captured the hearts of the audience, once again presenting Armenian music to both Armenian and foreign audiences.

This was going to be the first performance of *Requiem Trionfale* by Zhamkochian in Yerevan. The performance of April 25 was to be one of the happy days, which I find difficult to put aside, remembering the internal joy felt by the author; finally, finally his long expected dream would come true; he would listen to it, live through the days and hours of composing again, take part in note-sounds created, nourished and watered by the tears of his inner world.

... Unexpectedly, with black force, ruthless death broke into my beautiful family on April 23, 1990...

The *Requiem Trionfale* was performed on April 25... without the author... when the same day other melodies sounded around Dellalian... melodies of mourning and funeral...

"Everything is void, and a passing dream..."⁶

Sounds of Requiem coming from organ pipes reached God with a voice of grievance, those mysterious "whys" that remain "Inexplicable, unknown" to date...

Why did tears come into his eyes when he was creating this work?

Did he feel and see the black phantom of death in the secret corner of his soul?

... I am unable to answer...

Dear reader,

I would prefer not write about this at all, conveying my grief to you, but it is the story of the creation and performance of *Requiem Trionfale* and it would have been meaningless to remove this part.

Regardless of how much the April Genocide was embedded in his inner world and the stamp carried by his works expressed the tragic inspiration, they were accompanied by optimistic views of Light, Faith and Victory.

The work ends with triumph calling upon the Armenian nation.

Years have passed... the Requiem Trionfale has made a triumphant course throughout the world and found a way to talk, to stir up people's hearts by ringing-sounds coming from deep sources and having repercussions in the contemporary world of music.

Dellalian did not become dizzy with success in composing his work. On the contrary, these successes obligated him more and inspired him to create new works with more responsibility, on the basis of the previous work.

In 1988 to the question of Jackie Abramian, a reporter from Boston of Armenian decent, as to whether there were difficulties in the way of a musician and what he would recommend to someone who wanted to continue their education in the field of music, Dellalian answered:

"I would say 'again' for sure. If I were born again I would surely become a musician. Although I am not independent in many things... There are difficulties in terms of performance. My major symphonies, *Monument to Martyrs*, a cantata-requiem, and *Pepush*, a children's opera have not been performed to date.

One cannot look after his family merely by creating music through which one wants to tell the history of his nation. Albeit difficult, I both have guests and compose in this small room, but I repeat that if I were born again I would only apply myself to music, because it involves such creative aspects with great opportunities.

It is everyone's duty to serve people even when living a difficult life...

Is there a higher or nobler task than serving people?

We should not lose our ancient gift of surviving and creating.

We exist and we live with our love for life, with the desire of a constructor and a creator, a cultivator and a dreamer.

I think that my role for my nation and Armenian culture is in serving my nation by means of music. This is my credo, my message to all..."

Harutiun Dellalian lived and composed with firm commitment, dedication and loyalty to his principles.

HORIZON

Literary Attachment No. 6 (226), June, 2003

Pilgrimage

Roper Hattechian*

*T*oday is the Republic Day in Armenia. There is so much activity in Yerevan. Some of the streets are blocked for the traffic. Temporary stages are being constructed for the celebrations which have not started yet.

Today I am supposed to visit a place which for me has a value of a museum although officially is not a museum. Christapor, a friend of mine, should take me there. We have to pass along curvy roads, narrow streets, reach the backyard of the building which is shared with the Iranian mosque ornamented with colorful mosaic. The house is no different from the other neighboring buildings. In front of the entrance there is a memorial plaque. The name engraved in the stone is very dear to me, but my admiration to him was not the only driving force that motivated me to come here. The place housed recollections about another remarkable person. Until recently I knew almost nothing about these two people - pillars of Armenian music. Now I know much. I go there to feel its aura, to view the pictures of the two great people, their albums, notebooks and the waves of their music.

Hayrik Mouradian, outstanding folklorist and singer of Armenian folk music lived in this house. In fact, I was shocked when two years ago I had my first chance to listen to his recordings. It wasn't so easy to attend to his warm and sincere voice which comes up from the depth of Armenian folk music with heartbreaking warmth and naturalness. Where did the voice come from, which land and water springs of Armenia? Hayrik Mouradian lived in this house and the plaque is in his memory.

The Mouradian family is linked with the family of another outstanding person by matrimonial ties, a composer whose music inspired me to visit this place. Surprisingly, his name was unknown to me until the day when about two years ago I read an article in the literary attachment of "Horizon" weekly (Montreal) and on the same day watched fragments of his music by the Armenian public TV channel. I would keep on wondering about the surprising coincidence of reading the article and the TV broadcast of his concert. For me it was a symbolic concurrence. As if an unknown force wanted me to know that person on the same day first by reading the article about him and then by listening to his music.

The name of the extraordinary composer is Harutiun Dellalian. Now I knew much about him. Again and again I had attended to all his compositions which had been performed at least once. Now I knew that he should be ranked in the category of the most appreciated Armenian composers. An individual whose music strikes the listener once and takes him over into the inherent atmosphere of his compositions. An individual who was a belated entrant into the world of music and, unfortunately, because of his premature death left it too early. Nevertheless, during a very short period he achieved enormous results. In my circle Harutiun Dellalian's name was known only to me. Now in these rooms I could feel his presence because a special place was dedicated to him along with Hayrik Mouradian. Sitting in front of the portraits of these two great artists we looked at their photo albums, pictures, posters, notes, articles released in the media. I was excited. I could hear the sounds of Dellalian's most remarkable piece - *Topophono* - that I knew nearly by heart.

I was so thankful to Christapor for taking me to this place which no longer had any tenants but was never abandoned. Everything was left as they were before. However, Harutiun Dellalian's family now live in Lisbon. His wife, two daughters and son-in-law who is the son of Hayrik Mouradian are all musicians: pianist, violist, cellist. They live in Lisbon, but at that moment I could feel their presence. I was sure that mentally they were with us and knew that I was looking at the notes. They were aware that I had come in order to articulate openly to the world about my deep respect for these two men.

We spent about an hour there. Before we had left I knew that I had a lot to say about Harutiun Dellalian. How come I did not share my feelings and joys with my dear readers by now?

Outside the celebrations of the Republic Day had started. Life went on. Every day life opens a new page for Armenians.

However, in our hearts we also cherish the old pages.

MARMARA

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Another Fallen Tree

Albina Kerobian*

*W*here shall I begin? Today it is more than difficult to find an answer to this question because his story should be told in the past. When I refer to him in the past, the words take on an undertone of sadness. They grow into a memory and declaration of regret for things done or not done. And when one tries to turn away from sadness, one clings to so-called "living memory", aware of the absurdity of the thought that there is no "living memory". Again one rearranges and integrates one's reminiscences so that in one's memory he is at least preserved, if not revived.

Prematurely Harutiun Dellalian's life became a memory. As for the path followed by Dellalian and his creative work... time will tell.

I am neither the first nor the last person to write about Harutiun Dellalian. Indeed, there will be further deliberations and elucidations on the composer's creative renovation and his works which were warmly received overseas. Assessment of his life and works is still to be made. Life was not kind to him and fate was merciless.

He did not manage to accomplish his portrait of an artisan.

Alas...

But who does? Which artist creates his "last" work? The "end" is unknown, and the "beginning" is out of sight.

Where did it start?

Presumably, the repatriation from Greece to Armenia in 1947 was for the ten-year-old Harutiun to go to a Motherland of hope, faith, where dreams would come true. As all repatriates, he also set his foot firmly on the land of his ancestors with the deep belief that the long yearned for Motherland would really become a mother and fondle him with motherly affection, but.... during those hard days the Motherland itself did not understand with whom and how it would share its compassion. This was the starting point along the hard path repatriates would have to follow. The training received at the school of young workers was followed by employment as a worker at the milling machinery factory. Gradually he entered the world of music, first due to his efforts in self-education, then the People's Music School, later the Yerevan Music College after R. Melikian (class of Ed. Baghdasarian) and finally graduation from the Yerevan Conservatory after Komitas in 1977. It was a long, very long road.

In 1985 works of Mozart, Beethoven, Liszt and Dellalian were performed at the famous Carnegie Hall. After the concert, the New York Times wrote on March 24:

"The most notable piece was Harutiun Dellalian's *Dedication to Komitas* piano sonata, an exciting composition where the tunes of folklore, vocal music and sounds of the inner piano strings are used."

Monitor, a Canadian newspaper commented on March 27:

"*Dedication to Komitas*, a remarkable piece on psychological torment which, however, never perturbs the listener. It is totally moving and clear throughout the piece".

Only an adept in Armenian national music would be able to create such a wonderful piece as *Dedication to Komitas*, a person who embodies the national spirit of Armenia, because for Dellalian Komitas and Armenia are one and the same thing, a blend of spirits with which, as an element of his nation's life today, the composer himself is merged. *Dedication to Komitas* sonata gained world wide recognition. It was performed in concert halls all over the world - the USA, Canada, Italy, England, Portugal. In 1989 the piece was performed by Gayaneh Jaghatspanian in Japan and Hungary at concerts dedicated to victims of the disastrous earthquake.

Remaining loyal to the national, he mastered the expression forms of modern world music and presented Armenian music with a new approach. The Nor Kiank newspaper (London) wrote:

"Harutiun Dellalian is a modern composer. If you are interested in music of the 20th century, purely national, full of techniques, atonic, multitonic, you should listen to H. Dellalian's *Topophono* Concerto.

We cannot tell how this piece was received in Armenia, but we are sure that anyone who understands music would admire the composer's innovative style".

In 1974 Dellalian composed the cello sonata. In 1977 he created his *First Symphony* and in 1983 he finished *When Twilight Descends* vocal cycle and in 1983 the *Sonata for Violin and Piano*. During these years Dellalian also accomplished two major pieces - the *Second Concert for Chamber Orchestra* (1983) and *Second Symphony* (1985). In 1986 Dellalian composed the *Ecloga* Chamber Concert (for flute, piano, string and percussion orchestra). In 1986 *Minute of Silence* (for women's choir, soprano), in 1988 dramatic cantata *Immersed Sun* (for symphonic orchestra, voice and declamation), etc were created.

What the response of Armenian music critics, Dellalian's colleagues and audience was, or how hard it was to achieve execution of his works before any assessment was made, is something known only to the composer himself. In turn, we have never attempted to assume our responsibility for appropriate acknowledgment and approval...

If we have been unable somehow to relieve the hardships which fell to his lot, at least we should confess today that very often not only do we lack the potential, but also the proper knowledge and education to appreciate such "significant" people as Dellalian. Instead of progressing ourselves, we try to lower them to our own level of appreciation. It is an easy approach which has grown to become our way of life. We have been behaving like this for years, and lives have ceased...

How many of them have walked along a thorny path and how many more of them will still do so?

Dellalian's portrait as a citizen bears the mark of integrity and sincerity. Any form of protectionism or forgery would be alien to a person who relied only on his own forces and laid his own path. He denied excessive flattery addressed either to him or others. He considered that one should be generous in one's actions and not in words, and dedicated himself to his work with extreme enthusiasm. He took the utmost pleasure from working, no matter how difficult it might be. His compositions were created in a small room which had hardly enough space for the piano and a desk. However, he worked with fanatic devotion and never complained of the hardships or of his constant needy state. Ignoring any kind of commonplace rumours and "criticism" he kept working.

He was an integral and unbending character, a patriot of his country. His love for Armenia was neither of those suffering from homesickness nor mere words and speeches. His love was the potency of a sick person hardly able to stand on his feet and his desire was to help Armenia till the very last moment of his life. He was seriously ill, with impaired eyesight, unable to work, and suffered painfully from the thought that he ought to help Artsakh. We bear this image of Dellalian stamped on our memory from the last time we saw him: with a most stressful expression on his face, hardly able to summon his strength to assist Artsakh.

At one of the interviews (March 11, 1989), when asked "What do you dream about?" Dellalian answered:

"I wish I could finish the ballet "Lilit" and see it performed on stage. I wish the Soumgayit Genocide and this terrifying disaster had not happened to us. I wish others had not turned a blind eye to our misfortunes. I wish there were no barbarian attitude to our culture and religion. I wish our belief were revived, peace settled in our turbulent souls and that we could take delight in free creation. I wish Armenians would return to their homeland and instead of migration we had the repatriation of our kinsmen. I wish no child were assassinated.

I wish....

I wish I were Komitas Vardapet, but had been overjoyed at seeing my people happy."

"An exclusively singular composition", "traits of a dynamic artist" - this was the response of the foreign press, particularly on his latest work, Topophono concerto (for string orchestra, piano and French horn).

The concerto was written at the request of Aram Gharabekian, artistic director of the Sinfonova Orchestra (Boston). The first performance of Topophono took place in December 1986, at Jordan Hall and Symphony Hall (Boston), and Dorothy Zandland Music Hall.

In 1987, as the best composer of the year, Harutiun Dellalian was awarded the Golden Wreath and Superstar diploma of the U.S. Cinematography and Television Council.

Topophono was also performed in Yerevan by the chamber orchestra, headed by Zaven Vardanian. It is a unique piece both in terms of its interpretation and of its stylistic connotation. In the Greek language "topo" means location, and "phono" is sound. In the course of the performance of this dramatized musical composition, musicians also become "actors" who move across the stage, creating a specific effect of approaching and dwindling sounds.

"It might sound funny, but I have not heard any of my three symphonies. Death, a symphonic poem and *Monument to Martyrs*, a vocal-symphonic cantata have also never been performed.

Who should execute Armenian symphonies and operas? Of course, it should be our own Symphonic Orchestra and Operatic Theatre Company.

Who should present Armenian composers to the international audience? Who should give wings to our flight?" wrote Dellalian in 1989.

Dellalian combined creative work with pedagogic activity. For years he taught composition and theory at Yerevan Art School 1. He trained generations of performers and composers, and many of his former students became teachers at the same school.

He composed *Requiem Trionfale* for organ dedicated to the victims of the

Genocide. The requiem which is notable for deep content and passion evoked the interest of large circles in various countries.

Paykar ("Struggle") newspaper, Boston, wrote:

"Requiem Trionfale

This extraordinary composition, after phases of storm, barbarity, pain, death-spreading silence and requiem, calls for the revival of the Armenian people".

Requiem was performed by Berj Zhamkkochian in the USA, Germany, Italy, Japan, England, Portugal, once again communicating the destiny of the Armenian people to the world through music.

Requiem Trionfale went on a triumphant procession around the world. On April 25 it was to be executed in Yerevan. Unfortunately, Dellalian did not manage to hear it because on that day different tunes, tunes of mourning and funeral, sounded around him.

Harutiun did not succeed... We all continue to claim that "he did not succeed".

It is not he, but all of us, who failed. We are never on time, we are always late. We live with belated acknowledgment, and appreciation. Who knows why it is only the end that comes early.

We are sorry for our belated appreciation, Harutiun. And it is our failure, not yours.

Harutiun passed away on April 23, 1990.

Another tree fell in our sparse forest...

ARVEST ("Art") magazine No. 7 (1-64), 1991

An Enchanting Call

Karine Jaghatspanian*

In memory of Harutiun Dellalian, an exquisitely gifted musician, a patriot of his country, who passed away a day before the anniversary date of the Armenian Genocide, a tragedy which echoes throughout the works of Harutiun Dellalian.



desiccated branch of small red flowers that adorns our living room is indescribably beautiful. It was given to us by Harutiun Dellalian when my sister and I paid a visit to him. It never occurred to us that it would be our last meeting.

For some years now Harutiun is no longer with us. He passed away as unexpectedly as he stepped into the world of music. While his artistic life lasted only 17 years, during that short period Harutiun offered wonderful masterpieces of musical art to his countrymen and all other people who appreciate music, progressively gaining recognition of the musical elite throughout the world.

Without realizing it himself, Dellalian hurriedly tries to accomplish whatever he plans to do. He hurries to refine whatever he wants to say in music, to communicate to others his perception of the world. This communication is crystallized in his compositions not through traditional ways and patterns. It is soaked with the tunes and intonations of the Armenian folk and medieval monodies. The constant quest for experimenting and

attaining bold realization of sounds, the combination of instruments, the urge towards stereophonic sounds, which were always controlled by his intuitive sense of proportion, entwine with the sounds of folk tunes in an unusually impressive and unique manner. This, in turn, creates a new effect, which may be called the effect of Dellalian.

Unprecedented success was achieved in the United States in 1986, at the performance of the *Topophono* concerto for orchestra, piano and French horn.

For this composition which is based on the theme of the 1915 Genocide, the author was awarded the "Golden Wreath" and "Super Star" Certificate by the California Council of Cinema and Television. By virtue of the vivid expressiveness, sound systems dialoguing with each other, full power of thespian development inherent to concertos, *Topophono* implies different options for interpretations. This particular feature was used by the conductor who introduced elements of the "instruments' theatre" which assumes theatrical movements of performers on the stage.

A large portion of the acclaimed success and appreciation arose with his Dedication to Komitas piano sonata. The terse and laconic music of the sonata, which is entirely in consistency with the spirit of Komitas' traditions, depicts the character of the great Armenian composer Komitas.

It seems that in the emotional tonus of the sonata the compressed spirit of Dellalian is present with his high principles as a citizen and inner suffering for the tragic history of Armenia. The colourful national tunes and modern techniques constitute an organic and inter-complementary union. The emphasized pitched combinations, distinct spatial expressions are echoed in and mixed with folk motives and songs. The sequential introduction of these effects leads to the culmination, strong dissonant sound which can be compared to the critical moment of the tragic history of Komitas and his nation.

There was another unusual quality in Harutiun - his passionate striving for good, light harmony. This preference seems to be embodied in each of his works, namely in his piano sonata. Here, when at the end of the composition the strings seem to produce the sounds of a tar, the pianist sings "Naroy". In the hypnotized minds of listeners the seeds of revived life rise from the ashes. These are seeds which have gone through terrible cataclysms, crimes, betrayals and indifference, but ... despite all this, they have risen again. No matter whether this piece was performed in the U.S.A., Canada, Italy, Japan, Spain, Portugal or the Soviet Union, listeners applauded the pianists Harutiun Papazian, Sedrak Erkanian, Gayane Jaghatspanan, Marine Dellalian with tears in their eyes. Through such emotional unity between people of different nations, the individual power of the composer's music and his contemporariness are conveyed, just as they are with painful optimism today.

Harutiun Dellalian the Composer Remembered By a Friend

Berj Zamkochian*

*L*ast November, it was my good fortune to make a world tour, which included a trip to Armenia, and two concerts there. In Armenia, I was reminded that April was to mark some very special anniversaries in my life, and in the lives of Armenians, and I was asked to return for these celebrations.

Although I have been to Armenia over 30 times, this was the 25th anniversary of my first visit in 1965. April 20th was my birthday, and April 24th was the 75th anniversary of the Armenian Genocide, April 15 was Easter Sunday, so, the sum total of all these events pointed me in the direction of Hayastan in April. All my visits to Armenia have played a very important role in my life. Some have been very pleasant, some very unpleasant, but all have been interesting. The visit of April 1990 had all the ingredients of a most exciting time. There was an initial request for 3 concerts at Philharmonic Hall, and I planned for the first time in my life a whole program of Armenian organ music, including many works especially composed for me. I was to prepare two television tapes, with extra concerts for April 24, and, of course, I was to play at Holy Echmiadzin and Saint Sarkis Church in Yerevan.

One of the unexpected, tragic surprises of this trip was the sudden death of my friend and brother, Harutiun Dellalian, on April 23. His death was not only great personal loss, but also a great loss to the world of music. Most of all, it was a great loss for the Armenian people.

I first met Dellalian in December of 1983. I was in Armenia to receive the Bedros Atamian Award, and during that visit I was invited to a faculty concert and dinner at the

Art School for children in Zeytun. I later found out that the purpose of the dinner was to ask me for an organ for the School. The headmaster was a very hardworking and bright gentleman named Sigismund Nersessian. Dellalian was a member of the faculty of the School, and he was to take part in the concert that evening.

He performed his composition, *Dedication to Komitas*. I remember well the impression his performance made on me. I was mesmerized with the work. It was haunting, refreshingly different from anything I had heard from an Armenian composer. Dellalian spoke a distinctive musical language. His use of the piano was unusual to say the least, even to the point of singing into the free vibration of the strings, and yet, with all the newness there was nothing offensive. The music also revealed that its composer spoke from the depths of an Armenian soul, a soul that had gone through the purification of much tragedy and suffering.

Dellalian's stage appearance was especially interesting. He looked very youthful, half his actual age; and he seemed tube shy, yet when he performed, everything changed. He was transformed, as was his audience, this writer included. He was invited to the dinner after the concert. It was then that I came into contact with the man who had the quick smile and warm nature that was immediate. On close observation, the youthful appearance revealed the stamp of suffering on his face, and in our very brief conversations alone, he bonded with me in the pain that he bore in this life.

All through his performance, there was one thought in my mind: I must ask Dellalian to write something for the organ. Here was a talent, with a great Armenian soul, a very curious mind; a person who could elicit something unique from the king of instruments. My request was welcomed without hesitation. The only question asked was: "What sort of piece would you like?" My response: "Something for April 24th". That was not the only request that evening.

I was asked for an organ for the Art School, which I agreed to, and I dedicated the instrument on December 7, 1985.

I was introduced by Dellalian, and joining me for the dedication concert were many friends including my dear friend Lusiné Zakariah. That was some day! Little did I know at the time that a few years later, December 7, was to mark one of the darkest days in the history of the Armenian people.

Dellalian composed a piece for organ, *Requiem Trionfale*, which he dedicated to me, and the score bore the date of 14 November 1984 for its completion. I planned to play the work for the first time on the great organ of the Methuen Memorial music hall at the annual concert of the Komitas Organ Fund. For this performance, I extended to Dellalian and his wife an invitation to come to America and to be present at the first performance. My gesture was returned by a very cruel rebuff from Armenia, made to an American visitor, that the American Government had refused a visa for Dellalian. I found out, and have documented proof in my files, that never was such a refusal made. I repeated the work

the following year again at the Komitias Organ Fund Concert in Methuen, and again I sent an invitation, which was not honoured. No excuse was given. Finally, Dellalalian did make it to California for the performance of his work for orchestra, but he arrived after the concert date. On that occasion we did speak on the phone for over an hour. Those memories now remain very precious for me.

I have played *Requiem Trionfale* all over the world, all the way from Japan to the Lautenberg Cathedral in Germany. It has been for me an ideal vehicle to state to the world the anguish, suffering, the faith and majesty of the Armenian people. In Venice, Italy at Festival Music's Armenia, it provoked a furore when I placed it on the program for a concert at St. Mark's Basilica. The furore was much welcomed, because it afforded me the opportunity to get something cleared in the minds of people who speak but without careful thought. Never again will such remarks be made!

On April 20 of this year, I had a memorable birthday party in the Roof Garden Dining Room of Hotel Ani in Yerevan. The only thing left incomplete was my invitation to Dellalalian and his wife Hermine. I had tried for a whole week to make contact with them, and finally it was Lusiné Zakarian who found out that Dellalalian was in the hospital awaiting cataract surgery. I asked for more information, and on April 22 received a call from his daughter, who seemed very cheerful throughout our brief conversation. She informed me that her father was most anxious to see me, and after I received the information as to visiting hours, I asked her to assure him that I would be there the next day.

I made provisions with friends to drive me to the hospital at 4 pm, and after a morning of practice I returned to the hotel for lunch. It was my good fortune that afternoon to find ample hot water, so I decided to take bath. Hot water was rather hard to come by at the Hotel Ani, so that my joy had no bounds that afternoon; that was until the electricity was cut off! So I shaved in the dark, without too much loss of blood. Shortly after that



Պ. ժամկոչյանը
Հ. Դելլալյանի
ընտանիքի հետ

B. Zhamkochian with
H. Dellalalian's family

my ride arrived for the visit to the hospital, and I was on the outside of the closed door to my room, when I heard my telephone. For a moment I thought of letting it ring, but finally gave in and answered.

Robert Amirkhanian's sister was on the phone for what I thought was a social call. She informed me, after much hesitation that Harutiun Dellalian had passed away. That call is still with me, because of the shock and trauma. My immediate thoughts were of Dellalian's wife, Hermine, and their two daughters. What a horror for this family. They were so loving and dedicated to one another. They shared everything together, and even during the composition of a work, Harutiun would play for Hermine each new section. She told me that during the composition of *Requiem Trionfale*, Harutiun would play each new page, with his eyes filled with tears.

The last joy to come into Dellalian's life was the birth of a grandson, although it is hard for me to imagine him a grandfather. This baby boy was with him the day before he passed away, and caused him unbound happiness.

Requiem services were to be conducted at the Dellalian house on April 24. That was an impossible day for me, because I had promised to play that morning at Holy Etchmiadzin, after which I had a rehearsal for a special Memorial Concert that evening. At 3 pm on April 25, there was to be a public funeral at the Art School. On the same day, I had a concert in the evening at Philharmonic Hall, and included in the program was the Requiem.

At the assigned time I was at the school. A large portrait hung above a black draped catafalque, banked with flowers. A deadly hush fell over the large assembly, including many of Dellalian's students. One could hear the dreaded strains of Chopin's "Funeral March". The body, in an open coffin, was gently placed on the catafalque. A guard of honour from the faculty of the school took their assigned places.

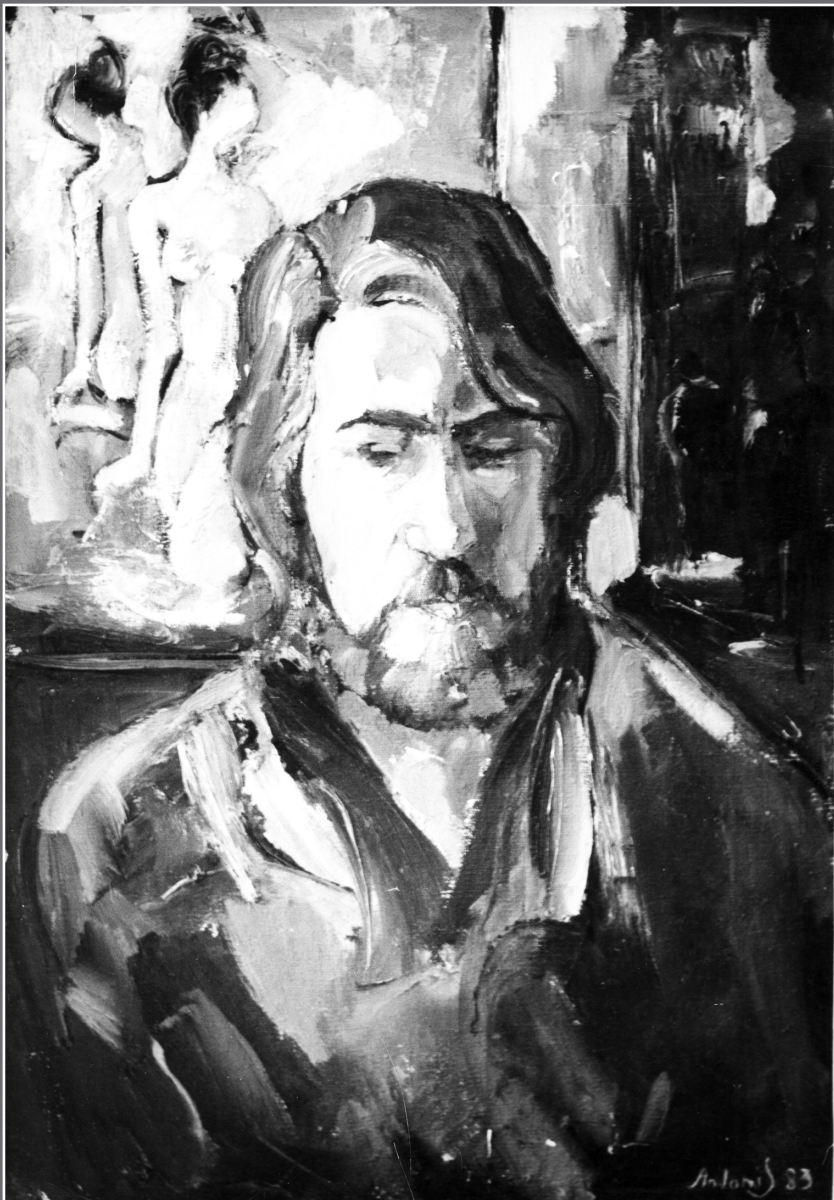
His devastated family helped to their places. The only sound to be heard was that of sobbing, so I cried the same tears that fill my eyes as I write these words.

At one point, in all that sorrow, I wanted to shout at the top of my lungs, "Good God, haven't you given us enough these past two years?" But I know better!

Sunday, June 3, will be the day of Dellalian's 40th day, and I wonder if I might request that all the Armenian clergy who read these words, and all the Armenian Churches would include in their Hokehangisd the name of Harutiun Dellalian.

Memorial programs of his music are being planned for the future.

As for me, the whole world seems a bit diminished without Harutiun. I will play his piece this year at every opportunity, with a new dimension, and I earnestly hope that each performance will transform me with the same faith of the composer who made the *Requiem Trionfale*.



Ակարիչ՝ Ադոնիս
Painter Adonis

Harutiun Dellalian

Ten Days in the United States

*T*he Yerevan-Moscow-Gander, New York, then Los Angeles flight, takes as long as flying half way around the world. The western hemisphere was sound asleep when our aircraft landed at the airport in Los Angeles.

Eduard Mirzoyan, renowned composer, and I had been invited there on the occasion of the execution of Mirzoyan's Symphony and my *Topophono* Concerto. Despite our belated arrival after the concerts had already been performed in Boston and Los Angeles, the warm reception bore witness to the success the concerts had achieved. Our compositions had evoked the loud applause of the large audience in Los Angeles. The concerts were held within the programme of the American Music Festival directed by Aram Gharabekian, the talented conductor of the Boston Sinfonova Orchestra.

Late at night, exhausted from the tiring trip, we walked towards the airport arrival hall. How are we to get to the hotel, who should we contact to help us find accommodation? We walked uncertainly, scarcely exchanging words with each other... All of a sudden we heard loud cries: "Here they are!". People who we had never met before approached us. As we discovered later, they were the members of the Armenian

Theatrical-Musical Association of America chaired by Victor Martirosian, an energetic champion of art. It was a very warm meeting.

There were words of greeting, hugging, and flowers. Representatives of the Armenian TV and media were there. Tears of happiness clogged my throat and I found it hard to breath.

Today, sitting in my study in Yerevan, I remember their joyful faces and the sadness marked deep in their eyes which can be found elsewhere. Wherever in the world an Armenian meets another Armenian, their meeting is filled with a different impression, a different awareness that can never be experienced among any other peoples. We have a different sun, different blood. Our sun has changed the composition of our blood. Does a Frenchman, an Englishman or an American experience the same feeling when meeting a fellow countryman as an Armenian does...? In the eyes of an Armenian you will see the nostalgia, the call of our history and our beating hearts. The Armenians want to embrace and hold each other close in arms. An unknown person who, nevertheless, is an Armenian...

We had meetings with members of Armenian cultural unions in New York and I am grateful to them for the warm reception they gave us.

I should like to mention particularly Markos Grigorian, a talented artist who lives far from his Motherland but, nevertheless, firmly adheres to national traditions. There are pictures and sculptures of the Italian period in his studio. His latest works demonstrate a new, stronger art form. The compositions made of clay and straw have aroused interest among architects. Looking at the cracked mortar of his sculptures, I remembered Komitas:

*Cool my burning heart,
And heal my pain, ye hills.*

He showed us the famous skyscrapers on 5th Avenue, Avenue Park, Rockefeller Square. New York is in a Christmas and New Year mood. The lights are dazzling.

A man is selling watches and lighters from a newspaper laid out on the pavement...

The 20th century American school of painting was influenced by European art traditions and achievements. Arshil Gorki (Vostanik Adoyan), an American of Armenian descent, has had a major impact on American surrealism and abstract expressionism, trends established by Gorki himself. I should like to single out from among his works AGONY, a picture about the Armenian Genocide, Van...

Our performances in Los Angeles are received with solemn attention.

"Dear kinsmen", says Ed. Mirzoyan, "Armenians have always been a nation of hard-working and peaceful people. We have never attacked our neighbours. We have fought only to protect our dignity and land, our religion and beliefs, often with arms taken from

our enemies. Today our art is our weapon, and our mission is to achieve peace and brotherhood."

The organizations of the Armenian communities in both New York and Los Angeles make a major contribution to the preservation of Armenian culture, the Armenian language, the sustainable operation of Armenian schools, and continuous observance of Armenian traditions. Recently the formation of twenty new Armenian families was celebrated in New York.



The Music College after Romanos Melikian was administering the winter examinations for the second year students of the Department of Theory of Music. ...My turn came to perform with my teacher Hrant Parajanian. We were to play Haydn's D Major Piano Concerto. My teacher started from the prelude. Then, with my fingers stiffened with corns, I had to perform the solo part... The door opened... I wondered if I was dreaming. The director of the Milling Factory, the local communist leader and the head of the mechanical unit stepped into the room...

The chairman of the commission put his index finger to his mouth with his body language trying to explain that they should not interfere with the exam. I stopped playing.

— Comrades, the assembling unit is idle. Please, let him come with us.

— But the exam is on...

— Please, understand that all work at a large unit has come to a stand still...

After some talks they decide that I should continue the disrupted concert and then go.

After my insistent requests they agree to wait in the corridor, leaving the door of the room half-open. I stop half way through the concerto and only perform Komitas' "Garun a" (It's Spring). Not long after I am back at my workplace in the factory, cutting the necessary parts for the assembly unit...

Today is December 7, 1986.

This is another trial for me. I take the floor at the concert hall of the Hollywood Hotel. I am so excited that I often mix up the words in my speech. I express my gratitude to the members of the association, namely V. Martirosian, his deputy Z. Khachatryan, Hyule, Babken and others. Then I approach the piano. There is silence. I am going to perform the *Dedication to Komitas* Piano Sonata. I start in a standing position because the piece commences with glissandos on the open strings of the piano reminiscent of the peaceful morning breeze, vaporizing copper-coloured cliffs which, however, will grow into a storm. It is the storming spirit of Komitas... again I feel a stifling lump in my throat. Naroy, Naroy, Naroy jan...

...The young exile remembers his beloved, weeding in the field. Naroy, Naroy jan. The homeless Armenian sings his sad song...

In the monastery yard the people dance shoulder to shoulder. They kneel down and then continue their dance upright again...

The audience burst out with loud applause... There are warm embraces and congratulations. Yes, today the Armenian has his home, his Motherland which shields all kinsmen scattered throughout the world. The people are triumphant...

The day of departure came. Despite the short stay, we had numerous meetings which gave us an important creative impulse for further work.

Again Los Angeles Airport is full of Armenians, again flowers, words of farewell and embracing.

— We send our love to Mother Armenia. A son never forgets his parents. Our warmest greetings go to our brothers and sisters, to Yerevan and Ararat.

— A parent never forgets his children no matter how far away they are from him. Mother Armenia will always be with you. She will always stand by your side.

It is night. The aircraft is ready for the return flight.

The flight will cover 39,450 kilometres.

Greetings to Ararat, to my only Yerevan, the wonderful fairy town of my dream.

RELICS

Armenia: Epicentre of Mankind...

*To see my place of birth after 41 years was the height of my happiness.
But my trip to Athens coincided with the tragic events in my Homeland (the
earthquake in the towns of Spitak, Leninakan, Kirovakan and Stepanakert).*

Where are you, Almighty Lord?

T

oday is December 1, 1988.

The same day two years ago I was in New York together with Eduard Mirzoyan. We were supposed to fly to Los Angeles where we had been invited by the Armenian Music Association of America (President Victor Martirosian). We spent 10 days there.

A couple of days ago we (Karpis Sourenian, Simon Grkasharian, Hrach Bartikian and me) left Yerevan for Moscow for a flight to Athens. At that time Yerevan was occupied by troops, armoured machine guns and tanks and curfew had been introduced. Our agenda covers lectures. I have to give a talk on Komitas' role in Armenian music, contemporary Armenian music themes, and perform some of my own compositions.

I spent a sleepless night on November 29, the day of our departure. Right in front of Marina's (my elder daughter) windows armed carriers and troops checked the cars and passers-by who dared to be in the street at a late hour.

After settling down and unpacking our things we went to see conductor Igor

Zhukov. We listened to a recording of my Topophono performed by his orchestra. After which we spent long hours in heated conversations.

We have a free day before the flight, and I put down my notes. Later I'll work on my lecture on Komitas.

It is getting dark although it is only 16.00 o'clock in the afternoon. It is really a northern city...

At the hotel we are chatting away with Karpis. The mood is sad and desperate.

Obviously, these are echoes of the previous massacres: April 24, 1915... and now we have Soumgayit, Shushi, Khojalu, Kirovabad, Masis...

Isn't it a political game? When will the bloody Turkish policy be mutinied? Pan-Turkism is spreading in the Soviet Union: wherever there is talk of unity and ethnic rights for self determination

The picture of Khomeini is raised as the symbol of their brotherly nation, the Turkish flag with the slogans Death to Armenians, Death to Russians.

The taxi driver who had confirmed our order an hour ago said he would be on time but he is late. I go downstairs and find him trapped between the 2nd and 3rd floors of the elevator. Finally, we manage to help him out of the elevator and go to Sheremetyevo Airport. We wait for a long time for our flight until it is announced that the check-in is about to finish. We rush to Section M21 and after certain official procedures we board the aircraft.

On the plane we meet documentary film producers Ara Vahuni and Pargev who are flying to Athens to screen their films. There is also a large group of representatives of the Georgian film industry who are flying to Athens, too. Today Athens has become an international centre of culture, sports and sciences.

When the plane lands in Athens, I kneel down and kiss the Greek soil... It happens spontaneously, as an impulse rising from the depth of my heart. To see and step foot on the land of my birth again after 41 years...

I am a lucky person because thousands of people have never had such a chance; neither my mother, father nor sister who died without seeing Greece again, especially my mother who received her education at a school under the auspices of the Pope. She was a mother superior. At nights, under the dim light of the lamp my father told us stories about his life in the Armenian community in Athens. My sister's family moved to Los Angeles where she died from a broken heart, without seeing Athens... A month ago my brother also left with his family. It is a terrible affliction... Out of our large family only I am left. Maybe that is the reason why I could not help crying, overwhelmed with memories of the past when this morning I walked along the streets of Athens, looking at the buildings, shops, people, listening to their conversations...

Last night people met us at the airport with flowers which are now in my room at Priamus Hotel.

Mr. Zaven Grigorian showed us the city. We saw the rich market and the traders, hard working and essential people who constantly tried to attract customers and praised their goods.

We went to the Armenian Catholic Church where my family and I attended. I was like a bud, blossom, flower... My first lessons were given to me there... Father Kyunian, who used to teach me, appeared. His hair and beard had turned grey and he looked smaller... and the expression in his eyes was less bright. I kissed his right hand and then embraced him with affection...

We went to Pirey but did not approach the sea. We saw the ships, breathed the air of the sea... It was cleaning day at the Armenian school, they washed the stairs, cleaned the classrooms. Nostalgia...nostalgia... nostalgia...

Today is December 4. We made a trip to Sunio where Poseidon's temple was erected in ancient times. One of the columns still has the inscription of George Gordon Byron who gave his life for the Greek liberation movement. The temple is on a hill. When climbing up the hill I remembered Yerevan, the way to Khor Virap... Below, the waves clashed against the rocky shore...

We arrived in Athens at 7.00 pm, visited the Greek-Armenian school where Mr. Zaven Grigorian worked as the principal of the Armenian section. He is also the editor of the weekly newspaper "New World" (Nor Ashkharh). We had a meeting with the clergymen and ordinary people. We were present at the ceremony where Sahak and Mesrop Mashtots Medals were awarded by Vazgen I to four clergymen and various people were being received in holy orders.

We were introduced as representatives of Armenia. The participants welcomed us with loud applause.

Today is December 5. We were supposed to go to Galpakian School. The meeting with the schoolchildren was very warm. It was break time and the students were playing in the yard. The loud bell sounding for a break again aroused memories in me when we, the students of the Catholic school, ran and played games during break... Among the children gathered in the hall I saw myself, a ten-year-old boy... It is an elementary school. I approached the pupils, stroked their heads and asked, "Do you know where your Motherland-Armenia is?" Some of them nodded their heads, but one of them answered with hesitation, "Isn't it near Russia?"

The children sang and recited poems. Then we spoke in front of them. We specifically expressed our gratitude to the Greek government and the Greek people, mentioned how they provided protection and support to the Armenians who had escaped from the

Genocide and found shelter on Greek soil. Today we are strong with our Motherland, but many Armenians live in the Diaspora, and their protection is everybody's duty.

I played Komitas' "Kele, kele" and "Chinar es". I noticed Paruir Sevak's and Avetik Isahakian's pictures on the walls of the hall. At the end I presented the Greek teacher with a photo album on the Armenian Republic.

We are invited to an evening party. During the gathering we exchange various opinions. I note that we all belong to one nation and should support each other in difficult times putting aside personal interests. If you have a thorn in some part of your body, you should remove it without delay. But if the thorn is cast into your heart, any delay would be fatal. Everybody agrees with loud applause...

It is December 6. In the morning we went on a tour. We saw many ancient sites around Corynthos. Despite all this, I am in a bad mood. I prefer to walk among the monuments alone, to touch and feel them.

We continue our tour. We are in Mekenos a town which dates back to Homer's times... It used to be a rather prospering town. Not far from this place the mausoleum to Agamemnon with the dromos (pathway) is erected. It is amazing how they carried and arranged these huge stones (measuring 1 m and 5 m long) particularly near dromos. I experience the same feeling when looking at Armenian monuments of architecture.

We are at the port...

I go to the square beach and touch the sea water. I had an irresistible desire to plunge into these waters which reminded me of my childhood days. As a boy, I used to go to Falero Beach together with my Greek friend Stellio to sail boats (which we made ourselves). I remember Stellio, my childhood friend. The sea was like a blue dream in my life, but today it scares me with its depth, infinite size, power... At that time I had no fear of the sea, but now if I fall into the water, I would be lost... I am getting old and weak. There are fearful feelings inside me...

The girl sitting behind me in the bus reminds me of Atinula, my friend Stellio's sister. As a boy, I had special feelings towards her. 41 years have passed, but again the girl took takes me back to the happy days of my childhood...

*"The days of my childhood
Passed forever like a dream..."*

We have come to the open-air museum of Epidaurus, with 112 stairs, 55 rows to seat 1,800 people.

At the centre, a group of Russians are singing "Ochie Chorniye". What acoustics! They say there is no other place in the world with such acoustics. I climb up to the highest row from where the pine forest starts. Someone tosses a coin on the marble stone in

the centre and I can hear its sound at this distance. Each year there are theatrical performances on Fridays and Saturdays from June 15 to September 15, and people drive here from Athens (165 km) to attend plays by Sophocles, Aristotle and Aeschylus.

Today is December 7. On the same day in 1986 there was a meeting-concert at Hollywood Hall in Los Angeles.

I do not have anything scheduled for the day. Until 3.00 pm. I spend all my time at the hotel because I'm not feeling well. Then I dare to go out for a walk. I go past a couple of streets and can not believe my eyes...I find myself in Zaphion where I used to walk with my mother. The Olympic Stadium is on this side. Acropolis is on the other side. Am I dreaming? The image of my adorable mother arises from my memories. I remember my carefree and innocent childhood. With tears in my eyes, standing on the land where I was born I thank the Almighty for this moment.

I go back to the hotel. We are taken to a meeting where, in general, the speakers refer to issues related to the 68th anniversary of Armenia and Karabagh events. We are told that there had been a disastrous earthquake in Yerevan, Leninakan, Spitak and other places. God forbid it should reach Hoktemberian Region where the nuclear power station is located. I take the floor. Then I play my sonata for the audience. It is a pity that they have brought an upright piano, because for my sonata I need a grand. I am categorically against such amateur approaches. For me it is inadmissible to present a piece of music in such low-key ways. For me music is sacred.

It is December 8. We are free for the whole day. I go for a walk around the Acropolis. Upon my return to the hotel I am told that the death toll in Armenia is approximately 30,000... It is a further disaster after the Karabagh events. The Greek TV news broadcast reports that Gorbachov has cancelled his trip to Cuba and England, and is returning from the USA due to the earthquake in Armenia. Mr. Papandreu has expressed his condolences to the Soviet government.

We are invited to an evening party at Mr Stepan Yeaghubian's place. Here we learn that the number of the victims has reached 100,000. Anxiety increases. They ask me to play something, but I reply that at this moment their request is not appropriate at all.

Today is December 9. We are invited to Falero to a meeting at school. There are 21 people, including us, Messrs. Aghasian, Z. Grigorian, S. Yeaghubian, Khachik, Hovhannes, Ghazar, representatives of "Arax" and "Sevan" associations. His Holiness Galpakian is also present at the meeting.

There is only one issue on the agenda: how to help the victims of the earthquake? It is decided to contribute money and send it to the Catholicos. However, volunteers are needed to distribute the money to the people. Volunteers who want to go to Armenia on such a mission are welcome. A team of five people is established. It is comprised of rep-

representatives of various organizations which, in turn, should have their sub-groups for collecting money. They talk about opening a bank account but it can work only if the amount is above 1 million. Some people wish to contribute provided the sum of the contribution and the names of the donors are printed in the paper. There are disputes around this issue. We leave the meeting, leaving the participants to make their own decision.

For a second I am in a nightmare... It is as if these are the times of Toumanian... provide canned products to the starving population, warm clothes to the homeless... Winter is coming and it is particularly severe in Leninakan. And human groans are still heard from beneath the ruins in Spitak and Kirovakan... Students have left for Armenia to give a helping hand.

...Where are you, Almighty Lord?

December 10 and 11 are days of mourning in Armenia. The death toll reaches 45,000. People throughout the world are rushing to help Armenia. The Greek Red Cross has provided 10 million drachmas. People contact the organizations to find out whether they can send warm blankets, quilts, medicine... The Mayor of Saloniks is the first to respond to the tragedy, he has donated blood serving as an example for the rest. Alek Manoukian sends a large relief.

Armenia, the centre of biblical tragedy, is the focus of the Greek TV news broadcasts. Photos and updates about the earthquake appear on the front pages of the press...

— God, don't you see all this?

— Who can console this weeping woman?

— What misfortune befallen us...

The minds and hearts of the Greek people are with Armenia. They cry when talking about the tragedy. Everybody wants to help Armenia...

Today is December 11. There is an office for the victims in the Armenian church of Peristeri... I light candles... Whenever I light candles, I pray for the good health and well-being of my family, close and distant relations. Today I could not help noticing that my prayers were only for my dear Armenia...

After the liturgy His Holiness Galpakian delivers a sermon. Fortunately, the teams have come to an agreement concerning the issue of contributions. It appears that various political parties have understood that they should unite and ignore insignificant personal emotions and offences. It is a good way of ensuring that unity should not be of a temporary nature.

Then all of us go to Galfayan School where donations for volunteers are organized. Mr. Aram Yerkanian is there. He donates 20,000 drachmas to those who have suffered from the earthquake. Several days ago he had contributed 50,000 drachmas. I wish him good health and a long life.

On December 12 Father Goyunian invited us to his office. We went to see him in the evening.

In the evening of the 13th we attended the farewell party organized in the building of Ararat Association.

A minute's silence in memory of the victims... The four of us spoke, thanked everybody. I mentioned that the tears of happiness from seeing the place of my birth were mixed with the tears of grief for the disaster in Armenia... We do not feel how deep the tragedy is, because we are in Greece, away from Armenia, surrounded by our kinsmen. We will feel the acuteness of the pain in full only once we are back in Armenia. I wish patience, willpower and unity to all. Then I play my Dedication to Komitas sonata...

After dinner we say good-bye to these simple and charming people... as we embrace them they say to me "we will never forget this music."

December 14. Vahan and Zaven drive us to the airport and we fly to Larnaka Airport in Cyprus. Mr. Gevorg Galanchian meets us there and takes us to the Excelsior Hotel in Nicosia. Later Galust Ekmekchian takes us to his house. We watch the latest TV news broadcast, sharing the joy and sorrow of those rescued from the ruins. One person saved 20 people from the ruins, but at the end he himself remained under the ruins...

In the morning we visit Melkonian Lyceum, get acquainted with the teaching staff, including Sosi, Shake Varsian's sister.

It is 12.00 o'clock. We are in the Red Cross Blood Bank. Seven Greek pupils have come to give their blood. We are waiting for Vasilios, the President of Cyprus who is supposed to give blood. The traffic in the streets is not blocked, everything continues in its usual way, but I notice young men in civilian clothes standing with portable phones.

We are waiting...

The director of the institution, the former health minister of Cyprus and Deputy Galanchian approach us. Today three airplanes are needed to transport 70 tons of relief to Armenia. It is very moving to see how Greek pupils come to give their blood for Armenia...

We talk to a Greek doctor who says how many people, old and young, have come to give blood.

According to the BBC, the Soviet Union receives blood from all countries other than Turkey, explaining that "they don't need it yet".

The President arrives. He shakes hands with all of us. We are invited into the premises. The President calmly lies down on the coach. The process is carried out by the health minister of Cyprus.

The minister of health is in his mid-30s. After the process is over, the minister's blood is taken...

Many others follow the example of the President. I can't help but cry. A journalist asks me what the matter is. He is told we are from Armenia. The journalist shakes hands with us. He is also excited...

There are representatives of the media who interview people, take pictures. The poster on the wall reads: "Give Your Blood. Save Lives."

A journalist asks President Vasilios:

— Your blood will be transfused with the blood of ordinary Armenian while you come from a noble family.

— For me it is highest honour to give my blood to Armenians.

We manage to approach the President. We thank him, the minister of health, everybody. The President appears in front of the crowd, escorted by his guards. People applaud. There is pain and sorrow in everybody's eyes...

We go to Melkonian Lyceum and then the Centre of Armenian Relief. An endless chain of people bring packages and boxes of assistance. Graduates and students of Melkonian Lyceum are also here.

The young men who accept the relief keep no record of who made the donation, how much and what... On the right about ten of them are packing the boxes. A woman who has brought warm clothes says that yesterday 60 people were rescued. I am overexcited. Yesterday we were told that a Greek businessman sent 3,000 quilts, and another businessman from Nicosia provided 5,000 children's clothing.

It is 4.00 pm. We are in the hall where the sessions of the Supreme Council of Greece are held. Soon the session will start, and the key focus will be the issue of assistance to Armenia.

Four parties are represented in the Supreme Council. People gather gradually and take their seats. At is 4.15 pm now. The chairman stands up, so do the others. The session begins. There are 36 deputies of three nationalities. 55,000 people have died from the earthquake, 500,000 have lost their homes... Brother Armenia needs assistance with medicine, clothes...

Aram Galachian takes the floor. He speaks about the 1915 Genocide, and then refers to the disastrous earthquake and the collected contributions.

The chairman announces a minute's silence for the 55,000 victims. Everybody stands up... He strikes the mallet, and the people take their seats again.

It is the 16th of December. We had breakfast at the hotel.

We dropped into Melkonian Lyceum, went through Greek and English newspapers. There were references to Pravda (the newspaper of the Communist Party of the USSR). Armenia refused any assistance from Azerbaijan.

More people were rescued out of the ruins: 30, 20, 60...

We read that, on the one hand, the Azeri's propose assistance, and, on the other hand, feast on the occasion of Armenia's 20,000 tents sent to the earthquake zone getting lost on their way...

The headline of a Greek paper reads:

"...Tragedy of Mankind in Its Entire Grandeur"...

In the morning the taxi took us to Limasol, to Galust Ekmekchian.

We came to the historical place Kurion founded in the 2-3 centuries BC. The floor is mosaic, like the Garni pagan temple.

There is a theatre in Kurion. Every summer when the sea is calm Shakespearean plays are performed here. Mr. Ekmekchian drives his car, struggling against the strong wind. We reached Pathos, a place where Aphrodite was born from the foam of the sea. It is like a fairy tale... comparable to Aphrodite's beauty and human dreams... We came to a restaurant at the top of the hill. From there the sea, the birth of Aphrodite from foam, seem farther away...

...It is as if I am in a dream - Greece, the place of my birth, the memories of my pure childhood, the endless deep, blue waters of the sea, its foamy waves...

It is very windy. The thunderous sound of the waves seems to come from the depths of hell. We make a toast to our meeting. Our table in the restaurant is right near the window which has a wonderful view of the sea. The storm grows stronger. The glass walls have a barrier in front of them which does not help. The waves strike against the glass and fall down...

It was like a fairy tale...

Now the sea has calmed down a little, bits of light appear on its surface. A new picture emerges on the sea - strips of light...

The sun appears, everything changes. The foam which looked dark and greyish is whiter now... Oh, how Ayvazovsky would have painted this...

Galust Ekmekchian told us there would be a meeting at 7.00 pm in Melkonian Lyceum where I was supposed to play my sonata. We arrived at Limasol church which is a relief centre at the same time.

Boxes are arranged all around. 16 people are packing the relief items. A woman is writing "May the Lord help the Armenians" on the boxes. No name. She is Greek. I am moved to tears. At this moment somebody noticed a note between the packed clothes. Mr. Ekmekchian read it and said that it was a very interesting note and we could read it once it was translated.

In the evening there was a meeting. I spoke about Armenian culture, the school of Armenian art and its role, the traditional celebration of "Erebuni-Yerevan" day, commented on the work of individual conductors, composers, musicians, etc, expressed

words of appreciation and encouragement to the students of Melkonian Lyceum for their patriotism...

Before I began to perform, I asked that there should be no applause. .. A few people asked if the Sonata was recorded and I said that Louis Simon in New York has released an album.

Today is December 18, Sunday.

After breakfast I went to my room and lay down for a rest. The event has traumatized us all...I am not feeling well.

The telephone rang. It was Mr. Galust who wanted to see me. He had brought medicine for me...

Mr. Galust is a very good man. I have tried to persuade him not to go to such pains, but he would always say that it is their duty to take care of anyone who comes from the Motherland. I thank him.

The next day I stayed in the hotel.

Today is December 20. I woke up at 6.00 am. Today ends the journey of my life for which I have waited for so long and which was most shaking. I am in a hurry, rushing to return as soon as possible to my Armenia - my wounded homeland.

December 20, 1988.

Yerevan

Retrospective glance

Views, comments

Eduard Mirzoyan

Composer

People's Artist of the USSR and Armenia, Professor

Harutiun Dellalian is an extraordinary character in our artistic world with huge inner potential. His penetrating and creative mind was able to distinguish between essence and detail. Harutiun's artistic life was like an accelerated progression, a bright falling comet. The path he followed was unique and remarkable.

Some people fail to learn the alphabet and never learn it at any stage in their life. Not only did Harutiun learn the basics, but he also became a virtuoso expert in music. Not only did he have his dream, aspiration, but he also believed in it and had the immense willpower and determination to achieve it.

In a sense a parallel could be drawn between Harutiun and Aram Khachatrian. Even then the spiritual evolution Harutiun experienced is more amazing because by the age of 19 A. Khachatrian had already taken music classes and played the cello. Apart from hearing the songs of Komitas sung by his mother, Harutiun did not receive any musical education. His first steps as a student were taken at the People's Conservatory. In my opinion, Harutiun Dellalian's name is just enough to validate the existence of the People's Conservatory. Initially, Harutiun lacked knowledge, but he had inexhaustible imagination and a potential – as controversial, boisterous, unexplainable and powerful as a thunderstorm or a hurricane – as outstanding and violent as a natural disaster, which is impossible to stop.

It did not take him long to master the vocation of his dream and achieve success, and his compositions are proof of this...

Harutiun had a very rich inner world. He was a man with a strong, delicate, restless and sensitive character. His music, which is both traditional and modern, is always full of searching, striving whenever there is fear or compromise... Stravinsky once noted that he was a radical. Harutiun was also a radical who was to introduce many novelties and inventions. It is imperative that all his compositions are published as a complete collection.

Last year I attended his *Topophono* at the Chamber Music Hall in Yerevan. The concert was organized by Aram Gharabekian. The concert hall was full. What a triumphant success...

I think Harutiun realized the value and exclusiveness of his works. He was a nobleman in terms of his sincerity and determination.

This is how I perceive the phenomenon of Harutiun Dellalian today.

Aram Gharabekian

National Chamber Orchestra of Armenia, artistic director and principal conductor

It is my firm belief that Harutiun Dellalian was an exceptionally creative person, who followed no specific tradition nor had any followers to carry on his work. Therefore, he is an extraordinary phenomenal person.

With his musical language which helped him to express his rich inner world, Harutiun's image as a person, creative individuality, idea and musical wealth, seem to remain simply enclosed within a frame.

He was remarkable not only as an artist, but as an individual and his life serves as a special example for us.

Driven by an inner desire, Harutiun entered the world of professional music very late in life. His need for self-expression was so strong that nothing was able to hold him back. He is commendable because his passion and belief helped him attain the highest result, as, in fact, Harutiun had his own message for this world.

He is the author of several compositions. Unfortunately, premature death did not permit him to continue along the way he was meant to pass. This is outlined in the endless flights present in his works.

My first experience of the composer was in 1984 when pianist Harutiun Papazian was to perform his debut concert in Carnegie Hall. I had arrived in New York from Boston to attend that concert. Along with Debussy and Chopin, *Dedication to Komitas*, a piece by an Armenian composer, Dellalian, was performed. I was so fascinated by the sonata that I asked Dellalian to compose something for my Sinfonova Orchestra. Even today I feel extremely happy to have commissioned him to compose this wonderful piece of music, which we later performed.

One of the unforgettable moments in my life was the meeting with Harutiun in Los Angeles in 1986. Unfortunately, he spent only a week there, but we had a very pithy, interesting time. Without having any special agenda for discussion, we would start with routine matters, and the conversation would gradually grow into a discussion of global philosophical issues, human relationships. Parallels were drawn to some compositions, not those of Dellalian, but other authors, and not only the contemporary ones. We talked about Beethoven, literature, nature, love, feelings, pain, and happiness... It was amazing, since when you meet someone for the first time, it usually takes some time to get to know him and establish closer relations... With Harutiun everything was very straightforward. There was a common inner link between us, and it seemed as though we had known each other for a thousand years...

His voice still rings in my ears. He would say to me: –Aram, you should come to

Armenia (at that time I still had not been to Armenia). We should go to the mountains and shout there together...?

Now when we tour in the Armenian regions and visit the highlands... I always remember Harutiun and have the inner need to shout.

In his compositions I always hear that shouting voice.

It is very interesting to get to know an artist in person after having had one's own understanding of him through his works. These two worlds do not always really meet... Not always, but Harutiun Dellalian was very close to his works which directly represented him, personified his sensitive and delicate character... But at the same time he was a man of tremendous power and determination who could move mountains for his principles.

His life, the hardships and sufferings he experienced, the severe conditions under which he worked as a composer are the direct evidence of these words. They say much about a person.

I consider it a great honour to have been the conductor of the first performances of his two major works, *Ecloga* and *Topophono*. These compositions were executed by our orchestra for different audiences at various concert halls in America, Europe and Armenia.

The listeners have the same amazed reaction to these works, irrespective of their nationality, traditions, prejudices and inclinations. Once the execution of the composition is accomplished, the audience, entirely captivated by the inner world of Dellalian, keeps motionless silence. It is indication of the mighty, creative power which can absorb the listener. This kind of content and quality is not perceptible in everyday life. It is a powerful world which fascinates the listener. It would seem that this power is present in Dellalian's works.

Thus, recently *Ecloga* was magnificently received in Germany (cf. *Mitteldeutsche Zeitung*, Eckehard Pistrick, November 11, 2003). In the opinion of a well-known music critic, the concert could be considered a success merely thanks to *Ecloga*. Only that piece was sufficient.

The same is true of *Topophono*. The audience had an unprecedented reaction to the first performance. When the orchestra finished, there was a lengthy silence and then, all of a sudden, the audience stood up and welcomed the piece with loud ovation and applause.

Topophono can be perceived in a variety of ways. It can be considered as a collage, an interlaced dramatic composition which contains horovel, kochari, wedding ceremony, funeral, i.e., complete dualities, and human ecstasy which end in the final solution.

Dellalian's creative techniques are very simple and accessible. His greatness can be explained by the ability to achieve tremendous effect through simple means. These are

modern techniques which, however, in terms of expressionism are not an end in themselves, as is the case of many other composers who simply become their slaves and are carried away by their specifics and effects. Dellalian does not use them because they constitute today's language. In his compositions the expressive techniques definitely serve the purpose of the essence, the objective of depicting the inner content, something which can only be achieved by very rare composers. Dellalian's music is Armenian - not in its superficial sense, but, absolutely, by its spirit, inner poetry, and inner voice. It is Armenian not by the usage of Armenian tunes, but thanks to the ability to express the Armenian spirit...

Retrospectively, I understand that no matter how a big loss his death is for us today, he has left a serious, sound pillar for the further development of Armenian music.

We should also be aware that today Harutiun Dellalian has not yet acclaimed due recognition. On the other hand, I am sure that his time will come... Dellalian has his own time. We should not forget that he was ahead of his time. Time cannot be imposed; it should come by itself when the Dellalian phenomenon will be greatly accessible, understandable and acceptable.

Emilio Pomárico

Conductor, Italy, Professor at the Accademia Internazionale della Musica in Milan

Only recently I had the good fortune of discovering the extraordinary music and the extraordinarily and all-too-brief life of Harutiun Dellalian.

Listening to the work of this great artist it becomes clear that the world of learned music had - in a century of many fractures, artistic and otherwise - yet another composer who, while fully alive to the necessity of intellectual progress, also succeeded in expressing history, and a strong sense of cultural and ethnic identity.

This music is deeply essential, as well as exquisitely sophisticated. It abounds in sounds of extraordinary singing quality, a perfect synthesis of the serenity and intellectualism of Dellalian. The inventiveness and perfect use of so-called new instrumental techniques are striking. The willful gestures of departure from tradition become, in the hands of Dellalian, the essence of universal lyrical expression, as attained only by musicians of genius.

What is ultimately most impressive is Dellalian's faith in a musical art: moved by an irrepressible need, on the strength of his capabilities, with the tenacity born of an exceptional poetical feeling.

How not to be saddened by the brief time allotted to this pure, strong and sincere musician?

Berd Babayan

Poet

Today we have gathered here in order to pay our tribute to an extraordinary composer. It is not a day of commemoration; it is a day of victory and high appreciation.

The mission of each artist is to guide his people a step forward to civilization. If he does not complete this mission then he has failed as an artist. This relates specifically to Armenian intellectuals whose task is to promote and enlighten their nation. Dellalian was quite aware of it. He did not choose the common easy path. Instead, he preferred the hardest option: he laid a new path.

They often repeat the commonplace story about how the Soviet system allowed an ordinary worker like Harutiun evolve and become a composer. These kinds of comments are inappropriate to his entire essence as an individual. He was never a worker: he was an in-borne composer. Someone even mentioned that in his music one can trace the toiling and noise of the factory. For God's sake... let's not offend Harutiun but rather try to self-reform ourselves.

He was the first composer in Armenia who reached the unreachable because he tried to reveal the mystery that is hidden behind the silence. The baffling silence that is often more meaningful than the noise, the visible and palpable. Harutiun was a reticent person. He tried to communicate in silence. And he found the key to the articulation in silence through his music. And what he achieved in his compositions claimed international recognition.

Today I have the audacity to draw up a golden triangle of three prematurely deceased individuals: Paruyr Sevak, Minas Avetisyan, Harutiun Dellalian. These are the three outstanding people that came at very high cost to Armenia and whose names were elevated to heavens.

I am proud that I was his friend because merely listening to his music would mean little for me. Penetrating into the depths of his inner world, communicating with him as a deity, was something very few people were happy to do.*

R. Hattechian

Writer, Editor-in-Chief of Marmara Daily

Which incredible miracle revealed this name to me and created a new world of sounds and thoughts in me?

Which miracle helped me to see a true Armenian, a quiet and compassionate character, through the extraordinary, heart-rending music of H. Dellalian, which tears the

heavens to pieces? I had a belated encounter with his music, long after he had left this world, as in the case of many talented people. His music depicted the portrait of a noble character whose heart was wide-open, firstly to his native people and then to his family and friends.

In fact, man comes to this world in order to create and just like the communion bread distributed during public prayer, to convey himself to others. Dellalian was one of them. He could feel on his own back the pain Armenians have experienced throughout history, a suffering which gave birth to the scream of love and protest. His scream reached the heavens, from where it echoed in the ears of those who happened to be there by chance, while those who were not lucky enough to be there will undoubtedly receive a belated share.

At harsh times, he was called upon by the Lord as a faithful son and a true believer. He had tremendous faith in God. He believed in his friends, his wife and family. He believed in music but, above all, he believed in his people. And, as always, the more faith one has, the deeper and more severely one feels the pain, sufferings and disappointments; the stronger the will and determination and the more faith one has, the more unfair is one's destiny and life.

Also, he firmly believed in the future. He probably knew that his destiny would not be merciful enough to allow him to see that his dreams would eventually come true, but he believed that if not he, then his family would witness the realization of his dreams. Owing to his resolute optimism he became an innovator in music, at the same time adhering to ethnic traditions.

Is a music lover able to listen to Dellalian's *Topophono* and remain unmoved by such an amazing piece? Can someone listen to it for the first time and not be dumbfounded with surprise and enchantment and fail to ask –Who is the author? Who is Harutiun Dellalian?

Dellalian stepped into the musical world at an age when mediocre artists leave it. He sat at the piano after extensive work at the factory, with hardened fingers, but his fingers produced music that poured out from the depths of his people's hearts. Only his *Topophono* would be enough to guarantee the recognition of the composer. But he has other compositions as well; music which mirrors the vision Dellalian had when staring into his people's past. *Topophono* itself is the tragic history of Armenians, transformed into voice, music, mourning. It makes one feel intimately the sadness cast on Armenians which sounds with a very strange and striking pattern, sometimes as heart-rending as a requiem, sometimes as encouraging as a march, followed by the lovely Armenian dance music announcing survival and resumption. Dellalian's *Topophono* is one of the rare compositions which bring immortality to its author. It lasts only 25 seconds, but each of these seconds radiates art and evokes thoughts and emotions. For me it is not only a piece of admiration, but a testimony of wisdom and history.



*ԽճԱՆԿԱՐ
Topophono
Կոնցերտի
Երևանյան
Կուսարունից*





*Topophono
concert
in Yerevan*



The same atmosphere dominates in all other works of Dellalian: sometimes overwhelmed with sadness, sometimes full of strong faith in the future. Dedication to Komitas sprays out from the constricted limits of the piano keyboard and searches for new technique such as would articulate the painful history of Armenians. Here an extraordinary pattern plunges the listener into melancholic contemplations. The same strong commands and response resound in his sonata for cello and piano. *Requiem Trionfale* is an extraordinary piece which turns a new page in organ music.

Future musicologists have much to say about the music of Harutiun Dellalian. It is a shame that a great composer such as like Dellalian should have been a belated participant in the Armenian musical world and have left it so prematurely. It is a shame that his plans and dreams were not completely fulfilled. ... But it's not difficult to see these unfulfilled plans and dreams in the starry sky.

Ladislav Kupkovich

Composer, conductor, Germany

H. Dellalian is one of the leading composers of Armenia. In his works the elements of the Armenian national music and the modern Western European music are masterly entwined. In other words, he has succeeded to present to the Europeans at the highest professional level the unique oriental music which sounds extremely interesting and attractive for us. DEDICATION TO KOMITAS sonata for the piano and voice is a vivid example.

Hakob Hakobian

People's Artist of Armenia

H. Dellalian's premature death was an indispensable loss for all Armenians. So many of his dreams did not come true and so many miraculous works were not created. I was lucky to listen to his wonderful music.... For me Dellalian became one of those rare Armenians whom you never forget in your life. On that day I felt so proud of my kinsman, an Armenian. I don't know of any other valuable merit than the one of encouraging and elevating the spirit of another person. Harutiun is a vivid example of a courageous Armenian who can never be defeated by death.*

Arevshat Avagian

Poet, artist

Harutiun Dellalian personifies an artist with a difficult creative life. He bore within him the healthy and viable impulse of rich Armenian culture, original expression of its ethnic spirit and cultural image.

We came to know each other in 1984 when he had already claimed recognition and appreciation as an artist, one of the select few who challenged the hardships of life and devoted himself entirely to music, and his message to the listener sounded in harmony with national and world art criteria.

Harutiun Dellalian was a champion for preserving the best achievements in music. He studied the experience of great composers, valued and mastered their heritage. His efforts were focused on presenting the Armenian mode of thinking comprehensibly, through tonal musical techniques.

Harutiun was an innovator.

While adhering to national traditions, his searches encompassed innovations of the conceptual and expressional patterns in contemporary music. His thoughts and feelings were articulated in a unique way. In 1986 his sonata DEDICATION TO KOMITAS was performed by the author in the House of Composers.

The impression was astounding. Harutiun's character became even dearer to me thanks to the sonata which is suffused with the authentic and emotional expressiveness of the Komitas style.

After the concert I invited him to my studio. He said he was with his family. It was a memorable evening since we had a chance to discuss Harutiun's music in detail, together with Herminé, his wife, and his daughters. Harutiun was an interesting interlocutor and in the atmosphere of friendliness, interaction, colour and lines I was able to reach a better understanding of a composer who was at the pinnacle of his creative life. That meeting became the starting point of our artistic cooperation. I suggested that he should participate in "Navasard", a cultural TV program. At that time I was the editor-in-chief of the literature and artistic programmes on National Television and thought it would be a good chance to introduce him to TV spectators.

He was inspired by each success, and any of his achievements made his family, friends and admirers happy. But life is not only joy and happiness; it also holds unexpected trials and misfortune which are also shared by others.

In 1987, I lost my first-born son Arman. Harutiun was deeply distressed. When my book "A Wreath of Songs to My Son Arman" was published, he delicately mentioned that

he would like to write a piece in memory of Arman. This is how the dramatic cantata *IMMERSED SUN* was created. Harutiun had selected pieces from the “Wreath of Songs” which would best suit his music. We attended the rehearsals of the choir and symphonic orchestra. For recital Vladimir Abajian was invited, the mother’s aria was performed by indispensable Hasmik Papian and Gevorg Mouradian was the conductor.

The dramatic cantata was recorded and filmed. It was broadcast on national radio and television. It symbolized and meant the great love and tragedy of human life, intensity of feeling, revealing the artistic layers of sentiment.

Harutiun intended to write a ballet for Avetik Isahakian’s “Lilit”. We agreed that I should write the libretto. We had several meetings, discussed the script options. I showed him some of my sketches. Harutiun was at the peak of his creative activity but he had health and schedule problems to address, and had concerns about the future.

In 1988 he made his first tour of Greece and Cyprus, the country of his birth. He was there when the disastrous earthquake occurred in Spitak. He returned with a broken heart. We met him at Zvartnots Airport with his family. He felt it worse. His personal pain, national grief, unperceived, unforeseen proceedings shattered and agitated him inwardly. Nevertheless, Harutiun did not lose hope. He was full of creative energy and optimism...

In the spring of 1989 we drove to Ashtarak. He loved the countryside, and the beauty of the landscape always aroused his admiration and inspiration. He was especially fond of my home town Ashtarak for its historical monuments. Surprisingly, upon our arrival he wished to return to Yerevan. “Harutiun, are you all right?”, I asked him in confusion.

“I feel bad”, he said, “I don’t think I can stay with you. If I do, I will spoil your day”. By no means would he agree that I take him back to Yerevan. “I will take a bus”, he said. He left, but I felt very sorry for him.

Shortly thereafter he passed away, leaving a feeling of irrecoverable loss in the hearts of all the people who knew him. Many of his plans remained unaccomplished... but he had already stepped onto the path to eternity with his art, creative heroism, demonstration of human will and the heritage bequeathed to Armenian culture.

Harutiun Dellalian’s life was short but he was able to step onto the desirable path to eternity which many artists fail to do even when they are old.

Harutiun was able to enrich the powerful musical bequest inherited from his ancestors.

Zoltan Pesko

Conductor, Hungary

The axis of Harutiun Dellalian's music is the Armenian Genocide perpetrated in the Ottoman Empire in 1915, 22 years before his birth. The indescribable tragedy and the overcasting mourning of all Armenians played a decisive role in his art.

The impression was great when I first listened to his music. Later, when I learned about his life story, it became clear for me that his path was not an easy one, and his short life was full of struggle for the his own world of music incited by his willpower and high personal values. In this world of Dellalian the ultimate goal was not the testing of constructive or complicated tunes. On the contrary, he studied and used the new superb acoustic techniques which would gain deep ethical sounding in his compositions.

Tigran Mansurian

*Composer ,
People's Artist of Armenia*

I remember Harutiun Dellalian with affection. I refer to him with love because Harutiun was a vivid musical phenomenon, with an extremely beautiful inner world. And he was a real friend. I remember his time as a student at the Conservatory: he was a very solemn, concentrated, determined student, always engaged with serious creative material and concerns.

He would show me his works, and I always felt happy about him, because his music was no longer that of an amateur. It did not express spontaneous and temporary obsessions, but rather mirrored the musical transformations of a mature person who had gone through major experiences.

He remained loyal to this criteria throughout his creative life, and the issues of so-called "composition technologies" were never separate from his inner feelings and convictions. They were technical issues in isolation which strived to create reality for themselves. On the contrary, his feeling of reality brought his past life to the creation of his works.

At that time Harutiun's pieces were quite innovative for Armenian music. Their solutions created resonance. He was interested not only in the life of sound, in general, but also the life of sound in dimension. Not only did his compositions involve musical-psychological matters, but, by their essence, endeavoured to penetrate the boundary of the mythical, i.e. to achieve a universal state by means of individual effort which could still be attained on the basis of Eastern philosophy. He was most-familiar with early Oriental interpretation and built his music on that basis. Dellalian has a very national

thinker. His music is abundant with tunes and nuances which are typical of Armenian dance rhythms and linguistic details.

It is not surprising that his music instantly captured the attention of foreign music organizations, and audiences in general. I am glad he was highly appreciated and successful during his short creative life both as an Armenian composer and a musician who presented contemporary Armenian music to broader audiences.

Unfortunately, he passed away prematurely. For me his death is as mysterious as his entry into the world of music. It appeared that Harutiun, with his modest lifestyle, would live and create further. Nevertheless, the result he produced is not modest. His music is like a rare explosion...

I think his creations which are still alive today will have their fruitful continuation specifically for those musicians who share the same interests as Harutiun Dellalian.

Arminé Kalents

Honoured Artist of Armenia

My first encounter with Harutiun Dellallian's music was utter amazement. I could feel the supernatural strength, unrelinquishing spirit of an Armenian... It was so close to me. When working at my studio I felt an urge to listen to his music. One of the paintings of "Stones" series was created under his music. The subtle spirit of its sounds is entwined with my paintings.*

Armen Budaghian

Musical Critic, Ph.D. in Arts, Professor

Recently, when scanning old issues of Soviet media, I came across an article about Dellalian's *Topophono* concerto in the magazine *Sovetskaya Muzika* which reads: "It is the music of endless space saturated with the air of the mountains. It is a natural combination of contemporary sonorous patterns and intonation of national music which also involves elements of instrumental theatre and collage". These words truly depict his music.

...Harutiun had a late start to his career. He became a member of the Composers' Union at the age of 42, and he died when he was 53. In no time his music gained recognition and was performed at concert halls, on TV and the radio. It is important to mention his *Dedication to Komitas* piano sonata which was successfully executed at various concert halls in the world, and *Requiem Trionfale*, *Ecloga* concerto for flute and chamber orchestra, sonatas for violin, bassoon... When did he manage to compose them...?

He had another talent, the talent of being a friend. No matter how often we met, we always enjoyed each others' company. I could discuss any matter with Harutiun, and his reaction was always honest and straightforward. He had gone through many challenges and had a wise outlook on life. His was far from the "materialistic" way of thinking and he followed spiritual principles. Harutiun was well-mannered and very handsome. I often thought he could easily have been a motion picture celebrity, without any make-up.

I saw Harutiun last on the road to Dilijan. I was returning to Yerevan from the Composers' Resort and he was going there to work. There was something wrong with his bus. The driver was trying to fix it, hopelessly, surrounded by nervous passengers, but Harutiun smiled kindly: "This wonderful landscape, fresh air, poppies... What else could one need"? (In fact, that year countless poppies grew there).

We stopped for a talk and then departed...

That is how he remains in my memory, my dear, true friend, standing among red poppies with a smile on his face...

Igor Zhukov

People's Artist of Russia, conductor

With great pleasure and delight I played *Topophono* in Moscow Composer's House at the opening ceremony of the concert season. This composition is truly one of the best achievements of Armenian music.

H. Dellalian's music attests that Armenian music is full of great inner potential.

Aram Satian


Composer, Associate Professor

I think that Harutiun was a lucky person. They keep on saying that "he was a worker". But the experience he had helped him to find the right solutions in life, something which many young beginners lack. Harutiun's career in music lasted very short. Unlike others who normally spend around 15 years on education, within such timeframe he managed to study, compose and claim international recognition and astonishing success. In general, the composer should feel the time in which he lives. Harutiun was a wise man. He could feel the time through his experiences. He had a sense of dimensional music. Even today the concept of "dimensional music" is not so accepted in Armenia. Very few have attempted to master it. In a single piece, with a single instrument Harutiun manages

ARMENIAN AMERICAN THEATRICAL-MUSICAL SOCIETY
PROUDLY PRESENTS

a Classical Musical Evening

DEDICATED TO THE 60-TH ANNIVERSARY OF
COMPOSER **HAROUTUN DELLALIAN'S BIRTHDAY**
LEVON MOURADIAN (Violoncellist)
MARINE DELLALIAN (Pianist), NARINE DELLALIAN (Violinist)
on Thursday, February 19, 1998, at 8:00 p.m.
The Ebell of Los Angeles
743 South Lucerne Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90005



for further information or tickets please call
213/668-1030 • 213/668-0374

Levon Mouradian is the soloist of the Galuhonian Symphony orchestra, winner of the "Chalkovsky", "Pablo Casals", "Julia Cardona" International Competitions. Marine Dellalian is the pianist of the Portuguese Symphony orchestra's choir. Narine Dellalian is the assistant concert master of the Portuguese Symphony orchestra.

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Լոս Անջելես, 1998 թ. Դեյվալյանի ծննդյան 60-ամյակին նվիրված համերգից հետո. Չախից՝
Լ. Մարտիրոսյան, ՀԱԹԵ ընկերության նախագահ Վ. Մարտիրոսյան, Ն. Դեյվալյան, Մ. Դեյվալյան,
Լ. Մուրադյան, ՀԱԹԵ ընկերության փոխնախագահ Թ. Արզումանյան
After the concert dedicated to the 60th anniversary of Dellalian, Los Angeles. From left to right: L. Martirosian,
V. Martirosian, President of AATM Society, N. Dellalian, M. Dellalian, L. Mouradian, T. Arzoumanian, Vice
President of AATM Society



Դելլալյանի անվան եռյակ
Dellalian Trio



Հարությունի թոռնիկները, որոնք շարունակում են նրա գործը՝ Վիգենը, Հարությունը, Միքայելը
Posterity, continuation of tradition: Harutiun's grandchildren Vigen, Harutiun, Mikael

to move from miniature painting to the image of a colossal monument which is so harmonious, so cosmic, so abstract and, at the same time, so human.

Saulius Sondetskis

Conductor, composer, Lithuania

With its philosophy and dramatic emotionalism *Topophono* holds a special position not only in Dellalian's music, but generally in the repertoire of orchestral music. It is a meditation, a combination of mutually contradictory and complementary musical and philosophical layers.

Abgar Mouradian

Honoured Artist of Armenia, professor

I came to know Harutiun Dellalian when we both taught at Art School 1. We often had discussions on a variety of matters. He showed keen interest in all orchestral instruments, including the clarinet. He would spend hours at my classes, asking detailed questions on acoustic features of the clarinet, its sound shades, techniques... His curiosity was really boundless... Finally, the idea of writing something for the clarinet arose. By that time I was familiar with some of his pieces. First I suggested writing a sonata for the clarinet, but eventually he produced *Meditations* (1981).

The piece is highly instrumental and is intended specifically for the clarinet. Its sound shadings and melody are in ideal harmony with the tonal capacities of the clarinet. Innovative technical effects are powerfully used. In this piece Harutiun Dellalian was the first Armenian composer to use the technique of harmonic sounding on the clarinet. He was sure "that was how it should sound" although harmony technique is not applied to the clarinet. The first performance evoked a sensation among performer-musicians: for the first time clarinet music was presented with harmony... *Meditations* was recorded and included in the Golden Fund of the Armenian Radio. *Meditations* was always highly valued by experts. Later it was released by the Spanish Real Musical publishing house. He would mention excitedly that experts had noted the high professionalism of the performance. The melody of *Meditations* is very Armenian, and, at the same time, it bears the stamp of the composer's individuality. In fact, Harutiun had a singular musical philosophy.

He started very late but succeeded in bequeathing a rich and unique musical heritage.

Avet Terterian

Composer

People's Artist of Armenia, professor

Harutiun Dellalian is a talented musician who has an original and innovative mentation and most importantly, authentic sincerity.

His music is divided into two main periods. Initially he mastered classical composition. However, over the last few years Dellalian's focus was on innovatory searches, and the music composed during the second period claimed success for Dellalian.

Recently his sonata for cello and piano was performed at the plenum of young composers. The sonata is attributed by sincerity of essence, deeply philosophical and ethnic features. It was a major success and richly deserved the high appreciation of the audience and musical critics.

Vrej-Armen Artinian

Editor-in Chief of Horizon Armenian Weekly

Canada

Unfortunately, I came to know Harutiun Dellalian belatedly: it was in late 80s' when I learned about him from "Literary Paper". Alas, soon thereafter I was struck by the sad news about his death. At least for me he was like a comet shining in the firmament of our culture who vanished in the darkness... Later, Harutiun Dellalian's name reappeared and reached distinction, thanks to what other authors had written. The commemorative article written about him by his wife, Ms. Hermine Dellalian, which was published in the literary attachment of the magazine "Horizon", created a new wave of interest in the name and personality of this composer. Today the resumption of his music evidences the due acknowledgement of his role in the Armenian musical heritage.

I wish that his music is presented to wider circles and appreciated not only by Armenians, but also the world.

Artashes Shelemian

Musical Publisher, USA

This past Sunday I went to Berj Zhamkochian's organ recital at Methuen Memorial Hall. His masterful play on one of the most famous pipe-organs in the United States was indeed a rare experience for me as always has been.

The first part of his program was all Bach works in commemoration of Bach's 300th anniversary. The second part was in commemoration and in honour of the 70th Anniversary of our dead, during which time he played for the first time a new piece – a very beautiful one composed in modern language – by a young composer Harutiun Dellalian from Yerevan which was dedicated to Berj. The name of the piece is *Requiem Trionfale*. It makes me proud each time I see another talent creating a work compatible to any contemporary composer around the world. It is only too bad that there are very little opportunities for their works to be heard as part of regular international repertory. Some of them well deserve it. Khachaturian has become a household name. But I am certain there are others deserving the same honour and treatment?

Paruhi Tepelikian

Artist

One day I borrowed some tracks of Arthur Papazian's performances from his family and on one of the cassettes I found Dellalian's *Dedication to Komitas*. I turned on the tape-recorder... and soon realized that it was divine music... about the Genocide and pain of the Armenians.

Even if Dellalian had composed only that piece, his highest standing in the history of Armenian art would have been guaranteed because no other artist or composer has ever revealed this theme with such depth. For me the sonata was as dear as the Lord's Prayer. I would listen to the piece again and again and never got tired of it.

This was my first encounter with Great Dellalian, who, in fact, was a perfect embodiment of modesty.

He gladly agreed to my offer to make his portrait and thus the picture of Harutiun Dellalian, the adornment of my studio was created.

Ruzanna Babayan

Art Critic

...It is said that everyone has his own goal and mission in this world. If that is true then we should recognise that Maestro Harutiun Dellalian, a wonderful personality, composer and teacher, had a special mission in his life.

I met him at the Composers' Union congress in Yerevan. I had heard about his extraordinary musical career before, but on that day I saw him in person. Quiet and

reserved, he was sitting in the audience, and there was a smile in his eyes. You could easily tell him apart from the rest, because of his elegant appearance. I had heard his sonata for piano and cello long before. At that time it was evident to me that he was a singular divinely-gifted individual with a specific artistic manner of thinking. I had understood that he was an artist of unique talent who had found self-expression in music. What if he had been a painter? ...Soon a new grandiose piece, *Topophono*, was composed, which, with a powerful strike, cast open the door of good and justice. *Topophono* is the sorrow and pain of the Genocide. It is also factual evidence of the Genocide, demonstrated to the world. When listening to it, one cannot help thinking what a miraculous composition it is. Thus, *Topophono* was successfully performed in leading concert halls around the world, before sophisticated and demanding audiences.

There is a part in *Topophono* when a group of Armenians stretch their hands up to the sky with a searching look. They believe in salvation or a miracle. Unfortunately, we have lost the “Miracle” who created that luminous music.

Today we stretch our hands up towards the Heavens and exclaim with respect and sincere admiration:

Bravo, bravo, Maestro!

Ashot Babayan

Composer

Harutiun Dellalian is one of the most prominent composers of the 1980s'. His great talent, proficiency, exclusive way of thinking underlie each piece of his music (either symphonic or chamber).

His compositions which combine contemporary techniques and authentic national tunes are comprehensible and appreciated by both Armenian and foreign listeners.

M. Bedian

Musicologist, USA

Dellalian created the musical monument for great Komitas and for the tragical episode of the Armenian history.

Press

The Watertown Press

November 12, 1986

Dellalian's *Topophono* concerto performed by the orchestra "Sinfonova" and the director Aram Gharabekian shocked and at the same time stirred the Boston music 'fans.

The concerto is a result of a brilliant and resourceful novelty in the writing

technique, orchestration and composition.

The Performance of Dellalian's *Topophono* concert has been the most attractive and memorable music event during the recent concert season in Boston.

South End News

November 20, 1986

The works, by William Thomas McKinley, Harutiun Dellalian, Thomas Oboe Lee and Edward Mirzoyan, represented some of the best modern music

I've heard of late, with true development, melodies, and interesting textures.

The tour de force of the night was *Topophono* by Dellalian.

By Franc Benolt

Los Angeles Times

November 21, 1986

Dellalian's *Topophono* Concerto is, in fact, a real work of a composer of the twentieth century. The great profundity

of mind is shocking. That's what a real modern music should be.

The *Armenian* Weekly



Harutiun Dellalian is considered as one of the most important and original contemporary Armenian composers.

With this work Dellalian has created a uniquely original music tapestry.

ԵՐ ԿԵՆՏԵ

(New Life) November 27, 1986

Harutiun Dellalian's *Topophono* concerto, an artistic discovery, was the culmination of the program.

Obviously, Dellalian is an artist with vivid individuality.

Topophono is saturated with ethnic-traditional sounding, spirit, folklore

tunes. Generally, modern music is not so easy to perceive at the first attendance. Yet, this does not apply to *Topophono* which led the listeners to the deep physiological layers of its plot.

Angineh Mouradian

The Tech

March 4, 1986

Harutiun Dellalian's *Topophono* chamber concerto for piano, french horn and string orchestra, is about the displacement of sound on and off the stage. Given its world premiere by fellow Armenian Harutiun Papazian and SinfoNova conducted by Aram Ghara-

bekian, it came across as a remarkably effective - if at times eccentric - work. The overall imagination of this new work and the precision and energy with which it was played by both soloist and ensemble made it a winner.

Jonathan Richmond



(Struggle) March 8, 1986

Dellalian's *Topophono* had a striking effect on the audience in its positive sense for some listeners, for others it was a "shock". Standing in-between the two extremes, it can neither satisfy those who seek for sheer modernism nor the follow-

ers of the well-familiar classical trends. One can expand on the pros and cons of the concerto which itself is beneficial and positive. Nevertheless, the piece had a striking effect.

The New York Times

March 24, 1985

The most engrossing work on the program was Harutiun Dellalian's Sonata *Dedication to Komitas* – a haunting composition that makes use of chant, folk

melodies and the strummed insides of the piano.

Tim Page

The Monitor

March 26, 1985

It is a dramatic work of psychological torture that never becomes torturous to attend. It is, first and always, musical and entirely listenable. As with any debut performance one must trust the interpretation of the artist involved is correct.

Mr. Papazian was obviously very much involved in the emotions of the piece and used his involvement to very effectively project its intensity to his audience. The audience cheered the piece warmly.

Larry S. Ledford

Komsomolets

May 12, 1983

The audience has shown the keenest interest in the Dellalian's sonata *Dedication to Komitas*. In this work the world of Komitas taken in hundred of national melodies comes to life. The slimmest ligature of this music seems to

be infused with the smells of mountains, herbs, flashes of fire of the wonderful holiday, Teredez and the other dreadful fire - Genocide.

A.Frimermann

Paros

December 12, 1986

Dellalian has a powerful artistic individuality and a truly peculiar talent. His compositions are profound: meaningful, multi-colour pictures from the history of the Armenian people that reflect the glorification of the man, his

sufferings, dreams, love, yearning for happiness, death too... In his music one feels with amazement the natural, spontaneous soul of the present-day man full of nice, sincere and pure emotions.

Angineh Mouradian

Toronto Star

March 12, 1985

Arthur Papazian introduced the 47-year-old Armenian composer Harutiun Dellalian's Sonata *Dedication to Komitas*, which was more an anguished rhapsody, intensely passionate, drawing

its music from the piano strings as well as the keys, and in vocal keening. In its mastery of mood, it was not out of keeping with the Beethoven op. 111.

By Ronald Hambleton

Sovetskaya Muzika

№ 2, 1983

The national characteristics in Dellalian's compositions are expressed by means of national mode of thinking, which reflected in the application of various devices of the modern stylistic devices. In this sense the Clarinet and

Piano Sonata *Meditations* is of great interest, and distinguishes for its high artistic value.

A. Bogdanova,
J. Smirnova

ՀԱՐԱԽ

Harach, April 5, 1998.

For us the meeting with Armenian artists Levon Mouradian and Marina Dellalian at Gulbenkian Center in Paris was a delightful opportunity.

It was extreme pleasure to attend to Harutiun Dellalian's cello sonata, another

piece of the prematurely deceased Armenian composer, deserving recognition, full of innovative techniques... Assumedly, it was the sonata's prime performance in Paris.

ՄԱՅՈՒՆ

(Struggle), May 11, 1985

... The audience were fascinated by the excellence demonstrated by Mr. Zhamkochian at the concert. The focus of the first part of the program was Bach and the second part was dedicated to the

70th anniversary of the Genocide. Harutiun Dellalian's *Requiem Trionfale* made an extraordinary impression. The composition is full of extremely enchanting ethnic tunes and novelty.



(Struggle), Mai 9, 1986

Harutjun Dellalian and his *Requiem Trionfale* performed by Perj Zhamkochian in St. Nicolas Church in the evening of March 16 were a discovery for German audience. This extraordinary work, after diverse phases of agitation, turmoil, pain, dreadful silence and

commemoration inspires the Armenian nation with its triumphal sounds.

This work of Dellalian is truly actual, both deep and moving. As the Germans note, "it penetrates under one's skin."

P Partevian



Nor Ashkharh (New World), December 13, 1988

Harutjun Dellalian's music belongs to a mystic world. Its sounds arise from

the depths of past centuries and reverberate in contemporary world.

Zaven Grigorian

Mitteldeutsche Zeitung

November 13, 2003

H. Dellalian's *Ecloga* for flute, strings and piano represented another exotic vanguard piece. Evolving from the thunder of piano and double-bass sounds, this work seemed to vibrate between sounds and noise. This colour-rich work created by Dellalian more than ten years ago was beyond recollection and has been premiered this year for the first time posthumously. The Finale where the

soloist turned her back to the audience, both visually and acoustically broke into the sounds of piano, bringing forward a meditative mood and carrying the audience away to the ancient times. The work left the great master Khachaturian in the shadow, and the concert itself was worth attending for this very work.

Eckehard Pistrick

Յ. ԴԵԼԼԱԼՅԱՆԻ ԿԵՆՍԱԳՐԱԿԱՆ ԵՎ ՍՏԵՂԾԱԳՈՐԾԱԿԱՆ ՀԻՄՆԱԿԱՆ ՏԱՐԵԹՎԵՐ*

1937թ. Ծնվել է Աթենքում:

1947թ. Հայրենադարձություն:

1963թ. Ընդունվում է Երևանի ժող. կոմսերվատորիան, Ե. Միրզոյանի ստեղծագործական դասարանը:

1968թ. Ընդունվում է Ռ. Մելիքյանի անվ. ուսումնարանի տեսական և ստեղծագործական բաժինները:

1972թ. Ավարտում է ուսումնարանը: Որպես դիպլոմային աշխատանք ներկայացնում է Stabat Mater տրիոն սոպրանոյի, թավջութակի և դաշնամուրի համար և *Կոմիտասական* երգաշարը բարիտոնի և դաշնամուրի համար, խոսքերը՝ Կոմիտաս վարդապետի:

Ընդունվում է Կոմիտասի անվ. պետ. կոմսերվատորիան, Ե. Բաղդասարյանի ստեղծագործական դասարանը:

1973թ. Գրում է Լարային կվարտետը, որը կատարվում է ԿՄԴ-ում:

1974թ. Գրում է *Երեք տրամադրություն* փայտյա փողային կվարտետը, որը կատարվում է ԿՄԴ-ում:

1975թ. Սկսում է աշխատել *Փեփուշ* մանկական օպերայի վրա՝ ըստ Վ. Բաբայանի համանուն պոեմի:

1975թ. Մասնակցում է Ալմա-Աթայում ուսանողական կոնֆերանսին և ներկայացնում Լարային և փողային կվարտետները:

1976թ. Ավարտում է *Փեփուշ* մանկական օպերան:

1976թ. Գրում է *Սոնատ թավջութակի և դաշնամուրի համար*:

1977թ. Ավարտում է Կոմսերվատորիան: Որպես դիպլոմային աշխատանք ներկայացնում է Առաջին սիմֆոնիան և թավջութակի սոնատը: Հետագայում ոչնչացնում է Սիմֆոնիան:

1978թ. Գրում է կամերային կոնցերտ A PIACERE:

Գրում է Սոնատ-Պոեն ջութակի և դաշնամուրի համար:

Գրում է *Մահ* սիմֆոնիկ պոեմը:

1979թ. Ընդունվում է ԽՍՀՄ կոմպոզիտորների միություն:

Գրում է *Երեք Ինտերպրետացիաներ* կամերային նվագախմբի համար:

Ապրիլի 18 Հայֆիլհարմոնիայի փոքր դահլիճում առաջին անգամ հնչում է *Թավջութակի և դաշնամուրի սոնատը*:

1981թ. Գրում է Meditation կլարնետի և դաշնամուրի համար:

Գրում է *Հուշարձան նահատակներին* կանտատ-ռեքվիեմը:

1982թ. Գրում է *Նվիրում Կոմիտասին* սոնատը:

Գրում է *Կամերային երկրորդ սիմֆոնիան*:

Հայաստանի կոմպոզիտորների միության կամերային և խմբերգային երաժշտության պլենումում կատարվում է *Meditations* կլարնետի և դաշնամուրի համար, Աբգար Մուրադյանի և հեղինակի կատարմամբ: Ռադիոյում ֆոնդային ձայնագրություն: *Meditations* Ա. Մուրադյանի և հեղինակի կատարմամբ: *Սոնատ թավջութակի և դաշնամուրի համար*, Ֆելիքս Սիմոնյանի և Նելլի Մարտիրոսյանի կատարմամբ:

1983թ. **Ապրիլի 23** Կամերային երաժշտության տանը Արթուր Փափազյանը առաջին անգամ կատարում է *Նվիրում Կոմիտասին* սոնատը:

1984թ. Գրում է *Medium* ֆագոտի սոնատը:

Գրում է *Երբ իջնում է մթնշաղը* վոկալ շարքը:

Գրում է *Հաղթական Ռեքվիեմ* երգեհոնի համար:

Մայիսի 25 Հանդիպում Օստրովսկու անվ. մանկավարժական ուսումնարանի ուսանողների հետ:

Դեկտեմբերի 15 ՀԿՄ համագումարում Մարինա Դելլալյանը կատարում է *Նվիրում Կոմիտասին* սոնատը:

1985թ. **Մայիսի 15** Տորոնտոյի Կոնսերվատորիայի համերգային դահլիճում, **փետրվարի 16** Վաշինգտոնում Սպիտակ Տան համերգային դահլիճում, **մարտի 20** Carnegie Hall-ում, **ապրիլի 10** Միլանի Sala Maggiore դահլիճում, **ապրիլի 12** Կիրկոլոյի Reggio Emilia դահլիճում, **ապրիլի 15** Պեսկարայում, **ապրիլի 19** Սպոլետոյի Maria Immacolata դահլիճում, **ապրիլի 23** Միլանի Teatro della Erbe դահլիճում, **Նոյեմբերի 30** Լիսաբոնի Գյուլբենկյան հաստատության Grand Auditorio սրահում Ա. Փափազյանի կատարմամբ հնչում է *Նվիրում Կոմիտասին* Սոնատը:

Ապրիլի 24 Վենետիկի «Սուրբ Մարկոս» տաճարում Պերճ Ժամկոչյանի կատարմամբ հնչում է *Հաղթական Ռեքվիեմ*ը:

Հոկտեմբերի 23 Նովոսիբիրսկի կոնսերվատորիայի համերգային մեծ դահլիճում տեղի ունեցավ Հ. Դելլալյանի հեղինակային համերգը: Ծրագրում հնչեցին *Սոնատ-Պոեմ ջութակի և դաշնամուրի համար* Մ. Շավիների և հեղինակի կատարմամբ, *Թավջութակի և դաշնամուրի սոնատը* Ն. Գիրունյանի և Օ. Անիսիմովայի, *Երբ իջնում է մթնշաղը* վոկալ շարքը Նելլի Քարիմյանի և հեղինակի և *Նվիրում Կոմիտասին* սոնատը հեղինակի կատարմամբ:

Հոկտեմբերի 24 Նովոսիբիրսկի կոնսերվատորիայի կոմպոզիցիայի բաժնի ուսանողության հետ համերգ-հանդիպում:

Հոկտեմբերի 25 Հեղինակային համերգ Նովոսիբիրսկի Ակադեմիական ավանում:

1986թ. Գրում է *Ecloga* նվագախմբի և ֆլեյտայի կոնցերտը:

Գրում է *Լռության թուպե à capella* կանանց երգչախմբի համար:

Գրում է *Topophono* կոնցերտը կամերային նվագախմբի դաշնամուրի և գալարափողի համար:

Փետրվարի 28 Topophono կոնցերտի առաջին կատարումը Sinfonova նվագախմբի կատարմամբ Բոստոնի New England կոնսերվատորիայի Jordan Hall դահլիճում: Դիրիժոր՝ Ա. Ղարաբեկյան, մենակատարներ՝ Ա. Փափազյան, Ն. Գայնսֆորդ:

Հ. Դելլալյանը ընտրվում է Քեմբրիջ-Երևան եղբայր քաղաքների ընկերության անդամ:

Մայիսի 30 Խորհրդահայ երաժշտության փառատոնում ՀԿՄ դահլիճում հնչում է *Նվիրում Կոմիտասին* սոնատը:

Նոյեմբերի 11 Sinfonova նվագախումբը Բոստոնի Jordan Hall սրահում սեզոնի բացման համերգին կատարում է Topophono կոնցերտը. Դիր.՝ Ա. Ղարաբեկյան, մեն.՝ Ա. Գույումջյան, Ն. Գայնսֆորդ:

Նոյեմբերի 16 Լոս Անջելեսի Dorothy Chandler Pavilion սրահում ամերիկյան երաժշտության փառատոնի ծրագրում Sinfonova-ի կատարմամբ հնչում է Topophono կոնցերտը:

Դեկտեմբերի 1-10 Հ. Դելլալյանը և Է. Միրզոյանը՝ ՀԱԹԵ ընկերության հրավերով հյուրընկալվում են ԱՄՆ-ում:

Դեկտեմբերի 7 Լոս Անջելեսի Hollywood սրահում համերգ-հանդիպում Հ. Դելլալյանի և Է. Միրզոյանի հետ:

Դեկտեմբերի 4 Լոնդոնի Widmore Hall սրահում հնչում է *Նվիրում Կոմիտասին* Սոնատը:

Դեկտեմբերի 16, Երևանի կամերային երաժշտության տանը հնչում է Topophono-ի առաջին երևանյան կատարումը: Դիր.՝ Զ. Վարդանյան, մեն.՝ Տ. Զարյան:

Դեկտեմբերի 19 ՀԿՄ պլենումում հնչում է *Լռության թուպե a capella* երգչախմբի համար: Դիր.՝ Ա. Վերանյան:

Նյու Յորքում «Հայ կոմպոզիտորների ստեղծագործություններ» ծայնասկավառակում ձայնագրվում է նաև *Նվիրում Կոմիտասին* սոնատը՝ Արթուր Փափազյանի կատարմամբ:

1987թ. **Մարտի 16** Գերմանիայի Բռաուվայլեր քաղաքում, ս. Նիկողայոս տաճարում, **ապրիլի 1** Քյոլնի մայր տաճարում հնչում է *Հաղթական Ռեքվիեմը* Պ. Ժամկոչյանի կատարմամբ:

Հունիս 9 Երևանում, Հայֆիլհարմոնիայի մեծ դահլիճում, **սեպտեմբերի 16** Ռիգայի Դոմյան տաճարում և Կազանում Արթուր Ադամյանը կատարում է *Հաղթական Ռեքվիեմը*:

Սեպտեմբերի 22 Կամերային տանը Սեթրակ Երկանյանը կատարում է *Նվիրում Կոմիտասին* սոնատը:

Հոկտեմբերի 1 Հայկական երաժշտության օրեր Կիևում, Ուկրաինայի կամերային նվագախմբի կատարմամբ հնչում է Topophono կոնցերտը: Դիր.՝ Վ. Մատյուխին:

Դեկտեմբերի 8 Կամերային երաժշտության տանը կատարվում է Topophono կոնցերտը: Դիր.՝ Զ. Վարդանյան:

Դեկտեմբերի 11 Կալիֆորնիայի կինոյի և հեռուստատեսության խորհրդի կողմից պարգևատրվում է Super Star և Ոսկե փառապսակով: Topophono-ն ճանաչվում է ամերիկյան երաժշտության փառատոնում կատարված և տարվա լավագույն ստեղծագործությունը:

1988թ. Ապրիլի 20 Տոկիոյում Royal Five դահլիճում Պ. Ժամկոչյանը կատարում է *Հաղթական Ռեքվիեմը*:

Մայիսի 15 Կամերային երաժշտության տանը Ս. Երկանյանը կատարում է *Նվիրում Կոմիտասին* սոնատը:

Սեպտեմբերի 24 Ալտեմբերգի տաճարում և **Սեպտեմբերի 27** Քյոլնի Մայր տաճարում Պ. Ժամկոչյանը կատարում է *Հաղթական Ռեքվիեմը*:

Հոկտեմբերի 1 Երաժշտության միջազգային օրվան նվիրված համերգում Մոսկվայի կոմպոզիտորների կենտրոնական տան դահլիճում Մոսկվայի կամերային նվագախումբը Ի. Ժուկովի ղեկավարությամբ կատարում է Topophono կոնցերտը:

Հոկտեմբերի 23 Մերիլանդի համալսարանի կամերային երաժշտության փառատոնում Ա. Փափազյանը կատարում է *Նվիրում Կոմիտասին* սոնատը:

Նոյեմբերի 25 «Հայ Կամերային երաժշտություն» շաբթուն Ս. Երկանյանը կատարում է *Նվիրում Կոմիտասին* սոնատը

Նոյեմբերի 30 – Դեկտեմբերի 22 Ուղևորություն ծննդավայր՝ Հունաստան և Կիպրոս

Դեկտեմբերի 7 Գալիթեայի Պոնտոսցիների Կենտրոնի «Արդոնավթե Գոմնի-նի մշակութային սրահում համերգ-հանդիպում Հ. Դելլալյանի հետ:

Դեկտեմբերի 15-22 Դասախոսություններ և համերգներ Կիպրոսի Մելքոնյան հաստատությունում:

1989թ. Փետրվարի 28 Տոկիոյում, **մարտի 1** Օսակայում, **մարտի 4** Սապոռայում և **մարտի 6** Նագոյայում կազմակերպված Հայաստանում երկրաշարժից

տուժածների համար օգնության համերգում Գայանե Ջաղացպանյանը կատարում է *Նվիրում Կոմիտասին* սոնատը:

Մարտի 14 Պեյչում` (Հունգարիա) Ֆիլի. դահլիճում և **մարտի 15** Բուդապեշտում Գ. Ջաղացպանյանը կատարում է *Նվիրում Կոմիտասին* Սոնատը:

Հոկտեմբերի 28 Արցախում Ս. Երկանյանը կատարում է Նվիրում Կոմիտասին Սոնատը:

Նոյեմբերի 12 Լոնդոնում, **14** Մանչեստերում, **16** Լիթսոն, **18** Բարսելի Central library-ում Ա. Փափազյանը կատարում է *Նվիրում Կոմիտասին* Սոնատը:

1990թ. փետրվարի 1 Հաննովերի Musikhochschule դահլիճում «Նոր երաժշտության օրեր» ավանդական փառատոնում Վոլքեր Թեսսմանը կատարում է ֆագոտի Medium սոնատը:

Ապրիլի 25 Խաչատրյանի անվ. համերգային մեծ դահլիճում Պ. Ժամկոչյանը կատարում է *Հաղթական Ռեքվիեմը*:

Մայիսի 4 Հայկական հեռուստատեսությամբ *Ջրասույզ Արև* դրամատիկ կանտատի առաջին ցուցադրումը:

Մայիսի 4 Վասպուրականի «Նոր սերունդ» կազմակերպության համերգ երգչախմբային ընկերության տան դահլիճում: Գայանե Ջաղացպանյանը կատարում է *Նվիրում Կոմիտասին* սոնատը:

Սեպտեմբերի 15 Նովոսիբիրսկի ակադեմիական սիմֆ. նվագախումբը ձայնագրում է *Մահ* սիմֆոնիկ պոեմը: Դիր.՝ Ա. Կաց:

Հոկտեմբերի 29, 30 Սվերդլովսկում, **նոյեմբերի 17** Կամերային երաժշտության տանը Ս. Երկանյանը կատարում է *Նվիրում Կոմիտասին* սոնատը:

1991թ. Հայ ցեղասպանության 76-րդ տարեդարձին նվիրված համերգում *Հաղթական Ռեքվիեմը* նկարահանվել է Պերճ Ժամկոչյանի կատարմամբ: Hye Horizone Television Videos, At Église du Gesù in Montreal 1991:

Մայիսի 5 Topophono-ն Երևանի կամերային տանը կատարվում է Է. Խաչատրյանի ղեկավարությամբ, մեն.՝ Ս. Երկանյան:

Դեկտեմբերի 17 Գյուլբենկյան հաստատության դահլիճում կատարվում է *Թավջութակի և դաշնամուրի սոնատը* Լևոն Մուրադյանի և Միշել Գալի կատարմամբ:

1995թ. Արթուր Փափազյանի կատարմամբ ձայնագրվում է *Նվիրում Կոմիտասին* սոնատը, LIVE Recording 1995, PAPART CD 1012 խտասալիկում:

1996թ. հոկտեմբերի 30 Լիսաբոնի Սան Ռոկ փառատոնում հնչում է Meditations Սոնատը Ժոակիմ Ռիբեյրոյի և Մարինա Դելլալյանի կատարմամբ: Նույն համերգին հնչում է նաև Սոնատ-Պոեմը Նարինե Դելլալյանի և Ս. Դելլալյանի կատարմամբ:

Նոյեմբերի 13 «Մշակութային Սեյշալ» փառատոնում հնչում է Թավջութակի և դաշնամուրի սոնատը: Կատ.՝ Լ. Մուրադյան և Մ. Դելլալյան:

1997թ. Հունվարի 22 Փարիզի Գյուլբենկյան հաստատության Մշակութային կենտրոնում և **մարտի 30** Կովիլիայում (Պորտուգալիա) հնչում է *Թավջութակի և դաշնամուրի սոնատը*: Կատ.՝ Լ. Մուրադյան, Մ. Դելլալյան:

1998թ. Փետրվարի 19 Լոս Անջելեսում կազմակերպվում է Հ. Դելլալյանի ծննդյան 60-ամյակին նվիրված հուշ-համերգ՝ Մ. Դելլալյանի, Ն. Դելլալյանի և Լ. Մուրադյանի կատարմամբ:

1998թ. Նոյեմբերի 14 Topophonon կոնցերտի բեմականացված կատարումը և տեսաժապավենի նկարահանումը Երևանի Կամերային տան դահլիճում: Դիր.՝ Արամ Գարաբեկյան, դաշն.՝ Մարինե Դելլալյան, զալարափող՝ Արտաշես Գաբրյան, բեմականացումը՝ Աիդա Ամիրխանյան: Video Production, OSI Assistance Fondation

1999թ. Դեկտեմբերի 29 Սան Լորենտյի Կոլտուրայի կենտրոնում Ն. Դելլալյանի և Մ. Դելլալյանի կատարմամբ հնչում է Սոնատ-Պոեմը:

2001թ. Արթուր Բախտամյան: «Երկիր Նաիրի» տեսաֆիլմի երաժշտությունը՝ Հ. Դելլալյան. A. Bakhtamian Production:

2002թ. հունվարի 8 Ֆունշալում (Մադեյրա) և **հունվարի 13** Սանտարենում հնչում է Թավջութակի սոնատը Մարինա Գյումիշյանի և Մ. Դելլալյանի կատարմամբ:

Սեպտեմբերի 25 ECLOGA կոնցերտի առաջին կատարումը Հ. Հակոբյանի անվ. թատրոնում: Դիր.՝ Ա. Ղարաբեկյան, մեն.՝ Տաթևիկ Բաղդասարյան:

2003թ. նոյեմբերի 11 Գերմանիայի Հալլե քաղաքի Handel house դահլիճում կատարվում է ECLOGA կոնցերտը: Դիր.՝ Ա. Ղարաբեկյան, մեն.՝ Տ. Բաղդասարյան:

2005թ. Մարտի 24 և 26 Երևանի Կամերային տանը «Հետադարձ հայացք» խորագրի տակ կինչեն Հ. Դելլալյանի կամերային, նվագախմբային և երգչախմբային ստեղծագործությունները:

Ապրիլի 15 Մյունխենի Ahnensaal des Klosters դահլիճում կինչի *Թավջութակի և դաշնամուրի սոնատը* Լ. Մուրադյանի և Նարինե Ավագյանի կատարմամբ:

ՀԱՐՈՒԹՅՈՒՆ ԴԵԼԼԱԼՅԱՆԻ ՍՏԵՂԾԱԳՈՐԾՈՒԹՅՈՒՆՆԵՐԻ ՑԱՆԿ

- 1972 STABAT MATER տրիո՝ սոպրանոյի, թավջութակի և դաշնամուրի համար, «Կոմիտասական» երգաշար բարիտոնի և դաշնամուրի համար Կոմիտաս վարդապետի խոսքերով:
- 1973 ԼԱՐԱՅԻՆ ԿՎԱՐՏԵՏ, 1-ին կատարումը՝ ԶԿՄ դահլիճում:
- 1974 ԵՐԵՔ ՏՐԱՄԱԴՐՈՒԹՅՈՒՆ՝ փայտյա փողային կվարտետի համար, 1-ին կատարումը՝ ԶԿՄ դահլիճում:
- 1975-76 ՓԵՓՈՒՇ մանկական օպերա 2 գործողությամբ՝ ըստ Վ.Բաբայանի համանուն պիեսի: Չի հրատարակվել: Պարտիտուրը գտնվում է ՀՀ Մշակույթի նախարարությունում: Ձայնագրություն չկա:
- 1977 ՍԻՄՖՈՆԻԱ N 1: Չի հրատարակվել: Պարտիտուրը ոչնչացվել է: Կլավիրը հեղինակի անձնական պահոցում է: Ձայնագրություն չկա:
- 1976 ՍՈՆԱՏ թավջութակի և դաշնամուրի համար: 1-ին կատարումը՝ 1979-ի ապրիլի 18-ին, Հայֆիլհարմոնիայի փոքր դահլիճում: Կատ.՝ Ֆելիքս Սիմոնյան և Նելլի Մարտիրոսյան: Չի հրատարակվել: Նոտաները հեղինակի անձնական պահոցում են: Ձայնագրությունը ՀՀ ռադիոյի ֆոնդում է, ca ~ 11':
- 1978 A PIACERE, կամերային կոնցերտ լարային նվագախմբի համար: Չի հրատարակվել: Պարտիտուրը հեղինակի անձնական պահոցում է: Ձայնագրություն չկա:
- 1978 ՄԱՐ սիմֆոնիկ պոեմ՝ ըստ Ավ. Իսահակյանի: Չի հրատարակվել: Պարտիտուրը հեղինակի անձնական պահոցում է: Կատարվել է Նովոսիբիրսկի ակադեմիական սիմֆոնիկ նվագախմբի կողմից 1989 թվականին: Դիրիժոր Առնոլդ Կադ: Ձայնագրված է:
- Կազմը՝ 12 VI-no I, 10 VI-no II, 8V-la, 6 V-celli, 4 C-bassi, 3 Fl, 3 Ob, 3 Cl. in B, 3 Fg, 4 Trp, 4 Cor. In F, 3 Trbn, Tuba, 3 Timp, Triangolo, Tambur a, Piatti, Cassa, 4 Tom-tom, Tam-tam, Silofono, Campame, Campana russa, Campanelli, Legno, Pf, Organ.
- 1979 ՍՈՆԱՏ-ՊՈԵՄ ջութակի և դաշնամուրի համար: Հրատարակվել է «Советский композитор» հրատարակչությունում՝ Մոսկվա, 1988: Նվիրել է իր դուստրերին: Ձայնագրությունը ՀՀ ռադիոյի ֆոնդում է, ca ~ 14':
- 1979 Կամերային Կոնցերտ: Չի տպագրվել: Ձեռագիրը հեղինակի պահոցում: Կազմը՝ 1 VI-no, 1 Fl, 1 Cl, 1 Fg, 1 Cor, Pf, Gran cassa, Piatti, Campana russa, Camerton in A, Gong.
- 1979 ԵՐԵՔ ԻՆՏԵՐՊՐԵՏԱՑԻԱ կամերային նվագախմբի համար: Չի հրատարակվել: Պարտիտուրը հեղինակի անձնական պահոցում է: Ձայնագրվել է ԶԿՄ-ում, կատ.՝ Երևանի Օպերային թատրոնի նվագախմբի մենակատարների անսամբլ, դիրիժոր՝ Վ. Չարչողյան, ca ~ 20':

- Կազմը՝ V-no solo, 4 V-no I, 4 V-no II, 3 V-la, 3 V-celli, 2 C-bassi, Pf:
- 1980 ՍՈՆԱՏ ջութակի և դաշնամուրի համար (Սոնատ պոեմի տարբերակը): 1-ին կատարումը՝ 1980-ի նոյեմբերի 19-ին: Կատ.՝ Հակոբ Մեքինյան և Նելլի Մարտիրոսյան: Ձայնագրված է և պահպանվում է ՀՀ ռադիոյի ֆոնդում:
- 1981 MEDITATIONS կլարնետի և դաշնամուրի համար: 1-ին կատարումը՝ 1982-ին: Կատ.՝ Աբգար Մուրադյան և հեղինակ: Հրտ.՝ «Real Musical», Իսպանիա: Ձայնագրված է և պահպանվում է ՀՀ ռադիոյի ֆոնդում է, ca ~ 13՝
- 1981 ՀՈՒՇԱՐՁԱՆ ՆԱՀԱՏԱԿՆԵՐԻՆ կանտատ-ռեքվիեմ սիմֆոնիկ նվագախմբի և երգչախմբի համար, խոսք՝ Գ. Կարվարենցի և Կ. Ջարյանի: Հի հրատարակվել: Պարտիտուրը հեղինակի անձնական պահոցում է: Ձայնագրություն չկա:
- Կազմը՝ 6 VI-no I, 6 VI-no II, 5 V-la, 4 V-celli, 3 C-bassi, 4 Fl, 3 Ob, 3 Cl in B, 4 Trbn, Tuba, Timpani, Tamburo, Gran cassa, Piatti, Triangolo, Tam-Tam, Campana russa, Silofono, Hp, Pf, Vbrf. Coro: soprani, mezzo, tenori, baritoni, bassi, soprano solo, voce recitante.
- 1982 ԿԱՄԵՐԱՅԻՆ ՍԻՄՖՈՆԻԱ N 2: Նվիրել է կնոջը՝ Հերմինե Դելլալյանին: Հի հրատարակվել: Պարտիտուրը հեղինակի անձնական պահոցում է: Ձայնագրություն չկա:
- Կազմը՝ 5 VI-no I, 4 VI-no II, 4 V-le, 4 V-celli, 3 C-bassi, 1 Fl, 2 Ob, 2 Corni in F, Pf.
- 1982 ՆՎԻՐՈՒՄ ԿՈՄԻՏԱՍԻՆ սոնատ դաշնամուրի համար: 1-ին կատ.՝ 1983-ի ապրիլի 23-ին՝ Հարություն Փափազյանի կատարմամբ: Հրատարակված է՝ «Դաշնամուրային սոնատներ» ժողովածուում, «Սովետական գրող» Երևան, 1988: Ձայնագրված է Carnegie Hall-ում, Նյու Յորք, պահպանվում է ՀՀ ռադիոյի ֆոնդում ca ~ 16՝: Կա խտասալիկը:
- 1984 ՍԻՄՖՈՆԻԱ N 3՝ նվիրված Ա.Խաչատրյանին: Պարտիտուրը ՀՀ Մշակույթի նախարարությունում է: Ձայնագրություն չկա:
- Կազմը՝ 12 VI-no I, 10 VI-no II, 8 V-la, 6 V-celli, 4 C-bassi, Fl. Piccolo, Fl. Grande, Fl. Contra, 2 Ob, Cor, 1 Cl. piccolo in Es, 1 Cl. in B, Cl. Basso in B, 2 Fg, 1 Contrafg, 4 Cor. in F, Tuba, Timpani, Lengo, Tamboro, Tom-Toms, Cassa, Tam-Tam, Campana, Silofono, Pf.
- 1984 ՀԱՂՁԱԿԱՆ ՌԵՔՎԻԵՄ երգեհոնի համար: 1-ին կատարումը՝ 1985-ի ապրիլի 24-ին Վենետիկի «Սուրբ Մարկոս» տաճարում, կատ.՝ Պերճ ժամկոչյան, ca ~ 17՝:
- 1984 ԵՐԲ ԻՋՆՈՒՄ Ե ՄՈՆՇԱՂԸ վոկալ շարք՝ ըստ Ավ. Իսահակյանի, Գ. Էմինի, Վ. Տերյանի: Հի հրատարակվել: Պարտիտուրը հեղինակի անձնական պահոցում է: Ձայնագրված է և պահպանվում է ՀՀ ռադիոյի ֆոնդում: Կատ.՝ Նելլի Քարինյան և հեղինակ: ca ~ 11՝
- 1984 MEDIUM (կամ ԲԱՑ ԳԻՐՔ) սոնատ մենամուկ ֆագոտի համար: 1-ին կատարումը Հանովերում, 1990-ի փետրվարի 1-ին: Կատարում է Վոլքեր Թեսսմանը: Ձայնագրված է:

- 1985 TOPOPHONO կոնցերտ լարային նվագախմբի, դաշնամուրի և զալարափողի համար: Չի հրատարակվել: Պարտիտուրը հեղինակի անձնական պահոցում է: 1-ին կատարումը և ձայնագրությունը Բոստոնի Jordan Hall-ում, Sinfonova կամերային նվագախումբ: Մենակատար՝ Արթուր Փափազյան, դիրիժոր՝ Արամ Ղարաբեկյան :
- Կազմը՝ Pf, Cor. In F, 6 VI-no I, 5 VI-no II, 4 V-le, 3 V-celli, 2 C-bassi. ca ~ 27':
- 1986 ECLOGA կամերային կոնցերտ ֆլեյտայի, լարային նվագախմբի, դաշնամուրի և հարվածայինների համար: Չի հրատարակվել: Պարտիտուրը ՀՀ Մշակույթի նախարարությունում է: 1-ին կատարումը 2002 թվականին Հայաստանի պետական կամերային նվագախմբի կատարմամբ: Դիրիժոր՝ Արամ Ղարաբեկյան, մենակատար՝ Տաթևիկ Բաղդասարյան: ca ~ 15':
- Կազմը՝ Flauto solo, 4 VI-no I, 3 VI-no II, 2 V-le, 2 V-celli, 1 C-bassi. Timpani, Piatto, Pf.
- 1986 ԼՈՒԻՅՈՒՆ ԲՈՒՆԵ կամանգ երգչախմբի համար a'capella: Չի հրատարակվել: Պարտիտուրը հեղինակի անձնական պահոցում է: 1- ին կատարումը 1986 թվականին: Երգչախմբի ղեկավար՝ Արթուր Վերանյան: Ձայնագրությունը դահլիճից, ca ~ 7':
- 1988 ՋՐԱՍՈՒՅՁ ԱՐԵՎ դրամատիկ կանտատ սիմֆոնիկ նվագախմբի, երգչախմբի, մենակատար սոպրանոյի և ասոնունքողի համար: Խոսք՝ Ա. Ավագյան: Չի հրատարակվել: Պարտիտուրը ՀՀ Մշակույթի նախարարությունում է: 1-ին կատարումը 1989 թվականին, Հայաստանի ռադիոյի և հեռուստատեսության սիմֆոնիկ նվագախմբի կատարմամբ, դիրիժոր՝ Գևորգ Մուրադյան, սոպրանո՝ Հասմիկ Պապյան, ասոնունքող՝ Վլադիմիր Աբաջյան: Ձայնագրությունը ռադիոյի ֆոնդում է, ca ~ 11':
- Կազմը՝ 10 VI-no I, 8 VI-no II, 6 V-le, 5 V-celli, 4 C-bassi, 2 Fl, 2 Ob, Cl in B, 2 Fg, Cor. In F, Tromba in B, Campana, russa etubolare, Timpani in F, B, Es, As, Piatti, Gong, Tam-Tam (5-6 esecutori) Hp, Pf. Coro: Soprani, alti, tenori, bassi, voce recitante (basso).
- 1988-90 ԼԻԼԻԹ բալետ՝ ըստ Ավ. Իսահակյանի: Լիբրետտոն՝ Ա. Այվազյանի: 32 էջ, անավարտ:
- Կազմը՝ լարայիններ, Fl, Ob, Cl, Fg, Cor, Trmb, Timpani, Gran cassa, Piatti, Gong, Tam-tam, Campana russa, Hp, Pf.

COMPOSITIONS

Orchestral compositions:

Pepush children's opera, 1975

First Symphony, 1977

Death symphonic poem, 1978

Three Interpretations for chamber orchestra, 1979

Memorial to the Martyrs Requiem-cantata, 1981

Second Chamber Symphony, 1982

Third Symphony, 1984

Ecloga chamber concert for string orchestra and flute, 1986

Topophono chamber concert for string orchestra, piano and French horn, 1986

Immersed Sun dramatic cantata, 1988

Lilit ballet (Incomplete), 1989

Chamber instrumental compositions:

Three sketches for wind quartet, 1974

Sonata for violoncello and piano, 1976

Sonata for violin and piano, 1976

Meditations for clarinet and piano. 1981

Dedication to Komitas sonata for piano, 1982

Medium sonata for bassoon, 1984

Requiem Trionfale for organ, 1984

When the Dusk is Falling vocal cycle, 1984

Minute of Silence for women's choir, 1986

ԾԱՆՈՒՑՈՒՄՆԵՐ

- Էջ
9 **Կարպիս Սուրենյան**, արձակագիր, թարգմանիչ:
- 17 **Պետրոս Ալահայտոյեան**, երաժշտագետ, ԱՄՆ, «3. *Դելլալեան կամ ճակատագրի կողին խրած մեխը*» հոդվածից:
- 20 ¹ **Թամար Յովհաննիսյան**, *Հարություն Դելլալյան*, Երևան, 1992, էջ 9:
- 20 ² **Ժաքլին Աբրահամյան**, *Ջրույցներ հայ ժամանակակից արվեստագետների հետ*, Անամա, ԱՄՆ, 1990 էջ 49:
- 21 ³ **Թամար Յովհաննիսյան**, *Հարություն Դելլալյան*, Երևան, էջ 12:
- 21 ⁴ **Ժաքլին Աբրահամյան**, *Ջրույցներ հայ ժամանակակից արվեստագետների հետ*, Անամա, ԱՄՆ, 1990 էջ 49:
- 27 ⁵ Հատված Հարություն Դելլալյանի օրագրի գրառումներից:
- 27 ⁶ Հատված Հարություն Դելլալյանի օրագրի գրառումներից:
- 31 **Յերմինե Դելլալյան**, Հարությունի կինը, «Նվիրումի հնչյուններ» հոդվածից:
- 33 ¹ Հատված Հարություն Դելլալյանի օրագրի գրառումներից:
- 36 ² Հատված Հարություն Դելլալյանի օրագրի գրառումներից:
- 38 ³ Sovetskaja muzika N11, 1979:
- 39 ⁴ Նովոսիբիրսկում հեղինակային համերգից հետո:
- 40 ⁵ **Ժաքլին Աբրահամյան**, *Ջրույցներ հայ ժամանակակից արվեստագետների հետ*, Անամա, ԱՄՆ, 1990 էջ 52:
- 41 ⁶ **Ա. Իսահակյան** :
- 43 **Ռուպերտ Հատտենեան**, գրող, թարգմանիչ, թուրքիա:
- 47 **Ալբինա Քերոբյան**, բեմադրիչ, բանաստեղծ:
- 55 **Պերճ Ժամկոչյան**, երգեհոնահար, ԱՄՆ:
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Sounds of Devotion

Կազմեց և խմբագրեց՝ *Նարինե Դելլալյանը*
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Սրբագրիչ՝ *Դավիթ Պետրոսյան*
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Անգլերեն թարգմանիչ՝ *Նունե Հարությունյան*
Համակարգչային ծնավորումը՝ *Գարեգին Սարգսյան*
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