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Every Day is a New Life

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Music by Arto Tunçboyacıyan

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*Hello, Hello, Hello, this is Arto Tunçboyacıyan.*

*I don't give direction to anybody. I let you imagine for yourself but what I try to give you is Love, Respect, Truth. I believe this is the path for trust. Trust is one of the simplest forms of wealth in this world. This is what we need.*

*August 4, 1957, I was born outside of Istanbul in a small village called Galataria. I am the youngest child born of an Armenian family whose roots are of the Anatolian line. My father, Setrak, was a shoemaker. There was my mother Valantin, my brother Onno and my sister Takuhi.*

*We didn't have financial opportunity, but when we closed the door, our spiritual honesty was evermore present in our lives. There was no limit about love, respect and trust because our family confidence never locked our door. We always welcomed anyone who came into our lives with honesty, love and respect.*

*My family's financial problems were solved when my brother Onno became a musician. Of course, he was the only one who influenced me to start music. I started professionally at the age of 11. I cannot even recall the amount of recordings, concerts, and touring which I accomplished with the greatest artists of that era, mostly from the Anatolian root. I was still a child then, looking with eyes of trust. That trust encouraged many people to care for me evermore. I joined my brother's recordings and his band at the age of 15. I worked with him for 24 years.*

*My brother Onno taught me how to communicate with people and with life. It was always a pleasure to be involved in any project that he was involved with; not because he was my brother but because he was a great artist. He was also the strongest encouragement in developing my personal ideology. When I started talking to him about it, he understood how difficult it was to express oneself because of the political differences of the system in which we grew up. He motivated me to go to America since he knew it was the place to express personal ideas.*

*My musician friends were telling me how impossible it was to be successful in America. I was not scared to make a mistake. I was ready to learn how to use my mistakes. I was not going to America to become another "Charlie." My confidence came from such a pure belief that I knew I could light a cigarette in water. With this belief, I arrived in America in 1981.*

*You sense but you don't believe your sense. I learned how to listen to my spirit because of the experiences I passed through with my father's death and life after. It became proof for me: Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow.*

*The day before my birthday in August of 1984, I awoke wanting to be with my family. I made the decision to go, and left for home to be a surprise birthday gift for them.*

*When I arrived, I made the first surprise for my brother. Then I went to see the rest of the family. When I got to the island home that night, I saw my mother and father through the window toasting with drinks in their hand. My father had tears in his eyes. I was surprised and emotionally moved because I never saw my mother drink alcohol and I rarely saw my father cry. At that moment I understood that they were celebrating my birthday but also missing me. I thought, "What a gift I will be for them." My mother came to the window three times, looking and turning back. She could not even imagine that I would be at the doorstep. I had to call her, "Mama, mama, it's me," before she actually opened the door.*

*When she finally did open the door, I felt such a happiness. It was like a strong gust of wind blowing in my face. Right away my mother and father and I went to the seaside to look for my sister. When we found her we were all so happy and festive. At that moment, I knew that my trip was all worthwhile.*

*My father never spoke of his childhood experiences with us and was a quiet man by nature. Just before my return trip to America, he spoke of his childhood stories to my sister and I. We were listening like small children as if we were alive in that moment.*

*On the plane ride, I was thinking what a grateful moment I had being with my father and listening to his past experiences; yet my heart was broken because I had to leave my family.*

*Early morning on December 18, I awoke suddenly. The first thing I saw was my orange telephone. The room was still dark, but the phone looked as if someone was holding a flashlight to it. I knew I had to pick up that phone and call home.*

*When I made the phone call, my sister answered. The first thing I asked was, "How is my father?" She answered, "How do you know?" I replied, "I don't know anything." Then she told me that our father was at the hospital in a coma. I told her I would be there the next day. She said, "Don't come now because the doctors don't believe there is any hope of him regaining consciousness." I insisted and went.*

When I arrived, I immediately went to the hospital. My mother whispered in my father's ear, "Arto is here." To everyone's surprise tears rolled from his eyes and he woke up and survived his last two days. When he died I then realized why I went to visit them on my birthday in August. My instincts had driven me there.

I stayed with my family one month after my father died. During that time, my mother came to me one morning with a dream she had; she told me that I would have a son in an Indian tent. I was surprised since I was not in any relationship at the time.

Nine days after arriving back to the states, I met my wife, Delia, who is part South American Indian. Our first child was a son. Of course, I put my father's name. My mother's dream did come true.

Following Armenian tradition, we took our son to visit my family when he was 45 days old. When my mother first held him she was taken aback by the way my son was gazing into her eyes. She said, "Arto, he is looking at me the same way your father used to look at me." At that moment, I knew my son was my father's spirit.

I put my father's picture over my son's crib. We would sometimes catch him gazing at the picture. When he began learning how to make sounds, he would look at the picture and yell, "Dede, dede" (which means grandpa). This caught my wife's attention and she too began to feel that there was something special between my father and our son.

When he was a toddler, he would come to us and tell us how "dede" was. I came home from a tour one day, and my wife was anxious to know my father's last moments. I asked her why. She told me our son had recounted the last moments as if he was there. I told my wife that I would have to call my mother since I was not there and we never spoke about it.

I called my mother and asked. She said that he had wanted the window open, wanted the radio on and wanted a glass of water. Those were his last requests. My wife was shocked when I recounted his last moments. It was the same story my little son had said...."Mama, mama, I saw my dede laying in the bed. The window was open and he was drinking water and listening to music. No one saw me there and I left through the window." This was definite proof for my wife and I that he had communication with my father.

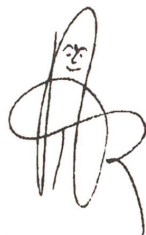
One day in 1994 when my son was seven years old, he told me, "This life is a dream and one day we will wake up to reality." It was funny but also profound to hear this from a little boy. I even joked with him and asked what he drank that day. I couldn't understand why he was saying this until the day in 1996 when it all made sense. It was the day my brother had tragically died in a plane crash. I was recording in the studio and my son was with me. When we heard the news, we immediately left. In the car, my son was again saying, "This life is a dream and one day we will wake up to reality; it will be the place where we all started." I understood the life that I had physically survived with my brother and father now had become a dream. This tragedy had wakened me to reality. My son's words made me believe in tomorrow. At nine years old, this type of life experience doesn't exist, yet he knew. His words made me accept the reality of physical life, but also made me see that we are on an endless road.

I didn't make a decision to choose between my mind and spirit because I knew that the mind is limited but the spirit is endless. I was on the endless road. I believe everyone has their endless road within; but it's up to them to choose. You don't fight against nature, you just follow. Your nature is your spirit.

All these experiences made me more confident to follow my instinct which for me is my spirit. I know that by believing in my spirit, it will lead me to who I was yesterday, who I am today, and who I'll be tomorrow.

I am very grateful to the people who participated in this project. Everyone became part of the picture I tried to express. I am honored that Paul Winter has supported me and welcomed me with a genuine heart in his world.

I hope you enjoy this style of music I call "avant-garde folk," (which is without losing your seasoning you extend your taste with your life experiences and imagination), as much as we enjoy bringing it to you. Until next time..... love, respect, truth,



This album is dedicated to my brother's spirit and nature. Special Thanks to God.

## 1. Broken Arm

Arto Tuncboyacian | vocals, sazabo, percussion

Jim Beard | keyboards

Franz Hackl | trumpet

Eugene Friesen | cello

Hanneke Cassel | violin

Joanie Madden | whistle

Vardan Grigoryan | duduk

Peter Herbert | bass

*I wish we didn't use 'I'm sorry' as an excuse for our careless thoughts. I hope we will learn to have respect, love and honesty for each other. "Yesterday was a good example for today. Today is a good example for tomorrow, but we are living today. When people accept me as who I am, I feel like the World is my country."*

## 2. Take My Pain Away

Arto Tuncboyacian | vocal, sazabos, percussion

Jim Beard | keyboards

*I don't sit down to write a song. Music is the sound of my life. I feel something is forcing to come out of myself. This was one of those days. When I was writing the song I didn't know what I was experiencing in my mind. I knew I felt something was relieving my spirit. When I was writing the last note, the phone rang. It was the nurse from my son's school. She told me to pick up my son because he had migraine headaches. When I went to pick him up he was very happy to see me. Then I realized that I wrote this song to relieve my son's pain.*

### 3. Thank God I Wake Up Again

Arto Tuncboyaciyani | vocals, sazabos, percussion

Jim Beard | keyboards

Eugene Friesen | cello

Hanneke Cassel | violin

Joanie Madden | whistle

Franz Hackl | trumpet

Peter Herbert | bass

Dixon Van Winkle | tuba

*Just think about your body. All the organs somehow function to wake you up. But if something happens and you wake up strange, don't blame anybody. It's nobody's fault. Just go to the kitchen and take one spoon of sugar. This way your spirit at least will be sweet when you go out to start the day. "Have a nice day!"*

### 4. I Miss You Every Moment My Brother

Arto Tuncboyaciyani | duduk

Jim Beard | keyboards

*You do not choose your brother but you can choose your friend. My brother was my best friend.*

### 5. Mystical Pine Tree

Arto Tuncboyaciyani | sazabos

*When I was a child I felt the mystical power of the pine tree. The meaning of it in the house and also the meaning of it in the nature became more mystical and powerful as I learned more about the pine tree.*

## 6. *Wooden Leg Grandpa*

Arto Tuncboyaciyan | vocals, percussion  
Paul Winter | soprano sax

*As a child, I'm sure you have many good and bad experiences. This experience I've had still I don't know if it's good or bad. I was playing on the street and it was dark. I heard a sound that I've never heard before. I looked towards the sound and saw this human figure but something was strange. One of his legs didn't seem to me like a normal leg. As a two-year old child, I was so scared and curious until he came and said, "Hello" to me. It was an old man with wooden leg. That time I was so scared but when I remember now I'm laughing.*

## 7. *Simple Message*

Arto Tuncboyaciyan | percussion  
Jim Beard | keyboards  
Eugene Friesen | cello  
Franz Hackl | trumpet  
Hanneke Cassel | violin  
Peter Herbert | bass

*Enjoy!*

## 8. *After the Game*

Arto Tuncboyaciyan | vocals, stick sazabo, percussion  
Jim Beard | keyboards  
Eugene Friesen | cello  
Hanneke Cassel | violin  
Paul Winter | soprano sax  
Marvin Stamm | trumpet  
Franz Hackl | trumpet  
Peter Herbert | bass

*No matter what happens in the game, you should enjoy the moment because there is always another game.*



## 9. Dear My Friend Onno

Arto Tunçboyacıyan | vocals, sazabo, percussion  
Jim Beard | keyboards

*It was a dream; your physical absence woke me to reality. I hope we will be in the place where we all started. Your absence taught me how important it is to live the moment.*

*Love, Arto*

## 10. Baby Elephant

Arto Tunçboyacıyan | percussion  
Jim Beard | keyboards  
Eugene Friesen | cello  
Hanneke Cassel | violin  
Franz Hackl | trumpet  
Peter Herbert | bass  
Dixon Van Winkle | tuba

*Dedication, patience, love, honesty, respect and power. That's my mother and I am proud to be her son.*

## 11. Heaven for My Father

Arto Tunçboyacıyan | percussion  
Jim Beard | keyboards  
Eugene Friesen | cello  
Paul Winter | soprano sax

*In 1984 I lost my father, who showed me the basic elements of the life with simple manners. From these experiences I learned that life is simple like water and deep like water. I wrote this song in 1985. I am proud to be his son. Thank you, Baba.*

# Credits

Executive Producer | Paul Winter

Producer | Arto Tunçboyacıyan

Associate Producer | Dixon Van Winkle

Recorded, mixed and mastered by Dixon Van Winkle

at Living Music Studio, Litchfield, Connecticut

Production Coordinator | Kathi Fragione

Production Assistant | Jim Butler

Graphics Coordinator | Christina Andersen

Liner notes edited by Delia Tunçboyacıyan, Kathi Fragione and  
Christina Andersen

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for introducing him to Arto and his music.*

For information on Arto Tunçboyacıyan, or to receive a free  
Living Music catalog, please contact:

Earth Music Productions

PO Box 72, Litchfield, CT 06759

email: [pwclmr@aol.com](mailto:pwclmr@aol.com)

website: [www.livingmusic.com](http://www.livingmusic.com)

tel 800.437.2281 fax 860.567.4276

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