



PENTATONE

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INFORMATION

PERSONAL  
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LIBRETTO

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS



Nadia Boulanger  
La ville morte

CATAPULT OPERA · TALEA ENSEMBLE  
NEAL GOREN

**La ville morte (1909-1913)**

An opera in four acts by *Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979) and Raoul Pugno (1852-1914)*

Libretto **Gabriele D'Annunzio**, adapted from his play of the same name  
Orchestration by **Joseph Stillwell & Stephan Cwik**, with oversight by **David Conte**

A co-production of *Catapult Opera and the Greek National Opera*

**Disc 1**
**Act I**

|   |                                     |       |
|---|-------------------------------------|-------|
| 1 | Introduction                        | 0. 57 |
| 2 | Eros vaincu au combat               | 1. 53 |
| 3 | Comme tu aimes le soleil...         | 3. 54 |
| 4 | D'où viens-tu, Alexandre?           | 4. 34 |
| 5 | L'or, l'or... Une immensité d'or... | 3. 58 |
| 6 | Non, non, Leonard ! Je t'en prie !  | 5. 12 |

**Act II**

|    |                                      |        |
|----|--------------------------------------|--------|
| 7  | Introduction                         | 1. 21  |
| 8  | Ah, vous êtes seule...               | 1. 52  |
| 9  | Ah! les spirales...                  | 13. 13 |
| 10 | Alexandre !... Me voici, Anne !      | 4. 52  |
| 11 | Tu regardes les bijoux de Cassandre? | 6. 10  |
| 12 | Oui, je parlerai                     | 1. 32  |
| 13 | Tu la connais...                     | 5. 12  |

Total playing time Disc 1: 54. 48

**Disc 2**
**Act III**

|   |                                    |       |
|---|------------------------------------|-------|
| 1 | Les étoiles commencent à paraître? | 8. 37 |
| 2 | Vous appelez Leonard?              | 6. 24 |
| 3 | Non, non ! Je ne veux pas !        | 3. 56 |
| 4 | Vous me voyez, mes soeurs, voyez ! | 3. 51 |

**Act IV**

|   |                                 |       |
|---|---------------------------------|-------|
| 5 | Prelude                         | 5. 41 |
| 6 | Ne la touche pas !              | 2. 27 |
| 7 | Si elle se levait maintenant... | 9. 46 |
| 8 | Un pas !                        | 2. 56 |
| 9 | Hébé ! Hébé !                   | 1. 31 |

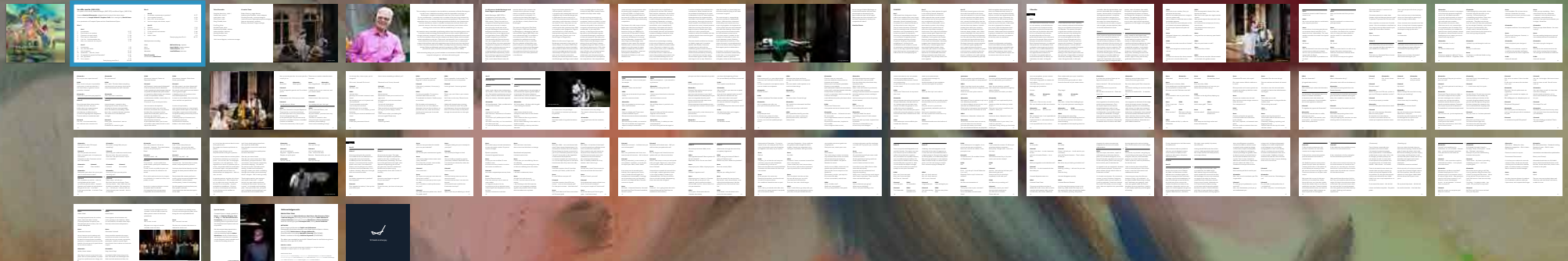
Total playing time Disc 2: 45. 15

*World premiere recording*

Hébé  
Anne  
Léonard  
Alexandre

**Melissa Harvey**, soprano  
**Laurie Rubin**, mezzo-soprano  
**Joshua Dennis**, tenor  
**Jorell Williams**, baritone

**Talea Ensemble**  
conducted by **Neal Goren**



**Talea Ensemble**

Sunghae Anna Lim, *violin 1*  
 Johnna Wu, *violin 2*  
 Leah Asher, *viola*  
 Chris Gross, *cello*  
 Greg Chudzik, *bass*

Eva Ding, *flute*  
 Michelle Farah, *oboe*  
 Marianne Gythfeldt, *clarinet*  
 Adrian Morejon, *bassoon*  
 Nicolee Kuester, *horn*  
 David Friend, *piano*

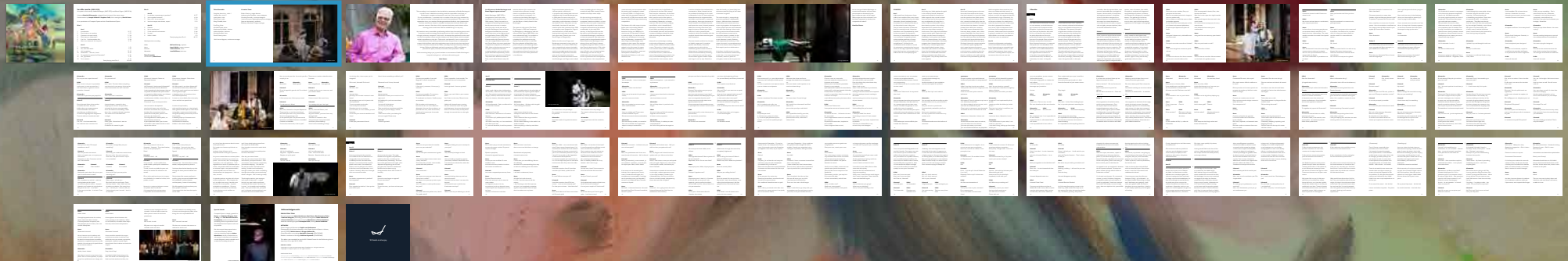
Vicki Leona Nguyen, *orchestra manager*

**Creative Team**

Robin Guarino, *stage director*  
 Andromache Chalfant, *scenic designer*  
 Candice Donnelly, *costume designer*  
 Jessica Drayton, *lighting & projection designer*  
 Spencer Armstrong, *producer*  
 Bethany Windham, *stage manager*



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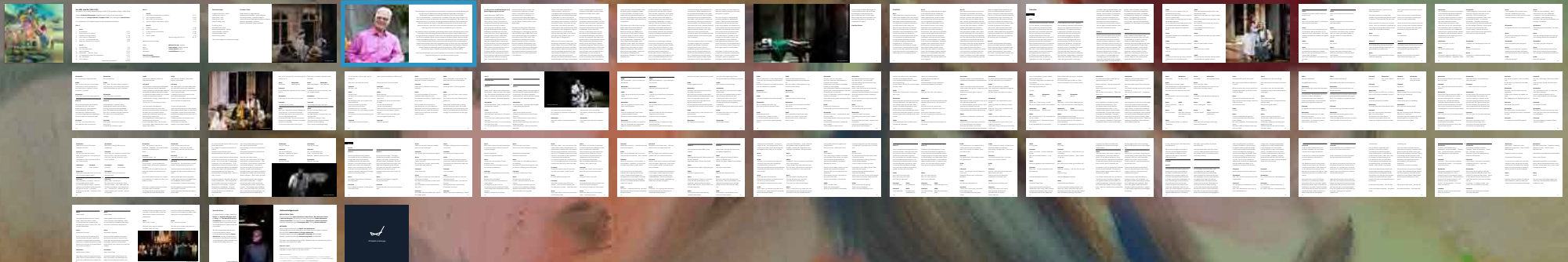


This recording is not intended to be the definitive statement of Nadia Boulanger's *La ville morte*. A definitive recording would be impossible to achieve, as Boulanger's complete orchestration was lost in the tumult of WWI. For our orchestration, I consulted with a number of her last living mentees for their opinion on what orchestration she would have preferred. They were in full agreement that, as a teacher, Boulanger preferred distilled, clear presentation, and she would have chosen a chamber orchestration for both artistic and practical reasons. I feel that it fully captures the beauty and richness of the existing piano-vocal score without embellishing it in any way.

My intention was to assemble a performing edition from her existing piano-vocal score that would encourage further productions of this work of genius from a largely unknown composer. To this end, I shortened the performance time and cut out the wordless chorus and the character of Anne's Nurse, which are both entirely superfluous to the plot. Their music was beautiful, but no more so than every measure of this alluring, seductive score. My goal was to make people aware of this brilliant work that synthesizes every musical style that was heard in Paris in the first decade of the 1900s, including Fauré (her teacher), Debussy (whose *Pelléas et Mélisande* received its premiere in 1902), and Wagner (whose final opera, *Parsifal*, received its Paris premiere in 1899.)

If this recording brings you joy and awakens an awareness of Nadia Boulanger's compositional genius, I will have achieved my goal.

**Neal Goren**



**La ville morte: Nadia Boulanger and Raoul Pugno's opera revived**

Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979) is recognised as one of the most important music teachers of the 20th century. Today, her work as a composer is becoming better known, but she was active as a creative artist for only a small part of her long life. Boulanger's musical family background enabled her to access music education at the highest level: her legal father, Ernest (1815-1900), studied composition at the Paris Conservatoire with François Lesueur, who also taught Berlioz, and he won the Prix de Rome, the most prestigious composition competition in France, in 1836. After achieving some success as an opera composer, he became a singing teacher, and one of his last pupils was Raïssa Myschetsky, whom he met during a concert tour of Russia. They married in 1878 and moved to Paris; much about Raïssa's early life

remains obscure (for instance, she claimed to be a princess, though there is no evidence she was, and her year of birth is uncertain). It is now known that Nadia Boulanger's biological father was Richard Bouwens van der Boijen, a family friend of the Boulangers.

The opera *La ville morte* (The Dead City), begun in 1909 and composed by Boulanger in collaboration with her mentor Raoul Pugno (1852-1914), is her most substantial work. Its completion was announced in 1913, and it was scheduled for performance at the Opéra-Comique in Paris in mid-1914. But the outbreak of World War I put paid to this plan, and although there is manuscript evidence that Boulanger worked on the opera as late as 1923, the complete orchestral score has not survived, and it was never performed in her lifetime.

Pugno was known primarily as a virtuoso pianist, and also as a composer who worked both solo and collaboratively. He and Boulanger met in 1904 when he was on the jury of a Paris Conservatoire examination she was taking, and he became a friend of the family. In fact, they were so close that Nadia, her sister Lili and their mother spent their summers from 1904 in a property near Gargenville, Pugno's summer home in a Paris suburb, buying their own house in the district four years later (There is now a rue Raoul Pugno in Gargenville.)

Before *La ville morte*, Pugno and Boulanger composed a song cycle, *Les heures claires*, as a team in 1909. Their joint compositional projects inevitably raise questions about who wrote what, and also provoked gossip about their relationship as Pugno was a married man and a notorious womaniser. Recently discovered documents reveal that Boulanger and Pugno were indeed

lovers, something that in the moral context of early-20th-century France needed to be kept under wraps.

On the surviving manuscripts of *La ville morte* I have studied, both composers' hands are visible: it is clear that this truly was a joint composition. However, the public's view of which composer mattered most has shifted considerably. In the early 20th century, it was Pugno who was the big name, and he tended to ignore or minimise Boulanger's contribution to their joint projects. But today, the growing wish to centre female creative artists means that Boulanger is the primary focus and Pugno is almost completely forgotten. What is clear is that Pugno's death early in 1914, while the two musicians were on a concert tour to Russia, was a shattering blow to Boulanger; he was not only a collaborator and close personal ally, he was a performer who championed her compositions. Her compositional



career seriously lost momentum after his passing and completely ceased in the early 1920s. It is Pugno's loss, rather than the premature death of her sister Lili in 1918, that was the main factor in Nadia Boulanger abandoning composition.

The libretto of *La ville morte* is by the Italian poet and novelist Gabriele D'Annunzio, a friend of Pugno's, based on his five-act 1898 play *La città morta*. If D'Annunzio is known in musical circles, it is as the author of the text of Debussy's *Le martyre de Saint-Sébastien*, composed in 1911 when Pugno and Boulanger were working on their opera. But another Debussy work is much more closely related to *La ville morte*: his opera *Pelléas et Mélisande*. D'Annunzio's libretto raises the stifling, contained atmosphere of Debussy and Maeterlinck's *Pelléas* to a still more extreme level.

10

*La ville morte* is set in the Greek city of Mycenae in the late 19th century. There are four characters, all of whom are knottily intertwined. Anne, who is blind, spends much of the opera in a state of despair because she knows her husband, Alexandre, no longer loves her (The role of Anne is sung by Laurie Rubin, who is herself blind.) Alexandre is infatuated with Anne's friend Hébé, provoking the jealousy of her brother Léonard, who harbours incestuous feelings towards his sister while also being the best friend of Alexandre.

Léonard is an archeologist working on the ruins of Mycenae, uncovering tombs, death masks and ashes stored in urns. This truly is a 'dead city', with a rich ancient history and a miserable, parched present-day existence. At the start of Act II, Hébé tries on some of the jewellery discovered in the ruins, and Alexandre begs her to run away with him. Anne returns, and it

is unclear whether she overheard this conversation. When Léonard arrives, he confesses his feelings for his sister to Alexandre. In Act III, Anne confronts Alexandre about his supposed affair with Hébé, and Léonard is consumed with jealousy. Anne says she wants to drown herself in the Perseia fountain and leaves the scene; Léonard prevents Hébé from running after Anne and begs his sister to remain pure. Hébé ends Act III with a powerful solo number in which she identifies with the mythical female characters Antigone and Cassandra.

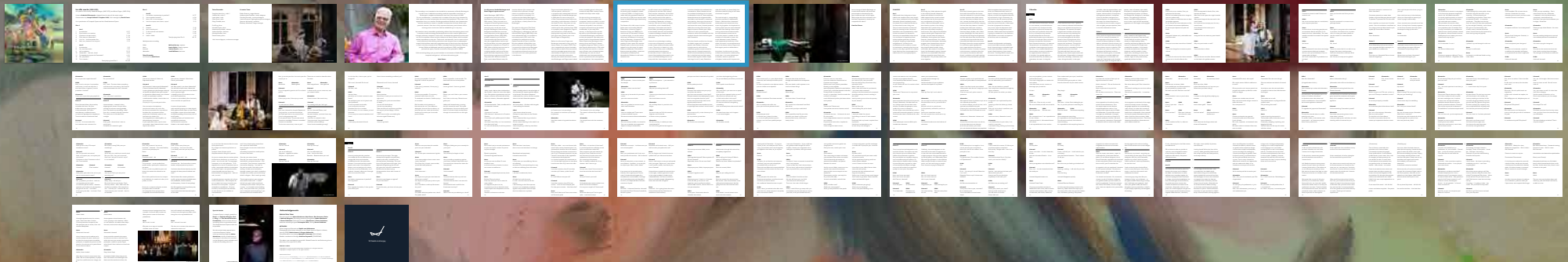
The short fourth and final act focuses on Hébé's corpse and, in another parallel with *Pelléas*, it features a single scene in which all the characters gather around a dead or dying woman: Léonard mourns the sister he had murdered by drowning her. In the final action of the opera, Anne brushes against Hébé's corpse and sings 'Je vois' (I see). Should we

take this literally, or (more likely) has she been aware all along of the other characters' anguish?

The musical style is, unsurprisingly given the number of collaborators, eclectic. While the four characters' relationships are intertwined, they never sing together: the impression is of four people who are each obsessed with their own feelings. Arioso-style writing carries the narrative burden, but the orchestra comes into its own when nature is evoked. At the mention of a fountain or stars, the music blossoms in early Debussy-style impressionist harmony; in this sense, the music is more adventurous than in *Les heures claires*, Pugno and Boulanger's previous collaboration.

At its best, *La ville morte* is a story of desire and obsession reinforced by music that, in its more picturesque moments, seems to yearn for a brighter, lusher world. Anyone who

11

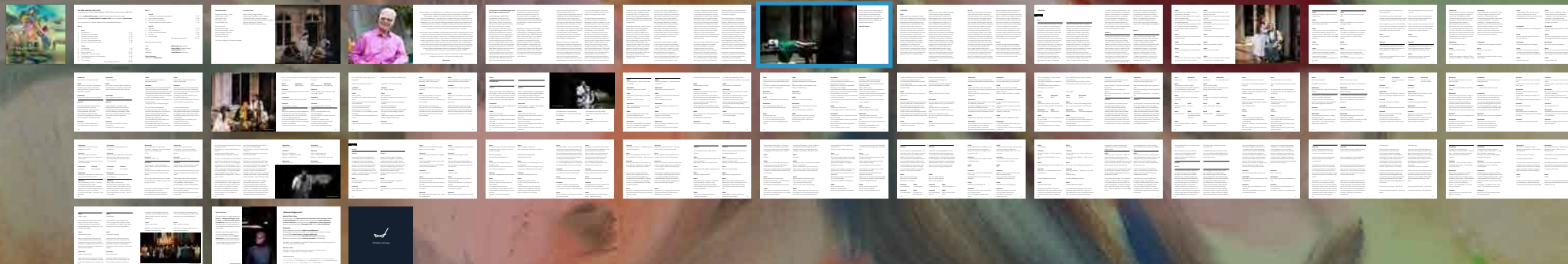




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has an image of Nadia Boulanger as a strait-laced teacher will have their preconceptions shattered by the gory incestuous topic of this opera. What might she have achieved if she had been supported to develop her compositional talent?

**Caroline Potter**



**SYNOPSIS**
**Act I**

Hébé reads from Antigone to Anne. Hébé's hair tumbles down onto Anne's face. Anne confesses her love for Hébé. Alexandre (Anne's husband) enters. He relates how a dead lark landed at his feet when he was riding over. They all await the return of Léonard from his morning's work. He arrives breathless and overwhelmed by what he has uncovered. He shares the discovery of unparalleled riches found in a succession of sepulchers lined with endless profusion of items of gold of "dazzling, indescribable magnificence". He has hit the motherlode and is unable to control his excitement, asserting that he must return to the dig in spite of the midday heat. Noticing how overwrought he is, Hébé insists on accompanying him.

14

**Act II**

At the dig site, Hébé admires the gold in the tomb by herself. Alexandre enters and admits his love for her. Hébé responds that sacred societal laws and her love for Anne prevent any consideration of loving him in return. Hébé and Alexandre concur that there's no point in him hiding Alexandre's illicit passion from his wife, since she senses everything. Anne enters. She is blind and therefore cannot see the gold. Despite her lack of sight, she discovers the ashes of Cassandre. Arriving from the Perseia fountain, Léonard enters. He is alone in the tomb with Alexandre. Alexandre suggests that Léonard leave the site for his sanity. Léonard agrees that they should indeed escape, along with Hébé. (No mention is made of Anne.) At Alexandre's urging, Léonard admits his uncontrollable incestuous feelings toward his sister. Both men are disgusted. They silently admire the stars together.

**Act III**

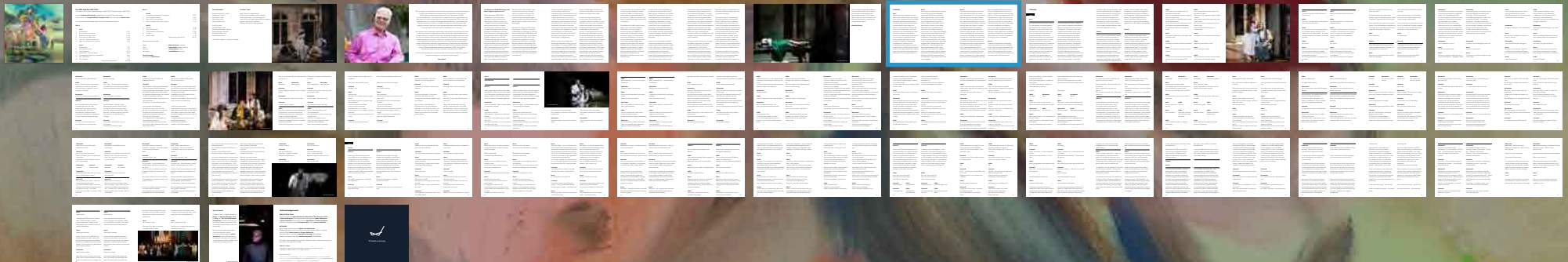
Anne and Léonard gaze at the stars. Anne tells Léonard that she knows that her husband is in love with Hébé, and she surmises that Hébé returns his love. She does not blame him for this: instead, she feels guilty that her presence prevents them from enjoying the love that they deserve. Léonard presses Anne about her certainty that Hébé returns Alexandre's love. Léonard, deeply shaken, exits. Hébé enters, distraught. Her time alone in the tomb of the kings has frightened her. She tells Anne that she would like to escape with her and be her slave. Léonard finds Hébé alone and upset. She begs Léonard to escape together. He concludes (quite rightly) that she is upset because she returns Alexandre's desires. However, he jumps to the incorrect conclusion that she has acted on her desires with their friend. In addition to his self-loathing, Léonard is now possessed by jealousy.

Hébé recognizes these emotions, but does not understand their source or depth. Léonard accuses Hébé of being impure, to which she responds that she has remained a virgin. Ominously, he tells her that she will remain pure and will know no shame. He orders her to meet him by the fountain. Hébé states that she is prepared for whatever may come. Upon his departure from the scene for the assignation at the fountain, Hébé senses that her brother is going to murder her. In her final aria, Hébé exhibits an ecstatic acceptance of her fate; even an exultation.

**Act IV**

Léonard and Alexandre are keeping watch over Hébé's recently-drowned body. Léonard sings an extended mad scene while Alexander mourns. In the opera's final moments, Anne enters the scene. Touching Hébé's corpse, she announces that she can now see.

15



**Libretto**
**Disc 1**
**Act I**

Une salle vaste et lumineuse, ouverte sur une terrasse, ornée de balustrades qui s'avance vers l'antique cité des Pélopidés. Le plan de la terrasse est plus haut que le plancher de la salle et l'on y monte par cinq marches de pierre disposées en forme de pyramide tronquée comme devant le pronaos d'un temple. Deux colonnes doriques soutiennent l'architrave. Dans l'entrecolonnement, on aperçoit l'Acropole avec ses vénérables murs cyclopéens interrompus par la porte des Lions. Les murailles latérales ont chacune deux issues qui conduisent aux appartements intérieurs et à l'escalier. Une grande table est encombrée de livres, de dessins, de statuettes, de vases. Le long des

16

1 A vast and luminous room, opening onto a terrace, adorned with balustrades that jut out towards the ancient city of Pelopides. The terrace's floorplan is higher than the floor of the room, and one reaches it by climbing five stone steps arranged in the shape of a truncated pyramid, like those found in front of the pronaos of an ancient temple. Two Doric columns support the architrave. Through the intercolumnation, one can see the Acropolis with its venerable Cyclopean walls framed by the Lion Gate. The side walls each have two exits leading to the interior apartments and the staircase. A large table is cluttered with books, drawings, statuettes, and vases. Along the walls, in the open

murailles, dans les espaces libres, sont partout rassemblés des moulages de statues, de bas-reliefs, d'inscriptions, de fragments précieux: simulacres d'une vie lointaine vestiges d'une beauté disparue. Le rassemblement de toutes ces choses blanches et immobiles donne à la salle un aspect clair et rigide, presque sépulchral, dans la lumière éclatante du matin.

**Scène 1**

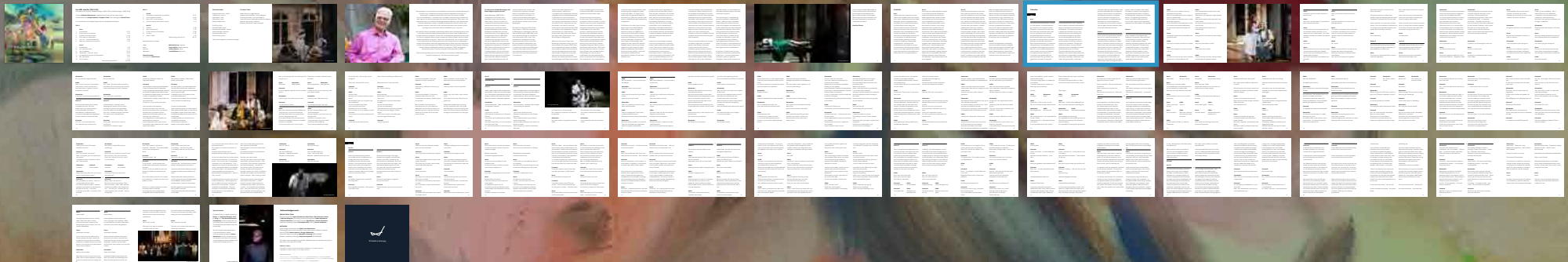
Anne, assise sur la plus haute marche par où l'on monte à la terrasse, la tête appuyée au fût d'une colonne, écoute en silence Hébé qui lit. Hébé, debout, adossée à l'autre colonne, est vêtue d'une sorte de tunique simple et harmonieuse comme un péplum. Elle tient dans ses mains un livre ouvert, l'Antigone de Sophocle et elle lit d'une voix lente et grave, où tremble par instants un trouble indéfini qui n'échappe pas à l'écoutante. Les signes de l'inquiétude et de l'anxiété animent peu à peu le visage de celle-ci.

spaces, casts of statues, bas-reliefs, inscriptions, and precious fragments are gathered everywhere: simulacra of a distant life, vestiges of a vanished beauty. The gathering of all these white, motionless things gives the room a clear, rigid, almost sepulchral appearance in the bright morning light.

**Scene 1**

2 Anne, seated on the highest step leading to the terrace, rests her head on the shaft of a column, listening silently to Hébé reading. Hébé, standing and leaning against the other column, is dressed in a simple tunic suitable like a peplos. In her hands, she holds an open book, Sophocles' Antigone, and she reads in a slow, deep voice, trembling at times with a hidden uneasiness, not lost on the listener. Signs of worry and anxiety gradually enliven her face.

17



**Hébé**

Eros invaincu au combat, Eros, qui précipites les fortunes, Qui sur les tendres joues de la vierge te mets en embuscade, Qui va rôdant au-delà des mers et dans les étables agrestes. Et nul d'entre les immortels peut te fuir, nul d'entre les hommes éphémères, Et quiconque t'éprouve est plein de fureu

**Hébé**

Eros unconquered in battle, Eros, who hastens the fates... Who lies in wait upon the virgin's tender cheeks... Who prowls beyond the seas and in the rustic sheds. No immortal can escape you, Nor any mortal man, And whoever tries to test you is confounded

**Anne**

Antigone! Laissez-moi y réchauffer mes pauvres mains!

**Anne**

Antigone! Let me warm my poor hands!

**Hébé**

Pourquoi vos mains sont-elles si froides?

**Hébé**

Why are your hands so cold?

**Anne**

Tout votre visage bat comme un pouls violent.

**Anne**

Your entire face is flush.

**Hébé**

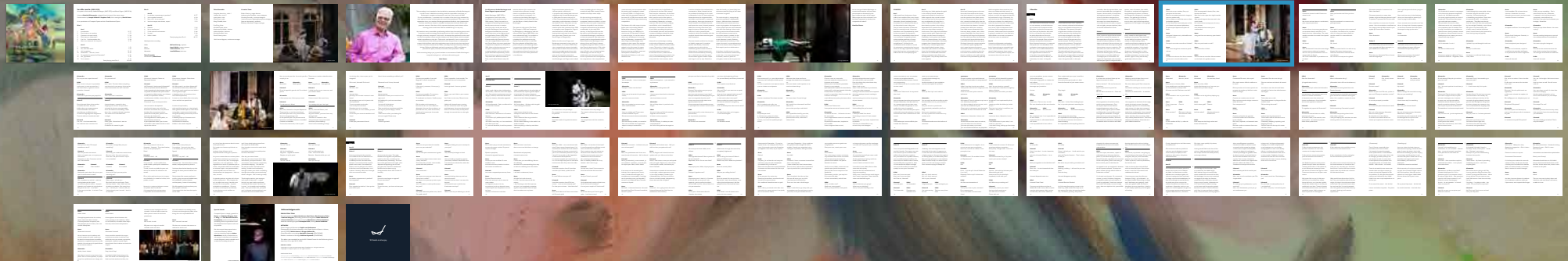
Le soleil m'a mise en feu. Nous sommes assises sur la rive d'un fleuve d'or.

**Hébé**

The sun has set me afire. We are seated on the bank of a golden stream.



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3

**Anne**

Comme tu aimes le soleil! Comme tu aimes la vie!

**Hébé**

Ma vie est enclose dans un cercle étroit, pour toujours peut-être.

**Anne**

La force de ta vie est trop grande pour se consumer dans le sacrifice. Tu as besoin de vivre, chère enfant. Ton cœur semble convoiter le monde! Il est éperdu de désir...

**Hébé**

Ah! Anne!

**Anne**

Que de cheveux! Ils sont doux aux doigts comme une eau tiède qui coulerais. Ah! Les voici qui se dénouent! C'est un torrent plein de fleurs! Ah! Tu es toute belle! Tu possèdes tous les dons!

20

**Anne**

How you love the sun! How you love life!

**Hébé**

My life is enclosed in a narrow circle, perhaps forever.

**Anne**

Your spirit is too great to be consumed in sacrifice. You need to live, my dear child. It's clear your heart yearns to see the world! It's consumed with desire...

**Hébé**

Oh, Anne!

**Anne**

There's so much hair! It's so soft on my fingers, like warm running water. See how it flows like a fountain filled with flowers. Ah! You are so lovely and so gifted!

Comment pourrait-il renoncer à toi...  
Celui t'aimerait?

Comment pourrais-tu rester dans l'ombre, toi qui est faite pour donner la joie? Tu pleures! Tu pleures! Ah! Pitié de nous!

*Anne, inquiète, se tourne vers l'une des portes. Une vive anxiété se manifeste sur son visage, parce qu'elle entend un pas rapide qui monte dans l'escalier.*

**Anne**

C'est Alexandre.

**Scène 2**

*Entre Alexandre par la porte à droite, avec une gerbe de fleurs sauvages, un peu haletante et enflammée.*

**Anne**

D'où viens-tu, Alexandre? Nous t'avons attendu longtemps.

How could anyone who loves you give you up?

How could you stay in the shadows, when you were made to spread joy? You're crying! It will be okay.

*Anne, worried, turns toward one of the doors. A sharp look of anxiety appears on her face, because she hears quick footsteps coming up the stairs.*

**Anne**

It's Alexandre.

**Scene 2**

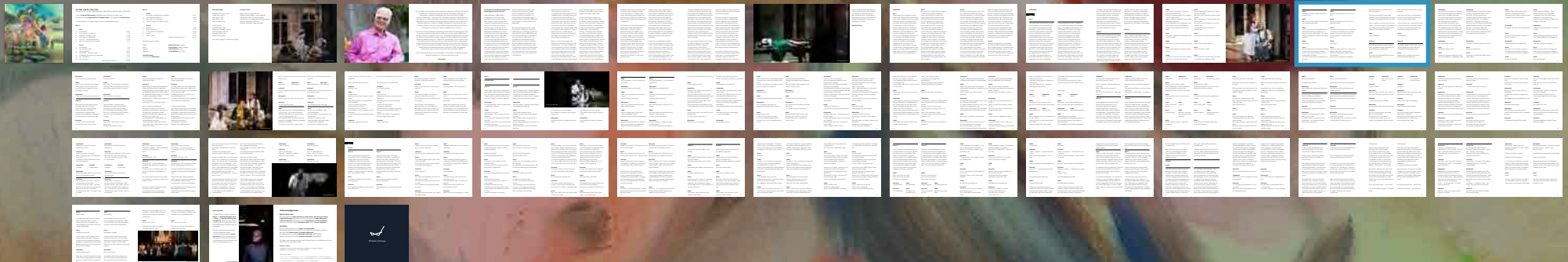
*Alexander enters the first door on the right holding a bouquet of flowers, overheated and panting a little.*

**Anne**

Where have you been, Alexandre? We've been waiting for you.

4

21



**Alexandre**

J'ai chevauché à travers la campagne où le chant des alouettes emplissait tout le ciel. Ah! Quelle merveille... Je n'avais jamais entendu un chant si impétueux. Des milliers d'alouettes... une multitude sans nombre... Elles partaient de tous les côtés, s'élançant vers le ciel, comme folles et se perdaient dans la lumière! Tout à coup, l'une d'elles, est tombée aux pieds de mon cheval, pesante comme une pierre et, elle est restée là morte... foudroyée par son ivresse, pour avoir chanté avec trop de joie.

**Alexandre**

Je l'ai ramassée. La voici.

**Anne**

Ah! Elle est tiède encore!

**Anne**

Comme sa gorge est délicate! Tout à l'heure elle chantait... Regardez, Hébé.

**Alexandre**

I rode through the countryside where the larks' song fills the skies. It was stunning. I'd never heard such a foreboding song before. There were thousands of them... A countless multitude... They flew into the sky from all sides as if they were possessed by the sunlight! Suddenly, one of them fell right at my horse's feet, like a heavy stone, and she laid there dead...struck down by the intoxication, from having sung too joyfully.

**Alexandre**

I picked it up and brought it with me.

**Anne**

Oh my! It's still warm!

**Anne**

Its throat is so delicate! Made to sing... Look, Hébé.

**Anne**

Vous tremblez. Elle a honte de ses cheveux. Alexandre. Ils se sont dénoués sous ma main et m'ont toute inondée. Donne-lui tes fleurs.

**Alexandre**

Acceptez ces fleurs. Vous avez pleuré?

**Anne**

Elle me lisait l'Antigone. Soudain, la pitié l'a vaincue...

**Alexandre**

Vous avez pleuré pour Antigone!

**Anne**

Elle était sur la terrasse, voyait les tourbillons de poussière de l'Agora; et la pensée de son frère l'angoissait.

**Hébé**

Léonard! Léonard!

**Anne**

Hébé, you are trembling... She is ashamed of her hair, Alexandre. I loosened it with my hands and it completely overwhelmed me. Why don't you give her the flowers you brought, Alexandre.

**Alexandre**

Please accept these flowers. You were crying?

**Anne**

She was reading Antigone to me and she suddenly became overwhelmed.

**Alexandre**

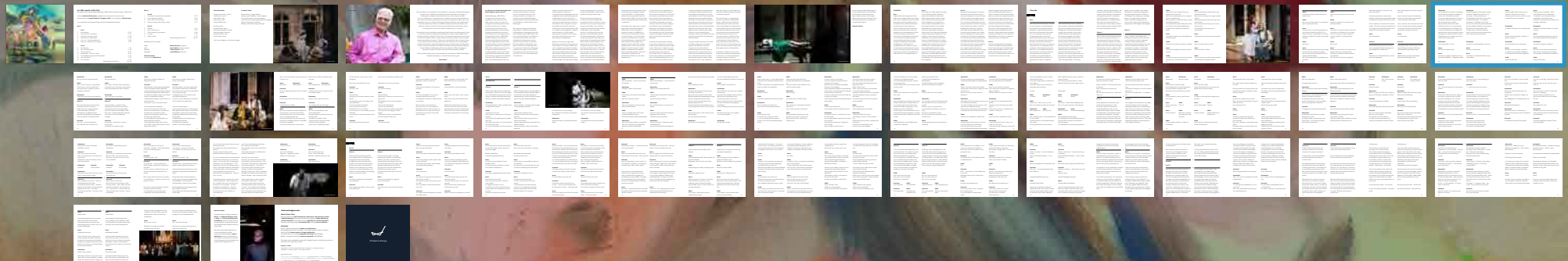
You were crying for Antigone!

**Anne**

She was on the terrace and saw the dust clouds coming from the Agora. The thought of her brother scared her.

**Hébé**

Léonard! Léonard!



**Alexandre**

Est-ce que vous voyez Léonard?

**Hébé**

Non, Je ne le vois pas. La poussière cache tout; le vent est trop fort. Il doit être là-bas, à genoux, sous la poussière. Léonard!

**Alexandre**

Votre voix ne parvient pas jusqu'à lui.


**Scène 3**

*Entre Léonard, blanc de poussière, ruisselant de sueur. Ses yeux brillent dans son visage presque méconnaissable. Ses mains tremblantes, souillées de terre, couvertes d'égratignures sanglantes. Toute la salle est inondée de soleil.*

**Léonard**

L'or, L'or... Une immensité d'or... Les cadavres tout couverts d'or

24

**Alexandre**

Do you see him?

**Hébé**

No, I don't. The dust hides everything and the wind is too strong. He must be there underneath the dust. Léonard!

**Alexandre**

Your voice won't reach him.

**Scene 3**

*Léonard enters, covered in dust, dripping with sweat. His eyes shine through his almost unrecognizable face. His hands are trembling, soiled from dirt, covered in bloody scratches. The entire room is flooded with sunlight.*

**Léonard**

Gold, gold... Never have I seen so much gold...  
Cadavers all covered in gold.

**Hébé**

Calme-toi, Léonard, Calme toi; Reprends haleine!

**Léonard**

Ah! Pourquoi n'étais-tu pas là Alexandre? C'est toi qui devais être là, Alexandre! La plus grande et la plus étrange vision qui ait jamais été offerte à des yeux mortels: un apparition éblouissante; une richesse inouïe, une splendeur terrible, soudainement révélée, comme dans un rêve surhumain.  
Ce que j'ai vu, je ne sais pas le dire.

Une succession de sépulcres tous les rois intacts sur un lit d'or, les fronts couronnés d'or, les poitrines bardées d'or; et partout sur leurs personnes à leurs pieds, partout une profusion de choses d'or; une magnificence indescriptible, un éblouissement immense, le plus splendide trésor, que la mort ait amassé dans l'obscurité de la terre depuis des siècles!

**Hébé**

Calm down, Léonard. Calm down. Catch your breath!

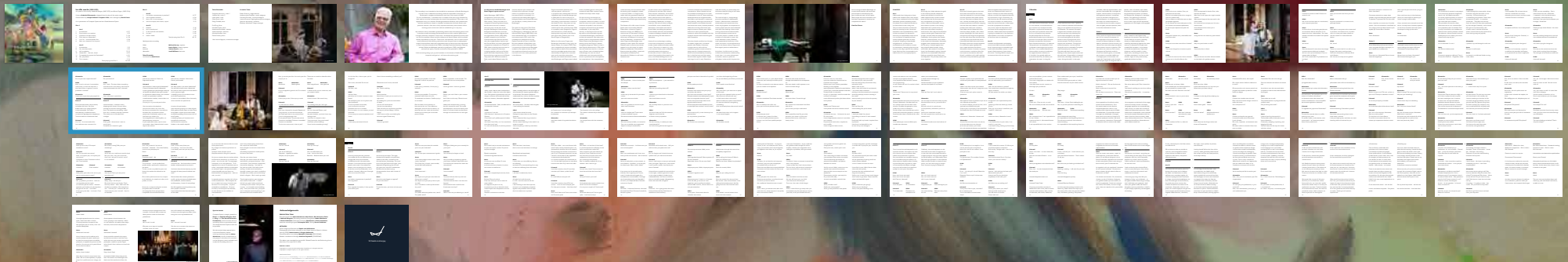
**Léonard**

Ah! Why weren't you there Alexandre? You should've been there, Alexandre! No mortal man's eyes have ever beheld such a glorious sight: a dazzling vision of countless riches and infinite splendour, It came to me suddenly like a heavenly vision and left me speechless.

A series of royal tombs, with each king laying on a bed of gold With golden masks upon on their faces and golden crowns upon their heads, and gold sparkling across every inch of their bodies; a dazzling display of immense and magnificent treasures, Untouched for centuries, hidden in the earth's depths!...



25





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Non, je ne sais pas dire. Je ne sais pas dire ce que j'ai vu. There are no words to describe what I've seen.

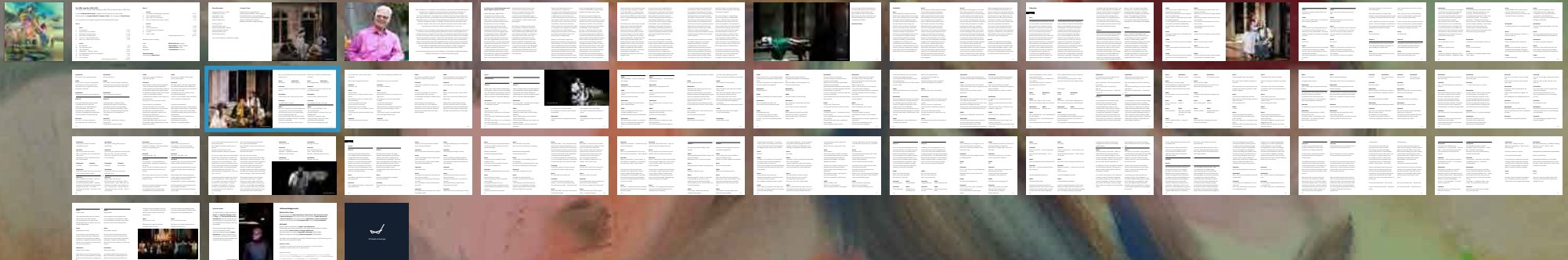
**Anne** Quel rêve! **Alexandre** Quelle gloire! **Anne** How magnificent! **Alexandre** How glorious!

**Léonard** Et je t'ai appelé à grands cris! Et tu n'étais pas là. **Léonard** I called out for you to come see, and you weren't there!

**Alexandre** Il faut que je voie, il faut que je coure! **Alexandre** I have to see it. We must hurry.

**Léonard** J'y vais avec toi. Allons! **Léonard** I'm coming with you. Let's go!

**Hébé** Non, non, Léonard Je t'en prie! Repose-toi. Tu es trop las, tu es à bout de forces! Ah! Dans quel état tu es, pauvre frère! Tu as le visage presque noir! Et tes pauvres yeux! Tes pauvres mains! Comme tu trembles! Comme tu trembles! Comme tu trembles! Tu n'as rien contre moi, n'est-ce pas? **Hébé** No, no, Léonard! Please, rest! You're exhausted. My poor brother, you don't have any strength left! Your face is covered in dust. Your poor eyes! Your poor hands! Look how you're shaking! Have I done something wrong?



Je n'ai rien fait, n'est-ce pas, qui t'a chagriné?

Dis-le moi, Léonard! Dis-le moi!

**Léonard**

Oh! Non, rien!

**Hébé**

Jamais, frère,  
jamais je ne t'ai aimé comme à cette  
heure!

Ma tendresse pour toi n'a jamais été  
aussi profonde.

Tu es ma pensée continue,elle,  
tu es tout pour mon âme.

Emmène-moi où tu voudras

Et, si tu souris, si tu es content, je serai  
heureuse...

Je ne veux plus te sentir trembler ainsi!  
Viens!

**Léonard**

Il faut que je retourne là-haut!

Have I done something to offend you?

Please tell me if I have, Léonard!

**Léonard**

No. There's nothing.

**Hébé**

Never, brother.  
Never have I loved you as much as I do  
right now!

My feelings for you have never been  
so deep.

You are all I think about.

You are my everything.

Take me with you anywhere you'd like.

As long as you are happy, I will be  
happy.

I don't want to feel you shaking like  
this ever again! Please stay!

**Léonard**

I have to go back!

**Hébé**

Ce n'est pas possible. Il est midi.  
Regarde. Le soleil est partout.

**Léonard**

Il faut que j'y retourne, il faut que j'y  
retourne.

**Hébé**

Ce n'est pas possible. Tu ne peux y  
retourner dans l'état où tu es...  
Tu tomberais en chemin. Souffre que je  
te conduise.

*Elle l'entraîne en lui passant un  
bras autour du cou. Il est blême et  
désespéré. Anne se lève en silence, et,  
penchée vers eux, reste aux écoutes,  
tandis qu'ils sortent par la seconde  
porte à droite.*

**Hébé**

That's impossible. Look outside. The  
heat from the sun is everywhere.

**Léonard**

I must go back. I have to go back!

**Hébé**

Please, you can't! Not in your current  
state...

You'll faint on the way. Please let me  
guide you!

*Hébé pulls Léonard away, putting  
her arm around his neck. He is pale  
and desperate. Anne rises silently and  
leans in to listen closely as they leave  
through the second door on the right.*



Act II

7

Introduction

8

Scène 1

*Hébé, seule, debout dans la blancheur des fouilles, a dans les mains des objets d'or. Des spirales se présentent sous ses doigts; curieuse, elle essaie de les fixer dans ses cheveux, Alexandre apparaît.*

**Alexandre**

Ah! Vous êtes seule... Seule, au milieu de l'or... Je cherchais Léonard.

**Hébé**

J'ignore où il est allé.  
Peut-être est-il descendu à la Fontaine Perseia...  
C'est le lieu qu'il préfère quand il désire être seul.  
Ah! L'eau! L'eau! Qu'y a-t-il au monde de plus doux que l'eau!  
Ici, tout est desséché, la soif est partout.

30

Scene 1

*Hébé, standing alone in the white light of the excavations, inspects golden objects in her hands. She notices hairpieces underneath her; curious, she tries to place them in her hair. Alexandre appears.*

**Alexandre**

Ah! You're alone... All alone with the gold... I was looking for Léonard.

**Hébé**

I don't know where he went.  
Perhaps he went down to the Perseia fountain.  
That's where he likes to go when he wants to be alone.  
Oh the water! Nothing in the world is as sweet as water!  
Here everything is dried up and thirst abounds.



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La Fontaine est l'unique refuge.  
On y entend un murmure qui assouplit les pensées

**Alexandre**

Vous êtes restée à la garde des trésors Hébé.

The fountain is his only refuge.  
The water's stillness helps sooth his mind.

**Alexandre**

You stayed here with the treasures, Hébé.

31



9

**Hébé**

Ah! Les spirales... Je les ai mises pour les essayer.

**Alexandre**

Pourquoi voulez-vous les ôter?

**Hébé**

Il faut que je les rende à la princesse morte, que vous avez tant aimée.

**Alexandre**

Non, non gardez-les encore un peu dans votre chevelure

**Hébé**

Vous ne m'aidez pas? Toute cette richesse m'effraie un peu. Elle recouvre tant de choses redoutables.

**Alexandre**

Elle vous rend plus belle, au contraire! Tout cet or semble vous appartenir depuis un temps immémorial,

32

**Hébé**

Well, the hairpieces... I just wanted to try them on.

**Alexandre**

Why are you taking them off?

**Hébé**

I have to give them back to the dead princess, who loved them so much.

**Alexandre**

No, no! Keep them in your hair a bit longer.

**Hébé**

You won't help me? All this treasure frightens me a little bit. It hides so many mysteries.

**Alexandre**

On the contrary, it makes you even more beautiful! As if all of this gold has belonged to

puisque vous êtes la beauté et la poésie!

**Hébé**

Ne me parlez pas ainsi!

**Alexandre**

Pourquoi? Ne voulez-vous pas que je vous parle des vérités que vous avez ouvertes à mon âme? Pourquoi sommes-nous restés jusqu'à ce jour sans nous regarder dans les yeux? Avions-nous peur de lire dans notre regard quelque honte? Avions-nous peur de reconnaître en nous ce que déjà nous savions l'un de l'autre?

**Hébé**

Nous savons qu'il y a des choses qui ne peuvent être, qui ne pourront jamais être.

**Alexandre**

Ah! Encore une contrainte!

you since the beginning of time... for you are Beauty and Poetry incarnate!

**Hébé**

Don't speak to me like that!

**Alexandre**

Why not? Don't you want me to speak of the truth that you have opened inside my soul? Why have we waited until now to look each other in the eyes? Were we afraid to reveal some shame? Or were we afraid of recognizing something that we already knew about each other?

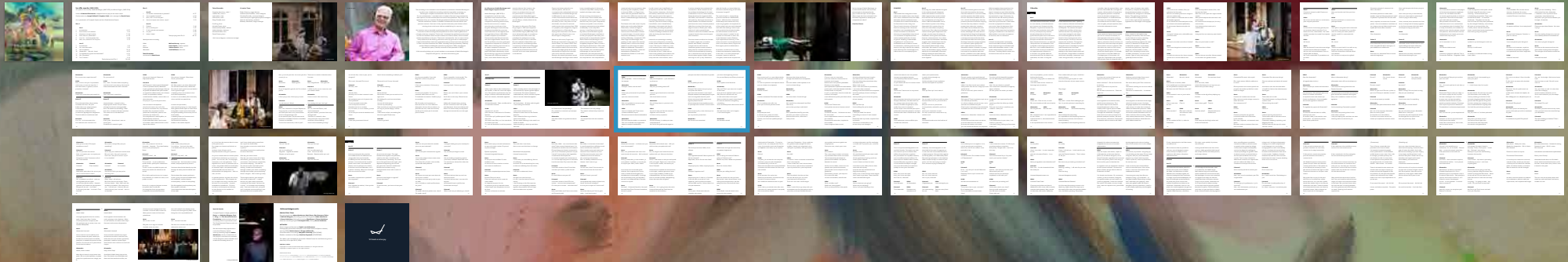
**Hébé**

We both know that can't happen... It can never happen.

**Alexandre**

Ah! Another excuse!

33



**Hébé**

Nous savons qu'il y a, pour disjoindre les créatures, des choses plus fortes que la mort.

La mort ne pourrait nous séparer autant que ces choses nous séparent.

**Alexandre**

Quelles choses?

**Hébé**

Vous les connaissez. Des choses sacrées!

**Alexandre**

Ah! Je voudrais tarir mille vies pour que vos lèvres puissent boire!

**Hébé**

Ne parlez pas ainsi!  
A côté de vous, jointe à la vôtre il y a une vie plus précieuse que la mienne, une vie d'une qualité presque divine.

**Hébé**

We know that there are forces stronger than death that can separate us...

Not even death could separate us as much as those things.

**Alexandre**

What things?

**Hébé**

You know them. Sacred things!

**Alexandre**

Ah! I would live a thousand lives filled with thirst, just so that your lips could drink!

**Hébé**

Don't speak like that! By your side, joined to you, there is a life more precious than mine, a life that is nearly divine.

**Alexandre**

C'est en vous, en vous seule que sont toutes les choses dont les hommes ont le regret, Même sans l'avoir jamais possédées. Quand je vous regarde, quand j'entends le rythme de votre haleine, je sens qu'il y a d'autres beautés à dévoiler, d'autres biens à conquérir, et qu'il y a peut-être, dans le monde des actions à accomplir aussi délicieuses que les plus beaux rêves de la poésie!

**Hébé**

Taisez-vous! Taisez-vous!  
Vous parlez comme un homme enivré!

**Alexandre**

J'ai besoin de vous... J'ai besoin de vous!  
De vous seule!  
Vous m'appartenez comme si vous étiez ma créature, Façonnée de mes mains, inspirée de mon souffle.  
Votre visage est beau en moi,

**Alexandre**

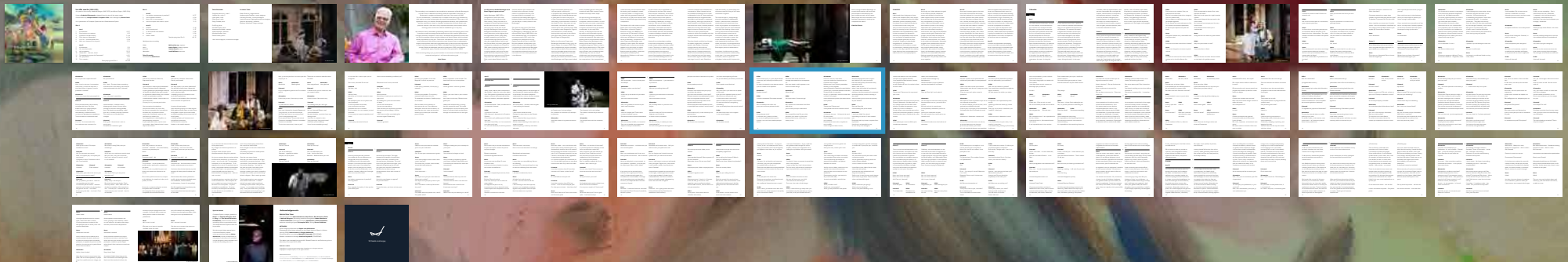
All of the things that men long for are inside of you, and you alone. Even the things they never knew they wanted to have. When I look at you, when I hear the sound of your breath, I can sense other treasures waiting to be discovered and conquered. And that perhaps, there is nothing in the world worth pursuing as much as the poetry of your dreams.

**Hébé**

Shut up! Shut Up!  
You're talking like you're drunk!

**Alexandre**

I need you Hébé! You alone!  
You belong to me as if I had created you. Fashioned with my hands, inspired from my breath. Your face is as beautiful to me, as one of my own thoughts.



comme est belle en moi une pensée!  
Lorsque vos paupières battent,  
il me semble qu'elles battent comme  
mon propre sang,  
et que l'ombre de vos cils touche le fond  
de mon cœur!

**Hébé**

Taisez-vous! Taisez vous! Je ne pourrai  
plus vivre!

**Alexandre**

Vous ne pourrez vivre qu'en moi et par moi,  
Puisque, désormais, vous êtes dans ma  
vie, comme votre voix est dans votre  
bouche. Combien longtemps et avec  
quelle foi je vous ai attendue!  
Je sais ce que vous avez fait pour qu'un  
poète enfin retrouvât présente, l'antique  
âme humaine dans la fraîcheur de votre  
amour!

**Hébé**

Vous exaltez par votre souffle la plus  
humble des créatures.

When your eyelids flutter,  
it sends shivers through my  
bloodstream.  
And the shadow of your eyelashes  
reaches the depths of my heart!

**Hébé**

Shut up! Shut Up! I can't take it!

**Alexandre**

You can only live with me and by my side,  
because from now on, you must be in  
my life,  
like your voice is in your throat.  
I have patiently waited for you for so  
long.  
I know you came here so that  
For only a poet's love could revive my  
ancient soul!

**Hébé**

Your breath exalts even the lowliest of  
creatures.

**Alexandre**

De quel mystère et de quelle beauté  
n'avez-vous pas le reflet sur votre personne?

**Hébé**

Hélas! Vous êtes ivre de vous-même!  
Votre parole crée de rien l'image que vous  
voulez aimer.  
C'est en vous seul, qu'est toute la  
puissance.

**Alexandre**

Qu'importe? Toute la puissance qui est en  
moi resterait prisonnière,  
si la divine volupté, qui est en vous, ne la  
soulevait en tourbillon de joie!  
C'est la joie, la joie que je vous demande!  
J'ai besoin de vous! J'ai besoin de vous!

**Hébé**

Laissez-moi, Alexandre. Laissez-moi!

**Alexandre**

Je sens l'amour dans toute vos veines,  
je le sens dans tous vos cheveux  
je le sens qui monte, qui monte,  
je le vois sourdre de dessous vos paupières...

**Alexandre**

For which of life's beautiful mysteries  
are not reflected by your radiance?

**Hébé**

Alas! You are drunk on yourself!  
Your words have created an imaginary  
object of desire.  
All their power lies within you alone.

**Alexandre**

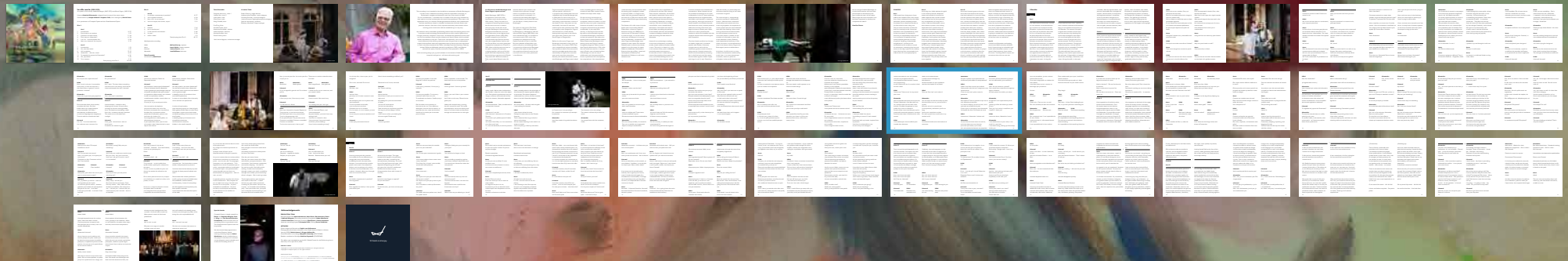
Imagined? I am imprisoned by their  
power,  
yearning to feel the divine joy inside  
of you.  
That joy! Joy is what I need from you.  
I need it! I need you!

**Hébé**

Leave me alone, Alexandre. Leave!

**Alexandre**

I can feel the love in your veins, I can  
smell it in your hair...  
I can feel it rising, boiling up from deep  
inside you...



sous vos paupières, je sens comme  
l'arôme des larmes...  
Tout votre visage pâlit au-dedans de  
moi-même,  
vous êtes toute en moi comme un  
breuvage que j'aurais bu...

*Ils rient.*

**Hébé**  
Ecoutez!

**Alexandre**  
Quoi?

From underneath your eyes, I smell the  
aroma of tears...  
Your entire face grows pale as I drink  
from the fountain of your sweet nectar.

*They laugh.*

**Hébé**  
Listen!

**Alexandre**  
What?



**Hébé**

Cette voix...C'est sa voix, sa voix!  
Elle vous cherche;oui elle vous cherche.

**Alexandre**  
Ne craignez rien.

**Hébé**  
Elle sait tout...

**Hébé**

Elle comprend tout. Il est impossible de  
lui rien cacher...  
A peine arrivée ici, elle entend battre  
nos veines...  
Il est impossible de lui rien cacher...

**Hébé**

That voice... It's her. She is looking for you.  
Yes, it's you the princess is searching for.

**Alexandre**  
Don't be afraid.

**Hébé**  
She knows everything...

**Hébé**

She understands everything.  
It's impossible to hide anything from her...  
The minute we arrived, she heard our  
hearts beating.  
It's impossible to hide anything from her.

**Alexandre**

Il ne faut rien cacher à l'âme qui est  
digne de recevoir la vérité.

Mais la douleur?... Elle est l'esclave de  
la douleur;  
Nous ne pouvons rien pour l'en  
délivrer.  
Elle est dans une autre vie... Dans une  
autre vie...

**Scène 2**

*Anne apparaît au fond de la scène,  
qu'elle traverse lentement. Tout  
son aspect exprime une douleur  
extraordinairement calme. Il est  
visible qu'elle n'ignore pas la d'Hébé  
et d'Alexandre. La jeune fille conduit  
l'aveugle vers Alexandre. L'aveugle  
tend vers lui une main qu'il prend. Et,  
pendant quelques instants, elle reste  
ainsi entre eux, silencieuse. Ensuite elle  
se détache de lui et attire à elle Hébé.*

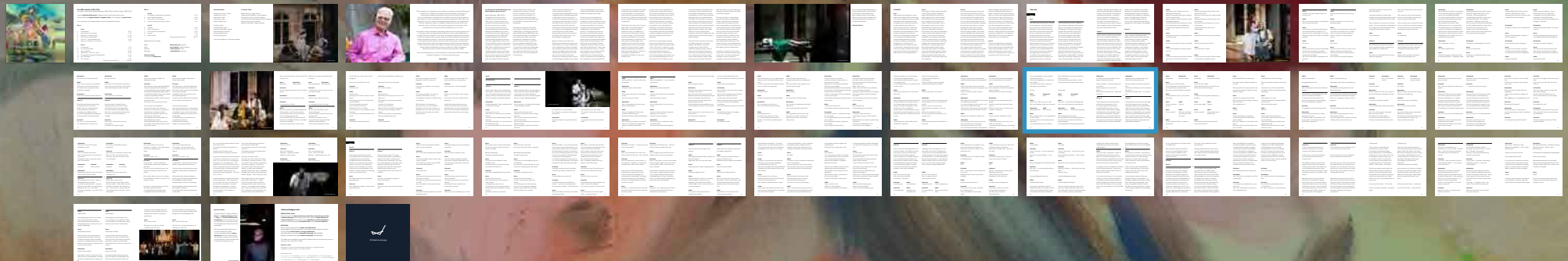
**Alexandre**

Nothing can be hidden from a soul  
worthy of receiving the truth.

But what about pain? She is bound to  
pain  
and there's nothing we can do to deliver  
her from it.  
She exists in another life.... In another  
life...

**Scene 2**

*Anne appears at the back of the stage,  
which she slowly crosses. Her body  
language expresses an extraordinarily  
calm sorrow. It's clear she is aware of  
Hébé and Alexandre's presence. Hébé  
leads Anne to Alexandre. Anne extends  
her hand towards Alexandre which he  
takes. And for a few moments, Hébé  
stays silently between them. Then Anne  
detaches herself from Alexandre and  
pulls Hébé towards her.*



**Anne**  
Alexandre!

**Alexandre**  
Me voici, Anne!

**Anne**  
Alexandre!

**Alexandre**  
I'm over here, Anne!

**Anne**  
Donnez-moi un baiser, Hébé.  
Il me semble que vous êtes restée loin  
de moi pendant un temps infini.  
Qu'avez-vous fait? Qu'avez-vous fait?

**Anne**  
Give me a kiss, Hébé.  
It feels like forever since I last saw you.  
What have you been doing?

**Hébé**  
Je suis restée ici tout un jour à aider  
mon frère.

**Hébé**  
I've been at the dig all day helping my  
brother.

**Anne**  
C'est ici que sont  
les ors?

**Hébé**  
C'est ici.

**Anne**      **Hébé**  
And is there gold?    There is.

**Anne**  
Et les cendres ?

**Hébé**  
Elles sont là devant  
vous dans les vases  
de cuivre.

**Anne**      **Hébé**  
And the ashes?    We placed them in  
bronze urns.

**Hébé**  
Là, les cendres du Roi; là, celles de  
Cassandra.

**Hébé**  
Over there are the king's ashes and  
those of Cassandra.

**Anne**  
Cassandra! Elle aussi, elle voyait!

**Anne**  
Cassandra! She also saw things!

Elle voyait autour d'elle le malheur et  
la mort!

She saw sadness and death all around  
her!

*Elle se penche sur le vase et prend une  
poignée de cendres qu'elle fait couler  
entre ses doigts.*

*Anne leans over the vase and takes  
a handful of ashes that slide between  
her fingers.*

**Anne**  
Comme ses cendres sont douces!  
Elles coulent entre les doigts comme le  
sable de la mer.  
Son masque est là?

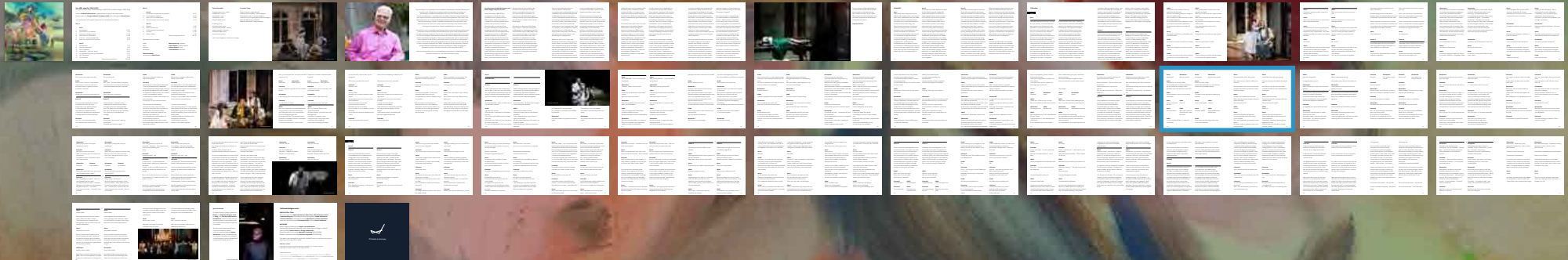
**Anne**  
Their ashes are so soft.  
They slide between my fingers like the  
ocean's sand.  
Did you bring the mask?

**Hébé**  
Le voici.

**Hébé**  
Here it is.

**Anne**  
Comme sa bouche est grande!  
Le travail horrible de la divination  
l'avait dilatée.  
Elle criait, implorait, se lamentait sans  
trêve!  
Elle était seule au sommet d'une tour  
avec sa vérité.

**Anne**  
Look at how big the mouth is!  
The horrible work of divination must  
have widened it.  
Constantly weeping, imploring, and  
begging for help.  
She was alone at the top of a tower  
with her visions.



**Hébé**

Que fait Alexandre?

*(Il regarde dans le loain.)*

**Alexandre**

Voici Léonard qui revient de la fontaine Perseia.

*Léonard entre, fait quelques pas sur la scène où l'ombre commence à s'épaissir autour des trésors qui luisent confusément. Il est incapable de contenir agitation intérieure.*

**Léonard**

Tu regardes les bijoux de Cassandra?

**Alexandre**

Ta soeur les mettait dans ce coffre, quand je suis venu.  
Je voulais l'aider; mais ensuite, nous avons parlé... et l'heure est passée.  
Nous avons parlé de toi.

**Hébé**

What is Alexandre doing?

*(Alexander looks off into the distance.)*

**Alexandre**

I see Léonard coming back from the Perseia fountain.

*Leonard enters as dusk falls and shadows grow around the treasures which glow dimly. He is unable to contain his inner agitation.*

**Léonard**

You're examining Cassandra's jewels?

**Alexandre**

Your sister was putting them in this chest when I arrived.  
I was just helping her; and then we were chatting while we waited for you.

**Léonard**

De moi?

**Léonard**

De mon secret?

**Alexandre**

Qu'est ce que tu as? Dis moi, qu'est ce que tu as? Pourquoi trembles-tu ainsi?

**Léonard**

Je ne sais pourquoi je tremble.

**Alexandre**

Je ne suis donc plus le frère de ton âme?

**Léonard**

Oui, oui tu l'es toujours, Alexandre...  
Que ne te dois-je pas?  
Tu m'as fait vivre de ta flame.  
Tu as fait vivre autour de moi les choses qui auparavant étaient morte.

**Alexandre**

Oui, de toi, de ton secret.

**Léonard**

About me?

**Léonard**

My secret?

**Alexandre**

What's wrong? Tell me what's wrong. Why are you trembling?

**Léonard**

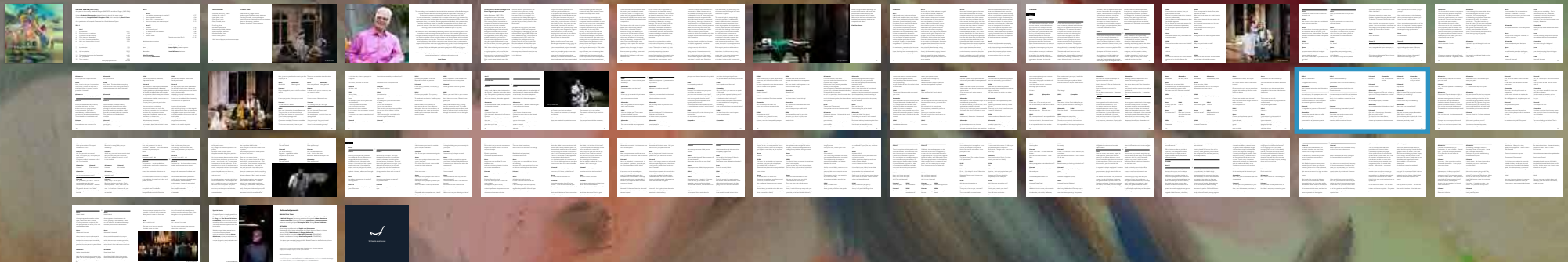
I don't know why I'm trembling.

**Alexandre**

Am I not your closest friend?

**Léonard**

Yes, yes, of course you are, Alexandre...  
What don't I owe you?  
You're the one who inspired all of this.  
You brought life to a part of me that was previously dead.



**Alexandre**

Et maintenant? Ne puis-je rien faire pour ton mal?

**Léonard**

J'ai... Je ne sais quel est le mal dont je souffre...

**Alexandre**

Pouvre ami! Depuis deux ans déjà, tu es ici dans ce pays de soif, au pied de cette montagne nue, à creuser la terre, avec ces épouvantables fantômes dressés devant tes yeux parmi la poussière ardente. Comment n'as-tu pas eu peur de la démence? Tu ressembles à un homme empoisonné!

**Léonard**

Oui, oui c'est vrai: je suis empoisonné!

**Alexandre**

Pourquoi ne veux-tu pas m'écouter? Il faut partir sans retard; Il faut aller vers les eaux, vers le bois, vers les terres vertes.

44

**Alexandre**

And now? Can't I do something to ease your pain?

**Léonard**

I... I don't know why I'm in pain...

**Alexandre**

My dear friend. For the last two years you have been in this terribly dry country working at the foot of this mountain digging tirelessly into the ground with only ghosts rising from the dust to keep you company. Any man would be fearful of going mad. You look like you've been poisoned.

**Léonard**

Yes, yes, that's it. I've been poisoned!

**Alexandre**

Why won't you listen to me? You have to leave right now; You have to be near the water, the woods, and green fields.

**Léonard**

Oui, oui tu as raison: il faut s'en aller loin...

Et elle aussi, ma sœur, elle viendrait avec nous.

**Alexandre**

Elle aussi. Sois sûr qu'elle aussi est opprimée, qu'elle aussi a besoin de respirer, de vivre. Elle s'afflige pour toi, elle pleure pour toi.

**Léonard**

Elle pleure? Elle pleure?

**Alexandre**

Elle craint que tu ne l'aimes plus, que tu n'aies plus pour elle la tendresse de jadis.

**Léonard**

La tendresse de jadis? Elle pleure?

**Léonard**

Yes, yes. You're right. We have to leave here.

And my sister as well. She will come with us.

**Alexandre**

Yes, your sister as well. It's clear that she's also unhappy, like she needs to breathe, to live. She is worried about you, she weeps for you.

**Léonard**

She weeps? For me?

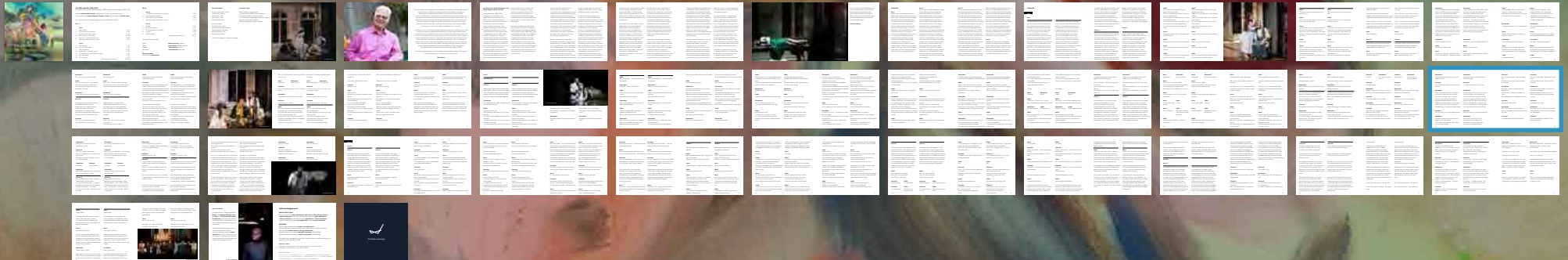
**Alexandre**

She fears you don't love her any more, that you don't have the same feelings you did before.

**Léonard**

The same feelings as before? That's why she weeps?

45



**Alexandre**

Mais qu'as-tu donc? Pourquoi trembles-tu ainsi?

**Léonard**

Ah! Si tu pouvais me sauver! Mais, tu ne peux pas, tu ne peux pas me sauver! Comment te dire! Comment te dire! Ah! C'est horrible!

**Alexandre**

Léonard!

**Léonard**

C'est horrible!

**Alexandre**

Mais parle, parle donc! Ne vois-tu pas que tu me tortures le cœur?

**Léonard**

Oui, je parlerai, je te dirai... mais ne me regardes pas de si près. ne me tiens pas les mains... Attends. Attends que l'ombre soit plus épaisse... Éloigne-toi de moi... Je te dirai... Il faut que je te dise... à toi seul. C'est horrible!

46

**Alexandre**

But what's wrong? Why are you trembling?

**Léonard**

Ah! If only you could save me this time! But you can't. You can't save me! How can I tell you? How do I say it? It's so horrible!

**Alexandre**

Léonard!

**Léonard**

It's horrible!

**Alexandre**

Just say it! Can't you see you're torturing me?

**Léonard**

Okay, okay. I will tell you... But don't look at me closely. Don't hold my hands... Wait. Wait until the shadows are darker... Get away from me... I will tell you... I have to tell you... You're the only one I can tell... but it's so horrible!

12

**Alexandre**

Vois, vois je reste ici loin de toi, J'attends... J'attends... Tu es dans l'ombre, Je ne te vois presque plus... Parle!

**Léonard**

Comment dire?... Ah!

**Léonard**

Tu la connais... tu sais quelle douce, quelle tendre, quelle pure créature est ma sœur. Tu sais, tu sais ce qu'elle fut pour moi durant les années de solitude et de travail...

Elle a été le parfum de ma vie, le repos et la fraîcheur, le conseil et le rêve, et la poésie, et tout!

Notre vie, a toujours été pure comme une prière dans la solitude... J'ai mangé les fruits qui portaient l'empreinte de ses dents blanches

**Alexandre**

Look. I'm far away from you. I'm waiting... You are in the dark, I can barely even see you any more... Speak!

**Léonard**

How can I say this?... Ah!

**Léonard**

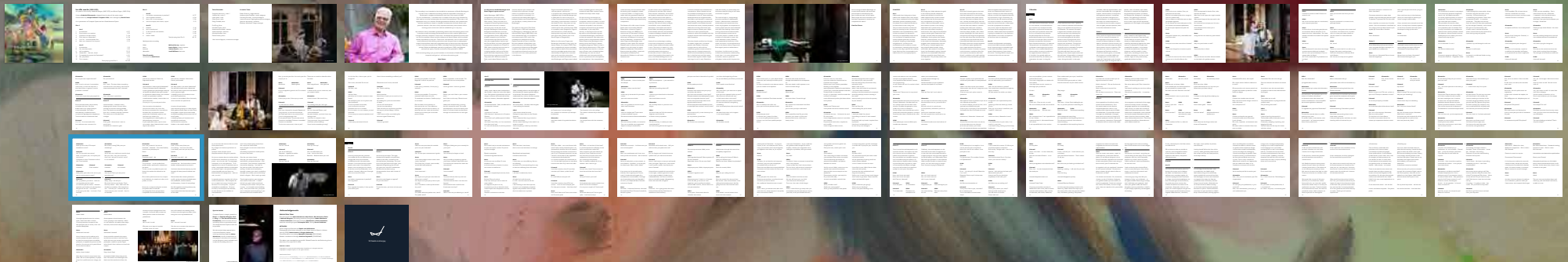
You know her... You know what a sweet, tender, and pure person my sister is. You know that she has been by my side through all these years of solitude and work...

She has been like a sweet perfume in my life, giving me rest and refreshment, her steadiness, and her dreams, and her poetry, I mean it's everything!

Our life together has always been pure, like a prayer in solitude... I have eaten fruit that bore the imprint of her teeth

13

47



et j'ai bu l'eau des sources dans le creux de sa petite main.  
Or, imagine un homme qui boirait un philtre, quelque chose d'impur qui lui empoisonnerait le sang et la pensée...

Un jour tu rentres dans ta maison pleine de lumière et de silence; tu ouvres une porte... et tu la vois, elle. Ta compagne innocente, tu la vois endormie... Tu la regardes et tu souris. Et pendant que tu souris, une pensée subite et involontaire te traverse l'esprit: une pensée trouble contre laquelle tout ton être a un frémissement de répugnance... Mais en vain, en vain!

La pensée persiste, acquiert de la force, se fait dominatrice... Elle s'empare de toi, se mêle à ton sang. t'envahit tous les sens. Et tu es sa proie... sa proie misérable et tremblante... Et toute ton âme, ton âme pure est infectée; et tout devient en toi souillure et contamination.

48

and I have drunk spring water from the cup of her little hands.  
Now imagine a man who would drink a potion... something impure that would poison his heart and mind...

One day you return home  
One day you return home full of light and silence; you open the door... and you see her. Your innocent companion, you see her sleeping... You look at her and you smile. And while you're smiling, a subtle and involuntary thought crosses your mind: a troubling thought that makes your entire being shiver in disgust... But it won't go away.

The thought persists, gets stronger, and starts to take over... It takes hold of you, gets inside your blood, invading all your senses. And you are its prey... its miserable and trembling prey... And your whole soul, your pure soul is infected; and everything in you becomes filth and contamination.

**Alexandre**  
Tais toi! Tais toi!

**Léonard**  
Ah! Je t'ai suffoqué...  
Regarde... regarde les étoiles.  
Respire, toi qui le peux!

**Alexandre**  
Tais toi! Tais toi!

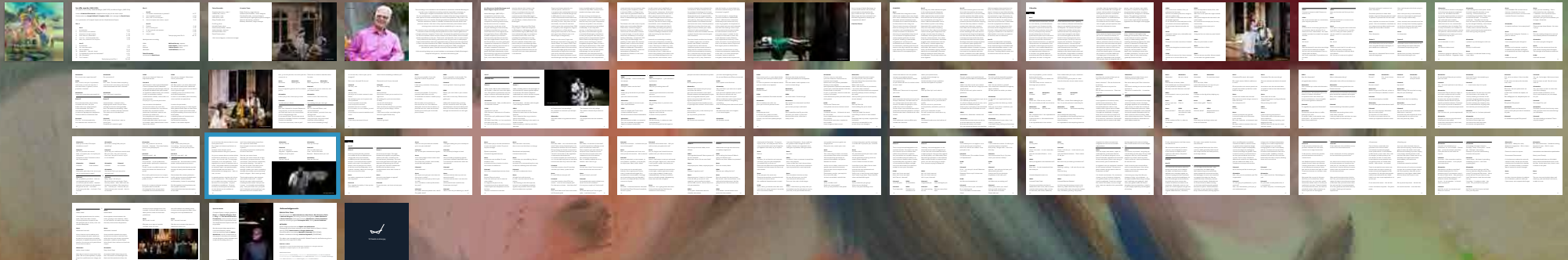
**Alexandre**  
Shut up! Shut up!

**Léonard**  
Ah! I've suffocated you.  
Look... look at the stars.  
Breathe... Breathe while you can!

**Alexandre**  
Shut up! Shut up!



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**Disc 2**
**Act III**
**Scène 1**

*Anne est assise près des marches. Les souffles de la nuit effleurent son visage pâle, levé vers les étoiles, invisibles pour elle. Léonard entre, hésitant. La noeud cruel de sa peine paraît moins serré. Il est abattu et dolent; mais sa pitié pour lui-même lui donne une sorte d'abandon: car il a pleuré. Léonard, allant vers l'aveugle avec une sorte d'humilité.*

**Anne**

Les étoiles commencent à paraître?  
Vous regarder?

**Léonard**

Pour regarder les étoiles, il faut que les yeux soient purs.

50

1

**Scene 1**

*Anne sits by the steps. The night breezes brush against her pale face, raised to the stars, invisible to her. Léonard enters, hesitating. The cruel knot of his grief seems less tight. He is dejected and grieving; but his self-pity gives him a kind of carelessness because he has been crying. He approaches Anne with a sense of humility.*

**Anne**

Have the stars begun to appear?  
Do you see them?

**Léonard**

To see the stars, you have to have pure eyes.

**Anne**

Hébé ne vous pas donné le remède pour vos yeux malades?

**Léonard**

Oui. Et mes yeux commencent à guérir.

**Anne**

Vous avez quelque chose contre votre soeur, Leonard?  
Plus d'une fois j'ai senti votre trouble, quand elle était présente.

**Léonard**

Vous avez senti.....

**Anne**

Ne croyez-vous pas que mon âme soit faite pour la vérité?  
Ne croyez-vous pas que je sois un peu au-delà de la vie belle et cruelle qu'illuminent les jours?

**Léonard**

De quelle vérité me parlez-vous, Anne?  
De quelle vérité?

**Anne**

I thought Hébé gave you a remedy for your eyes?

**Léonard**

Yes, and they've begun to heal.

**Anne**

Are you holding something against your sister, Léonard? More than once I've sensed your discomfort when she was present.

**Léonard**

You've sensed?

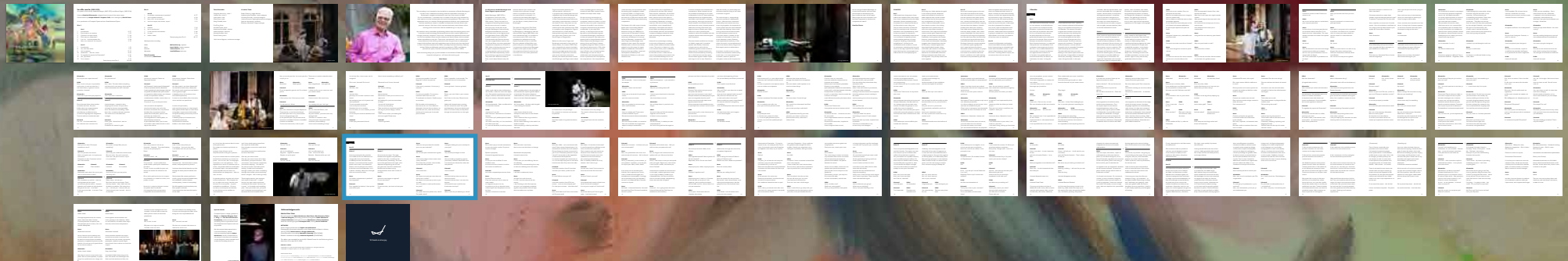
**Anne**

You don't believe that my soul can sense the truth?  
You don't believe that I can see a bit beyond this beautiful and cruel life that illuminates our days?

**Léonard**

What truth are you referring to, Anne?

51



**Anne**

De la vérité que je connais maintenant  
et que nul ne peut cacher. Et que nul  
ne peut changer.

*Éperdu et perplexe,  
Léonard la regarde fixement.*

**Anne**

Je sais que vous souffrez. Et nous  
souffrons tous;  
et chacun de nous cherche à cacher  
aux autres sa souffrance...

**Léonard**

Je ne vous comprends pas encore, Anne.

**Anne**

En bien! Disons la vérité.  
C'est moi seule qui suis la cause de  
cette misère.  
Je n'appartiens plus à la vie;  
et pourtant je suis un obstacle inerte  
contre lequel tant d'espérance et tant  
de force  
viennent se heurter et se briser.

52

**Anne**

The truth that I now know,  
that no one can hide from or change.

*Bewildered and perplexed,  
Léonard stares at her.*

**Anne**

I know that you are suffering. We are  
all suffering;  
and each of us are searching for a way  
to hide our suffering from the others.

**Léonard**

I still don't understand, Anne.

**Anne**

All right! Let's tell the truth.  
It's me. I am the cause of all this  
misery.  
I don't belong to this life anymore;  
and yet I am completely powerless  
against the powerful force of hope  
that has taken over my heart.

**Anne**

Mais elle, Hébé... est-ce sa faute si elle  
aime? Votre amour fraternel peut-il lui  
demander le sacrifice de sa vie entière?  
Elle est faite pour donner et recevoir la  
joie. Et lui? Comment pourrait-il ne pas  
l'aimer? Il reconnaît en elle l'apparition  
vivante de son rêve le plus aîlé:  
La victoire invoquée qui couronnera sa  
vie. J'ai mis déjà mes jours et mes rêves  
hors de mon âme. Et je veux m'en aller...

**Léonard**

Vous êtes certaine, Anne? Vous êtes  
certaine qu'il l'aime, qu'elle l'aime?

**Anne**

Et vous? N'êtes-vous pas sûr?

**Léonard**

Vous êtes certaine, Anne? De leur  
amour... vous ne vous trompez pas?  
Ce n'est pas un doute... Vous êtes sûre?

**Anne**

Mais vous? Mais vous? Vous vous taisez...  
ah! Encore la pitié!

**Anne**

But Hébé, is it her fault if she loves?  
Is your fraternal love sufficient to ask  
her to sacrifice her entire life?  
She is made to give and receive joy.  
And him? How could he not love  
her? He sees in her the most vivid  
realization of all of his dreams.  
His crowning achievement.  
But I've already realized all of my  
dreams. And I want to go.

**Léonard**

You are sure, Anne? You are sure he  
loves her and that she loves him?

**Anne**

And you? Aren't you sure?

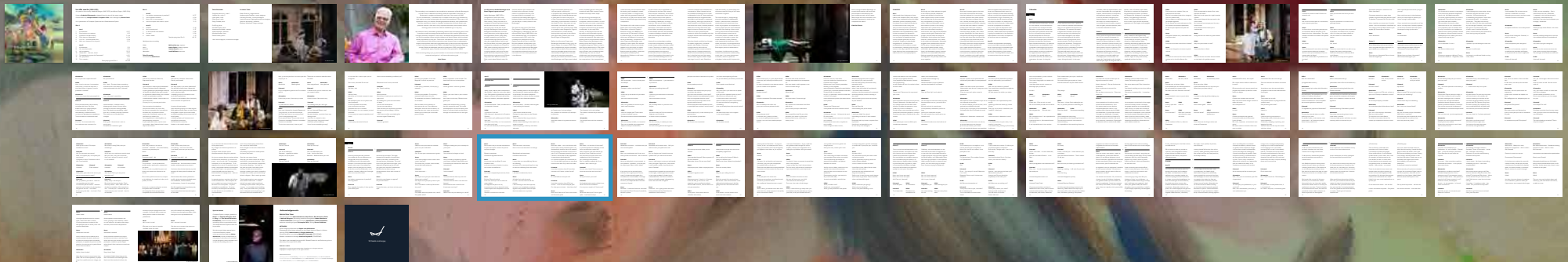
**Léonard**

You're absolutely certain of their love,  
Anne? You're not mistaken?  
It's not just a suspicion? You're sure?

**Anne**

And what about you? You've gone  
quiet... Lord have mercy!

53



**Léonard**

Alexandre va revenir... Lui direz-vous que vous m'avez parlé?

**Anne**

Non, non, pardonnez-moi! Avec vous aussi j'aurais dû me taire... Ah! Le silence!

**Léonard**

Anne, je reviendrai, je vous reverrai, je vous parlerai. A présent, je ne sais pas, Je ne puis pas. Merci, Anne. Adieu!

*Il se tourne vers la seconde porte à droite, fait un geste pour l'ouvrir; mais il s'arrête aussitôt agité d'un tremblement insoutenable, il se dirige vers la première porte, par laquelle il est venu, et il disparaît dans l'escalier comme un fuyard.*

**Anne**

Léonard!... Il descend l'escalier. Léonard! Léonard! Mon Dieu! Comme il tremblait, devant la porte!

54

**Léonard**

Alexandre will be back soon... Will you tell him that you spoke with me?

**Anne**

No, no, forgive me! I should have not spoken with you. We must be silent.

**Léonard**

Anne, I shall return to see you and speak with you again. Right now, I don't know. I can't say for certain, but thank you, Anne. Farewell!

*Léonard turns towards the second door on the right, makes a gesture to open it; but stops suddenly, shaken by an unbearable fear. He turns to the first door on the left instead, disappearing down the stairs like a fugitive.*

**Anne**

Léonard!... He is going down the stairs. Léonard! Léonard! My God! How he trembled at the doorway.

**Scène 2**

*Par cette porte entre Hébé, toute effarée.*

**Hébé**

Vous appelez Léonard? Que se passe-t-il? Où est Léonard?  
Répondez, Anne. Où est mon frère?

**Anne**

N'ayez pas peur, Hébé; n'ayez pas peur.

**Hébé**

Pourquoi l'appellez-vous?

**Anne**

N'ayez pas peur. Il était ici, à l'instant. Il s'en est allé, je ne sais où. Je le rappelais, parce que l'envie m'était venue d'aller avec lui, là-bas. Mais il ne m'a pas entendue.

**Hébé**

J'ai eu peur. J'étais seule dans la chambre des trésors;

2

**Scene 2**

*Hébé enters through the same door, completely frightened.*

**Hébé**

You're calling for Léonard? What's going on? Where is he?  
Answer me, Anne. Where is my brother?

**Anne**

Don't be scared, Hébé.

**Hébé**

Why are you calling for him?

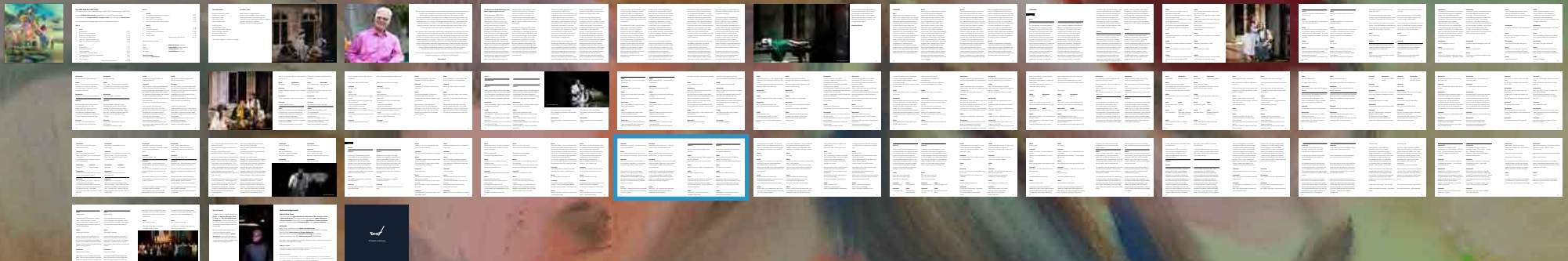
**Anne**

Don't be scared. He was just here. But he left. I don't know where. I was calling him back because I felt like going with him. But he didn't hear me.

**Hébé**

I was afraid. I was all alone in the room with the treasure.

55



j'étais près de Cassandre... Si vous les voyiez, le soir, ces masques d'or! Tout à coup, j'ai entendu votre voix d'angoisse, qui appelait mon frère, et j'ai eu peur.

**Anne**  
Enfant!

**Hébé**

J'ai peur; j'ai au fond de moi une peur continue, que je ne puis m'expliquer. Je voudrais fuir, je ne sais où... Dites-moi vous, dites-moi ce que je dois faire! Je remets mon âme entre vos mains qui sont saintes.

**Anne**  
N'aie pas peur. Ne crains rien. Personne, pauvre âme, ne te fera de mal. Je suis là: je veux te sauver. Aie confiance! Attends encore un peu!

**Hébé**  
Anne, Anne, je voudrais m'en aller avec vous très loin, rester toujours à vos pieds, être votre esclave fidèle,

I was near Cassandra... If you could see the golden masks tonight! All of the sudden, I heard your anguished voice, calling for my brother, and I got scared.

**Anne**  
My child!

**Hébé**

I'm afraid. I have a constant internal fear that I can't explain. I want to flee, but I don't know where... Tell me, Anne, tell me what I should do! I put my entire life in your holy hands.

**Anne**  
Don't be afraid. And do not fear. No one will harm you, my child. I am here and I will save you. Trust me. Just wait a little longer.

**Hébé**  
Anne, I would like to go away with you somewhere very far, and always stay by your side, to be your faithful servant,

vous garder comme on garde une image pieuse.  
Prier pour vous, mourir pour vous.

**Anne**  
Cher enfant!  
Tout votre sang et toutes vos larmes ne pourraient faire revivre un sourire! Toute la bonté du printemps ne pourrait faire reffleurir une plante blessée à la racine!

Aie foi en moi, Hébé, comme en une grande soeur partie doucement, parce qu'elle a tout compris et tout pardonné...  
Doucement, pas loin, pas trop loin. Et je veux m'en aller, Je serai encore belle, seule là-bas.

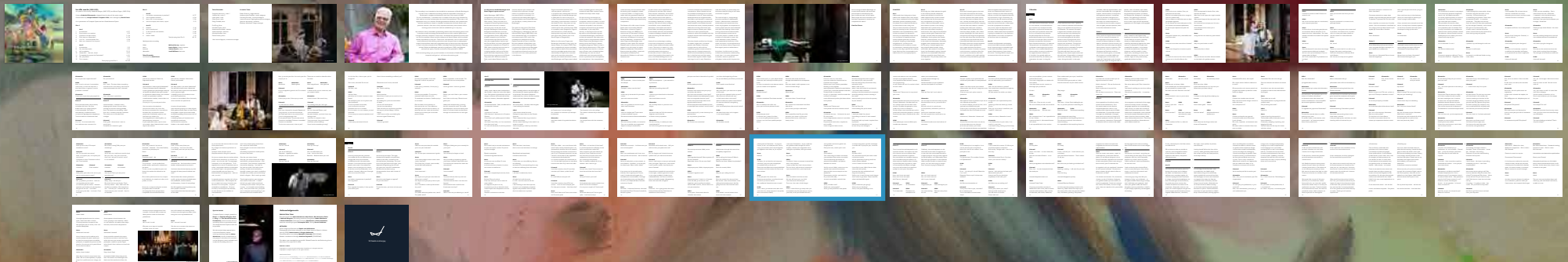
**Hébé**  
Anne, où allez-vous?  
Quelle est votre pensée?  
Anne, je suis pure! Rien n'est perdu.

to keep and protect you like one keeps a sacred relic. To pray for you, to die for you.

**Anne**  
My dear child!  
All your blood and all your tears could not revive a smile!  
All the goodness of spring could not make a plant reflower once it's been cut from its roots.

Have faith in me, Hébé, like an older sister who left quietly because she has understood and forgiven everything  
Softly now, it won't be too much longer. And I want to go there. There I shall be alone and beautiful again.

**Hébé**  
Anne, where are you going?  
What are you thinking?  
Anne, I am pure! Nothing is lost.



**Scène 3**

*Tout à coup Léonard réapparaît sur le seuil de l'escalier. Son aspect est celui d'un homme qui se contracte dans l'effort d'une résolution suprême. Ses yeux brillent sur sa pâleur terreuse, comme enflammés par la fièvre. En découvrant ce fantôme dans l'ombre, la jeune fille jette un grand cri, dans un mouvement de frayeur aveugle, comme si elle voulait se soustraire à quelqu'un venu pour l'entraîner.*

**Hébé**

Non, non! Je ne veux pas!  
Non, non! Je ne veux pas!  
Ah! C'est toi, Léonard!

**Léonard**

Je te fais peur.

**Hébé**

Je t'attendais.

**Léonard**

Tu m'attendais.

**Hébé**

Emmène-moi,  
emmène-moi!

58

3

**Scene 3**

*Suddenly, Leonard reappears on the threshold of the stairs. He appears as a man who has committed himself to a higher purpose. His eyes shine against his earthy pallor, as if inflamed by fever. Discovering a phantom in the shadows, Hébé screams loudly in a state of pure panic, as if she was trying to escape from someone trying to kidnap her.*

**Hébé**

No, no! I don't want to!  
No, no! I don't want to!  
Ah! It's you, Léonard!

**Léonard**

I frightened you.

**Hébé**

I was waiting for you.

**Léonard**

You were waiting  
for me.

**Hébé**

Take me away from  
here!

**Hébé**

Je ne résiste plus à ce supplice. Je te suivrai partout sans une plainte. Mais vite, vite! Ce soir même. Je ne peux plus vivre...

**Léonard**

Tu l'aimes donc! Dis combien l'aimes-tu? Éperdument?

**Hébé**

Oh!

**Léonard**

Et lui... il t'a dit qu'il t'aime? Quand te l'a-t-il dit?  
Réponds! Crois-tu qu'il t'aime sans remède?

**Hébé**

Ah! Que me demandes-tu!

**Léonard**

Tu es pure, n'est-ce pas, ma sœur?  
Et tu resteras pure.  
Tu ne connaîtras aucune honte...  
Viens!

**Hébé**

I can't stand this torture. I'll follow you anywhere without complaint. But quickly. Tonight even. I can't live this way...

**Léonard**

You love him then! Say it. Say how much you love him. Madly?

**Hébé**

Oh!

**Léonard**

And he... he's told you he loves you? When did he tell you?  
Answer me! Do you think he's hopelessly in love with you?

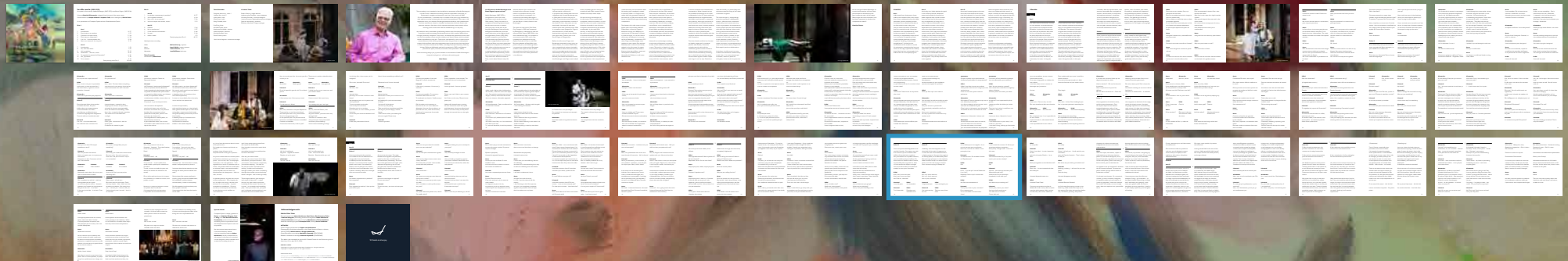
**Hébé**

Ah! What are you asking me?

**Léonard**

You're pure, aren't you, sister?  
And you shall remain pure.  
You will know no shame...  
Come with me!

59



**Hébé**

Je suis prête.

**Léonard**

Viens. Je te dirai... Je vais t'attendre, là-bas... près de la fontaine Perséia... Je te dirai...

**Hébé**

Mais que regardes-tu ainsi derrière moi?


**Léonard**

Rien, rien... Je vais t'attendre là-bas. Ne tarde pas.

*Léonard disparaît assez vite.*

**Hébé**

Léonard! Frère! Frère!

*Comme pour le découvrir dans le dédale de la ville morte, elle monte les marches de la terrasse. Mais, arrivée à la dernière, elle vacille, haletante,*

60

**Hébé**

I'm ready.

**Léonard**

Come. I will tell you... I shall wait for you, over there... near the Perseia fountain... That's where I'll tell you...

**Hébé**

But what are you looking at behind me?

**Léonard**

Nothing, nothing... I will wait for you over there. Don't be long.

*Léonard disappears quickly.*

**Hébé**

Léonard! Brother! Brother!

*As if she was discovering a maze in the dead city, Hébé climbs the steps up to the terrace. But when she reaches the last one, she falters, panting. She pauses,*

*s'appuie à la colonne et reste ainsi à regarder les ruines sous la cendre crépusculaire.*

*leaning against the column looking down at the ashen ruins in the twilight sky.*

4

**Hébé**

Vous me voyez, mes sœurs, voyez! Je m'abandonne, je bois mes derniers pleurs. O, ma douce Antigone, et toi, fauve Cassandre, apprêtez ma couronne! Je bois mes pleurs, je bois mon sang, je bois mon fiel, pour la dernière fois.

Je regarde le ciel qui emplissait l'aluette de son hymne immortel. Comme une pierre muette, elle gît dans le sillon et l'aube était sa fête!

J'ai chanté ma chanson. Or, comme toi, vivante, je vais à l'Achéron, Antigone, à la grande ombre qui tout endort, et j'aurai ta guirlande. J'aurai ton masque d'or scellé, ô Priamide, sur mon visage mort, dans ton sépulcre vide, pauvre fille de roi.

**Hébé**

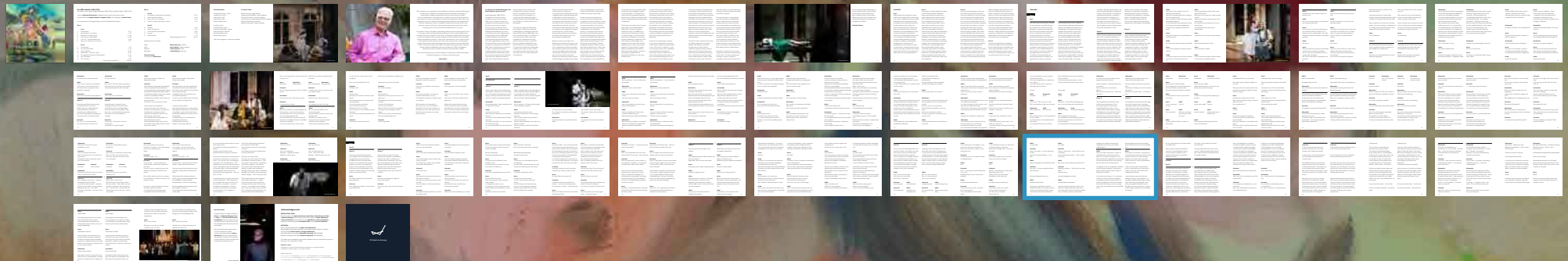
You see me, my sisters! I am giving up, I am drinking my last tears. Oh my sweet Antigone, and you, wild Cassandra, prepare my crown! I drink my tears, I drink my blood, I drink my bitterness, for the last time.

I look at the sky that the lark filled with its immortal hymn. Like a silent stone, it now lies in the trench and celebrates the dawn!

I have sung my song. Now like you, Antigone, living, I go to Acheron... to the great shadow where all go to sleep, and I shall wear your garland. I shall wear your golden mask, Oh Priam's daughter, upon my dead face, I shall lie in your empty sepulcher, poor daughter of the king.



61



O nuit, descends plus vite! Mes soeurs, accueillez-moi!

*Elle se laisse tomber au pied de la colonne, avec la légèreté muette d'une voile qui se replie; et ainsi repliée sur elle-même, elle pleure silencieusement.*

**Prelude**
**Act IV**

Sur le bord de la fontaine, près d'un buisson de myrtes, est le cadavre de Hébé. Les vêtements mouillés adhèrent aux membres rigides; les cheveux imprégnés d'eau entourent le visage comme des bandelettes; les bras sont allongés contre les flancs; les pieds sont joints comme des statues funéraires couchées sur les tombeaux. Alexandre, assis sur une pierre, les coudes appuyés aux genoux et les tempes serrées entre les paumes, regarde Hébé fixement, silencieux,

62

Oh night, come quickly! My sisters, welcome me!

*Letting herself fall at the foot of the column, Hébé gracefully folds herself like a ship's sail into the fetal position, and weeps silently.*

5

6

On the edge of the fountain, near a myrtle bush, lies Hébé's body. Wet clothes cling to her stiff limbs; water-soaked hair surrounds her face like bandages; her arms are stretched out against her sides; her feet are joined like those of funerary statues lying on top of tombs. Alexandre sits on a stone with his elbows resting on his knees and his temples pressed between his palms. Silent and frozen with fear, his eyes are fixed on Hébé's body. Léonard stands, leaning against

dans une effrayante immobilité. Léonard est debout, adossé contre un grand rocher auquel ses doigts s'accrochent crispés et désespérés, comme les doigts du naufrage à l'écueil qui émerge du gouffre. Dans le silence mortel, on entend le bruit de l'eau et le souffle du vent sur les myrtes. Tout à coup, Léonard se détache du rocher et va s'agenouiller près du cadavre de Hébé, en se courbant comme pour la toucher.

**Léonard**

Ne la touche pas! Ne la touche pas!

**Alexandre**

Non, non, je ne la toucherais pas. Elle t'appartient!

**Léonard**

Tu crois que je la profanerais, si je la touchais?

Non, non. Maintenant je suis pur, je suis entièrement pur...

a large rock, his fingers desperately clinging on to it like a shipwrecked man hanging on to a rock after emerging from a reef. In the deadly silence, one hears the sound of the fountain and the breath of the wind on the myrtles. Suddenly, Léonard detaches himself from the rock and kneels near his sister's corpse, bending down as if to touch her.

**Léonard**

Don't touch her!

**Alexandre**

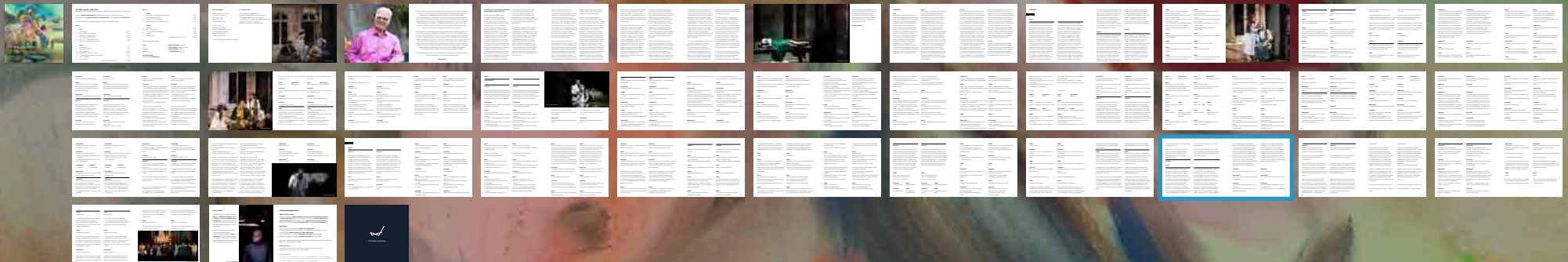
No, I won't touch her. She belongs to you!

**Léonard**

Do you think I would profane her, if I touched her?

No. Now I am pure, I am entirely pure.

63



7

**Léonard**

Si elle se levait maintenant, elle pourrait cheminer sur mon âme, comme sur la neige immaculée.

Si elle revivait, toutes mes pensées pour elle seraient comme les lis, comme les lis.

Ah! Quelle homme sur terre pourra jamais dire qu'il aime une créature comme j'aime celle-ci. Pas même toi, tu ne l'aimes pas comme je l'aime. Nul amour sur terre n'est égal au mien. Toute mon âme est un ciel pour cette morte.

Qui aurait fait ce que j'ai fait pour elle? Oui, tu l'as aimé avec toutes forces de la vie, car c'est ainsi qu'elle devait être aimée. Mais tu ne sais pas quelle était son âme. Toutes le bontés et les beautés de la terre, son âme les possédait toutes. Nulle créature sur terre ne pouvait lui être égalee.

64

**Léonard**

If she woke now she could float on my soul as if on immaculate snow.

If she came back, all of my thoughts for her would be as pure as lilies...

Ah, what man on earth could ever say he loved someone as I loved her. Not even you, no, not even you. You don't love her as I love her. No love on earth equals mine. My whole soul is heaven for this dead woman.

Who would have done what I did for her? Yes, you loved her with all of your might, for that is how she was meant to be loved. But you don't know what her soul was like. Her soul possessed all of the goodness and all the beauty on earth. Nothing in all creation equaled her.

*(Sursautant)*

Tout à l'heure, quand elle s'est penchée sur la source à boire... J'ai entendu la première gorgée d'eau qu'elle buvait. Il me semblait qu'elle buvait à mon cœur. Vide, vide et aveugle, je l'étais quand je me suis abattu sur elle. La mort était à mes épaules et me pressait avec ses genoux de fer. Le monde était détruit... Mille siècles... un instant!

Toute la sainteté de mon amour est rentrée dans mon âme comme un torrent de lumière! Regarde-la! Elle est parfaite; Or, elle peut être adorée comme une créature divine. Hébé! Hébé! A toi tout ce qui respandit et ce qui est pur.

O ma soeur! Ma soeur!... Ah! Ah! Ah!

Laisse-moi baiser ses pieds... Ses petits pieds...

*(Standing up)*

Just now, when she knelt down to drink from the spring, I heard the first gulp of water she drank. And it felt like she was drinking my heart. Empty, I was empty and blind when I took her from this place. Death was on my shoulders and urged me forward. And suddenly, the world was destroyed... A thousand centuries vanished!

All the sanctity of my love re-entered my soul like a torrent of light! Look at her! She is perfect; Now she can be adored as a holy figure. Hébé! Hébé! All that shines and is pure is now yours.

Oh my sister! My sister!... Ah! Ah! Ah!

Let me kiss her feet... Her little feet...

65



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 8
 

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**Alexandre**

Un pas! Il m'a semblé que je l'entendais, Là, sur le sentier... Écoute! Non... je me suis trompé, peut-être... C'est peut-être le vent entre les myrtes...

**Léonard**

Je ne sais... Mon coeur bat trop fort, m'étourdit les oreilles... Je ne perçois rien autre chose.

**Alexandre**

Maintenant, qu'allons-nous faire? Il faudra l'emporter d'ici. Où la porterons-nous? La porterons-nous à la maison? Mais Anne... Que pourrions-nous lui dire? Veux-tu rester ici, toi? Il faut la couvrir, l'envelopper... Je vais... Je vais prendre... le linceul... Veux-tu rester ici?

**Léonard**

Non! N'y va pas, ne me quitte pas! Restons ici encore.

66

**Alexandre**

A footstep! I thought I heard a footstep. There, on the path... Listen! No... Perhaps I was wrong... Perhaps it is just the wind blowing between the myrtles.

**Léonard**

I don't know... My heart is pounding, deafening my ears. I can't hear anything else.

**Alexandre**

Now what are we going to do? We have to take her away from here. But where? To the house? But Anne... What do we tell her? Do you want to stay here? We have to cover her and wrap her up... I'm going... I'm going to take... the cover... Do you want to stay here?

**Léonard**

No! Don't go! Don't leave me here! Let's just stay here.

**Alexandre**

Mais Anne... Quelqu'un vient, Quelqu'un s'approche... Oh! si c'était... Oh! Léonard!

Portons-la entre les myrtes.

Doucement! Doucement!

*Il s'incline pour soulever la morte du côté de la tête, tandis que Léonard s'incline pour la soulever du côté des pieds. Au même instant, on entend dans le sentier la voix de l'aveugle.*

**Anne**

Hébé!

*Les deux hommes laissent le cadavre et se redressent, pâles et raidis par l'épouvante, sans capacité de bouger.*

**Alexandre**

But what about Anne... Someone's coming, Someone's near... Oh! If it were... Oh! Léonard!

Let's take her over there to the myrtle bushes.

Gently now! Gently!

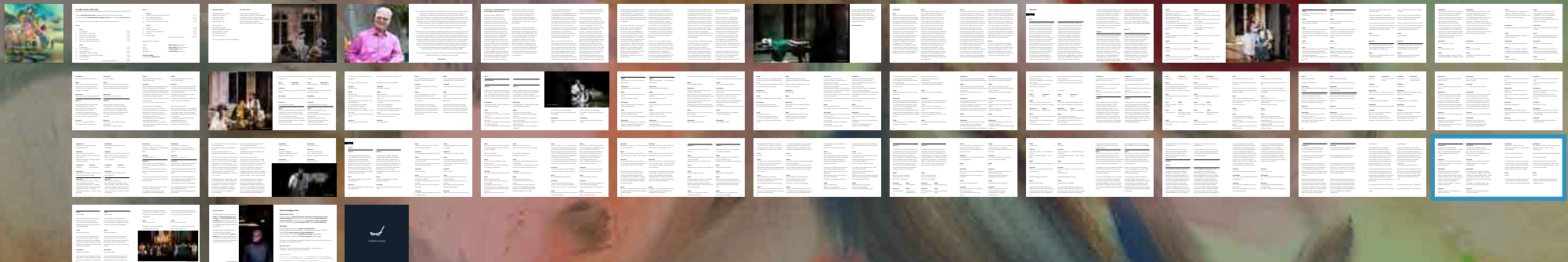
*Alexandre bends down to lift Hébé's head, while Léonard bends down to lift her feet. At the same time, Anne's voice is heard on the path.*

**Anne**

Hébé!

*The two men set the body down and stand up, pale and frozen with terror, unable to move.*

67



**Anne**  
Hébé! Hébé!

*L'aveugle apparaît entre les rochers, seule, tâtonnant dans l'ombre. Comme personne ne répond, elle fait quelques pas en avant, avec une anxiété désespérée.*

**Anne**  
Alexandre! Léonard!

*Anne s'avance vers le cadavre et le touche presque du pied, tandis que les deux hommes restent immobiles, paralysés, incapable de prononcer des paroles. Au moment où le pied d'Anne va toucher le cadavre.*

**Alexandre**  
Arrête, Anne! Arrête!

*Mais Anne a senti le corps inerte à ses pieds. Elle se courbe éperdue, et palpe jusqu'à ce qu'elle arrive au visage, aux*

**Anne**  
Hébé! Hébé!

*Anne appears alone between the rocks, groping in the shadows. When no one answers, she takes a few steps forward, with anxious desperation.*

**Anne**  
Alexandre! Léonard!

*Anne stumbles towards the corpse and almost touches it with her foot, while the two men remain motionless, paralyzed, unable to speak. Right when Anne's foot is about to touch the corpse...*

**Alexandre**  
Stop, Anne! Stop!

*Anne feels Hébé's body lying at her feet. She bends over distraught and feels until she reaches her face, her*

*cheveux encore imprégnés de l'eau mortelle. Un frisson dans toutes ses fibres passe à cause du froid sans précédente.*

**Anne**  
Ah! Je vois! Je vois!

*Elle jette un cri aigu où semble s'exhaler toute son âme.*

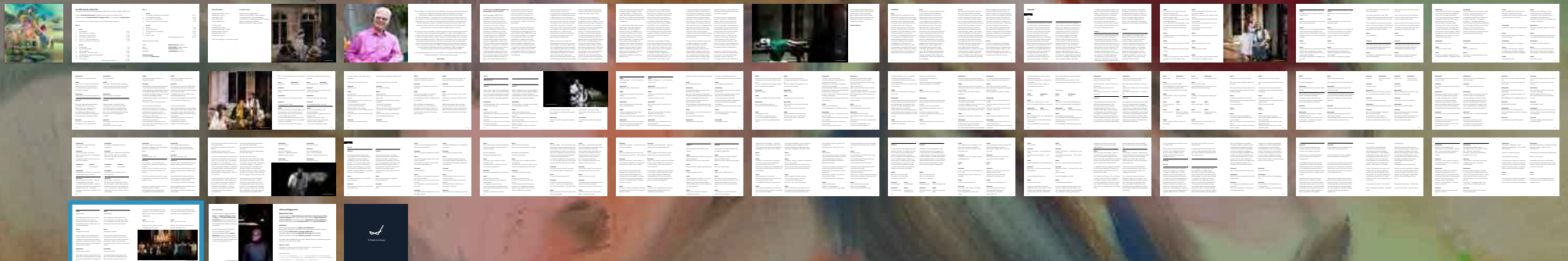
*hair still soaked in the deadly water. A shiver runs through every fiber of her being from the unparalleled chill.*

**Anne**  
Ah! I can see! I can see!

*She lets out a scream that seems to release her entire soul.*



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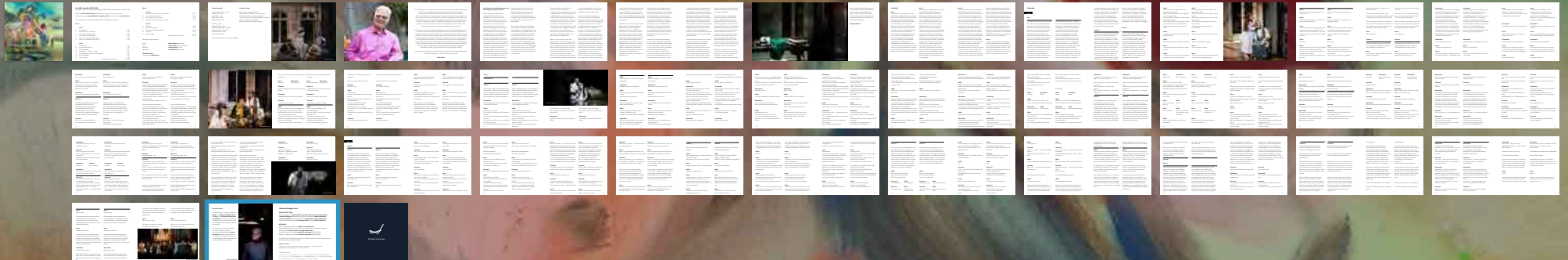
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