

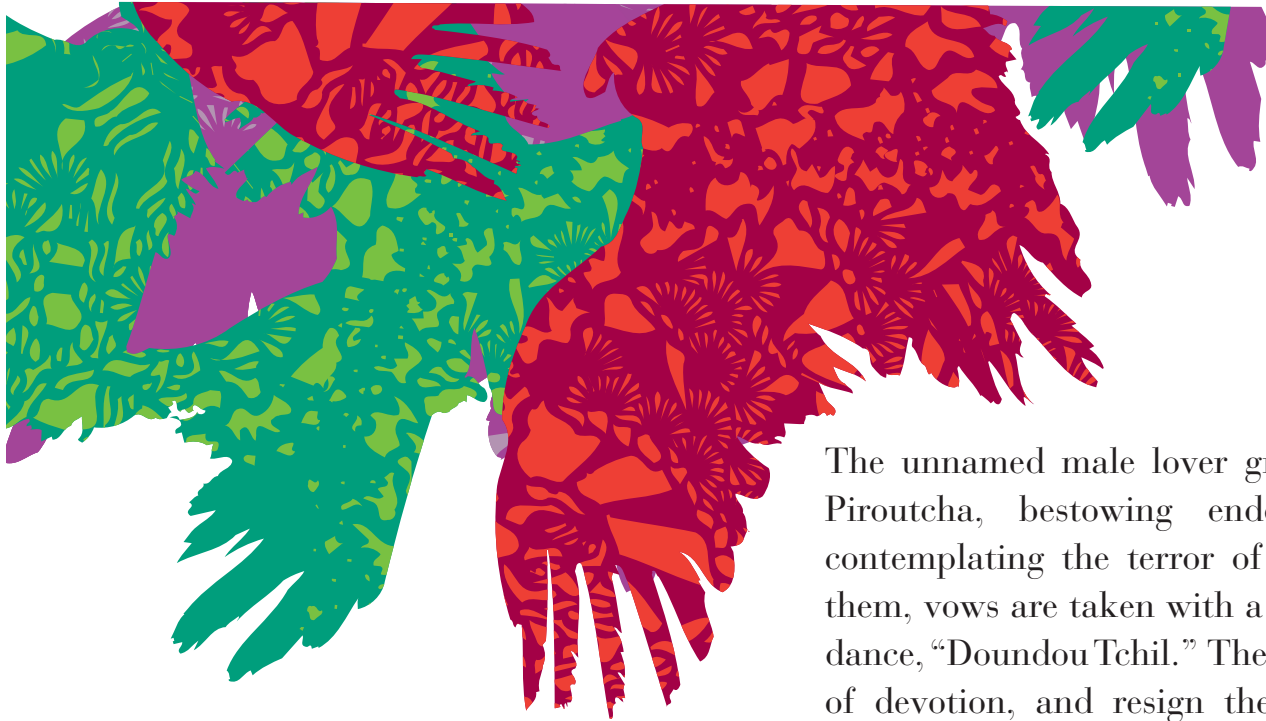


OLIVIER MESSIAEN

H A I R A W I

Tony Arnold **soprano**

Jacob Greenberg **piano**



The “solar chaos of vertigo.” Green dove, limpid pearl, shared shadow. These indelible images mark Olivier Messiaen’s *Harawi*, the last of his solo song cycles. Messiaen was inspired by Quechua love songs of the South American Andes, known as Harawi. These songs end with the deaths of lovers, and as Messiaen had long been obsessed by the Tristan legend, he immediately recognized similarities to Wagner’s *Liebestod*. In *Harawi*, Messiaen’s own poetic text describes lovers’ parallel cruel and ecstatic journey, on the other side of the world.

The unnamed male lover greets the female, Piroutcha, bestowing endearments. After contemplating the terror of the path before them, vows are taken with a ritual percussive dance, “Doundou Tchil.” The two sing a lullaby of devotion, and resign themselves to fate. In “Adieu,” *Harawi*’s centerpiece, the lovers embrace their physical deaths, and restate the affectionate images of their greeting. “Syllabes” evokes the Peruvian mythic Dance of the Apes, with onomatopoetic chanting. The lovers then breathlessly rush into the unknown, reciting colorful symbols, ending with the “love-star-bird” who sings with still, plaintive joy in the new dreamscape. The cycle finishes as the lovers merge with nature and the dark stars in heaven.

The solo piece *Cantéyodjayâ*, which serves as

an overture on this disc, presents a succession of varied Hindu rhythmic tropes that informed Messiaen's musical vocabulary in the 1940s and beyond. Each of these is labeled in the score, and the title trope provides connection between the episodes. The work is severe but also contains, in Messiaen's words, a "passionate nostalgia."

John von Rhein of the *Chicago Tribune* writes, "anything sung by soprano **Tony Arnold** is worth hearing." Hailed by the New York Times as "a bold and powerful interpreter," she has gained international acclaim for sparkling and insightful performances of the most daunting contemporary scores. With longtime collaborator Jacob Greenberg, Ms. Arnold took first prize in both the Gaudeamus International Interpreters Competition and the Louise D. McMahon International Music Competition. She has performed with the International Contemporary Ensemble, Chicago Symphony Orchestra MusicNOW, L.A. Philharmonic New Music Group, eighth blackbird, Boston Modern Orchestra Project, and many others. International festival appearances include Darmstadt (Germany), Cervantino (Mexico),

Luzern (Switzerland), Tongyeong (Korea), and SoundSCAPE (Italy), where she performs and teaches each summer. Since 2003 Ms. Arnold has served on the faculty of the University at Buffalo. In 2009 she was the Howard Hanson Visiting Professor of American Music at the Eastman School. Her numerous recordings appear on the Bridge, Naxos, and New Focus labels. www.screecher.com.

Pianist **Jacob Greenberg's** work as a soloist and chamber musician has earned worldwide acclaim. He is a longtime member of the International Contemporary Ensemble (ICE), with whom he has performed throughout North and South Americas and Europe. As the ensemble's Director of Education, he leads The Listening Room, an initiative in city public schools that teaches the materials of experimental music composition. Mr. Greenberg's solo concert series, Music at Close Range, shows his equal commitment to classics of the repertoire. In addition to his solo discs on New Focus Recordings, he has recorded for the Bridge, Naxos, Mode, Kairos, Centaur, Tzadik, and New Amsterdam labels. www.jacobgreenberg.net.

2 La ville qui dormait, toi

La ville qui dormait, toi.
Ma main sur ton coeur par toi.
Le plein minuit le banc, toi.
La violette double toi.
L'oeil immobile, sans dénouer ton regard,
moi.

3 Bonjour toi, colombe verte

Bonjour toi, colombe verte,
Retour du ciel.
Bonjour toi, perle limpide,
Départ de l'eau.
Étoile enchaînée,
Ombre partagée,
Toi, de fleur, de fruit, de ciel et d'eau,
Chant des oiseaux.
Bonjour,
D'eau.

4 Montagnes

Rouge-violet, noir sur noir.
L'antique inutile rayon noir.
Montagne, écoute le chaos solaire du
vertige.
La pierre agenouillée porte ses maîtres
noirs.
En capuchons serrés les sapins se hâtent
vers le noir.
Gouffre lancé partout dans le vertige.
Noir sur noir.

2 The village that slept, you

The city that slept, you.
My hand on your heart by you.
In the dead of the night the bench, you.
The double violet, you.
The motionless eye, with fixed gaze, me.

3 Hello there, you green dove

Hello there you green dove,
Back from heaven.
Hello there, you limpid pearl,
Off to the water.
Fettered star,
Shared shadow,
You, of flower, of fruit, of sky and of
water,
Song of the birds.
Hello,
Of water.

4 Mountains

Purple-red, black on black.
The ancient, useless black ray.
Mountain, listen to the solar chaos of
vertigo.
The kneeling stone bears its black masters.
The fir-trees in their tight hoods hurry
towards darkness.
Abysm hurled everywhere towards the
vertigo.
Black on black.

5 Doundou Tchil

Doundou tchil...
Piroutcha te voilà, ô mon àmoi,
la danse des étoiles, doundou tchil.
Piroutcha te voilà, ô mon àmoi,
miroir d’oiseau familier, doundou tchil.
Arc-en-ciel, mon souffle, mon écho,
ton regard est revenu, tchil, tchil.
Piroutcha, te voilà, ô mon àmoi
mon fruit léger dans la lumière, doundou
tchil.
Toungou, mapa, nama, kahipipas...
Doundou tchil...

6 L’Amour de Piroutcha

(La Jeune Fille)
“Toungou, ahi, toungou,
toungou, berce, toi,
ma cendre des lumières,
berce ta petite en tes bras verts.
Piroutcha, ta petite cendre, pour toi.”

(Le Jeune Homme)
“Ton oeil tous les ciels, doundou tchil.
Coupe-moi la tête doundou tchil.
Nos souffles, nos souffles, bleu et or.
Ahi! Ahi!
Chaînes rouges, noires, mauves, amour, la
mort.”

5 Doundou Tchil

Doundou tchil...
Piroutcha here you are, o my own, mine,
the dance of the stars, doundou tchil.
Piroutcha here you are, o my own, mine,
mirror of a familiar bird, doundou tchil.
Rainbow, my breath, my echo,
your gaze has returned, tchil, tchil.
Piroutcha, here you are, o my own, mine,
my featherweight fruit in the light, doundou
tchil.
Toungou, mapa, nama, kahipipas...
Doundou tchil...

6 Piroutcha’s Love

(The Young Girl)
“Toungou, ahi, toungou,
toungou, lull, you,
my ash of lights,
lull your small girl in your green arms.
Piroutcha, your own little ash, for you.”

(The Young Man)
“Your eye, all the heavens, doundou tchil.
Cut my head off, doundou tchil.
Our breaths, our breaths, blue and gold.
Ahi! Ahi!
Chains of red, black, mauve, love, death.”

7 Répétition Planétaire

Ahi! Ahi!
Mapa, nama, lila, tchil...
Mapa nama lila, mika pampahika...

Enfourche un cri noir,
Écho noir du temps,
Cri d'avant la terre à tout moment,
Écho noir du temps,
Escalier tournant.
Tourbillon, étoile rouge, tourbillon
Planète mange en tournant.

8 Adieu

Adieu toi, colombe verte,
Ange attristé.
Adieu toi, perle limpide,
Soleil gardien.
Toi, de nuit, de fruit, de ciel de jour,
Aile d'amour.

Adieu toi, lumière neuve,
Philtre à deux voix.
Étoile enchaînée,
Ombre partagée,
Dans ma main mon fruit de ciel, de jour,
Lointain d'amour.

Adieu toi, mon ciel de terre,
Adieu toi, désert qui pleure,
miroir sans souffle d'amour,
De fleur, de nuit, de fruit, de ciel, de jour,
Pour toujours.

7 Planetary repetition

Ahi! Ahi!
Mapa, nama, lila, tchil...
Mapa nama lila, mika pampahika...

Mount a black scream,
Black echo of time,
Scream before earth at any moment,
Black echo of time,
Spiral staircase.
Whirlwind, red star, whirlwind,
Planet eating while it revolves.

8 Farewell

Farewell to you, green dove,
Saddened angel.
Farewell to you, limpid pearl,
Guardian sun.
You of the night, the fruit, the sky, the day,
Wing of love.

Farewell, you new light,
Two-voiced love-potion.
Fettered star,
Shared shadow,
In my hand my fruit of the sky, of the day,
Distant of love.

Farewell to you, my earthly heaven,
Farewell to you, weeping desert,
Mirror with no breath of love,
Of flower, of night, of fruit, of sky, of day,
Forever.

9 Syllabes

Colombe, colombe verte,
Le chiffre cinq à toi,
La violette double doublera,
Tres loin, tout bas.

O mon ciel tu fleuris,
Piroutcha mia!
O déplions du ciel,
Piroutcha mia!
O fleurissons de l'eau,
Piroutcha mia!

Kahi pipas, mahi pipas...
Pia pia pia pia... doundou tchil...
Tout bas.

10 L'Escalier redit, gestes du soleil

Il ne parle plus, l'escalier sourit,
Chaque marche vers le sud.
Du ciel, de l'eau, du temps, l'escalier du
temps.
Son oeil est désert, lumière en secret.
Pierre claire et soleil clair.
De l'eau, du temps, du ciel, l'escalier du
ciel.

Ma petite cendre tu es là,
tes tempes vertes, mauves, sur de l'eau.
Comme la mort. L'oeil de l'eau.

L'escalier redit, gestes du soleil,

9 Syllables

Dove, green dove,
The figure five for you,
The double-violet will double,
Very far away, in a low voice.

O my heaven, you bloom,
Piroutcha mia!
O, let's unfold a piece of sky,
Piroutcha mia!
O let's flower a bloom of water,
Piroutcha mia!

Kahi pipas, mahi pipas...
Pia pia pia pia... doundou tchil...
In a low voice.

**10 The Staircase Retold, Gestures
of the Sun**

It speaks no more, the staircase smiles,
Each steps towards the South.
Of sky, water, time – the staircase of time.
Its eye is barren, light in secret.
Clear stone and clear sun.
Of water, time, sky – the staircase of the sky.

My little ash, there you are,
your temples green and mauve, on the water,
Like death. The eye of water.

The stairway retold, gestures of the sun,
Color of new silence.

Couleur de silence neuf.
De l'eau, du temps, du ciel, l'escalier
du ciel.
J'attends dans le vert étoilé d'amour.
C'est si simple d'être mort.
Du temps, du ciel, de l'eau, l'escalier
de l'eau.

Ma petite cendre tu es là,
tes tempes vertes, mauves, sur du
temps.
Comme la mort. L'oeil du temps.

Du ciel, de l'eau, du temps,
Ton oeil présent qui respire.
De l'eau, du temps, du ciel,
Le coeur de h'horloge folle.
La mort est là, ma colombe verte,
La mort est là, ma perle limpide,
La mort est là.
Nous dormons loin du temps dans ton
regard.
Je suis mort.

L'eau dépassera nos têtes,
Soleil gardien.
Le feu mangera nos souffles,
Philtre à deux voix.
Nos regards d'un bout à l'autre
Vus par la mort.
Inventons l'amour du monde
Pour nous chercher,
pour nous pleurer,

Of water, time, sky – the staircase of the
sky.
I wait in the greenness, studded with
love-stars.
It is so simple to be dead.
Of time, sky, water – the staircase of the
water.

My little ash, there you are,
your temples green and mauve, on time.
Like death. The eye of time.

Of the sky, of water, of time,
Your present eye that breathes.
Of water, of time, of the sky,
The heart of the mad clock.
Death is there, my green dove,
Death is there, my limpid pearl,
Death is there.
We are sleeping far from time, in your
gaze.
I am dead.

The water will rise above our heads,
Guardian sun.
The fire will eat up our breaths,
Two-voiced love potion.
Our gazes from one end to the other
Seen by death.
Let's invent the love of the world
To look for each other,
to weep for each other,

pour nous rêver,
pour nous trouver.
Du ciel, de l'eau, du temps,
ton coeur qui bat,
mon fruit, ma part de ténèbres,
tu es là, toi.
L'amour, la joie!

Le silence est mort, embrasse le temps.
Le soleil aux cris joyeux.
Du temps, du ciel, de l'eau, l'escalier
de l'eau.
La gaieté fleurit dans les bras du ciel.
Éventail en chant d'oiseau.
Du ciel, de l'eau, du temps, l'escalier
du temps.

Ma petite cendre tu es là,
tes tempes vertes, mauves, sur du ciel,
tes tempes sur du ciel.
Comme la mort.
L'oeil du ciel.

11 Amour oiseau d'étoile

Oiseau d'étoile,
Ton oeil qui chante,
Vers les étoiles,
Ta tête à l'envers sous le ciel.

Ton oeil d'étoile,
Chaînes tombantes,
Vers les étoiles,
Plus court chemin de l'ombre au ciel.

to dream of each other,
to find each other.
Of the sky, of water, of time,
your beating heart,
my fruit, my share of darkness,
you are there, you.
Love, bliss!

Silence is dead, embrace time.
The sun with its merry cries.
Of time, sky, water – the staircase of water.
Gaiety blooms in the arms of the sky.
Fan in the shape of birdsong.
Of sky, water, time – the stairway of time.

My little ash, there you are,
your temples green, mauve, on the sky,
your temples on the sky.
Like death.
The eye of the sky.

11 Love–Star–Bird

Star-bird,
Your eye that sings,
Towards the stars,
Your head upside down under the sky.

Your star-like eye,
Drooping chains,
Towards the stars,
Shortest way from the shadow to the sky.

Tous les oiseaux des étoiles,
Loin du tableau mes mains chantent,
Étoile, silence augmenté du ciel.

Mes mains, ton oeil, ton cou, le ciel.

12 Katchikatchi les étoiles

Katchikatchi les étoiles, faites-les sauter,
Katchikatchi les étoiles, faites-les danser.
Katchikatchi les atomes, faites-les sauter,
Katchikatchi les atomes, faites-les danser.

Les nébuleuses spirales, mains de mes
cheveux.
Les électrons, fourmis, flèches, le silence
en deux.
Alpha du Centaure, Bételgeuse,
Aldébaran,
Dilataz, l'espace arcenciel tapageur
du temps,
Rire ionisé fureur d'horloge au meurtre
absent,
Coupez ma tête, son chiffre roule dans le
sang!

Tou, ahi! mané mani...
O, Roule dans le sang... Ahi!

All the star-birds,
Far from the picture my hands sing,
Star, enlarged silence of the sky.

My hands, your eye, your neck, the sky.

12 Katchikatchi the stars

Katchikatchi the stars, make them leap,
Katchikatchi the stars, make them dance.
Katchikatchi the atoms, make them jump,
Katchikatchi the atoms, make them dance.

The spiral nebulas, hands of my hair.
The electrons, ants, arrows, the silence
cleft in two.
Alpha Centauri, Betelgeuse, Aldebaran,
Dilate the space, flashy rainbow of time,
Ionized laughter fury of the clock absent
of murder,
Cut off my head, this figure rolls off into
the blood!

Tou, ahi! mané mani...
O, Rolls off into the blood... Ahi!

13 Dans le noir

Dans le noir, colombe verte.
Dans le noir, perle limpide.
Dans le noir, mon fruit de ciel, de jour,
Lointain d'amour.
Mon amour, mon souffle!
Colombe, colombe verte,
Le chiffre cinq à toi,
La violette double, doublera,
Très loin, tout bas...
La ville qui dormait...

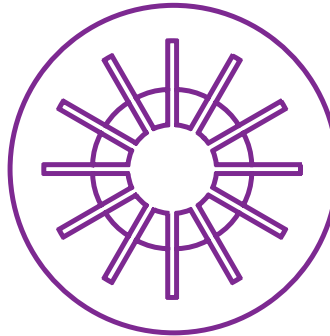
13 In the dark

In the dark, green dove.
In the dark, limpid pearl.
In the dark, my fruit of the sky, of the day,
Far from love.
My love, my breath!
Dove, green dove,
The figure five for you,
The double-violet will double,
Very far away, in a low voice...
The city that slept...

--Translator unknown

Producer: Jacob Greenberg
Session Producers: Ryan Streber (*Cantélyodjayâ*, *Harawi*),
Kevin McFarland and Daniel Lippel (*Harawi*)
Editing Producer: Jacob Greenberg
Recording Engineer: Ryan Streber www.oktavenaudio.com
Digital Editing, Mixing, Post-Production: Ryan Streber
Piano Technician: Arlan Harris www.arlanharris.com
CD Design: Jill Malek www.jillmalek.com
Photography: Gus Powell www.guspowell.com

All works recorded at Oktaven
Audio, Yonkers, NY.
Cantélyodjayâ recorded
August 24, 2011; *Harawi*
recorded December 17-19, 2012.
Steinway piano.



Editions: Universal Edition
(*Cantélyodjayâ*), Alphonse
Leduc (*Harawi*)

Special thanks to Hinda Greenberg, David Greenberg, Ryan Streber, Jessica Slaven,
Daniel Lippel, Kevin McFarland, Claire Chase, ICE, Jeffrey Ferraiuolo, and
Matthew Coulet. This recording was aided by generous fiscal sponsorship from
the New York Foundation for the Arts.

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(New Focus 127)



OLIVIER MESSIAEN (1908-1992)

1 *Cantéyodjayâ* for piano (1948) 13:39

Harawi: Song of Love and Death, for soprano and piano (1945)

2 La ville qui dormait, toi 2:18

3 Bonjour toi, colombe verte 3:15

4 Montagnes 3:08

5 Doundou tchil 3:56

6 L'amour de Piroutcha 3:54

7 Répétition Planétaire 6:55

8 Adieu 7:53

9 Syllabes 5:54

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11 Amour oiseau d'étoile 5:07

12 Katchikatchi les étoiles 2:00

13 Dans le noir 7:17

Total time 70:24.

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