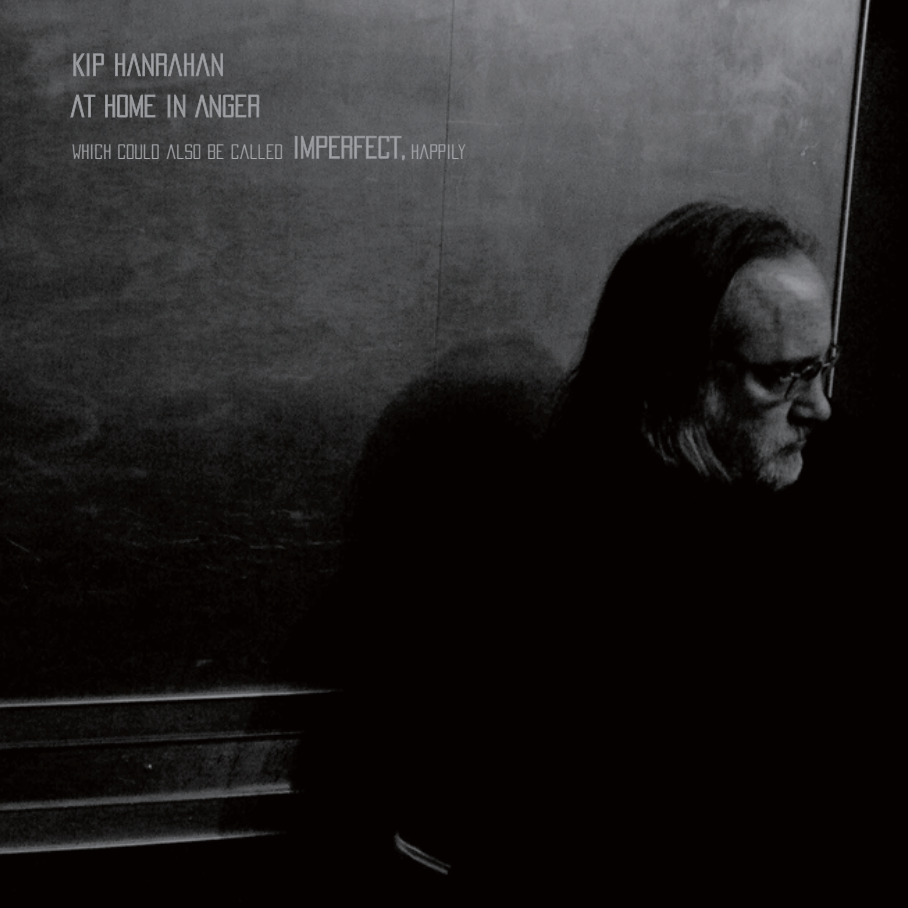


KIP HANRAHAN
AT HOME IN ANGER

WHICH COULD ALSO BE CALLED IMPERFECT, HAPPILY

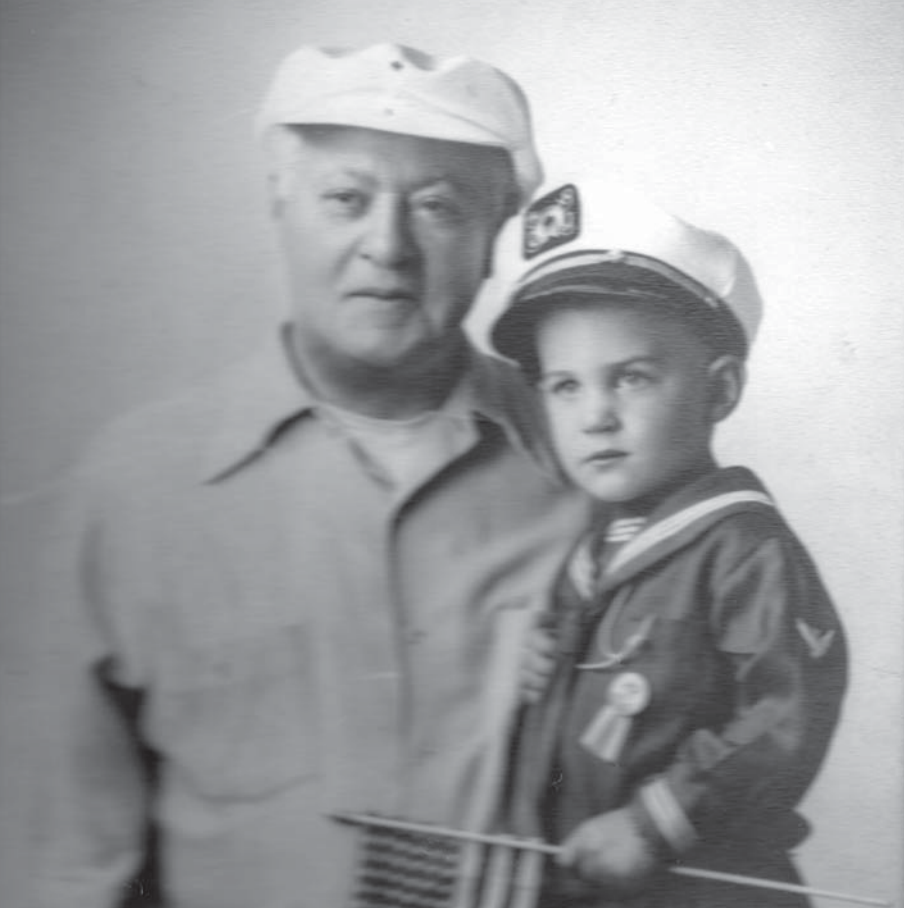


american clavé
CHANNEL

アメリカン・クラヴエの情報番組をはじめます。

KIP本人、メンバーへのインタビューはもちろん、
新譜、未発表、発表済みの音源を使ったラジオ、また、ライブ動画などもアップ。
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<http://www.youtube.com/user/eweclave>



この写真で僕の祖父が抱いている子供の表情を見るに、この子の表情には何もない、彼の瞳には、何かしらの考えや、闇の生への何かしらの期待や、これから彼を掴んでその狂乱の中に投げ込もうとする光の幻想を匂わせるものなど何もない、と僕は書きたい。しかし、本当にそれが全く彼の瞳にはないと確信も、僕にはない。割れたガラス窓の寒い冬、情緒不安定な母親、監獄にいる父親。体で考えるあのスリル(それは今も絶えず夢の中で再浮上するのだが)、サッカーをやる時、女の子と遊ぶ時、初めてのキスや、口の後ろに彼女の舌が来た時の電気ショックや、ナイフの喧嘩や、美術学校、ラジカルな政治、アートに於けるラジカルな政治、アルジェリア、インド、モザンビーク、刑務所、詩、ナンシーとリージャ、そして生涯の友たち、恐怖の瞬間、音楽の中にある光と解放の変わらぬ約束。そして音楽が、怒りの聴覚イメージや、飽くことのない激しい心の動きにその姿を変えながら、一つの秩序を成すという変わらぬ約束。それらが、あの子供の目に全くなかったかどうか。ただ未来の出来事を思い描くだけでなく、理解できぬまま、続くその後の人生に出来事が次々と開陳していくのを、そしてそれらへの彼の関与を、いや大方は彼の先導を、見てはいないか。暗がりの彼の心地よさ。僕はあの瞳の裏側にいたことも覚えていない。覚えているのは、あの写真はフォーダム・ストリートで撮ったことだけだ。

祖父の目は、読むのはもうちょっと簡単だ。子供のもっとも多感な時期を、僕は彼と暮らしたし、ある意味僕らは互いを通して生きていた。彼の目には、マルキシストがいる、生涯彼が精魂捧げた労働者のユートピアが、生きているうちに実現する可能性から退いていくのが見える。僕には見える、資本の人間関係への介在に憤りながら生きることへの彼の冷やかかな諦め、残る人生をブロンクス、一生涯愛想つかされ続けた力の中心の外で、暮らすことへの彼の諦めが。苦々しさこそ見えないが、怒りという安らぎの家、彼の発したユーモア、暮らしで身に付いた糧になる習慣、そして、終にやってきた永遠の流浪の死。そうだ、祖父は生地にして後進の忌々しい記憶の街、サマルカンドから出てきたのだった。このアメリカ国旗には(写真屋が小道具にと僕にくれたのか?)、さすがに笑わせられたに違いない、怒りが心地いい彼の目に和やかさがある。

All English text written, composed by Kip Hanrahan

1. Vida Sin Miel

Vida sin miel
no es vida para reir
no es vida por quien crecer
no es vida para vivir
no es vida

Vida sin miel
no es vida por quien nacer
no es vida para sentir
no es vida por quien vivir
no es vida

Yo quiero hacer muchas cosas
cosas bonitas que crecen
y contemplar mis amigos
como contemplo a los peces
era cualquier cosa por ver tu sonrisa
Una abejita se posa
entre las flores que crecen
y nos ragalan su vida
por el placer de quererte
un beso de vida y otro en la mejilla

Vida sin miel
No hay vida sin miel
Vida sin miel
No hay vida sin miel
Vida sin miel
No hay vida sin miel
Vida sin miel
No hay vida sin miel

Vida sin miel
No hay vida sin miel

Vida sin miel
No hay vida sin miel
Vida sin miel
No hay vida sin miel
Vida sin miel
No hay vida sin miel

Vida sin miel

2. Gift (No Woman Knows)

beginning:
Lying alone on the bed
with her long hair tangled
she burns for the smell and weight
of the one who first touched it

at a different part of the morning
as I was walking through the heat
I stopped and laughed at the joke G-d gave us
a joke and gift, (almost) too sweet

no woman knows how really beautiful they are
no female in the entire world
passing every resented mirror
they curse the imperfect girl

no woman knows how perfect they are
with each bit of soul they see on their face
it's a gift for us guys, you know
perpetuates this human race

lying alone on the bed
she burns for the one who first touched her

what a gift G-d's given us guys
we should both laugh and cry

2

since her body is forgotten by the one
who had promised to come
she herself, lying there
wonders, and doubts, if her body still exists

no woman knows how beautiful she is
no woman doesn't scowl at those earlobes, those eyebrows
no woman sees the perfection, G-d's perfection
each woman's sexual differences

yeah, it's G-d's gift to us guys
without it, they'd never bother with us
and G-d's gift to women
is the power to be blind to so much of us

no woman sees how graceful she is
no woman sees the stunning beauty
no woman really sees how perfect she is
no woman

since her body is forgotten by one
she no longer believes in it
it's G-d's joke for us guys
and it's a beautiful, sad, sweet gift

ending:

look at the dusk light gathering
it doesn't appear, it was here all along
like the way my hand craves the slope of your skin
like my breath forms this music (song?)

like the night confessing it's secrets
she fucks with the rhythm of the dusk

no woman can grasp how beautiful they are
and loving them, I'm half crying

I have a daughter, I love my wife.... there are tears...

look at the dusk dusk and heat gathering
it doesn't really appear, it was here
like the way my hand craves the scent of your skin
like my breath forms this evening

like the light confessing it's secrets
she sighs with the rhythm of the sunset

no female gets how beautiful they are...

3. Another Autumn Forms

another autumn formed into her life
as it swept through the city street nights

and she felt it more in the quality of the gold light
than in the slight frost on her walls and her skin

yeah, another season in which she'd use her shadows
to fight against the dark, kinda'

and as the guy laughed into her body
a thousand dancers were released in her pulse

and there was this song (a beautiful minor key) waiting in her breath
for the right laughing guy to release

y'know, she said to her friend
half the world needs to hear calm in ordered songs

in which every note's in the illusion of place

and half the world needs to hear itself in dissonance
a musical truth made of rhythmic cross talk, gorgeous mistakes,
glass braking from
the streets, voices from the next apartment, a truthful, cluttered song....
people like me...

4. Como en Vietnam

Está bien querer los colores del amanecer
aun sabiendo que el día siguiente te va a romper
como en Vietnam

solo me dejaría
como en Vietnam
rota y herida
para que vea el mundo

quería olvidar pero
dejó un anillo en la bañera

las guitarras a lo lejos se dejan
y me quedo aquí, con frío

no gritan a los ratas en poder
hay que aprender a engañarlas
aprender a engañarlas manteniendote con lo tuyo
verdadero

quería dejarme rota
como en Vietnam
dejarme herida
para que vea el mundo
cuanto daño deja
cuando se echa

podemos rompernos

5. No Baby (1)

No Baby (repeat)

6. The Savage Dawn In Her Glance (Music and Autobiography)

1

The way she wears the knowledge of the savage dawn in her glance
Oh.. that woman's look..
so much music in each word she didn't say
so much music in the way she didn't say them

(bridge)

music of the congas
coming from the park down the street
more music in the distance
than in the palm on the skin
music from the piano
coming from down the hall
more music from the way it comes through the walls
than in the playing

keeping watch for the savage dawn
sheltered by the music of her touch

2

no music can be fiction
she whispered to the night
and the grace of her movement
like that of all women and girls
proved that she was right

music in the dissonance
that forms the truth
music in cross rhythms
that collide and don't reconcile
music in the edges
that refuse their names
music in the verbs
that she shakes from silence

keeping watch for the savage dawn
comforted by the music of her sweat

I can give myself to her
in her own music
singing into her ear and dreams
as she sleeps so sweetly

music of the congas
coming from the park down the street
more music in the distance
than in the palm on skin
music from the TV
in the next apartment
more music from the way the couple screams
at each other

waiting, laughing for the judgemental dawn
lying in the music of her legs

ending:

more music in the subway nights
than in swallowed scales
more music in the patience
of your calm, moving fingers

she said she needed
to make a music that quoted nothing from before
something moving moonward
in the shape of the sea
I laughed and said
I didn't understand what she meant
but I did

7. Sueños da Vida Colonial (Dreams of a Colonial Life)

lyrics by Kip Hanrahan and Roberto Poveda

stories of stories of a colonial life
are really dreams of a life that's coming, later,
everywhere, a life stumbling forward
with the bill and the final accounting that comes and goes
and that doesn't know where it will be in the rest that goes on
sometimes the flow is different from what you think
and so is the bill, and the accounting.
Reality could be a dream that progresses on the skin
it's a dream that can be far from you at the same time
far from the immensity
Reality could be a dream that goes on by itself, alone
in the way it starts, ends, begins again,
in the mark left by a glass of beer on the table top
that fades away, disappears, a smiling ghost...
and when it ends, you get the bill...

So, she tells me this in the deepest blue day
and in that deep blue is a woman who knows the moon's tears.
And she knows how to weigh the dreams of that sleep in the
deepest blue day,
like the dreams of a colonial life,
one that's coming, later, or now...

bellow is the words sung by Roberto in Spanish:

Cuentos de cuentos
de la vida colonial
sueños de vida
que va más allá
donde quiera avansa la vida
la cuenta y el cuño final del pasado
que va y que viene y que va
y que no sabe donde estará en
el pasado que va

A menudo la cosa
suelen ser distinta de
lo que piensas tú
la realidad
es un sueño que va
sobre la piel
es un sueño que está
lejos de ti
lejos de la inmensidad
la realidad es un sueño que va
solo

todo se empieza
todo termina
todo comienza
en la huella que queda, que queda
que pasa y que vuela
al terminar
una cuenta pasar
solo

8. Kuduro of Assassins and Laughter

So, the deserted wrecks of the General Motors, and the other factories in Detroit are like the deserted crusader forts in the Middle East
"yeah, the same physical echoes of dark movement", she said...

so, they can take whatever they can name
so, they can take whatever they understand
but they can't take what they don't understand
they can't take my laughing at them

they can take my drums
they can take my property
they can take my friends
they can take my freedom to move

but they can't take my laughing at them
and if I think in gold
I'll be steel

So Negro returns home and the Cuban customs guy and sneers "Welcome home, MISTER", not "Welcome home, Compadre" and Alredo returns home and the customs guy laughs "Welcome home PROFESSOR", no longer "Compadre"...
"and where have you been? Professor?"
"where have you been, PROFESSOR?"

9. Obviously Spring (Evora)

Stop smelling like sex
stop moving like sex
she called from the balcony
and laughed

don't come up the stairs
don't find that my room's unlocked
my sweet

she laughed in spite at the dark
before I entered her room
and when she stroked at my skin
no longer had skin

she made the night breathe for us
she made the night breathe with us
and rhythm
the dark
with us
with sex
with us

stop breathing like sex

as I drank from her neck
like the reason lying here
can't stop laughing at the dark

we made the darkness move slow
we had the night move for us
we had the room sweat for us
we made the time bend for us
we made the night breathe with us
we made the night sweat for us
we made the time bend with our dreams

10. You Play With The Night With Your Fingertips

you play with the night with your fingertips
close to the dark fire
the sea of love's not a sea of water
it's a sea of dark fire

when we'll dive into the sea of love
it'll welcome us with loving arms
it burns away all time and fear
it burns away all names and words

it burns away tomorrow and today
it burns away everything
but our sweat to keep us cool
except our sweat to keep us

we lie on the beach of the sea of love
it's a sea of dark fire
we roll with the tide as it kisses our skin
and invites us to dive

a sea of dark fire
sea of love

the sea of love doesn't wash things away
it cleans by burning
names, words, today, tomorrow,
sea of dark, embracing fire

the moon sees it's reflection on the sea of dark flames
and wonders why it feels so at home
sea of dark flames

moon sees it's reflections
in the sea
and wonders why it feels so at home
in dark flames

she won't know what she'll find down there
under the waves of heat and surrender
but everything will be just right
everything else will have been burned away

as you watch the dancers on the floor
they move their hips with the rhythms of the waves
but they're not the waves of water
they're the waves of the sea of love
the sea of dark fire

11. Unfinished Dawn

there
along your pulse
along the muscle - your heart
there's a long scar -
the rest of you is perfect

put your arms around me
together, we'll outsleep the darkness
out sleep the night...

12. At Home in the Night

If he comes from hell
you can't frighten him with ashes
The Cuban customs guy laughs at the Cuban passport
"Welcome home, MISTER!"
no longer "Comrade"
laughs the real traitor to the revolution
but it doesn't really matter

While here in New York
the Jinns run in night gangs
and beat up the angels
for not committing the right crimes
and if we come from ashes
you can't frighten us with hell
but they're the real traitors to the possibilities
but it doesn't really matter

While lovers in the air
fly above the city
with the night at our feet
and sweat on our lips
but we're really OK,
no, we're not really OK. . . .

On a moonless night,
your smile reflects the moonlight,
and the crimes the angels showed us
taught us to fly within the night
but stay within the night

To fly away, like shadows in the night
like lovers at home in the night. . .

But we still have Eric Dolphy, Chico Buarque, Lou Reed,
Pannalal Ghosh,
and we know we're not alone in the night
But if we come from ashes,
you can't frighten us with "hell"

and if we come from hell,
you can't frighten us with ashes
you know

13. War News From Inside the City

Their war and their peace are almost the same thing
to us down here
I know, 'cause either I heard if from my grandfather
or I read it in the evening heat
or it was apparent in the night
and the bed between us

hey, each war is really a war against women and children
you know that all the time

and in this city from which the rich have already escaped
and their pedigree dogs now howl and rip up the streets

and the kids show that they're strong
by hating themselves with even more intensity than power does
and the street kids show they're stronger
by destroying themselves with even greater strength than the
power can...

isn't that right, Xiomara?

so, in towards the end,
we make this music, these songs,
to prove that the heart is close
but the world is closer

and we show our teeth at it
and we curse at it's closeness,
and we're proud of our defiance
but we still need to see our parents' light under our bedroom door
we still need to know they're there to be defied...

and these songs are produced to prove
to ourselves
that our heart's close
but the world is closer...

like the night confessing it's secrets
you fuck with the rhythm of another dusk

look at the dusk dusk and heat gathering
it doesn't really appear, it was here
like the way my hand craves the scent of your skin
like my breath forms this evening

like the light confessing it's secrets
she sighs with the rhythm of the sunset

In a city like this
where the rich have gone away
their pedigree dogs
roam the streets at the end of each day

14. Shadow of the Unfinished Dawn

instrumental

15. Unfinished Dusk

Every dusk is unfinished
because women walk differently
every dusk is unfinished
because women look into space differently
every dusk is unfinished
because women are still differently
every dusk is unfinished
because women are sad differently
every dusk is unfinished

because women cry in their sleep
every dusk is unfinished
because women show ecstasy on their faces and necks
differently
when they come
every dusk is unfinished
because women smell differently when they're lost
and I'm lost in wonder
and I'm lost in memorizing the differences
and I'm lost in dreaming about the differences
and every dusk is unfinished
because every dusk allows me to smell the differences
deeper
and deeper into my body
and deeper into my dreams

and there's a method by which the girl discards the day
and the scent of it's laughs
and breathes only in the light of the sunset
of the unfinished
and unfinished
dusk

16. Clean Charm Amongst Evil

so the military contractor plays with the soap while taking a bath
he pulls it under the water, and laughs when it pops back up
it's so sweet, tender and childlike an image
that does nothing to change the darkness and destruction in
his pulse

and in the background
he listens to jazz
which once sounded like defiance
but now is the soundtrack to the arrogance of money

17. Need

just needed
to know
her angel

needed to know
who
she danced with

that rhythm
that dark

needed to know
through
my touch
through my skin
through my breath

needed to know
through
my touch
through my skin
through my breathing

needed to know which
dark rhythm

her angel made her feel
comfortable (at home) with

needed
deeply

needed to make her feel safe enough
to feel (while dreaming)
to feel safe enough
to dance with that
dark rhythm

learned from
from her dark angel

her dreams
dark night

needed to know
through
my touch
through my skin
through the night

needed to know
through
my scent
through my skin
through her dreaming

18. No Baby (2)

No Baby (repeat)

1. Vida Sin Miel(ヴィーダ・シン・ミエル)

蜜のない人生は
笑うための人生じゃない
誰かのために成長する人生でも
生きるための
人生でもない

蜜のない人生は
誰かのために生まれたものでも
残念に思うものでも
誰かのために生きる
人生でもない

いろいろなことがしたい
たくさんの素敵なことを育て
魚を観察するように
友達を見つめる
すべて君の笑顔見たさにしたこと
成長する花々の
間を飛ぶミツバチ
花は命を捧げてくれる
君を愛する喜びに
人生をかけたキス もう一つを頬にも

蜜のない人生
蜜のない人生などない
蜜のない人生
蜜のない人生などない
蜜のない人生などない
蜜のない人生
蜜のない人生などない

蜜のない人生
蜜のない人生などない
蜜のない人生
蜜のない人生などない
蜜のない人生
蜜のない人生などない
蜜のない人生

蜜のない人生

2. Gift (No Woman Knows)

beginning:
ベッドに独り横たわる
長い髪を絡ませ
女は想い焦がれる 匂いと重さ
初めてそれに触れた男の

朝の別の巻
熱気の中を歩きながら
俺は立ち止まり笑う □◇が与えたこの悪ふざけに
おふざけにしてお恵み (ほとんど)愛おしすぎる

女は誰ひとりわからない 彼女たちが本当にどんなに美しいか
全世界に一女として
通りかかる鏡という鏡を厭い
完璧でない女を言う

女は誰ひとりわからない 彼女たちがどんなに完璧か
その顔のそれぞれの魂の一片で見ていても
それはお恵みさ 俺たち男には

この人類の永続のため
ベッドに独り横たわり
女は想い焦がれる 初めに自分に触れた男を
なんという恵み ゴ□ドは俺たち男にくれたのか
男たちは笑いそして泣くがいい

II

女は 自分の体が忘れられてしまったと
来ると誓った男に
彼女は自らそこに横たわり
思い疑う 自分の体はまだ存在するのかと

女は誰ひとりわからない 彼女がどんなに美しいか
女は誰も眉をひそめない あの耳たぶやあの眉毛に
女には見えない 完璧が ゴ□ドのなした完璧が
女一人一人の性差異が

そうさ それはゴ□ドがくれた恵み 俺たち男に
それなしでは 女たちが俺たちに構うことはない
そして ゴ□ドの女たちへのお恵みは
目をつむる力 俺たちのほとんどに対して

女は誰ひとりわからない 彼女がどんなに優美か
女には誰ひとり見えない その圧倒される美しさ
女にはわかっていない 彼女がどんなに完璧か
女は誰ひとり

女は その体が一人に忘れられただけで
もうその価値を信じない
それは俺たち男には ゴ□ドのたわごと
美しく悲しく愛おしいお恵み

ending:

ごらん 黄昏の光が集まって

それは現れるのではなく 最初からここにあった
俺の手が君の肌の坂を溼するように
俺の息がこの音楽(歌?)を生むように

夜がその秘密を告白するように
彼女は交わる 夕闇のリズムと

女は誰ひとり理解できない どんなに自分たちが美しいか
彼女たちを愛して 半分俺は泣いている
娘がいる 妻を愛している 涙が出る

ごらん 夕闇を 闇と熱とが集まって
それは現れてきたものじゃない ここにあったんだ
俺の手が君の肌の香を溼するように
俺の息がこの宵を生むように

灯がその秘密を告白するように
彼女はため息をつく 日没のリズムに

女は誰ひとりわかりはしない どんなに彼女たちが美しいか

3. Another Autumn Forms

また秋が立つ 彼女の人生に
夜更けの街を吹き渡っていく

彼女はその質感を 金の光に似たものとして感じた
自分の壁や肌につく銀白の霜というよりは

そうだ また別の季節 今度は彼女は己の陰で暗闇と闘う
そんな様な

男は笑って入った 彼女の体に
千人のダンサーが放たれた 彼女の脈に

そしてこの歌が潜んでいた(美しい短調で) 彼女の息には
これぞと言う笑い男が 放ってくれるよう

そう 彼女は友達に言った
世界の半分は整った歌の中に平穏を聞きたいのだと
どの音も整然という幻想の中にある歌たち

そして世界の半分は
世界そのものを不協和の中に聞きたいと
音楽の真実を

それをなす リズミックに混線する会話
ほれぼれとする間違い 通りで割れるガラス
隣の部屋の人声 嘘のない散らかった歌
俺のような人たち

4. Como en Vietnam(コモ・エン・ヴィエトナム)

夜明けの色が好きなのはいいこと
次の日に あなたに壊されることを知りながら
ベトナムでそうだったように

きっと一人置いていかれるのだろう
ベトナムでのように
壊され 傷ついた私を
世界に見せつけるために

忘れたかった でも
バスタブに指輪を置いていかれたから

ギターは遠くに持ち去られ
私はここに残る 寒さに震えながら

権力のネズミどもに叫んでもだめ
彼らを騙すことを覚えなければ
自分の本質を守りながら 騙すことを覚えるの

私を壊れたままにしたがった
ベトナムでのように
私を傷つけて
世界に見せつけたがった
痛みを受ければ受けるほど
飛びかかった瞬間に

お互いを破壊できるの

5. No Baby (1)

No Baby (繰り返し)

6. The Savage Dawn In Her Glance (Music and Autobiography)

I

彼女のあのまなざしは 野蛮な夜明けを知っている
ああ あの女の目

なんとたくさんの音楽が 彼女が言わなかった言葉の一つ一つに
なんとたくさんの音楽が 彼女がそれらを言わなかったことの中に

(bridge)

コンガの叩く音楽が聞こえる 道の向こうの公園から
もっとたくさん音楽がある 遠くで聞くと
手のひらの肌でより
ピアノの音楽が聞こえる 廊下の向こうから
もっとたくさん音楽がある 壁を通して聞こえてきた方が
演奏そのものより

じっと見守ろう 野蛮な夜明けの訪れを
彼女の触れる手の音楽に護られて

II

音楽はどれもフィクションにはなりえない
彼女は夜につぶやいた
その優美な身のこなしが
すべての女や娘と同じで
証だった 彼女が正しい

真実をなす不協和の音楽
ぶつかり合い和解しないクロス・リズムの音楽
名前を拒む尖端の音楽
彼女が静寂を揺る動詞の音楽

じっと見守ろう 野蛮な夜明けの訪れを
彼女の汗の音楽に癒されて

III

俺を彼女にくれてやろう
彼女自身の音楽の中に
歌ってやろう その耳元へ その夢の中
いとも可愛げに眠るお前に

コンガの叩く音楽が聞こえる
道の向こうの公園から

もっとたくさん音楽がある 遠くで聞けば
手のひらの肌でより
テレビの音楽が聞こえる
隣の部屋から
もっとたくさんの音楽が 夫婦の罵り合う怒声からする

じっと待っている 笑いながら 独断的な夜明けを
彼女の両脚の音楽に寝そべて

ending:

もっとたくさん音楽がある 地下鉄の夜の方が
うちに含んだ複数の音階よりも
もっとたくさん音楽がある
君の静かな指の動きの根気強さには

彼女は言った
過去から何も引かない音楽を作らないといけないと
海の形で月へと寄せるような何か
笑って俺は言った
意味するところがわからん
でも わかってた

7. Sueños da Vida Colonial (スエニョス・ダ・ヴィーダ・コロニアル) (Dreams of a Colonial Life)

(原詞／英語対訳)
植民地風の暮らしの話の話は
本当は 後のこれからの暮らしの夢で
あらゆるところで 暮らしは前につんのめっている
請求書と 出たり入ったりの最終収支
続く残りはどこに行ってしまうかわからない

時に流れはアナタが考えるものとは違うこともある
請求書も同じ 決算も

現実とは 肌の上をつたって進む夢かもしれない
その夢は アナタとはかけ離れているかもしれないけれど
同時に無限からもかけ離れている
現実とは 独り歩きする夢かもしれない
独り勝手に 始まり 終わり また始まる
テーブルの上のビールのコップの跡
いつのまにか消えてなくなり 影が嗤う
そして最後に お勘定が来る

こういうことを彼女は俺に言う 一番憂鬱の濃い日に
その一番濃い憂鬱に染まった女は 月の涙を知っている
おまけに彼女は知っている 一番憂鬱の濃い日の眠りに
見た夢の重さの量り方を
植民地風の暮らしの夢と同じように
後のこれからの いや 今の…

(歌唱 / スペイン語対訳)

コロニアルな人生の
たくさんのお話
人生の夢は
はるか遠くに行く
どこであろうと 人生は前進する
過去の清算と刻印は
行っては戻り また行ってしまふ
そして過ぎ行く過去の
どこにいるかわからない

時に物事は
君の思うのと
全く違う

現実には
肌の上を
過ぎ行く夢
それは
君からも
無限からも遠い夢
現実には
ひとり過ぎ行く夢

すべては始まり
すべては終わる
すべてが始まり
その痕跡は残り 残り
通り過ぎ 飛ぶ
終わりには
清算だけが
まっている

8. Kuduro of Assassins and Laughter

というわけで セネラルモーターズの廃墟やテロイトのその他の工場は
中世の十字軍の誓みたいなものだ
「そうね 邪悪な動きの実体的痕跡としては同じ」と彼女は言った

奪えばいい 何でも思いつくものを
奪えばいい 何でも奴らがわかるものを
奴らには奪えない 奴らがわからないものは
奴らには奪えない 俺が奴らを笑うのを

奪えばいい 俺のドラムを
奪えばいい 俺の財産を
奪えばいい 俺の友達を

移動する自由を
でも奴らには奪えない 俺が奴らを笑うのを

もし俺がおカネで考えたとしたら
俺はハガネになっちゃう

ネグロが国に帰ると キューバの税関が嫌味で言う
「お帰らない ミスター」
「お帰らない 同胞」でなく
アルフレードが国に帰ったら 税関の男が笑って言う
「お帰らない プロフェッショナル(教授)」
もう「同胞」じゃない
「どこへ行っていました プロフェッショナル？」
「どこへ行っていました プロフェッショナル？」

9. Obviously Spring (Evora)

セックスみたいな匂いさせないで
セックスみたいに動かない
バルコニーから彼女は叫んで
笑った

階段上がって来ないで
わかっちゃう 鍵かかってないって
可愛い人

彼女は闇に向かって苦笑した
そうして俺は彼女の部屋に入った
彼女が俺の肌をなでると
もう肌はなかった

彼女にかかると夜が俺たちのために息づいた

彼女にかかると夜が俺たちと一緒に息をした
そしてリズムが
闇が
俺たちと
セックスと
俺たちと

セックスみたいな息づかいやめて
俺は彼女の首から呑んだ
ここに寝ている理由のように
闇を笑わずにはられない

俺たちは 闇の動きを遅くした
俺たちは 夜を俺たちに合わせ動かした
俺たちのため部屋は汗ばんだ
俺たちのため時間は歪んだ
俺たちと一緒に夜が息をした
俺たちのため夜が汗ばんだ
俺たちの夢と一緒に時間は歪んだ

10. You Play With The Night With Your Fingertips

お前は指先で夜を弄ぶ
暗闇の火のそばで
愛の火の海 水の海じゃない
それは闇の火の海

俺たちが愛の海へと潜る時
それは愛の手を広げ 迎えてくれる
時間も恐怖もすべて燃え尽くす
名前も言葉もすべて燃え尽くす

燃え尽くす 明日も今日も
燃え尽くす 何から何まで
ただ俺たちの汗だけが 俺たちを冷やす
俺たちの汗だけが 守ってくれる

俺たちは寝そべる 愛の海の浜に
それは闇の火の海
俺らは潮と戯れる
それは俺たちの肌に接吻をして 飛びこめと誘う

闇の火の海
愛の海

愛の海はものごとを洗い流すことはない
燃やして浄める
名前も言葉も 今日も明日も
暗い 包み込む火の海が

月はその影を暗い炎の海に映し 想う
どうしてこんなに落ち着くのかと
暗い炎の海で

月はその影を海に映し 想う
どうしてこんなに落ち着くのかと
暗い炎に包まれて

彼女には水底で何が待つかわからない
灼熱と降伏の波の下
でも すべては正にうまく行く
その他すべては燃えてなくなるから

フロアのダンサーたちを見ていると
波のリズムに腰を動かしていても
水の波には乗ってはいない

それは 愛の海の波
闇の火の海

11. Unfinished Dawn

そこ
お前の脈に沿って
お前の筋肉 お前の心臓に沿って
長い傷がある
残りのお前は完璧だ

腕を私に回してごらん
一緒に 闇を寝てやり過ごそう
夜を寝てやり過ごそう

12. At Home in the Night

もしも男が地獄から来たなら
灰で脅しても無駄
キューバの税関の男がキューバのパスポートを笑う
「お帰り ミスター!」
もはや「同志」じゃない
笑う 革命の真の裏切者
そんなこと どうでもいいが

一方ここニューヨークでは
妖怪たちが夜のギャングにはびこって
天使たちを叩きのめしている
正しい罪を犯していないと
もし俺たちが灰から立ち上がったなら

地獄をもって脅しても無駄
奴らこそは可能性の真の裏切者
そんなこと どうでもいいが

かたや宙の恋人たち
街のはるか上方を飛んでいる
夜は俺たちの足元に
汗は俺たちの唇に
でも俺たちは大丈夫
いいや 大丈夫じゃない

月の出ない夜
君の笑顔が月影を映す
そして天使が俺たちに教えた罪は
俺たちに飛ぶことを教えてくれた 夜の合間を
しかし夜からは出ることはなく

遠くへ飛ばう 夜の陰のように
夜になじんだ恋人たちのように

けれど俺たちにはまだ エリック・ドルフィーが
シコ・ブアルキが ルー・リードが
バンナラル・ゴーシュがいる
俺たちは夜に独りじゃない
けれど俺たちが灰から立ち上がったなら
「地獄」と脅しても無駄
俺たちが地獄からやって来たなら
灰で脅しても無駄さ

13. War News From Inside the City

奴らの戦争も平和も ほとんど同じときさ

下々の俺たちには
それを俺は祖父さんから聞いたのか
夕方の暑さまぎれに読んだのか
でなげきや 夜に明らかになったのか
そして俺たち二人の間にあるベッド

いいか どの戦争も本当は女子供への戦争なんだ
それくらいずっと知っていたらう

そうして金持ちがとうに逃げ出したこの街では
奴らの血統書つきの犬たちが 吠えて通りをのさばっている

子供たちは強いところを見せたくて
権力にもました熾烈さで 互いを憎みあっている
ストリート・キッズは更に強いところを見せたくて
権力よりも強い力で自分たちを壊している

そうじゃないか シオマラ?

それで 終わりに近づいて
俺たちは作る この音楽を これらの歌を
証明してやる 心は近づいている
しかし世界はもっと近づいている

俺たちは歯をむき出しにする
俺たちはその近さを罵る
俺たちは俺たちの挑みを誇りに思う
けれど 俺たちには今も 寝室のドアの下に見える親の灯りが必要だ
まだそこに 挑むべき親たちがいると知っていることが

これらの歌が作られる
俺たち自身に証明するため
俺たちの心は近づいている
しかし世界はもっと近づいている

夜が秘密を告白するように
お前は交わる また違う夕間のリズムと

ごらん 夕間を 闇と熱とが集まってくる
それは現れてきたものじゃない ここにあったんだ
俺の手がお前の肌の香を濁するように
俺の息がこの宵を生むように

夜が秘密を告白するように
彼女は歌う 日没のリズムに

金持ちが皆いなくなったこの街では
奴らの血統書付の犬たちが
日々の終わりに あてどなく街を行く

14. Shadow of the Unfinished Dawn

instrumental

15. Unfinished Dusk

黄昏はどれも未完成
女たちが違って歩くから
黄昏はどれも未完成
女たちが違う風に宙を見つめるから
黄昏はどれも未完成
女たちが違って穏やかだから
黄昏はどれも未完成
女たちが違って悲しげだから
黄昏はどれも未完成

女たちが イク時に 違う恍惚を顔から首に浮かべるから
黄昏はどれも未完成
女たちが 我を失う時 違う匂いがするから
そして俺はただ驚嘆する
呆然と 違いを記憶に留めようとする
呆然と 違いを夢に見る
黄昏はどれも未完成
黄昏はどれも違いを一層深く俺に匂わせるから
より深く 俺の体内へ
より深く 俺の夢の中へ

法則がある
あの娘がその日をどう打っ乗るかには
そしてその笑いの匂い
彼女が息づくのは
未完成の 出来上がらない黄昏の
日没の光の中だけ

16. Clean Charm Amongst Evil

そうか 軍の契約兵も風呂で石鹸と遊ぶのか
水中に沈めて また浮き上がったは大喜びか
いかにも可愛らしい子供っぽいイメージだが
なんら変わらない その脈に流れる暗闇と破壊は

しかもその背後では
彼はジャズを聴いている
かつては抵抗のような音がしたそれは
今や驕る金へのサウンドトラック

17. Need

ただ知りたかった
彼女のエンジェルが誰か

知りたかった
誰と
彼女が踊っていたのか

あれほど暗い
あのリズム

知りたかった
俺の感触を通して
俺の肌を通して
俺の息を通して

知りたかった
どんな暗いリズムで

その天使とやらが彼女を
心地よく(しっくりと)させたのか

心底知りたかった

これなら安心と 彼女に感じさせたかった
(夢見心地で)安心して彼女が踊れるよう
あんな暗いリズムでも

教わった
彼女のダーク・エンジェルから

彼女の夢
暗い夜

知りたかった
俺の感触を通して
肌を通して
夜を通して

知りたかった
俺の匂いを通して
肌を通して
彼女が見てる夢を通して

18. No Baby (2)

No Baby (繰り返し)

[歌詞対訳]

英語対訳: 小山さち子

スペイン語対訳: 滝口西夏

AN IDEA OF SET LIST
FOR BLUE NOTE TOKYO,
DECEMBER 7,8,9, 2011 AS OF NOVEMBER 22, 2011.

Sharazard (Kip Hanrahan)

instrumental

Shahrazade (opening) (Kip Hanrahan / Mike Cain)

The Arabian Nights Entertainment

Carmen: no, maybe it's of this heat, this night wasn't formed by darkness, but of this heat... and I was sitting against the side of my window in the Bronx, this night, trying to remember what the heat was like in Los Angeles and why it was so different from the heat in the Bronx, and why different nights and days were formed by it, and why each city sounded different and why the sounds, the acoustics formed different nights and different spaces between people..., ...between lovers,but there were still things I wanted him to know, or I wanted his body to know, so while we were still lying on the floor, and as I licked the sweat from his neck and lips, and it tasted like the best fucking wine, the deepest and most complicated wine, I started telling him stories to keep him there, the first couple I told with my body, and he understood it with his, and the sounds in the room confirmed it,

I wanted to tell him secrets just with the tone of my voice, not with what I said or anything...

I wanted him to understand, no, I wanted his body to understand that, ...

I knew that I couldn't let him leave, that I'd lose everything, so I started telling him the story of...

— A Thousand Nights and a Night (1-Red Night) / Kip Hanrahan (ewac 1036)

Kuduro of Assassins and Laughter (Horacio "El Negro" Hernandez, Kip Hanrahan)

Need (Brandon Ross, Kip Hanrahan)

No Baby (Steve Lacy)

The Savage Dawn In Her Glance (Music and Autobiography) (Steve Swallow, Kip Hanrahan, Fernando Saunders)

lyrics are available on other pages of this booklet.

— At Home in Anger / Kip Hanrahan (ewac 1061)

Busses From Heaven (Kip Hanrahan, Horacio "El Negro" Hernandez, Steve Swallow)

here in heaven the bus'll take you anywhere

— "Algiers, Maputo, Taos"

British Leyland'll take us away

— "it's heaven"

put your hand in mine, my tongue in your mouth again

— "we're in heaven,"

here from heaven Leyland'll take us today

you don't just shout, you just have to care

— "go'on put that finger out... or leg out, like the movies of heaven..."

here from heaven, the bus'll take us there

— "(to stay, if we want)"

— "- with American Blackwater guards guarding the gates of heaven, of course..."

here in heaven the busses are all English made

— "British Leyland, it says right in front"

they'll take us to China, if we just say

— "it's heaven - Venice? Recife?"

put your hopes in mine, my tongue in your...

— "we're in heaven, -"

here from worker's heaven Leyland'll take us any day

busses wait on the side of the road

— "just put that leg out..."

the bus to Singapore will stop when we call...

— "a bus from the worker's heaven, it's easy..."

here from heaven the bus'll take you anywhere

— "N'Orleans, Marsailles, Vera Cruz?"

worker's Leyland'll take us away

— "check the front..."

put your hope in mine, my tongue in your mouth again

— "yeah, we're in heaven,"

here from heaven Leyland'll take us today

— "just ask Negro..."

you don't just shout, you just have to care

— "go'on put that leg out... like the movies..."

here from heaven, the Leyland'll take us players to where?,

— "to Venice, girl... to Roma... to Luanda, to Mumbai, to the Bronx? - Botafogo?

Miami? Paris?"

— "to a place where we're alone"

Xio:

here from heaven, a Leyland will take me to the arms of an American lover, maybe
to the arms of the sweet night..
a beautiful Leyland from heaven...

— “the first song, yeah, she realizes that love is an investment in promises
-and each verse - so, she catches the Leyland bus outside of Camaguay to—Venice
— to Roma — to The Bronx, — to the lights of the TV set in California — to the
arms of the American lover....” - sung in Spanish by Xio ?

ah, Laylands

so cool the bus that takes us away
so sweet the love that takes us
so sweet the sex that names us
so sweet the dreams that own us - that claim us
so clear the promises among us, girl
so sweet the music that names us
so cool the Leyland bus that takes us away

to someplace that isn't here
to someplace closer to the night
to someplace closer to home
so sweet the distant cities of light
just ask the Cubans waiting for the bus, man
so sweet the music that names us
so sweet the bus that takes us away

how warm each promise from a guy
to hold you tight and protect the night

spoken:

OK, let me answer the driving lesson, no, you don't pick players by the
instrument..... like....

what's the strongest force in the Universe: not gravity, but jealousy.

Night Cumbia (Kip Hanrahan, Steve Swallow)

Night began
in Essoeira
shadows swirled
through Essoeira

I wore that night
in Essoeira
lush and tight,
in Essoeira

I saw him lean
against the shadows
and by the scent
of honey in his sweat:

I saw the moon
and in it's brilliance
I knew myself, inside out
every choice I'd make
would make perfect dark sense
stripped of words
stripped of doubt

I knew my body'd
be telling him stories
like Shahrazade before the
night fled

I watched the moon
and in it's smile
I felt in knew me
every part of me was clear
and whatever I did
for the need to taste it
could be done without a trace of fear

Night began
in Essoeira
night filled the streets

the Essoeira
I wore that night
in Essoeira
the shadows glowed
in Essoeira

But in this fire
of deep eyes and laughter
I wore the night
tight around my wrist

I saw the moon
and I knew myself
inside out
I knew myself

I saw the moon
and understood every part
of myself
from my eyes to my heart

I watched the moon
and in it's smile
it understood
every part of me was clear
and whatever I needed to do
to taste the salt and honey on his lips
could be done without cold or fear

Here in this fire of deep eyes and laughter
the air's made of gold
and the heart's made of mirrors

Night began
in Essoeira
shadows swirled
through Essoeira
I wore that night
in Essoeira
lush and tight

in Essoeira

Night began
in Essoeira
night filled the streets
the Essoeira
I wore that night
in Essoeira
the shadows glowed
in Essoeira

I fell asleep thinking of him, and he came to me,
If I had known it was only a dream I would never
have woke up...

If love has no color, why is my body stained
when you leave in the morning?

One Summer Afternoon (for Gil Evans)

(Steve Swallow, Kip Hanrahan, Brandon Ross)

The 15 year old girl
sends her lover home,
unfulfilled
and buries her face in her hands,
in the city dusk
and cries
so helplessly,
perfectly

while she cries
she can't possibly know
she's just reached
the edge of a beauty
that will change the breath
of everyone who sees her
for the next years....

everything

in this G-d and worker's world
is in its place
right in it's place
nothing in this worker's world
is out of place,
or can't be put in place

as he's escorted off the site
the fired worker,
an honest worker
smashes his lying
foreman's face
into the steel beams
he had worked
and in his smile
in his anger
shines a calm
a justified calm

everything
in this G-d and worker's world
is in it's place
right in it's place
nothing in this worker's world
is out of place,
or can't be put in place

Real Time and Beautiful Scars

(Kip Hanrahan, Brandon Ross, Leo Nocentelli)

hours turned and shattered, and fell away
the hours scattered
to the farthest corners of the night

real time is kept in the body
you said
and you slipped away
to sleep
and I watched you breathe

and as I watched you sleep
your breathing set me

and as you slept
each beautiful scar
each gorgeous scar
on your skin
in your breathe
was loved by G-d
loved by G-d
and treasured by me

I'd give anything
everything
to watch you sleep
to hold you hear
watch you breathe
measure time by your breath
to protect you
for all your life

as each breathe
measured real time that night
it was oceans, not hours
since we made love

maybe revenge,
maybe beauty
come from the same place
maybe Negro's right
that rhythm makes order in light

but with each breathe you take
while asleep in my arms
real time is marked
and each breathe orders the night

as I watched you breathe
'could be the most perfect music
is the sound of a tear

as it rolls down a young girl's cheek
"yeah a shining rhythm against a magic surface"

hours turned and shattered, and fell away
the hours scattered
to the farthest corners of the night

real time is kept
in the body, you said
and as she slipped away
into sleep

Salt in the Mozambique Evening (Glasgow, for Jack Bruce) (Kip Hanrahan, Dafnis Prieto)

It's sweet on my lips
the traces of your love
forcing me to try and grip
the traces of the day

please come back
please come back
please come back to stay

The ghosts in my eyes
these echoes of desire
The resistance to lies
his resonance of you
these traces of the day

please come back
please come back
please come back to stay

I'll sing you a Russian lullaby
I'll invent flowers and name them all for you
I won't ask you to cry for me
I'll tear you open
I'll love you

These ghosts in my eyes
The remains of your song
I'll be true
I AM true

The Girl That Won't Resolve (Kip Hanrahan)

full moon
so bright
each unsaid thought
is light
this night
makes clear
the girl
that won't resolve

the girl
that won't
that won't
that can't
resolve

The night
solved by light
crawling through the blinds
behind our bed
behind our bed
full moon

Her rage shines
the edge defined
the calm moon
involved
the girl that won't
resolve

— *Beautiful Scars* / Kip Hanrahan (ewsac 1060)

INDIA SONG (Marguerite Duras, Carlos d'Alessio)

Chanson,
Toi qui ne veux rien dire
Toi qui me parles d'elle
Et toi qui me dis tout
Ô, toi,
Que nous dansions ensemble
Toi qui me parlais d'elle
D'elle qui te chantait
Toi qui me parlais d'elle
De son nom oublié
De son corps, de mon corps
De cet amour là
De cet amour mort
Chanson,
De ma terre lointaine
Toi qui parleras d'elle
Maintenant disparue
Toi qui me parles d'elle
De son corps effacé
De ses nuits, de nos nuits
De ce désir là
De ce désir mort
Chanson,
Toi qui ne veux rien dire
Toi qui me parles d'elle
Et toi qui me dit tout
Et toi qui me dit tout

— *coup de tête* / Kip Hanrahan (ewsac 1007)

A Model Bronx childhood. (Kip Hanrahan)

As the cops threw him in the back seat
he could taste the warm blood fill his mouth,
and he wondered how he'd look with a broken nose,
and if his left arm was broken, too.
And if the cops would find his knife or Carlito's knife in

the bushes.
And he closed his eyes real tight,
and this rhythm filled his mind.
And he closed his eyes tighter and he smiled.
And this was the rhythm he heard
all the ride down to the station house,
all that night and the next few days.
Listen to it carefully:
so sweet and even.

The first and last to love me (2, December)
(Kip Hanrahan)

That early evening may have reflected your
evasiveness,
and the way you didn't make that phone call:
it smelled like sex.

I wanted you to miss my touch
no
I wanted you to miss my touch
no
I wanted you to miss my touch
no
I wanted you to miss my touch

I'm just trying to make myself clear.
I'd make love to you on the floor
and I'll make love to you half out of the dark
and it'd be the first and last time
I'd ever make love.

That early clearness may have reflected you
evasiveness,
and the way you didn't watch me:
it tasted like sex.

I wanted you to miss my taste
no

I wanted you to miss my taste
no
I wanted you to miss my taste
no
I wanted you to miss my taste

I'm just trying to make myself clear.
I love you in my absence,
and I love you in your own eyes,
and it'd be the first and last time I ever loved.

— *Days and Nights of Blue Luck Inverted* / Kip Hanrahan (lewsac 1012)

**"...at the same time, as the subway train was
pulling out of the station..."** (Kip Hanrahan)

At the same time...
At the same time, the same movement of the moon...
Possibly at the same time...
As the subway train was pulling out of the station, I
saw my reflection in the window of the door I was
leaning against, and it was this... thorny... dark...
self-contradictory silhouette... and in its meanness...
its self-contradictoriness... its internal dissonance... it
was somehow... noble. Yeah... and proud...

"...faith in the pants, not in the prick..."
(Vallejo's Folk Song); (Kip Hanrahan)

Faith in the heat, but not in the summer
faith in the silver
faith in the bottle, but not in the rum
faith in the dark
faith in the pants, but not in the prick
off the color of luck
and in yourself alone, self alone, faith in yourself
in yourself alone, faith in yourself...

faith in the glasses, but not in the eye
faith in green
faith in the staircase, but not in the stairs
faith in stone
faith in the wings, but not in the bird
faith in red
 and in yourself alone, yourself alone,
 faith in yourself
 yourself alone, self alone...

faith in the many, no longer in the one
faith in blue
faith in the riverbed, never in the current
faith in gold
faith in the window, not in the door
faith in mathematics
faith in the mother, never in the nine months
faith in glare
faith in the luck, never in the golden dice
faith in a darker red
 and in yourself alone, faith in yourself
 in yourself alone, alone, faith in yourself
 yourself alone, self alone,
 faith in yourself, self alone...

"...look, the moon..."(Kip Hanrahan)

Look, the moon,
It shines on the side of your face as you press
me against the wall
Look, the moon,
It's one eye of something large watching us as
we perform for her
Perform for her...
Look, the moon,
It's the stillness I focus on, over your shoulder,
to contrast with this motion
Look, the moon,
It's the silver light on your shoulder and hair that

forms the most beautiful moving image
Look, the moon,
It's as round and feminine a form as this yambu we're
moving to
Look, the moon,
The sky turns dark so fast, the moon's a negative
echo of the sun.
We've invented the idea of dusk to compensate...

**"...she turned so that maybe a third of her face
was in this fuckin' beautiful half-light..."**

(Kip Hanrahan)

She turned
so that maybe a third of her face
was in this fuckin beautiful
half light

and just for that second
just for that fuckin' half second
I could swear that this fear
around her eyes
around her mouth
in her hands
dissolved into this...
I don't know... this wonder, yeah...
luminous.... wonder

Just for that second
as her hands moved up my arms
just for that fucking second
she was so beautiful
so fucking beautiful

If I knew what muscles to relax
If I knew how to...
I would have cried...

"...when I lose myself in the darkness and pain of love, no, this love..." (Kip Hanrahan)

Hey, liar
I believe every word you say
And I will go on believing them
Rubbing them against my skin like eucalyptus
Hey, believer
I'm doing my best to deceive you
But it's like throwing a handful of sand at you
When you're far away
Hey, fireman
When your anger's impenetrable
I'll smile at you
And love it
Hey, lover
We're luminously compatible
We both draw blood the same way
You talk to me with words and I talk to you with emotions
Hey, sweetheart
I told you it was the size of your prick
But that was to entertain you
It was really the light on the side of your face

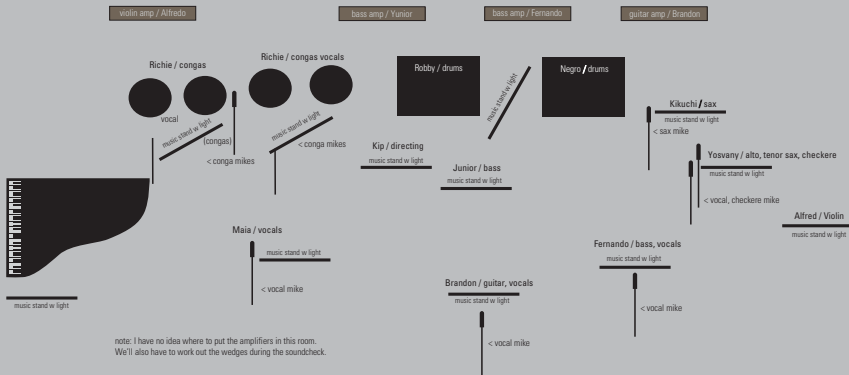
("when I loose myself in the darkness and pain of love, no, this love, it's like being one of those little guppies, swallowed by their mother, I'm returning to the warmth from where I came...")

— *TENDERNESS / Kip Hanrahan (ewsac 1016)*

Leijia's Game (Astor Piazzolla)

instrumental

— *The Rough Dancer And The Cyclical Night (Tango Apasionado) / Astor Piazzolla (ewsac 1019)*



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