

invisible cities

- 1 **montreux hermeto pascoal**
- 2 **ravayah john zorn**
- 3 **sacred place ralph towner**
- 4 **karri chrysanthi gkika**
- 5 **patinada juliano abramovay**
- 6 **tsarka rabih abou khalil**
- 7 **kanah john zorn**
- 8 **claraboia juliano abramovay**

amazonon

artistic direction, guitar, oud, fretless guitar **juliano abramovay** direção artística,
violão, alaúde, violão sem traste

lyra, soprano lyra **chrysanti gkika** lyra, lyra soprano

bass clarinet **massimiliano dosoli** clarone

double bass, electric bass **daniel de boer** baixo acústico, baixo elétrico

percussion **jacobus thiele** percussão

invisible cities

In the ancient Egyptian city of Thebes stand two monumental statues of stone. They are the Colossi of Memnon, about sixty feet high and over seven hundred tons each. These statues depict Amenhotep III sitting straight, his hands resting on his knees, and his eyes set eastward. They were the guardians of the Eighteenth Dynasty's mortuary temple - but the Nile floods destroyed what they were supposed to guard leaving no trace of what it was. And in 27 BCE, an earthquake cracked the northern statue. It is told that, since then, as soon as the sun rose above the horizon each morning, the cracked statue began to sing, and from it came a clear sound like a dry blow or a human voice or a snapping lyre string. No one knew where this gigantic statue's singing came from, or why was it that the mornings inspired it to sing.

Another legend from another part of the world also tells the story of a singing stone: on the banks of the Orinoco River in Venezuela there is a granitic rock known for emitting, at sunrise, subterranean sounds similar to those of an organ. These stones were known to the Jesuits as "*laxas de musica*", and many interpreted their sounds as *cosas de brujas*, witchcraft. The locals used to say these were their ancestors' voices putting the living at ease: "We are doing fine, we are happy".

There is scientific explanation for these phenomena. But I am not telling these stories in order to say that the deep, fine fissures in these rocks hold air that is of different temperature than the air on the outside and that this difference is greater at dawn, provoking an air stream that produces a whistle. These stories from Thebes and the Orinoco are of no use here if you are looking to understand them. They are an invitation: they're here so you can wonder at them. What are these fissure-generated sounds from inside very old, millenary rocks, like? What are these morningly melodies like? What do granitic rocks have to tell us?

I like to think that these subterranean sounds tell a secret, a secret from the depths of the planet. It is with these mysterious noises and images in my head that I listen to Juliano Abramovay's new album *Invisible Cities*. Or maybe this isn't the best way to put it: I haven't exactly listened to these songs, but rather contemplated them. For each song describes a place, a landscape.

Which is also why I started this piece referring to ancient civilizations and remote locations - because this is an album that collects and brings together parts of the world in the unforeseen resonances they bear. Turkic peoples in Iran, Greek processions, the arid Brazilian backcountry, gospel choirs, fortresses on the edge of the Dead Sea, the language of jazz on an oud. Hanging gardens, torched libraries, a meyhane in Istanbul. This is how I contemplate these songs: a caravan

passes through the desert. One after the other, the camels - the images - parade. One pulls the other, which suggests another, which transforms into another. I look from afar at an entourage made up of rhythmic cycles and melismata.

It is a conversation with the past, this past we glimpse at from behind the fog and sandstorms - a blurry past, sometimes clearer and often times less so, from this moment in the present. The fading sound of bass drums and horns brought from far away by the wind. What to do with these secrets that are so hard to hold onto? This record's answer is: music.

And yet, even though there is this constant feeling of antiquity, all the composers on the album are alive - and some are very young (like Juliano himself and the Greek musician Chrysanthi Gkika). They are alive and very much attentive, their ears perked up. They hear, and in doing so they make us hear it too - what the sounds of a certain moment of the day are like, when "the odor of the elephants after the rain and the sandalwood ashes growing cold in the braziers, and a dizziness makes rivers and mountains tremble on the fallow curves of the planispheres where they are portrayed". (*from Italo Calvino - Invisible Cities*)

ciudades invisíveis

Na antiga cidade de Tebas, no Egito, há duas estátuas de pedra monumentais. São os colossos de Mênnon, com mais ou menos 14 metros de altura e 700 toneladas. As estátuas representam o faraó Amenófis III sentado, com as mãos sobre os joelhos, olhando em direção ao sol nascente. Eram as guardiãs do templo funerário da XVIII Dinastia - mas as inundações do rio Nilo destruíram o que elas guardavam, sem deixar nenhum traço. Além disso, em 27 a.C., um terremoto abriu uma grande fenda na estátua norte. Contam que, desde então, todas as manhãs, assim que o sol surgia no horizonte, a estátua rachada se punha a cantar: dela vinha um som nítido, como o de um golpe seco; ou então, outros diziam, o de uma voz humana; ou de uma corda de lira que se rompe. Ninguém sabia a origem do canto dessa estátua gigantesca, nem por que eram as manhãs que a inspiravam a cantar.

Outra lenda, que vem do outro lado do mundo, também conta a história de uma pedra que canta: às margens do rio Orinoco, na Venezuela, há um rochedo granítico conhecido por, sempre ao nascer do sol, soltar sons subterrâneos semelhantes aos de um órgão. Essas pedras eram conhecidas pelos missionários como "*laxas de música*", e muitos interpretavam seus sons como *cosas de brujas*, bruxaria. Os povos locais diziam que essas eram as vozes de seus ancestrais mortos, tranquilizando os vivos: "estamos bem, estamos felizes".

Existe uma explicação científica para esse fenômeno. Mas não estou contando

essas histórias para dizer que as fissuras finas e profundas das rochas guardam um ar de temperatura diferente à do exterior, e que essa diferença atinge seu grau máximo na aurora, provocando uma corrente de ar que faz um assobio. Essas histórias de Tebas ou do rio Orinoco não interessam aqui para que você tente entendê-las, mas sim como um convite: faça um exercício imaginativo. Como são esses sons emitidos pelas fendas que vêm de dentro de pedras muito antigas, milenares? Quais serão essas melodias de cada manhã? O que as rochas graníticas têm para nos dizer?

Gosto de pensar que esse som subterrâneo conta um segredo, um segredo do fundo do planeta. E é com essas imagens na cabeça, com esses ruídos misteriosos, que escuto Cidades invisíveis, este novo disco do Juliano Abramovay. Ou poderia dizer, na verdade, mais do que escuto: contemplo as músicas deste disco. Porque cada uma delas descreve um lugar, uma paisagem.

Por isso, também, comecei este texto falando de civilizações antigas e pontos remotos do mapa – porque este é um disco que recolhe e reúne pedaços do mundo, nas ressonâncias inesperadas que eles têm entre si. Povos túrquicos que vivem no Irã, procissões gregas, o sertão árido brasileiro, corais de igrejas pentecostais, fortalezas na beira do Mar Morto, a linguagem do jazz em um alaúde. Jardins suspensos, bibliotecas incendiadas, bares na noite de Istambul. É assim que contemplo essas músicas: uma caravana passa no deserto. Um depois do outro, os camelos – as imagens – desfilam. Um puxa o outro, que sugere outro, que se transforma em outro; olho de longe para uma comitiva feita de ciclos rítmicos e de melismas.

É uma conversa com o passado, esse passado que avistamos atrás da neblina e das tempestades de areia – um passado embaçado, às vezes mais nítido, às vezes menos, daqui desse ponto do presente. O barulho dos bumbos e das trompas, que o vento traz de muito longe e que chegam já quase sem força; mas que ainda soam, continuam a soar. O que fazer com esses segredos tão difíceis de reter? A resposta deste disco é: música.

Mesmo com essa sensação constantemente antiga, todos os compositores do disco estão vivos – inclusive, alguns são bem jovens (como o próprio Juliano, ou a musicista grega Chrysanthi Gkika). Estão vivos e muito atentos, com seus ouvidos aguçados. Eles escutam, e nos fazem escutar também, quais são os sons de um determinado momento do dia, quando “o odor dos elefantes após a chuva e as cinzas do sândalo se resfriam nos braseiros, e uma vertigem faz estremecer os rios e as montanhas historiadadas nos fulvos dorsos dos planisférios”.

Leda Cartum

english translation by miguel nassif

trptk

Our goal is to create immersive experiences through sound. By creating an acoustic hologram, our recordings give you the illusion of being at the world's most beautiful concert halls and churches - all this, while never leaving your listening room.

No costs or efforts are spared to seize that magical moment in which music is being created, and bring it home to you in the highest quality. Why? Simply because this is how music should be experienced: fresh and alive, not canned and with a stale aftertaste of conservation. To us, music is life, and should be lived to the fullest in an authentic and uncompromising way.

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The basis for all our recordings is our Optimised Omnidirectional Array (OOA) of microphones, I developed for my Master's Degree in 2013. The aim of OOA is to create a truly accurate image of the soundstage, while retaining uncoloured transparency in the tonal characteristics of the recording. Unlike many current recording techniques, OOA was developed scientifically through simulation and modelling, as well as extensive listening tests with an independent listening panel. The microphone signals coming from this array are then converted into a DSD256 stream at an unbelievable 11.2MHz, which is later used to computationally render PCM 352.8kHz 64bit floating point audio, using the best of both worlds to our advantage. This means, in musical terms, that everything in the original performance is preserved. From the huge 32-foot pipe of a cathedral organ, to the highest notes on a piccolo flute. From the softest whispers all the way to the searingly loudest orchestral hits.

Speaking of soft whispers and loud orchestral hits; we choose our artists not just by their ability to amaze us. We're eager to collaborate with musicians and composers who walk that fine line between renewing genres and connecting to audiences. Together with them, we can achieve our goal of creating daring recordings that stay loyal to the idea of always aiming for the highest quality possible.

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credits

recording & mastering brendon heinst

recording assistants hans erblich, ben van leliveld, maya fridman

editing juliano abramovay, brendon Heinst

mixing brendon heinst, bart koop, juliano abramovay

cover art maria cau levy

liner notes leda cartum

this album was recorded on april 22 and 23 2021 at little giant studio, rotterdam (nl).

equipment

microphones dpa d:dicate 4006a, dpa d:dicate 4011a, microtech gefell m1030, microtech gefell m930, neumann tlm 103

microphone preamplifiers millennia hv-3d-8

ad/da converters merging technologies hapi

master clock grimm audio cc2

monitoring (location) meze empyrean, merging technologies anubis

monitoring (studio) kef blade two, kef ls50 meta, hegel h30, hegel c55

power conditioning furutech daytona 303e, jcat optimo 3 duo, computer audio design ground control gc1

cabling furutech custom microphone cables, furutech custom interlinks, furutech custom power cables, furutech custom loudspeaker cables

tuning furutech ncf boosters, jcat m12 switch gold, jcat net card xe

this album is also available as high-resolution download up to 5.1.4-channel 352.8kHz 32bit, as well as in spatial audio formats through www.trptk.com



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