

Marc Battier *Capital Bird*

for shakuhachi and processed vocal sounds (8 channels)

Commission of GRM, Paris

First performance: Maison de Radio-France, Paris, June 2009

Shakuhachi: Jean-François Lagrost

Diffusion system: GRM's Acousmonium

Text: Ariwara no Narihira (在原業平, 825-880 AD)

source: *Kokinshū* 411 (古今集), *Ise Monogatari* (伊勢物語)

Ils atteignirent ainsi les berges de la Sumida,
Aux confins des provinces de Musashi et de
Shimotsufusa.

Nostalgiques, ils pensèrent à la capitale lointaine.

Ils descendirent au bord de l'eau.

Ils évoquèrent le long chemin qu'ils avaient
parcouru.

Mais le passeur les tira de leur contemplation.

Montez vite, car le jour est achevé.

Et eux d'embarquer sur l'esquif.

Ils étaient fort mélancoliques.

Assurément, ils songaient à la bien-aimée dans la
capitale lointaine.

Blanc,
le bec et les pattes rouges,
un oiseau jouait sur la rive.
Jamais cet oiseau n'apparut dans la capitale
lointaine et nul ne le connaissait.

Ils demandèrent au passeur : quel est donc cet
oiseau ?

L'autre répondit : mais, c'est l'oiseau miyako,
dont le cri n'est autre que son nom.

Cette réponse inspira le poème.

Mais si tel est ton nom, cher oiseau Miyako,
Je vais te demander. Dis-moi.
Est-elle encore,
N'est-elle plus déjà,
Celle que je chéris ?

Thus, they reached the shores of the river
Sumida, between the provinces of Musashi and
Shimotsufusa.

They felt a great yearning for the far-away
capital.

They halted for a while near the riverside.

They were sad at thinking how endlessly far they
had come.

But as they stood pondering, the ferryman called
to them: "Come quickly for the day is far spent".
They clambered into the boat.

While they rowed across, they fell into deep
despair, for there was not one of them but had
left behind at the capital someone dear to him.

White,
Red beak and legs,
A bird was sporting on the riverside.
No-one had seen this bird at the far-away capital
and none of them knew it.

They asked the ferryman: "What bird is that?"

He answered: "Why, that is the Capital-bird"
Whose song is nothing but his name.
Hearing this, a poem was made.

If you are true to your name, Bird of the Capital,
Come, I will ask you something.
Is she still alive,
Is she already gone,
The one I love?