



Lincoln Center Festival

July 10–30, 2017

Lincoln Center Festival lead support is provided by American Express

July 29 Gerald W. Lynch Theater at John Jay College

Nomadic Nights: Music at the Crossroads

Le Trio Joubran

In the Shadow of Words

Oud Adnan Joubran, Samir Joubran, Wissam Joubran

Percussion Youssef Hbeisch

Recorded Voice Mahmoud Darwish

Approximate performance time: 1 hour and 15 minutes, with no intermission

This performance is made possible in part by the Josie Robertson Fund for Lincoln Center.

Public support for Festival 2017 is provided by the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs and New York State Council on the Arts with the support of Governor Andrew M. Cuomo and the New York State Legislature.





A Note from the Artists

It is difficult for us to talk about this work, which we have called *In the Shadow of Words*, because it is in fact a reference to the shadow of a man whom we accompanied for more than 12 years, whom we loved and respected...a man for whom it took only a word, a letter, a note, a sentence to enchant us and restore our hope, his hope—he who, from the realm of language, incarnated nationalism, revolution, and faith in the Earth, this holy Earth, his Palestine.

Mahmoud Darwish was just as sensitive to the notes of our lutes as our hearts were to his poetry. Through the years we accompanied him in over 30 shows in Europe and across the Arab world. Our personal friendship and musical relationship with him began in 1996 and culminated on July 1, 2008, when he hosted the three of us at his first public reading of his masterpiece, *The Dice Player*. Our last performance together was in the beautiful city of Arles, France, where we decided to undertake a communal work and where our music would accompany the variations of his voice, in strength and weakness, certainty and doubt, life and death.

When he passed on, we decided to carry out this project, and accompaniment became homage. We initially composed *In the Shadow of Words* to the narration of *The Dice Player*. However, we found ourselves drawn to the idea of integrating other poems, such as *Shajan (A Lesson from the Kama Sutra)*, to reflect how Darwish spoke of love; his famous poem, *Faraadees (On This Earth—Paradise)*, to

embrace his admiration for his beloved homeland, Palestine; and *Mu'allaqât (A Rhyme for the Odes)* to highlight his fascination with language. The premiere took place in Ramallah, where his voice reached out, dominant, against the backdrop of our music, our tears, and the sorrows of Palestine. And who better to pay tribute to Darwish than Darwish himself, absent yet still so present?

Conscious of the importance of this homage and our responsibility to its message, the poems have been translated to be projected onscreen. These screens were specially conceptualized so that we can share the significance of Darwish's words with audiences from both the East and West, in a poetic space full of sensitivity. We have also employed the technology of voice acceleration and deceleration to accompany our live music improvisations and silences, converting this performance into a journey that takes our audience on an encounter with their beloved poet one last time.

Mahmoud Darwish was an internationally renowned poet and writer, known for his linguistic mastery and for challenging the definition of being the only national poet of the Palestinian struggle. For us, Darwish has always been the symbol of our connectedness with metaphors and hope. He left us too soon, but he will be with us forever.

—Le Trio Joubran

Translated from the French by Nicole Howell





LINCOLN CENTER FESTIVAL 2017 **LE TRIO JOUBRAN**

Program

Laytaka (Wish You Are)

The Dice Player, Part I

Recorded Voice **Mahmoud Darwish**

Masâr (Process)

The Dice Player, Part II

Recorded Voice **Mahmoud Darwish**

Shajan (A Lesson from the Kama Sutra)

Recorded Voice **Mahmoud Darwish**

The Dice Player, Part III

Recorded Voice **Mahmoud Darwish**

Majâz (Metaphor)

The Dice Player, Part IV

Recorded Voice **Mahmoud Darwish**

Faraadees (On This Earth—Paradise)

Recorded Voice **Mahmoud Darwish**

The Dice Player, Part V

Recorded Voice **Mahmoud Darwish**

Saraab (Mirage)

Mu'allaqât (A Rhyme for the Odes)

Recorded Voice **Mahmoud Darwish**

Safar (Mural—Travel)

Recorded Voice **Mahmoud Darwish**

All poems written by Mahmoud Darwish





Texts and Translations

This performance includes excerpts from The Dice Player and Safar (Mural – Travel), and the complete texts of Shajan (A Lesson from the Kama Sutra), Faraadees (On This Earth – Paradise), and Mu'allaqât (A Rhyme for the Odes). The projections may vary slightly from what is included in this program.

Laytaka (Wish You Are)

(instrumental)

The Dice Player, Part I

I walk, scramble, run, climb, get down,
scream, bark, howl, call out, wail,
speed up, slow down, love, become
lighter, drier, march on, fly, see,
don't see, stumble, become yellow,
green, blue, gasp, sob, thirst, get
tired, struggle, fall, get up, run,
forget, see, don't see, remember,
hear, look, wonder, hallucinate,
mumble, yell I can't, moan, go mad,
stay, become less and more, fall,
rise, collapse, bleed and faint

— Translation of all The Dice Player
excerpts by John Berger and
Rema Hammami

لاعب النرد (الجزء الأول)

أمشي / أهروُنْ / أركضْ / أصعدْ / أنزلْ
أصرخْ / أنبجْ / أعوي / أنادي / أولولْ
أسرعْ / أبطنْ / أهوي / أخفْ
أجفْ / أسيرْ / أطيرْ / أرى
لا أرى / أتعننْ / أصفوْ
أخضرْ / أزرقْ / أنشقْ / أجهشْ / أعطشْ / أتعبْ
أسغبْ / أسقطْ / أنهضْ / أركضْ
أنسى / أرى / لا أرى / أتذكّرْ
أسمعْ / أبصرْ / أهذي / أهلوسْ
أهمسْ / أصرخْ / لا أستطيع / أننْ / أجنْ
أضلْ / أفلْ / وأكثرْ / أسقطْ
أعلوْ / وأهبطْ / أدميْ / ويعني عليْ

Masâr (Process)

(instrumental)

The Dice Player, Part II

this poem is a dice throw
onto a board of darkness
that glows and doesn't glow
words fall
like feathers on sand

I don't think it was me who wrote the
poem
I just obeyed its rhythm:
the flow of feelings each affecting the
next

لاعب النرد (الجزء الثاني)

إنّ القصيدة رُمِيَةٌ نَرْدٍ
على رُقْعَةٍ من ظلامْ
تشعْ، وقد لا تشعْ
فيهوي الكلامْ
كريش على الرملْ

لا دَوَّرَ لي في القصيدة
غير امتثالي لإيقاعها
حركات الأحاسيس حساً يعِدَلْ حساً
وحُدساً يُنَزِّلْ معنيْ





 LINCOLN CENTER FESTIVAL 2017 LE TRIO JOUBRAN

meaning given by intuition
 a trance in the echoing words
 the image of myself taken from me and
 given to another
 with no one to help me
 and my longing for the source

وَحَدْسًا يُبْرَلُ مَعْنَى
 وَغَيْبِيَّةً فِي صَدَى الْكَلِمَاتِ
 وَصُورَةَ نَفْسِي الَّتِي انْتَقَلَتْ
 مِنْ أَنَايَ إِلَى غَيْرِهَا
 وَاعْتِمَادِي عَلَى نَفْسِي
 وَحَنِينِي إِلَى النُّبْعِ

I don't think it was me who wrote the
 poem
 except when inspiration stopped
 and inspiration is the luck of the skillful
 when they apply themselves

لَا دُورَ لِي فِي الْقَصِيدَةِ إِلَّا
 إِذَا انْقَطَعَ الْوَحْيُ

The only possibility
 was to love the girl who asked me:
 What time is it?
 on my way to the cinema.
 And it was only possible for her to be a
 mulatta
 which she was
 or a passing mystery and a darkness

وَالْوَحْيُ حِظُّ الْمَهَارَةِ إِذْ تَجْتَهَدُ
 كَانَ يُمْكِنُ إِلَّا أَحَبَّ الْفَتَاةَ الَّتِي
 سَأَلْتَنِي: كَيْمُ السَّاعَةِ الْآنَ؟
 لَوْ لَمْ أَكُنْ فِي طَرِيقِي إِلَى السِّنِمَا...
 كَانَ يُمْكِنُ إِلَّا تَكُونُ خَلَاسِيَّةً مِثْلَمَا
 هِيَ، أَوْ خَاطِرًا غَامِقًا مِثْلَهَا...
 هَكَذَا تُولَدُ الْكَلِمَاتُ. أَدْرَبْتُ قَلْبِي
 عَلَى الْحُبِّ كَيْ يَسْعَ الْوَرْدُ وَالشُّوكُ...
 صُوفِيَّةً مَفْرَدَاتِي. وَحَسْبِيَّةً رَغْبَاتِي
 وَلَسْتُ أَنَا مَنْ أَنَا الْآنَ إِلَّا

It's like this the words multiply
 I induce my heart to love so it has room
 for flowers and thorns...
 My vocabulary is mystic and my desires
 corporeal
 And I'm not who I am now unless
 there's a meeting of two:
 me and my feminine self

إِذَا التَّقَتِ الْإِثْنَانُ:
 أَنَا، وَأَنَا الْأُنثَوِيَّةُ
 يَا حُبُّ! مَا أَنْتَ؟ كَيْمُ أَنْتَ أَنْتَ
 وَلَا أَنْتَ. يَا حُبُّ! هُبُّ عَلَيْنَا
 عَوَاصِفَ رَعْدِيَّةٍ كَيْ نَصِيرَ إِلَى مَا تَحِبُّ
 لَنَا مِنْ حُلُولِ السَّمَائِيِّ فِي الْجَسَدِيِّ.
 وَدُبُّ فِي مَصَبِّ يَفِيضُ مِنَ الْجَانِبِيِّينَ.
 فَأَنْتَ- وَإِنْ كُنْتَ تَظْهَرُ أَوْ تَتَبَطَّنُ-
 لَا شَكْلَ لَكَ

Love! What are you?
 How much are you? You
 and not you?
 Love! Rage like a tempest over us
 so we can find only what the divinities
 want of my body
 and pour away the rest in a funnel
 You – whether displayed or hidden –
 have no shape
 and we love you when we love
 by chance
 You're the luck of the poor

وَنَحْنُ نَحْبُكَ حِينَ نَحْبُ مِصَادِفَةً
 أَنْتَ حِظُّ الْمَسَاكِينِ





Shajan (A Lesson from the Kama Sutra)

With the drinking glass studded with lapis
wait for her,
by the pool around the evening and the
rose perfume
wait for her,
with the patience of the horse prepared
for mountain descent
wait for her,
with the manners of the refined and
marvelous prince
wait for her,
with seven pillows stuffed with light
clouds
wait for her,
with burning womanly incense filling up
the place
wait for her,
with the sandalwood male scent around
the backs of horses
wait for her,
and don't hurry, so if she arrives late
wait for her,
and if she arrives early
wait for her,
and don't startle the birds in her braids
and wait for her,
so that she sits comfortably in her
beauty's summit in the garden
and wait for her,

درس من كاماسوترا

بكأس الشراب المرصع باللازورد
انتظرها،
على بركة الماء حول المساء وزهر الكولونيا
انتظرها،
بصبر الحصان المعد لمنحدرات الجبال
انتظرها،
بذوق الأمير الرفيع البديع
انتظرها،
بسيح وسائد مخشوة بالسحاب الخفيف
انتظرها
بنار البخور النسائي ملء المكان
انتظرها،
ولا تتعجل، فإن أقبلت بعد موعدها
فانتظرها،
وإن أقبلت قبل وعدها
فانتظرها،
ولا تُجفل
الطير فوق جدائلها
وانتظرها،
لتجلس مرتاحة كالحديقة في أوج زينتها
وانتظرها،





 LINCOLN CENTER FESTIVAL 2017 LE TRIO JOUBRAN

so she may breathe this strange air upon
 her heart
 and wait for her,
 so that she lifts her dress off her calf
 cloud by cloud
 and wait for her,
 take her to a balcony to see a moon
 drowning in milk
 and wait for her,
 offer her water, before wine, and don't
 look at twin partridges sleeping on her
 chest
 and wait for her,
 slowly touch her hand
 when she places the glass on the marble
 as if you were carrying dew for her
 and wait for her,
 talk to her as a flute talks
 to a frightened violin string
 as if you two were witnesses to what
 tomorrow prepares for you
 and wait for her
 brighten her night ring by ring
 and wait for her
 until the night says to you:
 You are the only two left in the universe
 so take her, gently, to your desired death
 and wait for her!...

لكي تتنفسَ هذا الهواء الغريبَ على قلبها
 وانتظرها،
 لترفع عن ساقها ثوبها غيمةً غيمةً
 وانتظرها،
 وقدم لها الماء قبل النبيذ ولا تتطلع إلى ثؤامني حجلٍ
 نائمين على صدرها
 وانتظرها،
 ومسن على مهل يدها عندما تصنع الكأس فوق الرخام
 كأنك تحمل عنها الندى
 وانتظرها،
 تحدث إليها كما يتحدث نايٌّ إلى وترٍ خائفٍ في
 الكمان
 كأنكما شاهدان على ما يُعدُّ غدً لكما
 وانتظرها
 ولمع لها ليلها خاتماً خاتماً
 وانتظرها
 إلى: أن يقول لك الليلُ
 لم يبقَ
 غيركما في الوجود
 فخذها، برفق، إلى موتك المشتتهي
 وانتظرها!...

— Translation by Fady Joudah





The Dice Player, Part III

Unfortunately
I often escaped love's closure
but fortunately stayed fit enough to re-
open its door!

Secretly, the canny lover says to himself:
Love is our truthful lie
Overhearing him, his beloved replies:
love comes and goes
like lightning and thunder

To life I say: slow down wait for me until
intoxication has dried out in my glass
In the garden all the flowers are ours
and the wind can't unwind itself from the
rose

Wait for me so the nightingales don't flee
the town square
and make me break the rhythm
while the minstrels tighten their strings
for the goodbye song

Go slow for me and be brief so the song
won't take long
lest my delivery interrupt the prelude and
split it in two
let two and two make one
Long Live Life!

Majâz (Metaphor)

(instrumental)

The Dice Player, Part IV

By chance this land became holy
its lakes hills and trees aren't replicas
of those in paradise
but... It became holy because a prophet
walked here
prayed on a rock that began to weep
and the mount fell down from fear of
God
then passed out

لاعب النرد (الجزء الثالث)

من سوء حظي أني نجوت مراراً
من الموت حباً
ومن حسن حظي أني ما زلت هشاً
لأدخل في التجربة

يقول المحبُّ المجزَّبُ في سرِّه
هو الحبُّ كذبتنا الصادقة
فتسمعه العاشقةُ

وتقول: هو الحبُّ ، يأتي ويذهب
كالبرق والصاعقة

للحياة أقول: علي مهلك، انتظريني
إلى أن تجفُّ الثمالةُ في قَدَجِي .

في الحديقة وردٌ مشاع، ولا يستطيع الهواءُ
الفكاك من الوردة/

انتظريني لئلا تفرَّ العنادلُ مِنِّي
فأخطئ في اللحن/

في الساحة المنشدون يتشدون أوتار آلاتهم
لنشيد الوداع. علي مهلك اختصريني

لئلا يطول النشيد ، فيقطع النبرُ بين المطالع،
وهي ثنائبةٌ والختامُ الأحادي

تحيا الحياة

لاعب النرد (الجزء الرابع)

ومصادفةً، صارت الأرض أرضاً مُقدَّسةً
لا لأنَّ بحيراتها ورباها وأشجارها
نسخةٌ عن فراديس علويةٍ
بل لأنَّ نبياً تمسَّى هناك
وصلَّى علي صخرة فيكثُ
وهوى التلُّ من خشية الله
مُغمى عليه





Faraadees (On This Earth – Paradise)

We have on this earth what makes life
worth living: April's hesitation, the
aroma of bread
at dawn, a woman's point of view about
men, the works of Aeschylus, the
beginning
of love, grass on a stone, mothers living
on a flute's sigh and the invaders' fear
of memories.

We have on this earth what makes life
worth living: the final days of
September, a woman
keeping her apricots ripe after forty, the
hour of sunlight in prison, a cloud
reflecting a swarm
of creatures, the peoples' applause for
those who face death with a smile,
a tyrant's fear of songs.

We have on this earth what makes life
worth living: on this earth, the Lady of
Earth,
mother of all beginnings and ends. She
was called Palestine. Her name later
became
Palestine. My Lady, because you are my
Lady, I deserve life.

— Translation by Munir Akash and
Carolyn Forché

على هذه الأرض

على هذه الأرض ما يستحق الحياة: تَرَدُّدُ إبريل
رَائِحَةُ الخُبْزِ فِي الفجرِ ،
أراءُ امرأةٍ فِي الرِّجالِ، كِتَابَاتُ أسْخِيلْيوسِ، أوَّلُ
الحُبِّ، عَشْبٌ على حَجَرٍ ،
أُمَّهَاتٌ تَقْفَنَ على خَبِطِ نايٍ ، وَخَوْفُ العُرَاةِ مِنَ
الذِّكْرِيَّاتِ .

على هذه الأرض ما يستحق الحياة: نِهَائِيَةُ أيلولِ ،
سَيِّدَةٌ تَتْرُكُ الأَرَبِيعِينَ بِكاملِ
مشمِشِها، سَاعَةُ الشَّمْسِ فِي السَّجَنِ، عَيْمٌ يُقْلَدُ سِرْباً
مِنَ الكائِنَاتِ ،
هُتَافَاتُ شَعْبٍ لِمَنْ يَصْعَدُونَ إلى حَتْفِهِم بِاسْمِي ،
وَخَوْفُ الطَّعَاةِ مِنَ الأَغْنِيَّاتِ

على هذه الأرض ما يستحق الحياة: على هذه
الأرضِ سَيِّدَةُ الأَرْضِ ،
أُمُّ البِدَائِيَّاتِ أُمُّ النِّهَائِيَّاتِ. كَانَتْ تُسَمَّى
فِلِسْطِينَ. صَارَتْ تُسَمَّى فِلِسْطِينَ
سَيِّدَتِي: أَسْتَحِقُّ ، لِأَنَّكَ سَيِّدَتِي ، أَسْتَحِقُّ الحَيَاةَ .





The Dice Player, Part V

And by chance the slope of a field in
this country
becomes a museum of dust
because too many soldiers from both
sides die there
defending two leaders
who waiting in two silken tents for their
spoils
give the order to Charge!
Soldiers die time and again without
ever knowing who won
Meanwhile the surviving storytellers
say:
if by chance the others had won!
History's headlines could have been
different

O land I love you green
Green
an apple dancing in water and light
Green
your night green, your dawn green
so plant me with the tenderness of a
mother's hand
in a handful of air
I am one of your seeds
Green...

That stanza has more than one poet
and it's possible it didn't have to be
lyrical

Who am I to say to you
what I'm saying?
It would have been possible not to be
who I am
It would have been possible not to be
here...
it would have been possible
if the plane had crashed that morning
with me on board
Luckily I'm a late riser
and missed the flight

لاعب النرد (الجزء الخامس)

ومصادفةً، صار منحدر الحقل في بَلَدٍ
متحفاً للهباء...
لأن ألوفاً من الجند ماتت هناك
من الجانبين، دفاعاً عن القائِدين اللذين
يقولان: هَيَّا. وينتظران الغنائم في
خيمتين حريريتين من الجهتين...
يموت الجنود مراراً ولا يعلمون
إلى الآن مَنْ كان منتصراً!
ومصادفةً، عاش بعض الرواة وقالوا:
لو انتصر الآخرون على الآخرين
لكانت لتاريخنا البشري عناوين أخرى
أحبك خضراء. يا أرض خضراء. تَفَاخَةً
تتموِّج في الضوء والماء. خضراء. ليلاً
أخضر. فجرك أخضر. فلتزرعيني برفق...
برفق. يَدِ الأم، في حفنة من هواء.
أنا بذرة من بذورك خضراء...
تلك القصيدة ليس لها شاعر واحد
كان يمكن ألا تكون غنائية...
من أنا لأقول لكم
ما أقول لكم؟
كان يمكن ألا أكون أنا مَنْ أنا
كان يمكن ألا أكون هنا...
كان يمكن أن تسقط الطائرةُ
بي صباحاً،
ومن حسن حظي أنني نُوِّم الضحى
فتأخَّرْتُ عن موعد الطائرة





 LINCOLN CENTER FESTIVAL 2017 LE TRIO JOUBRAN

It would have been possible never to
 have visited Cairo Damascus the
 Louvre and other magical cities
 If I'd been walking slower
 the rifle shot might have cut my shadow
 off from
 the watchful cypress

If I'd been walking faster
 I might have been shattered to pieces
 by shrapnel
 and become a passing thought

It's possible if I'd dreamed more
 excessively
 I might have lost my memory

Luckily I sleep alone
 and I listen to my body
 and believe my talent in discovering
 pain in time to call the doctor
 ten minutes before dying...
 ten minutes, enough for me to live by
 chance
 and disappoint the void
 Who am I to disappoint the void
 who am I, who am I?

كان يمكن ألا أرى الشام والقاهرة
 ولا متحف اللوفر، والمدن الساحرة
 كان يمكن، لو كنت أبطاً في المشي،
 أن تقطع البندقية ظلي
 عن الأرزة الساهرة
 كان يمكن، لو كنت أسرع في المشي،
 أن أنتشطني
 وأصبح خاطرةً عابرةً
 كان يمكن، لو كنت أسرف في اللحم،
 أن أفقد الذاكرة
 ومن حسن حظي أني أنام وحيداً
 فأصغي إلى جسدي
 وأصدق موهبتي في اكتشاف الألم
 فأنادي الطبيب، قبيل الوفاة، بعشر دقائق
 عشر دقائق تكفي لأحيا مُصادفةً
 وأخيب ظنّ العدم
 مَنْ أنا لأخيب ظنّ العدم؟
 مَنْ أنا؟ مَنْ أنا؟

Saraab (Mirage)

(instrumental)





Mu'allaqât (A Rhyme for the Odes)

No one guided me to myself. I am the
guide.
Between desert and sea, I am my own
guide to myself.
Born of language on the road to India
between two small tribes,
adorned by the moonlight of ancient
faiths and an impossible peace,
compelled to guard the periphery of a
Persian neighborhood
and the great obsession of the
Byzantines,
so that the heaviness of time lightens
over the Arab's tent.
Who am I? This is a question that others
ask, but has no answer.
I am my language, I am an ode, two
odes, ten. This is my language.
I am my language. I am words' writ: *Be!*
Be my body!
And I become an embodiment of their
timbre.
I am what I have spoken to the words: *Be*
the place where
my body joins the eternity of the desert.
Be, so that I may become my words.
No land on earth bears me. Only my
words bear me,
a bird born from me who builds a nest in
my ruins
before me, and in the rubble of the
enchanted world around me.
I stood on a wind, and my long night
was without end.
This is my language, a necklace of stars
around the necks
of my loved ones. They emigrated.
They carried the place and emigrated,
they carried time and emigrated.
They lifted their fragrances from their
bowls.
They took their bleak pastures and
emigrated.
They took the words. The ravaged heart
left with them.

قافية من أجل المعلقات

ما دلني أحد علي. أنا الدليل، أنا الدليل
إلى بين البحر والصحراء. من لغتي ولدت
على طريق الهند بين قبيلتين صغيرتين عليهما
قمر الديانات القديمة، والسلام المستحيل
وعليهما أن تحفظا فلك الجوار الفارسي
وهاجس الروم الكبير، ليهبط الزمن الثقيل
عن خيمة العربي أكثر. من أنا؟ هذا
سؤال الآخرين ولا جواب له. أنا لغتي أنا،
وأنا معلقة... معلقتان... عشر، هذه لغتي
أنا لغتي. أنا ما قالت الكلمات:
كن
جسدي، فكنت لنبرها جسداً. أنا ما
قلت للكلمات: كوني ملتقي جسدي مع
الأبدية الصحراء. كوني كي أكون كما أقول!
لا أرض فوق الأرض تحملني، فيحملني كلامي
طائراً متفرعاً مني، وبينني عش رحلته أمامي
في حطامي، في حطام العالم السحري من حولي،
على ريح ووقت. وطال بي لبلي الطويل
هذه لغتي قلاند من نجوم حول أعناق...
الأحبة: هاجروا
أخذوا المكان وهاجروا
أخذوا الزمان وهاجروا
أخذوا روائحهم عن الفخار
والكلأ الشحيح، وهاجروا
أخذوا الكلام وهاجر القلب القليل معهم.





 LINCOLN CENTER FESTIVAL 2017 LE TRIO JOUBRAN

Will the echo, this echo, this white,
 sonorous mirage
 hold a name whose hoarseness fills the
 unknown
 and whom departure fills with divinity?
 The sky opened a window for me. I
 looked and found nothing
 save myself outside itself, as it has
 always been,
 and my desert-haunted visions.
 My steps are wind and sand, my world is
 my body and what I can hold onto.
 I am the traveler and also the road.
 Gods appear to me and disappear.
 We don't linger upon what is to come.
 There is no tomorrow in this desert, save
 what we saw yesterday,
 so let me brandish my ode to break the
 cycle of time,
 and let there be beautiful days!
 How much past tomorrow holds!
 I left myself to itself, a self filled with the
 present.
 Departure emptied me of temples.
 Heaven has its own nations and wars.
 I have a gazelle for a wife, and palm trees
 for odes in a book of sand.
 What I see is the past.
 For mankind, a kingdom of dust and a
 crown.
 Let my language overcome my hostile
 fate, my line of descendants.
 Let it overcome me, my father, and a
 vanishing that won't vanish.
 This is my language, my miracle, my
 magic wand.
 This is my obelisk and the gardens of my
 Babylon,
 my first identity, my polished metal, the
 desert idol of an Arab
 who worships what flows from rhymes
 like stars in his *aba*,
 and who worships his own words.
 So let there be prose.
 There must be a divine prose for the
 Prophet to triumph.

أيتسع الصدى، هذا الصدى، هذا الصدى،
 هذا السراب الأبيض الصوتي لاسم تملأ
 المجهول بحته، ويملاه الرحيل ألوهة؟
 تضع السماء علي نافذة فأنظر: لا
 أرى أحداً سواي...
 وجدت نفسي عند خارجها
 كما كانت معي، ورؤاي
 لا تتأى عن الصحراء،
 من ريج ومن رمل خطاي
 وعالمي جسدي وما ملكت يداي
 أنا المسافر والسبيل
 يطل آلهة على ويذهبون، ولا نطيل
 حديثنا عما سيأتي. لا غد في
 هذه الصحراء إلا ما رأينا أمس،
 فلأرفع معلقتي لينكسر الزمان الدائري
 ويولد الوقت الجميل!
 ما أكثر الماضي يجيء غداً
 تركت لنفسها نفسي التي امتلأت بحاضرها
 وأفرغني الرحيل
 من المعابد. للسماء شعوبها وحروبها
 أما أنا، فلي الغزاة زوجة، ولي النخيل
 معلقات في كتاب الرمل. ماضٍ ما أرى
 للمرء مملكة الغبار وتاجه. فلنتنصر
 لغتي على الدهر العدو، على شلالاتي،
 على، على أبي، وعلى زوال لا يزول
 هذه لغتي ومعجزتي. عصا سحري.
 حدائق بابلي ومسلتي، وهويتي الأولى،
 ومعدني الصقيل
 ومقدس العربي في الصحراء،
 يعبد ما يسيل
 من القوافي كالنجوم على عباته،
 ويعبد ما يقول
 لا بد من نثر إذا،
 لا بد من نثر إلهي لينتصر الرسول...

— Translation by Munir Akash and
 Carolyn Forché





Safar (Mural – Travel)

جدارية

And as Christ walked on the lake,
I walked in my vision
But I came down from the cross
because I have a fear of heights
and don't
promise resurrection. I only changed
my cadence to hear my heart
clearly...

The epicists have falcons, and I have
The Collar of the Dove, an abandoned
star on the roof,
and a winding street that leads to the
port...

And this sea is mine,
this humid air is mine,
this sidewalk and my steps
on it, my semen...mine.
And the old bus station. And mine
is my ghost and his companion. And
the copper pot,
the Throne verse, the key,
the door, the guards, the bells are mine.
Mine is the horseshoe that flew
over the walls...and what was mine
is mine. And the piece of paper that was
torn
out of the Gospel is mine. The salt of
tears
on the house walls, mine...and my
name,
even if I mispronounce it
with five horizontal letters, is mine:
"Meem" the infatuated, the orphaned,
the finale of what has passed.
"H" the garden and the beloved, two
puzzles and two laments.
"Meem" the adventurer, the readied
and ready for his death,
the one promised exile, and desire's ill
patient.
"Wow" farewell, the middle rose, loyal
to birth wherever possible,
and the pledge of parents.

ومتلما سار المسيح على البحيرة...
سرت في رؤياي. لكنتي نزلت عن
الصليب لأنني أخشى العلو ولا
أبتئز بالقيامة. لم أغير غير إيقاعي
لأسمع صوت قلبي واضحا...
للمحميين النشور ولي أنا طوق
الحمامة، نجمة مهجورة فوق السطوح ،
وشارع يُفضي إلى الميناء.../

هذا البحر لي
هذا الهواء الرطب لي
هذا الرصيف وما عليّه
من خطاي وسائلي المنوي... لي
ومحطة الباص القديمة لي. ولي
شبحي وصاحبته. وأنية النحاس
وأية الكرسي، والمفتاح لي
والباب والحراس والأجراس لي
لي حذوة الفرس التي
طارت عن الأسوار... لي
ما كان لي. وقصاصة الورق التي
انتزعت من الإنجيل لي
والملح من أثر الدموع على
جدار البيت لي.../

واسمي، إن أخطأت لفظ اسمي
بخمسة أحرف أفقية التكوين لي:
ميم / المتيم والمينم والمتيم ما مضى
حاء / الحديقه والحبيبه، حيرتان وحسرتان
ميم / المغامر والمعد المستعد لموته
الموعود منفيًا، مريض المشتتهى
واو / الوداع، الوردة الوسطى،
ولاء للولادة أينما وُجدت، ووعد الوالدين





 LINCOLN CENTER FESTIVAL 2017 LE TRIO JOUBRAN

"Da" the guide, the road, the tear of a
 meadow that has perished, and a
 house
 sparrow that spoils me and bleeds me...
 this name belongs to me and my
 friends
 wherever they are...
 and my temporary body, absent or
 present, is mine:
 two meters of this dirt will suffice...
 One meter and seventy five centimeters
 are mine...
 and the rest belongs to the flowers with
 chaotic colors
 that drink me slowly, and what was
 mine
 is mine: my yesterday. And what will be
 mine:
 my distant tomorrow, and the return of
 the fugitive soul
 as if nothing had happened,
 as if nothing were
 a scratch wound on the arm of the
 frivolous present...
 and History mocks its victims
 and its heroes...
 it glances at them then passes...
 and this sea is mine,
 this humid air is mine,
 and my name,
 even if I misspell it on the coffin,
 is mine.
 But I,
 now that I have become filled
 with all the reasons of departure,
 I am not mine
 I am not mine
 I am not mine...

دال / الدليل، الدرب، دمعَة
 دارة دَرَسَتْ، ودوريّ يُدَلِّلني ويُدَمِيني /
 وهذا الاسم لي...
 ولأصدقائي، أينما كانوا، ولي
 جسدي الموقّت، حاضراً أم غائباً...
 مِتران من هذا التراب سيكفيان الآن...
 لي مِترٌ و سنتمترًا...
 والباقي لزهْر قَوْصَوِيّ اللون،
 يشربني على مَهَل، ولي
 ما كان لي: أمسي، وما سيكون لي
 غديّ البعيد، وعودة الروح الشريد
 كأنّ شيئاً لم يَكُنْ
 وكانّ شيئاً لم يكن
 جرحٌ طفيف في ذراع الحاضر الغيبيّ...
 والتاريخُ يسخر من ضحاياه
 ومن أبطاله...
 يُلقني عليهم نظرةً ويمرُّ...
 هذا البحرُ لي
 هذا الهواءُ الرُّطْبُ لي
 واسمي -
 وإن أخطأتُ لفظ اسمي على التابوت -
 لي.
 أما أنا - وقد امتلأتُ
 بكلِّ أسباب الرحيل -
 فلستُ لي.
 أنا لستُ لي
 أنا لستُ لي...

— Translation by Fady Joudah





About the Artists

Le Trio Joubran comprises three brothers: Samir, Wissam, and Adnan Joubran. The trio's repertoire is filled with improvisations and melodies composed for the oud, an instrument that holds great importance in Palestinian culture. Le Trio Joubran's story began with the eldest of the brothers, Samir, who started as a solo artist and released two albums, *Taqaseem* (1996) and *Sou'fahm* (2001). For the next album, *Tamaas* (2003), Wissam joined Samir. Two years later, the trio as it is known today was born when Adnan joined his brothers for Le Trio Joubran's debut album, *Randana*. Two further albums followed: *Majâz* (2007) and *AsFâr* (2011). The brothers have earned a reputation among world music bands, and with Youssef Hbeisch on percussion, the band is a symbol of Palestine's culture wherever it performs, including at Carnegie Hall, Paleo Festival (Switzerland), WOMAD (London), Dubai International Film Festival, Holland Festival, Théâtre de la Ville (Paris), and Bahrain Manama Cultural Hall. Le Trio Joubran has also composed scores for several films, including Nassim Amaouche's *Adieu Gary* (2009) and Yahya Al Abdullah's *The Last Friday* (2011), both of which won the Best Composer Award at the Dubai International Film Festival; and Karim Dridi's *Le Dernier Vol* (2010), starring Marion Cotillard. Mexican acoustic guitar duo Rodrigo y Gabriela composed a piece to pay tribute to Le Trio Joubran, inviting the group to perform at the Olympia

(Paris), Casino de Paris, and Radio City Music Hall. In 2013 Le Trio Joubran received the Artistic Creativity Award from the Arab Thought Foundation, as well as the Order of Merit and Excellence award from the Palestinian National Authority, Ramallah, for career achievement. In 2016 the group received the Zyrian Award at the UNESCO International Lute Festival in Tetouan, Morocco.

Youssef Hbeisch (Percussion) has developed contemporary ways of playing and combining complex Arabian rhythms as he performs with some of the most prominent musicians in the Arab region and beyond: Simon Shaheen (oud player), Süleyman Erguner (Ottoman and Sufi music), Aka Moon (modern jazz), Ibrahim Maalouf (fusion), Bratsch (Gypsy, Balkan), Oriental Music Ensemble (classical and Eastern), and Le Trio Joubran. He also performs in a duo—called Duo Sabîl—with oud player Ahmad Al Khatib. In 2012 Duo Sabîl and Quator Béla released a joint album called *Jadayel*; the duo's self-titled solo album was released the same year, and its newest album, *Zabad*, was released this year. Duo Sabîl performed with Australian classical guitarist John Williams at a 2012 benefit concert supporting the Gaza Music School and Beit Almusica organization. He is a guest musician at Salon Joussour (the Netherlands), which aims to foster collaboration between Arabic and Dutch music artists. He studied music and philosophy at the University of Haifa and now lives in Paris.





 LINCOLN CENTER FESTIVAL 2017 **LE TRIO JOUBRAN**

Mahmoud Darwish (Recorded Voice) was a poet and author regarded as the Palestinian national poet due to his poignant expression of the Palestinian experience and identity. His life was marked by exile: In 1948, when he was seven years old, his family was forced to flee to Lebanon when his village was destroyed by the Israeli Army; when he and his family returned a year later, it was with the status of "present-absent alien." In 1970 harassment by the Israeli military governor compelled him to leave for Moscow, Egypt, and finally Beirut; later on, he became a "wandering exile," settling in Paris, Amman, and Ramallah, among other places. This experience of exile and loss of homeland is a primary theme of his poetry. He published his first collection of poems, *Leaves of Olives*, in 1964. During his lifetime, he published more than 20 other books of poetry, including *Unfortunately, It Was Paradise*; *The Butterfly's Burden*; and *Mural*. He received many international literary awards, including the Lotus Prize, Lenin Peace Prize, France's Chevalier de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres, Moroccan Wissam of Intellectual Merit (given by King Mohammad VI of Morocco), and Lannan Prize for Cultural Freedom. His poetry puts many different languages, cultures, countries, and religions in dialogue with one another, complicating and pluralizing the notion of identity as something that is multilayered and fluid. He died in 2008 and was buried in Ramallah.

Le Trio Joubran Production Team

 Production **Zamora Productions**
Sabine Châtel

 Manager **Karim Ghattas**

 Production Manager **Thomas Clement**

 Sound Engineer **Jean-Christophe Batut**

Lighting and Video Engineer

Jacques-Henri Bidermann
Poetry Translation Acknowledgments

"The Dice Player" excerpts reprinted by kind permission of Rema Hammami, in memory of John Berger

Mahmoud Darwish, "A Lesson from Kama Sutra" from *The Butterfly's Burden*, translated by Fady Joudah. Copyright © 2007 by Mahmoud Darwish.

Translation copyright © 2007 by Fady Joudah. Reprinted with the permission of The Permissions Company, Inc. on behalf of Copper Canyon Press, www.CopperCanyonPress.org.

"On This Earth" and "A Rhyme for the Odes" republished with permission of University of California Press, from *Unfortunately, It Was Paradise*, Mahmoud Darwish, 2013; permission conveyed through Copyright Clearance Center, Inc.

"Mural" excerpt reprinted by kind permission of Fady Joudah





 LINCOLN CENTER FESTIVAL 2017 **LE TRIO JOUBRAN**

**John Jay College of Criminal Justice of
The City University of New York
and the Gerald W. Lynch Theater**

John Jay College of Criminal Justice of The City University of New York, an international leader in educating for justice, offers a rich liberal arts and professional studies curriculum to upwards of 15,000 undergraduate and graduate students from more than 135 nations. In teaching, scholarship and research, the College approaches justice as an applied art and science in service to society and as an ongoing conversation about fundamental human desires for fairness, equality and the rule of law. For more information, visit jjay.cuny.edu.

Since opening its doors in 1988, the Gerald W. Lynch Theater has been an invaluable cultural resource for John Jay College and the larger New York City community. The Theater is dedicated to the creation and presentation of performing arts programming of all disciplines with a special focus on how the artistic imagination can shed light on the many perceptions of justice in our society. The Theater is also a member of CUNY Stages, a consortium of 16 performing arts centers located on CUNY campuses across New York City.

The Theater has hosted events in the Lincoln Center Festival since its first season in 1996, as well as New York City Opera, Great Performers at Lincoln Center, Gotham Chamber Opera, Metropolitan Opera Guild, and Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater/Ailey II. The theater has also been the site of many television and film specials including *A&E's Live by Request*, *Comedy Central Presents* and *Premium Blend*, *Robert Klein in Concert* and VH1's *Soundtrack Live*. For more information, and to view a schedule of events, please visit GeraldWLynchTheater.com.

President **Jeremy Travis**
Senior Vice President, Office of Finance
and Administration **Steve Titan**
Executive Director **Jeffrey Brown**

GERALD W. LYNCH THEATER
General Manager **Joshua Redfearn**
Assistant General Manager **Rubina Shafi**
Assistant Technical Supervisor
Rosemarie Cruz
House Electrician **Stuart Burgess**
House Audio Engineer **William Grady**
Stagehand **David Nelson**
House Manager **Larissa Dicosmo**
Office Manager **Nardia Drummond**
Custodian **Alyshia Burke**





LINCOLN CENTER FESTIVAL 2017 LE TRIO JOUBRAN

Lincoln Center Festival, now in its 22nd season, has received worldwide attention for presenting some of the broadest and most original performing arts programs in Lincoln Center's history. The festival has presented 1,465 performances of opera, music, dance, theater, and interdisciplinary forms by internationally acclaimed artists from more than 50 countries. To date, the festival has commissioned 44 new works and offered 145 world, U.S., and New York premieres. It places particular emphasis on showcasing contemporary artistic viewpoints and multidisciplinary works that challenge the boundaries of traditional performance. For more information, visit LincolnCenterFestival.org.

Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts (LCPA) serves three primary roles: presenter of artistic programming, national leader in arts and education and community engagement, and manager of the Lincoln Center campus. A presenter of more than 3,000 free and ticketed events, performances, tours, and educational activities annually, LCPA offers 16 series, festivals, and programs, including American Songbook, Avery Fisher Career Grants and Artist program, David Rubenstein Atrium programming, Great Performers, Lincoln Center at the Movies, Lincoln Center Emerging Artist Awards, Lincoln Center Festival, Lincoln Center Out of Doors, Lincoln Center Vera

List Art Project, Midsummer Night Swing, Mostly Mozart Festival, White Light Festival, the Emmy Award-winning *Live From Lincoln Center*, which airs nationally on PBS, and Lincoln Center Education, which is celebrating 40 years enriching the lives of students, educators, and lifelong learners. As manager of the Lincoln Center campus, LCPA provides support and services for the Lincoln Center complex and the 11 resident organizations: The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Film Society of Lincoln Center, Jazz at Lincoln Center, The Juilliard School, Lincoln Center Theater, The Metropolitan Opera, New York City Ballet, New York Philharmonic, New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, School of American Ballet, and Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts. Lincoln Center has become a leading force in using new media and technology to reach and inspire a wider and global audience. Reaching audiences where they are—physically and digitally—has become a cornerstone of making the performing arts more accessible to New Yorkers and beyond. The re-imagination of David Geffen Hall will play an important part in these efforts. For more information, visit LincolnCenter.org.

Acknowledgments

Lighting, Sound, Video Equipment

Production Resource Group

New This Summer: Shop Lincoln Center

A pop-up on the plaza



Martin Schott

This summer, stop by our seasonal pop-up shop and bring a piece of Lincoln Center home with you. Choose from a selection of items, including tees, hats, water bottles, mugs, keychains, umbrellas, and even batons!

Each item features graphics by Small Stuff design studio, which used Lincoln Center's own identity and passion for centuries worth of artistic excellence as inspiration. Our "architectural wordmark" mug turns

Lincoln Center's iconic halls, plazas, and dancing fountain into a unique alphabet that will bring a smile to your face each morning. You'll feel like a VIP every time you come home with a Stage Door keychain. And a Lincoln Center-themed onesie is sure to delight the new parents in your life.

Shop Lincoln Center will be open throughout the summer, roving between Damrosch Park and the Lincoln Center plaza. Look for it next time you visit.