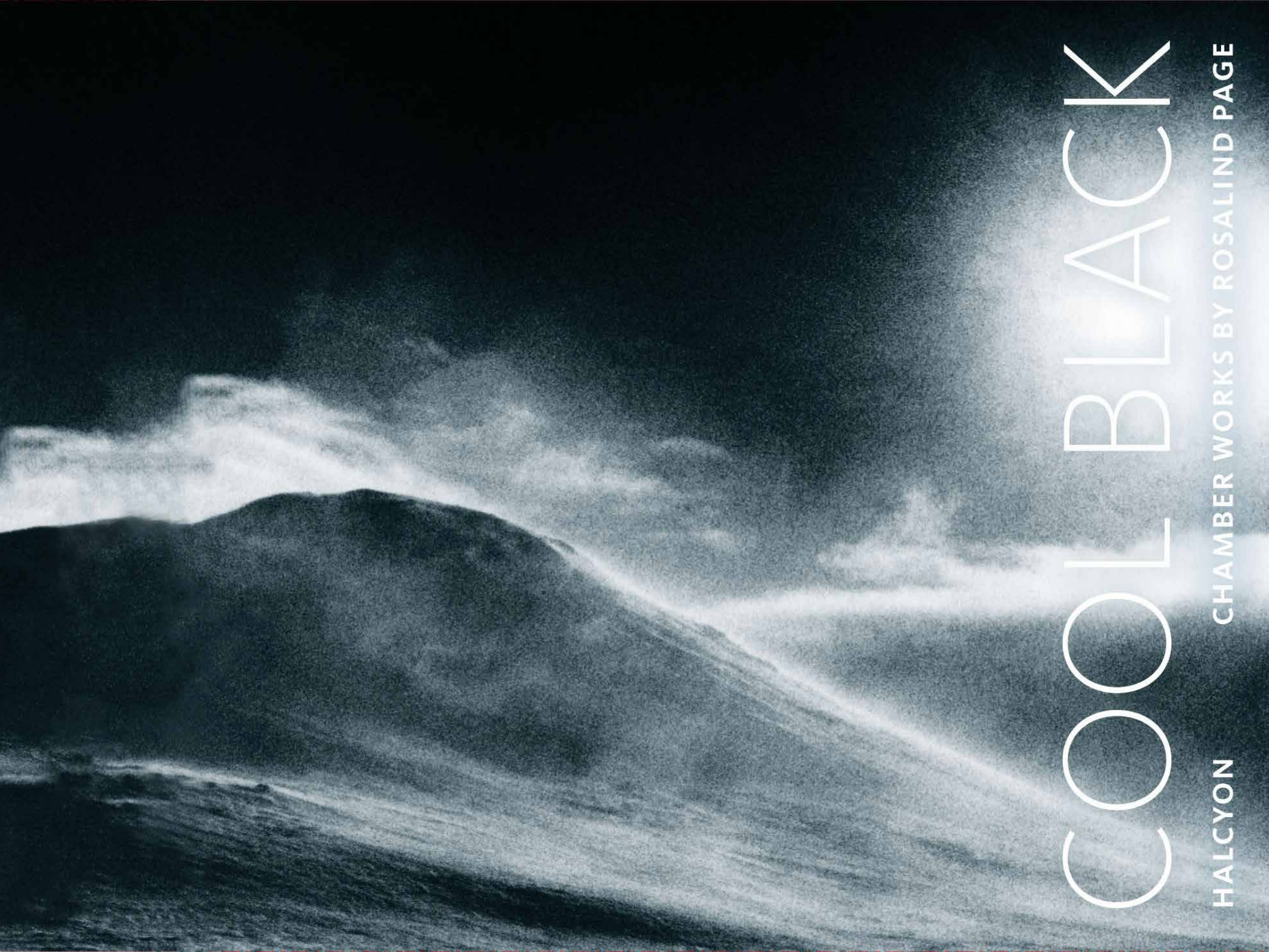




COOL BLACK

HALCYON

CHAMBER WORKS BY ROSALIND PAGE

NOIR FRAIS

- | | |
|------|---------------------|
| 7:02 | 1. le pont Mirabeau |
| 8:54 | 2. toujours |
| 2:56 | 3. claire de lune |
| 1:52 | 4. l'univers |

Apollinairesongs

KUL SVART

- | | |
|------|-----------------------------|
| 1:41 | 5. Í upphafi |
| 3:22 | 6. Morgunn |
| 3:08 | 7. tónfygli – Fuglar himins |
| 1:55 | 8. Lífið sjálft |
| 2:13 | 9. Spá |
| 3:07 | 10. fuglafiðlur – Perluregn |
| 8:35 | 11. Ó, Frón, þín móðir |

Hrafn söngvar

NEGRO FRESCO

- | | |
|------|---|
| 4:45 | 12. El poeta habla por teléfono con el amor |
| 3:09 | 13. Noche del amor insomne |
| 4:02 | 14. Soneto de la guirnalda de rosas |
| 4:53 | 15. Llagas de amor |
| 5:27 | 16. El poeta pide a su amor que le escriba |

Sonetos del Amor Oscuro

Total time: 67 :20

RECORDED AND ENGINEERED AT TRACKDOWN DIGITAL BY DANIEL BROWN
SEPTEMBER 2007-FEBRUARY 2008. EDITED AND MIXED BY DANIEL BROWN,
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COOL BLACK

HALCYON

NOIR FRAIS

Apollinaresongs

KUL SVART

Hrafnsöngvar

NEGRO FRESCO

Sonetos del Amor Oscuro

ROSALIND PAGE

febrúar, 1999. Langjökull, Ísland
boundless stillness in winterlight
birds of heaven
footprints,
an Arctic fox in the softest snow

mai, 1915. Champagne, France
amidst a shell-shocked universe
futures transfigured
memory of water
in the lover's embrace

agosto, 1936. Andalucía, España
gardener in an empty field
deep in his heart
the sleepless rhythms of *son*
echoing from the hot Havana night

between silent Northern light
and gunfire at dawn
the language of life and love
landscape of *cool black*

JULY 2008
BROUGHTON VALE, AUSTRALIA
ROSALIND PAGE

Halcyon first encountered the music of Rosalind Page in 2002 through our performance of the chamber ensemble version of *Apollinairesongs*. For this concert Rosalind extended the cycle composing *l'univers* especially for us.

Hearing the delicate, evocative soundscapes and beautifully crafted lines evoked by her sensitive responses to the poetry, we knew we had met a kindred spirit. Our relationship was further strengthened with Halcyon's world premiere performances of *Sonetos del Amor Oscuro* in 2004 and *Hrafn söngvar* in 2005.

As singers, we have come to know these songs intimately enough to dare to call them our own, at least for a while. It gives us immense and lasting satisfaction to know that through the creation of this recording, musicians and listeners alike will now enjoy their own unique encounters with the haunting musical landscapes of Rosalind Page.

ALISON MORGAN AND JENNY DUCK-CHONG

Apollinairesongs (2002), a perpetual song cycle, is inspired by the texts of Guillaume Apollinaire (1880-1918). A lament for the cyclic flow of emotion in time *le Pont Mirabeau* was first published in Paris in 1912. Juxtaposing successions of joy and sorrow, Apollinaire's poem mirrors his relationship with the artist Marie Laurencin, of whom he wrote: *She is a feminine counterpart of myself*. In this interpretation, the viola suggests the duality of relationships, singing in counterpoint to the voice, narrator of the poet's feeling. *toujours*, written in May 1915 whilst the poet by his own request was serving at the Front, contrasts cosmic imagery with the terrestrial base of humankind. Utilising a Jungian interpretation of text, adventure and order are reconciled through the fusion of transient external phenomena with the inner world of the psyche. Clarinet, alto flute and voice each represent one of Jung's opposing elements: the external conscious ego of the persona, the inner collective unconscious and the collective subconscious. Between these elements flows the balance of the individual psyche, reconciling and releasing the universe of the true self. *clair de lune*, dedicated to soprano Karen Cummings, reveals Apollinaire's penchant for surrealist humour and first appeared in the anthology *Alcools* (1913). Composed especially for Halcyon *l'univers*, a fragment from the epic *Vendémiaire* (1913), celebrates Apollinaire's intoxication with life and is dedicated to Jenny Duck-Chong.

A tone-poem of seven songs and two instrumental intermezzi, *Hrafn söngvar* (2001) evokes an ornithological cosmos, filled with the symbolism of flight. Setting contemporary Icelandic texts from *TÓNMYNDALJÓÐ (TONEPICTUREPOEMS)*,¹ a co-opus by poet Hrafn Andrés Harðarson, sculptor Grímur Marinó Steindórsson and composer Gunnar Reynir Sveinsson, *Hrafn söngvar (Ravensongs)* sonically references Iceland as a subconscious landscape. The dance *Lífið Sjálf (Life Itself)* composed especially for Hildur Harðardóttir, sister of the poet, is given in gratitude for her revelation of the many poetic subtleties of the Icelandic language, for sharing contemplations of the Keplavík lava fields and for her gift of *TÓNMYNDALJÓÐ*. Intermezzi *tónfygli (tonebirds)* and *fuglafiðlur (birdviols)* are dedicated to the memory of Þórhallur Árnason, grandfather of the poet and the first professional cellist in Iceland. The premiere of *Hrafn söngvar*, honoured by the presence of Hrafn Andrés Harðarson and Icelandic Consul Sigrún Baldvinsdóttir, was given by Halcyon on 29 October 2005 at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music.

A journey of love's soul from light to darkness, the song cycle *Sonetos del Amor Oscuro* (2004) sets five of Federico Garcia Lorca's *Sonetos del Amor Oscuro (Sonnets of Dark Love)*, written in 1935. During the early days of the Spanish Civil

¹ Hrafn Andrés Harðarson, Grímur Marinó Steindórsson and Gunnar Reynir Sveinsson, *TÓNMYNDALJÓÐ*, Kópavogur: "Alletre", 1992

War in 1936 Lorca was working on a collection entitled *Jardin de los sonetos* (*Garden of Sonnets*) whilst staying at the Granada home of fellow poet Luis Rosales. Days later Lorca, dramatist, poet, artist, musician, was arrested and executed just before dawn in cold blood in an Andalusian field. For close to fifty years these poems remained largely unknown and unpublished, with the first authorised Spanish version appearing in 1984.

Merging the mystical with the visceral, these five settings interpret sound and space as if Lorca's "walls could speak": from the mosaic origins of deep song echoing within an inner Moorish garden, to the vertiginous parapets of Gaudí's *Casa Milà* (*La Pedrera*), crowned with its sensual theatre of *modernisme*, then voyaging to Havana 1930, dancing with the poet to the rhythms of Cuban *son*. Later, as tides turn over the sharpened edge, destiny is dissected, physical walls evaporate and a final soundtrack re-emerges. Set in a Dalíesque dream of memory's destiny, the image of love's soul transfigures into pure sound, existing forever with the poet amid the ruins of shadow in an Andalusian field.

Commissioned and premiered by Halcyon, *Sonetos del Amor Oscuro* was composed for Alison Morgan to whom the work is dedicated. By a unanimous vote of the judging panel, *Sonetos del Amor Oscuro* was awarded the 2006 Paul Lowin Song Cycle Award.

ROSALIND PAGE

Apollinairesongs

GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE

le pont Mirabeau

Sous le pont Mirabeau coule la Seine
Et nos amours
Faut-il qu'il m'en souvienn
La joie venait toujours après la peine

Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure
Les jours s'en vont je demeure

Les mains dans les mains restons face à face
Tandis que sous
Le pont de nos bras passe
Des éternels regards l'onde si lasse

L'amour s'en va comme cette eau courante
L'amour s'en va
Comme la vie est lente
Et comme l'Espérance est violente

Passent les jours et passent les semaines
Ni temps passé
Ni les amours reviennent
Sous le pont Mirabeau coule la Seine

toujours

Toujours
Nous irons plus loins sans avancer jamais

Et de planète de planète
De nébuleuse en nébuleuse
Le don Juan des mille et trois comètes

Mirabeau Bridge

Under Mirabeau Bridge flows the Seine,
And our love
Remembering
How joy always returned after pain

Come night, sound the hour
Days pass by, still I remain

Hand in hand, face to face,
While underneath
The bridge of our embrace flows
The endless gaze of languid waves

Love moves on like the river's flow
Love flows on
How slow life seems
How desperate the hope of love can be

Days pass by and weeks pass by
Neither time past
Nor love came back again
Under Mirabeau Bridge flows the Seine

always

Always,
We are going further without ever advancing

From planet to planet
Nebula to nebula
The Don Juan of a thousand and three comets

Même sans bouger de la terre
Cherche les forces neuves
Et prend au sérieux les fantômes

Perdre
Mais perdre vraiment
Pour laisser place à la trouvaille
Perdre
La vie pour trouver la Victoire

claire de lune

Lune mellifluente aux lèvres des déments
Les vergers et les bourgs cette nuit sont
gourmands
Les astres assez bien figurent les abeilles
De ce miel lumineux qui dégoutte des treilles
Car voici que tout doux et leur tombant du ciel
Chaque rayon de lune est un rayon de miel
Or caché je conçois la très douce aventure
J'ai peur du dard de feu de cette abeille Arcture
Qui posa dans mes mains des rayons décevants
Et pris son miel lunaire à la rose des vents

l'univers

Actions belles journées sommeils terribles
... musiques éternelles
Mouvements Adorations douleur divine
Mondes qui vous ressemblent et qui nous
ressemblent
Je vous ai bus et ne fus pas désaltéré
Mais je connus dès lors quelle saveur a l'univers

Without ever leaving earth
Searches for new strength
And trusts apparitions ...

To lose
But truly losing
To find a place for what is found
To lose
Life but discover victory

moonlight

Honeyed moon on the lips of the mad
Orchards and villages tonight are gourmands
Evening stars appear like bees
Spreading honey moonbeams like vines
For here, all is delectable and heaven sent
Every moonbeam a ray of honey
Hidden gold I imagine the sweetest adventure
But I'm afraid I'll be stung by that fiery "bee"
– Arcturus
Who poured these illusive beams into my hands
And placed lunar nectar on the compass rose

universe

Actions beautiful days incredible nights
... eternal music
Movements Adoration sadness divine
Worlds resembling you, resemble us

I drunk you and my desire was not quenched
But now I know the taste of the universe

Hrafn söngvar

HRAFN ANDRÉS HARÐARSON

1. Í Upphafi

Myrkrið
blá tjöld
svartbrydd
við sjónum

í sjónum
stjörnur
marglyttur

Nóttin þunguð
myrkri

2. Morgunn

Festast í neti
morgungljúnnar

ná ekki degi
kvöldfuglar

berjast um
á báðum vængjum
blæðir
blæðir úr brjósti
undan eigin klóm

1. In The Beginning

Darkness
blue mantle
black bordered
vision

in the ocean
stars
medusae

Night pregnant
with darkness

2. Morning

Caught in the net
of the morning glare

never reaching day
night birds

beating
with both wings
blood
blood on their breasts
from their own claws

3. *Fuglar Himins*

Tónar úr hörpu skaparans
fjaðurvængjaðir
svífa skýjum ofar
neðar
liggja í loftinu
eins og loforð...

tónfygli
á flygli hafsins

4. *Lífð Sjálf*

Milli himins og hafs
hamingja okkar:

landið sem áar eygðu
með fuglum og fjöllum
og ám sem líða
eins og tíminn

Undarleg rót
allra alda
hefst og hnígur
undiralda
hefst og endar
aldrei

svo langt sem eygir
auga guðs

öll árin,
tár,
týnast og hverfa,
nei, hverfast
um eilífð
í vindinum
milli hafs og himins

3. *Birds of Heaven*

Notes from the creator's harp
glide above clouds
on feathered wings
below
lie in the air
like promises....

tone-birds
on the ocean's keyboard

4. *Life Itself*

Between heaven and ocean
our happiness:

land that our ancestors saw
with birds and mountains
and rivers
flowing like time

Strange seed
of all time, all tide
rising and falling
resonances of earth
rising and never
ending

as far as the eye can see
the eye of god

all years
tears
are lost and disappear,
no, reappear
forever
in the eternal breath
between sea and sky

5. *Spá*

Kvöldfuglar
flýja angur dags
inn í skuggsæla
nótt

þangað hef ég löngum
dagdrauma sótt

eins og blævængjaður hrafn
sæki spá
um nýjan dag
eins og í gær...

6. *Perluregn*

Dropi smár
dropi smár
perla meðal perla
ímynd heims
í auga þér
ímynd guðs
í auga þér

5. *Prophecy*

Evening birds
flee the day's sadness
into the shadowed embrace
of night

there where I often
seek daydreams

like a fan-winged raven
seeks a prophecy
of a new day
like yesterday ...

6. *Rain of Pearls*

Tiny drop
tiny drop
pearl amongst pearls
in your eye
a vision of your world
in your eye
an image of your god

7. Ó, Frón, þín móðir

Ládautt, flatt
liggur hafið í makindum
og mænir djúpt, djúpt
inn í sólbláan,
stjörnuhlæran himininn
sem alltaf hefur verið
og aldrei sefur ...

andvarinn leikur
fisléttum fingrum
á fuglafiðlur
hafmeyjar dansa
undir háloftum himins
sem aldrei sefur ...

lognaldan vekur
léttlyndar báurur
er leika við sindur

frá sólu
sem aldrei sefur ...

logndrifa, regn
eða dulúðug þoka
nær aðeins að þekja
þunnri slæðu bylgjandi hafið
sem aldrei sefur ...

og upp úr þrúgandi þögn
þessa sofandi Ægis
brýtur sér leið
gegnum grændjúpar hrannir
gegnum brimóðar öskrandi skeflur
skapmikils hafs
sem aldrei sefur:

7. O, Frón (Iceland), your mother...

Dead calm, flat
lies the ocean at ease
and stares deep, deep
into a sunny blue,
star-clear sky
that has always been
and never sleeps ...

featherlight fingers of breeze
play
on bird-viol
mermaids dance
beneath the aeolian air of heaven
that never sleeps ...

lighthearted waves
aroused by the swell
play with cinders

from the sun
that never sleeps ...

quiet snow, rain
mystical mist
covers with a bare veil
the billowing sea
that never sleeps ...

then up from the tormented silence
of sleeping Ægir
breaking its way
through green-deep waves
through the swelling, booming cresting seas
of the violent ocean
that never sleeps:

brennandi, glóandi æðandi elfur
bráðnandi málms og brakandi steina
öskugrá, svört
öskrandi, björt
hraunefju spýjandi
til himins af knýjandi ofsa
til logandi sólar
sem aldrei sefur ...

Þín fæðing, mitt land,
var fárveiki líkust
þér fagnaði enginn
en móðir þín, hafið,
þig verndar og elur
og aldrei, nei aldrei hún sefur

a burning, glowing, raging river
melting metal and bursting stones
ashgrey, black
screaming, bright
spitting oozing lava with urgent fury
toward a burning sun
that never sleeps ...

Your birth, my land,
was like a fatal disease
no-one welcomed you
but your mother, the ocean,
protects you and feeds you
and never, no never she sleeps

Sonetos del Amor Oscuro

FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA

1. El poeta habla por teléfono con el amor

Tu voz regó la duna de mi pecho
en la dulce cabina de madera.
Por el sur de mis pies fue primavera
y'al norte de mi frente flor de'helecho.
Pino de luz por el espacio estrecho
cantó sin alborada y sementera
y mi llanto prendió por vez primera
coronas de'esperanza por el techo.
Dulce y lejana voz por mí vertida.
Dulce y lejana voz por mí gustada.
Lejana y dulce voz amortecida.
Lejana como'oscura corza'herida.
Dulce como'un sollozo en la nevada.
¡Lejana y dulce en tuétano metida!

2. Noche del amor insomne

Noche arriba los dos con luna llena,
yo me puse a llorar y tú reías.
Tu desdén era un dios, las quejas más
momentos y palomas en cadena.
Noche abajo los dos. Cristal de pena,
llorabas tú por hondas lejanías.
Mi dolor era un grupo de'agonías
sobre tu débil corazón de'arena.
La'aurora nos unió sobre la cama,
las bocas puestas sobre el chorro'helado

1. The poet speaks with his love on the telephone

Your voice watered the dune of my breast
in the sweet wooden booth.
South of my feet lay spring
and to the north of my brow flower of fern.
A pine of light in the intimate space
sang without dawning, without sowing
and for the first time my lament
found a garland of hope as its refuge.
Sweet and distant voice poured over me.
Sweet and distant for my pleasure.
Distant and sweet faint voice.
Distant like a dark, wounded deer.
Soft like sobbing in the fallen snow.
Distant and soft embedded in marrow!

2. Night of sleepless love

Night arriving we two in the full moon,
I began to weep and you were laughing.
Your scorn became a god, my suffering
moments and doves linked in a chain.
Night departing we two. Crystal of pain,
you were weeping over deep distance.
My sorrow was a cluster of anguish
resting on your weakened heart of sand.
Dawn united us on the bed,
our mouths set in an icy stream

de una sangre sin fin que se derrama.
Y'el sol entró por el balcón cerrado
y'el coral de la vida abrió su rama
sobre mi corazón amortajado.

3. Soneto de la guirnalda de rosas

¡Esa guirnalda! ¡pronto! ¡que me muero!
¡Teje deprisa! ¡canta! ¡gime! ¡canta!
Que la sombra me'enturbia la garganta
y'otra vez viene y mil la luz de'enero.
Entre lo que me quieres y te quiero
aire de'estrellas y temblor de planta,
espesura de'anémonas levanta
con oscuro gemir un año entero.
Goza el fresco paisaje de mi'herida,
quiebra juncos y'arroyos delicados.
Bebe'en muslo de miel sangre vertida.
Pero ¡pronto! Que'unidos, enlazados,
boca rota de'amor y'al-ma mordida
el tiempo nos encuentre destrozados.

4. Llagas de amor

Esta luz, este fuego que devora.
Este paisaje gris que me rodea.
Este dolor por una sola idea.
Esta angustia de cielo, mundo y hora.
Este llanto de sangre que decora
lira sin pulso ya, lúbrica tea.
Este peso del mar que me golpea.
Este alacrán que por mi pecho mora.

pouring forth an endless flow of blood.
And the sun entered through the shuttered
balcony
and the coral of life opened its branch
over my shrouded heart.

3. Sonnet of the garland of roses

This garland! Hurry! I'm dying!
Weave quickly! Sing! Moan! Sing!
For shadows are clouding my throat
and January light is returning for the thousandth
time.
Between your love for me and my love for you
air of stars and trembling plants,
a thicket of anemones rising up
with dark moaning for an entire year.
Enjoy the fresh landscape of my wound,
tear open delicate reeds and streams.
Drink honeyed blood spilled on my thigh.
But hurry! So as one, intertwined,
mouth shattered by love and soul consumed
time will find us destroyed.

4. Wounds of love

This light, this fire that devours.
This grey landscape encircling me.
This sadness from one source.
This anguish of sky, earth and time.
This lament of blood embellishing
pulseless lyre, lubricious flame.
This weight of the sea pounding me.
This scorpion dwelling in my breast,

Son guirnalda de'amor, cama de'herido
donde sin sueño, sueño tu presencia
entre las ruinas de mi pecho'hundido,
Y aunque busco la cumbre de prudencia
me da tu corazón valle tendido
con cicuta y pasión de'amarga ciencia.

5. *El poeta pide a su amor que le escriba*

Amor de mis entrañas, viva muerte,
en vano espero tu palabra escrita
y pienso, con la flor que se marchita,
que si vivo sin mí quiero perderte.
El aire es inmortal. La piedra inerte
ni conoce la sombra ni la evita.
Corazón interior no necesita
la miel helada que la luna vierte.
Pero yo te sufrí. Rasgué mis venas,
tigre y paloma, sobre tu cintura
en duelo de mordiscos y'azucenas.
Llena, pues, de palabras mi locura
o déjame vivir en mi serena
noche del alma para siempre oscura.

are all a wreath of love, bed of wounds
where, without sleeping, I dream of your presence
among the ruins of my sunken breast,
And although I seek the height of wisdom
your heart gives me a flat valley
of hemlock and the passion of bitter science.

5. *The poet asks his love to write to him*

Love of my heart, living death,
in vain I wait for your written word
and think, like the withered flower,
that if I have to live without myself, I must lose
you.
Air is immortal. Inert stone
knows not the shadow, nor avoids it.
The inner heart has no need
of frozen honey flowing from the moon.
But I suffered you, tore open my veins,
tiger and dove on your waist
caught in a duel between wounding and white
lilies.
Fill then, my madness with words
or abandon me to live in my serene
eternal, dark night of the soul.

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LONDON W14 9UU, ENGLAND.



Composer **Rosalind Page** has created works for theatre, chamber ensembles, orchestra and electronica with performances in Australia, Europe, USA and Japan. Rosalind's artistic practice includes her M.A. (Theatre and Film Studies) on the cinema of Yasujiro Ozu, Wim Wenders and sound/image relationships in the films of Andrei Tarkovsky. Her compositions engage in the discourse between sound-image-text and integrate concepts arising in the fields of art and science. In 2004, *Fracture: a noh play for cello and orchestra*, an interpretation of Shakespeare's *King Lear* and Kurosawa's *RAN*, received a Highly Commended Award in the prestigious Paul Lowin Orchestral Prize and in 2006, *Sonetos del Amor Oscuro* won the Paul Lowin Song Cycle Prize.

ROSALIND PAGE WITH CLEMENS LESKE
PHOTO: SUE TAYLOR, WWW.GLOBALSANCTUARY.BIZ



Conceived in 1998 and based in Sydney, **Halcyon** is Australia's only ensemble dedicated to the performance and promotion of new vocal chamber music. Founding artistic directors Jenny Duck-Chong (mezzo soprano) and Alison Morgan (soprano) weave programs of music from around the globe, drawing together composers, chamber soloists, conductors and singers to meet the particular requirements of each performance project. Over the past decade, Halcyon has created a critically acclaimed concert series, commissioned and premiered numerous works by both young and established Australian composers, held masterclasses for school and tertiary students and appeared regularly around Australia at festivals, grand houses, recital halls and art galleries. *Cool Black* is Halcyon's debut studio CD.

ALISON MORGAN (LEFT) & JENNY DUCK-CHONG (RIGHT)
PHOTO: MICHAEL CHETHAM PHOTOGRAPHY

Performers

Jenny Duck-Chong mezzo soprano ¹
Alison Morgan soprano ^{2,3}

Mark Shiell conductor ^{1,2}
Roland Peelman conductor ³
Laura Chislett Jones flutes ¹
Diana Springford clarinet ¹
Nicole Forsyth viola ¹
Clemens Leske piano ^{1,2}
Patrick Murphy cello ^{1,2}
Genevieve Lang harp ²
Ben van Tienen celeste ²
Tommie Andersson lute, baroque guitar,
theorbo ³
Daryl Pratt percussion ³
Claire Edwardes percussion ³
Kirsty McCahon double bass ³
Rosalind Page Balinese gong ¹, soundtrack ³

¹ *Apollinaresongs*

² *Hrafn söngvar*

³ *Sonetos del Amor Oscuro*

All **music composed** by Rosalind Page.

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Page and Halcyon.

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COOL BLACK

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