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Recorded on 5–11 December 2013 in Charratmuse, Charrat, Switzerland
Artistic direction: Raphaël Oleg (Sonata, Suite), Frédéric Angleraux (*Musiques*)
Engineering: Frédéric and Raphaël Angleraux
Editing and mastering: Frédéric Angleraux/ADCSound (www.adcsound.ch)



Piano: Bösendorfer
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Music published by Durand

Thanks to Raphaël Angleraux, Graziella Contratto-Angleraux, Raphaël Oleg and Cornelia Venetz
This recording was made possible by the Association Les Amis de Maurice Emmanuel
and by François Killian.

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TOCCATA
CLASSICS

Maurice EMMANUEL

Chamber Music and Songs

**Violin Sonata in D minor,
Op. 6**

**Suite on Greek Folksongs,
Op. 10**

Musiques, Op. 17



**Frédéric Angleraux, violin
Hélène Hébrard, mezzo soprano
François Killian, piano**

INCLUDES FIRST RECORDING

MAURICE EMMANUEL: CHAMBER MUSIC AND SONGS

by Christophe Corbier

Maurice Emmanuel (1862–1938) belongs to the generation of musicians, born between 1860 and 1875, who brought a renewed depth to music in France, among them Debussy, Ravel, Dukas, Roussel, Satie, Schmitt, Pierné, Magnard, Bordes, Ropartz and Koechlin. In this context Emmanuel's originality consists in having been an important historian as well as a major teacher and a composer of the first rank. After occupying the position of *maitre de chapelle* at the basilica of Sainte-Clotilde in Paris, he taught the history of music at the Paris Conservatoire for almost thirty years, from 1909 to 1936, and was a professor at the Schola Cantorum from 1907 to 1912; his students included Messiaen, Dutilleux, Honegger and Jehan Alain. His work as theoretician and teacher gave rise to his best-known book, *Histoire de la langue musicale* (1911), a reference work still consulted today.

Emmanuel's doctoral thesis, *Essai sur l'orchestrique grecque*, was devoted to ancient Greek dance and defended at the Sorbonne before the elite of classical scholarship in 1896, although it dealt with dance in the modern era as much as with that of antiquity. In parallel with his historical research, Emmanuel mapped out a career as a composer, beginning around 1880, and he continued to compose up to his death, since his last work, the orchestral *Poème du Rhône*, was left unfinished. Although his music was never as well known as that of Debussy, Ravel, Dukas and Roussel, between the two World Wars it reached a growing public who discovered, behind the academic and musicologist, a sensitive composer with an expert technique.

That union of intelligence and spontaneity is one of the characteristics of Emmanuel's style, although his few works require attention and their charm is revealed only slowly. His worklist contains barely thirty or so scores, since he destroyed more than half of his output at the beginning of the 1920s. He is best known for his six *Sonatinas* for piano, the first composed in 1893 and the last in 1925, and for his opera *Salamine*, first performed at the Opéra de Paris in 1929. Emmanuel was especially fond of chamber music, and it forms the largest part of his surviving *œuvre*. His first work of any substance was a cello sonata, written between 1887 and 1890, after several youthful sonatas which were destroyed in 1922–23. His predilection for chamber music was underlined when – after a long aesthetic crisis caused as much by his own doubts as the criticism of his former composition teacher, Léo Delibes, in 1889–90 – Emmanuel composed his large-scale Sonata for Violin and Piano.



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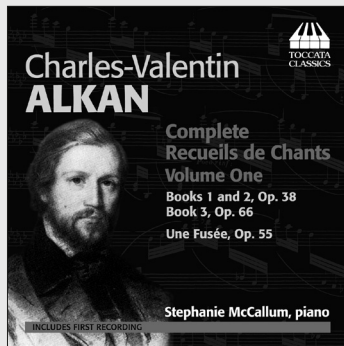
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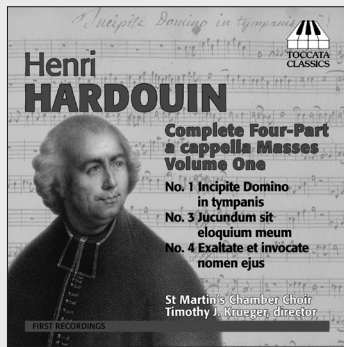


French Composers on Toccata Classics

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Sonata for Violin and Piano (1902)

Dedicated to his friend Charles Tournemire,¹ the Sonata for Violin and Piano was composed in 1902, a year in which Emmanuel was hit by the grief of his mother's death, after she had endured a period of painful illness. The work was first performed four years later, on 26 April 1906, by the Belgian violinist Joseph Debroux (1866–1929), with Tournemire himself at the piano, played to a gathering of the Société des Compositeurs de Musique in the Grande Salle Pleyel in Paris. It is one of the least familiar of Emmanuel's works, although its composer seems to have done his best to see that it was distributed among violinists; it was even performed by the celebrated Lucien Capet, an enthusiast for the music, with the Italian pianist Cesare Galeotti in the Salle Erard on 22 February 1907. That silence can be inferred from an unpublished letter (in the Archive Maurice Emmanuel in Antony, to the south of Paris) from the composer to the violinist Alice Perrioud-Bourragué in 1936 in which, confiding that in 25 years he had not taken the work out of his archives, where it was 'sleeping' in a box, he affects a degree of flippancy:

If you like my Sonata, I would be happy to hear it, played as you would play it. It is a little too classical, a little too Franckist, but all the same I do not renounce it. One has to have written a work of that sort.

Certainly, for a composer as demanding as Emmanuel, the fact that he preserved the work suggests that it did hold some attraction for him; after all, it could have suffered the fate of numerous other pieces and joined them in the flames. At the end of his life the composer saw a personal touch in it even as he recognised its debt to César Franck. Himself the author of a biography of Franck,² like many of his contemporaries he had come under the influence of the Belgian musician without ever having been his student at the Conservatoire, and the Violin Sonata testifies to a profound impregnation by Franck's style, traces of which one finds at this time also in the First Violin Sonatas of Albert Roussel (1907–8) and Joseph-Guy Ropartz (1907) and even in the Violin Sonata of Albéric Magnard (1900).

The first movement, an *Allegro moderato* in D minor [1] is built along classical sonata-form principles (exposition, development, recapitulation, coda). The first theme – a long, chromatically inflected phrase which arises from the piano before being taken up by the violin – presents, as in Emmanuel's contemporary String Quartet (1903), the main motifs that will be developed in the lyrical and passionate central section. The recapitulation tends towards the major, allowing a glimpse of a happy ending – but the key of D minor returns in the dark-hued coda. The second movement, *Adagio non troppo* [2], opens with a hesitant question from the piano and a *quasi récit.* from the violin, followed by a dialogue between the two instruments, and the movement,

¹ Tournemire (1870–1939) is best known now for his massive collection of chant-based organ works *L'Orgue Mystique* (51 sets, all but one containing five pieces, composed in 1927–32), although his output also includes eight orchestral symphonies, four operas, twelve chamber works and eighteen pieces for piano.

² *César Franck: Étude critique*, Laurens, Paris, 1930.

which alternates expansive lyricism with meditative passages, grows to a dramatic climax; once it is reached, the intensity rapidly falls away and the movement ends in a series of dark chords. After a short chromatic transition, the third movement, *Allegro giocoso ma non troppo vivace* [3], begins energetically – a characteristic of Emmanuel, whose finales are often lively and joyous. But in this ‘Franckist’ sonata a vigorous, impulsive theme in D major alternates with the theme of the first movement, along cyclic principles. An *Adagio espressivo*, a reminiscence of the first movement, shatters the rhythmic and melodic verve of the opening and then, after a brief reappearance, the major theme is finally ‘vanquished’ by the theme in D minor. The Sonata ends with a coda in a post-Romantic spirit, of which hardly any trace remains in Emmanuel’s later works.

Suite sur des airs populaires grecs, Op. 10 (1907)

Composed in 1907 and dedicated to Joseph Debroux, the *Suite on Greek Folksongs* began life as an occasional piece. In May 1908 Emmanuel gave a lecture on Greek folk-music to the philhellenic group Hellenismos, founded in 1904. This association, which brought together French and Greek intellectuals and politicians, formed a sort of defence league for the rights of Balkan Greeks, at a time when tensions between Greeks, Bulgarians, Romanians, Serbs and Ottomans were running very high. It was for this occasion that Emmanuel harmonised four Greek dances he had found in an album of folksongs from the island of Chios published in 1903 by Hubert Pernot (1870–1946).³ Pernot, an important figure in Neo-Hellenic studies, had undertaken a major song-collecting expedition on Chios, just off the Turkish coast, using a phonograph to record dozens of songs performed by the inhabitants of the island. Since Pernot could not write music, Paul Le Flem⁴ took on the task of transcribing into western notation the 114 songs involved – which served also to inspire Ravel’s *Cinq Mélodies populaires grecques* (1904–6). Emmanuel in his turn used Pernot’s album in 1907–8 to illustrate a lecture intended to advance the idea of the continuity of the Greek people and their music since antiquity and to show off the beauty of the folksongs.

Published six years later, in 1914, the *Suite* retains no trace of its didactic origins and instead takes the form of a work freely inspired by Greek folk-music as it was understood at the beginning of the twentieth century. The first piece, ‘Khasarikos’ [4], was based on a dance-tune played ‘by a town violinist, whose job was to get people to dance on feast days’, as Emmanuel records in a ‘Note’ in the score. Hesitating between the ‘western major’ and an orientalist style characterised by scales with augmented seconds, it is distinguished by its rhythmic and melodic vigour, which forms a contrast with the second piece, built on two dance-songs (‘Marmaro’ and ‘Amades’) with the violin and piano in dialogue [5]. The third piece, ‘Pyrghi’ [6], is a brief scherzo containing a fantasy on the rhythm

³ *Mélodies populaires grecques de l’île de Chio, recueillies au phonographe par H. Pernot et mises en musique par P. le Flem*, supplement with the *Rapport sur une mission scientifique en Turquie*, Nouvelles Archives des Missions. Scientifique et Littéraires, Vol. XI, 1903.

⁴ Paul Le Flem (1881–1984) studied under d’Indy and Roussel at the Schola Cantorum. His music, much influenced by his native Brittany, includes four symphonies, a *Fantaisie* for piano and orchestra and two operas, in a composing career that began when he was fifteen and ended, through blindness, when he was 95.

[19] XII Postlude

Ô doux baiser de la lumière,
 Ô flamme, ô feu, source première
 De toute vie et toute ardeur,
 Clarté divine, enchanteresse,
 O voluptueuse caresse,
 Parfum des cieux, pure splendeur !...

Tu luis, soleil : tout est propice;
 Le pied, qui longe un précipice,
 Ne tremble pas ; le cœur puissant
 Bat largement et se déploie;
 Le but sourit; l’effort est joie;
 L’orgueil promet ; l’amour consent !

Tristesse au loin, fantôme blême !
 Doute, va-t-en ! point de problème !
 Arrière, ennui ! Mort, cache-toi!
 L’espoir chantant montre la route;
 Ce fol ami, comme on l’écoute !
 Le pas est ferme ; on a la foi !...

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[19] XII Postlude

Oh sweet kiss of light,
 Oh flame, oh fire, primal source
 Of all life and all fervour,
 Divine, enchanting clarity,
 Oh voluptuous caress,
 Heaven-sent fragrance, pure splendour!...

You shine, sun: all is favourable;
 The foot, along a precipice,
 Wavers not; the forceful heart
 Beats steady and expansive;
 The target smiles; effort is a joy;
 Pride augurs well; love is willing!

Distant sadness, pale phantom!
 Hence, doubt! No problems!
 Behind me, boredom!
 Hide yourself, death! Hope sings and shows the road;
 This mad friend, how we listen to him!
 Our step is firm; we have faith!...

La valse reprend douce comme un songe
Et s'allonge
Comme un frisson d'air, le long des roseaux
Sur les eaux.

The waltz picks up again soft as a dream
And settles down
Like the trembling air, along the reeds
On the water.

of the song, the words of which Emmanuel preserves in the score: 'You have to forge yourself an iron heart and a lead liver to resist love and its poisoned words'. The Suite ends with a dance, 'Bulgarikos' [7], rhythmically lively and direct, into which is interposed a 'Song of the Caucasus' in the 'mode of E', the national mode of the ancient Greeks, according to Emmanuel's modal theory.

[18] XI « Des mots ! des mots ! »

Aimons des mots les chansons folles !
Aimons les mots en farandoles,
Les mots, les fiers, les sveltes mots,
Qui brillent, luisent et chatoient,
Dont les allégresses déploient
Des colliers scintillants d'émaux !
Les faits sont tous mélancoliques,
Et la raison qui les explique
Laisse un arrière-goût amer.
Les mots, guéris de leurs pensées,
Ont des souplesses cadencées,
Pareilles aux voix de la mer.
Organisons des symphonies !
Accordez-vous en harmonies.
Mes amis, mes musiciens !
Discours, sermon, précepte lasse,
Oubliez tout ; la contrebasse,
La viole et le violon,
Le hautbois, la flûte amoureuse,
Sauront, sans rhétorique creuse,
Sans argument maussade et long,
Par les seules vertus magiques
Du rythme aux effluves mystiques,
Aux caresses de voluptés,
Amuser jusqu'à la nuit close,
Malgré la science qui glose,
Nos cœurs de jeunesse entêtés.

[18] XI 'Words! Words!'

Let us love the mad songs of words!
Let us love words in farandoles,
Words, proud, willowy words,
That shine, glow and shimmer,
Whose liveliness reveals
Sparkling enamel necklaces!
Facts are all melancholic,
And the reason that explains them
Leaves a bitter after-taste.
Words, healed of their thoughts,
Have measured suppleness,
Like the voices of the sea.
Let us create symphonies!
Get into harmony
My friends, musicians!
Speech, sermon, flabby precept,
Forget them all; the double bass,
The viol and the violin,
The oboe, the amorous flute,
Will know, without empty rhetoric,
Without depressing, lengthy argument,
Merely by the magical virtues
Of rhythm with its magical emanations,
With voluptuous caresses,
To entertain until after dark,
Despite carping science,
Our giddy hearts of youth.

Musiques, Op. 17 (1908)

It was in 1913 that Emmanuel first had the idea of composing a song-cycle based on *Crépuscules et Nocturnes*, a collection of poems by Louis de Launay (1862–1938) published in 1908. A man of enormous culture, de Launay was a geologist, writer and historian of science. Emmanuel, whose interests ranged no less widely, must have recognised something of himself in this original personality, whose poetic talent may seem rather limited these days, and the two men remained friends for over thirty years, until de Launay's death. Indeed, it was the loss of de Launay's son Pierre on the field of battle in 1918, at the age of twenty, that inspired Emmanuel's First Symphony in 1918–19. The composition of *Musiques* – which took place in the winter of 1917–18 and thus predates that of the Symphony by several months – brought Emmanuel much pleasure. He confided in a letter to de Launay in 1928: 'I think I found three of these *mélodies* in one week hidden in the verses; they emerged all on their own'.

The work, which takes its title from a section of *Crépuscules et Nocturnes*, is conceived as a cycle of linked songs, in a post-Romantic spirit tempered by a sharp, austere style. In the background sits the war which had turned the composer's world upside down (he had been a nursing orderly in 1915); indeed, a part of the eighth song, 'Berceuse' [15], was transposed in the second movement of the First Symphony dedicated to the memory of de Launay's son. In this, his only collection of songs (if one excepts the *Trente chansons bourguignonnes du pays de Beaune* published in 1917), Emmanuel exploits the full range of his musical palette, subtly blending chromaticism and modal diatonicism, giving the piano an important role and inventing a supple vocal line which prefigures the style of his two operas, *Prométhée enchaîné* (composed in 1916–18 and premiered in part in 1919) and *Salamine* (written in 1921–28). The tone of these songs is by turns bright and lively ('Invitation à la valse' [13], 'Villanelle du temps passé' [14], 'Valse hongroise' [17]), dreamy and meditative ('Vibrations' [9], 'Résonances' [12]), sombre and melancholic ('Sous les pins' [11], 'Berceuse' [15]) and ironic and jarring ('Le vieux coucou' [10], 'Des mots! des mots!' [18]). *Musiques* ends nonetheless peacefully and confidently, expressed as much by its final words, which reflect Emmanuel's Christian beliefs, as the piano postlude, which brings the cycle to a close in calm and recollection.

As was very often the case with Emmanuel's works, the first performance of *Musiques* took place well after the date of its composition: it was heard in fragments in 1922 before being premiered, in all probability, in June 1928 in Lyons, although the news hardly reached beyond Emmanuel's circle of admirers. In any event, this cycle, though barely known in French music today, seems good enough to rub shoulders with those of Fauré and Roussel.

Christophe Corbier, who works at the Centre de Recherche sur les Arts et le Langage in Paris, part of the Centre National de Recherche Scientifique, is the author of Maurice Emmanuel (*Bleu nuit éditeur, Paris, 2007*); his 700-page doctoral thesis, *Poésie, musique et danse: Maurice Emmanuel et l'hellénisme*, was published in 2011 by Classiques Garnier, Paris. He has gone on to write on the treatment of modes and rhythms by philosophers (Bachelard, Bergson, Nietzsche), poets (Leconte de Lisle), composers (Alain, d'Indy, Koechlin, Roussel) and music-theorists (Bourgault-Ducoudray, Gevaert, Westphal). He is the general secretary of the Association des Amis de Maurice Emmanuel (www.mauriceemmanuel.fr), and is also working on Greek composers and musicologists in the first half of the twentieth century.

Based in Switzerland since 2010, the French violinist **Frédéric Angleraux** performs both as soloist and chamber musician. After his initial studies with Gérard Jarry in Paris, he worked with Peter Csába in the Conservatoire National Supérieur de Musique in Lyons. As the first violin of the Quatuor Johannes until 2006, he won the international Karl Klöner competition for string quartets in Berlin in 1997 and has won prizes in a number of other competitions, among them Banff and Bordeaux. He has played in most of Europe's important halls, including the Philharmonie and Konzerthaus in Berlin, the Musée d'Orsay in Paris, the Auditorium de Madrid. As of 2013 he is a member of the Schumann Quartet of Geneva.

His recordings, which have attracted glowing reviews in the international press (with five stars from *FonoForum* in Germany, for example, and a Diapason d'Or from *Diapason* in France), include works by Eisler, Webern and Zemlinsky as a quartet-player, and, in a duo with Raphaël Oleg, music for two violins by Honegger, Prokofiev and Ysaÿe.

He plays a violin by Jacques Fustier and uses bows by Denis Bergeron.

After studying at the Conservatoire Francis Poulenc in Paris and the International Opera Studio in Zurich, **Hélène Hébrard** made her debut performances at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées in Ravel's *L'Enfant et les sortilèges* under the baton of Oleg Caetani, a role she resumed with Charles Dutoit in Tokyo and the NHK Orchestra and also with Leonard Slatkin and the Orchestre de Lyon at the Salle Pleyel in 2013.

She has given recitals at the festivals in Aldeburgh and Cheltenham (where she was accompanied by Julius Drake), the Purcell Room in London (for the Park Lane Group), Longborough Festival Opera, Holders Season in Barbados, the Festival des Lumières de Montmorillon, Estivales de Megève, Davos Festival with Robin Green, Orchestre de Lancy and elsewhere.

In 2011 she won the prize for French *mélodie* in the international song competition Les Symphonies d'Automne in Mâcon.



Et l'on fait de l'esprit
Qui faiblit de la mort connaît l'affre !...
Serrons-nous ; moins on est plus on bâfre !

Il est long, ce chemin,
Genre humain !
Aujourd'hui, puis demain !...

[17] X « *Valse hongroise* »

Langoureuse et molle, elle s'enlève
Comme un rêve,
La valse muette au rythme lent,
Nonchalant.

Elle a la douceur, la poésie
De l'Asie;
C'est comme un parfum des fleurs la nuit
Qui s'enfuit ;

C'est comme un ramier aux ailes blanches
Dans les branches
Ou comme un nuage au gré du vent
Se mouvant.

Puis d'un coup d'archer, elle s'effare,
En fanfare,
S'emporte, bondit de volupté,
De fierté ;

Devient vertige où tout s'efface,
Une chasse.
Une ivresse folle avec des flots
De sanglots.

And we joke.
Whoever weakens will know the pangs of death!...
Close ranks; the fewer we are, the more we shall
guzzle!

The way is long,
Mankind!
Today, then tomorrow!

[17] X 'Hungarian Waltz'

Langorous, languid, away she goes
Like a dream,
The silent waltz with its slow rhythm,
Listless.

It has the gentleness, the poetry
Of Asia;
It is like the fragrance of night flowers
Emanating;

It is like a white winged ring-dove
In the branches,
Or like a cloud driven
By the wind.

Then, with a stroke of a bow, it is startled,
As a fanfare,
It is carried away, leaps with delight,
With pride;

Becomes a swoon where everything disappears,
A hunt.
Mad intoxication with floods
Of sobs.

Oh, dormez ; laissez la chimère
Baiser vos fronts!
Blottissez-vous, que je vous cache !
Moi seul, hélas, que je les sache,
Ces réveils prompts,

Ces écroulements où tout sombre !...
Pour vous le jour ; oh, pour moi l'ombre !
Dormez, dormez!
Je voudrais éterniser l'heure,
Où, sur vous penché, je demeure,
Mes bien-aimés !...

[16] IX « Marche au bonheur »

Vers la joie, en avant
Torche au vent !
Se pressant, se suivant,
Les clairons, les tambours, à la tête,
Sans arrêt vont jouant pour la fête.

Le cortège à grand bruit
Part la nuit,
S'écriant: «Le jour luit !»
Et, gaîment, la peau d'âne ou le cuivre
Clame: «Joie ! O bonheur! vivre, oh vivre !»

Vins et fleurs, baisers fous !
Garde à vous !
Serrez bien les rangs tous !
Les traînardes sont aux loups en pâture !...
Bah, qui marche a gagné l'aventure !

Et l'on marche, et l'on rit
A grand cri

Oh, sleep; let fancy
Kiss your brows!
Huddle together, I shall hide you!
Only I, alas, know them,
Those abrupt awakenings,

Those moments when all collapses, gives way!...
Day is for you; oh, for me the shadows!
Sleep, sleep!
I would make eternity of the moment,
When I stand over you,
My beloved ones!...

[16] IX 'Forward to Happiness'

Towards joy, forwards!
Torches to the wind!
Pushing on, following on,
Bugles, drums in the van,
Will unceasingly play for the celebrations.

The noisy procession
Sets off at night,
Crying out, 'Day is breaking!'
And gaily, the drum skins and the brass
Declare, 'Joy! Oh happiness! Life, oh life!'

Wine and flowers, mad embraces!
Watch out!
Close ranks, everyone!
Sluggards will be thrown to the wolves!...
Ha, the adventure is won by marching!

So we march and we laugh
Most heartily

The stage-director Alain Carré has invited her to sing and act in a number of plays and musicals such as *Qui a tué Mozart?*, *Casanova séducteur libertin* and *Camille et Auguste*, accompanied by François-René Duchâble.

Recently she gave a recital with Latin repertoire in Le Mémorial de l'Eglise Rouge at the Théâtre du Passage in Neuchâtel with Marthe Keller directed by Vincent Prezioso.

Hélène has been working on her vocal skills with Malcolm Walker since 2001.

Her website can be found at www.helenebrard.com.

Born in Paris in 1962, François Killian showed from an early age the musical and pianistic gifts which brought him, aged thirteen, to the class of Jean and Geneviève Doyen at the Conservatoire National Supérieur de Musique de Paris. Two years later, George Cziffra heard him playing the Scriabin Concerto with the Philharmonic Orchestra of Radio France and gave him encouragement.

François continued his studies at the CNSM with Ventsislav Yankoff, also taking classes in chamber music, harmony and counterpoint, and in 1980, he won the first prizes for piano and chamber music. In the same year, he was admitted to postgraduate studies in the advanced course. At nineteen he won the ARD International Piano Competition in Munich; since then he has won a number of other competitions.

To expand his repertoire, he left France for two years to study at the Musikhochschule in Hanover with Karl-Heinz Kämmerling. That was the start of a career on the other side of the Rhine; he passed the Konzertexamen in 1986 and made recordings with many broadcasting radio stations. He was then invited to play with several orchestras under the batons of Théodore Guschlbauer, Emmanuel Krivine, Jesus Lopez-Cobos, Grzegorz Nowak, Jean-Bernard Pommier, Hubert Soudant and Michel Tabachnik. He has appeared at the Salle Gaveau and the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées in Paris, at the Philharmonie and Konzerthaus in Berlin, the Music Festival of la Roque-d'Anthéron and Nantes (La Folle Journée), and France Musique, and at the Wigmore Hall in London, and in Tokyo.

He has been active in the rediscovery of the composer Paul Juon (1872–1940) and has recorded several of his piano works.

In 1999 he set up the European Fine Arts Trio with Tomasz Tomaszewski, first concert-master of the Orchestra of Deutsche Oper in Berlin, and with Pi-Chin Chien, prize-winner of the Leonard Rose Competition of Washington. For Musiques Suisses they recorded Juon's Triple Concerto with the Philharmonic Orchestra of Kraków conducted by Tomasz Bugaj, and for Guild the Beethoven Piano Trios.

François Killian performs frequently with the flautist Jacques Zoon, oboist Lajos Lencsés and violist Nobuko Imai.



Extraits de *Crépuscules et Nocturnes*
de Louis de Launay

Excerpts from *Crépuscules et Nocturnes*
by Louis de Launay,
translated by Jeremy Drake

8 I Prélude

Ô nuit, berceuse d'harmonies,
Nuit dont les graves symphonies,
Trame sonore aux fins réseaux,
Déroulent, molles ou stridentes,
Les désespoirs de leurs andantes,
Les ris narquois de leurs scherzos!

Nuit musicale, ô nuit muette,
De ta main dolente et coquette
Effleurant notre front pâli,
Tu cicatrises nos blessures,
Contre ton sein tu nous rassures,
Tes pavots nous versent l'oubli.

L'esprit que ton souffle délivre,
S'envole et plus haut se sent vivre,
Plus loin de l'homme aux vains combats,
Dans l'air pur, où, d'un coup d'aile,
Porté par ton charme fidèle,
Il monte s'affranchir d'en bas.

9 II « Vibrations »

Passer aimant et doux, chaste, immatériel,
Le long des sentiers verts qu'azure un coin du ciel,
En un rêve si pur, un tel frisson d'extase
Que, d'un nimbe d'amour ceint et transfiguré,

8 I Prelude

O night, cradle of harmonies,
Night whose sombre symphonies,
Web of finely meshed sound,
Unfold, soft or strident,
The despair of their andantes,
The sly laughter of their scherzos!

Night of music, O silent night,
With your plaintive, dainty hand
Grazing our pale forehead,
You heal our wounds,
Against your breast you comfort us,
With your opium we drift into forgetfulness

The spirit that is set free by your breath,
Flies off to live in higher spheres,
Far away from man's futile fighting,
In the pure air, where, with a flap of its wings,
Born by your true charm,
It rises emancipated from mundanity.

9 II 'Vibrations'

To walk, loving and gentle, chaste, immaterial
Down the green paths that the sky tinges with blue,
In a dream so pure, such a thrill of ecstasy,
That, haloed with love, transfigured,

Tous vos calculs pour mener danse
Ne vaudront pas une cadence
Où l'écho des temps a passé !
La chanson douce est la romance,
La romance du temps passé !

15 VIII « Berceuse »

Ils dorment dans leurs berceaux blancs ;
Ils dorment, doux oiseaux tremblants,
Bourgeons de vie ;
Ils dorment, notre joie en eux,
De vagues songes lumineux
L'âme ravie ;

Il sont l'amour, ils sont l'esprit,
Ils sont ce qui chante et fleurit,
Ils sont la sève
Qui, dans les troncs hier tout nus,
Mettant des frissons inconnus,
Chaude s'élève.

Oh, dormez bien, dormez si calmes !
Nos orgueil, nos hochets, nos palmes,
Tout est pour vous !
Soin, travail, souci, crainte vaine,
Quand c'est de vous que vient la peine,
Semblent si doux !

Dormez ! la monstrueuse bête,
L'avenir dans l'ombre vous guette,
Pauvres petits !
Contre sa dent féroce, étrange,
Sa mâchoire qui broie et mange,
Ses appétits.
Que pouvons-nous ? Que peut la mère ?

All your calculations to lead the dance
Are not worth a single cadence
Touched by the echo of time!
The sweetest song is the romance,
The romance of days gone by.

15 VIII 'Lullaby'

They sleep in their white cradles;
They sleep, sweet trembling birds,
Buds of life;
They sleep, our joy within them,
Vague, luminous dreams,
The soul ravished;

They are love, they are spirit,
They are what sings and blossoms,
They are the sap
That, in the trunks that but yesterday were bare,
Instilling unknown sensations,
Rises in warmth.

Oh, sleep tight, sleep in peace!
Our pride, our toys, our palms,
All is for you!
Care, toil, worry, empty fear,
When great pains are taken for you,
Seem so gentle!

Sleep! The monstrous beast,
Future, spies on you from the shades,
Poor little things!
Against its fierce, fearsome tooth
Its jaws that grind and devour,
You whet its cravings.
What can we do? What can a mother do?

Mais, pour guérir un cœur lassé,
La chanson douce est la romance,
La romance du temps passé.

Qu'importe que nos héritiers
Voient plus loin ! Je frémis d'avance
En songeant avec grand pitié
Combien ils verront de démece
Et de laideur. Ô providence,
Merci d'en être dispensé !
La chanson douce est la romance,
La romance du temps passé!

Aller plus vite! Et les sentiers
De fine mousse ; et l'ombre dense
Où l'amour fait de deux moitiés
Un tout que bénit la clémence
De l'azur immuable, intense!...
Marchons pas à pas enlacés !
La chanson douce est la romance,
La romance du temps passé!

Aurez-vous dattes sans dattier,
Sans rosier rose ? est-ce prudence
D'attendre que tous soient rentiers,
Du travail obtenant dispense
Et sans fourneau faisant bombance ?
Le bonheur veut qu'on l'ait forcé !
La chanson douce est la romance,
La romance du temps passé !

Bah, cherchez, flûteurs et luthiers !
Choisissez la plus rare essence,
Des fils vibrants, de fins boîtiers !

But, to cure a weary heart,
The sweetest song is the romance,
The romance of days gone by.

What does it matter that our heirs
See further ahead! I shudder in anticipation
As I think with great compassion
How much they will see of madness
And of ugliness. O providence,
Thanks to you I am spared that!
The sweetest song is the romance,
The romance of days gone by.

Go more quickly! And the paths
With fine moss; and the dense shadows
Where love of two halves makes
A whole that is blessed by the mercy
Of the unchanging, intense azure!...
Let us walk together, arm in arm!
The sweetest song is the romance,
The romance of days gone by.

Are there date trees without dates,
Rose trees without roses? Is it wise
To wait for all to have independent means
Not having to work,
And feasting without an oven?
Happiness requires a strong arm!
The sweetest song is the romance,
The romance of days gone by.

Ha, look high and low, instrument-makers!
Select the rarest essence
Of vibrating strings, of delicate sound-boxes!

L'univers à nos yeux s'aureole, s'embrase
Et, par cent voix, entonne un crescendo sacré!
Apercevoir le monde, où le décor des formes
Absorbe tant d'esprits, ainsi qu'un grand concert
Où les vibrations d'instruments lourds, énormes,
Seules mettent un sens et, s'essaimant dans l'air,
Gazouillements, parfums, couleurs, tout ce qui grise,
Tout ce qui tord le cœur, souffrances, voluptés,
Désirs, espoirs, remords, rêves tôt avortés,
Font, en se combinant, une harmonie exquise !...
Puis, quand on a chanté sa note en ce chant pur,
Qu'on a mis tout soi-même en un élan rythmique,
Un soir, comme un nuage au fond du clair azur,
Comme un accord mourant d'enivrante musique
En modulations disparaître, et se fondre.

10 III « Le vieux coucou »

Tic tac, tic tac, tic tac, tic tac!
Lancinante et bavarde horloge,
Chemineau que le temps déloge,
Qu'as-tu de nouveau dans ton sac?

Tic tac ! Voyez, dans le silence,
Comme impitoyable et passif,
Travaillant à coup de canif,
Ce battant maudit se balance!

Tic tac! du temps qui fuit, plus rien!
Au panier la seconde morte;
Il n'est pas besoin qu'on l'emporte:
Elle succombe, une autre vient!
Tic tac, tic tac ! Oh le mystère,

The universe glorifies itself, glows in our eyes,
And, with a hundred voices, sings a sacred crescendo!
To see the world, where the landscape of forms
Absorbs so many spirits, as a great concert
With heavy, enormous vibrating instruments
That alone can give meaning, and, swarming in the air,
Warblings, perfumes, colours, everything that
intoxicates,
Everything that wrings the heart, suffering, delight,
Desire, hope, remorse, dreams untimely frustrated,
Combine to make exquisite harmony!...
Then, when one has sung one's note in this song
of purity,
When one has put one's all into a rhythmic momentum,
One evening, like a cloud deep in the clear azure,
Like the dying chord of impassioned music
To disappear in modulations, to melt away

10 III 'The Old Cuckoo Clock'

Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock, tick tock!
Throbbing, chattering clock,
Vagrant moved on by time,
What's new up your sleeve?

Tick, tock! Look, in the silence,
Pitiless and passive,
Unfaithful as it works away,
This clapper curses its suspension!

Tick tock! time flies, nothing remains!
Into the bin with the dead second;
No need to take it away:
It gives way, another one comes!
Tick tock! Oh the mystery,

