

The NAXOS logo is a blue square with the word "NAXOS" in white, serif, all-caps font. Above the text are three horizontal lines with small vertical bars underneath, resembling a classical architectural frieze.The SWR logo consists of the letters "SWR" in a bold, white, sans-serif font, followed by two white chevrons pointing to the right.

Fabrice
BOLLON

Die ungeborenen Enkel
(‘The Unborn Grandchildren’)

The Secret Garden of the Cordania

The background is a surreal, artistic landscape painting. It features a dark, moody sky with a large, glowing, crystalline pyramid structure in the distance. The foreground is dominated by a dark, circular, crater-like formation with concentric rings. To the right, a tall, dark, jagged tower rises from the landscape. The overall color palette is dark, with shades of blue, green, and brown, accented by the glowing light from the pyramid and the sky.

Irina Jae-Eun Park, Soprano

Nutthaporn Thammathi, Tenor

Johannes Moser, Electric cello

Fabrice
BOLLON
(b. 1965)

Die ungeborenen Enkel ('The Unborn Grandchildren')
Lieder auf Gedichten von Georg Trakl für Gesangstimme
und elektrisches Cello ('Songs after the Poems of Georg Trakl
for Voice and Electric Cello') (2014/2021)

55:27

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Fabrice Bollon (b. 1965)

Die ungeborenen Enkel • The Secret Garden of the Cordania

When the song cycle evolved in the 19th century, it did so through the widely adopted performing medium of solo singer and piano.

Schubert's three great works in the form were written in this way, but have since captured the imagination of 20th-century orchestrators and arrangers, as have equivalent cycles from Schumann and Brahms. Mahler, however, was quick to spot the potential of collections such as *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* to work simultaneously through intimate duo settings or expansive orchestrations.

The 20th century saw little deviation from the voice and piano combination. Substantial vocal works from Hindemith (*Das Marienleben*), Schoeck (*Elegie*) and Messiaen (*Harawi*) took as their theme a particular subject or poetic impetus. Schoeck used bigger forces, *Elegie* putting 24 settings from Nikolaus Lenau and Joseph von Eichendorff to chamber orchestra accompaniment.

The experienced and renowned composer-conductor Fabrice Bollon complements these works with *Die ungeborenen Enkel*, setting ten works by early 20th-century poet Georg Trakl for the unique combination of tenor, soprano and electric cello. The choice of instrumentation furthers a creative partnership with Johannes Moser, for whom he wrote *Four Lessons of Darkness*, a concerto for electric cello and orchestra available on Bollon's previous Naxos release (8.574015).

Die ungeborenen Enkel took shape in 2014, with the version here finalised in 2021. Translating as 'The Unborn Grandchildren', the title is from the final line of *Grodek*, the last and longest poem in the cycle. In it, Trakl refers to the dead soldiers he encountered in the First World War, and the tragic halt to their genealogy.

Bollon was drawn to Trakl's work for its intense depictions of love, depression, ecstasy and folly, typical of the poetry at the beginning of the 20th century. Born in Salzburg in 1887, Trakl wrote an immense collection of works between 1912 and 1914. He then served as a lieutenant in the Medical Corps of the Austrian army during the First World War, an experience which left a lasting impression. During the battle of Grodek he was responsible for many seriously injured soldiers but was limited in his powers to assist them by lack of training and equipment. Experiencing increasingly regular bouts of extreme depression, Trakl died of a drug overdose in Poland in 1917.

Musical settings of his texts are scarce, though Anton Webern made a notable exception, his *Sechs Lieder nach Gedichten von Georg Trakl* (1917–1921) published as *Op. 14*. Written for voice, clarinet, violin and cello, they have a characteristically compressed style. Bollon's responses are more expansive, broadening his increasingly imaginative writing for electric cello and realised with Johannes Moser through Ableton software.

Die ungeborenen Enkel is notable for its striking sonorities, the cello able to evoke a solemn choir from ages past one minute before springing forward with energetic pizzicato the next. Clever multitracking and subtle manipulations control the instrument's dynamics, ranging from the softest sigh to the latent power of a large string section. The use of perspective and reverberation is also critical, bringing the instrument up close to the singer and listener or allowing it to offer counterpoint from afar.

Bollon's music is largely tonal, approaching the harmonic density of Berg or Messiaen but using melodies that roam in the manner of jazz or rock music, using sensibilities the composer has acquired through first hand performing experience and study with Mauricio Kagel. While the references are less explicit than in *Four Lessons of Darkness*, there are nonetheless episodes where the cello and electric guitar are difficult to distinguish.

Die ungeborenen Enkel begins with a thoughtful instrumental *Einleitung*, in which the cello creates a wide-open space through lofty intonations and low pizzicato. *Im Frühling*, the first setting, describes the progress of a boat through its pizzicato commentary, before roughly hewn bow strokes indicate a stormier profile. The soprano sings with legato phrases evoking the blossoming violets.

Heiterer Frühling presents a bigger structure. The tenor forms a close bond with the cello's lightly playful demeanour, where a pizzicato walking bass describes a flowing stream. This highly evocative song describes the forest in vivid detail, its apex an intense declaration of love from singer and cellist alike in the second verse.

Der Schlaf is uncommonly agitated, the soprano telling of sinister poisons of the mind amid uncomfortable, insect-ridden encounters from the cello. *Nachts*, also set by Webern in 1919, presents a harrowing tale. Much of Bollon's word painting is channelled through the cello, where manipulated pizzicato strikes a hollow tone, the bottom falling out of the music. Later the song becomes a fractious soliloquy, enhancing the poet's shock at the derangement of his friend. *Frauensegen* offers some relief. A fascinating setting with the gently rocking figuration of a barcarolle, its sonic qualities are remarkably similar to the guitar sound used by The Cure in their 1989 song *Lullaby*. The soprano, however, is beset by anxiety as what should be a bucolic scene suffers from wartime ailments.

Both singers unite for the first time in the tense dialogue of *Am Rand eines Wassers*. The soprano, positioned on the outer edges, portrays the soft voices of nuns in a ruined church. The tenor and cello enhance this otherworldly counterpoint with a reverb-laden portrayal of the 'blue note of the flute in the hazel bushes'.

An autumnal frisson surrounds the soprano throughout *In den Nachmittag*, where fruit falls from the trees against the thinning sun. The shadows lengthen and the setting ends in a fever dream, with refracted sounds and images. Darker still is *Delirium*, the solemn tenor encircled by eerie harmonics and clicking noises from the cello. Shards of light appear in the tenor's heavenly high notes, though the earthy sounds below are feverish.

The poet's fitful state continues through the soft treble pitches and silvery tones of *Träumerei*. The texture is spare, the tenor contemplating a sister's 'blue hands' in icy stillness. Arriving at *Grodek*, the emotional apex of the cycle, the horror of war reaches a tragic climax. The singers are both reverent and appalled at the imminent loss of life, at the haunting cries from men with 'shattered mouths' and the poet's conviction that 'all roads end in black putrefaction.' The cello picks over the horrors of the injured men through broken pizzicato and probing legato lines. Only at the very end do we hear the song cycle's title, sung by the soprano. The cello offers scant consolation, lost in thought at the end.

Bollon is aware of the need for reflection during *Die ungeborenen Enkel* and offers this through two well-placed instrumental intermezzi. The first, reacting to the disturbances of *Der Schlaf*, creates a ghostly calm, cooling the temperature as its music spreads through time from ages past. *Intermezzo II* revisits this area of stillness but anxieties spread out in the lower range like tendrils. The correct response to *Grodek*, and its devastating final line, is silence.

The Secret Garden of the Cordania, completed in the year *Die ungeborenen Enkel* was begun, is dedicated to the composer's wife, also an electric cellist. Inspired by the dedication of Gustav Mahler to Alma in the *Adagietto* of his *Symphony No. 5*, the piece leaves its evocative title (an anagram of Bollon's wife's name) open for interpretation. The vivid imagery is enhanced by audio perspective, with deeply romantic melodies spread over the soft patter of background pizzicato. Skittish cello figures then build in blocks, dispersed in sweeping gestures. The classically influenced cello writing is consistently colourful, in single voice or chordal form. White hot notes from the highest treble range cut through with extra reverberation, while intonations from a deep ensemble are countered by breathy pizzicato thoughts. Once again Fabrice Bollon creates extremely evocative pictures, the listener placed in a world teeming with fascinating, imaginary life.

Ben Hogwood

Die ungeborenen Enkel

② No. 1. Im Frühling

Leise sank von dunklen Schritten der Schnee,
Im Schatten des Baums
Heben die rosigen Lider Liebende.

Immer folgt den dunklen Rufen der Schiffer
Stern und Nacht;
Und die Ruder schlagen leise im Takt.

Balde an verfallener Mauer blühen
Die Veilchen,
Ergrünnt so stille die Schläfe des Einsamen

③ No. 2. Heiterer Frühling

1. Am Bach, der durch das gelbe Brachfeld fließt,
Zieht noch das dürre Rohr vom vorigen Jahr.
Durchs Graue gleiten Klänge wunderbar,
Vorüberweht ein Hauch von warmem Mist.

An Weiden baumeln Kätzchen sacht im Wind,
Sein traurig Lied singt träumend ein Soldat.
Ein Wiesenstreifen saust
 verweht und matt,
Ein Kind steht in Konturen weich und lind.

Die Birken dort, der schwarze Dornenstrauch,
Auch fliehn im Rauch Gestalten aufgelöst.
Hell Grünes blüht und anderes verwest
Und Kröten schliefen durch den grünen Lauch.

2. Dich lieb ich treu du derbe Wäscherin.
Noch trägt die Flut des Himmels goldene Last.
Ein Fischlein blitzt vorüber und verblaßt;
Ein wächsern Antlitz fließt durch Erlen hin.

In Gärten sinken Glocken lang und leis
Ein kleiner Vogel trällert wie verrückt.
Das sanfte Korn schwillt leise und verzückt
Und Bienen sammeln noch mit ernstem Fleiß.
Komm Liebe nun zum müden Arbeitsmann!
In seine Hütte fällt ein lauer Strahl.
Der Wald strömt durch den Abend
 herb und fahl
Und Knospen knistern heiter dann und wann.

The Unborn Grandchildren

② No. 1. In Spring

The snow sank quietly under dark steps.
In the shadow of the tree
Lovers raise their rosy eyelids.

Always the sombre cries of the boatmen are followed
By stars and night,
And the oars quietly dip in rhythm.

Soon by a tumbledown wall the violets
Will bloom,
So silently have the forsaken man's temples turned green.

③ No. 2. Glad Spring

1. Along the stream flowing through the yellow fallow land
Last year's dry stems still run.
Miraculous sounds glide through the greyness,
A whiff of warm manure wafts past on the breeze.

On willows, catkins swing gently in the wind,
A dreaming soldier sings his mournful song.
A strip of meadow soughs exhaustedly,
 blown clean by the wind,
A child standing, outlined, soft and gentle.

The birches there, the black brambles,
Figures too flee, evanescent in the smoke.
Pale greenness burgeons and other things decay
And toads slept through the green leeks.

2. I love thee truly, sturdy washerwoman.
The river still bears the golden burden of the sky.
A little fish flashes past and fades;
A waxy visage floats through alder trees.

In gardens, bells sink quietly and long,
A little bird trills like mad.
The soft corn swells quietly and rapt,
And bees still gather with earnest industry.
Come, love, to the weary labourer now!
A mellow shaft of light penetrates his hut.
The forest courses through the evening,
 pale and with a bitter tang,
And buds crackle gaily every now and then.

3. Wie scheint doch alles Werdende so krank!
Ein Fieberhauch um einen Weiler kreist;
Doch aus Gezweigen winkt ein sanfter Geist
Und öffnet das Gemüte weit und bang.

Ein blühender Erguß verrinnt sehr sacht
Und Ungebornes pflegt der eignen Ruh.
Die Liebenden blühen ihren Sternen zu
Und süßer fließt ihr Odem durch die Nacht.

So schmerzlich gut und wahrhaft ist, was lebt;
Und leise rührt dich an ein alter Stein:
Wahrlich! Ich werde immer bei euch sein.
O Mund! der durch die Silberweide bebt.

④ No. 3. Der Schlaf

Verflucht ihr dunklen Gifte,
Weißer Schlaf!
Dieser höchst seltsame Garten
Dämmernder Bäume
Erfüllt von Schlangen, Nachtfaltern,
Spinnen, Fledermäusen.
Fremdling! Dein verlornen Schatten
Im Abendrot,
Ein finsterner Korsar
Im salzigen Meer der Trübsal.
Aufplattern weiße Vögel am Nachtsaum
Über stürzenden Städten
Von Stahl.

⑥ No. 4. Nachts

Die Bläue meiner Augen ist erloschen in dieser Nacht,
Das rote Gold meines Herzens.
O! wie stille brannte das Licht.
Dein blauer Mantel umfing den Sinkenden;
Dein roter Mund besiegelte des Freundes Umnachtung.

⑦ No. 5. Frauensegen

Schreitest unter deinen Frau'n
Und du lächelst oft beklommen:
Sind so bange Tage kommen.
Weiß verblüht der Mohn am Zaun.

3. How very sick everything seems as it becomes!
A feverish breath circles a hamlet;
But from among branches a gentle spirit beckons
And tremblingly opens wide its soul.

A florescent ejaculation trickles away very gently
And what is unborn takes its own rest.
The lovers blossom towards their stars,
And their breath flows more sweetly through the night.

What lives is this painfully good and real;
And an old stone subtly moves you:
Truly, I shall always be with you.
Oh, mouth trembling through the white willow!

④ No. 3. Sleep

Curse you dark poisons,
White sleep!
This highly unusual garden
Of dusky trees
Filled with snakes, moths,
Spiders, bats.
Stranger! Your lost shadow
In the sunset glow,
A dark corsair
In the salty sea of affliction.
White birds flutter up on the fringe of night
Over tumbling cities
Of steel.

⑥ No. 4. At Night

The blueness of my eyes was extinguished this night past,
The red gold of my heart.
Oh, how silently the light burned!
Your blue mantle enveloped the sinking man;
Your red lips sealed your lover's eclipse.

⑦ No. 5. Woman's Blessing

You walk among your women
And often smile apprehensively:
Such anxious days have arrived!
The poppies fade to white along the fence.

Wie dein Leib so schön geschwellt
Golden reift der Wein am Hügel.
Ferne glänzt des Weihers Spiegel
Und die Sense klirrt im Feld.

In den Büschen rollt der Tau,
Rot die Blätter niederfließen.
Seine liebe Frau zu grüßen
Naht ein Mohr dir braun und rauh.

8 No. 6. Am Rand eines Wassers

Dunkle Deutung des Wassers: Zerbrochene Stirne
im Munde der Nacht
Seufzend in schwarzem Kissen des Knaben
bläulicher Schatten,
Das Rauschen des Ahorns, Schritte im alten Park,
Kammerkonzerte, die auf einer Wendeltreppe verklingen,
Vielleicht ein Mond, der leise die Stufen hinaufsteigt.
Die sanften Stimmen der Nonnen in der verfallenen Kirche,
Ein blaues Tabernakel, das sich langsam auftut,
Sterne, die auf deine knöchernen Hände fallen,
Vielleicht ein Gang durch verlassene Zimmer,
Der blaue Ton der Flöte im Haselgebüsch – sehr leise.

10 No. 7. In den Nachmittag geflüstert

Sonne, herbstlich dünn und zag,
Und das Obst fällt von den Bäumen.
Stille wohnt in blauen Räumen
Einen langen Nachmittag.

Sterbeklänge von Metall;
Und ein weißes Tier bricht nieder.
Brauner Mädchen rauhe Lieder
Sind verweht im Blätterfall.

Stirne Gottes Farben träumt,
Spürt des Wahnsinns sanfte Flügel.
Schatten drehen sich am Hügel
Von Verwesung schwarz umsäumt.

Dämmerung voll Ruh und Wein;
Traurige Gitarren rinnen.
Und zur milden Lampe drinnen
Kehrst du wie im Traume ein.

Like your belly, so beautifully swollen,
The vine ripens golden on the hill.
The surface of the pond glints in the distance
And the scythe hisses in the field.

In the bushes dew drops,
The leaves rain down red.
To greet his darling wife
A Moor is coming to you, swarthy and rough.

8 No. 6. On the Bank of a River

Dark meaning of the water: shattered brow
in the maw of the night
Sighing among black cushions the blueish shadow
of the boy,
The rustling of the maple, steps in the former park.
Chamber concerts dying away on a spiral staircase,
Perhaps a moon stealthily climbing the steps.
The soft voices of the nuns in the ruined church,
A blue tabernacle slowly opening up,
Stars falling on your bony hands,
Maybe a walk through abandoned rooms,
The blue note of the flute in the hazel bushes – very soft.

10 No. 7. Whispered into the Afternoon

Sunlight, autumnally watery and timid,
And the fruit falls from the trees.
Silence inhabits blue rooms.
A long afternoon.

Metallic sounds of death,
And a white beast slumps down.
Sunburnt girls' throaty songs
Have been lost in the leaf fall.

Brow dreams God's colours,
Feels the soft wings of insanity.
Shadows circle on the hill
Hemmed black by decay.

Dusk filled with repose and wine;
Sad guitars stream down.
And to the kindly lamp within
You turn aside as in a dream.

11 No. 8. Delirium

Der schwarze Schnee, der von den Dächern rinnt;
Ein roter Finger taucht in deine Stirne
Ins kahle Zimmer sinken blaue Firne,
Die Liebender erstorbene Spiegel sind.
In schwere Stücke bricht das Haupt und sinnt
Den Schatten nach im Spiegel blauer Firne,
Dem kalten Lächeln einer toten Dirne.
In Nelkendüften weint der Abendwind.

12 No. 9. Träumerei

Sanftes Leben wächst im Stillen.
Schritt und Herz durchs Grüne eilt
Liebendes an Hecken weilt,
Die sich schwer mit Düften füllen.

Buche sinnt; die feuchten Glocken
Sind verstummt, der Bursche singt
Feuer Dunkeles umschlingt
O Geduld und stumm frohlocken.

Frohen Mut gib noch zum Ende
Schön beseelte, stille Nacht,
Goldnen Wein, den dargebracht
Einer Schwester blaue Hände.

13 No. 10. Grodek

Am Abend tönen die herbstlichen Wälder
Von tödlichen Waffen, die goldnen Ebenen
Und blauen Seen, darüber die Sonne
Düstrer hinrollt; umfängt die Nacht
Sterbende Krieger, die wilde Klage
Ihrer zerbrochenen Mäuler.
Doch stille sammelt im Weidengrund
Rotes Gewölk, darin ein zürnender Gott wohnt
Das vergoßne Blut sich, mondne Kühle;
Alle Straßen münden in schwarze Verwesung.

11 No. 8. Delirium

Black snow pouring down off the roofs;
A red finger plunges itself into your brow,
Into the bare room blue glacial snows descend
Which are lovers' deceased mirrors.
Your head fractures into heavy pieces and muses
On the shadows in the mirror of blue glacial snows,
On the cold smile of a dead whore.
The evening wind weeps in carnation scents.

12 No. 9. Reverie

Gentle life is growing in secret.
Step and heart hurry through the greenness,
Lovers linger by hedges
Heavily replete with scents.

Beech ponders; the damp bells
Have fallen silent, the lad sings
Fire embraces dark
Oh patience and mute rejoicing!

Give calm confidence and courage to the end,
Beautiful inspired silent night,
Golden wine offered
By a sister's blue hands.

13 No. 10. Grodek

In the evening the autumnal woods ring
With deadly weapons, and the golden plains
And blue lakes over which the sun
Rolls darkling by; night enfolds
Dying warriors, the wild lament
Of their shattered mouths.
But silently in the meadow ground
Red clouds in which an angry god dwells,
The spilled blood, lunar coolness gather;
All roads end in black putrefaction.

Unter goldnem Gezweig der Nacht und Sternen
Es schwankt der Schwester Schatten
 durch den schweigenden Hain,
Zu grüßen die Geister der Helden, die blutenden Häupter;
Und leise tönen im Rohr die dunkeln Flöten des Herbstes.
O stolzere Trauer! ihr ehernen Altäre,
Die heiße Flamme des Geistes nährt heute
 ein gewaltiger Schmerz,
Die ungeborenen Enkel.

Georg Trakl, 1887–1914

Under golden branches of night and stars
The sister's shadow lurches
 through the mute grove
To salute the spirits of the heroes, their bleeding heads;
And softly among the reeds the dark flutes of autumn sound.
Oh grief more proud! Iron altars,
Today a mighty anguish feeds
 the spirit's hot flame,
The unborn descendants.

English translations © Susan Baxter

Nutthaporn Thammathi



Tenor Nutthaporn Thammathi (b. 1988) graduated with a Bachelor of Arts from the College of Music, Mahidol University in 2010 and a Bachelor and Master of Arts from the Mozarteum University Salzburg in 2019, and currently studies with Mario Antonio Diaz Varas. Thammathi has performed in opera houses across Europe since 2015, appearing in numerous leading roles such as Rodolfo (*La Bohème*), Tito (*La clemenza di Tito*), Alfredo (*La traviata*), Cavaradossi (*Tosca*) and the titular role in *Faust*. In 2019 Thammathi became a member of the Badisches Staatstheater Karlsruhe.

Irina Jae-Eun Park



South Korean soprano Irina Jae-Eun Park joined the ensemble at Theater Freiburg in autumn 2018 after two seasons in the opera studio, collaborating with Fabrice Bollon (music director) in productions of *Madama Butterfly* (title role) as well as *Falstaff* (Alice Ford), *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* (Antonia), *The Cunning Little Vixen* (Fox) and *Cendrillon* (Noémie) and *Hulda* (Swanhilde), both of which were subsequently released on Naxos. Park also regularly appears on the concert stage, having performed in numerous recitals and oratorios. Passionate about art song, she was awarded Third Prize at the 2018 International Art Song Competition Stuttgart (Hugo-Wolf-Akademie) and the Art Song Prize at the 2017 Gwangju Vocal Music Competition.

Johannes Moser



German-Canadian cellist Johannes Moser has performed with the world's leading orchestras, including the Berliner Philharmoniker, New York Philharmonic, Los Angeles Philharmonic, Chicago Symphony Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra, BBC Philharmonic (at the Proms), Symphonieorchester des Bayerischen Rundfunks, Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, Tonhalle-Orchester Zürich, NHK Symphony Orchestra, Tokyo, The Philadelphia Orchestra and The Cleveland Orchestra, with eminent conductors such as Riccardo Muti, Lorin Maazel, Mariss Jansons, Valery Gergiev, Zubin Mehta, Vladimir Jurowski, Franz Welser-Möst, Christian Thielemann, Pierre Boulez, Paavo Järvi, Semyon Bychkov, Yannick Nézet-Séguin, and Gustavo Dudamel. His continuing artistic partnership with Fabrice Bollon has lasted for over a decade and resulted in many new compositions for electric cello, including *Four Lessons of Darkness – Concerto for Electric Cello and Orchestra*, premiered in 2011 and released on Naxos (8.574015). Johannes Moser plays on an Andrea Guarneri cello from 1694 from a private collection and on an electric Yamaha Silent Series cello as well as a Ned Steinberger five-string electric cello. www.johannes-moser.com

Fabrice Bollon



Fabrice Bollon studied with Michael Gielen and Nikolaus Harnoncourt in Paris and at Salzburg's Mozarteum before completing his studies with Georges Prêtre and Mauricio Kagel. He worked as musical assistant at the Salzburg Festival until 1998, was deputy musical director at Oper Chemnitz (2000–04), was chief conductor of the Flanders Symphony Orchestra (1996–2000) and has made numerous appearances with many renowned European orchestras. From 2009 he served as general music director/chief conductor at Germany's Theater Freiburg. In September 2016 Bollon was unanimously re-elected for another term and began recording for Naxos, releasing a remarkable interpretation of Korngold's *Das Wunder der Heliane* in 2018 (8.660410-12). His work in Freiburg has garnered international acclaim, including Editor's Choice accolades in *Gramophone* magazine and Diapason d'Or Awards, among others. He has been chief conductor of the Staatskapelle Halle and general music director of the Halle Opera since August 2022. Bollon regularly appears with the Moscow State Opera Stanislavsky, several German radio orchestras, and in Japan, Switzerland, Belgium, the Netherlands, Denmark, Austria and Monte Carlo. He is also an acclaimed composer: his opera *Oscar und die Dame in Rosa* was highly praised by both critics and audiences. In 2020 his album of original compositions released on Naxos 8.574015 received a Choc de Classica award and an ICMA nomination.

For more information, visit www.fabricebollon.com www.naxos.com/person/Fabrice_Bollon/31978.htm

This setting of Austrian Expressionist writer Georg Trakl's poems by composer and conductor Fabrice Bollon is the first ever composition for classical singers and solo electric cello. As a result the work's striking sonorities open unexpected and fascinating new directions for contemporary music. Evocative imagery and colourful writing for electric cello can also be heard in *The Secret Garden of the Cordania* – a work dedicated to Bollon's cellist wife.



Fabrice
BOLLON
(b. 1965)

- 1–13** Die ungeborenen Enkel ('The Unborn Grandchildren')
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Irina Jae-Eun Park, Soprano **2 4 7 8 10 13**

Nutthaporn Thammathi, Tenor **3 6 8 11 12**

Johannes Moser, Electric cello

A detailed track list can be found inside the booklet.

Sung texts and translations are included in the booklet and can also be accessed at
www.naxos.com/libretti/574456.htm

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