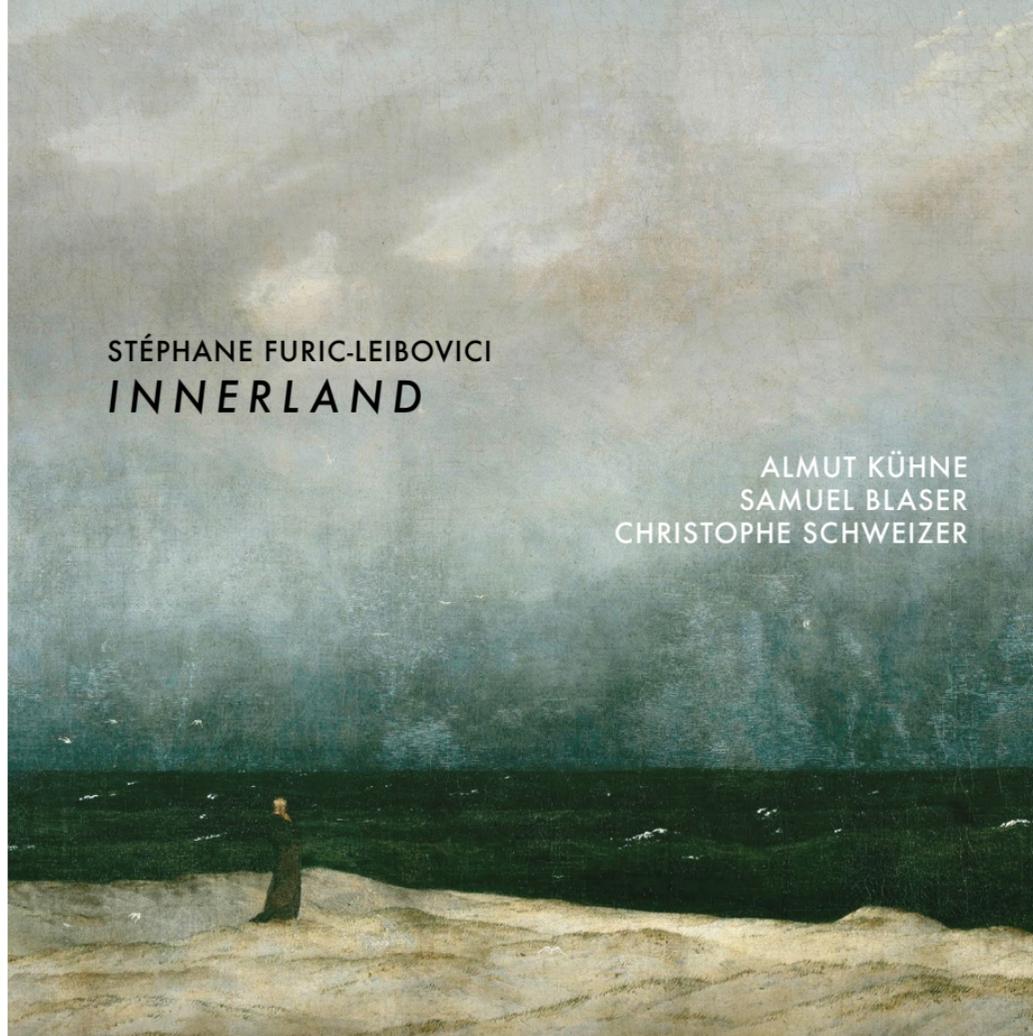




ARPAVIVA
CD 005

STÉPHANE FURIC-LEIBOVICI
INNERLAND

ALMUT KÜHNE
SAMUEL BLASER
CHRISTOPHE SCHWEIZER





Stéphane Furic - Leibovici & Almut Kühne

French composer **Stéphane Furic - Leibovici** dedicated his whole life to music, with unwavering conviction and artistic integrity. His latest work, the song cycle **INNERLAND**, is a fascinating neo-modern-romantic contemplation on music and poetry.

Although **INNERLAND** is presented as a fifteen-track gapless recording, the individual tracks (seven poems set to music, seven incises and a final track that transcends them all) can be accessed separately, in any order. The seven poems will be discussed below. The word "*incise*" ("Cut") is used to describe the tracks that consist of the samples of music material extracted from the songs and inserted between them to serve as the connective tissue of the piece. In "*Confins*" ("On the Edge"), the final track, the composer symbolically steps out of his work in order to comment on it by recording a combination of his instructions to the performers and the summary of the basic vocabulary of sounds used in **INNERLAND**.

The seven poems that **Stéphane Furic - Leibovici** set to music were written by seven different poets over a period of several centuries, dating from the Middle Ages to our time. The choice of the poetry is the testament to the composer's good taste and to his interest in the powerful romantic lyricisms found in all of the poems. The central motif of the piece is love, understood as both "romantic love" and "being in love with nature." However, **INNERLAND** is also a story about a journey. The travelogue of this journey reads like a voyage of a fragmented psyche through the *paysage* of dreams. During his musical travels through this "innerland," the composer ponders the relationship between the reality and one's *perception* of reality while he mentally revisits the sentiments and impressions from his past. The poets – who, like Hölderlin's Wonderer, eternally roam through the inner human landscape – offer their lyrics which both lend the composer a welcoming shoulder to lean on and provide the conceptual underpinnings for his music.

With masterful control over every detail and nuance, the composer borrows the exquisite voice of Almut Kühne to tell us an eerie story: a tale of love, perhaps of a great lost love. It is an account of being lost in and wandering through the interior landscape of one's heart, searching for the path that leads back to the outside world. Almut sings, speaks, and whispers to us, and she stuns us with bursts of vocal virtuosity. The piece is lightly scored, for two trombones and a voice - but the music is not "lite." With masterful economy of means used for the dramatic interpretation of the lyrics, the composer draws us into his world where he melds music with poetry. While listening to **INNERLAND**, the audience will feel special, like confidants allowed access into an inner sanctum.

In **The Tyger** by William Blake (1757-1827) the singer, like an ancient storyteller, describes to her listeners who are sitting wide-eyed around the fire a mythical creature of great power, elegance, and courage. The scary vocal narrative is intercepted with silences full of suspense. When the trombones accompany the voice a major second apart, the song calls to mind eastern European folk music.

The **Griechenland** by Friedrich Hölderlin (1770-1843) is an ode to a glorious day - a magical journey across a mountain and through gardens above the sea. The composer renders this song as a ballad. The protagonist is a solitary Wonderer, one with nature and yet full of his own inner turmoil. The music follows the elation of the lyrical description all the way to its climax and then, when there is no place left to go, the composer decides to sustain the emotion by making the music stop. The voice breaks into short syllabic repetitions of a single note,

breathless - decisively dissonant and lyrical at the same time.

In *Per mezz'i boschi inhospiti* ("Through inhospitable wild woods"), a sonnet by Francisco Petrarca (1304-1374), the hero is in love and feels shielded by it while walking through the dangerous woods, where "even armed men fear to walk through." He sings while walking, like a child who sings to chase the monsters away. The interior dialogue between two sides of the self, fear and happiness, is musically beguilingly portrayed by reassuring repetition of the calming motif, played by the trombones, in answer to the anxious phrases of the voice.

As in a miniature opera, fragments of action and reflection follow each other in *L'alba* ("Sunrise") by Raimbaut de Vacqueras (1180-1207). The sad irony of the lyrics shines through the music of discord between the instruments and the voice. In this imaginary performance similar to that of the Provençal troubadours, the singer plays the castanets to match her perfectly intoned high staccato notes and shakes the tambourine during her wild trills on one note. She claps her hands at the beginning to "wake up the lovers who, unfortunately, must part at sunrise."

In *Querido manso mio* ("My Gentle Beloved") by Lope de Vega (1562-1635), the atonal phrases of passionate outbursts of vocal virtuosity break up the spellbinding folk-like melody written as an accompaniment to the pastoral and erotic lyrical images of the poem.

Charles d'Orléans (1394-1465), another medieval poet represented here, is called a father of the French lyric poetry and was reputedly the sender of the first "valentine." But his *Rondel - En la forêt de longue attente** ("In a Dark Wood Wandering") is far from being a frivolous courtly love poem. Instead, his hero is a romantic Wonderer, similar to the one in Hölderlin's *Greichenland*. He laments the loss of youth and his long lost love and now feels lost in the "dark loneliness" of old age. However, he wishes to believe that his lost youth and all the years of his life were not spent for naught, but that the memories of those good times will sustain him in his old age.

Franchissement ("Crossing Over") is a simple but poignant episode of emotional upheaval composed as one slowly ascending and one slowly descending microtonal glissando in unison. Along the way up and down, the singer invokes a series of single words, extracted from the lyrics, each carrying a portent-message. The graphic score of *Franchissement* is equally dramatic and resembles the upward displacement of a section of the earth's crust.

A master of symbolic romantic imagery William Butler Yeats (1865-1939), in his famous *The Second Coming* recalls a gruesome sport of falconry in which the wild avian predator is trained to swoop down in a gyre and hunt small animals. In response to the lyrics, the music is written as the embodiment of "romantic madness," similar to that of Schumann, Beethoven, or Jean Barraqué. In this song, the composer excels in his prowess and through a veritable compositional rampage emulates that "dreadful text filled with the accents of bestiality." *The Second Coming* is a twenty-seven minute long song which can be performed independently from the rest of the cycle. This song is a testimony to **Stéphane Furic-Leibovici's** compositional craft as well as a proof of his deeply felt artistic concern about the pathology of human cruelty and the destruction and

suffering that humans inflict on the contemporary world.

We can easily imagine Stéphane at the **Alte Nationalgalerie** (National Museum) in Berlin, upon his arrival there in 2010, standing in contemplation before the Caspar David Friedrich's *Monk by the Sea* (1810). The painting portrays a solitary figure on the beach dressed in monk robes and silently gazing at the vast expanse of water and the sky in front of him, while the breakers smash against the shore. The atmosphere of this painting is quintessentially romantic, but the painter intentionally compressed the space turning the canvas into an abstract painting in a modern sense. Although *Monk by the Sea* is not the direct intellectual inspiration for the compositional ethos of *INNERLAND*, it perfectly matches the spirit of the piece. In response to the extreme romantic lyricism of the poetry, the composer chose atonality as the music language for his work. In this beautifully written composition in a traditional sense, the dissonance is not a surprising gesture reserved only for the moments of dramatic tension, nor is it used as an additional colorful effect; instead, it is always present, it is the thread woven into the texture of the music, the discrete fiber entwined in the cloth of life. The extended techniques are employed for dramatic purposes, and they challenge the performers' virtuosity every step of the way.

At the age of twenty-five, after his studies at the Paris Conservatory, **Stéphane Furic - Leibovici** moved to New York and, from there, toured the world carrying his double bass. He performed with Chris Speed, Chris Cheek, and Lee Konitz. In 1996 he released his critically acclaimed first album, *Crossing Brooklyn Ferry*, on Soul Note label, with music composed in neo-modern-avant-garde-jazz-improvisational style, representative of the downtown New York music scene. Now, twenty-five years later, Stéphane travels light. He carries only a fountain pen, which he uses to write the perfectly crafted music scores.

Stéphane lives on a Mediterranean island where one small movement of head can dramatically change the view. On the left is the spellbinding blue sea, on the right the ragged rocky outcrops of mountain peaks. The arresting episodic spirit of his music, which is both elegant and powerful, mimics the nature that surrounds him.

The entire repertoire on this album was flawlessly recorded in one take at the **Funkhaus Berlin** and is placed here before you as a gift of beautifully composed, performed, and recorded piece of music.

Victoria Jordanova

Executive Producer

ArpaViva Recordings

January 7 2016

* *En la forest de Longue Actente* (Paris, BnF, MS fr. 25458)

INNERLAND

"Each there walks upon no alien soil."

(Plotinus)

I write these lines from the Corsican shoreline, gazing out upon the Mediterranean. The equinoctial waves draw me to feel the situational countercurrent of the sharp-cutting performance this recording presents.

The language of this music is firmly atonal. It does not deprive itself of any vernacular, any harmonic or microtonal modelling or any texture. It is articulated around a deliberate, irregular and asymmetrical rhythmic complexity. The writing, furthermore, consciously divests itself of substantial allies, which are all too often summoned today as ridiculously grand costuming for unsubstantial ideas; the use of instruments is sparse, being reduced to two trombones and a single voice. Yet from this purely monodic power of elocution spring and morph animal forms, and all the expressive, sensual, concrete and spiritual potential of the sounds and their meaning are chiseled.

The flow of what is, by convention, called 'inspiration' but also the body of texts chosen to construct this piece of work, the circumstances of existence and a confirmed and consistent approach to composition dictated this apparent frugality from the very beginning of the venture. I merged the attributes and the properties of these defined elements and, having first examined their assembled and concentrated nucleus, I proceeded to explore it with atomic precision, with the purpose of choreographing the characters of this contrapuntal, timbral and sonic ballet.

There was, moreover, a need to develop a large unified form of approximately one hour in length, with a structured organisation yet as much leeway for variation and contrast as possible.

Lastly I formed all the constituents and the elementary groups with the idea that the resulting whole could be used like a music book open to interpretation, a gyre, an infinite circle in which any point in the musical text could be used as a starting point.

Seven European poems, dating from the 12th to the early 20th century and in six different languages provide syntactical depth and richness which extend to the musical gesture. Clearly the meaning and the tonality of the words constitute a guide to forming the sounds. Yet, and perhaps more importantly, a pre-existing contradictory variety of origins create a vast magnetic field of potent energisation, providing structure to the composition: at either end of the piece a powerful indicator of the world's bloodthirsty roar (an inhuman, unintelligible world) couched in the English language, the lingua franca of our time; and set against this contradiction, a suspended magnetic levitation residing in the very heart of the work, understanding between humans, living beings and nature, the union of two beings, a cosmos which can be understood and read untrammelled by the narrow restrictions of the world. In this central clearing are far more than languages rooted within the place; there is a tone. An intimate voice, closeness of origins.

* * *

Our age is seemingly being dragged into an inane pursuit of classification and expeditious simplification; criticism of musical works are no exception to this. There is a demand for identifications, references and names – or at

least those which are sure to be recognised. The work of art is befogged by the portrait of the artist as a club member.

Meanwhile, from the strand, once the familiar space has been explored and the topography of musical places has been integrated with all of its most brilliant and complete constellations, composing implies, conversely, that critical moment when one passes through the crashing breakers. Once in the freedom of the open sea, the work can be given direction, in constant motion. For those who wish to see them (and I will not, at this stage, point out the stars as a guide), the flanks of the work's fulcrums are visible for the briefest instant, just long enough to set the helm and voyage into infinite space.

The work of art is all and the artist simply the vessel. And the work of art will be all the finer when the artist devotes himself entirely to his subject and its demands. And it is in this spirit of communion, with what I feel is the appropriate degree of objectivity and detachment, that I shall now continue shedding further light only upon the conscience of some connections I feel necessary to share with the listener.

* * *

So let us leave the composer's table, and approach that of the geographer, renewing with our traveller's reminiscence. Do you recall navigating close to a land which you are seeing for the first time and yet simultaneously feels so familiar? It could be this very island whose unfamiliar side, revealed by the voyage, became visible from the ship. We were wondering at that moment which other hidden reality, what life does the place conceal. In the dusk, gleaming lights from that village aloft on a towering coast. The invitation of the sun's rays shining through woodland, blinding our progress with its friendly promise. And what mysterious yet welcoming refuge awaits us behind this alpine pass?

This singular feeling is at the very core of **INNERLAND**. The work, in the musical sphere, is an experiment of its description. Ethereal yet so familiar, it draws with broad, confident strokes a parallel life, but a life which strikes us as more real, more authentic and peaceful. The spiritual aspects of this existence are there imbued with a gentle intensity, vibrant in its pure, dusky air.

* * *

I am back on the shoreline. And I am looking farther away at **INNERLAND** now. I am afar from its woven and multiple origins, its approach work and sketches, its most delicate features. The sextant of the sounds cypher, and the compositional compass, are back in their boxes. I am pointing, to you, what is: the phenomenal fulfilment of its recording by the performers. And I cannot help but affectionately smile at the certainty that a simple look, from you listening to this performance or I, hearing in the roar of the waves... a simple look at what is around us, will be enough to recapture that hinterland. How could conscience possibly lose the key in the very place where it was found?

Stéphane Furic-Leibovici

25 September 2015

THE TYGER

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp,
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

(William Blake)

THE SECOND COMING

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi
Troubles my sight: somewhere in the sands of the desert
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.

The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

(William Butler Yeats)

SONNET CLXXVI

Per mezz'i boschi inhospiti et selvaggi,
onde vanno a gran rischio uomini et arme,
vo sicuro io, ché non pò spaventarme
altri che 'l sol ch'à d'amor vivo i raggi;

È vo cantando (o penser' miei non saggi!)
lei che 'l ciel non poria lontana farne,
ch'i' l'ò negli occhi, et veder seco parme
donne et donzelle, et son abeti et faggi.

Parme d'udirla, udendo i rami et l'òre
et le frondi, et gli augei lagnarsi, et l'acque
mormorando fuggir per l'erba verde.

Raro un silentio, un solitario horrore
d'ombrosa selva mai tanto mi piacque:
se non che dal mio sol troppo si perde.

(Francisco Petrarca)

SONNET CLXXVI

Through the midst of inhospitable, wild woods,
where men at arms go at great risk,
I go safely, since nothing can frighten me
except that sun whose rays are alive with love:

and I go singing (oh, my unwise thoughts!)
of her whom heaven cannot set distant from me,
whom I have in my vision, and seem to see
women and girls with her, and they are beech and fir.

I seem to hear her, hearing the branches and breeze,
and the leaves, and the birds lamenting, and the water
murmuring, running through the green grass.

Rarely did silence, and solitary awesomeness
of shadowy woodland ever please me so:
if only too much of my sunlight were not lost.

(English Translation by A. S. Kline)

L'ALBA

Gaita be, gaiteta del chastel,
Quan la re que plus m'es bon e bel
Ai a me trosqu'a l'alba.
E.l jormz ve e non l'apel!
Joc novel
Mi tol l'alba,
L'alba, oc l'alba.

Gait', amics, e veilh' e crid' e bray,
Qu'eu sui rics e so qu'eu plus voil hai.
Mais enics sui de l'alba,
E.l destrics que.l jorm nos fai
Mi desplai
Plus que l'alba,
L'alba, oc l'alba.

Gaitaz vos, gaiteta de la tor,
Del gelos, vostre malvays seynor,
Enujos plus que l'alba,
Que za vos parlam d'amor.
Mas paor
Nos fai l'alba,
L'alba, oc l'alba.

Domn', adeu que non puis mais estar;
Malgrat meu me.n coven ad annar.
Mais tan greu m'es de l'alba,
Que tan leu la vei levar;
Enganar
Nos vol l'alba,
L'alba, oc l'alba.

(Raimbaut de Vacqueyras)

SUNRISE

Ward well, little wardens of the castle,
since the thing that is to me the best and fairest
is mine until dawn.
And the day comes, uncalled for!
The dawn
takes a new embrace away from me,
the dawn, alas, the dawn!

Ward, my friends, and wake and scream and sing,
since I am rich and have what I most desire.
But I am angry at the dawn:
the sadness daylight brings us
displeases me
more than the dawn,
the dawn, alas, the dawn!

Keep yourself, keeper of the tower,
against the jealous one, your lord, wretched,
more bothersome than the dawn,
since down here we discourse of love.
But we are afraid
of the dawn,
the dawn, alas, the dawn!

Lady, farewell, since I cannot stay any longer;
I must leave, in spite of myself.
How it grieves me, the dawn
which I see coming forth so quickly;
the dawn
means treachery,
the dawn, alas, the dawn!

(English Translation by Leonardo Malcovati)

QUERIDO MANSO MÍO

Querido manso mío, que venistes
por sal mil veces junto aquella roca,
y en mi grosera mano vuestra boca
y vuestra lengua de clavel pusistes,

¿por qué montañas ásperas subistes
que tal selvaticuez al alma os toca?
¿Qué furia os hizo condición tan loca
que la memoria y la razón perdistes?

Paced la anacardina, porque os vuelva
de ese cruel y interesable sueño,
y no bebáis del agua del olvido.

Aquí está vuestra vega, monte y selva;
yo soy vuestro pastor, y vos mi dueño;
vos mi ganado, y yo vuestro perdido.

(Lope de Vega)

MY GENTLE BELOVED

My beloved bellwether, who came along
For salt, a thousand times, to this boulder,
And put your mouth, and your tongue
Like a gillyflower, in my coarse hand,

On what rough mountains did you lose your way
That your soul is so much touched by wildness?
What furor is guilty of so mad a condition
That you thus lost all memory and reason?

Graze the anacardina, for it will wake you
Up and out of this cruel and mercenary sleep,
And do not drink the water of oblivion.

Here are your valley, your mountains and your forest;
I am your sheperd, and you are my lord;
You are my flock, and I am your astray.

(English Translation by Stéphane Furic-Leibovic)

RONDEL CCXXV

En la forêt de longue attente,
Par le vent de triste fortune,
Je vois tant de bois si abattu
Que, par ma foi, je n'y retrouve
ni chemin, et ni sente,
En la forêt de longue attente.

Là, jadis, mon revenu de joie,
Jeunesse le payait comptant ;
Il ne m'y reste rien, rien qui vaille,
En la forêt de longue attente,
Par le vent de triste fortune.

Vieillesse me dit, et me torture:
Fais deuil de ces sous et droits
Que tu as perçus autrefois !
Tes jours, et mois, et ans, sont passés.
Qu'ils te suffisent. Sois content,
En la forêt de longue attente.

(Charles d'Orléans)

(Modern French Version by Stéphane Furic-Leibovici)

RONDEL CCXXV

In a dark wood wandering,
By wind of sad fortune,
I see so many fallen trees,
That, in all honesty, I do not find,
Neither path, nor track,
In a dark wood wandering.

There, long ago, youth treated me,
And filled my wages with joy.
Nothing remains, nothing worthwhile,
In a dark wood wandering,
By wind of sad fortune.

Old age tells me, and tortures me:
Mourn well these silvers and these dues
That you once received.
Your days and months and years passed.
Aren't these enough? Be contented,
In a dark wood wandering.

(English Translation by Stéphane Furic-Leibovici)

Stéphane FURIC LEBOVICI, born in 1965 in Paris, attended the Conservatoire National and, on a Fulbright scholarship, Berklee College in Boston, where he studied with William H. Curtis, then principal bassist of the Boston Symphony. At 25 he moved to New York, quickly emerging as a leading new-music double-bassist and performing worldwide in such venues as Carnegie Hall, Salle Pleyel, and various Japanese festivals. His early post-modern works were featured in a series of acclaimed recordings, among them "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry" (Soul Note, 1994).

In 1998, he broke with his recent musical past, clearing a space in which he could operate beyond specific genres. He undertook graduate studies in mathematics and computer science at NYU, where he later taught programming, and studied linguistics at the New School. After writing studies of Second Viennese School works, he went on to analyze and absorb recent advances in compositional concepts and praxis.

His innovative work in the 2000's bridged late 20th- century through-composed music with music for virtuoso improvisers; the Jugendstil recordings (ESP), premiered by Konitz, Speed, Cheek, a.o., are representative.

In London (2008), he designed DELTA, a discrete probability distribution program using multidimensional scaling of proliferating tone series to assign structures and build density blocks in chamber-music composition. From 2010 to 2012, he was in Berlin, as musical director of Ensemble Jean Barraqué. A prize from the Machinsky Foundation enabled him to spend 2013 as composer-in-residence at Funkhaus Berlin. His current output is resolutely atonal, asymmetrical, and rhythmically complex. The music is marked by a vehement tone that borders on opera, and yet this high-tension state coexists with a nocturnal nature poetry. His compositions include music for chamber orchestra and chamber ensembles, as well as solo instrumental and chamber vocal works. Furic Leibovici currently resides in France.

Virtuoso vocalist **Almut KÜHNE** born 1983 in Dresden, began her musical journey with piano lessons at the age of seven, and later studied voice. Seeking to explore both jazz and contemporary classical music, she enrolled in the Hochschule für Musik Hanns Eisler (Berlin), graduating in 2008. A world-class performer with exceptional technique, musicianship, and expressive prowess, Almut Kühne is equally capable of perfectly realizing a thorny written score and of plunging into a free-style improvisation with natural ease.

One of the most gifted singers on the European new- music scene, she interprets compositions by Michael Edward Edgerton, Helmut Lachenmann, Georg Graewe, Ondrej Adamek, Gebhard Ullmann, and Stéphane Furic-Leibovici, and appears as soloist with the Kammerensemble Neue Musik Berlin, Dresdner Kammerchor, and Ensemble AuditivVokal Dresden.

Since 2010, she has performed in Luzerner Theater, Mousonturm (Frankfurt), Alte Oper Frankfurt, ICCM (York), Radialsystem (Berlin), The Stone (NY), a. o., and at various festivals (Konfrontationen, Hindgavl-Festival, World Festival of Sacred Music, a.o.). Driven to find her own voice and an authentic performance style, she is exploring extended vocal techniques and developing her own distinctive vocabulary of sounds: spoken, uttered, and vocalized.

Almut Kühne produced "Dowland Waters," an experimental music-theater work for voice, piano, harpsichord, electronics, and video, based on music by Renaissance composer John Dowland. In 2009 she won the Berlin

Senate's Studio Award and the MUSIC OMI residency in the U.S. Two 2014 releases, "Silver White Arches" (a duo with saxophonist Gebhard Ullmann) and "Ticho" (a trio with pianist Marc Schmolling and trumpeter Tom Arthurs), on the Swiss label Unit Records, showcase her as one of the leading vocalists on the avant-garde jazz scene. Almut Kühne resides in Berlin..

Samuel BLASER, trombonist/composer, born in 1981 in La Chaux-de-Fonds (Switzerland), lived in New York City before relocating to Berlin, where he currently resides. Blaser graduated from his hometown conservatory in 2002. Continuing private studies, he established significant associations with the Vienna Art Orchestra and European Radio Big Band, a.o. These led to a Fulbright scholarship, which enabled him to study in the United States at SUNY Purchase.

His unfettered yet ever-collaborative approach has resulted in further associations, amongst them his ongoing work with percussionist Pierre Favre, pianist Malcolm Braff, clarinetist/composer François Houle, drummer/composer John Hollenbeck, and the late Paul Motian.

Considered a virtuoso on the jazz and improvised music scene, he is also a figure to reckon with in the contemporary classical-music world, performing on five continents and releasing ten albums of his collaborations and solo programs. He has premiered a dozen new-music works in Switzerland and Germany; his repertoire includes chamber pieces by Kurtág, Scelsi, Berio, Nono, and Pepi-Alos, a.o.

Not to be overlooked is Blaser's work as a composer under the aegis of Oscar Strasnoy, his composition professor. Blaser also collaborated in performances of new chamber music in a trio with Strasnoy and Mathieu Ogier.

Christophe SCHWEIZER, trombonist/composer, born in 1968 in Berne (Switzerland), attended Berne Conservatory, Mannes College (NYC), and Banff School of Fine Arts in Canada, studying with Branimir Slokar, Guy-Noel Conus, Conrad Herwig, David Taylor, and Malte Burba. In 1999, he joined the faculty at Banff; since 2013, he has been on the faculty of the Outreach Festival Academy in Austria.

In 2007, Schweizer formed a duo with experimental composer/cellist Brice Catherin, recording with him "Le fils de la prophétesse / Εἰρήνη, Χρόνος" and "Die ersten zwei Kirchen." He has also premiered Catherin's ten-hour solo "Ma pièce avec comme un espoir à la fin" (Geneva, 2010). A virtuoso on a wide range of low brass instruments, he was the alphon soloist in Daniel Schnyder's Alphon Concerto with the Gstaad Festival Orchestra (Singapore, 2006).

He performs with the Berlin-based groups "Work in Progress" and "Stargaze," and has been collaborating with pop artists Owen Pallett and Loney Dear, as well as with Matthew Herbert, a.o.

Schweizer leads his own ensemble, "Young, Rich & Famous," and acts as arranger and conductor with the legendary Billy Hart on a forthcoming album with the WDR Big Band Cologne. Schweizer performs on the alto, tenor, bass, and contrabass trombones as well as on sackbut, tuba, alphon, bass trumpet, and euphonium. He currently resides in Hamburg.

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English Translation of Francisco Petrarca's *Sonnet CLXXVI*: **A. S. Kline** www.poetryintranslation.org

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On the web (www.youtube.com/watch?v=dwuFP634ifU): **INNERLAND** - A film by **JC Pieri**

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Samuel Blaser & Christophe Schweizer