



LAWO
CLASSICS

FÊTES GALANTES

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At Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924) var sentral for utviklingen av den franske kunstlied ved overgangen mellom det 19. og det 20. århundre er ubestridt. Mindre kjent er at også Claude Debussy (1862-1918) ga viktige impulser til den franske vokalmusikken, noe som lenge har blitt overskygget av hans impresjonistiske instrumentalverk. Sterkt påvirket av den symbolistiske bevegelsen i kunst og litteratur, ble det franske språket selve veien til en moderne fransk vokalmusikk, som ikke bare tok opp arven etter Gounod og den franske romansen, men forfinet og videreutviklet denne i tråd med datidens idealer: spiritualitet og sensualitet, klarhet og eleganse. *Fêtes galantes* er opprinnelig en betegnelse for det gamle franske aristokratiets intime hagefester og komedieoppsetninger, som Antoine Watteau (1684-1721) malerier gjorde til en egen sjanger innenfor fransk billedkunst og som senere skulle bli tatt opp igjen av Paul Verlaine i hans diktsamling med samme tittel fra 1869. Debussys "Fêtes galantes" kan i så måte forstås som selve mottoet for Fauré og Debussys bidrag til den franske *mélodie*. Disse sangene ble først og fremst skrevet for å bli framført i århundreskiftets borgerlige salonger, der aristokratiske omgangsformer fra *ancien régime* og Baudelaires modernistiske ideer smeltet sammen i en særegen atmosfære av dekadanse.

I den intime atmosfæren i Pariser salongene ble skillet mellom realitet og fantasi, nåtid og fortid visket bort, minner ble til drømmer og drømmer til minner. Bak de forfinede omgangsformenenes kunstige fasader, der alt er spill og maskerade, utfolder det seg en desto mer intens følelsesverden som er naturlig og oppriktig, og som stadig næres av de umulige kjærlighetsforholdenes skjulte galskap. Men igjen, skillet mellom det kunstige og det naturlige er utvisket, likesom kjærlighet aldri kan bli en forutsigbar tilstand. Følelsene som uttrykkes i sangene er ukontrollerbare og be- dragerske, *jouissance* slår om i *tristesse*, forventinger blir til skuffelser og tiltrekning avløses av fremmedgjøring.

Debussy skrev nesten alle sangene fra og med 1885 i serier på vanligvis tre sanger til tekster av den samme dikteren. Likevel skiller den franske 'syklusen' seg fra tradisjonen i Tyskland (som i Schuberts "Die schöne Müllerin" eller Schumanns "Dichterliebe"). Faurés og Debussys serier er knyttet sammen i større grad gjennom atmosfæren enn gjennom felles motiver eller temaer. I sammenstillingen av diktene utvalgt av komponistene kan det likevel noen ganger gjenkjennes en referanse til Wagner: som hos Debussy, når de tre sangene danner en slags triptyk om kjærlighetens fødsel til dens død – der hver fase er viet en sang.

Fauré og Debussy ble inspirert av den moderne franske lyriken på hver sin måte. I "Fêtes galantes II" til tekster av Paul Verlaine (1844-1896) følger Debussy diktets inndelinger til tider ganske så tett. Versenes intonasjon dikterer melodilinjene, mens akkompagnementet reflekterer diktenes nyanseerte følelesskifter. Fauré i "Cinq mélodies de Venise" op. 58, også disse satt til Verlaines tekster, er mer opptatt av å skape en overordnet atmosfære gjennom karakteristiske musikalske motiver som repeteres. For begge er 'klarhet' et overordnet ideal, med tilsvarende økonomisk bruk av virtuose vokale virkemidler, relativt redusert stemmeomfang og påholden bruk av utsmykninger.

Et symbolistisk topos som får en helt sentral betydning hos Fauré og Debussy er *silence* [taushet, stillhet]. Tingenes evige bakgrunnstilstand brytes i det magiske øyeblikket, når talen, og stemmens klang setter inn. Vekslingen mellom stillhet og klang bærer fram de intense virkningene i både Debussy og Faurés musikalske skildringer av det intime samværet mellom to individer. I den moderne franske kunstlied er taushet blitt et uttrykksmiddel som oppsøkes og ikke unngås, som i den gamle operatradisjonen, der tiden skal fylles med 'meningsløs latter' og overlesede fortellinger om historiske hel- tedåder. Debussys og Faurés sanger feirer *silence* som et ut-

trykk for liv og ikke som et symbol for døden. På et dypere plan reflekterer denne transformasjonen de menneskelige relasjonene i en moderne tid, vekk fra de store historiske fortellingens støy og hen til de enkle mellommenneskelige relasjoner, livet som leves i øyeblikket og sanseinntrykkene som fyller hver enkeltes liv med mening her og nå.

Med utgangspunkt i den gamle franske deklamatoriske tradisjonen utviklet Fauré og Debussy en ekspressiv musikalsk tale, der målet var å uttrykke *hvordan* stemmen klinger, og ikke *hva* ordene forteller. Som eksempelvis i Debussys Bilitis-sanger følger melodien talens rytme og tonefall. Språkrytmen hermes gjennom fri metrikk, der musikalske fraser og syntaktiske enheter faller sammen. Dermed løses grensen mellom det å snakke og synge opp. Denne klingende taushet er kommunikasjon uten forståelse, billedrik og ekspressiv tale, men uten budskap.

Komponert i 1897, er "Chansons de Bilitis" Debussys eneste komposisjon til tekster av Pierre Louÿs (1870-1925). Sangene ble et viktig skritt mot stilen av hans opera "Pelleas og Melisande". I Louÿs' dikt om den eksotiske kvinnefiguren Bilitis fremtrer erotiske og seksuelle temaer forkledd i arkaisk poesi og antikke bilder. Louÿs' kvasi-antikke poesi tilsører et skandaløst portrett av seksuelle møter, erotisk kitsch blir opphøyd til sann kunst. Debussy har nok blitt tiltrukket av muligheten til å fremheve fin de siècle-oppfatninger av kvinnen: Bilitis' drømmer og minner besverger eteriske bilder av den uskyldige, androgyne *femme fragile* – som motsykke til den farlige *femme fatale*, symbolisert i sirenenes forføreriske stemmer. Den første sangen "La flûte de Pan" med melodisk fløyte-imitasjon i pianostemmen og heltone-skalaer illustrerer naturstemningen som akkompagnerer den resiterende vokalstemmen. "La Chevelure" (Håret) fortsetter i en resitativisk stil, men løser opp det metriske, som et bilde av den erotiske berøringen når jenten

slår ut håret som legger seg rundt halsen til den elskede. Det avsluttende diktet er mer melodiskt igjen, mens atmosfæren er mørkere, underlagt en tung, langsomt marsjerende puls: vinterens kulde i kontrast til sommerens hete, 'satyrenes og nymfenes død': her innser Bilitis at barndommens minner er drømmer, isen som har lagt seg på *la source* [kilden, vannet] – et annet sentralt symbolistisk topos – må brytes, men uten at hemmeligheten avsløres, symbolisert i sluttakkordens ubestemmelige tonalitet.

Sangene satt sammen i denne innspillingen strekker seg over et stort spenn i begge komponistenes liv og karriere, rammet inn av Faurés "Cinq mélodies de Venise" fra 1891 til Debussys aller siste sangsyklus, "Trois poèmes de Stéphane Mallarmé" fra 1913. Faurés "Cinq mélodies de Venise" markerer et viktig tidspunkt i hans kamp for å få innpass i selve musikkulturens sentrum, konservatoriet i Paris. Kanskje ikke tilfeldig at Fauré valgte tekster som vekker assosiasjoner til de rike og privilegertes maske- og intrigespill i et forgangent, autoritært regime? "La chanson d'Ève" op. 95 til tekster av Charles van Lerberghe (1861-1907) representerer kanskje et av de fineste verk i Faurés sene stil, som alt for sjeldent blir framført. På denne tiden hadde Fauré avansert til direktør for konservatoriet i Paris med mange plikter som bidro til den lange komposisjonsprosessen fra 1906 til 1910. Debussy skrev "Fêtes Galantes I" i 1892. "Fêtes galantes II" fra 1904 er mye mørkere enn det første settet. Det er samtidig Debussys siste tonesetting av Verlaine. Plottet er mer dystert og gir mer spillerom til de destruktive kreftene i mann/kvinne forholdet og den gjensidige forståelsens umulighet.

| Arnulf Mattes

It is a well-known and undisputed fact that Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924) played an important part in the development of the French art song in the transition between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Less well known is that Claude Debussy (1862-1918) too gave vital impulses to French vocal music, a fact that has long been overshadowed by his impressionist instrumental works. The French language at the time, which was heavily influenced by the symbolist movement in art and literature, became the very path to modern French vocal music, taking up not only the legacy of Gounod and the French *mélodie*, but refining and developing it in accordance with the ideals of the time: spirituality and sensuality, clarity and elegance. *Fêtes galantes* was originally a name for the French aristocracy's intimate garden parties and comedy plays, which with the paintings of Antoine Watteau (1684-1721) became an independent genre in French art, and which was subsequently taken up by Paul Verlaine in his eponymous collection of poetry from 1869. Debussy's "Fêtes galantes" might thus be seen as a fitting motto for Fauré and Debussy's contribution to the French art song. These songs were originally written for the salons of the fin-de-siècle bourgeoisie, where aristocratic social conventions of the *ancien régime* went hand-in-hand with Baudelaire's modernist ideas to create a distinctive air of decadence.

In the intimate atmosphere of these Parisian salons, the distinction between reality and fantasy, past and present was wiped out; memories turned to dreams and dreams became memories. Behind the artificial façade of refined social convention, in which everything is a game or a masquerade, an all the more intense emotional dimension appears where feelings are natural and genuine – continuously nourished by the concealed passion of impossible relationships. But again, the distinction between artificial and natural is no longer present, just as love can never become a predictable condition. The emotions expressed in the songs are uncontrollable and deceptive; *jouissance* turns to *tristesse*, expectation to disappointment, and attraction gives way to alienation.

From 1885 onwards, Debussy composed nearly all of his songs in groups of three to words by the same poet. The French song cycle differs from its German counterparts (such as Schubert's "Die schöne Müllerin" or Schumann's "Dichterliebe"), however, in that Fauré and Debussy's cycles are bound together more by mood than by common motifs or themes. In the juxtaposition of the poems chosen by the two composers, there is nonetheless a discernible reference to Wagner: in the Debussy cycle, for example, the three poems form a triptych on the birth of love to its death where each phase is assigned a song.

Fauré and Debussy both found inspiration in contemporary French poetry. For "Fêtes galantes II", to words by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896), Debussy follows the divisions of the poem, very closely at times. The inflections of the verse dictate the melodic shape, while the accompaniment reflects the changing emotional nuances of the poem. In "Cinq mélodies de Venise" op. 58, also a setting of Verlaine poetry, Fauré is more concerned with creating an overall atmosphere through the repetition of characteristic musical motifs. For both composers clarity is an overall ideal, accompanied by a similarly economic use of virtuosic vocal devices, a relatively small vocal range, and a restrictive use of ornaments.

A central symbolistic topos in both Fauré and Debussy is *silence*. The perpetual background state of all things is broken in that magical moment when speech or song enters the stage. The alternation between silence and sound brings out the intense effects in both Debussy and Fauré's musical description of the intimate company of two individuals. In modern French art song, silence is embraced as a musical means rather than avoided as it was in the old opera tradition where time is filled with 'meaningless laughter' and overburdened narratives of historical heroic deeds. Debussy and Fauré's songs celebrate silence as an expression of life and not as a symbol of death. At a deeper level, this transformation reflects human relations in a modern age, away from the din of major historical narrative and closer to life

as lived in the moment, sensory impressions that fill the lives of each individual with meaning, here and now.

Taking the old, French declamatory tradition as their point of departure, Fauré and Debussy developed an expressive musical speech focussing on the *sound* of the voice rather than the explicit meaning of the words. In Debussy's Bilitis songs, for example, the melody follows the rhythm and intonation of the spoken words. Debussy mimics speech rhythm by means of freely notated rhythms, in which musical phrases and syntactic units coincide. Thus the boundary between speech and song dissolves. The resulting resonant silence is a form of communication without comprehension; expressive speech full of images, yet without a message.

"Chansons de Bilitis", written in 1897, is Debussy's only composition using words by Pierre Louÿs (1870-1925). The songs were a crucial step along the way towards his opera "Pelléas et Mélisande". In Louÿs' poem about the exotic, female character Bilitis, erotic and sexual themes present themselves, disguised as archaic poetry and antiquated images. Louÿs' quasi-antique poetry blurs a scandalous portrait of sexual encounters; erotic kitsch is elevated to true art. Debussy was doubtless attracted by the opportunity to voice his fin-de-siècle opinion of women: Bilitis' dreams and memories conjure up ethereal images of the innocent, androgynous *femme fragile* – counterpart to the dangerous *femme fatale* as symbolized in the seductive calls of the sirens. The first song "La flûte de Pan", with its melodic flute imitation in the piano part and whole-tone passages, evokes an atmosphere of nature to accompany the recitative-like vocal part. "La Chevelure" (The Hair) continues in a similar recitative style, softening the metrical rhythm in its depiction of the erotic contact between girl and boy as she lets her hair fall around her lover's neck. The concluding poem returns to a more melodious idiom, and the mood is darker, pinned down by a heavy, slowly marching pulse: the cold of winter in contrast to the heat of summer, 'the death of satyrs and nymphs'. Bilitis realizes that the memories of child-

hood are but dreams; the ice that has formed on *la source* (the spring) – another important symbolist topos – must be broken, but without revealing the secret – as symbolized in the ambivalent tonality of the closing chord.

The songs that have been put together for this recording cover a considerable span in the lives and careers of both composers, from Fauré's "Cinq mélodies de Venise" from 1891 to Debussy's very last song cycle, "Trois poèmes de Stéphane Mallarmé" from 1913. The "Cinq mélodies de Venise" mark a significant moment in Fauré's struggle to enter the very nexus of musical culture, the Conservatoire de Paris. Perhaps it is no coincidence that Fauré chose poems which evoke associations of the masquerades and intrigues of the rich and privileged in an outdated, authoritarian regime? "La chanson d'Ève" op. 95 to words by Charles van Lerberghe (1861-1907) is perhaps one of the finest works in Fauré's late style, and is all too seldom performed. At this particular time Fauré had been promoted to director of the Paris conservatoire, entailing a great many obligations that contributed to the protracted composition process lasting from 1906 to 1910. Debussy wrote "Fêtes Galantes I" in 1892; "Fêtes Galantes II" from 1904 is much darker than the earlier cycle. It also marks the last time Debussy was to set poetry by Verlaine. The plot is more sombre and brings into play the destructive forces in a male-female relationship and the impossibility of mutual understanding.

| Arnulf Mattes

TROIS CHANSONS DE BILITIS THE SONGS OF BILITIS

CLAUDE DEBUSSY (1862–1918)
TEXT: PIERRE LOUÏS (1870–1925)

1) La flûte de Pan

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies,
il m’a donné une syrinx faite
de roseaux bien taillés,
unis avec la blanche cire
qui est douce à mes lèvres comme le miel.

Il m’apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux;
mais je suis un peu tremblante.
il en joue après moi,
si doucement que je l’entends à peine.

Nous n’avons rien à nous dire,
tant nous sommes près l’un de l’autre;
mais nos chansons veulent se répondre,
et tour à tour nos boucles
s’unissent sur la flûte.

Il est tard,
voici le chant des grenouilles vertes
qui commence avec la nuit.
Ma mère ne croira jamais
que je suis restée si longtemps
à chercher ma ceinture perdue.

2) La chevelure

Il m’a dit: «Cette nuit, j’ai rêvé.
J’avais ta chevelure autour de mon cou.
J’avais tes cheveux comme un collier noir
autour de ma nuque et sur ma poitrine.»

«Je les caressais, et c’étaient les miens;
et nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi,
par la même chevelure, la bouche sur la bouche,
ainsi que deux lauriers n’ont souvent qu’une racine.»

«Et peu à peu, il m’a semblé,
tant nos membres étaient confondus,
que je devenais toi-même,
ou que tu entraînais en moi comme mon songe.»

Quand il eut achevé,
il mit doucement ses mains sur mes épaules,
et il me regarda d’un regard si tendre,
que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson

1) The flute of Pan

For Hyacinthus day
he gave me a syrinx made
of carefully cut reeds,
bonded with white wax
which tastes sweet to my lips like honey.

He teaches me to play, as I sit on his lap;
but I am a little fearful.
He plays it after me,
so softly that I scarcely hear him.

We have nothing to say,
so close are we one to another,
but our songs try to answer each other,
and our mouths join
in turn on the flute.

It is late;
here is the song of the green frogs
that begins with the night.
My mother will never believe
I stayed out so long
to look for my lost sash.

2) The tresses of hair

He said to me: ‘Last night I dreamed.
I had your tresses around my neck.
I had your hair like a black necklace
all round my nape and over my breast.’

‘I caressed it and it was mine;
and we were united thus forever
by the same tresses, mouth on mouth,
just as two laurels often share one root.’

‘And gradually it seemed to me,
so intertwined were our limbs,
that I was becoming you,
or you were entering into me like a dream.’

When he had finished,
he gently set his hands on my shoulders
and gazed at me so tenderly,
that I lowered my eyes with a shiver.

3) Le tombeau des Naiades

Le long du bois couvert de givre, je marchais;
Mes cheveux devant ma bouche
Se fleurissaient de petits glaçons,
Et mes sandales étaient lourdes
De neige fangeuse et tassée.

Il me dit: «Que cherches-tu?»
«Je suis la trace du satyre.
Ses petits pas fourchus alternent
Comme des trous dans un manteau blanc.»
Il me dit: «Les satyres sont morts.»

«Les satyres et les nymphes aussi.
Depuis trente ans, il n’a pas fait
un hiver aussi terrible.
La trace que tu vois est celle d’un bouc.
Mais restons ici, où est leur tombeau.»

Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa la glace
De la source où jadis riaient les naïades.
Il prenait de grands morceaux froids,
Et les soulevant vers le ciel pâle,
Il regardait au travers.

CINQ MÉLODIES DE VENISE FIVE ‘VENETIAN’ MÉLODIES

GABRIEL FAURÉ (1845–1924)
TEXT: PAUL VERLAINE (1844–1896)

1) Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C’est Tircis et c’est Aminte,
Et c’est l’éternel Clitandre,
Et c’est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fit maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

Tourbillonnent dans l’extase
D’une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

3) The tomb of the Naiads

Along the frost-bound wood I walked;
my hair, across my mouth,
blossomed with tiny icicles,
and my sandals were heavy
with muddy, packed snow.

He said to me: ‘What do you seek?’
‘I follow the Satyr’s track.
His little cloven hoof-marks alternate
like holes in a white cloak.’
He said to me: ‘The satyrs are dead.’

‘The satyrs and the nymphs too.
For thirty years there has not been
so harsh a winter.
The tracks you see are those of a goat.
But let us stay here, where their tomb is.’

And with the iron head of his hoe he broke the ice of the
spring, where the naiads used to laugh.
picked up some huge cold fragments,
and, raising them to the pale sky,
gazed through them.

1) Mandolin

The gallant serenaders
And their fair listeners
Exchange sweet nothings
Beneath singing boughs.

Tircis is there, Aminte is there
And tedious Clitandre too,
And Damis who for many a cruel maid
Writes many a tender song.

Their short silken doublets,
Their long trailing gowns,
Their elegance, their joy,
And their soft blue shadows

Whirl madly in the rapture
Of a grey and roseate moon,
And the mandolin jangles on
In the shivering breeze.

2) En sourdine

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Mélons nos âmes, nos cœurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton cœur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider
Les ondes des gazons roux.

Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

3) Green

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue, à vos pieds reposée,
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers ;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

4) A Clymene

Mystiques barcarolles,
Romances sans paroles,
Chère, puisque tes yeux,
Couleur des cieux,

Puisque ta voix, étrange
Vision qui dérange
Et trouble l'horizon
De ma raison,

Puisque l'arôme insigne
De ta pâleur de cygne,
Et puisque la candeur
De ton odeur,

2) Muted

Calm in the twilight
Of lofty boughs,
Let us steep our love
In this deep quiet.

Let us blend our souls, our hearts
And our enraptured senses
With the hazy languor
Of arbutus and pine.

Half-close your eyes,
Fold your arms across your breast,
And from your heart now lulled to rest
Banish forever all intent.

Let us both succumb
To the gentle and lulling breeze
That comes to ruffle at your feet
The waves of russet grass.

And when, solemnly, evening
Falls from the black oaks,
That voice of our despair,
The nightingale shall sing.

3) Green

Here are flowers, branches, fruit and fronds,
And here too my heart that beats for you alone.
Do not tear it with your two white hands
And may the humble gift please your lovely eyes.

I come all covered still with the dew
Frozen to my brow by the morning breeze.
Let my fatigue, finding rest at your feet,
Dream those dear moments that will give it peace.

On your young breast let me roll my head
Still ringing with your recent kisses;
After its sweet tumult grant it peace,
And let me sleep a while, since you rest.

4) To Clymene

Mystical barcarolles,
Songs without words,
Sweet, since your eyes,
The colour of skies,

Since your voice,
Strange vision that unsettles
And troubles the horizon
Of my reason,

Since the noble scent
Of your swan-like pallor,
And since the candour
Of your fragrance,

Ah! pour que tout ton être,
Musique qui pénètre,
Nimbés d'anges défunts,
Tons et parfums,

A, sur d'âmes cadences,
En ses correspondances
Induit mon cœur subtil,
Ainsi soit-il !

5) C'est l'extase

C'est l'extase languoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est vers les ramures grises
Le chœur des petites voix.

O le frère et frais murmure !
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au bruit doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire...
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,
Le rousis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente
Et cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas ?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas ?

FÊTES GALANTES 2ÈME RECEUIL FÊTES GALANTES 2

CLAUDE DEBUSSY (1862-1918)
TEXT: PAUL VERLAINE (1844-1896)

1) Les ingénus

Les hauts talons luttèrent avec les longues jupes,
En sorte que, selon le terrain et le vent,
Parfois luisaient des bas de jambes, trop souvent
Interceptés ! – Et nous aimions ce jeu de dupes.

Parfois aussi le dard d'un insecte jaloux
Inquiétait le col des belles sous les branches,
Et c'étaient des éclairs soudains
des nuques blanches,
Et ce regal comblait nos jeunes yeux de fous.

Le soir tombait, un soir équivoque d'automne :
Les belles se pendant rêveuses à nos bras,
Dirent alors des mots si spéciaux, tout bas,
Que notre âme, depuis ce temps,
tremble et s'étonne.

Ah! since your whole being –
Pervading music,
Haloes of departed angels,
Sounds and scents –

Has in sweet cadences
And correspondences
Led on my susceptible heart –
So be it!

5) It is rapture

It is languorous rapture,
It is amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the forest
In the breezes' embrace,
It is, around the grey branches,
The choir of tiny voices.

O the delicate, fresh murmuring!
The warbling and whispering!
It is like the sweet sound
The ruffled grass gives out...
You might take it for the muffled whirl
Of pebbles beneath the swirling stream.

This soul which grieves
In this subdued lament,
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, and yours too,
Breathing out our humble hymn
On this warm evening, soft and low?

1) Ingénus

High heels struggled with long skirts,
So that, depending on contour and wind,
Glimpses of leg would sometimes gleam, too often
Snatched from view! – and we loved this foolish play.

Sometimes too a jealous insect's sting
Bothered pretty necks beneath the branches,
And there were sudden flashes
of white napes,
And this feast overwhelmed our crazed young eyes.

Evening fell, an equivocal autumn evening:
The pretty girls, leaning dreamily on our arms,
Then murmured such fair-seeming words,
That ever since our startled souls
have trembled.

2) Le faune

Un vieux faune de terre cuite
Rit au centre des boulingrins,
Présageant sans doute une suite
Mauvaise à ces instants sereins

Qui m'ont conduit et t'ont conduite,
– Mélancoliques pelerins, –
Jusqu'à cette heure dont la fuite
Tournoie au son des tambourins.

3) Colloque sentimental

Dans le vieux parc solitaire et glacé
Deux formes ont tout à l'heure passé.

Leurs yeux sont morts et leur lèvres sont molles,
Et l'on entend à peine leurs paroles.

Dans le vieux parc solitaire et glacé
Deux spectres ont évoqué le passé.

– Te souvient-il de notre extase ancienne?
– Pourquoi voulez-vous donc qu'il m'en souviennne?

– Ton cœur bat-il toujours à mon seul nom?
Toujours vois-tu mon âme en rêve? – Non.

– Ah ! Les beaux jours de bonheur indicible
Où nous joignons nos bouches ! – C'est possible.

– Qu'il était bleu, le ciel, et grand l'espoir!
– L'espoir a fui, vaincu, vers le ciel noir.

Tels ils marchaient dans les avoines folles,
Et la nuit seule entendit leurs paroles.

TROIS POÈMES DE STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ THREE POEMS OF STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ

CLAUDE DEBUSSY (1862–1918)
TEXT: STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ (1842–1898)

1) Soupir

Mon âme vers ton front où rêve, ô calme sœur,
Un automne jonché de taches de rousseur,
Et vers le ciel errant de ton œil angélique
Monte, comme dans un jardin mélancolique,
Fidèle, un blanc jet d'eau soupire vers l'Azur !
– Vers l'azur attendri d'octobre pâle et pur
Qui mire aux grands bassins sa langue infinie
Et laisse, sur l'eau morte où la fauve agonie
Des feuilles erre au vent et creuse un froid sillon,
Se traîner le soleil jaune d'un long rayon.

2) The faun

An ancient terracotta faun
Laughs in the middle of the lawns,
Predicting no doubt an unhappy
Sequel to these moments of calm

That have led both you and me,
– Melancholy pilgrims –
To this hour that flits away,
Twirling to the tambourines.

3) Lovers' dialogue

In the ancient park, deserted and frozen,
Two shapes have just passed by.

Their eyes are dead and their lips are lifeless,
And their words can scarce be heard.

In the ancient park, deserted and frozen,
Two spectres were evoking the past.

– Do you remember our past rapture?
– Why would you have me remember?

– Does your heart still surge at my very name?
Do you still see my soul when you dream? – No.

– Ah, the beautiful days of ineffable bliss
When our lips met! – It may have been so.

– How blue the sky, how hopes ran high!
– Hope has fled, vanquished, to the sombre sky.

So they walked on through the wild grasses,
And the night alone could distinguish their words.

1) Sigh

My soul rises toward your brow where, o calm sister,
An autumn strewn with russet spots is dreaming,
And toward the restless sky of your angelic eye,
As in some melancholy garden
A white fountain faithfully sighs toward the Azure!
– Toward the tender Azure of pale and pure October
That mirrors its infinite languor in the vast pools,
And, on the stagnant water where the tawny agony
Of leaves wanders in the wind and digs a cold furrow,
Lets the yellow sun draw itself out in one long ray.

2) Placet futile

Princesse! à jalousier le destin d'une Hébé
Qui point sur cette tasse au baiser de vos lèvres;
J'use mes feux mais n'ai rang
discret que d'abbé
Et ne figurerai même nu sur le Sèvres.

Comme je ne suis pas ton bichon emparé
Ni la pastille ni du rouge, ni jeux mièvres
Et que sur moi je sens ton regard clos tombé
Blonde dont les coiffeurs divins sont des orfèvres!

Nommez-nous... toi de qui tant de ris framboisés
Se joignent en troupeau d'agneaux apprivoisés
Chez tous broutant les vœux et bêlant aux délires,

Nommez-nous... pour qu'Amour ailé d'un éventail
M'y peigne flûte aux doigts endormant ce bercail,
Princesse, nommez-nous berger de vos sourires.

3) Ô rêveuse, pour que je plonge

Ô rêveuse, pour que je plonge
Au pur délice sans chemin,
Sache, par un subtil mensonge,
Garder mon aile dans ta main.

Une fraîcheur de crépuscule
Te vient à chaque battement
Dont le coup prisonnier recule
L'horizon délicatement.

Vertige ! voici que frissonne
L'espace comme un grand baiser
Qui, fou de naître pour personne,
Ne peut jaillir ni s'apaiser.

Sens-tu le paradis farouche
Ainsi qu'un rire enseveli
Se couler du coin de ta bouche
Au fond de l'unanime pli.

Le sceptre des rivages roses
Stagnants sur les soirs d'or, ce l'est
Ce vol blanc fermé que tu poses
Contre le feu d'un bracelet.

2) Vain supplication

Princess! In envying the fate of a Hebe
Who appears on this cup at the kiss of your lips,
I expend my ardour but have only
the modest rank of abbé
And shall not figure even naked on the Sèvres.

Since I am not your bearded lap-dog,
Nor jujube, nor rouge, nor affected games,
And know you look on me with indifferent eyes,
Blonde, whose divine coiffeurs are goldsmiths –

Appoint me... you whose many laughs like raspberries
Are gathered among flocks of docile lambs
Grazing through all vows and bleating at all frenzies,

Appoint me...so that Love winged with a fan
May paint me there, fingering a flute and lulling this fold,
Princess, appoint me shepherd of your smiles.

3) Fan

O dreamer, that I may plunge
Into pure pathless delight,
Contrive, by a subtle deception,
To hold my wing in your hand.

A twilight freshness
Reaches you at each flutter,
Whose captive stroke distances
The horizon delicately.

Vertigo! See how space
Shivers like an immense kiss
Which, mad at being born for no one,
Can neither burst forth nor abate.

Can you feel the wild paradise
Just like buried laughter
Flow from the corner of your mouth
Deep into the unanimous fold!

The sceptre of rose-coloured shores
Stagnating over golden evenings – such is
This white furled flight which you set
Against a bracelet's fire.

LA CHANSON D'ÈVE THE SONG OF EVE

GABRIEL FAURÉ (1845–1924)
TEXT: CHARLES VAN LERBERGHE (1861–1907)

1) Paradis

C'est le premier matin du monde,
Comme une fleur confuse exhalée de la nuit,
Au souffle nouveau qui se lève des ondes,
Un jardin bleu s'épanouit.

Tout s'y confond encore et tout s'y mêle,
Frissons de feuilles, chants d'oiseaux,
Glissements d'ailes,
Sources qui sourdent, voix des airs, voix des eaux,
Murmure immense,
Et qui pourtant est du silence.

Ouvrant à la clarté ses doux et vagues yeux,
La jeune et divine Ève
S'est éveillée de Dieu,
Et le monde à ses pieds s'étend
comme un beau rêve.

Or, Dieu lui dit: «Va, fille humaine,
Et donne à tous les êtres
Que j'ai créés, une parole de tes lèvres,
Un son pour les connaître».

Et Ève s'en alla, docile à son seigneur,
En son bosquet de roses,
Donnant à toutes choses
Une parole, un son de ses lèvres de fleur:

Chose qui fuit, chose qui souffle,
chose qui vole...

Cependant le jour passe, et vague,
comme à l'aube,
Au crépuscule, peu à peu,
L'Éden s'endort et se dérobe
Dans le silence d'un songe bleu.

La voix s'est tue, mais tout l'écoute encore,
Tout demeure en l'attente,
Lorsqu'avec le lever de l'étoile du soir,
Ève chante.

2) Prima verba

Comme elle chante
Dans ma voix
L'âme longtemps murmurante
Des fontaines et des bois!

Air limpide du paradis,
Avec tes grappes de rubis,
Avec tes gerbes du lumière,
Avec tes roses et tes fruits,

1) Paradise

It is the first morning of creation.
Like an abashed flower breathed on the night air,
With the pristine whisperings that rise from the waves,
An azure garden blooms.

Everything is still blurred and indistinct,
Trembling leaves, singing birds,
Gliding wings,
Springs that rise, voices of air and water,
An immense murmuring;
Which yet is silence.

Opening to the light her soft and vacant eyes,
Young, heaven-born Eve
Is awakened by God.
And the world lies at her feet
like a lovely dream.

Now God says to her: Go, daughter of man,
And bestow on all beings
That I have created a word from your lips,
A sound that we might know them by.

And Eve went, obedient to her Lord,
Into her rose grove,
Bestowing on all things
A word, a sound from her flower-like lips:

On all that runs, that breathes,
that flies...

Day meanwhile passes, and hazy,
as at the dawn,
Eden sinks slowly to sleep
In the twilight and steals away
In the silence of an azure dream.

The voice is hushed, but everything still hearkens,
Waiting in expectation;
When with the rising of the evening star,
Eve sings.

2) The first words

How it sings
In my voice,
The constantly murmuring soul
Of the springs and woods!

Clear air of paradise
With your ruby grape-clusters,
With your sheafs of light,
With your roses and your fruits;

Quelle merveille en nous à cette heure!
Des paroles depuis des âges endormies,
En des sons, en des fleurs
Sur mes lèvres enfin prennent vie.

Depuis que mon souffle a dit leur chanson,
Depuis que ma voix les a créées,
Quel silence heureux et profond
Naît de leurs âmes allégées!

3) Roses ardentes

Roses ardentes
Dans l'immobile nuit,
C'est en vous que je chante
Et que je suis.

En vous, étincelles
A la cime des bois,
Que je suis éternelle
Et que je vois.

Ô mer profonde,
C'est en toi que mon sang
Renaît vague blonde,
Et flot dansant.

Et c'est en toi, force suprême,
Soleil radieux,
Que mon âme elle-même
Atteint son dieu!

4) Comme Dieu rayonne

Comme Dieu rayonne aujourd'hui,
Comme il exulte, comme il fleurit
Parmi ces roses et ces fruits!

Comme il murmure en cette fontaine!
Ah! comme il chante en ces oiseaux...
Qu'elle est suave son haleine
Dans l'odorant printemps nouveau!

Comme il se baigne dans la lumière
Avec amour, mon jeune dieu!
Toutes les choses de la terre
Sont ses vêtements radieux.

How we marvel at such a moment!
Words that had slumbered for aeons
Finally come to life on my lips
As sounds, as flowers.

Since my breath uttered their song,
Since my voice created them,
What deep and blissful silence
Is born from their unburdened souls!

3) Radiant roses

Roses radiant
In the motionless night,
It is in you that I sing
And have my being.

It is in you, gleaming stars
High in the forests,
That I am eternal
And given sight.

O deep sea,
It is in you that my blood
Is reborn, white wave
And dancing tide.

And it is in you, supreme force,
Radiant sun,
That my very soul
Reaches its God!

4) How radiant is God

How radiant is God today,
How he exults and blossoms
Among these roses and fruits!

How he murmurs in this fountain!
Ah! how he sings in these birds...
How sweet is his breath
In the new fragrant spring!

How he bathes in light
With love, my young God!
All earthly things
Are his dazzling raiments.

5) L'aube blanche

L'aube blanche dit à mon rêve:
«Éveille-toi, le soleil luit».
Mon âme écoute et je soulève
Un peu mes paupières vers lui.

Un rayon de lumière touche
La pâle fleur de mes yeux bleus;
Une flamme éveille ma bouche,
Un souffle éveille mes cheveux.

Et mon âme, comme une rose
Tremblante, lente, tout le jour,
S'éveille à la beauté des choses,
Comme mon cœur à leur amour.

6) Eau vivante

Que tu es simple et claire,
Eau vivante,
Qui, du sein de la terre,
Jaillis en ces bassins et chantes!

Ô fontaine divine et pure,
Les plantes aspirent
Ta liquide clarté
La biche et la colombe en toi se désaltèrent.

Et tu descends par des pentes douces
De fleurs et de mousses,
Vers l'océan originel,
Toi qui passes et vas, sans cesse, et jamais lasse
De la terre à la mer et de la mer au ciel.

7) Veilles-tu, ma senteur de soleil

Veilles-tu, ma senteur de soleil,
Mon arôme d'abeilles blondes,
Flottes-tu sur le monde,
Mon doux parfum de miel?

La nuit, lorsque mes pas
Dans le silence rôdent,
M'annonces-tu, senteur de mes lilas,
Et de mes roses chaudes?

Suis-je comme une grappe de fruits
Cachés dans les feuilles,
Et que rien ne décele,
Mais qu'on odore dans la nuit?

Sait-il à cette heure,
Que j'entr'ouvre ma chevelure,
Et qu'elle respire?
Le sent-il sur la terre?

Sent-il que j'étends les bras
Et que des lys de mes vallées,
Ma voix qu'il n'entend pas
Est embaumée?

5) The white dawn

The white dawn says to my dream:
Awake, the sun is shining.
My soul listens, and I raise
My eyes a little towards it.

A ray of light touches
The pale flower of my blue eyes;
A flame awakens my mouth,
A breeze awakens my hair.

And my soul, like a rose
That is trembling and listless all day,
Awakens to the beauty of things,
As my heart does to their love.

6) Spring water

How simple and clear you are,
Spring water,
Who, from the heart of the earth,
Surges into these pools and sings!

O divine, pure fountain,
The plants breathe in
Your liquid limpidity;
The doe and the dove quench in you their thirst.

And you descend by the gentle banks
Of flowers and moss
Towards the primeval ocean,
You who come and go, without cease or fatigue,
From the land to the sea and from the sea to the sky.

7) Do you keep vigil, my sun's fragrance?

Do you keep vigil, my sun's fragrance,
My scent of bright-coloured bees,
Do you drift across the world,
My sweet aroma of honey?

At night, while my steps
Prowl in the silence,
Do you, who scent my lilacs
And vivid roses, proclaim me?

Am I like a bunch of fruit
Hidden in the foliage,
That nothing reveals
But whose fragrance is felt at night?

Does he know at this hour
That I am loosening my tresses
And they are breathing;
Does he sense it on earth?

Does he sense that I reach out my arms,
And that my voice – which he cannot hear –
Is fragrant
With lilies from my valleys?

8) Dans un parfum de roses blanches

Dans un parfum de roses blanches,
elle est assise et songe;
et l'ombre est belle comme s'il s'y mirait un ange...

L'ombre descend, le bosquet dort;
Entre les feuilles et les branches,
Sur le paradis bleu s'ouvre un paradis d'or;

Une voix qui chantait, tout à l'heure, murmure...
Un murmure s'exhale en haleine et s'éteint.

Dans le silence il tombe des pétales...

9) Crépuscule

Ce soir, à travers le bonheur,
Qui donc soupire, qu'est-ce qui pleure?
Qu'est-ce qui vient palpiter sur mon cœur,
Comme un oiseau blessé?

Est-ce une voix future,
Une voix du passé?
J'écoute, jusqu'à la souffrance,
Ce son dans le silence.

Île d'oubli, ô Paradis!
Quel cri déchire, dans la nuit,
Ta voix qui me berce?
Quel cri traverse
Ta ceinture de fleurs,
Et ton beau voile d'allégresse?

10) Ô mort, poussière d'étoiles

Ô mort, poussière d'étoiles,
Lève-toi sous mes pas!

Viens, ô douce vague qui brilles
Dans les ténèbres;
Emporte-moi dans ton néant

Viens, souffle sombre où je vacille,
Comme une flamme ivre de vent!

C'est en toi que je veux m'entendre,
M'éteindre et me dissoudre,
Mort où mon âme aspire!

Viens, brise-moi comme une fleur d'écume,
Une fleur de soleil à la cime
Des eaux,

Et comme d'une amphore d'or
Un vin de flamme et d'arome divin,
Épanche mon âme
En ton abîme, pour qu'elle embaume
La terre sombre et le souffle des morts.

8) Amid the scent of white roses

Amid the scent of white roses
She sits and dreams;
And the shade is as fair as if it reflected an angel.

The evening falls, the grove sleeps;
Among its leaves and branches,
A golden paradise opens out over the blue.

A voice which sang but now, now murmurs.
A murmur is breathed, and dies away.

In the silence petals fall...

9) Twilight

This evening, amid the happiness,
Who is it that sighs and what is it that weeps?
What comes to flutter in my heart,
Like a wounded bird?

Is it a future voice,
A voice from the past?
I listen, till it hurts,
To that sound in the silence.

Isle of oblivion, O paradise!
What cry in the night distorts
Your voice that cradles me?
What cry pierces
Your girdle of flowers,
And your lovely veil of happiness?

10) O stardust death

O stardust death,
Rise up where I tread!

Come, gentle wave that shines
In the darkness:
Bear me off into your void!

Come, dark sigh in which I tremble,
Like a wind-intoxicated flame!

It is in you that I wish to be absorbed,
To be extinguished and dissolved,
Death, to which my soul aspires!

Come, break me like a flower of foam,
A speck of sun in the crest
Of the waves,

And like a golden amphora's
Flaming wine of heavenly fragrance,
Pour my soul
Into your abyss, that it might perfume
The dark earth and the breath of the dead.

Translations by Richard Stokes ©
from *A French Song Companion* (OUP, 2000)



BETTINA SMITH

MEZZO-SOPRANO

Mezzosopranen Bettina Smith er fra Bergen. Etter eksamen ved Griegakademiet studerte hun med Wout Oosterkamp og Elly Ameling ved Royal Conservatoire i Haag der hun tok sin diplomeksamen med høyeste karakter. Deretter fulgte to år ved Internationales Opernstudio ved Opernhaus Zürich der hun sang flere roller på hovedscenen. På Staatsoper Berlin debuterte hun i rollen som Berta i Rossinis *Barberen i Sevilla*.

Senere har hun opptrådt ved Europas ledende operahus, festivaler og konserthus, bl.a. Opernhaus Zürich, Muziekteater Amsterdam, Festspillene i Bergen, Zürcher Festspiele, Mozart Tage og Bach Tage Luzern, Brahms Festival Den Haag, Hindemith Festival Den Haag, Rhijnauwen Kammermuziekfestival, Oude Muziek Festival Utrecht, Stravinskij-festivalen 2000 ved Het Muziekteater Amsterdam sammen med Het Nationale Ballett, Grieg -07, Festspillene i Bergen, Fartein Valen-festivalen, Euterpe og Laudinella St. Moritz.

Hun har et bredt repertoar som spenner fra middelalder til samtidsmusikk, og hun opptrer ofte som solist i oratorier og kantater. Dessuten er hun en aktiv kammermusiker. Oratorierepertoaret omfatter bl.a. *Verdis Requiem*, *Elias* av Mendelssohn, Mozarts C-moll-messe, *Requiem*, *Credomesse* og *Kroningsmesse*, alle Bachs pasjoner samt hans *Magnificat* og H-moll-messe, Rossinis *Stabat Mater*, Telemanns *Die Gekreuzigte Liebe* og *Lukaspassjonen*, *Christus* av Liszt, Bruckners Messe i f-moll og *Te Deum*, og Mahlers 8. symfoni.

Sammen med pianisten Einar Røttingen har hun opptrådt på flere festivaler i inn- og utland.

Bettina har gjort innspillinger for nederlandsk, tysk, sveitsisk og norsk radio og har mottatt en rekke prestisjetunge stipender, blant dem Edwin Ruud-stipend og Herbert von Karajan Music Legacy. I 2001 var hun prisvinner i Francesco Viñas-konkurransen i Barcelona. Der fikk hun også en spesiell pris for fremragende romansesang utdelt av Dalton Baldwin.

Hun har tidligere gitt ut to CD-er på LAWO Classics sammen med pianist Einar Røttingen, som begge høstet strålende kritikker: *Serres Chaudes* (LWC1008) med sanger av Fauré, Chausson og Saint-Saëns, og *Voices of Women* (LWC1067) med sanger av Valen, Stalheim og Hvoslef.

Bettina Smith er førsteamanuensis i sang ved Institutt for musikk og dans, Universitetet i Stavanger.

Bettina Smith is from Bergen, Norway. After graduating from Bergen Conservatory of Music, she studied with Wout Oosterkamp and Elly Ameling at the Royal Conservatory of Music in Den Haag, Holland, receiving a Masters Degree with distinction. This was followed by specialized study in Switzerland at the Zurich International Opera Studio. The two-year engagement included performing several roles on the main stage of the Zurich Opera House. Since making her debut in February 2001 at the Berlin State Opera singing the role of Berta in Rossini's *The Barber of Seville*, she has performed in Europe's leading opera houses and concert halls and at major European festivals.

With a wide repertoire ranging from medieval to contemporary music, Bettina Smith appears regularly as an oratorio and cantata soloist, in addition to being an active chamber-musician. Oratorios include, among others: *Requiem* by Verdi; *Elias* by Mendelssohn; Mozart's *C-Minor Mass*, *Requiem*, *Credo Mass* and *Coronation Mass*; all the Bach passions, as well as his *Magnificat* and B-Minor Mass; *Stabat Mater* by Rossini; Telemann's *Die Gekreuzigte Liebe* and *St. Luke's Passion*; Christ by Liszt; Bruckner's *Mass in F-Minor* and *Te Deum*; and Mahler's Eighth Symphony.

European festivals at which Bettina has performed include the Bergen International Festival, the Festspiele Zürich, the Rhijnauwen Chamber Music Festival, the Utrecht Early Music Festival, Mozart-Tage and Bach-Tage in Lucerne, the Brahms Festival in Den Haag, the Hindemith Festival in Den Haag, at which she performed *Des Tódes Tod* together with Nabuko Imai, and the Stravinsky Festival 2000 at the Amsterdam Music Theatre together with the National Ballet.

Together with Norwegian pianist Einar Røttingen, she has performed at various festivals in Norway and abroad.

Bettina has recorded for Dutch, German, Swiss and Norwegian Radio and has received a number of prestigious scholarships, among them, the Edwin Ruud Stipend and the Herbert von Karajan Music Legacy. In 2001 she was a prize-winner in the Francesco Viñas Competition in Barcelona. She also received a special prize awarded by Dalton Baldwin for outstanding lieder singing.

She has previously released two critically acclaimed CDs on the LAWO Classics label with pianist Einar Røttingen: *Serres Chaudes* (LWC1008) with songs by Fauré, Chausson and Saint-Saëns, and *Voices of Women* (LWC1067) with songs by Norwegian composers Valen, Stalheim and Hvoslef.

Bettina Smith is Associate Professor of singing at the University of Stavanger, Norway.

www.bettinasmith.com

EINAR RØTTINGEN

PIANO

Pianist Einar Røttingen er professor i utøvende musikk ved Griegakademiet, Universitetet i Bergen. Han studerte piano ved Bergen Musikkonservatorium og Eastman School of Music. Han har i en årrekke medvirket bl.a. i Festsplene i Bergen og Trolldhaugens konsertserier som solist og kammermusiker. Røttingen har optrådt som solist og kammermusiker i en rekke land i Europa, i USA og Asia. Samarbeidet med komponisten Harald Sæverud resulterte i flere urfremførelser og kritikerroste innspillinger av samtlige verk for solo-klaver, i tillegg til *Piano Concerto* med Bergen Filharmoniske Orkester (SIMAX). Han har også bestilt og urfremført en rekke verker av nålevende komponister. Av utgivelser kan nevnes soloinnspillingen *Avgarde* (HERMERA), med verker av Knut Vaage, Torstein Aagaard-Nilsen, Glenn Haugland, Jostein Stalheim og Ketil Hvoslef; *Hika* (SIMAX), med fiolinisten Trond Sæverud, med verker av Crumb, Takemitsu, Messiaen, Debussy og Grieg; og George Crumbs *Makrokosmos* (CLASSICO). Sistnevnte CD ble kåret til 'Selection of the month' i The Strad i 2002.

I 2005 var Røttingen solist med BFO i urfremførelsen av Knut Vaages pianokonsert *Hokkaidos Hagar*, som ble utgitt på CD i 2010 (AURORA). Solo-CDen *Norwegian Variations* (SIMAX) med verker av Tveitt, Grieg og Valen ble kåret til 'Special Selection' i International Piano i 2006 og 'Record of the year' av The International Grieg Society of Great Britain. CD-en er også inkludert som del av hans doktoravhandling, utgitt samme år: *Etablering av en norsk klavertradisjon: Interpretative trekk ved Edvard Griegs Ballade op. 24, Geirr Tveitts Sonate nr. 29 op. 129 og Fartein Valens Sonate nr. 2 op. 38*. I 2007 fremførte Røttingen sammen med sangeren Njål Sparbo samtlige av Griegs 172 sanger i 7 konserter, som del av Grieg-jubileet. Som ledd i feiringen av Olivier Messiaens 100-årsjubileum i 2008, fremførte han blant annet *Vingt regards sur l'enfant-Jésus*, *Oiseaux Exotiques* og *Des Canyons aux Étoiles*. Røttingens tidligere samarbeid med mezzosopran Bettina Smith har resultert i CD-ene *Serres Chaudes* (LWC1008) og *Voices of Women* (LWC1067), som begge høstet strålende kritikker. I 2012 ga han ut en kritikerrost CD med Valen Trio (LWC1037), med trioe av Ketil Hvoslef, Fartein Valen og Klaus Egge.

Røttingen har mottatt Bergen kommunes kulturpris og Robert Levins Festspillpris for sitt arbeid og sin profil som pianist og pedagog.

Pianist Einar Røttingen is Professor of Music Performance at the Grieg Academy, University of Bergen. He received his education at the Bergen Conservatory of Music and Eastman School of Music. In addition to being a frequent guest at the annual Bergen International Festival and Edvard Grieg Museum concert series in Norway, he has performed extensively as a soloist and chamber musician in major cities in Europe, the USA, Japan and China. Throughout the 1980s, Røttingen worked closely with the Norwegian composer Harald Sæverud, and he has recorded all the solo piano music in addition to the *Piano Concerto* with Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra (SIMAX). He has also collaborated with many living composers and has commissioned numerous works. His recordings include the solo-CD *Avgarde* (HERMERA) with works by, Knut Vaage, Torstein Aagaard-Nilsen, Glenn Haugland, Jostein Stalheim and Ketil Hvoslef; *Hika* (SIMAX), with violinist Trond Sæverud featuring works by Crumb, Takemitsu, Messiaen, Debussy and Grieg; and George Crumb's *Makrokosmos* (CLASSICO). *Hika* was chosen as 'Selection of the month' in The Strad in 2002.

In 2005 Einar Røttingen was soloist with Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra in the first performance of Knut Vaage's Piano Concerto *The Gardens of Hokkaido*, which was released as a CD in 2010 (AURORA). The solo-CD *Norwegian Variations* (SIMAX), which includes Grieg's Ballade op.24 and sonatas by Fartein Valen and Geirr Tveitt, was chosen as 'Special Selection' in International Piano in 2006 and awarded 'Record of the Year' by The International Grieg Society of Great Britain. This CD is also included in his PhD dissertation from 2006: *Establishing a Norwegian Piano Tradition: Interpretive Aspects of Edvard Grieg's Ballade op. 24, Fartein Valen's Sonata no. 2 op. 38, and Geirr Tveitt's Sonata no. 29 op. 129*. In 2007 Røttingen performed the complete 172 songs of Edvard Grieg with bass-baryton Njål Sparbo in a series of seven concerts as part of the Grieg September Festival in Bergen. As a part of the 100th anniversary of Olivier Messiaen's birth in 2008 he performed, among other works, *Vingt Regards Sur l'enfant Jesus*, *Oiseaux Exotiques* and *Des Canyons aux Étoiles*. Previous collaborations with mezzo-soprano Bettina Smith resulted in the CDs *Serres Chaudes* (LWC1008) and *Voices of Women* (LWC1067), which both received glowing reviews. In 2012 Røttingen and Valen Trio released a critically acclaimed recording (LAWO Classics) with trios by Ketil Hvoslef, Fartein Valen and Klaus Egge.

Einar Røttingen has been awarded the City of Bergen Cultural Prize and The Bergen International Festival's Robert Levin Festival Prize.



TROIS CHANSONS DE BILITIS

CLAUDE DEBUSSY (1862-1918)

TEXT: PIERRE LOUÏS (1870-1925)

- 01 | I. La flûte de Pan (02:33)
- 02 | II. La chevelure (03:10)
- 03 | III. Le tombeau des Naïades (02:26)

CINQ MÉLODIES DE VENISE

GABRIEL FAURÉ (1845-1924)

TEXT: PAUL VERLAINE (1844-1896)

- 04 | I. Mandoline (01:41)
- 05 | II. En sourdine (03:02)
- 06 | III. Green (01:47)
- 07 | IV. A Clymene (02:13)
- 08 | V. C'est l'extase (02:43)

FÊTES GALANTES

2ÈME RECEUIL

CLAUDE DEBUSSY (1862-1918)

TEXT: PAUL VERLAINE (1844-1896)

- 09 | I. Les ingénus (02:04)
- 10 | II. Le faune (01:52)
- 11 | III. Colloque sentimental (03:09)

TROIS POÈMES

DE STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ

CLAUDE DEBUSSY (1862-1918)

- 12 | I. Soupir (02:36)
- 13 | II. Placet futile (02:10)
- 14 | III. Ô rêveuse, pour que je plonge (02:05)

LA CHANSON D'ÈVE

GABRIEL FAURÉ (1845-1924)

TEXT: CHARLES VAN LERBERGHE (1861-1907)

- 15 | I. Paradis (06:03)
- 16 | II. Prima verba (02:23)
- 17 | III. Roses ardentes (01:15)
- 18 | IV. Comme Dieu rayonne (01:54)
- 19 | V. L'Aube blanche (01:15)
- 20 | VI. Eau vivante (01:17)
- 21 | VII. Veilles-tu, ma senteur de soleil (01:31)
- 22 | VIII. Dans un parfum de roses blanches (01:46)
- 23 | IX. Crépuscule (02:15)
- 24 | X. Ô mort, poussière d'étoiles (02:06)

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