



Tiziana De Carolis - Théodora Cottarel



VOIES(X) DE FEMMES

Les voies de l'AMOUR

1	Dansons la gigue	01:30
2	La vie, l'amour	04:02
3	L'heure exquise	02:20
4	L'inconstante	02:03
5	Barcarolle	02:12
6	Les lilas qui avaient fleuri	02:29

Les voix de la NATURE

7	Une mouche	00:30
8	Le cerf	02:11
9	L'araignée	00:25
10	Les feuilles frissonnent	00:48
11	Le lézard	00:54
12	Le Chêne et le Roseau	03:06
13	Le Corbeau et le Renard	02:19

Les voies SANS ISSUE

14	Vrai dieu qui m'y confortera	02:03
15	Souvent un air de vérité	01:16
16	Mon mari m'a diffamée	00:53
17	Les trois présents	00:51

Les voix de l'ENFANCE

18	Loulou	06:41
19	Et pourquoi?	03:26
20	Non!	02:00

Les voix de la CONTEMPLATION

21	Reflets	02:56
22	Deux ancolies	01:36
23	Pâle aurore	03:30

Les voies du VOYAGE

24	Philéasine Foggette	01:30
25	Le bocal	04:34
26	Mensonge pour de vrai	03:31

Les voix contemporaines des MIGRANTS *pour chœur et piano*

27	Linea riflessa	04:14
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VOIES(X) DE FEMMES

Théodora Cottarel *soprano*

Tiziana De Carolis *pianiste et compositrice*

Sabino Manzo *chef de chœur*

Florilegium Vocis *chœur*

Maria Gabriella Bassi *pianiste accompagnatrice chœur*

Digressione Music *studio d'enregistrement*

Giovanni Chiapparino *ingénieur du son*

Les voies de l'AMOUR

- 1 **Dansons la gigue** musique de Régine Poldowski - paroles de Paul Verlaine
- 2 **La vie, l'amour** musique de Graciane Finzi - paroles de Lamartine
- 3 **L'heure exquise** musique de Régine Poldowski - paroles de Paul Verlaine
- 4 **L'inconstante musique** de Isabelle Aboulker - paroles de Charles Cros
- 5 **Barcarolle de l'amour** musique de Graciane Finzi - paroles de Pierre de Marbeuf
- 6 **Les lilas qui avaient fleuri** musique de Lili Boulanger - paroles de Francis Jammes

Les voix de la NATURE

- 7 **Une mouche** (extrait des Petites histoires naturelles) musique de Isabelle Aboulker paroles de Jules Renard
- 8 **Le cerf** (extrait des Petites histoires naturelles) musique de Isabelle Aboulker paroles de Jules Renard
- 9 **L'araignée** (extrait des Petites histoires naturelles) musique de Isabelle Aboulker paroles de Jules Renard
- 10 **Les feuilles frissonnent** (extrait des Petites histoires naturelles) musique de Isabelle Aboulker paroles de Jules Renard
- 11 **Le lézard** (extrait des Petites histoires naturelles) musique de Isabelle Aboulker paroles de Jules Renard
- 12 **Le Chêne et le Roseau** musique de Tiziana De Carolis - paroles de Jean de la Fontaine
- 13 **Le Corbeau et le Renard** musique de Tiziana De Carolis - paroles de Jean de la Fontaine

Les voies SANS ISSUE

- 14 **Vrai dieu qui m'y confortera** musique de Germaine Tailleferre - Anonyme
- 15 **Souvent un air de vérité** musique de Germaine Tailleferre - paroles de Voltaire
- 16 **Mon mari m'a diffamée** musique de Germaine Tailleferre - paroles XVe
- 17 **Les trois présents** musique de Germaine Tailleferre - sarrasin XVIIe

Les voix de l'ENFANCE

- 18 **Loulou** musique de Tiziana De Carolis - paroles de Grégoire Solotareff
- 19 **Et pourquoi?** musique de Tiziana De Carolis - paroles de Michel van Zeveren
- 20 **Non!** musique de Tiziana De Carolis - paroles de Jean du Froust

Les voix de la CONTEMPLATION

- 21 **Reflets** musique de Lili Boulanger - paroles de Maurice Maeterlinck
- 22 **Deux ancolies** musique de Lili Boulanger - paroles de Francis Jammes
- 23 **Pâle aurore** musique et paroles de Graciane Finzi

Les voies du VOYAGE

- 24 **Philéasine Foggette** musique de Tiziana De Carolis - paroles de Florence Vittel
- 25 **Le bocal** musique de Tiziana De Carolis - paroles de Florence Vittel
- 26 **Mensonge pour de vrai** musique de Tiziana De Carolis - paroles de Jean du Froust

Les voix contemporaines des MIGRANTS *pour chœur et piano*

- 27 **Linea riflessa** musique de Tiziana De Carolis - paroles de Manolo Luppichini

Théodora Cottarel *soprano*

Tiziana De Carolis *pianiste et compositrice*

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Florilegium Vocis *chœur*

At the heart of **Voies(x) de Femmes** is the idea that finding one's voice (voix) and being able to express it, leads to finding one's way (voie). For centuries, patriarchal societies have confined women to domestic roles; often dictating the direction their life's path will take, limiting their ability to follow intellectual or personal pursuits. Nevertheless, despite the obstacles, some women have gifted us with remarkable works throughout the ages. Too often these pieces are unpublished, unknown or underappreciated in preference for male composers that have become the standard of the classic liturgy. This project aims to help these women's voices be heard.

It is said that **Germaine Tailleferre**, born Germaine Taillefesse, changed her name when her father refused to pay for her musical education. Whether that was the true motive or if it was due to the racy nature of the name, the fact remains that her father did not approve of her musical pursuits. He deemed them unbecoming of a lady of her station, and likened her vocation to prostitution. Despite the obstacles, in 1912, Germaine began her studies at the conservatoire where she showed exemplary prowess as a musician, winning First Prize in Counterpoint and in Fugue. It was there she met Auric, Milhaud and Honneger. Together with Poulenc and Durey, they would go on to form the group known as Les Six, which has been described as a reaction against impressionism. Tailleferre has often been considered as the least significant member of the group, but remained associated to it long after their collaboration stopped. Commenting on her membership to Les Six, Cecil Gray (1895-1951), a prominent Scottish critic, wrote in his 1927 *Survey of Contemporary Music*, "'Sir, a woman's composing is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all.' Considered apart from her sex, her music is wholly negligible."¹ Germaine Tailleferre's prolific legacy includes 150 compositions and a career spanning

seven decades. Yet her name remains out of the core classical liturgy.

Born in 1893, **Lili Boulanger** lived a short but brilliant life. Lili was born into a family of musical genius: her grandmother, Marie-Julie Hallinger, was one of the most famous singers of her era; her father, Ernest, a successful opera composer, won the Prix de Rome; and her sister Nadia became one of the foremost musical professors of a generation. Her father died prematurely and her mother, Raïssa, a Russian princess, ensured that Lili and Nadia lacked for nothing in their life or in their musical education. Her talent was discovered and fostered from a young age. She studied under Vidal, Fauré and Caussade in composition. The Prix de Rome allowed women to compete only after 1903. But even then, their eligibility was severely restricted and most were reluctant to apply. The first female candidate retracted her application soon after learning she was not allowed to bring a chaperon and fearing how that would reflect on her reputation. In 1906, Nadia entered the competition and although many considered her piece to be the best, she did not win. In 1910, chronically ill, Lili decided she wanted to compose and within two years she began at the Conservatoire and for the first time competed for the Prix de Rome. Falling ill, she withdrew from the competition, only to work tirelessly through her illness, and win the following year. Pierre Lasserre, a significant French critic wrote on her: "If she becomes an original musician, she will be the first since Eve." As well as, "If I said, this 20 year old young woman had created anything truly original, you wouldn't believe me and you would think, with good reason, that this young woman is a teratological subject." Teratology is the study of birth defects or abnormalities. Lili died at the young age of 24, leaving behind her a rich and beautiful body of work.

In 1879, **Régine Wieniawski** was born in Brussels into a musical family; chiefly, her father, Henryk, was a famous violinist. There is not much known about her musical education and it is largely accepted that she was self-taught. She considered herself a rebel in music and strove for independence from the

¹ Cecil Gray, *A Survey of Contemporary Music* (London: Oxford University Press, 1927), 245-6

French impressionists. Despite her best efforts, she was coined the “daughter of Debussy” as the influence of Debussy and Fauré are evident in her works. Fiercely independent and ambitious, she chose Poldowski as her professional name, no doubt in efforts to avoid gender bias but also to ensure she achieved success independently from her father’s. While she enjoyed professional success during her lifetime, performing in London, Brussels and New York, her music was rarely performed after her death. It had up until recently forgotten to the annals of the classical liturgy. Prior to the 2001 edition, the New Groves Dictionary II had even removed Poldowski from the list of female composers. On her deathbed she is alleged to have told her son “Do look after my music.”² These female artists were pioneers. They gradually removed societal obstacles that confined their talent and paved the way for more recent artists such as Isabelle Aboulker, Tiziana De Carolis, and Graciane Finzi to get their voices heard.

Isabelle Aboulker was born on October 23rd, 1938 in the Parisian suburb of Boulogne-Billancourt. Her father was the Algerian-born film director and writer Marcel Aboulker and her maternal grandfather was the composer Henry Février. While following a course in composition and keyboard studies at the Conservatoire National Supérieur de Musique in Paris, she started composing for the theatre, cinema and television. She then worked for the Conservatoire as their head accompanist and voice teacher and authored several educational compositions. In 1980 she turned to composing operas and subsequently many other vocal works. Because of her work with children, Isabelle Aboulker made a particular specialty of composing pieces of this genre.

Graciane Finzi was born in Casablanca, Morocco in 1945. Her parents, both teachers at the Casablanca Conservatory, instilled in her a deep love of music. At 10 years old, she was admitted to the National Advanced Music

² David Mooney, “Poldowski Rediscovered”, Dublin Institute of Technology of Music and Drama: Articles. <http://arrow.dit.ie/aaconmusart/4> (accessed January 26, 2020)

Conservatory in Paris studied music theory, music history, sight-reading and piano led by Joseph Benvenuti. During her time at the conservatory, she was awarded First Prize in Harmony, Counterpoint, Fugue, and Composition. Her works have been played worldwide by major orchestras and soloists and has won several prestigious awards over the years. Her compositional style takes into account the individuality of each instrument to then unite them in juxtaposed groups, while reflecting their own dynamics, pulse and timbre. This creates rich harmonies and unanticipated colors. Her pieces reach the fundamental expression of humanity and touch on the universal values of the human condition.

Tiziana De Carolis, was born in Bari, Italy in 1970. She inherited her passion for creating from her father, a woodworker; her love of detail and counterpoint from her mother, a professional knitter; and her proclivity for melody from her home country. Though she did not grow up in a household of musicians, her talent was discovered and fostered from a young age. She studied at the National Conservatory in Bari where she graduated with honors in Piano and Composition. Former director of the conservatory, Nino Rota left behind him a rich legacy of classical and film composition that had a deep impact on her composition. She continued her studies in Paris in the footsteps of Debussy, who with Bach and Prokofiev are some of her favorite composers. Her imaginative and evocative music originates from her passion for cinema. The vital energy found in her compositions arises from an ardent need to communicate and to move the listener.

Continuous efforts are still needed to advocate for gender diversity in classical music and correct a lasting bias towards male composers. In the end, talent should transcend gender when it comes to music: to quote Nadia Boulanger “Forget that I am a woman and let’s talk about music.”³

³ Anna Beer, Sound and Sweet Airs: The Forgotten Women of Classical Music” (Oneworld, 2016), 249

The paths of LOVE

In this theme, we discover the various lights these composers have shone on the subject of love. Poldowski's *Dansons la gigue* (Let's Dance the Jig!) uses the poetry of Paul Verlaine who penned this poem in 1874, after watching a jig at a pub in London. True to her musical style, Poldowski structures her composition to the poetry's structural integrity. The piece is misleadingly jubilant, speaking fondly of love lost.

La vie, L'amour (Life, Love) composed by Graciane Finzi gorgeously sets an adaptation by Gilbert Levy of Lamartine's *Hymne du Matin*. The repeated iterations of the text in conjunction with Finzi's rich harmonic language and colors allow the listener to imagine the infinite possibilities that life can provide. Poldowski sets Verlaine's *L'heure exquise* (Exquisite hour) in her characteristic declamatory style and whole tone writing, creating a different accompaniment for each stanza.

L'inconstante (The Inconstant Woman) by Isabelle Aboulker puts to music Sidonie by Charles Cros, in four stanzas. The first stanza underlines the joy that the narrator experiences in recounting the story, the second takes on a seductive tone as the narrator speaks on Sidonie's lasciviousness, the third evokes the suppleness of the accompaniment as both Sidonie and the snake hypnotize their prey, returning to the same joy for the final stanza.

Pierre de Marbeuf was a Master of Waters and Forests, as a result, much of his body of works is inspired by nature. He wrote the poetry for *La Barcarolle de l'amour* (The Barcarolle of Love) that speaks to the tumultuous nature of love, which, as tempestuous seas, can easily turn bitter and result in shipwreck. Graciane Finzi evokes the waves of the sea as the piano and vocal line follow one other ebbing and flowing, almost as two waves crashing one after the other. The piece culminates in a calmer tone, as the tempest has faded, the vocal line mimicking the waves splashing onto the rocks.

Les lilas qui avaient fleuri (The lilacs that had bloomed) originates from one

of Lili Boulanger's most celebrated cycles *Clairières dans le ciel*, the piece for which she remains most well known. The harp-like arpeggiation of the beginning, as the hands move in opposite directions, quickly establishes the nostalgia of lost love before the voice even comes in. The bittersweet nature of the piece changes to impassioned as the poem speaks of the protagonist's feelings, ending in an almost secco accompaniment indicating despair, with the vocal line anxiously rising.

The voices of NATURE

Une mouche (A fly), *Le cerf* (A Stag), *L'araignée* (The Spider), *Les feuilles frissonnent* (The Leaves Shiver), and *Le Lézard* (The Lizard) are all pulled from Isabelle Aboulker's *Les Petites histoires naturelles* (Short Natural Stories), a collection of pieces written by Jules Renard. These charming pieces bring to life scenes of nature as seen through the eyes of a child. Nature and the animal kingdom have often been used as metaphors to teach lessons to both adults and children, such as in the classic *Les Fables de la Fontaine*. Tiziana De Carolis sets two of these fables: *Le Chêne et le Roseau* (The Oak Tree and the Reed) and *Le Corbeau et le Renard* (The Crow and the Fox).

The paths with NO EXIT

Written in 1929, the *Six Chansons Françaises* (Six French Songs) exemplify Germaine Tailleferre's restrained neoclassical aesthetic. They were composed after a traumatic divorce and miscarriage after her husband, caricaturist Ralph Barton, threatened her at gunpoint. The poetry, dating from the 15th Century, depicts women who have been mistreated in their relationships and is particularly poignant. This program presents *Vrai dieu qui me confortera* (True God Who Will Comfort Me), *Souvent un air de vérité* (Often a Grain of Truth), *Mon mari m'a diffamée* (My Husband has Slandered Me) and *Les trois presents* (The Three Presents).

The voices of CHILDHOOD

On this theme, Tiziana De Carolis has composed three pieces to which anyone's inner child can relate – stories of wolves, unwavering friendship, consuming curiosity and feeble self-control. This set is a testimony to De Carolis' strength in voicing the texts and evoking the voice of the child. Based on Grégoire Solotareff's text, *Loulou* relates the unexpected friendship between a rabbit and a wolf. In the piece, she neatly evokes the development of the friendship, as she sets each event to a new theme. In the accompaniment, De Carolis quotes Prokofiev's Peter and The Wolf in a playful manner. Next, *Et Pourquoi?* (Why?) juxtaposes the story of Little Red Riding Hood with every child's preferred question. It features two clear voices for each of the characters: one sung and the other recited by the pianist. Lastly, *Non!* (No!), a child's soliloquy on the theme of temptation and food envy.

The voices of CONTEMPLATION

For *Reflets* (Reflection) Lili Boulanger chose this piece by Maeterlinck, Nobel Prize recipient in 1911 and considered as one of the greatest writers of his generation. Throughout the piece she creates an unstable harmonic and melodic movement, which perfectly expresses the fear and anxiety the poet wishes to highlight. Written in 1911, Lili Boulanger had reached the stride of her compositional style. *Deux ancolies* (Two Columbines) takes a more pastoral voice, evoking the swaying of the flowers. This piece was also taken from *Clairières dans le ciel*. Last in this contemplation is *Pâle Aurore* (Pale Dawn) written and composed by Graciane Finzi. This piece, almost in contrast to *La vie, L'amour* that opens infinite possibilities, addresses the pervading existential question of one's significance. This is reflected in the truncated iterations of the text and the descending chromatic line shared between the voice and the piano.

The voice of JOURNEY

Written by Tiziana De Carolis, Philéasine Fogette and Le Bocal both belong to a set on the experience of traveling and living abroad. Phileasine Fogette, whose name references Jules Verne's character in *Around the World in Eighty Days*, recounts how the life of expats is paraded and caricatured at home when they move abroad. The piano sometimes evokes carousel music, reinforcing the comic tone of the piece. *Le Bocal* (The Jar) argues that the bubble one creates around their lives comforts and protects them while also isolating them no matter where they are. The third piece under this theme is *Mensonge Pour de Vrai*. In this piece, Tiziana De Carolis evokes the moving train as we board the witty ride Jean du Froust scripted in this modern-day fable.

The voices of REFUGEES

Written in 2018, for the 70th Anniversary of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, this choral piece was composed by Tiziana De Carolis on a poem especially written by Manolo Luppichini for this occasion. At the heart of the project, it broaches the painful subject of migration endured by women and the appalling discrimination they are often victims of.

Les voies de l'AMOUR

1. Dansons la gigue!

Régine Poldowski (1879 – 1932)
Paul Verlaine (1844 - 1896)

Dansons la gigue!

J'aimais surtout ses jolis yeux
Plus clairs que l'étoile des cieux,
J'aimais ses yeux malicieux.

Dansons la gigue!

Elle avait des façons vraiment
De désoler un pauvre amant,
Que c'en était vraiment charmant!

Dansons la gigue!

Mais je trouve encore meilleur
Le baiser de sa bouche en fleur
Depuis qu'elle est morte à mon cœur.

Dansons la gigue!

Je me souviens, je me souviens
Des heures et des entretiens,
Et c'est le meilleur de mes biens.

Dansons la gigue!

2. La vie, l'amour

Graciane Finzi (1945)
Texte de Lamartine (1790-1869)

The paths of LOVE

Let's Dance the Jig!

Régine Poldowski (1879 – 1932)
Paul Verlaine (1844 - 1896)

Let's dance the jig!

Above all I loved her pretty eyes
Clearer than the starlight of the skies.
I loved her malicious eyes.

Let's dance the jig!

She really had some ways
To desolate a unfortunate lover
That was really quite charming.

Let's dance the jig!

But I find even better
The kiss of her blossoming mouth
Since she is dead to my heart

Let's dance the jig!

I remember, I remember
The hours and our discussions
And that's my most valuable possession.

Let's dance the jig!

Life, love

Graciane Finzi (1945)
Text by Lamartine (1790-1869)

Adaptation de Gilbert Lévy

Dans l'ombre assouplie
Le ciel se replie.

Le léger nuage monte, flotte et nage
Il avance, il foule ce chaos qui roule.

L'espace étincelle,
La flamme ruisselle.

Les flots éclairés
des monts colorés.

La cime est jaunie,
Des rayons dorés.

Tout reçoit la pluie
Tout vit, tout s'écrie :
c'est lui, c'est le jour !
C'est lui, c'est la vie !
C'est lui, c'est l'amour !

L'amour n'a pas de sons qui puissent
l'exprimer
Pour révéler sa langue, il faut aimer,
Un regard, un silence, un accent de sa voix,
Un mot toujours le même répété cent fois,
C'est lui, c'est la vie,
c'est l'amour ! c'est lui c'est le jour,
tout vit, tout s'écrie :
Tout reçoit la pluie.
L'espace étincelle.

Le léger nuage monte, flotte et nage.
Il avance, il foule ce chaos qui roule.

Adapted by Gilbert Lévy

In the supple shadow
The sky folds.

The nimble cloud rises, floats and swims
It advances, it treads on the riding chaos.

The space sparkles,
The flame trickles.

The waves lit,
By the colorful mountains.

The summit is yellowed,
By the golden rays.

Everything greets the rain,
Everything lives, everything exclaims:
It is him, it is the day!
It is him, it is life!
It is him, it is love!

Love has no sound that can express it
To reveal its language, you must love
A look, a silence, an accent of its voice.
A word, always the same, repeated one
hundred times,
It is him, it is life!
It is love! It is him, it is the day,
Everything is alive, everything exclaims:
Everything greets the rain.
The sky sparkles.

The nimble cloud rises, floats and swims
It advances, it treads on the riding chaos.

Dans l'ombre assouplie
le ciel se replie :
C'est lui, c'est l'amour.

In the supple shadow
The sky folds.
It is him, it is love.

Sidonie a plus d'un amant,
C'est une chose bien connue
Qu'elle avoue, elle, fièrement,
Sidonie a plus d'un amant.

Sidonie has more than one lover,
It's a well known thing
That she even proudly admits,
Sidonie has more than one lover.

3.

L'heure exquise

Régine Poldowski (1879 – 1932)
Paul Verlaine (1844 - 1896)

The Exquisite Hour

Régine Poldowski (1879 – 1932)
Paul Verlaine (1844 - 1896)

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois ;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée ...

The white moon
Gleams in the woods,
Off every branch
A voice emanates
Beneath the foliage...

Ô bien-aimée.

O my beloved.

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure ...

The pond reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind weeps...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Let us dream, it is time.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise ...

A vast and tender
Serenity
Seems to descend
From the firmament
The orb irises...

C'est l'heure exquise.

It's the exquisite hour.

Parce que pour elle, être nue
Est son plus charmant vêtement.
C'est une chose bien connue
Sidonie a plus d'un amant

It is because for her, being nude
Is her most charming attire.
It is well known thing that
Sidonie has more than one lover.

Elle en prend à ses cheveux blonds
Comme à sa toile, l'araignée
...prend les mouches et les frelons
Elle en prend à ses cheveux blonds

She ensnares them in her blond tresses,
As in its web, the spider
... ensnares flies and hornets
She ensnares them in her blond tresses.

Vers sa prunelle ensoleillée
Ils volent, pauvres papillons.
Comme à sa toile, l'araignée
Elle en prend à ses cheveux blonds

Towards her sunny eyes,
They fly, clueless moths.
As does the spider in its web,
She ensnares them in her blond tresses.

Elle en attrape avec ses dents
quand le rire entrouvre sa bouche
Et dévore les imprudents,
Elle en attrape avec les dents

She entraps them with her teeth
When laughter opens her mouth
And devours the reckless,
She entraps them with her teeth.

Elle les mène par le nez
Comme fait, dit-on le crotale
Des oiseaux qu'il a fascinés.
Elle les mène par le nez.

She has them wrapped around her finger,
As does, allegedly, the rattlesnake
The birds it has hypnotized.
She has them wrapped around her finger.

Sidonie a plus d'un amant
Qu'on le lui reproche ou l'en loue
Elle s'en moque également.
Sidonie a plus d'un amant

Sidonie has more than one lover
Whether we condemn or praise her She
couldn't care less.
Sidonie has more than one lover.

4.

L'inconstante

Isabelle Aboulker (1938)
Charles Cros (1842-1888)

The Inconstant Woman

Isabelle Aboulker (1938)
Charles Cros (1842-1888)

Aussi jusqu'à ce qu'on la cloue
Au sapin de l'enterrement
Qu'on le lui reproche ou l'en loue
Sidonie aura plus d'un amant !

5. Barcarolle de l'amour

Graciane Finzi (1945)
Pierre de Marbeuf (1596 – 1645)

Et la mer et l'amour ont l'amer pour partage,
Et la mer est amère, et l'amour est amer,
L'on s'abîme en l'amour aussi bien qu'en
la mer,
Car la mer et l'amour ne sont point
sans orage.

Celui qui craint les eaux, qu'il demeure
au rivage,
Celui qui craint les maux qu'on souffre
pour aimer,
Qu'il ne se laisse pas à l'amour enflammer,
Et tous deux ils seront sans hasard de
nauffrage.

La mère de l'amour eut la mer pour
berceau,
Le feu sort de l'amour, sa mère sort de l'eau
Mais l'eau contre ce feu ne peut fournir
des armes.

Si l'eau pouvait éteindre un brasier
amoureux,
Ton amour qui me brûle est si fort
douloureux,

And until we put the final nail
In her pine casket
Whether we condemn or praise her
Sidonie has more than one lover.

Barcarolle of Love

Graciane Finzi (1945)
Pierre de Marbeuf (1596 – 1645)

And the sea and love have bitterness to
share
And the sea is bitter, and love is bitter,
We sink in love as we do in the sea, As the
sea and love are never without tempest.

He who fears the waters, may he
remain on the banks,
He who fears the pains that we suffer
for love,
May he not allow himself to be ignited
by love
And both will be free from the hazard of
wreckage.

Love's mother had the sea as a cradle,
Fire arises from love, its mother from
water,
But water against fire can only provide
arms.

If water could extinguish an amorous
blaze,
Your love that burns me is so deeply
painful,

Que j'eusse éteint son feu de la mer de
mes larmes.

6. Les lilas qui avaient fleuri

Lili Boulanger (1893 – 1918)
Francis Jammes (1868 – 1938)

Les lilas qui avaient fleuri l'année
dernière
vont fleurir de nouveau dans les tristes
parterres.
Déjà le pêcher grêle a jonché le ciel bleu
de ses roses, comme un enfant la
Fête-Dieu.
Mon cœur devrait mourir au milieu
de ces choses,
car c'était au milieu des vergers blancs
et roses
que j'avais espéré je ne sais quoi de vous.
Mon âme rêve sourdement sur vos
genoux.
Ne la repoussez point. Ne la relevez pas
de peur qu'en s'éloignant de vous elle
ne voie
combien vous êtes faible et troublée
dans ses bras.

Les voix de la NATURE

7. Une mouche

Isabelle Aboulker (1938)
Jules Renard (1964 – 1910)

That I would extinguish its fire with the
sea of my tears.

The lilacs that had bloomed

Lili Boulanger (1893 – 1918)
Francis Jammes (1868 – 1938)

The lilacs that had bloomed last year
Will bloom again in these doleful beds.
Already the slender peach tree has
strewn among the blue skies
Its pink flowers, like a child celebrating
Corpus Christi
My heart should die amongst these
things,
Because it was amongst the white and
pink orchards
That I expected from you I know not what.
My soul silently dreams on your knees.
Do not push her away. Do not raise her
up
In fear that in moving away from her, she
would see
How weak and troubled you are in her
embrace.

The voices of NATURE

A fly

Isabelle Aboulker (1938)
Jules Renard (1964 – 1910)

Une mouche entre par toutes les
fenêtres ouvertes et sort sans que
personne n'ait compris quelle nouvelle
elle a apporté.

8.

Le cerf

Isabelle Aboulker (1938)
Jules Renard (1964 – 1910)

J'entrai au bois par un bout de l'allée,
comm' il arrivait par l'autre bout
Je crus d'abord qu'une personne
étrangère
s'avançait avec une plante sur la tête

Puis je distinguai le petit arbre nain
ux branches écartées
et sans feuilles.

Enfin le cerf apparut net et nous nous
arrêtâmes tous deux.
Je lui dis « Approche. Ne crains rien,
si j'ai un fusil, c'est par contenance,
pour imiter les hommes qui se prennent
au sérieux.
Je ne m'en sers jamais
et je range mes cartouches dans leur tiroir. »

Le cerf écoutait et flairait mes paroles.
Dès que je me tus, il n'hésita point :
Ses jambes remuèrent comme des tiges
qu'un souffle d'air croise et décroise.
Il s'enfuit.

A fly enters through all the open windows
and leaves before anyone understood what
news she brought.

The Stag

Isabelle Aboulker (1938)
Jules Renard (1964 – 1910)

I entered the woods at the end of the path,
As he was arriving from the opposite
direction
At first I thought he was a peculiar individual
That was walking with a plant on their head
Then I discerned the small tree whose
branches were spread out and without
leaves

Finally, the stag appeared clearly and
we both stopped.
I told him, "Come closer. Do not fear,
If I have a rifle, it's only to keep up
appearances,
To imitate those men who take
themselves so seriously
I never use it
And I keep my cartridges in their drawer."

The stag listened and intuited my words.
As soon as I fell silent, he didn't hesitate:
His legs stirred like twigs
That a breeze crosses and uncrosses
He fled.

« Quel dommage ! » lui criai-je.
« Je rêvais déjà que nous faisons route
ensemble.
Moi je t'offrais, de ma main,
les herbes que tu aimes,
et toi, d'un pas de promenade,
tu portais mon fusil couché sur ta ramure. »

9.

L'Araignée

Isabelle Aboulker (1938)
Jules Renard (1964 – 1910)

Une araignée a tendu sa toile entre deux
fils télégraphiques pour écouter ce qu'on dit.

10.

Les feuilles frissonnent

Isabelle Aboulker (1938)
Jules Renard (1964 – 1910)

Les feuilles frissonnent déjà de froid.
Elles voudraient entrer par la fenêtre, et
s'agitent comme de petites mains glacées.

11.

Le lézard

Isabelle Aboulker (1938)
Jules Renard (1964 – 1910)

Le lézard est le fils de la pierre fendue où
je m'appuie. Il me grimpe sur l'épaule, il
a cru que je continuais le mur parce que
je reste immobile et que j'ai un manteau
couleur de muraille. Ca flatte tout de
même!

"What a pity!" I cried after him.
"I was already dreaming that we were
travelling together.
I was offering you from my hand
the weeds that you like,
and you, with a sauntering step,
you carried my rifle laid across your antlers."

The Spider

Isabelle Aboulker (1938)
Jules Renard (1964 – 1910)

A spider wove its web between two
telephone lines to listen to what we have to say.

Les feuilles frissonnent

Isabelle Aboulker (1938)
Jules Renard (1964 – 1910)

The leaves shiver from the cold already.
They want to enter through the window
and are agitated like frozen little hands.

The Lizard

Isabelle Aboulker (1938)
Jules Renard (1964 – 1910)

The lizard is the son of the cracked stone
on which I lean. He climbs on my shoulder;
he thought that I was the continuation of
the wall because I remain still and because
my coat is the color of the wall. It's quite
flattering, isn't it?

12.

Le Chêne et le Roseau

Tiziana De Carolis (1970)

Jean de la Fontaine (1621 – 1695)

Le Chêne un jour dit au Roseau :

« Vous avez bien sujet d'accuser la Nature ;
Un Rotelet pour vous est un pesant
fardeau.

Le moindre vent, qui d'aventure

Fait rider la face de l'eau,

Vous oblige à baisser la tête :

Cependant que mon front, au Caucase
pareil,Non content d'arrêter les rayons du soleil,
Brave l'effort de la tempête.

Tout vous est Aquilon, tout me semble Zéphyr.

Encore si vous naissiez à l'abri du feuillage
Dont je couvre le voisinage,

Vous n'auriez pas tant à souffrir :

Je vous défendrais de l'orage ;

Mais vous naissez le plus souvent

Sur les humides bords des Royaumes du vent.

La nature envers vous me semble bien
injuste. »

- « Votre compassion », lui répondit l'Arbuste,

« Part d'un bon naturel ; mais quittez ce souci.

Les vents me sont moins qu'à vous
redoutables.

Je plie, et ne romps pas. Vous avez jusqu'ici

Contre leurs coups épouvantables

Résisté sans courber le dos ;

Mais attendons la fin. » Comme il disait
ces mots,**The Oak Tree and the Reed**

Tiziana De Carolis (1970)

Jean de la Fontaine (1621 – 1695)

The oak one day told the reed:

"You have every right to accuse Nature,

A Wren for you is a heavy burden

The slightest breeze, that perchance

Ripples the surface of the water Compels

you to bow your head. Meanwhile my brow,

akin to the Caucasus, Not satisfied with

blocking the sun's rays,

Braves the storm. All for you is like the

North Wind, all for me feels like the Zephyr/rlf

only you had been born in the refuge of my
foliage

That protects the vicinity,

You wouldn't have to suffer so much.

I would protect you from the storm.

But most often you are born

On the humid banks of the Kingdoms of the
wind

Nature is quite unjust towards you."

"Your compassion", retorted the shrub,

"Comes from a good place but do not fret.

The winds are less disquieting to me than
to you,

I bend but do not break. Up until now

You have resisted against their terrible blows

Without breaking your back

But let's wait and see." Just as he spoke

these words,

From off in the horizon hastened with fury

Du bout de l'horizon accourt avec furie

Le plus terrible des enfants

Que le Nord eût portés jusque-là dans ses flancs.

L'Arbre tient bon ; le Roseau plie.

Le vent redouble ses efforts,

Et fait si bien qu'il déracine

Celui de qui la tête au Ciel était voisine

Et dont les pieds touchaient à l'Empire des Morts.

13.

Le Corbeau et le Renard

Tiziana De Carolis (1970)

Jean de la Fontaine (1621 – 1695)

Maître Corbeau, sur un arbre perché,

Tenait en son bec un fromage.

Maître Renard, par l'odeur alléché,

Lui tint à peu près ce langage :

Et bonjour, Monsieur du Corbeau.

Que vous êtes joli ! que vous me semblez
beau !

Sans mentir, si votre ramage

Se rapporte à votre plumage,

Vous êtes le Phénix des hôtes de ces bois.

À ces mots, le Corbeau ne se sent pas

Et pour montrer sa belle voix,

Il ouvre un large bec, laisse tomber sa
proie.

Le Renard s'en saisit, et dit : Mon bon

Monsieur,

Apprenez que tout flatteur

Vit aux dépens de celui qui l'écoute.

Cette leçon vaut bien un fromage, sans doute.

Le Corbeau honteux et confus

The most terrible child

That the North had ever born in his flanks

The tree held strong; the reed bent.

The wind doubled its efforts,

With such success that he uprooted

He whose head was neighbors with the skies

And whose feet reached the Empire of
the Dead.**The Crow and the Fox**

Tiziana De Carolis (1970)

Jean de la Fontaine (1621 – 1695)

Sir Crow, perched on a tree,

Held in his beak a piece of cheese.

Sir Fox, drawn by the smell

Told him a little something along these lines:

"Hey, good morning, Sir Crow,

How handsome you are! How beautiful
you look to me!

Truth be told, if your singing

Matches your feathering,

You must be the Phoenix of these woods."

Upon hearing these words, the Crow

couldn't feel any joy,

And to show off his beautiful voice,

He opened his beak wide and let his pray fall.

The Fox seized it and said: "My good sir,

You must learn that any flatterer

Exists at the expense of he who listens.

This lesson is without a doubt worth
some cheese."

The Crow embarrassed and confused

Jura, mais un peu tard, qu'on ne l'y prendrait plus.

Les voies SANS ISSUE

14. Vrai Dieu, qui m'y confortera
Germaine Tailleferre (1892 – 1983)
XV ?

Vrai Dieu, qui m'y confortera
Quand ce faux jaloux me tiendra
En sa chambre seule enfermée ?

Mon père m'a donné un vieillard
Qui tout le jour crie : « Hélas ! »
Et dort au long de la nuitée.

Il me faut un vert galant
Qui fût de l'âge de trente ans
Et qui dormît la matinée.

Rosignolet du bois plaisant,
Pourquoi me vas ainsi chantant,
Puisqu'au vieillard suis mariée ?

Ami, tu sois le bienvenu :
Longtemps a que t'ai attendu
Au joli bois sous la ramée.

Swore, but a little bit too late, that he would never again fall for the same trick.

The paths with NO EXIT

True God, who will comfort me
Germaine Tailleferre (1892 – 1983)
XV ?

True God, who will comfort me
While this falsely jealous man keeps me
Locked in his room all alone?

My dad gave me an old man
Who all the day long cries, "Alas!"
And sleeps throughout the night.

I need a gay old spark
Of thirty years of age
Who sleeps the morning long.

Nightingale of these pleasant woods,
Why do you sing to me so
Since I am wedded to this old man?

Lover, you are most welcome,
I have awaited you a long time,
In the charming woods under the foliage.

15. Souvent un air de vérité
Germaine Tailleferre (1892 – 1983)
Voltaire (1694 – 1778)

Souvent un air de vérité
Se mêle au plus grossier mensonge
Une nuit dans l'erreur d'un songe
Au rang des rois j'étais monté
Je vous aimais alors et j'osais vous le dire
Les dieux à mon réveil ne m'ont pas tout ôté :
Je n'ai perdu que mon empire

16. Mon mari m'a diffamée
Germaine Tailleferre (1892 – 1983)
XV ?

Mon mari m'a diffamée
Pour l'amour de mon ami
De la longue demeure
Que j'ai faite avec que lui
Hél mon ami
En dépit de mon mari
Qui me va toujours battant
Je ferai pis que devant

Aucunes gens m'ont blamée
Disant que j'ai fait ami;
La chose très fort m'agrée
Mon très gracieux souci
Hél mon ami
En dépit de mon mari
Qui ne vaut pas un grand blanc
Je ferai pis que devant

Often a Grain of Truth
Germaine Tailleferre (1892 – 1983)
Voltaire (1694 – 1778)
Often a grain of truth
Melds itself to the most dubious lie
One night in the blunder of a dream
I rose to the rank of kings
I loved you and I dared tell you
The gods as I woke didn't take it all away:
I lost only my empire.

My husband has slandered me
Germaine Tailleferre (1892 – 1983)
XV?

My husband has slandered me
For the love of my lover
And the long sojourn
That I had with him.
Hey! My lover,
In spite of my husband
Who always beats me
I will behave worse than ever.

Some have blamed me
Saying that I took a lover
But the thing so pleased me
My quite gracious concern.
Hey! My lover,
In spite of my husband
Who isn't worth much,
I will behave worse than ever

Quand je suis la nuit couchée
Entre les bras de mon ami
Je deviens presque pâmée
Du plaisir que prends en lui
Hé! mon ami
Plût à Dieu que mon mari
Je ne visse de trente ans!
Nous nous don'rions du bon temps

Si je perds ma renommée
Pour l'amour de mon ami
Point n'en dois être blâmée
Car il est coint et joli
Hé! mon ami
Je n'ai bonjour ni demi
Avec ce mari méchant
Je ferai pis que devant

17. Les trois présents
Germaine Tailleferre (1892 – 1983)
Jean François Sarrazin (1614 – 1654)

Je vous donne, avec grand plaisir
De trois présents un à choisir
La belle, c'est à vous de prendre
Celui des trois qui plus vous duit
Les voici, sans vous faire attendre :
Bonjour, bonsoir et bonne nuit

When I sleep at night
In the arms of my lover
I nearly swoon
From the pleasure he gives me.
Hey! My lover,
May it please the Lord that I not see
My husband for thirty years!
We would give one another a good time.

If I tarnish my reputation
For the love of my beloved
Never should I be blamed
For he is pleasant and handsome.
Hey! My lover
I don't get half a greeting
With this mean husband
I'll behave worse than ever.

The Three Presents
Germaine Tailleferre (1892 – 1983)
Jean François Sarrazin (1614 – 1654)

I give you, with great pleasure,
Out of three gifts, one to choose.
Beauty, it's up to you to select
The one of the three that most pleases you.
Here they are, without delay:
Good morning, good evening and good night.

Les voix de L'ENFANCE

18. Loulou
Tiziana De Carolis (1970)
Grégoire Solotareff (1953)

Il était une fois un lapin qui n'avait
jamais vu de loup... Et un jeune loup qui
n'avait jamais vu de lapin. Son oncle
décida de l'emmener à la chasse pour
la première fois de sa vie. Ce jour-là, le
vieux loup était si pressé qu'il se cogna
et tomba raide mort... C'est ainsi que
le jeune loup se trouva tout seul... Alors
qu'il se demandait ce qu'il allait devenir
il entend un bruit qui provenait d'un
trou creusé dans la terre non loin de là.
En s'approchant du trou et en y faisant
entrer sa tête, le loup voit un petit animal
couché dans un lit en train de lire un
livre.

- "Eh ! Toi ! Peux-tu m'aider?" fit le loup.
"Mon oncle a eu un accident. Il est mort.
Je ne sais pas quoi faire."
- Eh bien, s'il est mort, fit le petit animal,
c'est simple : il faut l'enterrer, Je vais
t'aider !
Et ils allèrent enterrer le loup dans la
montagne
Le loup demanda
- Serais-tu par hasard un lapin ?
- Oui, moi c'est Tom, Et toi, es-tu un loup ?
- Oui, mais je n'ai pas de nom, dit le loup

The voices of CHILDHOOD

Loulou
Tiziana De Carolis (1970)
Grégoire Solotareff (1953)

Once upon a time there was a rabbit that
had never seen a wolf... and a young wolf
that had never seen a rabbit. The wolf's
uncle decided to take him hunting for the
first time in his life. That day, the old wolf
was in such a hurry that he bumped his
head and died on the spot. And so the
wolf found himself all alone. As he was
asking himself what was to become of
him he heard a sound that came from a
hole burrowed in the ground not far
from there. As he approached the burrow
and put his head in, the wolf saw a small
animal laying on a bed, reading a book.

- "Hey, you! Can you help me?" said the wolf. "My uncle had an accident. He's dead. I don't know what to do."
- "Well, if he's dead," said the little animal, "it's simple: we have to bury him. I'll help you!"
- And they went to bury the wolf in the mountain.
- The wolf asked
- "Are you a rabbit by any chance?"
- "Yeah, I'm Tom. And are you a wolf?"
- "Yes, but I don't have a name." Said the wolf.



Tiziana De Carolis (in red tights), on her right Theodora Cottarel, on her left Sabino Manzo and Maria Gabriella Bassi, all around the choir *Florilegium vocis*

-Ça ne m'étonne pas ! fit le lapin. Est-ce vrai que les loups mangent les lapins ? demanda Tom.

- Il paraît, dit Loulou. Mais moi je n'en ai pas encore mangé»

- En tout cas, fit Tom, je n'ai pas peur, moi, Dit il, pas peur de toi.

Tom et Loulou devinrent de vrais amis. Loulou grandit. Tom lui apprit tout : à jouer aux billes, à lire, à compter et à pêcher pour se nourrir.

Loulou apprit à Tom à courir très, très vite, bien plus vite que les autres lapins. Il lui apprit également la peur. Tantôt ils jouaient à PEUR-DU-LOUP, tantôt ils jouaient à PEUR-DU-LAPIN. Un jour, Loulou effraie tellement Tom que celui ci se précipita dans son terrier et décida de ne plus en sortir.

La nuit venu Tom rêva que Loulou était énorme, noir et rouge et qu'il le mangeait. Loulou crut que son amitié avec Tom était finie pour de bon. Il prit son baluchon et s'en alla dans la montagne des loups. Mais là-bas, il n'y avait pas un seul lapin. Loulou se fit même attaquer par des loups, qui le prirent de loin pour un lapin. Loulou connu la PEUR-DU-LOUP. Après une poursuite terrible avec les loups où il faillit mourir de peur.

- "That doesn't surprise me." Said the rabbit. "Is it true that wolves eat rabbits?" Tom asked.
- "Apparently," said Loulou. "But I haven't eaten any yet."
- "In any case," said Tom. "I'm not scared," he said, "not scared of you." Tom and Loulou became great friends. Loulou grew up. Tom taught him everything: how to play marbles, read, count, and to fish to feed himself.

Loulou taught Tom to run very, very fast. Much faster than the other rabbits. He also taught him fear. Sometimes they played FEAR-OF-THE-WOLF and sometimes they played FEAR-OF-THE-RABBIT. One day, Loulou scared Tom so badly that he ran into his burrow and decided to never come out again. As the night came, Tom dreamed that Loulou was enormous, black and red and that he was eating him. Loulou thought his friendship with Tom was over forever. He took his bundle and went to the mountains where the wolves lived. But once there, there wasn't a single rabbit anymore. Loulou was even attacked by a pack of wolves that thought he was a rabbit from far off. Loulou finally understood the FEAR-OF-THE-WOLF after being chased by the wolves; he

Loulou revient voir Tom et lui dit :

- J'ai compris ce qu'est la vraie PEUR-DU-LOUP. Je ne recommencerais. Je te le promets ! Sors de ton trou, Tom, s'il te plaît ! Tom réfléchit. Il se dit : «S'il a vraiment eu peur aussi peur que moi, je sais qu'il ne recommencera pas.» Il sort de son terrier et se jetèrent dans les bras l'un de l'autre. Puis ils allèrent à la pêche comme avant.

19.

Et pourquoi ?

Tiziana De Carolis (1970)
Michel Van Zeveren (1970)

Ce matin, le petit chaperon rouge se rend chez sa mère-grand, quand tout à coup, un grand méchant loup lui tombe dessus.

- Rhââââ ! Je vais te manger !
- Et pourquoi ?
- Comment ça pourquoi ? parce que j'ai faim, tiens !
- Et pourquoi ?
- Ah, ben, oui... Parce que je me suis rien mis sous la dent depuis des jours et des nuits
- Et pourquoi ?
- Parce que je ne peux plus chasser tranquillement
- Et pourquoi ?
- Parce que je dois me cacher tout le temps !

almost died from fright.

Loulou went back to Tom and told him: "I understood what FEAR-OF-THE-WOLF truly is. I won't do it again. I promise you. Come out of your burrow, Tom, please!" Tom thought. He told himself "If he really was as scared as I was, I know he won't do it again." He came out of his burrow and they ran into each other's arms. Then they went fishing like before.

Why?

Tiziana De Carolis (1970)
Michel Van Zeveren (1970)

One morning, Little Red Riding Hood went to see her grandmother, when all of a sudden she came across the big bad wolf.

- "Rah! I am going to eat you."
- "Why?"
- "What do you mean: why? Because I'm hungry!"
- "Why?"
- "Well... Because I haven't eating anything for days and nights"
- "Why?"
- "Because I can't hunt in peace anymore."
- "Why?"
- "Because I have to hide all the time."
- "Why?"
- "Because I am being chased by a hunter."
- "Why?"

- Et pourquoi ?
 - Parce qu'un chasseur et à mes troussees !
 - Et pourquoi ?
 - Pour me faire la peau !
 - Et pourquoi ?
 - Pour la vendre a un marchand !
 - Et pourquoi ?
 - Pour en faire un manteau de fourrure !
 - Et pourquoi ? Et pourquoi ? Et pourquoi ?
 - Par ce que, dit le loup qui à bout de patience avale le petit chaperon rouge d'un coup. Ah, maintenant je vais faire une petite sieste
 - Et pourquoi ? Et pourquoi ?
 - Oh ! non... Tu ne vas pas recommencer...
 - Et pourquoi ?
 - Est-ce que tu vas t'arrêter ? J'en peux plus...
 - Et pourquoi ?
 - Si c'est comme ça, je vais chez le chasseur...
 - Et pourquoi ?
 - Pour lui prendre son couteau !
 - Et pourquoi ?
 - Pour m'ouvrir le ventre
 - Et pourquoi ?
 Mais cette fois à sa grande surprise le loup n'a pas le temps de répondre
 - Je me demande pourquoi il a fait ça, dit le chasseur
 - Moi, je sais, dit le petit chaperon rouge en sortant du ventre du loup.

"To pelt me!"
 "Why?"
 "To sell it to a tradesman."
 "Why?"
 "To make a fur coat!"
 "Why? Why? Why?"
 "Because," said the wolf who at the end of his wits swallowed Little Red Riding Hood whole. Ah, now I am going to take a nap.
 "Why? Why?"
 " Oh no, you're not going to start that again..."
 "Why?"
 "Are you going to stop? I can't take it anymore!"
 "Why?"
 "If it's like that, I am going to the hunter!"
 "Why?"
 "To take his knife."
 "Why?"
 "To open up my stomach."
 "Why?"
 This time, to her big surprise, the wolf didn't have any time to respond
 "I wonder why he did that," said the hunter.
 "I know why," said Little Red Riding Hood as she came out of the wolf's stomach.

20. Non !

Tiziana De Carolis (1970)
 Jean du Froust (1940)

Je sais, c'est défendu
 Je le ferais portant.
 Je sais bien qu'il faudrait demander à Maman.
 Je sais, ce sera non prétendant qu'elle m'aime.
 Je sais c'est interdit, je le ferais quand même
 Je sais, qu'il ne faut pas !
 Mais qui donc le saura ?
 Je sais, je ne dois pas
 Mais qui donc me verra ?
 Je sais, cela sent bon : Jambon ou Parmesan ?
 Je sais l'un comme l'autre tendre sous la dent.
 Je sais, fruit défendu parait plus savoureux !
 Je sais, c'est dangereux cela m'excite un peu !
 Je sais que c'est mal je demanderai pardon.
 Je sais qu'il faut dire non a la tentation.
 Je sais qu'en se privant on apprécie bien mieux.
 Je sais, maman me dit
 « Tu peux si tu le veux ».
 Je sais je résiste mais j'en ai trop envie.

No!

Tiziana De Carolis (1970)
 Jean du Froust (1940)

I know, it's not allowed.
 I'll do it anyhow.
 I know very well that I should ask Mom.
 I know, she'll say no pretending that she loves me.
 I know, it's forbidden, I'll do it anyway.
 I know, you're not supposed to!
 But who is going to know?
 I know, I really shouldn't.
 But who is going to see me?
 I know, it smells so good: ham or parmesan?
 I know either is a tender bite
 I know, forbidden fruit tastes better!
 I know, it's dangerous, I find it quite exciting.
 I know that it's bad, I'll ask for forgiveness.
 I know you're supposed to say no to temptation.
 I know that when you restrain yourself you appreciate it more.
 I know, Mom always tells me
 "You can if you want."
 I know, I resist, but I want it too bad.
 I know, I'm going to get in trouble,
 Oh well, too bad!
 I know, just once,

Je sais, que je serais punie.
Ma foi tant pis !

Je sais, juste une fois !
J'accuserai ma sœur.
Je sais, vite fait bien fait !
Et même pas peur !
Je sais, pas de grignotage entre les repas.
Je sais, j'attends un peu et l'envie passera
Je sais, juste une croque !
Juste un petit bout !
Je sais, tout doux, tout doux me glisser
dans ce trou !
Je sais ! À l'avenir que faire pour que nos
chéris forgent leur caractère ?

Moralité : interdit d'interdire ! À l'avenir
que faire pour que nos chéris forgent leur
caractère ?

21. Les voix de la CONTEMPLATION

21. Reflets

Lili Boulanger (1893 – 1918)
Maurice Maeterlinck (1862 – 1949)

Sous l'eau du songe qui s'élève
Mon âme a peur, mon âme a peur.
Et la lune luit dans mon cœur
Plongé dans les sources du rêve !

Sous l'ennui morne des roseaux.
Seul le reflet profond des choses,

I'll blame my sister.
I know, in a flash!
And not even scared.
I know, no snacking between meals.
I know, if I wait a bit my hunger will pass
I know, just a bite!
Just a little bit!
I know, quietly, quietly to sneak through
that hole.
I know! In the future what to do so that
our darlings build their character?

Moral of the story: forbidden to forbid!
In the future, what should we do so that
our children build their character?

The voices of CONTEMPLATION

Reflections

Lili Boulanger (1893 – 1918)
Maurice Maeterlinck (1862 – 1949)

Under the water of the dream that rises
My soul is frightened, my soul is frightened.
And the moon glistens in my heart
Deep in the spring of dreams!

Under the dreary boredom of reeds,
Alone, the deep reflection of things,

Des lys, des palmes et des roses
Pleurent encore au fond des eaux.

Les fleurs s'effeuillent une à une
Sur le reflet du firmament.
Pour descendre, éternellement
Sous l'eau du songe et dans la lune.

22.

Deux ancolies

Lili Boulanger (1893 – 1918)
Francis Jammes (1868 – 1938)

Deux ancolies se balançaient sur la
colline
Et l'ancolie disait à sa sœur l'ancolie :
Je tremble devant toi et demeure
confuse.
Et l'autre répondait : si dans la roche
qu'use
l'eau, goutte à goutte, si je me mire, je vois
que je tremble, et je suis confuse comme toi.

Le vent de plus en plus les berçait toutes
deux,
les emplissait d'amour et mêlait leurs
cœurs bleus.

23.

Pale aurore

Graciane Finzi (1945)
Graciane Finzi

aurore / blue / gris / aurore / jaune
pâle / aurore / rouge / là haut
gris / jaune / calme matin

Of lilies, palm leaves and roses,
Are crying in the depths of the waters.

The flowers shed their leaves one by one,
On the reflection of the firmament.
To descend, eternally
Under the water of the dream and into the moon.

Two columbines

Lili Boulanger (1893 – 1918)
Francis Jammes (1868 – 1938)

Two columbines were swaying on a hillside.
And the columbine said to her sister the
columbine:
"I tremble before you and I remain
confused."
And the other responded: if in the rock that
the water
wears, drop by drop, if I look at reflection,
I see that I am trembling and I am as
confused as you.

The wind, more and more, swayed them both
Filled them with love and melded their two
blue hearts.

Pale dawn

Graciane Finzi (1945)
Graciane Finzi

dawn / blue / grey / dawn / yellow
pale / dawn / red / up there
grey / yellow / calm morning

fleuve sans rive /
lune / sans fin
création / amour / aimer / âme
permission d'atteindre l'âme
l'âme du beau
le regard est l'âme du beau
vie / joies / douleurs guérisseuses
de-création
ne viendra / moment qui ne viendra
jamais / aimer / amour
source / source de vie
absence / matin / calme / lointain
fleuve / rive / sans rive / l'autre côté
jamais personne / atteindre plus
personne
aurore / rêve / sortir du rêve o
matin / lune / calme / matin/ sans rive
l'âme / commencement
toujours vivre

24. Les voies du VOYAGE

Phileasine Foggette

Tiziana De Carolis (1970)
Florence Vitel

Notre journaliste Phileasine Foggette
grande reporter à Globe trotter Magazine
revient d'un périple de quatre vingt jours
au pays des expats
et nous livre le fruit de toutes le
rencontres

river without a bank
moon / unending
creation / love / to love / soul
permission to attain the soul
the soul of beauty
the gaze is the soul of beauty
ife / joy / healing pain
de-creation
will not come / moment that will never come
to love / love / source / source of life
absence / morning / calm / far-away
river / bank
without a bank / the other side
never anyone / never attain anyone
anymore
dawn / dream
arise from the dream o morning / moon
calm / morning / without a bank
the soul / beginning / always live

The paths of the JOURNEY

Phileasine Foggette

Tiziana De Carolis (1970)
Florence Vitel

Our journalist Phileasine Foggette
Hot shot reporter from Globe Trotter
Magazine
Just came back from an eighty-day expedition
In the country of the expats
And shares with the fruits of all her

faites avec les autochtones.

Ouvre ton placard ainsi que ton cœur
partage ton breuvage local avec un biscuit,
une tranche du quotidien de ta vie.
Si loin de chez toi
est-ce que tu t'ennuies ne travaillant pas
autant qu'à Paris n'as tu pas peur de
tomber dans l'oubli
tu aimes l'aventure, découvrir de
nouveaux mondes
parler le chinois, l'italien et l'espagnol
mais sans amis ni famille près de toi
comment vis tu donc ça ?

Allez vous n'êtes pas tous seuls dans le
grand pays
De tous les expatriés.

25.

Le Bocal

Tiziana De Carolis (1970)
Florence Vitel

J'ai une collection de bocaux
bien rangée dans mon placard

j'en ai même des nouveaux
qui attendent dans un tiroir.

Dans l'aquarium de la vie
c'est un peu toujours pareil
on répète a l'infini
ses routines telle une abeille.

Mon bocal n'est pas bien grand

encounters
With the indigenous peoples.

Open your closet as well as your heart
Share your local beverage with a cookie,
A slice of your daily life.
So far from home,
are you ever bored working less than you
did in Paris?
Are you afraid of falling into oblivion?
You like adventure, discovering new
worlds, speaking Chinese, Italian and
Spanish but with no family or friends
close to you, how do you handle it?

Common' you're not all alone in the vast
country
Of all the expats.

The Jar

Tiziana de Carolis (1970)
Florence Vitel

I have a collection of jars
Well organized in my closet

I even have new ones
Waiting in a drawer.

In the aquarium that is life
It's always the same
We endlessly repeat
Our routines like a bee.

My jar isn't very big

mais je suis très bien dedans
Quand il devient riquiqui
Je m'en évade en esprit.

Chaque jour comme un p'tit poisson
j'évolue dans les courants
je navigue et tourne en rond
les eaux changent mais pas les gens.

Finalement ce sont les mêmes éponges,
Les crabes et tortues
que l'on trouve dans l'écosystème
requins, morues.

Il y a comme un écho à nos vies
Des bocaux grands et petits
Et puis plus ou moins remplis.

La différence fondamentale
c'est l'étiquette qu'on colle sur le bocal,
celle qu'on pratique en cachette.

Mon bocal n'est pas bien grand
mais je suis très bien dedans

Quand il devient riquiqui
Je m'en évade en esprit.

Un bocal par ci, par là,
au bureau, au bridge
et à l'opéra, à l'église,
à l'école avec les copains,
au poker ou en fiesta.

Même à l'étranger
dans mon nouveau bocal

but I am content in it
When it starts to feel small
I leave it in spirit.

Every day like a tiny fish
I move through the currents
I navigate and swim in circles
the waters change but the people don't

Ultimately, it's always the same sponges,
crabs and tortoises
that we find in the ecosystem
sharks, cod.

There is almost an echo to our lives, big
and small jars
and more or less filled.

The fundamental difference
is the label we put on the jar
that which we do in secret.

My jar isn't very big
but I am content in it.

when it starts to feel small
I leave it in spirit.

A jar here and a jar there
at work, playing bridge,
at the opera, at church,
at school with friends,
at poker or at a fiesta.

Even abroad
in my new jar

les choses ne changent jamais
pour un petit poisson comme moi
du coup je tourne en rond
sans autres horizons, car...

Mon bocal n'est pas bien grand
mais je suis très bien dedans
Quand il devient riquiqui
Je m'en évade en esprit.

26.

Mensonge pour de vrai

Tiziana De Carolis (1970)
Jean du Froufrou (1940)

L'Europe en ces temps la était encore à
faire.
Des douaniers sourcilleux surveillaient
les frontières.
Ils montaient dans les trains afin de
contrôler,
passeports et denrées, taxées ou
prohibées.
Dans un compartiment de la première
classe,
Une très jolie femme est installée
en face d'un grave ecclésiastique,
évêque ou à peu près,
Soutane soulignée
d'un passepoil violet.

« Monseigneur » dit la dame, « On m'a
fait le présent
de ce petit coffret
orné d'or et argent

things never change
for a tiny fish like me
so I go in circles
with no other horizon, because...

My jar isn't very big
but I am content in it.
When it starts to feel small
I leave it in spirit.

Lie for real

Tiziana De Carolis (1970)
Jean du Froufrou (1940)

Europe, at that time, was still in the
making.
Cautious customs officers inspected the
borders.
They climbed aboard trains in order to check,
Passports and perishables, taxed or
prohibited.
In a compartment of first class,
A very beautiful woman is sitting down
in front of a solemn ecclesiastic,
bishop or something like it,
Priestly garb underlined
with a purple stripe.

"Your Grace," said the woman, "I was
given this present
of a little box
ornate with gold and silver
a complete toiletry kit.
The reason for the gift,

nécessaire complet pour faire sa toilette.
Le pourquoi du cadeau,
je le jure, est honnête.
Mais j'ignore le prix qu'il faudrait déclarer,
et je crains de payer des droits très élevés »

Le prélat empressé :
« Vos yeux bleus sont si beaux !
Je suis sur que pour eux,
on vous fit ce cadeau.
Je veux bien vous aider
et cacher de mon mieux dans mes
vastes poches,
le coffret litigieux.
Mais, je ne mens jamais
et je dirais le vrai si malgré mon habit
quelqu'un me questionnait. »

Un douanier mécréant l'interroge
méfiant
« Vous que déclarez vous ?
Silencieux un instant il répond en souriant :
« Au dessus de ma taille,
plus bas que mes genoux,
je ne vois rien qui vaille.
Entre les deux je porte un petit
nécessaire pour dames
qui a fort peu servi. »

Le douanier s'éloigna regrettant :
« Quel dommage je ne peux taxer
ni la chose ni l'usage. »

I swear, is perfectly honest.
But I am not sure what price I should
declare for it,
and I fear I'll have to pay really high taxes."

The hasty prelate:
"Your blue eyes are so beautiful!
I am sure that for those,
You were given this present.
I would like to help you
And hide, to the best of my ability, in one
of my deep pockets,
The litigious box.
But, I never lie
And I will tell the truth if despite my garb
someone questioned me."

An atheist customs officer interrogates
him warily,
"What do you have to declare?"
Silent for a moment, he responds with a
smile
"Above my waist,
lower than my knees,
I don't see anything of importance.
In between the two I have a little kit for
women
Which has barely been used."

The customs officer walked away
remorsefully:
"What a pity I can not tax
neither the thing nor the use of it."

Les voix contemporaines des MIGRANTS

27.

Linea Riflessa

Tiziana De Carolis (1970)
Manolo Luppichini (1963)

Riflesso di blu
serpeggia sul corpo
raggio di rosso
affonda come lo sguardo torvo

sei riuscita a capire come vola?
come possono sentirmi
se ad urlare resto sola

chi mi sa dire
perché per respirare
devo prosciugare il mare?

avevo dato un nome alle figure sul
tappeto
questo vento non la smette di soffiare
questa sabbia che corrode la memoria

ma è il tempo dell'indifferenza
di chi si guarda i piedi per essere
sicuro
ma è il tempo della mia abbondanza
non resterò appesa al tuo orologio

chi mi sa dire
chi decide quanto vale
la mia feroce voglia di fuggire?

The voices of REFUGEES

Reflected Line

Tiziana De Carolis (1970)
Manolo Luppichini (1963)

Blue reflections
slithers on the body
red rays
sinks like a surly look.

Did you manage to understand how it flies?
How can they hear me
if I'm screaming here alone?

Who can tell me
Why I have to dry up the sea

In order to breathe
I had given a name to the figures on the
carpet
this wind doesn't stop blowing
this sand that erodes memory.

But It is the time of indifference
of the ones who stare at their feet to be
secure
but It's the time of my abundance.
I will not hang on your clock

Who can tell me
Who decides how much it is worth
My ferocious desire to escape?

riconosco il sapore della terra
della terra che brucia
è rimasto l'ultimo ricordo
c'è chi impila mattoni di calcare

era piccola non ci stavamo tutti
ma la paura non chiede il permesso
per farti sbagliare
a che servono gli occhi in questo bosco
se non c'è niente che ti lascino guardare

chi mi sa dire
chi ha tracciato questa linea
che ha deciso di farmi scomparire?
e tu sai dirmi cosa vedi
dal ciglio della strada dove siedi?

I recognize the taste of the earth
of the burning earth
there is only one last memory
there is someone who stacks limestone bricks.

It was too small we could not fit all in
but fear does not ask for permission
to get you wrong.
What are eyes good for in this wood
if there is nothing they let us look at

Who can tell me
Who drew the line
To make it disappear
And can you tell me what you see
from the roadside where you sit?

Théodora Cottarel

Acclamée pour « son ardeur et son timbre chaleureux » par The Houston Press, la soprano Théodora Cottarel est reconnue pour son agilité vocale et pour ses interprétations dramatiques émouvantes. Décrivant son interprétation de Servilia dans La Clemenza di Tito Broadway World a écrit « Armée de confiance et d'une pureté de ton, Cottarel manie avec précision une puissance vocale qui lui confère une grande délicatesse. Son chant est exceptionnellement agréable et son timbre chaleureux est clairement articulé au travers de ses émotions. »

Théodora mène une carrière internationale, se produisant à la fois dans des opéras et en concerts. Elle établit ses premiers succès aux Etats-Unis avec Pamina (Die Zauberflöte) et Gretel (Hansel and Gretel) à New York ; a triomphé dans les rôles de Fiordiligi (Così fan tutte), the Angel (Jarireh, a Persian opera), Micaëla (Carmen), et Cendrillon (Cendrillon) à Boston ; Elvira (Don Giovanni) et Servilia (La Clemenza di Tito) à Houston. En Europe, elle s'est illustrée avec Adina (L'elisir d'amore), Manon (Manon) et Norina (Don Pasquale) à Paris ; Despina (Così fan tutte) en Italie ; et Polly (Beggar's Opera) et Shadow Jo (Little Women – Première EU) en Belgique. Parmi ses autres rôles : Donatella (Nina de Paisiello – première USA), Suor Genovieffa (Suor Angelica) et Maria (Yerma d'Edward Poll – création mondiale) également aux Etats-Unis.

Passionnée de théâtre, Théodora s'est formée aux côtés d'Elizabeth Kemp et a suivi un stage au Actor's Studio à New York. Elle a également travaillé avec la metteuse-en-scène Claudine Hunault à Paris. En 2020, elle interprétera son premier rôle de théâtre (La Femme, dans Les Noces de Sang de Lorca) au Boston Playwright's Theater.

En Concert, Théodora Cottarel a fait sa première au Théâtre des Champs-Élysées où elle a eu l'honneur de chanter avec Lambert Wilson et Jay Gottlieb, aux côtés d'artistes tels que Menahem Pressler, Ivry Gitlis et Charlotte Rampling. Elle s'est illustrée dans Britten's Ceremony of Carols à

New York, dans Missa Brevis in Do et les Vesperae Solennes de Mozart avec la Philharmonie de Rome, et dans Elegy de Gabrielle Goliath au Festival Do Disturb, et Dualités Déconcertantes de Tiziana de Carolis en France.

Dotée d'un enthousiasme particulier pour la Musique de Chambre, elle donne régulièrement des récitals en France, Italie et aux États-Unis : au Festival Présences Féminines, au Killian Hall du Massachusetts Institute of Technology, à Boston University.

Théodora s'est donné pour mission de promouvoir des femmes compositrices, et a créé le programme Voies(x) de Femmes, avec Tiziana De Carolis, qui a été interprété en concert depuis 2019. Le CD de ce programme sortira en 2020.

Née aux États-Unis de parents français, Théodora est diplômée de la Manhattan School of Music.

Praised for her "...ardor and warmth..." by the Houston Press, soprano **Théodora Cottarel** has been recognized for her vocal versatility and her electric dramatic interpretations. Of her performance as Servilia in La Clemenza di Tito Broadway World wrote: "Armed with confidence and purity of tone, Cottarel's wielded power lends to her delicateness. Her singing is thoroughly enjoyable and the expression of solid warmth is neatly articulated through her emotions."

Theodora has been singing internationally in both operas and concerts. She had her first successes as Pamina (Die Zauberflöte) and Gretel (Hansel and Gretel) in New York; and triumphed as Fiordiligi (Così fan tutte), the Angel (Jarireh, a Persian opera) and Micaëla (Carmen), Cendrillon (Cendrillon) in Boston; and Elvira (Don Giovanni) and Servilia (La Clemenza di Tito) in Houston. In Europe, she sang Arminda (La Finta Giardinera), Adina (L'elisir d'amore), Manon (Manon) and Norina (Don Pasquale) in France; Despina (Così fan tutte) in Italy; and Polly (Beggar's Opera) and Shadow Jo (Little Women –EU Premier) in Belgium. Other roles include: Suor Genovieffa

(Suor Angelica) and Maria (Edward Poll's Yerma– world premier) in the United States.

Passionate about acting, Théodora has had the privilege of working with the late Elizabeth Kemp and interned under her at the Actor's Studio. She has also trained with director Claudine Hunault in France. She will perform in her first play as The Wife in Garcia Lorca's The Blood Wedding this year presented at the Boston Playwright's Theater.

In concert, notably, Théodora has sung at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées where she had the honor of performing with Lambert Wilson and Jay Gottlieb, and alongside artistic giants such as Menahem Pressler, Ivry Gitlis, and Charlotte Rampling. Other concerts include: Britten's Ceremony of Carols in the United States, Do Disturb Festival in Gabrielle Goliath's Elegy and Tiziana De Carolis' Dualités Déconcertante in France, and in Mozart's Missa Brevis in Do or Mozart's Vesperae Solennes with the Rome Philharmonic.

An avid chamber music performer, Theodora continually gives recitals in France, Italy and The United States, in various venues such as Le Festival Présences Féminines and MIT's Killian Hall and Boston University. Passionate about performing work by female composers Theodora has performed in the original recital "Voies(x) de Femmes" eleven times with pianist and composer Tiziana De Carolis throughout 2019 and 2020. A CD of the program will be released in 2020.

Born in the United States to French parents, Théodora received her Bachelor's of Music from the Manhattan School of Music.

Tiziana De Carolis

Née à Bari, en Italie, elle est 1er prix de Piano du Conservatoire National de Musique «N. Piccinni» de sa ville natale et diplômée en composition. Elle gagne très jeune de nombreux concours de piano nationaux et internationaux. À 25 ans elle quitte l'Italie pour s'installer à Paris où elle poursuit ses études

musicales à l'École Normale «A. Cortot» (Diplôme Supérieur de Composition de Musique de film et de Musique de Chambre).

À son activité de compositrice pour le concert, le cinéma et le théâtre elle associe celle de pédagogue et de concertiste.

En 2002 elle est récompensée avec le premier prix à l'unanimité, au concours international de composition des «Académies de Lutèce» de Paris. Depuis, nombreuses sont ses créations dans le monde entier, dans les quelles elle prône le mélange des arts, en développant de multiples collaborations avec des artistes peintres, plasticiens, photographes, cinéastes et chorégraphes.

En 2013 elle crée la suite pour piano, «Dualities», au théâtre TBH de Houston (Tx - USA), sous la direction du Consulat de France et de la Texan, French Alliance of the Arts, en collaboration avec six artistes peintres qui exposent, lors d'un concert/vernissage, leurs œuvres peintes sous l'inspiration musicale de ses pièces. La chorégraphe texane Karen Stokes créera en 2014, avec son corps de ballet une chorégraphie sur Black & White, une des compositions extraite de cette suite.

Toujours en 2014 ses musiques pour le film «Citrouille et vieilles dentelles» de Juliette Loubières, ont été jouées en concert au GRAND REX à Paris, par l'orchestre Symphonique du COGE, dirigée par Aurélien Azan Zielinski, lors du «BO concert» qui a été diffusé par TV5 monde et suivi par les media nationaux.

En décembre 2014 une délégation de sa région d'origine, les Pouilles, lui décerne le Prix International «Pugliesi nel mondo» 2014 pour sa carrière musicale à l'étranger.

En 2016 elle crée à la Salle Ravel à Levallois son spectacle «Tous contes fées» avec la chanteuse Anne Baquet et l'illustratrice Marie Lambert, «Open the door» pour chœur à cappella avec l'ensemble vocal d'Île de France et avec le support de la Texan, French Alliance of the Arts de Houston (USA) et «Dualités déconcertantes» son premier concerto pour piano et orchestre sous la baguette de Vincent Renaud et avec la participation de la soprano Théodora Cottarel.

En 2018 elle est la marraine du Festival Présences Féminines qui lui commande «C'est l'heure exquise», une oeuvre pour violon, contrebasse, soprano et piano en hommage à la compositrice Régina Poldowski, oeuvre qui a été créée à Toulon pendant le Festival, par l'Ensemble mille904.

En 2019 elle a lancé avec la soprano Theodora Cottarel le projet Voies(x) de femmes, dont l'objectif est de promouvoir, par des concerts et des enregistrements, le répertoire des compositrices du passé et du présent, en collaboration avec le chœur italien Florilegium Vocis dirigé par Sabino Manzo et accompagné au piano par Maria Gabriella Bassi.

Ses oeuvres sont éditées aux Éditions Soldano.

Discographie

- MOVIE(S)EMOTIONS Musiques de film du compositeur allemand Hans P. Ströer qu'elle a arrangé et interprété au piano, album très bien reçu par la critique allemande spécialisée.
- DUALITIES pour piano solo : sept visions musicales sur le thème de la dualité, composées et interprétées au piano par Tiziana De Carolis. La critique italienne sous la plume de N. Sbisà en fait l'éloge dans «La gazzetta del Mezzogiorno» : «...la barese che ha portato il mare a Parigi.» (trad.: «...la barese qui a apporté la mer à Paris»)

Born in Bari, Italy, **Tiziana De Carolis** won 1st prize from the National Music Conservatory "N. Piccini" in her hometown where she also received her Bachelors in composition. She has won numerous international piano competitions. At 25, she left Italy for France where she continued her studies at L'École Normale "A. Cortot" (Masters in Composition in Film and Chamber Music).

Beyond her work as a composer in concert, film and theater, she is also an active teacher and concert pianist. In 2002, at the International Composition Competition at the "Académies de Lutèce" in Paris, the jury unanimously awarded her 1st prize. Since then, many of her works have been performed

world wide, often incorporating various artistic mediums and in collaboration with painters, sculptors, photographers, filmmakers, and choreographers.

In 2013, she composed *Dualities*, a suite for piano, which was premiered at the TBH Theater in Houston, Texas. This took the form of an immersive experience where six painters created new artwork inspired by Tiziana De Carolis' simultaneous performance of this suite. The Texan French Consulate and the French Alliance of the Arts produced this event. In 2014, ballet choreographer Karen Stokes, created an original choreography for her troupe based on the composition *Black and White*, from the suite *Dualities*. Also in 2014, her film composition for "Citrouille et vieilles dentelles" by Juliette Loubières, was performed in concert at the GRAND REX in Paris by l'Orchestre Symphonique du COGE, conducted by Aurélien Azan Zielinski. Part of the "BO concert", this was broadcasted by TV5 monde and garnered national media attention.

In December 2014, Tiziana was awarded "Pugliesi nel mondo 2014", an International Prize awarded by the Puglia region for her success in her international musical career abroad.

In 2016, she premiered: her original show "Tous contes fées" at La Salle Ravel in Levallois, with singer Anne Baquet and illustrator Marie Lambert; Open the Door, a choral a cappella piece, with the vocal ensemble d'Île-de-France and the support of the French Alliance of the Arts in Houston (USA); and Dualitiés Déconcertantes, her first piano concerto with orchestra, conducted by Vincent Renaud and with singer Theodora Cottarel.

In 2018, she was Composer in Residence at the Festival Présences Féminines in Toulon, France. The commission, C'est l'heure exquise, a piece for violin, bass, soprano and piano, was premiered by L'Ensemble mill904 in homage to composer Régina Poldowski.

In 2019, she started, with Soprano Theodora Cottarel, the project Voies(x) de Femmes, with the objective to promote, through concerts

and recordings, women composers, both past and present. This project included participation from the Italian chorus Florilegium Vocis, conducted by Sabino Manzo and accompanied by Maria Gabriella Bassi.

Her pieces are edited by Éditions Soldano.

Recordings:

- MOVIE(S)EMOTIONS Film music composed by Hans P. Ströer and arranged and performed by Tiziana for piano, this was met with great praise by German critics.
- DUALITIES for solo piano: seven musical visions on the theme of duality, composed and performed by Tiziana de Carolis. N. Sbisà, Italian reviewer for "La gazzetta del Mezzogiorno" praised the composition: «... la barese che ha portato il mare a Parigi.»

Maria Gabriella Bassi

Elève de Marta Grilletti et Konstantin Bogino, elle est professeur titulaire de piano au Conservatoire National Niccolò Piccinni de Bari, en Italie.

En 2004 l'éditeur BMG publications-Ricordi lui confie la révision d'oeuvres pour piano de Nino Rota (catalogue n. 139194). En 2001, après avoir gagné le 2ème prix au Concours International « Jean Françaix » de Paris, elle commence une solide collaboration artistique avec la famille Françaix, en jouant à deux pianos avec la fille du compositeur, Claude Françaix. Professeur dans le système Erasmus+, à partir de 2014 elle donne des master-classes de Piano e Musique de chambre dans toute l'Europe.

Discographie:

- *Eloge de la Danse- musique de Jean Françaix (DAD Records)*
- *Kabalevsky-Préludes pour piano op.68 (Digressione Contemplativa Records)*

- *Un piano pour deux, Intégrale du répertoire pour piano à quatre mains de Jean Françaix: pianistes Maria Gabriella Bassi e Claude Françaix (Erol Label)*

Pupil of Marta Grilletti and Konstantin Bogino, she is a tenured professor at the National Conservatory Niccolò Piccinni in Bari, Italy.

In 2004, the edition BMG publications-Ricordi entrusted her with editing all of Nino Rota's piano compositions (catalogue n. 139194). In 2001, after receiving 2nd Prize at the international competition "Jean Françaix" in Paris, she began a long-lasting collaboration with the Françaix family, playing piano four hands with the composer's daughter, Claude Françaix. An Erasmus+ professor, since 2014, she has been giving Piano and Chamber Music Master Classes throughout Europe.

CDs:

- *Eloge de la Danse- musique de Jean Françaix (DAD Records)*
- *Kabalevsky-Preludes for piano op.68 (Digressione Contemplativa Records)*
- *A piano for two, all piano four hands of Jean Françaix: pianists Maria Gabriella Bassi e Claude Françaix (Erol Label)*

Sabino Manzo

Né à Bari en Italie, il est chef de chœur et d'orchestre, organiste, claveciniste et pianiste.

Il obtient au Conservatoire «N. Piccinni» de Bari un Master en piano et composition et à Milan, en musique chorale, direction de chœur et d'orchestre.

Il étudie la direction avec M. Berrini, puis se perfectionne avec S. Korn, F. M. Bressan, F. Bernius, P. Neumann et G. Graden, la composition avec

B. Putignano, F. Donatoni, L. Macchi et P. Rotili, le piano avec A. Annese et le clavecin, l'orgue et la basse continue avec M. Manara.

En tant que chef, il est actif depuis 1988, en dirigeant différentes formations chorales et instrumentales nationales, avec les quelle il se donne en concert dans d'importants Festivals et Revues internationales en Italie et à l'étranger.

Son répertoire comprend surtout la musique ancienne du XVI au XVIII siècle, avec l'interprétation d'oeuvres sacrées, profanes et théâtrales parmi les plus significatives de cette période historique.

Avec ses ensembles vocaux et instrumentaux, Florilegium Vocis et l'orchestre baroque de Santa Teresa dei Maschi, il a réalisé, en outre que des pages profanes d'auteurs comme Palestrina, De Victoria, Monteverdi, Bach, Haendel, Vivaldi, Buxtehude, les musiques inédites d'auteurs des Pouilles comme Nenna, Colaianni, Fago, Sarro, Leo, Scipriani, Mercadante et De Giosa. Son activité de recherche, transcription et réalisation de pages inédites des auteurs sa région natale, l'a amené à collaborer avec le label anglais Toccata Classics, pour le quel il a réalisé une série d'enregistrements dédiés aux Pouilles musicales.

Il est professeur de formation chorale au Conservatoire de Musique «A. Vivaldi» d'Alessandria et de direction de chœur à l'Istituto Diocesano di Musica Sacra de Bari et à la Choral Academy de Milan.

Born in Bari, Italy, **Sabino Manzo** is a choral conductor, conductor, organist, harpsichordist and pianist.

He received his Masters in Piano and Composition from the National Conservatory "N. Piccini" in Bari, and in Choral Music, Choral Conducting and Conducting in Milan.

He studied conducting under M. Berrini, perfecting his art with S. Korn, F. M. Bressan, F. Bernius, P. Neumann and G. Graden; composition with

B. Putignano, F. Donatoni, L. Macchi et P. Rotili; piano with A. Annese; and the harpsichord, organ and continuo with M. Manara.

As a conductor, he has been working since 1988, with various choral and instrumental configurations nationally. He has gone on to perform with them in various important international Festivals in Italy and abroad.

He specializes in baroque music from the XVI to the XVIII century, performing among the most significant sacred, secular and theatrical pieces of that period.

He has conducted his vocal and instrumental ensembles, Florilegium Vocis and the Baroque Orchestra of Santa Teresa dei Maschi, to perform the works of composers like Palestrina, De Victoria, Monteverdi, Bach, Haendel, Vivaldi, Buxtehude, and the unpublished music of Puglia composers like Nenna, Colaianni, Fago, Sarro, Leo, Scipriani, Mercadante et De Giosa. His work in research, transcription and performance of unpublished works led to his collaboration with the English label Toccata Classics with whom he has created a series of recordings dedicated to composers of the Puglia region. A professor in choral singing at the Conservatoire de Musique «A. Vivaldi» in Alessandria and choral conducting at l'Istituto Diocesano di Musica Sacra in Bari and at the Choral Academy in Milan.

Florilegium Vocis

Actif depuis 2000, Florilegium Vocis est l'ensemble vocal de référence de la choralité des Pouilles.

Engagé depuis de nombreuses années dans l'activité de concert et dans l'étude du répertoire chorale sacré et profane à cappella et concernant, il a participé a de nombreux Festivals et Revues musicales nationales et internationales, avec d'excellents commentaires des critiques et du public. Depuis 2015 a réalisé avec l'Orchestra barocca S. Teresa dei Maschi les premières exécutions, dans le Pouilles, de grandes oeuvres baroques

historiques telles que la Passion selon Saint Jean et l'Oratorio de Pâques et de Noël de J. S. Bach et Les Vêpres de la Beata Vergine de C. Monteverdi. L'ensemble Florilegium Vocis accomplit un travail important dans la recherche et la diffusion d'oeuvres inédites d'auteurs des Pouilles: Psaumes et Magnificat de Fago, villanelles et madrigaux de Nenna, Felis, Radesca, Responsori de Cafaro.

Created in 2000, **Florilegium Vocis** is the reference for all choral music in the Puglia region of Italy. For many years, the choir has performed sacred and secular a cappella choral repertoire. They have appeared in many international Festivals with great reception from both critics and the public. Since 2015, with the L'Orchestra St. Teresa dei Maschi, Florilegium Vocis has performed J.S. Bach's Saint John's Passion, Christmas Oratorio, and Easter Oratorio as well as C. Monteverdi's Beata Vergine.

Florilegium Vocis, has had great success in performing unpublished works by composers from the Puglia region as a result of their research in the field. They have recorded Psaumes et Magnificat by Fago, Villanelles et madrigaux by Nenna, Felis, Radesca, Responsori by Cafaro.

Nous tenons à remercier toutes les personnes qui ont rendu ce projet possible!

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Simona Sciarretta
Melissa Stramaglia
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CREDITS

recording and mastering **Recording Studio - Area DIG Molfetta (Italy)**

cover photo booklet **Manolo Luppichini**

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translation in english of Linea riflessa **Stefania Caprioli**

all other english translations **Théodora Cottarel**

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