

REQUIEM

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Original libretto by Pascal Quignard
and texts from the Roman liturgy and Greek oracles

TEXT

I - INTROITUS

1 - Prologue

Sibylle:

L'ombre de la Sibylle apparaît.

Elle commence sa transe.

Elle tourne et commence son prologue.

Moi, fille de Neso née de Teucer Sibullé Sibyla Sibylle
moi qui habitais Marpessos
moi qui au fond de la grotte du mont Corcyre suis demeurée
neuf fois cent dix ans
moi qui vécus à Samos
moi qui vécus à Claros
moi qui vécus à Erythrae
moi qui vécus à Delphes
chaque aube je transportais ma pierre
pour tomber
et je ne tombais pas.

Ovide a dit:

O Amalthée!

Et moi je ressemblais à une cigale et ne pouvais mourir.

Je ne suis ni chamane ni prophétesse ni pythie!

Je ne suis qu'une mortelle qui n'arrive pas à dépenser ses jours!

Jadis j'ai ramassé par terre une poignée de poussière

O favilla! Poussière!

O vous, les cendres!

Je vous ai montrées dans ma paume ouverte au dieu qui
soulevait sa tunique le sexe tendu vers moi et je l'ai repoussé.

O favilla! Favilla!

Depuis lors ma vie en égrène un à un chaque grain minuscule.

Je suis plus vieille que la vieillesse.

J'ai sept cents ans. Trois cents moissons m'attendent.

Il me reste encore à boire trois cents fois le vin nouveau.

Dans la poussière, trois cents fois tombée ivre!

Trois cents printemps attendent un corps qui s'affaisse déjà et
déçoit.

Les destins ne laissent aux corps qui vieillissent que le souffle
sur les lèvres.

TRANSLATION

I - INTROITUS

1 - Prologue

Sibyl:

The shadow of the Sibyl appears.

She starts her trance.

She spins and starts her prologue.

I, daughter of Neso born from Teucer Sibullé Sbyla Sibyl
I, who lived in Marpessos
I, who in the depth of the Mount Corcyre cave have remained
nine times one hundred years
I, who lived in Samos
I, who lived in Claros
I, who lived in Erythrae
I, who lived in Delphes
every dawn I would carry my stone
in order to fall
and I would not fall.

Ovide said:

O Amalthea!

And I was like a cicada and I could not die.

I am neither a shaman neither a prophetess neither a pithy!

I am only a mortal who cannot use up her days!

Long ago I picked up from the ground a fistful of dust

O favilla! Dust!

O you, ashes!

In my open palm I showed you to the god who was lifting
his tunic, his sex outstretched towards me, and I rebuffed him.

O favilla! Favilla!

Since then, my life takes one after the other each minuscule grain.

I am older than old age.

I am seven hundred years old. Three hundred harvests await me.

I have still three hundred times to drink new wine.

In the dust, three hundred times fallen drunk!

Three hundred springs await a body that already sinks
and deceives.

The fates leave to the aging bodies only the breath
on the lips.

Et aux morts que le silence qui les engloutit.
Dans l'ombre de la grotte
je tiens tant que je puis mes yeux fixés à terre:
Mon nom n'est plus qu'un chant qui veut mourir.
Mon corps n'est plus qu'un souffle qui voudrait s'expirer.
Chaque fois qu'un fidèle pénétrait dans ma caverne et
demandait:
- Sibylle, que veux-tu?
je répondais:
- Homme, je veux mourir.
Chaque fois qu'un enfant poussait les pierres et dans mon
ombre venait jouer, levait la tête:
- Sibylle, que veux-tu?
Je répondais:
Enfant, je veux mourir.

Je veux mourir
mourir
je veux mourir

2 - Kyrie-Graduel

Chœur:

Apothaneim thelo!

Seigneur aie pitié!
Christ aie pitié!
Seigneur aie pitié!

Le repos éternel, donne leur, Seigneur.

And to the dead only silence that engulf them.
In the shadow of the cave
I hold my eyes riveted to the ground as much as I can:
My name is nothing anymore but a song that wants to die.
My body is nothing anymore but a breath that wants to be expelled.
Every time a faithful would enter my cavern
and would ask:
- Sibyl, what do you want?
I would answer:
- Man, I want to die.
Every time a child would kick a stone and in my shadow would
come and play, would rise up his head:
- Sibyl, what do you want?
I would answer:
Child, I want to die.

I want to die!
to die!
I want to die!

2 - Kyrie-Graduel

Chorus:

I want to die!

Lord, have Mercy!
Christ, have Mercy!
Lord, have Mercy!

Eternal rest, give them, Lord.

II- SEQUENTIA

3 - Dies Irae

a - Psaume XVIII *

Basse solo:

Seigneur, tu es mon rocher.
Tu me remplis de force.
Mes mains, tu les entraînes au combat.

Mes ennemis, tu leur fais tourner le dos
et j'extermine ceux qui me haïssent.

Je les broie comme la poussière
qu'emporte le vent.
Je les foule comme la boue des rues.

Seigneur, je chanterai à la gloire de ton nom
Tu fais miséricorde à celui que tu as choisi: David.

David:

Les filets de la mort m'avaient surpris
et j'ai crié vers mon Dieu
et mon cri est parvenu devant lui
et jusqu'à ses oreilles.
La terre fut ébranlée et trembla
et les fondements des montagnes frémissent.

Chœur (sopranos):

Domine petra mea et robor meum et salvator meus

Chœur (altos):

Laudatum invocabo Dominum
Vivit Dominus et benedictus
et exaltabitur Deus salutis meae

David:

Il s'élevait de la fumée de ses narines.
Un feu dévorant sortait de sa bouche,
En jaillissaient des charbons en feu.
Il abaissa les Cieux et descendit.

Chœur (altos):

Laudatum invocabo Dominum
vivit Dominus et benedictus
et exaltabitur Deus salutis meae

David:

Il y avait une épaisse fumée sous ses pieds.
Il était monté sur un ange et planait sur les ailes du vent.

Chœur (sopranos):

Domine petra mea et robor meus
Domine, Domine, Domine

II- SEQUENTIA

3 - Dies Irae

a - Psaume XVIII *

Basse solo:

Lord you are my rock.
You fill me with strength.
My hands, you train them for battle.

My enemies, you make them retreat
and I annihilate those who hate me.

I crush them to dust
That the wind blows away.
I tread on them like mud in the streets.

Lord, I will sing to the glory of your name
You have mercy for the one you have chosen: David.

David:

The nets of death had surprised me
and I shouted towards my God
and my cry arrived in front of him
and reached his ears.
Earth was shaken and shivered
and the foundations of the mountains were shaken.

Chorus (sopranos):

Lord my rock and my shelter and my savior

Chorus (altos):

The Lord liveth; and blessed be my rock;
and let the God of my salvation be exalted.
I shout: blessed be the Lord.

David:

From his nostrils a smoke was rising.
A consuming fire was coming out of his mouth,
From which spurted out burning coal.
He brought down the skies and started to descend.

Chorus (altos):

The Lord liveth; and blessed be my rock;
and let the God of my salvation be exalted.
I shout: blessed be the Lord

David:

There was a thick smoke under his feet.
He was riding an angel and was flying on the wings of the wind.

Chorus (sopranos):

Lord, my rock and my shelter
Lord, Lord, Lord!

David:

Il faisait des ténèbres, sa retraite: tenebras.
Il tonna dans les cieus, il fit retentir sa voix
et le lit des eaux apparut
et les fondements du monde furent découverts.

Chœur (altos):

τὸν μὲν ἀτέλευτον φόβον λιπεῖν θέλω
ἀποθανεῖν λιπεῖν θέλω
μὲν ἀτέλευτον
ἀποθανεῖν δὲ θέλω φόβον λιπεῖν
ἀποθανεῖν ἀποθανεῖν ἀποθανεῖν θέλω

David:

Seigneur - Dominus - par ta menace - Domine!
par le seul bruit du souffle de tes narines,
par le souffle de ta colère.

3b - Dies Irae

Chœur:

Dies irae dies illa
solvat saeculum in favilla
teste David cum Sibylla

Basse solo:

Dies irae dies illa
solvat saeculum in favilla

Sibylle:

ἀποθανεῖν ἀποθανεῖν θέλω

Basse solo:

Quantus tremor est futurus
quando iudex est venturus

Sibylle:

τὸν μὲν ἀτέλευτον φόβον λιπεῖν θέλω.
ἀποθανεῖν δὲ θέλω

Chœur:

Quantus tremor est futurus
Quando iudex est venturus
Cuncta stricte discursurus
Iudex Iudex

3c - Mors stupebit

Chœur:

Mors stupebit et natura
cum resurget creatura
judicanti responsura

Liber scriptus proferetur
in quo totum continetur
unde mundus iudicetur

Judex ergo cum sedebit
quidquid latet apparebit

David:

He was making his retreat out of darkness: tenebras.
He thundered in the skies, he resounded his voice
and the bottom of the waters appeared
and the foundations of the world were discovered.

Chorus (altos):

I want to leave the endless fear!
I want to die!
To leave the fear,
to die, I want to die and leave the fear
to die to die I want to die!

David:

Lord - Dominus - by your threat - Domine,
by the only noise of the breath of you nostrils,
by the breath of your wrath.

3b - Dies Irae

Chorus:

Day of wrath! This day!
A day that the world will dissolve in ashes,
as foretold by David and the Sibyl .

Bass solo:

Day of wrath! This day!
a day that the world will dissolve in ashes.

Sibyl:

To die, I want to die.

Bass solo:

Immense will be the terror
When the Judge will appear.

Sibyl:

I want to leave the endless terror!
I want to die!

Chorus:

Immense will be the terror
When the Judge will appear
To tell terrifying words.
Judge, Judge!

3c - Mors stupebit

Chorus:

Death and nature will be astounded,
when all creation rises again,
to answer the judgment.

A book will be brought forth,
in which all will be written,
by which the world will be judged.

When the judge takes his place,
what is hidden will be revealed,

nil inultum remanebit
Mors stupebit et natura
cum resurget creatura
judicanti responsura

κριθῆναι μὲν οὐ θέλω
ἀποθανεῖν δὲ θέλω
θάνατε θάνατε
ἐπιλαθοῦ μου
δός με τυφλὴν εἶναι
ἐγκατάλιπέ με
μέθες με θάνατε θάνατε
μέθες με ἄρον με ὦ θάνατε

3d - Rex tremendae

Chœur:

Rex tremendae majestatis
salva me

θάνατε μέθες με
ἄρον με ὦ θάνατε

Soprano solo:

Salva me
Voca me
Parce mihi
Libera me

4 - Ingemisco

Soprano solo:

Ingemisco tanquam reus
supplicanti parce Deus
culpa rubet vultus meus.

Preces meae non sunt dignae
sed tu bonus fac benigne
ne perenni cremer igne.

Qui Mariam absolvisti
et latronem exaudisti
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Quid sum miser
Tunc dicturus
Quid sum miser?

5 - Confutatis

Solistes (ténor et basse pris dans le chœur):

Confutatis maledictis
Flammis acribus addictis
Voca me cum benedictis

Solistes (soprano, mezzo pris dans le chœur):

σὺ δ'οὖν κάταιθέ με
ἐπιλαθοῦ μου
μέθες μέθες με

nothing will remain unavenged.
Death and nature will be astounded,
when all creation rises again,
to answer the judgment.

I don't want to be judged.
I want to die.
Death, death,
Forget me!
Make me blind!
Abandon me!
Neglect me, death death!
Neglect me! Drop me, oh death!

3d - Rex tremendae

Chorus:

King of tremendous majesty,
save me!

Death, neglect me!
Forget me, oh death!

Soprano solo:

Save me!
Call me!
Spare me!
Free me!

4 - Ingemisco

Soprano solo:

I moan as one who is guilty:
owning my shame with a red face;
suppliant before you, Lord.

My prayers are unworthy,
but, good Lord, have mercy,
and rescue me from eternal fire.

You, who absolved Mary,
and listened to the thief,
give me hope also.

What shall a wretch like me say?
Who shall intercede for me,
when the just ones need mercy?

5 - Confutatis

Soloists (tenor and bass in the chorus):

When the accused are confounded,
and doomed to flames of woe,
call me among the blessed.

Soloists (soprano, mezzo from chorus):

Burn me!
Forget me!
Neglect, neglect me!

Chœur:

Confutatis
maledictis
Flammis
acribus addictis
Voca me
cum benedictis
Voca me
cum benedictis

Ténor:

Oro supplex et acclinis
Cor contritum
quasi cinis
Gere curam mei finis

6 - Lacrimosa

Chœur:

Lacrimosa dies illa
qua resurget ex favilla
judicandus homo reus

Basse et David:

Lacrimosa dies illa
qua resurget in favilla
judicandus homo reus

Soprano et ténor:

Lacrimosa dies illa
qua resurget ex favilla
judicandus homo reus

Domine

Dona eis requiem
Dona eis requiem

Basse:

Huic ergo parce, Deus,
pie Jesu Domine,
dona eis requiem

Chœur:

κάταιθέ με
ἐπιλαθοῦ μου
μέθες μέθες με
ὦ θάνατε
μέθες μέθες με
ἐγκατάλιπέ με
κάταιθέ με
ἐπιλαθοῦ μου
μέθες μέθες με
ὦ θάνατε
ἐγκατάλιπέ με

Voca voca me

Cum benedictis
etc...

Oro supplex et acclinis
Cor contritum quasi cinis
Gere curam mei finis

Sibylle:

ἀλλ' ἄφες ἄφες μείνω
ἐν τῷ μνημείῳ
ὦ θάνατε
δός μοι τὸν θάνατον

Sibylle:

ἀποθανεῖν θέλω
ἀποθανεῖν θέλω
θέλω

Chorus:

When the accused are
confounded,
and doomed
to flames of woe,
call me
among the blessed.
call me
among the blessed.

Tenor:

I kneel
with submissive heart,
my contrition is like ashes,
take care of my end.

6 - Lacrimosa

Chorus:

That day of tears and mourning,
when from the ashes shall arise,
all humanity to be judged.

Bas and David:

That day of tears and mourning,
when from the ashes shall arise,
all humanity to be judged.

Soprano and tenor:

That day of tears and
mourning,
when from the ashes shall arise,
all humanity to be judged.

Lord,

Grant them rest,
Grant them rest.

Bass:

Spare us by your mercy, Lord,
gentle Lord Jesus,
grant them eternal rest

Sibylle:

Chorus:

Burn me!
Forget me!
Neglect me!
Oh death!
Neglect, neglect me!
Abandon me!
Burn me!
Forget me!
Neglect, neglect me!
Oh death!
Abandon me!

Call call me
among the blessed
etc...

I kneel with submissive heart,
my contrition is like ashes,
help me in my final condition.

Sibyl:

Leave me in the grave!
Oh death!
Give me death!

Sibylle:

I want to die.
I want to die.
I want...

III. OFFERTORIUM

7 - Offertorium

Chœur:

Domine Jesu Christe Rex Glorïae
libera animas omnium defunctorum
de poenis inferni et de profundo lacu.
Libera eas de ore leonis
ne absorbeat eas tartarus
ne cadant in obscurum

8 - Chant de la Sibylle

Sibylle:

Heureux les morts qui meurent
dans la mort!

δήμητρι κέλευ
θυσίαν προτίθεσθαι

Mortelle, je suis venue pour mourir.
Je suis descendue aux enfers où
je guidais Enée.
Je prophétise aux portes de l'enfer

κέλομαί σε τρίς ἑννέα ταύρους
φανᾶς ἠΰκέρους θυέμεν
λευκότριχας

Il dit :

- Je veux descendre auprès des
mânes par l'Arverne !
- Je vais te mener au royaume
qui forme la dernière part du monde.
Là l'orme et les songes,
les mânes et les images, les pleurs.
Ô mon père!
Que demandent les âmes aux eaux?
Passer.
Mourir.
Aux enfers j'implorais les morts :
- Je veux mourir.
Mais je ne mourais pas.
Alors dans la nuit des enfers
je me tournais vers tous les
dieux sans nombre qui étaient
morts et qui erraient sans fin sur
la rive noire.
- Ô dieux morts
vous qui vous tenez
sur la rive de l'Erèbe
moi qui ne suis que
la prophétesse par laquelle
vous parlez
moi aussi, je souhaiterais mourir.
Mais je ne mourais pas.

Chœur :

μοῖραν ὀπισθομαθῶν
τίν' ἔφθυ ὀπισθομαθῶν
πᾶς εἰς τόπον ἔλθειν
μοῖραν ὀπισθομαθῶν

III. OFFERTORIUM

7 - Offertory

Chorus:

Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory,
liberate the souls of the faithful
from the pains of hell and the bottomless lake.
Deliver them from the lion's mouth,
lest hell swallow them up,
lest they fall into darkness.

8 - Song of the Sibyl

Sibyl:

Happy are the dead who die
into death!

In the name of Demeter
let a sacrifice be arranged!

Mortal, I came to die.
I went to hell where
I guided Aeneas.
I used to prophesize at the doors of hell

Let us have a sacrifice of three time nine bulls
with white hair, shining,
and with beautiful horns...

He said:

- I want do go down close
to the ghosts of Averno!
- I will take you to the kingdom
that forms the last section of the world.
There, the elm and the dreams,
the ghosts and the images, tears.
Oh my father!
What do souls ask from water ?
To pass.
To die.
In hell, I supplicated the dead:
- I want to die.
But I would not die.
Then, in the night of hell
I would turn towards all the
gods, numberless, who were
dead and who were
wandering endlessly on the
black bank.
- Oh, dead gods
you who are standing on the
bank of Erebe, I who is only
the prophetess through which
you speak
I, as you did, desire to die.
But I would not die.

Chorus:

Fate of those who learn only
after, what was born,
each the place to reach,
those who learn after...

Jadis hurlante je dictais leurs
livres aux anciens rois.
Maintenant gémissante
je pousse les roseaux,
j'incline les cannes,
je me fraie un chemin obscur
parmi les joncs,
je me dirige vers la barque
crevée qui ne coule jamais.
Je suis tombée contre le flanc de
bois de la barque infernale.

Je m'adresse aux ombres
qui passent.
Je m'adresse à Charun nu,
aux syrinx qui bruissent.
Je m'adresse aux répercussions
des ombres qui affluent
sur les crêtes innombrables
des vagues.
Je tends les mains vers elles.
Je me tiens désormais à genoux
dans la boue de la rive.
Je dis :
– Ô Mort! Ouvre la gueule!
Engloutis-moi! Dans le lac noir
noie-moi!

δός μοι
τὸ τοῦ βίου τέμα
ἐν τῷ θανάτῳ

Chœur:
Hostias et preces tibi
Domine laudis
offerimus
tu suscipe pro animabus
illis quarum hodie
memoriam faciemus

Chœur:
Libera animas omnium
fidelium defunctorum
de poenis inferni et de
profundo lacu

Chœur:
Fac eas Domine
de morte transire
ad vitam

Long ago, howling, I dictated
their books to the ancient kings.
Now, moaning,
I push away reeds,
I incline canes,
I open up an obscure path,
in the middle of rush,
I head towards the punctured
bark that never sinks.
I fell against the wooden flank
of the infernal bark.

I address the passing
shadows.
I address Charun, naked,
the syrinxes that swish.
I address the repercussions of
the shadows that flow on the
countless crests of the waves.
I reach out my hands
towards them.
Now I sit on my knees in the
mud of the river.
I say:
- O Death! Open your mouth!
Devour me! In the black lake,
drown me!

Grant me the end of life
in the death.

Chorus:
We offer to you, O Lord,
sacrifices and prayers.
Receive them on behalf of
those souls whom we
commemorate today.

Chorus:
Deliver the souls of all the
faithful dead from the pains
of hell and from the deep
lake.

Chorus:
Let them, Lord,
pass from death
to life.

IV. SANCTUS

9 - Sanctus

Soprano:

Sanctus Sanctus Sanctus
Dominus Deus Sabaoth
Pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua!

David:

Sanctus Sanctus Sanctus
Dominus Deus, Gloria tua!

Chœur:

Pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua!
Sanctus Sanctus Sanctus
Dominus Deus Sabaoth
Hosanna in excelsis!

Soprano:

Sanctus Sanctus Sanctus
Dominus Deus Sabaoth
Gloria tua! Gloria Gloria Gloria!

10 - Chant de David

David:

Je suis rentré dans l'abîme des eaux
et le flot me submerge, ma gorge me brûle.
Mon âme attend, Seigneur, plus que le veilleur.
Ultime pâques où la voix est le seul viatique,
là où l'obscurité est le seul avenir.
Des profondeurs je crie vers toi,
Seigneur écoute ma voix !
Exaudi vocem meam!
Seigneur écoute ma voix!
Chaque fois que je crie tu es ce qui m'entend.
A ce qui m'entendit je dis Tu.
Ainsi les jours où j'ai crié, Seigneur, tu m'exauças.

Chœur:

Ἐκ τοῦ βάθους τῆς ψυχῆς μου
φωνή τις ἀνήρχετο,
τήνδε τὴν ἰκεσίαν ἰεῖσα·
Μακάριοι οἱ τεθνεώτες
οἱ ἐν τῷ θανάτῳ ἀποθνήσκουσιν.

David:

Rémission pour les péchés!
Pardon pour les offenses!
Repos pour le corps, les besoins et les sens!
Dicit:
Aucun de ceux qui vivent et croient en moi
ne mourra pour toujours.

IV. SANCTUS

9 - Sanctus

Soprano:

Holy, holy, holy,
Lord God of hosts.
Heaven and earth are filled with thy glory.

David:

Holy, holy, holy,
Lord God, thy glory!

Chorus:

Heaven and earth are filled with thy glory
Holy, holy, holy,
Lord God of hosts.
Hosanna in the highest!

Soprano:

Holy, holy, holy,
Lord God of hosts.
Thy glory! Glory, glory, glory!

10 - Song of David

David:

I entered the abyss of waters
and the flood submerges me, my throat burns.
My soul is waiting, Lord, more so than the watchman.
Final Passover where my voice is the unique viaticum,
there, where darkness is the only future.
Out of the depths, I shout towards you,
Lord listen to my voice!
Listen to my voice!
Lord listen to my voice!
Each time I shout you are what hears me.
To what has heard me, I say Thou.
Thus, the days I shouted, Lord, you bestowed me.

Chorus:

From the depth of my soul
a voice was rising up
that implored:
Happy are the dead
who die into death.

David:

Pardon for the sins!
Absolve for the offended!
Rest for the body, the needs and the senses!
He said:
None of those who live and believe in me
will die for ever.

11 - Benedictus

David:

Benedictus qui venit
in nomine Domini
Hosanna in excelsis

Chœur:

ἀποθανεῖν θέλω

V. AGNUS DEI

12 - Agnus Dei

Chœur:

Agnus Dei
qui tollis peccata mundi
dona eis requiem.
Dona eis requiem sempiternam.

13 - Dona eis requiem

David:

Dona eis requiem
non mori
A porta inferi erue
Domine
animam!

Agnus Dei
Dona requiem Domine
non mori

Sibylle:

ἀγνός τοῦ θεοῦ
ἀγνός ἀγνός τοῦ θεοῦ
ὁ αἰρῶν τὰς ἀμαρτίας τοῦ
κόσμου
δός μοι τὸν θάνατον
ἀγνός τοῦ θεοῦ
δός μοι τὸν θάνατον

ἔμοι ἀνοιξόν ποτε
τὰς πύλας τὰς τὸν θανάτου
δός μοι τὸν θάνατον

Chœur:

αμήν

11 - Benedictus

David:

Blessed is he who comes
in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest!

Chorus:

I want to die!

V. AGNUS DEI

12 - Agnus Dei

Chorus:

Lamb of God, who takes away
the sins of the world,
grant them rest.
Grant them rest forever.

13 - Dona eis requiem

David:

Grant them rest.
To not die.
From the door of hell,
Lord,
tear off the soul!

Lamb of God,
give rest, Lord,
to not die!

Sibyl:

Lamb of God,
Lamb, lamb of God,
who takes away the sins of
the world,
give me death!
Lamb of God,
give me death!

Open for me, at last,
the doors of death!
Give me death!

Chorus:

Amen.

CRITICAL ACCLAIM

Thierry Lancino

REQUIEM

On an original libretto by Pascal Quignard
Commissioned by Radio France, the French Ministry of Culture
and the Koussevitsky Foundation



Thierry Lancino © Steven Chaitoff

Heidi Grant Murphy, soprano - Nora Gubisch, mezzo-soprano
Stuart Skelton, tenor - Nicolas Courjal, bass

Radio France Chorus and Philharmonic Orchestra

Eliahu Inbal, direction

World premiere, Salle Pleyel, Paris - January 8, 2010

CRITICAL ACCLAIM

Leaving Pleyel, one has only one desire: to listen again to this Requiem as soon as possible !

(Forum Opera - 1/8/10)

“ At last a great contemporary work that can touch the largest public. An event, there is no doubt! [...] Lancino has a sharp sense of the theatrical time, of rupture, of declamation that music, relentlessly magnifies. The Requiem lasts about 1h 20, and attention never drops. [...] The public, very concentrated, full of attention, in an almost pious silence is not fooled, and lets itself be invaded by this music which has transcended the schools and radiates with beauty.”

Marcel Quillévére ([Forum Opera](#) - January 8,2010)

“ Lancino has succeeded, as he wished *“to reach (inside every one) these remote territories where soul takes shelter”*. And, to have tried to touch the mystery of Death, really, it is Life that he chants in this beautiful Requiem. ”

Marcel Quillévére ([Forum Opera](#) - January 8,2010)

“ Impressive work by Thierry Lancino. This is a real stroke of genius to have convened David and the Sibyl. ”

Jean Pierre Derrien ([France Musique](#) - January 8,2010)

“ To introduce the oracular voice of the Sibyl in the course of the mass for the dead, is just one of the numerous originalities of the Requiem by Thierry Lancino. [...] The score written by the 55 year old French composer residing in the U.S. shows great dramatic qualities. [...] As little dogmatic as the text used, Thierry Lancino's music scans a vast esthetical field without ever sounding hybrid. ”

Pierre Gervasoni ([Le Monde](#) - January 10,2010)

“ This eighty minute score distinguishes itself by its sincere fervor, its sense of drama, its capacity to handle masses of sounds. ”

Christian Merlin ([Le Figaro](#) - January 11, 2010)

“ But if he does not turn down spectacular effects that can produce such a vocal and instrumental mass, [...] Lancino succeeds possibly even better along the pages of contemplation and of sparseness. [...] The public, on Friday evenings at Pleyel, accustomed to Mozart or Verdi Requiem, gave a great welcome to the composer and the performers. ” **Simon Corley** ([ConcertoNet](#) - January 8, 2010)

“ What strikes us first in this new score, is its extreme freedom in the writing and its great variety of tone. The vocal writing, often opulent is remarkably defended by Radio France Chorus. [...] A beautiful unity of inspiration the composer maintains throughout his new work conducted with the highest care by Eliahu Inbal. ”

Jacques Doucelin ([Concert Classic](#) - January 8, 2010)

“ Disturbing or thrilling, exasperating or enchanting, Thierry Lancino's Requiem does not leave the listener indifferent. And this is what is essential for a premiere. ” **Maxime Kaprielian** ([Resmusica](#) - 1/11, 2010)

“An immense composer triumphs at Pleyel. [...] The great merit of Thierry is to have been able to escape the path where his masters had engaged music from the last sixty years. ”

Jean-Michel Bélouve ([Agora Vox](#) - January 11, 2010)

FULL REVIEWS (selection)

FORUM OPERA - Magazine

A Requiem of today open on life

At last a great contemporary work that can touch the largest public. An event, there is no doubt! The premiere of a Requiem at the beginning of the XXIst century can astound us. Furthermore, a premiere that calls to Salle Pleyel four renowned singers, the Radio France Philharmonic Orchestra in its full complement (even more !), as well as the chorus, also in its full strength, is not common. Furthermore, the composer is not that well known and one is astounded to see such a large crowd in the hall.

At the sight of such an apparatus that reminds us of the great Requiems of music history, we expect a traditional symphonic concert. However, as soon as it starts, we know that we are about to attend a strong and uncommon work, if only by the impressive impact of thirteen calls of the gongs, Tibetan bowls, tubular bell and bass drums that start and announce the great curse of the Cumean Sibyl : "The fates leave to the dead only silence that engulfs them."

The percussion is going to play, by the way, an essential role throughout the work. The rhythmic hammering, tragic or exuberant, the relentless scansion is going to underlie the construction all through the evening, except a few suspended moments favorable to meditation and of an absolute beauty. The composer invites us to a long march which is the one of any life towards the inevitable event that one calls death.

The Sibyl, in a libretto imagined by Pascal Quignard, is going to be confronted to David. The world of the dead which seeks annihilation, of which Sibyl belongs, collides into the choice of David to aspire to a promise of eternal life. "The score moves on, step after step" the composer says, but the music will not choose" and the listener will remain alone facing this only questioning. Pascal Quignard makes it clear: "I don't want to have to choose between Sibyl and David. I want to leave face to face these two desires."

Curiously it is a vital energy that flows out from this confrontation, leaving the figure of God as outside of the debate, in these traditional texts of the religious ritual. The declamation sung in ancient Greek or in Latin remind us of this quest that goes way far back in the course of human kind.

It is not a Requiem mass, but indeed a long meditation, almost theatrical, where the concert is indeed the only ritual, a bit in the manner of the German Requiem by Brahms which was also not a sacred service. Lancino has a sharp sense of the theatrical time, of rupture, of declamation that music, relentlessly magnifies.

The Requiem lasts about 1h 20 and, and attention never drops. The remarkable conducting by Eliahu Inbal, at the head of the totally invested Philharmonic Orchestra, is essential to it. It needed a great Malherian conductor, as he is, to lead such a vessel to the harbor. And the public, very concentrated, full of attention, in an almost pious silence is not fooled, and let itself be invaded by this music which has transcended the schools and radiates with beauty. Here is at last a work of "contemporary" music (Ah such a mislead term) that goes directly to the heart. The public of Salle Pleyel, little familiar with concerts of IRCAM and riveted by the work, has not spared its applause at the final bow, especially towards the composer.

Leaving Pleyel, one has only one desire: to listen again to this Requiem as soon as possible. Desire to be immersed again in the Dies Irae which is not foreign to the Symphony of Psalms, the poignant Ingemisco sung pianissimo by the soprano Heidi Grant Murphy, with her flute like high register, above all of celli playing unison, and that divide only when the chorus makes its entry (the different sections of the Requiem succeeds to each other without transition and seem to give birth to each other, imperceptibly). Desire also of the Lacrymosa sung with great nobility by the bass Nicolas Courjal: magnificent timbre, flawless diction, with a projection that allows him to be heard above the orchestra at all times. Very beautiful also the Song of the Sibyl inserted in the Offertorium "Happy are the dead who sing in their death" (the voice of the mezzo Nora Gubisch seems not so at ease in a role that requests often the low register of a contralto, and where a more precise diction and well projected sound would be welcome). The tenor, Stuart Skelton, from whom we remember beautiful Florestan, sings the role of David with a beautiful legato and velvet in his voice. His "from the depth I shout towards you" above the dialogue of the bassoon, oboe and percussion is very moving. His song gives birth to a female chorus, unison, simple and obvious, just like a popular lament (Magnificent colors by the Radio France Chorus). And even if the Sanctus seems to come back to already heard plans in today's music, it opens suddenly on a luminous solo by the soprano, above the chorus, as the percussion moves ahead implacably. Yes, this work has transcended the schools and, as Lancino says, referring to Billy Wilder, as an amused blink, the seven years spent happily on the side of Pierre Boulez, at IRCAM were mostly "seven years of reflection ("seven year itch") ! (Lancino reside in Manhattan now: this explains that !)

Lancino has succeeded, as he wished "to reach (inside every one) these remote territories where soul takes shelter". And, to have tried to touch the mystery of Death, really, it is Life that he chants in this beautiful Requiem.

Marcel Quillévéré (Forum Opera - January 8, 2010)

LE MONDE

Requiem "tendance swing"

TO INTRODUCE the oracular voice of the Sibyl in the course of the mass for the dead, is just one of the numerous originalities of the Requiem by Thierry Lancino, which was premiered on Friday January 8th, in Salle Pleyel, in Paris. Deployed in a sumptuous prologue, the song of the prophetess (mezzo-soprano) who officiated in the bay of Naples, prepares the listener for a spiritual journey of the most enigmatic kind.

The composer Thierry Lancino has shuffled the cards of the Requiem genre, with the complicity of the writer Pascal Quignard. The exclamations of the Kyrie are, for example, projected before the "requiem aeternam" which traditionally opens the Introït. But the result is quite taking. As well as the Dies Irae, which seems to be invaded by a thick cloud of "feux follets" (little bursts of light at night in cemeteries) with a "tendency to swing". The score written by the 55 year old French composer residing in the U.S. shows great dramatic qualities. Often using previously unheard devices (the prepared piano evokes the cave of the Sibyl) but also sometimes in a very simple manner (the prayer sung a capella by the soprano). As little dogmatic as the text used, Thierry Lancino's music scans a vast esthetical field without ever sounding hybrid.

Pierre Gervasoni (Le Monde - January 10, 2010)

FRANCE MUSIQUE

An impressive work. [...]

This is the stroke of genius of Thierry Lancino and his librettist Pascal Quignard to have convened David and the Sibylle!

Jean-Pierre Derrien (France Musique - January 8, 2010)

LE FIGARO

THE FIRST REQUIEM OF THE XXI^e SIÈCLE

This eighty minute score distinguishes itself by its sincere fervor, its sense of drama, its capacity to handle masses of sounds.

Christian Merlin (Le Figaro - January 11, 2010)

AGORA VOX

Thierry Lincino : an immense French composer triumphs at Pleyel

[...] I have been fulfilled beyond all my hopes. Of course I was expecting an uncommon performance having listened to short musical excerpts offered by the site www.lincino.org in which I could already appreciate all the talent of this composer, who has an exceptional career bejeweled with diplomas and prizes. [...] Thierry can do everything: from music for soloists, for chamber ensemble, for the human voice, to works for large orchestra and most ambitious vocal compositions, and also musical synthesis. He masters perfectly instruments and voices, offers new sonorities, and truly invents music.

But the great merit of Thierry is to have been able to escape the path where his masters had engaged music from the last sixty years, under the influence of Boulez, Nono and other dodecaphonist composers. Music had become an esoteric language, hermetic to most of our ears, forced to the tyranny of the twelve successive different tones, a music which was pretending to include a coterie of the initiated and which, unfortunately, has chased listeners out of concert halls.

Through academic learning and his time spent at IRCAM, Thierry Lincino has acquired an exceptional know how as a composer and orchestrator, but also he invented his own language, which is made accessible to all ears. Doing that, he gave back contemporary music to great music, as Debussy, Ravel or Olivier Messiaen did themselves. With the Requiem, Thierry joins clearly the pantheon of these illustrious French composers.

All was magic during this gala evening at Salle Pleyel. The majestic frame of this mythical place for music, of course, the great Radio France Orchestra with its 120 musicians, its immense chorus, the only one in France with full salary, a very great conductor, Eliahu Inbal, excited, euphoric, more in shape than ever with his 73 years of age, living the music so much that as he was conducting, he was jumping like a kid, four inspired singers (I particularly appreciated the soprano Heidi Grant Murphy, with a voice both pure and with a marvelous agility, but the three others were also up to this remarkable group success).

The public was not misled: where dodecaphonists and other sorcerers of musical destruction capture barely a hundred listeners, cold and pedantic, Pleyel was packed on Friday evening. And the performers offered them exceptional music which is resolutely modern, with remarkable sound inventions. But it corresponds to what the ear of an ordinary music lover expects and understands, because it stimulates emotion, because it tells a story. A violent music sometimes, surprising by its dissonances, which are never gratuitous, because they express revolt or pain and therefore carry out a message; a dynamic music, supported by the richness of the percussions and the brass, which develops while captivating the listener, with no timeout, stimulating relentlessly emotions. Energetic passages alternate with long developments of meditation, where perfect fusion of instruments and voices decrescendo until there is only a murmur left, would evoke a heavenly infinity. There you have real music that speaks, that acts on the soul and on the senses, a harmony that brings you into a state of jubilation. Thank you Mister Lincino, you are saving music.

Jean-Michel Bélouve (Agora Vox - January 21, 2010)

CONCERTONET

Eternity and Nil

A contrasted beginning of the year for the two orchestras of Radio France: grand repertoire for the National Symphony, with its musical director, Daniele Gatti, music of our time for the Philharmonic, under the direction of Eliahu Inbal, with the world premiere of Requiem by Thierry Lancino (born in 1954). In order to realize this long term project, the French-American composer was granted a triple commission by the Koussevitzky Foundation, Radio France and the French Government. The work is written in the memory of Serge Koussevitzky, but also dedicated to Selam, little three year old Australopithecus girl, fossilized over three million years ago, and discovered in Ethiopia in 2000.

To the contrary of a good number of contemporary Requiems, this one by Lancino does not elude the Latin liturgy in five sections (Introit, Sequencia, Offertorium, Sanctus, Agnus Dei) but, in the way of Britten in his War Requiem, he inserts or superimposes other texts, in French - Pascal Quignard or the Ancient Testament - and in ancient Greek (based on oracles regarded as authentic of the Sibyl): a "Prologue" and a "Song of the Sibyl" and a "Song of David." The medieval "Dies Iræ" makes reference to both David and the Sibyl: it is this duality which inspired this Requiem, based on the opposition between the desire of life and the desire of death, between these two contradictory aspirations, eternity for the "harp" king, nil for the prophetess of Cumes, personified respectively by a tenor and by a mezzo, which contradict each other until the final duet "Dona eis requiem." Placed at the left hand of the conductor, the two "characters" are associated, on the right hand, to a soprano ("the human being, the cell, in its individuality and its suffering") and to a bass ("the warrior side of man, an extension of David").

Vocal quartet, large chorus and a Wagnerian orchestra, especially in the rank of the brass (eight horns, four of which are playing tenor tubas, bass trumpet, contrabass trombone), the ensemble requesting an additional proscenium: the workforce belonging explicitly in a long tradition of imposing requiems, including by its vast proportions (73 minutes). But if he does not turn down spectacular effects that can produce such a vocal and instrumental mass ("Dies irae", "Rex tremendae", "Confutatis"), Lancino succeeds possibly even better along the pages of contemplation and of sparseness, such as the "Ingemisco" sung by the soprano, joined by the only celli, or the "Agnus Dei", slow fugue a cappella, magnificently sung the the Radio France Chorus.

And it is as though he was working hard to deliberately scramble the tracks: to the philosophical syncretism of this Requiem, that mixes religious an pagan worlds, dead languages and the vernacular language, the sacred and the profane, even the religious service and the theater (the Prologue by Quignard starts with stage directions), corresponds a sound syncretism. Avoiding the pathos but not always truism, the music leaves rarely, not even in the "Sanctus", the colors lank and gloomy of the lamentation and the groaning, sometimes illuminated by the piano (prepared), the harps and a large array of percussion, performed by six musicians. Leaving looming most of the time an astute tonal ambiguity, the writing is sometimes openly consonant, as in the "Lacrimosa".

Assisted by an appropriate subtitle device and by an exemplary program note, always free, and so much more complete than many purchased programs - that one can find on the [composer's site](#), completed by numerous other documents and information - the public, on Friday evenings at Pleyel, accustomed to Mozart or Verdi Requiem, gave a great welcome to the composer and the performers. In this acoustic always difficult for voices, the bass Nicolas Courjal imposes himself more frankly than the tenor Stuart Skelton, while Nora Gubisch is as at ease in the incantations of the Sibyl as Heidi Grant Murphy is in the

disarray and hope of the human being.

Simon Corley (January 8, 2010)

CONCERT CLASSIQUE

Premiere of the Requiem by Thierry Lancino - A oratorio for the world

Churches might be empty since the middle of the XXth Century, but the Requiem, as a musical genre, dies hard. The proof is that spirituality keeps gnawing modern man. This is illustrated by masses for the dead written by Britten, Ligeti, Penderecki, Wolfgang Rihm or Rebotier. Nothing astounding therefore that Thierry Lancino (born in 1954) (picture), having reached the mastering of his art, would decide to challenge it in answering a commission offered by Radio France, the Koussevitzky Foundation and the Ministry of Culture, premiered at Salle Pleyel under the musical direction of Eliahu Inbal.

Twelve strokes of gong opens the ritual which ends seventy minutes later with a surprising Amen set on a consensual major chord. Between these two extremes, Thierry Lancino and his librettist Pascal Quignard unfold a sort of oratorio, according to the composer. Indeed, they follow from far away the traditional liturgy, adding to it two unusual biblical figures, the Sibyl from Cumes and David: the first one demands death as a solace for a life too long on earth, the second demands eternal life. One and the other will be satisfied at the end of the journey, if we trust the conclusion in major.

What strikes us first in this new score, is its extreme freedom in the writing and its great variety of tone. The vocal writing, often opulent and remarkably defended by Radio France Chorus, takes its roots in religious music, including the most ancient. The four soloists sing from the bare recitative to the aria the most ornamented, giving us the most beautiful surprises of the evening. I particularly think of the very intimate *Ingemisco* sung by the magnificent American soprano Heidi Grant Murphy accompanied by the only celli, as well as the emotionally wrought *Lacrimosa*, vast wailing of which the lamentation spreads into the chorus and the four soloists.

The Sibyl is sung by the French mezzo Nora Gubisch, with a somewhat arid timbre in the middle register, but who defends with bravery the oddness of her character. If David sung by Australian Stuart Skelton has a tendency to be overwhelmed by the orchestra, he shows a lot of brilliance in the upper register. French bass Nicolas Courjal gives simply the image of perfection in the respect of the style. The orchestral writing is more cosmopolitan, borrowing in the *Confutatis* a Japanese far east style, reflecting a kind of globalized side in the instrumentation. This does not affect the beautiful unity of inspiration the composer maintains throughout his new work conducted with the highest care by Eliahu Inbal at the command of the Radio France Philharmonic Orchestra.

Jacques Doucelin (Concertclassic - January 8, 2010)

See all the reviews on www.lancino.org

REQUIEM - VISITOR'S BOOK

C. C. January 9, 2010, at 01:57

Thank you again Maestro for this marvelous evening, we were "ore leonis". The Introitus and the Confutatis were particularly magnificent and poignant but also terrifying at times. I have found the libretto remarkable, and what a writing for the Sibyl and the chorus that served you remarkably. Same thing for the brass perfectly mastered by Inbal with a tension and a fantastic tragic progression. I am eager to have a recording, once one has listened to you Requiem, one desires to listen only to it. A thousand thank you, it was the great shiver. Very friendly and I wish you the best to come.

J. M. B. 12 janvier, à 13:36

You are henceforth at the Olympus of the greatest composers. Your Requiem is the equal to the greatest, I truly think. Bravo !

A. C. B. January 19, at 11:41

I have cried for this Requiem, you know, but what you may not know is that... I had no tears for the last ... almost 10 years!!!

Sadness, chagrin, so hard days, not enough nights to be appeased. Cried too much!! No more tears!!!. And I was hiding so well my emotions.

I am serene, calm and peaceful, now and I enjoy all pleasures available on earth. I was indeed ready to receive this Requiem as a gifts from the Gods. You probably are one of them, but you did not know.

So much joy in such a short time!!!

LIFE is precious.

LOVE is big and make us stronger.

And we all are PRINCES.

A. V. G. 10 janvier, à 10:49

Again thank you, and bravo for this moment of musical emotion, to rare these days. If a recording is published, let me know!

A. K.

What an extraordinary, overwhelming statement you've made,! Both gorgeous and so desolate, nothing extraneous, nothing missing, and a true sense of it's own scope and pacing from the very start. Truly expressive vocal writing, with such grounding from antiquity to today, without ever sounding like anyone else, a wonderful achievement - .and what a performance!!! I hope to hear it again very soon with translation of the new texts.

M. C.

This was the most heartfelt piece of music I've ever heard! Find it on Radio France. Perhaps it will be distributed elsewhere. Bravissimo!

A. C. le B. 10 janvier, à 08:27

I am very happy to have witnessed this Requiem. It was a great moment for me, a lot a lot of emotion!!! There has even been moments of happiness and so strong that tears came out naturally. The whole Requiem took shape in me. I love these sensations, they are so strong!! You know, to get back to the flyer, finally, I got used to it, and I even ended up liking it. But to be honest, it is only just after I have listened to this Requiem. I was understanding it at last!!

Thank you.

Long "life" to this Requiem.

M. B. 10 janvier, à 07:33

Your Requiem is a monument.

M. C.

This was the most heartfelt piece of music I've ever heard! Find it on Radio France. Perhaps it will be distributed elsewhere. Bravissimo!

C.

My body/mind responds to your music in a similar way to the traditional East Indian Spiritual Songs. They were intended to induce Spiritual revelations. I have experienced this. The chakras opening from the base of the body to the crown of the head. Your gift of these pieces is our secret.

L. B.

This is a seriously and spectacularly fabulous work. Wow!!!

A. S.

You must be swamped by messages and congratulations. It was indeed a very impressive evening, very dramatic. I am sure you were right to venture into a full-length work and do something traditional like that. It was of great beauty!

And I am sure that - in spite of the big forces involved - orchestras and promoters will want to program it.

C. E. O

Mr. Lancino, it is an honor to be one of your "FaceBook" friends. From what I have listened to regarding your music I am very impressed. You have broken a sound barrier as far as I can tell. To me you have captured the sound of "within". I very much appreciate your creations. Thank you.

A. M.

A definitve masterpiece. Thanks Thierry.

C. E. O.

I tried everything to connect with lacrimosa and to sibylle but to no avail. Will look forward to this soon though.

F. L. R. 9 janvier, à 09:36

Tu étais assailli d'admirateurs (-trices) hier au soir, et je suis heureux d'avoir pu te voir brièvement, et surtout d'avoir été des privilégiés qui ont pu entendre ta première ! Comme je te le disais après, j'ai adoré le "Lacrymosa" et l'Agnus Dei final... Merci encore.

D. D. 8 janvier, à 22:06

Merci pour ce merveilleux moment d'émotion. J'espère que nous avons été à la hauteur de l'œuvre ! Ayant été permanente aux jeunes solistes avant de rentrer à la radio il y a peu de temps, j'ai eu l'occasion de créer beaucoup d'œuvres contemporaines et j'ai le plaisir de constater que votre œuvre fait partie des plus belles que j'ai pu chanter. Encore merci et peut-être bientôt pour une autre collaboration. Cordialement et encore bravo.

T. P.

Et c'est bien pour ça qu'il nous faut le réécouter ! on attend le CD où la tournée interplanétaire ! Mais ça s'discute...la quinte à vide n'étant finalement qu'un accord parfait privée de sa tierce, tu nous a piégé l'oreille imparfaite ! Quand au 12 coups de grosse caisse qui sont 13...ça dépend si on compte le premier comme étant 0 ! ... ; -) Bon, OK, on s'en sort comme on peut !

T. P.

"La musique est l'ambiguïté érigée en système. Prends telle ou telle note. Tu peux la comprendre d'une façon ou d'une autre, selon ses rapports, la considérer comme haussée d'en bas ou diminuée d'en haut et tu peux, si tu es malin, user à ton gré de ce double sens..." le rapport est tout !... Thomas MANN "Docteur Faustus"

Voilà une critique à la mesure de votre œuvre. Emotion, puissance, vision, finesse de l'écriture (musicale mais aussi la magnifique plume de Quignard), ce Requiem m'a profondément touchée. Merci! A quand un CD?

J.

Cet article résume admirablement ce que je pense, je suis sûre que ton œuvre rentre maintenant dans la postérité, témoignage majeur de notre temps par sa profondeur, son originalité, son incroyable beauté qui met les cœurs et les sens à l'envers... bravissimo pour ce magnifique cadeau que tu as fait à tes auditeurs, vivement le disque pour revisiter, approfondir l'écoute.

Surtout n'ait pas la depression "postparturient".... mets toi à composer une nouvelle œuvre. Je t'embrasse très affectueusement, donne moi de tes nouvelles.

C.

Je viens de lire la critique très élogieuse du lien que vous avez ajouté à votre message: elle redit ce que je pense et fais preuve d'une grande lucidité quant au ressenti collectif. Une œuvre magnifique, un oratorio presque, qu'on a envie de réécouter à peine sorti de la salle. Ce matin encore des bribes de chœurs et de solo me trottaient dans la tête, alors je les chantonne! Quel dommage que la partition ne soit pas en vente encore, j'aurais pris beaucoup de plaisir à chanter les solos sopranos. J'assistais un jour aux répétitions de Maestro Inbal qui donnait le Requiem à la Mémoire d'un ange de Berg, il me demanda par la suite si cela n'était pas trop "difficile à l'oreille toutes ces dissonances". C'est beau, cela vous arrache les entrailles, pas un moment où l'on ne soit surpris et impliqué. On ne peut nier les grands chefs d'œuvres classiques mais la musique post-romantique et "contemporaine" (je n'aime pas ce mot-là) est bien supérieure, elle n'emprunte pas de détours pour parler aux émotions, elle fouille vos entrailles sans vous laisser de répit et on est livré à son soi profond sans ménagement. Les larmes? oui j'ai été très émue mais aussi remplie de joie et touchée parfois par la beauté de votre Requiem. Ce serait merveilleux de pouvoir l'entendre à nouveau. Vous avez reçu une demande d'amitié, je serais très honorée si vous l'acceptiez. Avec mon admiration et mes salutations cordiales,

J. B. 15 janvier, à 14:45

Thierry, vous êtes, avec ce requiem, devenu l'égal des plus grands. J'ai cité Debussy, Ravel et Messiaen. Vous reprenez le flambeau après cinquante années pendant lesquelles on a pu croire que la vraie musique était en perdition, en se coupant totalement des canons du beau et de son public naturel. A 54 ans, vous êtes jeune. Ne vous laissez pas emporter par le monde des people qui va vous assaillir, et continuez à créer.

READ THE REQUIEM FULL GUEST BOOK ON WWW.LANCINO.ORG