

Music beyond measure. Permanence of the musical myth.
When music no longer speaks only to our feelings or emotions, but to a distant, rediscovered memory.

This girl is possessed. The vestal of a proud ritual, she brandishes the moon-tambourine of the Gallic god Maponos, drunk with a sumptuous blasphemous incantation, invested with a wild and radiant joy. The pantheistic triumph of an untranslatable sacred song, whose voluptuous accents François-Bernard Mâche delivers and Françoise Kubler liberates the dazzled, forgotten emotion.

Music of the origins, of all times, born of a blood older than the stars. Mâche, ferryman, intercessor? At once the master of a lost and rediscovered duration, the chemist of a sound matter that is pregnant with new beginnings. One would have to coin the term "soprano-cosmogonic" to approach the incandescence of a song with high notes of lava, to describe the cultivated luminescence of the timbre, the iridescent modulations of subtle archaisms, the sinuosities revived and tamed. Kubler celebrates a devouring cult with the corrupting grace of a warrior goddess. The lost language of the Celts lives again in her, unsubdued and ever resurgent, nourishing milk, divine ambrosia. Mâche's music still has the power to belong to those who listen to it. And above all, it is free of all contingent references. Like its performer and dedicatee...

Roland Duclos, La Montagne, 13 or 14 June 2005