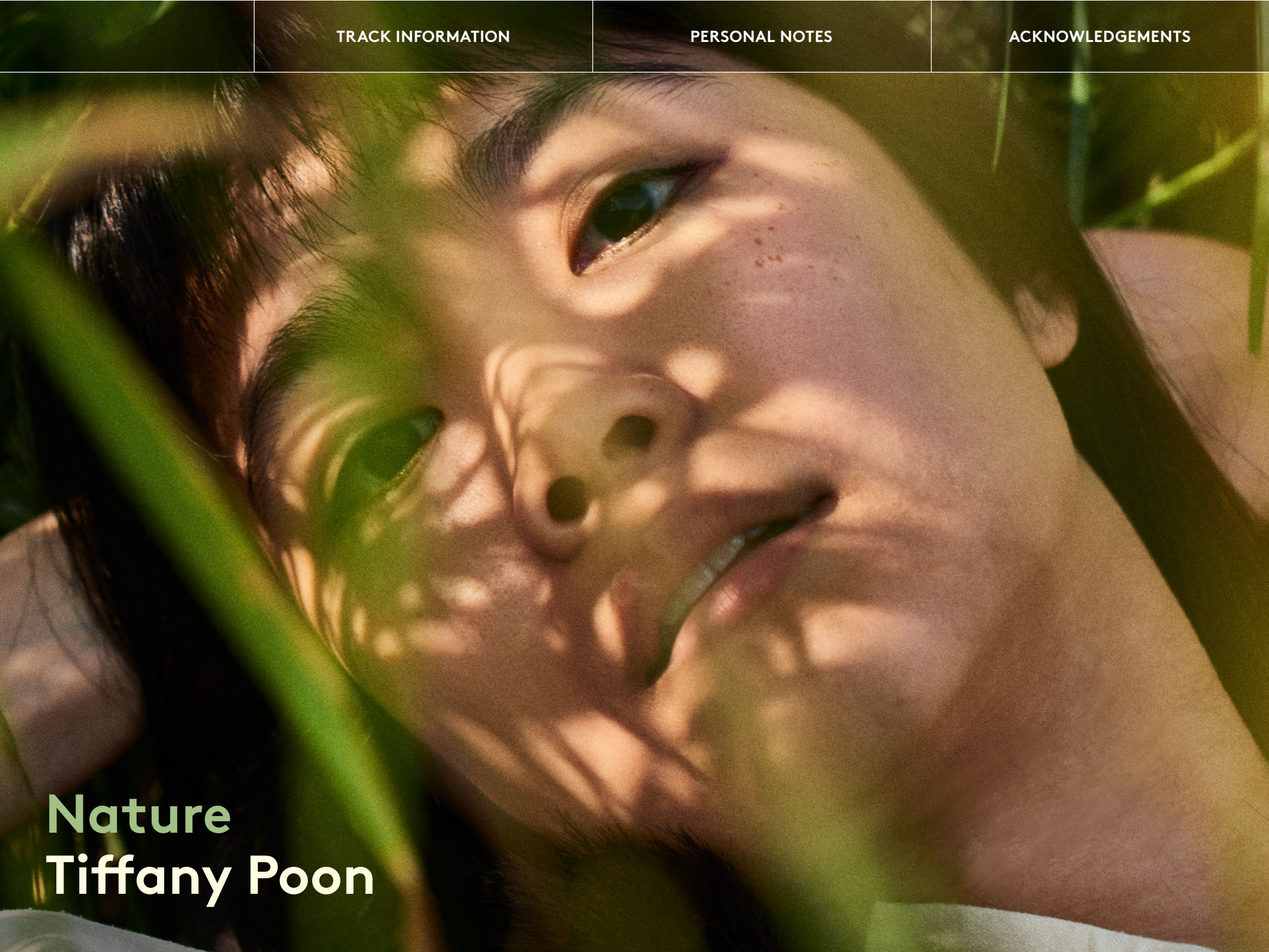


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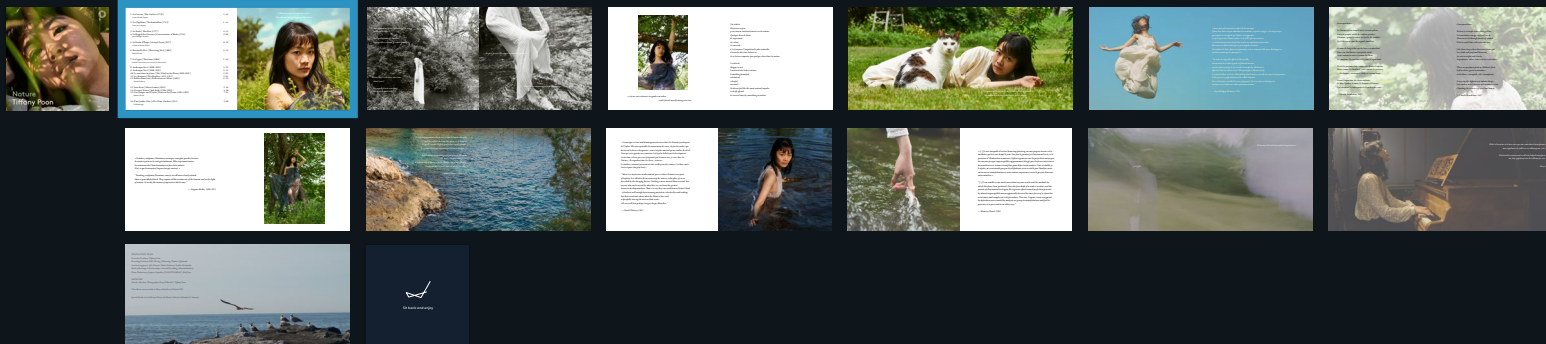
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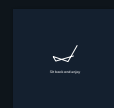
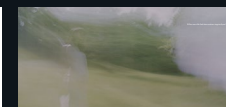
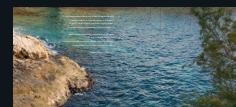
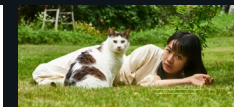
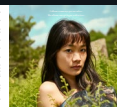
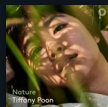
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS



Nature Tiffany Poon

1. Le Coucou The Cuckoo (1735)	1. 49
Louis-Claude Daquin	
2. Les Papillons The Butterflies (1713)	1. 44
François Couperin	
3. La Poule The Hen (1727)	4. 53
4. Le Rappel des Oiseaux Conversations of Birds (1724)	3. 08
Jean-Philippe Rameau	
5. Le Festin d'Ésope Aesop's Feast (1857)	8. 38
Charles-Valentin Alkan	
6. Barcarolle No.1 Boat Song No.1 (1881)	5. 25
Gabriel Fauré	
7. Le Cygne The Swan (1886)	2. 49
Camille Saint-Saëns, arr. Lucien Garban (1951)	
8. Arabesque No.1 (1888-1891)	3. 52
9. Arabesque No.2 (1888-1891)	3. 15
10. Le vent dans la plaine The Wind in the Plain (1888-1891)	2. 03
11. Les Bruyères The Heather (1911-1912)	3. 01
12. Reflets dans l'eau Reflections on Water (1905)	5. 29
Claude Debussy	
13. Jeux d'eau Water Games (1901)	5. 16
14. Oiseaux Tristes Sad Birds (1904-1905)	4. 38
15. Une Barque sur l'Océan Boat on the Ocean (1904-1905)	7. 11
Maurice Ravel	
16. D'un Jardin Clair Of a Clear Garden (1911)	2. 08
Lili Boulanger	







...et je me suis retrouvée à regarder un arbre.

...and I found myself staring at a tree.

J'ai réalisé:

Heureuse ou pas,

je me tourne instinctivement vers la nature.

Quelque chose de beau,

de suprenant,

de coloré,

de musical...

C'est toujours l'impulsion la plus naturelle,

d'avoir la tête dans la lune et

de se laisser emporter par quelque chose dans la nature.

I realized:

Happy or not,

I instinctively look at nature.

Something beautiful,

whimsical,

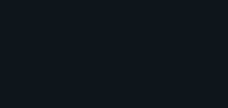
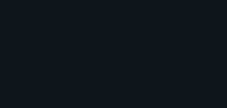
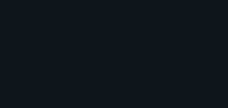
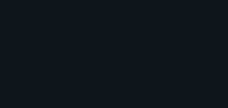
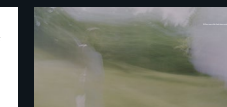
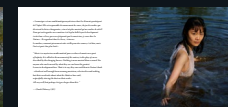
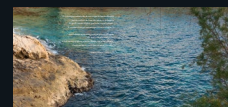
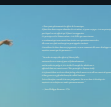
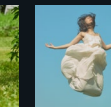
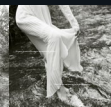
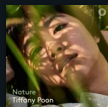
colorful,

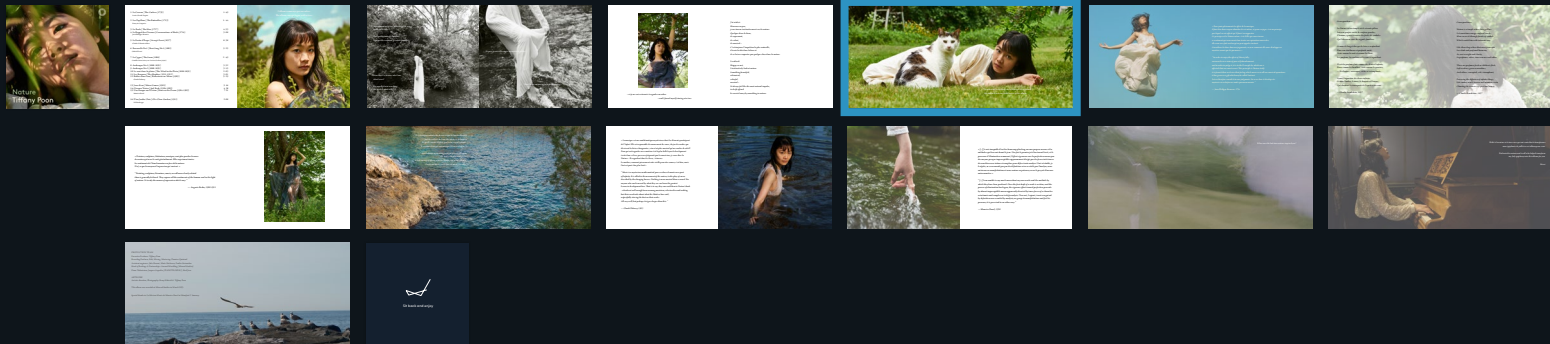
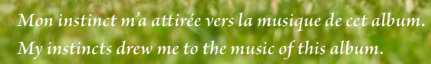
musical...

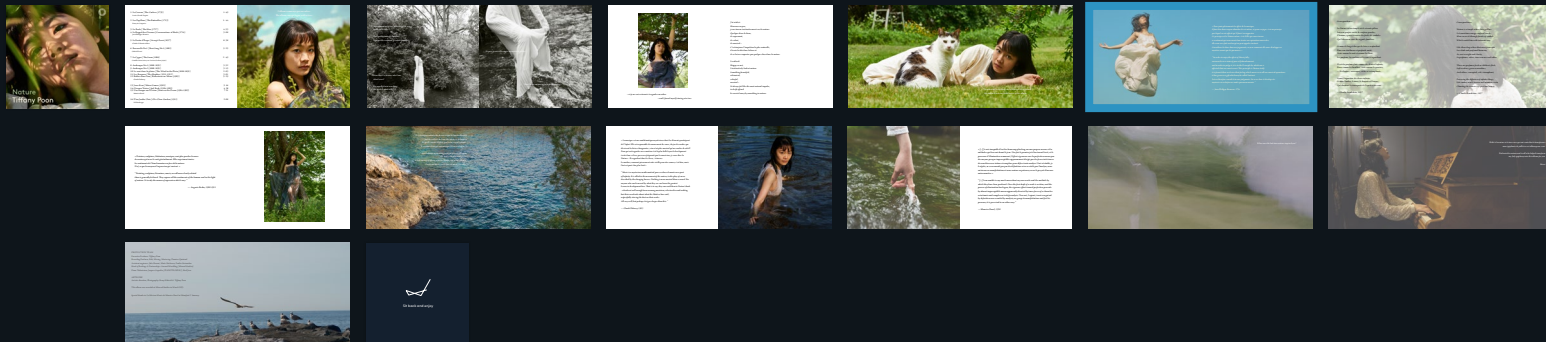
It always feel like the most natural impulse,

to drift off and

be carried away by something in nature.







Correspondances

La Nature est un temple où de vivants piliers
 Laissent parfois sortir de confuses paroles;
 L'homme y passe à travers des forêts de symboles
 Qui l'observent avec des regards familiers.

Comme de longs échos qui de loin se confondent
 Dans une ténébreuse et profonde unité,
 Vaste comme la nuit et comme la clarté,
 Les parfums, les couleurs et les sons se répondent.

Il est des parfums frais comme des chairs d'enfants,
 Doux comme les hautbois, verts comme les prairies,
 — Et d'autres, corrompus, riches et triomphants,

Ayant l'expansion des choses infinies,
 Comme l'ambre, le musc, le benjoin et l'encens,
 Qui chantent les transports de l'esprit et des sens.

— Charles Baudelaire, 1857

Correspondences

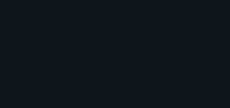
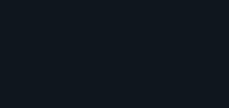
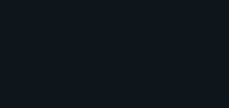
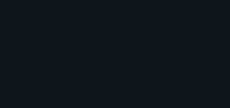
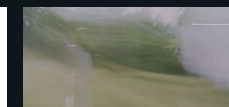
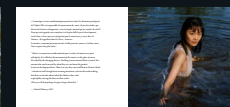
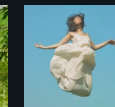
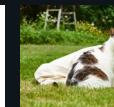
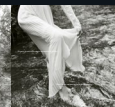
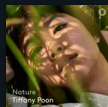
Nature is a temple where living pillars
 Let sometimes emerge confused words;
 Man crosses it through forests of symbols
 Which watch him with intimate eyes.

Like those deep echoes that meet from afar
 In a dark and profound harmony,
 As vast as night and clarity,
 So perfumes, colors, tones answer each other.

There are perfumes fresh as children's flesh,
 Soft as oboes, green as meadows,
 And others, corrupted, rich, triumphant,

Possessing the diffusion of infinite things,
 Like amber, musk, incense and aromatic resin,
 Chanting the ecstasies of spirit and senses.

— Charles Baudelaire, 1857

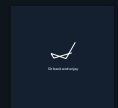
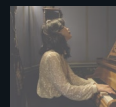
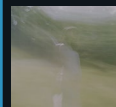
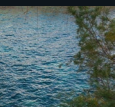
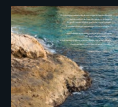
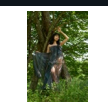
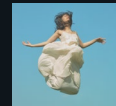
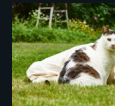




« [...] Je suis incapable d'en dire beaucoup plus long sur mes propres œuvres et les méthodes qui leur ont donné le jour. Une fois le premier jet d'un travail écrit, et le processus d'élimination commencé, l'effort rigoureux vers la perfection avance par des moyens presque imperceptibles apparemment dirigés par des forces intérieures de caractère assez intime et complexe pour défier toute analyse. L'art véritable, je le répète, ne se reconnaît pas par des définitions ni ne se révèle par l'analyse; nous saisissons ses manifestations et nous sentons sa présence; on ne le perçoit d'aucune autre manière. »

“ [...] I am unable to say much more about my own works and the methods by which they have been produced. Once the first draft of a work is written, and the process of elimination has begun, the rigorous effort toward perfection proceeds by almost imperceptible means apparently directed by inner forces of a character so intimate and complex as to defy analysis. True art, I repeat, is not recognized by definitions nor revealed by analysis; we grasp its manifestations and feel its presence; it is perceived in no other way. ”

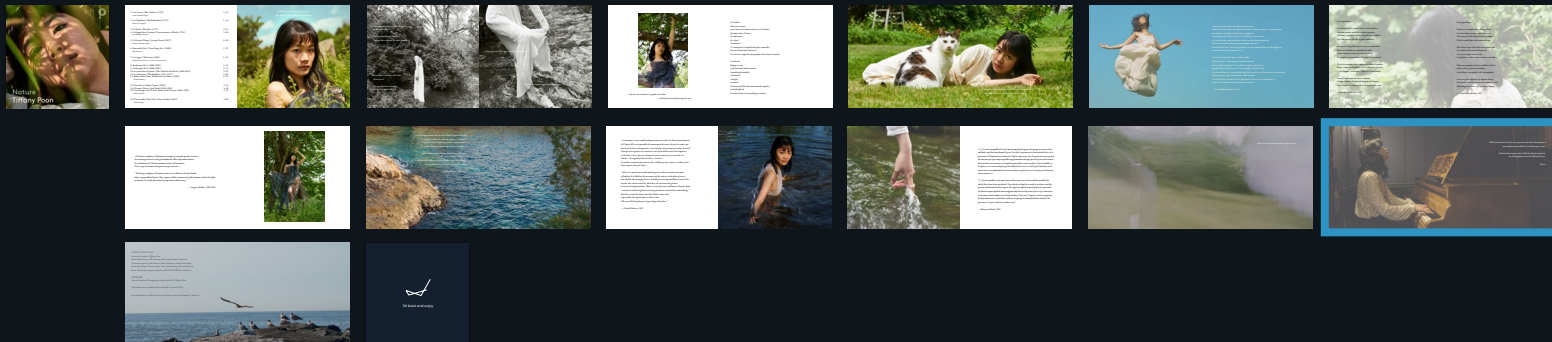
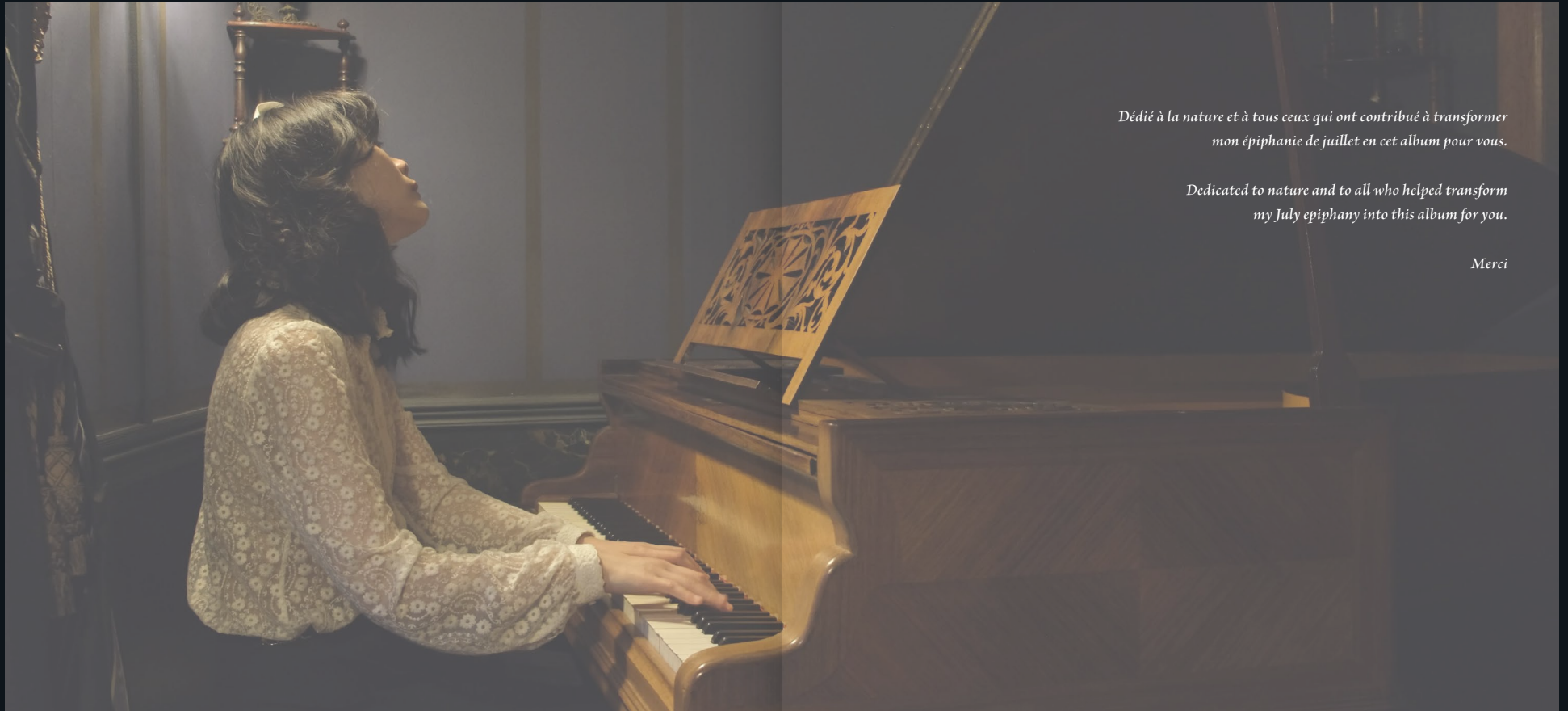
— Maurice Ravel, 1928



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PRODUCTION TEAM

Executive Producer: Tiffany Poon

Recording Producer, Edit, Mixing, Mastering: Damien Quintard

Assistant engineers: Jules Bonnet, Matis Herbouze, Paulin Guiraudon

Head of Bookings & Partnerships: Arnaud Merckling (Miraval Studios)

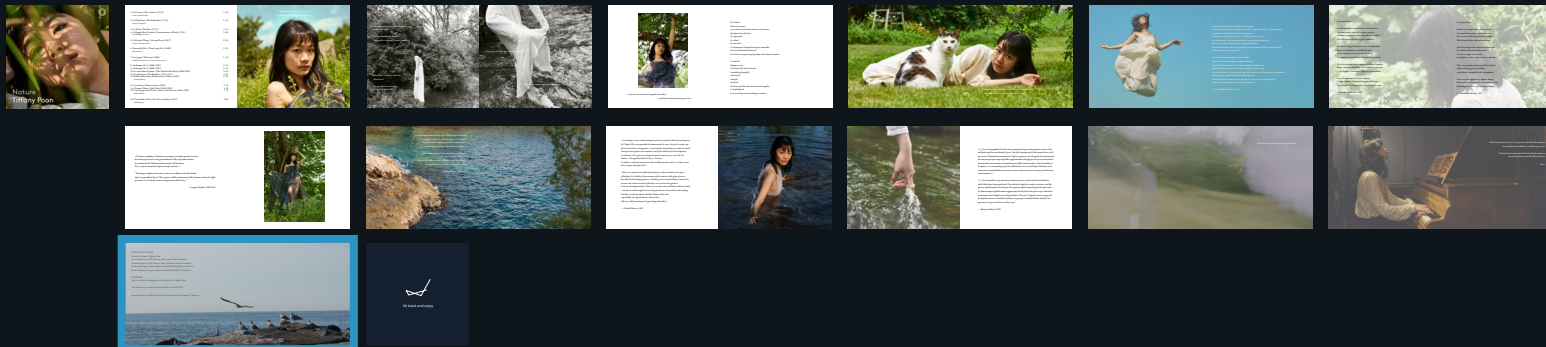
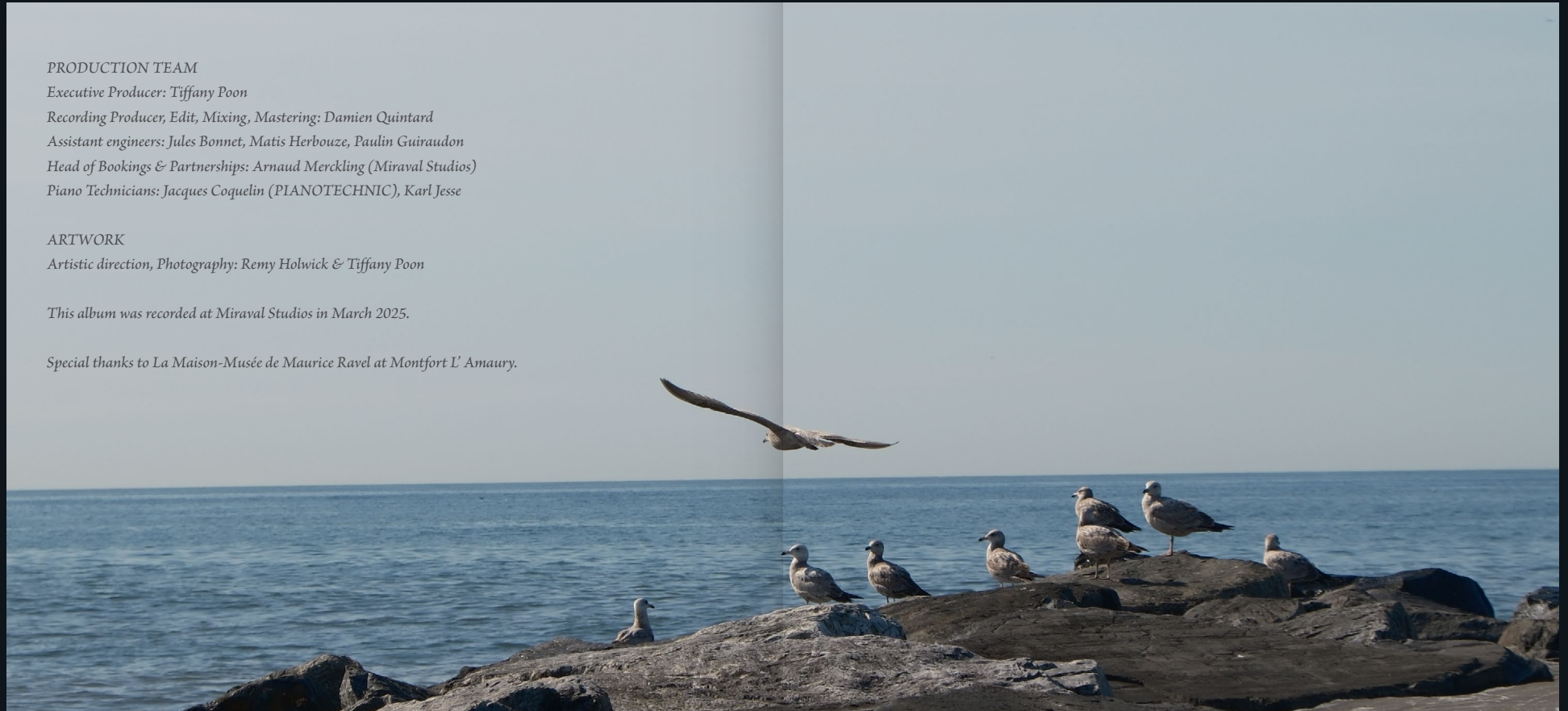
Piano Technicians: Jacques Coquelin (PIANOTECHNIC), Karl Jesse

ARTWORK

Artistic direction, Photography: Remy Holwick & Tiffany Poon

This album was recorded at Miraval Studios in March 2025.

Special thanks to La Maison-Musée de Maurice Ravel at Montfort L' Amaury.





Sit back and enjoy

