


BRUT DE  
BRATSCH  
1973 → 2013



Homeless on our feet,  
with the open sky in our head...

Gil Pressnitzer  
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1975. Bernard Davois, Dan Gharibian, Alex (G rard Itic) and Bruno Girard.

## First Encounters

During the summer of 1970, we were travelling through the seaside resorts on the Atlantic coast. Back then Andean music was popular. We were playing under the name of *Los Vidaleros* (later named *Los Borrachitos*), the Vidalas, Huaynos, Cuecas and other names of dances and songs from the culture of south Amer-Indians. Bernard Nomim  played the Quena, Bernard Davois the Skikus and Zampo as, Bruno Girard the guitar or the Charango, his brother Jacques Girard the Bombo and yours truly, G rard Itic, on the upright bass. Multi-talented, we were also playing some New Orleans style music under the name of the *Les Joyeux Croutons*: Bernard Nomim  at the trombone, Bernard Davois and Bruno Girard at the clarinets and the same G rard Itic on the same upright bass. We were playing for tips at night in the cafes along the beaches.

When we arrived at Saint-George-de-Didonne, the Girard brothers talked to the local priest. He let us use his garage. There, we settled

into a routine. However, one night, we decided to try the casino where they had a show every night. The owner agreed to give us a try. While going in, we passed in front of the bouncer, a quite impressive fellow with a sinister look to him. I was the last one in... and he talked to me with his deep voice as we were leaving: "Hey you guys! Wait! I'm going to get my guitar!" I didn't answer, thinking to myself that a bouncer could probably only be good enough to play a few notes... Here he is with us in our garage: he starts playing and singing, surprisingly well. The *Tango corse* (that you shouldn't play in front of people from Corsica), the *Blouse du dentiste*, we were having fun, playing our tunes also. Towards the end of the evening, he turns to himself and hums a few songs in his beard, thinking "nobody knows *Mama or Ya Shoullica lioubliou*." Indeed, nobody knows them except me, I tell him: "Hey! I know that! It's from the Dimitrievitch! It's great, I love it!" and we go on talking about all the Tziganes tunes that we know and that we like. I love this guy!

We come back to the garage several time before the end of our vacation, and after August 15<sup>th</sup> we all scattered. Dan Gharibian, who was the bouncer I talked about, returns home in Lyon. The others continued their vacations elsewhere and I go back to England. In the beginning of September, *Los Vidaleros* met again at Bernard Nominé's house in Noisy-le-sec, to rehearse seriously Andean music and to build a strong repertoire to play with a Quena player and singer friend of ours Alain Doumenjou, under the name of *Los Borrachitos*. It's January 1971: Dan comes up to Paris where he works as a driver and deliveryman (one day I even helped him deliver furniture). We were happy to meet again at Bernard's. We hire Dan as a guitarist. In between concerts of Andean music, Dan and I start to work on Russian, Tzigane, and Romanian tunes because we find the South American music very pretty but kind of always the same. Dan introduced me to the wondrous music of Djuri: What a delight! Dan and I started arriving later and later to the Andean music concerts. Once, the others even scolded us.

Finally, we asked Bruno and Bernard if they'd like to be part of a band playing Central European music and songs. They said yes: Bratsch was born!  
Alex (Gérard Itic)



**1976.** Dan Gharibian, Bruno Girard, Alex (Gérard Itic) Bernard Davois and Norbert Aboudarham.

## Bratsch – My Lazy Way Out

1972. After six months of an unlikely apprenticeship in social-cultural work, I landed in a wonderful small town as a director in a youth cultural center. The place was reopening its doors after a long, enigmatic closure. The reopening is happening under strict supervision. Politicians from all sides were on the lookout. A lawyer henchman for the Gaullist mayor, a priest operating the chamber of commerce, a bigot trade union activist in love with moral values, and the president for the National Treasury (a volunteer) to monitor the use of public funds! In such a crowded environment I feel intensely lonely and I quickly realize that I am missing some tools for building warmer relationships in this charming village. It becomes clearer to me that I have to get the help of musicians to build some bridges. Easier said than done... At that time, I came across a few itinerant performers: a ragtime composer, a Faton Cahen, a Jacques Vidal. And I don't know a thing about their customs and practices. I am quite sure that all you need to do is give them food for them to start singing... kind of like

sparrows in some ways. At that time, there was no Internet, so musicians ruined themselves on mail-outs in an effort to get potential gigs. Like most of the small-time promoters, I'm overwhelmed with excessive mail and parcels (vinyl discs, cassettes, glossy brochures, or single mimeographed letters, etc.). So why, under this avalanche of propositions, was I seduced by Bratsch? As far as I can remember, it was without a doubt a catchy document; but even more so, on a landline phone, I listened to a convincing communicator, who had the answers to all my doubts, to all the questions and concerns of a young promoter! And this is how I welcomed Bratsch for the first time. It was one of the first events I organized. I was sick with worry... Those unreasonably bearded musicians, also new to this business, understand what is at stake. To show their support, they start playing for fun in the streets of the town, which at the same time allowed me to take a stand on the social chessboard of this little community. A few months later, in the heart of winter, the need to present a warm-hearted concert to

the population prompts me to call again upon Bruno, Norbert and Cie. Despite Siberian weather, away from Paris, on the way drinking pousse-rapière and café-calva, the musicians arrive in peak condition. The residents, the Romorantins, adored the music of the Parisian Tziganes, and the concert was extended by encore after encore! Because of that evening, I started, without expecting it, a series of concerts, royally displeasing the local authorities. Later on, in another community, a right wing mayor (maybe) who just attended a concert of our heralds confided to me: "It doesn't help my business that you get such a big group of people in such a cordial and incredible ambiance... but please keep going!" In Romorantin and elsewhere, how many times did I invite my mercenaries armed with their instruments, their strange repertoire, and their sound, that didn't sacrifice anything? It doesn't matter! Twice in Sologne and Savoie, we had to force our way into the doors of a home for young workers – workers who were dealing with unemployment, the lack of job security, hard times. Bratsch did

it! Did we need to enter this psychiatric hospital despite the threat of a religious community? With Bratsch we did it, while the reporter that was with us held back. In a time where rap music wasn't yet an option, whom could I send to do the bad deed to conquer the angry kids in the neighborhoods we call rough? Bratsch of course. Despite the time that has passed, I still see Dan sweating on stage, smiling and proud to have appeased Mamadou, Kevin and Larbi, the ones who were left behind. After bitter negotiations with the work council of a great foundry, my mission was to organize a festive-cultural concert for the workers of this factory. The mission comes with a condition: The musicians will have to promote the concert playing in front of the factory during the workers' shift-change, that is to say at 7 a.m.! Who agreed to do it? Bratsch. It's cold out, Bruno teases his violin with gloves on, and Pierre moans a bit... We are all stunned by a huge group of men dressed in blue who entered the factory and those who were coming out exhausted by their hard work by the furnaces.

In all those special circumstances and many others, I could count on Bratsch. Without displaying any displeasure, on every occasion they have done the job beautifully, often with humor and elegance. To this fieldwork, we can add the exceptional concerts, those wonderful festive evenings visited by abundant and eclectic audiences. If we had to recall only one of those magical moments, it is without a doubt the early release, the sneak preview, that the Bratsch offered us in our little theater as they prepared for two months their big show at the Olympia Theatre in Paris. For a variety of reasons, this concert was going to happen without any promotion whatsoever, only by word of mouth! The evening of the show, the director's wonderful feeling of anxiety takes possession of me. It's a stampede! There are many more people than the theater can reasonably handle. Today we would not let this happen. I have to admit that night we were not reasonable; everybody did find a spot to hear this moment of grace. Even though that evening Dan wasn't wearing the same outfit he was

to wear at the Olympia (private joke), the concert was memorable – a good omen for the next week coming at the Boulevard des Capucines. We offered the musicians a swimming pool of champagne. In exchange they offered back to the public many shots of eau de vie de grain. Many left that night with special memories they were sure to remember forever! Whatever the circumstances, calling on Bratsch was for me a sort of easy road to success. I was so certain that they would throw all their energy, all their talents in every adventure I offered. These events, and others not reported here, happened in Romorantin, Albertville, Privas, Rives, and Savigny where I slaved away from 1972 to 2000.

Jean François alias Swyng



**1975.** Alex, Dan and Bruno, at the Tabarka Festival in Tunisia.







**1976.** First album release *Musiques de Partout*.  
Production and label Discovale.

**1977.** Bruno on the violin,  
François Ducroux on  
the doublebass, Norbert  
on the Canun, Dan on  
the Bouzouki, and Bernard  
Davois on the drum.





**1978.** Norbert, Bruno,  
Mario (on the Cymbalum)  
and Pierre (who joined  
the group in 1977).







**1979.** We wore the Russian shirts: a lot classier, and we look more like a 'band'.



**1980.** Dan, Bruno and Théo playing for tips in Villefranche-de-Rouergue





**1980.** Norbert, Pierre, Bruno and Dan. We exchanged our instruments, while the Bouzoukis were drying.



**1980.** Album release *J'aime un voyou, maman*. Label Le Chant du Monde, Harmonia Mundi distribution.



## Bratsch by Norbert

I started playing accordion in Bratsch with... a guitar! I met Bruno (Girard) at Alan Silva's house. This was during the great years of Free Jazz! Bruno would spend half his time on a boat on the Créteil pond and the other half playing Free Jazz with Alan.

Bruno was tracking down little insects in the water of the pond and inspecting them through a big microscope that belonged to the University of Jussieu... We played together at Alan Silva's, me on the guitar and him on the violin. One day he asked me to help him move out his collection of *Escherichia coli* and C°. He wanted to stop studying biology. He had decided two things: 1) He was done with the insects and 2) I had to start playing accordion. I had the silly idea to tell Bruno that I had played accordion for a good 20 years while we were moving out his little aquatic insects. He insisted that I play accordion in his group. Finally, and I thank him, he made me start playing the accordion again. He even offered me my (new) accordion. I arrived at

his place one morning, on a small dead end street by la Nation. I forget the name, and there was MY new accordion. Amazing. I didn't know how to play it anymore, but the accordion is "like riding a bicycle," Bruno would say, even though he never played accordion but obviously knew a lot about music... and bicycling! So we start the first rehearsals. Alex, the Bratsch bass player, wrote me an arrangement with three voices of the Poirier, a beautiful Russian lullaby. I still play it. Alex reinstated my taste for harmony and I stayed with the Bratsch for 10 years. I am proud to say that when I left the band, they needed TWO musicians to replace me, and good ones too! We started having a few concerts and for many years I was also busy promoting the band. The first ad's title was: "Keith Jarret, Bratsch is still going!" We stuck stickers everywhere in the subway "Do you like Bratsch?" We played in festivals and we ate Folk salad. Folk salad is a salad with corn, lettuce and a few pieces of red peppers. If you want to call it Folk, It has to

1) be small, 2) shouldn't taste like anything, 3) it should be very expensive. Then... It is a Folk! I remember Malicorne, Cyril Le Febvre, Étron Fou Leloublanc and an odd guitarist (very good with the picking technique) who played American music and spoke Russian a lot better than we could sing it! What a shame!

At first I was mainly doing the pump. Which means the “Bratsch” (a rhythmic notation) and Bruno slowly but surely taught me Romanian melodies. A lot of our song lists came from a God, worshiped by Bratsch, whose name was Théodore Bikel. It is Bikel (check out his cd) who taught us *Niška Banja* and also *Thalassa...* two of Bratsch's hit songs. I was playing Swing-waltz from Gus Viseur and at that time, it would impress the accordionists, but now we have Galliano who plays “double time,” as Alan would call it. I remember in the Theater de la Potinière, crying while playing an Armenian song (*Nami naz ouni*). We were singing it with three voices with beautiful open chords. I was playing guitar in this music piece with this beautiful Ovation guitar with a mother of pearl

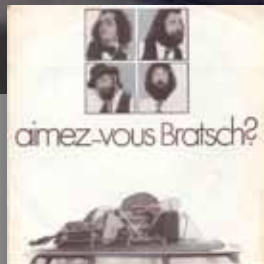
neck (a marvelous thing); I have fond memories of those moments. Dan sang this Armenian song on my wedding day, Bruno and I sang the back-up vocals and I cried again. This Armenian lullaby whose translation I don't even know, is pure emotion! Thanks Dan! At the theater of the Potinière, we had magnificent suits as shown on the album's cover (beautiful, designed by the photographer). Geneviève (Bruno's sister) was working then in the advertising agency for the subway and we had our faces absolutely everywhere. We had a huge crowd and it helped promote our concerts in small towns. I had a recording studio and with Jean Bailly (a genius in acoustic) and Pierre Befve (the movie *Grand Bleu's* sound engineer), we recorded the concert with an Otari 8 track, 8 preamps from Nagra, 451 AKG microphones and the tone of the theater recorded with a M 160 stereo set up, microphones which hear better than the ears... the must-have (still nowadays!). After Alex, we had Francois (Ducroux), a college friend and a little later Pierre (Jacquet) came along. He impressed me a lot because he never laughed.

He is from Normandy, and it is said that the Normans never laugh. What is intriguing is that 15 years later I still play with Pierre here and there (we play gypsy), and even though he lives in Normandy, he now laughs, to show you! I was very impressed by Bruno also but not for the same reasons. First, Bruno was (and is) very handsome and very elegant, he had all the girls and when he would start playing on his violin, it seemed like the crowd only saw and heard him, and it wasn't true of course! In fact, he was the only one wearing a hat and the audience was looking at the hat. Now that I'm not playing with them anymore, I see it even better, the public is looking at the hat, in fact hatS because the other musicians realized it also and most of them now wear a hat! My hat goes off to you! Dan had a black DS station wagon, beautiful (Dan loved big cars). To be able to get 4 in the vehicle, Dan had made (Dan is a very good cabinet maker - among other things) a box for an upright bass and if you make a box for a upright bass you end up with: a coffin! In Italy, bystanders would make the sign of the cross

looking at the “hearse”, and Bruno who already had his black hat, would wave to bystanders and lift his hat in recognition. The 4 mortician-musicians made a big impression. An old Italian lady even kissed Bruno's hand looking up at the deceased (the upright bass on the roof), repeating to us: “la casa di morto, la casa di morto (the house of the dead)”. Father Bruno was deeply moved. I think if you ask him nicely, he would be able to do a sermon in memory of the dead musicians... if not the living ones!

Norbert Abouharham





I don't know them, never heard of them. A friend put their record on my turntable and said: Listen! I didn't have the time. But the time, after the first note, opened up and I fell forward in it as you would fall in the void, and suddenly all around me, ghettos and domes, icons and minarets, a fiddler on the roof who seemed to have heard Grappelli 100 years before his birth, and the Romanian dancers with brightly colored vests, swirling around in their arms those beautiful flowers which are their fiancée. Like a Danube of vodka coming out of its riverbed to throw itself into the Aegean Sea.  
Herbert Pagani



**1985.** Album release *Bratsch*, recorded at the theater of la Potinière, Apasaca production, label Niglo, Socadisc distribution. Show premiered at the theater of la Potinière in June 1981. Directed by Alain Gauthré, sound by Jean-Marie Malmontet.





**1988.** Album release *Notes de voyage*. François and Nano join the group end of 1985. Show premiered at the Comédie Caumartin in January 1989, directed by Pascal Elso, set director Jean-Louis Boulitte, sound by Jean-Marie Malmontet, lights by Julia Grand and Jean Ridereau.

## Independent and faithful, go, you go, you go, and you go

I crossed paths with Bratsch 24 years ago on the road. That's probably the best place to find them, on the road! Thank you Alain Gautré, who gave me the chance to meet them and be their stage director (5 times), the first one in the Theater Caumartin. Our show came behind a satirical comedy that enjoyed successful shows 20 years in a row! It was exciting but very dusty! We spent our time remodeling the theater from top to bottom (imagine our looks after dismantling the old stage that hadn't been moved in 20 years!). Yes, Bratsch doesn't have a multitude of technicians. They do everything themselves with the precious help of Jean-Mô, who was not in the band yet at the time. For emergencies, we got unexpected support – those kind of commandos ready to act on every occasion – their wives, yes, the women and children. That's how it happens, within the family. It is not a legend. Bruno's sister Geneviève left her job to become their producer. Then, wives and children, cats, dogs, horses, theater employees were all allowed to stay for the rehearsal, and it was like the movie

*Les Enfants du Paradis*! So after the remodeling, we didn't have much time to rehearse... It started slowly... and we ended with the shows packed. We had to turn people away! I forgot to tell you that during our first meeting, I had asked: "What do you want to do?" "Play together until we are 75 years old." "OK, but what else?" "We don't want to be stuck behind our microphones." At that time, every decision was based on the votes of the band because nothing was done without the artistic agreement of all the members of the band. You can imagine the hours of debating the decorations, the clothing, the program . . . etc. (for the clothing, it always was a surprise, they changed at the very last minute and did so at every concert). After the show at the Caumartin, L'Europeen, Ah L'Europeen, what a beautiful memory! "We could take our time."

And for practical reasons, after barely avoiding transforming the theater into a gigantic auto junkyard, with engines, tires, wrecked and stripped vehicles drizzling with grease, we instead decided on a more classical decor,

colorful and theatrical, immersed in the lighting of Jacques Rouveyrolis, who, for his own pleasure, for music and for Bratsch had agreed to work for the love of the art. A very theatrical show, with skits in between songs, comments to the audience, participation of the theater ushers. We can say, in all modesty, that it quickly became a triumph!

Magical! Laughs and tears, very Slavic nostalgia. I have to add that after the show, we often continued our concerts by going to a Russian cabaret and there, for free, Bratsch would play until dawn to start all over again the same evening in L'Européen. In fact, the vendor who was on Biot Street has never sold so much vodka since.

To me, in the office, the vodka had a little sour taste, always on the same song. I think at this very moment of a series of pieces by *Django* that started the show. We created the scene and feeling of sitting around a table in cafe with Bratsch even though the theater was packed. All of Paris wanders through. I had the opportunity to cross paths with Gypsy Kings,



I Muvrini, nothing but great names in fact! Ah and so many artistic directors... But faithful to their desire for independence, Bratsch often turned its back on money and everything that goes with it: promotions and prestigious recording companies. They did this to stay owners of their own creation.

OK, then another step, Olympia, full! In the Casino de Paris for several days... full! The show had become more visual; I remember projections (no videos then). Images were painted on glass slides and projected. It was beautiful, rhythmic and, to be honest, too cold. It was criticized as not being human enough in too big of a venue. So back to the road, keeping in touch with the public in smaller venues. One day, I call Dan on the phone, "So what are you up too?" "A pool table", "Ah you are playing pool?" "No, I'm making it". I had forgotten this, always startling answers... Taking it easy in Auvergne for some of the Bratsch and then back to the European. I didn't have the time so we had to part ways. But as proof of their elegance, I always received a CD

of their newest creation. In my opinion, their motto should be: "Independent and faithful, go, you go, you go, you go." OK, to end this, I'm going to reveal a secret: "There are Mexican Mariachis in Bratsch". I already said too much! So have a good trip to your 75<sup>th</sup>!

And thank you, thank you, thank you, for all the beautiful memories.

Pascal Elso



**1990.** Album release *Sans Domicile Fixe*. Show premiered at L'Espace Européen in January 1990, directed by Pascal Elso, set director Jean-Louis Boulitte, sound by Jean-Marie malmontet, lights by Jacques Rouveyrolis.



**1991.** Quand le soleil se couche, le rideau se lève, Show premiered at the Casino de Paris in January 1991, directed by Pascal Elso, designs by Jean-Louis Boulitte, sound by Jean-Jacques Boutaud, lights by Jean-Maurice Dutriaux.









1991. First tour in Quebec. Tabernacle! So hot! and so much fun! Pierre, Dan, Jean-Jacques Boutaud (our sound technician), Nano, Geneviève Girard (our agent) and Bruno.



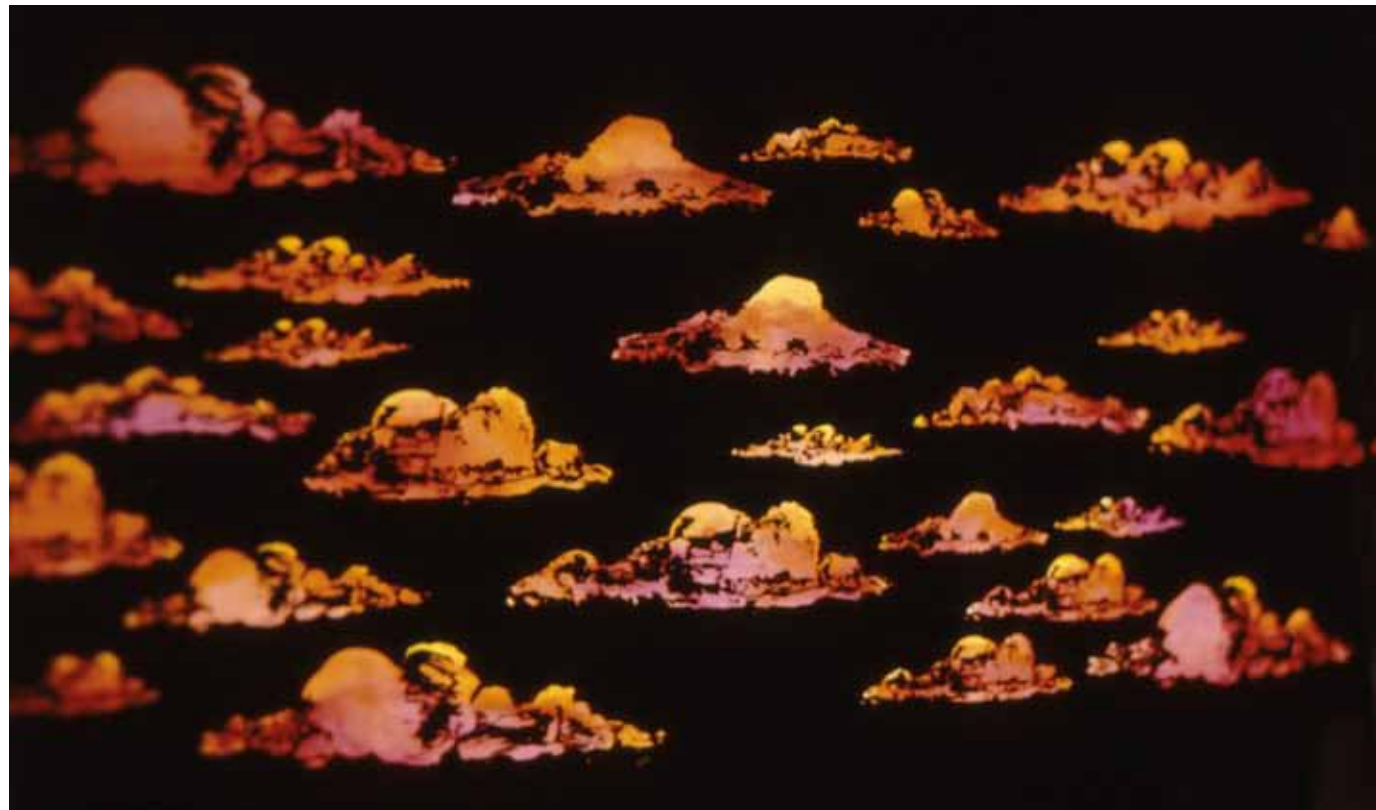




**1992.** Album release *Transports en Commun*. Show premiered at the Olympia in January 1992. Directed by Pascal Elso, set and art director Jean-Louis Boulitte, sound by Jean-Jacques Boutaud, lights by Jacques Rouveyrollis.



**1992.** Dan on the bouzouki on stage at the Olympia. Nice costume huh?







## Changing the face of the world...

Just about 20 years ago, during the season of 1993-1994, there occurred a major event that could have changed the face of the world if it had happened.

I had met Bratsch 10 years prior, via my friend Norbert Aboudarham who, at the time, was the accordionist for the group. I had directed them at the theatre of the Potinière in 1983 and a profitable collaboration could have been born if, at this time, I had not been taken by other obligations. Nevertheless, I introduced my friend Pascal Elso; he took over and directed them several times with the brilliance we all know. Already, at the time, just before the Potinière, I sent them on a different path to enrich the dynamics of the quartet (which was not yet a quintet) and to work on their charisma on stage, which could nourish the concert "differently", with more particular attention to the flow between the songs. Already, at the time, I had made Dan Garhibian cry, this hero, by making him work on his

Armenian nature. I had worked with Bruno Girard on the mysteries of the Hasidic culture and the state of mind of this Europe about which Isaac Singer speaks so well and of which

Hitler was jealous. I had been able to detect a strong comic nature in Pierre Jacquet. As for Norbert Aboudarham, lucky him to have met me. I opened so many doors to him that it would be impossible to name them all here. Let's just say, to go quickly, that he shaved his beard and became, for a time, a clown. Of course, I fell for them. But not working with them, I crossed paths with them only occasionally, with an obvious inextinguishable happiness. Nevertheless, just 20 years ago, as I said previously, there occurred a considerable event that could have changed the face of the world. During the hard winter of '93, they contacted me again to work on their vocals, to be more theatrical, and this during one year, in order to nourish, to feed their work in concert. A fantasy, a present to themselves, three days per month every month. I obviously caved in with enthusiasm to this proposal. On this occasion, I got to know François Castiello and Nano Peylet better, who had joined the group after the departure of Norbert. We did it all. They put red noses on and became clowns. They played morons. I made them wear masks from the commedia dell'arte, I taught them the basics on the intricacies of Constantin

Stanislavski and Lee Strasberg. We put drama in the music and music in the drama; we worked on a work of art theater. They were looking good. I remember an improvisation exercise that was supposed to happen in 2015. Four were supposedly dead, and the survivor would have to talk about Bratsch and the glorious times when they were all young and beautiful. Ah, and also, in the introduction of this improvisation, it was said, of course, that they had surpassed the Beatles, and had become the number one group in the world. I have to say, for some of them (and the others not being there to contradict me), Bratsch would never have been as great if the only survivor hadn't taken such good care of his role. We had a lot of fun. They began to develop such an actor's talent that I feared for my profession. What? Would they stop music and start here and there on stage or film sets? They became very good. It became dangerous. Fortunately, there were only four working sessions between April and September '93.

And then, wisely, they returned, (phew!), back to the form of a concert, crowned with the quality they carried with them and that I had

merely revealed. But sometimes in my sleepless nights, snippets of this blessed time come back to me. Nano was playing musically with a newspaper. François was disguised as a woman (it was epic and I'm not sure he retains fond memories). Pierre with the mask of Tartaglia was making an incredibly funny improvisation of a stutterer. Bruno, good metaphysician like himself, was making us listen to the value of silence. And especially Dan, the worst, the best, the one who, if he had continued in the way that I had drawn for them, could have dethroned Lino Ventura, Anthony Quinn and Charles Aznavourian at the pantheon of relevant actors. If you haven't seen Dan in a role, then you haven't seen anything. There he is in a nice suit, without even trying, splashing the set with his magnetic presence, taking Marlon Brando's place in the spotlight.

A big thanks to you, dear nomads, and good luck on your paths to the future.

Alain Gaultre



**1994.** 1994. Album release *Correspondances*. Show premiered at the L'Européen in March 1994. Directed by Pascal Elso, sound by Gilles Arrachart, lights by Jean-Maurice Dutriaux.





**1994.** 1994. Album release *Gypsy music from the heart of Europe*. Recorded live in Bochum, Germany in 1993. Network Medien Production with WDR, World Network label. Hopeful beginnings in Germany . . .



**1994.** La Nuit des Gitans, in Montreal, in front of 85,000 people!





1994. La Nuit des Gitans, Montreal.



**1994.** Album release *Le Mangeur de Lune*.  
We step out of our movie set to play one minute at a staged funeral. At the end of that day we signed with the film director to make the music of the film: incredible encounter with Dai Sijie!

# BRATSCH

**3 CONCERTS EXCEPTIONNELS**

## PASSAGE NORD-OUEST

13. Rue du Faubourg Montmartre - 75009 Paris  
Métro : Rue Montmartre

**13, 14 ET 15 NOVEMBRE A 22H**





**1996.** Album release *Écoute ça chérie*. Show premiered at L'Européen in January 1997, set and art director Maurice Durozier, sound by Gilles Arrachart, lights by Jean-Maurice Durtriaux. The album title (Listen to this my dear) created a lot of confusion among our listeners. The men called it "Listen to this for me my dear" and the women called it "Listen to me my dear"...

## Bratsch: Betrayal or tradition?

Musicians know just how difficult it is to form a group or an orchestra into a "band" whose members are able to find the bond needed to create a "sound." This is something quite mysterious and often fragile. The improbable alliance of diverse personalities, which of course has led Bratsch to develop a joyful eclecticism, is undoubtedly mysterious but not fragile. The group was intuitively guided by a strong desire to draw indefinitely on inspiration that came from understanding and enjoyment. This intuition came from an oral tradition, in the way to capture the music, as in the capture of the public, "on the go." The Bratsch musicians remained close to a fairy tale. By playing, in other circumstances, avant-garde music they have not forgotten the pleasure of a fun evening. Firstly it must dance. And then it should express itself. In fact, these are the same.

Too iconoclastic to deserve the label of "traditional" musicians, but nevertheless playing

this role to the public, they ended up inventing a novel category by labeling themselves as "pre-traditional" musicians. This being a facetious and clever definition of themselves, it suits them perfectly. The musicians of Bratsch cultivate the deeper dream of tradition while avoiding slavish allegiance to it. They have no taste for definitive content. They like to be free to play as they wish, weaving in all their influences while introducing them in their own ways. Nomadic musically, and therefore long comfortable in modern global trends, they mix with jubilation some urban music and exotic romance, strange and popular compositions - or almost - bold declarations and confidences, humor and gravity. The changes they make are not so foolish as they don't diminish their immediate intimacy with all the public as they carry them on a flying carpet over genres and borders. They only prove that traditional music is more open than it appears, and that it has perhaps a common operating system.

If Bratsch initially found its thread through the traditional side of the Balkans, its passage through Jazz was a given, same as their contemporary way of creating some melodic developments, special tone effects or loud harmonies. It is, in fact, through a good understanding of traditional music that we are constantly finding these kinds of expressive tricks. Bratsch remembers, wisely, that the music of the East still contains, just as Jazz does, an essential quality that we have forgotten in our regions: improvisation. The joy of the game situation: music adjusts to the context and the return from the audience even if it means provoking it.

That music we call “Tzigane music”... It is true that the musicians are often gypsies themselves, bringing their amazing playful virtuosity and vertiginous style - reaching a kind of “blues” mixed with passion. You can never tell if it is happy or sad, they are both at the same time. They express with a superlative strength an



emotional duality. Bratsch combines rawness with a floating air of tenderness, making the music express its emotion of the moment. Gradually, the style of Bratsch, without losing the characteristic “sound” that identifies it, flourishes in personal creations. The musicians in Bratsch are always on their way to some other voyage. With *Écoute-ça chérie!* (Listen to this Darling!) title of the album, they come back at times to a certain register - that deep down they never left - of mischief. But whatever regions they go through, they remain faithful to what defines them as a group: independence and the ability to sing. In one of his films, François Truffaut was making his heroine say: “I love the songs: they tell the truth. What do they say? They say: My heart is an empty house without you... Without love there is nothing at all...” There is freedom in a song, and there is childhood too. We never heal from this sense of freedom, or childhood, or from the songs, consequently.

When you have so much to say and there is less than a chorus left for it... In the voice echoes the secret and hypnotic vibrations. *Chérie* (Darling), there’s nothing else to do other than let the currents of the imagination carry you to soar in the wind.

Bernard Davois, 1996



## Sonnet

Five disheveled horses,  
Let loose and smashing through time,  
Tearing down the hill, proud and stubborn,  
Up front and always against the time.

The five fingers of the hand, Ramsa!  
Where the hand goes, so goes the mind!  
Opa! Opa! Opa! Opcha!  
Five on me, five of you, my friend!

Chords pressed against gray zinc  
From the book of the beginning of time  
Bow, bellow, reed and madness

The music from the children of the wind  
Gives colors to our lives  
Black, red and white, the small white.

Maurice Durozier





**1998.** Album release *Rien dans les poches*. In making and promoting this album we had important encounters that lasted beyond this tour: Angelo Debarre, Mitsou, Tosha Vukmirovic, Serge Rosenberg, and others that we have not seen again, such as Stanislav Panayotov Keyvan Chemirani: such is life. Since then Serge has passed and we still miss him...

## Panegyric on the occasion of the 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Bratsch

At the inspector Stroganoff

Over the last few years of so many music engineers and so many ardent critics, many who tried to make us understand by so many intricate studies and vibrant debates what we should in any case ignore from the “Tzigane music”. This music’s crucial role in the survival of folklore and traditions of the countries traversed by nomads, and the relentless resistance it opposes to national fundamentalism, all this so that a humble author would look in vain for any stories, legends or new metaphors to support his statement, like a photographer who is expected to take the picture of a star and works hard to multiply the angle of his shots in a vain attempt to highlight an unknown detail on a too-famous face. Let’s not talk about it then, let’s not say anymore about that. Let us look for once at ourselves, music lovers of Eastern Europe. What makes us so sensitive about what we call, for convenience, Tzigane music?

Would it be by any chance that it runs through us with a gust of life and freedom, seeping into the soul through the ear, seriously messing up the inside of our heads? Today in our rich countries bordering the Atlantic, the practice of vocal and instrumental improvisation happens only when imported while the musical traditions are for the most extinct and moribund, those barely rising like a phoenix from their ashes. We can not but marvel at the robust strengths of a yet ancient art, and our astonishment is like that of science fiction explorers discovering on an uncharted island herds of dinosaurs in perfect condition, sniffing and snorting happily among the horsetails and palms. Yet while humanity, concerned about its fate and the possibility of its own extinction, ponders with a suspicious anxiety the circumstances of the disappearance of the dinosaurs and the end of their global reign, their modern descendants, the birds, chirp at the window as if nothing had happened. Our little (and big) feathered friends seem little encumbered by their prestigious

biological heritage. For that matter, doesn't Bratsch resemble a bird fluttering freely, indulging its fantasy, for a moment sitting on a branch, another moment taking a bath in a puddle of rain before wandering among the poppies and cornflowers another moment snapping a few careless butterflies... Bratsch who can care less whether they are heir to a tradition or even respectful to its principles? But let's not risk any more on the charming and dangerous path of comparing, especially if Bratsch is light and unpredictable as a bird, it is also cunning as an old fox. In fact, if we want to measure with standards of human age the official twenty years of Bratsch, it should be remembered that, as for all music bands, its first three years are worth seven each; that the seventh, the tenth, the eleventh and the fifteenth count triple, while from eighteen, we divided them by two. In our case here, we have a total of forty-four and a half years, which as everyone knows is the best time of life,

that of maturity, intelligence and the fullness of wealth. In the past, Bratsch had worked hard to surprise us with creating, in a succession of concerts using lyric Armenian poems and Turkish melodies, or Greek, sliding towards jazz or free jazz, singing in French... and what else? Once again, the surprise is big: Bratsch can pull it off! From here, there and elsewhere, a dozen musicians and singers came to put their candles on this new pleasure (the new album), as at once a tribute and contribution to personal and universal Bratsch folklore. Most of them, even the best of us (musicians), would have honorably threaded a collection of beautiful beads like a necklace of gems, and no one would find anything wrong with it. Yet - and this is, given the difficulty of the exercise, the second surprise - this album is placed under the sign of unity. I do not mean here the cohesion of the sound Bratsch or the strength of his style, the one and the other have been completed and accomplished a while

back, but I'm talking about a miracle: that of a musical brotherhood, rather than a more or less heterogeneous collage of musicians. They takes us on an adventure without any crack, any flaw, any lack of taste. This means that Bratsch pulls the race as the stream flows through the landscape without losing its clarity or identity: we move from Greek to Romanian, Turkish to Bulgarian, the Armenian waltz swing or the Gypsy swing the simplest way. Each musician adding personal compositions which, while keeping the hallmark of each (such as admirable *Yossik*, *Doina* and *Neuf Brouillé*), blend it all into part of a larger scheme. Accents, phrasings, jazz influence or contemporary music tunes enrich with exemplary discretion the impeccable relaxed and open style of Bratsch's music.

Dear friends, the spring will be here soon: Modern dinosaurs are singing in the bare trees, and streams of irreproachable clarity are already preparing to create glaciers. Listen

to this new Bratsch album, have fun and, as the philosopher says, "enjoy life while you still have most of your teeth."

Joseph Racaille  
criblrier amateur, March 1998

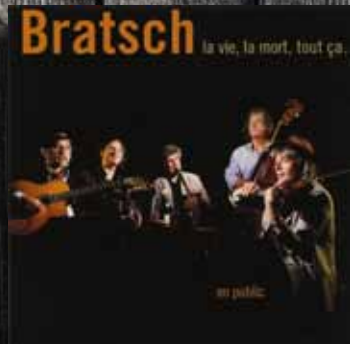


**1999.** Release of the double album *On a rendez-vous*. Recorded live during the show created at the Maroquinerie in March 1999. Set and Art director Simon Abkarian, sound by Gilles Arrachart, lights by Jean-Maurice Dutriaux.



**1999.** We are the first musicians to play in the Maroquinerie. The theater just opened its doors and the cement is still fresh.





**2001.** Release of the double album *La vie, la mort, tout ça...*  
 Recorded live at the Theatre de Mâcon in June 2001.  
 Show premiered at the Européen in November 2001.  
 Set and art director Maurice Durozier, sound by  
 Gilles Arrachart, lights by Jean-Maurice Dutriaux,



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**2003.** Release of the box set *Nomades en vol.*  
Network Medien production, label network.



**2003.** At the Trianon, Paris





2003. At the Trianon, Paris





**2004.** Release of the double CD set *Ensemble depuis 25 ans... ça s'fête!* (Together for 25 years, let's celebrate!) Recorded live at Cabaret Sauvage in October 2004. Directed by Maurice Durozier, sound by Pierre Sampagnay, lights by Jean-Maurice Dutriaux. For two weeks we celebrated our 25 years (an average of everyone's time in the group). Great memories, of course, and nice exchanges with the audience. We recorded everyday and sold out the evening concerts.



**2004.** The mint tea in the Kasbah of Tangier.



**2004.** Prague. Khamoro Festival, encounter with Ferus, the King.



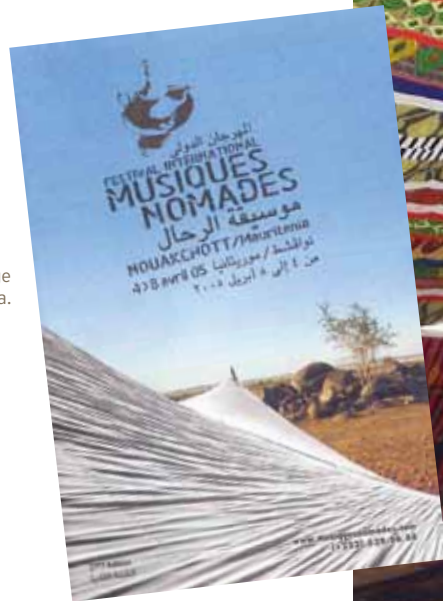
**2004.** Encounter with Giora Feidman.



**2005.** In Niš, in Serbia, encounter with Saban Bajramovic, an icon for us. We listened to him play for hours on end.



**2005.** Francois backstage  
in Nouakchott, in Mauritania.







**2006.** After Nazareth, Haifa, Tel Aviv, Nablus, Gaza... We were stuck for 8 hours at the border between Gaza and Israel.



**2006.** German tour, snow, traffic jam, concert at the Fabrik, in Hamburg.







**2006.** Other mythic venues from our German tours: in Switzerland, El Lokal in Zurich, in Germany at the naTo Leipzig and at the Alte Mälzerei of Regensburg.







**2006.** We are honored for the third time to play in one of the most prestigious classical halls in the world: the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam.





**2006.** Erevan, Vanadzor, Idjevan, Lake Sevan...



First tour in Armenia. Great emotions for Dan. It was his first visit to the land of his ancestors.



2006. Armenia.







**2007.** Album release *Plein du Monde*. Production Abacaba, EMI and harmonia mundi distribution. Show premiered at La Cigale in May-June 2007. Sounds by Pierre Sampagnay, lights by Jean-Maurice Dutriaux. What beautiful encounters with Olivia Ruiz, Tété, Khaled, Charles Aznavour, Balbino Medellín, Sanseverino, Juliette, Nourith, Nery, groups like Debout sur le Zinc with whom we played several times on the tour. La Rue Kétanou, that we had met in Louisiana, our friends from Slonovski Bal and especially Lhasa who passed away soon after and whose performance was one of the greatest emotional moments of our career.





**2007.** Recording with Olivia Ruiz, Sanseverino, Nourith, Khaled, Slonovski Bal, Lhasa.







2007. La Cigale theater.



2007. In Lons-le-Saunier with Nourith and Debout sur le Zinc.





**2007.** In Lons-le-Saunier with Nourith and Debout sur le Zinc.



**2007.** Pierre and Dan,  
backstage under the  
big tent in Daumazan.



**2007.** Nano and Pierre in Carmaux.

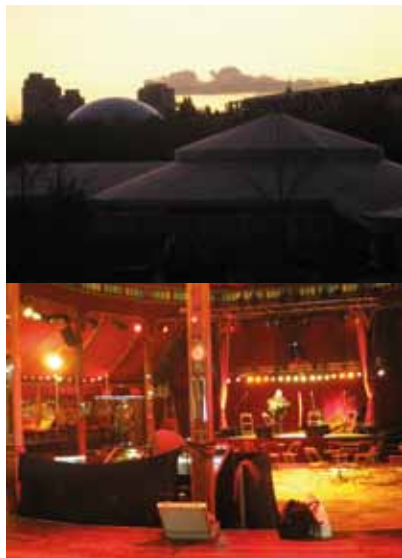


**2008.** Summer Festival, Quebec. Jean-Maurice Dutriaux and Pierre Sampagnay. The first manages, does the lighting, grumbles, entertains and anticipates the Bratsch adventure for 24 years. The latter joined the band in 2004. He does the sound, makes bad jokes and is still waiting for his internship certificate. Both are part of Bratsch like the seven fingers of one hand.









**2008.** Cabaret Sauvage, Paris, Tzigane Festival.







**2009.** Outside concert in Florac,  
one of those country-side festivals  
we love so much!







2010. In Manosque.



2011. Album release *UrbanBratsch*.



2011. In Erevan, Bruno's son Theo is taking over from Pierre on doublebass.





**2011.** In Armenia, François is always the first one to grab his instrument and take flight.





2011. June 21<sup>st</sup>. Music festival in Erevan



2011. On top of Caucasus. Armenia seen from above.



**2011.** Le Portel, Côte d'Opale Festival.



**2011.** L'Objekt 5, in Halle, Germany.



2011. Metz, Nomads in Metz.





2011. Urban Bratsch



2012. At L'Européen, our most fettered Parisian theater, sound by P. Sampagnay, lights by J.-M. Dutriaux.



LES FOLIES  
DE MONTREAL

Espace Loto-Québec

LES FOLIES  
DE MONTREAL



SoloTech

SoloTech





1991. In Fontenay-sous-bois.

## Bratsch, a double miracle

When I think of Bratsch, the first idea that comes to mind is people getting together who were not destined to meet and, above all, under normal circumstances, would have never developed a project together, because of socially distant backgrounds. That was the first miracle. The second idea that comes to mind is that, in fact, the encounter is not just about a job, but to enjoy spending time together, playing music and gradually realizing that to make this last, we will have to refuse any proposal that threatens to destroy this sense of freedom. From this principle, adopted by all, a strategy gets in place, a strategy of common sense that will indeed only become effective when it has been understood by all. The emergence of a loyal audience, over time, after years on the road, in every circumstance and in all places, in villages as well as major festivals, sometimes within families inviting us, in major strikes like with the employees at the Renault factories in Boulogne-Billancourt, these experiences give us gradually

the tools for a needed independence to create freely, but also to retain and reinforce the idea we have about the role of the musician in society, with or without media and away from "Stardom." This process of learning the production tools and equal sharing maintained the cohesion and longevity of the group... but that we realize it only now!

Bruno Girard





**Pierre Jacquet** / doublebass

Pierrot, it's 34 years in Bratsch, a third of a century! With him, I've had 26 years together on the road, on the stage, and backstage, in hotels... Despite this he always seemed to be mysterious! I must say he is a upright bass musician – inherently a bass player. The bass is not an instrument like any other and, according to Pierre, "the world does not know what it would lose if the doublebass did not exist. It is the backbone of the music, and similar to a giant Atlas, it supports everything and contains everything. It is she who has the greatest harmonic spectrum, and it is she who plays the fundamentals. It has a very important role. On it rests all the weight of the chord!". To hold this role is not a problem for him, the problem is that other musicians do not always realize it, and it can happen that they talk to him as if he was on "top". Him on "top"? Oh no! "Stay there, I stay down! From below we catch the problems sooner..." So it is the bottom that governs, and for the son of a unionist, this offers a compelling logic. Pierre was a great road companion, one who made us laugh the

most. I remember the day when he imitated a pear during a clown-training with Alain Gautré: He became a pear in an amazing way! I hold this image in my mind, just like the image of how morning after morning, he invariably asked Bruno: "Want to have some coffee, Bruno?" (Bruno does not like coffee and never drinks any).

Consider that to some extent he is still with us, since it is his first bass still being used in Bratsch today. When Theo decided to play doublebass, Pierrot, who had just gotten one made from the luthier Gilles Chancereul, gave him his old one. A few years later, when Pierrot had tired of travels, roads, rails and air, he passed the baton and the bass to Theo, so that same upright bass is back in the group! With Pierre, I have fond memories of music, especially the sound and smoothness of his phrasing, and also of memorable shouting matches... and also discussion about Paris and on various issues of importance, such as, who sang *La pince à Linge?* Les Frères Jacques? or Les Quatres Barbus ?

Nano



**Nano Peylet** / clarinet

One day at the age of 14 I met the clarinet and I immediately realized that I was going to spend a while with it with it. It's been 47 years. This is a life partner who has been very present and who has never disappointed me. I have no particular attachment to my instrument and a clarinet is an instrument that you need to change every ten years. No time to "fetishize" it. However, I remained faithful to a brand and I've always bought the same. It is very helpful to find the same kind of keying under your fingers. You are looking for a solid and reliable instrument, after that the mouthpiece and the musician do the rest. Whatever the instrument's material, you will always look for the same sound. It's funny, right? It is your signature. It follows you everywhere. And when you do not have that for one reason or another, you feel bad, worthless

and abandoned... I worked with Jacques Di Donato and I walked through classical music, jazz and traditional music. This wandering led me to meet Bratsch: They liked my clarinet. Here's how I became one of them, adding my sound to their palette. I never made any concessions on the sound. I was always looking for the "best possible" sound. My aspiration is that I can play Eastern European music without adopting a different sound from the one I love. Playing fast is a very common thing in the clarinet. It is shared by many musicians. Now sound is more personal, such as the voice. That's what I love about this instrument. Thanks to Jacques Di Donato, who passed on to me his love of the sound. Thanks to him I broke the sound barrier of my instrument. Thanks to him and to Giora Feidman who touched my heart deeply.





**Dan Gharibian / guitar**

I first heard Django Reinhardt when I was 14 years old and I thought to myself "this is the music I want to play!" I bought my first guitar, a Di Mauro, with a Cutaway just like his and I started to play it, by self-teaching. Very quickly, I mixed my oriental culture with his. Shortly after, I discovered Aliocha Dimitrievich. This was another important encounter, the encounter with the voice, the one that knows how to tell stories. He has this smooth way of playing and singing, and a unique style of swing. I lived in Lyon and could not find anyone to play this music. I made friends with two brothers, a bassist and a drummer, and we assembled a "Rockabilly" group, kind of like Eddie Cochran. We played together a little, but Central European music kept running through my head. For me, the energy of rock is the same as that to be found in the Tzigane music. In the 70s, I went to Paris. There I found my element, a small musical world in which I would feel good. I met Jacques Favino, a lovely craftsman who knew the secret of Tzigane and gypsy guitars. He crafted me a guitar that I still play today, that's always by my side. When I have it against me, it resonates in my body, it is an extension of my soul. I love to feel it vibrate. I tell it my

troubles. It shares my moments of joy, of nostalgia and of sadness. I cannot sing without it. In Paris, I mostly met a bunch of wierdos. They only thought of playing music. It worked out perfect. I joined them, we played all the time, whatever we felt like, popular, rock, swing, Andean music, Gypsy, Tzigane, Greek, Armenian, free jazz. We worked all that, we sometimes mixed it. We were experimenting. Each of us brought his culture, his past experience, and Bratsch was born. It has not always been easy, but nothing is easy. I tapped into and snooped around for years in Tzigane celebrations; Russian, Armenian, and all the influences of Central European culture. Celebrations to no end: those in the Russian cabarets with a varied repertoire, those in the Greek taverns, or even of Max Spira and his Place des Vosges... The ambience of authentic celebrations and narrated by Joseph Kessel. I met happy Tzigane people! I had the chance to hear the last Tzigane voices. You quickly understand that if music doesn't offer itself easily, ultimately it is a world where we remain always 18. Today we are older and wiser. It's been 45 years together... 45 years of music... Thank you Bratsch!



**Théo Girard** / doublebass

In 1978, my birth year, Bratsch had existed for two years. I bathed in Bratsch all my childhood. At the age of 12 with Alon (the eldest son of Nano), we are on tour with the group during the summer holidays. After the concert, Bratsch at Paleo Festival in Nyon, in Switzerland, we are witnessing a Miles Davis concert where we were transfixed. In 1999, I studied jazz at the conservatory and Pierre Jacquet is getting a new doublebass made for him. He lent me his, a "Mirecourt" of 1952. I still have it... I chose the bass because at that time I was very shy and I thought I could hide behind it (I have to specify that when I started playing around 15 / 16 years old I was already a little more than 6 feet tall), but also because I hadn't forgotten, from my years of studying the piano, the apprehension of the agreement, the counterpoint, the autonomy of all these fingers on my hands and all those notes that should be played at the same time. My brain has never really understood that

sport... I thought I was putting myself on bass so I finally could only play one note at a time. Baloney. I have maybe spared two fingers (the ring and little fingers of the right hand thanking me every day for abandoning the piano). All the other fingers work constantly as soon as I need to play even a few notes. In 2007, it is 8:30 a.m., I receive a phone call from my father: "Can you come right away with your doublebass? We have to record with Charles Aznavour today and Pierre is bedridden!". I feel early morning stress. I eat breakfast, brush teeth, get my eldest son to preschool, drop the second at the nanny. I say "yes" and I record two hours later the song *La Goutte d'eau* for the show *Plein du Monde*. In 2011, I experience my first concert as the bassist for Bratsch in Yerevan, in Armenia, a journey full of colors and surprises. In 2012, my first at L'Européen with the group. This is the theater where I saw them the most as a spectator, it was for me a great and emotional moment.



The accordion jumped upon me at the age of 4 years. I never managed to get rid of it... It clung to me in an embrace and like this, it greatly influenced the paths I have chosen and how to walk them. Sometimes just us, sometimes in groups, we have always thrived in the outside world to share and enrich us. I did not see the years go by with Bratsch, from town to town, from hotel to hotel, from one adventure to another, the time stood still on a landscape of fraternity and music. Now, I just need to place my fingers on its small eyes for them to open up and allow me to admire this world where all of life is worth living.





**Bruno Girard** / violin

Attention violin... danger! I must have been about six years old, I am with my parents on the terrace of a bistro in the capital, a beggar passes by, my father gives him a coin, he mutters under his breath what seems to be a thank you and walks away, stops, turns around, comes back to our table, looks at me and says: "This kid will play the violin!" And then he disappears. A few years later, feeling a certain fondness for my cellist cousin, a bit older than me, and who I would see only during vacations, I ask to learn the violin. My parents bought me a violin that seems to me so slender compared to the cello of my cousin, but hey, I'm young and tell myself that while growing up, the instrument would grow with me. Discovering the secrets of the violin, the words that describe this instrument accentuated the passions and emotions related to the physiological changes of adolescence and caused me some serious concentration disorders. Words like "head, back, ankles, shoulders, tip, heel, button, sleeve, etc.", my cousin's silhouette slipped among

quarter-notes, eighth-notes, quarter rests, ties, syncopations, dotting the sheets of music, that I could not decipher, because mentioning these would take me far from the objective of the proposed study. So I decided to stop reading and to learn by heart, leaving my mind free to roam. The phenomenon became even worse when we started lessons on phrasing and articulation: the glissando, staccato, tremolo, vibrato and the shifts, jumps and bounces... The tip of my bow then became a seismograph describing earthly movements with such intensity that we should have added many bars on the Richter scale to measure such force. So this is the suffering that accompanied my learning, besides the cruel fact that the inspiration I had some years ago, that of my violin growing up with me, proved to be false. It was probably the cello I wanted to play and that fate, being mischievous, gave me only one teacher, an old lady, Marguerite Selle, a pupil of Vincent d'Indy at the renowned Schola Cantorum, to whom I pay tribute.



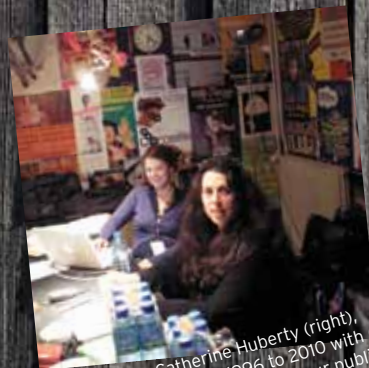
**1991.** In the United States, with Geneviève Girard, Bruno's sister, our agent from 1988 to 1995.



**1998.** Christian Scholze and Jean Trouillet, buddies from Network in Frankfurt, with whom we produced three great projects: *Gypsy Music from the Heart of Europe* (1994) *Rien dans les poches* (1998) and *Nomades en Vol* (2003).



**2006.** Between Dan and Bruno, Berthold Seliger, our faithful and ever-lasting agent in Germany since 1993.



**2002.** Catherine Huberty (right), our agent from 1996 to 2010 with (left) Laura Michelon, who did our public relations on several projects.



**1998.** In Lisbon, waiting for the bus to Guarda. On the left is Gilles Arrachart, soundman and road companion from 1992 to 2004.



**2010.** Beatrice Adnot, who has sent us on tours in all corners of the hexagon since 2010.

## CD 1

1. **LE VIOLON GAUCHER** 1'37  
Traditional instrumental  
Arrangement Bratsch
2. **TAKIRARI** 2'17  
Traditional instrumental  
Arrangement Bernard Davois
3. **RADICS KESERGO** 3'10  
Traditional instrumental  
Arrangement Gérard Itic
4. **GARI GARI** 3'20  
Traditional instrumental  
Arrangement Norbert Aboudarham
5. **HATEGANA DE LA UNIREA** 0'58  
Traditional instrumental  
Arrangement Bruno Girard
6. **DANSE BULGARE** 4'24  
Traditional instrumental  
Arrangement Bruno Girard
7. **DJANGO** 4'39  
John Lewis / Arrangement Bruno Girard
8. **DICAV A DRO SOUNE** 4'07  
Traditional  
Arrangement François Castiello
9. **ODESSA BULGAR** 2'13  
Traditional  
Arrangement Nano Peylet
10. **IVOUCHKI** 3'04  
Traditional  
Arrangement Nano Peylet
11. **SANKE MENA PALIKARI** 4'23  
Traditional  
Arrangement Dan Gharibian
12. **DÉTOURNEMENT BULGARE** 4'06  
Dan Gharibian, François Castiello  
/ François Castiello
13. **RABIZ** 4'52  
Dan Gharibian / Dan Gharibian

1 to 3. Extracted from *Musiques de Partout*, LP Discovale WM06, 1976, recorded by Gilbert Blanc and Gérard Lopez au studio G.G.B. Production and label Discovale.  
Norbert Aboudarham: accordion, guitar, vocals  
Bernard Davois: cuillères on 1, Siku on 2  
Dan Gharibian: guitar, bouzouki, vocals  
Bruno Girard: violin, charengo (on 2)  
Gérard "Alex" Itic: doublebass, piano  
4. Extracted from *J'aime un Voyo Maman*, LP Le Chant du Monde LDX74729, 1980, recorded by Jean-Louis Bottin Directory studio to ECM Label Le Chant du Monde, Harmonia Mundi distribution.  
5. Extracted from *Bratsch, Live à la Potinière*, LP Niglo 85002, 1985, recorded in la Potinière, Paris, in July 1981, by Nicéphone. Production Apasaca, label Niglo, Socradisc distribution.

Norbert Aboudarham: accordion, guitar, vocals  
Dan Gharibian: guitar, bouzouki, vocals  
Bruno Girard: violin, balalaïka, vocals  
Pierre Jacquet: doublebass  
6 & 7. Extracted from *Notes de Voyages*, CD Niglo 888001, 1988, recorded at the Frigo Palace in February-March 1988 by Joseph Racaille. Production Apasaca, label Niglo, Socradisc distribution.  
8 to 10. Extracted from *Sans Domicile Fixe*, CD Niglo 890002, 1990, recorded at Studio Damiens in February 1990. Sound from Xavier Escabasse.  
Production Apasaca/Azimuth, label Niglo, Socradisc distribution.  
11 to 13. Extracted from *Transports en Commun*, CD Niglo 892003, 1991, recorded at Studio Gimmick in October 1991 by Hervé le Guil assisted by Olivier

Saltiel. Production Apasaca/Azimuth Niglo label, Socradisc distribution.  
14 to 18. Extracted from *Correspondances*, CD Niglo 888002, 1993, recorded in December 1993 at Studio GAM, Belgium, by Michel Andina. Production Apasaca, label Niglo, Socradisc distribution.  
19 to 21. Extracted from *Mangeur de Lune*, CD Mercury FRUM79400020, 1994 recorded in 1994 at Studio Plus XXX by Bruno Lambert and Studio Merjithur by Franck Lebon and Laurent Koyassan. Production Paris New York, label Philips, Universal distribution.  
François Castiello: accordion, vocals  
Dan Gharibian: guitar, bouzouki, vocals  
Bruno Girard: violin, vocals  
Pierre Jacquet: doublebass  
Nano Peylet: clarinet, vocals

## CD 2

1. **L'AURA DES BALEINES** 3'11  
Nano Peylet
2. **L'HEUREUX LOUP**  
**DANS LA FORÊT** 3'16  
Nano Peylet / François Castiello
3. **LES GÉANTS PARALLÈLES** 5'27  
Bruno Girard
4. **ARMENIAN WALTZ** 3'37  
Dan Gharibian / Dan Gharibian
5. **AVENASTO TRAPEZIMOU** 5'45  
traditional instrumental  
Arrangement Bratsch
6. **KRITI WOMAN** 3'38  
Bruno Girard / Bruno Girard
7. **RIEN DANS LES POCES** 3'00  
Bruno Girard / Bruno Girard
8. **NEUF BROUILLÉ** 5'15  
Bruno Girard
9. **L'ALMÉE PHÉNOMÈNE** 3'09  
Nano Peylet / François Castiello
10. **AVANT CHRISTOPHER** 2'44  
François Castiello
11. **CHRISTOPHER COLOMBUS** 0'23''  
Léon Berry / Andy Razaf
12. **APRÈS CHRISTOPHER** 2'07  
François Castiello
13. **HÉ TCHAVALEÏ** 4'53  
Dan Gharibian / Dan Gharibian
14. **LA CHOPE DES PUCES** 4'35  
Bernard Davois / Pierre Jacquet
15. **EXOSEPT** 3'28  
Bruno Girard

1 to 5, 7, 9 to 12. Extracted from *Écoute ça Chérie*, CD Niglo 896005, 1996, recorded in April 1996 at Studio GAM, Belgium by Sylvio Soave and Studio Gimmick by Hervé Le Guil. Production Apasaca, label Niglo, Socradisc distribution.  
François Castiello: accordion, vocals  
Dan Gharibian: guitar, bouzouki, vocals  
Bruno Girard: violin, vocals  
Pierre Jacquet: doublebass  
Nano Peylet: clarinet, vocals  
8. Extracted from *Rien dans les Poches*, CD Network 26667, 1998, recorded at the WDR-Funkhaus in Cologne, Allemagne, en octobre 1996, par Gisela Bruns & Peter Esser. Production Network Medien, label Network.  
Same distribution as 1, enriched with:  
Tosha Yumirovic: alto saxophone

16. **TRINK BRUDER** 2'56  
Gebirtig / Arrangement Bruno Girard
17. **MARCHAND DE RÊVES** 3'25  
Dan Gharibian / Dan Gharibian
18. **OYFN VEG** 5'03  
Itzik Manger  
Arrangement Bruno Girard
19. **MATEREMO** 4'52  
François Castiello / François Castiello

Serge Rosenberg: trumpet  
Keyvan Chemirani: drums  
13, 16, 17. Extracted from *On a Rendez-vous*, CD Niglo 899008, 1999, recorded live at the Maroquinerie, Paris in March 1999 by Alain Français. Production Apasaca, label Niglo, Socradisc distribution.  
Same distribution as 1.  
6, 14, 15, 18, 19. Extracted from *La Vie, la Mort, tout ça*, CD Niglo 801010, 2001, recorded live in the studio Theatre of Mâcon, France, in June 2001 by Gilles Arrachart, assisted by Sam Babouillard and Philippe Maillet. Production Apasaca, label Niglo, Socradisc distribution.  
Same distribution as 1.



## CD 3

1. **EN ATTENDANT MADELEINE** 4'46  
Nano Peylet
2. **HORA LUI MIHALEA** 2'28  
Traditional instrumental  
Arrangement Bruno Girard
3. **BOUBASKO PRASNIKO** 7'13  
Dan Gharibian / Dan Gharibian
4. **PARIS BLUES / DAPHNÉE**  
/ **APPEL INDIRECT** 6'17  
Django Reinhardt
5. **PAROLES EN L'AIR ET PAS PERDUS** 3'49  
Bruno Girard / Bruno Girard
6. **PEYLET'S FREILACH** 6'32  
Nano Peylet
7. **CARAVAN PETROL** 4'38  
Carosone / Nisa
8. **AVREML DER MARVIKHER (LIVE)** 5'14  
Gebirtig / Arrangement Bruno Girard
9. **SIYA LE** 7'08  
Audrey Vernet / Dan Gharibian
10. **RER C** 4'26  
Nano Peylet / Nano Peylet
11. **SKA FONCE** 4'34  
François Castiello
12. **DANS LE CIEL DE MA RUE** 4'09  
Christophe Pagnon / Dan Gharibian
13. **BEI MIR BIST DU SCHEYN** 2'36  
Instrumental / Sholom Secunda
14. **FIESTA** 4'08  
Instrumental / Nano Peylet
15. **LA MÉDITATION DE THAÏS** 4'55  
Instrumental / Jules Massenet  
Arrangement Bruno Girard



**1 & 2.** Extracted from *La Vie, la Mort, tout ça*, CD Niglo 801010, 2001, recorded in studio-live at Theatre Mâcon, France, in June 2001 by Gilles Arrachart, assisted by Sam Babouillard and Philippe Maillet. Production Apasaca, label Niglo, Socardisc distribution.

**3 to 7.** Extracted from *Ça s'Fête*, CD Niglo 804013, 2004, recorded live in Cabaret Sauvage, Paris, in octobre 2004 by Pierre Sampagnay. Production Apasaca, label Niglo, Socardisc distribution.

**8.** Recording concert, 2004, recorded in the Auditorium of Dijon, January 16, 2004 by Gilles Arrachart.

**9 to 12.** Extracted from *Urban Bratsch*, CD World Village WVF479056, 2011, recorded at Studio Gimmick in March 2011 by Jacques Laville assisted by Pierre Sampagnay. Production Harmonia Mundi, Harmonia Mundi distribution.

**13 & 14.** Recorded live in Vienna, Austria, during the concert at the Metropol in March 2013 by Dr. Emil H. Lubej for Emap.FM Internet R@dio

**15.** Unreleased recording, recorded in April 1996 at Studio GAM, Belgium by Sylvio Soave.

**François Castiello:** accordion, vocals  
**Dan Gharibian:** guitar, bouzouki, vocals

**Bruno Girard:** violin, vocals  
**Théo Girard:** doublebass (on 13 & 14)  
**Pierre Jacquet:** doublebass (except 13 & 14)  
**Nano Peylet:** clarinet, vocals  
**Alon Peylet:** trombone on 8

## DVD

1. **NIŠKA BANJA** 2'32  
Instrumental trad. / Arrt Milija Spasojevic
2. **JOULIK** 3'01  
Traditional / Arrt Nano Peylet
3. **A ROMALEI TE DJILAS** 0'45  
Instrumental Trad / Arrt Bruno Girard  
**DICAV A DRO SOUNE** 0'30  
Traditional / Arrt François Castiello  
**DANSE YIDDISH** 0'15  
Traditional / Arrt Bratsch  
**TOURTERELLA** 0'15  
Traditional  
**YES KOU RIMET** 0'20  
Traditional / Arrt Bratsch  
**AVEN NACHASS TOUSSA** 0'30  
Traditional / Arrt Nano Peylet
4. **JOC DI GRANISESTI** 1'00  
Zona Radanti
5. **NANE TSORA** 3'03  
Traditional / Arrt Dan Gharibian
6. **JOULIK** 0'24  
Traditional / Arrt Nano Peylet
7. **SIKAR MANGE DROM** 0'17  
Bruno Girard  
**RABIZ** 0'29  
Dan Gharibian / Dan Gharibian
7. **SARI SIROUN YAR** 6'48  
G. Achot / Arrt Dan Gharibian  
**JOC** 2'12  
Instrumental trad. / Arrt Bruno Girard  
**HUMMUS BLUES** 3'13  
François Castiello
8. **A ROMALEI TE DJILAS** 2'48  
Instrumental trad. / Arrt Bruno Girard
9. **DAN'S FREILACH** 3'15  
Dan Gharibian
10. **ON A RENDEZ VOUS** 1'08  
Nano Peylet / François Castiello  
**GRADISCHTENSKO HORO** 0'55  
Instrumental trad. / Arrt Bratsch  
**LU MUNDE APPARTEÏ**  
**A QUI L'ECOUTO** 2'58  
Nano Peylet / Nano Peylet
11. **FAOUSSORA** 1'30  
Nano Peylet
12. **MONTAGNES RUSSES** 3'10  
François Castiello
13. **A ROMALEI TE DJILAS** 0'24  
Instrumental trad. / Arrt Bruno Girard  
**JOULIK** 0'31  
Traditional / Arrt Nano Peylet  
**RABIZ** 0'55  
Dan Gharibian / Dan Gharibian
14. **PARIS BLUES / DAPHNÉE**  
/ **APPEL INDIRECT** 6'32  
Django Reinhardt
15. **NA MI NAZ OUNI** 5'32  
Achough Cheram / Arrgt Dan Gharibian  
**ON LUI EN VEUT PAS NON** 4'32  
Christophe Pagnon / Dan Gharibian
16. **PHARIZM** 4'33  
François Castiello  
**CARAMBOLE** 5'37  
François Castiello  
**FIESTA** 4'07  
Nano Peylet

1. Archives of INA funds. Extracts from Centre Actualités, September 23, 1982.

2. Clip made in 1989 by Étienne Yanzi, extracts from *Sans Domicile Fixe*, CD Niglo 890002, 1990.

3. Filmed in January 1991 at the Casino de Paris, Azimuth Productions / Geneviève Girard.

4. Archives of INA funds. Extracts from JT FR3 in Limoges on February 15, 1991.

5. Clip made in 1991 by Yasha Aginsky, extracted from *Transports en Commun*, CD Niglo 892003, 1991.

6. Archives of INA funds. Extracted from JT Antenne 2 of January 17, 1992, directed by Marie-Hélène Bonnot. Filmed at the Olympia in January 1992.

7. Filmed at the municipal hall of Onex (Switzerland), February 5, 1993, by Pierre Bugnon. Onésiens shows, under the direction of Cyrille Schnyder. Show premiered at the Olympia in January 1992.

8. Filmed July 5, 1994, at the Jazz International Festival of Montreal during *La Nuit des Gitans*. Production Team Spectra.

9. Video clip directed by Pascal Vuong in 1994. Paris New York Productions / Claude Kunetz, extracted from *Mangeur de Lune*, CD Mercury FRUM79400020, 1994.

10. From the movie *Bratsch at Work*, directed by Yasha Aginsky in 1999.

11. Filmed at L'Européen, Paris, in October 2001 by Gilles Vidal, Delire2vivre Productions.

12. Extracted from *Voyage en Tziganie*, produce in 2004 by Tzig'art, and distributed by Naïve (référence WN145053). Filmed in the Trïanon, Paris in June 2003.

13. Filmed en 2005-2006 by Jean-Maurice Dutriaux during concerts in Calaf (Catalonia), Gorzow Wielkopolski (Poland), Vaux-sur-Mer, Labeaume (France), Gaza, Erez (Palestinians Territories).

14. Filmed in naTo, Leipzig, Germany, in October 2008.

15. Extracted from the show *Mezzo Voce* conducted by Paul Rognoni in 2011. Coproduction Mareterrani, Via Stella & France Televisions Corse.

16. Filmed by Gunther Ziegler / [www.neugut.org](http://www.neugut.org) when Festival ZMF in Freiburg im Breisgau, June 29, 2013.



### **2300 concerts**

1650 in France, including 400 in Ile de France and 40 different venues in Paris. 650 in foreign countries, including 240 in Germany, 80 in Switzerland, 50 in Canada..

**32 countries visited:** mainly Switzerland, Netherlands, Italy, Canada, USA, Austria, Germany, Morocco, Russia, Spain, Turkey... but also Finland, Serbia, Mauritania, Palestine, Israel, Armenia...

### **We played in 24 capitals!**

Montreal, Berlin and Zürich are the foreign cities where we played the most: about 20 times for each of them!

### **590 borders crossed**

Including 100 times in Germany alone, and more than 200 times across the French border to come home.

**1 million kilometers traveled**, divided equally between the planes, trains and roads (65,000 in 2005 alone), which represents approximately 5500 hours of travel, or 230 full days, or three full years of work time.

We spent an average of nearly **two months in hotel per year**.

### **240 songs recorded**

### **17 official albums (14 CDs et 3 Vinyls)**

with which we must add about forty collaborations in various projects.

Data patiently collected by Jean-Mô