

OTRDIEN, 8. NOVEMBRĪ, PLKST. 19.00
RĪGAS REFORMĀTU BAZNĪCĀ



BULĒZS. KSENAKIS. PETRAŠKEVIČS. DZENĪTIS

PROGRAMMA

I daļa. STRĀVAS

1. Galina GRIGORJEVA (1962) *Lament* alta flautai
2. Pjērs BULĒZS (*Pierre Boulez*, 1925-2016) *Notations* klavierēm solo
3. Pjērs BULĒZS *Sonatīne* flautai un klavierēm
4. Līsa HIRŠA (*Liisa Hirsch*, 1984) *Cloud Tones* klavierēm un dzīvajai elektronikai
5. Helena TULVE (1972) *Farewell, farewell* flautai un klavierēm
6. Ilo KRIGULS (*Ülo Krigul*, 1978) *Streeeetch* basa flautai, sagatavotām klavierēm un elektronikai
7. Jānis PETRAŠKEVIČS (1978) *Strāvas / Currents* flautai un klavierēm (2022), pasaules pirmatskaņojums

Atskaņo **Monika MATĪSENA** (*Monika Mattiesen*, flauta, Igaunija) un
Mihails VENDEBERGS (*Michael Wendeberg*, klavieres, Vācija / Šveice)

II daļa. KSENAKIM 100

1. Andris DZENĪTIS (1978) *Canti della peste / Mēra dziesmas* baritonam un sitaminstrumentiem (2022), pasaules pirmatskaņojums
 - I. **LASSI, PIANGIAMO**. Ludoviko Ariosto (*Ludovico Ariosto*, 1474 – 1533) teksts
 - II. **O SONNO**. Džovanni della Kazas (*Giovani Della Casa*, 1503 – 1556) teksts
 - III. **ADUNQUE M'HAI** Pietro Bembo (*Pietro Bembo*, 1470 – 1547) teksts

Atskaņo **Armands SILINŠ** (balss) un **Guntars FREIBERGS** (sitaminstrumenti)

2. Jannis KSENAKIS (*Jannis Xenakis*, 1922-2001) *Plejādes / Pléïades*
 - I. **METAUX**. II. **CLAVIERS**. III. **PEAUX**. IV. **MELANGES**

Atskaņo **Guntars FREIBERGS**, **Mikus BĀLIŅŠ**, **Edvards Paulis MUZIKANTS** (sitaminstrumenti) un
GIUNTER PERCUSSION (Lietuva): **Pāvels GINTERS** (*Pavel Giunter*),
Sigirts GAIĻUS (*Sigitas Gailius*) un **Andrjus REKAŠUS** (*Andrius Rekasius*)



Federal Ministry
Republic of Austria
Arts, Culture,
Civil Service and Sport

Latvijas
komponistu
savienība



Šajā skaņdarbā klausītājs tiek aicināts uzkavēties telpā, ko veido noteikts skaņu lauks un tā transformācijas. Ieskanas gan motīvi un izvērsti muzikāli žesti, kas uzstājīgi atgriežas un piesaka sevi aizvien no jauna, gan arī gaisīgas, trauksmaini neirotiskas skaņu figūras, kas strauji pazib garām. Mūzikas plūdums ir raits un dinamisks, bet viscaur viegli klivojošs: tas nosaka spriedzi, kas atslābst vien skaņdarba izskaņā – lēnā un klusinātā.

Jānis PETRAŠKEVIČS par jaundarbu ***Strāvas / Currents***

Masveidīga mēra iznīcība viduslaiku pasauli piemeklējusi vairākkārt, piešķirot dzīves un nāves robežai pavisam citu nozīmi. Nostāšanās neizbēgamā priekšā, dzīves jēgai piešķir pavisam citu nozīmi. Trīs dziesmas radītas ar itāļu renesances dzejnieku dzeju, kuru dzīves tā vai citādi šķērsojusi mēra klātbūtne tā laika Itālijā. Viņu rakstītais vēsta par mūžīgām tēmām - mīlestību, pieķeršanos, aizmirstību, ilgām, skumjām, aiziešanu citā pasaulē. Skaņdarbs veltīts maniem draugiem - baritonam Armandam Siliņam un sitaminstrumentālistam Guntaram Freibergam. Izmantojot sitaminstrumentus, apzināti vēlējos būt taupīgs, ierobežojot sevi šaurā instrumentārijā. Tas ir kā simbols askēzei, ierobežojumiem, kuri dzīvi spēj nodrošināt ar ne mazāk interesantiem notikumiem.

Andris DZENĪTIS par jaundarbu ***Canti della peste / Mēra dziesmas***

Andris DZENĪTIS CANTI DELLA PESTE / SONGS OF THE PLAGUE / MĒRA DZIESMAS

Ludoviko ARIOSTO (*Ludovico Ariosto*, 1474 – 1533) **LASSI, PIANGIAMO**

*Lassi, piangiamo, oimè, che l'empia Morte
n'ha crudelmente svelta una più santa,
una più amica, una più dolce pianta
che mai nascesse; ahi nostra triste sorte!
Ahi! del Ciel dure leggi, inique e torte,
per cui si verde in sul fiorir si schianta
si gentil ramo; e ben preda altra e tanta
non rest' all'ore si fugaci e corte.*

*Or poi che 'l nostro segretario antico
in cielo ha l'alma e le membra sotterra,
Morte, io non temo più le tue fere arme.
Per costui m'era 'l viver fatto amico;
per costui sol temea l'aspra tua guerra;
or che tolto me l'hai, che puo' tu farne?*

*Alas, let us make moan, for impious Death
Even now hath rooted up most cruelly
The gentlest, fairest plant that e'er drew breath,
Alas, alas, our sorrowful destiny!
The laws of Heaven are pitiless indeed
To blight such tender verdure in the spring,
To rob the hours of such abundant seed,
Brief, restless hours, for ever on the wing!*

*Now that the soul of our departed friend
Resteth in God, his body in the earth,
O Death, thou hast no sting! My life was worth
The living in his presence only; how
Thy terrors used to grip me, Death, but now
He is thy prey I do not dread the end.*

Džiovanni della KAZA (*Giovani Della Casa*, 1503 – 1556) **O SONNO**

*O sonno. O della quieta, umida, ombrosa
notte placido figlio; o de' mortali
egri conforto, oblio dolce de' mali
si gravi, ond'è la vita aspra e noiosa;
soccorri al core omai, che langue e posa
non have; e queste membra stanche e frali
solleva: a me ten vola, o sonno, e l'ali
tue brune sovra me distendi e posa !*

*Ov'è 'l silenzio, che 'l di fugge e 'l lume?
e i lievi sogni, che con non secure
vestigia di seguirti han per costume?
lasso! chè 'nvan te chiamo, e queste oscure
e gelide ombre invan lusingo. O piume
d'asprezze colme! o notti acerbe e dure!*

*O sleep, of the quiet night of dusk and dew
The placid son, O thou who dost relieve
Man's bitter load of suffering and endue
With merciful oblivion those who grieve,
Rescue this heart that faints yet cannot rest,
Uplift these frail, out-wearied limbs! O Sleep,
Spread wide thy sombre pinions o'er this breast,
And for a little while thy vigil keep !*

*Where is the silence that puts day to flight?
Where the soft dreams that used to follow thee
With faltering footsteps? O unhappy plight!
In vain, in vain I call, in vain to me
Would lure these dim and gelid shades; O bed
Of misery, O cruel nights and dread!*

Pjetro BEMBO (*Pietro Bembo*, 1470 – 1547) **ADUNQUE M'HAI**

*Adunque m'hai tu pure in sul fiorire,
morendo, senza te, Fratel, lasciato,
perchè il mio, dianzi, chiaro e lieto stato
ora si volge in tenebre e martire?
Gran giustizia era, e mio summo desire,
da me la strale avesse incominciato,
e come al venir qui son primo stato,
ancora stato fossi al dipartire.*

*Che non avrei veduto il mio gran danno,
di me stesso sparir la miglior parte,
e sarei teco fuor di questo affanno!
Or ch'io non ho potuto innanzi andarte,
piaccia al Signor, a cui non piace inganno,
ch'io possa in breve e scarco seguitarte.*

*Thou too then, Brother, in the tide of spring
Dying, hast left me solitary here,
Whence life, before so bright and glad a thing,
Is shadowed over with dismay and fear;
Justice it would have been and passionate
Desire of mine that hitherwards the dart
Firstly had sped, that as I was not late
In coming, so I might betimes depart.*

*Then I would not have known such deep despair,
Nor seen myself's best portion borne away,
Nor been subjected to such misery;
But now, since I before thee might not fare,
God grant, Who loveth equity, I may
Be liberated soon and follow thee.*