



**DET KONGELIGE DANSKE
MUSIKKONSERVATORIUM**

www.dkdm.dk

**PULSAR 2022
KAMMERKONCERT**

Søndag 13. marts kl. 19.30, Studiescenen

Zechen Hu: Autumn in Hokkaido

Frida Juul, fløjte, og Nikolaus von Bemberg, klaver

Cornelia Karlsson: Två Hav

Wei Pan, klarinet, og Aino Siurua, cello

Emil Johansson: Couldja dig it? I knew that ya could! (uropførelse)

Fingerspitzengefühl:

Will Crock, violin, Aino Siurua, cello,

Frida Juul, fløjte, Wei Pan, klarinet, Nikolaus von Bemberg, klaver

Yongbing Dai: Confuse

Dirigent: Kai Johannes Polzhofer

Fingerspitzengefühl:

Will Crock, violin, Aino Siurua, cello,

Frida Juul, fløjte, Wei Pan, klarinet, Nikolaus von Bemberg, klaver

Marianna Filippi: Through the Eyes of an Octopus

Libretto: Megan Grumbling (www.megangrumbling.com)

KIMI Ensemble:

Pórgunnur Anna Örnólfsdóttir, mezzosopran

Jónas Ásgeir Ásgeirsson, accordeon

Katerina Anagnostidou, slagtøj

Tonemestre

Siddharth Kulkarni, Maricruz Pacey, Ole Breuer, Jonas Munch

Cornelia Karlsson: Två Hav (Eng. two seas)

Till min morfar Staffan Wahlén. Du var två hav.

Inspired by the poem with the same name, written by the Swedish poet Bruno K. Öijer. The man in the poem wanted to fight all poverty, and one night he went drunk down to the pier to fight the sea. The sea had no problem winning.

Två hav

Född och uppvuxen i en bergsby
bland stenhusen runt en brunn
gjorde han karriär
som misslyckad tjurfäktare
och slutade sitt liv i hamnkvarteren
sågs vackla omkring berusad
mellan krogborden
och väsa om sin ungdom
han hade velat slåss mot all fattigdom
mot ett hav av fattigdom
som var hans stående avskedsreplik
vid dörren efter varje barrunda
och en vinande månbelyst natt
fick han med sej en röd bordsduk ut
och vandrade längs stranden
nu var han den gamla tjurfäktaren igen
rätade på ryggen
och vände sej ut mot havet
hetsade vågorna med sitt röda skynke
och det svarta havet rullade undan
tog sats igen
sänkte sina vitskummade horn
och välldde fram
rusade mot honom

Two Seas

Born and raised in a mountain village
among the stone houses around a well
he made a career
as a failed bullfighter
and ended his life in the harbor quarters
was seen staggering around drunk
between the tavern tables
and hiss about his youth
he had wanted to fight against all poverty
against a sea of poverty
which was his standing farewell remark
at the door after each night out
and a whining moonlit night
he brought out a red tablecloth
and walked along the beach
now he was the old bullfighter again
straightened his back
turned towards the sea
incited the waves with his red veil
and the black sea rolled away
took charge again
lowered his white-foamed horns
and welled up
rushed towards him

Marianna Filippi: Through the Eyes of an Octopus

“Through the Eyes of an Octopus” both poetically and biologically illustrates how an octopus experiences the world, through its multifaceted senses and exquisite emotional intelligence. It was wholly inspired by the brilliant Oscar-winning documentary, “My Octopus Teacher” by Craig Foster and the SeaChange Project.

The libretto, written by Portland Maine-based poet, Megan Grumbling, focuses on the octopus’s extraordinary sensory abilities, its shape shifting and color-changing abilities, the eight semi-autonomous tentacles, and its capacity to be sensitive and to express emotion.

Each distinctive word was translated into its own compositional motif, and then the majority of the composition was structured and written around them, defining them as pivotal points of compositional architecture.

The use of auxiliary percussion and vocal effects, which overextends to the Mezzo-Soprano and accordion, were carefully chosen to further define the individual sounds of the words.

The Mezzo-Soprano and accordionist’s percussion were implemented due to the piece’s complexity, and quick changes that I needed in order to satisfy the virtuosity that the libretto, and the octopus, required.