



DET KONGELIGE DANSKE
MUSIKKONSERVATORIUM

dkdm.dk/pulsar

PULSAR 2026 SINFONIETTA

Søndag 8. marts kl. 16.00, Studiescenen

Dirigent: Hjörtur Páll Eggertsson

Yifan Shao:	Requiem for Hilma Klint
Lyle Cohen:	Anxiety
Saiwen Shao	The Epoché of the Blood Moon over Øresund
Marek Fóra:	I didn't get tickets to the Radiohead concert
Adrianna Kubica-Cypek:	AD TE for sinfonietta (2022)

DKDM's Sinfonietta dirigeret af Hjörtur Páll Eggertsson

Klara Kofod Lauridsen, mezzosopran
Thor Huttunen, tenor
Annisia Gybel, Thomas Bedggood, violin
Ketil Kannevorff, bratsch
Jonas Risbo, Magdalena Szlaužys, Tiril Ystgaard, Qing Zhong, cello
Jakob Utter og Viggo Buttenchøn, kontrabas
Cailin Walsh-Estabrooks, Taja Sokaité, fløjte
Yan Ching Hoi, Victoria López Aguilera, obo
Yi-Ting Ma, Zhengxuan Han, klarinet
Hrafn Marinó Thorarensen, fagot
Cecilie Welde, horn
Frederik Treu Pehrsson, trompet
Frida Hellander, basun
Albin Rosenqvist, Junling Lin og William Henriksson, slagtøj
Ciorstaidh Ciambeul, accordeon
Jonas Vadstrup, Esther Aurora Mandujano, Yao Xiao, klaver, Siyi Lu, legetøjsklaver
Fubei Zhao, celeste, William Min Henriksson, Junling Lin, slagtøj, Qi Wu, harpe

Tonemestre: Marie Krastel og Xinyi Ding

Adrianna Kubica-Cypek: AD TE for sinfonietta

"AD TE" is a piece that emerged from a memory of a choral composition *Salve Regina* written by Andrzej Krzanowski — Katowice-based composer of so-called "'51 Generation". That composition is to be performed by women's choir and I was performing this piece during the first year of my composition studies in Katowice.

One particular passage including the words:

Ad te clamámus, éxsules filii Hévae.
Ad te suspirámus, geméntes et fléntes
in hac lacrimárum välle.
To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve.
To you we sigh, mourning and weeping
in this valley of tears.

...remained especially vivid in my memory, with its unique melodic patterns. In "AT TE" this fragment serves as the "body" of my own composition — the text dictates the rhythm in a way, while imprecise recollection of the melody shapes the harmonies.

Composition commissioned by the Brand New Music Festival and The Karol Szymanowski Music Academy in Katowice (PL) for the New Music Orchestra, premiered in June 2022.

Lyle Cohen: Anxiety

I. Quant was thinking:

My deuce, my double, my dear image,
Is it lively there, that land of glass,
Where song is a grimace, sound logic
A suite of gestures? You seem amused.
How well and witty when you wake up,
How glad and good when you go to bed,
Do you feel, my friend? What flavor has
That liquor you lift with your left hand;
Is it cold by contrast, cool as this
For a soiled soul; does your self like mine
Taste of untruth? Tell me, what are you
Hiding in your heart, some angel face,
Some shadowy she who shares in my absence,
Enjoys my jokes? I'm jealous, surely,
Nicer myself (though not as honest),
The marked man of romantic thrillers
Whose brow bears the brand of a winter
No priest can explain, the poet disguised,
Thinking over things in thieves' kitchens,
Wanted by the waste, whom women's love
Or his own silhouette might all too soon
Betray to its tortures. I'll track you down,
I'll make you confess how much you know who
View my vices with a valet's slight
But shameless shrug, the Schadenfreude
Of cooks at keyholes. Old comrade, tell me
The lie of my lifetime but look me up in
Your good graces; agree to be friends
Till our deaths differ; drink, strange future,
To your neighbour now.

II. Malin was thinking:

No chimpanzee
Thinks it thinks. Things are divisible,
Creatures are not. In chaos all bodies
Would differ in weight. Dogs can learn to
Fear the future. The faceless machine
Lacks a surround. The laws of science have
Never explained why novelty always
Arrives to enrich (though the wrong question
Imitates nothing). Nature rewards
Perilous leaps. The prudent atom
Simply insists upon its safety now,
Security at all costs; the calm plant
Masters matter then submits to itself,
Busy but not brave; the beast assures
A stabler status to stolen flesh,
Assists though it enslaves: singular then
Is the human way; for the ego is a dream
Till a neighbor's need by name create it;
Man has no mean; his mirrors distort;
His greenest arcadias have ghosts too;
His utopias tempt to eternal youth
Or self-slaughter.