

The Dissociative Self | Teil 2

Ein Werkzyklus von Tamara Friebe

29. September 2012 | 20:00 Uhr

echoraum

CANTO MORPH

a chamber opera for solo voice with Platypus Ensemble

Silent, blessed, slow.
Broken.

Silenziosi, Benedetti, lenti.
Infranto.

fragments in Italian, from Ada Negri's »Tempeste« (1896) which tells the helpless tragedy of the forsaken poor, in words of vehement beauty

I. A Te, Mamma

terra
Ensemble

II. I Sacrifici

gently, reflectively
Ensemble

III. Viola Del Pensiero

still gently, a little overwhelmed
Soprano, Cello

IV. Canto Notturmo

still gently, a little night song
Soprano, Violin, Cello

V. Ora Di Calma

calmly, (perhaps a little alchemy)
Soprano, Recorder, Flute, Clarinet

VI. Nate Da Pianti

and he continued to dream
Ensemble

VII. Eterno Idillio

e benedice
Ensemble

Gloria Damijan Klavier
Gobi Drab Blockflöten
Tamara Friebe Elektronik

Ensemble Platypus
Kaoko Amano Sopran
Sieglinde Grössinger Flöte
Ryuta Iwase Klarinette
Marianna Oczkowska Violine
Tomasz Skweres Violoncello

Jaime Wolfson Leitung



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Bundesministerium für
Unterricht, Kunst und Kultur



I.
Terra

To you, mamma

'Tis true, I am strong.

-For the stony path
I leave shreds of soul and faith;

Thus, half-naked, with bare arms
The clothes that are lifted to the belt!

However with my exquisite leg
I still climb towards

the bright dawn

The rural,
Humble and rough fatigue

You seem so pure,
calm
Unblemished by the extreme circumstances,

Did you know? ... I'm not afraid

And here I want the tired, the pale
Frail women with hands made of wax.

... The willow abandoned to the winds

You, that the biggest evils
Leaves of the willow

suffered one day
stems flowering in the evening.

and the agonies of the soul;

Ghosts in top hats and gloves.

II.
SACRIFICES

It is a teacher. - She looks good

He said:
The mountains and the ocean
I must interpose between

The resigned calm patient ...
Who knows the emptiness, tears and forgiveness.

He teaches with austere vocals and slowly.

Oh, think of me, while I'll be away.

III.
VIOLA DEL PENSIERO

Pansy
Maternal instinct
From the nimble cup where the petals

For him, for him
it inspired the soul

Not a baby from me! ... The keen

My youth fades only:
And in an anxious scent of violets

Who loved me in the distant past!
Within its
in silence

Perfumes further the mown grass.
shyly

Violet stares at me
a

All our life to another life.

thoughtfully

pale

**IV.
CANTO NOTTURNO**

O heart

O unknown

Beats a song in the distance:

speaking

under

Voice, a woman,

the

hot

sky

the darkness! ...

How sacred sensors of incense
passionate:

immense,

I arrived a bit 'dim, a little' veiled

– Between the pomegranates, in flower –
by the distance.

**V.
HOUR OF CALM**

Hour of calm

The dream
Fragile bodies,
Solitary lamps,

The light

Lilies dying
and
the storm.

of

unusual

languor.

– I won and you are mine, –

Sob unknown: Love,
love! ...

Like a toy

Silent, blessed, slow.

broken.

**VI.
BORN OF TEARS.**

The pure race of the redeemed
To me round about the city surge,
Awakened to the first dawn.

the
the

Raises the first dawn.

What one sows

The great city that nurtures and works
In the sun
giant deeds moved.

the

songs

Made of
freedom

And he continued to dream.

It places the coming ...

born of tears,

The race of fearless,
of pure,

From the blood

and

A bright day predestined

from the bowels
of my ancestors.

**VII.
ETERNO IDILLIO**

Next to the door of the house,
the shade;

While the rising ...

... and blesses.