

MARIUSIADE 2012 – Festival for Crazy People – IV. Edition

Saturday - May 19th at 16:00

Sunday - May 20th at 16:00

At Kirsten Kjaer's Museum



Judith Blauw (*oboe*), Vesselin Demirev (*violin*), Yana Deshkova (*violin*), Mina Luka Fred (*viola*), Matthias Hehrmann (*cello*), Verona Maier (*piano*), Morten Møller (*viola*), Erik Sanberg (*horn*), Lorenz Schuster (*electronics*), Marius Ungureanu (*viola*), Bernadette Zeilinger (*recorder*) and Arco van Zon (*oboe*) are playing:

Ernest Chausson:	Poem for violin and piano op. 25
Isang Yun:	„Trillers“ from Inventionen for 2 oboes
Luciano Berio:	Sequenza III for woman's voice
Krzysztof Penderecki:	Cadenza for solo viola
Duo Lorber:	Improvisations: Bernadette and Lorenz
W. A. Mozart	Sonata No. 21 in E minor, K. 304
Gunther Schuller:	Trio for Oboe, Horn and Viola
Hugo Wolf:	„3 songs after poems of Michelangelo“
Gilles Silvestrini:	From 6 Etudes for oboe
Hugo Wolf:	„Anakreons Grab“
Arthur Honegger:	Petite Suite, for 2 treble instruments & piano, H. 89
Eugène Bozza:	Duos for Oboe & English Horn: Shepherds of Provence
Alexander Borodin:	"For the shores of thy far native land"
György Ligeti:	Sonata for Viola Solo
	to the Film "O Hora Lunga" by Petru Maier Bianu
György Ligeti:	String Quartet nr. 1
L. van Beethoven:	String Quartet op.18 nr. 1 in F Major
L. van Beethoven:	String Quartet op. 127 nr.12 in E-flat major

Antonio Vivaldi:	Double Concerto in d minor RV 535
W. A. Mozart:	Oboe Quartet in F major, K. 370
W. A. Mozart:	Horn Quintet in E-flat, K. 407
Johann Gottlieb Janitsch:	Sonata for 2 Oboes, viola and Cembalo

The chamber festivals 4th edition under its artistic director Marius Ungureanu is once again more than "just" wonderful, strong and diverse music: it is also telling a thoughtful, slightly dadaistic (some might say) story where music, poetry, movie and last but not least the final cooking concert with Zoran's Cauldron - the boiled dissolution of the Babylonian confusion - are blending together to one big entity. All those ingredients are imbedded in the small anarchistic drama about communication without souls in 5 acts: "TONGUE-LESS".

TONGUE-LESS

An anarchistic drama about communication without souls in 5 acts

A resume

Motto:

*They all have lips profoundly tired
And lucid souls without a seam,
And yearning (like a sin desired)
Moves sometimes slowly through their dream.*

Rilke, The Angels

We all are tongues! It does not matter how bright or dark we babble: we are tongues. And we are responsible for the most important part within the social life: communication. We are hanging in a much too often sealed and dark room, called mouth. Our home is the mouth. The tongue is the bearer of the soul because through speaking it is always in motion. Its home, called mouth comprises both ways: to offer an outlook when open and to warm up when closed. If the agility between open and closed is unbalanced, the soul shrinks and the tongue dries and turns inflexible.

When there is too much vicinity, we sometimes are getting lost in another mouth, it can happen that one soul might get blown away into another or whispered into another one. This can occur when we are not well enough enrooted in the throat. Even if the mouth is our home, our home is open, because it has to. If the home stays locked for too long, there cannot be any exchange and thru the silence, which is supposed to be golden, misunderstanding, speculation, suspiciousness, doubts, manipulation and war. The reason therefore is that we became false tongues in false mouth.

We have been created out of improvisation, at our birth an immune soul system had been bestowed into our tongue. We must safeguard and treasure it; we must shepherd and dandle it with unconditioned love. And this can be done thru constant tongue-gymnastics. The safest way for a healthy tongue-gymnastics is music. Music is the primary ritual to maintain a healthy equilibrium and the immune soul system in the tongue. Music helps to come together again and blows fresh air into a pure path. Thru poetry feelings enwrapped by dreams and fantasy are being released to move mountains.

Because of the exchange of music and poetry we are able to breath, the space opens up, our home fills with air, the soul invigorates and the tongue softens, getting tender and supple. In this interaction we are not able to lie. We are not trustworthy if we do not stay open.

We are all tongues. Let us mould this festival open-mouthed with lucid souls without a seam

Marius Ungureanu