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Vitja Avsec (France Prešeren):

**SONETNI VENEC\*** (2006)

Komorni zbor **De profundis** Kranj / Chamber Choir **De Profundis** Kranj

**SOPRAN** / SOPRANO Tinka Ambrožič | Maruša Bogataj | Lucija Čarman | Maja Logar (solo mezzosopran 16, 22) **ALT** / ALTO Neža Cankar | Erika Oblak | Irena Teran **TENOR** / TENOR Miha Kadunc | Darka Poljanec | Tomo Soklič | Gregor Solce **BAS** / BASS Andrej Carotta | Matevž Jekovec (solo 2. tenor 12) | Peter Kadunc | Tomaž Pintar | Rok Primc

Marjan Trček | tenor solo / tenor solo?

Branka Potočnik Krajnik | zborovodkinja / conductor

Vitja Avsec (France Prešeren)

**GLOSA\*\*** (2003)

*transkripcija pesmi v podobi desetih miniaturnih klavir in proj???*

Jože Kotar | klarinet / clarinet

Luca Ferrini | klavir / piano

Aljaž Jovanović | umetniška beseda / umetniska ???

Branka Potočnik Krajnik | avtorica projekta / project author ???

\*Prva izvedba / ???: Radovljica, 2. februar 2008, Komorni zbor De profundis

\*\*Prva izvedba / ???: Ljubljana, dvorana Društva slovenskih skladateljev



FOTO / PHOTO: MATAJZ GREGORIČ

Po končani osnovni glasbeni izobrazbi v Medvodah je **VITJA AVSEC** (1970) nadaljeval glasbeno šolanje na Srednji glasbeni šoli v Ljubljani, kjer je kot najboljši dijak v letniku zaključil glasbenoteoretski oddelek (1989) in harmoniko (1990). Tako kot obe smeri srednješolska glasbenega študija je tudi diplomiral iz kompozicije na Akademiji za glasbo v Ljubljani v razredu Daneta Škerla opravil z odliko.

Že na srednješolski stopnji je segel po večini glasbenih zvrsti: gledališki, komorni, zborovski glasbi in orkestralnemu prevencu se kasneje pridruži še vrsta solističnih, vokalno-instrumentalnih in tri simfonična dela.

Od leta 1995 je poučeval harmoniko na ljubljanski glasbeni šoli Franca Šturma, od leta 1999 pa je profesor glasbenoteoretskih predmetov na Srednji glasbeni šoli v Ljubljani.

### O skladateljevi ustvarjalnosti

Vitja Avsec je skladatelj, glasbeni pedagog in harmonikar, čigar dosedanja opus ni eden tistih, ki bi jih mogli osredičiti na posamezno zvrst, žanr, glasbeno obliko ali estetiko:

„V začetku sem iskal razmerje med nasprotji; med obliko in vsebino, med preprostim in kompleksnim ... Ne spuščam se toliko v raziskovanje zvoka. Zanima me oblikovanje – organizacija materiala in artikulacija forme. Stvari skušam spraviti do čim višje stopnje preglednosti, oziroma 'preslišnosti'“ (Besede Vitje Avsca iz knjige Črta Sojarja Voglarja: *Skladateljske sledi po letu 1900*, Ljubljana 2005, str. 19.)

Glavna značilnost Avsčevega opusa je poglobljen osebni odnos do vsega, kar sodi v zakladnico klasične tradicije zahodne glasbe. Gre za opus, ki korenini v iskanju skladja med novim in starim, emotivnim in racionalnim, preprostim in kompleksnim, meditativnim in razgibanim – torej ne v skrajnostih, temveč odtenkih sredine. Njegov opus priključuje verz, ki zatrjuje, da preveč – tako poet – enako je slabo, kot je premalo. Parafrazirani verz meri na tisto zlato sredino, ki jo je obdobje romantike razglasilo za sumljivo umetniško vrednoto in so jo modernizmi 20. stoletja temeljito počrnili. Šele s koncem navdušenja o »padcu v veliko svobodo«, postmoderno, je misel o juste milieu – o modrosti, izgubljeni v nakopičenem znanju in možnostih – dobila nazaj izvorni pomen, ki v umetnosti sploh, ne le glasbi, prinaša v premislek starožitno, klasično umetnostno razlikovanje med akademsko sterilnostjo in apolitično, zadržano prečiščenostjo. Prav zadnja je namreč značilna za Avsčev opus. Je namreč eden redkih na Slovenskem danes, iz katerega tako rekoč vse ljubezen do antično razumljene ustvarjalnosti kot doživetega premisleka in sijajne obrtniške spretnosti – ustvarjalnosti tiste vrste, ki uspeva ohraniti aristokratsko (i)zbranost zvočnega izraza, razpeto med umirjeno, razsodno, včasih prav staromodno čistostjo vodenja glasbene misli in bogato paletu vselej dodobra preiščenih učinkovnih rešitev.

### Sonetni venec in Glosa v uglasbitvi Vitje Avsca

Vitja Avsec je drugi slovenski skladatelj, ki se je lotil ikone slovenske poezije. Za razliko od kantate v treh delih za soliste, zbor in orkester Lucijana Marije Škerjanca (1959) je Avsčeva uglasbitev mojstrovine Franceta Prešerna dobila povsem drugo obliko v a cappella zborovskem stavku.

Skozi zgodovino dodobra prežemajoči se umetnosti – poezija in glasba – sta skozi stoletja (p)ostajali težavni ljubimki. Njunjo skladje je krhko, razmerja med njima skoraj nikoli enakovredna. Celu v tistih delih, kjer se

zlijeta v čudovite umetnine, druga drugo potiskata zdaj v ospredje, zdaj v ozadje, nadse ali podse ... Glasba se formalno odvija po svoji poti, besedilo po svoji. Glasba se razvija v sklenjenem motivičnem razgrinjanju, ki tematsko veriženje sonetov rahločutno poudarja prav zato, ker se drži klasičnega organskega načela glasbenega oblikoslovja. Uglasbitev ne išče oprimkov v »konstruktivističnem« načelu Prešernove pesmi. V Avsčevih uglasbitvah Prešernovega cikla se pripovednost besedila vseskozi preosvetljena vrača v ospredje. Razpoloženska in aluzijska živjetost sta glavna gradnika glasbene dramaturgije celote. Rapsodični lok, ki ga terja besedilo s prestopnostjo in veriženjem rime, temelji na prosojnih, ponekod minimalistično prečesanih, vedno domiselno gestikuliranih skladateljskih rešitvah.

Glosa je intimna refleksija pesniške oblike, ki meri na preizpraševanje ustvarjalnega dejanja. Forma je stroga, a učinkuje sproščeno: niz utrinkov, ki v nadihu Albana Berga s toni simbolizirajo Prešernove verze, a se vseskozi sijajno izmikajo formaliziranosti z neko zadržano in obenem tenkočutno igrivostjo, ne išče nič drugega kot jednatost, celo odrezavost glasbene misli. Poantirana ost, ki jo pesniški žanr premore, ostaja v glasbeni preobleki nakazana, vsebinsko odprta, prepustna, nekako izmuzljiva v izraznih premenah, ki najdejo »roman v enem stavku«, ves svet na majhnem prostoru. Svet, ki izhaja iz klasičnega glasbenega izročila, in to iz tistega dela, ki v prefinjeni gesti združuje preteklost s sedanostjo.

Glosa Vitje Avsca prinaša glasbo, ki je določna, neposredna, prečiščena, četudi nikoli skopa v svojih nakazovanjih »velike zgodbe«, zajete na majhnem platnu s samo dvema akterjema.

*Leon Stefanija*

Vitja Avsec began his music education in Medvode and studied music theory and accordion at the Ljubljana School of Music, where he graduated as best in his year. He graduated with honours from the Ljubljana Academy of Music, where he had studied composition in the class of Professor Dane Škerl.

Avsec started composing while still in secondary school; he wrote music for theatre, chamber music, choral music and an orchestral work. Later, he composed a series of chamber works, vocal instrumental works and three symphonies.

In 1995, Vitja Avsec started teaching accordion at the Franc Šturm Music School in Ljubljana and since 1999 he has been a professor of music theory at the Ljubljana School of Music and Ballet.

#### **About the composer's creative work**

Vitja Avsec is a composer, music teacher and accordionist whose opus has not been focused on one particular genre, musical form or aesthetics:

„In the beginning, I was looking for the relationship between contrasts; between form and content, between the simple and the complex ... I do not research the sound itself that much. I am interested in the shaping – the organization of material and the articulation of form. I try to make things to be as clear as possible. (Vitja Avsec's words from Črt Sojar Voglar's book *Skladateljske sledi po letu 1900*, Ljubljana 2005, p. 19.)

The main characteristic of Avsec's opus is his deep personal attitude towards everything belonging to the classical western music tradition. It is an opus, rooted in the search for the harmony between the new and the old, the emotional and the rational, the simple and the complex, the meditative and the agitated. His opus reminds

us of the verse, claiming that too much is – in the poet's opinion – not better than too little. The paraphrased verse refers to the golden mean, the concept that was in the Romantic period proclaimed as a questionable value in art and was even further denigrated by the modernisms of the 20th century. Only with the postmodern period and the end of the enthusiasm about »the fall into great freedom«, the thought of juste milieu – of wisdom, lost in the culminated knowledge and possibilities –, regained its original meaning, which – in art in general, not only in music – brings to mind the old, classical distinction between the academic sterility and the apollinic reserved purity. The latter is typical of Avsec's opus. His work radiates love for creativity in the antique sense – creativity as an experienced reflection as well as a great artisan skill. This kind of creativity is successful in retaining aristocratic refinement of musical expression, divided between tranquil, sensible, sometimes even old-fashioned purity of leading the musical thought and the rich palette of the always well considered, effective solutions.

The Wreath of Sonnets and Glosa in Vitja Avsec's setting to music

Vitja Avsec is the second Slovene composer to tackle the icon of Slovene poetry. Unlike Lucijan Marija Škerjanc's cantata in three parts for soloists choir and orchestra (1959), Avsec's setting to music of France Prešeren's masterpiece is an a cappella choral sentence.

Poetry and music have been intertwined throughout history and have remained difficult lovers. Their harmony is fragile, the relations between them hardly ever equal. Even in the works where they both combine into a wonderful work of art, they push each other once forwards, once backwards, up and down ... The music develops as closed revealing of motifs, where the thematic interweaving of sonnets is delicately emphasized, because it follows the classical organic principle of musical morphology. The setting to music does not seek any holds in the »constructivist« principle of this Prešeren's poem.

In Avsec's setting to music of Prešeren's cycle, the narrativeness of the text always comes forward strongly illuminated. The text, with its alternating and chain rhymes, requires a rhapsodic arch, based on transparent, sometimes minimalistically combed, always thoughtfully gesticulated composing solutions.

Glosa is an intimate reflection of the poetic form that aims at questioning the creative act. Its form is strict, yet it gives a relaxed impression: tones with a tinge of Alban Berg symbolize Prešeren's verses. With some sort of reserved and yet delicate playfulness it brilliantly avoids formalization and only seeks conciseness and even quick wit of musical thought. In the musical setting, the sharpened sting of the poetic genre remains only hinted, contentually open, permeable, somehow evading in the changes of expression, that discover a »novel in one sentence«, a whole world in small space. A world, derived from the classical musical tradition, from that part of the tradition, that combines past and present with a refined gesture.

Vitja Avsec's Glosa brings us music that is defined, direct, purified, yet never sparing with its indications of »the great story«, captured on small screen with only two actors.

*Leon Stefanija*

Komorni zbor **DE PROFUNDIS** deluje v Kranju od jeseni 1990 in sodi med najvidnejše slovenske pevske sestave. V svoje sporede, v katerih praviloma posega po zahtevnejši zborovski literaturi, uvršča zborovsko glasbo od najstarejših slogovnih obdobij do današnjega časa. S posebno pozornostjo se posveča izvedbam slovenskih zborovskih del, ljudski pesmi in novim partituram slovenskih skladateljev. Ob tesnem sodelovanju s skladatelji zbor beleži vrsto krstnih izvedb. V zadnjih letih svoj koncertni repertoar širi predvsem v vsebinsko usmerjenih glasbenih projektih: *Ljubezenske pesmi* (2003), *Slovenska ustvarjalnost – ljudska pesem* (2004), *Gallus – Monteverdi* (2004), *Adventna in božična glasba* (2004), *Slovenska ustvarjalnost – umetna pesem* (2005), „*Gospod, pred teboj je vse moje hrepenenje*“ (2006), *Božični čas v slovenski ljudski pesmi* (2006), *Ljubezni v slovenski ljudski pesmi* (2007), *Sakralna glasba* (2007), „*Poet tvoj nov Slovincem venec vije*“ (2008). Visoko izvajalsko raven zbor potrjuje na koncertih po Sloveniji in onstran meje. Z uspehom je gostoval v Italiji, Avstriji, na Slovaškem, Češkem in Hrvaškem ter v Španiji, Nemčiji, Kanadi, Švici, Litvi in Estoniji. Zbor je za svoje tekmovalne nastope v Sloveniji in tujini prejel več najvišjih odličij: zlata plaketa mesta Maribor (1997, 1999, 2001, 2003); 1. mesto v kat. umetna pesem in 2. mesto v kat. ljudska pesem – Spittal, Avstrija (1997); 3. mesto v kat. umetna pesem – Milltenberg, Nemčija (1998); 1. mesto v kat. mešanih zborov, 1. mesto v kat. enakoglasnih zborov (ženska zasedba) in 2. mesto v kat. sodobna glasba – Powell River, Kanada (2000); 2. mesto v kat. komorni zbori in 3. mesto v kat. sodobna glasba – Talin, Estonija (2007) ter več posebnih priznanj.

Zbor snema za slovenski radio in televizijo, leta 1998 je izdal zgoščenko *Slovenske ljudske pesmi*, leta 2001 pa zgoščenko z religiozno vsebino iz obdobja 19. in 20. stoletja z naslovom *Magnum mysterium*. Sodeloval je pri izdajah avtorskih zgoščenk Damijana Močnika (založba Carus, Stuttgart 2003) in Andreja Missona (založba DSS, Ljubljana 2004). Zborovi prvi izvedbi skladb skladateljev Igorja Štuheca in Stanka Jericija sta izšli na zgoščenci *Zlati zbori ob jubileju – DSS 60 let* (Ars Slovenica Edicije DSS, Ljubljana 2005), predstavil pa se je tudi v promocijski zgoščenci *Choral singing in Slovenia* (založba JSKD, Ljubljana 2005).

Zgoščenska „*Poet tvoj nov Slovincem venec vije*“ (2008) potrjuje zborovo naravnostno k poustvarjanju sodobne glasbe in še posebej novo nastalih del, hkrati pa izraža spoštovanje velikemu poetu Prešernu in lepoti slovenske besede.

**DE PROFUNDIS** chamber choir was founded in Kranj in 1990 and is presently one of the most prominent Slovene choirs. It generally focuses on demanding choral literature from all the style periods of music history, with special attention to Slovene choral works, traditional Slovene folk songs and new works of Slovene composers. In the last few years, the choir has conducted the following projects: *Love songs* (2003), *Slovene creativity – folk songs* (2004), *Gallus – Monteverdi* (2004), *Advent and Christmas music* (2004), *Slovene creativity – songs of Slovene composers* (2005), „*Gospod, pred teboj je vse moje hrepenenje*“ („*Lord, all my desire is before thee*“) (2006), *Christmas time in Slovene folk songs* (2006), *Love in Slovene folk songs* (2007), *Sacred music* (2007), „*Poet tvoj nov Slovincem venec vije*“ („*For Slovenes I a poet's wreath devise*“) (2008). The choir has given successful concerts both in Slovenia and abroad: in Italy, Austria, Slovakia, Czech Republic, Croatia, Spain, Germany, Canada, Switzerland, Lithuania and Estonia. It has won several first prizes in choral competitions in Slovenia and abroad.

The choir has recorded for the Slovene National Radio and Television and has published two CDs (*Slovene folk songs, Magnum Mysterium*) and participated in recordings of several other CDs.

The CD „*Poet tvoj nov Slovincem venec vije*“ („*For Slovenes I a poet's wreath devise*“) confirms the choir's focus on contemporary music, especially on new works. At the same time, it is a tribute to the great poet Prešeren and the beauty of the Slovene language.



FOTO/PHOTO: GORAZD KAVČIČ

**BRANKA POTOČNIK KRAJNIK** se delu z zbori posveča od svojega petnajstega leta. Diplomirala je na ljubljanski Akademiji za glasbo. Delovala je kot učiteljica glasbene vzgoje na osnovni šoli in s šolskim mladinskim zborom dosegla vidne uspehe. Zdaj je predavateljica vokalne tehnike, zborovskega petja in zborovodstva na Pedagoški fakulteti Univerze v Ljubljani. Predava tudi na seminarjih za zborovodje doma in v tujini, sodeluje v žirijah zborovskih revij in tekmovanj in deluje kot gostujoča dirigentka doma in na tujem. Komorni zbor De profundis vodi od ustanovitve.

**BRANKA POTOČNIK KRAJNIK** has been working with choirs since the age of 15. She received a degree in choral conducting from the Academy of Music in Ljubljana. At present, she is a lecturer of vocal technique, choral singing and choral conducting at the University of Ljubljana's Faculty of Education. Branka Potočnik Krajnik has been a lecturer at seminars for choral conducting, a member of juries at choral competitions and a guest conductor in Slovenia and abroad.

She has been leading the De profundis Chamber Choir since its foundation.



FOTO/PHOTO: FOTO HOCHSTÄTTER

Tenorist **MARJAN TRČEK** je končal študij solopetja na Akademiji za glasbo v Ljubljani pri prof. Evi Novšak-Houška, se izpopolnjeval na pevskih seminarjih (A. Burgstaller in M. Lipovšek) in se uveljavil na koncertnem področju v sodelovanju s priznanimi instrumentalisti z izvedbami italijanske in angleške glasbe pozne renesanse in zgodnjega baroka. Sodeluje z vokalnimi ansambli in natopa kot solist v vokalno-instrumentalnih delih (J. S. Bach: *Pasijon po Janezu*, J. Haydn: *Missa in tempore belli*, G. F. Teleman: *Pasijon po Luku*, W. A. Mozart: *Requiem*, B. Britten: *Serenada za rog*, tenor in *godalni orkester*, A. Dvořák: *Requiem*, S. Vremšak: *Requiem*, Mahler: *Pesmi o zemlji*, G. F. Händel: *Judas Maccabaeus*, C. Orff: *Carmina Burana*).

Sodeluje s SNG Opera in balet v Ljubljani in Mariboru (grof Almaviva v *Seviljskem brivcu* Rossinija, Gabriel Eisenstein v Straussovem *Netopirju*, Nemorin v Donizettijevem *Ljubezenskem napoju*, Fenton v Verdijevem *Falstaffu*, Tamino v Mozartovi *Čarobni piščali* in Candid v Bernsteinovem *Candidu*, Pesnik v Kumarjevi *Al' pekel al' nebo* ...). Nastopa na pomembnejših festivalih doma in v tujini.

Svoje znanje in izkušnje prenaša na mlade pevce na Srednji glasbeni in baletni šoli in Akademiji za glasbo v Ljubljani.

The tenor **MARJAN TRČEK** studied singing at the Academy of Music in Ljubljana with Eva Novšak-Houška, attended singing seminars (A. Burgstaller and M. Lipovšek) and won recognition as a concert singer in collaboration with acclaimed instrumentalists performing Italian and English late Renaissance and early Baroque music. He has collaborated with vocal ensembles and performed as a soloist in vocal instrumental works (J.S. Bach: *St. John Passion*, J. Haydn: *Missa in tempore belli*, G. F. Teleman: *St. Luke Passion*, W.A. Mozart: *Requiem*, B. Britten: *Serenade for Tenor, Horn and Strings*, A. Dvorak: *Requiem*, S. Vremšak: *Requiem*, Mahler: *The Song of the Earth*, G. F. Händel: *Judas Macabaeus*, C. Orff: *Carmina Burana*). He has collaborated with the Slovene National Theatre Opera and Ballet in Ljubljana and Maribor (Count Almaviva in Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, Gabriel Eisenstein in Strauss's *Die Fledermaus*, Nemorino in Donizetti's *L'elisir d'amore*, Fenton in Verdi's *Falstaff*, Tamino in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*, Candid in Bernstein's *Candide*, the Poet in Kumar's *Al' pekel al' nebo ...*) He has performed at important festivals in Slovenia and abroad. Marjan Trček teaches at the Ljubljana School of Music and Ballet and at the Academy of Music in Ljubljana where he shares his knowledge and experience with young singers.



FOTO / PHOTO: LUCIJAN KRANJC

**JOŽE KOTAR** (1970, Trbovlje), klarinetist in pedagog, živi in deluje v Ljubljani. Dvanajst let je bil solo klarinetist v Simfoničnem orkestru Slovenske filharmonije, sedaj pa je redni profesor klarineta na ljubljanski Akademiji za glasbo in solo klarinetist v orkestru Simfonikov RTV Slovenija. Kot solist, komorni glasbenik in član različnih komornih sestavov nastopa doma in v tujini (Evropa, ZDA, Južna Amerika ...), vodi seminarje za klarinet in komorno igro (Hrvaška, Srbija, Italija, Madžarska, Belgija, Izrael, Irska, Brazilija) in sodeluje v žirijah mednarodnih tekmovanj. V letih od 1994 do 2007 je posnel enajst zgoščenk, od tega štiri samostojne solistične ter sedem ansambelskih plošč s Pihalnim kvintetom Ariart, Slovenskim kvartetom klarinetov, Slovenskim sekstetom klarinetov, z Ansamblom za sodobno glasbo MD7 ter zadnjo s Pihalnim triom Slovenske filharmonije. Je član, soustanovitelj in umetniški vodja Slovenskega orkestra klarinetov in Slovenskega seksteta klarinetov ter član Pihalnega kvinteta Ariart, Pihalnega tria Slovenske filharmonije in Ansambla za sodobno glasbo MD7.

**JOŽE KOTAR** (1970, Trbovlje) is a clarinetist and a professor who lives and works in Ljubljana. He was a solo clarinetist in the Slovenian Philharmonic Orchestra for twelve years, while at present, he is a tenured professor at the Academy of Music in Ljubljana and a solo clarinetist of the RTV Slovenia Symphony Orchestra. As a soloist, chamber musician and member of several different chamber ensembles, he has performed in Slovenia and abroad (Europe, USA, South America ...), conducted clarinet and chamber music seminars (Croatia, Serbia, Italy, Hungary, Belgium, Israel, Ireland, Brazil), and participated in the juries of international competitions. Between 1994 and 2007, Kotar recorded eleven CDs: four as a solo clarinetist and seven ensemble CDs with the Ariart Wind Quintet, the Slovenian Clarinet Quartet, the Slovenian Clarinet Sextet, the MD7 Contemporary Music Ensemble and the last one with the Slovenian Philharmonic Woodwind Trio. Jože Kotar is a member, co-founder and artistic director of the Slovenian Clarinet Orchestra and the Slovenian

Clarinet Sextet, as well as a member of the Ariart Wind Quintet, the Slovenian Philharmonic Woodwind Trio and the MD7 Contemporary Music Ensemble.



FOTO / PHOTO: ABBRIV

**LUCA FERRINI** je študiral klavir, čembalo, orgle in orgelsko kompozicijo ter diplomiral z odliko na tržaškem in videmskem konservatoriju. Že dvajset let, bodisi solistično bodisi v komornih zasedbah ali v orkestrih, z vsemi tremi instrumenti enako uspešno koncertira po Evropi in drugod (Filharmonija v St. Petersburgu, Gran Teatro La Fenice v Benetkah, Cankarjev dom in Slovenska filharmonija v Ljubljani, Dunaj, Praga, Budimpešta, Bukarešta, Zagreb, Rim, Milan, Dublin, National theatre of Malta, Filharmonija v Ulan Batoru itd.). Sodeluje s priznanimi glasbeniki in dirigenti in je član različnih komornih skupin stare in sodobne glasbe. Snemal je za številne evropske radijske postaje in posnel dvanajst zgoščenk. Predava na mednarodnih mojstrskih tečajih za klavir in čembalo, kot korepetitor pa sodeluje na mednarodnih seminarjih in tekmovanjih. Poučeval je na državnih konservatorijih v Trstu, Vidmu, Bresci in Salerno ter na Celovškem deželnem Konservatoriju. Prav tako je profesor čembala na Umetniški gimnaziji v Kopru in korepetitor na Akademiji za glasbo v Ljubljani.

**LUCA FERRINI** studied piano, harpsichord, organ and organ composition and graduated with honours at the Conservatories of Trieste and Udine, Italy. For twenty years, he has been performing with all these instruments, either as a soloist, in chamber ensembles or with orchestras in Europe and elsewhere (St. Petersburg Philharmonic Society, Gran Teatro La Fenice in Venice, Cankarjev dom and Slovenska Filharmonija in Ljubljana, Vienna, Prague, Budapest, Bucharest, Zagreb, Rome, Milan, Dublin, National theatre of Malta, Philharmonic Hall in Ulan Bator, etc.). He has cooperated with accomplished musicians and conductors and is a member of different chamber ensembles playing old and contemporary music. He has recorded for numerous European radio stations, as well as twelve CDs. Luca Ferrini has been lecturing at international piano and harpsichord workshops and cooperating as a piano accompanist at international seminars and competitions. He taught at the State Conservatories of Trieste, Udine, Brescia, Salerno and at the Conservatoire of Klagenfurt. At present, he works as a professor of harpsichord at the Koper Music School and as a piano accompanist at the Academy of Music in Ljubljana.



FOTO / PHOTO: PETER UHAN

**ALJAŽ JOVANOVIČ** (1984, Kranj) je diplomirani dramski igralec, zaposlen v SNG drama Ljubljana. Večkrat nagrajeni mladi igralec (Severjeva nagrada za študente, dve akademjski Zlatolaski, Borštnikova nagrada za mladega igralca) počasi, tiho, včasih nerodno, a vendar vztrajno stopa v svet Prešernove poezije.

**ALJAŽ JOVANOVIČ** (1984, Kranj) has a university degree in acting and works in the Slovene National Theatre Drama Ljubljana. The young actor, who has received several awards (the Sever award for best student actor, two Zlatolaska awards from the Academy of Theatre, Radio, Film and Television, the Borštnik award for best young actor), is slowly, quietly, sometimes clumsily, yet steadily entering the world of Prešeren's poetry.



FOTO/PHOTO: ALEKSANDER JESENOVEC

#### SONETNI VENEC

Poet tvoj nov Slovincem venec vije,  
'z petnajst sonetov ti tako ga spleta,  
da »magistrale«, pesem trikrat peta,  
vseh drugih skupaj veže harmonije.

Iz njega zvira, vanjga se spet zlije  
po vrsti pesem vsacega soneta;  
prihodnja v prednje koncu je začeta;  
enak je pevec vencu poezije:

Vse misli zvirajo 'z ljubezni ene,  
in, kjer ponoči v spanju so zastale,  
zbude se, ko spet zarja noč prežene.

Ti si življenja moj'ga magistrale,  
glasil se 'z njega, ko ne bo več mene,  
ran mojih bo spomin in tvoje hvale.

Ran mojih bo spomin in tvoje hvale  
glasil Slovincem se prihodnje čase,  
ko mi na zgodnjem grobu mah porase,  
v njem zdanje bodo bolečine spale.

Prezvetne kakor ti dekleta zale,  
ko bodo slišale teh pesmi glase,  
srca železne d'jale' preč opase,  
zvesto ljubezen bodo bolj spošt' vale.

Vremena bodo Kranjcem se zjasnile,  
jim milše zvezde kakor zdaj sijale,  
jim pesmi bolj sloveče se glasile;

vendar te bodo morebit' ostale  
med njimi, ker njih poezije mile  
iz srca svoje so kali pognale.

#### A WREATH OF SONNETS

For Slovenes I a poet's wreath devise:  
I fifteen sonnets will together weave,  
And so a thrice-sung 'master theme' conceive  
That it with all the rest will harmonize.

Within my Theme the sonnets' sources rise,  
In turn therein their endings they retrieve,  
Their first and last lines, braided, interweave;  
This wreath your poet thus personifies;

The fount of all my thoughts one love supreme,  
They wake as dark gives way to dawn's ascent,  
When they have slept inert through nightly dream.

Of my whole life are you the ornament:  
When I am gone will sound the Master Theme,  
Of both my pain, your praise a monument.

Of both my pain, your praise a monument  
In future times for Slovenes will resound  
When moss upon my early grave is found,  
Wherein will present pain be somnolent.

Fair maids, like you so proud and confident,  
When they shall hear how these my poems sound  
Will loose the bands in which their hearts are bound  
And for their one true love be reverent.

On Slovenes will the sun shine clear and strong,  
Much gentler stars gleam from the firmament,  
And songs of more repute will then be sung;

Perhaps these verses will be permanent  
Among them, for of their sweet themes have sprung  
Right from my heart these buds incipient.

Iz srca svoje so kali pognale,  
ki bolečin molčati dalj ne more;  
enak sem pevcu, ki je Leonore  
pel Estijanke imenitne hvale.

Das' od ljubezni usta so molčale,  
ki mu mračila je mladosti zore,  
ki v upu nič imela ni podpore,  
skrivaš so pesmi jo razodevale.

Želja se ogenj v meni ne poleže,  
das' upa tvoj pogled v srce ne vlije,  
strah razžaliti te mi jezik veže.

Bridkost, k' od nje srce več ne počije,  
odkrivajo njegove skrivne teže  
mokrocveteče rožce poezije.

Mokrocveteče rožce poezije  
očitajo to, kar se v prsih skriva.  
Srce mi je postalo vrt in njiva,  
kjer seje zdaj ljubezen elegije.

Njih sonce ti si. V oknu domačije  
ne da te najti, luč ti ljubezniva,  
v gledišču, na sprehodih sreča kriva,  
ne v krajih, kjer plesavk vrsta se vije.

Koliko kratov me po mestu žene  
zagledat tebe želja; ne odkrije  
se men' obraz lepote zaželeno.

V samoti iz oči mi solza lije<sup>3</sup>,  
zotorej pesmi tebi v čast zložene  
iz krajev niso, ki v njih sonce sije.

*Right from my heart these buds incipient  
Have sprung; I must confess those pains;  
I am just like the singer whose refrains  
To Leonora noble praise present.*

*Though love has made his lips too reticent,  
The love which darkens all his youth's domains,  
For which no hope, and no relief, remains,  
Those songs in secret make it evident.*

*Desire's deep love in me will not abate,  
Although my heart no hope finds in your eyes;  
The fear you'll take offense bids my tongue wait.*

*The anguish that my heart fast occupies  
Is now made plain as all its thoughts innate,  
Poetic flow'rs bedewed with tears arise.*

*Poetic flow'rs bedewed with tears arise  
Revealing all within the breast unseen.  
My heart is now a gardener's demesne  
Where love its elegies now multiplies.*

*You are their sun. False fortune won't advise  
Where you, O gentle ray, can e'er be seen –  
At theatres, behind the casement screen,  
On streets, at balls where dancing gratifies.*

*The wish to see your face so many a time  
Impels me round the town; but yet the prize  
Eludes my sight – your loveliness sublime.*

*In solitude a tear drops from my eyes;  
As for the songs which I for you enrhyme,  
Religions they come from with no sunny skies.*

Iz krajev niso, ki v njih sonce sije,  
kjer tvoje milo se oko ozira,  
kjer vsa v pogledu tvojem skrb umira,  
vseh bolečin se pozabljivost pije;

kjer se veselje po obrazu zlije,  
kjer mine jeza notranj'ga prepira,  
kjer petje 'z polnega srca izvira,  
zbuđe se v srcu sladke harmonije.

Kjer porošeno od ljubezni čiste,  
kali, kar zlahtnega je žene zale,  
ko, ki budi dih pomladanski liste,

od tamkaj niso pesmi tvoje hvale,  
pomladi srečne, blagodarne<sup>4</sup> tiste  
cel čas so blagih sapic pogreš'vale.

Cel čas so blagih sapic pogreš'vale,  
od tebe drage deklice prevzetne,  
prinesle niso božicam prijetne,  
ki bi bila jih oživila hvale.

Bile so v strahu, da boš ti, da zale  
Slovenke, nemško govorit' umetne,  
jih boste, ker s Parnasa so očetne  
dežele, morebiti zanič'vale.

Kamene naše, zapuščene bož'ce,  
samice so pozabljene žal'vale,  
le tujke so častile Kranjcev množ'ce.

Cvetlice naše poezije stale  
do zdaj so vrh snežnikov redke rož'ce,  
obdajale so utrjene jih skale.

*Religions they come from with no sunny skies,  
And not from where your dear eye looks around,  
Where in your glances every care is drowned,  
Where memory of anguish stupefies;*

*Where ev'ry trace of inner conflict dies,  
Where ev'ry face with happiness is crowned,  
Where songs out from the brimful heart resound  
And harmonies within the heart arise.*

*Where love's pure dew the fresh young buds invest  
Is born that which is pure, magnificent,  
While by the springtime breath are leaves caressed;*

*My songs for you, from somewhere different,  
Have ever lacked that springtime fortune blest,  
In want always of breezes provident.*

*In want always of breezes provident,  
That might have wafted hence from you, fair maid,  
And to the Muses they had ne'er conveyed  
A pleasant or inspiring compliment.*

*They feared to hear from you disparagement,  
And scorn from Slovenes fair, who German made  
Their daily speech; the home the Muses bade  
Parnassus was pure Slovene of descent.*

*Our sad Camenae languish, poor their plight,  
Forsaken; Carniolans are content  
To honour alien maids; our own they slight.*

*Our poetry's own flowers, pale and bent,  
Have grown eye now, each on its snowy height,  
Midst circling mountain-cliffs malevolent.*

Obdajale so utrjene jih kale,  
ko nekdam Orfejevih strun glasove,  
ki so jim ljudstva Tracije surove  
krog Hema, Rodope bile se vdale.

Da bi nebesa milost nam skazale!  
Otajat Krajna našega sinove,  
njih in Slovencev vseh okrog rodove,  
z domač'mi pesmam' Orfeja poslale!

Da bi nam srca vnel za čast dežele,  
med nami potolažil razprtije  
in spet zedinil rod Slovenšč'ne cele!

Da b' od sladkote njega poezije  
potihnil ves prepire, bile vesele  
viharjev jeznih mrzle domačije!

Viharjev jeznih mrzle domačije  
bile pokrajne naše so, kar, Samo!  
tvoj duh je zginil, kar nad tvojo jamo,  
pozabljeno od vnukov, veter brije.

Obložile očetov razprtije  
s Pipinovim so jarmom sužno ramo;  
od tod samo krvavi punt poznamo,  
boj Vitovca in ropanje Turčije.

Minuli sreče so in slave časi,  
ker vredne dela niso jih budile,  
obmolknili so pesmi sladki glasi.

Kar niso jih zatrlé časov sile,  
kar raste rož na mladem nam Parnasi,  
izdihljaji, solze so jih redile.

*Midst circling mountain-cliffs malevolent,  
As once amid the sounds of Orpheus' lyre,  
To which round Haemus and Rhodope entire  
Did yield the Thracian people violent.*

*O may the the iron will of heav'n relent!  
And may, in order Slovenes to inspire,  
And Carniolan hearts to melt with fire,  
With native songs an Orpheus be sent!*

*That he enflame our love of fatherland  
And comfort our dissension so unwise,  
Anew unite the Slovenes, firm to stand!*

*That through his dulcet songs we realise  
An end to strife; that joy may fill our land,  
Inclement home where icy storms chastise!*

*Inclement home where icy storms chastise  
Has been our land e'er since your spirit brave,  
O Samo, vanished; your forgotten grave  
Beswept by bitter winds since your demise.*

*From when our fathers, rent by conflicts' cries,  
Knew how he yoke of Pippin did enslave,  
The Turks' attacks, revolt with sword and stave,  
Vitovec' battle – these our times comprise.*

*The joyful years of glory long ago  
Through valiant labours never were regained,  
And songs' sweet voices we no longer know.*

*Yet by the force of time still unconstrained  
On young Parnassus for us flowers grow;  
Commingled sighs and tears these blooms sustained.*

Izdihljaji, solze so jih redile  
s Parnasa moj'ga rožice prič'joče:  
solze'z ljubezni so do tebe vroče,  
iz domovinske so ljubezni lile.

Skeleče misli, da Slovenec mile  
ne ljubi matere, vanj upajoče,  
da tebe zame vneti ni mogoče,  
z bridkostjo so srce mi napolnile.

Želje rodile so prehrepené,  
da s tvojim moje bi ime slovelo;  
domače pesmi milo se glasejo;

želje, da zbudil bi Slovenšč'no celo,  
da bi vrnili k nam se časi sreče,  
jim moč so dale rasti neveselo.

Jim moč so dale rasti neveselo,  
ko zgodnja roža rase, zapeljana  
od mlad'ga sonca kopenega svečana,  
ak' nekaj dni se smeja ji veselo;

al' nagne žalostno glavico velo,  
megla k' od burje prileti prignana  
in pade iz nebes strupena slana,  
pokrije sneg gore in polje celo.

Sijalo sonce je podobe zale,  
pogleda tvoj'ga pil sem žarke mile,  
ljubezni so cvetlice kal pognale.

Nad žarki sonca so se te zmotile,  
na mrazu zapuščene so ostale,  
ur temnih so zatirale jih sile.

*Commingle d sighs and tears these blooms sustained,  
These flowerlets from my Parnassus high;  
From love for you the teardrops scald my eye,  
From love for home they pour out unrestrained.*

*These burning thoughts within my mind have reigned:  
That Slovenes now their mothers' trust defy,  
And that the chance is bound to pass me by  
To win your love; my heart is bitter, pained.*

*Deep wishes full of longing have been born:  
That flame will make my name, through yours, so proud,  
While our sweet native songs resound in turn;*

*These wishes, Slovene realms to be allowed  
To waken, and that happy times return –  
Joyless the strength with which they were endowed.*

*Joyless the strength with which they were endowed,  
Just as a hasty flower grows, misled  
As early springtime rays their warmth spread  
As if the daylight hours were laughing loud;*

*But then a storm blows down a misty cloud;  
The flower meekly lifts its feeble head  
To meet the falling frost its poison spread,  
And soon the snows all hills and field enshroud.*

*The sun shone fairest images ablaze,  
Your glance's tender rays I deeply drained,  
And then a bud emerged from love's bouquets.*

*Forsaken in the cold these flow'rs remained,  
Mistaken in their trust in the sun's rays,  
Unlit the hours whose force their pow'r restrained.*



Ur temnih so zatirale jih sile  
vse pevca dni, ki te ti pesmi poje;  
obup, življenja gnus začela boje,  
Erin'je vse so se ga polastile.

Ko v veži je Orest Dijane mile  
zadobil spet bil zdravje duše svoje,  
tak bi bile se od ljubezni tvoje  
umirile prsi, lica se zjasnile.

Zbežale so te sanje kratkočasne,  
bilo blisk nagel upanje je celo,  
ki le temnejšo noč stori, ko ugasne.

Od tod ni več srce bilo veselo;  
kako bile bi poezije jasne!  
Lej, torej je bledo njih cvetje velo!

Lej, torej je bledo njih cvetje velo  
in redke so in slabe, nebogljene,  
v zideh tak' podrtije zapuščene,  
rastejo včasih rože neveselo,

ki jim kopriv krdelo rejo vzelo  
in kar nežlahtnih zelišč kal tam žene;  
al' ak' v gredice vrta jih zelene  
kdo presadi, cvetijo koj veselo.

Tak' blizu moj'ga bi srca kraljice,  
bi blizu tebe, sonca njih, dobile  
moč kvišku rasti poezij cvetlice;

ak' hočeš, da bi zaljši cvet rodile,  
veselo vele vzdignile glavice  
jim iz oči ti pošlji žarke mile!

*Unlit the hours whose force their pow'r restrained,  
Through all the days of him who sings you songs,  
By heartache and despair, the cause of wrongs,  
And by th'Eumenides is he enchained.*

*As old Orestes waited, health regained,  
In dear Diana's hallway midst the throngs,  
So by your love, for which my heart still longs,  
Would I have peace and carefree brow attained.*

*But now these short-lived dreams once more disperse,  
My hope was like a flash of lightning loud  
Which, when it fades, makes night-time darkness worse.*

*Since then my heart has been forlorn and cowed,  
Yet how serene would then have been my verse!  
Lo, faded now these flow'rs, their stature bowed.*

*Lo, faded now these flow'rs, their stature bowed,  
And feeble are they, sparse, and hardly grown;  
Thus in old ruins, midst the rocks and stone,  
Are oftentimes seen growing flow'rs unproud,*

*Their growth reduced as nettles overcrowd,  
And weeds ignoble flourish there unsown;  
But them transplant, in garden bed enthrone,  
And they to grow with joy will be allowed.*

*So close then to my heart's undoubted queen,  
Yes, close to you, there sun, growth unrestrained  
Would then obtain my poems' flow'rs serene.*

*Should you one day the wish have entertained  
That they might lift their heads with joyful mien,  
I beg: your eyes' soft rays be on them trained.*

Jim iz oči ti pošlji žarke mile,  
mi gledati daj lic svetlobo zorno!  
Le nji teme kraljestvo je pokorno,  
samo njo bogajo viharjev sile.

Skrbi verige bodo odstopile,  
odpadlo bo železje njih okorno,  
s preblago tvojo pomočjo podporno  
vse njih se rane bodo zacelele.

Zjasnilo se mi bo spet mračno lice,  
spet upanje bo v srcu zelenelo  
in ustom dalo sladke govore;

na novo bo srce spet oživilo,  
v njem rasle jasnih poezij cvetlice  
in gnale bodo nov cvet bolj veselo.

In gnale bodo nov cvet bolj veselo,  
ko rože, kadr mine zima huda  
in spet pomlad razklada svoja čuda,  
razsipa po drevsah cvetje belo.

In toplo sonce vabi ven čebelo,  
pastir rumene zarje ne zamuda,  
v gromovju slavček poje spet brez truda,  
veselje preleti naturo celo.

O, vem, da niso vredne take sreče,  
od straha, da nadležne poezije  
bi ne bile ti, mi srce trepeče.

Naj pesmi milost tvoja vsaj obsije,  
ki' z njih hladiti rane si skeleče,  
poet tvoj nov Slovencem venec vije.

*I beg: your eyes' soft rays be on them trained,  
And let me see the radiance of your face!  
In light does darkness' kingdom know its place,  
By light are all the pow'rs of storms constrained.*

*For then will care and worry be unchained,  
And all their awkward fetters fall apace,  
And with your gentle and supporting grace  
Will their good health be fully then regained.*

*And my dark face will its own radiance know,  
My heart anew with hope will be endowed,  
Which hope will sweetest words on me bestow;*

*My heart will live again, no longer cowed,  
In it will flow'rs of sweetest poetry grow,  
And they will blossom then with pleasure proud.*

*And they will blossom then with pleasure proud,  
As flowers bid farewell to winter gales,  
Anew the springtime miracle prevails  
And scatters o'er the trees a floral crowd.*

*Of bees the warming sun calls forth a cloud,  
The herdsman sees pink dawn rise o'er the dales,  
While in the bushes sing the nightingales, –  
With joyfulness all nature is endowed.*

*Such fortune is by them, I do confess,  
Unearned; a single notion terrifies:  
My poetry for you will cause distress.*

*But let your grace these poems recognize,  
From which, while aching for my wounds' redress,  
For Slovenes I a poet's a wreath devise.*

## MAGISTRALE

Poet tvoj nov Slovincem venec vije,  
Ran mojih bo spomin in tvoje hvale,  
Iz srca svoje so kali pognale  
Mokrcveteče rož'ce poezije.

Iz krajev niso, ki v njih sonce sije;  
Cel čas so blagih sapic pogreš'vale,  
Obdajale so utrjene jih skale,  
Viharjev jeznih mrzle domačije.

Izdihljaji, solze so jih redile,  
Jim moč so dale rasti neveselo,  
Ur temnih so zatirale jih sile.

Lej, torej je bledo njih cvetje velo!  
Jim iz oči ti pošlji žarke mile  
In gnale bodo nov cvet bolj veselo.

Poezije doktorja Franceta Prešerna, uredil dr. Anton  
Stodnjak, Prešernova družba v Ljubljani, 1985

Opombe - odstopanja besedila v partituri:

1. dale
2. V samoti solza iz oči mi lije
3. blagorodne

## MAGISTRALE

*For Slovenes I a poet's wreath devise,  
Of both my pain, your praise a monument;  
Right from my heart these buds incipient,  
Poetic flow'rs bedewed with tears arise.*

*Regions they come from with no sunny skies,  
In want always of breezes provident,  
Midst circling mountain-cliffs malevolent,  
Inclement home where icy storms chastise.*

*Commingled sighs and tears these blooms sustained,  
Joyless the strength with which they were endowed,  
Unlit the hours whose force their pow'r restrained.*

*Lo, faded now these flow'rs, their stature bowed;  
I beg: your eyes' soft rays be on them trained,  
And they will blossom then with pleasure proud.*

Prevod Sonetnega venca / Translation of the Wreath of sonnets by:

Tom M. S. Priestly in Henry R. Cooper, jr

France Prešeren: Pesmi / Poems

Založili / Published by: Mestna občina Kranj in Mohorjeva

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## GLOSA

»Slep je, kdor se s petjem ukvarja,  
Kranjec moj mu osle kaže;  
pevcu vedno sreča laže,  
on živi, umrje brez d'narja.«

Le začniva pri Homeri,  
prosil reva dni je stare;  
mraz Ovid'ja v Pontu tare;  
drugih pevcov zgodbe beri;  
nam spričuje Alighieri,  
kako sreča pevce udarje;  
nam spričujeta pisarja  
Luzijade, Don Kihota,  
kakošna Parnasa pota,-  
Slep je, kdor se s petjem ukvarja.

Kaj Petrarkov, kaj nam Tassov  
treba pevec je prijetnih?  
Slišim od butic neukretnih  
prašat' zdanjih, prednjih časov.  
Komur mar prijetnih glasov  
pesmi, ki pojo Matjaže,  
boje krog hrvaške straže,  
mar, kar pevec pel Ilir'je,  
mar »Čebel'ce« roji štirje,  
Kranjec moj mu osle kaže.

Lani je slepar starino  
še prodajal, nosil škatle,  
meril platno, trak na vatle,  
letos kupi si graščino.  
Naj gre pevec v daljno Kino,  
še naprej se pot mu kaže,  
naj si s tinto prste maže,  
naj ljubezen si obeta  
vneti lepega dekleta,  
pevcu vedno sreča laže.

Vendar peti on ne jenja;  
grab'te d'narje vkup gotove,  
kupovajte si gradove,  
v njih živite brez trpljenja!  
Koder se nebo razpenja,  
grad je pevca brez vratarja,  
v njem zlatnina čista zarja,  
srebrnina rosa trave,  
s tem posestvom brez težave  
on živi, umrje brez d'narja.