

## Flame and Shadow: New Vocal Works from Finland and Estonia



the  
VICENTINO  
SINGERS

Linnéa Sundfær Casserly, soprano  
Sirkku Rintamäki, mezzo  
Iris Oja, alto  
David Hackston, tenor  
Martti Anttila, baritone  
Riku Laurikka, bass



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## Programme

Helena Tulve (*1972):	<i>You and I</i> (2018)
Sebastian Dumitrescu (*1989)	<i>Flame and Shadow: Madrigal Fragments I, II, V</i> (2024)†
Galina Grigorjeva (*1962)	<i>Siuaama amiakkui</i> (2023)‡
Tze Yeung Ho (*1992)	<i>Intermezzi</i> (2021)†
Juhani Nuorvala (*1961)	<i>Three Madrigals</i> (2007, rev. 2024)‡

† world premiere

‡ premiere of six-voice arrangement

Founded in 2021, the Vicentino Singers is a six-voice ensemble focussing on music from the 16th, 17th and 21st centuries. Our singers hail from far and wide, but we are all based in Finland and Estonia, so it is only fitting that our concert this evening presents a selection of new vocal chamber works from both sides of the Gulf of Finland. The concert features Galina Grigorjeva's timeless Greenlandic hymn and explores different tuning systems through Juhani Nuorvala's *Three Madrigals* in just intonation and Sebastian Dumitrescu's new madrigal collection *Flame and Shadow*, a setting of poems by Isabella Shaw, that employs Nicolà Vicentino's 'enharmonic' extended meantone tuning system with 31 divisions of the octave. The delicate, sensuous tone of Shaw's poetry recalls the texts of the Sufi mystic Rumi, here presented in a pensive, lingering setting by Helena Tulve. Based on the novel *Entré* by Norwegian writer Linda Gabrielsen, Tze Yeung Ho's *Intermezzi* follows a nameless mother figure as she spirals ever deeper into despair.

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## Helena Tulve: *You and I*

(Text: Rumi, 1207–1273, English translation: Jonathan Star)

Happy is the moment, when we sit together,  
With two forms, two faces, yet one soul,  
you and I.  
The flowers will bloom forever,  
The birds will sing their eternal song,  
The moment we enter the garden,  
you and I.  
The stars of heaven will come out to watch us,  
And we will show them  
the light of a full moon –  
you and I.  
No more thought of “you” and “I.”  
Just the bliss of union –  
Joyous, alive, free of care, you and I.  
All the bright-winged birds of heaven  
Will swoop down to drink of our sweet water –  
The tears of our laughter, you and I.  
What a miracle of fate, us sitting here.  
Even at the opposite ends of the earth  
We would still be together, you and I.  
We have one form in this world,  
another in the next.  
To us belongs an eternal heaven,  
the endless delight of you and I.

**Sebastian Dumitrescu: *Flame and Shadow: Madrigal Fragments***

(Texts: Isabella Shaw)

I.

when you say my name  
a bright spot opens in the universe  
that engulfs me in flame and mystery.

II.

Deep grow my roots:  
The heart in winter.

Give me peace, and solitude  
To look into the eyes of the night  
Without fear.

V.

today is full to brim  
with the scent of rain.  
beloved, I am so at peace  
from the beautiful electricity of your presence.

**Galina Grigorjeva: *Siuaama amiakkui***

(Text and English translation: Katti Fredriksen)

Ersinerummi aamma tikkittaraanga  
Qulalersillunga qilalersillunga.  
Immammi tarajuata tikittarmanga  
Qilaatillu katuata anaasarlunga.

Qaanallu tinnugussaasimapput,  
naak qajaanigitsut.  
Inuilukua naak?

Ersinerulli aamma toqqissisittaraanga,  
taannaavorlimi aamma imertertiga.  
Siulima immamut aarlortartut  
Takunngikkaannga qilammut aarlortunga.

Arajutsisikkusoqaakkami,  
sakuimi atorusuttaraluaqaakka,  
sinnattunili kisiat tikittaraakka,  
aagalu kusertuuarpoq.

Qularneralu suujunnaarsippaat  
takulerakkit tinnugussaasimasut amiakkui.

Fear also comes upon me  
making me doubt, making me thirst  
since the salt of the sea comes upon me  
and the stick of the drum beats me.

And the qajaqs are ashore at low water  
although they haven't been wrecked.  
But where are its people?

Fear also makes me calm,  
for it also waters me.  
My ancestors gaze towards the water  
they fail to see my gaze towards the sky.

I'm weary of making them notice,  
I long to use their tools,  
but I'm only able to approach them in dreams  
and my blood continues dripping.

But they bring my doubts to naught  
as I discover what the tide has left behind.

## Tze Yeung Ho: *Intermezzi*

(Text: Linda Gabrielsen; English translation: David Hackston)

### A. liste i: vitner

Vitne 1: Jordmoren  
Vitne 2: Psykiateren  
Vitne 3: Naboen  
Vitne 4: Politiet  
Vitne 5: Faren  
Vitne 6: Moren  
Vitne 7: En annen mor  
Vitne 8: Et annet barn  
Vitne 9: En tilfeldig forbipasserende  
Vitne 10: Hundeeieren  
Dommeren  
Aktoratet  
Forsvareren  
Juryen  
Rettstegneren  
Kappene  
Mikrofonene  
Klubba  
Exit-skiltet  
Så vakre de er, menneskene, tenker hun  
før dommeren ber salen være stille.

### B. liste ii: navn

Per (for vanskelig med r?)  
Pål (for vanskelig med l?)  
Jon (koselig, men kanskje litt kjedelig?)  
Lukas (for vanskelig med s?)  
Luka (vakkert, men for mange stavelser?)  
Luka Walentin (enda vanskeligere,  
men syngende.  
Er det likevel lettere med en rytme?)  
Iben (for mye med to stavelser?)  
Ib  
Jo  
Bo  
Amøbe  
[Amøben  
Amøbenjamin]

### A. list i: witnesses

Witness 1: The midwife  
Witness 2: The psychiatrist  
Witness 3: The neighbour  
Witness 4: The police  
Witness 5: The father  
Witness 6: The mother  
Witness 7: Another mother  
Witness 8: Another child  
Witness 9: A random passer-by  
Witness 10: The dog owner  
The judge  
The prosecution  
The defence  
The jury  
The court artist  
The robes  
The microphones  
The gavel  
The exit sign  
How beautiful they are, the people, she thinks  
before the judge asks the court to be silent.

### B. list ii: names

Per (too hard with r?)  
Pål (too hard with l?)  
Jon (nice, but maybe a bit boring?)  
Lukas (too hard with s?)  
Luka (beautiful, but too many syllables?)  
Luka Walentin (even harder,  
but melodic.  
Would it be easier with a rhythm?)  
Iben (too much with two syllables?)  
Ib  
Jo  
Bo  
Amoeba  
[Amoeben  
Amoe-benjamin]

### C. Scene

Moren: Skjelettet hans er så mykt, det er bare det.  
Han er ikke tyngre på den ene siden, altså.  
Politiet: Jeg vil gjerne hjelpe deg, men...  
Moren: Fyldig nakke, sa jeg det?  
Politiet: Hva er fødselsnummeret hans?  
Moren: Han har sikkert bare tullet seg litt bort,  
eller kanskje han har blitt med noen hjem.  
Politiet: Hva heter barnet du savner?  
Moren svarer som om navnet er en tilståelse.  
Politiet: Vi tar kontakt med en gang vi hører noe.  
Moren: Hvis det er i orden, så venter jeg her litt.

### D. liste iii: ord

...frisk, sterk, normal, i orden, alles in ordnung,  
perfekt, 完美 (wan2 mei3), 完美 (yun4 mei5),  
täydellinen, täiuslik, feilfri...

### E. Prosa

Hva står igjen av et menneske?  
Århundret det levde i.  
Huset, muligens.  
Hagen utenfor huset,  
trærne som følger årstidene.  
Med en viss forutsigbarhet. Lyset gjennom det  
grønne, gule og hvite;  
snøen som hoper seg opp,  
med alle forventningene.  
Øyeblikk som blir hengende i luften  
når døden bæres ut på båren.  
Ut av hjemmet, ut i hagen  
der døden blomstrer om kapp med epletrærne,  
døden vasket og pyntet,  
en dress eller en kjole rundt kroppens  
byggningsmasse,  
et rosenkors i hendene,  
en klatrerose under snøen.  
Alt du ser i mennesket nå,  
er bortenfor dvale, vinter eller vår.  
Herfra kan alt blomstre så mye det vil,  
jeg gir faen i klatrehortensia og silkepeoner.  
Eller løvetann, for den saks skyld.

### C. Scene

Mother: His skeleton is so soft, that's all.  
He's not heavier on one side, really.  
Police: I'd like to help you, but...  
Mother: A full neck, did I say that?  
Police: What's his identification number?  
Mother: He's probably just wandered off a bit,  
or maybe he's gone home with someone.  
Police: What's the name of the child you're  
looking for?  
She answers as if the name is a confession.  
Police: We'll be in touch as soon as we hear  
anything.  
Mother: If it's all right, I'll wait here for a while.

### D. list iii: words

...healthy, strong, normal, in order, alles in  
ordnung, perfekt, 完美 (wan2 mei3), 完美 (yun4  
mei5), täydellinen, täiuslik, feilfri...

### E. Prose

What remains of a person?  
The century they lived in.  
The house, possibly.  
The garden outside the house,  
the trees that follow the seasons.  
With a certain predictability.  
The light through the green, yellow, and white;  
the snow piling up,  
along with all its expectations.  
Moments that linger in the air  
when death is carried out on a stretcher.  
Out of the home, out into the garden  
where death blooms alongside the apple trees,  
death washed and adorned,  
a suit or a dress draped around the body's  
structure,  
a rose cross in the hands,  
a climbing rose beneath the snow.  
All you see in the person now  
is beyond hibernation, winter, or spring.  
From now on, everything can bloom as much as it  
wants,  
I don't give a damn about climbing hydrangeas  
and silk peonies.  
Or dandelions, for that matter.

## Juhani Nuorvala: *Three Madrigals*

(Text: Michael Baran; English translation: David Hackston)

I.

Aukeaa  
tyyni pinta  
tyyni mieli  
tyyni nyrkki  
aukeaa  
Tyhjä  
Siksi tyhjä,  
sopivan ihmisen mentävä ontto kohta  
reikä ajassa  
rakkauden asettua  
täyttyy ja asua siis  
Silmä sulki  
Korva tukkoon  
Suu kiinni  
Iho ei unohda

II.

Kaikki on [x]  
Kaikki on [y]  
Kaikki on [z]  
On aina ollut  
Käännyt ja vatsasi pohjassa on  
[hiljaisuus]

III.

Herää ja näkee,  
näkee ja herää  
ja näkee sen  
mitä aina on katsellut.  
Herää ja kuulee,  
kuulee ja herää  
ja kuulee sen  
mitä aina on sanonut.  
Herää ja tietää,  
tietää ja herää  
ja tietää sen  
mitä aina on ajatellut.

I.

A calm surface  
opens  
a calm mind  
a calm fist  
opens  
Empty  
Therefore empty,  
a hollow space just right for someone to fit  
a hole in time  
for love to settle,  
to fill and live, therefore  
Eye closed  
Ear blocked  
Mouth shut  
The skin does not forget

II.

Everything is [x]  
Everything is [y]  
Everything is [z]  
Always has been  
You turn, and at the bottom of your stomach  
is [silence]

III.

Wakes and sees,  
sees and wakes  
and sees what  
was always watched.  
Wakes and hears,  
hears and wakes  
and hears what  
was always said.  
Wakes and knows,  
knows and wakes  
and knows what  
was always thought.