

AD
YAB
TE

Magie

Wлади́герофф бра́тчи

Хоммаж ан Ра́йнер Мария Рильке

WLADIGEROFF BROTHERS

Andreas Scholl countertenor

Theodora Nestorova soprano

Paul Schinkovitz soprano

KS Ms Krassimira Stoyanova soprano

Sarah Traubel soprano

Christian Reiner narrator

Robert Reinagl narrator

Jimmy Chiang choir conductor

Magie

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Photo © Ivan Kitanovic

„His poetry is a triumph over the unsayable.“
Marcel Reich-Ranicki

Dear friends,

We are genuinely delighted to share with you our emotions, experiences and musical ideas that inspired us to compose the music of the album ‘Magie’ rendering our sincere homage to the poetic genius of Rainer Maria Rilke.

In the summer of 2017 our lovely friend Anna Wallner presented us with a truly fascinating anthology – “Die schönsten Gedichte von R.M.Rilke”, edited by Marcel Reich-Ranicki (Insel Verlag, Berlin, 2016). During the lonely and silent springtime of 2020 this small book impelled us to elaborate and follow a new creative tendency that turned out to be very exciting for us therefore we want to express our cordial gratitude to Anna.

The main ambition of this album is to prove to ourselves and to the most respected audience as well that the supreme Rilke’s lyricism could be: reborn in musical tones; sung and emphasized with clearly expressed, rhythmical/metrical poetic word groups; reiterated in accented words intensifying the musical gradation and paralleling

ancient Greek theatre (“Ich fürchte mich so vor der Menschen Wort”); submitted effectively in a strongly and tenderly emotional recitative (“Ich hielt mich überoffen...”, “Ich lebe mein Leben in wachsenden Ringen” – Part 1 & Part 2); as well as performed in a musical-theatrical style (“Schlußstück”).

The principal roles in this rebirth of text to melody play: the astounding countertenor timbre of the magnificent singer Andreas Scholl; the beautiful angelic voices of the children’s chorus and soloists of Wiener Sänger Knaben; the enchanting and deep-felt performance of “Liebeslied” by Krassimira Stoyanova whom we dedicate the same song with joy and appreciation; the charming, slightly eccentric narrator and voice equilibrist Christian Rainer; the rich timbres and beautiful interpretations of both soprano singers Sarah Traubel and Theodora Nestorova; the particularly selected musical instruments and the expressivities of the guest-musicians; the magic affectionate sound of the strings – violin, violoncello and double bass, played by the refined musicians of Vienna Morphing Soloists, together with their artistic

director Tomasz Wabnic; the bass clarinet, the celesta and the wind brass instruments – trumpet, flugelhorn, horn – Laurids Wetter, the trombone – Alois Eberl; the characteristic coloured timbre of the bandoneon – Miloš Todorovski; the vibraphone played by the wonderful soloist of Wr.Symphoniker – Flip Philipp; and last but not least – the heart-felt dramatic rendering of the actor Robert Rainagl from the Viennese Burgtheater.

We created this album in esteem with the loving memory of our dear teacher and unforgettable friend Tryphon (“Phoncho”) Silyanovski, with deep respect to the extraordinary musical and philosophical spirit of this extremely gifted disciple and follower of our grandfather Pancho Wladigeroff. We chose to include in this album two songs after Rilke’s poems (Pietá & Der Abschied) composed by Phoncho in 1953 as an early and rare Bulgarian example of the aleatoric style. Stepping lightly on the ethereal bridges towards his profound spiritual world we aspired after whetting our sensibility to be able to interweave Rilke’s mystic poetry in an innermost contact with the classical choral sounding of a wide unfolded harmony which would unite the old and the new world at the field of imagination. We express our special thankfulness to

our mother and sister for their generous encouragement and endless love!

We owe also a debt of gratitude to all friends who assisted us in the birth of this general rejoicing named “Magie”: Tomasz Wabnic, Georg O. Luksch, Lukas Turnovsky, Plamen Hadjiyski, Xenia Vargova (graphic designer), Helge Hinteregger.

Our sincere appreciation to the great inspiring guest-musicians Jimmy Chiang (Choir Conductor), Paul Schinkovitz, Raphael Chiang, Gabriel Chiang, Robin Mohr, Adrian Bruckner Gomez, Julian Vanicek, Tomasz Wabnic, Matyas Andras, Ilija Marinkovic, Lukas Medlam, Attila Pasztor, Felipe Medina, Emily Stewart, Melissa Coleman, Moritz Ebert and Roman Britschgi.

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Alexander & Konstantin Wladigeroff

The springtime of 2020. The coronavirus has left its Asian borders and paralyses the very heart of the Old continent. The 21st century's Europeans are overwhelmed – an old invisible enemy takes ill their notorious omnipotent common sense with a longrenounced but terribly real mythological fury. Wladigeroff Brothers share the joint destiny – captured within the walls of their Viennese home they are forced to cancel all planned concerts. Trumpet, piano and clarinet stay silent indoors while on the waste streets outdoors rumbles the portentous muteness of the deadly fear.

Is it really a wrong time again for music and poetry? That is not a rhetorical but a deeply existential question – who would need a life without music and poetry?

As if by coincidence, the brothers stumble across "The Panther" of Rainer Maria Rilke – a poem wherein resounds the voice of a man who faced a century ago the deathly dreads of wars, revolutions, contagions, yet staying on in an equivalent conversation with the elegiac angel of beauty – the "beginning of terror, that we are

still able to bear, / and we revere it so, because it calmly disdains / to destroy us".

The magic of this wise and timeless voice starts subtly vibrating in the inner conscience of the twins, as a contemporary allegory for the eternal human fate – an unappeasable longing for freedom that is violently mown down by the inevitable necessity. Both musicians feel in its rich timbre ancient Orphic hymns and enchanting harmonies of their native Balkan Peninsula weaving them into the rhythms of the four winds to raise a chant that calms down living and dead and that is dedicated to the immortal Orpheus who lived in the 20th century being known by the poetic name of Rainer Maria Rilke.

Plamen Hadjiyski

translator of all cited Rilke's poems into Bulgarian

1. Der Panther

Im Jardin des Plantes, Paris

Sein Blick ist vom Vorübergehn der Stäbe
so müd geworden, daß er nichts mehr hält.
Ihm ist, als ob es tausend Stäbe gäbe
und hinter tausend Stäben keine Welt.

Der weiche Gang geschmeidig starker Schritte,
der sich im allerkleinsten Kreise dreht,
ist wie ein Tanz von Kraft um eine Mitte,
in der betäubt ein großer Wille steht.

Nur manchmal schiebt der Vorhang der Pupille
sich lautlos auf –. Dann geht ein Bild hinein,
geht durch der Glieder angespannte Stille –
und hört im Herzen auf zu sein.

Rainer Maria Rilke, Neue Gedichte,
6.11.1902, Paris

1. Пантерата

В Ботаническата градина, Париж

Премрежен от следене на решетки,
премаля взор, нозете не държат.
Безброй решетки има тая клетка
и чезне зад решетките светът.

С походка мека силно ловко тяло
в най-тясна орбита кръжи безспир,
подобно танц край център, в който вяло
могъща воля упоена спи.

Око по някой път завеса вдигне,
в гледеца образ тихо се провре,
но щом през опнатите мишци стигне
сърцето – гасне без следа и мре.

Райнер Мария Рилке, *Нови стихотворения*,
6.11.1902, Париж

2. Die Sonette an Orpheus I, XXII

Wir sind die Treibenden.
Aber den Schritt der Zeit,
nehmt ihn als Kleinigkeit
im immer Bleibenden.

Alles das Eilende
wird schon vorüber sein;
denn das Verweilende
erst weiht uns ein.

2. Сонети към Орфей I, XXII

Ние сме вървящи.
Но времето ни в ход
е кратък епизод
от вечно настояще.

Всичко належашо
скоро отминава,
само що е спящо –
то ни освещава.

Knaben, o werft den Mut
nicht in die Schnelligkeit,
nicht in den Flugversuch.

Alles ist ausgeruht:
Dunkel und Helligkeit,
Blume und Buch.

Rainer Maria Rilke, *Sonette an Orpheus*,
erster Teil, 1923

3. Liebeslied

Wie soll ich meine Seele halten,
dass sie nicht an Deine röhrt? Wie soll ich sie
hinheben über dich zu andern Dingen?
Ach gerne möcht ich sie bei irgendwas
Verlorenem im Dunkel unterbringen
an einer fremden stillen Stelle, die
nicht weiterschwingt, wenn deine Tiefen schwingen.
Doch alles, was uns anröhrt, dich und mich,
nimmt uns zusammen wie ein Bogenstrich,
der aus zwei Saiten eine Stimme zieht.
Auf welches Instrument sind wir gespannt?
Und welcher Geiger hat uns in der Hand?
O süßes Lied.

Rainer Maria Rilke, *Neue Gedichte*,
Mai/Juni 1906, Paris

О, момче, бъди герой,
но не в припрян възход,
ни в опит за летеж.

Всичко плува сред покой:
мрак и светъл свод,
книга и цъфтеж.

Райнер Мария Рилке, *Сонети към Орфей*,
първа част, 1923

3. Любовна песен

Как бих могъл душата си да спра
до твоята да се докосва? Как
вместо тебе друго да желая?
Ах, много бих копнял да прибера,
да подслоня душата си замаян
сред някой чужд притулен кът недраг,
за трепета на твоята гълъб нехаен.
Ала в съзвучие сме ти и аз –
две струни, а звъним в единен глас,
върху незнаен нотен лист пренесен.
Чия мелодия настрои ни така?
И кой лъка над нас държи в ръка?
О, сладка песен.

Райнер Мария Рилке, *Нови стихотворения*,
май/юни 1906, Париж

4. Die Sonette an Orpheus I, IX

Nur wer die Leier schon hob
auch unter Schatten,
darf das unendliche Lob
ahnend erstatten.

Nur wer mit Toten vom Mohn
aß, von dem ihren,
wird nicht den leisesten Ton
wieder verlieren.

Mag auch die Spiegung im Teich
oft uns verschwimmen:
Wisse das Bild.

Erst in dem Doppelbereich
werden die Stimmen
ewig und mild.

Painer Maria Rilke, *Sonette an Orpheus*,
erster Teil, 1923

4. Сонети към Орфей I, IX

Само който е държал
и пред сенки лира,
може вечния хорал
вешо да свири.

Само който афион
с мъртви е вкусвал,
той и най-тихия тон
не би пропуснал.

Даже лица отразен
да размътят водите:
Образа познай.

В двете царства иде ден
и гласове отмити
екнат там безкрай.

Райнер Мария Рилке, *Сонети към Орфей*,
първа част, 1923

5. Magie

Aus unbeschreiblicher Verwandlung stammen
solche Gebilde-: Fühl! und glaub!
Wir leidens oft: zu Asche werden Flammen;
doch: in der Kunst: zur Flamme wird der Staub.

5. Магия

Неведоми превратности явяват
образи – почувствай ги без страх!
Пламъците жалим, че на пепел стават,
виж: в изкуството пламти самият прах.

Hier ist Magie. In das Bereich des Zaubers
scheint das gemeine Wort hinaufgestuft...
und ist doch wirklich wie der Ruf des Taubers,
der nach der unsichtbaren Taube ruft.

Rainer Maria Rilke, 1924

6. Der Abschied

Wie hab ich das gefühlt was Abschied heißt.
Wie weiß ichs noch: ein dunkles unverwundnes
grausames Etwas, das ein Schönverbundnes
noch einmal zeigt und hinhält und zerreißt.

Wie war ich ohne Wehr, dem zuzuschauen,
das, da es mich, mich rufend, gehen ließ,
zurückblieb, so als wären alle Frauen
und dennoch klein und weiß und nichts als dies:

Ein Winken, schon nicht mehr auf mich bezogen,
ein leise Weiterwinkendes –, schon kaum
erklärbar mehr: vielleicht ein Pflaumenbaum,
von dem ein Kuckuck hastig abgeflogen.

Rainer Maria Rilke, *Neue Gedichte*, 1907

То е магия. С неговото чудо
най-проста дума в небеса снове...
И като гълъб се въззема лудо
незрима гълъбица да зове.

Райнер Мария Рилке, 1924

6. Раздяла

Как чувствал съм какво раздяла ще рече.
Как помня тъмното неуязвимо
жестоко нещо, разкрило зримо
красиво слятото, за да го разсече.

Как беззащитен бях да наблюдавам,
че ме зове и тласка да вървя,
а то във всичките жени остава
тъй малко, тъй бяло и само това:

помахване, но не към мене вече,
необяснимо, тихо като стон,
полюшнато подобно сливов клон
от кукувиче, хвъркнало далече.

Райнер Мария Рилке, *Нови стихотворения*, 1907

7. Ich lebe mein Leben in wachsenden Ringen (Teil 1)

Ich lebe mein Leben in wachsenden Ringen,
die sich über die Dinge ziehn.
Ich werde den letzten vielleicht nicht vollbringen,
aber versuchen will ich ihn.

Ich kreise um Gott, um den uralten Turm,
und ich kreise jahrtausendelang;
und ich weiß noch nicht: bin ich ein Falke, ein Sturm
oder ein großer Gesang.

Rainer Maria Rilke, *Das Stundenbuch*,
20.9.1899, Berlin-Schmargendorf

Spaziergang

Schon ist mein Blick am Hügel, dem besonnten,
dem Wege, den ich kaum begann, voran.
So fasst uns das, was wir nicht fassen konnten,
voller Erscheinung, aus der Ferne an—

und wandelt uns, auch wenn wirs nicht erreichen,
in jenes, das wir, kaum es ahnend, sind;
ein Zeichen weht, erwidernd unserm Zeichen ...
Wir aber spüren nur den Gegenwind.

Rainer Maria Rilke, Muzot, März 1924

7. Живот в растящи пръстени живея част 1

Живот в растящи пръстени живея,
които над нещата сплитам.
Да сключа сетния едва ли ще успея,
но ще поискам да опитам.

Кръжа – край Божията кула се притурям,
кръжа с хилядолетия унесен
и още не зная – сокол ли съм, буря,
или съм огромна песен.

Райнер Мария Рилке, Часослов,
20.9.1899 г., Берлин-Шмаргендорф

Разходка

Към хълма слънчев взорът ми се вдига,
преварил път, от мен едва поет.
Така в далечен образ ни постига
непостижимото за нас отвред

и, без да го досегнем, ни превръща
в това, което, без да знаем, сме;
поява знак, на знака ни отвръща, ...
а чувстваме насрещни ветрове.

Райнер Мария Рилке, Мюзот, март 1924

8. Die Sonette an Orpheus I, XIX

Wandelt sich rasch auch die Welt
wie Wolkengestalten,
alles Vollendete fällt
heim zum Uralten.

Über dem Wandel und Gang,
weiter und freier,
währt noch dein Vor-Gesang,
Gott mit der Leier.

Nicht sind die Leiden erkannt,
nicht ist die Liebe gelernt,
und was im Tod uns entfernt,

ist nicht entschleiert.
Einzig das Lied überm Land
heiligt und feiert.

Rainer Maria Rilke, *Sonette an Orpheus*,
erster Teil, 1923

8. Сонети към Орфей I, XIX

Образи сменя светът –
облаци бегли,
зрялото тръгва на път –
вкъщи го тегли.

Над променлиния ход
волно извира –
екне в предвечния свод
бог с глас на лира.

Никой страстта не прозря,
нито любов осветли,
туй, що в смъртта ни дели,

ум не побира.
Само напев над поля
святото сбира.

Райнер Мария Рилке, *Сонети към Орфей*
първа част, 1923

9. Ich fürchte mich so vor der Menschen Wort

Ich fürchte mich so vor der Menschen Wort.
Sie sprechen alles so deutlich aus:
Und dieses heisst Hund und jenes heisst Haus,
und hier ist Beginn und das Ende ist dort.

9. Аз плаша се от хорските слова

Аз плаша се от хорските слова.
Те всичко казват без свян и срам.
Тук има куче, къща има там,
това е край, начало – онова.

Mich bangt auch ihr Sinn, ihr Spiel mit dem Spott,
sie wissen alles, was wird und war;
kein Berg ist ihnen mehr wunderbar;
ihr Garten und Gut grenzt grade an Gott.

Ich will immer warnen und wehren: Bleibt fern.
Die Dinge singen hör ich so gern.
Ihr röhrt sie an: sie sind starr und stumm.
Ihr bringt mir alle die Dinge um.

Rainer Maria Rilke, Berlin-Wilmersdorf, 1898

Страхувам се от присмеха им строг,
как ясна им е цялата игра,
как няма чудо в никоя гора,
а дворът им граничи с Господ Бог.

Ще казвам вечно: – Стойте надалеч!
Аз слушам на нещата песента.
Не ги докосвайте – ще мълкне тя.
Убивате нещата с тая реч.

Райнер Мария Рилке, Берлин-Вилмерсдорф, 1898

10. **Mir**

Das ist mein Streit:
Sehnsuchtsgeweiht
durch alle Tage schweifen.
Dann, stark und breit,
mit tausend Wurzelstreifen
tief in das Leben greifen –
und durch das Leid
weit aus dem Leben reifen,
weit aus der Zeit!

Rainer Maria Rilke, *Advent*, 1898

10. **На мен**

Това е моята война:
на блян отаден, без вина,
през дните да се рея.
И после мощно, в ширина,
да спра, да се укореня,
вдън живота да се влея –
и с болка в тая дълбина
извън живота да узрея
и вън от всички времена.

Райнер Мария Рилке, *Предколедно*, 1898

11. Ich hielt mich überoffen

Ich hielt mich überoffen, ich vergaß
dass draußen nicht nur Dinge sind und voll
in sich gewohnte Tiere, deren Aug
aus ihres Lebens Rundung anders nicht
hinausreicht als ein eingerahmtes Bild;
dass ich in mich allem immerfort
Blicke hineinriss: Blicke, Meinung, Neugier.

Wer weiß, es bilden Augen sich im Raum
und wohne bei. Ach nur zu dir gestürzt,
ist mein Gesicht nicht ausgestellt, verwächst
in dich und setzt sich dunkel
unendlich fort in dein geschütztes Herz...

und du, Geliebte, hattest irgendeine wildeste
Kindheit über meinem Herzen.

Rainer Maria Rilke,
November oder Dezember 1911, Duino

11. Държах се свръхоткрит (I)

Държах се свръхоткрит, забравях аз,
че съществуват вън не само вещи
и саможиви твари с техните очи,
които виждат в целия си жизнен кръг
не друго, а рамкирана картина;
че в себе си неспирно аз въвличах
зори – зори, мнения и любопитство.

Кой знае, може би очи пространството
създава покрай нас. Ax, само сведен в теб
не е на показ моят лик, той враства
в теб и в тъмния безкрай вирее
на твоето закриляно сърце...

а ти, любима, имаше невинно
лудешко детство в моето сърце.

Райнер Мария Рилке,
ноември или декември 1911, Дуино

12. Pietà

So seh ich, Jesus, deine Füße wieder,
die damals eines Jünglings Füße waren,
da ich sie bang entkleidete und wusch;
wie standen sie verwirrt in meinen Haaren
und wie ein weißes Wild im Dornenbusch.

12. Пиета

Пак виждам твоите нозе, Исусе,
тогава млади, още невидени,
събух ги плахо и ги миех; как
стояха в моите коси – смутени
като сърнета бели сред тръннак.

So seh ich deine niegeliebten Glieder
zum erstenmal in dieser Liebesnacht.
Wir legten uns noch nie zusammen nieder,
und nun wird nur bewundert und gewacht.

Doch, siehe, deine Hände sind zerrissen :-:
Geliebter, nicht von mir, von meinen Bissen.
Dein Herz steht offen und man kann hinein:
das hätte dürfen nur mein Eingang sein.

Nun bist du müde, und dein müder Mund
hat keine Lust zu meinem wehen Munde -.
O Jesus, Jesus, wann war unsre Stunde?
Wie gehn wir beide wunderlich zugrund.

Rainer Maria Rilke, *Neue Gedichte*, 1907

13. Advent

Es treibt der Wind im Winterwalde
die Flockenherde wie ein Hirt
und manche Tanne ahnt wie balde
sie fromm und lichterheilig wird.
Und lauscht hinaus: den weißen Wegen
streckt sie die Zweige hin - bereit
und wehrt dem Wind und wächst entgegen
der einen Nacht der Herrlichkeit.

Rainer Maria Rilke, Berlin-Schmargendorf,
Dezember, 1897

Нелюбените ти нозе ще вкуся
сега, в нощта на нашата любов.
До мен ти никога не се отпусна,
сега да бдя над тебе си готов.

Но виж как дланите ти са раздрани -
любими, не от мен са тези рани.
В сърцето си имаш зейнал пролом,
а трябваше там да е моят дом.

Сега си морен и с морни уста
не жаждаш моите горчиви устни.
Кога, Исусе, часът ни напусна?
Как падаме чудно двама в пръстта.

Райнер Мария Рилке, *Нови стихотворения*, 1907

13. Предколедно

Подкарва вихър в зимен лес
като пастир стада снежинки,
елха сънува как от днес
ще светне цяла над долчинки.
И вслушва се, протяга клони
към побелели небеса
и храбро лихи вихри гони
сред тази нощ на чудеса.

Райнер Мария Рилке, Берлин-Шмаргендорф,
декември 1897

14. Ich lebe mein Leben in wachsenden Ringen (Teil 2)

Ich lebe mein Leben in wachsenden Ringen,
die sich über die Dinge ziehn.
Ich werde den letzten vielleicht nicht vollbringen,
aber versuchen will ich ihn.

Ich kreise um Gott, um den uralten Turm,
und ich kreise jahrtausendelang;
und ich weiß noch nicht: bin ich ein Falke, ein Sturm
oder ein großer Gesang.

Rainer Maria Rilke, *Das Stundenbuch*,
20.9.1899, Berlin-Schmargendorf

14. Живот в растящи пръстени живея (част 2)

Живот в растящи пръстени живея,
които над нещата сплитам.
Да сключа сетния едва ли ще успея,
но ще поискам да опитам.

Кръжа – край Божията кула се притурям,
кръжа с хилядолетия унесен
и още не зная – сокол ли съм, буря,
или съм огромна песен.

Райнер Мария Рилке, *Часослов*,
20.9.1899 г., Берлин-Шмаргендорф

15. Schlussstück

Der Tod ist groß.
Wir sind die Seinen
lachenden Munds.
Wenn wir uns mitten im Leben meinen,
wagt er zu weinen
mitten in uns.

Rainer Maria Rilke, *Das Buch der Bilder*, 1900

15. Окончание

Смъртта е огромна.
Ние сме нейна
ухилена паст.
Щом жадно животът ни зейне,
тя ненадейно
заплаква в нас.

Райнер Мария Рилке, *Книга на образите*, 1900 г.

[1] Composed by: Alexander Wladigeroff / Arranged by: Wladigeroff Brothers / Andreas Scholl countertenor / Konstantin Wladigeroff piano / Ilija Marinkovic violin 1, / Lukas Medlam violin 2 / Tomasz Wabnic viola / Attila Pasztor violoncello / Felipe Medina double bass

[2] Composed by: Alexander Wladigeroff / Arranged by: Wladigeroff Brothers - Muqian Yang soprano / Raphael Chiang alto / Konstantin Wladigeroff piano, add. fender rhodes & celesta sound / Alexander Wladigeroff trumpet & shaker / Tomasz Wabnic viola / Attila Pasztor violoncello / Felipe Medina double bass

[3] Composed & arranged by: Konstantin Wladigeroff and Dedicated to KS Ms Krassimira Stoyanova - for her great lyrical and incredible soprano interpretation of the song! - KS Krassimira Stoyanova soprano / Alexander Wladigeroff flugelhorn / Konstantin Wladigeroff piano / Morphing Strings Soloists: Yooki Wong violin 1 / Lukas Medlam violin 2 / Tomasz Wabnic viola / Attila Pasztor violoncello / Felipe Medina double bass

[4] Composed by: Alexander Wladigeroff / Arranged by: Wladigeroff Brothers
Andreas Scholl countertenor / Konstantin Wladigeroff piano & add. celesta sound / Alexander Wladigeroff trumpet / Ilija Marinkovic violin 1 / Lukas Medlam violin 2 / Emily Stewart add. Violin / Tomasz Wabnic viola / Attila Pasztor violoncello / Moritz Ebert add. Violoncello / Felipe Medina double bass / Roman Britschgi add.double bass

[5] Composed & arranged by: Konstantin Wladigeroff - Children's Choir: Paul Schinkovitz soprano - solo, Raphael Chiang, Gabriel Chiang, Robin Mohr, Adrian Bruckner Gomez, Julian Vanicek / Konstantin Wladigeroff piano / Matyas Andras violin 1 / Lukas Medlam violin 2 / Tomasz Wabnic viola / Attila Pasztor violoncello / Felipe Medina double bass / Christian Reiner narrator

[6] Composed by: Tryphon Silyanovski (1923-2005) / Arranged by: Wladigeroff Brothers /
From "Five Songs for Soprano and Piano (Left Hand) on Poetry by R.M. Rilke" (1953)
Published by: Edition Dobrev, MK "Artes Liberales", Sofia / Sarah Traubel soprano, Konstantin Wladigeroff piano /
Ilija Marinkovic violin 1 / Lukas Medlam violin 2 / Tomasz Wabnic viola / Attila Pasztor violoncello

[7] Composed & arranged by: Konstantin Wladigeroff / Christian Reiner narrator / Konstantin Wladigeroff piano / Kazutaka Takahaschi violin 1 / Denise Nittel violin 2 / Tomasz Wabnic viola / Martin Dimov violoncello

[8] Composed by: Alexander Wladigeroff / Arranged by: Wladigeroff Brothers / Andreas Scholl countertenor / Konstantin Wladigeroff bass clarinet / Milos Todorovski bandoneon / Tomasz Wabnic viola / Attila Pasztor violoncello / Felipe Medina double bass

[9] Composed & arranged by: Konstantin Wladigeroff / Christian Reiner narrator / Robert Reinagl narrator / Sarah Traubel soprano / Konstantin Wladigeroff piano / Alexander Wladigeroff trumpet / Laurids Wetter horn / Alois Eber trombone / Felipe Medina double bass / Flip Philipp vibraphone & percussion

[10] Composed by: Alexander Wladigeroff / Children's Choir: Paul Schinkovitz, Raphael Chiang, Gabriel Chiang, Robin Mohr, Adrian Bruckner Gomez, Julian Vanicek / Konstantin Wladigeroff piano / Alexander Wladigeroff trumpet / Laurids Wetter horn / Alois Eberl trombone / Tomasz Wabnic viola / Attila Pasztor violoncello / Felipe Medina double bass

[11] Composed by: Konstantin Wladigeroff / Arranged by: Wladigeroff Brothers / From the Album: "Dedicated Sounds" / In The Front Of The Train – Reprise
Christian Reiner narrator / Konstantin Wladigeroff piano & clarinet / Alexander Wladigeroff flugelhorn, add.sounds / Dimitar Karamfilov double bass

[12] Composed by: Tryphon Silyanovski (1923-2005) / Arranged by: Wladigeroff Brothers / From "Five Songs for Soprano and Piano (Left Hand) on Poetry by R.M. Rilke" (1953) / Published by: Edition Dobrev, MK "Artes Liberales" - Luba Manzova, Sofia, BG
Theodora Nestorova soprano - solo / Paul Schinkovitz soprano / Robin Mohr soprano / K. Wladigeroff piano / A. Wladigeroff flugelhorn / Laurids Wetter horn / Alois Eberl trombone

[13] Composed & arranged by: Konstantin Wladigeroff / Children's Choir: Paul Schinkovitz soprano-solo, Robin Mohr, Raphael Chiang, Gabriel Chiang, Adrian Bruckner Gomez, Julian Vanicek / Konstantin Wladigeroff piano / Matyas Andras violin 1 / Lukas Medlam violin 2 / Tomasz Wabnic viola / Attila Pasztor violoncello / Felipe Medina double bass / Melissa Coleman add. violoncello

[14] Composed & arranged by: Konstantin Wladigeroff / Christian Reiner narrator / Konstantin Wladigeroff piano & clarinet / Alexander Wladigeroff flugelhorn / Kazutaka Takahaschi violin 1 / Denise Nittel violin 2 / Tomasz Wabnic viola / Martin Dimov violoncello

[15] Composed & arranged by: Alexander Wladigeroff / Choral for brass sextet & countertenor / Andreas Scholl countertenor / Alexander Wladigeroff trumpet / Laurids Wetter horn / Alois Eberl trombone

[16] Composed & arranged by: Konstantin Wladigeroff / Christian Reiner narrator / Konstantin Wladigeroff piano / Matyas Andras violin 1 / Lukas Medlam violin 2 / Tomasz Wabnic viola / Attila Pasztor violoncello / Felipe Medina double bass



“Our whole life is a revelation of the divine element in us, of the great mystery
of confession and of liberty that is the blessing of our earthly existence”

Tryphon Silyanovski

Magie

A musical homage to the world of the poet Rainer Maria Rilke.

Invented by the twin brothers Alexander & Konstantin Wladigeroff.

They are accompanied on this journey by some world famous soloists such as:

Andreas Scholl – countertenor, Krassimira Stoyanova – soprano, Sarah Traubel – soprano, Theodora Nestorova – soprano, Christian Rainer – narrator, Wiener Sänger Knaben and The Vienna Morphing Strings Quintet.

Rainer Maria Rilke contrived to extend, as probably no other poet did, the German language's lyric means of expression. How could anybody cope with that musically? Let us, while passing through the fusion of various musical cultures and while daring to remove the creative borders, give birth to a sparkling lyric world of music.

The compositions and the fine arrangements of the duet have a fantasy exciting nature succeeding in a wonderful way to translate the plenty of music thoughts in a multi-coloured, fluid and affective tone. The pieces reveal very often a meditative character yet being interrupted anew by intensive energetic moments. The listeners are befriended by a tender melancholic keynote and guided through the dark and the hopeful as well.

The sum total of the developments is nourished by the musical openness of all participating artists whose differing styles throw bridges across various music traditions, not exclusively the modern one, floating over wonderful and fine vibrations.

A captivating hearing experience with lots of delightful thrills of emotion.

Helge Hinteregger

Translated from German by Plamen Hadjijski



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Xenia Vargov (Add. Cover & art work on the booklet)

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Вили и Кетхен, Пламен...

към колегите ни музиканти...

Cover © Leonid Ossipovich Pasternak, Portrait of the poet Rainer Maria Rilke, oil on canvas, 1928.

Photo by Ivan Kitanovic

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1 rue Paul Bert, 93500 Pantin

apartemusic.com wladigeroff.com

[1, 4, 7, 8, 13 & 14] Recorded and edited by Martin Klebahn at 4tune audio & media production in 2007 & between April and May 2020

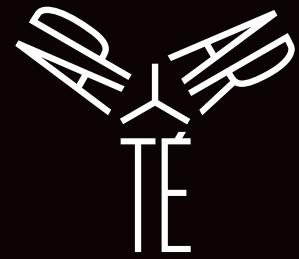
[3, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15] Recorded, edited and mixed by Georg O.Luksch at home music between April 2020 and November 2021.

[1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 12, 13 & 16] Recorded, edited, mixed by Lukas Turnovsky at Treehouse Studios between May 2020 and Dec. 2021.

[3] Recorded on June 2021 by Nicolas Bartholomée and Hugo Scremen.

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