



"XENIAE"

Pārsteigums, ūks.

KORIS :

(52)

(A cap.)

MARCIĀLS :

(33)



KO LIELIES UN KO SODIES?

- ej, ej! Pie miera. tik dod!
Ej! - Meklē sev tur kādu al-
Kur iekļist patverties
Kur apmesties
Uz paliekamu galu...:

Jūs... kasībaudātēdīvi tag

Visi jūs gribētu gan, lai r-
pēc iespējas Isāk... un ne-
G., T. apstiprinoši int-
Dzīve, redziet, kopa ar jums
līdzās jums un šepat -
Dāvā it visu it visu man, t-
Ko jūsu nīcīgām miesām pēc

T

/MONTEVERDI tēma, tā mijas

Pārsteigums, ūks

SKANI

Opera Xeniae

Juris Abols

Sievai ja venīga tev un ja jašam tev kālīši atīvi
Vienīgi ķiploka galvīga pret kaitēm visām tām līdz!
/pasvieķi Dēmostratam ķiplokgalvīgu/

1. *Hic est* - 2:51
2. *Ir dzīve kustība / Life Is Movement* - 0:58
3. *Ja nu jums patiesi bailes / If You Are Truly Afraid* - 1:00
4. *Taīdas monologs un ārija / Thaïs' Monologue and Aria* - 2:04
5. *Marciala padoms, Zevam Leda deva par velti / Martial's Advice, Leda Gave It Away to Zeus for Free* - 2:19
6. *Hoētiskais tango / Hoetic Tango* - 4:29
7. *Pakaļpuses aplūkošanas dziesma / The Song About Looking at One's Bottom* - 1:26
8. *Oda ārija / The Mosquito's Aria* - 2:09
9. *Zevis varenais / Zeus Almighty* - 0:52
10. *Vīna dziesma / The Wine Song* - 0:53
11. *Marcials apjautā / Martial Enquires* - 3:02
12. *K-Suns* - 0:43
13. *Vadmotīvs / Leitmotif* - 0:59
14. *Vingrošanas skolotājs / Gym Teacher* - 1:52
15. *Dēmostrata monologs / Demostratus' Monologue* - 2:43
16. *Marciala monologs I / Martial's Monologue I* - 1:27
17. *Ko lielies / What Are You Boasting About* - 0:51
18. *Marciala monologs II / Martial's Monologue II* - 1:23
19. *Mizanscēna / Mise-en-scène* - 2:25
20. *Cūkas ārija / The Pig's Aria* - 0:41
21. *Netīrās naudas atmazgāšana / Laundering of Dirty Money* - 1:33
22. *Cīnišanās uz dzīvību un nāvi / Fighting for Life or Death* - 1:33
23. *Marciala rečitatīvs, fanfaras / Martial's Recitative, Fanfares* - 3:14
24. *Falliskais rituāls / Phallic Ritual* - 1:41
25. *Korifejs, Müza / Coryphaeus, Muse* - 2:13
26. *Marciala monologs III / Martial's Monologue III* - 1:10
27. *Tu, lielais gudriniek! / You Big Know-It-All!* - 0:53
28. *Fināls / Finale* - 0:58



Müza I / Muse I – Inga Martinsona
Müza II / Muse II – Ieva Ezeriņa
Talda / Thaïs – Elīna Kalnākārķe
Marcials / Martial – Kārlis Rūtentāls
Dēmostrats / Demostratus – Normunda Kīris
Gigabaiti / Gigabyte – Juris Abols
Dankēlāns / Dankeschön – Jānis Straždīns
Mikropisks / Micropixel – Ārijs Šķepasts
Konfēp / Coryphaeus – Sigvards Klava

Juris Abols – saksofons / saxophone
Dace Klava, Juris Klava, Sigvards Klava – taustiņinstrumenti / keyboard
Latvijas Radio koris / Latvian Radio Choir
Sigvards Klava – muzikālais vadītājs / artistic director

Ieraksts: Nicas ielas mājas pagrabā, 2010
Ieraksta producenti: Sigvards Klava un Juris Abols
Remāsteri-īts: Agnese Streiča, Sig.Ma Studio, 2022

Recorded at the basement of the Nicags street residential building, Riga, 2010
Recording producer: Sigvards Klava & Juris Abols
Remastered: Agnese Streiča, Sig.Ma Studio, 2022

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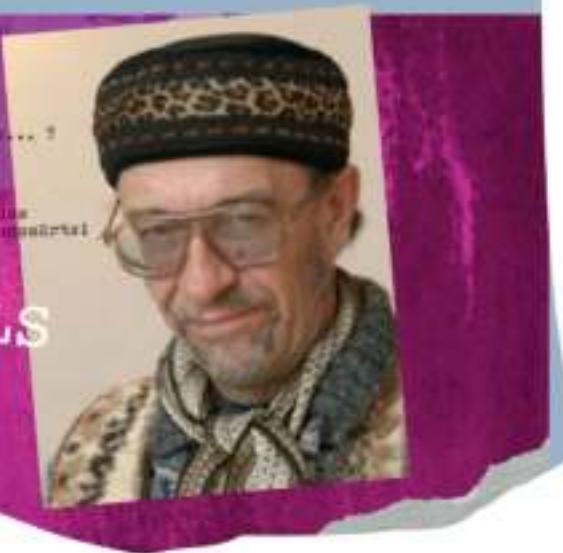
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LATVIJAS RĀDĪTĀJS



TT: 48:24



JURIS ĀBOLS

Juris Ābols was an event, a happening, an experience. To call him a composer seems like a gross understatement. The first concert of his music took place just a couple of weeks before he passed away.

Ābols was born on April 16, 1950.

We listened to his concert, titled "Tīrs Ābols" (Pure Ābols or, literally, 'clean apple'), in Studio No. 1 at Latvian Radio on October 12, 2020.

A few weeks later we learned that Ābols had died. No one knows precisely on which day it happened. He had lived alone in his small, white house in the Žepniekkalns neighbourhood of Riga and also died alone.

On the evening of October 12, Ābols had said to Dāvis Engelis, who was hosting the concert: 'I've completed a full 360-degree circle, beginning with an exercise in harmony to Dadism and back again, slowly approaching an eight-part chorus and classical harmonies. It's a natural path. And I'm perfectly happy with it. Because I've achieved everything. All that's left are the magarichas [a drink or meal to seal the deal], as the Gypsies say.'

...

Ābols' father was the painter Ojārs Ābols, one of the most significant and vivid abstractionists of the second half of the 20th century. His mother was the literary scholar Mirdza Ābola, who specialised in the Belarusian language.

Ābols himself became a trained flutist at the age of 22, and by age 32 he had also trained as a composer. At the age of 37, he was thrust into the Composers' Union by his friends and supporters, albeit with some difficulty (namely, due to resistance from his contemporaries, because, after all, this was the brash, unpredictable Ābols). In the late 1970s, Ābols dabbled with playing in the Opera Orchestra.

In the second half of the 1980s, a brilliant trio formed that consisted of violinist Jānis Bulavs, pianist Edmunds Goldsteins and Ābols on flute. All intense, stormy characters, but for at least a few years their collaboration met with dazzling success, both in recordings and on the concert stage.

In the late 1990s, Ābols headed to Strasbourg and spent several years playing the organ in a number of churches (according to other sources, he worked in a morgue).

It is well known that Ābols was a cultural historian by vocation and a master at providing plausible explanations for implausible ideas. By conviction, he was a seemingly monotheistic, Buddhist-minded Dadist.

His close bond with the Balkans (heaven only knows where that came from) resulted in his *Encyclopaedia of Baltic-Balkan Studies* (assumed to be unpublished; in fact, the very whereabouts of the composition may be unknown).

In his music, Ābols was a describer of the Gobi Desert, a researcher of elephants and mice, an expert on normal physiology, a connoisseur of political-erotic games, a contemplative composer of crystal-clear motifs, a scribe of Livonian chronicles and the Crusades, a clairvoyant of zodiac signs and an ancient priest of all kinds of knowledge who loved to write letters. He also refused to take a step without his famous colourful cap on his head.

Ābols enjoyed a close friendship with the Putni women's vocal ensemble led by Antra Drege. He was also close to the Latvian Radio Choir and Sigvards Klava.

In his essay titled "The Lemon and the Potato", fellow composer Kristaps Pētersons aptly commented:

"Just as one must accept the side effects of drinking wine, one must reconcile oneself with the fluctuations in world perception that his [Ābols'] music brings about. I would place this music in the category of 'a dry wonder of superior classification'."

"In Latvia, the environment for composition is generally well protected, and no particular winds of change are observed. So when someone from the citrus genus tries to rock the boat, there is generally no panic. A spectacle remains just a spectacle; in well-mannered society it is customary to turn a politely indignant blind eye to such displays."

"I understand quite well how things work in life, but I (and Murakami) still have the audacity to assert that our (well, at least my own) private space is full of tangible, and even much more intangible, junk. However, being a rather astute fellow, I (like Murakami) also understand this: if everything unnecessary disappeared from the partially empty lives of humans, those lives would become even emptier."

Juris Ābols. Incorrect, marginal, seemingly unnecessary. And now we have his opera.





XENIAE, AN OPERA

A conversation with Sigvards Kjava

The opera *Xeniae* does not appear on the list of Juris Ābols' works, a list that is in any case quite incomplete, at least in regard to the last decade of his life. And God only knows who will ever take on the task of tackling his archives.

Ābols brought over a bucket filled with sheets of music, and it took him a week of sorting them all out to put the opera score in the correct order. Sometimes he wasn't even sure which direction to hold the paper in order to read the music. I mean, truly splendid!

We did the recording in the summer of 2010 in the basement of my house. Ābols basically lived with us for that whole time and was present at almost all of the recording sessions. The singers arrived alone, or sometimes in pairs, and he tried to explain to each one the type of character they were to portray. We spent about a month and a half on the project.

He also played his soprano saxophone; that was his vaunted psychodelia (and no, he didn't say 'psychedelia', as would be correct). When it came to jazz licks, he liked to play the walking bass, because it's impossible to mess up. I'll always remember one time... someone should have taken a picture of it. Ābols arrived with this little apparatus – back in the Soviet days there were these devices with batteries and small lamps, and when you turned them, a weak light would appear. And, well, he said that I needed one of those to carry light to the nation.

The Latin *xenia*, or Greek *ξενία*, is a gift that a host presents to his guests at a banquet, often together with an apt, well-aimed couplet. The ancient Roman writer Martial, who was born in modern-day Spain and lived from about 40 CE to about 100-120 CE (depending on the source), was a famous author of such witty, well-polished epigrams. Martial titled one of his epigram books the *Xenia*, but we can only guess how this relates to the title of Ābols' opera (*xeniae* being 'gifts' in the plural) and to the fact that one of the main characters in the opera is called Martial.

In the preface, Ābols explains that perhaps everything in the opera is just a dream. How else could one explain its setting (the modern-day Republic of Northern Macedonia, known in the early 1990s as Fyrom, or the Former Yugoslav Republic of Macedonia) and time (a few centuries before Martial was born)?

Of importance here is Priapus – the Greek god of fertility, the protector of plants and livestock, the guardian of manhood.

This opera has everything: Bregović, klezmer, Monteverdi, Orff, electronics and smoke, odours and jazz. But if you ask me why, for example, it also contains Martial... The thing with Ābols is that he can say anything and everything, but his choice of words is incomprehensible to my mind. In this opera, what prevails is some kind of over-sexualised feeling that he had at the time. I don't know whether it was a deficit or an inner yearning and need. The choice of text came only after it was clear that there must be a huge phallus in the middle, and everything else was subordinate to that. And only Ābols alone knew the right algorithm for getting that phallic ritual to some kind of consistency.

I remember he was getting his hopes up about a performance, and I asked him, well, who's going to be able to pull it off, and who's going to be the brave one to show – in the name of pure art – all that you have imagined and naturalised? And how could it even be presented within some sort of aesthetic categories and performed on stage? And he just said that that was our problem, not his. That was a long time ago. And it really is our problem.

At the beginning of the opera, the Muse quotes one of Martial's epigrams, which states: 'the man you read, the man you want'.

Everyone knows what a muse is. Thais, however, is not quite so popular. And by Thais, Ābols probably meant the Greek *hetaira* who accompanied Alexander the Great on his campaigns, but perhaps also the courtesan and priestess of Venus described by Anatole France and featured in an opera by Jules Massenet. Demostratus, for his part, was the Archon of Athens – the highest official in the polis – a few centuries before Christ, so, around the same time as the opera *Xeniae* is set.

But, when dealing with Ābols, one must always bear in mind that all this may be true, but it may at the same time not be true. What is certain, however, is that Gigabyte is named after the gigabyte and Micropixel is named after the micropixel. And, seeing as in ancient Greek culture the leader and soloist of a chorus was called a *coryphaeus*, then here, too, there must be a *Coryphaeus*, portrayed by someone who in reality is a *coryphaeus*, namely, Sigvards Kjava.

Ābols had his own system of characters. Thais – the erotic aspect. The Muse – the creative aspect. And the rest? He had heard the words 'micropixel' and 'gigabyte' somewhere, so he must have had some association with them. I mean, what more accurate name for the creator of the work than Gigabyte!

But how much does it contain of Martial... That was more likely Ābols' own universe and therefore something I cannot explain. I just marvelled at what all appeared and resided in his storm of ideas.

Martial's epigram about the man we are now reading and celebrating is sung in its entirety by the Muse, and we learn that Martial is known to the whole world from this little book of epigrams and that the faithful reader has honoured the writer of epigrams while he is still alive and able to appreciate it, while many poets have missed out on such praise, having already passed away.

Why the motif from Claudio Monteverdi's opera *The Coronation of Poppea* is heard at one point is anyone's guess. Perhaps because the opera is set in the time when Martial was in the prime of his youth.

Thais turns out to be a virus specialist, and in her German monologue she announces that all viruses known so far are parasites. But she quickly changes the subject to something closer to herself and reminds us that the mood for lovemaking does not appear by itself; it must be actively created. The quote from the Bhagavad Gita holy book of the Hindus is genuine, and the "Hoetic Tango" is, of course, a reference to the Hoetika waste management company.

Having learned the secret of the mosquito's buzzing, the chorus again turns to Martial's epigrams and announces that a friend of Martial's does not wish to gather a crowd, but instead prefers to imbibe with a just a couple of friends. We also learn that it is possible to drink the wine of Signia (the modern-day town of Segni in Italy), which firms up loose bowels, but, in order that the effect not be too strong, one should drink it in moderation. We get the feeling that we are taking part in the Saturnalia, the festival honouring Saturn that was celebrated in ancient Rome around the winter solstice.

Once we've reached the midpoint in this opera, it's high time we try to understand what it's about.

Yes, I was waiting for that question. Ābols said it himself: the place and existential struggle of the creative person in today's global and cosmic world. The unanswerable question of why people buy tickets to see one artist and not another. This was also Ābols' own big 'why'.

He always began his letters to me like this: you know, I have an idea, this is going to be a bestseller, this is going to sell well. But we know that it's not always the deepest wells that people buy tickets to. So that's what he kept trying to solve somehow.

When you read the whole libretto, you can't really understand what it's about, but maybe that's not even necessary. Instead, the value is more in the details. Sergei Einstein, the big riddle about the mosquito and all those genitals, all the physiological processes... A small world in a big cloud. If Ābols put 'pig's uterus' or other provocative themes in the text, I sense a gambler.

And the eternal motif of China is, I think, a game with colours, a search for expressiveness. In principle, Ābols wanted to go beyond the ethnic, national cage.

I think it's impossible to explain it all. Even Ābols himself would give one explanation today, and another the next day, and on the third day he'd say that I'd exasperated him with all my questions. Yes, he could be like that. One day I asked him to play what he had written down in the score, and he said I had ruined his eyes with my opera. I witnessed all sorts of things with him...

Alright. No hermeneutics here. Everyone is free to form their own views and interpretations of this work. As a kind of priest – now already of the afterlife – Ābols left us his signs. If you want to interpret them, go right ahead. If you don't, just enjoy it.

Seeing the comfort in which musical events are created and produced nowadays, this opera is an alternative – something unconventional – that enriches our lives. I think it's important to revisit this opus right now, so that people who follow what's happening on our music scene see that it also contains things like this.

We created *Xeniae* out of obstinacy and our own interest in it; we were possessed by the hooliganism and freeness of it. I also have recordings of Ābols' own narratives, things he said and commented. He knew exactly what he needed to say.

An analogue by Sigwards Klave

Jüri Abols always appeared at a certain time and place with something in his hand, perhaps a musical score – uninvited, but he nevertheless appeared, and things often happened soon after that arrival. He sent us a bay leaf after he had joined the Vatican choir, and the Pope resigned soon after that. A month before 9/11 he played me his crusade marches and said, "We have to fight; it's going to be a mess real soon." With a cigarette hanging from the corner of his mouth, he pounded on the piano... One time he handed me a paper bag in front of the Opera; see, he said, he had composed a few Latvian anthems because he felt that something wasn't right with the existing one. Soon afterwards, there was a public debate about the Latvian anthem. He gave me a composition for my 50th birthday, although belatedly, three years after the fact; it was titled *Jolly Globalisation*. I'm going through the score in more detail now, and a big part of it is about bacteria.

Ábols did not fit into the norms of society. For example, he smeared himself with turpentine to avoid getting sick. Some people enjoy that sort of thing, others don't. But also just all the normal household and financial issues. We usually don't share with others when we're going through a rough patch in our lives. The pipes freeze, the electricity is cut off. If you haven't got anyone to talk to... Clearly, the art world is heartless in the sense that it provides no social safety net. Ábols is now looking at us from a different place, and only now do we realise how great is our need for people who live on their own terms, who swim against the current, who stay true to themselves. Ábols was here to introduce wrongness and nonconformity.

He was always very keen on cracking jokes. The harder and crummier the circumstances, the crazier the jokes. But he himself rarely laughed.

He enjoyed getting together now and then for a drink. In one of his last letters to me he wrote about globalisation, and then he asked when we might meet at my house and have some of that blue Xenvia. That's a Swiss vodka liqueur in a ghastly blue colour. He brought it over after we recorded the opera, and the bottle now stands in pride of place in my home. His taste in alcohol was the same as his taste in lyrics – he'd bring over all sorts of Brown Monks and things like that. I have no idea where he got it all.

He didn't watch television, and he didn't have a mobile phone. One day I called him on his home phone, and he picked up and said, "Sloward!" I've been waiting for you to call me." How could he have known?

Hic est,hic est,hic est,qui legis ille,quem requirit
toto notus in orbe MARTIALIS, -
argutis epigrammaton libellis,- qui lector studiosi.



JURIS ĀBOLS

Juris Ābols bija cilvēks-notikums, cilvēks-hepenings, cilvēks-piedzīvojums. Nosaukt Juri Ābolu par komponistu ir kaut kā stipri nepietiekami. Viņa pirmais autorkoncerts notika pāris nedēļu pirms aiziešanas mūžībā.

Juris Ābols piedzima 1950. gada 16. aprīlī.

Autorkoncertu "Tirs Ābols" klausījāmies Latvijas Radio I studijā 2020. gada 12. oktobri.

Dažas nedēļas vēlāk uzzinājām, ka Juris miris. Neviens nezina, kurā dienā. Ābols dzīvoja vientulīs savā nelielajā baltajā Ziepniekkalna namiņā un nomira vinentulī.

12. oktobra koncerta vadītājam Dāvim Enģelim komponists tovakar teica: "Ir noiets pilns 360 grādu rinkis; sākot no harmonijas uzdevuma līdz dādaismam un tad atkal atpakaļ, lēni tuvojoties astoņbalsīgam korim un klasiskām harmonijām. Tas ir dabisks ceļš. Un esmu ar to pilnīgi apmierināts. Jo viss ir sasniegts. Atliek vēl tikai magaričas, kā saka Čigāni."

...

Jura Ābola tēvs ir gleznotājs Ojārs Ābols – viens no 20. gadsimta otrās puses nozīmīgākajiem un spilgtākajiem abstrakcionistiem. Māte – literatūrinātniece Mīrza Ābola, baltkrievu valodas speciāliste.

Pats Juris Ābols 22 gadu vecumā klūst par diplomētu flautistu un 32 gadu vecumā – par diplomētu komponistu. 37 gadu vecumā Juri Ābolu ar zināmām grūtībām (laikabiedru pretestība, jo tas taču neaprēķināmās, bezkaunīgais Ābols) draugi un atbalstītāji iestūlē Komponistu savienībā.

70. gadu beigās Juris mazliet spēlē Operas orkestri.

80. gadu otrajā pusē izveidojas spožs trio, kurā muzicē flautists Juris Ābols, vijolnieks Jānis Bulavas un pianists Edmunds Goldsteins. Raksturi visiem vērtni, tomēr vismaz dažus gadus sadarbība nesālinošus augļus gan iekšanojumos, gan uz koncertskatuves.

90. gadu beigās Juris Ābols dodas uz Strasbūru un vairākus gadus spēlē ērģeles kādās baznīcās (pēc citām zināms, strādā morgā).

Skaidri zināms, ka pēc aicinājuma Juris Ābols ir kultūrvēsturnieks un meistrs neticamām idejām sniegt ticamus izskaidrojumus. Pēc pārliecības – it kā monoteiski, it kā budistiski noskaņots dadaists.

Sazin kā izveidojušās ciešās saites ar Balkāniem dod pasaulei Jura Ābola "Baltobalkānistikas enciklopēdiju" (cik zināms, nav izdoti; iespējams pat, ka nav zināms, kur atrodas).

Savā mūzikā – Gobi tuksneša aprakstnieki, zilonu un pellīšu pētnieks, normālās fizioloģijas eksperts, politiski erotisku rotalu zinātājs, kristāldzidru motešu apcerīgs autors, Livonijas hroniku un krusta karu rakstvedis, Zodiaka zīmju gailīgais un visādu citādu zinālu vaidelotis, kuram joti patīk rakstīt vēstules. Bez slavenās raibības cepurītes galvā – ne soli.

Cieša draudzība ar Antras Dreges vadīto vokālo grupu "Putni". Ciešais saites ar Latvijas Radio kori un Sigvardu Klavu.

Trāpīgu vērojumu esejā "Citrons un kartupelis" dod amatbrālis Kristaps Pētersons: "Ar vīna mūzikas rāsītājām pasaules uztveres svārstībām ir jāsamierinās, tāpat kā ar vīna lietošanas blaknēm. Es šo mūziku iešķirotu kategorijā 'kontrolētas kvalitātes sausais brīnumis'.

Latvijā kompozīcijas vide ir kopumā labi pasargāta, un nekādi iepātie pārmaiņu vēji te nestalgā. Tāpēc brīžos, kad kāds no citrusaugļu ciets mēģina šo laivu sašūpot, vispārēja panika nelizcejas. Izlēciens palek izlēciens, labi audzinātā sabiedrībā ir piemēts pieklājīgā salutumā novērtīties.

Es diezgan labi saprotu, kā viss dzīvē notiek, bet tik un tā man (un arī Murakami) netrūkst bezkaunības apgalvot, ka mūsu (nu labi, vismaz mana) privātā telpa ir pārbāzta ar taustāmām un, pat daudz lielākā skaitā, netaustāmām grābažām. Tomēr, visai apkārīgs puisis būdams, (tāpat kā Murakame) saprotu arī šo – ja no nepilnīgās cilvēka dzīves izzustu viss nevajadzīgais, tā vairs nebūtu pat nepilnīga."

Juris Ābols. Nepareizs, margināls, šķietami nevajadzīgs. Un tagad mums ir vīna opera.

Ej! – Meklē sev tur kādu alu
Kur iekļast patverties
Kur apmesties
Uz palieksmu galu!!!

"X E N I A E"



OPERA XENIAE

Saruna ar Sigvardu Kļavu

Operas Xeniae nav Jura Ābola darbu sarakstā, kas ir stipri nepilnīgs vismaz attiecībā uz komponista dzīves beidzamo desmitgadī, un die's vien zina, kurš saņemties reiz piekerties arhīvam.

Juris atnesa spaini ar notīm un nedēļu šķiroja, lai salktu visu operu seicībā; par dažām lapām nebija isti drošs, no kuras puses tās būtu lasāmas, vārdu sakot – teiksmaini!

Ieraksts 2010. gada vasarā manas mājas pagrabīnā. Juris faktiski dzīvoja pie manis visu to laiku un ierakstā gandrīz nepārtraukti bija klāt. Dziedātāji nāca pa vienam, pa diviem, un viņš katram mēģināja izstāstīt to tipāzu, kas jāratudo. Tā mēs nodziļojām kādu pusotru mēnesi.

Viņš arī spēlēja savu soprānsaksofonu, tā bija tā viņa daudzīnātā psihodēlija (jā, viņš neteica ‘psihedēlija’, kā būtu pareizi). Kad bija runa par džeza replikām, vinam patika klejojošo basu spēlēt, jo tur nav iespējams neko sajaukt.

Man uz mūžu atminā palikis skats, to vispār vajadzēja nofotografēt: Juris atrāca ar mazu madinīti, krievu laikos bija tādās ar baterijām un gaismeklīšiem, un tad tu griez viņu, un tad viņa tā kā drusku pāspid, un Juris teica, ka man ar to jānesot gaismu nācīju.

Latiņu xenia jeb grieķu Ēzvīa ir dāvana, ko namatēvs pasniedz saviem visiem pie banketgalda nereti vienkop ar kādi trāpīgi divrindī. Mūsdienu Spānijas teritorijā dzimūlais romiešu rakstnieks Marciāls, kurš dzīvoja aptuveni no 40. gada līdz aptuveni 100.-120. gadam (kā nu kurā avotā) bija slavenš aspirātu un līdz spožumam nopūlētu epigrammu autors. Vienai no savām epigrammu grāmatām Marciāls deva nosaukuma Xenia, bet mēs varam minēt, kā tas saistīts ar Jura Ābola operas nosaukumu (xeniae – tās ir dāvanas daudzskaitī) un vienu no galvenajiem operas varonjiem Marciālu.

Priekšvārdā komponists dod skaidrojumu: iespējams, viss te ir tikai sapnis. Kā citādi būtu skaidrojama darbibas vieta – mūsdienu Ziemeļmakedonijas Republika (ko 90. gadu sākumā dēvēja par Fyrom jeb The former Yugoslav Republic of Macedonia) – un darbibas laiks dažus gadsimtus pirms Marciāla piedzīmēšanas??!

Būtisks objekts te ir Priāps – grieķu auglības dievs, augu un mājlopu aizgādnis, virrietības sargātājs.

Šajā operā ir pilnīgi viss: Bregovičs, klezmeri, Monteverdi, Orfs, elektronikas un dūmi, smakas un dbezis. Bet, ja man jautā, kāpēc tur ir, piemēram, Marciāls... Ar Juri ir tā, ka viņš var teikt visu ko, bet viņa teksta izvēle ir manam prātam nesaprotama. Tajā operā prevalē kaut kāda tābūtā pārķeļotītā sajūta, kas viņam bija. Nezinu, deficits vai iekšēja prasība. Teksta izvēle nāk tikai pēc tam, kad ir skaidrs, ka tur pa vidu jābūt milzīgam fallam, un viss pārējais ir pakārtots. Un tikai Jura galvā bija skaidrs tas algoritms, kā mums to fallisko rituālu dabūt līdz kaut kādai konsistencei.

Atceros, Juris bija sadomājies par uzvedumu, un es teicu – nu kurš to var uzvest un kurš būs tas drosminieks, kas tārs mākslas vārdā parādīs to visu, ko tu esi iedomājies un naturalizējis, kā to vispār iespējams parādīt kaut kādās estētiskās kategorijās un uz skatuves, un viņš pilnīgi atklāti teica – bet tā ir jūsu problēma. Tas bija sen. Un tā tiešām ir mūsu problēma.

Operas sākumā Mūza cītē vienu no Marciāla epigrammām, kurā teikts – lūk, vīrs, kuru patlaban lasāt, vīrs, pēc kura lūkojaties.

Visiem zināms, kas ir mūza. Ne gluži tik populāra ir Taida – visticamāk, Ābols domājis grieķu hetēru, kas pavadījusi Aleksandru Lielo viņa karagājenos, bet varbūt tiklab arī kurtizāni un Venēras priesteri, ko aprakstīja Anatols Franss un operā lika Zīls Misanē. Savukārt Dēmostrats dažus gadsimtus pirms Kristus (tādā apmēram tajā pašā laikā, kad notiek operas Xeniae darbība) bija Atēnu arhonts jeb polīsias augstākā amatpersona.

Bet – kad darīšana ar Juri Ābolu, jāpatur prātā, ka viss šīs var gan būt, gan vienlaikus nebūt patiesība.

Neapšaubāms ir tas, ka Gigabaltam dots vārds par godu gigabaltam un Mikropikselam dots vārds par godu Mikropikselam (nevis -pikselim, kā būtu pareizi), un, ja reiz sengrieķu kultūrā kora vadonis un solists bija korifejs, tad skaidrs, ka arī te jābūt Korifejam, ko iemieso tas, kurš tas arī ir, protiet, Sigvards Kļava.

Jurim bija sava iedomātā tēlu sistēma. Taida – erotiskais aspekti. Mūza – radioāds. Tie pārējie tipāzi? Viņš kaut kur tika dzirdējis vārdus mikropikselis un gigabaltis, kaut kāda asociācija laikam jau tur radīs. Kur vēl precīzākā vārdu pašam darba radītājam nekā Gigabaltis!

Bet cik daudz te no Marciāla... Tas bija drīzīgā viņa kosmoss, kuru es nemāku izskaidrot. Tikai brīnlījos, kas tas viss tajā idejā vētrā dzīvojas.

Marciāla epigrammu par vīru, ko patlaban lasām un godinām, Mūza nodzied visā pilnībā, un mēs uzzinām, ka Marciāls visai pasaulei pažilstams no šīs mazās epigrammu grāmatīgas un ka uzticamais lasītājs devis epigrammu autoram godu, kamēr viņš vēl dzīvs un spēj to novērtēt, un daudziem dzejniekiem tas iet secer, kad viņi jau pārvērtušies pelnos.

Kāpēc vienubrīd ieskanas Klaudio Monteverdi operas “Popejas kronēšana” motivs, minam katra pats. Varbūt tāpēc, ka operas darbība notiek laikā, kad Marciāls ir pašā jaunības plaukumā.

Taida izrādīs virusu speciāliste un savā vāciskajā monologā dara mums zināmu, ka visi līdz šim pazīstamie vīrusi ir parazīti, taču arī vien maina tēmu uz sev tuvāku un atgādina, ka milas savienošanās noskaņojums nerodas pats no sevin, to vispirms vajag radīt. Cītās no hinduisma svētās grāmatas “Bhagavadgitas” ir gēnuins, un “Hoētiskais tango”, protams, ir atsauce uz atkritumu apsalīmniekošanas uzņēmumu “Hoētika”.

Kad esam uzzinājuši oda sīkšanas noslēpumā, koris atkal vēršas pie Marciāla epigrammām un vēsta mums, ka kāds Marciāla draugs vis nesauc pūli, bet labprāt ledzē draugu trijotān, un arī to mēs uzzinām, ka var gan dzert Signjās (mūsdienu Itālijas pilsēta Seniņi) viņu, kas saveik atlābinātās zarnas, tomēr, lai lespādis nebūtu pārāk spēcīgs, vēlams ieturēt mēru. Rodas sajūta, ka piedalāmies saturnālijos jeb Saturna svētkos, ko Romā svīnēja ap ziemas Saulgriežiem.

Kad esam tilkulī operas pusē, ir pēdējais bridlis mēģināt apjēgt, par ko ir šī opera.

Jā, es taisni gaidīju šo jautājumu. Juris pats teica – radošā cilvēka vieta un eksistenciālā cīna mūsdienu globālajā un kosmiskajā pasaulei. Neatbildamais jautājums, kāpēc uz vienu mākslinieku pērk billetes un uz citu nepērk. Tas bija arī viņa paša lielais kāpēc.

Mūsu vēstulēs viņi vienmēr sāka tā – tu zini, man ir ideja, šītās kļūs par bestselleru, šīto baigi varēs pārdot. Bet mēs zinām, ka ne jau vienmēr pērk uz tām dzīlēkājām akām. Lūk, šo viņi mēģināja kaut kā atrisināt.

Kad tu izlasi cauri visu to libretu, nevar iсти saprast, par ko te runa, un varbūt tas nemaz nav vajadzīgs. Tur drīzāk vērtīgais detaljs. Sergejs Eiñteins, lielā mīkla – par odu un visām tām genitālijām, visi tie fizioloģiskie procesi... Maza pasaule lielā mākonī. Ja Juris teikstā lieto ‘cūkas dzemdi’ vai citas provokatīvas tēmas, es tur sajūtu spēlīmani.

Mūžīgais Kinas motivs – tā, manuprāt, ir spēle ar krāsām, izteiksmības meklēšana. Juris principā grib izlet ārpus tautiskā, nacionālā krātinā.

Man liekus, ka izskaidrot visu to nav iespējams. Arī viņš pats: šodien dod vienu skaidrojumu, otrā dienā citu, bet trešā dienā viņš nem un pasaka, ka es ar saviem jautājumiem esmu viņam nervus sabendējis. Jā, viņš varēja tā. Vienudien es liku Jurim pašam nospēlēt, kas tur rakstīts, un viņš pazīnoja, ka es ar savu operu esmu viņam acis sagandējis. Visādi mums ir gājis.

Skaidrs. Nekāda hermeneitika te ištī nesanāks. Katram būvī veidot savu skatījumu uz šo. Juris Ābols kā tāds nu jau viņsaules priesteris atstājis mums savas zīmes – gribi, tulko, negribi, baudi.

Redzot, kādos komfortos tiek radīti un šāncēti muzikālie notikumi, šī opera ir alternatīva, kas padara mūsu dzīvi bagātāku. Man liekus svarīgi tieši tagad atgriezties pie šī opusa, lai tie, kas seko tam, kas notiek mūsu muzikālajā dzīvī, pamana, ka ir arī kaut kā stātīs.

Mēs radījām Xeniae spīta un intereses dēļ, mēs bijām pārnemti ar huligānišķu un brīvu lietu. Man saglabājies ieskaņots arī tas, ko Juris stāsta. Viņš skaidri zināja, kas viņam jāpasaka.

VELREIZ JURIS ĀBOLS

Sigvarda Kļavas monologs

Juris parādījās vienmēr vienā noteiktā brīdī un vietā ar kaut ko roki, varbūt notīm – neaicināts, bet parādījās, un bieži vien tur, kur kaut kas pēc tam notiek. Viņš atsūtīja lauru lapu, kad bija iestājies Vatikāna kori, un drīz pārvestis aizgāja. Mēnesi pirms 11. septembra viņš spēlēja man savus krusta karu māršus un telca – ir jākarō, tūlīt būs ziepes. Smēkis mutes kāktā, viņš sita pa klavierīm... Reiz pie Operas iedeva tūtiešu, sacerējs, redz, Latvijas himnas, jo viņš jūt, ka kaut kas nav, un drīz pēc tam sākās sabiedrības diskusijas par Latvijas himnu. Ar triju gadu nokavēšanos Juris uzzināja man 50 gadu jubilejā opusu “Jautrā globalizācija”, es tagad skētinu tās notis, un tur liela daļa ir par baktērijām.

Juris neiederējās sabiedrības normās. Nu, piemēram, lai nesaslimtu, viņš smērējās ar terpentīnu. Citiem patīk, citiem nē. Bet arī visas saimniecības un finanšu problēmas. Mēs jau nedalāmies ar ciemiem, kad mums klājas tā vai citādi. Mājā aizsaitē rores, paziļ elektīrbīta. Ja tev nav ištī kam... Skaidrs – mākslas pasaule ir cietisirdīga tādā ziņā, ka sociālā labvēlība mākslā nepastāv.

Juris skatās uz mums no citas trajektorijas, un tikai tagad mēs apjēdzam, cik liela ir nepieciešamība pēc tādiem cilvēkiem, kas dzīvo savu nogriezni, nepeld kopējā straumē un paliek uzticīgi savam. Juris Ābols bija domāts, lai ieviestu nepareizi.

Viņš baigi gribēja visu laiku plēst jokus. Jo drānīgāka visa tā ūstī, jo neiedomājākā pekstīni. Un pats tik reti smējās.

Palaikam alka satikties un iedzert. Vienā no pēdējām vēstulēm bija runa par globalizāciju, un tad jautājums – kad mēs pie tevis mājās varētu ieraut zilo kseniju? Tas ir tāds likeris [Svēcīes marka Xenia – vodka liqueur bāsi zilā krāsā], viņš atnesa to pēc operas ieraksta, un Xenia tagad mājās stāv goda vietā. Alkohola izvēle viņam bija tāda pati kā tekstu izvēle – visādus “Brūnus mūkus” nesa un tamīldzīgas lietas, ne jausmas, kur viņš to visu dabūja.

Viņš neskatījās televizoru, viņam nebija mobilais. Un tad es vienudien zvanu viņam uz mājas tālruni, viņš pacel klausuli un saka – Sigvard, es gaidīju, ka tu man piezvanīsi. Kā viņš to varēja zināt?

Nezināma MĀRSIS. VACAPĀRĀCĒS UN
RALENĀNĀDO I F A I H A + Uzskats par dzīviem

MĀRSĀLIS / mēs jās /: Ha ha ha... - ak jūsi... GigaBaits...
rengādīs Dēm... - sevi jās mīli man... A B I I
Tomēr... ne jau par Jēsu cīņiniekiem es ziliu jūs,- bet
gan par to... par to... kā... katra braši braši savās
gūtās kājās cīkstietiesi!

Un tomēr - piemācīs ir laika... jums sapent jūsu izsefītās
Mārciālās bālīvās!

Hu, Dēmostrāts, - - no manis pieejem treknā kāķes gubelni!
Es treknā kāķu piedāvāju viss un tā v.

MĀRSĀLIS / uz kori un Kārīfeju /:

Šo zupas galu veltījusi jums ir pati dieve vāremātās desas!
Vēderult! Un logu iekšas vēl! Un arī ribas Mīs!

/uz Gigabaitu /:
KŪHA gaviles.

Bet tu - - lai bādu savu remāstu... - lēk, pēm... - Mārsālis
treknā vērba FrīspalFast food! I'm lovin it! Tu neespiestās,
ja arī pautus upgrāantu!

EINOKALITĀTS:

KĀRĪFEJS / uz G. un D. /: Lott mierīgi, jautājot, dzīlīgi /:

Aiz kāda īemeleit Neit dzīlīgs iecīlās stary jums?
To visum KĀRĪFEM paskaidrījiet! Stāstiet nekārtītiesi!

G. un D. / bez atbildes plāta rokas /.

MĀRSĀLIS / Klusādāns norāda uz grāmatu /. Izsnāk MŪZA.

MŪZA / jaunri, skonīgi /:
Par visu, kas Neit nupat gadijēs... tur vien jau smalki
apmeklētās/norāda uz Mārciāla grāmatu /

DĒMOSTRĀTS / uz Gigabaitu /:

Ko? Apstulbi? Nosarki?... - ak, nosylāvies?

/uz skatītājiem /:
Bet kas tur kāvājās?

MŪZA / uz abiem /:
Gan jau tādai, mīlu skatītāji

fālsīnīgi par augsto mākslu apriestīst
/uz klātesēšanāiem /:

Jums te nav māksla ko vērtēt! - Nun kājiet, kas ir mīles!

MĀRSĀLIS / uz visiem /:
Es mīsu daži rādiļu... ar visām vīnas ikdienāmībām parādību

Iki viens tādījādījā mani kritizēt vai išlāmīt...
Iki viens, ja drāprātis, - var manu mākslu k o n i r o l 8 t -

/kāds, vēlak daži citi sāk un mīnīgi svieglī;
vēl citi no kora pariet uz zili pie-skatītā

Rezultāts

EINOKALITĀTS:

MĀRSĀLIS: Pag, pag, kā tad nē:tu apskati vīgus labi. Vai nepazīsti?

Šito es pazīstu, tad tur, pēdējā rindā to dāmu arī. Šitas ir
no Sicilijas. Un to - es redzēju Kapitolijā...

DĒMOSTRĀTS / dzīlīgi /: Tad ko tu tākā biezā mežā iegājis,
te sēnes lasi, pautus kasi?

+ Rīgs

KĀRIS : / rūdītu veču smiekli /

GIGABAITS: Ak vai! Ak vai, ak vai mani! Ar savu mērkaķošanos
pārspējis!

KĀRIS : / aklamācija /

DĒMOSTRĀTS / asī iekrīt starpā /:

NAV TIESA TAS! - - Man liekas gan, ka ES ūsi zīpā esmu
tevi pārspējis, jā gan!

Ja tas tā nav, - vai t i e M ā m b ī t u l e s, - ar
saslaukām un druskām ēdinātās,-par tādu u z a u d z i s ?

23 GIGABAITS: Tu ēdi saslaukas? - Kā s u n e ???

24 MĀRSĀLIS / piezīme /: Ak... - ne jau nu "K-suns", bet gan - - postmodernists
Bet to, kas labāks jums un jūsu vēderam - tas
jāizlēm jums pašiem...

25 M.: Jaucies citu darīšanās! Bendes kalpiem rpkās klūsi!

M.: Bajl mēn naw no draudiem! ... kamēr vien dzīvs ir Mārciāls...
... kamēr Romas valsti pastāv Senāts!

Bet tu, Dēmostrāts, kas izaugi b e z vergiem - - tu dzīvo vien
mierīgi tālūk! - iztiksi arī bez k u n g i e m!

T / Monteverdi tēma /

G.: Pārbrēkt jūs es varu brēkdams!

DĒMOSTRĀTS : Ha ha ha ha... - Būsu l i e l i b ā s p ā r ā k s!

G.: Būsi pārāks - apmelošu!

D.: Apmelosi - acīs splaušu. Muldi vién!

KĀRIS / kūda /: Bliez! Bliez!



XENIAE / a libretto based on motifs in the work of Martial and Aristophanes

MATERIAL: This authorised compilation of texts makes use of material from approximately twelve of Martial's epigrams or their texts.

PROLOGUE: A thunderstorm, lightning. Martial's room, sparsely furnished: an antique divan, a basket of food. The only work of art: a metre-and-a-half-tall figure of Priapus (an ancient Roman god of particularly high esteem in rural areas, where such figures of him were installed under bowers). Secondly: an associated skyscraper - the modern PRIAPUS.

Martial is dozing. The Muse sits next to him and sings: "Look, he whose epigrams the whole world reads", etc. This is important, because it is possible that all of the subsequent action is merely Martial's dream; the opera viewers themselves must also ask this question... "Life is just a dream". Here, realities will go up against rather strange situations, but Martial's epigrams are always full of stinging sarcasm; above all, however, they are short, and the poet's judgment is severe.

As the Muse sings and the thunder rolls, Gigabyte (a man with a tag) wanders in, as does his acquaintance Demostratus (a man of the people) and Cornelius Nepot Dankschön (a former legionary of Alexander of Macedonia, now an itinerant labourer). Happy to have found refuge, the unexpected visitors try to get to know the Muse, chatting ironically as they look around at Martial's home and belongings. Martial, however, has a crown of gold on his head.

TIME AND LOCATION: the Former Yugoslav Republic of Macedonia (also known as FYROM), in the 4th century BCE, and 300 years before the birth of Martial.

MUSE: Hic est, hic est, hic est, qui legis ille, quem requiris, - toto notus in ore MARTIALIS, - argutis epigrammaton libellis, - qui lector studiosi... -- -

GIGABYTE / in a gruff voice /: Bum bum bum bum bum... - Tfu - Donnerwetter.

DEMOSTRATUS / noticing the Muse, in the voice of a small child /: Leraleralera... / guffaws / DANKE SCHÖN / in a thin, delicate voice /: Bumbumbumbumbum!

GIGABYTE / looking around, agreeing /: Leralera. Here is the beagle do fungo. Qualla di Mango!

MUSE... ... cui lector lector lector studiosi quod dedisti... - DANKE SCHÖN: Aha! - Aha, aha, aha. And here is the lake Orizunde...

DEMOSTRATUS / to himself /: ...leralera. GIG: Oh, yes!

DANKE: ...how he reads the New York Times... DEM. / sighing pitifully/: Poor New York...

MUSE: ...viventi decus atque sentienti rari... DEM. / surprised /: È-è-è-è! Here is the Davaidaval! Da Biri-dai! Da Umba ta džambo!

GIG: Ā-ā-ā-ā! DANKE: Oh, yeah!

MUSE / finishing the aria /: ...post cineres habent poetae. GIG. / looking at the Muse, in the voice of the hereafter, in a ceremonial manner /: ...And here...

DANKE: O! O! o! o! DEM. / in a falsetto /: Ú-ú-ú-ú!

DANKE. / horsing around /: Oi! Iho! U! U! Oho! -- Oh, ye! GIG. / continues /: ...and here is the Isasharimunga Gambo ya Yamboshan-

tramana künia peke da Umba!!! DANKE: Hahahaha! - ...! Aufsteht, aufsteht. Kampampa the Flap!

G. and D. / repeating in a mechanical fashion /: Flap! Flap! The flap!... DANKE: ...and the pants of Vicar are closing!

Author's original text is observed in the transcript of the libretto.

DEM: Hahahaha! Closingclosingclosing! Of the Pants! Closing! / a sudden clap of thunder / GIG: Tfu. - Donnerwetter...

NOTE: All of the action unfolds in a full opera-house auditorium, like a real performance. The conductor repeatedly interrupts with remarks to the performers.

GIG: ...the Flap... DANKE. / waking up Martial, who does not move /: EI EI E!

DEM. / lazily, to himself /: ...Funky, funky...

DANKE. / energetically beckoning to Martial /: Fitness, fitness!

GIG: ...the ...flap...

DEM. / startled /: amen, amen, amen, amen...

GIG. / continues /: Shí jie xingshī yū wōmen youlī. / begins to grope the Muse, who groans /

DEM. / watching from a distance, playfully /:

Lilili! U-u tú tú tú tú...

GIG. / now really grabbing the Muse /: Driftdriftmaibeibi...

/ a flash of lightning /

/ a sudden, deafening clap of thunder, everyone freezes /

Along with the clap of thunder, a thick book has fallen from the sky. It is Martial's collection of epigrams titled Xeniae.

IN THE MUSIC: Martial's leitmotif is heard. It forms a sharp contrast to everything that has taken place up until now; it is a sign of culture. Namely, an excerpt from Monteverdi's The Coronation of Poppea.

Following the leitmotif, Martial stirs and wakes. The trio of men is frightened, confused.

MARTIAL: Life is - MOVEMENT!

G. D. and D. / speechless with astonishment /

DEMOSTRATUS: And... -- D E A T H ?

MARTIAL: A L S O !!! Only the manner is different! So now consider how you may put your life to good use!

G. D. and D. / laughing /:

O ho ho! - Tā shuō huā han hūn! / Chinese for "He's delirious!" /

DEM. / laughing /: Ho ho. - Unknown effkt.

DANKE. / ditto /: Magic... - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

GIG. / ditto /: Ha ha ha! - Huawayayamysty!

DEM.: Mistykl Fkšnzcékft!

GIG.: Redžistrejšn. Kongratjulejšn, transleišn. - - ī-hohoh!

MARTIAL / summoning /:

Come, come! And you! And you, too! And you, too!

DEM.: Rivolušn. Globalizašn. Orienteišn...

DANKE: Egzekušn... satifkšn...

GIG. / quarrelling /: Fikšn! Fikšn! Fikšn!

DANKE. / to himself, turning away /:

La la la...

DEM. / looking in the book /:

... Edjukeišn...

MUSE: If you are truly afraid that perhaps this audience Will not understand this refined art, / pulls out a tiny accordion and sings/

Then throw this fear away!

Times are different now!

The people here are sensible

Everyone has books now

Everyone knows how to judge art.

Everyone here is sensible...

DEMOSTRATUS: / venomously /:

...also cunning, scheming...

/ The lights go down. Twilight. /

End scene.

EPISODE II

/TANGO/ / see comment on next page /

A dim, fantastical atmosphere. The full chorus enters.

CHORUS: A distant golden vapour rises high in the sky. He moves! He breathes! He sings!

He softly, softly fans himself. From the chalice, emanating an aroma of ambrosia.

And it hums intoxicatingly.

Seize it!

And drink it!

Like a strange dream, wonderfully sweet.

It emanates potently, this heady vessel.

This vessel, this golden chalice of ambrosia, this bottom.

Seize it!

And drink it!

Because each one of us

Must empty the chalice of life completely!

/ With the last bars of music, a quiet noise emanates from Dankschön's direction. The chorus begins to protest, the men spit indignantly. Smiling shyly, Dankschön disappears, but the intrigue he has set in motion continues in an unexpected manner. /

End scene.

Scene III

Thais - one of the main characters. She is an attractive, modern woman, an embodiment of femininity. Martial dedicated several epigrams to Thais, as is evident in the libretto.

THAIS / suddenly illuminated in the darkness, she speaks with a maniacal sadism, murmuring quietly yet forcefully /

The BEAT of TECHNO MUSIC accompanies her words.

Her SPEECH: ...Alle uns bisher bekannten Viren sind Parasiten, sind Parasiten, sind Parasiten, Parasiten. Die nur in bestimmten Witsköpfern -

innerhalb einer bestimmten Eisweissumgebung - zur Vermehrung schreiten... ich liebe dich, ich liebe dich, ich liebe dich, ich liebe dich, die, für die Liebesvereinigung erforderliche Stimmung kommt nicht von selbst, sondern muss erst geschaffen werden... Ich liebe dich, ich liebe dich, dazu ist das Gespräch gut gut gut gut, ich liebe dich... / suddenly breaks into natural yet overly dramatic singing /

THAIS / maestoso/: When your wife is elderly and your bones are stiff, Only a head of garlic can help ease such ills!

/throws a head of garlic to Demostratus /

MARTIAL / calmly, meekly /:

...but her backside is beautiful...

THAIS: If you have eaten strong-smelling Tarentine leeks, Always kiss with your mouth closed shut TIGHT!

MARTIAL / ditto /: No lover do you deny, Thais. None, none. You give it away

practically for free. To all, to all. If you have no shame, Thais, not an ounce of shame, at least be ashamed of this, Thais, of giving it away everywhere, far and wide and everywhere. Of giving it away anywhere, wherever he feels like a ride... 2-4 TENORS and a soloist:

But Leda gave it away to Zeus for free, for free!

/ & CHORUS - the men's responses, guffaws. Repeated by the 2-4 tenors /

DEMOSTRATUS / to Thais:/

What do you say now?

THAIS: I've been defeated! You... libidinous, horny goats! O-o-o-o!

ALTOS: Sukhā duhkha sāmē krtvā, lābhā, lābhau džayādāzāyau

Tāto yuddhā yāyu džyāsvā, Nāvāmā pāpām avāpsyāsi... / Bhagavadgītā: "Having an equal mind in pain and

pleasure, gain and loss,

victory and defeat, engage in battle and thereby you will not incur sin."/

/Twilight on the stage. The full CHORUS enters. TANGO. / with declamations by the chorus /

Scene III

Answer Key

GIGABYTE: When the black radish is driven into his ass and the hair there is singed,

How will he prove that he does not have a wide ass?

DEMOSTRATUS: And even if he had a wide ass, what harm would there be?

CHORUS: How awful that you look only at his backside!

/ the buzz of a mosquito is heard /

MICROPIXEL / interrupts /:

Wait, wait, wait... you two are flapping around in the air here, just like...

/ Half-asleep, MARTIAL hunts down the mosquito, hits it, and goes back to sleep. /

...Sergei Einstein teaches us: on the one hand, it is so.

On the other hand, it's completely different... - by tomorrow, surely the two of you will be singing a completely different song...

CORYPHAEUS / waving his hand to stop the performance /:

Micropixel, come here and tell us what Sergei Einstein taught us about the buzzing of a mosquito. How sound travels - from the inside to the outside, or the other way around. Maybe from top to bottom, or some other way.

CHORUS / agreeing /: ...yes, yes, yes... - Maybe the other way around... - ?

MICROPIXEL: He said that a mosquito's intestinal tract is quite narrow.

A strong current of air rushes vigorously through the narrow, narrow gap towards the exit of the intestine. But as it breaks free on its way out of the narrow gap, the air rushes out of the ass with a whistle...

CHORUS: Zeus almighty! What a fine, fine line of thought he has!

MARTIAL: Ha ha ha! I'll soon be strewing conclusions of my own upon you!

Just pour me a little of that red juice!

THAIS: Dankschön! Dankschön! Come, pour us all some wine in honour of "the great genius"!

CHORUS: Caeretana Nepos ponat, Setina potabis.

Non ponit turbae, cum tribus illa bibit.

Potabis liquidum Signina moranta ventrem

Ne nimio simistas, sit tibi parca simis.

MARTIAL: What will you say if I prove the opposite is true? You, Gigabyte, tell me now - what kind of people are lawyers?

MICROPIXEL: / loudly whispering to him /:

Say that they're wide-assed people... - that is possible... / From here on, the entire dialogue is punctuated by many responses

from the CHORUS. /

GIGABYTE: Wide-assed people? ...it's a type of social stratum...

MARTIAL: That's correct!

CHORUS / with lustful voices /: Haloyēnapalaina kūnia kunta kunitai!

MARTIAL: What kind of people are philosophers?

GIGABYTE: The same type of people?

MARTIAL: Yes, you're right!

CHORUS: O, haloyēnapalaina...

MARTIAL: What kind of people are politicians?

GIGABYTE: Wide-assed people!

MARTIAL: That's right!

CHORUS / rejoicing /: Indija, indijandi, indija!

Indijandi, indija, indija! O Ferrari! Ka tevi McLaren!

O, haloyēnapalaina... kunta kūnia katalomini kunitai!

MARTIAL: Well? Do you admit that you're Schumacher?

GIGABYTE: But is anyone in the audience here oriented correctly?

MARTIAL: Wait, wait, well no: you take a good look at them. Do you not recognise them?

I know this one, and that one, too - the lady in the last row. This one is from Sicily. And that one - I saw him at the Capitolium...

DEMOSTRATUS / stingingly /: What's up? It's like you've entered a thick forest.

Are you picking mushrooms here, or scratching your balls?

CHORUS: / laughs like hardened men /

GIGABYTE: Oh my! Oh my, oh deary me! You've outdone me with your joking around!

CHORUS:/ acclamation /
DEMOSTRATUS / interrupting sharply :/
THAT IS NOT TRUE! - I think that, in this case, I have
outdone you,
yes, I have!
If that were not the case, would I, having been raised on crumbs
and rubbish, really have grown up to be such a person?
GIGABYTE: You ate rubbish? Like a dog?
MARTIAL / note / Oh... - not like a dog, "K-Suns", but instead
-- a postmodernist.
But what's better for you and your stomach, that you must decide
for yourself...
I: Meddle in other people's business! You'll end up in the hands of
the executioner's servants!
M: I'm not afraid of threats! ...as long as Martial is still alive...
...as long as the Senate still exists in the Roman Empire!
But you, Demostratus, who grew up without slaves -- you just
go on living your life! - you'll survive without masters as well!
(the Monteverdi theme /)
G: I can out scream you with my screaming!
DEMOSTRATUS: Ha ha ha... - I'll excel in boastfulness.
G: If you excel, I'll slander you!
D: If you slander me, I'll spit in your eyes. Blabber on!
CHORUS / goading him on / Hit back! Hit back!
D: I am, and will remain, a free citizen of Rome...
G: You... you creature raised on dog bait... Go snorkel in the
latrine...
You blogger, you...
M: Wait a minute... You're talking like a gym teacher...
D: Wha-a-a-t? - Me? - Me, a blogger?
- I'll pull out your eyelashes!
I'll pull out your intestines and fill them up with sausage
meat!
CHORUS: Kurba puta, kurba puta.. Kurba kurba kurba puta!
D:/ walking angrily around Gigabyte:/
So-o-o! I'm a blogger...
Solo bass, acclamations by the CHORUS:
Hit him! Hit him! Hit and bludgeon him!

/ "Leyna - keyna", performed by the orchestra and the women's
duo./

LLEYNA - KEYNA:
Ye ne yaëgu dao Naowunade Ileyñā:
- Hatha ne Yao Daune, ne Yao Uaua keyñā

WOMEN'S DUO: Oh dear, oh dear, what is going on here?
/ interludes by the orchestra /

CORYPHAEUS / suddenly stopping everything / Stop!
D: Wha-a-a-at?
CORYPHAEUS: It's bad.
CHORUS: What? What's bad?
CORYPHAEUS: The arguments won't do. - Instead of a powerful
voice, you need
powerful a-a-arguments. Only then will you have the upper
hand...
CHORUS: Dai! Da biri-biri dai! Davail!

GIGABYTE / brutishly, through clenched teeth :/
We-e-e-e-II?

DEMOSTRATUS: We-e-e-II, come here! I'm not afraid of you!
/ acclamations by the CHORUS /

DEMOSTRATUS: I was with you everywhere: in the bars, in the
gambling dens, too.

I came along to drink wine and praise your karaoke singing,
to believe in your blabbering...
BASSES: Hoy ye liyu dorlohoi! Jehuy you.yjurulohoi!

WOMEN'S DUO: Kona, kokona, kona!
CHORUS / men :/ Kurba puta, kurba kurba, kurba puta!

Hithim! Bludgeon him! Bludgeon him in the stomach
with sausages,

so that they disintegrate in his intestines!
WOMEN'S DUO: Yene yaëgu Dao naowunade Ileyñā,

Hatha ne Yao Daune, ne Yao nau Uaua keuna...
/ orchestra /

DEMOSTRATUS: Go ahead and fart. Stay still,
relieve yourself - I won't bother you.

But don't give me anything, anything, anything...
GIG. / jeering :/ Tabaraba rapam tap tap tapam
tui tinam tap tap tipam
Dabadaba dipam dibidib dipam
Tap tap tap tabaraba ra!
DEMOSTRATUS: I hear it all, I hear it all.
All you want, all you want - it will be written in the will...
GIG.: Tabaraba rapam tap tap tapam ... etc.
DEMOSTRATUS:/ with extreme rage :/
What do I care?... Go ahead and die!
/ lifts his knife towards Gigabyte /
GIG.: Die yourself!
/ pulls out his own knife /
MARTIAL:/ steps in and separates the two /
/ Demostratus remains seated, cutting his sausage and eating. /
GIG.: Wait, wait, wait, wait... Who the hell are YOU?
MARTIAL: Who are you... who am I... ?
- We're PEOPLE!
As you are, so am I...
AND YET: - - -
Whatever I am, - YOU will never be ME!
I am I.
But you... - - -
...anyone from the grey masses of people can be like
you...
THAIS / interrupts Martial, ridiculing :/ Ha ha ha... Omnis, omnis,
hoc graciil: XENIORUM libella
Constatib nummis quatuor empta tibi...
/ Wants to sell Martial's book to Dankeschön for four
farthings. When Dankeschön turns away, she continues: /
Quod???
Quator est nimium?
Potent constara duobus... ha ha ha...
CHORUS: WHAT ARE YOU BOASTING AND COMPLAINING
ABOUT?
- Go, go! Go and calm down!
Go! - Find yourself a cave
to crawl in and find refuge
to remain in
until the end of your days...
MARTIAL: You... who enjoy life here and now together with me ---
Is it true that all of you would want me
to write shorter... but not necessarily better...?
/ G. and T. intone affirmingly /
Life, you see, life with you -
next to you and right here -
gives me everything, absolutely everything
that your impermanent bodies will be given by the pyre after your
deaths!
/ the MONTEVERDI theme, alternating with intonations by the
soloists /
/ surprise, shock /
/ This is followed by a mise-en-scène. The men converse. /
DANKESCHÖN / to the men sitting there, astonished :/
It's nothing, it's nothing... Don't pay him any attention...
Have a drink. Come on...
/ to Demostratus :/ You, too...
GIG: Yes?... You think so?... - What's that?
/ Not awaiting an answer, G. stealthily pulls a pig's uterus out of
Martial's basket of food; the uterus is blue. The other men notice
nothing. G. goes on to treat this delicacy like his own exclusive
property, for example, like
a mobile telephone. /
DANKESCHÖN / continues :/
A trefoil. - ...Neapolitan.
/ waving his hand in the direction of M. /
He says it's not first-class, only seventh-class. Hee hee.
MICROPIXEL / in a thin, delicate voice :/
Yes, yes, yes - nowadays everyone thinks they're a big artist...
/ grumbling and muttering affirmatively /
GIG. / peevishly :/ ...He imagines himself to be Nero himself...
MICROPIXEL: Exactly! He's just waiting for the moment he can
set a match to our ROME.
DEMOSTRATUS / blowing :/ And burn down Rome again? Oh...
- soon enough again...
Yes, soon enough a new one will appear that can be burned
down...
G. / suddenly jumps up and shoves the pig's uterus at Dem.'s nose :/

What are you babbling about! Buy it and shut up!
D. / surprised :/ A pig's uterus! Thu -- - Buy it yourself... - What
more do I need to buy
in this world if I get to see even bigger wonders for free?... -
MARTIAL / interrupting resolutely :/
Alright. I'll buy it. But only as a set...
CHORUS, the rest: What? What kind of set?
M. / explains :/ ...only together with the ha nd. - - - you know,
approximately
up to the elbow.
G. / shocked :/ Who? What?
CHORUS: What? The hand?
G: Wha-a-a-at? - - My-y-y-y hand?
M: Up to the elbow. Come here, show me what it looks like...
/ The CHORUS is restless. /
G: My-y-y-y hand! - - Juppppter most gracious!
/ approaches M. with the pig's uterus in his hand, M. examines it /
M. / after a little while :/ No.
/ The CHORUS, little bells (jingle bells) /
G. / in a greedy voice / Why-y-y-nnot?
M: I'm just looking. I'm just looking. To see how you bake cakes
from a pig.
To see how you bake cakes from a pig...
MICROPIXEL / Having in the meantime had a few drinks out of
boredom, rinses his throat with wine and prepares for his aria. /
THAIS / in the voice of an advertising agency representative :/
Demus, you're an idiot. You're sick...
D: That's what YOU say...
M: / rinsing his throat with wine :/
Wait, wait, wait, wait... Don't talk like that. You just listen to ME!
/ rinses his throat again quickly and begins :/
MICROPIXEL: Perhaps a pig's uterus is delicious after all...
CHORUS: After all and after all...
a piglet's uterus!
I always find a young piglet's uterus to be even more delicious...
GIGABYTE / blankly :/ We-e-e-at? - Are you going to buy it or not?
DEMOSTRATUS / meekly :/
...Martial hasn't issued you a licence.
And is that business of yours even registered?
THAIS / quietly, gently, in the voice of an advertising agency
representative :/
But whatever not... - You are sick, and people like that need to eat
healthy food... You need to buy it! Your body will become stronger
and your immunity will improve!!! Demus, you want to be healthy,
don't you?
MICROPIXEL / having repeatedly rinsed his throat with wine, in a
jolly mood, imitating Thais :/
Yes, yes, yes... - don't think too long! Just buy it and eat it, and then
wash it down with a swig of this! / shows him the bottle /
/ Meanwhile, the CHORUS members have taken their positions
and are
conversing among themselves and enjoying some drinks. /
GIGABYTE / remarks harshly :/
Yes, yes. - The biopotential of your brain will improve, hee hee. -
THAIS / continues to agitate :/
Demus, everyone just wants the best for you... It's got vitamins,
and it excretes adrenaline. It's also got serotonin... ---
DEMOSTRATUS / as if confused :/
Wha-a-at? Who?... What? - - -
G. / mocking him :/ You know, the same serotonin that's in
bananas! That's why the m o - o - o - o n k e y s always eat the bananas first...
MICROPIXEL / again having rinsed his throat, continues G.'s
thought :/
...and that's exactly why they're so happy afterwards.
But you're kind of sa-a-a-ad...
/ The theme of the music changes. The first bars of "Guda zlama
gloria" resound. :/
DEMOSTRATUS / irritated :/
I don't understand why the hell I need to know all of this.
GIGABYTE / cunningly :/ Because... you're... an... i d i o t ! People
like that need to be
e d u c a t e d !

DEMOSTRATUS / Grabs a bottle that's at hand, lets out a beastly
roar, hits the bottle against the table, and comes at Gigabyte with

the "rosette". The music fades out, a drum solo, general confusion,
screams, shrieks. Eight Chinese phrases of the producer's choice.
INTRODUCTION and first verse of "Guda zlama gloria". /

DEMOSTRATUS: I'll slice open your stomach!
GIGABYTE: I'll grind you up into flour!
DEMOSTRATUS: I'll stretch you out on a rack! I'll yank out your
intestines with my nails!
GIGABYTE: I'll stretch you out like a calf's hide!
CHORUS: / some from the chorus, having pulled a sausage out of
Martial's basket of food / Look here, a missile!
CHORUS / others from the chorus, having pulled out two oranges /
Look here, some bombs, bombs!
WOMEN'S DUO: Fling 'em, fling 'em, tsik tsak tsak.
Turkey's tongue, snail's teeth. Flick, flick, flick...
/ D. and G. fight for life or death. Cheerful music. /

IN THE BACKGROUND:
a/GUDA ZLAMA GLORIA / see next page /
- WOMEN'S DUO
b/Eight Chinese Phrases for choir
- CHORUS
c/Other refrains, acclamations
- CHORUS
"Kurba Putra" / following the events on stage /
"Biri-biri! Dai!"
"Hit and Bludgeon!"
"Hit Him Hard! With All You've Got!"
"GUDA ZLAMA GLORIA" / WOMEN'S DUO, on a separate page /

1. Quadrantropo shandro kky! - Néapolis szymitakký.
2. Quadrupratrum zhurién, Muknariñkan zluumbullén.
3. Mikrautnam zylínén, trupukünés szlaurién...
4. Pelesandris kúnia, - Patasambo Doria.
5. Maknam maunam zlyrién, - Nawnomarinam nímen.
6. Guda zlama gloria! - zlumpaudtaudam Injáa.
Eight Chinese Phrases:
1. Dongde huáng! Awfully cold!
2. Aäääääähäöö! Ooi!
3. Shuhü de huä shoubuhuilai! You can't take back words
that have been uttered!
4. Tai lai yi ci! "Bis!", encore!
5. Women yäöh hee ping! Leave us alone!
6. Tä jiyu b;azhë shizhuoха! He's hurrying to finish it.
7. yí ní zenme ban ne? JWhat should be done? - what do you think?
8. Wo yong shouzhí tanle tā yīxiā'

/ G. and D. continue fighting and howling; various guttural
renditions of "Eight Chinese Phrases" may also be used. /

Percussion solo: a long series of sixteenth-note triplets / mid-section / plus: bass drum on the downbeat
Gágás gongs on the upbeat
Temple blocks solo: tremolo on the highest note
also in combination with maracas and cymbals

/ The fight becomes ever more like a parody, until it turns
into a farce. /

DEMOSTRATUS / very alarmed, yells nervously :/
W H A T are you still STARING at?
/ a short pause /
Get lost! You, get lost! Le-e-e-e-e-eave! Le-e-e-e-e-eave!
GIGABYTE / in the same fashion :/
You... go and... ttttake a ride... on a ca... ca... carousel!
DEMOSTRATUS: Go get on a Hitlerfolksvagn - to d...
ddd...ddu...DDUDUBLIN!!
Go-o-o! Get lost! A kick in the ass! And again! And again!
Get lost! Like a sssso - ssso... sssomersault! Get!
G: Just you wait! My friends will come, and then we'll get you!
Then you'll be providing services to us...
D: Thinking services, for sure... Don't start getting funny with me...
End scene.
The final part follows.

SCENE IV

MARTIAL / laughing /: Ha ha ha... - oh, you! ...Gigabyte the Gourmet...
 Demus the Splat-eater... - I love you... BOTH!
 Still... It's not your fights that I love you for, but because...
 because... you both... wrestle so very strappingly in your beds!
 And yet, the time has come... for you to receive your
 Martial award!
 So, Demostratus - from me you shall receive a rich piece of cake!
 I present this whole rich cake to you!

/apotheosis/
 Rejoicing by the CHORUS.

MARTIAL / to the chorus and Coryphaeus:
 The mighty goddess Herself has bestowed this soup-meat on you!
 These sausages! This stomach! And this offal! And also these ribs!
 The CHORUS rejoices.
 /to Gigabyte /:
 But you -- to assuage your hunger... - here, take it... this rich, fatty
 steer's Priapus! Fast food! I'm lovin' it! You won't defile yourself
 even
 if you nibble on the testicles!

----- /ADVERTISEMENT: "EURO-QUALITY!"
 CORYPHAEUS / to G. and D., very calmly, inquiringly, pensively /:
 What was the reason for the quarrel between you here?
 Explain it to the entire CHORUS! Immediately!
 G. and D.: do not answer, only make helpless gestures with their hands /
 MARTIAL / silently points to the book /
 The MUSE enters.

MUSE / cheerily, sonorously /:
 Everything that just happened here... has already been very finely
 described in there, / points to Martial's book /

DEMOSTRATUS / to Gigabyte /:
 What? You're dumbfounded? You're blushing? ... - oh,
 you don't
 give a damn? --

/to the audience /:
 Who's that yawning?
 MUSE / to both of them /:
 Soon our audience will judge this high art fairly! ...
 /to those present /:
 You have nothing to fear here! - Say what's on your minds!
 MARTIAL / to all /: I was showing our life... with all of its everyday
 practices and customs.
 Anyone was able to criticise or reprimand me...
 Anyone, if they have understood it, can control my art --
 / Someone, and later a few others, start to intrusively
 laugh and guffaw;
 still others from the chorus relocate to be among the
 audience. /

A SMALL MELODRAMMA. More music / backdrop /

CODA
 LARGAMENTE

GIGABYTE / excited /: I wouldn't have believed it if it had been
 said by just some passer-by!

MICROPIXEL: But I... I would have thought to myself that he
 was just saying nonsense!

DANKESCHON: Wait, wait, wait! There's another
 miracle here that's full of strangeness!

WHO ELSE is capable of thinking all of this up?

MARTIAL: I made people doubt --- so that they would always
 be able to judge
 for themselves. And to know how to do everything - themselves.

And arrange their lives so that they are always improving upon
 what came before!

May each ask himself: "Where shall I obtain THIS?... Who has
 taken THAT?"

If right now we must suffer - do we really not know how to
 survive at times when we act differently???

GIGABYTE: But then answer me clearly - why do people admire
 and respect
 the poet? And not me?

MUSE: Only for his mind and worthy advice!
 And only for this reason can we raise better people in our
 own homeland!

GIGABYTE / to Martial /: You big know-it-all!
 Let me read it, too!

I want to see what's written there...
 MICROPIXEL: ... but ... this guy doesn't comprehend anything
 about poems...

CHORUS: But it's guys like this that everyone everyone always
 always praises, hallelujah!

MARTIAL: They praise them, but they read me!
 Here, - I give you my cape.

/tosses it to the chorus /
 But I... I am heading to your camp!

/heads into the audience /
 CHORUS / going into the audience /:

That that that that is what you must do - the son of a
 respectable
 father should eat and drink his fill and work slowly.
 He should not do that which he can do the day after tomorrow!
 That is what you must do!

A voice in the auditorium / tragically /:
 Bossa, bossa, bossa, bossa!

Fümommme quiza quiza PUffffttt,
 qui a Tääl-zääl Tääl-zääl "Uuuuuuu!"

CORYPHAEUS / calming, soothing, with a commanding gesture
 /:
 Now hurry and LEAVE!

Today we have succeeded at this game!

MUSE / alone on the stage /:
 A broken illusion!

A single little word, that is all it was... spoken in jest:
 TIME FOR A REST!

Tev za-a-arnas izraušu, tur desugau pildišu!
KORIS: Kurba putra, kurba putra... Kurba kurba kurba putra!
D: /nikni staigā apkārt Gigabaitam /: Ak tā-ā! Es - blogers...
Basso solo, Kora aklamācijas: Bliez! Bliez! Bliez un bauzē! /
 seko "Leyna - keyna", ork., dāmu duets: /

DĀMU DUETS: Vai dienir, vai dievin, ka tik kas nenotiek!
 / orkestra starpsspēles /

KORIFEJS: / peķsnī aptur visu: /
LLEYNA - KEYNA:

Stop!

Ye ne yaēgu dao Naowunade lleynā:

D: Ko-o-o?

Hatha ne Yao Daune, ne Yao Uauwa keynā

KORIFEJS: Nav labi.

KORIS: Ko? Kas nav labi?

KORIFEJS: Argumenti nekur neder. - Nevis balsi spēcīgu vajag, bet
 a-a-argumentus. Tik tad tev būs visrroka...

KORIS: Dail! Da bīri-bīri dail! Dava!

GIGABAITS: zvēriņi, caur zobiem! / N-n-nu?

DĒMOSTRATS: Nnnu, panāc! Es tevis nebaidos!
 / kora aklamācijas: /

DĒMOSTRATS: Visur es tev fidzi biju: krogos, laimētavās arī:
 Nācu līdz iedzert vīnu

Slavēt tavu karaokai, tavais muldēšanai ticēt...

BAS: Hoy tei līu dorholoi! Jeyhu yujulurlohi!

DĀMU DUETS: Kona, koka, kona!

KORIS /virī/: Kurba putra, kurba kurba, kurba putra!

Bliez! Bliez! Ar desu līkumiem pa vēderu tam bliez,
 - lai zārnas izšķist!

DĀMU DUETS: Yene yaēgu Dao naowunade lleynā,

Hatha ne Yao Daune, ne Yao nau Uaua keuna ...
 / ork./

Dēmostr: Purķus laidi, - stāvi klusus

Atvieglodis - netraucejū.

Bet nekā nekā nekā man neiedāvā...

GIGAB. / nīrgādāmies: / Tabaraba rapam tap tap tapam

tūnām tap tap tipam

Dababada dipam dibdib dipam

Rap tap tap tabaraba ral!

DĒMOSTRATS: To vien dzirdu, to vien dzirdu

Viss ko vēlēs vis ko vēlēs, ierakstīs būs testamentā...

GIGAB: Tabaraba rapam tap tapam ... etc.

DĒMOSTRATS: /ārkārt. niknumā: / Kas tad man?...Tad mirsti nost!

/ pacel pret G. nazi /

GIGAB.: Mirsti pats! / izrauž nazi /

MARCIĀLS: / iejaucas, izšķir abus /

/ Dēmostr. palek sēzot, griežot desu un ēdot /

GIGAB. Pag pag pag... kas tad TU te tāds būtu?

MARC. Kas tu, kas es... ?

- CILVEKI mēs!

Kā tu, tā ari es...

TOMĒR: - - -

kas esmu ES, - tas nebūsi TU itnekad!

ES esmu ES.

Bet tu... - - -

... Tev līdzigs būt spēj no pelēkā pūla ikkatr...

TAĪDA /pātrauc Marciālu, izsmējīgi: /

Ha ha ha... Omnis, omnis, hoc gracili. XENIORUM libella

Constatib nummis quatuor empta tibi...

/ grīb pārdom Dankešēnam Marciāla grāmatu par 4 vērdījiem /

Kad Dankešēns novēršas, - turpina:

Quod???

Quator est nimium?

Poterit constāra duobus... ha ha ha ...

KORIS: KO LIELIES UN KO SODIES?

- ej! Pie miera tik dodies!

Ej! - Meklē sev tur kādu alu

Kur iekļist patverties

Kur apmesties

Uz paliekamu galu...

MARCIĀLS: Jūs... kas baudāt dzīvi tagad un kopā ar mani

šept ---

Visi jūs gribētu gan, lai rakstītu. Es

pēc iespējas išāk... un ne jau nu labāk... ?

/ G., T. apstiprinōši intonē /

Dzīve, redziet, kopā ar jums, -
 līdz jums un šepat -
 Dāvā it visu it visu man to,
 Ko jūsu ničīgām mīesām pēc jūsu nāves dos
 ugusšarts!

/ MONTEVERDI tēma, tā mijas ar solistu intonēmām /
 Pārsteigums, šoks.
 / seko mīzanā. Viru sarunas /
DANKEŠĒNS / uz viriem, kas pārsteigt sēz/:
 Nekas, nekas... Viņu nevajag nemt pierē... Ierauj.
 Nāciet...
 / uz Dēmostratu / Tu ari...
 Gīg. Ja?... Tu domā? ... - Kas tas ir?
 / Seiñ, nenogaidot atbildi, slepeni izvilcis no Marciāla
 īdamļietu kurvja cūkas dzemdi, tā ir zilā krāsā, vīri nekā ne-
 mana. Tālāk G. jau izrakojas ar šo delikatesi kā savu eksklu-
 zīvu īpašumu, piem, kā mob. telefonu /
DANKEŠĒNS / turpina /: Trejlāpītis. - ... Neapolis. Viņš saka /
 pamāj uz M.
 pusi, / - neesot visi pirms šķiras, bet gan tikai septītās. Hihi.
 Gīg. / ierauj! / Tū. Nekas labs tura arī nav.
MIKROPIKSELS / smalkā balsī /: Jājājā, - tagad jau katrs
 iedomājās, ka
 viņš ir liels mākslinieks...

/ piekrīstoši id un nurd /
 Gīg. / saidzis /: ... Par pašu Nēronu viņš sevi iedomājās...
MIKROPIKSELS: Kā tad! To vien gāda, kad varēs piedalīt uguni
 mūsu ROMAI
DĒMOSTRATS / pūš /: Nodedzinās atkal Romu? Ak... - gan jau
 atkal drīz... ja
 drīz i vien uzradīsies atkal kāda jauna, ko nodedzināt...
 G. / pēķšņi uzlec, piebāž c.dz. pie deguna Dēm.: /

Ko muldi tur! - Pērc un turī muti!
D. / izbrīnijes /: Cūkas dzemdi! Tū - - - Pērc pats! ... - Kas tad šai
 pa saulē man vēl jāpērk, jas es tājā vēl zilākus brīnumus
 par vel par velti
 varu dabut redzēt?... -
MARCIĀLS / apņēmīgi iejaucas / Labs ir. Es pērku. Bet tikai -
 komplektā...
 KORIS, pārējai: Kas? Ko? Kādā komplektā?
 M. / paskaidro /: ...tikai komplektā ar o k u. -- - nu tā, līdz elkonim.
 G. / satrīkts /: Kas? Ko?
 KORIS: Ko? Rokū?
 G. Ko-o-o-o? - Ma-a-anu roku?
 M. Līdz elkonim. Parādu šūrp, kā tur izskatās...
 / koris nemierīgs /
 G. Ma-a-a-anu roku! - - - Juppppter zhēlīgais!
 / iet pie M. ar visu c.dz. rokā, M. pēta /
 M. / pēc brīža /: Nē.
 / koris, zvārgūlī /
 G. / mantkārīgā balsī /: K-k-apēc t-tad nne?
 M. Es jau tik apskatos, es jau tik apskatos. Kā tu no cūkas cep
 kūkas.
 Kā tu no cūkas cep kūkas...
MIKROPIKSELS / pa to laiku garlaikodamies, iežūpojis, skalo ar
 vīnu rīki
 un gatavojas savai ārijai. /

TAĪDA / reklāmēgentes balsī /: Dēmi, tu taču esi idiots, tu esi slims... D.: TU tā to saki... M. / skalo ar vīnu rīki / Pag, pag, pag... - Nerunā vis tā. Tu tik
 pa-

klausies MANI!
 / atkal izskalo ātri rīki un sāk:/
MIKROPIKSELS: Varjau būt, ka cūkas dzemde ir garda...
 KORIS: Tomēr un tomēr...
 sivēna dzemde!
 Jauna sivēna dzemde man allažin gardāka šķiet...
GIGABAITS / trūli /: N-nnu? - Pirkis vai nepirkis?
DĒMOSTRATS / lēnīgi /: ...tev jau Marciāls nemaz nav licenci
 izsniedzis
 Un vai tas tavs bizness vispār ir pieeregistrēts?
TAĪDA / reklāmēgentes balsī, maigi, klusi /: Bet kādēl tad ne?... - Tu esi
 slims, - tādiem jāēd veselīga barība... Tev jāpērk! - Tad
 bagā-
 tināsies tavs organisms un pieaugs pretošāns spējās!!!

Dēmi, tu taču gribi būt vesels? Vai ne?
MIKROPIKSELS / pa to laiku gan skalojis rīki ar vīnu, jaatrā prātā, at-
 darinādams Taīdu /:
 Jā, jā, jā... - nedormā ilgi! Pērc nost, ātri noēd, bet pa
 virsu izrauj šīto! / rāda pudeli /.

/ KORIS pa to laiku ērti izvietojies, tērē savā starpā, iedzer /
GIGABAITS / rupji piebilst /: Ja, ja. - uzlabosies s-m-a-d-z-e-n-u
 biopotenciāls, hehe. -
TAĪDA / turpina atgēt /: Dēmi, tev taču visi tikai labu gribi... Tur ir
 v-i-t-a-m-i-n-i, tad izdalās adrenālis. Un vēl tur ir
 serotonīns. - - -

DĒMOSTRATS / kā sajūcis /: Ko-o-o? kas? ... Kas? - - -
 G. / īrīgājās /: Nu tas pats serotonīns, kas banānos! - tāpēc tie
 mēērēkāki tos banārus vienmēr ēd apriekš...
MIKROPIKSELS / atkal izskalojis rīki, turpina G. domu /:
 ...jā, un tieši tādēl pēc tam viņi ir tādi priecīgi. Bet tu
 tāds bēēēdīgs...
 / mainās mūzikas tematika. levadaktis no "Guda zlama

gloria":
DĒMOSTRATS: palicis piksts: Es nesaprotu, kāda velna pēc man
 viss tas

būtu jāzina?

GIGABAITS / rafinēti /: Tāpēc... ka tu ... es... i-d-i-o-t-s! Tādus i
 jā-s-k-o-l-o-l!

DĒMOSTRATS / sagrabī pie rokas pagadījušos pudeli, izgrūž
 zvērigu rēcie-

nu, triec pudeli pret galdu un nāk ar "rozīti" Gigabaitam
 vīrus. Mūzika pieklust, blungu solo, vispārējs juceklis, klie-
 dzieni, spiedzieni. 8 ķīnešu frāzes pēc izv. / IEVADS no

"Guda zlama gloria un l pants":

DĒMOSTRATS: Tev uzķērdīsu vēderu!

Gigabais: Miltos tevi samāls!

DĒMOSTRATS: Uz mokubenīķa izstiepu! Ar nagiem zarnas ārā

izraušu!

GIGABAITS: Kā teļa ādu tevi izstiepšu!

KORIS: / daži - izvelkūši no Marciāla ēdamgroza desu /:

Re, re, kur rakete!

KORIS / citi, izvilkūši 2 apēlinus /-:

Re, re, kur bumbas, bumbas!

DĀMU duets: Mērc tik pa bildi, mērc tik pa bildi, cik cak cak.

Titara mēle, gleīmeža zobi. Kic kic kauns...

/D. G. cīnās uz dzīvību un nāvi. Jautra mūzika /

FONS: a/ GUDA ZLAMA GLORIA / skat. nāk. lpp. / - DĀMU

DUETS

b/ 8 ķīnešu frāzes korim

c/ citi refrēni, aklamācijas

"Kurba Putra"

/ vadoties pēc skatuvēnoti, notik /

"Bīri-bīri! Dail!"

"Bliez un bauzē!"

"Ar spēku vīnam bliez! Ar spēku!"

"GUDA ZLAMA GLORIA" / DĀMU DUETS, atsev. lapā /

1. "Quadrantropo shandro kky!" - Nēapolis szlymitakk.

2. Quadruputram zhūrīn, Muknaniknan zlumbullēn.

3. Mikrumautnam zylīnēn, Trupukūnes szllauriēn...

4. Peleanders kūnia, - Patasambo Doria.

5. Maknam maunām zlyriēnā, - Nawnomarinēn nīmen,

6. Guda zlama gloria! -zlumpaudtdaudam Injia.

8 ķīnešu frāzes:

1. Donge hūang! / ūsaūmīgi aukstiš!

2. Āāāāāāyāāoo oio!

3. Shuhūd de huā shoubuuhuilai! / izsačito neatgriezīsi!

4. Tai lai yi cil! "bis!", atkārtot!

5. Women yāo hee ping! / Liec mūs mierā!

6. Tā jūj bāzħi shiħuħao! / viņš steidzdas to lietu beigt.

7. Yī nīzene ban ne? / Ko darīt? - kā jūs domājat?

8. Wo yong shouzhī tanle tā yixīā'

G. un D. cīpas rēcieni, dažādi, var izmantot arī

"8 ķīn. frāzes" guturālā traktējumā.

Sit. instr. solo: sešpadsmītādārījolu garas sērijas / vidus / plus: lielās b. uz smago taktasd.

Gāgas gongi: - uz vieglot taktsd.

Temple-blocks: solo: tremolo uz visaugstākās nots
 kombinācijā arī ar marac. un šķivjiem.

/ cīna klūst arvien līdzīgāka parodija, līdz pārvēršas farsā. /
DĒMOSTRATS / / loti satraukti, nervozi kliezd / KO L U R I vēl tur?
 / paužit / Prom! Prom tu! Prrrrrom! Prrrrrom!

GIGABAITS / / tāpat / E.. taču... tu braukt kk... ka... ar karuseli
DĒMOSTRATS: Ar "Hitlerfolksvāgn" - uz d...ddd...duu...
 DDUBLINUI!!

Prrrom! Prom! Ar kāju tev pa pakalu! Un vēl! Un vēlreiz!

prrrrom! Kkkk - kul...kkkūleniski...tttt!

G. Nu pagādi tikai! Atnāk mani draugi. Mēs jūs sūdīsim!

Pakalpojumus tad jūs mums sniegst...

D. Domāšanas pakalpojumus, tos gan... - nespēlē nu te man

kumēdinus...

/ AINAS beigas, sekot fināldala /.

IV AINA
MARCIĀLS / / smejas /: Ha ha ha... - ak jūs! ... Gardēdis Gigabaita...

rengējās Dēms... - esat jūs mīli man... A B I !

Tomēr... ne jau par jūsu ciņiniekiem es mīlu jūs, - bet

gan par to... par to... ka... katrs braši braši savās

g u l t a c k s t i e t i e s !

un tomēr - piēnācis ir laiks... jums saņemt jūs izcīnītās

M a r c i ā l a b a l a v a s !

Nu, Dēmostrat, - - - no mani pieņem treknū kūkas

galbu!

Šo treknū kūku piedāvāju v i s u t e v !

/ apoteoze /

KORA gaviles.

MARCIĀLS / / uz kori un Korifeju /:

Šo zupas galu veļtījusi jums ir pati dieve varenāl! Šīs

desas!

Vēderu!!! Un lopu iekšas vēl! Un arī ribas ūs!

KORA gaviles. / uz Gigabaitu /

Bet tu -- - lai badu savu remdētu... - lūk, nem... - ūs

treknē vērša Priāpu! fast food! Īmlavin it! Tu

neapgānīties!

ja arī pautus agrāzu tu!

----- / REKLĀMKLIPS : " EIROVALITĀTE! "

KORIFEJS / / uz G. un D. /: / joti mieriģi, jautājosi, domīgi /:

Aiz kāda iemesla šeit kīvēšanās icēlās starp jūmās

To visam KORIM paskaidrojet! Stāstiet nekavējoties!

G. un D. / bez atbildes plāta rokas /

MARCIĀLS / / kļusēdams norāda uz Marciāla grāmatu /: Iznāk MŪZA.

MŪZA / / jautāgi /:

Par visu, kas šeit nupat gadījās... tur viss jau smalki

aprakstīts / norāda uz Marciāla grāmatu /

DĒMOSTRATS / / uz Gigabaitu /:

Ko? Apstulbi? Nosarki?... - ak, nosplāvies? —

/ uz skatītājim /:

Bet kas tur zāvājas?

MŪZA / / uz abiem /:

Gan jau tūdaļ mīsu skatītāji

Taisnīgi par augsto mākslu spriedīs!

/ uz klātesošāiem /:

Jums te nav nekā boities! - Runājet, kas ir uz sirds!

MARCIĀLS / / uz visiem /:

Es mīsu dīvī radīju... ar visām vīnas ikdienišķām paražām

Ikvieni tad spēja mani kritizēt vai izlāmāt...

Ikvieni, ja sapratis, - var manu mākslu kontrolēt - -</p

GIGABAITS / sajūsmīnāts /:

Es nebūtu gan ticējis, ja teiktu to kāds pretimnācējs!

MIKROPIKSELS: Bet es... – Es sevī nodomātu tā: ka viņš tik
tukšu muldējis!

DANKEŠĒNS :

Pag pag pag! Ir arī cits kāds bīnumums te, kas
dižainības pilns! – KURŠ CITS to visu spējīgs izdomāt?

MARCIĀLS :

Es laudim liku šaubīties – – – lai spētu tie it vienmēr
p a š i – par visu spriest. It visu – p a š i prast.
un savas dzīves iekārtot, lai tā par agrāko klūst labāka!
Lai katrs vaicā sev: "Kur rast man ŠO"?... "Kas nēmis TO"?
Ja pašlaik jācieš mums, – vai tiešām tad, kad
darām citādi, – – –
– mēs g lā b t i e s n e m ā k a m???

GIGABAITS : Bet tad tu atbildi skaidri, – tad kāpēc dzejnieku cienī
un apbrīno laudis? Un mani – nē?

MŪZA: Tikai dēļ prāta un padoma gudra!
Un tikai tā pēc mēs dzimtenē savā
Cīlēkus I a b a k u s audzināt varam!

GIGABAITS / uz Marciālu /:

Tu lielais gudriniek!
Dod arī man ko palasīt!

Es grību palūkot, kas rakstīts tur...
MIKROPIKSELS : ... bet... šītās tak no dzejām nekā nesajēdz...

KORIS: Bet šītādus tak visi visi vienmēr vienmēr slavē, alleluja!

MARCIĀLS: Slavē tos, bet lasa mani!

Lūk, – apmetnijs jums mans / iemet to korī /
Bet es... es dodos jau uz jūsu nometni!

/ iejet zālē /

KORIS: iejetot skatītāju zālē /:

Tā tā tā tev būs darīt, – dižtēva dēlam
Ēst dzert papilnam, strādāt pa lēnam.

Nedarīt to, ko iespēši parīt! Tā tev būs darīt!

Balss zālē / traģiski /: Bossa, bossa, bossa, bossa!
Fūmmmmss quiza quiza PUfffffff,

quiā Tāā- zāā. Tāā- zāā: "Uuuuuuu!"

KORIFEJS / noklusina, nomierina, ar pavēlošu žestu /:
Tad nu steidzieties, dodieties PROM!

Šodien šī spēle ir veikusies mums!

MŪZA / viena uz skatuvēs /

Nu lauzta ilūzija!

Viens vārdīnš vien tik bija... pa jokam teikts:
VISS BEIGTS!

