

rain again:
mornings
coloured the earth blue
late nights
lit up all the cities like rosaries
water diagonally through the ice
ice diagonally through the earth
the earth diagonally through the wa

Jüri Reinvere

»a second...a century«

morning bursting with fragrances
its
melting surface
wards is music
history, history is music,

Jüri Reinvere's essential characteristic is versatility. Certainly he is to be called a composer, but just as well he could be called a poet, organist, pianist, or a brilliant intermediary with the sounds of nature. In his work he has used swan songs, Livonian laments, the power of the sea and the fairy tales of the wind. There are both classical and modernist aspects to his diverse compositions. Reinvere has a great and singular humor, but at the same time he can in his work express solemnity and an inner stillness that engages the listener and provides unexpected experiences. No one facet dominates over the others, they are all equal.

Reinvere is fascinating and his career is captivating and unpredictable. Without a doubt he is a cosmopolitan. He is an Estonian; he completed a demanding education in music at Finland's Sibelius-Academy; he lived in Poland; he won the Rostrum; and now he lives in Berlin, Germany. Reinvere possesses over five languages. In Stockholm he has helped me with the translations of my books with a firm understanding of a particular language's smallest nuances. He has been my guest on the Swedish island of Fårö near Gotland, where he taught Ingmar Bergman Bach's *Die Kunst der Fuge*. He has spent night hours at the deathbeds of Finns; he has been at their children's weddings; late at night he has been on the air playing music for nighttime Estonian radio, which he supplemented with conversation with his own figurative use of language; he has listened to the reminiscences of his Cracow family about return of the Habsburgs and the Viennese monarchy; he has helped a Moscow family recover from shock, who had held their background to be entirely Communist and whose ninety-year-old grandmother suddenly became able to speak only French; he has written poetry in English; and he has worked with musicians in Germany. Over all of this governs one truth—he is a composer.

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I came to know Jüri Reinvere in 1993, when he was twenty one. He visited me in Stockholm while on a trip to Sweden. My first impression of him was startling; he stood in the middle of Skeppargatan in a winter storm wearing a duffel coat, and he kissed my hand—a custom which had stayed with him from Poland. His galant bearing and, for me at the time, the foreign Estonian language, that consisted of words and expressions that I was unable to decipher, created a special kind of spark. I realized that before me stood the challenge of again learning to know what had once been my homeland, a place that was now so profoundly changed. Jüri played the piano for me: his piano playing had one intense, tragic focus. Finally I interrupted and asked him to play something else—at which point he played Chopin with exactly the same tone. From his interpretation, I immediately felt that I was dealing with a composer. Composers play like they write—the whole is already complete in the mind, it is in the composer's possession, unlike instrumentalists who begin to create details only after they have begun to play.

The following year Jüri showed me his Double Quartet. I was one of the first to hear it. I was amazed at the kind heart's blood this young person had within him. I recognized his early spiritual maturity, and understood too, that it comes with perils. Intuitively, an image sprung up before my eyes, of how we are both on two sides of the sea, far from Estonia. I included the work's piano solos into my own repertoire, and I have since then played them often at Estonian remembrance events in Stockholm, as well as at other concerts, such as the Färö summer festival.

In the following years our connection grew ever deeper. My home in Stockholm became for him an essential spiritual haven, where I wished to allow his interior self to grow free of the beliefs, bitterness and wounds that his origins in Soviet society had meant for him. Jüri came frequently to Stockholm, sometimes even every weekend. Sometimes he drove more often to Arlanda airport than to the Sibelius-Academy. When he was in Helsinki, on nights when we were both sleepless, we could exchange thousands of faxes. Each fax was like a fantastic novel about some other, enchanting world. At this time, Jüri was living in a rectory and brought to our conversations many theological themes and deep problematic questions about life. I observed with interest, how an independent artist grows. I stood by at the births of his works. We discussed all the essential questions of his life, with lightning fast immediacy, the same way in which I described to him Ingmar Bergman's creative themes at the very moment they were actualized, or I spiced up our conversations with my own reminiscences of collaborations with Stravinsky or Hindemith. The telephone bills were astronomical.

Slowly it became clear that Jüri had many other talents. For instance he could flirt his way into checking overweight baggage without surcharge. He would change languages at airports like changing his shirt. He and I are also connected by a similar sense of humor, one that could slip out during the most sombre situation, or bring us both to a height of laughter that rendered us speechless. We argued and discussed literature, film, music and history. A large part of our conversation was about literature and we were connected by an united deaf-dumbness toward poetry. Jüri himself has said to me that thanks to the years spent in my circle, his cultural base is classical, consisting rather of old European mainstays than of more trendy influences. At the same time our conversations about George Crumb, for instance, formed an essential part of our time together.

A strong sense of thoroughness characterizes Jüri. This is true both in his artistic work and in his work within himself. Jüri was interested in understanding himself mercilessly, and I helped him as much as one can to reach a greater honesty as well as a necessary simplicity within himself as well as with his art. During the time which he wrote the radio opera „The Other Shore“, to which „The Livonian Lament“ initially belonged, there was a process that for me personally was extremely fascinating to experience close

at hand over four years. I was always staggered by the passion that seized Jüri over various themes, how certain questions become heartfelt issues, for example the philosophical aspects of music and lost peoples. „You have to loosen the reins a little bit,“ I suggested to him, at the same time understanding that all his attention was focused nevertheless on only one objective—that the musical result would be the absolute best possible.

In 2001, Jüri moved to Berlin for the first time, though not for long. During that time in Berlin a great rupture occurred, something that I had for years predicted and insisted would happen. At that moment in Berlin, Jüri's recognized his true and self-realized urge to seek freedom and found the courage in himself to take that step. Freedom that meant a greater simplicity and understanding of his self. It was astonishing how the changes in his music were also great. There arose an engaging complexity and a fusion of simplicity that brought about the most exceptional end-results, for instance the fascinating flute composition with video, titled „t.i.m.e.“

In the years that followed there were many fast turns and changes in my life as well as in his. Jüri moved back to Finland for a short while. It was a time that was quite overloaded for him. In the summer of 2005, while he was writing „t.i.m.e.“ he let me know that he was planning on moving to Berlin. I considered this to be essential and I supported the idea as much as possible. That summer he disappeared without a trace for months in Estonia, and surprised me with the news that he had unexpectedly begun writing poetry.

Jüri's development is a unique phenomenon—it is continuously new, even for me, who knows him quite well. There is always constant progress in his life and works, the results of which are difficult to anticipate. This road can be long and hard, and it can include many, at first misunderstood, detours, as well as seeking guidance about literature or filmmaking from the most venerable sources, for instance discussions with Ingmar Bergman about Hamlet or with Arvo Pärt about God. I haven't been bored. It has been an honor to be Jüri's close friend and mentor.

The premiere of „t.i.m.e.“ was in October 2005, two days before I moved to Berlin. I knew and felt that the whole world that had arisen from this new encounter affected Jüri more strongly than anything before. The Jüri that I knew would have called me right away to find a solution to the daily questions that touch our lives. With satisfaction I realized what it meant that my phone didn't ring.

Käbi Laretei

2009

translated by Tiina Aleman

In a line of gates,

sites of intangible courtyards, bowers;
at the nave of an estuary, children swim,
...and by the evanescence of what one was
the urgency of the present;
- consonant circles unfailingly expanding in azure;
gliding through the infinity of colonnades;
deeper – to an aqueduct, enkindling underneath the pillars
the lucidity of joints. - One can hear, but not see,
the closedown of a sluice, in a covey of recoils
- one can see, but not hear

a view back ::
an image, only an image
a reflection rather than its source,
an expired credential of presence,
persistent in clairvoyance, imbuing immediateness
with an agate sky, piercing already with its perception of cold ::
a line of windows ::

If love is blind, which is often the case and God is love, ...then God is blind.

The reciprocity of antiphonies :: in the quintessence of anorexia
a restless tribe, dwelling on defiled soil, raped by warmongers;
denying the past, in ancestral hunger cutting off their own legs for food
but satisfied with their being -
in a ubiquitous meekness of will and an aimlessness of fright
erecting ossuaries of feuds, ...the forlornness of fields
where mothers sing to their children at night ::

*you are the only thing I found, you are my only reason, you you, my child,
you are the only thing I found, you are my only reason, you you, my child;*

it is all sound :: the corpses of soldiers seeping into the soil
with an innate will to afforest the annihilation and alloy with the moil
of silence, - the silence :: three billion seconds,
...deserted woods, the upward surges of straight rows,
- the hunting towers around the caramel pines

appertaining to the inheritance of silence :: the silence of trees;
branches against the sky :: the bistre essence of earth
snow splotches...and the faraway sound :: uncoiled snakes singing in delight;
paths, garnet shades, fritillaries, and the brisance of blossoms,
to the left, a grassy road :: and your sudden kiss :: swelling sough
and darkness :: countenance of God :: in a beam of fulfillment, enlightening the sum
of you :: an endless lane of mirrored halls :: the turmoil of backfires,
with the continuity expanding upon the melting of pines
overly bright ... I am just about to lose you ::
our lips blending in this rite of spring with the taste of amber -
*...and I hear in your embrace the dirge of benevolence, like an overheated desert wind aiming for the sea,
and the wordless prayer that calls me to see the imperfection of you;
we will come down at the ends of ourselves, where the particles of us are forgathered,
with your emanation flowing intensely on and on;
neither the past, nor the future will conquer the present,
the present :: and its perpetual perception ::
eternal, infinite and immeasurable -
cut solely by aborting ones life.*

You laugh...! ("...composers and their words!" you say)
...let's go further in, follow me, I know where I am going -
in your face :: circles of the human soul, fragmented and belligerent
afternoon broods over the lake :: I don't remember those towers,
this smell of a poisoned porpoise - left here for lure,
nor these gallows they set up for swallows,
but I remember that they persecuted distressed birds until they ceased breathing,
you are the image of God, and truly the image of man..
the inconspicuous and the apparent,
reaching the absence of time, leave it unused,
at this enchanted wood, the heights of fervor's reign
and fears ::

waking in tears, when sleep turns seamlessly into bereavement
- the yield :: the roar of the cathedral in a gale, the plumb of blood,
it's all sound :: evensong of renunciation and renaissance,
only to ally with the late hail ::
it's all sound :: anthems to the throats at gloaming, the drain of midnight,
when even the bells of Town Hall don't bother ringing
through the abeyance of morning smog ::
the image of you, strewn on an uneven canvas,
alloy of pain and the moil of the past ::

coy sleep – and wary conciliation at night,
it's all sound

it is all sound, what is sight
and all that sounds, is a port to beyond seeing;
a line of apple orchards ::
it is music, the secrecy of Soviet stronghold streets
waxed with the mustard-dipped sun
it is music, ashen English winter and
at night, a tinkling Finnish lake
...it is music...

welling surface of its water and birds swaying on its slow silence,
...it is music, the fall of words, dewdrop warm
...it is music, the thaw of emblazonments of conceits - into the convolutions of history;
...it is music, mothers giving birth and the decay of bodies eighty years after,
all that sounds is a memory ::
history is an extant counterpoint of opposites
music is an imposed conciliation of warriors
throwaway sounds mirroring back from the walls,
throwaway thoughts mirroring back from the dreams,
throwaway desires mirroring back from the body,
throwaway years lashing down to the present
...music is the art of memory, and all history is music,
like music, history is a conterminous present,
it is true :: the fraud of mind preserves everything,
and yet it is the present which is eternal
decapitating the days of the past,
:: it is the present which is eternal ::
and the future doesn't matter.

**If love is a gift,
and the biggest waste would be to squander it,
...what task is to be done to stop it being wasted?**

The initiation of being :: desolation of dead ends,
on the same square, good grounds,
in a line of jobs; ...bullying blindness of witnesses ::
the closest ones, noisily restore the outcome
- where substance is born, there's silence
silence around painters when painting
silence around composers when composing

silence around writers when writing
nonexistence creates substance,
...while watchers are left deaf, mute and blind ::
throughout the journey an
alloy of pain and the moil of the past,
at the destination an empty church, closed for renovation,
the organ is demolished and under the seats run rats
numbing white and the cataract of light ::
how many people have thought at their moment of death ::
So this is what dying is like? Is it really coming now?

The now :: molten headwater of childhood, wadding years tensely together,
perfect geometry of roadways, laid loosely on low root vegetable heaps;
while white parachutes float by the balconies; ...where
old women sit in their underwear, spit the seeds of sunflowers
...indirectly unleashing air alerts, which spout the onset of war;
children throwing up, the constant reign of fear ::

the silence :: after three billion seconds of winter :: the silence;
pulse of dim, penumbral noons,
moonstones hum in a sootfall of the dead;
the long winds which scatter the orchards in a quiescence
sagging trees, frigid fruits, one after another
throughout the sealed stratosphere, an acrid smell of sky
there won't be any remains of hunting towers
dearest, the nuclear cold will be only a question of time,
I think your belief in the capability of man is trusting,
dearest, it'll be only question of time,
don't fear, there won't be any pain either :: present time is eternal
and this road through the forest
this path on which ... it just
just
don't fear.

At the end of the future ::
the beginning of the past :: a moment of death - the end of the past ::
the tears of fathers in the lobbies of maternity hospitals
a sunny day at home, sleepy dog thudding his tail against the floor
the future - a simple practical derivative of now ::
...a cup of coffee by a pond, which no one else knows,
the beginning of the future :: a cascade of discoveries,

to love and to work, to strive to understand even more,
in a line of windows, in a line of gates,
in a line of apples, in a line of jobs
in the image of yourself in the eyes of a lover ::
the greatest bliss is to be seen, (not heard, ...not even understood),
love being equal to the will to love, ...the will being the beginning of everything,
through the alloy of pain and the moil of the past ::
it is not the principle of watching :: while watching, you see only an object,
but through seeing is seen the whole - the image;
image makes with space what music does with time ::
it is people who need God, not God who needs people,
begin releasing the end :: the set of images creates the space within
...if the substance is born from the void,
and God created the substance
...then God is the void;

...It is your heart which creates religion,
it is your heart which again and again and again and again renders the reflections of your desire to love
lets you love, making life temporarily possible,
a reading which is as beautiful as a praying man;
it is your heart which creates religion,
it is your heart which again and again and again and again renders the reflections of your love's desire
the end creates the present – the present creates the image of history ::
it is your heart which renders the reflections of nothing and everything,
the nothing and the everything
the nothing and the everything,
both being the same.

...a spate of spirals.
Log fires relit every evening; - a frame ::
small red dots along the long line of earth
new people arriving, yesterday it was dark,
it is now, - anew
it is now, - anew,
it is the same

rain – anew
mizzling down early morning
a teal-green, mossy realm. . . . Far and wide :: sparse villages,
gardens – and in every garden a jasmine tree
twirling around its trunk,
and each turn lasting not a second more
than a century.

Jüri Reinvere (born 1971 in Tallinn, Estonia) first studied composition at Tallinn Music High School. He continued his studies at the Chopin Academy in Warsaw, Poland from 1990 through 1992. From 1994 through 2004 he was a student at Helsinki's Sibelius-Academy. He has been living for fourteen years in Finland and Sweden. In 2005, he moved to Berlin, Germany, where breaking changes influenced his work and thinking, including the addition of poetry writing to his repertoire.

Reinvere is a multileveled composer, who is also a passionate metastructuralist. His music is both breaks and broadens the esthetics of music. His music and poetry are fed by the synergy of ongoing discord, creating both the eternal and the commonplace. His music can be characterized first and foremost through various oppositional concepts: silence/noise, tranquility/passion, reason/emotion. The orchestra work *Written in the Sand* (2001) was an initializing breakthrough in his oeuvre which is at once a massive and detailed musical map, including a spatial workspace and also a wide percussion instrument apparatus. His most recent works are *Frost at Midnight* (2008) and *Requiem* (2009). Reinvere was an award-winner at the International Rostrum of Composers in 2000 for *Northwest Bow* (1998) and in 2006 for *Livonian Lament* (2003).

WORKS

The *Double Quartet with Solo Piano* (1994), written for two string quartets and the piano, is one of Reinvere's best known works. It is an impressive mixture of new tonality and ancient modality. The piece is a timeless work which recalls for the listener atmospheric beauty as well ancient times and spaces. The skillfully organized harmonic-tensional-registral design of the music inspires a spectrum of changing feelings from sadness to peaceful satisfaction.

The recorded composition *Livonian Lament* (2003), is a hypothetical reconstruction of Livonian homesickness by way of bridal lamentation. Livonians, now an almost entirely extinct Finno-Ugric nation, once lived on the east coast of the Baltic Sea. They had a vital lamenting culture, but there is no written record. It is produced together with Livonian folk musician Julgi Stalte, who also performs the lament. The base of the melody is a sound progression in the archaic Livonian song *Laggõgid rüümõgid!* Two choir motets, one sung with only vowels, the other with German text „Ein Schwan, ein Flügel“ are incorporated in the piece. The whisperings „Ist dein... ist deine Nacht schon erreicht?“, symbolize the demise of the Livonian lament and the Livonian culture.

All the interdependent parts of the multimedia work a.e.g./t.i.m.e. (2005), including solo flute, video, dance, light, graphical text and electronics, were composed by Reinvere. The piece is organized by the principle of a canon a 4. The solo flute part is combined with either live or prerecorded parts and requires skillful avant-garde playing techniques. Natural sounds are used only to emphasize important harmonic stages, the final being the chord a-e-g. The video part shows slow motion wind generators on the island of Pakri in West-Estonia during one day from sunrise to dusk. The whole work is a metaphorical, structural and visual play with the concept of time as fourth dimension. The text of the poem t.i.m.e as it is heard on this CD was written in Estonian by Jüri Reinvere and translated into English by Doris Kareva and Tiina Aleman.

The piano piece *Urvaste Evenings* (1987) was inspired by a picture of the unique lighting of the Urvaste church in South-Estonia that stands alone in a rolling landscape. The piece is the first expression of the then-sixteen-year-old composers „own voice“ and has become part of the repertoire of many pianists as well as a part of the composer's ongoing laboratory. The structure of the work holds essential elements

of Reinvere's later musical approaches. The so-called Urvaste harmonics are found in the orchestra work *Written in the Sand* (2001) as well as in *a.e.g./t.i.m.e.* (2005) and in *Space Within* (2009).

The poem *In a Line of Gates* was written in English by Jüri Reinvere in July 2009.

PERFORMERS

Peter Yearsley, born in southeast London, has recorded readings of poetry, children's stories, history, and philosophy. His recordings include "Ghost Stories of an Antiquary" by M.R.James, "The King In Yellow," "The Natural History of Selborne," and selected chapters from "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." He has a London accent, which has been softened by school years spent in agricultural East Anglia.

Scots flutist Richard Craig studied at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama and in Strasbourg. He has worked with composers Brian Ferneyhough, James Dillon, Salvatore Sciarrino, Richard Barrett, Helmut Lachenmann, Kaija Saariaho; and with musicians Emilio Pomarico, Enno Poppe, Stefan Asbury, Pierre-Yves Artaud and Roberto Fabbriani; and with the ensembles musikFabrik Cologne, KamarensembleN, SMASH and C.C.P.

Livonian folk musician Julgi Stalte studied at the University of Tartu Viljandi Culture Academy. She is soloist in the folk indie ensemble *Tulji lum* („Hot Snow“). She collaborates with several folk musicians in the Baltic States. Stalte has toured extensively throughout Europe and the United States. She is the keeper of the Livonian folk tradition being one of the few remaining native speakers of Livonian.

Estonian pianist and music critic la Remmel studied at Tallinn Music High School and the Estonian Academy of Music and Theatre. She has won awards in piano competitions in Estonia and abroad (1985 the Ciurlionis competition in Lithuania). She is a piano teacher at Tallinn Georg Ots Music School and editor-in-chief of the journals *Muusika* and *Klaver*. She is a regular contributor to notable Estonian printmedia.

The NYDD Ensemble was founded 1993 during an international new music festival NYDD (nydd = nüüd = now) by artistic director and conductor Olari Elts. The ensemble, with its remarkable activity of concerts, concert series, broadcastings and recordings has brought the world's new music to Estonia, and Estonia's new music to the world. Jana Peške is the solo pianist of the NYDD-ensemble.

The Estonian Philharmonic Chamber Choir (EPCC) was founded in 1981 by artistic director and chief conductor Tõnu Kaljuste. From 2001 through 2007 Kaljuste's work was taken up by Paul Hillier. Since 2008, EPCC's chief conductor has been Daniel Reuss. EPCC is the best-known Estonian ensemble, and one of the best choirs, in the world. EPCC has had eight Grammy Award nominations, and it won a Grammy in 2007.

Compiled by Gerhard Lock

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Jüri Reinvere
»a second...a century«

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