

FESTSPILLENE
I BERGEN

Åpningsseremoni

Opening Ceremony

EDVARD GRIEGS PLASS

Onsdag 22. mai kl 12:30
Wednesday 22 May at 12:30

Varighet: 1 t
Duration: 1 h

Støttet av




Sponset av



BERGEN
INTERNATIONAL
FESTIVAL

22. MAI — 05. JUNI
2019

Alwynne Pritchard konferansier *host*
Thorolf Thuestad lydlandskap, overganger
soundscape, transitions




Sonate nr. 5 i G-dur *Sonata no. 5 i G major, op. 27/5*
2. Danse Rustique
M: Eugène Ysaÿe (1858–1931)

Johan Dalene fiolin *violin*



Nystemten (Utsigter fra Ulriken)
M: Johan Halvorsen (1864–1935)
Jean-Baptiste Lully (1632–1687)
T: Johan Nordal Brun (1745–1816)
Arr: Thorolf Thuestad

Bergen Guttekor *Bergen Boys' Choir*
Thorolf Thuestad lydlandskap *soundscape*



Tale *Speech*

Ordfører *Mayor* **Marte Mjøs Persen**



Tre Miniatyryer *Three Miniatures*
M: Anthony Plog (1947–)

August Schieldrop tuba
Natallia Papova piano



Tale *Speech*

Statsminister *Prime Minister* **Erna Solberg**



Performance

Alwynne Pritchard
Thorolf Thuestad lyddesign *sound design*

Ja, vi elsker dette landet

M: Rikard Nordraak (1842–1866)

T: Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson (1832–1910)

Arr: Thorolf Thuestad

Bergen Guttekor

Thorolf Thuestad lydlandskap *soundscape*

Flyr over byen

Urfremføring bestilt av Festspillene i Bergen

World premiere commissioned by the Bergen International Festival

M: Martin Horntveth (1977–)

T: Jaa9

Bergen Filharmoniske Orkester strykere, horn,
perkusjon *strings, horn, percussion*

Håkon Matti Skrede dirigent *conductor*

Bergen Guttekor sopran *soprano*

Jaa9 vokal *vocals*

Martin Horntveth trommer, perkusjon *drums, percussion*

Morten Qvenild tangenter *keys*

Ivan Blomqvist tangenter *keys*

Bjørn-Christian Svarstad perkusjon *percussion*

Kristoffer Almås perkusjon *percussion*

Takk til Kira Massara fra Platform Gátt for kjoleddesign
for Alwynne Pritchard.

*Thank you to Kira Massara from Platform Gátt for dress
design for Alwynne Pritchard.*



Nystemten

(Udsigter fra Ulriken)

Jeg tog min nystemte Cithar i Hænde;
Sorgen forgik mig pa Ulrikens Top.
Tænkte paa Bauner, om de skulde Brænde,
og byde Mandskab mot Fienden op;
:/: følede Freden, blev glad i min Aand,
og greb til min Cithar med legende Haand. :/:

Ja, vi elsker dette landet

Ja, vi elsker dette landet,
som det stiger frem,
furet, værbitt over vannet,
med de tusen hjem.
Elsker, elsker det og tenker
På vår far og mor
:/: Og den saganatt som senker
drømmer på vår jord. :/:

Norske mann i hus og hytte,
takk din store Gud!
Landet ville han beskytte,
skjønt det mørkt så ut.
Alt hva fedrene har kjempet,
mødrene har grett,
:/: har den Herre stille lempet
så vi vant vår rett. :/:

Ja, vi elsker dette landet,
som det stiger frem,
furet værbitt over vannet,
med de tusen hjem.
Og som fedres kamp har hevet
det av nød og seir,
:/: også vi, når det blir krevet
for dets fred slår leir. :/:



Flyr over byen

Utdrag fra sangtekst *Excerpt from lyrics*

Kan du se skyen, se den skinner
Blå og gul blandes i det grønne
Vi kan se skyer og de skinner
Gul og blå blandes i det grønne

Og det er veldig, kaldt nå, over alt
Det skaper avstand mellom oss
Vi går i gater, byer, tåkelagt
Av gamle drømmer, drømt og gjort

Og det er veldig, kaldt nå, over alt

Det skaper avstand mellom oss
Vi går i gater, byer, tåkelagt
Av gamle drømmer, drømt og gjort

Og de vil se oss vokse opp
Og bli alt de ikke blei
Kanskje en gang de vil våkne opp
Og forstå
Ja de vil se oss vokse opp
Ordne alt i en fei
For ingen her er voksne nok,
Lenger nå

Ja de vil se oss vokse opp
Og bli alt de ikke blei
For ingen her er voksne nok
Men kanskje vi er voksne nok



Marte Mjøs Persen

Mayor of Bergen

Your Majesty,
ladies and gentlemen,

Dear international guests,
I am honored by your presence here on the opening of the Bergen International Festival.

I would like to wish you all a warm welcome to Bergen, I hope you will enjoy every aspect of our city and the festival!

Now, please excuse me - I will continue this speech in Norwegian.

As a little girl, I long dreamt of becoming a musician. I wanted to play in an orchestra.

Now that I am all grown up, I no longer carry that dream.

Nor am I disappointed that things did not turn out the way I once hoped they would.

Still, every now and then I think back to my dream of becoming a musician, and sometimes I fantasise about what my life would have looked like today.

Even though our body is bound by time and space, we all have an internal time machine.

Our ability to dream, hope and long for allows us to move through both time and space.

The theme for this year's festival is longing.

I wonder: What is longing? And what are we longing for?

Some long to be able to say out loud in the boys' changing room that they actually like boys.

Some long to be able to smile with an open mouth without being embarrassed.

Some long for a time when their mother remembered who they were when they visited the nursing home.

We all long for something. Or someone.

In Bergen, we dream of winning the top Norwegian football league every spring, and we live in hope each autumn.



Demonstrators in the Norwegian Grandparents Climate Campaign dream of a habitable Earth for their grandchildren.

Other grandparents dream of holding their grandchildren again and live in the hope of bringing them home from the internment camps in Syria. A hope I share with all my heart.

Freedom is something we all long for.

A passport, borders or weapons cannot stop us from dreaming, hoping and longing.

This kind of freedom knows no boundaries.

Even though we are born with just one body
Even though we are bound by time and space
Art and culture allow us to walk in other peoples' shoes.

This ability to, for a moment, become someone else, to enter another place and circumstance
Which art gives us the possibility to do
Is a fundamentally important feature of a democracy,
When we need to understand each other, when we need to live together
When we want to create a stronger society, a stronger community
To come together
To see one another
To understand each other
This is what gives us a sense of belonging somewhere.

We can get to know people we otherwise would not have known
Be places we otherwise would not have been
And feel emotions we otherwise do not feel
Whether festive, foundational or frictional
or a feeling of connection to something or someone we have known before: a feeling of longing
Longing is something everybody feels
Longing is something everybody carries
That is why it is something we can collectively relate to
But
Here I stand with Mount Ulriken behind me, with a small sea of festive and excited Bergeners, people from Bergen, in front of me
Yes, I am calling you all Bergeners
To any of you with a possible glitch in your dialect, I can assure you that being a Bergener is a collective condition
Standing here in front of you, I can't help but wonder -
Is there a form of longing that is unique to Bergeners?
Or are we, too, just like everyone else?
I think the first option is correct.
And what makes me say that is
The feeling that

We all carry part of the same dream
That something wonderful is going to happen
That we will bring the football gold home
That the rain will ease up for a while
That sorrow may abandon our hearts on the crest of Mount
Ulriken
That Bergen shall bloom, from shoreline to mountain top

Yes.

There is something to it. A longing that is known only to
Bergeners.
This morning I stood at home with a cup of coffee and looked at
our birch tree in the garden.
And suddenly it struck me: The buds are springing.
The buds are springing. There is much longing in those four words.
This makes me think of the Bergen folk soul.
Of what all Bergeners are drawn to, and repelled from.

Bergen longs to discover itself over and over again
Bergen is the city of tomorrow and of the past
Which loves and hates the new and the old in equal measures
Which is both new and old at the same time

Like the buds on the birch tree
Each and every year they spring
Bergensere of yesteryear saw the buds spring in May
But the buds are new every year

And so it is too with the Bergen International Festival
Which loves and hates the old
Which changes and renews - and preserves

Which lets us remember,
But which also lets us long for

Dear everyone,
With longing in my heart, and dreams in my soul
I hereby declare the Bergen International Festival open!

Translation to English by Britt Embry.

The Prime Minister's speech was unfortunately not available
in English translation at the time of print.