

Det prisbelønnede musikkverket *Roraima* av bassist og komponist Sigurd Hole ble skrevet som et bestillingsverk til festivalen Oslo World i 2020. I februar 2022 ble verket gitt ut på plate til strålende mottakelser i både norske og utenlandske medier som *The New York Times*, *Aftenposten* og *Dag og Tid*, og samme år vant albumet den prestisjetunge tyske kritikerprisen «German Music Critic´s Award».

Roraima ble laget som en respons på Oslo Worlds festivaltema i 2020 - *solidaritet* - med ønske om å utvide solidaritsbegrepet til å gjelde ikke bare mellom mennesker, men til å gjelde også mellom mennesket og naturen. Verket setter søkelys på temaer som naturmangfold og økologisk sårbarhet og henter sin inspirasjon fra lyden av regnskogen i Amazonas, og fra Yanomami-folkets mytologi som beskrevet av shaman Davi Kopenawa i boken *The Falling Sky*. Et annet viktig aspekt av verket er samspill med feltopptak fra regnskogen av blant andre den amerikanske lydbildeøkologen Bernie Krause.

«Krause har i løpet av de siste 50 årene opparbeidet en enorm samling med lydopptak fra ulike habitat over hele verden. Flere av disse naturlige lydbildene står i fare for å forsvinne for godt i takt med tapet av biologisk mangfold. Fra hans opptak ved Yanomami-folkets territorier har jeg blant annet transkribert fugler som utgangspunkt for flere komposisjoner. Som del av konserten vil publikum få høre lydopptak av naturen blandes med ensemblets musisering. En annen viktig inspirasjon i musikken er Yanomami-folkets fargerike skapelsesberetning og deres spirituelle forhold til regnskogen som beskrevet av shaman Davi Kopenawa i boken «The Falling Sky.»

- Sigurd Hole

Roraima

Med

Torben Snekkestad - saksofon
Frode Haltli - akkordeon
Helga Myhr - hardingfele
Håkon Aase - fiolin
Tanja Orning - cello
Knut Kvifte Nesheim - slagverk
Sigurd Hole - kontrabass

Musikk av Sigurd Hole

Inspirert av lyden av regnskogen i Amazonas og boken
The Falling Sky av Davi Kopenawa Yanomami
(se tekstutdrag på neste side)

Felopptak fra regnskogen av Bernie Krause
Opptak av Yanomami-folket av Stephen Vitiello

Lyd: Audun Strypet

Lys og visuell produksjon: Jan Erik Holto

The Yarori ancestors. *Omama* and his brother *Yoasi* first came to existence alone. Before them, in the beginning of time, only the people we call *yarori* existed. These ancestors were human beings with animal names. They constantly metamorphosed.

The Hutukara forest. Then it was *Omama's* turn to come into being and to recreate the forest, for the one that existed before was fragile. It constantly became other until finally the sky fell on it. This is why *Omama* had to create a new, more solid forest, whose name is *Hutukara*.

The Poriporiri moon being . It was *Yoasi* who created the *Poriporiri* moon being. *Poriporiri* is a man who travels through the immensity of the sky every night, sitting in his pirogue like in a kind of plane. At first he is a young man, but he gets older and older day after day. Then finally he dies. Then his daughters and the toucan spirits cry for him relentlessly. Their tears turn into heavy rain, which falls on the forest for a long time. Once their father's body has decomposed, they carefully gather his bones. Then they bloom again and *Poriporiri* comes back to life.

The Mothokari sun being. As for *Omama*, he had created the sun being who never dies and whom the shamans call *Mothokari*. The sun and the moon possess images that only the shamans can bring down and make dance.

The evil *nē wāri* and *xawara* beings. Later *Omama* got angry at his brother *Yoasi*, for *Yoasi* had furtively made appear the evil beings of disease we call *nē wāri*, as well as those of the *xawara* epidemic, who are also eaters of human flesh. *Yoasi* was bad and his thought full of oblivion.

The *xapiri*. In the end, *Omama* created the *xapiri* so we could take revenge on disease and protect ourselves from the death with which his evil brother afflicted us. The *xapiri* are the images of the *yarori* ancestors who turned into animals in the beginning of time. They came into existence when the forest was still young. During their presentation dance, the *xapiri* wave the frayed leaves of young *hoko si* palms, which shine a vivid yellow. They move in rhythm, floating gently in place, above the ground, like a flight of hummingbirds and bees. They dance eagerly, like young guests entering their hosts' house. But they are even more beautiful!

The *amoa hi* song tree. The *xapiri's* songs follow each other endlessly. They go gather them from the distant song trees we call *amoa hi*. *Omama* created these wise-tongued trees in the beginning of time so the shaman's spirits could fly there to

acquire their words. Since then, the *xapiri* have stopped by them to collect the heart of their melodies.

The flowers of dream . You fly in dream, very far from your house and your land, on the *xapiri's* paths of light. From there, you can see all the things of the sky, the forest, and the waters that the elders could contemplate before you. We shamans possess the spirits' value of dream inside ourselves. It is they who allow us to dream so far away.

The words of merchandise. In the beginning the first white people's land looked like ours. Yet little by little their thought strayed onto a dark and tangled path. They cleared their entire forest to open bigger and bigger gardens. They began greedily tearing minerals out of the ground. They built factories to melt them and make great quantities of merchandise. By visiting each other from one city to the next, all the white people eventually imitated each other. So the words of merchandise and money spread everywhere on their land. It was with these words of merchandise that the white people started cutting all the trees, mistreating the land, and soiling the watercourses. First they started all over their own forest. Now there are few trees left on their sick land, and they can no longer drink the water of their rivers. This is why they want to do the same thing again where we live.

The shamans' death. Today the *xapiri* can only fight the *xawara* epidemic when it is very young, before it has shattered its victims' bones, torn their lungs, and rotted their chests. If the *xawara* epidemic beings continue to invade our land, the shamans will all die and no one will be able to stop the forest from turning to chaos anymore. *Maxitari*, the earth being, *Ruēri*, the cloudy weather being, and *Titiri*, the night being, will get angry. They will mourn the shamans' death and the forest will become other.

The falling sky. The shamans do not only repel the dangerous things to protect the inhabitants of the forest. They also work to protect the white people who live under the same sky. If the breath of life of all of our people dies out, the forest will become empty and silent. The sky, which is as sick from the white people's fumes as we are, will start moaning and begin to break apart. The back of the sky bears a forest as vast as ours, and its enormous weight will brutally crush us all. We will perish before we even notice. No one will have the time to scream or cry. The angry orphan *xapiri* will also smash the sun, the moon, and the stars. Then the sky will remain dark for all time.