TEATERKONSERT

Av Cederholm & Brdr. Hellemann & Furio

CENE

ROGALAND FJUG TEATER

SIDE A

CURIOUS

(Requiem In D Minor, 2. Kyrie Eleison – K626) Sung by: Claus Hempler, Lotte An-dersen, Mareike Wang & Knut Marius

Curious ... What is it? What is it?

Tell me ... What is it? What is it?

FAIL BETTER (Piano Concerto No. 23 In A, 2. Adagio – K488) **Sung by:** Claus Hempler & Lotte

A: Pale, what I am as a man Fail, I've done all that I can Now that the failing is through Let me surrender by failing in two

B: Dear, it's all part of a plan Here, that's no test of a man If what you're saying is true Let me remind you, you've failed to

Together: There, I've no need to go on Where have the good years all gone? Look, they've made Venus their whore Even a bad peace is better than war

B: Then, we were young once, I know When will be our turn to go? Still, there's a sign on your door "Fail as no other has dare failed

SOLDIER ON

(Symphony No. 41, 4. Molto Allegro – K551) Sung by: Knut Marius Djupvik & Mareike Wang

Rest our sons who have died in freedom's name freedom's name Some by sword and some by the gun Some by the plane that can drop the mighty bomb Some by the bomb that can devastate a mightier plane!

War and wonder ... Haunt the ones who are laying in their graves Green as grass or white as the snow Or poppy-red like a flame of fallen

leaves
Or bluebell-blue like the promise of a prettier spring!

Prayer and plunder ... Lads and loves who have paid with life and limb Flags in frames and prosthetic legs One-billion souls know the final

sacrifice
That can't compete with the thrill of a reality show!

Truce or thunder ... Hawks and doves who will never nest Who can know who's the next to go? Could it be yours? Not as long as it can't be mine!

couldn't be yours! Could it be ours? Not as long as it

can't be theirs! Could it be theirs? Come to think of it, that's a very, very good idea!

THE CONFERENCE OF THE BIRDS (Die Zauberflöte, etc.) Sung by: All

MANGIARE DI TUTTO

(Don Giovanni, Fin Ch'han Vino – K527) Sung by: Espen Hana

The fine mortadella With sweet honeydew

Then some ciabatta With mixed insalata A tasty crostata

Buon appetito, dear Pollo Fritto You're my all-time favorite dish

Fresh tortellini With yellow zucchini The green broccolini And then I'll have you!

Next the branzino Carciofi, caprino A crisp Vermentino Tallegio, ooh

A tasty agnello The milk-fed vitello

Per la salute, con benvenute You're my favorite mealtime wish

Ahh, parmiggiano The best reggiano Saltati sedano And then I'll have you!

Lovely Nutella, cool stracciatella Soon you'll be my bedtime dish

E poi lo confesso

And though I'm almost through I'm craving your ragù I'll sip your affogato Taste your smooth gelato too!

THE SUMMER OF SIXTY-NINE

(Adagio And Fugue For Strings In C Minor – K546) Sung by: Claus Hempler, Mareike Wang & Knut Marius Djupvik

Living in a Warcraft mind Bang bang bang ... Battle every ghost I find Bang bang bang ... Anyone who's not my kind

The sun is sunning And guns are gunning Our kids are running Slipping on the ground The summer's stunning And guns are gunning

Bang bang bang ... Ruger and a Glock Three-Four Bang bang bang ... Uniform they can't ignore Bang bang bang ... Even up the unfair score

And guns are gunning Our kids are running pping on the ground e summer's stunning

Bang bang bang ... Bullet like a valenting Bang bang bang ...
Turning water into wine Bang bang bang ... Stop at only sixty-nine

(Concerto For Piano And Orchestra No. 21 In C, 2. Andante – K467) Sung by: Knut Marius Djupvik &

Pauvre distinguée Gentille alouette Je te plumerai La petite tête Bec. Beak. Joue. Cheek. Wings. Ailes. Cou. Tail. Plumerai ... te plaît ... te plaît ...

Ô cher oiseau de l'amour Trille et tremble ... Quelle paire, juste au carrefour De la nuit!

No, no, no, no, no Wow, your French is awful!
Adjectives and verbs
Mangled by the jawful
Tu. Two? No, you! Moi, non? Si! See?
Plumeral ... jamais ... jamais ...

C'est fou, silly silly bird Flirt and flutter ... We two, totally absurd

Tu. You? Non. Me? Oui. We? Non. Us! Plumerai ... c'est vrai ... c'est vrai c'est vrai

Ô cher oiseau de l'amour Fume et fondre ... Quelle paire, juste au carrefour De la vie!

C'est fou, pretty pretty bird I surrender ... We two, not at all absurd

THE ATHEIST (Requiem In D Minor, 3. Confutatis – K626)

Sung by: Claus Hempler

Ten Commandments: Holy Moses! Chisled by a Sinai hack Stupid stoney almanac Egocentric and unkind

Reprimandments: Racist hatred! What a bitter tablet taste Tribal chauvinistic waste

Call me The Atheist! Brave Disobey-theist!

Heavy-handments Where's the rhyming?

Where's the time to each and every Single changing season? Where's the daring? Women caring? Children sharing?

Thursday, March 24th ... 1650. Partly cloudy with a chance of showers ... but spring was in the air. I stepped out of my horse-drawn carriage onto the cobblestone street infrage officing the conditions are started lolow when ... my cell phone started lolome. It was Moses ... and Moses as upset. That whole Ten Command ents thing was really getting on his

"Well, of course you're upset," I said to him. "No one's following your laws." Now, I know he was trying to do the right thing. After all, we all share the same basic beliefs. But let's face it, he got ten good shots at laying down a humane moral code and he left out some pretty important stuff. Like: Thou shalt not keep slaves ... or thou shalt not rape women ... or abuse children ... or wage war after war after war.

"What about graven images?" he said. "That one's my favorite."
"Yeah, well ..." I said. "After the cartoon crisis, that one really doesn't work, pay does it?" work, now does it?

Then he said to me, "How dare you compare my Commandments to that! Who do you think you are?!"
So do you know what I said to him? Call me The Atheist! Brave Disobey-theist! Call me The Atheist! Brave Disobey-theist!

YES YOU CAN, BUT YOU MAY

(Divertimento No. 17 In D For Strings, 3. Minuetto And Trio – K334) Sung by: Knut Marius Djupvik & Lotte Andersen

A: Can I eat a cake for dinner Take cocaine till I get thinner And get naked with my neighbor's

And can I wear my socks with sandals Berlusconi all my scandals And then gamble on the sporting life?

Can I play with your possessions Swim around in my obsessions Using voodoo on a frenemy? And can I plagiarize a sonnet Put my family name upon it And assassinate a Kennedy?

B: Oh yes, of course you can It's not Afghanistan Yes you can, but you may not!

You can falsify your falling tears

A: Sincerely!
B: And exaggerate your college years
A: Oh clearly! B: Feed the furnace of our deeper

fears **A:** So dearly! B: Twist your story like a novel plot You can always claim you're born

A: Once yearly! B: Now is now but that was then is

B: End your argument with one

A: Austerely! B: Yes you can, although you'd better

A: Can I buy a big election Wage a war with an erection And imagine I'm compassionate? And can I say the war is over

B: Oh yes, of course you can It's not Afghanistan Yes you can, but you may not!

UNDER THE HEARTWOOD TREE

(Requiem In D Minor, 1. Introitus – K626) Sung by: Bjørn Fjæstad/Henrik Launb-jerg & Mareike Wang

A: I knew you'd come, you always do To play your pretty game of peek-

B: I saw your shade, your silhouette I watched you park your poppy-red

A: I swore in blood you'd heal my hurt I dragged you perfect body through the dirt And let you writhe in lovely agony Under the Heartwood Tree

B: I felt your blade, stiletto sharp You played my breast of feathers like a harp Then whispered low: "To be or not **Under the Heartwood Tree**

I know, you know, speak low If you speak at all ... shhh Let the silence fall

BEHIND THE MIRROR (Don Giovanni, Il Commendatore – K527) Sung by: Claus Hempler & Knut Marius

Just look at what you are (you are, you are)
Behind your sad guitaring ...
Like voices, Echo bears repeating

Oh, my old friend, is that you? Come at last to share the view? Poolside nightly, heaven's stars diamond brightly On the two of us ... pearl and pearlescent Such a pretty sight!

Mi amore! Your gaze entrances My reflection, see you see me Caro mio! Your look enhances By projection, all I can be

Just look at what you are (you are, Beneath your avataring ... Like heartbeats, Echo flares completing

Oh, my dear one, through and through! When I fell, I fell for you! Lakeside daily, rain or shine playing gaily On the two of us ... love and beloved What a sweet delight!

Silver darling, see me see you Caro mio! Your mirror dances Stare and starling, all I can do

Oh, my old friend, is that you? Come at last to share the view?

GOOD CLEAN FUN

Sung by: Espen Hana & Lotte Andersen

A: So come and soak beside me The water is summer warm We'll swim among the bubbles And stir a quiet storm

B: Oh god, you must be kidding That tub's too petite for two And even if it weren't I'd never bathe with you!

A: Good clean fun!

Together: We'll wash away our woes

A: Slide in, let's splash a little Lift up your rococo skirt I'll scrub you top to bottom And promise it won't hurt

B: What part of No eludes you I'll say this before I quit Your birdbath may be spotless But friend, you're full of shh . .

A: Forgive me for forgetting Your temperature's rather cold You're nothing like your daughter

B: Despite your reputation You're more like a rubber duck All soft and small and yellow And far too dumb to ff ...

A: Good clean fun!

Together: We'll wash away our worlds

One by one ... One by one ... One by one ...

THE CAGED BIRD SINGS (Concerto For Clarinet In A, 2. Adagio – K622) Sung by: Mareike Wang

Free or not to be? I know why the caged bird sings Keep me company But let me fly on my own wings

Fools and friends and family You can link your chains of love But let us agree That what's within beats what's above

Life was meant to be More than one big compromise Where's the ecstasy That springs from your and my surprise?

Maybe there's someone for me Maybe there's just loneliness So I'll wait and see

Everyone: Drink, boys ... and drink to me! Raise a glass to dying days Drink in sympathy And then refill the glass you raise

Sing, boys ... and sing for me! Raise a voice to flying ways Sing in harmony And say farewell to what you praise

CALL TO ARMS

(Symphony No. 40 In G Minor, 1. Molto Allegro – K550) Sung by: Knut Marius Djupvik

Where is my armor, where is my Where is the bitter fight that pleases you my lord?
Where is my saddle, where is my Where is the noble spite to do the bloody deed?

If Vaticans twist and heretics burn Let me face the flames When it's my unholy turn ...

Where is my cannon, where is my aim?
Where is the uniform that glorifies your name?
Where is my rifle, my steel bayonet?
Where is the enemy, the face I can't

If tyranny reigns and freedom must die Let me wear your wings When I blaze across the sky ...

Where is my helmet, where is my Where is the battle plan that spares my lowly rank?

Where is my bomber, where is my The fierce brutality, the storm before Where is my target, where is my drone? The cruel insurgency I track on my Where is my daring, though misun-

Where is the old urgency to end it all

SIDE B APPETITE

(Eine Kleine Nachtmusik, Serenade No. 13 In G, 1. Allegro – K525) Sung by: Bjørn Fjæstad / Henrik

Hungry me ... I see delicious you Your lips are glistening, I'll take a bite or two Your mouth is sweet, ripe enough

to eat When I have a taste, you're the only

Who needs mother dears and lullabys? Dry your eyes!

Why not stay, I'm rich and I will pay Attention to you every night and day Stay! Stay!

Thirsty me ... I'll drink your every drop And once I swallow you, you know I'll never stop Your crush is mine, very cherry wine Feel you in my blood, funny valentine

Who needs mother dears and long goodbyes? Dry your eyes!

Why not stay, I'm rich and I will pay Attention to you every night and day Stay! Stay!

Darling, it won't matter what we do What we do, we do as me and you Darling, it won't matter where we go

Where we go is arm in arm, you know Appetite ... you live inside of me Our love's a little like a creamy recipe We're quite the pair, fattening and fair Think about the weight? I don't even

Who needs mother dears and tender

Why not stay, I'm rich and I will pay Attention to you every night and day

Darling, it won't matter what we do What we do, we do as me and you Darling, it won't matter where we go

Where we go is arm in arm, you know Darling, it won't matter who we see Who we see will see it's you and me

Darling, it won't matter when we part It won't matter when we part When we're coupled heart to heart

Darling, it won't matter why we are Why we are, we are though, near and far

Darling, it won't matter how we end It won't matter how we end We will start and start again

WHISTLE WHILE YOU BIRD (Die Zauberflöte, Der Vogelfänger Bin Ich Sung by: Knut Marius Djupvik

A birdman's work is never done From dew of dawn to set of sun I comb the meadow, climb the wood

I'd fly among them if I could I trick and trap with knotted net I charm and chat, but don't forget Although birds sing on nature's page I still prefer them in my cage! Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh.

The early bird may get the worm By noon, the peacocks strut and squirm And when the moonbeams owl down

One in the hand, two in the bush I warble like a blackbird breeze And bring the chicks right to their knees! Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh...

Saint Francis was a bird's friend best He'd preach his gospel to the nest Assisi's folk thought him a fool But his birds chirped the Golden Rule

Where hatred vultures twitter love Observe the tender turtledove
And here's one final flirting word:
To get some, whistle like a bird! Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh ...

Whistle

WHO NEEDS A HEART?

(Piano Sonata No. 11 In A Major, 3. Alla Turca – K331) Sung by: Espen Hana

All their pretty words And every charming part Daring and undressing And a scar when I depart!

Til a smile appears
A touch or two to start
Then a swooping through their thighs
Before I tear their beds apart!

Leave them breathless, come then go Gratified from head to little toe For love like this, who needs a heart?

Then the other day As I played away
My pulse flew off the chart
The sound of her sad singing
Cut the silence like a dart!

Beautiful and pale Waiting to exhale With phrases sweet and smart Like a phoenix, love is rising From the ashes of my art!

Feel that pounding in my chest? Who knew it was there behind the breast For love like this, who needs a heart?

Blood is rushing to my core Close my eyes and solely wish for more For love like this, who needs a heart?

HEMLOCK AND KEY (Die Zauberflöte, Der Hölle Rache Kocht In Meinem Herzen – K620) Sung by: Lotte Andersen

I know the gloomy prognosis Bleak pharmacosis I see two pennies shine, his bottom line

How 'bout a cool euthanasia Soothe what betrays ya The gentle way to welcome that good night

Sprinkle a dash of hemlock In his evening tea Like Socrates who liked philosophy And when the light goes dark, sing: Tra-la-la-la-la-la

Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha Oh my love, sing: Tra-la-la-la-la!

Sharpen a dagger blade And then you're good to go Like Juliet who liked to Romeo And when the blood runs out, sing: Tra-la-la-la-la Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha Oh my love, sing: Tra-la-la-la-la!

The rest is but a long silence Sweet by-and-by-lence I hear two footsteps near, it's over dear

Faced with the choice He'd prefer the dignity of dying Tender as a mother's lullaby-ing The painless way to reach a happy end

Sprinkle a dash of hemlock In his evening tea
Like Socrates who liked philosophy
And when the light goes dark, sing:
Tra-la-la-la-la-la Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha Oh my love, sing: Tra-la-la-la-la!

Swallow a shotgun when Your loved ones are away Like Kurt Cobain who liked to shoot and play And when the world goes pop, sing: Tra-la-la-la-la Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-oh the hell with it Oh my love, sing: Tra-la-la-la-la!

A COLD DAY IN HELL

(Symphony In D, 5. Allegro – K100) Sung by: Bjørn Fjæstad/Henrik Launbjerg

As a concept and a brand Heaven's soulless, not much fun with Unforgiving, white bread, and bland!

Jesus help you if you land there Itchy robes and wings of tin Hateful choirs back the band there Led by harps, now that is a sin!

So where's my share of your God-awful sympathy?! I adore you all: shit, shine, and shoddy So why is everybody so damned scared of

There's another world of wonder Paradise of dashboard lights Come on over, come on under Endless days of Saturday nights!

We've got Janis, Jim, and Jimi Memphis Minnie, half The Who Robert Johnson, Paganini Amy Winehouse, and John Lennon too!

I love everybody ... So where's my share of your God-awful sympathy?! I adore you all: shit, shine, and shoddy So why is everybody so damned scared of

I love everybody ... So what the fuck is your problem with I exalt you all: sweetheart and snotty So why is everybody so damned scared of

PUNK FLAMINGO

(Die Zauberflöte, Pa-pa-gena, Pa-pa-geno – K620) Sung by: Claus Hempler & Mareike Wang

B: Pa-pa-pa **A:** Pa-pa-pa-pa

A: Pa-pa-pa-pa

A: Pa-pa-pa-pa

B: Pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa

B: Pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa

A: Out with the old

B: Bird and behold

B: Intertwine-ment!
A: What a delightful surgery
B: What an insightful urgency
A: Ornitho-morphology

Together: Pegasus had it right!

A: Safety pin

A: Sacry Jin

A: Black combat boots

B: Mohawkish hoots

A: Burgundy beak and feathered tail

B: Yellowish eyes that pierce and pale

A: Two pratty wings

A: Two pretty wings B: Fluttery things A: Punk Flamingo!

A: Full Flamingo!
A: What an eclectic sight he'll be
B: What an electric flight we'll see
A: Never to face obscurity

B: Airport or club securit

Together: Audubon would cuckoo proud Watercolor right out loud Here's a species that he missed

A: First came the ancient Archaeopterys
B: Then came the London Odontopteryx
A: Then came the antic Johnny Rotten

A: Then came the moral pandemonium
A: Punk Flamingo ...
B: Punk Flamingo ...
A: Punk Flamingo ...
B: Punk Flamingo ...

B: Uh-oh ... Doctor, I think we're losing him!
A: Not on my watch ... Get me two units of whole plasma stat! And 50 ccs of adrenaline!
B: It's not working ...
A: All right, then I think we're going to have to shock him ... Clear! Go! Pfk!
Again ... Clear! Go! Pfk!
B: It's too late, dadd- uh, Doctor ... he's gone.
A: This is the part of the job I hate the most.

A: Punk Flamingo ... B: Punk Flamingo ... A: Punk Flamingo ... B: Punk Flamingo ...

THE LOVE-ME KNOT

(Le Nozze Di Figaro, Ouverture – K492) Sung by: Knut Marius Djupvik & Mareike Wang

Come, take my hand Let's build castles in the sand Oh my, don't be shy . . . Stay awake! Come and take me by the hand And we will dance upon the sand Until the break of dawn

Come, wear my ring Tie the knot with pretty string Oh boy, what a joy ... Stay awake! Come and take me by the ring And we will dance and we will sing Until the break of dawn

Head bone, neck bone, meet my Strong backbone, never lonely or alone Long arm bone holds our great unknown One hand bone cuts a gray headstone

Come, pin my wrist Give the night a little twist Oh wow, show me how ... Stay awake! Come and take me by the wrist And we will dance a little twist Until the break of dawn

... Me by the ring
And we will dance and we will sing
Until the break of dawn
... Me by the hand
And we will dance upon the sand
Until the break of dawn

(Serenade No. 7 In D, 6. Andante – K250) Sung by: Bjørn Fjæstad/Henrik Launbjerg &

B: Shall we drink and drown our troubles? C: Float away on champagne bubbles? B: To the pub! C: To the club! B+C: And by 10 we'll be downing doubles B: Soak our trials and tribulations C: On the rocks of our frustrations B: To The White Horse! C: Let's go right to

B+C: And toast to our limitations .

All: Why not? We may! We will! Hooray! Why think about tomorrow, when we can

drink to yesterday?! **B:** In the face of aches and hurries **C:** Down the hatch in liquid flurries **B:** Hold my hair! **C:** Debonair!

B+C: And if dawn nearly breaks, no worries

B: That's when I'm an ace romancer C: That's when I'm a tango dancer B: Never old men! C: Young and bold

B+C: With nary a trace of cancer .

All: Why not? We may! We will! Hooray! Why think about tomorrow, when we can drink to yesterday?!

All right? Okay! Let's go! I'll pay! Why think about tomorrow, when we can drink to yesterday?!

All: Why not? We may! We will! Hooray! Why think about tomorrow, when we can drink to yesterday?!

All right? Okay! Let's go! I'll pay! Why think about tomorrow, when we can drink to yesterday?!

A MOTHER SCORNED (Violin Concerto No. 5, 3. Rondeau – K219) Sung by: Lotte Andersen

What an insolent betrayal Such insubordination Sadistic daddy's girl I will ground you!

What a damning deviation How dare you vex your mother Disloyal devil child And your dad too!

Your contemptuous behavior So far beyond forgiveness Ungrateful grievous bitch

What a heinous double-crossing l'd die for an abortion Deceitful demon seed And your dad too

What a treacherous reversal The highest ever treason You stupid cuckoo chick

What a criminal deception Above all, even murder Malicious lying whore And your dad too!

WEAR YOUR HEART UPON YOUR SLEEVE (Symphony No. 29 In A, 2. Andante – K201) Sung by: Espen Hana

Come what may, by and by Every day someone's born to die And every end is but a birth A father and a friend is now Returning to the earth

Life is here and then it's never Wear your heart upon your sleeve Love is what lives on forever There in every heart we leave

Keep in mind, sigh by sigh Soon you'll find it's okay to cry And when you see a falling star Then you'll recall that he is still A part of who you are

Life is here and then it's never Wear your heart upon your sleeve Love is what lives on forever There in every heart we leave Say so long, wave goodbye You'll be strong when you try to try And as you row along your stream You'll come to know that life and death Is all a loving dream

I know it hurts, and I know why ...

Life is here and then it's never Wear your heart upon your sleeve Love is what lives on forever There in every heart we leave

Come what may, by and by Every day someone's born to die And every end is but a birth A father and a friend is now Returning to the earth A father and a friend is now Returning to the earth A father and a friend is now Returning to the earth

DEAR DAUGHTER (Die Zauberflöte, Dies Bildnis Ist Bezauberernd Schön Sung by: Claus Hempler

The sun and I are quite a pair We blaze and burn without a care And turn your sky from tear to eye

We're born as one, so when we die We die as one, with one goodbye

The moon and I know what to do We wane and wax and orbit too And tug your tide from child to bride

We're born as one, so when we die We die as one, with one goodbye

The stars and I will always be We light and love eternally And touch your face from grave to grace

We're born as one, so when we die We die as one, with one goodbye

CHARLES DARWIN (Requiem In D Minor, 3. Dies Irae – K626) Sung by: Bjørn Fjæstad/Henrik Launbjerg

Big blue marble, life aquatic It's mainly vast oceans Of tides and time exotic

Easter Island slowly sinking All seven land masses In need of mass re-thinking

Charles Darwin! Could you check your notes? Charles Darwin! We're up to our throats

Rain is pouring like a holy lamentation Let's go shopping! Floods are rushing like a book of revelation Dow Jones dropping ...

Gray cloud cover fails inspection Mad climate compelling Un-natural selection

City slackers swim to slaughter Grow tailfins, grow feathers Or learn to walk on water

Could you check your notes? Charles Darwin! We're up to our throats

Waves are crashing with the wrath of devastation Let's go shopping! Swells are churning with the chaos of creation Dow Jones dropping ...

Charles Darwin! Could you check your notes? Charles Darwin! We're up to our throats

Diversify how? Charles Darwin! Galápagos now!?

LIKE PERSEPHONE

(Symphony No. 25 In G Minor, Allegro – K183) Sung by: Mareike Wang

You're goin' down ... you're goin' down I'm a bird, I'm a plane on an odyssey Not a child, and I need my autonomy Keep me chained to the nest of monotony And I'll smash any motherly

You're goin' down ...

As a mom you're an arctic atrocity Cold control is your icy philosophy Every breath you emit frost hypocrisy Anti-freeze up the ass, what a comedy

Mother, daughter Up she brought her

Down she dragged me!

Clung too tightly Drama nightly

Nagged and nagged me!

To hell with the promise of democracy To hell with the broken heart of harmony To hell with the world of mediocrity I'm gonna live my life like Persephone Fuck!

You're goin' down ...

Mother, daughter Up she brought her Raised her grayly

(Piano Sonata No. 11 In A, 1. Andante Grazioso – K331) Sung by: Lotte Andersen

Rockaby night, dream and delight One spark out of the chaos Rockaby time, reason and rhyme

Look what had to happen: Husband and wife apart now forever Rockaby black, couple and crack Earth still turning and no turning back

Rockaby rain, pleasure and pain One drop out of a million Rockaby flood, beauty and blood

Look what had to happen: Mother and child astray from each other Rockaby red, seen and unsaid Earth still turning the world on its head

Look what had to happen: There's only you alone in the mirror Rockaby blue, tragic and true Earth still turning, what else can it do?

KUNSTNERISK TEAM

NIKOLAJ CEDERHOLM KONSEPT OG REGI BRØDRENE HELLEMANN MUSIKALSKE ARRANGEMENTER NEILL CARDINAL FURIO SANGTEKSTER ANJA VANG KRAGH KOSTYMEDESIGN PETER HELLEMANN MUSIKKPRODUSENT JENS HELLEMANN MUSIKKPRODUSENT ANJA GAARDBO KOREOGRAFI ANJA GAARDBU KOREOGRAFI
ANNE SOFIE TRANGELED LARSEN KOREOGRAFIASSISTENT
JONAS BØGH LYSDESIGN
SUNE VERDIER ASSISTENT LYSDESIGN
KARIN ØRUM MASKER OG PARYKK
EMILIE GROSOS AABYE SMINKE
HENRIK BØRGESEN SYSTUELEDER
CHRISTIAN HINNERUP JENSEN SPESIALEFFTEKTER

MANAGEMENT: ANETTE VENDELBO ALLTHATMANAGEMENT

MEDVIRKENDE:
LOTTE ANDERSEN SKUESPILLER/SANGER
MAREIKE WANG SKUESPILLER/SANGER
BJØRN FJÆSTAD SKUESPILLER/SANGER
HENRIK LAUNBJERG SKUESPILLER/SANGER
ESPEN HANA SKUESPILLER/SANGER
CLAUS HEMPLER SKUESPILLER/SANGER
KNUT MARIUS DJUPVIK SKUESPILLER/SANGER
SØREN BIGUM KAPELLMESTER/GITAR
BASTIAN SJELBERG BASS
JONAS BERG KLAVER
RASMUS LUND TROMMER
TOR JARAN APOLD FIOLIN

ROGALAND TEATER:
ANNE MARTHE STRAND PRODUKSJONSSJEF
LEIF HØILAND TEKNISK SJEF
ANDREAS VEIRE LYDKONTAKT
FRODE YTRE-ARNE LYDKONTAKT
ÅSMUND SKRETTING AUSTVOLL INSPISIENT
GRETE LARSSEN REKVISITØR
TOVE IDLAND REKVISITØR
JANNE ROBBERSTAD KOSTYMEANSVARLIG
JOAKIM BOMMEN SCENETEKNIKER

STAVANGER KONSERTHUS:
HENNING BREDAL ARRANGEMENTSSJEF
TERJE HARLO PRODUKSJONSLEDER
NILS FOSS LYSMESTER
BJØRNAR MÆLAND LYSMESTER
JOHAN BERNTSEN LYDMESTER
RICARDO REGENCIO SCENEMESTER
EIRIK STAKKELAND LYDMESTER
KJELL BREIVIK BACKLINE
KENNETH HERNES MONITORI YD KENNETH HERNES MONITORLYD MORTEN SCHOUW MYGGMANN

TAKK TIL: LARS KAALUND, LINE KNUTZON, TOR NØRRETRANDERS, POUL NESGAARD, LARS H:U:G, GABRIELA OLMEDO, FRANK KRAFT, RAMONA WÜRGLER, JULIE BJØRGRALTH, LISE BØGENÆSS, HENRIK NISSEN, HELGI SIGRUDSSON OG HEATHER LEIGH OGILVIE

PROGRAMMET ER TRYKKET AV SPESIALTRYKK





SCENE SKIFTE

MOSAIQUE

ConocoPhillips MOZART MEDSPILLER

OBOS MOZART PARTNER

TEATERKONSERT MOZART I SAMARBEID MED BETTY NANSEN TEATRET OG AARHUS TEATER