

T. Kvasnikova

GENRE INNOVATIONS OF CHAMBER-VOCAL CYCLE IN THE CREATIVE WORK OF LIUDMYLA SAMODAEVA (ON THE EXAMPLE OF "FIVE STORIES ABOUT KHNIU")

This article deals with the analysis of the cycle of L. Samodaeva "Five Stories About Kniu", thanks to which this work can be considered as the author's naming of genre mini monoopera. This genre form combined the features of a vocal cycle and chamber opera, which corresponds to the trend of the genre interference, which is actively used by modern composers.

Keywords: mini monoopera, chamber voca genre, interference.

Genre features of the cycle of Lyudmila Samolaeva "Five Poems About Khniu" are summarized in the definition, which becomes the author's naming of genre – mini mono-opera. This innovative, but actively used by contemporary composers genre form, combines the features of vocal and chamber opera cycle, increasing their proximity to each other, then there is a transition. Interest in it, in our opinion, due to the desire of the composer to expand and complicate the aesthetic idea, which is the common basis of the cycle.

It was at the beginning of the XXI century that revealed a steady trend to intercross chamber vocal cycle with the opera and endowed opera the psychological depth and lyrical intimacy, which is characteristic of chamber and vocal music, including chamber vocal performance. In line with this trend grow new subgenres such as a chamber opera, monoopera, duoopera and some other [3].

In the last decade monoopera significantly expands the genre spectrum of means of expression, creating a musical characterization of the character within the monologic statement, preparing thus the birth of new artistic forms. Its branch, related, first, with a significant reduction in the scale of the whole composition, and secondly, with a detailed presentation of a verbal content and its unusual character are such varieties as "mini-monoopera" and "micro-monoopera" [2].

The difference between these two branches of monoopera is still quite conventional. Nevertheless, we can already say that, for a "mini-monoopera" is indicative of a special affinity for chamber vocal cycle and strengthening the role of

the expressive-semantic musical start. "Micro-monoopera" sets itself up more as a theatrical genre, for which the most important expression of speech, therefore, the properties of the vocal recitative voice. Both of these species are included in the works of modern composers of Odessa – Carmella Tsepkoenko, Julia Gomel, Liudmyla Samodaeva [2]. Therefore, the main objective of this article is an analytical definition of genre and compositional principles of mini monoopera of L. Samodaeva "Five stories about Khniu."

The chamber vocal genre for Liudmyla Samodaeva is basic, the most intimate way of perception of environment and self-esteem. The basis of her works went to texts written by contemporary poets and she created vocal cycles on poems by Ivan Drach, Bella Akhmadulina, Yunna Moritz, Arseny Tarkovsky. And among affiliated chamber opera in recent years the attention was paid to the opera "Double Leon" on the novel by Yuri Izdryk who won the composer with its language, intonation, rhythm and composition.

Liudmyla Samodaeva likes modern literature and she wrote a vocal cycles on poems by Ivan Drach, Bella Akhmadulina, Yunna Moritz, Arseny Tarkovsky. And among affiliated chamber opera in recent years the attention was paid to the opera "Double Leon" on the novel by Yuri Izdryk who won the composer with its language, intonation, rhythm and composition.

Poems of Kharms attracted L. Samodaeva by its paradoxical bordering on the absurd verbal game, behind which lurks a very complex and serious social and psychological problems. Verbal paradoxes and meanings of the game prompted the composer to create a mini-monoopera "Five Stories About Khniu" for soprano and cello on lyrics by D. Kharms.

Mini monoopera " Five Stories About Khniu" on verses of Daniel Khramsa was composed in December 2010. The play opened at the Seventeenth Festival "Two days and two nights of new music" performed by the duet from Switzerland Frances Welt (soprano) and Moritza Mühlenbach a (cello) – the great performers who often present the creative work of the composers of Odessa.

Khniu is the name of the forest virgin. According to the stories, in Kharmse's

room at one time was a painting of the artist Peter Sokolov "Forest Girl", which, apparently inspired Kharms to the creation of the image and the writing of the poem "Khniu" [5].

The composer selects from the poem the parts often associated with images of women and nature, while maintaining the consistency of the text. Below is a table that presents: in the left column – the original text by D. Harms (italics displayed text that was not included in the mini mono-opera), in the right column – the chosen text by L. Samodaeva, numbered according to the numbers of the work.

Original text of the poem «Khniu» by D. Kharms	Selected text of the composer's poem
<p>Khniu was walking out of the woods. Swamps and kneaded clay with her legs. Khniu ate rootlet horns of crow raspberries. Or Khniu tore shoots Merry hop, native groves. Gods rode in the horse wagon. Clearly feel the power of the gods filled with the juice of vines and century Nebo. And the thought in the high skull lying, all petrified. With its teeth snapping in the moss, sticking out its chest on the banners, the strangers cooked fish broth flied naked flying squirrels, other moments hanging upside down in the knots. They instantly rested, then picking up a terrible howl, the pot of cabbage soup rushing, grabbing the meat in red mouth. Robins flew as a bunch of singing birds, the bear sitting in a tree and running claws into the bark to keep from falling, talked about justice of grasshoppers. And the God in the bushes nursed a kell, two wolves were playing in knocker – That was the kind of night scene, where Khniu hurriedly ran and thought, considering the stumps heart beat. The ascetic in the desert – the lord, a bomb in the air – the mistress, both together – the best proof of human genius.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">1</p> <p>Khniu was walking out of the woods. Swamps and kneaded clay with her legs. Khniu ate rootlet horns of crow raspberries. Or Khniu tore shoots Merry hop, native groves. In the field there were riding in the horse wagons. Clearly feel the power of the air of heaven and evil anger of the wind. And people after having a swim in the river, were all lying petrified. With its teeth snapping in the moss, sticking out its chest on the banners, the strangers cooked fish broth flied naked flying squirrels, other moments hanging upside down in the knots. They instantly rested, then picking up a terrible howl, the pot of cabbage soup rushing, grabbing the meat in red mouth. Robins flew as a bunch of singing birds, the bear sitting in a tree and running claws into the bark to keep from falling, talked about justice of grasshoppers. And the God in the bushes nursed a kell, two wolves were playing in knocker – That was the kind of night scene, where Khniu hurriedly ran and thought, considering the stumps heart beat.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">2</p> <p>Khniu went ahead and just a part of her glided up with her gentle figure. Light went down, the sound of rivers, forests rustling</p>

<p>Let the comet pokes into the ground, threatening to disrupt the running of our matter. And if the foam – a girlfriend of fire on a black crater release the flies out with heavenly scrawls on their feet, we are proudly looking at the volcano and folders of earthly affairs pointing out with a hand of an astronomer event Dreadnought able to shower petals of cherry, we turned the world into a popular entertainment everywhere and increase the density of the population. Until recently I flew up his nose Jupiter in 422 years time celebrating his name day, yet playful comet does not slip into a bowl in a crystal stomach Glafira. Gone fast stellar disks, Gone thin ethers even in the deserts of arithmetic was not ascetic's forces to be alone. Khniu went ahead and just a part of her glided up with her gentle figure. Light went down, the sound of rivers, forests rustling continually removed. Khniu was singing. Clean lakes, here and there gleaming, waving. That noise was made by dangerous flying gadfly, it squeaked between the two columns of detonating cord, sitting on white insulator kits. The lamp illuminated stone mounds - pleasant support for the legs in the path of the air swamp the howling bold motors in great eternal gates. Sometimes little white kerchief sit on top of aspen. Khniu was clapping. Bright hills cast shadows thin arrows. Khniu was jumping over ravines, and the shadow of the hills turned into a tigress Khniu. Khniu, sleeve brushed a tear. throwing butterflies in a wicker basket. Lay, butterflies, and you, flycatchers, Peasant air over the field beds. And you, weaves and whistles, and you rainmakers with brown barrels</p>	<p>continually removed. Khniu was singing. Clean lakes, here and there gleaming, waving. That noise was made by dangerous flying gadfly, it squeaked between the two columns of detonating cord, sitting on white insulator kits. The lamp illuminated stone mounds - pleasant support for the legs in the path of the air swamp those were howling bold motors in great eternal gates. Sometimes little white kerchief sit on top of aspen.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">3</p> <p>Khniu was clapping. Bright hills cast shadows thin arrows. Khniu was jumping over ravines, and the shadow of the hills turned into a tigress Khniu. Khniu, sleeve brushed a tear. throwing butterflies in a wicker basket. Lay, butterflies, and you, flycatchers, Peasant air over the field beds. And you, weaves and whistles, and you rainmakers with brown barrels and you, Ligers, springs proboscis suck, sweet, flower clover.</p> <p>And you Aspen mushrooms Become a red key. I'll lock basket with you not to lose my childhood.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">4</p> <p>Khniu to a telegraph pole For the rest she leaned. Khniu's cheeks became pale. Forehead box bashful dissolved. The grass snake escaped, sticking flexible sting in her eyes glistened wonderful penny. Khniu was breathing slowly, accumulating wasted power and dissolving tight jars of the muscles . She groped under the blouse chest. She was generally pretty Madame. Oh, if people would know it!</p> <p style="text-align: center;">5</p>
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and you, Ligers, springs proboscis
 suck, sweet, flower clover.
 You platypus military paws
 beat Slavs
 you with your medals battles on the plane wing
 burst out Curcuru
 You tailors with patterns from newspapers
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 Khniu was breathing slowly,
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 and dissolving tight jars of the muscles .
 She groped under the blouse chest.
 She was generally pretty Madame.
 Oh, if people would know it!
 We are so pleased to know the past.
 It's nice to believe in a statement.
 Thousands of times to re-read the book, available
 logical rules.
 Coddled nice dark corners of Sciences.
 Making fun of observation.
 And to the question: is there a God? - Raised
 thousands of hands,
 I tend to believe that God - is fiction.
 We are pleased, pleased to destroy
 Science free cloth.
 We treated Galileo as an enemy,
 has given new keys.
 And now five abjurers,
 once again swung the keys in the arithmetic of
 faith,
 You should wander between the houses
 for violation of the rules of the common arguments
 about the senses.
 Watch your cap,
 from the forehead to not grown to a tree -
 then a dead lion stronger live dogs
 and really, I must say, my hut is not visited by
 guests.
 Khniu, relaxing, she waved strong bones

Khniu, relaxing, she waved strong bones
 and moved forward.
 Water obediently made way.
 He caught glimpses of fish. It grew cold.
 Khniu looking into the hole, praying,
 reaching the limit of logic.
 "I really do not worried
 land, leading a conversation
 the termination of the heat -
 Khniu whispered to her neighbour.-
 I really do not attack
 the way the beetle-grinder,
 and nails were no longer cuckooing
 in the ill hands of the gravedigger.
 And if all the bees, flying out of a suitcase,
 I would be sent to blunt their sting,
 and even then, I believe the word,
 fear not for all shaking. "
 - "You're right, my darling -
 a traveler replies, -
 but land is a blind tube
 full sound, well-she-s. "
 Khniu answered: "I am a fool
 born to sit in a haystack,
 full days of keyboard
 I can not hear the sounds.
 If butterflies are able to hear the crackle of sparks
 the root of burdock,
 and if the beetles carry in their wallets notes
 wasteful votes
 and if the water spiders know the name and
 patronymic of the
 hunter tossed the gun,
 you have to admit that I'm just a silly girl. "
 - "Here it is, - said a fellow to her -
 always highest purity of the categories
 It remains completely in the dark ambient.
 And that, frankly speaking, I liked very much. "
 All that!

<p>and moved forward. Water obediently made way. He caught glimpses of fish. It grew cold. Khniu looking into the hole, praying, reaching the limit of logic. "I really do not worried land, leading a conversation the termination of the heat - Khniu whispered to her neighbour.- I really do not attack the way the beetle-grinder, and nails were no longer cuckooing in the ill hands of the gravedigger. And if all the bees, flying out of a suitcase, I would be sent to blunt their sting, and even then, I believe the word, fear not for all shaking. " - "You're right, my darling - a traveler replies, - but land is a blind tube full sound, well-she-s. " Khniu answered: "I am a fool born to sit in a haystack, full days of keyboard I can not hear the sounds. If butterflies are able to hear the crackle of sparks the root of burdock, and if the beetles carry in their wallets notes wasteful votes and if the water spiders know the name and patronymic of the hunter tossed the gun, you have to admit that I'm just a silly chicklette. " - "Here it is, - said a fellow to her - always highest purity of the categories It remains completely in the dark ambient. And that, frankly speaking, I liked very much. " All that!</p>	
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The main text of the poem is practically unchanged. Only in the first line of the poem the composer replaces the lines: "The Gods rode in the horse wagon. Clearly feel the power of the gods filled with the juice of vines and century Nebo. And the thought of lying high in the skull, all petrified," to the text "In the field there were riding the horse wagons. Clearly feel the power of the air of heaven and evil anger of the wind. And people after having a swim in the river, were all lying petrified. "

Thus, in contrast to the Daniil Kharms, Samodaeva renounces the word "gods", keeping the opposition of Khniu images to the nature and people.

Musically mini mono-opera can be divided into three imaginative sphere. The first, in which prevail sliding melodic lines connected with Khiu's image. Contrast for sliding intonation of Khiu is brutal, clearly fixed voice intonation. Often it is accompanied by a chord complexes of toccatina plan. This aggressive style of the narration contains a description of mundane worldly creatures – humans. In the opinion of D. Kharms, everything human is mortal and only soul is immortal and the only category that has "the highest purity of the categories." Mediator between the rough world of people and ephemeral purity of the soul is the third image – the image of the nature. The nature, in this poem, is viewed by the author as a positive beginning, the source of life. In Khniu by Kharms, which is closely connected with nature is not just a forest creature in the image of the girl but – the human soul in search of refuge. Drawn by the mystical poet of the forest – a thorny path that wanders the soul, residing in "complete ignorance of others."

The musical language of the cycle of L. Samodaeva is graphically discreet as well as semantically difficult; to facilitate the task of interpreting the play-verbal material, the composer crushes cycle on verbal- and musically meaningful numbers. Total numbers of 43, divided into 5 main numbers. Between the rooms there are break-scenes, allowing the performers to change the performance venue.

The first line (andante) 1-2 numbers in a verbal presentation represent the exposure of the image of Khiu. 2-8 numbers are given for the place of living of Khniu – the forest and its surroundings, 9th – returns the image of the forest virgin. The number 3 particular, shall abide in the musical presentation, in which the exposition, and the final section of intonation are intertwined and their unifying element becomes interval 8, followed by a resolution of (F # fa to re alternated re b).

The second number (andantino con moto), in which the leading part is a vocal part divided into three different parts. Vocal part is entrusted playfully immediate start of the performance. In the downward motion passes phrase broken with grace notes, and it also closes the exposition section. Thus, the starting material is clearly

demarcated. As an echo after the performance of the party there is heard the singer's voice of the cello, turning into sliding accompaniment in the 10th number. In the vocal part at this time is heard the main theme of the second issue, enclosing a question mark. From the 12th number there starts new material, both parties are active. 13th is familiar broken melody but this time it sounds in an upward motion. With the same numbers begin the last part of the performance, the intonation is intertwined with the basic material of the first part of the number.

The third number (gaido) begins in a rolling motion. Scherzo- dance character of its sound give claps in the introductory part. Here Khniu is a playful child of nature. Tune vocal sounds jerky and easy, and the number is built on the contrast comparison. In place of lightness and playfulness here comes lyrical intonation. The performance ends while dissolving glissando in both performers, soprano and cello, tonally close to the second section material.

The fourth number (slowly, rubato molto) is written out in the score has three members. Appears vocal party, which performs (sings) the cellist. In contemporary music, this phenomenon – the functional splitting of the party artist – quite often. This number is the most intense and dramatic. It begins with an interrogative tone of the main theme of the second number, but this time it takes place in the cello. The vocal use specific techniques of sound, for example, simulate a rebound string.

Number five (con moto) is the culmination of the composer and the most ambitious. Vocalist in this part presents a poetic material on behalf of the 3 characters – Khniu, her companion and narrator – each of them has its own musical characteristics. Music of the narrator is calm and lyrical; He tells about the fate of Khniu. Her speech is presented as jerky, light, accented melody. Parts of a fellow-neighbour is characterized by deliberate perfection, and his intonation system is close to romance type of presentation, that here is expressed as parody.

In general, the cycle of Liudmyla Samodaeva, appears bright genre case of interference occurring on the basis of artistic dialogue of a poet and a composer. Interference – as an overlay, the combination of various forms and methods of explication of artistic intent is essential for the implementation of the policy

guidelines of chamber and vocal works in their broadest sense. She gets the most "pure" and complete expression of it in art, which objectifies, objectify the meaning and psychological processes in the mind of the subject of creative work.

Attention to the phenomenon of interference involves the study of ways to interact with the word accepted in vocal chamber works, among them depending on the genre of stable trend of creativity and effectiveness of their program activity for these forms [4].

Thus, it can be concluded that in a cycle of Liudmyla Samodaeva especially vividly presents the aspect of game-dramatization chamber of vocal works, which is due to the synthesis of composer and poetic ideas, associated with modeling the music is not so much the content of individual poems, many of its leading creative idea: paradoxical freedom in perception and assessment of the realities of the outworld. Thus there is created the image of the poet as acquired in the dialogue, similar in spiritual aspirations of the individual.

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