



BERISLAV ŠIPUŠ

PASIJA
PASSION

HRT HDS
LIGATURA

Zbor Hrvatske radiotelevizije |
Croatian Radiotelevision Choir

Tomislav Fačini, dirigent | conductor

BERISLAV ŠIPUŠ

PASIJA | PASSION

Sopran | Soprano: **Monika Cerovčec**

Mezzosopran | Mezzo-soprano: **Martina Gojčeta Silić**

Tenor: **Roko Radovan**

Bas | Bass: **Marko Špehar**

Govornik | Speaker: **Sreten Mokrović**

Violončelo | Cello: **Branimir Pustički**

Harfe | Harps: **Mirjana Krišković, Veronika Čiković**

Udaraljke | Percussion: **Hrvoje Sekovanić,**

Šimun Matišić, Marko Mihajlović, Fran Krsto Šercar

— **BERISLAV ŠIPUŠ** (*1958.)

Pasija, za soliste, govornika, mješoviti zbor i instrumentalni ansambl

Passion for soloists, a speaker, mixed choir and instrumental ensemble (2020.)

1. Introit — 0:48
2. Navještenje | Announcement — 4:54
3. Molitva | Prayer — 1:39
4. Osuda | Condemnation — 4:18
5. Isus pada prvi put | Jesus falls for the first time — 2:34
6. Isus susreće majku | Jesus meets his mother — 2:57
7. Šimun pomaže Isusu | Simon helps Jesus — 2:35
8. Isus govori Šimunu | Jesus speaks to Simon — 0:48
9. Veronika pruža rubac Isusu | Veronica wipes the face of Jesus — 4:07
10. Isus pada drugi put | Jesus falls for the second time — 1:36
11. Isus tješi žene Jeruzalema | Jesus comforts the women of Jerusalem — 1:23
12. Isus pada treći put. Svlačenje | Jesus falls for the third time. Undressing — 0:50
13. Pribijanje na križ | Crucifixion — 2:29
14. Smrt na križu | Death on the cross — 3:40
15. Skidanje s križa | Taking down from the cross — 3:51
16. Grob | Grave — 4:01

Ukupno trajanje | Total time — 42:32



Fotografija / Photo by: Matej Grgić

— U sezoni 2019./2020. **BERISLAV ŠIPUŠ** (Zagreb, 1958.) bio je rezidencijalni skladatelj Hrvatske radiotelevizije, a ta je uloga uključivala, kao i u slučaju njegovih prethodnika, priliku za skladanje dviju opsežnih skladbi za ansamble HRT-a. Prvo djelo koje je Šipuš ostvario bila je *Sinfonia concertante* za violinu i orkestar, koju je pod njegovim ravnanjem praižveo Simfonijski orkestar HRT-a uz solisticu Katarinu Kutnar, 5. ožujka 2020. u Koncertnoj dvorani Vatroslava Lisinskog. Druga je skladba, u kojoj glavnu ulogu preuzima Zbor HRT-a, trebala biti praižvedena već idući mjesec, no tijekom nekoliko tjedana svijet se potpuno promijenio, a pandemija COVID-19 zaustavila mnoge elemente dotadašnje svakodnevne, onemogućivši i planiranu praižvedbu Šipuševa djela. Nakon određene normalizacije stanja zakazan je novi termin praižvedbe, pred blagdan Svih svetih iste godine. No, ni sada nije bilo sreće – virus se probio u redove izvođača te je praižvedba ponovno odgođena. Napokon, ‘treća sreća’ osmjehnula se ovoj skladbi u 2022. godini (gotovo dvije godine nakon izvorno planiranog termina njezina predstavljanja javnosti), te je nijemi notni zapis napokon i ozvučen – 1. ožujka u zagrebačkoj Laubi praižvedena je Šipuševa ***Pasija za soliste, govornika, mješoviti zbor i instrumentalni ansambl***, i to u trenutku kada su oči cijeloga svijeta bile uprte u rat koji je buknuo na europskome tlu tek koji dan ranije i svijet uveo u jedan posve nov trenutak mučnoga iščekivanja i neizvjesnosti. Simbolički je stoga izvedba bila posvećena prvim žrtvama rata u Ukrajini.

Opus Berislava Šipušava nema mnogo djela koja se dotiču religijskih tema: uz jedno studentsko djelo, ono jedino koje počiva na elementima sakralnoga jest *Osorski plač* (2012.), oratorijska skladba nastala kao treći i zaključni dio tzv. *Osorske trilogije*, a koju je na poticaj osnivača Osorskih glazbenih večeri, Daniela Marušića,

počeo skladati Boris Papandopulo, dovršivši tek dva dijela, *Osorski rekvijem* (1977.) i *Osorski misterij* (1979.), te je Šipuš pozvan da dovrši ciklus. Zanimljivo je da niti ideja *Pasije* – baš kao i u slučaju *Osorskoga plača* – nije plod samostalnih autorovih želja i inspiracije, već je i za uglazbljenje *muke* inicijalni poticaj došao „izvana”. Šipuš taj impuls prihvaća, no realizaciji ponovno (kao i kod *Osorskoga plača*) ne pristupa na tradicionalan i očekivan način, već zadanosti *muke* reinterpreтира pronalazeći put za osobni izraz i vjernost prepoznatljivim odrednicama svoga opusa.

Jedna od njih svakako je ljubav prema poeziji. Njegova je glazba uvijek prožeta poezijom – poetični predlošci utkani su često čak i u njegov instrumentalni opus, gdje je tekst neizgovoren, sakriven, možda i tajan te samo autoru poznat, ali snažno prisutan kao pokretač inspiracije, oblikovatelj atmosfere, strukture i autoru svojstvene osjećajnosti. *Pasija* posve počiva na poeziji, a glazba je ta koja njezine poruke osnažuje i čini da dopiru još dublje, u nutrine bića. Iskranje tekstualnog predloška za ovu skladbu bio je ujedno i najznačajniji element njezine izgradnje. Nastojeći muku Isusa Krista simbolički kontekstualizirati u traganju i patnji svakog pojedinca, u svojevrsnom „križnom putu” običnoga čovjeka, kojega možemo zateći bilo gdje oko nas, u našoj svakodnevnici, Šipuš je posegnuo najprije za poezijom nekih od svojih omiljenih i „prokušanih” autora – Jure Kaštelana i Antuna Branka Šimića. Tragajući za dodatnim poticajem i usmjerenjem svoga djela, kao i za pomoći u jasnijem oblikovanju njegove dramaturgije, obratio se Seadu Aliću, filozofu i književniku, koji je na specifičan način proučavao i bilježio religijske svjetove. Alić mu je dao svoje tekstove *Razgovori s učiteljem te Put svjetla*, a s njim je dalje razgovarao i o drugim autorima koji su u svojim djelima tematizirali duhovnost. Upravo mu je on skrenuo pozornost na poeziju Vesne Krmpotić, odnosno na njezinu zbirku *108 x 108*, a nakon što je odabrao još tri ključna stiha

iz zapisa Vlade Gotovca, Šipuš je zaokružio svoje literarne izvore te postupno od njihovih isječaka skrojio okvir i strukturu svoje priče.

Dramaturški jasno i čvrsto sazdana, skladba se sastoji od tri dijela povezana neprekinutim glazbenim tijekom, a oni se dijele na slike koje pretežno korespondiraju s postajama križnoga puta. U djelo nas uvodi udar gonga, a komešanje zbora na izmišljenom jeziku Babilonske kule prekida gromki glas publici nevidljivog naratora koji donosi Božju objavu – „Ja sam Jahve”. Uvod je to nakon kojega „krećemo na put” (simbolično naznačen pulsirajućim „motorom” udaraljki) te koračamo postajama križnoga puta – od osude do polaganja u grob. U četrdesetominutnoj skladbi susrećemo različite i kontrastne slike: od intimnih iskaza osjećajnosti u solističkim vokalnim dionicama, kontemplativnih odsjeka prelijepog zbrojskog muziciranja čiji je puni zvuk obojen klizećim ploham bogatih akorada, do dramatičnih i reskih situacija u kojima napetost izbija kroz udarce udaraljki i ritmičnost glasova, koje autor sada pak tretira kao perkusivni element, tražeći da „pjevuju” odnosno govore ili viču na izmišljenom, babilonskom jeziku, slogovima koji ne nose značenje, ali sadrže zvukovnost. „Besmisleni” slogovi čest su element Šipuševih partitura, no dok se nekad čine tek efektom, ovdje dobivaju puni smisao kao dojmljiv element izgradnje atmosfere i napetosti.

Solističkome kvartetu (sopran – Veronika; alt – majka Marija; tenor – Isus; bas – Pilat i Šimun) povjerene su trajanjem nevelike, ali u strukturi i dramaturgiji djela značajne i iznimno ekspresivne scene, dok glas govornika neprestano svraća pozornost na srce ovoga djela – poeziju.

Odabrani instrumentalni ansambl je neuobičajen, ali vrlo svojstven Šipušu i njegovu (vječno znatiželjnome i zaigranome) zvučnome svijetu. Čini ga violončelo kao melodijski instrument, dvije harfe koje pružaju mogućnosti akordičkih odzvanjanja te brojne i raznolike udaraljke (čak četiri izvođača!), koje značajno

proširuju spektar zvukovnosti. Šipuš se vješto poigrava različitim kombinacijama instrumenata (i vokala), stalno privlačeći slušateljevo uho nečim novim. Dionica violončela utkana je u partituru poput crvene niti, koja se slušatelju obraća gotovo jednako jasnom porukom kao i glasovi, te možda upravo violončelo (instrument koji se najčešće uspoređuje s ljudskim glasom) u partituri utjelovljuje subjekt djela – običnoga čovjeka, pojedinca kojega skladatelj glazbom prati na njegovu križnome putu.

Najupečatljivije slike *Pasije* one su koje prate pribijanje i smrt na križu. U njima zaglušujući zvuk punog ansambla polako jenjava (pjevači postupno rukama prekrivaju usta, zatvarajući ton), a iz njega na površinu probija violončelo – jednim, dugim i nemirno sviranim tonom simbolizirajući Isusov glas, koji udarci čekićem (doslovnom gestom oslikano pribijanje na križ) postupno oslabljuju, do konačnog utihnuća njegova pjeva. Slijedi smrt – bolne slike iz stihova Jure Kaštelana Šipuš je pretočio u jecajući pjev tenora, koji se, simbolički, iz dubina uzdiže u ekstremne vrhunce, podcrtavajući tako temu odlaska, napuštanja svijeta.

Cijeli ansambl ujedinjuje se u završnoj apoteozu koju djelo doseže u riječima „on je ljubav”, polako se iz gromoglasne i sveobuhvatne punoće raspršujući u tišinu, uz tiho ispejvani „amen” i polagano iščezavanje zvuka u visine.

Glazba *Pasije* posve je „šipuševska” – prožeta mnogim iskustvima i utjecajima, reinterpetacijama vlastitih glazbenih ideja, raznolikostima koje autor ujedinjuje u vlastiti iskaz, sve to u tkivu natopljenom osjećajnošću, iskrenom, ljudskom – od koje autor ne bježi. Iako posve osobno, Šipušovo djelo uspješno prenosi univerzalnu poruku o duhovnosti, o ljubavi, o čovjeku.

— Marija Saraga

Ta začudna Šipuševa gotovo pa kakofonična glazbena zamisao pokazala se na praiizvedbi spektakularnom. I dramaturgija i svi ti zvučni i jezični sudari i elementi muzičkoga kazališta doveli su znanu, opću temu na simboličku ravan i umjetnički je vinuli u nebesa. I baš kao što je Kristova muka završila uskrснуćem, tako je i ova Šipuševa „Pasija”, u dvogodišnjoj mucii odgađanja završila velikim, zasluženim trijumfom.

— Saša Drach, *Jutarnji list*

Zanimljivi skladateljski izbori, od same forme, preko instrumentacije, a ponajviše izbora tekstova za „Muku”, ali i (važnog pitanja) odnosa prema tekstu, isprepleću se i naizmjenice ističu svojom važnošću unutar skladbe koja je, sudeći prema komentarima struke i publike, mnoge iznenadila te odmah nakon izvedbe donijela brojne raznolike, ali pozitivne komentare.

— Karolina Rugle, *Vijenac*

I uspjelo mu je: „Pasija” Berislava Šipušaa zaokruženo je djelo snažnog emocionalnog naboja koje, iako ukorijenjeno u tradiciji, živi i diše u 21. stoljeću. Neprestana smjena ugođaja postignuta je spajanjem glasova s neobičnim izborom instrumenata, što je omogućilo gotovo neograničeno poigravanje zvučnim bojama – poput, recimo, dojmjljive kombinacije harfe i vibrafona, u čemu je Šipuš odavno dokazao svoje majstorstvo.

— Alenka Bobinsky, *klasika.hr*

Impresivna je to freska buke, zaziva i nježnosti, glazbe i riječi koje se kovitlaju i propituju (be)smisao nasilja koje ne posustaje. Šipuševa je „Pasija” snažna, vješto i smisleno organiziranih postaja.

— Jagoda Martinčević, *Jutarnji list*.

POETSKA DIMENZIJA PASIJE BERISLAVA ŠIPUŠA

— Berislav Šipuš umjetnik je koji živi i osjeća svoje vrijeme. Njegova *Pasija* njegov je osjećaj i glazbeno-poetski izričaj tegobā traženja punine ljudskoga bivanja. Oslanjajući se na stihove nekoliko autora, Šipuš gradi svojevrsnu pjesmu nad pjesmama – pjesmu koja govori kontekstom i glazbom u koju je uronjena.

Uz pomoć postojećih stihova, ali i govorom između njih, rasporedom, pa i korištenjem ‘besmislenog’ jezika, Šipuš nas upozorava na pogrešnost svakog puta koji se ne hrani ljepotom i harmonijom svijeta koji nam se otkriva prema našim sposobnostima prihvaćanja.

Srce teksta moglo bi biti sadržano u sljedećim sugestijama:

svijet gradi zidove, utvrđuje se u rovove, zatvara vrata svoga srca. Stiže do praznoga groba koji simbolizira našu izgubljenost i prolaznost svega upojedinjenog i materijalnog.

Naše je *biti na putu* prema Univerzalnome, da bismo tom Univerzalnom/Svevišnjem (kako god ga oslovili) povjerali svoju, ljudsku patnju. Patnju i nadu svoju, odnosno patnju Čovjeka.

Put prema Bogu put je prema vlastitome srcu, koje je bilo i bit će hram ljubavi – načelo opstanka supstancije ljudskoga.

Šipuš u sebi rađa glazbu koja ruši zidove kule babilonske. Podijeljenost ljudi simboliziranu podjelama na jezike ovaj pjesnik glazbe nadilazi ljepotom ‘besmislenog’ jezika, koji više ne govori značenjem pojedinih riječi nego univerzalnijim jezikom glazbe – glazbom kao metaforom univerzalnoga Reda.

Zajedno s Antunom Brankom Šimićem Šipuš pada na koljena i moli... Molitva postaje suzom Vesne Krmpotić koja se iz Oka vječnosti pojavljuje kao Isus. Naša

ljudska sudbina putovanje je na kojemu moramo zaobilaziti Scile i Haribde oka i uha. Mi smo punina svega koja se mora suprotstaviti praznini svega...

Patnja nas vraća na pravi put. Patnja nam vraća vatru i život, puninu mira, vjere i vječnosti. Patnja u nama budi glazbu koja je simbol HarmoniuUMa.

‘Oči su slijepe u mraku’, poručuje Šipuš pjesmom Jure Kaštelana. Tek ranama slutimo obale.

Izborom stihova Šipuš ulazi u svojevrsnu poetsko-glazbenu interpretaciju života i smrti. Isusovo pitanje *Zašto si me ostavio* on interpretira kao prepuštanje čovjeka njegovu vlastitu odabiru. S jedne je strane ‘živa rana na srcu’ i miris cvijeta, a s druge mrak smrti koji čovjekom može ovladati još za života.

Rastanka nema. Kroz nas prolaze veće i ljepše stvari od naših kratkih životnih prolaznosti. Na nama je da se prema vječnosti otvaramo. A možemo je prepoznati u suncu, vjetru, vodama, zvijezdama, u svakoj travci ili oblaku.

Pred nama je djelo koje je poetskim tekstovima dalo snagu Univerzalnoga. Takvo što mogao je napraviti samo pjesnik. Berislav Šipuš ovim je oratorijem samo potvrdio ono što je odavno poznato – riječ je o umjetniku riječi koji snagom i ljepotom glazbe toj istoj riječi izlazi ususret.

Prepoznavanje riječi i tona stvorilo je priču koja nadahnjuje, suvremenu interpretaciju pasije kroz koju svi prolazimo. No ono što svi osjećamo i kroza što prolazimo, samo rijetki mogu uzdići na razinu univerzalnoga govora. Berislav Šipuš u tome je uspio.



Fotografija / Photo by: Jasenko Rasol (HRT)

— In the 2019/2020 season, **BERISLAV ŠIPUŠ** (Zagreb, 1958) was the composer-in-residence of the Croatian Radiotelevision (HRT), and this role included, as was the case of his predecessors, the opportunity to compose two extensive works for HRT ensembles. The first piece that Šipuš created was the *Sinfonia concertante* for violin and orchestra, which was premiered under his baton by the Croatian Radiotelevision Symphony Orchestra featuring soloist Katarina Kutnar, on March 5, 2020 at the Vatroslav Lisinski Concert Hall. The second composition, in which the Croatian Radiotelevision Choir took the main role, was supposed to be premiered as early as the following month, but over the course of a few weeks, the world changed completely, and the COVID-19 pandemic stopped many segments of everyday life, making the planned premiere of Šipuš's work impossible. After a relative normalization of the epidemic situation, a new premiere date was scheduled, before All Saints' Day of the same year. But, again, no luck – the virus made its way into the ranks of the performers and the premiere was postponed again. Finally, third time's a charm, and so this composition could at last see the light of day in 2022 (almost two years after the original scheduled premiere date) – on March 1, Šipuš's ***Passion for soloists, a speaker, mixed choir and instrumental ensemble*** was premiered in Zagreb's Lauba, precisely at the time when the eyes of the whole world were focused on the war that broke out on European soil just a few days earlier and ushered everyone into a completely new moment of agonizing anticipation and uncertainty. Symbolically, therefore, the performance was dedicated to the first victims of the war in Ukraine.

Berislav Šipuš's oeuvre doesn't include many works that deal with religious themes; in addition to one student piece, the only one that rests on sacred elements is *Osor Lamentation* (2012), an oratorio composed as the third and concluding part of the so-called *Osor Trilogy*, which was started by Boris Papandopulo at the instigation of the founder of the Osor Musical Evenings, Daniel Marušić, who

completed only two parts: the *Osor Requiem* (1977) and the *Osor Mystery* (1979) – which is why Šipuš was invited to complete the cycle. It's interesting that the idea for the *Passion*, similarly to the *Osor Lamentation* case, also wasn't the result of the author's independent wishes and inspiration; but the initial impetus for setting the *Passion* to music came from an outside source. Šipuš, however, accepts that impulse, but again – as with the *Osor Lamentation* – he does not approach the realization in a traditional and expected way, but instead reinterprets the defaults of *Passion*, finding a way for personal expression and staying faithful to the recognizable elements of his style.

One of them is certainly his love for poetry. Šipuš's music is always imbued with poetry, poetic templates are often woven even into his instrumental works, where the text is unspoken, hidden, perhaps even secret and known only to the author, but strongly present as a driving force, a shaper of atmosphere, structure and the composer's own sensibility. His *Passion* rests entirely on poetry, and music is the one that strengthens its messages and makes them reach even deeper, into the innermost being. The creation of a textual template for this composition was also the most significant element of its construction. Trying to symbolically contextualize the suffering of Jesus Christ in the searching and suffering of each individual, a kind of "way of the cross" of an ordinary person – which we can find anywhere around us, in our daily life – Šipuš firstly reached for the poetry of some of his favorite and "tested" authors: Jure Kaštelan and Antun Branko Šimić. Looking for additional encouragement and direction for his work, as well as help in shaping his dramaturgy more clearly, he turned to Sead Alić, a philosopher and writer who studied and recorded religious worlds in a specific way. Alić gave him his texts *Conversations with a Teacher* and *Path of Light* to read, and they also discussed other authors who used spirituality as a theme in their works. It was Alić who turned his attention to Vesna Krmpotić's poetry, i.e. her collection *108 x 108*, and after choosing three more key verses from Vlado Gotovac's writings, Šipuš

completed his literary sources and gradually tailored the frame and structure of his story from the fragments.

Dramaturgically clearly and solidly created, the composition consists of three parts connected by an uninterrupted musical flow, and they are divided into images that mainly correspond to the Stations of the Cross. We are ushered into action by the sound of a gong, and the commotion of the choir in an invented language of the Tower of Babel is interrupted by the booming voice of an invisible narrator who brings God's revelation to the audience – "I am Yahweh". This is the introduction, after which we "start the journey" (symbolically indicated by a pulsating "motor" of the percussion) and walk through the Stations of the Cross – from the condemnation to the laying in the grave. In the 40-minute piece, we encounter different and contrasting images: from intimate expressions of sensitivity in solo vocal sections, contemplative sections of beautiful choral musicianship whose full sound is colored by sliding surfaces of rich chords, to dramatic and sharp situations in which tension erupts through percussion blows and the rhythmicity of the voices that the author now treats as if a percussive element, asking them to "sing", that is, speak or shout in an invented Babel language, with syllables that don't carry meaning, but contain sound. "Meaningless" syllables are a frequent element of Šipuš's scores, but while sometimes they seem to be just an effect, here they gain full meaning as a striking element of building atmosphere and tension. The soloist quartet (soprano – Veronica; contralto – Mary, mother of Jesus; tenor – Jesus; bass – Pontius Pilate and Simon) are entrusted with the duration of a small, yet significant and extremely expressive scene in the structure and dramaturgy of the work, while the speaker's voice constantly draws attention to the heart of this work – poetry.

The chosen instrumental ensemble is unusual, but very characteristic of Šipuš and his (ever curious and playful) sound world. It consists of a cello as a melodic instrument, two harps that provide opportunities for chordal echoes, and numerous and varied percussion instruments (as many as four performers!) that

significantly expand the spectrum of sonority. Šipuš skillfully plays with different combinations of instruments (and vocals), constantly attracting the listener's ear with something new. The cello part is woven into the score like a red thread, which addresses the listener with a message almost as clear as the voices, and perhaps it is the cello (an instrument most often compared to the human voice) the one in the score that embodies the subject of the work – an ordinary man, an individual whom the composer soundtracks on his Way of the Cross.

The most striking images of the *Passion* are those accompanying the nailing and the death on the cross. In them, the deafening sound of the full ensemble slowly subsides (the singers gradually cover their mouths with their hands, closing the voice), and the cello breaks through to the surface – with a single, long and restlessly played tone, symbolizing the voice of Jesus, while the blows of a hammer (a literal gesture of nailing to the cross) gradually weaken until the final silence. Death follows – painful images from Jure Kaštelan's verses were adapted by Šipuš into a sobbing song for the tenor that, symbolically, rises from the depths to extreme peaks, thus underlining the theme of leaving, departing from this world.

The entire ensemble unites in the final apotheosis that the piece reaches with the words "He is love", slowly dispersing from the thunderous and all-encompassing fullness into silence and a softly sung "amen" and the sound slowly disappearing into the heavens.

The *Passion's* music is completely Šipušesque – imbued with many experiences and influences, reinterpretations of his own musical ideas, diversities that the author unites in his own statement, all of this in a body soaked in sensitivity, sincerity, humanity – from which the author does not run away. Although completely personal, Šipuš's work successfully conveys a universal message about spirituality, about love, about a man.

— Marija Saraga

That strange, almost cacophonous Šipuš's musical idea turned out to be spectacular at the premiere. Both the dramaturgy and all these sound and language collisions and elements of musical theatre brought the well-known, common theme to a symbolic level and artistically soared it to the heavens. And just as Christ's suffering ended with the Resurrection, this "Passion" by Šipuš, in a two-year agony of delaying, has ended with a great, well-deserved triumph.

— Saša Drach, *Jutarnji list*

Interesting compositional choices, from the form itself, through the instrumentation, and above all the choice of texts for the "Passion", but also (the important question of) the relationship to the text, intertwine and alternately emphasize their importance within the composition, which, judging by the critics' comments and audience reaction, surprised many and resulted in numerous diverse but positive remarks immediately after the performance.

— Karolina Rugle, *Vijenac*

And he succeeded: Berislav Šipuš's "Passion" is a well-rounded work with a strong emotional charge that, although rooted in tradition, lives and breathes in the 21st century. The constant change of mood was achieved by combining voices with an unusual choice of instruments, which enabled an almost unlimited playing with sound colors – such as, for example, an impressive combination of harp and vibraphone, in which Šipuš has proven his mastery long ago.

— Alenka Bobinsky, *klasika.hr*

It is an impressive fresco of noise, cries and tenderness, music and words that swirl and question the meaning (lessness) of unabating violence. Šipuš's "Passion" is a strong, skillful and relevant succession of the Stations of the Cross.

— Jagoda Martinčević, *Jutarnji list*

THE POETIC DIMENSION OF BERISLAV ŠIPUŠ'S "PASSION"

— Berislav Šipuš is an artist who lives and feels his time. His *Passion* channels his feeling and musical-poetic expression of the difficulties in searching for the fullness of human existence. Relying on the verses of several authors, Šipuš builds a kind of Song of Songs – a poem that speaks through its context and the music in which it is immersed.

With the help of the existing verses, but also through the speech ingrained between them, the arrangement and even the using of "meaningless language", Šipuš warns us of the wrongness of any path that is not nourished by the beauty and harmony of the world which will reveal to us in accordance with our ability to accept it.

The heart of the text could be worded as such:

The world builds walls, fortifies itself in trenches, closes the doors of its heart. It reaches the empty grave, which symbolizes our disorientation and the transience of everything singular and material.

Our task is to be on the way to the Universal, in order to entrust our human suffering to that Universal/Supreme (however we may call it). Your own suffering and hope, that is, the suffering of Man.

The path to God is the path toward one's own heart, which was and will always be the temple of love – the principle of survival of the human substance.

Šipuš bears music that tears down the walls of the Tower of Babel. This poet of music transcends the division of people symbolized by language barriers with the beauty of "meaningless language" which no longer carries a semantic meaning, but a more universal musical connotation – music as a metaphor for universal Order.

Together with Antun Branko Šimić, Šipuš falls on his knees and prays... the prayer

becomes a tear of Vesna Krmpotić, which manifests itself from the Eye of Eternity as Jesus. Our human destiny is a journey on which we must bypass Scyllas and Charybdises of the eye and the ear. We are the fullness of everything that must be opposed to the emptiness of everything...

Suffering brings us back to the right path. Suffering gives us fire and life back, the fullness of peace, faith and eternity. Suffering awakens music in us, which is the symbol of *harmonia*.

"Eyes are blind in the dark", says Šipuš through a Jure Kaštelan poem. We only sense the shores with our wounds.

Via choosing the verses, Šipuš enters a kind of poetic-musical interpretation of life and death. He interprets Jesus's question: "Why have you forsaken me?" a man's necessity to make his own choice. On the one hand, there is a "living wound on the heart" and the smell of a flower; and on the other, the darkness of death, which can dominate a person even during his lifetime.

There is no parting. Greater and more beautiful things pass through us than our short life brevity. It is up to us to open ourselves to eternity. And we can recognize it in the sun, the wind, the waters, the stars, in every blade of grass or cloud.

Before us is a work that gifted these poetic texts the power of the Universal. Such a thing could be done only by a poet. With this oratorio, Berislav Šipuš only confirmed what has been known for a long time – he is an artist of words who meets those same words with the potential and beauty of music.

By acknowledging words and tones, he created an inspiring story, a contemporary interpretation of the Passion we all go through. But what we all feel and endure, only a few can raise to the level of universal speech. Berislav Šipuš is one of a very few who succeeded.

— Sead Alić

Pasija, za soliste, govornika, mješoviti zbor
i instrumentalni ansambl

LIBRETTO: BERISLAV ŠIPUŠ

INTROIT

Zbor

Jezik Kule babilonske / „besmisleni jezik“

NAVJEŠTENJE

Govornik

Ja sam Jahve... ja sam Višnu, Alah, Elohim... ja sam Aton,
Ra i Virakoča... ja sam Inkal, Odin, ja sam Ahuramazda
i Marduk, El Šadaj i Olorun, ja sam Šiva i Zeus, ja sam
Jupiter, Manitou i Kecalcoat!

Imena sam nosio bezbrojna, i mnoga su već pala u
zaborav.

Hramovi mojim obličjima, vama nepoznatim, leže pod
gromadama tihog oceana i pod naslagama nijemih
pustinja.

Ja sam sve to čemu ste se klanjali, čemu se klanjate i
čemu ćete se klanjati!

Jedini moj hram koji ne može potonuti, jedini moj lik
koji ne može potamnjeti, jedino moje ime koje nećete
zaboraviti... to je vaše srce i u njemu ljubav!
(Vesna Krmpotić: 108 X 108)

Govornik

Na put! Krenuti, pokrenuti se, u pokretu biti jedno,
zajedno... poći tamo gdje se trebamo suočiti s krajem i s
novim početkom...

biti zajedno, sa sestrama i braćom...

Put prema grobu u kojem nema nikoga pomoći će nam
pronći sebe u zidovima koje smo oko sebe gradili.

Grob postaje početkom...

a duša... Duša se hrani šutnjom...

Na put!

Dijete u nama vodi dijete za ruku... sada i ovdje...

Udahni duboko zrak kojim u sebe život unosimo!

Passion for soloists, a speaker, mixed choir
and instrumental ensemble

LIBRETTO: BERISLAV ŠIPUŠ

INTROIT

Choir

The language of the Tower of Babel / "meaningless language"

ANNOUNCEMENT

Speaker

I am Yahweh... I am Vishnu, Allah, Elohim... I am Aten, Ra and
Virakoča... I am Inkal, Odin, I am Ahura Mazda and Marduk,
El Shaddai and Olorun, I am Shiva and Zeus, I am Jupiter,
Manitou and Quetzalcoat!

I have had countless names, and many have already fallen
into oblivion.

Temples of my forms, unknown to you, lie under the
boulders of the silent ocean and under the deposits of
silent deserts.

I am all that you worshiped, that you worship still and will
worship!

The only temple of mine that cannot sink, the only image of
mine that cannot darken, the only name of mine that you will
not forget... that is your heart and the love in it!
(Vesna Krmpotić: 108 x 108)

Speaker

Away! To move, to advance, to be one in motion,
together... to go where we need to face the end and
a new beginning...

to be together, with sisters and brothers...

The journey toward the grave where there is no one will help
us find ourselves in the walls we have built around us.

The grave becomes the beginning...

and the soul... The soul is nourished by silence...

Away!

The child in us leads a child by the hand... now and there...

Let's take a deep breath of air that brings life into us!

Pronađimo u duši ono mjesto i lik koji grije
dušu i tijelo!

Riječ će roditi glazbu... zapaliti srce...

I sve će biti moguće...

Jer sve jest moguće...

(Sead Alić: *Put*)

MOLITVA

Zbor, solisti

Moj Bože,
Sve znamo i sve možemo.

Srušiti planine,
Premostiti mora,
Napustiti zemlju.

A mi ljudi smo sumnjali.

I svi smo bili
Izgubljeni.
(Sead Alić: *Put*)

OSUDA

Bas solo (Pontije Pilat), zbor, solisti

Jezik Kule babilonske / „besmisleni jezik”

ISUS PADA PRVI PUT

Tenor solo (Isus), zbor

Ja sam ostavio
Šum svjetla i ljude
Ja sam tama

Moja duša tone
U dubine noći

Negdje netko gorko plače

Tama oko mene stoji

Moja duša
U svetom tom času
Tad pada na koljena i pruža ruke, moli
(prema: Antun Branko Šimić: *Izgubljen*)

Let's find that place and figure in us that warms
body and soul!

Word will give birth to music... ignite the heart...

And everything will be possible...

Because everything is possible...

(Sead Alić: *Path*)

PRAYER

Choir, soloists

My God,
we know everything and can do everything.
Tear down the mountains,
cross the seas,
leave the earth.

And we humans had doubts.

And we were all
Lost.
(Sead Alić: *Path*)

CONDEMNATION

Bass solo (Pontius Pilate), choir, soloists

The language of the Tower of Babel / "meaningless language"

JESUS FALLS FOR THE FIRST TIME

Tenor solo (Jesus), choir

I left
The noise of light and people
I am darkness

My soul sinks
Into the depths of night

Somewhere someone is crying bitterly

Darkness stands around me

My soul
In that holy hour
Falls on its knees and reaches out, begging
(in keeping with: Antun Branko Šimić: *Lost*)

ISUS SUSREĆE MAJKU

Alt solo (Majka), zbor, solisti

Ja sam oko
A ti si jedna od mojih suza
A ti radaš se iz mog bola...
I čim se rodiš rastaješ se sa mnom
Suza moja
Sretnija bih bila
Kad bih mogla plakati za tobom
Umjesto što tobom plaćem
(prema: Vesna Krmpotić: *Vječiti rastanak*)

ŠIMUN POMAŽE ISUSU

Zbor

Plače, moli, pada, jeca, hoda...

Bas solo (Šimun), solisti, zbor

Pitaš li se
Kako mi je sada,
Dok te gledam gdje glavinjaš
Prolazeći pored moje ruke?!

Zbor, solisti

Jezik Kule babilonske / „besmisleni jezik”

Bas solo (Šimun)

Nije li ti vrijeme
Pomisli da je i meni bolno
To tvoje glavinjanje?!

Bas solo (Šimun), zbor

Osloni se na mene
Ne propusti me!
(Vesna Krmpotić: 108 x 108)

JESUS MEETS HIS MOTHER

Alto (Mary, Mother of Jesus), choir, soloists

I am an eye
And you are one of my tears
You are being born from my pain...
And as soon as you are born, you part from me
My tear
I would be happier
If I could cry for you
Instead of crying you
(based on: Vesna Krmpotić: *Eternal farewell*)

SIMON HELPS JESUS

Choir

Weeps, prays, falls, sobs, walks...

Bass solo (Simon), soloists, choir

Are you wondering
How I'm feeling right now,
While I'm looking at you, staggering
Past my hand?!

Choir, soloists

The language of the Tower of Babel / "meaningless language"

Bass solo (Simon)

Isn't it time
For you to think that
Your staggering is painful for me to?!

Bass solo (Simon), choir

Lean on me
Don't miss me!
(Vesna Krmpotić: 108 x 108)

ISUS GOVORI ŠIMUNU

Govornik (Isus)

Ne rekoh li ti da vjeruješ meni, a ne svojim očima i ušima?
Ne rekoh li ti da dolazi vrijeme ispita?
Vrijeme predaje i posljednjega znanja,
Koje te vodilo k meni?

Ne rekoh li ti da na zemlji nema ničega tako bliskog meni,
Da bi zamijenilo mene u tvojem srcu?!

Ne rekoh li ti?

Vrati mi sada štap, cipele, sat i smjerokaz.
Zatvori oči, zavrti se u krug i putuj bez nogu,
Onako kako se po mojoj zemlji putuje!
(Vesna Krmpotić: 108 X 108)

VERONIKA PRUŽA RUBAC ISUSU

Sopran solo (Veronika)

Jezik Kule babilonske / „besmisleni jezik”

Zbor

Est ergo Veronica pictura Domini vera

ISUS PADA DRUGI PUT

Zbor

Ne mogu te zaboraviti, zemaljska svjetlosti
(Jure Kaštelan: *Krilati konjanik*)

ISUS TJEŠI ŽENE JERUZALEMA

Zbor

Jezik Kule babilonske / „besmisleni jezik”

Govornik (Isus)

Gazit će te... Život...
I lomiti...
Svijet...

ISUS GOVORI ŠIMUNU

Speaker (Jesus)

Didn't I tell you to trust me and not your eyes and ears?
Didn't I tell you that testing time is coming?
Time of surrender and last understanding,
That led you to me?

Didn't I tell you that there is nothing on earth so close to me,
That would replace me in your heart?!

Didn't I tell you?

Now give me back my cane, my shoes, my watch and compass.
Close your eyes, spin in a circle, and travel without legs,
The way one travels in my country!
(Vesna Krmpotić: 108 x 108)

VERONICA WIPES THE FACE OF JESUS

Soprano solo (Veronica)

The language of the Tower of Babel / "meaningless language"

Choir

Est Ergo Veronica Pictura Domini Vera (Veronika is, therefore, a true picture of the Lord.)

JESUS FALLS FOR THE SECOND TIME

Choir

I cannot forget you, earthly light
(Jure Kaštelan: *The Winged Horseman*)

JESUS COMFORTS THE WOMEN OF JERUSALEM

Choir

The language of the Tower of Babel / "meaningless language"

Speaker (Jesus)

Life will trample you...
And break...
The world...

I silovanja će te rastrgati... napola...
Ali sve to neće biti tvoj kraj...

Ne zaboravi da si vatra!
Ti si vatra, oganj, lomača!
Prijavašina te ne može taknuti, iako je ti dotičeš
i pretvaraš u pepeo...
Ne povedi se za dimom uma... ne zaboravi
da si vatra.... ne zaboravi!

Tenor

Ne zaboravi!
Ja sam tvoj dah,
A ti si moje disanje.
Ja sam tvoja pjesma,
Ti si moje pisanje.
I ja sam tvoj osvit.
(Vesna Krmpotić: 108 X 108)

ISUS PADA TREĆI PUT / SVLAČENJE

Zbor

(Kad) Vječnosti nema
Nitko ne pjeva
Nitko ne plače
(Kad) vječnosti nema...
(Vlado Gotovac: *Jeka*)

PRIJIBJANJE NA KRIŽ

Zbor, solisti

Ljubav je mir
Ljubav je vjera
Ljubav je miris

Oni koji plaču
Oni znaju
Da duša može biti prazna
ili puna
I da nas patnja vraća
Na put
(Sead Alić: *Put*)

Violations will tear you apart... in half...
But that will not be the end of you...

Don't forget that you are fire!
You are a fire, a flame, a pyre!
Dirt cannot touch you, even though you touch it and turn
it into ashes...
Don't get carried away by the smoke of the mind... don't
forget that you are fire... Don't forget!

Tenor

Don't forget!
I am your breath,
And you are my breathing.
I am your poem,
And you are my writing.
And I am your dawn.
(Vesna Krmpotić: 108 x 108)

JESUS FALLS FOR THE THIRD TIME / UNDRRESSING

Choir

(When) There is no eternity
No one sings
No one cries
(When) There is no eternity...
(Vlado Gotovac: *Echo*)

CRUCIFIXION

Choir, soloists

Love is peace
Love is faith
Love is fragrance

Those who cry
They know
That the soul can be empty
Or full
And that suffering brings us back
To the path
(Sead Alić: *Path*)

SMRT NA KRIŽU

Govornik

Oči okrenute nebesima.
Zjenice bez sjaja koji dolazi u njih, bez svjetla koje iz njih svijetli.
Prozori u koje ne ulijeću ptice, tmina iz koje ne izlijeću slijepi miševi.
Mrak paučine, groba i gnjilih voda.
Jedan san neka postane kamena lađa koja prenosi u vječnost.
Samo ne tamni krug koji sakriva nebo.
Samo ne smrt.

Tenor (Isus)

Nestani.
Ostavi.
Nitko se ne odaziva.
Zalutao sam slušajući šum nestvarnih obala
Nazirem ih ranama.
Oči su slijepe u mraku, jer ne vide kad gledaju
Ne mogu te zaboraviti, zemaljska svjetlosti
(Jure Kaštelan: *Krilati konjanik*)

SKIDANJE S KRIŽA

Govornik

Čujem šapat.
Čujem čovjeka.
Njegovu bol.
Zašto si nas ostavio?
Zašto si nas ostavio, vladaru svoje mladosti?
Zašto si nas ostavio, cvijete u mirisu?
Zašto si nas ostavio?
A ona koja ga rodila zna, on je živa rana na srcu.
(Jure Kaštelan: *Krilati konjanik*)

DEATH ON THE CROSS

Speaker

Eyes turned to the heavens.
Pupils with no glow coming into them, no light shining from them.
Windows where birds don't fly in, darkness from where bats don't fly out.
The darkness of cobwebs, graves and putrid waters.
Let one dream become a stone ship that transports to eternity.
Just not the dark circle that hides the sky.
Just not death.

Tenor (Jesus)

Disappear.
Leave it.
No one responds.
I got lost listening to the sound of unreal shores
I glimpse them with wounds.
The eyes are blind in the dark, because they don't see when they look
They cannot forget you, earthly light
(Jure Kaštelan: *The Winged Horseman*)

TAKING DOWN FROM THE CROSS

Speaker

I hear a whisper.
I hear a man.
His pain.
Why have you forsaken us?
Why have you forsaken us, ruler of your youth?
Why have you forsaken us, flower in fragrance?
Why have you forsaken us?
And the one who gave birth to him knows, he is a living wound of the heart.
(Jure Kaštelan: *The Winged Horseman*)

GROB

Govornik

Jesi li postao trava ili oblak koji nestaje.
Svejedno.

I na klisurama orlovi te prate
I u vodama i među zvijezdama.

Ne mogu se rastaviti oči,
Izvori koji istom moru gledaju.
Nema rastanka.

Nema smrti.

Ako osluškujem vjetar
Čujem tvoj glas.
Ako u smrt gledam
Čujem tvoju pjesmu.
(Jure Kaštelan: *Rastanak*)

Zbor, solisti

On je sunce koje svima sija
On je život koji se uvijek rađa
On je ljubav u srcu čovjeka
(Jure Kaštelan: *Konjic bez konjika*)
Amen.

GRAVE

Speaker

Have you become grass or a vanishing cloud.
Doesn't matter.

Even on the gorges, eagles follow you
Both in the waters and among the stars.

Eyes cannot separate,
Springs that look to the same sea.
There is no parting.

There is no death.

If I listen to the wind
I hear your voice.
If I look at death
I hear your song.
(Jure Kaštelan: *Parting*)

Choir, soloists

He is the sun that shines on everyone
He is the life that is always born anew
He is the love in the heart of man
(Jure Kaštelan: *Cavalry without riders*)
Amen.

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