

A close-up photograph of a red velvet fabric, possibly a curtain or a piece of clothing, draped and folded in a dark, almost black, environment. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the texture and folds of the velvet. The text "RED VELVET" is centered in the middle of the image.

RED VELVET





KAREN TANAKA

THE SONG OF SONGS FOR CELLO AND ELECTRONICS

CÉSAR LÜTTGER

DANSEUR DE CORDE

GASPAR CASSADÓ

SUITE PER VIOLONCELLO SOLO

PRELUDIO - FANTASIA

SARDANA (DANZA)

INTERMEZZO E DANZA FINALE

OSWALDO GOLIJOV

OMARAMOR FOR SOLO CELLO

LOUIS ANDRIESSEN


LA VOCE PER VIOLONCELLISTA

KAVEH VARES

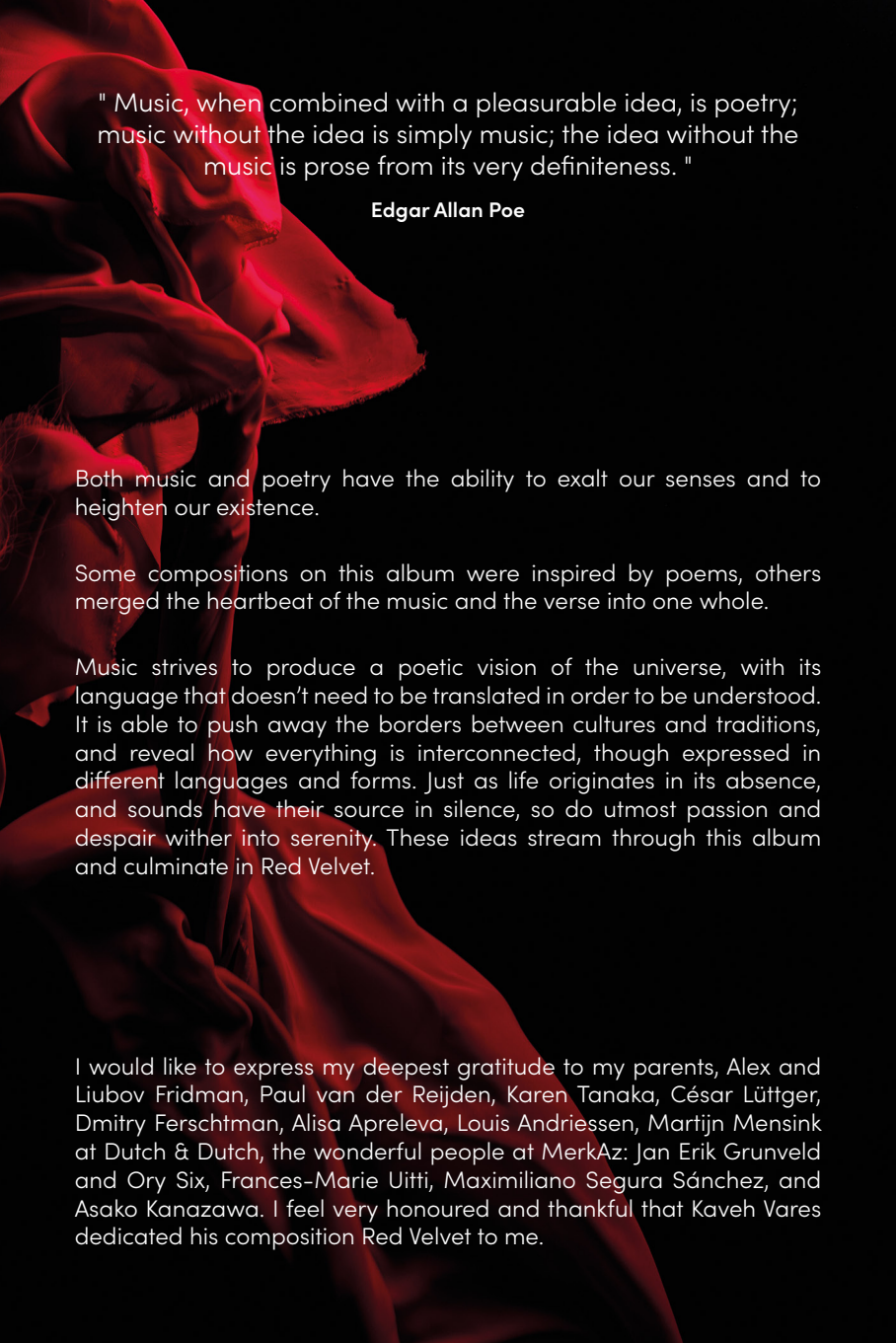
RED VELVET FOR CELLO SOLO

ALISA APRELEVA

SILENTIUM POR 3 VIOLONCHELLOS Y MEZZO SOPRANO



DEDICATED TO MY BELOVED HUSBAND



" Music, when combined with a pleasurable idea, is poetry; music without the idea is simply music; the idea without the music is prose from its very definiteness. "

Edgar Allan Poe

Both music and poetry have the ability to exalt our senses and to heighten our existence.

Some compositions on this album were inspired by poems, others merged the heartbeat of the music and the verse into one whole.

Music strives to produce a poetic vision of the universe, with its language that doesn't need to be translated in order to be understood. It is able to push away the borders between cultures and traditions, and reveal how everything is interconnected, though expressed in different languages and forms. Just as life originates in its absence, and sounds have their source in silence, so do utmost passion and despair wither into serenity. These ideas stream through this album and culminate in Red Velvet.

I would like to express my deepest gratitude to my parents, Alex and Liubov Fridman, Paul van der Reijden, Karen Tanaka, César Lüttger, Dmitry Ferschtman, Alisa Apreleva, Louis Andriessen, Martijn Mensink at Dutch & Dutch, the wonderful people at MerkAz: Jan Erik Grunveld and Ory Six, Frances-Marie Uitti, Maximiliano Segura Sánchez, and Asako Kanazawa. I feel very honoured and thankful that Kaveh Vares dedicated his composition Red Velvet to me.

KAREN TANAKA

שיר השירים אשר לשלמה:

ישקני מנשיקות פיהו כי־טובים דדיך מיין:

לריח שמניך טובים שמן תורק שמך על־כן עלמות אהבור:

משכני אחריך נרוצה הביאני המלך חדריו נגילה ונשמחה
ברך נזכירה
דדיך מיין מישרים אהבור:



THE SONG OF SONGS

The song of songs, which is Solomon's.

Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth - for thy love is better than wine.

Thine ointments have a goodly fragrance, thy name is as ointment poured forth; therefore do the maidens love thee.

Draw me, we will run after thee; the king hath brought me into his chambers; we will be glad and rejoice in thee, we will find thy love more fragrant than wine! Sincerely do they love thee.

from **The Song of Songs** (The Old Testament)

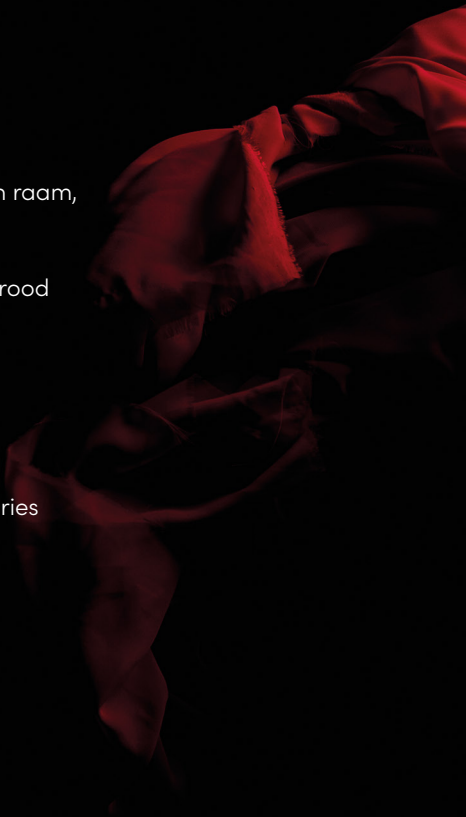
CÉSAR LÜTTGER

Op een dag kwam zij aan mijn raam,
gewond maar nog vol leven.

Met goede hoop gaf ik haar brood
en water, de nachtelijke deken
bedekte haar...

De volgende dag lag ze daar
met gesloten ogen.

In een ogenblik bewoog een bries
haar veren en vloog ze weg
op vleugels van licht...



DANSEUR DE CORDE

Once she came upon my window
wounded but still full of life
my hopes were high...

I gave her bread and water
and let her be covered by the night

The next morning she laid there
silent with closed eyes

In a moment a breeze moved her feathers
and she was gone on wings of light...

from **Wings of Light** (J. J. Lüttger)

GASPAR CASSADÓ



Noche arriba los dos con luna llena,
yo me puse a llorar y tú reías.
Tu desdén era un dios, las quejas mías
momentos y palomas en cadena.

Noche abajo los dos. Cristal de pena,
llorabas tú por hondas lejanías.
Mi dolor era un grupo de agonías
sobre tu débil corazón de arena.

La aurora nos unió sobre la cama,
las bocas puestas sobre el chorro helado
de una sangre sin fin que se derrama.

Y el sol entró por el balcón cerrado
y el coral de la vida abrió su rama
sobre mi corazón amortajado.

A person is shown from the chest up, completely covered by a vibrant red, flowing fabric that pools around them. The background is a solid, deep black, creating a stark contrast with the red. The lighting highlights the texture and folds of the fabric, giving it a sculptural quality. The person's face is not visible, as they are completely enveloped by the cloth.

SUITE PER VIOLONCELLO SOLO

Night approached us, with a full moon.
I began to cry, and you to laugh.
Your contempt was a god, and my whinings
a chain of doves and minutes.

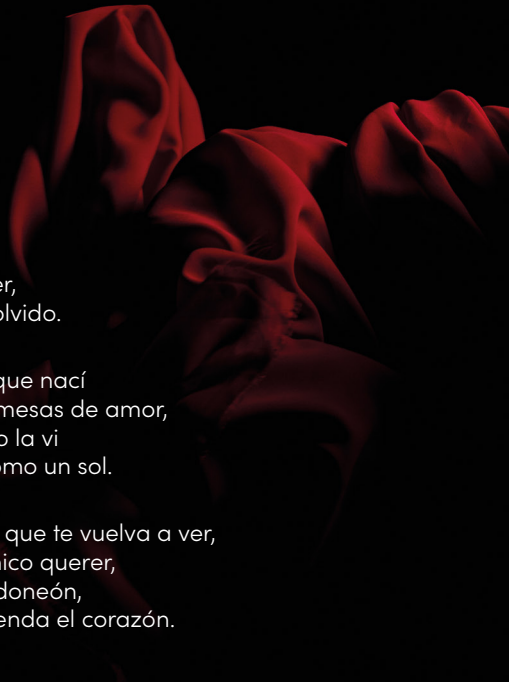
Night left us. Crystal of pain
you wept for distant depths.
My sadness was a cluster of agonies,
over your fragile heart of sand.

Morning joined us on the bed,
our mouths placed over the frozen jet
of a blood, without end, that was shed.

And the sun shone through the closed balcony,
and the coral of life opened its branch,
over my shrouded heart.

from **Noche del Amor Insomne** (Federico García Lorca)

OSWALDO GOLIJOV

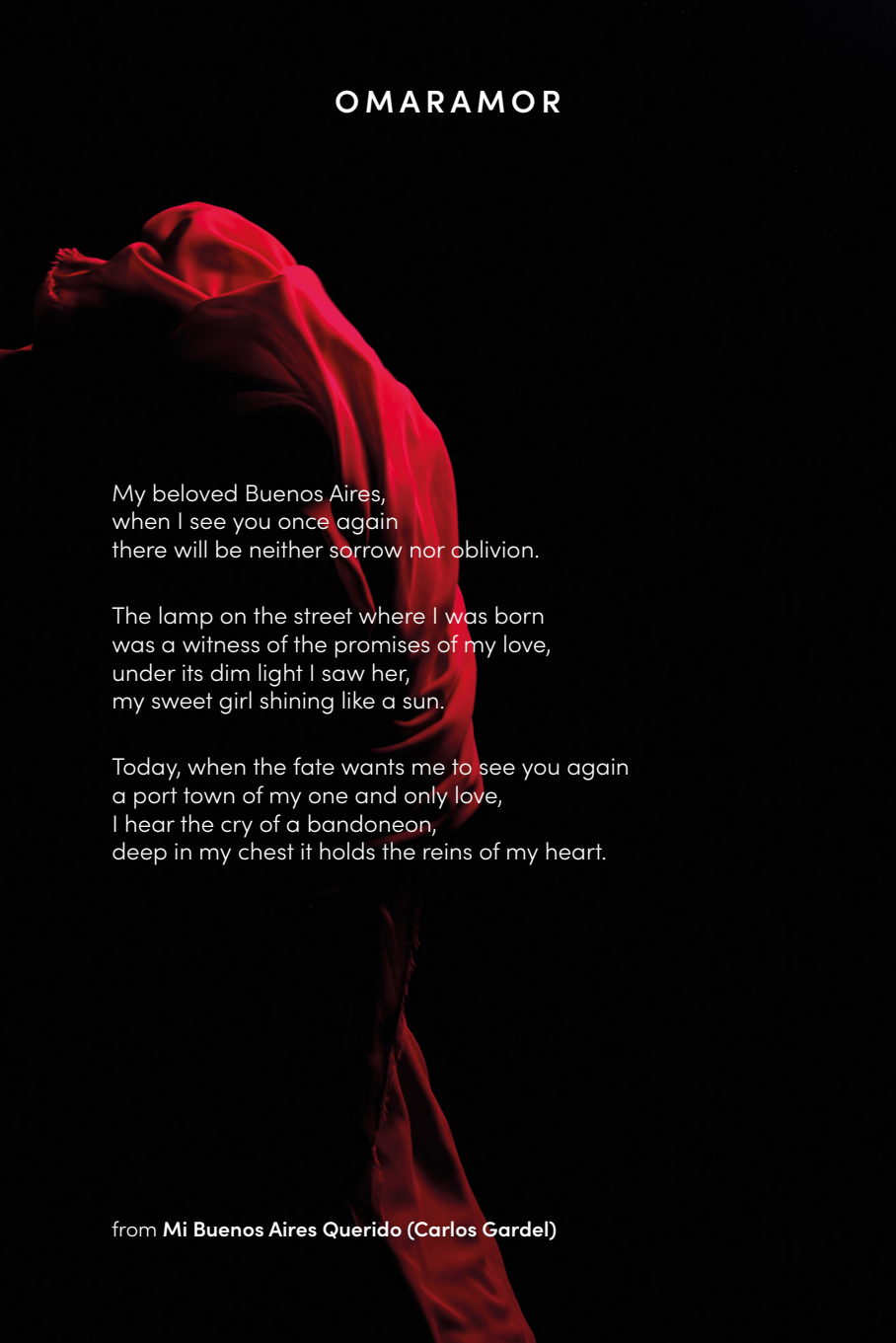


Mi Buenos Aires querido
cuando yo te vuelva a ver,
no habrá más penas ni olvido.

El farolito de la calle en que nací
fue centinela de mis promesas de amor,
bajo su quieta lucecita yo la vi
a mi pebeta luminosa como un sol.

Hoy que la suerte quiere que te vuelva a ver,
ciudad porteña de mi único querer,
oigo la queja de un bandoneón,
dentro del pecho pide rienda el corazón.

OMARAMOR



My beloved Buenos Aires,
when I see you once again
there will be neither sorrow nor oblivion.

The lamp on the street where I was born
was a witness of the promises of my love,
under its dim light I saw her,
my sweet girl shining like a sun.

Today, when the fate wants me to see you again
a port town of my one and only love,
I hear the cry of a bandoneon,
deep in my chest it holds the reins of my heart.

from **Mi Buenos Aires Querido** (Carlos Gardel)



LOUIS ANDRIESEN

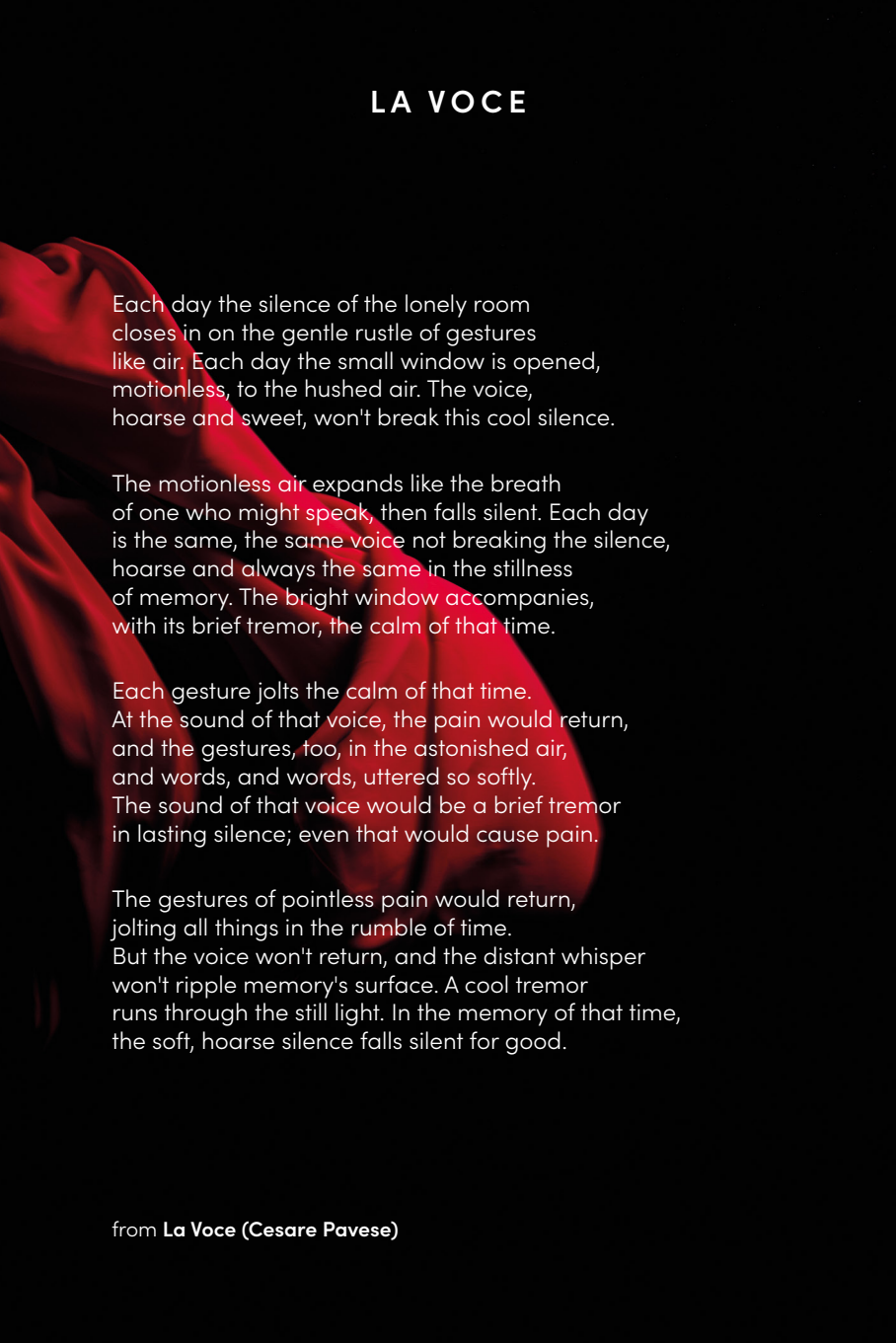
Ogni giorno il silenzio della camera sola
si richiude sul lieve sacquío d'ogni gesto
come l'aria. Ogni giorno la breve finestra
s'apre immobile all'aria che tace. La voce
rauca e dolce non torna nel fresco silenzio.

S'apre come il respiro di chi sia per parlare
l'aria immobile, e tace. Ogni giorno è la stessa.
E la voce è la stessa, che non rompe il silenzio,
rauca e uguale per sempre nell'immobilità
del ricordo. La chiara finestra accompagna
col suo palpito breve la calma d'allora.

Ogni gesto percuote la calma d'allora.
Se suonasse la voce, tornerebbe il dolore.
Tornerebbereo i gesti nell'aria stupita
e parole parole alla voce sommessa.
Se suonasse la voce anche il palpito breve
del silenzio che dura, si farebbe dolore.

Tornerebbereo i gesti del vano dolore,
percuotendo le cose nel rombo del tempo.
Ma la voce non torna, e il susurro remoto
non increspa il ricordo. L'immobile luce
dà il suo palpito fresco. Per sempre il silenzio
tace rauco e sommesso nel ricordo d'allora.

LA VOCE



Each day the silence of the lonely room
closes in on the gentle rustle of gestures
like air. Each day the small window is opened,
motionless, to the hushed air. The voice,
hoarse and sweet, won't break this cool silence.

The motionless air expands like the breath
of one who might speak, then falls silent. Each day
is the same, the same voice not breaking the silence,
hoarse and always the same in the stillness
of memory. The bright window accompanies,
with its brief tremor, the calm of that time.

Each gesture jolts the calm of that time.
At the sound of that voice, the pain would return,
and the gestures, too, in the astonished air,
and words, and words, uttered so softly.
The sound of that voice would be a brief tremor
in lasting silence; even that would cause pain.

The gestures of pointless pain would return,
jolting all things in the rumble of time.
But the voice won't return, and the distant whisper
won't ripple memory's surface. A cool tremor
runs through the still light. In the memory of that time,
the soft, hoarse silence falls silent for good.

KAVEH VARES

إلهي

أَعْتَيْ عَلَيْهِمْ لَقْدَ عَقَرُوا نَاقَتِي وَأَبَاحُوا دَمِي فِي بِيوتٍ أَذْنُتَ بَأْنَ لَا يُرَاقُ دَمٌ فَوْقَ سُجَّادِهَا!

إلهي:

أَعُوذُ بِكَ الْآنَ مِنْ شَرِّ أَهْلِي

يَبِيعُونَ خُمُرًا رَدِيئًا

وَيُؤْذُونَ لَيْلَ السَّكَارَى الْبَرِيءِ!

إلهي: لَقَدْ تَمَّ بَيْعُ التَّذَاكِرِ لِلْآخِرَةِ

وَلَمْ أَجِدْ الْمَالَ، وَالْوَقْتَ، وَالْعُذْرَ

كَيْ أَقْتَنِي تَذَكْرَهُ

فَمَزَقَ تَذَاكِرَهُمْ يَا إِلَهِي

لِيَسْعِدَ قَلْبِي

أَلَمْ تَعُدِ النَّاسَ بِالْمَغْفِرَةِ

إلهي:

أُرِيدُ جَرَادًا لِكُلِّ الْحَقُولِ

وَمَحُوَ جَمِيعِ النَّقَاطِ

وَقَحَطَا لِكُلِّ الْفُصُولِ

وَطِيرًا أَبَابِيلَ لِلِإِحْتِيَاظِ!

صَدَقَتْ إِلَهِي: إِنَّ الْمُلُوكَ كَمَا الرُّؤَسَاءُ إِذَا دَخَلُوا قَرْيَةً أَفْسَدُوهَا فَخَرَّبَتْ قُصُورَ الْمُلُوكِ لِيَصْلَحَ أَمْرُ

الْقَرْيِ



RED VELVET

O God

Help me resist them
they slaughtered my camel and
authorized the shedding of my blood
in placed where you forbade the spilling of blood on its prayer
rugs.

O god

I seek refuge in you from the evil of my kinsmen
They sell bad wine in daylight, and spoil the drunkards'
innocuous night.

O God

The tickets for the afterlife were sold out
and I did not have the money, the time, and the reason
to buy one
so please, tear their tickets, O God
and let my heart rejoice
did not you promise us forgiveness.

O God

Send locusts to devastate all the fields
and to erase all the points
send droughts for all seasons
and swarms of birds to destroy their supplies.

O my god, you spoke the truth

kings, like presidents
when they conquer a village
they ruin it
so O my God, please destroy their palaces
so that order shall be restored in villages.

from **Supplications (Mohamed Sghaïer Ouled Ahmed)**

ALISA APRELEVA

Тишина, край времени...
Я держусь за край времени.
Не могу смотреть, закрываю глаза:
тишина...

Я хочу прикоснуться к Твоим рукам...

Кто Ты, Запретивший войне быть?
Кто Ты, о Ком тает воском душа?
Запечатлевший в моём зрачке свет,
Всепроникающий огонь -
Кто Ты?

Я хочу прикоснуться к Твоим рукам!

Остановил моё сердце, как маятник -
рука матери, не спящей у колыбели,
откуда в ночь - крылами белыми
ангел...

Кто Ты?!

Тишина, край времени...
Я держусь за край времени.
Не могу смотреть, закрываю глаза,

Тишина...



SILENTIUM

Silence, edge of time...
Holding on to the edge of time.
I cannot look, I close my eyes:
silence...

I want to reach to Thy hands...

Who art Thou, who forbade the war to be?
Who art Thou, for whom the soul is dying like wax?
Thou Who hast rendered day to my eyes,
Thou Who are all-pervading light -
Who art Thou?

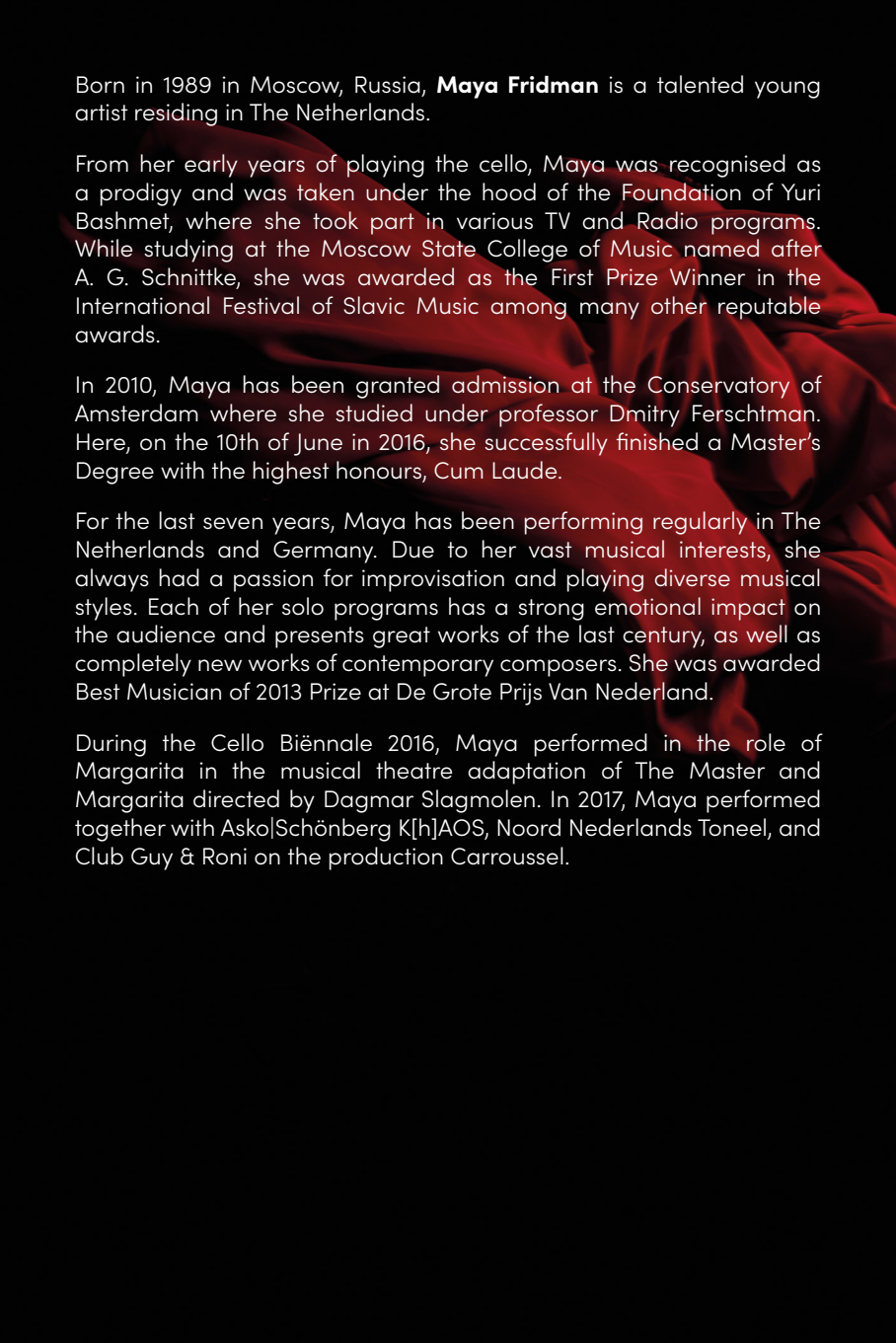
I want to reach to Thy hands!

Thou'st stopped my heart
as a ticker's stopped by a hand
of a mother, wakeful by cradle,
from where tonight
a new angel is rising...

Who art Thou?!

Silence, edge of time...
Holding on to the edge of time.
I cannot look, I close my eyes,

Silence...



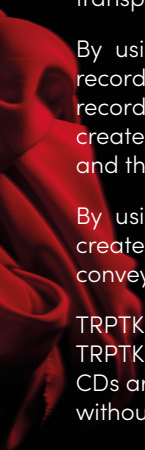
Born in 1989 in Moscow, Russia, **Maya Fridman** is a talented young artist residing in The Netherlands.

From her early years of playing the cello, Maya was recognised as a prodigy and was taken under the hood of the Foundation of Yuri Bashmet, where she took part in various TV and Radio programs. While studying at the Moscow State College of Music named after A. G. Schnittke, she was awarded as the First Prize Winner in the International Festival of Slavic Music among many other reputable awards.

In 2010, Maya has been granted admission at the Conservatory of Amsterdam where she studied under professor Dmitry Ferschtman. Here, on the 10th of June in 2016, she successfully finished a Master's Degree with the highest honours, Cum Laude.

For the last seven years, Maya has been performing regularly in The Netherlands and Germany. Due to her vast musical interests, she always had a passion for improvisation and playing diverse musical styles. Each of her solo programs has a strong emotional impact on the audience and presents great works of the last century, as well as completely new works of contemporary composers. She was awarded Best Musician of 2013 Prize at De Grote Prijs Van Nederland.

During the Cello Biënnale 2016, Maya performed in the role of Margarita in the musical theatre adaptation of The Master and Margarita directed by Dagmar Slagmolen. In 2017, Maya performed together with Asko|Schönberg K[h]AOS, Noord Nederlands Toneel, and Club Guy & Roni on the production Carroussel.



TRPTK was founded in 2014 by audio engineer Brendon Heinst, music producer Luuk Meijssen, and cinematographer Nicky Regelink, as a movement against degradation of sound quality and emotional impact in the music industry.

Involved in more than 90 recordings to date, audio engineer Brendon Heinst felt it was high time to change the way music is recorded nowadays, and to create modern-sounding recordings with completely transparent equipment and techniques.

By using state-of-the-art recording technologies such as the DXD recording and mastering format of 352.8 kHz 24 bits, custom-built recording equipment and ultra-high-end cabling, TRPTK strives to create a completely emotionally transparent path between the artist and the listener.

By using 5.1-channel surround sound recording techniques, TRPTK creates an immersive experience, acoustically and emotionally conveying the recorded performance.

TRPTKs recordings are always recorded, mixed and mastered by TRPTKs engineer Brendon Heinst and producer Luuk Meijssen, and CDs are created directly from the DXD 352.8 kHz 24 bits stereo master, without any intermediate steps involved.

TRPTK proudly uses **Furutech** cabling and **Dutch & Dutch** loudspeakers at their recording and mastering facilities, carefully optimized by **Acoustic Matters**.

This recording was made on March 13th to 15th 2017 at MerkAz in Utrecht, The Netherlands.

Microphones Sonodore RCM-402
Sonodore MPM-81 Tube

Preamplifiers Sonodore MPA-502
Avalon M5

Cabling Furutech FA-aS21 analog interlinks
Furutech FX-Alpha-Ag digital interlinks
Furutech The Empire power cables
Furutech The Astoria power cables

AD/DA Conversion Merging Technologies HAPI

Monitoring Dutch & Dutch 8c loudspeakers
Questyle CMA800R Gold headphone amplifiers
Sennheiser HD800s headphones

Questyle
Audio Engineering

FURUTECH
PURE TRANSMISSION



DUTCH & DUTCH



Recording, Mixing & Mastering Brendon Heinst

Photography & Artwork Brendon Heinst

Liner Notes Maya Fridman

trptk