

Serban Nichifor

Compositeur, Professeur

Roumanie, Bucarest

A propos de l'artiste

http://www.voxnovus.com/composer/Serban_Nichifor.htm

Qualification: PROFESSEUR DOCTEUR EN COMPOSITION ET MUSICOLOGIE

Site Internet: http://romania-on-line.net/whoswho/NichiforSerban.htm

Sociétaire: SABAM - Code IPI artiste: I-000391194-0

A propos de la pièce



Titre: EXODUS, poème de Benjamin Fondane

Compositeur: Nichifor, Serban
Arrangeur: Nichifor, Serban
Licence: Public Domain
Instrumentation: Video Opera

Style: Classique moderne

Serban Nichifor sur free-scores.com

http://www.free-scores.com/partitions_gratuites_serbannichifor.htm

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SERBAN NICHIFOR

EXODUS - POEM BY BENJAMIN FONDANE (My Last Will And Testament)

To Veronica Anghelescu

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CONCERT CAMERAL

NUOVA MUSICA CONSONANTE LIVING MUSIC FOUNDATION USA @ 20 (1994 - 2014)

Program

Serban Nichifor

Liana Alexandra

Dan Dediu

Douglas DaSilva Elena Apostol

& Vladimir Diaconescu Stefan Trăusan-Matu Ştefan Trăuşan-Matu Stefan Trăusan-Matu Costin Miereanu

Alberto Ginastera Liana Alexandra Robert Voisey

Exodus pe versuri de Benjamin Fundoianu (2013 - p.a.a.)

Interpretează ALMA BOIANGIU *Cadenza* pentru pian (1992)

Interpretează ELVIRA BLAJAN

Unicorn's Agony pentru vioară și pian, op. 42 (1999) Interpretează SIMONA SAMOIL, ELVIRA BLAJAN

Waterfall pentru violoncel și mediu electroacustic (2014 - p.a.a.)

Liana pentru violoncel solo (2013 - p.a.)

Interpretează ŞERBAN NICHIFOR

- CHAT SONIFICATIONS pentru mediu electroacustic (2013 p.a.a.)

Correspondences

3 Dances

Variations On Boil 'em Cabbage Down

Solo VII pentru violă (1995)

Interpretează CORNELIA PETROIU

States pentru mediu electroacustic (2010 - p.a.)

Welcome Rich - Preludiu pentru pian (2004) Danzas Argentinas (1937

nterpretează ROBERT CIOFU



UNIVERSITATEA POLITEHNICĂ BUCUREȘTI FACULTATEA DE AUTOMÁTICĂ ȘI CALCULATOARE DEPARTAMENTUL DE CALCULATOARE EUROPEAN CONFERENCE OF PROMOTERS OF NEW MUSIC (ECPNM), Coproducători: VOX NOVUS (USA)

BENJAMIN FONDANE / BENJAMIN FUNDOIANU

Exodus: Super Flumina Babylonis

(Preface)

It is to you I speak, antipodal men,

I speak man to man,

with the little in me of man that remains,

with the scrap of voice left in my throat,

my blood lies upon the roads, let it not, let it

not cry out for vengeance!

The death-note is sounded, the beasts hunted down,

let me speak to you with these very words

that have been our share-

few intelligible ones remain.

A day will come, surely, of thirst appeased,

we will be beyond memory, death

will have finished the works of hate,

I will be a clump of nettles beneath your feet,

-ah, then, know that I had a face

like you. A mouth that prayed, like you.

When a bit of dust, or a dream,

entered my eye, this eye shed its drop of salt. And when

a cruel thorn raked my skin

the blood flowed red as your own!

Yes, exactly like you I was cruel, I

yearned for tenderness, for power,

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for gold, for pleasure and pain.

Like you I was mean and anguished,
solid in peacetime, drunk in victory,
and staggering, haggard, in the hour of failure.

Yes, I was a man like other men,
nourished on bread, on dreams, on despair. Oh, yes,
I loved, I wept, I hated, I suffered,
I bought flowers and did not always
pay my rent. Sundays I went to the country
to cast for unreal fish under the eye of God,

that sang among the rushes and I ate fried potatoes in the evening. And afterwards, I came back for bedtime tired, my heart weary and full of loneliness,

I bathed in the river

full of pity for myself, full of pity for man,

searching, searching vainly upon a woman's belly
for that impossible peace we lost
some time ago, in a great orchard where,

flowering, at the center,

is the tree of life.

Like you I read all the papers, all the bestsellers, and I have understood nothing of the world and I have understood nothing of man, though it often happened that I affirmed

the contrary.

And when death, when death came, maybe

I pretended to know what it was, but now truly

I can tell you at this hour,

it has fully entered my astonished eyes,

astonished to understand so littlehave you understood more than I?

And yet, no!

I was not a man like you.

You were not born on the roads,
no one threw your little ones like blind kittens
into the sewer,

you did not wander from city to city
hunted by the police,

the cattle cars

you did not know the disasters of daybreak,

and the bitter sob of abasement,
accused of a wrong you did not do,
of a murder still without a cadaver,
changing your name and your face,
so as not to bear a jeered-at name,
a face that has served for all the world
as a spittoon.

A day will come, no doubt, when this poem will find itself before your eyes. It asks

nothing! Forget it, forget it! It is nothing
but a scream, that cannot fit in a perfect
poem. Have I even time to finish it?
But when you trample on this bunch of nettles
that had been me, in another century,
in a history that you will have canceled,
remember only that I was innocent
and that, like all of you, mortals of this day,
I had, I too had a face marked
by rage, by pity and joy,
an ordinary human face!
[By the rivers of Babylon...]
By the rivers of Babylon we bent down and we wept
but our jailers said:
Sing for us, Israel!

Your expression already drowned, it rushes away

Your eyelids are already heavy

sing us a song

If you remember the country
where you had songs
for rocking children to sleep
for beguiling serpents
for women at the loom
for the laundresses at work
for the Sabbath candles

for the miracles of bread

for the blessing over the wine

for the works and the days

for the aches and the weeks...

We have songs for drunkards

and songs for our idols

for the sailor's goddess

for the priestess of Fate

soldier-songs if anyone has them

songs as beautiful as eggs are round

Then sing us your songs!

from "Meantime"

V

I reckoned you all

yesterday's civilians, bookkeepers, shop owners, farmers

and factory workers and beggars whose nest

is under the bridges of Notre-Dame

and vergers of the sacristy and sons of the Public

Assistance, all the French of France, with clear eyes,

and from the Congo, from the Algerian interior, from Annam

with palm trees hovering in your gaze

and the French of the islands of the Caribbean,

French according to the Rights of Man,

children of the barricade and the guillotine,

republicans, the incorruptible front, the free,

and the Czechs, and the Poles, the Slovaks,
and the Jews from all the ghettos of the world,
who love this land and her shades and her rivers,
who have sown this land with their deaths
and who have become citizens, in death.

XVI

We lay our swollen faces

--it was over-in the ditch

--it was over-and we slept

like dead men under rancid stars.

There wasn't anything to say

or do or eat or dream

--and the dawn was a dirty stream

that swept a shattered world away.

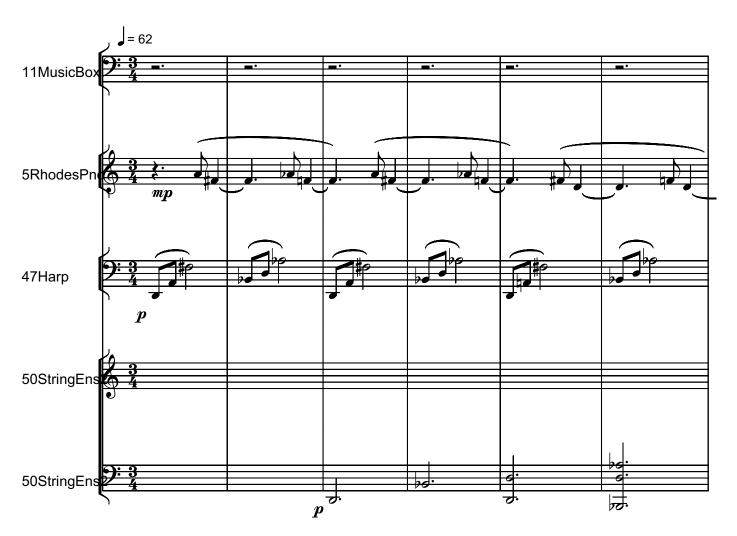
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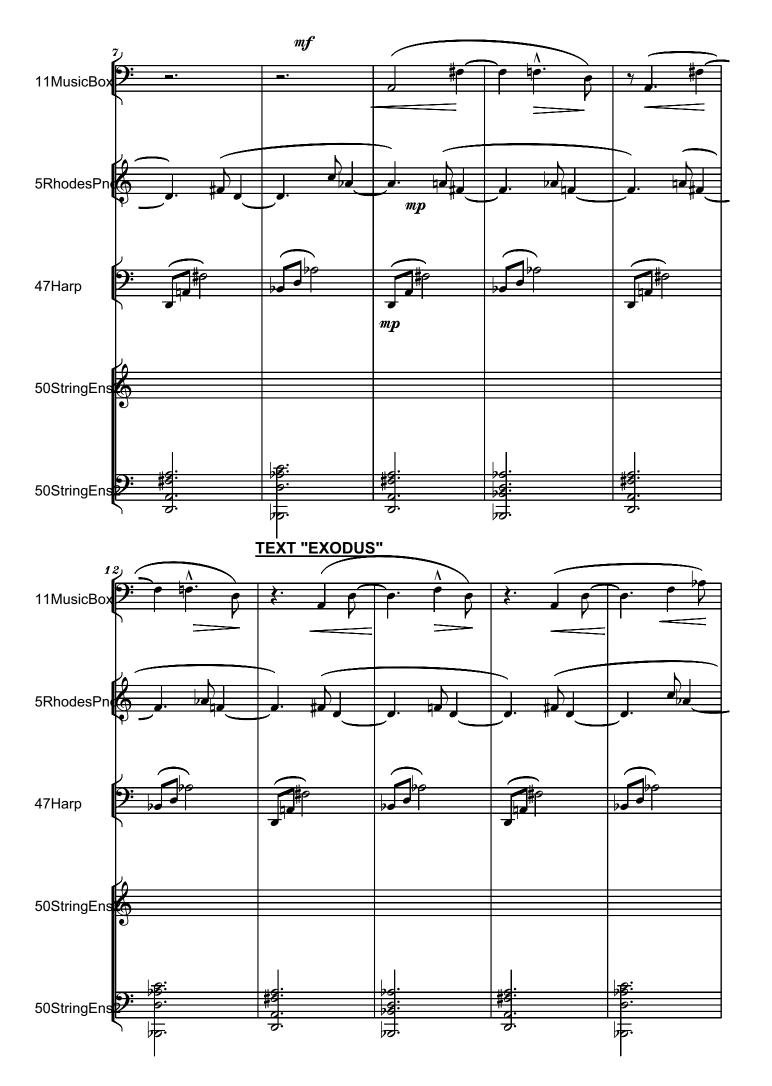
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(My Last Will And Testament)

Largo, Lontano e Dolce, Sempre Poco Rubato - To Veronica Anghelescu -

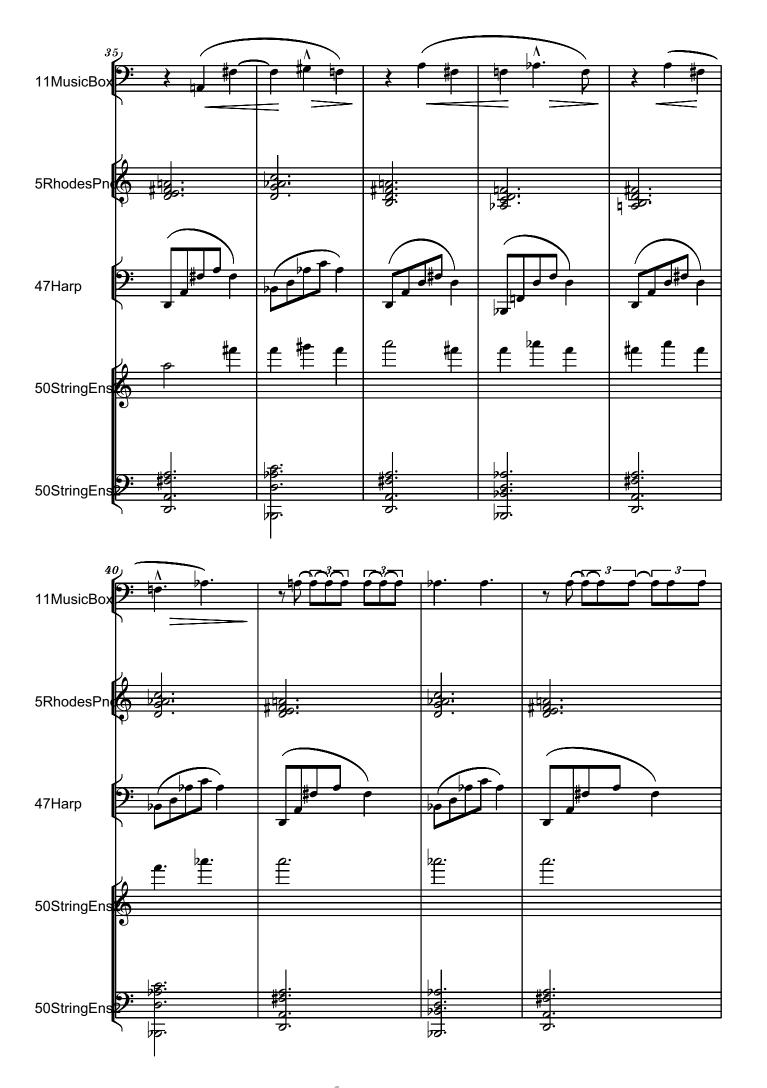
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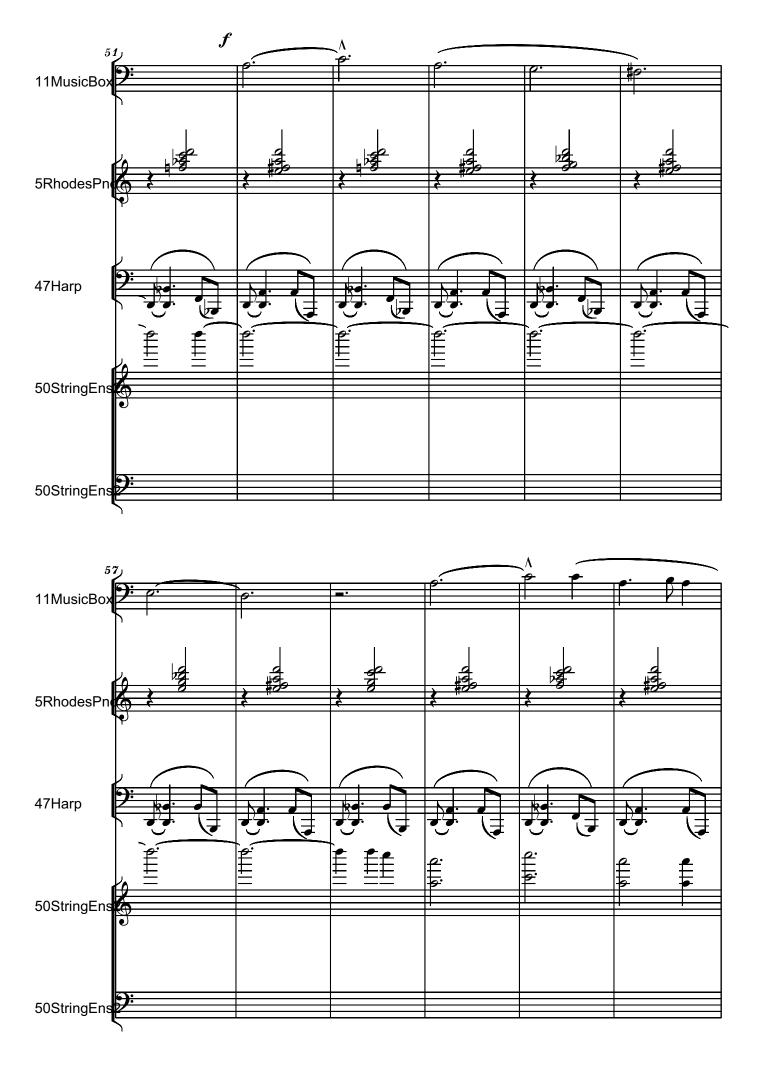


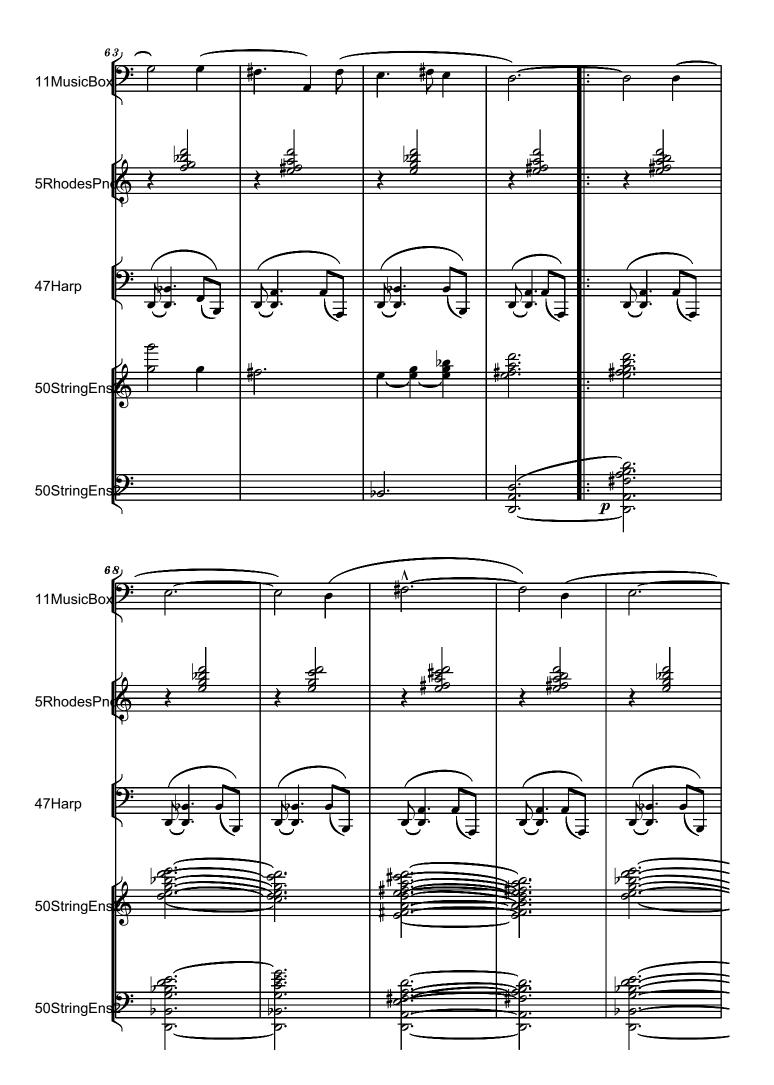


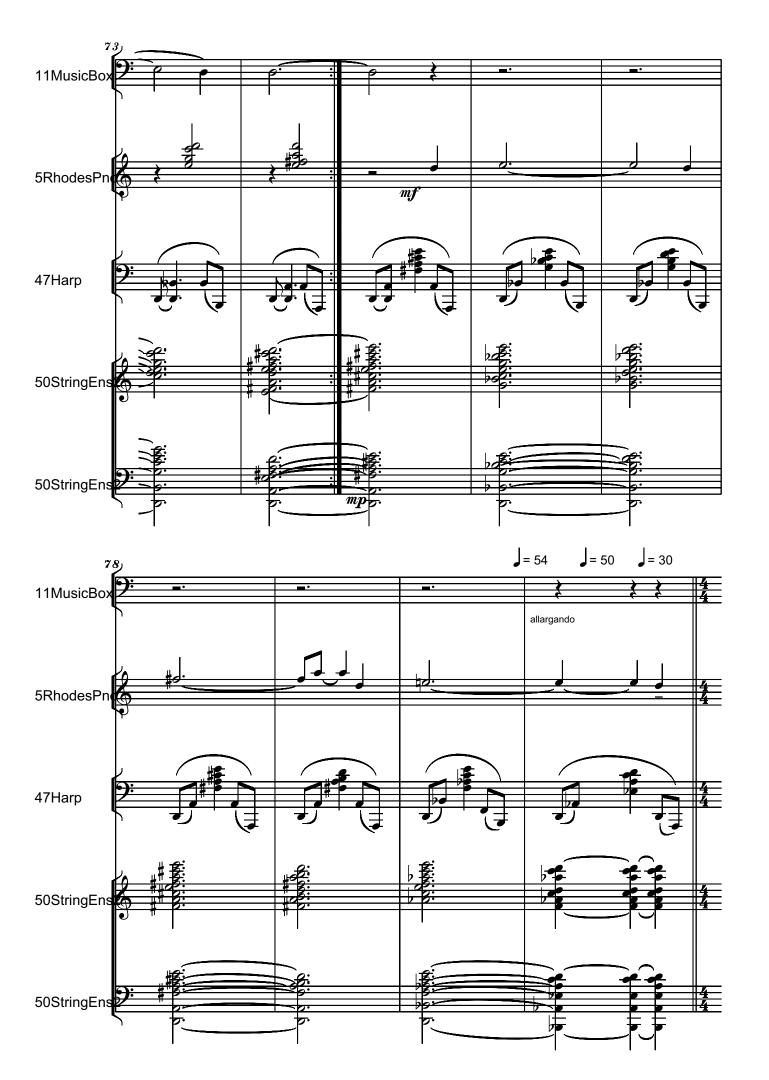












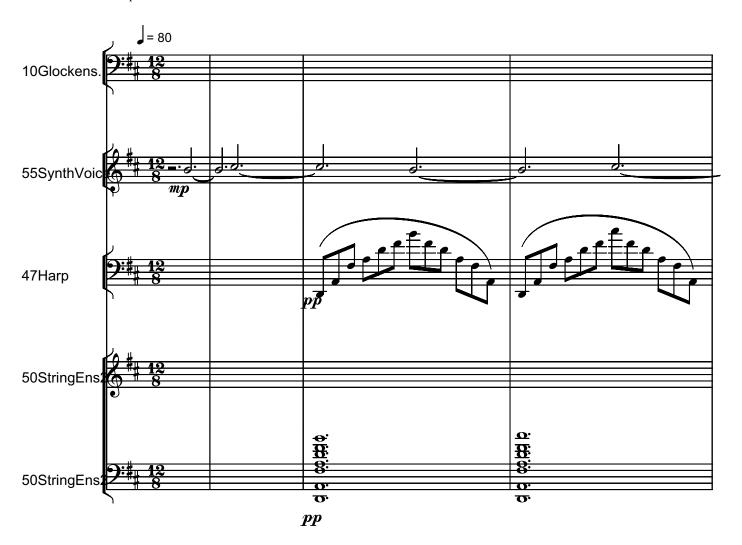


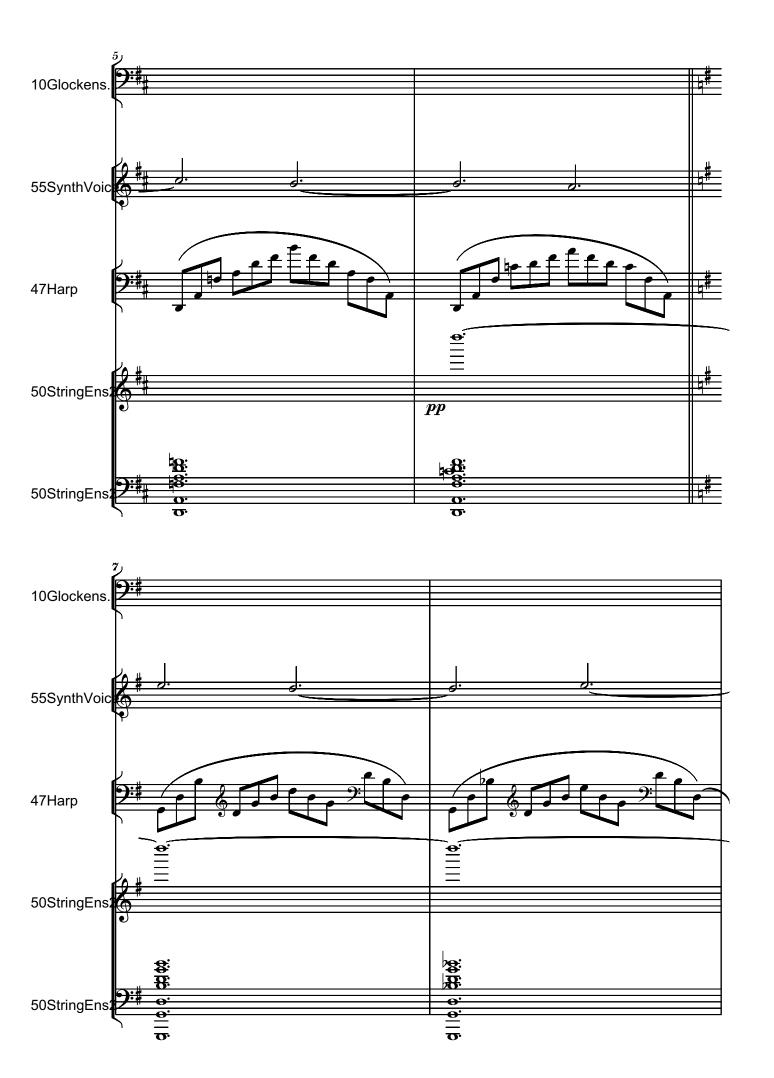
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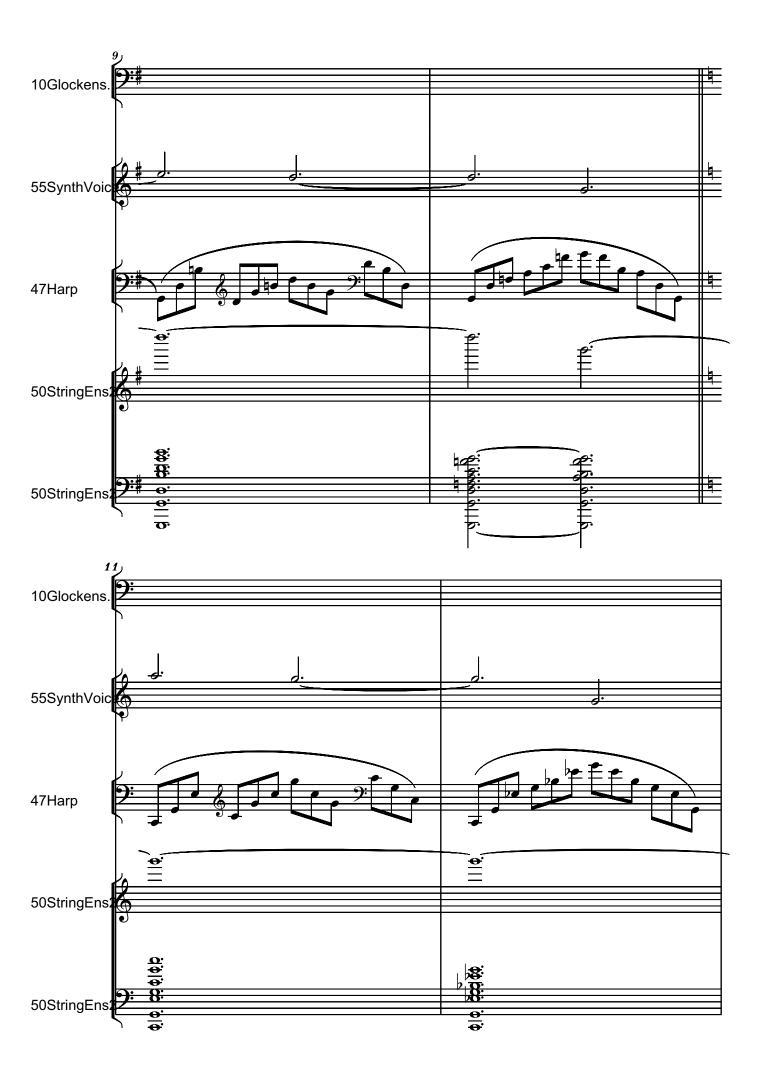
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- To Veronica Anghelescu -

Estatico, Dolce, Sempre Poco Rubato

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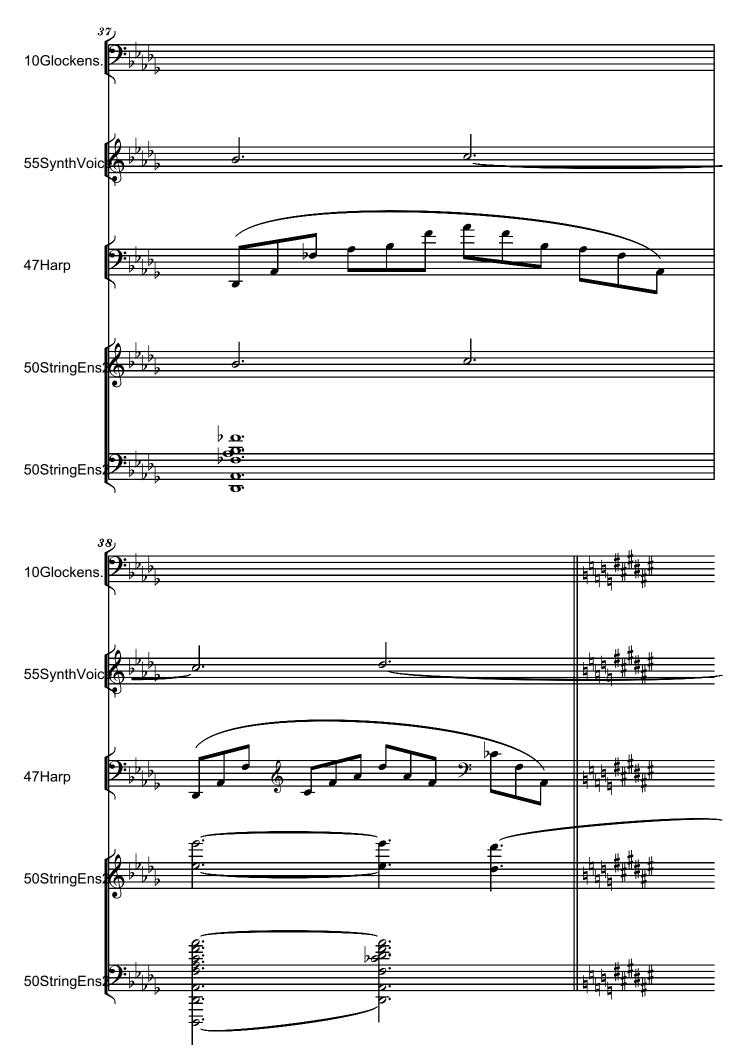


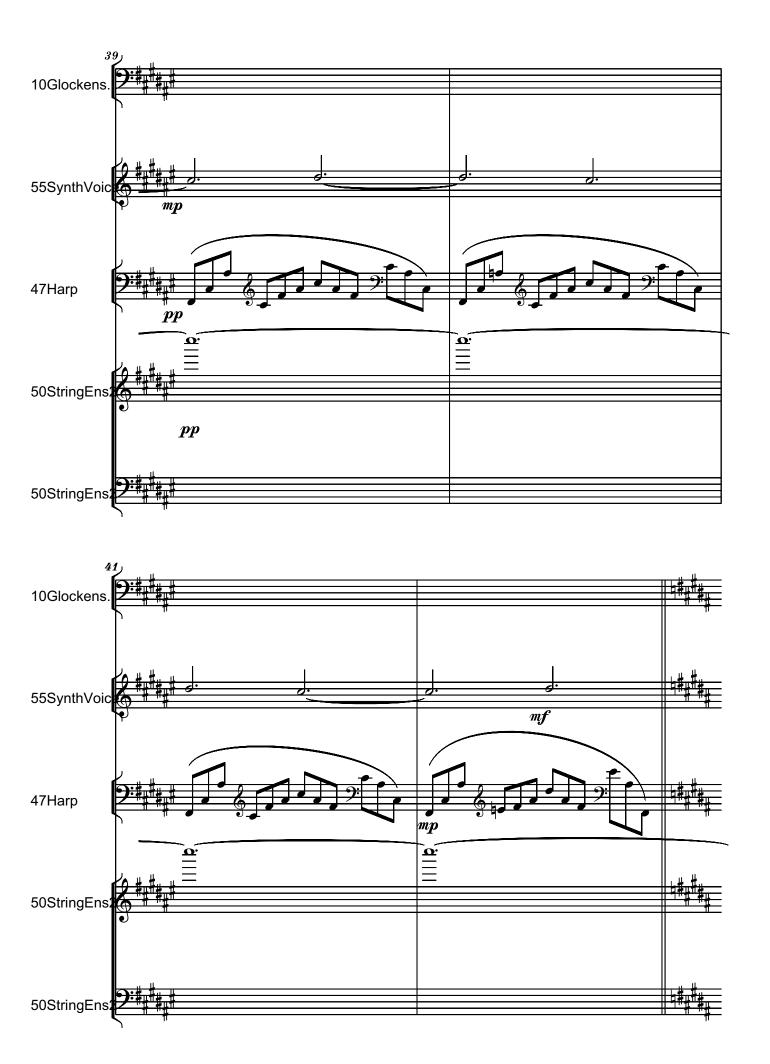




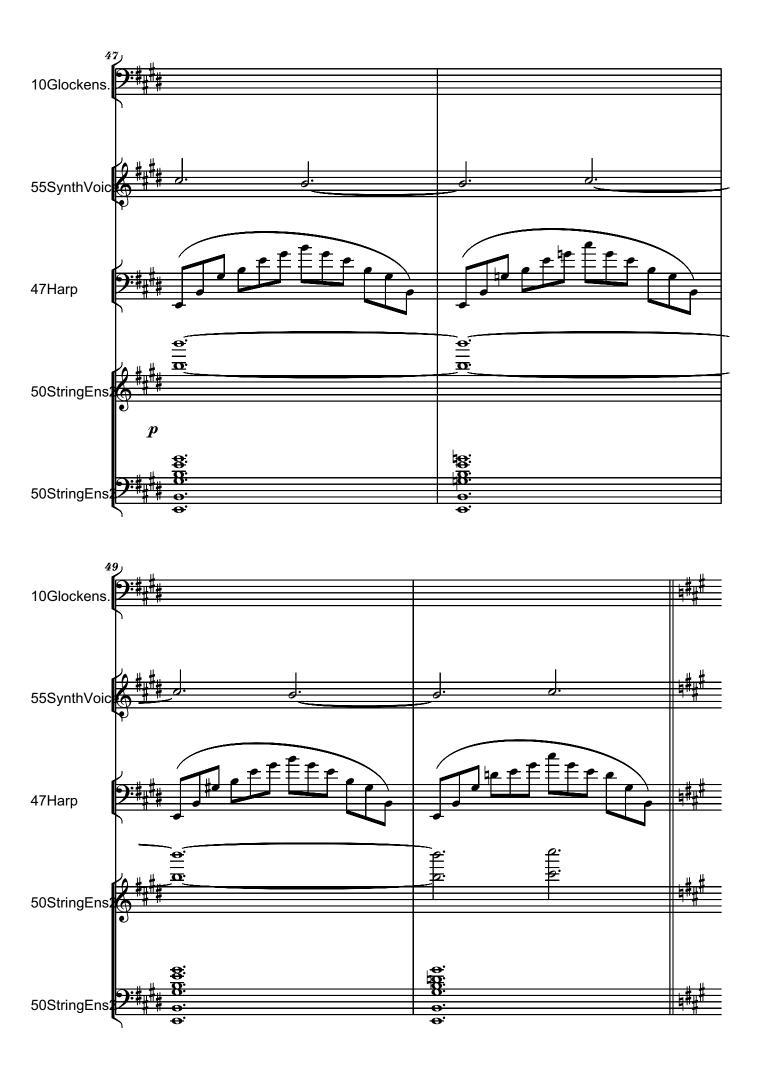


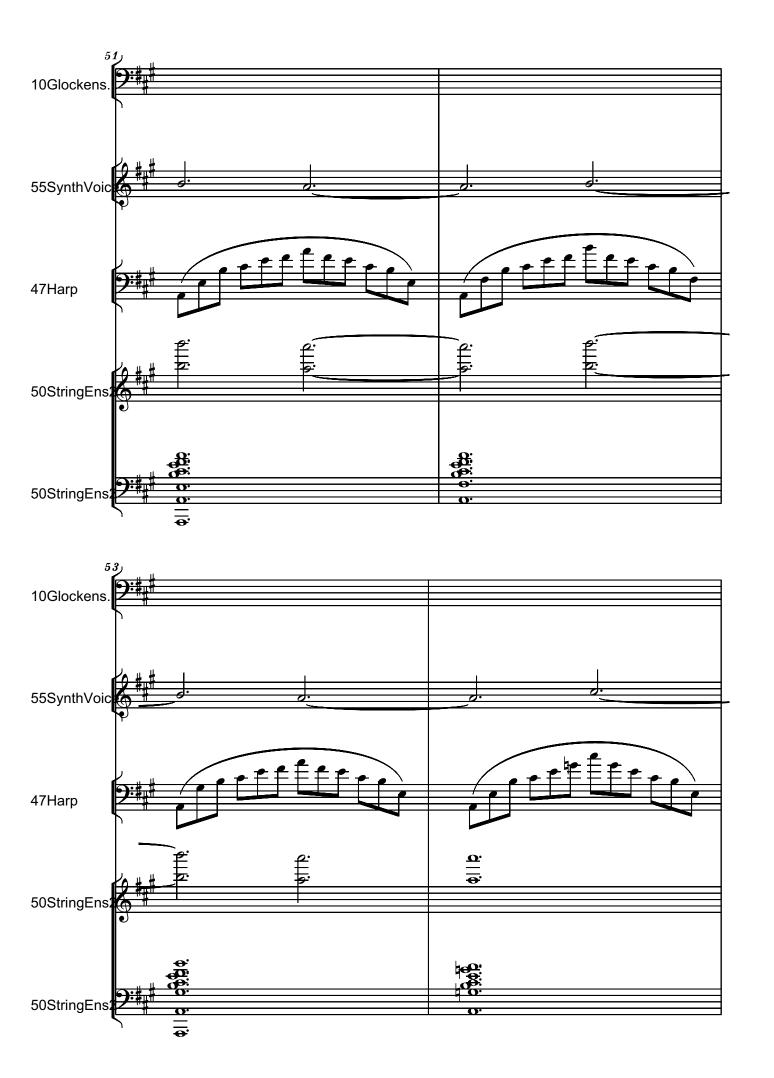


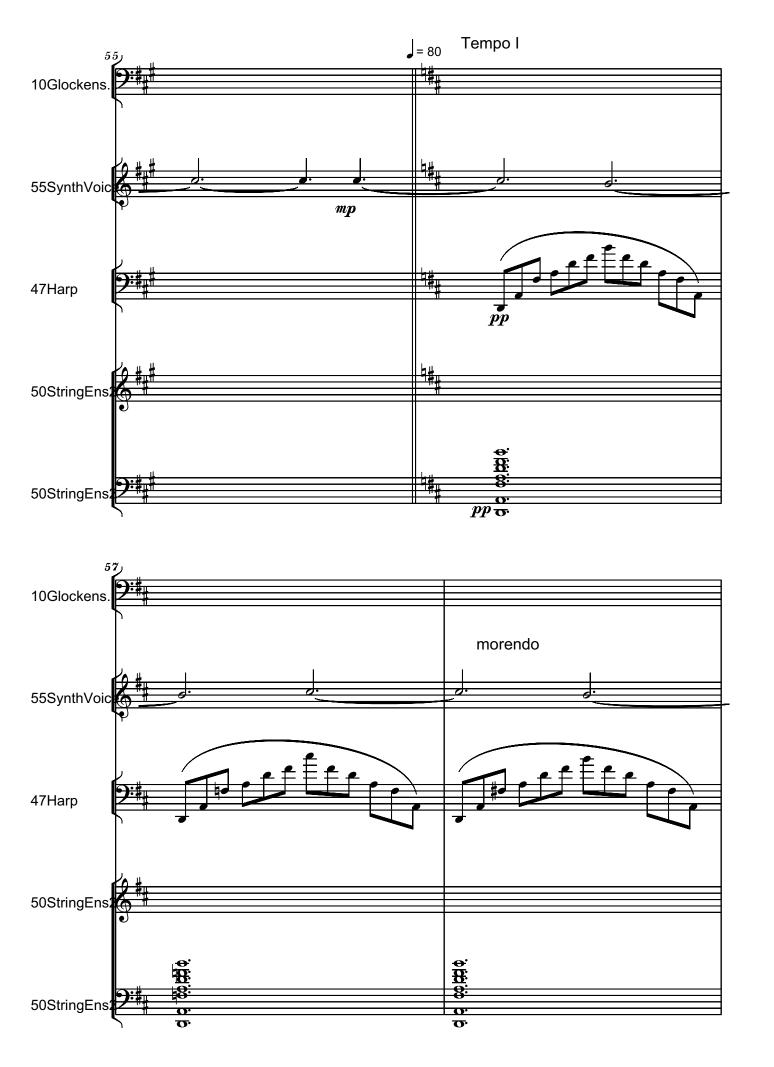














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Sempre Largo, Lontano e Dolce,

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Poco Rubato Serban Nichifor

