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 (Video Opera) [Dedié à Benjamin Fondane et à Liana Alexandra]
Compositeur:	Nichifor, Serban
Licence:	Copyright © Serban Nichifor
Editeur:	Nichifor, Serban
Instrumentation:	Electro accoustique
Style:	Contemporain
Commentaire:	- Benjamin Fondane: http://fr.wikipedia.org/wiki/Benjamin_Fondane - Musique Assisté par Ordinateur (IMAO) crée avec les logiciels “Mozart the music processor™” (parties 1, 2, 3, 9), “Band-in-a-box” (parties 4, 5, 6) et “Noatikl Generative Music Lab” (parties 7, 8).

Serban Nichifor sur free-scores.com

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

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SERBAN NICHIFOR

(15 August 2014)

EXODUS

My Last Will And Testament

In Memory

Benjamin Fondane and Liana Alexandra

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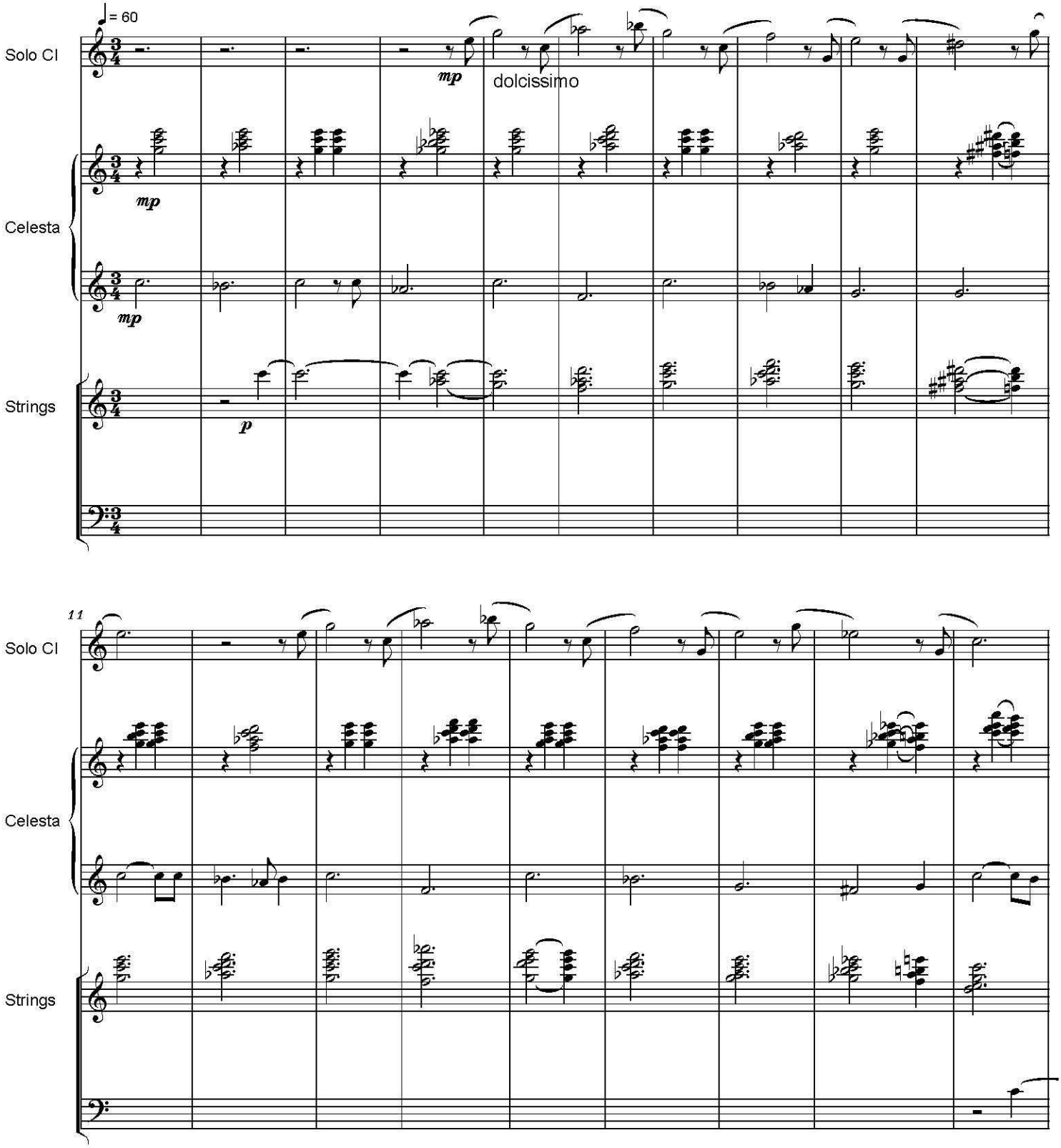
LONTANO WALTZ
for Solo Clarinet, Celesta and Strings
- score in C -

Lento e Lontano, Quasi Senza Tempo

Serban Nichifor



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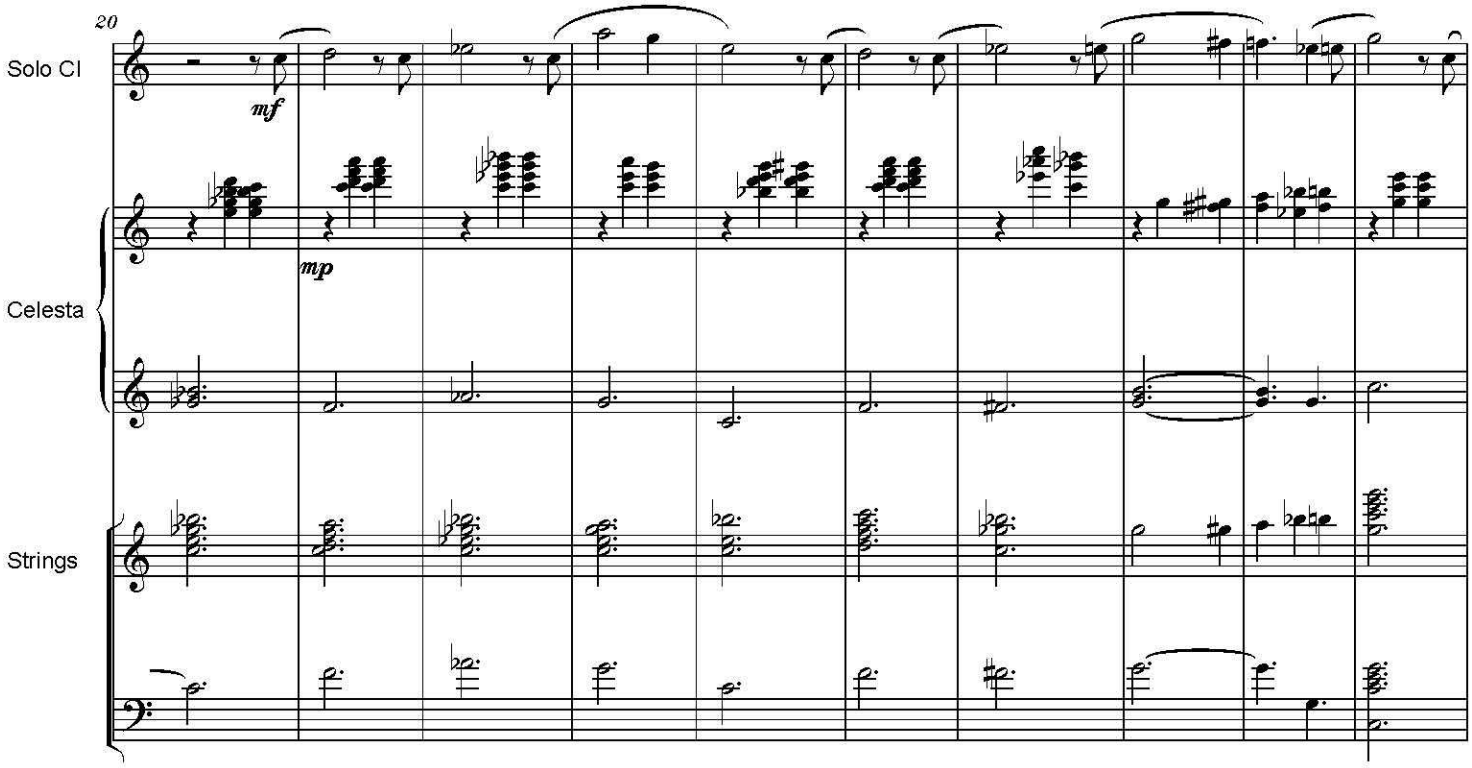

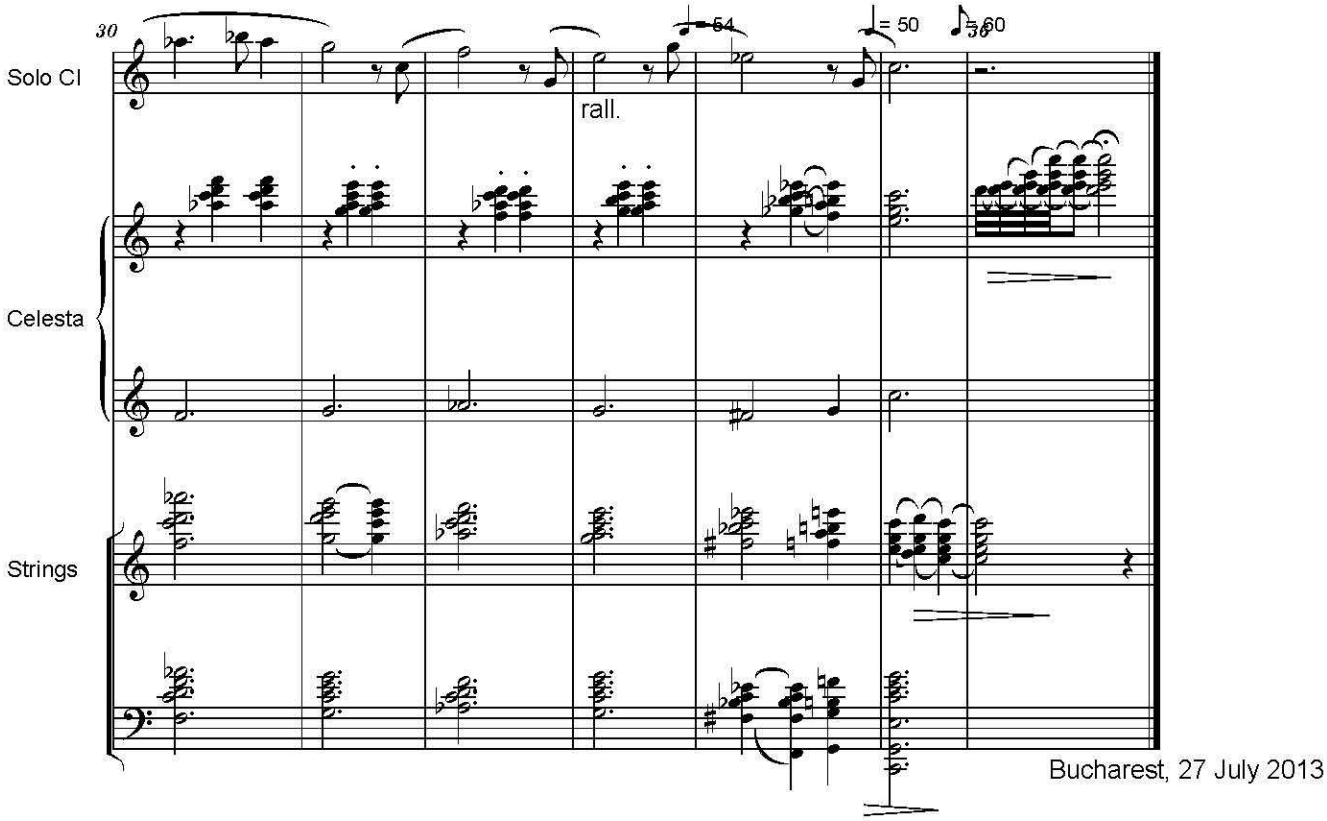

Bucharest, 27 July 2013

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II

EXODUS

Super

Flumina Babylonis

poem by

BENJAMIN FONDANE

free-scores.com

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,

I bathed in the river

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,

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

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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 little-

have 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,

you did not know the disasters of daybreak,

the cattle cars

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

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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 eyelids are already heavy

Your expression already drowned, it rushes away

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

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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,

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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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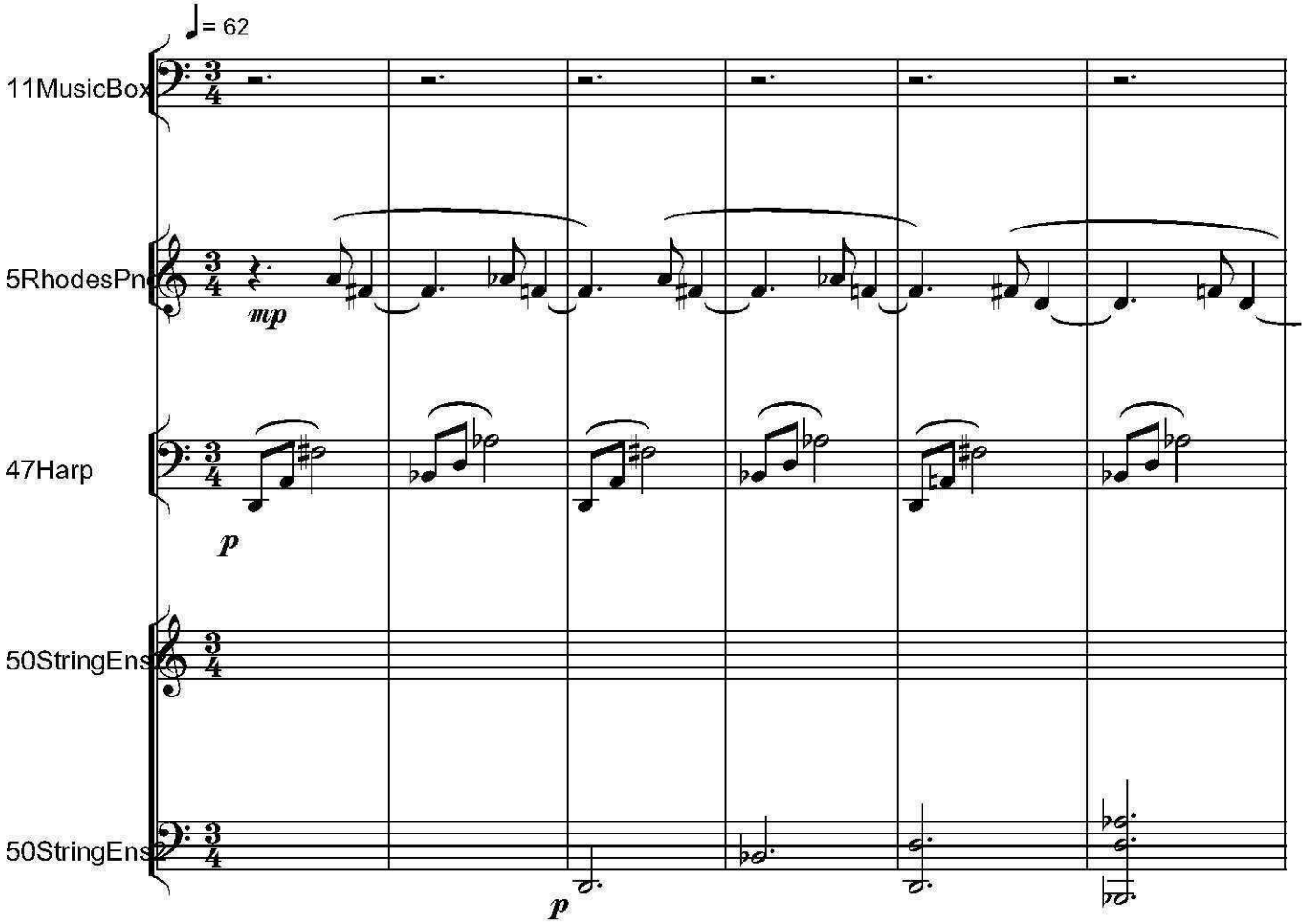
EXODUS - POEM BY BENJAMIN FONDANE

Largo, Lontano e Dolce,
Sempre Poco Rubato

I

Serban Nichifor



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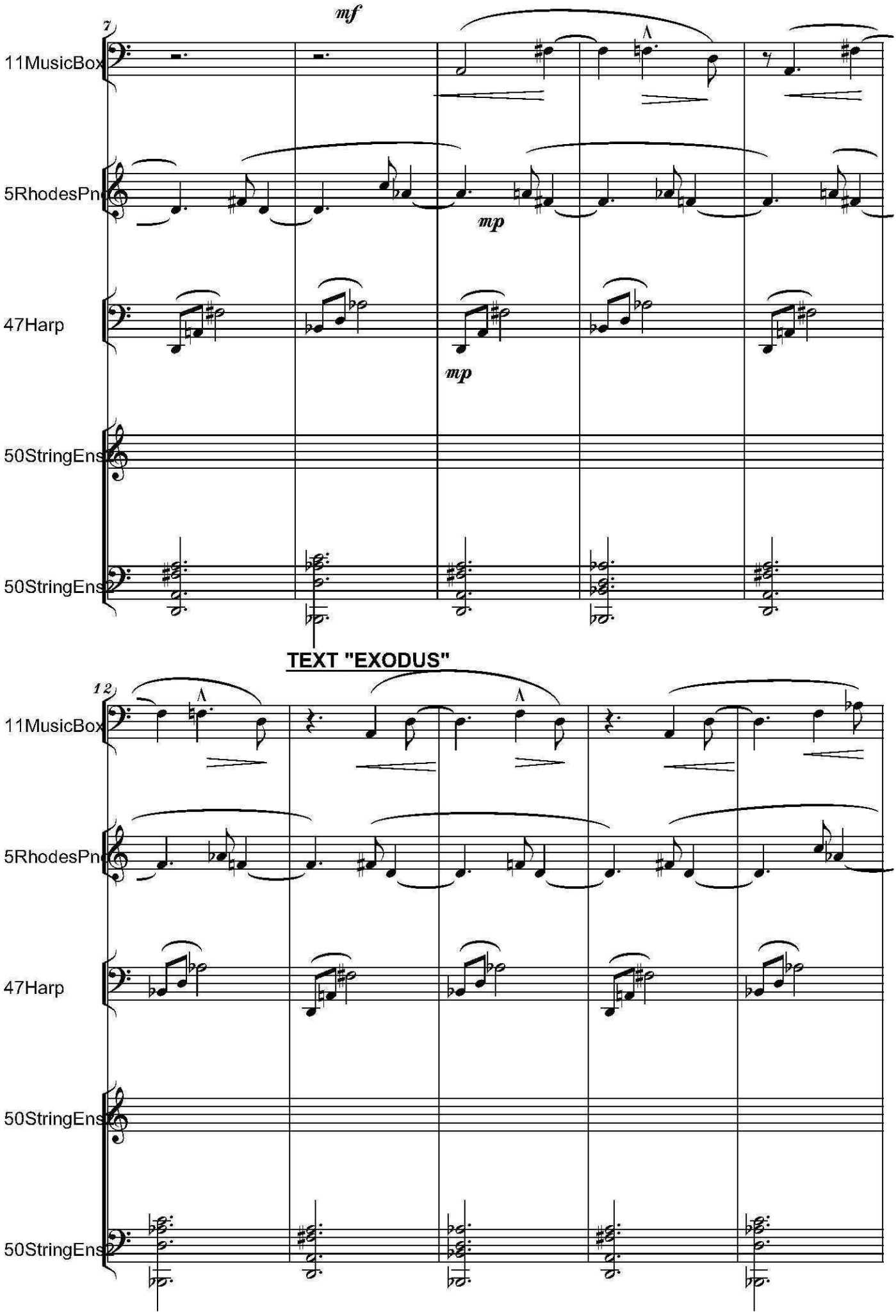

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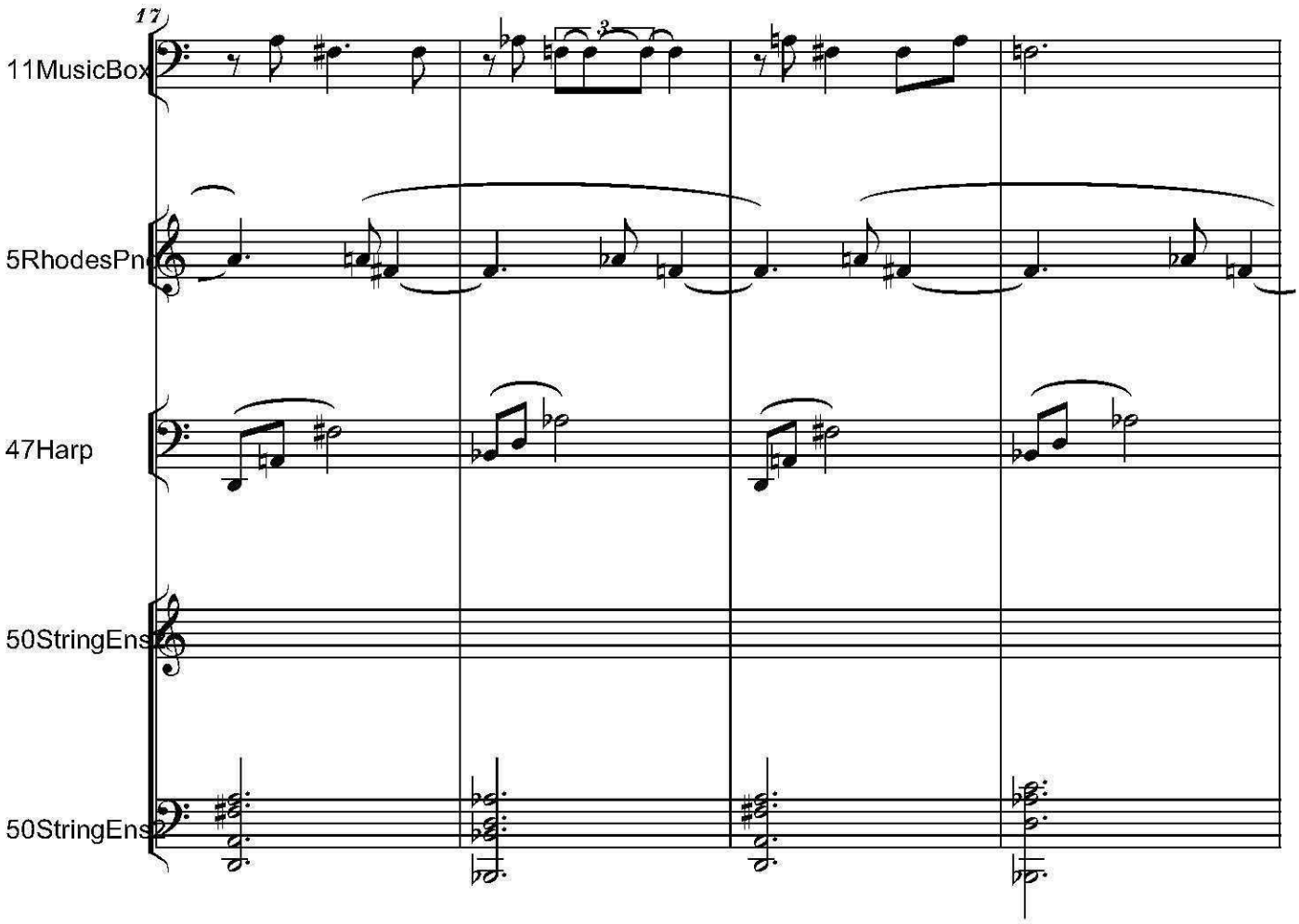

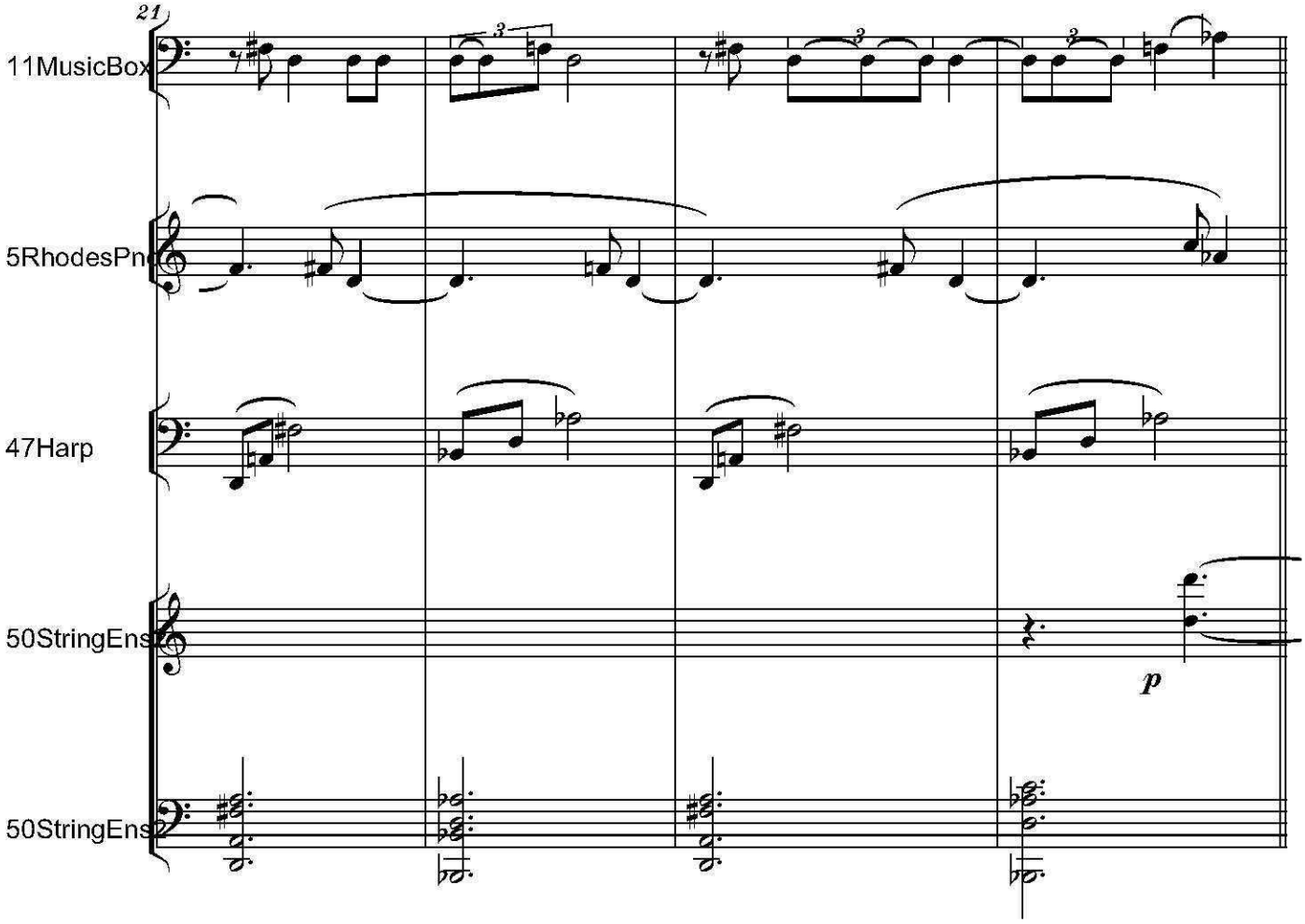

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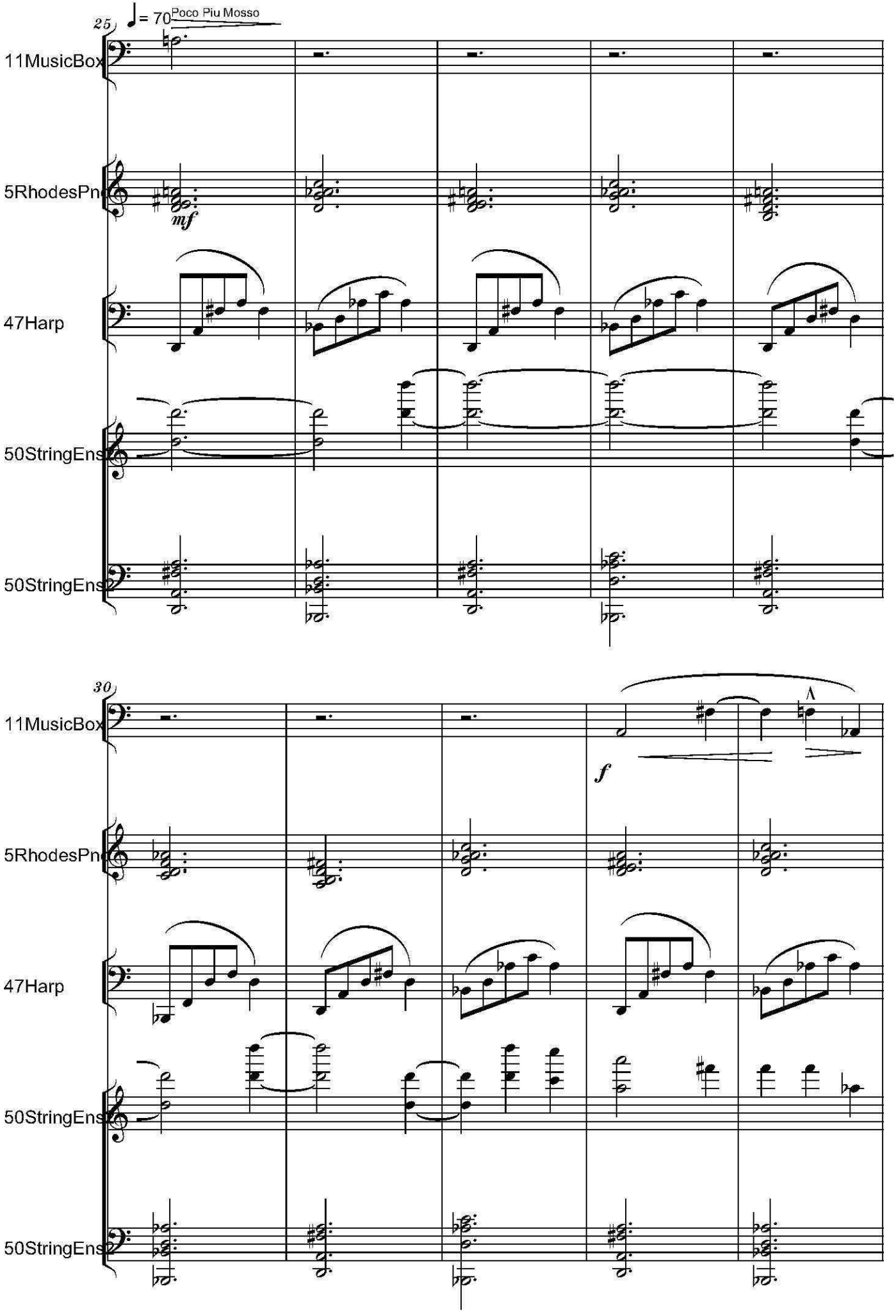

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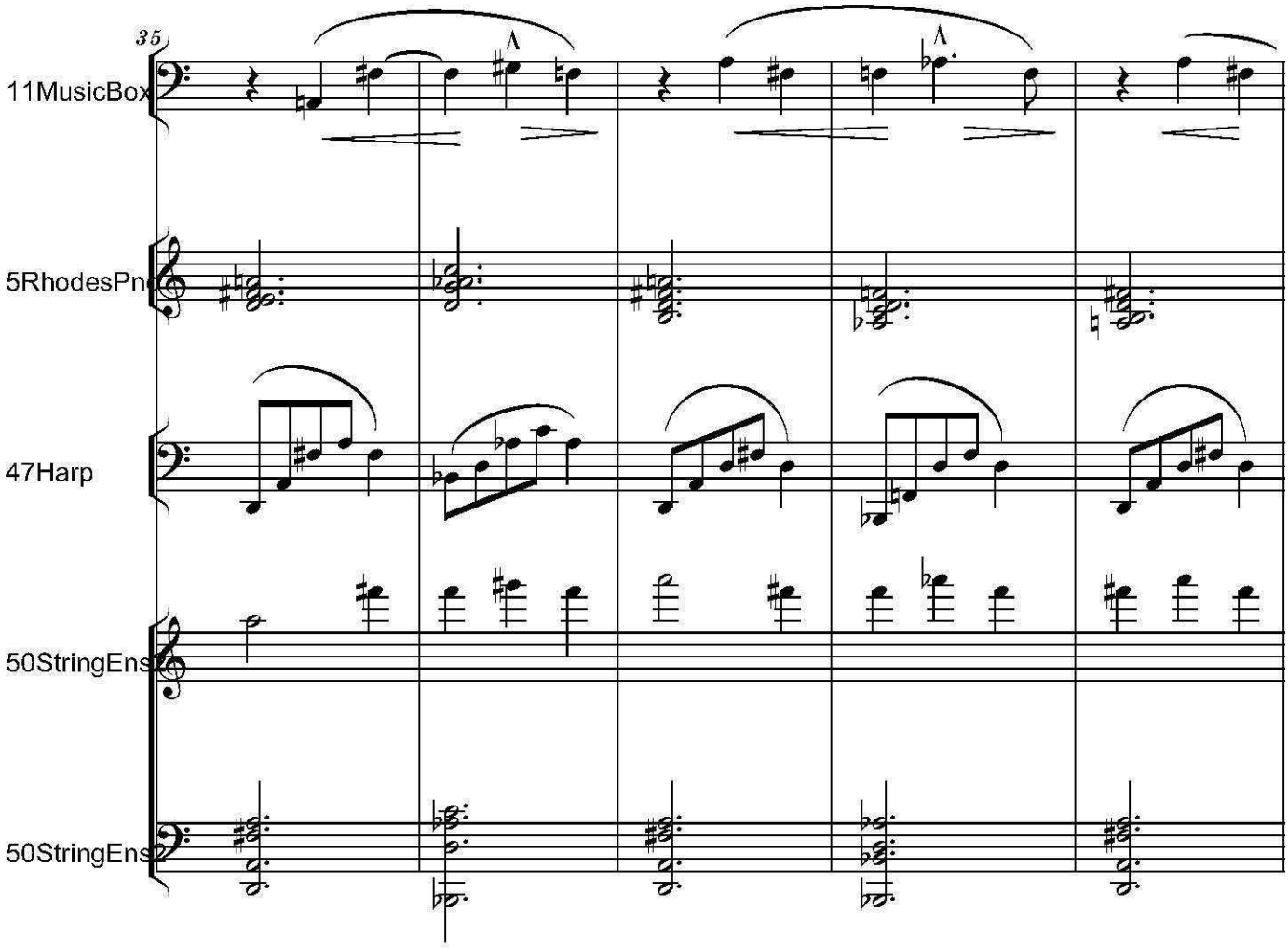

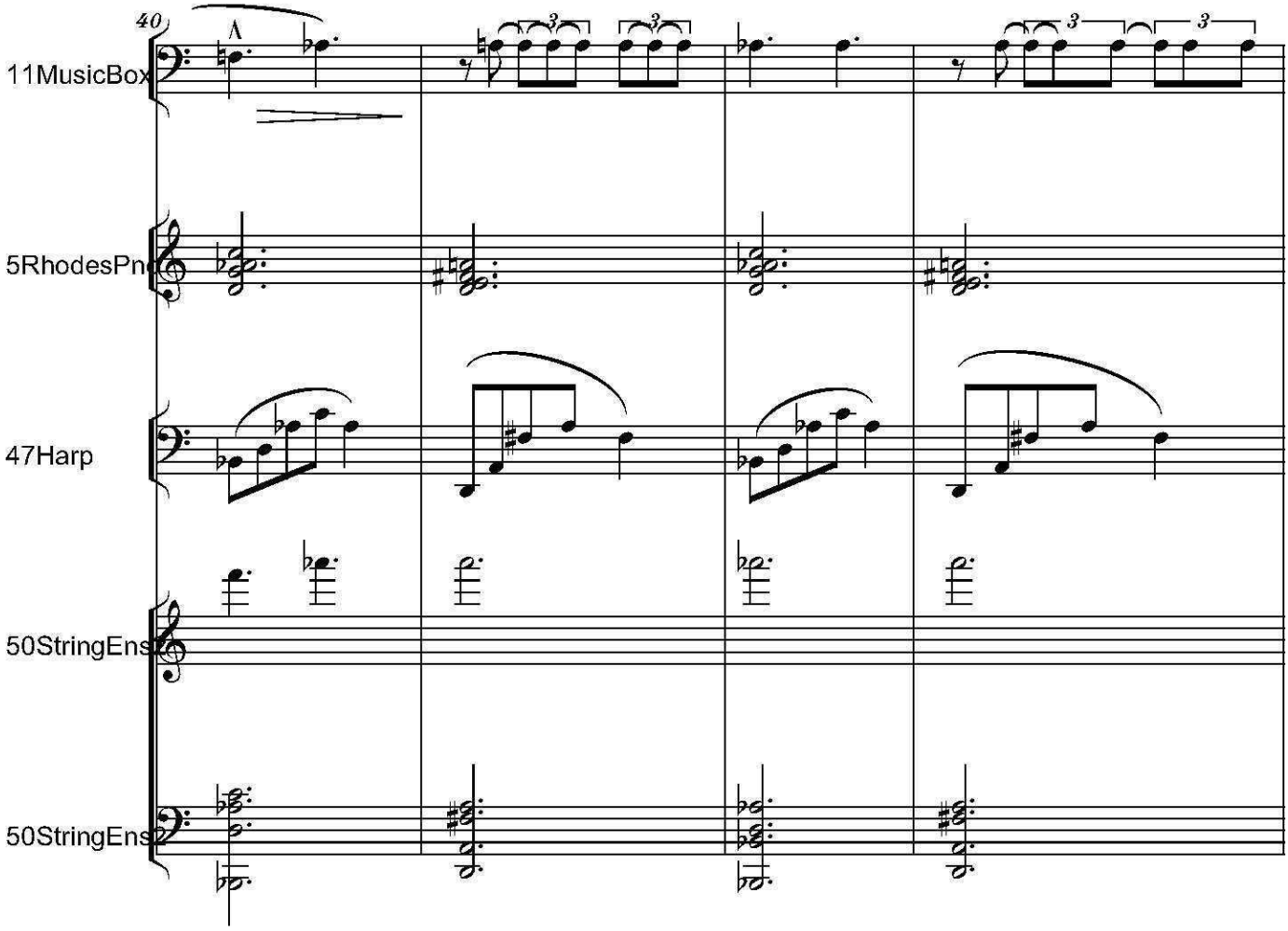

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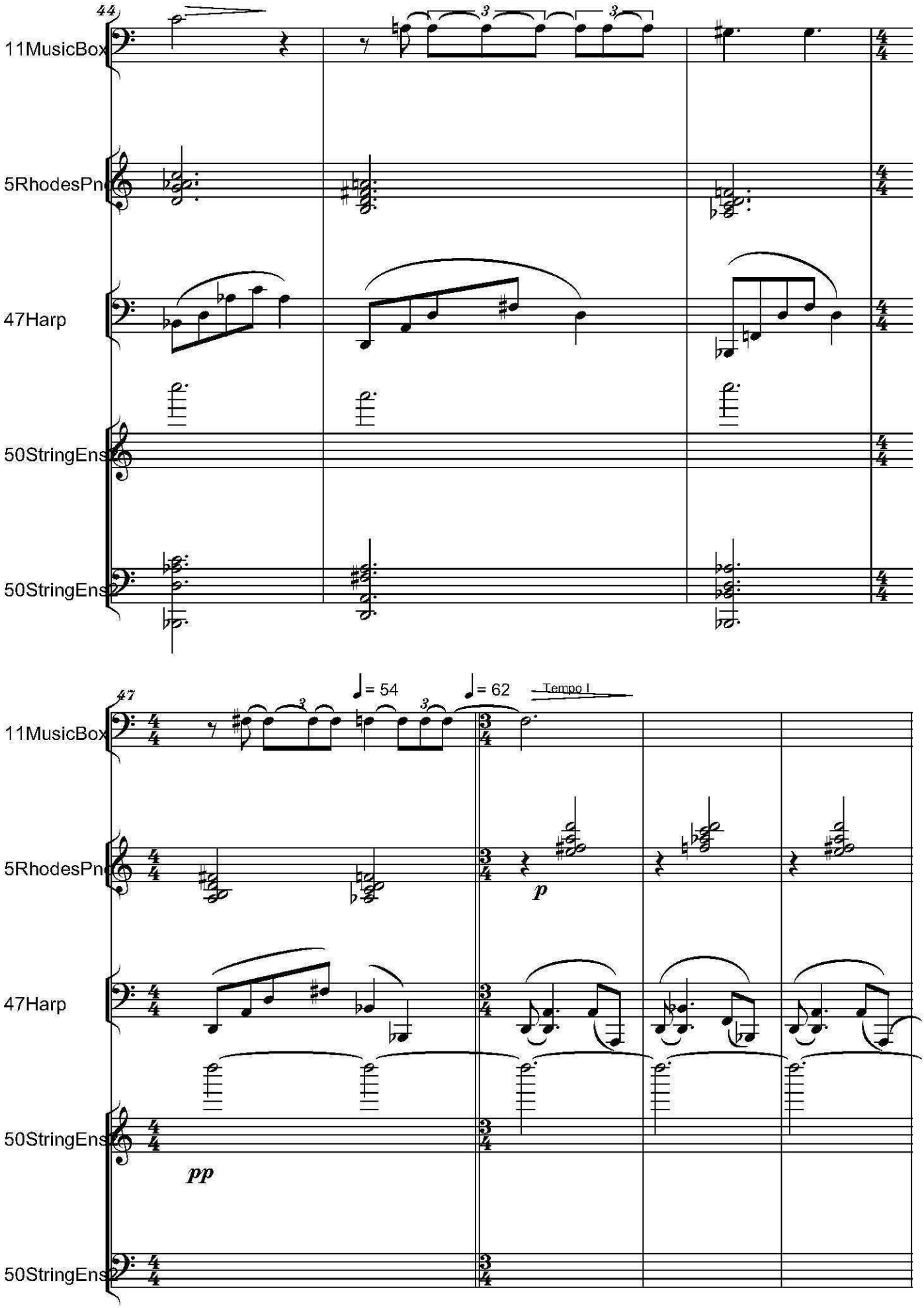

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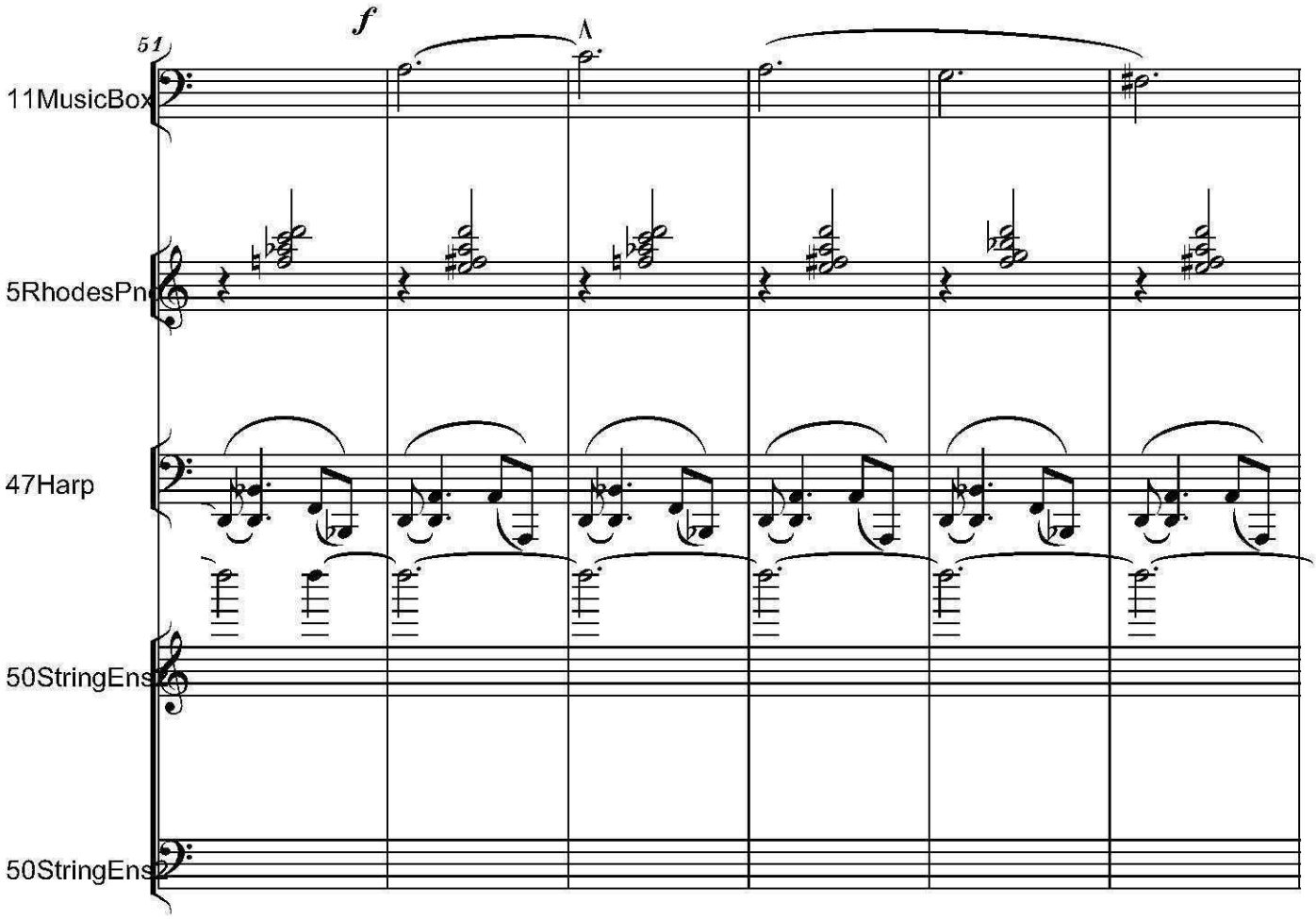

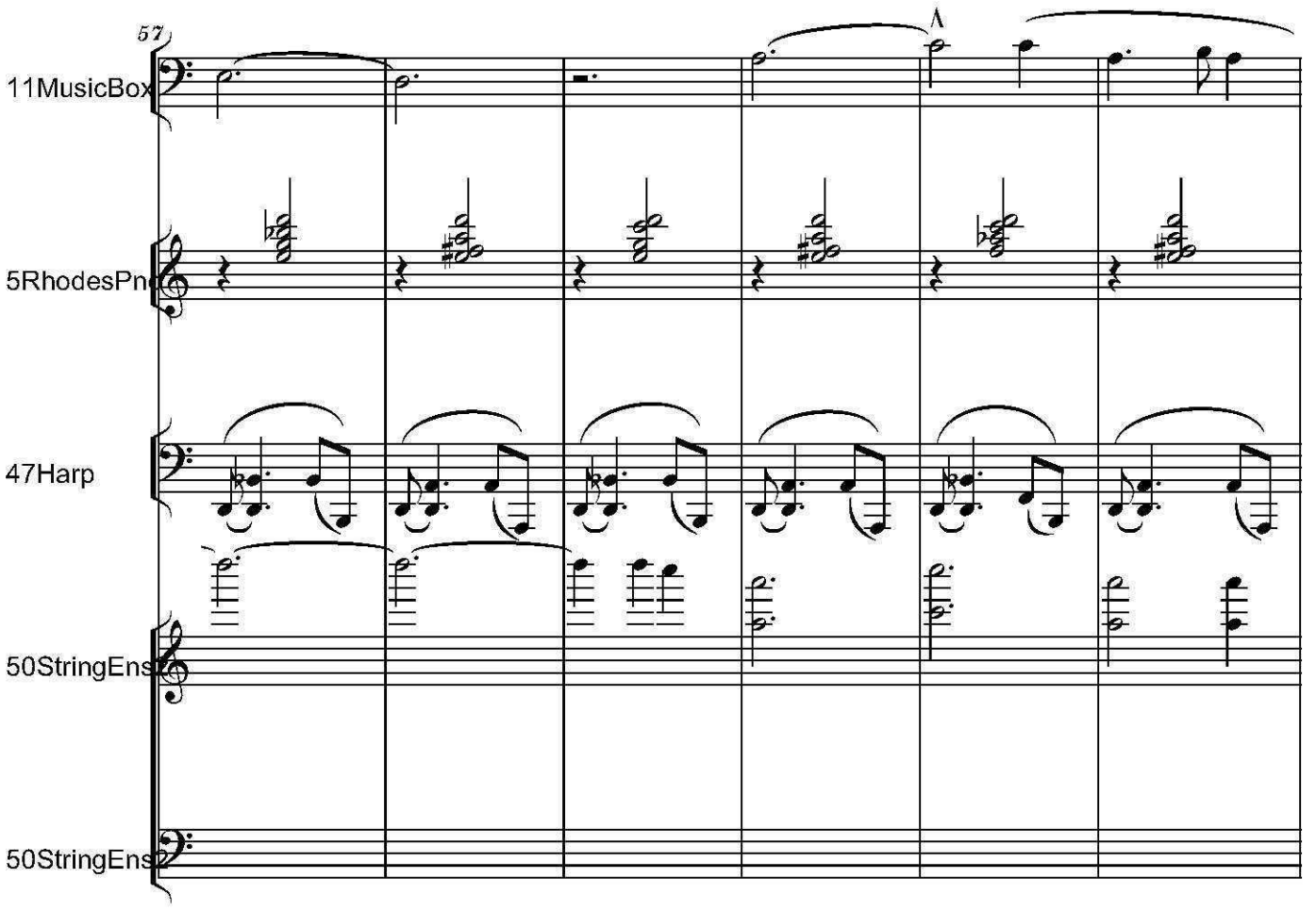

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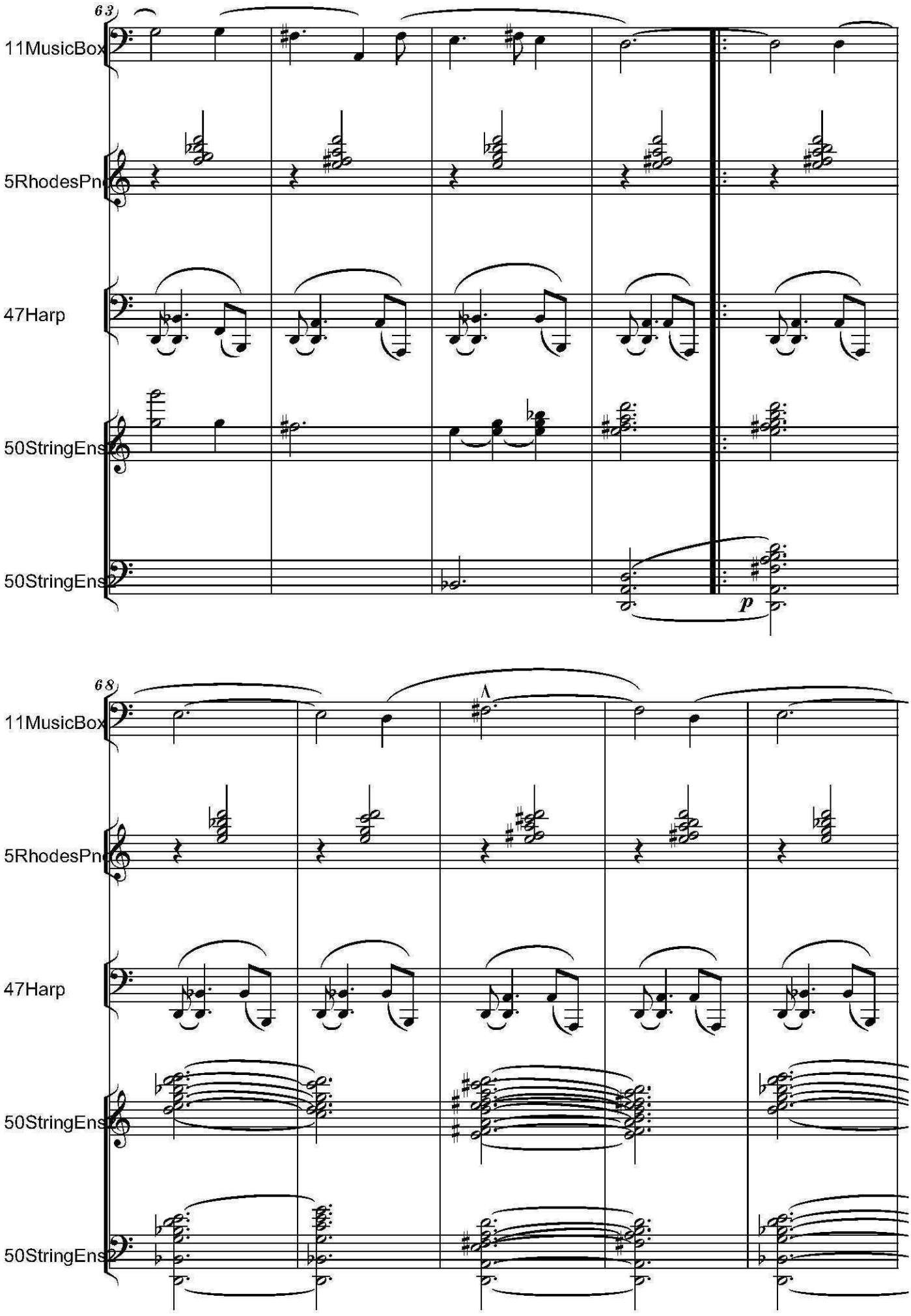

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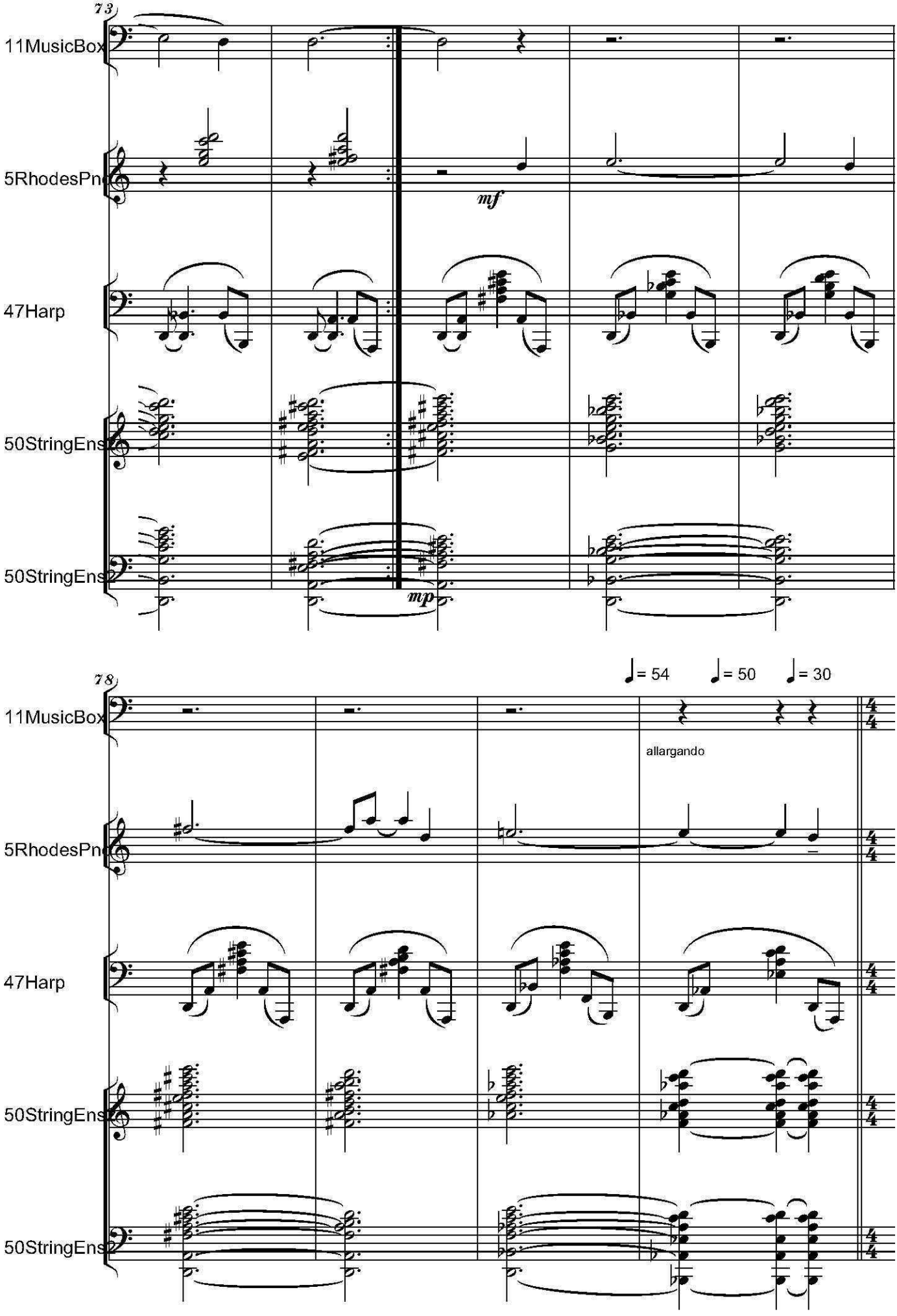

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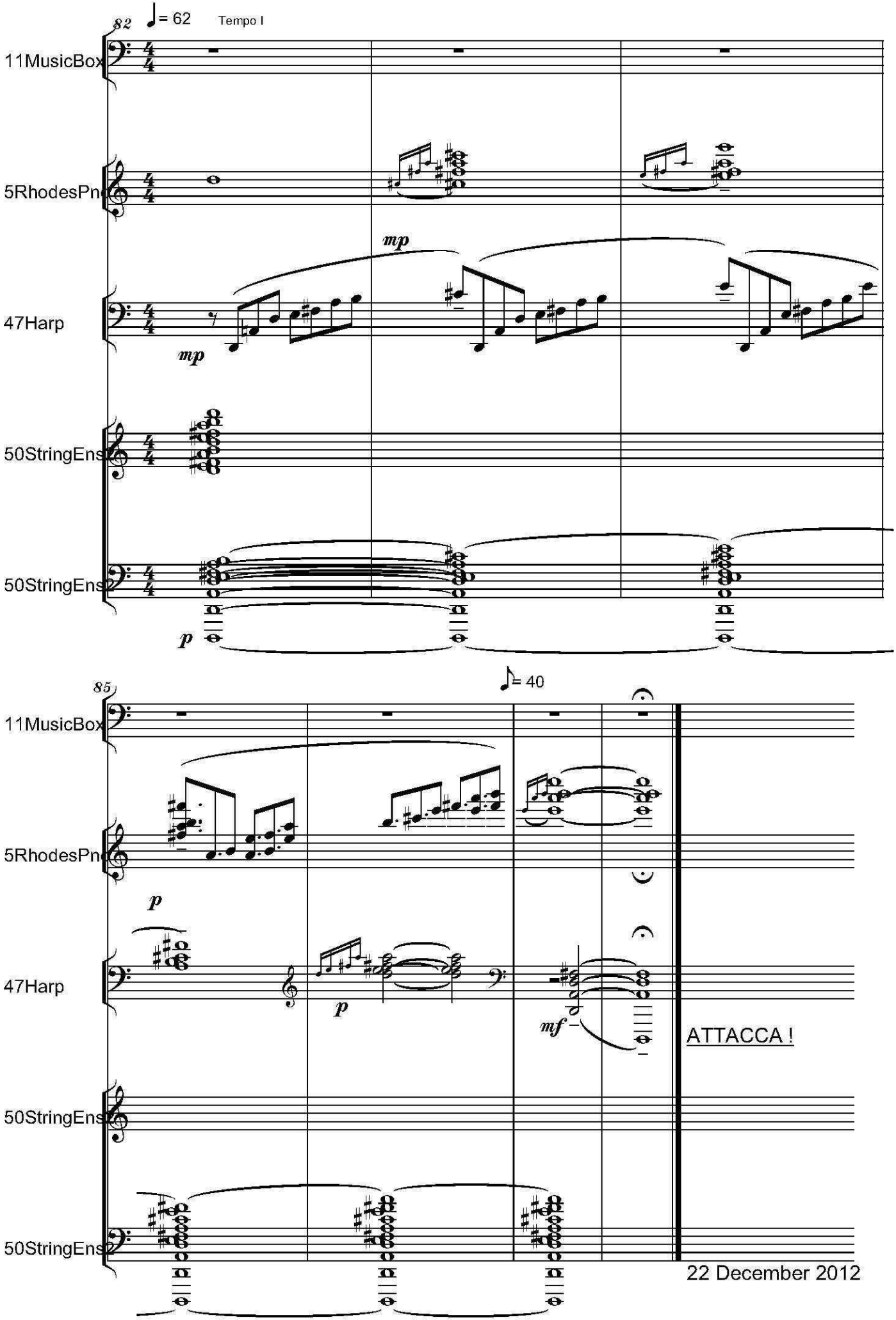

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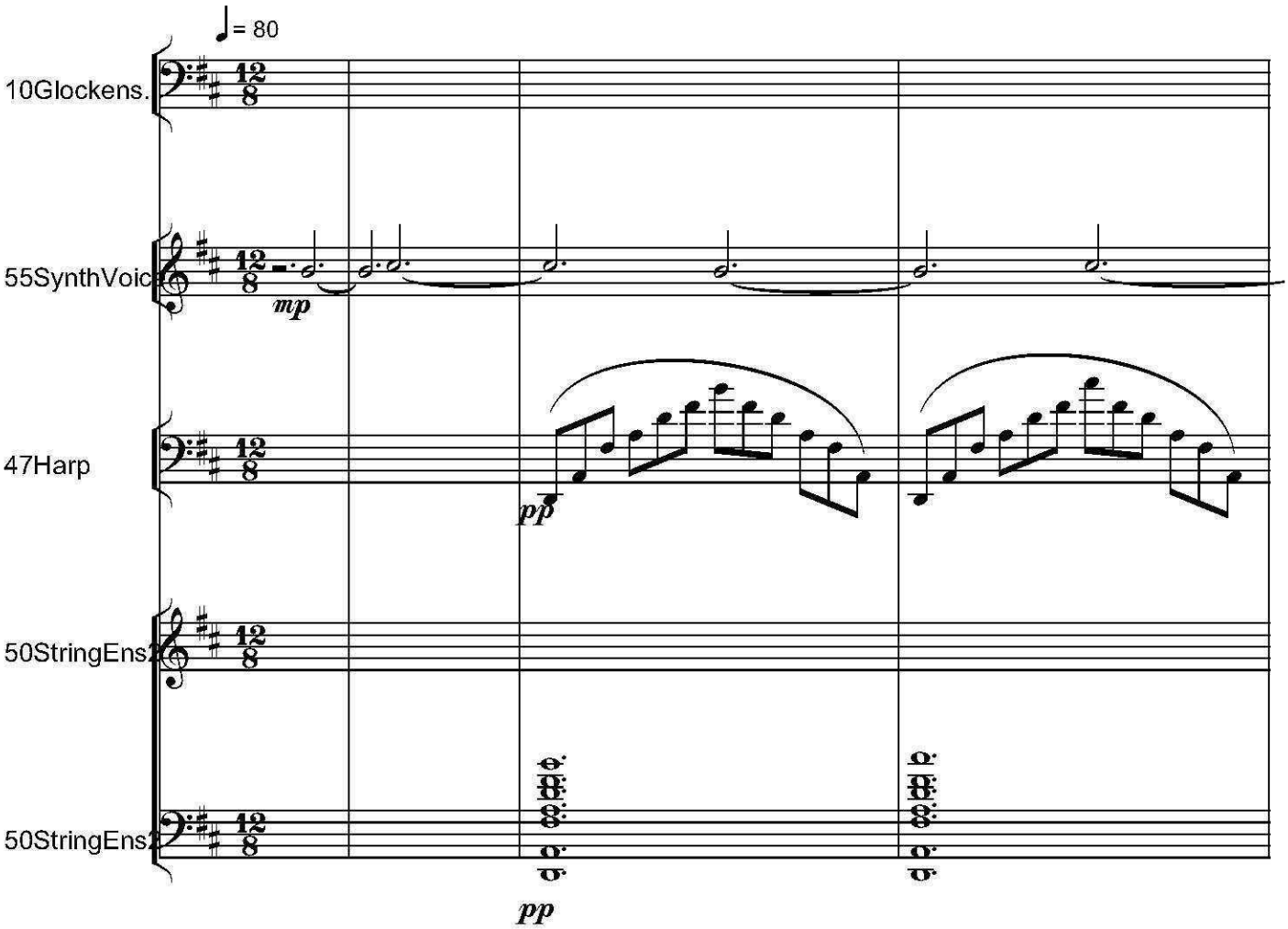
EXODUS - POEM BY BENJAMIN FONDANE

Estatico, Dolce,
Sempre Poco Rubato

II

Serban Nichifor



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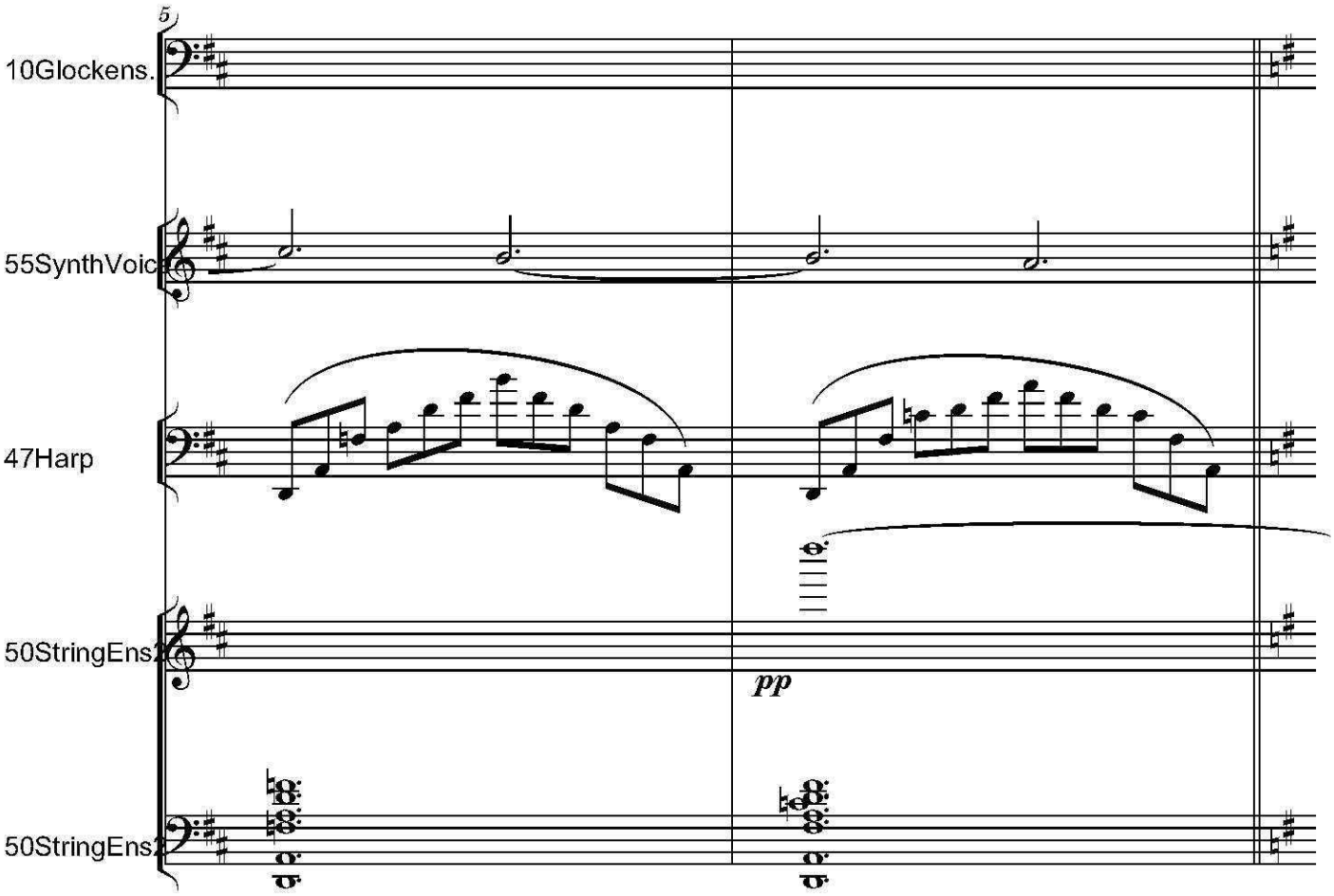

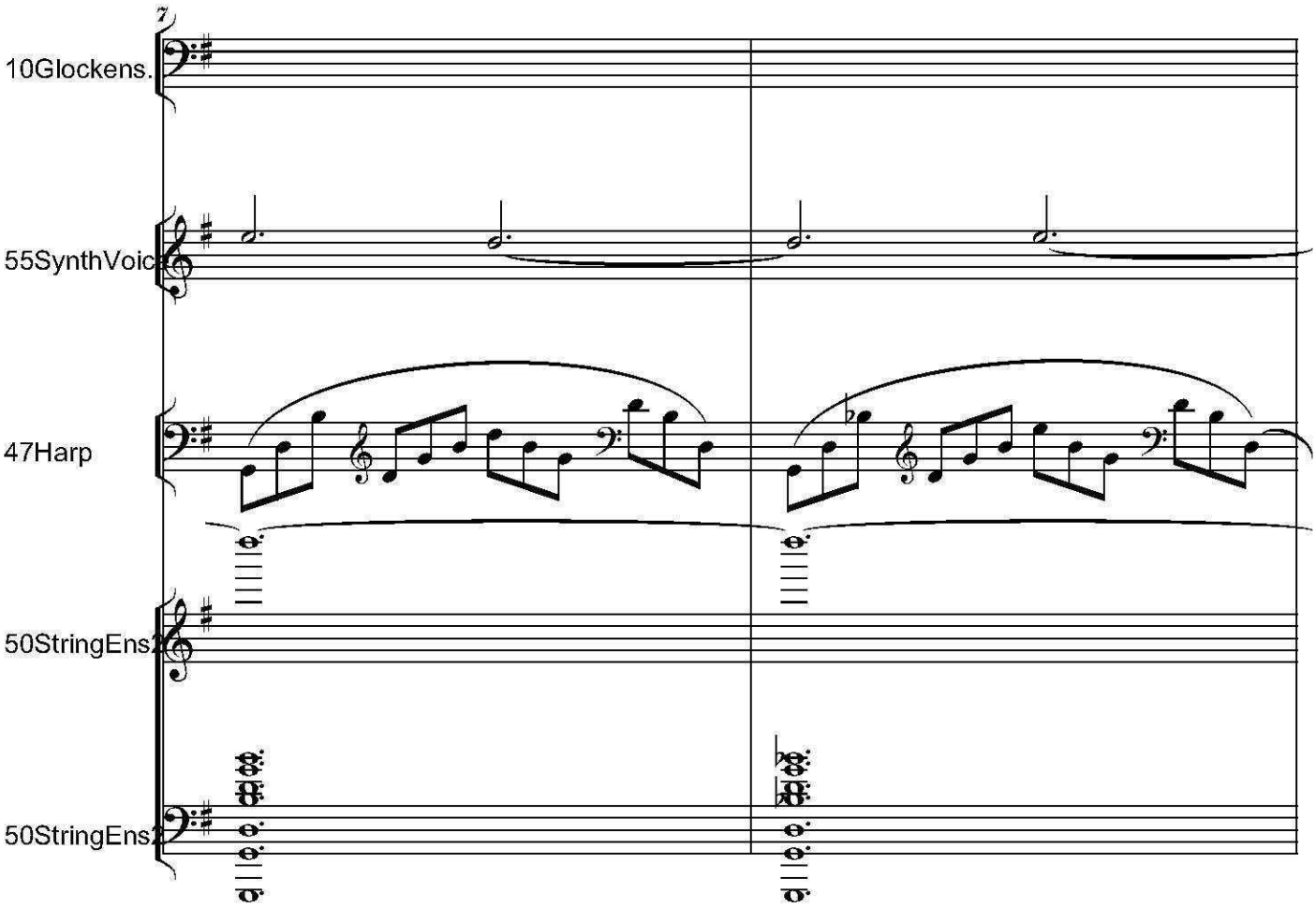

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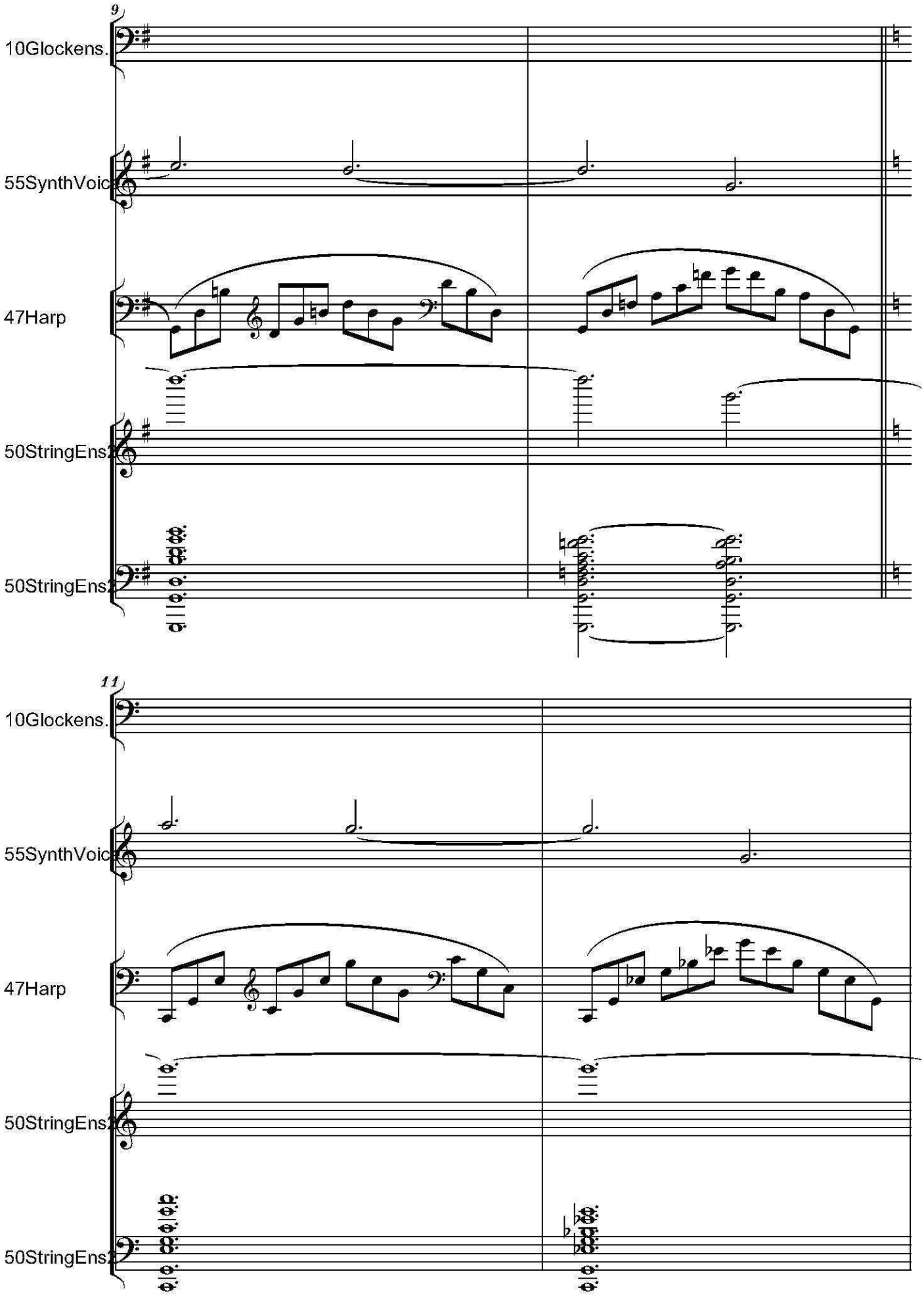

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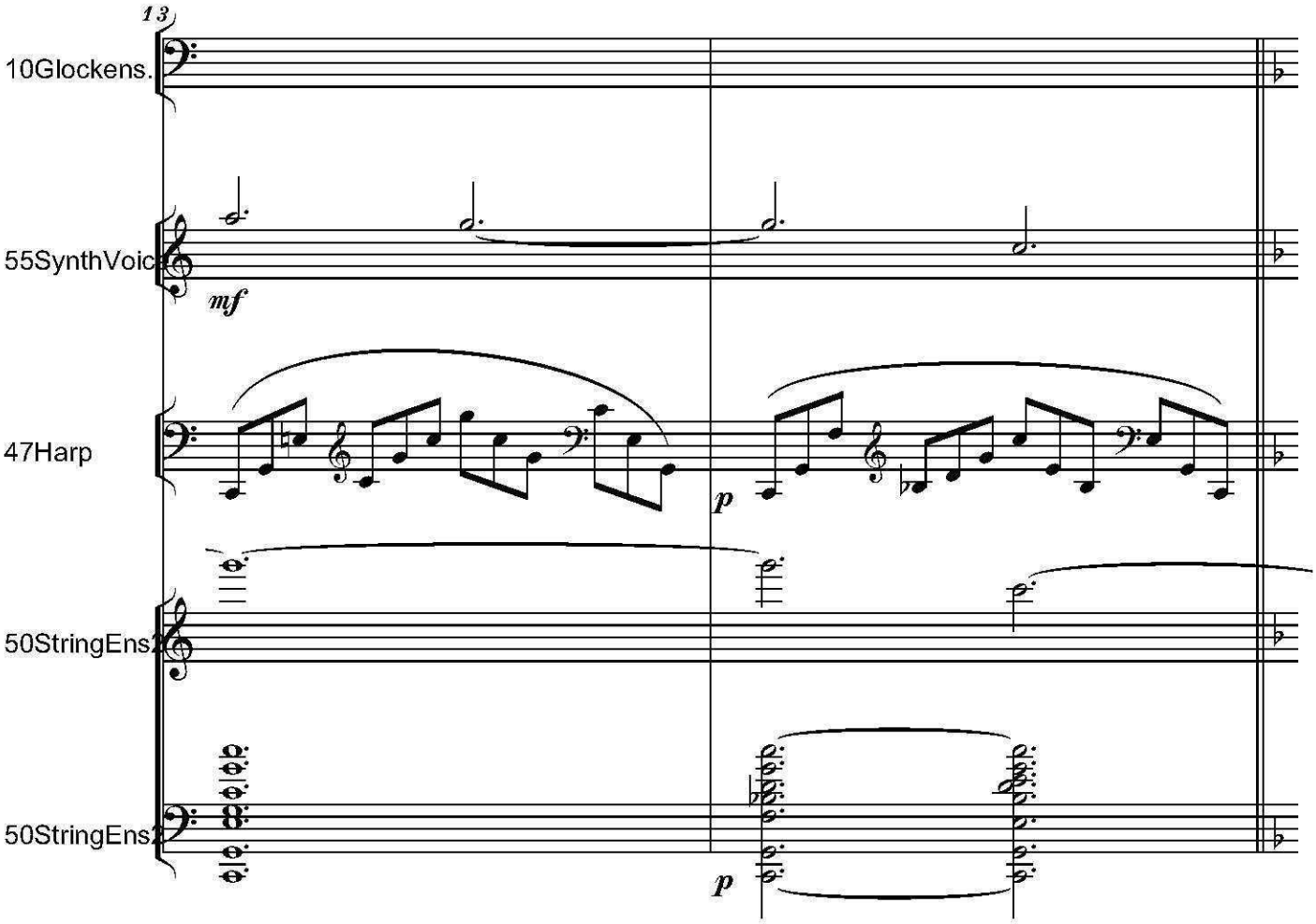

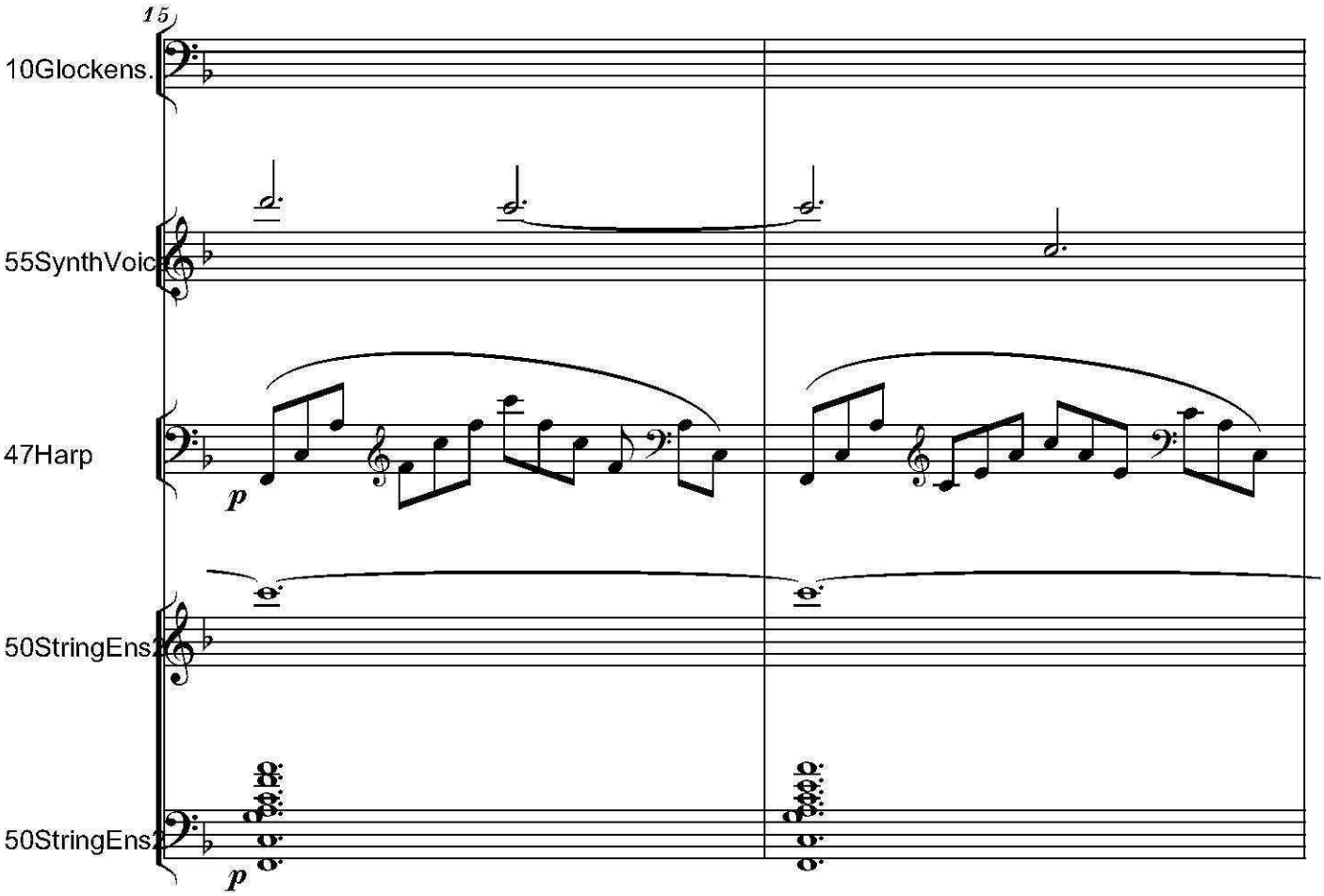

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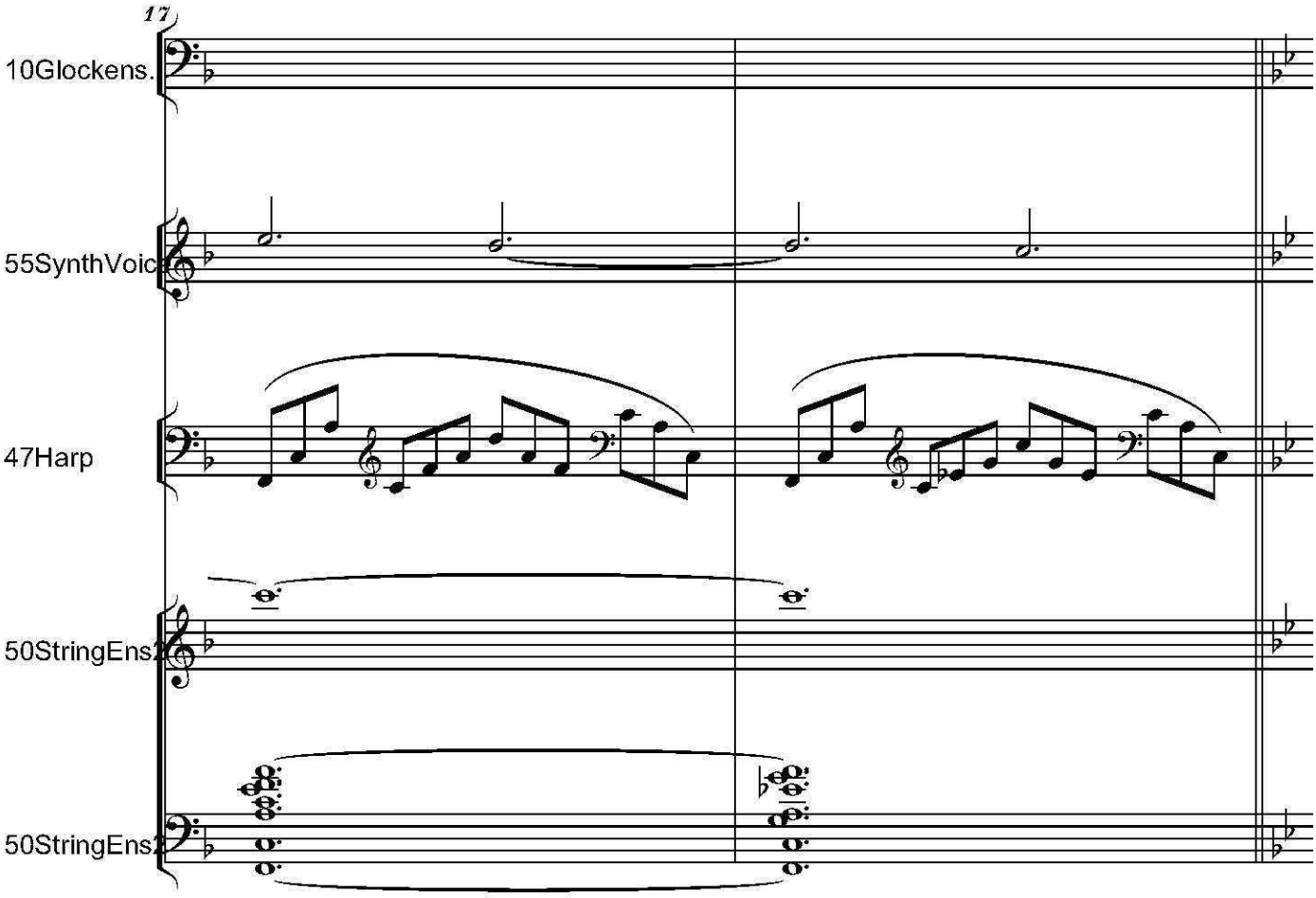

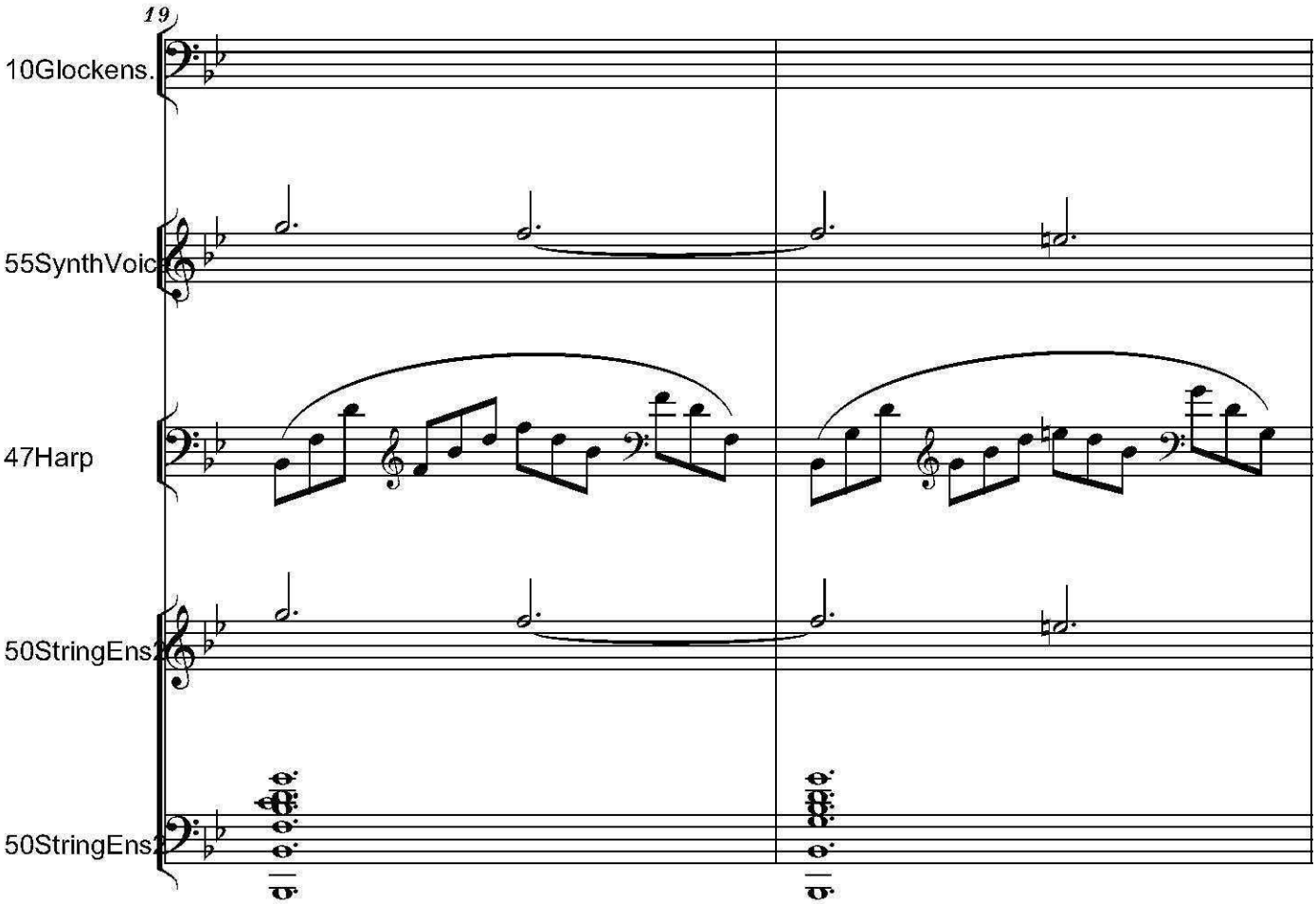

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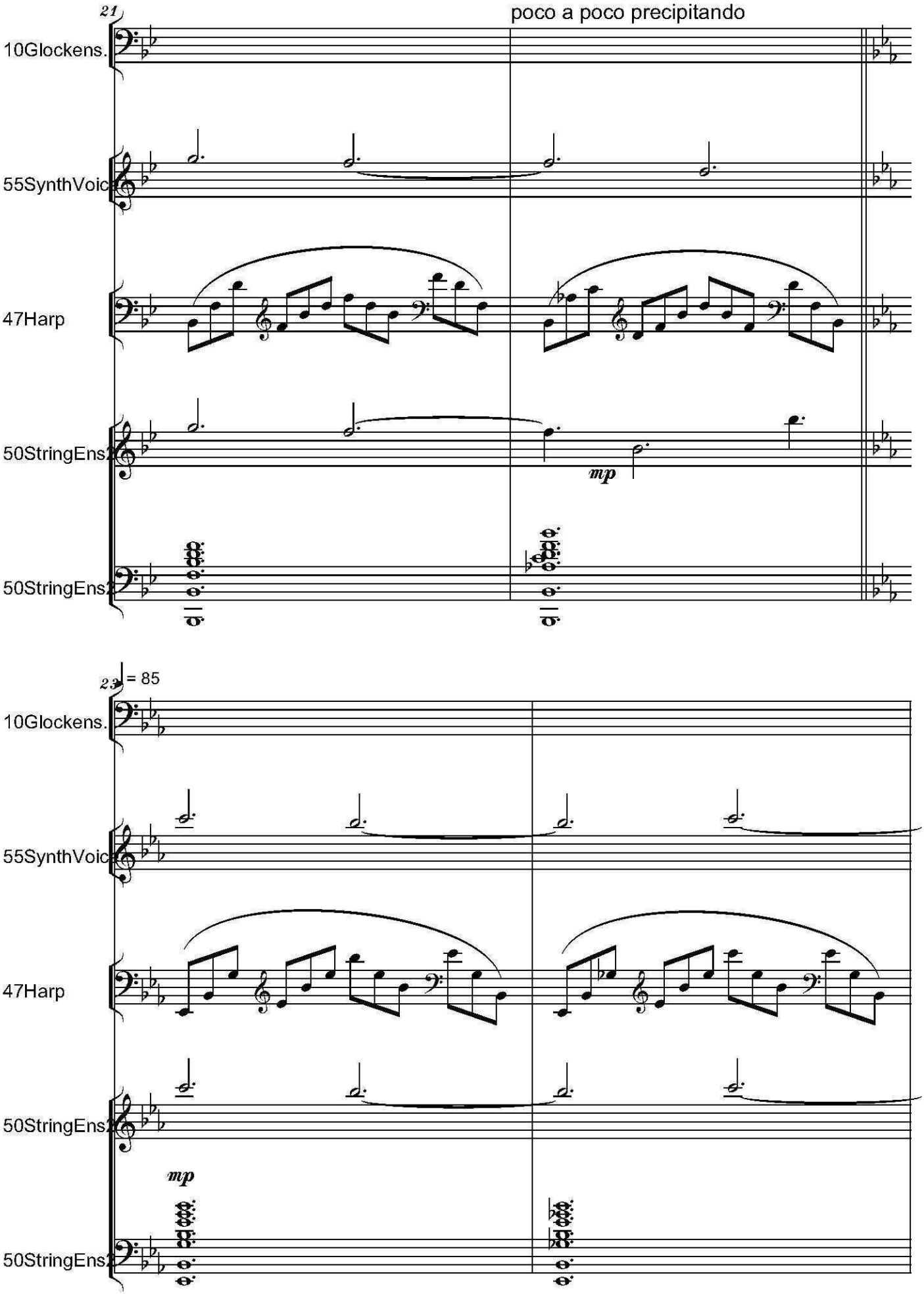

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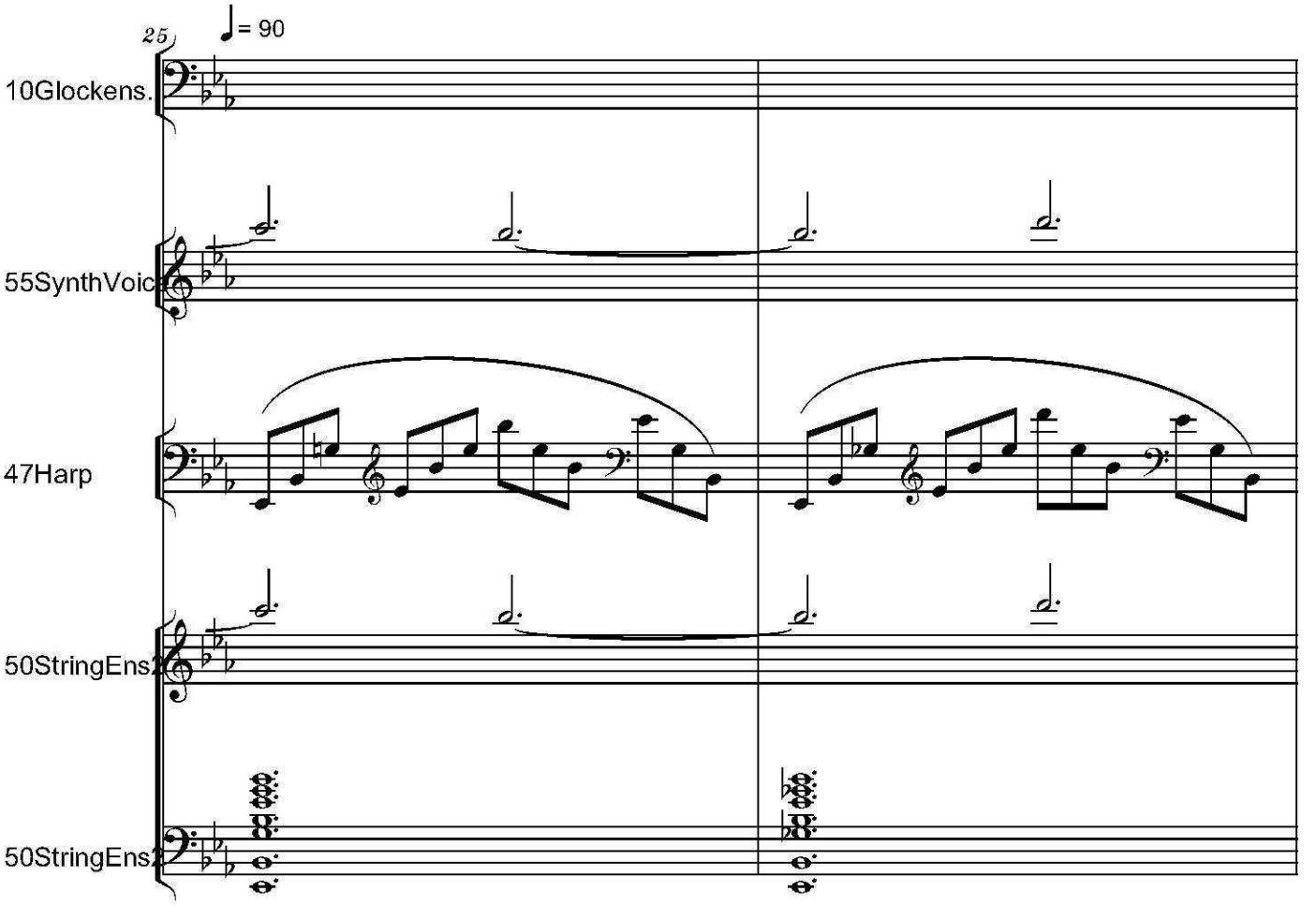

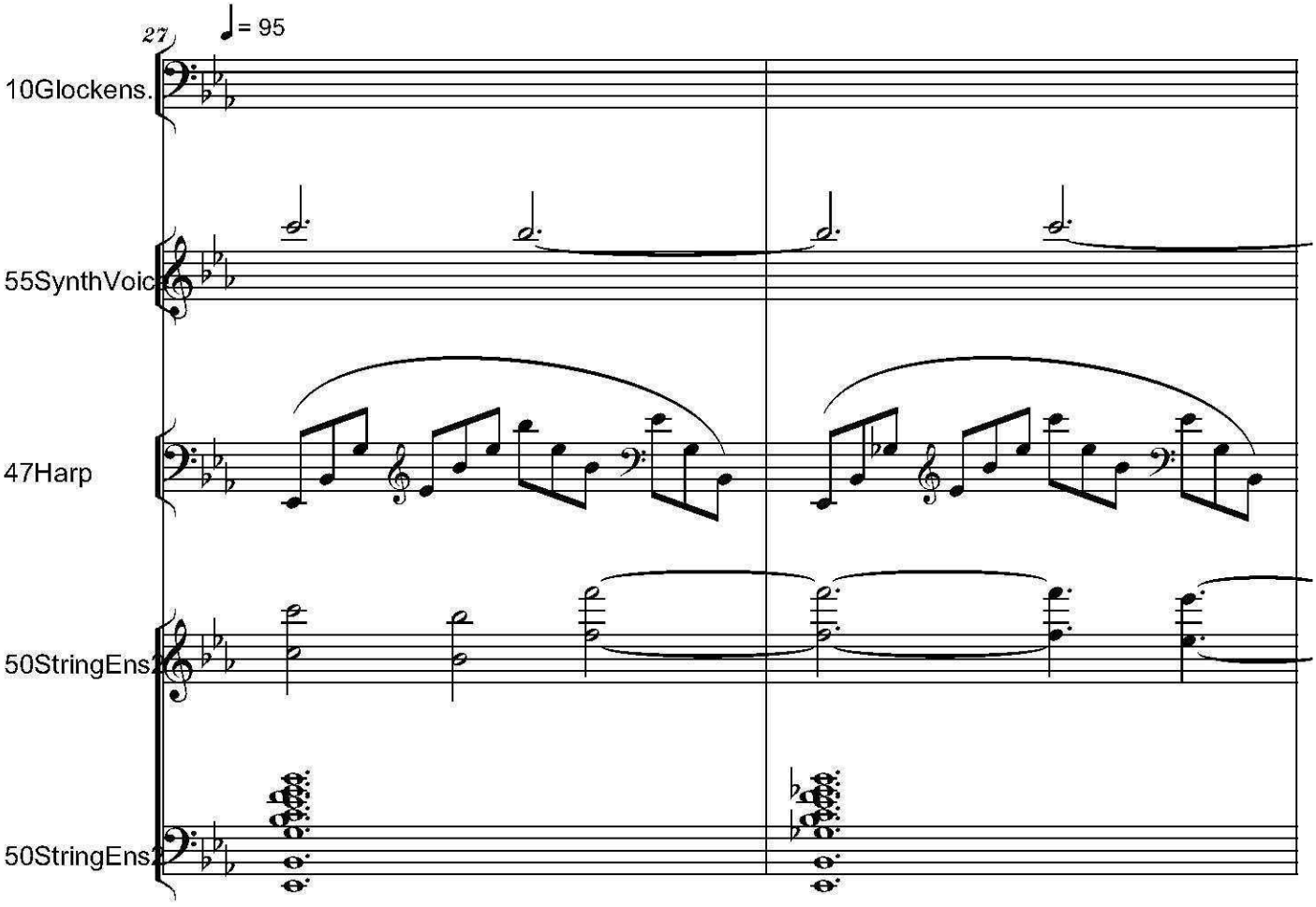

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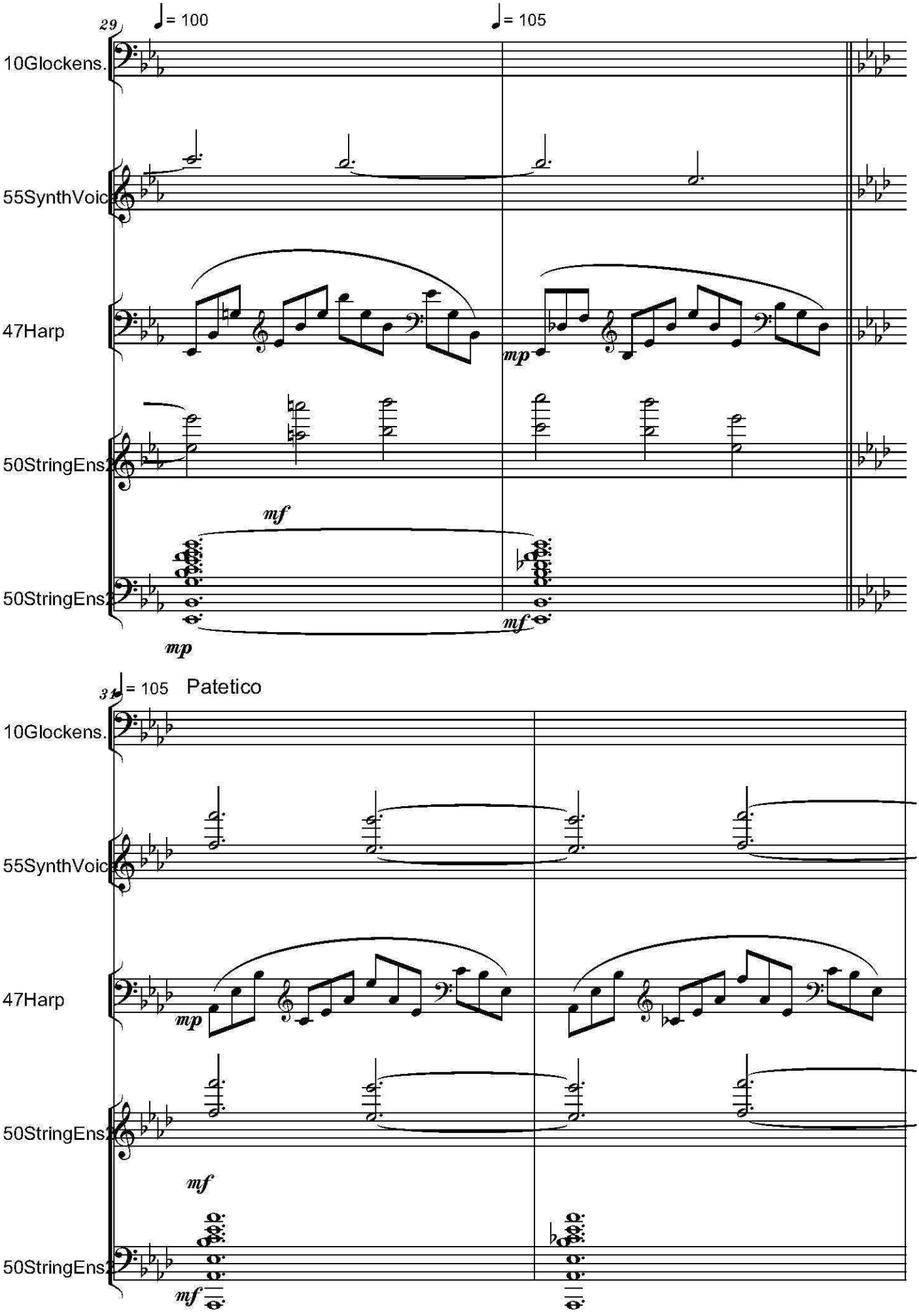

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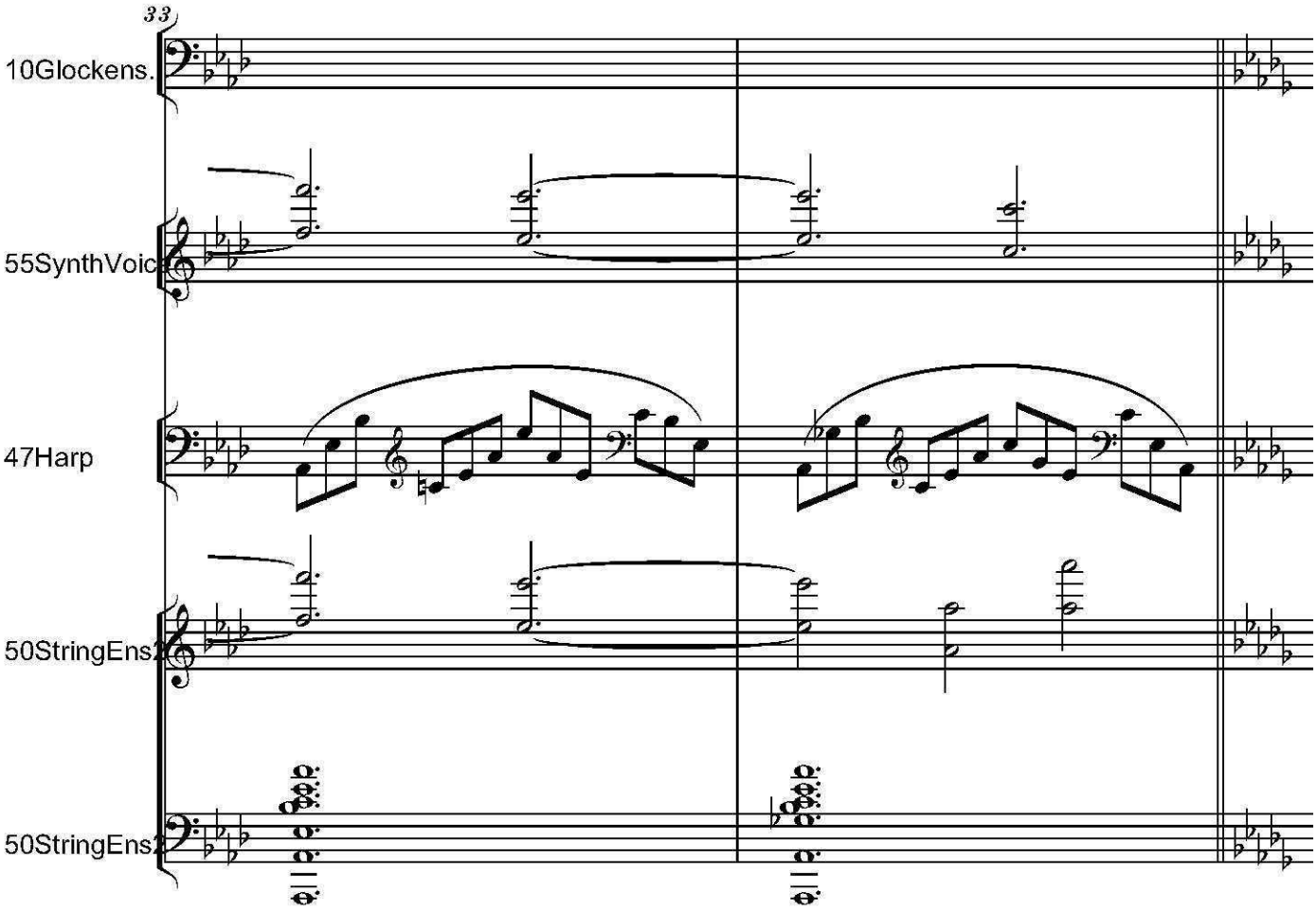

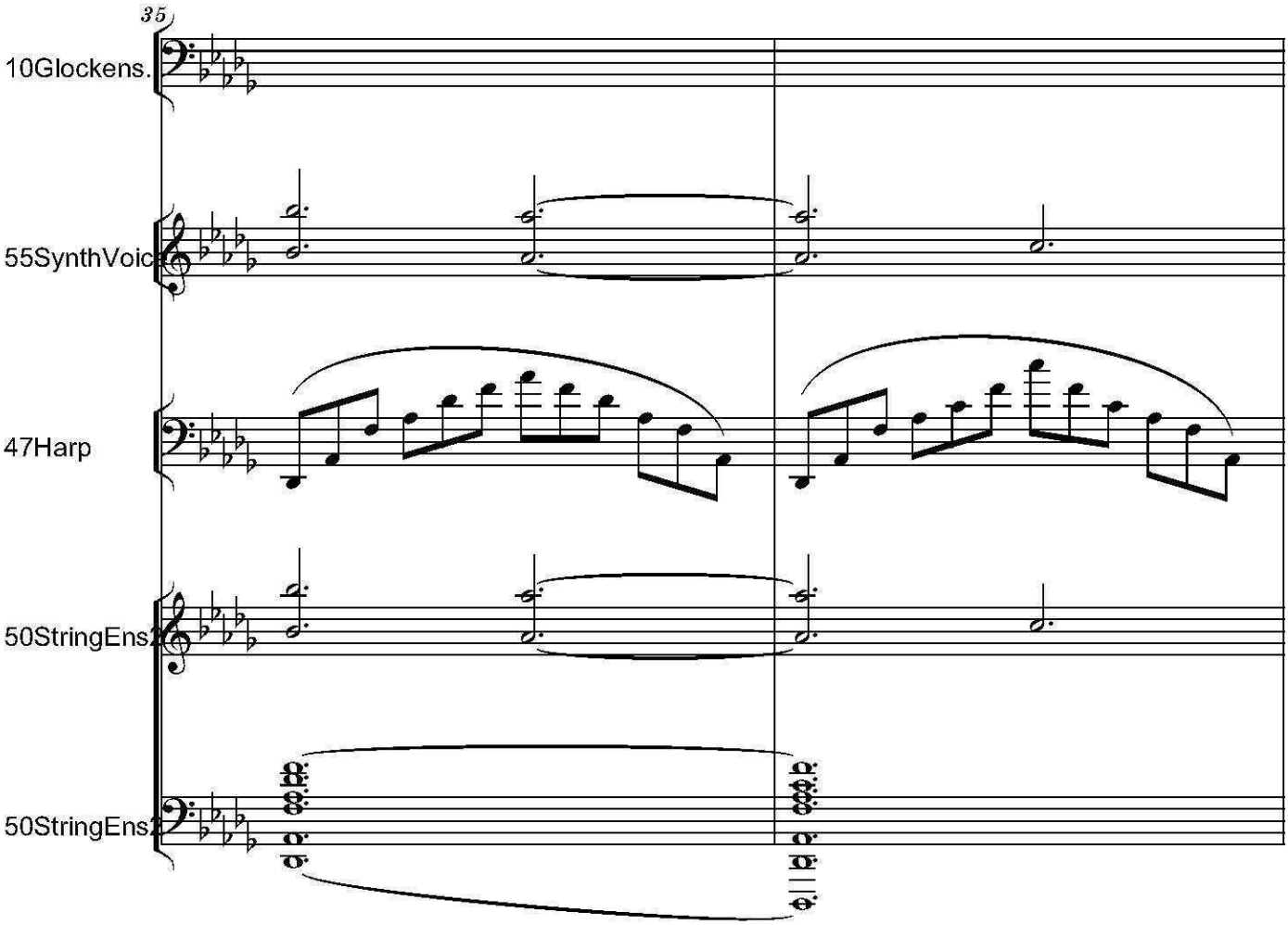

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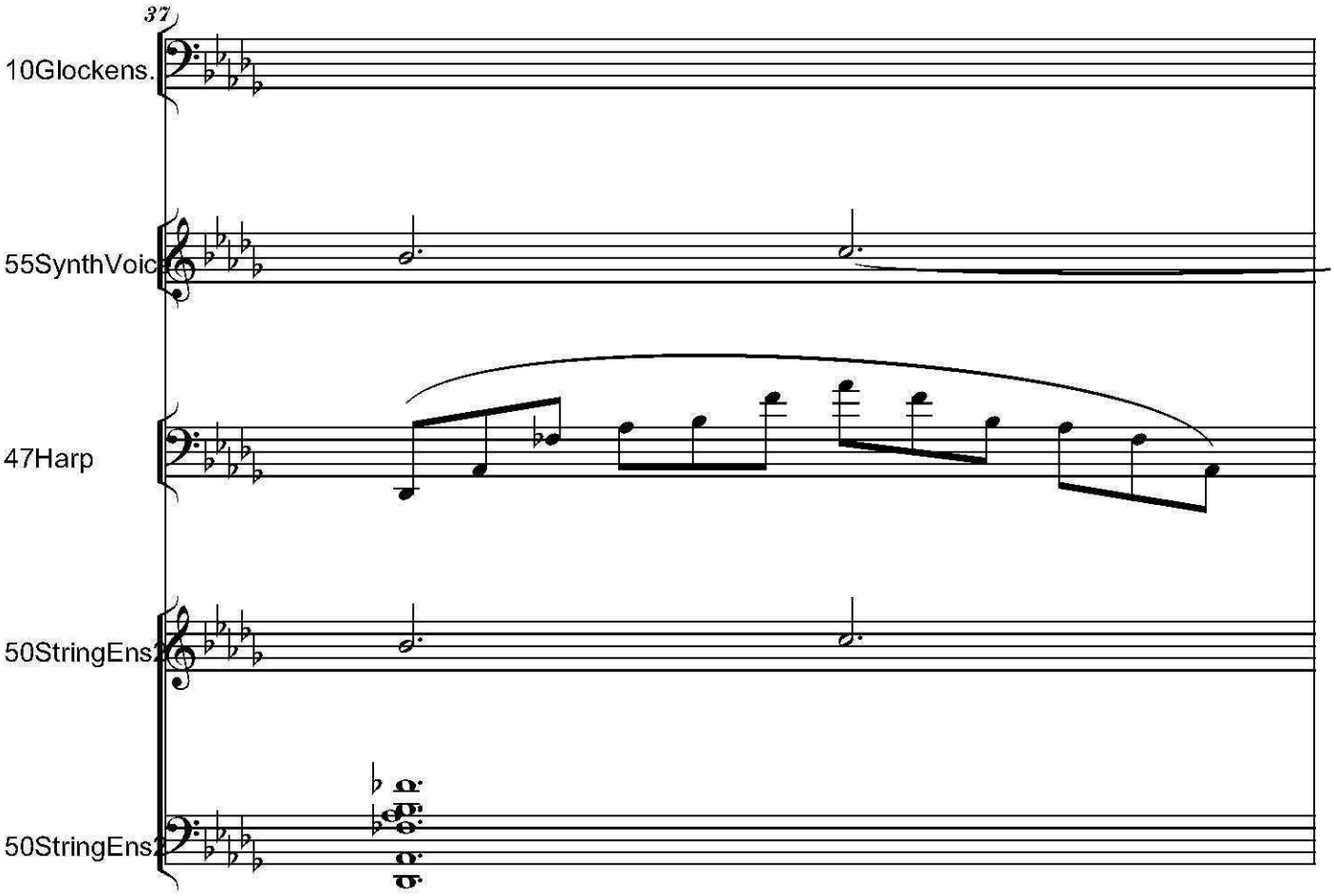

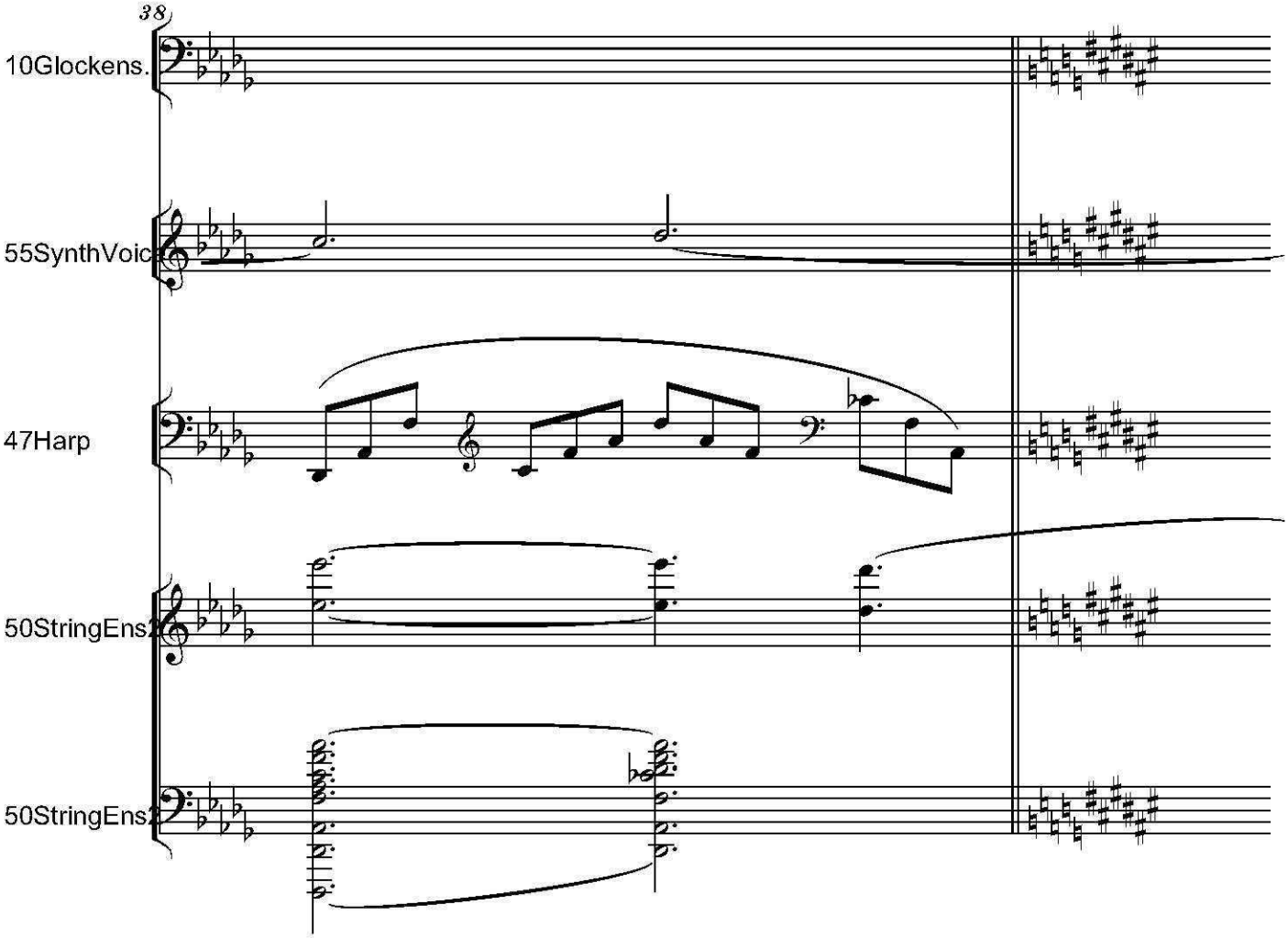

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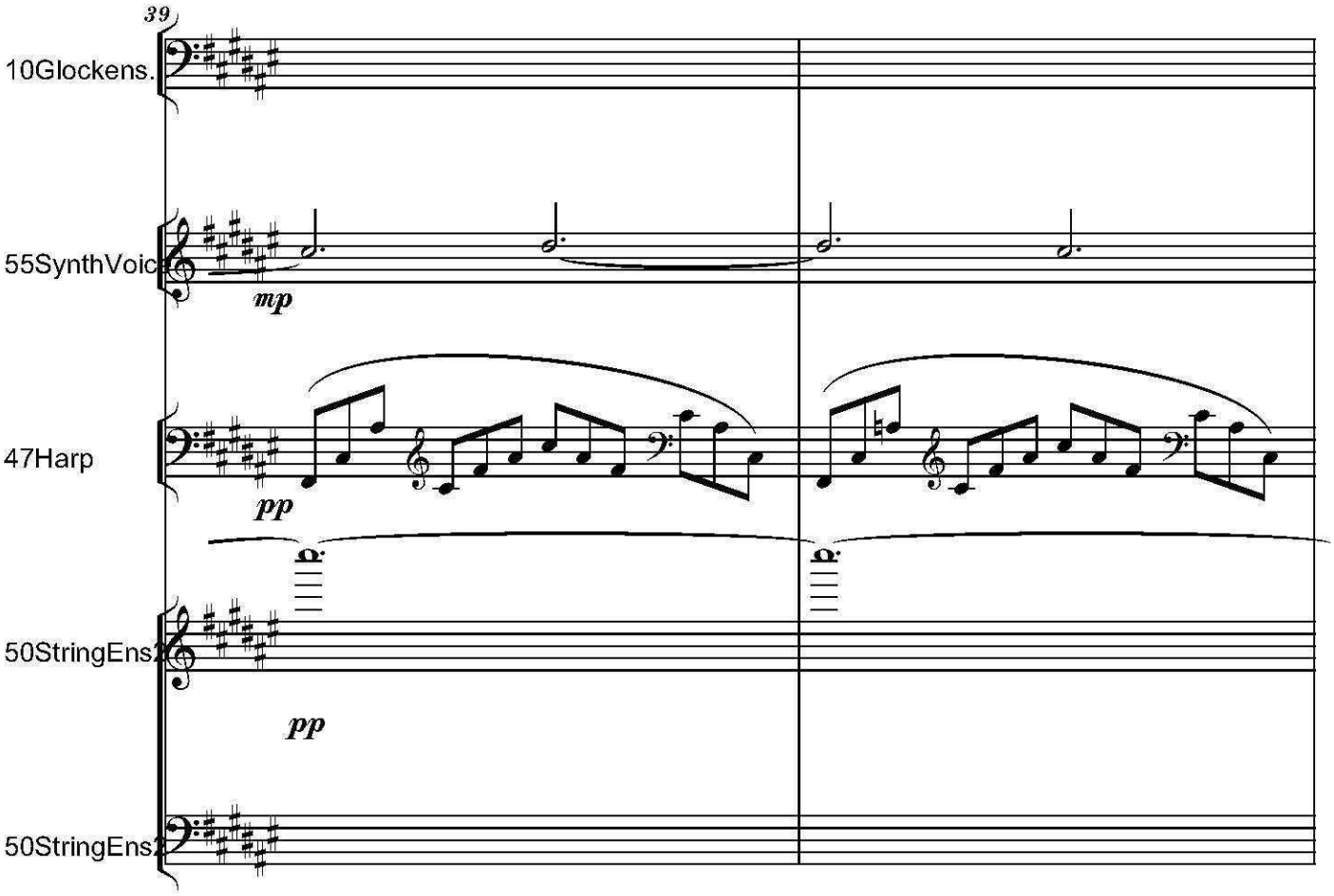

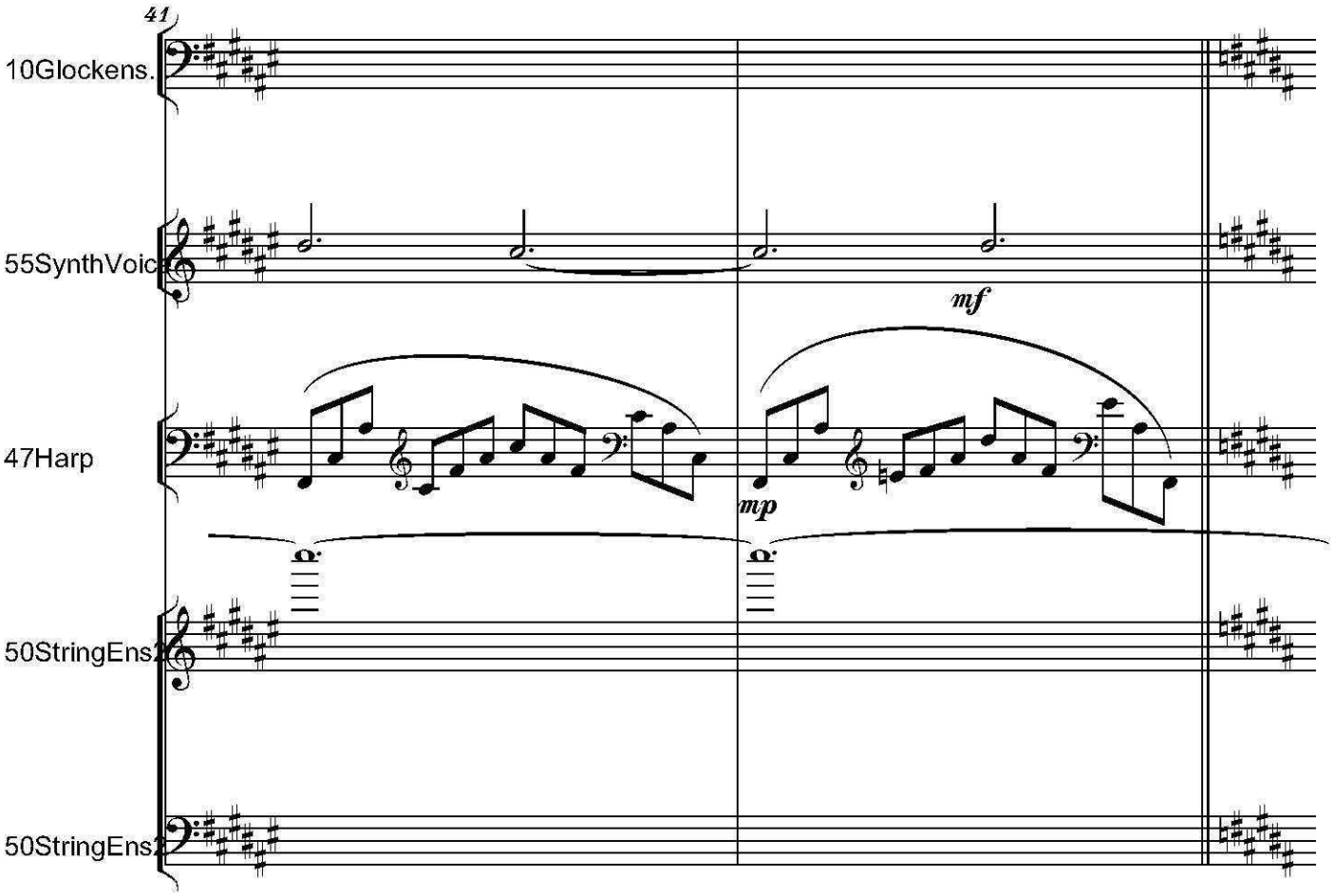

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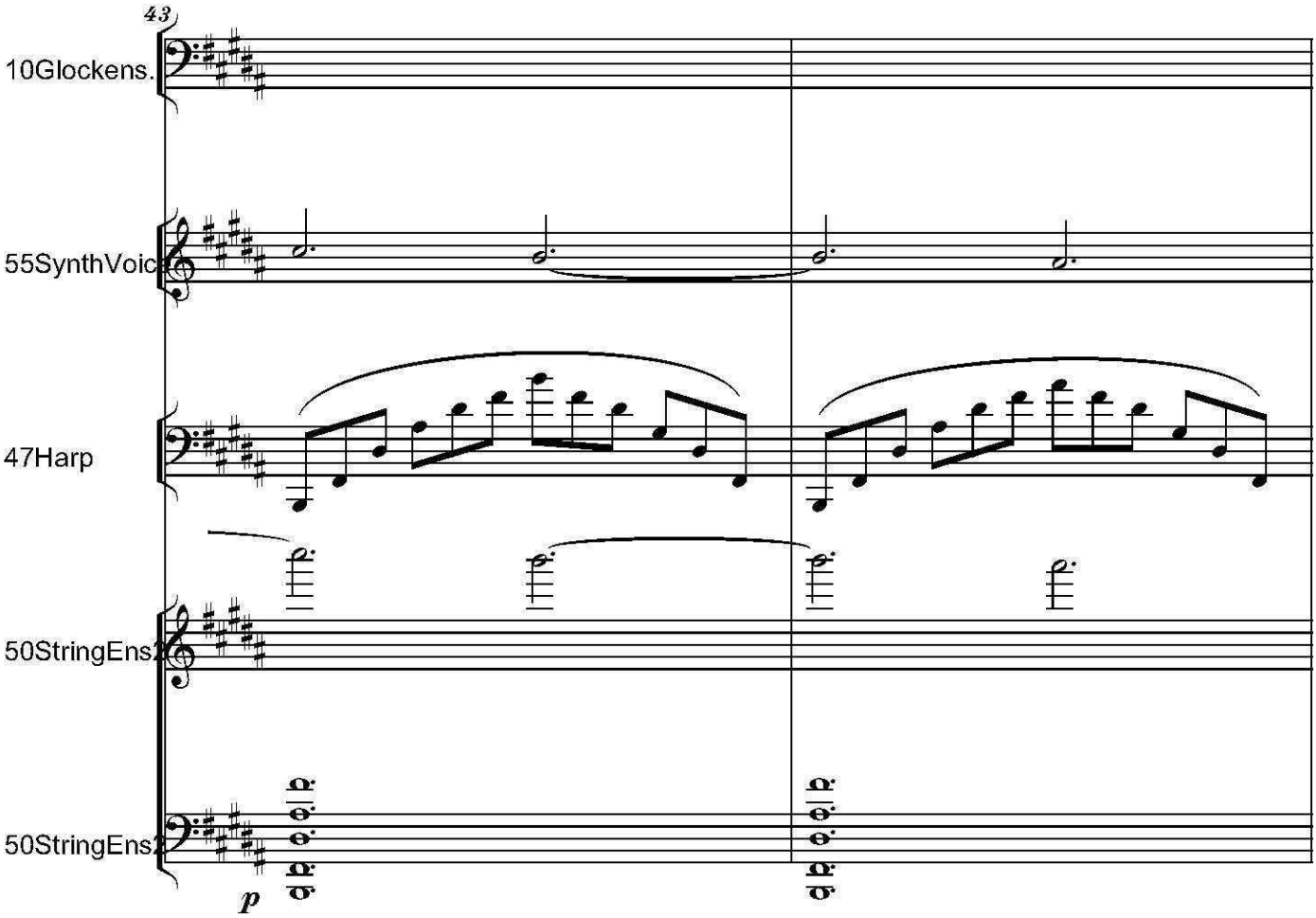

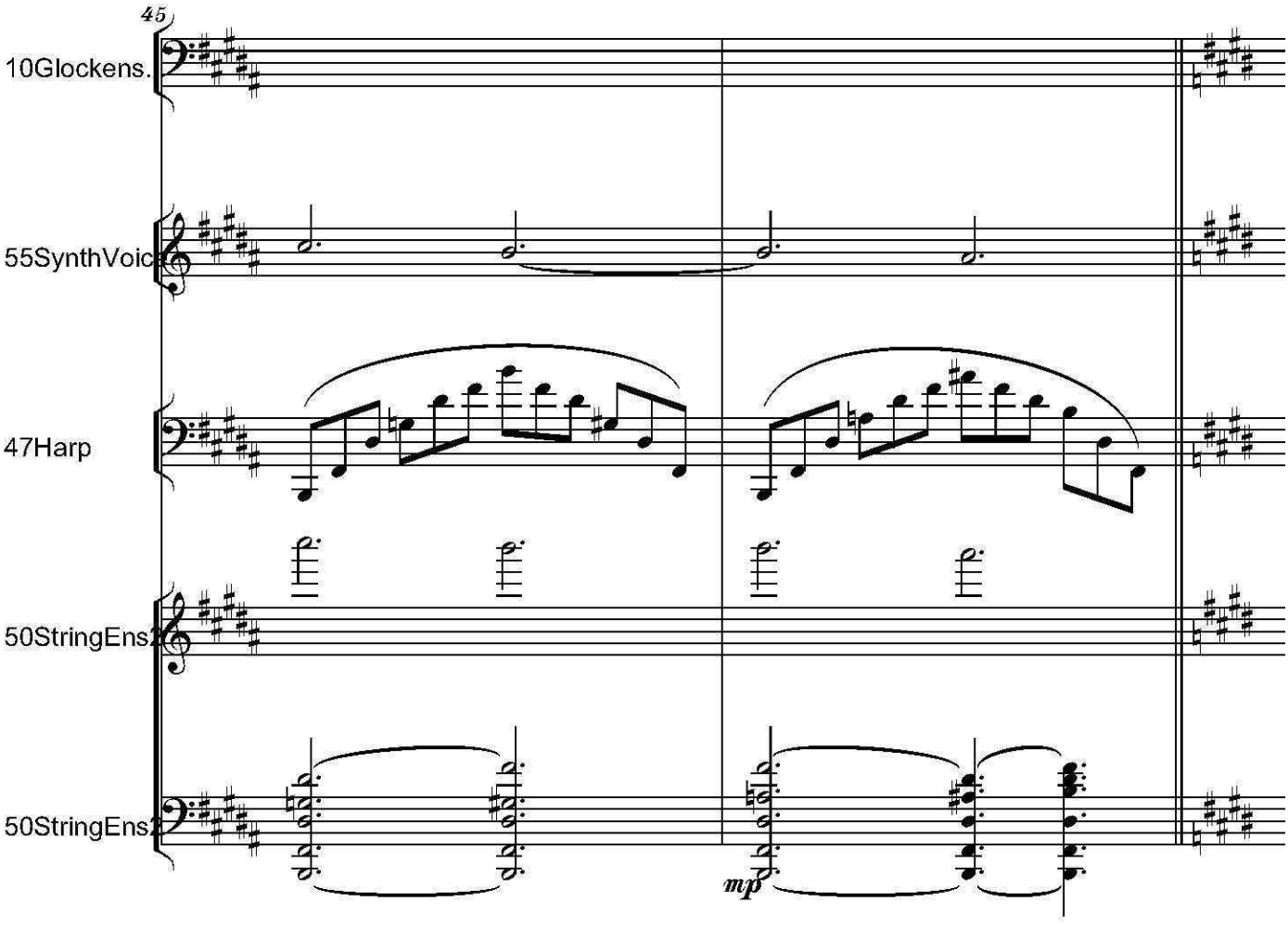

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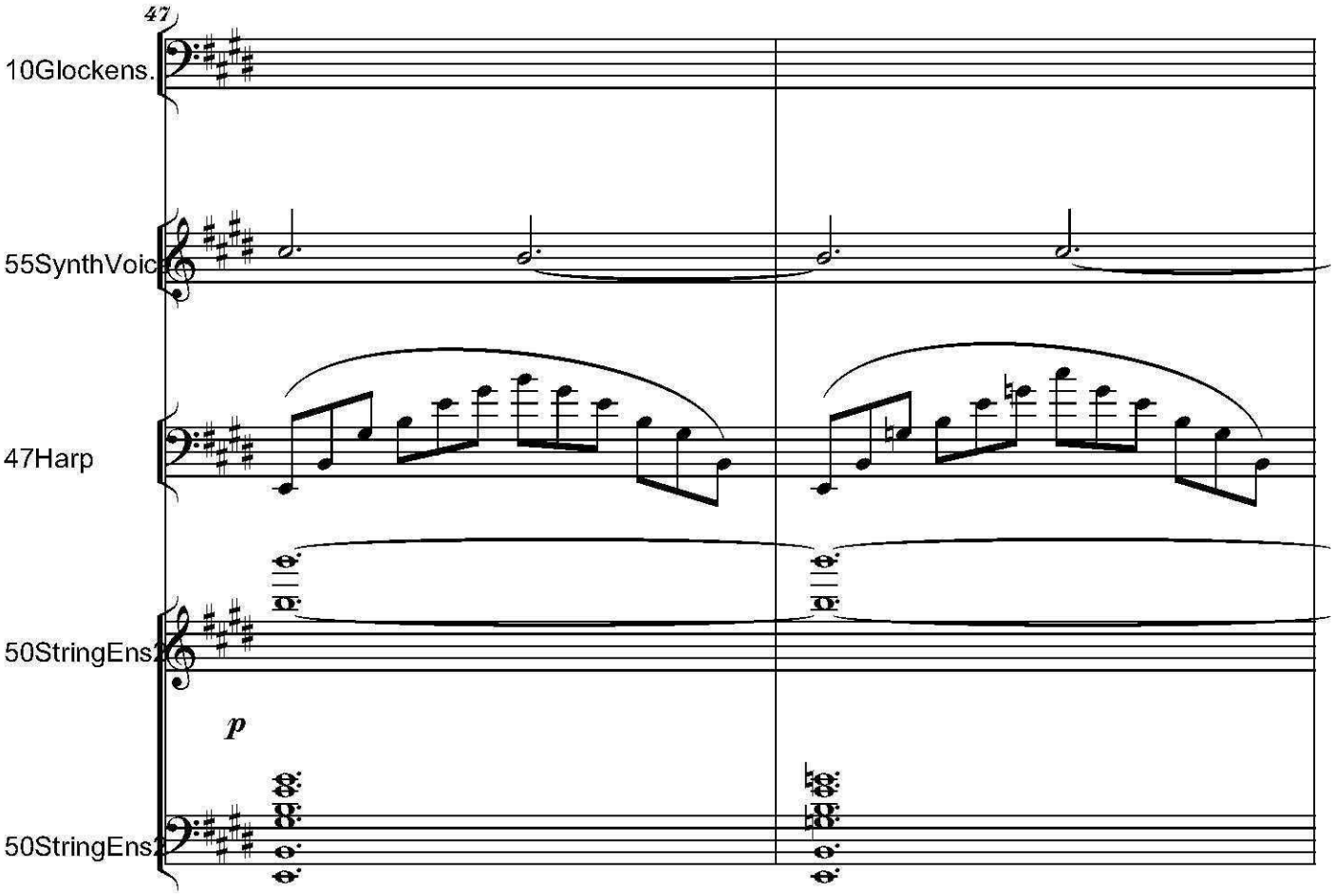

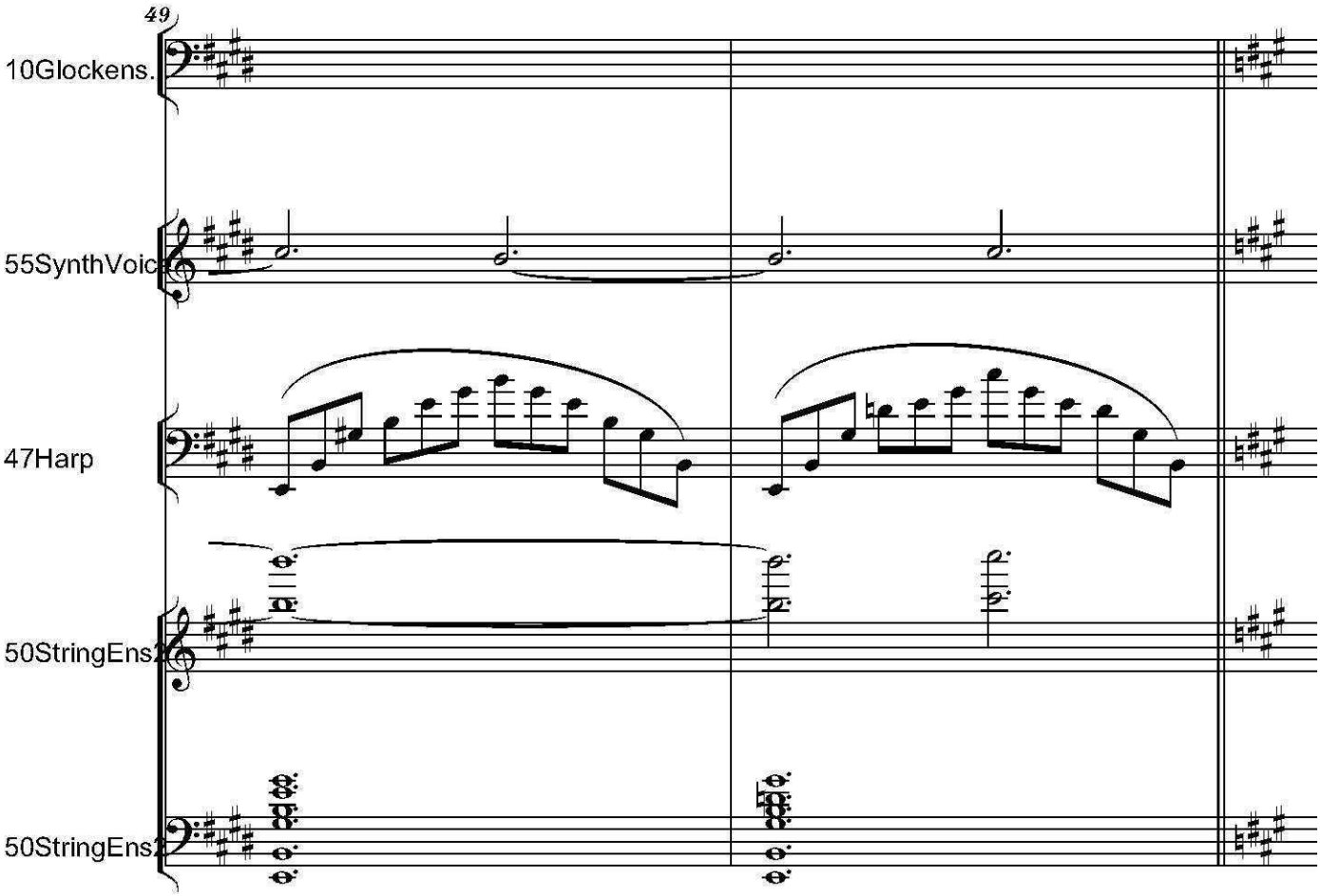

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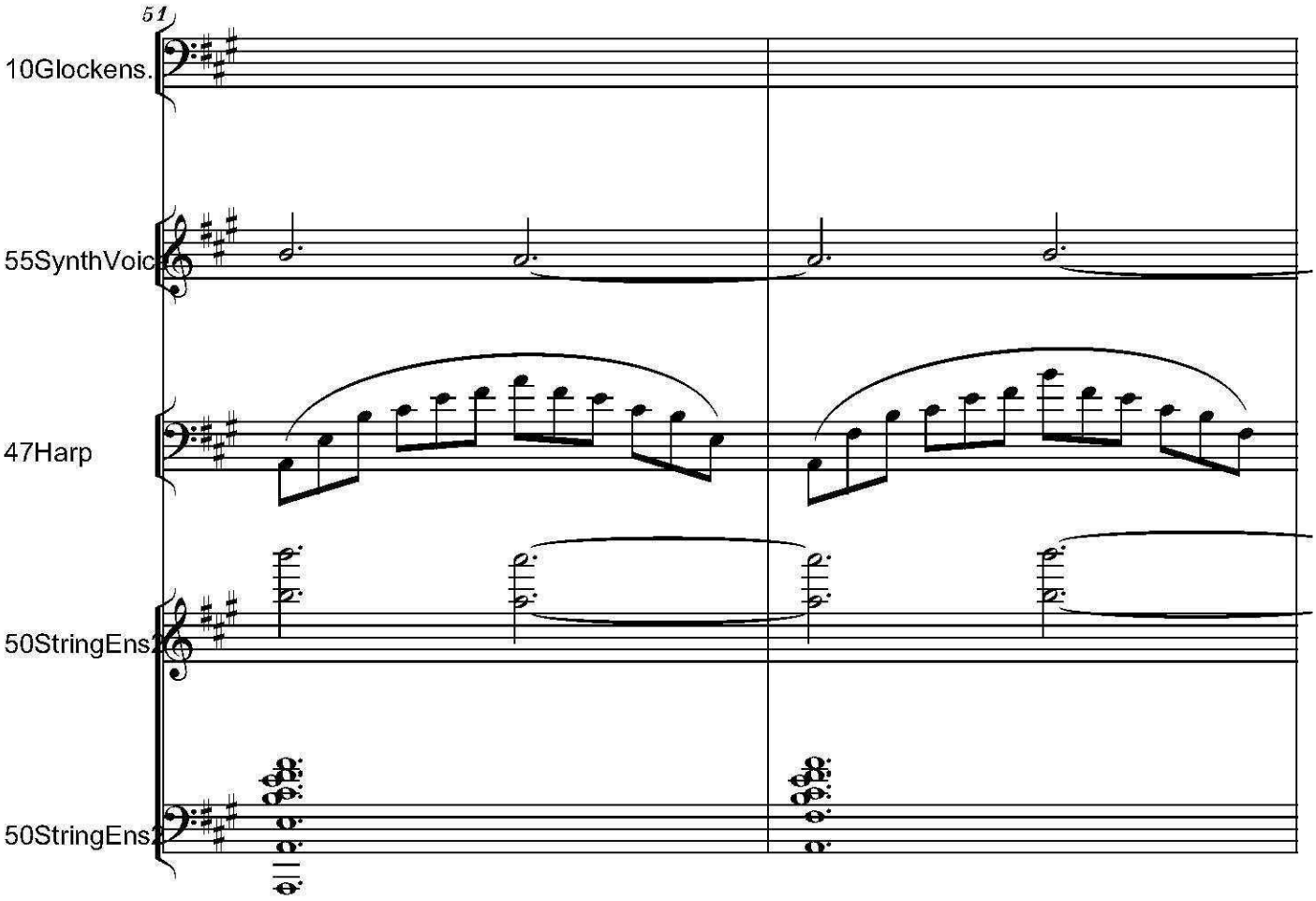

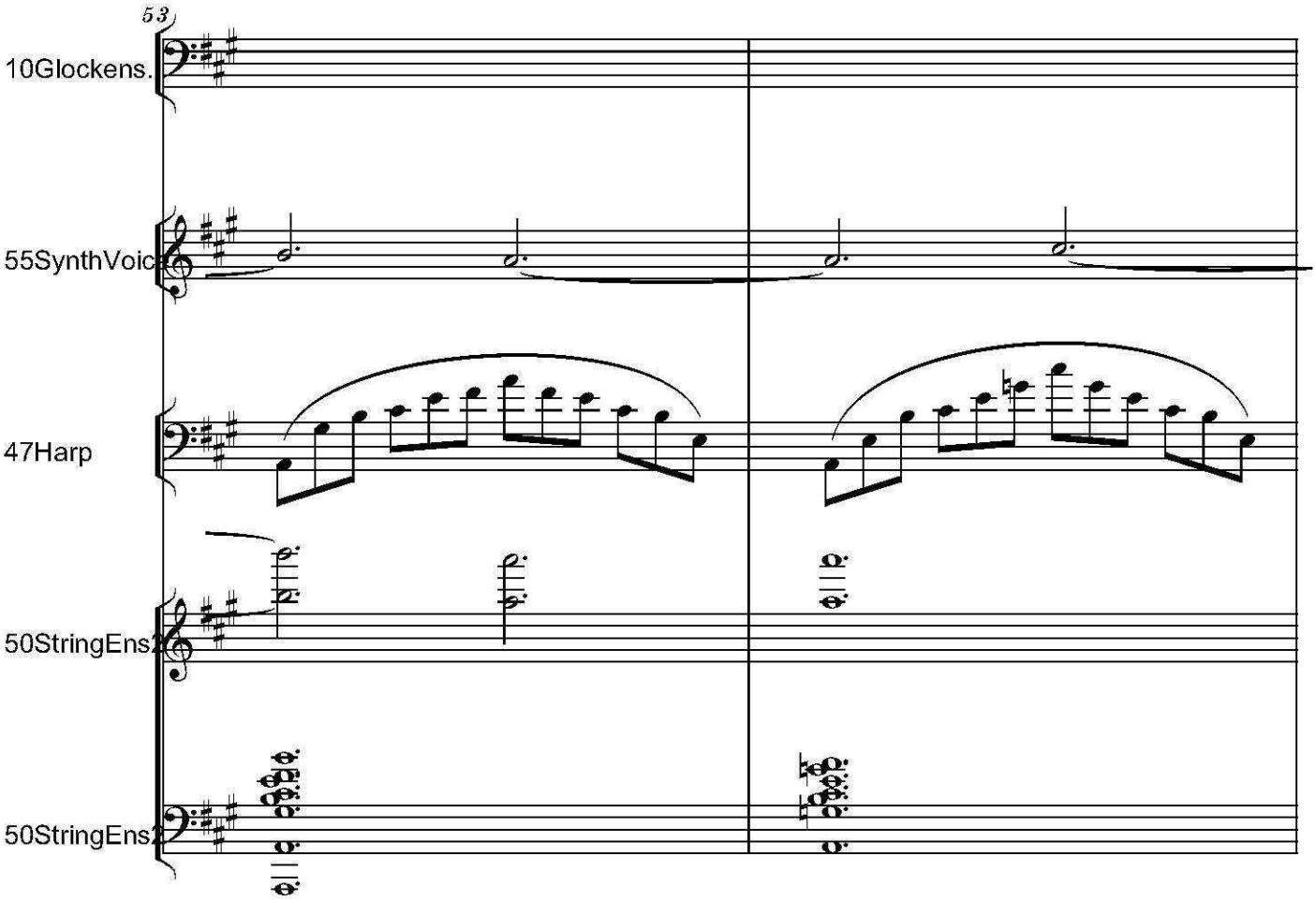

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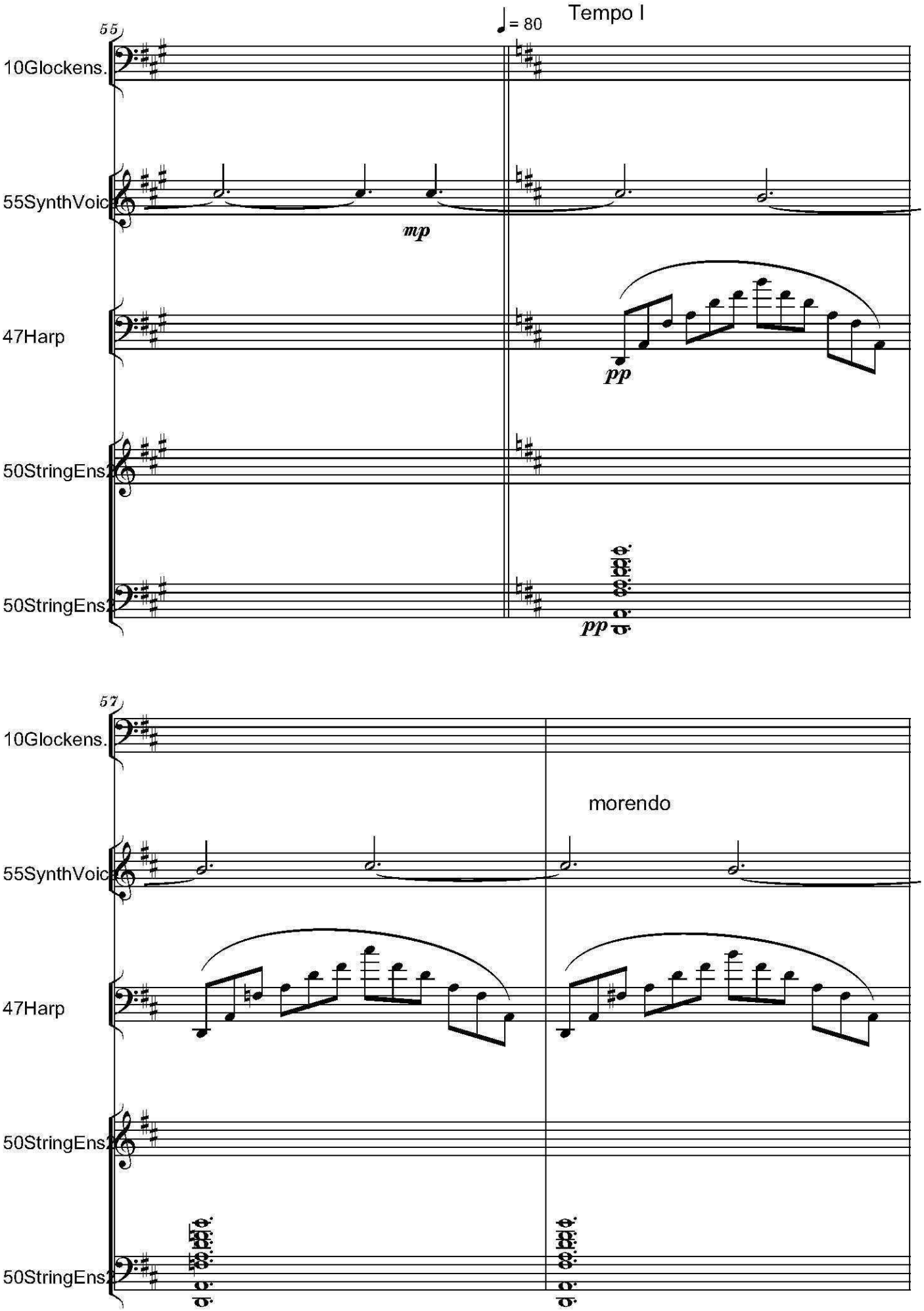

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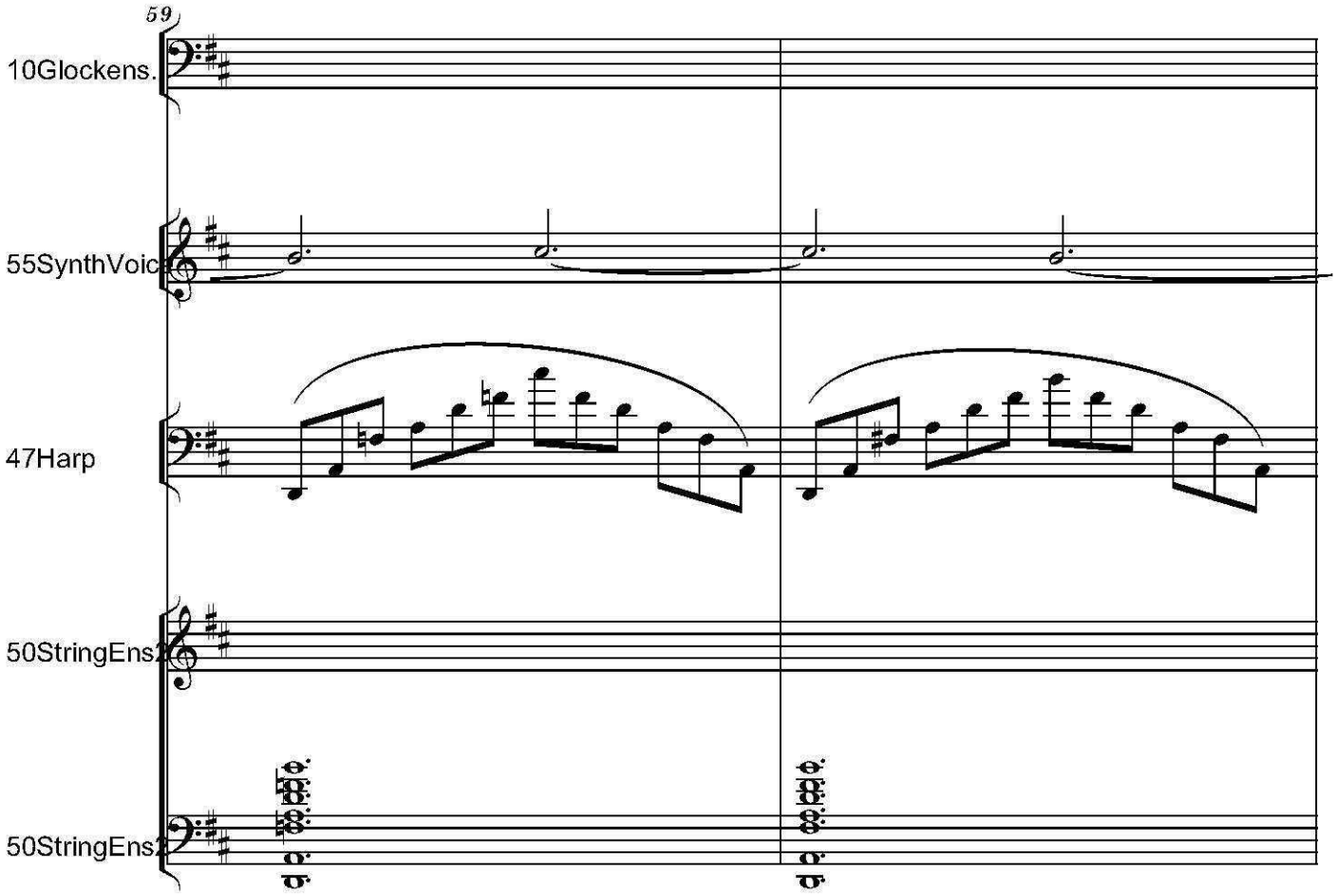

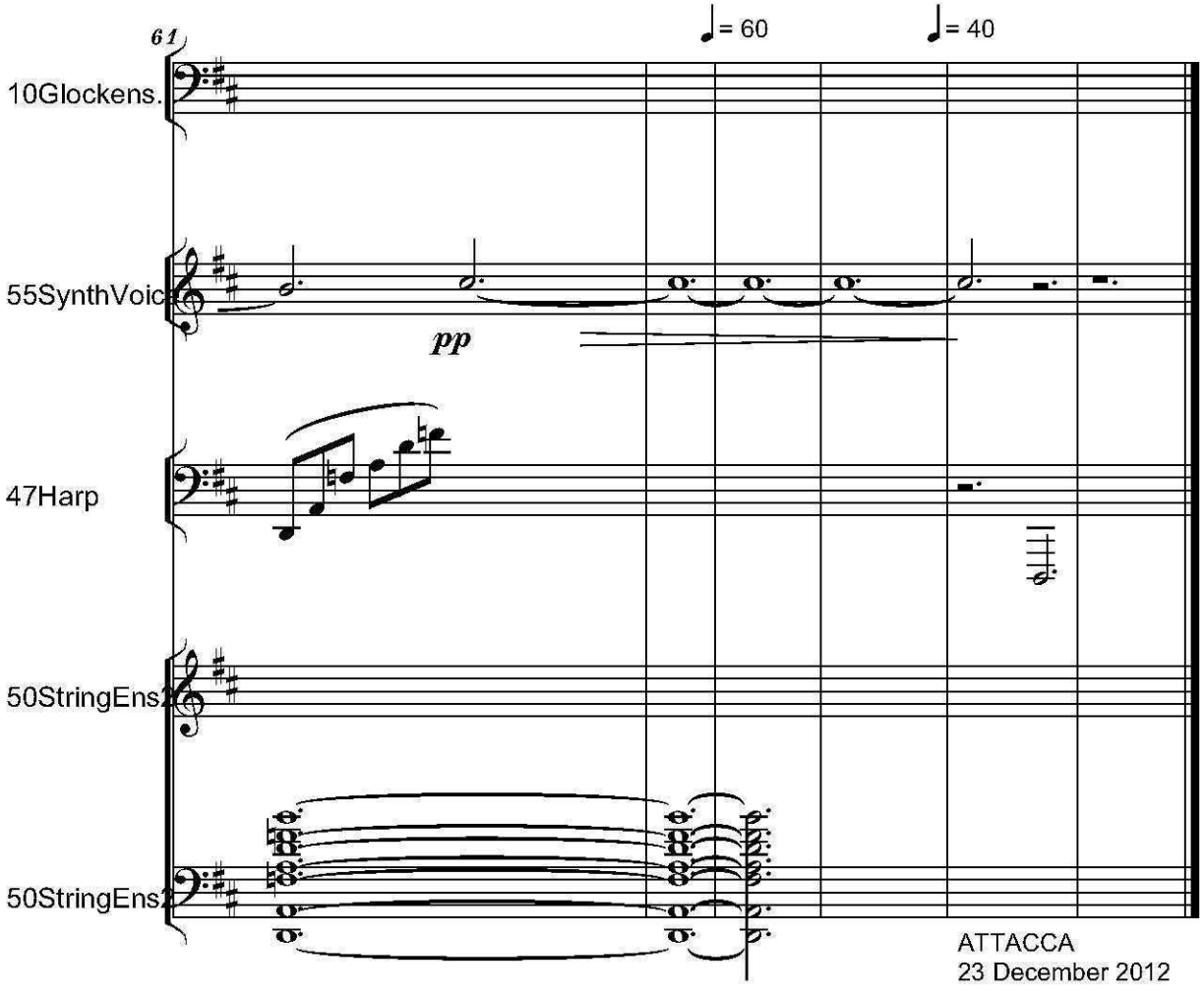

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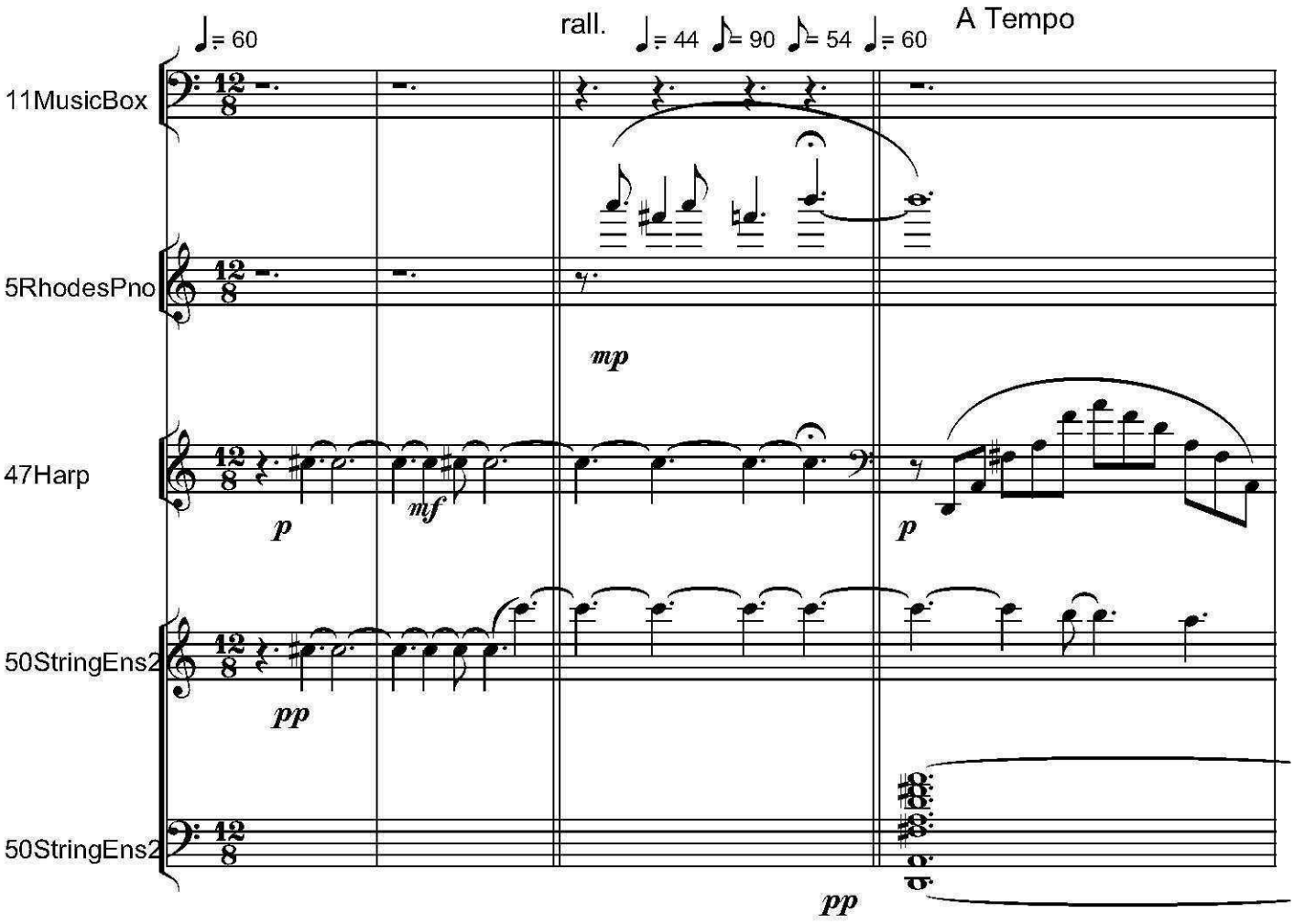
EXODUS - POEM BY BENJAMIN FONDANE

Sempre Largo, Lontano e Dolce,
Poco Rubato

III

Serban Nichifor



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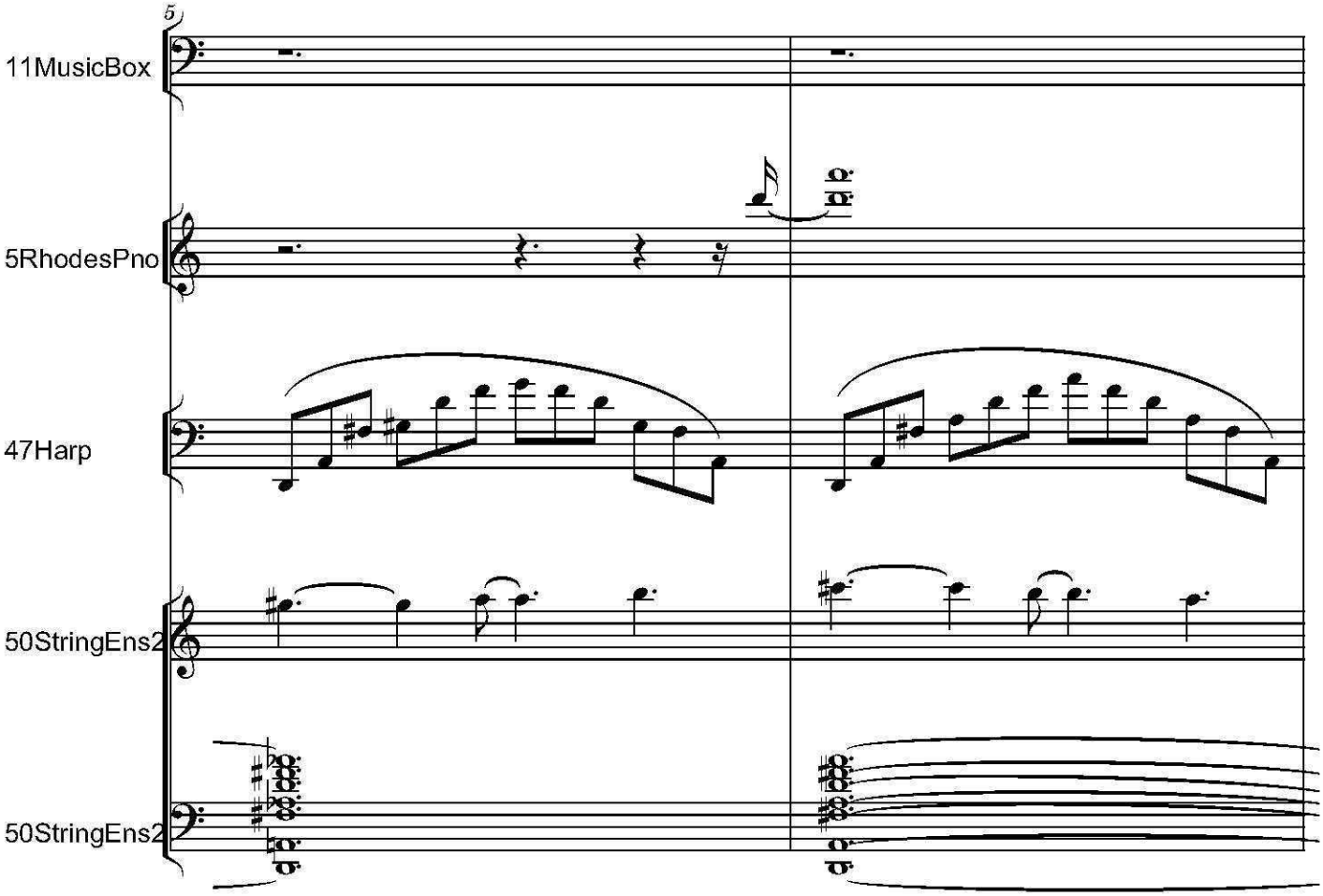

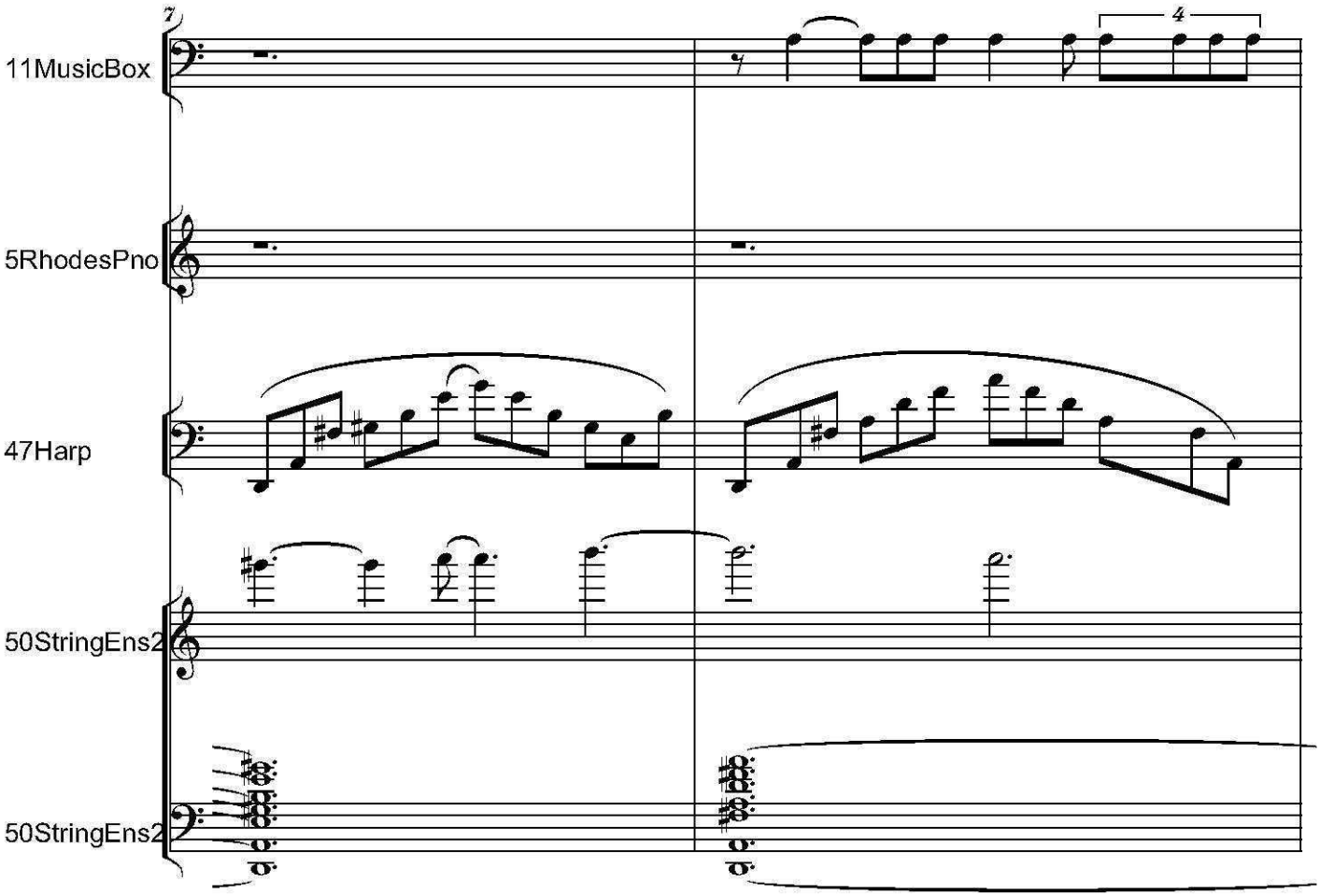

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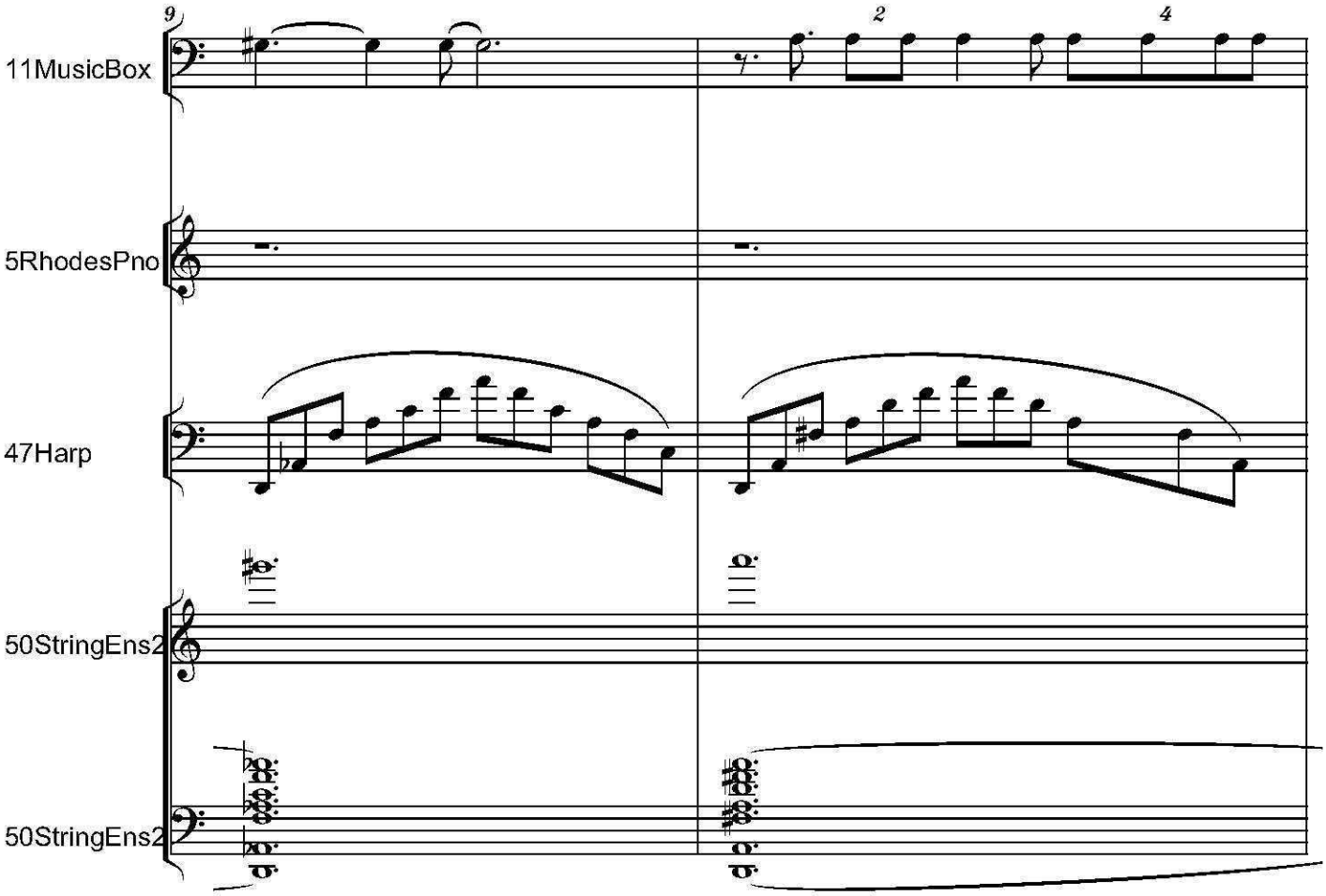

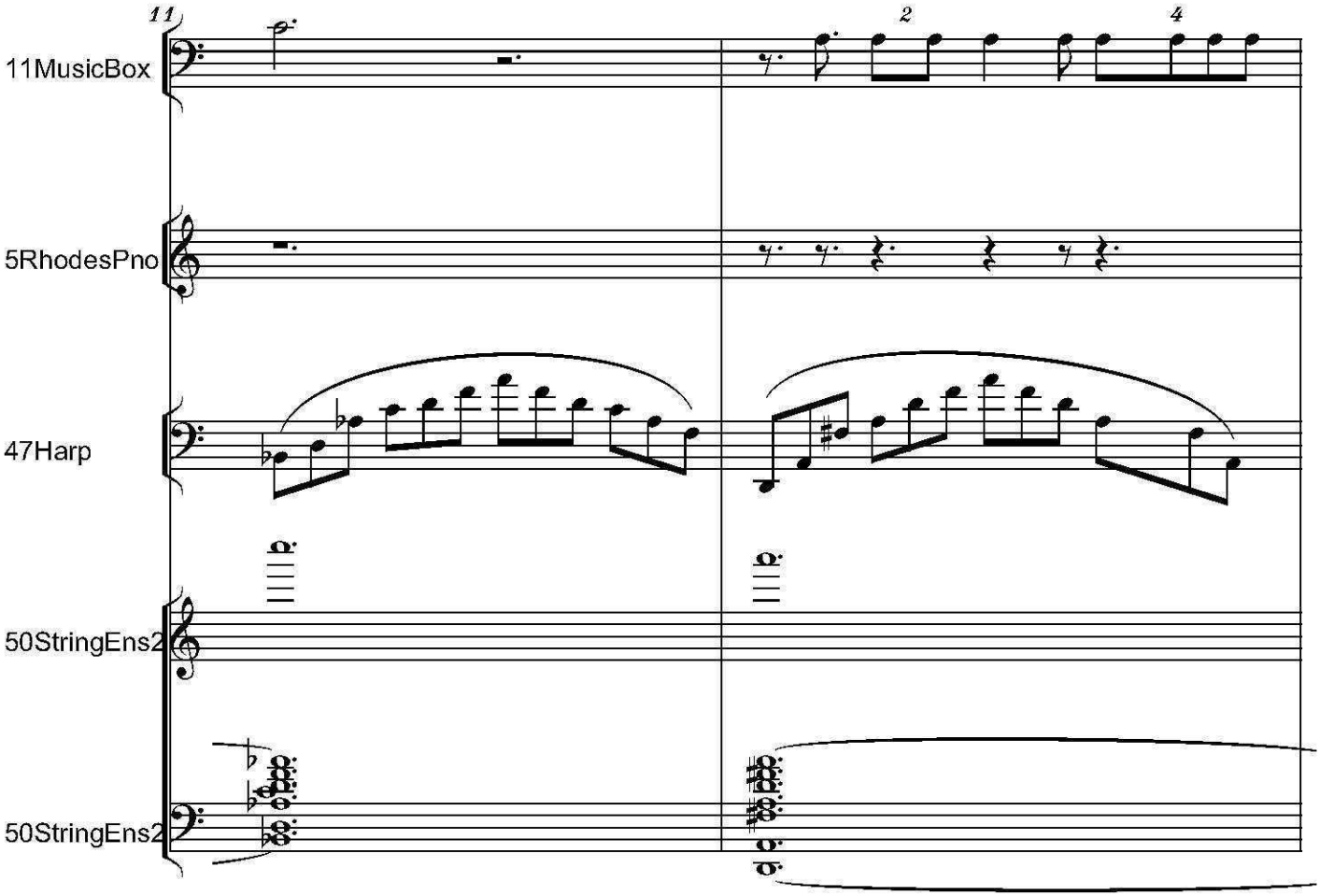

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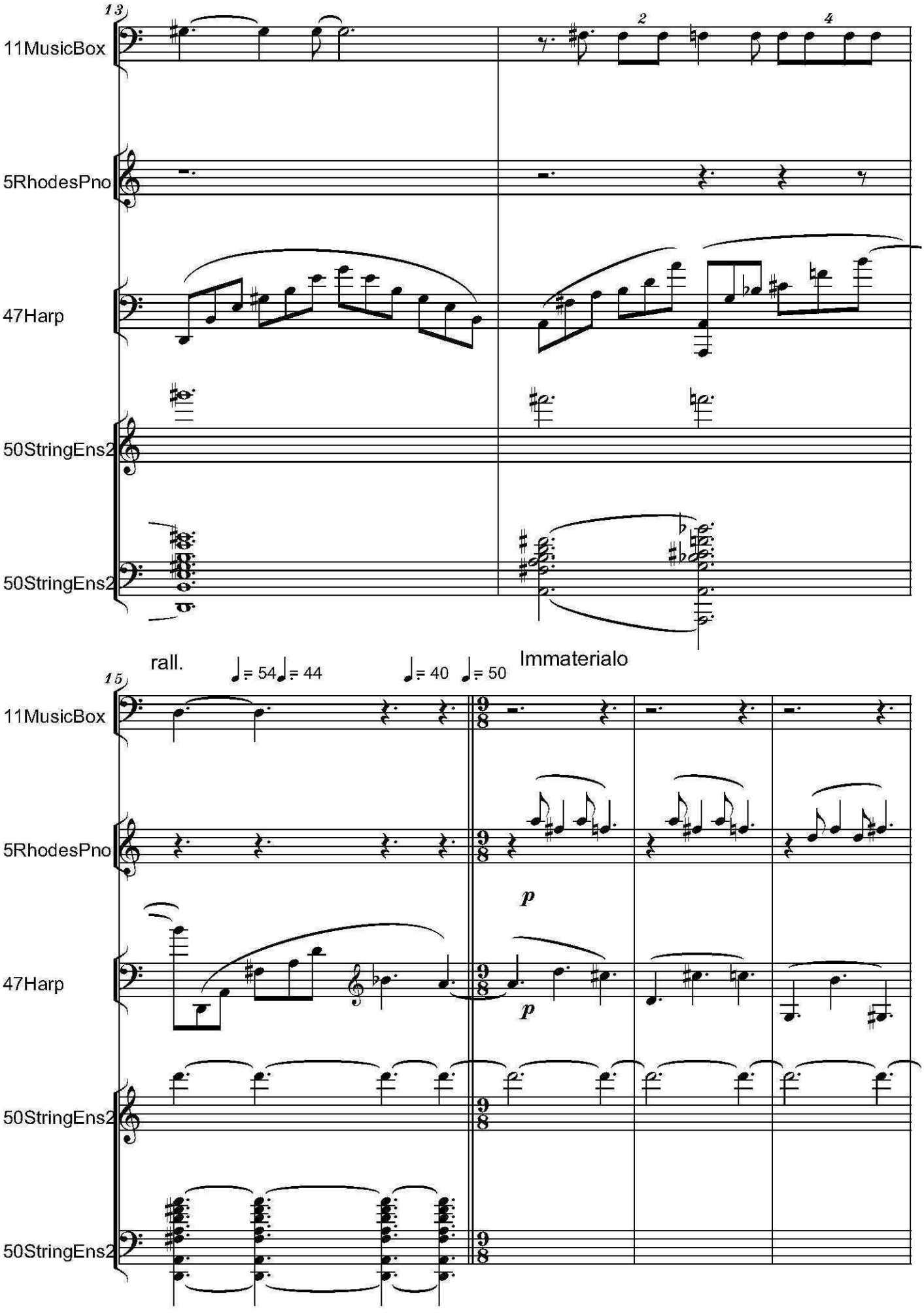

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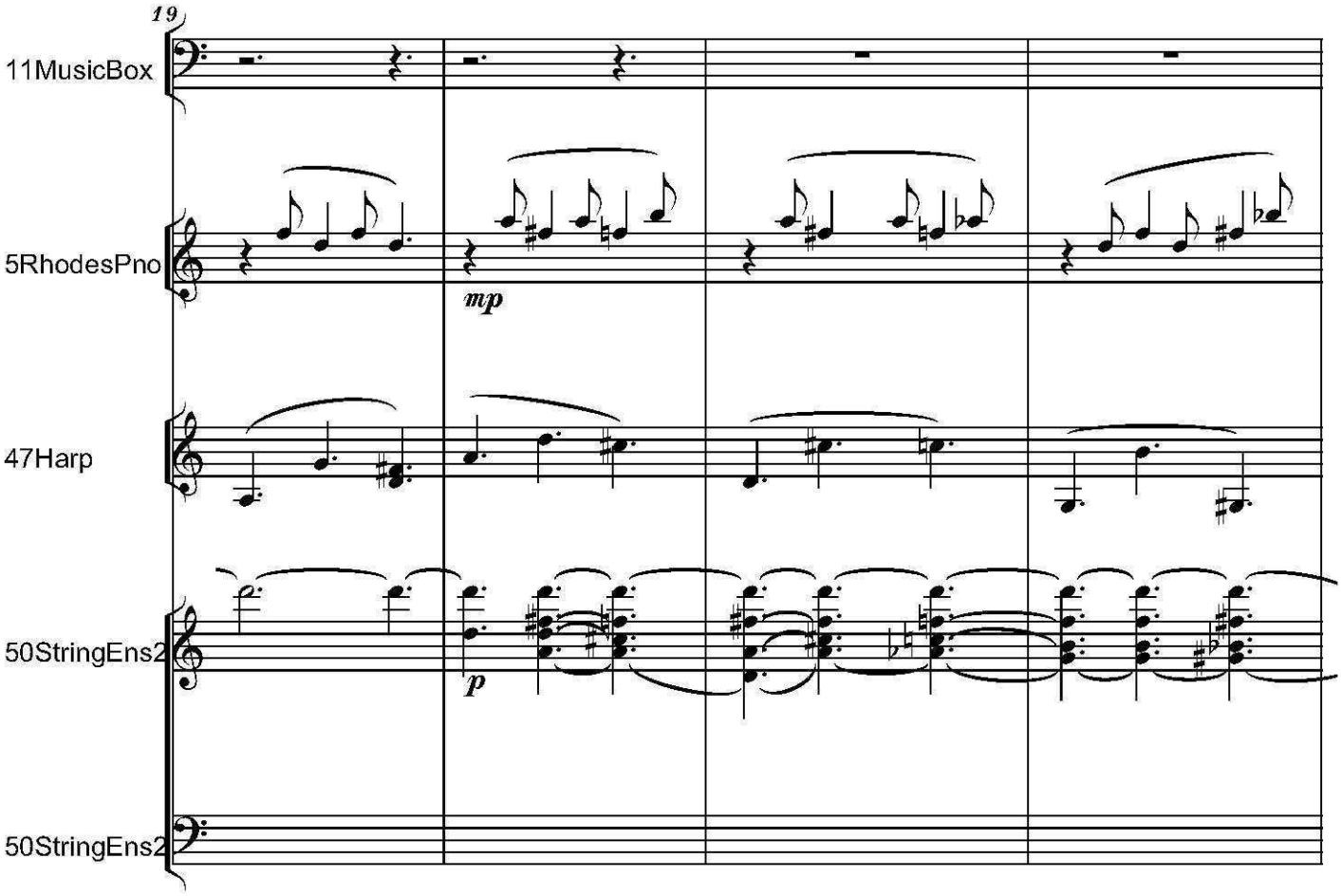

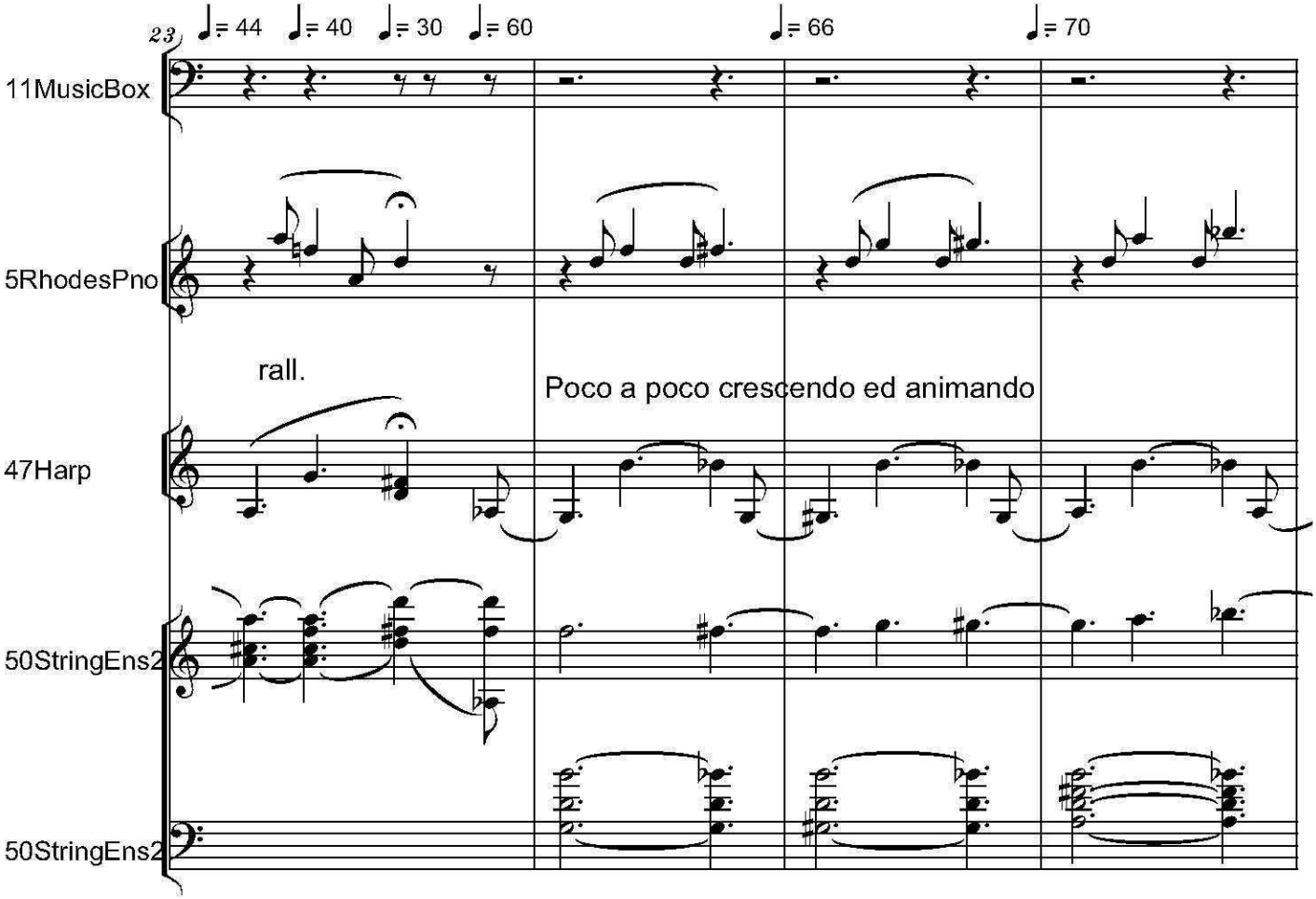

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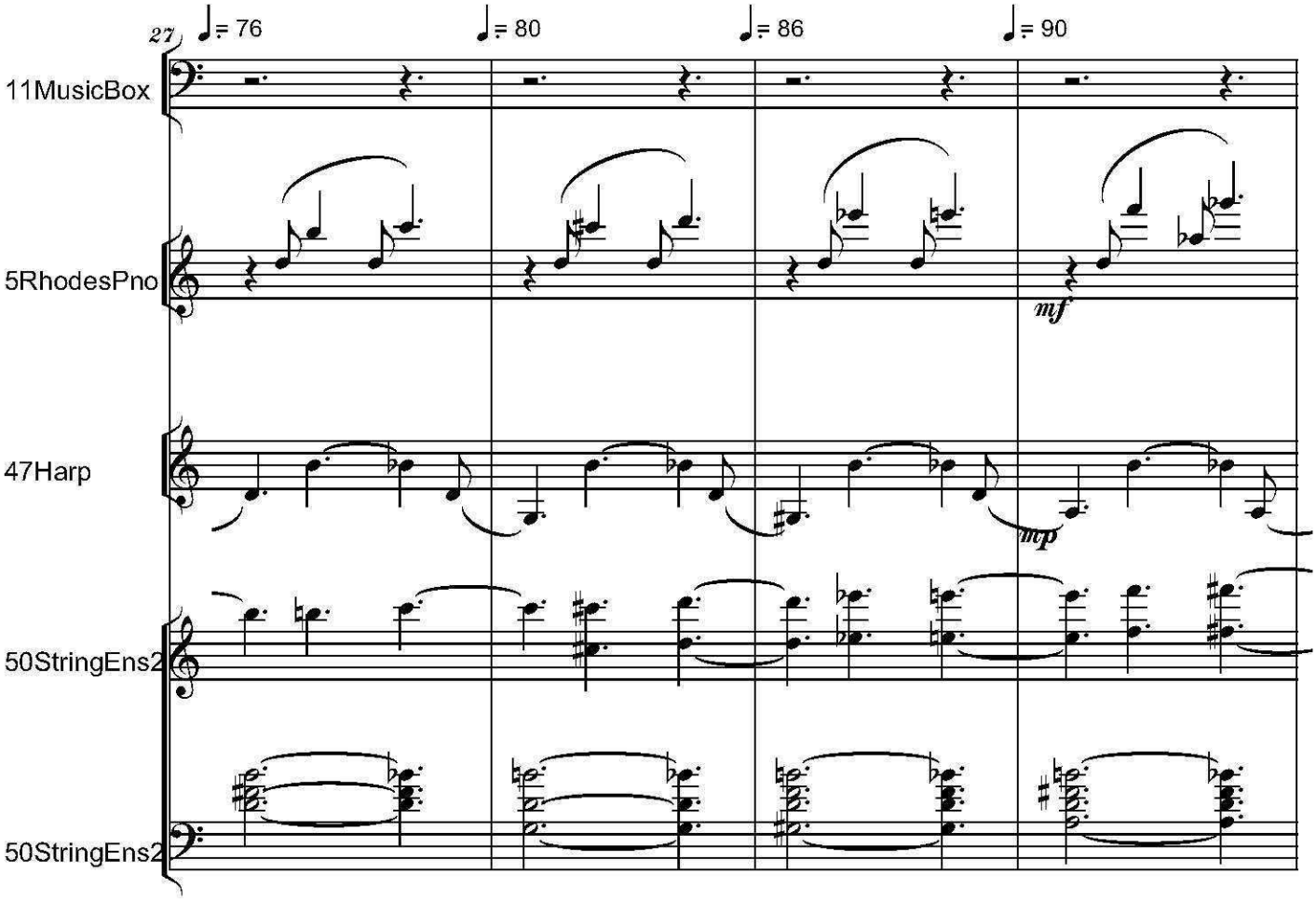

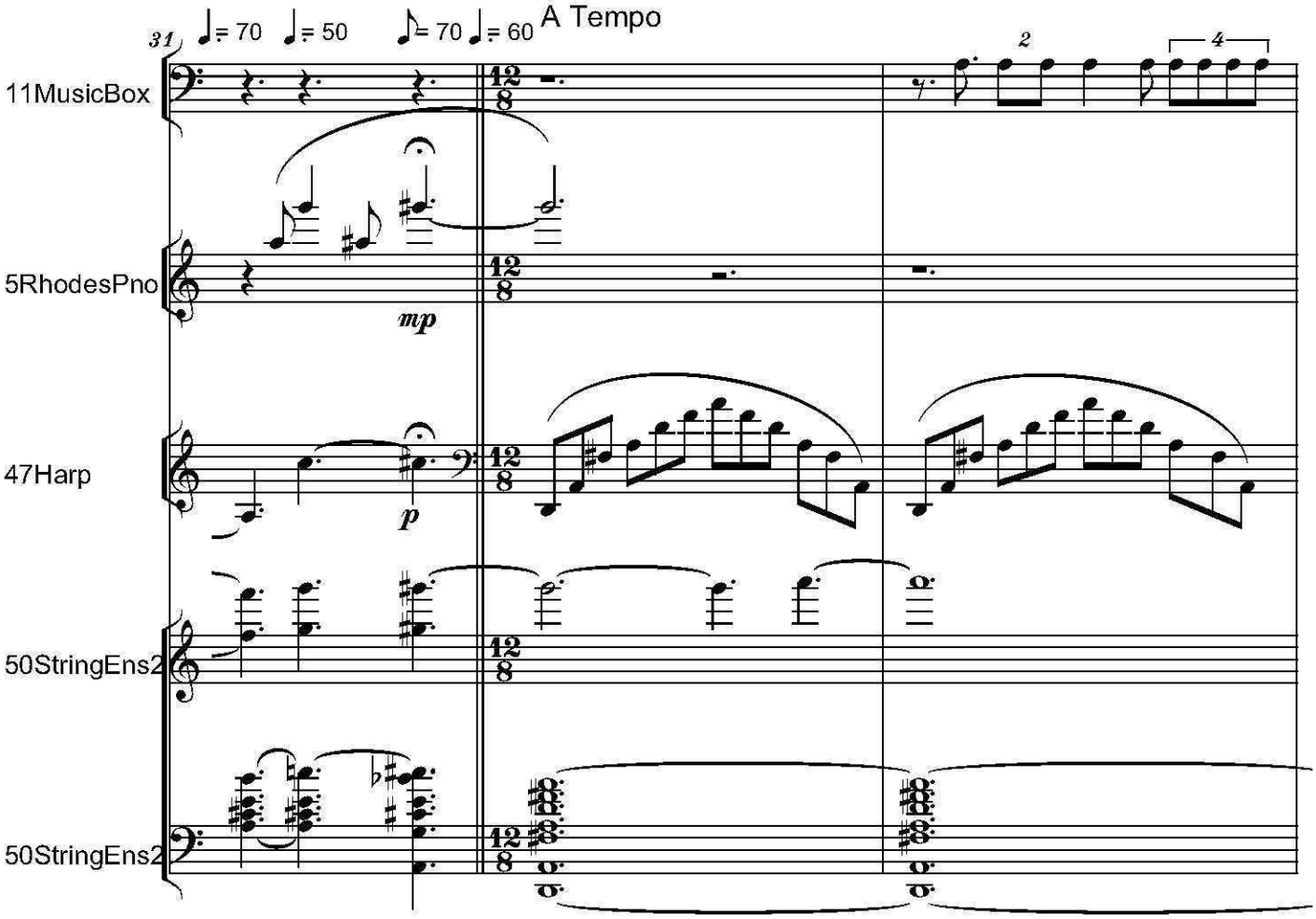

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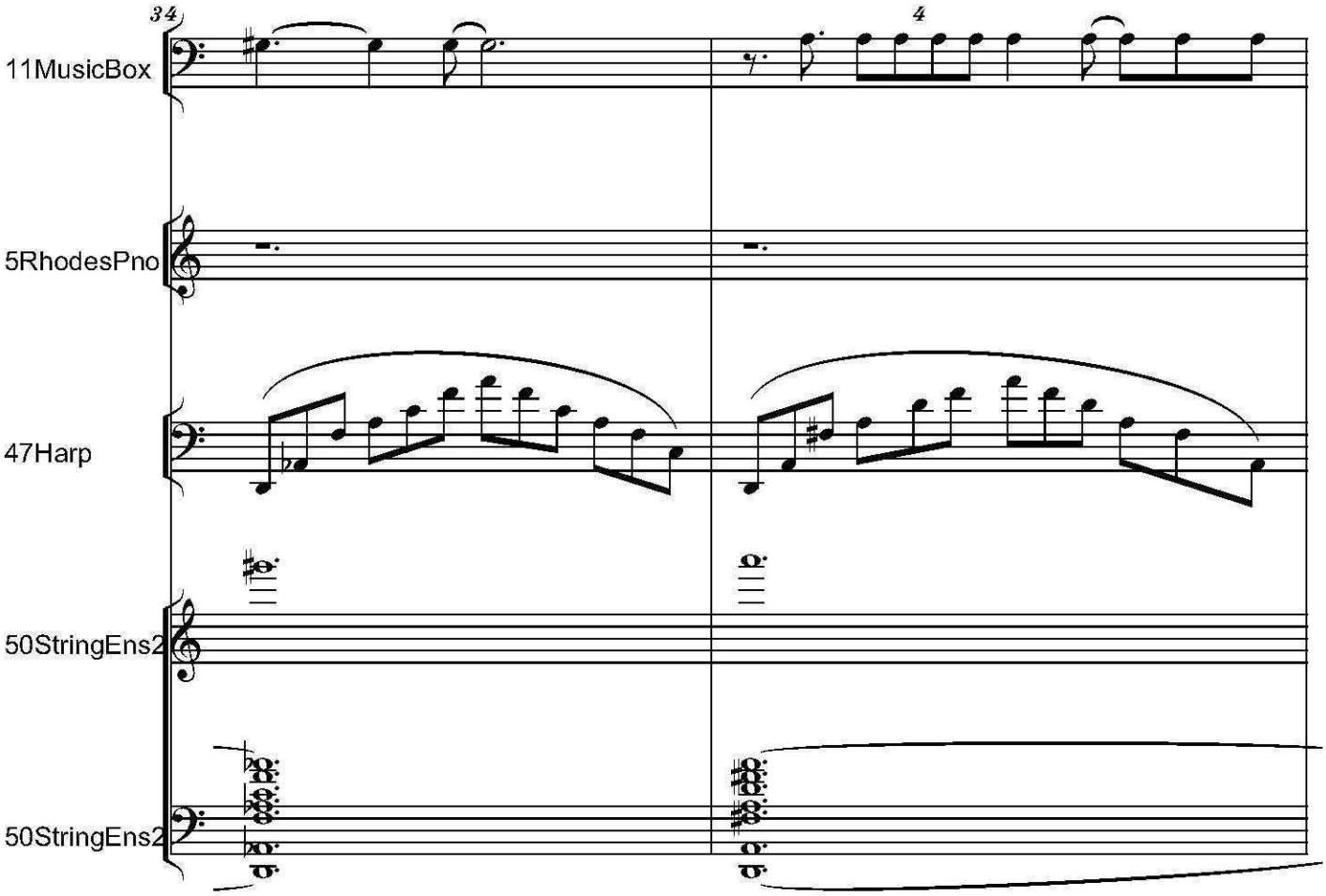

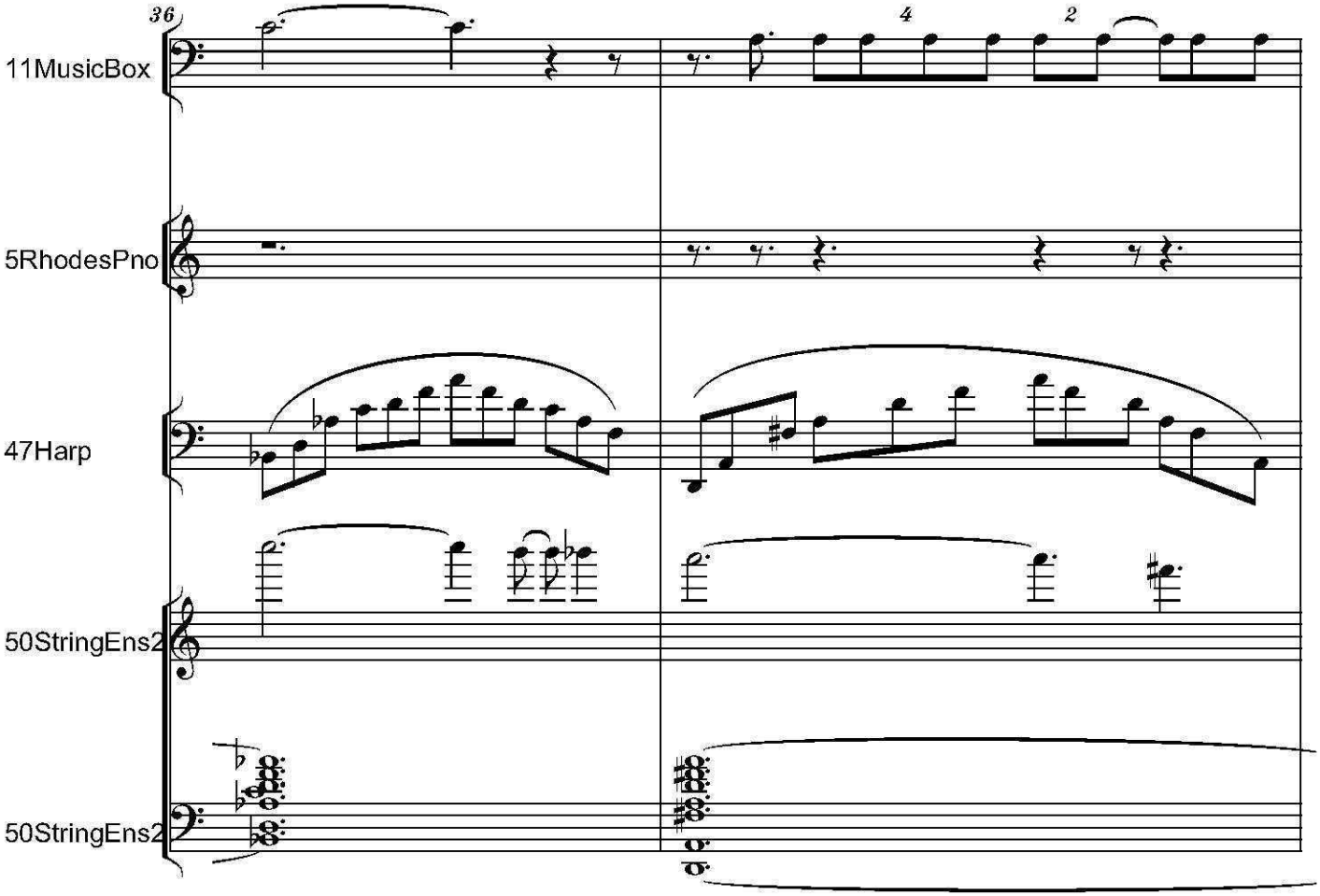

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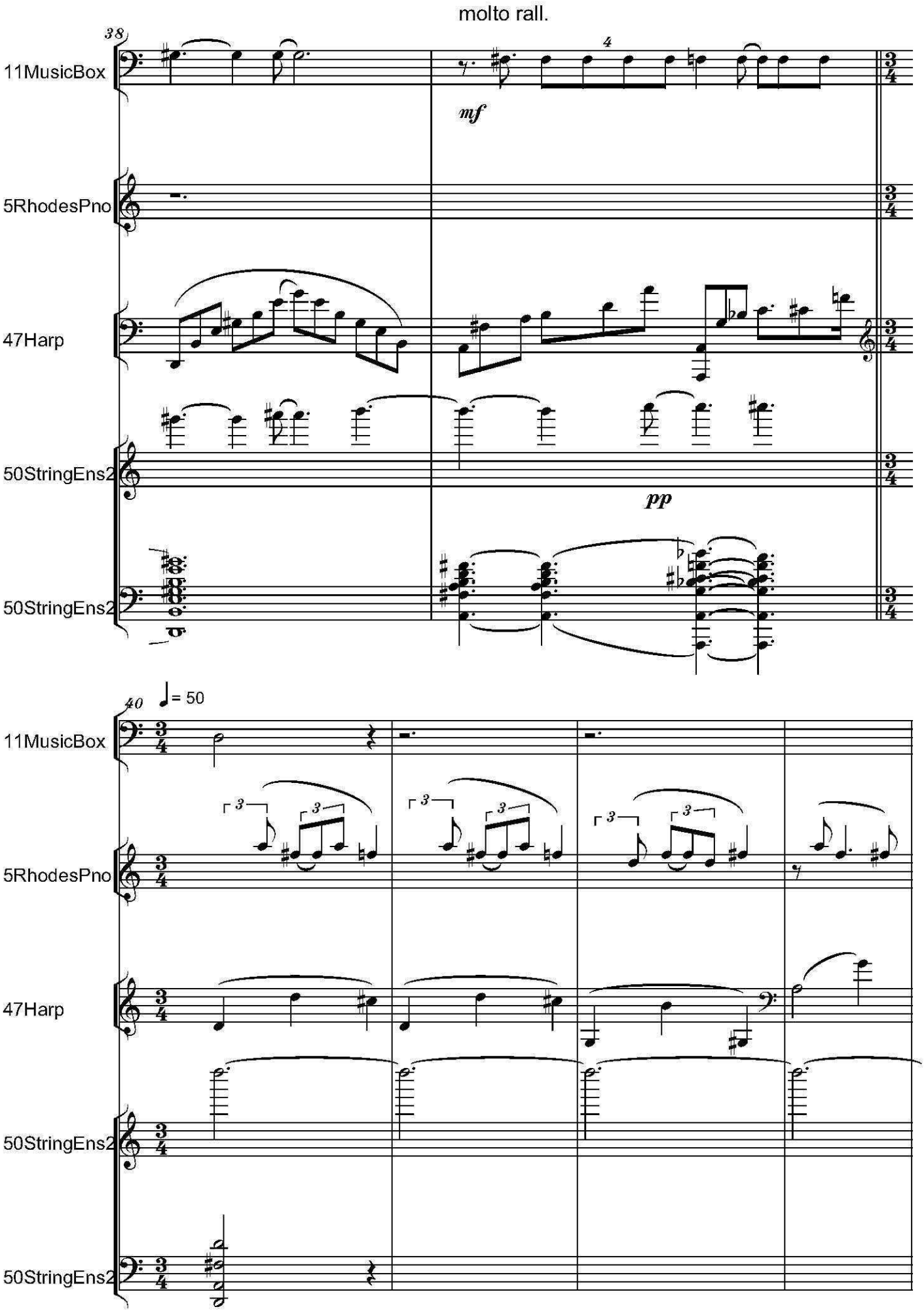

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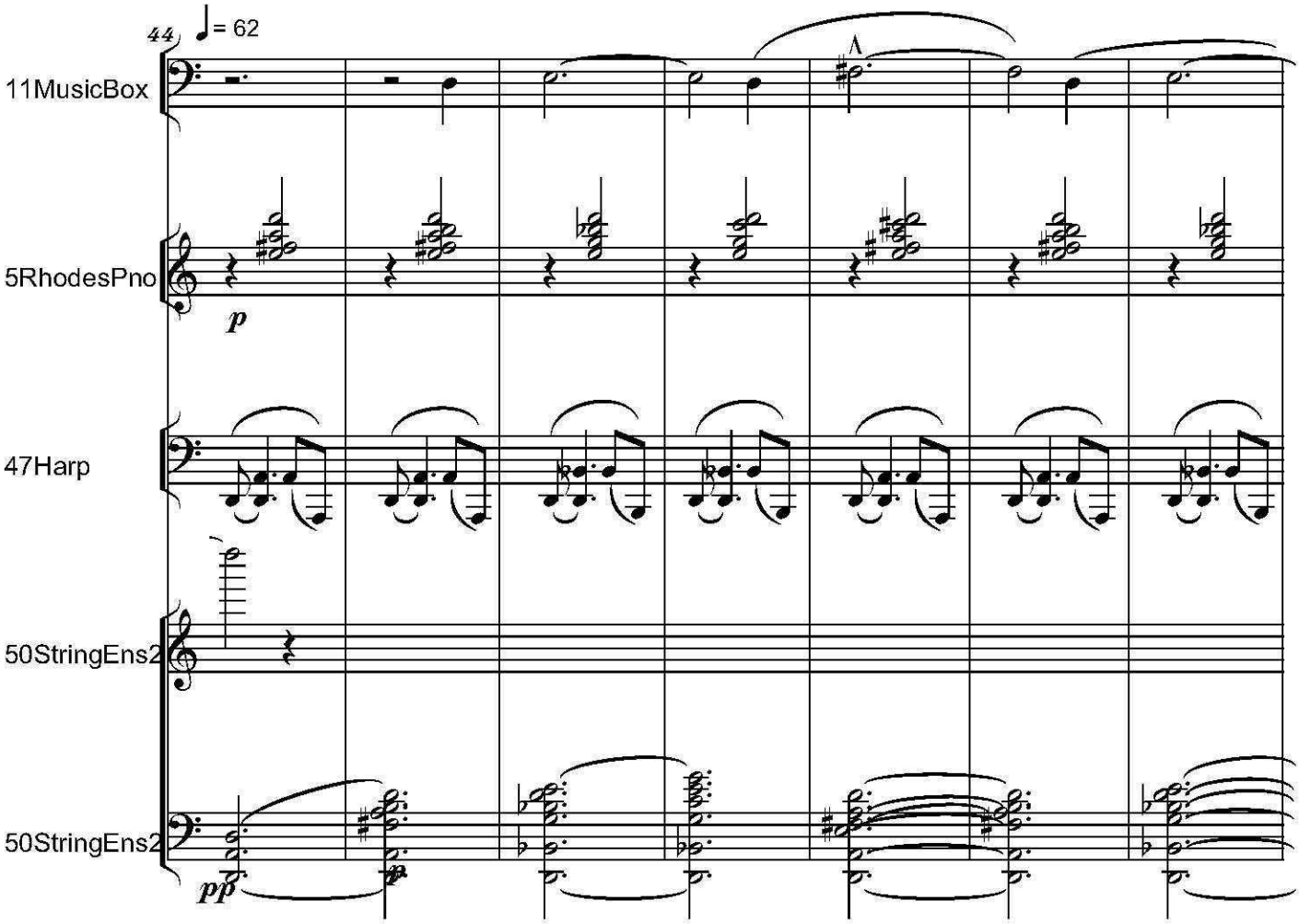

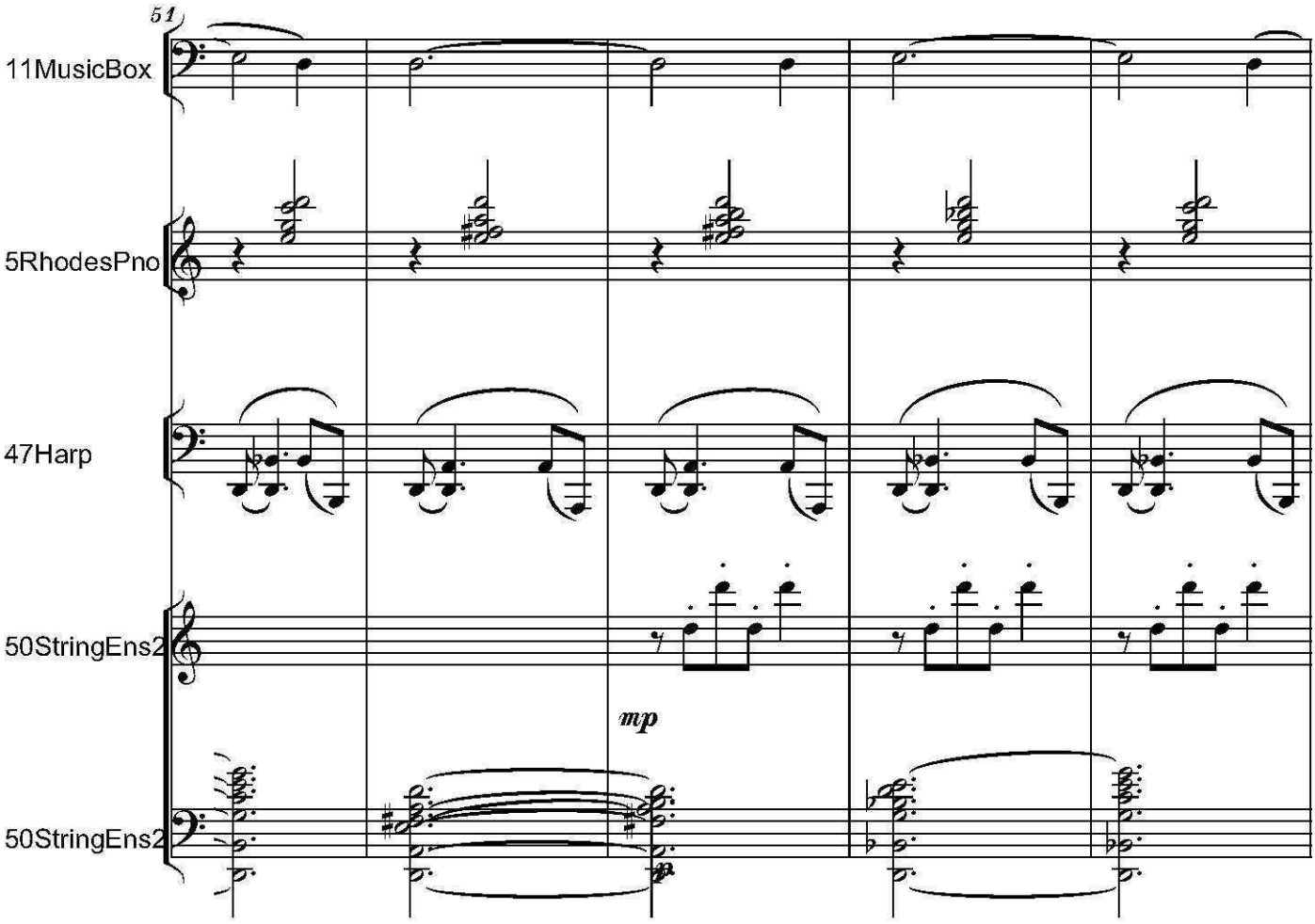

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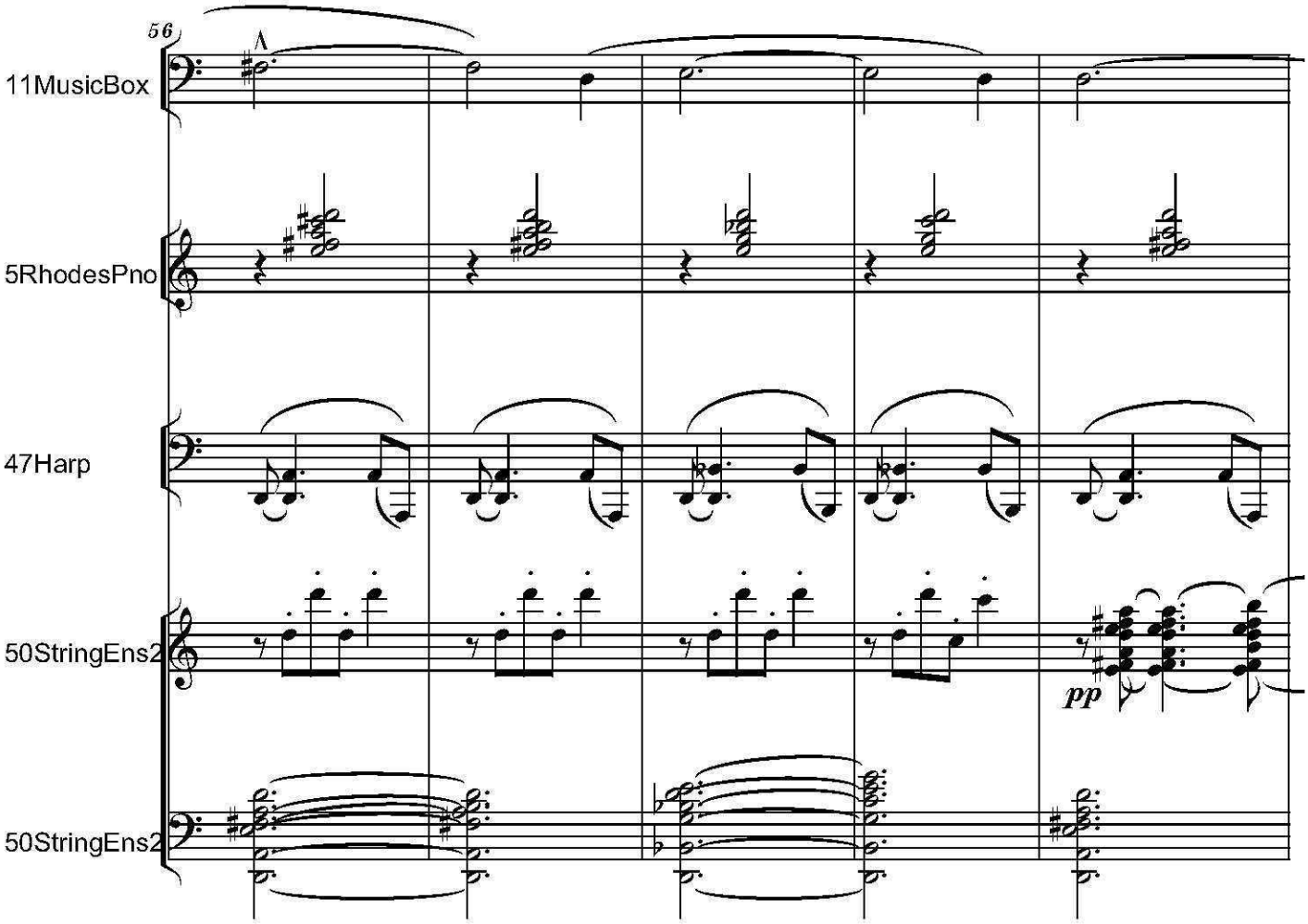

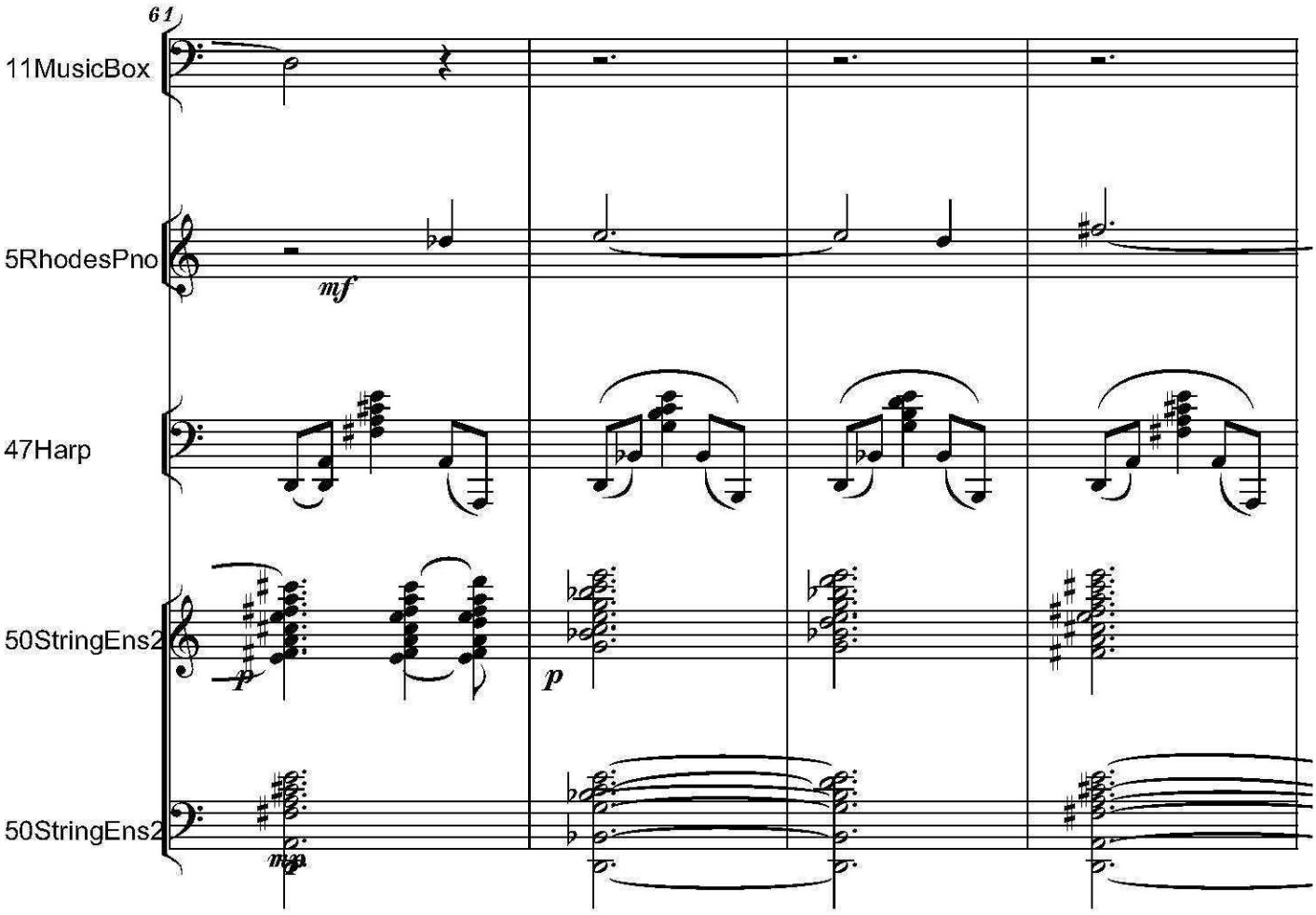

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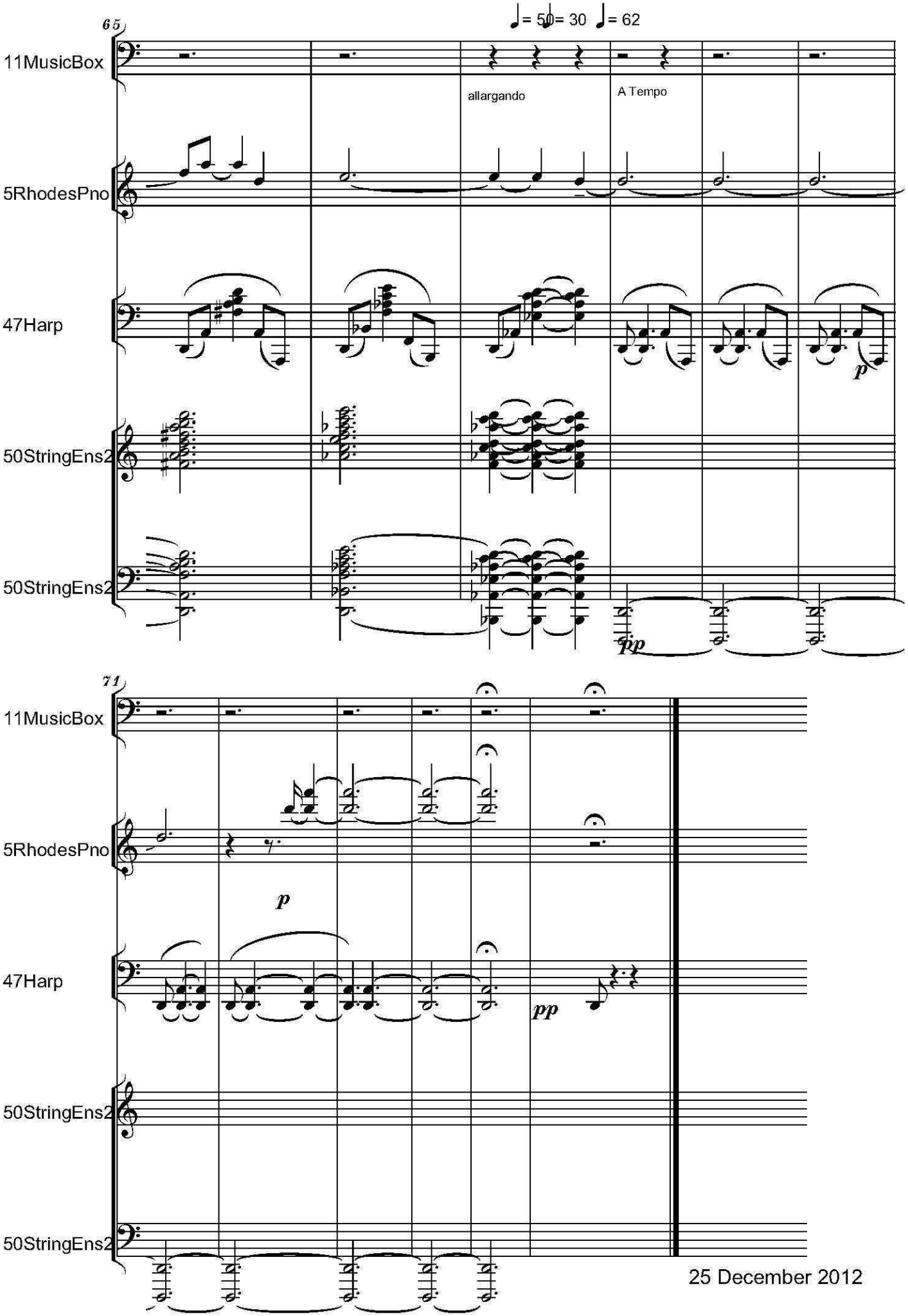

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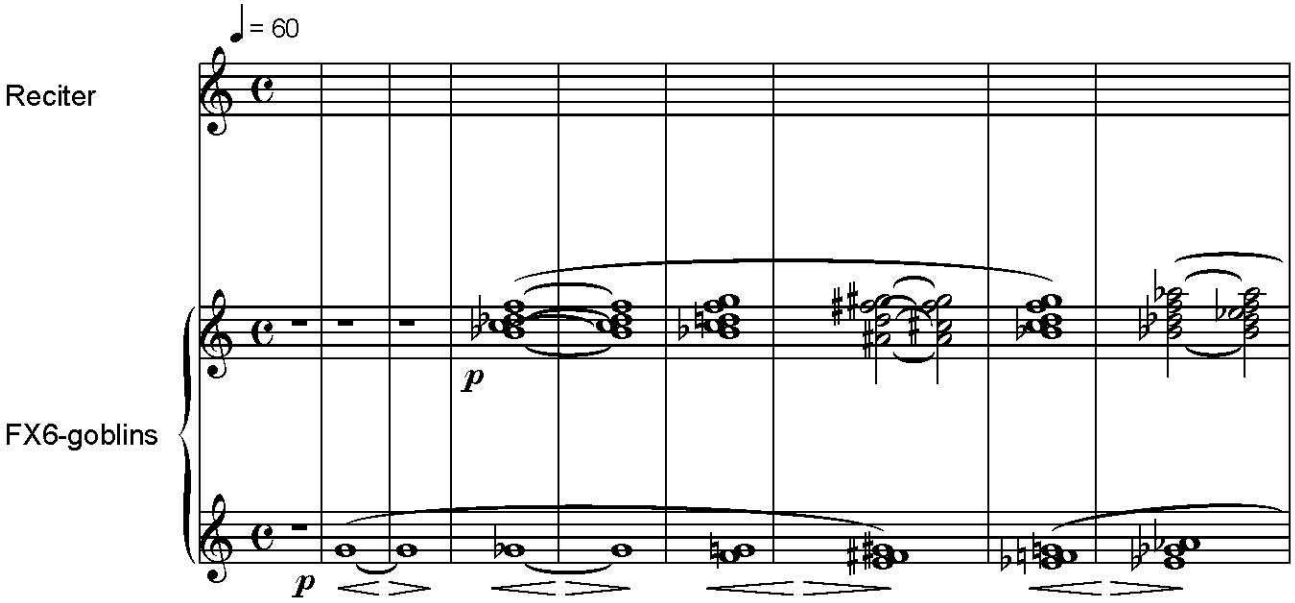
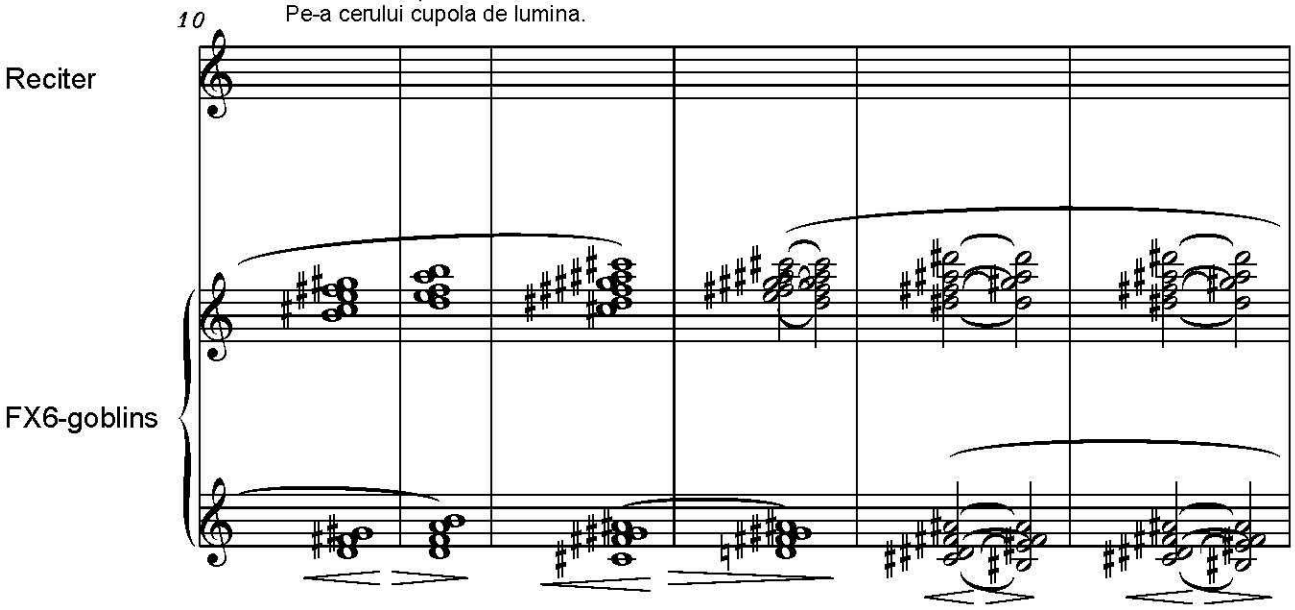
Largo, lontano e dolce, immaterialo

WHEN JEHOVAH CREATED THE UNIVERSE...
- POEM BY BENJAMIN FONDANE -

Serban Nichifor



Cand a creat Iehova universul,
Cu mana lui puternica, divina,
A aruncat un pumn de stele-albastre
Pe-a cerului cupola de lumina.



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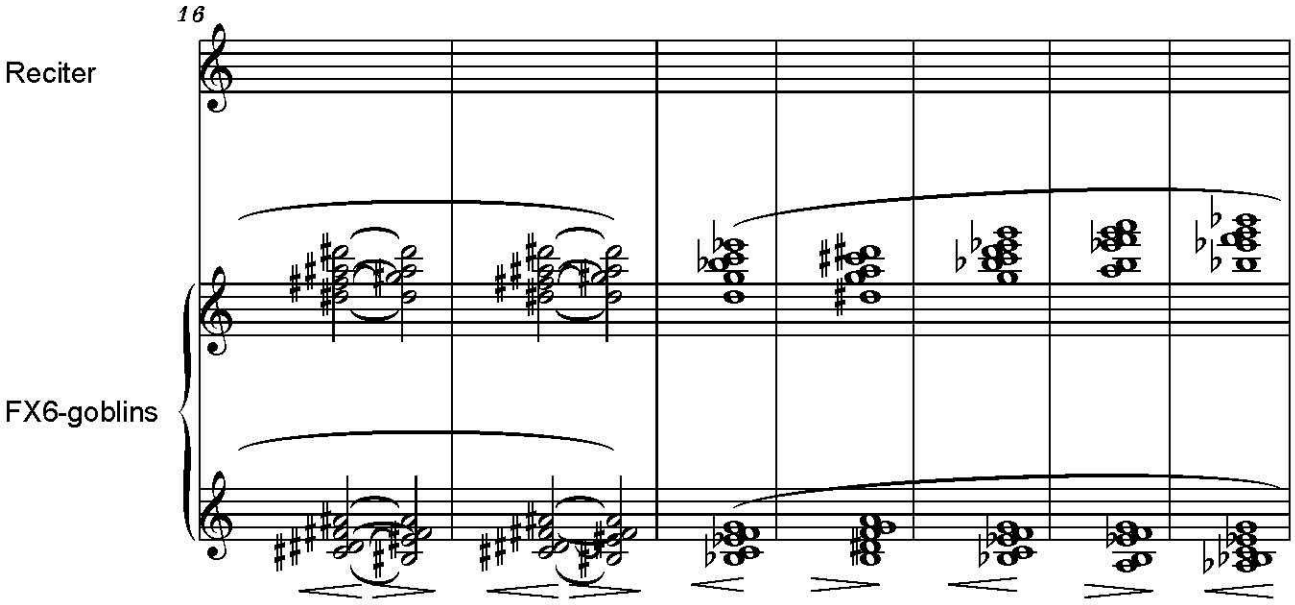
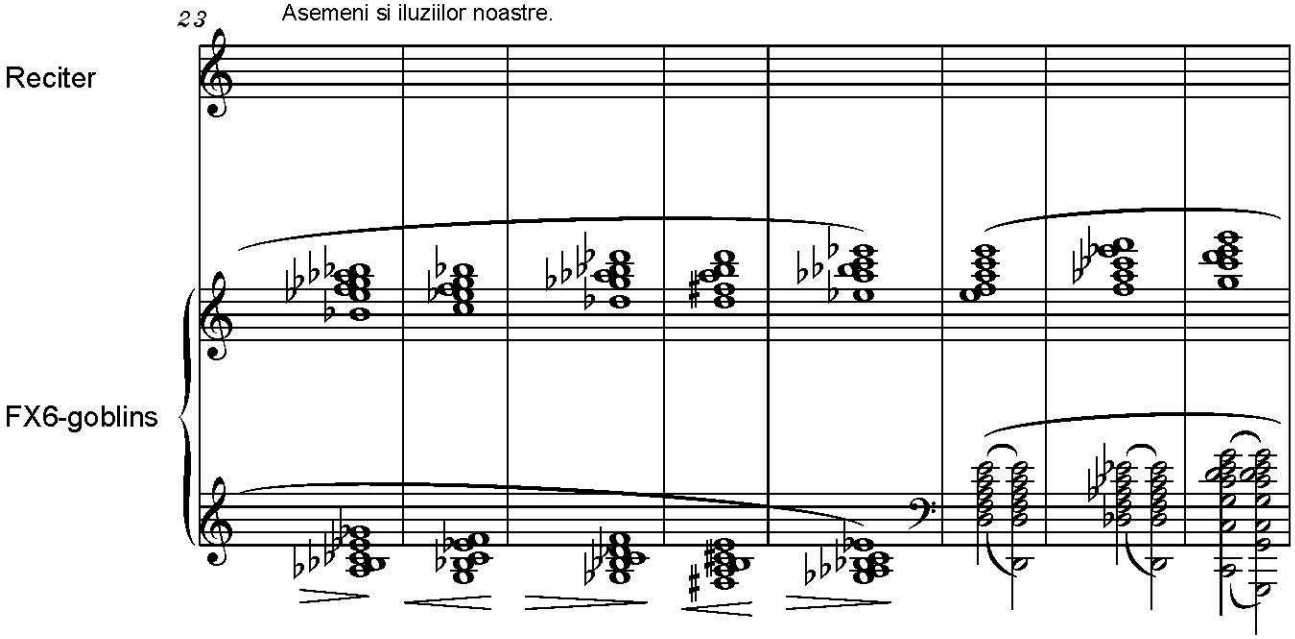


Si astazi stau pe cer imprastiate
Si plang amar nostalgicele astre.
Privind la ele, cred c-au fost create
Asemeni si iluziilor noastre.



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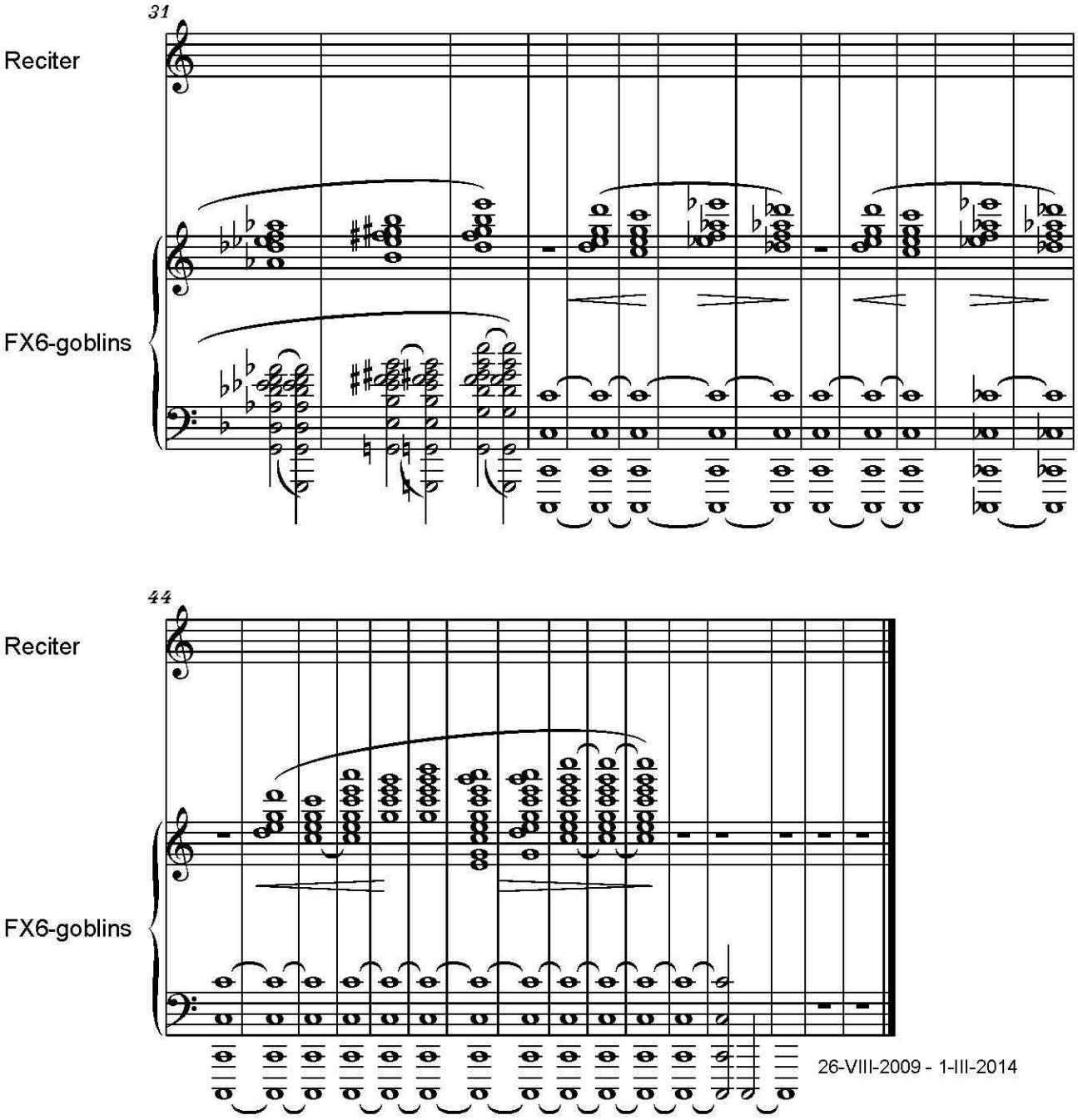

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IV

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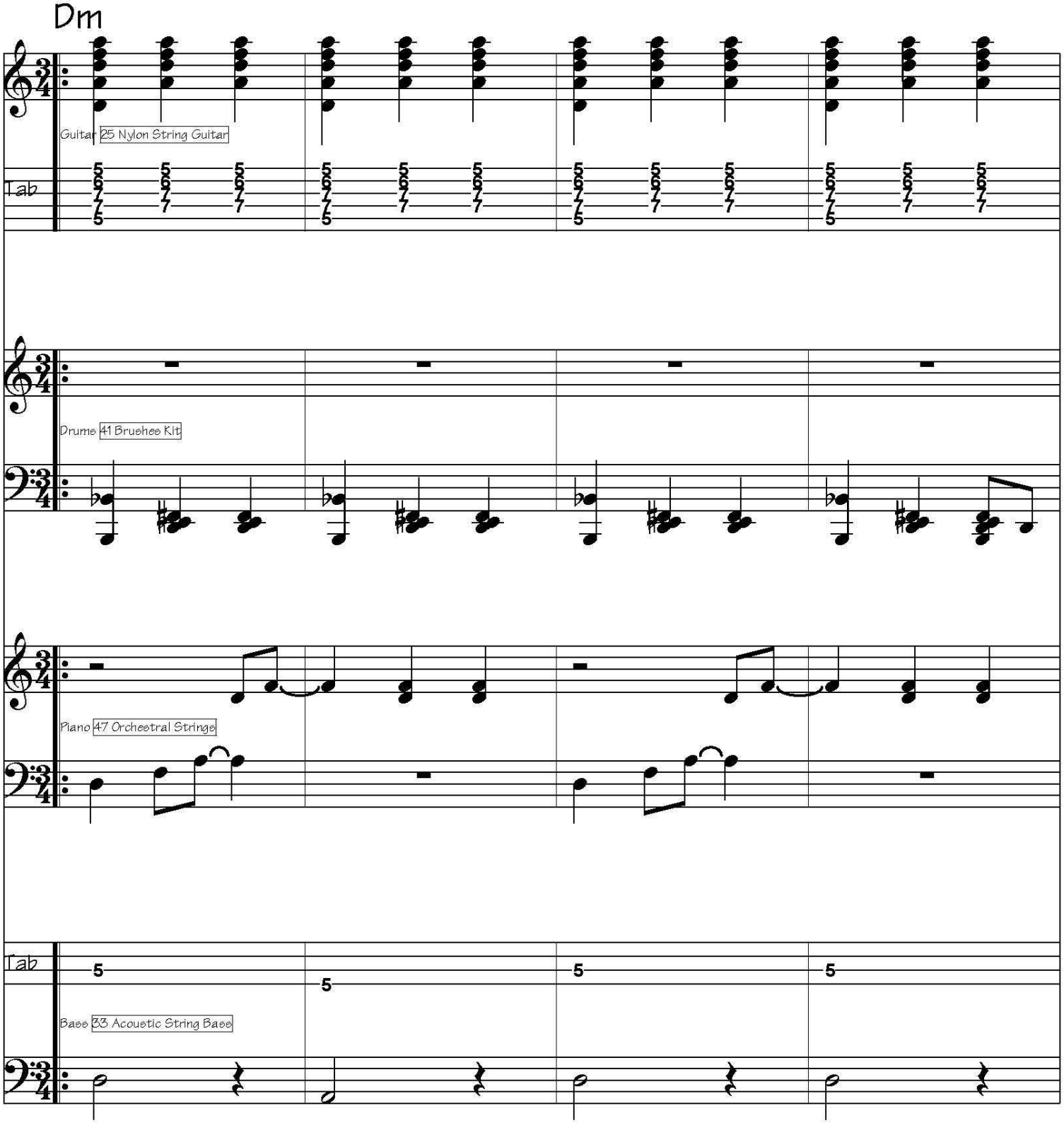
Serban Nichifor: Waltz 01, 15-III-2014



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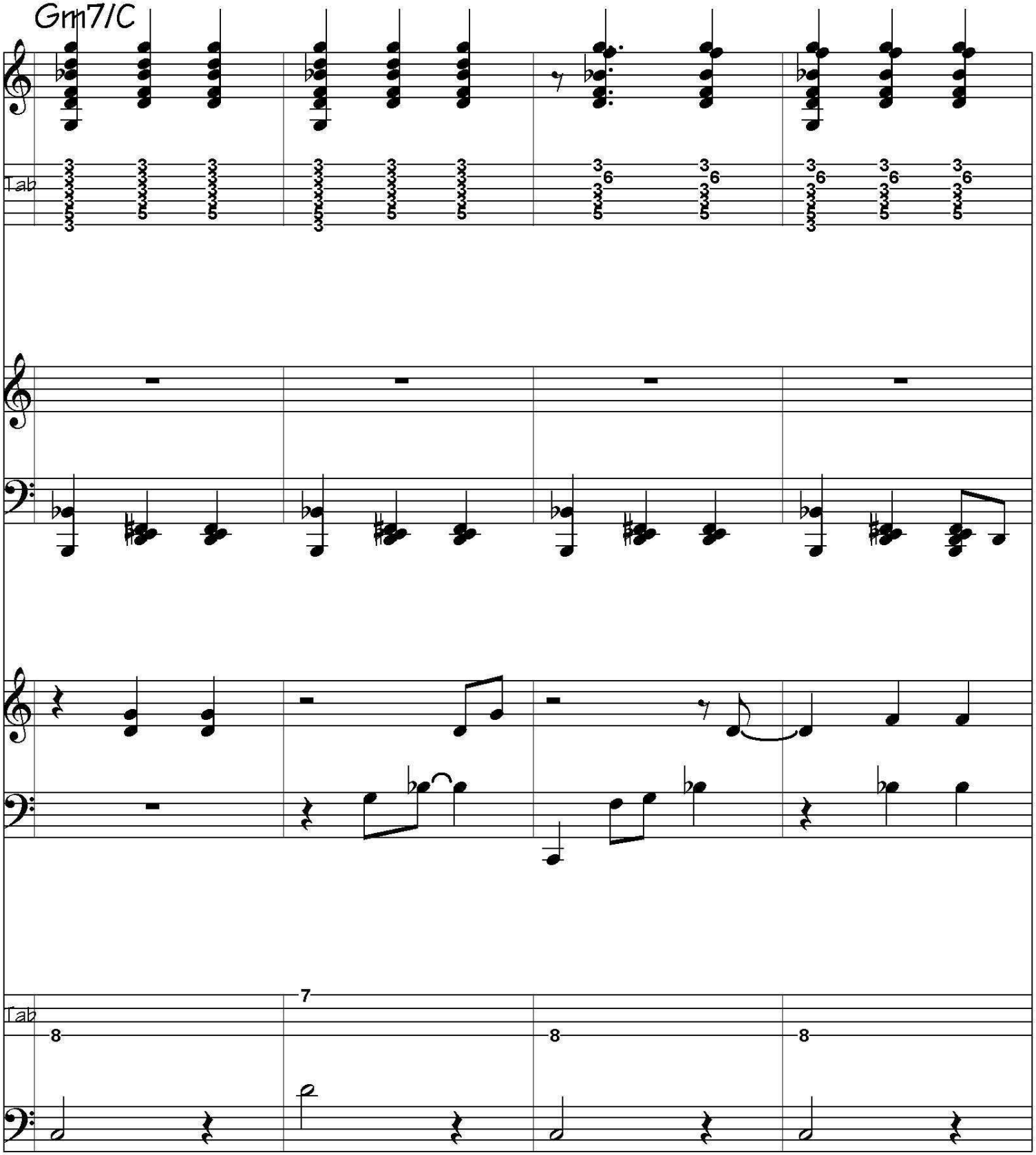

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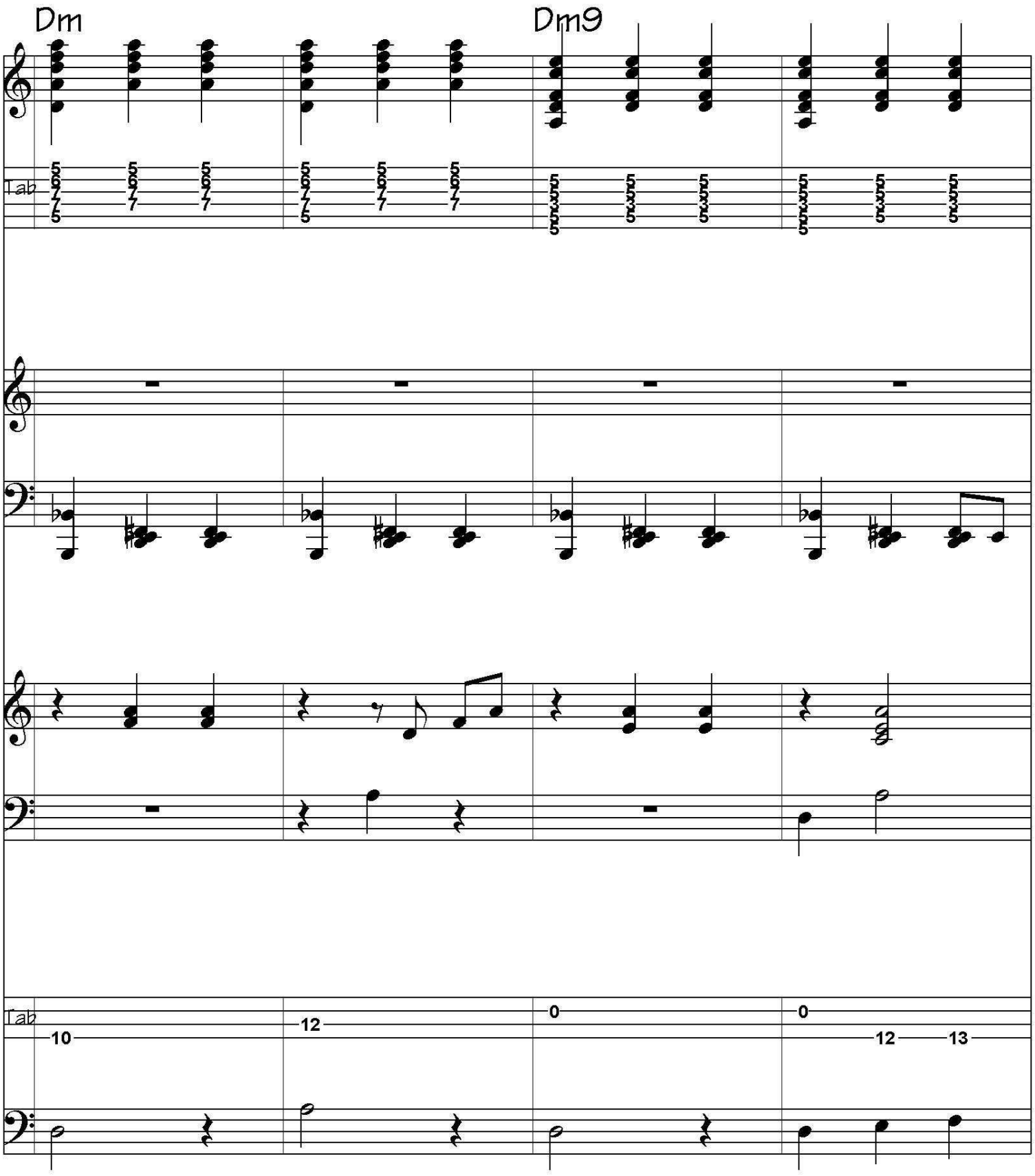

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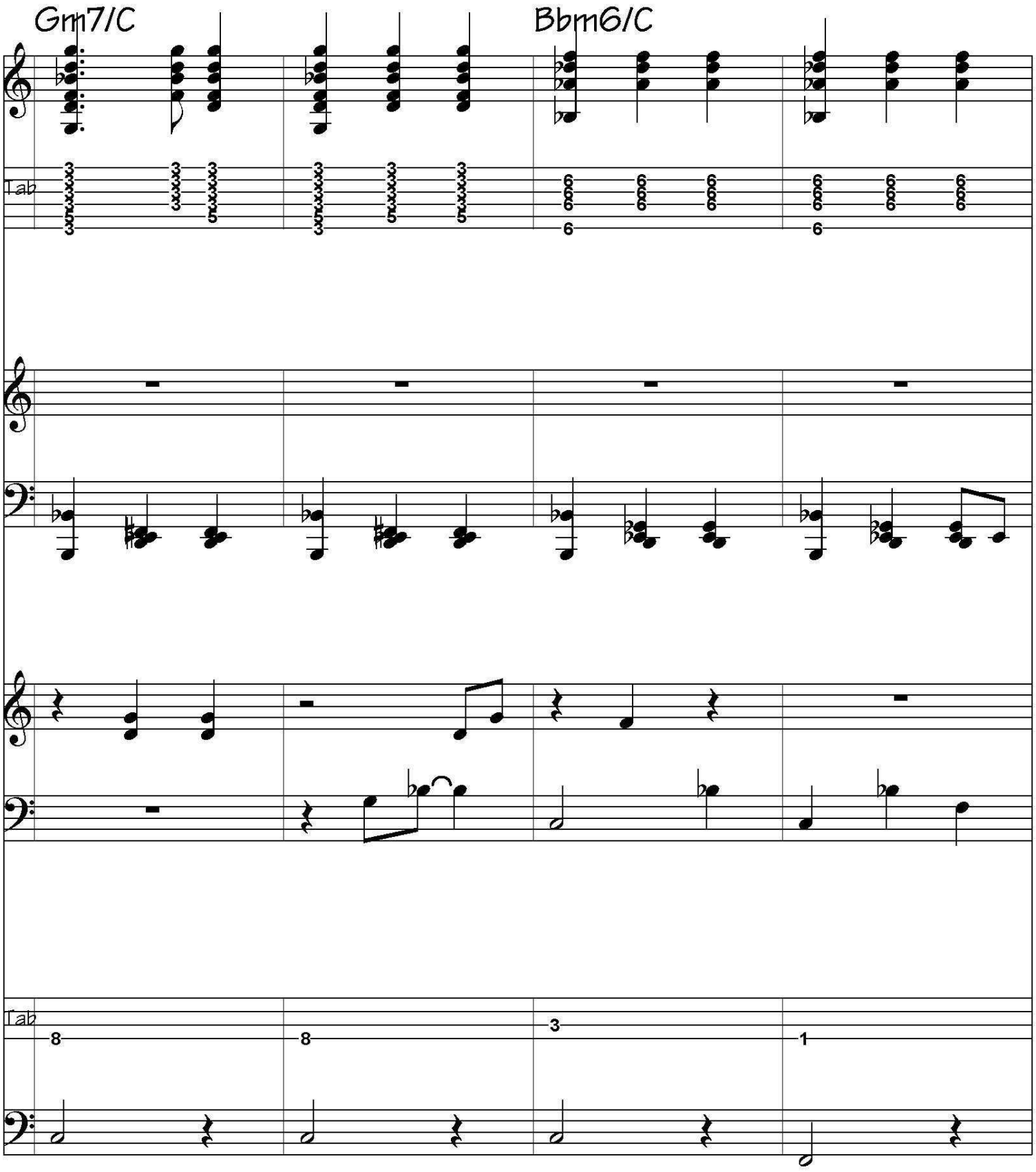

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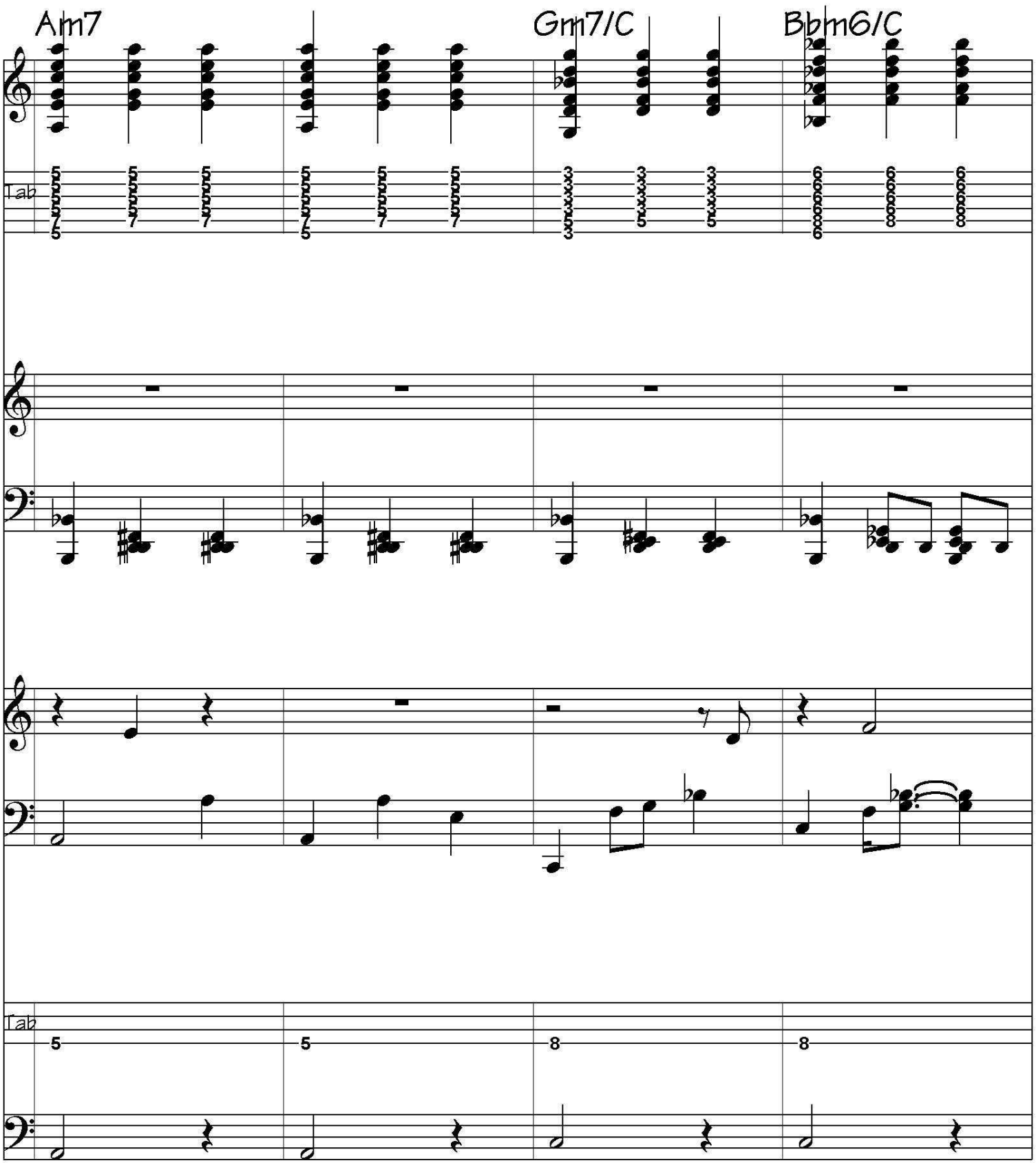

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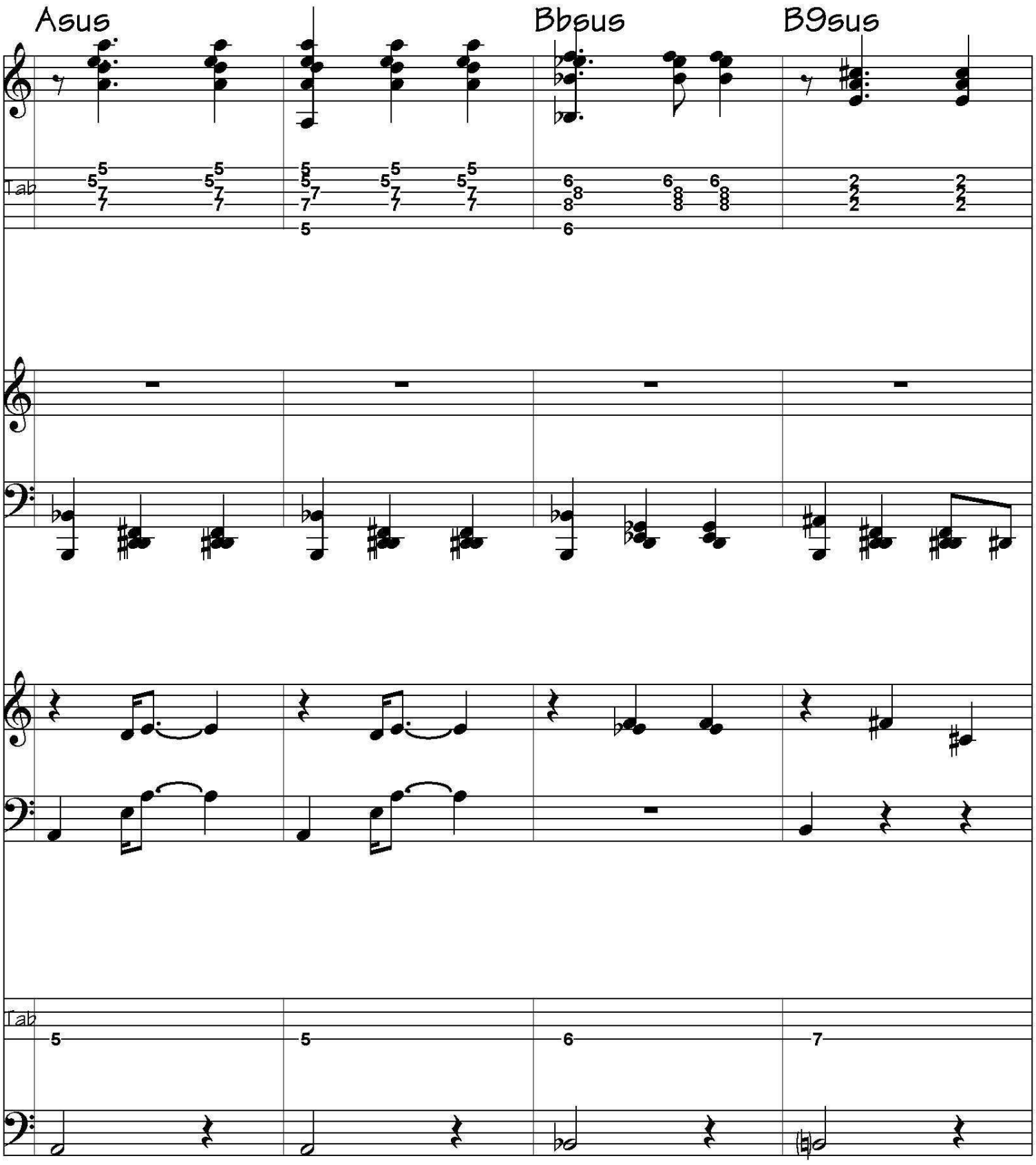

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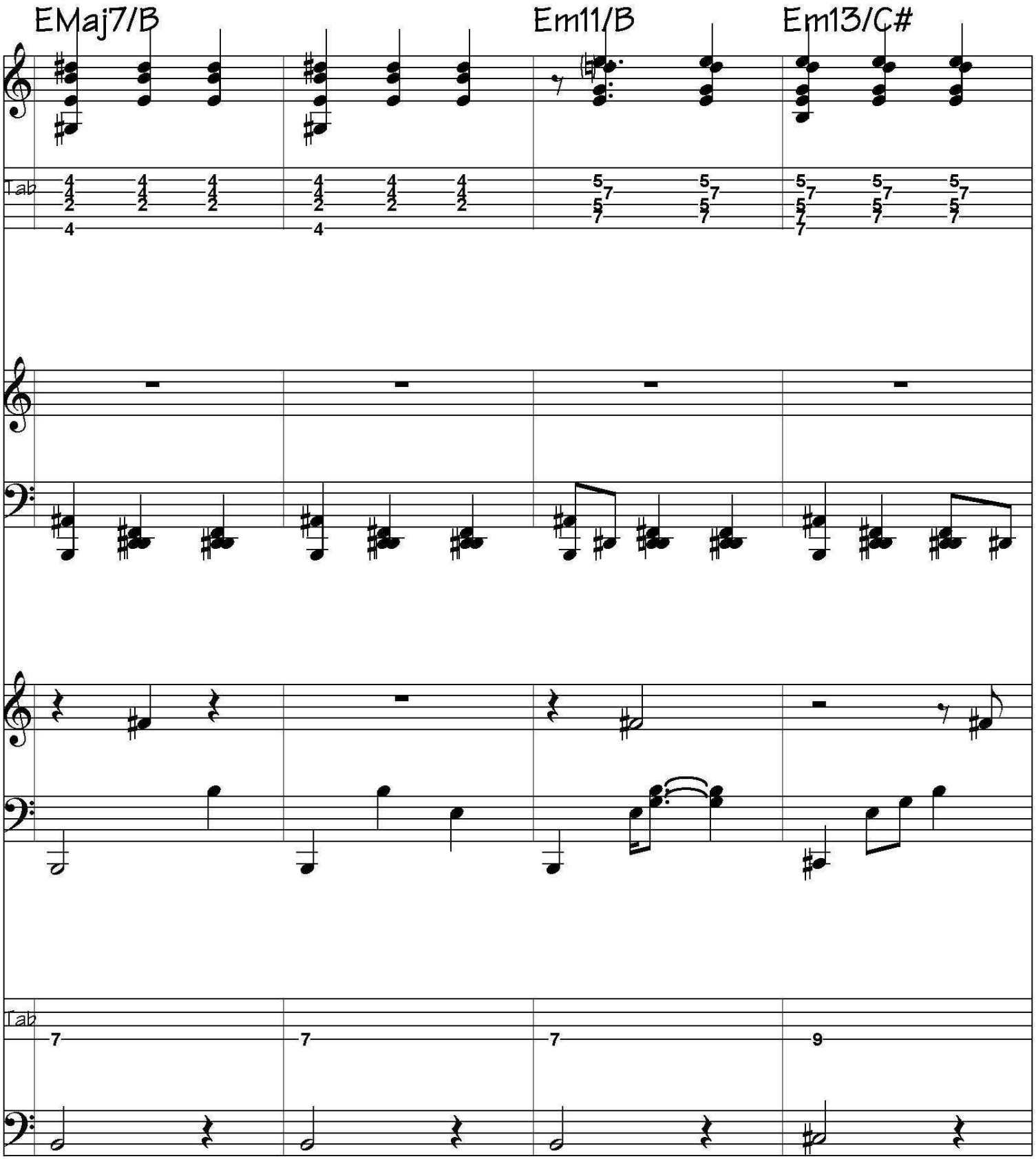

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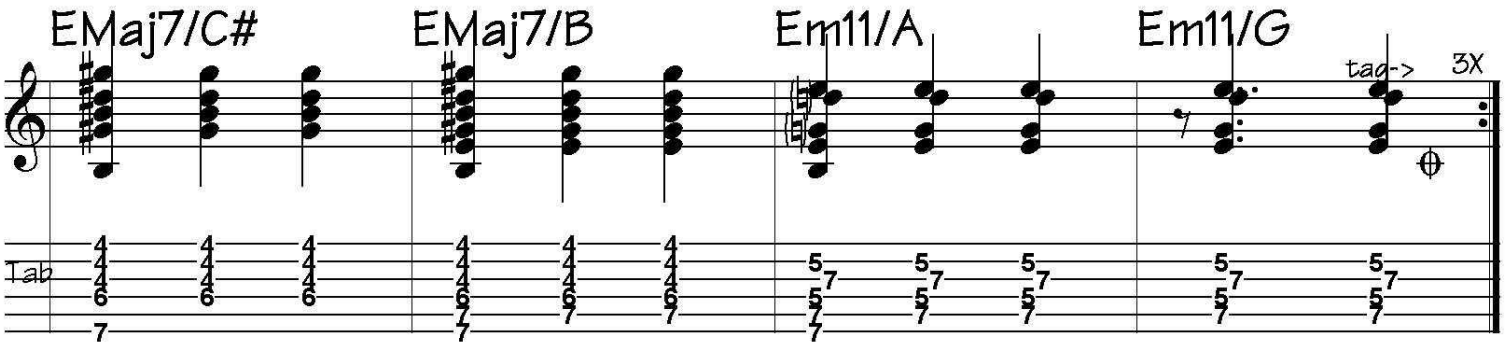

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V

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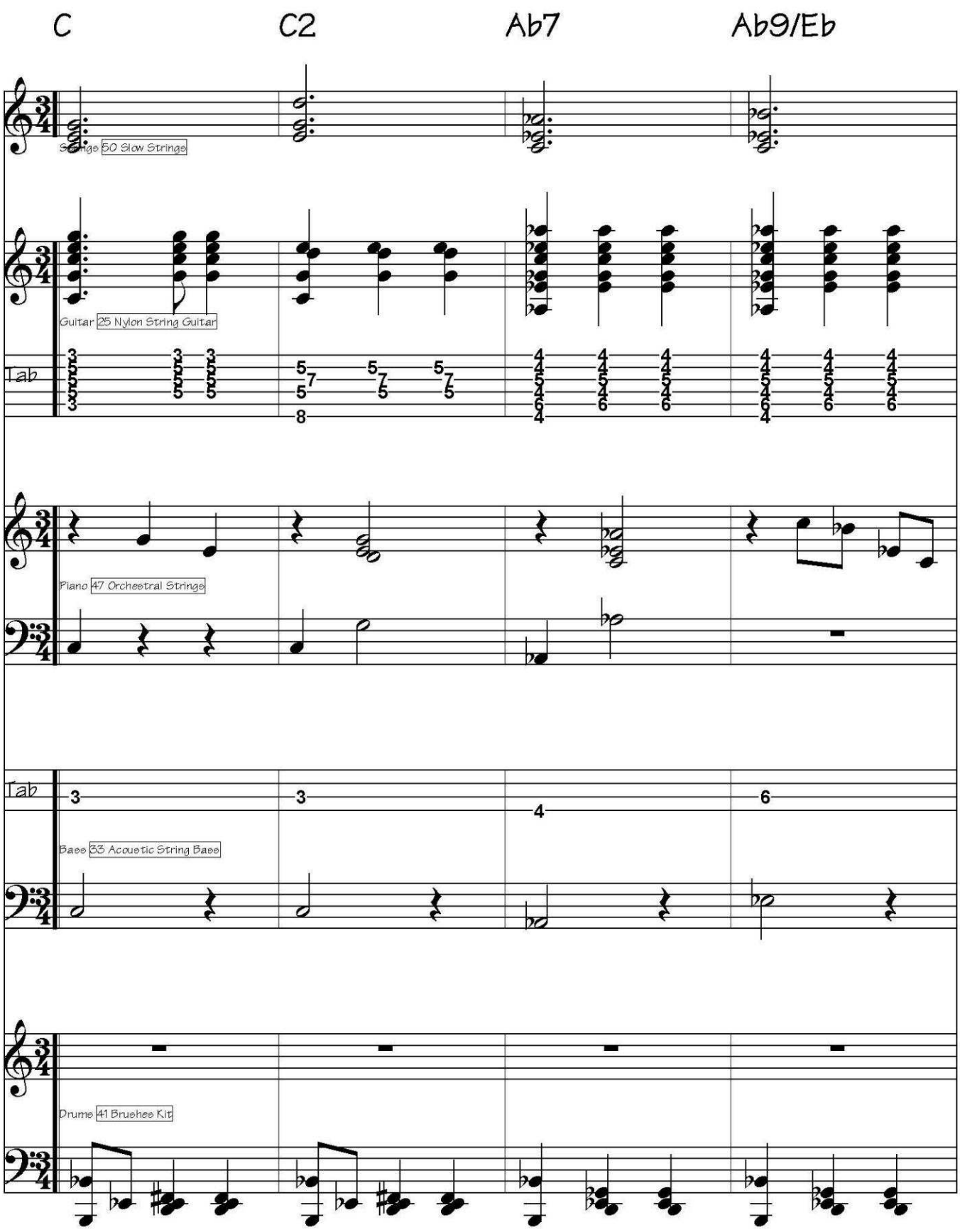
Serban Nichifor: Waltz No 2 - Spring



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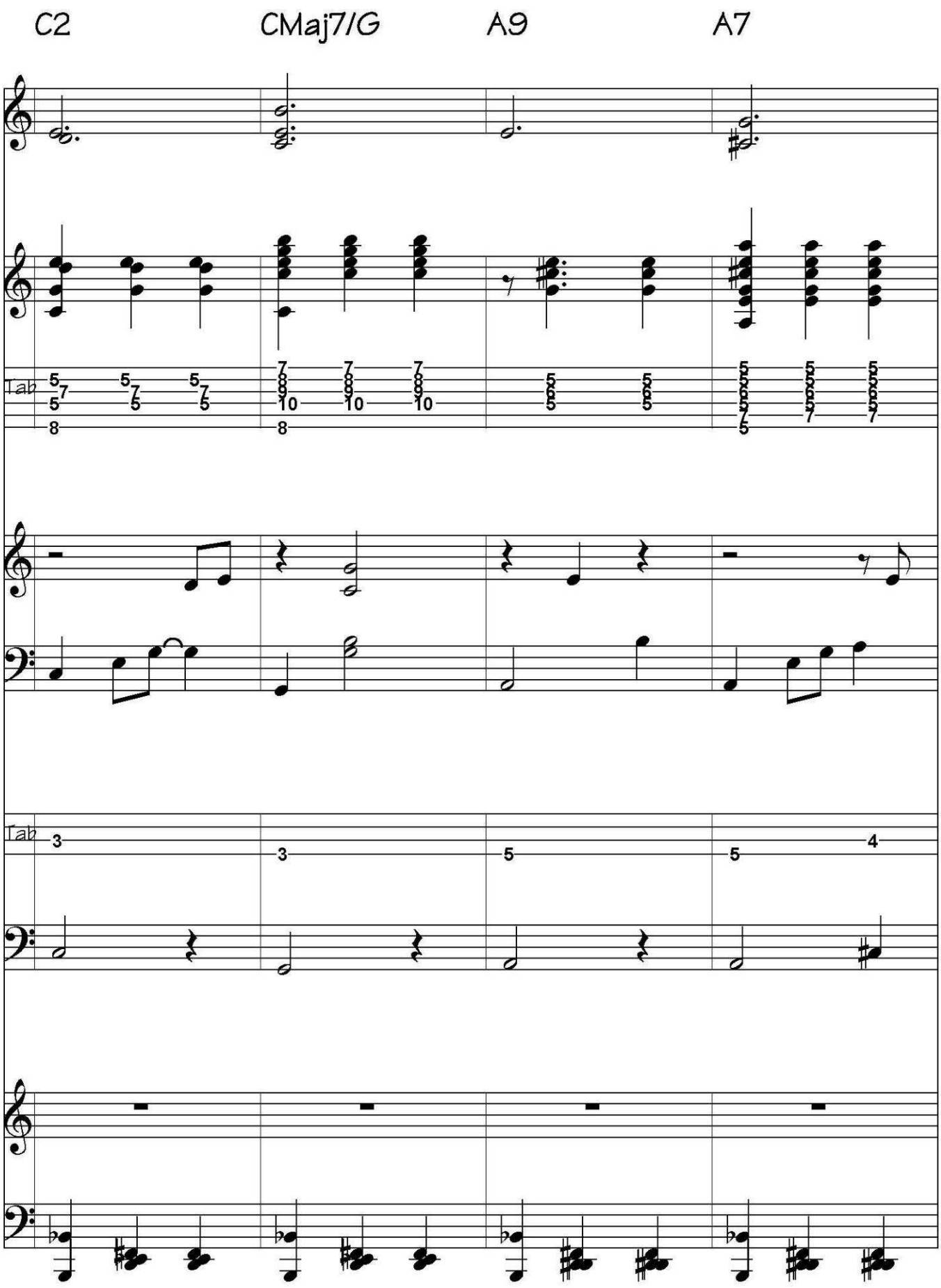

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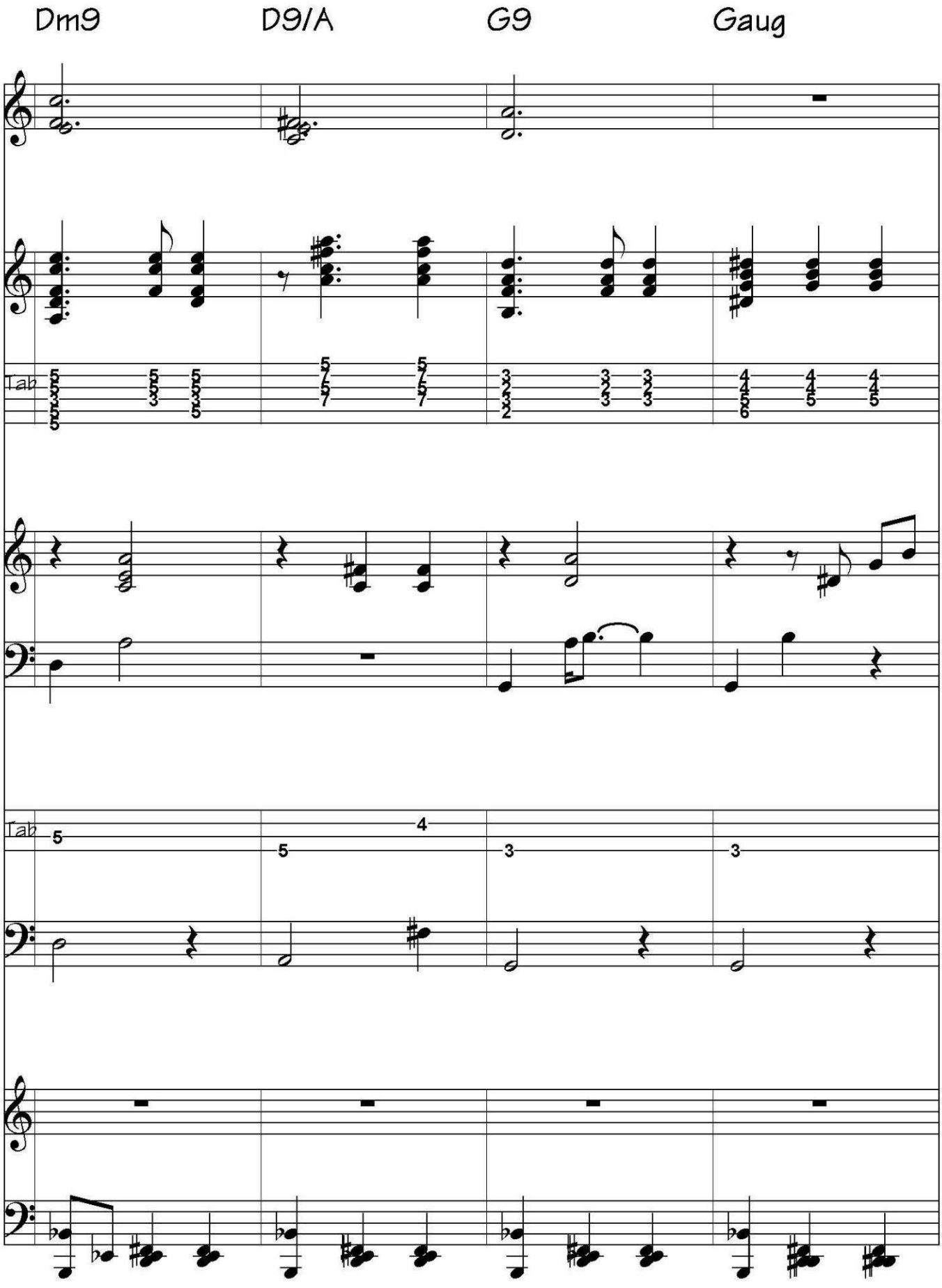

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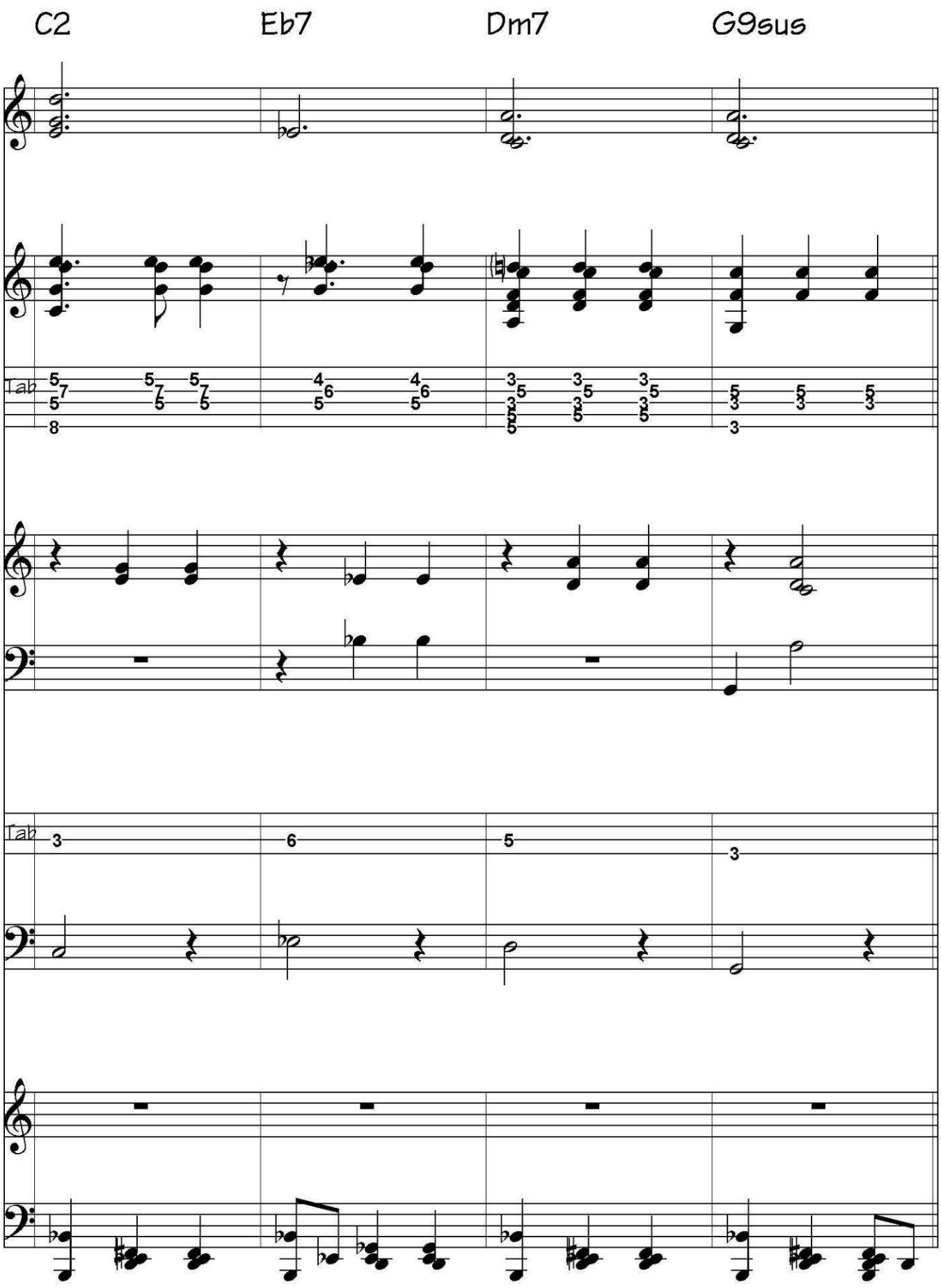

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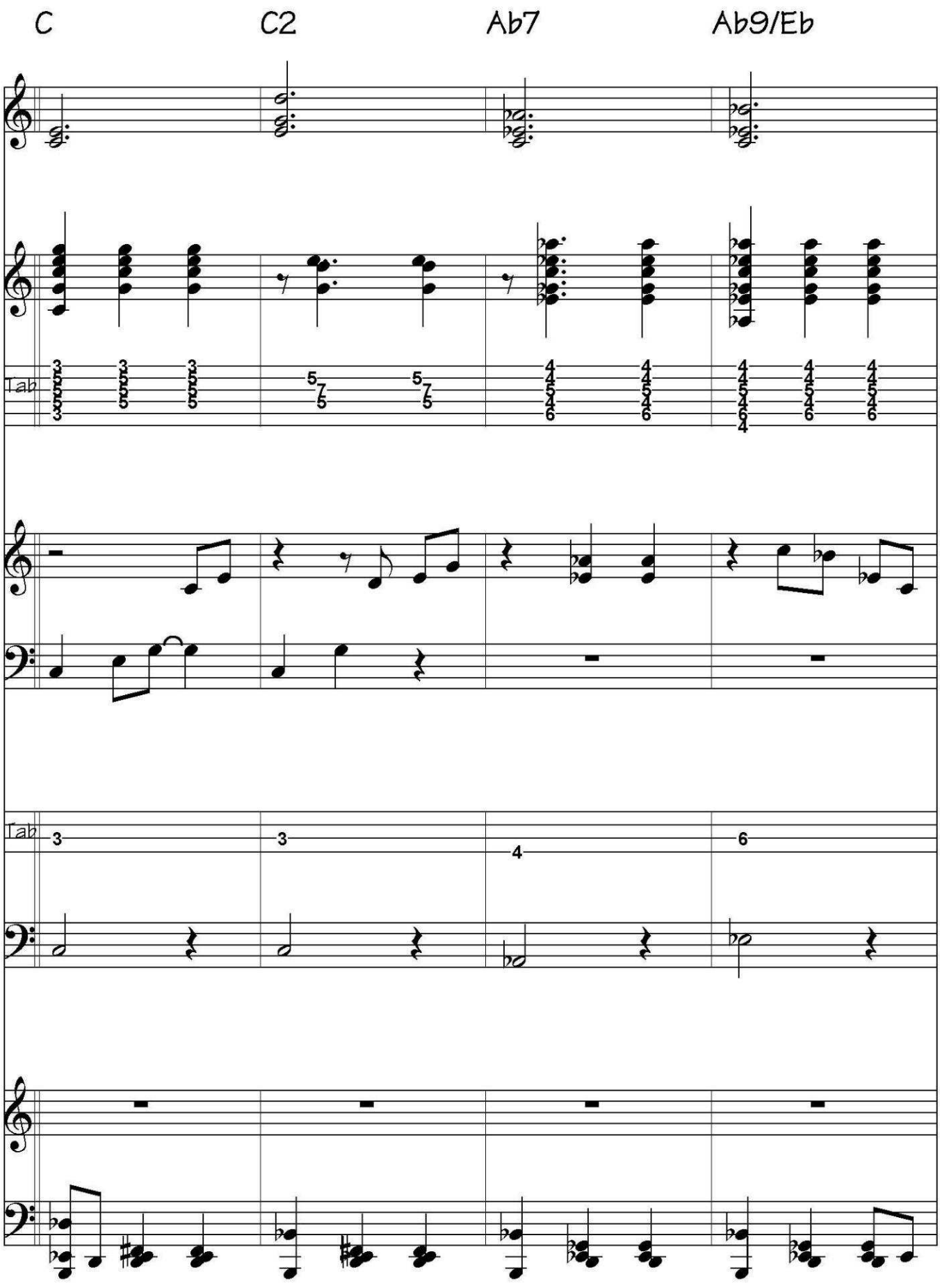

Serban Nichifor: Waltz No 2 - Spring - Page 5

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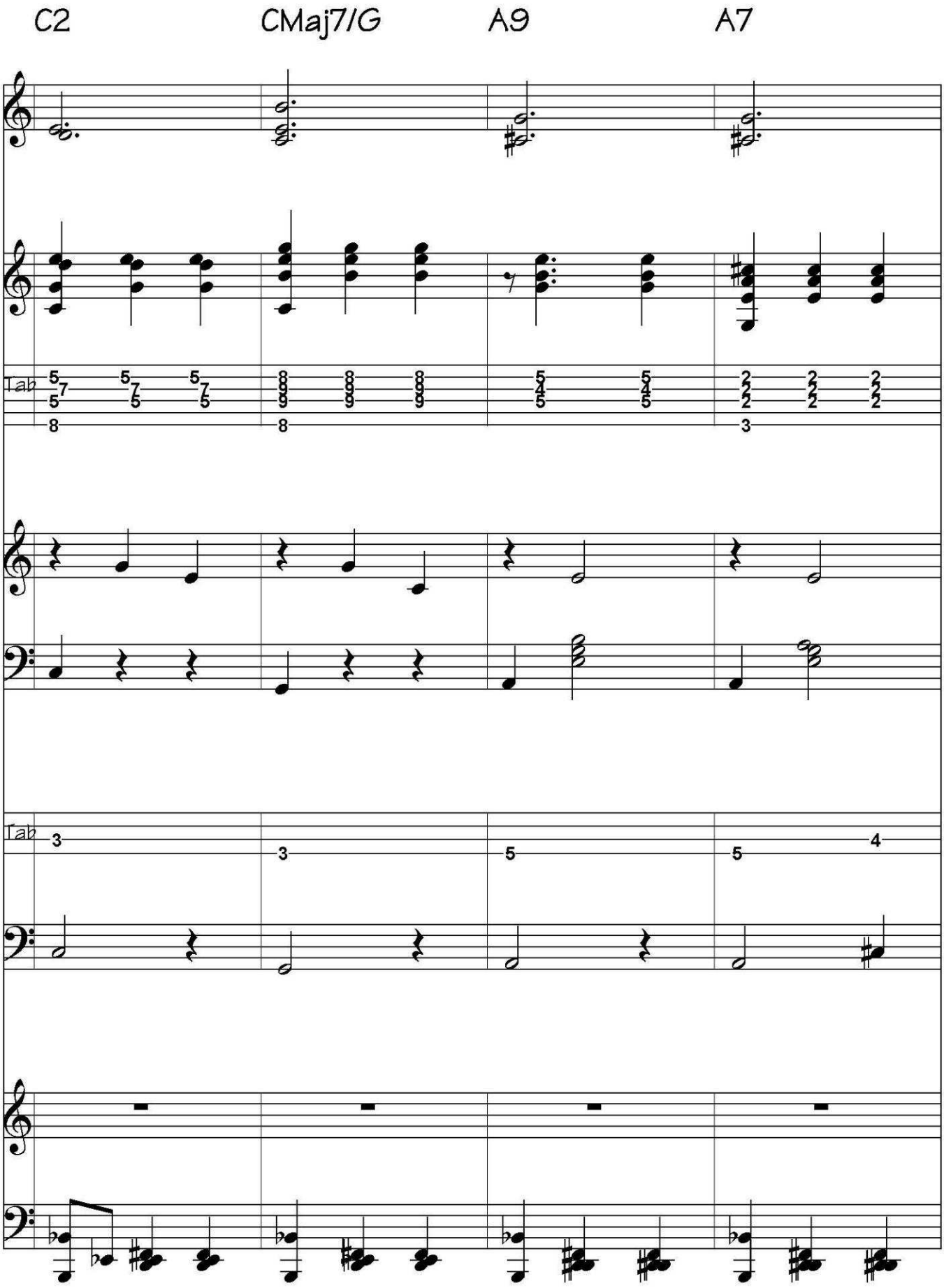

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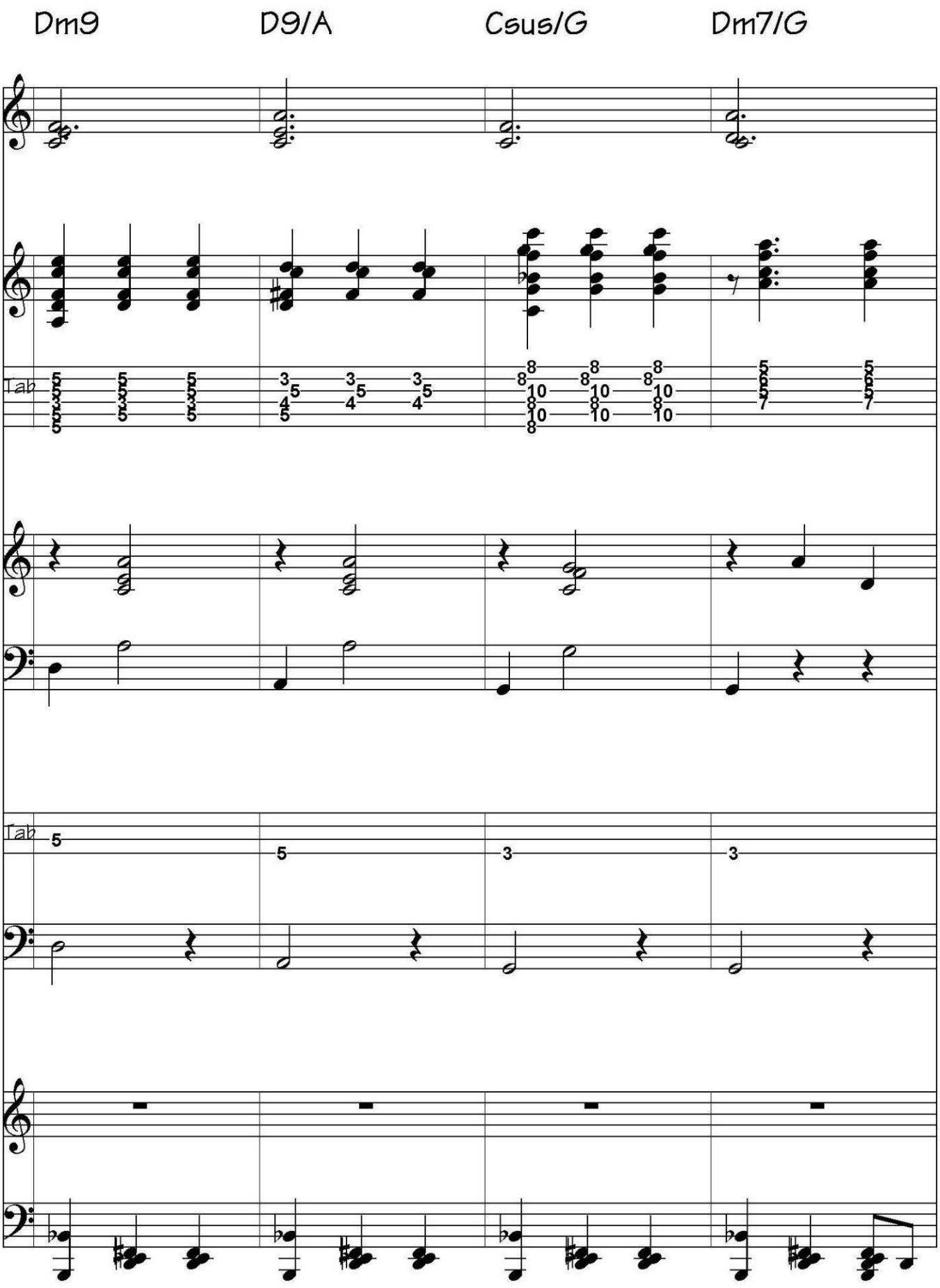

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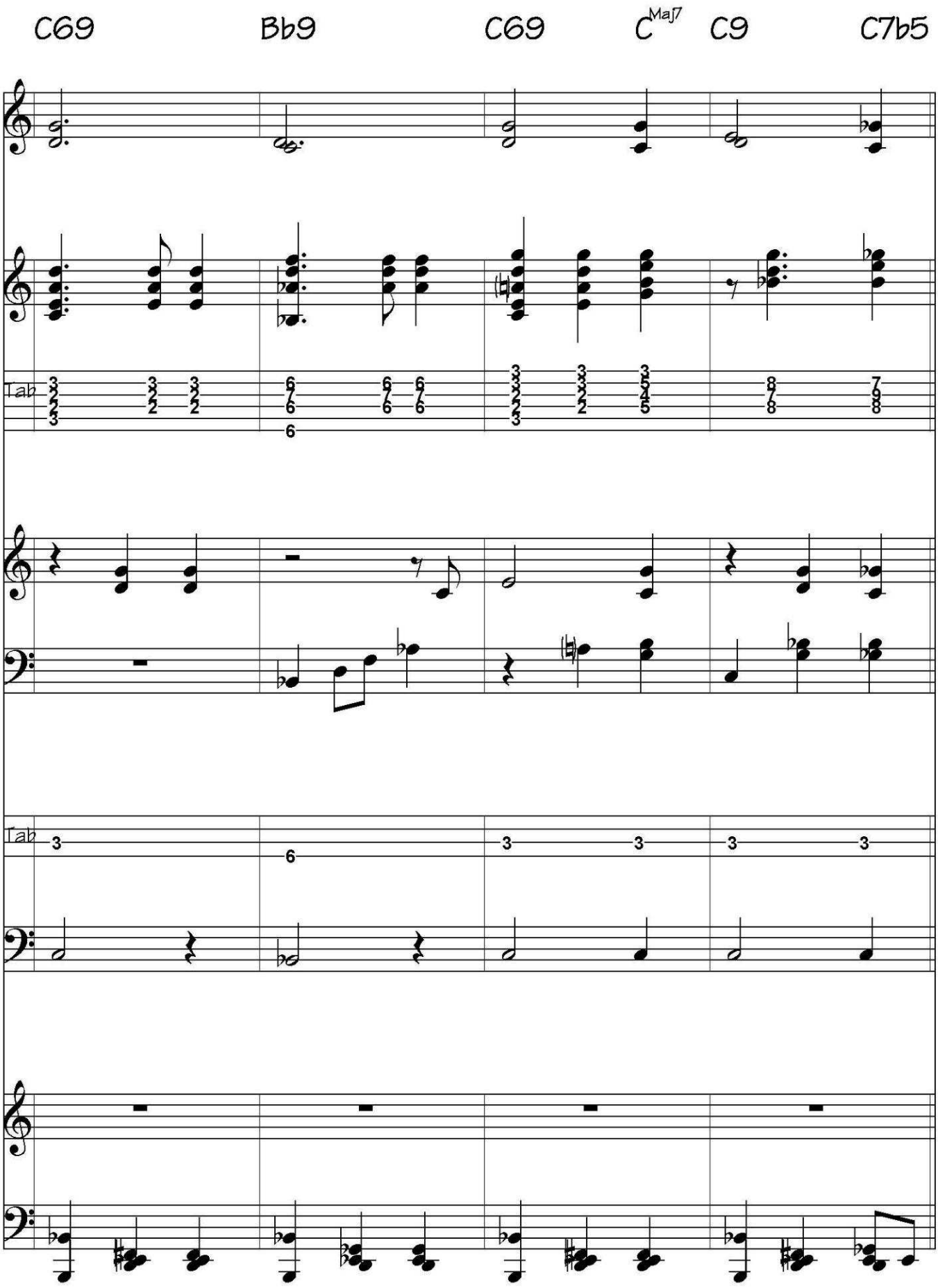

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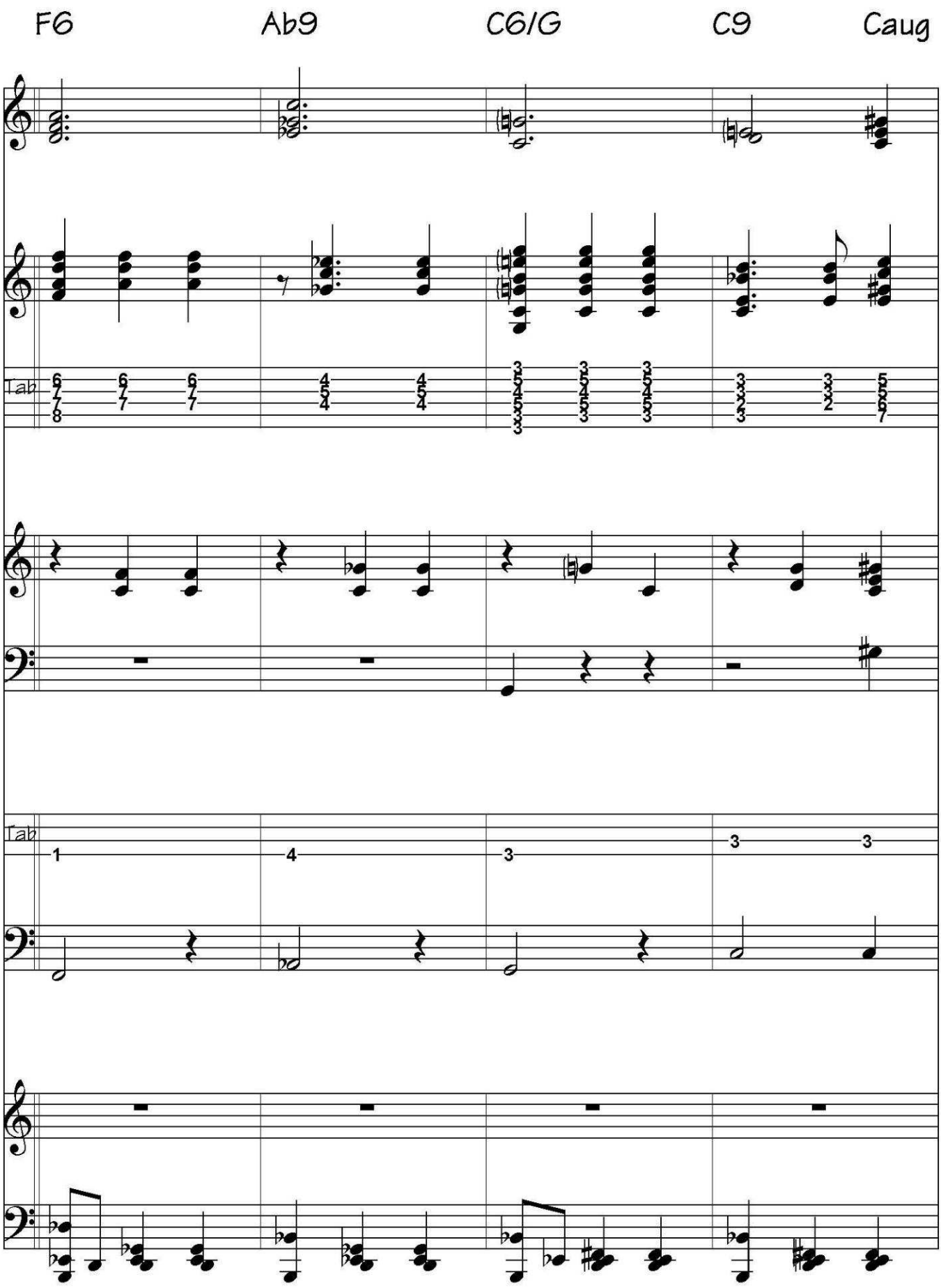

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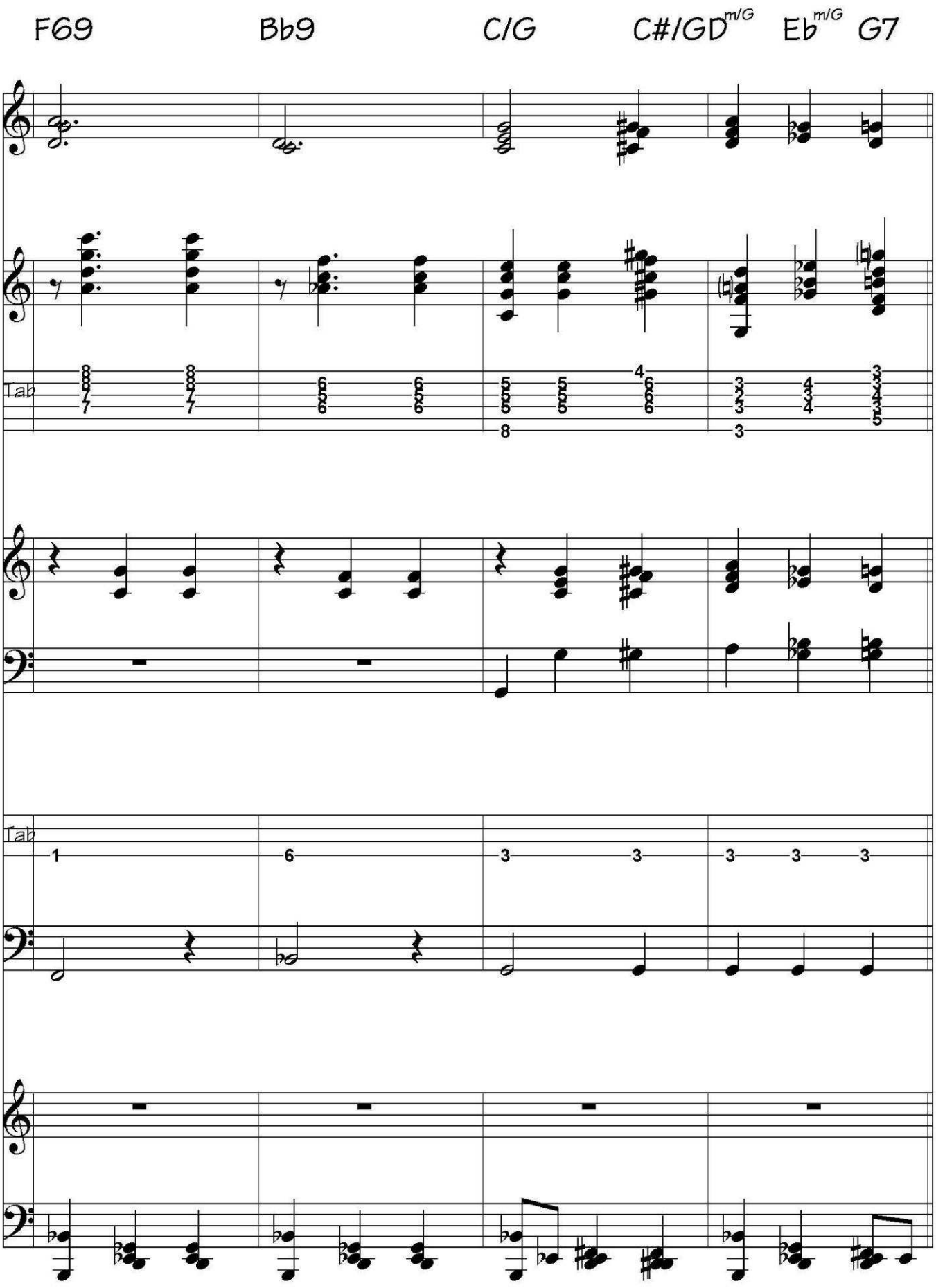

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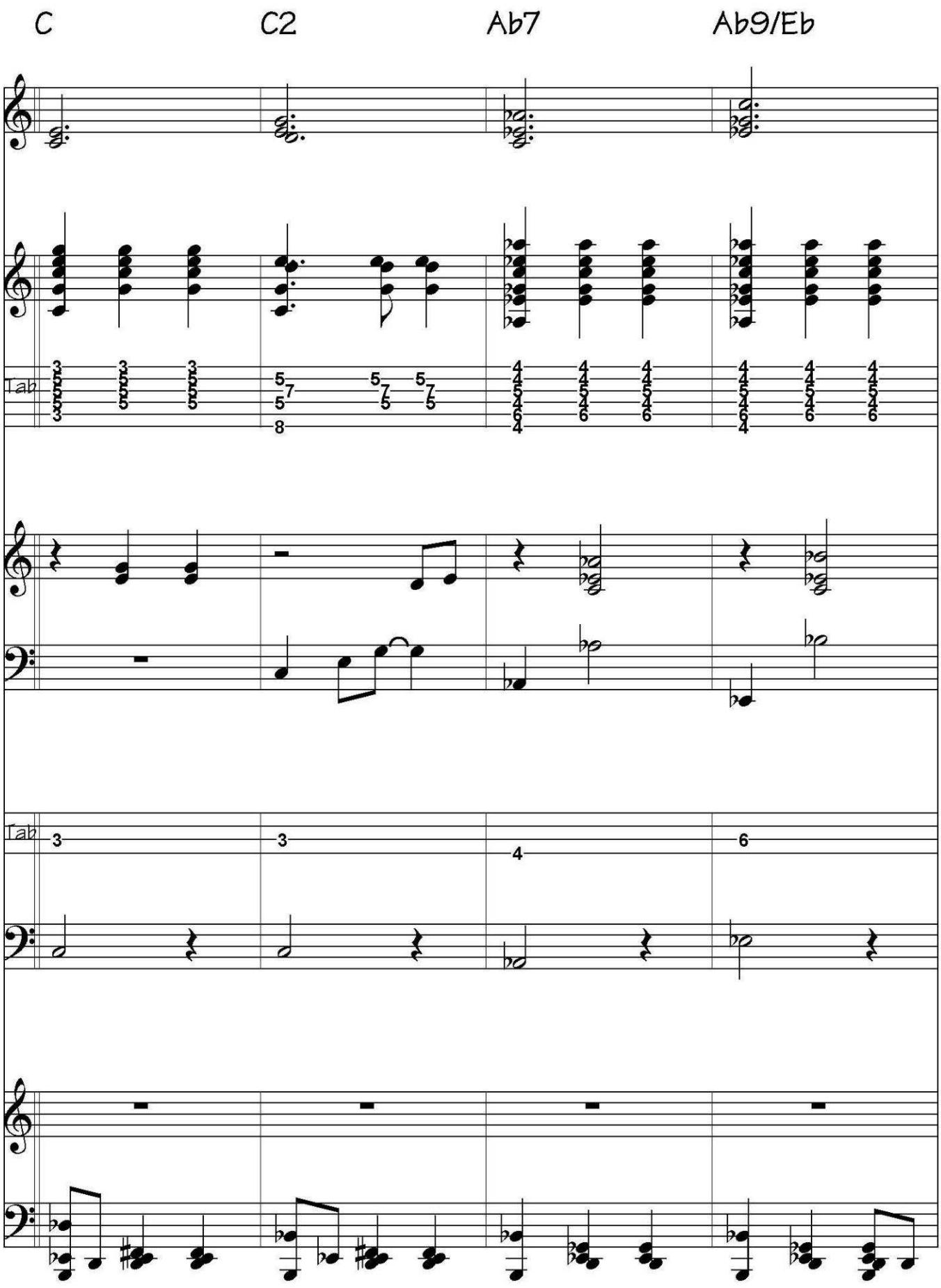

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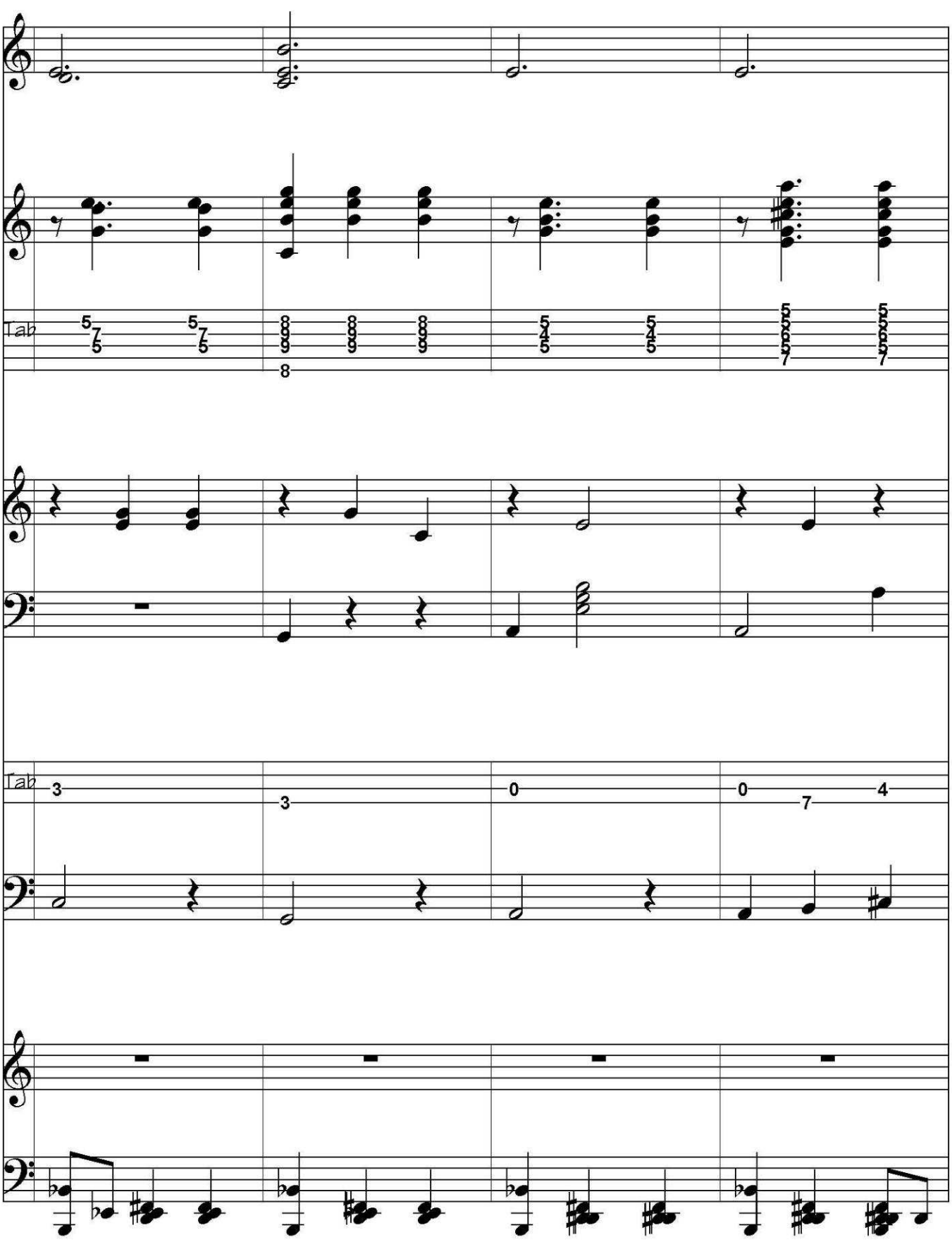

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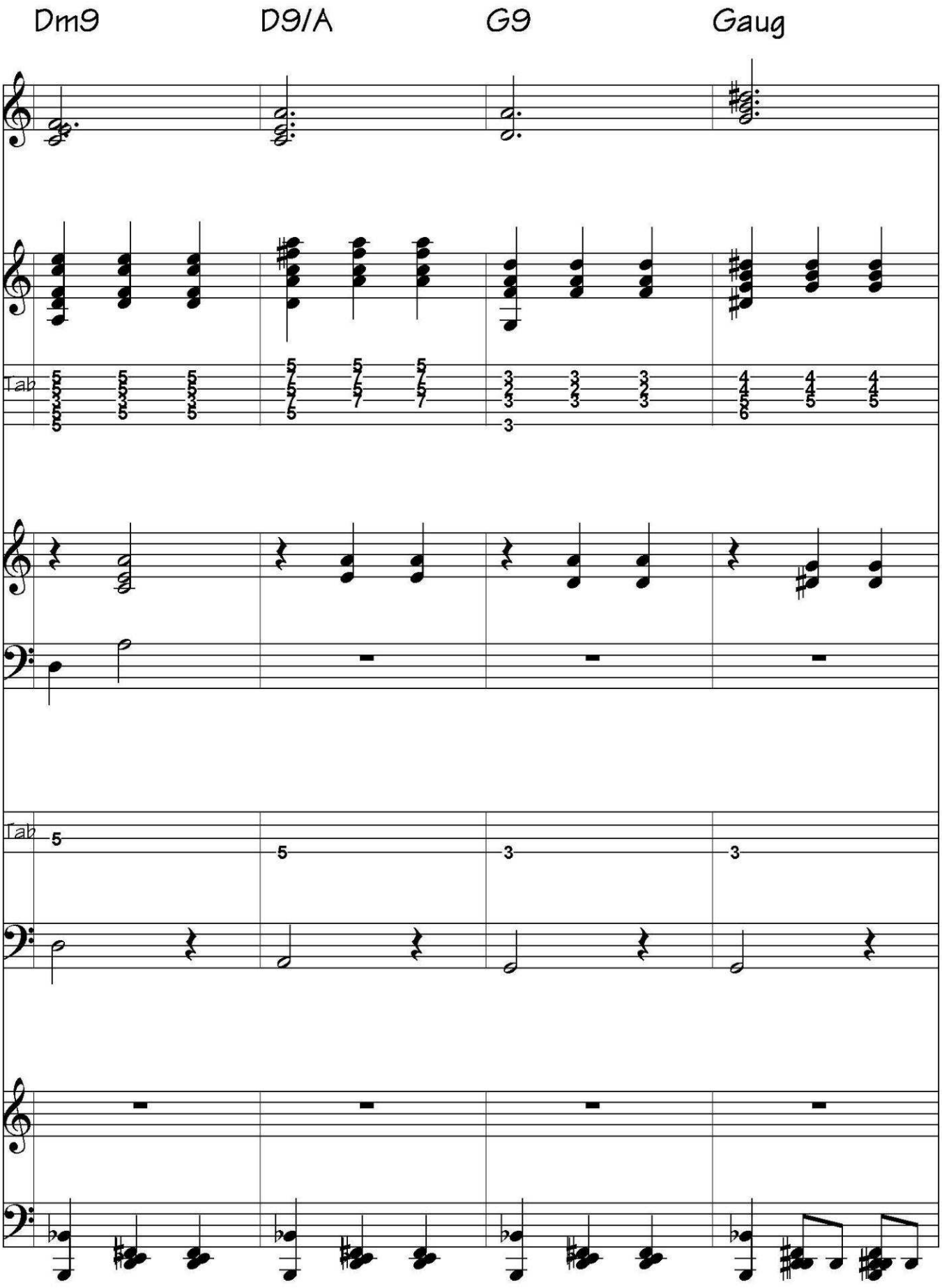

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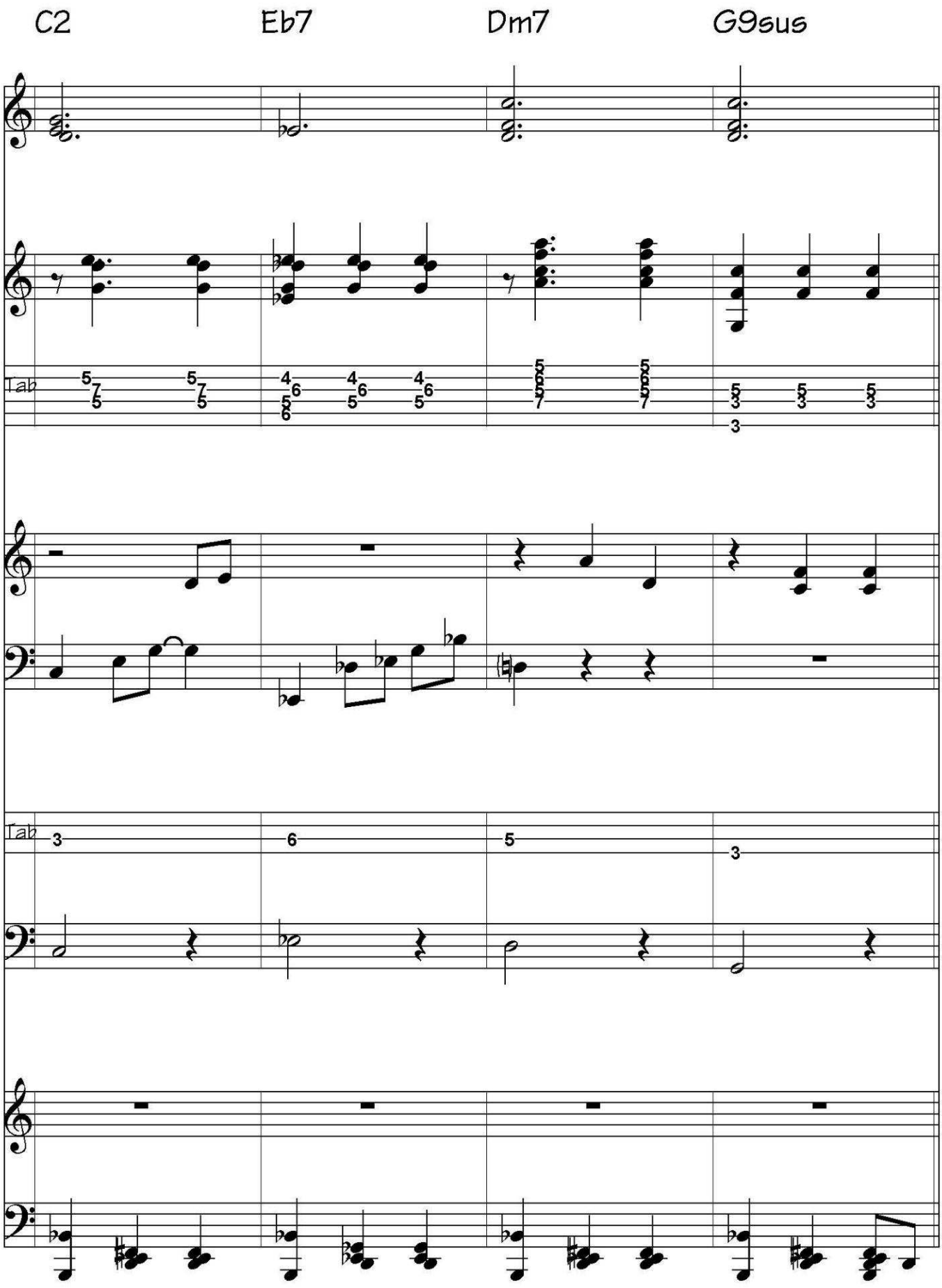

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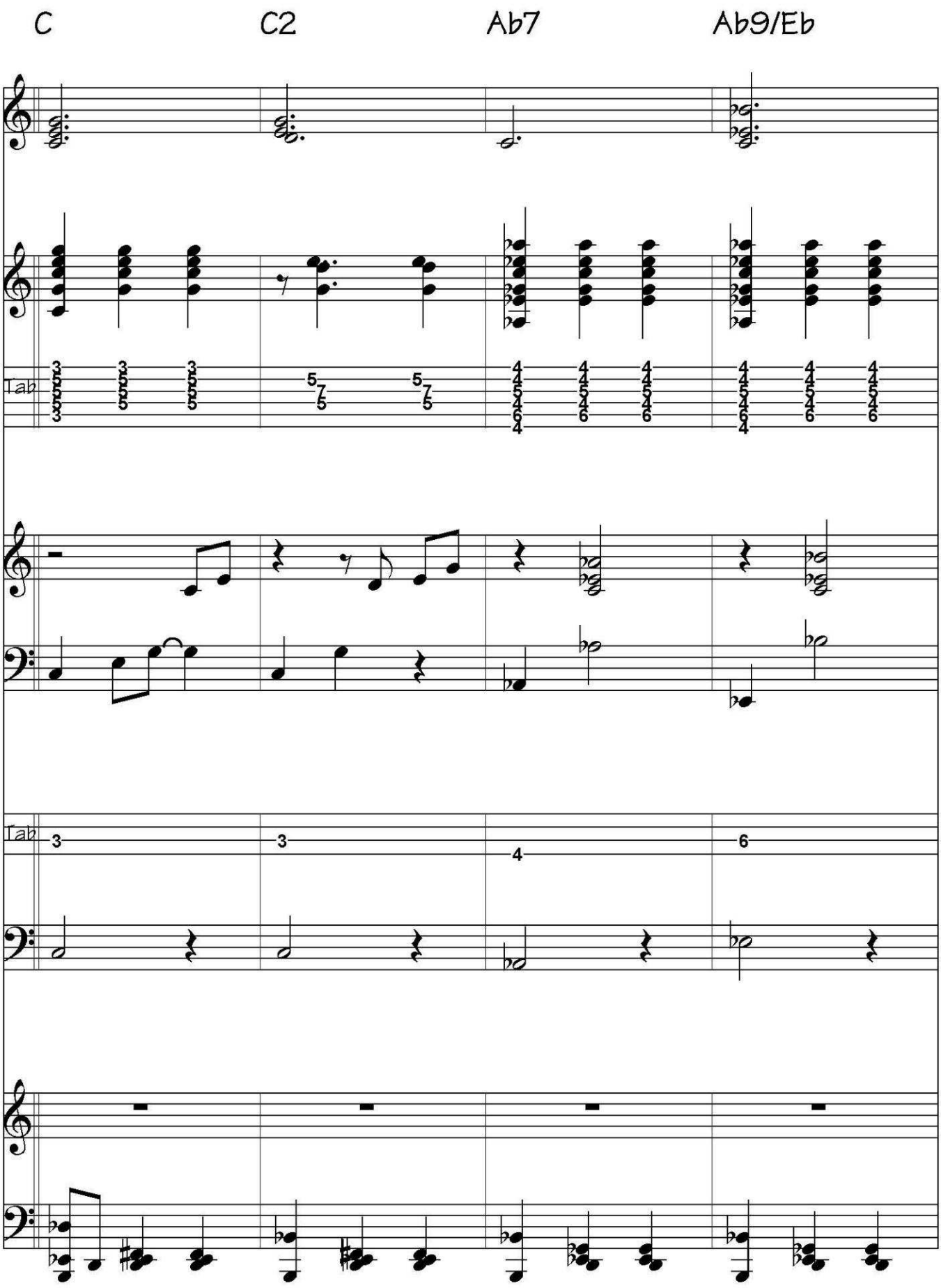

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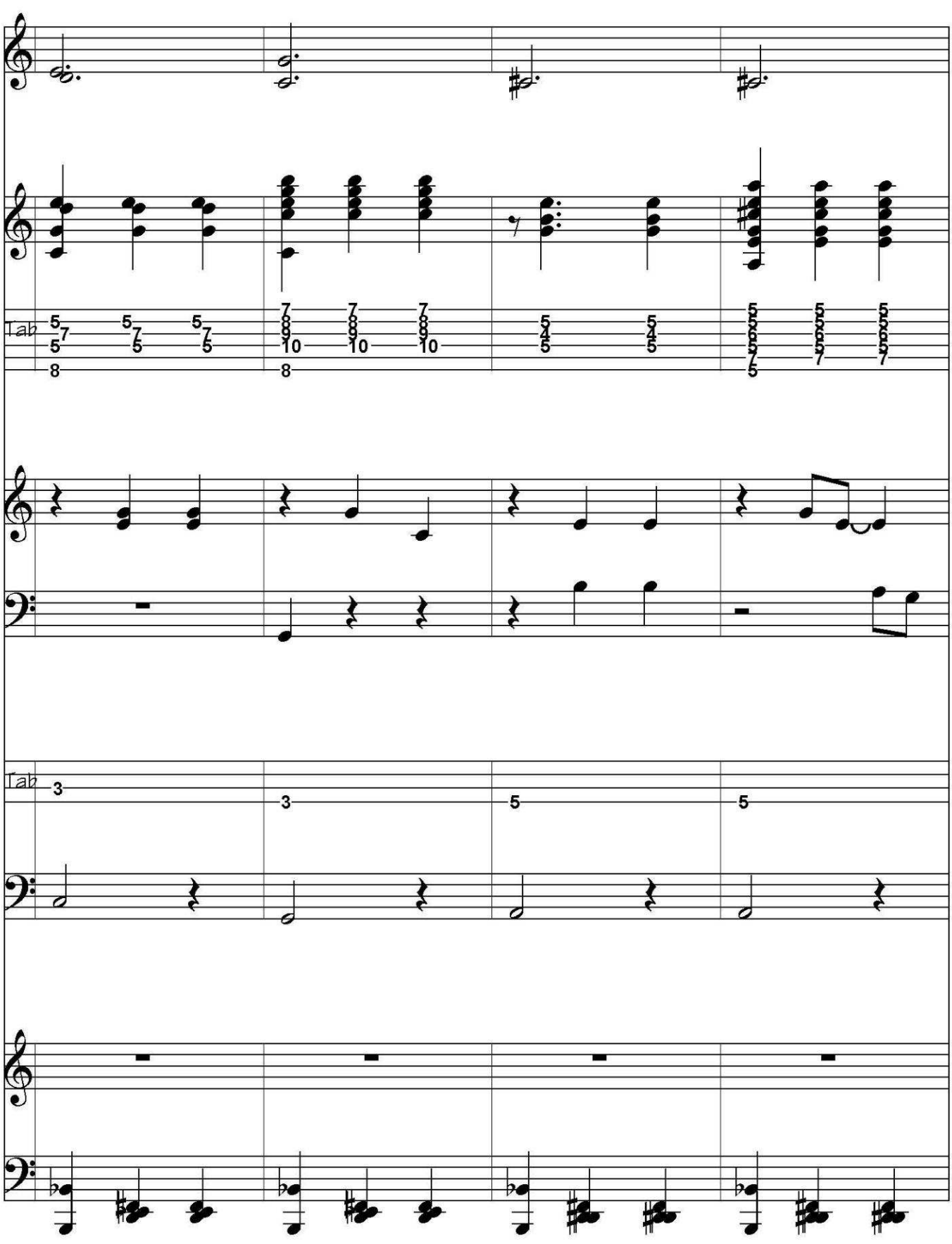

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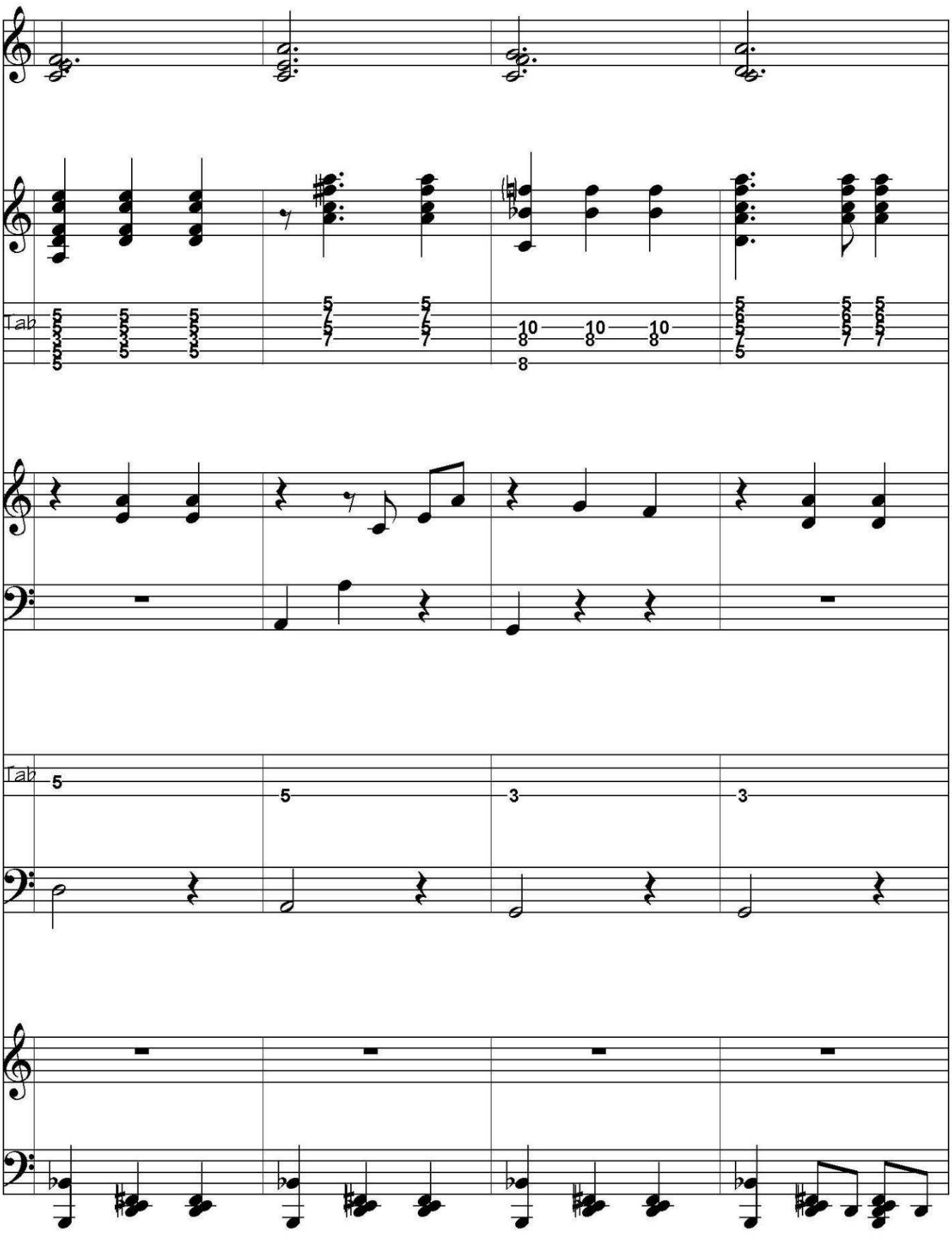

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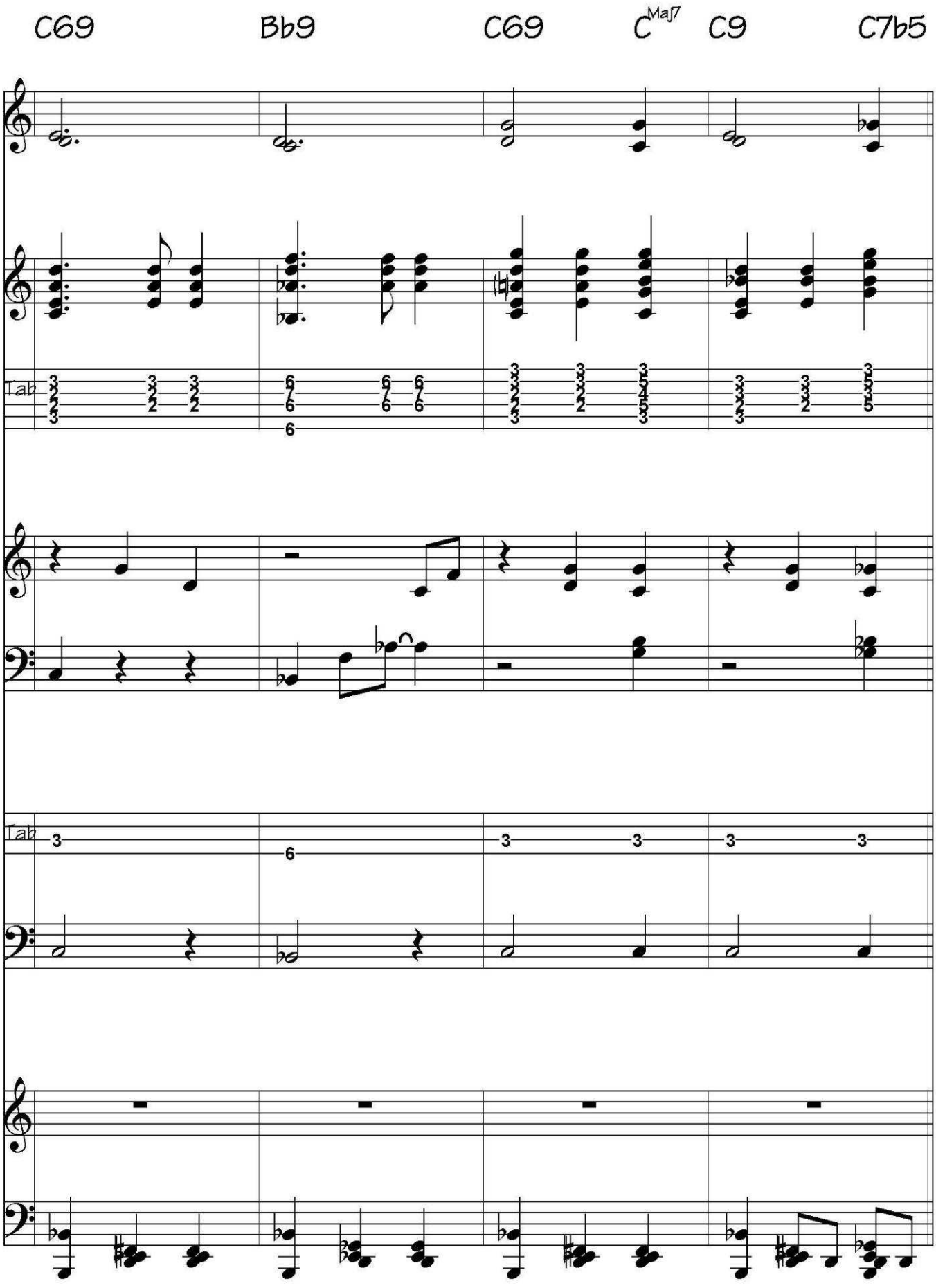

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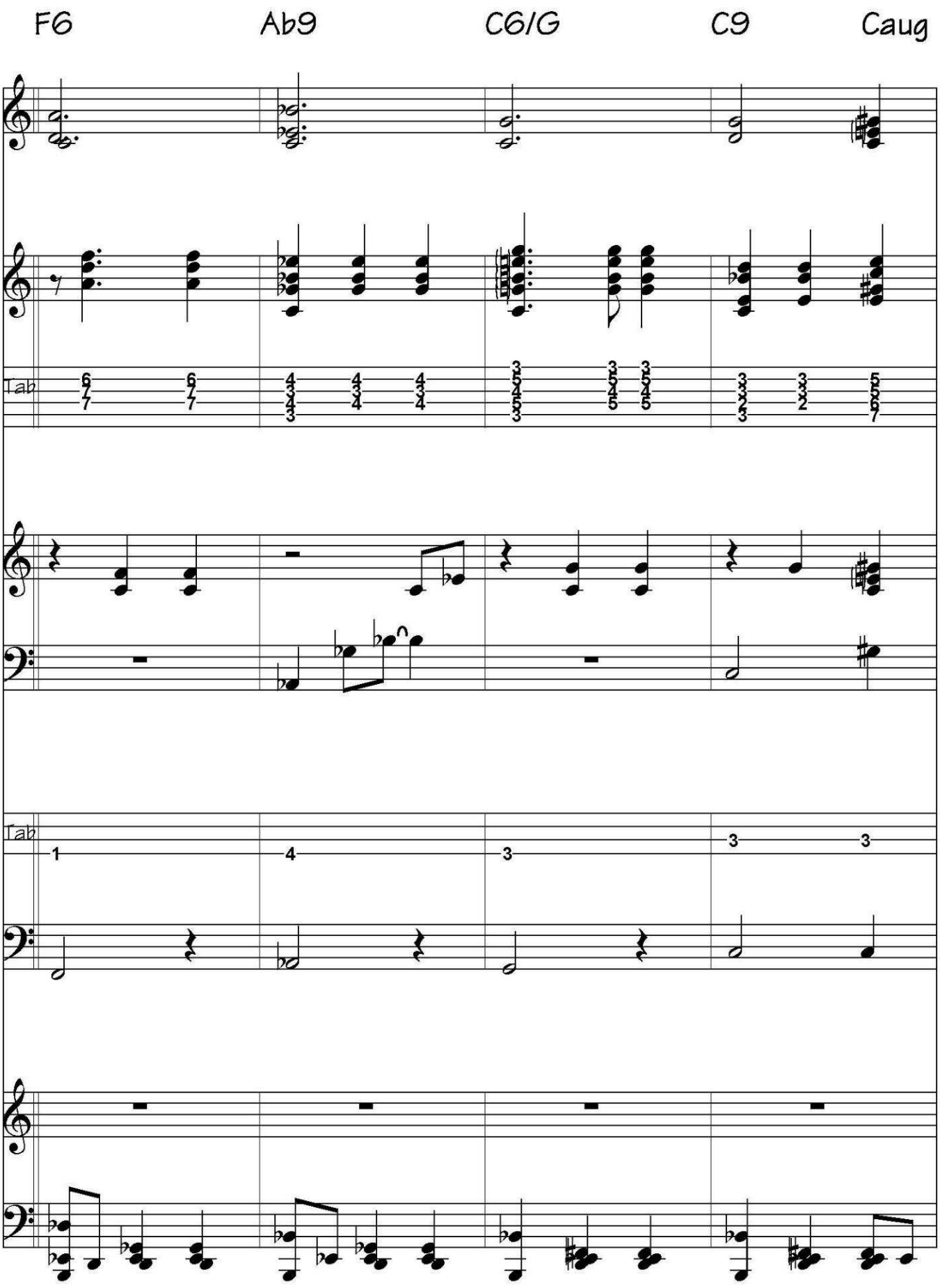

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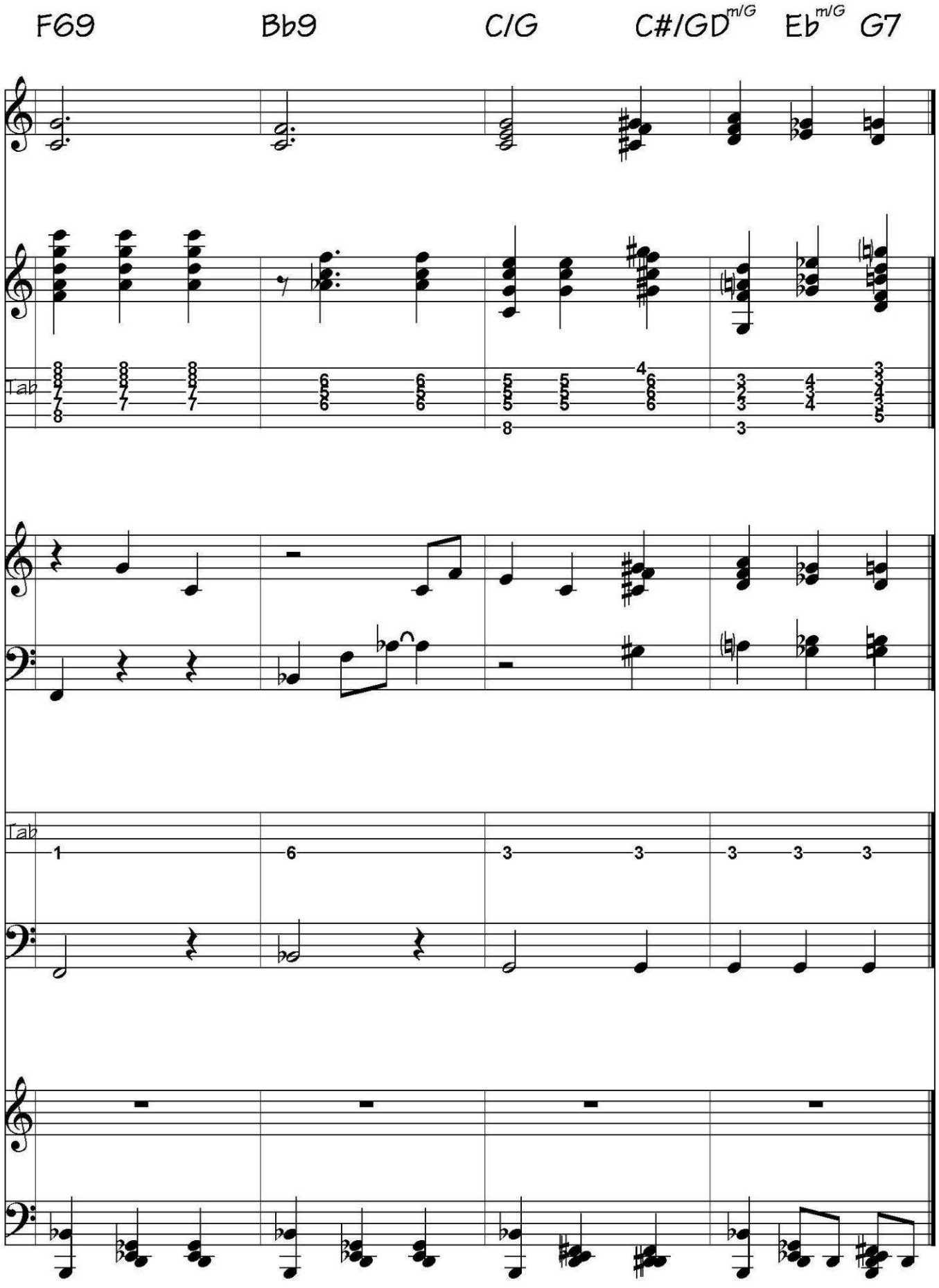

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VI

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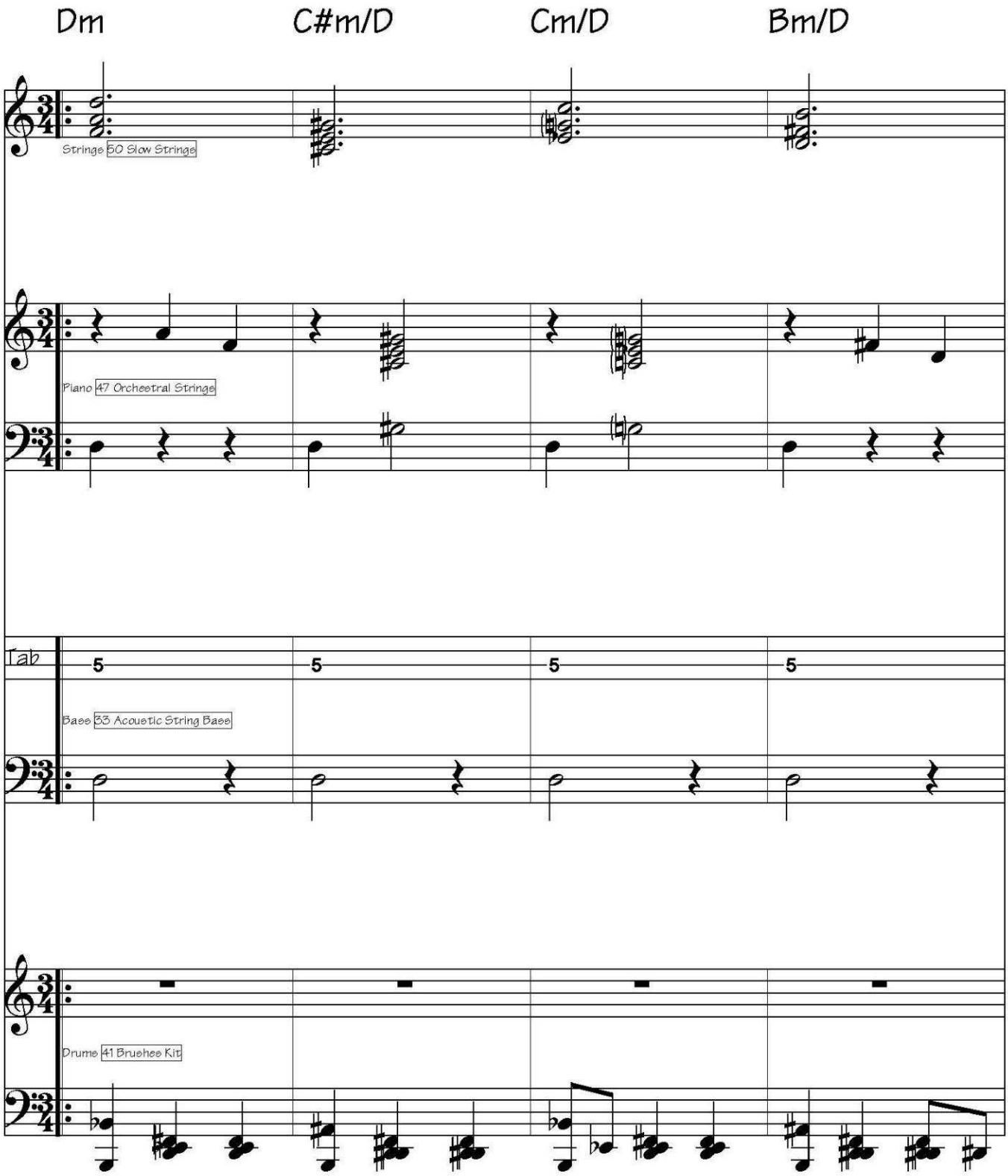
Serban Nichifor: Waltz 03



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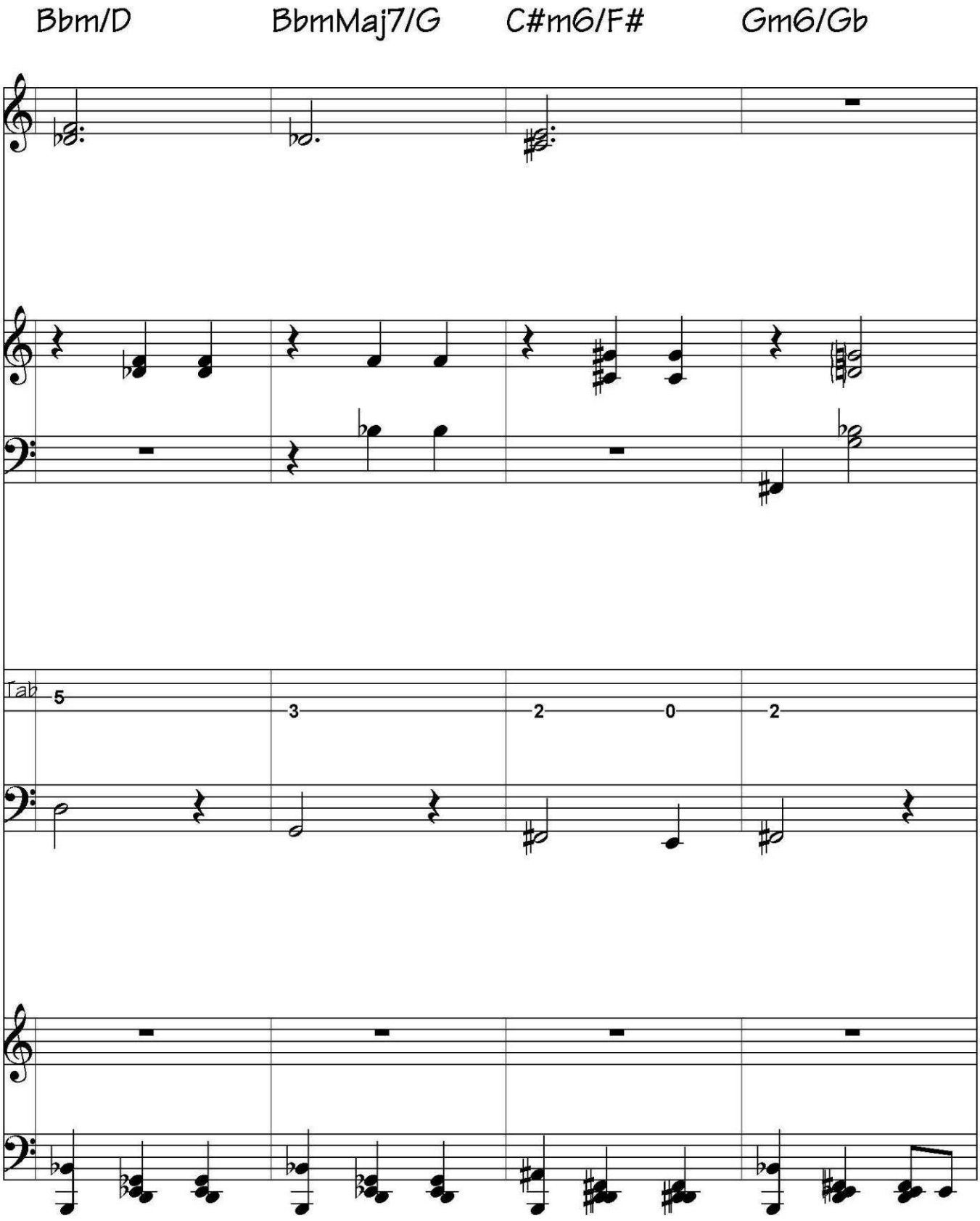

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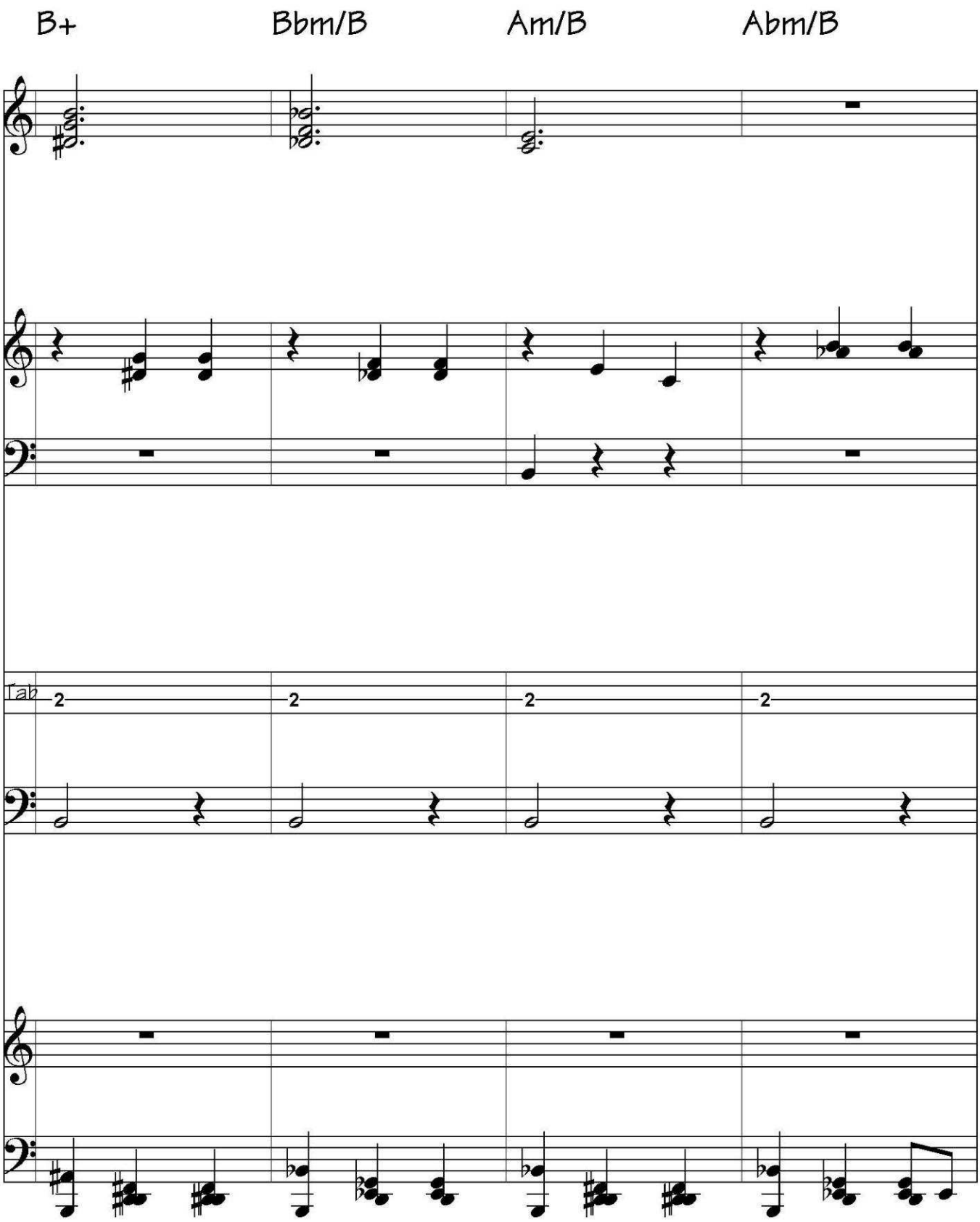

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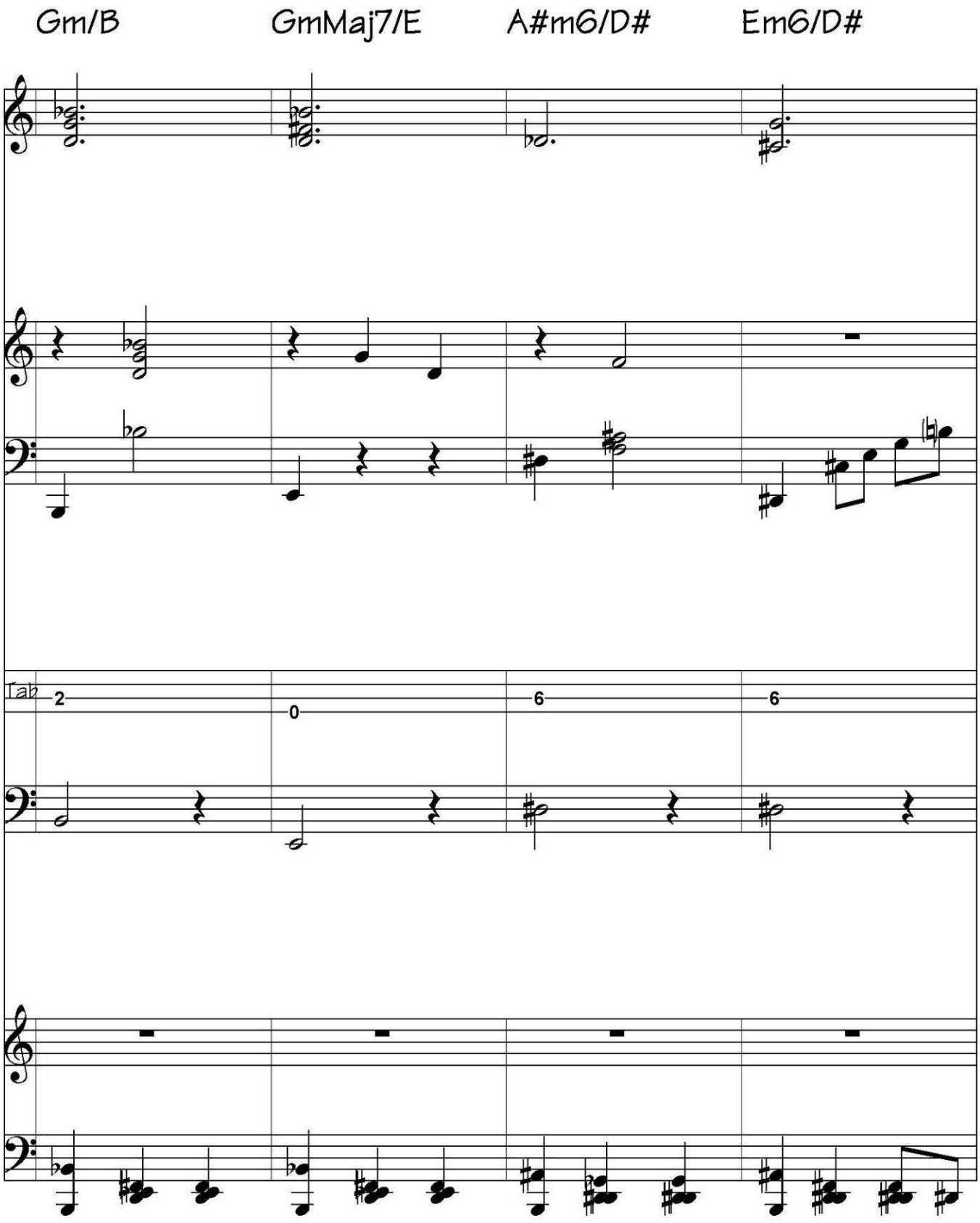

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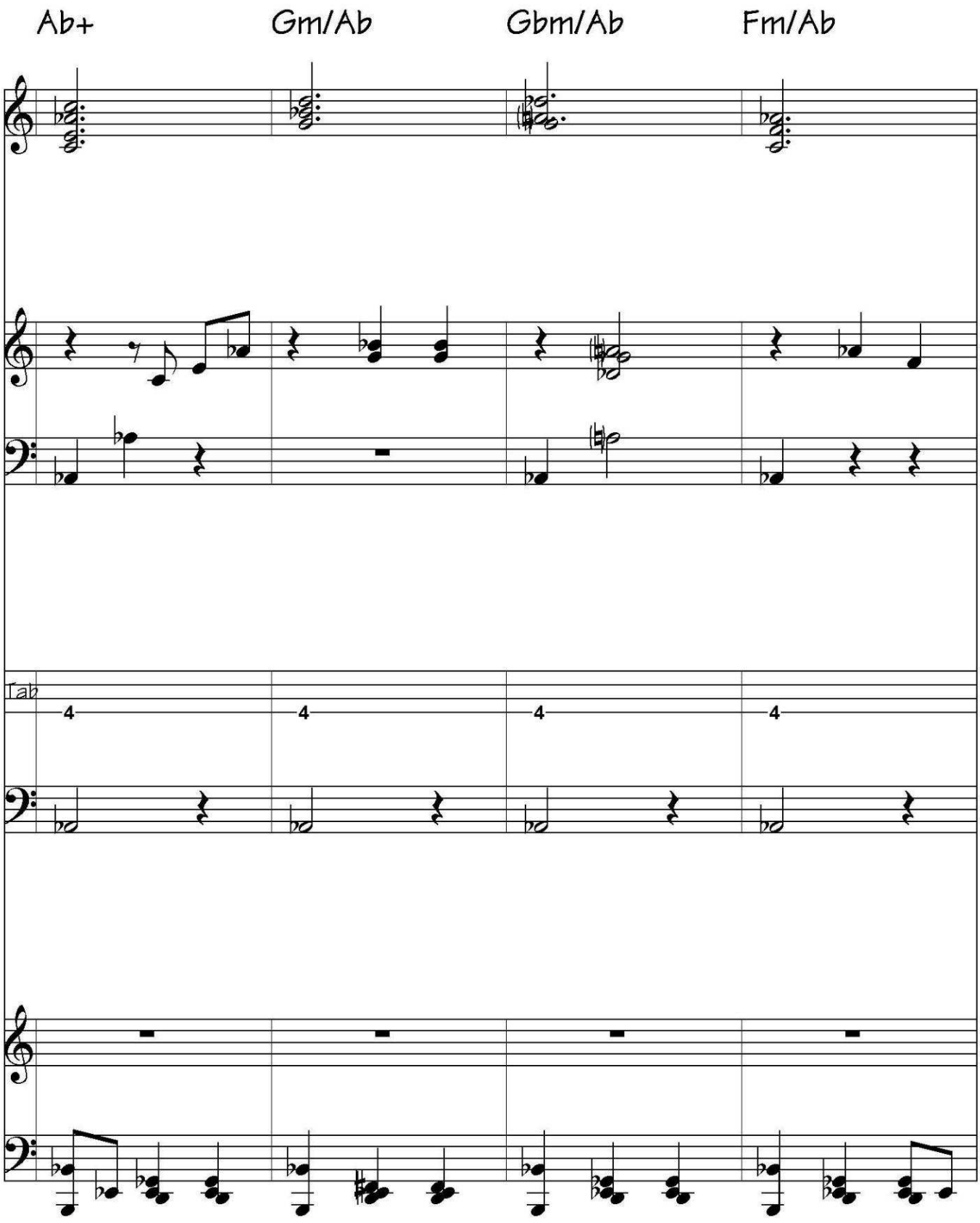

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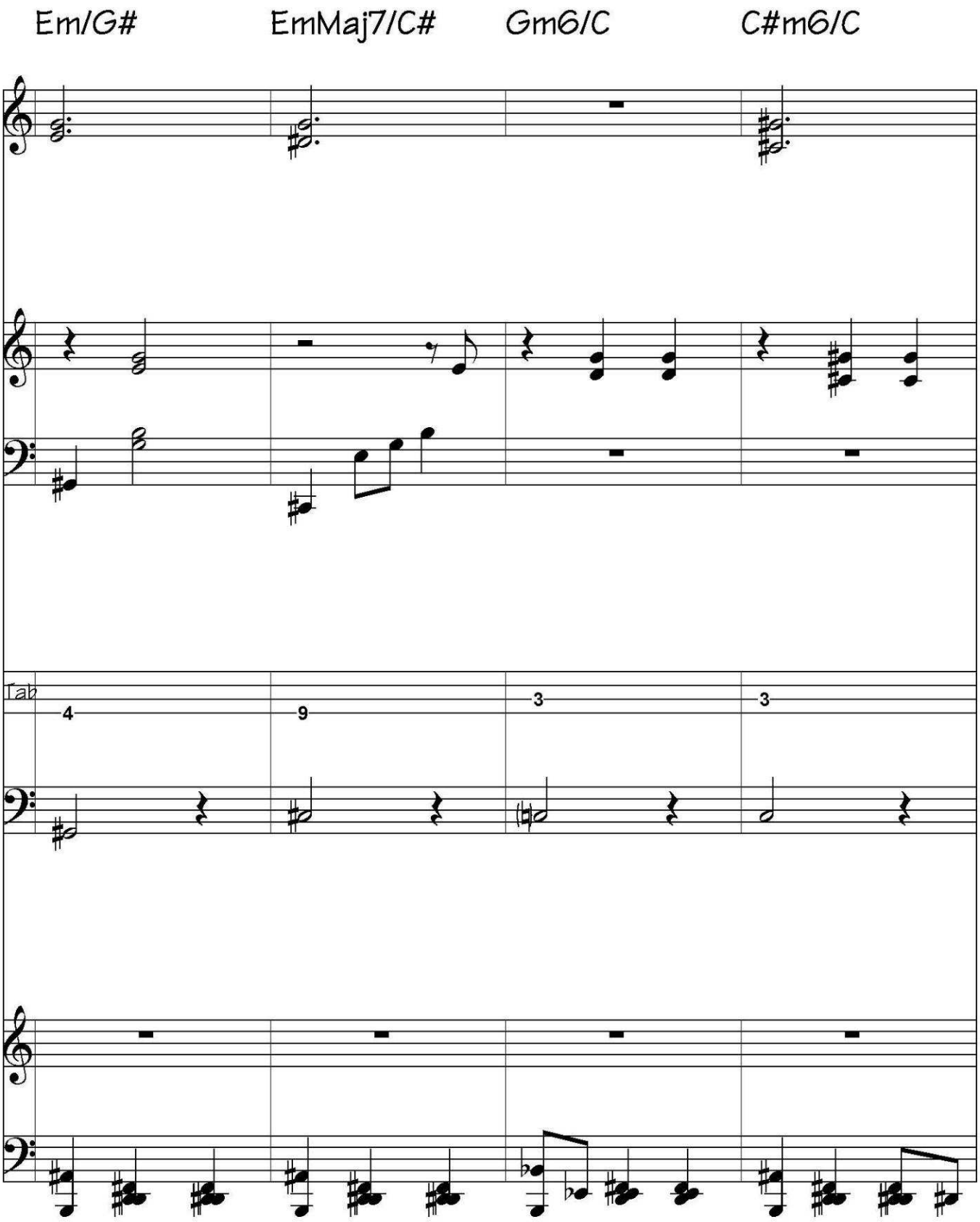

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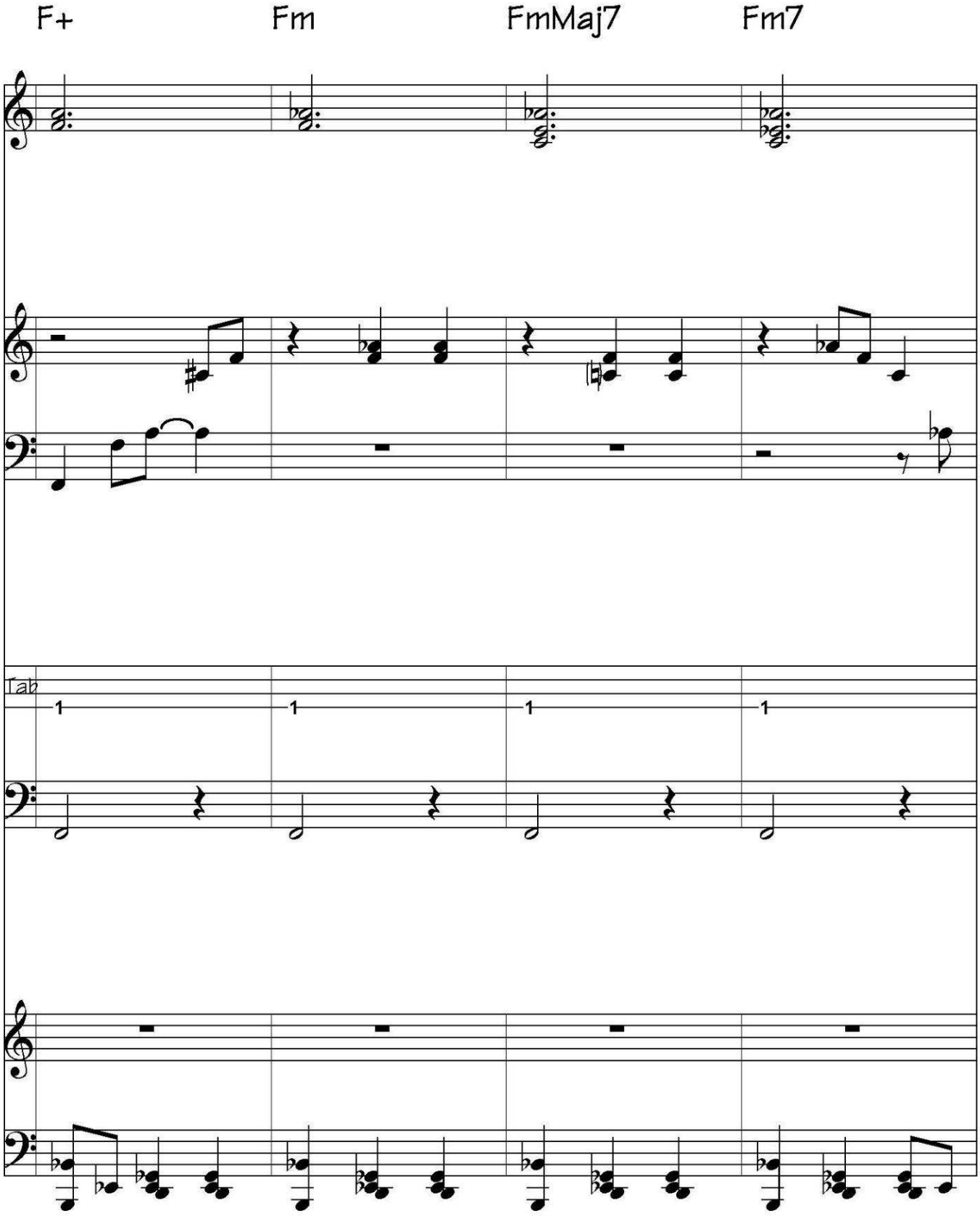

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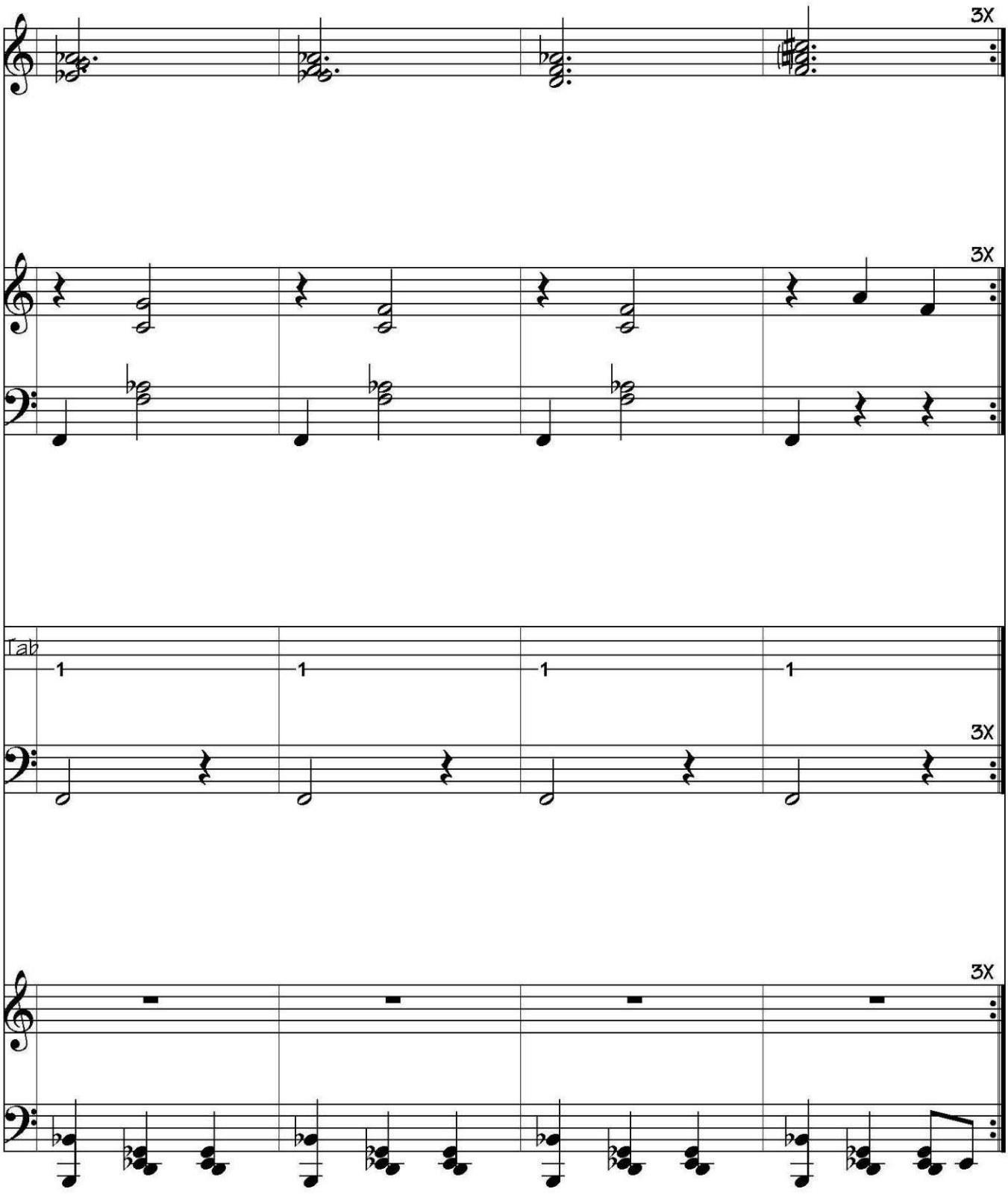

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VII

free-scores.com

CATHEDRAL NATURE
for 5 Electronic Organs
- Visual Music
composed with Noatikl software -

Lontano, Dolce e Rubato
(free synchronization)
1 Half Note = cca 40-60

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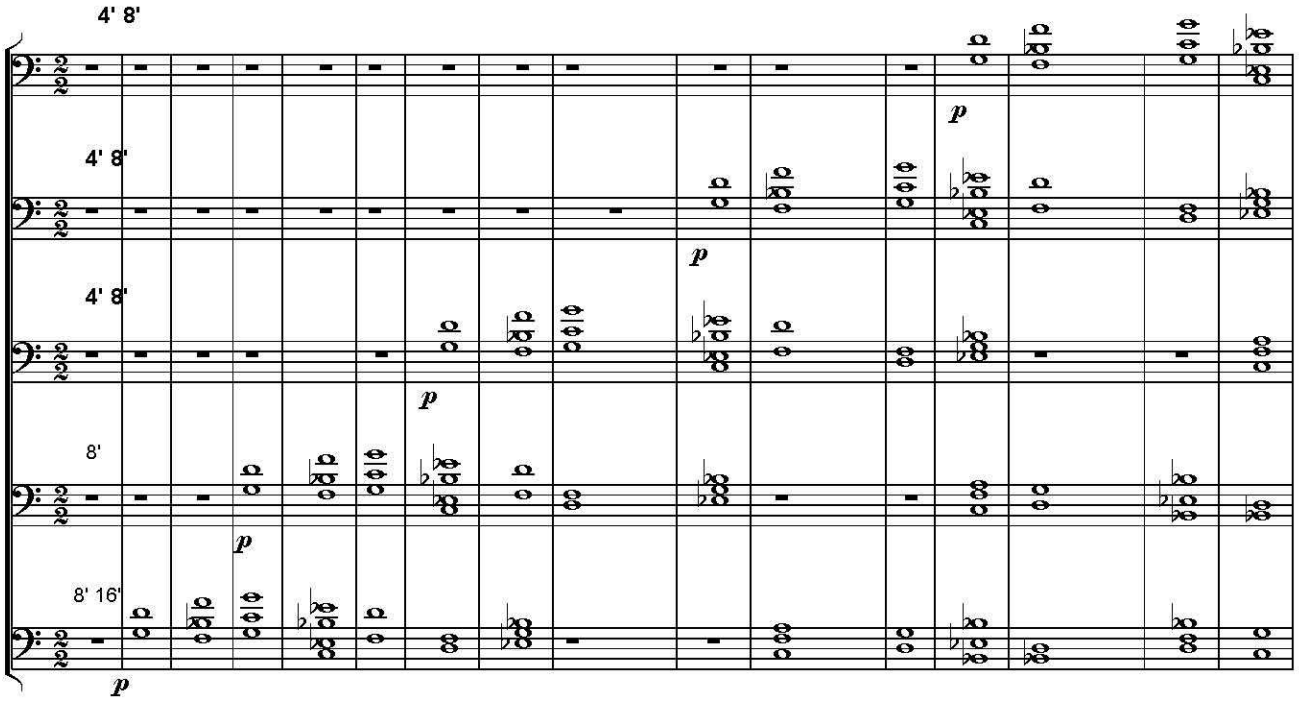

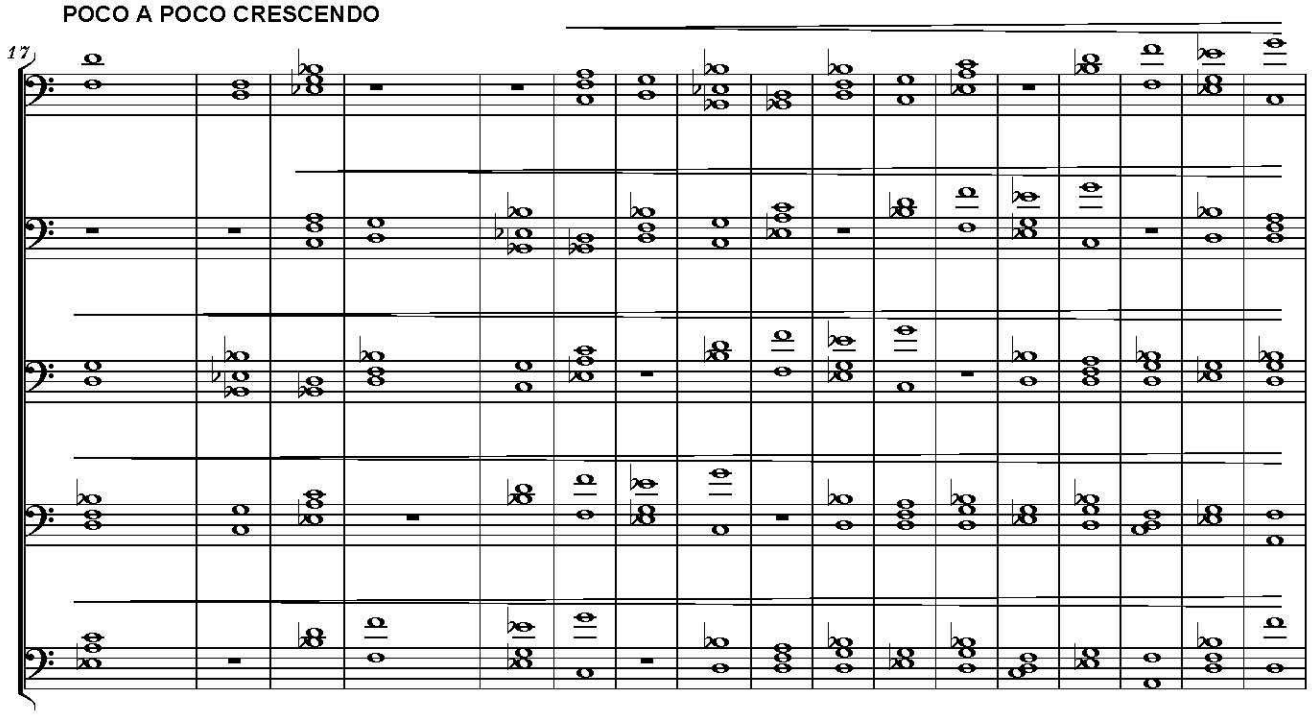

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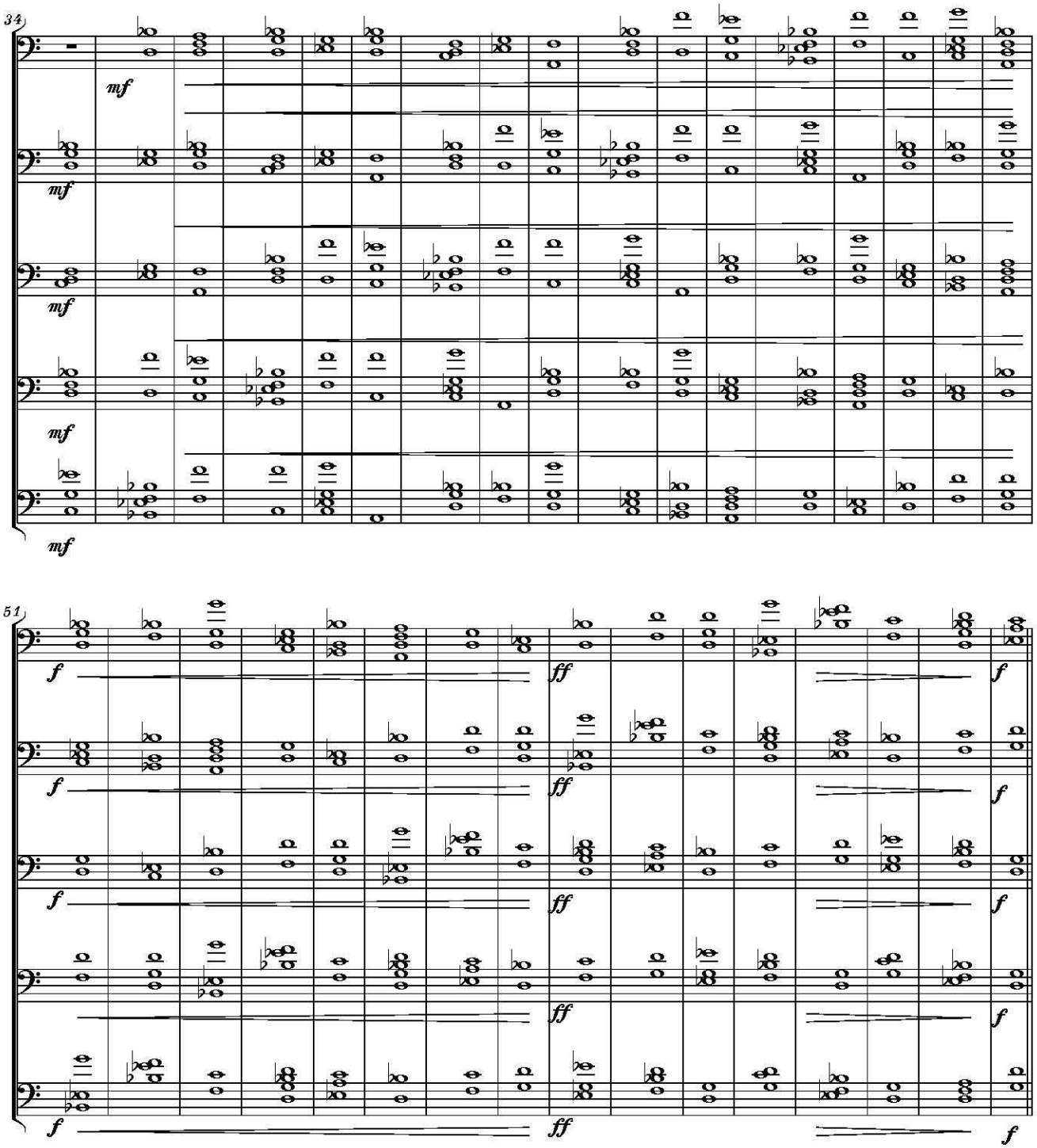

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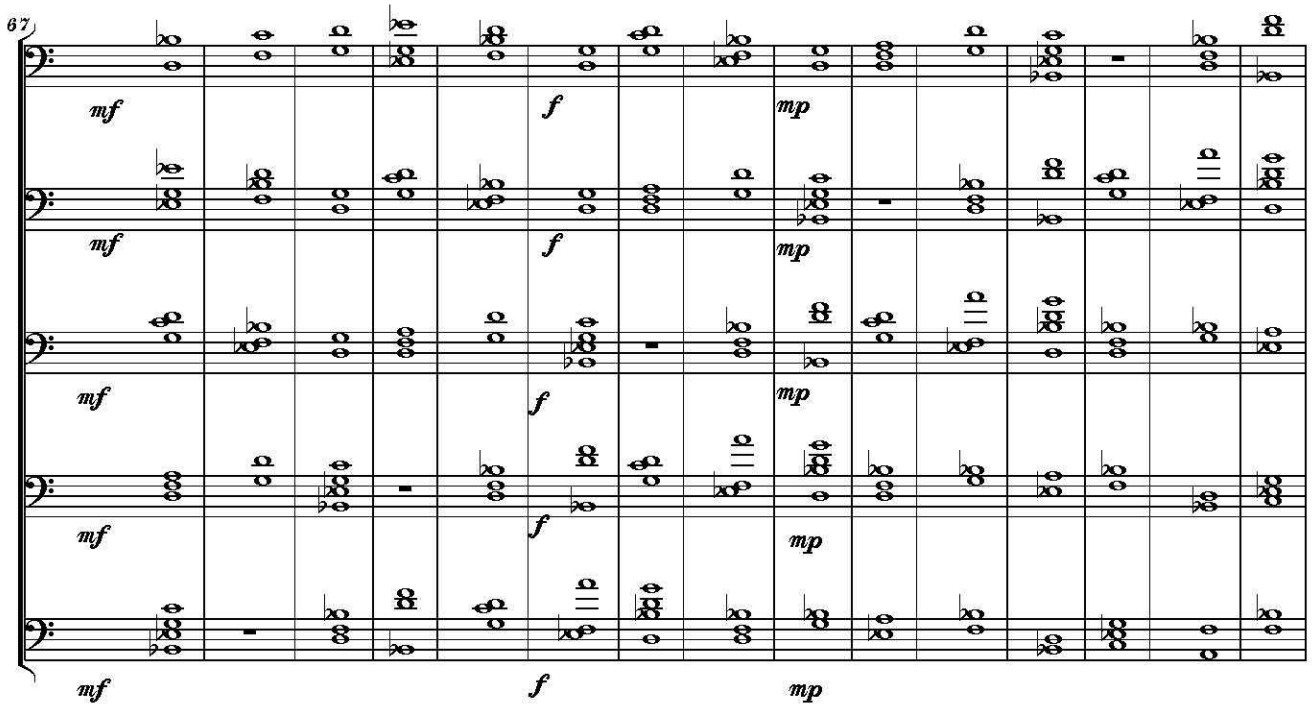
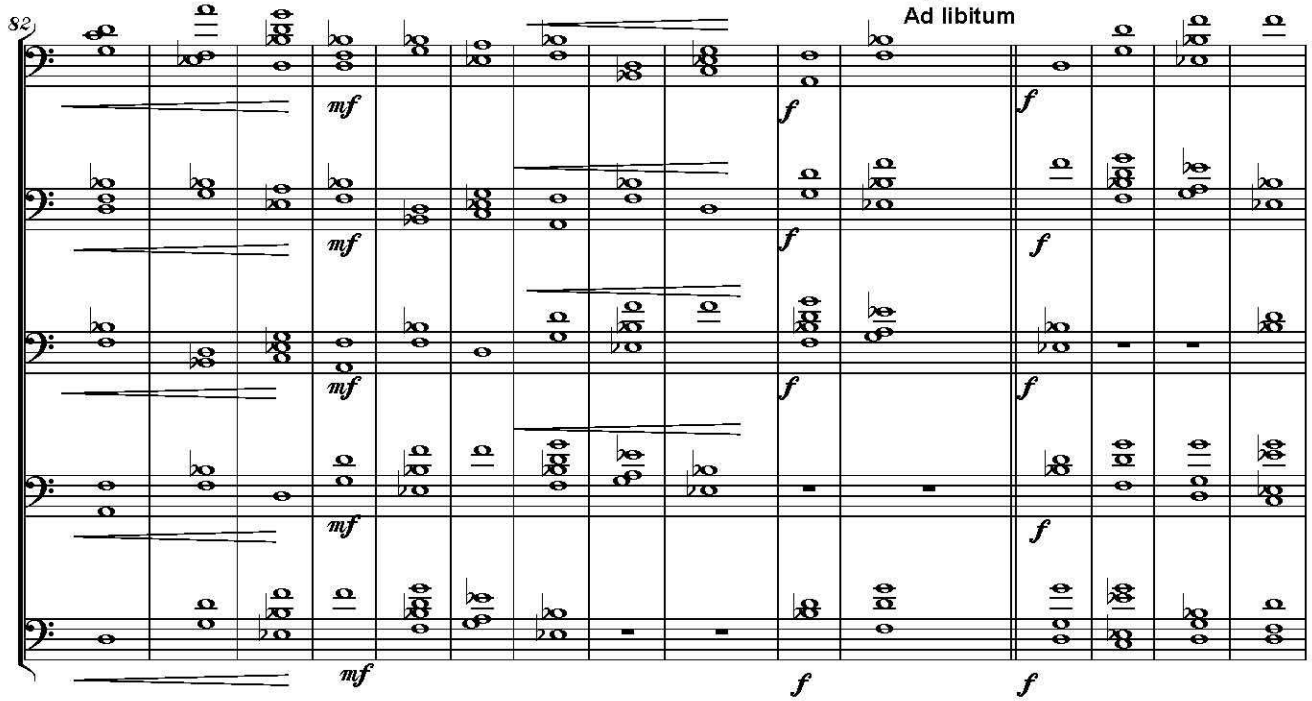
Ad libitum VI-



-DE
Ad libitum

POCO A POCO DIMINUENDO



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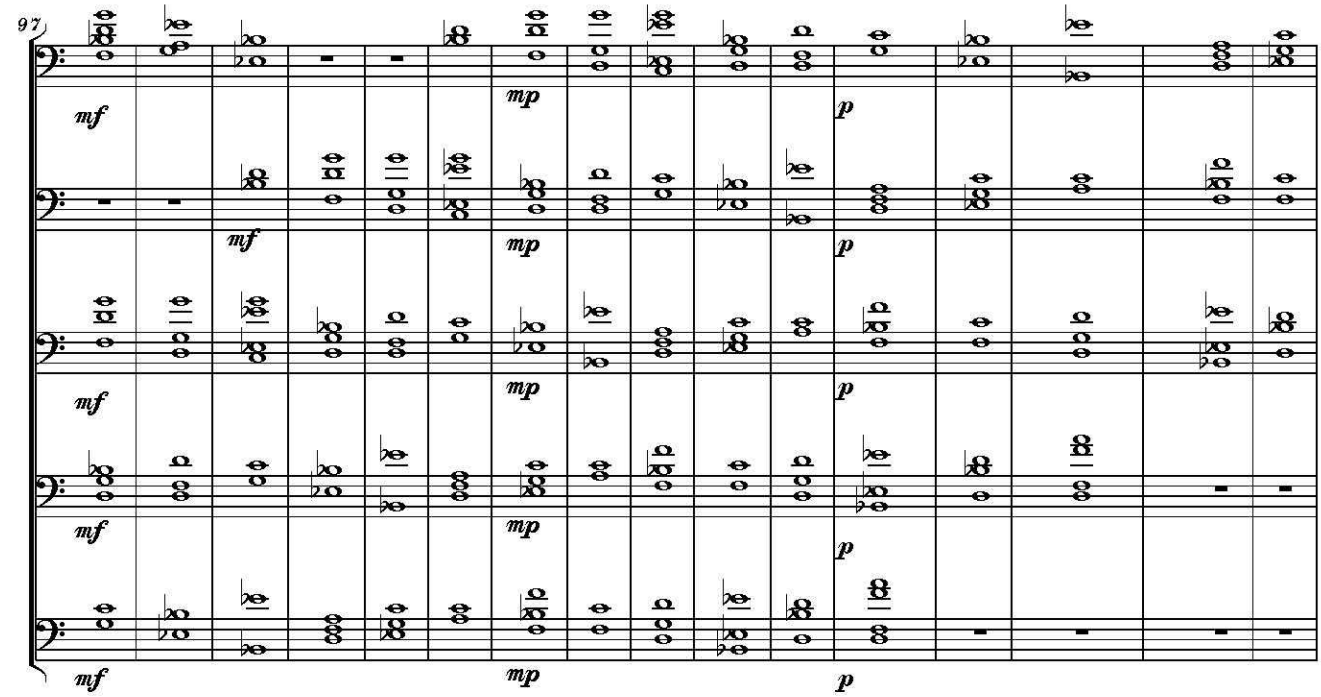

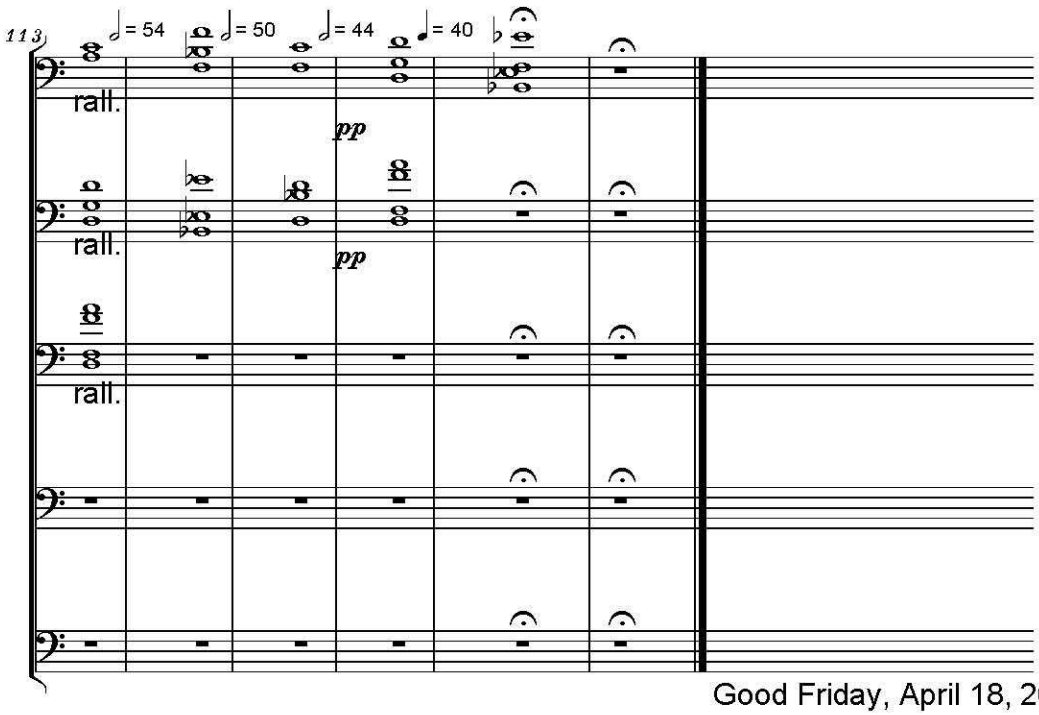

Good Friday, April 18, 2014

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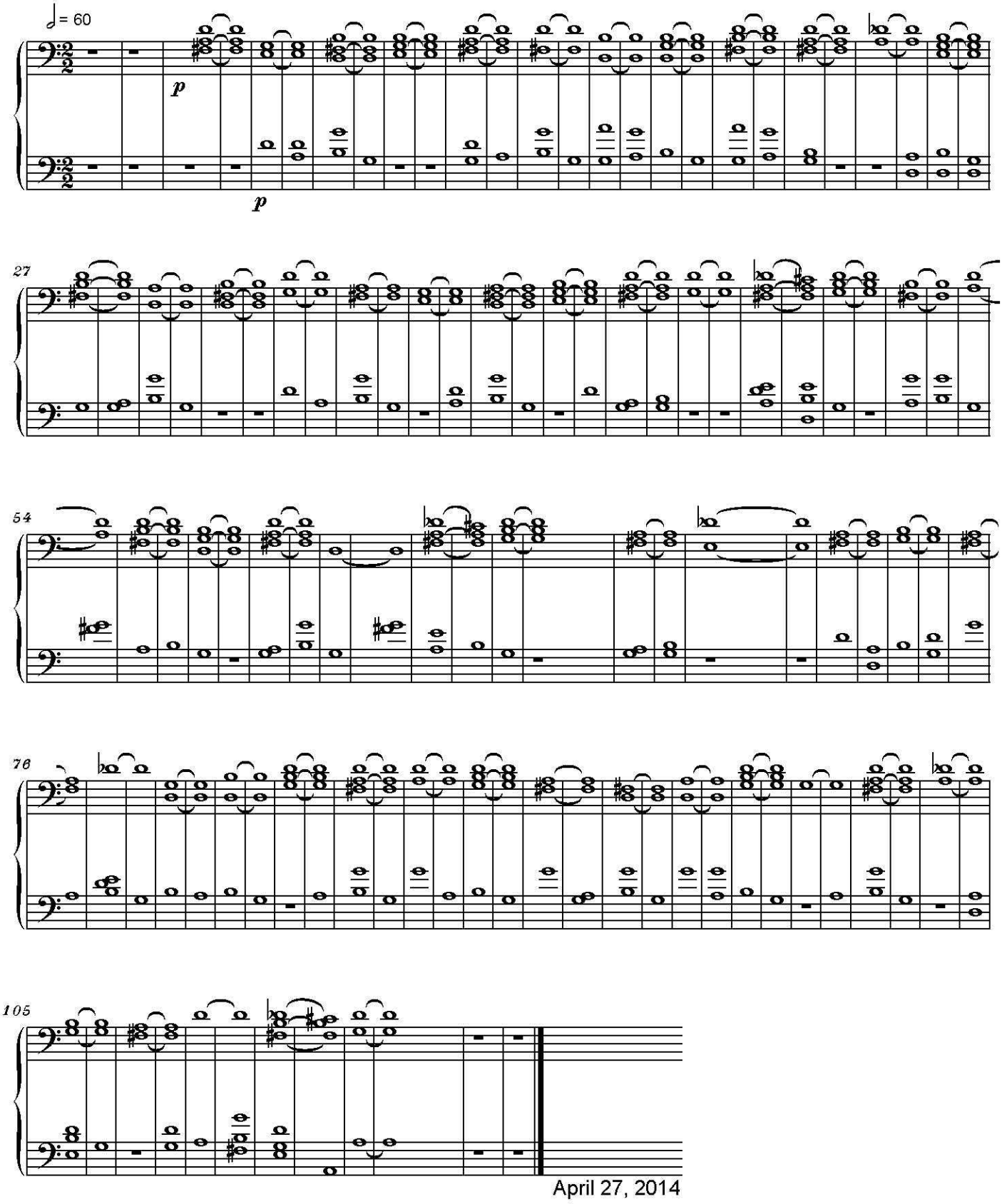
VIII

free-scores.com

In Memoriam LIANA ALEXANDRA
"SONG WITHOUT WORDS"
for Chorused Piano
created with Noatikl Software

Lontano e Dolce,
sempre Piano

Serban NICHIFOR



April 27, 2014

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IX

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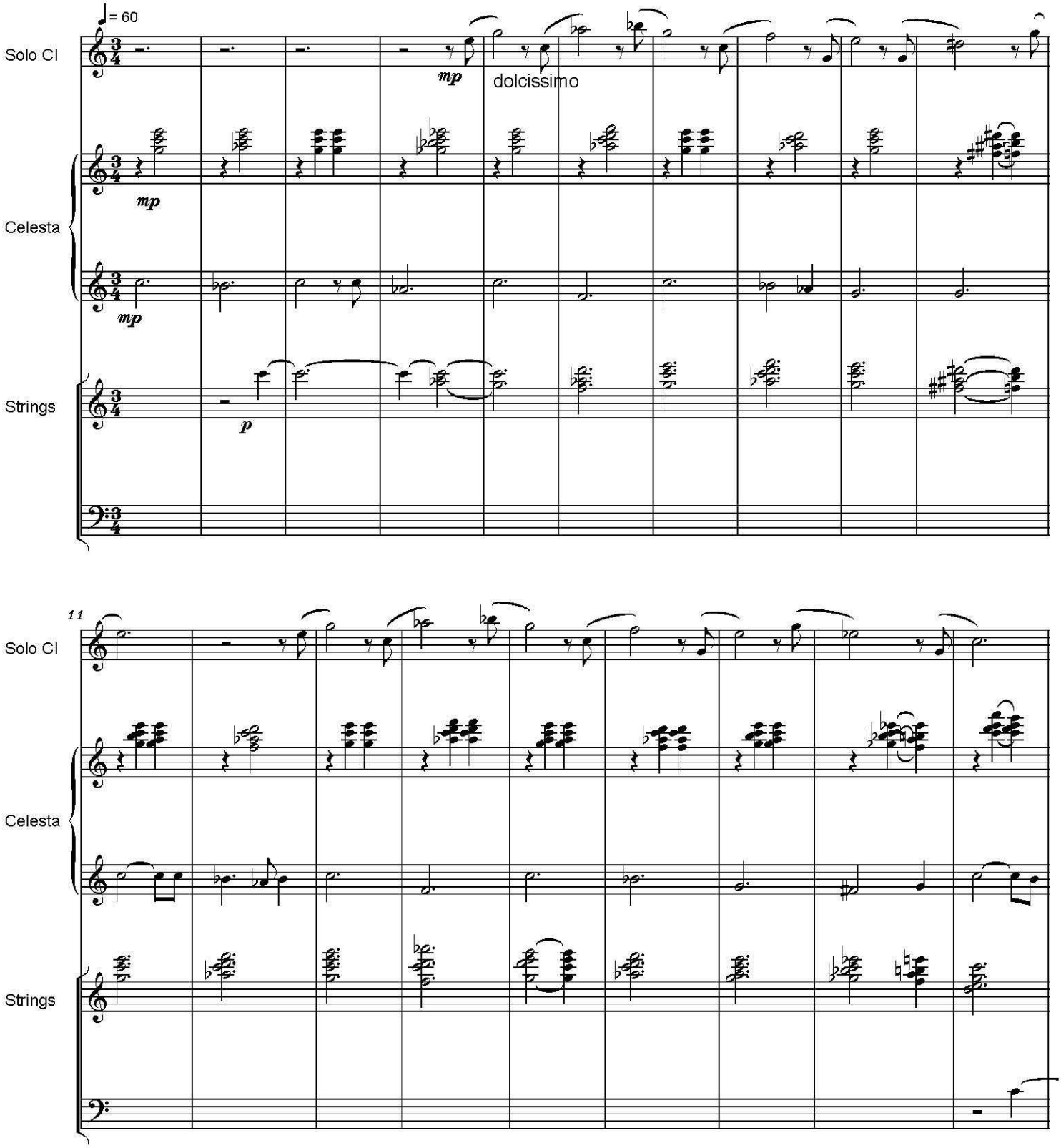
LONTANO WALTZ
for Solo Clarinet, Celesta and Strings
- score in C -

Lento e Lontano, Quasi Senza Tempo

Serban Nichifor



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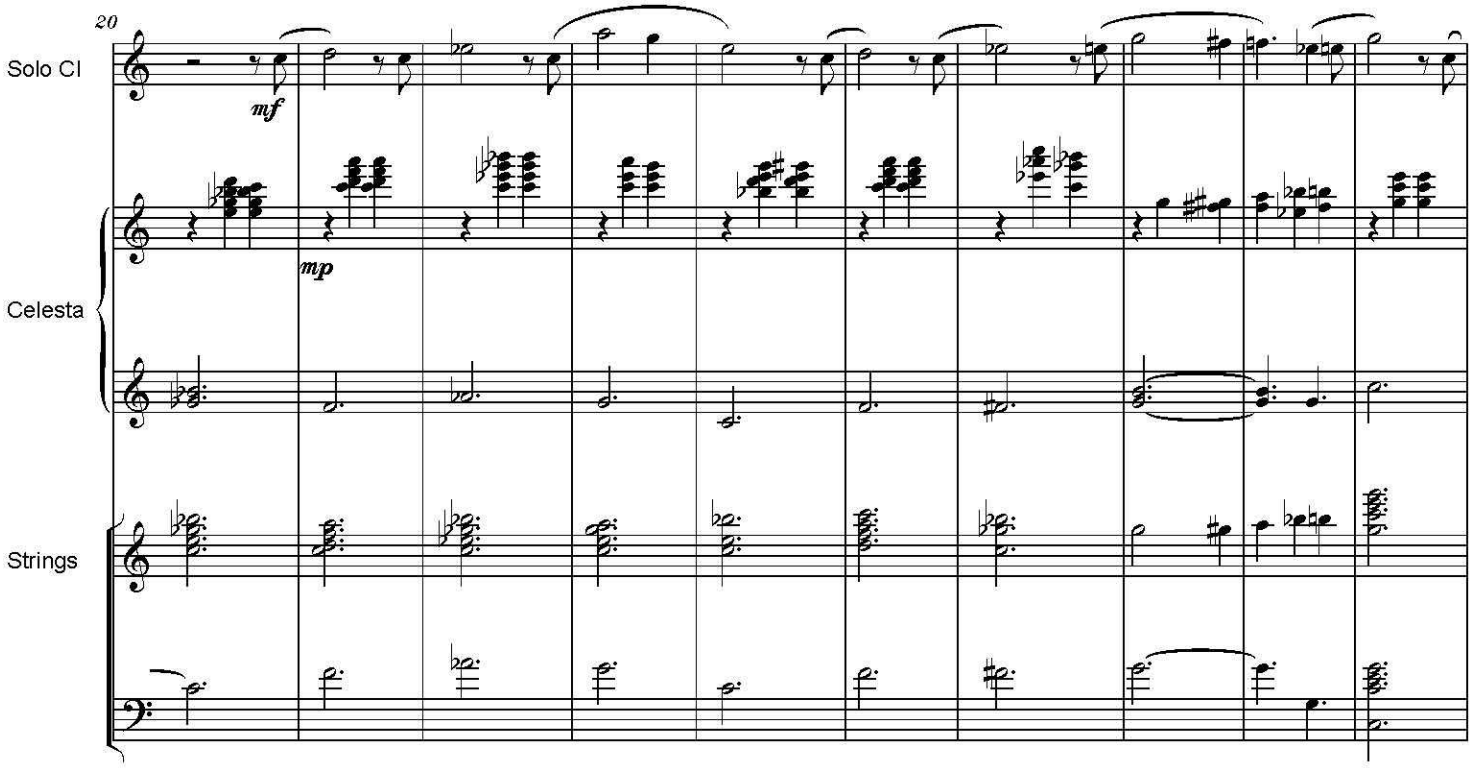

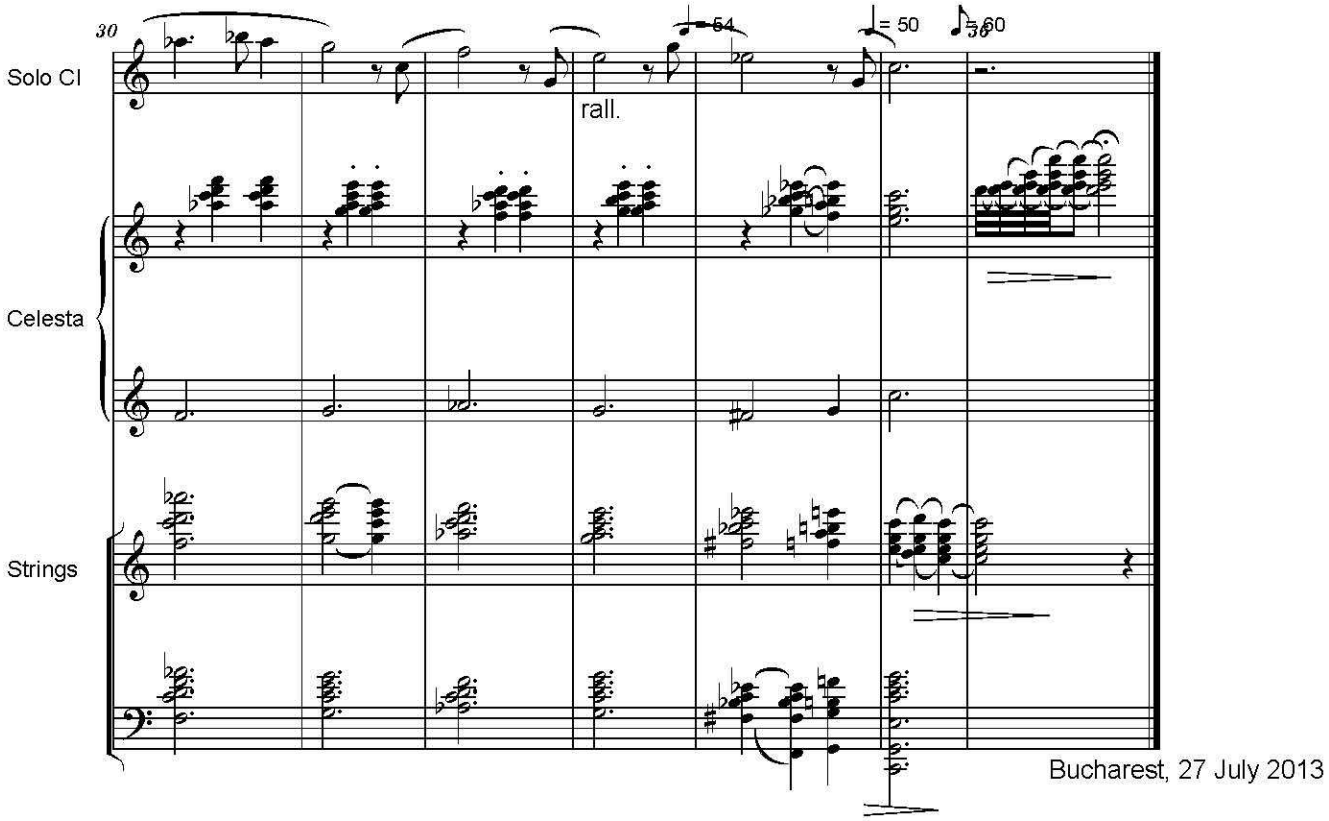

Bucharest, 27 July 2013

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