# Serban Nichifor 

Composer, Teacher<br>Roumania, Bucarest

## About the artist

http://www.voxnovus.com/composer/Serban_Nichifor.htm
Born: August 25, 1954, in Bucharest, Romania
Married to Liana Alexandra, composer: http://www.free-scores.com/partitions_gratuites_lianaalexandra.htm\#

## Studies

National University of Music, Bucharest, Doctor in Musicology
Theology Faculty, University of Bucharest
International courses of composition at Darmstadt, Weimar, Breukelen and Munchen USIA Stipendium (USA)

## Present Position

Professor at the National University of Music, Bucharest (Chamber Music Department); Member of UCMR (Romania), SABAM (Belgium), ECPMN (Holland)
Vice-president of the ROMANIA-BELGIUM Association
Cellist of the Duo INTERMEDIA and co-director of the NUOVA MUSICA CONSONANTE-LIVING MUSIC FOUNDATION INC.(U.S.A) Festival, with Liana ALEXANDRA

## Selected Works

OPERA, SYMPHONIC, VOCAL-SYMPHONIC AND CONCERTANTE MUSIC:
Constellations for Orchestra (1977)
Symphony I Shadows (1980)
Cantata Sources (1977)
Cantata Gloria Heroum Holocausti (1978)
Opera Miss Christina (libretto by Mircea ELIADE, 1981... (more online)
Qualification: PROFESSOR DOCTOR IN COMPOSITION AND MUSICOLOGY
Personal web: http://romania-on-line.net/whoswho/NichiforSerban.htm
Associate: SABAM - IPI code of the artist : I-000391194-0

## About the piece



[^0]- Contact the artist

■ Write feedback comments
■ Share your MP3 recording

- Web page and online audio access with QR Code :



## SERBAN NICHIFOR

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

To Veronica Anghelescu

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CONCERT CAMERAL
@ 20 (1994-2014)
Program
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 şi pian, op. 42 (1999)
Interpretează SIMONA SAMOIL, ELVIRA BLAJAN
Waterfall pentru violoncel şi 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)
(ed-010z) กioyild Vil̉ ( $e \cdot d$ - OLOZ) O!! Welcome Rich - Preludiu pentru pian (2004) Danzas Argentinas (1937)

> Interpretează ROBERT CIOFU


# Şerban Nichifor <br> Liana Alexandra <br> <br> Dan Dediu <br> <br> Dan Dediu <br> 10łsodv eualヨ <br> Douglas DaSilva 

NUOVA MUSICA CONSONANTE
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Ştefan Trăuşan-Matu
Ştefan Trăuşan-Matu
Costin Miereanu

## Robert Voisey <br> Liana Alexandra <br> Alberto Ginastera

## 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 sharefew 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,
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
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, 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
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
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.

## EXODUS - POEM BY BENJAMIN FONDANE

## (My Last Will And Testament)

- To Veronica Anghelescu -

Largo, Lontano e Dolce,
Sempre Poco Rubato
















## EXODUS - POEM BY BENJAMIN FONDANE

(My Last Will And Testament)

- To Veronica Anghelescu -

II
Serban Nichifor


























## EXODUS - POEM BY BENJAMIN FONDANE

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Sempre Largo, Lontano e Dolce,
Poco Rubato

## III

Serban Nichifor












molto rall.









[^0]:    Serban Nichifor on free-scores.com

