pour Ensemble Décadanse et Cage 99

Viola Bastarda

for violoncello

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In music performance, especially in a virtuoso performance, the blood [of ritual sacrifice] is symbolized by the conflict between the performer and his physical limitations, or between the performer and the exigencies of the music he's supposed to play; or, in a very scholarly way, by the conflict between performer and instrument.

From *Virtuosity: some (quasi phenomenological) thoughts*
by Francisco Monteiro

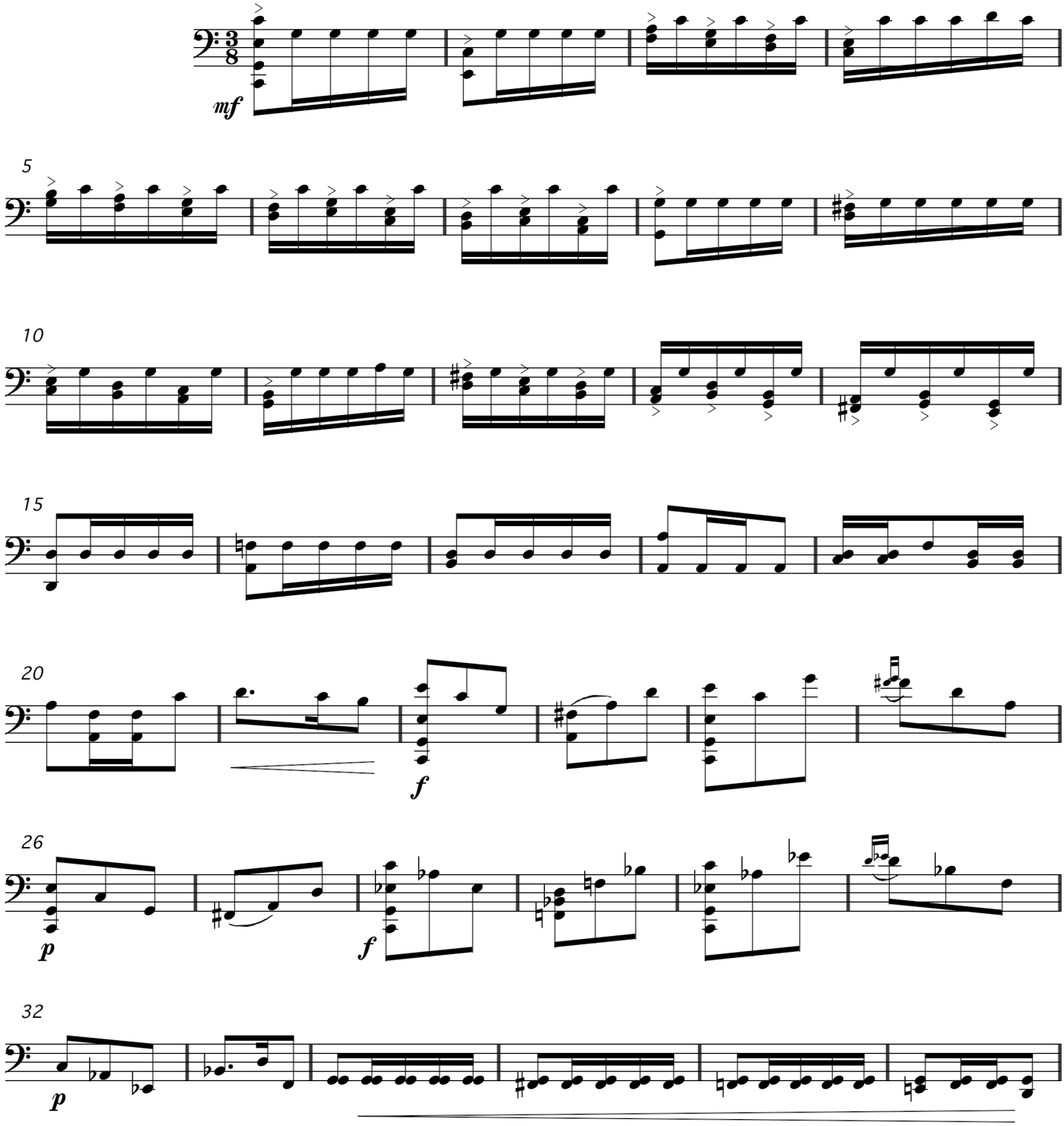
Duration: ca. 4:30

Viola Bastarda

for violoncello

David Jason Snow

Très animée avec joie, ca. ♩. = 69



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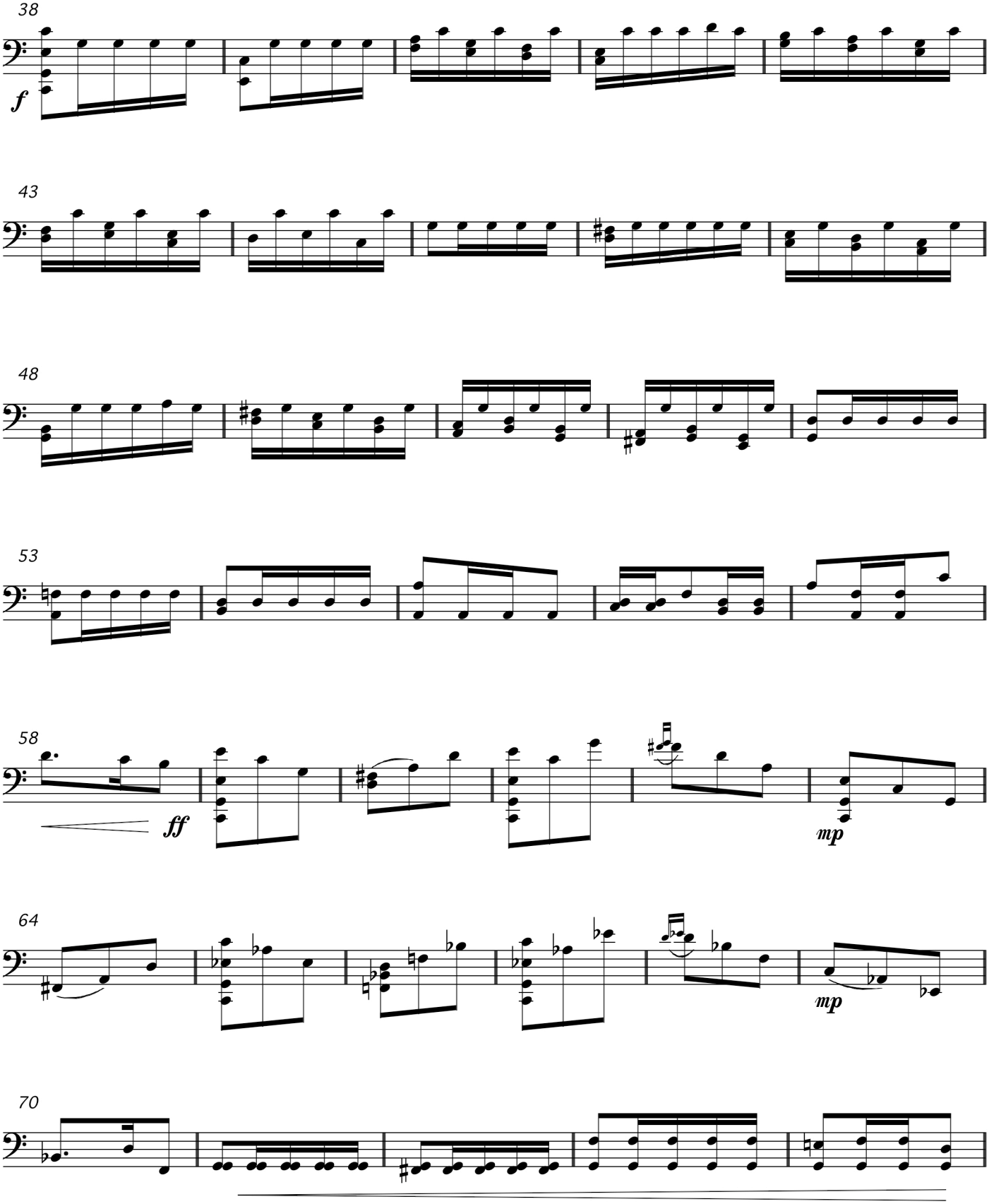
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Livret complet en anglais avec traduction en français à la page 8-9.

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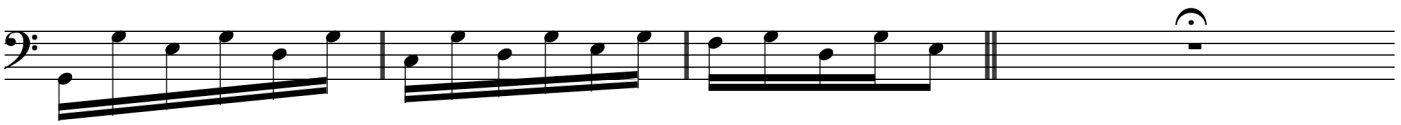
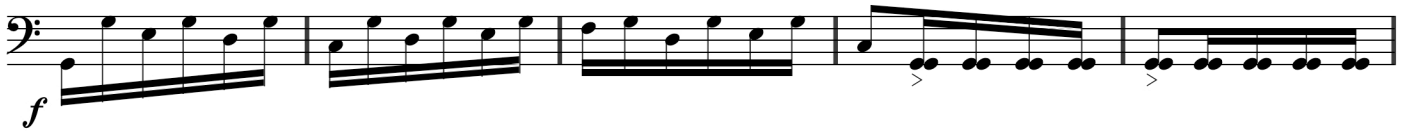


(Violoncelliste, s'adressant à son violoncelle avec indignation et le mépris)

Fuck, that pisses me off! Son of a bitch, fuck your mother! Piss off!
You stupid, useless fool! How dare you mock my genius?

79

a tempo



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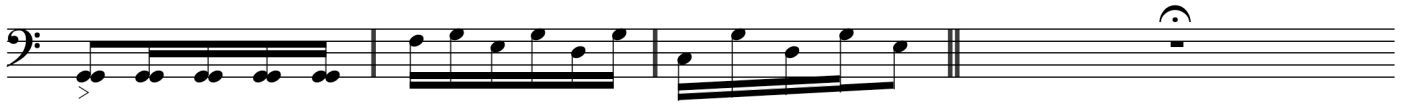
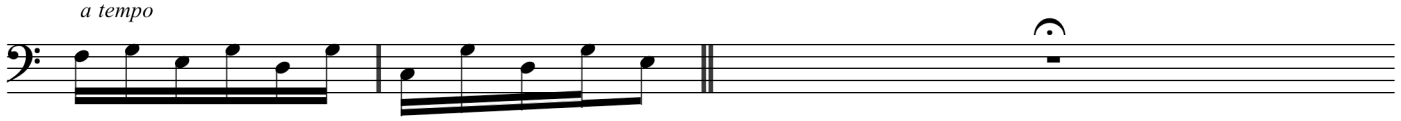


(Violoncelliste, s'adressant à son violoncelle avec indignation et le mépris)

Bastard! Must I waste life's precious moments compensating for your...
your... selfish negligence, your gross idiocy?

88

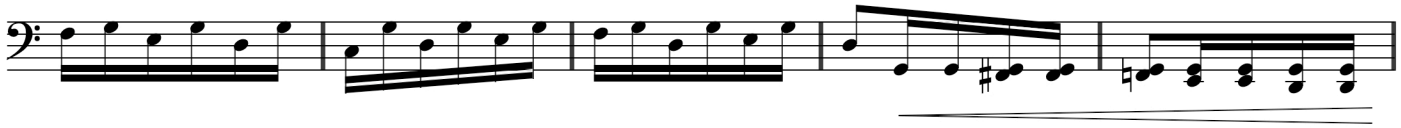
a tempo



(Violoncelliste, s'adressant à son violoncelle avec indignation et le mépris)

Heed my warning, slave, or feel the sting of my whip!

91



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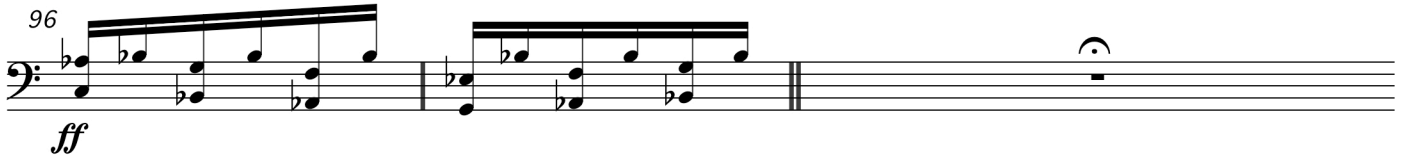
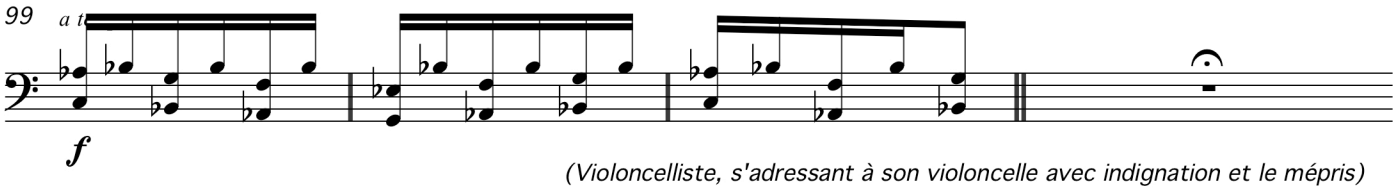


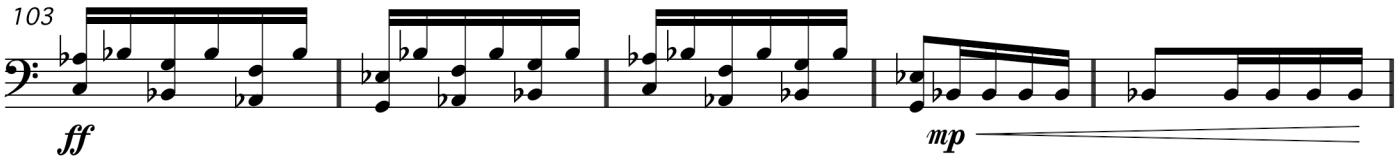
(Violoncelliste, s'adressant à son violon avec une tendresse caressante)

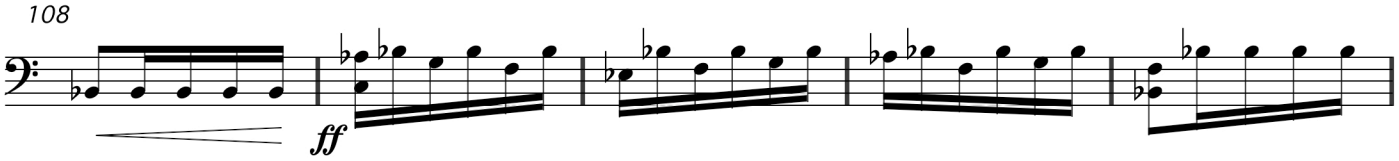
Oh, my love, my love. We make such beautiful music together, do we not?
Oh, to see you weep is like a dagger through the heart. Let us never argue again.
Without you, I am nothing, less than nothing.

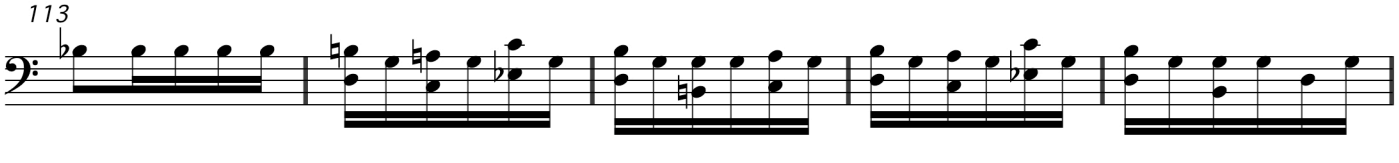


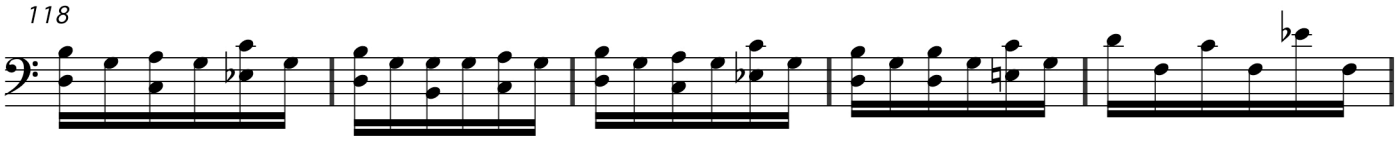
(Violoncelliste, s'adressant à son violoncelle avec indignation et le mépris)

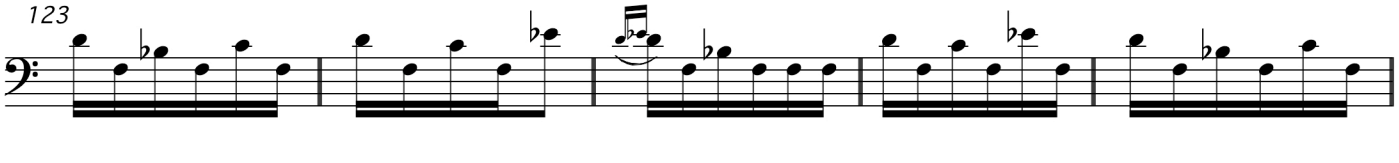
That is really bullshit.

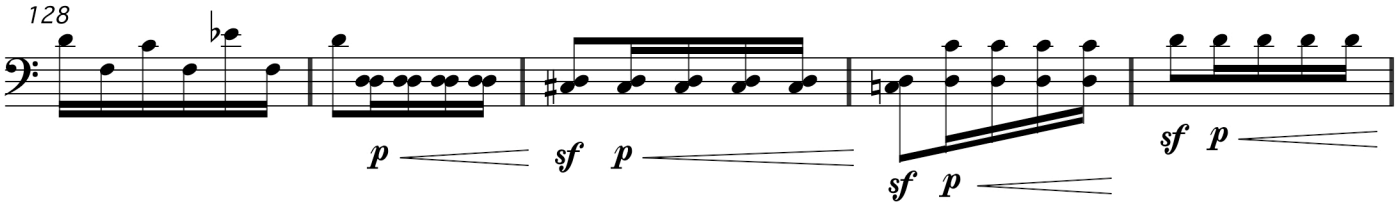


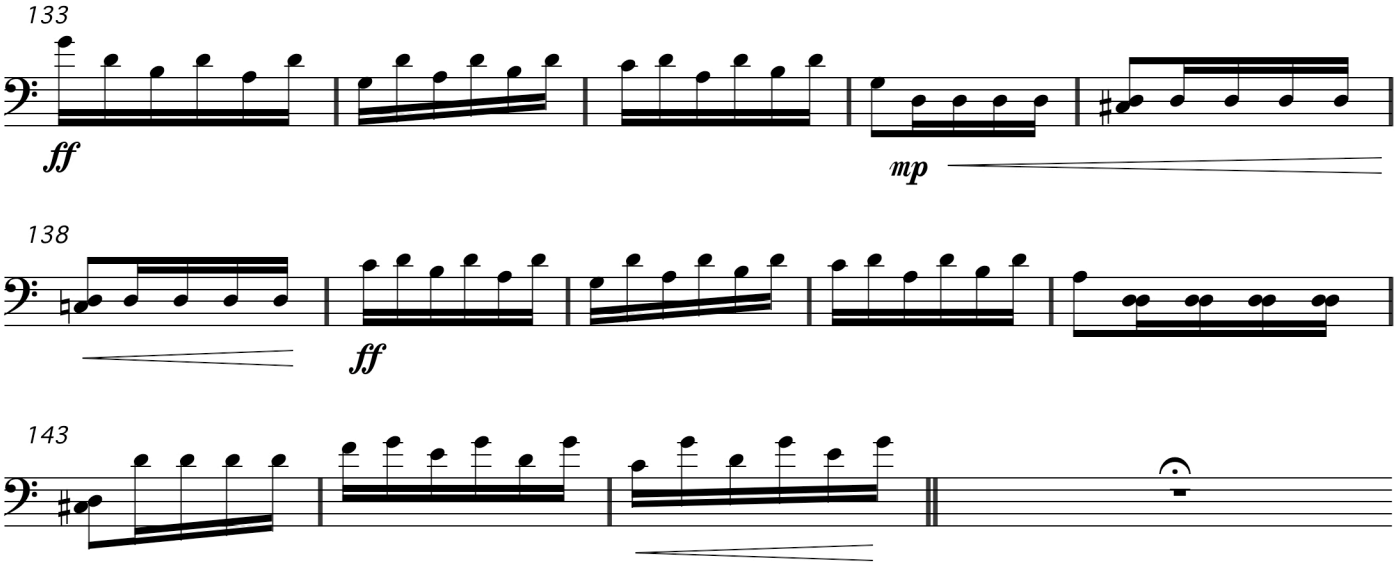












(Violoncelliste, des conférences de son violoncelle avec frais, le dédain impérieux, comme un Nazi ou un professeur de lycée)

> Very well then, since you have not submitted to reason, I am compelled to discipline you. However, being a tender-hearted creature, a compassionate soul, I shall temper punishment with pleasure.
>
> In fact, your punishment will be pleasure itself... or rather, the promise of pleasure, pleasure proffered then cruelly snatched away, tantalizing, like the apple dangled in the face of an ass, the ecstasy of fulfillment always just barely out of reach, time and time again, until your will is broken and you succumb, exhausted, shedding tears of frustration. Then you will be my slave. Then and only then will you understand the mad, sweet surrender of love and the unbearable price it extracts from us all.

(Violoncelliste, caresser et à caresser son violoncelle)

> You are a bad boy, a naughty, naughty, little boy. I shall have to spank you. Do you like that? Do you like it when I spank you, you dirty little boy?
>
> Do you like it when I stroke your strings? Ooh, how they vibrate in my hand. Mmm, good boy. Ooh, yes, Yes, vibrate. Vibrate in my hand, you dirty little boy.

When I was a little girl in Paris, I used to sing this song:

(Improvise a tune upon these lyrics)

> Has anyone seen my cock,
> my big Rhode Island Red?
> He's mostly pink with a little bit of blue,
> and purple round his head.
> He stands right up in the morning
> and he gives me such a shock.
> Has anybody seen,
> has anybody seen,
> has anybody seen my cock?

(Violoncelliste, s'adressant à son violoncelle avec condescendance)

> There, I hope you have learned your lesson. Now behave properly.

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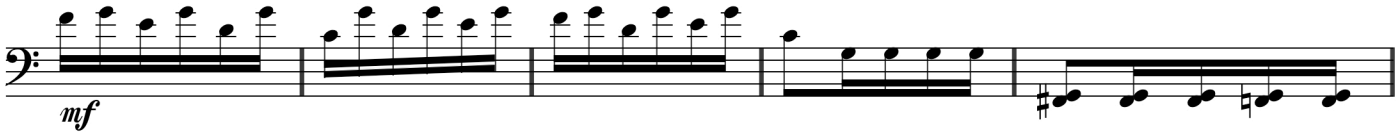
Tempo I



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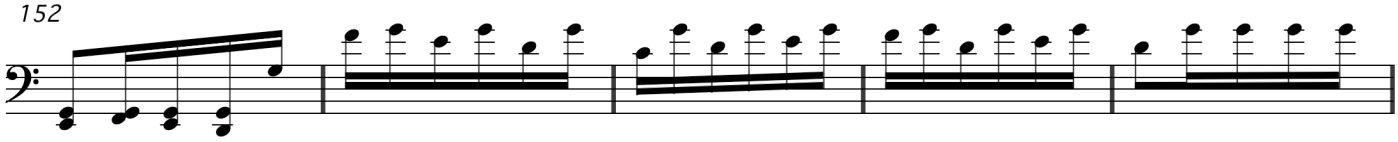

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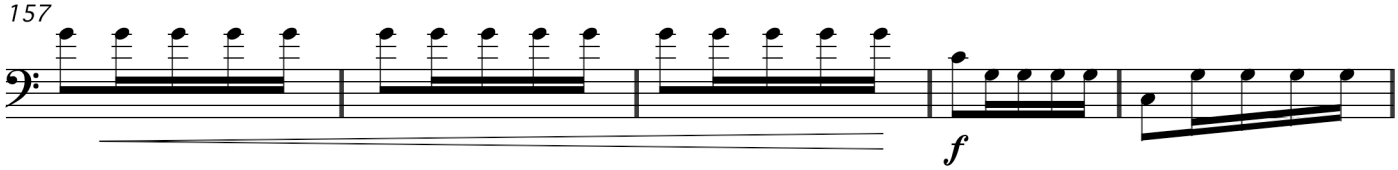

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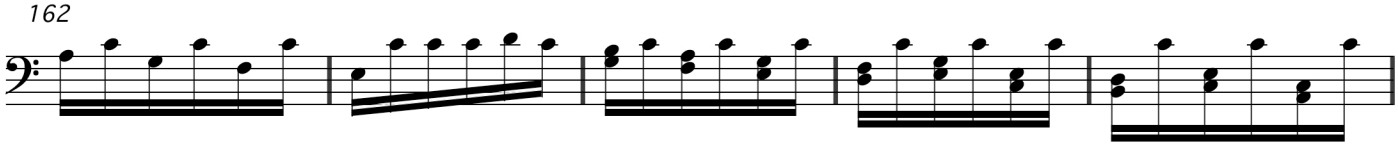

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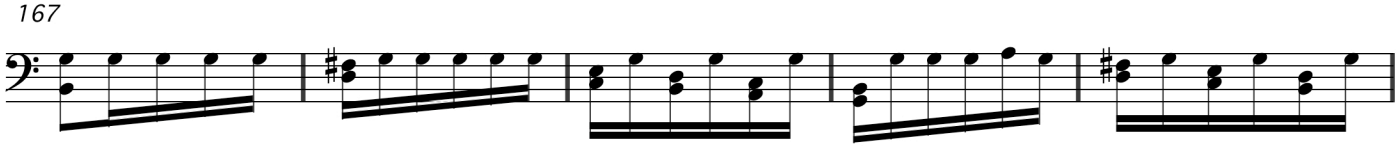

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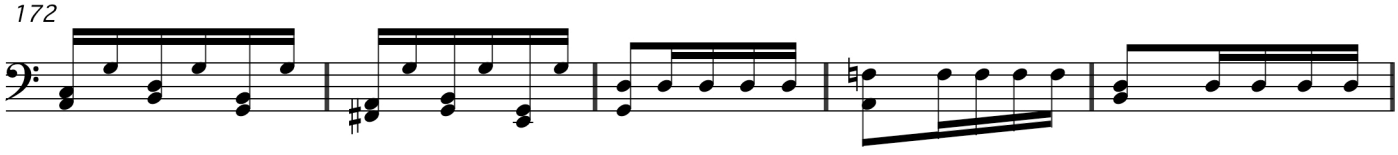

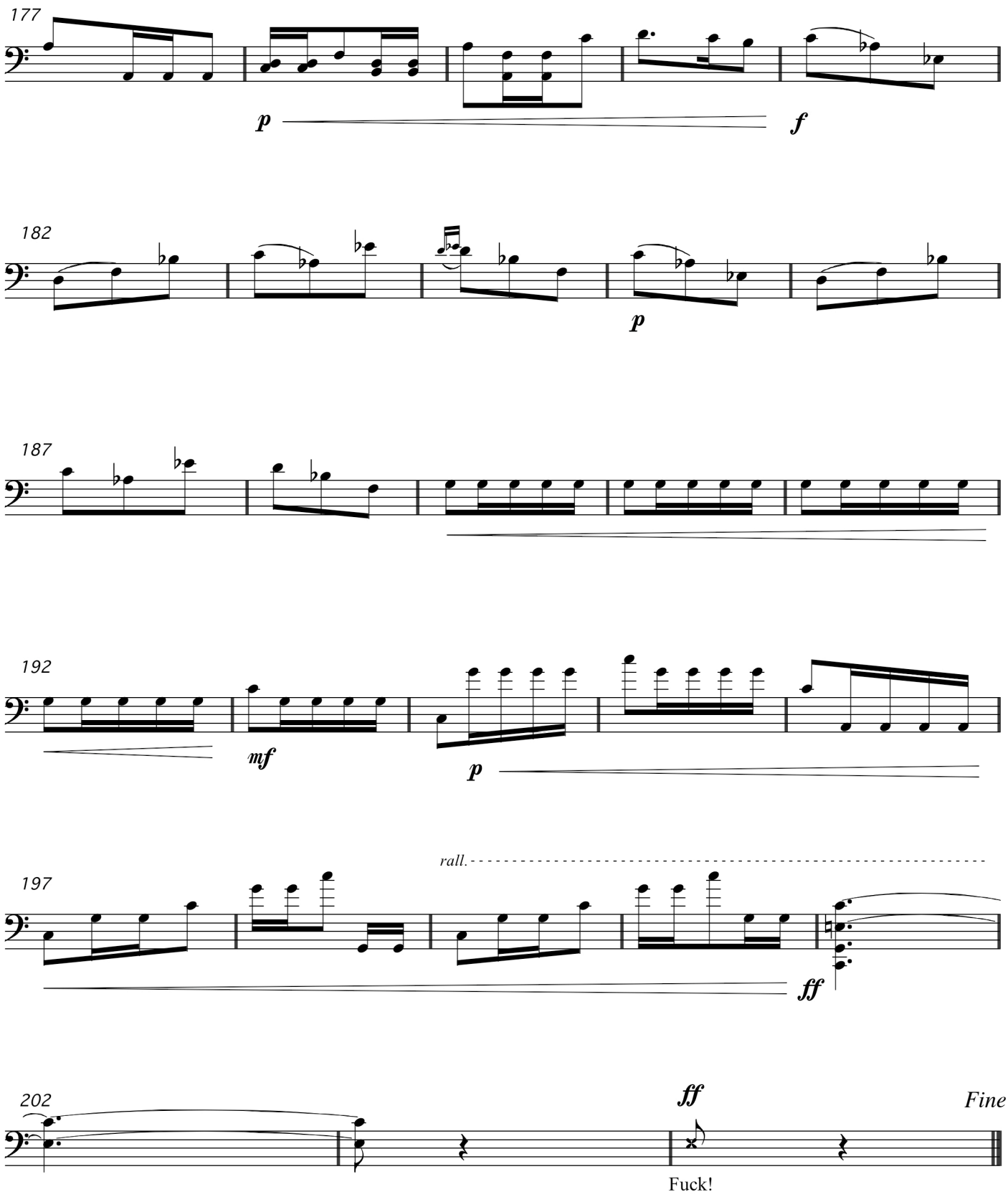

NYC June 10, 2010

Libretto

Putain, ca me fait chier! Fils de salope, nique ta mere! Casse-toi, vous stupide, idiot inutile! Comment osez-vous fantaisie mon génie?

Fuck, that pisses me off! Son of a bitch, fuck your mother! Piss off, you stupid, useless fool! How dare you mock my genius?

Bastard! Dois-je les déchets de la vie des moments précieux de compensation pour votre... votre ... négligence égoïste, votre brute idiotie?

Bastard! Must I waste life's precious moments compensating for your... your... selfish negligence, your gross idiocy?

Tenez compte de mon avertissement, esclave, ou de sentir la piqûre de mon fouet!

Heed my warning, slave, or feel the sting of my whip!

Oh, mon amour, mon amour. Nous faisons cette belle musique ensemble, n'est-ce pas? Oh, que de vous voir pleurer, c'est comme un poignard dans le coeur. Nous ne devons jamais prétendre à nouveau. Sans vous, je ne suis rien, moins que rien.

Oh, my love, my love. We make such beautiful music together, do we not? Oh, to see you weep is like a dagger through the heart. Let us never argue again. Without you, I am nothing, less than nothing.

C'est vraiment des conneries. Très bien alors, puisque vous n'avez pas soumis à la raison, je suis obligé de vous la discipline. Toutefois, étant une créature au coeur tendre, une âme de compassion, je vais tempérer la peine avec plaisir.

That is really bullshit. Very well then, since you have not submitted to reason, I am compelled to discipline you. However, being a tender-hearted creature, a compassionate soul, I shall temper punishment with pleasure.

En fait, votre peine sera lui-même le plaisir ... ou plutôt, la promesse de plaisir, le plaisir proférés alors cruellement arrachée, séduisantes, comme la pomme fait miroiter à la face d'un âne, l'extase de l'accomplissement toujours à peine hors de la portée, encore et encore, jusqu'à ce que votre testament est cassé et vous succombez, épuisé, l'excrétion des larmes de frustration. Alors vous serez mes esclaves. Alors et seulement alors vous comprenez les fous, doux amour et de la remise de prix de l'insupportable, il extraits de nous tous.

In fact, your punishment will be pleasure itself... or rather, the promise of pleasure, pleasure proffered then cruelly snatched away, tantalizing, like the apple dangled in the face of an ass, the ecstasy of fulfillment always just barely out of reach, time and time again, until your will is broken and you succumb, exhausted, shedding tears of frustration. Then you will be my slave. Then and only then will you understand the mad, sweet surrender of love and the unbearable price it extracts from us all.

Vous êtes un mauvais garçon, un méchant, méchant, petit garçon. Je vais avoir une fessée à vous. Do you like that? Aimez-vous quand je vous la fessée, vous sale petit garçon?

You are a bad boy, a naughty, naughty, little boy. I shall have to spank you. Do you like that? Do you like it when I spank you, you dirty little boy?

Vous vous plaisez quand je caresse vos chaînes? Ooh, comment elles vibrent dans ma main. Mmm, bon garçon. Oh, oui, oui, à vibrer. Vibrer dans ma main, vous sale petit garçon.

Do you like it when I stroke your strings? Ooh, how they vibrate in my hand. Mmm, good boy. Ooh, yes, Yes, vibrate. Vibrate in my hand, you dirty little boy.

Quand j'étais une petite fille à Paris, j'ai l'habitude de chanter cette chanson:

When I was a little girl in Paris, I used to sing this song:

Quelqu'un at-il vu ma bite,
mon grand Rhode Island Red?

Has anyone seen my cock,
my big Rhode Island Red?

Il est principalement rose avec un peu de bleu,
et le violet de sa tête ronde.
Il se tient droit dans la matinée
et il me donne un tel choc.
Quelqu'un at-il vu,
quelqu'un a vu,
quelqu'un at-il vu ma bite?

Là, j'espère que vous avez appris votre leçon.
Maintenant, se comporter correctement.

Putain!

He's mostly pink with a little bit of blue,
and purple round his head.
He stands right up in the morning
and he gives me such a shock.
Has anybody seen,
has anybody seen,
has anybody seen my cock?

There, I hope you have learned your lesson. Now behave properly.

Fuck!

Biographical note

David Jason Snow holds degrees in music composition from the Eastman School of Music and Yale University where he studied with Jacob Druckman, Samuel Adler, Warren Benson, and Joseph Schwantner. His music has been performed in concert by the Ensemble Intercontemporaine at the Georges Pompidou Center in Paris, by the American Brass Quintet at the Aspen Music Festival, Carnegie Hall, and the John F. Kennedy Center, and by numerous other artists and ensembles in the United States, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia. Snow is the recipient of awards for composition and musical performance from the National Endowment for the Arts, BMI, and ASCAP, and has been a resident of artist's communities at Yaddo in Saratoga Springs and the Millay Colony in Austerlitz, New York. He resides in New York City.