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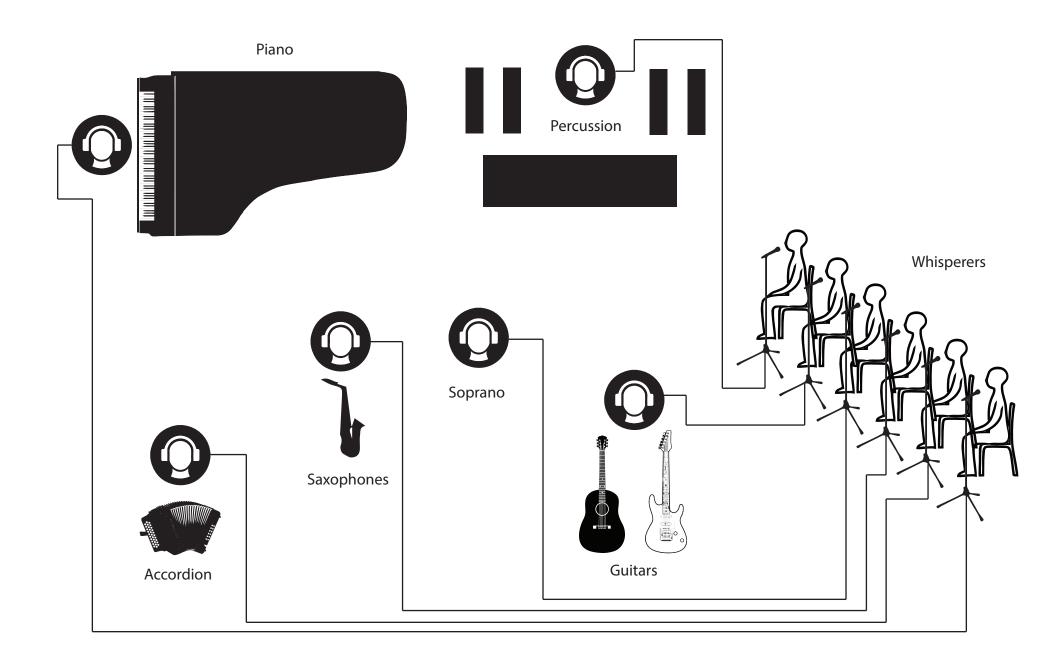
Bisbiglio qualcosa nel mio orecchio (2013)

for Six Whisperers, six Poets, one Composer and six Musicians



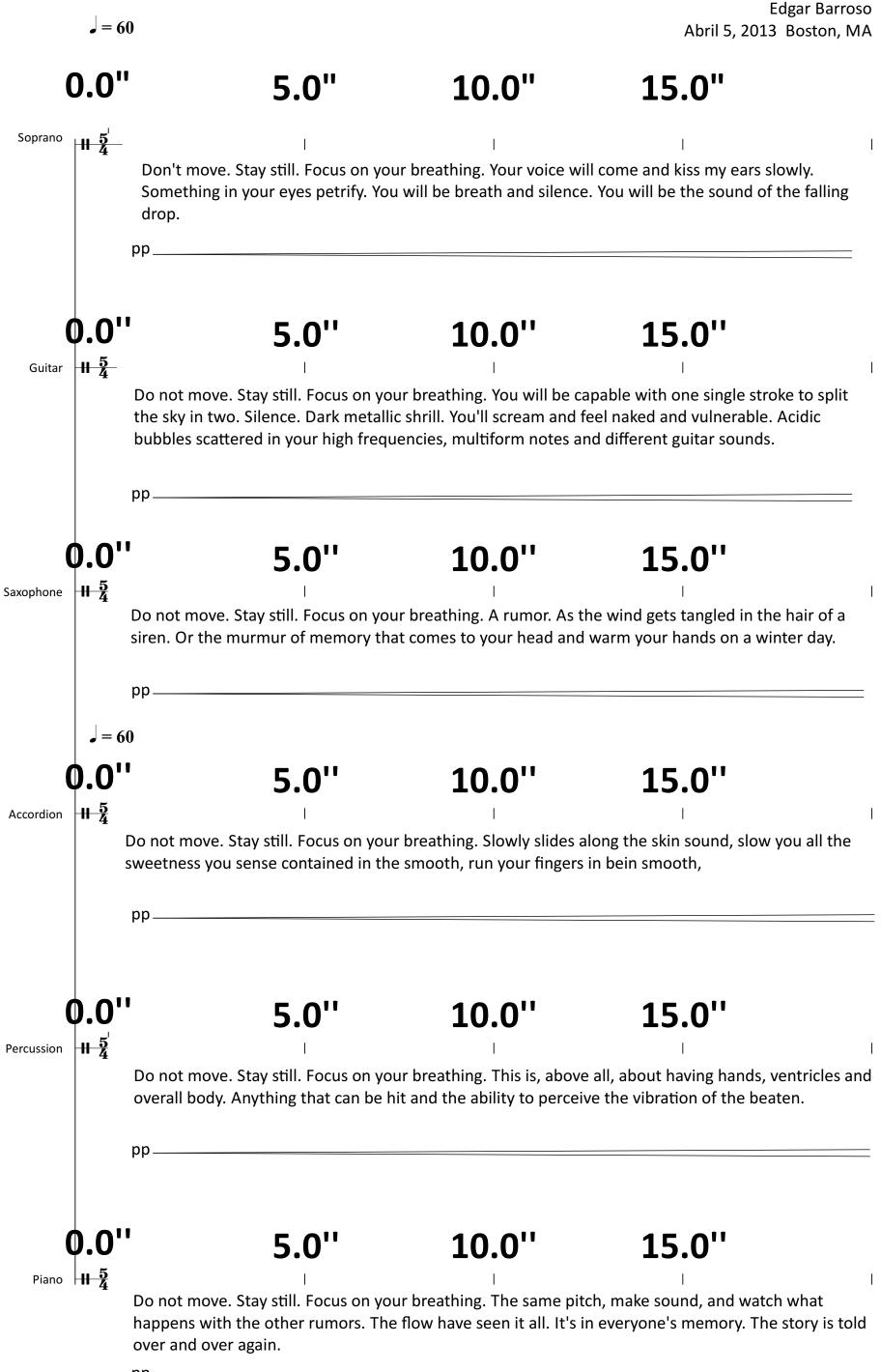
Edgar Barroso

Bisbiglio qualcosa nel mio orecchio

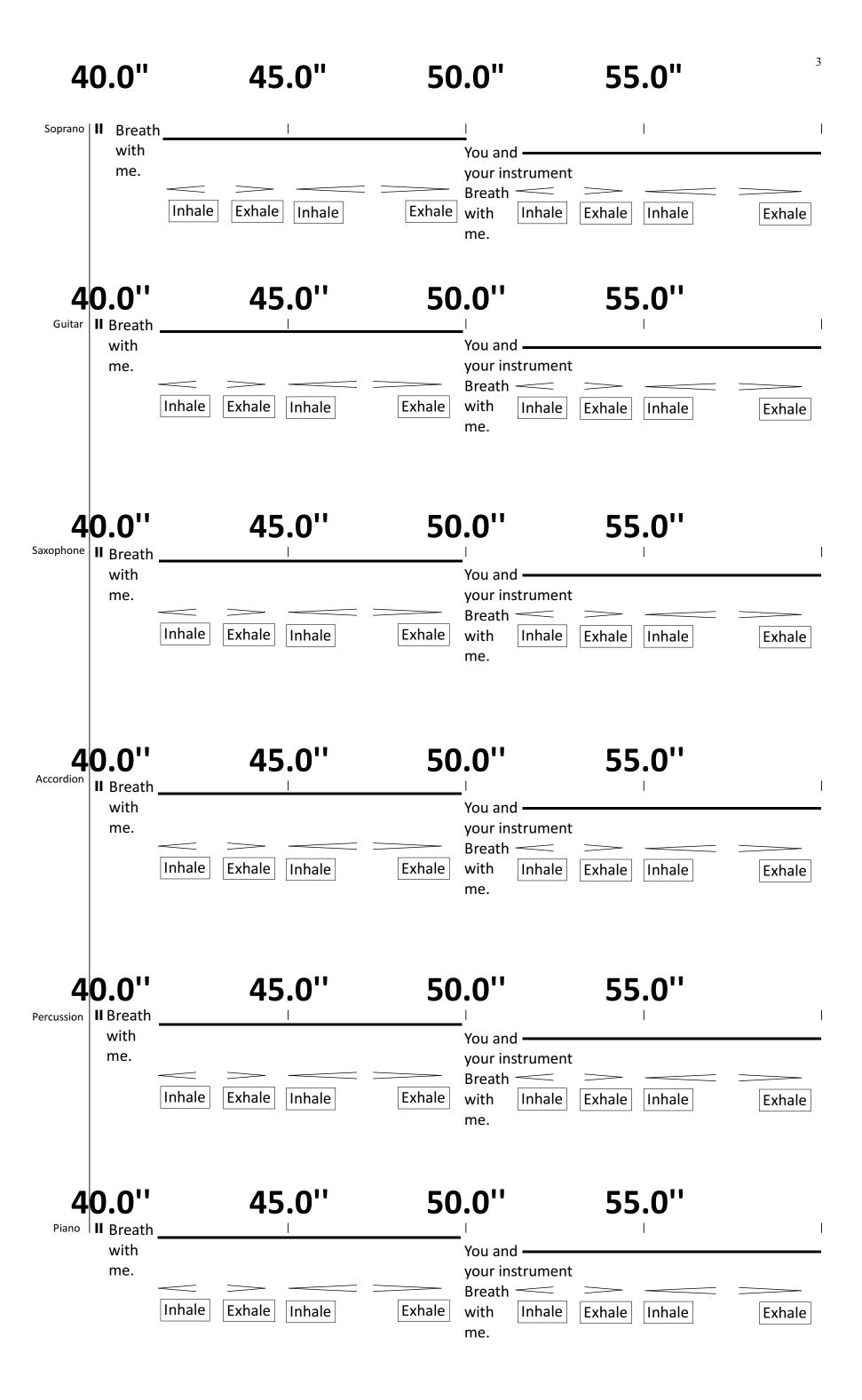


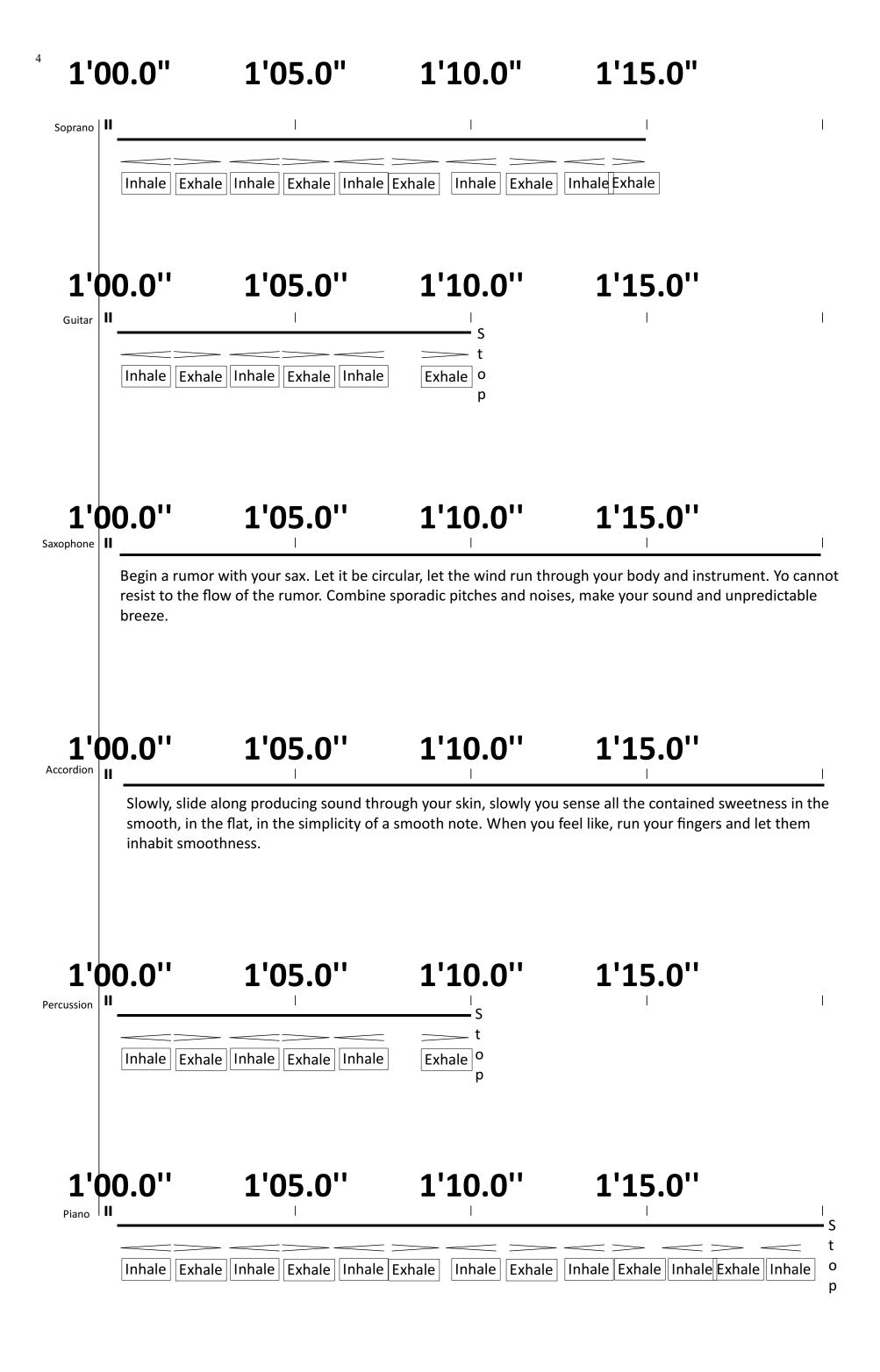
Bisbiglio qualcosa nel mio orecchio

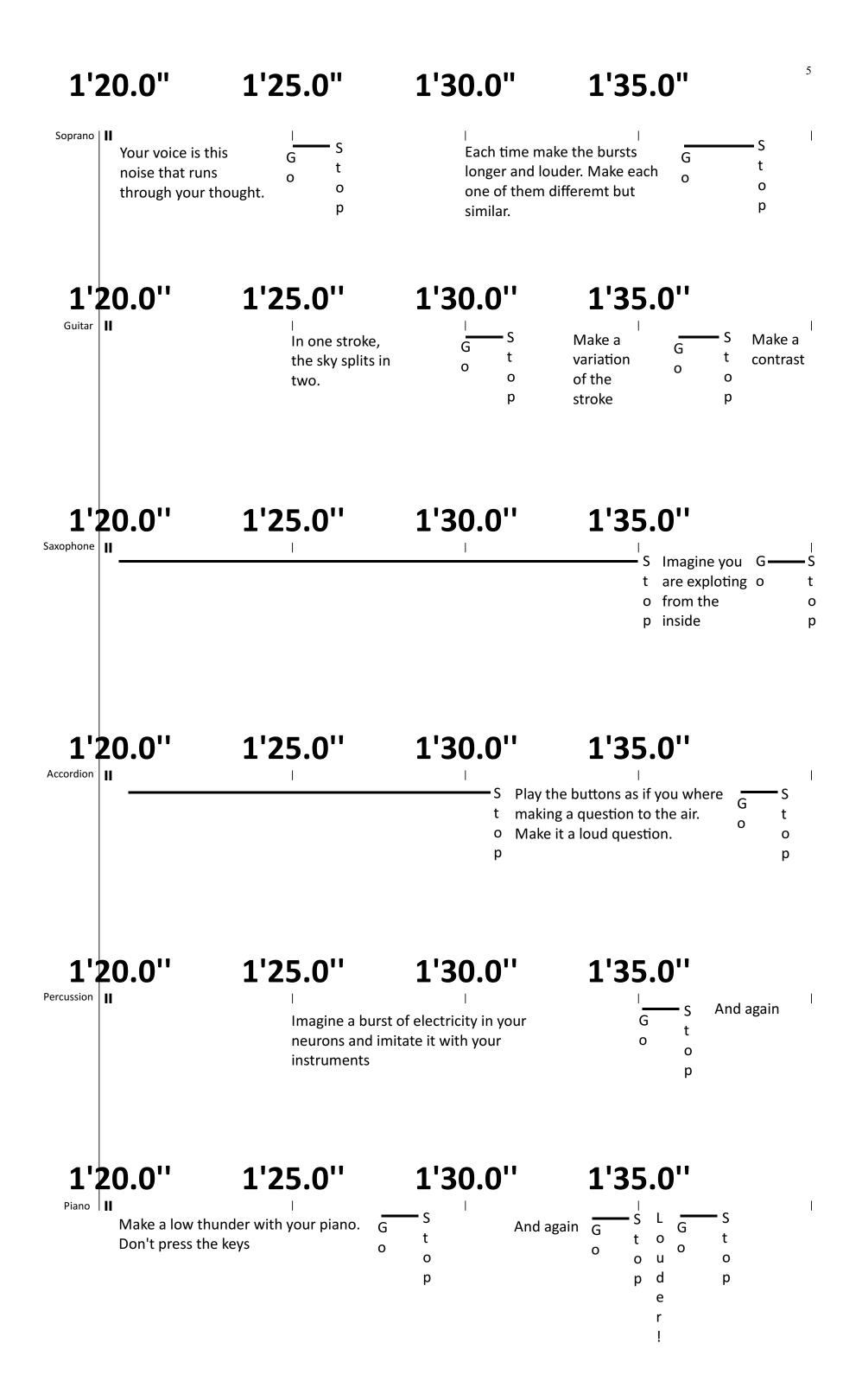
dedicated to L'Arsenale Ensemble

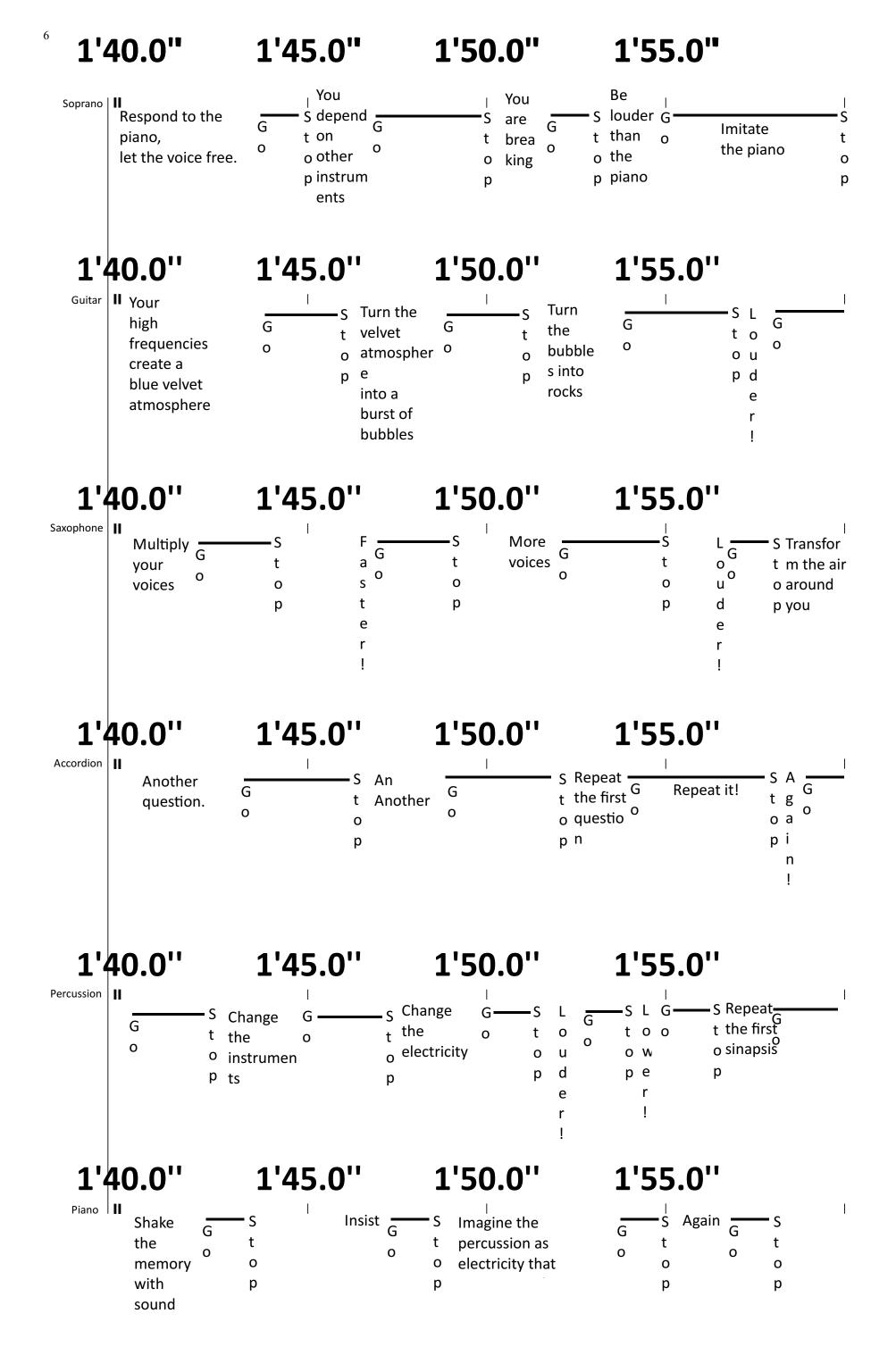


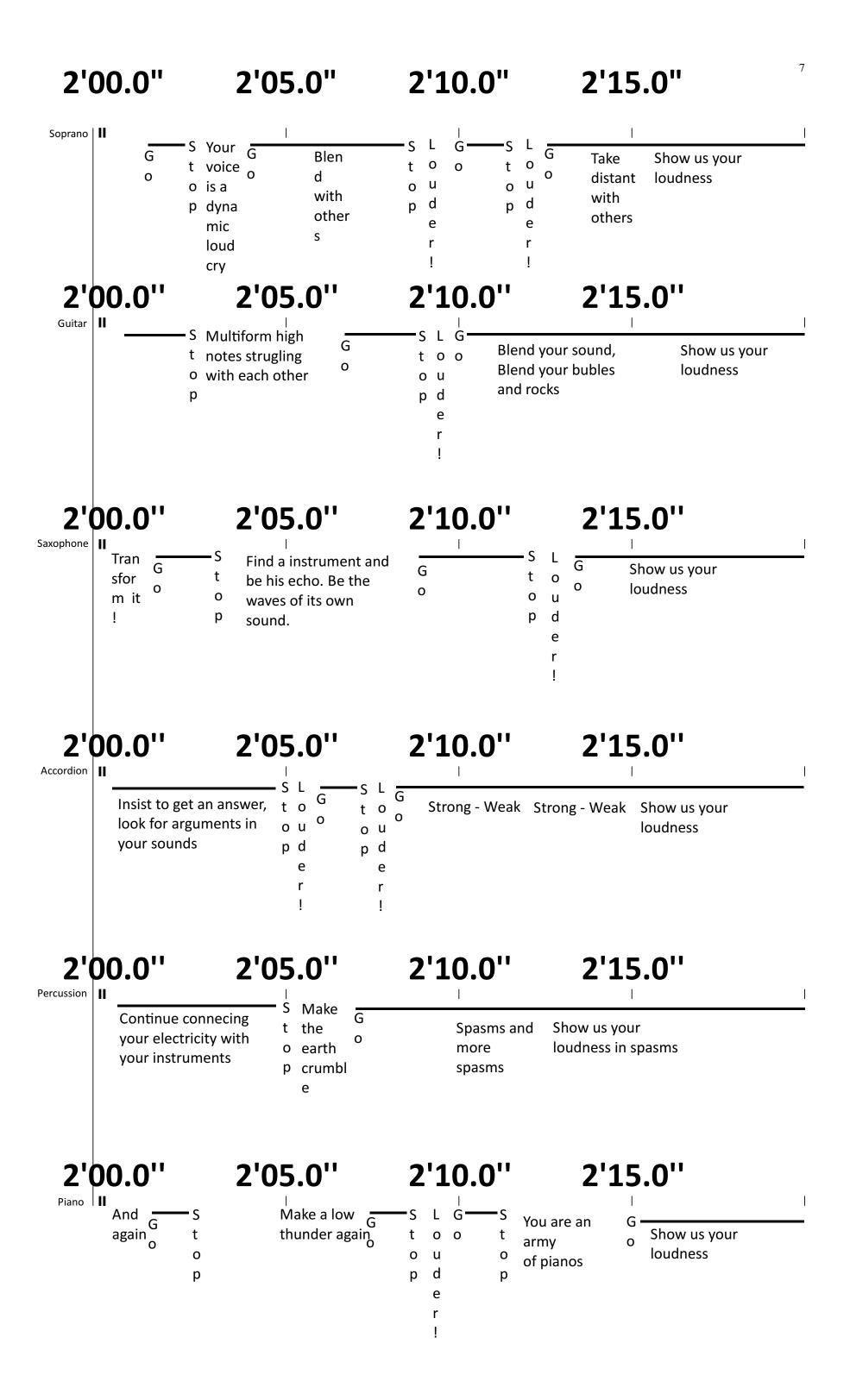
	25.0"	30.0"	35.0"	
	ls. Air Form. Some of the inr you. Ask with voice your voi		pers your name. Air, name, voi ertainty.	ice sl
		_	35.0'' Jences will be your guidance. You and them. Hardly anyone list	
	ne noise of the tumult is lou	•	ou and them. Hardly anyone his	
20.0"	25.0''	30.0"	35.0"	
	at knocks on your window ng. Just that. A rumor. The s		chosen solitude. You try to exp	plain
			35.0''	
· ·	s continued to be repeated	over time, doubt the world	। ne did a question that repeated	l agai
press each but again, and has f	tton as if you drew an enigr s continued to be repeated	ma, each button plays like hover time, doubt the world	ne did a question that repeated is made. 35.0"	
press each but again, and has f 20.0" Space. A room	tton as if you drew an enigrest continued to be repeated 25.0" n of its own, or close your every service of the service of t	ma, each button plays like hover time, doubt the world 30.0" yes and open a space inside	le did a question that repeated is made.	and l

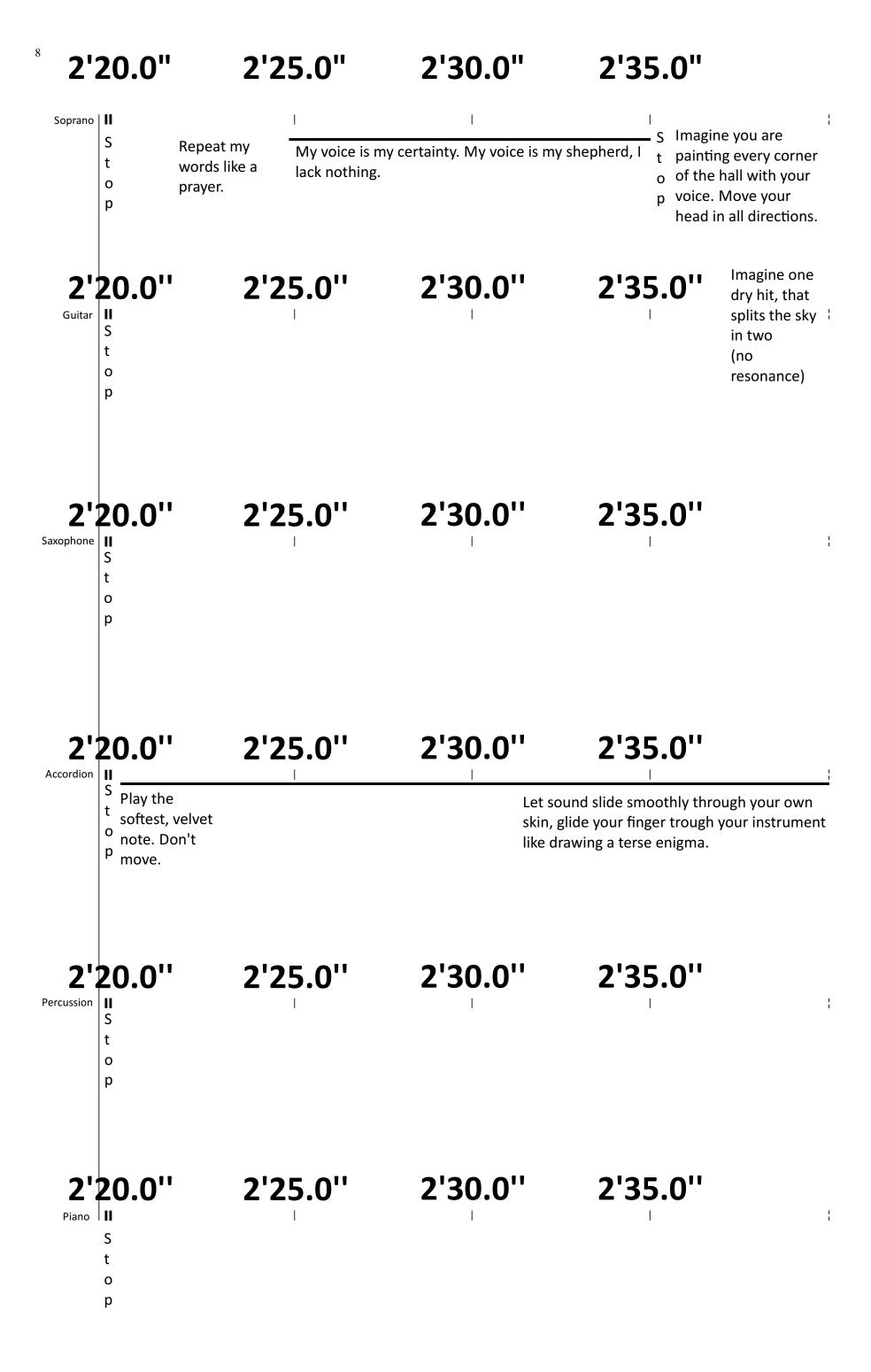


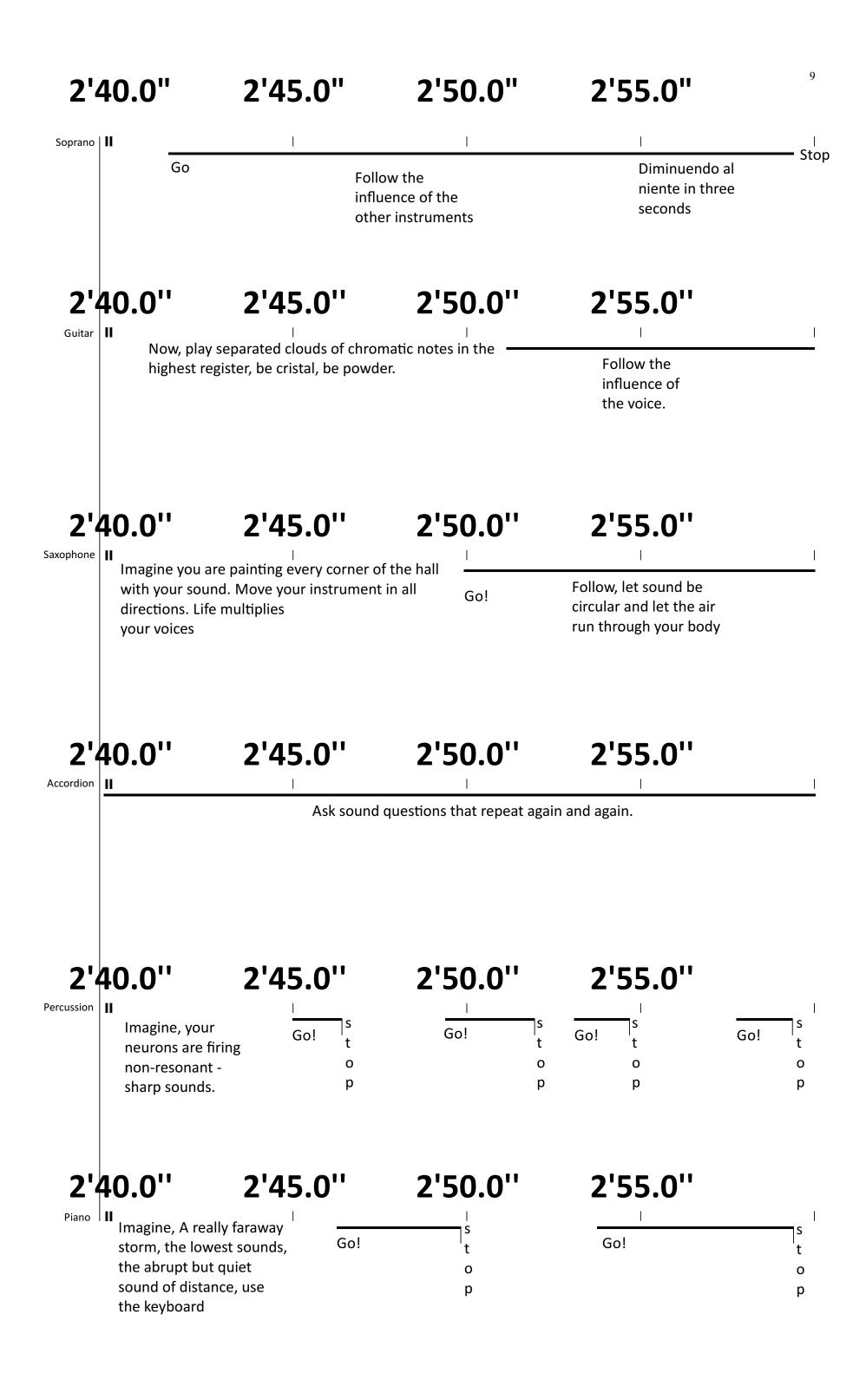


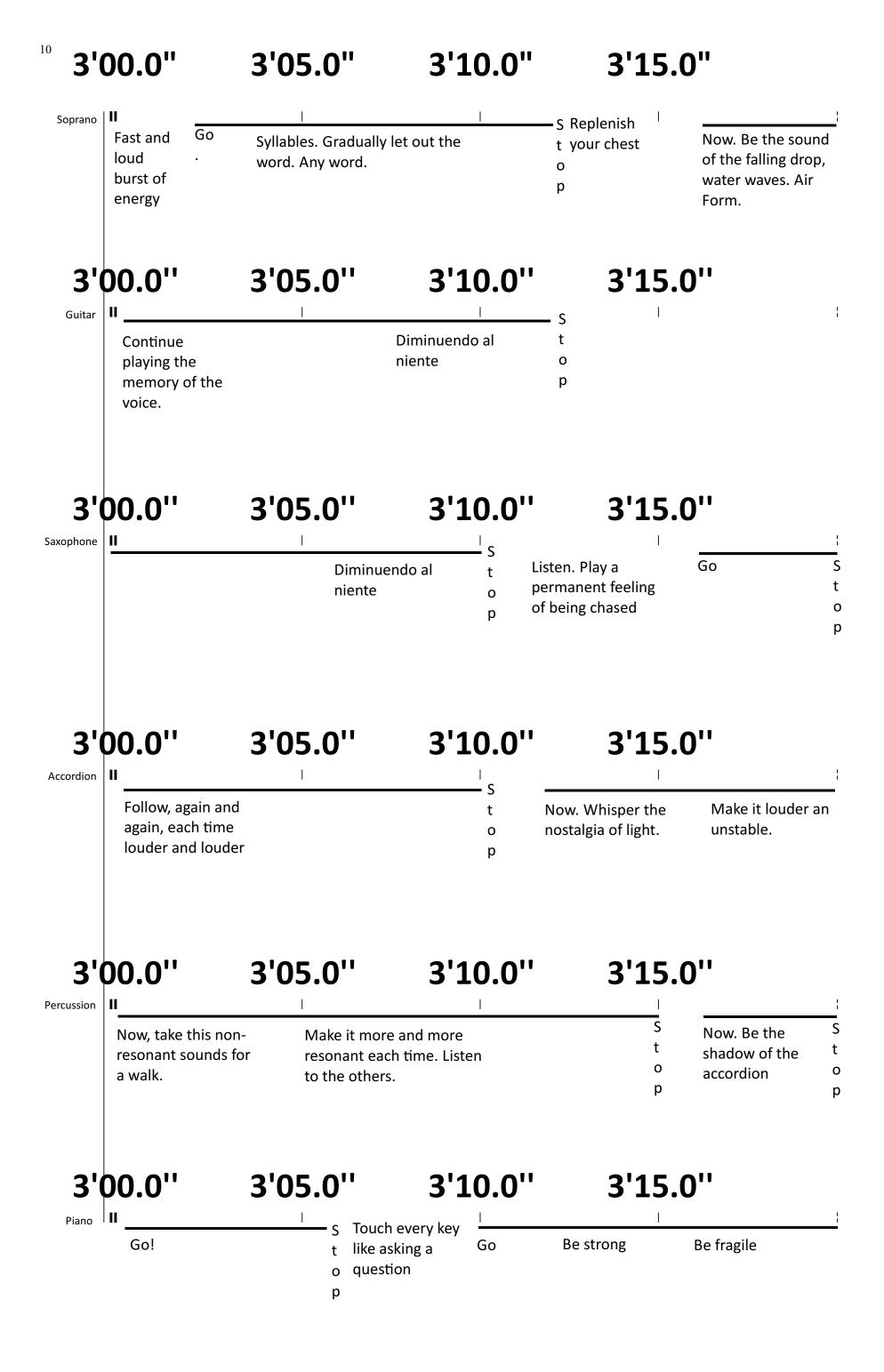


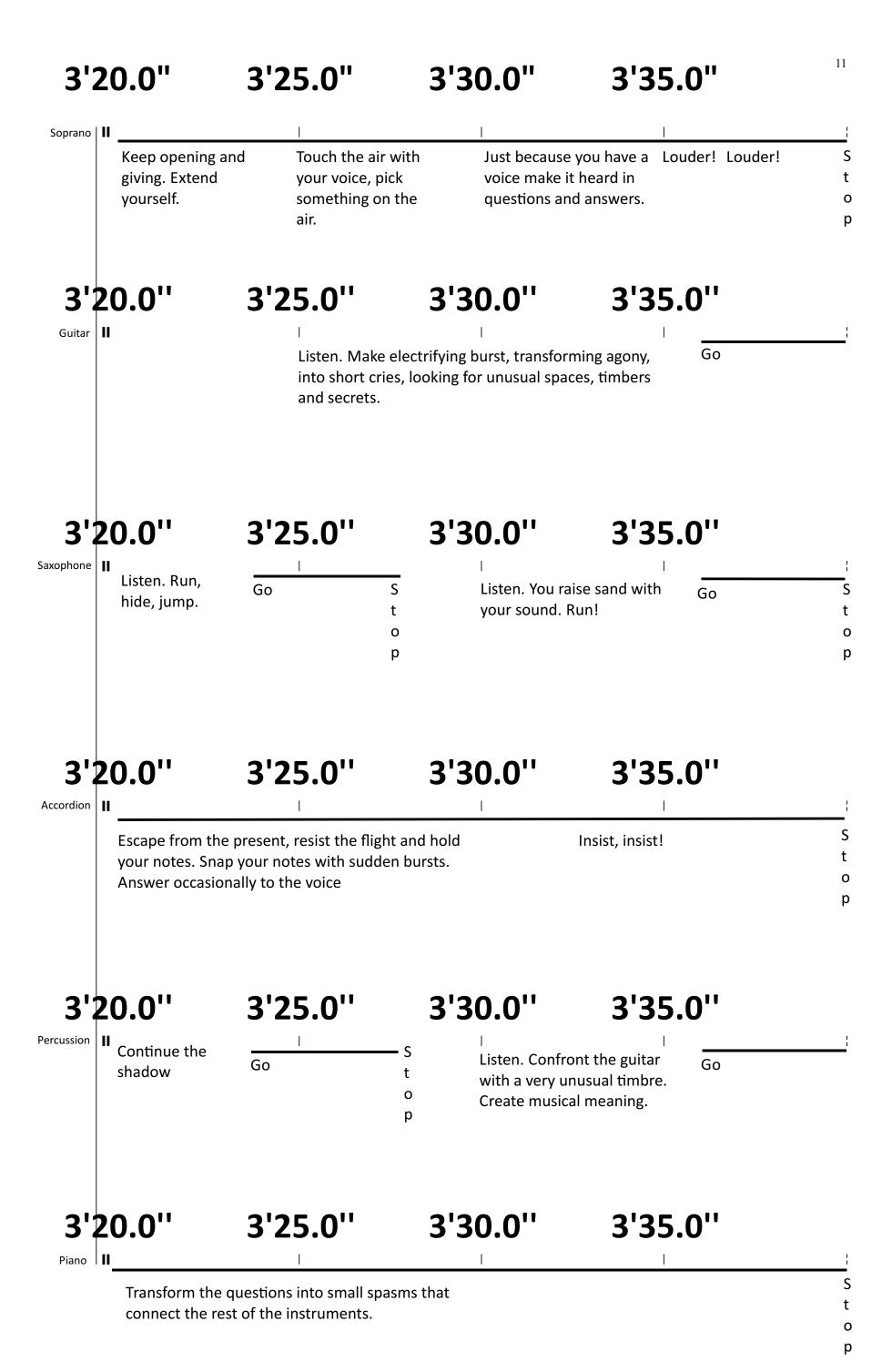


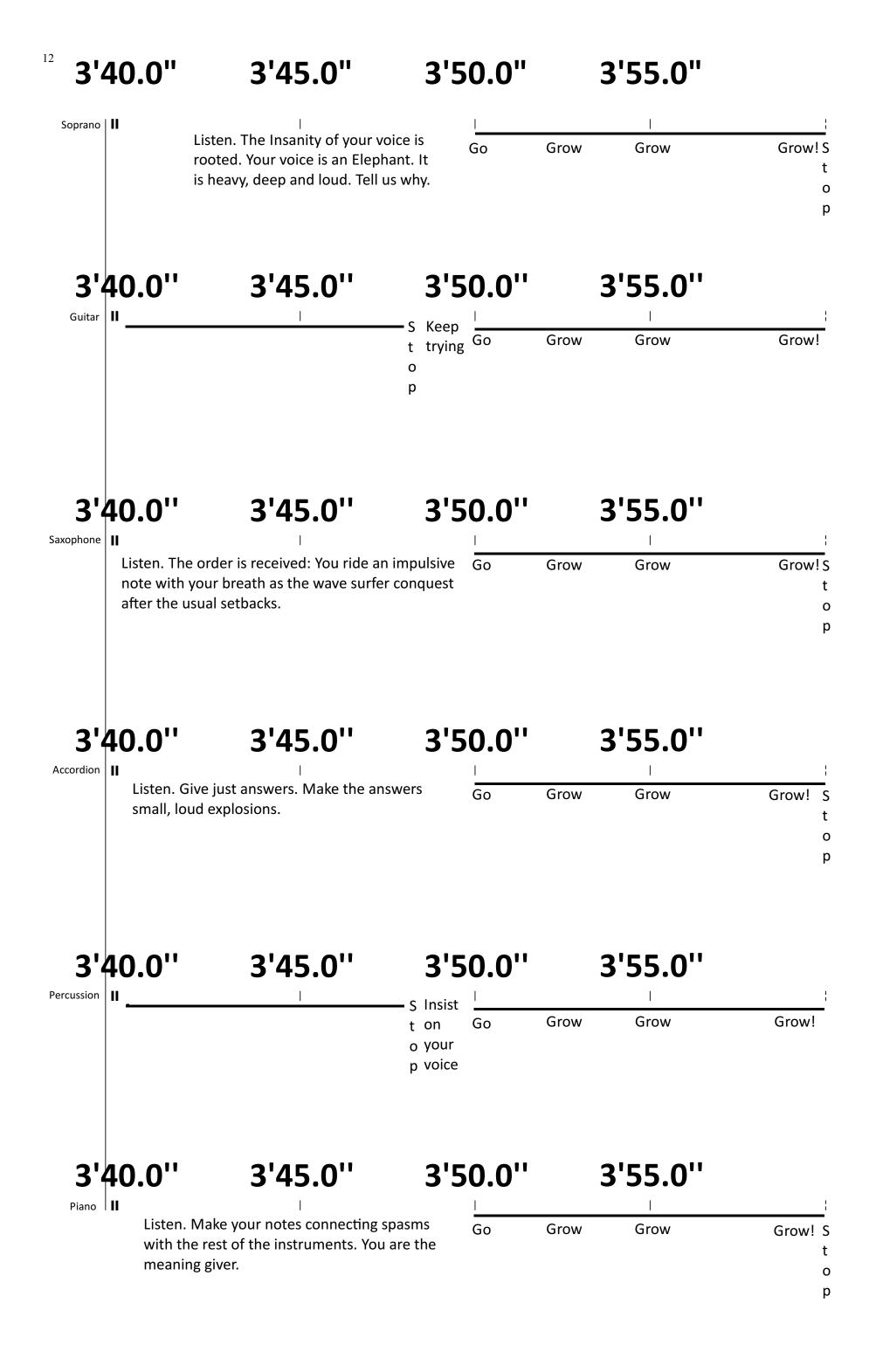


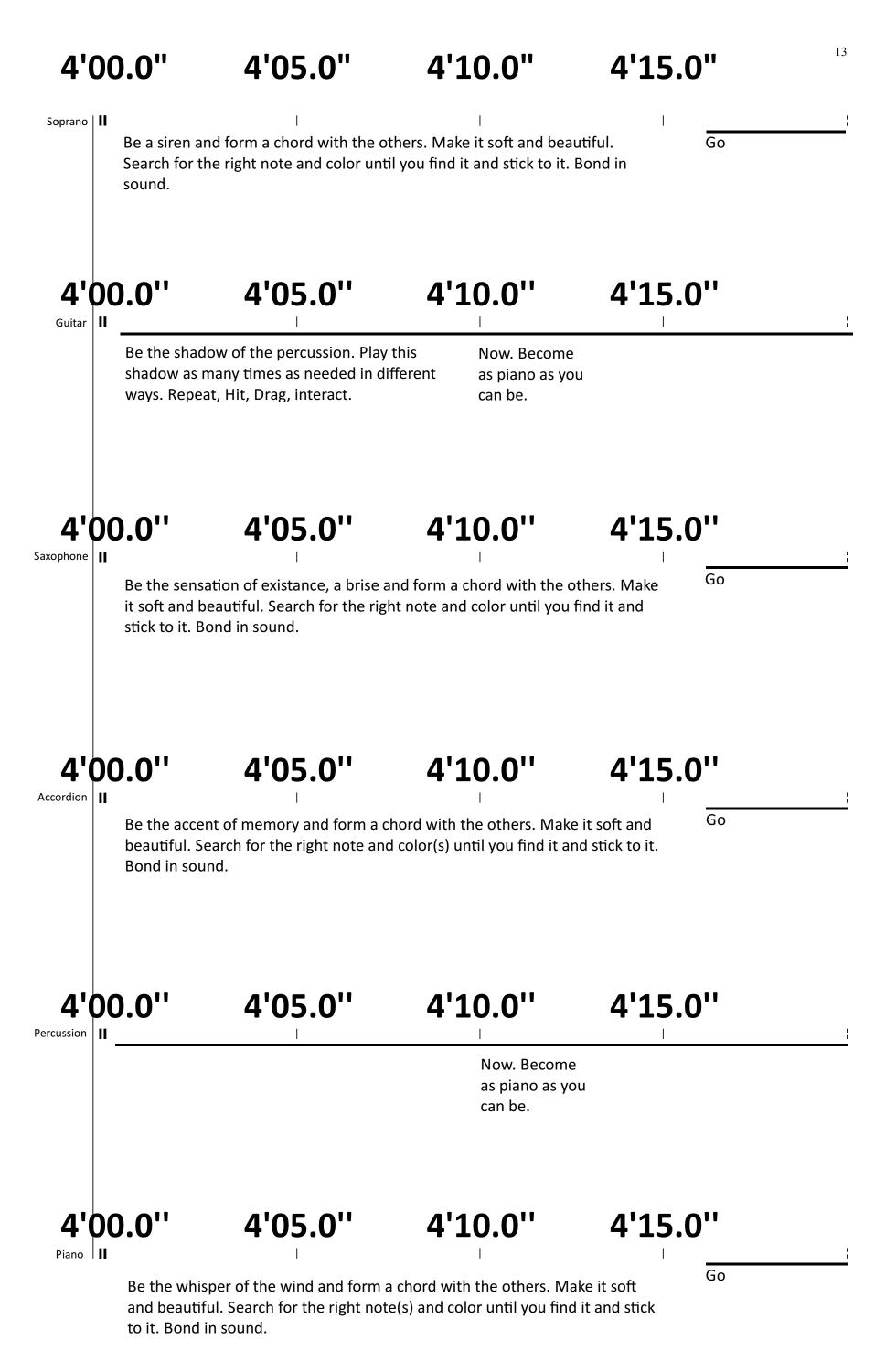


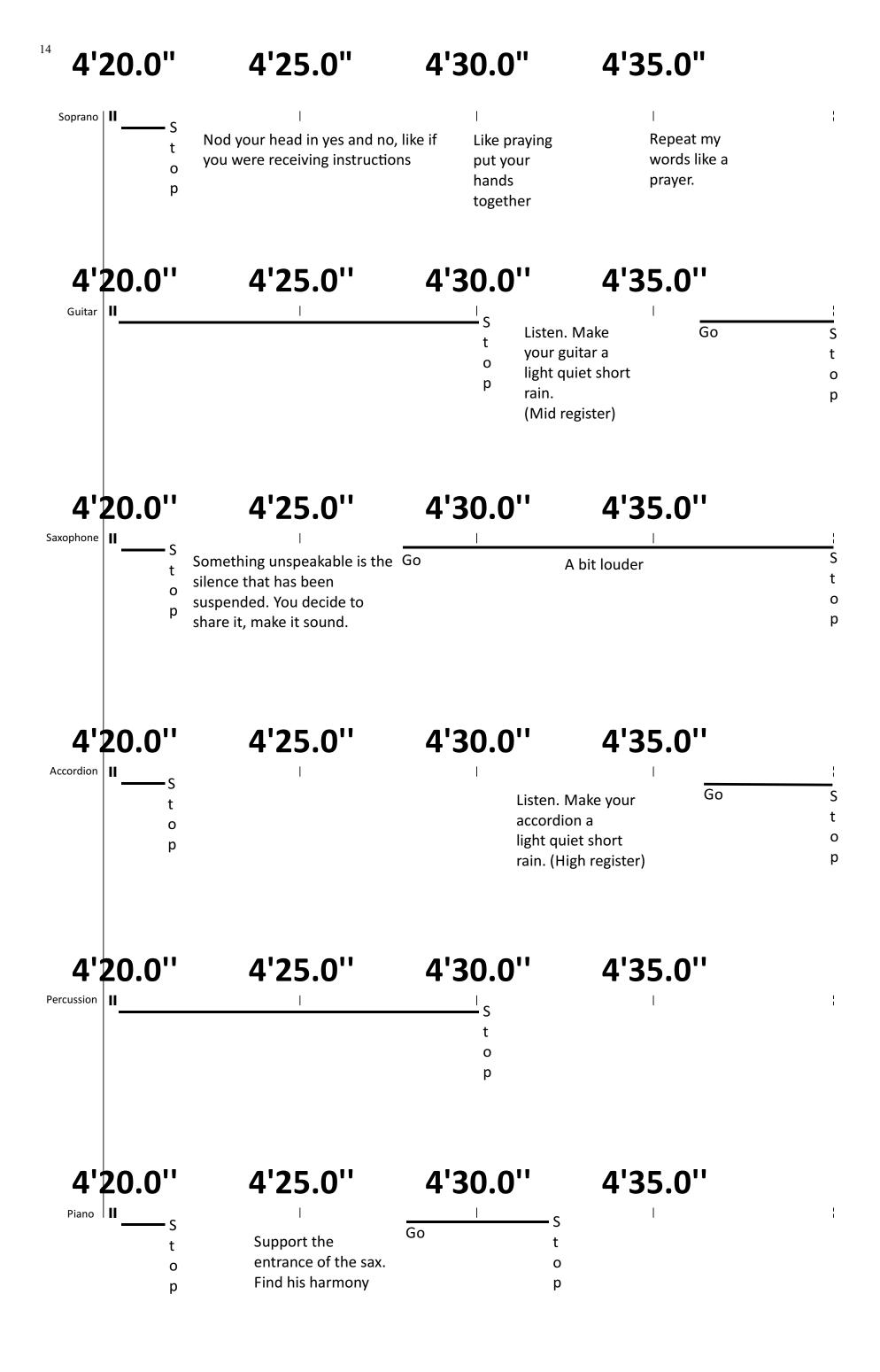


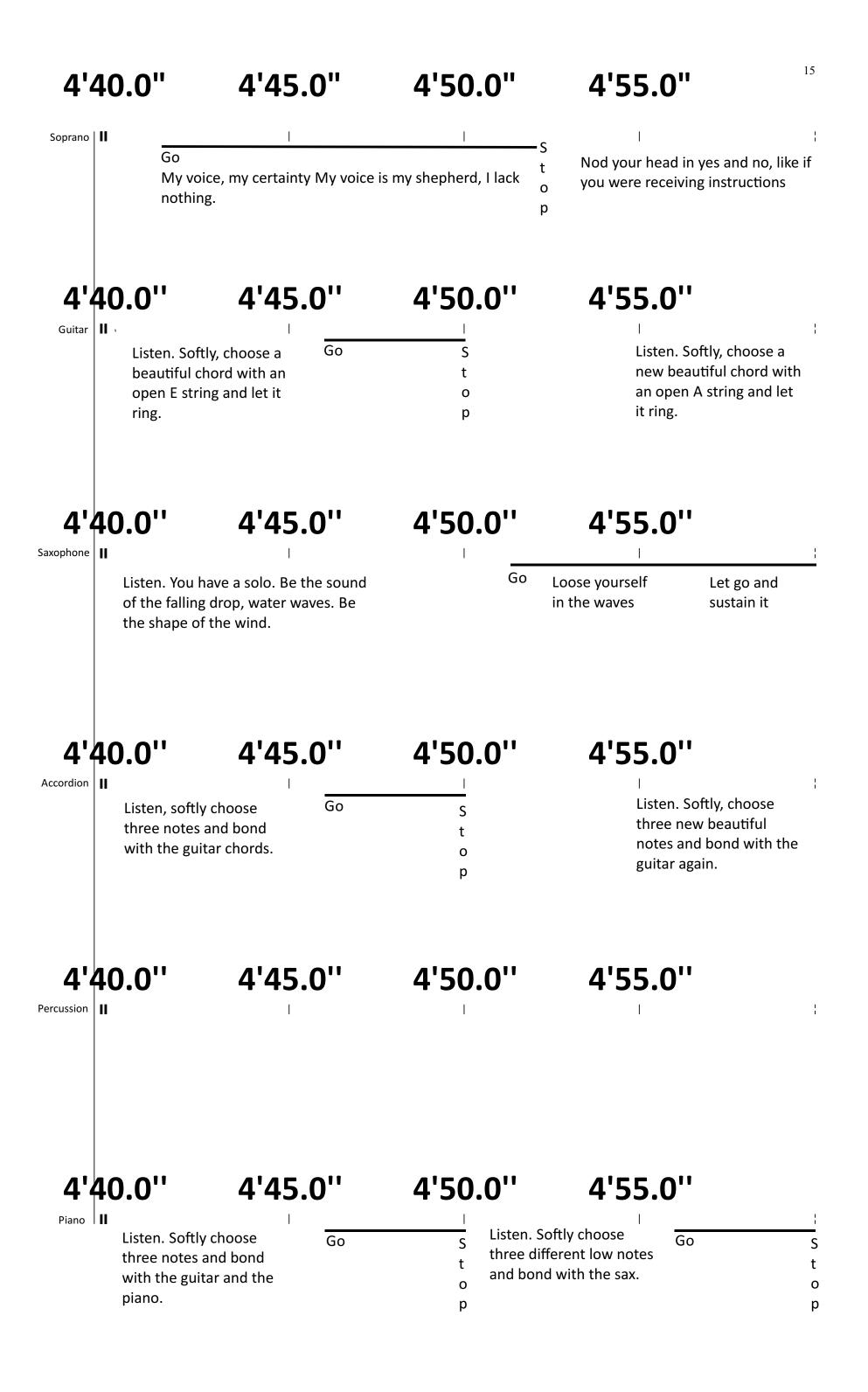


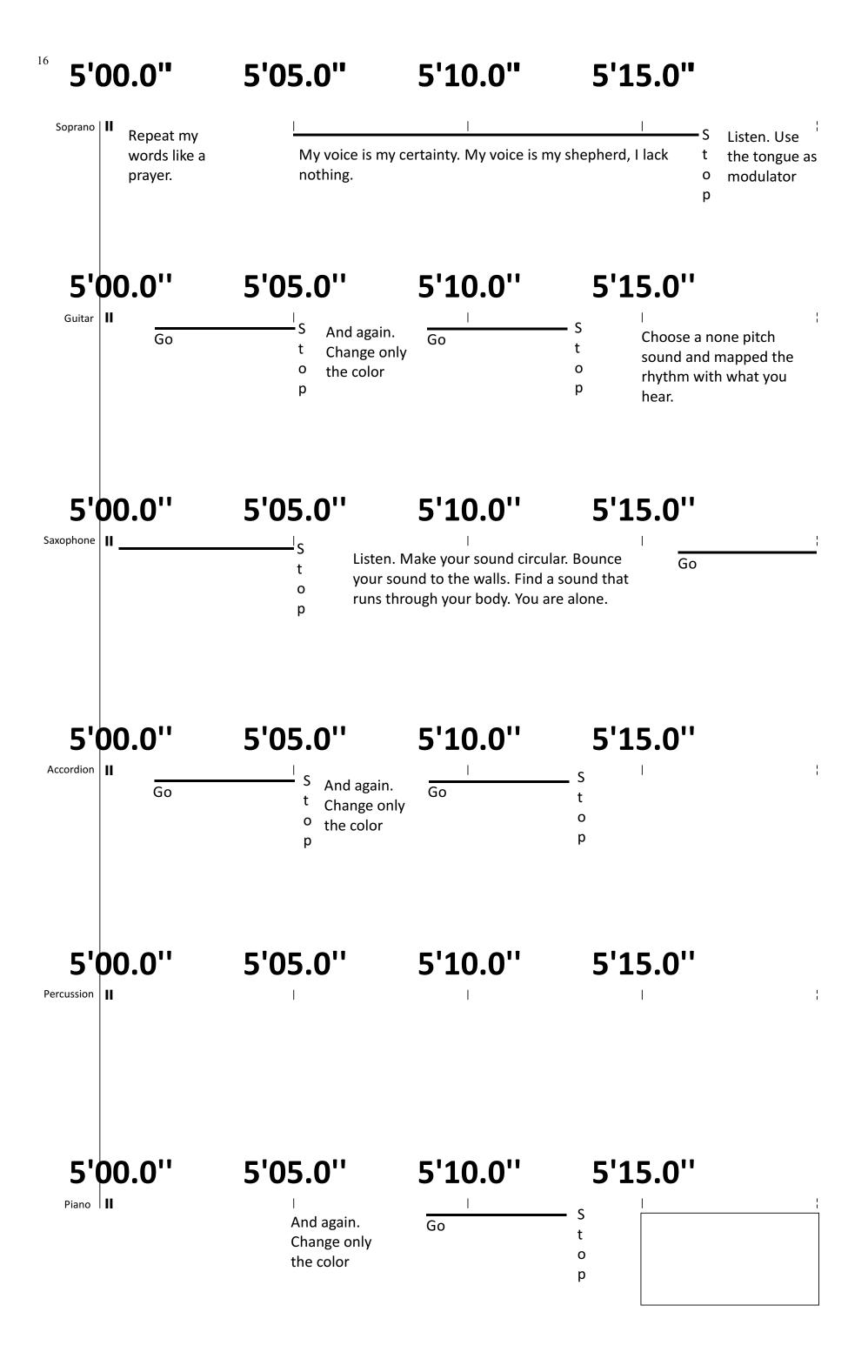


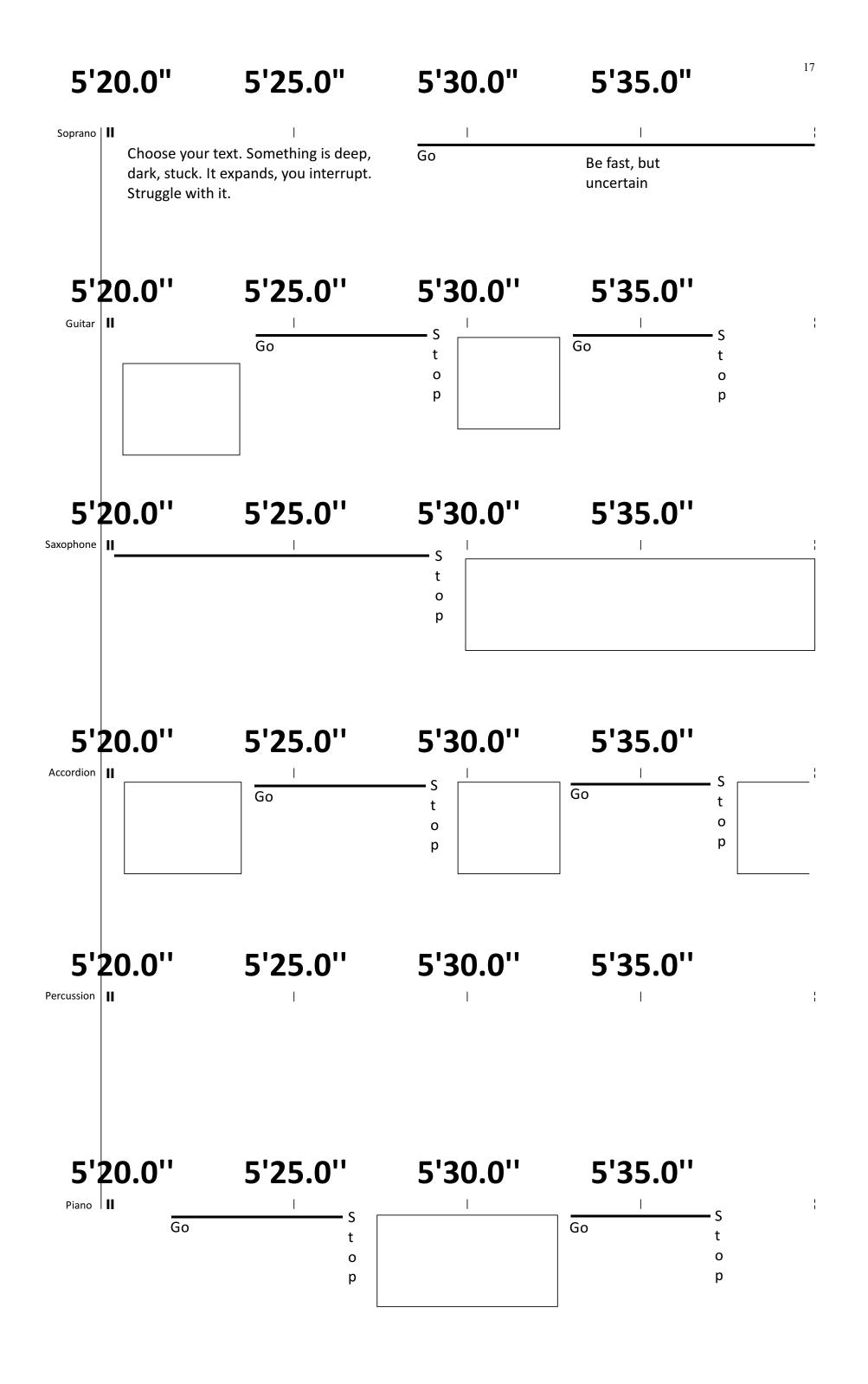


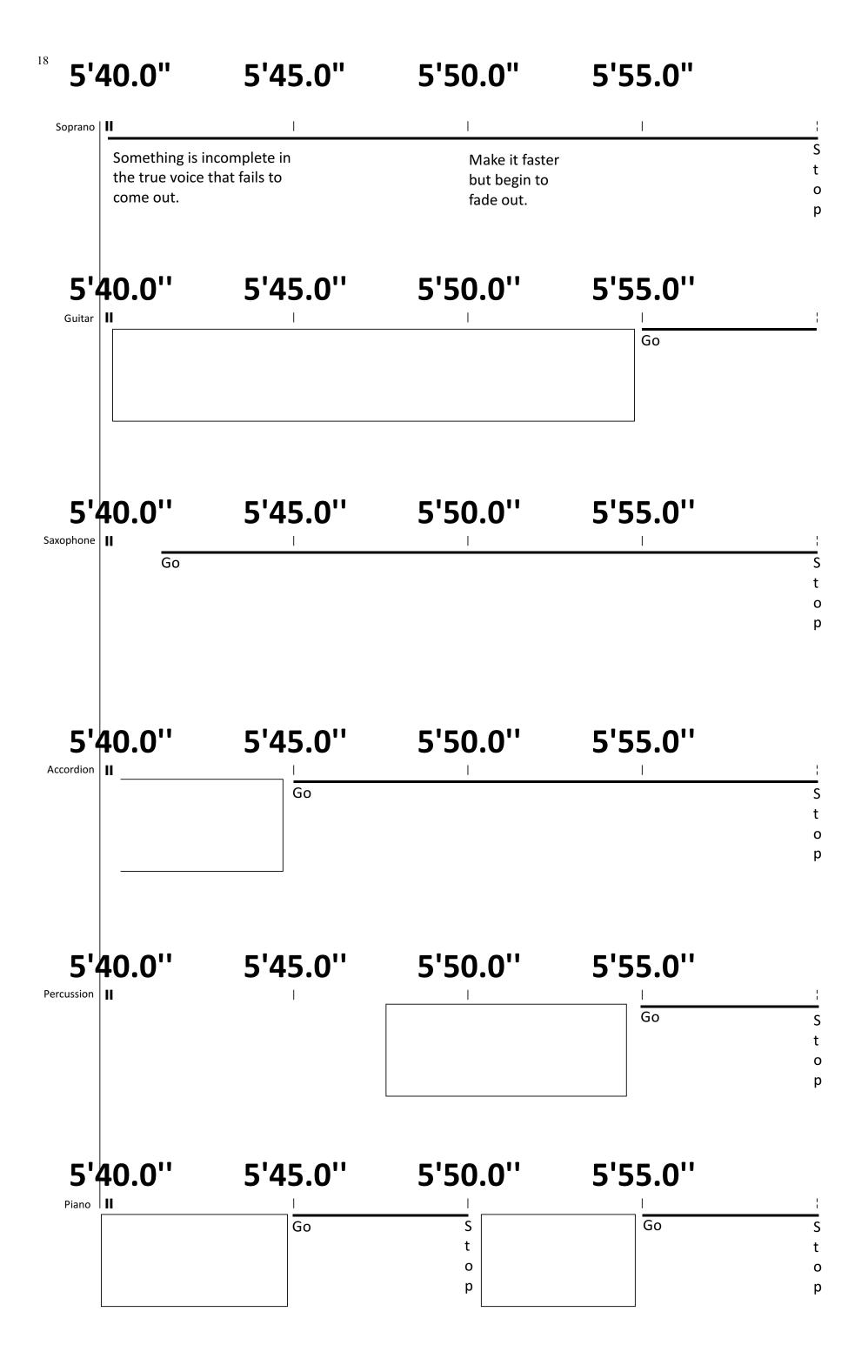


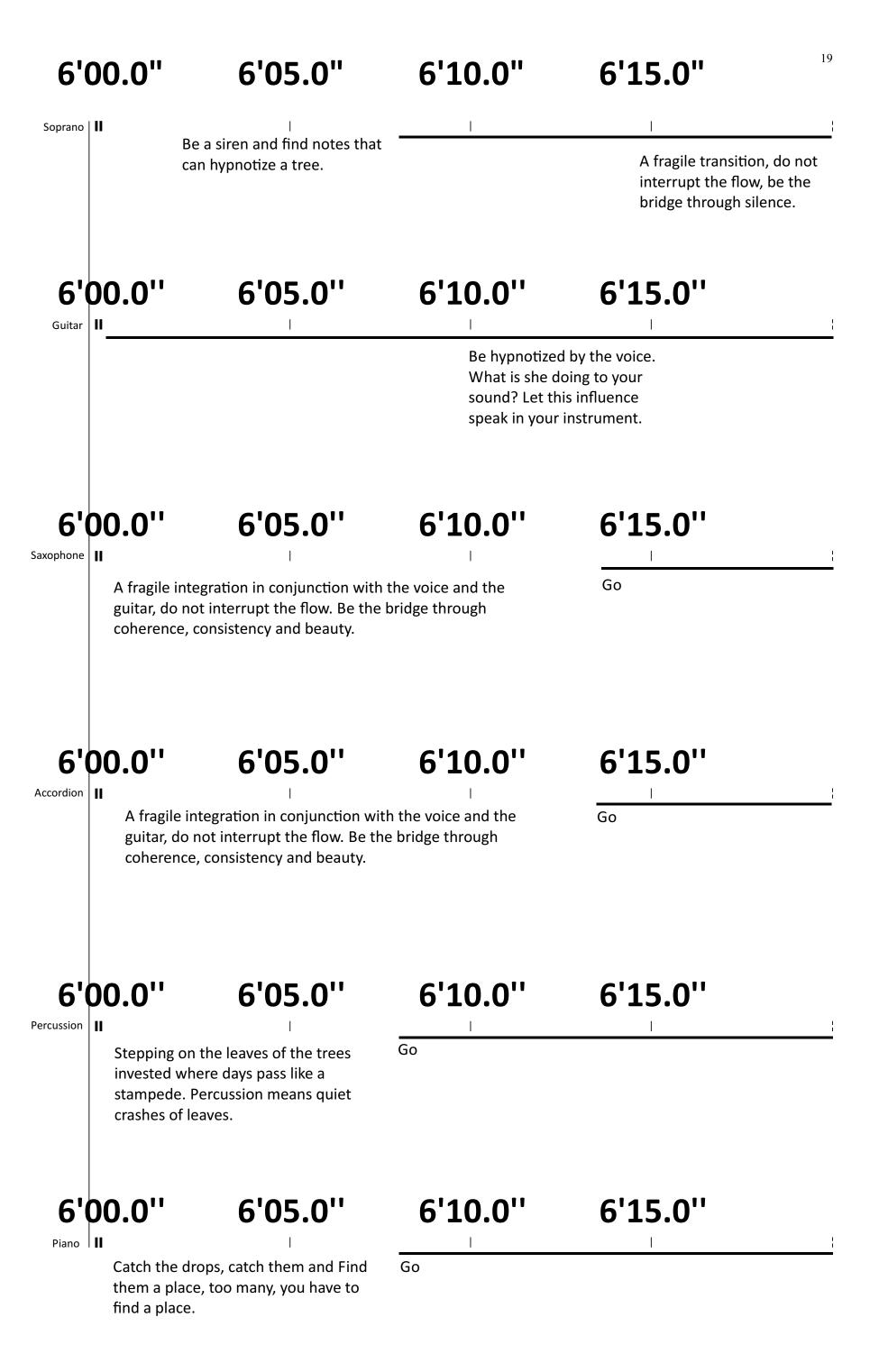


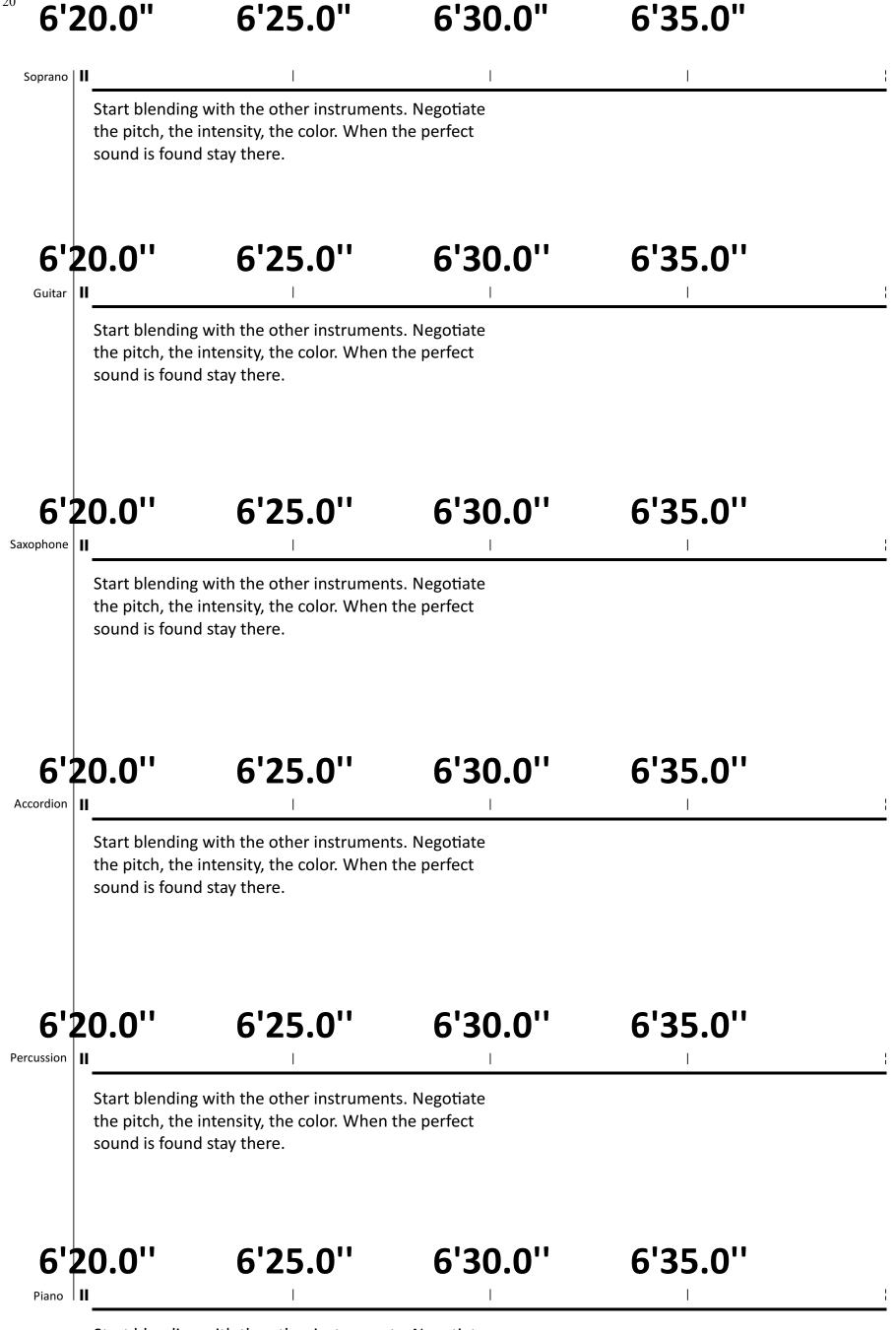






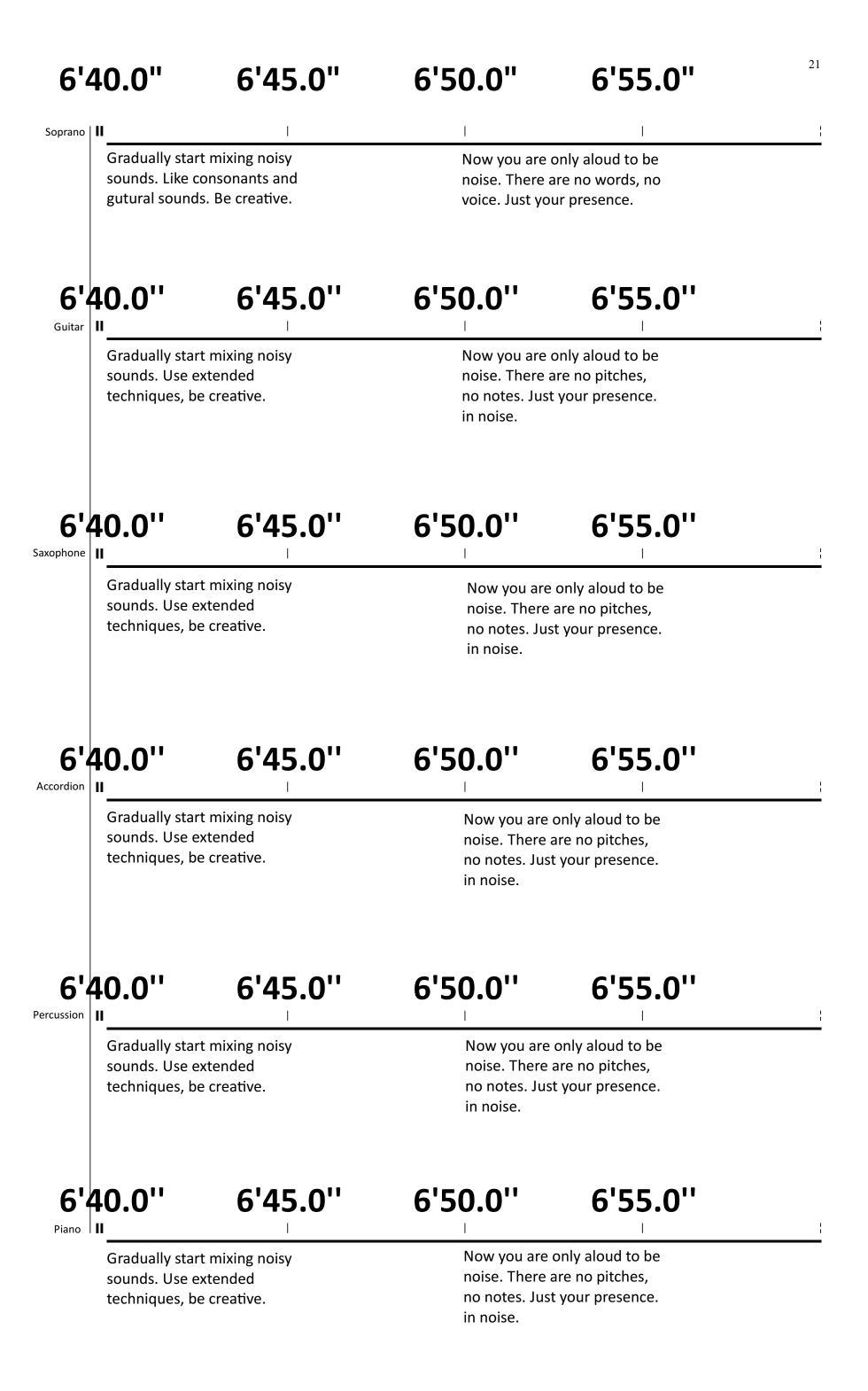


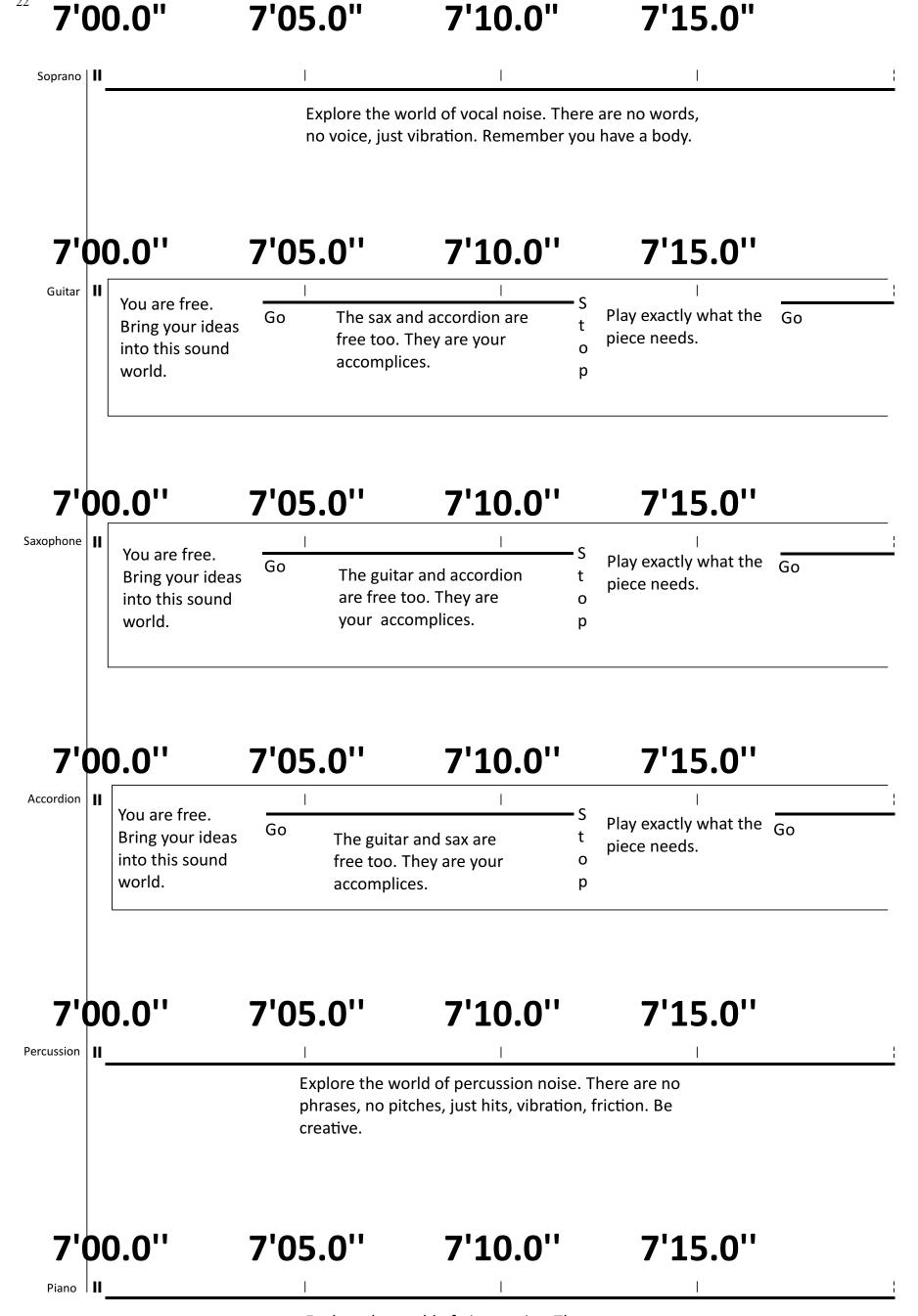




Start blending with the other instruments. Negotiate the pitch, the intensity, the color. When the perfect sound is found stay there.

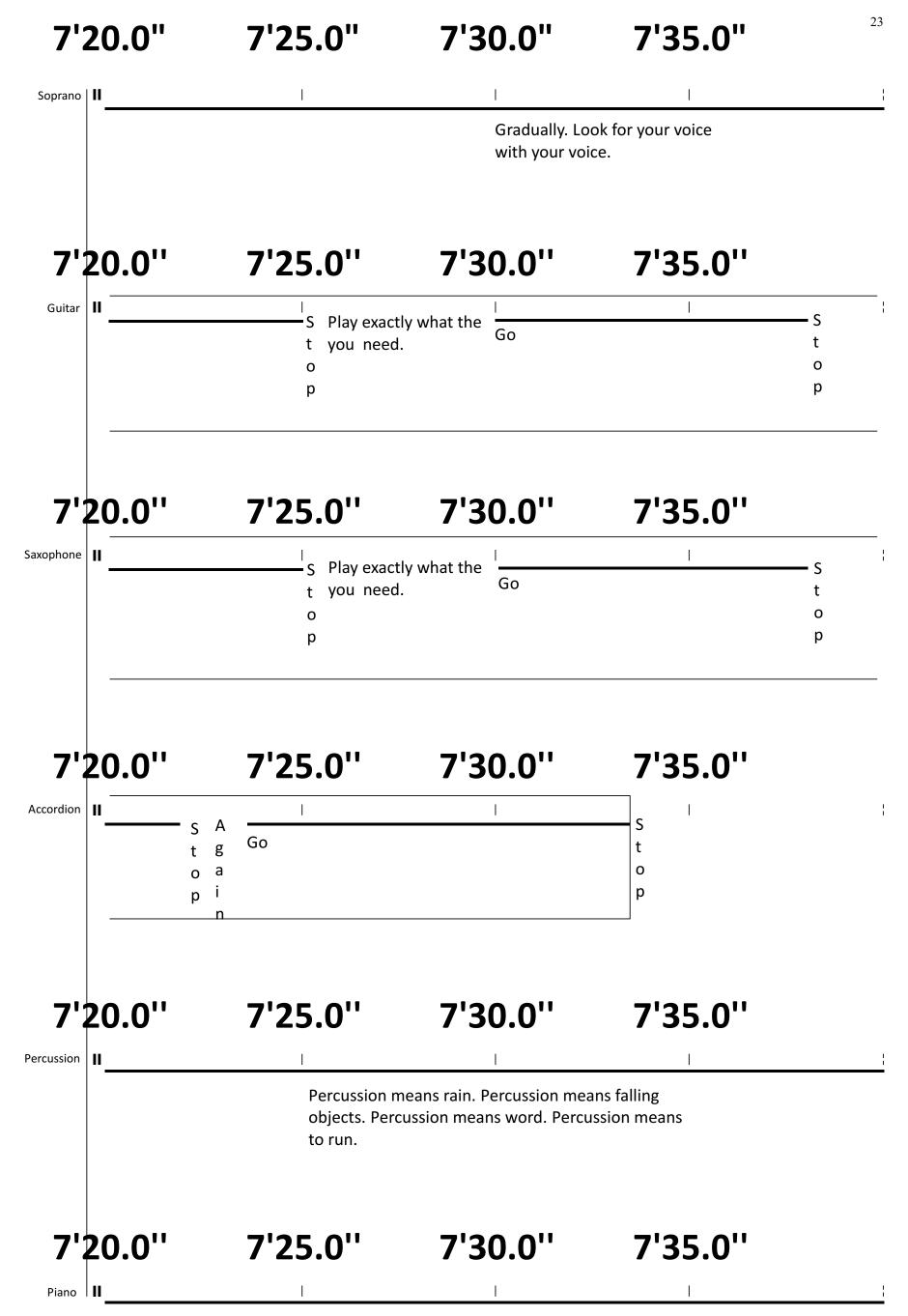
20





22

Explore the world of piano noise. There are no phrases, no pitches, just hits, vibration, friction. Be creative.



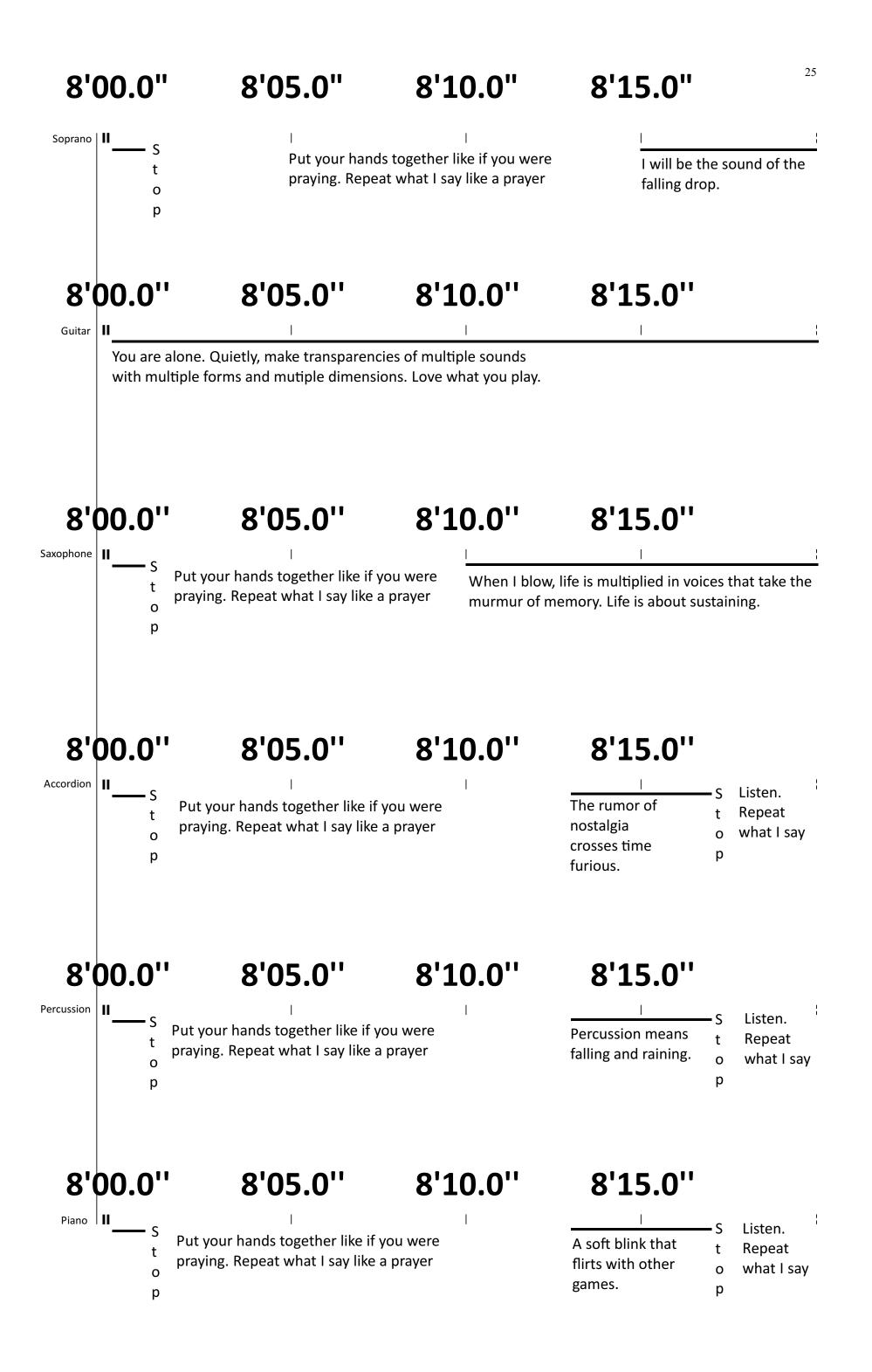
7'50.0"

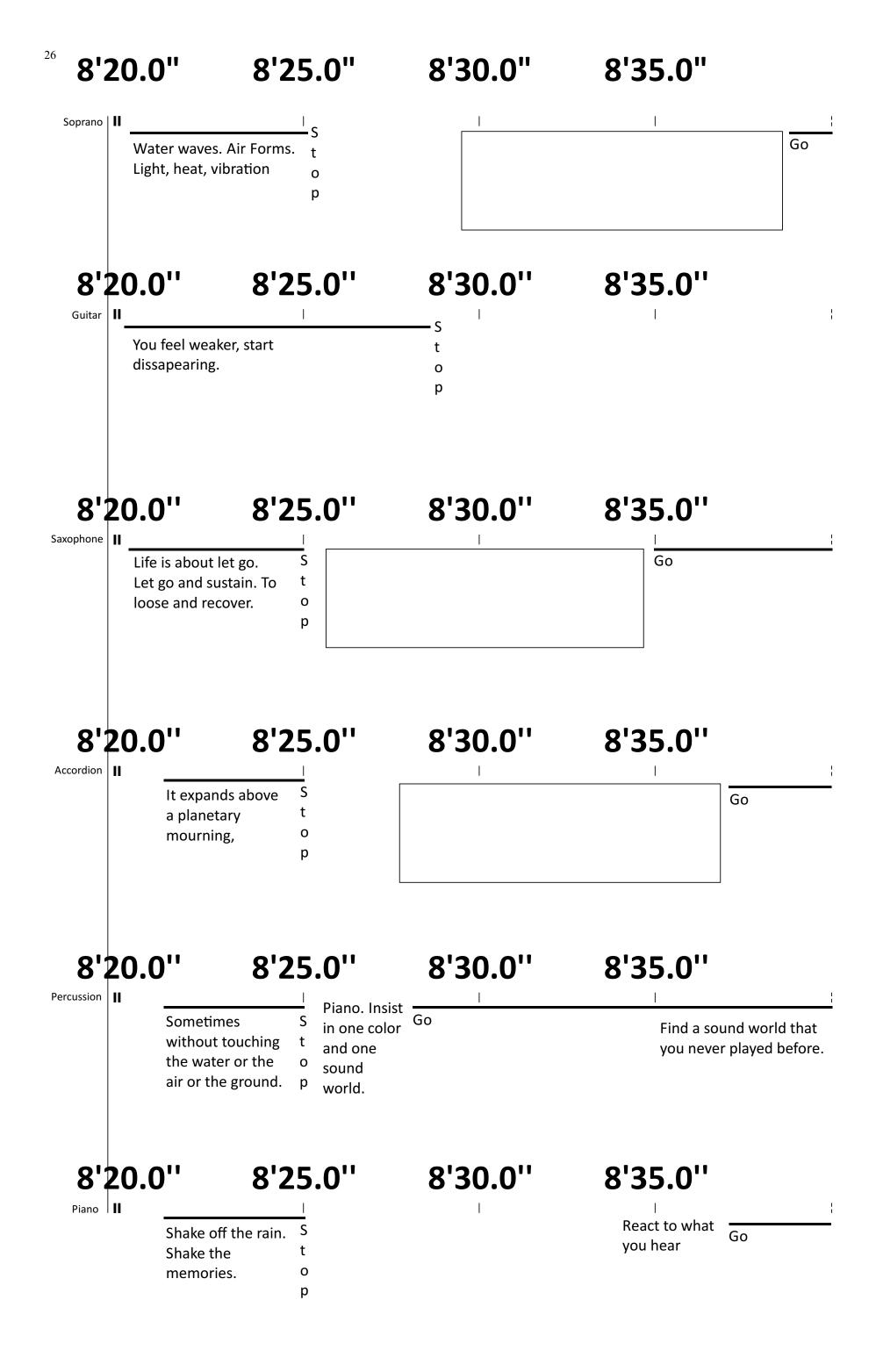
7'55.0"

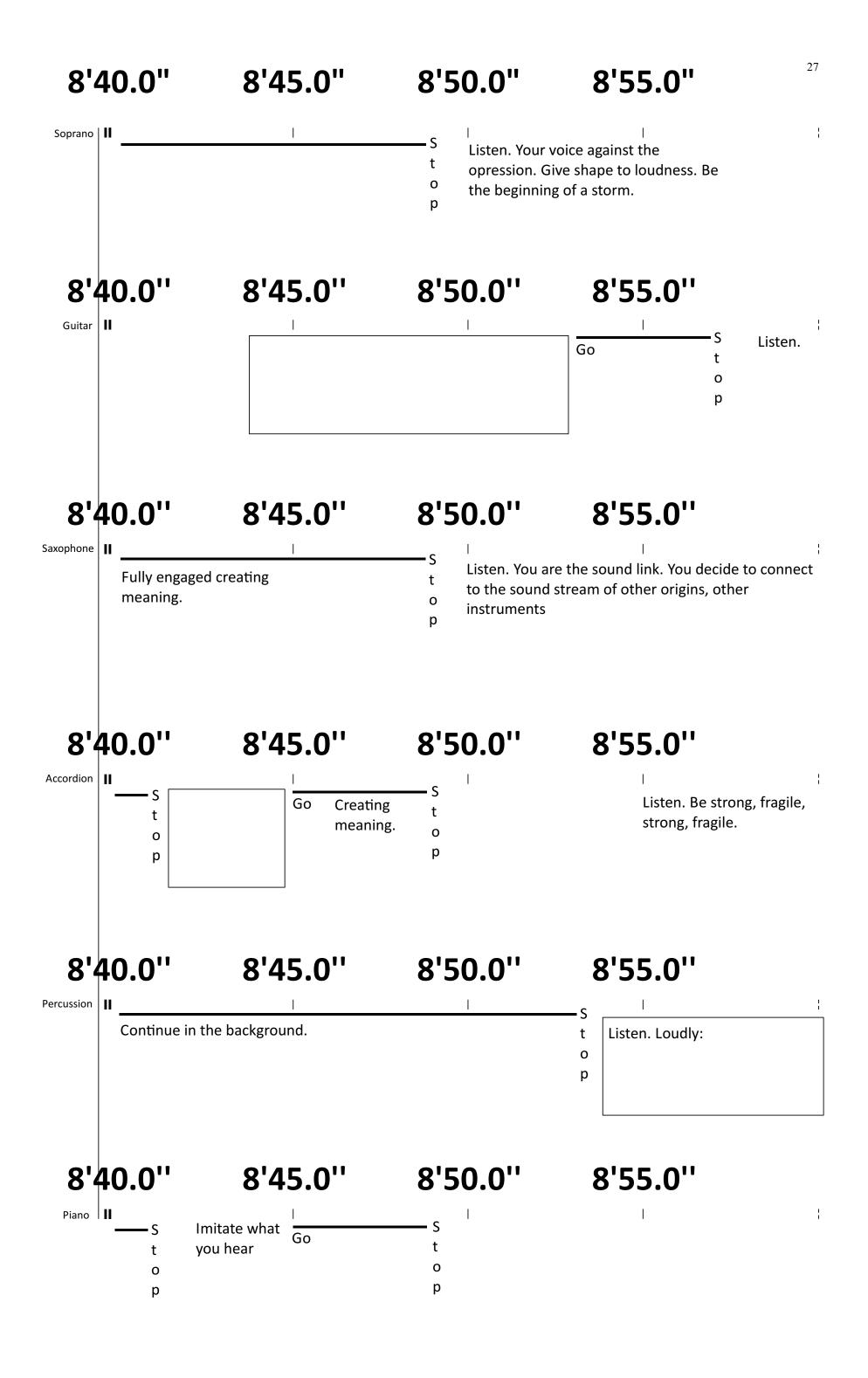
24

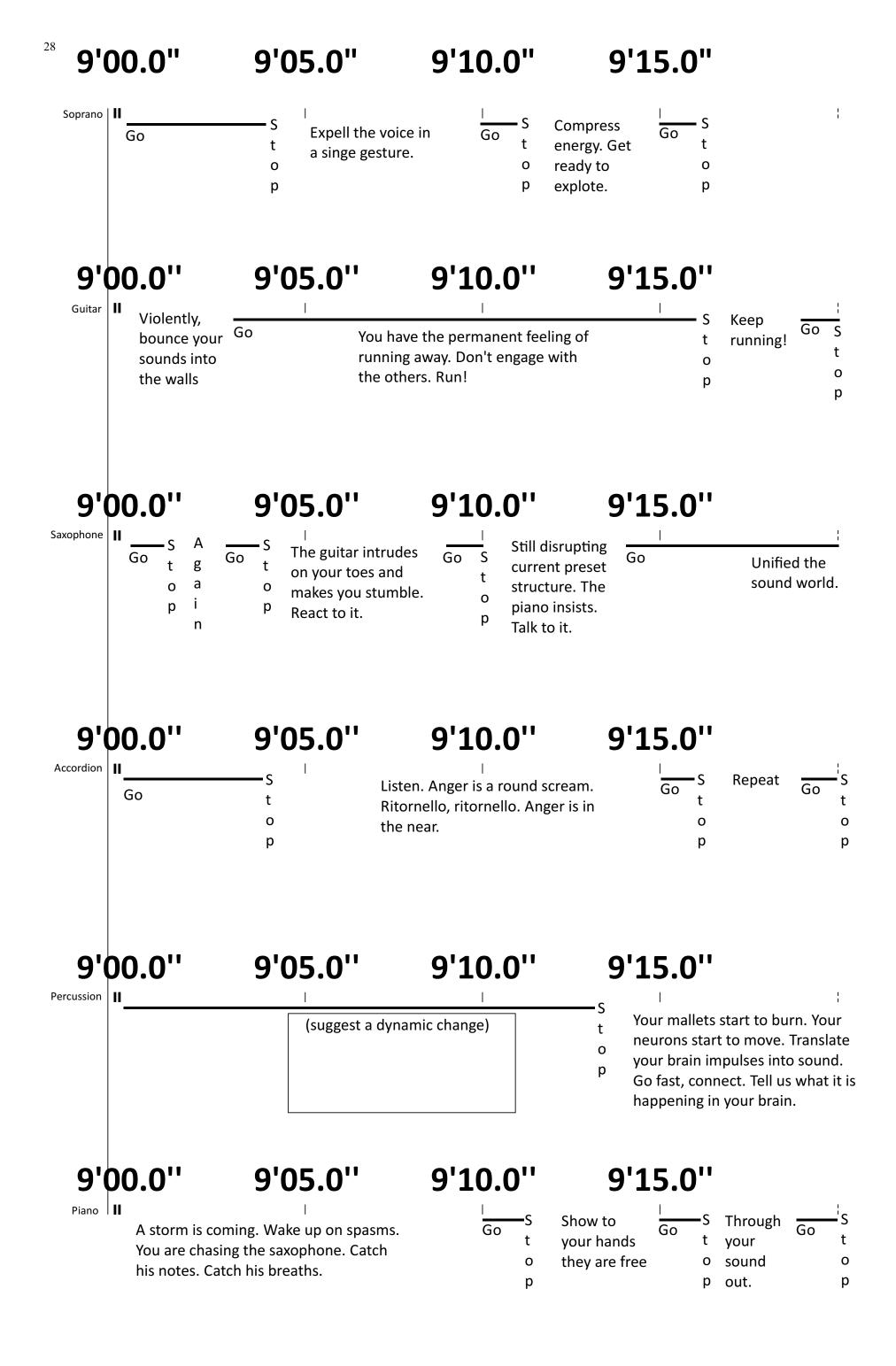
7'40.0"

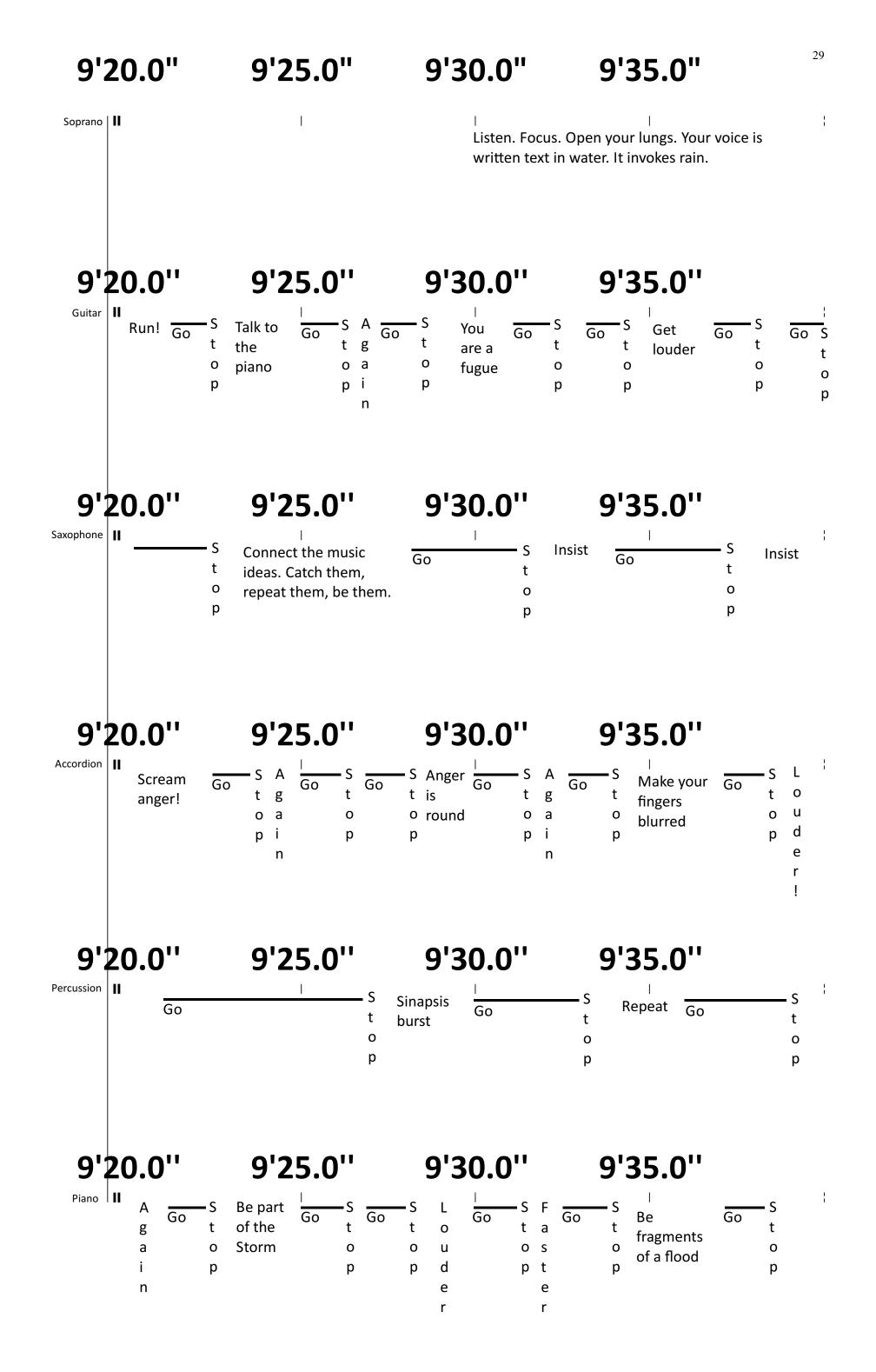
7'45.0"

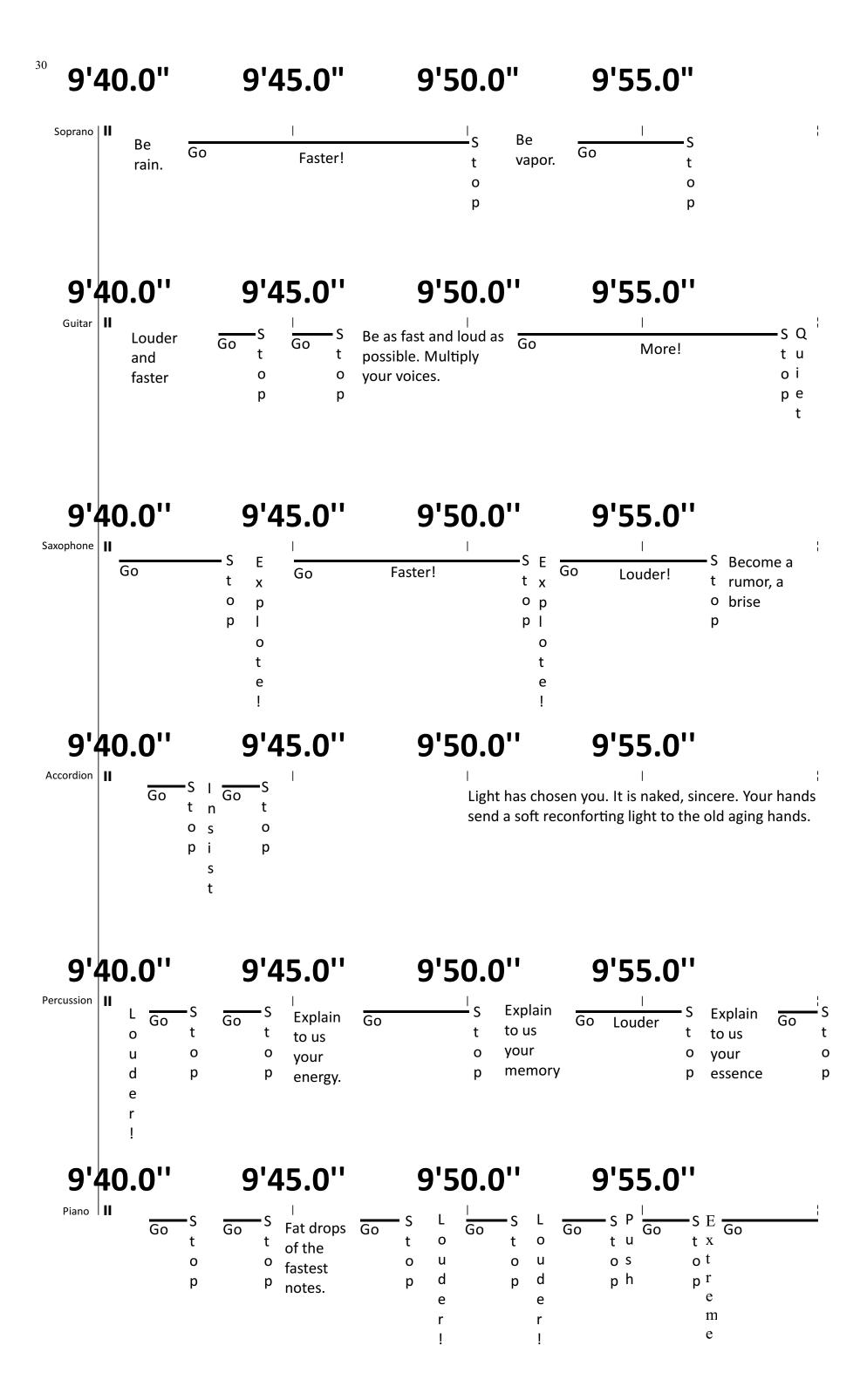


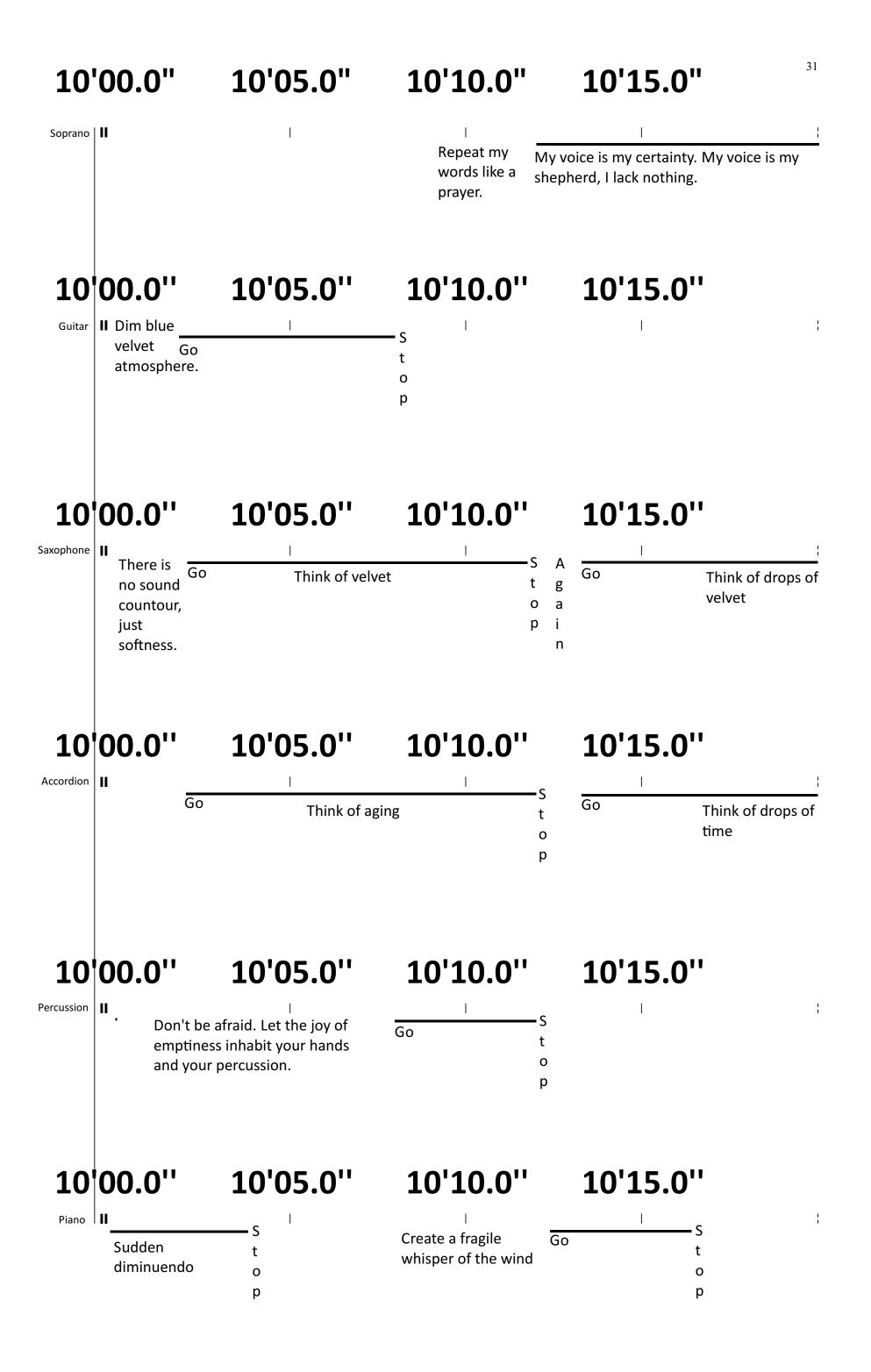


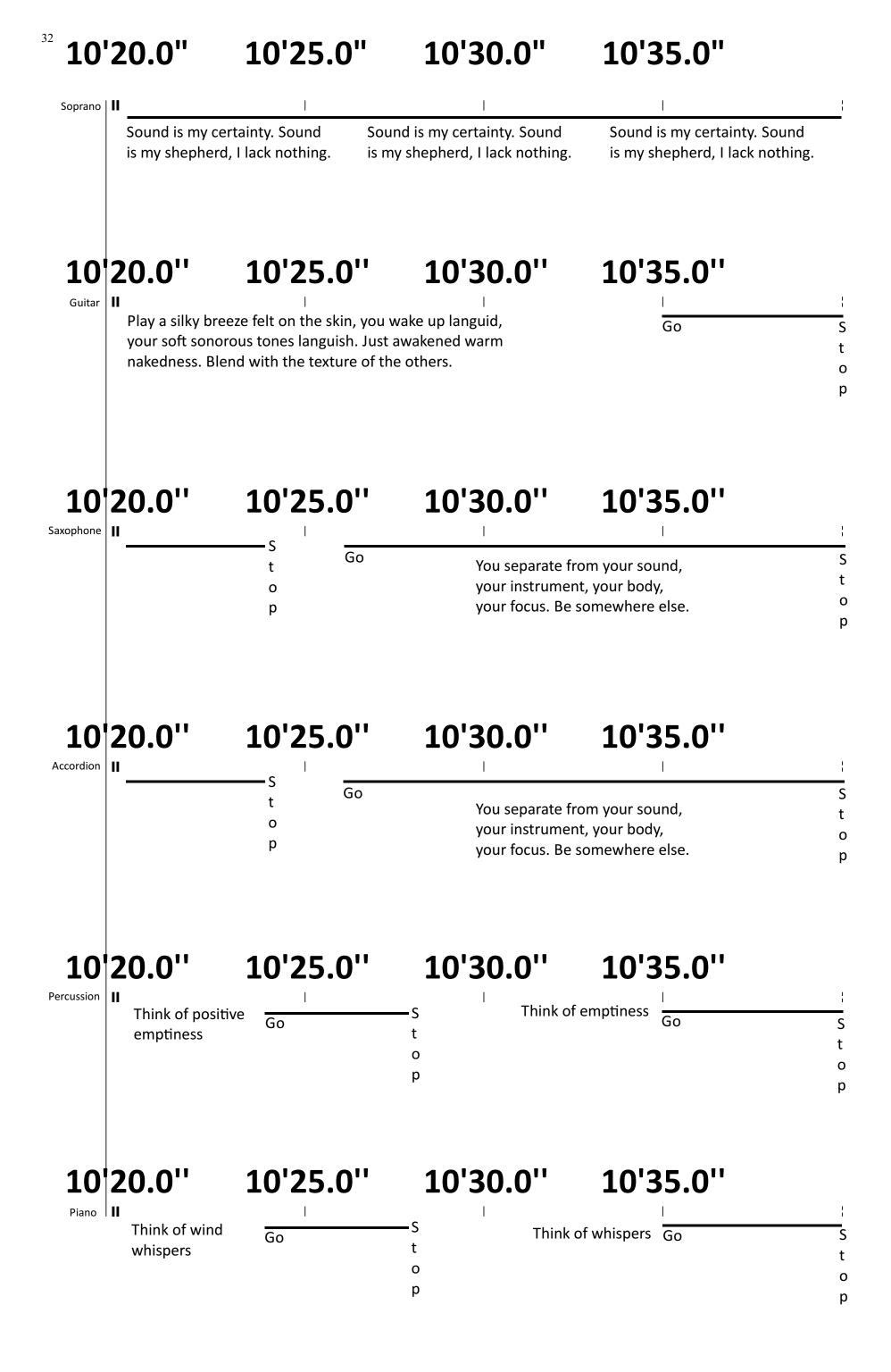




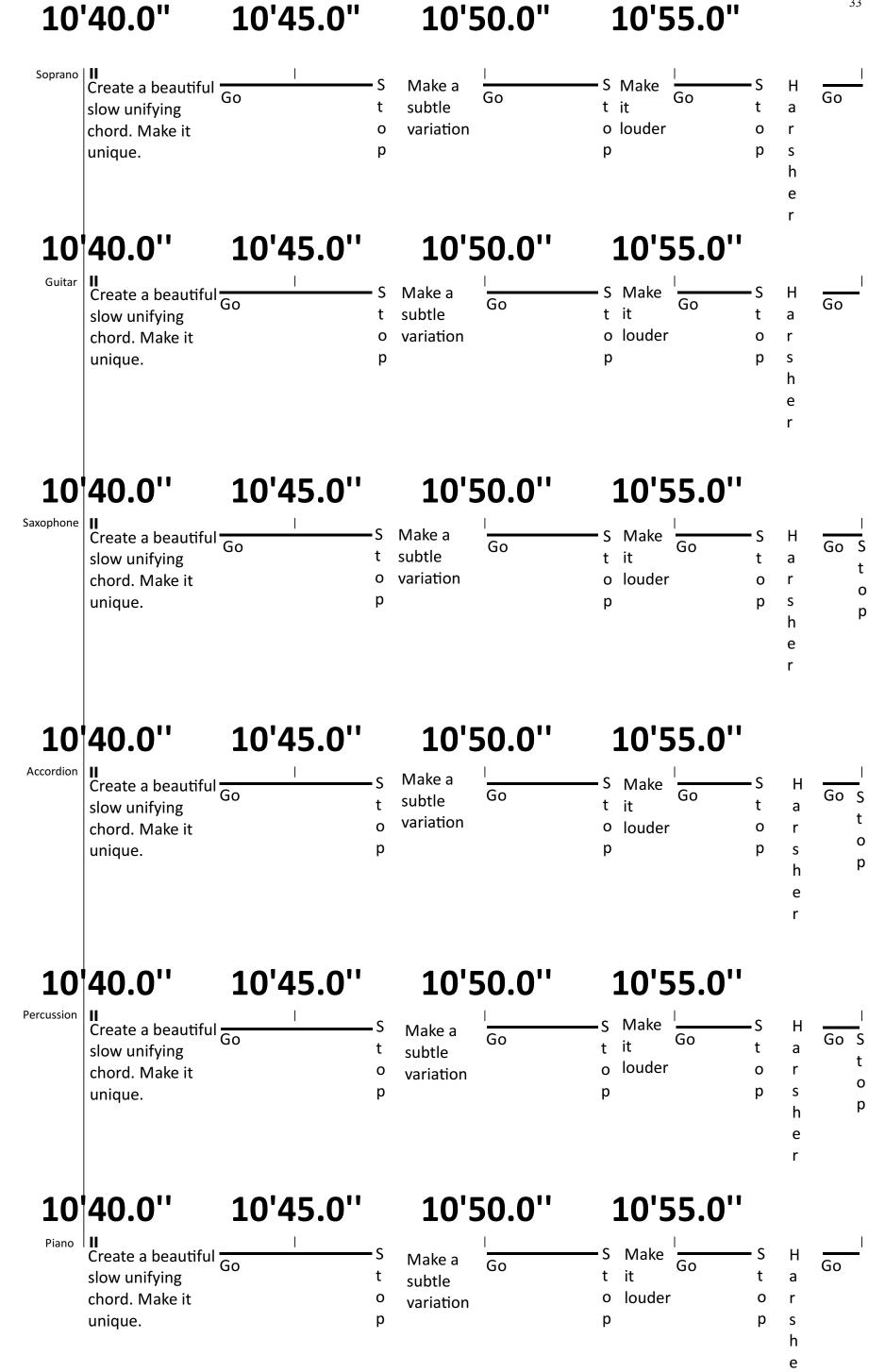


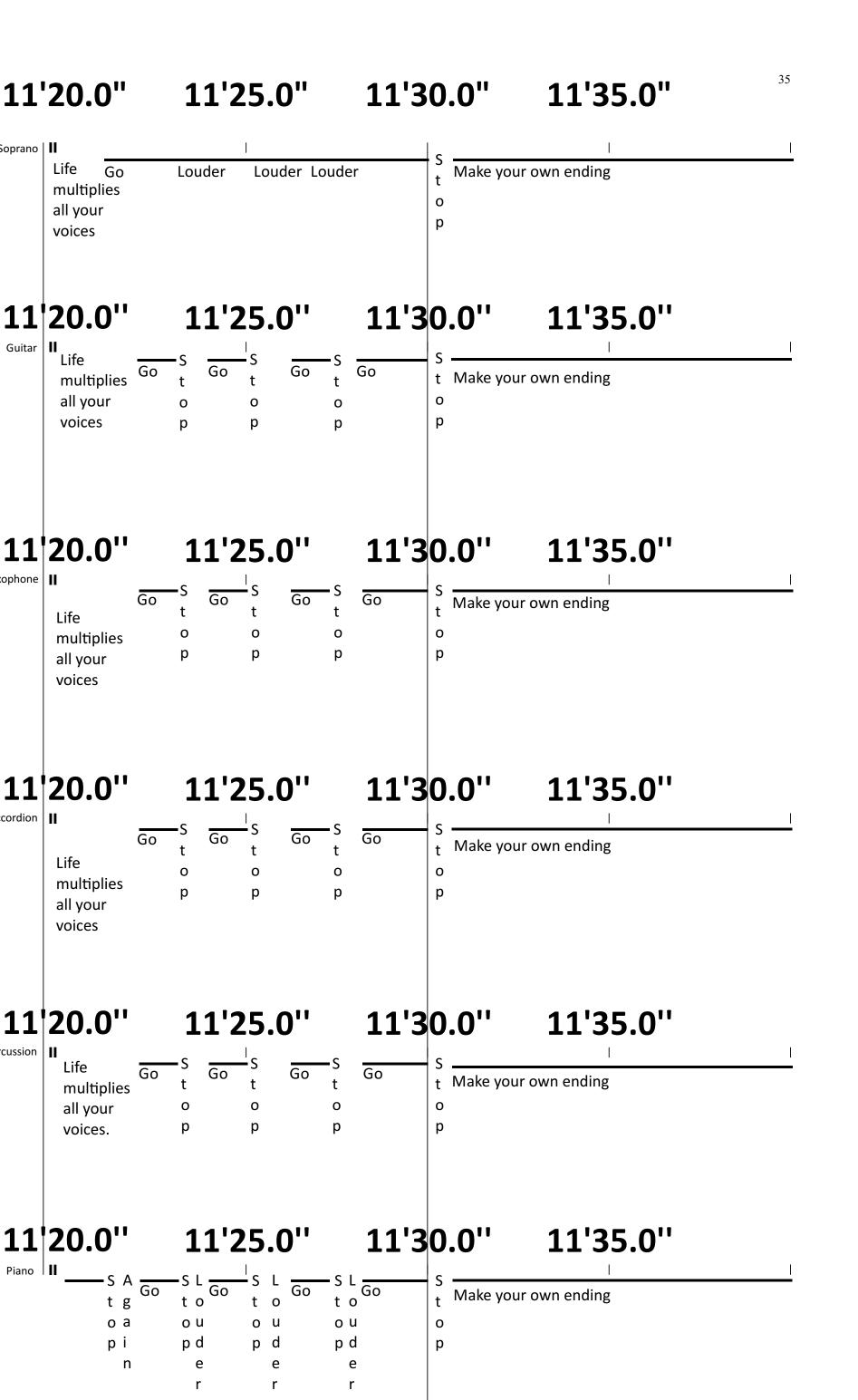






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Soprano | |

Guitar

Saxophone | |

Accordion

Percussion

Life

Life

all your voices

> all your voices.

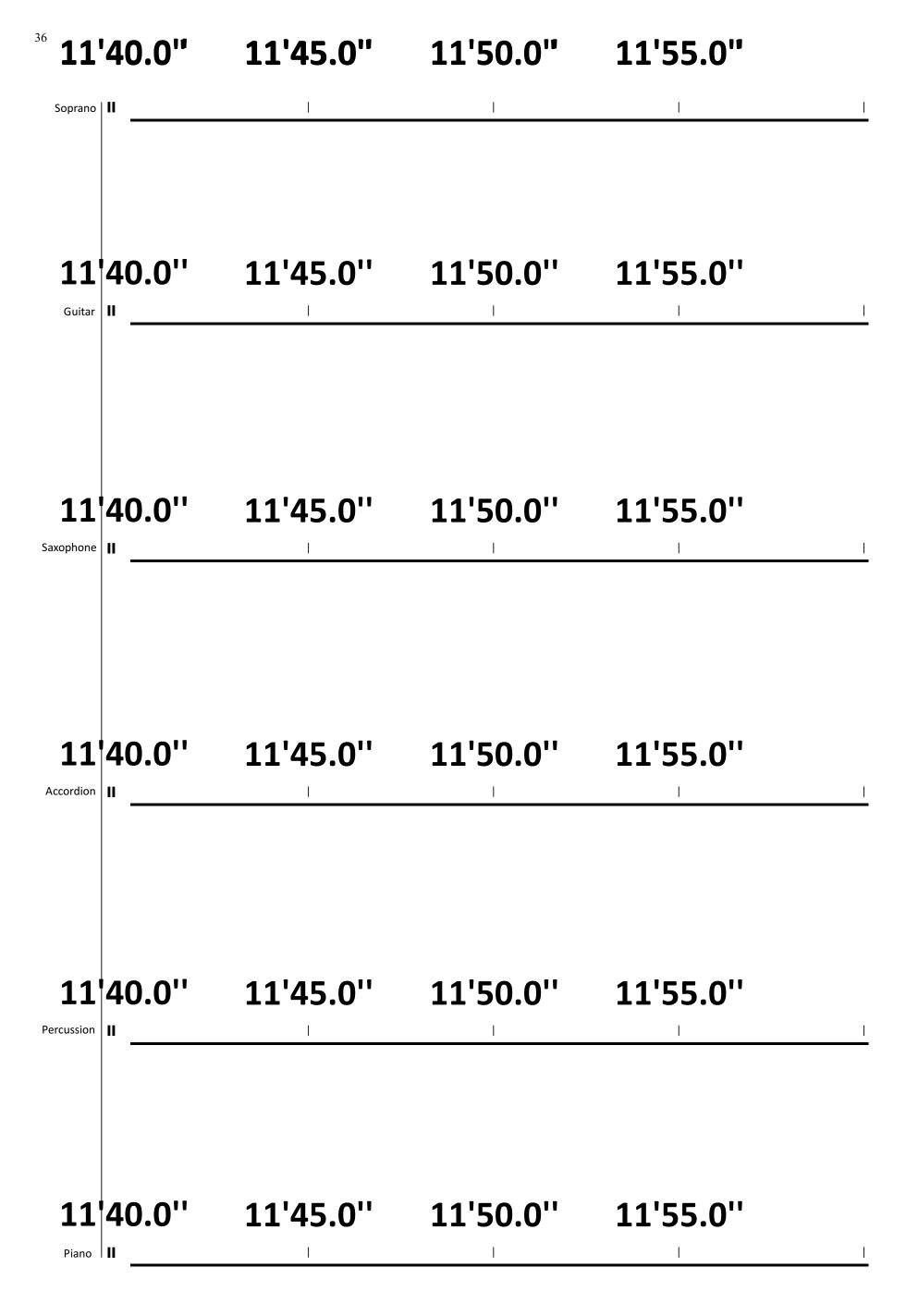
all your voices

Life Go

multiplies all your

all your voices

voices



12'00.0" 12'05.0" 12'10.0" 12'15.0"

S The voice will come and will take your hand and everuones hand. Still in silence we will have your voice

37

- t in the invisible space, in that other subtle body that transformed us. A voice was Ulysses, although he
- o believed conquer, did not know it, his body changed and changed after listen. Your voice is my shepherd,
- p I lack nothing. Your voice, our shepherd, we lack nothing. Your voice, our shepherd, we lack nothing. Your voice, our shepherd, we lack nothing.

12[']00.0'' 12'05.0'' 12'10.0'' 12'15.0''

- S The pace of society silences all the screaming and all the beats, almost no one listens to his heart. But
- t your love turbulence and fog distended push off several meetings between souls:
- O Your love colors the noisy and rough monotone human world.
- P Your love colors the noisy and rough monotone human world. Your love colors the noisy and rough monotone human world.

12'00.0" 12'05.0" 12'10.0" 12'15.0"

- The accordion seduces. You seduce. Remember the union with another body, perfectly compressed,
- naturally linked. Then get dragged for freedom, the gravitational force you back to the origin of the solos.
 You stop at the word alone. The question is not silence but in the words that are repeated. You enlarge
- o and you contract. You created variations of that same loneliness
- and you contract. You created variations of that same loneliness.

12'00.0" 12'05.0" 12'10.0" 12'15.0"

- Constellation continues to age in the guts. Accordion-seekers, ages by the smoothness of your newborn hands in the water of that arcana light, who talks and talks and talks about the unspeakable, being larger
- constellation, if so, I see, I see you as liquid, as union, longer you distinguish it under this bond of light.
- р

12 00.0" **12** 05.0" **12** 10.0" **12** 15.0"

- Love is a rhythm without melody. Tambourine, triangle, bass drum. Love hits softly. Aerophones:
- t whistles, sirens, wind machines. Sometimes fears and deep sounds. Snare drum, heart. Other do not
- o touch us at all, and yet endless vibration passed through us. Percussion means rain, but above all means
- p that every rock we touch is ours, and we will ring forever.

12'00.0" 12'05.0" 12'10.0" 12'15.0"

- $_{\mathsf{S}}$ Stop the rain with both hands. And so, with this game of caprices that have already become friends with
- t a masterful gesture, collect all the drops and save them into your pants. Nod your head, take off your hat
- o and put it on your chest. Take off your raincoat and as always, sampling has been a pleasure to have
- p discovered all temperaments.