

KAMANDJATI 2018
FESTIVAL



مهرجان
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الكمنجاتي Association
Al Kamandjati

رحلة الروح

THE SILK ROAD CREATION

A musical journey, from the Moghul Palace of Kubilai Khan,
Emperor of China, to the Holy City of Jerusalem

Murad Castle, Bethlehem



Following the traces of Marco Polo, this show will reveal the magic of a mythical Orient described in the «book of the wonders of the world» of the great traveler.

From precious stones of the palaces of former days -like the one of the chinese emperor Kubilai Khan where lived the venetian merchant- to the arid steppes of Kazakhstan, we will follow the footsteps of the silk road.

The Silk Road is a wonderful invitation to discover traditional musics and dances whose footsteps date back to the 13th and 14th centuries, through the large geographical space that Marco Polo did cross. Chinese classical music, epic kazakh songs, Indian Moghal kathak dance, as well as the beautiful armenian duduk will bring us to a travel through the richness of Central Asia and its nomad heritage. Between the opulence of the Venetian palaces and the imperial court of the great Kubilai Khan spreaded seas, oceans, mountains, steppes and deserts where was mixed a multitude of peoples whose traditions and customs expressed the amazing richness of the humanity, this before paradoxically the trade and the globalization standardized our planet.

This travel inspired by musics, dances and instruments gathering people since centuries, will illustrate the different esoteric trips of the venetian traveller as fibers of the silk would intertwine.



Distribution

Alain Weber, conception and staging
Ramzi Aburedwan, arrangements for orchestra
Kyriakos Kalaitzidis, oud, compositions and arrangements for orchestra
Charbel Rouhana, compositions and arrangements for orchestra
Danielle Williams, conductor of Al Kamandjati Orchestra
Amer Hlehel, comedian
Christophe Olivier, lighting conception
Gaël Boucault, lighting conception assistant
Mohannad Abu Hamdieh, technical direction
Thyl Mariage & Quentin Voisey, sound engineers
Anne Le Gouguec, stage engineer

By order of apparition:

Haïg Sarikouyoumdjian and Georgy Minasyan- Armenia
Dalal Abu Amneh, Singing – Palestine
Lingling Yu, pipa luth– China
Zeng Ming, chinese flute - China
Uljan Baïbusynova, singing and tar luth, Kazakhstan
Gulay Hacer Toruk, singing – Turkey
Mukaddas, dance- Xinjiang Uygur Autonomous Region
Diwan Sufi Ensemble, Palestine
Ziya Tabassian, percussions – Iran
Anuj Mishra and ensemble, kathak dance, India

Orchestra:



Danielle Williams, conductor
Iyad Stati, solo oud
Ayham Ayesh, qanoun
Mohammad Khamaysa, ney
Ibrahim Frookh, percussion
Khalil Abu Ein, Thomas McShane, Iris Parizot, Mohamad Rjoub, first violin
Ala'a Shalaldeh, Diana Shaqoura, Eslam Safwat Alnajjar, second violin
Fabiol Cezma, Hanin Rjoub, Virginia Peck-Phillips, viola
Laila Salah, Areen Aboudi, cello
Ateyeh Qadri, Mohammad Aldeek, contrabass
Rami abu alia, flute
Muntasser Jebrini, clarinet
Hussam Barham, timpani

Texts written by Alain Weber and inspired by “The Book of Marvels “ written in 1298–1299 by Marco Polo with the assistance of professional writer of romances, Rustichello of Pisa:



In 1271, Marco Polo, with his father Nicolo and his uncle Maffeo, left for a travel which led them until China and from which they only came back twenty years later.

During their first travel, Nicolo and Maffeo had met the mongol ruler, the lord of lords, the king of the Orient: Kubilai Khan, who claimed them a relic of the Holy Land. Then, the Venetians went to Jerusalem. How it is reported to us by «Le Devisement du monde».



Text 1

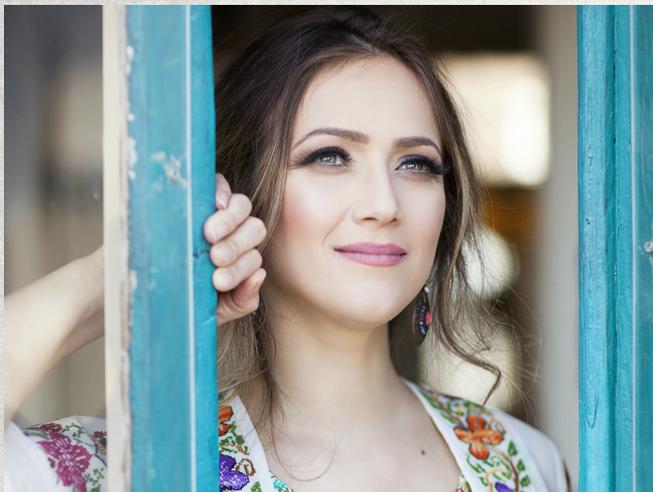
Marco Polo at Jerusalem

One early morning, when I was only just at the age of 15 years, my father Niccolo and my uncle Maffeo, both of whom well known and reputable tradesmen and voyagers, took me along with them.

In the cold humid air of the dawn, the ship on which we embarked stood out in the thick mist, like an opaque veil separating two worlds. The water, indeed, deeply

divided the unfamiliar territories as much as it separates the terrestrial ground from the vast abyss of sky and stars. I didn't know yet, just out of the warm intimacy of my childhood, I would be leaving my native home of Venice for a period of 25 years. Beyond this mysterious fog, waited me, several years later, the splendor of the emperor of emperors, the great Kubilai Khan, the grandson of Gengis Khan, master of the land from China to Persia.

The latter, fascinated by the Christian faith, had asked to my father and my uncle to come with a hundred priests for his court as well as the most sacred of Christian relics: a little oil from the lamp of the sepulcher of Jesus. I thus discovered, after meeting Pope Gregory X at the Acre of Palestine, the holy, beautiful, and majestic city of Jerusalem. It would take me another six years to reach China, six years of adventures in the course of wonders offered by the Silk Road.



Text 2

At the court of Emperor Kubilai Khan

At sunset, the enormous gong sounded three times in the palace of Khan.

It would take many more pages than I have in my "Book of Wonders" to describe, at will, the splendor of the lord of lords: Kubilai Khan.

After the Pamir mountains, the city of Samarkand,

Afghanistan and Tibet, the vastness of China was revealed to me.

Master of the Yuan Dynasty, Kubilai Khan is of great stature, neither short nor tall, has a very pleasing appearance with deep black eyes and a well-made nose. He has four women whom he still take for his true wives but also a few thousand concubines.

The latter, in turn, have many valets, eunuchs, and servants - men and women - so that each finds herself surrounded in her court by at least 10,000 people.

The city of Khanbakyk, later called Beijing, has sixteen palaces. The one of Kubilai Khan is the largest and most wonderful which can exist.

The rooms are covered with silver and gold; lions, dragons, other animals and birds are represented on its walls and ceilings.

None of the splendors of my native Venice could equal this wealth and treasure of this Lord: his silver, his jewels, his pearls, his golden vessels, guarded day and night by more than 10,000 horsemen.

Kubilai Khan is a sun and the roads that lead to the provinces of this great empire are like the rays.



Text 3

A Tribute to Nomadic life

Genghis Khan conquered the world with his nomadic tribes, armed only with bows. It was them to create the greatest empires.

The Mongols have known the yurts and tents of homelessness as well as the largest palaces of Orient.

Diamonds, precious stones, carpets, spices, and Arabian horses are bought with an official currency made of mulberry leaves that also feeds silkworms.

Mongol messengers never dismount. Girdled with bells

announcing their arrival from afar, they alert the stable workers to prepare, at their next stop, fresh and ready horses. Thus, the riders jump from one mount to another and continue their journey faster than the wind. They set out, through the savage grandeur of the arid steppes, beyond the walls of the Empire, and rush under the celestial sky above, where the nomadic soul is pleased to pour itself out.





Text 4

The Glory of Constantinople

Constantinople, much to the displeasure of Alexandria, has been since the sixth century, the door of the East. Asian corn, silk, Indian spices, slaves, Baltic amber, henna from Cyprus, wines from Greece and Italy, Dalmatian woods, and so many sought-after goods which flow unceasingly to your land to bring prosperity.

Rich drapery, fabrics of linen or wool, with antique Persian and Egyptian motifs, are sold in your stalls. It is you also to provide the fine silver pearls worn during religious ceremonies thanks to the monopoly that you possess over the breeding of the silkworm and mastery of gold embroidery.

Ancient Greek city, you still carry the remains of Byzantium, capital of Thrace, before becoming Constantinople, capital of the Roman Empire.



Text 5

Samarkand, Pearl of the Silk Road

Ah Samarkand, princess of the sky and queen of the earth, you were the pearl of the East. The beauty of your palaces and mosques, radiating with the brilliance of gold and lapis lazuli, has made you the jewel of the Silk Road. You born 1000 BC, thanks to Scythian nomads of Persian origin, you were Greek with Alexander the Great, Turkish, Chinese, then Umayyad and Muslim; the Arabs, it is said,



will discover in your breast the novel use of paper. Ibn Battuta in his travels will describe you as one of the most beautiful cities in the world. This is, indeed, what you will become under the reign of Turkish-Mongolian ruler Tamerlane. Art lover and patron, the great Tamerlane gladly invited artists and scholars from the whole Central Asia, from the mountains of the Caucasus to the distant Uyghur country. Your inhabitants love "the drink, the dance and the song"; ambassadors brought, for this purpose, lions and ostriches, as well as dancers and musicians during their visits.

Samarkand embodies the celebration of freedom through the poetic imagery of Omar Khayyâm, poet of wine, philosopher and brilliant astronomer. From his hometown of Nichappour, he warned us already, that in the depths of this ephemeral instant which is our life, we must look for happiness, without any respite, and live the present moment as much as possible.



Text 6

Kathak dance at the Mughal Court

It is Babur, the descendant of Tamerlan, who will build the Mughal empire in India. While of Turkish-Mongol origin, it was in fact the Mughals who introduced Persian and Muslim culture in India.

In Lucknow, was made famous the kathak dance, with both noble elegance and frenetic energy, for filling with joy the aristocratic salon of the great prince, poet and Mughal patron Nawab Wajid Ali Shah.

European collectors of Persian paintings and artists from around the world gathered in these celebrations. The whirlwind of dresses created a hypnotic spiral, the amped sound of pounding feet and the exaltation produced by

pirouettes of crazy virtuosity, were expressing nothing but the passionate love delivered by the sacred image of Lord Krishna.



Text 7

Marco Polo and the nostalgia of a travelling life

Today, I have at last found the peace of everyday life and the warmth of home. Nevertheless, I deeply miss this quest for the beauty of the world.

Beauty, like a thorny rose, is dangerous; it leaves marks in our memory. To attain it, moreover, it is often necessary to walk on the edge of a sword.

In the end, these long journeys, to overcome diseases and wars, this time spent traveling seas, rivers, deserts

and mountains, under the burning sun or the merciless rains, represented nothing but the search for a lost paradise. What does its horizon resemble? It's like the wonder of childhood, this state of grace that time, one day or another, will steal us inexorably.

It is with nostalgia that I think back to these great crossings in a nature simultaneously beautiful and rebellious, or to the great outsized palaces I walked through as if it were all a dream.

Now at the dawn of the twilight of my life, everything mixes in my mind: the infinite steppes of nomadic horsemen, the pomp of the great Emperor of China, Jerusalem and its sacred beauty. All these sensitive reminiscences remind me of the mysterious masks of the Venetian carnival that fascinated me as a young person. It seems to me now, the book of life unfolds like an ephemeral tale which, is prolonged indefinitely as a quest for divine and yet undefinable beauty.

I have but only one thing left to say: "Do not lose your memories, as you will never be able to relive them."



All the texts will be recited by the palestinian comedian Amer Hlehel.



طريق الكرب

رحلة موسيقية من قصر كوبلاي خان المغولي، إمبراطور الصين، وصولاً إلى مدينة القدس الشريف

سيراً على خطى ماركو بولو، سوف يكشف هذا العرض عن السحر الشرق الأسطوري الموصوف في «كتاب العجائب» عن هذا الرحالة العظيم.

من الأبحار الكريمة من قصور الأيام السابقة - مثل قصر الإمبراطور الصيني كوباي خان - إلى السهول الفاحلة في كازاخستان، سوف تتبع خطى طريق الحرير. ستكشف شاعرية السهوب والسهول الواسعة، والشعر البطولي لكازخستان، والأغاني الروحية والأرثوذكسية من تركيا، أو موسيقى القصور في الصين القديمة، أو الرقصات الصوفية لفلسطين أو محاكم المغول أو سمرقند الأسطورية عن أحد البدو الرحل الذي سيذهب إلى القدس الشريف، التي سيعرفها ماركو بولو خلال رحلاته وجولاته.

يعد طريق الحرير دعوة رائعة لاكتشاف الموسيقى والرقصات التقليدية التي يعود تاريخها إلى القرنين الثالث عشر والرابع عشر، من خلال المساحة الجغرافية الكبيرة التي عبرها ماركو بولو. إن الموسيقى الكلاسيكية الصينية، وتقاليد راجستان الصراوية، والرقص الكاتاك المغولي الهندي، والشعر الفارسي والأذربيجاني، فضا عن آلة الدودوك الأرمينية الجميلة، وناي الرعاة أو التركمان، ستكون دعوة إلى السفر نحو ثراء آسيا الوسطى وتراث البدو.

بين كثرة القصور الفينيسية والمحكمة الإمبراطورية التابعة لكوباي خان والمنتشرة عبر البحار والمحيطات والجبال والسهول والصحاري، والتي تختلط فيها العديد من الشعوب بتقاليدهم وعاداتهم المختلفة، والتي تعرب عن ثراء الإنسانية الكبير، فإن هذه المفارقات تثبت بأن التجارة والعولمة هما ما يوحدان كوكبنا.

التوزيع:

آلن فيبير، التصوير واللاخراج
كرياكوس لانيديس، عود، التأليف والتوزيع
الأوركسترا
شربل روحانا، التأليف والتوزيع الأوركسترا
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آن لي جوغيك، إدارة المسرح

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