

The Power of Indifference

I THINK ABOUT FATE
DAY THAT NEVER ENDS

MAYIM

BALANCE SCALES

FURY

SNAKE

ONCE FOR ME THERE
WAS NO MORE PLACE

THE POWER OF INDIFFERENCE



I think about fate:
immeasurable strength
that drives me to the edge,
and takes away my breath.

I am insignificance
of a giant wasted land —
emptiness of essence
in a twilight of regret.

When the lights go out
and the time will state:
“Long live insanity
that makes us all forget”,

I'll wait for Her in darkness
as for my last resort
for angel-like appearance
of the deceitful Thought:

“Forgive the one who is dreaming
And jumps into a divide,
And screams of disagreement
From someone trapped inside”.

I think about fate

Day that never ends.
Time that never changes.
Night will not occur.
Embryos of hopes float without aim,
Disillusioned, lost in the myriads of days.

Millions of gods slaughter living prey.
Blankness calmly spreads.
Designated grace falls like deadly hail.
Escalated void glorifies decay.

I am descending
where one cannot feel,
cannot know
how to.

I am descending
where I cannot dream,
cannot know
how to get out.

Day that never ends

Balance scales
fluctuate from the sound of the sea,
and slowly pull the sun down.

When the dawn goes away
leaving an invisible flame,
clouds stab with knives,
and rise against the night.

Balance Scales

A window of blackness fills the space,
and it is as if my eyes can see deeper than necessary.

Balance scales
deep under water
gently bury the sun.

There is a snake inside a tree
and it will show me what is real.
I trust that voice whose sound is void,
To rule, to judge, and to destroy.

I drove so long to see the snake,
whose voice is void, whose face is fake.
To hear it once and know what's real
I force my faith to disappear.

The snake now speaks inside my head.
His voice is void and face is mad.
Aggression crawls against my will:
I want to scream.. my voice is dead.

Snake

In a form
there was
no more place

Once for me there was no more place
In this world, in a stranger's trace.
I flew up till I disappeared
in the blackened clouds of the troposphere.

No matter what I say,
No matter where I go,
No matter what I feel:
It comes forth

It takes away my will,
It takes away my hope,
and showing no remorse:
The Power of Indifference

The Power of Indifference



I am deeply grateful to Giovanni Sollima and the Cello Biennale Amsterdam for making this album possible. I would have not dared to output my own works had I not received such tremendous support and encouragement. It has been one of the most precious learning experiences for me, and the one that brought the most joy. Special thanks to Fieke van den Hurk and Gayle Skidmore for great creative advice. Many thanks to Beorn Nijenhuis for insightful talks along the process of composing and recording. To Mohsen Masoumi for coaching me and helping me not only to become a better singer, but also a better interpreter of my music and texts. To Brendon Heinst for being such a brilliant producer and inspiration for this album.

This CD was produced with the support of the Anner Bijlsma Award and the Cello Biennale Amsterdam. Using the prize money from the 2018 Anner Bijlsma Award, cello phenomenon Giovanni Sollima set up an intensive development program for four young international cellists – Ayşe Deniz Birdal (Turkey), Maya Fridman (Russia), Abel Selaocoe (South Africa) and Chiara Trentin (Italy). They all were looking to become far more than just soloists playing the standard repertoire. Sollima went with them in search of their musical identity. Who did they want to become in the world of music? What did they want to create? What did they want to convey to their audiences? This cd is the result of the journey MAYA/AYSE/CHIARA made during this project.

CELLO
BIENNALE
AMSTERDAM

MUSIC & LYRICS
MAYA FRIDMAN

PERCUSSION [track 6 - 8]
KONSTANTYN NAPOLOV

MUSIC PRODUCTION
BRENDON HEINST

MASTERING
BRENDON HEINST
ANTAL VAN NIE