

Schallfeld Ensemble . KORPUS I

Carola Bauckholt Keil, for flute, clarinet, percussion, piano, violin, viola, cello, double bass (2000)

"Wedge, a three-sided prism which penetrates with an edge (edge, sharpness) between two bodies to remove this by means of one on the back (head) to the effect the coming strength of each other. On this occasion, the strength disassembles itself after the "parallelogramme of the forces" in two side forces which become big, the smaller the corner, so the more sharply is the wedge.

Consequently can be exercised with a wedge big pressure on two bodies which tangle to the wedge sides or flanks. The wedge owes his numerous use forms to these qualities. It is the basis of all splitting and sharp tools, also he belongs to the most important machine parts, because he delivers superior means to the connection of single parts." (from Meyers encyclopaedia)

This piece is a commission of Wallraf-Richartz Museum in Cologne and is dedicated to Thürmchen Ensemble.

carolabauckholt.de

Christophe Bertrand Madrigal, for soprano, flute, clarinet, percussion, piano, violin, cello (2005)

The three sections of "Madrigal" are based on three texts that - as different as they may seem stylistically (narrative, descriptive and philosophical) are actually very close in regard to how the words are linked, which is simply by enumeration.

The first text is taken from the Cosmicomiche by Italo Calvino and describes the composition of a lunar milk that old Qfwfq had been looking for in his youth; the second text features the titles of the chapters of "A Lover's Discourse" by Roland Barthes whose special feature is to be ordered alphabetically; the third section is a detailed and disgusting description of the monster Quaresmeprenant taken from a play by the 16th century playwright Rabelais.

The relation to Monteverdian madrigal are manifold and similarities can easily be found: the soloist voice accompanied by a few instruments with moments of overlapping in the counterpoint of melodic lines, the number of stanzas and an idyllic subject matter with burlesque and satirical moments.

christophebertrand.fr

Alexander Khubeev don't leave the room, for performer, flute, clarinet, trombone, percussion, piano, violin, cello, electronics, live-video (2020)

Joseph Brodsky's poem "Don't leave the room" today doesn't lose its relevance, but, moreover, becomes even more important, especially in Russia. The ideas of (self)censorship, as well as loneliness and even internal emigration, embedded in it, become key in this composition. However, the text is used here in an unusual way, since the soloist reads it in sign language, and the syntax of the verbal language undergoes changes during sign language translation. Musical material develops largely starting from the word, like in vocal music, but as a result, the composition and its dramaturgy are based on various interactions of the music not only with the text, but also with the visual part

(gestures and video), which has its own line of development, gradually involving other sign and non-verbal languages in the interaction. Such a connection imposes additional allusions and metaphors, thanks to which the poem acquires new meanings in this composition.

(Alexander Khubeev)

khubeev.ru

Misato Mochizuki Voilages, for flute, clarinet, piano, violin, viola, cello (2000)

Reading the essay "In Praise of the Shadow " by Japanese writer Junnichi Tanizaki has opened my eyes once again to the beauty and profundity of Japanese culture. The dark side, the ambiguity inherent in any representation or object, coincides with my current musical concerns about filtering timbres and rhythms. Filtering means to take something away from an object, but also to add a mediator, a veil between the object and its sensory perception, introducing a dual uncertainty about the lost reality and the reliability of our senses.

(Misato Mochizuki, source: www.breitkopf.com/work/8022/voilages)

misato-mochizuki.com

Claudio Panariello To learn the obscene art of suffering pain, for flute, clarinet, saxophone, percussion, piano, violin, viola, cello, double bass, electronics (2022)

"A chief characteristic of the contemporary experience of pain is that it is perceived as meaningless. We no longer possess a meaningful context within which to find support and orientation when faced with pain. We have completely lost the art of suffering pain. "

(Byung-Chul Han, The Palliative Society, 2021)

Deeply inspired by the thoughts of the South Korean philosopher, "To learn the obscene art of suffering pain" comes from the urge to carve out a sacred mental and sonic space where the idea of suffering pain is not cut off from the aesthetic imagination. Pain has here space and time to grow and to bring out a narrative. It is slow. It has a colour and a scent. Yearning to escape from the anaesthetized contemporaneity that suppresses the aesthetics of pain, the piece wants to reflect on how it can be narrated and even sung, draping it in the semblance of beauty

"To learn the obscene art of suffering pain", for an ensemble of nine instruments plus a second ensemble of eight speaker cones put in feedback with themselves, has been written for and dedicated to Schallfeld Ensemble.

(Source: Program notes UA Schallfeld 2022)

claudiopanariello.com

ITALO CALVINO

Le lait lunaire était très épais, comme une espèce de fromage blanc. Il se formait dans les interstices des écailles par la fermentation de divers corps et substances d'origine terrestre, qui s'étaient envolés des prairies, forêts et lagunes que le satellite survolait. Il était essentiellement composé de sucs végétaux, têtards de grenouille, bitume, lentilles, miel d'abeilles, cristaux d'amidon, œufs d'esturgeon, moisissure, pollens, gélatines, vers, résines, poivre, sels minéraux, déchets de combustible. Il suffisait de plonger la cuiller sous les écailles qui couvraient le sol croûteux de la Lune et on la ramenait toute pleine de la précieuse bouillie. Pas à l'état pur, vous comprenez ; les scorées ne manquaient pas : dans la fermentation générale (la Lune traversant des étendues d'air torride sur les déserts), tous les corps ne se fondaient pas dans l'ensemble ; certains y demeuraient plantés : ongles et cartilages, clous, hippocampes, noyaux et pédoncules, débris de vaisselle, hameçons de pêcheurs, et même quelquefois un peigne.

[Italo Calvino, *Cosmicomics*, 1963, pp. 11-12 Ed. Seuil]
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ROLAND BARTHES

"S'abîmer - absence - adorable - altération - angoisse - annulation - ascèse - atopos - attente - cacher - cases - catastrophe - circonscrire - cœur - comblement - compassion - comprendre - conduite - connivence - contact - contingence - corps - déclaration - démons - dépendance - dépenses - déréalité - drame - écorché - écrire - errance - étreinte - je t'aime"

"Fragments d'un discours amoureux" par Roland Barthes © Editions du Seuil, 1977

RABELAIS

"Quaresmeprenant, disait Xenomanes continuant quant aux parties externes, était un peu mieux proportionné, exceptées les sept côtes qu'il avait autre la forme commune des humains. Les orteils avait comme une espinette organisée ; Les ongles comme une vrille ; Les pieds comme une guinterne ; La plante comme un creziou ; Les jambes comme un leurre ; Les genoux comme un escabeau ; Les cuisses comme un crenequin ; Les hanches comme un vilbrequin ; Le nombril comme une vielle ; Le membre comme une pantoufle ; Les couilles comme une guedoufle ; Les génitoires comme un rabot ; Le périnée comme un flageolet ; Le trou du cul comme un miroir cristallin ; Les fesses comme une herse ; Les reins comme un beurrier ; L'alkatin comme un billard ; Le dours comme une arbalète de passe ; Les spondyles comme une cornemuse ; Le brechet comme un baldaquin ; Les omoplates comme un mortier ; La poitrine comme un jeu de régale ; Les mamelles comme un cornet à bouquin ; Les aisselles comme un échiquier ; Les bras comme une barbute ;

Les doigts comme landiers de frarie ; Les rasettes comme deux échasses ; Les faucilles comme faucilles ; Les mains comme une estrille ; Le coul comme une saluerne ; La gorge comme une chausse d'Hippocras ; Le nou comme un baril ; La barbe comme une lanterne ; Le menton comme un potiron ; Les oreilles comme deux mitaines ; Le nez comme un brodequin anté en écusson ; Les narines comme un béguin ; Les sourcils comme une lichefrete ; Les paupières comme un rebec ; Les yeux comme un étui de peignes ; Les nerfs optiques comme un fusil ; Le front comme une retombe ; Les joues comme deux sabots ; La langue comme une harpe ; La bouche comme une housse ; Le visage historjé comme un bas de mulet ; La tête contournée comme un alambic ; Les coutures comme un filet de pêcheur ; L'épidermis comme un beluteau ; Les cheveux comme un décrotoir.

Don't Leave Your Room...

by Joseph Brodsky.

Don't leave your room, don't commit that fateful mistake.
Why risk the sun? Just settle back at home and smoke.
Outside's absurd, especially that whoop of joy,
you've made it to the lavatory--now head back straight away!

Don't leave your room, don't go and hail a taxi, spend,
the only space that matters is the corridor, its end
a ticking meter. She comes by, all ready for caressing,
mouth open? Kick her straight out, don't even start undressing.

Don't leave your room, just say you have the influenza.
A wall and table are the most fascinating agenda.
Why leave this place? Tonight you will come home from town
exactly as you were, only more beaten down.

Don't leave your room. Go dance the bossa nova,
shoes without socks, your body bare and coat tossed over.
The hallway holds its smells of ski wax and boiled cabbage,
writing even one letter more is excess baggage.

Don't leave your room. Do you still look handsome?
Just ask the room... Incognito ergo sum,
as petulant Substance once remarked to Form.
It's not exactly France outside. Don't leave your room!

Don't be an idiot! You're not the others, you're an exclusion!
Choreograph the furniture, essay wall-paper fusion.
Make that wardrobe a barricade. The fates require us
to keep out Cosmos, Chronos, Eros, Race and Virus!

(Translated by Thomas de Waal)