

Author:

Some time ago, I found a letter in my mailbox addressed to my grandmother from my grandfather. The strange thing was that my grandfather had been dead for a long time, having passed away when I was three years old⁰ and my grandmother had also died around the turn of the millennium. The long letter, written in my grandfather's handwriting, refers, among other things, to philosophical texts that were only published between 2000 and 2010 - and to a string quartet cycle by the Spanish composer Alberto Posadas, which premiered in 2013. So I can't say for sure who wrote the following text - it's rather unlikely that it was actually my grandfather.

Speaker:

Transfiguration of the body¹

Notes on *Sombras / Shadows* - cycle for string quartet, voice, and bass clarinet by Alberto Posadas.

Music 01:

Sombras - for voice, clarinet/bass clarinet and string quartet by Alberto Posadas

WDR 1st edit 1st_Edit4416

Elogio de la sombra (for string quartet)

[00:00 - 01:00]

¹ Alberto Posadas (in a letter in 2015): I think art has the power to change people in such a way that they feel so connected to the art object that it becomes a subject—an art subject—so that there is no longer any difference between the object, i.e., the artwork, and the listener. And when this happens, they merge into a single body, a sound body, as you called it.

Communication understood as trans-figuration, as transfiguration, requires three living entities: the listener, the musician, and the object, the musical work. But the work of art is a living entity when the art object becomes a subject.

There are three voices - or four - my heart.

There are four voices, sometimes more - my heart,

But when I hear them, they sound like one -

Like the one I think of when I hear your voice.

When I wrote these lines, my heart, I cannot tell you. Neither when nor where. You will read them now - either aloud - then you will hear your own voice - or you will read silently, then you will probably hear my voice in your imagination. It is not my voice, of course not, but it is my voice within you. The echo of my voice in a way, my voice as a shadow of your memory, which means that my voice is now, as you read these lines, the shadow in the light of your memory. But what is light, what is shadow, since my voice has long since left me and become a part of you, your memories, your thoughts. And imagine, my heart, it seems to me that this has always been the case. However, if you were to read neither aloud nor in a whisper, nor silently, that is, neither loudly nor quietly, neither whispering nor silent, you would not hear yourself, nor me. My voice would have no shadow, the shadow and light of your memory, and it would not vibrate in the sound of your voice that utters this memory, silently or softly, whispering loudly - in short, we would be lost. We would have forgotten each other. Withdrawn into complete nothingness. But as it is, it is more likely that you read aloud as well as quietly, whispering as well as silently, and that both our voices emerge from the background of the other, like one wave causing another in a stream, circling each other in slow eddies, wave after wave, whirl after whirl, which - as on our cloudless days - fan out the light of the sun and the shadows of the trees in all their colors and paint a colorful shimmer and flicker on the bottom of the water. Light and shadow can no longer be distinguished, the colors of light are best seen there in their fleetingness, as the shadows of the leaves and branches high above darken the bottom of the stream.

As I wrote these lines, I heard your voice, the call of your voice within me² - I wrote these lines to the sound of your voice. I did not think of your voice, but rather I thought your voice; thinking your voice was at the same time your voice within me, for the voice, the sound, the call are not something we place before us like an object to examine, observe, and evaluate³, but rather - I thought your voice like a call that sounds within me and not outside of me, because I think this call and in this way it echoes within me as something I have thought. Or what does that mean: within me? Since I am the one who thinks this call within me, and what I think is me, I could also say with good reason that it is the call, the sound, the voice that think me. I am in what I hear, what I feel, what I perceive, so your voice is not on the other side of me, but I am inconceivable without this voice that I hear. It is like the cranes we encountered on our summer hikes. We always heard pairs, with identical calls; at least, we heard no difference, it was always the same raspy trumpeting sound, the same sequence of pitches and noises, no higher, no lower, no faster, no slower, for each pair that we thought had practiced their whole lives to be exactly one voiced perhaps different from other pairs, but in unity of hearing and calling, and feeling and warning, as if they wanted to say to each other: I can only think of myself in your voice, perceive myself in hearing. As if these cranes were an organism only in pairs, a corresponding symmetry, a pulsation in which the utmost presence means thinking of the other. Like between the left and right hemispheres of the brain, like other creatures in this world that not only pair up, but gather in thousands - and which alone would not even be capable of survival, let alone conceivable - which would perish, but in association, however exactly they make decisions, organize themselves, as if such a conglomerate of animals, above a certain quantity, once a certain quantity turns into quality, behaves like brain cells that begin to think, as a characteristic among

² I took the theme of the call from a short essay by Martin Heidegger, his commentary on Hölderlin's "Homecoming / To the Relatives" in: Martin Heidegger, *Explanations of Hölderlin's Poetry*, Vittorio Klostermann, Frankfurt a.M. 1971

³ From: Jean-Luc Nancy, *Das nackte Denken (Naked Thinking)*, translated from French by Markus Sedlaczek, Diaphanes Zurich-Berlin 2014 (*La pensée dérobée*, Paris 2001)

themselves that each individual creature would not be capable of on its own. As if nothing else lived in our heads up there but a large anthill, a colony of termites, a cloud of flying starlings, or a huge swarm of herring crossing our brains like an oversized aquarium. Who could find an ego in the face of or within such swarms that says of itself: I hear, I feel, I think. It is I who thinks your voice? No, because this voice is the air without which the starlings cannot fly, because it is the water without which the herring cannot swim. We will not find such an I, not among the ants and their queens, not among the starlings, and not among the herring. And if we look into our brains, we will not find an I either, but nevertheless I hear and I write and you read these lines silently and hear my voice in your imagination and I hear your voice, its call, while I write, and think that without its sound I cannot think myself.

I would like to try to clarify what I am talking about even more clearly using a musical work as an example. It is only one work, one individuality, by no means music in general. And even in this larger work, I will only refer to a few minor moments. Of course, you may object that throughout our lives you have always remained you and I have always remained meò and that when I looked at you, gazed at you, touched you, then it was I who looked at you: Here I and there youò my handò mineò on your skinò yoursò and of course I hear your voice objecting that over the long period of time we have adopted many habits, from each other and with each other, that have become so natural to us that we no longer even notice them as something we have in common - but despite all the intimacy and familiarity, these are only superficialities that do not cross the line, that you feel and perceive yourself as an I, your I, and I as my I ... Yes, we can think of ourselves as a couple, and act as such in our self-image, and show solidarity, think for the other, but still as a union of two individuals, two objects in a way, each containing a subject, an I, and seeing each other as such, touching each other, loving each other, at our core... at our innermost... but still separate. And thisò I hear you sayò is a painful experienceò this is a painful experienceò at the core, but still separate and lonelyò together and lonelyò I

remember⁴ together and lonely, this play on words sums it up, that's why you loved it so much together and lonely, one is already contained within the other, the togetherness is only the shell, the dress, the warming coat that envelops the loneliness at the core your you-me, my me-me towards you, only enveloped, hidden in a certain way, a consolation one might say, and that is already a great deal, the greatest thing we could wish for, a consolation for those who are lucky enough to have it.

So what do I mean when I write, when I write to you, that I say, while I write, I hear I hear your voice, its call, while I write and think and say in my imagination that I cannot think without its sound. Doesn't that mean that this lonely self frays at its edges in a certain way, begins to flicker, as if the shadow of this loneliness were to stumble, to whirl, or one could also say that the shadows themselves are not precise at their edges⁵, that their edges always flicker a little, which could probably be explained by some optical physical laws in the case of the shadow cast by a tree, for example, that, as in other cases, there is always a gray area, a phase of transition, between light and shadow, between me and you, a zone of transition that does not yet clearly belong to my me-self, but also does not yet belong to your you-self and this small zone of flickering, of glittering light, I call it nakedness, confuses your whole beautiful clean separation between you and me, and me and us, and us and you.

⁴ Albert Camus, *The Plague*, Rowohlt Verlag, Hamburg 1950, orig. *La Peste*, Gallimard, Paris 1947, translation by Guido G. Meister (the play on words *solidaire/solitaire* is not quite the same in French as it is in German).

⁵ See Alberto Posadas on: *Sombras*, in *Witten Days for New Chamber Music 2013*, program booklet p. 50 ff., Pfau-Verlag, Saarbrücken 2013

Music 02:

Sombras - for voice, clarinet/bass clarinet, and string quartet by Alberto Posadas

WDR 1st edit 1st_Edit4416

Tr.,nsito I for soprano and viola

[20:36 - 20:51]

The musical work I mentioned earlier was penned by Spanish composer Alberto Posadas, who is virtually unknown in this country. The work is called *î Sombrasî* - shadows - and is written for string quartet, female voice (soprano) and clarinet.

Music 02:

Sombras - for voice, clarinet/bass clarinet, and string quartet by Alberto Posadas

WDR 1st edit 1st_Edit4416

Tr.,nsito I for soprano and viola

[20:36 - 20:51]

With this call - sustained, then fading - then backwards, as if playing a tape backwards - with this call - performed on a viola - the second part of the 70-minute work begins. It is entitled: *Transito* - Transition. Transition not only from the first to the third part, but also, if you listen closely, from the sound of this viola, from the cry of its voice, very quietly, in the background, in the shadows in a way, in the shadow of the figure of this cry, and from a distance, to the sound of the woman's voice.

Music 02:

Sombras - for voice, clarinet/bass clarinet, and string quartet by
Alberto Posadas

WDR 1st edit 1st_Edit4416

Tr.,nsito I for soprano and viola

[20:36 - 20:51]

The woman came, if you remember, when we were listening to the music together, the woman came from the back of the church where the concert was being held and slowly approached the violist sitting in front of the altar. I hear the strings of the viola as organs of the voice externalized from the body, quasi-objectified, a kind of vocal articulation turned outward - and the woman's voice is produced by the vibrations of her vocal cords, the vocal cords in her chest, her throat, her innermost being - and in this concert, the one approaches the other, the exterior approaches the interior, the inner and outer articulation, spatially at first and sonically practically indistinguishable.

Music 03:

Sombras - for voice, clarinet/bass clarinet, and string quartet by
Alberto Posadas

WDR 1st edit 1st_Edit4416

Tr.,nsito I for soprano and viola

[20:45 - 21:05]

The same call in the viola as at the beginning is repeated, the woman's voice now somewhat louder, clearer, more audible ... but still in the shadows, almost identical to the viola, the external sound articulation

objectified in the instrument and the interior of the voice, which coincide here.

Music 04:

Sombras - for voice, clarinet/bass clarinet, and string quartet by Alberto Posadas

WDR 1st edit 1st_Edit4416

Tr.,nsito I for soprano and viola

[20:59 - 21:28]

A third time the same figure ... like the seed of a future development ... a development whose characteristics are already contained in the qualities of the seed ... slowly the woman's voice emerges from the shadow of the viola, which shapes in it ... shadow of the shadow ... its reverberation, that is, the shadow of the sound.

Music 05:

Sombras - for voice, clarinet/bass clarinet, and string quartet by Alberto Posadas

WDR 1st edit 1st_Edit4416

Tr.,nsito I for soprano and viola

[21:28 - 22:04]

The call of the viola sounds a fourth time, but muffled, blurred, indistinct ... and what was previously the shaping of a sustained echo is now almost entirely taken over by the woman's voice, made the object of her own form, the subject of her own creation according to her own rules. The viola now seems to step into its shadow, the shadow of the woman, imitating her, as the echo not of its own voice,

but of the voice of the other, which emerged shortly before from the shadow of its own echo.

Music 06:

Sombras - for voice, clarinet/bass clarinet, and string quartet by
Alberto Posadas

WDR 1st edit 1st_Edit4416

Tr.,nsito I for soprano and viola

[22:04 - 22:55]

Barely two minutes have passed when the woman's voice calls out... and the viola quietly echoes the call - the voice woven into it, almost unrecognizable... but whose voice is it actually? ... At the beginning, the call is answered by the same call, but played backwards, like a tape running backwards, but created by both together. voice and viola, now enriched with a wealth of additional tonal elements. In the voice, I no longer hear only sounds, but something like syllables or words in a foreign language, which are, so to speak, newly composed from the elements, the sound elements we already know, the original material.

I have the following image in mind, which we have often observed in nature. It is like when you place a stone in calm, flowing water, a quiet, shallow stream, which divides the flow of the water into two arms, or halves, which flow past the stone on the left and right and reunite behind it. But right there, in the shadow of this stone, the water becomes turbulent and eddies and a multitude of other patterns emerge that were not there before, and which reinforce and amplify each other, or even cancel each other out and develop negative dynamics, or calm down, according to laws that are not immediately apparent, but obviously lie in the nature of flow and water. As I mentioned earlier, this spectacle of eddies and patterns is most fascinating on cloudless days when the sunlight shines through the canopy of trees and touches this stream with its fingers. Then these eddies act like

photographic lenses or prisms that bundle and scatter the light, fanning it out into its colors, but at the same time reflecting, enlarging, and distorting it, partly on the surface of the water (which also depends on the angle of view of the observer), and partly as a projection on the bottom of the stream, on the pebbles, which are themselves colorful and shimmer on their surfaces from the spectacle of light and water above them.

Music 07:

Sombras - for voice, clarinet/bass clarinet, and string quartet by
Alberto Posadas

WDR 1st edit 1st_Edit4416

Tr.,nsito I for soprano and viola

[20:36 - 27:00]

I hear you clearly, your voice inside me, as you say, as you object that the way I presented and analyzed this musical work, the excerpt from it, the second part of *Shadows* - Sombras by Alberto Posadas - you could agree with me that in its internal relationship, its structure, there is something that corresponds to my thesis of a fluid boundary between you and me, between subject and object, observer and observed. Yes, one could understand this music in such a way that the voices of the viola and the singer are interwoven, sometimes sounding deceptively similar in identity, and thus blurring the boundaries of their individual identities - and as a result, creating the impression of a shimmering and flickering that can perhaps also be observed at the edge of any shadow on closer inspection, but - would you say - it can be observed above all as a special characteristic of an object that casts a shadow, as a special characteristic evoked by a musical work, whose shadows or echoes, incidentally, are also designed by musical means, i.e., compositionally, in such a way that they begin to shimmer in this manner, which is by no means due to their physical properties, but

rather to their artistic, compositional designs. The artist, the composer Alberto Posadas, wanted to evoke this effect in one way or another. That is why he gave his musical object this form, which can be viewed like a sculpture made of sounds, like a picture hanging on the wall.

Firstly, I would counter this objection by saying that music which, as you say, responds in this way to the call of the composer who evoked or brought about its effect, is music that contains this call within itself, conceals it and at the same time unfolds it, it alone, from within itself, a magical process, as it were, in which the music acts in its own subjectivity, as the called, concealing and unfolding the call within itself, since this effect is not the effect of the composer, but the effect of the music. It is the music that expresses itselfò it is not the composer expressing himself.

But you would dismiss this response as mere wordplay and ask meò I hear the sound of your voice: somewhat threatening, mocking, andò I hear this undertone too: somewhat insultingò you would ask me to provide more valid or, indeed, any valid arguments at all.

Yes, I would answer, and I would consciously moderate the tone of my voice to avoid your mockery and take the wind out of its sails. Yes, I would say, we, I would emphasize, we must not forget that listening to musical works is accompanied by thinking about these musical works. The crucial question is whether this involves thinking about these works or our thinking about these works. Thinking does not mean that the subject places an object in front of them, which they then examine and evaluate⁶. It would be as if I were to place you in front of me in my thoughts in order to examine and evaluate youò to remember youò to look at you. Thinking is what is found only in what it thinks. When I think of you, I find myself in what I think, that is, in my thoughts of you. For Descartesò who is probably the first name that comes to mind when we think of thinkingò thinking is everything that takes place in such a way that I find or touch myself while simultaneously approaching something, an idea, a perception, or a feeling. Thinking is not only within itself, but at the same time it

⁶ See footnote 3.

finds itself in the object it thinks. I find myself in you by thinking of you. This is what causes ego sum - I am - to be equated with cogito - I think: far from establishing a subject of knowledge, this thinking of sum has access to a being that gives itself or finds itself by endlessly veiling and withdrawing itself in every thing in the world. Isn't it beautiful, and doesn't this idea border on the miraculous, that I endlessly conceal and withdraw myself in you - as in every thing in the world. That I conceal myself in you with you, that you are my shell, my garment, that you shelter and hide me in my thinking of you and with you, and that I am safe in you, but also hidden, at once withdrawn from you in you and withdrawn from you in me, because in thinking of you I withdraw from you and reveal myself, so that in thinking of you I find and touch you in you. Therefore, the evidence of this ego, as one can imagine, I would continue with my response, and would continue to consciously moderate the sound of my voice so as not to fall into the sound of your voice, its mockery, the evidence of this ego is therefore identical with its concealment, it too, this ego or she, the res cogitans retreats into its or her nakedness. And this nakedness is not the result of an action - you undress yourself of your dress, in which I reveal and withdraw myself, thinking of you - but I mean, this nakedness is the action itself, the action of undressing.

The falling of your dress is like my thinking my thinking falls with your dress the fall of my thinking is what I think when I think of that moment when your dress falls and I say my thinking is a grave in which thinking withdraws and exposes itself in the desire to touch what your fallen dress clothes in thinking I say my thinking touches the withdrawnness of thinking one would have to touch that in the nakedness of thought fallen into the withdrawal of thought one would have to touch that in the nakedness of thought fallen into the withdrawal of thought one would have to think in a thought that is stripped of all thought⁷.

⁷ See footnote 3, Jean-Luc Nancy quoted on p. 9 Christian Prigent, *Le Professeur*, Romainvillier 1999 – and this quote is paraphrased here with slight modifications.

Music 8:

Sombras - for voice, clarinet/bass clarinet, and string quartet by
Alberto Posadas

WDR 1st edit 1st_Edit4416

Tr.,nsito II for soprano and clarinet

[51:05 - 58:00]

In the second transito, the transition from the third to the fifth part of his *î Sombrasî* - his shadows - Alberto Posadas has composed the gradual disappearance of the female voice, which here performs in concert with a clarinet, heard for the first time in this part. In the first part, a string quartet plays; in the second part, a female voice and viola; in the third, a string quartet with a female voice; in the fourth part, the female voice disappears and a clarinet is added; and in the fifth part, the string quartet and clarinet play together. When I think now of the singer leaving the stage at the end of this second Transito, the end of her transition, slowly striding through the nave and disappearing into the background, I am reminded of a butterfly, our butterfly, sitting on a stone in the late autumn of its life and drying up. A wind blows over it, a breath of wind, scattering the scales of its wings like dust. You have tears in your eyes, my love. But it is not a sad story, for in the yellow, almost golden light of the evening, the colors of the wings shine like opals, more magnificent than ever before. Nothing is made to last forever. Not even music. Music dies when it is born⁸. The butterfly, too, is only shedding its dress, just as it did the first time it slipped out of its cocoon, undressing itself to become a butterfly, which was previously a caterpillar. The second emergence in late autumn takes the final form of dust in the wind, the shape of a fleeting sound, barely audible and so fleeting that it could also be an ingredient of our memory, for the butterfly is our history. So when I think of nakedness, of your dress falling, then I think of

⁸ In a conversation with Wolfgang Rihm in Karlsruhe in 1988, he quoted Friedrich Nietzsche with this phrase, which I have not been able to find anywhere else.

that... the form of that sound, its fleetingnessò the decayò the falling of decayò the undressing. In the end, there is nothing left to see. But nudity is not without the dress that reveals it, yet in revealing itself, it hides, even if it hides and withdraws most clearly, most radically, if you will, in nothingness, in the unthinkable of the dust blown away. In the sound of the gently caressing wind, the breath of a breeze.

Nudity is never a goal or an end, a conclusion, but on the contrary, access to infinity⁹. For the dress that is taken off, that of the butterfly or yours, does not reveal your body, but instantly withdraws it into the mystery of an intimacy that presents itself as infinite. Infinitely close and devoted to my desire to touch her, but in this way also infinitely withdrawn and always yet to be reached. Your fallen dress hints that touching nudity is always more and different than reaching it: nudity always retreats further than any exposure, and in this very way it is nudity. It is not a state, but a movement, and indeed the most vivid of all movementsò vivid until death, the ultimate nakedness¹⁰.

[Ü]

Your butterfly

[Ü]

Postscriptò a few more thoughts:

Ü

Like the life of a butterfly, Alberto Posadas has shaped all five parts of his cycle of works Sombras - Shadows, but it is not just about pupation and undressing and rebirth as a caterpillar, as a butterfly, as dust, but about a continuous flow of metamorphosis, a morphogenesis that rhizomatically produces the growth of a next, different form from the growth of one form, always in its infancy. In the shadow of one form, in its aftermath, eddies or turbulences arise, which in turn are the seeds, the germ cells for the unfolding of new forms. Alberto Posadas composes these formative processes with mathematical precision. A precision or mathematical virtuosity that he has gleaned

⁹ See footnote 3

¹⁰ See footnote 3

from nature. Mathematics is the language of nature; nature is written in a mathematical language, something like that¹¹. In any case, mathematical models can be used to describe formative and growth processes that at first glance appear rather chaotic. How does a seed become a tree, how does an egg cell become an embryo and a human being, how can the flickering at the edges of almost all shadows be described and explained, how can the eddies and whirlpools in a stream be explained? With the help of such mathematical models, he builds the foundation, the skeleton, so to speak, of his musical bodies, his sound bodies, musical structures that behave like natural bodies precisely because of this background. Mathematics is not a contradiction or the opposite of nature or naturalness, but rather the other way around: the nature of mathematics is inscribed in the core of its being and vice versa. If there is a creator behind the creation of nature, he must have been a brilliant mathematician. The beauty of a tree is not diminished when I consider the abundance of processes that can be described with mathematical models that are responsible for its creation and vitality; without them, the tree would not be able to exist - and the sheer amazement, the fascination that something like a tree can exist at all, increases rather than decreases as a result. The miracle of creation is no less a fascinating mystery. And because Alberto Posadas' compositions behave like natural bodies, it is all the easier for us to surrender ourselves to them as we listen, because we trust their flow, because we believe we already know or can guess their progression, without knowing in detail how this music is made, without knowing how much mathematics is hidden behind the dress of music, its sounds and structures, or, in other words, perhaps mathematics is not the dress behind which the music hides, or whether the falling of the dress, this sound, follows mathematical rules that have nothing to do with the nakedness that appears behind it, or whether, to put it another way, with the falling of the dress, precisely those hidden mathematical models appear as the nakedness of music, or music as the nakedness of mathematics - all this is just said for the sake of argument, the decisive thing is: we let ourselves fall, we enter

¹¹ After a conversation with Alberto Posadas, Bamberg 2014. Posadas quotes a statement by Galileo Galilei.

a state of self-forgetfulness, a gentle slumber that carries us away from ourselves and with the music. A state that we can only describe as happy - the happiness of being outside ourselves. And this happiness also occurs when Alberto Posadas bases the third part of his cycle on a text by Emil Michel Cioran, which the singer recites in the original Romanian and which - as paradoxical as it may sound - illuminates the darkest sides of the shadowy: But where there are shadows, there must also be light - this can be studied in a wonderful way in the last painting Rafael left behind, which I would like to place alongside Cioran's text; for me, the two belong together like inhaling and exhaling. It is the Transfiguration of Christ, a painting based on a short chapter from the Gospel of Matthew. On the one hand, it tells of the Transfiguration of Christ, his being outside of himself, which is at the same time a form of coming to himself, the transfiguration from his human to a divine being, and on the other hand, this chapter tells of the healing of a possessed boy. Vasari noticed in his first description of this painting that both stories belong together, like one mirror image to another, that in the boy's possession the transfiguration and in the transfiguration the possession touch and recognize each other. The highest, the divine, finds and recognizes itself in the lowest, the most deeply human, which evokes our compassion. Jesus' words: "Whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers and sisters of mine, you did for me" - therefore have not only a social but above all a theosophical aspect. Vasari writes: "The transfigured Christ is on Mount Tabor, at the foot of which the eleven apostles await him. A possessed boy has been brought there so that Christ may descend and free him. His contorted posture, his cries, his distorted face with its rolled eyes testify to the presence of the spirit of evil in his flesh, his blood, his breath: pale, he makes a gesture of fear. An old man supports him, holding him in his arms and encouraging him; his wide-open eyes, raised eyebrows, and furrowed brow show a mixture of determination and fear. He looks intently at the apostles, hoping to find strength in their faces. A kneeling woman, the main figure in the painting, turns toward them, her arms outstretched toward the possessed man to draw their attention to his misery. The apostles,

standing, sitting, or kneeling, show infinite compassion in the face of such suffering."¹²

[Ü]

So much for Vasari. Now to Emil Michel Cioran, *The Temptation of Shadows* from *The Book of Delusions*, the very text that Alberto Posadas set to music in the middle section of his cycle *Sombras - Shadows*¹³: "Great is your temptation, O shadows, mighty is the temptation of time. Enchanting and sad is your music. As the sounds of things, you have enveloped my being in order to unveil it in the music of shadows. Great is your temptation, comprehensive your charm, that I forgot the taste of being in your sound. I want to be naked, poor, and beggarly for you; I will sacrifice the fortune of my solitude to your fleeting charms. To become the prey in time and the prey of time. But can he who is touched by eternity live without time? Sick because of the standing moments, I stretch out my arms to you: O fleeting shadows, exhaust me with your dance, rob me of my longing for immortality, dry up my veins in your confusion, fray the pure scents of my soul. And let time suck the blood from me, that eternity may embrace me whole! ... And you who are frightened by a world of shadows, weary of the struggle in and around appearances, do you forget that light is no less fleeting? Why the reluctance to fight in a world of shadows? We live in them, so let us die for them! If life has no meaning, why not sacrifice ourselves for nothing? I know of no more wondrous magic than to hide one's passion in such a world, to attain freedom in the cult of sensory emptiness, to consume oneself pointlessly in fire. Outbursts of passion in a haunted world! Let us stretch our inner strings to unleash ourselves in the play of light and shadow, bewitched by the mystery of the former and the sparkle of the latter. But let the trembling of the sparkle in the final hour be the unease about the presence of the mysteries. Eternity will not devour us

¹² Renaissance Artists – Biographies of Distinguished Italian Architects, Painters, and Sculptors – with a foreword by Ernst Jaffé and translated by Schorn and Förster, Nikol Verlagsgesellschaft, Hamburg 2010 – quoted from an essay by Heinrich Assel on Franz Rosenzweig, *Stern der Erlösung* (Star of Redemption).

¹³ See note 5, p. 53 – E.M. Cioran, *The Book of Delusions*, Suhrkamp Frankfurt a.M. 1990. p. 116 ff. – Cartea amagirilor, Bucharest 1936

before we are completely possessed by shadows. They will saturate our souls with music longing for sparkle, no longer living in the white and monotonous light of the afterlife.ï

Music 9:

Sombras - for voice, clarinet/bass clarinet, and string quartet by Alberto Posadas

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La tentacion de las sombras for soprano and string quartet

[approx. 45:00 - 51:05]

Author:

You heard î Transfiguration of the Bodyï - from a letter by my grandfather by Uli Aumÿller with quotations from texts by Giorgio Agamben, Heinrich Assel, George Bataille, Albert Camus, Michel Cioran, Jacques Derrida, Renÿ Descartes, Galileo Galilei, Martin Heidegger, Jean-Luc Nancy, Friedrich Nietzsche, Alberto Posadas, Christian Prigent, and Giorgio Vasari

Narrator: Andrÿ Jung

Performed by the Diotima Quartet with YunPeng Zhao and Guillaume Latour, violin, Frank Chevalier, viola, and Pierre Morlet, cello, as well as Sarah Maria Sun, soprano, and Carl Rosman, clarinet

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Dedicated to Ulrich Ritter