



BACH & KURTÁG

ONDULATION

PEDRO MATEO GONZÁLEZ



SUPER AUDIO CD

eudora

02
03



ONDULATIONS

SEBASTIÁN WISE

Poco staccato

Bach growls. It is a quick gesture, concise. He growls. In Kothén's court, in Leipzig. Surrounded by accomplished musicians or scatterbrained students. He listens, writes, and growls. Flocks of scores shoot off his desk, drawing arches in the air, encircling him like lurking white birds, the smell of coffee and tobacco in the air. The fireplace crepitates and inspires him to include a passage of pizzicato notes. He smiles, barely satisfied, before he growls again. One could say his entire music is an endless necklace of growls.

02
03

Aria of the metamorphosis

He writes now. The cobweb that stretches from the cupboard to the foot of the *Lautenwerk*, soft and crystalline gauze, throbs like a pond of needles, breaths weightlessly, until the sun sets and Bach loses his lines. Someone will light a candle and will cautiously walk away. The master

detaches his gaze and thinks of weaving, spinning and spinning voices that knot each other, becoming closer or dispersing, whether the sun or the shadows prevail, until they form a paper sackcloth that covers the body and its destiny on Earth. This is how in distant Budapest, Mr. and Mrs. Kurtág's arms and hands will perform, becoming one in order to go, with unimaginable candour, through the labyrinths drawn by the *Kapellmeister* three centuries before. The camera records the scene as the two transform into a two-headed creature which, swept away by the music, places its arachnid extremities on the pearlescent canvas of the keyboard. Soft and weightless.

Nordic üzenetek

04
05

The cold hits the musician who, embracing his guitar, fills the air of the convent of San Francisco with preludes. Outside, the pandemic does not lessen the unwelcoming atmosphere. All appears deprived of human presence; birds take possession of the place; trees creak without being heard. Indoors, *allemandes* follow one another, a fugue, now and then, *sarabande* rumors that abandon themselves to a slow dance, numb and sharpened by the cold that lingers on their echoes. During Bach's life time, the dismembering of the *Eddas* - a masterpiece of medieval nordic poetry - was often told. Its parchment folds had been transformed into warm clothing by the dispossessed inhabitants of Iceland. Due to the cold, they were no longer legible so they became garments, written skin against frosted skin, verses versus body hair. Colourful ink over sores and calluses. Queequeg went even further. The infernal head-seller, a native of the Southern Seas and illustrious harpooner of the Pequod who, as told in *Moby Dick*,

had concocted a whole theory of the heavens and earth, as well as a mystic treatise on the path to Truth that was tattooed on his entire anatomy. A web of hieroglyphics which the sailor could not decipher, and would, irredeemably, take it to his grave. Thus, the suites and partitas, such as the Eddas, lovingly engraved under the skin, in a single volume, would remain forever undeciphered.

Danse macabre

Bach listens. The Gran San Antonio ship had taken the outbreak to Marseille harbour. The plague was devastating. There was no more room for the bodies in the hospitals and they were piled up on the streets. He was full of fear. That summer of 1720, he had left Maria Barbara alone in Köthen, in charge of the children, while he accompanied with music the duke's tedium at Karlsbad. Apparently, the variant of the epidemic had traveled in bundles of cotton and fine silk. Soon, the fabrics passed from hand to hand, from breath to breath, body over body, and the Marseillaise population descended into pestilent chaos and the dance of death. Bach felt a stabbing in his chest. The morning breeze blew softly over Karlsbad and several chords suddenly filled his mind; a choral music/tune, familiar and constant, that came and went, doleful and dynamic, *Meine Tage in dem Leide*... It was the *ciaccona*, identified at last, which he had composed some years ago in Arnstadt to conclude one of his cantatas. For a while it resonated in his head, day and night, in the wild calm of the resort, without realizing the reason why that obstinate reminiscence transformed his heart into a tremulous and disconsolate fruit.

06
07



ONDULACIONES

SEBASTIÁN WISE

Poco staccato

Bach gruñe. Es un gesto rápido, conciso. Gruñe. En la corte de Kothën, en la ciudad de Leipzig. Rodeado de músicos competentes o de atolondrados estudiantes. Escucha, escribe y gruñe. Bandadas de partituras salen despedidas de su escritorio, trazando arcos en el aire, y lo rodean como blancas aves merodeadoras, acompañando al olor del café y el tabaco. El fuego de la estufa crepita y le anima a incluir un pasaje de notas picadas. Sonríe, apenas satisfecho, antes de volver a gruñir. Diríase que su música toda es un interminable collar de gruñidos.

06
07

Aria de la metamorfosis

Ahora escribe. La telaraña que va del armario al pie del *Lautenwerk*, suave cendal cristalino que late como un agua de alfileres, titila ingrávida, hasta que el sol se esconde y Bach pierde las líneas. Alguien encenderá una vela y se retirará cauteloso. El maestro desconecta su

mirada y piensa en tejer, en hilar y rehilar voces que se anudan, se acercan o se dispersan, haya sol o prevalezca la tiniebla, hasta formar un halda de papel que cubra el cuerpo y su destino en la tierra. Así obrarán los brazos y las manos del Sr. y la Sra. Kurtág, en la lejana Budapest, haciéndose uno para recorrer, con inimaginable candor, los laberintos trazados hace tres siglos por el *Kapellmeister*. La cámara los graba convertidos en un animal de dos cabezas que, arrastrado por la música, posa sus extremos arácnidos sobre la tela perlada del teclado. Suaves ellos, ingrátidos también.

Nordic üzenetek

El frío maltrata al músico que, abrazado a su guitarra, llena de preludios el aire del convento abulense de San Francisco. Afuera, la pandemia no hace menos inhóspito el ambiente. Todo aparece desocupado de presencia humana, los pájaros se adueñan del espacio, los árboles crujen sin ser escuchados. Adentro, se suceden las alemandas, alguna fuga, rumores de sarabandas que se dejan danzar lentas y ateridas, afiladas por el frío que dura en los ecos. En tiempos de Bach, se contaba el suceso del desmembramiento de las *Eddas* -obra cumbre de la poesía nórdica del medioevo-, cuyos pliegos de pergamino fueron convertidos en ropa de abrigo por los desguarnecidos habitantes de Islandia. Por el frío dejaron de ser legibles para devenir vestimenta, piel escrita contra piel helada, versos contra vello, tinta colorida sobre callos y llagas. Aún más lejos llegó Queequeg, el infernal vendedor de cabezas, nativo de los Mares del Sur, célebre arponero del Pequod que, como se cuenta en *Moby-dick*,

llevaba una teoría completa de los cielos y de la tierra, y un tratado místico acerca de la manera de encontrar la verdad, tatuados por entero en su cuerpo. Una red de jeroglíficos que el marinero no podía leer y que irremediablemente se llevaría a la tumba. Así las suites y las partitas, así las *Eddas*, inscritas amorosamente bajo la piel, en un sólo volumen, indescifradas para siempre.

Danza macabra

Bach escucha. El barco Gran San Antonio había llevado el brote al puerto de Marsella. La epidemia estaba siendo devastadora. Los cuerpos no cabían ya en las enfermerías y formaban montones en las calles. Sintió miedo. Aquel verano de 1720, había dejado a María Barbara sola en Köthen, al cuidado de los niños, mientras él le ponía música al tedio del duque en el balneario de Karlsbad. Al parecer, la cepa había viajado en fardos de algodón y finas sedas. Pronto pasaron los tejidos de mano en mano, de aliento en aliento, cuerpo sobre cuerpo, y la población marsellesa devino en caos pestilente y danza de muerte. Bach sintió una punzada en el pecho. La brisa de la mañana soplaba suave en Karlsbad y unos acordes ocuparon, de improviso, su mente; una música coral, familiar y repetitiva, iba y volvía, lastimosa y enérgica, ya develada, *Meine Tage in dem Leide...* Era la *ciaccona*, al fin reconocida, que había compuesto hace algunos años en Arnstadt, para cerrar una de sus cantatas. Por un tiempo sonó aún en su cabeza, de día y de noche, en la agreste calma del balneario, sin que supiera la razón por la cual aquella terca reminiscencia hacía de su corazón un fruto tembloroso y desconsolado.

RECORDING DATA

Recording: November 11-13, 2020 at Auditorio de San Francisco, Ávila, Spain

Guitar: Paco Santiago Marín, Knobloch strings

Producer and recording engineer: Gonzalo Noqué

Equipment: Gefell M296 (Rens Heijnis modified) & Schoeps microphones;
Merging Horus microphone preamplifier and AD/DA converter; Pyramix
Workstation; Sennheiser headphones; Dutch & Dutch 8c speakers

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This SACD was recorded using the DSD (Direct Stream Digital™) recording system. There are three programs contained in this SACD: the first is a standard CD stereo version that will play on any device that will play a CD, and that any CD player will simply find and play. The second and third versions are high definition DSD stereo and surround (5.0) versions that can only be played on an SACD player, which must be instructed as to which program you wish to play. MQA-CD plays back on all CD players. When a conventional CD player is connected to an MQA-enabled device, the CD will reveal the original master quality.

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J.S. BACH (1685-1750): *Suite in C minor, BWV 997*

01	I. Prelude	3:23
02	II. Fuga	7:24
03	III. Sarabande	4:58
04	IV. Gigue & Double	3:59

INTERLUDE I

G. KURTÁG (1926): *From Darabok a Gitáriskolának (1976)**

05	Hullámzas – Ondulation	0:30
06	Parlando	0:21

J.S. BACH: *Suite in G major, BWV 1007*

07	I. Prelude	2:45
08	II. Allemande	4:30
09	III. Courante	2:30
10	IV. Sarabande	2:30
11	V. Menuets I & II	3:19
12	VI. Gigue	1:56

INTERLUDE II

G. KURTÁG: *From Darabok a Gitáriskolának**

13	Cantabile	0:20
14	[Without indication]	1:02

J.S. BACH: *Partita in D minor, BWV 1004*

15	I. Allemanda	4:54
16	II. Corrente	2:40
17	III. Sarabanda	3:53
18	IV. Giga	5:02
19	V. Ciaccona	13:02

TOTAL TIME

69:09

*First recording