

GROW

vol. 3 Mai-Oct

Mothertongue
Upcoming commission
Crossword
And more!



Hi lovely people, putting together the
program for mothertongue and considering
these works has put us in quite an
introspective mood.

The importance of the poetry in these
works cannot be understated.

The pieces encourage contemplation on
the passage of time, from birth to
death, and the impermanence of
everything.

The religious convictions that gave Bach
his mystic inspiration have
metamorphosised into a worldly
spiritualism. We can sing in devotion to
the earth itself and the wonders of the
natural world.

Much love. GROW

Earth. Nothing more.

Earth. Nothing less.

And let that be enough for you.

Pedro Salinas

William Shakespeare: Sonnet 64

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare,
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

"I was inspired to write this work after discovering this moving sonnet that talks about in impermanence of all life, both natural and human. In these few lines, the whole story of life and death is expressed. and in the music, I tried to reflect this kind of impermanence and fragility and limited time of life." JK. Nelson

mp
C.Ten. *seen*

Vln. I *p*

Vln. II *p*

Vla. *p*

Vc. *p*
223



C.Ten.

Vln. I *f*

Vln. II *f*

Vla. *f*

Vc. *f*
226

C.Ten. *f*
of out worn bu - ried age;

Vln. I *mf* *mp* *cresc.* *f* *pp* *f*

Vln. II *mf* *mp* *cresc.* *f* *pp* *f*

Vla. *mf* *mp* *cresc.* *f* *pp* *f*

Vc. *mf* *mp* *cresc.* *f* *pp* *f*
228

♩ = 58 "Calm and reflective"

mp

CTen. *mp*
The rich proud cost of out - worn

senza sordino

Vln. I *pp*
senza sordino

Vln. II *pp*
senza sordino

Vla. *pp*
senza sordino

Vc. *pp*

231

mp

CTen. *mp*
bu med

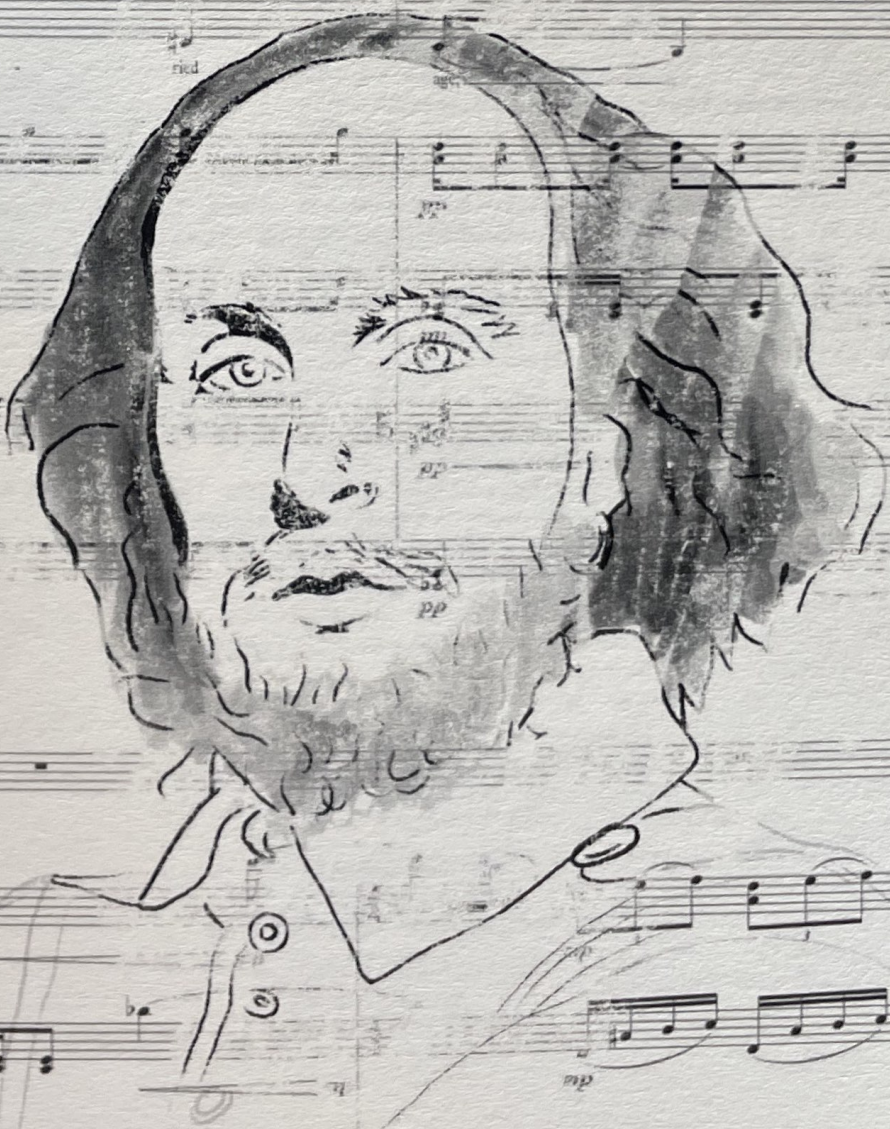
Vln. I *pp*

Vln. II *pp*

Vla. *pp*

Vc. *pp*

234



CTen.

Vln. I *pp*

Vln. II *pp*

Vla. *pp*

Vc. *mp*

236

GROW Quartet presents:

"Endangered Animals of Germany"

#1 the Eurasian Otter

In the 19th century the Eurasian otter was hunted to extinction in Germany. But there is good news! Thanks to recent conservation efforts German otter populations have rebounded.

The main threat to these adorable animals is the acidification of European river systems.

Diet: Eurasian otters are carnivorous and primarily eat fish, but they also consume other aquatic animals such as crustaceans, amphibians, and small mammals.

Hunting: Eurasian otters hunt using their excellent swimming skills and their sensitive whiskers, which help them detect prey underwater.

Territory: Eurasian otters have large territories that can range from a few miles to over 20 miles along the rivers and coastlines they inhabit.

Adaptations: Eurasian otters have a number of adaptations that allow them to thrive in aquatic environments, such as webbed feet, a streamlined body, and a long tail that helps with balance.

Communication: Eurasian otters use a variety of sounds to communicate with each other, including whistles, chirps, and growls.

Mating: Eurasian otters mate in the water, and females give birth to litters of 1-4 pups.

Parenting: Female Eurasian otters are the primary caregivers for their offspring, and they teach their young how to swim and hunt.

Lifespan: Eurasian otters can live up to 10-12 years in the wild.

Conservation: The Eurasian otter is considered a near-threatened species due to habitat loss, pollution, and overfishing.



I
Hace frío en la vasta y desabrigada carnicería del cielo,
un sufrimiento ausente y desprotegido,
el peso enorme de nubes y de ráfagas,
hecho jirones el paisaje asolado,
hecho jirones a campo traviesa.

Por los desabrigados campos,
el baile todo de sargazos y voces excluidas,
ahogos y murmullos del ahogo.

En el pantano negro y estancado que no refleja nada,
desierto y aterido como pálido piso que nadie viera,
que nadie recorriera paso a paso,
en un desliz sobre ese mármol negro,
sin una voz, sin una condolencia,
pasa la luna,
inquieta.

Como una incandescencia la luna mira,
Como un encantamiento la luna manda,
Como una inusitada cenicienta huye la luna.
Ronda el viento, ronda el hado.

La noche fija sus atónitos ojos azulados en tanto cielo extenso.

Allá tan lejos, la luna vaga en brama, a la deriva.

A su merced las aguas y la vida.

II

A los lunáticos
hay que encerrarlos siempre en estos días,
los candados que pesen y ni un solo visillo para la luz,
lunar alucinante,

a los lunáticos,
que el corazón les come el alma en estas noches,
aunque haya nubes,
aunque haya cielo bajo y enterrado, encapotado en sí, a
los lunáticos
hay que vaciarles ojos y lengua para que no se ahoguen y se hundan,

para que no
se vayan

como una láctea vía que fuera luz y huella,
como si la saliva les huyera,
como si en ellos en ella fueran y en esta vista despavorida,
a los lunáticos, ay,
habría que acompañarlos de la mano
para que no se pierdan y se ofusquen,
ay, a los lunáticos.

III

La luna va tan ella
consigo misma
que no se acuerda.

La luna va redonda,
sería una suerte
que no se hunda.

La luna se ha saltado,
baila la luna
sola en el prado.

I
It is cold in the vast and unprotected slaughter-house of the heavens,
a suffering that is remote and without defences,
the enormous weight of clouds, of squalls and gales,
torn into tatters a landscape laid waste,
torn into tatters across the country.

Over the unprotected fields,
the dance is all of kelp and seaweed and of excluded voices,
of drownings and murmurings of drowning.

Out in the marsh that's black and still and stagnant, where nothing
is reflected,
deserted and benumbed like a pallid cloth that no one may see,
that no one will wander over footstep by footstep,
in a slithering slide across that black marble,
without any voice, or any condolence,
the moon passes by,
disquiet.

Like an incandescence the moon is staring,
like an enchantment the moon holds sway,
like an unwonted Cinderella the moon runs away.
The wind is patrolling, fate is patrolling.

The night fixes its bluish, astonished eyes at so great a span of
sky.
Away, far off, the moon goes wandering, in rut, and adrift.

At her mercy the waters and life.

II

As for the moonstruck,
they must be always locked up on these days,
let padlocks be heavy and not a single net curtain for the moon's
illusive light,

for the moonstruck,
whose heart devours their spirit on these nights,
though there may be clouds,
though the sky may lower, overcast, muffled up in itself, the
moonstruck
must have their eyes gouged and tongue torn out so that they do
not drown, confounded,
so that they do not
wander off

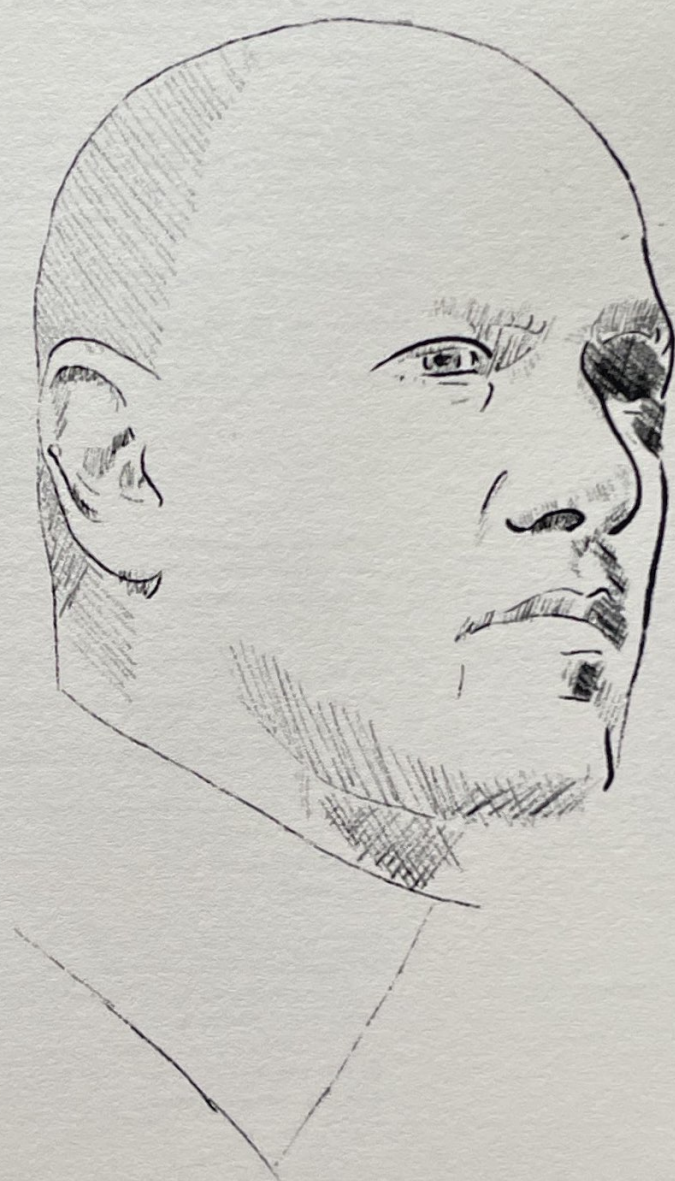
like a milky way that might be light and footprint,
as though their saliva might flee from them,
as though they were within her and in that terrifying light,
as for the moonstruck, oh,
they should be led by the hand
so that they do not get lost or be blinded,
alas, the poor moonstruck.

III

The moon goes so much herself
with her very own self
that she does not remember.

The moon goes rounded,
it would be a piece of luck
for her not to founder.

The moon has broken free,
the moon is dancing
by herself in the meadow.



Der in Israel geborene Altus Zvi Emanuel-Marial ist ein gern gesehener Gast bei den Salzburger Festspielen und auf den Bühnen der Berliner Staatsoper, der Staatsoper Nürnberg, der Oper Bonn, des Nationaltheaters Mannheim, des Staatstheaters Darmstadt, der Staatsoper Braunschweig, der Oper Amsterdam, des Staatstheaters Mainz und der Stadttheater Freiburg u.a

In der letzten Saison gab er den Arsamene in Händels „Serse“ an der Nürnberger Staatsoper und an der Oper Bonn, den Countertenor Nr.1 in Aribert Reimanns „L'invisible“ am Staatstheater Braunschweig und die männliche Hauptrolle des König Tamasse in J. C. Bach Oper „Zanaida“ am Staatstheater Mainz. 2022 verkörperte Zvi Emanuel-Marial die Hauptrolle der UA „The Folly“ am Stadttheater Freiburg.

Im Konzertfach tritt Zvi Emanuel-Marial regelmäßig mit dem legendären Organisten Matthias Eisenberg auf (Soloprogramme und oratorische Werke wie Händel Messias, sowie Solokantaten, Motetten, die Passionen und das Weihnachtsoratorium von J. S. Bach).

Zvi Emanuel Marial hat exklusiv für das Label THOROFON (im weltweiten Vertrieb von NAXOS) Schuberts „Winterreise“ auf CD eingespielt und erregte großes internationales Aufsehen. Dies ist weltweit die erste Aufnahme dieses Meisterwerkes durch einen Countertenor.

Sein zweites Soloalbum „Kings, Princes & Heroes“ zusammen mit dem Konzerthaus Kammerorchester Berlin (Dramatische Opernarien von Händel, Gluck und Mozart) ist bei demselben Label erschienen.

Zvi Emanuel-Marial war Stipendiat der America-Israel Cultural Foundation und der Bayreuther Festspiele.

Canciones L

32 *mf* *port.*

Ct. mien - to a - u - san - te

col legno *mf* *pizz.* *arco* *gliss.* *pp*

Vln. I *mf* *pizz.* *arco* *gliss.* *pp*

Vln. II *mf* *pizz.* *arco* *gliss.* *pp*

Vla. *mf* *pizz.* *arco* *gliss.* *pp*

Vc. *mf* *p* *ppp* *mp*

Tonloss *s.p.* *s.t.* *s.p.* *s.t.*

mf *ppp* *pp*

lo un su-fri

pp *mf* *mf* *mf* *col legno bat.*

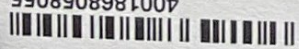
unaticas

des *s.p.* *s.l.* *s.p.* *s.p.* *mp* *pp* *p* *pp* *p* *pp*



Lubi Barre, born in Paris, France, is a writer of poetry and short stories. She published in the anthology "My Old Man" at

Cannongate Books, the German language collection "Here and There" at Punktum Verlag as well as in the anthology Kontinentaldrift-Das Schwarze Europa by Wunderhorn Verlag. She is the co-organizer of the independent reading series AHAB, founder of Sprachlos series, and a member of the Residency Writers Room. From 2017-2020 she was co-organizer and co-moderator of the reading series Hafenlesung as well as the 2020 and 2021 literary curator of the Fluctoplasma festival in Hamburg. She has received numerous grants for writing and curation and in addition teaches creative writing seminars.



Coriander

I have a language for her story and her childhood, her memories clear and hearable. She walks on her family farm, under the banana trees and watchful eyes, sandaled feet and perceptive. She is looking for a particular green herb that stains her fingers with a trail. She knows now what she plucked from those plants those years ago has a name; coriander.

My childhood began years after my birth, in a language once removed from my Mother tongue, as if I needed a buffer to my found language, to finding me.

My memories began in a foreign language because I wrote myself into existence. The witnesses to my young life story were busy with others, too many off-spring to remember my first words, my attempts to reveal my personality complexly.

I cannot hear myself as a seven year old, under the tamarind trees baked brown by the Eastern sun, those lonely moments where I ate eggs with lemon. What did I speak to myself about in my Mother tongue? My inherited tongue? My conditioned tongue?

Muted, my remembrance relies on scenes, handicapped to fleeting residues of pictures. There's a trip to the weekend home, lush in greenery, I see myself toeing the edge of the crumbling concrete, looking down at my possible demise, the beige river concealing crocodiles often talked about.

My oral history stays silent as I am surrounded by the chaos of children. I am speaking my buffer language, lost in the vastness of social isolation on the ochre school grounds, pleading with the mother of my Mother tongue to find me another school, another education, another language.

To the school where my chosen tongue resides, my brothers bring it home with them like an infection, the ease of a disease that knows it's here to stay. Dynamic, it taunts me with the joy in its fluidity, the flirt in its catchiness, the promise of my self-expression.

I gave birth to myself in a language foreign to my Mother tongue, replacing the tongue from my mother with my own.

And suddenly I have words for that girl, left there on the red clay tennis court, waiting. Who sits under the fragrance of Bougainville and teaches herself to juggle with grey rocks, waiting. Who dreams beyond her homogeneity and weather, waiting.

Interview with Sunita Karki

Nefeli: Good afternoon, thank you for joining us today. Could you please introduce yourself and tell us about your background in music?

Sunita: My pleasure, I am Sunita Karki, a composer from Nepal. I began my musical journey as a child, singing traditional Nepali folk songs with my family. I later studied Western classical music at university and started to experiment with electronic music and soundscapes.

N: That's fascinating! Can you tell us about your latest work, "Plastic Dreams", for string quartet, plastic straws, and dead baby turtles?

S: Yes, the piece is a statement about climate change and the impact it has on our environment. The use of non-reusable plastic straws and the death of baby turtles due to plastic waste is a pressing issue that needs our attention. Through my music, I want to challenge the audience to question whether climate change is real or a hoax.

N: That's a powerful message. You also mentioned that non-reusable plastic straws are not problematic if we dispose of them in space. Can you elaborate on that?

S: Yes, I believe that we should explore space-based waste disposal as a solution to our current environmental crisis. As we continue to consume and discard plastic waste on Earth, our planet is facing a massive environmental disaster. In contrast, space is a vast and unoccupied space where we can dispose of our waste without harming our planet. Of course, this is a long-term solution that requires significant investment and research.

N: That's a fascinating perspective. You also mentioned that you experiment with electronic music and soundscapes. Can you tell us about your creative process and how you incorporate electronic elements into your work?

S: I am always exploring new ways to create music that goes beyond traditional instruments. One of my recent experiments involved using electronic currents in animal corpses to create soundscapes. It was a challenging and emotional process, but it allowed me to explore the concept of life and death through music.

N: Wow, that's a unique approach to music composition. What inspired you to use animal corpses in your work?

S: As a composer, I believe that music has the power to convey emotions and transcend boundaries. By using animal corpses, I wanted to challenge the audience's perception of life and death and evoke a sense of awe and wonder. It was also a way for me to express my concern for the environment and the impact of human activity on animal life.

S: Thank you for sharing your creative process and your perspective on climate change. Your work is thought-provoking and inspiring, and I'm sure it will have a significant impact on the audience.

GROW premieres Sunita's piece in February 2024.

Food for thought: notes from Peter Singer

EXTRACT FROM

Peter Singer
Famine, Affluence and
Morality

"Because giving money is regarded as an act of charity, it is not thought that there is anything wrong with not giving. The charitable person may be praised, but the person who is not charitable is not condemned. People do not feel in any way ashamed or guilty about spending money on new clothes or a new car instead of giving it to famine relief. (Indeed the alternative does not occur to them.) This way of looking at the matter cannot be justified."
P. Singer

The argument:

#1 If it is in our power to prevent something very bad from happening without sacrificing anything of moral significance, then we must, morally, do it.

#2 Hunger, disease and other sources of suffering, disability and death are very bad.

#3 The luxuries, on which we spend money, are not of moral significance.

#4 By donating money to relief agencies (see effective altruism) we could prevent hunger, disease and other sources of suffering.

Therefore, we must, morally, donate the money that we spend on luxuries to relief agencies.

„Denn wiederkommen“

Hans Zender, 1991

A

J=64-68

(stag)

Viol. I⁺

(GriA br.)

1999

Viol. II

Sprecher

Vla.

Vel.

* Do
Scap
Die
d7
2

Viol. I

Viol. II

Spr.

Vla.

Vcl.

-P

c. L. tratto

— 171f

gehen die
Söhne

tychilus gehen die Söhne der Alpen

Über den

f.l.b.
jele

F S P
trattato accord.

c.l.b. (j.)

11

(ab hier: C-Saite
herunterstimmen)

Nah ist
zu fassen der Gott.
Fahrt ist, wächst
Rettende auch.
stern wohnen
und furchtlos gehn
en über den Abgrund weg
baute Brücken.
geschafft sind rings
Zeit, und die Liebsten
en, ermattend auf
testen Bergen,
schuld'g Wasser,
uns, treuesten Sinns
und wiederzukehren.

ich, da entführte
r, denn ich vermutet,
wohin ich nimmer
lacht, ein Genius mich
Kaus. Es dünnerten
icht, da ich ging,
haltige Wald
mächtigen Bäche
wer kannt ich die Länder;
in frischem Glanze,
zinnisvoll
in Rauche, blühte
gezwachsen,
itten der Sonne,
Pfeifen duftend.

und geblendet sucht
esete, denn ungewohnt
en Gassen, wo herab
Amolus fährt
kmüchte Daktol
schot und Messogis,
Blumen der Garten.
uer, aber im Lichte
er silberne Schne,
sterblichen Lebens
ngbaren Wänden
ächst und getragen sind
n, Zedern und Lorbeern,
Eierlichen,
nebauten Paläste.

ber am Asias Fore
nd da und dort
asser Meeresbene
osen Stryfen genug.
ie Inseln der Schiffer.
da ich hörte,
gelegenen eine
Patmos,
gte mich sehr,
ehren und dort
in Grotte zu nahen.
ht, wie Cypros,
Neureiche, oder
undoren eine
rrlich Patmos.

Basistfreundlich aber ist
Im ärmeren Hause
Sie dennoch
Und wenn vom Schiffbruch oder klagend
Um die Heimat oder
Den abgeschiedenen Freund
Ihr naht einer
Der Fremden, hört sie es gern, und ihre Kinder,
Die Stimmen des heißen Hains,
Und wo der Sand fällt, und sich spaltet
Des Feldes Fläche, die Laute,
Sie hören ihn und liebend tönt
Es wider von den Klagen des Monns. So pflegte
Sie einst des gottgelebten
Des Sehers, der in s

Dem Sohne
Es liebt
Des Jüng
Da
Da, bei
Zusamm
Und in
Aussprach

Der
Zu sage

Und der
Wie Feuer im
Zur Seite der

Den
Das Haus und die

Die ahnenden Klänge
Versammelt waren

Ist, da er ab
Noch einmal ihnen er
Denn iltz erlosch der Sonne
Der Königliche, und zerbrach
Den geradestrahlenden,
Den Zepher, göttlichleidend, von selbst,
Denn wiederkommen sollt es,
Zu rechter Zeit. Nicht war es gut
Gewesen, später, und schroffabbrechend, untreu,
Der Menschen Werk, und Freude war es [176]
Von nun an,
Zu wohnen in liebender Nacht, und bewahren
In einsfältigen Augen, unverwandt
Abgründe der Weisheit. Und es grünen
Tief an den Bergen auch lebendige Bilder,

Doch furchtbar ist, wie da und dort
Unendlich hin zerstreut das Lebende Gott.
Denn schon das Angesicht
Der teuren Freunde zu lassen
Und fernhin über die Berge zu gehn
Allein, wo zweifach
Erkannt, einstimmig
War himmlischer Geist, und nicht gewissagt war es, sondern
Die Locken ergriff es, gegenwärtig,
Wenn ihnen plötzlich
Fernatend zurück blickte
Der Gott und schwörend,
Damit er halte, wie an Seiden golden
Gebunden hinfört
Das Böse nennend, sie die Hände sich reichten -

Wenn aber stirbt absdenn,
n dem am meisten
ing, daß an der Gestalt
Kimmlichen gedeutet
isel ewig füreinander,
können
nichten

t nur oder
e Tempel
7
a
ht

schn ist oder
ist dies?

us, wenn er folgt
Wazen,
amgend über die Ferne
vor den Füßen, aber
nimmet das Korn.

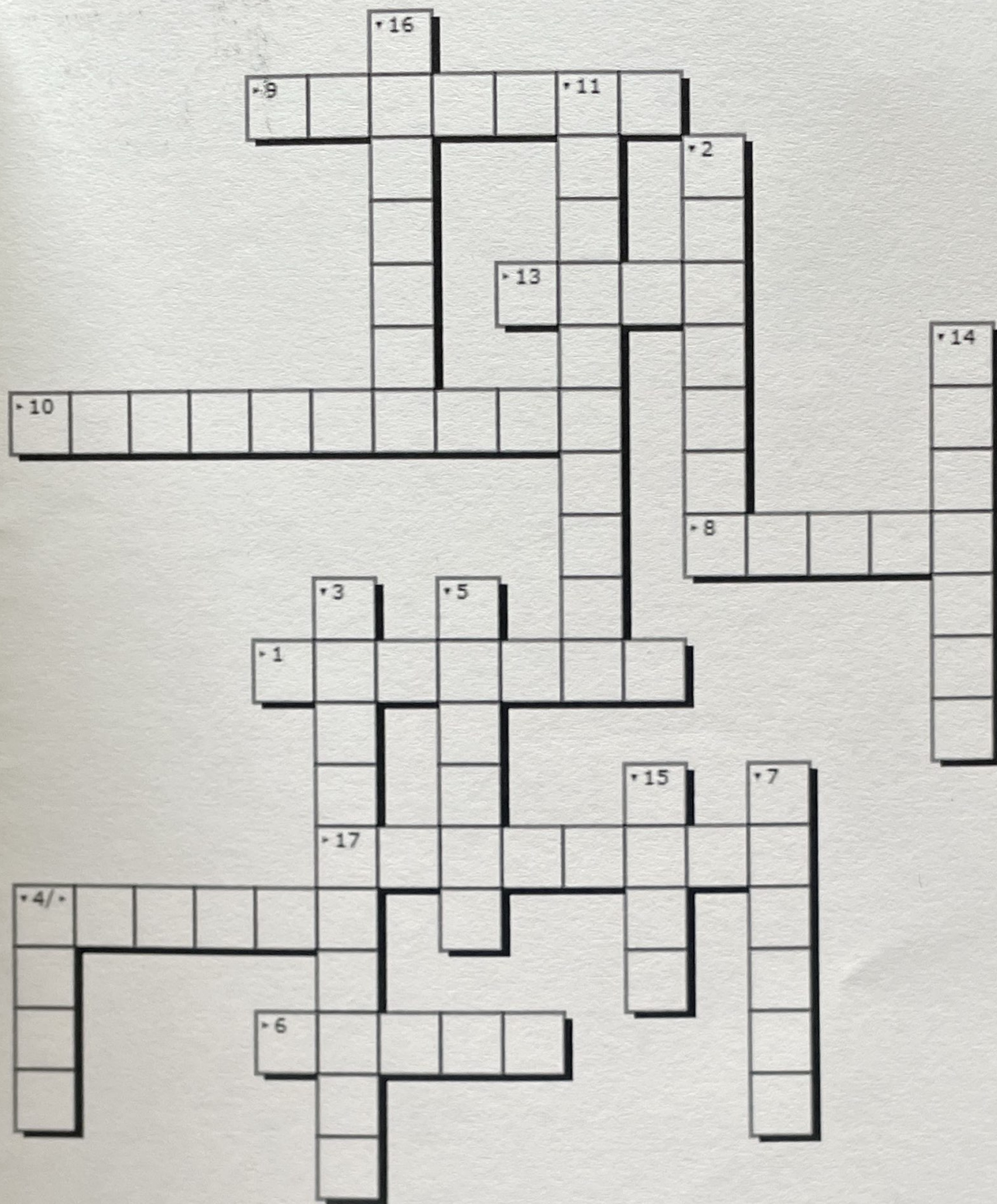
der Ubel ist, wenn einiges
schet und von der Rede
let der lebendige Laut,
Werk auch gleicht dem unsern,
les will der Höchste zumal.
Eisen trägt der Schacht,
glühende Karze der Actno,
So hält ich Reichtum,
Ein Bild zu bilden, und ähnlich
Zu schaun, wie er gewesen, den Christ,

Wenn aber einer spornte sich selbst,
Und traurig redend, unterwegs, da ich wehrlos wäre,
Mich überfiele, daß ich stumt und von dem Gotte
Das Bild nachahmen möcht ein Knecht -
Im Zorne sichtbar sah ich einmal
Des Himmels Herrn, nicht, daß ich sein sollt etwas, sondern
Zu lernen. Gütig sind sie, ihr Verhufstestex aber ist,
Solange sie herrschen, das Falsche, und es gilt
Dann Menschliches unter Menschen nicht mehr [178]
Denn sie nicht walten, es waltet aber
Unsterblicher Schicksal und es wandelt ihr Werk
Von selbst, und alend geht es zu Ende
Wenn nämlich höher gehet himmlischer
Triumphgang, wird genennet, der Sonne gleich,
Von Starken der frohlockende Sohn des Höchsten.

Mir Asia auf, und geblendet sucht'
Ich eines, das ich kenne, denn ungewohnt
War ich der breiten Gassen, wo herab
Vom Imolus fährt
Der goldgeschmückte Paktol
Und Taurus stehet und Messogis,
Und voll von Blumen der Garten,
Ein stilles Feuer; aber im Lichte
Blüht hoch der silberne Schnee;
Und Zeug unsterblichen Lebens
An unzugangbaren Wänden
Uralte der Ephra wächst und getragen sind
Von lebenden Säulen, Zedern und Lorbeern
Die feierlichen,
Die göttlichgebaute Paläste.

Nah ist
Und schwer zu fassen der Gott.
Wo aber Gefahr ist, wächst
Das Rettende auch.
Im Finstern wohnen
Die Adler und furchtlos gehn
Die Söhne der Alpen über den Abgrund weg
Auf leichtgebaute Brücken.
Drum, da gehäuft sind rings
Die Gipfel der Zeit, und die Liebsten
Nah wohnen, ermattend auf
Getrenntesten Bergen,
So gib unschuldig Wasser,
O Fittige gib uns, treuesten Sinns
Hinüberzugehn und wiederzukehren.

Es rauschen aber um Asias Thore
Hinziehend da und dort
In ungewisser Meeresebene
Der schattenlosen Straßen genug,
Doch kennt die Inseln der Schiffer,
Und da ich hörte,
Der nahegelegenen eine
Sei Patmos,
Verlangte mich sehr,
Dort einzukehren und dort
Der dunkeln Grotte zu nahen.
Denn nicht, wie Cyprus,
Die quellenreiche, oder
Der anderen eine
Wohnt herrlich Patmos,
So sprach ich, da entführte
Mich schneller, denn ich vermutet
Und weit, wohin ich nimmer
Zu kommen gedacht, ein Genius mich
Vom eigenen Haus. Es dämmerten
Im Zwielicht, da ich ging
Der schattige Wald
Und die sehnächtigen Bäche
Der Heimat; nimmer kannt' ich die Länder;
Doch bald, in frischem Glanze,
Geheimnisvoll
Im goldenen Rauche, blühte
Schnellaufgewachsen,
Mit Schritten der Sonne,
Mit tausend Gipfeln duftend,



1. cosmically obsessed composer
2. nathan's mums first name
3. something impossible to repeat fast and loud on a string instrument
4. frankfurts new music society
5. a classic dish mr watts prepares
6. who wins at fifa between mishi and will
7. irans coolest frankfurt based composer
8. the thirteenth partial on the C string
9. listen for this when notes are close together
10. the date of the next grow concert
11. the location of the next grow concert
12. frankfurts other super cool quartet
13. how many commissions have grow made
14. who wrote the interview featured in this zine
15. how many siblings does will have
16. a place to swim near frankfurt in summer
17. where is jalalus hometown

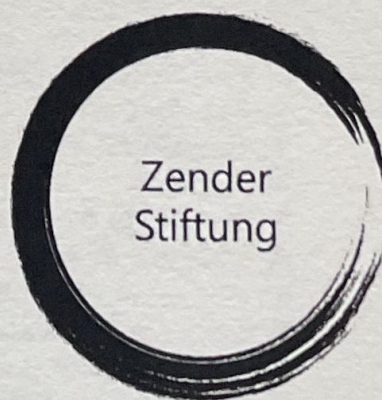


Our next concerts

Frankfurt 18.5

Oldenburg 25.5

Lüdenscheid 2.10



growstringquartet.com