

Joseph Klein

# *Der Schönheitsmalch*

(The Beauty-newt)

character study after Elias Canetti

for solo bass saxophone

(2000/2008)

- for Andreas van Zoelen -

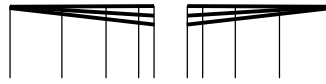
duration: c. 4'

## Performance Notes



senza misura

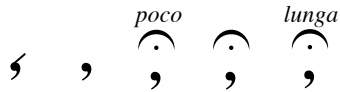
+ slap tongue



accelerando/ritardando



durational continuum within *senza misura* section: values arranged from shortest to longest (precise durations *ad libitum*).



continuum of rests/breaks within *senza misura* section: values arranged from shortest to longest (precise durations *ad libitum*).

- All written pitches sound two octaves and a major second lower than written.
- Accidentals apply only to the notes they immediately precede, with the exception of repeated pitches.
- Each line of music in spatial notation within the "Delicate" sections is approximately 15 seconds in duration; music within the "Grotesque" sections is paced somewhat faster.

## Program Note

*Der Schönheitsmolch* (*The Beauty-newt*) is one of a series of short works for solo instrument based upon characters from *Der Ohrenzeuge: Fünfzig Charaktere* (*Earwitness: Fifty Characters*), written in 1974 by the Bulgarian-born British-Austrian novelist Elias Canetti (1905-1994). Canetti's distinctive studies incorporate poetic imagery, singular insights, and unabashed wordplay to create fifty ironic paradigms of human behavior. This collection of works, begun in 1997, was inspired by the vividly surreal depictions of Canetti's characters and include works for contrabass, violin, bass flute, ocarina, contrabassoon, glass harmonica, alto saxophone, trumpet, percussion, and guitar.

*Der Schönheitsmolch* was completed in October of 2008 for bass saxophone specialist Andreas van Zoelen.

# Der Schönheitsmolch

(The Beauty-newt)

The beauty-newt, called bewt for short by some people, is keen on all the beautiful things that have existed, do exist, or will exist in the world, and he finds them in palaces, museums, temples, churches, and caves. It does not trouble him that something considered beautiful for a long time has become slightly rancid for that very reason, for him it remains what it always was even though new beauties are being added daily, each one is beautiful in its own right, none excludes the rest, each can expect him to stand adoringly before it and admire it. One need merely see him in front of the Sistine Madonna or the Naked Maja, approaching the various sides, stopping at various distances, lingering for a very long time, or else a short time with rich variety, and regretting any impossibility of approaching from behind.

The beauty-newt or bewt makes sure to speak no words that might be detrimental to his adoration. He opens himself up wide and goes mute, he does not compare, he does not nitpick, he does not refer to periods, styles, and customs. He does not want to know how the beauty inventor felt and most certainly not what he thought. Each one lived somehow or other, it does not matter whether it was hard, and it could not have been too hard, otherwise the beautiful would not exist now, the very fact that he bore it within him was fortunate, and made him available if these subjective trivia were of interest.

Personally, the bewt is doing just fine: privately, he has no trouble finding and dedicating himself to beauties. He is careful not to buy them so as not to be partisan, and besides, it would be a hopeless undertaking for most beauties are in firm hands. The money he has is unimportant, he uses it economically for his non-stop traveling. He vanishes on trips, one never sees him en route, it is as though he traveled invisibly. To make up for it, he makes an appearance before the beauties, and once you have seen him in Arezzo or the Brera, you will be sure to see him again in Borobudur and Nara.

The bewt is ugly, everyone avoids him, it would be ungentlemanly to describe his repulsive looks. Let it be said that he never had a nose. His pop eyes, his jughandle ears, his goiter, his black, rotten teeth, the pestilential stench he exudes from his mouth, his sometimes squeaky, sometimes croaking voice, his doughy hands – who cares, who cares, since he never holds them out to anyone and unerringly finds his place in front of all beauties.

– Elias Canetti, *Der Ohrenzeuge: Fünfzig Charaktere*  
(translated by Joachim Neugroschel)

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**Delicate**  
*lunga*

1a  
*pp* *molto espress.* *p*

1b  
*mp* *p*

1c  
*mp* *lunga*

2a  
*p* *poco* *p sub.* *poco* *p sub.*

2b  
*mp* *p sub. poco* *mp sub.* *p*

2c  
*pp* *mp sub.* *p* *n* *lunga*

**Grotesque**      *lunga*      **Delicate**

3 *mp* *molto* *ffz* *p* *mp sub.* *p*

4b *poco* *p* *mp* *p* *poco*

4c *p* *mp sub.* *p*

**Grotesque**      **Delicate**

5 *f sub.* *molto* *ffz* *p (molto espress.)* *poco* *p* *mp* *p* *mp sub.*

6b *ffz* *mf* *p*

6c *mp* *p* *f* *molto* *ffz*

7b *f (sim.)* *ffz* *p* *molto espress.*

**Grotesque**

8b *f* *molto* *ffz* *f* (*sim.*) *ffz*

9b *ffz* *f*

9c

*ffz* *f* *f* *ffz* *ff* *ffz* *f*

9d

*ffz* *ffz* *f* *ffz* *p* (*molto espress.*) *poco*

**Grotesque**

11

*f* *molto* *ffz* *f* (*sim.*) *ffz* *f* *ffz* *ffz* *ffz*

**Delicate** *lunga*

12

*ffz* *ffz* *ffz* *ffz* *ffz* *ffz* *ffz* *ffz* *ffz* *ffz* *ffz* *p poco* (*molto espress.*) *n*