



No. 002^a

Adolfo Conesa

Suite for Ordinary Machinery

music for cello



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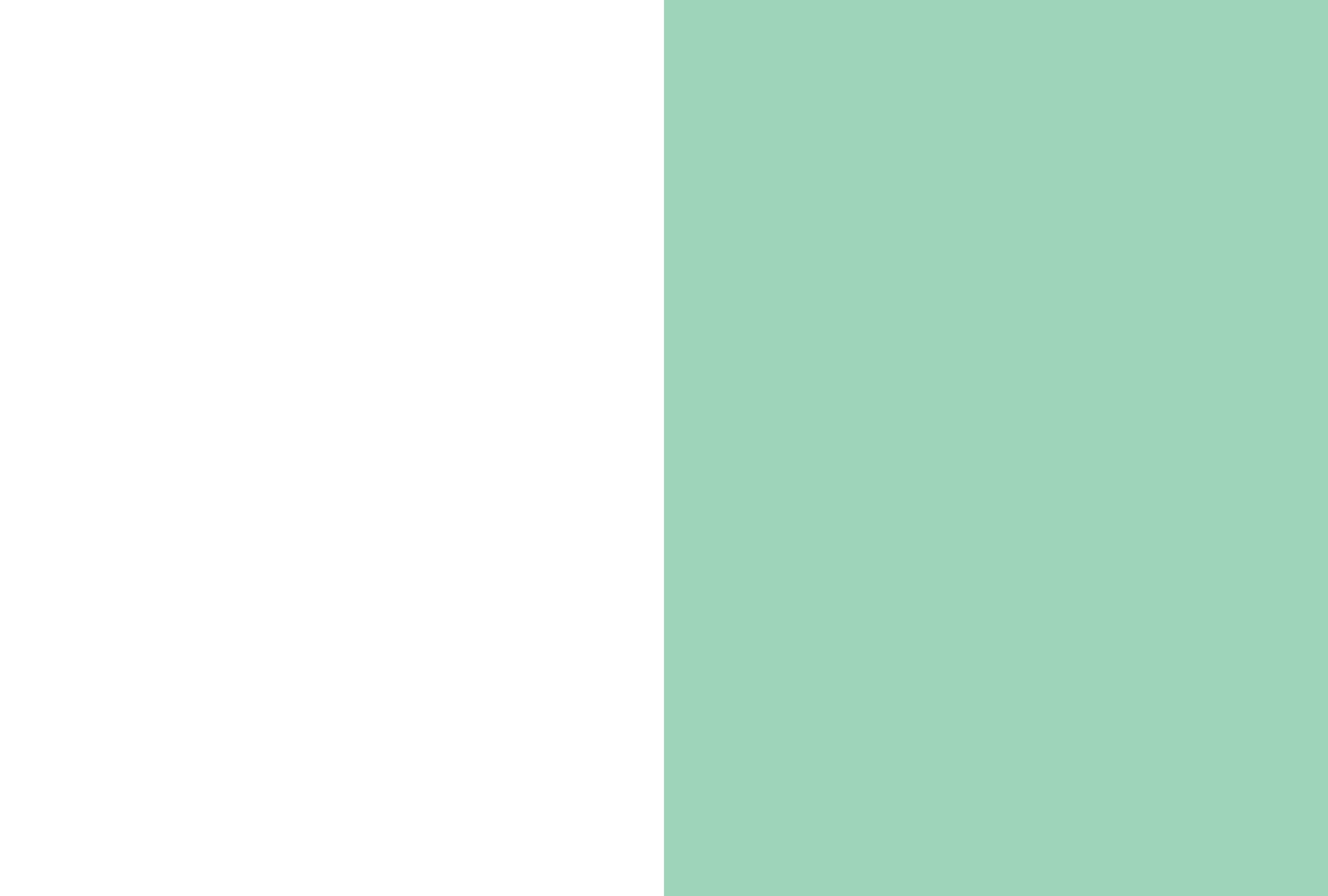
SUITE FOR ORDINARY MACHINERY.

Adolfo Conesa, Op. 40.

CELLO.

The musical score for Cello, Op. 40, consists of ten staves of music. The first staff begins with dynamic *m.*, followed by *m.* and *m.* with crescendo and decrescendo markings. The second staff starts with *f.* and includes a crescendo marking. The third staff features *m.*, *m.*, *f.*, and *m.* dynamics. The fourth staff has *f.*, *f.*, *decresc.*, and *decresc.*. The fifth staff contains *m.*, *cresc.*, and *decresc.*. The sixth staff has *m.*, *f.*, *decresc.*, and *decresc.*. The seventh staff includes *m.*, *cresc.*, and *decresc.*. The eighth staff starts with *m.+f.* and *un poco più lento*, followed by a crescendo. The ninth staff has *m.+f.* and *un poco più lento*. The tenth staff concludes with *m.+f.* and *cresc.*

The musical score continues with ten more staves of music. The first staff after the break starts with *f.* and includes *decresc.* and *cresc.* markings. The second staff has *m.* and *decresc.*. The third staff features *f.*, *decresc.*, and *decresc.*. The fourth staff includes *m.+f.* and *un poco più lento*, followed by a crescendo. The fifth staff has *m.*, *cresc.*, and *decresc.*. The sixth staff features *m.*, *m.*, and *m.* dynamics. The seventh staff has *m.*, *cresc.*, and *f.*. The eighth staff includes *m.*, *decresc.*, and *A* (a sustained note). The ninth staff has *m.*, *decresc.*, and *cresc.*. The tenth staff concludes with *m.*, *m.*, and *m.* dynamics.



Suite for Ordinary Machinery

El ascensor es un invento del siglo XIX. Por aquel entonces, los *elevadores* eran accionados mayoritariamente por una máquina de vapor. Fue en 1853 cuando el estadounidense Elisha Otis mostró por primera vez un ascensor equipado con un dispositivo —considerado *seguro*— para detener la caída de la cabina en caso de que la cuerda de izado se rompiera. La invención de dichos resortes impulsó la construcción de ascensores. El primer *elevador de pasajeros* se instaló en 1857 en unos grandes almacenes de cinco plantas de Nueva York. A partir de finales del siglo XIX se empezó a fabricar de forma masiva, convirtiéndose progresivamente en un objeto más de nuestro imaginario, tan habitual y común como tantos otros artilugios de uso cotidiano.

Son muchos los objetos que nos rodean, quizás por eso, no les prestamos atención. Cabe la posibilidad de que creamos que son demasiado corrientes para que nos resulten llamativos. Sin embargo, si los aislamos de su entorno habitual nos ofrecen la posibilidad de experimentar múltiples lecturas. Como el pasatiempo infantil de contar los árboles desde la seguridad del asiento trasero de un automóvil, este aparato —en parte olvidado— deja de ser la maquinaria que se utiliza para trasladar personas o cosas desde una planta a otra y pasa a ser el centro de atención. Un pasatiempo convertido en el análisis minucioso del tránsito de subidas y bajadas de la cabina, durante noventa minutos y transcritas a datos. Los re-

sultados —los tránsitos de un bloque—, a pesar de parecer aparentemente datos objetivos, responden a las necesidades de los vecinos, al *laissez-faire* y a la aleatoriedad del devenir. Dichos movimientos se convierten en métrica musical cuando se les aplican unos parámetros (a cada piso una nota y a la edad de cada viajero un *tempo*) y de ello surge esta composición musical.

Una composición para violoncelo, un instrumento que, a su vez, también suena cuando se desliza el arco por las cuerdas. Y nos devuelve —de nuevo— al bloque, y recordamos la fricción de los engranajes del ascensor en sus trayectos, y es entonces cuando nos damos cuenta de que el ascensor compuso una melodía...

Se trata pues de estados de alerta frente a situaciones cercanas de las que uno se desentiende por banalas. O dicho de otra forma, practicar la toma de conciencia del estar cotidiano, de los momentos de espera sin más, de los estados físicos del día a día, de las emociones diarias... y elaborar relecturas personales. Es posible extraer cualidades poéticas a los momentos no extraordinarios, activando un baile de significados en el que las letras se transforman en conceptos, lo común en revelador y el hastío en divertimento. Una suerte de *carpe diem* en el que aprovechar el tiempo es sacar literalmente un provecho de él, no contentándose con vivir el presente sino reformularlo hasta que se ajuste a unos objetivos.

The elevator is a 19th century invention. In those days, *freight elevators* were mainly activated by a steam engine. It was in 1853 when American Elisha Otis showed for the first time an elevator that was equipped with a device —which was considered *secure*— to restrain the cabin from falling in case the hoisting rope snapped. The invention of these springs gave a boost to elevator production. The first *passenger elevator* was installed in 1857 in a five-floor mall in New York. From the end of the 19th century onwards, elevators were being mass-produced and they became another object of our imaginary—as common and usual as any other gadget of our everyday life.

A musical composition for cello, an instrument that at the same time sounds when sliding the bow on the strings. And this takes us back—once more—to the neighbourhood, and we remember the elevator gears' friction on its trips, and it is then when we realise the elevator composed a melody...

It's all about some alert state of mind towards close situations from which one doesn't take interest, considering them banal. To put it in other words, it's about being conscious of the day to day being, the waiting moments just like that, the everyday physical states, the daily emotions...and to elaborate personal interpretations from them. It is possible to extract poetic qualities from those non-extraordinary moments, activating a meanings' dance in which letters turn into concepts, the common into revealing and the weariness into a divertimento. A sort of *carpe diem* in which to

Many objects surround us, maybe that's why we don't pay much attention to them. We may think they are too common to look suggestive to us. Nevertheless, if we isolate them from their regular environment they may have multiple meanings for us. Like the childish pastime of counting trees on a car trip, this partly forgotten device is no longer the machinery used to move people or things from one floors to the other, but becomes the center of attention.

A pastime turned into a detailed analysis of the cabins' ups and downs for ninety minutes and transcribed into datum. The results—neighbourhood traffic—answer to

people's needs, the *laissez-faire* and the random nature of the future. These movements turn into musical metric when some parameters are applied to them (to every floor a note, and to every passenger's age a *tempo*) so a musical composition comes from it.

A musical composition for cello, an instrument that at the same time sounds when sliding the bow on the strings. And this takes us back—once more—to the neighbourhood, and we remember the elevator gears' friction on its trips, and it is then when we realise the elevator composed a melody...

It's all about some alert state of mind towards close situations from which one doesn't take interest, considering them banal. To put it in other words,

it's about being conscious of the day to day being, the waiting moments just like that, the everyday physical states, the daily emotions...and to elaborate personal interpretations from them. It is possible to extract poetic qualities from those non-extraordinary moments, activating a meanings' dance in which letters turn into concepts, the common into revealing and the weariness into a divertimento. A sort of *carpe diem* in which to make the most of one's time is to literally make something out of it, not merely making do with the present time, but reformulating it to fit into one's objectives.

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