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25-26

DOUBLE PORTRAIT //
HELENO SAÑA AT 95
& CORD MEIJERING AT 70

13 November 2025 | 7:00 pm

akademie für
TONKUNST

Wilhelm-Petersen Hall

A special evening honouring two figures who have shaped Darmstadt's cultural life for decades and who this year celebrate milestone birthdays: the Darmstadt-based Spanish philosopher Heleno Saña, and the composer and long-standing director of the Akademie für Tonkunst, Cord Meijering.

PROGRAMME

Cord Meijering

from ICHNEUTAI – THE TRACKERS
Four musical sketches for two guitars
after a satyr-play fragment by Sophocles (1987)

2. HERMES

4. SILENUS AND SATYRS

Lorenzo Micheli, guitar (class of Prof. Tilman Hoppstock)
Danijel Dondjivic, guitar (class of Prof. Tilman Hoppstock)

Illustrations: Ulrike Roth

Welcome

Arne Gieshoff

Cord Meijering

잠 (JAM) - SCHLAF
for clarinet (B $\flat$), 2 violins, viola, violoncello, recitation voices
and percussion (2017)
German premiere

Cecilia Seo*, recitation
Jingyuan Gao*, recitation
Seungdong Kim*, recitation
Sarah Lindner, clarinet (class of Michael Schmidt)
Konstantin Spath, percussion (class of Jens Knoop/Stefan Rupp)
Haotian Gao, violin I (class of Rüdiger Lotter)
Hyein Suh, violin II (class of Alina Armonas-Tambrea)
Frauke Margarethe Thomsen-Otter, viola (class of Klaus Opitz)
Xuo Guo, violoncello (class [Composition] Prof. Il-Ryun Chung)

* Guests: Alumni of the Akademie für Tonkunst who are currently majoring in Vocal Studies (New Music) under Prof. Yeree Suh at the State University of Music and Performing Arts Stuttgart.

Conversation

Cord Meijering & Arne Gieshoff

Cord Meijering

DECLAMACIONES DE SAÑA
for soprano, baritone and piano (2020/23/24)

Poems: HELENO SAÑA

Yeree Suh — soprano

David Pichlmaier — baritone

Holger Groschopp — piano

World Premiere

Programme Notes

from:

ICHNEUTAI – THE TRACKERS

Four musical sketches for two guitars after a satyr-play fragment by Sophocles (1984)

2. HERMES

3. SILENUS AND SATYRS

Duration: approx. 7 minutes

Ichneutai (The Trackers / Track-Finders) is a collaborative project by Cord Meijering (composition), Peter Steffens (text), and Ulrike Roth (illustrations). Peter Steffens recast Sophocles' satyr play as Suchen (subtitle: "A deformation of Sophocles' satyr play Ichneutai"). Ulrike Roth created accompanying illustrations. Score, text, and images are conceived as a single integrated whole.

Sophocles' satyr play Ichneutai (The Trackers / Track-Finders) tells, with humour and poetic lightness, of the divine origin of music. About half of the text survives on a papyrus discovered in Egypt; the action takes place on Mount Kyllene in Arcadia, shortly after the birth of the god Hermes.

Apollo is enraged: his sacred cattle have vanished. He commissions Silenus and his chorus of noisy satyrs to track down the thieves. The "trackers" discover strange signs in the dust—hoofprints running backwards, and the small footprints of a child—which leave

them baffled yet curious. As they search, unfamiliar sounds reach their ears: a strange, hovering tone such as the world has never heard. It is the voice of the lyre, which the newborn Hermes has just invented by stringing the shell of a tortoise.

Astonished and alarmed at once, the satyrs approach the divine child, who denies his deed with childlike cunning. At last Apollo himself appears. In the encounter between the radiant god of order and the wily child of invention, the double nature of music is revealed: as divine gift and as creative trickery. In the end—so the surviving verses suggest—reconciliation follows: Hermes presents Apollo with the new invention, which henceforth becomes a symbol of harmony between spirit and sound.

Ichneutai is one of the few surviving satyr plays of antiquity. It shows how Sophocles united the comic with the sacred and celebrated the moment when, out of curiosity and deception, music was born.

NOTE: The QR code below takes you to a website where you will find Sophocles' satyr play, Peter Steffens's deformation of it (Suchen), and illustrations by Ulrike Roth.



잠 (JAM) - SLEEP

for clarinet (B♭), 2 violins, viola, violoncello, recitation voices and percussion (2017)

German premiere

Duration: approx. 8.5 minutes

잠 (JAM) - Sleep is grounded in the Korean rhythmic cycle 굿거리 (gutgeori), one of the central cycles of traditional Korean music. The piece unfolds in eight rhythmic phases that succeed one another like breaths.

The term 굿거리 (gutgeori) stems from 굿 (gut), the Korean shamanic rite in which music, dance, and song build a bridge between the visible and invisible worlds. Within this rite, 굿거리 (gutgeori) marks the moment when “the spirit appears”—a threshold where the everyday passes into the timeless. The rhythm bears a hovering energy, at once calm and incantatory; it opens a circle in which movement and stillness become inseparable—a balance between earthly pulse and spiritual breath.

In 잠 - Sleep, this rhythm is not treated as an ethnographic quotation but as a spiritual impulse: a field of breath and awareness that makes the passage between waking and dream audible.

The recitations heard in the second, fourth, sixth, and seventh phases form the work’s poetic centre. In this performance they are delivered by dedicated reciters and are based on a poem by Cord Meijering, translated into Korean by Geonyong Lee.

Thus 잠 - Sleep intertwines Western and Korean sound worlds in a shared motion: a musical circle in which—as in shamanic thought—the spirit appears: quiet, breathing, and present.

SCHLAF

Nichts bewegt das Herz
Nichts berührt den Atem
Es gibt kein Sehnen, kein Verzweifeln

Der Mond bescheint den Schmerz,
Teilnahmslos...
Nur das Wasser spricht zu mir
Von Dir

Es reinigt unsere Herzen
Es trägt die Blüten unserer Liebe
In sanftem Tanz hinfert

Lass mich endlos schlafend weiter atmen
Traumlos
Bleich
Im toten Widerschein des Monds

Cord Meijering

SLEEP

Nothing stirs the heart
Nothing touches the breath
There is no longing, no despair

The moon lights the pain,
indifferent...
Only the water speaks to me
of you

It cleanses our hearts
It carries the blossoms of our love
away in gentle dance

Let me keep breathing on, endlessly asleep,
dreamless,
pale,
in the moon's dead reflection.

Übersetzung: Cord Meijering

DECLAMACIONES DE SAÑA

for soprano, baritone and piano (2020/23/24)

Dedicated to my dear friends Jung Sun Park and Joon-Hyun Cho on their wedding and on the birth of their son, Idam.

사랑하는 친구 박정선과 조준현의 결혼과 아들 이담의 탄생을 기리며 헌정합니다.

Poems: HELENO SAÑA

From the poetry collection UNA GUERRA SOSTENGO

Duration: approx. 45 minutes

Yeree Suh — soprano

David Pichlmaier — baritone

Holger Groschopp — piano

Declamaciones de Saña intertwines the sonnets of the Spanish philosopher-poet Heleno Saña with music that hovers between passion and construction, upheaval and stillness. The twelve poems—each an affirmation of human dignity, sincerity, and resilience—are not songs in the conventional sense but declaimed sound-spaces in which voice, word, and structure meet in paradox.

Cord Meijering met Heleno Saña many years ago on Irenenstraße in Darmstadt, where they were neighbours. Their friendship began by chance at the counter of the Italian restaurant Don Camillo and continued in long evening conversations in Saña's poet's study. Amid stacks of newspapers, the smell of tobacco, and the old typewriter, they drank Carlos Primero and spoke about Spanish poetry, about the imagined landscapes that inhabit it, and about politics—including the moral distortions of Europe at the time during the Kosovo War. Towards evening Saña's wife Gisela would often look in, smile, and say, "The poets and thinkers are together again." Then she would leave, and the conversation would go on—in an atmosphere of friendship, irony, and mutual respect.

The work belongs to a series Meijering calls "musics of illusion": music whose sonic surface seems oriented toward classical order, while its inner structure springs from a mode of thought that recalls the constructive rigour of Paul Valéry—an art that attains inner incandescence through intellectual clarity. Beneath the apparent tonality lies a precise architecture of twelve overtone series, each functioning as its own centre of gravity. Threading through these fields are variants of total-chromatic all-interval rows—highly dissonant constructs which, through the pulsating interplay of dissonance and gravity, nonetheless create an impression of poise and repose. The energies of the piece behave like a kaleidoscope: in constant motion, refracting and reflecting, yet assembled from the same elements.

The piano plays only the respective overtone series, yet the compositional design produces the impression of a many-voiced web—an illusionistic polyphony in which the linearity of motion is transformed into sonic depth. This pseudo-polyphony is part of the aesthetic sleight Meijering deliberately pursues: music that sounds other than it is—a play with perception and reality.

Both the knowledge of overtone relations and this total-chromatic harmonic system go back to Meijering's student years with Johannes Fritsch at the Akademie für Tonkunst—their seed lies in the 1970s.

At the centre stands the opposition that Heleno Saña himself describes in his sonnet *A Gisela*:

“You are made of peace and harmony,” he writes to his wife—and in the same breath confesses: “my high sea and my unsteady ship.”

These two images—the resting centre and the rocking vessel—form the poetic axis of the composition. Soprano and baritone share a similar declamatory design, yet while the soprano embodies the clear, still pole of harmony, the baritone mirrors the lurch of the “high ship.” He often sings in high falsetto, at the edge of fragility, then falls back into his normal register—a constant oscillation between tension and grounding. The piano holds both in suspension—a resonant space in which order and unrest permeate one another.

Meijering has developed his technique of “illusion harmony” over many years—most extensively in his three-hour score for Abel Gance's silent film *J'Accuse*. In *Declamaciones de Saña* it becomes a concentrated musical avowal: a homage to the truth of the word, to the beauty of deception—and to a friendship that lives on in art.

1. SONETO DE SOBREMESA	1. AFTER-DINNER SONNET
Sigo siendo el que fui, ni más ni menos. Los caminos que sigo son los mismos; es mi moral la del donquijotismo; mi nombre lo sabéis: me llamo Heleno. A mi pasión le he puesto algunos frenos para evitar que caiga en el abismo; lo que busco requiere inconformismo pero a la vez un corazón sereno. No soy hombre de secta o de partido y el bien que pueda hacer a mis hermanos lo haré como lo entienda, a mi manera. Asumo lo que soy y lo que he sido: un hombre más que quiere ser humano en la ciudad inmensa y extranjera..	I remain who I was, no more and no less. The roads I follow are the same as ever; my ethic is that of Quixotism; my name you know: my name is Heleno. I have put a few reins on my passion, so it will not plunge into the abyss; what I seek requires nonconformity and, at the same time, a tranquil heart. I am not a man of sect or party, and whatever good I can do my brothers I will do as I understand it, in my own way. I accept what I am and what I have been: one more man who wants to be human in the vast and foreign city.
2. DEJADME ASI	2. LEAVE ME LIKE THIS
No es la paz y el sosiego lo que quiero no la calma, la bonanza segura; lo que pido es la lid y la aventura y el destino difícil del guerrero. No la mansa costumbre del cordero, su paciente silencio, su cordura, sino la ardiente llama de locura es lo que necesito y que requiero. Dejadme así, con esa insobornable rebeldía que habita en mi conciencia; dejadme como soy, atrincherado en mi protesta airada, insobornable, alta la voz y ávido de impaciencia para ocupar mi puesto de soldado.	It is not peace and quiet that I want, not calm, not safely settled fair weather; what I ask is the fray and adventure, and the hard fate that befalls the warrior. Not the meek habit of the lamb, its patient silence, its prudence, but the burning flame of madness— that is what I need and what I require. Leave me like this, with that incorruptible rebellion that dwells within my conscience; leave me as I am, entrenched in my angry protest, incorruptible, voice held high and hungry with impatience, ready to take my soldier's post.
3. NUEVO DAVID	3. NEW DAVID
Me han dicho muchas veces que desista. Me lo han dicho los listos, los arteros, los que no creen en nada, los rastreros con la fácil moral sanchopancista. Me aconsejan que ceda y que no embista, que tenga en cuenta los despeñaderos, que abandone difíciles senderos y que acepte la ruta conformista. Yo seguiré lo mismo que hasta ahora sin escuchar las voces plañideras que mi caída auguran al final. Armado de mi honda retadora, nuevo David sobre la tierra entera arrojaré mis piedras contra el mal.	They have told me many times to desist. The clever and the crafty have told me so, those who believe in nothing, the base, with their easy Sancho-Panza morality. They advise me to yield and not to charge, to mind the cliffs and precipices, to abandon the difficult paths and accept the conformist road. I will go on just as I have till now, not listening to the plaintive voices that foretell my downfall at the end. Armed with my defiant sling, a new David over the whole earth, I will hurl my stones against evil.

4. UNA GUERRA SOSTENGO	4. I WAGE WAR
Una guerra sostengo, un desafío, una lucha difícil y enconada, una pelea entre mi voz airada y un universo endurecido y frío. Yo combato por lo vuestro y lo mío, por la gente sin pan y sin morada. Es por ellos que mi voz desatada se articula, saliendo del vacío. Por los parias, por el niño oprimido, por los que nunca acuden a una fiesta, por los que están sufriendo injustamente, por los que se han callado mansamente: es por ellos que yo he comparecido levantando mi grito de protesta.	I wage a war, a challenge, a hard and bitter struggle, a fight between my outraged voice and a universe, hardened and cold. I battle for what's yours and mine, for people without bread or shelter. It is for them my loosed voice takes shape, emerging from the void. For the outcasts, for the oppressed child, for those who never join a celebration, for those who suffer unjustly, for those who have kept meekly silent: for them I have come forward, raising my cry of protest.
5. CON POCO ME CONFORMO	5. WITH LITTLE I AM CONTENT
Con poco me conformo, poco exijo el afecto callado de la esposa, la familiar estancia silenciosa, y la gloria colmada que es un hijo. Un camarada inquebrantable y fijo, un libro entre las manos, cualquier cosa con que ganar el pan y la forzosa dura necesidad de hallar cobijo. Pido un poco de paz y de armonía, la libertad de ir adónde quiera y de elegir mi propia compañía. Eso me basta. A nada más aspiro. El resto - poder, gloria, carrera - es algo que me sobra y que no miro.	I am content with little; I ask for little: the quiet affection of my wife, the familiar silent room, and the brimful glory that is a child. An unbreakable, steadfast comrade, a book between my hands—anything with which to earn my bread and meet the hard, inescapable need for shelter. I ask for a little peace and harmony, the freedom to go wherever I wish and to choose my own company. That is enough for me. I aspire to nothing more. The rest—power, glory, career— is something I can do without and do not seek.
6. A GISELA	6. TO GISELA
Si no fuera por ti, por tu asistencia, por tu paciente mano y tu cordura, por tu dulce bondad y tu ternura, por tu entrega total y tu indulgencia, ¿qué hubiera sido, Amor, de mi inclemencia, de mi alta mar y mi nave insegura, del vértigo que frequenta mi altura, y el peligro que habita en mi impaciencia? Estás hecha de paz y de armonía, eres sensible y fuerte y eres buena, eres mujer y humana compañía. Contigo, Amor, definitivamente mi corazón recobra, en tu serena luz, otra vez, su ritmo convergente.	If it were not for you, for your assistance, for your patient hand and your good sense, for your gentle kindness and your tenderness, for your total devotion and your indulgence, what would have become, Love, of my harshness, of my high sea and my unsteady ship, of the vertigo that haunts my heights, and the danger that dwells in my impatience? You are made of peace and harmony, you are sensitive and strong, and you are good, you are a woman and human companionship. With you, Love, for good, my heart, in your serene light, once again recovers its convergent rhythm.

7. AQUELLA REBELDIA	7. THAT REBELLION
¿Qué ha quedado de aquella rebeldía, de las horas inéditas y hermosas, de aquella prisa por cambiar las cosas y de aspirar sin miedo al mediodía? Mi protesta decrece cada día, mis palabras son menos orgullosas; noto en mi corazón las dolorosas embestidas del mal y la agonía. ¿Sucumbiré tal vez al desaliento? Empiezo a estar cansado de la ira y de mi brusco batallar violento. Lo confieso: mientras alzo la mano mi corazón inconformista aspira a un definitivo abrazo humano.	What remains of that rebellion, of those unprecedented, lovely hours, of that haste to change the world, and to aspire without fear to noonday? My protest dwindles day by day, my words are less proud; I feel in my heart the painful onslaughts of evil and of agony. Shall I perhaps succumb to despondency? I am beginning to grow weary of anger and of my brusque, violent battling. I confess it: even as I raise my hand, my nonconformist heart aspires to a final human embrace.
8. DÉBIL FORTALEZA	8. FEEBLE FORTRESS
Horas de soledad y de amargura, angustiosos momentos de tristeza, ¡con qué celo llegáis, con qué certeza al umbral de mi humana arquitectura! Que cotidiana ya, vuestra envoltura asediando mi débil fortaleza y qué total cansancio, qué pereza para apartar vuestra presencia oscura. Antigua es nuestra lidia, la insistencia con que acosáis mi puesto, y mi fatiga por ofrecer humana resistencia. Mi defensa es inútil por ahora: No cejaréis, por mucho que yo diga de consumir la empresa destructora.	Hours of solitude and bitterness, anguished moments steeped in sorrow, with what zeal you come, with what sure morrow, to the threshold of my human edifice! How commonplace your shroud has grown—no less besieging my feeble fortress; and the furrow of utter weariness, the heavy yoke of sloth to borrow, to fend off your dark, encroaching presence. Ancient is our struggle, the persistence with which you harry my post, and my fatigue at offering a merely human resistance. My defence is useless for now: you will not cede, whatever I may say, nor will you halt your creed to consummate the enterprise of bleak unmaking.
9. TIEMPOS DE AYER	9. TIMES OF YESTERDAY
Tiempos de ayer, humanos y esenciales que el exilio frecuentan, y evocamos, que sin querer regresan y encontramos de nuevo aquí, intactos y totales. Los amigos, las voces tan cordiales de los seres que nos aman y amamos y la exacta certeza de que estamos entre gentes conocidas e iguales. Los recuerdos de calles recorridas, de sitios frecuentados, de las horas y de las muchas cosas compartidas. Cosas en la memoria estacionadas que enraizadas a fondo, porfiadoras, se resisten a quedar olvidadas.	Times of yesterday, human and essential, that exile frequents and that we evoke, that, unbidden, return and we encounter again here, intact and whole. Friends, the cordial voices of those who love us and whom we love, and the exact certainty that we are among familiar people, our equals. Memories of streets once walked, of places frequented, of the hours and of the many things we shared. Things stationed in memory, that, deeply rooted and stubborn, refuse to be forgotten.

10. CIUDAD DE ENTONCES	10. CITY OF THEN
Inaugurales días expectantes, horas de ayer, de propósitos puros, de gestos impacientes, prematuros, hoy ya lejos de mí y equidistantes. Y la ciudad de entonces, con sus muros abiertos hacia el mar, las incesantes callejuelas, los paseos errantes y los primeros sueños inseguros. ¿Qué ha quedado de aquéllo, de la historia de entonces, cuando toda la vida era una fácil, total convocatoria? Queda el sabor amargo del recuerdo, la intuición y lucidez postrera de saber que envejezco y que pierdo.	Inaugural days, expectant, hours of yesterday, of pure resolves, of impatient, premature gestures, now far from me, at an equal remove. And the city of then, with its walls open toward the sea, the ceaseless alleys, the wandering promenades, and the first uncertain dreams. What remains of that—of the story back then, when all of life was an easy, total summons? There remains the bitter taste of memory, the final intuition and lucidity of knowing that I grow old, and that I lose.
11. EN LA TARDE OTOÑAL	11. IN THE AUTUMNAL AFTERNOON
En la tarde otoñal y cotidiana mi corazón del sur, no acostumbrado a ese cielo de plomo - tan cerrado - va contando las horas con desgana. Aburrido, detrás de la ventana, en la paz de mi cuarto refugiado llego a palpar el tedio acumulado en esta tarde oscura y alemana. Fuera queda la calle con su gente atareada y triste, laborable, con su gesto banal e intrascendente. En la ciudad extraña y forastera una inmensa tristeza inevitable se establece sobre la tarde entera.	On this everyday autumn afternoon, my southern heart, unaccustomed to that leaden sky—so closed— goes on counting the hours, reluctant. Bored, behind the window, sheltered in the peace of my room, I come to feel the piled-up tedium of this dark, German afternoon. Outside lies the street with its people, busy and sad, a workaday scene, with its banal, inconsequential mien. In the strange and foreign city an immense, inevitable sadness settles upon the whole afternoon.
12. VUESTRA ES MI VOZ	12. MY VOICE IS YOURS
Yo digo que no es justo y lo sostengo: que haya una España harta y otra hambrienta, una España sin pan y otra opulenta. Yo digo que no es justo y lo mantengo. Yo digo que no es justo y aquí vengo a alzar mi voz por la España irredenta. Aquí está mi protesta, aquí la cuenta, aquí la deposito, aquí la tengo. Yo digo que no es justo todo eso: el hambre no saciada, el pan exiguo, la honda penuria aquí, y allí el exceso. Yo digo que no es justo y lo proclamo: estoy de vuestra parte y lo atestiguo: vuestra es mi voz y el nombre que me llamo.	I say it is not just, and I stand by it: that there be a Spain sated and another hungry, a Spain without bread and another opulent. I say it is not just, and I maintain it. I say it is not just, and here I come to raise my voice for unredeemed Spain. Here is my protest, here the reckoning, here I deposit it, here I hold it. I say that none of this is just: the hunger unassuaged, the meagre bread, deep privation here, and there excess. I say it is not just, and I proclaim it: I am on your side and I bear witness: yours is my voice, and the name by which I am called.

Heleno Saña

Philosopher and poet (b. 1930, Barcelona), resident in Germany since 1959. He has published numerous works in Spanish and German on ethics, society, and culture.

Further information: de.wikipedia.org/wiki/Heleno_Saña

Cord Meijering

Composer from Darmstadt. He has created works for opera, chamber music, and film—with a particular focus on intercultural connection.

Further information: www.meijering.de

Yeree Suh – Sopran

The South Korean soprano is in international demand for her stylistic versatility and exceptional expressiveness. Her repertoire ranges from Baroque to contemporary music. She is Professor of Voice (New Music) at the State University of Music and Performing Arts Stuttgart.

Further information: <https://www.hmdk-stuttgart.de/person/profin-yeree-suh>

David Pichlmaier – Bariton

German baritone (b. 1979, Munich), active internationally and known for his clear musical line and focused expressiveness. His repertoire encompasses opera, concert, and new music.

Further information: www.david-pichlmaier.de

Holger Groschopp – Klavier

Pianist, song accompanist, and ensemble musician of international standing. Long associated with the Berlin Philharmonic, he is noted for technical brilliance and stylistic range from the Classical era to the modern.

Further information: www.schott-music.com/de/person/holger-groschopp

Ulrike Roth – Malerin

Painter and stage designer from Düsseldorf, whose work links painting, stage art, and voice-based research (Lichtenberg Method). She has been nominated for various funding programmes and recently published a short story.

Further information: https://www.artworks.art/artists_de/ulrike_roth.html

COMING UP NEXT...

21 Nov 2025 // 19:00 — Ensemble Phorminx

04–05 Dec 2025 — AsianArt Ensemble in Residence (AfT & Kunsthalle Darmstadt)

15 Jan 2026 // 18:00 — Vocal recital and workshop with Lisa Fornhammar

More information: <https://akademie-fuer-tonkunst.de/neue-tonkunst-darmstadt/>

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