

Gabriele Bonomo

**...from a music for the missing ear: ten abjurations
“d’ameublement”**

to Walter Marchetti’s “opus vandalicum”,
as accompaniment to “De musicorum infelicitate”

Only the ultimate phase of music in which the subject, nearly in isolation and above the abyss of silence, is communicated just by means of the total alienation of his own language, only that phase justifies the coldness that, such as a mechanically shut working, availed solely to perdition.

(Theodor W. Adorno)

i

**If while listening to this music, you do not realize that music is talking about itself, then you do not understand anything.
(w.m.)**

ii

De musicorum infelicitate — i.e., The Unhappiness of Music — , anamnesis of the condition of music and longing for a magniloquent destructio musiae.

Mirror-like reversal of every residual morphologic nominalism, the Dieci pezzi in forma di variazioni dolenti — i.e., Ten Pieces in the Form of Painful Variations — dispose in their unceasing and implacable sequence the landing at an anaphorical finis terrae, the extreme and impassable threshold, beyond which music can but sink in the abyss of its own loss of consciousness, in front of the horizon of the definitive loss of its exhausted tradition.

iii

Dissolved in the mechanics of a rejective rhetoric, sterile representation without object, music exorcizes in the sounds that outlive it the manifest inability to compete with the loss of its own cognitive horizon.

iv

The unpermanent character of music in its essence of time “writing”, collides with the impossibility to redeem the dejective nature of an historical time by now disqualified in its

being a mere scatological support and indistinct vehicle of dominion determinations.

As if in the act — consubstantial with its nature — to inscribe itself in time, in the congenital impossibility to break all connection with a hypostatical time that inexorably evaded its vocation for becoming, music could find only an irrevocable condemnation.

v

The act of composing, a case of impotentia cœundi — music, a barren aesthetic code.

Imagination morte imaginez: cum mortuis in lingua mortua.

vi

Music subsists only as administered practice of a tautological exercise devoid of inner necessity.

Its indisposability to free itself from the coils of a syntactical asseveration — objectifying itself as a deliberate attempt aimed at self preservation — has not only pathologically produced the current decline towards morphologies ever pleased with their regressive symptomatology, but primarily reflects the removal of the capacity for critical self deliberation which has historically sustained the gnosiological qualification of its evolutionary axis.

Ineluctably suspended between self-mystification and expression of the inauthentic, music finds truth in the simulacrum of its fetish character.

Having reached the limit of its own fertility and every faculty of the imagination, music has reclined to a parasitic mimicry with regards to any stereotype that previously presents itself, able to inspire it with a trace of what it can no longer be.

Compelled by the skeletons of the empty inflections that it appropriates and frustrated by the impossibility to adhere to itself, music has been reduced to leading a ghostly existence, haunting the cemetery of history.

A stolen sentence: “...music arises not yet from the malice of intellect, but from the tender or vehement nuances of Naïvety — idiocy of the sublime, thoughtlessness of infinity...”.

Only if it were able to recognize its own superfluity could music fulfil its destiny.

**It was heard, but it has been forgotten. — No, it was not heard and it has not been forgotten: not everything is forgotten. But there was no suitable ear, the ear of Epictetus. — And so did he say it in his own ear?
(f.n.)**