Cello Suites

One explanation involves science, the climb from the high res encoding in the thumb drive's teaspoon of circuits to the solo cello demanding the entire room. But more urgent is the baritone voice, the bow's sweeps and digs across the strings. Put another way, when the magician swishes the scarf it's the sudden leopard we must focus on.

At Bach's writing, the forms had mostly faded from the ballroom floor, the beats assisting dancers still observed, but now a chamber setting, the phrasing intimate, the audience considered only few. Now, water kneaded by creek bed stone, funneling to muscle, then slowing with poise. The body at home with this low register, coaxing inward tempo and notes sustained, the way a valley draws down snow.

Perhaps a discipline seduced by sound imagined, not yet heard, favors perfectionists, Baroque luthiers performing all by ear and hand, aided at most by tuning forks. The player must equip a rainbow with precision, horsehair sliding on steel, sculpting with speed, force, and placement on strings, teeming vibrations the bridge whispers downward, for the body's load enunciation into open air. For some instruments, we suspect the Italian climate centuries ago lends to their sound, slow growth after the Ice Age blending wood grain's density and hardness in so fortunate a pattern when reflecting sound.

The gutteral shafts of light, the closed cadence of stepping stones resolved, the stammers of grief, becomes a voice relied upon. Our full attention yields further to gratitude, persuaded we know the man.