

A  
comfy darkness  
came into the room where  
I am sitting now. This smooth opera-  
tion was no doubt induced upon my dreamer  
room by a well-defined and heavy cloud, flying  
down and sent by the all-life-freezing and arch-  
destructive north north westerly wind, crossing the upper  
spheres of our town, or maybe crossing quickly from the north-  
east, or even the south; this I cannot determine from my room. But  
the impact of the cloud was manifest, even within the backyard  
windowed room that got little light at any time anyways. The little light  
that it did get sometimes was even more weakened, as the closed black  
jalousies kept the remnants out and away. Such changes of light exposure,  
especially when in a diminishing trajectory, often come with a sensation of  
excitement, even an illusionary presentiment of something... Something, yes,  
but what that smooth sensation felt like, within the deeper levels of one's  
interior, is so difficult to say, and as the documenting clumsy chronicler, I can  
hardly enter the letters on the keyboard that would perfectly attach the best  
referring metaphor. But I can say that I do write down this maybe pretentious  
sounding beginning in such a way, not so consciously with a teleological aim or  
some functionality, but because first of all the mysterious change of the room  
light woke me up with such an intense touch from my endless day dreaming  
of hours of professionally lost time on a day that so many things were  
supposed to be accomplished, far away in some exterior space. But as  
I am working in the same room as I am sleeping in at night, at  
times the daydreaming power is superior to any professional  
aims. At least certain daydreams are. And again, I  
would not be able to spell them out here.

Between the  
moment when I was listening to the  
new recording of Marina Rosenfeld the first time and  
then the last time of many times later my relation and my interest  
had changed so gravely and deeply. The metal instruments, the piano and a bit  
of strings, I heard them maybe during the first listening, but could not really experience the  
composer's use of changing the definition of sounds for instance. But once understood, the determined  
role for one moment for instance the brass instruments have, that moment makes the general memory appealing  
to the sound, makes it work in a new way of referencing and relating the sounds to each other and to oneself. The listener  
gets firstly impressed by the brass lines, wondering where are they coming from, where would the melody line be from. Now the  
strings do the opposite to the piano, as it seems, sounding more scattered into the space, as if in contrast less defined in their order. Later  
the piano takes over the unclear expression or the representation of unclearness, when the very first part is over. Probably the composer  
focused on something else, but I was driven into a maelstrom of memories. Sometimes music builds relations to independent memorized spaces in  
the developing brain period, one even relates memories of spaces in relation to sounds of music during the brain building period. Spaces sometimes remain  
very deep within the interior, in kind of artificial, unnatural or even metaphysical spaces, encapsulated until they are reactivated, as in the case of her composition.  
In the other part she surely brings some presences into the space that the listener built before. In a combination of string and brass, I had never during the process in no  
way ever had any expectation that something like that might happen to me. To explain my feelings from before that I had been not only barbarian but very lazy regarding the  
ambitions I brought in. Even I myself could not imagine what kind of lesson should be applied to change such weakness quickly and enduringly while realizing the assignment of writing  
about her music. First my only and very vulgar ambition was probably to get such an incredibly intensely honorable job and to make my name appear next to the composition. As well very vulgar  
was my only typical trust in the facts alone so I just believed I should gain more information about everything regarding music, specifically contemporary music, as I knew for sure that I was the most  
unconversant and primitive, so to say barbarian, who ever appeared in such a context.  
I'm coming in from a low jumping-off point. My entrance to the assignment is unavoidably a slow bureaucratic one and surely it remains inferior to the musical experience. A text about the experience and the  
unexpected sudden and intuitive impact on my perception that I owe to Marina and her idea to write about the piece, can this text itself be a recording device, working in a way that its bureaucracy would be  
recording everything in such detail and without any hierarchy, and taking down the happening of this experience simultaneously? And is this device still working now, while writing, while reading and still while at the  
same time becoming even more defined in its skills? Documenting not only the impact but its own re-programming that this impact implies?  
Changes of personality through concrete experience are almost the most important ones in artistic personal developments and therefore should be taken most serious and should be groomed and administered as much  
as possible from the moment one becomes aware of such an influence. While writing it down, this moment of transformation almost makes me wonder if that is not the moment when I should change the first into a third  
person as a better or as a more true recording mode. But, as I feel the most pressure to record as many facts as possible of the whole development and the pressure of most painful fear of not succeeding in it at the same  
time, I will maybe leave such a great almost philosophical tool to later and hopefully higher achievements of my writing. Some reader might reject such a text by saying even politely that it is romanticizing my object of expres-  
sion. However, in one of these moments of internal progression through the evolving experience of music, I pondered if music in general had such spiritual power over our souls that if it can change things so fast, how would I  
change if I was exposed to it on a longer and regular basis. The influence happens not only through perception but through transforming the most fundamental assumptions about one's own role as artist or writer. So I  
suddenly became aware that the greatest fulfillment would be only established if I give up my own tendencies of thought or my preferences that had been based anyways only on assumptions learned through social processes  
and through those slow bureaucratic appropriations. I better should apply my ability on being a kind of secretary to the assignment given by the music experience. I still did not express this idea of turning into a tool and  
function enough here. It became so desirable to me when I read the texts of Schnittke, Schnittke's assumptions are of course more meant to describe his own so severe and often theological self-examinations as a composer  
himself. The composer Stefan Tcherepnin immediately suggested to me looking him up, as I explained to him my personal condition within the writing assignment and asked for his advice. Schnittke really thunderstruck me. I  
started investigating him and his rather special role in composition theory the very next day and it did not only interrupt my works in terms of time but almost in every possible other sense, when already the very first  
sentences I read about him were that he explained the composer as a cosmopolitan whose only place of identity is music and as being very strict with asking oneself every moment if that is not only felt but if it is lived and  
obeyed, and that the process of music can make one be transformed away from being barbarian.  
Let me start from the beginning again. After the proposed assignment to write something on a piece of music she had composed (first it was just one piece), a meeting with Marina took place. The first references to the job  
were very unclear, but I felt this was almost intentional, politely or respectfully left unclear in her formulation. Now in the small food place with the few little tables behind the counter I immediately failed to maintain any  
focus on the "object" of our meeting, I even did not ask any questions. I believed such inattentiveness was just a result of my fear to reveal my probably unbelievable lack of knowledge and sensibility in regard to music.  
But then it began to dawn on me that possibly I could not even maintain the common ground of facial expression that usually determines communication behind all things spoken. As this first mechanism of communica-  
tion failed me, the second silent mode started disintegrating as well. I assumed it was because my facial movements not only signaled to her that I was afraid, but signaled interiorly to me as well that I was falling  
apart. I guess I tried to find the typical but so idle security rope which was to hold up some mask stored in my memory. I felt like trying to play an old record on an old record player, but the now impaired needle would  
just skip over the whole disk. I tried to keep talking but lost the direction and kind of relayed some fragmented information, completely unrelated to everything. Self-observation functions even in such general deter-  
rioration, although all focus is on the sounding alarms of the interior control systems, and it told me that the first, actually graver alarm was related to what my face was communicating. I reacted to this information  
quickly, interrupting our face-to-face interaction by looking side to side, or to the other table on my left, and then turning quickly to the wall on my right, believing to the information on the wall and the interesting  
old poster. But the empty tables became as much a confusion of brainy perceptual over-determination, as I immediately started seeing the emptiness of the chairs and tables as disturbing signs, as if they held  
the meaningful expression of stage objects, transmitting the emptiness of the vast spaces of the universe where all life has withdrawn. This perception was not at all my usual kind of reading of things and had  
no relation to the situation, but merely brought up silly old and unrelated fragments of crisis, of fear and failing, only then letting us get in touch a bit with that sphere that is named the irrational. But still there  
was something that kept demanding an exit from such an uncanny room. Maybe not even to preserve rationality, but simply the desire to return to a good conversation, even stronger than the desire to  
avoid appearing ridiculous in such a new communication. Anyways, a touch of irrationality showed up with me that most people might like to read about but would never ever want to even slightly associ-  
ate themselves with, and to me as well it should be ignored as something that might even be described by some as the breath of a moment of memory of a demonic presence from a long-lost source.  
So I tell it in the "reality" of the mutual faithful efforts to communicate, in the middle of a very friendly hard-working place in the comfy restaurant zone.

Again.

Apart from measured structures the sounds seem to be describing something external from it too. The obvious application of so many measured lines of sound in the beginning of the piece later  
feel like bent, warped. The alternate presence of the brass the strings, the measuring piano in between a few minutes later, they are moving in the beginning straight and even. Still they  
unhand the release of memory already, but for the listener still in the sense of historical music of another time returned, so particular in the brass' first appearance, forming a presence, as if  
an invocation. Is this the first invocation and reminder for the listener to submit to the operation of memory movement?

The later presence of the piano I perceived as willingly distorting the sounds of string or brass, as distorting even the whole operation from being at first a purely temporal operation  
into later perceived as a memory operation, it becomes more one of very psycho-interior presences. In other words changing the space fundamentally the sounds themselves  
on their "surface" remain very sharp metallic, distinguished from each other to keep in contact to conceptual contemporary modes.

But then these issues might have just as well been abandoned by the composer, moving the interest to more interior issues, expressed possibly in some changes of  
the use of the sounds, although the metallic glossy sound separation continues through the different movements of the piece. In fact if listened to them, one  
should recall here the performative actuality, that the musicians walk through different rooms during the duration. They physically bring the sound from  
another room. Obviously they did so in very measured organized ways. Such contemporary experiences represented, as the movement of the  
sounds from earlier and then back to more present spaces is already like a march through rooms. Much more so does the quality of  
sounds enhance the self experience of the listener almost as a partly uncanny experience of memories moving out of their rooms  
within the listeners self. The piece functions as well as a structural reminder, it pulls and moves the interior memory  
systems of the listener to places of encapsulated memories, it pulls to memories of sounds and to their  
strangely connected personal memories as if they were stored and scrambled there along with  
each other.

In „Dr.  
Zhivago“, the movie, the balalaika is playing  
again and again its famous melody, but as well it is appearing as a  
real instrument a few times and if I remember correctly, that happens actually only in  
the beginning and in the end. I used to say that in this movie I usually start crying for the first time already before the titles  
start, which is just after the balalaika has its first appearance and then I would cry for the last time, when the balalaika is finally reappearing in  
the very last scene of the film. I am not sure, if my tears would still work that way, generally I hope I would finally be more critical about it. The  
balalaika melody comes in probably either whenever love is going to happen, or more logically to the entire idea of the film, when Dr. Zhivago sits down  
again to write new poetry. The real instrument instead comes in, whenever a new poet is born, or more accurately spoken, whenever the poet is born in  
someone, or in the film story, whenever the instrument is appearing in his life and given to him or her in an almost coincidental way, but then is going to stay with  
him or her and will be keeping influencing their lives in the future in good or in bad ways, in order to make them doing their poetry. Typically these sort of balalaikas  
sometimes make people create great wealth and develop happiness and sometimes they keep them suffering uselessly as wrong influences during early life can do to  
you for the rest of it, it is the kind of instrument which is beyond them, which actually plays them, not the other way round and makes them suffer quite enough sometimes  
too. During the time before the works of an exhibition get ready there is a certain time before making decisions, the time of sometimes great happiness and time of real artistic  
density. Almost every time I would go through this special period of the productive process. I would start dreaming to finally doing an exhibition almost without any material concerns,  
even without material objects, an exhibition just reduced to text without material objects actually. But always the objects, like lamps, would start walking into my kitchen, my studio or the  
gallery space and then they would stay with the texts and even push the text back and turn them into the background of my work, somehow liberating the texts from the stressful role of  
being the front object, allowing them to float around independently and unconcerned with the rules of commodities. Whenever I feel the desire to make a pure, simple text only exhibition, I  
remember a special moment as young artist, a kind of balalaika moment. I was working then for Isa Genzken as assistant for some months. One day she asked me if I would be able to paint a text  
by Lawrence Weiner onto the wall of her studio. As a rule I would have as always proudly said „yes, sure I can, but I must warn you, it may take me quite a long time“, but for this job I could truly  
proud tell her, that I have done the Lawrence Weiner job already for some galleries and asked her if I should do it with the typical Lawrence Weiner typeface. So she explained me that in fact it does not  
have to be made in the certain typeface and that she bought the sentence and the deal included the freedom to use and apply the purchased sentence in whatever way she wants to. Anyways, she  
walked out of the room to find the sentence and when she came back with it, she opened her hand in front of me and I saw in her hand a small piece of crumpled paper which was his work and the words  
and the lines of words were written on it. And if I remember correctly, it was written on it something like take it and put it together and through it away, maybe it even said later through it far away. It felt like far  
away like not only far away but really far away into another place or even another zone with different rules different life or something. But still somehow real and simple, reminding me on a tennis ball going  
too far. Although I was deeply impressed as the young artist in the middle of the eighties by the incredible magic power of an artist making an healthy amount of money that way, without having gone  
through the process of making huge material efforts, without forming a so called object of desire or a work of idolatry in order to sell. I loved this very uncommon way to look at a piece of art, or at  
some piece of text, as I looked at the just opened hand, more similar to presenting a gift of gold. But, of course, still I was not aware of the incredible magic influence this act of exchange from  
now on would have on me, not aware of the spell that was put on me, when Isa Genzken opened her hand to allow me to look at the work, that anytime when I would be going through  
the process of determining the objects of my next exhibition many years later, I would remember it. It was a real balalaika moment. This moment would reappear again and  
again like the call of a hidden voice, persuading me to make it the similar way. But then before I can decide, as I said, some other objects would be attracted  
by it too and they would come in and come into the exhibition, but now, still weeks before the exhibition, I still dont know them and dont  
want to know during these moments of preparation and pure undecided happiness. How should I now tell?