

MORE REALITY 2

Shock

...

where one is most likely to distance oneself (from oneself) at work

most likely to find another place (than the predetermined place)

that is in writing that is, so to speak, chatty, in the casual in the self-evident

and it is there because one is NOT CONCENTRATED because one DOES NOT WANT (the new, the special, the absolute)

to be concentrated means to be centered, directed towards a center

but what center is there other than one's own?

it seems paradoxical that the highest effort only ever finds itself, while one can lose oneself (so beautifully) in the incidental, the mediocre, the ordinary

loss of self!

the real mysticism springs from the mediocre!

Wisdom is "average"!

More reality

That it exists, the longing for reality, and that there is a kind of evolution of reality (in art only? No, in general!), means, can only mean, that reality itself is only a fiction, an image. The evolution of reality was (is) the path of profanation, the path of decentralization, of the dwindling center, of the loss of aura. It is a path that has been taken. There was once a reason to take the first step. It has been forgotten. Now we go for the sake of the path. For the sake of a fiction. The fiction is reality. Reality is an invention. The most momentous we know. Today we live in a reality of the fiction of reality. The original longing is exactly as unsatisfied as before. Exactly the same. That is a reason not to think we have to return to the origin. We are always at the origin. Only we think that we are on the way. And behave that

way. We always go one step further. Always away from the origin. Constantly moving away. But the origin goes with us. We always have the opportunity to see that. That we are always at the origin. But we don't see it because we think. We think we are on the way. And go. And long for more reality.

If reality were to really touch on our consciousness, art would be superfluous. (Bergson, Laughter)

Celtic: Flickering air, mirage, Fata Morgana, the back and forth between two states as a doorway to another world.

Surface, Line, ... Body

Surface: there is no surface. Just as there is no space or perspective. Line: there is no line either. It is just an idea like time is an idea. Surface: if we stand in front of a huge Newman painting, in front of a massive surface in a single color, if we look at it closely and also look at the way we look at it, we will notice that we don't see a surface at all. Our eyes aren't made for this. What we see is a flickering and a shimmering. We see lighter and darker spots. We see flecks where there are none, and the edges become blurred – hence we don't see lines either.

This is all much clearer with sounds. Surface and line don't exist. It is only the two-dimensional score that seduces us into believing this "abstraction." In fact, the only reason that we are satisfied applying visual terms to sound is laziness.

For example, a line in music: what could it be? Something monophonic? Line = sustained note, for example? Even a single tone has a spectrum, so it is still a chord when thought of in

terms of a score: a "surface". In fact, it is just as multidimensional as every sonic structure, like every sound: it has a very specific spatial unfolding - and not talking about the spatial reflections. And this applies even more to what I mayself often refer to as a "surface" for the sake of convenience: It is at least a body. "Wall" would be better, even or precisely because it is so obviously not true. At the latest with the "condensations" it is completely clear: there is no real surface in music.

...

I think the blue sky could be really helpful in resolving this problem. Of course the sky is space. But that blue! That blue is not something we associate with space; it can't be explained by space. And yet factually, theoretically, scientifically, what you will-it is space. And it is exactly the same in music. Sound is space. Naturally. But our thinking is not yet there to see it that way. People don't think "space." People think something different. Metaphors. That's it. There are always at least two ways of thinking about things. And one of those is the two-dimensional reduction. It's incredible how strong this is: our way of thinking and the relationship between our inner and outer worlds are not that far removed from paleolithic cave paintings, at best just from neolithic pictograms. Later constructs like perspective have remained essentially an ornament. The impressionists' distillation of objects into pure color: an ornament. Space-Time-Relativity: likewise an ornament for especially clever people. Indeed, talking about sound as space (space-time) comes off as highbrow and theoretical. It lies beyond the horizon of our general experience. To judge distances, comparing a pair of two-dimensional pictures will suffice. Where do we even have multidimensional thinking? The closest we come to 94 it is when we embrace someone. Or perhaps in a techno club when the music is so loud that we feel it with our whole body more than just hearing it with our ears.

Purgatorio

"Take a man, shave him and drag him on to the stone until his body dies." (from Eliade, *The Forge and the Crucible*)

Evolution

When I imagine, as I sometimes do, that evolution were possible, complexity is not its goal, but perhaps the safety net for a possible immediacy. This opens up the possibility to exercise sufficient safeguards in an ever finer woven net of abstractions in order—if not to escape directly—to at least be able to risk a glimpse through the netting: a glimpse unfiltered through abstraction, signs, predetermined thought-patterns, a glimpse of unaltered reality.

At the same time as going down the path towards increasing complexity, art seems also to be following the opposite path. If we take the depiction of landscape and the environment, we can see a progression from the symbolic to the mythological and idealized, to the examination of the visible in photography, impressionistic painting and photorealism and, as a possible consequence, to video and film. Is this not more a process of eliminating abstraction? Does it not relate more to an increasing approach? In contrast to the increasing complexity in how we observe and reflect on the world, is this not an increasingly direct view? (Or, for example, that sounds can be sounds and no longer reference markers for something, no longer projection surfaces for emotions, no longer ambassadors for some form of order ...)

Discovery

"A form that's neither geometric nor organic would be a great discovery." (Donald Judd, 1967)

I believe that music is such a discovery ...

Bruckner on the radio

If the sounds were the sounds, you couldn't hear them on the radio. After all, the sound of a Bruckner symphony from a small portable transistor radio has nothing to do with the sound of a Bruckner symphony.

Reality = illusion

When we praise a book, a painting or a movie as "realistic", we are always praising the perfect illusion. It even seems to me that there is no other use of the word "realistic" than in the sense of illusion. Reality and illusion are identical. Reality is the image we create for ourselves. Any concept of reality that means something other than the (intended) illusion is only the (unintended) illusion that there could be an image, a concept of reality at all.

The only truth about reality is the INTENTIONALITY OF THE ILLUSION of a Renaissance picture or of successful special effects in a movie.

Mimicry

I think about photorealism. About the attempt to approximate reality as closely as possible using the traditional means of paint and canvas. Or about Boltanski's vitas: when mimicry defines the relationship between art and reality.

There is something strange about these things. It creates a distance.

The greatest possible approximation (mimesis) creates distance. Conversely, the greatest possible distance (e.g. methods of alienation, abstraction) creates closeness.

Distance that creates closeness: leave out the frame. How about a piece of silence WITHOUT a time frame. Or: a social intervention without art-specific presentation, processing, documentation, etc.? I.e. doing something where the unification of art and life is no longer rhetoric (as with Cage and more subtle, because more insidious, with Boltanski). Taken seriously, unification would mean that art can no longer be distinguished from life, that art is no longer recognizable at all:

no art
no work
no artist

Nonsense/nonsensicality

a kind of beyond

a music that does not sound

a music where the selection criterion for the sounds is
nonsensicality

the opposite of se-duction

something that is not there, that must be somewhere else

:2 plastic cups bump into each other

Styrofoam breaks

the humming of a fluorescent tube

Art and mysticism

The mystical is nothing other than the present.

Art can be understood as an attempt to capture the
mystical/the present. Just as philosophy (also religion, also
science) tries to rationalize it, to bend it back into time,
to reintegrate it.

Capturing the art is tricky. And like all other attempts to
grasp the present, it is a real mistake. It is an attempt to
transform the OUT OF TIME into something TIMELESS. The
TIMELESS should tend to be given INFINITELY MUCH TIME (or,
what is the same thing, can be repeated at any time).

The trick here is to want to tacitly equate two types of
eternity: To want to equate the eternity of the moment, the
presence of all moments in One with the trivial idea of
eternity as continued duration (which since the pyramids has
always also been a claim to power in contrast to the former
eternity, which means the abandonment of all things).

Sometimes, however, a genuine error becomes an erroneous
truth. At the very least, we would like to assume that artists
and thinkers err solely for the sake of truth. For the sake of
representation. (The prefix "re" already announces failure).
At least we assume that in the effort of representation, a
witness of presence can be found, can be conceived. And that
this conceivability is the only justification for the entire
history of lies that art and science constitute.

Architecture

It's about an architectural idea.

When I reduce the forms, it is not to draw attention to reduced forms, but to keep attention away from the forms I have designed. Or in general: to keep attention away from the forms. To make the form disappear, so to speak. And that is what I call architectural. Let's take a row of arcades. The arcades are always the same. They are there to allow me to walk through them in a pleasant way and perhaps to perceive differences in the surroundings through them. But they are not there primarily to look at themselves. That would be very vain architecture. Architecture is there to be in it and to look out of it. At most, the façade wants to be looked at. But the façade should not be the determining factor or even the only one, should it?

And that's how it should be in music too: Music as a time-space or less abstractly: a moment-place where I am and from which I perceive something. And I perceive something other than just the music itself. Most music, I think, only emphasizes the facade part. It says: Look what I can do, look how I am, it says: Look! Good architecture, on the other hand, says: Be!

Objects

I am also not interested in the sounds of objects, such as: snail shells, empty records, rooms, rain on metal plates, etc. I don't want, as they like to say, to make things speak, to musicalize things, to make the visible audible, the audible visible. I'm not interested in things.

What I find interesting about tree noise is not the tree noise, but the change between two types of tree noise. What is interesting about the hand on the ear is not the hand on the ear, but the taking away. (These transitions between two states, these moments in which two states seem to touch each other, in which it almost seems conceivable that they are BOTH there for a moment. That is the IMPOSSIBLE. That we are there

and not there at the same time. And yet this impossibility is the only realization that is open to us).

So it's not about the objects. Perhaps one could say it is about perception. Precisely: about the perception of perception. And even more precisely: about the point where perception comes to an end. So it's always about coming to this point of cessation ("Aufhören").

Whenever you break off...

There is no such thing as an error-free computer (Peitgen):
"If you try to write $1/3$ as a decimal number, you need an infinite number of digits. Whenever you break off, you have made a tiny mistake"

Whenever you break off, you have made a tiny mistake.

Ad Reinhardt (1967) "Basically, the only choice in the 20th century is between Malevich and Duchamp."

Art is metaphor

The metaphorical is what distinguishes art from everything else. The most literal and sign-free that art can achieve is: art as art. Below that, there is no literalness in art. Duchamp's urinal is art because it is art and no longer a urinal. In other words: it is art because it has become a metaphor for objecthood for the present for literalness and because, as a "literal" urinal, it is no longer a "normal" urinal. (Cf. Stella's "you see what you see")

Music. Music is the clearest example of the inability to be literal. Which letter could be meant? Music as music? That is

art as art! But again, underneath: A car horn is a car horn when a car honks. If the horn is honked in a concert, the horn is honked in a concert. The mere presence of the object of the horn on the concert platform is: artificial. And to a certain extent this is artificiality of the SECOND degree. Everything that can be achieved on the concert podium, the closest thing, so to speak, the most immediate thing is the sound of a cello or a grand piano, i.e. "music".

Presence is not to be found on the level of the material. Not to be had. No presence.

The only really burning question is whether the present is attainable on the level of perception or whether it can only be represented, symbolized there as well. That is the question. The question of constructivism, so to speak. The question of whether the artistic construct and the perceptual construct can ever touch each other...

The question is whether it is possible TO CREATE SOMETHING. Something that is only itself. The Ready Made is on the one hand related to art (almost parody) and on the other hand mimesis (the game of "reality"). Malevich's black square comes closer to this creation. It duplicates neither the world nor art...

Actually

I'm interested in the narrative. But I always have to approach things from their furthest point. The subject of noise was conveyed to me through its counterpart, the white keys on the piano. The narrative becomes accessible to me through the noise.

The slant,

the mixture of horizontal and vertical: not the mixture, but THE INDURABILITY. Perhaps the "squares": Time that both passes, happens and is stopped at the same time. Which is stopped in order to pass, which passes in order to be stopped.

For example

the way you perceive other people through thin hotel walls. (I mean the way of telling stories or perceiving at all).

Art is

neither something literal nor a metaphor. But at least: literalness is a kind of prerequisite. Metaphor is not even that. Literalness is what I have to go through in order not to end up holding a sheer object, a fetish in my hand. - The Eastern Roman Empire broke away from the Western Roman Empire because of this whole question. People killed each other over it. It is the story of the Bilderstreit. It is the culmination of the most important question of the last 2000 years. It is the question that has left its mark on the age: From icons to Hollywood stars, from the veneration of relics to Beuys, from iconophobes to Don Judd, from idol worship to advertising.

One object

does not exist.
It is always a process.
Seeing, hearing, it is always a process.
An object is a process.
At best, there are more object-like processes and more process-like processes.
But there is no object.
And of course: there is no process either.

Literalness and metaphor

Literalness is the prerequisite for the metaphor of a higher genre. The relationship we establish with something, which makes something appear to us as a supposed object, takes place according to the structure of the metaphor. The object is the metaphor for the process. For the process of perception. For the construction. And the function of this metaphor is what CREATES US.

L'art pour l'art

On the one hand, the spectrum/continuum from l'art pour l'art to committed art. On the other hand, reflective art, art that questions itself.

(Hi lo:

On the one hand, working with virtuoso singular instrumentalists and singers and with the complex technology of modern recording studios. On the other hand, working with amateurs and cheap cassette recorders).

Spinoza:

"By reality and perfection I understand one and the same thing"

(I owe the reference to Spinoza to Antoine Beugher).

to: Unnecessary/cultural conventionality

the exclusion of truly fundamental innovations by the academic dictate of what progress should look like: On the level of materiality and sonority, isn't the rock band a much further step than the most advanced string quartet?

The commercialization of the rock genre obscures the actual consequences of its innovations. The purism of New Music keeps all the present away from itself as soon as it comes under the spell of commercialism. Yet commercialism can be an indication of the present. Money is also a means of communication.

Or if you hold the visual arts against new music, the risk of the one is commerce (Scylla), that of the other is the philharmonic hall (Charybdis).

Feldman says it clearly: he is establishment, he needs a tuned grand piano.

(The tendency of New Music to deal with all questions purely structurally and never allow them on a constitutive level has its reverse image in the unrelated division of musical genres in this century).

The reduction to mere objects,

if that is the intention, fails because of the "frame effect" (Luhmann)

(frame effect or context): Is there not an advantage of visual art over music in that the former allows a pure for-itself of things, whereas music is always linked to a condition, like sound to the instrument of its production?

The world

The world is not there to be noticed.
To notice something means to mutilate it,
to cut it out of its context,
means having a scrap in your hand
and giving up the whole (the world).

I AM a painter!

It is not so much the case that painting/art has a great
influence or significance for my work. That would be too
little.

The painters of the 60s, for example, worked with sculptural
means, others with video, with photography, still others work
with computers and networking models, some do social projects,
and since the 90s painters have been working as DJs! So it is
not unusual to say: I am a painter who works with
compositional means, with musical instruments, loudspeakers,
with sound, with hearing. Visual artists who get to know my
work realize this immediately. They SEE my music the way I SEE
it.

Bernhard of Clervaux

... listen to see ...

Art is not seen, music is not heard

Seeing and hearing are a SCANDAL that one tries to avoid. By
thinking (:comparing, categorizing, meditating, analyzing,
pondering, contemplating, etc.). Seeing and hearing, on the
other hand, would be like a rift in the present, in the non-

present of finding and feeling ("What do you think?"), in suchness, in non-being, in reflection that excludes reality and keeps it away.

Actually, we are all MYSTICS: not seeing, not hearing. Except that it doesn't contain the LIGHTNING, the RIP. This strange kind of mysticism is precisely the method of keeping away, of keeping out, of not experiencing, of not letting things happen.

Sounds that you can't hear exactly, where you can't hear exactly what it is because, for example, the noise level in a restaurant is too loud compared to the very quiet background music, where only individual sounds reach the ear - what is that, what is happening there? The disquiet, the uncertainty that emanates from such sounds, or when music from a neighboring apartment penetrates through the walls and only certain frequencies/resonances come through...

In order to bring REALITY into play, music traditionally makes use of language (sung language, language-like formal structure, titles, programs, etc.). Much rarer is the attempt to capture reality directly in SOUND: The various forest scenes and bird motifs in the history of music can always elicit a pitying smile...

Television

Ultimately, art can do nothing more than television: both offer the possibility of exiting and entering other times and spaces of experience. The distinction between whether this transcending takes place by means of the Denver Clan or a

Joseph Beuys performance is overrated and possibly reduced to what Diederichsen calls social coding.

(Religion, too, has no other purpose. Each of these institutions: Art, television, religion has a group-forming, identity-creating effect, generating a sense of belonging even in the de facto isolation of television).

Questioning familiar orders is not a privilege of art. Every entertainment movie confronts us with unfamiliar and unusual situations. And the pastor also opposes the "materialistic world" with a different order. (I am leafing through a book on media and religious codes. I forgot to note the title and author).

The fact that there is not automatically a happy ending in art perhaps belongs more to the realm of coding than to the qualitative differentiation from television. It works like a frustration joke: the punch line is the lack of a punch line. The necessary intellectual imposition becomes the distinction of the art or joke recipient.

What about differentiation.

Is that a privilege of art?

Differentiation is always linked to new techniques. Which is why, in principle, Lachenmann's instrumental techniques can be compared with the special effects of a David Cronenberg film. In film, too, the demands for perfection and differentiation are being raised higher and higher, even though we are talking about the so-called general public here.

Art and reality

It is by no means a question of allowing art and life to merge. Even the peep-box stage can be the right one for certain things. The point is that the one becomes capable of experiencing something about the other. I definitely insist on the separation of art and life. If only to be able to mix them better. But mixing is not a goal either, but one end of a scale...

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