LUFTSPIEL
UDO SCHINDLER & MARCO VON ORELLI

UDO SCHINDLER
soprano & tenor saxophone
MARCO VON ORELLI
trumpet

Air is there, isn’t it? Has anyone ever seen air? Or smelled it: the nothingness surrounding us at all times that is there for us and without which we wouldn’t be? Do we know it? Do we even think of it? Maybe as children: back when we were playing in the garden, filling air guitars skyward and trying to hold the air in our hands. How long we could be with a handful of it. Thus, the unseen presence and absence pushes us into eye-rubbing wonder: soundless and faceless it makes what we are. The gradual formulation of notes while playing: at first there is a breath, a tiny spot of color. In painterly diction, delicately starting to move and change. Are there still notes, or no notes? Or not yet? Splashing, splashing, splashing down again. “Did you know that air can sound, Sir? And when was the last time you listened to the wind? The spot of color begins to tremble, grows fuller, losing potential, it hops and leaps. Gravel red, green, increases, decreases, like a chimera, continuously switching masks. The notes are there and not there. One playing trumpet, the other saxophone. But are these still instruments? And is this still relevant? Someone says no meaning yes? Or the other way round? Or is he turning upside down everything which else is wanted to walk on feet? That squeaking, sliding, bubbling of air. So much aedor in the air! At the beginning there was nothing. And at this point, God is not the only one to know it. Observing what the moving air is creating out of itself, we know it too. Air ahoi! So much sand with a substance that has no substance and for which no one as yet has hit upon the idea (why not, indeed?) of opening a museum. At the interface of being and not being, the sounds unfold their whole drama, their precarious delight in a loose existence that can at any time, as we all know,flip back into nothingness, forever lost.

And if it weren’t there? As children we know it when we emerged, gasping and sobbing, from the bathtub. We had barely made it before the air was gone. The principle of dialogue, one playing, the other listening. And the other way round. Both ear trumpets turned to the outside, mirrors filled to the inside. Each an aural cell, pulsing, breathing, incorporating the airmoremates, always perimeters at the edges, that’s how we listen to the constant exchange of voices that, without forming a hectic step and flow through each other, roll each other up and down, realign each other, ideally, celebrating a wedding: the exotant you are. Making emphatic marks, manifestation of the august moment, creating landscapes and bizarre contours which, barely formed, vanish back into haze, leaving us breathless as enchanted dreamers. Karos, two agents inventing a third, that hasn’t been around before. Weaving it from the vibration, still unheard, gradually advancing into the ear until it bursts and has to come to the fore. Listening to the magic, when sudden encounters happen without illusions and without fear of stepping into a cave of unrest and magnetism. Something that could happen anytime and in the moment when these two pirates, these gentle hunters in a wood of whispering yearning, divested themselves of all obviousness and blindness facing humans in the everyday world to uncover a miracle. The miracle of creating from nowhere, the miracle of condensed existence in sounds that are finally blaring: “We are here!” God, and still down to earth: closely inscribed into time regained.

Ömni Ziegel/March 2016 For Udo & Marco

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