



LUFT.SPIELE UDO SCHINDLER & MARCO VON ORELLI



LUFT.SPIEL

UDO SCHINDLER & MARCO VON ORELLI

UDO SCHINDLER
soprano & tenor saxophone
MARCO VON ORELLI
trumpet



LUFTzeichen... 03:25

LUFTsog... 09:17

LUFTraum... 02:57

LUFTzug... 04:42

LUFTschaukel... 04:44

LUFTspiegel... 04:07

LUFTwirbel... 04:32

LUFTstrom... 07:21

LUFTkuss... 04:09



FMR CD416

Air is there. Isn't. 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 ever think of it? Maybe as children - back when we were brandishing airguns, lifting air guitars skyward and trying to hold the air in our lungs when underwater. 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 us 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 changing. Are these still notes, or no longer? Or not yet? Spitting, spluttering, gulping 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 paleness, it hops and leaps. Grows red, green, increases, decreases, like a chimera, continually 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 wont to walk on feet? That squeaking, sizzling, bubbling of air. So much ardor 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 scraping out of itself, we know it too. Air ahoy! So much said 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 knew it when we emerged, gasping and snorting, from the bathtub. We had barely made it before the air was gone.

The principle of dialog: one playing, the other listening. And the other way round. Both ear trumpets turned to the outside, mirrors tilted to the inside. Each an osmotic cell, pulsing, breathing, incorporating the other's otherness, always permeable at the edges. That is how we listen to the constant exchange of voices that, without turning a hair, step and plow through each other, roll each other up and down, realign each other; ideally, celebrating a wedding: the exultant you are I.

Making emphatic marks, manifestation of the august moment, creating landscapes and bizarre contours which, barely formed, vanish back into haze, leaving us behind as entranced dreamers. Kairos: two agents inventing a third, that hasn't been around before. Wrestling 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 blinders and without fear of stepping into a cave of unrest and magnetism. Something that could happen only this way and in the moment when these two air 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!" Godlike and still down to earth; closely inscribed into time regained.

Omri Ziegele/March 2016 For Udo & Marco

