

AYASOFYA MOSCHEE e

**Efsane**  
KEBAB DÖNERPRODUKTION GmbH

**VIVALDI**  
DIE VIER JAHRESZEITEN  
KAMMERORCHESTER  
NEUE PHILHARMONIE HAMBURG

FR 4.10.19 20 UHR  
SA 5.10.19 20 UHR  
**FRANZÖSISCHER DOM**  
EVENTIM.DE · 01804 57 00 70

**Efsane**  
KEBAB DÖNERPRODUKTION GmbH

Frühstück 8,90 €  
Cappuccino 3,80 €  
Pommes 8,80 €  
Tagesbrot 8,90 €  
Tagesbrot 8,80 €

DISTINCT INSIDE

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Michael Hazell  
Pawel Jankiewicz



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Diary starts as an attempt at order, it orders our thoughts. When the mind is lukewarm, and a soup.

It is only much much later, when we're able to ask the buried question about this stage:  
who's in charge?

"Point me the authority."

We walk around the issue – shy; shy before this marble statue, pure and touchy. We suspect that something happens on the surface, that the outline, called upon by our worship, frills. That there's a stage. An actor. Priest. And it's all a daylight dune. And it's all a daylight dune, burning our reverence. A blood ritual – in full light, unnoticed. That this theatre of stills and minimal shifts will show an evil smile, eventually. Whence the source of our orders. It could be a woman or a man, the agency behind it, or it could be a disembodied smile.

It is smile that surfaced on a soup, during a provincial junket.

If it is a woman, she has a sense of space  
(a sliphthrough angle on a self-transforming hallway – always here, within a reach, behind the curtain of clarity). In her wardrobe we'd acquaint a blight of panther spots. And a hairy growth, nearing outgrowth – buried down down there. But she's human, nonetheless. Someone who could be a friend. Who tells things-embarrassing. Who insists that you trust your instinct.

Blasé, and rather foul, but still a predatory formation – if it's a man.  
Someone who excels in bad ideas, ones taken seriously, and stretched into a way of life (sometimes, too, an existential style, a caricature that would gain access). The big question of masculinity, self-appointed to manipulate behind the issue of power, is: can one engineer the daily scheme? So, the moment people ask, "Are you serious?" or "How can I know that you are serious?", we may become sensitized to his presence. We may feel, in other words, manipulated away – from the issue of power.



This speech, it doesn't speak according to the rules of language.

And it is far removed from a noise complaint.

And yet, it is a mirror of the empty heavens – not so much on earth, but in the streets.

It's a mirror of the empty heavens, round the corner.

The horizon past the nearest turn, far and wide (narrow streets, and yet – horizons far and wide).

Distance through the open trench coat. A sudden woman waiting round the corner; with her garment, spread. The wings – spread like German eagle pins, a German wartime Schmuck on a lapel. A sudden woman – – her shirt, white; her breasts, opened by the coat. The horizons far and wide.



\*

Day one:

Diary starts as an attempt. First: gestures.

Voice-recording, incandescent. Then – writing from the voice; the interesting parts | transferred to the voice. Step one: it's to order it, your thoughts. So it seems to you – because, right now, and in the end, it is somewhere else. That – point of departure. So was, for example...

Rift:



The role of the pauses, of the first significant image: Pause: There's a Loch Ness monster swimming through your day, appearing and disappearing, the embarrassing parts – descriptions of people, descriptions of people.

Day one:

Diary starts as an attempt. First: gestures.

Voice recording, incandescent. Then – writing from the voice; the interesting parts | transferred to the voice.

1. "Dream a Little Dream of Me" – hummed in an imaginary language; it's to evoke the tension deriving from the fact that, on the one hand, people know these lyrics – it's a public property, so there are spectral words haunting the tune – and, on the other, there's an improvised, incomprehensible idiom delivering it – that's also searching for atonal displacements of the piece, like a broken music box carousel over a child's bed; a tune at the ready to transition; (here arrives a surplus of killing the fetish, of the sterile porno quality of sound).
2. The melody dives into the words ("you need to dream yourself into that state") and vice versa; an interwoven movement of emergence-from and disappearing-into – a Loch Ness monster's sinusoid ~~~~~ which sews our refrain, diving, breathing, pulling our ritornello; an interplay of the matt and the gloss, a whisper and a song – moving steadily, & occupying a dissonant surface;

It starts with a gossip.

You don't listen to anything specific – here. You're just aware | that news | leak | out.

