

AYASOFYA MOSCHEE e



DISTINCT INSIDE

**VIVALDI**  
DIE VIER JAHRESZEITEN  
KAMMERORCHESTER  
NEUE PHILHARMONIE HAMBURG  
WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART  
ANTONIO VIVALDI  
JOHANNES BRAHMS  
FR. 4.10.19 · 20 UHR  
SA 5.10.19 · 20 UHR  
**FRANZÖSISCHER DOM**  
EVENTIM.DE · 01806 57 00 70

**Efsane**  
KAWA DONERPRODUKTION GmbH



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Pawel Jankiewicz





## THESES ON THE RADIATOR

1. There's a blossom. The fact of the blossom alone should perplex us. We pause.
2. The blooming of the field comes from in-between. Inquiry is prompted by the glow, hence the tilt – which makes sense, into which we fall.
3. Amid dust's repose and metal musculation – eye. Heedful, it skims the negative space. Scouts, and perhaps cries.
4. The ribs of the radiator repeat, in precise yet undisclosed a way, the structure of the place. Which is a staircase. Staircase is a place where the event of light happens. Bountiful, unsparing – here, shadows remain intact. Here, shadows remain intact, in silence. The rhythm's there, but it coheres: beforenoon, dusk, break of dawn.
5. Heat is a very special time.
6. Roccoco humour takes shape and veers off into the faint again. Feri Báder, a metaphysical detective from Eger, Budapest – he pointed it out first: Roccoco figuration has the capacity for an abstraction which wouldn't be barbarian (like all abstraction hitherto). However, we advise to proceed with caution. For – who is ready to take this step? to come near the goosebump of the Goddess?
7. Far from abysmal, the depth is shallow, where the stir occurs. Radiator's action is rendered meaningful – rigorously – through a meaningless process. Where the object integrates. Where the object integrates it. Hence, the radiation is given a touch.
8. A touch is always a resistance. The will flowers in a silent song, in the rippling on the surface. Thus, shoal's a memory.
9. Here, the eye admires Sun.
10. The occurrence of a path, leading to this place, needs to be grasped in relation to the feel of now and to one's own emotional bearings. Staircase is more a time than a place.
11. They should stand by one another without an exposition, for a while:

abyssal surface

expanded field

shallow depth



## RADIATION FROM THE IMAGE

1. There's a latent photograph, enabled – which is the gift of the car. Of the car frame.
2. The car is set in motion. Which, just like a closeup in cinema, is a total shift. A dimension opens, which we access through the violence of the camera, breeding violence of the drive. A swift violence, to be sure. Out of the shadows, in the flicker that preserves the invisibility of seeing.
3. What's outside is already virtual. This allows for punctum to reveal its pull.
4. What is virtual is sacred. Questions rise, questions of erotic intent, waved and weaved by voyeuristic pleasure: "Who's the prettiest girl in Town?" it whispers, "in that distant village? Who's the dragon sitting on her bed?" Then scenarios. And scenarios.
5. "What a bliss, to get stuck in that backwater."
6. The reality effect – in the strong sense of the term – pierces through. It sticks out, penetrates the bowels of the car. Then, in a tense intimacy of dark rooms, it percolates. A hot surprise, this thing. Bearing, sometimes, the life of the gaze, of a look returned.  
It can traumatize. Indeed. Like a pigeon that invades the order of delusion. From a station's platform – quite legit, among the luggage and the spread newspapers – suddenly, inside the car.
7. The window is displaced. It is in a café. It nears a sitting guest so much, that it gets unnerving. Isn't it too actual? with its frail materiality? isn't it too virtual for a coffee to dismiss a dream? For, there is in fact something like a reality principle within a fantasy, within utopias...
8. "*disinterestedness* is then not at all," reads a pencilled fragment, pressed against a coffee table, "a token of the privilege of the upper classes | who can afford it | and the economy of time it is bound up with | but symptomatic of a democratic aesthetic revolution that envisions *everyone* as having the time to engage in disinterested reflection, a form of leisure." It might be, that the café is a latent temple. Not a mere reality is looking through the windows here – but dimension-shifts. And they may be of altogether different orders. They are hints, perhaps, of an expanded field.
9. Seeding. Something penetrates existence – warps the sphere where things appear. It is not merely contemplative, then, a reimagined wall. It is opening. It allows a vision in. Hence – it might well be, it may sometimes happen – that we will leave the café not through exit doors, nor even through a window, but through a photograph. And we will never come back – even if we, seemingly, remain related to this world, remain the regulars of said premises.
10. An existential stir can drift away from galleries – to reterritorialize in cars, or cafés.
11. "A photograph," as the pencilled classic has it, "makes everything it represents exist on a strictly 'equal footing,'" effecting a "flattening" that levels the differences of form and ground, foreground and horizon, *et cetera*, through "a liberation and an exacerbation of 'singularities' and 'materialities.'" The pencil drives violently into the white paper. A photograph, "an object whose organization is essentially fractal". To photograph is to positively – and irrevocably – chaotize the Cosmos, and the Kiez, "which becomes *an infinite surface of singular materialities*," reducing all the walls that host it to an opening.

abyssal surface

expanded field

shallow depth

