

DIE HÖRPOSAUNE

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set in a visual installation by Nadia Lauro

text by Luise Meier



Die Hörposaune, still image / photo: Anja Weber

Openings

Die Hörposaune (The Hearing Trombone) is a metabolizing landscape. It is impossible to say where it begins or ends. It is a sequence of openings that can absorb and expel. The eye, the ear, the body, the watching and the listening—they all are breathed in with that first inhalation, despite the distance from and mediation through the camera. They are inhaled and exhaled, breathing in and out to the rhythm dictated by the sounds. Your own auditory canals, respiratory tracts and interior spaces begin to be encroached upon and invaded. A simultaneity arises, a parallelism between the inside of your own body and the events that the camera discovers along with us. The question remains, however, am I looking at the inside of a box? Am I stepping onto a microscopic plane? Am I looking through an orifice into another world? Or am I distancing myself from the earth, looking at a very remote landscape? The bodies' boundaries blur, despite the aperture, the lens, the skin, the medium between, simultaneously concealing and uncovering, despite the

transparent helmets. The contact, the metabolism and the mutual excitation happen independently of what we usually call physical contact. The question arises and recedes once more, what is bodily contact? The incentive to breathe together—to digest, to join in, with the eyes, with the auditory canals—creates intimacy. The penetration questions the usual boundaries of inside and outside. Although we sit motionless in front of the sounding and moving image, we are right in the middle of it, in the interstices of the filmed and sonic seconds, focus pulling and blurring, cuts, changes of viewpoints and zooms.

Openings in the scenery, in the books which open and only then become objects that can be handled, become communicating living beings, then subjects, and finally external worlds you pass through. Perhaps it is less about breaking open, more about liquefying what one might call objectification, or the order of things and bodies. Every element we encounter with the eye or the ear becomes our peer whose interiority begins to unfold, emerging as its own cosmos, the mechanisms, rules, causalities and motivations of which remain obscure to us, but nevertheless call for interaction and interrelation. We are explorers, travellers, every second revealing a new world to us. The perception of the whole environment, the entire context shifts with every moment. Is the sensory impression readable as a sign, visible as an image, audible as a signal, perceptible as an impulse? Who triggers change, movement, sound? Do they follow a secret script, a score hidden from our understanding in a deeper layer or fold?

Do the bodies move the books or do the books move the bodies? Are body and book one? Is the one body fragment connected with the one book page by an invisible bond, an invisible nerve path? What other invisible nerve pathways are there hidden around us, without ever becoming comprehensible to the naked eye and its visual habits? What connects us with each other, with the world, with all those we consider objects? What metabolizes with us?

The finger that conducts the breathing of the other body, becoming part of a physical connection, opens up a sense of how closely our actions, our movements, expressions, gestures, our lives and survival interact with our environment, co-world and co-beings, and this opens up a sense of how far the consequences reach. How sensitively the world around us and all the innumerable worlds folded into it react to

us and we to them. The image, object, book, organ and body part that comes to life in its own right, interacting with other beings, air currents, tissues, fibres and folds, opens up a space of infinitely unfolding possibilities. Just as the film set, with its countless openings, suggests the possibilities of innumerable worlds, so do the frozen, petrified or extremely slowed-down other bodies in the set suggest that they, like the two accelerated, moving and sounding performers, could also suddenly contract, unfold, accelerate or expand in time and space, opening up other worlds and other fields of interaction. The spaces, times and relations are created by the interactions that explore movements, air currents and metabolic processes, the constellations, formations and machines or bodies, machine-parts or body-parts of which emerge, unfold and close up again. Alongside the activated, perceptible movements, constellations and sounds, it is possible to imagine a variety of not yet or no longer visible, audible or perceptible events.

The space helmets and the empty black space in which the various processes unfold, make it difficult to fall back on familiar contexts or patterns of interpretation. Watching and listening become groping, exploring; unsettling, cautious. Even when text appears, the desire to understand is wary of simply limiting, fixing, or locating the possibilities of interpretation. The fragmentations, the assemblages, the collages, the compositions and rhythms free the view. The hearing and the mimetic co-experiencing a richness, a multiplicity of associations. *Die Hörposaune* opens and expands the realm of experience without remaining in mere abstraction. The question of the possibility of breathing, the protected spaces suggested by the helmets, the experiencing of the independent life of things and their unfolding, all of this also speak of the damaged, the constricted, the worlds made impossible that we encounter not only in pandemic daily life. They incite us to search for the openings and interactions. *Die Hörposaune* whispers and infuses us with the need to interrogate the harshened boundaries of things and bodies and to search for loopholes, voids, landscapes, pleasure, discord, friendships, accomplices, co-players, impulses and for messages in the interstices.



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