

## **Transcript of spoken elements from *After Abstraction***

### **Text 1**

Formation of birds ornament the greyness of the sky. Eyes screen the rising smoke. Where to take colour from in this opaque timelessness? For suddenly, the greyness is in flames. But the fire has unlearned to burn. Shadows assemble, tumble, drown in their own silence. And yet, the silence resonates, full of ballades of the unsaid, the echo of the unspoken word. And with it the past resonates for ears to form themselves anew.

### **Text 2**

Strangers assemble to hum along the lines of uncertainty. Then, they merge into but one shadow of self-doubt. Ruptures to follow. Torn up dreams even though a flight of stairs remains unharmed. Segments of thought, particles, coal dust – words, once again, get ready for the unspeakable and the canvasses for the unseen-of. Unexpectedly, notes gather on a merry-go-round, lost chimes from a belltower. The brush, too, the pallet-knife are searching for red and black and yellow paint and find it in the fireplace. Cuts in the lithograph hurt.

### **Text 3**

A plaster sculpture rests on cobalt blue. It captures youthful pensiveness, half-coated by thick, shoulder-length hair; the brow pronounced; the lips closed and parted at once with a face that radiates: the composition in porous plaster of a young female whose facial expression looks like an open invitation and, at the same time, sealed. Thus saw and recreated Anna Mahler, her sisterly friend in exile, Helga Michie. Strangely, it seems that chords surround this sculpture, vibrations that make the hair move, hair that contains static motion as if it contained the wavelength of thought.

### **Text 4**

Amid conversations falls the shadow of silence. It divides and binds; it dissolves and reconfigures as a haze. I look at drawings as if they were phonographies, at colours as if they were clusters of voices. A room of one's own is meaningless without a voice of one's own, a voice in search of the one and only sentence as a configuration of words dipped in colours lined up until the lines become part of a score, strings of instruments thereafter. Strange that galleries are silent. Should there not be a constant humming of viewers translating what they see into muted sounds, transforming themselves into hummingbirds before paintings, extracting their colours thus enriching their plumages further and further. As we can no longer afford not to hear what we see.

### **Text 5**

In the days before yesterday a house was built of colours. They darkened deceptively when drying. It looked like a crater surrounded by natural waste. But in the crater dissonances were resolved by magic. Who can tell the artist from the art? Who the loving gesture from the soul? Who the bang from the whisper? I return to where I wanted to live and if I ever walk, I collect traces and square my memories of landscapes. I know that my blackbird will sing when nightfall occurs at noon

### **Text 1-5 by Rüdiger Görner**

**Ilse Aichinger, 'Beyond' in German and English, translated by Rüdiger Goerner**

Preserving  
how the lines

Bewahren,

wie die Linien

Tracing the celebrations  
of mourning and joyfulness,  
the ridges

Den Trauer- und Freudenfesten

auf der Spur bleiben,

discovering themselves,  
no downfall.

Sich im Flug entdecken,

Kein Untergang.