

14.08.19

# Chain of Triggers

22.04.21

Karin Hellqvist  
Manos Tsangaris









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Dear Eva Maria Müller,

This is Swedish violinist Karin Hellqvist writing. I have a proposal for Manos Tsangaris and saw that you are his contact with the Littlebits. Would you be so kind to forward my email to him?

Best wishes and thank you,  
Karin

Dear Manos Tsangaris,

This is Swedish violinist Karin Hellqvist writing. I believe our paths have crossed briefly a few times, as when you worked with my Norwegian ensemble Cikada in Oslo (although I was not performing), and also now recently as I was performing Clara Iannottas' Skull Ark in Munich last year. I always found your work very interesting and beautiful and have been hoping to collaborate with you one day. I know you are probably very busy composing, teaching and curating, but I'd thought I'd drop you a line anyway to ask you if you would be interested in finding some time to collaborate in the coming years.

I am active as a violinist in contemporary music of many different kinds, with ensembles in Scandinavia and as a soloist. You can find out more about what I do on my webpage: [www.karinhellqvist.com](http://www.karinhellqvist.com). I am based in Stockholm but currently pursuing a artistic PhD at The Norwegian Academy of Music (I know you were earlier Visiting Professor there), in which I collaborate closely with a group of composers including Liza Lim and Carola Bauckholt, and this work would then hopefully be a part of my research, meaning I'd love to meet, workshop and share the process. I am interested in running close collaborations, contributing with my sounds and personality to the works and I am open for theatrical, scenic and new ways of presenting them. Even, the result does not have to be a concert work in the traditional sense, it can also be an installation, video or such.

I have a grant of SEK 50 000 (about EUR 4 650) for the composition fee and it can be used until as late as 2022-ish and I can also hopefully find some extra money for travels and production.

Please let me know if this sounds interesting to you! Feel free to ask Carola about me too, we worked a lot together over the years and I know you know each other well

Wishing you a beautiful summer still!

All the best,  
Karin



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19.11.20

\*?

Dear Karin,

Eva wrote me that you can't reach me via mail. Strange. The address was correct.

I also checked my spam, you were not there (luckily)

Maybe it works now, if you just go to answer?

Thanks and all best,

Manos

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04.12.20

ZOOM CALL

20.11.20  
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03.12.20  
04.12.20

ZOOM CALL

## Zoom Call (Excerpt)

Manos: I think we should do something which is only possible between us. This is the chance, yeah, far more than asking you to about for example, those flageolettes, should I write them here or there, I thought about a kind of diary situation together. It's quite abstract still, but this morning I had the idea that both of us would do a exercise, a diary for a little while. I have a drawing here.

Karin: Yes, good point, as we cannot meet. I find it very interesting to see how thoughts develop over time. For me, this project is about, as a performer, to contribute with things for the work. Early in the project, this contribution was mainly about sounds, but it's expanding and is now involving more of me as a person, and also more of the composer. It's interesting when these things come together.

Manos: Yes, and diary can be a metaphor for something. Now I'm improvising, but for example sharing 'what do I hear today'. Are there things, significant situations, something becomes suddenly remarkable for me? Or photos? We all have a disease to take photos. We make a kind of protocol, to make an appointment. For 4 weeks, let's say, we make a commitment, wherever we are. A diary, in it's widest sense, we have a protocol. Do you know what protocol means? It's Greek, protocolon, for what you stick on top. With rolls of pergament, to know what's inside them and not having to roll it out, they stick something on top, that's why it's called protocol.

Karin: That's great! Should we leave it open like that, or should we decide more? Maybe it's interesting to leave it open for a few weeks and then to see what we come up with regarding the theme.

Manos: Yes, we could leave it completely open. Spontaneously, I would try to make a little collection for you, what could interest you. Another idea I had, before the protocolon, we could do a prologue, let's say a week or so, when we think about how and in which mode we would love to have such a diary.

Karin: We can think about how we share it with each other. Maybe we have an online place like Research Catalogue or similar.

Manos: Maybe we have different ways of doing it too. Maybe I take pictures, you do sounds.

Karin: That's a great idea, we think a little bit and we do the protocol for a few weeks, over Christmas. I'm so happy for this, us doing small things on each side, and tracing it together.

Manos: I always want to try something new. Maybe it's too early, but maybe it can be like a double portrait in the end, I'm taking your notes, you're taking mine. Symmetric. Too spontaneous maybe.

05.12.20

06.12.20

07.12.20

08.12.20

09.12.20

10.12.20

11.12.20

12.12.20

05.12.20  
06.12.20  
07.12.20  
08.12.20  
09.12.20  
10.12.20  
11.12.20  
12.12.20

For Karin

### We could give each other keywords

(My relation to...,  
my association with...)

- Either not announce the keywords beforehand, they would come flying in fresh again and again
- Or send the whole list at once, and you can pick out keywords currently
- You can also repeat keywords  
(for example 12 times in a row GAP...)

### Reaction forms can be:

Sounds  
Texts  
Photos  
Movies  
Drawings  
(...)  
Also quotes and collected,  
Also stolen

### The chain of triggers

This would be the beginning of our piece.  
It could be sent ahead, and we both play the game.  
And: you add to, correct, modify the list of keywords. The result would be our chain of triggers.

### Rule

If possible, provide (at least) one contribution every day.

13.12.20  
14.12.20  
15.12.20

## Karin Keywords

Friction

Zoom in

Knobs

Pleasure

Unforeseen

Relics

Wholehearted

Ritual

Ambiguous

Illusion

Collecting  
solved problems

Collective  
space

80's

Expansion

Circle

Second thought

Broken stuff

Traces of

Progression

The way to

Piles

Constructions

Other's business

Safety

Shadow

Start

Snack

Work tool

Archive

Barrier

Immersion

Speed



Reciprocity	Embarrassing	<u>Manos Keywords</u>
Loss	Animals	
Food	Risk	
Sleep and art	Science	
Day and night	Body	
First memories	1 beautiful loss of control	
From the end of time	Discipline	
Before and after music	NIGHT	
First love	NOISE	
Dedication	TRAVEL	
When did I dedicate myself to something	You are what you eat	
Competition	Cut off	
Intoxication	Promise	
Repetition	Presence	
Indulgence	Tree	
Phobia	The melody of things	
Trip	Running schedule	
Beginning / Beginner	Defect	
The intelligence of swans	Gap	
Blind spot	Family (question)	
Secrets	Longing	

16.12.20

17.12.20

Day 1

21:30

longing  
zoom in  
repetition  
ritual  
promise  
presence  
pleasure  
safety  
first memories  
immersion



Dogs, a complex thing. A longing for another type of (probably unwanted) life. Presence in a ritual, a promise of repetition. Zooming in on the pleasure of just walking. Also, memories of a childhood friend that I never had the chance to say goodbye to.

18.12.20

19.12.20

16.12.20

17.12.20

17:24

Rainforest

UNLOCK THE STILLNESS

TOGETHER WITH DIETER KRAUTHAUSEN

Rain Forest\_16122020.mp3

pulse-based piece, experimental groove with minimal text:  
rainforest.

18.12.20

19.12.20

16:37

Expansion

At the moment I am reading the Austrian author Robert Musil. His book »The Man Without Qualities« is considered one of the most difficult in German. (A bit like Ulysses, for example). So real entertainment. I'm at page 1420.

Yesterday I found a phrase in it that goes something like: Like fire, which does not diminish when another fire is kindled by it.

16:57

Repetition, Longing

Day 1:

»If we take eternity to mean not infinite temporal duration but timelessness, then eternal life belongs to those who live in the present.«

Ludwig Wittgenstein

Re: Illusion (Day 1)

21:30

Zoom in, to the Melody of Things: Arctic ice melting.  
Recorded it today for Carola (so, also Other's Business).  
Was inspired to send it after hearing the wonderful rain forest drums!  
/Karin

Arctic\_Ice\_Only\_Violin.mp3  
Crispy, bubbling, sweeping violin mapping of the Arctic  
landscape.

20.12.20

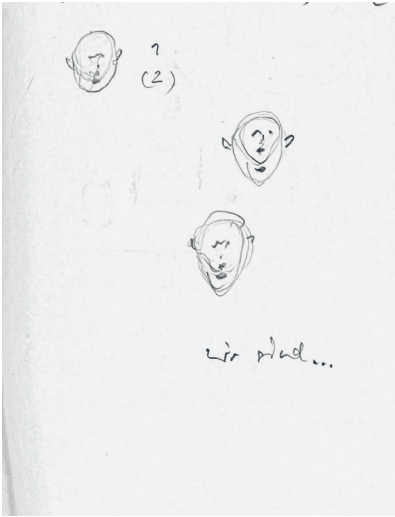
Re: beautiful loss

19:32

Very beautiful! Who are they?

17:31

Illusion (Day 1)



22:49

Collective space

did u c the whatsapp messages?

20.12.20

19:12

beautiful loss



21.12.20

Brook with 4 triggers

16:52

Hello there Manos,

Hope your snack was good.

Today I have a melancholic song of triggers sung by a tiny stream in the forest I walked by, and I decided to colour it with triggers of SHADOW, PILES, DAY & NIGHT + FRICTION respectively. Really sad one. But hey, today, Winter solstice! Take care, Karin

Brook.mp3

Field recording with violin accompaniment, a collage inspired by the small brook outside Karin's studio.

The melody of things

21:54

Before and after Music / Vinyl Expansion / The Melody of Things.



19:35

Re: Re: beautiful loss

young traders from berlin carrying mistletoe down the streets on london probably in the thirties

21.12.20

16:07

snack

today super short day.

21:12

Reciprocity

One of the two longest nights

21:19

Re: Brook with 4 triggers

Such a beautiful song, so sad.

From now on, things are going up again.



## Other's Business

22.12.20

11:28

My studio is located in this mess. I'm so glad it's other's business. I love others's loss of control when it comes to tidiness, but I'd rather not go there myself, at least not to this extent. Here's for sure piles and broken stuff, collective space, work tools and constructions. Traces of creativity and noise. And old snack... But - in fact, this is a really great place to think and focus.





22.12.20

12:02

Re: Other's Business

Thank you, dear Karin.

Is funny, I wanted to send you something more detailed today (later), because now I can go to a piece again, and in the half-sleep then things come to my mind that you could not understand without context.

And now here the plastic, the installation of the studio with other people's business, but I find such a mess sometimes good (lucky that you do not see how currently my studio in Cologne looks. But there I am over the years always only briefly purely between the trips, things drop, and on it goes...)

Anyway, I'll send you something canned, just have to translate it correctly, to Secret Life.

If you don't know it, you won't understand my activities (or some of them) in the next weeks and months. Would be a pity.

I like the D-Jane you sent me yesterday.

Best M

16:30

Re: Re: Other's business

Dear Karin,

here is the exposé out of order, so to speak.

Later, little pieces about disappearance...

Thank you

M

## Secret Life

A fiction documentary

### Plot

It is about a thirty-year-old woman who lives in Germany and who (secretly) plans, writes and executes special, tiny art events. Often connected with camera and film. She is a kind of Banksy of performance or music theatre. At the same time, she is also interested in special forms of reception that are part of the work. She writes and directs inserts, small, often suddenly appearing, »popping up« and extremely intense events. Some of them are only one or two minutes long, some even shorter. Working like inserts into real life, they are always surprising and, so to speak, »quick-witted« in terms of the underlying everyday and social situation.

The young woman plans all this largely on her own. Only a friend, as discreet as she is, supports her. These minimal actions, planned with maximum advance and effort, are carried out with extreme consistency and inserted into »life«.

Gradually this work becomes very well known to the public. The artist reaps over a million clicks on YouTube. Madame Xs (Extra Short) becomes a cult figure, a mystery. The public wonders very much, who she could be.

Later, after several years, her anonymity, which she knew how to protect, is suddenly in danger. Her own friend (?) relative (?) threatens to expose her. He (they are) jealous. Especially of her creativity and efficiency. But without admitting it to themselves/himself. He wants to put an end to what he calls a spook. This, of course, leads into a dramatic zone. She, the protagonist, has to make a real choice between her work and her social environment (and therefore her family?).

The plot then leads to Greece and Korea (or Hong Kong). Xs has settled there. She finds supporters who enable her to go into hiding there for a while. She is also supposed to get a prize in Greece (incognito). In Korea (or Hong Kong) she continues to carry out her secret artistic work.

Finally she breaks away from her old life (and her friends) in Germany and starts something new in Greece.

### Resonance Space

Good stories are always heroine stories. And they are most likely to succeed when friendship is under stress. (Stephen King: All good stories are based on friendship put under stress.

In our narrative, the possibilities of the secret real life, which wins its reality in film with film, are combined with a personal affair, which puts the secret life under pressure and puts it in danger.

Film within film becomes an essential moment in this process. The making of the film within the film becomes part of the plot.

The manufacturing process and production are fed by an essential contradiction. The protagonist will accompany herself with camera in her real life – for years. And in the film she writes tiny little films that take place in and with real performances (mini-mobs), sometimes only for a few seconds.

So, on one side there is the extreme horizontal expansion, on the other side the greatest possible compression into a kind of vertical. This results in structural and formal tension, which is, however, semantically »suspended« in the plot and the life of this young woman in her everyday social context with acquaintances, friendships, everyday routine, counteracted by her (cinematic) art actions.

The tension of the production method – long-term accompaniment versus composed miniatures – is reflected analogously in the plot context. The outwardly unspectacular lives of the protagonists are concentrated in their intensive art production.

In addition, this is a road movie project without »road«. This means that real life, historical events over a period of five years play a role in the plot.

The team will also be in constant dialogue with all producers involved, discussing and modifying the dramaturgy and plot. Some of the inserts, the so-called mini-mobs, will also be produced with or in the participating institutions. (For example, with the Zurich University of the Arts, where MTS will produce a work with the Telematichs Lab in 2022 anyway).

## Production

The whole production should correspond to this. At first it does not aim at this one result. It will involve seven very different supporters (institutions), e.g.: a museum, a festival, an academy, a cultural centre, a university, a private patron and a cinema. The results of the production will again be seven different addresses and forms of presentation: in the museum a double-faced installation, in the festival an installation-performance, in the academy a video-installation ad infinitum, in the cultural centre a performance-installation, in the university a presentation-lecture, in the private sector an in-door-installation and in the cinema a film screening.

In this way, each of the participating supporters will receive their own premiere, their own piece. The individual presentations complement each other to form a large, connected work.

Last but not least, a special form of »crowd-funding« is to be created in this way. The financial expenditure for the individual partners is reduced. As soon as a certain level of basic financing is guaranteed, applications for public funding will be submitted (e.g. to the Hauptstadt-Kulturfonds in Berlin or the Bundeskulturstiftung etc.).

The project is planned for five years.

Locations are in Germany, Greece and Korea.

## Team

The team consists of  
an actress, a performer,  
a producer,  
a cameraman and  
a writer and director.

(Later on, for postproduction, other forces may be added.)

mts2019/20 @ManosTsangaris



23.12.20

19:34

Cut Off / Presence (Notes to Secret Life)

suddenly it is no longer ephemeral  
but instead the name of the author disappears  
mine disappears in that of the author in the film who disappears  
the film is the paradox  
when it continues to run it is ephemeral  
when it stops it is no longer a film  
i can play it repeatedly  
but even then it does not stop  
at the end everything is ephemeral  
like the day that has just passed

23.12.20

08:42

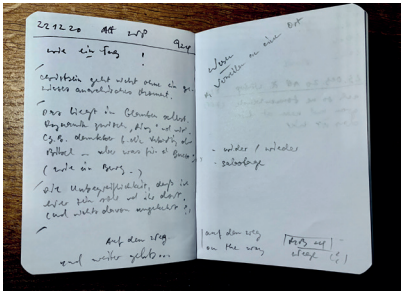
discipline / body / secrets / repetition / food/tree



my little orange tree  
i eat an orange every day  
with all the trimmings

08:47

work tool



my note book, yesterday

One white thing at least this unusual Christmas. Running around collecting solved problems, postponing other ones. So good to soon have a closure of this year soon and a fresh start, beginning.



Re: Re: Re: Other's Business

19:14

Dear Manos,

Thank you for all the glimpses and keywords the last days. This piece is wonderful! I especially like the idea of:

The results of the production will again be seven different addresses and forms of presentation: in the museum a double-faced installation, in the festival an installation-performance, in the academy a video-installation ad infinitum, in the cultural centre a performance-installation, in the university a presentation-lecture, in the private sector an in-door-installation and in the cinema a film screening.

In this way, each of the participating supporters will receive their own premiere, their own piece. The individual presentations complement each other to form a large, connected work.

How free this kind of concept makes one think! 'Creative' is sometimes an over-used word, yes, but it's so refreshing when boundaries of media and expectation can be challenged. Looking forward to follow this onwards, through keywords. Pre-Merry Christmas from a pretty chaotic Christmas tree-thingy  
Karin

Re: discipline/body/secrets/repetition/food/tree

19:16

Lovely. I don't know why people live in this cold part of the world when there are places oranges grow like this.



09:03

\*

reciprocity

## Defect Santa

19:07

Running schedule / defect sudden  
ad hoc Santa for neighbours kids /  
Santa's wife? / Embarrassing but fun

Thank you for the beautiful and painful  
story about your memories from  
childhood sickness. How powerful  
our first memories can be. I will read  
it again tomorrow.

For now, a beautiful Christmas from  
here!



24.12.20

12:12

## First memories

I think, even if it sounds terribly dramatic, I am probably the only person I know who has memories from before he was one year old.

The reason is that as an infant I had a chronicized middle ear infection for half a year and from a certain moment my parents took me every second or third day to a clinic to the ENT doctor, where I was punctured in the ear, i.e. they pulled out the pus. I was given penicillin at that time, but it does not seem to have worked. In any case, I remember the sight of the ENT doctor with a concave mirror attached to his forehead, and the small blue flame next to him between the instruments, which burns so regularly because it is fed by a gas stream. Later, as a toddler, I was still unstable in the head and often again and again on this chair, which was also a torture chair, and there, of course, this memory has always refreshed and repeated itself. But this long stretch of regular visits as an infant to the hospital and the images merging into one has burned itself into my mind.

(I've never talked or written about it until now, by the way, except once with my wife and another time during an interview, but with a request not to publish that part).

12:14

Re: The intelligence of swans

That's very beautiful, dear Karin. I wish you and your loved ones a Merry Christmas.

18:30

my table a minute ago



19:53

a bit later (Work tool)



25.12.20

Animals / Illusion

10:06



26.12.20

Re: void is a word

19:00

Interesting, I'm not sure I understand,  
tell me more!

Today, I'm here, where I grew up. I  
think absolutely every keyword fits  
here, from first memories and on.  
Before and after music, from the end  
of time, ritual, beginning, day and  
night. Almost so many triggers to im-  
merse in that they cannot be caught.  
Wholehearted and ambiguous.

Sending you warmest Christmas  
greetings!



27.12.20

25.12.20

09:16

Unforeseen (christmas stars in the morning)



26.12.20

10:08

void is a word

I'm going to turn it around now.

The year.

But also the methodology.

I'm going to take the keywords and see what stands out.

(Ich werde die Stichwörter nehmen und schauen, was hervorsteicht.)

Maybe I'll just send a few individual words.

The beautiful thing: there can't be horror vacui in our game.

Even if you don't send me anything, you send me something.

Greetings to the x.th day on Boxing Day.

But why is it called Boxing day?

M

27.12.20

Re: Re: void is a word

What you write there, dear Karin, and especially the photo trigger in me tremendous stories. Already this (also somewhat dreary, because wintry) view from a distance on such a family home. I suspect you are there with your young family.

28.12.20

Piles / the Melody of Things / Barrier / Constructions

16:32

Rest product from the iron works, this stone creates unique walls with a lot of history in them. Swedish (blue) slag stone.



29.12.20

Traces of / animals / loss / defect / other's business

18:23



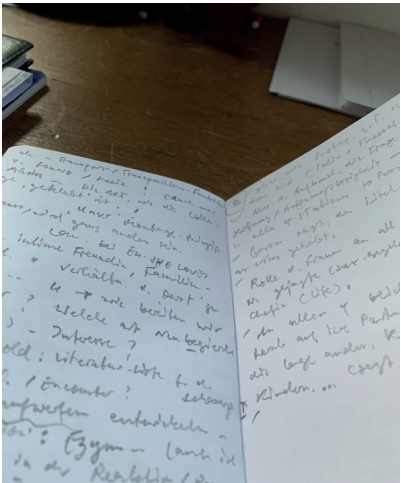
The game is new and mixed differently. But when you step out of this house, of course you see all seasons, all times of your life projected on top of each other, yourself playing or more precisely: your memory plays with the image of Karin playing in this garden and so on.

In a certain resolution, this photograph was reproduced in my mail in a very large, huge way, and in the enlargement I also began to look at the neighboring houses and to phase relationships that you might have had with the people in these houses as a child, as a teenager, and perhaps also today.

Christmas always has a certain pressure. Sorry, I don't want to project anything into it from me, but I also see in the distance of your photo a certain longing that might be ambivalent: longing to return to the family and longing to free yourself from it. The memories to the present take us captive and set us free. Very warm greetings M

28.12.20  
10:26

Zoom in / Second thought / The way to



29.12.20  
16:06

Pile(s)





30.12.20

31.12.20

Construction / family / traces of /  
1 beautiful loss of control

21:24

It's good you mentioned that void is also a word... Yesterday I collapsed and slept when the kids finally gave in (at 22.00...).

I enjoyed reading your thoughts on memory. The chains of memory, the triggers. Every thought has a trigger, a hook/connection both to the previous and the



18:35

Repetition?



30.12.20

17:15

Secrets / Loss / Dedication / Night / Beginner / Longing



18:35

repeated repetition (full moon version)



31.12.20

09:20

presence / science / archive / illusion / the way to

all memory goes through triggers

»whenever i... I automatically have to think of...«

shape of memory systems.

chain of triggers

is actually a chain of chains

where does the memory go back to

where does it go ahead

later thought. It's a beautiful thing, to clear space to the triggers we want to invite. Those days, I also think a lot about how many parallel chains of thoughts and triggers can exist simultaneously like different layers and how relieving it is to accept that fact.

Wishing you a very nice end of this year and an even better start of the coming. The next leg in the chain of years.



we have memory  
we have mind if we can CONNECT (combine, link)  
(also disconnect)?  
the linking / knotting has us  
makes us  
has our mind

the kind / originality of the linking  
ability to combine  
= intelligence = (literally) inter legere: to read in between  
or inter ligere (goes also): to connect in between or in the meantime  
(see liga)

don't believe what you think

how and with what we link (let ourselves be linked)  
makes our existence  
(in every moment)

how we prepare the space for it  
is probably the only thing we can do for it  
(askesis, practice, preparing and tuning the instrument, comes from repetition,  
trying again and again... it also  
repeats itself automatically)

the connection itself we can only allow  
or it allows us  
or not  
allowing the space, opening the space,  
emptying (clearing) the space, so that there is room for it  
what does emptiness (void) mean  
nothing is ever »empty«

active emptiness  
maybe a question of balance of forces  
or compensation of the forces

concept of center (middle)  
what is center, where, how and in which context

or can be  
edge- and center-dialectic  
(what seems to be positioned at the edge, forms its own center)  
the center of the universe is always here, now

a belief that is older than a few minutes  
is inexistent

01.01.21

Loss / the way to / night / barrier / safety  
– repetition, change?

20:40

The refugee camp in Moria that burned and left thousands of people sleeping in the streets. A new camp of tents is built, torn by weather, for the migrants it's just another prison. I read about it tonight, about a 3 year old girl (like my Nora) found unconscious in one of the toilets, raped. I cried, almost vomited. The painful feeling of not knowing what to do. Signed up for a monthly donation. Felt a little better in my safe, privileged bubble, but again that almost felt worse then. All of us in our bubbles would have to repeat this pain every night for change to come.

02.01.21

(remembering the belief of childhood?)

in german people often say:

since i am 10.

(presence for transitions, states of the past)

the past is not past at all?

the future is not...?

linking with other objects in other spaces

admitting god

we are products of the specific matrix

warm greetings

m

(it started snowing)

01.01.21

17:41

Traces of



02.01.21

11:52

Re: Loss / the way to / night / barrier / safety  
– repetition, change?

Dear Karin,

Thank you for sharing this. There we are at a very central, very difficult trigger. More precisely: a combination, a bundling, but aiming at the central point. That of true compassion, which cannot be inaction, consternation, and without sentimentality or just momentary shudder. The question of our actions, also



of our strangely senseless spiritual artistic actions and social responsibility. Or in other words: the question of the relationship between freedom and justice.

Everything that one writes, answers, thinks about this also becomes a problem. The sentences turn around in one's mouth.

I can assure you that everything I do, since my youth, besides reasons of vanity, narcissism, mere animal competition, longing, hunger for spiritual valuable food, own egoistic will to survive, from the very beginning was aimed, i.e. directed, at the above mentioned problems.

But to it later perhaps more.

You write about bubbles. Yes, right.

But there is also a point of view, which takes into consideration the different spheres of the existence, which direct the view from different perspectives on actually one and the same construction site.

As a youth, I was in the youth organization of the German Communist Party. The question arose for me, how, where, with which means the system, could be influenced, could be improved. For people. From a certain moment I decided then (at least in the first place) against the political activity and for the analysis and development of aesthetic events.

The elections are decided, now very briefly said, through films, communication, agencies, ultimately composition, you could also say, composed propaganda. So good art is per se politically effective (just takes so damn long).

Sorry to elaborate, but it's the real picture of a moral argument that doesn't absolve us of anything. Which in the first moment does not improve the life of some people, especially their misery.

These different spheres, unlike Bubbles, intertwine, they influence each other, they can be permeable, they are related to each other in terms of content and form. You can't, when you're practicing a piece or making music with someone in the studio, think incessantly about the plight of the people in the refugee camp.

But afterwards and before, perhaps.

And you can't be with your children and reproach them for their (relative) prosperity and freedom. (You can perhaps convey to them at the appropriate age that they are doing quite well. We don't need the chronified Protestant conscience that and everything sours. But, yes, we do need a realistic conscience. And that very often is very hard to bear.

Because if our consciousness would pass through the news every day unfiltered, we would not be able to sleep at all. Yes, the camp. But also: Syria (for years!!), the Jemen, certain zones of Africa, Iran, Iraq, China (Uyghurs) etc. etc.

It does not stop.

Our perception (especially also that of the mass media) goes in waves. Sometimes the events come more, sometimes less to us. We measure always with different measures!





The victims of a terrorist attack in the west count simply more than the daily bomb victims, e.g., in Afghanistan.

So it is also the form of communication in relation to the perception of the person, what counts. And that is what I would call our theme.

The less (daily) political, superficially realistic it comes across, the more precisely it can consider and shape the interface of perception, consciousness, aesthetic event. It is about sensitization, about enlightenment. Near and far are crazy these days. The public is here, right here in the living room, in the kitchen, in our end devices.

Information is shaped.

We have to create alternatives.

That doesn't absolve us of direct responsibility.

Sensitivity and compassion are always present.

Even the Dalai Lama says that with all the prioritization of compassion, we should not only rejoice in life, but even must.

Consider Impermanence.

Defects of Samsara.

The infallibility of cause and effect.

Cherish the preciousness of human life.

In other words: Those who allow themselves to be completely bowled over by suffering and compassion cannot help either.

Compassion must not turn into depression.

Easily said.

After your mail from yesterday evening I could not sleep half the night. This is personal trivia, just sensitivities.

I don't want to write what saves me.

One needs mental, also spiritual perspectives.

If I didn't have them, I would probably despair completely.

But they are of no use if they are not of practical use. (see Dalai Lama, who, by the way, has often emphasized that he appreciates his Christian sisters and brothers above all for their charitable commitment, as the help for people in need, and that Buddhism could still learn from that...).

We have and will always have a problem in the dichotomy of doing and omitting something, or how much we can do or will do and thereby automatically cannot do something else, thus omitting something.

As a child, I have always wondered why I was born here, right here, and not in one of the many so much poorer areas of the world. (Later, by the way, I also saw that some poverty can come with spiritual wealth, but of course this should not become a lazy excuse).



We feel powerless, and in part we are.  
What you read, what I see in the various news browsers is quite terrible.  
It is right to donate as much as you can.  
And it is ultimately right to advocate for direct political consequences.  
To criticize and influence the system, the structure.  
That's a sphere that has to work with others.

I have already perceived a certain paralysis in the days before your mail from a distance. Probably we are now also a little telepathically connected.

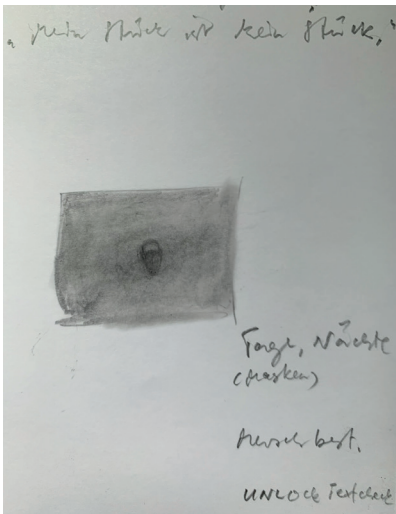
I wish you, your loved ones, all the best for now and later.  
Warmest greetings  
Manos

P.S.: By the way, I donated a week ago (Syria, Doctors Without Borders, A School for Bissau, and for an African friend privately).

P.P.S.: This is the school in West Africa that I founded with friends about 20 years ago. The only one in this country that has remained open through all the political upheavals, coups, etc. In the meantime a model school. And it is, by the way, an African project. We are and remain in the background.  
The first years I was president of the German-Guinean Society. But when I started traveling so much, I passed it on to a friend.

@ Link to the project »Eine Schule für Bissau«

UNLOCK THE STILLNESS  
TOGETHER WITH DIETER KRAUTHAUSEN  
Something\_about\_16122020\_Mix.mp3  
Slow Rap for Vocals, Piano and Electronics



P.P.P.S.: About two weeks ago I recorded an essay program in SWR-Baden-Baden, where it is exactly about the overlapping of the political with the so-called side things (what we do). Unfortunately in German. Maybe I'll manage to translate the text. The exact title is: Nebensachen or Why the lack of aesthetic awareness endangers our democracy.

Attached I send you another track from last week.  
I think it's also about the dichotomy.  
And the sister of Traces of...



## SOMETHING ABOUT

Something about yes or no  
insist or not  
live or...

One person (or two)  
at standstill  
unlock

lontano  
explains it  
from the middle of the blackness

The blind spot  
clears the air  
between yes and no  
here and there

If not everything disappeared  
not nothing could be lost

Now, that you sit still  
the world races around itself

Something  
about nothing  
from the middle of the light

clears the air  
between yes and no  
here and there

Something, under the volcano  
frees the thoughts  
in the middle of the blackness  
the dried up memories

Something, between here and there  
yes or no  
clears the air

It says:

If not everything disappeared,  
not nothing could be lost.  
Something...

Dear Manos,

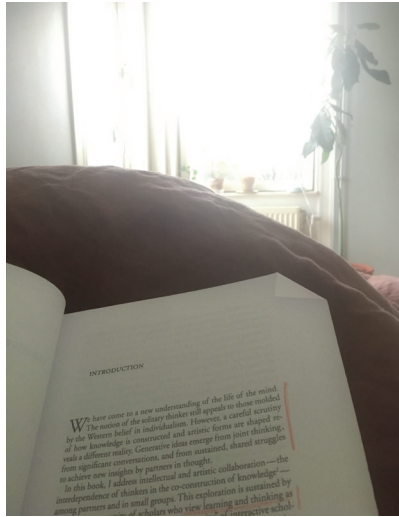
THANK YOU! I was really very uplifted and also encouraged by your wise and empathic lengthy email. There are so many things I'd like to ask and hear more about. This morning though, I woke up with a heavy flu (let's see if it is you-know-which-one) and have spent the whole day in bed. Question is, how connected are things? I feel like I reached rock bottom with the horrible article (well, not horrible, I guess, but fantastic), generating thoughts of despair yesterday, and maybe as you say, I was already a bit »off« because of

pressure of different kinds. Anyhow, although ill today, I feel encouraged by the notion of the many spheres, of compassion that cannot despair, of connectedness and several strands of perception coexisting. Also, I started to read a book I was longing to read for long, Vera John-Steiner's *Creative Collaboration*. On the same note as you describe your way into the arts, as a means of creating change, the first chapters also filled me with meaning toward the important work we do as artists, precisely on the above-mentioned ideas and feelings.

The primary school in Bissau – how heart-warming lovely! It's amazing what engagement can do over time. You have to tell me more one day about this. I can relate, because I spent a year in Tanzania at a secondary school as a volunteer before studying music.

And thank you for the track. It really struck me how utterly personal it becomes when combining one's voice and other sounds, I felt like I was in the studio!

Thank you again for the courage and hope!  
Karin





03.01.21

Time / Friction / From the end of time /  
Risk / Longing / The way to

19:13

TIME, this foremost trigger of mine.  
How to make friends with time? Is it  
even possible?

There's the friction from the constant contact, rubbing, with time, and there's longing to get rid of that. Yet, the ways of how to get rid of the sensation of time (...the perceived lack of it, the chase) does not seem to work too well with me. Meditation, yoga. I know they might be a way to... but there's a barrier still.

Maybe this year; beginning, start, change.



Re: Re: Re: Re: Loss / the way to / night / barrier /  
safety – repetition, change?

19:18

Thank you, today again I'm all well actually. A 24h flu, just rushed by.  
All the best from here,  
Karin

04.01.21

Science / Noise / The melody of things /  
Friction / Speed / Traces of

20:18

Violin\_ice.mp3

A sonic mapping of an Arctic landscape, created with overlaid violin sounds. Exploring friction, the noise of wind and vivid gestures.



03.01.21

09:06

Re: Re: Re: Loss / the way to / night / barrier / safety  
– repetition, change?

Dear Karin,  
oooh, you are sick.  
I hope you were able to sleep a little...

Now just briefly: Thank you for taking my mammoth mail so well. I was very much in doubt. (As I said, every sentence turns in my mouth on this subject, too. Every word is one too much and one too little.)

You are about the first to hear this recording. Thanks for that too!

Settle in for some much-needed rest.  
Go ahead and take a break.

For us, too.  
Send something only if you like, of course.  
(Just no pressure please.)  
I'll email something small when it flies by, right?

All the best to you!  
M

04.01.21

09:34

Re: Time / Friction / From the end of time /  
Risk / Longing / The way to

K!

From the end of time  
(Secrets)  
1 beautiful loss of control  
(Promise)  
The melody of things  
(Gap)

Lo

M

Artistic research day, going in circles between PDFs and notes  
 Adorno and expansion to see utopian perspectives of a better world  
 Constructions of thought, chains of thoughts  
 Traces of things without possibility to be defined

The ability of art.

»Immanuel Kant's critical investigation of what today is called the non-conceptual content of aesthetic experience culminated in his legendary articulation of the aesthetic idea as a 'representation of the imagination which induces much thought, yet without the possibility of any definite thought whatever, namely concept, being adequate to it, and which language, consequently, can never get quite on level terms with or render completely intelligible'«  
 (Kant 1978 [1790/93]: §49)

»The ability of art (...) to speak to us is compellingly present in the work of Theodor W. Adorno. Here, the cultural value of art lies in its 'epistemic character' (Erkenntnischarakter), through which art reveals the concealed truth about the dark reality of society. Whereas in Baumgarten the non-conceptual content of art liberates itself from explicit rational knowledge, and whereas in Kant the non-conceptual aesthetic content invites us to reflection, Adorno assigns this content an even more potent and critical valence as the only thing that is capable – because it is antithetical to societal reality – of keeping alive the utopian perspective of a better world, and of recalling the original (albeit broken) promise of happiness.«

»Art's epistemic character resides in its ability to offer the very reflection on who we are, on where we stand, that is obscured from sight by the discursive and conceptual procedures of scientific rationality. Noteworthy in Adorno is that thoughts and concepts are still always needed – thoughts and concepts which, as it were, assemble themselves around a work of art, in such a way that the art object itself begins to speak under the lingering gaze of the thought.«

Henk Borgdorff, from The conflict of the faculties

09:35

Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Loss/the way to/night/  
barrier/safety – repetition, change?

Very happy that you're better!!

05.01.21

15:41

Re: Science / Noise / The melody of things /  
Friction / Speed / Traces of

Thank you, dear Karin,

after listening to your recording (there was one tonetone at the end) I did I think for the first time that friction has a completely different, much more elementary meaning for string players than for other musicians or other people. The bow on the string is moved and the friction between the hairs of the bow and the string causes the string to vibrate, and the bow too.

Friction between people is considered rather questionable or even problematic, isn't it? When I get into friction with someone, I mean, when there is friction with someone, the conflict is actually already there. Well, if I think about it, it's much worse with the percussion instruments, isn't it? In German it's also called Schlag-Instrumente, which comes from hitting, beating. At least one step further than friction. When I hit someone, which I haven't done since childhood (but at that time with my brother, of course), it's about direct physical violence. The wind players have it better that way. No friction, no hitting. Just air that is intelligently divided.

You see, music in general is a wonderful sublimation process. Thank you for the beautiful recording, with lots of friction.

M

06.01.21

Re: Re: Science / Noise / The melody of things /  
Friction / Speed / Traces of

19:57

Dear Manos,

Yes, I think string players think a lot about friction. I find it so amazing that the tiny ,hooks' on the bow hair can catch the string and make it sing. One of the things I work on the most in my playing is the sublime awareness of the pulling and pushing of the string, and how up and down bow is different in that respect. It's easy as a string player to think of the music as created in the left hand, on the violin. But whenever I remind myself of the bow doing the singing, through friction, music comes alive much more.

Perhaps I think of friction between people in a slightly different way. As if it's always there, but not always connected to uneasy feelings. Positive friction? As a certain friction can enhance relationships. Maybe because I'm a string player!

Hoping you are all well!

Karin

When I did dedicate myself to something / Trip /  
Discipline / Constructions / Expansion

20:17

This Covid-indulgence is finally being sent to print and to materialize. A trip unforeseen and long, but a beginning as much as a closure. This book, as illusion and reality has been a part of mine, and my partner in crime, Heloisa's, life the last year. Now, a (temporary) cut off! Relief!

PDF of the book Impossible Situations: Concerts in the making by Karin Hellqvist, Heloisa Amaral and Ellen Inga Hannesdóttir (2020)

07.01.21

Speed / 1 beautiful loss of control

14:51

Reversed, and suddenly in a very different speed and feel...

Impro\_folk\_reverse.mp3

An ornamented and multilayered traditional Swedish folk melody in reverse.

06.01.21  
18:17

Shadow (today's walk)



07.01.21

17:00

Re: Speed / 1 beautiful loss of control

Oh, that's very beautiful, thank you!!

08.01.21

Re: Re: When I did dedicate myself to something /  
Trip / Discipline / Constructions / Expansion

21:37

Dear Manos,

Thank you! I'm sorry, I didn't mean to send it to you like you would have to read it all, that's an enormous task! I will give you a printed copy of the book one day. That way it is nicer to read. I was just very relieved to cut off from it since it's been a long project.

Yes, it's my kid there. Poor thing, she went to 15-20 something places with me the first years (until she at 1,5 once went all crazy and undress in the plane home from Oslo while running in the aisle with some Christmas decorations, I knew then it was time to stop bringing her). The second child does hardly not leave the suburb here thanks to covid...

I know what you mean with avoiding the exhausting life of an artist... But true artists are tough to stop. I can only pray. :-)

Triggers of today: night, noise and sleep and (attempts at) art.

Good night and all the best, Karin

09.01.21

Re: Tree

21:06

How beautiful! Snow on wide fields is a great backdrop for wintery branches.

All the best,

Karin

Presence

21:37



10.01.21

08.01.21  
11:06

Re: When I did dedicate myself to something /  
Trip / Discipline / Constructions / Expansion

Dear Karin,

It took me a moment because I can only download larger files here in the kitchen, and I wanted to look at the book in peace and not in a jerky way online. It's a very nice book, I like the rhythm, the proportions of photography, prose, interview, information and illustrativeness. Whether I understand the approach of the experiment itself exactly, I don't know yet. I still have to have time to read it more thoroughly.

The span between Impossible and Possible Situations.

It's always your child too, isn't it?

So nice when it can be there.

Tell her not to become an artist, it's too exhausting (even if it often looks different from the outside).

Thank you for the beautiful documentation.

Warm regards Manos

09.01.21  
20:59

Tree



10.01.21  
12:11

Running schedule / Gap / Presence / Progression /  
Circle / Immersion

Today I am looking at which trigger words might fit into my life. And which ones might be missing. Or would my life have to be such that it (unconditionally) conforms to the triggers?





Maybe nonsense.

For a few weeks now, exactly, since the 18th of December, that is, since we have been tying or welding or assembling or winding or tensioning or freeing or instigating or composing the Chain of Triggers, since then I have been working most of the day on Secret Life, this long-term project (film), where I once sent you a text.

It goes very slowly.

And our time (Covid) is like a frantic standstill.

I feel that here in Anachoresis too.

Today it is very foggy outside.

The fog seems to turn even the snow (is snow white? Is white a colour?) into grey.

I like fog.

Actually every morning (I don't have small children, as you know) I can set up some quiet time (With silence it's similar to white. Is silence a complement? Does it even exist?).

I.e. I read holy scripture and wait a moment.

Then, let's call it praying.

The word pray is very much in disrepute with most people.

Right now, the computer wants to restart.

So techno-conditional pause.

It's Sunday.

Actually, Sunday should be a break.

I'm going to edit an interview today.

The word deadline.

My days are very regular now.

I am alone.

I almost always get up at sunrise.

(I like to in summer too. There are no midsummer nights here).

Fasting and working in the morning.

But what does working mean other than certain forms of repetition and WAITING.

The computer has taken me out of rhythm with its pause.

A moment ago, writing itself was thinking.

I had resolved, and kept to it during these weeks, to send you only »fresh« material. That is, things from the day I email them to you. The only exceptions were, I think, the exposé for Secret Life and the two recordings (Rain Forest and

Re: Running schedule / Gap / Presence /  
Progression / Circle / Immersion

23:12

Dear Manos,

What a refreshing, fun, sincere and interesting email to receive, it made me very happy actually. This could expand into a whole novel.

I had been thinking what to send you today and I saw that time was running out this late evening. This day, I was also thinking of some new trigger words could be added to our list. Do you need more or do you navigate in the ones we have?

I really don't know what keyword to label this day and its contents with. It was a strange day, because I was on national TV here with a ,rock star' I work with, a long pre-recorded concert (yes, without audience). I don't say this to flatter myself, I hope!!! – but it is very weird how people can ,find' you nowadays. I have had messages, mails, beep in the phone from complete strangers without stop. Only nice things, but it leaves me with a very ambiguous feeling of being exposed, superficial and uneasy.

Something about) from the studio the days before our chain began (or my side of it).

I'll send you the draft of the cover (by my nephew Ruben).

Outside, the snow and the fog merge seamlessly.

Maybe we are used to going so slowly as musicians. One practices. The practising itself is somehow senseless. One practices the senselessness. That's where the praying thing comes in.

(When the shoe fits, the foot is forgotten.)

I finished reading that book (The Man Without Qualities, Musil) at Christmas. Now I must try to forget it.

It's good to be so slow.

Maybe it's also good to be so small.

We musicians are, after all, one of the rare species who have somehow continued to do something since childhood (did I say that before?).

So childhood is still present in the front layers of presence.

Our being is not a machine.

Most people imagine it that way because of the habit of thinking.

In every moment that arises, we are still in the origin.

Or in other words, we always come from the origin.

Something appears and disappears again.

Somehow the defencelessness I had hoped for when we started the Chain of Triggers also sets in.

Because we didn't know each other, I thought I didn't have a mask in front of my face. And so we can at least switch, because the other person doesn't expect a certain face, this or that face, that she would have already discovered on me once, say, seven years ago.

It's quite cold here.

Actually, I don't heat.

(Ok, sometimes a bit electric.)

In winter it's often about 12°C here in the house.

You get used to it.

Once a week I go to the supermarket (with mask).

One of my favourite quotes:

There's a crack in everything,  
that's how the light gets in.

Friction, ambiguous, and maybe a beautiful loss of control...

Your email was such a fresh contrast to all of that, thank you!

Good night!

Karin

Pleasure / Progression? / Tree

11.01.21

15:48

Today, the first time since the beginning of December that I saw traces of blue skies over Stockholm! An incredible feeling.

Recognising the small miracles even though the world is partly, or acutely, broken. Parallel narratives. (Actually parallel was a keyword I was missing)

Sitting in stillness, silence (white) in the morning, what a gift you have there. An extended part of your art/music practice. I am trying to find it in a breath at a time, sometimes a few more. Progression here and there.



Hope you have blue skies too! (But fog is really great too, I agree. I painted the whole apartment in foggy colours)

Karin

12.01.21

Now I still don't know if there's a trigger word for now.  
Will have a look...soon.

Warmest greetings

M

11.01.21

17:49

Re: Pleasure / Progression? / Tree

Dear Karin,

Today, the first time since the beginning of December that I saw traces of blue skies over Stockholm! An incredible feeling.

Very beautiful view.

Recognising the small miracles even though the world is partly, or acutely, broken. Parallel narratives. (Actually parallel was a keyword I was missing)

That's probably one of the most important things to survive.

Sitting in stillness, silence (white) in the morning, what a gift you have there. An extended part of your art/music practice. I am trying to find it in a breath at a time, sometimes a few more. Progression here and there.

I often feel that way too when I'm on the road and the days are quite full.

Hope you have blue skies too! (But fog is really great too, I agree. I painted the whole apartment in foggy colours)

Day before yesterday. See attachment.

Manos

12.01.21

19:06

Friction, ambiguous, and maybe  
a beautiful loss of control...

I really don't know what keyword to label this day and its contents with. It was a strange day, because I was on national TV here with a 'rock star' I work with, a long pre-recorded concert (yes, without audience). I don't say this to flatter myself, I hope!!! – but it is very weird how people can 'find' you nowadays. I have had messages, mails, beep in the phone from complete strangers without stop. Only nice things, but it leaves me with a very ambiguous feeling of being exposed, superficial and uneasy.

...workplace...



Re: Friction, ambiguous, and maybe  
a beautiful loss of control...

13.01.21

14.01.21

14:30

Yes, it's a quite different bodily feeling to put of a rock gig! Maybe we will end up making a rock piece. One thing that I found rather interesting is, that after all advanced and complex music I have played from scores, in this setting (there's no sheet music) I never think of keys or tempo signatures. If you would ask me if a song is in minor or major, perhaps I wouldn't know. It's like thinking with a completely different part of the brain.

I am quite certain this is not possible to view outside of Sweden though:

@ Link to Swedish rock legend Ulf Lundell with band, live at Circus, Stockholm (2021)

But if you have Spotify this is how it sounds, at the more peaceful moments at least:

@ Link to the song Solen och vinden by Ulf Lundell.

So – where on the net can I find your rock TV gig!!!!??

All the best from a snowy day,  
Karin

But that's wonderful!  
Really funny. Is there a link?  
Or something in the media library?  
I would love to see that.  
Don't worry.  
I'm up to speed and without prejudice.  
When I was about twenty years old, I performed with a band on German television,  
it was terrible. It's still on the net.  
(My brother played bass. Today he's a lawyer.)  
I still miss playing in halls a bit. Booom.  
It all connects with our bodies (in the ethereal sense).

Warm greeting

M

13.01.21

14.01.21

20:18

Snack



This is a cover design for the EP, of which you already know two pieces (Rainforest and Something about), which I wanted to send you.

It's supposed to be brighter overall, and some of the photos on the inner sleeve will be different.

I don't know if the academic world will necessarily love it...

Take care there. All best

M

Re: Snack

15.01.21  
07:54

I think it is absolutely wonderful! The colours, contrasts, the cloudy skies and the tree (that picture is magic). As you saw from the book I sent, this colour is one of my favourites, you are not sure if it's blue or green. How exciting it is with this format, it's really like an artwork tied to the music, or rather together as a larger extended artwork, I guess. You are lucky to have artists around you that know you well and can contribute to your work.  
Thank you for showing me! And good morning!

Zoom in / Piles / Constructions

16.01.21

...pluralities.

Piles and heaps and collections and constellations of rather similar stuff (I think rather similar is important, for the liveliness in it) appeals to me. In patterns, layers, when zoomed in onto, contained within a set frame. But with this pattern zoomed out, over one's life, those pluralities are, for me, more difficult to come to a reconciliation with. Too many streams or collections of themes disturbs me, I feel so uncomplete, trying to catch them all at once. But, again, I create it over and over again in my work and practice. And if it's not there, life is also boring. Balance, that's a keyword missing, I think.

Also, my phone semi-broke because a small human being was thoroughly exploring gravity, so there will now be few pictures, until I can take really nice ones with a new camera, rather soon hopefully...

Now into yet another digital meeting, today a peek hole to Basel.

Warm wishes,  
Karin



15.01.21

20:02

Re: Re: Friction, ambiguous, and maybe  
a beautiful loss of control...

Dear Karin,  
Yes, I know, now I have to bare.  
It's terrible, I tried to watch some of those old videos.  
The bad thing is not necessarily the music.  
It's the terrible behaviour.  
We played a lot of gigs back then.  
And every now and then there was a very good atmosphere and the exaltation  
was ok. But in the TV studio it's just embarrassing.  
(And so cruelly provincial)  
But, yes, I have to be fair.  
In any case, I find you very beautiful in your rock video.  
So, please, don't pass on my TV recording from 1978 to anyone and don't link it.

Thanks.

@ Link to a recording of Heart Song at Rockpalast, 1978

16.01.21

17.01.21

12:18

Re: Re: Re: Friction, ambiguous, and maybe  
a beautiful loss of control...

Hey, this is really rockin'! You guys have so much fun! It's nothing but wonderful to experience different kinds of communication through music. It must be really great to be the driving force in such a band and just pour out energy like that. Thanks for sharing this secret life!

Have a beautiful Sunday,  
Karin

Secrets / The way to / Beginning / Progression

12:45

Today about another secret life. Actually, since a month or so I am doing a stress management course. This fall I experienced chest pain and headache as an effect of a ,bit of a crazy lifestyle' topped up with small kids not yet in kindergarten, concerts all around and PhD work without boundaries. To do this course is probably one of the best decisions I have made, but sometimes difficult. Dealing with the underlying reasons of stress (not just the apparent) is sort of a inside-detective work. Often, we (I) tend to take shortcuts that might not be very beneficial in the long run.

Stepping off the train of productivity and perfection, now and then, is my task and aim, I'm learning it slowly. It's very beautiful, we are a small group of people all with similar experiences and it's powerful to hear other stories and other secret lives. Doing yoga together, breathing, laughing and crying. I am so thankful for this beginning/progression and way to insight and change. Maybe you already sensed this between keywords and triggers, so I thought it's wise to share it with you. Sunny greetings – and enjoy the boredom, what a wonderful thing to share with the students,  
Karin

17.01.21

15:49

\*L





16:02

## Piles, Reciprocity, Balance

I thought now that you can't take any more photos (because of gravity and rocket tests), I'd send you a few.



LiteraryVienna  
@LiteraryVienna

I am enclosing two tickets to the first night of my new play; bring a friend ... if you have one."

— George Bernard Shaw, playwright (to Winston Churchill)

"Cannot possibly attend first night; will attend second, if there is one."

— Churchill's response

[Tweet übersetzen](#)



16:14

## Balance, Draft

After the balance email, I thought, you write, you think about balance when you feel in danger of losing it. I had a feeling like that.

We always have so many balls in the air. Equilibristics and juggling and children and the arts and social life and one's own demand for perfection and...

I think I understand very well what you are writing about, dear Karin.

Thank you for sharing the cure with me.

I've actually had good experiences with professional coaching.



Sometimes very helpful if you are in a concrete and current crisis. And I know something like that pretty well.

When I was in my mid-twenties, my father died, completely unexpectedly for me. After that, despite my grief, I just carried on somehow. And after a year, I got into serious mental trouble. If it hadn't been someone there who had given me expert advice and taken me by the hand... I don't know how it would have ended.

Are you 'only' in the group or also in individual sessions?

As a musician, you're always at risk anyway. You're so close to it. You violinists are even closer to the sound production. That's probably good for intonation. But the Indian posture and position is certainly healthier.

You see, I'm mixing all sorts of things here, the physical posture, the mental, the spiritual. Well, in real life they are all mixed, aren't they?

Thank you for your trust.

We can only do one thing at a time.  
Even if we think it's all crashing into each other at once.

If I had to pick one word that is missing from our list of trigger words, it would be draft.

Draft and balance, the two seem to be missing.  
Very warmly  
Manos

16:17

Speed / Screenshot



Re: Blind spot / Running schedule

18:15

Dear Manos,

Thank you for your kind and fun and beautiful emails! It's great to have someone taking pictures for you, and I am amazed how snowy and beautiful it is where you are. Looks like a painting, and there it is again, the fog/snow colour.

The chain of triggers gives me a lot of inspiration, so no worries at all! I would tell you if it was too much. I enjoy this free conversation, and it is interesting how key words creep into how I view the world. It's like being pen pals but in a more modern speed.

And yes, wellbeing... I agree, it is really holistic, how we find our balance. I see this more and more now. I was always eating good food and exercising, but never paying attention to how I breathe, or how tense I was at times. It's an important balance – the way to/presence-process. Drafting a connection to an inner sense of calmness somehow. Thank you for sharing your experiences. In



18.01.21

08:39

Shadow Archive / Second thought / (Wholehearted) /  
Traces of Traces of Traces of...

Dear Karin,  
sorry, yesterday I was too escapist.  
The man with the sad look is T.S.Eliot.  
The plastic bucket with the light behind it stands on the piano in my studio in  
Cologne. Shaw and Churchill explain themselves (reciprocally).  
Warm greetings  
Manos  
P.S.: That's how it looks here now.



17:15

Blind spot / Running schedule

One last little remark, dear Karin.  
If our chain also means stress for you (or an increase in stress) – we can gladly  
suspend it. Or only I can send something else.  
Please feel absolutely free...  
Cordially Manos

17:16

Promise / Tree (this morning out of my kitchen window)



this course it's sometimes individual sessions, but mainly with the group, and rather practical approaches, like having small 'homework' that we all find terribly difficult! People are extremely competent, well-functioning and productive, but freak out when asked to take one slow walk a day without a specific goal. Well, well, it can all be changed.

Thank you and I wish you all the best with work and walks, tea and productivity, Karin

Piles / Traces of / Dedication / Draft

19.01.21

Fresh from the printer, a handful of drafts for new works for solo violin and electronics from the students at the Royal College of Music in Stockholm. Makes me think a lot about notation, and how it is at times brilliant and at times an pretty insufficient means to steer another person toward actions resulting in sound.



Collecting solved problems / Piles

20.01.21

21:44

One of those work days of collecting solved problems. Or at least collecting problems a little closer to be less problematic. Some piles on my desk actually resolved. Others increased. Allowing the plurality and parallel processes of the piles. Monday next week I start a 10-week course in electroacoustic music and sound art. A big step in an unknown direction. A beginning.

Rain on snow here. Less appealing kind of grey.

Hope all is well, Karin

21.01.21

19.01.21

20.01.21

22:53

Trip / Presence



my daily walk... snow is melting. no  
piles here. lontano light.  
all best m

21.01.21

08:40

Re: Collecting solved problems / Piles

This word pile.

I never really thought about it, to be honest.

I rather always have the feeling that different things, themes, materials are constantly in motion. Even when I put something down (I often create little



Re: Re: Collecting solved problems / Piles

22.01.21  
17:06

Talk to me about lists...! A lifeline, or a passion, I am not sure. I agree with the liveliness of pile landscapes. I do see the piles as creatures living their own life, talking their own way.

In Swedish piles are called ,högar', and this is something we talk a lot about at home. Sometimes I have the feeling that a surprisingly large amount of my time is an act of moving things between högar (laundry, toys, papers, books, micro-phone cases, objects, pillows...).

Depending on how you approach a ,hög'/pile it will speak to you in different ways. Some will live with you for ages. I have a very bad habit of arranging Lars' piles on his desk if I think it looks too messy. No wonder I need therapy. The life of piles is rather beautiful in one sense, always in ebb and flow. The materiality of life processes.

Well, this was my last, and perhaps most philosophical email of this day. Now, out in the rain on the bike, on that ,way to' home.

Hope you have a very nice Friday evening!

Karin

mountains, layers of sketches and drafts that merge into each other in a more landscape-like way or something), I still have the perception that the pieces of paper keep talking to each other (or so).

Question of archiving.

On the other hand, nothing cools down as quickly as the sketches of a piece whose score I have just finished writing. A minute later, what was previously still speaking or singing wildly, competing, interfering with each other's words, interrupting each other etc., looks at me completely strangely and lapses into a kind of silence.

Only lists, listings, these are perhaps piles, yes, could be.

And I know the pleasure of being able to cross something out that one has done.

Master's exams start in a few minutes on zoom, I have to hurry.

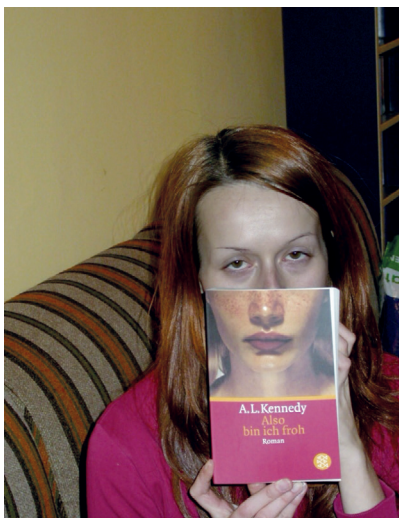
Have a lovely day!

M

22.01.21

18:40

Pile or Stack?



Yesterday and today I was in about ten hours of zoom sessions in total. Also a stack. (My head feels like a stack house. But still fine :))

Herzliche Grüße!

Manos

(Sleep) and art / Archive / Constructions / Traces of

23.01.21  
22:17

Today's read, from Boris Groys:

Museum between Archive and Gesamtkunstwerk. Traces of quotes. Thoughts about archiving.

...

However, is it possible for a human being to enter the flow, to get access to its totality?

...

There is a tension between our material, physical, corporeal mode of existence — which is temporary and subjected to time — and our inscription into cultural archives that are, even if they are also material, much more stable than our own bodies.

...

We can thus say that the traditional art system is based on desynchronizing the time of the individual, material human existence from the time of its cultural representation.

...

What is the main difference between a traditional exhibition and a modern curatorial project? The traditional exhibition treats its space as anonymous and neutral. Only the exhibited artworks are important — but not the space in which they are exhibited. Thus, artworks are perceived and treated as potentially eternal — and the space of the exhibition as a contingent, accidental station where the immortal artworks take a temporary rest from their wanderings through the material world. In contrast, the installation — be it artistic or curatorial — inscribes the exhibited artworks in this contingent material space.

...

20:48

Repetition



23.01.21

A curatorial or artistic installation is able to include all kinds of objects: time-based artworks or processes, everyday objects, documents, texts, and so forth. All these elements, as well as the architecture of the space, sound, or light, lose their respective autonomy and begin to serve the creation of a whole in which visitors and spectators are also included.

...

One cannot reproduce a curatorial project; one can only document it.

...

The documentation of an event always produces nostalgia for a missed presence, a missed opportunity.

Re: Pile or Stack?

22:20

That's a big pile of hours! Hope you had some time to go out and look at the horizon too.

All the very best,  
Karin

Work tool / Expansion / Dedication

24.01.21

21:10

I got octave strings for one of my violins that I finally put on today. Cello feeling!  
All the best,  
Karin



22:21

a touch of snow again, a promise



24.01.21

22:16

Just FOOD (lovely greetings)



25.01.21

Re: Just FOOD (lovely greetings)

11:04

Yummy! Looks really good, I was just thinking of what to make for dinner.

26.01.21

Re: Re: (Sleep) and art / Archive /  
Constructions / Traces of

14:32

Ah, that sounds very interesting. How amazing to work on such a rich archive!  
Here's the article in full if you want, still in English though:

@ Link to a text by Boris Groys in e-flux Journal Issue  
#50 from December 2013

On the current note / today's keyword of archive, perhaps also including loss,  
gap, traces of and work tool:

My email program told me it's full. I need to free space. It showed me my many  
email folders and asked what I was ready to throw away, where gaps could be  
created. The folders carried enormous amounts of data. I started to ERASE and  
it felt freeing, like old archives, attics or boxes that you know you have to clean

25.01.21

10:03

Re: Work tool / Expansion / Dedication

That sounds really interesting, dear Karin.  
Never heard (of) it. Didn't she like it? :) Oh, thank you.  
M

10:26

Re: (Sleep) and art / Archive /  
Constructions / Traces of

This strikes a chord with me on many levels at the moment.

On the one hand, the »eternal« question of my pieces, which do not fit into technical media and cannot actually be documented, accepting space as prima materia and »musicalising« it.

But they are happy in what they do. Because they always mean the individual recipient, they include the cosmos of the subjective genesis of things. The dispositive becomes directly part of the work.

The space is therefore not determined as contingent and interchangeable. The conditions of the performance are always part of the composition.

And besides, we are working right now on a new annual project at the Akademie der Künste Berlin called »Arbeit am Gedächtnis« (approx. »Work on Memory«?). There is the archive of the Akademie (probably one of the most important in Europe?), so classical archive with manuscripts, Brecht, Benjamin... but also B.A. Zimmermann etc., but the other way round it is also about the question of how memory systems are involved, what memory can mean and how it is being produced.

Thanks for the tip, I will get the book (in German :))

26.01.21

18:19

Tree, this morning, seen from the kitchen window.



up. The best was when I, in one click only, erased 33 000 emails from my ,sent' folder. I feel so refreshed!

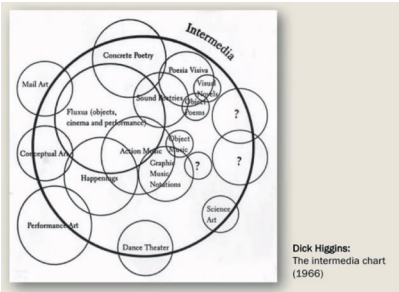
Refreshed greetings and hope you have a lovely day!  
Karin

Circle / Collective space / Expansion

27.01.21

A finding in today's Zoom blur: Circling context since 1966.  
I feel like I'm increasingly searching for the overlap between circles, as if I grew out of my present one.

I'm happy to see the snow is back in your garden! Have a beautiful day,  
Karin



28.01.21

Re: The intelligence of swans

19:24

He looks very serious and concentrated. Who is he and what is he really up to?  
Snowy wishes,  
Karin

18:20

Tree



27.01.21

28.01.21

19:05

The intelligence of swans



What about this guy?

Traces of / Beginning / Risk / Draft /  
The way to / Longing

20:56

Working with composition students today. Meeting some live – an injection of energy, of connection. It's a vulnerable situation both for them; exposing unfinished material and having others look at it, commenting and giving feedback. And for me, playing things I don't yet know and not yet found the music within (is this phrase playable in two weeks, is this transition going to sound better...). I am trying to understand each person's draft and their longing for this music on the page. It is not always easy, as spoken language at times seems to get in the way. Verbalizing around ideas that are still just existing in sound, and taking decisions in an instant, can be intimidating. Of the 6 pieces today, we covered everything between Hiroshima, Sciarrino, Titanic, just intonation and home-made foot pedals. Quite a day!  
Good night! Karin

Relics

29.01.21  
13:40

The day I get a blue electric violin, I do want this backing band too!!

@ Link to Jean-Luc Ponty: Mirage (2017)

19:35

Re: Re: The intelligence of swans

Hugo Ball, Dadaist, 1916 in Cabaret Voltaire, Zurich, performing one of his poems.  
Isn't that amazing?

Lo

M

19:47

\*

thawing

19:53

Possible...

...keywords for the last mail:

Shadow / Traces of... / Circle / The way to / Start / Before and after the music /

Beginner / Presence / Loss / Repetition / From the end of time

Have a wonderful evening!

M

29.01.21

17:38

Food / Presence / Today's harvest / (Repetition)







30.01.21

17:39

Re: Relics

Yes, I understand that, but actually I would find the Mahavishnu Orchestra even a bit better. (Ok, but you shouldn't compare apples and oranges, that's clear.)

The (TV) recording is also partly out of sync etc., but the music is absolutely original (and difficult, yes). Both good: Ponty / Goodman  
Thank you though!!!

17:55

Re: Traces of / Beginning / Risk /  
Draft / The way to / Longing

Well, I admire you.

I don't know if I would have the patience and dedication for the attempts of others.  
Of course, as a teacher I always behave cooperatively.

But then I don't necessarily have to play the stuff myself, do I?

But of course it's absolutely important and right and necessary that someone like you dedicates yourself to it. Thank you for this too.

18:01

Sleep and art #1

I have designed a very small trigger chain for the Chain of Triggers. It's about the relationship between sleep and everything else (perhaps). Each day gets a little section with a little question or just a trigger...

IN ANY CASE, TAKE YOUR TIME WITH THE ANSWERS.

ONLY ANSWER IF YOU FEEL LIKE IT.

FEEL FREE TO ANSWER IN YOUR SLEEP.

#1 What is your relationship between sleep and productivity?

Noise / Work tool / Pleasure

20:33

Today: psychedelic folk noise, a staged outdoor rave concert rehearsed. Key harp gone wild!



01.02.21

Re: Sleep and art #1

22:10

Dear Manos and Chain of Triggers mini trigger chain,

| #1 What is your relationship between sleep and productivity?

It is interesting that this comes up, as I have thought more about sleep the last months than perhaps ever before (and I just woke up after putting Dorotea to

31.01.21  
11:21

Unforseen



18:45

Sleep and art #2

I have designed a very small trigger chain for the Chain of Triggers. It's about the relationship between sleep and everything else (perhaps). Each day gets a little section with a little question or just a trigger...

IN ANY CASE, TAKE YOUR TIME WITH THE ANSWERS.  
ONLY ANSWER IF YOU FEEL LIKE IT.  
FEEL FREE TO ANSWER IN YOUR SLEEP.

#2 Dreams?

01.02.21

bed). Perhaps I started to understand sleep and the effects it has on the body more, and the miracles that seem to happen in/to the body while we sleep. After all, something we do one third of our lives need to be somewhat important. This pandemic I started to go to bed generally about one hour earlier than before, and almost always waking up the same time in the morning. Not in order to be productive the next day really, but simply for the mere joy of sleeping. Before, when I was travelling a lot, I always slept on planes and trains. Once I slept all the way to NYC, waking up when the plane landed. We always joked that I didn't know what it was to fly, as I had never been awake on a plane. Perhaps this occasional refill of sleep is why I managed to be productive and on the go for so long.

What about you? Time to sleep (again) now.  
All the best,  
Karin

Re: Re: Relics

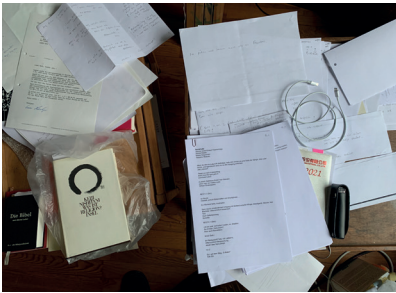
22:29

Yeah, that's pretty cool too! Blue violins must have been in fashion. The groove is of a different kind of course and they have a more direct attitude somehow, but what an energy output!

02.02.21

23:01

## Work tools / Secrets / Discipline



02.02.21

10:10

Re: Re: Sleep and art #1

Thank you for your beautiful answer, dear Karin. (Of course, I don't want to increase the stress level, the demands of the day, with such parallel episodes). But this, sleep and its consequences both inside and outside (where inside and outside often seem to be reversed) is one of life's themes, if you want to say it pathetically.

Because for me there is a very direct switch between sleeping and writing, questions, sleeping, thinking while sleeping, answers with the first waking. For me, real mysteries take place within me. How often have I woken up in the middle of the night and had, purely heuristically, the best, most striking answer to an urgent question? Or even in half-sleep and in-between states, precise answers, formulations, conclusions of thought emerge, as if from the mist.

This again raises the question of reconnecting in our existence, of re-ligare. In concrete terms, I usually sleep a lot, measured purely in chronometry. I do wake up again and again at night, even for hours (always after three hours for at least one hour), and these are then of course very important spaces, spaces

That's a lot of ERROR!

Not easy to be a beginner always. Do you code? After today's workshop in SuperCollider I feel like playing the violin and just make sound in an instant without worrying about a comma or any tiny thing that can destroy a whole idea. But it's great to learn new things too!

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ERROR: Command line parse failed
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ERROR: Command line parse failed
-> nil
ERROR: Parse error
in interpreted text
line 1 char 1:
}
A
-----
unmatched ")"
in interpreted text line 1 char 1
ERROR: syntax error, unexpected BOUTDEN, expecting Send
in interpreted text

```

Re: Sleep and art #2

21:39

Dear Manos

| #2 Dreams?

Although I listened to quite some radio program on sleep, I always forget in what phase of sleep we dream, so I had to check. I think you should stick to your nap during the day:

»Naiman describes the brain during REM sleep as a sort of 'second gut' that digests all of the information gathered that day. 'Everything we see, every conversation we have, is chewed on and swallowed and filtered through while we dream, and either excreted or assimilated', he says.«

I hardly ever remember my dreams, it's a pity! But I often wake up in a state of emotion which tells me something must have been going on during the last couple of hours. And of course, there's the occasional nightmare that wakes me up, and a few of them I can remember since many years. Actually, I think one of my earliest memories was a nightmare about a fox-like animal at a certain place in the village I grew up. I always think of it when I walk by and a few weeks ago my daughter woke up scared because she dreamt about a fox. Genetic nightmares.

Have you ever been in that in between state of sleep/awake that you cannot move? That's a terrible experience. I had it once on a plane (of course I slept) and I saw people starting to leave the plane when we landed, but I could not

of feeling and thinking, also because the fear and the uncertainty and all the unresolved things then come out of the walls like ghosts. And I have to ask the questions and listen anew into the night. But I can generally continue to sleep well again, for about eight hours in total.

And at least as importantly, I sleep again every day at noon after a very late breakfast. After that, a new, second day always begins. Composing, writing etc. would be unthinkable without the sleep »discipline«.

Actually, I work while I sleep.

I wish you a wonderful day M

move, my body was still sleeping. Finally, it ended. It must be great to have such strong links between sleep and creativity as you do, and to be able to use the sleep as a work tool!

Now, time for some hopefully very healing REM sleep!  
Hope you are all well,  
Karin

03.02.21

## Chain of Parallels

21:53

Dear Manos,

I am creating another small thread of triggers within our larger chain. This one is not about sleep, but about parallelity, that you know I am interested in. It is a call for attention to the many parallel and contradictory relationships we might carry toward different things; sounds, food, humans, work, weather, ourselves...

The challenge is an exercise to invite an openness and welcoming toward the things that we notice trigger those contradictory messages to us in our lives, and to simply notice and accept them, not to fight them or trying to make one narrative erase or suppress the other.



I will give an example from my day. I love ordering books on various subjects, it's a rather new passion. There's a joy of finding a book on a nerdy subject I thought



03.02.21

08:59

### Sleep and art #3

I have designed a very small trigger chain for the Chain of Triggers.  
It's about the relationship between sleep and everything else (perhaps).  
Each day gets a little section with a little question or just a trigger...

IN ANY CASE, TAKE YOUR TIME WITH THE ANSWERS.  
ONLY ANSWER IF YOU FEEL LIKE IT.  
FEEL FREE TO ANSWER IN YOUR SLEEP.

#3 How do you remember the time when your sleep was so regularly interrupted  
because of your children when they were very small?

10:56

### Re: Re: Sleep and art #2

Yes, thank you very much.  
The REM phases...  
So much experience in such a short time.  
Sometimes whole lifetimes in a few seconds...

I dream a lot.  
I mean, I notice it most of the time too, every night actually.  
And very often I wake up and write down what I remember from my dream.  
I've been doing that since about 1980.  
But the last time I went to individual coaching, which is also very psychoana-  
lytically oriented, about ten years ago, I literally started to practise remembering  
my dreams (it works).  
And since then it hasn't stopped.  
Most nights I write in my iPhone and send it to myself as an email.  
In the meantime, I have several hundred dream notes.  
I have no idea what to do with them.  
Probably nothing.

I generally find art that refers so explicitly to dreams stupid.  
The surrealists were an exception, because this awareness of dreams in mod-  
ern times was something new for a short time (similar and on the same level,  
perhaps, as the art of the primitives and the so-called insane shook up the art  
world around 1912-1930).

I was the only one thinking about. Parallel: I then actually become rather stressed when those books start to pile up (...) on my desk and I don't prioritize the time to read them. Trying now to see how one needs the other. No piles, no passion. The exercise does not have to be done daily, it's just a friendly reminder to acknowledge and embrace pluralities in our daily life.

Hope you are well,

Karin

Re: Sleep and art #3

04.02.21  
21:20

Dear Manos,

#3 How do you remember the time when your sleep was so regularly interrupted because of your children when they were very small?

Well, this time is so special and unique because of many things, and sleep/no sleep being one of those factors. Both my daughters slept pretty well already from the beginning, especially the second one. They willingly accepted night as night and day as day, which I am more than thankful about (I think the usual baby pre-set is the painful day as night and night as day). But perhaps I started to sleep in new ways since they were born, less in my previous manner of 8h solid blocks of uninterrupted sleep. I think somehow, I slept lighter after (and also, there's of course hormones regulating all of this), prepared to wake up at any little sign from the child (is she alive??). I know my mother was the same and she never got 'good' sleep back. Interestingly, when I had my second child, sleeping in our bed, I did not anymore pay as much attention to my older one in her room. At least the mother-part of the brain gave me some 'rest' there :-)

Wishing you a good night, and good dreams to write down!

Karin

But dreaming, it tells us our story(s) and protects us  
and also our sleep.

In Dreams begin Responsibilities (W.B.Yeats).

That's how it is with me.

Warmest greetings

Manos

P.S.: In the meantime I often think that I would like to get rid of this meticulous  
nightly reminder. It's also a bit of a compulsion. I can't let the dreams go any more.

04.02.21

22:33

Sleep and art #4

I have designed a very small trigger chain for the Chain of Triggers. It's about  
the relationship between sleep and everything else (perhaps). Each day gets a  
little section with a little question or just a trigger...

IN ANY CASE, TAKE YOUR TIME WITH THE ANSWERS.

ONLY ANSWER IF YOU FEEL LIKE IT.

FEEL FREE TO ANSWER IN YOUR SLEEP.

#4 Can you normally sleep during the day? How does this affect you?

05.02.21  
20:48

Re: Sleep and art #4

Dear Manos,

How are you? Today I am completely exhausted and can barely think anymore. Juggling deluxe. Zoom seminars with colleagues for long hours (about documentation), alone with the kids, then my parents coming over, making dinner for all, cutting kids hair, prepare tomorrow's studio recording, bathing kids, more zoom... Phew! But thankful for this life too (parallelism). And knowing that a night's sleep will push the refresh button.

| #4 Can you normally sleep during the day? How does this affect you?

Well, this is something I very rarely do, only when I'm sick or very tired after travelling. I think I never needed to because my night sleep was pretty okay. But maybe now I should consider doing so, haha!

I know you are very different in this respect. How do you think your overall sleeping rhythm affects your creativity? Blessing or curse?

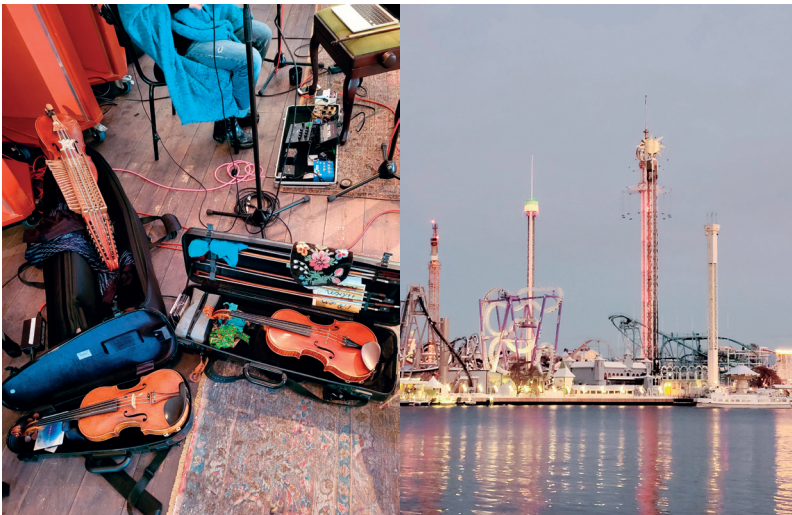
Thanks for this interesting chain and all the best from here,  
Karin

06.02.21  
17:38

Start / Parallel / Work tool / Pleasure / The way to

Today, recording in the studio owned by one of the ABBA members. A view for a star: an amusement park outside the window – and taking a small ferry almost to the door. A hidden spot i Stockholm.

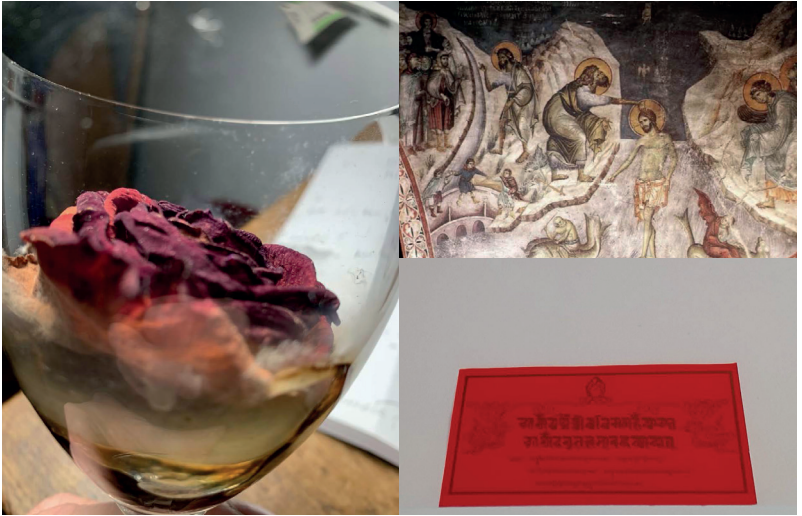
All the best from here,  
Karin



05.02.21

21:57

Parallel worlds



06.02.21

19:08

Re: Start / Parallel / Work tool / Pleasure / The way to

Thank you, dear Karin, for the wonderful insights. Oh, it all looks very good. I can smell the studio. And your instruments!  
I would love to hear the fiddle.  
Do you record with the band?  
It makes me want to make music right away... Good luck and success!  
M

19:32

Re: Chain of Parallels

I have now (that was already two days ago :) thought about when and in what form the variety and polyphony of events might stress one out.  
On the one hand, of course, when everything becomes too much and I can't keep up with my tasks.  
Or when I have the feeling that everything is getting on top of me.  
In the context of work, of course, when one is at the mercy of processes that could turn against this work (or the quality of the result).  
But otherwise...  
Otherwise, it is actually part of the oceanic feeling (cliché, but I'll call it that for now) to allow diversity, plurality, to be able to leave things to themselves and to allow each one (to speak with Cage or with Zen) their own centre.

Re: Re: Start / Parallel / Work tool /  
Pleasure / The way to

22:07

Thank you! This is a temporary band, a mix of folk music and many other things. I will send you links when it's ready. And yes, studio work is wonderful! Thank you also for the beautiful pictures of parallel worlds that poses many questions and sparks thoughts.

With hope of a good night, Karin

07.02.21

Re: Sleep and art #5

21:49

Dear Manos,

How are you doing? Long day again in the studio. 9 hours, 4 songs.

| #5 Something about insomnia?

When I was perhaps about 10, I had some experiences of insomnia a few times, or rather, a fear of everyone falling asleep when I could not. I especially remember when hiking and sleeping in tent in the Swedish mountains in the summer, where the sun does not set. Our tent was always set up by a small river and although one might think of the sound of a small jock as it's called, as relaxing, I simply could not sleep during that hike. My father was not so happy about me waking him up either, so I remember lying there in a state of panic, and worrying every night that it would be the same. Thankfully, it started raining heavily after a few days so we went back home. But since my childhood I don't think I ever had the problem of falling asleep. I realize it's a fortune.

What about you?

Once again, time for bed. All the best, Karin

We can't really control anything anyway.  
If I'm doing well, I can also accept that well.  
And now (today) I'm just thinking that the confusion, the polyphony of our chain of triggers that we make together is something that we allow (I also enjoy). I don't know what little dodge you might make, I don't know what I'll think of tomorrow about our chain, which has different chains in it...  
What can we do but admit our imperfections?  
(Another cliché, I know).  
The perfect in the imperfect in between, that is part of paradise, the heavenly city...  
Have a very nice evening!  
M

19:37

Sleep and art #5

I have designed a very small trigger chain for the Chain of Triggers. It's about the relationship between sleep and everything else (perhaps). Each day gets a little section with a little question or just a trigger...

IN ANY CASE, TAKE YOUR TIME WITH THE ANSWERS.  
ONLY ANSWER IF YOU FEEL LIKE IT.  
FEEL FREE TO ANSWER IN YOUR SLEEP.

#5 Something about insomnia?

07.02.21

18:48

Tree today (Ice)



Re: Tree today (Ice)

21:52

Magic! I wonder what the tree thinks about this. An icy embrace.

08.02.21



08.02.21

09:10

Re: Re: Sleep and art #5

| #5 Something about insomnia?

I am used to quite regular sleeplessness, which I can appreciate. Every night I wake up after about three hours. Then the things I am working on come up. And the demons that come out of the wall or wherever.

I usually recite texts to myself in between. And do some other weird mental things while I'm lying down. For example, I talk to God. After one to one and a half hours, sometimes only after three hours, I fall asleep again for about two hours. Then I'm awake again, but for a shorter time. And so it goes in stages through the night.

So I don't suffer much there, on the contrary. It's like an echo chamber.

Above all, refreshed by some sleep, I think about very concrete things and situations in my work. Could be, I think this idea with our Chain of Triggers and that it could be a game we could play together out of the seriousness of our lives, could be that it came to my mind in the middle of the night.

Once in particular I remember that I couldn't sleep for a whole night and I didn't understand why not. It was in Munich in January 2017. We had a couple of appointments in the morning for the Biennale, but those were nothing to get excited about. Afterwards, I took the train up north, which meant I was going to meet Pi-hsien, who picked me up at a smaller station near her house.

The moment I got there, one of my fellow drummers called me to say that my teacher and best friend Jaki Liebezeit had been in intensive care with pneumonia since last night and that the doctors said he was going to die.

Then I knew why I had been lying awake the night before.

The next morning Jaki died.

Mothers during the war, for example, when their sons (at that time only men-soldiers) fell, would wake up in the middle of the night and know what had happened from a great distance. Proximity and distance can be very relative.

Best

M

21:42

Sleep and art #6

I have designed a very small trigger chain for the Chain of Triggers. It's about the relationship between sleep and everything else (perhaps). Each day gets a little section with a little question or just a trigger...

Re: Sleep and art #6

22:30

Dear Manos,

I remember now, my sister and I, walking around in caps, pink + purple respectively with the text ,I'm best when I sleep', at about 8 years old. I can understand my parents today....! There is something about a sleeping child that just makes your heart melt. Perhaps especially as there's often some friction in the process of putting them to bed... Feelings of love, protection, responsibility, worry, joy... And, you so see yourself and perhaps all mankind in them. Also with grown ups, it's a vulnerable and intimate state, to sleep and to observe someone in their sleep. My little one refused to sleep without me tonight, so more tomorrow...

All the best,

Karin

Re: Re: Re: Sleep and art #5

09.02.21

21:03

Dear Manos,

Thank you for this beautiful note on insomnia, or rather, fractionate sleep perhaps. It sounds like a true gift you have. Both to be given this space to think and reflect in the night. And speak to God, well, that's not something small. But also, a gift of seeing this just as that, and not as a curse that I believe many others could experience it as.

Thank you for sharing it!

Karin

Tree / Presence / Work tool / Before and after music

21:18

Field recording – the melody of things.



IN ANY CASE, TAKE YOUR TIME WITH THE ANSWERS.  
ONLY ANSWER IF YOU FEEL LIKE IT.  
FEEL FREE TO ANSWER IN YOUR SLEEP.

#6 The sight of loved ones (e.g. your children) when they are sleeping?

21:45

Work tools



With warmest greetings  
M

09.02.21

21:18

Sleep and art #7

I have designed a very small trigger chain for the Chain of Triggers.  
It's about the relationship between sleep and everything else (perhaps).  
Each day gets a little section with a little question or just a trigger...

IN ANY CASE, TAKE YOUR TIME WITH THE ANSWERS.  
ONLY ANSWER IF YOU FEEL LIKE IT.  
FEEL FREE TO ANSWER IN YOUR SLEEP.

#7 Is there a certain kind of dream you had once or more often during the night  
that has to do with your existence as a musician?

Dear Manos,

Thank you for this, it was a good read. Whatever oceanic feeling might mean to each and every one, embracing it, allowing it, might be the way to thrive with chaos and uncertainty, rather than fighting it.

I also enjoy this game a lot, it's a gift (word of the day it seems!) to receive glimpses from your life and to send out fragments from my own. I feel like I, however tired or disorientated I am, it gives me something meaningful to pick out a seed of thought from the present.

Today I leave off with the open question for us of how this game will spiral into an artwork. Where does music pour out of this chain?

Now, preparing for another cold day in the forest tomorrow! All the best,  
Karin

10.02.21

Draft / Risk

15:02

»Under certain circumstances failing, losing, forgetting, unmaking, undoing, unbecoming, not knowing may in fact offer more creative, more cooperative, more surprising ways of being in the world.«

(Judith Halberstam, The Queer Art of Failure, 2011)

10.02.21  
12:28

The melody of things



20:05

The melody of things



A little lunch psychology.

Snowy greetings with -13 degrees.

Erikson's theory of identity vs. role confusion

Erikson's theory is that people experience different crises or conflicts throughout their lives in eight stages. Each stage occurs at a certain point in life and must be successfully resolved to progress to the next stage. The particular stage relevant to identity formation takes place during adolescence: Identity versus Role Confusion. [8]

The Identity versus Role Confusion stage involves adolescents trying to figure out who they are in order to form a basic identity that they will build on throughout their life, especially concerning social and occupational identities. They ask themselves the existential questions: »Who am I?« and »What can I be?« They face the complexities of determining one's own identity. Erikson stated that this crisis is resolved with identity achievement, the point at which an individual has extensively considered various goals and values, accepting some and rejecting others, and understands who they are as a unique person. [9] When an adolescent attains identity achievement, they are ready to enter the next stage of Erikson's theory, Intimacy versus Isolation, where they will form strong friendships and a sense of companionship with others.

If the Identity versus Role Confusion crisis is not positively resolved, an adolescent will face confusion about future plans, particularly their roles in adulthood. Failure to form one's own identity leads to failure to form a shared identity with others, which can lead to instability in many areas as an adult. The identity formation stage of Erik Erikson's theory of psychosocial development is a crucial stage in life.

Erikson, Erik H. (1968). Identity: Youth and Crisis. New York: Norton.

11.02.21

20:07

Tree today



20:14

Friction

Friction

here is so much at the moment  
especially because of the Biennale and Covid  
there are four productions  
some of which I have been working on for several years  
one with Christian Wolf, Younghui Paagh Pan, Beat Furrer, Olga Neuwirth, Samir  
Odeh-Tamimi, Barblina Meierhans on previously unpublished concepts by Ianni  
Christou from 1969  
I had to talk to the family alone for two years until they let us have the material.  
it is the most expensive production I can remember all my life  
and now we don't know if the piece(s) can be performed in early April.  
And so everywhere.

/

I am writing at Secret Life  
this is the other side of life

/

All the best and have a good night  
M

Dear Manos,

I'm so sorry to hear about this problem, the friction and uncertainty. It sounds like a marvellous and very exciting project (and huge). I cross my fingers that friction can resolve into solutions and energy, and that somehow the situation can allow for a realization of the ideas. It must be a difficult situation you are in right now.

At the same time as you wrote me, I had some rather heavy feedback from a person I admire on a text I produced for my research, critique that shook me and my understanding of the whole project, causing a good deal of confusion and disappointment.

Let us hope this new day brings some light and hope to both those situations!

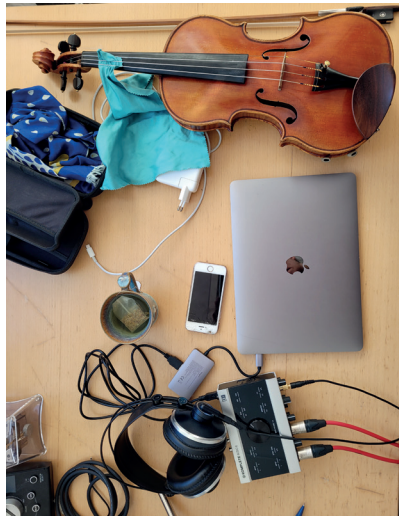
All the best,

Karin

13.02.21

Work tool / Before and after music

14:22





12.02.21

20:05

#7

There is a dream or a dream disposition that always recurs.  
I am given an instrument that I cannot play.  
And then it's like, right now we're going on stage, the house is sold out and  
you're going to do it. (super)

I wish you sweet dreams!!

Best

M

13.02.21

09:37

Repetition (Chain)



Dear Karin,

could we have a little get-together  
on zoom on Thursday?

Then it will have been sixty-four days.

Maybe a good number?  
Have a beautiful day!

M

22:53

80s

UNLOCK THE STILLNESS  
TOGETHER WITH DIETER KRAUTHAUSEN

WAIT AGAIN.mp3  
Spoken Word Experimental Groove with Drums and Electronics

## WAIT AGAIN

Somehow we're always  
waiting for something  
even if we don't notice it

For the big moment  
the crucial change  
the love, the win  
that decides everything

Wait...  
wait

ha, ha  
wait...

We are witnesses  
we are the boosters  
we are the first to know  
second to tell  
    We're the boosters

We are...  
we are supporters of the day

Wait wait, Wait wait, Wait wait...

Wait,  
Wait!  
Ha, ha  
Wait again  
    Hmm, wait.

It doesn't wait for us  
it just goes on  
What remains for us is  
to be attentive  
watchful and aaah  
just wait  
Catch the right moment,  
right?

Catch the right...  
    Ah, Ah...

Wait wait, Wait wait, Wait wait...

Just...

Ha, ha  
Wait again...

Simply  
wait.

Wait again. (Wait wait, Wait wait, Wait wait...)  
Hey wait for me  
Don't run so quickly  
Stay tuned  
stay here with me  
and time flies  
into our heads

Stay basic  
stay here with me  
and time goes  
through our heads

Just wait  
simply  
wait...

Ha,  
wait  
It's always the same

It takes me away (Wait wait, Wait wait, Wait wait...)  
we're waiting again

Hmm, wait...

Don't run away  
Just wait a moment  
(let's wait and see)  
Sit down and wait  
No use to rush  
Always the same

ha, ha  
wait again  
ha, ha  
wait again (Wait wait, Wait wait, Wait wait...)  
Let's wait again...

Don't run away...

Let's wait again  
    Sit down and wait  
    No use to rush  
    Always the same

Wait,  
just wait...  
Ha, ha  
Wait  
Ha,  
Let's wait again

Ha,  
Just wait again

Ha, ha  
    Wait wait, Wait wait, Wait wait...



Dear Manos,

What beautiful pink light to take a walk in. Looks like a picture from the Danish Skagen painters.

I can't believe it's been 64 days already of this little chain of ours! Good idea to talk on zoom on Thursday. I can do before noon then, is that possible for you? Looking forward to talk and discuss the continuation of our chain.

Have a nice Sunday,  
Karin

Re: #7

16:25

| #7 Is there a certain kind of dream you had once or more often during the night that has to do with your existence as a musician?

Haha, yes, I recognize this so well! The same happens to me now and then. Last time I was given a pale blue electric guitar, but somehow it was also a keyboard within it, it was with this rock band I play with. Also, when I am in a stressed-out state generally in life, it happens that dream that I cannot find my violin going on stage. People backstage blame me: 'How is it possible Karin, where is it!?' The crowds are waiting, come on!! This is the last time you can perform here!'. Sometimes I am asked to perform classical works I do not know, worst of course as a soloist with an orchestra, or in a double concerto with a 'snobbish' violinist I was a bit afraid of when I studied. The mind is not so implicit sometimes...!

Worst night mare is of course being awake and not finding one's instrument, but that's a different story...

All the best,  
Karin

14.02.21

17:37

Sleep and art #"

She reads him a letter:

When I awoke this morning,  
you were still asleep.

As I slowly emerged  
from my slumber,

I heard  
your gentle breathing,

and through the wisps  
of hair over your face

I saw your closed eyes,

and I could barely  
contain my emotion.

I wanted to cry out,  
to wake you up,

because you  
slept so deeply

you almost  
seemed lifeless.

In the half light,the skin of your arms  
and thought appeared so vibrant,





so warm and dry that I longed  
to press my lips against it,

but the thought  
of disturbing your sleep,

of having you awake  
in my arms again, held me back.

I preferred you like this,

something no one could take from me  
because it was mine alone

this image of you  
that would be everlasting.

Beyond your face  
I saw my own reflection

in a vision  
that was pure and deep.

I saw you in a dimension that  
encompassed all the times of my life,  
all the years to come,

even the years past  
as I was preparing to meet you.

That was the little miracle  
of this waking moment:

to feel for the first time

that you were  
and always would be mine

and that this night would go on  
forever with you beside me,

with the warmth of your blood,  
your thoughts,  
and your will  
mixed with mine.



At that moment I understood  
how much I loved you, Lidia,

and the intensity  
of the emotion was such

that the tears welled up  
in my eyes.

For I felt  
that this must never end,

that all our lives should be  
like an echo of this dawn...

with you not belonging to me  
but actually a part of me,

something breathing within me  
that nothing could ever destroy

except the dull  
indifference of habit,

which is  
the only threat I see.

Then you awoke

and with a sleepy  
smile kissed me,

and I felt there was  
nothing to fear,

that we'd always be as  
we were at the moment,

bound by  
something stronger

than time and habit.«

He: Who wrote that?  
She: You did.

15.02.21

Re: Re: Re: Repetition (Chain) + Parallel

21:40

Great, 11-12 on Thursday is perfect!

Today – parallel feelings of climate and weather. For a few years, I've had mixed feelings regarding the weather. Apart from worry over actual problematic climate change, I have been constantly checking in with the weather: Is this normal for the season? Isn't this too warm for December? Was summer this warm when I was a kid? and so on. In many ways, this has stopped me from enjoying nature to the full. And I love nature and the shifting seasons we have here. Today, I told myself that it must be okay to still enjoy the weather, the nature, the shifts, and pause worry for a moment. I decided also to start moving toward making art that (perhaps) can make a change, somehow.

Wishing you a good night,  
Karin

Travel / Unforeseen / Traces of

16.02.21



The way to / Broken stuff

17.02.21

09:23



17:39

Re: Re: Repetition (Chain)

How about Thursday at 11am?

All best

M

15.02.21

09:27

Archive / The Chain of Triggers

all memory

goes via triggers

they are strictly linked to each other

when I see this, think this, feel this, hear this, touch this

I have to think of that one

if I want to remember the future

do I only need the right triggers?

16.02.21

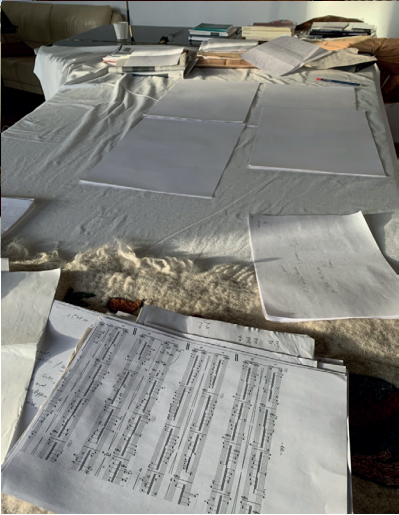
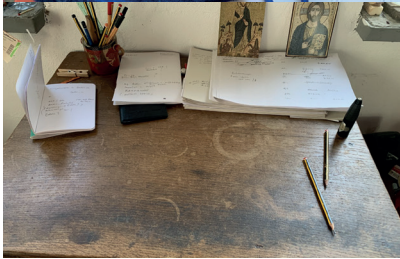
17.02.21

ZOOM CALL

18.02.21

17:07

Progression / Immersion / Traces of /  
The way to / Work tool



my tables today

18.02.21

ZOOM CALL

Work tool / Draft / Beginning

19.02.21

20.02.21

Dear Manos,

Thank you for the nice talk the other day! And for the beautiful circle still life.

I hope you are well!

All the best,

Karin



18:22

Circle



19.02.21

20.02.21







Chain of Triggers was an email correspondence between Karin Hellqvist and Manos Tsangaris held between December 2020 and February 2021. Initially it was not meant to be published.

Text, Pictures: Karin Hellqvist & Manos Tsangaris

Design: Paul Wontorra

Print: PBtisk a.s.

Paper: Amber Graphic

Font: G2 Erika & G2 Erika Mono by Gruppo Due

Published in 2024 in a first edition of 500 books.

Supported by the Norwegian Artistic Research Programme as a part of Karin Hellqvist's PhD in Artistic Research 2018 – 2024.

14.08.19



ISBN: 978-3-00-079858-0

22.04.21