

Music space

Peter A. Egger
M.I.N.O.S. – 6

Interdisciplinary Art Project

Soundpainting: Peter A. Egger

Choreography: Andrea Campianu and Stash Wierzbicki

Design: Peter A. Egger Costumes: Alice Fischer

Video Assistants: Norbert Chmel, Stefan Ruzowitzky, Rudi Stampfer

Dance: Stash Wierzbicki

Musicians: Martina Bauer, Sepp Danner, Mia Zabelka

Lighting: Norbert Chmel

Sound: Uli Göbel

Words: H. Haschka, Homer

A spiritual-emotional world of tradition, of scientific speculation, of images, music, dance, and antique and contemporary words in a concentrated minimalist composition. The piece is a musical drama consisting of sound sheets, suites, and abstractions and is intended to present new music in correlation with word, image, and movement. The musical manifestation is based on tapes as a visible instrument of our age, a combination of information, storage, reproduction, and an independent medium of art.

The dance uses a free body language, seeks new experience in space, is abstract, coded movement and a visual message illuminating the action. In certain passages the choreography is a musical interpretation, featuring prepared one-inch tapes as costumes and props that are sounded with a sounding style to create aleatory moments.

Thess inhabits a mountain range, an enormous building, built and constructed of contemporary awareness and thoughts. He lives, feels, and works according to this obviously time-tested concept. A sudden breach in his life clouds established convictions, modifies settled feelings. There's a new gate between Thess and his world. The compass needle rotates, his senses arrive at novel interpretations. Thess is forced to take over control himself for the flight he has boarded, forced to see with his own eyes. The air is thinning, past clearness is unretrieveable, and the thread of life invisible...

And then I perceived high above the hands and feet of my comrades, suspended seemed they and called, crying out loudly, my name, alas!, for the last time indeed. For like the fisherman wary atop the promontory rock with long extended rod waits to cast to the fish the richly baited hook on the horn of a field ox into the waves of the sea and then hoists the floundering prey quickly into the shore thus were they lifted up struggling and crying in vain. Outside his cave sat the monster and fed on them who cried and stretched out their hands to me in their grim death struggle. That was the most piteous thing that I saw with my eyes of all that suffered searching out the ways of the sea... Homer, Odyssey, twelfth book 245–259

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