

## Kai Middendorff Galerie Bernhard Schreiner – Apparition

By Matthias Ulrich

People see sounds, hear colours, find in chance a link between themselves and the world. They experience intensity where others feel a threat. An immensely wealthy scholar, a geologist, removes earth, layer by layer. In so doing, he transforms the depths into surfaces, places them upside down where there is no side to be found. At the end of the day he closes up the hole with a black lid. *Evening. Thanks again.*

Again it is a musician, the same even as then, who contributes a random, imperceptible addition to the circles and curves that dominate the composition. A composer, more accurately, and not to be confused with the pianists Vladimir Horowitz and Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, who heard sounds in colours and the *appearance of eternal churches* (French.: Apparition de l'église éternelle) in one to up to five fold forte crescendo, from a pulsating basso ostinato in the pedal-driven organ work. The synaesthesia of Olivier Messiaen also belongs to Bernhard Schreiner's resources, who with his digital high-pitched tones with their exhaling, cooing und drilling sounds; with lasso-shaped, elliptically twisted, fluctuating, skipping loops that draw in and out. These are projected onto the wall occasionally, meagrely emptied-out and with sustained, multi-layered tones emitted threateningly from spherical speakers, as though they were a swarm of bees in dive-bombing mode as they approach a tightly-filled air balloon. Schreiner's composition, that stems from violin tones played by Nora Schultz, moves along the wall like an infinite Luminogram. The changes in frequency, in stereo, and in coherency of the tones, humbly follow along and project the magical words of the language of music into non-recognition onto the wall.

We investigate it with the thick-lensed perceptual instruments of a watchmaker. Facing upwards to the eye, the convex part of the magnifying glass carries a thin glaze of highly concentrated alcohol that evaporates in parallel flight paths of thousands of helicopters, all starting at the same time and emitting oxidation holes into the atmosphere. Only a few centimetres below the hypermetropic glass, in which the striking light is focussed into a thin ray like a bunch of flowers in a vase, the eye recognises a perfectly circular spot on the photo paper. A speck of fog is reminiscent of the salt stains that snow leaves on leather. Traces are for the forensic what the sign is for the semiotician. Only the opportunity to identify traces as such, and to get some kind of meaning from them, still does not explain the traces. They deal namely with residue, with rests and the unrhymed, with a history on the edge of the conveyed.

The more we zoom towards the object, the larger the small becomes, and what appears as the first satellite images from a distance like the first photos of the earth, emerges up close through the lens of a microscope as tiny cells with chaotically moving mitochondria, ribosomes and other essentials of life that are comparable to the leaderless parade of ants on an ant heap. They seem like ghostly round marks on the photographs, like the holes on fabric left by moths with a talent for shapes. Piano hands have been freed of their instruments, like soap bubbles hovering, all leading us into temptation. We look into the depths of the surfaces and let the light or the energy disappear out of the black and white holes, packing all the equivalent interruptions of form into a coherent experience.

The gallery is housed in a factory building, located just 50 metres from the main Frankfurt train station on the fair side, parallel to the rail tracks. Parking spaces are available in the courtyard.