

At the end of march people come together for a flew rehabilitation cure in the Klangkeller.

A quartet consisting of Seht Zhan and his surprising guest doctors Kae, Aziz and Sam starts a pataphysical treatment in the kino. Scratching wah wah melodies into space the quartet starts to steam and move around.

Anxious breathing and screaming accompanies the motor sound of a car leaving a scratch mark from a loose metal part.

A huge bell is hit and somebody begins to recite a ma-ha-a-ah-ah-o-oh-u-hu-uu-ntra that ends up in a hysterical whistling and rattling for the priest.

Thereupon the priest emits a considerable holy fart that is fading into the eternal.

Slimy worms are winding in the mud next to a slightly hidden manhole cover emitting the sound of murmuring water.

Dirt is trickling down and water seeking away, suddenly a big object sinks into a silent canal, splashing.

Someone is hiding in a dark corner next to a subterranean highway looking up to the light beams passing through the holes of the cover.

A chorale sounds in the background, solemn at the beginning, then more and more lamenting.

An UFO is hissing in the space, inside there is a tea ceremony with a solitary Edith Piaf and a solitary snare drum.

Edith is tying her shoes.

Craftsmen at work.

They have a little break with beer.

Hotomi performs 17 pieces, that he started to compose at 17 o'clock.

Short and amusing.

Lot of laughing.

"No. 17."

Over.

Tape doctor Filippo from Milano is standing on stage - revealing the priest from before.

Equipped with cassettes he probably keeps safe in his long brown robe, he is going to guide a ceremony to banish the last signs of disease.

His Confindustrial Sinfonietta is carefully reacting on the movements of the little bells in his hand.

Some bigger and deeper bells are sounding from far away, smaller ones closer, fading into a big noise cluster.

The ongoing sound is very powerful and reveals the atmosphere of a market place in a little village 60 years ago.

An italian politician is talking, cheered by the public, then starts to sing with a very loud and deep helicopter voice.

The chant passes to an oriental men's choir, surrounded by nature sounds: birds, crickets, cicadas.

A muezzin is singing and a sea dog crying, a donkey is neighing unbearably loudly, or is it a little child playing with a toy bell?

I'm wondering if suddenly everything will crash and become silent or if I will stay confronted to that wall of sound for another

half hour?

A lady is shouting sharply, changing her voice to a bulldog's yapping at first, then to a seagull's screeching.

The muezzin is joining again and I have to protect my ears.

Another cassette is playing glissandi and cello sounds from an old radio.

A sea of sound is becoming louder and louder - my pain threshold is reached and I'm doing experiments with my ears closing and opening them rhythmically.

I'm taken out of my distraction when I hear the bells again and Filippo starts to sing himself a pacifist anti-religious? tune.

I'm wondering where all these different - and at the same time related - religious soundscapes of bell sounds and spiritual chants are taken from.

And what is their meaning in relationship to the fragments of politicians' speeches and nature sounds?

Working as a sample collage and therefore very associative the wittingly structured piece raises some questions in me.

Is it a religion critique or revealing peace and equality within an assembly of sounds being mostly harmless in their content but aggressive in their form?

Seemingly these are questions about questions rather than questions about answers.

Maybe I have to read this book by Russolo.

A heart felt performance in any case.

