



### **tectonics - layer upon layer**

#### **Performative process for a violinist and an artist**

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#### **Gentle scraping, tiny figure**

Even the first impression is startling. The E-Werk-Halle has never seemed this long before. This is because the audience is seated along the side of the hall at an angle of 90 ° view. In direct view of the opposite white washed wall one discovers the beautiful round arches of the former Freiburg industrial building – a new and exciting spatial experience. It puts you in the mood for a previously unknown encounter with sound and symbols, tones and strokes.

At the spot where the hall is shrouded in darkness the artist Axel Malik stands typing something on his laptop – but what? A beam of light projected on the wall produces written figures –calligraphic symbols that stand for themselves. There is nothing to read here. At the same time the violinist Harald Kimmig appears on and in front of the picture at one and the same time. Contrary to his wont he is clad in white, which seems like an echo of the empty white surfaces on which Malik's pencils write. And yes, it is the pencils moved by Malik's impulse to write and not the artist's consciousness, which establishes principles such as lines and regular interspaces between the signs but does not control the actual act of writing.

If there is such a thing as expressive meditation, Axel Malik is part of it and Harald Kimmig adopts this condition and advances it within his sound space, which, it would appear, emerges from similar impulses: when the violinist, in deep concentration, shuts his eyes and allows himself to be led by his bow, which, at an incredible pace, yet unbelievably light, like the wings of a bumblebee, hits the strings. Or when he makes his body dance, at times graciously swinging his leg, as if citing baroque dance movements, while at other times hopping and jumping around like a child. He spins and turns on his own axis, moving ever faster. He twirls his violin higher and higher until it seems as if he is hanging from the end of it and not vice versa. And for just a moment one thinks they could both take off – the violinist and his instrument, which seems to have melded with him.

Malik and Kimmig named their collective "performative process" "tectonics. layer upon layer" This geological term may appear a little too structured to capture the energy both artists release in response: the explosive gesture, the repetitive intensification, the extreme acceleration. Yet certainly not in large and dramatic arches, but rather within a small, restricted space: where all that is left of the sound is a gentle scraping and the lines a tiny figure. These, even though it may only seem so here and now, seem to be dancing. And suddenly one discovers an elated ballet piece in Malik's symbolical punctuation.

And the artist himself sets off: he quietly strides alongside the violinist, who is a head shorter than him and writes his beautiful graphemes, which circle on their own axis, sheet by sheet. And one sits and watches and listens to the sounds, the scratching on paper and the sawing of bows until one reaches this energetic and meditative state of mind and begins to feel weightless. A meters-long canvas is suspended from the ceiling. It took Axel Malik a year to letter it.

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