

*What if today
you wake up
and start seeing the world
through the lens
of music?*

Make a chilli omelette for breakfast, which would taste like high short notes and more extended low notes between them. And if you add cheese to it, it would be curling long notes somewhere in A minor. Or fresh tomatoes, which would add more joy and freshness to this symphony of flavour.

Then you have to run, because life doesn't wait. Movement is also a kind of music, it has its own mood, character and tempo. If you look around you, you'll see that everything visual is also music. Sometimes you look at the architecture and think that someone just hit the piano with their fist - that's the music of this street. But there is beauty in this chaos, even if the melody is not melodic.

If you sharpen your senses, you begin to notice music where there was none at all. Music is tempo, it is character, it is abrupt and long, fast or slow, it is mood and harmony or lack thereof.

How can you tell if there is music or not?

di sonetti

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Contemplation

The original source of reference and inspiration is nature.

So I suggest you take a look at it.

Nature has endowed all its creations with a huge palette of colours. If you look at the rainbow, you will see a colour scheme that can be compared to the scale in music. The rainbow, like the musical scale, consists of seven parts. Then, in fact, you can play a bouquet of flowers on the piano, taking notes corresponding to the colours (C - red, D - orange, etc.)

Turning to the history of art, we can recall Florian Yurev, who translated musical works into the language of colour, creating colour 'notes' and special instruments for their performance.*

He believed that the eye is a more perfect sense organ than the ear.

'We see stars, but they are at a cosmic distance,' Florian comments, 'and the roar of a jet plane is not audible even at twenty kilometres away...'

In order for colour music, like ordinary music, to exist without depicting phenomena in their visual concreteness, it needs new qualities - first of all, the melody of colour, tone, rhythm, as well as the possibility of unlimited compositional combinations of these melodies in dynamic, artistic development.

Imagine that you have come to the cinema to watch a new symphony. Yes, exactly to see it, because it is not a musical symphony, but a colour symphony.

And now a window opens in front of you into a wonderful world of beauty. On the screen, individual coloured chords, which continuously replace each other in a certain rhythmic order, merge into a bright, expressive coloured melody. The individual melodies, their tonal and colour compositions, which develop in accordance with the author's artistic intent, create extremely rich picturesque paintings. And the viewer is presented with beautiful images: joyful and sad, lyrical and heroic, simple and complex, like life itself!

Florian Yurev sought harmony in the worlds of music, colour, and words. His works exist at the intersection of these worlds. "The harmony of the spheres is the harmony of everything. Man and the world are one, and they should strive for harmony." - he said.

With imagination, you can see what you usually hear.

Then you can see music in real life.

Music is harmony.

There is harmony in architecture.

You look at a building with rhythmically arranged windows, columns between them, and statues on top, all different but repeating a certain rhythm. When you look away to see the street as a whole, you can see the rhythms of the windows: each floor of each building has its own window design, while the next floor seems to take the design elements of the previous one, but has some additions or skips something.

And so on for every next one. This is the rhythm in architecture for me. Of course, sometimes there are falsities and absolute absurdities, but the fingers of a not-so-good pianist also not always hit the notes either.

*Note: * Florian Yurev is a Ukrainian artist and scientist. He has designed several buildings in the modernist style. Unfortunately, most of his scientific research was destroyed by the Communist Party, which considered it too dangerous.*



overheard sonnet

I love rappers and poets.

*I love it when it's short and to the point.
When it's metaphorical.*

*Somehow different languages are like different tunings,
they give different shades of metaphors, like different
octaves. German is the C2 octave, sometimes harsh or
rough. and Ukrainian is C7, which seems to be melodic,
but rarely do my fingers find themselves there.*

*Talking to some people is like playing tennis. You throw
around catchy expressions, trying not to slip. For me,
this is the definition of flirting. It is the most musical
thing you can say.*

*German can be a language of love, the main thing is to
know how to juggle words in the right way. It is a
construction set language. It is convenient and
versatile.*

*When I didn't understand German, it was so musical
for me. There was something of French there. Long
words, like long notes, sometimes something very short,
bitter, rhythmical.*

*In general, when you don't know the language, it is like
a melody, and when you start to understand the content,
the magic disappears.*

don't eat me

I close my eyes and think about yellow. Then red. If I think about it for a long time, a feeling of bitterness appears on the tip of my tongue. Where does it come from? If I were in a psychotherapy session right now, we would start digging into my childhood. So there is a story about this and it goes like this:

When I was about 10 years old and went to art school, we had a game: we ate paints and tried to learn their flavours so that we could distinguish them even with our eyes closed.

We would wake up with a slight drowsiness after an art history lesson where we were told how pigments were made from natural ingredients in ancient times. We ate everything. watercolour, gouache... and it seemed to us that each colour really had its own taste. Most of the colours were just bitter, but they still had their own difference. After the training, we had a competition where we had to try to be blind to the colours and guess what kind of paint it was.

In jazz or improvisational music, it is sometimes said that 'melody is the base of the dish, and improvisation adds spices'.

Mozart's music can be compared to some kind of delicate soufflé. But when eating a meat stew, I would think of Wagner, but only if it is not overly peppered.

Taste cannot exist in isolation. It plays its part in a symphony of perception — alongside the visuals of a place, the textures we touch, the music or sounds around us.

Amidst the cacophony of trucks, drills and conversations of Polish builders, Italian pizza will not transport us to the Mediterranean coast with its warm breeze of serenity. This taste will ground us and make think about fast food, nutrition, or simply become an unremarkable snack. In contrast to that same pizza eaten in a small family restaurant somewhere in southern Italy with a cosy courtyard and the echo of waves lapping at the shore a few metres away. During this dinner, our thoughts will fly to completely different places than sitting on the pavement near a construction site.

Taste is just one ingredient — essential, but never the whole recipe for a great dinner or a romantic evening at home.

Note: if you close your nose and taste the dish, you will understand that in fact, with the help of 'tasting' you can feel sour, salty, bitter and everything else. Everything else that you like so much in flavours — fruity, meaty, floral, creamy — is all given by the nose. But the great trick our mind plays is that it takes all the information provided by the nose and sends us signals to feel it through taste.

breeze

*Thin metal with zigzag protrusions,
some just strangely shaped,
metal thin and wooden huge,
thick wooden,
small carved wooden.
hangers.
touch.
music of touching sounds.
tinkling.
KnOcKiNg.
ding ding ding and
st
st
st
st st.*

sounds for a long time, distantly.

*If you close your eyes, you can go back to your
childhood in your grandmother's house, where the wind
touched the dreamcatcher, which in turn tinkled. A
woodpecker is heard in the background. A kind of
illusion of touch and sound.*

*After all, all intelligent people know that the wind
cannot touch anything and that you are not a child and
not on a balcony.*

*You take your jacket off the hanger in the archives of
the Angewandte and have to run on outside into the
stormy busy life. Sometimes a single touch takes you
somewhere far away with the music of life.*

*The enchanting and mysterious harmony of our world.
Fingers touch the strings of the guitar, music resounds,
touching the deepest, most secret corners of the soul.
Sometimes it is so magical*

Harmony brings that desired peace



odour

It is the most difficult thing to sense through the nose.

For a person who can see and hear well, the sense of smell is less important. It's like a flute in an orchestra that only sometimes comes into play. But when it does!

The sense of smell is the most powerful conservator of memories. You can involuntarily smell the smell of hay mixed with the smell of cherries and daisies and be transported back to your childhood in the village at the end of August, when the grass is being cut and your grandmother is making jam. It's so hard to remember specific smells that can transport you somewhere. But once you smell one of them, you can plunge into a time machine anywhere.

The smell of the city before the rain.

The smell of the countryside before the rain.

What is different about this?

Again, you have to think with your eyes closed. The difference is that the air is full of different notes.

In the first case, it's the D minor sound of the smell of asphalt and concrete - the heaviness of a hot summer day that has frozen in anticipation of rescue, with a gradual increase in G major entering the melody (it's hope, it's a light breeze with a barely perceptible coolness that brought with it a light smell of Italian pizza).

In the second part, it is the major key of the smell of the grove. It's measured. Peaceful. The whole melody is in the same key of a long summer day, in which the smells of flowers, freshly cut hay are mixed, and the barely perceptible smells of cows, which probably graze somewhere far away, can be heard.

Can someone who lost their hearing and sight in their second year of life experience the world poetically, write about it and inspire others to feel? Her name is Helen Keller, and for her, smell is the main sense for perceiving the world.

To feel the changing seasons by smell.

To recognise a person by smell.

A city by smell.

*“Smell is a potent wizard that transports us across a thousand miles and all the years we have lived.**

*Note: * Helen Keller “The world i live in”*

close your eyes.

try an unfamiliar dish.

close your eyes. use touches and objects to create music.

how many options does the brain give out and how much does it try to specify what it feels?

can this be compared to the feeling when in the middle of summer, when everything is warm, relaxed, full of sun, you lie somewhere on the grass looking at the clouds and your brain, willy-nilly, sees dogs, fish and dragons in the sky.

is this the feeling that a person (or I) needs to specify everything?