# ORGAN COMPOSITIONS FROM THE INTERSTICE

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## Organ Compositions From the Interstice

Every inventory is an invention. In the first place an invention of names: it is necessary to name the objects that are being inventorised. Organ Compositions from the Interstice is a small selection of compositions to be played by the organ inspired by spaces between bodies, recognizable but not always named, which occur more or less as subjective everyday experience of shocks, contacts and tensions.

Starting from places that are less geographic and more sensory spaces, Organ Compositions from the Interstice claims its character of translation, and translates sensations of spaces to musical language, in order to experience the space between the bodies.

### The Noise that the Footsteps of the Neighbor draw in our Head

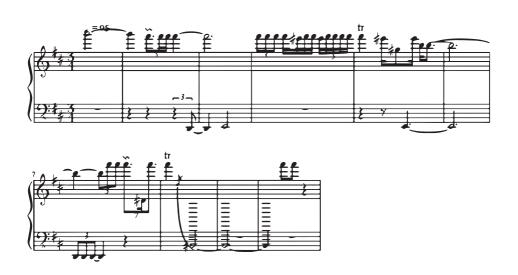
(The shared noises that denounce other bodies even in places where only we should exist. Imagine their movements through the descriptive abstraction of their sounds. The intimate spaces of each of the houses shrink and so almost cease to exist)





# The Wind created from the Beating of Wings of Pigeons in a inner Courtyard

(Those shared noises, like the beating of wings of pigeons in an inner courtyard, which make us aware of the space between us)





## The Time it takes to detect The Heat of the Other in a Hug

( Spaces that become sensitive, perceptible )





## The Feeling of Otherness when we are wearing Gloves

(That feeling of depersonification and separation from space when we are wearing gloves. The body transforms into something unfamiliar to us. To avoid contact with the other, feeling repulsed by otherness. A double spacing arises: my hand is no longer my hand, I do not recognize my skin, and yet, I wear someone else's skin to avoid contact with others)





#### We should learn how to live in the Staircase

(The stairs as a designated border: a place that unites the various neighbors, the various odors, the small details in the doors and entrance halls. As a common space of passage, is not there that the lovers find a good place for their tight kisses? That time of touching)

