

Michael Pisaro-Lin

Martijn's castles.

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Michael Pisaro-Liu (2025)

Day and daylight.

Day and day.

Air.

Air and vibration.

Air and vibration.

Daylight.

Window, Autumn.

Autumn, Wieder.

Vibrations hover.

Window.

Ash grey clouds and silver light.

A queer, diagonal light.

Vibrations hover.

Wind.

Play a C# when you hear it somewhere in the room.

The window shakes from the wind on the other side.

From the pitched vibrations on this side.

By the truck with a heavier load on one side and uneven tires.
Disco beat muffled by rain.

Air.
Air and moisture.

And a faucet dripping.

Play a C#.

Play a C# when there is moisture in the air.

There's an arc of light in the air.
A step in the air.
An arc of light stops here.
Air.
Air and tone.

Play a D when there's an arc of light through the air.
Octagonal D.

Night and time.
In the night air with an arc of sound.
Shapes of dark around the lit ground.
Grey dark train.
Air complicit in the night.
Time and night.
A hammer counting the rain.
An owl.
Buzz and buzzing.

Two Bs.

Twilight aqua, marine sea-green, yellow-orange with violet reflections.
The slow arc of the sun.
Marine trapezoid manifold.

Unevenly flattened and faceted coins.
A small mound of sand on the floor.

Play the second tone, just like the first, but later.
Remember, it's a C#.
C#.

Hours of time.
Seconds of time.
Days of time.
Flick, flicker.
Night's time and Day's minutes.
The scene changes.

The arcs of Saturn.
A mouse.
Searchlights.

Was it a B?

A hole in the paper.
Perforations and shadows.
In slow motion.
Flickering the whole time.
The paper smoking.

Play the D again.

Now day.

Play an F#.

Where it is day on a day between other days.
Footsteps on concrete.
White echo over there.

After a long time, play an A.
There are vibrations in the room, play an A.
C# and A.

The air is wavering in its arc through the room.
The moon tracing a W.
It would look like a wave, vibrating and wavering.
Like a wave.
Like a beast with a broom.
In the lungs of time.

Remember when the C# followed the F?
A sleeping F.
An F in the rain.

A room above the land.
A floor on the air with a wall on the floor.
Bed on the floor.
A serpent of sound drawing a line from ceiling to corner.
On the land.
The arc of air in the land on a ground tilled by vibration.
Thunder in the street.

Ochre, lavender, heliotrope, bright orange-red, yellow-green; air.
Shimmering boxes of machined metal.

Play a C on the ground in the air near the window.
In the air.
A and B in the air, buzzing.

None count.
Brief glance at the watch.
People with names.

No time passed, no counting.
An hour in the air under the window.
Tiny breadcrumbs and Boccherini.

A bell rings.
In the air, wavering.
A Spring wave.
An Autumn vibration.
Spring.
Cows and Cowbells.

A.
A.

The cold air carries cold vibrations.
Cold vibrations disturb a cobweb.
Winter in the street brushes against the window frame.
Slanting breeze stuttering window.
Then fire.

The warm air of the summer with moisture means that you should now
play an A.
The warm summer air means: play an E.
Violin E and violin A.

Like a worm.
Like a wave.
The cathedral bells ring.
The train is late.

Now play an Eb followed by another one.
The note is a line in space in the night by the spot where the light
touches the ground.

A dog barks.

A fleeting thought of the Hydriotaphia by Sir Thomas Browne.
A short breath disrupts the cold and causes it to swirl.
Small tornadoes of green air buoy the string and the wood.
Melancholy buoys bobbing briefly in air.
Born for a short time.
Sine of an ode to joy.

Later, a fortress.

pianoforte
B, F, F#
E, G, D.
f>pp

Havel, Spree, Spandau.
Herbst.
Congaree and Mississippi.
Fludde.
Zócalo (Tenochtitlan).

Sound through the walls.
A wave the breaks against the wall.

Walls invisible as sheets of air.
A rip in the sheet.
Air.
In the wall in the air of the air under the air.

Because you played a C.
Because you played a G.

Sinusoidal vibration at the transparent curtain.
Wavering at 50 hertz.
A wave of 3 meters and 50 hertz.
Air.

In a room complicated by the night.
A dark enclosure.

The wing of a bird flutters, so you play an A.
The wing of a bird stopped in midair, you play an A.

The beating of wing on window.
A flutter breaks the air with a wavering.
A pigeon descends on Helligåndskirken.
A girl interrupted in her music on 70th Street near 5th.
An empty chamber in New York in the afternoon
Or 's-Gravenhage.

An ultramarine frame of air.
An arc of light.
In the line of the B's flight.
Flight from there.

Play an A.

A gap in the night.
Asleep.
Staircase in the arc of the night.
A frame in curved light.
And coffee.

Just two in the night.
Never have counted.
The wound of time leaks light to the day.
Three minutes of air.

The structures hang in the air for a few seconds and then collapse to
the floor in a heap and disperse like powder.
In the air folded by night.
The dust of the day escapes through the window.

Structures that created lines and surfaces. The surfaces that give place to all other sounds: voices, visitors, doors, sirens, shoes.

Clear walls in the space.

The walls and windows are the outline of a structure. But the music is structured in the movement of air and people. Our bodies obey the sovereign structure of architecture. When we visit the space and remain in our bodies, the musical structure in the air is invisible.

Then obey the music and the other structures move to the edges; to the horizon of our being-in-space.

Air.

Buildings of light, movement and vibration have a different architecture. They are disposable. They are constantly building and tearing down. They may do this when no one is there and disappear before anyone enters. There are many. Most are yet to come.

Uncountable buildings that change shape. They are not replicable.

Their existence is real, but invisible and fragile. Improvised.

Light moon against the blue day through the window.

Two minutes of air.

Immaterial sonic architectures with the transparency of glass.

Transformed but not broken, even when they stop. A topology of air.

The biography of vibration. In the long duration of this music, all displacements are temporary. Time is multiple or doesn't exist. A tone castle (of air) is brief but outlives the disturbances to its structure. It outlives its structure.