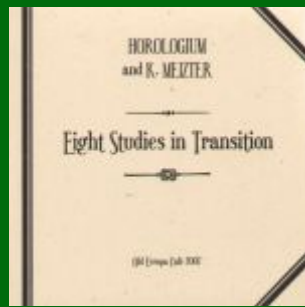


## Horologium and K. Meizter - Eight Studies In Transition

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Contributed by: [isis](#)



Artist: Split Album / Collaboration

Title: Horologium and K. Meizter - Eight Studies In Transition

Label: [Old Europa Cafe](#) 

- 01 Succession
- 02 The Transient Domain
- 03 Human Endeavours
- 04 Progress / Regress
- 05 Memorabilia
- 06 The Life Sentence
- 07 Reconstructing The Past
- 08 Advance

Chilling notes fall into a void of cackling, seething sound. There is always a layer under the void, as if there was a vinyl, constantly turning, giving out a faint, rustling sound that sometimes comes into focus but mostly remains in the subconscious. This is the passing of time, what remains, the imprint that becomes unchanging in a moving world. In 'Succession' dropping notes enter the void with a melancholic tune, full of despair. Coming out, like hands from the quicksand, are voices, samplers and noises that are soon swallowed up. From nostalgia we move into a detached rhythm created by repetitive percussion and an ever-changing background. Both combine, move into one another and separate, slowly slipping like oil on water until a fragile, whispering end.

'The Transient Domain' opens with a pseudo-martial spirit: the ghost of a march that turns into grandiose languid notes. Soon, though, the notes have faded into a fleeting, fluttering collection of sounds that follow each other reaching out, but never making it. After such a futile try, shadow sounds linger until the fleeting notes have completely disappeared. The composition has morphed completely again into a place of vastness, machines and grey sounds. 'Eight Studies in Transition' unites the work of Polish artist [Grzegorz Siedlecki](#) and Swedish artist [K. Meizter](#), better known as Beyond Sensory Experience. In this collaborative record, they each propose four different compositions and unite them under the common search for emotions, feelings and despair, "examining human's fight against time". Obviously a futile one. 'Human Endeavours' is perhaps the composition that better defines this fight including Russian romantic composer's pieces (much in the same way *Der Blaue Reiter* did with Leo Delibes) , samplers of vintage radio pieces, voices, noises, and frequencies that seem to play catch in the velocity of their changes, enters and exits. It is as if a renaissance Teatro dell'Arte were transformed into music, with all its dramas, tragicomedies and irreverent filling moments ending in a liquid, ritual sounding epic finale. 'Progress / Regress' is so closely knit to the previous track that it sounds almost as a continuation but is much more embedded into repetition.

Suddenly, however, it changes with a crash. And in the thick dark smoke that remains after the explosion, clear piano notes appear, constructing a song written long before, that, after all the destruction, overpowers any chaos into order.

There is another twist in 'Memorabilia', as if with a deep breath, the record takes a step back to charge again. It is slow paced, thick and murky, moved by a drum beat that fades in the background slowly, sometimes returns, sometimes leaves. Casual, strangely calm yet surprisingly complex, 'Memorabilia' opens the season of shorter more martial compositions, always ending in distress and a slow, accepting, emptiness. 'The Life Sentence' is epic, crushed by big sounding chords parasited by all sorts of samplers, notes and voices. The percussion becomes stronger, more violent and fuller of hurt, anger and torture. 'Reconstructing the Past' is the composition I like best: compact, layered, emotional. It opens with the same martial spirit from 'The Life Sentence' but in a more orderly way – less visceral. Slowly it is subjugated by a delicate melody that also fades once it has taken over, leaving space for all sorts of shadows, grey images and lingering whispers and ends.

To close, 'Advance' becomes a distorted, corrupted collection of chimes, childish notes. Soon, however, the composition becomes fierce, vibrant, violent and ends suddenly and unexpectedly, like death.

**Heathen Harvest, Feb. 2008**