

The title of my work is *gray music #1*. It consists of a series of 15 gray wall photographs that repeats once or twice, according to the size of the exhibition space. The music repeats in a similar way and, like the photographs in the room, becomes endless. The music is gray; it consists of noises, tape noises that remain after all the "real music" has been edited out. The images are just as gray. They are photographs of walls of buildings, barely distinguishable, that I took in November, a dark and dismal time. When a viewer-listener perceives the pictures and music, the sensations she or he feels are altered: the impression transforms, it no longer is dreary; instead, grayness becomes color.

I love gray, gray includes it all, all images and all of music. The music is composed to run parallel to the photos, yet now and then to be independent, creating an irritation that guides the gaze between the pictures into nothingness. The images and the intervals between them are equally important.

With my images
I create a
musical space.

With my music
I create a
visual space.

Pictures and music are of equal value. They meet in the mind of the viewer and listener, where they generate something new. Observers should be ready to perceive the images, the space, the music. They should be active and able to let themselves go.

Rolf Julius, 1979/80