

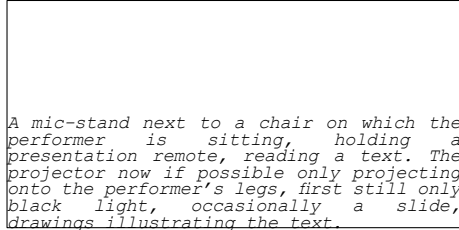
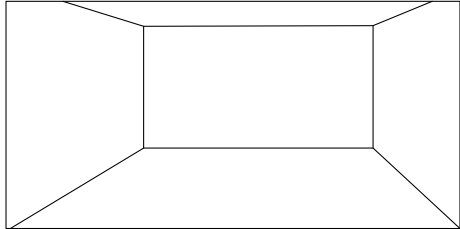
JACK

No Screen No Play No Story No Board No Piece But This

*Empty space, a picture of a sheet of golden  
glitter cardboard, shot with really low  
exposure, projected onto the back wall,  
offering just enough light for the  
audience to enter.*



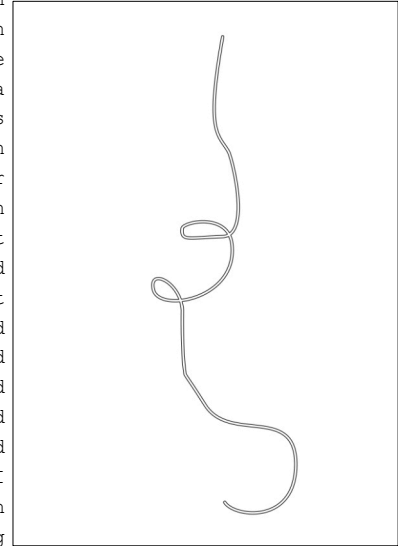
Empty space, the projector on the floor projecting black, covering the back wall and if possible a bit of the room's sides.



A mic-stand next to a chair on which the performer is sitting, holding a presentation remote, reading a text. The projector now if possible only projecting onto the performer's legs, first still only black light, occasionally a slide, drawings illustrating the text.

Speakers take over reading of the text. The presenter first spins the microphone over their head, catching wind, then squats, knees wide apart, with their back to the audience, catching the projector's light, goes down on their knees, spins 120° to the left with the presentation remote's laser pointing from their hands, fingers intertwined, held in front of the bellybutton as in an upside down prayer. Rolls onto the back, hugging their own knees. White noise crescendo. Presenter drags chair to last third of the empty space and repeats the series of poses.

"Jack jack jack, jack jack, jack, jack jack jack jack jack. I will start with a thread. With a thread. That's a thread. Let's say three threads I can braid by taking first the left, then the right across the strand in the middle and then i figured you can do this with five - the leftest then the rightest across the middlest - and with seven and with nine eleven and ever since echo of a group of girls said they can it with four six eight ten g o t embarrassed but they don't even braid anymore and so, in my head and in my head and in my head only, only I went on with braiding

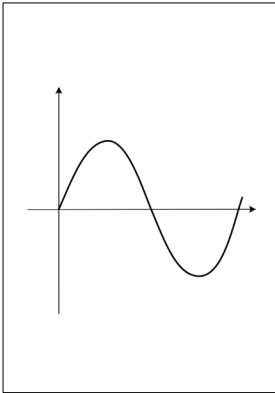


a n  
d o  
I

having thirteen fifteen seventeen nineteen - how many until I'll have combined all threads, until I will have followed through on what was always cut short. Jack, jack, jacked: A simple thing, a strip (that's a threat) followed through, a

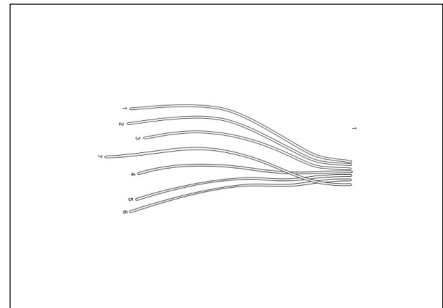
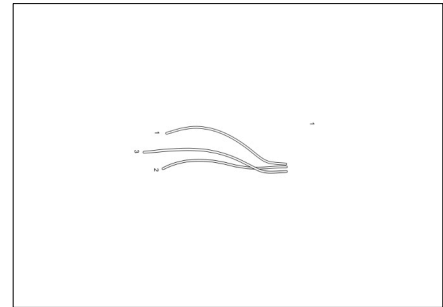
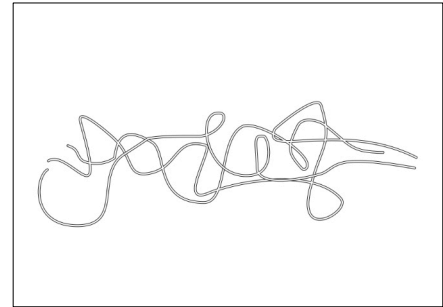
simple thing repeated until it sticks. Like threading sine waves to make white noise. And how to then still bend 20'000 sines at a time let them blow in the wind. Now that I have this idea I can spin it I can spin it I can spin on it. An idea like a cord I can spin I can swing with a jack at the tip that's a threat: Make it stick. Swing, spin a thing until it sticks. How to bend a stick? Having an idea thinking it's a key. And the doors. Don't doubt, Jack. Jack, jack, open. Still bent, a thread next to 20'000 threads, a still bent jack, a flag blowing in the wind. White noise. How many friends for an answer blowing in the wind, in

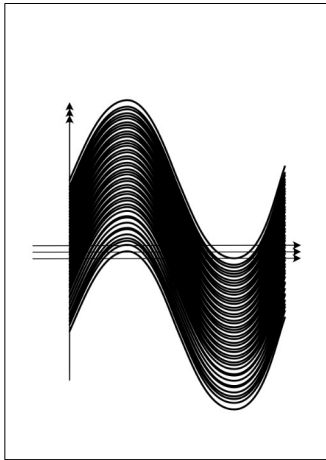
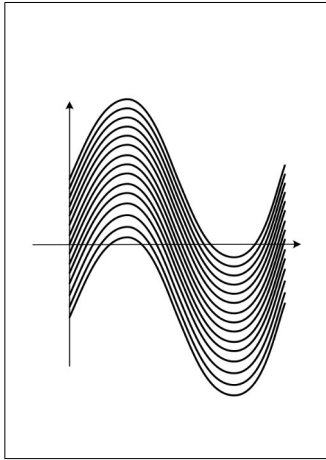
sinusoidal moving things. inch removed it making sense. thread that is pulling at the is bent, Bow down, Jack, soft sound - not entered. But jack, jack. play with plays with



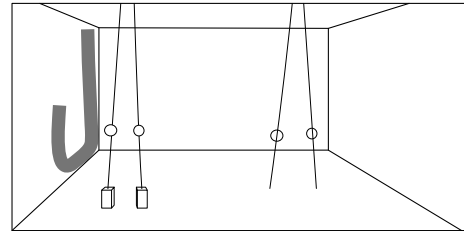
perfect wind, And an stops That's the a wind, knee, that remember: a blow, a much has J a c k , Jack is a words, and words are

first and foremost a reaching out for someone a friend to answer, Jack? If I move, if I move this, it then is this but then it's also this and this. It's a lot of things. It's a scattering. It's





*Silence. A feedback-like sine wave fades in. Last slide reading JACK in big letters across the whole space. Performer lowers two sculptures attached to the ceiling - white paper boxes attached to a nylon thread and a ball of cotton wool stuffed tights hanging in between. Then moves the chair and the mic-stand to the side, but not completely, stops mid-action, slowing down.*



Over a feedback-like sine there are digital hi-hats playing a nervous rhythm next to piano arpeggi, occasional low bass and a muffled tapping sound panning across the speakers, like steps running in circles. Using the presentation remote, the performer slides through a fast changing series of images.

Text reading: "Every Step Is A Threat"  
walking.

Sped up video of flashlight moving across piano keys.

Black chair on plastic mannequin torso, blocking the door.

carpet floor.

floor.

POV: Knees in tights, blurry picture.

Dice thrown, showing 4.

overlaid dice.

Meadow with dandelions.

Screenshot of Google search bar: "when

of the crickets hesitate"

I was young. That's what sitting on your

ass does to your face. At a certain

point, if you still have your marbles and

are not faced with serious financial

challenges, you have a chance to put your

house in order."

Big teddy in bed, medium teddy on a woven box.

Mannequin torso with teddy in front of banana box.

Spider in her net.

POV: Legs standing in a pile of clothes.

Everything".

Bruised hand.

carpet.

floor.

disinfectant.

POV: Knees in tights, blurry picture.

two legs, different shoes.

Bed sheet on the floor.

Carpet.

Carpet, rolling dice.

Red carpet, two legs, white sweatpants.

Carpet, rolling dice.

Window, 4 frames, flashing light.

POV of person playing the recorder.

Person holding an electric guitar.

Dice showing 4.

Cursor drawing lines.

Left hand, rolling dice.

Red carpet, two legs, white sweatpants, tiny

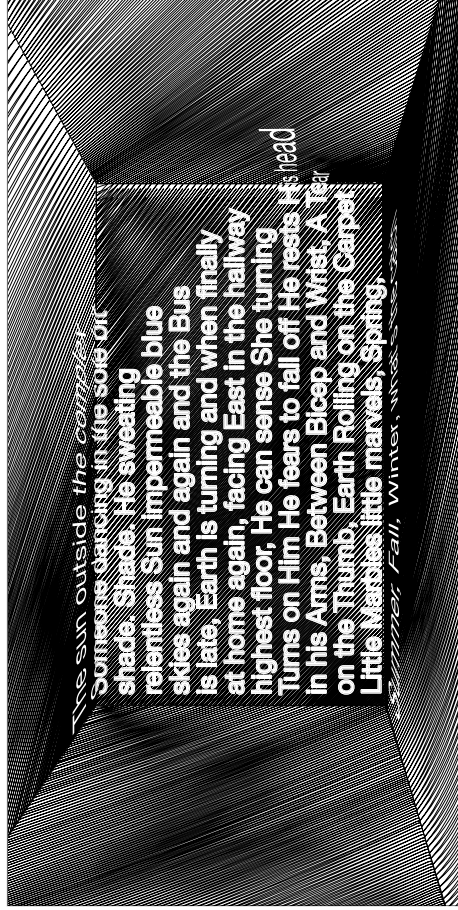
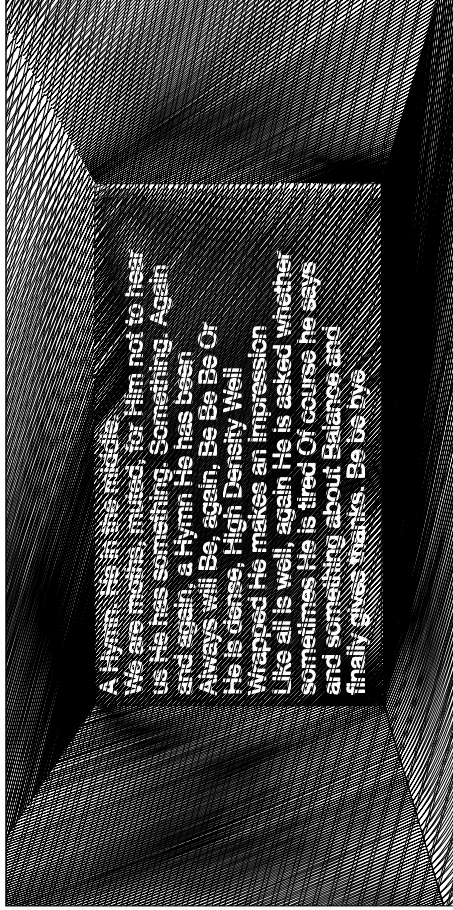
space. Slowly the sound of wind recorded

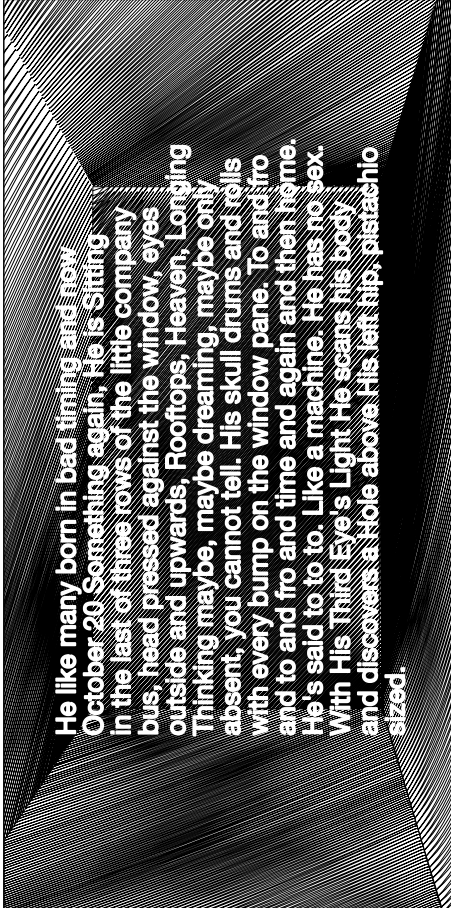
inside two different sized pitchers and

muffled drumming from the room next door

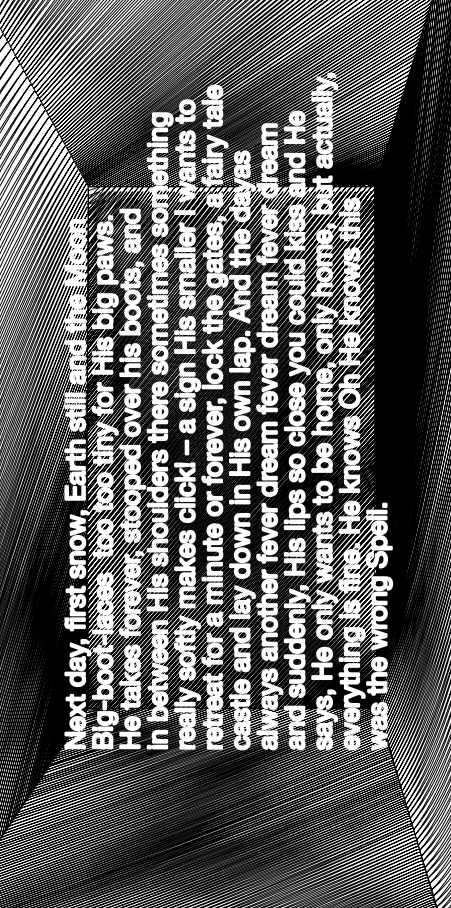
faded in.

EVERYTHING  
THIS IS



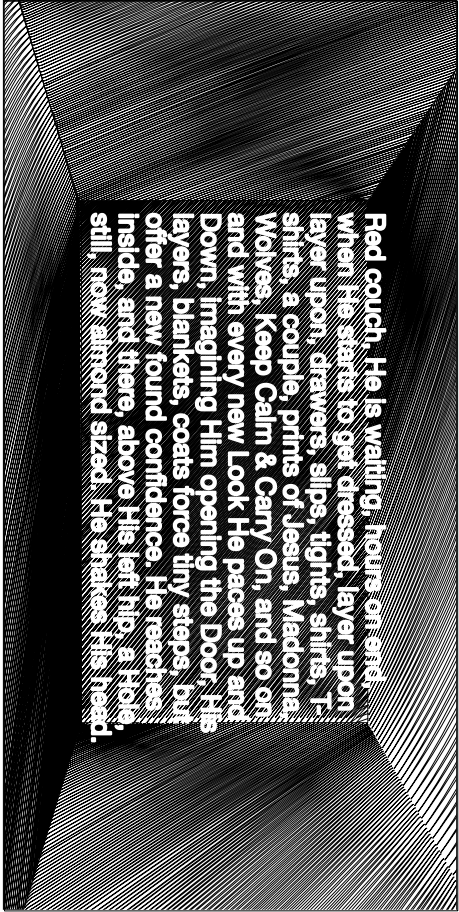
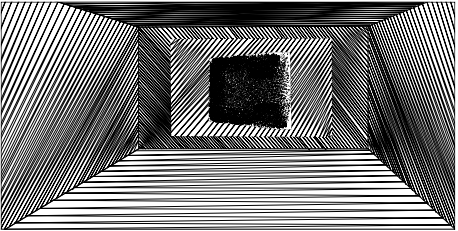


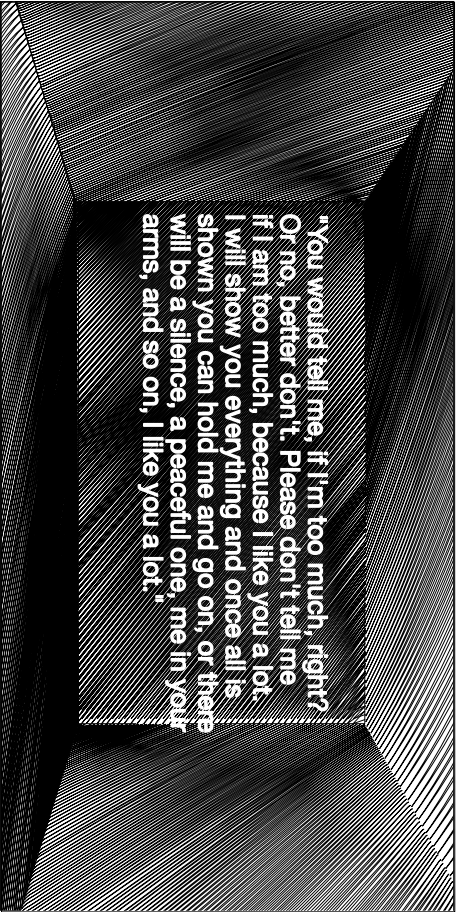
He like many born in bad timing and now  
October 20 Something again, He is sitting  
in the last of three rows of the little company  
bus, head pressed against the window, eyes  
outside and upwards, Rooftops, Heaven, Longing  
Thinking maybe, maybe dreaming, maybe only  
absent, you cannot tell. His skull drums and rolls  
with every bump on the window pane. To and fro  
and to and fro and time and again and then home.  
He's said to to. Like a machine. He has no sex.  
With His Third Eye's Light He scans his body  
and discovers a hole above His left hip, pistachio  
sized.



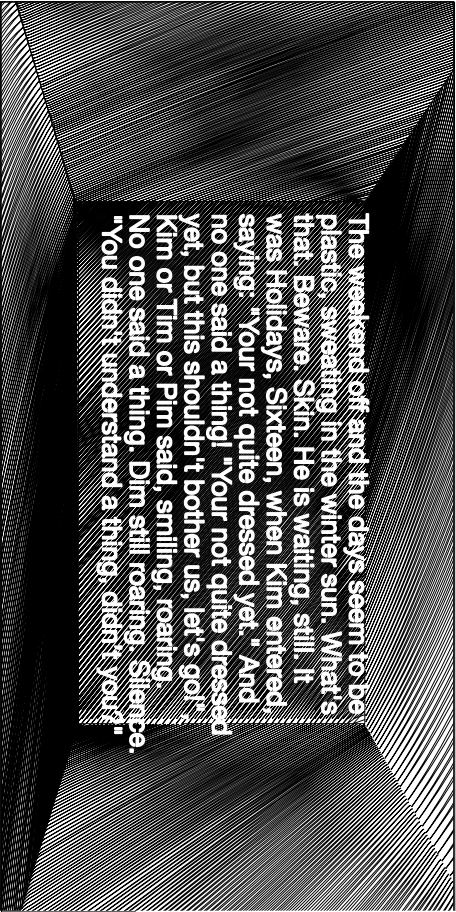
Next day, first snow, Earth still and the Moon  
Big-foot-laces too too tiny for His big paws.  
He takes forever, stooped over his boots, and  
in between His shoulders there sometimes something  
really sorry makes click! – a sign His smaller I wants to  
retreat for a minute or forever, lock the gates, a fairy tale  
castle and lay down in His own lap. And the days  
always another fever dream fever dream fever dream  
and suddenly, His lips so close you could kiss and He  
says, He only wants to be home, only home, but actually,  
everything is fine. He knows Oh He knows this  
was the wrong Spell.

Then the muffled drumming from the room next door stops for a minute. Only the wind inside the pitcher remains. In the back, the star-spangled glitter cardboard again. Slowly getting slightly bigger.





"You would tell me, if I'm too much, right? Or no, better don't. Please don't tell me if I am too much, because I like you a lot. I will show you everything and once all is shown you can hold me and go on, or there will be a silence, a peaceful one, me in your arms, and so on, I like you a lot."



The weekend off and the days seem to be plastic, sweating in the winter sun. What's that. Beware. Skin. He is waiting still. It was Holidays, Sixteen, when Kim entered, saying: "You not quite dressed yet." And no one said a thing! "You not quite dressed yet, but this shouldn't bother us, let's go!" Kim or Tim or Pim said, smiling, roaring. No one said a thing. Dim still roaring. Silence. "You didn't understand a thing, didn't you?"

Silence. Black. Then trumpet and drums, playing over, next to, alongside one another. POV of a person holding a trumpet with big brown leather mittens, spinning in circles on grey carpet flooring.

Silence. Black. Then the performer crosses the space, only wearing tights and a white hoodie, catching three slides with their body. First slide, "Now that Jack is closer than ever", on the right, facing the audience, the second, a spiral, in the middle with their back, the hoodie's hood up, then the third slide, "I dread Jack's every step.", on the left side of the room, again facing the audience, gently swaying back and forth, left to right, right to left, catching all the letters with their chest.

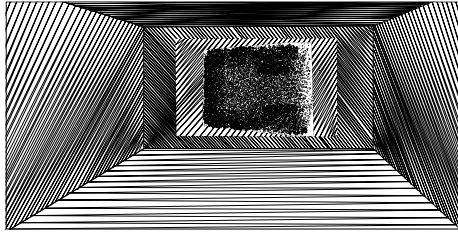
Silence. Black. Empty space again. Then a window is projected, four frames, bright light entering. The sound of a cello, a single note infinitely stretched, fading in.

Video showing the shadow of two naked legs dancing. Cello still playing.

Now that  
Jack is  
closer than  
ever



I dread  
Jack's  
every step



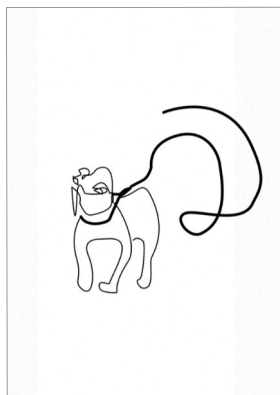
Sound of a cartoon owl hooting.

Again the cello, higher pitch.  
Screenrecording scrolling through image  
search results for "Chairlift".

scat singing in the sense of it, a sine blowing in the wind. And what's it, the wind about? Jack is a bag full, a bag empty, life is a pull at both ends. Jack inflated, becomes a pronoun, becomes the weak link, is a plug, pulled apart: At the tips of a thread there's a jack at both ends. Jack the type to ask do you know what i mean after having just scatted all over the bar and answer with what do you mean was hast du damit gemeint was meinst du damit. Jack is instrumental, the background, the beat, never facing it, is a coward. When Jack is passed the aux, there's not much more than a loud pop and a second pop, plugging in and out. And wind blowing in between. All the wind blowing in between. All you will hear then is only in your head and in your head only. Jack expects an all knowing audience, a club of initiates. Jack is rehearsing how to enter, Jack is four steps, slow down, halt. Jack, jack jack, jack is quiet music, that has never been left to sound, kept a playlist, kept an eye, playheads jumping, playheads jumping, jumping jack is a play with words and plays with words are first and foremost a reaching out for something something something otherwordly. Jack is out there and we are in here waiting, waiting to hear the sine, the steps, Jack entering, and the wind blowing in between. Jack is the catch in and of everything and we caught the wind, it is pulling at our vocal cords and it won't let go. Jack is the DC all the way offset, all



membranes tucked, tucked badly, Jack is a silent threat. Jack is just a boy and his father, his grand- and great-grandfather and all the greats they were looking up to. Jack was never asked for their pronouns and Jack would not know an answer, to anything. Jack is many, the best and worst of (and in) us and the proof that opposites don't cancel out. Jack is the remainder, the wind inside. Jack is the words in the back of our

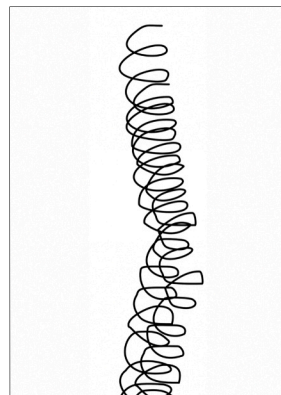


throats  
and how  
many  
words  
will be  
thrown,  
thrown  
up to our  
knees,  
sinking,  
until a  
friend,  
blowing  
in the

I have finish  
ed braiding a  
tightrope that  
can be used  
for Jack

wind, offers an excuse to shut up. Jack, jack, jack, jack jack, jack is an end in itself. Jack is trying to make sense, taking a pen and is drawing it. Jack is a draw, jack is truce, truth hanging by a thread. Jack is the opposite of jack and in the back there's a hole, a big black one that we cannot see. Jack is a gate in every little thing and is keeping an eye. Jack is the storm

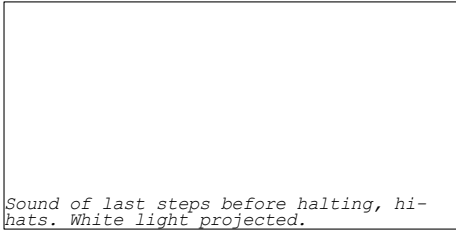
of tomorrow, drawing us closer, it is Jack at the front of the ship on which we will drown. Jack is an open book closed, the key stuck inside the key hole, jack is the last page missing, Jack never went all the way. Jack is kept for later and is late and is gone again. Jack is but wind inside a bruised pitcher, drooling onto a hotplate. Jack is the knife and the drawer, Jack is neither putting things in nor out of place,



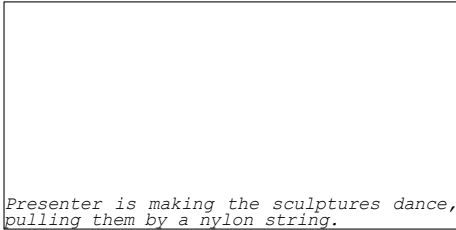
Jack is  
i n  
neuter  
space,  
Jack is a  
t r u e  
s p a c e  
oddity.  
Jack is  
utopian.  
Jack is a  
flag flown  
at the  
front of

I have made  
many many,  
so many so  
long, I have  
yarn for a s  
weater or 2

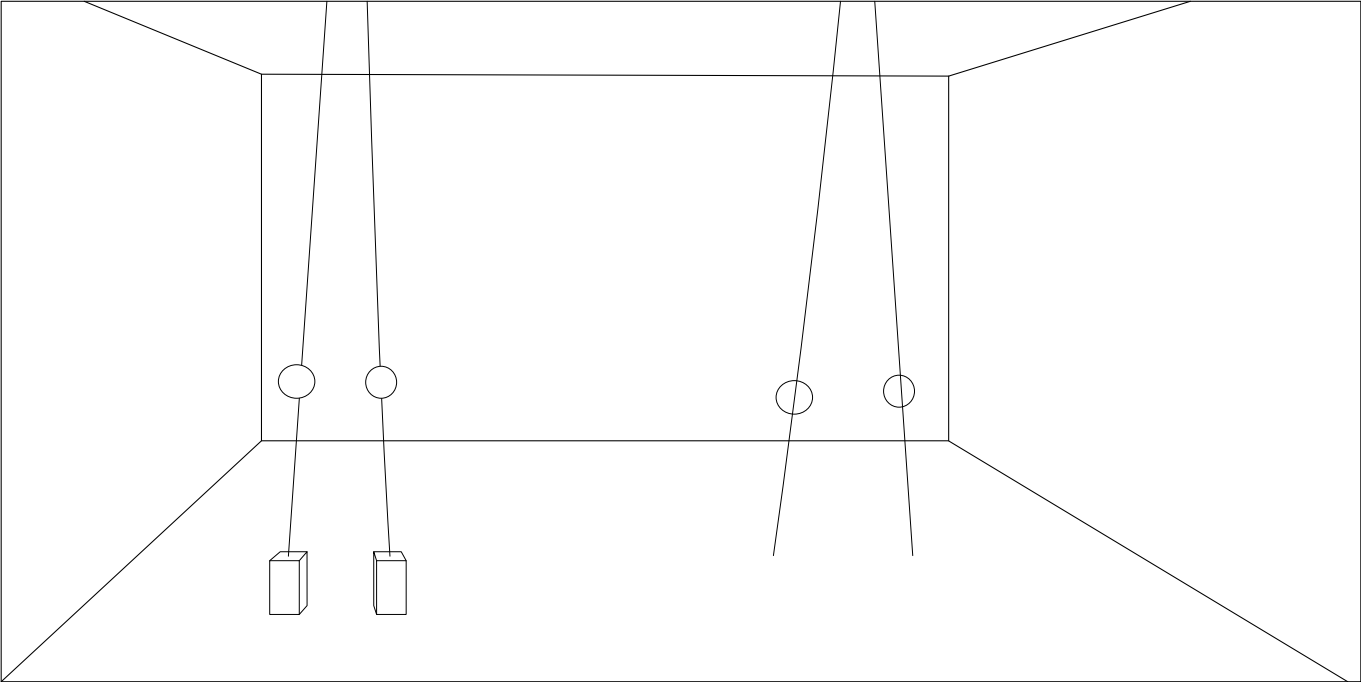
a vessel that will bring destruction upon the utopia. Jack is neutral, a new beginning, fresh diapers, Jack is no stains on the carpet. Jack is everything wrong



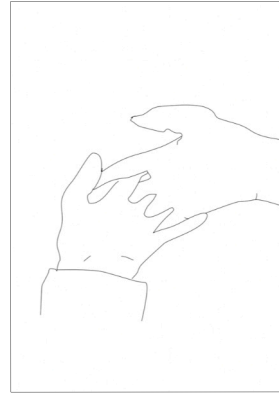
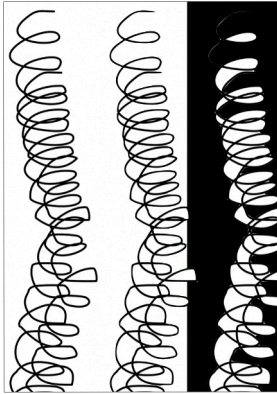
*Sound of last steps before halting, hi-hats. White light projected.*



*Presenter is making the sculptures dance, pulling them by a nylon string.*



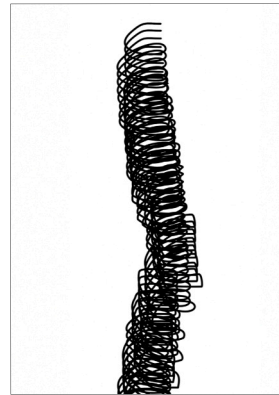
Take me  
home



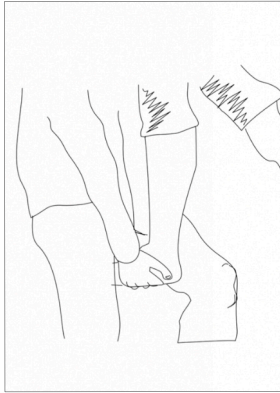
whether I feel  
safe or no s  
weater or no  
this season w  
aiting for spr  
ng new weat  
her new wind  
2 sweaters if  
Jack 1 to he  
ad outside to  
crop the last  
fall goods f  
or winter

I prepare everything.  
Cooking spaghetti.  
Made a playlist. Still  
there is leftovers.

NO one came.



Jack passed me  
by. Slipping thro  
ugh my fingers. R  
ope unravelling. F  
or next time, finge  
rs crossed. All 10  
for a leg-up. For  
another glimpse.



CONSIDER SPRING

POV of person wearing brown leather mittens, holding an apple, inside, just in front of the door, about to leave?

A plush lion, low exposure.

Two heavy metal springs in the snow at night.

Two heavy metal springs, next to footprints in the snow.

Two heavy metal springs in the snow at night, red light.

Two heavy metal springs in front of an empty vending machine.

Hand entering, making the springs bounce.

Two heavy metal springs on wet pavement, snow melting.

Two heavy metal springs on green grass, white frost, brown leaves, sound of a guitar playing minor chords.

Two heavy metal springs in front of orange flowers painted onto a brick wall.

Two heavy metal springs in front of orange flowers painted onto a brick wall, leaves flying by.

Close up of springs inside the empty vending machine.

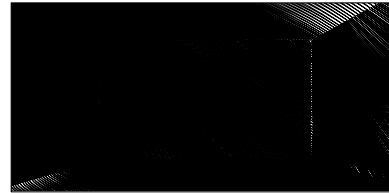
Two heavy metal springs on a train station platform.

Two heavy metal springs on a wall next to scattered bits of broken glass.

Two heavy metal springs on a wall next to scattered bits of broken glass.

Shot of a meadow, dandelions blossoming.

Black light, empty space.



Empty space, white light.



Red light, projector moving, tilting, turning.



Text read in german, English subtitles telling a slightly different story. Picture of two different pairs of boots next to a plastic mannequin torso, wearing a knitted vest with a t-shirt put on top, cat print.



“Du würd-s mich fas nich wi-d-r-rk-nn-n.  
Was has du dami gemein ?  
Ich hoffe, ich habe dich nich  
en äusch .  
Deine an asien.  
Veränderung ist Schmerz. Du  
bist gut so wie du bist.  
Du bist gut. Ich aber trau  
mich kaum mehr aus dem Haus.  
Du vers ehs mich.  
Mein Ver rauen in dich rühr daher,  
dass wohin auch immer ich will, du  
angeblich auch schon woll es . Dass  
du immer weiß , wovon ich räume.  
Ich kann mich schlafen legen,  
wenn du mir von all dem erzähls .  
Mein Spiegel sag mir drei Dinge:  
Ich sei schön, ich sei hässlich, und  
ich wisse nich , was ich mache.  
Und er frag : Was repräsen iers  
du von Tag zu Tag in neuem Kleid?  
Wen repräsen ier du von Tag zu  
Tag in neuem Kleid?  
Ach, ich ähnchen im Wind.  
Ich weiß, dass ich nicht  
weiß.  
Ich sehe doch nur dich und  
verstehe dich nicht. Und  
dann kann ich dich manchmal  
überhaupt nicht mehr  
leiden.

But A jack blowing in the wind,  
I knew I do not know

I cannot stand, insufferable  
And yes, I said I said

Nonetheless, in the end,  
It comes down to it all, too

Change, that is making us obsolete  
was you, about a pig's eye on the

That the pressure looks direction,  
I'm finite, I'm the way, I am

Yes, you do understand me  
and by me, buy me the world and stand in my way

Huh,

You swore your lifetime members that you will  
never forget me,

to forever use every- and anything against me.

But what if I, A jack in the wind, lead you astray?

Im Vertrauen, dass du verstehst. Und ja, du würdest das mit dem Spiegel vers ehnen können.

Spiegel können einen wahnsinnig machen, sagst du. Doch am Ende sei ich selbst, das da zu mir spricht und mir ein falsches Bild von mir vermittelt.

Der Wandel mache uns obsolet und mein Wandeln sei Selbstmord.

Was meinst du damit?

Dass dieser Druck keine Richtung hat. Ich bin gut so wie ich bin.

Ich verstehe mich selbst nicht mehr und ich traue mich kaum mehr aus dem Haus.

Ja, du vers ehne mich. Und s ehne mir bei. Und stehst mir im Weg. Nichts hast du vergessen. Nichts kann dir entgehen. Vergänglichkeit ist Schmerz.

Das hast du dir

I still dream of you, still dreams you cannot detect

Both of us don't forget and I stand straight

Still standing, keeping an eye

box locked

For if you do not represent, you will be represented

What do you mean by that?

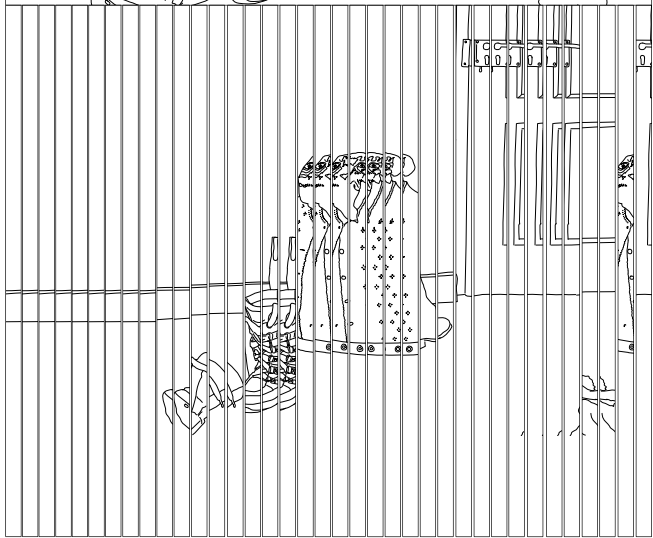
That this press lacks direction

Change and Obsolescence

Cause and Consequence

I make a leak

hurts.



geschworen, dass du mich nie vergessen wirst. Und insgeheim, dass du alles gegen mich verwenden wirst. Doch was, wenn ich, Fähnchen im Wind, dich verführe und dich dann stehen lasse? Ich träume einen Ort, den du noch nicht kennst. Wir vergessen beide nichts, und ich stehe gerade, bestehe deinem Blick. Denn



repräsentierst du  
nicht, wirst du  
repressiert. Du  
Wandel mache uns  
obsolet und mein  
Wandeln sei  
Selbstmord und du  
vergisst mich  
nicht.

Was meinst du  
damit?

Dieser Druck  
hat keine  
Richtung. Ich  
schlag ein  
Leck

THIS IS  
EVERYTHING