

01.02. -
09.03.24

Excerpt

Stage floor:

The play is about to be read from all sides at the same time. Dog-eared corners on the pages of particular importance. Bookmarks on the upper side, hidden between pages and sticking out on the left side when the script is closed.

Cross-references, point back and forth while reading. New understanding emerges, at the same time the old knowledge exists. The play grows and the expansion cannot be undone.

The prompter is disturbed by noise in the background but concentrates on the script and the movements taking place, emerging in the action.

Observing. Not interacting. And in the background, someone is counting loud till thirty. The distractions are gifts. Even the light thrown in the eyes, will count and lead. Keywords erased. (ed.: please keep pathos down!)

Words will be deleted. Directions will take form as objects.

Embarrassing sentences or images will be put in the foreground and earn their keep.

First act:

(Where the prompter discovers that a totally unknown script is used as guidance)

Stuff is lying around, carefully picked, but appears casually thrown around. Pieces of an old green barn and a planer bench. A tapestry in seven layers. A mirror in the window.

The idiot in the background: 'We don't know this language!' 'We don't know this language! We don't know these words! I don't want to be in the background, or experience my existence built on a quote from some green book, mostly read by emancipated bourgeoisie upper class intellectuals in France!'

The third extra: 'We have no guru. We are saffron flowers. Waves on Chinese tea boxes. Headlines in not yet written newspapers. The yearly plan for sowing seeds, photocopied from a faded poster in a dentist's clerk's room from the seventies....'

The idiot in the background: '.....? (turns over and tears down the backdrop in his fall) We build what is missing while waiting.... ! - How about a boat? (he only knows books by their backs, but at least their interrelations are very clear to him. He is able to recite all writers with an R in their names, in any mood of the day) I do have hips!'

The third extra: 'If I didn't answer you back, we couldn't consider this a conversation...' We would be reduced to some sketches for bearded statues cast in bronze...'

(the prompter raises their right hand instinctively to insinuate something of high importance)

Intermission